

SMASH HITS

Hit Songwords by
DURAN DURAN
FIVE STAR
PEPSI & SHIRLIE

POSTERS:

A-HA
GEORGE MICHAEL
HOUSEMARTINS
NICK KAMEN



BONG!

- This is Ben from Curiosity Killed The Cat
- This is a rather splendid jacket
- You can win one of them inside!
 (clue: it isn't Ben)

BLACK TYPE

BLOW MONKEYS ● SIMPLY RED ● ROSIE VELA ● PAUL YOUNG



And who, pray, are these four deeply suspicious looking "blokes"? (We can "instantly" recognise that they are *The Bolshoi* - Not a lot of people.) Of course. But who are *The Bolshoi*?

Well, there's Nick Chown, the bloke in the preposterous fur hat and glasses, who plays bass and is a "happy-go-lucky" type who enjoys nothing more than a good pub lunch. He goes out to nightclubs and socialises with *EastEnders* stars.

Then there's Paul Clark, the bloke on the left with the long hair, who plays keyboards and is a "very Hesthcliffe (i.e. spook bloke from some book called *"Wuthering Heights"*) type character who likes to wander around on the moors by himself and wear long black coats - a very down-to-earth Yorkshireman.

And there's Jan Kalicki on the right in the ally hat who is Polish, the drummer and has got "really horrible messy hair and looks like *Worzel Gummidge*."

Finally, skulking at the back, is singer Trevor Tanner who shares a South London flat with Jan and Nick and who likes going to the pub with his mother. "She's really good fun," he explains. "She asks me what America's like and I tell her lots of lies. I tell her I'm a lot more famous than I really am. She thinks I'm about as big as Elvis."

Which, of course, is not strictly true. Though "Trev" is at least a weeny bit more famous than when he used to hang around Bath with Jan in a "power pop" group called *Moscow* back in the days when, as soon as he'd recruited group members, they would always "run off with their girlfriends or buy Ford Escorts".

Eventually, though, he decided he'd had enough of being "a starving musician sitting on street corners begging for money and dancing for old ladies" - so he moved to London, found Nick and Paul, formed *The Bolshoi* (taking their name from the Russian and Polish word for "big" which he used to call Jan because he's a very, er, small) and started releasing records.

Their first LP, "Glants", was a bit of a mess (and even though he says his mum doesn't know anything about music, she was quite right when "she said there wasn't enough tunes or tempo"); their second, "Friends", was much better and their current single, "A Way", is rather splendid. Even if it does sound rather like *The Mission*.

"I don't think it does at all," says "Trev", clearly a little miffed. "I haven't got a big manly voice like *Wayne Hussey* - I've only got a little weedy boy's voice."
Aaaaaah...

FOUR COMPLETELY BRILLIANT POSTERS



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BITZ

How to run away from a cougar if you're a very famous pop star called Madonna.

PART FIVE:



Say "Teeheehoo, where's the cougar then, mazy?" in a foreign tongue (i.e. Norwegian) if (really DC despair - Ed.)



Disguise yourself with absurd headgear and protect yourself with a balloon (not much protection against a cougar, eh? Well, as their claws can be very sharp indeed!)



Bring in a chum who isn't wearing a silly hat (i.e. Phil Weastler) who is - as luck would have it - a fully qualified cougar tamer! Except he's not. Um...

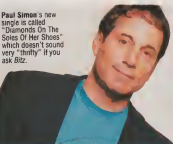
A boring *Bitz* person writes: I think you'll find that these are photographs of A-ha pouncing about at some ludicrous "media" jamboree-type party and have nothing to do with cougars whatsoever and are merely a "ploy" to disguise the fact that A-ha's new single is entitled "Manhattan Skyline". "This cougar series," pipes Morrissey, "is the undiscussable." And for once he is absolutely right.

(Series discontinued)

AMERICANS WHO CAN'T COUNT PART 1: TIMBUK 3

For something over 10 years, these two American fellows, Pat MacDonnell (33) and his wife Barbara (28), played in loads of dreadful dodgy groups, and got absolutely nowhere at all. Then they decided to team up together, buy a ghetto blaster (or, as they call it in Texas, a "lambo") and "wisely" call themselves Timbuk 3. PRESTO! Now they're famous, with a hit single called "The Future's So Bright I Gotta Wear Shades", which is, like, a bit of an ironic comment on the state of our society... kind of.

Paul Simon's new single is called "Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes" which doesn't sound very "thirty" if you ask *Bitz*.



SO WHO THE JIGGINS IS ARETHA



Photo: Pictures Press

▲ The undisputed Queen Of Soul with a funny wig on!



▲ The undisputed Queen Of Soul laying down some riffs with Keef from ver Stone!

She hates being interviewed, she utterly defies being photographed, and for years she's lived in a six bedroom house in Detroit, USA, sometimes not leaving its walls for whole years at a time!!! And in spite of this most peculiar behaviour Aretha Franklin still remains the most respected soul singer ever in the cosmos and has been called - for years now - The Queen Of Soul!

She was born 44 years ago, the daughter of a Detroit preacher and gospel singer, so Aretha spent her youth singing in gospel choirs in front of huge audiences, sometimes alongside v. famous soul singers like Sam Cooke, the bloke who's just had a posthumous hit with "What A Wonderful World". In 1960 she was signed up for a six year recording contract, and spent that time not getting anywhere much and releasing pretty dismal smoochy records.

All looked pretty bleak for Aretha who went home to Detroit feeling, she said, "wazy, wazy down". But then, in 1967, she got a new

THE CHINA CRISIS "TRUTH" CORNER

(EXCEPT IF S IN THE MIDDLE AT THE BOTTOM)

They are... back. They are shuffling up the charts without so much as a by your leave. Their single is called, apparently, "Best Kept Secret". Believe it or no, they are China Crisis: Eddie Lundon and Garry Daly by nature. Men of mystery, both and all, about whom many erroneous beliefs are held. And so, in the interests of TRUTH we lift a piping telephone receiver and are instantly connected to a tiny restaurant in the Scottish heathlands where ver Crisis are "hanging" "out" to rehearse for their forthcoming tour. We speak over the wires to Eddie Lundon and present him with a peppering of the erroneous hypotheses (largely concocted by Ian "Jocky" Cranna for some reason best known to himself) concerning C. Crisis.

● They used to sit in their bedrooms wishing they were bald (like Brian Eno) True or false? "Wishing we were bald? I never wished I was bald. That must have been Garry but I think it was only a joke. I don't think he really wishes he was bald. I think he wishes he was silvery grey."

● Garry collects teapots! True or false?

"Teapots? No, he's given that up. I've never collected a teapot in my life. I collect colds, myself."



▲ Eddie and a spook-beard. Garry and a very winky forehead.

● They go to Rhyll for their holidays! True or false?

"I've never been to Rhyll for my holidays. Garry's dad used to own a caravan in Rhyll but I've never been. Last summer was the first holiday I've been in six years and I went to the Canary Isles but it was too hot because I come from up North and it's not very warm up North, you know. I couldn't handle it."

● While they were recording their last album, the whole group grew beards! True or false?

"Now, that is true. Yup, that's true. That's a true fact. It was partly

solidarity in the group and a little bit that we said the first one who has a shave will have his whole head shaved. So that's why everyone grew one. We're not concerned with being mega-trendsetters, I'm afraid. We're a bit posh."

● Eddie still lives at home with his mum! True or false?

"Yup, I live with my dearest mum. There's me and my brother and one sister living at home. There's three lads in the family as well as me. One of them works for me. He's like a roadie. Well, he's not like a roadie, he is a roadie and I treat him as bad as I can."

● They never get any fan letters! True or false?

"We get letters from young people but no fan letters from the older generation. Old people buy your records but they don't write to you. I know I wouldn't write to my favourite stars. And if I did, they'd probably be dead - Bill Shankly or someone like that."

● They hate touring! True or false?

"We hate touring? No, we don't."

● They can't like rock'n'roll! True or false?

"I like rock'n'roll. I like the Stones and I like Elvis Presley. I think Garry does as well. Who told you all this, anyway, because it's all rubbish. Is Ian Cranna there? Well, put him on... ("I'm off!" - Ian Cranna.)

FRANKLIN, THEN?

record deal and began releasing a string of extraordinary records like "Respect", "I Never Loved A Man", "Spanish Harlem" and "Bridge Over Troubled Water", and the power of her voice shook the world of soul to its very foundations!!! And for eight years in a row she was awarded the American "Grammy" (big US pop award) for Best Female Vocal Performance!

But then the 1970s saw her career going downhill again as Aretha became an almost complete recluse. Being a rather shy type she'd never particularly enjoyed having anything to do with the music business and had always preferred slipping off to the countryside to do a spot of fishing, a pastime which she's completely bonkers about...

More recently she's taken to appearing with other pop stars, like George Michael (whoever he might be [haw haw]), but she also had a hit singing on the Eurythmics "Sisters Are Doing It For Themselves" and as well as that she teamed up with ancient Rolling Stone Keith Richards to do a version of ver Stones' song "Jumping Jack Flash".

And in a couple of weeks she'll be releasing a solo single "Jimmy Law" Hooray! God bless you, ma'am!

NICK KAMEN HAS WRITTEN A TUNE!!!

Except he hasn't because his new single "Loving You is Sweeter Than Ever" is ackebelou an ancient Four Tops song. Bitz says: utter swizz.



PHOTO: BIRBA

WELCOME TO THE BITZ CRAP JOKE CORNER!



■ They're back! Back! BACK!! SLADE - flag-wielding frocksters and GIANTS of the '50s (or whenever it was they were famous), the long-toothed lapel-flappers who first piped their "tones" 21 years ago on Christmas Eve in "The Christmas Song" (♫) in a pervepewesque nighterie called Walsall Town Hall - have returned! With a spikeling new tune called "Still The Same" which, of course, they most definitely are. Haw haw haw!!! ("Slade" - I wish they would be" (stayed - gaddit?)) (A crap joke expert: A Bitz "Two-For-The-Price-Of-One" Crap Joke Special here. . . (Oh shut UP! - Ed.)

WIN Bitz's very own splendidious swank-jacket!!!

(AS MODELLED BY SOME BLOKE OR OTHER)



HE: "Darling?"
 SHE: "Yes, darling?"
 HE: "I love you, darling."
 SHE: "I love you too, darling."
 HE: "Give me a little kiss, darling."
 SHE: "Certainly not. Why, for one thing kissing is rather unhygienic and for another thing you're not wearing a brown paper bag over your head."
 HE: "But darling..."
 SHE: "Don't but me, you little creep. You make me completely sick, particularly as you have neglected to give me that splendid and most brilliant Bitz exclusive jacket as modelled by Ben from Curiosity Killed The Cat as a token of your undying love!"
 HE: "I'm most terribly sorry, darling."
 SHE: "Oh, shut up. I'm going to throw up in the waste-paper basket. In fact, I think I'll kill you now. Take that!"
 HE: "Aaaaaaawww, darling..."



A the unspeakably brilliant back "view" - bearing the greatest views ever uttered: Bitz and Smash Hit!! (and something about Wigan (?))

What a lover's tiff, eh, readers? And not surprising, really, when you gaze upon the loveliness of this jacket - the only one of its kind in the world - and consider that HE could have won it for HER in this very competition if HE had put his mind to it. YU!! This dainty beauty festooned with the glittering insignia of a myriad continents - the creation of our very own style "supremo" Jacqueline Doyle - is going to end up on the back of one lachsome reader.

All you have to do for a chance of winning it is compose a sonnet (if you don't know what a sonnet is - tough. . . haw haw) entitled "Why Have I Got Such Inmorbile Style". Best sonnet out of the winnible by Feb 24 was the thing.

Entries on scented rice paper to Smash Hits Poetry Corner Competition, 52-55 Canaby Street, London W1V 1PP.

the most charming, clever 'n' good-looking thing that ever existed - i.e. Bitz!! (Not too sure about the one - Ed.)



- the "model" - i.e. some bloke or other!
- the startling seven-on-by-hand non-appetite flag!
- the Elvis Presley badge that's really a Smiths badge!
- the golden braid complete with tongue-in-cheek print!
- the Madonna badge that's really a Madonna badge!
- the magnificent seven-on-by-hand Linn Songs (they drink it in the Congo) "thing" it!
- the popweary "voice of a generation" - i.e. Black Type!
- the loosest "leaf" Popweary American flag complete with dingy brasses!
- the sprigsome hose complete with "patches"

SOME PEOPLE THINK THIS WOMAN HAS THE GREATEST VOICE IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE. . .

And this is what she gets up to on another "ordinary" working day. . .



▲ Some nice datin', a couple of liess, a carnation or two and er... someone called Anita Baker.

It's one o'clock in the afternoon and soul singer **Anita Baker** is about to start her working day. It's a day that will end in complete disaster with her walking out on a major TV appearance 15 minutes before the cameras are due to roll, leaving the programme's producers quietly tearing their hair out wondering who on earth they can find to replace the star at such short notice. And knowing full well that there's probably thousands of Anita Baker fans who will tune in especially to see her. . .

Still, that's about six hours away yet and Ms Baker has just swanned into the lobby of a rather posh hotel in Mayfair (a v. snooty area of London) where her manager is waiting to whisk her off down to the Wogan studio to film her doing a bit of miming to her new single "Caught Up In The Rapture". She's miming because she only agreed to even set foot in this country on the condition that she wouldn't have to sing - she'll do interviews, she'll appear on TV, she'll mime, but she won't sing because she wants to save her voice for her US tour.

"This was supposed to be my month off!" she sighs. "I've let them talk me into it again!"

So who exactly is this Anita Baker and how come she's so rushed off her feet all the jolly time? Well, according to some people she's probably the greatest, most amazing soul singer ever. In the States (man) she is being nominated for all sorts of awards, she's been hailed by the press there as "the voice of 1987" and her LP "Rapture" was already gone "gold" (i.e. sold lots and lots of copies) here in Britain.

Oddy enough, Anita actually "retired" from the music business five years ago and went to work in a legal office after recording her first LP "The Songstress". She was only supposed to "come back" to record the LP "Rapture" a couple of years ago but since then she's been steadily gaining fans. George Michael named her as one of his favourite singers and the Style Council are including one of her early songs "Angel" on their new LP.

Just as Anita settles down in the Wogan dressing room to put on her make-up, a bloke from her record company hands her a little package which Paul Weiler has sent her. It contains a tape of the Style Council's cover version of "Angel" (which she hasn't heard yet) and a note from Paul asking her what she thinks of it.

Actually, Anita doesn't seem to have the foggiest who the Style Council are. She knew that some English group was covering one of her songs, but it sounds like she's got them completely confused with Sique Sique Sputnik. Or maybe

Drum Theatre. Or somebody or other. . .

"The Style Council? That's the guitarist with the shaved head and the thing on top of his head"? (???) "And the singer with the blond hair?"

There are blank expressions in the dressing room. "Yes it is! I remember seeing them on their first video! I didn't think much of his voice but I liked the visual thing much more." (!!!) She slips the tape into a Walkman and dons the headphones: "WOODOOOO! His voice is better than I thought it was!" she shouts. "I like it. They kept it the same, and I'm actually quite happy about that. It's a tribute, so to speak, to the original musicians. Yeah. . . it works."

Good-! Everything goes according to plan on Wogan, so it's off to the studios of Channel 4's new late-night show *The Last Resort*. And this is where things start to go a bit wrong. . .

It starts off all right as Anita slopes off to a dressing room where she gets changed and made up, and chats rather a lot about how she misses Southern US cookery (i.e. fried chicken and gravy with lots of salt and cayenne pepper); about how she's quite short (which she is); about how she wants to buy an English "Tudor" house in Detroit (???) where she lives, etc. The rehearsal runs through smoothly enough but then this chappie from *The Last Resort* peeps his head round the door and starts begging Anita to sing live on the actual show instead of just miming. . .

"No no no no no!" says Anita. "No way, José! I have to sing when I get home to America so I have to rest this voice!"

What happens next though is those bimbos on *The Last Resort* suddenly decide that if Anita Baker doesn't sing live then she can't be on the show, obviously imagining that - PRESTO! - she'll suddenly change her mind and decide to give us all a birra song. Of course, she does nothing of the sort. . .

What she does is go all "calm" and say that she's told them enough times that she's not going to sing live on the show and that's the way they want it then she's ruddy well off, so there, matey! So off she zips, leaving Jonathan Ross and all the other people looking just a little silly. What they do up us instead is a dodgy old video of some saxophone player that nobody's ever heard of which isn't very "live" at all, now is it?

By the time the show actually goes out, Anita Baker is back at her hotel room, getting a bit rest before flying off to Detroit in the morning, and probably watching a spot of *The Last Resort* (sans Anita Baker) and thinking what a prize bunch of chumps those English TV wallies are. . .



▲ "Paul Weiler? I know that name. . . isn't he the pop star who wears a lawn mower on his head?"



▲ On the "set" at Wogan, in front of what appears to be a gigantic ice cream spher.



▲ Anita Baker threatening *The Last Resort*'s presenter, Jonathan Ross with violence for being such a bimbo. (Or not.)



▲ Anita Baker rehearsing for the episode of *The Last Resort* that she erm... wasn't in.

BITZ



● These two blokes on the left used to be quite famous. One (Gary Numan) – right, mysterious shoulder-pad) for singing with ska "barbarians" The Specials, then... er, pop persons Fun Boy Three. The other (his eye-shadow) for... er, being quite handsome or something. This trio both invented a band called The Culturefield, had a burrango hit with a wistowy tune called "Thinking Of You", met their wifit! famous any more. And now they might be quite famous again with their new tune "Hunting Away" (except it split their tune at all because it's been pilfered from famous soul person Sly Stone. Hurrah!



● Drinking spooksters and generally quite loud persons Age Of Chancie have re-invented their choppy version of How said. (Except it's not because they've changed record companies). BUTT! It's in the form of a "multi-track" (i.e. it's a 12" 45's not an LP, it's a borrow "issue" "concept" track). There's five crumblike punk rock/have metal/skate/sketch "grand-style" "shades on it" – one of which is a very strange version of ex-famous group The Trammps' "accents" (i.e. pop/dance tune "Disco Inferno" ("Night" – A season).

THE SMASH HITS 1986 READERS' POLL RESULTS PART II – HOW THE REST OF THE COSMOS VOTED

(starring... America and Australia!!!)

● Yus! Such is the global appreciation of THIS – your very own swingorilliant pop music thingie – that there nestle on the magazine rack of life, FOREIGN VERSIONS of its supreme hallowedness (twice copies of "American Housewives Are Real Cute OK!" and "Why Australians Are All Obsessed with The Letter X, Terms Weekly", BUT! They're not that foreign really *ackbehoi*. Squint awhile at the results of *Star Hits* (America) and *Smash Hits* (Australia) readers' polls and one may sense the suspicion that we've seen a smidgen of these names before... (tuntara tun tun TUN!!!) Screechings, wailings, dribblings, drum rolls ahoy etc.)

AMERICA (STAR HITS)

- BEST GROUP:** 1) Duran Duran; 2) A-ha; 3) INXS
BEST LP: 1) "Notorious" (Duran Duran); 2) "Black Celebration" (Depeche Mode); 3) "Listen Like Thieves" (INXS); 4) "True Blue" (Madonna); 5) "Music From The Edge Of Heaven" (Wham!); 6) "Hunting High And Low" (A-ha)
BEST SINGLE: 1) "Notorious" (Duran Duran); 2) "Addicted To Love" (Robert Palmer); 3) "Sledgehammer" (Peter Dinklage); 4) "I've Been Loving You" (A-ha); 5) "What You Need" (INXS)
MALE SINGERS: 1) Simon Le Bon; 2) Morten Harket; 3) George Michael
FEMALE SINGERS: 1) Madonna; 2) Annie Lennox; 3) Siouxsie Sioux
BEST VIDEO: "Notorious" (Duran Duran); 2) "The Flame" (Arcade Fire); 3) "Sledgehammer" (Peter Dinklage)
WORST VIDEO: 1) "True Blue" (Madonna); 2) "Yankee Rose" (David Lee Roth); 3) "Sledgehammer" (Peter Dinklage); 4) "True Colours" (Cyndi Lauper)
BEST DRESSED: 1) Nick Rhodes; 2) John Taylor; 3) Robert Palmer
MOST FANCIBLE PERSON: 1) John Taylor; 2) Simon Le Bon; 3) Morten Harket
HAIRDO FROM HELL (IT'S): 1) The Doctor from Dr And The Medics; 2) All of Sique "Sique" Sputnik; 3) Martin Degville
MOST PROMISING NEW ACT: 1) Glass Tiger; 2) The new Duran Duran (IT'S); 3) Post Shop Boys
LIKE TO SEE STRANDED ON MARS (IT'S): 1) Sique "Sique" Sputnik; 2) All Heavy Metal groups; 3) Bruce Springsteen
EVENT OF THE YEAR: 1) Duran getting back together; 2) The Amiesy International Tour; 3) Duran making a record
SUMMER OF THE YEAR: 1) Duran breaking up (IT'S); 2) Wham! breaking up; 3) Boy George's drug problem

AUSTRALIA (SMASH HITS)

- BEST GROUP:** 1) A-ha; 2) Duran Duran; 3) Pseudo Echo
WORST GROUP: 1) Sique "Sique" Sputnik; 2) The Uncanny X-Men; 3) Duran Duran
BEST LP: 1) "Scoundrel Days" (A-ha); 2) "Hunting High And Low" (A-ha); 3) "True Blue" (Madonna)
BEST SINGLE: 1) "I've Been Loving You" (A-ha); 2) "Notorious" (Duran Duran); 3) "Hunting High And Low" (A-ha)
WORST SINGLE: 1) "Touch Me" (Samantha Fox); 2) "Notorious" (Duran Duran); 3) "The Lady In Red" (Christie Burghill)
MALE SINGER: 1) Morten Harket; 2) Simon Le Bon; 3) Brian Mannix (The Uncanny X-Men)
FEMALE SINGERS: 1) Madonna; 2) Cyndi Lauper; 3) Whitney Houston
BEST VIDEO: 1) "Take On Me" (A-ha); 2) "Hunting High And Low" (A-ha); 3) "Notorious" (Duran Duran)
WORST VIDEO: 1) "Touch Me" (Samantha Fox); 2) "Bad Moon Rising" (The Real's); 3) "Sledgehammer" (Peter Dinklage)
BEST DRESSED: 1) Morten Harket; 2) Madonna; 3) Simonie Bon
WORST DRESSED: 1) Boy George; 2) Brian Mannix; 3) Samantha Fox
MOST FANCIBLE MALE: 1) Morten Harket; 2) Mags; 3) Brian Mannix
MOST FANCIBLE FEMALE: 1) Samantha Fox; 2) Madonna; 3) Cyndi Lauper
MOST EXCITING NEW ACT: 1) Wa Wa Nee (IT'S); 2) Boom Crash Opera (IT'S); 3) The new Duran Duran (IT'S)
BEST CONCERT: 1) A-ha; 2) Cyndi Lauper; 3) INXS
DAG (IT'S) OF THE YEAR: 1) Brian Mannix; 2) Boy George; 3) Samantha Fox
BEST TV SHOW: 1) Neighbours; 2) Countdown; 3) Miami Vice

THE FUZZBOX STEP-BY-STEP "LOOKIN' THE WAY THEY LIKE 'N' LIKIN' THE WAY THEY LOOK" VIDEO GUIDE EXTRAVAGANZA THING

METHOD



1. Write a "tune" called "What's The Point?" Get up next morning wearing dogs on one's feet.



2. Pretend to be snooty business types and become very bored.



4. Decide one looks a complete state and pretend to be swoonsome with a bit of carpal on one's head instead.



5. Get back to "normal", leap up and down shrilling one's "tune" and have a birrowe geebie. Tare! Said video gets played on Saturday Superstore and one becomes more famous and rich and talented and good-looking than even... er... Chris De Burgh!!!!



▲ Duran Duran – Best Group (Pancy that!)



▲ INXS – Third Best Group (Oh)



▲ Pseudo Echo – Third Best Group (That's single one) (??)



▲ A-ha, 3) Boom Crash Opera (IT'S) (IT'S)



▲ The Doctor from Dr & The Medics – Hairdo from Hell (Hardyner from Boos (new haw))



▲ Vernon (as one of his heavy metal acts) – 3rd Most Like To See Stranded On Mars (Far enough)



▲ Wa Wa Nee – Most Exciting New Act (Most stupid name)



▲ Neighbours – Best TV Show (Soap thing about people cooking "sausages" on a bit of a fence.)

THE WARD BROTHERS



▲ Left to right: Derek, Dave and Graham (with something horrible growing out of his head)

● Are these the most ordinary men who ever "lived"?

Yes they are. And that's because they're three real brothers called something Ward (hence the name!) – Dave (27, singer and percussionist), Derek (25, keyboards and twiddly bits) and Graham (38 (ahem), guitar and some singing). They all come from Barnsley and, pipes mild-mannered Graham, "we've been messing about and all sorts trying to get on in music business for a long time." Yust! About 10 years to be precise – in various "guises", featuring various persons and horrible names like Legal Aid "and all sorts of really corny things. I can't remember. Honest!" Corks.

BUT! Before they didn't do anything else in the cosmos but record tunes, Graham and Dave spent three years "down 't mines – it's everything that you read it is. Can't breath and all that. I used to get a bit of sleep in down there too, heh heh." They've also been postman, blacksmiths, ice-cream sellers in Blackpool and van drivers. They were unemployed for five years and lived in London for seven "when we used to play in clubs for ten quid a time. And nobody turned up."

Sniff! But no more – for now they are international superstars (or thereabouts) with their tune "Cross That Bridge".

"Do I like bridges? The nicest bridge I was ever on was the Forth Road Bridge in Scotland. Very spectacular. It has a very nice motorway cafe beside it as well, if I remember rightly."

Oh, is Graham looking forward to becoming a birrow "sex symbol" these days?

"Weeell, I'm an old fella, y'know – I don't think there's much chance of that. I haven't got any hair."

It's true. Anyway, the three "lads" are all married ("Oh no!" – 2 readers) – Graham with two daughters Nicola and Sarah. "Er... I don't know about happily married but... er, we're married! And we all live in terraced houses in Barnsley like you see on Hovis adverts. My house is full of tape-recorders. It's a sort of recording studio, I'm afraid. Dave likes plants and stuff – it's like a bloody jungle in his house. And Derek has more keyboards than I'd care to mention and we all collect drums and guitars and things. Ridiculous really."

Graham also confesses to being a fan of horrible gothic group The Danse Society – the only previous group ever from Barnsley (apart from Saxon, that is) though he insists "I wasn't a Goth, no!" He also denies that Dave sounds like the bloke from Fine Young Cannibals (which he does), gets sea-sick on ferries and genuinely believes "we're really boring sods. We're musos, we are – we just write and record all the time. We have the odd drink and watch bands and that's about it. We're a bunch of boring old farts."

Er, that's all right, then(?)

WHO IS ERIC CLAPTON?



▲ A young "Eric" being an old hippie

▲ An old "Eric" being an old hippie

Well, hundreds of years ago, people used to think he was "God" just because he was quite good at playing a guitar. But of course Eric Clapton wasn't "God" at all – that honour belongs to a Mancunian police inspector *how how* – but just a bloke who was, um, quite good at playing a guitar. So here are a few other informative triflings concerning this legend of rockular music i.e. Eric Clapton.

■ "Eric" used to be a stained glass artist.
 ■ Then "Eric" got a job playing guitar with R&B combo The Yardbirds but he left in 1965 because they made a record called "For Your Love" which was "too commercial" – "Eric" didn't fancy being in the hit parade.

■ Then "Eric" joined blues combo John Mayall's Bluesbreakers and was snapped for the cover photo of an LP sitting down in the street reading a copy of the *Beano*.

■ Then "Eric" left and formed a group called Cream with whom he bored the universe by playing seven-and-a-half century guitar solos all over the bleeding shop.

■ Then, in 1969, Eric formed a so-called "super" group with Steve Winwood called Blind Faith who made an LP with a picture of a naked 13-year-old girlie on the front but nobody liked it (the LP or the picture) and so they broke up.

■ Then "Eric" went "solo" and nicked George Harrison's wife, Patti, and wore a bit bonkers and grew a beard and kept sort of disappearing and making comebacks and saying he thought Enoch Powell was a jolly good chap and getting up to all sorts of shenanigans.

■ How time flies, eh, pop gooftees!!!!!!
 ■ Because "Eric" is new single, "Behind The Mask", was produced by Phil Collins!!!! (???? – Ed)

CROSS THAT BRIDGE

CHORUS

We'll cross that bridge when we come to it
 if there's a problem we'll get over it
 Lat's tall the truth and get it over with
 I'm sure our love will see us through

There's no such worry in my book
 I don't take no for an answer
 I don't know why you worry so much
 As far as I can see oh

REPEAT CHORUS

Can't go on living this life of delect
 We're sinking deeper and deeper
 Painted the windows to keep out the heat
 Don't stick your head in the sand oh

REPEAT CHORUS

I'm sure our love will see us through
 I'm sure our love will see us through

It's so obvious we're running away
 Now there's nowhere to hide oh
 Frankie and Johnny were happy that way
 But what about the children

REPEAT CHORUS

I'm sure our love will see us through
 I'm sure our love will see us through
 I'm sure our love will see us through
 I'm sure our love will see us through

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

Words and music by Graham Ward
 Reproduced by permission Virgin Music Ltd
 On Siren Records

THE MULTI-TALENTED "GENIUS" OF MICHAEL CRAWFORD

The star of Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical *The Phantom Of The Opera* – currently enjoying a hit with the lovely, banesome (??? – Ed) "The Music Of The Night", has done some pretty rum things in his career. For instance,

■ As a youth he was the Aled Jones of his day, becoming a top boy soprano opera star.

■ When his voice broke he took to starring in films his many roles included playing a rabbit.

■ In 1974 and 1978 he was voted "The Funniest Man On Television" for his portrayal of the pathetic neurocompoop Frank Spencer in *The TV Show Some Mothers Do Have 'Em*.

■ In that same programme he insisted on performing his own dangerous stunts and very nearly killed himself when he was left hanging by one hand from the top of a skyscraper.

■ Pretty rum, eh?

■ What a multi-talented "genius"!



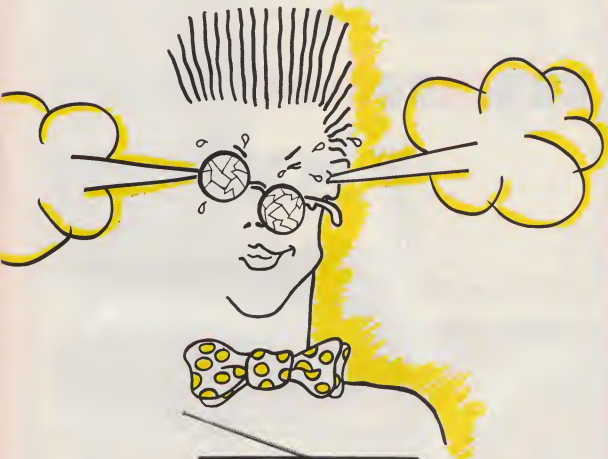
Photo: LPL inset photo: Ben

▲ Michael Crawford as Frank Spencer with Bruce Forsythe "a pathetic neurocompoop" (inset: Performing a stunt on a masterpiece in the bath... "famly, ferriy dangerous" -)



PHILIPS

The twiddly bits on the D8168 were having a disturbing effect.



Take

a

closer

look!



manhattan skyline



the new single

manhattan skyline

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available in limited edition poster bag

initial quantities of extended remix 12"
include limited edition poster

both include
'we're looking for the whales'
(live version recorded in london 19 jan 1987)



Distributed by WBA Records Ltd © A Warner Communications Co.



EUROPE

ROCK THE NIGHT

Oh yeah
I've gone through changes
I've gone through pain
But there's not enough reason for me to go insane
I know the feeling just when it grows
I'm now a rage up from my head down to my toes

You know it ain't easy
Running out of thrills
You know it ain't easy
When you don't know what you want
What do you want woh oh oh oh
You want to

CHORUS
Rock now rock the night
Til early in the morning light
Rock now rock the night woh oh woh oh
Saying rock now rock the night
You'd better believe it's night
Rock now rock the night woh oh woh oh

Oh oh
I know my limit
Just what it takes
When things ain't good enough
I just pull the brake
Sometimes it's easy

Sometimes so tough
But just have one thing clear
I can't get enough

You know it ain't easy
Running out of thrills
You know it ain't easy
When you don't know what you want
What do you want woh oh oh oh
You want to

REPEAT CHORUS

Yeah yeah

Oh rock now rock the night
Rock now rock the night
Rock now rock the night
Rock now rock the night
Rock it

Oh you know it ain't easy
Running out of thrills
You know it ain't easy
When you don't know what you want
What do you want woh oh oh oh
You want to

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

Words and music by Jerry Green - Reharmonized by Jerry Green - © 1983 Music Publishing, Inc. - © 1983 Epic Records

Latest album From UB40

UB40

DEP CD II
CADEP II

LP DEP II

Rat in the Kitchen

Distributed by VIRGIN records

Features the hit single
'Rat in mi Kitchen'
Also includes the singles
'Sing Our Own Song'
and 'All I want to Do'

SHALL I TAKE MY CLOTHES OFF?

Huh! What a bloomin' cheek!

You go all the way to Jersey to ask Paul Young lots of "interesting" questions and all he wants to do is take his breeks off as soon as you get there. . .

Seagulls swoosh by over our heads and about 20 yards away the sea is gently crashing towards the shore. Just a normal chilly winter's day down on the Jersey coastline, you might think – except for one (small) detail. Standing next to me is international megastar, Paul Young, obviously preoccupied with some important career decision he is about to make. "Shall I take my clothes off?" he asks. Erm, I suppose so. . . First off goes the jacket, then the shirt, then the t-shirt. . . the boots. . . the socks. . . the jeans. And there he is, wearing nothing but a rather smart pair of French boxer shorts featuring the cartoon character Lonesome Luke and the doleful message "I'm a poor lonesome cowboy a long way from home". Carefully he sits down on a rock next to a huge sheet of ice, leans back, shuts his eyes and pretends to sunbathe. "I wish I had some sunglasses," he sighs.

It's quite obvious that Paul Young is in a decidedly "lively" mood.

He and his group are busy rehearsing here in Jersey for their forthcoming world tour and as they zoom through "Some People", "Prisoner Of Conscience" and "Why Does A Man Have To Be Strong" again and again and again he seems almost deliriously enthusiastic. He flicks the microphone stand forward, flicks it backwards, hits it with his shoulder, jumps into the air, kicks his feet to one side and hurls a lambourne towards the ceiling as if there were 20,000 people watching him in a huge football stadium, not just a couple of his "entourage" in a cramped rehearsal room.

Every now and then Ian Kewley – the group's musical director whose nickname, Rev, from when he used to play a church-type organ in Paul's old group Q Tips, has now been changed to "Re!" – blows a whistle to stop the group and tick someone off for making a mistake, eventually he's satisfied and Paul saunters over cheerfully "Bis proudly sporting a "Say Hello If You're A Capricorn" badge. "Very nice," I murmur. "That's nothing," he laughs and shows me another one stuck to the inside of his jacket – a gift from his niece. "Bis proudster over cheerfully. I Say No To Strangers" it announces. Very useful, I'm sure.

The plan is for Paul to spend his lunchtime having his photo taken whizzing round Jersey. For most pop stars this would involve strolling out and getting into



▲ Paul Young, a glacier, a pair of Lonesome Luke boxer shorts and . . . er . . . not much else

a plush chauffeur driven car but Paul Young seems to have a refreshingly down to earth approach to life at the moment. So instead he ushers us – his press "officer", the "photographer" and me – into his nice blue Ford Sierra, gels in the driver's seat and off we go. "No Andrew Ridgeleys for me," he says reassuringly as we carefully slip around a muddy lane. A moment later he misjudges a 180 degree corner and has to back away from a wall. His press officer looks a touch concerned. "What was that about Andrew Ridgeley?" she enquires.

As we drive along the coast Paul chatters merrily away. He laughs about the huge fur hat on the dashboard – "That's my Davy Crockett hat. It's obviously been to Ian Soh's (trendy London hair 'stylist') – it's got black tints." He explains how he'd really prefer to be home (he's in tax "exile") and how his brother had popped round

to his London house the other day and discovered water "cascading down the stairs" from burst pipes.

The wooden floor in one room is ruined. And he looks suitably impressed when an extremely rare squirrel shoots across the road in front of the car just after we drive past "the pub they always show in *Bergara*" – Jersey's most famous export. Eventually we park up a hill overlooking the sea to take a few photos. His press officer tuts quietly and mutters something about the disorderly state of his shirt collar.

"It should be anywhere it wants to be," he insists perkily. "Wild and free – that's my new image."

So we discover when we reach our destination – the deserted Corbiere Point, soon to be the scene of the Paul Young "I Don't Care If It's The Middle Of Winter And Absolutely Freezing" strip. Before that though we lark about the beach a while. First we

examine some utterly revolting things in rock pools – after intense discussion I've decided on a majority vote that they're actually pieces of liver. Then Paul picks up a huge long, straggly bunch of seaweed, attaches it to the back of his head and shouts "Who's this?". The answer, naturally, is Lorraine Chase! ("That's getting her back for making Luton airport famous," he explains (Luton being his home town). Then off he goes, bounding from boulder to boulder ("I love climbing over rocks") until he reaches the first mini-glacier. There he sits, engrossed, watching little streams of melting water flow in strange bubbly shapes under the ice "as if," he says, "it's alive". A strange way for a pop star to spend his lunchtime, maybe, but as he says "it's better than contemplating your navel" (???) . . .

Then comes the strip, and pretty soon we're off again over more rocks. After a while we pause for a breather and some more photos, and he explains how, over the last few years, he's become increasingly interested in watches. These days he even chews through books on the subject and has a substantial collection



▲ Paul Young preparing to be Lorraine Chase to "get her back for making Luton airport famous."

including a Superman one ("when he flies round it goes from night to day," he enthuses), a Samurai sword one and – his pride end joy – a 1938 "moon phase" Rolex that set him back a decidedly unsnippish £8,000. "I just love to look at them," he explains. "It reminds me of how long I've got left. . ."

Oh. Eventually, we climb up on to the grassy hillside. "Well, a really roamin', in the ocean, aren't we?"





he chuckles. Well yes, I suppose we are. (Except you're not, because gloaming means twilight – Knowall Ed.) We wander round the bottom of someone's garden – presumably they would have been quite surprised if they'd looked out and seen Paul Young sauntering past their hedge, but nobody seems to be in . . .

Have you ever set fire to rabbit dung?

Er . . . no, I confess, gambolling down another hillock after Paul Young and deftly dodging the offending droppings that have inspired this bizarre comment.

"When my rabbit died it wasn't worth cleaning out his hutch," Paul explains matter-of-factly, "so we burnt it. It just exploded everywhere – because of all the ethane caught in the pellets, I suppose. That must be what poor people use on fireworks night. Ha ha!"

And with this piece of information firmly digested we drive back into St Helier for lunch in the café of a large department store. Here Paul tells us about his current bedside reading, a book called *Interview With A Vampire* ("about a vampire with a conscience who really resents having to kill people"). He orders a beef sandwich, a coffee and some *Perrine* water and starts chatting. He seems fairly happy with his self imposed tax exile in Jersey, although there are a few drawbacks. For one thing, he says, "it's too small – and everybody knows everybody's business – you always see all the same faces when you go out and people always want to overcompensate for who you are."

By that he means that it gets



▲ Paul Young on a Jersey hill contemplating important things (i.e. have you ever set fire to rabbit dung? etc.)

awfully tiring when the ten soulless person saunters up to you and to, show that they're not overawed, says that they didn't like that photo of you in the paper because your shirt collar was up and you had a double chin. "I know when a photo isn't any good – I don't need them to tell me," he huffs. Also "you always have to be seen having one more drink than anyone else" – a particular problem for him because he can't drink too much or it ruins his voice and he's fed up of people thinking he's really wet when he explains. Consequently, he's now settled into a routine of going back to the hotel after rehearsals and either reading about the reluctant vampire or



▲ Paul Young on a Jersey rock making a careful study of "things" in rock pools before deeming they're "actually small pieces of liver".

tucking up in bed with a good video – last night it was *White Nights* ("really good") and tonight he's looking forward to *Prince's Under The Cherry Moon*. He did, however, break this routine for his birthday weekend . . .

"I had a bender," he laughs. "The first night I stayed in my hotel and got drunk. The second we started drinking in the afternoon, went to the sauna and sweated it out, started again, went on a pub crawl – or rather a club crawl – and then went back to the hotel. I tipped a bucket of champagne and ice over my head and my nice Jean Paul Gaultier suit. Why? Er . . . because I was in the mood! Then I had to get changed and someone said 'Why don't we have a trouser party'?"

In other words yet more gratuitous Paul Young nakedness. One can only hope he was wearing nice boxer shorts again . . .

"These very ones," he grins. Slowly the conversation turns to something rather more serious – to the news that his ex-girlfriend Stacey Smith is having his baby – and in particular to all the outlandish stories that have appeared on the subject in the so-called "news" papers.

"Yeah," he says. "They were fairly wild of the mark. I mean, the truth is there – we're not going out with each other and yes, she is having a child, but where all the details of the break-up came from I don't know because they're not true. And it's not true that we're getting married either." He explains that they chat regularly on the phone and that every now and then "she really gives me earache – when you go through pregnancy

you go through emotional

changes," he muses seriously about the whole business. "It's not as I planned – that's obvious. It's not how you think your life is going to be but then life's always like that. We're getting on very well at the moment and we're helping each other out."

Some people would also think that he might be a bit worried about his career too – his last couple of British singles haven't done that well at all. Not so.

"I'm not disappointed," he says convincingly. "Other people are disappointed because they want me to be mega. I'm just trying things. I quite enjoy the fact that the hysteria's calmed down a bit." He now expects his new single "Why Does A Man Have To Be Strong" ("I made a stupid move not putting it out first") to put him right back in the charts any day now.

"I wrote most of that song in a matter of minutes like a lot of the best songs," he remembers. "I think it was after an argument with the ex, when we were still going out. It's just about being caught at a weaker moment, really. I was just



▲ Paul Young on a Jersey road with his car and a disgustingly cheesy grin.

thinking of all the things that have happened over the years where women have taken a stronger stance and that it should be OK for men not to have to be all beer-swillin' and macho."

What does he think they should be like?

"I've always admired a gentlemen so I suppose that's more what I am, or at least what I aspire to be," he answers. "David Niven, James Stewart – that sort of thing. I like a bit of chivalry."

He sips some more coffee and the conversation rambles on about how he got taken round the *Moët Chandon* champagne castles recently and there were 22 miles of champagne lined tunnels and how one man spent his entire life rotating the bottles ("you couldn't drink one archway's champagne in a lifetime – but I'm going to try!"). . . about how he, like *Smash Hits*, has adopted a fruit bat at London Zoo, named *Admiral Nelson* by a fan club competition ("It's quite easy to feed because it eats fruit – a lot easier than a vampire bat," he gipes) . . . about how his summer British tour may in fact be supporting Genesis, the first time anyone has done so,

apparently . . . about how he's not too poor ("Am I a millionaire? Er . . . yes, I think I am.") . . . about how he might do "something completely different and off the wall" in the next few years ("like getting lost for a while, going potholing or looking at animals in Africa") . . . and about how he's having Italian lessons.



▲ Paul Young on a Jersey beach wondering whether to whip his breezy off again . . .

"I fell in love with the country while I was recording the last album and I've got a good friend out there who makes me feel very guilty because she speaks five languages," he explains. "It's a beautiful language. Also I'd really like to have an apartment there." It takes a bit of goading to persuade him to show off his new language skill but eventually he gives in.


And what did all that mean?

"Er, well the first bit meant 'I's there a bank in this area?' and the second is 'my piano player lives in San Briac'."

Quite. And with that Paul Young takes his leave of us, still delightfully full of "beers", and goes off to rehearse some more with his group. What a nice man.

■ Interview: Chris Heath

■ Photos: Denis O'Regan



Bananarama

New Single

“a trick of the night”

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(As featured on BBC TV's "In at the Deep End")



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- 7 **Bangles** Different Light
- 8 **Eric Clapton** August
- 9 **Michael McDonald** Best Of
- 10 **Top Gun** Original Soundtrack

HOW TO ENTER

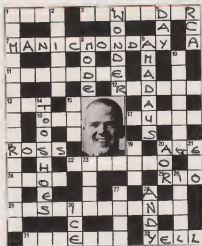
- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address
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ACROSS

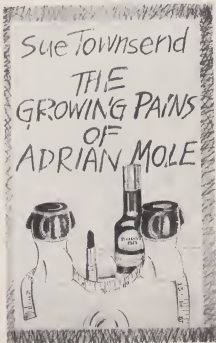
- 1 See 15 down
- 2 Rene Word forms a Manchester group (anag 3,5)
- 7 — **The Beatles** wild boy of the week (5,6)
- 11 Who tonight for **Aureo?** (3,3,2)
- 12 A communist container that's for America (3,3)
- 13 See 10 down
- 16 Who's zoomin' **Pete Townshend's** old group?
- 17 **Sister Sledge** were once lost in it
- 18 **Diana** once queen of Motown
- 20 — **Clay Aiken** (former) Beat LP)
- 22 Just the bay for **Amazulu**
- 24 " — You Babe" (**Christie Hynde** and **UB40**) (1,3)
- 25 **Buran Buran** single and album that's part of the hit?
- 29 Ronnie L. Facts shows how **Bonnie Tyler** once spent her holiday (anag 4,2,6)
- 31 Recently they were in the Land Of Confusion
- 32 **Billy Idol** — about of the rebel-lead

DOWN

- 1 See photocopy (5,10)
- 2 and 19 — Five Star asking about affirmation? (2,1,3,3)
- 4 — The assassin of **Stevie?**
- 5 **Howard Jones** opened the life in stone
- 6 Record to DJ discovered in **Marc Almond's** (1,1,1)
- 8 **Johnny Rotten** — what follows **Depeche** (anag)
- 9 He was requested to **see Falco**
- 10 and 13 across — Some exit door-opening by **Mel And Kim?** (7,3)
- 14 **East River** — **Adam Ant's** **Goody** (3,5)
- 15 and 1 across — They claimed to be "Lvin' On A Prayer" (3,4)
- 19 See 2 down
- 20 — It stands for **Adult Orientated Radio** (1,1,1,1)
- 21 Group discovered at the start of "Eloise" (1,1,1)
- 23 Nora spins round for **"Juice" Jones** (anag)
- 26 " — Love" (**Bronski Beat**) (1,4)
- 27 Your limbs that **Gathering Crew** just died in
- 28 — **Taylor** — **Korshak** — **Pandy?**
- 30 — **Gold star** — **hidden** — **and** — **Adam** — **Love** — **Theme**



NAME _____
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Virgin Games presents the computer version of "The Growing Pains of **Adrian Mole**." Based on Sue Townsend's best-selling book, and the popular TV series, the game allows you to help Adrian with day-to-day decisions. It's a text-based game with beautiful illustrations and your aim is to make Adrian as popular as possible through your answers to multiple-choice questions. This four part game covers 18 months in the life of aspiring intellectual, Adrian, and is available for 7 different computers.

*BBC tv version is not illustrated.

Produced by Mosaic Publishing Ltd

PROGRAM BY LEVEL 9



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BBC B CASS	£9.95	17 February 1987
MSX 84k CASS	£9.95	17 February 1987
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SIMPLY RED



THE RIGHT THING

7" and 3 track extended 12" single. Produced by Alex Sadkin

Behind The Mask

ERIC CLAPTON



All alone had to talk about it
could do with someone's attention

Who really stands me
All alone will you look for me girl
See behind the mask and you control me girl
Yesterday he had you in his arms
When I'm holding you I feel his bitter charms
I can't touch what you do to me
Camouflage the truth and don't you fantasise

Chorus
Who do you love is it me now
is it him babe I don't know
Who do you love is it me babe
is it him now I don't know

(There is nothing in your eyes)
There is nothing in your eyes
(That's the way you cry)
It's the way you cry girl
(All is brilliant all is bright)
All is brilliant all is bright
(What is stirring in my mind)
I'm so confused
(There is nothing in your eyes)
There is nothing in your eyes
(That's the way you cry)

That's the way you cry girl
(All is brilliant all is bright)
All is brilliant all is bright
(What is stirring in my mind)

What if I'm invited to your masquerade
When the party's over tonight take off your face
Share in love and it's hard to see
'Cause when you're in his arms
Throwing rocks at me

Repeat chorus
I walk around stuck within my gloom
When I come to you you're sitting in your room
Truth is new I have not a trace
Take off your mask so I can see your face

Who do you love is it me babe
is it him now I don't know
Who do you love is it me babe
is it him babe I don't know
Who do you love is it me babe
is it him now I don't know
Who do you love is it me babe
is it him now I don't know
Who do you love is it me babe
is it him I wanna know who do you love

Words and music by Masada/Sakamoto. Reproduced by permission EMI Music Publishing Ltd. On Duck Records



BEST KEPT SECRET CHINA CRISIS

Secret best kept between the two
Witness a change of heart in you
Two together is what you are
Two together can go so far
And so far you're the best kept secret

You dream from the start
Of bridging two worlds apart
They will whisper and corner you cold
Try to break the very heart and soul
Of the best kept secret

Chorus
You dream from the start
Of bridging two worlds apart

And love so they say
Wins over the coldest heart
Coldest heart

Secret best kept between the two
Precious for all time with you
Two together is what you are
Two together can go so far
You're the best kept secret

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by China Crisis
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Virgin Music (Publishers) Ltd
On Virgin Records

DURAN DURAN

SKIN TRADE

Working on the weekend baby
She's working all through the night
A jump into the deep end gave her
The evidence she required
Take five she's got pearls
Don't fake it

When it comes to making money so
She smiles but that's cruel
If you knew what she thinks
If you knew what she was after
Sometimes she wonders
And she laughs in her frustration

Chorus

Would someone please explain
The reason for this strange behaviour
In exploitation's name
We must be working for the skin trade

Doctors of the revolution gave us
The medicine we desired
Besides being absolutely painless
It's a question of compromise
They got steel it's so cool
To get angry at the weekend
Then go back to school
So big deal it's what rules
When it comes to making money
Say yes please thank you
Sometimes you wonder
And you ask yourself the question

Would someone please explain
(Would someone please explain)
The reason for this strange behaviour
In exploitation's name
We must be working for the skin trade

Oh wah

I know the answer
But I'm asking you the question

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by le Bon/Taylor/Rhodes
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LEVEL

42

OFF THE BLOCKS...

THE NEW SINGLE
Running in the family

7" (POSP 812) And Extended 12" (POSPX 812)
Produced between Wally Badarou & Level 42
Assisted by Julian Mendelsohn



MARCH 24-25 BIRMINGHAM - NEC
28-29 LONDON - Wembley Arena
30-31 LONDON - Wembley Arena

APRIL 2-3 MANCHESTER - Apollo
6-7 LONDON - Wembley Arena
11-12 EDINBURGH - Playhouse
14 NEWCASTLE - City Hall
15 BRIGHTON - Centre



"WE'VE GOT STREET CRED! WOOOOH!"



Curiosity Killed The Cat explain they're not posh, they just wear clothes to "keep warm" and they're certainly not just "four models there for the glory of it".
Chris Heath listens attentively . . .

"We haven't had any massive type of 'hype' thing," snaps Curiosity Killed The Cat's bass player, Nick Thorp. "You're probably disagree. . . There are obviously one or two subjects that Curiosity Killed The Cat are rather touchy about, particularly the slightest hint that their success could be due to anything apart from their brilliant songwriting and musicianship. It's only about 40 seconds since this interview began and already they're defending themselves against a charge that hasn't even been mentioned.

Still, perhaps they're right to be touchy. Even nasty things have been written about them already, mostly implying that they're four blokes famous for nothing but hanging round "trendy" clubs and wearing trendy clothes. One article claimed that they're actually just four male models who have been shoved together in a group, while another said that their record company have committed £1 million to "making" them a success. And they do always seem to be in "trendy" style magazines. . .

"The whole press thing," claims drummer Miquel Drummond (Migi) "was just a natural thing from people hearing us. The buzz has been around for a long time. We've been playing live for two or three years."

"Also," says guitarist Julian Brookhouse (Jui) honestly, "we do know a lot of people who tend to work for those sort of magazines." The other three glare at him. "Oh. . . we mutters, "I'm not supposed to say that."

"Who do we know?" challenges singer Ben Volpeliere-Pierrot (Ben).

"Everyone who goes to clubs," whispers Jui.

"They are though, I suggest, disgustingly trendy."

"Do we look it?" snaps Ben then.

"Er. . . yes."

"Well," says Nick (Nick), "we just wear what we're comfortable in."

"You just wear clothes," claims Ben, "to keep you warm."

Even Nick realises that this is rather a far-fetched to suggest that Ben really dresses as he does, from his backwards Greek fisherman's hat down, just to keep hypothermia at bay.

"They're equally sensitive to the harmless suggestion that they sound like they come from fairly

well-off backgrounds. "Why does it sound like that?" snaps Nick, as if he's been accused of being a mass murderer.

"Well, for one thing you've all got rather posh voices. . ."

"Well, we don't come from council houses," says Migi, "but I wouldn't say we come from rich families."

"I grew up in a council house," interrupts Nick.

"Did you?" exclaims Migi in triumph. "Well, there you go! We've got street-cred! Wooooohh!"

I went to public school when I was 16," states Jui suddenly.

"Did you?" says Migi, rather less enthusiastically. "Oh, anyway I wouldn't say we've got posh voices. I've heard posh voices. We've got friends with posh voices. . ."

Hmm. They do seem rather frustrated about something. . .

"The worst thing about all of this is trying to communicate with people who misinterpret you all of the time," says Nick. "People just don't believe that we want to play music and we're not models and we're not just there for the glory of it. That's the worst thing. And getting up first thing in the morning."

Curiosity Killed The Cat didn't all meet up until about three years ago but all four of them were born within a few miles of each other in London.

Nick grew up in Sunbury-On-Thames, and can claim to have had a bath with the girl who lived "next door but one" when he was just eight. . . but got caught because he insisted they both left their clothes out in the corridor as was the family custom. He became keen on the idea of being a musician at the age of 12 because he was so in awe of his unsuccessful "producer-cum-musician" cousin who lived with them.

Soon Nick joined a group called The Anarchist Angels ("a very immature version of punk" — one of our songs was called "Grade 3 CSE") and carried on playing in groups till he left school at 15.

When he bunked off to Ibiza to hire out paddle boats and be a wine waiter. On his return he joined a washed-up psychedelic revival band called Miles Over Matter, met Migi and started a band called Twilight Children. . .

Migi had grown up as "a bit of a brat I think" in Strawberry Hill. He used to bunk off school to see punk

bands like the Damned, Siouxsie & The Banshees and X-Ray Spex and got a short part in the film *American Werewolf In London* as "a punk with multi-coloured hair". His first proper group was Twilight Children, who were soon joined by a rather sulky guitarist called Julian. . .

Julian had been brought up in Putney, was forced to learn the piano at the age of 6 and requested to learn the guitar at 13.

He then joined a stream of dreadful groups before he got quite seriously involved in an ex-punk group who used to be called The Plague and who now played "sort of progressive funk — funky U2".

The main thing wrong with Twilight Children wasn't so much the music as the singer Malcolm. ("Telcy Malcy," sniggers Nick.)

Visually, Malc was apparently very much in the Pete Burns/Boyz n the City vein but musically useless with it. He was eventually kicked out and Ben, who knew Migi's sister and Nick's girlfriend, came along to try his luck. "I came down to rehearsal end just sort of 'jammed' on the mike," (i.e. "improvised" some singing) he remembers, "and it seemed to work."

Ben had grown up with his "hippie" parents (his father is a swanky photographer called Jean Claude Volpeliere-Pierrot, his mother a "PR woman-cum-stylist") through whom he met lots of famous pop stars — the Beatles, the

— he simply didn't bother with lessons. Anyway, by then he was toying with the idea of being an actor. "I think I've always wanted to be famous," he grins.

What he carefully doesn't mention is that by far the biggest money earner he'd had before Curiosity Killed The Cat was as a rather successful model — TV commercials for TSB and Now clothes, sessions on the cover of *Patches* and *Oh Boy* magazines and a rather "charming" snap on the lid of Mike Reid's *Pop Quiz* game. . .

Whatever, Curiosity Killed The Cat seemed to be able to pull the right strings or be in the right places from the start. At their first performance in mid-1984 — playing four songs at Fouberts nightclub — they already had Paul Young and Kid Creole in the audience. The trouble was that on all accounts, they weren't that good. Soon, though, they'd signed a record contract even though, reckons Migi, "looking back on it, we weren't really ready."

"I didn't help that, to start with, their record company apparently tried to turn them into a very bubbly pop group. (They claim not to like pop music much though they mention Rosie Veia, the Blow Monkeys and UB40 — "we'd like to get back to the excitement of the Stones," says Jui.)

Like with their first single "Misfit" (co-written, like all their songs, with their "hidden" keyboard player Toby Anderson). . .

"We first demoed it with someone who wanted to make a fresh cream bit of pop," says Jui. "We can't really say who it was — it's not fair," says Migi.

"A member of an established band," hints Ben.

"A very established band," emphasises Migi. Which is all they'll say, though it's not hard to find out that they're referring to Roy Hay from Culture Club.

Anyway, they recorded it again (with Simply Red's producer Stewart Levine), released it, and though it wasn't a hit, it got them lots of attention, including the ear of trendy American avant-garde art-person Andy Warhol who agreed to make and star in a video for it (something which they grudgingly admit "clearly made them seem more 'down to earth'"). Then they released "Down To Earth" and — hey presto! — they're pop stars.

"A happy story," as they put it. . .



▲ Ben staring slyly out from the incredibly trendy *Miss Read Pop Quiz* game (?????)

Rolling Stones and so on. "The only one I really keep in touch with is Eric," he says (meaning Eric Clapton). He soon became interested in "dancing to groove music like funk and reggae". The plan was, Ben explains, to get a job once he left school and use the money to pay for dancing lessons in the evenings. But he didn't, at first because he didn't get a job and then when he did — checking the pages in an architect's handbook, working for Europa foods, getting bit parts in Thompson Twins and XTC videos

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT



Photos: Paul Rider

WESTWORLD



Sonic Boom Boy

45 rpm

REAL

@ Competition winners @

A-HA COMPETITION (17 December)

● Correct answer a) The Sun Always Shines On TV
 ● Ten ten lucky winners who went to see Aha on New Years Eve were **Sarah Reynolds**, Feltham; **Kally Raed**, Stratford; **Emma-Jane Barridge**, Beeston Green; **Zoe McCluskey**, Southgate; **Debbie Lyle**, Gorton; **Leanne Onyon**, Dogenham; **Michelle Hatch**, Lewisham; **Sharon Garver**, Horsham; **Rachael Dopson**, Plaistow; **Paula Gill**, Worthing.
 The next city win a copy of 'Aha: The Story So Far' and 'Aha Take On The World'. **Julia Hillie**, West Molesey; **Lee Pottin**, Barbury; **Michael Chua**, London NW11; **Marie-Claire Concannon**, Fossestone; **Sylvia Robbins**, Orpington; **Amanda Roberts**, Little Neston; **Gillian Hogg**, Westarkirk; **Joyce Ossa**, Chester; **Joyce Vernon**, Bemel; **Suzanne Renton**, Cucklet St Thomas; **Kally Cornwall**, Beckenham; **Andrew Kennedy**, Theford; **Emma Onley**, Wirmington; **Lindsay Douglas**, Cotting; **Vanessa Claxton**, Portsmouth; **Allison Ford**, Bradstone; **Desirae B-Van-Hul**, Wembley; **Jonathan Ahey**, Eaglescliffe; **Caroline Gomm**, Rayston; **Victoria Matthews**, Foryth; **Maise Mahmood**, Finchley; **Jo Chatterton**, Oxtewick; **Karen Phillips**, Bridgend; **Elizabeth Bird**, Gorton; **Jane McHamara**, Woodside Park; **Delyth Hair Jones**, Caernarfon; **Caroline Davis**, Weybridge; **Kathryn Betta**, New Malden; **K. Herbert**, Reckmanworth; **Allison Noble**, Berton; **Zoe Howse**, Wokingham; **Juliet Ferguson**, Eastleigh; **Simon Layton**, Brixwich; **Karen**

Toft, Surrey; **Lindsay**, Romsgate; **Debbie Wilson**, Whitby; **Kiraly Splight**, Ednough; **R. Barreiro**, London SE16; **L. Drysdale**, West London; **Liz Clarke**, Lancaster; **Sam Horan**, Farnsloew; **Charlotte White**, Amersham; **Loisla Colledge**, Rugby; **A. Hughes**, Thames Diton; **Colatta Halsan**, Poulton-le-Fylde; **Joanne Payne**, Castle Donington; **Lucy Ridina**, Ormskirk; **Emma Litchfield**, Swerwick; **Karen Phillips**, N Conolly.

CITIZEN POCKET TV (17 December)

● Correct answer d) Countdown
 ● Five winners of a pocket sized TV are **Allison Rankovic**, Tettenhall; **D. McCabe**, Dronfield; **Julian Lees**, Sarsfield; **Jeremy Barnes**, Cornelly; **T.M. Gibbons**, Stratford.

BEACH COMPETITION (17 December)

● Correct answers d) Whiffur, d) pharynx/e, e) Sea-Cucumber and f) Manatee.

Radio Rock Sweatshirts

● Twenty winners are: **Ann Harold**, Stourbridge; **Sarina Ahmed**, London NW2; **Karen Bott**, Cannock; **Adam Turner**, Ringwood; **Polly Jassop**, Colson; **Catharina Hayes**, Mold; **Catharina De Waele**, Redhill; **Antonietta McDonald**, Handsworth Wood; **Lynsey Edlinga**, Peterborough; **Jane Nichola**, Queenborough; **Samantha Savage**, Poole; **Sarah Jackman**, Kenilsh; **E.D. Morgan**, Bekeleyheath; **Margaret Ball**, Tettenhall Wood; **Toni Harold**.

Kinver, Carl Surry, Barnet; **C. Hill**, Oxford; **Kate Harris**, Inshar; **Grant Laighton**, Harsell; **R. Harris**, Bistolrd.

Whitney Houston

● Ten winners of a box set and signed LP are: **L.R. Jolley**, Llewist; **D.A. Brown**, Castleton; **Andrew Raa**, Leamington; **Paul Smith**, Walsingham; **M. Smith**, London SE5; **T. Cook**, Illeson; **Karen Dale**, North End; **Michael Gard**, Borewest; **Paul Smyth**, Bushey; **Ashlyn Thornton**, Kilnmarah.

Madonna

● Twenty-five winners of a song-book are: **Gillian Taylor**, Chelms; **Lindsay Grassby**, Cooke; **A. Balfitt**, West Bridgford; **Michelle Butler**, Reading; **Allison Wheeler**, Dovenry; **Pamela Gupta**, Dorby; **Jay Bedford**, L. Bates; **Ipswich**; **R. Marshall**, Topsham; **Eleanor Clitt**, Ware; **Tea Rogers**, Littleport; **H. O'Brienshaw**, Prestbury; **Peter Finch**, Chelmsford; **Woo Wood**, Pinner; **Julian Ward**, Hampton; **Gregory Allan**, Oulton; **Dawn Parker**, South Horow; **Kath Gloucester**, A. Tainton; **Bargor**; **Genda Hickey**, Hethersett; **Jennifer-Anne Blauman**, London SE24; **Mark Downer**, Shepton-Under-Wychwood; **Robert Woods**, Norwich; **Graham Ridge**, Harston; **David Oswald**, Govan.

Bad Company

● Two winners of a jacket and 12" single of 'Fame And Fortune' are **Falor Warshaw**, North Baddesley and **Jonathan Barratt**, Istobok.
 The next twenty-three win the single **T. Powers**, Kingscote; **L. Holden**, Cantril Farm; **Atlanta Yarbrough**, London W11; **Julia**

Melwalne, Kingspark; **Simon Freeman**, Cliff; **Blain Mistry**, Astron-Under-Lyns; **Becky Ince**, Little Crockhol; **L. Donaldson**, Whitehaven; **Andy Cullier**, Denton; **Andrew Bromley**, Sely; **David Walton**, Soham; **John Pearson**, Bourne End; **Jesse Urmsom**, Runcorn; **Rita**, Middleborough; **Jackie Lamont**, Pissawick; **Katharine Elwick**, Low Prinston; **Jane Pallister**, Upton; **Brian Griffiths**, Borewest; **Sul Yang**, Aylesbury; **Sarah Jackman**, High Woodcote; **Julia Dora**, Chipperham; **Aide Mairandola**, Lorb; **Graham Warren Bull**, Tettenhall.

The Pretenders

● Twenty winners of a shirt and 'Hymn To Her' double pack are: **Vicki Sheridan**, Blackburn; **Andy Morris**, Moseley; **Jacky Brynoff**, Milon of Campsis; **Michelle Scott**, Surrey; **R. Dempster**, Harlow; **Mandy Aylett**, Burn Oak; **Anna Dalches**, Bumbley; **Graeme Farquharson**, Farnham; **Victoria Cook**, Chalmston; **Rosa Anderson**, Clackston; **G. Sutton**, High Compton; **Anne Egan**, Clidon; **Michelle Braunton**, Ballyvaugue; **L. Bates**, Ipswich; **A. Daniels**, New Chatham; **Clare Bowes**, London SE15; **Marie Culling**, Cambridge; **Angela White**, Whitehills; **Hanna Callaghan**, Walton; **J. Harvey**, Breston.

Shoot That Tiger

● Five winners of a set of postcards are: **Darren Spavick**, Harlow; **C. Watson**, Bingley Farm; **Fiona MacLean**, Kirkcaldy; **Tarell Dora**, Pembroke Dock; **Jev Horley**, Hatfield.

Guess who's coming to college?

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Name: Bruce Robert Howard. My family call me "Bruce" but I dropped it when I was in Australia because everyone is called Bruce out there. So I became Robert even though I can't say it properly (He says "Wober" - Ed). Mind you, I can't say "Bwuce" either.

Born: 2/5/61 in Haddington, Lothian, Scotland. I left when I was about 18 months but I still feel quite Scottish because all my family are Scottish and my grandmother still lives in the Shetlands. On the other side my father's Jewish so I'm Scottish Jewish which is quite a bad mixture if you want to borrow money.

First crush: Marc Bolan, I suppose, because he had gorgeous hair and I just thought he was wonderful for about 18 months. I went to an all-boys school so I didn't have any girls to have a crush on and he was the nearest thing, I suppose. He had a voice from out of space. My first crush on a girl wasn't really till I was 17 and I met Linda (his ex-wife).

First record bought: "Deborah" by T. Rex. I've still got it and it still sounds positive and full of energy and wonderful.

First concert: Wizard at King's Lynn where I lived - they were awful. I don't really enjoy live gigs - too loud and raucous. It was 72 or 73 I suppose and I really loved them as a group at the time - they made the best Christmas record ever with "I Wish It Could Be Christmas Every Day". In those days I had a wedge haircut and flat shoes and t-shirts with things like "Soul Brother Number One" on.

Last book read: "The Outsider" by Colin Wilson. It's his interpretation of outsiders through history. He picks on people like T.E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia), Nietzsche, Kafka and people like that and explains why he thinks they can't live in society because they know too much. It's quite a mindblowing book. I love reading - it's my one solace in the never-ending battle you have with yourself. I don't want to lose my thirst for knowledge so I have to force myself to read all the time.

What's the best word to rhyme with Sydney? Kidney, I suppose. There's not much else unless you bend the rules and allow things like "kiss me" sort of an alliteration whatever.

Have you ever felt you were a "prophet of God"? Er, no. I can categorically state that, unlike Mr Alderman - Anderton or whatever he's called, I think people like that are very dangerous - the Billy Gabriels and Terry Waites of this world who go round doing things and justifying their very existence by saying God's on their side. The whole American social structure is based on that - everyone from Reagan to Prince has got God on their side - so that when something like AIDS comes out it's "God's revenge" because people are promiscuous and don't follow the Ten Commandments. It makes me really angry. I wouldn't put it past the FBI or CIA to have invented AIDS - it's the perfect foil for their religious, right wing, almost fanatical philosophy. You have to fight against these attitudes so I'm doing ads for

condoms and playing AIDS benefits. All you can do is things like that and talk about it when you get the chance and try in your own little way to redress the balance.

Can you talk us through the greatest goal you've ever scored in football? That's easy. When I was in goal once as a junior apprentice for Norwich City because our goalkeeper was injured, I kicked it, it bounced once and went over their "keeper's head". That was the only time I ever thought I had God on my side.

Who would you rather go across the Atlantic in a hot air balloon with?

a) Ben from Curiosity Killed The Cat b) Richard Branson c) Pepsi & Shirlee d) Jon Ben Joviv? Oh God! The guy out of Bon Jovi - the others are just such a hideous idea. He's the best of a very bad bunch. Richard Branson's just a bored millionaire playboy and I don't really think about him. I think he's a deeply suspicious character though I can't put my finger on why - probably something to do with his beard. I don't think about people like Curiosity Killed The Cat or Pepsi or Shirlee. What they are doing is playing the game: there's nothing at all inspirational about them and they're not going to make any teenager go on a date. The world or form a band or become a writer. I'm not claiming that we're that different yet, but I want to be.

Have you ever thought you were a bus stop? No, not really. Wayne Hussey thought he was one? Well, he was wrong - he's a traffic light. Wayne Hussey - now there's a man. He's terrible. He talks too much and wants to be androgynous and bisexual when everyone knows he's a Tetley Bitterman with a Led Zepplin collection in his bedroom.

What's your flat like? It's a big flat and I've got one room in it - I share with a DJ called Hector. The rest is taken up with his equipment. I don't own any furniture apart from my bed, and my room has books stacked up one wall, records up the other and mirrors on the other. It probably sounds very dodgy. I'm very fond of mirrors - it's not some narcissistic infatuation, it just makes your room look bigger. I haven't got my own place but people should remember firstly that pop stars don't make that much money unless they're in Phil Collins compact disc territory and secondly that they're not intrinsically special or flamboyant people. Apart from me.

Does your exercise bike ever keep the neighbours awake? No, because I don't use it at night - I just do sit-ups without it. And anyway my neighbours are my best friends. I used to have an exercise bike - my ex-wife had one - and I tried it out but I didn't like it. It hurts your bum when you sit on it.

What's the most interesting thing about snooker? Not the actual game itself but the clubs and the "scene". The club I go to in Brixton is quite "happening" - there's ghetto blasters going and things. It's like the Wild West; they're like little dens of iniquity. I don't play as much as I used to though - people recognise me and want to take me on for large amounts of money.



**GOLD SPOT
STOPS YOUR MOUTH
FEELING LIKE A...**





DR ROBERT

(BLOW MONKEYS)

"Wayne Hussey is terrible. He talks too much and wants to be androgynous and bisexual when everyone knows he's a Tetley Bitterman with a Led Zeppelin collection in his bedroom."



Being Bad isn't always easy...

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FIVE STAR



stay out of my life



Watching all the films as they go back in time
Taking all the pictures but I never knew why you went
Rivers ran dry
Reading all the letters made up in my mind
Never thought that moment would have ever been mine
But then I threw it all away

You were nearly mine until yesterday
'Til I found out you were playing around
While I was waiting for you so

CHORUS

Stay out of my life
I don't wanna know the truth
Stay out of the darkness
While I'm reaching for you
Stay out of my life
I don't wanna know the truth
'Cause the memories surround my mind
Oh you can never forget a broken heart

Two long hard years I fought back those tears
It took a lot of pressure
To admit that I was right where I started from
Rivers run dry
All you lonely people without a love
There are scientific senses coming down from above
To find nothing there to hold

You were nearly mine until yesterday
'Til I found out you were playing around
While I was waiting for you so

REPEAT CHORUS

Never forgot the days you took my love
You were leading me on
Ooh you were taking me over
I never thought I'd have this price to pay
I had it all wrong now it's all over

Stay out of my life
I don't wanna know the truth
Stay out of the darkness
While I'm reaching for you
Stay out of my life
I don't wanna know the truth
'Cause the memories surround my mind

Stay out of my life
I don't wanna know the truth
Stay out of the darkness
While I'm reaching for you
Stay out of my life
I don't wanna know
I don't wanna know know know know

Stay out of my life
I don't wanna know the truth
Stay out of the darkness
While I'm reaching for you
Stay out of my life
No no no
Stay out of my life yeah
Stay out of the darkness

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running in The Family

Our dad would send us to our room
He'd be the voice of doom
Ha said that we would thank him later
All day ha was solid as a rock
But by eight o'clock we'd be crumbling
One night my brother Joa and ma
Climbed down the family tree
That grew outside our bedroom window
We ran though we knew it couldn't last
Running from the past
From things that we were born to be

CHORUS

Looking back it's so bizarre
It runs in the family
All the things wa ara
On the back seat of the car
With Joseph and Emily
Wa only saa so far
And wa all hava our daddy's ayas
Looking back it's so bizarra

Dad rang the officer in charge
A man so larga
Ha barely fit his circumstances
Ha said two kids out on the straat
Were picked up on the beet
And in the station
So there's ma with Emily and Joe
And Daddy driving homa
All heading in the same direction
Ha know no matter what the breaks
Wa'd make the same mistakes
Couldn't take his eyes off Joa and ma

REPEAT CHORUS

It runs in the family
All the things wa ara
Looking back it's so bizarra
Lika a dream within a dream
Wa're all somewhara in between (ooh)
Like a drummer plays his drum
Like a father like a son (ooh)
You're gonna hava to face the music
Oh yeah
Face the music

Hay hay wa kaap it running in the family
Hey hey we kaap on coming in the family

Looking back it's so bizerre
It runs in the family
All the things wa ara
On the beck seat of the car
With Joseph and Emily
Wa only see so far
'Cause wa all have our daddy's ayas

Looking back it's so bizarra woh yeah yeah
Running in the family
Running in the family
And wa all hava our daddy's ayas
Looking back it's so bizarra woh yeah yeah
Running in the family

Words and music by King Radnor/Gavitt
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★ LEVEL 42 ★



RSVP

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

● **Hi there, I'm a fun-loving, active, sensitive freak who's into popular '60s and '80s music.** If there's anyone out there who has a good laugh, who's 14-18, boy or girl, alien or something, then contact me: Kazi Brody, 2 Steeles Road, Harpendale, London NW3 4SE

● **Two male 16 year old lads looking for anyone 16+.** Interests include: TK and Toki, Dead Or Alive, Fall Shop Boys and enjoying like 'AM' replies answered. Please write to Love and Lust, 12 Hum Walk, Starsby-Hill, Thornaby-on-Tees, Cleveland TS17 9DU

● **A mad, partly dressed femala would love any Japan, David Sylvian, Bowie, Cocteau Twins or Smiths lovers to write to her.** If you're a male freak or toony between the ages of 16-25 then write to: Sarah, 76 Woodside Road, Salisbury, Wiltshire SP2 9EG

● **Hello, my name is Robert Webster and I would like to write to girls from anywhere in the world.** I like rap, pop and chart music so if you're impressed get writing to me at: 17 Francis Place, Longwell Green, Bristol BS15 6DR

● **Hay! Is there anyone out there who wants to write to a 16 year old punk girl from Finland?** If so please write to: Julia, Soini, Kuusivallontie SF-28760, Pori, Finland

● **Two young free and single guys want to hear from sixteen year old girls into Go West, Madonna, UB40, Nik Kershaw and the Thompson Twins.** If you're interested then write to: Del and Nick, 13 Bakewell Close, Luton LU4 0DD

● **I'm a 15 year old female who's looking for someone to write to.** I like most music except heavy metal and Duran Duran. If you're between 15 and 20, male or female, have any sort of taste in music and enjoy a good time then write to: Karen Barclay, 37 Knockhall Road, Newburgh, Elgin, Aberdeenshire, Scotland AB9 0EL

● **Hi, I'm Rachael and I'm 14 years old.** At the moment I'm into Madonna, A-Ta, Tom Cruise, Nick Kamen, Eurythmics and many more. If you've got a sense of humour, you're between 14 and 16 and from anywhere in the world, get scribbling to: Rachael Forrester, 10 Cockshuf Hill, Birmingham B26 2JH

● **20 year old Danish girl looks for panpals from London.** I will be moving to London soon and would like to make a few friends. I like Depeche Mode, Simple Minds, New Order, U2, The Cure and Joy Division. Please write to: Hella Frost Hansen, Rylevvej 30, 4229 Korsør, Denmark

● **Hi, my name is Tarry and I would like to hear from any 14-15 year olds into Giorgio Moroder, The Human League and OMD.** If this sounds like you, get writing to: Terry Barnes, 52 Adair Drive, Sheehans-BY-Sea, West Sussex BN4 6PL

● **Hi, my name is Cathrine and I'm 15 years old.** My musical interests vary so there is anybody out there who's between 13-18 and you also enjoy sport, please write to: Cathrine Milton, 10 Warwick Close, Market Drayton, Shropshire TF9 1RQ

● **Hi, my name is Jos.** I'm looking for anyone male or female, 14+ who is into Simple Minds, Bon Jovi, Europe, Five Star, The Bangles, Husky Lewis and The News and other music. If you would like to write to me, drop a line to: 5 Oakmont Drive, Waterhroville, Portsmouth, Hants PO8 6TH

● **Hi, I'm Lindsay.** I'm a 12 year old girl who would like to hear from males and females from anywhere. I'm into A-Ta, Madonna, Five Star and Shakira. Slavers. If you're interested, write to me at: 143 Vire Road, Stoke Poges, Bucks SL2 4DH

● **18 year old female seeks people who are into The Jesus And Mary Chain, Pizies, Sonic Youth, Primal Scream and The Primitives.** Please write to: Patricia Gonzalez, 5071 Cortegena, La Brea, CA 90623, USA

● **Hi, we're 3 trendy guys called George, Ben and Rick.** We like all chart music but no heavy metal. All girls between 13-16 please write to us at: 6 Summerhouse Farm, East Repton, Tyne and Wear DH5 9QQ

● **Hi, I'm a 13 year old girl who would like to hear from anyone mad on Michael J Fox, Mags and Roger Black.** I also like Liverpool and Aston Villa football clubs. Write to: Lorraine, 100 Anolds Drive, Farnham, Hants PO16 7NU

● **Hi! I'm a 15 year old Indonesian girl living in Egypt.** I'm looking for panpals aged 15-18 and I like A-Ta, Go West, Falco, Pet Shop Boys etc. Please write to: Elizabeth Wicakari Wulandari, A10, Madinat El Munawarah St, Dokki - Giza, Cairo, Egypt

● **A U2 fan here looking for a girl to write to.** So if you're 14-16 and adore U2 and also TF, Simple Minds and Dire Straits, pick up a pen and write to: Reg Bennett, 15 McDermott Avenue, Jareeboro, Limerick, Ireland

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I don't talk about sex... at all

Dodgy ground, that." Ooops! Rumour had it that Mick Hucknall only liked talking about food, sex and music and, since Simply Red's forthcoming LP is called "Men And Women", we've just broached the second topic.

Not a good move, as it turns out, because Mick's still rather sensitive about a recent feature in a "music" paper which hinted that he was rather, erm, "keen" on girls and got "through" quite a few on tour. He's not disputing it, but complains that "it made me sound like a right bastard. In a way I'm quite a moralist, but I don't have a regular girlfriend so I'm not morally tied to anybody. It's impossible at this stage in my life, because I'm constantly away from home. It would be almost hypocritical because I know I'd end up being unfaithful."

And with that he glowers belligerently across the table. Er... well, has he ever been sick in the back of a car, then?

"No. And I've never 'done it' in the back of a car either. So there's the only thing you're going to get on my sexual life - where I've never 'done it'. I've never 'done it' in a plane, either... I always remember that tale Janice Long (who used to be an air hostess) told about an air hostess she knew who always used to go having sex in the toilet. I still want to know how the hell you manage. The toilets aren't even comfortable to sit on! And what a racket!" He turns away and starts crooning the song "Love For Sale", i.e. "time to change the subject, matey".

Mick will talk about food, however, which is just as well seeing as we're having lunch in a semi-swank Chinese restaurant of his choosing. Nevertheless, he's still a mite wary of being "set up". "I don't want it too look like I'm eating all this - shock horror!" he shrieks only half-jokingly, as the photographer surrounds him with heaps of Dim Sum (morsels of spook-food wrapped in rice and pancake parcels). "All the last reviews said I was a fatty," he frets from behind an astroturf-like mound of dried seaweed. "I mean, I don't think I'm a fatty, not at all. I'm supposed to have put on loads of weight, but actually I've lost some. (Puffs face.) These pictures are going to be disgusting."

Fact Mick Hucknall is quite thin. He is also something of a "gourmet" and, once convinced he's not going to be portrayed as an overweight glutton, starts waxing lyrical over various slimy (but admittedly tasty) confections. Given the chance he prefers to cook at home; a current favourite tippie is garlic soup (blee!). His real speciality, though, is



MICK HUCKNALL

"I don't think I'm a fatty" ... and he's not "a right bastard" and he's not "the most reviled man in Manchester", no matter what Swing Out Sister might say and ... Vici MacDonald ducks as Simply Red's Mick Hucknall "bites" back. Photos: Julian Barton

Indian food, so here's a handy hint: "One of the keys is to use mustard oil or ghee, which is butter with all the crap taken out of it. But mustard oil is fantastic for frying vegetables in ... (comes on in this fashion for several centuries) ..."

Perhaps he should have his own TV show, like "Dame" Delia Smith ... "Yes!" he explodes enthusiastically. "That's my ambition - to have my own cookery programme. That's what I want to do!"

He adds that he'd have been happy to demonstrate his culinary skills to *Smash Hits* had he been at home in Manchester, where he's just bought a house (£30,000 - a snip!) He doesn't see much of this new acquisition, though - "I've only been there for five days - it's just somewhere to store my things. I'm abroad most of the time, but next year I should get three months off, then I'm going to live there for a while."

Rumour has it he's less than popular around the Manchester area these days. Mick gets distinctly frosty. "That's not true," he bristles. "People are really nice



▲ "They do! Mmmmmmmmm!"
▲ "Speezy?" - The rest of the universe.)

▲ "Have you got anything else that looks like a golf-course?"



▲ "Mmm. I do believe they sell seaweed that looks like a golf-course in here ..."

to me in Manchester. I have a great time, it's my home."

Erm ... that's not what Martin Jackson from *Swing Out Sister* (who used to be in trendy late 70s Manchester cult group *Magazine*) said in the last issue of *Smash Hits*, in which Martin remembers him as "a gawky little kid with a fat face" who used to turn up at all of *Magazine's* concerts, and moans about him going back up north and - quote - "posing around with a cape on and that bleedin' cane."

Mick reads the article intently for a couple of minutes, snorting with disdain and muttering, disbelievingly, "With a cane on?! [Snorts.] A cane!?" Finally he rears his head in disgust. "I can't understand it! I've never said anything about *Swing Out Sister*. They've also said I was the most reviled man in Manchester." I know that guy from way back and he's just going to have to grow

up. Though he should have grown up by now with the experience he's had" (i.e. he's knocking on a bit, haw haw).

"I've never been hassled in Manchester," he continues crossly. "And the people I meet - and I go out a lot - are great with me. I don't get hassled full stop. I don't need to defend myself from comments like that."

Bit of a "raw nerve" situation here, it seems, since that's precisely what Mick proceeds to do.

"You see the point to bear in mind about having a hat or having a stick is that I wear it when I want to wear it, not because it's an image suited to the public taste. I've always worn strange clothes, ever since seeing *Magazine* and all those groups (i.e. after punk rock). People didn't have black leather and spiky hair in those days at all - the whole idea was to look individual. I used to wear, like, a really dingy plastic electric blue raincoat (yum) and £1.50 jeans from the Army & Navy stores. They don't wear things like that now."

This is true. "As for the blackthorn cane, I got that the day I gave up smoking. We were pottering around in this little town outside Aberdeen when I saw the stick. I just stopped smoking, that day, and I think the stick had something to do with it - it was something to hold. It's so nice to have, it fits so nicely in my hand. There's something about a walking stick ..."

There must be - he's now got five of the things: another blackthorn, a swordstick, an Ethiopian stick "that's long and thin with a little deer's head on it, which is beautiful" and - spook upon spook - a Jamaican "duppie" or "ghost stick".

"This guy carved it for me, but I won't take it out - it'd frighten the life out of

people. It's a real heavy stick! It's supposed to be from the forest where all the ghosts are - the duppie's a ghost. There's never been a picture of me with that stick."

A part from the sticks though, he's not a collector. "I'm not very jealous. The only things I'm possessive about are my records, which are like gold to me. My record collection's not that big, mind - it's just that I've not got any crap." He later says he's got "at least a hundred" James Brown records, so it must be fairly large. Apart from the soul and jazz music which he's so renowned for liking, he's also fond of the Rolling Stones, the Beatles. Tim Buckley (a dead '70s songwriter) and twangy hippie songster Neil Young. "His 'On The Beach' LP is one of my favourite albums ever, because the songs are so good. I used to listen to side two before I went to bed every night."

He doesn't have much time for modern "artstates" though, "because I don't think things are as useful as they used to be. Melodies aren't in vogue any more." He mentions that Prince, Eurythmics and Talking Heads are OK, but when the Chinese version of George Michael's "Careless Whisper" comes a-booming over the restaurant's "sound" system, he just pulls a big face and says hastily, "I've not said anything. I've not said yes or no." He does like Madonna, though. "I never really used to, but I liked 'Papa Don't Preach'. I also like the way she looks now, fantastic. She looks like a woman. She used to look like a sort of ... [wrinkles nose] ... girl ..."

Aha! Back to the subject of women. Mick once said he preferred women's company to men's. Is this true? There's a long silence.

"Erm ... yeah, yeah ... It seems in retrospect such a general comment to make. I don't really feel like that now ...". He's being evasive. "Well, I think women are more diplomatic than men. And probably more sharing ... these are tough questions. It's not the kind of thing I really think about."

Well, he's just called his new LP "Men And Women", so he presumably has some views on the subject?

"Yes, but it's about relationships - particular relationships, particular scenes. I can't generalise. It's based on me and a couple of other people ... they know who they are."

He looks away again, and won't say any more on the subject ...

Time for the token *Smash Hits* spook-question. How would he like to die?

"Well, I don't want to die, but if I was to die I'd think I'd had a pretty good time, so it wouldn't bother me. If I was dying of a disease I'd make another LP quick, and I'd wait till I started feeling ill before I took any drugs. I want to leave things behind, six or seven classic albums. I'd like to have a family too - I will, definitely. If you have a family you build something, you create something."

He could always donate his sperm to a sperm bank. I "joke".

Mick is utterly horrified by this suggestion. "Why?! I'd have babies with the woman I loved, no one else! Pah! [Snort, Mutter] I'd die happy, anyway. Something I've said right from the beginning is that my ambition is to get out of this business and be able to sleep at night in the knowledge that I've never ripped anybody off, and I've never done anybody wrong who didn't do it me wrong. I still like that idea of being able to have a clear conscience when I go. And I think I'll have that ..."

And what would he have inscribed on his gravestone?

"Well, I wouldn't let you write it, I know that!"
Charming ...



▲ "Bleat! Oh dear. Too many golf courses this luncheon time!"

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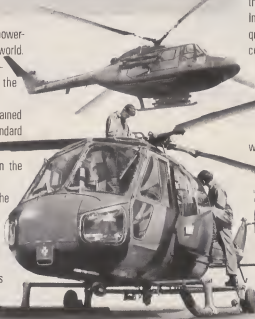
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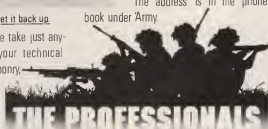
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It doesn't have to be this way
Just counting the hours
'Cause when you bed is made then baby it's too late ya eh
There's no hope for the hungry child
Whose joker is wild
They take all hope away by the end of the day
Well I've just about had enough of the sunshine hey (hey)

What did I hear you say
You know it doesn't have to be that way
You (you) when you walk out the door
(You walk out the door)
You gotta ask for more (you gotta ask for more)
You gotta ask for more

It doesn't have to hurt that way
Just counting the pain

You've only got yourselves to blame
For playing the game
There's no hope for the hungry child (no wonder)
Whose joker is wild
And they take all hope away (no wonder)
And I just can't see the sense in my mind hey (no wonder) ooh
And I've just about had enough of the sunshine hey (hey)

What did I hear you say
You know it doesn't have to be that way
You (you) when you walk out the door baby
(You walk out the door)
You gotta ask for more (you gotta ask for more)
From society
Take a tip from me now yeah

(Do you want it do you want it do you want it)
(Don't you know that I got it baby)
(If you want)
(Don't you know I got it baby)
(Do you want it do you want it)
Ooh and I've just about had enough of the sunshine hey (hey)

What did I hear you say (what did I hear you say)
Oh you know it doesn't have to be that way
When you walk out the door (when you walk out that door)
Ooh you better ask for more baby baby baby hey (hey)

What did I hear you say
You know it doesn't have to be that way
You (you) when you walk out the door baby
(You walk out the door)
You gotta ask for more (you gotta ask for more)
You gotta ask for more

I said hey (hey) what did I hear you say
You know it doesn't have to be that way
You (you) when you walk out the door baby
(You walk out the door)
You gotta ask for more (you gotta ask for more)
You gotta ask for more
More uh huh huh

Words and music by Dr. Robert
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On RCA Records

It doesn't have to be this way

Blow me baby



Michael Crawford - The Music of the Night

Night time sharpens heightens each sensation
Darkness wakes and stirs imagination
Silently the senses abandon their defences
Helpless to resist the notes I write
For I compose the music of the night

Slowly gently night unfurls its splendour
Gleam it sames it tremulous and tender
Hearing is believing music is deceiving
Herd as lightning soft as candle light
Here you trust the music of the night

Close your eye
For your eye will only tell the truth
And the truth isn't what you want to see
In the dark it is easy to pretend
That the truth is what it ought to be

Softly deftly music shall caress you



Hear it fear it secretly possess you
Open up your mind let your fantasies unwind
In this darkness which you know you cannot light
The darkness of the music of the night

Close your eye
Start a journey through a strange new world
Leave all thoughts of the world you knew before
Close your eyes and let music set you free
Only then can you belong to me

Floating falling sweet intoxication
Touch me trust me savour each sensation
Let the dream begin let your darker side give in
To the power of the music that I write
The power of the music of the night

You alone can make this song take flight
Help me make the music of the night

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love know how you feel?
Let them know or keep
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WHSMITH WHSMITH 

Subject to availability

Some resurrection is no conclusion
Some poor pretension but no invention
In the night they become just what they want
One sensation just like Roger Moore

Chorus

Please tell us what they say
They tell us what to do
They're only fooling me and you
You know what I ain't
You know what I ain't
I ain't no Gigolo aunt
You know what I ain't
You know what I ain't
I ain't no Gigolo aunt

Tom seizes agents codes and deadly tricks
The prince of darkness from the horror flicks
The spiders webs of intrigue a silent scream of dread
Oh where have they gone lost in pity and despair

Repeat chorus

You know what I ain't
I ain't no Gigolo aunt
I am no Gigolo aunt
You know what I ain't
I ain't no Gigolo aunt
I am no Gigolo aunt

She stands there on the stair
Nobody cares we know he's there
She's making coffee for two
Who does he fool it's me and you

Repeat chorus

You know what I ain't
I ain't no Gigolo aunt
I am no Gigolo

Repeat to fade

Words and music by The Damned
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GIGOLO

THE DAMNED



STAND BY ME



501

AS FEATURED IN THE LEVI'S COMMERCIAL

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On 7" & 3-Track 12"

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GOSH!!

Here's what the "stars" are saying about the next edition of *Smash Hits* . . .

- "I can't wait to get my hands on it! Why? Because it's got something about **THE STYLE COUNCIL** in!!" – David Owen (SDP)
- "I must say, I am greatly looking forward to it! Why? Because it's got something about **FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD** in!!" – Prince Philip
- "Coer, it's going to be super! Why? Because it's got something about **CUTTING CREW** in, of course, sillies!!" – Anita Brookner (Booker Prize winner)
- "Should be ace, I reckon! Why? Because it's got the **HISTORY OF HEAVY METAL** in!!" – Sir Alistair "T-Bone" Burnet
- "It's gonna be a real corker! Why? Because it's got something about those hirsute hunks **BON JOVI** in!!" – Fatima Whitbread
- "I read *The Guardian*, myself" – Peter Ustinov
- "Well, bog off then, old timer, 'cos it's *Smash Hits* for me every time!!!!!!!" – Sarah Brightman

So there we have it!!

SMASH HITS on sale **FEBRUARY 25 . . .**

WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN

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AS FEATURED IN THE LEVI'S COMMERCIAL

ROSIE VELA

William Shaw swaps "zen jive words" (?) with a very strange American ex-model...

It's flipping cold outside Rosie Vela's New York apartment.

The thermometer reads about minus eight degrees centigrade, there's a nasty blizzard blowing, and, as Rosie says, "there's a 'wind chill' factor that's making it *real* cold." So she's decided not to go out this morning at all. Instead, she's been playing around in the recording studio that she's got in her three room flat — something she's spent a lot of time doing in the ten years since she became a very famous, highly paid model.

"I get home and I practice till I fall asleep. — And then like this morning — I woke up and even before I had a stitch of clothing on, I had my keyboard in my lap and I was working on this song. It's just kinda another dimension you have to stay in tune with."

This, then, is the strange world of 33 year old Rosie Vela, ex-top fashion model turned pop star...

SHE'S BEEN ON THE COVER OF VOGUE 14 TIMES...

"When I was in art class in Galveston, Texas, a friend of mine wanted to become a fashion photographer. I'd never even heard of such a thing before and I thought 'What a novel idea!' He took some pictures of me and that was my first time in front of the camera. Anyway, he sent the pictures off to a modelling agency and I didn't know anything about it until they wrote back and said 'God! she should be a model.' If she ever makes it to New York let us know, I had no plans at all of going to New York. I'd heard that there was nothing but murderers and muggers. Anyway, I went to New York when my boyfriend of three years, later my husband, died of cancer. It was like, after he died there was no reason to stay any more. I just had to throw myself into something that moved so fast that I didn't have to think about it."

"Within two months I was making money at it. It's not the usual thing to happen to a girl but it happened pretty quickly. For modelling you just have to be born beautiful and if you're lucky enough and hopefully talented enough you can keep them amused in front of a camera. I never thought I was beautiful so I relied more on *emoing*. You have to be in a fantasy world of your own

when someone's pointing a camera at you... I go to a certain *inward* place. I think it's very *sensual* when you're really giving that performance to a camera. What do I think when I look in the mirror? I think 'Oh my God! Oh dear! Who are you kidding, Vela?!'"

SHE WRITES MILLIONS OF ODD SONGS.

"My husband left me with this mission when he died. He was an incredible musician, a virtuoso piano player, a virtuoso guitarist. He played bass and drums, and he recorded 40 of his own songs which he left me. He said 'Do my songs.' So I felt this burning desire inside, everything that I'd lived for, breathed for, loved for... all of our time was spent with this music. I played it to a couple of people to see if they wanted to do anything with it and they all kind of thought the tragedy was too fresh. The songs were great but the fact that the person who'd written them had just died struck them as funny, so I quit playing them because I had to develop my own self. I started writing and writing and writing my own songs. It kicked me into doing it. That's how *Life*! into doing songs... and now I've got a chance to do something with *his* songs."

HER KEYBOARD PLAYING DRIVES HER NEIGHBOURS BONKERS.

"It's a small place I live in so, yeah, they do complain sometimes. Do you know who my next door neighbour is? He's this movie critic called Joel Segal. He's famous in America, he's been on TV for years. For years he didn't know me — the only thing is he'd come round occasionally and ring my bell and say 'Do you mind lowering it a little?' He was really cool about it."

SHE WROTE "MAGIC SMILE" IN BARBADOS.

"Barbados is like my second home. I've been going there for nine years whenever I can get away. There's nothing to do there but waterski, run on the beach and swim and there's no nightlife except for this little disco which I *never* go to. In the evening I write songs. There's these little local kids that hang out with me, three year olds to 13 year olds and I can have a *whole* living room of them sometimes. They'll

watch me write, then I'll let them play on the piano a bit. It's just like a cameraderie that's coooooo!

"Anyway, I was hanging out with them one evening, watching them and thinking 'Oh God! What am I going to write? There's nothing for me to do. I don't want to go to that discotheque.' So I'm all alone and the kids are really bored so like I pretended I was in a jazz club at three o'clock in the morning, the crickets were *brrrr brrrrr brrrrr*, and the beautiful hypnotic rhythm of the waves crashing was getting going and I'm imagining there's this old black man playing upright bass going *dum dum dum dum dum dum dum dum dum dum*, you know the feel, and there's a shuffle drum, so it's real boogie woogie. OK? What am I going to do with this real corny riff? So I imagine the character of this jazz chanteuse singing (sings) 'Can't imagine how you will thrill me...' And she's singing that and like tossing her arms around her hair sensually... The song is about the elusive game of love, it's just a kinda fun song... (pauses) God! I'm sorry... is that all right? Some people say I'm too stream of consciousness..."

SHE THINKS ENGLISH PEOPLE ARE "HYSTERICAL".

"It's quite a bizzard outside. You know, sometimes it gets much worse here than it does in Kent. Ha! Ha! You go mad about the snow in England, don't you? It's *hysterical!* Everybody acts like it was the first time it happened! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

HER FRIENDS BRING CHICKEN ROUND TO HER FLAT.

"Excuse me, there's someone at the door... Oh good! It's so terrible outside that I asked a friend to bring me round some chicken..."

SHE INVENTS ODD WORDS...

"I just make them up! Like in 'Magic Smile', I've been trying to see you baby, I've been trying to see you baby, I've been trying to see you baby, I've been trying to see you baby. 'Keenoway' was just a made up word. It's like a teasy child word. After I wrote the song I found out that in Lyon in France there's a word that sounds exactly the same which means to make love! I couldn't believe it!!! And 'Zazu' (the title of her LP)... it's

another of those zen jive words I make up. It's whatever is cooooooo! You know, 'I want something really zazu!' Well, my friends know what I mean..."

SHE'S A BRILLIANT WATERSKIER.

"I love going on one waterski the most because your body becomes one complete unit and it's got to be the next greatest thrill to walking on water! This must have been how Jesus felt! It's such a great feeling and it takes so much balance. You have to be *coool* and you have to lean and almost lay down with the water and then you *go* over to the other side. It's a total discipline of the body. It's the *coooliest* thing. I try to be like the natives in Barbados — they're *phenomenal*. I'm not that good. I mean, they can go to sleep on the water..."

SHE WAS TAUGHT PIANO BY A MAD UNN.

"I went to this convent where the nuns were so very strict. My God they were strict! Your skirt had to be four inches below your knees, and they'd make you kneel down to make sure you weren't raising it up any. Girls weren't allowed to put on make-up or put anything in their hair. In one sense it was great because it had a real good educational system. The drawing teachers were phenomenal and the piano teachers were not to be beat. My teacher made me learn very difficult piano parts very quickly. At the age of seven I was playing things I can't even imagine now. But if I put my finger on the wrong note I got a WHACK! on my hand so hard with a ruler and that made me much more attentive!"

SHE'S GOT A FUNNY SURNAME...

"It's Spanish. My mother is English-Irish and my father is of Spanish and Mexican descent. I'm kinds in between there. Vela means candle... it means to sail too..."

SHE'S GOT AN AWFUL LOT OF HAIR AND IT GETS IN THE WAY A BIT.

"Yes, it does sometimes. I end up ripping it out all the time and hoping that enough will grow back to compensate for all I've ripped out. I don't mind. It's just my hair."



MAGIC SMILE

Can't imagine how you'd thrill me
And then you walk away
Can't imagine how you'd love me
And then go away

Oh but oh oh magic is there when you smile
Just like a Hollywood child
And I haven't noticed just where you've been
Like a stranger like in a wind
I could tell you were a fast as you can man
And good advice I could give to you
I wanna see you now
I don't care I don't eat I don't sleep
I don't cry no no
We're two of a kind oh no wub wub wub wub
Tell me control it's too much time

I been tryin' to see ya baby
I been dyin' to keenoway
I been tryin' to see ya baby
Any way that I can
I been tryin' to see ya baby
I been dyin' to keenoway
I been tryin' to see ya baby
And I wonder why

But oh magic is there when you smile
Just like a Hollywood child
And I haven't noticed just where you've been
Like a stranger like in my heart
I could tell you were a fast as you can man
And good advice I could give to you
I wanna see you now
I don't care I don't eat I don't sleep I don't cry
We're two of a kind oh no wub wub wub wub
Tell me it's not so it's too much time

I can't imagine how you'd love me
And then you'd run away
I'm over my head I can't believe it
I can't imagine how you'd love me
And then go away
Oh but oh oh

I just have to say
Modern man was meant to win
But loving you is all I want
I can taste I can feel no no
Gaeen love is real
That's what they say now
Undiscovered consciousness they call love
Must say less than less than this goodbye
It's too much time

Words and music by Rosie Veta
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**WHILE THE REST
OF US WERE
JUST THINKING
ABOUT IT...**

**FERRIS
BORROWED A
FERRARI
AND DID IT -
ALL IN A DAY**



MATTHEW BRODERICK

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**AND ACROSS
THE COUNTRY**

Dearest **Black Type**,
 I just wanted to ask you something. The question is: when someone is talking on a pay phone and the "pips" go, why do they waste time by saying, "oh there go the pips"? Surely they could be saying something else more vital. Someone who thinks that *Asa* are the best group in history and *Duran Duran* aren't, Ballymoney, N. Ireland.

Pips? Pips? Where have you been living for the last several months, might I enquire? Have you not heard of the immaculate technological innovation introduced by that company of companies *British Telecom*? I am referring, of course, to... the *Phone Card!* What usually happens is this: you go into a shop and fork out an inordinately large amount of money for a piece of green plastic. Then you enter a telephone "kiosk", slip the plastic card into the relevant slot and - hey presto! - nothing happens. Yes, shareholders, you've been swizzed again! **Burrah!!!!!!!**

Dear **Black Type**,

I think it is absolutely terrible that *Jools Holland* has been suspended from *The Tube*. He didn't say that four letter word to shock anyone, as most seven year olds know what this means - who doesn't? He even made an official apology on the TV, which is pretty decent of him (I think anyway). Poor old *Jools* - I am strictly refusing to watch *The Tube* until he has returned. *The Square Jans of Greenwich, S. London*.

"Mr" **Black Type** Esquire:

We are writing on behalf of our client *Bobby Ewing*. He claims that the alleged "death" which eventually turned out to be a dream was callously "lifted" and otherwise "half-inched" from his regular TV programme *Dallas*.

Unless you send him one ten pound token and a tea-towel, we will be compelled to take this matter to court.

Rumple has been notified, so take this as a warning.

Yours grabbinly,
Ivor Snatchit (on behalf of *Bobby Ewing*), *Snatchit*, *Loop-hole & Partners*.

Swindlers! For your information, it wasn't your client who had the dream in question, it was, in fact,



WRITE TO: **Smash Htn.** 52-55 Cainsby Street, London W1V 1PF
 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)

Ms Pamela Ewing played by that veritable colossus of acting talent **Ms Victoria Principal**. And ask yourself this? Why has **Ms Principal** announced her retirement from said TV spectacular? Yes, that's right - she hopes to land a part in Britain's best-loved soap opera *ie. mine*. Well, if she honestly believes she's up to playing the challenging role of **Mrs Perkins**, she's got another thing coming! **Hands off our Usa!!!! (????? - Ed.)**

Dear **Black Type**,

Could somebody please inform *Monsieur Wayne Hussey* that *Morgan McVey* is, in fact, a duo and not a horrible pointless popstar.

Thank you,
Lady Penelope and Parker, somewhere in England.

Hello,

I'm a rep for *Indesit* and I'm slightly miffed. Your latest item had a scale drawing of one of our washing machines with (I think) a person going round inside it.

(*Bangles feature. (Jan 28)*). This is very foolish. Everybody knows that a person cannot operate a washing machine from the inside. Don't do it again! *A Rep, Walasey*.

And why, pray, can't you operate a washing machine from the inside? This, I suggest, is a major design fault. I mean, if you were inside a washing machine and it was a-whizzin' round in the final rinse cycle, it would be quite handy to be able to turn it off, wouldn't it? Back to the drawing board, *Indesit!!!!!!!*

Dear **Black Type**,

Why, why, why oh why hasn't ver *Hits* featured anything on the recent *Chas 'n' Dave* phenomenon. There I

was, just before Cribble strolling casually along *Shafesbury Avenue* when wow!! *Chas 'n' Dave* sailed past me on the back of a lorry with their group crooning "There ain't no pleasing you". I was sent! It was totally awe-some!! Was it a promo for their latest "waxing" "*More Chas 'n' Dave Cockney-Type Cheery Knees-Up Seasonal Songs*"? What's their fan club address? Are they married? (How haw - I didn't mean to catch other - cheaseseely)

I have seen the future of *Rawk & Rocoli* and it's name is *Chas 'n' Dave!*
Sybil (Yes. It's my real name), *London W1*.

Chas 'n' Dave? *Chas 'n' Dave?* Why, is that any way to refer to our lovely *Prince and Princess of Wales*, even if he does talk of *parnsips*? That's what *Mrs Perkins* would say, anyway. I, myself, of course am "np" with all current trends in popular music and, therefore, with my finger firmly on the pulse of the pop biz, know, instantly, that you are referring to Britain's bravest pianoforte bangers! *aves* les enticing beards who so cunningly subverted the course of popular culture with... "*Snooler Loopy*". *Allotgevvanah*. . . "*Pot the red ball screw back for the yellow green brown blue pink and black snooler loopy nuts are we're all snooly... loo-pee*." *Burrah!! I too, have seen the future of rock'n'roll and it's called Red Box. Avanti!*

Dear **Mr Black**,

Hi there! I'm just writing to say that I was given a very nice birthday present by my wife's brother and I thought I would try it out on ya to see what you think, why don't I? It's a pretty swank "word" processor you see and it's got lots of pretty fab gadgets on it

that are just utterly incredible and make you wonder why you ever used a "type" writer in the first place, hoh! Anyway, what I would like to know is this. Firstly, does *Mr Perkins* (the most boring man in the world) use one of these machines and if not why not? And secondly, does your publisher, as per your "*A Publisher Writes*" section, use one and if not why not? Here's the new technology, eh? The same singer will oblige, as they say in *Cullybuckey*. *Word up!*
Rodney Murray, Bromsgrrove.

Mr Perkins, as fate would have it, did once spy a word processor in a mail order catalogue and ordered it on a month's free trial as he thought it might be handy for logging his household accounts but, needless to say, it was far too "new-fangled" for the likes of him and he thought it must have mice living in it as it squeaked each time he pressed one of the keys. The processor came to a sticky end on Christmas Eve when *Mrs Perkins*, mistaking it for a television set, attempted to tune it to the Queen's Christmas Broadcast To The Nation And Commonwealth. So incensed was she to miss the words of "*Her Gracious Majesty*" that she did irreparable damage to the machine with her ironing board (which is as nothing to the damage she did to *Mr Perkins*). As for your other "query"...

A Publisher writes: *Hmm, what do you make of this word processor idea, Miss Pringle? Do you think if I were to instal them I might be able to do something about the gross over-manning within my company i.e. sack all the workshy itinerants cluttering up by valuable office space i.e. the entire Smash Hits staff? If so, order two dozen at the double, Miss P!! Just think of all the money I'll save on wages for those talentless ingrates...*

Now, now, *Miss Pringle*, I am in no way referring to your good self. Why, you, *Miss Pringle* are irreplaceable! And I must say, *Miss Pringle*, that is a very fetching cardigan you are wearing, if I may say so, and is that a new perfume (*Siiiiiiiiiiiiip*)

Dear **Black Type**,

I'd like to protest about the utterly despicable and pathetic letter from "*Phil Oaksey*"'s *White Trousers*" (January 28) about the

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- 21st Hammersmith Odeon
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LETTERS

bestest band in the cosmos i.e. the Housemartins. He or she is wrong on all eight of her "points" - to wit:

1. There's nothing wrong with spots - at least it shows the "Houser" are, like, real - not a piece of pathetic pop confectionery like, say, A-ha.

2. Norman, Stan and Hugh are actually very nice names - I suppose "White Trousers" thinks pop stars should have pukesome names like Mags, Pal and Morton.

3. "Caravan Of Love" is not about caravans - it's a deeply spiritual lament to world peace and brotherly/sisterly love.

4. There's nothing wrong with glasses - "White Trousers" is doubtless the sort of jerk who's so vain that he or she would rather walk into walls than wear glasses.

5. The Housemartins are socialist and are deeply concerned about how they spend their money. I don't know what they plan to do but I bet they don't just buy a Ford each and then stuff themselves with goat's cheese all day.

6. "White Trousers" blatantly "southern" views about the north hardly bear comment. And no one should make jokes about unemployment. If you want a giggle try to analyse "Cry Wolf" as a serious piece of poetry.

7. Yes, they like gun-arms as most sane people do. Morton Harkel, we are told, likes custard tarts - need I say more?

8. The bird "The Housemartin" is actually one of the most graceful and beautiful of our summer birds - a far better name, I would suggest, than a meaningless grunt (i.e. A-ha) - though maybe "meaningless grunt" is quite appropriate, come to think of it.

I rest my case.
Stan's spectacle case, *Mansfield*.

To the Person who would really like to get her teeth into Nick Kamen (*Letters*, January 14).

After reading your letter defending the effeminate Nick Kamen, your closing sentence

somewhat "cheesed" me off. I quote from article - "I'm from York but there are hardly any laundrettes here because everyone's got their own washing machines."

So what if all you "Yorkies" have your own washing machines? Us in the South have to make do with smoky laundromats and clanky old twin tubs. So when your "computer controlled ultra-sensitive" Automatic konks out don't come down here asking to borrow our "Wash-Inn's" because we don't take kindly to "snobs".

Rob (*do the demolition*), *Dewfall*.
Fob (*the Frisbee is right*), Nick Kamen is a greaseball.

Dear Black Type,

I wonder if any other readers have noticed that Jon Bon Jovi and Jimmy Somerville look completely different?

Nina Hagen's pet tortoise, *Norwich*.



▲ Jimmy Somerville ▲ Jon Bon Jovi

Dear Black Type,

As a long time reader of your magazine, I have to protest strongly about Jimmy Somerville's attitude of giving coverage to Jimmy Somerville for his recent, mostly undeserving popularity.

I have nothing against freedom of gays to be what they want to be, or to do what they want to do.

But that doesn't give him, or you for that matter, the right to propagate homosexual ideas to ignorant young people. Some of your readers tend to think in simplistic naive terms accepting that it is actually quite nice to be gay. An irresponsible free for all gay campaign on your pages by Jimmy Somerville and the like ceases to be an expression of personal freedom and may cause irreparable harm. At best, it is utterly tasteless, totally unnecessary and may I add, somewhat vulgar.

History will prove Jimmy's aim is nothing but honest. All he is trying to do is to collect his quids the fastest way he knows. I have no

doubt whatsoever on his good intentions and indignat stand and I consider him as basically a nice chap. But for God's sake, can't he achieve whatever he wants to achieve through his awfully mediocre music just like everybody else? Why does he have to be so explicit over and over again and in every conceivable situation about his sexual preferences and... "conquests"?

Practically everybody knows by now that he is gay. Do you actually have to quote him word for word on such mutterings of pornographic proportions like "French gays are more handsome than English ones, but not as handsome as Italian gays" or "My first crush was on Danny, a laundry boy working in a hospital. I know he must be dead embarrassed by now for he is married and has two kids". Not really I would have thought even such "trash" as Rambo, with all his stupid and empty "heroism" is far less harmful than you allowing for such quotations on your pages.
Terry Burns, Lebanon.

Dear Black Type,

Did anyone dare to miss the brilliant Raze on *TOTP* last week? I thought the girl looked great and her dancing was one of the most original routines that I've ever seen. Got to be the group to look out for in '87.
Sbvl, London.

I'm stumped.

To "Whoever it May Concern",

I have a slight criticism of your wonderful magazine, which I feel I have to make. In your New Year issue (31 Dec '86-13 Jan '87), in your "Birthdays" section in *Blitz*, someone made the fatal error of assuming that Jesus Christ's birthday was on December 28th, O.A.D. This is not the case!!!

No one knows exactly when Jesus was born... or even where. But he was certainly not born in the year "0" because (a) King Herod was dead by then (died in 4 B.C.) and (b) the census was not carried out until 6 A.D., and those facts contradict themselves anyway.

Incidentally, did you know that the three wise men/kings didn't follow the star? They couldn't have done - it appeared in the East, which is where they all came from, so they saw the star and set off in the opposite direction!

And another thing - J.C. probably wasn't born in Bethlehem - can you

imagine a bloke dragging a heavy pregnant woman 80 miles (which would've taken over a week in those times anyway) just to sign his name? I can't! He (Joseph) most probably stayed in Nazareth and was 'counted' there instead.

Anyway, Happy New Year, keep up the good work, prayers for Sir/Lord/Brother/Tyler (RIP) sent, and finally, sack that researcher who can't get his/her facts right!

Love and kisses.

A Christian, left-handed genius leaver/therapist, tied round Morton's wrist as he plays in *M/C* tonight, (also *Pam Wright*)

Dear "death defying" *Black Type*,
(Re *Blitz* *Black Type* - back from the "Dead" article 14 January.)

I have just returned from my local "shopping" centre feeling thoroughly, thoroughly humiliated in the extreme and no mistake! Why - a nation pauses to wonder? I approached a so-called "Smash Hits" journalist with tennis racket in hand" with my "Black Type Ahoy!" badge and words "Hallo! I am Boris Becker (the amazing 17) and I claim my £500!" and was informed by a shop assistant that the journalist was in fact a dummy (easy mistake, eh readers?) advertising Nike tennis wear (reduced by 25 per cent - a s*!p!).

I feel my self-respect severely dented as I have been branded totally insane by the Sports Department of *Debenhams* and to rub salt in the wound, I didn't get a carton of *Un Bongo* (they drink it in the Congo) to sample!

Someone who now wears a bag over her head when she goes to *Debenhams, Fordinbridge*. P.S. I'm glad the "voice of Britain's youth" is back - let's admit, life's been very bleak without Frank Bough!

Terribly sorry about that but it would appear that *Blitz* made a bit of a bish re the wording of that particular article. You see, to get the award of a carton of *Un Bongo* (they drink it in the Congo) you actually had to be Boris Becker. Demand was that great. And Boris, it seems, was elsewhere at the time practicing his backhand volley or whatever it's called, the weasel!! Viz Frank Bough... "So do I, mate." (???) - Ed.) In view of this untoward turn of events, please accept a token and tea towel whilst I shuffle from the edge of the page once more. Good bye.



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SONY TAPE. YOU'LL KNOW IT WHEN YOU HEAR IT.

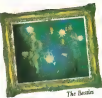
REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY LOLA BORG

THE BEATLES: Strawberry Fields Forever/Penny Lane (Parlophone)

Just why have these two quid-worth songs been re-released right now? Is it the anniversary of something terribly important in the Beatles calendar? Or is it that the record company wants to make a couple of quid without too much effort? Whatever the reason, I suggest you don't buy this, but nip down to Woolworths instead for a peek in the bargain bin where you will no doubt find both these songs on a compilation LP for an absolute snip.



NICK KAMEN: Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever (WEA)

Every right-thinking person must raise their hands in total outrage at this weedy "cover" ("version") of a perfectly splendid song. Originally by Stevie Wonder, written by the Four Tops and sung by the ironically named Levi (!). Stubbs, a wonderfully gooney love song is murdered in the hands of the pouting Nick, who reduces it to utter mush. It's rather like doing a stick drawing of a woman smiling and calling it *The Mona Lisa*. A shocking business.

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS: Ever Fallen In Love With Someone? (London)

Cover versions are getting seriously dull affairs and this one is no exception. This is originally recorded by the wonderful Buzzcocks (V. influential punk band from Manchester - Ed) and Fine Young Cannibals have at least tried to make it sound a bit different - even though that means turning it into a lamentable drone with Roland Gift gurgling annoyingly throughout.

IGGY POP: Shades (A&M)

Iggy Pop was always better off being notorious rather than famous and, frankly, it was a bit of a shock when "Real Wild Child" was a hit - even though it was rather

wonderful. This, sadly, is not, and is unlikely to see him going berserk again on *Top Of The Pops*. Instead of belting out true lion-stirring stuff, Iggy has gone rather wholesome and weedy on us and it plaintively wailing "These are the best shades I've ever seen. Will you be my girlfriend?" Will the real Iggy Pop please come back!

KRAFTWERK: Telephone Call (EMI)

Who else but Kraftwerk (those Germans famed for making quirky electro-pop tunes about very boring things like driving along motorways) would make such a brilliant song about dialling a wrong number with virtually the only words being a haughty voice droning, "The number you have reached has been disconnected?" Or fill it so charmingly with all those clanky paps, rings and squeaks that we probably won't be familiar with for much longer if British Telecom continue on strike! Wonderful.

PAUL SIMON: Diamonds On The Sole Of Her Shoes (WEA)

I've never quite forgiven Paul Simon for penning that awful dirge "Bridge Over Troubled Water". This, though, is nice. It floats along very gently with those wistfully trendy Bhundu Boys or whoever

they are bonging softly in the background and has a hypnotic umm-umm-ahh-ahh so pleasant I think I will forgive him after all.

GREGORY ABBOTT: I've Got The Feelin' (It's Over) (CBS)

A true last-record-at-the-end-of-the-disco number, when entwined couples don't even make the pretence of dancing but just sort of "groove" around in circles. Gregory gets very soulful (or as much as he can do with such a high voice), lamenting his lost love or whatever. Sharon from *EastEnders* would love it.

WESTWORLD: Sonic Boom Boy (RCA)

It seems that all you have to do these days is wear your jeans in a novel fashion and bingo! - you are immediately declared the future of rock and roll. So it is with Westworld, whose single, apparently, was recorded in 28 minutes and sounds like it too. But who gives a tinker's cuss? (A what? - Ed.) It sounds very raw and all the more refreshing for that, with manic guitars and a chorus that ricochets around the head... A mammoth hit.

**EURHYTHMICS:
Missionary Man (RCA)**
Annie Lennox has done some remarkably dodgy things of late, but no one ever seems

to notice or, if they do, they just don't care. But then, I suppose that taking your bra off on stage or marrying and then un-marrying a "mad German monk" and getting away with it is what being a so-called "super-star" is all about. And anyway, does any of this really matter when she and Dave "Friend-Of-The-Stars" Stewart wear away from their more romantic leanings and come up with this spanking steamiest of a song (not autobiographical I hope) about how not to mess with a Missionary Man? No.

ARETHA FRANKLIN: Jimmy Lee (Arista)

Not quite as racy as "Who's Zooming Who?" but a belting good disco song nevertheless from the utterly fabulous Aretha, a woman who could sing Chas 'n' Dave's "Smoker Loopy" and still make you tingle all over - with delight rather than horror. She's also the only person in the entire western hemisphere who can give George Michael a run for his money, which just proves how totally divine she is. So there.

DEBBIE HARRY: Free To Fall (Chrysalis)

If this record were a piece of food, it would be a meringue. It's sugary and gooey with a chorus of angelic voices la-la-lala-ing and Debbie trilling sweetly about drowning in a sea of love and all sorts of other nonsense. But, oh dear!

It's got a rather horrid guitar solo in it so perhaps it isn't a meringue after all. What is utterly scrumptious though is that Debbie Harry is old enough to be Patsy Kensit's great-aunt, but proves - even when she's only half-bothering - that she can still out-fluff anyone.

BILLY IDOL: I Need A Gun (Chrysalis)

The true test of a good record is to close your eyes, imagine it's really being sung by The Goombay Dance Band and then see if you still think it's wonderful. Here the answer would be a resounding yes! And because this is Billy Idol - a man who has made a career out of wearing leather trousers, smouldering moodily and pretending to be bonkers - it's even better!



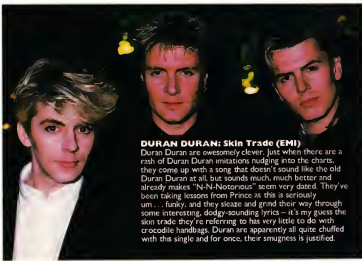
A-HA: Manhattan Skyline (WEA)

Just when you think you can have a little snooze because A-ha have ditched another Eurovision song contest-type ditty, something dreadful happens. The gentle musings about umbrellas flying (!) are interrupted and a Slide record suddenly appears from nowhere - except of course it's not Slide because you can still hear the little creaky bits. This is really very strange indeed, jumping about madly between quiet bits and lots of crashing drums. What has come over them!

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD: Watching The Wildlife (ZTT)

Not wildlife as in the David Bellamy variety, naturally. No, in between the brass and swirling strings and the odd distant thunder rumble, Holly rambles wistfully on about people going about their everyday life and hanging out their washing on the line - not that, I suspect, he knows very much about that kind of thing. A lot less rambling than their last two singles, but it has actually got a devilishly hummable tune. But will this save Frankie from the downward slide towards the dumper? Sadly, I think not.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



DURAN DURAN: Skin Trade (EMI)

Duran Duran are awesomely clever. Just when there are a rash of Duran Duran imitations nudging into the charts, they come up with a song that doesn't sound like the old Duran Duran at all, but sounds much, much better and already makes "In A Mysterious" seem very dated. They've been taking lessons from Prince in this, is seriously, um... funky, and they sleek and grind their way through some interesting, doggy-sounding lyrics - it's my guess the skin trade they're referring to has very little to do with crocodile handbags. Duran are apparently all quite chuffed with this single and for once, their smugness is justified.

VARIOUS: London Pavilion (4) Corky o' corky! The compilation LP is most definitely quite good, unlike most compilation LPs. Like most compilation LPs, however, this one "starts" a collection of thoroughly uninteresting, obscure individuals who are completely off their rockers (futurey stuff is a from the future jazz of Harden Hill, a raucous, obscure version of "The Monkeys" "Valien" by The King Of Luxembourg (1), to the boppy guitar jingles of Sid (who used to be in another good group, The Monochrome Set) and all manner of wibbly horns/harp groups with dead-pan "singers." Most horrible are some persons called Caplestra who've written an unnerveingly creepy chatawaspook-tune, and best is the charming voice and lonely guitar of a mad Scottish bloke called Monus in a song called "Paper Wraps Rock" Sniffle. (7 out of 10)

Sylvia Patterson



XMAL DEUTSCHLAND: Viva (Phonogram) Xmal Deutschland come from Hemburg in West Germany (surprise surprise), but have obviously spent a large part of their youth hiding under the sheets and listening to late-night international radio. That's why you might think you've heard most of "Viva" before, only last time around it was called Scouse & The Banishes or Fuzzbox or even the rather blithering B-52s. Despite this, it may be because of its lot of "Viva" is really rather roasting stuff and not half as dull as song titles like "Eisenru" or "Feuerwerk" might suggest. Singer Anja croons along in a not altogether unpleasant manner and her grasp of the English language is much better than, say, Debbie Harry's command of French. Viva Deutschland! (7) (6 out of 10)

Barry McIlheney

TOM VERLAINE: Flash Light (Fontana) A thousand years ago (about ten, to be more accurate) Tom Verlaime was the leader of a New York combo called Television. Television didn't sell an awful lot of records but they did inspire a host of modern guitar dreamers like Lloyd Cole and are, these days, "hailed" as "legendary." On "Flash Light" — and here Verlaime returns to past glories with hymn-like songs full of quirky, anxious ear patterns and stuffed with bizarre characters — you can hear why. Each patiently-constructed song is punctuated with Verlaime's gritty drawl, strings lots of words that don't appear to make much sense but probably do, conjuring up a number of "moods" ranging from depression to exhilaration. Half the time he sounds barking mad, cackling and grunting and going "uh-oh," but he never seems quite over the top and sometimes you can almost disagree to it. In fact, it's his understatement. (8 out of 10)

Tom Häbber



THE GAP BAND: Gap Band 8 (RCA) What we have here is another collection of standard soulful tunes trotted out to a tried and tested money-making formula. For the most part these are just slow smoothy ballads all about the pursuit of love or — snuff snuff — the loss of it, interrupted occasionally by the insertion of either a deep-voiced funky number, or a catchy love-tapout "dance tune." By far the best thing, however, is the current single "Big Fun" which despite sounding like Stevie Wonder is actually quite good (inoffensive enough but ultimately uninspiring. (4 out of 10)

Mark Solobury

AUDREY HALL: Just You, Just Me (German) Good Thing No. 1. Audrey Hall has a beautiful distinctive voice that glides and floats across the light and tuneful songs. Good Thing No. 2, her brand of reggae music is modern, relaxed, and all in all, extremely groove-some. A pity then that it's all just a mine toe "laid back" as a bit more zip and urgency would surely mean that such catchy pop songs at the supremely nifty track "Head Thing." "Suill Numb" would follow "One Dance Won't Do" into the sorrowway Top 20. As it is, this is all very classy but falls just short of being truly splendid. (7 out of 10)

Ian Croxson

DEAD OR ALIVE: Mad, Bad And Dangerous To Know (Epic) How strange (but true!) from a sleeve creeping and scrawling with Gothic spook things (including Pete Barnes in his best Bride Of Frankenstein "glad" rap) you'd be expecting some "weird old Gothic spook music." Nothing so sinister, instead it's the usual Dead Or Alive frantic, zwinging, spinning dance music. Pete Barnes' voice starts against an assortment of (sundry) backing tracks which sound like there could be a few guest appearances from a runaway horse, a space invader machine, a tribe of chanting warriors, several sists of gelatine and an enthusiastic plumber. Splendid for going borkers to down your local discotheque but not so splendid for playing just about anywhere else. (6 1/2 out of 10)

Derrin Schlesinger

MICK KARN: Dreams Of Reason Produce Monsters (Virgin) Blimey! Sculptor and restaurateur owner Mick Karn is having another bash at making an album, with a little help from his old colleague David Sylvian. Unfortunately this little masterpiece of pure boredom will have you fast asleep in no time. The LP slides through eight orient-al-type melodies, interrupted every now and then by an eerie heavenly choir and the odd Sylvian warble, and each song sounds uncannily like the last. Could this be another attempt to convert something of Japanese culture or perhaps to create an orient-al-type muzak or even

ZZZZZZ

(ZZZ out of 10) Josephine Collins

THERE ARE POP STARS

IN AUSTRALIA*

Australia has, amongst other things, the best beaches in the world, the best meat pies in the world, the best TV series called *Skippy The Bush Kangaroo* in the world and, without doubt, the best hats with funny little bits of cork hanging off them in the world. But does it have the best pop groups in the world? Well, the Australians seem to think so, which is why they've just sent eight of their biggest musical attractions around Australia under the banner "Australian Made". *Smash Hits* popped along to their out-door concert in Sydney to see if Australian pop music is utterly fantabulous or a load of old codswallop . . .



▲ 1 Greedy Smith and Roy Bombass from Mental As Anything "Bombass jackets and stupid names"

First group: **Mental As Anything** wear truly horrid garish jackets and their long-haired singer/guitarist is called Greedy Smith. Nonetheless, the crowd seem to like them and go quite bonkers, dancing to tunes with such bizarre titles as "If You Leave Me Can Come Too" and other witty gems (including that annoying song "Live It Up" from Crocodile Dundee).



▲ 2 Kate Ceberano of I'm Talking "sorrow but and nasty jewellery"

Second group: **Melbourne band I'm Talking** ("fronted" by the delightful and effervescent Kate Ceberano in straw hat and nasty jewellery) keep the crowd happy with a set of "hunky" get down dance numbers.



▲ 3 A Trifid, "supercrazy like old hippies" (1972)

Third group: **The Triffids** are a bit "artier" than the others and play a fine "set" of wordy, rather rambling songs and often sound suspiciously like old hippies The Doors.



▲ 4 Chris Bailey of The Saints: "awesomely chubby"

Fourth group: **The Saints**. Australia's prime combo actually had a hit in England several thousand years ago and were even on Top Of The Pops once. But time has taken its toll: singer Chris Bailey has become awesomely chubby — even so, they manage to whip up some excitement with their grunging anthems.



▲ 5 Chrissie Amphlett of The Divinyls: "gorgeous"

Fifth group: **The Divinyls** are quite loud and have a singer called Chrissie Amphlett who is well known in Australia for wearing schoolgirls uniforms on stage which is rather odd when you consider that Angus Young of Australia's biggest group AC/DC (not on this bill) is well known for wearing schoolboys uniforms. Perhaps Australian girls are all pervs. But no matter, today Chrissie is sporting perverse black leather instead . . .



▲ 6 Sean Kelly of The Models "completely bonkers"

Sixth group: **The Models**. One of them's called James Freud and used to be a solo "artiste" who pretended to be Gary Numan! They all wear shades! Singer Sean Kelly is completely bonkers! They once had a Number One hit in Australia with "Out Of Mind Out Of Sight" and when they play it the audience goes currazzy all over again!!!!



▲ 7 Jimmy Barnes "rather fat"

Seventh group: **Jimmy Barnes**. He's originally from Scotland! He's rather fat! He used to be in famous Australian group called Cold Chisel!!! He screams into a microphone while his group squeal away on their guitars!!! Rock 'n' rooooo!!!!!! The audience like the lot so much that they call Jimmy back for the first encore of the day.



▲ 8 Michael Hutchence of INXS "to dream"

Eighth and final group: **INXS**. The only group who've really had any success outside Australia, they belt through their funky rock'n'roll songs while Michael Hutchence wiggles about rather crudely and a squillion Australians scream that well he's open epithet: "mmm mmm he's so dreamy". Finally after several encores, with loads of the other group members on stage, they disappear. And, er, that's it . . .

*though most of them are a bit useless har har.

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▲ Nick Rhodes: "makes crap jokes".



▲ Simon le Bon: "worries about his tassles".

ARCADIA "Arcadia" (PMI, £9.99)

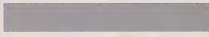


The Arcadia project, claims Nick Rhodes in one of the small interview snippets spluttered around this video, "was something that needed to be done". In retrospect that's rather doubtful – it was hardly spectacularly successful and it's certainly one of the main reasons Duran stayed apart for so long – but this is still a surprisingly enjoyable video.

Each of the five videos – the three singles ("Election Day", "The Promise" and "The Flame"), an American single ("Goodbye Is Forever") and the very arty "Missing" video (which doesn't even feature Arcadia) – is preceded by a barrage of scenes from whichever town they're in (usually somewhere in France), set to ludicrously pompous music (Vivaldi, Wagner etc.) and some daft "behind the scenes" shots. The videos themselves are just what you'd expect – beautifully made lush affairs which, apart from the almost stastical black and white one for "The Promise", will confirm any suspicions you might have held that Duran can sometimes be a bit sexist (scantily clad models are

everywhere) and pretentious (there's loads of deeply symbolic scenes involving glass birds and men with masks). But the affair is saved by their daft sense of humour – for every sequence explaining how the name Arcadia "just emanated after six months of searching" and comes from an inscription in Arcadio Et Ego on a Poussin painting, and for every shot of the tomb of artist Jean Cocteau, there's Simon le Bon worrying about "my tassles" or Nick Rhodes explaining (in true crap joke fashion) that his new blond hairstyle gives him "more debonaire air" (*Hor hor – Not very many people*). The best bit comes when Nick is suspended on a vertical clock hand ticking over Simon, who is lying horizontally and rotating on another clock face. After more crap jokes from Nick – "I want to go for a swing – I'm a swinger" etc. – and the honest declaration "I think this is the most stupid thing I've ever done", Nick looks below at his firmly padded partner and declares mischievously: "I'm like one of those trapeze artists without a net – I've just got you instead." Simon le Bon's answer is not recorded...

Chris Heath

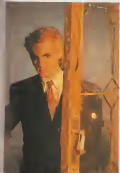


▲ Hilda Bloggs darns Jim's trousers in preparation for the nuclear holocaust.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS (PG 85 mins)

Jim and Hilda Bloggs are a retired couple who spend their time drinking cups of tea in their cosy country cottage. Until Jim hears the news that the world is on the brink of nuclear war and, turning to his government advice leaflets, prepares for the worst by constructing a fall-out shelter out of some doors while his wife fusses about getting the washing in. The bomb goes off. The countryside is scalded lifeless. Jim and Hilda can't work out why they're feeling so poorly. Well, it's radiation sickness and pretty soon they'll both be dead. Yes, let this be a warning to us all: nuclear bombs are not very nice. Such is the well-intentioned message of this animated film – but somehow things have gone rather wrong. For rather than feeling sympathy for the Bloggs and sniffing at their plight, one grows increasingly irritated at their stupidity and vapidity. Okay,

REVIEW VIDEOS



▲ Mick shows off his blond "debonair" air (the not-very-hair) in "The Flame" vid.



▲ Jimi and Mick "journey through time" in the "Goodbye Is Forever" vid.



▲ New York actor Tony Vranones (who fills the shoes of the "So Red The Roses" LP) musing about on the "Election Day" set.

QUEEN "Live In Budapest" (PMI, #11.99)



On the 27th July last year – as part of their "Magic" tour – those rocksters Queen ripped behind the so-called Iron Curtain to play the largest rock concert ever in the communist Eastern Bloc. What the 80,000 people who'd assembled before the stage made of Lord Frederick pouncing around pompously at the end of the concert in a cape and crown (not v. "communist" behaviour) while the boys played "God Save The Queen", heaven only knows, but prior to that they'd witnessed Queen's customary display of sizzling stadium rock. Brian May twiddled away at his usual dazzling selection of guitar bits while Fred sang the group's millions of hits, as well as throwing in a Hungarian folk song called "Tavaszell" for good measure. (If you look carefully you can see Freddie trying to read the song's words which he's written on the palm of his hand, then giving up and singing "Da da da da da" instead.)

Cut in between the "live" bits we get short clips of what our boys did when they were over there. Brian is filmed wooching around in a hot air balloon, Roger is filmed going not very fast in a go-kart, John is filmed grinning a lot and asking a little girl called Emma what her name is, while Lord Fred is filmed buying a few objets d'art in a local gallery and being asked for an interview by the film crew, to which he graciously replies "Interview? Don't be ridiculous!" Swizz!

William Show



▲ Roger? Taylor racing round a Hungarian circuit in what's left of a car that Andrew Ridgeley drove a few times last year. (I think you'd find it's actually a go-kart... Ed)

BOOK



▲ Lord Fred of Lucan in a stupor (start) impression.



▲ Lord Fred of Lucan holding hands with a dog.



"Dawn, and 13 heavily laden trucks leave London at the beginning of a trip across 11 European countries – Queen are on the move. This is the beginning of that rock odyssey." That piece of well over the top prose serves as the blurb to **Queen's A Magic Tour** (Sidwick & Jackson £6.95). The main drawback is that there's not really much "story" at all, whatever they say. All you get is 3 1/2 pages of "story" in fact – the rest's made up of over 100 uncaptioned photos of the tour, backstage, offstage and on stage and nowhere near the stage. Although they're above average as tour photos go, it still makes the whole package rather pricey at just under £7.

William Show



▲ Lord Fred O'Luca doing his famous rock-climbing impression on a totally horizontal stage.



the government's advice about how to survive nuclear attack (impossible) is ludicrous and insulting, but to mock it by highlighting the blind ignorance of the central characters is simply not good enough. I mean, when the bomb has fallen and Jim is surprised to find his television no longer works, what we are supposed to think but "what an idiot!"

The voices of John Mills and Peggy Ashcroft fill the Bloggs' mouths with clichés and platitudes – of teapots and cushion covers and how they all put their shoulders to the wheel in the last war – while cartoonist Raymond Briggs represents the pair as duffer homebodies with featureless faces. Over 85 minutes, one loses all patience with them. No, nuclear bombs are NOT very nice and if we really need a nunny like Mrs Bloggs blowing dandelion tufts into darkening skies, making tea from (obviously) infected rainwater and moaning about laryngitis pats to tell us that, then God help us all.

Tom Hibbert



▲ Jim Bloggs (julia, girl, he's married) reading a useless government "advice" leaflet.

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Sexy thing sexy thing you
Sexy thing sexy thing you

Chorus

I believe in miracles
Where you from you sexy thing
Sexy thing you
I believe in miracles
Since you came along you sexy thing

Where did you come from baby
How did you know I needed you
How did you know I'd give my heart gladly
Yesterday I was one of the lonely people
Now you're lyin' close to me makin' love to me

Repeat chorus

Where did you come from angel
How did you know I'd be the one
Did you know you're everything I prayed for

Words and music by E. Brown © Reproduced by pop



SPANDAU BALLET

Photo: Pictorial Press

HOW MANY LIES?

Once there were times
Once there were reasons filled with rhymes
Everything shared everything told

You keep me so warm
Protect me from all those mighty storms
And dreams seem so old

So look at us now just look at us now
With our hands on our hearts
And lines on our brows

CHORUS

How many lies must we tell
How many lies must we see
How many times must we say
It's for the best
And leave truth as the casualty

Do you read through the lines
Or believe the TV and The Times
Where can we find more ways to see

You strain on the truth
And make believe all when you cry wolf
With the lie you're giving me

So look at us now
Just look at us now

With our hands on our hearts
Oh and lines on our brow

REPEAT CHORUS

Woah
Well the truth is hard
So when they write the book
Fiction's what you wanna be
It's your freedom of choice
And you know that lies
Are the cancer of democracy
You've painted your face
And now you've tainted your words
And now you're ready and armed with love
Well if your head is steady
Your soul is ready
We're going up above

So whatever you wanna be
Just come on all along with me
With truth in our hearts
Maybe we can break free

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

How many times must we say
It's for the best
And leave nothing yeah

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HOT CHOCOLATE

Did you know every night and day for
Every day needing love and satisfaction
Now you're lyin' next to me
Bring it to me

Yesterday I was one of the lonely people
Now you're lyin' close to me
Wakin' love to me

Repeat chorus

Sexy thing
Sexy thing you

Repeat to fade

Oh touch me
Touch me baby
Love the way you hold me darling
Keep on loving me baby
Keep on loving me darling
Love the way you do those things

Hot Chocolate/RAK Publishing Ltd © De EMI Records



We cross the street
You hold my hand
Aimed to let go
And if I walked away
And left you there
Would you know why

You are the answer now
You don't know
You can be everything
You don't know
You won't believe it now
You don't know any more
You are the reason and the rhyme

We walk into your room
A mirror's caught your reflection
You look away and call to me
To fill in the frame

You are the only one you don't know
You are the fire of love
You don't know
You can believe it now
You don't know any more

Words and music by Crawford © Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers
Music Ltd © De Mercury Records

You are the reason and the rhyme

I walk this road
You follow me
I don't know why

You are the answer now
You don't know
You can be everything
You don't know
You won't believe it now
You don't know any more

You are the only one
You don't know
You are the fire of love
You don't know
You can believe it now
You don't know any more
You are the reason and the rhyme
Where are your reason and your rhyme coil?

And if I walked away
And left you there
Would you know why

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DON'T

KNOW



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

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

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- SAL SOLD
- SAMANTHA FOX
- SAM COOKE
- SANDIE SHAW
- SARAH BRIGHTMAN
- SAXON
- SCRITTI POLITTI
- SEX PISTOLS
- SHAKATAK
- SHAKIN' STEVENS
- SHALAMAR
- SIGUE SIGUE SPOTNIK
- SIMON MAY
- SIMPLE MINDS
- SIMPLY RED
- SINITTA
- SISTER SLEOGE
- SLAINE
- SLALAMAR
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No. 21 (14 January)
 ● The winner is Catherine Wheeler from Chase Terrace

No. 22 (28 January)
 ● The winner will be announced in the next issue; meanwhile the answers are pottering around below:

ACROSS: 1) Neil Tennant; 7) Gunn; 8) Suddenly; 9) D.A.T.; 10) Trio; 12) Cabourne; 13) Fun; 14) Epic; 16) Dewy's; 17 and 4 down) Round and Round; 18) Japan; 20) Erasure; 23) Candy; 24 and 1 down) So Cold The Night; 28) Sid; 27) U.S.A.; 28) System

DOWN: 2) Land Of Confusion; 3) Easton; 5) Tenor saxophones; 6) Style; 11) Rap; 14) Europe; 15) Is On; 18) Juice; 19) Friday; 21) Rocks; 22) Cynoi; 25) Hit

STAR TEASER



● The answers are a mere squill-spaces away on the right!

the Commundards

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LON(X)123

Pahl Have you read that crap joke in *Blitz* this issue? Muttewings is, to be honest, disgusted. It's not nearly useless enough. In fact, Muttewings jolly well thinks it better show what truly crap jokes are like. For instance what do you call a pop star who steals biscuits? **Nick Rhodes** (geddit? Nick Roads, tilbar) (*Har har* - Not very many people.) Crap Joke 2. What do you call a pop star who steals bicycles? **No idea?** A theft, how low how low! (*Har* - Practically no one.) Oh well, if you don't appreciate Muttewings "sense" of "humour", Muttewings will just have to resort to some "piping hot" "puff" "gossip".

Like, the return of Spotted? Spotted? F. Believe it or not, even as Muttewings writes, the almost famous group, **The Christians** can be seen out of the window at the Smash Hits office testing themselves on the "How Sexy Are You?" machine around the road in Carnaby St (bet they didn't score very highly, eh, voyeurs? how how!) Spotted 2? When the **Bangles** went to Paris for the weekend recently, **Prince** turned out to be already staying there "to think for a week" (????). And as the not-very-near-to-being-one-sautered-into-the-Picasso-Museum-a-lan managed to persuade the wee one's driver to let them into **Prince's** car where they stayed for a while reading **Prince's** newspaper and listening to his **Kool & The Gang** compact disc. **Crkey!** - Talking of newspapers, one particular "news" paper, the utterly horrible **Sun**, has been conducting its own little vendetta against **The Housemartins** recently (nothing to do with **The Housemartins** refusing to talk to **The Sun** or being rather left wing when the "news" on **The Sun** are complete "fascists". Muttewings is sure hem hem) Anyway, they have unearthed the following amazing "facts": 1) Norman's real name is Quentin 2) His dad is a not-very "strong cred" bloke called Ronald Cook who is a 55 year old "senior" executive with **Unilever** Glass and has been awarded the MBE! 3) Stan's real name is Ian and he is supposed to have lost a friend that "lan" is a bit warty and middle class - calling myself Stan is a lot better for the old image. 4) All of them except for Hugh are gay and Stan and Paul used to be lovers! Very "shocking", eh, readers? Anyway, **The Housemartins** record company comments thus: 1) Norman's never made any secret of the fact

that his real name is Quentin (and indeed this "secret" was revealed by **Smash Hits** in February last year), 2) "It's ludicrous to make a big thing about what their parents do - it's nothing to do with what they are. **The Housemartins** are genuine about what they do and that that just annoys them." 3) Yes, Stan's real name is Ian - Stan is just a nickname he's had since he and Paul were buskers - it's a joke name, nothing more. 4) "It's complete rubbish and an utter fabrication that they're gay. Paul's girlfriend was very very surprised to learn of this as were Norman and Stan's fiancées. Obviously this is a libel situation and everything is in the hands of the band's lawyer at the moment." The same very principled and upright "news" paper also published a vicious attack in their lead editorial on **Paul Young** the other day for being a horrible tax exile who is ripping off his fans and his country and so, says the **Sun**, no one should buy his new single. And why, readers, do you think they said this all of a sudden? Especially as nearly every "major" pop star in the universe has been in tax exile at one time or another? Surely it can't have anything to do with the fact that they

were extremely misled that **Paul Young** talked to **The Mirror** for their main competitor the day before, can it? (Yes it can - *The whole universe*) And now onto something rather nicer and wholesome - **Liesel Richie** gets about 50 wedding invitations a month! But from whom? From people who've - gulp! - fallen in love to his songs (**Aaahh** Groool). And now for some supposedly astonishing and purportedly laudai Astonishing Facts! Astonishing Fact 1) **Mick Jagger** laught Ben Preposterous-Surname from **Curiosity Killed The Cat** to dance when he (Le Ben) was sul! Astonishing Fact 2) **Ronnie Wood** from the **Rolling Stones** is planning to write his autobiography (**Humah!** - Ronnie Wood's mum I'm going to get - £100,000 for revealing the secrets of 'The Stones' and will also include some of his own old paintings and sketches (???). Astonishing Fact 3) **Michael and Janet Jackson's** dad, Joe Jackson (not to be confused with tall bald "singer/songwriter" Joe Jackson), is marketing his own cola called - gasp! - **Joe Cola**. Which is a bit dull considering **Michael** gets paid several squillion pounds

for advertising Pepsi! Astonishing Fact 4) **James Brown** invited **Andrew Ridgeley** aboard his yacht in Cannes, France and, um, a bit later on a gas canister exploded downwards! Fancy that! Astonishing Fact 5) **David Bowie's** work has been voted most popular figure at **Madame Tussauds**, followed by **Bob Geldof**, **Michael Jackson**, the **Royal Family** and **Ian Dury**. And now onto **Bohman**. **Duran Duran** who have been saying some very "strange" things to American magazine **Spins** like according to **Nick Rhodes** when **Simon le Bon** asked he was a drama queen" and "looked a bit strange". He had this bleached, orangey kind of hair and these black shades on, light trousers, a leather jacket and black shiny boots. I thought 'this has got to be our kind of guy' (????). He also explains that **Duran's** manager wanted to sack **Simon** because "he couldn't sing properly" but they said "it doesn't matter if he sings out of tune - he looks hip (????) and has got the right attitude" ... Moving onto his "lyrics", **Nick** says "we may wish **Simon** had never written some of his lyrics but there are very few songs, with the exception of 'My Own Way,

that we've been embarrassed by". Heerrm ... and they go, **John** explaining very sensibly (????) the difference between him and **Simon**, "**Simon** dives into the rock 'n' roll business pool" (????) swims about in it (????) gets out, dries off (????) and goes away - and I can't, I'm like a 24 hour breakdown (????). It takes me so long to get out of the pool!" (????) ... **Simon** said he'd have liked to have gone to "the Hellfire Club and any of the Roman baths" thousands of years ago (????) but that he'd "skip the medieval clubs because there weren't any" (????). "People back then were too afraid to go out so they invited everybody to their castle (????) ... I'm surprised that clubs today don't have a most and drawbridge (????) outside the front door to keep people out and in." ... Finally they all reveal who they'd like to play them in a film or their life story - "**John** Jones who plays **Jett** in **Dynasty**" pipes **Simon Taylor** - **Edie** Murphy." (????) pipes **Simon le Bon** "**Joan Crawford**, just because she was great shoulder pads." (????) purts **Nick Rhodes**. So now you see how **Simon le Bon** was awarded something called **The Third World Prize** (£100,000, a medal and a certificate) for all his work for famine relief as a very poor Commonwealth country. After ex-President **Nyerere** of Tanzania gave him the prize he delivered a long serious speech but apologised to all the poor dignitaries present beforehand for not being very good at proper speeches so "I think you're getting bored, I'm just going to throw the speech away and bunk it". Apart from coming over as rather knowledgeable, game and controversial (saying things like "Third World countries should refuse to pay their debts"), the best bit was when he begun modestly "I can't say I recognise myself in many of the things that have been said (the previous speeches had called him a squillion shades of wonderful) ... and I can't believe Mr **Nyerere** when he said he hadn't heard of me and the band before **Blair** Aid." Then he assed Mr **Nyerere**, a very old man in a nice black round-necked number, about his "Beale jacket" ... And talking of **Michael Jackson**, he's gone back into the studio again and his LP won't be out until May at the earliest. The first single probably won't now be "Bad" but a duet with **Barbra Streisand** (????)!!!!

Muttewings



Cyndi Lauper has confessed that when she is in the recording studio she wears nose plugs. Why? Apparently, this improves her "lovely" singing voice ... (????)

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