

45p 30 JULY - 12 AUGUST 1986
(Germany Dm3, Singapore S\$3)

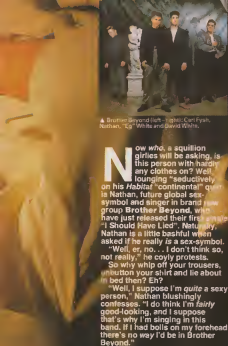
SMASH HITS



HOLLYWOOD BEYOND

SPANDAU BALLET • MORTEN HANNET • OZZY OSBOURNE • DOCTOR & THE MEDICS
FIVE STAR • IT BITES • THE BEATLES • **ROX** • LOVE KILLS • THE KARATE KID PART II





▲ Brother Beyond (left to right: Carl Fyath, Nathan, Eg, Wilts and David Wilts).

Now who, a squillion girls will be asking, is this person with hardly any clothes on? Well, lounging "seductively" on his Habitat "continental" chair is Nathan, future global sex-symbol and singer in brand new group **BROTHER BEYOND**, who have just released their first single "I Should Have Lied". Naturally, Nathan is a little bashful when asked if he really is a sex-symbol. "Well, er, no... I don't think so, not really," he coyly protests. So why whelp off your trousers, unbutton your shirt and lie about in bed then? Eh?

"Well, I suppose I'm quite a sexy person," Nathan blushing confesses. "I do think I'm fairly good-looking, and I suppose that's why I'm singing in this band. If I had balls on my forehead there's no way I'd be in Brother Beyond."

But Nathan says there's much more to the group than just good looks and no balls.

"We want to be popular in every sense of the word. And we will be - we're decent musicians and our songs are very good."

And, of course, they've all got matching haircuts. . .

"Ah, but only because we all got our hair cut by our friend Janet," Nathan insists. "If we wanted to look the same we'd all wear gold suits or something."

Nathan is also keen to squash the scurrilous rumour that Brother Beyond copied their name from the bloke on the front cover of this very magazine - Hollywood Beyond.

"We thought of the name a year and a half ago and I've only heard of Hollywood Beyond recently. Mind you, he does have a half decent name ha ha!"

So why have Brother Beyond and Hollywood Beyond both got a bass-player called Ormelette?

"No, it's just us. We've got a bass-player called Egg, only it's spelt Eg. He got the name at school and it stuck. Besides, his real name is Hilary!"

So what does Nathan do when he's actually got all his clothes on?

"Horsesiding. A few girls I know take me out for a ride in Hertfordshire (where he comes from). Mine's called Wurzel."

Funny name for a girl.

"No, it's the name of the horse."

Ah. . .

"Anyway," he says, deciding he's talked quite enough about himself for one day thank you very much, "all this makes me sound like Miss World or something!"

(Wurzel the horse comments: Not from where I'm standing, mate. Whinny whinny wh. . .Sniip!)

CONTENTS

FEATURES

- 12-13 IT BITES:** They came from Cumbria, their teeth a-gnashing, their spears glinting in the noon-day sun (or something) . . .
- 14-16 FIVE STAR:** They came from Romford and they made a little sparkly suit for a kitten called Puppy. . .
- 20-22 HOLLYWOOD BEYOND:** He came from inside his own head and he used to eat trifle on Sundays. . .
- 29-32 SPANAU BALLET:** They came from North London, spitting on doctors' doorsteps and pretending to be cows. . .
- 38-43 DOCTOR & THE MEDICS:** They came from Greenwich and they looked very "wacky" on our poster. . .
- 39-42 THE BEATLES:** They came from Liverpool - four lads who "shook" the world and posed for a "fab" pin-up . . .
- 40-41 MORTEN HARKET:** He came from Norway. Groo . . .
- 46-48 OZZY OSBOURNE:** He came from the Black Country and went to Japan with a mop on his head. . .
- 76-77 STAN RIDGWAY:** He came from Los Angeles and he spoke from within a hollowed-out log. . .
- 80 MICHAEL HUTCHENCE (INXS):** He came from Australia and parked himself right on our back page (*charming!*) . . .

SONGS

- 13 IT BITES:** Calling All The Heroes
- 20 HOLLYWOOD BEYOND:** What's The Colour Of Money
- 24 GREN GUTHRIE:** Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But The Rent
- 24 ROBERT PALMER:** I Didn't Mean To Turn You On
- 25 KATRINA & THE WAVES:** Sun Street
- 37 AUDREY HALL:** Smile
- 37 FIVE STAR:** Feel The Time
- 51 PAUL McCARTNEY:** Press
- 56 LIONEL RICHIE:** Dancing On The Ceiling
- 72 DOCTOR & THE MEDICS:** Burn
- 72 SINITTA:** So Macho
- 76 STATUS QUO:** Red/Sky
- 77 STAN RIDGWAY:** Camouflage

PLUS

- 4-9 BITZ:** A man who eats goldfish, a woman who turned into a goldfish, a man with an electric fire on his head (i.e. Chris De Burgh), a man with the Eiffel Tower on his head (i.e. Elton John) etc.
- 27 CROSSWORD:** Win The Top Ten videos.
- 45 RSVP:** Hello, I'm a bit weird and I want to be your friend.
- 53 SINGLES:** David Sylvian, Psychedelic Furs, Eurythmics . . .
- 54-59 REVIEW:** Films about a bloke who beats people up (*Karate Kid*), a bloke who shoots people (*Sylvester Stallone*) and a bloke who stabs people (*Sid Vicious*).
- 61 STAR TEASER:** Fair does your head in.
- 61 "HAPPENINGS":** UB40, Owen Paul, WASP . . .near you!
- 63 A RUM OLD QUIZ:** Are you a pop toff?
- 68-69 LETTERS:** Dear **Black Type**, I am mad.
- 76 MUTTERINGS:** A-snuffling around pop's lost gutter.



★ The story so far: Dollar, two snowy lovetatts who once were locked in eternal harmony on magical pop creations like "Hand Held in Black And White" and "Mirror Mirror", have reunited (after breaking up three years ago) and are anxiously awaiting the fate of their latest husky duet, "We Walked in Love."

The scene: The grassy knoll of a London park—a sweltering July afternoon. Our hero, **David Van Day**, and heroine, **Theresa Benzner**—i.e. Dollar—are basking in the sunlight. Enter a stranger (i.e. *Bitz*).

Bitz: Conkey, ain't you ver geezers aht of Dollar? Who'd 'ave ever tort it? Is it true vat you used to 'ave a "stormy relationship" and that you misty, used to set tab'lectos on lira and bask 'im—i.e. David—abaht?

David: She did set a tab'lecto on fire.

Theresa: Of course I didn't.

David: She knocked a candle over.

Theresa: By mistake, I'll have you know. I've never thrown a plate of food at anyone.

David: You know, all the silly frilly dresses

and little ribbons I used to wear, and all the silly little lovely-dovey dance steps. It was fabulous. David: The funniest one was the tutu with the can-can boots. I used to look like one of those Japanese athletes you get on parallel bars. I ripped that off Freddie Mercury.

Theresa: We never were ultra cool, were we? But it's lovely when you hear a builder whistling your song—especially if he gets the lyrics right.

David: What was it Trevor Horn used to call us?

Theresa: Biow me!

David: We used to send ourselves up all the time. You know, all the silly frilly dresses and little ribbons I used to wear, and all the silly little lovely-dovey dance steps. It was fabulous.

David: The funniest one was the tutu with the can-can boots. I used to look like one of those Japanese athletes you get on parallel bars. I ripped that off Freddie Mercury.

Theresa: We never were ultra cool, were we? But it's lovely when you hear a builder whistling your song—especially if he gets the lyrics right.

David: What was it Trevor Horn used to call us?

Theresa: A cross between Vince Hill (ancient crooner beloved by mums 'n' dads) and Kraftwerk. It's good, that.

Bitz: Well, Glawd bless yer, guvs! You're alright geezers! Tooda-oo!

"GREAT" WIXY FOOTWEARERS OF OUR TIME

PART 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000



Who is this flimsy fatina posing around in a sea-through-nigridé de pervases? THIS is *Santa*, whose single, "So Meche", is paring its way up the charts. But that's not nearly as interesting as the fact that THIS is the woman who...

- ... Plays the leading "lady" in a "musical" called *Mutiny* next to Baron David Ex'ness!
- ... Had a part in *Cats*, the world famous swingaramic Duke Andrew Lloyd Webber musical bonanza!
- ... Used to present a TV programme called *The Way They Were* which *Bitz* has never heard of!
- ... Used to be a backing singer with *Imagination!*
- ... Comes from Swansville—i.e. the capital of America—Washington D. "C"!
- ... Has an entree who is *Amli Stewart*—the self same croonster who sang "Knock On Wood" which was quite a large hit!
- ... Is 18 years old!
- ... is being snipped right now ... (sniff!)

Here is *Pretty Fox*. Is she: a) a very thin person; b) the person who greets the so-called "showers" talls as they arrive at London's extremely popular and very pretty nightclub *The Hippodrome*; c) a burrow state? Correct! It's all three. And now she's decided to become a pop star and her first ever single is called "Pretty Boy" of which three aren't very many at *The Hippodrome* has been... (For are now officially banned from my club—'World renowned' *Hippodrome* owner *Pete Strappfield*.) Oh dear.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

JULY

30 Kate Bush (28)

AUGUST

3 Kirk Brandon of *Spear Of Destiny* (30)

5 Pete Dinklage of *Dead Or Alive* (27)

7 Bruce Dickinson of *Iron Maiden* (28)

8 Lorraine Pearson of *Five Star* (19), David Grant (30),

Michelle Williams of *QOMD* (26), *The Edge* of *U2* (25)

9 Whitney Houston (23)

11 Joe Jackson (32)

A Sneak"y" Preview Special!!



A Very famous group but not really a punk group. *The Jam*.

Wessessy heeeweeeee!!! Leap and spin and jab that pen and quill and do the bump ("?) and stand on your head and bound on the bed and... Phaw-wee! Hard work practicing being a punk rocker, nut bins? And you've only got one week to perfect the "art" because next Tuesday, August 5, there's a rather splendid music programme on Channel 4 called *The Way They Were* and only punk rockers can watch it. (That ain't true—Ed.) It's a 90-minute compilation of the best bits from a punk rock-inspired programme called *So It Goes* (plus bits from its predecessor called *What's On*) and it was only shown in the north west of

England during punk's "hey" day of 1976-78. It was hosted by Tony Wilson, who went on to invent Factory Records, and he is the man who had the honour of bringing to us the first ever TV appearance of such "lunatics" as the Sex Pistols, Blondie and Elvis Costello—and you can see all of these in your very own living room. There's also performances and interviews with such "shockers" as loopy American Iggy Pop, loopy poet John Cooper Clarke, loopy rockettes *The Fall* and loopy person Ian Dury (who treats us to his version of *The Lord's Prayer*—befitting in style to list's very own Poetry Corner!) *What The Way They Were* does best, though, is give us a peek at the live music of this

notorious time (some abysmal, some completely brilliant) and gracing the *So It Goes* studio you'll see *The Clash* going bonkers, *The Jam* looking young and sweating, *The Buzzcocks* being wondrous and *Stooges* of *Sloozie* and *The Bananas* wearing a rade 1-shirt. And it's all very very very interesting.



A Very famous punk—*Johnny Rotten*—with a not very famous punk "band".



A An ex-very famous punk group *Dobbin Harry of Blundie*.



A Not a very famous punk group *Penetration*.

PRESENTS: A MADONNA COMPETITION!



Spook! Barrova weirdo, eh? Fair does yer 'sod us, dumit!' What is this (above) then, eh, eh? Well, alcohol, it's a hugely 'wacky' self-portrait by industrial 'artist' and friend of the stars (i.e. Nick Rhodes) Andy Warhol. Creepy or what? Indeed. There are no less than 22 different versions of this painting all in varying hues and degrees of splootiness – and you can see them ALL at Warhol's first exhibition since 1971 which is at the Anthony D'Offay Gallery, 23 Dering Street, New Bond Street, London W1 until August 22. Quite good for art tofs. And talking of Andy Warhol, do you know that he once drew a very, very famous thing of Marilyn Monroe? And there it is (above right). And did you know that somebody or other has completely ripped-off Warhol's Marilyn portrait and done one of... **Madonna**. Voilà! C'est la même chose exactement, n'est ce pas? And here's an extraordinary thing. **Ritz** has several of these Madonna prints hanging in the **Ritz 'art'** gallery and we reckon we better get shot of them pretty sharpish lest the frand squad come round or – worse still – Andy Warhol's heavies pay us a visit and break our knuckles or something.

We have five sets of these v. rare prints – four in each set – and also have 25 sparkling Madonna t-shirts avec le same pose on. The shirts are made by **Cover Limits** and they're available from all 'good' record shops including **EMV**, **Virgin** and **Home Market**.

A question. Which of the following films did Marilyn Monroe not appear in:
a) **The Mafia**; b) **The Seven Year Itch**; c) **Chasen Kane**; d) **Some Like It Hot**; e) **The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Turned Into Zombies**

Answers on **Salvador Dalí** or a clock to **Smash Hits Stuff This Modern Art Rubbish!** **Prize: A Jolly Good Old Costly Myself Big Use Of Light And Shade Was Quite Extraordinary Competition**, 52-55 Canary Street, London W1V 1PF. Closing date: August the no-called 12th.

HOW TO HAVE A BATH – STARRING BRIAN JOHNSON OF AC/DC



1. Wrong!

REASONS FOR HAVING A BATH – STARRING BRIAN JOHNSON OF AC/DC



1. Spend half your life making sexist videos with bums-ahoy foxy vestresses (as in AC/DC's latest one for "You Shook Me All Night, Long") during which one gets all pantomime 'n' perving and has to cool off by having a "sh".

● **Biz says: SPYEEEEEOOOO!!!**



David Cassidy has had a face-rit and he's going on tour to "prove" it's (No he hasn't and it's actually **Owen Paul** who's going on tour – Ed.) **Curse!!!** (Details in "Happenings", page 61)

SEVE MINUOTE WOND HAVE EYES THOUGHT IT

Come with us, we'll go back through the shocking, whispering sands of time on a quest to discover the mystery and wonder of **Seve**. It's a story that dates back to the dawn of time. The sound of **Seve** is a sound that has been heard for thousands of years. It's a sound that has been heard for thousands of years. It's a sound that has been heard for thousands of years.



BANG! It's 1972. **Seve** is only 17 years old and has just been a member of **The Spencer Davis Group**.



BANG! Whooooo! **Seve** has just been named as the greatest rock star of all time. **Seve** is wearing a matching two-piece suit and is holding a... with... (Traffic Jam)



BANG! In 1968 and **Seve** has just got a beautiful girlfriend and is standing in a white mini-skirt with wavy, wavy, wavy "super" group **David Faith** and what's more a girl in that same old **Seve** player **Kid Creek**, unless you're a Seve fan you won't have **Seve** on your own "Seve"!



BANG! It's 1972. **Seve** has just been named as the greatest rock star of all time. **Seve** is wearing a matching two-piece suit and is holding a... with... (Traffic Jam)



BANG! Oh, look! That's what **Seve** is wearing on his tour. **Seve** is wearing a matching two-piece suit and is holding a... with... (Traffic Jam)



Jays o'blimey! Surely this can't be a photograph of **Bloodstone David** **Byrman** who used to be a **Jays** and had trillions of women - a **lawn**; 's' a **blabber**; 'e' is cascading silvered locks and other bits too???? No it isn't, it's **hal!** Oh well, yes it is really. He's dyed his hair to match the not-very-colourful "made" on the walls of his not-very-exciting flat. And that's because his new single's called "Taking The Ven". It's a funny old world, is it not...? (Yes - Lots of "philosophical" readers.)



Oh dear. **Biz** is very sorry but it's all been spoiled. There was **Biz** planning to give away 15 special unavailable-anywhere-else videos of **Arcadia** (last single, "The Flame") but now it's all gone horribly wrong. **Biz** blames the hot weather. You see, the other day when **Biz** popped down to the "cist" for a splurging crab paste "sand" which, silly old **Biz** left the window open (on account of the heat and **Biz**'s tendency to "perspire" a little, hem, hem). And when **Biz** got back, two rather strange-looking blokes were scribbling all over the special **Arcadia** prize video boxes with a black pen, completely ruining them. **Biz** was furious (naturally) and kicked the blokes straight out of the "office" which they blathered something about how they were called **Nick Rhodes** and **"Salty" Simon** and that they were "autographing" said vide. Pah! What a pathetic excuse. Anyway, to make up for the vide being slightly soiled, **Biz** has also got hold of some 122 copies of **Arcadia**'s "The Flame" single completely untouched by strange looking sailing types who climb in through windows. And you could possibly win them by answering this question.

If you want to convert a temperature in centigrade to one in Fahrenheit (being old-fashioned way of measuring temperature) do you: a) divide by 7, add 13 and multiply by 3, b) multiply by 9, divide by 5 and add 32; c) add the number the bloke was pointing at then divide by 17.3, d) ask a friend?

Answers on a thermometer to **Smash Hits Slightly Soiled Arcadia Videos Competition**, 52-55 Canary Street, London W1V 1PF to arrive here no later than half past twelve on August 12 (The first 15 get a 12" single and a video (slightly soiled), the next 10 get a 12" single.)



It's Israel! Old big-nose is back! Back! But not for very long! Cheers! Yes, **King** will be appearing at the **Yiva! Festival** at the **Birmingham NEC** on August 2. The event is actually **The Oxford Festival For The Poor Of South Africa** And **Nambas** (**Yiva!** meaning Listen! in the **Xhosa** language of South Africa, bi-lingual fans) and also taking part are **Fergal Sherkey**, **The Pogues**, **Ruby Turner**, **Latin Quarter**, **New Model Army** and quite a few other people. Said **Paul King**: "The anti-apartheid message has been part of **King**'s music since day one and we're very excited to find a space in our schedule to make our only UK appearance on August 2." Yeah, right. (Details in "Happenings".)

People With Stupid Things On Their Head

An Introduction

Ahm ahm ahooohhh!
 (Coughs not-very-politely.) Good morning pop swots! A professor, here. Today we are going to discuss an er...this neglected facet of popular music: ridiculous headwars. Since the dawn of time when man first sat in his cave, wielded his axe and stuck a clod of earth with a leaf in on his head at the same time for "effect", the worlds of music and stupid things on people's heads have been nigh inseparable. So, by way of example, witness here a sumptuous array of "musicians" making complete buffoons of themselves in the name of entertainment or something.

Photo: L.F.I.



▲ In the beginning there was **Genesis** (ahem) ... and **Peter Gabriel** with a parodactyl on his head

Photo: L.F.I.



▲ And **Cher** of **Sunny and Cher** "Name", with a parodactyl on her head and other places too!

Photo: L.F.I.



▲ And some folks from a dodgy old combo called **The Red Hot Chili Peppers** with an aniscope on his head



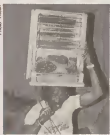
▲ And **Sal Solo** with absolutely nothing on his head. Er... not too sure about this one, pupls...



▲ And **Ron Wood** from **The "Rolling" Stones** with his wife on his head



▲ Soon, however, the age of technology came to pass and with it a much more "sophisticated" approach, **Caloureses**, for instance, sporting a television on their heads.



▲ And some old folks called **Lee "Scratchy" Perry** with an electric fire on his head

Photo: L.F.I.



▲ And **Boy George** with a parodactyl's beak on his head.

Photo: L.F.I.



▲ And **Faice** with his fire-side rug on his head.

Photo: Richard Page



▲ And **Paul McCartney** with his LP on his head.



▲ As is always the case, however, the backlash occurred - a new, far more down-to-earth range began to emerge like **Stephen "Tea Tower" Duffy** with a path towel on his head. (Wait, it isn't Duke Stephen, is it? No, it's some old bloke who used to be in a band called **Dr Calculus** with Stephen "Tea Tower" Duffy, so that's clear enough.)

Photo: Derangement International



▲ And **Boy George** with a curtain on his head

Photo: L.F.I.



▲ And **Pamela Stephenson** with her dinner on her head.

bit



THE MOST FAMOUS MAN IN THE ENTIRE WORLD!!!!

It's NOT Sir Philip Collins! It's NOT His Petite Princess! It's NOT Dame "David" Bowie! It's NOT even Uncle Ronald "Mad Dog McDonald" Reagan OR Lord Frederick Lucan OF Mercury! It IS, in fact, Chris De Burgh!!!!!! The self same "balladeer" who croons on about some woman floating around in a red frock or something! So tell us, Christopher, just *how* famous are you??

"I'm extremely famous." Jings!
"I've been extremely famous somewhere for the last ten years. I've sold over 14 million albums worldwide and my concerts always sell out. We play all over the world - mainly in stadiums and I headline over some huge names. For instance, in Germany last summer the opening acts before me were REO Speedwagon, Joe Cocker and U2. That was our biggest concert - 110,000 people - so that'll give you an idea. . . I mean, my last LP "Into The Light" was a gold record (100,000 copies, fact fans) even before it was released. The LP before that was a top five LP in the UK and sold a quarter of a million copies. I've had seven gold LPs in Britain and in the rest of the world I regularly sell three quarters of a million LPs. In Ireland at the moment my single and album are both number one and our Wembley concert in the autumn sold out in three days!"

Well! So how come . . . er, *Bitz* has never even heard of you?
"Er . . . well, it's a question of profile. In Britain you only have a high profile if you have a bit single - which isn't really my

area though the people beyond that particular area know me extremely well. It's not as if I haven't had hit singles before because I have all over the world so I don't exactly have to lie in my bed at night yearning for a hit in Britain because it's just a bonus for me as an already firmly established musician."

Oh. So who exactly. . . are you?
"Well, where do I begin? I was born in Argentina because my family are colonial people who have always travelled. I've also lived in Africa, Malta, in the Mediterranean and finally, in 1960 when I was about 11, we moved to Ireland where I still stay now. We lived in a castle when we first came - my parents still do - very romantic, an amazing upbringing for a child. We turned it into a hotel during the summer and there was nothing for the people who came to stay to do in the evening so I used to play the guitar and sing to them - so before I even considered becoming professional I'd already done hundreds of living room concerts doing folkies songs and ballads. And I've been singing ever since! In between, though, I went to university and a public school called Marlborough and one of my class-mates was Mark Phillips - the one that went on to marry Princess Anne!"

That's nice! So you're a friend of royalty as well?
"Not so much a friend. . . Mind you, I got a letter from a sailor who was a huge fan and he'd been on the main ship on Prince Andrew and he said that Prince Andrew had some of my tapes but! And I was at a charity dinner (at King's) and there were duchesses on the night of me and duchesses on the left of me and they were all big fans - except for the Duchess of Westminster - she's a huge fan and so is my sister who's another duchess and when I sang in West Germany I met the two really famous footballers (Kunzinger and Beckenbauer) and they were all over me. Chris De Burgh we love you we love you we love you and they applaud you and they get the greatest idea . . ."

MY SHOULDER BLADE

Ah, this is the life, eh, pop-meets-Summer! The warm kiss of sunshine on the tum! The gentle tickle of the waves a-slopping all o'er ghostly little Jeremy's sand "castle". The pee-wee-type honking noise of seagulls a-flaunting in the dainty breeze. The bling-bling Bling-poop-poop of Uncle Cipino's Winkles Cigarettes van a-cloaking down the cobbled street. The "wacos" of newly-mown grass. The plink of leather on willow (i.e. crickets) from yonder on the village green. . . Oh to be in England now that summer's here (rather than stuck up in some overcrowded smelly so-called hotel 20 miles from the nearest beach in Majorca or somewhat "holiday" resort as per bizzare) usual. Chas up! Things could be worse! And to prove it, here is the annual *Bitz* jinglorious summer soaraway competition! Y'us, there's a spade's bucketful of jolly nice things on the *Bitz* summer soaraway competition list. And, ahuzum, here it, as they say, is . . .



- 1 25 12" copies of the Vindaloo Summer Special pop hit "Rockin' With Rita" featuring The Nightingales. We're Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It and the world's least funny man, Ted Chippington.
- 2 25 stickers which say "Vindaloo Summer Special" on them.

STAR "STYLE" NUMBER 603.9



Star "Style" Number 603.9



Q: Why is there an escaped convict from Dartmoor standing in the middle of **The Cure** when it is **Robert Smith** who is usually seen standing in the middle of **The Cure**?

A: Because it's not an escaped convict from Dartmoor at all . . . and it IS **Robert Smith** - he's just got himself a new hair-do which isn't really a hair-do at all because there's no hair there *whatsoever* (give or take a "strand" or two)! Cooks.



- 1 25 sticks of Backpool-type rock only they don't say "Backpool" all the way through, they say "Vindaloo" instead but not because they are curly seaweed because they're not.
- 2 23 bucket and spade kits by wrecking ghastly little Jeremy's sand "castle" with.
- 3 10 copies of a double LP called "The Summer Album" which contains literally millions of old hits by old people e.g. Munge Jerry, The Lovin' Spoonful, The Kinks, Sir Clifford Richard, The Beatles, Jerry Keller, "Lever" 42, Elton John etc.
- 4 10 beach balls for putting about the

- 5 sand dune and "accidentally" hitting your little brother on the head with and getting ice cream all in his face bar bar.
 - 6 10 "Summer Album" t-shirts for wearing.
 - 7 Ee...
 - 8 That's it.
- And all you have to do for a chance of winning said sun-kissed swag is answer one question. Via whose ego was so morosely huge that he thought he could actually fly, but melted his wings (made of cereal packets and milk bottle tops) in the scorchingly hot sun and crashed to his doom? Was it: a) Simon le Bon; b) Richard Branson; c) Gary Numan; d) Hercules; e) Icarus?



Answers on a snowshoe to Smash Hits Fetch The Amber Solaire, Mum, My Shoulder Blades Are Turning Into Lizards Competition, 32-95 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.
First 16 correct answers out of the 160 on August 12 get prizes 1,2,3,4,5,6 & 7. Next 10 get 5,6 & 7. Hurrah!

A BEFORE 'N' AFTER "SPECIAL"

Remember Poly Styrene, readers? (Oh yes, there's rather a lot of that on my bedroom ceiling orbicheloi has how not very long - quite a few "silly" readers.) Thought so. THIS is the woman (below) who used to be in a quite famous punk rock group called X-Ray Spex and she used to be quite large and wear a brace and sing songs about being a firm-free adolescent and hating people up the northy regions (or something). BUT! Just look at her now! A sweetome image of summertime hue! A slimsome straight-toothed smart 'n' delectable English rose-bud-type! But why, a nation shrieks??? Because she's got a new single out called "Gods And Goddesses" (EAT - a caution.)



A Before: Poly Styrene and X-Ray Spex looking very punk rockers and a harrus staitis.
A After: Poly Styrene on her own looking very English Rosebush and a harrus staitis.

Cor bloom'n' burrimy pop snipe! Rather wrysome songstress and very plain girl-shout-town-type Tracey Thorn has turned into a foxy vixteen before our very eyes! GONE are the catsume curled! GONE are the per-gustling flesh-coloured shorts! HERE is the slick 'n' slinky new "bob" (below)! HERE is the sophisticated 'n' flimsy evening dress! HERE are the expensive 'n' shiny pearls! THIS is the most unswerving mind-boggling metamorphosis ever seen in the history of (land-trembling since time immemorial!!) (Don't overdo it - Ed.) Mum. Just as well! Everything But The Girl's new single "Come On Home" is quite spiffing (part from the slightly over-powering three zwillen piece full-blown strings aboy orchestra). And they're going on tour quite soon - probably without the slightly over-powering three zwillen piece full-blown strings aboy orchestra but that's besides the "point". (Details in "Happenings", page 61.)

"It is made a dumb decision," explained Tony James at the press conference called the other week to explain why Sique "Sique" Spuitnik postponed their tour and then cancelled nearly all of it. He insisted that poor ticket sales weren't the reason - it was because he realised that by doing the tour the group would be "going back on everything we've said." Playing the same show every night in lots of boring cinemas was, he explained, "everything Sique 'Sique' Spuitnik were supposed to be against." When ver Spuitniks play "every night will be different" and in any case, he boasted, their performance isn't a show, "it's the real thing." They're still going to "perform" at the Royal Albert Hall in London, however, and aim to set up a concert in Birmingham and another somewhere else, both in "special" venues. The

performances, apparently, will be very, very brilliant indeed (well he would say that, wouldn't he?) and ver "Niks" will do amazing things onstage like "interact with live TV." And even though he says of the cancelled tour "if I was a Sique 'Sique' Spuitnik fan / wouldn't go to the gigs," the group are going to get hold of the addresses of people who did buy tickets and (presumably as well as giving them a refund) send them a free t-shirt and details of some "secret" performance they are planning.
After all this he waffled on a lot more about how the group are different from the rest of the rock 'n' roll business (even though he'd just called a "press conference" at which there was a couple more times. Rather fetching, really.

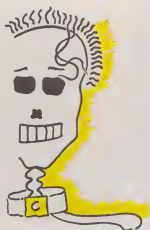


A Before: Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt looking very ordinary and a harrus staitis.
A After: Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt looking sophisticated 'n' sleek and a harrus staitis!



PHILIPS

The amazing volume of the D8458
sent Carl totally out of his skull.





it bites

They like Led Zeppelin and Genesis, they think they're "pretty boring" blokes and they're the first pop group ever to put Egremont on the map.

Interview: Nick Kelly

"Well, I suppose we're pretty boring, really. We don't know much about *owl* except music," admits John Beck, the cheery keyboard-player and spokesperson for It Bites. He isn't just being modest, either: the success of their single "Calling All The Heroes" really is the most interesting thing that's ever happened to these blokes, who were all born and raised in the remote northern fishing town of Egremont, Cumbria. And it seems being a member of It Bites is one of those nasty habits that takes over your whole life.

"None of us are into any hobbies or anything. All we tend to do is just practise and write songs and that."

John and his mates — Frank Dunnery (vocals and guitar), Richard Nolan (bass) and Robert Dalton (drums) — first got together a staggering eight years ago when they were all 16. Oblivious of punk and new wave "explosions" in far-off London, It Bites have always looked to the early '70s for their influences — groups like Led Zeppelin, Genesis and Yes. Which means they go in for cosmic album covers, "meaningful" lyrics, heavy-rock "walls-of-sound" and pride themselves on being good musicians.

"In the '70s, people had to be able to play their instruments to get anywhere. It seems that nowadays all you have to do is have a pretty face, play synthesizers and backing tapes and you're made. But I think music's going to have to go back to the '70s because the public are getting sick and tired of bands who can't play, especially when you go to see a band play live. And that's what we're about, really. We're a great live band."

Nobody could accuse It Bites of having pretty faces. Or attaining instant stardom: it was only after yonks spent playing concerts at every windswept parish hall and working mens' club in the North that *ver lads* eventually decided to move to London in

1984. Taking up residence in a dodgy "squat" in Peckham, they spent their waking hours feverishly writing songs and practising — ("We had no money or anything, it was dead rough. But we thought we'd just stick it out!") — and their perseverance has been rewarded with a recording contract, an album ("The Big Lad In The Windmill") and, of course, their current hit. "Calling All The Heroes," John explains, "is about a western movie, cowboys and Indians — Hollywood B-movie kind of stuff. I suppose it's a bit humorous."

In picturesque Egremont (whose only claim to fame up until now has been that snoot-poet William Wordsworth once lived in the neighbourhood) these lads are definitely local heroes.

"Yeah, we were out last night and everybody kept coming up to us saying how they were dead chuffed that we'd finally put the place on the map," John says, with obvious pride.

So, after this long-awaited whiff of success, will It Bites start flashing out too late, driving flash cars around and generally behaving a bit more... interestingly?

"Nobody in the band's bothered with flash cars or *owl* like that," snaps John.

"We'd rather stick it at — try to make the band a long-term band like the Rolling Stones. We'd rather still be around in ten years rather than be one of these flash-in-the-pan bands who get a number one hit, a number ten hit, then disappear."

And if all this doesn't work out?

"Well," says John slowly, as if he hadn't considered the possibility, "Dick once worked as a bricklayer but he got sacked from that... um, Bob used to make headboards for beds in a factory and I think Frank was once going to be a joiner or something like that. And me... I think I'd just be a hobo, travelling around the world. I wouldn't work, that's for sure. It doesn't agree with me."

Calling all the heroes

We left you in pastures rarely seen
(Holding out the fortress for a while)
Everyone knew why the calm had been
(Keeping friends among you saves a fight)

Dead in the night
There was movement and shadows
Attacking the woman and taking the gold
They were away
And no one could hear them
They still cry today
When the story is told

High on a mountain out searching for gold
Men have had warning
Of scriptures foretold
Turn around and fight for freedom
You can hear the people screaming
Calling all the heroes
They're shooting up the town boys
Call all the heroes
Calling all the heroes
They're burning up the town boys
(Calling you)

The men returned
To find their homes destroyed
(People rushing round with scars of war)
Babies crying the aged wounded mourning
(Calling out for someone)

(To be at their prayers)
Five miles away
Were the thieves and the bandits
Laughing and joking
And aacky and crude
They didn't know
That the men had come back home
They didn't know
That they were being pursued

High on a mountain
The men looked below
Cooked up a plan
That would outfit their foe
They scrambled down the mountain
Shooting

Reclaimed all the bandits looted
Calling all the heroes
They're shooting up the town boys
Call all the heroes
Calling all the heroes
They're burning up the town boys
(Calling you)

Calling all the heroes (calling all the)
They're shooting up the town boys
Call all the heroes
Calling all the heroes
They're shooting up the town boys
Call all the heroes
Calling all the heroes
They're burning up the town boys
Call all the heroes
They're shooting up the town boys
Call all the heroes

Words and music by It Bites
Reproduced by permission Copyright Control
On Freya Records

FIVE STAR: A D

Tinkering with model cars, booting footballs through the galaxy and trying to catch goldfish as Sylvia Patterson (words) and

Ding dinging ding ding dinging dinging!

The strange doorbell chime of the Five Star abode rings out — bringing forth the bird-like frame of one Mrs Dolores "Mummy" Pearson.

"Hellooooo," she cheeps, and invites us to enter this pastel peach and white-painted vision that is home to her five rather famous sons and daughters — snug in deepest Romford. Now, this we already know — but *Smash Hits*, being the fount of all pop knowledge (hem hem), has heard a rumour that a new member has joined them and they've suddenly become a refurbished family brigade by the name of Six Star! Can this be true? Stepping over the threshold straight into the large ornate living room there's no sign of a latest son or daughter Curses! We shall bide our time till the truth be out. . .

Upstairs, Delroy has just arisen — even though it's

have been up for ages — they've all got their make-up on and they're taking on the normal daily tasks chez Five Star. In the large and well kitted-out kitchen, a be-scarfed and pinnied Doris is doing the dishes.

"It's been left to me today," she huffs. "It's usually left to one of the girls — the boys are never very keen. I always do this with rubber gloves on, though — I can't stand getting my hands wet. It's not good for them! I'll just finish the glasses,



▲ Doris and some anti-germatics, v. doing up "Star" tea time of cloth!

Mummy, OK?" She reassures her mum who's hovering about with a cucumber in her hand attempting to get at the sink.

Suddenly, in waltzes a short-haired Lorraine with a massive pile of clothes fresh from the line in their huge garden. She smiles rather shyly and dumps the clothes on a work-top — no doubt left for the ironing power of Mrs. P. Into the living-room she jaunts where Stedman, Deniece and Delroy have appeared and are gleefully watching the video of themselves for their new single "Find The Time".

"I think that's our best video yet," says Deniece, tapping her toe contentedly.

Lorraine, meanwhile, spies the last issue of this very magazine — their self-same features beaming out from the back page.

"Ooooooh. . . doesn't my hair look nice there?" she pipes on viewing her once-flowing locks. "Oh well, at least I can wash it every day now. . . at least it feels better. I did fancy a change I suppose. . . No, in

fact I do like it short. I have to — Doris cut it! She cuts all our hair. She never gets hers cut — it just grows and grows. . . " Returning to perusing the last issue of *Smash Hits*, she pipes "Ooooo! Samantha Fox has reviewed the singles! I think she's got a lovely face."

"Let's see," blurts Delroy, having a look for himself. "Mmmm, yes. . . I suppose so. We've been reviewed! (Reads aloud.) 'I think they're a very beautiful family — like something out of Hollywood.' That's nice, isn't it?"



▲ Delroy maniacally holds up a football!

Fed up with looking at themselves, they all whizz out into the garden. All except for the quiet Stedman, that is, who slopes off into the Five Star office — where Mr Buster "Daddy" Pearson is conducting the family business (about which he's not revealing very much). Could this be where the latest member of the group is? Peeking through the door there's a desk and lots of very expensive stereo equipment — but no new being. . . Mmmm. . .

Out in the big, well-kept garden, the sun is a beaming down and the girls are sitting around drinking rasperryade and ice-cream "floats" while Delroy is hovering around the pond, situated at the bottom of the lawn beside a charmingly bloomsome rockery.

"This is my fish-pond!" he beams. "It's got around 10 carp in there and I caught them! Well, some of my friends caught them for me too. . . We get them from the lake just over at the back of the house. We're not supposed to though, so don't tell anybody. There's

loads of goldfish in the pond. They were here when the last people had the house. And some of them I've got from funfairs. What I really want to do, though, is catch a really big carp — the biggest I've caught is only 10 inches so I want one this big!" (Extends arms to about a foot and a half apart.)

"It's amazing, you know — carp are wild fish but there's one in there that lets me stroke his head when I feed him! (Groo!) I wonder what's wrong with the fountain? It's usually much higher than this — it must be clogged. It's got one of the



▲ Genuine home-grown greenest-club-you- "Star" grass!

most powerfulest pumps you can get normally, you know! It usually shoots up, ooooooh, 2200 gallons per hour. . . There's frogs in the pond as well. They come from the lake and hop over the wall and jump in the pond! It's a shame, though, because when it's hot like it is today they jump out and get dried up on the concrete. So if I ever see any spawn, I put it back in the lake. There's a lot of heartbreak in a pond. . .

Jings! Delroy enjoys a good natter about his fish pond — but we, after all, have got a new Star to find! Is he/she lurking behind the tree at the top of the garden? No. But Deniece is.

"This was once a really long branch," she reveals, pointing to the sawn-off stump two feet from the bottom of the trunk. "We all used to swing on that when we were young! And look at this." (Points to a fascinating piece of grass.) "We had a cat called Schmooh that died and that's where she's buried. There's a cockatoo in there as well. Schmooh was very sad, though, because she never grew. Her mum had cancer or something and she just stayed a kitten. She only lasted a year but she was lovely — great big



▲ Delroy and his glamorous girlfriends

already lunch-time.

"I'm bruffing my tee!" he foams from the bathroom, extending a dripping hand in welcome. The others, however,



▲ Doris and her glamorous girlfriends (all right)

AY IN THE LIFE

ugh giant weeds, musing about alien beings from a carp. . .It's all go down in Romford Paul Rider (pictures) discover.

blue trothy eyes. It was strange as well, because we always used to say how nice it would be to have a kitten that stayed a kitten and we got her. It was a shame it had to be in such a horrible way. . .

Aw. Deniece stares bleaky at the "grave" in a moment of quiet reflection only to be startled by the merry crew, decked out in football garb.



▲ Fancy football shoy!



▲ Fancy leg-work shoy!



▲ Being being being triffid shoy!



▲ Fozzy by the triffids. Curser?

"Come on, we're going for a game of football!" screeches Doris. "Girls against the boys!" Out through the garden gate they go and into a field which is only partly mown, the rest being a lowering, waving sea of ferocious triffids (or something).

"No-one else bothers doing their bit," explains Lorraine, "but we keep ours worn because we come out here a lot to ride our bikes and play games. We used to have a tree-house in that tree. . ."

(Points to large tree.)

"It was great – we kept it very tidy and it had mattresses in it. The river is just at the back, though you can't see it



▲ Eeeeee. Legg. mmmmm. oooooo. Cary Grant, Lorraine and a Hoover

from here. We used to play there a lot. I remember once Mummy made me a new yellow skirt and we all walked in the river and didn't realise it was deep and I fell right in! We all fell in! We spent the rest of the day doing cartwheels to get our clothes dry before we could go home. . .

And with that she skips off to fulfill her duty as goalie for The Girls. A tin can and a tree suffice for one goal and a jersey and another tree are used for the other.

"Right! First team up to five wins!" decides Delroy, goalie and chief striker for The Boys.

And they're off!
Doris: "Aeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"
Lorraine: "Get him Doris!"
Delroy: "Sted! Steeeeed!
Sted! Stedmaaaaan!"

(Boot, thump, thwack, slide.)
Deniece: "Get iiiiiii!"
Doris: "One nil!"
The Boys: "Cheats!"
Doris: "One nil! One nil!"
(Boot, jostle, aaaaaaarrghh!)
Lorraine: "Heeeeeeeelp! Get him! Heeeelp!"

Delroy: "Good one, Sted! Quick!"
Doris: "Hee hee hee hee hee hee hee!"
(Ball in the triffids – Delroy sent to retrieve it.)

And on they go, frolicking and cantering until The Girls

eventually win 5-4, though The Boys dispute this for some time.

Back inside, Doris, Delroy and Deniece scamper off to "freshen up" but Stedman and Lorraine don't bother. Instead they get out one of Lorraine's videos of old films while she does the vacuuming – not for long though, because this is a Cary Grant film and she can't keep her gaze from the screen. "Ooooooh, he's one of my heroes," she swoons. "He's such a good actor – especially in comedies. I've got loads of videos of old films like this one. Mostly Cary and Rock Hudson. They've got so much more class than today's actors."

"Where is your mother?" pipes Cary on the screen.



▲ Deniece and a vast amount of one-tree "thing"

"Your mother's quite nice." Lorraine is much amused by this "quip".

"I like scientific films myself," states Stedman – obviously unamused. "I read up on a lot of space things – the kind that governments keep away from the public. I saw this film once which has never been shown here called Hangar 18 and it was a true story about how the Americans caught an actual UFO and then tried to cover it up. And the aliens were real people. Just ordinary people. Except they didn't have any hair. Really, this is true. They exist. I want to find out as much as I can about space. I'd like to work on space films doing special effects as well. Oh, I'd

like to do so many things, especially photography. There are so many things I love about the human being. I want to photograph the human face – I love the human face. I never believe that any human being is ugly – everyone is naturally beautiful within themselves. Physical beauty is nothing. . ."

And on he jabbers in his soft, high-pitched lilt about "exploring every facet of my creativity". A sensitive boy is Stedman – the very lad responsible for the swirly carvings round the old-fashioned, framed paintings hanging all over the walls. But lol! Who can this be padding downstairs so lightly? Star number six? No. It's Deniece again.

"Would you like to see my souvenirs?"

Er, O.K.

"Wherever we go I always make sure I've taken something from the hotels and the flights to remind me of it." "Hmph!" snips Lorraine. "As soon as we get there she nicks all the soaps and everything so we only have water to wash with and that's it. She'd take the showers if she could. . ."

"That's not true!" retorts Deniece and proceeds to display just about every hotel souvenir that ever existed. From Los Angeles (man), New York, France, Italy, Belgium



▲ Stedman having a joy musing one

FIVE STAR: A DAY IN THE LIFE



Delroy not catching a carp and Holland, out tumbles a pile of... well, useless objects, basically. Soaps, talcs, statues of the Eiffel Tower, statues of The Statue Of Liberty, a bow-



Lorraine having a polly interesting time tie, napkins, shower caps, Texas-sized cigars (unsmoked), miniature bottles of alcohol (undrunk), note-pad sets, coins, unused invitations to films, socks, eye-pads, super executive flight spoons etc., etc.

"I'm going to do this forever!" she decides. "I even take photos of all the places we stay in. I suppose you do get used to being in fancy places after a while..."

Stedman is rather uninspired by all this stuff and goes off to

Denise not being much good at...whatsit



fetch his latest hobby – making model cars. "I've only been doing this for a couple of months," he confides on the way back outside (so he can spray one of the cars metallic blue). "They're made up from kits and after you've sprayed the body, you attach all the tiny parts underneath like the steering lock and then the engine, which you have to paint in great detail. I love doing the tiny intricate bits – sometimes I can do this all day and do nothing else. Look at that Cadillac," he orders, pointing to



John the cat being quite good at looking stuffed

a rather large model. "That one cost around £50, but it was worth it. I love old cars. I'd love to collect old Cadillacs as a hobby – real ones."

Hobby fever is now rife in Pearsonland – as Delroy toops by wielding his brand spanking new £110 fishing rod and massive net.

"It's great going fishing!" he cries as he attempts to catch one of his very own carp in his



A 'tomb' site in Pearsonland

very own fish pond (and fails miserably).

"Come and see my scrapbook!" cheeps Lorraine. "It's in the dining-room." And spread out all over the dining-room table are one zillion articles about Five Star.

"We get them sent to us from all over the world. I've got almost everything that's ever been printed about us. Ha ha – there's Delroy when he was three! And there's the worst

photograph in the world of all of us." (Points to not-very-flattering photograph from some overseas pop paper.)

"It's not much of a work of art, the scrapbook – I just slap them in!" And, so saying, she slips in the last feature from



Puppy being lifted up



Puppy not being very good at putting on her 'suit'

Smash Hits, wielding her Pritt-Stick and generally not looking very artistic at all.

"I don't collect anything anymore," says Doris on her way by. "I think I've outgrown it."

"I'm going out on my bike!" decides Deniece on her way by, and off she goes for a quick spin in the field.

Mmmmm. It's all very well this hobbling and blathering – but we've not come very far in our quest, have we? Could, perchance, the new group member be lurking up a tree? Out in the garden there's only Delroy skulking by his pond (fancy that). Hold on! What's that rustling by the bush?

"That's John," says Delroy cooly.

At last! The sixth member of the family!

"Yes, he is – he's my cat. He belongs to all of us but I'm the one who feeds him. He's very sweet and very gentle..."

Boo! The rumours must be fibs after all... But wait a minute! What's that a-flapping on the Pearson washing line? There's two blue sequinned stage suits but what's that one on the end? Either the sixth member of the household is the smallest person that ever existed or Mrs P. isn't using shrink-proof washing powder.

"That belongs to our new addition!"

So it's true then? "Oh, yes – we're now called Six Star!" squeaks Lorraine, leaping out from nowhere. "Look – we'll show you," says Delroy, unpinning the tell-tale suit and taking it to the patio where a tiny, tiny kitten is lying in snoozesome slumber.

"That's Puppy!"

Er... a kitten called Puppy?? "Yeah! We bought her for Mummy for her birthday – she's Burmese. I'm not sure why Mummy called her Puppy..."

Delroy lays the sequinned suit, emblazoned with the Five Star "logo" (which should now read Six Star) beside her – the work of Dons' own fair hands. She ignores it completely. A twitch. A fumble. The suit is pawed a bit but Puppy hasn't quite got the hang of this pop star lark. Perhaps they're better off just being Five Star after all...

"Come on you lot – it's practise time!" calls Doris, ushering everyone (except Puppy) into the living room for a rehearsal of the famous Five Star "moves". A quick change of "gear" and Doris casts her critical eye over the dance



Lorraine blooms it completely



Doris at the 'helm'

steps. "Come on Lorraine! One two three four! Tsk. Let me demonstrate... One two... dum dum de de dum dum... mmm mmm mmm..."

Ooer. This is serious work. Perhaps it's time to bid the family Pearson farewell.

Mum sees us safely to the door and with a wave ahoy we leave them to their prancing and hobbling, their pampering and tweetering and thank to ourselves "It's a funny old world chez Five Star, ain't it?"

Paul McCartney



Produced by Paul McCartney and Hugh Padgham



The worst place for
your pocket money.



Account opening requirements and conditions must be complied with. Terms and conditions may vary. Seven days notice of withdrawal is required to avoid loss of interest. Registered office: 46 Lothbury. Have a minimum of £25 in your account when applying for a Servicecard. You can apply when...

The trouble with pocket money is that before you know it, you've spent it.



Save in a NatWest On Line Account and all you need to carry around is a Servicecard

You can qualify to apply for one if you are 14 or over. With it you can withdraw up to £25 of your savings, from any NatWest Servicetell, whenever you need it. You'll also receive a regular magazine, a folder and wallet with everything you need to manage your account. Pocket an On Line card and it'll help you stay in pocket.

London EC2P 2BP Account is available to anyone under 19. A minimum of £3 opens an account, of which £1 goes towards the cost of the opening pack and the remainder is credited to your account. You must open your account with a minimum of £26 of which £1 goes towards the account opening pack.

WHAT'S THE COLOUR OF MONEY?

The colour of money is red because there's always a little bit of sweat and toil in it, almost like a little bit of blood. That's what you have to give before you get money. The song has no solutions and it has no ending, it's just asking why – why do you have to give up so much to get something which has relatively no value but which is so necessary?"

Dull my senses steal my pride
Principles denied
Passion faked and sold
To the anthem green and gold
Colour of good virtue
I'll work you like a slave
More precious than life itself
What's the colour tempting fate

Chorus

(What's the colour of money)
(What's the colour of money)
Don't tell me that you think it's green
Me I know it's red
(What's the colour of money)
(What's the colour of money)
Don't tell me that you think it's green
Me I know it's red

Dull my senses steal my pride
Principles denied
Passion faked and sold
To the anthem green and gold
What was a useful tool
Is taking our control
It takes away your heart
And wraps you up around your soul

Repeat chorus

(What's the colour of money)
(What's the colour of money)
I know it's red I know it's red

Dull my senses steal my pride
Principles denied
Passion faked and sold
To the anthem green and gold
Colour of good virtue
I'll work you like a slave
More precious than life itself
Familiarity breeds contempt

Repeat chorus

(What's the colour of money)
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Mark Regan, James D. Brown
Reproduced by permission Island Music Ltd
© NMA Records

HOLLYWOOD BEYOND

He used to be a hippie, a mod, a heavy metal fan and "an African dictator gone wrong" who loved rolling around in dirt. Now, he tells Chris Heath, he's a pop star who loves rolling around in dirt!

Ask Mark Rogers – the 26-year-old whose first single under the name of Hollywood Beyond ("What's The Colour Of Money") is racing up the charts – about his music and there's no stopping him: "It's exciting... honest... vibrant... individual... I'm telling it the way I see it without having to pull punches and box clever... it's just me, this music, me with big ears taking in all this different stuff that then gets interpreted by me..." And so on.

Ask him about anything else, like his parents for instance, and he's not so happy. "My private life," he says very firmly, "is my private life."

Oh dear. This is no good. Can't he tell us anything? Is there really (as he claims) "nothing much to say" about the whole of his life? Can't he whisper a single word about, for instance, rolling around in dirt or being a six-year-old mod or being a seven-year-old hippie or kissing a girl called Jackie Mills or making wonky pots which his mum liked or encountering racism or smashing his parents' record collection or liking horrible heavy metal bands or acting trifle on Sundays or being a bit of a swot or rolling around in dirt (again) or almost being Wham! or almost being the new Duran Duran or not loving a girl called Sylvia or "hanging out" with Roger Taylor's wife... Please?

"I was born..."

Hurray!

"... In a very dodgy hospital called St Cheds in Birmingham city centre on 6/3/80. I'm an only child from a working class background, with two loving parents whom I love very much."

"This is more like it. Rolling around in dirt?"

"I used to love rolling around in the dirt, getting dirty. I'd jump over the balcony onto the football pitch and play football

and ride my bike and cut my knees. I've still got bruises from then. Mainly, I used to like rolling around and getting dirty. There were swamps near us and great places to trank in. There was this place called Pratt's brickyard which was supposed to be haunted and there were all these underground passages – about four-foot-high, a drainage unit I think – in which, supposedly, tramps and murderers used to hang out. It was really wild."

Being a six-year-old mod?
"I was a mascot for a mod gang. I've always associated with kids a lot older than me. My friends now are about 40! I used to wear my parka and stepprest trousers and ride around on their scooters. No, I didn't kick the hell out of any skinheads. My mum said I could go up and down the crescent but not any further."

Being a seven-year-old hippie?

"Yeah, it was really awful; my colour co-ordination went to shit. My loons, my belt, a dakoshi – one of those African things – cheese cloth shirts..."

Kissing a girl called Jackie Mills?

"I was supposed to marry Jackie Mills when I was five. We used to hide in cubby holes together and play submarines. She went back to Holland when I was seven. There was another girl called Sheridan Woodbine but she's married now. My first serious snog wasn't till I was 17, though. I don't like 'whoring' it anymore but, like most kids, I went through that period at 16 or 17, when you're trying to find out more about yourself than the other person. I've lived with my French girlfriend (Chantal) for the last three years."

Making wonky pots?

"I think my parents tried too hard, because I was an only child, to keep me busy. I had a stamp collection, a coin collection and a Matchbox car collection and I'd do swimming,

ice-skating, football, badminton, judo... every night there was something. On Saturday morning, before tennis, there was pottery. I could never really get the wheel going. The pots were horribly wonky but my mum thought they were lovely. She's probably still got them."

First encountering racism?

"It was at church for Sunday School. Some kid came up, spat at me and called me a 'black bastard'. That really upset me. I never went to church again. It's a funny piece to learn that you're black, isn't it?"

Smashing his parents' records?

"I used to stick them behind the door so that when my parents came in they'd be crushed. The amount of good records I must have demaged! I don't think they thought it was a very funny joke. The other thing they said I used to get up to was taking Ripsticks and screwing them all over the cot and the wallpaper. Crimson red was my favourite. Maybe I should have been a woman..."

Liking horrible heavy metal groups?

"I was really into it – my first concert was Alex Harvey and Slade at Birmingham Town Hall when I was 11 or 12. I had a denim jacket with all the embroidery – Hewkwind, Black Sabbath and Budgie written on the back. I've still got it – I suppose it's quite hip now."

Eating trifle on Sundays?
"My first band was called B.T.A. – it stood for Better Than Average. I was playing bass. We'd go out on Wednesday night and practise in a church hall. It was a funk thing. The next band was a continuation of that called Pyremid – then we got into Latin music. We'd practise in Ambey, the guitarist's spare room – his mum would give us trifle on Sundays."

Being a bit of a swot?

"I did a degree in biology at

► continued

Aston University. I didn't enjoy it until the final year when I went and worked with mentally subnormal patients in a hospital, studying stereotypes in rocking and rolling actions and seeing how they were affected by the drugs they were given and their environment. I discovered that, in general, the patients tended to be given far more drugs than necessary because they were understuffed, so they pumped them up to keep them quiet."

More rolling around in dirt?
"After university I got a job doing community work — my job title was Ethnic Minority Team Leader For The Arts. It was a load of crap. We were just set up to show that we were there but we were never given any money. I left after a year and a bit and went on the dole. Before that I used to work in clothes shops and in the holidays I'd do industrial cleaning. I enjoyed that because I got really dirty."

Almost being Whem!
"Mark Dean from Innervision Records had to choose between Pyramid and Whem! for his label. He chose Whem!"

Almost being the new Duran Duran?

"Yes, Duran Duran's managers wanted to do something with Pyramid but they wanted us to leave university and I wouldn't. I wasn't prepared to take the chance. I felt confident enough that if I was any good, it would come again. I left Pyramid on a Saturday and formed Hollywood Beyond on a Sunday about three years ago with two other guys. Jamie used to manage Pyramid and now he does all the visualising and I collaborate with him on lyrics. Cliff White does the sound aspects. I put the name together on the Sunday morning over breakfast with Jamie. Part of the idea was to take the bright lights and drama and theatrics and give

it to the other side of Hollywood, with the same glam and tack. It's an enology with today's society as well. It's glamorising the low life because, yes, we're into decadence in a certain fashion. Initially I pictured myself as an African dictator gone wrong, spoiled by western society. We've dropped that now."

How he doesn't love a girl called Sylvie?
"I had this tattoo done about two years ago — do you want to see it? [Lifts up shirt to reveal, at the top of his left arm, a small eryl tattoo in the style of the artist Miro]. I wanted a piece of art which had no meaning to it, something which had a bit of colour, that made my arm look unique. The tattooist didn't think it was weird because he'd just done a full body of Dell [loony surrealist painter]. If I had a naked woman there with 'I Love Sylvie' on it, I suppose I'd get fed up with it, but not this."

How he used to "hang out" with Roger Taylor from Duran Duran's wife?

"She's a friend of mine and I met Roger through her. She used to work in a clothes shop and we had the same musical taste and used to go out to clubs together for a laugh. I first met Roger when he was the drummer in a Birmingham band called The Pinks — their singer Judy was in Hollywood Beyond for a while. I phone Roger now and again but I haven't spoken to him recently."

How he doesn't want to be a teeny bop star?

"I don't want to be a teeny bop star. The sort of people I respect — David Bowie, David Byrne — are iconoclasts in a fashion, and are pretty timeless. People are more interested in their music and their art than in their personal life. I'm here to do my music. I want to keep my private life private."

Oh.

LIKIN' THE WAY YOU LOOK AND LOOKIN' THE WAY YOU LIKE WITH HOLLYWOOD BEYOND.

"I don't pay that much attention to the looks side of it," claims Mark. "I was signed for my music not for my looks. My haircut? I don't comb it and it just matts and forms these . . . things. Initially I put in some very thick lacquer grease which made it lump together and then pulled out the lumps and it formed like stalegmites. It's been like this for about two and a half years. There's no particular idea behind it — I've always liked locks but I didn't want anything which was going to associate me with any form of Restafarianism."

[All very well except that the spokeswoman at Antenne, the posh London hair stylist who look after Mark's locks] these days, had a rather different tale to tell. "He first came in about three or four months ago," she explained. "He had short hair, about two inches long, and said he wanted to have dreadlocks. But there were two problems — there wasn't enough time to grow them and apparently he couldn't get his hair to go like that naturally. So we suggested spindlocks, a type of artificial hair extension. So that's what he's had done and he's been in a couple of times since to have it tidied up." Hem hem.]



THE SINGLE

"tragic and melancholic and melodic and utterly delightful" - Smash Hits

"they are a singles band in the best sense of the word and... they know their own strengths" - Sounds

SOME CANDY TALKING

THE ALBUM

"'Psychocandy' is a wonderful LP which should bring the Scottish brats the success they've missed out on so far. 9½ out of 10" - Williem Shaw, SMASH HITS

"'Psychocandy' is easily the best album released this year. Really, you can't afford not to enjoy it." - Andy Gill, NME

PSYCHOCANDY

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

Distributed by **W&A** Records Ltd. © A Warner Communications Co.

GWEN GUTHRIE

Ain't Nothing Goin' On But The Rent



Bill collector's at my door
What can you do for me
Hey

(No romance without finance)
(No romance without finance)

Boy nothing in life is free
That's why I'm asking you
What can you do for me
I've got responsibilities
So I'm looking for a man
Who's got some money in his hand

Chorus
'Cause nothing from nothing
Leaves nothing
You've got to have something
if you wanna be with me
'Cause life is too serious
Love's too mysterious
A fly girl like me needs security
'Cause ain't nothin' goin' on but the rent
You've got to have a J.O.B.
if you wanna be with me
Ain't nothin' goin' on but the rent
You've got to have a J.O.B.
if you wanna be with me
No romance without finance
I said no romance without finance

Boy your silky words are sweet
But we're only wasting time
if your pockets are empty
I've got lots of love to give
But I will have to avoid you
if you're unemployed

Repeat chorus

(No romance without finance)
I said no romance without finance
Oh you look good to me
Your silky words are sweet
But your pockets sure look empty
Ain't nothin' goin' on but the rent
I'm looking for a man to put
Some money in my hand

Words and music by Joyce De La Cruz
Reproduced by permission
Interscope Records, Inc.

KATRINA AND THE WAVES

It picks me up puts me down again
I never know
When my troubles will end
This little street with its den of sin
Where I see
All my fair-weather friends

Chorus
And it's good when
I'm a little high
And it's good my glass is never dry
And it's good
When everything is spinning
Now I feel like
I am finally winning
Na na na na na na na na na na
We're all living on Sun Street
Na na na na na na na na na na
We're all living on Sun Street

It makes me blue
But keeps me coming round
Life is cheap a smile is free
Before the dust
On the window pane
It's hard to see Sun Street's not for me

Repeat chorus twice

Na na na na na na na na na na
We're all living on Sun Street
Na na na na na na na na na na
We're all living on Sun Street
Na na na na na na na na na na
We're all living on Sun Street
Na na na na na na na na na na
We're all living on Sun Street

Words and music by Joyce De La Cruz
Reproduced by permission
Interscope Records, Inc.
On Capitol Records



ROBERT PALMER

I didn't mean to turn you on

When I took you out
I knew what you were all about
But when I did
I didn't mean to turn you on

Now I bring you home
You tell me goodnight's
Not enough for you
I'm sorry baby
I didn't mean to turn you on
Ooh I didn't mean to turn you on

You read me wrong
I wasn't trying to lead you on
Not like you think
I didn't mean to turn you on

I knew you expecting
A one night stand
When I refused
I knew you wouldn't understand
I'm sorry baby
I didn't mean to turn you on

I told you twice
I was only trying to be nice
Only trying to be nice
Ooh I didn't mean to turn you on

Babe now why should I
Feel guilty 'cause I won't give
Oodly 'cause I won't give in
I didn't mean to turn you on
Ooh I didn't mean to turn you on

When I took you out
I knew what you were all about
But when I did
I didn't mean to turn you on

Ooh I didn't mean to turn you on
I didn't mean to turn you on

Repeat to fade

*Words and music by J. Harris ENT/Deery
Produced and performed by Robert Palmer
On Island Records*

B
A
N
A
N
A
R
A
M
A

★ **MORE THAN PHYSICAL** ★



THE NEW 7" & 12" SINGLE

7" SINGLE AVAILABLE WITH A CHOICE FROM 3 INDIVIDUAL PERSONALITY POSTERS
Re-Recorded From The New LP · CASSETTE · COMPACT DISC — "TRUE CONFESSIONS" ★ Available from 11th August

B
A
N
A
N
A
R
A
M
A

★ WIN HMV'S TOP TEN VIDEOS



- 1 **Kate Bush** The Hair Of Theound
- 2 **Level 42** The Video Singles
- 3 **Martini** 1962-1990: The Videos
- 4 **Rough Trade/Various** Not Television
- 5 **Dina Shalita** Broken In Arms
- 6 **Stevie Nicks** I Can't Wait
- 7 **Dina Shalita** Alchemy Live
- 8 **The Cure** Staring At The Sea - The Incares
- 9 **Bucks Fizz** Greatest Hits
- 10 **Feargal Sharkey** Feargal Sharkey

★ HOW TO ENTER

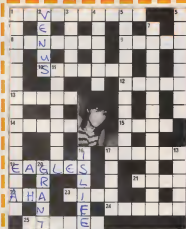
- Complete the crossword grid, fill in your name and address and tick whether you'd like VHS or Betamax videos.
- Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by August 12): **Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 10, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.**
- The first correct entry out of the promo hamper gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press)

ACROSS

- 1 His tears inspired a **Billy Breggs** hit (4,6)
- 8 "You And Me" (**Aurra**)
- 9 **end 21** A bit of impatience from **Nu Shooz?** (1,4,4)
- 10 Bad sons that formed a pop group? (anag. 1,1,1,4)
- 12 Bodyrockin' **Maria**
- 13 Glen A. provides a hit for **Medonne** (anag.)
- 14 How "nutty" about snooker the **Matchroom Mob** were
- 15 "No One -- -- Blame" (**Howard Jones**) (2,2)
- 17 A chatty old hit from **Adam**
- 19 **Lee** Age-forms **Don Henley** and **Glenn Frey's** old group (anag.)
- 21 See 9 across
- 22 Perhaps hidden amid **Jaki Graham?**
- 23 See 4 down
- 24 The one with all the teeth on **That's Life**
- 25 **Shekatak** were once down on it

DOWN

- 1 As **Sly Fox** said to the bus conductor? (4,2,3,3,3)
- 2 **Sansarame's** pienet
- 3 Nutty boy!
- 4 and 23 across Where **Kate Bush** went running (2,4,4)
- 5 Binds violin to find **Blancmange** hit (anag. 5,6)
- 6 Sort of style **Dream Academy's** king had
- 7 **Madonne's** plea to her dad (4,4,6)
- 11 See photocube (4,4)
- 16 **Opus** (Opus)
- 17 New York's a v. big one
- 18 **Gunn** or **Gabriel?**
- 20 TV newspaper editor **Lou**



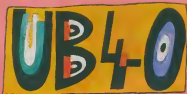
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

● Tick kind of video required:

VHS

BETAMAX



RAT IN THE KITCHEN



THE NEW ALBUM AND TAPE

FEATURING THE SINGLE
SING OUR OWN SONG



LP DEP II
DISTRIBUTED THROUGH VIRGIN RECORDS

SMITHS

PANIC

Panic on the Streets of London
panic on the Streets of Birmingham
I wonder to myself
could life ever be sane again?
on the Leeds side-streets that you slip down
I wonder to myself
Hopes may rise on the grassmores
but heavy pit you're not safe here
So you run down
to the safety of the town
but there's panic on the streets of Carlisle,
Dublin, Dunder, Humberside
I wonder to myself

Burn down the disco
hang the blessed d.j.
because the music that they constantly play
it says nothing to me about my life
hang the blessed d.j.
because the music they constantly play
on the Leeds side streets that you slip down
on the provincial towns you jog 'round
hang the d.j.
hang the d.j.
hang the d.j.

© 1982 BY THE POLYGRAMS OF GARNER BROS. MUSIC LTD.

PANIC

RELEASED ON MONDAY 21ST JULY

Ⓜ 7" (RT 193) B/W **VICAR IN A TUTU** 12" (RTT 193) WITH EXTRA TRACK **THE DRAIZE TRAIN**

NETAL QUANTITIES INCLUDE FREE SPODES DISTRIBUTED BY THE LABELS.

- GARY KEMP . . . used to spit on doctors' doorsteps
- MARTIN KEMP . . . used to pretend to be a cow
- JOHN KEEBLE . . . used to build drums out of old tins
- STEVE NORMAN . . . used to swallow bits of cars
- TONY HADLEY . . . used to dissect beetles with a surgeon's kit
- BUT NOW they're five pop swanks and rich beyond belief. This is . . .

the SPANDAU BALLET story



▲ Spring 1981 ("The Fresh") — left to right: John, Tony, Steve, Gary, Steve ("Neil headband") Those abjectother



▲ Spring 1981 ("Mucousbound") Those floppy trimples! That shawl! That, er, "bong?"



▲ Summer 1982 ("Chant No. 1") Those slick best! That watch chain! That hairy chest! (Are you sure about that last one? — Ed)



▲ Autumn 1982 ("Held Me Down") Those, um, er



▲ Early 1982 ("Communication") Those suits! Those snails!



▲ Spring 1982 ("True") Those "T" shirts! Those "sun glasses!"



▲ Late summer 1984 ("Only When You Leave") Those "weedy" guitars! That "waxing"! That "waxing!"



▲ Early 1985 ("Round And Round") The shame of it!



▲ July 1985 ("Night For Outlawes") Those seductress! Those (That's quite enough "fashion commentary" thank you — Ed)

The idea to form a group took seed in 1976 in the corridors of Dame Alice Owen's Grammar School where Gary, Tony, John and Steve went to school. A fifth friend, Richard Miller, was also involved then, and with him on bass guitar, the five of them called themselves The Makers. They rehearsed a bit, all got "wedge" hair cuts and then . . . split up.

By the time they decided to try again, it was 1979. They had a "manager" — schoolfriend Steve Dagher who was doing a course at the London School of Economics — and were looking out for a

new bass player. It was Steve Dagher, not Gary, who suggested Martin Kemp — "I didn't notice him," explains Martin Kemp — "because he was right under my nose." Gary had always been one for dressing up and going out, and when new night clubs like *Daly's* and *Blitz* started up for young London "trendies", the five of them became regulars. Unlike punk clubs, supposedly full of people with spikey hair "gobbing" and swearing at each other, these were places where people tried to dress up as extravagantly and individually as possible.

"Working people," rationalised Gary a little later, "want to dress up and look

better than the place where they live . . . if they live in a grey concrete block why not stand out a mile from it?"

And so they did. "We may have only been on £20 a week on the dole," says Martin, "but we were down Soho having nights out every day of the week."

And alongside them at the *Blitz* club were a host of famous and soon-to-be famous people: Steve Strange (singer for Visage, now in *Strange Cruise*) was the doorman, the cloakroom attendant was often Boy George, and Marilyn could be found collecting glasses. Later, when this "scene" was discovered by the press, the club-goers were given a host

of different names — The Blitz Kids, Post-Punk Blank Posers, Them, The Cult With No Name and Futurists — but the one that most people finally settled on was New Romantics. Back in 1979, however, *Blitz* was just a place where these five youngsters from North London went to dress up and dance to records by David Bowie, Roxy Music and trendy European electronic disco groups like Kraftwerk. And it was this music that they'd try to copy as they rehearsed away under the name The Gentry.

However, just before their first concert — on 17 November 1979 at 11 o'clock on a Saturday morning in front of an invited



GARY KEMP was born on 16/10/59 in St Bempelerew's Hospital in London. Even though his parents weren't too poor, they lived in the less posh part of the London borough of Islington, on the middle floor of a house with his aunt, uncle and cousins above and another cousin on the floor below. They all shared an outside toilet till he was 15. Later on Gary would wander over to the posh part of the area with his mates to stir things up a bit — "tell the doctors and lawyers would lean out of their windows and change us back — we'd throw a few stones and spit on their doorsteps." But to begin with, it seemed much more important to get the better of his younger brother Martin — they used to argue over Men From U.N.C.L.E. posters and shove ball-bearings up each others' noses. And when he wasn't doing that, he'd be riding on the hobby horse his dad made him, playing at cowboys — until an Indian actually fell off a horse when Gary "shot" it on the TV screen. "I'm aged for ages," he recalls, "because I thought I'd killed him." At 11 he suddenly decided he wanted to be a

musician; he bought his first record — "Amenity" by The Kinks — and his parents bought him a £5 guitar for his birthday. His earliest efforts at playing met with varying degrees of success. But straight away he began writing — the first "masterpiece" began "Jesus went to Jericho on the way to the cross...," and the second, called "Amen," was a tearful tale of how a sparrow keeps a lonely boy company. He actually played one of his own compositions at his primary school prize-giving and one member of the audience — The Bishop Of St Albans — was so impressed that he found out Gary's address and took him round a tape recorder as a present. But it wasn't always so easy. One holiday Gary entered a "talent" competition singing a Mungo Jerry song... and lost. And in any case he was more interested in other things, particularly the acting he did at Anne Scher's Children's Theatre where he had enrolled at the age of 11. He soon realised he was quite good at this acting, and before he knew it was popping up in all sorts of films and TV series. One time he appeared

on telly with a mate called Phil Daniels (now a famous actor) strumming a song they both knew — "The Sandman" by America — on acoustic guitars; another time, after appearing in the Children's Film Foundation *Movie Hide And Seek*, he was interviewed on TV and asked if he wanted to be a famous actor. "I see no," he remembers. "I want to be a journalist."

That all changed though. In the next few years he raised his "A levels," got "heavily into" David Bowie ("when I was a teenager I thought Bowie really gave me the way I felt"), saw the Sex Pistols with Spandau's future manager Steve Dagger, took up mountaineering and actually climbed Mount Toubkal, the highest peak (13,600 ft.) in Morocco's Atlas mountains. "It was an marvelous feeling when we reached the top," he remembers. "You could see the Sahara Desert on one side and a load of snow and ice on the other." Back home he did a short stint as a clerk before going on the date and writing some better songs. And he got on with forming a proper group...



MARTIN KEMP was born two years after his brother on 10/10/61. From the very start they were close, when Gary bought his first record so did Martin — "Me And My Life" by The Tremeloes — and when Gary started going to Anne Scher's Children's Theatre there was no way Martin was going to stay behind and miss "making out you're pulling a rope or pretending to be a cow." Martin did especially well at the drama school, getting appearances in *Play For Today*, *Jackanory* and as a footballer in *Golfing Prizes*. The letter wasn't a happy experience. "There was a shower scene," he remembers, "and I had nothing on. I had to stand up with the camera on my bum and we were a kid next to me. It was terrible. When there are about a hundred technicians watching, you can't do that, can you? I tried all day and I couldn't do it. In the end they had to get a pipe and pour orange juice down it. I've never been so embarrassed in my life."

But it wasn't experiences like this that made him give up acting at 15, it was, he reveals modestly, because of "girl trouble — I had too many girlfriends." Still, even if he'd stopped drama lessons, it was around then that he really decided he wanted to be a star.

What he realised when he was about 15, he reveals, "was that when I watched a film I always saw myself as the gunman. I was never the barman or the sweeper-up. It's the

same for everybody, but I decided to make sure it would happen for me, that I would be the gunman — and while I was still young."

He'd already decided that looking good was important — "even if you have to nix the stuff from jumble sales like I used to" — and once he'd seen punk group Generation X (with Billy Idol singing and Tony James on guitar), he got his hair spliced (to the honor of the teachers at the Central Foundation Grammar School) and formed a punk group, The Defects, who'd rehearse in the basement of a dry cleaners. He used to pride himself on being rather flash — "too flash," he later admitted — and it must have been around this time that he "tore the sleeve off my blazer and put it back on with safety pins."

But as well as being a punk, he was very into Kung Fu — his bedroom was full of Bruce Lee posters and Chinese posters — and also wanted to be a footballer. He was actually pretty good and even trained with Arsenal, except that, for too interested in looking flash, he dyed his boots blue and got them used with fur. "Every five minutes they kept slipping off," he laughs. "So that was it. There was nothing left but to become a pop star."

Actually, the real reason he stopped playing football was because he had a dodgy cartilage in his knee and couldn't bear the thought of the operation. And after school he didn't become a pop star, but one of the unemployed. Eventually he got a job as a printer for his dad. The real earned a bit of money handing out a free London magazine, *M4* London. By now he was beginning to wish he was in his brother's group



TONY HADLEY "popped" into the world on 2/6/60. His dad, Pat, was an electrician but though his brother Steve followed in the family trade, the young Tony set his heart on being a doctor. He'd set out his microscope and junior surgeon's kit and dissect things. Like this huge beetle he saw in the garden one day, "messive, about an inch long. It really repulsed me. I dissected it." But the beetle got its revenge by leaving off a truly terrible stink, leaving Tony petrified. And that wasn't the only spooky mishap to betfall him. His football "career" was ended when he got an infection in the bone marrow in his leg — "it started crawling away" — and he couldn't play for two years. And his attempts at keeping puerile pigs were truly pathetic. The first one, an albino called Tom that he was given by his mate, Roy Harold, died of cold in the pot Tony built for him in the garden. The replacements — Tom The Second and Sonne — fared little better. One night in a thunderstorm the garden shed collapsed on them and, though they survived, they "pegged out" a couple of weeks later through delayed shock.

Luckily there were a couple of things Tony could do successfully. Firstly, he was very good at going to parties — "there always seemed to be three parties a night when we were growing up," he recalls (even though "ninety percent of them were naff, you'd end up sleeping in the bath or on some cold floor...")



Secondly, he could sing. By the age of 14 he was already winning "talent" competitions with his operatic croonings of *Stevie Wonder's* "You Are The Sunshine Of My Life" and *The Beatles'* "With A Little Help From My Friends". Sadly, though, this lad who also enjoyed ice-skating and horse riding (once winning a rosette for a clear round), didn't have quite so much fun behind a desk at Dame Alice Owen's Grammar School (where all the other future band members except Martin also went) and so he buckled out of school six months into the 'A' levels. Focusing only for a brief flit with *Image* in *girlie* magazine *My Guy* ("acting" in a photo love story called "Sister Blackmail"), he got a job in a warehouse. His bosses were mighty impressed of his warehouse-type talents and started muttering about how he was "management material"; but after six months Tony himself was less than happy. "One day I got so mad I shook my head out of a fifth floor window and just screamed, 'I had enough.' And that was that. But what else could he do?"

"I couldn't cut hair, I couldn't design clothes, I couldn't write sculptures," he recalls. "I suppose I had an idea that I'd own a market stall, then two, then a supermarket and I'd be a millionaire."

But it never had the chance to be anything more than an idea because, just then, the group he was singing in started getting very serious about things...



JOHNN KEEBLE – the oldest member of Spandau Ballet who likes fast cars and going out, and who hates getting up – was born on 6/7/59. Though his parents, Doris and Stan, lived in London, he was always travelling. His lorry driver dad would let him bunk off school and get up at the crack of dawn to visit places like Birmingham, and during the holidays they'd visit loads of caravan sites. When he wasn't doing that, little John was busy hitting things.

He started out on a toy drum kit when he was five, then graduated to his own "infernal creations all across the bedrooms" – huge, sprawling piles of bashed up boxes and baked bean tins. The whole family must have been relieved when, at the age of 14, he was committed enough to spend £40 on a proper kit he saw

advertised in *Exchange & Mart* magazine.

Apart from that, he enjoyed tinkering around with cars ("I'm never happier than when I'm up to my elbows in grease"), wicket-keeping in the school cricket team and – gasp! – working at school. "I was quite studious," he readily admits.

He got 8 'O' levels and 2 'A' levels ("I was never that clever," he claims, "but I was good at revising"), and didn't even mind the fact that Dame Alice Owen's was a rather strict, old-fashioned grammar school where "the teachers come in checking the colour of your shoes in the morning." After school he worked as a foreign exchange clerk in Barclays Bank, but hated it. He also did a spot of tony driving, which he quite liked, to places like Luxembourg. But all the time he was busy practising his drums.



STEVE NORMAN was born on 25/3/60 and, if his future friends are to be believed, probably started cracking jokes immediately. "He always keeps everyone smiling," says Gary. "He's always there with a joke, he's the funny man."

Nevertheless, the chippy youngster nearly came to a sticky end on several occasions. His mum was at a party when she realised the unborn Steve was giggling his way to Freedom and nearly leaving his mum to worriedly search the potty every day for the next week or so praying for his reappearance. "Thankfully," laughs Steve, "it came out in the end."

Steve didn't have a very happy time trying to go to the loo in those days. When they were in Lewisham on a "doggy estate" he'd "sit on the potty with rats running across the room." There he'd sit going "Mum, it's another

miscal," and explains "I used to call them mips."

Later, he's taken while his taxi driver father Tony (known as T N) entertained him with stories of how he'd met Tarzan and Batman, or he would fight with his sister Denise over who should have the best bedroom, or fiddle about with the pair of drumsticks he dad had bought him, playing along to records on the radio. He also had a guitar, but he "wanted something with a bit more rhythm", which is where his Uncle Ray came in. Ray was a musician, with world famous combos Harmony Grass and The Tony Rivers Band, and he'd play the impassioned Steve his collection of records by The Shadows (wearing instrumental group who used to back Cliff Richard), Little did Uncle Ray know that the chortling sprig tapping his toes in front of him would soon have a grants called Frank. The Frank and he playing saxophone and percussion in one of the most successful groups in the world.



audience of 50 in a rehearsal studio – a journalist, Robert Elms (later Sade's boyfriend for some years), suggested the name Spandau Ballet, later claiming he had seen it written on a toilet wall.

Whether by accident or design, the group gradually decided that they weren't going to play "normal" concerts like other groups. Instead, they only agreed to perform at special unusual venues (often boasting that they'd never do a boring tour like pathetic old-fashioned "rock n' roll" groups). Over the next few months they played at Steve Strange's birthday party, Toyah's recording studio, a trendy London cinema, in St Tropez, on board the HMS Belfast moored on the River Thames and in Birmingham's Botanical Gardens. And they didn't advertise the concerts either, rejecting claims that they were being "elitist" by insisting that anyone who would want to see them would know where they were playing anyway.

► Some of the rehearsal for Spandau Ballet's very wacky and chaotic early live performances.



Suddenly these "five flash geezers who liked having their picture taken and wearing clothes to be looked at" (as Gary described them) were on TV (a 20th Century Box special by Janet Street Porter, now Tony James' "antrend") and had a record contract and a top ten hit, "To Cut A Long Story Short". (They also became the first pop group, as they were always at pains to point out, to release a record in a special 12" extended dance remix). And all over the country, people started dressing up in kilts and tabaccoles in imitation of Spandau Ballet and the other New Romantics that followed – Visage, Ultravox (who already existed but who were "adopted" by the movement) and five rather dubious characters from Birmingham called Duran Duran.

"Don't Need This Pressure On") was their biggest hit so far and it all seemed to be going very nicely indeed (even if Smash Hits described their new image at that time as "loverly than Lady Di... all dangly watch chains, light and baggy suits, hunky flashes of hairy chests.")

Certainly they were still trying very hard to be different from everybody else. For the video for their next single, "Paint Me Down" (a bit of a flop as it turned out), they pranced round half-naked on London's Pimlico Hill at 5.30 in the morning. ("We were all wandering around in 'comfords'," explained Gary proudly. "Tony Hardy was so blundered and Steve Norman was nailed to a tree and covered in paint which looked like blood." Very, er, different...)



► Prancing about on a hill with no clothes on at sunrise for the "Paint Me Down" video.

And if people didn't know what to make of that, their second LP, "Diamond", seemed to indicate they'd gone completely mad. The first side was the sort of danceable pop everyone expected, but the second side was full of weird Indian instruments and chants. "A one-off experiment... more for our own enjoyment... film music... to get us out of the Duran Duran league... – those were Gary's explanations; but it certainly didn't go down too well. And there were also signs that Spandau were becoming an itchy-witty bit "rock n' roll": driving along a mountain road in Ibiza, John apparently ripped out the car's dashboard, mirror and other fittings and chucked them out of the car. "I think that's what money does," commented Tony. "It lets you smash things up."

After the "Diamond" LP and a couple more singles (the top "She Loves Life Diamond" and the slightly more successful "Instinction"), the group disappeared to record a third LP, "True". When they came back they had changed. The LP contained fairly



► Stars also! Five tearfully-dressed "queens" make their first ever appearance on Top Of The Pops at the end of 1980 performing "To Cut A Long Story Short".

After a couple more hits – "The Freeze" and "Muscle Bound" / "Glow" – and their first LP, "Jeans To Glory", they began getting a bit led up with their rather thin synthesiser pop songs and started getting a lot "funkier" – "dance music without those bad American lyrics," claimed Gary at the time. And it seemed to work – "Chart No. 1 (We

orthodox pop songs – the group didn't seem very bothered anymore about sounding especially different or keeping "one step ahead" of everyone else – and with their smiling sunnars, they looked very like a "normal" pop group indeed. And the group which had once announced that they'd never go on tour, announced that they were – them –



▲ Gary and Martin modeling tartan frocks in *The Face* magazine, 1981.



▲ Five men, a bus and about 700 metres of lit Blythe insta-New Romantic "treasure" wear.



▲ Ray n Ronnie Kemp



▲ John Keeble and a pair of "knickers"



▲ Spiky Norman and a erm "pouch"



▲ Spiky Norman and a "leg" (the fore he knee ligaments sticking across stage, fact Nando).



▲ Martin, thngy and a posing Oriental waitress



▲ Clai and a statue



▲ Holders and a horse



▲ Spiky and some dogs



▲ Tony and his wife, Leone



▲ Martin and... erm... his yoga nubusiness practise a very advanced "position" (That's quite enough dodgy Spandau photo, thank you - Ed)

going on tour. "I don't think you can be subversive all the time," explained Gary later, "because sooner or later you will rise to the top."

And that, of course, is what they very quickly did. The hits — "Lifeline," "Communication" — got bigger and bigger until they finally reached number one with "True." This was the life, they seemed to decide. Touring was like going to Benidorm for two weeks (i.e. a bit chaotic but rather good fun, one presumes). And Gary seemed to have completely forgotten the statement he'd made in August 1981 about wanting Spandau Ballet to live a shorter life than most bands, and if it can go onto other things. "The group quite clearly had decided that they had no intention of splitting up for a long, long while — and not just because they were so successful: "We all love each other," explained Martin. "It's like a big family. It sounds corny but it's not."

In 1984, rich and famous, they turned up for the Band Aid "Do They Know It's Christmas?" recording "session" in a limousine (something that greatly embarrassed them — they blamed the record company) and released another album, "Parade," (similar to "True" but not as good, even if it did include "Highly Strung" — the only pop song ever to feature the limes "She used to be a diplomat/But now she's down the laundromat"). Spandau Ballet were now very big stars indeed, but they were beginning to get a bit fed up with their record company. Chrysalis, mainly because the group thought it was the company's fault that they hadn't had millions of hits in America, the biggest "market" in the world. "It's important for us to be successful everywhere," explained Gary, "especially America because America invented it all — the whole thing was their idea."

So the group spent most of 1985 and the first half of 1986 writing and recording songs while their manager, Steve Dagger, fought in the courts to terminate their Chrysalis contract. In the meantime, Tony was doing things like jumping on stage with Queen in New Zealand. Gary improved his collection of antique ceramics and the five of them avoided Britain most of the time "for tax reasons". But the one appearance they did make in 1985 — at Live Aid — showed that, even if they're now the sort of "rock 'n' roll" group they had previously claimed to disapprove of, they weren't without a conscience. Gary always used to go round saying "I only want success" but now he'd changed.

"Live Aid made me aware," he remembers, "of how many more important things there are for young people to do. It's partly a guilt complex, I suppose. You realise you've got ridiculous sums of money to fiddle away and others don't even have any work." And so, for Gary, Live Aid wasn't enough. He started turning up with his acoustic guitar all over the place — at the Snowball revue for battered women last Christmas, on the Red Wedge tour this spring and at the Artists Against Apartheid rally last month. It seemed that he'd decided that music wasn't just, as he'd said before, "about enjoying yourself, looking good and having a laugh."

Right now, though, Spandau Ballet are all back concentrating on the group itself with a new single, "Fight For Ourselves", an album, "Through The Barricades", to follow, and continuing ambitions.

"You worry if your name is ever going to be remembered," says Gary, "because what we're all after as artists is immortality. I don't think anyone can deny that."

**SIMPLY
RED**

**OPEN
UP THE
RED BOX
REMIX**



**7" & 3-TRACK 12" SINGLE OUT NOW
ORIGINAL VERSION AVAILABLE ON THE ALBUM 'PICTURE BOOK'**

DISTRIBUTED BY **WEA** RECORDS LTD. © A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

wea
RECORDS LTD.

The cheque account



Open an account with us and we'll arm you with a TSB cheque book and, if you're earning, a cheque card.

You'll find them welcomed anywhere in the country, and they won't cost you a penny if you stay in credit.

You'll also get a Speedbank card for instant cash. And, for 15

t you need, sewn up.



to 19s, exclusive discounts on clothes, tapes, albums, videos—even keyboards.

No other bank offers you so much. But then no other bank's like TSB; stop by at any branch and we'll show you.



The bank that likes to say YES

The name on this year's finest ballad...



DEON ESTUS • SPELL

The magic debut single
on 7" and 3-Track 12"



Distributed by **WBS** Records Ltd. © A Warner Communications Co.



MIAMI SOUND MACHINE

FALLING IN LOVE (UH-OH)

NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW

A6956 *Epic* TA6956

AUDREY HALL



Just who is Audrey Hall? Well actually, she's a reggae singer whose latest tune "Smile" is doing jolly well. And that means she's a bit of a record breaker because her last single "One Dance Won't Do" did jolly well too, making her the very first British female reggae artist ever to have two top 40 hits in a row! Naturelle! Audrey is chuffed to the gills, tickled pink, over the moon etc. . .

"I'm soooooo bappy! This sort of thing doesn't happen to me, it happens to someone else," she admits in fits of giggles. "I'm having trouble holding myself together," she explains before disintegrating into little chuckling pieces. Seems that Audrey's been around a bit before all this success though. She was born in England, where she remembers "mibbling on burnt matches", but she was soon whipped off to Jamaica and recalls singing there for the first time with her three brothers and two sisters (and getting the strap from her teacher Miss Stephenson for "hopping up and down on the ledge outside the classroom", but we won't talk about that).

Whizzing back to England, Audrey finished school and joined a typing pool, finding it "so incredibly dull ham-drum and boring" that she sat there writing songs in her head, and soon packed it in to go off a-roamin' around Europe with various unknown reggae bands. And then she heard New York beckoning and calling, and so she was off again!! Bings!!!

In New York the blossoming songstress began singing with very well-known reggae people like Toots And The Maytals and Peter Tosh, and soon started making her own records. And the rest is history, as "they" say.

Now Audrey's greatest ambition is, er, to study astronomy. Um . . . Oh. Why is this, one wonders? "I want to know more about crazies and black holes and where the heck the end of the universe is! That's super, Audrey, but, er, . . . uh - oh, there's no stopping her. . . "I mean is there an end to the universe? And the theory that everything started with a big bang, is that true? And there's this other theory that when you die, your spirit goes off to another planet. . . and what about, Audrey! Audrey! Audrey! She's gone!! Most extraordinary. . .

SMILE

Chorus
You smiled at me
Over and over
Over and over
Over again
Now I'm your friend
Ay ay ay ay
You came to me
Day after day
Day after day
Day after day
Now you're here to stay

You told me that
You wanted me
I said no no
It wasn't meant to be
But you kept on
When hope was gone
You pursued me
You wouldn't let me be

Repeat chorus
I tried to run away and hide
But you kept up
Right by my side

I told you I
Had someone new
You said no no
That will never do

Repeat chorus

Ay ay you're warm and tender
(Warm and tender)
Warm and tender
(Ooh warm and tender)
Ay I do surrender
(I surrender)
I surrender
(Ooh I surrender)

Repeat chorus

I should have known
You were no fool
'Cause now you're the one
The one who rules
I love you so
Never let me go
You stole my heart
Right from the start

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Audrey Hall
Reproduced by permission Broadway Music Ltd/Vocal Music Ltd
On This Record

FIND THE TIME

You keep me waiting and I don't understand
But I'm trying hard to keep my cool
No use in hiding I know where you are
'Cause you leave too many clues
Why do you say that you want me
When someone else is holding you (someone's holding you)
Oh I'm always ready to see you
So find the time

Chorus
(Find the time when will you find the time find the time)
(When will you find the time when will you find the time)

I'm telling everyone that you're still my man
I can hear them laugh behind my back
Oh come on and prove it to me show me I'm right
'Cause it's time to face the facts
So many lovers all over the place
But they never mean that much to you (mean that much to you)
You know it's me that you really want
So find the time

(Find the time when will you find the time)
Come on baby (find the time) find the time
(Find the time when will you find the time)
When will you find some time for me oh no

Repeat chorus

You keep me waiting and I don't understand
But I'm trying hard to keep my cool
No use in hiding I know where you are
'Cause you leave too many clues
Why do you say that you want me
When someone else is holding you (someone's holding you)
Oh you know it's me that you really need
So find the time

(Find the time when will you find the time)
Come on baby (find the time) find the time
(Find the time when will you find the time)
When will you find some time for me

Repeat chorus

Oh I'm telling everybody that you're still my man
Oh I can hear them laughing behind my back
(Find the time)
You gotta find it
You gotta find it
Find the time

Words and music by Paul Garzoza/Nick Trenock
Reproduced by permission Broadway Music Ltd/Vocal Music Ltd
On This Record

FIVE STAR







THE BEATLES

Smash
Hits



the beatles



MORTEN HARKET
~~ROCK~~
Smash
Hits

YOU ALWAYS GET
THE UNEXPECTED WITH
SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK.
THIS TIME IT'S A FREE
12" SINGLE FROM HMV.



As you'd expect, Sigue Sigue Sputnik's latest album 'Flaunt It' is blatantly outrageous.

Buy it from HMV and you're in for an even bigger shock.

With every album or cassette at £5.29 we're giving away an exclusive 12" single.

It features re-mixes of 'Rocket Man USA', 'She's My Man' and an in depth interview with the band.

The single also comes free with the 'Flaunt It' box set, which contains the album and Sigue Sigue Sputnik booklet for £6.49.

But there are only 1,000 copies of the 12" single available in our stores.

So you'll have to be quick to get this outrageous offer.



The World's Best Music Stores.

RSVP

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

■ I'm a 16 year old male into **Whitney Houston, Level 42 and Simple Minds.** I would like a female penpal aged 15-17, so if you're interested please write to: **Martyn Abbott, 29 V. Berlin, Circa, Neath SA11 3YM**

■ My name is **Mandy Hughes, I'm 15 years old and would like male and female penpals from anywhere in the universe.** If you like **The Pet Shop Boys, Falco and Dire Straits** write to: **28 Blackdown Avenue, Glograve, West Midlands WVE 9JS** (Please send a photo if possible)

■ I'm an 18 year old loony who answers to the name of **Marie.** If you like **The 502's, Timzone** and anything else that makes a noise, dip your nib in the ink well and drop me a line: **4 Cosmos Road, Millford Haven, Dyfed**

■ Hello! I'm a 15 year old American boy who would like to have penpals aged **13-17 throughout Europe.** My favourite band is **Culture Club**, so if you are interested please write to: **Paul Teller, 1 Francis Lane, Plainville, NY 13801, USA** (I'll answer as much as I can.)

■ My name is **Julie Ferguson** and I'm into **Big Country, Simple Minds and Go West.** I love having a good time, discos and writing to penpals, so please drop me a line: **136 Newlands Gardens, Wokingham, Gurnea CA14 3PE**

■ Help! My letter box is going to starve! Is there anybody out there who wants to save it? The letter box is owned by a German girl called **Andrea.** I'm 17 years old and I like most chart music including **Culture Club, Madonna, Daphne Blake, Sique "Sique" Spetnik** and many others. My other hobbies are listening to music, dancing and sports. Please drop a line to: **Andrea Jung, Drosselner Ring 3, D-6203 Hechheim a.Hain, West Germany**

■ My name is **Wayne, I am 16 years old and am very much into Prince but I also like ZZ Top, Status Quo, Queen and Dire Straits.** I would like female penpals aged 15-18, so if you're interested please write to: **1A Stockwell Place, Kingsborough, North Yorkshire YO5 6LJ**

■ We are two **Whom!** addicts who would be on the **Edge Of Heaven** if anybody aged **16-18** anywhere would write to us. Our other interests include **Paul Young, A-ha,** writing letters and having fun, so get scribbling to: **Liza, 53 Inwell, Belgrove, Tamworth, Staffs**

■ I like **A-ha** and **The Pet Shop Boys.** I'm 11 years old and would like to hear from other girls of about my age from anywhere. Please write to: **Denore Anderson, Dangleider Drury Gardens, Soroba Oban, Argyll PA34 4JR**

■ I'm a 14 1/2 year old boy seeking male and female penpals from all over the world. I like **Madonna, Five Star, Wham!, A-ha** and most other groups. I would like several penpals, so if you're aged 11-18 please write to: **Dave, 18 Nail Park Orchard, Koppax, Leeds LS25 7DE**

■ Hi! I'm a 16 year old into **Madonna, Simple Minds, The Cure and Dire Straits.** If you like these but hate Prince then please write to: **Stuart Clarke, 47 Brent Terrace, Gnosleywood, London NW2 1BA**

■ Hi! Are there any **Michael Douglas** lookalikes out there in America who would like to write to me? My name is **Jenny** and I am 17 years old and also like **Billy Ocean, Paul Young, A-ha** and **Queen.** If you are interested please write to: **Jenny, B Manor Close, Ivybridge, Devon PL21 9EQ**

■ My name is **Anne** and I'm 17 years old. I am into **The Cure, Duran, The Strickes, Bob Marley, Simple Minds, Lloyd Cole, Phil Collins** and lots more. If you are 17 and know how to write, then write to me: **Anne Maskon, Starv 5, S-691 4B Karlkoga, Sweden.**

■ I am a 14 year old male called **Lewis.** If you like **Queen** and **Marillion** but hate **Wham!** then get writing to: **Lewis Richards, 48 Sandringham Road, Portsmouth, Hants PO1 3DN**

■ My name is **Joanne Toy** and I'm 12 years old. I like **A-ha** (especially **Mago**), music and sports. If you have the same interests as me please write to: **Block 5, Delta Avenue, #06-15, Singapore 0316**

■ Are there any females out there who are madly, madly into **UB40?** As you're aged 14-19? My name is **Robert Friend** and I think that **UB40** are brilliant. It also fascinates me to hear from other people. I'm desperate to write to other real **UB40** fanatics so if you fit the description please write to: **Mill House, 177 Challymead, Melksham, Wilts SN12 9LH**



Spandau Ballet

CBS

Fight For Ourselves

12" GATEFOLD

OZZY OSBOURNE: A MAD MAN IN JAPAN

"They're great, the Japs. . . they do everything I do. Stick my hand in the air and a thousand hands go up. If I got me willy out they'd probably all be out there wagging their willies. . ." Yes, yes Ozzy (ahem).
● Tom Hibbert (words) and Andy Catlin (pictures) report from Tokyo.

Puzzled *puzzzzzzz hanono puzzzzzzz*
In a corner of the foyer of Tokyo's super-smoot Century Hyatt hotel, a gaggle of smartly-turned-out girls, groomed in secretarial mode, are whispering and plotting and casting furtive glances around the marbled hall. *Suwiiiiisikk* - lift doors glide open, and out steps a big man in a kimono, his complexion ruddy, his long hair akimbo. He is



▲ Amy Osbourne and a mad bloke who's her dad take a stroll in the Tokyo sunshine

wheeling a little girl in a push chair and he looks quite mad. "Eeeeeee." The pack of girls breaks out of the corner and scuttles toward the big mad man on gleaming stilettoes: *taptaptaptaptaptap*. They surround him. They clutch copies of an LP with a garish, ghoulish cover in their outstretched hands. They bow politely. They cheep in unison: "Ozzeeeee! Ozzeeeee!" The mad man is Ozzy Osbourne. The little girl in the push chair, his daughter Amy. The rest - Ozzy's Japanese "public".

Fifteen minutes, several autographed copies of "The Ultimate Sin" and a lot of instant "fans-with-artist" snaps later, we are outside in "fresh" air and trundling away through Tokyo: destination - a Japanese tea garden with loads of doves and pagodas and things. Here, a bloke from the *Daily Star* - who wears disgusting shorts and keeps



▲ Two Goshie girls and a mad bloke who's getting rather hot



making "lewd" remarks about the local "talent" – plans to photograph Ozzy, in this quaint "mysteries-of-the-Orient" type setting with a couple of Geisha girls for a Fleet Street "glamour" shot. But before we can start on that, there's a rustling noise and out of the shoji comes another swathe of Japanese girls wielding autograph books, cameras and copies of "The Ultimate Sin". The signing ceremony begins all over again and Amy totters off to throw birdseed at the doves.

"Caww, it's so 'in 'ere," protests Ozzy, sweating profusely in the sweltering sun and tugging at portions of his kimono. "Do you know how long it took to get into this? Two hours. Two hours!! And I feel like a pig." Ozzy grunts and a nearby fan bursts into floods of tears, so overcome by joy is she at seeing *Ozzezeeeee* face to face. It's all very peculiar.



▲ Budd! It's all too much for one Japanese Ozzezeeeee fan.



▲ Ozzy stops for a spot of lunch here here (Actually, he's throwing birdseed at some Japanese doves).

Fair does your head in.

"They're great, the Japs," says Ozzy. "The fans are great. When I first came here they were scared of me because they'd heard all about this Devil-worshipping bat-eating-monster-of-rock bullshit. But this is my third time and they're everywhere – and they're so polite..." A bespectacled bloke steps forward, bows and proffers a hand for Ozzy to shake.

"But sometimes I feel like telling them to piss off... Wait till you see them at the concert. It's *under*, man. Everything I do, they just imitate. They don't go wild or crazy or smash the place up like they do in the States. They're just so polite and they do everything I do. Stick my hand in the air and there's a thousand hands go up. Stick my tongue out and there's a thousand tongues. If I got me willy out they'd probably all be

out there wagging their wilies. It's scary!"

I am shortly to find out for myself...



▲ A group of almost boringly well-behaved Japanese heavy metal "babe"s. He politely into the Budokan

Outside The Budokan (Tokyo's premier rock "venue" seating 11,000 people), lengthy, orderly queues are forming – straggling trails of quiet and jolly well-behaved Japanese heavy metal fans. They aren't like their British counterparts at all: they're so clean and almost boringly well-behaved, doing everything that the umpireca marshals with megaphones tell them to; and there are so many girls – they practically outnumber the boys – *Ozzezeeeee* is quite a "sex" symbol, it seems. And none of the girls are with any of the boys (girls stick together and so do the boys and never the twain shall meet, it appears). And here's another "odd" thing. It's 5.30pm. The concert starts at six – there's no support group and the whole thing will be over by half past seven...

"There's a curfew on rock's roll," explains Ozzy. "There was a girl here a few years ago where somebody got killed so all concerts start early and finish early and there's no alcohol because the Japanese are very very anti-violence – surprisingly enough, considering this country was at war with the world more than 40 years ago. They haven't got an army in Japan. There's a political party on the move at the moment that wants to arm Japan but the people won't have any of it – it's understandable because they got *fried* last time..." A few unsavoury World War II anecdotes that Ozzy heard from his Japanese tour manager later (all about millions of people being boiled alive in rivers and not very nice at all) and – bang! – it's "show" time, as they say...

Sprang springs quiddle long brrrrrrr! That's Jake E. Lee "firing" off some "demon" "ticks" on his electric guitar.



▲ Jake E. Lee "fires" off some "meaty" "ticks" whilst Ozzy goes for another spot of lunch here

Dub dubub tiddlelelelekkerrrrash. That's Randy Castillo thumping his drum sticks around the "kit". *Schtuunnschtaunnsblaspberlapp-ppppp!* That's Phil Soussan a-"riffin'" away like hillyo on his bass guitar.

Sir... .. bok. That's the most pathetically weedy fireworks you ever saw which has just gone off to announce the entrance of... a mad man in a ridiculous sparkling cape.

Ozzezeeeee! "Awrightttt. Tok-ee-oooooooh!" Hurrah. Ozzy does the victory sign – and so do 11,000 people out in audience-land. Ozzy springs his arms aloft and waves them in the spotlight – 11,000 excited persons follow his lead... He was right about the imitation capers of the Japanese. They don't go bonkers, they don't wreck seats, they don't even head bang properly – they simply imitate the actions of their hero and they love every moment.



▲ A Japanese bloke not head-banging very properly

They know the words to all the songs – "The Ultimate Sin", "Killer Of Giants", "Shot In The Dark", the old chestnut mindwarp anthem from Ozzy's Black Sabbath days "Paranoid" – and they all sing along with gusto, even if they don't understand what the words actually mean. When Jake does his party piece, i.e. a 15 hour guitar solo featuring much kneeling on the floor and saucy guitar 'twist legs stuff, they stand gaping in awed silence. Same attitude when Randy does his – a 16 hour drum solo featuring much wandering up and down the catwalk brandishing a cymbal. *Ozzezeeeee* returns and arms shoot aloft once more in unison. How smartly-attired these Eastern heavy metal lovers are – their head bands pearl white, their t-shirts freshly washed and immaculate. The only slight deviation from this "look" that I can see is... surgeon's mask "chic". Yes, at least two people in the front row are sporting white surgeon's masks over their mouths. What a "hizzary" fashion, I comment to one of the road crew who promptly informs me that it isn't a fashion at all, it's just that if you have a cold in Japan, you

have to wear one of those things by law to prevent the spreading of germs. How rum! And now here's an even



▲ A Japanese bloke with a cold. rummer thing... Up on stage Ozzy has launched into another "cut" from "The Ultimate Sin" LP. It's called "Thank God For The Bomb" and the words go "Thank god for the bomb (repeated several times) *Nuke ya! Nuke ya!*" And 11,000 people are barmily singing along. In Japan! Where, 41 years ago, the Americans dumped two atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, destroying the cities and wiping out thousands upon thousands...



▲ Ozzy entertains his public with a rousing chorus of "Thank God For The Bomb". "Nuke ya nuke ya", thank you very much.

"No, I don't feel odd at all singing that song in Japan," Ozzy tells me after the show as he sits clutching Amy to his breast and dripping with sweat. "I don't feel odd because it's a true song. If that's the only thing that keeps the peace, then thank God for the bomb. I want to live a peaceful life but now no one can go anywhere like Greece any more. It's scary to fly any more with all the lunatics trying to plant bombs. That must be horrific. Bang! And you suddenly end up in the middle of the sky. If you're gonna go, you're gonna go. They have earthquakes here all the time..."

I'm afraid I don't quite follow this "logic" and neither, evidently, does Amy, who has dropped off into a silent slumber. And so we all go to bed.



▲ A mad bloke and a group of Ozzezeeeee fans not doing Devil signs very properly.

The next day Sir Oswald goes walkabout through a sleazy part of Tokyo – all crawling alleys, huge cockroaches and teeny "booteerys" where they serve fried wrigly things from a wok and enormous mugs of oriental "beer". *Ozzezeeeee pissast pissast hammo pissast Ozzezeeeee.* "Everyone, from smart



▲ In a squalid section of town, Ozzy goes without to find a bar.



▲ A group of thoroughly respectable Japanese businessmen reach for their autograph books.

businessmen grasping shiny brief cases to tiny urchins on wacky bicycles, seems to recognise the mad man. He is evidently very famous indeed over here. We dive into a ramshackle bar where Ozzy slumps at a rickety table and peers through the open door (well, it's not "open", actually - there just isn't a door) at figures shuffling and hurrying by. He shakes his head wearily: "God, there's a lot of people in the world," he sighs. "An awful lot of people... I wish they'd all buy my bloody record..."



▲ Ozzy orders a blinding basket of "beer" while the bar's proprietor prepares something not very nice in a wok.

Despite his enormous popularity in Japan, Ozzy Osbourne hasn't made a penny from this tour. And though his post-Black Sabbath solo career seems to be going swimmingly, it is not without its problems elsewhere.

"I don't have to create controversy," he says, "it comes to my door. If I say 'boo!' they throw the book at me. Everybody hates me. I went to Los Angeles in January and when I got off the plane there's about eight million cameramen clicking away and I think 'what?!!'. I'm looking over my shoulder thinking Robert Redford's behind me or something, and it turns out it's about this guy who shot himself."

What? Well, it turns out that last year an American heavy metal fan shot himself dead and the parents are now trying to sue

Ozzy, claiming it was listening to Ozzy Osbourne music that drove their son to suicide. Did you ever hear such a thing?

"The fact of the matter is there was a boy who was very sick - that poor kid was awfully sick before he even listened to an Ozzy Osbourne record. I genuinely feel very sorry for both the parents and the child. But I'm a parent myself and if my kid locked himself in his bedroom all the time and acted abnormally, then I'd feel distress and as a parent, I'd try to find out what the problem was and I'd make sure he had some professional help from a psychiatrist or whatever. But they are just trying to pass the buck onto someone else - me! It's like if my son killed himself after seeing *The Exorcist*, what do I do? Blame the people who made *The Exorcist*? What if he killed himself after seeing *The Sound Of Music*? Do I sue Julie Andrews? It's ridiculous. I'm just an entertainer and that's it. It's absurd to blame me. The poor kid shot himself through the head with his father's gun. Instead of suing me, why don't they sue the people who sold the gun? The number of people that get killed in that country with guns every year - it's scary and it's disgusting!"

Ozzy is getting heated. And who can honestly blame him? "Anyway, if I was going to sue somebody, I'd at least get the facts right. I did this press reception in America which was very nerve-wracking because those guys were out to *destroy* me. This flash Wall Street journalist gets up and says 'You sang in one of your songs 'I tell you to end your life'. And I says 'what song are you referring to?' and he says 'Paranoid'. Well, I went through all the lyrics in my head in 30 seconds and at the end of the words go 'I tell you to enjoy life'. Not 'end your life - ENJOY life'. So I says to the guy 'You're crazy. You're wrong. There is a big difference there, sir!' And he shut his trap. It is ludicrous! What happened to freedom of speech? I can't take any responsibility whatsoever... It just goes to show how famous I am."

And this legal kerfuffle isn't Ozzy's only problem in life. He's been through a drink problem (drying out at the Betty Ford Clinic in America), he's been through the bad problem ("Someone asked me the other week if I came back as a reincarnation - what would I like to come back as and I said an animal - because men think more of animals than they do of each other. It's *unbelievable!*"), he's been through almost every problem known to mankind...

"I've seen it all, I've done it all, I've drunk it all, I've tasted it all - it just don't matter to me any more. I've done it all and I'm still here trying to have a bash. I'd do anything for a laugh. I could walk around with a mop and a blue eye and a fang sticking out any day of the week. I could wear women's clothes like that Sigur Sigur Sputnik - what a bunch of tossers; if Amy comes back with their records in eight years, I'll stuff them up her bum - I don't



▲ Ozzy is not in this picture. He's off in the bar now.

care. It's a laugh. I'm not a singer. There's a million singers better than me. Ronnie James Dio is a far better singer than me but he hasn't got the charisma. Two Devil signs and that's him over with. It's like watching ice melt. Tony Iommi (*Black Sabbath* guitarist) ain't got charisma - it's like watching a lamp post with a guitar on. I hate got CHARISMA and you can't take that away from me. I don't care what you say and I don't care what you write about me. You can say 'Ozzy is such a prat and he's got a big fat nose and a wart on the side of his head.' I don't care because I'm larger than life."

Ozzy gulps feverishly at his drink and continues to pour out his feelings...

"I've been in this business 18 years and believe me, being a singer that don't play an instrument ain't a very good bag of nuts to carry round with you - the only thing I can do on a piano

▼ Signs of ancient Japanese culture



is open the lid... With Black Sabbath, I didn't exist to them, they treated me like horse shit, and when I left I was so scared about my career... Without my wife, Sharon, I wouldn't be here... I'll probably die soon, the next I've been going for 18 years. The only thing I hope is I don't have a stroke and be immobilised for the rest of my life... The past 18 years have taken their toll. Not just on me but on relationships and friends and sometimes I feel like I've got no feelings. Except for Sharon and Amy and my kids - they are the world... my family. I can no longer relate to the rest of my family. When I last did a British tour I held a get-together for the whole of my family in Birmingham and it was the worst time of my life: everyone hounded me, pestered me, photographed me. My own family were kissing me on the lips with the tongue down the throat and all that. If I was just Ozzy Osbourne the coal man, they wouldn't have given me a second look. I'm not ashamed to say that my family were disgusting. They acted like morons and I was ashamed of them..."

And so it goes. Ozzy Osbourne pouring out his soul at the end of an exhausting Japanese tour and knocking back the beers and choking back the tears as he remembers how much he despises his father-in-law for his cold and wicked treatment of Sharon and Amy, how much he doesn't like to remember Black Sabbath, how much he doesn't like to remember the day when his friend and guitarist Randy Rhoades died in an aeroplane not 50 feet away from Ozzy, how much... Well, call it therapy, if you like, but sinking his millionth beer Ozzy claps my shoulders and proclaims me a "good chap". Well!

Meanwhile, out in the dingy alley, the police heavy metal hoards have been collecting once more... *passant passant hamono Ozseeeeeee etc...* Ozzy Osbourne gets up from the table and wanders out into the sunlight... *OOZZEEEEEE...* The fans bow. Ozzy bows back. The fans bow back in turn... Ozzy, the trouser, assumes a manic grin for his public and, through clenched teeth, whispers "We should have gone to McDonalds."

Fair does your head in.

▲ One million floating baskets of "beer" wait.



SEND OUT
SHOCKWAVES.



Use Shockwaves Wet Gel for a glossy hold that looks wet but isn't.
Or get creative with the phenomenal lift and hold of Super Firm Gel.

WELLA
WHATEVER NEXT?

AN UNTOUCHABLE PRICE AT **£5.29**



SAMANTHA FOX • TOUCH ME

£5.29

THE COMMUNARDS • THE COMMUNARDS

£5.29

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK • FLAUNT IT

£5.29

  AVAILABLE ON RECORD
OR CASSETTE AT THE SAME PRICE.

John Menzies

SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY
PRICES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS

We've got it.

Record Departments throughout Britain, with a huge selection of albums, 7" and 12" singles, tapes, accessories and record tokens.

THE PRESS

Paul McCartney

Say one say two say three

Darling I love you very very very much
And I really am relying on your touch
But with all these people listening an
I don't know where I ought to begin
Maybe we could hit upon a word
Something that the others haven't heard
When you want me to love you

Just tell me to press
Right there that's it yes
(Are you absolutely sure about this? - Ed)
Oh when you feel the stress
Don't just stand there
Tell me to press (press tell me to press)

You can give me what I want I must confess
My body needs attention my mind is in a mess

Oklahoma was never like this
Never like this it was never like this
Ever like this say was it ever like this
Oklahoma was never like this
It was never like this

During I know it really wouldn't be a crime
If I say I want to love you all the time
But with all these people listening un

I don't know where I ought to begin
Maybe we should have a secret code
Before we both get ready to explode
When you want me to love you

Just tell me to press (tell me to press)
Right there that's it yes
When you feel the stress
Come down and see me
Tell me to press (tell me to press never like this)
Won't you tell me to press (never like this)
Oh right there (never like this)
That's it yes (oh oh oh oh)
Yeah yeah (never like this never like this)
That's it they told me yeah (oh oh oh oh)
When you feel distress
(Never like this never like this never like this)
Oh it feels so good (oh oh oh oh)
Like I knew it should (never like this)
I don't need to feel it higher (never like this)
Ooh that's right (oh oh oh oh)
Oh when you're feeling great (never like this)
Oh baby now press (never like this)
I need it really hard yeah (never like this)
Need it really hard yeah (never like this)
I'm a little bit frightened oh oh oh hold now
(Oh oh oh oh never like this)
Won't you tell me to press (never like this)
Right there

Words and music by Paul McCartney. Reproduced by permission MCA. Compositions: Ltd Co. Polygram Records



FALCO

JEANNY

(ENGLISH & GERMAN LANGUAGE VERSIONS)

ON 7" & SPECIAL 3-TRACK 12"

NEW 12" NOW FEATURES "JEANNY ENGLISH LANGUAGE EXTENDED MIX"

PLUS "ROCK ME AMADEUS '86 EDIT - EXTENDED"

AM
1986

Zaki
GRAHAM'S

NEW SINGLE
IS

BREAKING AWAY



THE COMPLETE 7"
AND 4 TRACK 12" SINGLE
PRODUCED BY DEREK BRAMBLE
IS

OUT NOW

EMI



belouis
s o m e



JERUSALEM

NEW 7" & 12" OUT NOW
LIMITED EDITION 7" DOUBLE-PACK
■ LIVE AT KNERWORTH AUGUST 070



REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY DAVE RIMMER



EURYTHMICS: Thorn In My Side (RCA) This lot used to be able to move me to tears, or at the very least send the odd shiver up my spine. These days they can barely make me tap my foot. Oh well. Perhaps this sort of boring rock nonsense is calculated to "do the business" in America and thereby make all concerned obscenely rich. Best of luck and all that but, really, a positively wrenching disappointment.

DAVID SYLVIAN: Taking The Veil (Virgin) Ah, bliss. A new David Sylvian record is always cause for champagne breakfasts, street parties etc. And though all the guitars and stuff on this one (is that Mick Karn playing bass?) rather took me by surprise, "Taking The Veil" is no exception. Gentle, dreamy, rather sad and considerably less weird than his last lot of stuff, it's also more distant. Most of Sylvian's lyrics lately have been intensely personal, but here they're about a little girl dreaming.

Added attraction: an absolutely brilliant instrumental on the B-side and two on the 12-inch.

LIONEL RICHIE: Dancing On The Ceiling (Motown) If you set a dictionary of disco clichés to dull, dull dance music it would sound something like this. "We're gonna have a party tonight," "having a ball", "oh what a feelin'", "come on, let's get down", "get loose", "clap your hands" et bloody cetera. Don't know about dancing on the ceiling, but it certainly drives me up the wall (how haw).

writing novels in Berlin. I imagine he's deadlier serious about this one but actually it's quite hilarious in places. The strings and doomy twang-twang guitar bits are especially fantastic.

CASHFLOW: Can't Let Love Pass Us By (Club) Cashflow are protégés of Cameo's Larry Blackmon from Atlanta, Georgia who make servicable disco music that doesn't exactly clear the floor but is hardly likely to get you leaping up off the sofa, either. About halfway through I found myself listlessly leafing through back numbers of Family Circle magazine. Always a bad sign.

SANDIE SHAW: Frederick (Polydor) After her little forsy with The Smiths, here's a "raunchy", "modern" version of a Patti Smith song. It's a long, long way from her revolutionary 1967 Eurovision Song Contest winner, "Puppet On A String". Too far, perhaps.



HELEN TERRY: Act Of Mercy (Virgin) Anybody remember Helen Terry? (No — quite a few readers.) Due to circumstances apparently beyond anyone's control, it's been yonks since the former Culture Club cohort's last

record — the cruelly-ignored but actually rather bloody amazing "Stutterings". Here we find Ms Terry in less noisy form on the first of a whole new batch of solo stuff. This is a dramatic, swelling ballad in which Helen protests that someone or other who's been messing her about might as well just kill her off and have done with it. Excellent.



LOVEBUG STARSKI: House Rocker (Epic) One of those fashionable hip hop heavy metal things. Being the sort of person who cries occasionally to be fashionable, I actually forked out an arm and a leg, the sort of my back and several gold fillings for a 12-inch import copy of this a few months ago. When I got home I regretted it bitterly. There's a lesson there somewhere.

LATIN QUARTER: America For Beginners (Rockin' Horse Records) Why do this lot always write songs about continents? "Radio Africa" was, I suppose, an honest record but it was also a thoroughly weedy one. This is pretty wet too. (In fact I had to write it out before I could play it now haw.) Lots of terribly boring things about America set to music so slow and lifeless that

words like "plodding" or "leaden" really don't do it justice. So what next? "Asia For Advanced Students"? "The Australian Broadcasting Corporation"? I shudder to think.

PHIL FEARON: I Can Prove It (Chrysalis) Prove what exactly? The cover, which features our hero staring longingly at a disembodied pair of female legs, seems to be trying to prove that Phil is, you know, a "regular guy". The song seems to be trying to prove that he can carry on writing amiable but stress-pop soul records until we all get blown up or move to Australia.



PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Pretty In Pink (CBS) A quite astonishingly boring rock song. In fact, a new version of an old quite astonishingly boring rock song that actually managed to get to number 43 back in 1981. (Anybody remember 1981?) (No — quite a few readers.)



JANET JACKSON: When I Think Of You (A&M) Janet is very definitely my favourite Jackson. And while this is not the best track from her almost superhumanly wonderful LP, "Control", it is still capable of weeing, from about the height of Mount Everest, over every other dance record on this page.

YELLO: Goldrush (Mercury) Yello are Swiss and utterly bonkers. They make dance records that you can't dance to, full of lyrics that make absolutely no sense at all. This is probably deliberate. Often they also have lots of wiggly chanting and funny noises, just like this one (helped out, incidentally, by Billy Mackenzie who used to be the Associates). Damn good, actually.



TOT TAYLOR: London Popular Arts (London) Mr Taylor is a bit of a genius on the quiet but his stuff is usually too "oddball" and "original" to achieve widespread popular acclaim (i.e. I seem to be the only person in the whole universe who likes him). Take this one, for example. The music sounds like something from *Ivor The Engine* and the lyrics are all about moving to Australia because it'll be a lot safer there when the Russians and Americans decide it's time to blow up Europe. Completely brilliant but doomed, I fear, to miserable obscurity. P.S. Tot used to write songs for Mari Wilson (Anybody remember Mari Wilson?) (No — quite a few etc. etc.)

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

THE THE: Heartland (Epic) Well, well. Second time around for former cult figure Matt Johnson (as The The is known to his mum), I always used to find his stuff a bit odd and mechanical, but this stunning, stringy, singalong state-of-the-nation ballad is something else again. What a terrible mess we are in, he seems to be saying, and of course he's right. This year's "Ghost Town". (Anybody remember "Ghost Town"? (No — quite a few readers.)



NICK CAVE: The Singer (Mute) Utterly deadpan but quite brilliantly creepy version of an old Johnny Cash song. (Anybody remember Johnny Cash?) (No — quite a few readers.) Mr Cave is a former member of The Birthday Party and seems to spend much of his time



▲ Sylvester Stallone killing people



▲ Sylvester Stallone killing people



▲ Sylvester Stallone killing people

COBRA (18, 87 minutes)

From Russia to California, from boxing to law 'n' order, *Cobra* is Sylvester Stallone's latest, ahem, "work". It opens in strange fashion - footage of a weird gang in a half-lit warehouse, chanting and clinking axes above their heads, all intercut with shots of a lone biker heading up the "freeway" into town. The biker pulls in at a supermarket and, without so much as a "have a nice day", starts shooting the shoppers. Well! The regular wimpy police can't talk him out of the shop so of course they send for (ta da!!) *Cobra!* Enter Stallone, all mirror "shades" and matchstick-chewing, who slips into the supermarket and, after a bit of cat-and-mouse playing, duly kills the loony biker.

Hurray! Well no, actually, because *Cobra* is also a policeman and hasn't made any attempt to bring the criminal in alive. *Cobra's* message - illustrated by dialogue like "you're sick, I'm the cure", (followed by death) - is that what the police really need to clean up society is to be freed from all those tiresome rules and regulations, and any interfering liberal "Commie" faggot who questions this thuggish behaviour needs slapping down (preferably violently).

Anyway, it turns out that there is not just one loony on the loose but several, and it's *Cobra's* job to slaughter them all (along with, it seems, half of California).

Though this is supposed to be a "suspense" film (there is actually relatively little blood and violence to be seen, since Stallone is evidently now trying to brainwash a younger audience), it's all thoroughly predictable - the usual action stunts and the ludicrous Stallone wiping out gangs of psycho bikers single-handedly and then "getting the girl". The most appalling moment comes when *Cobra*, a police officer, pours petrol on a gang member and then, with a truly sickening sneer of relish and satisfaction, quite deliberately sets fire to him.

This film is, quite simply, an obnoxious piece of dangerous, right-wing propaganda.

lan Craney

THE KARATE KID: PART II

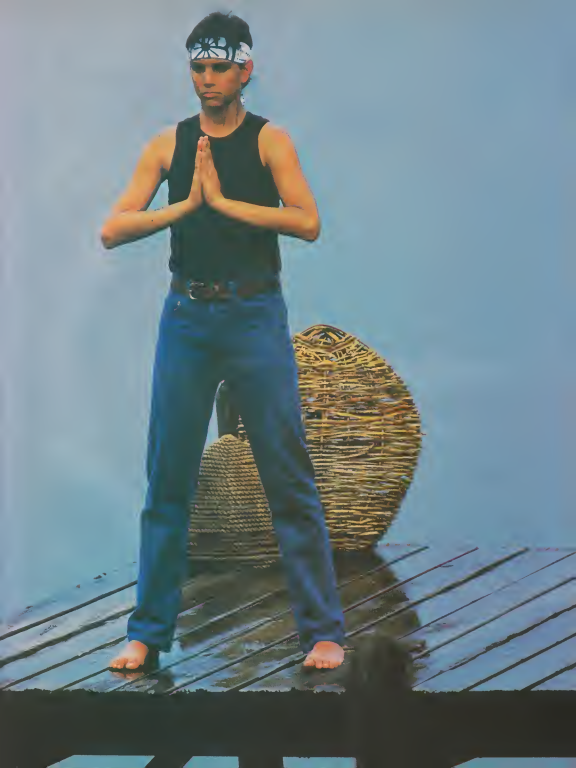
(PG, 113 minutes)

Q: How do you come up with a sequel to a film that has already been a success? *Q:* You do it the same way you did the first one. You get a good script, you get a good director, you get a good cast, and you make a good movie. *Q:* How do you come up with a sequel to a film that has already been a success? *Q:* You do it the same way you did the first one. You get a good script, you get a good director, you get a good cast, and you make a good movie.

Q: How do you come up with a sequel to a film that has already been a success? *Q:* You do it the same way you did the first one. You get a good script, you get a good director, you get a good cast, and you make a good movie. *Q: How do you come up with a sequel to a film that has already been a success? *Q:* You do it the same way you did the first one. You get a good script, you get a good director, you get a good cast, and you make a good movie.*

Q: How do you come up with a sequel to a film that has already been a success? *Q:* You do it the same way you did the first one. You get a good script, you get a good director, you get a good cast, and you make a good movie. *Q: How do you come up with a sequel to a film that has already been a success? *Q:* You do it the same way you did the first one. You get a good script, you get a good director, you get a good cast, and you make a good movie.*





REVIEW

FILM

SID AND NANCY

(18, 92 minutes)

Alex Cox, film director: "In 1980 I tried to write a screenplay called 'Too Cool To Die'. It was about an English rock 'n' roll band in America — The Sex Pistols. And half-way through writing it, I realised the most interesting thing in the story wasn't the singer or the guitarist or the drummer. It was the bass player and his girl."

That bass player was Sid Vicious, Nancy Spungen was his American girlfriend and this film is the gruesome tale of their doomed relationship. They were both heroin addicts, both rather obnoxious characters and they were "in love" for one year. On October 12 1978, 20 year-old Nancy was found stabbed to death under the bathroom sink in Manhattan's sleazy Chelsea Hotel where she had been living a squalid life of drug-taking with Sid. He was found there too, stunned and silent on the blood-spattered bed. He was arrested for her murder, let out on bail ten days later (with money provided by Sex Pistols' manager Malcolm McLaren), attempted and failed to commit suicide with a razor and a broken lightbulb, recovered and got himself a new girlfriend, smashed a broken bottle in the face of New York punkstress Patti Smith's brother, Todd, and was sent to jail for it. Two months later he was released, went straight off to buy some

▼ The real Sid and Nancy at the beginning of 1978 outside court after facing a drugs charge



▲ The real Sex Pistols (L-R): Steve Jones, Sid Vicious, Johnny Rotten (now known as John Lydon) and Paul Cook

▲ The real Sid and Nancy looking a right state at a concert a few weeks before Nancy's death

heroin and subsequently took an overdose. He died, aged 21, in February 1979.

These, then, are the sordid facts. Sid *And Nancy* attempts to "analyse" the relationship between these two pitiful souls and to show that, no matter how low they sank, they still honestly and truly loved each other.

For the first half of the film, we are shown the rapid and inevitable downfall of the Sex Pistols — from their notorious "shocking" events in London to their disastrous tour of America, their split, and Nancy's belief that Sid was the star of the Pistols anyway and so could make it on his own (which he could not). The other Pistols characters — Steve Jones, Paul Cook and Johnny Rotten — are laughably unrealistic, however, not so much because they are portrayed by actors who look nothing like them but more because they fail to convey any of their personalities — there's none of Rotten's caustic wit, for instance. Eventually, (once everyone has disappeared from the film but Sid and Nancy), it starts to become almost believable. Our "heroes" become more and more dependent on heroin and more and more violent towards each other as they start to lose their already flimsy grip on reality. They make a suicide pact but Sid is more reluctant than Nancy and they have a blazing argument. The knife is wielded, Sid half shows it into Nancy, she falls on the blade and it's all over. (This is only the film's interpretation — it has never been proved what actually happened.) Then, to crown it all, there's a dream sequence where the two of them take off in a celestial taxi (i.e. Sid is now dead). *Hmerrrr.*

It's a film full of actual truths, half-truths and fiction which doesn't really work at all. In fact, Alex Cox would have been better off making an entirely fictional film about two anonymous junkies — because this way it's not only depressing (and very gory) but also not very believable. You just come out feeling queasy.

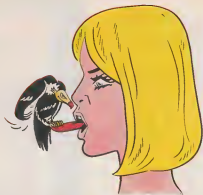
Sylvia Patterson



▲ Sid Vicious (Gary Chalkin) and his girlfriend Nancy Spungen (Catherine Hicks) trying to look very punky in the film...



▲ The real Sex Pistols (L-R): Steve Jones, Sid Vicious, Johnny Rotten (now known as John Lydon) and Paul Cook



MINT-COOL
STOPS YOUR MOUTH
FEELING LIKE A...

NatWest
ONLINE
PRESS FOR ACTION!

OPEN AN ON LINE
ACCOUNT AND YOU GET:

- Statement folder
- Address/Telephone Book
- Year Planner
- Roller Ball Pen
- Information Booklet
- Matching Wallet
- Incorporating Continuous memory calculator
- On Line Magazine with lots of features and terrific offers

AND IF YOU'RE
FOURTEEN OR
OVER AND HAVE
AT LEAST £25 IN
YOUR ACCOUNT,
YOU CAN APPLY
FOR YOUR OWN
ON LINE
SERVICECARD

- ACCOUNT AVAILABLE TO ANYONE UNDER 19
- 3 MONTHS ON OF GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF WHICH YOU OPEN
- TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF THE ACCOUNT PACK
- SUBJECT TO GIVING TERMS AND CONDITIONS MUST BE COMPLETED WITH

FILL IN THIS COUPON AND GET A

FREE
ART OF
NOISE
POSTER

To: MUSICPLAN 12 Ogile Street
London W1P 7LG

Please send me the FREE Art of Noise Poster and further details of the NatWest On Line Account

Name: _____

Address: _____

Age: _____

IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT AN
ON LINE ACCOUNT ISN'T
IT TIME YOU OPENED ONE?

Harmondsworth, Bucks HP1
41 Watlington Road, ECIP 3BP

REVIEW VIDEOS



▲ Dr Robert in his "New Romantic" phase (lower case).

THE BLOW MONKEYS: Video Magic (Hendrix, £19.95) You'd hardly have thought the Blow Monkeys were ready to record an hour long live video after just two albums and one hit, would you? But this concert was recorded over a year ago, doesn't even include the hit "Digging Your Scene", and shows Dr Robert back in his dodgy floppy fringe period, leading ver "Monkeys" through the jerky pop songs full of boring saxophone solos that they used to specialise in. The only memorable moments are a wobbly version of the superb "Wildflower" and a quick romp through Tom Jones' "It's Not Unusual"; otherwise it's difficult to imagine anyone (not even Dr Robert himself) actually wanting their own copy to play over and over again.

Chris Heath

NICK HEYWARD: Part I (Virgin, £14.99) Nick Heyward is one of the few pop artists in history who has managed to be "wacky" without looking just plain stupid. It's something to do with wit — and on this video he is at his very wittiest. Ten songs, from the Harcourt 100 days through to the solo (and not at all successful) career, some of which ("Love Plus One", "Fanzastic Day", "Nobody's Fool") are timelessly marvellous. And it's all intercut with moments of warring absurdity — Nick being ultra cool in a bath, Nick and Les Nemes (for it's his!) re-enacting a scene from the film Taxi Driver with cotton wool in their mouths, Nick interviewing Les and Les going all tight-lipped and sulky, Nick strumming an acoustic guitar very badly and pretending to be "deep and meaningful". Doesn't sound very funny on paper, does it? But it is, it is. An absolute must for all N. Heyward fans.

Tom Hibbert

THE ALARM: Spirit of '86 (Hendrix, £19.99) The Alarm can't be accused of not giving value for money. This is a recording of a free concert performed earlier this year in California (which was then broadcast live all over Europe) as a "thank you" to their faithful fans, and the group certainly do seem to care about them. There's 1½ hours of sincerity here — the entire concert, interviews with ver lads (by some totally obnoxious MTV presenter), interviews with the fans, interviews with the kitchen staff, etc. etc. The concert itself is all fats punching the air, crowd going berserk, "heartfelt" mimos to the songs ("Today is the realisation of our dreams") and, of course, the hits themselves. Everything an Alarm fan could possibly want.

Colette Campbell

SCRITTI POLITTI: Scritti Politti (Virgin, £9.99) Scritti Politti seem to try so hard to be tasteful. On their last LP, "Cupid & Psyche", it worked really well, with Green's voice floating endearingly over the immaculately precise music. But the same trick doesn't work nearly as well on video. These six songs (the five singles from the last album, with "Wood Beez" in different American and British versions) are all full of dancers pirouetting, girls looking very posh, lots of expensive objects of art, white walls and very abstract, images littering everywhere. "Arty", "tasteful" and crushingly dull.

Chris Heath

ALBUMS



UB40: Rat in the Kitchen (Dep Int.) More of UB40's medium-paced pop/reggae along the lines of their current single, "Smile Our Own Song". It's an extremely listenable and pleasantly "mellow" but meanders along at such a steady pace that after a while it seems a bit bland and... well, middle of the road. Unimpaired.

(6 out of 10)

Colette Campbell

CHAKA KHAN: Destiny (Warner Bros.) Chaka Khan has such a truly wonderful voice it seems a terrible shame that she spends most of her energy on this LP trying desperately hard to be heard over a din of crashing synthesizers and guitars. And, apart from the single "Love A Lifetime" (a collaboration with Green of Scritti Politti), the songs themselves are pretty second rate — just one long screech from beginning to end.

(4 out of 10)

Colette Campbell

THE REAL THING: The Best Of The Real Thing (PART) After amazing everybody (probably including themselves) by shooting back into the charts with remixed versions of ten year old songs ("You To Me Are Everything" and "Can't Get By Without You"), the Real Thing — one of the biggest British soul acts back in the 70s — no doubt now expect everybody to jump out and buy their greatest hits LP. But if you do, you'll be disappointed. There is one other stomping disco "classic", "Can You Feel The Force" (soon to be re-released as a single), but the remainder are decidedly more down-to-earth, second-rate whoppy soul and pop songs.

(6 out of 10)

Chris Heath

RUN DMC: Raising Hell (London) Run DMC are massive in America. They have sold millions of albums, they appeared at Live Aid and have recently been swapped up by the sports clothing manufacturers Adidas to help sell their footwear by means of DMC's raucous "My Adidas" single, "Raising Hell" (the trio's third LP) is rap at its biggest and baddest (that's bad meaning good not bad meaning bad). Thundering, abrasive raps collide with screaming voices and crunching heavy metal guitar chords (courtesy of vintage rockers Aerosmith): an aggressive, sexist, abusive and extremely loud LP.

(9 out of 10)

Simon Mills



CAMOUFLAGE
CONCERTS
PRESENTS

ART OF NOISE

in concert at
**HAMMERSMITH
ODEON**

AUGUST 15 at 7pm

Tickets £65.00 £5.00 £4.00 each
from usual agents

SPECIAL
OFFER FOR

NatWest

ONLINE

Account Holders

**100
FREE**

TICKETS

(MAXIMUM OF 2 PER APPLICANT)
WE ONLY HAVE 100 TICKETS, SO IT'S FIRST
COME FIRST SERVED

Fill in your application,
now and send it to
MUSICPLAN,
12 Ogle Street,
London W1P 7LG

Name: _____

Address: _____

On Line Account Number

01+

NatWest Branch: _____

Offer available only in the UK

We are planning more ticket offers
for major gigs in September and
October.
Watch for the announcement in
SMASH NEWS - August 30

National Westminster Bank PLC,
41 Abchurch Lane, London EC4A 3DF

BOOKS



The McCartney File (by Bill Harry, Virgin, £5.99) Did you know that Olaf was the name of the eight-foot-tall polar bear from Chipperfield's Circus which appeared in Paul McCartney's "Waterfalls" video alongside one and a half tons of polystyrene snow? Or that Thelma Pickles was a student at Liverpool College of Art who "dated" Paul for a while? Or that Turpentine was the first name Paul thought of for a new group when he left the Beatles (except he was talked out of it)? Probably not, unless your name is Bill Harry, in which case you wrote this book—a ridiculously detailed alphabetical summary of everything Paul McCartney (or any of his family) has ever done. Flicking through it is quite a good way of learning about the Beatles if you're interested otherwise this is possibly the most boring book in the world.

TALKING HEADS: The Band And Their Music (by Graham Gton, Omnibus Press, £4.95) This is one of those "serious" rock books that only caters for the very "serious" rock fan (i.e. the type of person who would never call themselves a "fan"). It doesn't tell you anything about what kind of underwear singer David Byrne wears but does have lots of information about the musical influences of each of the group members and the different musical phases they went through, plus loads of quotes from the group, particularly David Byrne, who clearly explains what most of their weird songs are actually about. Unfortunately there is also a huge amount of wordy stuff by the author—the kind frequently found in stodgy American rock magazines (e.g. "It's the story of a band's transformation from a quartet of deadpan urban satirists into a heterogeneous ensemble delivering nondescript celebratory funk"—now what does that mean?) All in all, some good quotes and background information some what spoilt by a load of pretentious drivel.

Duncan Wright

Jimmy Somerville's lush, bubbling vocals on songs like "Don't Leave Me This Way". An inspirational record. (9 out of 10)

Helen Mead



VARIOUS: Atlantic Rhythm And Blues 1947-74 (Atlantic) If you've got the best part of £40 to spare and several months free then you might quite fancy this preparatory large boxed set—seven double albums crammed with black-and-soul singers like Aretha Franklin, Sam Cooke and millions of others who no-one's ever heard of but will probably be "rediscovered" on some TV ad sooner or later. But then again if you've got that much time and money on your hands you probably don't listen to anything but Dire Straits compact discs anyway... (6 out of 10)

Chris Heath



Is the special "limited edition" figure "Sigue" a 3-disc album, as the left one makes it, a 5-disc box set, and the right one a 4-disc CD set? In the music in the booklet, which comes with both and includes the famous "sigue" (which, incidentally, isn't seen to be anywhere on the record).

SIGUE "SIGUE" SPUTNIK: Flaunt It (Parlophone) Strip away all the designer kitsch packaging and what have you got? That's right, A record. But is it any good? Let us see. Zooooosoooo. Grotesque church organ chords swell out a funeral anthem and—jing!—we are into the notorious old chestnut "Love Missile F1-11" in all its re-recorded "glory" with snatches of the William Tell Overture thrown in for a jape. Spmmrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr goes Neal X's "big, big" guitar, dik dik dik go the wee pathetic drums, Martin Dégville does his "sexy" yodel (not Elvis 1950, fate friends, more like a Junior Frank lifestyl)—and half way through the third song, called "Sex Bomb Boogie" or something equally subtle, the awful truth hits you. Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik are, in fact, the reincarnation of Racey and/or Kenny and/or all those other third division glitter bands of 1974. So third what the boots are for? Apart from one attempt at "atmospherics", "Azari Baby", the whole thing proceeds at an identical pace and similar jerky level and, once you've got the joke, it's really quite enjoyable—not as good as Adam Ant but a bit off-kilter anyway—even if you do know that it's all sound horrendously dated by this time next year. (4.5 out of 10)

Tom Hibbert



"WHAT I REALLY WANT FOR MY 16TH BIRTHDAY IS AN ARC-WELDING KIT."

If you're leaving school at 16, you can start on the 2 year YTS. You could find yourself learning arc-welding or soldering. You might prefer to try plumbing or plastering. The choice is yours.

Even if you begin as an arc-welder, you may find you'd rather learn to do something else.

No problem. You'll get the chance to change.

IF YOU'RE 15 OR A 16 OR 17 YEAR OLD SCHOOL LEAVER TALK TO YOUR CAREERS TEACHER, CAREERS OFFICE OR JOB CENTRE OR WRITE TO G. REYNOLDS MSC, FREEPOST SHEFFIELD S3 7ZZ

And by the time you're 18, or soon after, you'll have experience and skills to offer plus a certificate to prove it. Three things that'll give you a good chance of a permanent job.

So if you're 15 and have a birthday coming up, find out about the YTS. It could give you just what you're looking for.

THE NEW 2 YEAR YTS. TRAINING FOR SKILLS.

MSC

**ACTION
FOR JOBS**

★ STAR TEASER

"HAPPENINGS"

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

- EASIER SAID THAN DONE
- EAST OF EDEN
- EAST LOVER
- EBONY AND IVORY
- EDGE OF HEAVEN

- ELECTION DAY
- ELOISE
- ENDLESS LOVE
- EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART
- EVERYTHING COUNTS
- EVERYTHING SHE WANTS
- EYES WITHOUT A FACE
- EYE TO EYE
- EXCITABLE
- FAME

- FAREWELL MY SUMMER LOVE
- FASCINATION
- FANTASTIC DAY
- FAVOURITE SHIRTS
- FEEL SO REAL
- FIELDS OF FIRE
- FIREWORKS
- FORBIDDEN COLOURS
- FORGET ME NOT
- FRANKIE
- FREEDOM
- FRESH
- FRIEND OR FOE
- FRIENDS
- FROM THE HEART

- ANSWERS at page 69

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

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
Edinburgh Playhouse (October 3).
Manchester Apollo (4). Liverpool
Royal Court (6). Leeds University (7).
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (9).
Birmingham Colonn (10). Ipswich
Gaiety (11)

● Tickets are £5 and £15, except for Leeds where all adults will be £4.50. See also
review from box offices and sales outlets
21.

JACKSON BROWNE: Edinburgh
Playhouse (October 26-27).
London Hammersmith Odeon
(September 29-30 and October 1-3/4-5)

● Tickets are £10 and £15 for the
Odeon and are available now from box
offices and all retail agents

PHYLAN PAUL: Duple's SFX Centre
(November 4). Belfast Ulster Hall (5).
Newcastle City Hall (9). Manchester
Apollo (11). Birmingham NEC (12).
Leeds University (15). Bristol Studio
(16). Portsmouth Guildhall (17).

● Tickets are available from the box office or
the following shops: Duple's Golden Discs
Records, Belfast; Music Tracks Records
Leeds; C13 Shop, Students Union and
Jumbo Records, Manchester; Bristol, Virgin
Records, Newcastle Records and Real
Records, Ipswich and £10 for Dublin, £10 for
Belfast, £4.50 and £4 for Newcastle
Manchester and Birmingham, £4 for Leeds
and Bristol, £4.50 for Portsmouth and £5 and
£2.50 for Southampton. The show at
Hammersmith Palace hasn't actually been
confirmed so there are no ticket details as yet

**VIVALDI FESTIVAL FOR THE
POOR OF SOUTH AFRICA AND
NAMIBIA**: Birmingham NEC (August
2)

● The concert, arranged with the assistance
of Artists Against Apartheid, includes
appearances from the following groups:
*Brisson And The Angel, Buddy
Carter And The Grasshoppers,
Fergal Sherkey, Half Man Half
Biscuit, The Jellis Wrench, Jumbo,
King, Latin Quarter, New Model Army,
The Pogues, Rudy Turner and Stevie
Naddy.* Companies are Simon Bates, Ian
Daly, George Lewis and Robin Miles. *Pop
Celine And The Connections* have had to
pull out of the festival due to recording
commitments (booked) but will donate the
proceeds to two concerts (September 5 and 6

at Glasgow Barrowlands) to Oxfam (Parish?)
The festival starts at 3.30pm and the doors
open at 1.30pm. Tickets are available for
only cost £3.50 inc. VAT + £5 voluntary
donation and a £20 booking fee will be
available by credit card. Tel: "see" - 021 780
4331 and 016 741 8888 - or by post from Box
Office (Yves) NEC, Birmingham B40 1HT
Cheques and postal orders should be made
payable to NEC (Yves)

UB40: Edinburgh Playhouse
(October 27-28). Glasgow
Barrowlands (24-25), Newcastle City
Hall (27-28), Bradford St George's (29-
30), Southampton International
(November 2), Brighton Centre (3),
Birmingham NEC (16-18), Wembley
Arena (7-9-2)

● Tickets cost £7 and £10 for Edinburgh
Bournemouth and Brighton, £5 for Glasgow
£3 and £2 for Newcastle and Bradford, and
£8 and £7 for the NEC and Wembley. They are
available from the box offices and retail
agents, except for the Birmingham shows
where they can be bought from a credit card
"tel" area - 021 780 4133 - or from
Birmingham Colonn Theatre Cynique
Records, Rotherham; Coventry TV, Stafford
Leeds Records, The Stage Music Logic Music,
Sheep, Manchester Piccadilly Records, The
Royal Court Theatre, Nottingham; Derby Way
Ahead and Lanesaver, Essex. Tickets for the
Wembley shows are available by post from
LHM Box Office, PO Box 2, W6 1R, £5,
and cheques and postal orders should be
made payable to RCP Ltd and you should
add on a 30p booking fee. Please also
enclose a stamped addressed envelope.)

Tickets can also be bought from the box
office, 100 West End (4pm) and from credit
card "tel" area on 01 741 8888 1840. Orders
are entitled to a £5 discount off all shows that
don't only have one ticket per card and must
buy them from the box office.

WASH: Dublin SFX (October 27),
Belfast Ulster Hall (28), Edinburgh
Playhouse (30), Newcastle City Hall
(21), Hanley Victoria Hall (November
1), Hammersmith Odeon (2), Derby
Assembly Rooms (4), Bristol Colston
Hall (5), Birmingham Odeon (7),
Manchester Apollo (8)

● Tickets are on sale now and are available
from the box offices and all retail outlets. Quotes
and ticket prices are £5 and £7, Edinburgh,
Belfast, Hammersmith, Bristol,
Birmingham and Manchester are £5 and £4
tickets for Hanley and Derby are £5

For three days only The World's Best 7" single

S.A.B.

All 7" singles down to £1.45-1.99, August 1, 2.

The World's Best Music Sale is on at HMV from July 18th to August 9th.

There are massive reductions on albums, blank and pre-recorded cassettes, blank video tapes and for three days only all 7" singles are down to £1.45 - But remember the 7" single sale is only on July 31st and August 1st and 2nd. So hurry!



The World's Best Music Stores.

STORERS IN OXFORD STREET TROCADERO, FICCADILLO BEDFORD BIRMINGHAM BLACKPOOL BOLTON BRADFORD BRIGHTON BRISTOL CARDIFF COVENTRY DERBY EDINBURGH
ENFIELD EXETER GLASGOW GLOUCESTER GUILDFORD HULL LEEDS LEICESTER LIVERPOOL LUTON MANCHESTER MIDDLESBROUGH NEWCASTLE NORWICH NOTTINGHAM OLDHAM
PETERBOROUGH PLYMOUTH PORTSMOUTH PRESTON SHEFFIELD SOUTHAMPTON SUNDERLAND SUTTON SUTTON COLDFIELD SWANSEA WOLVERHAMPTON

ALL OFFERS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

D A R Y L H A L L



D R E A M T I M E

45_{RPM}

12" includes free limited edition print

RCA

true or false quiz

- 1 **Nick Heyward** once auditioned for the part of a gondolier in a Walls Conetto advertisement but got turned down because his arms were too short.
- 2 **Mike Nolan** of **Bucks Fizz** got caned at school for taking the whole class out for two and a half hours to buy "Spirit In The Sky" by Norman Greenbaum.
- 3 **Alvin Stardust** is allergic to trout.
- 4 **Paul King** used to work in the banqueting hall of a medieval monastery wearing a monk's habit.
- 5 **Samanthe Fox** has an umbrella autographed by the Australian Cricket team.
- 6 **The Belle Stars** were once on the cover of *Smash Hits*.
- 7 **Morten Harket** collects stamps from San Marino.
- 8 **Mark King** of **Level 42** once ate a piece of sandpaper thinking it was toast.
- 9 **Bob Geldof** used to sell hot dogs to French tourists.
- 10 **Faergel Sharkey** thinks he looks like a young Paul Newman.
- 11 **Jim Kerr** of **Simple Minds** once got a job as a dustbin man but he never turned up for work.
- 12 **Stevie Wonder** wrote the theme music for *Hill Street Blues*.
- 13 **Slobban** from **Beneanarame**'s first crush was on a bloke called Quentin who did a good Rod Stewart impression.
- 14 **Annie from Amezulu** used to iron shirts for TV "funnyman" Benny Hill.
- 15 **Bill Wyman** of **The Rolling Stones** once appeared in *Coronation Street* playing a police constable who fell in a canal.
- 16 **Vince Clarke** once prodded a chicken omelette.
- 17 **Heywoods** wears an orange hair net when she does her hoovering.
- 18 **Howard Jones** once put a can of frankfurters in his mum's dishwasher for a lark and the tin blew up.
- 19 **Lionel Richie** has a cat called Ralfy.
- 20 **Mark Knopfler** of **Dire Straits** once left a restaurant in Egypt without paying and when the waiters chased after him he climbed up a banana tree and hid in it.
- 21 **Bryen Adams** used to have an English teacher called **Stine**.
- 22 **Tina Turner** used to have a mathematics professor called **Dr Massey**.
- 23 **David Essex** once acted in a *Carry On* film.
- 24 **Giff Richard** once got his finger stuck in the tarpaulin of a life boat on a cross-channel ferry.
- 25 **Nik Korshew** is taller than

Jimmy Somerville of The Communards

26 **Toyah Willcox** is taller than **Prince**

27 **Gery Davies** has more 'O' Levels than **Bob Geldof**

28 **Nick Rhodes** once produced a group called **Violent Cheese**

29 **Sting** was given a red bicycle for passing his 11 plus exam.

30 **Andrew Ridgeley**'s father once cooked a pancake for **Sebastian Coe**

31 **Neil Tennant** of **The Pet Shop Boys** old drama teacher used to go mountain climbing with **Kirsty McColl**'s father.

32 **Janice Long** used to be an air hostess for **Laker Airways**.

33 **Phil Collins** has a grapefruit knife which was presented to him by **Nency Reagan**

35 **Roland Orzabal** of **Tears For Fears** has a cat called Zero

36 **Algebra** Walcott Churchhill.

37 **Seade** has a cat called **Cylinders**.

37 **Jim "Jackal" Lantberry** of **King** has a cat called **Bjorn Borg**.

38 **Ruby Turner** once bought a lawnmower.

39 **Gary Numan** once made a record with a bloke out of **Shakatak**

40 **Sarah Greene** is medium **Doris Stokes'** niece

41 **Paul Young** once went to a fancy dress party as a motorbike crash victim with a bone from the butchers sticking out of his arm.

42 **Suggs** of **Mednass** once had a telephone answering machine but it stopped working when he took the plug off and put it on a kettle.

43 **Green** of **Scritti Politti** used to be so scared of spiders that he would sealpape over the cracks in floor boards.

44 **Elton John** used to work in an ironmongers but got the sack for spilling crocodile over a lawn mower.

45 **William Reid** of the **Jesus And Mary Chain** used to draw Hitler moustaches on photographs of President Kennedy and sell them to his friends for a penny.

46 **Marc Almond** was thrown out of the Boy Scouts for calling the troop leader "fatly".

47 **Holly Johnson** of **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** used to have his social security number written on the side of his head.

48 **Morrisey** of **The Smiths** has a birth mark on his knee the shape of Italy.

49 **George Michael** once changed a 50 note in a *Happy Easter* restaurant.

50 **Mick Hucknall** of **Simply Red** once cut himself on a tin of tuna fish.



A The bloke being stupid with his lips is **Shene McGowan** of The Pogues when he was in a useless combo called The Nips.



D The bloke in the kangaroo suit is **Brian "Nesher" Nesh** of **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** at his wedding reception.



B The bloke dancing with TV "funnywoman" **Su Pollard** is **Sting**.



C The bloke at the back is **Merk Unpronounceablemofb-grountry** when he was in a dodgy combo called **On The Air**.



E This is an old photo of **Martin "Frightmask" Degville** without the **Inghtmask!**

ANSWERS

- A:** True; **B:** False; **C:** True; **D:** False; **E:** False
- 1:** False; **2:** True; **3:** True; **4:** True; **5:** True; **6:** True; **7:** True; **8:** True; **9:** True; **10:** True; **11:** True; **12:** True; **13:** True; **14:** True; **15:** True; **16:** True; **17:** True; **18:** True; **19:** True; **20:** True; **21:** True; **22:** True; **23:** True; **24:** True; **25:** True; **26:** True; **27:** True; **28:** True; **29:** True; **30:** True; **31:** True; **32:** True; **33:** True; **34:** True; **35:** True; **36:** True; **37:** True; **38:** True; **39:** True; **40:** True; **41:** True; **42:** True; **43:** True; **44:** True; **45:** True; **46:** True; **47:** True; **48:** True; **49:** True; **50:** True

**HOLIDAY
JOBS**
For Students

TSB
BANK

**Turn your vacation into
a vocation this summer.**

If you'd like a vacation job in the UK or abroad, open an account with TSB

We'll give you our exclusively compiled copy of *Holiday Jobs For Students*, which has in it 20,000 jobs, of which 2,000 have been selected for our new student customers.

And, of course, you'll get a TSB cheque book, a cheque guarantee card once your first grant cheque is in your account, and a Speedbank card for withdrawals from TSB cash dispensers. And, as a student, you can get discounts on clothes, tapes, albums, videos—even keyboards.

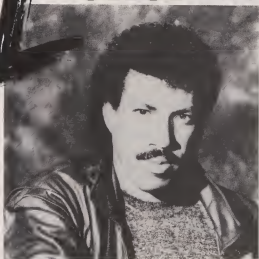
Which bank offers you so much? Yes, TSB.

TSB
BANK

**The bank
that likes to
say YES**

ionel richie

DANCING ON THE CEILING



What is happening here
Something's going on
That's not quite clear
Somebody turn on the lights
We're gonna have a party
If it's starting tonight

Chorus
Oh, what a feeling
When we're dancing on the ceiling
Oh, what a feeling
When we're dancing on the ceiling

The room is hot and that's good
Some of my friends came by
From the neighbourhood
The people starting to climb the walls
Ooh it looks like everybody
Is having a ball

Repeat chorus twice

Come on
Wooh, everybody

Everybody starts to lose control
When the music is right
If you see somebody hangin' around
Don't get uptight

The only thing we want to do tonight
Is go 'round and 'round
And turn upside down
Come on let's get down
So come on let's get loose
Don't hold back
'Cause it ain't no use
Hard to keep your
Feet on the ground
'Cause when we like to party
We only want to get down

Chorus

Oh, what a feeling baby
When we're dancing on the ceiling
Oh, what a feeling
When we're dancing on the ceiling
Woah

Say what? Can't stop now
Just getting started
Everybody clap your hands
Come on
Everybody let's dance
(Oh, oh, oh, oh)

Repeat chorus to fade

Words by Lionel Richie/Music by Lionel Richie and Carlos Roa
On Motown Records/Reproduced by kind permission
Warner Brothers Music Ltd.

COMMUNARDS

"I'll be everything you need"



debut LP available now

featuring

DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY
DISENCHANTED
YOU ARE MY WORLD



1 p. LGW P 18, m. c. LGNC 18, "c. d. 52015 2" *with additional tracks

COMBAT

DMC



JANET JACKSON

WHEN I THINK OF YOU

THE NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW

ON 7" & SPECIAL 4-TRACK 12"

12" INCLUDES JAM & LEWIS DANCE,
DUB & ACAPELLA REMIXES

THE NEW SINGLE



SIZZLING ON 7" & 12"

DOCTOR & THE MEDICS DEBUT ALBUM
"LAUGHING AT THE PIECES"
IS OUT RIGHT NOW ON ALBUM AND CASSETTE.
FEATURING THE No.1 SINGLE "SPIRIT IN THE SKY"

Dear **Black Type**,
Ode to Samantha Fox
(Salt!Salt!)
The Lost Electrum, London

Coo, snidipped in the sick of time there, viewers. Not a very nice way to start the day, I can tell you - a grizzly verse that goes on and on about Ms Fox's "assets" and there was I thinking Samantha Fox was nothing more than a useless glove puppet designed to cash in on the fame and glory of her male counterpart e.g. Basil "boom boom" Brush (of Basil Brush's Parsley Garden - available at all good novelty stores price 79p) fame. Gooooooooooooooooo! Let us press hastily on. Yes, let's...

Dear **Black Type**,

Why oh why oh why oh why did you let Samantha Fox do the singles reviews (July 16)? Not only did she tell us her entire life story and what posters she has on her wall but she also criticised Prince for his beliefs in God and The Smiths for writing songs about life Samantha "tunes". Fox went on to criticise Simply Red for having a repetitive album - speak for yourself dearie. (Loads of unprintable abuse here... B.T.).
Richard Egan, Ealing, London

And there she is again. Well, let us draw a veil over this lively correspondence (e.g. the 700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000) other letters saying that little miss corbieyow'syertarverwinkwink's singles reviews were not of paramount quality) and forge ahead once more. Yes, let's...

Dear **Black Type**,

Reading *Riz* the other day (July 16) I was horrified to see a serious omission in the 20th Century Fox piece (i.e. the bit about people in pop music called "Fox"). Why, in my own record collection I have a wonderful 12" waning by a band called Fox who are not the band called Fox from the 70s. It is on the Malaco label and was sent to me last week as a "prize" from a so-called "radio station". The A-side is called "Some Mad Free" and I think someone shot it - it sounds like a cross between the Pointer Sisters on a bad day and Samantha "triffic" Fox, though I don't know if they are related. Whatever, I think it is an unforfeivable oversight on *Riz*'s part which must be rectified. Who are the 1988 Fox? Who should be

LETTERS

WRITE TO: Sarah Hix, 32-36 Canaby Street, London W1V 1JF.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a **Black Type** tea-towel. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

told. A nation queues on the left to find out
A Precious Little Diamond Who Has
Heard Of Fox The Fox. Somewhere
In The Cosmos. Just To The Left Of
Rock's Lost Nova

Oh unmerciful heavens! Is there
no escape from the clutches of
this unseemly woman? Where oh
where is Dame Una Nescafe of
Stabbs when one is in need of
some intellectual stimulus, I ask
you? Upon my soul, things have
come to a pretty pass. (Still, at
least they banned her from the
Common "wealth" Games. Or was
that someone else? It's so very
hard to tell, isn't it?)

Dear Terry Roberts,

We have Kate Bush. Send
£1,000,000 to me now or she gets it.
Arooo.

Thank you, I shall pass your note
on to the laureate.

Dear Sir,

I have been an avid reader of
Sneez Hix for the past five years.
For all those years of reading I only
have one complaint.

In the July 2 issue you had many
great reviews. But where was the
review on the Anti-Apartheid free
concert, which took place on June
28 at Clapham Common? There
were approximately 200,000 people
there - slightly more than the
Wham! concert - and it was purely
brilliant. Where else would you see
Peter Gabriel, Sting and Billy Bragg
on the same stage, eh? Eh?

Look - if none of your so-called
reporters were there I would gladly
do a review for you just to let all
your readers know what a brilliant
job Jerry Damstra did to organise it.
And to publicise the effort the
performers took towards the fight
against Apartheid.

So last year we had Live Aid to
help Ethiopia followed by many
other events I am not against it I
think what Bob Geldof did was truly
amazing and good luck to future
events. But that was publicized, so
why was there so little coverage of
what must of been the greatest
concert of 1987? Is it too political for
the likes of us lesser mortals?

That concert was to thank the
people who had taken part in the
Anti-Apartheid rallies. I am proud
to admit I was there.
I thank you Jerry for a brilliant
concert, and let's hope South Africa
get the sanctions it needs.
Karen Brown, Hemel Hempstead,
Herts



Dear **Black Type**,
Great Entrepreneurs Of The
World Part One

Donald McDonald
Before becoming the figurehead
of a vast animal exploitation
company and the much loved

farouche he is today, Ronald
earned a few meagre "pence" for
himself as an author. He attained
great international status for his
romantic "novels" and many
enthusiastic critics claimed him to
be the long-awaited successor to
Ms Barbara "Car" Land.
Unfortunately, all of Ronald's books
are now out of print and this page is
all that remains of his short "career".
The First Of The Ebb, which some
sloppy sycophants consider to be his
finest work.
Lesun, Coundon, Coventry

And "Ebb", one can only
presume, stands for "Egg'n Bacon
Burger". Beware then, "viewers",
is a "joke" that I made up all by
myself and did not flitch, I can
assure you, from the new
swizzaway British Telecom
"service" called the so-called
"Bamcor" line featuring Mr Ted
Hogers of J&J's Infamy because
when I rang him up in an idle
moment, the only sense I could
get out of him was "What do you
call a man with a pair of Y-fronts
on his nose?" or something which
utterly failed to raise the merest
titter. It's all very odd. But you,
by the by, Laurie (what a
peculiar name), qualify for this
week's record token 'n' tea towel
jamboree bag. Hurrah!!!

Dear **Black Type**,

Life is funny - so full of little
coincidences that happen just after
you'd thought of them. Take the
Prince's Trust concert, for instance.
Mr McCartney played "I Saw Her
Standing There" which was the first
track on the first Beatles album and
he also played "Get Back" which is
the last track on the last Beatles
album. Elton John introduced
Mascis on stage and Elton's first
album entered the charts the same
week as the Beatles last album
23.5.70. One door closes, another
opens. Do you believe in ESP?
Richard Robson, Cottingham, Hull.

Critics! One door closes, another
opens - how right you are, with
particular reference to an
untoward occurrence in Tony
O'Twining's *Bingo Patisserie* the
other evening featuring one
other than Mrs Perkins, wife of
the most boring man in the world,
who, apparently, according to a
people of innocent bystanders,
took umbrage when the bingo
croupier or whatever they're
called drew one of the ping-pong

THE NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE ON 7" 12" & 12" PICTURE DISC.

Produced by the CONSOLIDATED ALLIED COMPANIES, INC. USA

Coca-Cola

Coca-Cola and Coke are registered trade marks which identify the true product of The Coca-Cola Company.

Coke is it!



SMASH HITS

22-25 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF

Editorial

Editor: Steve Bush
Deputy Editor: Tom Hibbert
Features Editor: Gillian West
Features Editor (Design):
Vici MacDonald
Assistant Design Editor: Jaqui Doyle
Staff Writer: Saylor Patterson
Picture Research: Colin
Denn Schlessinger
Lynce/Reader Services: Sue Miles
Editor's Secretary: Jo Collins
Reception: Jo Bailey

Special thanks this issue:
Editorial: Ian Curran/Duncan Wright
Design: Naomi Davies/Simon Jobson

Writers

Ian Curran/Fred Delan/Soren Downer/
David Keppel/Peter Martin/Dave Penner

Photographers

Andrew Callin/Michael Fildes/Steve
Rapport/Paul Rosen/Suea Rock

Cartoons

Kopie Williams
Ad Manager: Billy Hurman
Deputy Ad Manager: Mary Cadwell
Ad Assistant: Sandra McClean
Head of Advertising: Frank Keeling
Marketing Manager: Fiona Smith
Advertisement Director: Zed Jawada
Editorial Director: David Hayward
Publishing Director: Tom Moloney

Circulation

EMAP Fulbright House, Drifon,
Peterborough PE2 0UW

The magazine is published by EMAP National Publications Ltd, Hemel Hempstead and printed by Green Waddell Limited, Wotton Bassett, Wiltshire. Printed in Great Britain. LPO Licence: 213. Printed and published by EMAP National Publications Ltd, Fulbright House, Drifon, Peterborough, Cambridgeshire. Registered office: EMAP National Publications Ltd, Fulbright House, Drifon, Peterborough, Cambridgeshire.

PUZZLE ANSWERS

PRIZE CROSSWORD

Number 6 (July 2)
● The winner is **Cassian Hamilton** from Thame, Oxford.
Number 5 (July 18)
● The winners are **rod low web** (Leam).

ACROSS: 1: Sledgehammer, 7: Nu Shooz, 8: Drums Sicks, 9: Cutt! Use Chick, 10: Never Ending Story?, 12: Theme, 13: Run To You!, 14: Susan, 17: (Joke-Guy) Helen, 19: (Michael) Kapor, 20: WEA, 23: George Lemo, (Joke), 24: Phil Collins, 26: (Ring Of) Life, 27: Rings.
DOWN: 2: Smiley, 3: East/Enders, 3: Elton, 4: Martin Karmali, 5: Election Day, 6: Let's Get Going!, 11: Venice (Canals), 12: (Whistle) Teat, 13: (Dennis) Ross, 15: (It's) A Hard (It) Life, 16: Genesis, 18: Monks, 28: Aviation, 29: Elvis, 32: (Separate) Lives, 35: Cut (Me Down)

STAR TEASER



LETTERS

balls from the puffing machine thingie and called out "Two fat ladies - 88" which got Mrs Perkins' goat somewhat as she and Mr Perkins dwell at No. 88 and she thought the cropper was making an offensive remark concerning her "stature" and so marched down the stairs to have a few certain words with said cropper at which point two police women intervened and naturally enough Mrs Perkins took these for our lovely Princess Diana plus our nouvelle Princess Ferguson out on a pub crawl or something and she (Mrs Perkins) set about Fergie (in actual fact WPC Rosalind Northcote) with her broly shouting things like "You brazen hussy why you're not fit to lace the riding boots of our lovely Princess Diana" what twats an Argie for a father even if he isn't your real father at all! etc. etc. and the heat was only taken out of the situation when Mr Perkins intervened with such a tedious story about the time he had been mistaken for a police constable when on holiday in Slegers and it was Margate that the entire bingo congregation plus police damsels fell into a silent but fitful doze. Makes yer think, dunnit?

Dear Rych O'Hagan,
In response to your self-opinionated letter (July 2), I'd like to say that it's obvious you are trying to defend the "business" action of The Cure in photographing themselves as "decomposed Marilyn Monroes" for their LP cover, without thinking about what you're saying.
You say that nobody would call Marilyn Monroe "respectable" if's quite clear that you haven't seen any of her films or know anything about her or her life. The British Film Institute Library has a whole section set aside on Marilyn with well over 100 biographies written about her - hardly books on a woman who isn't highly respected.
Marilyn, who lived in orphanages and homes for 15 years, has to be respected for changing herself from the daughter of a mentally ill woman into the world's greatest sex goddess and film star who made well over \$800 million for the industry during a career in which she made 29 films. One little action on September 8, 1956 just shows how audiences and the public loved her. It was the premiere of her second-to-last film, *Let's Make Love*, and the audience broke into spontaneous applause and cheers after her very first scene. This was nearly two years before her death. She was really married to James "a Simple Minds Fan", Yorkis.
Dear Black Type,
Great Moments in Maritime History No. 287
Famous "rock" combo Supertramp once recorded a song with the unusual title "Crest Le Bon, sailing on and on"
Is that spooky, or what?!

Someone who just discovered how brilliant *The Smiths* are, *W. Germany*

I am afraid I am not fully qualified to comment on this as the new swizzawayy British Telecom have not, as yet, installed their novel "Dial-A-Member-Of-Supertramp" service. Just a matter of time, I'm sure.

Dear Ms Lela Borg,
Re your singles reviews of July 1 I feel that I have to draw your attention to the fact that I am a top peevy by your condescending tone of prose when referring to my home, i.e. the bombe, bombe banks of Loch Lomond. I'm here to tell you that the banks of Loch Lomond are extremely brilliant and just because someone wrote a terrible song about them doesn't mean you have to add insult to injury by mentioning it alongside Rod Stewart (a young pretender if there ever was one), especially since he isn't even Scottish (although I understand why he wants to be). Anyway, just you show a little more respect or I'll send the monster round (we've got one too).
Shona Twaddell, (a Scot in exile)

A ROCK group and its record company have reached agreement over who takes the profits from the advertisements to be included on the group's new album.

The idea is the brainchild of Tony James, manager of the rock Sugee Sugee Syntmik, who says that at a minimum of £1,000 each, the promotional slots are good value.

Dear Black Type,
Whilst flicking through a certain undisclosed Fleet Street "news" paper, I found this small article about a rather "controversial" pop group. I am sure they will be a huge success (hmm hem) but unfortunately, I am unable to spread the news as I have great difficulty in pronouncing their name.
A Fan Of Her Style Count,
Bedfordshire

Dear Black Type "Sir"
I just thought I'd put out in my highly unconvincing American accent that Captain Scarlet, as in your "wonderful" *But Book Of Life* (July 16), is a) not the one you showed - he at least Green, b) not entirely made of wood (there is a leather patch under the bottom lips of all puppets, c) not supposed to be American anyway.

Get your facts right next time or I'll set my allies, The Mysterion, on to you
Cap'n Black Chungford.

Well, that's not very nice, if you don't mind me saying so. Seeing as how you: a) are entirely made out of bits of wood (give or take a rubber lip or two); b) have almost entirely stolen your name from mine, I think it's a fine kettle of fish that you've got the brazen nerve to address me at all. Be off with you.

Dear Birt,
Carmen, Birt, get yer act together. In your extremely deep 'Book Of Life', you featured a picture of a certain 'puppet' with the caption 'Cap'n Scarlet mixing his album'.
Alcohol, the bloke, fat fanatics, was lit Green - hence the colour 'Cap'n Scarlet's sea-f 'bodywarmer' was in fact a red (scarletish) colour - matching his wellies and nuby hat.
Anyway, consider this little 'pome' I wrote whilst counting the beetles' legs in my packet of spunch and blanchmange flavoured craps.
Cde to Robert Smith
Oh Robert, Oh Robert
Oh The Cure
Your hairstyle's silly
And your 'music's' poor
That's 38 beetles' legs - one's missing?
From Marcus Leatherhead,
P.S I take a size 34 festowel. (Hint, hint)

We have already had an entirely identical complaint (see previous "letter") plus your poem is completely hopeless so... be OFF with you.

Dear Black Type,
I am very, very annoyed with *Smash Hits*. Your article in *But* (July 16) entitled "Stupid Sports of the Word - Number 1 American Football" just showed the writer's total ignorance of the game.

Saying that "Nobody except Americans (and not very many of them) play it" is a total insult. American football is America's national sport, and there are over 200 fully kitted and playing teams in this country as well as major leagues in France and Italy.

But the thing that really takes the biscuit is they still refer to their cup final as the World Series. The American football final is called THE SUPERBOWL. World series is BASEBALL!
Christopher Head - An Annoyed American Football Fan.

Mr Perkins is quite a "dab hand" at bowls - or so he is forever telling me...

And where is the Marilyn on the breakfast? Why can we not see entire movies starring the Marilyn Monroe or else Marilyn the set-so-famous pop starlet replacing Selma, and carvin' em up like it was Sunday lunchtime and not Monday's bedtime for thee sloths (a) I probably wouldn't watch it but its videocake, y'know? And as it happens I'm kinda prone was made in your medium not so long ago, or maybe elsewhere? I don't recall but it's still rock'n' roll to me
Real Marilyn

Good Lord! As any viewers with extremely long memories will know, the age-old (and quite baffling) question "Where is Marilyn on the breakfast?" was first posed on these very pages some 20 months ago. At last, finally, it has been answered. Or has it? I shall leave you to ponder that paradox for an entire fortnight and gaily yank away with a quizzical look at my "brow". Avanti! n' adieu!!!!!!!



Have an iced

*Nescafé is a registered trade mark to designate Nestlé's instant coffee.

day.

When the heat is on, be cool.

Mix yourself a *Nescafé Frappé*...

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.





SO MACHO ● SINITTA

(Ma-ma-ma-ma-ma-ma-ma)
(Mach-ma-ma-ma-ma-ma-ma)

I don't want no seven stones weakling
Nor a boy who thinks he's a girl
I'm after a bunk of a guy
An experienced man of the world
There ain't no way that I'll make do (ooh ooh)
With anything less than I'm used to (ooh ooh)
EH have a man tonight
He's gotta be right right right

So macho
He's gotta be so macho
He's gotta be big and strong
Enough to turn me on
He's gotta have big blue eyes
Be able to satisfy
He's gotta be big and strong
Enough to turn me on

I'm tired of taking the lead
I want a man who will dominate me
Someone who will love and protect me
And take care of my every need
Now I don't mean to be personal
But a guy like that's more preferable
In my humble point of view

Than any of you

So macho
He's gotta be so macho
He's gotta be big and strong
Enough to turn me on
He's gotta have big blue eyes
Be able to satisfy
He's gotta be big and strong
Enough to turn me on
And on and on and on oh

(Macho man)
Ooh I am in need of a
(Macho man)
Ooh I am in need of a man
A man a man a man (a man)
He's got to be
(So macho so macho)
(Big and strong, big and strong)
(Enough to turn me on)
Oh I ob I ob I ob
So macho
He's got to be so macho
Big and strong enough to turn me on
He's got to have big blue eyes
Be able to satisfy me
Big and strong enough to turn me on

Words and music by J.G. Hargreaves. Reproduced by permission Sigh Music Ltd. On Fantasy Records.

DOCTOR + THE MEDICS

Hello bow are you you've changed
Head's full of fire
Always burnt
Fire from desire
But when I see your eyes
I know that you've changed

Chorus
But I know you can burn
(You know you can burn)
Yeah I know you can burn so brightly
Yeah I know you can burn
(You know you can burn)
I can feel you burn in the night
And when I feel you burn
I know it's alright

I know it's alright yeah

Summer time is just fine
Grass is much greener
Burn out time
Brings the cold nearer
With winter in your eyes
You know that you've changed

Repeat chorus

And now my whole life has changed
Time put out the fire
We can't burn
We've grown much higher
But next time for sure
Gonna see me change

Repeat chorus

Yeah

Ooh burn
Ooh burn
Ooh burn

Repeat chorus

I know it's alright
I know it's alright yeah
Ooh burn
I know it's alright yeah
Ooh burn

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Doctor McQueen/Santle/Machos/West
Reproduced by permission Illegal Music Ltd.
On IRS Records

BURN





Free! Nescafé Frappé shaker!

On the previous two pages, you've seen how to make Nescafé Frappé—(if you missed it, turn back IMMEDIATELY!)

Now, you can make Nescafé Frappé without its special shaker, just as you can saw logs with a nailfile.

But since this shaker's free with just one Nescafé jar-label, as illustrated, send off for it today. And have an iced day soon.



Have an iced day...

To: Nescafé Frappé Offer, P.O. Box 30, Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 6JX
Please send me a Nescafé Frappé Shaker. I enclose a label from any size jar of Nescafé featuring the red tag as illustrated.

I have read and accept the conditions of offer printed on this advertisement.

Signed _____

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____ (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

Address _____

Town _____ County _____ Postcode _____

Closing date for receipt of applications: September 30, 1986 SNG

CONDITIONS OF OFFER: Send your Nescafé label (of any size, but only the red tag label to show trade) and this application form to Nescafé Frappé Offer, P.O. Box 30, Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 6JX. The closing date for receipt of applications is September 30 1986. We reserve the right to accept bulk applications from the trade or from any consumer group or any third party applications. Please allow 28 days for delivery. Offer open only while stocks last. This offer is guaranteed by the Nescafé Frappé Offer, P.O. Box 30, Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 6JX. Tel: 0962 841 3222.

ALL HE WANTED WAS A FEW LAUGHS.



When life doesn't seem that great, heroin might seem a great way to have a few laughs.

But it isn't long before the fun turns into a bad joke. You'll start looking ill, losing weight and feeling like death.

You'll lose control of your mind as well as your health. And eventually you might even risk death.

So if a friend offers you heroin, don't treat it as a joke.

Otherwise heroin might have the last laugh.

HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP.

SMASH HITS

ON SALE 13 AUGUST



Hiya pop pickers! Lulu here – Bonnie wee hitstress of yesteryear in your service tee hee! Gosh! Just thought I'd 'pop' – tee hee – in and tell you what I'd be going on in the next issue of *Freeman's* catalogue. . . oh, whoops-a-daisy! Silly me. . . I mean, of course, *Smash Hits!* It really is a super pop mag, don't you think? I get it from my newsgagent every fortnight and I think it's jolly good value for just 45p which is only nine shillings and nought pence in old money. Coo, I don't half rattle on, don't I? Where was I now? Hoo hoo, I'll forget my own head one of these days hem hem. I'm Scottish by the way. Anyway, the next edition of *Smash Hits!* sounds really 'fab', as we used to say, because it's got my old mate Paul McCartney in it. What was it we used to call him? 'Fab Macca Wacky Thumbs Aloft' – that's it! How we laughed! Cor. There's also a really 'gear', as we used to say, thing on *Tina Turner* (and by the by, Tina, if you're listening, luvvie, remind me to lend you some of my super 'problem hair' shampoo next time we meet – ho ho, mustn't be catty now, must we?). And what else is there? Oh yes, there's something really 'swingin', as we used to say, about *Doctor And The Waves* and *Katrina And The Medics*. Ha ha! Who are they? Don't ask me, sunshine, or I'll give you a knuckle sandwich. Toodle-oo, luvvers!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

SEND NO MONEY!

NEW FAST C.O.D. SERVICE – DELIVERY USUALLY FIVE TO TEN DAYS! PLEASE ALLOW UP TO 28 DAYS FOR DELIVERY. YOU DO NOT PAY UNTIL YOU RECEIVE YOUR GOODS. JUST SEND YOUR COMPLETED ORDER COUPON AND PAY YOUR POSTMAN WHEN HE DELIVERS YOUR GOODS TO YOUR DOOR.



NEW DESIGNS: A-HA; 8 NEW DESIGNS – A-HA GROUP – A-HA WORD – A-HA MORTEN – A-HA MAGES – A-HA PAL – A-HA SKETCH – A-HA NEW GROUP & A-HA LATEST GROUP DESIGN. MADONNA – 5 NEW DESIGNS. GEORGE MICHAEL – 5 NEW DESIGNS.

NEW LEISUREWEAR RANGE. We can print any design from our range on the following garments: MUSCLE TOP Sweatshirts. Fleece lined, crew neck (in only £2.99, sizes 32-44); JOGGING SUITS. Beautiful top quality leisure jogging suits comprising long-sleeved, crew neck top and matching bottoms, fleece-lined, ultra-soft – 22-32 only 14.99, 34-44 only 17.99, SWEATSHIRTS – Fleece lined, crew neck (long sleeved, sizes 32-44 only £3.99). The Models Top, Jogging Suits and Sweatshirts are made in England and any machine washable they are available in the following colours: pink, lavender, white, navy and American grey. The prices include one gram on the front of each garment. TEE-SHIRTS, sizes 30-40 available in white, Mack and American grey, crew neck short sleeve style.

WE HAVE THE FOLLOWING LICENSED CHILDREN'S DESIGNS AVAILABLE ON ALL GARMENTS:

Paddington Bear, Bugs Bunny, Tweety, Daffy Duck, Scooby Doo, Highlander, Snuggly Puss, Noddy, Pariahair, Woody Woodpecker, Trans-formers, Zedeees, Dougal, Magic Roundabout, Supergran, She-ras, 2,000AD, Judge Dredd, Dodger, American Football (3 designs), Looney Tunes, Dobby Bink, 321 & Sultans.

LATEST DESIGNS – Big Country, The Alarm, Billy Idol, Zodiac Signs (all signs available, leo, virgo, etc), Phil Collins, Oira Stratis (4 designs), U2 (3 designs), Marillion, King, Football Team; Liverpool, Gnarfers, MUF, Hammers, Spurs, Chelsea, Celtic, Rangers, Motorcycle; Kawasaki, Yamaha, Suzuki, Honda, (in an Easterner).

TO ORDER: Simply complete the coupon below and post today. Either COD (you postpone on delivery). *This service is available in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Channel Islands and the Isle of Man and is subject to the post office COD charge. *Credit, cheque, postal order or cash (over 16 years old). Customers from Eire please add 10% for delivery charges. *Linen, POST & PACKING: Please add the following per garment: UK 50p; Europe £1.00; Outside Europe £2 (Airmail). It is a jogging suit, ordered as one garment – only add 50p. All garments are available in plain (without a print) if required. Please allow up to 28 days delivery. FOR ENQUIRIES 0530-818333

STARPRINT(S), PO BOX 13, COALVILLE, LEICESTER LE6 4EZ

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

POST CODE _____ SIGNATURE _____

No Yes

NOTE: In the 'to be received' space, please indicate the amount shown in the next figures, name and address.

MUSCLE TOP £2.99 JOGGING SUIT (CHILD) £4.99 JOGGING SUITS (ADULT) £7.95

DEBIT CARD CREDIT CARD CASH

TEE-SHIRTS DEBIT CARD CREDIT CARD CASH

SWEATSHIRTS DEBIT CARD CREDIT CARD CASH

PLEASE TICK BOX FOR C.O.D.

Breakdown of C.O.D. charges: 1st 40p charge £1.41 = 50p charge on top for postage. (No order on the amount of goods sent in each 40p of any order 20 p.m. and the fee is the same.)

A-HA	WHAM	MADONNA
1	1	1
2	1	1
3	1	1
4	1	1
5	1	1
6	1	1
7	1	1
8	1	1
9	1	1
10	1	1
11	1	1
12	1	1
13	1	1
14	1	1
15	1	1
16	1	1
17	1	1
18	1	1
19	1	1
20	1	1
21	1	1
22	1	1
23	1	1
24	1	1

Enquiries 0530 37143 9am – 5pm

Status Quo



I was out on the highway I was out on my feet
I was flying 'bout a hundred I was late for the meet

Chorus

I had a red sky behind me I had the bad guys on my tail
I had a hundred different reasons to keep me falling awake
I had a red sky behind me with the stars coming into view
And the thought that kept me going
Is soon I'm gonna make it with you

I had the desert on both sides now I had the lights in my eyes
Of the town I remember up ahead under coal black skies

Repeat chorus

Oh I remember that old saying about how good tomorrow will be
But will I be lucky to see it if a red sky's lucky for me

In my dreams there is a picture of me in a big gold frame
And the people that I've never seen are pointing at my name

Repeat chorus

I had a red sky behind me with the stars coming into view
And the thought that kept me going
Is soon I'm gonna make it with you

Red sky red sky red sky

Words and music by John David
Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music
On Vertigo Records

Red Sky

who is

STAN RIDGE

Well, he's a bloke. He used to collect aluminum cans to dogs' tails. He once tried to write the called *Psyched Out By The 4D Witch*. And ap

HE'S GOT A SHAG PILE CARPET IN HIS HOUSE!!

"Yeah, it's very soft. . . And I've got a couch that's covered in blankets that I inherited from my mother in case a guest comes by. My house is a little lean-to up against the Los Angeles river. It's a little one-bedroomed apartment, y'know. . . um, it's got a sink!" (?)

HE WAS A NASTY PIECE OF WORK WHEN HE WAS A CHILD!!

"Yeah, I suppose I was. . . I used to collect aluminum foil and make it into balls. Then I'd set fire to them in my parent's garage. I used to put on backyard bazaars featuring the blazing balls and tying tin cans to dogs' tails and ventriloquism - I had a lot of hobbies." (?)

HE USED TO GIVE GIFTS TO CRIMINALS FOR A LIVING!!

"Well, I used to be a cab driver in L.A. and, believe me, no-one takes a cab in L.A. unless they're a criminal or a psychotic. It's one of the loneliest jobs in the world - you just eat a lot of fast food. Most people you were driving away from a burglary, so I never used to talk to them or it would have been a real mess - that's why I ate all the time. I used to sell encyclopaedias too!" (?)

HE WASN'T VERY GOOD AT WRITING FILM SOUNDTRACKS!!

"I was in this band called *Wall Of Voodoo* for eight or nine years and it started off as a soundtrack company. I was working in this sort of film cleaning plant and they made all these exploitation films like *The Sinful Dwarf* and *Psyched Out By The 4D Witch* so I thought, 'Hmmm - maybe I'll make some music for this and make some cash' - because they didn't really need music that was any good for films

like that! So I submitted the music which was just sort of noise, and it always got rejected. I used to write out all the negative responses in the letters and put in my own positive remarks, then put them in a frame and hang them on my wall behind the desk - building a facade of success round me, ha ha. Eventually we started playing more rock and roll stuff and actually doing concerts and being a proper band. I left in 1983, though, because I wanted a new job." (?)

HE WRITES SONGS ABOUT 'MARINES'!!

"I guess I'm just better at writing songs with a story than boogaloo songs. I wrote 'Camouflage' after seeing the American military invasion of Grenada on TV. I was kinda struck with this because I was kinda caught up in the orgy of confidence that was sweeping the country at the time - a little bit like the Falklands there with you people. I had mixed feelings about it, though. I didn't know if it was the right thing to do. So I went back to my room and started thinking about it and thought I'd invent a manne called 'Camouflage' for a song about that war (i.e. Vietnam, not Grenada). It's folklore y'know - a ghost story." (?)

HE'S GROWING A BEARD ON HIS BACK!!

"Sometimes I feel like some sort of Uncle Remus character - Uncle Stan on the front porch of the liquor store wiggling a stick! Do you think if I carry this career any further, I could become as big as Kenny Rogers? I could grow a beard or something! In fact, I'm growing a beard now! Yeah - it's on my back. It's in the shape of Toulouse-Lautrec." (?)

HE'S GOT A WIFE!!

"I've been married to Pietra for 10 years, since I was 21. I guess we were just lucky." (?)

WAY

um foil and tie tin
music for a film
art from that. . .

HE'S GOT A DOG!

"It's our surrogate child. It's a fun dog called Bart. We were going to call it Merv but it wouldn't respond. You know, Merv! Merv! No reaction. But Bart! - he responds to that alright - I guess because it sounds like a bark." (?)

HE'S NOT VERY FAMOUS!

"That's true - I'm not very famous. . . I'm on a cult figure budget. People come and see me play and that's better than nobody at all. Do I seem really dull to you or something?" (?)

HE'S NOT A SEX SYMBOL!

"Nope - I'm not a sex symbol. Sex does not occupy my mind one hundred per cent of the time. I guess you readers think about sex immensely, don't they? All the time, I bet. Well, you tell them sex is OK with Stan." (?)

HE WANTS MONEY MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE UNIVERSE!

"I got into the music business to make cash - my motivation in life is to make cash and lots of it - it's all I want out of life - the more I get the happier I am - I think about it all the time. I tell you, when I'm on that stage singing those songs, all I'm thinking about is cash and how many people are coming through that ticket stall. It's true! I do! I'm marking time! Don't look for the action - be the action - do something - hang out!" (?)

HE'S COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY OFF HIS ROCKER!!

"What if you mean, I'm mad? I'm not angry! Oh, you mean insane? Well, I think everybody is . . . eccentric - some people just hide it better. This is Uncle Stan here talking from inside a hollowed-out log." (???????????)



camouflage

I was a PFC on a search patrol
hunts' Charlie down it was in the
jungle wars of '55 My weapon
primed and I got stuck way out and all
alone And I could hear the enemy
moving in close outside Just then I
heard a twig snap and I grabbed my
empty gun And I dug in scared while I
counted down my life And then a big
mamie a guest with a pair of friendly
eyes Appeared there at my shoulder
and said wai When he came in close
behind me he said don't worry son I'm
here if Charlie wants to taunt now he'll
have two to dodge I said well thanks a
lot I'd love my name and asked how
his And he said the boys just call me
Camouflage ● **When Camouflage
things are never quite the way
they seem/Whoa Camouflage I
was an awfully glad to see this big
marine** ● Wai we fought all night and
saw by side we took our battle stance
And I wondered how the bullets missed
this man 'Cause they seemed to go right
through him just as if he wasn't there
And in the morning we both took a
chance and ran And it was near the river
bank when the ambush came on top of
us And I'd thought it was the end and we
were had Then a bullet with my name on
it came buzzing through a bush And that
big marine he just said I'd hit his
hand Just like it was a fly ● **Whoa
Camouflage things are never
quite the way they seem/Whoa
Camouflage this was an awfully
strange marine** ● And I knew there
was something weird about him 'Cause
when I turned around he was pulling a
big palm tree right up out of the ground
And sweeping those Charlies with it from
here to Kingdom Come ● **When he
led me out of danger I saw my
camp and waved goodbye He
just winked at me from the
jungle and then was gone/And
when I got back to my HQ I told
'em about my night/And the
battles I'd spent with a big marine
named Camouflage** ● When I said
his name a soldier gulped and a medic
took my arm And led me to a green tent
on the right he said you may be looking
true boy but this here is Camouflage
And he's been right here since he
passed away last night In fact he's been
here all week long But before he went
he said 'bump it and said his only
wish Was to save a young marine
caught in a barrage So here take his
dog tag you'll know he's went you to
have if now And we both said a prayer
for a big marine named
Camouflage ● **When Camouflage
things are never quite the way
they seem/Whoa Camouflage
this was an awfully big marine/
Whoa Camouflage things are
never quite the way they seem/
Whoa Camouflage this was an
awfully big marine/Whoa whoa
Camouflage** ● Repeat to fade
● Words and music by Stan Ridgeway
Reproduced by permission Copyright
Control On IRS Records

Mutterings

And here we are, back "chez" Mutterings with some new bottles-than-before, but more while 'less! Like...

Mags from **A-ha** has a thin tunnel through his head, from one ear to another, which he can roll marbles through like... **Stedman** from **Five Star** has a pair of Flynn roboratoids training shoes which move the lawn when he goes out skipping in the garden! Like... **John Taylor's** hair is false – its length can be changed by turning a dial on his left hip. Like...

Madonna's sarabes – (if you tell one more lie then you'll be sacked – a very boring "del" lawyer) – What a spoilsport, eh? Typical (Same bloke who says Mutterings can't gobble on about **Boy George** because it's sooo judge, alacktherein.) Oh, well. Better tell some "true" gossip, scandal and rumours then, like... **Grace Jones** recently had a bath in £7,000 worth of champagne to celebrate making her new film *Vamp Gipsies*! Or like...

Janet Jackson who split with her teenage bridegroom **James de Barge** after he treated her not v. well at all – is rumours to be back with him. Apparently, they were seen a-kissin' and a-cuddlin' in the Vixie disco in Los Angeles (man, only slogging for James to have a kiss 'n' twirl to Janet's 'T' "What Have You Done For Me Lately" which, of course, is one of the songs Janet wrote about how crummy men are after she and James split up, isn't it strange, eh? So strange, in fact, that **Marilyn**, despite all his problems with the law and the fact that his recording career seems to be as far down the dumpster goes (i.e. quite deep, scacheelin'), is rumoured to be signing to ZTT records.

Frankie Goes To Hollywood's label. Which means, if Frankie are anything to go by, that we've got to wait at least several squillion years before he releases anything! –

Mesurible another extremely-down-the-dumper "pop" "star" **Steve Strango** to be precise, has been charged by police (under his real name, Steve Harrington) of theft, attempted theft and deception – all something to do with a missing £25 from a London branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland Very "strange" (now how) eh? Still in the dumper, there's **Strawberry Switchblade**. Or rather

there isn't! The two polka-dotted Scottish lasses have decided to call it a day. Sniff... And talking of strange "ladies"...

Fox has been hired to "sing" at the forthcoming "friendly" football match between Hamburg and Liverpool. The idea is that Sam's songbook skills will "keep people from thinking about hooliganism". Samantha has also revealed that she has locked the seven-cans-of-Coca-Cola-a-day habit that was making her all paddy – the secret to a successful diet, she reveals, is to drink Chinese Bai Lun tea imported from Australia! Crikey! And "our" Samantha must have had a

good few cups before tottering round on a tiny stage singing dodgy rock'n'roll songs at the recent **Quann** party in the company of **Fish** and **Gary Giltter**. Mutterings reports... Talking of pop combos which of course we weren't... **King** will be playing a special anti-Apartheid concert at the Birmingham NEC later in the year... Not talking of which, more horrible... **Madonna**-Just-About-To-Layer-Smear stonies have appeared in the "news" papers saying she's been having psychiatric treatment, has confessed that "the romance has gone out of it" and has been secretly

asking lawyers how much a divorce would cost because she cares about it more etc. Which would be a touch more plausible if Madonna and Sean Penn hadn't signed one of those weird American marriage contracts saying that no money would change hands at all if they split up... And now some "acting" news **Sting** is making a new film (*Runah!* – not v. many people it's called) **The Long Weekend**, a "dramatic film about modern Alzohal" and **Sting** has gone to Zimbabwe to do his bit in it... More "acting" news **So** taken is **Michael Jackson** with the tabs and tribulations of the Von Trapp



▲ Crikey! Can it be true? Believe it or not this is a photo (above) of His Royal Purpleness **Prince** turning up for a date with a 20-year-old waitress, Lisa Barber, in a small town in the middle of America – as reported in the last edition of American magazine, *People*. What happened was, after spending years talking to just about no-one in his own peculiar "avant-garde" way, Prince announced that the winner of a competition run by American music channel MTV would not only have the world premiere of his new "film", *Under The Cherry Moon*, at their local cinema but would – guess – have Prince as their "date" for the evening too. And Lisa Barber from Sheridan, Wyoming (the 10,000th caller to dial a particular phone number) was the winner. She took a week off work to get ready, basking about what to wear but needn't have worried – Prince's staff provided her with special black-and-white outfit anyway. Then, on the chosen day, Prince yeldd in to the town's fry sarge in his limo jet, walked down a red carpet in his made pure tuxedo suit, threw his jacket over a fence to the crowd and went off to get ready.

He turned up at her house in a Black convertible (with special license plates saying LOVE), introducing himself by

kissing her hand and saying, "Hello, my name is Prince. Ready to have a good time?" Or they went to the cinema (where the locals were having a hard time spotting "celebrities" – none of them recognised **Sam Mitchell** and they thought **Ray Parker Junior** was **Lionel Richie**... He cheered for anyone who was dressed weird or was black, said one) and sat in the back row. "Prince played with my hair and put his arm around me," said Lisa afterwards. "But that's all he did. Hones!"

A couple of days later, when the bim opened nationally, it got very horrible newses – apart from the ones *Mutterings* printed last issue. Prince was also called "a self-caressing weep" and it was said "Prince reminds you of something your biology teacher asked you to dissect". But on premiere night, people were left to know that so off they happily skipped to a party at the local Holiday Inn "hote!" where Prince performed with the Revolution for 45 minutes and apparently chatted to the locals about "movies and touts". And he made sure Lisa got a nice home in his limousine and he gave her a present of some earnings and a gold necklace (though, she later told reporters, he barged to give back some fake pearls he'd borrowed off her earlier in the evening).

Family in *The Sound Of Music* that he wants to get the whole original cast (Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer, Lasse etc.) together on stage to "recreate" it. He's also apparently running round with a mask over his face hiding his latest piece of back surgery. A Kirk Douglas-type chin transplant... Word from where: **Duran Duran** are slowly recording their album is that **John Taylor** has also had his hair bleached like

Nick Rhodes and that observers reckon he looks "gorgeous" and **Nick Rhodes** looks like "a granny". Yes, yes, yes, but do they look any different? ... **Wanwhit**, "apparently", **George Michael** and **Andrew Ridgeley** are having to go to court to stop the release of an album of early **Wham!** "demos" including a terrible version of the **Bee Gees'** "Night Fever" ... And now for – gasp! – some Astonishing Facts!

Astonishing Fact 1: The French have invented a nappy called the "BabyTodie" which plays a tune – "When The Saints Go Marching In" – when you wet it! **Astonishing Fact 2:** **Diego Maradona** the "swazdie" "rotter" and a-olly-right-better-than-anyone-English Argentinian football player has gone to Barbados to make a record with **Eddy Grant!** **Astonishing Fact 3:** It seems **Prince** is going to play some concerts in Britain after all... **Unconfirmed** reports say the snows will be at Wembley on August 12, 13 and 14. **Astonishing Fact 4:** Prince has a sister! She's 22 years old, she's called **Tyke Nelson** and she's made an album. And one of the songs, called "Ranis", is about how, when Prince swooned off to France to make his "film", *Under The Cherry Moon*, he took all his males with him but left his poor little sister behind! And finally **Howard Jones** is celebrating the birth of his baby boy whom he and wife Jan Rowe, rather unkindly, called Ashen. So much for all that swinging-pendulous-over-Jan's-tum-and-saying-it's-girt, eh? Who believes in all that

superstition making anyway? (If you use that dreadful word "malaise" again, a free wii ball on you!) Ed.) **Paul Rubbish**, what a malaise, eh! Re *Kermgaaaaxxxxzhhhhhhhh!* AAAAA!



We CREDIT

YOU WITH A

LOT

MORE

THAN SENSE.



£10

SHOPPING VOUCHER

OR

£10 TO A CHARITY OF
YOUR CHOICE

Offer applies to anyone aged 15 to 22 who opens a new Co-operative Bank cheque book account, subject to acceptance, before 31st October 1986. One voucher per account.

Money. Love it or loathe it. You're still going to have to manage it. It could be a pay or student grant cheque. So you want a bank account. But which bank? The Co-operative Bank is the one more and more young people are choosing. Here's why.

- ▶ It's FREE—simply stay out of the red.
- ▶ Convenience—4000 Co-op stores to cash a cheque—including Saturdays.
- ▶ Plastic—24hr Handytill cash dispensers.
- ▶ Home mortgages—full written details available.
- ▶ High interest on your savings.

PLUS a £10 voucher for you to spend as you wish if you open a cheque book account—but hurry! Clip the coupon for details or come in and chat to us.

You only have to be 18 to apply for a cheque guarantee card or a mortgage.

I'm under 23. Please tell me how to open a Co-operative Bank account.

NAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

DATE OF BIRTH

Complete the Freedom coupon and pop it in our mailbox: WOTIAHMP1536235347
Free! See The Co-operative Bank, 153, Fleet Street, London, EC1A 1BB.

See



THE CO-OPERATIVE BANK

CO-OPERATIVE BANK P L C P O BOX 101 1 BALLOON STREET MANCHESTER M606AF

