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Smash HITS



HE DID IT

LIVE AID: ONE DAY THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

PLUS ADAM ANT/PHIL OAKEY/SPANDAU BALLETT
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN/BUCKS FIZZ/BELOUIS SOME

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LIVE AID

Last December when Bob Geldof and Midge Ure assembled a choir of extremely famous pop stars to record a song in aid of starving Ethiopians, no one quite realised what a big deal it would turn out to be.

Band Aid's "Do They Know It's Christmas" quickly became the biggest-selling British single of all time and generated a staggering £8 million towards relief of the famine. But that wasn't the end of it. A torrent of similar projects from other countries followed - including USA For Africa's huge hit "We Are The World" - and food and supplies bought with the profits started to get through to Ethiopia.

Through pop music, worldwide concern for the plight of the Ethiopians had been aroused, and with funds still urgently needed, Bob Geldof began to work on plans for a massive benefit concert on both sides of the Atlantic. With a mega-star cast and a global TV link-up, the project seemed like an impossible dream. But thanks to the tireless organisational efforts of Geldof and all concerned, it came off - the biggest pop concert ever staged and the largest fundraising event in history.

Condemning the apathy of politicians towards the human crisis of Ethiopia, Geldof remarked: "For six months I've been dialling 999 but the ambulance still hasn't arrived." With Live Aid, pop stars had done more than any government to alleviate the tragedy of the famine.

S A T T H S H



Muppet, Phil, Brian and Baggie from Chelmsford set off at 7.30 in the morning brandishing tickets that they had bought them. Some had them on Thursday night, some on Friday. "Who've they come to see?" "The Status Quo of course."



URDAY 13th JULY 1985

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH



Nick from Genesis Cross: "We got up at seven to get here in time and ended up missing two trains, so there was nothing to do but crack open the beer." He's armed with **Lynne** and **Rod** — also from Chelmsford — who's dad ended up queuing for five hours to get their tickets.



12:00: Wembley erupts as their Royal Highnesses Chuck and Di shuffle into the royal box accompanied by Bob Geldof and triumphal trumpets. Within seconds, **Status Quo** will be kicking off the show — a nerve-wracking prospect.

FRANCIS ROSSI

"I spoke to Bob Geldof two to three months ago in our record company and he was very depressed — he couldn't get Wembley or the police to do it for free. Then it all snowballed so we said 'let's go for it'. We had some hesitation at first about playing live again after we said we'd given up forever, but it's only two or three numbers. I said to Bob 'I don't know about this,' but he said 'it doesn't matter how good or bad you are'. I never used to like him at all — I

thought he was a bit of a loud-mouth but now he seems really nice and pleasant."

12:01: A raucous shout of "Allo! Y'alright!" booms from the stage. **Tig** Francis Rossi. As **Duo** bounce into the



heads-down-no-nonsense boogie favourite "Rockin' All Over The World", the atmosphere is, as they say, "electric."

12:17: It's the turn of **The Style Council** next.

PAUL WELLER

"I've got certain criticisms of Live Aid, but you can't criticise the fact that it will raise millions of pounds and save lives. That far outweighs any criticisms. There's no-one backstage I particularly want to meet — I can't talk to those people — but what I would like to do is set up a sort of musician's union where we could get a list of people involved in

CONTINUES OVER >

LIVE AID WEMBLEY

some of the political things we're interested in, and maybe meet once a month or something . . ."



12.18: Weller, in new sensible haircut, and "Merton" Mick in routing strap blazer, take the stage and soften the crowd with their snooty jazz flurtings - "You're The Best Thing" / "Walls Come Tumbling Down" etc.

12.43: The Wembley masses welcome hero of the hour Bob Geldof as **The Boomtown Rats** launch into their enormous hit of yesterday: "I Don't Like Mondays" / "We



just realised today is the best day of my life." Bob announces and thousands of fists punch the air in salutation. A moment charged with emotion.

12.58: **Adam Ant** is about to make his first live British appearance in three years.

ADAM ANT
"I saw the documentary at Christmas and I've never been moved that way before. It's a very human thing - it doesn't involve politics, logic, business or anything, it just involves seeing people in distress and raising money to invest in people's future in Ethiopia. It's a great gesture and it's nice that it's come from a business which is usually known as very spoilt and 'me, me, me'. Am I scared about the huge audience? Well, it'll be the audience in the stadium that'll be the problem. Just being in the stadium when it was empty was bad enough!"



13.00: Adam steps out into the sunlight in biker's gear. "The world is watching. Let's lead it!" he exclaims - and straight into the blaring guitar sounds of "Vive Le Rock", his only number. Possibly the shortest set in rock history.



▲ Some of the crowd don't seem to recognise the revamped Ant: "Who the hell's that?" shouts a perplexed onlooker.

13.05: **Prince Charles** leaves the royal box for v. important official engagement (i.e. a game of polo with wet feet).

13.06: Telly coverage whips across the globe to Australia for **INXS'** rockin' contribution to Oz For Africa. Australia's TV compere Micky Midlum is wearing a v. silly "jolly swagman"-style hat for the occasion.

13.17: Inside Wembley Stadium, it's getting very hot indeed as that other Band Aid member, "Magnificent" Midge Ure comes on with mirrored shades, a gigantic guitar and **Ultravox** to perform live for the first time in 10 months.



13.33: A very sweaty Ultravox leave the stage.

MIDGE URE
"I was really nervous at the beginning, but we got through it! I didn't have much to do with organising Live Aid because Bob's much better at doing it than me. He's taller, for one thing. He deserves all the credit for this. Bob's proved that complete tossers from Ireland and Scotland can put this together, so surely other tossers can do the same."

13.34: TV coverage goes live by satellite to Tokyo for some "scorching" heavy metal "licks" from **Loudness** and contributions from other top Japanese acts. Urm! the satellite conks out. . . Temporarily.

13.45: **Gary Kemp** is dusting to get out there.

GARY KEMP
"It's not just the bands that should be thanked for their efforts, it's all the people who've donated their services for free and all the fans who have bought records, tickets and supported the cause."

13.46: "Ladies and gentlemen we'll you welcome on stage here at Wembley **Spondaw Ballet**." This simple announcement draws the first excited screams of the day. With a jaunty "Elio world" from T. Hadley, it's straight into a



breezy rendition of "Only When You Leave" Steve Norman's wonky leg holds up nicely and - yes sirrrrr! - the Spandies are in fine fettle generally. (And Gary Kemp's orange shirt is completely unbuttoned! Crkey!) "You're looking beautiful," Tony assures the crowd. . . Every one of you." Swaan



14.05: **Spondaw Ballet** retire to the backstage area for a few glasses of rock 'n' roll mouthwash.

GARY KEMP
"It went very quickly. The greatest moment of my life and it just flashed by! I can't believe they're just wheeling the bands on and off. Normally you come off stage and loads of people are giving you towels and drinks and things. I felt off the stage and nobody gave a toss!"

▼ By now the temperature is scorching. Men with hoses are spraying those packed close to the stage with water to stop them from passing out. The front end rooms are full of unfortunately overcome with heat exhaustion.



14.07: A bearded **Elvis Costello** arrives on stage. Accompanied only by his electric guitar, the "committed" troubadour treats the



masses to a surprise solo treatment of The Beatles' "All You Need is Love". The masses sing along with gusto.

14.11: TV goes live by satellite to Vienna for **Austria For Afrika's** band ad effort "Why," quite a rousing little work-out from Austria's top pop attractions (Dpus and, erm, a lot of other singing folk).

14.21: Back stage, **Nik Kershaw** is sweating quite a lot. Is it the heat? Is it a blind panic? Well, a bit of both actually, but it's worth it for such a good cause.

NIK KERSHAW
"The music business is too often associated by its critics with things trivial, negative and destructive, so I feel pleased to be able to play even a small part in an event which proves otherwise."

14.22: Now Nik's up there in front of 72,000 people doing "Wide Boy" in cool and combant fashion. At the back of the stadium, many spectators are taking siesta (i.e. getting a bit of kip) in the afternoon sun.

14.38: Exit Nik Kershaw.

NIK KERSHAW
"I didn't enjoy it really. It was a bit fraught - a lot more so than supporting Elton John last year. Is there anyone I'd like to meet backstage? Yeah, Sheri, my wife . . ."



14.40: Live by satellite to Iceland where three exotically-clad TV presenters introduce not some Dutch pop phenomenon but footage of American blues guitar "legend" **B.B. King** at the North Sea Jazz Festival

14.52: It is announced that one and a half billion people around the world are watching Live Aid. (But how many of them have ever heard of Dennis Walmsley or Reka Lenska—who are now being interviewed on TV backstage—one wonders?)



▲ Halfway through Sade's set her make-up artist comes on. The Wembley crowd are left staring at a 30-foot screen of her mouthing away silently to herself. Mind you, she's wearing this very ratty black-and-white number.

14.54: Perfect music for a warm summer afternoon is provided by the day's first female entertainer **Sade**. The "mellow" cocktail meanderings of "By Your Side" and "Your Love Is King" help to cool down those who are shimmering at the front—until a huge close-up shot of Sade's face, and enormous earnings, appears on the giant TV screens, at which the crowd goes berserk. Stewards rush to the rescue of a young man who has passed out, overcome, apparently, by Sade's breath-taking beauty.



15.08: Live by satellite to Yugoslavia for their band and song, "For A Million Years" by **Yu Rock Mission** (lots of Yugoslavian posters holding tiny tots in their arms, etc.)

15.17: **Neil Edmunds** bounds on stage to "rap" to the audience and to introduce "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Phil Collins and... first of all... Sing!" Enter **Sting** in clean white shirt and baggy trousers. "Phil'll be joining us in a minute," he says. In the meantime, he performs a "hard-bop" version of the old Police hit "Roxanne."



▲ Sting launches into "Message In A Bottle" with a great deal of audience participation. Thousands find a completely new melody to "Sending out an SOS."



15.26: "Now Phil Collins," says Sting. And there he is—**Sir Philip Collins**, at the piano/forte playing "Agnostic All Dods."



15.30: **Sting** does a solo version of The Police's "Message In A Bottle."

15.35: **Phil** performs a touching pop ballad "In The Air Tonight."

15.40: **Phil and Sting** team up to do "Long Long Way To Go" and "Every Breath You Take."



15.47: **Phil Collins** leaves to catch a plane. (Apparently, he has a pressing engagement in Philadelphia.)

15.48: Sporting a highly "sensible" sports jacket, **Howard Jones** awaits his turn to face an enormous public.

HOWARD JONES

"The most exciting thing is that there will be so many people watching, all involved in a completely useless pursuit. If that many people can get together and direct their thoughts towards people who are starving and much less fortunate than themselves, then I think that's bound to be a good thing."

15.49: "Ladies and gentlemen, the best goes on: Will you welcome, **Howard Jones**." "Hello," says **Howard Jones**. "I'm just going to do a little song at the piano." And he does.



▲ I'd really appreciate it, says Howard Jones. "If you could help me out with the chorus bit." The ensuing racket is deafening.

15.54: Live by satellite to Moscow—an historic moment—where a presenter with an impeccable American accent welcomes us to the Soviet Union and introduces "Top of the Pops... Autograph!" **Autograph** perform a jaunty Eurovision-type number followed by a "progressive" rock "work out." No threat to Wham! (or anyone else) seems to be the general reaction at the Wembley specialists.

16.07: **Bryan Ferry** trots onto the boards, looking as spruce and dapper as ever, and proceeds to wake up a dozing Wembley with his newly-formed backing band (which appears to consist of about seven million musicians). A welcome breeze has arrived to take the edge off the mid-afternoon heat and people are actually dancing again.



16.26: Live by satellite to Cologne for the German band and song, "Naked In The Wind." Before the singing starts, however German rock person **Udo Lindberg** delivers a long and "heavy" speech—condemning the "lack powers" in Washington and the Kremlin—which is treated with hoots and cheers in equal numbers.

16.35: A live report from Ethiopia reminds the TV viewing millions just what all the pop festivities are about!



17.00: "Wembley! Will you please welcome America to Live Aid!" Bob Geldof is at the Wembley microphone while over in Philadelphia **Bryan Adams** prepares to get the US leg under way.

BYRAN ADAMS "I guess this just about says it all: 'We can bridge the distance Only we can make the difference Don't you know that Tears are not enough?'" (From the Canadian Band Aid record, "Tears Are Not Enough".)

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16.39: Things get "swinging" back at Wembley once again as **Paul Young** scampers into view. After an acapella verse of "Do They Know It's Christmas" comes a lusty "Come Back And Stay" featuring much giggling about from Young and accompanying musicians.



16.48: **Paul Young** bids welcome to a "very special lady" **Alison Moyet**. All and Paul dust on the old soul classic "That's The Way That Love Is", the audience warms to this corking and unlikely-looking vocal team.

16.57: During "Every Time You Go Away", stewards rush to the assistance of a young woman who has passed out, overcome, it seems, by P. Young's breath-taking beauty.



PHILADELPHIA
AND WEMBLEY

17.40: Rapidly-aging pop veterans **The Beach Boys** are dishing out some more of their perennial summery harmonies. "I wish they all could be California girls," they warble and 50,000 people inside JFK Stadium join in (well, some of them do).

17.56: **The Beach Boys** depart from the stage. Singer Mike Love, in a sweat-soaked, gaily-palmed shirt, hoots "Gooooooodd vvvvvv-shrubs whoooo!" at nobody in particular.

18.00: At Wembley, **Oire Straits** comes out wearing and are immediately joined by **Sting!** Yes, he's back again, singing "I want my MTV." Was he invited one wonders? Evidently so, because he's soon "boogeying



down in no uncertain fashion with Straits' guitarist Mark Knopfler (who is sporting the day's very first headband). Despite Sting's dazzling presence, ver Straits' "deliver" their usual "right set" and prompt fresh outbreaks of inter-audience flogging.

18.25: In JFK Stadium, it should be **Tears For Fears**. But they've pulled out for some reason or another (see Live Aid Mystrings page 5), and **George Thorogood And The Destroyers**, dodgy, call-thyrm and blues combo, are given a chance to trade some mealy riffs with the entire world.

18.39: back at Wembley it's time for a bit of "zany humour" from "funnymen" **Golf Potts**, **Jones** and **Mel Smith** who come out dressed as British bobbers. After a couple of not-very-popular "gags," they announce "Her Majesty **Queen**"—and into stage centre pounces Freddie Mercury in skimpy white vest and tight jeans. The roar from the crowd is huge, reaching an alarming crescendo as Freddie starts to tickle the wines and sing the opening lines to that hoary old chestnut "Bohemia.



Rhapsody." The "epic" song never gets finished, though, for after a few bars, Freddie leaps up from the piano stool and—while Rog, Sn and John steam into "Radio GaGa"—the mustachioed, strutting poppry of rock stalks the fore-stage enticing the masses to sing "Day-Git," to clap their outstretched hands, to play invisible guitar along with Sn's straggly solos, to sway-along in unison etc. Just about everybody seems to be wiggling out to Queen. Who'd have thought it?

19.02: It's absolutely sweltering inside the Philadelphia stadium where rather a lot of people wearing not very many clothes are staring expectantly at the giant TV screens. Why? Because any moment now they're going to be shown an "historic" sight—**M. Jagger** and **O. Bowie**—a-grown-together on the hilarious and totally brilliant "vid" they've made specially for the occasion "Dancing in the Streets"—it's a class!

19.07: The old 'logies' sizing video draws to a close. And then **Simple Minds** Jim Kerr's voice rings loud and clear through the Philadelphia air and, long before the group get to the familiar US favourite, "Don't You (Forget About Me)," he has the people in the palm of his hand, as they say. A jolly good show. Things are hotting up (in more ways than one) on this side of the Atlantic.

19.26: You've just seen the video—and you're now about to see the real thing. **David Bowie** is about to grace Wembley with his presence.

DAVID BOWIE "I wish that I could say that this year's money-raising efforts have brought to an end the starvation and death inflicted upon the African continent, but many more millions of pounds over many more years are needed to get anywhere near alleviating their misery."



19.22: "David Bowie!" And there he is, glowing in his starchy-blue suit and singing with aplomb and gusto. It's a no-hills performance—just him, a singing-belt, unswakely backing crew (including Thomas Dolby and the father (ah Matthew Seligman) and a selection of popular "gens" from the archives—"TVC 15", "Rebel Rebel", "Heroes" and other toe-tappers. It's getting cooler but after this those crushed at the front could well do with another hosing down.

19.40: **Bowie** leaves the stage in triumph, then returns to say "You're the real heroes at this concert!" Hurrah! Then follows a specially-made video which shows harrowing film footage from the famine area (accompanied by music from **The Cars**).

19.45: In Philadelphia, Jim Kerr has been replaced on stage by his wife Chrissie Hynde and **The Pretenders** whose perky power pop is accompanied by some welcome puffs of wind at last. Assorted inbees weng across the auditorium as Chrissie jigs about in call-length boots (into which she's lucked her trousers—lies etc!)

19.59: Jack Nicholson announces that, as soon as they can find some hoses, the roasting Philadelphiaans will be treated to cooling showers.

20.00: Meanwhile, in Britain, the re-formed **Who** have presented themselves on stage. They look a bit, erm, shabby as they crunch into the age-old anthem "My Generation." After a couple of bars, the TV satellite comes out again—as if in sympathy—but the old US admirer on regardless: singer Roger Daltrey unbuttons his shirt and Pete Townshend dons the spits in the air.

20.22: Over in Philadelphia there are further aching sounds from ancient Latin-rock "outfit" **Santana**. Many members of the US audience have decided that this is as good a time as any to take their own "Backstage Mr and Mrs Kerr are having a bit of a kiss."

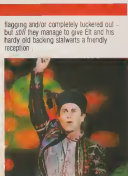
20.33: **Pat Metheny** joins **Santana** for some sleepy-headed guitar jamming.

20.40: Live by satellite to Scandinavia to see the video of Norway's band and song "All Of Us" (a wasteful item featuring a man standing in the sea playing a guitar and squillions of children).

20.50: "Jokester" **Billy Connolly** is talking to Wembley "I'd like to introduce a brand of mine from planet Windsor **Elton John**." Wearing a silly hat with a leather rim, and a gauzy smoking jacket, Elton takes his place at the piano for "Tim Standish", "Bernie And The Jets" and offers from his bottomless repertoire. By now, vast sections of the audience are



flogging and/or completely bucketed out—but still they manage to give Et and his hardy old backing stalwarts a friendly reception.





21.05: Charleise **Kiki Bee** steps out to join Elton in a re-enactment of their 1976 chart-topping duet "Don't Go Breaking My Heart"

21.51: Piano notes chime from a darkened Wembley stage. The lights come up on His Most Royal Wonderfulness **Paul McCartney** who is singing the old Beatles ballad "Let It Be" - or trying to. The microphones are still playing up - and so



21.09: And now joining Sir Eltonford on stage is a man with a beard, a leather jacket and faded jeans. Most unworshipful! But wait is it? Can it be? It is! It's **George Michael** (with friend **Andy in low and**, taking the microphone. He performs a "souful" and really quite moving reading of Elton's ballad "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me" Flashbulbs pop in the darkness as George proves, once more, that he's a wizard like his pal (Andy and Kiki's backing vocals are rather more wobbly)

GEORGE MICHAEL

"When we did the **Band Aid** record last year I didn't think any of us quite realised what a big deal it was. But now, with this concert... I mean, one billion people will be watching it - that's like every single person in the world with a television. It's the first thing for ages I've been nervous about, but I just hope we can help raise lots more money."

21.29: The Philadelphia throng shrieks, squeals and gets rather excited in general as - yep! **Madonna** appears on stage, doing some "delightful" disco twirling and skipping and juggling with a couple of dancing playmates. "Are you ready to get in the groove?" she enquires. "Oh, alright then!" says Philadelphia. "I thought so!" says the saucy entertainer and ruffles her tamarouine. She does some quite funky singing, too.



21.42: Mr. Badley and his **Thompson Twins** join Madonna on stage for a spirited performance of "Love Makes The World Go Round"

21.48: Oh no! Crowd-leaser **Freddie Mercury** is back on stage at Wembley! Accompanied by colleague **Brian May** on a Spanish guitar, the "preposterous" Freddie croons a fitting ballad (which, thanks to malfunctioning microphones, goes horribly wrong)

the crowd spring to the rescue, taking over the singing en masse. . .

21.54: Fab **Madonna**'s still playing "Let It Be" when a tremendous roar erupts to greet a quartet of backing vocalists that's just



wandered into the spotlight - **Bob Geldof**, **Dawn Rowe**, **Alison Moyet** and **Pete Townshend** of The Who

21.56: And now the entire British Live Aid cast is on stage for the finale - "It might be a bit of a cock-up. But if you're going to cook-up it's best to do it with two billion people watching!" says Geldof. Do they know it's Christmas? has Wembley squealing and singing in capture. There's not a dry eye in the house as the "best day" of Bob Geldof's life comes to a joyous, triumphant conclusion. Back stage, a few minutes later, he's still gushing about how "terrible" it's all been. "So what's he going to do now? 'I'm going to bed'." Meanwhile in Philadelphia



21.14: A memorable day at Wembley is over - but in Philadelphia it's only just **beginning**. **Tom Petty** and **The Cars** pump out orthodox rock tunes, legendary US folk-rock supremo **Nell Young** (he's from Canada, actually - **Bobby Ed**) wins the lipsteve vote by winning a lot and puffing down a broken mouth organ



23.42: The **Power Station** bash onto stage. Now singer **Des Barnes** sports lecherous white boots. Andy Taylor's looks are more straggly than

ever. John T's posing is formidable. There's hard "tee" solace, fervent on-stage strutting and boundless determination. But, by and large, the Philadelphia thousands remain unimpressed

00.20: They're back! They're proud! They're boozing! **The Thompson Twins!** And who's that on squawky backing vocals? Step forward **Madonnal!** And who's that on squawky lead guitar? Step forward **Stevie Stevens** (who? - Ed) Oh sorry he's the "axeman" for no less a personage than Sir William (oh) Oh Ed



01.01: Back stage in Philly, **RED Speedwagon's** drummer appears to be engaged in "friendly" conversation with

Madonna: "What can it all mean?"

01.02: Does this man *ever* live? **Phil Collins** is on stage again! He's looking the votes. He's singing "Against All Odds" and "In The Air Tonight". He's calling memories of Wembley, July 13 1985 (about eight-and-a-half hours ago, to be precise. . .)

01.11: P. Collins does yet another Live Aid hat and acts as comper, introducing **Jimmy Page, Robert Plant** and **Paul Martinez** - i.e. the (son of) reformed Led Zepplin (forming old band). And guess who's playing drums in this hard-rock combo. Is it **Phil Phillips Collins**? It certainly is! It's turning out to be a strange night on rock's messiah highway, and no mistake

01.23: The Page/Plant band throng perform the Led Zepplin hit "Lost" and to give them their full live "guitar" "Starway To Heaven" which is one of the most "symbolic" and "classic" rock songs of all time. Well, according to spectators Ray and Signe (who've travelled all the way from Chicago to see their fave singer and guitarist) it is, anyway



01.44: And here come **Duran Duran**. Bursting into "A View To A Kill", Simon slides around the stage as if practising for his forthcoming lempet-tossed yachting adventure, while Andy Hicks his shaggy mane about as though auditioning for The Power Station. John T's posing is formidable. Somehow, Nick and Kevin - oops - Roger manage to hold it all together - but still it's a pretty reluctant and

unconvincing showing. **Philly stage-hands** rush to the assistance of a young lady who has passed out, overcome, no doubt by the shimmering beauty of Freddie. Otherwise, the resheat of the stadium's 90 000 is quite warm at best. . .



02.08: Back in London, a young acoustic-guitar-strumming singer makes an impromptu appearance on the BBC's broadcast and upstages **Duran Duran** (and just about everyone else for that matter). His name, of course, is **Sir Clifford "Giff" Richard**

02.48: The incredibly famous **Daryl Hall** and **John Gates** are rockin' Philly - Hall's hairstyle, cunningly modelled on that of Dynasty's Kyrstin, proves particularly popular with the hordes. After 15 hours of non-stop music, rock no longer holds any mysteries for your team of Smash Hits reporters and the secret of Hall and Gates' success becomes clear: they are quite good. Simple as that.



03.06: **Clodagh Rodgers** wins the Eurovision Song Contest at the second attempt with "Jack In The Box". Oh, no, Sorry Forget that bit.

03.12: A widely gyrating **Mick Jagger** has appeared to enhance anyone who's still playing attention: the viewing figures still run into many hundreds of millions, actually. **Hall, Gates** and the **Hall & Gates** band provide the backing as Sir Michaelford greets, struts and postures through "Just Another Night" (and other recent efforts) in vintage fashion. Yes, like many of the celebrated rockers who haven't taken part in this historic marathon, Jagger seems remarkably chipper.

03.28: Mick whips a towel over his left shoulder and bawls "Ain'thi Where's Tina?". Why, there she is, **Tina Turner**, tucked into a skimpy and not very scorable leather dress. Mick and Tina dust with energy and much "suggestiveness". Mick reveals his torso in its entirety! And - gosh - what long legs Tina has! (particularly when the bottom part of her dress "accidentally" falls off. Phew!)

03.40: Jack Nicholson introduces "one of America's great voices of freedom". And there, for the world to see, is **Bob Dylan**, flanked by Rolling Stone persons **Keith Richard** and **Ron Wood** both of whom have acoustic guitars and cogwheels drooping from their mouths. Average age of this untoward trio: rather a lot. But who cares? They may be making a terrible stumpy racket but these unworldly bandoliers are also making history as the penultimate act at the biggest pop concert ever staged.

03.55: **Lionel Ritchie** is singing the opening lines to "We Are The World" and he's pined on the grand finale in a huge cast - just about everybody who's already performed along with extra guests like **Sheena Easton**, **Harry Belafonte** and **Cher**. There are children on stage: there's rejoicing in the audience, there are thousands of lumps in throats. But, far more important than any of this, for around the world have been reported to Live Aid by donating money - at least 240 million has been raised, probably a lot more - to alleviate at least some of Ethiopia's misery.

CONTINUES OVER >

MUTTERINGS

Well, there it is. All 16 hours of it. But apart from the comings and goings onstage and on telly, there was a load of stuff that went on relatively unnoticed. And guess who got the job of sorting it all out?

Yep, Mutterings. So here goes... **Tears For Fears:** where were they? Weird one that! Seems they were billed as appearing before they agreed to do it. "Emotional blackmail" was how they saw it, apparently. So they didn't do it, simple as that. **Bono** relented to this before the big day "Bob Geldof used moral blackmail to get a lot of groups to appear but I approve of that. The end justifies the means." But TFF came through with this compromise, they've pledged all profits from their future concerts in Tokyo, Sydney, New York and London. Well done!

Julian Lennon: Well, what happened to him? He was billed to appear with **Sting** and **Phil Collins**, but it just didn't happen. Rumours hint at the reason being his deep fear of a possible Beatles get together with him on guitar, but no-one knows for sure. **Vid** **Prinz**? Well, he said from the start that he wouldn't turn up, promising instead a video contribution. This gem turned out to be a stupid little black and white film of him saying "Feed The World" while lying on a bed stark naked! By an act of supremely wise judgement the clip was not used. Just think, one billion people feeling not very well all at the same time. Yucky. **Culture Club** - whatever happened to them (part 3). It seems they were agreed to appear but their management brought to give the



Photo: Neil Frenson

Chuck and Di impressed everyone on end. First Chuck met **Bob Geldof** and promised that his charity trust will, in the future, give the Band Aid trust "every help in its endeavours", by helping with the supply of trucks, loading equipment and labour etc. Then the pair passed on a note to **Mark "very stupid headband" Knopfer** saying how much they enjoyed the their first concert living earlier that week. Di, humourously, of course, wrote that she was v. annoyed at them for being so good that she had to "make a fool of herself by getting up and dancing". How sweet.

OK by the agreed date, so they weren't allocated their 20 minutes. Instead, they promised to try to do the last bit. And did they? No, they ruddy well did not. Why? Well, the rumour was that **George** was so fed up at not doing a proper set he just dissociated himself from the whole thing. But we're sure he'll have a better excuse than that.

Did you see **Michael "pardon the voice" Des Barnes**. **Awesely!** Can we use the expression "bit of a state"? **Men Of The Match** award goes, undoubtedly, to the mighty **Bono** of U2. Not only did he lift the stage, drag the cameramen all over the place and he would have a torques same with a member of the audience, he

managed to get the loudest cheer during the big finale. **Worra man!** Another can we use the expression in order here: **Duran Duran**, **Purilase!** Andy Taylor - get that hair out! And **Simon le Bon** he got a bit carried away, didn't he? We know it was a v. big deal and all that, but did he really need to go all wacky and pained-looking like that?

Poor unfortunate Person award goes equally to **Paul "Fab Macca" McCartney** and **Bob Geldof**. Both their microphones went off for an embarrassingly long period. Shame really! **Big Div** award goes to Mr. Sincere himself, **Neel Edmonds**. He made a real mess of doing his onstage introduction bit and then ended up by getting it all wrong. Introducing Phil Collins first when it was Sting who was heading stageward. **Fifty thousand v. Brit** Live Aid programmes went like hot cakes, selling out in minutes. Apparently people were buying up to 10 each as souvenirs for all their family, mates, etc. **All the way** through the Wembley concert the huge video screens flanking the stage kept showing ruddy awful adverts. Lots of money was probably raised from them, but it still looked a bit dull having horrible Marlboro cigarette ads in between an event geared towards saving peoples lives. **The concert cost** £3.3 million to put on, but they still managed to raise around £40 million clear profit through liquid sales, merchandise and telethons, etc. **ABC TV** in America gave £5 million just for the exclusive TV rights backstage at Wembley. **Just before the grand finale** **Bob Geldof** had the whole idea of running through "Feed The World" in the backstage tent. They got some blake with an electric guitar and ushered everyone into the tent. And what happened? The power went off. **Of course** the original version was brilliant, a fitting end for what was called The Greatest Show On Earth.

Before the Royal Twosome made their grand entrance, **Tommy** "I wear very humble professional t-shirts a lot" **Vance** requested the crowd to face the Royal Box. They duly did, and the Coldstream Guards simultaneously trooped onto the stage. And very nice they looked too.



All the Live Aid tickets cost £25, right? But for a bit more you got to sit in a special glass enclosed area high up in the stadium while being served with the above delicious menu. How much more? £225 more, that's what. Bit steep but, as with everything on the great day, it all went to the charity.

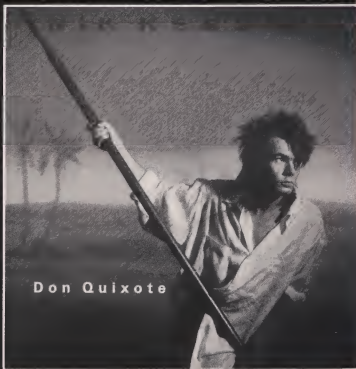
Initially announced as **Elton John** and **Wham!** it turned out, in a fit of da jay, that the pair simply joined El for a moving rendition of "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me". It was also planned that **George** and **El** would have a "war" there new "bit waxing", but they didn't have time. It was also planned that **Andrew** would get to announce **His Royal Holiness D. Rowe** but that didn't happen either. But then life's a bit like that, really.



Photo: Graham Davis

▲ ■
KERSHAW
THE NEW
SINGLE
DON QUIXOTE
▲ ■

OUT
ON
7
+
1 2



Don Quixote

HOW CAN BAND AID FEED THE WORLD?

"There's 130 million people who won't be watching the Live Aid concert," said Bob Geldof recently. He was referring to the famine victims themselves – 2% of the world's population starving across the width of Africa. How did this catastrophe happen, and how will your money help? We found out . . .

● The Disaster – what happened?

It all started ten years ago when there was a famine in Africa stretching from Senegal in the west to Somalia in the east. Though charities like Oxfam did what they could, public interest in the famine was small. It continued for the next five years, the two or three days rain a year that did arrive staving off total catastrophe.

Then the rains stopped altogether. For the last five years, up until a few weeks ago, there has been no rain whatsoever in most of the famine "disaster area" (see map). There are 130 million people in this region (about 2% of the earth's population), many of whom have now totally abandoned their villages in search of food and whose chances of survival are made even more slim by the civil wars and tribal divisions that split the area.

Which means that, in Bob Geldof's words, "we are faced with the greatest natural disaster ever. People do die the most appalling death that is known to man."

● How does Band Aid work?

While "Do They Know It's Christmas" was on its way to raising £8 million, Bob Geldof set up a Band Aid trust as a charity and recruited a team of nine volunteers to arrange how the money could be best spent to

relieve the famine. "We're concentrating predominantly on Ethiopia and Sudan," explains one of those volunteers, Wayne Lintott, "because even Band Aid's resources are limited." Food, materials and medical supplies are shipped (or, in absolute emergency, flown) out to Africa where Band Aid committees actually in the specific countries cooperate with the other relief agencies to decide what is really needed, and to distribute it efficiently when it arrives.

That's to stop the type of ignorant mistake that the Italians made when they sent over a cargo of tinned sardines. When they arrived not only did no-one know what sardines were – there also wasn't a single tin-opener to be found.

● What's been done so far?

Up until June 6 Band Aid had sent the following goods: 6 trucks, 22 Land Rovers, 9 Land Cruisers, 18 Water Tank Trailers, 23 Hospital tents, 140 tonnes of dried skim milk powder, 25 tonnes of full cream milk powder, 2 tonnes of Gold Top milk, 52 tonnes of medical supplies (tetracycline, intravenous sets and seven freezers), 510 tonnes of vegetable oil, 450 tonnes of sugar, 1,000 tonnes of grain, 52 tonnes of reinforced plastic sheeting and 10 tonnes of cooking and eating utensils.



Seven emergency flights have also been paid for (to Khartoum and Addis Ababa) and three ships (Band Aid I, Band Aid II and Band Aid III) have been bought – one leaves Britain every single week carrying supplies not only for Band Aid but for other relief organisations as well, arriving weeks later in Port Sudan, Nassawa or Djibouti.

Because it's the destination of the recent American aid, the food situation in Ethiopia at the moment is, relatively speaking, quite good so Band Aid is concentrating on Sudan. Transport is the main problem – like Ethiopia and Somalia, Sudan is in the middle of a civil war and there have only been 40 trucks in Port Sudan to carry food inland, charging an extortionate \$180/tonne (when it actually costs them about \$50/tonne). So Band Aid has just spent £1 million (the last of the record money) on a fleet of 60 trucks to transport their (and everybody else's) aid at under a third of the cost.

● What still needs doing?

"If the rate of assistance going into Africa at the moment can be sustained for another 18 months then we can stop them dying," explains Wayne Lintott. But even then a great deal more will need to be done.

The rain which came a few weeks back sadly doesn't mean that the famine is anywhere near over – at best, if it continues, all it will do is replenish the water table (the stocks of water that lie beneath the ground). That means that, if wells are drilled and pumps put in, farms can be set up again. It's on longterm projects like this to rebuild both the communities and the land itself (whole forests have been wiped out) that Band Aid is starting to concentrate.

"It's not enough just to keep them alive," says Geldof, pointing

out that it's not much fun just living in a makeshift camp from day to day, waiting for food hand-outs to keep you alive. "Now," he says, "we must give them a life."

To that end Band Aid will be trying to re-establish agricultural communities, to teach people about agriculture and soil erosion, to reforest the land and to re-empower women who, says Wayne Lintott, "traditionally work the land: it's the women who know the land, rot the men."

It won't be easy though. For many people in the disaster area it's been a long time since they've been able to call anywhere home. During recent months one million people have walked south from Ethiopia into Somalia, two million north to north-east Sudan and another two million north from Chad to southern Sudan. "Across the whole central core of Africa," explains Wayne Lintott, "you've got these massive migrations of people just looking for food and water."

Remember those great herds of wildebeests wandering around starving to death in those David Attenborough nature programmes? Well, you've got people like that now.

● How can you help?

Actual food supplies for Africa can be sent via the Schools For Africa project (see opposite for details).

You can also of course contribute either by buying the Band Aid record and associated merchandise, supporting the forthcoming appeals like Fashion Aid and Sporting Aid, or by making an actual money donation. For donations cheques or postal orders (made payable to Band Aid) should be sent to:

Band Aid,
The Central London
Warehouse,
Burton Street,
London
WC1



● SHADED AREA IS THE DISASTER ZONE

- 1 Port Sudan ships arrive with supplies from Ethiopia
- 2 Nassawa – ships arrive with supplies for Ethiopia
- 3 Djibouti – ships arrive with supplies for Ethiopia and Somalia
- 4 Khartoum – airport for emergency supplies for Sudan
- 5 Addis Ababa – airport emergency supplies for Ethiopia

SCHOOLS FOR AFRICA.

The latest Band Aid venture involves you sending food direct to Ethiopia with a bit of help from your school and British Rail. We explain how it works.

"It's good fun and a brilliant idea," explains Bob Geldof about Schools For Africa. "And it'll involve ten million kids."

Ten million kids? That's right, that means you. So what's it all about? Bob explains that the project (dreamt up by Wayne Lintott, one of the organisers in the Band Aid office) is intended to have three stages which work like this:

- 1 Huge hessian bags will be sent to all schools participating (they have to pay £4 for six) which you then will be asked to fill with wholemeal flour, sugar, dried split peas and lentils. Each filled bag will keep 100 people alive for a day. "What we're trying to do," says Bob, "is harness the economic power of ten million kids."

When the sacks are full (schools can ask for more if need be) they must be taken to the nearest British Rail Red Star office (most BR stations). British Rail will then transport them free-of-charge to the London docks where they will be loaded onto the Band Aid ships bound for Ethiopia and Sudan.

Once there the food will be distributed, the paper it's wrapped in will be used for cooking fires and the hessian bags will be used either as clothes or blankets.

- 2 British Rail and Band Aid are trying to persuade their European counterparts to join the scheme so that all round Europe sacks from schools are delivered by rail to ports like Rotterdam and Hamburg and the Band Aid ships can stop to collect the stuff on its way.

- 3 Schools For Africa wants to try to twin schools with camps in a particular area so that they will be in direct contact with the place their help is getting through to. The idea is that these links should be long term; that you should follow the progress of your "sisters and brothers".

"It's not too idealistic," reckons Bob, "to say that they can write and perhaps even in the end meet those they are helping in the future."

Bags will begin to be distributed soon for all schools that request them, though the actual collection of goods may be staggered area by area to prevent too much food arriving at once. If you want your school to take part, nag your teachers to send in the form below as soon as possible.

TO: SCHOOLS FOR AFRICA APPEAL, Thomas Bag & Co, 16 Port Glasgow Road, Greenock, Inverclyde, Scotland, PA13 2JF.	
NAME OF SCHOOL:	
ADDRESS:	
NUMBER OF PUPILS:	
TOWN OR COUNTY:	
AREA EDUCATION AUTHORITY:	
NUMBER OF SACKS: (24 for £100, P&P) Cheques or Postal Orders to Thomas Bag & Co Ltd.	
Please put a tick in the box if your school would be prepared to work with other local schools or colleges to give long term support to a local camp or project <input type="checkbox"/>	



IS SECRET

(Secret)

I've got a secret and I can't explain
 All the time I've waited for this day
 All along I was never in doubt
 I always knew it would never get out
 There are things that I cannot tell
 And there are things that you know about
 This is getting very hard for me
 I guess you'd better just wait and see (secret)

This is all this is all oh oh

(Secret)

You heard a message and the message was clear
 All the time you were away that year
 All I want is to hold your hand
 To see the sun and walk the sand
 You make me see and you make me glad
 And now you see all my secret is this love
 Is love is love my secret is this love

Everyday you're always there
 You comfort me and make me feel it's worth my while
 And then I look around and you're not there
 And everyday you say you care and I'll be wary

Secret

This is all this is all oh oh

I've got a secret and I can't explain (this is all) (secret)
 All I want is to hold your hand (this is all) oh oh
 All along I was never in doubt (this is all) (secret)
 To see the sun and to walk the sand (this is all) oh oh

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GO GO GO GOLD SEAL

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

When we're alone together at night
You say you love me that's alright
I understand
Well if I thought you were telling the truth
Like a rocket my heart would hit that roof
Life would be so grand
But the language of love is like a five card trick
One flashy illusion which is over too quick
That it seemed second hand

Chorus
Love (love is) the great pretender
Love (love is) the great pretender
(Love is) the great pretender
Love is just the great pretender
L.O.V.E

I've played this scene so many times
Sweet violins and corny lines
A Hollywood remake
Being left on the shelf is not such a bore
Preferable to being smashed on the floor

Life's only true break
And when I choose a partner now
I'm a lot more wise
And don't confuse love with the colour of their eyes
My usual mistake

Repeat chorus

Don't wire don't phone
It's Billy on the saxophone

And don't forget the Animalettes
(Love is the great pretender)
L.O.V.E
(Love is the great pretender)

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Animal Nightlife
Reproduced by permission CBS Songs Ltd
On Island Records

LOVE IS JUST THE GREAT PRETENDER



FEARGAL SHARKEY



LOVING YOU

Touching you it's a precious thing
Breathing close I'm so unsure
Embracing her oh soft sweet skin
Feeling our arms entwined
Touching you

Chorus
All this time
Loving you
All this time
Loving you

Close your eyes touch again
Share a kiss passions rise
Whispering I love you
Racing hearts our bodies warm
(Close your eyes)

Repeat chorus

Touching you
Loving
(Touching)

Repeat chorus

Loving you

Words and music by Collis Sharkey
Reproduced by permission Sound Diagrams
1985-Copyright Control
On Virgin Records

This is the new singer from The Power Station **Michael Des Barres**. Relax girls, he's not married.



Photo: LSI



Boing, boing, boing... yes, that terror of the trampette **Nils Lofgren**'s at it again. His latest single is a re-release of his "classic" song, "I Came To Dance". Boing, boing, boing.



FAN CLUBS
AC/DC
c/o Sandra Munday 11 Leomstrand Road Wotton Surrey SM4 6HN
Dead Or Alive
PO Box 65, Liverpool L69 4LG
Tears For Fears
PO Box 42N, London W1A 4ZN



Steve Strange's new band, **Strange Cruise**, signing a contract for something boring like a management deal. Dig the crazy synth wizard second from the left, **Stieve** baby.



All say aah! Kaja's **Nick Beggs** recently got married to his long-time girlfriend Boo (who now helps present ITV's **Winner Takes All** with Jimmy "Tarby" Tarbuck). Mmm, they're so dreamy.

THE CHINA CRISIS COMPETITION

Ah — who needs it? "It is the middle word in life! 'Digi' is not backwards! Hey! Wow! These are just a few of the truly mind-expanding games whizzing round rock's lost roundabout this fine day. And, it being a bit hot out and everything, somebody has decided to put one of these sayings of wisdom on a T-shirt thingie. And, more to the point, that singer with the dead tough and not a bit wimpy pop group **China Crisis** wore it in the video for "King In A Catholic Style". And very nice it looked too. So, as per usual, the kindly **Uncle Biz** had

10 of them sent round, to give away like. And 10 12's of the said single were thrown in to boot. Now you can guess what's coming next, can't you? Yes, a dead tricky question. Well no, actually, he's had his! Fooled you! It's a big wiff sloppy kiss, whizzing straight off the page and onto your mush. No, really, it is a question: **China Crisis** come from a) Edinburgh, b) Kirkby c) Malaysia d) some place you can't pronounce in Wales where **Keith Chegwin** might come from? —Answers on a postcard to **China Crisis Competition Thingie**, Smash Hits, 59-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PP by July 30. First correct 10 out of the teapots get one of each.

The **China** throw some really crazy shapes at the teapots, so here's the big **Blitz** competition.



"Come back" is the new one from the pop group that like **Chickens**, **Spear Of Destiny**. An LP, "World Service", follows in August.

OPUS: LIVE IS WHAT?

According to bass player Nicki Gruber, of **Opus**, the Austrian pop music "scene" used to be "very, very weak. Opus were playing their instruments much, much better than the other guys." But then **Opus** founded an Austrian rock festival and the "scene" was revitalised: "In 1963, the sixth and largest festival was attended by over 60,000 people which was some kind of sensation." But even so, Nicki is hard put to it to cite any other Austrian pop sensations, apart from **Garry Lux**

(who has "been playing for some years and is very fine"). **Opus** remain the kings of Viennese rock and each of their LPs goes gold (25,000 Austrian sales). But what do the words "Live Is Life" signify, **Biz** wonders? "Live Is Life" was written by the guitar player **Ivan** for this occasion when the band celebrated its eleventh anniversary in front of three-and-a-half thousand people when we did our first live record — the fifth record of **Opus**. It is a song for the people to sing with us and clap with us and clap with us and sing "Live Is Life" because the band has been playing twelve years live

Big smart pants Tears For Fears, who've just had number one single in Germany, Canada, Belgium, Australia, Holland, Switzerland, New Zealand, Israel and America, have — take a deep breath and have a big ol' sit down — just announced their big 1985 UK tour. Hurrah! A nation weeps for joy! Put out the flags! Take the rest of the day off! Eat lots of chocolate biscuits and stay up really late! Yup, here they are: 9 November Brighton Centre, 10, 11, 12 Birmingham Odeon, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 Hammersmith Odeon. Can't wait, eh? See **Concerts** for more details (page 56).



400 BLOWS

I am one group who don't want to be famous. Who don't believe in rock 'n' roll' and hate pop music. Who admit that things they do have been done before. Who aren't bothered with videos. Bit tricky, eh?

Wham? (Wham?) Nope. Nik Kershaw? No chance. The Redskins? Not even warm. It is, of course, a rather obscure bunch called **400 Blows**.

Formed in 1981, they've had loads of different line-ups, finally settling down this year to just three: singer Lea, and musicians Anthony Thorpe and Edward Beer. They've had eight singles out, all on an independent label, and one LP, mainly consisting of abstract "sound collages." This can mean a track featuring the voice of mess murderer Charles Manson to even odder manic percussive numbers.

"We choose to do things that are a purely a collage of noises rather than do a three minute song about how I was born in the USA," hesses Edward. "But then again," he admits, "it'd be a bit boring just recording an electrical generator for the rest of our lives."

Which brings us to their latest effort, a version of the classic Brass Construction jazz-funk number "Movin'" a far cry from their other stuff. "By no means are we going to subsidise our fresh style of music, but we do have an interest in different areas — we listen to groups like Mäze (giant jazz-funk group) and Brass Construction as much as we do to groups like Coil and Throbbing Gristle (ie weird late '70s noise merchants). You could say 'Movin'' is our Action Series while our other stuff is our Incidental."

Being a bit underground and all that, a lot of hard core fans might see the new one as a kind of "sell out" (yawn)? "We just see this single as an experiment. Every single we do is purely a document of a period of time. At the end of the day music isn't the important thing, it's the ideas in them that we try to communicate. That's why most of all we love to hear from people as regards what they think of what we're doing and what they have to say about things in general. To communicate is everything."

400 Blows. Anthony Thorpe, Lea, Edward Beer



Ha! You know in the last issue, the one with that bloke holding an umbrella on the cover? Well, music we played this buddy Sunny back, right? We never credited a load of snappy past photographers. Tee hee. Instead we decided to do it this time.

The **Green** on the cover, not the green coloured one, why, the one of South Pole? It was by Peter Anderson. The pic of **Howard Jones** on the feature was by Simon Fogarty. The cuts **Pete Burns** centrestread was by Paul Cox. And the **Glassfish** lead-in shots were taken by Steve Ruppitt. Got mad ol' over his necks and didn't even get a credit. Worms left!

WACKY RACES

Oh dear, oh dear. He's not having much luck is he? (snigger). The first time **Andrew Ridgeley** had a go at his thing, motor racing, he crashed head-first at 60 mph into a barrier at Brands Hatch... and the race hadn't even started. Good 'nuff. But, unperturbed, he was at it again the next week at Snetterton Circuit, Norfolk. And guess what? He crashed again. Pop stars, eh? But this time his turbo-powered Renault whizzed off the track onto the grass at 110 mph! And did that put our hero off? No way, matey. He pulled back onto the circuit to finish 20th out of 30. Good show, me lad. "Racing is my new love," he grinned, shaken not stirred, "and I know it's dangerous but if I crash, I crash." Yeah, that's the spirit. Que sera, sera and all that. Pip pip.



Another hapless victim on rock's lost highway.



Andrew Ridgeley: just look at that concentration. Shame he can't drive.

Photo: Jane Hancock/Agence

Chewy Raccoon (right) are another one of those Scottish groups with a daft name. "Don't Touch Me" is their first single and apparently they hate cats. Love Cadbury's Chocolate Buttons, want to be "revolvingly famous" and at their first London concert the dry ice machine caught fire and two fire engines rushed to the scene. Phew, rock and roll, eh?



Rock's rotten lost highway claims another unfortunate crash victim. Yes, those balls from hell

Specimen have come a cropper on the highway. Ace axe-hero Johnny Slut joins a bunch called Let's Wreck Mother. Singer Otlie desperately seeks replacements. Yet again a nation mourns.

on stage and Ivan wanted to say that playing live is our life."

But there is more to Opus than that. Apart from the current hit, the band write songs "talking about problems people have here with parents and coal and unemployment and suicide with folk elements and rock elements. We say that weeds are very important and it is not good to say any rubbish so we always try to make good words. Music also is important so the development of the music can be watched with every record..."

Bitz will keep watching. Definitely.



It's a look. It's a style. It's a play. It's a Spanish flamenco thought done with a word. It's a new **Nik Kershaw** single. It's a warty. It's a baby. It's... "Don Quixote!"



Photo: Graham House

"One Time" is the first LP by those fab acapella soulsters the **Mint Juleps**. Recorded live, it features covers of loads of songs your dad plays on Sunday mornings.

B I T Z



The new **Martini** single, out mid-August, is called "Lavender". Bit predictable, really. Amazing Fact: This Bit is sideways. Just in case you hadn't noticed.

About time too! **Jaki Graham** has had a hit in her own right. Earlier this year she did "Could It Be I'm Falling In Love" with **David Grant**, but now she's on her own with the hit single, "Round And Round".

It's been a hard slog getting there. Still living in the Midlands, she's been singing for 10 years, going professional in 1980. Before that she was doing the rounds of the pubs and clubs while holding down a secretarial job in a small engineering factory.



"I just don't know how I managed it," she giggles. "The lads used to pick me up from work and then we'd drive north, south, east or wherever and do our stuff. At the time we were doing covers of chart stuff – not cabaret! – and then we'd pack all the gear away and get back to Birmingham around 5 or 6 in the morning. Then I'd have a couple of hours sleep and it'd be back to work. I'd get my head down at lunch time, get someone to go down to the pub and buy me a sausage or something, go back to work and then the whole cycle would start again! It makes me tired just remembering it all." True? Bitz nearly had a nervous breakdown just thinking about it. Anyway, she eventually went "pro", feeling she was getting nowhere just doing the rounds.

"The job situation was so hairy we I just thought I might as well stick at what I did best. I was even thinking of cabaret until I met the unt." The unt, as she refers to them, are producer Derek Bramble, David Grant and his manager (who also happens to be Jaki's now), "Derek who used to be in **Heatwave** (late '70s funk smoothies) did his first production job on my first LP. Then he did David's stuff and then – we were dead proud about this – he got to do **David Bowie**'s last LP ("Tonight"). We all freaked over that one."

And that brings us bang up to date. Her new LP, "Heaven Knows", features the duet with David Grant and another with Derek – "he's got a brilliant voice, you know". And after that? "Who knows. I just want to be around for a long time, do well at what I'm doing, get a little bit of recognition and hopefully do a little bit for someone with my voice." And you can't say fairer than that.

Those moody little so-and-so's **The Cure** (pictured below) are back. After the usual long lay-off and getting together of heads in the country, they're finally ready to release a new single, "In Between Days", out July 19. Back is bass player Simon Gallup, who's got even longer hair than Robert Smith and was with **The Cure** some three years ago) and they've got a new drummer, Boris Williams, who used to do live work with the **Thompson Twins**. Currently finishing off a new LP, they've announced a UK tour for September which includes a night at the Wembley Arena. Show off.



Don'tcha just love a wedding? Well, not actually. But here's one anyway. The blushing bride on this occasion was 22 year old Joanne Young.



Paul Young will be hitting rock's heavily traffic-jammed highway in December. (That means he's playing some concerts – Ed.) The dates go something like this: December 3 and 4 Wembley Arena (yawn); 8 Brighton Centre. 10

OMD to tour in November! See Concerts for details (page 56)

GET 'EM ON! GET 'EM ON!

Oh dear. It's that time of the year again. The sun is out, all those children from under the same sun are out in it, and everyone's making a big div of themselves by baring their bods to attract the opposite gender. And **Paul Weller** is no exception to this happening. And here's a dead sexy shot to prove it – our girl, don'tcha just need a cold shower after seeing those athletic, bronzed limbs? And as for those knees... phew, rock 'n' roll! Bitz suggests you take two Sherbet Dabs and have a bit of a lie down.



Photo: Jack Sheehan

LET US SPRAY...



Angus Young, the titchy lead singer with metallers **AC/DC**, is a very naughty boy indeed. Not only does he hog himself up as a v. horny schoolboy, and frighten girls by pretending to be "the devil", but he's been at this game so long (11 years!) that he's become alarmingly adept at evading deeply probing Biz?-type questions. For instance: Angus, how come your songs are nearly always... er... rude? "Weeellll... there's two sides to everything. My mother is a woman and I wouldn't say anything against her." Yeah, right on, Angus. (Thinks – is this man a bit squiffy or what?)

Considering you're a well-known wearer of shorts, hasn't a firm like Nike ever thought of sponsoring you to wear their brand? "Nah. A tyre firm used to do me for shoes, though. They were big and thick (like the shoes). Didn't last long, mind." Oh, right, Super.

What about Van Halen? How did you both get on at last year's Donington Monsters Of Rock bash? "Americans don't talk. You can hear them from 12 paces. And they usually just want ice in the water, y'know?" Fact, this man is a bit bonkers.



Anyway, talking of casualties on rock's lost highway, we now have a swarm of very horny flies. But they're no ordinary flies – they're big green **AC/DC** ones with bright red eyes and a dirty great sucker on their head that sticks on things. Yuck! But luckily Biz? has also managed to get hold of some special AC/DC fly spray and a fly swatter. Phew!

Anyway, we've got 10 of each thing to give away in one of our wacky soaraway bonanza competition things. And once you've knocked off the monster fly you can set to the rest of the miniature varmints that are lurking in your sugar bowl, litter bin, and peanut butter and salmon paste sarnie. Super. So to be in with a chance of getting one of each handy household item, answer this poser: "If Fly For You" is a song by a) Jonathan King b) Spandau Ballet c) Sir Clifford Richard d) Aneka Rice? Answers on a postcard to **Yucky AC/DC Fly Competition**, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, by July 31.

First correct 10 out of the dustbin get one each.

Katherine Hammell, who did those BIG Ideologically v. sound t-shirts last year, has done another one this summer for the Labour Party's Jobs And Industry Campaign, and we've got 10 of them to give away. Just answer the question: Who is the current leader of the Labour Party? Is it: a) Billy Bragg b) Tony Benn c) Arthur Scargill d) Gary Numan e) Neil Kinnock? Answer on a postcard to **Smash Hits Labour Party Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by July 31. First correct 10 out of the ballot box get a t-shirt.



The new **Phil Collins** single, "Take Me Home", features **Sting**, **Peter Gabriel** and **Helen Terry** on backing vocals. And the video will feature live stuff from his recent world tour, which went to places like Australia, The Far East, Europe and North America. Clever dlogs.



The Blue Zone (pictured above) is the new groupette featuring Lisa Stansfield (far left), ex-presenter of **Radio 2**'s **Blue Zone**. Their first single, "Feel It From The Inside", is due out August. Super.

sister of **Paul Young**, that singing arsoner on rock's lost highway. On her night is Pa Young, and it took place in Stopsley, Bedfordshire.



Shepton Mallet – Royal Bath & West Showground, Showering Pavilion; 13 and 14 Edinburgh Playhouse; 17 Birmingham NEC. Ticket prices range from about £7 to £8.50 but for full details on how to get some, see **Concerts**.

Nik Kershaw's group, **The Krew**, (pictured below) are Nik Kershaw's group no more. After they finish their American tour in August and September as special guest stars to **Paul Young**, they go into the studio to record a single in their own right. But first things first. They want a "young and talented singer-frontman" to replace old Nik. So if you're interested, send a tape and picture to **Artic Kims Music Ltd.**, Avon House, 360 Oxford Street, London W1N 9HA.

And just think, if you get picked we could write rude things about you in **Biz?** and draw lots of embarrassing cartoons of you in **Muttetings**. Great eh?



The **Rebelious Jukebox**, that belly show we told you about yonks ago, is on this week at 11.00 on the 20th July. About time too. Made by **Godley & Creme**, it features **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** and loads of other people and sounds dead fab.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Nigel Twist of The Alarm (27) on July 18
Brian May of Queen (38) on July 19
Michael McNeill of Simple Minds (27) on July 20
David Essex (38) on July 23
Martin Gore of Depeche Mode (24) on July 23
Mick Jagger (42) on July 26
Roger Taylor of Queen (36) on July 26
John Sykes of Whitesnake (26) on July 29
Kate Bush (27) on July 30

OMY TOOT TOOT

CHORUS
DON'T MESS WITH MY TOOT TOOT
DON'T MESS WITH MY TOOT TOOT
I KNOW YOU HAVE ANOTHER WOMAN
SO DON'T MESS WITH MY TOOT TOOT
WELL I WAS BORN IN MY BIRTH SUIT
THE DOCTOR SLAPPED MY BEHIND
HE SAID YOU'RE GONNA BE SPECIAL
YOU SWEET LITTLE TOOT TOOT

SO YOU CAN LOOK AT MUCH
BUT IF YOU SO MUCH AS TOUCH
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE YOURSELF A CASE
I'M GONNA BREAK YOUR FACE SO

REPEAT CHORUS

HANG IT RIGHT OH YEAM

REPEAT CHORUS

WELL I WAS BORN IN MY BIRTH SUIT
THE DOCTOR SLAPPED MY BEHIND
HE SAID YOU'RE GONNA BE SPECIAL
YOU SWEET LITTLE TOOT TOOT

SO YOU CAN LOOK AT MUCH
BUT IF YOU MUCH AS TOUCH
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE YOURSELF A CASE
I'M GONNA BREAK YOUR FACE SO

REPEAT CHORUS

OH YEAM

TOOT TOOT

TOOT TOOT I KNOW YOU HAVE ANOTHER WOMAN
TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT
TOOT TOOT I KNOW YOU HAVE ANOTHER WOMAN
TOOT TOOT OH YEAM HANG IT RIGHT

REPEAT CHORUS

WELL I WAS BORN IN MY BIRTH SUIT
THE DOCTOR SLAPPED MY BEHIND
HE SAID YOU'RE GONNA BE SPECIAL
YOU SWEET LITTLE TOOT TOOT

NOW YOU CAN LOOK AT MUCH
BUT IF YOU MUCH AS TOUCH
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE YOURSELF A CASE
I'M GONNA BREAK YOUR FACE

REPEAT CHORUS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY DENISE LASALLE
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FLYING SAUCER
ON ETC RECORDS

DENISE LASALLE



OPUS LIVE IS LIFE

NA NA NA NA NA (ALTOGETHER NOW)
NA NA NA NA NA
NA NA NA NA NA

LIVE NA NA NA NA NA
LIVE IS LIFE NA NA NA NA NA
LA DE DA NA NA NA
LIVE NA NA NA NA NA
LIVE NA NA NA NA NA

WHEN WE ALL GIVE THE POWER WE ALL GIVE THE BEST
EVERY MINUTE OF THE HOUR DON'T THINK ABOUT A BEST
AND YOU ALL GET THE POWER YOU ALL GET THE BEST
AND EVERYONE GIVES EVERYTHING
AND EVERYONE EVERYBODY SINGS

THEN IT'S LIVE NA NA NA NA NA
LIVE IS LIFE NA NA NA NA NA
LIFE IS LIFE NA NA NA NA NA
LA DE DA NA NA NA

LIVE NA NA NA NA NA
LIVE IS LIFE
WHEN WE ALL FEEL THE POWER

LIVE IS LIFE
COME ON STAND UP AND DANCE
LIVE IS LIFE
WHEN THE FEELING OF THE PEOPLE
LIVE IS LIFE
IS THE FEELING OF THE HOUR (YEAM)

WHEN WE ALL GIVE THE POWER WE ALL GIVE THE BEST
EVERY MINUTE OF THE HOUR DON'T THINK ABOUT A BEST
AND YOU ALL GET THE POWER YOU ALL GET THE BEST
AND EVERYONE GIVES EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE EVERYBODY SINGS

THEN IT'S LIVE
NA NA NA NA NA
LIVE IS LIFE
NA NA NA NA NA
LA DE DA NA NA NA
LIVE NA NA NA NA NA
LIVE IS LIFE
NA NA NA NA NA

REPEAT AND REFER TO PAGE

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AND THE REVOLUTION

raspberry beret

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c/w MEGA IDOL MIX
FLESH FOR FANTASY/HOT IN THE CITY/
DANCING WITH MYSELF

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY

as the Cocleau Twins – were whiling away their time releasing very obscure and pretty damn arty singles, but now they're turned to writing extremely fine pop songs. This achingly great ballad tells a sad tale of lost love – grandiose synthesizers pound away while a woman sings lushly about the moon not being blue after all. Wonderful. Sneaking in from outside to become The Joint Single of The Fortnight.



THE MOON IS BLUE

GO WEST: Goodbye Girl (Chrysalis) The muscular ones have decided to put out a slow one this time around, a woefully sad ballad. It's sick, soulful, melodic, poignant, crafted, beautifully sung and a mile dull I'm sorry to say, not a touch on the last two.

DOLBY'S CUBE: May The Cube Be With You (Partophone) Synthesizer supremo Thomas Dolby's new group seems to be turning out better than might have been expected if this enjoyably odd piece of disco is anything to go by. Where these cubes come in I'm none too sure, but then Thomas is a bit of wacky chap, isn't he?



TOPPER HEADON: Drumming Man (Mercury) Ex-punk in jazz star (nubut!) Well it's Topper actually, the drummer who quit The Clash a couple of years ago, covering a big band instrumental by Gene Krupa who used to drum up a storm himself back in the 1930s. Lots of trumpets, lots of saxophones, all tooting away to produce a very swingy little number. Bet you can't breakdance to it.

AC/DC: Danger (Atlantic) The Australian 'wild men of rock n'rol' return with a very very slow piece of heavy metal, a grinding, bluesy thing. It's been a while since we've heard anything from them but the singer still seems to be having a bit of trouble with his throat. Honey and lemon m'boy, that's the thing.

TINA TURNER: We Don't Need Another Hero (Thunderdome) (Capitol) Taken, as they say, from the

original motion picture soundtrack of the next *Mad Max* movie (which also features a very preposterously dressed Tina Turner) this one shows once again that self-restraint isn't one of her talents. Here she is, going well and truly over the top again, her vocal chords boldly going where no others have gone before. And no, I don't know what this Thunderdome business is.

NIK KERSHAW: Don Quixote (MCA) The thing with Nik Kershaw's songs is that you can always be pretty sure that even those who claim they don't like him end up humming along. But maybe not this time. The song, all about the bloke who went around worrying windmills and how we're all a bit like him really, gets a bit too fiddly for its own good.

ADAM ANT: Vive Le Rock (CBS) If I hadn't peeked I'd have sworn this was Gary Glitter, but then these days Adam does seem to leap wildly from one style to the next. A stormingly blustering piece of rock 'n' roll fun



DEBARGE: Who's Holding Denna Now (Gordy) A rather limp ballad which shows DeBarge up to be truly sensitive souls. Cocktail bar stuff – you're left not caring much who this Denna is, let alone who's holding her. And another thing... someone should tell those DeBarge brothers to do something about their moustaches.

PHILIP BAILEY: Children Of The Ghetto (CBS) This has got Phil Collins stamped all over it, which is understandable seeing as how he produced it – a beautiful slow and lazy tune from the sweet-singing Mr Bailey. A fact of small importance, but this is a cover version of a song by The Real Thing, who were Liverpool's finest ever funk band quite a few years back.

LOOSE ENDS: Golden Years (Virgin) Cover versions can be very painful things, and treading over songs by a godlike 'living legend' like Bowie is usually something to avoid, but, blow me down, this is rather good. They haven't tampered with the tune too much, just pepped it up a bit here and there. To be honest it sounds much better than anything the man himself has turned out in recent years.

OPPOSITION: 5 Minutes (Charisma) MAINFRAME: 5 Minutes (Polydor) Now here's a funny thing, two records with exactly the same title. There's another odd coincidence too, both of them are not very good.



MADONNA: Into The Groove (Sire) Get into The Groove? Now what sort of language is that for a modern girl to be using? She—who-is-sultry has recorded a pretty average piece of work here, without any of the fun that's gone before. Plodding run of the mill disco, dare I say? You'd do much better listening to...

WEIRD AL YANKOVIC: Like A Surgeon (Epic) In which Weird Al sweeps Madonna off the dance floor and whips her down to Casualty for a tale of everyday medical malpractice. Old Al does take his jokes to ridiculous lengths, making them all as painfully elaborate as possible, and for that we love him.

PHIL COLLINS: Take Me Home (Virgin) Letting himself go a bit on the drums this time, the ever-skilful Mr Collins turns in another likely single, pouring his heart out over a beasty rhythm and building up to a big anthem-like finish. A touch pompous maybe, but not so it hurts.

PRINCE: Raspberry Beret (WEA) The regal frutcake returns with a chirpy tune about falling in love with someone who wears a beret. To my ears it's much like his very '60s-ish 'Paisley Park', churning away to an additive chorus in which Prince tells us about the said headgear. Of course paratroopers wear raspberry colored berets, but I don't think we should jump to any conclusions there.

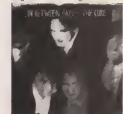


THE DENTISTS: Strawberries Are Growing In My Garden (And It's Wintertime) (Spruck) But really though, Prince's attempts to recapture the '60s pale about nothingness compared to this storming piece of nonsense. The Dentists have gone to extremes to capture the daffier side of psychedelia. But for a lifelong distrust of all things dental, this could have turned out Single Of The Fortnight because it's the most supremely stupid song I've heard in a long while. Well groovy.



WILLIAM SHAW

THE CURE: In Between Days (Polydor) They're full of little surprises, The Cure. Every once in a while they turn out a completely and irrevocably loveable tune, and this one's the best in a long while – since 'Love Cats' in fact. It bounds away at breakneck speed to the rhythm of strumming guitars and a simple little keyboard melody which goes round and round. Even the morose voice of Robert Smith singing about growing old and losing girlfriends can't stop it sounding bright and lively in a Cure-ishly whimsical way. Just the thing for a hot day. Joint Single Of The Fortnight.



COLOURBOX: The Moon Is Blue (4AD) Until recently this lot – who come from the same label

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So, if a friend offers you heroin, use your brain while you still can.

And say no.

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competition winners

Top Ten Video Competitions (5 June)

● Contact answer (4) Marilyn Smash Ten Top Ten Videos are on their way to these lucky few people: Linda Goughan, Bernell Jan Tweed, Somerset G. Johnson, Northwich; Rachel Turner, Ruxton; Stephen Hay, Friars 2 Taylor, Middlewich; Darren Owen, St Helens; Rita Sforzina, Solihull; Charlotte Roberts, Sutton Coldfield; John G. Fuller, Kent

50 copies of '28 Hot Hits Out Now' are on their way to: Carol Williams, Wrexham; Angela Barlow, St Dennis; Paula Bloomfield, Huddersfield; Gareth Jones, Runcorn; Helen Pughy, Lark Sarah Bosses, Birmingham 5; Golden, Dalton; Huddersfield; Gavin Agun, Hudders; Lynn Hayward, Leeds; Lindsay Bowers, Harro; Sally Robinson, Place Julie Sierra, Ebbw; Michelle Woodley, Amersham; J. Horton, Clay Cross; Lisa Preston, Hounslow; Alison Hancock, Preston; Julie Gray, Bradford; Christina Heslay, New Malden; Heather Dalgleish, Durno; Nana Lehmann, London; Rachel Davis, Harle; Anne Cummet, Severn Kings; Caroline Ouseu, Lincs; Karen Lovell, Darbyshire; Philip Davies, Cardiff; Louise Taylor, Bernice; Elizabeth Nutson, Peckham; Carolyn Conley, Lowestoft; Luane Minerva, London; Sharon Longford, Marnes Vale; Joseph Collins, Lincs; Julie Egan, Cardiff; Rachel Burnett, Shacklewell; Neil Orr, Middlesex; Cathie Sherry, Slough; Jennie Wake, Cardiff; Adrian Horton, Salsley; Nabwela Mir, London; K. Brothwood, Penrith; Paul Bryant, London; Joanne Curtis, Northport; Emma Hawkins, Dorset; Sharon Magee, Leeds; H. Brown, Woburn; Claire Houllett, Goldhay; L. Osborne, Boston; Julie Concession, Cleveland; Eric Keenan, Rufford; Dawn Morgan, Wilt; Kimberley Norman, Dorset

Yet Another Prince-Cosplay Competition (June 19)

● Contact answer (8) Escrowbe The Glowing with a Prince-Cosplay each: Sharon Kearns, Co Lurgan; Jonathan Gray, Leigh-on-Sea; A. Lodge, Portobello; Julia Bhatta, Popper; Yvonne Riecker, D. Sanford; Carol Wastwood, Chislehurst; Sharon Carter, major; B. Hutton, Stockport; Rob O'Hare, Southport; Gaynor Haggerty, Whitefield; Nicholas Lawrence, Chislehurst; Jason Rogers, Hemel Hempstead; Nigel Minter, Woking; Jonathan Whitmore, Snowdon; Dawn Anderson, Mendips; Margaret Campbell, Enfield; Frances Cochrane, Cumbernall; Debbie Boulton, Cheshire; Karen Hignam, Windsor; Alison Thornton, Mearnsborough; Calma Symmet, Dunfer; Malcolm Stralton Jnr, Coventry; Audrey Newman, East Kilbride; Victoria Pattrayn, Little Bickham

Seeds Point Skatol Cup Competition (June 18)

● Contact answer (4) Aretha Franklin The following are a cassette and a 12" single each: Tina Rogers, Leighton; Helen Philp, Woking; Matt Tannahill, Thornton Heath; Deb Hewitt, Berrymans; Erika North, Uxbridge; Heather Sims, East Meillon; Paula Dumack, Huddersfield; Chris Richards, Birley; Julie Johnson, Harwood; Mark John Cahill, Lanchashire; K. Rastar, Gifford; Heather Grant, Aberdeen; Robert Muller, South Wales; Bekki Page, Bristol; Michael Bell, Clevedon; Tim Selwood, Ketter; Danny Spott, Warrington; Lynne Swainston, Stroud; Kathryn Pell, Peterborough; Chris Wood, St Albans; J. Greca, Newcastle; Cassidy, Middlesbrough; Robert Lane, Chatham; Michelle McCoubrey, Salford; Richard Harris, Sand-on; Gary Jones, Bower, Thornton Heath; Sita Kenwick, London; Julie Cumberland, London; Simon Thomas, Gemeth; Criss, Marag G. Kinnaird, Aberdeen; Gordon Bennett, Aberdeen; Tracey Foster, Mansfield; Alan Holmes, Preshutt; Alita Galois, Greenford; Chae Lata, Greenford; Tanya Briggs, Barrow; Colin O'Dowd, Duff; Kynce, N. Newark; Brynnyve Miss S. Ewart, Huddersfield; Neil Greenwood, Tyne & Wear; Margaret Camplin, Lifford; Rebecca Selman, Berrymans; Miss S. McDevitt, Bournemouth; Derek Newton, Glasgow; Lee Brown, Mallow; Brian Misty, Lancashire; Clifford Harris, Evesham; Louise Athey, Coventry; Mark Gibbons, Coventry; Justin Eves, West Malling

ARETHA FRANKLIN: Who's Zoomin' Who? (Arista)

Aretha Franklin produced her best work about 15 years ago with a string of breathtaking soul ballads. Now she's back with an album littered with lots of 'highly respected' session players and the odd famous guest like the Eurythmics and Bruce Springsteen's sax player, Clarence Clemons. The result is slick modern disco-soul - pleasant enough but ultimately forgettable stuff. It's only on the two self-produced tracks - her own song 'Integrity' and Van McCoy's 'Sweet Bird Love' - that you get a glimpse of her at her inspired and inspiring vocal best. There's a moral in here somewhere. (7 out of 10)

Ian Cranina

MIDNIGHT OILS: Red Sails In The Sunset (CBS)

Midnight Oil, hugely successful in their native Australia, make even The Style Council seem uncommitted - all their songs seem to be about politics of some sort and their singer, Peter Garrett, only just failed to get into Parliament last year standing for the nuclear disarmament party. Sadly all these noble sentiments are let down by the music - it's dreary heavy rock only occasionally spiced up with a bit of impressive modern studio technology. Worthy but dull. (6 out of 10)

Chris Heath

ANNIE WHITEHEAD: Mix Up (Parloam)

After a good few years playing trombone with the Fun Boy Three, The Style Council, Elvis Costello, Working Week, Smiley Culture and endless others, Annie Whitehead has finally made a record of her own. As you might expect there's loads of jazzy bits as well as the odd dollop of reggae and salsa, but sadly no songs that really stand up on their own. If you like the sound of a few friends having a good time playing jazz together then this may be for you. If not, steer clear. (5 out of 10)

Chris Heath

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Directed by JERRY FARRIS

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Chorus

Bang bang you're dead
Did not did too
Stop diddy bopping buddy
Bouncing Betty on you

Repeat chorus

I try to tell you but you just don't understand
You got my entire life in your hands
Vive la rock vive la rock ooh
Oh you don't know what you're missing
'Cause you don't know what you got

And at the end the people see it your way
Live smart play dead live to fight a new day push
Vive la rock vive la rock
Doh you don't know what you're missing
'Cause you don't know what you got
Vive la rock vive la rock vive la rock

If this is it then I'm afraid it's not enough
Here's Johnny and he's calling your bluff
Vive la rock vive la rock
Well you don't know what you're doing
'Cause you don't know what is what

Vive la rock vive la rock
Look out rockers going star wars

Repeat chorus twice

You're scratching records but you won't be
scratching nice
Don't give me chish chash in risky disk time
Just vive la rock vive la rock ooh
Oh well I've been where I was going
And it's surt Yee at Finland

Vive la rock vive la rock vive la rock

Bang bang you're dead (vive la rock)
Did not did too
Stop diddy bopping buddy
Bouncing Betty on you

Repeat

Look man I'm on top of the world

Words and music by Ant/Marco
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THE HUMAN LEAGUE: SIX

Three years ago, The Human League were the biggest pop group in the

whole world. Their classic single "Don't You Want Me" had been number one just about everywhere and their LP "Dare" sold absolutely squillions of copies. Yes, sirree!! Things looked pretty alright for the brilliantly-conceived pop combo from Sheffield. Then things started to go horribly wrong. Their next LP "Hysteria" took ages to make, and when it *did* come out, not many people bought it. Then the group all went a bit mad.

So what went wrong? Tom Hibbert grills Mr. Human League, Philip Oakey.

Photo: Andy Collin



Photo: Andy Collin



Phil Oakey minus ruffon-chop whiskers.

GO COMPLETELY BONKERS

Today The Human League are in the studio polishing off a new long-playing "waxing" which might just re-establish them as giants of popular music. But there

again, it might not. Whatever happens, the man with the mutton chop whiskers sitting next to me on a park bench and pointing a domestic video camera at two passers-by, seems unconcerned about it all. Which is slightly remarkable: for the man with the mutton chop whiskers on the park bench is actually Philip Oakey, the voice of The Human League . . .

Mutton Chop whiskers? Yes! I wanted to look like "Monkey" of that Chinese TV programme," he says, "but instead, I look like the lead singer in The Flying Pickets. Serves me right. They're coming off this afternoon . . ." Having cleared that up, I pose the age-old musical question: What Went Wrong? In almost bliss fashion, Phil Oakey begins to spill the beans about The Human League - The Lost Years . . .

"After 'Dare', we decided to take a year off because we didn't want to happen to us what's now happening to Culture Club - and we could see that coming. And then things started going horribly wrong. We ended up not doing an LP for two-and-a-half years because everyone went a bit mad. Every male member of the group and those associated with it was exhibiting symptoms of lunacy and egomania, including myself. I have examples of famous names I won't mention who had gone through that process and who actually warned us about it. It was really depressing because they turned out to be right. But those same people who warned us about going potty then went potty again themselves. We weren't so bad. We didn't become socially odd but we were exhibiting strange little character things . . ."

In Phil's case these "strange character things" took the form of tinkering obsessively in the studio - "I got very caught up in machines I was spending all my time on our sequencers and driving everyone else in the group mad by sitting tapping away at a computer for hours and hours on end" - and watching loads and loads of television. "It got to the stage where I couldn't turn the TV off and it stopped. I'd start at about 6 o'clock and end up watching Open University until it finishes."

If he'd been glued to afternoon TV as well, Oakey might well have become dincally insane. Fortunately, he wasn't: "No, I couldn't watch in the afternoon. Those Australian programmes like *The Salvans* have actually got quite a big following in the pop world but I find them very unattractive - Bondi Beach Wars. Rainbow used to be quite interesting though, because Jo Calls - who might or might not be in the group anymore - can do impressions of everyone on Rainbow to perfection. Zippy and George and everyone." (When Phil says that Jo Calls "might or might not be in the group" . . . well, he isn't playing on the new LP but "I really hope he's going to send us a song. I think that what he wanted to do was stop at home in Edinburgh

with his wife, which I can't really complain about. . .")

So while all the male members of the group were going mildly bonkers, how were the females - Joanne Calderall and Susanne Sulley - coping with the pressures of fame? Altogether better than the boys, it seems:

"You'd think they'd have gone completely scatty. I don't know why they didn't and it's an item of extreme irritation to me, but they were completely sensible all the way through. I assumed they would be even worse than us.

"I don't think the world is going mad to see The Human League at the moment. But it might be in a few months . . ."

"Well, right from the start I knew that Joanne had her feet planted firmly on the ground but Susanne was a bit starmy-eyed and I remember when we did 'Don't You Want Me' - I thought, if it's successful we're going to get no end of stick from Sue about how she made it a success. There's absolutely no doubt in my mind that the record was successful largely on the basis of her doing that verse and the way she looked in the video. But she's never ever said a word. Not a peep. She's been absolutely fantastic. They've both been fantastic."

Well, he would say that, wouldn't he? After all, Phil and Joanne share a home in Sheffield - with Geoff the hamster and a cat called Dribble (it isn't actually their cat but it's round at their house all the time even though Phil is allergic to cats: "I get very creepy chawly skin all over my face but we can't kick her out because she's so nice") - and were once widely rumoured to be getting married.

"I have a weakness for seeing topless women on TV which is a bit odd. I quite like seeing famous people without their clothes on."

"I think we were going to get married at one stage but you often get married just because you're frightened of losing the other person. And I don't think that me and Joanne are going to lose each other. We're completely happy with things."

During the lengthy period of Human League inactivity, Joanne and Susanne have been "just sort of hanging around Sheffield. There was a time when they couldn't go out but they've got back into socialising. But I think they do get very bored." Phil, meanwhile, has killed a bit of time working with Giorgio Moroder: last year there was the hit single "Together in Electric Dreams" and now there's "Good-Bye Bad Times".

Why did he do "Electric Dreams" in the first place?

"It was just a quick thing to do in a robot-like fashion. They sent me a tape, I wrote the words and popped down to London for two hours one afternoon and did it. I never liked that song. It thought it was just an old-fashioned synth record, sub-romantic and a bit sentimental. But my words were good. 'Good-Bye Bad Times' has rotten words but quite like the backing. I used to think I knew what

was good and bad in music but I really don't know anymore. And I can't work out if that's just because I'm turning into an old bore."

Does one detect a paled note, a hint of world-weariness here? It can't be much fun slipping out of pop music's premier division to be replaced by a bunch of beaming faces of, ahem, inferior talent. Can it?

"We met Duran Duran on *Top Of The Pops* when they were a joke. Everyone was talking about Spandau Ballet and there were these upstairs trying to be Spandau Ballet called Duran Duran. And after that they were going to *Top Of The Pops* and we were getting smaller and they were getting bigger and bigger. I don't know if we'll get that big again but I've a feeling we will. I don't think the world is going mad to see the Human League at the moment. But it might be in a few months . . ."

And if they fail to make it big once more, there's always TV. He's not crazed and obsessive about telly anymore, but Philip Oakey is still an avid watcher:

"It fascinates me and I feel I could make exciting TV shows on an exploitation basis. What, with lots of beautiful girls and that? I do have a weakness for seeing topless women on TV which is a bit odd. I quite like seeing famous people without their clothes on." Like who?

"Well, there's not many. There aren't many attractive women. I sometimes think that Brooke Shields is quite close to being beautiful. Grace Kelly was beautiful. I don't like Joan Collins at all. And Princess Diana is hopeless. Absolutely hopeless. A massive con job on the world. It's not her fault - she's probably alright. Prince Charles is definitely alright. He's doing all the things the Human League are doing."

Pardon? Let it pass.

"Sometimes I think we shouldn't be doing pop music anymore. We should be doing TV. With that, Phil picks up his video camera once more and points it at a yellow tractor weaving noisily through the trees of the park.

To be frank, Philip Oakey seems less deranged, less kooky than almost any other pop person I have ever met. But, still, it must be asked: Has he completely recovered from the bout of mental decay? Is Oakey's "head" back "together"?

"Aha! That's the problem, isn't it?" he replies. "You never really know, do you? . . ."

The Mighty Human League when they were very, very famous and successful (July 1982). Left: right: Joanne Calderall, Susanne Sulley, Philip Oakey, and Adrian Wright.



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ROUND AND ROUND

Have you ever wondered why you sometimes see me smile
It's to tell you that I care
And the best thing you can do is come and follow through
Just to hold me just be there

(I'm falling in love) I can't help myself
(You're making me feel) that I need no-one else
(The state of the heart) that just won't give us
(And here's where it starts) 'cause you send me
(Round and around and around round) oh oh oh
(Round and around and around round) that's what you do
(Round and around and around round) I'm falling for you oh
(Round and around and around round)

Has it ever crossed your mind that you might want to find
Something else or someone new
'Cause the pleasure that you give I just don't want to share
Not with no-one just with you oh oh
(I'm falling in love) I can't help myself
(You're making me feel) that I need no one else
(The state of the heart) that just won't give in no
(And here's where it starts) 'cause you send me
(Round and around and around round) that's what you do
(Round and around and around round) the state of my heart
(Round and around and around round) come follow it through
(Round and around and around round) come on

Give me your all the best we can

Make me feel how your the only man
Give me the touch that will bring me to my knees yeah
And I wanna know how your love can be
Hold me close and baby be good to me

Can't help falling in love just the state of my heart
I just can't get enough oh how you send me

(Round and around and around round)
It goes straight to my head
(Round and around and around round) that's what you do
(Round and around and around round) I'm falling for you
(Round and around and around round) boy you send me
(Round and around and around round) oh yeah
(Round and around and around round) that's what you do
(Round and around and around round) yeah yeah
(Round and around and around round) falling for you
(Round and around and around round)
Woah woah woah woah

(Round and around and around round)
(Round and around and around round) I'm falling for you
(Round and around and around round)
Your touch brings me through
(Round and around and around round) that's what you do
(Round and around and around round) yeah yeah
(Round and around and around round) down on my knees
(Round and around and around round) baby

Words and music by D. Bramble Reproduced by permission Virgin Music/Di EMI Records

JAKI GRAHAM

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pointer sisters



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GET SMART

Please could you tell me if Wham! actually paint their teeth to get them so white? If they don't, I'd really like to know what toothpaste they use.

Tracey, Coseley.
 ● "No way, dahling..." uttered Wham!'s spokesperson. "It's just they were lucky to be born with beautiful teeth. It runs in George's family - his Mum has the most beautiful ones!"

Apparently, they don't stick to any one brand of toothpaste. But beauty experts suggest you use Dentaw, special make-up for teeth which is available at your chemists

Could you tell me who does the rather naughty drawings on The Power Station's record sleeves? I think they're, like, a bit good...

Ad The Lad, Sharbourne
 ● John Taylor came across American artist Frank Olinsky's work on one of his frequent jaunts around the United States, and instantly "loved what he saw". They talked about a "concept" at length in one of "the various bars around the world" (they admit this on the sleeve) and an idea was born along rock's lost highway

To settle an argument, can you tell me if there's a device available which can be attached to a Hi-Fi to



Got a question about pop? There's nothing (well, almost nothing) that Linda can't find out for you. Send her a card: Linda, Get Smart, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

eliminate the vocals from a record, leaving just the instrumental backing?

Interested, Worthing.
 ● Called The Thompson Vocal Eliminator, it's made by an American company who believe in "making dreams come true". They ask: "Have you ever dreamed of

singing with an orchestra, or your favourite rock band? For about a tenth of what it would cost to record one song, you can have the background music to over half of the stereo records ever released by a vocalist..." It works by eliminating almost all the vocals on a record, leaving most of the

background instruments untouched. For a free flex-disc illustrating the advantages and disadvantages of the system, you can phone them in Georgia, USA on 0101 404 493 8995. Ask mumsiepoos first, mind.

Please, please could you put a picture of Conway in the next Get Smart? I've told everyone how nice he is.

Samantha Frums.
 ● Here he is, our very own John Denver lookalike (only joking) on the day he left Smash Hits (July 1). Looks sad, doesn't he? Positively broken. Actually, he's very nice really and leaves this office of his own accord for pastures new - he'll be working up and down the River Thames giving canoeing lessons. Takes all sorts



I've recently become a modette and am very interested in the whole mod scene. Having seen new mod group Makin' Time at London's 100 Club recently, could you do a run-down of all the different mod dances going on? I must learn quickly.

Jay Sweeney, Ilford.

Shake A Tail Feather:

(below) Bend over, clapping your hands behind your back. Then go from that position into a jump, clapping your hands high in the air. A bit strenuous.



The Soul Clep: (below) "That's two claps up, two claps down, moving to alternate sides. Do any foot movement you fancy"



Hand Dances: (below) "Because the clubs always get so packed, hand dances allow you to dance without actually moving from your place. Turn your palms sky-wards and jerk your thumbs in the air"



Three Soul Twist: (above) "You keep twisting your body, bending down to one side, doing your own intricate foot movements. You can do this with a partner who keeps clapping. Then you change places"

● No better men than 21-year-old East London 'ace face' Big Bob Morris and his mate Michael Ian to explain:

"We always make up our own dances as we don't really know exactly how they danced in the '60s"

I see. So exactly how do you do them?
 "Err, er... um." Hang on lads, why don't you just show us...

The Boogaloo: (below)

"You're like a crab, moving from side-to-side. On every third beat, kick your foot out to one side, and repeat"



The Pony: (above) "Put your hands in front of you and move them like you're holding the reins of a horse. Bend your knees, but don't let your feet leave the ground"


The Get Smart Shuffle: (right) "Wrap three phone lines round your head and fall over"



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● **Want someone to write you?** Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: **R&V/P, Smash Hits, 32-33 Carnaby Street, London W.1V 7PH.** And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

● **Is there anybody out there looking for a pen-pal who is aged 13 and into R&V, Go West and Madonna?** If so, contact: **Antony Evans 26 Parliament Rd, Middlebrough, Cleveland, TS1 4LE.**

● **Hi there, all you single females, near or far!** I'm a pretty handy 13-year-old cool dude who's into Madonna, Nik Kershaw, Wham! Bruce and more. Write to: **Smash Hits Fax, 5 Shaftesbury Close Arundel, Lytham St Annes, Lancs FY8 4RZ.**

● **Hi, I'm 12 in September** (complications - Ed) I'm crazy about Prince and I also like The Time, Sheila E and Madonna. Looking for boys who talk a bit like Prince. My address is: **Zowie Wilson Foster, Flat 2, Sardinia Villa, Fernleigh Rd, George-Over-Sands, Cumbria, LA11 7HF.**

● **Hey dudes! I'm a gorgeous 16 year-old-girl from the U.S.A. and I'm on the hunt for trendy European guys.** I'm into strange music! Get blatching to: **Eileen Crawford, 69 Poplar St, Bridgewater, New Jersey, 08607, USA.**

● **Hi, I'm just a 10-year-old female. Just everybody (even boys) write to me.** Sophie Alcon, at: **63 Caken Garage Drive, Pritwell, Southern Dr-Gas, Essex SS2 6RB.**

● **Hi! My name is Hayley and I love Wham! and Nik Kershaw. I hate heavy metal and mods.** If you are between 9-12 contact: **Haley Broderick, 47 Bulford Ave, Swindon Wiltshire SN2 1EX.**

● **Help!!! Wanted desperately: English penpals to help me keep up with all the new Duran info.** I'm really into Duran but don't like Paul Young, Wham!, Spandau Ballet plus stacks more Aussie bands. I really love English accents and anything from the good old UK. Write to: **Leann Russell, 16 Discovery St, Saint Huberts Is., NSW 2256 Australia.**

● **Freak out!!! We've actually got into the mag!** Two lads looking for some female acquaintances between 14-16 who like TFF, Ho Jo, The Smiths, The Cure, U2 etc. So why not get scorching to: **Car and John at 40 Willet Way, Peets Wood, Kew ERS 1QD.**

● **We're John and Terry, aged 17 and 18. Into: Japan, Sylvian, Simple Minds, Duran, Wham!** All girls write to us. Cheer! Contact us at: **7 Alerswood, Albert Drive, London SW19 6UT.**

● **I'm a self-confessed gorgeous male hedhog.** People think I get very big-headed but that's only because I'm so beautiful! I'm into everything except Wham! 15-17 year old girls, write to: **"The Hedhog" Rule D.K. Committee," Badgeworth Cottage, The Soap, Amundsbury, Bristol.**



I'M 17 AND INTO
BOWIE, JAPAN/SYLVIAN,
BAUHAUS, DURAN AND
MORE. PLEASE WRITE TO:
LIISA SAARIKOSKI,
KYLILINSOLA 3,
60120 SEINÄJOKI 12,
FINLAND.

● **I am Norman Lal Mun Foh and I am a Chinese boy from Malaysia. I like Limahl and Nik Kershaw.** Any guys or girls, please write to: **Norman Lal, 17 Jalan Thompson, off Jalan Bukit Merah, Kuala Lumpur, W. Malaysia.** You're smashing!

● **Anyone owning a red 1958 Plymouth Fury may ignore this but all others, read on!** My name is Gary, I'm 16 and into David Bowie, Duran and Tom Eyfthyrns. I also love sport and the movies. Write to me, Gary Roche, at: **"Woodbrook", Newport Drive, Killybegs, Ireland.**

● **Hi, my name's Kat and I'm Into Marc Almond, Bronski Beat, Electro, Whodini, and any other type of music.** So if you are GAY or GUT to women and aged 16+ then get scorching to: **Kat, 4 Dovecot Cottages, Shenley Book End, Milton Keynes, MK5 7AA.**

● **I'm a Bucks Fizz fan. Anybody with things about them,** write to: **Teresa Linton, 56 Hawthorn Drive, Jackson St, Heales Merseyside, W10 5EF.**

● **My name is Susan and I'm 12. I like Wham! but hate Duran.** I would like penpals from Europe. Contact: **Susan Chivlock, 31 West Road, Sheeburnness, Essex S53 9QB.**

● **Hey!!! Stop here, don't get I'm a fun-loving 15-year-old and I'd like to hear from people all over the world.** I like Wham! FCIV Wham! Nik etc. Drop me lines to: **Kanna, No. 1045, Jalan 113, Phase Six, Taman Melawati, Ulu Klang, Selangor, West Malaysia.**

● **I'm 13, female and into having a good time. I dig Rainbow, Status Quo and most heavy stuff, but I also like Tears For Fears, Dead Or Alive, King and Phil Collins.** I have phrases of Culture Club and Soft Boy. Creativity and think Adam Ant is zany! I would like to hear from people with similar interests in music (but no mad people - please write to: **Kate Lawkender, 6 Biddup Way, Leobury, Herefordshire HR6 2HA.**

● **R U a dreamer? R U into Prince, Thompson Twins, Wham! and Spandau?** If yes, write to: **John, 40, Jalan SS2/30, Peting Jaya, Selangor, Malaysia.** Because life is death without me around (I think).

● **Hi! Would you like to save a prayer for me? I'm a bored 16 year-old-female who enjoys a good laugh.** I'm heavily into Duran but I also like FCIV, Madonna, Paul Young and King. If you're aged 15-19 contact: **Pam at 51 Park Drive, Birkbeck, Herts, SG7 6EX.**

● **Hi! I'm new to London, a 19-year-old guy into anything from DD to Sisters. I love clubs and concerts and can play keyboards.** I looking for friends. Please write to: **Shari, 286 Hurlingham Court, Hamleigh Gardens, Fulham, London SW6.**

● **Name: Miyuki Saitoh. Age: 16. Address: 373 12 Maebashi, Ageo-55, Saitama-Ken 362, Japan.** Occupation: High School Student. P.S. I love Englebrecht, and I am waiting for your letters!

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* O U T O N M O N D A Y *

TAKE ME HOME

TAKE THAT LOOK OF WORRY I AM AN ORDINARY MAN
THEY DON'T TELL ME NOTHING SO I FIND OUT ALL I CAN
THERE'S A FIRE THAT'S BEEN BURNING
RIGHT OUTSIDE MY DOOR
I CAN'T SEE BUT I FEEL IT AND IT HELPS TO KEEP ME WARM
SO I DON'T MIND NO I I DON'T MIND

SEEMS SO LONG I'VE BEEN WAITING
STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT FOR
THERE'S NO POINT ESCAPING I DON'T WORRY ANY MORE
I CAN'T COME OUT TO FIND YOU
I DON'T LIKE TO GO OUTSIDE

THEY CAN TURN OFF MY FEELINGS
LIKE THEY'RE TURNING OFF THE LIGHT
BUT I I DON'T MIND NO I I DON'T MIND

SO TAKE TAKE ME HOME 'CAUSE I DON'T REMEMBER
TAKE TAKE ME HOME 'CAUSE I DON'T REMEMBER
TAKE TAKE ME HOME

'CAUSE I'VE BEEN A PRISONER ALL MY LIFE
AND I CAN SAY TO YOU
TAKE THAT LOOK OF WORRY MINE'S AN ORDINARY LIFE
WORKING WHEN IT'S DAYLIGHT
SLEEPING WHEN IT'S NIGHT

I'VE GOT NO FAR HORIZON I DON'T WISH UPON A STAR
THEY DON'T THINK THAT I CARE OH
BUT I KNOW WHO THEY ARE
AND I I DON'T MIND NO I I DON'T MIND
OH I I DON'T MIND NO I I DON'T MIND

SO TAKE TAKE ME HOME 'CAUSE I DON'T REMEMBER
REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PHIL COLLINS
REPRODUCED BY PERATTSSON HIT & ROLL MUSIC
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PHIL COLLINS



IT'S LONELY IN MY NIGHTMARE
WHAT DO YOU DREAM
THAT I'VE BEEN HERE AND YOU'VE BEEN THERE
SCENES WERE FORSEEN
I KISSED YOU IN THE RAIN ONCE BEFORE
THE STARS WERE BLUE AND GLEAMING
WHAT LIES BEYOND THEIR CEILING

CHORUS
SOUL PASSING THROUGH SOUL (PASSING THROUGH SOUL)
AND HEART BEATING WITH HEART (BEATING WITH HEART)
WE LIVE FAST AND DANGEROUS
WE ARE FAMILIAR STRANGERS

IT'S SIX O'CLOCK AND THE CHURCH BELLS TOLL
THERE MUST BE MORE
THE SUN RISES AND HITS ITS GOAL



BEYOND CLOSED DOORS
THE MIRROR HATES THE CHILD I ONCE KNEW
AND OUT WHERE THE HUMAN RACES
LOOK AT THE WOUNDED FACES

REPEAT CHORUS

I KISSED YOU IN THE RAIN ONCE BEFORE
AND THERE IN THE WASTELAND
TWO LOVERS HELD EACH OTHERS HANDS

REPEAT CHORUS AND AD LIB TO FADE

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PERSONAL FILE

DAVE VIVIAN

OF THE DAMNED

"Me and my wife used to take turns to sleep in a single coffin, but I'm having a new double one specially made."



FULL NAME: Lamont Cranston (alter-ego of The Shadow, famous Forties superhero).

DATE OF BIRTH: Somewhere around 1856

DO YOU EVER THINK YOU'RE GETTING TOO OLD TO ROCK 'N' ROLL? Well, rock 'n' roll is a funny term. I'm involved in music, not rock 'n' roll. And I think age is irrelevant in music. Just look at James Brown. (Do we have to? Ed.)

HAVE YOU GOT ANY CHILDREN? No. Well, none that I know of. He ha

WHAT'S YOUR BEDROOM LIKE? It's frightening! It slopes to one side, so if you want to stand on one side of the room, you slide all the way over to the other side. It's mainly dark red, with lots of brocade around the place, and a big silk canopy made out of an old parachute hanging over the bed.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY BIRTH MARKS? None that you could print in your magazine.

DO YOU KNOW ANYBODY CALLED IGOR? No, but I do know someone called Wit.

DO YOU SLEEP IN A COFFIN? Me and my wife used to take turns to sleep in a single coffin, but I'm having a new double one specially made. It will have air conditioning and a stereo and be big enough for two.

WHAT WERE YOU IN A PREVIOUS LIFE? Probably Attila the Hun.

HAVE YOU EVER ACTUALLY SEEN A GHOST? Oh yes. There was one who lived with us at my mother's house. He was a rancocated '50s type of figure, and very friendly. He certainly wasn't the kind of ghost who throws things around. He just used to appear, hang around, then disappear again. About 18 people saw him all.

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WERE IN CHURCH? The other day, actually. I went to Bristol cathedral. Just sightseeing, you understand.

DO YOU EVER HAVE ANY RECURRING DREAMS? Only the one where I'm being chased by my creditors.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU COULD BE INVISIBLE FOR A DAY? I'd like to be a fly on a wall in a few places I won't mention, but otherwise I wouldn't want to go round nicking things or following people or anything.

WHAT DO YOU WEAR IN BED? An earring.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE INSCRIBED ON YOUR TOMBSTONE? "I'd rather be in Philadelphia". Philadelphia was W.C. Fields most hated place in the whole world. I've been there myself, and it is pretty awful.

DO YOU THINK FLOWERS SCREAM WHEN YOU PICK THEM? Very possibly. There's an old legend about the mandrake (a weird plant), that if you pick one and it screams it means you're going to die soon. They used to have them growing underneath gallows. You can't see mandrakes during the autumn or winter, but they grow like mad in the summer. Years ago I used to work in a cemetery and there was one growing there. It was odd, because it grew right next to a dead tree in this little patch of ground where nothing else grew.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT? Yes, definitely. I think falling in real true love is very rare, but it certainly happens. I know, because it's happened to me.

WHAT MAKES YOU JEALOUS? Well, maternally not much. As far as things go, I always feel I'll have anything I want in the end, so long as I work for them. I can be a bit jealous in love though.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD TO GET A PROPER JOB? Book illustrating, maybe. I've never been to art college or any of that rubbish, but I've always loved drawing. Otherwise, I'd like to write a film score, which is something we may end up doing anyway. And I could see myself directing a film, too, though probably not acting in one. I wouldn't mind acting if I could get a part that was really off the wall and out of character, but I don't like the idea of pop stars playing pop stars.

DO YOU EVER WORRY ABOUT YOUR WEIGHT? No. I'm about 10½ stone which is the heaviest I've ever been, but that still isn't fat. I don't put on weight very easily.

WHAT'S IN YOUR FRIDGE? A lot of mould and evil-looking green stuff.

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Young men could you please turn that up
Turn it up turn it up turn it up
Came here to smoke but the volume is a joke
Turn it up
We are doing our best we have just one request
Turn it up

Chorus
If your speakers just can't take it
Either get some more
Gotta keep the people on the floor
Who is it?
Lentford
Now what do you want?
Could you please turn that up
Freaky lights are flashing but the music ain't blasting
Turn it up
The night is almost through so what you gonna do
Turn it up

Repeat chorus

Young man could you please turn that up
Turn it up turn it up turn it up

We know where you want it
We know where you need it (baby baby)
When you wanna dance

We know where you want it
We know where you need it (baby baby)
When you wanna dance
Dence dance dance

Turn it up turn it up turn it up turn it up
Please me don't tease me just turn it to the max
Please me don't tease me just turn it to the max
Come here to smoke but the volume is a joke
Turn it up
We're doing our best we have just one request
Turn it up

Repeat chorus

Turn it turn it (got to turn it up turn it up)
Repeat to fade

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I can feel it in my bones
I had a premonition that he should not go alone
I knew the gun was loaded but I didn't think he'd kill
Everything exploded and the blood began to spill
So baby here's your ticket put the suitcase in your hand
Here's a little money now do it just the way we planned
You be cool for twenty hours and I'll pay you twenty grand
I'm sorry it went down like this and someone had to lose
It's the nature of the business
It's the smuggler's blues

The sailors and the pilots the soldiers and the law
The pay-offs and the rip-offs and the things nobody saw
No matter if it's heroin cocaine or hash
You've got to carry weapons 'cause you always carry cash
There's lots of shady characters lots of dirty deals
Every name's an alias in case somebody squeals
It's the lure of easy money it's got a very strong appeal
Perhaps you'd understand it better standing in my shoes
It's the ultimate enticement
It's the smuggler's blues

You see it in the headlines you hear it every day
They say they've gone stop it but it doesn't go away
They move it through Miami they sell it in L.A.
They hide it up in Tell-U-Ride I mean it's here to stay
It's propping up the governments in Columbia and Peru
You ask say D.E.A. men he'll say there's nothing we can do
From the office of the president
Right down to me and you me and you
It's a losing proposition but one you can't refuse
It's the politics of contraband
It's the smuggler's blues

Smuggler's blues
Words and music Glenn Frey; Jack Tempchin
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GLENN FREY ● SMUGGLER'S BLUES

The UNTOUCHABLES

I SPY FOR THE F. B. I.

Look lady
he'll get 12"
but with remission
he'll be out
in 7"


Stiff Records



CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 **and '31**—The **Group's** triller about biking
—members (6, 5, 5, 5)
6 They beat us out for **U2** (3, 6)
8 **—Suzan-Sorron-silbon-is-he-found-in-30**
—scores
10 **—Three-piece-band**
11 And so even bigger band!
12 **Kim Wilde** had it to love
19 **—Taylor-or-Sherman?**
44 **—Wiz-Tara's-favourite-subject-of-chook?**

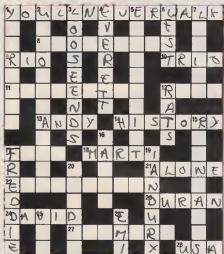
- 17 A band like **Autism** is America?
18 **Walter** who's **repeatedly-kissed-on-Sun**
21 **See 'r** across
22 Geographical location for **Big Country**
(4, 2, 4)
23 **—Say-it-louder-for-your-favourite-band-**
24 **—Could-be-Bowie; or-worler-Crosby**
27 **"—Night"** (Phil Collins) (3, 4)
28 **—Country-that-war-for-Africa?** (7, 1)

DOWN

- 1 It was king for **Sade** (4, 4)
2 **See** **twoheart** **rather's** **band** that's difficult
—to **group** (5, 4)
3 They **did** up the charts with their magic
touch (3, 4)
4 **Wacky** **—DJ** **Henry**
5 She asked "Where Is My Man?" is **—K3** (6, 4)
6 **—Disaction-in-which-we're-3380** **instructs-you-to**
go
7 **What** **Bowie** was doing to the **—**also?

- 12 **—Bob-Goldie-Fu** **Beers-town** **resents**
15 **That** **"Dolce Vita"** **Frenchman** (4, 5)
16 **See** 25 down
17 **I** **did** **and** **for** **Massary** **man** (5, 4)
19 **—see** **19** **down** **3380** **has** **been** **rediscovered** **by**
—Paul **Hartog** **(3, 4)**
20 **Sassets** **like** **a** **capital** **record** **label!**
25 **and** **16** **David** **Los** **Reb's** **jumpers**
26 **—Record-label-found-in** **semi-detached** (3, 1, 1)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 50



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BUCKS FIZZ IN AUDITION SWIZZ QUIZ!!!!

DON'T CALL US, W



They came from Scotland! They came from Newcastle! They even came from Spain! 800 girls all hoping for fame and stardom with chart-topping popsters Bucks Fizz! And what did they get? Disappointment! Heartache! Gloom! And not so much as a word of thanks. We sent out own undercover girl, Karen Kay (left), to undergo the ordeal of the Fizz audition . . .

Crikey! What a palaver! All week the tabloids had been running "sizzling, soaraway sexclusives" on the Bucks Fizz story. "The Hateful Bitchy World Of Bucks Fizz!" squealed one headline; "Jay Quits In Bucks Fizz Love Row!" "Fizz Fury Over Jay" and "I've Had Enough Says Sexy Jay" were some of the (many) others. It was just another sordid little showbiz story, really; Jay Aston slagged off Bobby Gee, Cheryl Baker, Mike Nolan and manager Nicola Martin - Nicola, Mike, Cheryl and Bobby slagged off Jay in return. Ho hum. And with a new single to promote - their first since the coach crash last December - Bucks Fizz were going to waste no time in replacing Ms. Aston.

Auditions were to be held at London's Prince Of Wales Theatre: applicants had to be no taller than 5'4" (so as not to dwarf the tiny fellas) and had to come, with their own sheet music, prepared to sing'n dance'n beam'n dazzle. So on a grey Friday morning, 800 so-called hopefuls formed a queue around the building. Or 801, actually, if you count Smash Hits' very own undercover auditionee stooge, Karen Kay. "If I get this job, I'll kill you!" warned Karen, ex-bass player of punky girl group The Gymslips (and not a Fizz fan). Karen had left her leather jacket at home and un-spiked her hair for the occasion - but that was as far as she was prepared to go for the sake of this journalistic "scoop". "I suppose I'll be the only one there with black hair," she moaned, clutching her sheet

music of Kate Bush's "Wow" (especially chosen to confuse the piano player at the audition). She needn't have worried about the hair. There were all sorts waiting outside the theatre - from raven-headed midgets to blonde Amazons (some of whom quite clearly did not fulfill the height qualification). Karen needn't have worried about the sheet music, either, for she

never got to sing - and nor did about 750 of the other girls. "It was disgusting!" reported Karen after her short ordeal. "It was like dreaming about a car accident. They took fifty of us in at a time and there were these men in suits and a woman writing things down. And we had to sort of parade about like a beauty contest and they just said 'You, you and you'. They

Bucks Fizz In Split Shockert! But who on earth could ever replace the multi-talented Jay Aston? That was the question . . .



Cheryl Baker and Bobby Gee pose with the "lucky girls" on the shortlist



Photo: Andy Johnson/MI

A TOM HIBBERT EXPOSE

WE'LL CALL YOU...



The hopeful hondes gather outside the theatre - it'll all end in tears



Samantha from Manchester: I'm going to sing the theme from *Pasobance*. I suppose I've got as much chance as anyone else here and if nothing comes from it, well, it's still experience isn't it? I quite like Bucks Fizz.



Kim from Watford: "I'm going to sing 'I Will Survive' but I don't know if I'm in with a chance because I've got brown hair. I could always dye it. I suppose I've done loads of auditions - for Annie, *The Sound Of Music*, Buppy Malone. Some of them are horrible auditions, they treat you like cattle. That's what an audition like this is - just a cattlemarket."



Julia from Surrey: "I'm singing 'Take Me For A Night In New York' because it's the only pop song I know. These auditions are hysterical - I just laugh my way through them. They're so funny I mean, look at the sort of people who turn out! My God! Do I like Bucks Fizz? Hmm."



Debbie from London: "I'm going to be singing 'Run To You' by Bryan Adams - he's a strong vocalist! Bucks Fizz are great - they've got a fabulous image. I have my own band but they don't know I'm doing this so I'd rather not say what they're called."



Danielle from Hampton: "I should be in college today but it's maths and I don't really like maths. I'm hoping to sing 'Nobody Does It Better' by Carly Simon. Bucks Fizz? Their image used to be a bit too girly but now Jay's gone I think they're looking to change it to something more stable - long hair and bodices, something like that. I like any music apart from reggae and punk. I don't mind heavy metal - I can get into that."



Alison from Surrey: "I haven't decided what to sing. God knows why I'm here. I sincerely love Bucks Fizz" (detectable note of sarcasm, here).



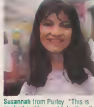
Linda from Hertfordshire: "I plan to sing something from *Evita* by Andrew Lloyd Webber. I sang on the chorus of a Christmas record called 'This Is The Sound Of Christmas' once. It was okay. Bucks Fizz are okay - their music's good and their image is good. My dancing isn't super but I can move which is handy."



Suzanne from Guildford: "I'm singing 'Will You' by Hans O'Grady. I did an audition for *Grease* once - I got through about three rounds of it but my dancing let me down in the end. This is probably going to be waste of time too - I'm not blonde and I wasn't going to dye my hair just for today. Bucks Fizz are alright but I prefer music that's a bit more substantial."



Xandre from London: "X-A-A-D-R-E it's after my granny. She died when I was born, which tells you a lot. I'm going to sing Diana Ross's 'Last Time I Saw Him' and 'Necessity' by The Beatles. I used to sing in my dad's group - the surname's Cooper and we were called The Copper Cities - but I'm a secretary now. I've got the day off work. I wasn't too hopped on Bucks Fizz when they were in the Eurovision Song Contest! Actually, I prefer *Dead Or Alive* and *Frankie Goes To Hollywood* and *Paul Young* and *Howard Jones*."



Suzannah from Purley: "This is my first audition and I don't really know what I'm going to sing. Do I think I've got a good chance? No. Do I like Bucks Fizz? Not really."

picked three out of the fifty and then said to the rest of us 'Leave as quickly and quietly as possible!' No 'Thank you very much for coming' or anything like that.

"I couldn't care less for myself but some of those girls had come from places like Scotland, probably spending a whole week's dole money in the process, and they didn't get a look in. The girl next to me had written her own song specially for the audition - and she never got to sing a note. I didn't see any of Bucks Fizz there - except Cheryl who just stood in a corner, talking to a friend and ignoring us. The whole thing was nasty and cheap - much, much worse than a Miss Southport competition, or something like that."

Meanwhile, the queue outside the theatre was growing longer as late-comers arrived. Pressmen from the daily papers were drawing glamorous types out of the crowd and photographing them with age-old Fleet Street cries of "Show us a bit of leg, love!" "Ugh!" said Karen. One could only agree with this sentiment...



The one that got the job. 21-year old Shelly Presson from Wareham in Dorset.

THE WRITE STUFF

Hey mystery lady can I spend the night with you (ooh)
Can I have your number (woah)
I'll be anything you want me to (ooh)
We ought to get something started
(Something started)

Ooh I can tell so vary well he's left you broken hearted
It's time to start mending your heart

Denying when the nights are cold and lonely (lonely)
I will keep you warm
(You need to be loved by me) mystery lady oh
(You need to be loved by me) mystery lady oh
Yeah yeah yeah

Hey there mystery lady love to but a kiss away (ooh)
And you can let your bottom diller (woah)
I'll do anything to make you stay
Oh so let's get something started (something started)
Why hesitate girl I can't wait
There is so much that you're missing (you're missing)
The fire in your eyes you can't disguise
So starting when the nights are cold and lonely (lonely)
I will keep you warm

MYSTERY LADY



BULLY BOCEAN

(You need to be loved by me) yeah mystery lady yeah yeah
(You need to be loved by me) mystery oh my mystery lady

Girl I'll come knocking at your door (ooh)
Caught in your magic just look what you've started

So denying when the nights are cold and lonely
You're lonely but I keep you warm
(You need to be loved by me) yeah mystery lady
Don't you want to be loved by me oh mystery oh
Mystery lady lady
(You need to be loved by me)
Oh when the nights are cold and lonely
Mystery lady (don't you want to be loved by me)
And I want you to be my baby mystery lady
(You need to be loved by me) I need to be loved by you
You need to be loved by me
Don't you want to be loved by me

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your brains have crusted with the problem for years. Some say it's the Great Pyramid of Giza. Some say it's the Aegean sea at sunset. Others have suggested the Russkies' songbook or the tasty, brown bits at the bottom of crisp packets. Wrong! All wrong. Now, at last, the question that has tormented the human race down the ages can be answered: what is the Simply Most Amazing Thing In The Entire History Of The Universe?

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So far they're still knocking out the bike shop.
A Vampire's Tooth, Bognor.

Mmmmmmmmmmm. I can almost smell those chicken McNaggets a-fryin' and a-sizzlin' on the stove already. Yum!

Dear Black Type,

In a recent issue of your intriguing journal a reader claimed that the TV programme that invented rock 'n' roll was The Magic Roundabout (*Letters*, June 5). Your "Musicologist" chappie counter-claimed that actually it was Crossroads because David Huxter and Bruce Springsteen are the same person. They were both deeply wrong. The programme that invented rock 'n' roll was, in point

of actual fact, *Mary, Mungo And Midge!*

Examine the facts!
Mary. A name that is scattered willy-nilly along rock's lost highway: Mary Hopkin, award-winning chanteuse who discovered the Beatles. Mary O'Hara, supreme harpist and source of inspiration for The Pogues. Jesus And Mary Chain, the musical success story of the decade. . . The list is endless. . .

Mungo. Obviously the source of inspiration for Mungo Jerry (who? - Ed.)

Midge. Midge Ure. The World's Greatest Living Scotsman.

And as if that were not enough proof, what about the *Mary, Mungo And Midge* theme tune? *Da Dee Da Dee Dum Dee Dum* etc. Remind you of anything? How about Culture Club's "The Medal Song", a record that would have soared to the top of the charts except that no one

actually bought it.

So there you have it.
A Cleverer Trouser Than You, Canterbury.

A Famous Musicologist writes:
Pah! If you need further convincing that rock's lost highway leads to the portals of the Crossroads motel, ponder this. Why did tonse-haired test-tube baby father Kevin Banks decide to "emigrate" at almost exactly the same time as The Power Station started looking for a new singer? Eh? Coincidence? Fshaw! Kevin Banks is Michael Des Barres.

Dear Sirs,

Today I bought a copy of *Smash Hits* and paid 43 pence for it. I won't be making the same mistake and wasting money on your so-called "magazine" again, which if I purports to be a typical example of "Pop Press" leaves a great deal to be desired.

I, along with many others, happen to think that a certain Bruce Springsteen is one of the better entertainers around at the present time who gives his all in his live concerts as opposed to miring on every conceivable TV programme possible - pop or otherwise.

"Springsteen: A Quiz Called Bruce" (June 19) was one of the most objectionable attempts to influence readers' opinions of any personality I have ever had the misfortune to attempt to comprehend.

On the assumption that in the opinion of your various slurs on every aspect of his make-up, Bruce

Springsteen is some kind of social disease, it would appear that all the hundreds of thousands of fans throughout Europe who have bought tickets for his sell-out concerts are in the same way afflicted and if not treated soon will be in need of medical attention also.

A Ripped-Off-Far-43p-Ex-Fool.

Ho he ho! (It's the way we tell 'em.)

Your constant slagging off of Bruce Springsteen in recent issues is quite pathetic and smacks of sour grapes. It's quite obvious that the reason you have chosen to be so abusive is that you couldn't get an interview with him so you turned against him. I will not be buying your pretty little rag again. Springsteen Fan And Proud Of It, Norway.

Well, akchewie, for your information, in particular point of fact, *Smash Hits* is the only British music publication to have run an interview with His Humble Bossiness this year - issue dated January 31 to be precise. So nyah, nyah to you, matey boots!

Dear Black Type,

Admit it. You thought Bruce Springsteen was a human being, the future of rawk 'n' rawl and all that. Well, you'd be wrong. On close examination of the facts, it is fairly obvious that this "man" is a fiendishly well-disguised machine.

Take the way he plays his guitar (or should I say gee-tar) with a decidedly mechanical movement of



ODY & SOUL
7" & 12" (EXTENDED REMIX)

VS 801-12 VS 801

OUT NEXT
WEEK

the arm - he doesn't even look at what he's doing. His latest smasheroonie record only uses six notes - is this so that Broocoo doesn't overstretch his memory banks? He charges an exorbitant £18 for entrance to his concerts, then gives all the profits away. He galivants around on stage for hours without getting tired. He sings typically "machine-like" songs about driving around in cars. He has a wistful fixation with the word "bom". He wears slightly flared jeans. His music is mandumbungly boring. He is presently getting more media attention than the CS. Hordes of people have been driven mad by hordes of other people asking them "Have you got your Springsteen tickets yet?" when the first horde of people didn't give a Castlemain XXXX about going to a Springsteen concert in the first place.

Bruce Springsteen the greatest man in the Universe? My bottom! I wish his batteries would hurry up and run down and give us all a bit of peace.
*The Jesus And Mary Chain*ors, Rugby.

Brothers! Sisters! I'm just a prisoner of rock 'n' roll! Yeah! Phew! Highway! (Shut up - Ed.)

Dear Black Type,

While watching that fabulous detective duo Simon And Simon and other right, I noticed that the name of the bar used in that particular episode was the "Mai Tai". Crickey!
Shauna McDonnell, Co. Louth.

An Even More Famous Musicologist writes: Proof conclusive that it was neither The Magic Roundabout nor Mary, Mango And Midge nor Crossroads but, in point of absolute definite fact, the thrilling private eye twosome, S&S, that created rock 'n' roll. Examine the facts:

1) Simon And Simon are brothers but don't look anything like each other - just like the Taylor brothers in that epoch-making popular combo The Power Station.

2) One of the brothers gets to

his lots more "curvaceous lovelies" than the other one - just like the Taylor brothers in that epoch-making popular combo The Power Station.

3) Roland Orzabal and a kangaroo. I rest my case. (Thank goodness for that. - Ed.)

Dear Liza Taylor (Letters, June 5).

So you think that Stephen "Tin Tin" Duffy's hit "Kiss Me" bears a remarkable similarity to the Bible's dictum? Well, get a load of this: From Russ Abbot's blockbuster single "Atmosphere" comes: "What an atmosphere, I love a party with a

happy atmosphere."

And from the Bible - the book of Ezekiel, Chapter 2, Verse 1 - the lines: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak unto thee"

The resemblance is stunning, is it not?
The Secret Policeman, Buznley, Lancs.

Golly! Is there no end to this blasphemous plagiarism? Why, only the other day I was attempting to tune my Boots music centre (£29.99 - reduced for quick sale - a snip!) when I chanced upon a broadcast from Austria. Yes! It was that trilling tunesmith Garry Lax once again, and he was singing: "Tootle-boom vee hoot mein double glazing eek swirling round" (or something like that). Do these words remind you of anything? (No, actually. - Ed.) Me neither. Which only goes to prove that G. Lax is a true original!

To the two Culture Club fans near Milton (but they'll get over it) *Keynes, (Letters, June 19.)*

Yesterday I went to the Longest Day concert at the Bowl. I would like to say that I thoroughly agree with Paul Weller's song "Come To Milton Keynes". I have never, ever seen a city like it. It has no character whatsoever. Everything is so perfect. For a supposedly busy Saturday there was nobody about. Is this how they manage to keep their town so amazingly clean? Or is it just that the poor people who have to live there never go out?

The only enjoyment I got out of that place was the concert. The fab



Telephone: Vince Feen

You've heard of Duran! You've heard of Wham! But now here's... The Dyno 4 Plus Horace! Surely the most amazingly unbelievable, trendiest and sexiest bunch of blokes ever. My dad is the one wearing glasses and his name is John. But like John Taylor, don't you think?
Grazy Le Bonnie, Wolverhampton.

YOUR FIRST JOB

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Letters

U3 and Billy Bragg, 10 out of 10. Paul Waller's *Night Hand Woman*, Burkenhead.

Dear Culture Club fans of Milton Keynes,
Having read your letter on how wonderful Milton Keynes is, I would like to disagree. The place isn't a city at all. They have their own form of secret police - if they can't bribe you to stay by giving you a red balloon, they leave you to get out of the place, which is almost impossible I might add. The road signs are pathetic - they are all in a special code for the people of Milton Keynes. They have arrows with diamonds and other incomprehensible shapes in the middle. There is no escape.
Fiona, Hanworth, Middx.

Dear **Black Type**,
Having read the recent Fish interview (June 5), I ask myself "Why can't Fish breakdance?" Is there some unknown handicap in this great Scottish warrior? Or does he just find it difficult to breakdance whilst throwing chocolate cake at the ceiling?
On a totally different track, it appears that Fluffy the Fruit Bat is not really fluffy at all and therefore was a poor choice of name. He should, of course, be called Yonick as instrumentalised by the famous words:

"Alas poor Yorick, I knew him
frail but"
as written by the bard himself (W. Shakespeare).
The Jester, Stoke-On-Trent.

Fluffy the Fruit Bat replies: "Turn it down, squirrel! Some of us is trying to get some kip, knowntimean!!"

I object to Smash Hits calling Alanah Currie a "chicklet" (June 5). Please do not do it again.
Thank-you
Thompson Twins Fan.

After reading your 'O' levels feature (June 19) and Martin Fry's very narrow-minded remark that things like Religious Education and Chemistry shouldn't be taught because they're not needed, I'd like to say that although I am not at all involved in any religion, I took an 'O' level in R.E. which I found very interesting.

Maybe Martin Fry is under the impression that the subject only incorporates the use of the Bible. Obviously this is part of it, but the Bible is used to relate to present day issues including education, marriage, divorce, abortion and euthanasia which are highly relevant topics in life today.
C Holbrook, Welwyn, Herts.

Dear **Black Type**,
Here, for your enjoyment, is an

adaptation of "19" entitled "Rainbow Fever":

In 1979 Rainbow seemed just like another children's programme
But it wasn't
It was different in many ways
And so were those who wore it in
Oh, Playschool the average age of the viewer was nine
On Rainbow it was nineteen
On Rainbow it was sixteen n-n-nineteen
...

All those who remember
Rainbow won't forget what they see
A man in a bear suit
Two puppets with one hand and
a bloke called Geoffrey
Everybody knows that
Everybody knows that

In Britain an ITV spokesman said today that more than 700 Playschool viewers changed channels because of this programme. Throughout Britain the BBC lost a total of 2,689 viewers
B-B-Bungle B-B-Bungle

According to a TV administration study half of Rainbow's viewers suffer from post-Rainbow symptoms. Geoffrey complains of alienation, rage and guilt. Zippy sometimes succumbs to suicidal thoughts.

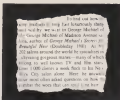
Six years after Rainbow first began people are rushing home to watch it.

All those who remember
Rainbow won't forget what they see
Rod, Jane and Freddie whose average age was 90
Z-Z-Zippy
G-G-Geoffrey
B-B-Bungle
G-G-Geoffrey
Rod - Rainbow, Jane - Rainbow,
Freddie - Rainbow, Purple slacks - Rainbow
Everybody knows that
Everybody knows that
I wasn't really sure what was going on
I wasn't really sure what was going on
E-E-Etc.
E-E-Etc.
Rod Hall's Pink Windmill,
Greenford, Middx.

A work of almost blood-curdling genius. Please accept a £10 r-r-r-record t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-eken.

Who the hell does Tom Hibbert think he is? Taking the muck out of the latest Ramones record is one thing, (Singles, July 3) but to say that punk is dead is an entirely different kettle of fish!
I admit that there'll never be another band like the Sex Pistols but punk isn't dead just yet.
Mr Hibbert obviously hates punk so he won't be honest on any punk gigs, so how can he know about or feel the excitement and the atmosphere experienced in such a situation?
Mrs Post-it Ramones Fan.
Eh? But Bibs made The Ramones waxing his single of the fortnight. Is he liked it. And he still wears a disgusting old leather jacket to work. Ugh! Funny old world, isn't it?

I noticed that in *Ritz* (June 19) Sister Sledge were at pains to point out that their dire nonsense, "Frankie", is actually about Frank Sinatra.
This distresses me, to say the least, since Mr Sinatra is well known for his "right-of-centre" views confirmed by his recent tour of South Africa - a lack in the eye for blacks all around the world.
However, worse than Sinatra's actions is a black act recording a song praising this man who, by his actions, has endorsed apartheid - surely the ultimate act of placing greed before morality.
Sister Sledge should be ashamed of themselves.
Steven Braune, London.



Do you like the cutting I found in a American magazine? And we all thought he wore a wig!
The Girl In The Black And White Polka Dot Skirt, London.

Dear **Black Type**,
I thought I had better write in and enlighten a few of your more glibble readers that playing records backwards on your record player runs both. You see the newsie at the wrong angle and not only does it scrape into the record, it also bends the needle. You don't see the Almighty Sir Baggusford playing records backwards on his record, player, do you?
A Devoted Numan Fan Lost
Somewhere In Kent.

No you jolly well do not. And why is that? Because the All-Wise One a-vec le smelly cushion has no need of material trappings such as hi-fi machine etc. I.e. he hasn't got a record player, brainy drawers.

Dear **Black Type**,
I too was blind. A jaded cynic wandering the quagmire of mediocrity. But then... But then... Yes. I have seen the light.
Hallelujah!
A Born Again Baggusfian.

Hallelujah! It is letters like yours that make my work - often so thankless and grueling - worthwhile. Raise up your voices! Lift up your hearts! Hurrah! Rejoice, oh fellow prisoners of rock 'n' roll! Rejoice!!!! Rejoice!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
(Oh, DO paper down. Exclamation marks don't grow on trees, you know - Ed.)

Very Important Newslash!
There is going to be a McDonald's in Ipswich.
At last!
A Piece Of Hippie Paper, Ipswich.

Yum!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Byeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Smash HITS

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STARTEST

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 56

R	B	R	I	O	N	A	N	A	E	E	A	E	S
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CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 42

ACROSS: 1 and 21 "You'll Never Wash Alone"; 3 "Two Heads (Beat As One)"; 9 "Rough"; 10 "Tric"; 11 "Orchestra"; 12 "Rage (To Love)"; 13 "Andy (Summers)"; 14 "History"; 17 "Fall"; 18 "Mist (Webb)"; 22 "Ed (Eden)"; 23 "Dinner (Curses)"; 24 "David (Bowie)"; 27 "One More (Night)"; 28 "USA (For Africa)
DOWN: 1 "Your Love (is King)"; 2 "Unconscious"; 3 "Love (Kenny)"; 4 "Event"; 5 "Earth, Kilt"; 6 "Go (West)"; 7 "Love (The Alien)"; 12 "(Boomtown) Rats"; 15 "Ryan Paris"; 17 "Frodo (Murray)"; 18 "Ian Dury"; 20 "London"; 25 and 26 "Van Halen"; 26 "(S)E.M.-Detached

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Three years ago Neville Keighley was "on the dungheap" and a bit fed up. But then he changed his some and - hey presto! - he now gets to sing with incredibly famous musicians, to drink cocktails with international celebrities, and to be around swanky hotel swimming pools with Frankie Goes To Hollywood. It's alright for some, says Dave Rimmer . . .



It is, one can only assume, a fairly normal Friday afternoon by the pool of the Sunset Marquis

Hotel, Hollywood. As the sun burns down and waters amble around with trays of popping cocktails, all manner of pop people don their designer sunglasses and set about the business of the day. Over there, for example, a local TV show is interviewing Holly Johnson.

Limah peds purposefully about in a pair of baggy floral swimming trunks. Ped, Mark and Nash splash about in the water and cheerfully insult anyone within earshot.

Producer Steve Thompson lies outside his room playing tapes of his own re-mixes (Bowie's "Loving The Alien", Tears For Fears' "Shout", Belouis Some's "Imagination" etc.) at inescapable volume. On the sunbed next to him, Paul Rutherford quietly tops up an already ample tan. Seated at a table, Frankie manager Tony Pope and his American counterpart Ron Weisner (also one of Madonna's managers)

discuss the strength of the dollar. A few yards away, Belouis Some manager Danny Socolof ponders the ins and outs of t-shirt sales with David, his merchandising man. As a photographer sets up shop in another corner, King's manager, Perry Haines humes by, on his way out to some pressing business appointment.

All around roadies, managers, musicians, talent scouts, photographers, journalists, TV presenters end record company people are talking shop, taking the sun, quaffing drinks, plunging into the pool. Oh yes, and in the middle of all this there's me, suntaned in one hand, notebook in the other. Interviewing the man they're all calling Belouis Some but who is actually more commonly known as Neville or just plain "Nev".

I twenty-five year old Neville Keighley, native of south-east London and a man about to release his third British single, "Some People", turns gerily in the sun and casts his mind back eight years to when he was in the process of falling all his A-levels, doing odd jobs, making loads of demo tapes (some with Roland and Curt of Tears For Fears) and getting absolutely nowhere. "I never had a band or a name or an image. I just had these songs,"

Suddenly he leaps up and, roaring with laughter, throws his American press agent in the pool. This has been happening to the poor woman about three times a day for the entire duration of Belouis' US tour with Frankie Goes To Hollywood. She surfaces resignedly and slopes off to change into some more odd clothes.

By all accounts Neville was a fairly quiet sort of chap before meeting The Lads. Now he spends a "bloody fortune" on clothes, has a bash at chatting up every woman in sight, stays up carousing all night, every night, and throws someone in the pool about every five minutes.

"I couldn't wish for a better band to be on tour with than Frankie," he says.

Frankie seem to like him too, calling him by a procession of nicknames: "Belushi", "Beluesey" or "Belousy". His act, the two nights I see it at the open-air Greek Theater in the Hollywood Hills, is a fast, rough and hard-working attempt to get the audience on the move. At one point he literally

drags people in the front rows to frisk their feet. That it palls next to Frankie's utterly flabbergasted performance is just bad luck, really.

After "five years on the dungheap", Neville gratefully accepted some cash from his Auntie Jane, recruited a band of "male models and session musicians" and chose his current name. "I liked the name Louis. Then it became Belouis, and I walked around for two months thinking, 'Belouis . . . something'. Then I thought: 'that's it! Belouis Some!'" After five weeks of rehearsals he began playing odd nights at London's Embassy Club and soon began pulling crowds. One night the crowd was the Duran Duran party after that Prince's Trust concert two years ago. Duran managers Paul and Michael Berrows were just starting a publishing company, and offered Neville's manager a deal after hearing him play just one song.

Two days later Neville was a fully-fledged recording artiste. One way or another, he managed to persuade all sorts of famous musicians to play on his LP — Bernard Edwards and Tony Thompson of Chic, ex-Bowie guitarist Carlos Alomar — all of whom liked him enough to work for what he could pay them. "They were getting an eighth of what they normally get paid," Neville shakes his head, still not quite able to believe his luck. "It was a great feeling working with them."

Suddenly "Nev" leaps up again, frenetically signalling to Mark O'Toole. The pair of them creep up behind his English press officer, Suzie Rome, and chuck her in the pool too. He comes and sits back down, well pleased with himself.

"I know it's a cliché and I know it's old-fashioned and I know it's pretentious," he says, "but if you feel like doing something you should have a go. I'm not trying to change the world, I'm trying to have fun. It's pointless spending your 70 years on this earth doing something you don't want to do."

"I mean, I'm not trying to set a good example, like Howard Jones or Nik Kershaw appear to, I'm a decadent rock and roller."

Belouis sips his cocktail, spreads his limbs out in the sun and casts his eyes over all the goings-on around the pool.

"Nik or Howard might feel guilty sitting here. I don't feel guilty at all. I just wish everybody could do it."

BELOUIS
SOME



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CONCERTS

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The Cure: Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (September 8), Poole Arts Centre (9), Shepton Mallet Showring Pavilion (10), London Wembley Arena (13), Brighton Centre (14), Manchester Apollo (17 and 18), Newcastle Whitley Bay Ice Rink (16), Birmingham NEC (20), Leeds Queens Hall (21), Edinburgh Playhouse (22).

Tickets are available from all the usual outlets and relevant box offices except for Wembley. Wembley tickets are available by post from C. P. Box Office, PO Box 1425, London W16 1LS. Tickets are £7.50 or £8.25 (including 25p booking fee). Mass cheques or postal orders payable to C. P. Box Office, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope please.

Mail Tel: Blackpool Bunters (July 17), Peterborough Renais (18), Luton Pink Elephant (18), Plymouth Academy (20), Birmingham Powerhouse (21), Methyl Tyddi Dollars Nightclub (22), London Le Beet Room (23).

O.J.D: Manchester Apollo (October 31), Glasgow Barrowlands (November 1), Edinburgh Playhouse (2), Newcastle City Hall (3), Oxford Apollo (5), Birmingham Odson (6), Bradford St Georges Hall (7), Leicester De Montfort (8), Liverpool Empire (10), Sheffield City Hall (11), Nottingham Royal Centre (13), Ipswich Gaiety (14), Cornwall St Austell Coliseum

(16), Bristol Colston Hall (17), Cardiff St David's (18), Southampton Gaumont (18), London Hemmersmith Odson (21 and 22).

Tickets available right now from box offices
Tears For Fears: Brighton Centre (November 9), Birmingham Odson (10, 11 and 12), London Hammermith Odson (14, 15, 16, 17 and 18).

Tickets go on sale September 6 and are available from the relevant box offices.

Paul Young: Wembley Arena (December 3 and 4), Brighton Centre (8), Shepton Mallet Royal Bath & West Showring Pavilion (10), Edinburgh Playhouse (13 and 14), Birmingham NEC (17).

Tickets for members are £8.50 and £7.50 and are available from the Wembley Box Office (phone 01 862 3244), seat agents or by post from The Paul Young Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW6 6JH. There is a 20p booking fee per ticket, and cheques or postal orders should be made payable to Paul Young Box Office. You should also enclose a stamped addressed envelope and send 3 weeks for delivery. Brighton tickets cost £1 and 6 are also available from the Box Office (phone 0173 202681) and seat agents.

Tickets for Shepton Mallet are £7.50 (which includes the booking fee) and are available from the following places:
Bristol Kings Records (phone 0272 290418), Barn Royal Records (0252 529622), Youth Action Records (0623 250267), Walsley Parkway Records (07148 73300), Taunton Bath Pops Records (0822 950572), Wimplesbury Bunters Records (0775 422146), Plymouth Virgin Records (0574 40000), Macclesfield Music Man (02714 50031). We'll give you the rest of the dates in the very second we get them.

nights out

Photo: Peter Cox



DEAD OR ALIVE LIVERPOOL

What a difference a bit of determination can make. Four years ago when Dead Or Alive played here, the Royal Court theatre was half full, so cold you could see your breath and the band hid barely begun to move away from their old doomy, cavernous songs. But tonight the place is packed, the audience hot and impatient, and Pete Burns, the driving force and only remaining member from that Dead Or Alive of four years ago, is about to reap the rewards for sticking to his guns.

And here they come, threading their way through a fog of dry ice, with the biggest cheers — and screams even — for Mr Burns himself. Tonight Pete is wearing a voluminous patterned grey coat — later removed to reveal a rather cheeky sleeveless and backless brown striped waistcoat — and white long-johns, cut to reveal a fetching amount of bronzed calf. He utters the immortal words "hello Liverpool!" and the band launch into "Cake And Eat It" from their "Youthquake" LP.

Dead Or Alive are clearly out to do justice to their material. In addition to the regular quartet, there's a musician on each side of the stage who, on closer inspection turn out to be (gasps!) RRUusei Bell (guitar) and Chris Payne (violin and keyboards), refugees from the Gary Numan Experience! Then there are also two excellent girl backing vocalists and three v. smart black male singer/dancers in dinner jackets (later shed to reveal white "Youthquake" t-shirts) who very nearly atel the show with their enthusiasm and perpetual motion.

What you get from the assembled company is an hour's worth of irresistibly ace pop songs — nil but one from "Youthquake" plus "What I Want", a tremendously powerful version of the old favourite "Misty Circles" and the highlight of the first LP, "Far Too Hard".

The live sound is a big improvement on the album — clearer, much more boisterous and, frankly, rather fat. There is much shameless dancing in the crowd before — can it be? Yes! Oh joy! It's a "You Spin Me Round" — quite literally the best pop record ever made in the entire history of the universe — and then they disappear as they came, in a cloud of dry ice.

So was this the triumphant return of Dead Or Alive to their home city? Well, not quite. Perhaps intimidated by the occasion, Pete Burns himself seemed strangely inhibited when not singing — he barely uttered three lines to the audience all night and his dancing was somewhat, er, reluctant. The result was that the big show lacked a human touch and was sometimes not unlike watching a video in a disco. Granted he's never been a chatterbox on stage, but a little more warmth and spontaneity from one of pop's sharper and wittier individuals would make for a more emotionally satisfying and less functional event.

Still, this is the sort of problem usually helped by the confidence that success brings, and judging by the way Dead Or Alive are developing, they're certainly going to get plenty of that.

Ian Cranney

★ STAR TEASER

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- All the names below are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically, diagonally. Some can backwards. Bristol Records (0272 290418), Barn Royal Records (0252 529622), Youth Action Records (0623 250267), Walsley Parkway Records (07148 73300), Taunton Bath Pops Records (0822 950572), Wimplesbury Bunters Records (0775 422146), Plymouth Virgin Records (0574 40000), Macclesfield Music Man (02714 50031). We'll give you the rest of the dates in the very second we get them.
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 - DAVID BONIE
 - JOHN'S WIGTS
 - DURAN DURAN
 - ELTON JOHN
 - HALL AND OATES
 - HOWARD JONES
 - HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS
 - BRIAN KUSTOFFERSON
 - KEN KESAR
 - MIK SIMMONS
 - PAUL SIMON
 - PHILIP SINGHC
 - PHIL COLLINS
 - POWER STATION
 - PRETENDERS
 - HOWARD JONES
 - ROBERT PLANT
 - SKATANA
 - SIMP'S WIGDS
 - SPARKS BALLEET
 - STATUS QUO
 - STING
 - STYL COUNCIL
 - TEARS FOR FEARS
 - TEMPTATIONS
 - TOMMY STUWIS
 - ULTRAVOX
 - WHAM

ANSWERS ON PAGE 50

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

W E M B L E Y

"Springsteen." "Bruce." "The Boss." Those words have been inescapable for months, as DJs and newspapers throughout the land have gone collectively bonkers about the man once described as "the future of rock and roll." "You have to see him perform live," those in the know would whisper mysteriously. "Then you'll understand."

So here I am at Wembley Stadium, surrounded by a crowd whose average age appears well over 25. It's like a huge rock and roll picnic – tattooed men sprawl in the blazing sunshine queuing brown ale alongside neatly dressed couples tucking into Marks & Spencer's salads and white wine. It's all very good natured, and although as the sun sinks an air of expectancy builds up, and guerrilla tactics become necessary in order to obtain a decent view of the stage. Down at the front conditions are so hot and cramped that a few unfortunates have already collapsed from dehydration, and harassed security men spray water over the crush for the rest of the evening to cool things down. Phew, what a scorcher!

At 6.15 sharp, Bruce and The E. Street Band stroll out into the late afternoon haze. They're mere specks on the horizon, but the huge wave of sound that surges over the roaring crowd is unmistakable. For the next four hours, 72,000 grown men and women are like putty in Bruce Springsteen's hands. He shouts at them; they shout back. He points at a section of the stadium; they go barmy. He drags a girl onstage for "Dancing in the Dark" and the women go a bit wibbly. He kisses the sax player and the men go a bit wibbly. He delivers sincere, home-spun monologues and an enthralled hush descends. He even asks the audience if they love him – no prizes for guessing the answer to that one. In between all this, he and the band play all the favourites, engage in well choreographed rock theatrics and generally 'deliver a tight set' (i.e. play extremely well). It's all good, old-fashioned showmanship, and by the time Bruce screams "I'm just a prisoner... of rawknorooooo!!!!!!" (the customary end to his concerts) the entire stadium is punching the air, singing along, dancing and clapping.

It's certainly an emotional experience – the spectacle of 72,000 people all sharing in someone's music can't fail to be moving – but I still don't understand why he excites such adulation. In the midst of all that fervour, I began to feel there must be something wrong with me for being less than ecstatic, a bit like the hapless bloke I overheard on the train home: "Didn't you feel," he was asked, "as if Bruce was speaking to you alone?" "No, I didn't actually," he answered bravely. "Well," exclaimed his shocked inquisitor, "you couldn't have been listening properly then!"

Vic MacDonald



"You at the back there. This one's for you!"



● **Michael, 33, from Guernsey and Beverley, 27, from Warwickshire.** Michael: "Me and my brother have combined the concert with a weekend's holiday – it's cost about £300 each. Beverley and I have just met – it's true love at a Springsteen concert!"



● **Gary, 32, from Los Angeles.** "This is my first concert ever – my girlfriend's the fan, but she was ill, so I came instead. It's cost me \$1500, and it was worth every penny. An incredible experience!"



● **Michael, 25, from Los Angeles.** "I've come 6,000 miles to spend the 4th of July with Bruce. I planned my European holiday around this – it's the eighth time I've seen him!"



● **Richard (Michael's brother), 30, from Guernsey and Tina "about 24", from London.** Richard: "One of Bruce's songs took me back to my childhood – it was brilliant. He sings about real life, and that's why he's the boss."



● **Left to right: Nigel, 28, Brian, 29, Susan, 29, and Kevin, 31, all from Newquay.** Kevin: "We've come 300 miles today. We're dedicated fans, because we drove from Newquay to Newcastle to see Bruce's last concert – 1,000 miles in 24 hours. We love him."

● **Hazel MacDonell, "middle-aged", from Reigate.** "I've only got one of Bruce's albums, but I really enjoyed the concert. I couldn't see the stage too well, but that bottom's unmistakable!"



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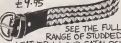
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THE

Photo: Todd Pappalardo



- ★ They think Live Aid is sickening
- ★ They reckon the Queen must feel a complete wally
- ★ They want to bring down "post-war consumer capitalism"
- ★ They're fed up with being called "dingbats"
- ★ William Shaw sympathises with . . .

REDSKINS

Chris Dean (right) and Martin Hewes in London's east end (above) (Chris: "I bet I tried to get you, matey")



Had any of the hundreds of journalists beavering away in Fleet Street left their typewriters and peered out of the window to the pavement below they might have noticed a couple of skinheads gabbling away twenty to the dozen. And if they'd happened to ask what the skinheads were up to down there, they might just have ended up writing a story for their paper with a headline something like: "Chart Group In Newspaper Smear Shocker!"

In some people's books Fleet Street is the home of some of the finest journalism in the country: for others it's the 'Street of Shame', home of the gutter press. So what exactly are The Redskins doing here? Well, it's like this: the staunchly political band ("We're a Marxist-Leninist rock 'n' roll band") — whose opinions are pretty far to the left of Ken Livingstone, Tony Benn and even Paul Weller — have a hit single, "Bring It Down! (This Insane Thing)" that's all about the British daily press. So where better for them to tell me about the record than right here in the middle of Fleet Street?

"Bring It Down! (This Insane Thing)?" Just what is it that The Redskins want to "bring down"?

Chris Dean, Redskins' guitarist and singer — and occasional journalist himself — gets up on his imaginary soap box: "What do we want to bring down? Well, post-war consumer capitalism, really, innit?" he answers in his best Alexei Sayle voice. Okay dokey. And so what is "this insane thing"?

"At its simplest," comes the answer, "it's that lie that we in Britain have never had if so good. That's what runs through all these papers . . . *The Sun*, *The Mirror*, *The Star* — there isn't any difference between them. They all say that life's wonderful and anyone who wants to change it is therefore a complete dingbat! You can succeed! You too can win a million pounds at Bingo! As soon as people realise how crappy things are then they might want to change things."

In the video for the song, The Redskins are seen ripping up copies of tabloid newspapers — and to star in it they've got none other than lefty comedian Alexei Sayle all dolled up to look like Daily Mirror owner Robert Maxwell and dancing around like a gross Spitting Image puppet. How did Sayle get roped in to this?

"Roped in?" splutters Chris. "He wasn't roped in. That makes him sound like a whale or something . . ."

Well . . .

"He's bald," continues Chris. "What more could

we want?"

Martin Hewes, bassist and the other half of The Redskins, answers the question a touch more seriously: "We always get accused of being 'humourless' and 'serious' and all that sort of crap — so we thought we'd get someone funny in the video . . ."

" . . . but we got Alexei Sayle instead, hol'ol!" blurts Chris. "He's funny and that's what we needed. He was well up to it. The only thing that didn't appeal to him was that we had this idea that he could appear as a page three girl in a bikini . . ."

Chris Dean's been a member of the left-wing Socialist Worker's Party since he was fifteen, and Martin, Chris says, has been in the party "since he was born. He came out of the womb and he was stamped." Both go out to sell the party's newspaper to factory workers at horribly early hours of the morning and both spent hours on the picket lines during the miners' strike. Doesn't all this make The Redskins sound a bit worrify?

"I don't think anyone who approaches us finds us worrify," says Chris. "I think there's all sorts of people who miss out on us because they think 'Ah, loony leftist rock 'n' roll'. It sounds pretty exciting to me, but it probably sounds worse than a wet Wednesday in Cleethorpes to some people. At gigs, though, you find people are constantly surprised. They probably think 'bloody skinheads'. I'm not going to see them."

What would The Redskins say to the Queen if they chanced upon her at a garden party?

"We wouldn't be at a garden party in the first place," announces Martin.

" . . . but if we were," continues Chris, "I'd say 'don't you feel a complete wally walking around waving your hand all the time?'"

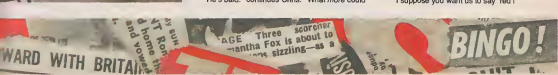
And what do you think of the 'Live Aid' project?

"Sickening!" comes Chris's angry reply. "When you see it from the inside in particular and you see all the agents scrambling to get their bands on it it's got damn all to do with high-minded ideals. It's quite revolting the way that it's worked."

Martin storms in: "It's the same companies who have donated their proceeds from Band Aid to Ethiopia that are precisely the ones who are making people in Ethiopia starve. I wouldn't particularly criticise Bob Geldof, the bloke thinks he's genuinely doing something, but basically it's charity, and charity never solved anything, and never will do. All these people who are giving donations — yeah, it does help to relieve the starvation, but in five years time, that starvation is going to be back again."

So what's your favourite colour?

"I suppose you want us to say 'red!'"



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CONTINUED OVER ►

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WHAM!



(Not all shown) ● **Young Guns (Go For It) 12** ● **Wham Rap 12** ● **Two Boys 12** ● **Club Tropicana 12** ● **Wipe Me Up Before You Go Go 7** ● **Freedom 7** ● **Freedom 12** ● **Careless Whisper 7** ● **Careless Whisper 12** ● **Everything She Wants (remix/Last Christmas) 12** ● **Fantastic LP** ● **Make It Big LP** ● **Wham!—The Video** ● **Poster Pack** (5 posters) ● **Make It Big T-shirt** ● **Careless Whisper T-shirt** ● **George Michael sweetbread** ● **Handouts** ● **Posters**

● **50 runners-up prizes of the Make It Big LP**

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(Not all shown) ● **Relax 7** ● **Relax (see mix) 12** ● **Two Tribes 7** ● **Two Tribes (acoustic) 12** ● **The Power Of Love (in double sleeve) 7** ● **The Power Of Love (in double sleeve) 12** ● **Welcome To The Pleasure Dome 12** ● **Welcome To The Pleasure Dome picture disc 7** ● **Welcome To The Pleasure Dome LP** ● **Andre Glou socks (3 pairs)** ● **Sophisticated Vergana Woolf year** ● **Hugo Boss T-shirt** ● **Jean Gastel boxer shorts** ● **Edm Silver Bag for Life's Like Lavines (duffle bag)** ● **Frankie (teebees (5 designs))** ● **Set of enamel badges** ● **And Suddenly There Came A Bang** (banned Frankie book) ● **Large cardboard promotional cut-out for Welcome To The Pleasure Dome** ● **Even larger cardboard promotional cut-out for Welcome To The Pleasure Dome** ● **Absolutely gigantic poster for Welcome To The Pleasure Dome**

● **50 runners-up prizes of the Welcome To The Pleasure Dome LP**

DEPECHE MODE

● **New Life 12** ● **Just Can't Get Enough 12** ● **See You 12** ● **The Meaning Of Love 12** ● **Leave In Silence 12** ● **Get The Balance Right 12** ● **Get The Balance Right plus four live tracks (limited edition) 12** ● **Everything Counts 12** ● **Everything Counts plus four live tracks (limited edition) 12** ● **Love In Real 12** ● **People Are People 12** ● **Blasphemous Rumours plus four live tracks (limited edition) 12** ● **Shake The Disease 12** ● **Shave The Deer and extra tracks (limited edition) 12** ● **Speak And Spell LP** ● **A Broken Frame LP** ● **Construction Time Again LP** ● **Some Great Reward LP** ● **Poster set** (four individual portraits) ● **Autographed tour programme** (Some Great Reward tour) ● **Master And Servant sweatshirt** ● **Everything Counts T-shirt**

● **50 runners-up prizes of the Some Great Reward LP**



NIK KERSTAD



(Not all shown) ● **Wouldn't It Be Good 7** ● **Wouldn't It Be Good 12** ● **Dancing Girls 7** ● **Dancing Girls picture disc 7** ● **Dancing Girls 12** ● **Human Racing** ● **Human Racing double pack (includes game) 7** ● **Human Racing picture disc 7** ● **Human Racing 12** (two different versions) ● **I Won't Let The Sun Go Down 7** ● **I Won't Let The Sun Go Down 12** ● **The Riddle 7** ● **The Riddle 12** ● **Wide Boy 7** ● **Wide Boy 12** (with free poster) ● **Human Racing LP and cassette** ● **The Riddle LP and cassette** ● **Tour programme** (Human Racing tour) ● **Tour programme** (The Riddle tour) ● **Poster pack** ● **Set of badges** ● **White T-shirt** ● **Red T-shirt** ● **2 Grey T-shirts** ● **Black sweatshirt** ● **Grey sweatshirt** ● **2 scarves** ● **Gigantic Riddle poster** ● **Totally massive Wide Boy cardboard cut-out**

● **50 runners-up prizes of The Riddle LP**

THE PRIZES

STYLE COUNCIL

- Szeak Like A Child 7 ● Money-Go-Round 12
- A Papa EP (featuring Long Hot Summer) 12
- A Solid Band In Your Heart 7 ● My Best Christmas Moos 12 ● You're The Best Thing Grown! 12 ● Shout To The Top 12 ● Soul deep by the Council/Gedemey ● What Came Turning Down 12 ● Come To Milton Keynes colour sleeve 7 ● Come To Milton Keynes 12 ● Cafe Bleu LP ● Our Favourite Shop LP ● Introducing The Style Council European release excluding first three singles) mini LP ● Our Favourite Shop poster ● Stickers ● Signed photo
- 50 runners-up prizes of Come To Milton Keynes 7



DURAN DURAN



- Planet Earth 12 ● Girls On Film 12 ● Careless Memories 12 ● My Own Way 12 ● Hungry Like The Wolf 12 ● Save A Prayer 12 ● Rio 12 ● Is There Something I Should Know 12 ● Union Of The Snake 12 ● New Moon On Monday 12 ● The Reflex 12 ● The Wild Boys 12 ● A View To A Kill white vinyl gatefold sleeve 7 ● Duran Duran LP ● Hit LP ● Seven And The Ragged Tiger LP ● Arena autographed LP ● Gary Blue silver book ● Scarf ● Wild Boys American sweatshirt ● Sweatband ● 2 Poster packs ● 20 runners-up prizes of the white vinyl A View To A Kill gatefold 7

TEARS FOR FEARS

- Pale Shelter 7 ● red vinyl 7 and blue vinyl 7 ● Pale Shelter 12 ● Change 7 ● Change (limited edition poster sleeve) 7 ● The Way You Are 7 and 12 ● Mothers Talk 7 and 12 ● Mothers Talk (clear vinyl) 7 ● Shout (with 12 page colour booklet) 7 ● Shout 10 and 12 ● Everybody Wants To Rule The World 7, 10 and 12 ● Everybody Wants To Rule The World double pack including the Urban mix and TFF interview 7 ● Everybody Wants To Rule The World (Urban mix) 12 ● Head Over Heels 7, 10 and 12 ● Head Over Heels clover-shaped picture disc ● The Hating LP and cassette ● Songs From The Big Chair LP and cassette (includes 6 extra songs) ● Radio promotional Four Songs From Songs From The Big Chair 12 ● Tears For Fears interview ● The Video Singles ● In My Mind's Eye video ● 2 shirts ● Sweatshirt
- 50 runners-up prizes of Head Over Heels clover-shaped picture discs



PAUL YOUNG

- Whenever I Lay My Hat 7 ● Come Back And Stay 7 ● Come Back And Stay 12 ● Love Of The Common People double pack 7 ● Love Of The Common People picture disc 7 ● I'm Gonna Use Your Playhouse Down 12 ● Everything Must Change with poster bag 7 ● Everything Must Change Christmas pack (including Paul's Christmas Message 7 ● Everything Must Change 12 ● Toms Of Memories 12 ● No Parlez LP ● The Secret Of Associations LP ● Paul Young: The Video Singles ● Free gift posters ● Paul Young clock ● White T-shirt ● Black sweatshirt ● Scarf ● Badges
- 50 runners-up prizes of Paul Young T-shirts



SPANDAU BALLET



- To Cut A Long Story Short 7 ● The Freeze 7 and 12 ● Musclebound 7 ● Glow/Musclebound 12 ● Chart No 1 7 and 12 ● Point Me Down 7 and 12 ● She Loves Like Diamond 7 and 12 ● Intention 7 and 12 ● Communication 7 and 12 ● Laine 12 ● True 12 ● God 7 and 12 ● Only When You Leave 7 and 12 ● It's My For You 7 ● Highly Strung 7 and 12 ● Round And Round 7 ● Journeys To Glory LP ● Diamond LP ● True LP ● Parade LP ● Journeys To Glory compact disc ● Parade compact disc ● Scandal Over Brian video ● The Official Lyric Book ● Parade sweatshirt ● 3 T-shirts ● 1985 Official calendar ● Poster pack (5 posters) ● John Keeble's drumstick ● Steve Norman's drumstick ● Signed photo ● Badges
- 50 runners-up prizes of the Parade LP

HOWARD JONES

- (Not all shown) ● New Song 12 ● What is Love 12 ● Hide And Seek 12 ● Pearl In The Shell 12 ● Live To Get To Know You Well 12 ● Things Can Only Get Better 12 ● Look Mama 12 ● Life In One Day 12 ● Things Can Only Get Better (5 different colour sleeves) 7 ● Things Can Only Get Better picture disc 7 ● Life In One Day 7 ● Harmon's L.P. LP ● Dreams Into Action LP (autographed) ● The 12" mini LP ● Dream Into Action T-shirt ● Dreams Into Action sweatshirt ● Poster pack (5 posters) ● Large poster ● Howard Jones mug
- 50 runners-up prizes of the Life In One Day 12



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CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

TRENDS

Bit hot out that kind of heat that makes all your clothes stick to your skin. Uh? Not surprising that these pop stars are going a bit squiffy in the head. Take **Andrew Ridgeley** Out in one of those positive nightclub with his mates, and the next minute he's rolling around on the floor having a bit of sobriety. Nothing like a few slurps of rock'n'roll mouthwash to raise the spirits, eh lads? Apparently it all started off quite harmless and (okay and then, horror of horrors, things started to get a torrid but really. Noses were squashed. Heads were kicked. Rugby tackles were practised. And, as these things have a tendency to do, it all ended in tears. The "lads" were asked to leave by a bearded bouncer. Oh dear, the shame! ● **Hire comes Sean Penn** (duck!) Not content with going on about how he's marrying **Madonna** (jealousy! Madonnas? Faith! he's been going round telling people from The Sun. In a car park in Nashville, he attacked a reporter and photographer who

approached the pair, asking questions about their "relationship." Sean took this enquiry very badly and hit one of them with a dirty bag housekick. Then he proceeded to grab the now horizontal hack's camera and seal him across the back. Then he went completely berserk and hit the other one in the eye, breaking his sunglasses, and then set about the back of his head with the brick. Sort of bloke you want to take home to your mum, really. Madonna looked a bit horrified by the whole thing and whizzed into the hotel. Penn was later charged on two counts of assault and let out on \$1000 bail. He faces the possibility of 11 months and 29 days in jail. I'm sure she'll wait for him though (that, dirt and double dirt). ● To add insult to injury, **Madonna** is currently getting sued for 4 million dollars by her ex-manager Camille Barbon. Why? Why not? ● **Robert Palmer** now live in **The Power Station** is working on a new theme for "Mam. Vice with **Chaka Khan** ● Top Hollywood astrologer

Frederick Davies (who predicted **John Lennon's** murder!) reckons that **George Michael** will be the youngest ever entertainer to get an award from the Queen and that **Boy George** will get married this year. ● Talking of George, it seems producer **Art Martin** (this year's **Nile Rodgers**) is polishing off the new **Culture Club** LP. There should be a single ready by September. Not only that, **Aleef** (as big posers pronounce it) is working on four new songs with **David Bowie** for his new **George** (Star Wars) **Lucas** film and a soundtrack by **Phil Collins** for a new film by the bloke who did *Whizzer And A Gentleman*. What a busy lads! ● The new **Propaganda** LP features **David Sylvian** whose brother **Steve Janson** played drums for their recent "The Value Of Entertainment" performances. Along with **Steve** and **Derek Forbes** (ex-**Simple Minds**) they will do a proper tour in January. Meanwhile **David Sylvian's** second solo LP is just about ready. It'll be out soon(ish)

● **Yag-lapses: George Michael** is in the studio with **David Cassidy** again. He's also been working on a video for "Freedom" — Wham's next American single, possibly their fourth number one in succession (which goes some way to explaining reports that he has made 20 million pounds — nearly one for every year of his life. Phew, cosmic and all that). ● **Bruce** "If I hear his name once more I'll scream **Springsteen** has apparently earned \$37 million just from this tour. All that just for lurching around a stage like a gorilla for a few hours, going on about how you were "a prisoner of rock'n'roll" and making awful gravelly noises with your mouth. Bring back **Billie Boggs**, it's tonight! ● **Seiko Matsuda** Japan's biggest pop star, recently got married. The whole event was televised live, cost 200 million yen (\$240,000) and thousands of fans turned up to line the streets. Fascinating fact: she won a dress worth 100 million yen (around \$320,000). Wow, that's as much as Bruce

Springsteen earns in 3 seconds! ● **Pumpy pumpy corner: Paul Young** has been talking about life on the road (man) and groupies (yuck!) "When I do feel I'm missing it on tour I simply sort things out by getting on the phone to **Stacey Stevens** 21 year old girl(ie) My shows are physically demanding so I need a lot of sleep, far more than ordinary people. Going to bed with a woman would only make matters worse. Suppose you'd prefer a cup of tea in any case?" ● **Grace Jones** has none of this trouble. She's sold gone on this 6 foot six Swedish person called Hans. Apparently, they like nothing better than going into the gym and knocking seven shades of whippets out of each other while wrestling and kick-boxing. Takes all sorts, as they say ● **Shirley Holliman** and **Martin Kemp** are getting engaged. About time too. He's obviously been mad on her for ages (on her last birthday he sent her flowers every hour for the whole day) and now he's got round to doing the decent thing. ● And, to close, we have a pipit hot story on Milton Keynes. A really "happier" place, eh? Anyway Milton Keynes Development Corporation are a mite pissed at "vet **Style Council's** latest waxing "Come To Milton Keynes." They claim that it paints a fairly horrible picture of the place (and quite right too). "A lot of young people here are very upset that Paul Weller could take such a cheap shot," said a spokesperson for the Corporation. The Council, it turns out, have never been to Milton Keynes and the Corporation have offered them a once in a lifetime trip round its places of interest (so that shouldn't take long then). But the rascals just won't go. Weller now claims the song is not specifically about Milton Keynes but more "about the horrors of urban life in general." ● Till next time keep on keepin' on and remember to dry in between your toes. Catch ya later



Andrew plus trend in Norwegian hall-hackbo. Nancy



Andrew New uses his male as a journal. After all, what are trends for?



Fred, still eating the carpet is now used as a bean bag. Perfect!



Dear oh dear! Have these boys had a drink or what?



A kindly bouncer shows them the door. Hope their mothers had a word to say about this.

Photo: Steve Francis

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