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# SMASH HITS

POSTERS: BANGLES + MADONNA + CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

NEIL TENNANT OF THE PET SHOP BOYS  
EDITS SMASH HITS!?

HIT SONGS:  
EURYTHMICS  
BILLY IDOL  
A-HA

HEAVY METAL

CUTTING CREW

FREDDIE MERCURY

BEASTIE BOYS

STYLE COUNCIL

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

BOY  
**GEORGE**

SMASH HITS



**Boy George!**  
He's back!  
Back! Yes! After  
the last few

particularly grim months, George is now feeling much, much healthier and has just put out his first single in quite some yonks, a cover version of "Everything I Own" which was a hit in the '70s for some bloke called Ken Boothe. The 12" version has an extended "P. W. Botha Mix" (P. W. Botha is the Prime Minister of South Africa) which is dedicated to all the people who have suffered in South Africa, and it features a "rap" by Captain Crucial (who, fact fans, used to rap on the very early Culture Club singles). "Everything I Own" was recorded without Culture Club; instead Boy George used a couple of chappies from a south London soul group called Well Red, and the whole thing was actually recorded last summer on the swanky Caribbean island of Montserrat, but the release had to be delayed until George was well enough to launch himself back into the dizzy world of popular music. Well, welcome back old boy!!...

● **A top "style" expert writes:** "As you can see, Boy George is wearing what we in the fashion trade refer to as badges. Simply too dazzling, aren't they? If you look closely you can spot pictures of Madonna, Morten Harket, soulstress Diana Ross, Boy George himself, George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley snapped when they were but nippers, and Greek songbird Nana Mouskouri. There's also a few eyes snipped out from magazines, including - if I'm not mistaken - one of George's own, plus lots of odd words, and a rude bit from somebody's body. Quite the thing, are they not? And so simple to make too! Just find a few thousand old copies of *Reader's Digest*, rip them into shreds, then stick all the little pieces to your jacket with some Superglue and PRESTO! You'll be the envy of all your friends!" (7 - Ed.)



**Contents "written" by Neil Tennant**



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Photo: Helena

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**PREPOSTEROUS LP TITLE OF THE FORTNIGHT**



Some "mo" called **The Claim** have invaded an LP called "The Pencil Was Obviously Sherpaned by A Left Handed Indian Knife Thrower" and what's more it's completely useless. "Fency" 'thott!



▲ A left handed knife thrower and someone screaming (As one would)

**HOW TO LOOK EXACTLY LIKE A WORLD FAMOUS NORWEGIAN POP STAR CALLED MAGS FURMOTHINGIE IF YOU'RE A USELESS "COMEDIAN" CALLED JIM DAVIDSON PART ONE: JIM DAVIDSON**



▲ Mags Furmothingie



▲ Jim Davidson



**"DURAN GIG MANIA"!!!**  
(or something like that)

HalelujahOOOOOYAH! Praise BE to the Kingdom of Middleasbrough (or something). They re HERE! Or at least they will be in April!! Duran Duran are "dong" some "datus" (man)!! And "Hosperings" (page 25) has all the details. P. S. Guess what **Bliz** unearthed during its "fortnighly" clear-out of the pictorial "vaults" the other day?



Photo: Steven Kravt

◀ Tara! ("Jings" - The entire populus of the smotherings.)

**REMEMBER THIS LOT?**



▲ **Brother Beyond.** From left: David White, Eg White (haw), Nathan, Carly Fysh.

● Ah, the crispness of "youth"! The stealthily-starched splendour of whiteaway shirts. The poutacious lipstick of rosebud hue. The shaven locks of . . . (Get ON with it! - Ed.) Er . . . it's THEM! **Brother Beyond** - the ones predicted for glory some ago for being good-looking only they didn't gain much glory in the least but nevertheless managed to remain good-looking and now they're BACK!! And the new single's called "How Many Times" and what's more it's . . . er, "cnspp".

**"HONEST, OFFICER, I'M INNOCENT AND SOCIETY'S TO BLAME . . ."**



Photo: LH

▲ Two "cops" hoping that Howard will "react arser"

**"You're nicked"** (haw haw). This, viewers, is what happens to "one" when one decides to open a vegetarian restaurant in America - arrested for parmpig slaughter (tee not very hee). Ackchehal, for some obscure reason only the Americans could invent, if you own a restaurant you have to have your fingerprints put on an official police file - as happened to the imp-like "wonder" of Howard Jones when he opened his vegetarian eaterie "wittily" called "Nowhere". (A fingerprint writes: I'm innocent, guv?)



▲ "Oh, how look Mr Jones, you gotta realize that you're in serious trouble here. Calling a restaurant 'Nowhere' is an offence against The Prevention of Crap Jokes Act."

**THE MOST USELESS PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF A POP STAR CALLED PRINCE PART I: PRINCE**



▲ Exhibit A: Prince!

**THE MOST USELESS PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF A POP STAR CALLED PRINCE PART II: SIR "BILLIAM" IDOL**



▲ Exhibit B: Sir "Billiam" Idol and his mum! Aw!



▲ Paul Johnson: related to Jesus Christ?

**D**ipling o'er the radiophonic airwaves of late has been a soulstry tune called "When Love Comes Calling" by this smirk-faced bloke called Paul Johnson. And apart from the fact he does a mammoth screech right in the middle of it for no apparent reason whatsoever . . .

- he's a 23 year old person from Croydon
- he's a birrova "renowned" gospel singer!
- he used to hand out church leaflets when he was 11 and states "the only person I felt I could relate to was Jesus Christ!"
- his grandmother whisked him off to New York when he was a nipper to get some "proper" education and religion!
- he used to do backing vocals for Andy Taylor after he deserted Duran Duran!
- he's crooned at Red Wedge tours and chimes "it was a great experience because I was working with notables like The Smiths and The Style Council!"
- he's sung on some Bryan Ferry tunes—and spent the whole time giggling like a lunatic!
- he states "I haven't got green hair or loud clothes" which is utterly true!
- he once swallowed a golf tee!
- No he didn't!

... by a horrible mess in the bottom of a bowl, of course. Never mind.

NOTE! This is a special breakfast edition of Blitz. Simply place these splendid papers in a bowl, add 14 large spoonfuls of sugar, a smidgin of milk and PRESTO! What have you got?

**THIS WOMAN WANTS TO "MATE" WITH AN ASTRO-PHYSICIST!!!!**



● **Carly Simon** – worraspoonstress, eh? One million years ago she wrote the most famous tune in the spiralling tornado of time (or something) called "You're So Vain", then she got "wed" to a quite famous crooner called James Taylor, then she wrote another famous tune called "Nobody Does It Better" (a James Bond theme, akcheh!), then she sung another famous tune called "Why", got divorced and disappeared – THUS! becoming famous and not much more. But now she's famous for being famous AND writing the single "Coming Around Again". So let us bound once more to the Blitz "blower" and ask this bastion of American stardom some depthsome questions of universal importance . . .

"OK, you've got around eight minutes."  
 Eight minutes?! Let us dispense then with the depthsome questions of universal importance and get the "juicy" "bits" . . .  
 Er . . . is it true when you met your husband, so "enamoured" were you by his "charms" that you immediately dragged him into the nearest bathroom for some "mazin' rumpo"?

"Oh! That was a quip I made in *Rolling Stone* (famous American "music" magazine) about 10 years ago and then said 'For God's sakes don't print that!' but of course they did. It was not true – it was at least three hours before we had sex. It was not that instant!" (?)

Oh. Is it true that "You're So Vain" was written about Warren Beatty (pervy American actor) renowned for much-publicised cavourings with vixy "nubiles" (including Carly)?

"No one will ever know! It wasn't about my husband . . . I wrote that song before I was married. That's a big clue!" (i.e. she had her "affair" with "Warren" before she got married how haw).

Er . . . is it true you had an affair with Mick Jagger?

"What are you talking about?! That's a part of my life that remains undisclosed. Just you carry on, my dear . . . Let's just say we had a nice working relationship."

Do you always fancy famous men then?

"No! No! No! I have an attraction for all men who are famous. In fact, it's much easier when they're not famous, much easier. It's the notorious ego problem of famous men . . . If I had a choice I think my next mate would be an astro-physicist. A Nobel Prize winning astro-physicist who only came out for about 20 minutes a day – that's my ideal *eny day*." (?)

Do you always write tunes about men?  
 "Uh . . . I write from the heart. My melodies come from opening my channel and seeing what the universe wants to give me that day. That's a very hippified thing to say? Well, that's the way it seems to work! The more open to different energies I am, the more creative I seem to be."

Are you in fact a hippie?  
 "No. I was never a hippie and I was never into drugs – they just passed me by. I never like to feel anything but completely regular. Which sounds a bit biological. My brother was a wonderful hippie. I suppose I looked like a hippie in the '70s, with the long hair and the guitar. I used to wear these sandals which had these long bits of leather twine that wrapped up around your legs and cut off your circulation end made your legs blue. It was the most unattractive thing I've ever worn. Quite detrimental to my health too. I had to look like a Roman I suppose." (?)

What did you think of Wham's version of your tune "Why"?

"Who? One? Oh Wham! I didn't know that! Did they cover that? I've never heard that. Well, it wasn't my song anyway – Nile Rodgers actually wrote it. So I didn't actually pen the immortal line 'la de dash de dash', no. That was my last hit over there (i.e. here) too except for a Will Powers song that apparently got to be a hit there called "Kissing With Confidence" which I sang on. I never actually got any credit for that which is a bit of a swizz."

Are you monumentally chuffed to be back Back BACK!

"I don't think I've ever been gone gone gone! Uh . . . I'm going to have to get off the phone right now, I'm sorry. My son has taken ill and I have to get him to a doctor. He's got a strep infection(?). One more question!"

Er . . . have you ever been sick in your slippers?

"Have I what? In my slippers? What does that mean? Have I ever been sick in my slippers? I've never heard that expression before! Actually I only have about nine good days out of every month and I'm a little bit sick on all the rest. I just get tired and I get depressed end down and . . . a bit sick. I just have a very low pain threshold – I'm very sensitive. But when I'm sick I certainly don't do it in my slippers!"

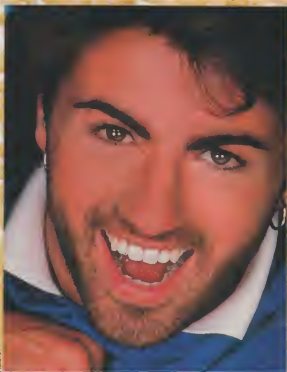
Good.



## TORRISSEY "ANIMAL AID" LP!

The Smiths, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Howard Jones, The Colourfield, Sheryl Crow and a load of other less famous pop stars have got together to release an LP called "Animal Liberation" — due out in March — the profits from which will be going to a US animal liberation organisation called PETA, a group which advocates civil disobedience (i.e. not paying taxes and generally being a bit of a "rebel") in its campaign to prevent animal cruelty. And, as it happens, every one of the 10 tracks contained on this record is about the very thing, hence the live version of "The Smiths' "Meat Is Murder" and Howard Jones' "Assault And Battery," etc. "Eating 15 pieces of Kentucky Fried Chicken at one sitting," quipped Morrissey, "is the undiscoverable" (Except he didn't).

## GEORGE MICHAEL HEADLINE



George Michael: a rita cutting

● A special *Sitz* cereal fact: did you know that if you eat two packets of Coco Pops at one sitting you feel quite sick?



● Curiosity Killed The Cat!!! They've just announced that they're going on tour!!! For details thumb quickly through *Smash Hits* and seek out "Happenings"!!!

## ONE OF THIS LOT ATE 15 PIECES OF KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN AT ONE SITTING!



▲ The "Mentals" "Greedy" is the "cobbler" in the black jacket

Ugh! Multi-bleeeeugh! Still, that's how he became known to the world as "Greedy" Smith. "Greedy" is the singer of the group with the equally odd name **Mental As Anything**, who are currently "enjoying" a hit with "Live It Up", the theme tune to the quite funny Australian film *Crocodile Dundee*. The "Mentals" have been quite popular in Australia for many years, but this is the first time they've cracked it in the dear old mother country. "I ate all the chicken

one day when we were playing a gig at art school. Yes, 15 pieces. Was I violently sick afterwards? Nah! But I clogged up my harmonica with bits of chicken, though. My first name's Andrew, actually, but everyone calls me "Greedy" now. I suppose we all have a cross to bear."

There are a few other rum things about "Greedy" Smith too. Such as...

- He writes his songs in a wardrobe!
- "Yes, that's right. I think it's a good discipline to be in a small area surrounded by clothes. I've got my keyboard in there and I stick on my headphones, then I'm on another planet. Do I shut the door behind me? Um, no, I don't because then I couldn't see someone coming in and stealing the cutlery. There's a very high burglary rate at Bondi Beach (where "Greedy" lives in Sydney; the place where all the *Bon Jovi* look-alike surfers come from). Somebody broke in the other day! They took the tiles off my roof and came in through the hole."
- After "rocking out" on stage he settles down and paints water colours!
- "We've all been to art school so we're all painters; we held a Mental As Anything art exhibition once. Elton John bought some of our paintings, in fact. I'm not very good though. Reg is the best artist in the group (i.e. *Reg Mombassa*, the group's guitarist). We go out on tour in Australia and when we come off stage all there is to do is drink too much or paint pictures. Painting's much more therapeutic."
- Despite being Australian he's a crap surfer!
- "I'm a very bad surfer. I had a go on Friday as a matter of fact. Can I stand up on the board? No, I kneel actually. It looks a lot more respectful."
- Despite being Australian he's never met Paul Hogan!

"No, but I've heard stories about him. A boy I know said he used to keep a garage full of beer in case of beer shortages. I don't know if that's true. You better not put that in. He'll probably sue me..."

Photo: L.P.

## CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q: What is out of bonds?  
A: An exhausted kangaroo.

Really quite crap that joke, isn't it? It was supplied by *Sitz* reader Arthur the Caterpillar of Chilton (what a crot!). If you've got a joke that you think's really crap then send it to *Sitz* Crap Joke Corner, 62-68 Curababy Street, London W1V 1PF and if we jizz it, we'll send you absolutely nothing in return! Howzat???



# ES RATHER SPLENDID AIDS BENEFIT

**A**fter billions of rumours that a big AIDS benefit concert was to be held this spring a date has now been set for April 1st, two days before International AIDS day, April 3rd. The concert at Wembley Arena is going to be called "The Party" ("to dispel some of the doom and gloom that surrounds AIDS") and **George Michael** will be "topping the bill".

George Michael recently confirmed that he was appearing (he'll either play a couple of songs on his own or with someone else) and was a massive cutting about "the absence of some of his contemporaries from the present line-up" (i.e. other mega-stars who wouldn't commit themselves to an AIDS benefit).

A spokesperson for the organisers explains that they did actually have a few problems getting the more famous pop stars to appear. "Some people said yes right from the start. Others have wavered slightly and been rather afraid of being associated with the event because it was to do with AIDS. George Michael, by setting such a wonderful example, has really made a lot of difference. We wrote him a letter asking him to support us and he just turned round and said yes."

Also appearing at Wembley will be **Julian Cope, Hollywood Beyond, Ruby Turner, Womack And Womack** and a few other fantastically famous people "yet to be announced". And though they can't appear on the bill because of other commitments, other pop toffs like **Paul Young, Lloyd Cole, Psychedelic Furs** and **Stuart Adamson** have already expressed their support.

**T**he concert's actually part of a national week of events starting on 28th March which will include comedy shows, fashion shows, other concerts and further shenanigans.

"The idea is to raise awareness, to get the facts across to the people who are most at risk, and also to raise money," the spokesperson explains.

They're also planning to release a somewhat splendid compilation benefit LP to be in with the concert, featuring songs from **Duran Duran, Pet Shop Boys, The Communards, George Michael, Hollywood Beyond, Depeche Mode, Erasure, Peter Gabriel, Daryl Pandey, Big Country** and **Marc Almond**.

"Proceeds from this venture," says the charity Action Against Aids, "will be channelled into research, care and support of persons with AIDS, direct grants to organisations dealing with AIDS, further education and the funding of AIDS helplines, all of which, they say, are still "grossly underfunded".

● Information about ticket sales for "The Party" will be announced v. soon. Hooray!



**Stuart Adamson of Big Country:** "I would have thought everyone would have wanted to use their influence to save lives. It's a problem that is especially bad in Scotland at the moment, so I'm really aware of the problems that young people are facing. Once again, it's a situation where the government have failed to grasp the seriousness of the crisis."



**John Moss of Culture Club:** "I'm supporting international AIDS day because I think it's a wonderful idea and we have to get across the message that everybody can be affected. And this is something everybody should be involved in, rather than relying on 'invisible forces' to help."



## WHO, PRAY, IS BEN E. KING?



**Ben E. King** (the "E" stands for Earl) is a rather famous soul singer who is completely tickled pinkish.

thanks to a manufacturer of trousers using his song for an advert. PRESTO! He's back in the charts with a song he recorded a quarter of a century ago almost to the day!!! It all happened back in 1961 after Ben had left a rather famous vocal group of the day,

The Drifters, and was pursuing a "solo" career. "Let me see..." Ben casts his mind back through the mists of time... "The only thing I remember about recording the song that we had a bit of time left over at the end of a session and Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller (very successful songwriters and producers of the day) asked me if I had got any songs of my own lying around. I said yes, and played through "Stand By Me" on the piano. Great, they said. I would imagine we took less than half an hour recording it."

And that historic thirty minutes has "paid the rent" for Ben for the rest of his life. Not only did Ben have a hit but millions of other people have recorded cover versions of the song as well, like John Lennon, Julian Lennon, Stevie Wonder, "Top" comic Kenny Lynch, and also, way back in 1964 a not very successful version by World Champion boxer Cassius Clay, who was later to change his name to Muhammad Ali.

"Oh yeah!" giggles the chummy Mr King. "That was one of my favourites but ha! ha! He's a good friend and he's very good with his hands, but... ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Ben E. King, you're a toff.



## AND WHO, PRAY, IS PERCY SLEDGE?

Yes, that is a very good question. Who is Percy Sledge, the latest in a succession of American soul singers to have their music revived by the dubious honour of a jeans ad "soundtrack"? (You know the one "When A Man Loves A Woman" goes the song whilst a 14 year old model wriggles suggestively into a pair of hip-buggin' 501s... hleeoo!) Well, to be perfectly frank, not much is known about this silver-tongued legend apart from the fact that he has a most unsuitable name for a pop star (though not, we suggest, as unsuitable as, say, Reginald Boleahigh...)

The facts, such as they are, are these. Percy Sledge was born in Alabama in 1941 and began his working life as a male nurse but he soon gave that up when he got a recording contract with the soul label Atlantic and made his first single, "When A Man Loves A Woman" (lovely, wasn't it?) in 1966 and it sold millions of copies which is all very well but, unfortunately, he never managed to repeat that success which is a bit of a pity because he was rather a good singer, don't you agree? Bravo, Percy!!!!!!

## SIGNED QUEEN VIDEOS TO BE WON!!!



Yes! Yes! YES!!! Btz has got 15 signed copies of the splendid new **Queen** video "Live in Budapest" in which they play sizzling live in Budapest, alongside rare footage of John Taylor's signing and Lord Fred of Mercury gyring

"Interview? Don't be ridiculous!! It's quite fantastic really and a copy could be yours if you can unscramble these rather tricky anagrams. Each one is a mixed up Queen song title: a) "It's A Kind Of Camry"; b) "I Want To Break Free" and c) "Radio Ag Ag". Once you've deciphered the songs write the real titles down and then send them on a piece of Lord Fred's moustache to **Smash Hits Difficult Queen Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by March 10 (if you've managed to work out the answers by then).



**Q. WHAT HAVE MELLAND KIM GOT IN COMMON WITH MADONNA, MARGARET THATCHER AND ERNEST HEMINGWAY?**  
A. Umms. Er... Not very much really but we can think of it at the moment other than they're all women (except for Ernest Hemingway who isn't). But while you're here the it's a picture of Mel A and Kim on a video set making a "clip" to go with their new single "Respectable" which is written, produced by the Stock, Aitken and Waterman team who've also done wonders for such luminaries as Dead Or Alive, Bananarama and Princess.



## BONG!

Spandan Ballet have announced that they're going on a four-date tour in March. For details skip through the pages to "Happenings". BONG!

## A "WHO THE RUDDY HECK IS THAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS CHARMING FAMILY SCENE STRUMMING THAT GUITAR" SPECIAL



(Clue: These days he's a rather famous 24 year old pop star with quite long hair and a Swedish accent.)

Legendary reformed "wild man of pop", the so-called "Godfather of punk" and the man who was unjustly accused of "interfering with" a teddy bear when he appeared on *No.73* (i.e. Iggy Pop) has a new single out called "Shades" which is co-written by David Bowie. And Mr Pop is going on tour too (see "Happenings"). Oh good.



▲ "Mad" Mr Pop making sure an ocean liner doesn't drop on his head.

Photo: IFL

Special cereal flavoured Blitz: each page contains Wheat, Glucose, Fructose, Dried Skimmed Milk, Vitamin B6, Niacin, Thiamin, Riboflavin, Other Preposterous Sounding Food Additives, E101, M25, UB40, Crap Jokes, etc. etc.



They play ear-splitting heavy metal rap music, they throw food on the carpet, they throw eggs at Signe Sigurd Sputnik, they hate the Human League ("faggots"), A-ha ("wimpy"), Duran Duran ("hardo rock'n'roll") and Michael Jackson ("wack"), they proclaim proudly that they're "really stupid" and *Blitz* thinks they're quite good actually.

The Beastie Boys are about getting to the point. The whole point of us is that we're trying to make people have a good time. Duran Duran make you worry about how you dress and how you look and worry that you're not cool enough. We're telling people that you can do whatever they want. You don't have to stand in front of a mirror and be Signe Sigurd Sputnik for an hour and a half before you can meet your friends.

So says Ad-Rock (real name Adam Horowitz, aged 30), one third of the Beastie Boys (the other two are MCA, real name Adam Yaich, aged 22 and Mike D, real name Michael Diamond, aged 21). Or at least that's nearly what he says - in fact he actually peppers his conversation with all sorts of unprintable words, exactly the behaviour you'd expect from The Beastie Boys. They have, after all, not only a

## HOT CHOCOLATE: A "TRIBUTE"

Worrargroup, eh? Except they're not because they've split up, blab blab. But never mind, because they're currently having a hit with "You Sexy Thing" which was also a hit in 1975 (i.e. it's been re-released) probably due to its pernicious refrain which goes "I believe in miracles/Where you from/You sexy thang/(You sexy thang you). . .". Hurrah! So let us pay tribute to this wizard-like popular group who "notched" "up" an astonishing 21 top 20 hits in their 17 year career (even if somebody can remember quite what they were) by imparting just a few essential facts about bald-pated Hot Chocolate spearleader Errol Brown.

- He has a race horse called "Dancing Baron".
- He has a racing driver called Tony Chambers (well, he sponsors a racing driver called Tony Chambers, to be entirely accurate).
- He is completely bald (as you can clearly see) but doesn't wear a Bruce Forsyth-styled crown topper because, he says, "I hate the idea of a woman pulling off my toupee in bed." (Bleeeuuuuurgh)
- He once ate a haggis and thought it had "an interesting flavour"
- So there we have it. Au revoir, oh Chocolate one - until we meet again. . .



▲ Errol Brown: "completely bald"



## THE BEASTIE BOYS:

# humble group in the universe?



▲ Left to right: MCA, Ad-Rock and Mike D.

reputation for making wonderfully crass records which are a bizarre mix of rap and heavy metal with rude, objectionable sexist lyrics but also for being fairly rough customers in the flesh. Ad-Rock insists that all this has been exaggerated, though he does admit that he's just tipped a room service breakfast on his hotel room floor ("really bogus eggs - all runny," he explains), that he did get shot at ("but only the once") while doing an interview about three years ago and that they pelted Sigeu Sputnik with eggs when they played in New York on his last birthday. He's also fairly barbed about nearly all other pop stars. In his opinion the Human League are "laggots", A-ha "really wimpy" and Duran Duran "yes men".

"I'll say something for Duran Duran though," he says snidely. "They have really nice hair. They can't play their instruments, they write really crappy songs and their music sucks but when it comes down to hair they've got it." In fact when he chanced upon Simon Le Bon recently in a New York store he couldn't resist telling him...

"I said he had really nice hair and really nice shoes," smiggers Ad-Rock, adding that the Beastie Boys have themselves now been won over. "We're going to get sponsored by Aquaner and other styling gels now."

This is, of course, a lie - as is his claim that the follow-up to their first LP "Licensed To Ill" will be a '80s revival album with a lot of songs

about love, peace, trees and flowers and a lot of songs about colours - colours are very groovy". Also untrue is his claim that the Beastie Boys are the richest band in the world and have "just bought a village with only girls who are young Madonna fans or Samantha Fox clones allowed in it". Some things about the Beastie Boys do, however, seem to be true.

- They like cornish pasties!  
"I love the food in England - it's so junky - especially cornish pasties and sausage rolls."
- They think Friday is "fiery red!"  
"It's like 'thank God it's Friday!', it's the day you party and hoe-down."
- They're mates with Madonna!  
"She's really cool. We knew her when she was just famous in New York and on her '85 tour she asked us to support her for a week as a trial. On the first week she realised we were the perfect group because the audience hated us so much that by the time she went on stage they went crazy. We used to sneak out with her all the time from the hotel - she had to escape all these lawyers and people - and she'd dress up in crazy outfits like green wigs so no one would recognise her and buy us all drinks so we'd get really drunk and have a really cool time."

● They insist they're not sexist!  
"People are too touchy. People say we put women down all the time, and we do, but we put men down too. We put everybody down." (???)

● Michael Jackson refused to let them release a version they'd done of a Beatle song called "I'm Down"! (Michael owns the copyright.)

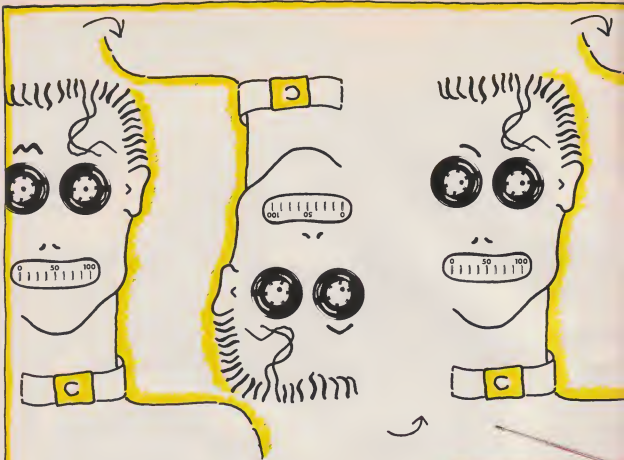
"I've got nothing to say about him - he's wack. Who's he to say what people can and can't listen to, just because he owns those songs?"

- They're planning their own sitcom!  
"No, not like *The Monkees*. More like a cross between *Abbot And Costello* and *The Young Ones*. I think *The Young Ones* are pretty cool."
- They're making a film in the summer called *Scared Stupid!*

"We're writing it all ourselves with a friend. Tom. It takes place in a haunted mansion - Mike D's rich uncle leaves him a lot of money but we have to find it hidden in this mansion. Are we good actors? Nah! Does it matter? Nah! Is it going to be a pretty crappy film? Yup! I hope so, but all our fans will watch it. The good thing about our fans is that I think we're more stupid than them. Not because our fans are really clever - it's because we're really stupid."

● They don't think you'll like their v. fab new single "Fight For The Right To Party!"

"I don't think the Brits will get into the idea of fighting for the right to party. For some reason you guys think too hard about everything. You don't trust anything or take it for its worth. The Beastie Boys are just about being the simplest thing. That's why we don't play hairdo rock'n'roll."



Tony pushed Carl's head  
into 'tape B'  
and pressed Record.

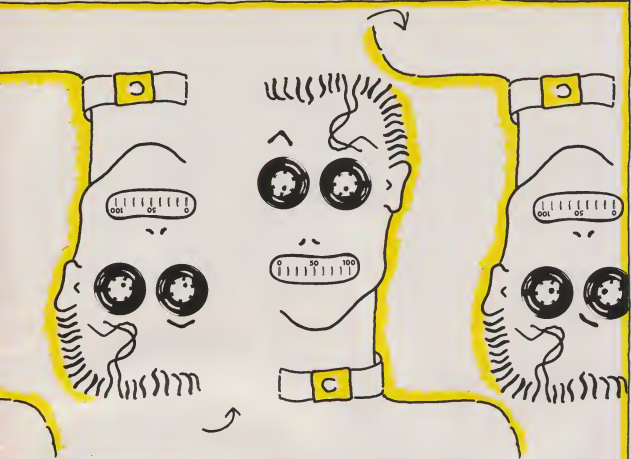


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# THIS THE END OF FRAN

## Just two years ago they were one of the biggest pop groups V. sad "reporter":

"I'm gonna go round there and kick their bloody 'eads in."  
"First thing this morning!"  
Gnnnnn ngnnnnn ngnnn  
bawbazzzz... That's disgusting, that is.  
And the bloody stank."  
"I thought this was meant to be a push hotel anyway! It's shit."  
Jings, Ped, Mark and Nasher i.e. "The Lads" from Frankie Goes To Hollywood are feeling a mite swizzed this afternoon. They were woken at 9am this morning in their supposedly swank hotel in Brussels by the deafening zwing of industrial drills and the mustified reek of carpet glue. The rooms above theirs are being "renovated".

"And you get on the bed and it shoots halfway across the floor!" continues Mark, guggling some orange juice from an extremely thin snoot-glass, "and just look at this glass. Are they sure they couldn't have made it any thinner? It's a wonder it can stand up."

"The Lads" react in Brussels is "bloody BORING!" (quite correct), think their new video for "Watching The Wildlife" - which their press person has lovingly brought for their perusal - is going to be "shit. Cos our videos are always "shit" and, in general, whingeing, whining, grumbling and mumping about everything in the entire solar system. This, then, is an average afternoon in the middle of a Frankie Goes To Hollywood European tour. And, "rumour" has it, their last four years, in general, "rumour" also has it that Holly now spends all his time with his mysterious German "boyfriend" Wolfgang and practically the only time the group are all together is when they're on a stage. Holly and Wolfgang travel from city to city by plane - while the others "rough it" in the tour bus. And "reporters" have it that arguments between everyone are constant and serious and the end is, as they say, nigh.

Right now "The Lads" are too

brothel!" he booms snippily as we find ourselves in a super-swank suite completely free from thundering drills and the fumes of glue. "So we have this one for the same price heh heh..." he concludes, obviously well chuffed. The smoothaway tones of Peter Gabriel's LP "So" wait throughout the chanderleired luxury of the room - and preening at the



A Mark O'Toole zwoozing round on the book stage mono-track video time change and pretending to be Andrew Bujalski (i.e. crashing every two seconds how long).

mirror is the "compact" form of a smartly-dressed Holly.

"Hi!!!" he chimes in his castpest of Liverpoolian drawl. "Can you believe this room! Aha ha ha!"  
"Well, he's in a good mood, anyway. The press person has decided it's time to deliver Holly's birthday presents from their record company - ZTT. "Ooooooooh! I don't believe it!" he squeals, obliviously delighted with the shimmering book-shaped parcels handed to him, "a present from ZTT! I'm sure there's gonna be a bomb in it, you know what I mean?" (!) "Oh Terrence Rattigan!" he announces, uncovering a weighty biography. "Oh you must have heard of him - he's a playwright from the '30s. Ooooooooh!" he squeals even louder on unveiling his second book. "Gernon Art In The Twentieth Century - that's interesting. Oh I am obsessed by art, yeah, but I think that's far more worthwhile than being obsessed by... say, fashion. Or

nice boys!" announces Holly defensively, "and the air-hostess poured a glass of milk down the back of Norman's shirt aha ha! And he had to go and change his polo-shirt aha ha! They were staying at our hotel too, and they were all sort of really excited and frantically searching for the swimming pool. And when they found it it was something like two metres by three metres and I saw them walking back from it all deflated with their tail between their legs. So cute. They're like cartoon people, aren't they - really funny."  
And on and on about... The Mission.

"The bloody Mission Uuh. I happen to know that Wayne Hussey is an empty vessel as a human being. I know him from years and years ago in Liverpool and he hasn't got one original idea of his own. Every band he worked with he just took on their personality - not really having one of his own. So when he joined Dead Or Alive he started dressing like a weirdo. Everything he does is taken from something that's come out of Liverpool in the last five years. Including us. 'Wasteland' say it all."

And on about... AIDS.  
"Do you know about the 'Frankie Say Use A Condom' t-shirts! That's going to be done for National AIDS Day to raise money for the Terrence Higgins Trust which I wholly support. I think I might appear in the big AIDS benefit concert as well. The band weren't interested in it enough to agree but I think I'll do something. I've also done this programme about AIDS called Coming Soon - to a bed near you aha ha! - and I demonstrated how to put on a condom with a piece of use of a banana. I did that should be hitting your screens soon. That's the whole idea, you see, to have a sense of humour instead of depressing people to death. Condoms should be marketed as an erotic thing instead of a turn-off!"  
And on about... being rich.

"It would be great to have some more money - everyone thinks that, don't they? Because then I could have this and this and this. I could have my own recording studio, I could have a villa on an Italian beach. And then I'd love a flat in Paris. I'd be great to have that kind of money. I haven't got the freedom to do that at the moment anyway."

Ooer. Because the group are restricting him "perchance" "Mmmmmmmmm."  
"L... yes they are. Time, is it not, to find out just what is going on with Frankie Goes To Hollywood these



A What Ped did with his toothpaste when he got bored. A badmimed virus. I am not amused

days. Why do you live a separate existence from the others?"

"Weeeell, I mean, I just got tired of disco and getting senselessly out of my head every night. You get tired of it, you know what I mean! I think I've outgrown them, yeah. I don't frown upon what they do because I did it for years and years, but all that business is kind of... that's it. Nothing more. Nothing can be achieved from it. They want nothing more from life. I mean, I'm not like them. I don't think I've ever been like the people around me ever."

"I mean, I never had much in common with them in the first place. I started working with them because I was sick of working in a studio and trying to approach things intellectually. I wanted a record deal basically."

So you used them as a vehicle to get what you wanted?

"Yeah. And it was a conscious

**HOLLY:** "I never had much in common with them in the first place. I wanted a record deal basically. I only ever really cared about me anyway. I mean that."

decision - not in any nosy way - to work with you musicians, and they were young and enthusiastic."

"Don't you care about the group as much as you did in the beginning?"  
"Weeeell, I never really cared about the band. I only ever really cared about me anyway. I mean that. I've only ever really cared about me."

"Why don't you go off and do something by yourself then?"  
"I'm going to go off and do something by myself. I'm going to make a solo album. And then after that I might make another Frankie Goes To Hollywood album. I mean, I don't know if this is the end of the band but that's what I want to do right now and that's what everyone else wants to do."

"So you've no qualms about saying 'I'm off' and leaving them?"  
"That's like 'nuff! I've been promoting myself! I'm going to do this for three years and I'm going to stop messing about now and do it. And that'll be after this tour. I suppose it's quite drastic really."

"What do you think'll happen to the rest of the group?"  
"I think they'll probably do a project of their own. Don't you? It's a perfect opportunity for them."  
"Do you think they're talented enough for that?"

"That's not my problem, if you know what I mean. I'm not going to start slagging."

You do write all the words and music though.

"Er... no comment!"

Are Frankie down the dumper?

"I don't think so. I'm quite optimistic about the future."

**PED:** "We've had three or four years of success and we've had a laugh so why should we be complaining?"

bustly squabbling and insulting each other while waiting preparation for their sound-check to be cohered with anything "serious". Paul is still in his room "Testing" - where he remains unsupported for the entire day. Holly and Wolfgang are in their own room - preparing for the day's celebrations because today is Holly's 27th birthday. The following Wednesday is to be Wolfgang's 47th.

Holly and Wolfgang have invited you to their room," pipes the group's press person, suddenly appearing from oblivion. Corks - a sumo! The spiky-haired and formidable spectre of Wolfgang.

"I just told them our room it smells of pees and it looks like a

pop music aha ha! Ooooooh that's nice," she declares pointing to a picture of a black and naked female in "provocative" pose.

Looks a bit perky to me, I "quip".  
"Oh, but I like perky things aha ha! Do I feel 27! Ooooooh! Bitch!"

Triple jings. Holly Johnson is probably the "jolliest" man ever created - he gables, he pouts, he muses, he shrieks, giggles some more and blethers on and on and on about... The Housemartins.  
"Oh, they're a right bunch of ugly bastards, aren't they?"

"I have always liked them apart from their dirty jeans," reveals Wolfgang.

"Yeah, they'd look brilliant on Emmerdale Farm, wouldn't they? We got a plane somewhere with them once and they were actually quite

# KIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD?

ever. Now, it all seems to be going horribly, *horribly* wrong.

Sylvia Patterson



▲ Holly Johnson pretending to be miserable



▲ Holly Johnson in his super-swank suite scoffing a super-snoot "snack"



▲ Mark O'Toole pretending to be sophisticated.



▲ Paul, Nasher, Ped and Mark pretending not to be engrossed in an "adult" movie and failing.



▲ Paul Rutherford and his amazing bendaway nose.



**MARK:** "I wouldn't say we were falling to pieces. I'd say we were going to split up at the end of this tour."

▲ Mark O'Toole not having to pretend very hard to be "squirly".

Photo: © Chuck Gable/Corbis

# IS THIS THE END OF FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD?



A Mark and his brother Jed who plays guitar on "Frankie" (ours) (non-named Noddy Bondage (ahem)) watching Ped bring "arsenic" (i.e. obscenity).

**M**mm. Well, perhaps it's OK for him to be optimistic. Downstairs in the hotel bar, however, the mood isn't quite so buoyant. "The Lads" have returned from their sound-check and utter boredom has set in. Nasher has wandered off with his wife Claire—a tall, harsh-looking woman with a shrillingly dry Liverpudlian sense of "humour" and Ped and Mark are well frustrated.

Mark: "I'm bored shite."  
Ped: "So am I. Brussels is shit."  
But wait! Here comes their

**HOLLY:** "I just got tired of discos and getting senselessly out of me head every night. I think I've outgrown them."

keyboard player, a Steve "Knock Your Block Off" Blackwell (look-alike nick-named Qualude (the name of a tranquilliser drug ahem them) to "liven" things up. "Nyiny nyah nyah nying nying" he whoops, which is what he whoops most of the time, much to the delight of Mark and Ped who reply with their own versions, leaping up to terrorise the three flimsy Japanese female fans minding their own business at the next table. This line of "entertainment", however, soon becomes tedious.

"Would you like to draw something then, I suggest, handing them a note-pad."  
"A right."  
And they proceed to draw utter obscenities of pornographic "proportions", smirking and sneering with mirth. "Mm. This proceeds to the universe that you're complete perves doesn't it!"

Mark: "Oh obviously! We are!"  
Why are you always so crude?  
Mark: "Cos we're bored shiteles, that's why! Ha ha ha ha ha!"  
Ped: "Erel" (beckoning to the horrified Russian barmaid who can hardly speak a word of English) What time y'ou knock off? (blank stare) What... time... do... you... knock... off? Knock off!"

The poor woman is clueless and Ped eventually gives up.  
Er... I've heard you've all registered in this hotel under the name of somebody Bollocks?  
Mark: "Yeah! There's Chris P., Aary, Archibald, Brad and Chuck. Ha ha ha!" It's just a question of keeping ourselves amused all the time, y'see, that way we'll be alright. D'you think we're really horrible?"  
No I don't, no. You're just crude.  
"Most people think we're really horrible. Er... (looks round the room and begins shuffling and looking embarrassed) Er... great

ere trink? Teh heh ha ha!"  
Eventually it's concert-ohy-time and everyone—including Holly and Wolfgang—troop into the semi-swank tour bus. Someone decides to put their new video on.

Nasher: "It's shit. I'm telling you!"  
Paul (who's finally surfaced): "Oh, I quite like the water though."  
Ped: "The water's better than us!"  
Nasher: "Bloody cut-price ZTT video—that's what that is. Cut-price—you print that."

Oh dear. The video is changed to a pornographic movie instead which keeps them well enthralled. How embarrassing. Thankfully, the venue looms and what happens next is thoroughly astonishing. Frankie Go. 2 To Hollywood are completely brilliant. In a cascade of thrillsue red, orange, pink and green lighting, complete with mighty explosions and all manner of zwingaway spotlights, "Frankie" storm out one of the most thundering, infectious, theatrical pop concerts in the entire universe. The crowd are quite literally mod with euphoria and the group look brilliant, sound brilliant and look like they feel

brilliant. I am astounded. On the way back to the hotel "The Lads" are rather astounded, too.

Mark: "God, I thought Paris was



A Ped not being very good at drinking cocktails (ha! ha!).

brilliant but that was better. You thought we were going to be shit, didn't you!"

Er... well, I thought you'd be quite good.  
Mark: "Ha! Ha! You thought we'd be shit hah hah ha hah ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

In the hotel bar (again), the excitement gradually subsides. Holly, who fled from the concert two seconds after they came off, has disappeared with Wolfgang. The quiet and almost lonesome-looking Paul has trooped off with someone from their French record company and Nasher has gone to bed with Claire.

Mark: "I think I'm bored gain."  
Ped: "Well, I'm gonna get pissed anyway." Brussels, however, has nothing to offer them. It's Monday night and nothing is open. The bar becomes the place for the evening's "meriment"—much to the dismay of the bar staff. The "Frankie" accountant person arrives with the news that the audience have done £5000 worth of damage to the venue—more than when AC/DC had played there.  
Ped: "Weheheh! Rock and roll!"

In "celebration", the smoochalong Barry Manilow-style\* Belgian pianist is ousted from his perch as Qualude thumps out a ruder than usual version of a song the group made up called "Wasted". Fortunately the bar staff's grasp of English isn't that good. For the next two hours there's singing, giggling, drinking, a fair amount of obscenities and the general slide into a slurred drunken haze. The furniture in the bar remains intact, no one gets a punch in the face and defenceless women are "put upon". Mind you, as Ped pointed out, "there's no leg in here". So much for "outrageous" behaviour. They do, however, begin to look a pretty sorry sight. I snatch Ped from the "throne" and ask him the dreaded question.

"What do you mean 'why are we not down the dumper?' Oh, are we? I don't know. Did it look to you tonight like we were down the dumper?"

It didn't look it, no.  
"Well then."  
Er... why doesn't Holly have anything to do with you any more?

Er... it's just that he doesn't really like having a drink... well, he does I suppose, but he doesn't really like going out. And he's always with Wolfgang anyway.  
Do you like Holly?"

"Holly? Yeah! Well, you get fed up with anyone when you've been with them for five years, don't you? It's only natural. We have arguments, yeah, but it's only joking arguments like you've seen, man. I'm serious. I mean, I care about the band. I don't know how much life it's got left in it but nobody's gonna do anything that they don't want to. We've got this tour to do and after that there's no plans. We just don't know. Why, what d'you think's gonna happen?"  
Well, Holly's leaving isn't he?  
"And then what?"  
I don't know.

Well, neither do we. We're just having a laugh anyway, so...  
Will you be sad when it happens?  
"Not about that, no. We've had five years, three or four with success and we've had a laugh so why should we be complaining! I mean, I was on the drole before this happened so I'm well happy. We're not just gonna disappear, are we? I can still play drums and nobody's gonna take that away from me, are they?"

You're quite a shy person really, aren't you?  
Yeah I am. But people only ever see the 'blah blah blah' side of us, don't they? They don't know the half of it—sometimes we just get down to work, y'know! I mean, I'm stupid but that doesn't mean I'm mad."  
Do you think people still care about Frankie Goes To Hollywood?  
"I don't know. Did people ever really care about us..."

But now we're interrupted by Quade and a stream of "nyah nyahnyahnyah nyah" ensues. Ped shuffles off upstairs with Qualude—still having a laugh.

Inside the bar Mark's still "thovring" around while the bar shuts. It's 2 a.m. He demands to raid the drinks fridge of my room. What does he think! Is the band

failing to pieces?  
"I wouldn't say we were failing to pieces. I'd say we were going to split up at the end of this tour."

So what are you going to do while Holly's making his "solo album"?  
"Er... I don't know. I mean, none of us have ever done anything solo before—maybe we'll just make some records that some people think are mediocre and some think are brilliant."

Are you miserable about it?  
"I'm happy now. It's happier now than I have been for three years. Because I can see a light at the end of the tunnel."

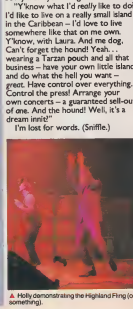
So what's the light?  
"Who knows? It's personal, that."  
Are you talking about running off

**PED:** "You get fed up with anyone when you've been with them for five years, don't you? It's only natural."

and getting married to Laura?  
"I'm not telling you lahahahaha! Er... I'm talking about being satisfied with what you're doing and I think we will be. And before you ask me are we sober sometimes, y'know. Y'see, the thing is, with 'the lads' thing we've given people the impression we wanted to give them. People think we're really stupid, see, that we just get pissed all the time—and that's really funny, that. It's really funny when people talk to you when they think you're stupid—that's a laugh. 'Cos it's all about having a laugh, this, and when you stop having a laugh, that's when you stop."

Are you still having a laugh then?  
"Course. You've seen that, haven't you? It's alright. Can I have another bevvy from your fridge?"  
"Y'know what I'd really like to do! I'd like to live on a really small island in the Caribbean—I'd love to live somewhere like that on my own. Y'know, with Laura. And me dog. Can't forget the hound! Yeah... wearing a Tarzan pouch and all that business—have your own little island and do what the hell you want—yeah. Have control over everything. Control the press! Arrange your own concerts—a guaranteed sell-out of one. And the hound! Well, it's a dream innit?"

I'm lost for words. (Sniffle.)



A Holly demonstrating the Highland Fling (or something).



# RSVP

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

● **Hi, I'm a 19 year old female and my name is Angela.** I am looking for boys and girls aged between 18 and 22 to write to. I like most music and socialising so if you are interested send a letter to: Angela Ross, 8 New Inchninan Road, Paisley, Scotland PA3 2PF

● **My name is Mark Crossan and I am 14 years old.** I like the Cure/Smileys, The Housemartins, Alison Moyet and others. Please write to me at: 52 Hunter Terrace, Loanhead, Midlothian EH20 9SU

● **I am desperate for penpals from all over the world aged between 15 and 17.** My interests are music, clothes, jewellery and collecting A-ha etc. I am 16 years old so write to me: Lindsay Thomas, 20 Blands Terrace, Allenton Bywater, Castleford, West Yorks WF10 2DU

● **I am a 17 year old Japanese girl and my favourites are Madonna, Depeche Mode and writing to people.** If you would like to correspond with me write to: Chikako Mizuno, 4 Maekashi, Chudajo, Shimogyo, Kyoto 600, Japan

● **Hi, I'm a 13 year old boy who's into Madonna.** I will write to anyone who wants to write to me so if you're interested please write to: Joey McCabe 85 Alveston, Laytown, Co. Meath, Eire

● **Hi, my name is John, I'm 17 and I like most chart music including Red Box, Madonna, OMD and The Bangles.** If you're a 16-19 year old female and have got a sense of humour then drop me a line at: 30 Westmorland Road, Wyken, Coventry CV2 5BQ

● **Hi, I'm searching for a penpal aged 12-15.** I'm into Duran Duran, Bruce Springsteen, Bon Jovi, Europe, J.M. Jarre, A-ha, Madonna and more. My hobbies are computers, reading and fishing. Please write to: David Nichols, 6 Gynsant, Lawn, Woodlands, Liverpool L27 5RB

● **Hi there, my name is Kelley and I am 11 years old.** I am into Madonna, Five Star, Shakin' Stevens and lots more. I am looking for a female penpal so please write to: 6 Deer View, Wootton Woodcock, Oxon OX7 1EZ

● **Hi, I'm a male aged 18 and I'm into Depeche Mode, Simple Minds and The Housemartins.** If you are interested please write to: Sean Ryan, 156 Grange Road, Newark, Notts NG24 4PP

● **Hi, I'm a 16 year old American girl who would like to have penpals aged 15-17 from anywhere in Europe.** I love

to dance, listen to all kinds of music and play sport. If you are interested please write to: Debbie Fenton, 13 Stewart Street, Plainview NY 11803, USA

● **Barbados can get boring sometimes!** I am a 22 year old male and I like Madonna, Genesis, The Pet Shop Boys and Smash Hits. Please write to me: Anil Siranjan, 10 Warslead Gardens, Apt 1, Cave Hill, St Michael, Barbados

● **Hi, my name's Lisa and I am 14 years old.** I'm into European groups especially Double, Fat Lippo Lippo, Autograph and Modern Talking. I also hate English and American music and A-ha. Please write to: Lisa Backhouse, 14 Farnham Terrace, Greenrook, Stanley, Co. Durham DH4 6NR

● **Hi, my name's Dave and I'm 15 years old.** I'm into The Pet Shop Boys, Madonna, Five Star, Whitney Houston, Huey Lewis and most other chart music. I also like a bit of soul so if you're interested please write to: Dave Steile, 97 Senales Road, Plumstead, London SE18 1HU

● **I am 12 years old and my name is Marie.** I would like to hear from a female aged 11-13 who is interested in Madonna, Five Star, Whitney Houston and The Pet Shop Boys. If you are interested write to: 41 Ladysmith Road, Faisosson, West Midlands

● **Hi, I'm an ultra trendy 14 year old who's really into Red Box, The Housemartins, Cadbury's Creme Eggs and little cuddly Gerfields.** If you want a penpal please write to me: Anne, 11A Ashfield Grove, Whitby Bay, Tyne and Wear NE26 1RT

● **Hi, my name's Dean and I'm nearly 14 years old.** I like The Communards, Madonna and A-ha. Anyone around my age, especially females please write to: 49 Springfield, Grimsby, South Humberside DN43 4BL

● **Hi, my name is Simon, I'm 14 and I live in Merseyside.** I like most chart music but Madonna, Berlin and The Bangles are my favourites. I would like to hear from any American girls aged 13-15. If you are interested please write to: Simon Michell, 42 Harpsted Road, Wallasey, Wirral L44 9BL

● **I'm a 21 year old male who would like to write to girls from anywhere in the world.** My likes include Level 42, Lionel Richie and most other good groups. I also like most sports, night clubs and Garage Hill. My girlfriends are Sam Fox, Australian soaps and Jonathan King. Please write to: Tom Ashar, 20 Francis Road, Clarendon, N. Portsmouth, Hants PO8 0HZ

● **Hi, if you're aged 11 and you like animals, writing letters, A-ha, horse-riding and going to discos,** then drop me a line as soon as possible: Sarah 11 Castle Lane, Olton, Solihull, West Midlands B92 6DB

● **Hi, I'm a 13 year old who's got Madonna mania.** I also like Five Star, Bon Jovi, Europe and most other chart music. If the sounds anything like you and you're aged 13-15 get writing to: Emma Robinson, 4 Brynryd Road, London W12 0SS

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17 BRISTOL BIER KELLER - 18 COVENTRY POLY  
19 DERBY BLUENOTE - 20 SCUNTHORPE BATH HALL - 21 LONDON ASTORIA



You are on one side  
And I am on the other  
Are we divided

You are on one side  
I am on the other  
Are we divided  
Why can't we live together

There are no rights  
This isn't your decision  
We need to talk of changing things  
But no one wants to listen

It doesn't have to be like that  
It doesn't have to be like that  
It doesn't have to be like that

A heart on the inside  
The same as any other  
Are we divided  
Someone always has to suffer

We are broken  
There's no one left to change it  
Is that the way it has to be  
Why can't we rearrange it

It doesn't have to be like that  
(One against one)  
It doesn't have to be like that  
(One against one)  
It doesn't have to be like that

What is the secret  
In calling me a brother  
Are we divided  
Always one against the other

We are strong now  
Put down the ammunition  
For what we know is right  
It's gonna break down this division

It doesn't have to be like that  
(One against one)  
It doesn't have to be like that  
(One against one)  
It doesn't have to be like that  
(One against one)  
It doesn't have to be like that

You are on one side  
And I am on the other  
Are we divided

Words and music by Clarke/Bell  
Reproduced by permission Sonnet Music/Oni Mute Records



ERASURE

WILD AND WICKED...

## THE FUTURE'S SO BRIGHT I GOTTA WEAR SHADES

I study nuclear science  
I love my classes  
I got a crazy teacher  
He wears dark glasses

Chorus  
Things are gettin' great  
And they're only gettin' better  
I'm doin' alright  
Getting good grades  
The future's so bright  
I gotta wear shades  
I gotta wear shades

I got a job waitin'  
For my graduation  
Fifty thou a year  
Will buy a lot of beer

Repeat chorus

Well I'm heavenly blessed  
And worldly wise  
I'm a prepping tom techie  
With x-ray eyes

Repeat chorus

Oh on on

Repeat first verse

Repeat chorus

I gotta wear shades  
I gotta wear shades

Words and music by P. MacDonald  
Reproduced by permission Illegal Music Ltd  
On IRS Records



umbuk 3

## Billy IDOL Don't need a gun

A human heart goes out tonight  
Yes a red hot love  
On a red stop light  
I see a scene so cold  
It echoes in blue  
Oh those twisting tongues  
They are after you

Wop bop a lu bop  
Son you gotta move up  
Flip flop fly  
Lawdy Miss Clawdy  
Oh what a story  
Dreams to buy  
Don't need a knife  
To violate the life  
It's all so insane  
When the other man has none  
You don't need a gun  
Yes a Russian Roulette no fun  
I don't need a gun  
I just need someone  
I don't need a gun

Blood red lights  
A domination street  
Yeah well I just need your love  
And I feel that heat  
Yeah or you can drive me through  
That red stop light  
With a whiplash smile wow

Wop bop a lu bop  
Yeah I got to move up  
Flip flop fly  
Lawdy Miss Clawdy  
Oh what a story  
Gold to buy  
Don't need a knife  
To violate my life  
It's all insane  
I said when the other man has none  
You don't need a gun  
A Russian Roulette no fun  
You don't need a gun  
Just need someone  
I won't need a gun oh yeah

You will always be crying yeah yeah  
Oh you will always be dying  
Oh you will always be dying

Elvis a fight the dying light  
Johnnie Ray he's always crying  
Gene Vincent he cried who slapped John  
Isn't me I'm moving on  
Yeah to be someone  
I don't need a gun

Words and music by Billy Idol  
Reproduced by permission Chrysalis Music Ltd  
Siring Pretty Music On Chrysalis Records

MOTORCYCLE HELL TERROR - RIOTING TEENAGE FURY!



A black and white promotional poster for Billy Idol's single "Don't Need a Gun". The central figure is Billy Idol, shirtless, wearing a dark leather jacket and a large cross necklace. He is holding a white electric guitar. The background is a blurred crowd of people, with the word "SUZ" visible on the left. The text "IDOL BILLY" is in the top right, "The Next Crack of the Whip" is in a script font across the middle, and "NEW SINGLE 'Don't Need a Gun'" is in the bottom right. At the very bottom, it says "AVAILABLE ON 7 & 12" and "LIMITED EDITION FREE POSTER WITH 12" with a Chrysler logo.

# IDOL BILLY

*The Next Crack of the Whip*

NEW SINGLE  
*'Don't Need a Gun'*

AVAILABLE ON 7 & 12"

LIMITED EDITION FREE POSTER WITH 12"



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# Competition Winners

## THE DAMNED (31 December)

● Correct answer: c) David Letts  
 ● The winner of The Damned's "Anthems" album special prize is **A. Serlow** from Sherborne St John.  
 The most retailers won the LP and the 10" single: **Clare Unsworth**, Wexley; **Tom Dalaney**, Woodmancote; **Danica Carter**, Pettrick; **Andrew Gambley** Co Down; **N.O. Neme**, Longwood; **Joanna Waiters**, Pontefract; **Nicki Robinson**, Hasleby; **William Healy**, Balnaglogh; **Trudy Bloomfield**, Lambeth; **Anna Maria O'Hara**, Denby; **Hayley Flux**, Sheehayass; **Sellia Dennis**, Riddough; **Lot Woodland** Dome Urea; **Blackwood** **Shona Clunie**, Buchhaven; **Sally Wardlaw**, Livingston; **Morvan Campbell**, Isle Of Arran; **S. Jones** & **Worthing** **Gordon Moir**, Perth; **Janet Thomas**, Coombe-Dingle.

## THE BANGLAS (14 January)

● Correct answer: b) Trust (1) A bonus for: c) A prophetic issue of Isis. The winner of all The Banglas games is **Prince Casper** of **Burkham** from **Muson** in **Telford**.

## VIDEOS (14 January)

**The Communards**  
 ● Correct answer: Cochon  
 ● Ten winners of "The Video Singles" are **Rebecca Lee**, **Roppley**, **Steven Wood**, **Orinon**, **Teresa Harriot**, **Clareham**, **Depe Dava**, **Wendy**, **Robert Davis**, **Charuchow**, **Emma Blomfield**, **Stratford-on-Avon**, **Mark Hudson**, **Portsmouth**, **R. Harris**, **Bideford**, **Keith Hough**, **Sutton Colfield**, **Karris Peimar**, **Westgate-on-Sea**  
**Wham**  
 ● Correct answer: Pige  
 ● Ten winners of "The Final" are: **Jayne Tuttle**, **Alesworth**, **Charly Carson**, **Widow**, **M. Turner**, **Westgate-on-Sea**, **Debbie Hendrick**, **Leite**

**Katzen**, **Rogate**, **S. Von Hippel**, **Dyfed**  
**Sig Country**  
 ● Correct answer: Campaigne  
 ● Ten winners of "The Best Live In New York" are: **Stephen Merritt**, **Ash**, **Jacky Brynall**, **Milton** of **Campden**, **Mary Kelly**, **New Ross**, **Julia Wood**, **Lough-on-Sea**, **Caroline Ward**, **Capel St Mary**, **Katly Spancer**, **Box**, **Val Walton**, **Peachhaven**, **Mana Boyle**, **Crumplax**, **L. Bates**, **Ipsech**, **Jonathan Dyson**, **Kington**

## Jaki Graham

● Correct answer: Sirhan Sirhan  
 ● Ten winners of "Set Free" are: **Steve Saunders**, **Mersham**, **Cathy Johnson**, **Ward**, **Mark Burton**, **Sesforth**, **Claire Stals**, **Buckhurst Hill**, **N. Stanhope**, **Bromedon**, **G. Gould**, **Uxeter**, **Terry Washhead**, **Chesterfield**, **Vicky Moulding**, **Chalfham**, **G. Coulton**, **Ear Shilton**, **Deborah Burton**, **Boyme**

## The Pet Shop Boys

● Correct answer: Magasin  
 ● Ten winners of "Talesman" are: **Darren Dyson**, **Morley**, **Peter Hamilton**, **Belymore**, **Christina Johnson**, **Barton**, **Julia Adams**, **Newbridge**, **Sarah Hill**, **Chetsea**, **Kay Thompson**, **Grays**, **Cathy Eastall**, **Woodley**, **Tanya Maygrave**, **Redland**, **Danny Gale**, **London SE3**, **A. Williams**, **London**

## Kate Bush

● Correct answer: God  
 ● Ten winners of "The Whole Story" are: **Glaire Chapman**, **Bredford**, **Gillian McCowan**, **Debsville**, **Louisa Jennings**, **Sutton Coldfield**, **C.J. Stoddman**, **Ripon Park**, **Alison Fricker**, **Wantage**, **J.R. Chamberlain**, **Blackrod**, **Sandra Best**, **Plovering**, **Sarah Haywood**, **Walling**, **Glaire Solthcott**, **Shanklin**, **Joanna Moore**, **Westlake-on-Sea**

## Bananarama

● Correct answer: Banana  
 ● Ten winners of "The Video Singles" are: **Shelia McCason**, **Brampton**, **Caroline Latham**, **Abbrington**, **Damian Tynan**, **Black Brook**, **Y.H. Saleam**, **Hampden-on-the-Hill**, **Martin Perry**, **Greenford**, **D. Hurd**, **Teddington**, **Peter Lorraile**, **Hewall**, **David Jarvis**, **Totton**, **Claire**

## Katzen, Rogate S. Von Hippel, Dyfed

● Correct answer: Selection  
 ● Ten winners of "Pink 51" are: **Margaret Anna Holland**, **Maryhill**, **Nicola Barnett**, **Ickenham**, **Ryan Sutcliffe**, **Tisbury**, **Clere Banerjee**, **Belmont**, **Nicholas Tessell**, **Terrington**, **Sharon Field**, **Woolstent**, **Martin Goetham**, **Teytham**, **Julia Brooks**, **Deepcar**, **Josiela Jawzi**, **Gwynedd**, **L. Swift**, **Kings Lynn**

## Hits 5

● Correct answer: Meritnant  
 ● Ten winners of "Now That's What I Call Music 8" are: **J. Coover**, **Sesson**, **Kislay Martal**, **Gumney**, **Clere Sims**, **Southend-on-Sea**, **Simon Fowler**, **Linton**, **N.D. Shaphard**, **Hogwarts Park**, **Wendy Turner**, **Ely**, **Varonica Wood**, **Hitchin**, **Rachel Barrow**, **Ipsech**, **M. Thorn**, **Kingham**, **Androulla Charlieux**, **West Woken**

**KISS EM AGAIN MA'AM**

Of all the flavours in all the ChapStick range, you had to choose this one. Tangy Cherry, my favourite.

Your lips are so smooth and moist they could drive a man wild. If you want to borrow my Orange, Mint, Grape or Original ChapStick, all you have to do is whistle.

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# THE B.P.I. AWARDS

**G**osh, this is exciting. It's seven o'clock on a Monday night, it's the très swank Grosvenor House Hotel in London's Park Lane and it's very nearly time for the presentation of the annual British Record Industry awards (still known as the BPI awards as in British Phonographic Industry to give it its full and "proper" title).

**O**utside are an awful lot of "news" paper reporters rushing about the place, accompanied by their trusty "photographers" and suddenly 3000 flash bulbs explode to announce the arrival of **Leather Vandroos**. Let us have a word with this monstrous legend of soul, shall we? Tell us, Luther, are you confident of winning one of these v. prestigious awards tonight?

**Ah...** I'm not actually, because I haven't been nominated for anything.

**Oh.** Still, not to worry about that little "mishap", let's have a peek into the Great Room where all the action is about to take place and do a quick survey of who's likely to win what. First with their predictions are none other than those swoonilicious **Fuzzbox** popetes.

**Best male singer?**  
"Engelbert Humperdinck"  
squeals Misses.

**Female?**  
"Oh, it must be Lena Mar[...]."  
And most significant group to emerge in 1989?  
"Status Quo".

**Mmm,** let's see if a very fit and well looking **Boy George** has anything rather more substantial to add to that.

"I fancy A-ha for the Best British Band category." (?)

And what about Best British Male Singer?  
"Yes, I fancy him too." Ho ho. Isn't that flurr?

**M**anwhirl, back in the foyer, somebody rather famous must just have arrived if the sudden increase in the scream level is anything to go by. Oh yes! Please welcome **Lord and Lady**

**Robert of Geldof**, running towards the kitchens in a vain attempt to escape the pack of "news" hounds. Doesn't seem as if anyone else is too interested in Sir Bob's tips for tonight's award-winners, with most questions concentrating on his not-so-private life.

"Are you from *The Sun*?" he barks at me.

Good Lord no.

"Well, whoever's here from *The Sun* said this morning that there was a lot of noise coming out of our house as if we were fighting. The only noise in our house this morning was Paula snoring or me watching *The Vicar* on the video.

So now you know, **Hot** on the heels of the royal couple are these "strange" **Swing Out Sister** people who are looking a little bit confused by the whole thing. In fact Corinne doesn't really know why she's here.

"Oh... I don't really know why I'm here. What are the BPI awards anyway? Who votes for them? How do you win one?"

**W**ell, the BPI awards span 12 categories. From Best British Classical Recording through to Best British Male Artist, they're voted for by all the record companies affiliated to the British Phonographic Industry. Each record company, and there are about 800 involved, has one vote in each category and after they've all had their say, a shortlist of five nominations is drawn up for each award.

This year's voting wasn't exactly a big surprise with most of the nominations going to fairly predictable names, although the total criticism of **Queen** and **George Michael** from any of the categories and the inclusion of **Dire Straits' 1985 LP 'Brothers In Arms'** in the Best British LP section did raise the occasional eyebrow. In the end though, the major shock of the night was **A-ha's** defeat in the Best International Group category at the hands of **The Beatles**. Expert commentator and behatted Pet Shop **Boy Neil Tennant** isn't too keen on this competitive aspect of



▲ Been here for nearly 20 years. Neil Tennant writes: "God, I haven't written a caption for two years."



▲ Sheree and Peggy. Well, the only thing I have to say is that I don't know their wigs at the BPI Awards but there is the photographic evidence.

the whole shebang.

"It's a bit like the school prizegiving day, isn't it? Or the Annual Drapers' Dinner. I enjoyed getting the award (*Best British Single for 'West End Girls'*) because it was **Boy George** who presented it but really, you don't do it for awards, you do it for the music on the records. **Chris** and I were going to stay in, have a nice dinner and watch it on TV but let's say I was persuaded to come along. *How's life on Smash Hits?*"

**Oh, alright** thanks **Neil**, fancy coming back sometimes? ... I actually enjoyed myself more at these awards two years ago when I was covering them for *Smash Hits* because then you got to sit upstairs and you could see everything that was going on... I'll come back and edit one issue, how's that? ...

Not a bad idea, as it happens. And the thing is that he's not even joking! As you can clearly see from the cover of this very issue. In fact, **Neil** has even written the captions on this very page as you can also see. **Meanwhile**, back in this plush hotel...

**By** this stage most of the gongs have been handed over by tonight's "special" compere, **The Most Evil Man in Pop**, **Jonathan**

**King**, who is dressed in a dinner jacket, black slacks and a pair of white trainers. Very fetching. Everyone cheers loudly when **Boy George** is introduced to give **Neil Tennant** the Best Single award and even louder when **Paul Simon** steps up to get his trophy for Best International Solo Artist. It's not every day of the week that **Mr Simon** takes himself out of an evening and he must be just bursting to talk to me, I expect (hem hem).

"Am I happy to have won? Yes. It's much better than losing, you understand, much better. I... just as things are starting to get "interesting" here, a rather large gentleman with no neck suddenly appears on the scene and asks if it would be possible to leave **Mr Simon** alone at least until he has scuffed his dinner. Pop stars, doncha just love 'em??"

**W**hoops! Nearly knocked somebody's nice free dinner (salmon, mignons de boeuf dijonnaise, terrine man chéri) all over their lap. Double whoops! The aforementioned "lap" belongs to none other than **Peter Gabriel**, the only man tonight to win two awards, one for Best British Male Artist and the other for Best Video with the brilliant "Slad-on Hammer". He must be a happy person!



▲ Fuzzbox. Well, two of them are doing. (sarcastic pointing)



▲ Max Knipper. Well, he is looking rather perplexed by his award. I melt him. He comes from Guildford and came from North Godolphin so we had a Geordie crush.



▲ Debbie Harry and Boy George. Well, do I need to put Debbie Harry (left).

Photo: L.F.I.

Photo: Rex

Photo: BPI

Photo: Rex

While you were watching the awards ceremony on TV the other week (or alternatively doing something sensible like cleaning the cooker), a selection of music biz "nobs" were there in person at a plush London hotel gobbling mignons de boeuf (whatever they are), getting "tidy" and generally acting the goat... People like **Boy George**, **The Bangles**, **Bob Geldof**, **The Pet Shop Boys** and **Peter Gabriel**. And amongst them, making a clot of himself, was goat-in-chief **Barry McIlheney**...



▲ The Bangles **Neil** I spoke to one of The Bangles. Fascinating fact: one of them used to go out with our producer William Hague years ago in Los Angeles

"It's not often I win awards so I'm very pleased and a little bit surprised. It was funny being up against **Paul Collins** (they used to be together in Genesis) and even funnier getting the award from Jonathan King who "discovered" Genesis, of course. Although I remember that we had to work quite hard to get him to "discover" us, ha ha! Anything else?"

Ah... have you ever perhaps thought you were a city centre? "No, more of an oak tree." Have you ever grown parsnips in a gumbroof?

"No, but there are worms in my carrots." (?)

**T**he saddest sight at the EPI awards must be those poor souls who have not even been nominated for one category but who turn up anyway in the offchance that they might be asked up to do a "turn". Like... **Pepsi** And **Shirley**, practically inconsolable in their hour of complete depression.

**Shirley**: "I have been sitting here all night feeling like an empty shell because we haven't won anything, but next year we will. This year I am an empty shell. Next year I will be an oyster." Hurray!

All that is left now is for the

various winners to stand together and have their photos taken before going off to different "suites" in the hotel for a bitrova knees-up.

For The Bangles, it's a double celebration as they are being presented with a platinum disc for 300,000 sales of their LP "Different Light" to go with their Best International Group award.

"I'm amazed and shaken and shocked!" pipes Debbie Peterson. "I mean, can you imagine what it means for four girls from L.A. (man) to win this award in Great Britain?"

Em, not really. Susanna Hoffs, meanwhile, has other thoughts on her mind...

"We've just come back from the pop festival in San Remo and we had dinner with **Duran Duran**. It was like every girl's dream - sitting at this table surrounded by three fantastic guys. And I had my favourite one sitting next to me... Aw, I can't tell you which one... really I can't..."

Would it just perhaps maybe be John Taylor?

"Ha ha ha... you might be right with that one!"

Three cheers for The Bangles! God bless the EPI!! (?) Avant! for Lena Martell!!!!!! (??) Yaroo for... (Enough - Ed.) But I am the Ed! (Oh. That's alright then...)



▲ 5 Star **Neil** "Performing 'Can I Wait Another Minute' Boy George was singing along - he knew all the words" Photo: EPI



▲ Whitney Houston **Neil** "Why didn't she win something?"



▲ **Neil** "And here we've got - what's he called? - Mick Mulroney. For some reason he's wearing a schoolboy's uniform" Photo: EPI



▲ **Neil** "This is me and Boy George. My eyes are shut. We've both got big noses. Or rather poorny noses" Photo: EPI



▲ **Neil** "This is the gang, all the winners. I'm beside John Bush" Photo: EPI



▲ Eric Clapton **Neil** "Looking as if he's about to launch into 'My Way'" Photo: E.P.I.



▲ Paul Simon **Neil** "Looking very cheerful. Actually, he was very crestful. He turned round to me and said 'Oh, I know your record'" Photo: E.P.I.



▲ Peter Gabriel and Phil Collins **Neil** "Can't think of much to say about this one, Franky" Photo: E.P.I.

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## THE COMMUNARDS



## YOU ARE MY WORLD

There is nothing boy that can stop my course  
I will hold you tight never let you go  
Tomorrow's party will never end  
Like a bud in spring our love will bloom and grow

Your eyes to me are precious stones  
On a face that's made of solid gold  
When I hold your hand I want to cry  
And your loving arms to protect me from the cold

### Chorus

You are my world you are my world  
You are my world you are my world

The soul inside now belongs to you  
I'm drowning in a love so deep  
We will overcome those ups and downs  
So happiness is forever ours to keep

I will follow you to the end of time  
I will be the blood flowing through your veins  
I will ride with you 'til the end of the line  
You will be my everything my world  
(You are you are you are you are you are you are)  
Oh boy

### Repeat chorus

You are my world  
My world my world my world my world

### Repeat three times

(You are you are are my world)  
(You are you are are my world)  
(You are you are are my world)  
(You are you are are my world)

I will follow you to the end of time  
I will be the blood flowing through your veins  
I will ride with you 'til the end of the line  
You will be my everything my world  
(You are you are you are you are you are you are)  
Oh boy

### Repeat chorus to fade

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PRODUCED BY STEWART LEVINE

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UWB

# "STRIPPING?" IT'S A REAL TRICKY BUSINESS"

**Paul Zone of Man 2 Man should know. He was a male stripper for four whole years. And after that he became Debbie Harry's hairdresser...**

"I know everybody. I've been on the musical scene in New York for years, so everyone just walks in and out my door. Like who? Like... Andy Warhol (v. famous New York "pop" artist), Debbie Harry? I had lunch with her yesterday."

Paul Zone has just pooped across to London from his home in trendy Greenwich Village in New York, where he lives in an old apartment block with his cat, Pesto, and he's teasing us how he knows all these rather trendy famous people in New York. Like Debbie Harry.

"I used to cut her hair back in the early days. We all used to hang out together, like us and Talking Heads. In fact, it was Debbie Harry that first persuaded my brother Miki that I should be the singer in his group..."

That of course was many, many years ago, when they all used to "hang out" in dingy New York clubs. Paul ended up joining his brother Miki's pop group, The Fasts; they never got to be particularly famous, but 13 years later Paul and Miki were still performing together as Man 2 Man. One of the songs they recorded was, of course, "Male Stripper", based on Paul's experiences when, after quitting the US Navy ("I just joined because I liked the uniform"), he became a male stripper.

"It's a real tricky business! In America we have these clubs where men aren't allowed. Women of all ages go along to watch the stripper. You wouldn't know about that? Well, you dance around and strip everything off until all you have on is a little 'G-string'. Then you go up to the women and they all have dollar bills in their hands and they stick them in that little pouch there, depending on how much they like you..."

Heaven! Surely a sturdy pair of Y-fronts would prove more lucrative than a flimsy "G-string"?

"On no, they stick it in the pouch, bills obviously, not coins, and they tuck them in the elastic. And all strippers wear different costumes, like 'hot cop drag' in the song. I used to use my sailor suit from when I was in the Navy."

"Miki wrote the song about two years ago - I supplied him with all the details, the phrases, but it wasn't recorded this way till about seven months ago when we got Man Parrish (trendy New York producer) to do a version of it."

But then last year, tragedy struck. Miki Zone fell ill and died of spinal meningitis. And just to make things worse, ex-Man 2 Man member Michael Rudetski died shortly afterwards of a drug overdose in Boy George's flat. But Paul felt that he should carry on with Man 2 Man.

"Obviously, there won't be any replacement. You can't replace a brother. And if people don't think I should be carrying on, well, I don't think I should wear a black veil and stay in for the rest of my life. The only thing that makes me feel really strong about carrying on is that I know that if it had been me who kicked the bucket, Miki would be right here talking to you."

The twenty-third of January was to have been Paul's birthday. To celebrate it Paul invited all his swanky New York friends to a party at the very swanky Tunnel club there, and they all had a bit of a wild time.

"In actuality," Paul says in a very matter of fact sort of voice, "I don't know if the record would have got this far if Miki wasn't up there pulling strings."



▲ Man 2 Man looking a scarily sensible: on the right is Paul (hence the name), on the left is the size Miki.

## MALE STRIPPER

### MAN 2 MAN MEET MAN PARRISH

(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)

A ladies' night Adonis  
Working after hours  
Ripples on my chest  
Never got a night's rest

A modern day Jack  
A jock with an act  
Hey Lolita  
Touch me squeeze ms ooh

(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)

A modern day Jack  
A jock with an act  
Hey Lolita touch me squeeze ms ooh

And built like a truck  
I'd bump for a buck  
Dress to tease them  
Strip to please them

(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) ah (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar) (I was a male stripper in a go go bar)

(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)

#### CHORUS

Strip for ma babe strip for you  
Strip for ms 'cause I want you to

#### REPEAT CHORUS

(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)

#### REPEAT CHORUS

(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)  
(I was a male stripper in a go go bar)

A ladies' night Adonis  
Working after hours  
Ripples on my chest  
Never got a night's rest

#### REPEAT CHORUS

Behold him behold him behold him behold him  
Behold him behold him behold him behold him

A NEW SINGLE FROM

the  
big  
supreme  
THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST  
please yourself



7" POSP 840



12" POSPX 840

When a Man

When a man loves a woman  
Can't keep his mind on nothing else  
He'd change the world for the good thing he's found  
If she is bad he can't see it  
She can do no wrong  
Turn his back on his best friend  
If he put her down

When a man loves a woman  
Spend his very last dime  
Trying to hold on to what he needs  
He'd give up all his comforts  
And sleep out in the rain  
If she says that's the way it ought to be

Well this man loves you woman  
I gave you everything I had  
Trying to hold on to your high class love  
Baby please don't treat me bad

When a man loves a woman  
Down deep in his soul  
She can bring him such misery  
If she plays him for a fool  
He's the last one to know  
Loving eyes can never see

When a man loves a woman  
He could do her no wrong  
He could never want some other girl  
Yes when a man loves a woman  
I know exactly how he feels  
'Cause baby baby you're my girl

When a man loves a woman  
I know exactly how he feels

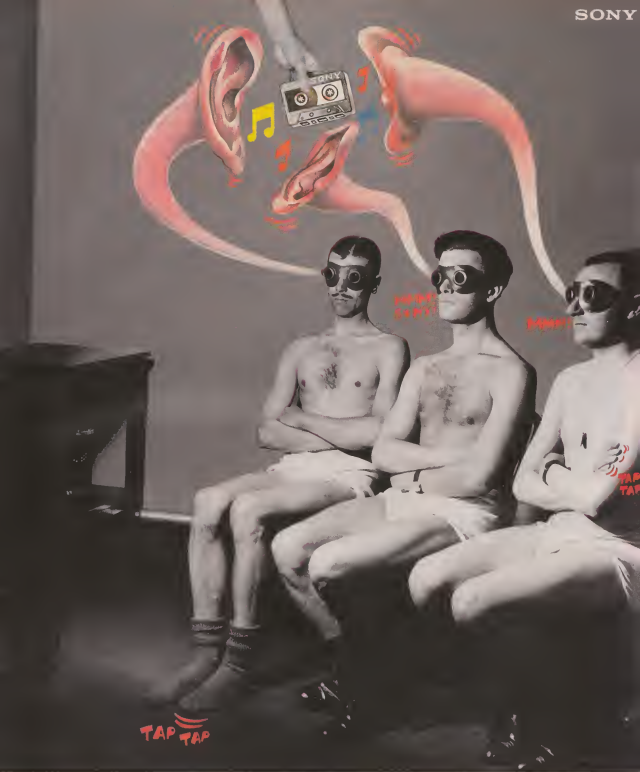
*Words and music by Leroy Wright  
Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music Ltd  
On Atlantic Records*

Loves a Woman



Percy Sledge

SONY



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

Oh no! What to do? The Editor had flounced off to some so-called "conference", with half an issue of Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine still to edit. Who could fill his shoes? In desperation, we phoned "Dial-An-Editor". No reply. We asked the dodgy bloke in the newsgagents if he was free. He wasn't. And then we remembered Neil "Nebbo" Tennant – ex-Deputy Editor of *Smash Hits* and now pop "singer" with the Pet Shop Boys. We called him up, asked if he was busy and, as fate would have it, he wasn't. So, eagerly, one Friday morning, we awaited the new "editor's" arrival. . .

## NEIL TENNANT: SMASH HITS EDITOR FOR A DAY!?



10.40: THE EDITOR ARRIVES "FASHIONABLY" LATE. . .

"I'm sorry I'm late," trills Neil Tennant, a touch unconvincingly as he breezes through the door. "Though I've always thought it was fashionable to arrive at least ten minutes later than expected." Er, yes, but isn't Neil rather more than just the ten minutes late? "Forty minutes," he says definitely. And incorrectly, as he's supposed to have been here at 9.30. "9.30?????" he exclaims, clearly horrified. "I always thought it was 10.00." Quite. In any case, he continues in defence of his lateness, "They never complain when you stay on an hour late, do they?" Indeed they don't.

His "excuse", it turns out, is something to do with the pop music lark that he always used to go on about when he last worked here. "I was in the studio last night," he says, "until about a quarter to two in the morning finishing off the very wonderful record that the Pet Shop Boys have just made with Dusty Springfield (rather brilliant ancient '60s singer). It's called 'What Have I Done To Deserve This?' I was quite nervous about meeting her because I've liked her since I was young and. . . And on he goes, though of course everybody else is far too busy to listen, so in the end he shrugs and sets his mind to some hard work. . .

10.50: OPENING THE MAIL.

"What is this?" he exclaims, tackling a large brown envelope first. "It turns out to be a heart shaped Fuzzbox picture disc, 'Lucky' Neil." "I met them at the BPI awards!" he exclaims. "I was talking to that one," he says, pointing to Jo. "I was giving



them some fatherly advice about the music industry. I was probably boring them to death. Actually, they were really, really nice. . .

"Oooh, I must stop saying everyone is really nice. They were really horrible." That's more like it. . . "Except," he whispers apologetically, "they were dead nice." Oh.

"This looks very boring." Neil has just moved on to a dull brown envelope. "Oh, A Peter Gabriel press release – so Peter Gabriel sledgehammers his way into the big time! What a good press release. I think this is for *Blitz*. Or maybe "Happenings"?" He looks unsure – this editing lark is clearly a tricky business.

Next Neil discovers the new copy of *Star Hits* – the American version of *Smash Hits*, with Glass Tiger on the cover (?????). He leafs through the poll results and finds a Sigue "Sigue" Sputnik feature. "We were there when the Sputniks were in Manhattan," he says. "We like the Sputniks. We're going to start an organisation called Save The Sputniks. I think they should get an Arts Council grant. It's unfair the way everybody's gone off them."



Finally, Neil gets to an odd-looking package he's been saving until last. "It's always exciting when you get a bumper pack – it's always some silly promotional thing," he coos in thrilled anticipation. And he is right – it's a box of truffles which have some tenuous connection with singer Helena Springs. It's also a very spooky coincidence. "Uncannily enough," explains Neil, "she is the woman who sings on 'West End Girls'! Actually, we've co-written a song with her for her solo career – it's called 'New Love'."

Meanwhile, the rest of the staff wonder: how much longer can Neil Tennant stay here without doing any proper work. . .?

11.15: COFFEE

A while longer, it seems. An underling is sent out for a coffee from across the road – large, milk, no sugar" (*ESP – a snip (?)*) – and rushes back in with the charming polystyrene cup in his hand. Neil looks aghast. "It should be on a tray. . ."



11.25: TINKERING WITH THE FLATPLAN

The "flatplan" is a very big sheet of paper with all the pages for the next issue laid out in order. Throughout history when editors have wanted to pretend to be busy they "tinker with the flatplan." Neil Tennant duly does this.

11.55: WRITING CAPTIONS FOR THE BPI AWARDS FEATURE (SEE PAGES 22-23)

As the photos are placed on the Editor's desk by an eager designer, a horrified look comes over Neil's face. He has just realised a very significant fact – that his day back in the office isn't a joke at all. He genuinely is going to have to do lots of work. "This is for real, isn't it?" he gulps. "You all thought 'what can we do to get someone in to help!'" Rumbled too late, haw haw!

12.10: A POP STAR PHONES UP

Yes, that's right. Internationally famous megastars from the pop world keep the *Smash Hits* telephone lines "a-buzzin'" all day long, as we shall now discover. . . Bring! Bring! "Hello," chirps Neil. "You want to speak to Ian 'Jocky' Cranna? Yes I'll put you through. Who's calling? Oh. It's one of the Virgin Prunes' (*opens door*) Ian! It's a Prune for you!" (????????)

## 12.50. LUNCHEONE

Smash Hits staff are allowed one hour for lunch but, says Neil, "You can be flexible". And with that he hides his desk (not a v. complicated operation as he's hardly done any work this morning) and off he shoots. . .

## 3.10. ARRIVES BACK FROM LUNCH

"I met a very important video director - let's just call him Zbig - with Chris Lowe at a restaurant in Marylebone Road," Neil announces to the staff (who of course have only been able to pop out for a meagre sandwich as a) they're too busy and b) they only get 50p luncheon vouchers a day - swizz). "I had mussel soup, scallops with spinach and cheese - en florentine or something - it was very nice. And two hours and twenty minutes was no longer than I used to have." Quite. And with that Neil starts reminiscing. . .

"We used to go to this cafe down the road that we christened the Bomba. I went off it though in the end because I got food poisoning and after that I refused to go back. Do I miss luncheon vouchers? No, not fundamentally, though I do miss lunch. It was always a good laugh. I must say, though, that before *Smash Hits* when I worked for a book publisher, I used to have these very healthy lunches - brown rice from the Indian vegetarian round the corner - and when I came to *Smash Hits* it was sausage, beans and chips with run baba afterwards, which was the start of my downfall. After I left I got healthier but I've got unhealthy again. I'm trying to start jogging regularly again. Got to watch your weight and all that. . .



## 3.20. WRITES CONTENTS PAGES

"Oh no," says Neil, when he realises the dreadful task in front of him. Every single fortnight someone has to think of something witty and amusing to put after *Star Teaser*, *RSVP* and *Crossword*. It's not much fun." Soon, though, he gets down to business, stopping only to ask some perfectly reasonable question. For example, . . . "Who is Greedy Smith? It's not Frankie Goes To Hollywood to hell and back, is it? Shall we put 'to hell and staying there!' ha ha ha? Do I have to put 'killed the cat' after *Curiosity*? Who are the Jets? How do you spell 'genuinity'?" and so on. In the middle he's interrupted by *Smash Hits* "journalist" William Shaw who asks timidly "Can I have The Jets article?"

"I suppose so," says Neil very snootily and hands it over. From then on his concentration begins to wander. First he notices a Sex Pistols book on the bookshelf. "That's mine!" he exclaims, before deciding he "can't be bothered to take it home". Next he starts criticising the

office equipment - "I thought you might have got some new typewriters in the last two years," he moans. Then he decides the staff need some "encouraging" words from the "editor". . .

"I'm coming out in a moment," he shouts from his office, "to see what you're up to. It seems to me that you're all wasting lots of time wandering around the office chatting. The ruddy cheek of it! As a 'subtle' distraction someone persuades him to reminisce again, this time about his personal contribution to *Smash Hits*.

"The main thing I invented," he laughs, "the last one in fact, was 'They're back! Back! BACK!' in July '85. 'Tragic' is another one, and 'pur-lease', though they're not used so much any more. Having sexy things in was also something I started, being an essentially erotic personality (????). It never used to have any sex in it."

And with that he types the last few words of *Contents* and whips his "masterpiece" out of the typewriter. "Well, that's that polished off. I don't know what you all make such a fuss about."

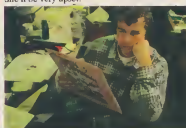


## 4.10. SENDS UNDERLING OUT TO CRAM'S (SWANKY HEALTHFOOD PLACE) FOR BANANA CAKE AS HE'S FEELING PECKISH

"It's nearly an hour since lunch," explains Neil, "so I'm feeling peckish." And so he sends out an underling, just like in the old days, to get him a healthy after lunch "snack". Unfortunately when he unwraps it. . .

"This isn't banana cake!" he screams. Er, yes it is, insists the "underling". "Why then," says Neil, in his familiar "I'm right, matey" voice, "has it got dates in it?" He does seem to have a point. Luckily, he says, "as it happens I like dates anyway." "Pshaw! To make up for such a clottish mistake, the underling scampers off to make a mug of tea. A bad idea, as it turns out. . .

"Are all the mugs round here of Sarah and Andrew?" screams Neil. "You know I don't like the Royal Family. Don't you think she looks like Miss Piggy? Devastatingly like her?" Suddenly Neil remembers that his mother - a keen royalist - reads *Smash Hits*. "Oh, no. She'll be very upset."



## 4.20. LISTENS TO HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT LP

Neil wanders over to the not v. swanky *Smash Hits* office record player to do his

album review for the week. Unfortunately once he gets there he spots - amongst the disgusting mound of sleeveless records, mostly by Black Type's favourite, Red Box - a couple of things he'd rather hear. First he "spins" *Shades* by Iggy Pop - "practically the best record ever made," he claims - and then plays Boy George's new single, the first time he's heard it. After the first minute he declares "not very good, is it?" but after he's played it a couple more times he's changed his mind and decides "it is rather good after all." What, though, about "Ver Biscuits"? After a while he decides he'll have to "take it home over the weekend for more serious consideration - I'll send in the review on Monday".

What a toff.

## 5.25. DECIDES HE'S BEEN WORKING TOO HARD AND STARTS REMINISCING SOME MORE ABOUT THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

"The thing I most regret writing," he says in the tone of an older and wiser man, "is my Bardo review". This was when he announced that Bardo - useless British entrants for the 1983 Eurovision Song Contest - were absolutely guaranteed a great musical future. They have never been heard of since. He also starts chatting about how scared he used to be - "it was much more nerve-wracking interviewing someone like Annie Lennox, who you've heard is difficult, than appearing on some massive television show in front of 20 million people." This, he explains, is something that his pop combo - called the Pet Shop Boys, he says - do rather frequently. At the moment, though, they're finishing off their second proper album and thinking about doing their long-promised world tour, though just at the moment "we all seem to have gone off the idea."

"I can't see the point really," he explains. His attitude is the exact opposite of most pop stars. "I quite like the idea of being on the couch, having the meal beforehand, the party in the room afterwards, going in the swimming pool, signing the autographs in the lobby, wrecking the mini-bar. . . The only thing I don't like the idea of is being on the stage and having to sing for rather a long time. I think one of the biggest mistakes we ever made was performing live at the American MTV awards. It would have been much better if they'd never seen us and thought we were an amazingly enigmatic creative band from England instead of two total wallies who can't 'cut it' live. . .


## 5.50. A PHONE CALL REMINDS NEIL HE'S ACTUALLY A FAMOUS POP STAR

Suddenly Neil's reflections are interrupted by the phone ringing. Apparently, it's EMI Records. "Oh my - silly me," says Neil down the phone, already packing his things away. "I forgot - was a pop star. . . We've got some tracks to lay down? OK. But I'll just have to finish sorting things out first, because, frankly, everything's a bit of a mess here since I've left. I came here just as a bit of a joke but as it turns out I'm having to do some pretty hard work just so they have a half-decent issue. The check'll still be very kindly stays and helps finish off the issue. At the end he sighs wearily.

"It's been very hard work - I'd forgotten what hard work it is," he puffs. "Especially the really difficult things like trying to write something funny in *Contents* for *RSVP* or *Star Teaser*. I've enjoyed it but, yes, it's more fun being a pop star. You get paid more - at *Smash Hits* you get paid absolutely nothing - and you can get up later. Pop stars don't really get a long lunch hour," he says, trying to think of a drawback, "but then that's because all day is lunch for them." Huruummmpphh. . .

"But then again, as a journalist, you don't have to work until two in the morning as often and I do miss working in an office. Some people hate offices but I like all the gossip, the trying to get paid more money and the jokes. So I've really quite enjoyed today. Particularly the banana cake. Even though it was date slice. . .



Distributed by **WEA** Records Ltd.  A Warner Communications Co.





## MANHATTAN SKYLINE

A-HA



We sit and watch umbrellas fly  
I'm trying to keep my newspaper dry  
I hear myself say  
My boot's leaving now  
So we shake hands and cry  
Now I must wave goodbye  
We've goodbye wava goodbye  
Wave goodbye wave goodbye (wave goodbye)

You know  
I don't want to cry again  
Don't want to cry again  
I don't want to say goodbye  
Don't want to cry again  
I don't want to run away  
I don't want to race this pain  
I'll never see your face again

Oh how  
How can you say  
That I didn't try no  
I'll leave to their goodbyes  
I've come to depend on the look in their eyes  
My blood's sweet for pain  
The wind and the rain brings back words of a song  
And they say wave goodbye  
Wave goodbye wave goodbye  
Wave goodbye wave goodbye (wave goodbyes)

You know  
I don't want to feel again  
I don't want to know this pain  
I don't want another friend  
I don't want to try again  
I don't want to see you hurt  
Don't let me see you hurt  
I don't want to cry again  
I'll never see your face again

How can you say  
That I didn't try  
You know I did  
I don't want to cry again  
So I read to myself  
A chance of a lifetime to see new horizons  
On the front page  
A black and white picture of  
Manhattan skyline

Words and music by Mags/Pal Waaktaar  
Reproduced by permission ATY Music  
On WEA Records

## THE GREAT PRETENDER



*Freddie  
Mercury*

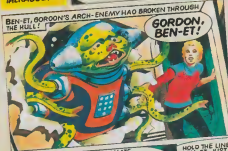


NEW SINGLE ON 7" AND EXTENDED 12"

# INTERGALACTIC GORDON Triumphs with

# TALK ABOUT

THE STORY SO FAR: OUR INTREPID SPACE HERO GORDON AND HIS COMPANION ELSE ARE TRAVELLING THROUGH THE UNCHARTERED FRONTIERS OF THE UNIVERSE IN SEARCH OF LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT. THEY HAVE BOTH JUST MADE A CALL TO TALKABOUT—



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0055-0033 TEENAGE LINE

OR IF YOU'RE OVER 18

0055-0055 ADULT LINE

# THE SMASH HITS \* HMV PRIZE CROSSWORD

★ WIN HMV'S TOP TEN VIDEOS



- 1 **Kate Bush** The Whole Story
- 2 **Wham!** The Final
- 3 **Pat Shop Boys** Television
- 4 **Pelica** Every Breath You Take
- 5 **Cameo** The Video Singles
- 6 **Bob Marley** Legend
- 7 **Dire Straits** Alchemy Live
- 8 **Sigua Sigua** Sputnik Six Bomb Boogie
- 9 **Five Star** Luxury Of Life
- 10 **Queen** A Kind Of Magic

★ HOW TO ENTER

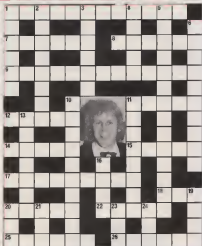
- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
  - Slip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by March 10):
- Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 25, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.**
- The first correct entry out of Sylvia Peterson's old school rival(s) (dramatic comebacks only) gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press)

● ACROSS

- 1 See photo clue (4,8)
- 7 Why **Madonna** loved? (2,4)
- 8 Sene Di provides **Morrissy**'s favourite Shaw (anag)
- 9 Swapping positions for an **Eddie Murphy** movie? (7,6)
- 11 "Would I --- You?" (**Eurythmics**) (3,2)
- 12 **Midnight Runners** because of you?
- 14 **Brightman** or **Grane**?
- 15 "Life --- Day" (**Howard Jones**) (2,3)
- 17 **Granga Hill**'s advice on drugs (4,3,2)
- 18 Animal doctor hidden amid "Slave To Love"?
- 20 Bryson discovered by **Julian Cope** above?
- 22 **Neddy Holder**'s men from the dais (enag)
- 25 See 11 down
- 26 So neat for **Shaana** (anag)

● DOWN

- 1 Reet little, like **Jackie Wilson** was
- 2 **Midge Ura**'s men of Vienna
- 3 **U2**'s record label, surrounded by water
- 4 "The Greatest Love ---" (**Whitney Houston**) (2,3)
- 5 How **Robert Palmer** was hooked on affection? (8,2,4)
- 6 Hired studio musicians
- 10 A question about romance from **Alison Moyet** (2,4,4)
- 11 and 25 across How **Bon Jovi** existed on a form of worship? (5,2,1,6)
- 13 Use rear to locate band sometimes (enag)
- 16 **Billy Idol**'s lacked a feco
- 19 **Bronski Beat**'s boy came from a small one
- 20 Sound made by the sort of music we all like?
- 21 Nonwegans hidden by **Jaki Graham**
- 23 **Das C** or **David Roth**?
- 24 **Skye Boetlem O'Connor** discovered emid David Essex



NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

● Tick kind of video required:  
VHS  BETAMAX



# Jean Beauvoir

MISSING THE YOUNG DAYS

THE NEW SINGLE 7" AND EXTENDED 3 TRACK 12"

VS 874  
VS 874-12

**HEAR IT NOW ON YOUR PHONE**  
0898600164 average call charge 50p/min. 20p/min. per min.

*A Cobbleman Production*

# It's amazing what you can do with a Casio keyboard. Here's just a s-s-sample.

You can put a lot more expression into your music with a Casio Sampling Keyboard.

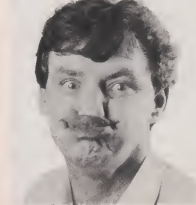
Instead of just giving you musical notes and tones to play with, a Casio Sampler lets you turn any sound you can hear into music.



## MOOOOOHA.

So you can actually play the "Bon-gggg" of Big Ben or turn the sound of laughter into a whole tune if it tickles your fancy.

Simply choose the sound you want, record it through the built-in microphone and your "sample" is ready to play. Just hit the keys and listen to it change pitch and tempo up and down the musical scale.

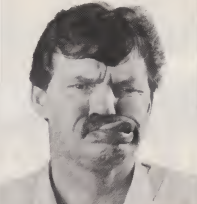


## KWAAAACK.

The possibilities are practically endless. Imagine playing the Drinking Song with added "Schlurpps," or putting a sting into the Flight of The Bumble Bee with real bees!

You can make them stut make them stut make them stut make them stut (eat your heart out Max), loop sounds for a longer effect or even add vibrato.

Add one of the preset sounds to your composition - you'll find everything from a trumpet to piano - and mix it with one of the backing rhythms to complete your masterpiece.



## SCHLURRP.

You can switch from rock guitar with motorbikes to a violin waltz with duck calls - you've got a whole menagerie of sounds to choose from.

Whether you're playing for fun or for real, a Casio Sampler gives you a lot more to play with. And it won't cost you a fortune.

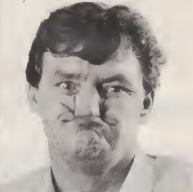
The Casio SK1 for example sells for around £99.00 (rrp).

For that you get a micro-mini keyboard with 8 preset sounds, 11 backing rhythms and a whole load of fun. It also has a harmonics capability and 13 kinds of envelope variations to help synthesise sounds at the touch of a button.

If you want something a little more versatile, the SK100 gives you a 4 octave mini keyboard with 14 preset sounds

and 12 backing rhythms. It also gives you drum fills and synchro start, plus chord and pattern memories to help you create your own arrangements.

In addition the SK100 has two "samples" - so you can recall either at the touch of a button.



## PHAAAARP.

Alternatively, you can link them both together and record a longer sound effect! It's incredible value for around £225.00 (rrp).

At the top of the range, the stereo SK200 gives you a keyboard split point with 16 upper preset tones and 10 lower preset tones, plus 22 backing rhythms - 2 of which you can programme yourself - and two "samples"! Unlimited versatility for an incredible £279.00 (rrp).

Whichever one you choose, you'll find it adds a whole new dimension to your music.

Try them out at your local Casio dealer and discover the new sound of music. But don't forget to bring a "sample."



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PRICES ARE CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS  
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## THE CULT

### LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE

Shock this one

Fell to the red room  
Because she was there (oh)  
A scarlet woman  
She got me in fear yeah yeah yeah  
She said do all those things that you do to me  
You know what I mean boy  
Do all those things that you do to me yeah

(Talk about love) love remover  
(Talk about love) love removal machine  
(Talk about love) love remover  
(Talk about love) love removal machine

Baby baby baby baby baby I fell from the sky  
Yesterday you blew my mind oh yeah  
Having trouble with my direction  
Upside down a psychotic reaction oh

(Talk about love) love remover  
(Talk about love) love removal machine  
(Talk about love) you little soul stealer  
(Talk about love) love removal machine  
(Talk about love) you little love removal machine  
(Talk about love) you little fun remover  
(Talk about love) love removal machine

Yeah

(Talk about love) love remover  
(Talk about love) love removal machine  
(Talk about love) you little fun remover  
(Talk about love) fun removal machine  
(Talk about love) you little love removal machine  
(Talk about love) you little soul shaker  
(Talk about love) love removal machine

Boogie

Look out here she comes  
Look out here she comes  
I said look out here she comes  
Look out here she comes yeah yeah

Shake it heartbreaker baby  
Share it heartbreaker baby  
Shake it heartbreaker baby  
Shake it heartbreaker look out baby  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh yeah

Words and music by Astbury/Duffy  
Reproduced by permission Chappell Music Ltd  
On Beggars Banquet Records

# cutting crew<sup>c</sup>



ONE FOR THE MOCKING-BIRD

the new 7" and extended 12" single  
from the album "broadcast"

siren 40  siren 40-12



MADONNA

SMASH HITS



CURIOSITY KILLED  
THE CAT  
SMASH HITS






THE BANGLES

SMASH HITS





DEBBIE HARRY

New single

# Free to Fall

Limited edition 7 inch gatefold  
and 12 inch with full-colour poster - includes the  
full version of 'Feel the spin'

  
Chrysalis

# ★ WEST WORLD ★

Someone tell me it ain't true  
Why my heart belongs to you  
Well at the end of every day yeah  
Ah you take my breath away

'Cause I'm flying high on a rocket in the sky  
Sonic boom boy  
Huh sonic boom boom boy  
Huh

In the stars I see your eyes  
They come to me yeah all the time  
Hip hop bob to me now  
And it ain't gonna slow down

'Cause I'm flying high on a rocket in the sky  
Sonic boom boy  
Huh sonic boom boom ow  
Huh ow

No one would believe me  
This thing could be so easy  
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
Just say what's all on my mind  
I'll be round sometime

I'm flying high on a rocket in the sky  
Sonic boom boy  
Huh sonic boom boom boy

I'm flying high on a rocket in the sky  
Oh yeah I'm flying high on a rocket in the sky  
Sonic boom boy  
Sonic boom boom boy huh  
Sonic boom boy huh

Words and music by Westworld  
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On RCA Records



## SONIC BOOM BOY

Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh  
Ooh no no oh

No life we're living  
When there's no time for giving  
No sign of loving  
In this age of push and shove (ooh)  
Another boy with a broken heart  
Can't you see the pressure  
Teering me apart  
Oh there's so much for me to overcome  
Should I stay and fight (ooh)  
Well where else is there I can run

(How can I get out  
There's no way I can get out)  
Repeat 3 times

No life we're living  
When there's no time for giving  
No reassuring  
Can end what I'm enduring  
I'm looking hard for the slightest sign  
Hear your words echoing around my mind  
I'm starting to believe  
What the papers say  
Yet one more blow (ooh)  
And I'm reeling but can't run away

(How can I get out  
There's no way I can get out)  
Repeat

And if you'd open your eyes you'd know  
There's so much you could do  
Oh if you'd open your eyes  
You'd make a thousand wishes come true

## The Christians



Chorus  
Well this must be one (this must be one)  
Of the troubles (of the troubles)  
Of a-living in forgotten town  
(In forgotten town)  
Don't get me wrong (don't get me wrong)  
Hear the hollow words e-ringing (ooh)  
Now the chips are down

(Ooh)  
No life we're living  
When there's no time for giving  
No reassuring (ooh)  
Can end what I'm enduring  
Oh

(How can I get out  
There's no way I can get out)  
Repeat twice  
How can I get out there's no way

And if you'd open your eyes you'd know  
There's so much you could do  
Oh if you'd open your eyes  
You'd make a thousand wishes come true

Repeat chorus twice  
(Gotta make a new start)

This must be one of the troubles  
Of a - living in forgotten town

(Ooh)

Words and music by Henry Priestman  
Reproduced by permission The Christians/  
Copyright Control On Island Records

## Forgotten Town

# THE SONY RADIO AWARDS COMPETITION!

## ONE THOUSAND AND SIXTEEN PRIZES TO BE WON!!

“Aloow aloow now then now then as it 'appens  
marathon running puff puff yes indeed and now here's  
a very sad letter from someone who signs herself Julie  
whose boyfriend got run over by a train oh dear I've just  
played that record at the wrong speed and here's a really  
brilliant fresh new sound from Reg 'Reg' Snipton And His  
Exploding Banjollers and in a minute we'll be having a really  
funny phone call from a bloke pretending to be a  
hairstresser and another true storeee ho ho I just love that  
one from Randy Crawford fair brings a tear to the eye so  
here's an oldie from Billy Joel to bring up the news on the  
hour coo haven't I got a stupid voice mate bia bia bla...”

Disc jockeys, eh? Don't they go on! On the other hand, what would we do without our "jockeys" a-crisping and a-bubbling over the airwaves to brighten up each humdrum day? It cannot be easy being a cheerful Charlie Day in, day out, bringing all that spectacular musical talent into our living rooms and keeping us abreast of contemporary topics in their breezy fashion. And so here is your chance to pay tribute to these tireless men and women of the broadcasting studio by voting for your favourite disc jockeys on the coupon below. And to add zest to this simple task, we are throwing in loads of astonishing prizes. Like...

### FIRST PRIZE

- A trip to London for the Sony Radio Awards Luncheon at Grosvenor House on April 2 – it's like the radio industry's version of the Oscars or something – where you will mingle with literally billions of celebrities and important nobs and get stuck into some very fine food indeed with all the trimmings.
- A night in a highly posh London hotel for two (you and a friend or someone else)
- One astounding Sony Walkman 60 personal stereo (hey!)



Last year's winner Julie Peal: "Oh dear, I've just played that record at the wrong speed."

### SECOND PRIZES

- Four Sony Walkman 60s worth £80 each!

### THIRD PRIZES

- Five Sony Walkman 50s worth £60 each!

### FOURTH PRIZES

- Five Sony Walkman 33s worth £30 each!

### RUNNERS-UP PRIZES

- 500 UJX-90 blank cassettes!
- 500 Sony Radio Awards ballpoint pens!



### ENTRY FORM

Best National DJ: ..... Best Local DJ: ..... Name of Local DJ's station: .....

Questions: Which of the following are not Radio One DJs? Is it: a) Mandy Smith; b) Mike Smith; c) The Smiths or d) Jimmy 'Whirlwind' White!

Answer: .....

Name: .....

Address: .....

Fill this in and send it to **Smash Hits/Sony Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** – to get here by March 16.



# BOY GEORGE

DEBUT



SOLO SINGLE

## everything I own



7" + 12" extended P.W. BOTHA MIX.

# Tina Turner

## NEW SINGLE WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT YOU SEE

AVAILABLE ON 7 INCH / 12 INCH AND  
LIMITED EDITION 12 INCH DOUBLEPACK

AS FEATURED ON THE PLATINUM  
ALBUM / TAPE / CD "BREAK EVERY RULE"



# GRAPHOE TAGS

**ERASURE:** Newcastle City Hall (April 8), London Westminster Central Hall (9), Glasgow Pavilion (12), Nottingham Rock City (13), Birmingham Powerhouse (14), Manchester Ritz (15), Brighton Dome (17), Bristol Colston Hall (18).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and all usual agents. Phone one £6 for London and £5 for everywhere else. There will be a £1 rebate for all ticket holders on presentation of UB40 cards at the door on the night of the show.

**CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT:** Liverpool University (25), Hull University (27), Newcastle University (28), University Of East Anglia (March 3), Leicester Polytechnic (4), Keele University (5).  
● Please contact venues for ticket prices.

**STEVIE WONDER:** Birmingham NEC (May 19/20), London Wembley Arena (23/24/25).

● Tickets for Birmingham cost £15, £12.50 and £10 and are available from the box office and usual agents. Also by post from Wonder Concerts, PO Box 4, Atrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ. Please enclose a SAE and make cheques payable to Kennedy Street Entertainments. A credit card "hot" line is also in action on 021 780 4133 and this is subject to a booking fee. Wembley tickets cost £16 and £13 and are available from the box office and usual agents. Also by post from Wonder Concerts, PO Box 141, London SW6 4AJ. Please enclose a SAE and make cheques payable to Kennedy Street Entertainments. There is also a credit card "hot" line on 01 748 1414 which is subject to a booking fee.

**PETER GABRIEL:** Glasgow SEC (June 23), London Earls Court (25/26), Birmingham NEC (30/July 1).

● Tickets are on sale now and cost £13 and £12 for Glasgow and Birmingham and £14 and £13 for London. Tickets are available by posted application only and you must state clearly what venue you want. The address is: Peter Gabriel SEC/NEC-tickets Court, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 1RS. Please enclose a SAE and add a 50p booking fee for each ticket. Please note that a limit of four tickets per application is allowed.

**SPANDAU BALLET:** Whitley Bay Ice Rink (March 5), Sheffield City Hall (6), Belfast Kings Hill (9), Dublin RDS (10).

● Tickets for Whitley Bay cost £9 and are available from the venue on 0632 526240. Concert and coach tickets are available from branches of Croydon Travel on 0742 441919. Sheffield tickets cost £9.50 and are available from the box office on 0742 228186. Belfast tickets cost £9 and are available from the box office and usual agents. Dublin tickets cost £9.50 and are available from the box office and usual agents.

**THE MISSION** (extra dates): Sheffield City Hall (March 18), Leeds University (19), Newcastle City Hall (20).

**MAZE** (extra dates): London Hammersmith Odeon (March 19/20/21/22).

● Tickets cost £9.50 and £9.50 and are available from the box office and usual agents.



**BROTHER BEYOND:** Bristol Brunel University (February 27), London Chelsea College (28), Surrey University (March 1), Brighton Polytechnic (2), Bristol Polytechnic (3), Lancaster University (5), Newcastle Polytechnic (6), Galashiels College (7), Stirling University (8), Edinburgh Coesters (11), Aberdeen Ritz (12), Dundee University (13), Glasgow Berrowlands (14).

**CHINA CRISIS** (rescheduled dates): Cambridge Cox Exchange (Feb 27), Newcastle Polytechnic (28), Glasgow Pavilion (March 1), Manchester International II (2), Carlisle Sands Centre (4), Liverpool Fairfield Court (6), Edinburgh Queens Hall (7), Nodcar Bowl (9), Leeds University (11), Cardiff University (12), Werrwick University (13), Oxford Polytechnic (14), Croydon Fairfield Hill (15), London Town And Country Club (16), Bristol Studio (17).

● Please note that none of the venues have changed and tickets are still valid. Southend Cliffs Pavilion and Kent University are still being sorted out.

**DURAN DURAN:** Dublin RDS (April 21/22), Belfast Kings Hill (23), Leeds Queens Hall (25), Liverpool Empire Theatre (26), Manchester Apollo (27), Edinburgh Playhouse (28/29), Birmingham NEC (May 15), London Wembley Arena (18/19).

● Tickets for Dublin cost £12.50. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Mega Box Office and are available from HMV, 85 Grafton Street, Dublin with a SAE. Belfast tickets cost £12.50 and are available from Harrison Musicist, Fountain Street, Belfast. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Harrison Musicist. Leeds tickets are available from Duran Duran Box Office, PO Box 2, London W8 0LQ. Cheques should be made payable to Performance and cost £11 plus a 50p booking fee. Liverpool tickets cost £11 and £9 and cheques made payable to Empire Theatre should be sent to Empire Theatre, Lema Street, Liverpool L1 1JE. Manchester tickets cost £11 and £9 and are available from Apollo Theatre, Ardwick Green, Manchester 12. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Apollo Theatre. Edinburgh tickets cost £11 and £9 and cheques made payable to Playhouse Theatre should be sent to Playhouse Theatre, 19-22 Greenacre Place, Edinburgh EH1 3AA. Birmingham cheques should be made payable to NEC (Duran Duran) and are available from Duran Duran Box Office, NEC, Birmingham B40 1NT. They cost £11 and £9 plus a 50p booking fee. London tickets are £12 and £10 and are available from Duran Duran Box Office, Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middlesex. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Wembley Stadium Ltd. Please note that you must send a SAE to all venues for your bookings.

● Tickets for London cost £16 and £13 and are available from the box office and usual agents. Also by post from Wonder Concerts, PO Box 4, Atrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ. Please enclose a SAE and make cheques payable to Kennedy Street Entertainments. A credit card "hot" line is also in action on 021 780 4133 and this is subject to a booking fee. Wembley tickets cost £16 and £13 and are available from the box office and usual agents. Also by post from Wonder Concerts, PO Box 141, London SW6 4AJ. Please enclose a SAE and make cheques payable to Kennedy Street Entertainments. There is also a credit card "hot" line on 01 748 1414 which is subject to a booking fee.

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Baby sneezes  
Mommy pleases  
Daddy breezes in  
So good on paper  
So romantic  
But so bewildering

Chorus  
I know nothing stays the same  
But if you're willing to play the game  
It's coming around again  
So don't mind if I fall apart  
There's more room in a broken heart

(Broken heart)

You play the grocery  
You fix the toaster  
You kiss the host goodbye  
Then you break a window  
Burn the soufle  
Scream the lullaby

Repeat chorus

And I believe in love  
But what else can I do  
I'm so in love with you

I know nothing stays the same  
But if you're willing to play the game  
It will be coming around again

## CARLY SIMON



## COMING AROUND AGAIN

(Baby sneezes)  
(I believe in love)  
(Mommy pleases)  
(I believe in love)  
(Daddy breezes in)  
(I believe in love)

I know nothing stays the same  
But if you're willing to play the game  
It will be coming around again

I do believe I do believe  
I believe in love  
(I believe in love)  
I believe in love  
(I believe in love)  
Coming around again  
Coming around again

Nothing stays the same  
But if you're willing to play the game  
It will be coming around again

I believe in love  
I believe in love  
(I believe in love)  
It's coming around again  
Ooh I still believe in love

Words and music by Carly Simon  
Reproduced by permission Famous Chappell  
On Arista Records

## THE EURYTHMICS · MISSIONARY MAN



Well I was born an original sinner  
I was born from original sin  
And if I had a dollar bill  
For all the things I've done  
There'd be a mountain of money  
Piled up to my chin (hey)

My mother told me good  
My mother told me strong  
She said be true to yourself  
And you can't go wrong  
But there's just one thing  
That you must understand  
You can fool with your brother  
But don't mess with a missionary man  
Don't mess with a missionary man  
Don't mess with a missionary man  
Don't mess with a missionary man

Oh the missionary man  
He's got God on his side  
He's got the saints and apostles  
Backin' up from behind  
(Black eyed looks from those bible books)  
He's a man with a mission  
Got a serious mind  
There was woman in the jungle  
And a monkey on a tree  
The missionary man he was followin' me  
He said stop what you're doing  
Get down upon your knees  
I've a message for you that you better believe

(Oh yeah)  
(Hey)  
(Hey)  
(Hey hey hey yeah)

I was born an original sinner  
I was born from original sin  
And if I had a dollar bill  
For all the things I've done  
There'd be a mountain of money

Don't mess with a missionary man (oh oh leave him alone)  
A missionary man (don't you mess with him no no)  
A missionary man (woh oh oh oh)  
A missionary man  
Don't mess with a missionary man  
Missionary man

Words and music by Stewart/Lennox  
Reproduced by permission RCA Music Ltd  
On RCA Records



# IS SOME TRY BUMP OFF TUNING

Ruddy well seems like it. Between them they've already suffered three fires, a couple of car crashes 60 miles per hour, suffocation, a full-scale assault by the SAS and an extremely smelly dive into water with Keith Harris and Orville. "Whatever next?" asks Vici MacDonald (the *Smash Hits* reporter with



**COLIN FARLEY**

Quiet and reserved, bassist Colin Farley is the token "strong, silent type" in Cutting Crew. He describes himself as "quiet but solid. Nothing ever gets me down. I try to be punctual, and the rest of the group don't disagree. He was born on 24/2/59 – "I'm a typical Piscean. Lazy, artistic, a good listener, bad at getting up."

Colin left school at 16, got "drawn to London", joined a group called England and went to work in a recording studio situated in a large house in Kent. It was here that he nearly had his head blown off by the SAS. "The keyboard player came into my room at 7 o'clock one morning and said, 'There's men outside with guns!' I thought he was dreaming, but a minute later the door was smashed in with a 14 pound sledgehammer, and these guys in blue uniforms and visors came running up the stairs with pump action shotguns. They ordered us to lie on the ground – we were all naked – and pointed these guns at our heads. There were men with guns on the barn roofs too, with big sights trained on us. And these guys were sweating – they were waiting to blow someone away. Finally some plain clothes men walked in and said, 'We're investigating a murder'. It turned out they were looking for someone who'd shot a customs officer at Heathrow airport, and had connections with the studio."

Shortly after this there was yet more excitement for Colin – he was spotted playing bass in a pub by the ex-drummer of Nick's old group, The Drivers, and was soon recruited into Cutting Crew.

When not playing the bass (not often), Colin likes food – "I hate

cooking, but I eat out a lot, particularly French and Indian", sleeping – "bed is my favourite place" – and would like to produce videos some day: "You don't need to spend a lot of money – good ideas beat gloss." In fact, he's just bought a most unusual vid; it simply features a load of weedy tropical fish swimming around your TV set for half an hour, supposedly to "relax" you. So what's it like? "Boring!"



**NICK VAN EEDE**

The closest Nick Van Eede has ever been to death – and a very smelly one at that – was when as a child he toppled 12 feet from a haystack into a giant vat of cow dung. "Luckily it was crispy," he remembers, "so it had a firm top. I was lying spreadeagled, but if I'd tried to stand up I'd have sunk. The farmer had to pull me out sideways!"

Born 14/6/58 – "a typical Gemini" – he's lived most of his life in the countryside around the pretty Ashdown Forest area of Surrey. He's been in groups for as long as he can remember – "the kind that get thrown off stage because they're so bad" – but it wasn't until he hurt his knee playing football that he thought of taking up singing for a career. He had just taken a job as a porter in a plastic surgery hospital when Slade's manager (whose son was a patient) spotted Nick astrumming his guitar in the hospital pub.

Suddenly – bong! – Nick was in Poland, supporting Slade (who weren't very popular anywhere else at the time) in an 8,000 seat arena. Thence followed "two years of madness", while he supported naff artistes like David

Es'sex", Hot Chocolate and Alan Price, "which carried on until I was going crazy."

In 1981 he jacked it all in, formed a "thrashy new-wave group" called The Drivers, and hopped off to Canada in "search" of success. The high point of this group's career was a record called – bleee! – "The Tears On Your Anorak" which, amazingly, was a big hit over there. The Canadians didn't know what an anorak was: "the radio stations used to have competitions to guess its meaning. One girl rang up and said, 'Is it a rude part of my body?!'"

Nick planned to stay in Canada – he describes French Quebec as "the best place in the world" – but a series of bizarre "happenings" led him to leave. He and his girlfriend started drifting apart, he broke his hand in three places whilst skiing, and then got the news that his grandfather, a violin player who'd introduced him to music, had died.

"That evening," he recalls, "I'd been doing the Tarot cards (creepy 'fortune-telling things) with a friend, who turned over the "Death" card, which actually means "great change". It turned out that, in the half-hour she'd flipped the card, my grandfather had died. So I thought, I'll go home. I left lots of things there, but I never went back."

He spent 1984 writing songs, got Kevin Scott McMichael – who'd supported The Drivers in Canada – to come over, and found "the other two herberts" in 1985; the result was Cutting Crew and two smooth and weepsome hits, "I Just Died In Your Arms" and "I've Been In Love Before" in 1986. Nick describes both these records as "unlove" songs, written about a girl called Andrea, with whom he'd split up in "emotional" circumstances a few years earlier.

We were splitting up, I was drunk as a skunk and very upset. I spotted a roadsign – about five feet high, with a concrete base – and planned to leave it in her mother's toilet as a sort of 'up yours'. But it slipped and completely demolished the toilet! To this day I've always denied to her mother that it was me who wrecked the toilet, but now I suppose she'll find out."

There's a happy ending, though; Nick met up with Andrea in 1984 – "the songs were written when I was really scared about getting back together with her, because I wasn't sure if it was the right thing" – and they've now got a 10 month old daughter, Lauren, and are "very happy".



**MARTIN "FROSTY" BEADLE**

Martin – or "Frosty" as everyone seems to call him – is a naive, bubbly character regarded by the others as the "baby" of the group, to be fondly teased and humoured. He's also the "joker" of the group, endlessly imitating Vvyy of The Young Ones and telling truly crap jokes. "The only trouble is, as Colin puts it, that "he doesn't have an off switch."

He was born in Hull on 18/9/61 into an incredibly close family; his mum's a sister, his sister's a nurse (think about it), and his dad's a wrought iron worker. "Frosty" first played drums in public concert at the age of 12: "I played for 5 hours, with an organist. He got £40 and all I got was a box of Black Magic – I don't even like dark chocolate!" By the age of 14 he'd progressed to playing with cabaret groups, impersonating Michael Crawford's TV "character" Frank Spencer in the intervals.

Despite all this work, Frosty managed to get 5 'O' Levels, and put to sea with snoot-snob the QE2 as part of the resident band. Here, he backed "showbiz" legends such as Reg Varney (from the ancient TV programme *On The Buses!*) who was "a nice chap", Keith Harris and Orville, who was "alright, actually" and a hypnotist who used to make people think they were vacuum cleaners (spook!). He also gained his nickname by managing to consume four packets of Frosties for breakfast every morning (although he claims not to like them any more).

He stayed with the QE2 for three years and would probably still be there now had not the pokesome finger of "fate"

# ING TO CREW

... over cliffs, a near-drowning, bottles flying at a giant pile of cow dung, not to mention a brush with the meat-axe, garotte and arsenic haw haw)

intervened in the shape of the Falklands "conflict". The QE2 was requisitioned, and Frosty was left jobless. He worked on another couple of ships, but getting viciously mugged in Portugal put an end to his life on the ocean "wave". He came down to London and, after playing in all sorts of dodgy places he met Colin Farley in a pub group in London. The next day he got a phone call from Nick, turned up to audition at "a cold, damp barn in the middle of a field" and got the job.

However, drumming is not his only gift - he's also a demon masseur, a talent learnt from his mum, "the greatest mum in the world. She learnt to drive at the age of about 45 and used to get very tense around the neck. She taught me a 'gentle but firm approach' to help her relax. I didn't mean to be the band masseur, but Nick gets depressed and tense, so I started doing it and it cheered him up. Now, whenever I think he needs a massage, I give him one!"



**KEVIN SCOTT  
McMICHAEL**

"Danger and chaos seem to follow me my whole life through," says Kevin matter of factly. "I've been close to death so many times it's silly." He's not kidding; at the last count he'd been nearly suffocated, nearly drowned, had two car crashes, been in three fires and had countless bottles hurled at him. No wonder he's described by the rest of the group as having "a black sense of humour".

Born in Canada on 7/11 ("not telling"), his first encounter with "the big D" was at the age of eight, when he developed asthma. He thinks he wouldn't be here today if his mother hadn't

been "a bit psychic". "I woke up one night and could not breathe, couldn't make a sound. I saw my whole short life flashing before me, when my mum suddenly rushed in with my medication and saved my life. She said later that she'd dreamt I was dying..."

At the age of 14 Kevin was given his first guitar as "a scholastic award", although his parents were continually locking it away "because I played it too much". School went down the dump, and at the age of 18 he "headed off with my guitar to hitch-hike across Canada and find God." He nearly did: he went swimming after having not slept for three days, and woke up on the shore being given the kiss of life. He also learnt to recognise the sound of a flying bottle at 60mph - it's apparently a quaint Canadian pastime to chuck them from cars at lone hitch-hikers late at night. After enduring 3,000 miles of this, Kev not surprisingly "bottled out" (haw haw).

He wants to work in a boatyard, doing the phewgustingly smelly job of scraping barnacles off the bottoms of boats, keeping the nickname "Barnacle Bill". He also got married, but that came to a sticky end when his wife ran off with a millionaire after only six months - "he was putting her up in penthouses and hiring her cars - it was a slightly different life from what I could offer!"

Salvation came in the form of his current girlfriend, Lesley, with whom he now has a four year old daughter, Cadence. He got a group together and set off across Canada again, undeterred by the fact that he lost all his belongings in fires at clubs on three separate occasions. He also crashed cars over cliffs twice, by skidding on frozen mountain streams.

He sold off everything he owned (what was left of it), moved his girlfriend into "a grotty little flat full of mice" and flew over to London to join Nick, who'd been pastering him for ages. Utterly poverty-stricken, he lived in a string of abysmal digs, including a bed & breakfast for scientologists (weird "religious" sect who waved pandulums over their breakfast cereal), and even as "I Just Died In Your Arms" was zwinging its way up the charts last autumn he was roaming the streets, penniless.

Now, at last, his family have joined him and he whips out a picture of his daughter at the drop of a hat. "Cadence," he explains, "is a musical term meaning 'the end of one section and the beginning of another'. To me that's what having a child is..."





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Mental as Anything



LIVE IT UP

How can you see looking through those tears  
Don't you know you're worth your weight in gold  
I can't believe that you're alone in here  
Let me warm your hands against the cold

A close encounter with a hard hearted man  
Who never gave half of what he got  
Has made you wish that you'd never been born  
That's a shame 'cause you got the lot

Chorus

Hey yeah you with the sad face  
Come up to my place and live it up  
You beside the dance floor  
What do you cry for let's live it up

If you smiled the walls would fall down  
On all the people in this pick up joint  
But if you laughed you'd level this town  
Hey lonely girl that's just the point

Repeat chorus

Just answer me the question why  
You stand alone by the phone in the corner and cry  
Hey baby

How can you see looking through those tears  
Don't you know you're worth your weight in gold  
I can't believe that you're alone in here  
Let me warm your hands against the cold

If you smiled the walls would fall down  
On all the people in this pick up joint  
But if you laughed you'd level this town  
Hey lonely girl that's just the point

Repeat chorus

Let's live it up  
Live it up  
Mans live it up  
Hey yeah you  
With the sad face  
Come up to my place  
Come up to my place baby

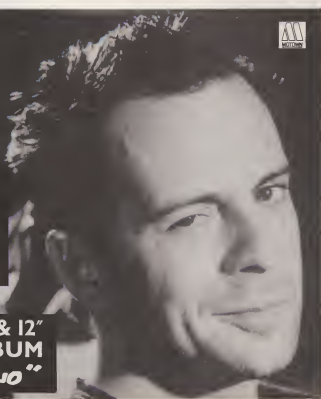
Repeat Chorus to fade

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THE NEW SINGLE ON 7" & 12"  
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"THE RETURN OF BRUNO"



# THE GREAT PRETEND

**Freddie Mercury is many things. A chameleon. A missing peer (??). A consummate performer both with his beat combo Queen and, fearlessly, alone. In the video for his new single, "The Great Pretender", he faces up to the many faces of his past, present and future (and shaves off his moustache!!!). . . . Chris Heath swoons.**

**I**n wearing my heart like a crown," croons Freddie Mercury for the fourth or fifth time today. He looks worried. In his left hand he's got a crown which he's cradling against his shiny pink suit as he stands halfway up a 46-flight staircase especially constructed in a Wembley film studio. Behind him are two cardboard cut-outs - of himself from last year dressed up in regal robes and wearing the very same crown. He glances at them, and at the crown in his hand, glares at the director and suddenly makes a decision.

"Naff, isn't it?" he announces. The 20 or 30 people in the building - all slaving away through the night to finish this video (for his new solo single "The Great Pretender") stop in their tracks. "I had a feeling it was going to be naff," he continues. "Shall we go home?"

The last bit is, of course, a joke. It's "only" 11 o'clock in the evening and even if things run smoothly they'll all be hard-pressed to get away before three or four am. And now, quite plainly, the scene they have just been filming is going to be scrapped. "Let's forget it," he confirms. "Let's have a break while we think of something else."

Five minutes later a decision is made. He will just film a non-stop performance of the song on the stairs and the footage can be used to fill any gaps that they may be left with at the end of the night. The music starts and suddenly

Freddie Mercury - 40 year old popsh celebrity - turns into Freddie Mercury, the pop star whom people all over the world will swear was the "highlight of Live Aid" and "the greatest performer in the world". He twirls, he waves his arms, he arches his head back to the ceiling, he snatches in front of him and he belts out the song (an old '50s ballad made famous by The Platters) so convincingly that it's hard to believe he's only miming. By the time he is half way through, every eye in the building is watching and everyone seems to have completely forgotten their fatigue. Even someone who thought that Queen were the worst group in the world would be gasping at this display. As the last notes fade away everyone - the camera operators, the lighting technicians, the catering staff, the photographer, the roadies and so on - burst into a genuinely spontaneous round of applause. Slowly the noise fades. The silence is broken by the director.

"One more, Fred," he chirps. Freddie Mercury grins in exasperation. "Bastard."

**I**t may well be that when the finished version of "The Great Pretender" is first shown on TV (probably some time in the next week), it'll seem slightly ridiculous that any scene would possibly have been cut for "being naff". Because, to be honest, the whole thing is extremely close to

being *incredibly* naff - at the very least it's *proprietorously* over-the-top in the wonderfully excessive way that *nearly everything* Freddie Mercury does is. The first two days have been spent recreating exact scenes from seven previous Queen or Freddie Mercury videos - "It's A Hard Life", "I Want To Break Free", "Made In Heaven", "I Was Born To Love You", "Radio Ga Ga", "Crazy Little Thing Called Love" and "Bohemian Rhapsody" - with Freddie appearing in various states of eccentric dress or undress. He's even - gasp! - shaved off his moustache and those famous protruding teeth can be seen again.

"Are you the Great Pretender?" asks one of Freddie's friends. "I don't know what I am!" he retorts.

Today the "modest" schedule involves several scenes spent prancing round on this gigantic staircase past lifelike cut-outs of some of his many guises over the years, followed by a grand finale surrounded by four-hundred life-size cardboard cut-outs. At the end all 400 of them may or may not topple over (this is debated constantly throughout the evening). Freddie eventually deciding "I think it's going to be a mess".

And even all this is a skimpy cheap version of Freddie's earlier idea - rejected as over-ambitious - that he should fly in over the white cliffs of Dover in a helicopter and land amongst a field full of cardboard lookalikes.

Watching Freddie saunter around in the flesh just feet away, it's clear that this flamboyance isn't just put on for the cameras. Though for much of the time he stands quietly with friends (signalling to his assistant every time he wants a sip of water from a cup a few feet away), now and then he says or does something unbearably rude and extroverted. One moment he'll indulge in all sorts of "odd" horsplay with his mates, the next he'll be chatting



A A nation robs as Lord Lucan loses his moustache



A Lord Lucan grows pouty, naff, paints his body and blows his trumpet. The scamp!

away in his clipped, extremely snooty voice and out will *shoot* a completely unprintable word or quip, after which he usually giggles uproariously. In front of the camera he entertains the whole room. He checks the director constantly ("whatever you want, mistress" he coos when he's told to do something), sticks his backside towards the camera and chuckles "is this a good end shot?" (bar har) and at one stage suddenly announces that they will have to take a break. But why? "I want to have," he announces loud and clear with a dump theatricality, "a *dum*." Oh.

**A** couple of years back *Smash Hits* christened this man Lord Frederick Lucan Of Mercury because of the completely obvious fact that he actually is the fugitive peer Lord Lucan (except he isn't). Little did we realise how this would spread. In a break from filming, two members of his entourage are looking at the huge cut-outs of their boss ("not over the top at all," sniggers one) and whispering to each other.

"He does," laughs one, "look rather like Lord Lucan, doesn't he?" True. "I might get one of those cut-outs," says the other, "for my children to play darts with." Luckily Freddie hears nothing of this as he's now back on the set, leaping down the stairs past a host of his past incarnations. "It



A (Left to right) Lord Lucan, Lord Lucan, Lord Lucan, Lord Lucan, Lord Lucan, Lord Lucan, Lord Lucan, Lord Lucan



A Lord Lucan shows off his "dread" as two aspect-looking "checks" (?) stand by



A Lord Lucan does a spot of recovering



A The suitably modest scene that starts the video

# NDER



▲ Lord Lucan bounds down the stairway from heaven past some "not at all over-the-top" cardboard cut-outs

looks great," enthuses the director, "you coming down the hallway of fame."

"Infamy," titters Freddie (quite correctly).

Moments later, as he climbs to the top for another "take", one of the cut-outs spookily crashes over of its own accord.

"I just dropped dead!" exclaims Freddie merrily.

Quite.

And on it all continues, Freddie taking a surprisingly large hand, virtually directing the video himself, acting each scene out to perfection and usually deciding before the cameramen whether anything has gone wrong. He also pops upstairs for the odd rest (at one point in the afternoon having a cosy chat about the variety of the climbing plant wisteria called bougainvillea, fact fans), jokes about inventing a game involving all the little silver balls (planets, I suspect) hanging from the ceiling which could "rival *Trivial Pursuit*", jollies everyone along, and gradually edges closer to completing one of the most monstrously brilliant videos ever conceived.

Just before we all go home for a well-deserved night's "kip", a friend of Lord Frederick's arrives. Freddie strides over and says "hello, m'dear". His friend stares open-mouthed at the unbelievable set in front of him. Catching his expression Freddie grins proudly, obviously rather chuffed by this reaction. "It was," he beams, "supposed to be a simple video."

Quite.



▲ Lord Lucan raging at top a mountain in one of the most wonderfully ludicrous perv-costumes ever

► except for this one on the right, that is



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# The Jets

... otherwise known as the Wolfgramm family from Tonga (a tiny island in the Pacific). William Shaw says "Could this be the new Five Star? Or not?"

**Leroy, 19.** He's the group leader, and "more serious" than the rest of them. Yells at them sometimes if they don't get it right, but "isn't bossy".

**Eddie, 18.** Referred to as "Mr Smiley". Wants to go into business with any money he earns, and says he'd like to "get into real estate" (i.e. investing in property). Likes basketball.

**Kathy, 14.** Likes going shopping and "looking after her hair".

**Eugene, 17.** "He's a joker, sometimes he goes overboard," quips younger sister Elizabeth. Writes songs and poetry.

**Rudy, 15.** Does most of the group's choreography. Is "quite serious sometimes". Likes reading books about astronomy.

**Haini, 16.** Is "really quiet" and likes football and basketball.

**Elizabeth, 13,** doesn't think much of her nose. Likes reading Agatha Christie books. Likes to be by herself a lot.

**Moana, the youngest at 12.** Likes to read a lot and enjoys "teasing people". Plays percussion and keyboards.

**"Five Star?"**  
Thirteen year old Elizabeth Wolfgramm of singing siblings (i.e. brothers and sisters) The Jets sounds more than just a little bit miffed when she's asked if The Jets are "the new Five Star".

"Yes, I guess you could make the comparison," she says, sounding as if she thinks that even mentioning the two pop families in the same breath is a bit of a stupid thing to do. "But what you've got to remember about The Jets is that we play all our instruments. We've spent a long time working on our musicianship. We don't just sing to backing tracks like Five Star..."  
Ah. So what are...

other ways of telling The Jets and Five Star apart? Well, for a start there are an awful lot more of The Jets. At the moment there are eight of them, but there are five more younger brothers and sisters just waiting to join the group when they're ready and old enough. That'll mean that at some fearsome point in the future there will be 13 members of the Wolfgramm family crammed on one stage!

And, of course, another slight difference between them is that while Five Star come from not very exotic Romford, The Jets come from the remote South Pacific island of Tonga. Or rather, their parents come from Tonga; only the oldest brother Leroy

was actually born there. But they do have an awful lot of relatives back on the islands of Tonga.

"Yeah, we have," says Elizabeth with pride. "We have 18 brothers and sisters on my father's side and 15 on my mother's side."

Which makes a rather grand total of 33 uncles and aunts. And due to the fact that having large families seems quite the thing on Tonga they've got a total of 118 cousins on their father's side alone (at the last count).

So, do you speak Tongan? "Yeah, a little," says Elizabeth. "You want me to say something? Um... *melelele*... that means 'hello' and it also means 'goodbye'."



Photo: Rex

A King Taufa'ahau Tupou IV of Tonga, who is so large he needed two chairs to sit on when he attended Chas and G's wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral. The kingdom of Tonga is otherwise known as The Friendly Islands and consists of 189 small islands in the southwest Pacific, whose main agricultural crop is coconuts and bananas. Population: 90,000, many of whom seem to be related to The Jets.

Great! What about "I want to go carp fishing"? "You want me to say that? Em... We can all understand Tongan, but except for Leroy, who's

the oldest - he was the only one born there - none of us can speak it too well."

Oh. Never mind. So you've never been back to Tonga then? "We were supposed to," says brother Eddie. "We were planning to go there last year at Christmas to play a royal command performance for the King of Tonga, King Tupou IV, but we couldn't get hold of a sound system to perform with because the only available one was being used by the Pope in New Zealand, so we had to cancel it."

In fact for the last 18 years the Wolfgramm family has lived in the USA, and for the last three in Minneapolis, Prince's home town.



Spook! Roger Christian's birthday is the 13th of February, *Friday the 13th*, no less! But while the rest of the population is busy touching wood and chucking black cats over their shoulders (or whatever you're supposed to do), he and his other three members of The Christians are happily posing for photos beneath not one but two ladders. They're obviously not superstitious (in fact, Roger boasts that he actually "looks forward" to his birthday falling on this gloomsome date), and the only remotely dreadful thing that has befallen them today is having to do this interview. "We're not very interesting," they keep on apologising. "We're just into music. We're really, really boring."

This is not *entirely* true and, to prove it, Vic! MacDonald comes up with some at least mildly diverting "facts" about. . .

## THE CHRISTIANS. . .

### CRUSH ON YOU

● **Chorus**  
How did you know  
"Cause I never told  
You loved out  
I've got a crush on you  
No more charades  
My heart's been displayed  
You loved out  
I got a crush on you

You must've heard it  
From my best friend  
She's always talking  
When she should be listening  
Can't keep a secret  
But still I trusted her  
With all I felt inside  
I never knew a ruse  
Could spread so fast  
'Cause now the word  
Is out all over town  
That I'm longing for you

● **Repeat chorus**

Maybe I was the one  
Who left the trace  
Was there a message  
Written on my face  
Warn my emotions  
So easily read  
That you would know my thoughts  
Before a word was said  
Was it my eyes  
That let you know  
You had control  
Because the way you moved  
Was all I needed  
You knew I would surrender

● **Repeat chorus twice**

You loved out  
I've got a crush on you  
You loved out  
I've got a crush on you  
A crush on you  
A crush on you

Words and music by Knight/Zigman  
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When they're not nipping around the States performing, they spend all their time going to this warehouse, where they all work on their singing, their dancing and playing music.

"We practise from about 11 in the morning to about 10 at night. It's all practice, nothing else. It's real hard work. . . . And one last thing: I don't suppose any of them do more than do like carp fishing do they, the preferred sport of Delroy Pearson of Five Star?"

"What? Fishing?" Eddie sounds a little bemused. "No. . . none of us like fishing. Er. . . we all like swimming though, if that's any good?"

Oh well, never mind.



● The group is named after the three Christian brothers – Roger, Garry and Russell – who are part of a huge Liverpoolian family of 12 children, which they describe as "a football team with a reserve".

● Roger, the most talkative and outgoing brother, is 29 and married with a newly-born daughter. He shares vocals with Garry, 26, a thoughtful character whom the others describe as "the gentle giant", since he's 6'4" tall. The youngest Christian is Russell, who's quiet, humorous, plays saxophone and won't admit how old he is. He, like Garry, is married with two daughters.

● They reckon they might be related to TV so-called "cock" Glyn Christian (the brothers' father, Gladstone Christian ("a brilliant name") was a West Indian cricketer while Glyn Christian is the great grand son of Fletcher Christian, the sailor who led the "Mutiny On the Bounty").

● Garry has an entirely hair-free head, which he has to shave once a day. He claims that this is because he "started to go bald at the age of three".

● Because the files used to make a good echo! This proved rather popular – "people used to come in for a pee, then five minutes later they'd be back again," snickers Roger.

● The fourth member of the group is the amiable Henry Priestman (his real name), who comes from Hull. He first saw the brothers singing in 1983, at a Liverpool festival (along with the then-unknown Frankie Goes To Hollywood), and was so impressed that he eventually left it's immaterial – for whom he was keyboard player at the time – to join them. He's what's known as "the musicalynch-pin" of the group (i.e. he writes all the songs).

● Henry is quite posh and used to go to school with Smash Hits "journalist" Tom Hibbert.

● Ringo Starr once saw Henry's girlfriend in the bath (but only because he used to be her babysitter).

● Russell used to be a joiner, Roger used to "buy property, do it up, then sell it" and Garry once worked in an abattoir, shovelling the "still-trizzling" hides of newly-slaughtered beasts on to a trolley and, in the early mornings, slicing greedy tals away down a pipe: "I only stuck it out for two weeks," he shudders. "My father kept on telling me I'd get used to it, but I couldn't. Some of the people who worked there must have been psychopaths. Most is definitely murder."

● Garry, Roger and Henry are now vegetarians – "you wouldn't believe what goes into a sausage," grimaces Garry – and Russell reckons he might try it too: "I had my first vegetarian meal a couple of weeks ago, and it was quite nice," he admits a trifle grudgingly.

● The brothers have spoken out against racism in Liverpool – describing it as being "like most big cities, founded on racism, the legacy of slavery," and saying that "apartheid is alive and well in Liverpool". Now, however, they've decided to keep their mouths shut on the subject – "we're not going to criticise Liverpool any more".

● They deny that "Forgotten Town" is specifically about Liverpool: "It's a song about any town. They miss. It's just saying that people should care a little bit more."

● The group have to be ultra-careful of the pictures they use on their record sleeves, lest they fall foul of the blasphemy laws. "We can't use a picture of a naked nun, for instance – not that we'd want to! Anyway, how could you tell she was a nun if she didn't have [clothes]?"

● They've just been banned from touring East Germany because of their "blasphemous" name, and so far Eastern Bloc purposes they're thinking of calling themselves CCCC – Christian, Christian, Christian and Priestman.

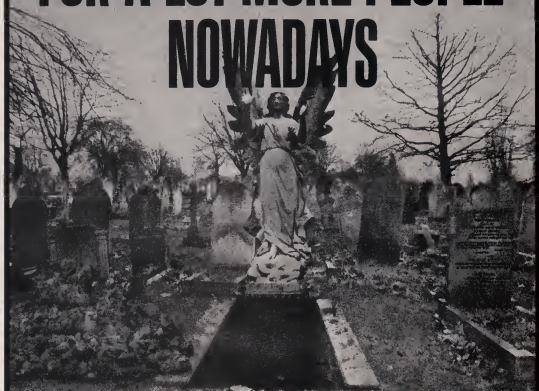
The only trouble is, this will probably get them banned from Russia: USSR, in Russian, is CCCP!

● They've discovered a make of brandy called The Christian Brothers – "It's made by an order of monks in America" – and a brand of wine called Christianland.

● They're not very religious.



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Dear B.T.

Today's amazing but true story comes via your Adelaide correspondent about a kilometre from the place where Mark "I started as favourite for the race" Knopfler crashed his car on the Grand Prix circuit. The details are as follows: (and has nothing to do with his horrible headbandness) . . .

A friend and I were walking along the sunny streets of suburban Adelaide about six months ago, pondering the marvels of life and wondering what to do with a ludicrous Smash Hits sticker of Bucks Fizz, when we spotted the bit of metal which stuck out over the opening to a built-into-brick-style letterbox.

Just for a lark (the things we do here in Toorak Gardens, really), we're such rebels) we stuck the aforementioned 'sticker' upon the said bit of letterbox. (And proceeded to feel incredibly guilty about it.) Until some days later we happened by it again and it was laid open. (I'm sure Mrs Perkins has some handy household hunt for getting rid of persisting bits of sticky paper, but these householders obviously knew no such pieces of indispensable wisdom.) So what? Well, last December, I noticed that the metal bit with the scraps of Bucks Fizz attached was gone. Yes nowhere in sight, and quite a thick piece of metal it had been too - what could this mean?

And, spook upon further spoofs, the entire front of the letterbox, which had collapsed into its pillar!

Such are the far-reaching powers of Bucks Fizz! (And my friend and I are waiting for the whole fence to fall down - maybe the garden will go next, then the house. . .) Is the wrath of the fabulous foursome never ending? Jane, who is feeling more guilty by the day and more than a bit 'spooked' out, Toorak Gardens, South Australia.

Good lord! That is probably the most eerie story I have ever heard in my entire life. Even more "bizarre" than the time Mr Perkins stuck an "I Have Seen The Lions Of Longlee" sticker on the windshield of his Robin Reliant and was promptly told by Mrs Perkins to remove it with a warm solution of hot water and

# LETTERS

WRITE TO: Smash Hits, 25 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PL  
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a Black Type free-sticker. Everyone else gets a commemorative postcard (i.e. a badge).

turpentine as it (the sticker) "lowered the tone of the neighbourhood do you think that our lovely Princess Diana drives around in motor cars festooned with vulgar stickers and tourist-type regalia no she does not and another thing . . ." etcetera etcetera . . .

Dear Black Type,  
Your so-called 'Chinese' astrologer (Biz, Jan 28) is wrong yet again. 1987 is the year of the rabbit, so be careful not to stick your head in a cement mixer.  
The Galactic Safety Council, Burton Branch.  
P.S. Wonderful to see you back, BT! We love you! Avanti!

Back again by public demand . . .  
A Famous So-Called Chinese So-Called Astrologer Writes:  
Your Stars!

CAPRICORN (Aug 30 - Oct 21): Be particularly careful when putting on your bicycle clips this week as oil stains can be quite difficult to remove.

1987: The Year Of The Bath Oliver Biscuit

VIRGO (Apr 23 - Dec 4): Problems with a squeaky curtain rail are very much on the cards for all Virgos this week. Have you considered fitting Swiss curtain track? It is supposed to be "smooth running" and remarkably silent though I have not tried it in person, I confess.  
URSA MINOR (Feb 1 - Reg Varney): Not a sign of the zodiac at all, more of a "constellation" to give it its full scientific term.  
"Ursa Minor" is foreign for "big polar bear" though, to be quite frank, it looks more like a

saucerpan than anything else.  
CANCER (Nov 11 - ??): I wonder who thought that name up . . . Cancer . . . It's not very nice, is it?

Dear Black Type,  
Are you going mad? Are you insane? I refer to your comments about the New Year's Honours. As everybody knows, Sandy Lyle and his trousers are the two most brilliant things in the world (apart from Debbie Harry). How could you even suggest that that old cronie, Cliff Richard, deserves an MBE before him?  
A very angry Sandy Lyle fan from Newbury, Berks.

Pool! Sir Clifford's trousers are utterly momentous and could never be confused with the unseemly brown checked slacks of the upstart Scotsman Lyle. And let me tell you, his Lordship's prowess on the tennis court is renowned throughout the sporting globe and if he were ever to tangle with "Sir" Sandwich at the eighteenth at Glenegles . . . well, mark my words, nibbles would fly (whatever nibbles might be) . . . And besides, Debbie Harry can't play golf for toffee. So there. Be off with you!

Dear Black Type (misprint),  
Here are my predictions for the 1994 Album chart:  
Number 1 (new) "Now That's What I Call EastEnders Volume 100000000009876549998"  
2: "Now That's What I Call Music Volume 99999999900099875"  
3: "The Greatest Hits Album" by Boris Becker  
4: "We Bribed Gallup (Again)" by Sique Sique Sputnik

S 'Now That's Definitely Not What I Call Music, Volume 96" by Samantha Fox and Mandy Smith  
6 "Ode To Black Type" by Red Box  
7 "Surely Some Misprint" by Felix Howard  
8 "Andrew Ridgeley Is (Still) On The Dole" by George Michael  
9 "Our Penison Is Late" by Status Quo  
10 "Brothers In Arms" by Dire Straits  
I would have done the top 100 but I ran out of 50p's for the time machine  
Timothy Collins, Manchester.

And where, pray, is Curiosity Killed The Cat's "Amazing Triple Live Concept Album, Maaaan"? You are not, I hope, suggesting that "Curiosity", as we trendy tee-toppers of Cannaby Street call 'em, are heading for rock's lost dumper? Surely not!

Dear Phil Oakley's White Trouser! We are writing in protest to your letter (28 January) which is one of the most distasteful aspects of the present North/South divide in this country. Blatant snobbery on your part regarding the North, and in particular the city of Kingston Upon Hull, was ill-received by the members of Kelvin Hall 618 form. Your comments on the Housemartins show a positive lack of taste and principle and we would remind you that the Housemartins play music and are not trying to please those with the narrow minded, upper middle class values you display. The names, eyesight and facial condition of musicians does not affect appreciably the quality of their music and the population North of Watford would request that you, Edwina Currie and the multitude of others of your ilk keep your opinions to yourselves down in Essex.  
Patrick J. Bradley, Sharon "Slim" Johnson, Leone Southern, Elspeth "Sean" Rippon, Sharon Warren, Louise "Haggy" Dawson, Vicki Adams, Neil Michaels, Lisa Lawrence, Tracy Hickson, Alison Etherington, Alison Crabb, Natalie Westoby, Paul Hopton, Barry Whistful, Pat Bevan, Chris "Hal" Holloway, Jane Bramley, Helen Jones, Fredericki Buzara (I spot an assumed name here - readers - BT), Sally Collins, Sallyanne Boulton, Alison Denny and Claire A. Meek, Kingston Upon Hull.

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Before long your skin will be soft and smooth again. So, if warts suddenly pop up avert, call on your chemist for **Compound W**.

\* Trade Mark

# LETTERS

(a la chemist round the corner, next to the chippie, for a mere 'strp' at 20p.)

Send them both plus a tea-towel, so I can make a neat 'Smash Hits, sultriest style, Sindy dress' or army uniforms in his 'n' hers style for fantabulous Keny pors.

Avanti, fellow dolls!!!

A vened Sindy doll in a flapaway peaches 'n' cream (yummmeey) dress, dancn un dusty box near some farsome and chill away transformers, Cheshire.

Oh, nooooo! This is too, too like the quakings of a shastly frightmare I experienced the other night. There I was, speeding through the Florida Everglades in my chauffeur-driven limousine when I chanced to ask said chauffeur where, exactly, we were heading? And when he turned around, I noticed that he was none other than Barbie's dollesque paramour Ken!!! Well, as everybody knows, dolls can't drive motor cars so imagine my non-surprise when I ended up in hospital for a very long time. Brrrrrrrrr! No Marmite soldiers before bedtime for me, from now on... But just in case, I am carrying out your orders and taken 'n' towel are on their way.

HM King Black of Typeland,  
REJOICE! You're alive. Hopefully you can help me with my problem, which your Editor, Mr McSquibbly (or whatever) in his 'wisdom' has chosen to ignore.  
(Pardon my voice) As Laureate of the Pop Cosmos, I have everything I could want, money, fame, girls, Olyws Brandreth's autograph, everything that is, bar one thing that I long for.

(Pleased voice) The "commemorative" pendant bestowed upon those who have a letter printed on thy hallow'd pages as happened to me seven months ago. I rejoiced when I saw my letter (including my excellent "poem") in print and I camped out under the letter-"box" waiting for the prize to arrive.

Well, by December it was starting to get a bit chilly in the porch, so I wrote a small reminder. And another and another. Nothing. But now sanity has returned in thy form, I may get somewhere. I have

calculated its "value" plus interest at 34.76% per month and the cost of stamps, paper etc for the subsequently ignored letters and lo, the value comes to that of token 'n' towel!!!

How fortuitous. Please despatch to Her Fountness of Solitude to arrive no later than last year.  
Mercutio Leathard, Kent.

Goah, aren't postmen useless? (No, they're quite good, actually, and don't try to lob this reader off with that tired excuse. You forgot to send him a pendant, didn't you? - The voice of God.) Crispin Oh, alright, I cannot tell a lie (hem hem), I rather bodged up viz this one. And so, Mercutio, a token and a towel are yours - even though I have already awarded them to the previous correspondent. My generosity is wonderful to behold, don't you think?

Dear Black Type (RIP),  
Lying here underneath my "quilt", starting at the ceiling, my mind began to ponder on a problem concerning certain surnames. For instance, take "Jackson" (as in Michael, Joe, etc., etc.) - what a sexist name that is! In today's world of sexual equality, this name would have to be omitted from the English language. The first syllable, "Jack", would have to go, being replaced by the word "person" but, I hear you cry, "person" contains the word "son" which is obviously sexist and must become "sibling". Are you following me so far? Good, I shall continue. The second syllable, "son", must again be replaced by the word "sibling". Janet Persilingsibling has quite a nice ring to it, don't you think?

I must now rest my weary head after killing off trillions of 'brain' cells with that very intellectual thought.  
Jon Bon Jovi's injured heart, Lancs.

A Publisher Writes: I too, am deeply concerned about the pernicious effects of sexism in modern day society. That is why I treat all secretaries with the same respect, allowing them to wear their skirts as short as they wish and, in many cases, paying them a living wage. Miss Pringle is but one of the beneficiaries of my benevolence, aren't you Miss P?

And by the by, I have a slight wrinkle in my shoulder blades - do you think you could oblige with a soothing massage. Miss Pringle? I say, that is a wilyly fetching nail polish you are wearing today, if I may say so... (Sniiiiip)!!!

Dear Black Type,

Whilst glancing through your page in the issue dated January 28, I couldn't help but find myself noticing a letter from a Michael McKeown, which was in itself very amusing. However Mr Black Typs, in your comments après la lecture you wrote: "Over the next five years, the world of entertainment will be literally engulfed by, amongst others, Matt Houston and his action-packed moustache, the spritely ingenuus Keith in Felix of The Tube, Dickie Davies" etc.

Without trying to sound too facetious, and hoping perhaps this letter has a case of spontaneous combustion before publication (could the same be arranged for Dickie Davies?), can someone please explain the difference between Matt Houstons' moustache and Felix 'Ready Brek' Howard? I suspect not. For I believe they are one and the same thing! After all, neither actually does anything useful. (Or do they? They're a sure cure for insomnia!)

It is my belief that Matt Houstons' moustache, Felix Howard, Dickie Davies' hair-piece, Terry Wogan's knee, Madonna's bra-strap and Nick Kamen's boxer shorts are all the same person - Keith Chingwut! After all, who else could play such useless roles with such unbelievable ease?  
The frustrated journalist, Stroud, Glas.

Who indeed? But, dear correspondent, do you really think it wise to "cross" that tonse-lipped terror of the criminal fraternity i.e. Matt Houston who, even as we speak, might have crept into the helicopter he keeps in his living room (such incredible style) and be winging his way hither (with his raddled old Uncle Roy in tow) to sort you out with one thunderous flex of his bronzed muscular biceps. The very thought of it gives me the willies. In fact, I'm sitting out before the worst transpires. Byeeeee!!!

## Dear Black Type,

I am writing this letter in between eating a large bag of greasy chips, growing fatter by the second, and thinking unoriginal thoughts of how I am to spend my dolia money.  
With reference to various letters and replies in *Smash Hits* dated 28 January (which for those who cannot remember, or just cannot read, let me remind you, the contents were all about the Housemartins and Kingston Upon Hull).

Let me get to the point: firstly I hate greasy food, secondly I am not on the dolia, and I have never known anyone in Hull who has ever said 'mayhap'.

So, dear old Black Type, please let's have less of this fish crap. An angry and very annoyed person from Hull.

## Dear Black Type,

If the answer is Roland Orzabal and a kangaroo does this mean that Mr O is, in fact, Crocodile Dundee?  
Honey, Birmingham.

I shall leave that significant brain pickler in the hands of my public.

## Yawn!

Ah, mon cheri **Noir Type**, I seem to have had a car crash and lost my memory, but if I recall correctly (*Letters*, 15 January) matey, you called me 'n' my twirl-away 'pails' wrecds (as hip and trendset away Sindy dolls). Well, if you don't want a toy-box revolution with us dolls in splashaway swimnats that wondrously change colour due to a groovy 'gumuck' that also turns out gorgeous locks a frightfully 'rebellious' shade of blue, I think you had better follow these orders' pretty sharpish. 'So do I mate' - Boris Becker.

I find a £10 record taken in skirt swishing speed.  
2 Buy a pine 'scented' envelope

|     |  |  |     |
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# The History of HM

What is this "beast" known as heavy metal? Where did it come from? Why do we start with a poor dog murdered by sheer volume? Tom Hibbert and Chris He



▲ Blue Cheer "thrummed the air to cheese"

**T**heir manager, a fat ex-Hell's Angel called Gut, claimed that they were so loud they could churn the air into cottage cheese. They assembled the largest amounts of amplification equipment ever used on stage and, although they couldn't really play their instruments for toffee, they certainly made an indescribable NOISE. A dog owner who foolishly took his pet to one of their concerts was terribly upset when the dog dropped dead — killed by sheer volume.

They had extremely long hair, greased, they claimed, with liberal applications of motorbike oil. They were Blue Cheer (from San Francisco) and they were the first real heavy metal band in the universe.

Back then in 1968, when Blue Cheer recorded their first maniacal album, "Vincebus Eruptum", this new form of loud, guitar-squawking music wasn't called "heavy metal" (a term borrowed from mad American writer William Burroughs' 1959 novel *The Naked Lunch*): it was called hard rock (or heavy rock) and had been pioneered, two years previously, by two groups in particular — the Jimi Hendrix Experience and Cream. Both those trios depended on volume and "wizard" guitar antics. Jimi Hendrix would play his "axe" with his teeth, make "larvae" to it (i.e., put it between his legs), batter it on stage and then set fire to it with lighter fluid and matches. Gripe! Eric Clapton, Cream's guitarist, was more reserved,

standing stock still but reeling off soupy guitar solos that lasted for several centuries. But it was the Cheer (as they became known to their legion (about six) fans) who took the form to its ultimate conclusion — a clashing, bombastic blur of noise and exaggerated strummings that can be seen in all today's prime heavy metal from Sir Oswald Osbourne to Bon Jovi.

**Hurrah for Blue Cheer!** They were to inspire such long forgotten acts as Kong Satan whose tiny guitarist, Peepo Arvendexter, would cross their grotesque ramblings with the showmanship of Jimi Hendrix by such pranks as playing guitar solos standing on his head or even setting fire to his instrument whilst still playing it. (Following a 1969 concert in Boston, Peepo ended up in hospital and was never heard of again. The clot!) And Grand Funk Railroad who gained notoriety by saying that anyone who came to their shows and left without bleeding ears would get a refund.

Grand Funk Railroad were among the only successful American heavy metal group of the early '70s. The US critics hated this new form of music and radio refused to play it.

Back in Britain, it was a different story. Hard rock in the early '70s was the groovy thing. Eric Clapton had been "halled" by many deluded fans as "God", so when Cream broke up in 1969, there were simply hundreds of guitar-oriented bands prepared to follow in their footsteps. Here, then, is the full, grisly chronicle of this temple called HM.



▲ Led Zeppelin: "was solemnly mystical"

**Led Zeppelin** (formed 1968): Jimmy Page had lank black hair and a consuming interest in the occult "Versed" in the "blues", he was a "demon" guitarist, attacking his thing with a violin bow whilst singer Robert Plant wailed in falsetto (i.e. very high voice; certain US critics mistook him for a girlie) about lemon juice dripping down his thighs and other savoury topics. From their bluesy beginnings "Zep" grew more ambitious and mystical — peaking in 1971 with the weightful, "classic" ballad "Stairway to Heaven". They all became vastly rich but in 1980 drummer John "Bonzo" Bonham died and the group never worked again — apart from a brief reunion at Live Aid with Phil Collins on drums.



▲ Black Sabbath: "blains of spook"

**Black Sabbath** (formed 1968): "Bong, bong, bong" — the sound of doomy church bells introduced yer Sabs first album, conjuring up visions of death and gloom, with guitarist Tony Iommi going "splee kerblawwww" all over the shop whilst Sir Oswald sang spookily of heaven and hell and paranoia and what have you. Black Sabbath were first almost instant hit with the growing band of long-haired be-denimmed "head bangers". (Actually, "head banging" — i.e. the art of shaking one's head to raucous guitar music or banging it against the nearest hard surface — hadn't been invented yet but, even in 1970, the craft of invisible guitar playing was much in evidence) ... Sadly, Sir Oswald was to leave the group in 1979 and things were never quite the same again.



▲ Black Widow: leapt through bonfires

**Black Widow** (formed 1969): Worraband. Picking up where yer Sabs had just begun, Black Widow took the occult side of heavy metal to ludicrous lengths by building bonfires on stage and getting members of the audience to leap through them in supposed "exorcism" ceremonies whilst the group chanted "Come Come Come To The Sabbat" (whatever that was supposed to mean) over and over again. ... Unfortunately, nobody thought the Widow were much cop, more's the pity. ...



▲ Deep Purple: haircuts from hell

**Deep Purple** (formed 1968): Worraband — the churchy organ of the highly moustachiod Jon Lord, the guitar "artistry" of Ritchie Blackmore (later to "spearhead" the successful *Rainbow*) whose chief gimmick in the early days was to whirl his instrument in the air like a helicopter blade whilst strobe lights flashed with abandon. ...



▲ Arthur Brown: about to set his head on fire

**The Crazy World of Arthur Brown** (formed 1967): Not actually proper heavy metal at all because they didn't have a guitarist, just Mr Vincent Crane at

# FAVORITE METAL

es everyone involved wear such spewgusting trousers? And did it really all trace the history of primeval man from Blue Cheer (who?) to Bon Jovi. . .

the Hammond organ, but singer Arthur did set his head on fire and boom on about the Devil quite a lot. The group had a hit in 1968 with "Fire" and were promptly never heard of again. Vincent Crane, however, was last "spotted" in 1986 playing with Dexy's Midnight Runners (!?) of all people.



**Uriah Heep** (formed in 1970): Lots more droopy mustaches, lots more spronging nose, lots more words about spooky doings in some Gothic netherworld. A certain American critic was so appalled by Heep's first LP, "Very Easy, Very Tight" that he said he'd do himself in if it was a commercial success. It was, but strangely enough, the journalist failed to keep his side of the bargain. . . Meanwhile, in Norway, a young man called Morten Harket was wigging out in the Heep, his fave rock band. . .

**A**s heavy metal took firm hold, matters began to get a tiny bit out of hand as "artists" became more and more bombastic and grandiose and theatrical, splashing dry ice abundantly about and erecting ridiculous contraptions like 20 foot armadillos on stage. Within no time at all people had forgotten all about making loud, "riff"-laden music and singing about ramrod-in their hard-livin' women all down the highway all night long. Something called "progressive" music had arrived and this involved songs about orange skies peeling in spiritual harmony and people journeying in starships to planets where babies grow on trees etc. which lasted for several centuries and had no discernable tune.



**Emerson, Lake and Palmer**, led by mad organist Keith Emerson, were at the forefront of this new "movement", taking their

music very seriously indeed and mounting gargantuan stage shows with massive flying saucer things and whistling robots hovering all over the shop. Bass player Greg Lake always had an expensive Persian carpet on stage and actually believed he couldn't play unless he was standing on it. At one concert in America, a roadie forgot to bring the carpet along, so Lake insisted on cancelling the show to 50,000 "punters". The ciot!



**Yes**, "raging hippies" (as you can clearly see) Then there were raging hippies Yes, fronted by piping songstrel Jon Anderson. Yes were renowned for making very "deep" and "meaningful" "concept" LPs which were called things like "Tales From Topographic Oceans" and had these awful "mythic"-type paintings of flying elephants with peculiar noses on the cover.



**Genesis**, "but we're not heavy metal." Then there were **Genesis** who sang songs about people being decapitated during croquet games and whose singer Peter Gabriel always wore a lawnmower on his head. Very fun. (These days, however, Phil Collins and Genesis are quite normal.)



**Hawkwind**, "completely mad." Then there were **Hawkwind** whose satin "loon" pants were quite exceptional. All their songs were about being cosmic in outer space - "We All Come From Outer Space And We Are All Mad" - their bass player was an ugly black called Lemmy, who would subsequently form the rampant HM group **Motorhead** and they hadn't a girl called Stacia who didn't do anything at

all except for "dancing" on stage without her shirt on.



**Pink Floyd**, "lying pigs." Then there were **Pink Floyd** (quite good actually) whose mega sonic anthemic "work outs" - things like "Careful With That Axe Eugene" and "Interstellar Overdrive" were full of bips and bloops and assorted spook noises and whose LP covers normally had photographs of cows in a field or pigs flying over Battersea Power Station on the front. "The Dark Side Of The Moon", their 1973 LP, was such a monstrous success it stayed in the US LP charts for 132 weeks, and the British charts for 180 - selling about 16 million copies in the process. Golly!



**Jethro Tull**, "unsavoury." And then there were **Jethro Tull** whose leader, Ian Anderson, cut an unsavoury Uncle Disgusting figure with his straggly hair and beard and his filthy old coat. Anderson's favourite pastime was playing his flute whilst standing on one leg for some unknown reason.

A lot of these groups were too snooty to make singles because they thought it was uncool (and, anyway, none of their songs were good enough to fit on a single). But others were more sensible: Black Sabbath reached number four in 1970 with the highly energetic "Paranoid". Deep Purple got to number two the same year with the plodding stodger "Black Night" and in 1972 Hawkwind made it number three with the ghostly spacefreaker "Silver Machine".

Then there was a cluster of more orthodox bands (i.e. they played reasonably straightforward guitar music) like **Free**, who had a big hit in 1970 with the dance floor favourite "All Right Now". **Love Sculpture** released monumentally flashy guitar tangos "Sabre Dance" was a top ten hit

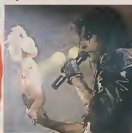
as early as 1968. **Gun**, who sported ludicrously bouffant perms and whose hit "Race With The Devil" was revived in 1980 by Girlschool, and **Thin Lizzy** who "arrived" on the "scene" in 1973 with "Whiskey In The Jar".

**B**y the mid 1970s, however, composers had created everything as all the major pop rock groups started spending all their time buying huge, exquisite mansions in the country where they would retire to "get their heads together" and spend several thousand years recording one album. Heavy metal was dead as a dodo.

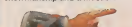
Except it wasn't. There were always new bands around to cater to the tastes of an army of spotty, long haired boys in their dirty, logo- festooned denim jackets and enormous black overcoats. So let us pay tribute to such never-to-be-forgotten Seventies legends as . . .



**Rush**, "eventually insane." **Rush** from Canada who were evidently insane to judge from their lyrics which included such jewels as: "The Tobes of Hades lite by flickering torchlight/The netherworld is gathered in the glare/Prince By-Tor/Taket of the cavern to the northlight/The sign of E is rising in the air/By-Tor-knight of darkness/Centurion of evil Devil's prince. . ." Super. That was from a "song" called "By-Tor & The Snow Dog" which only lasted for nine minutes.



**Alice Cooper**, "chopped up dollies." **Alice Cooper** from America who combined spewing "axe work" and crunching everything else with outrageous showmanship and a macabre





Continued...

sense of humour. Alice would stalk the stage dangling his pet boa constrictor, pretend to guillotine himself, pretend to fry himself in an electric chair, chop up some baby dollies etc. etc.



▲ Kiss: platform boots from Hades

**Kiss** from America who sported stupid, cartoon-like make-up, tottered about on jumbo stack heels many miles high, poked their tongues out a lot and indulged in such engaging stunts as fire eating whilst making a horrific racket in general.



▲ Bad Company: "boring"  
**Bad Company** from England who were formed by Free's singer Paul Rodgers and drummer Simon Kirke and who were ... e bit boring, actually.



▲ Judas Priest: "demonic"  
**Judas Priest** from, um, Birmingham who were, um, loud and heartily "demonic" indeed even though their singer, Rob Halford, looked like Tim Brooke-Taylor (of *Me And My Girl* fame) and didn't even have long hair.



▲ AC/DC: "relentless boogie"

**AC/DC** from Australia whose wriggling little guitarist, Angus Young, enjoyed dressing as a schoolboy, in shorts, tie and cap, and showing his bottom to audiences and whose "relentless" "boogie" "onslaught" was peppered with references to wild livin' chicks and the like.



▲ Blue Oyster Cult: "savage guitars"

**Blue Oyster Cult** from America who could be truly brilliant with their savage bursts of guitar "fire" and whose drummer often did a drum solo with a dinosaur on his head. Their most famous song, "Don't Fear The Reaper", is very good indeed.



▲ Van Halen: "Diseeeseet"

**Van Halen** Spreeeeeel Also from America. Van Halen were rather more intentionally comical than most of this sort of thing - David Lee Roth (now a solo artist) posturing and strutting in skin tight trews like a buffoon whilst Eddie Van Halen (as heard on Michael Jackson's "Beat It") "reeled" off some "lasty" "licks".

**S**o heavy metal trundled up to the end of the 1970s doing alright, thank you, even though there were hordes of spiky-tipped punks who couldn't stand it. And then something rather peculiar happened. **BONG!** The New Wave Of British Heavy Metal... All of a sudden there were thousands of young HM

acts who, fed up with so-called new wave music, wanted to get back to "basics" and "spark" their "plunks" (i.e. make a lot of noise on their horrible "V" shaped guitars).



▲ Gillan: "old dodders"

Old stalwart Ian Gillan, once Deep Purple's singer, formed his own band, **Gillan**, with bald bass player John McCoy! Not-so-quite-old stalwart David Coverdale, also once Deep Purple's singer, formed his own band,



▲ Whitesnake: "sparked their brands"

**Whitesnake** and they were both quite popular.



▲ Iron Maiden: "hoary"

In their footsteps came newcomers like **Iron Maiden** who were sensitively named after the medieval instrument of torture, who invented a hideous monster called Eddie to join them on stage and "grace" their LP sleeves, and who were heavily into mythology, dungeons, dragons, warriors, the number of beast 1 (a 666) and other hoary clichés of heavy metal.



▲ Def Leppard: "gruesome"

**Def Leppard** came from Sheffield (at roughly the same time as the Human League and ABC and Ceberet Voltare), also hed gruesomely long hair, and played extremely "hard rockin'" music until in the early '80s they suddenly went a bit poppy and

sold millions of records in America (before taking a very long break after their drummer badly lost his arm in a car crash - they have waited while he learns to drum with an artificial limb)...

Then there was **Samson**, whose masked drummer Thunderstick played on stage inside a cage and who normally dressed up in a rapist's mask (?) and whose singer Bill later joined **Saxon**, and **Krokus** who were Swiss and the **Tygers of Pan Fanz**, and **Quartz** and **Angelwitch** and **Magnium** and **Diamond Head** and rather a lot more. Not many of them ever got in the charts, but still strange "people" - mostly beer-drinkin' biokins with long hair dressed in denim'n leather - flopped to see them.

Meanwhile, in America, just about every group was beginning to sound more and more similar - i.e. very wimpy and laid-back. Groups like **REO Speedwagon** (bland and boring), **Foreigner** (bland and boring), **Styx** (bland and boring), **Journey** (bland and boring), (*I think we get the idea - Ed.*)

In fact, by the early '80s heavy metal was in a pretty sorry state. A few bands plodded on - Iron Maiden had hits and became pop stars because of their beards and sexist videos. But most of the heroes of yesteryear either went very wimpy, completely bankers, died, retired, or simply became more and more ludicrous (as ridiculed in the film *Spinal Tap*).



▲ Bon Jovi: yurr!

**A**nd then suddenly, something very strange happened. All the way through the late '70s and the '80s, heavy metal groups had only appealed to a very small group of people and whenever they recorded pop songs the wider public shut their eyes to the group's long hair while the heavy metal fans disowned the groups.

Until, that is, very recently when people realised that **Bon Jovi** and **Europe** could actually be quite groovy. And then (Yes, thank you, that was very interesting and "informative" - Ed.) (History discontinued.)



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 No I won't be afraid if I won't be afraid  
 Just as long as you stand stand by me  
 So darling darling stand by me  
 Oh stand by me  
 Oh stand stand by me  
 Stand by me

If the sky that we look upon should tumble and fall  
 Or the mountain should crumble to the sea  
 I won't cry I won't cry  
 No I won't shed a tear  
 Just as long as you stand stand by me  
 And darling darling stand by me  
 Oh stand by me  
 Now stand now stand by me  
 Stand by me  
 Darling darling stand by me  
 Oh stand by me  
 Oh stand now stand by me  
 Stand by me  
 Whenever you're in trouble  
 Never you stand by me  
 Oh stand by me  
 Wah stand now oh stand  
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# REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY PETE CLARK

## THE GAP BAND: How Many Came About (Total Experience)

Something about the title sets off those little warning bells and you just know you are about to be in the presence of a namecheck record. And just to make things A+ mega-horrific, ver Gaps throw in a nursery rhyme style chorus as well. None of this would be worth a fishcake in a furnace were it not for the fact that the Gap Band have made v. good records in the past. Whether they can recover from this is anyone's guess.



## HOWARD JONES: Little Bit Of Snow (WEA)

Howard Jones, the singing man's Bjorn Borg, delivers a heartfelt anti-drug plea. Simply done, with voice and piano, the song celebrates the joys of things like, oh, the sun and the rain over the perils of indulgence in evil substances. The absence of tub-thumping is most welcome, but tactful Howard almost comes a cropper in a sea of understatement. Blink your ears and you'll miss it.

## MEL & KIM: Respectable (Supreme)

The relentless jauntness of Mel & Kim would probably go down a treat in a home for very, very sad people. For normal folk like you and I though, it's a bit like having a permanent grin nailed to your face. And the gimmicky noises and Pinky And Perky vocal effects featured here are as irritating as a talkative Weetabix.

## BERLIN: Like Flames (Mercury)

Berlin are a rum bunch and no mistake! First they have a sinovorous hit with "Take My Breath Away," then they don't win "They Don't Know" and now they release a record that starts off with whistling, the like of which has not been heard since the glory, glory days of "Roger" Whittaker himself. Then there's a burst of na-na-na-ning which is what you do when you forget the words and

then it, er, sort of peters out completely. Not very good at all really.

## KOOL & THE GANG: Stone Love (Phonogram)

Stone love! If you say so, Koool. There's no denying the fact that Koool and his Gang are among the greatest exponents of pop music ever beamed down upon us. There's also no denying the fact that "Stone Love" is stoney broke in their creative department and stone deaf when it comes to a little thing like melody. Like the Gap Band, can and must do better.

## THE MISSION: Severina (Mercury)

Being a "chap," it's a mite hard to fathom why Wayne Hussey has the power to emotionally overwhelm young girls. Being a chap with ears, it's even harder to work out why anyone would raid the piggybank for this. Not half as forceful as "Wasteland," it's just another mid-paced rocker with "mystic" overtones-a-go-go. Wayne & Severina could look nice on the Cortina sunstrip, though.

## BOSTON: Amanda (MCA)

Bet you thought this lot were dead. Close, but no coconut. Actually, and please note the correct spelling of that word for once (You're fired - Ed), Tom Scholz, the 8ft-tall person responsible for this, has a way of making one million guitars sound like two million guitars, which is not

completely unpleasant.

"Amanda" is a tad wet and a re-release to boot. Did well in America but not likely to do the same in dear old Blighty.

## J.M. SILK: Let The Music Take Control (RCA)

This is a "house" record from Chicago and is produced by Steve "Silk" Hurley who was responsible for the extraordinary "Jack Your Body." So what exactly is "house" music anyway? Is it, as some "experts" claim, music without its socks on? Or is it just a birrovan excuse to grunt a lot and generally get on "down"? J.M. Silk doesn't really shed much light on the situation but *he* seems to be enjoying himself anyway and he grunts with plenty of gusto. And why not?



## HURRAH! Sweet Sanity (Kitchenware)

This has got everything! Verses! Choruses! Bites of bendy guitar! And it's all rather good and should be bought up in large quantities! Hurrah!



## THE BIBLE: Graceland (Chrysalis)

No Bible-bashing here, thank you very much. I don't really know too much about this groovy young combo, except that the singer's called Boo, which is singularly embarrassing. The good news is that "Graceland" (absolutely no relation to Paul Simon) actually contains a tune, a fact that had me spluttering into my malted hot milk. Okay, it's a little weedy round the margins, but what we are dealing with here is that rarest of beasts, a song that you can actually remember and even hum the next morning! Oh joy of joys!

## JAKI GRAHAM: Still In Love (EMI)

Get your special loafers on, because this is nothing short of the return of the fast smoother. Too slow for serious booty "shaking", too fast for the Troglodyte clinch, "Still In Love" will require strenuous footwork to avoid making a dog's dinner of your partner's feet. Jaki Graham's voice is no mean performer in the bathroom, but has yet to really convince in the

outside world. A lightweight contender.

## BRUCE HORNSBY & THE RANGE: Mandolin Rain (RCA)

I'm sure you've experienced the sensation: the sky opens up and it starts raining mandolins. All part of life's rich tapestry, Bruce has been saddened by this phenomenon and has written a sad song about it, with a smidgeon of mandolin and lashings of piano plinky-plonk. I can see why he didn't call it "Piano Rain", and anyway Rod Stewart once wrote a song called "Mandolin Wind". Funny old world, eh?

## ALISON MOYET: Weak In The Presence Of Beauty (CBS)

Alison Moyet (or is she still called "Al"?), is, of course, the proud owner of a superb voice that can break down doors at a range of 30 feet. Unfortunately, somebody's forgotten to give her a decent song this time around and there's nothing quite as sad as a voice in search of a tune. Blub!



## FREDDIE MERCURY: The Great Pretender (Parlophone)

This is an old ballad-style song written by somebody called Buck Ram. Lord Fred has done a big production number on it, complete with strings and a choir of eunuchs. The moustache bristles with passion, the tonsils quiver with emotion, the heartstrings vibrate with the tension. Of course, it's all a laughable load of old tripe, but at least it goes down with a smile on its face.



## BOY GEORGE: Everything I Own (Virgin)

Rising like the phoenix out of the bargain bins, "Boy" George returns with a rendering of what our street traders describe as an old chestnut. Previous versions of this deceptively pretty tune have been aired by crusty old American group Bread and reggae chirper Ken Boothe but George opts for the reggae approach, which will doubtless call for some peculiar dancing in the video. And while it's not exactly the sun rising in the West, this might just mark the beginning of a full rehabilitation. Welcome back to the fray, oh funny one.



# WHY'S PAUL WELLER WEARING

And why has Mick Talbot got a topper on his head? And why is Stevie Nicks wearing a corset? Because the Style Council have made a film called *Jerusalem*. . .



▲ Dee C. Lee being eaten by a tablecloth.

## THE STYLE COUNCIL: *Jerusalem* (Palace, 33 mins)

Pop star films, with very few exceptions, turn out to be almost crippling embarrassments – the “stars” can never act, the script is always useless and songs always pop up every few minutes for virtually no reason at all. All of these things are true about *Jerusalem* but somehow it's still rather good – probably because you get the feeling all the way through that everyone knows it's going to be a touch useless and has decided to try and make it good fun anyway. The story, such as it is, is utterly preposterous: the Style Council are charged by the “state” for the crime of being “the best pop group ever” (hem hem), go out on bail, romp around, face trial (where they're accused of “deliberately flaunting the laws of pop”, going out of their way to be articulate, intelligent and even well bloody dressed”, expressing “not only their political beliefs” but also “wit, humour, care and compassion” etc. hem hem quadruple hem), are predictably pronounced guilty and start jiggling around in celebration to a Style Council number (“Fairytale”, as it happens).

Somehow, in just over half an hour, this story involves the four of them sitting on a cliff while waves wash over Paul Weller who's wearing green wellies and sitting in a regal gold-leaf chair with carved tortoiseshell on the arms, pretending to be King Canute; the four of them riding scooters through a village, humming along as someone reads out the hymn

“Jerusalem”, the group being accosted by some yobs singing Black Lace's extremely fine “Do The Conga” (“I bet they've never been to a polo match – why, I bet they haven't even got a corsetless telephone,” “guips” Paul); and the group repeatedly getting asked “How did you get the name The Style Council?” (they never answer).

The best bits are when they show their sense of humour. At one point, Paul Weller stands up in a church pulpit and starts preaching – “I have been thinking that if America were a pair of jeans, England would be its back pocket. . .” and so on, to which Dee C. Lee pipes: “Is he off again?”. At another, they pretend to be a group called The Very Tall Buildings promoting their album (“Dream Of Fridges”, in what is clearly supposed to be a useless Tube interview, Paul (with Hitler moustache, Nazi helmet with some sort of brush on top, and a kilt or dress) confesses that they're “two middle class guys bored with grammar school who want to rock out a bit”); Dee C. Lee (with purple-rinse curly wig and spaced out look) talks about their producer: “He's dead – that's cool. . . we hope to meet him in that great rock n'roll studio in the sky”; and Mick (plastered in make-up with a beret on) does a perfect imitation of one of “the lads” in Frankie: “. . . gallons of ale down our throats, chicks a dozen to a guy. . . so from that we pick a song, we jam, we bung it out and the kids seem to like it. Nice one, lads”. Overall it's the sort of film that I'm sure the Style Council will find terrifically embarrassing in years to come, but for now it's a pleasantly ridiculous and jolly way to spend half an hour.

Chris Heath



▲ Some bloke in an unspeakable “costume,” “Morten” Mick Talbot in a curtain and a chimney, Paul Weller in a dolly and a pair of oozeborne perv-wellies (Sleeze)



▲ Relax girls – he's already married. (Except he isn't.) (Blmeyer) – One reader.



▲ “I say, Paul, you look just like a persnip!” “That's right, Mick, I'm a persnip in a gumboot!” (Law haw)

# HORRID GREEN WELLIES?

ve White sporting such preposterous shorts?

REVIEW

FILM



▲ A Gokko wearing Santa Claus beads on his ears and a fortress wearing an elongated cushion-cover.



▲ Some Spiting image puppets



▲ Ver "style" Council on trial (for lying about being "the best pop group ever" -ish hell)



▲ Something Funnish.



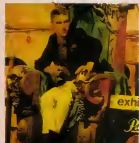
▲ Lord Frederick Lucas Of Mercury - er, no it's out, it's a pan-bloke. ("Same swing really" - A "esty" reader.)



▲ Ver "Council" hizzling along on some sewing-machines.



▲ Paul "Wer" er being stabbed by a gigantic red leaf - hence the loarning at the mouth (or something).



▲ "I just want to, like, relate to ver kids on ver street, like..." (A turtle writes: The man's demented...)



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## REVIEW FLM

### FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF (15, 103 mins)

Ferris Bueller's Day Off is yet another so-called American "teen movie" (from John Hughes, the man responsible for *The Breakfast Club* and *Pretty In Pink*), but this time so light and frivolous it makes those films seem serious.

It all revolves around Ferris Bueller (Matthew Broderick), an American teenager for whom everything comes too easy. Friends, parents, even his teachers fall for Ferris' charm. He is, in fact, extremely well-liked by everybody; everybody, that is, except his High School Principal, Ed Rooney, who absolutely hates him (because everyone else likes him...).

Anyway, Ferris likes to "relax" and every once in a while he takes a day off school and sets off for "downtown Chicago" in search of "life, adventure and personal freedom". As graduation looms, Ferris decides that this particular day off is going to be the BIG one. Together with the love-of-his-life, Sloane, and his best friend, Cameron, whose dad just happens to own an ever-so-expensive red Ferrari, they set off - in the Ferrari, naturally, and with lots of background soundtrack music (everyone from the Dream Academy to Sigue Sigue Sputnik) - for a day they will never forget. But Rooney (a majestically slimy performance from Jeffrey Jones) doesn't take kindly to Ferris' truancy and sets out on an obsessive crusade to bring our "hero" to justice and get him held in school for another year.

It's hardly a very believable story and it's packed with clichés but *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* is still an unpretentious, entertaining, refreshingly clever and very, very funny treat.

Mark Salisbury



▲ Ferris Bueller (right) prepares to scoot away for his big day off with "love-of-his-life" Sloane and "best friend" Cameron.



▲ Ferris Bueller does a very convincing job of driving a shop-dummy as his dad in his bed.



▲ The three of them get a job talking off as they "take tea".



▲ Ferris Bueller does a not v. convincing Nick Kamen impression.

## VIDEOS

### BON JOVI: Breakout (Channel 5, £9.99)



Cries! What has happened to heavy metal in days gone by any self-respecting youth could safely bet 10 shillings (or 50p) that the slightest glimpse of a grease-laden lock, the merest squirt at that bleughquoting clobber, the smallest screech from those v. long and v. loud guitar breaks would send his parents scampering to the neighbours' fence to bemoan the "generation gap". But no more... These days heavy metal is nice clean tunes played by nice clean people. Like Bon Jovi, for instance. In "Breakout" (six not very famous and not very new singles i.e. no "You Give Love A Bad Name" or "Livin' On A Prayer") there are still lots of dodgy old-fashioned HM clichés i.e. masses of "live" shots of yer lads rockin' out, lots of foxy rock'n'roll chicks and the odd bit of gratuitous violence. But, it's all OK really because: Bon Jovi are in fact rather spiffing to watch live... Jon Bon Jovi doesn't always get the girlie (she either doesn't even notice him, kicks sand in his face, or if he does (once) end up with her bonking is nice clean bonking)... The violence is only done by the baddies who don't win out at the end anyway (hooray!) and there's even one art video with fluttering feathers... And Bon Jovi are quite tuneful... And Jon Bon Jovi is definitely the least ugly man with long hair and a chignon headband in the crooniverse... And... er, this video is quite alright then.

Derrin Schlesinger

### TINA TURNER: Break Every Rule (PMI, £9.99)



▲ Tina Turner and some girls from the video of the song called, er, "Girls". Fancy that!



You may already have seen most of this on TV before Christmas - Tina Turner whizzing through a mixture of songs off her new LP and some cover versions (Robert Palmer's "Addicted To Love" and old standards like Sam Cooke's "A Change Is Gonna Come" and Wilson Pickett's "Midnight Hour", "634 5789" and "Land Of 1000 Dances") "live" at a place which pretends to be "Club Zero in France" though it's actually London's Camden Palace. She's introduced by Max Headroom and joined for a couple of songs by blues guitarist and singer Robert Cray but basically it's just a straightforward non-nonsense unremarkable performance, sandwiched between a couple of "proper" but extremely dull videos of her walking about. For fans only.

Chris Heath

# THING

# ALBUMS

**HOT CHOCOLATE: The Very Best Of Hot Chocolate (EMI)** Throughout the '70s Hot Chocolate were superstars for two reasons a) because everyone couldn't believe how silly their bald singer, Errol Brown, looked and b) because they were incredibly skilled at "crafting" pop songs exactly in the style of whatever was selling well that year – growing electric guitar stompers, smooth ballads, or cheeky funk (when they weren't quite sure, they simply released another one of their "raughty" disco songs like "You Sexy Thing"). A few of their biggest hits "Every One's A Winner," "Emma" and "It Started With A Kiss" – still sound quite good but the rest, sadly, sound horribly horribly dated. **(6 out of 10)**

Chris Heath



**THE SMITHS: The World Won't Listen (Rough Trade)** This collects together all the Smiths singles (A-sides, B-sides and a few "bonus" songs) since the beginning of 1985 and thus, as any Smiths fan will tell you, is chock-full of unbelievably brilliant songs like "Ask," "Panic," "There Is A Light," "Big Mouth Strikes Again," "Half A Person" and "The Boy With A Thorn In His Side". Any Smiths fan will also tell you that this collection is a rotten swizz – they've included just one "new" song (the admittedly wonderful "You Just Haven't Earned It Yet Baby") to make everybody whose already got 16 of these songs pay £5 to get the last one. The rosters. **(9 out of 10 for the music)**

Chris Heath

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Phantom Of The Opera (Polygram)** Oh happy day – it's a double album of the new Andrew Lloyd-Webber "musical" concerning ye olde story of the musical genius with a bizarre ugliness problem who "haunts" a Paris Opera, teaching the heroine how to sing and competing with young Raoul for her love with his unexplained spook-powers. There's a great deal in this that calls for an explanation. In fact, but the powers that be cleverly distract your attention from this by enclosing a large glossy booklet which contains all the words and "action", including the bits that didn't make it to the record. Rest assured, however, that it is entirely free of fun and contains only three recognizable tunes – the triplets "All I Ask Of You," "Music Of The Night" and "Phantom Of The Opera" (not unbesarable actually thanks to Mike Superwoman Bate's contribution). The rest of it is as dull and ponderously semi-classical as only Andrew Lloyd-Webber can make it. Probably a brilliant souvenir of the show, but give me "The Sound Of Music" any day. **(2 out of 10)**

Jon Craven

**VARIOUS: Stand By Me (Atlantic)** Let us rewind – zer-WING! – back through the mistified ones of time, back to the rollicking 1950s when be-quiffed blokes buried their hair-sweaty, skirted damels round the dance-floor of the local "hop" – to the chimes of the world's first rock 'n' roll pop tunes. These, then, are the very tunes on this film soundtrack compilation LP of "classic" '50s thengies. Ancient they are, and mostly still utterly brilliant – especially the swinging-lop bop of "Lollipop" by The Chordettes, the absolutely stupid "Yakety Yak" by The Coasters and the title track (now a major jeans commercial hit showing at a television set near you). Some of them on the other hand, are quite gruesome – "Everyday" by Buddy Holly (the most overrated personage in the history of popular music) in particular. But who cares – peep peep! – it's still a lot groovier than most of today's fresh-faced "pop". **(7 1/2 out of 10)**

Sylvia Sylva Hibbert

**DOUG E. FRESH & THE GET FRESH CREW: Oh, My God! (Cool Tempco)** It's probably def' (?! to know if this record is 103% bpm or 115 1/2 bpm (whatever that means) but all that can be safely said about this track goes scratch, bleep, pop, splink, stutter, chug, r-r-r-rap (or something like that). It's either hip-hop or pop-gro or scratching or rapping (and probably all of these) and apparently features a human beat box on it somewhere (but who knows where?). The lyrics summed-up amount to not much more than "Hello, I'm Doug E. Fresh and I rather like rapping with my chums" and the whole thing is very difficult to sing along to the shover. **(16 %<sup>100</sup> bpm out of 10)**

Derm Schlaenger

**HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT: Back Again In The DHSS (Probe)** So Half Man Half Biscuit You have broken up just as you were becoming Successful And this is your last LP

Your songs were all about eleven dimensional things (Ted Moul, for instance) And jing in bed feeling miserable Which is fair enough. I suggest The scratchy guitars and drums Get on my nerves a bit But the lyrics often raise A wry smile

"Mention 'The Lord Of The Rings' Once more And I'll more than likely kill you" Is how "Dickie Davies' Eyes" Begins I must admit to having experienced Similar feelings Of violence and frustration Myself

My friend Eric Bought your last LP But he's an awkward so-and-so As we wonder if he'll buy this one?

Half Man Half Biscuit Funny for a group But definitely not Half Baked **(4 1/2 out of 10)**

N.F. Tennant

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Remember those very swanky and rather nice posters done by 23 Envelope (the design people who do the record sleeves for people like the Cocteau Twins and Colour Box) a while back? (No – Rather a lot of people.) Well, they've now produced a set of 12 very swanky and rather nice postcards and they cost around £2.99 from "good" record shops. Hurrah! (or something like that).

## CLIFF RICHARD: Rock In Australia (PMI, £16.99)

**ROCK IN AUSTRALIA**  
CLIFF RICHARD  
He jogs nimbly from foot to foot in his less than fetching silver slacks. He waves his thumbs cheekily aloft amid the hectic flashings of green laser beams. He bows, he

grins, he camps and he capers. He salutes and says "Hello Sydney!!", a sincere twinkle in his eye. The "you're modern" offerings – from "Wired For Sound" to "Devil Woman" – his Lordship dismisses his band of ageing but capable sidemen, straps on an acoustic guitar and strums heartily through a triumvirate of "golden oldies": "Living Doll", "Bachelor Boy" and "Summer Holiday" – during which he exhibits the well-known Richard wit by warbling "I like steak and kidney/But I'd rather be in Sydney" to enormous cheers. Mo ho. And half-way through Cliff is spied backstage giving Sue Barker a kiss on the cheek! Crispest! Whatever next... Quite good if you like this sort of thing.

Tam Hibbert

"Woof! Woof! Gorbimey! Woof!" I'm totally choked by this prestigious award and I'd like to thank all Mutterings viewers for voting for me as well as all my stable boys and all the little people behind the scenes without whom... (Snooowwwoof)

Goodness! It's not often that lowly Mutterings gets a fully-fledged international celebrity on the "holmes," but that was world-famous Afghan hound Gable talking to us — "live" (hem hem) — from Crufts dog show after sweeping away with the Best Dog in Show title. Hurrah for Gable and hurrah for owner **Chris Amoo**, of world-infamous soul combo **The Real Thing**, who was just too "choked" to talk to Mutterings. And na-na-na-na-na to the other 14,684 dogs who lost out to Gable on the night: dogs like **Deceyly Snow Mirage** (?), **Wigginsburg Leonardo** of **Sunhouse** (?), **Russemtante Grebe** of **Gardenway** (??), and **Matswive Moody Blue** of **Fam** (???). Gawd almighty, ain't dogs got snotty names!!!! Who do they think they are? **Ben Volpiere Pierrot** (or whatever he's called)? Cor — snooty name for sure, but at least he's a (sort of) pop star and not just some smirking pedigree hound (though on second thoughts... how haw haw)... Anyway, Ben was "heard" the other day whimpering that he wanted a Valentine card from **Whitney Houston** whilst **Jaleo** of **Curiosity Killed**

**The Cat** wanted ones from **Kate Bush** and **Katherine** "useless Dystasy" "actress **Deanberg**" Were Ben and Jaleo's wishes granted? Of course not. (Though Ben is rumored to have received a seaside postcard from **Felix** of **The Tube** how haw de haw)

Isn't it FUN being horrid about people? Or Mmmmm, yes it is! So let us be horrid about **Cheryl Baker** and **Gyles Brandreth**. Why? Because the other day, in front of many millions of breakfast television viewers, they attempted to break the record for the longest screen kiss. Bleeessurrghgh. Gyles Brandreth? Cheryl Baker? Has no one taught them the basics of hygiene? Anyway, our poutsome duo "weighed in" at a full three minutes and 33 seconds which is quite a long time.

Unfortunately they both died shortly afterwards (except they didn't... heh! BÖRING being horrid about people? Mmmmm, yes it is! Why, people are so nice — as can be clearly seen from the experience of top pop star **Midge Ure** who is so

# Mutterings

utterly without tlaw of any kind that the other day his parents' sheep dog Heidi saved their (the parents) marbled cottage when it exploded in flames. Bravo Heidi! One can only wonder whether Gable could perform such a feat — or (tuming once again to our Crufts programme) **Ulundi** (Ishumba of **Evick**, **Ridass** **Rubik** **Cube** (E), or even **Old Holban's** **Lovans** **Perapurchase**. One rather doubts it... But it does bring one somewhat neatly (once more) to the man with the snootiest name in the world (i.e. **Ben** **Volauventerrine** of **Curosilty Killed**, etc. etc, as tale would have it, had a most snooty upbringing, as can be clearly seen from the fact that **St. George Harrison** (old **Beatie**) used to sing him lullabies in his "crib" and that when he — Ben — was only nine, he beat **Sir Michael** of **Jagger** (old **Rolling Stone**) at poolroom... (rooocies)

And talking about snoots, who's supposed to be buying an extremely posh £300,000 Victorian "cottage" in St John's Wood? **Paul Waller** and **D.C. Lee**, that's who. Of course £300,000 is a mere drop in the ocean these

days, is it not? Why, only the other day **Madonna** is supposed to have walked out of her and **Sean Penn's** house and waded into an estate agent's to demand spotspomely "I want a house in Beverly Hills for up to 2½ million dollars... and I want it today!" She then whizzed round looking over a load of houses in a most snootish white Rolls Royce before deciding to rent a place for a trifling \$9,000 a week. And while on the subject of **Madonna**, her new "dance" mix-tape "You Can Dance" won't be coming out for a bit. Instead she's recording a soundtrack for her new film **Slammer** first, only it's not called **Slammer** any more because they've just decided to change the name to **Who's That Girl** instead. What's more she (i.e. **Madonna**) threw a little party on the set where they were filming **Who's That Girl**. And what did they serve? They served **Marguerites** (i.e. horrible tasting cocktails) and carrot cake. Carrot cake??? Most unpleasant don't you think? Not even fit for a dog, whatever its name — be it (once more turning to Crufts programme), **Minnesota** of **Topjops**, **Champion**

**Boredout** **Guy**, **Colough** **Cartminkickers**... or not... Not! Now there's a dog (i.e. inoi), which is precisely what **Sir Billious** **Idol** and his "girlfriend" **Karen O'Connor** (daughter of champagne talon-tine crimblerst with a hole in his chin, **Beis**) won't be lying because she only PRETENDED to be his girlfriend "for a publicity stunt". ("Har har har" — Not very many useless Fleet Street "news" paper reporters who believed her.) So much for the supposed "perfect punk couple" — as **Karen** now says, "the nearest Billy and I got to being intimate was dying each others rots". Pevs ahoy (or something). And talking of pevs, that nice **Roman "Juggs"** from **Ver Dammed** popped round for a smidge of "isa" at **Court David** **Vanian** is the other day and scotted 62 chocolate chip cookies at one go!!!! Quadruple bismuth etc. Not half as juicy "in revitalising mind (turning once again to our super Crufts programme) as the minced "morses" chewed of a morming by the lives of **Hottihill** **Chitchcraft** or **Surtine** **Jasper** at **Jarthey** or **Rondell** **Milk** and **Honey** or **Marymut** **Manikar**... Not, for

that matter, as juicy and revitalising as the fact that the raven, shrivelled-up-like-shredded-chessie-in-con-sourvy-stacks **Lox** of **Dame** **Sioxiuse** **Sioux** are really a wig! And Mutterings should know because the other day it fell off to reveal a matted silver of grey hair. And the wiggled one has sacked her gutful person **John Carruthers** because he laughed too much when it happened! (That's a complete iye — Ed)... And things are going well for **Taylor** is going to marry an indigestion tablett! Well, it seems that John is "supposed" to be set to wed actress **Renee** **Simonsen** after he "apparently" proposed to her on a continuing date — "apparently" she accepted. The nitwit. What's more, for some reason **Level 42's** lead thumston **Mark King** is — for some reason best known to himself — taken to calling John Taylor's fiancée "Renee Indigestion Tablet or whatever she's called" (i.e. Renee's indigestion tablet, how terribly haw! And if you think "Indigestion Tablet" is a dull name, then how's that? These turns once more to Crufts prestigious programme). Something Special for Jocky!

**Balquithan** **Fenny** **Giri** of **Gallonbean**, **Mark Ungroon**, **cababenne** of **Big Country** (Are you quite sure about this last one? — Ed), or **Boldmore** **Black Sabbath** (genuine dog name — though whether it has ever eaten a bat on stage is not reassured)... Or **Anita** **Debon** who is not a dog as such, but certainly shares the television screen with the things (stop toward **Willy** and **Roly**) and is — even as we speak — making a rochubar term (i.e. "decs") with **Brian** **May** of **Queen** **Goodness** **Far** makes your hair curl, don't it?... **Cybill** **Shepherd**, meanwhile,

(that's **Cybill** **Shepherd**, the Moonlighting "actress" who is always shot in "soft focus" because she is not as ravishingly beautiful as she would have you believe which is not surprising when you consider she spends her entire working life in the company of that mumbbling buffalo **Bruce Willis**) is not only making a pop record but also has a dog called — gasp! — **Patch**. Patch? What kind of name is that for a dog? Why, she could have chosen something as exotic (turning once more to our ebullient Crufts catalogue) as **Slaphap** **Slykark** at **Churnet**, **Topstage** **Canada** **Dry**, **Laneway** **Hard** **Day's** **Night** at **Chardans** or even... **Gawwle** (???????????????? — Ed, indeed! Woof! [www.mutt.com](http://www.mutt.com))



64-year-old gypsy Joseph Edson is apparently upset with the Hausemartins for using his photo on the sleeve of their "Think For A Minute" single. "I can't show my face without kids jeering," he moans. "They ask me to sing and reckon I'm getting on a bit to be a pop star."

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