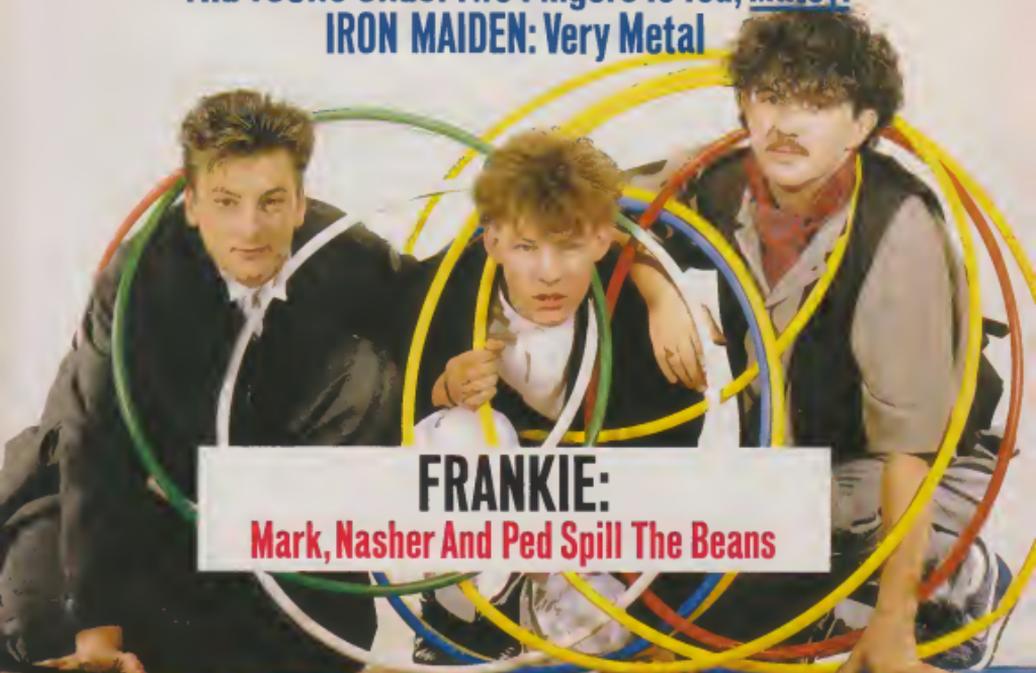


Smash HITS

WILD BOYS!

DURAN DURAN: Going Hell For Leather
THE STRANGLERS: Getting Under Your Skin
THE YOUNG ONES: Two Fingers To You, Matey!
IRON MAIDEN: Very Metal



FRANKIE:
Mark, Nasher And Ped Spill The Beans



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MEAT LOAF	10
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Virginia Evans

THE YOUNG ONES

"It's as though the publishers have given the four boys a lot of money to produce a book and this is the crap they've come up with."

6/7

SIX FREE BADGES!

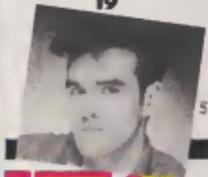
How to get them.

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MORRISSEY

Duran Duran, Siouxsie, Nick Heyward and countless others quake as he reviews their new singles.

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THE SMASH HITS READERS' POLL

It's that time of year again. Vote for the pop stars you love - and hate.

24/25

JULIAN LENNON

What it's like being the son of one of the most famous pop stars ever.

52/53



ART OF NOISE

A page-and-a-half about a group that don't exist.

34/35

GREEN

If Green (of Scritti Politti) woke up with the house on fire, the first things he'd think of saving would be his old motorbiking boots, his two mates David and Fred, his chocolate supply and a book on an extremely modern artist called Joseph Beuys. Peter Martin found out why.

Photos: Chris Duffy

● WHITE CHOCOLATE

"When I was little I had quite a big thing about it. The texture and smell of white chocolate is quite beautiful. I can't really explain what I like about it... it's just milky and sickly and dangerous."



Green plus cleverly-concealed bar of chocolate...

Recently I bought a white chocolate record in a gold box. And in Florida I walked past this shop and saw white chocolate alligators in the window. So I rang the place and got them to open up especially. I ended up buying about 30. I've still got most of them.

I don't really eat the stuff any more, but when I do I buy off-cuts not Milky Bars. I like chunks of it.

For the sleeve of the next single, "Hypnotise", there's a picture of a broken-up bar of white chocolate in a polythene bag. They just rang me up and asked what I wanted on the sleeve so I just said that off the top of my head. And on the other side I asked for the keys to my apartment in New York to be shot in a slab of butter. I don't know why on earth I thought of that... somehow it just seems apt for Scritti Politti, as it was with the honey on the sleeve of 'Wood Beaz'."

● my favou

● MY MOTORCYCLE BOOTS



end half a pair of "terribly stylish" biker's boots ...

"I got them in Leeds when I was an art student – something I'm not particularly proud of. They were the last pair of ancient ones in this really old shop. I think they cost about £15 which was quite a considerable amount to me at the time. They're size 8½ and they make me about two inches taller – 5ft 4ins.

I never do the buckles up because I like the way they look. But that makes a jangling noise and when I walk into a pub people often think I've brought in a dog on a lead.

Anyway I've always thought them terribly stylish – you can wear them with anything. One could wear them when one was a punk and now one can wear them when one is an old punk."

● MY BOOK ON JOSEPH BEUYS

Joseph Beuys (Caroline Tisdell). Costs £22 from Ian Shipley (Books) Ltd, 34 Floral St, London.



end 22 quid's worth of book on Joseph Beuys ...

"Joseph Beuys is the only artist I like. He makes perfect contemporary things – like that photo with the Volkswagen bus (called *Volkswagen Bus With 20 Sledges, Each Carrying Felt, Fat And A Flashlight*, 1969). He uses materials like felt and fat because when he was a German pilot in the Second World War he crashed his plane and when he was rescued he was kept alive by being wrapped in felt and Yek's fat. Although he makes the nicest looking things, he has the most appalling excuses for doing so – saying it's 'political', etc. That's one of the reasons why I hate everything about fine art.

When I was at art school I just thought all that was silly and I steered clear of him and his ilk. I mean clearly he is a buffoon but intentions and, in fact, the person himself, are immaterial when presented with the finished product. Like records, they have a life of their own.

● MY FRIENDS DAVID AND FRED

David Gemson and Fred Meher, two New Yorkers who are over for three months to help Green record his LP. (Fred's the "rhythm consultant"; David arranges and plays keyboards.)



end "proper pals" David Gemson (right) and Fred Meher.

"I think it's perfectly reasonable for people to be on a list of favourite things. Also I think they should get the credit they deserve. Recently we've become like a proper group – a lot more communal effort.

I first met David two years ago when I went to New York to record one song, "Smell Talk", with Nile Rodgers. And Fred's girlfriend went to the same school as David, so that was that connection. They're both very diligent, patient, attentive and constructive. They're also proper pals."

rite things

Rick, Vyvyan, Mike and Neil have got a book coming out on October 25.

It's called *Batchelor Boys* and it's very funny.

It's also, according to Rick Mayall, the last thing they'll ever do.

By Mark Ellen



The You

"It's a mut and I'm proud of it!" declares Rick Mayall. "It's as though the publishers have given the four boys a lot of money to produce a book and this," he chuckles, "is the crap they've come up with."

It's the sort of comment you'd expect from someone lounging in a swivel chair in his publishers' plush London basement, smoking fags, picking his teeth and occasionally doodling on the brand new boardroom table with a biro. The two of us are flicking through a copy of *Batchelor Boys*, a book featuring the absurd antics of a rather camp poetry-reading twerp called Rick, a gormless lentil-loving hippy called Neil, a smarmy Jack-The-Lad character called Mike, and a demanted punk medical student called Vyvyan. In TV terms they're better known as *The Young Ones* and the book's therefore very silly, very funny, very childish and very full of pathetic scribbling, unmentionable stains and words like "bottoms", "snot-face" and "complete and utter bastard".

It's also the last thing *The Young Ones* will ever do, which seems a good enough reason to

discover how they got to be doing it in the first place.

Apart from a quite expensive-looking overcoat, "and the fact that I'm losing my hair and putting on weight", I doubt that Rick — now 26 — is very



Vyvyan: "you can't say he's a complete bastard 'cos he's got no morals at all".

different from the Rick Mayall that was studying drama at Manchester University in '75. He wanted to branch out into comedy and realised that the only way to make a start was "to be attacking something". He'd met Ade Edmondson (who plays the part of Vyv) — "very long hair at the time, torn flares, into Jimi Hendrix" — and they'd formed an act called 20th Century Coyote aimed at deflating the Oxford & Cambridge review-type sketches that were terribly trendy at the time. Also involved were Lise Mayer (now Rick's girlfriend) and Ben Elton (both of whom helped Rick write *The Young Ones*).

Ade and Rick soon began doing double-acts, short plays with ludicrous titles like *Death On The Toilet* — "I was Death and Ade was a man called Edwyn". There was also *My Lungs Don't Work* and a graveyard thriller called *The Church Bazaar — A Fete Worse Than Death*. While performing *Death On The Toilet* to packed pubs at the Edinburgh Festival in '78, Rick, sick of watching "crap

poets" perform their horribly pretentious verse, scribbled down some old rubbish on the back of an envelope, got up, read it really badly and was greeted with rapturous applause. "And that's how the Rick character started."

Two years later, the pair of them were playing at London's Comic Strip club doing various new routines like *The Dangerous Brothers* — "about two very angry guys. Ade did a character called Adrian Dangerous and the character Vyvyan is a toned-down version of that."

Sharing the same stage was another double-act called *The Outer Limits*: one of them was Nigel Planer, who sometimes did an act as a hippy in the audience called Neil who came up on stage and made a total nerd of himself; the other was Peter Richardson who's now in charge of the TV series *The Comic Strip Presenta* . . . The four of them decided to do a 'sitcom' (situation comedy) about four students who lived in a

house with Alexei Sayle playing the part of the landlord. Peter sketched out an idea for the Mike character, but then fell out with the TV producer, so actor Chris Ryan was roped in to play the part.

Rik (right) as Rick: "very childish and self-obsessed".



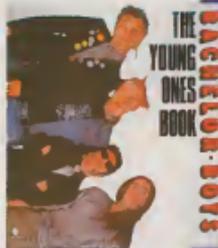
Win a signed copy of *The Young Ones' book.*

Being basically quite nice people and everything, Rick Mayall, Lise Mayer and Ben Elton (who wrote *Batchelor Boys*) have dumped 25 signed copies of the book in our office. And we, being basically quite nice people too, are giving them all away.

If you fancy one, stick the answers to these three incredibly difficult *Young Ones* questions on a postcard or on the back of an envelope — in the right order — and send it swiftly to *Smash Hits Young Ones Competition*, 52/55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by November 7.

Here's the Incredibly Difficult Questions:

- Question 1: Their pet hamster is called — a) O.M.D. b) C.N.D. c) S.P.G.
Question 2: What's written on the back of Vyvyan's jacket? Is it a) Very Metal b) Heavy Metal or c) Head Enough, Nazi?
And Question 3: Which incredibly famous pop singer is Rick obsessed with? Is it a) Barry Manilow b) Kate Bush c) Cliff Richard.



Rik Mayall trying to look normal. "People always want me to pull funny faces."

Young Ones.



And that – pretty briefly – is how *The Young Ones* began.

"When we all started out," Rick explains, "it was at the same time as punk. And there was the same spirit – getting up on stage and shouting and attacking everything that was sacred. And the one thing we really wanted to attack was the whole idea of 'youth' that had been built up at the time, the idea of 'everything being OK when you're young' that

they'd started screening the first six programmes. *The Young Ones* began to take off in a big way, mainly because there was something in it for everyone.

"That's right, it had a very broad appeal. We didn't want the four boys to be Young People On The Dole, we wanted them to be students' cos everyone hates students. Young people don't like students, students don't like themselves, parents don't like students' cos most of them have got a son who's like one of *The Young Ones* and really young people liked the cartoon quality, the slapstick. Not clowns with red noses pretending to fall over but real Laurel & Hardy-type violence. In the end, all the characters are horrible but lovable at the same time.

"I remember," he says, "going to a Channel 4 party not long after the series started. People kept coming up to me and telling me it was brilliant and I suddenly felt, wow, we've got something on our hands here!

"Yeucch!" There's a Rick-like effort of embarrassment. "That sounds really showbiz!"

Rick seems quite convinced, though, that there'll be no more offerings from these horrible but lovable characters. He's done two lots of *The Young Ones*, he says,

they always foster in youth programmes. When I was young I was a complete bastard – utterly selfish, most young people are – so I wanted all the characters to be really selfish.

"The four boys are rather like a traditional sitcom family: Mike is the Dad – he's smooth and a real prat; Neil is the Mum – he's selfish in a passive sort of way, he moans at people rather than shout at them; Rick is the daughter – really childish and self-obsessed; and Viv is the son – you can't say he's a complete bastard 'cos he's just got no morals at all."

They recorded one show, then had to present their BBC producers with an essay on why they thought the programme was funny in order to be allowed to make an entire series. And once



Mike: "very smooth and a real prat".



Neil: "selfish in a passive sort of way".

two lots of Kevin Turvey (repeated on the recent *A Kick Up The Eighties* series), he's doing his third lot of *The Comic Strip Presents...* for Channel 4, he doesn't want to put a record out (as 'Neil' did) and he'd like to try something new.

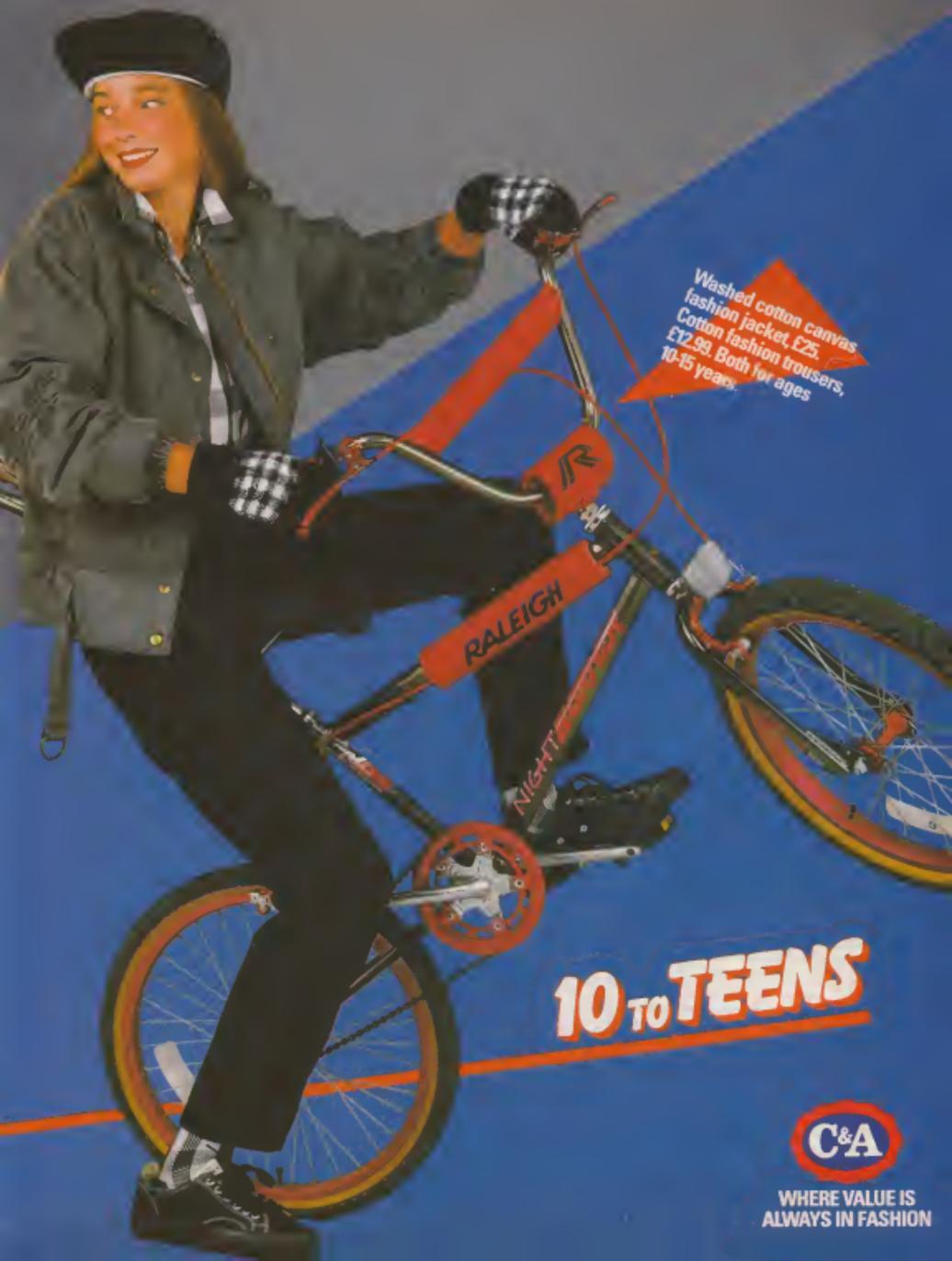
"I was very tempted to try a one-off *Young Ones* for Christmas Day – imagine it, the Queen's speech and all that, killing Santa Claus! – but no, we're not going to do any more. I went to do something – I hesitate to say it – but more grown up though that doesn't necessarily mean 'serious' or 'important'. I got a lot of letters from people saying, 'You bastard! How come you can't be bothered to do any more *Young Ones*? Do you know how many people you're disappointing?' But we don't want to become like *Are You Being Served?* or something. That's why we stopped. You either do something 'cos it's a piece of art or to make money, and I'm an artist."

And also," he adds, "we went to do something better." ●

FASHION JUST FOR YOU 10 11 12 13 14 15



Fashion jacket in crinkle nylon, £26.
Cotton fashion trousers, £12.99. Both for ages 10-15 years.

A young woman with long brown hair, wearing a black beret, a grey jacket over a white shirt, black trousers, and black and white checkered gloves, is riding a Raleigh Night bicycle. The bicycle has a black frame with orange accents, including a large 'R' logo on the handlebar stem and 'RALEIGH NIGHT' written on the down tube. The wheels have orange rims. The background is a solid blue color with a diagonal line.

Washed cotton canvas
fashion jacket, £25.
Cotton fashion trousers,
£12.99. Both for ages
10-15 years.

10 TO TEENS



WHERE VALUE IS
ALWAYS IN FASHION



The times are tough now just getting tougher
This old world is rough it's just getting rougher

Chorus

Cover me
Come on baby cover me
I'm looking for a lover
Who will come on in and cover me

Now promise me baby you won't let them find us
Hold me in your arms
Let's let your love blind us

Cover me
Shut the door and cover me
I'm looking for a lover
Who will come on in and cover me

Outside's the rain the driving snow
I can hear the wild wind blowing
Turn out the light bolt the door
I ain't going out there no more

This whole world is out there just trying to score
I've seen enough I don't want to see any more

Repeat chorus

Outside's the rain the driving snow
I can hear the wild wind blowing
Turn out the light bolt the door

Cover Me

I ain't going out there no more

This whole world is out there just trying to score
I've seen enough I ain't gonna see any more

Cover me wrap your arms around me cover me
Well I'm looking for a lover
Who will come on in and cover me
Oh looking for a lover
Who will come on in and cover me
Well looking for a lover
Who will come on in and cover me

Ad lib to fade

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On CBS Records

MEAT LOAF



MODERN GIRL

Once a beautiful Miss America married Mr Right
Had a little baby girl born on a stormy night
But that was once upon a time now it's a brand new world

Chorus

Give me the future give me the future
Give me the future with a modern girl
Give me the future give me the future
Give me the future with a modern girl

Somewhere just between the past and something dawning new
There's a break in the chain a skip in the clock
Girl that's where I'm gonna find you
Between the boy I was before and what I'm gonna be
There's a clash on the border a flame in the sky
Girl that's where you're gonna find me

Can't you hear the planet groaning like a broken-down machine
Rusty with the guilty tears of fallen kings and queens
But you and I stand innocent baby it's a brand new world

Repeat chorus

Give me the future give me the future
(Give me the future with a modern girl)

We're the son and the daughter a new freeway

(Give me the future give me the future)

Oh laughing while the road maps blow away

(Give me the future with a modern girl)

We're the son and the daughter and we ain't afraid

(Give me the future give me the future)

Won't be making the mistakes our fathers made

(Give me the future with a modern girl)

Repeat chorus twice

Once a beautiful Miss America married Mr Right
Had a little baby boy born on a stormy night
But that was once upon a time and now it's a brand new world

Repeat chorus and ad lib

Words and music Paul Jacobs/Sarah Durkee
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PAUL McCARTNEY

The New Album
from The Motion Picture

*Give my
regards to*

BROAD STREET

Includes The Hit Single

NO MORE LONELY NIGHTS

Produced by George Martin

Also available on Cassette & Compact Disc.



Just out is a new issue of the **David Bowie** magazine *Starzone*. It's much bigger than usual and has interviews with former Bowie guitarists Earl Slick and Mick Ronson as well as a host of other news and stuff. Thumbs aloft from *Blitz*, in fact. You can get a copy if you send a cheque or postal order for £1.50 made out to "Starzone" to PO Box 225, Watford, Herts WD1 7QG.

In the last issue's *Blitz*, the pop pages that are so good they named a chocolate bar after us, we told you about Duran Duran's video EP, "Dancing On The Valentine". You probably don't need reminding, but the vid includes "The Reflex", "Urcn Of The Snake", "New Moon On Monday" plus some chunks of "new, unseen footage". "Yes, yes, we know all that," you're saying. "Why are you telling us all this again?" For a very good reason, actually. You see, we have ten copies of "Dancing On The Valentine" to give away as yet another remarkable *Blitz* contest. Here's the question. Which of the following countries has NOT been the location of a Duran Duran video? Is it a) France b) Sri Lanka c) Chile or d) Australia?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to: Smash Hits Duran Valentine Competition, 52-55 Carnaby St., London W1V 1PF. Get them here by November 7 and please state whether you want VHS or Beta.

BRUCE'S BUM



This is a bum. The bum of a living legend, believe it or not. It may look like an utterly ordinary if fairly well-proportioned posterior, but it is in fact the famous bottom of American rock person **Bruce Springsteen**, currently burning

David Sylvain's got a long going on just now. A part from "Pulling Punches" coming out as a single, there's a 30-minute video of songs recorded with Japan. It's called "Instant Pictures" and is a mixture of videos and live footage from the group's last tour. Then David, who's currently sipping about in Australia and Japan, will be filming a 40-minute documentary video in Tokyo. That's apparently called "David Sylvain - His Life And Art" but *Blitz* frankly hopes it's a joke.



Disturbing news arrives at the *Blitz* desk. Yet another football team have joined in the pop lark and recorded a single. This time the guilty party are Sheffield Wednesday and their "song", "We Are The Owls" is set to the tune of the Thompson Twins' "You Take Me Up". Twin Tom Bailey used to live in Sheffield and has apparently given his approval to this dubious-sounding project. "Ere we go, ere we go, ere we go (repeat to fade).

Lords Of The New Church, the group featuring left-over punk rockers Brian James and Shiv Satars, release a new LP, "The Method Of Our Madness" on November 5.

David Essex has a new LP out on November 2. It's called "This One's For You" and it's described as a "rock album". Whatever next?

THE AGONY & THE XTC



"I give good talk," is the reason XTC's Andy Partridge sees for his recent re-emergence on radio rather than on stage. One of Britain's winter popstars, he recently co-presented *Saturday Live* and now has a regular slot as an Agony Uncle on *John Long's Monday Show* after a joke he'd made to his radio plugger was taken seriously.

"I thought oh dear - open mouth and insert foot. I mean, I'm the last person in the world you should bring your problems to. Find that urine and take it right out."

So what sort of problems has he encountered so far?

"Well, Jason Long did own up to the first week's problems if you'll pardon me being by herself - they were ball-rolling problems, they'd be in the expression."

"But they're definitely from outside sources this week. Somebody said they can't stop buying XTC records. I mean, I'm hardly going to stop them, am I? And there's a chap with a big nose problem who's afraid of cosmetic surgery, and one woman who's found her husband wearing her dress. But mostly they have a sort of musical slant, and anybody with a musical slant deserves to go on display."

Does he see himself going on to interviewing fellow pop stars?

"No. I haven't got the patience - I want to butt in. I find it difficult shutting up. That's my problem - I'm a talker, not a listener. I just enjoy shooting my mouth off!"

Sadly XTC's fab "All You Pretty Girls" seems to be struggling in the charts but another goodie - "That's Thus World Over" is just out, meanwhile *Blitz* heartily recommends their "Big Express" album.

As exclusively revealed in last issue's riveting feature on UB40, the group have signed **Mikkey Dread, Echo Bass** and **Winston Reddy** to their DEP International label. UB40 will be touring Britain in December, and Echo Bass and Winston Reddy will be, alternating as support attractions. See *Dates* for details.

Culture Club, whose LP "Waking Up With The House On Fire" has just been released, have added two extra concerts to their Christmas tour. They're at Birmingham NEC on December 13 and at Wembley Arena (making five nights in all there) on December 21.

Elvis Costello sets off on a tour of Britain in November - without backing group The Attractions. He'll be performing solo, just like he did in the old days before he got rich and famous. But he won't be completely alone because American T-Bone Burnett will be his "special guest". Consult *Dates* if interested.

Village's long-awaited (as pop folk say) new album, "Beat Boy" is released on October 26. And on November 6, the title track is released as a single.

If you saw an LP in the shops called "Concert - The Cure Live", you'd probably think it was a live Cure album. And do you know something? You'd be absolutely right. It contains ten tracks, all recorded at Cure concerts in London and Oxford last May. And if you saw a cassette with the same title, you'd think it was a taped version of the same thing, you'd wouldn't you? Wrong. It's a tape version of the LP plus "Curiosity - The Cure Anomalies 1977-1984". That's another ten tracks, mostly live, from Robert Smith's private tape collection.

Sounds like pretty good value, actually.

Swans Way's first LP, "The Fugitive Kind", is released on October 28.

- Simon Le Bon of Duran Duran (26) on October 27
- Hank Marvin of The Shadows (43) on October 28
- Stephen Luscombe of Blancmange (30) on October 29
- Marilyn (22) on November 3
- Adam Ant (30) on November 3
- Lulu (36) on November 3
- Chris Difford (30) on November 4
- Mike Score of A Flock Of Seagulls (27) on November 5
- Elen O'Hara of Dexys Midnight Runners (28) on November 5

WAITE TRAINING



"Woupaki?" is the title of John "Jellybean" Benitez's first solo album, just released. "Woupaki", apparently, is a New York street slang word meaning "What on earth's the matter, old chap?", while "Jellybean" is the v. trendy N.Y. DJ and record mixing person who has worked on stuff by everyone from Michael Jackson through David Bowie to The Muppets.

Imagination have a 'greatest hits' compilation LP, "Gold", released on October 25. And a brand new single follows on November 6.



In these grim days of autumn when the rain patters relentlessly against the window pane and you feel generally rather fed up, it's nice to know that there's someone out there even more miserable than you are, isn't it?

We are speaking, of course, of 'Mr Gloom' himself - Morrissey - whose mournful wit and wisdom has been such a tonic for our despondent little nation. Haven't heard a great deal from him and his group lately, but on November 2, "A Hallow O'Hollow", a sort of Smiths' sampler album featuring tracks from their John Peel and David Jensen radio sessions, plus the last two singles, is released. And Bitz has 35 of these items, signed by the artists, to give away in a really un-depressing competition.

"Chart In Grim Mash" is the jumbled-up title of a Smiths' song. Which one?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to *Smash Hits Smiths Competition*, 53-55 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PF. Get them in by November 7.

Modern Romance, whose new single, "Move On" has just been released, have a new LP, "Burn It", out on November 12.



The Babys with John Waite, centre.

If you were to encounter John Waite pottering along the streets of his home town Lancaster, you might well pass on by without a second glance. But in New York, where he now lives, and all across the USA, Waite is fast becoming a very big cheese indeed. His single, "Missing You", recently went to Number 1, his face can be seen almost daily on MTV and he's one of the stars of a new night-time soap opera, *Paper Dolls*, which hopes to put a dent in the Dallas and Dynasty ratings.

In 1975, John Waite and four fellow Englishmen formed glam power-pop group The Babys and, on a minuscule budget, produced what was one of the first ever demo videos. This novel ruse worked; The Babys got a record deal and, although they remained virtually unknown in their own country, they soon became darlings of American rock radio and TV programmes. But by the 1980s things were not well within the group. What went wrong? John Waite is reluctant to reveal the details, even to Bitz.

"It was all very acrimonious," he says. "But yesterday's yesterday. It's gone." Sad but true. After The Babys split up in 1981, Waite retired to his cottage in the Lake District. "I'd decided to quit the music business altogether. I was sick of everybody and felt that I'd rather be stealing cars than making music." This mood lasted just five months; then, with nothing but a carner bag of clothes, he arrived back in New York and started all over again.

A "non-existent" relationship with Britt Eliand got his name in the papers, his second solo album, "No Brakes", got his music back on the radio, he was becoming a celebrity...

In *Paper Dolls*, which is based around New York's bitchy fashion industry, Waite plays a rock star called... John Waite. "The lead girl falls in love with me. And I take advantage." Does this reflect the 'real-life' John Waite? "No," he insists. "I'm more like the Queen Mother."

Funny chap.

Following prolonged and intensive research, Culture Club have found a backing singer to take the place of Helen Terry. Well, actually, they've found two: Ruby Turner and Mo'Nique. Jamaican born Ruby had done backing sessions for UB40, Landscape and others in the past

while Mo, who is half English and half Filipino, has done quite a lot of TV and radio advertisingingles. The girls join Culture Club on the group's American tour.

Diana Dore's live LP "Arise" is released on November 8. It's a live album, says John... "Oh, yes it is," says Dore, "It's a performance album for the rest of the world, but in Britain it's almost a greatest hits album. And it proves we can play."

"Hello, Good Evening" is the title of a new 60-minute video by Blankman released on November 1. Directed by Mike Mansfield and recorded live at the Hammerstein Palais, the video features all your 'Mange laives, from 'Living On The Ceiling' to 'Don't Tell Me', and includes some jolly interesting "conceptual footage"

Bananarama release a half-hour video on November 1. It's whimsy-dilled *Bananarama* and features the new single, "Hot Lips To Be with", and nine other timeless, toe-tapping classics from the fab three.

IT'S A GAZ

Gary Numan, who has recently spent more time in the air than in front of a microphone, returns to earth in November for a 19-date tour. Daves has all the details. Meanwhile, Gaz has a new single, "Berzerker", released at the end of October and there are a couple of other releases on his label Numa Records at the same time: one's by a band called Ho Ho Kam, titled "King", and produced by Numan himself, the other's by exotic New Yorker Larry Loeber and is called "Shivers Up My Spine"





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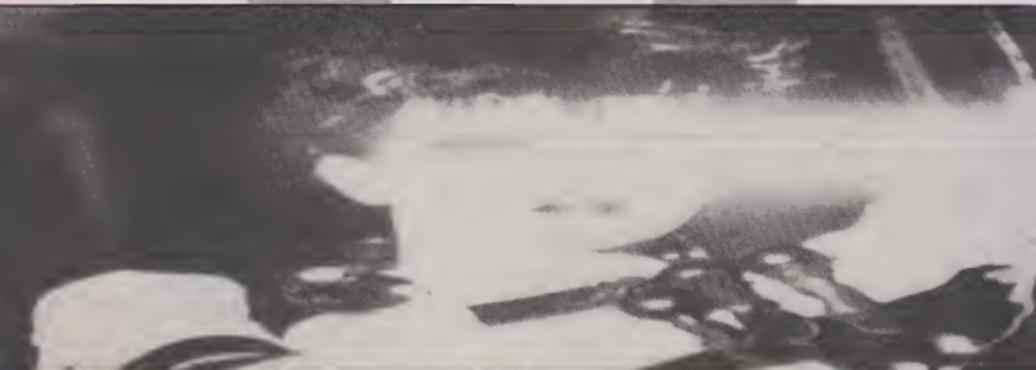
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Overground

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Got to give up life in this netherworld
Gonne go up to where the air is stale
And live a life of plesentries
And mingle in the modern families

Chorus

Overground from ebrnormellty
Overboord for identity
Overground for normellty
Overboord for identity

This limbo is no place
To be a digit in another space
In another crowd
I'm nameless bound

Repeat chorus

Overground I'll be worse then me
Overground it's clear to me
Overground I'll be worse then me
Overground it's clear it's clear to me
Overground overground
I'll be worse then me
I'll be worse than me

Culture Club

ALBUM, CASSETTE AND COMPACT DISC



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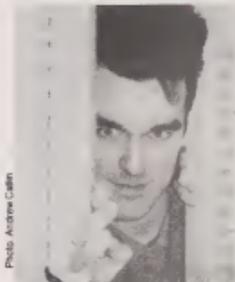
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SINGLES

reviewed by



MORRISSEY
does his bit.

DURAN DURAN: The Wild Boys (EMI) Big burps of aggression fill out this truly good Duran single. Fine, fiery vocals and mountainous drums. But please, boys, don't make a video. **Bestest Single Of The Fortnight.**

HAZELL DEAN: Back In My Arms (Proto) Silfified charade from a creature who could never be suspected of having too much talent. Still somehow manages to sound better than Sade. **Stretch her on the rack, boys. Valest Single Of The Fortnight.**



CHAKA KHAN: I Feel For You (Warner Brothers) Indisputably clever record written by romping travesty Prince

NICK HEYWARD: Warning Sign (Arista) Sadly nonclassic effort from much-maligned Nick. His "North Of A Miracle" fuse dampened by whimsical/moderate bash.

REDSKINS: Keep On Keepin' On (London) We should pray that the Redskins be canonized in '85. Biblical lyrics.

MIAMI SOUND MACHINE: Prisoner Of Love (Epic) The kind of stealthy eroticism which makes a life of religion madly attractive.



SHRIEKBACK: Mercy Dash (Ready For This) (Arista) Sadly unspectacular song from a group from whom many seem to expect a great deal. Ambitiously produced by Shriekback themselves.

MODERN ROMANCE: Move On (RCA) There are indeed worse groups than Modern Romance. But can anybody seriously think of one?

STATUS QUO: The Wanderer (Phonogram) Unreviewable impertinence. If you can't beat 'em, shoot 'em.

LIONEL RICHIE: Penny Lover (Motown) The seventeenth single lifted from his "Can't Slow Down" LP. That people actually care for such things suggests an unholy amount of human misery.

XTC: This World Over (Virgin) Anti-war holier, wistful and winsome. XTC have stepped back from music industry machinations and are making better records.

BUCKS FIZZ: Golden Days (RCA) One would hear more vocal passion from an ape under anaesthetic. Inexcusably dim.



TRACET ULLMAN: Helpless (Stiff) Helpless. Absent of "Sunlasses" wit, or the rhapsodic edge of the brilliant "Move Over Darling." Great shame.



THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Heartbeat (CBS) Good angle with oddly artless sleeve. The Furs must de-Americanize themselves. A hit.

DAVID SYLVIAN: Pulling Patches (Virgin) Not, as yet, being dead, I find David's foggy moans to be of no great comfort. Perhaps if we dropped red hot coals on his head he might FEEL something? I somehow doubt it. He sounds like he's about to begin his third year in bed.



ULTRAVOX: Love's Great Adventure (Chrysalis) Yes, but where's the revolution? Certainly, they play and sing masterfully, but Ultravox have become total industry, and their big band glossiness seems like a shameful concession to all the wrong values. Will they ever revolt?

LEVEL 42: The Chant Has Just Begun (Polygram) That's strange, I can't hear it. Having never been sufficiently drunk to enjoy a Level 42 record, I prescribe the Burmese neckring to these chumps for being so icy.



CYNDI LAUPER: All Through The Night (Portrait) In homocourtesy America, Cyndi Lauper is probably filed under "New Wave." This record is grossly unusual. Squeezing the rag dry, it is lifted yet again from her LP, "She's So Incredibly Ordinary."

LYLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS: Rattlesnakes (Polydex) Couan Lloyd is far too handsome to bother about public acknowledgement. This is their best yet, but I wish Lloyd would realize that Chapel-on-the-Frith has far more literary worth than Baltimore.



PREFAB SPROUT: When Love Breaks Down (Kitchenware) Prefab Sprout must eclipse The Chubby Gang as the true heart of Kitchenware. Nice sleeve by East Orange. A dirty great big fat hit.



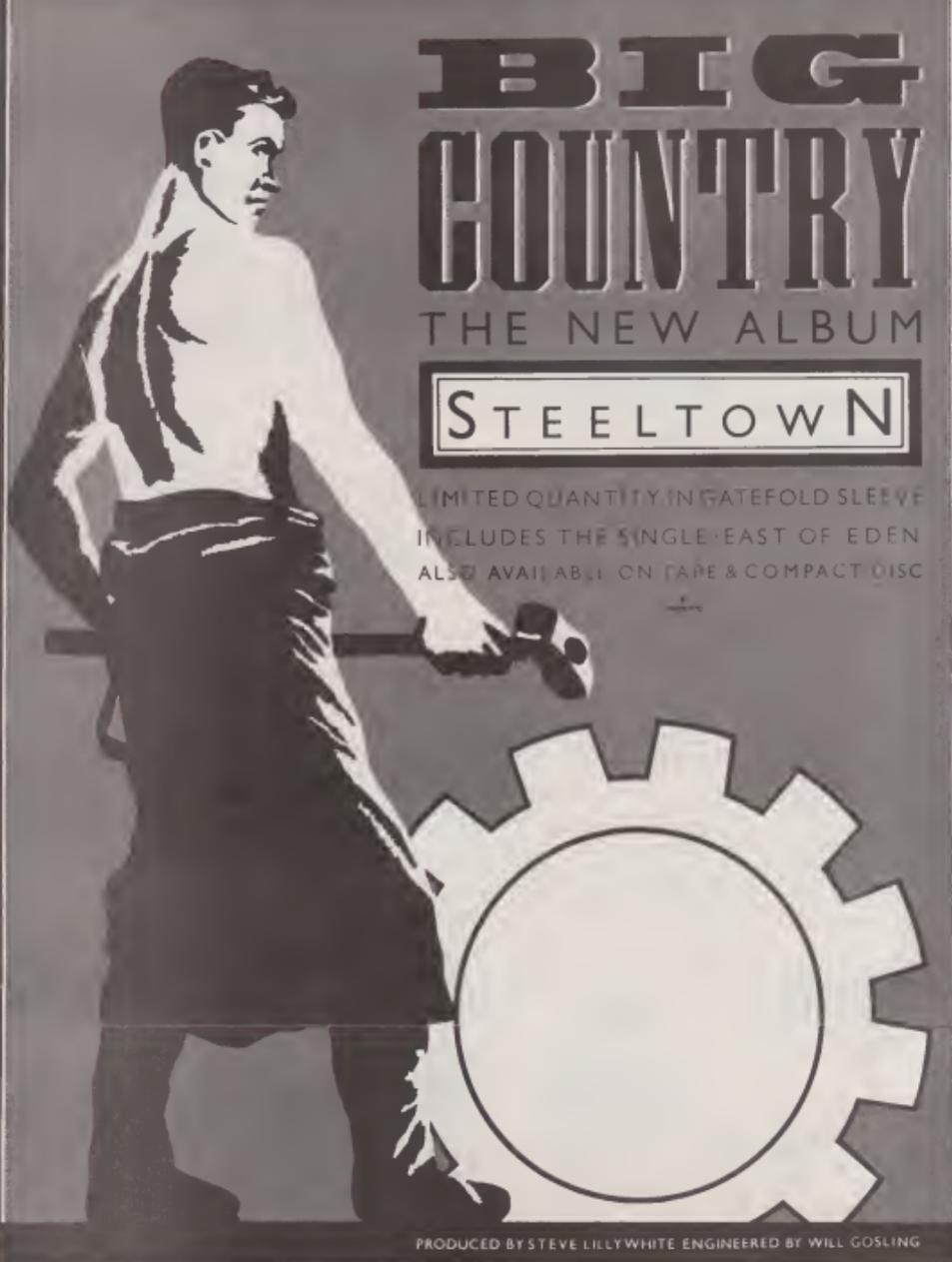
FORCE M.D.: Forgive Me Girl (Tommy Boy) Famfully plain. *Steeve* depicts five fully grown men nailed into high school sweaters. Almost socially perverse.

SCRITTI POLITI: Hypnotise (Virgin) Green has too often denounced The Smiths, surely not realizing that Revenge is always possible. However, I find acrimony impossible. This is a good record, and it's nice to hear that Green has finally mastered his Deanna Durbin impression.

ALPHA VILLE: Forever Young (WEA) Alpha-ville embody the frustrated egos of the massively untalented. Should have been drowned at birth.



SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES: The Thorn (Wanderland) A worthy investment of four tracks. Sadly, not religiously profound. There have been many brighter days.



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ALBUMS



KING'S STEPS IN TIME (CBS) The overall impression that this album gives is that King are hungry to become successful pop stars. It's a collection of psychedelic funk numbers, punchily produced and seemingly tailor-made for the charts. If comparisons must be made (and they must) then Duran Duran and Japan immediately spring to mind. All they really need is a hit single. (7½ out of 10)

Clare Sheaff

HAROL ROCKS: TWO STEPS FROM THE MOVE (CBS) The make-up is smudgy, the instruments are not very in tune, the music is speedy, sloppy and sleazy. Harol Rocks are trash and they wouldn't have it any other way. Refinement? Sophistication? Pooh to that, smort the Rocks, unleashing their nasty, seedy glam rock sounds. What a racket! Batter-batter-batter...squawk-a-squeal...glibber the guitars; 'She's me boiler and I love her so,' blabbers the singer. 'When I want money she can go to work as a roddie for Adam Ant.' (E4?) Glad to be gormless, Harol Rocks are an absolute hoot and this LP's riot. Bad taste is timeless. (8 out of 10)

Tom Hibbert

DEVO: SHEET (Warner Bros) Devo used to jerk about with flowerpots on their heads making strange pinky-ponky noises and blathering on about 'De-Evolution', 'Booji Boys' and other fanatic topics. Then they seemed like genuine wackos but they've grown up sadly normal. With its orthodox synthesizer ploddings and inispid production, this album is awesomely polite. Average American so-called 'new wave'. Ho hum. (2 out of 10)

Tom Hibbert

JULIAN LENNON: VALOTTE (Charisma) The 21 year-old Julian Lennon sounds like someone who wants to make music but isn't yet

fully equipped to write some of what is he feels obliged to produce intensely personal lyrics - about 'calling my girl' and feeling lonely etc. - but hasn't enough experience to stop them sounding self-conscious and slightly awkward. There's a couple of quite good tunes on this first LP, but he seems painfully overstretched on the rest of these rather tame 'rock' compositions, a lot of which have been unwisely produced to make him sound just like his father. He'll make better records, I'm sure. (3 out of 10)

Mark Ellen

FRANK CHICKENS: We Are Frank Chickens (Kasi) The Chickens are two Japanese women - Kazuko Hohki and Kazumi Taguchi - who live in London, blend odd bits of Japanese culture with an even odder mix of Eastern and Western, natural and electronic music and somehow manage to make the whole thing hilarious. Hard to tell whether they're making fun of themselves (the Japanese) or of us (the Brits). Probably they're laughing at everyone. All I can say is if you fancy something an awful lot different, give this a try. It's brilliant. (9 out of 10)

Dave Rimmer

BRONSKI BEAT: The Age Of Consent (London) Amongst the provocative sleeve art included, it says that the legal age of consent for intercourse between two men is only 10 in Hungary. Now you know. The Bronski's promising first LP includes a gay male voice choir (on the auspicious next single 'Ant! Necessarily So' and their poor interpretation of 'I Need Love' a tap dancer (as percussion for 'Heatwave' a swing spoof), and their two splendid hits (sadly not in the preferable 12" versions). And lots and lots of that voice. (7½ out of 10)

Chris Heath



JANET JACKSON: Dream Street (A&M) How many more Jacksons are there just waiting to be discovered? 'It has time it's Janet - younger sister of Michael. Brother Marlon and Giorgio Moroder have produced while she's teamed up with Cliff Richard for the customary duet. The result is fairly unremittable pop/disco which would be more suitable for listening to in Sunbury's than at home. (4 out of 10)

Lisa Anthony

STEPHANIE MILLS: I've Got The Cure (Club) Having already given a little bit of her excellent medicine in the shape of the single, Nurse Mills

is now set to administer a dose of her own medicine, and - being wrong - to give you a pick-me-up. Dissolve your relaxing footbath for wacky music. Ask your doctor for a prescription and expect a couple more hits. This is very good medicine. (8 out of 10)

Dave Rimmer



JOLLY & SWAIN: Backtrackin' (R&B) Ace producers of Spandau, Alison Moyet, Bananarama and Imagination set out solo with a strangely unassuming selector of quiet super club-style tunes so calm and placid they wouldn't send a ripple through some soup in a basket. The burning question is: why? (5 out of 10)

Dave Rimmer

ALISON MOYET: AH (CBS) A woman who possesses one of the best voices around, Alison has nevertheless made a disappointing first solo LP. The problem is not a lack of material or Alison's singing, it's just that the production is too smooth and seems to take most of the bite out of her vocals. Instead of being up front where it belongs, her voice seems to be sitting in the depths of the mix. Only the gloriously soaring 'Love Resurrection' is memorable. A shame because she deserves a lot better. (4 out of 10)

Clare Sheaff



VISAGE: Beat Boy (Polydor) Successive departures have left Visage as just Steve Strange and Rusty Egan - two waffer-thin talents if this is anything to go by. The songs are plain dreadful; melodically weak and far too long; they're a cross between all-purpose Euro disco and Queen with eccentrically anaemic lyrics telling 'you' how monstrous 'your' life is in a desperate attempt to seem sympathetic and aware, and sung in a really irritating flat emotionless voice. Pack it in, chaps (2 out of 10)

Ian Christie

(1)

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Caught something in your eye
Now you're laughing at the sky
Well I'll tell you one thing
I bet you never listened to your father

Fact of the matter is
Fate had a hand in this
In your face you're wondering
Of stories of young men in Spring
Well I'll tell you one thing
I bet you never listened to your father

Chorus
Well it does one's heart good
I'm in a happy mood
There's something that I can't deny
I'd like to have you by my side
Well it might well be that
We will see more of each other
We will see more of each other now

I bet you never listened to your father

No more need be said
It's true and I am glad
Let me take you by the hand
Lead you to the promised land
Well I'll tell you one thing



I bet you never listened to your father
(Father father father)

I believe in love at first sight
(Ain't it strange)
I hope that everything will turn out alright
(For a change)

Repeat chorus

(Now now now now now now)

Well I believe in love at first sight
(Ain't it strange)
I hope that everything will turn out alright
(For a change)

I bet you never listened to your father
(Father father father)
I bet you never listened to your father
(Father father father)
I'm sure you never listened to your
I bet you never listened to your father
(Father father father)

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● BEST GROUP

● PRAT OF THE YEAR

● BEST FEMALE SINGER

● EVENT OF THE YEAR

● BEST MALE SINGER

● MOST PROMISING NEW ACT FOR 1985

● BEST LP

● MOST FANCIBLE HUMAN BEING

● BEST SINGLE

● I, the undersigned, know for a fact that all my answers are the right answers and everybody else's are just a load of complete and utter rubbish.

● BEST TV PROGRAMME

● NAME

● BEST RADIO SHOW

● ADDRESS

● BEST VIDEO

● AGE

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BUCKS

FIZZ



Golden Days

She locks the bedroom door
Lies face down on the bed
Hears voices down the hall
Are they real or in her head
The pictures on the wall
Reminders every one
Just memories of the past
Of a time there's been and gone
All those wild and crazy nights
They still dance before her eyes
Those crazy nights her naked lights

Look at her now the golden days are over
Look at her now no leading man to hold her
She was just one in a million now she's a forgotten face
Look at her now the golden days are over

Applauded by the press
An overnight success
A favorite with the fans
Had them eating from her hands
As stars fall from the sky
In the twinkles of an eye
There's no more silver spoons
Just another broken dream
Still she strikes a classic pose
Just in case the camera rolls
She steals the scene rather, she dream

Look at her now the golden days are over
Look at her now no leading man to hold her
She was just one in a million now she's a forgotten face
Feed her the lines someone's no-star
Someone who shines (someone who shines)

Look at her now the golden days are over
(You know her golden days are over)
Look at her now no leading man to hold her
(She's got no leading man, she's got no leading man)
Look at her now the golden days are over
(The golden days are over)
Look at her no leading man to hold her
(Hold her and her)
Look at her now the golden days are over

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1985

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"It goes down a treat with chips and a fried slice."



"It's well 'ud!"



"My dogs wouldn't touch anything else."



"It keeps me lookin' good 'n' feelin' great!"



"It's gotta lotta cheek."



"We wouldn't be without one—and we're completely bonkers!"



"It's a sly little runner and very lady throughout."



"Give us 10p."



"I like the pictures."

Smash Hits YEARBOOK 1985

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THE WIA

Pedro, Nasher and Mark are not quiet types. "Getting absolutely bladdered and smashing the place up" is a little more their line. That and slagging off other groups. Frankie Goes To Hollywood's terrible trio tell all to Tom Hibbert.

Do I have my wild moments?" snarls Nasher. "It'd be better to ask if I have any quiet moments. Life's one big continuous party—specially when I'm with Mark and Pedro."

Which is rather often these days. The shifty trio, Frankie's second tribe, the ones who bash about on instruments while Holly and Paul

camp it up at the front, have left their Liverpool homes and now share a flat in London's Maida Vale. And here they while away their few spare hours by "nucking about listening to Bob Marley" and engaging in various 'lad-ish' leisure pursuits such as, in the immortal words of Nasher, "getting absolutely bladdered and smashing the place up."

The notorious rise of

Frankie is already a part of pop history; their record label ZTT, "Relax", Mike Read, "Two Tribes", ZTT 'spokesman' Paul Morley, a load of t-shirts, you know the tale. It's been the two singers, the one with the cane and the one with the moustache, who have grabbed most of the attention: the Other Three have remained in the background all shadowy and scruffy.

But now it can be told! The guitarist 'digs' Black Sabbath! The drummer's father works in double-glazing! The bass player is a motorcar model kit enthusiast! These astonishing facts, and more, were gleaned under laboratory conditions: sitting on cardboard boxes in a cramped store-room in photographer Peter Ashworth's studio, Nasher, Mark and Pedro talked about themselves and other things, starting with Frankie Goes To School.

Back then, Pedro "wasn't a tearaway but wasn't a goody-goody", Mark was "well behaved most of the time but got a bit out of hand near the end", while Nasher got booted out for irregular attendance. What were their choicest pranks?

Nasher: "Sticking busen burners in the fish tanks and gassing the fish." Mark: "Taking screwdrivers from woodwork class and unscrewing the school clocks off the walls."



PEDRO

"I tried to play the guitar but my hands were too little, so after six months I went onto bashing things."

Pedro: "Pinching the teacher's cane, not doing homework, copying other people's homework, bunking off, coming in late... Nothing special."

The TV set, it would seem, played a greater role than the classroom in the trio's development.

"I used to like *The Avengers* and *The Champions*" says Mark. "The Champions" says the ones who used to wear polo necks. They crashed in the Himalayas and they had superpowers. And then there was the Jacksons cartoon. I liked

that. You were either a Jacksons cartoon fan or an Osmonds cartoon fan—I was a Jacksons cartoon fan. Michael Jackson hadn't had a nose-job then and The Osmonds were a bit pearly-white teeth for me. Also you were either a *Blue Peter* fan or a *Maggie* fan—I was always a bit *Blue Peter*-ish."

"Maggie was crap" growls Nasher, "but John Noakes (*Blue Peter* presenter) was brilliant. He had loads of bottle doing all these things that

MARK



"I don't like Lloyd Cole & The Commotions because they don't like us. In fact, don't put this in because I don't want to give them free publicity."

OLD BOYS

no-one 'll do anymore like jumping out of planes and getting stunk on mountains in Scotland. He was a bit of a plank, like, but he was dead funny. But then his dog died and he went weird. He was never the same after the dog died."

Did you ever try to make any of the cheap n' easy model 'ideas' the Blue Peter team are so fond of demonstrating?

"No," snaps Nasher, "because they usually made such a ruck-up of it themselves it was never worth trying. It was like, 'We were going to make an album but we just happen to have one here we made this morning. All you need is 15 boxes of rice Krispies and a bar of rhocolate. It was a joke.'" Mark was 'too impressed with Blue Peter's modelling skills either.

"The things they made were always dead boring. But I started making proper models about a year ago. I make radio-controlled cars and when I've finished them I give

them to my nephew Mirhaal and he smashes them up."

While Mark and Nasher were busy not making any of Blue Peter's crafty nirk-narks, Pedro was engaged in not becoming a guitar hero. "I used to watch a lot of bands like The Who and Led Zeppelin on the television and I wished I could be there. I tried to play the guitar but my hands were too little, so after six months I went onto bashing things."

After leaving school and bagging jobs, the Other Three played in a surression of ropey groups. Then they met local hero Holly Johnson.

"When Holly was in Big In Japan, I used to think 'God, he must be dead famous,'" says Mark. "He wasn't really but when I first met him I was a bit in awe. He was a bit eccentric but he helped me with this girl who worked in a shop in Liverpool's rity centre. I fancied her but was too shy to go in and ask her out. Holly made me go in. And she

turned me down."

Nasher thought Holly was rather odd at first, too: "I met him after he left Big In Japan and was rehearsing with this other group, singing Caribbean rhythm songs. He was a skinhead and I thought 'Oooh! He's weird!' He had this blond skinhead rat with 'PSYCHO' sprayed in black on his head. I hated that. He was wild but he's not anymore. He's been tamed by age."

Only Pedro appears to have been unaffected by his first glimpse of Holly: "I didn't really think anything. He was just another feller. Non! he's just another feller that sings."

To Frankie's rritics, however, Holly's just another feller who ran't sing for toffee while the Other Three are a bunch of ironpentents who don't even play on the re-rords. Pedro is not fond of surk rritics: "I don't think that anyone genuinely doesn't like us. But there's been a lot of people - naming no names - who've just got really jealous and so they have to say Frankie are a load of prots. I ran't stand people like that."

And who else ran't the Other Three stand?

"It would be too easy to say Culture Club, wouldn't it?" barks Nasher. "They'd only start writing bitrky little letters. But like everyone else, Culture Club have definitely wimped out. The Thompson Twins are really wimpy. Duran Duran used to be really brilliant but they've wimped out too."

"I don't despise anybody" says Mark. The most 'mellow' and gentle of the Other Three. "Oh, yes I do. Cyndi Lauper. I

NASHER



"Culture Club have definitely wimped out. The Thompson Twins are really wimpy. Duran Duran used to be really brilliant but they've wimped out too."

think she's the worst thing ever. Her squeaky voice is so annoying and the way she carries on . . ."

"Cyndi Lauper's really obnoxious," yelps Nasher. She stands for everything that's bad in America. She's ugly too."

"Oh, and I don't like Lloyd Cole & The Commotions because they don't like us," says Mark. "The singer thinks he's really smart. I've never heard any of their re-rords. In fact, don't put this in because I don't want to give them free publicity."

"I really despise Sade," whines Nasher. "Trying to write an album round three rhorads and this new jazz movement . . ."

"I used to really hate Prince," says Mark. "But then I got brainwashed."

Oare the fuming has drawn to a close, I mention t-shirts.

What, in the opinions of The Other Three, is the ideal Frankie slogan?

Pedro: "Frankie Say Aren't You Sick Of These T-shirts". Mark: "Frankie Say We Can't Play". Nasher: "Frankie Say Hang Paul Morley". No, "Frankie Say The Three Lads Are Great".

And with that, the three lads go off to get "absolutely bladdered" or whatever. As they say, life's just one big continuous party.



"Holly was wild but he's not anymore. He's been tamed by age."

Dalis Car

THE FIRST SINGLE

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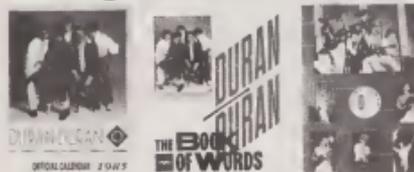


KIM WILDE

NAME: Kim Smith
BORN: St Mary's Hospital, Chiswick, on November 18 1960.
Were you a star at school? Very infrequently. There were times when I worked but most of the time I just did averagely well, I got by, you know. Never handed in my homework until the last possible moment. I waited until the sixth form before I started skiving properly. It was easier then. I had my own car and I could drive it into school.
DESCRIBE YOUR BATHROOM: Well, it's got green tiles and black tiles. They're very old tiles, from the '30s. There's a wooden floor and lots of mirrors everywhere. The tap leaks and whenever I have a shower everything gets soaking wet because I haven't got a bath curtain yet. And the builders have just painted the window outside so I can't open it.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "Big Seven" by Judge Dredd. I was about 11 at the time. I don't think realised how rude it was. I just liked the music. I had to order it specially from the shop, which is why I remember it.
WHAT MAKES YOU CRY? (Long silence). Um... Oh dear... Frustration.
FIRST CRUSH: A boy at school when I was eight. I can't remember what he was called, but I liked him because he was good-looking and he could tell the time. I was impressed by his brains. He fancied my friend, though. She was called Natalie, which I can remember because there was this horrible record in the charts at the time called "I Remember Natalie". It was by Max Bygraves or Des O'Connor or someone awful like that.
DO YOU ARGUE WITH YOUR DAD? No. Well, once or twice a year. Very rarely.
IF YOU COULD TRAVEL BACK IN TIME, WHEN WOULD YOU GO? I'd go to Roma in the days

when Jesus was around and have a good look around. I'd be interested to see how people lived and what they thought about and what their values were and what turned them on. I'd go to the Colosseum when it was covered in marble and they used to fill it with water for the games.
DOES YOUR MOTHER PLAY BRIDGE? No. Never. I don't think she knows what it is. She attempts golf annually but usually retires at the nearest pub.
IF YOU WERE A DOMESTIC APPLIANCE, WHAT WOULD IT BE? I wouldn't be a domestic appliance. I'd just refuse. You mean if I absolutely had to be? I suppose I'd be a video. Show some films and that. Or a TV.
DO YOU LIE IN THE BATH FOR HOURS OR DO YOU HOPE IN AND OUT REALLY QUICKLY? I try and hop in and out really quickly. I find it boring and my skin wrinkles. But sometimes I get in late at night and I light lots of candles - with all the mirrors it looks really nice - and just lie in there and relax. It's cosmic.
FIRST CONCERT: Alvin Stardust at the Rainbow. It was in his heyday, whenever that was. I loved it. He was a tease. I really fell in love with all that glam trim. I was a big fan of Gary Glitter.
LAST BOOK YOU READ: *The Life of Monty Python*. I just borrowed it off Steve Strange. It's fascinating though. It's hard to explain why. It's fascinating to see how something that happened before you're born can affect your life. I can't explain. You'll have to read it.
IDEAL WEEKEND: Lots of surprises. Surprise phone calls. Surprise dinners. Surprise films on TV. Surprise video in the shop that hasn't been taken out. Surprise visitors. And lots of relaxing if I've been working hard.
WHAT TIME DO YOU GO TO BED? Never any particular time but usually after 2.00am. I never get up any particular time either.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR POCKETS? I haven't got any pockets here at the moment I'm pocketless.
MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT: Raving on about a girl on live drum sound on one of my tracks live when all the time it was a Lion (drum machine). I was talking to the A&R man at my new record company at my studio, saying "Linn's are all right but live drums are much better". It didn't go down too well.
DO YOU HAVE ANY RECURRING DREAMS? Yes, usually running away from something evil, like the Devil... or the Nazis. Colditz dreams, making escapes and things.
FAVOURITE TOYAH RECORD: What was the first one I had out? I remember she had one about the same time I had "Kids in Amaranth" or "Chequered Love" or one of those. I'd like to hear that one again, just for nostalgic reasons.
WILL YOU BE CELEBRATING HALLOWEEN? I haven't even thought about it. I quite like the idea of celebrating it, but I probably get caught somebody else's festivities. I won't have time to organize my own.

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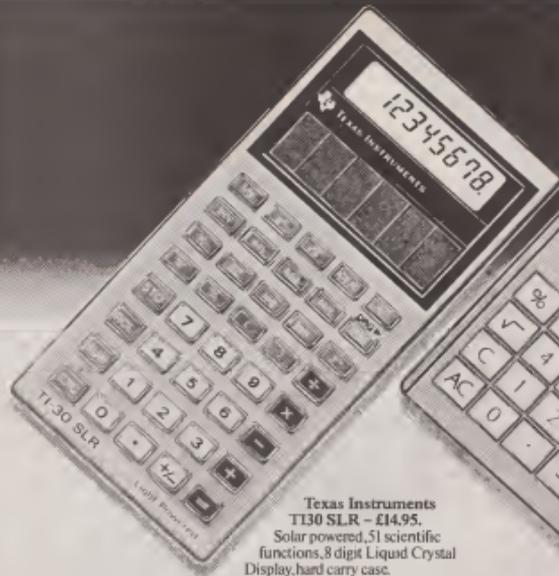
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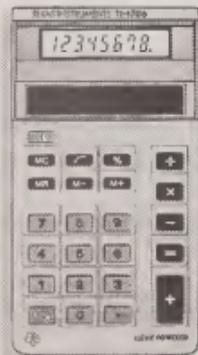
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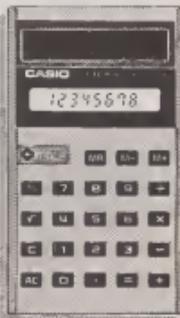
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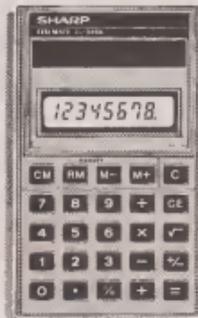
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BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE

Torch Song are a new group with a lot going for them: their own company, studio, house and staff. Sting was so impressed that he's decided to record his solo LP with them. Chris Heath went for a snoop around their headquarters.



Singer Laurie Mayer. This is what she looks like when she's healthy.



Grant (left) and William in the nerve centre of Torch Force.

To get to their large old suburban house in North London you walk along a quiet canal lined by yellowing maple trees. But once through the door you enter a hive of activity. Twelve people are running busily about, some acuttling back and forth between the 24-track studio in the garden and the administration offices inside, others making their way between the laundry down the corridor and the upstairs bedrooms. The carpets are thick and expensive, the furniture is a bizarre mixture of antiques and kitsch, and the bookshelves are crammed full with reputable novels.

You might think this sounds like the offices of a successful record company or maybe the home of a rich rock star—but it's not. It's actually the headquarters of a young and rather impressive new group called Torch Song. As well as writing, recording, producing and promoting their own records (and even designing the sleeves for them), they produce movie and TV soundtracks, manage two other artistes (Dick O'Dell and Brett Wickens) and run their own studio. Recent visitors have included The Cocteau Twins and Sting, who has been popping in between filming to record tracks for a solo LP produced by Torch Song.

William Orbit, one of the group members, sits himself down opposite me and tells me that he and his two partners, Laurie Mayer and Grant Gilbert, are the directors of the

operation around me. They call it TorchForce and got the £125,000 they needed to set it up from bank loans, income from hiring out the studio, and from Miles Copeland, the head of their record company and also the manager of The Police.

It was Miles who introduced Sting to them but William insists that "it was Sting's decision to do it with us. He's not in the position where he has to do anything unless he wants to."

William is the artistic one in the group and spends all his spare time messing about in the studio. Laurie Meyer, the singer and main songwriter is introduced in her absence as the poetic one—when we spoke she was languishing upstairs with a bout of flu. Grant Gilbert, Torch Song's other member, explains how he found Laurie working in a natural food store in Los Angeles, and brought her over for a holiday that has never ended.

Grant is certainly the strangest of the three. He talks almost unstopably, making pretentious remarks like "I don't change my style—I assimilate fashion in an unconscious way" which most people couldn't even say with a straight face, let alone as seriously and sincerely as he does.

His role within Torch Song is also a little mysterious. Musically, all he contributes to their LP is one piece of saxophone.

"I'm the director—like in a movie," he

explains, a little defensively. "It was me who said 'let's do this, let's do that, let's produce ourselves.' Laurie and William are much more the artists."

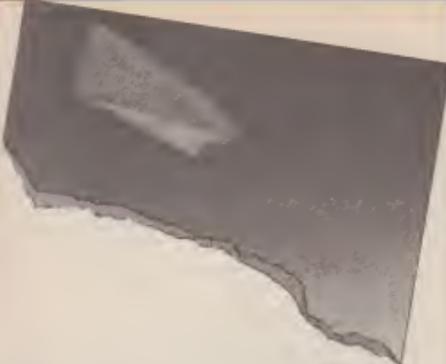
The delicate and wistful synthesized pop on their debut LP, "Wish Thing", seems to have little in common with 'torch songs', a particular kind of emotional ballad, so why did they choose that name?

"Laurie went through a phase of naming everything we did after Joan Crawford film titles and Torch Song was a 1940s film of hers," explains William. "And, in any case, we all like the image of a blazing light."

Nevertheless their records have yet to set the world on fire, though they hope this will change in the New Year with the release of their version of "Ode To Billy Joe" an old blues ballad by '60s singer Bobbie Gentry. "That was Laurie's choice", says William. "But I really like it because it's bathed in sentimentality. When I first heard it I found myself getting a bit moist around the eyes. I was really disgusted with myself!"

"I'd be very surprised if we're not successful" says Grant, adding with characteristic modesty that "we're not a pop group. Unlike Duran Duran and Wham! we have a valid contribution to make to the state of modern music as it is."

"And in any case" concludes William rather more concernedly "we just don't have room in our plans for failure."



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Who or what is... the

- They're a group but they don't have any members.
- They share the same label as Frankie Goes To Hollywood.
- Frankie's producer Trevor Horn, and "spokesperson" Paul Morley, seem to know an awful lot about them.
- And so does Peter Martin.

Preposterous as it may seem, the Art Of Noise don't exist. True, in the past they have made such fab 'noises' as the 12", "Into Battle With . . .", the first release on Zang Tuum Tumb's Incidental Series, and "beatbox (diversions one and two)". There's even an LP, "Who's Afraid Of The Art Of Noise". None the less there exists no photograph of the men and women behind the Art Of Noise. There's photos of spinners, flags, masks—yes.

What we do have, though, are names (along with occupations and interesting personal details). Five of them appear on the sleeve: Gary Langan ("keyboards", ABC producer, "often visits Australia"), Anne Dudley ("keyboards, string arranger on 'The Lexicon Of Love'", "Duck Rock" and the next Frankie single, "interested in the clarinet"), J. J. Jeczalik

("keyboards", weird name, "keen cricketer"), Trevor Horn ("keyboards", resident ZTT producer, "goes boeing in Boumemouth") and Paul Morley ("paper", resident ZTT bigmouth, copyright owner on all Frankie Say I-shirts—i.e. making lots of money—reads a lot). Around this nucleus revolves the mighty ZTT empire. All of them lend a hand or stick a nose into every ZTT record, remix, or what have you.

So as you would expect, an interview with the Art Of Noise couldn't possibly be a straightforward affair. On entering the speckledy-blue ZTT complex, "somewhere in the Capital", it occurs to me that I've never spoken to a mask before. Or, if it comes to that, a spinner.

After waiting a few moments I



The Art Of Noise (i.e. four masks and a few old flowers)

Art Of Noise?



Paul Morley: "90% of people in the music business have no intelligence."



Trevor Horn: this man goes boasting in Bourneville

was introduced, somewhat disappointingly, to Paul Morley. I'd got quite used to the prospect of the spanner. Morley's closely followed by Trevor Horn with news of—wait for it—the latest remix of "Relax".

After a few moments I'm ushered upstairs to meet the group proper. Was I excited? Directed into a large room packed with video equipment, zillions of Incidental and Action Series remixes and huge "Welcome To The Pleasure Dome" posters, I couldn't help noticing a distinct lack of people.

"They're over there," points Paul. I'm faced with four masks. "Pop music's supposed to be a world of adventure but we seem to have offended people. I mean

what's the difference between having a mask or a spanner on your cover and having a picture of Tracey Ullman? Only a spanner's got better legs."

That was Paul speaking, incidentally, not the masks.

"At least the Art Of Noise are a bit inventive and a little bit mad. Things are pretty straight-laced at the moment. We have a sense of irony and distance and just throw sounds together. And a lot of bands have tapped into that."

He cites Depeche Mode, Scritti Politti and Hall & Oates as examples. "We just parody the absurdity of pop stars. Savege Progress, Talk Talk, Tears For Fears—they all pretend to be really arty. And intense—take John Waite, he looked so intense on *Top Of The Pops* but if you looked into his eyes you could tell he didn't have a thought in his head. That's the sort of thing we hate."

He adds that "90% of people in the music business have no intelligence—they're just nice to everyone. In this context I have a bigger vocabulary than everyone else and I love babbling away—that's why I decided to be the spokesperson."

So where does he see the Art Of Noise in terms of the ZTT empire?

"Frankie are the teenybop phenomenon. Propaganda are a kind of European intelligence and the Art Of Noise are saying there's this—you either love it or you don't. The Art Of Noise are serious but completely playful. We're just seeing how far we can push things—re-defining what a pop group is."

At this stage of development—previously he described the group as "Germen Industrialist", then "hip hop"—he sees them as "God's backing band. Inside the album sleeve is a picture of Mr and Mrs God. That's where we're at now."

Your guess is as good as mine on that one. And in the future? Their next single is a version of Buggles' (Trevor Horn's old group) "Video Killed



The Art Of Noise (i.e. a lift, two arms and a spanner in the works)

The Radio Star". Then there's the next LP, "Raiding The 20th Century", which will "act like a radio aerial, picking up information from throughout the century". And then there's the film, *The Living End*, screenplay by Morley, soundtrack by the Art Of Noise and directed by Godley & Creme. And to cap it off they're doing the music

for a ballet.

"The possibilities now for a pop record are phenomenal," he concludes. "The Art Of Noise just use the power of imagination. It's all about delight, private moments, 'cos they're the kind that bring on moments of enlightenment. Which is what we're all about."

THE EXPLORERS



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She's simply awesome
 She dashed by me in painted-on jeans
 And all heads turned 'cause she was the cream
 In the blink of an eye I knew her number and her name yeah
 She said I was the tiger she wanted to tame

Chorus
 Caribbean Queen now we're sharing the same dream
 And our hearts they beat as one
 No more love on the run

I lose my cool when she steps in the room
 And I get so excited just from her perfume
 Electric eyes that you can't ignore
 And passion burns you like never before
 I was in search of a good time just running my game
 Love was the furthest furthest from my mind

Caribbean Queen (can't give her up)
 Now we're sharing the same dream (don't wanna stop)
 And our hearts they beat as one ooh
 No more love on the run (I love you I need you)
 Caribbean Queen (can't give her up)
 Now we're sharing the same dream (don't wanna stop)
 And our hearts they beat as one (ooh yeah)
 No more love on the run

Ad lib chorus to fade

Words and music K Diamond/B Ocean
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(no more love on the run)

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 17 The late, great Mervin
 18 Tracey Ullmans' summer shadim
 20 'Lucky ----' - Mndoona

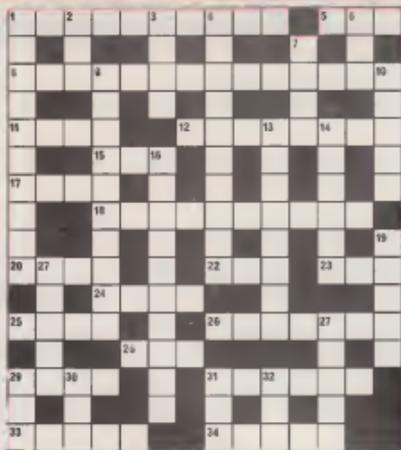
- 22 With Olivin Newton-John they sang Xnadu (1,1,1)
 23 --- Order
 24 Ant na Apollin 8
 25 Is Durn'n hammer to come down like Mark Smith'n band?
 26 On a fish to find n band that'n full of stylin (oneg)
 28 Sen 29 down
 29 ---- The Gap' (Thompson Twinn's nickname)
 31 Sen 29 down
 33 My Mal le Meterhead's mainman (oneg)
 34 Mr Pindergrass

CROSSWORD

DOWN

- 1 They wore nil aboard
 Elton'n inst einlin
 2 Went it big in Brazil for Duran Duran?
 3 Bunnymen sound
 4 Germans who claim to be big in Japan
 6 Band once headed by Pete Townshend
 7 McCartney or Young?
 9 Manoeuvrin in the dark
 10 Corroded - Ikin Visage'n Egan
 13 One hit wonders - with 'Wilka Wrep'

- 14 Dezy's urged her to come on
 18 N.Y. hotel day change for thin Spandau ninger (anag 4,6)
 19 Wings change to a firm of jazz (nong)
 21 Swain Way rode n soul ann
 27 'Ebooy And ----' (McCartney and Wonder)
 29 plus 28 and 31 across
 Spandau'n offer to become pop pints? (3,3,3,3)
 30 The cat-like Robinson
 31 It was n tight one for 'The Lim Singsa Toublet'
 32 Mr Stewart 58



ANSWERS ON PAGE 21



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"SOMEBODY TO LOVE"
"KILLER QUEEN"
"I'M IN LOVE WITH MY CAR"
"GET DOWN MAKE LOVE"
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IN AUGUST MOON'S BURSTING TO A DUST CLOUD ON THE RISE
WILD BOYS FALLEN FAR FROM BLOST
SPOOKLESS AND SO MINGLED ON THE BAZON'S EDGE YOU TELL
BECOME THERE'S MURDER (MURDER MURDER) BY THE NO ADISE
IN A SD BEATS A D NEW WILD
THEY TRIED TO BREAK US LOOKS LIKE THEY'LL TRY AGAIN

CHORUS
WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS) NEVER LOSE IT
WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS) NEVER CHOSE THIS WAY
WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS) NEVER CLOSE YOUR EYES
WILD BOYS ALWAYS BORN

YOU GOT SURE FOR A WELCOME THERE'S BLOODSTAIN FOR YOUR PAIN
AND YOUR TELEPHO BE BEEN SINGING
WHILE YOU'RE DANCING IN THE RAIN
WILD BOYS WONDER WHERE IS GOD BY
WHERE IS ALL YOU ANGELS HOW THE FIGHTS HEADS HAVE WE'LL FELL
AND LOVES WE'LL WITH ASIDE TO WIR OYER SECRETS THEY COULD TELL
THEY TRIED TO TAME YOU LOOKS LIKE THEY'LL TRY AGAIN

REPEAT CHORUS
WILD BOYS WILD BOYS WILD BOYS
WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS) WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS)
WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS) WILD BOYS

WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS) NEVER LOSE IT
WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS) NEVER CHOSE THIS WAY
WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS) NEVER CLOSE YOUR EYES
WILD BOYS ALWAYS

REPEAT TWICE
WILD BOYS (WILD BOYS)
WILD B - WILD B - WILD B - WILD B -
WILD B - WILD B - WILD B - WILD B -

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Are you dead or alive? If you're alive, then you should know this boy. I'm interested in Duran, Culture, Spandis, etc. I'm aged 16 and would like to hear from males and females. Write to: Marcus, BK30, Kelantan Road, No. 99-83, Singapore 0920, Republic of Singapore. But if you're 'dead' Forget about it!

My name's John and I like Scritti, FGTH, OMD and Duran. I'm 16, so any young ladies who'd like to get in touch, write to me at: 28 Glenwood Road, Hounslow, Middlesex, Middlesex TW3 1SN.

I'm 14 and mad about heavy metal. Any metal maniacs, write to me and I'll try to answer every letter. By the way, you must like Que. Contact: Penny, 16 The Ruddings, Wheldrake, York.



16 year old Italian male would like penpals. Likes include music, dance and drama. Write to: Max Luvero, Ginesato 2011, 16144, Maso, Italy

My name's Gordon, I'm 18 and would like to write to girls aged 15-18. I'm into Simple Minds, Toyah, Big Country, Talk Talk, Madonna and more. I'd like Shaky and soul music. Write to: Gordon Gruppotta, 'Lady Godiva', Tonga Gap Estate, Mosta, Malta.

I'm a crazy American girl and I'm madly into the Thompson Twins and Frankie Goes To Hollywood. I also love to dance. Communicate with me by post at: Shelly Stephenson, 1315 Seafarer, Ventura, California 93001, USA

My name's Anne-Marie and I'm aged 13½. I like Wham!, Frankie and lots more so, if you're mad enough, write to me at: 15 Osbalddale Lane, Tang Hill, York YO1 3AU.

I'm 18, male and I think XTC, Bowie, Kate Bush and the actor Clint Eastwood are brilliant. I also like Motown and Heaven 17 but dislike sport, heavy metal and trendy music. Anyone with similar tastes, write to: Edward McCormack, 19 Fairburn Road, Tooting, Liverpool L13 8BR

My name is Caroline. I'm aged 13 and a 'Eurovision girl'. My hobbies are music, reading, fashion, shopping, sports, writing letters and travelling. My favourite group is Duran Duran but I also like Spandau Ballet, Bananarama, Nik Kershaw, Madonna, Howard Jones and more. I don't mind how old you are or where you come from! The address to write to is: Caroline Donoghue, 337 Pisang Park, Pisang Road West, Kuching, Sarawak, Malaysia

I'm into ZZ Top, Van Halen, The Police, Genesis and ELO. If you like the sound of me, please write to: Dave, 32 Alibon Avenue, Muswell Hill, London N10 1AG

My nickname's Wigley and I'm into U2, The Clash and others. I hate Culture Club. I especially like to hear from French people. Contact: Siobhan McEvoy, Leesnorre, Skibbereen, Co. Cork, Eire

Hello! I'm a 14 year old boy and I'd like penpals of any age. I like Howard Jones and Alphaville. Contact: Athanasios Petros, Hovlataraqian 52a, 231 00 Trelleborg, Sweden

Calling all hip-hoppers! If you've got juce, you'll get on down and listen to the meanest breaker in town. Afrika Bambaataa And Soul Sonic Force are BAD that's good! So don't be wack or have a heart attack, drop a line or two to 'Crazy Legs', 26, Redbrook Road, Newport, Gwent

They say it pays to advertise, so calling all males from all over the world, please write to me! My name is Elise (short for Elizabeth) and my address is: Apt Bk 27, Outram Park, No. 06-523, Singapore 0316

Having written to RSVP several times without luck, a lonely Hertfordshire hedgehog still wants male penpals, of any age. Write to: Nik Kershaw, Specials, TTT and Howard Jones, Write to Helen, 30 Brockwood Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts AL8 7BG

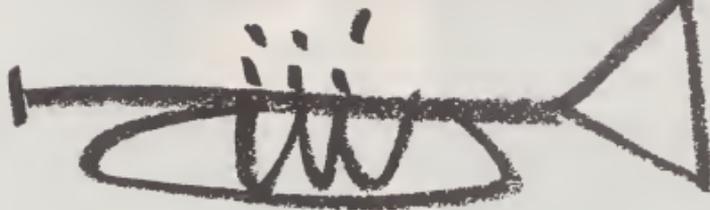
Male 17! wishes to write to boys and girls aged 15-18. I'm into Prince, Duran, Michael Jackson, The Police and Billy Idol. Write to: Abd Aziz, 555 In Palangai Ali, Kuching, Sarawak, Malaysia

Free to good home, one lonely 16 year old male, into most groups, but especially F.G.T.H., Nik Kershaw, Howard Jones, Wham!, etc. Would love to hear from lonely, but lively, females. Contact: Ian Godfrey, 68 Windmill Avenue, Conisbrough, Nr. Doncaster DN12 2DR

My name's Carole and I'll be 13 on New Year's Day. I'd like to hear from boys aged 13-14 who like Wham!, sport, money or pretty girls like me! Any good looking boys, write to: Caz, 58 Park Close, Road, Alton, Hants GU34 2EZ



DAVID SYLVIAN



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VS 722



Can you tell me if there's a music magazine on sale that will answer my queries about bass guitars? I can't find one anywhere and it's absolutely crucial that I get one.

Desperate Bauhaus Fan, Stockholm.

● What you need is a subscription to *Guitarist* magazine! The current issue features legendary Swedish bassist Jonas Hellborg (who?) on the front and covers all aspects of bass and lead guitars. On sale monthly in larger newspapers, you can buy a year's subscription for £13. Write to: *Guitarist* Magazine, Music Maker Publications, Alexander House, 1 Milton Road, Cambridge CB4 1UY. For keyboard players, our friends at Rod Argent's *Keyboard Shop* recommend any of the following: 1, 2, *Testing, Electronics And Music Maker* or *What Keyboard?* However, if your idea of heaven is a perfect paradiddle and a ten-page feature on Chad Wackerman (current 'stickman' with Frank Zappa), stick to *Modern Drummer*, available from your local drum shop.

I recently heard about a record called "Every Breath You Take" by Sting which, apparently, was on TV. Can you give me any details? **Trace, Stockton-on-Tees.**

● Built around the tune of "Every Breath You Take", Sting devised a new, rather chilling lyric about graves and death in general for Central TV's satirical programme *Spitting Image*. It was played during the closing credits on the last programme some months back but, although Sting had intended to turn it into a finished track, he "never got round to it" and has now "lost interest". A Police live LP, however, is currently in the planning stages and may be out before Christmas. In the meantime, Sting's looking around on an English beach somewhere filming his new epic *Priety* in the company of co-star Meryl Streep. Nice work.



Ray Connolly. "Hello! Is there you're looking for?"

When my mother, Caroline Webb, was in first year at LSE University, she had a close friend called Ray Connolly. When she moved to Canada she lost touch with him but would love to hear from him again. Mum says she is quite sure that he is now a pop journalist and we thought you may be able to supply an address where he can be contacted. It'd be greatly appreciated.

Louise Miller, Ontario, Canada.

● Ray Connolly, who now writes a "general comment" column for the London paper *The Standard*, was more than willing to spill the beans. Having shared a house with your Mum for three



GET SMART

years in the early '60s, he remembers her as being "very pretty and very kind—she'd always let me borrow her notes. At the time," he guesses on, "I stammered very badly and she would read out my essays in class for me." Ray went on to become a famous pop journalist and interviewed everyone from Elvis and The Beatles to Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix, as well as writing the film scripts for *That'll Be The Day*, *Starburst* and, more recently, *Forever Young*. He's now married with three children ("two of them keep *Smash Hits* readers", he adds proudly) but promises to write to Mum in the very near future... I think I'm going to cry.

Could you please tell me why you missed out Prince's 12" version of "Let's Pretend We're Married" when you gave the list of all his records? I came across it in the HMV shop but why was it so expensive at £4.99?
Jan Smith, Burton-on-Trent.

● It wasn't included because it was never actually released as a single in this country, and only appeared on the double album "1999". What HMV had on offer was an American import, hence the exorbitant price. Okay, smarty-pants?

I'd love to know what Thomas Dolby has been up to lately as I haven't heard anything about him for a long time now. Is he making a new album?

Dolby's Elusive Glasses, Loughton.

● He's currently working on all of five "secret projects" which, it's been hinted, include scripting and composing the music for a film in addition to producing other acts and directing videos. Having wound up his world tour in July, he then made a promotional visit to Japan before retreating to Ireland for a ten-day holiday cruising down the River Shannon. After that, he flew to Washington where he was the only white person to take part in the Black Music Association's annual convention and ended up doing guest vocals on an impromptu version of James Brown's "Sex Machine".

Every week I go into my local record shop in Solihull to get the *Tracie Young* LP but each time I'm told it's "still not available". Why has it been delayed for so long?

Kags, Solihull.

● Originally planned for release last February, Respond delayed it because they wanted to see how the single—"Soul's On Fire"—would fare. Although the single didn't chart very highly, they decided to put out the album anyway and released it on June 18. Titled "Far From The Hurting Kind", it's still on the catalogue and should be easily obtainable if you quote its number, RRL 502.



Janine Andrews. 16-207 21-217 25-297 30-317

Please could you tell me how old JT's girlfriend *Janine Andrews* is? I've heard at times that she is 19, 20, 24, 29 and 37! I've also heard that there may be a D'ran concert on TV at Christmas. Is this true?

JT's Contact Lenses

● Janine's real age remains something of a mystery to the vast majority—maybe that's the reason for the 'unkind' guesses—but young Peter Martin met her recently and is "nearly certain" she's 23 or 24. That do? However, we do know that an hour-long documentary about Duran on tour will be shown on ITV this Christmas. It was filmed during last year's ground-breaking tour of North America but, as usual, no other details are available as yet.

Please please please could you give me a complete discography of *Divine*?
John Gadget, Hove.

● Ho! Oh, alright then. On O'Records, the following are only available on import: "Native Love (Step By Step)", "Shoot Your Shot", "Shake It Up" and "Love Reaction", all on 12" Released on Proto and much easier to get hold of are "You Think You're A Man" and "I'm So Beautiful", although Proto also plan to re-promote "Native Love" as the new single. Also in the offering is "a collection of classic Divine greats" which will include all the "O" imports together with the Proto singles. They're presently searching out a title for this little package—it obviously can't be called "Greatest Hits" and they'd welcome any suggestions.



ALIEN SEX FIEND
NEW SINGLE OUT ON 26th OCTOBER
ON ANAGRAM RECORDS

est.
trip to the MOON.
7 SINGLE ANA 25
BONESHAKER BABY
WORLDS FIRST 11
SINGLE INCLUDING EXTRA TRACK 11 ANA 25
PRODUCT (LIVE)

COMPETITION WINNERS POLICE VIDEO COMPETITION (September 27), correct answer: a) The Single of Zone. The following prize winners each receive a copy of the Police Synchronicity video: Chris Thomson, Cambridge; Jonathan Barker, Guilford; N. Vesagah, London SW1; Richard Hestle, London SW16; O. Pollard, Cornwall; David Myers, Penford; Paul Dillson, Gosport; J. Ferry, Canterbury; Kevin Barker, Newcastle; Cathy Addison, Grangeville; L. Vogler, Swinage

UB40 COMPETITION (September 27), correct answer: Police. Copies of UB40's "Labour Of Love" video are on their way to: John Holmes, Halesham; Paul Merklew, Lydiate; B. Tiltstone, Plymouth; Chris Packer, Chatham; Martin Howard, Kilburn; Kevin Gay, Morley; T. Cook, New Ferry; Roy Stevie, Dingle; Trudy Jenkins, Portmoycymmer; Sally Grace, Newbrough

JACKSONS COMPETITION (September 13), correct answer: A Rat. First prize goes to **Susan Clewett**, Erithon, who has won four albums, paperweight, two posters, vinyl master, four programmes, two cassettes, two picture discs and a set of black & white publicity photos. Second prizes go to: Tracy Blackwood, Bristol; P. Chitry, St Albans; C. Swingler, Nr. Nuneaton; Sylvia Nichol, Geddons, all of whom receive all the above except the paperweight and one picture disc. Third prizes go to: Helen Barnes, Chesham; Carmen Shaw, Kidcombe; Jason King, How; Kay Smith, New Pineshaw; Tracy Newman, Kettering, all of whom will receive everything except the paperweight, one single and two of the posters. Plus all ten prize winners will each receive a Jackson's shirt!

ADAM ANT COMPETITION (September 27), correct answer: b) Neil Armstrong, H. Johnson, Sandbach; has won an "Apollo 9" play set plus a 12" single. Runners' up prizes of 12" copies of "Apollo 9" are on their way to: Caran Chivers, Pulsey; Stuart Corriery, Exeter; Stuart Smith, Lance; Marcus Evans, Essex; Rachel Bloor, Burnham; Paul Wilkinson, Lingfield; Laura Heep, Penford; Maria Stewart, Canterbury; Ceppar Miley, Cornborough; Louisa Chambers, Somerset; Michelle Humphrey, Gillingham; Tracey Smith, Llandycymru; Kirby Daniel, Daxington; Mick Sheard, Leeds

STAR TEASER

All the names below are hidden in the diagram. They could be horizontal, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the letters are all in an unbroken right straight line which have very tiny run

ANSWERS ON PAGE 21

- ANDY POLARIS
- ANNIE LENNOX
- BOB GELDOF
- BOHO
- BOY GEORGE
- BRIAN JOHNSON
- CHRISIE HYNDE
- DAVE GAHAN
- DAYLEE ROTH
- FISH
- FREDDIE MERCURY
- GREEN
- HOLLY JOHNSON
- JIMI SOMERVILLE
- JIM KERR
- LEMMY
- MARK KING
- MARK SMITH
- MICK JAGGER
- MIKE SCORE
- MORRISSEY
- PAUL ARTHUR
- PAUL WELLER
- PETE BURNS
- PHILIP OAKY
- RICHARD JOHNSON
- ROBERT HODGENS
- RODDY FRAME
- SAL SOLO
- SIMON LE BON
- STEWART ADAMSON
- STING
- TERRY HALL

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

THE NEW SINGLE

RIVA 42

PROMISES

see them as special guests on the David Essex tour



IT'S NEW.



GOT

IT?



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WHSMITH



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EURHYTHM!CS

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1984

JOHN HURT · RICHARD BURTON

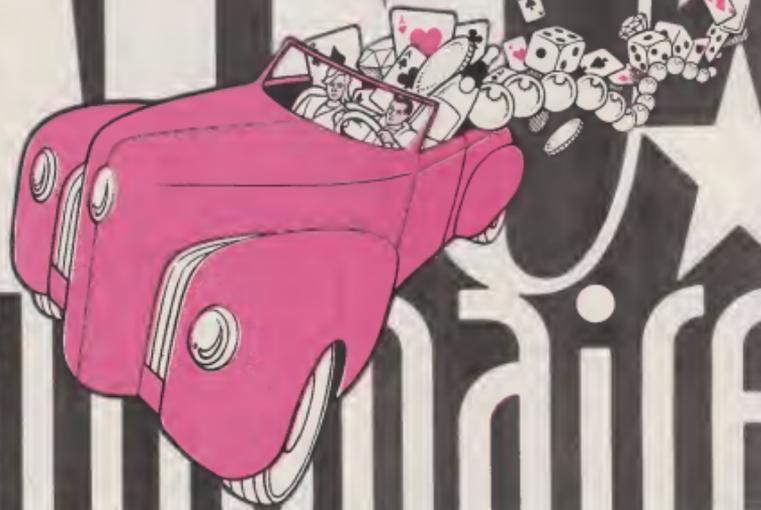
in Michael Radford's film of George Orwell's *NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR*
with Suzanna Hamilton · Cyril Cusack

A Virgin Films · Umbrella · Rosenblum Films production
written and directed by Michael Radford

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HELPLESS

Every day I walk some lonely street
 Searching for you 'til you come back to me
 People around stop and stare
 As if they know the hurt I bear
 Suddenly I realise
 I'm crying crying crying

Chorus

'Cause I'm in a helpless situation
 And I need some consolation
 'Cause my mind is in confusion
 And my heart feels such a fusion
 Since you've been gone

Keeps me crying crying crying
 In the shelter of your love
 My strength I've found
 But now I'm useless baby
 Since you're not around

Repeat chorus

Keeps me crying crying crying

Repeat first verse

Repeat chorus

Keeps me crying crying crying
 I'm helpless since I lost your love
 Helpless 'cause now I need your love
 I never needed no-one before
 But now I need you more and more
 Since you've been gone I've been crying

Word and music B Holland/L Dozier/E Holland
 Reproduced by permission Jobete Music (UK) Ltd
 On Stiff Records

Tracey Ullman

WARNING SIGN



Nick Heyward

I'm standing here in silence, my time
 I feel I've lost the ground I stand
 Oh with you in me I've been a day and a night
 I need I can't remember I can't recall I can't think
 I don't want you, I don't want you, I don't want you
 And you can't see, I don't want you
 I'm standing here in silence, my time
 I feel I've lost the ground I stand

Chorus

I'd be a fool to let you go
 I'd be a fool to let you go
 I'd be a fool to let you go
 I'd be a fool to let you go

I'd be a fool to let you go
 I'd be a fool to let you go
 I'd be a fool to let you go
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 I don't want you, I don't want you, I don't want you
 And you can't see, I don't want you
 I'm standing here in silence, my time
 I feel I've lost the ground I stand

- His father was one of the most famous pop stars ever.
- Now he has a hit of his own and talks to Neil Tennant.

JULIAN LENNON

TOO LATE FOR GOODBYES

Ever since you've been leaving me
I've been wanting to cry
Now I know how it feels for you
I've been wanting to die
But it's much too late for goodbyes
Yes it's much too late for goodbyes

Time has gone since I've been with you
And we've been starting to lie
Now it seems you don't care for me
And I don't understand why
But it's much too late for goodbyes
Yes it's much too late for goodbyes

Ever since you've been far away
I've been wanting to fly
Now I know how it feels for me
I'm the one who should cry
And it's much too late for goodbyes
Yes it's much too late for goodbyes

Ever since you've been leaving me
I've been wanting to cry
Now I know how it feels for you
I've been wanting to die
And it's much too late for goodbyes
Yes it's much too late for goodbyes

Words and music Julian Lennon
Reproduced by permission Chrysmis Music/
Chappel Music
On Chrysmis Records

Do you get fed up with people asking you more questions about your father than yourself?

"No, I expect it but I'm not sick of it at all. I could go on saying nice things about him 'til the end of time."

Being the son of one of the Beatles and deciding to start making records yourself must be a daunting prospect. Firstly, you invite criticism that you're just living off your father's reputation and secondly you immediately get compared to Dad—one of the greatest pop songwriters ever. Julian Lennon seems to be taking it all in his stride, however. "I try not to think about it too much," he shrugs. "It just bogs you down."

When he was born 21 years ago, his father's group were about to become the most popular ever. But for the first few years of his life, the excitement and hysteria of The Beatles simply passed him by. He lived in a grand house in Weybridge, Surrey, with his mother, Cynthia, and father, John Lennon. "It was pretty much normal family life," he remembers. "Sitting down with Dad or going for walks or whatever." He played with the children of their cleaning lady who lived down the road and attended nursery school while The Beatles toured the world, got MBEs, sold unbelievable quantities of records, and his father met Yoko Ono. His parents' marriage broke up soon afterwards.

"There's a blank when I can't remember much when the split was taking place, I just can't remember anything."

His mother remarried and they moved around a lot, from Surrey to Birkenhead to Wales to Ireland, back to Wales, then to Wiltshire and finally to London. All these moves meant frequent changes of school. "I can't remember the names of the schools," he says. But it was at one of them that he realised that, as far as everyone



John Lennon laughs for company on Julian on his knee in the late 1960s. Yoko Ono looks on.

else was concerned, he wasn't just an ordinary schoolboy; he was the Son Of A Beatle.

"It was when I was about 13 and you're at a new school and you're in the hall and they go: 'And the new boys today are...'. That's when it first started hitting me. It's a weird feeling, just knowing that people tend to look at you."

By this time, The Beatles had broken up and John Lennon had moved to New York, a now-distant figure to his son. Cynthia decided that the boy should get to know his father better and called up John. A few weeks later she and Julian flew over to New York together. "I didn't stay

with him. I stayed in a hotel and went to see him. It was a very weird arrangement. I think it was because of Mum and Yoko, really. A bit of bitching here and there." The next time he went over Julian stayed with John. Visits became a little more regular.

"He was in a couple of little apartments round town. I was surprised 'cause they were only, like, really small apartments. I was shocked 'cause I thought he'd be really living it up."

How did he get on with Yoko? "I stood back a little bit, you know. I didn't want to get too close 'cause I was a bit unsure. I just thought of her as someone with Dad. It wasn't that close a feeling, I suppose. She appears to me, anyway, very powerful."

He and John would wander round New York a little, looking in hi-fi shops " 'cause he was a gadget freak", playing football in the park, or just "sit down and play the guitar together".

Did he live up to his public image? "Yeah, he did in a way. When I saw him in the house, he was Dad, but when you go out and start walking round the streets, it was like walking along with this famous guy that was related to you but still didn't know him that well. There's all these people coming up for autographs and taking pictures. It's madness, I mean, I didn't know how to react half the time."

One December morning in 1980, Julian got up in his attic bedroom in his mother's house in Wales and saw that the front garden was full of photographers.



LENNON



"I didn't know what was going on. Me Mum had gone away and me Stepdad was just there and I said, 'What's going on?' He said, 'Sit down, I've got some news.' I said, 'Oh dear', 'cause I felt something had happened. He said, 'Your Dad's been shot. He's dead.'"

At first Julian couldn't believe the news - "It just wouldn't sink in" - and then his main worry was for his mother, "cause she'd known him more than I did."

He flew to New York to seek Yoko and his stepbrother, Sean, the young son of John and Yoko.

"Mum was worried about me going there and Yoko wanted to keep me. I didn't know which way to turn."

You might think that Julian would be fabulously wealthy but quite the opposite is true. He lives off what he earns from Charisma Records and, apart from his single and LP, he's done some music for a film called *Bodyrock*.

When he's "25 or 26" he'll get some money from a trust set up for him by John Lennon. In the meantime he's a struggling young pop musician, living with his girlfriend in a tiny London flat, and coping with his first round of interviews and TV appearances.

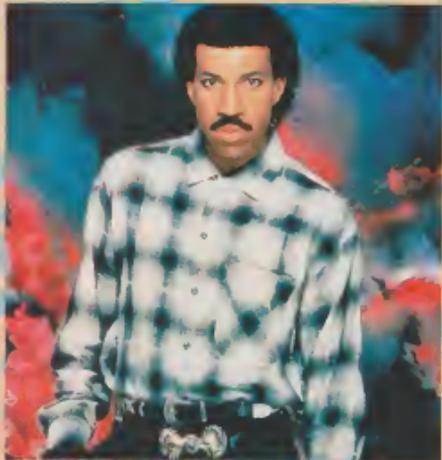
He bears a strong facial resemblance to his father - particularly his eyes - and is quite prepared to admit to being influenced by his Dad's music.

"Definitely. I just loved the style, the whole way he did things."

Did he think you'd try and follow in his footsteps?

"I don't know about that, he probably thought I might. As I've said before and I'll say it again, I think he said: 'Do it but don't blame me.'"

LIONEL



RICHIE

THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU ON YOU LOOKED SO FINE
 AND I HAD A FEELING ONE DAY YOU'D BE MINE
 HONEY YOU CAME ALONG AND CAPTURED MY HEART
 NOW MY LOVE IS SOMEWHERE LOST IN YOUR KISS
 WHEN ALL ALONG IT'S YOU THAT I MISS
 GIRL A LOVE LIKE YOURS IS HARD TO RESIST

PENNY LOVER MY LOVE'S ON FIRE
 PENNY LOVER YOU'RE MY ONE DESIRE
 TELL ME BABY COULD THIS BE TRUE
 THAT I COULD NEED SOMEONE LIKE I NEED YOU
 THE NIGHTS ARE WARM AND TENDER
 LYING NEXT TO YOU
 GIRL I SURRENDER WHAT MORE CAN I DO
 I'VE SPENT ALL OF MY LIFE IN SEARCH OF YOUR LOVE
 NOW THERE'S ONE MORE THING I'D LIKE TO SAY
 DON'T YOU EVER TAKE YOUR SWEET LOVE AWAY
 GIRL I'D GO ANYTHING JUST PLEASE STAY

Penny Lover

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ON WHAT'S COME OVER ME
 BUT I'M NOT WORRY NO NOT ANY MORE
 'CAUSE WHEN A MAN'S IN LOVE HE'S ONLY GOT ONE STORY
 THAT'S WHY MY LOVE IS SOMEWHERE LOST IN YOUR KISS
 WHEN I'M LOST AND ALONE IT'S YOU THAT I MISS
 WITH A LOVE LIKE YOURS IT'S HARD TO RESIST

(PENNY LOVE DON'T YOU WALK ON BY) DON'T YOU WALK ON BY
 (PENNY LOVER DON'T YOU MAKE ME CRY) DON'T YOU MAKE ME CRY BABY
 (PENNY LOVER DON'T YOU WALK ON BY) DON'T YOU WALK ON BY
 (PENNY LOVER DON'T YOU MAKE ME CRY) ON PRETTY BABY
 (PENNY LOVER DON'T WALK ON BY) DON'T YOU WALK ON BY

I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME THAT I SAW YOU BABY
 (PENNY LOVER DON'T YOU MAKE ME CRY)
 YOU HAD THE LOOK IN YOUR EYE
 YOU HAD THE LOOK IN YOUR EYE YEAR YEAR
 ON PENNY (PENNY LOVER) ON PENNY BABY

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 On Motown Records

Just Seventeen

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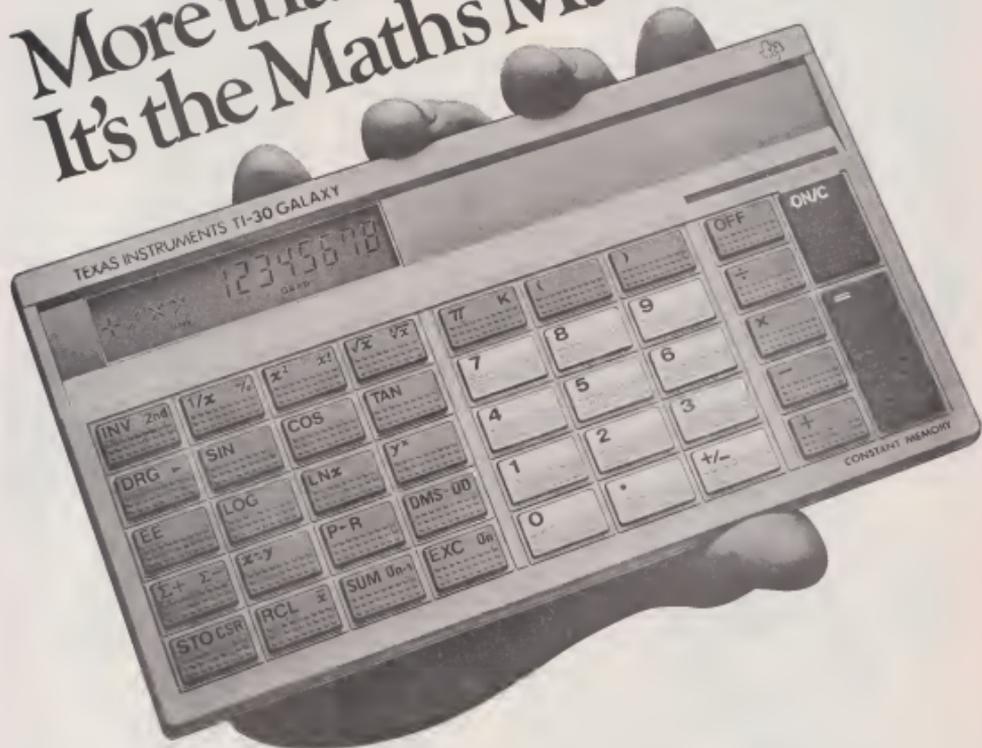
- November 1st Soap opera special including all the lowdown on Dallas ● Wham! interview ● Phil Oakey poster
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72
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Dear Black Type,

I am writing to complain about comments you made about Bilbo Baggins. I think he is (or was) a very good old chap. Being his fan and reading his story *The Hobbit* I think he was a courageous person and should have credit for it from people and not just from dwarves. Goodbye From *Sam A Hobbit Fan, Southampton*.

Not Bilbo Baggins as in *The Hobbit*, silly, Bilbo Baggins as in fab glitter group that used to totter about on jumbo stacked-heels, wearing mammoth kipper ties, dodgy perms, shiny waistcoats etc. That Bilbo Baggins.

Have you ever realised that if you take the "haw" out of Nik Kershaw you get "Näkern". Just thought I should inform you. Nik Kershaw's Swood, Wollaton, Notts.

Have you ever realised that if you take the "haw" out of Hawkwind you get "Kwihad"? Amazing but true. Or did you know that if you take the "Mat", the "Bl" and the "n" out of Matt Bianco you get "Taco-a-traditional and savoury Mexican dish". The possibilities are endless.



Lock what I found. Smash Hits use affecting chocolate bars. What next I ask myself, a chewy Gel Smartbar or even a quarter of hard-boiled Letters?

Yours wonderingly,
Starbur

Dear Andrew Ridgeley's Cut Off Bit Of Nose (Letters, September 27)

I'm not writing to say you off but to attempt to make you see a different point of view. For a start, groups who voice their political opinions in songs and interviews are not doing it to sell records and make more money. They're doing it because it's something they feel deeply about and anyone who has the talent to write or sing songs can surely put over their message through their music. Why shouldn't they?

Don't you see that this is connected with 'love, hate, happiness and sadness'. Politics are the root of the way we live. You are not unaware of the inequality suffered by some people, you are just ignoring it. The messages in a lot of political songs are there to try and uplift the human spirit and make people realise there is a way. **Black Type**, Having done this you conditioned existence in this depressing capitalist system, then so be it but don't lock yourself in escapism all your life. *An And Style Council Fan, Manchester*



Write to: Smash Hits Letters, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The best letter gets a £10 Record Token.

I am writing to reply to the letter from Andrew Ridgeley's cut off bit of nose. He hasn't been a fan of Heaven 17 very long or he would know what he was talking about. How can he say that bands shouldn't voice their political opinions when from the very beginning of HI's career they have been writing politically motivated songs? For instance their first album contained 'Fascist Groove Thing' which was an anti-fascist song. How dare A.R.C.O.B.O.N. have the audacity to say 'I agree with their music but not their politics.' Their music is their politics! *Yvonne's Jellyberry Alias Stephen Luscombe's Hairpiece, Nottingham.*

After reading the letter sent in by 'After cut off bit', I feel I must agree with him about bands expressing their political views in their songs and videos.

It seems to me that groups like Culture Club and Frankie Goes To Hollywood are making lots of money and grabbing lots of success out of nuclear war.

How can such glamour portray the real horror of such a war? OK - so nobody in their right minds wants to die from a nuclear holocaust - but do we really think that an 'overdressed tart' wearing impossibly placed lipstick is going to save the world?

OK maybe I'm coming on a bit strong! Well, since Culture Club used the words 'Sensu Hant Ar', how about sending the royalties from the record to the Red Cross (Victims appeal)? You must be joking! George will just have to buy himself some new lipstick. *Trace, Hereford*

Dear Sir,

I have been stunned while reading a friend's *Smash Hit* and how incredibly naïf the people who write to you are. Each one is a pseudo-trendy grockle who thinks that writing stupid things to you gives him or her some credibility. I am shocked at the mentality of people who grand you into the ultimate **Black Type**. Having done that they kneel and beg for a £10 record token and pretend they are John Taylor's Nail-Clippings. Not only are nail-clippings totally abhorrent but anyone who wants to be associated with anyone as un-trendy as John

Taylor deserves no 'street cred' (itself a nail-clipping phrase) at all. Please exclude these people from what I'm sure would otherwise be a very respectable column of enormous intellectual stature. *Edward Brampton, Newcastle Upon Tyne*

Edward Brampton? What kind of holy-toity, la-di-da name is that, might I enquire? Grockle? What is that, pray? Inanimate - me? Poo! Naïf? A very untrendy word these days, my man. (OK, that's put him in his place... back to the respectable and enormously intellectual stuff...)

Boy George has a lot to thank Jimmy Krantz for 'Three cheers for Jimmy! A Person Who Wishes Frankie Would Go To Hollywood And Never Return, Eastleigh, Hants

That's more like it!

Ever time my family tries to phone my sister in America, we can never get through because Stevie Wonder is taking up all the lines. Could you please ask him to hang up *Melanie, London*.

Since receiving your letter, I've been phoning Stevie every hour on the hour to tell him of your plight. But he always seems to be engaged...

Well, if we're starting another craze of quoting the etched profundities on the run-offs of records, here are a few of mine for you to muse over.

"Kiss My Shade" - ("Hand in Glove" The Smiths), "Bye-bye Black Heads" - ("Happy House", Scoussie And The Banishes), "The Curving Room Floor Claims Another Intro", ("In The Flat Field", Bauhaus), "Concrete Boots Rule" - ("Nirvana", The Jacks Women), "Eat The Sleeve, Find The Butter" ("Meat", Scoussie And The Banishes), "Mean Inach Kind, You Would Die?" - ("Alice", Sisters Of Mercy).

OK! Bye-bye, black heads. *The Spy In The Cab, Somewhere In The Flat Field, Timperley*

It's not the messages on the 'run-offs' that worry me - it's the ones on the labels. "Flesh For Fantasy",

"Torture", "Knife", "Jane Fonda's Workout Record, New And Improved" are just a few I've spotted recently. And they say that it's video nasties that are corrupting the nation's youth!

I feel compelled to write to express my absolute disgust at the content of the Ozzy Osbourne article in the October 11 issue of *Smash Hits*. This sick man has 'severed the neck of a live dove with his teeth', "fed pigeons with bread mixed with a chemical that exploded on contact with water", "taken up his shotgun and blasted the lot of his chickens into smithereens", "chewed the head off a live bat on stage" and all to 'what'?

What kind of human being can so callously kill innocent animals who have absolutely no way of defending themselves? I cannot understand the mentality of this man, or of anybody who would condone these actions. *Ozzy Osbourne* gets 'bad' sometimes - doesn't everybody? Imagine the carnage if everyone that 'got bored sometimes' went around severing the necks of live doves or blowing chickens to smithereens. *Ozzy Osbourne* likes entertaining people and having a laugh. Are there actually people who 'get bored' and entertained by these actions? I find it very difficult to believe that there are.

"This is not an ordinary bloke," says the witty *Smash Hits* writer. Anyone with an ounce of decency inside them will realise that *Ozzy Osbourne* is definitely not ordinary, his actions are not accepted as the norm at the moment but with a magazine like *Smash Hits* championing his cause by giving him publicity in its pages how long before those actions are accepted as normal?

Having a laugh? *Ozzy Osbourne* says. A laugh? I think not. Yours faithfully, *Cathy Oldham, Manchester*

Please could you tell me whether or not Brian Harrigan went to the same Monsters Of Rock Festival as about 60,000 other people did (September 27). I am eager to find out!

If the chd. can you tell me how he managed to see *Whitesnake* and we didn't as this year *Whitesnake* weren't on the programme. How many more concerts does he not go to and still manage to write about? *Someone Who Would Like To Get The Facts Right And Would Like A Record Token To Buy A New LP (Fred, Preston)*

Don't blame Brian Harrigan - he never suggested he had seen Whitesnake in his article - blame the person who wrote the headline. Naming no names (rhymes with Dark Felon), the person concerned had had a simply frightful morning at the office and when, at the end of the day, he caught sight of an *Ozzy Osbourne* photo nesting in his desk, something snapped. He started sweating and mumbling and his hair started wiggling in random directions, spelling out, by pure chance, the dread letters **W-H-I-T-E-S-N-A-K-E. Life's like that sometimes.**

Dear **Black Type**,

Please tell your Aunt Nora that one depressed Genesis (Genesis and Heavy Metal fan) is dying of withdrawal symptoms. The only



LETTERS

permanent cure would be to join the Guildford Townswomen's Guild Headbangers Association. Could your aunt please come and take me away to Guildford – the only place on earth where I'd be truly happy? I haven't heard a decent HM record for five minutes! Time is running out
The Duke, Ashford, Kent

Nora says you'll be most welcome at the Association's next general meeting at which the talks will include "Pastry-making the Motorhead way" and "The riffs of Iron Maiden and their role in flower arrangement" (with slides).

Being a normal Banana Nesquik and Cheesy Wotifs consumer, I was somewhat mystified to read in your September 27 issue the interview in which Wham! stated "If a bunch of ugly bastards had got up on stage and done 'Wake Me Up' it would have still have been a top three record." Excuse me, but a bunch of ugly bastards did get up on stage and do 'Wake Me Up' – and it got to bloody Number One
Aaaaaarrggghhhhh!
An Extremely Mild Person, Leeds

After reading the Wham! thingy this ish 27th September, entitled 'We're No Con!' I was reassured that there are still some real sane people left in the music industry. I'm not a Wham! fan, in fact I don't even have any of their records, but I do feel that their success is due to the fact that they wrote good music and equally good lyrics and, contrary to popular belief, not due totally to "teenyboppers" finding them physically desirable, although this may help.

Far too many people these days (God that makes me feel sick!) take things far too seriously. After all, you are what you are and no amount of make-up and clothing can change the way your mind works. I have noticed that some of Wham!'s comments sound arrogant! But I'm not too blind or stupid to realise that some of them are said in jest. I was glad to read that Wham! are not ashamed to admit to the kind of audience to which they appeal most. Why should they be? I'm not ashamed (well, almost) to admit that I, yes me of the poison pen, was once a fan of 'The Ozmonds B C B's and – shock horror! – David Cassidy. But I'm sure a lot of other people are.

Why do people take the whole business so seriously? Saying that Wham! are a ccc is bordering on the extreme. After all, don't people young and old buy records of their own free will? Nobody (as far as I know) holds a grudge to their heads, do they? No. I'm sure Wham! take their music seriously and would be quite upset if they didn't do too well, but they'd still enjoy their work if it was what they wanted to do.

By the way, in the September 27 issue of *Smash Hits* you printed the

words "Little Jimmy Diamond" and "Mini-Pop" a total of once each. Is this discrimination I ask myself?
Postman Pat's Letter De Francois

Shock! Horror! David Cassidy! That's what we like to hear. Have a £10 record token.



Wham! – we ask: are they really 'a bunch of ugly bastards'?

How does it go? '13, unlucky for some?' More like 14 for me. I decided to have a really trendy pyrama party for my 14th birthday. Saturday September 22 1984. Happy Birthday? Huh! 6:30 My friends arrive. 6:55 Friends start drinking mixed drinks – Vodka and tonic with brandy, Cuzzano, Holy Water (which is from Paris and supposed to be dabbed on your head, not drunk) etc. 7:10 Friends start scuffling the food. 7:20 Food on the floor, walls, ceiling etc. 8:15 Drink has taken effect. 8:25 Bathroom as occupied by people being sick. 9:00 Play records by the Bay City Rollers and Frank Sinatra 10:35 Everyone's gone home (hurray!)

What was supposed to be a great party was a flop. After all that, I deserve a £10 record token. Agree?
A Half Drunk Bottle Of Cuzcozaco, 5 Wales

Well, Luco, your little soirée sounds like an absolute rave compared to my last birthday bash. 6:30: Gang arrive and I dish out the snacks – Twiglets, Dairyella triangles, the works. 6:35: Organise first of the evening's "ice-breaking" games – "Musical Chairs". 6:40: "Musical Chairs" cancelled; gang have switched on telly to watch *Crossroads*. 6:45: Drinks are served – "Black Type Birthday Punch"; a subtle blend of Um-Bongo fruit juice, Quatro, a hint of Woodpecker cider and celery salt to taste. 6:50: Organise game of "Pass The Parcel". 7:00: "Pass The Parcel" cancelled; gang are glued to The Krypton Factor. 7:25: TV breaks down. 7:43: Gang depart to watch International Darts at someone else's house. 7:57: Play "1 SpY" with the goldfish. 8:01: Bed.

Darling Black Type,

I'm having problems. It all started last week when my girlfriend revealed that she wasn't in fact Nana Mouskoun, the famous Greek singer, and she was only going out with me because I had my name printed in "Pop Traders Manual 11". Shortly afterwards my Mum revealed that she's not Felicity Kendal and my Dad now turns out to be a private in the Che Guevara People's Army in Bartley on Trent and not a multi-millionaire called John after all. But my problems really started

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IRON MAIDEN

WORDS BRIAN HARRIGAN PICTURES STEVE RAPAPORT

It's rather like spending the night in the Egyptian section of the British Museum, while the spaceship from *Close Encounters* hovers overhead and the London Symphony Orchestra is blown up by a Cruise missile. At the same time, of course, a team of crazed road-diggers with specially amplified pneumatic drills is moonlighting close by, demolishing a foundry.

What we're talking about here is Britain's premier hard rock band Iron Maiden in full flight. The Hounds of Hell in pursuit of a village of terrified peasants has got nothing on this.

But the victims, in this case, seem to be delighted at the prospect of being devoured by singer Bruce Dickinson, drummer Nicko McBrain, bass-player Steve Harris and guitarists Dave Murray and Adrian Smith. The Nottingham Concert Hall is your regular sauntering cauldron of denim and leather mutants.

The staff at the place, gents in dinner suits and bowties and ladies in long black skirts and smart white blouses, periodically stagger out of the hall into the foyer to escape the deafening din. They're the plucky sorts in Nottingham, though, and they go back in for more

show in Nottingham, which ran for the best part of two hours, the band were sitting behind a trestle table by the stage door, while several kvadrad fans were tasked to have autographs on anything they preferred. This is a Maiden tradition which has been kept up ever since Steve Harris and Dave Murray formed the group in London's East End around eight years ago.

Talking to Bruce before the show I asked him how many autographs he might sign in an average month on the road. "Hang on a second, I'll have to work this out," he said as he scrawled figures in red felt tip on the dressing room table. A few seconds later he said, "about 3,000 at a guess. That's well over 30,000 a year which means they don't have much of a rarity value, I suppose."

Bruce and drummer Nicko are the relative new boys in the band. Bruce joined towards the end of 1981, replacing Paul Di'Anno, while Nicko came in behind his awesome drum kit in place of Clive Burr last year in time to join in the recording of the album "Piece Of Mind".

Since it's been about 18 months since *Smash Hits* talked to Iron Maiden, I asked Bruce to fill us in on what's been happening.

Bruce swirls his tea around in his plastic cup - they reckon he'd seize up like a rusty engine without regular doses of China's finest export - and then recalls: "We were about two years on the road, more or less and the strain was beginning to tell. But we had the whole of January off at the beginning of this year. In February we went to Jersey to write the new album 'Powerslave'. In typical fashion we did nothing for three weeks and then we wrote the whole thing in the last week. We took about seven weeks to record it

and by most people's standards that's pretty quick. For us it's the longest we've ever spent on one album."

"Bruce is rightly proud of the 'Powerslave' album, agreeing that it's Maiden's most ambitious to date. Featuring, as it does, a lot of Egyptian mythology plus a 13 minute epic based on S.T. Coleridge's *Rime Of The Ancient Mariner*.

"But we've always been ambitious," claims Bruce, "in terms of the things we write. I don't pretend that any rock musician knows more about the world, or politics or art or anything compared with anyone else. But everyone's got a right to have an opinion.

"It just comes as a surprise to a lot of people, critics mainly, when a hard rock band or a heavy metal band - he recalls the last time round his mouth like a long dead weed of chewing gum and then spits it out - "can actually have an opinion on various subjects.

"Take *Two Minutes To Midnight*" as an example. I would have thought any critic, who are supposed to be educated, would have worked out that that was all about the threat of nuclear war. You know, the Doomsday Clock idea which measures the existence of the human race as a 24 hour day. Scientists and various other experts say that because of the nuclear war risk it was only two minutes left before it's gone light forever.

"But because there are words like 'killers' in the lyrics people seemed to think that it was one of those Alica Cooper shock horror things and dismissed the words completely. I notice that didn't happen to Frankie Goes To Hollywood when they did 'Two Tribes'."

● Bruce Dickinson is a rare man among rock and rollers. He was

educated at public school, he was a member of the Territorial Army and read history at the University of London. He was also a fine exponent of the noble art of fencing and was recommended, while at school, to join the national squad.

As far as reading is concerned these days he doesn't tackle anything serious on the road, saving his efforts up for those rare periods when he's at home. He keeps up the fencing, though, as an antidote to the rock and roll world and as an enjoyable form of exercise to keep himself in shape for Maiden's formidable stage show and their unbelievably rigorous touring schedule.

The stage show that Maiden are putting with them roused the world on this particular jaunt is phenomenal. The overhead lighting rig consists of a complex bank of oblong sections of lights which can be moved around hydraulically into the most extraordinary shapes.

The numbers they do are all piffling, with the exception of the *Rime Of The Ancient Mariner*, which is a remarkable piece of light and shade and a great reconstruction of the studio version. And the visuals are pretty impressive. The stage is set up like the interior of an Egyptian tomb, while guest appearances are made by a chap who looks remarkably like the Grim Reaper and a wonderful ten foot tall mummy with fleshing grass eyes and a dancing style, complete with trailing bandages, that would make even Michael Jackson slightly envious.

As for audience reaction - well, if you want to use unworldly thoughts throwing their kaarts, bodias and skulls into really getting off on one band then Iron Maiden show is the one for you. I can't see them ever being toppled from the top of the hard rock totem pole.

punishment. Mied you, the coming attractions are Keith Harris and Driville (how many other people seem a living from sticking their hand up a duck's backside?) among others, so even the most reactionary parietic must welcome Maiden in all their majesty.

● And majesty is the right word. While it still reckon Ozzy Osbourne is the Crown Prince of piffling rock, Iron Maiden are - collectively - the Royal Family. Like the real Royals, the Maiden have remained in touch with their subjects.

An example: by midnight after their

MAIDEN



■ Iron Maiden: (left-right) Bruce Dickinson (singer), Steve Harris (bass), Anne Archer (not in the band actually), Dave Murray (guitar), Adrian Smith (guitar) and Nicko McBaine (drums).

■ Right: Bruce in full flight. "The House of Hell is pursuit of a village of terrified peasants has got nothing on this" (it says here).



a-ha



take on me

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- ★ Have lunch with some of the *Smash Hits* staff (well, we'll enjoy it)

Photo: Chris Cooper



Photo: Eric Wilson



Photo: Eric Wilson

here's the full details and dates.

Friday, December 21: Travel down to London first class, courtesy of British Rail. Met by a charming member of the *Smash Hits* staff, you're whisked to your luxury hotel, the Holiday Inn, Swiss Cottage, and then to have a huge lunch with – yes! – some more members with of the *Smash Hits* staff. Then you go off with your friend or Mum or Dad or whoever's come with you, to each get a couple of free Levi's outfits (value \$200 approx). To cap it all, you're then handed \$200 in cash to spend. In the evening you go and see Culture Club at Wembley Arena.

Saturday, December 22: Go on a wild shopping spree with your 200 quid and in the evening see *Ghostbusters*. Sunday, December 23: Do anything you like and in the evening see Wham! live at Wembley Arena.

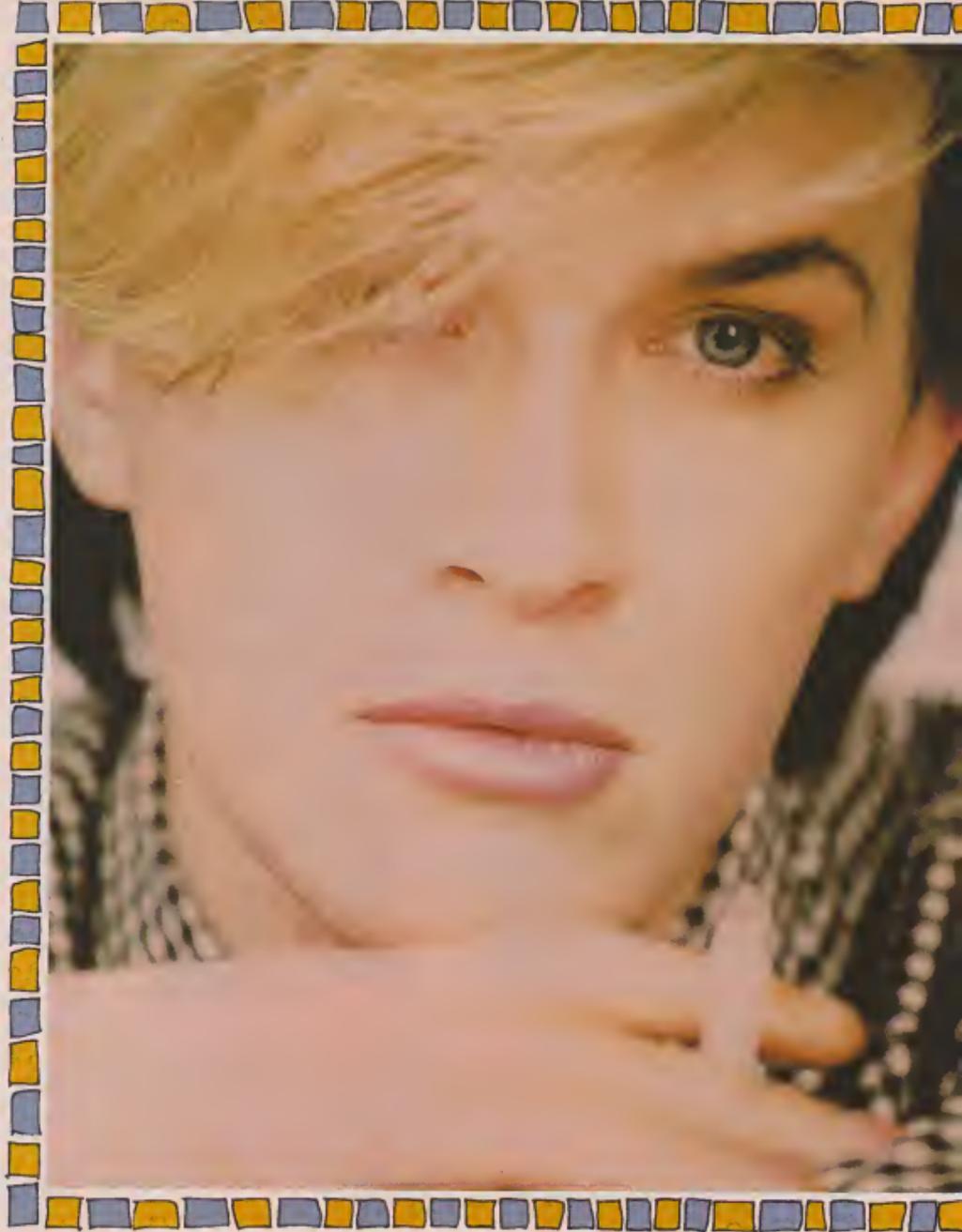
Monday, December 24: Travel home, loaded with parcels, first class, by train.

50 runners up will each get a copy of the LP everyone's been waiting for, Culture Club's "Waking Up With The House On Fire". Sounds better than a poke in the eye with a blunt stick, doesn't it?

Here's a question: Which of the following isn't the title of a Culture Club LP – a) "Waking Up With The House On Fire"; b) "Kissing To Be Clever"; c) "When Cameras Go Crazy"; or d) "Colour By Numbers"?

Write the answer to that question on a postcard or the back of an envelope, along with your name, address, telephone number and age. Send it by November 8 to *Smash Hits* Weekend Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.

Get packing.



David Sylvian

*If Heaven watches over me
Souring seeds
back in the soil
With eyes that see
hands that feel
Why am I
the last to know*

*Sheltered lives
spent
partially breathing
Are gathered together
under new religion*

*Chorus
Pulling punches
on our feet
Moving sleeping
Pulling punches
to comfort me
I needed someone
Ruined in summer
days of splendour
Who would've
dreamed of
love never ending*

*A better world
lies in front of me
A sketch of life
in the books I read
Then as I walk
where Heaven leads
Why am I
the last to know?*

*Simple lives spent
partially breathing
Are gathered
together
under new religion*

*Pulling punches
moving
Moving sleeping
on our feet
Pulling punches
I needed someone
to comfort me
Ruined in
summer days
of splendour
Who would've
dreamed of love
never ending*

*Words and music
David Sylvian
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1984 Opium Arts Ltd/
Chadwick Nomis
On Virgin Records*

Pulling Punches

STATUS QUO

Well I'm the type of guy who will never settle down
When pretty girls are well you know that I'm around
I like 'em and I love 'em 'cause to me they're all the same
I hug 'em and I squeeze 'em they don't even know my name
They call me the wanderer yeah the wanderer
I roam around and roam and roam and roam

Oh well there was Flo on my left and then there's Mary on my right
And Janie is the girl well that I'll be with tonight
And when she asks me which one I love the best
I'll tear open my shirt and show her 'Riesin' on my chest
'Cause I'm a wanderer yeah a wanderer
I roam around and roam and roam and roam and roam

Chorus

Oh well I roam from town to town
I go through life without a care
And I'm as happy as a clown

With my two flats of iron I'm a-going nowhere

Oh I'm the type of guy that likes to roam around
I'm never in one place I roam from town to town
And when I find myself a-falling for some girl
Yeah I'll hop right into that car of mine
And drive around the world
Yeah I'm a wanderer yeah a wanderer
I roam around and roam and roam and roam
And roam and roam and roam

Repeat chorus

Oh I'm the type of guy that likes to roam around
I'm never in one place I roam from town to town
And when I find myself a-falling for some girl
Yeah I'll hop right into that car of mine
And drive around the world

'Cause I'm a wanderer yeah a wanderer
I roam around and roam and roam and roam and roam

They call me the wanderer yeah the wanderer
I roam around and roam and roam and roam
And roam and roam and roam

They call me the wanderer they call me the wanderer
I roam around and roam and roam and roam and roam

They call me the wanderer yeah the wanderer
I roam around and roam and roam and roam
And roam and roam and roam

They call me the wanderer yeah the wanderer
I roam around and roam and roam and roam
And roam

'Cause I'm a wanderer yeah a wanderer
I roam around and roam and roam and roam and roam
And roam and roam

Words and music Dion
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THE WANDERER



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Back In My Arms (once again)

AND THE WORDS OF THE SONG SAY EVERYTHING WHEN I SWITCH ON THE RADIO
'CAUSE IT BRINGS BACK ALL THE MEMORIES AND IT SEEMS SO LONG AGO
OH BUT THERE'S A RAIN OUTSIDE ON THE WINDOW PANE
IS IT COLD INSIDE YOUR HEART
IF I DON'T GET BACK TO YOU SOMEDAY
I KNOW IT'S GOING TO TEAR ME APART

CHORUS

ONCE AGAIN LET'S GIVE IT ANOTHER TRY BECAUSE I NEED YOU BACK IN MY ARMS
AND THEN ONCE AGAIN THE LOVE IN MY HEART WON'T DIE
EVEN IF YOU SAY GOODBYE ONCE AGAIN

AND I THINK I SEE YOU EVERYWHERE
AND SOMETIMES I CALL YOUR NAME
AND I FEEL THE HURT INSIDE OF ME
I WONDER DO YOU FEEL THE SAME
OH BUT IF WE TURN OUR BACK ON A BROKEN HEART
AND LOOK EACH OTHER IN THE EYE
IF LOVE HAS THE STRENGTH TO TAKE US THERE
WE ONLY HAVE TO KEEP IT ALIVE

REPEAT CHORUS

OH BUT THERE'S A RAIN OUTSIDE ON THE WINDOW PANE
IS IT COLD INSIDE YOUR HEART
IF I DON'T GET BACK TO YOU SOMEDAY I KNOW IT'S GOING TO TEAR ME APART

REPEAT CHORUS

I SAID I NEED YOU OH I NEED YOUR LOVING TEAR
OH BACK IN YOUR ARMS AGAIN

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC SCOTT WIKKEN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION ALL BOYS MUSIC LTD/ROCKET MUSIC LTD
ON PHOTO RECORDS



HAZELL DEAN

Get Your Free Badges!



Remember that triangular thingy you cut out of the last issue? You know that piece of paper you put under the mattress for safe keeping? Well, here's another, except this time it's, well, *tank-shaped*.

Very useful, these Badge Tokens. You only need three of them to get all six of the most in-demand fashion accessories in the entire Western World, nay, the known Universe - i.e. the latest set of *Smash Hits*' celebrated FREE BADGES. They feature Frankie Goes To Hollywood, U2, Wham!, Iron Maiden, Nik Kershaw and Michael Jackson.

And all that remains for you to do if you fancy getting your mitts on all six is to cut out our little tank-shaped friend down below, bung that under the mattress with last issue's token and in the next issue (out November 8) we'll print the final token (probably pear-shaped or something) plus the full details of how to send off for the whole set.

Right. Cut it out.



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■ **Bronski Beat:** Birmingham Power House (November 6), Brighton Top Rank (7), London Hammersmith Palais (29)

■ **Divine:** Leeds Tiffany's (November 6), Preston Clouds (7), Coventry Warwick University (8), Brighton Sussex University (10), London Lyceum (14), Nottingham Palas (18), Sheffield Top Rank (16), Newcastle University (17), Liverpool The Stage (19), Leicester Palais (20), Guildford Surrey University (21), Birmingham PowerHouse (25), Manchester Ritz (27), Blackpool Flamingo Club (24), Edinburgh Cuckoo Limits (28), Glasgow Strathclyde University (30)



■ **David Essex:** Limerick Savoy (October 30), Cork Opera House (31), Dublin Stadium (November 1), Belfast New Vic (2/3), Glasgow Pavilion (4), Hull City Hall (6), Buxton Opera House (7), Liverpool Empire Theatre (8), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (9), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (11), Leeds Grand Theatre (12), Preston Guild Hall (13), Manchester Apollo (14), Sheffield City Hall (15), Ipswich Odeon (18), Croydon Fairfield Halls (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Southampton Gaumont (20), Bournemouth Windsor Hall (21), Cardiff St David's Hall (23), Northampton Derrigate Centre (24), Milton Keynes Blatchley Leisure Centre (25), Southend Cuffs Pavilion (26), Ashford Blou Centre (27), Brighton Dome (28), Portsmouth Guildhall (29), Leicester De Montfort Hall (30), London Hammersmith Odeon (December 1/2), Reading Hexagon (4), Oxford Apollo (5), Gloucester Leisure Centre (6), Coventry Apollo (7), Birmingham Odeon

■ **The Falls:** Edinburgh Caley Palas (October 25), Colchester Essex University (27), Birmingham Powerhouse (28), London Lyceum (3), Bristol University (31), Cardiff New Ocean Club (November 1), Brighton Polytechnic (3), Plymouth The Ocean Club (4)

■ **Fiat Lux:** North Staffs Polytechnic (October 26), Liverpool Polytechnic (27), Leeds Warehouse (29), London Marquee (November 8/9)

■ **Gary Glitter:** Norwich University Of East Anglia (December 4), Coventry Warwick University (5), Cardiff University (6), Aylesbury Friars (7), Liverpool Mountford Hall (8), Bradford University (11), Sheffield Polytechnic (12), Dundee University (13), Glasgow University (14), Canterbury Kent University (17), Nottingham Palas (20)

■ **Grandmaster Malle Me! And The Furious Five:** Glasgow Barrowlands (November 1), Edinburgh Playhouse (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Batley The Frontbar (6), Liverpool Royal Court (7), Birmingham

DATES

Check locally where appropriate. A = Robin Lisa Anthony Production

Odeon (8), Leicester Kasiers (9), Plymouth Guildhall (11), London Hammersmith Palais (12/13)

■ **The Icicle Works:** Glasgow University (October 28), Liverpool Royal Court (27), Loughborough University (31), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (November 1), Bangor University (3), Sheffield Leadmill (4)

■ **Merrilion (extra dates):** Liverpool Royal Court (November 3), Poole Arts Centre (5), Gloucester Leisure Centre (6), Cardiff University (7), Stoke Newley Victoria Hall (8)

■ **Gery Nurnam:** Cardiff St David's Hall (November 22), Portsmouth Guild Hall (23), Birmingham Odeon (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Oxford Apollo (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (28), Blackpool King George's Hall (30), Manchester Apollo (December 1), Edinburgh Playhouse (2), Glasgow Apollo (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Sheffield City Hall (5), Guildford Civic Hall (16), Ipswich Gaumont (8), Southampton Gaumont (9), Brighton Dome (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11/12)

■ **The Smiths:** Waterford Savoy (November 12), Dublin Venue (13/14), Limerick Savoy (16), Galway Leisure Centre (17), Cork Savoy (18), Letterkenny Leisure Centre (20), Colorado University (21), Belfast Ulster Hall (22)

■ **Spendau Ballet (extra dates):** Birmingham NEC (December 17), Brighton Centre (22), Bournemouth International Centre (23)

■ **UB40:** Glasgow Barrowlands (December 5/6), Edinburgh Playhouse (7), Leeds Queens Hall (8), Liverpool Royal Court (10/11), Birmingham Odeon (12/13), Bristol Academy (15), London Hammersmith Odeon (16/17), Brighton Conference Centre (19), Southampton Gaumont (20/21), Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (22)

■ **Wham! (extra dates):** Whitley Bay Ice Rink (December 12), Bournemouth International Centre (18), Birmingham NEC (20), Wembley Arena (26)

■ **Yip Yip Coyote:** London Queen Mary College (October 27), Manchester University (30), Birmingham Snobs (31), Brighton The Richmond (November 1), London Imperial College (2), Exmouth Royal College (8), London The Clarendon Hammersmith (10)



THE STYLE COUNCIL OXFORD

This, the second night of a new Style Council tour, should have started with a humorous play called *The Three Musketeers Go Wild*, but, unfortunately, one musician broke his leg playing football so Tracie was hastily called in as a support act for the rest of the dates. The whole tour sold out within days of its announcement so The Apollo, an imposing old theatre, is packed with little moos, ex-Jam fans and casuals with Paul Weller haircuts.

Playing with The Style Council could never be called a lonely experience. There's ten musicians - a wide variety of instruments from a double bass and two sets of keyboards to a brass section and two drum kits. The stage looks positively crowded. Fronted of course by Paul Weller (who looks as though he's lost a bit of weight)

and featuring a charismatic performance from D. C. Lee, the entourage went through The Style Council's back-catalogue of hits - no jam numbers - with the audience recognising every song after the first few notes and madly cheering anything anybody on stage said or did.

My favourite of the night was a brilliant version of "Money-Go-Round", dedicated (seriously) to Arthur Scargill and (sarcastically) to Dennis Greaves of The Truth, in which with Paul forgot a couple of verses, told us he had done so (to more wild cheers from the crowd), and then went on to two encores. One was with all the band, and one a moody version of "My Ever-Changing Moods" with just himself and Mick.

A really enjoyable concert.

Lisa Anthony



The Style Council performing live at the Apollo, Oxford, with Paul Weller in the front playing keyboards.

NIGHTS OUT

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA & SOUL SONIC FORCE

UNDER-18's ALL-DAYER, LONDON



Ya ancient craft of record scratching is kept alive at the Lyceum all-dayer.



Afrika Bambaataa & Soul Sonic Force in plain clothes!



Afrika Bambaataa (right) shows his best side. Will you look at those costumes!



The Under-18's crowd give our man with the camera the Zulu Warrior Salute. Relax: it's not rude.



"Everybody say HO! Wave ya hands in the air, y'all!"

The Lyceum is packed with all manner of poppers, breakdancers and general hang-arounders, putting their limbs out of joint and whirling on their heads with alarming speed. As you stroll around the hall it's not uncommon for someone to casually back-flip right under your nose. Every variation of sportswear you'd care to name is on display, from designer tracksuits to tweed deerstalkers. The whole event's an all-dayer (well, nearly all-day), there's no booze for sale and it's Under-18's only. On stage, a large backdrop cloth is being turned into a piece of New York-style graffiti art with the aid of a great deal of spray paint in some skilled hands. Beneath it, a steady stream of local rappers and scratch DJs are going through their paces in front of a sternly critical crowd. One by one the Soul Sonic Force strut

on, decked out like cosmic Christmas trees in a blinding flash of lamé and nylon. They launch into a rendition of Sly Stone's classic "Thank You For Letting Me Be Myself Again", paving the way for Bambaataa's ten megaton entrance where a thousand Zulu Warrior Salutes – index and little finger extended, thumb and middle two fingers clasped to the palm – shoot ceilingwards from the audience.

This man is hard to believe when you remember that he was the leader of one of the toughest street gangs in New York City, and is now self-proclaimed Chief of the Zulu Nation. He's old enough to be the father of most of the members of the audience, yet here he is dressed up like a pantomime queen in a black cloak decorated with gold moons and stars, gold brocade waistcoat, gold satin breeches,

headress resplendent with two gold horns and some white eye shades. It all lends him the appearance of a slightly grumpy walrus. If this were a film it should be entitled *The Invasion Of The Soul Brothers From Outer Space* because it sure doesn't look like anything from this world!

A no-nonsense medley of dancefloor smashes follows, including the first electronic Hip Hop record, "Planet Rock", with a lot of the standard "Everybody say HO!! Wave ya hands in the air, y'all" treatment. The whole thing is as bizarre as seeing your Dad do the "Agadoo" dance at a Christmas party, only this lot are taking it all seriously. But then in a flurry of glitter, they're gone from the globe without a single encore, leaving the weary earblisters to drift homewards.

Claire Sheaff

"At last - a dirty, horrible, unclean band have come back again. Thank God!"

And they're called The Stranglers, in case you hadn't guessed. If you want to find out how to last 10 years in the pop music business without ever having to be nice to anybody, just read on . . .

By Mark Ellen

Hugh Cornwell is neither very young nor very fashionable and, quite frankly, he couldn't care less.

"It's what you do," he says, staring coldly across a table top, "not what you look like that matters. Shame people judge you on that."

He's simply not bothered. Why should he be? As he points out, there were people who considered him "ancient and antiquated" ten years ago, when The Stranglers first began steering their grim, determined passage through the shifting pop landscape, driven ever-onward by "a complete and utter disgust for everything that was happening at the time"; ten long years in which they were to wear an awful lot of black clothes, wreck a few places and scare the living daylight out of a fair number of grown men and women, all in a merciless campaign to bring back "good music without any frills".

"We don't bother whether we're in favour or out of favour," he shrugs. "It makes no difference either way."

Well . . . It made a bit of a difference in 1974. Hugh was 24 then - so was pony-tailed keyboard player Dave Greenfield. French bassist Jean Jacques Bumei was 22 and stout, bearded drummer Jet Black was 27 - and nobody would give them a booking. So they hit on a system: Hugh would ring a pub and ask them what kind of bands they had playing there; if the answer was, say, "Country & Western", the owner would shortly receive another call from Mr Black who'd claim to be the drummer with a red-hat local Country & Western band and, chances are, Mr Black would be told to turn up on Thursday at 8 o'clock sharp. 'Pretty weird sort of Country & Western band,' the owner would think to himself when confronted with four evil-looking characters all dressed in black, with a singer with a leather noose round his

neck, calling themselves The Stranglers and playing harsh, sinewy songs about "rats" and "sewers" and being "on the end of a skewer". But by then it'd be too late. They'd be halfway through the set and - let's face it - they didn't look like the sort of blokes to start arguing with anyway.

Three years later, punk rock rolled around the corner. Bands like The Sex Pistols, The Clash, The Damned and Sham

69, much like The Stranglers, "laughed at the platform heels, the glitter and the showbiz" that was around at the time, and so the press - who'd completely ignored them for the last three years - suddenly found The Stranglers "acceptable". The trouble was, the other groups all thought they were just a bunch of old hippies trying to cash in on a bit of punk credibility and wouldn't touch them with a barge-pole.

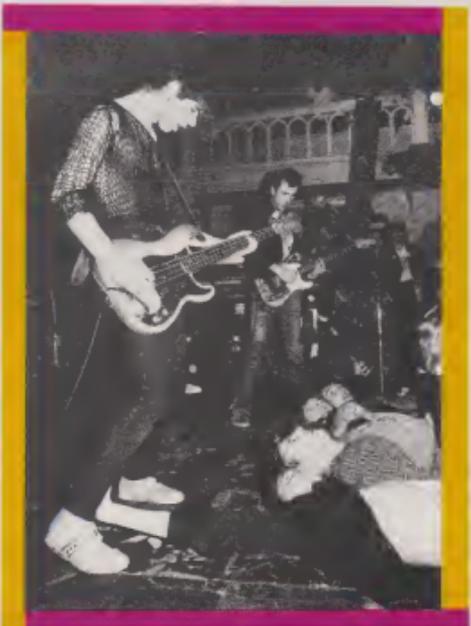
"So we ended up feeling quite righteous because, on the one hand, we were rejecting what had come before, but everything that was new was rejecting us. So, obviously, we ended up a little . . . belligerent."

"Belligerent" is pitching it a bit low. For the next two years The Stranglers were to inflict the kind of treatment on unwanted people in their path that was nothing short of a fully-fledged reign of terror. If their concerts became spirited affairs as they weren't "political" as the more image-conscious punk bands, their raw edge and dark humour attracted the kind of crowd who'd pogo dementedly, spit rather a lot and eventually collapse down the front in a steaming heap. Hell's Angels began to follow them about on tour, taking it upon themselves to 'police' the group's performances. This meant that if any delirious fan were daft enough to clamber on stage and get in the way, they'd be swiftly propelled back into the audience.

Once, in an exclusive Swedish hotel, Jet Black pulled the same sort of stunt on a waiter. On being told the kitchen was closed, he promptly binged the poor bloke through a glass window. "Well, he was hungry," is Hugh's defence, "and with Jet, hungry means angry."

But it was the people in the press who were to suffer the worst. "We didn't know who to trust," says Hugh, and he certainly wasn't taking any chances. They left one journalist tied to a tree in a remote section of the Spanish desert. Another was kidnapped in London, bundled into the back of a tour bus and eventually escaped nine hours later in Hemei Hempstead. One hapless gentleman found himself gaffer-taped to the outside of an iron girder two-thirds of the way up the Eiffel Tower.

In 1979 when the band played in Reykjavik, Iceland,



Jean Jacques and Hugh on stage back in '77: "we ended up a little . . . belligerent".

Photo: Alan Lambert

their record company flew a plane-load of trembling pop writers out after them so they could be either roundly insulted or completely ignored. All photos taken on the island – standing in front of acres of bleak volcanic rock – made the band seem all the more chilling and intimidating. Which was the whole idea of course.

But just as suddenly they were out of favour again. The moment the 2-Tone bandwagon pulled into view, everyone turned their attention to groups like The Specials, Madness and The Selecter, and The Stranglers began to seem rather old-fashioned and a bit lame. And by the time Duran Duran, Visage and Spandau Ballet arrived in 1981, The Stranglers had disappeared abroad and were making new friends in places like Australia and Japan. Which was probably no bad thing for all concerned, as Hugh declares the entire frilly blouse and lipslick movement to have been "a bit airy-fairy, wimpy and simaltzy".

And he's not a lot kinder about the charts in 1984.

"People are attending more to the glamour of it than to the content. They're forgetting what they originally used synthesizers for – which was to complement the song. The song is becoming the reason for the synthesizers in the same way as the video is becoming the excuse for the song."

About all he has time for is Frankie Goes To Hollywood – "they've got balls" – and, perhaps more surprisingly, Culture Club.

"I was amazed a transvestite character could get on the cover of Woman magazine. That's great. If you can't take yourself lightly you've got no future at all. But the more you dress things up, the more drab it becomes. People end up being 'skin deep' without meaning to be," he adds, a reference to the group's current single. "Skin Deep" is about, yes, superficiality. You encounter The Skin Deep in every walk of life. And the prime examples of 'The Skin Deep' for The Stranglers are, quite clearly, the poor souls who get sent to interview them, though Hugh admits he's grown a little softer over the years.

"Then, we were always intimidating; now, we can be. People deserve what they get."

How would he explain the fact that he's lasted so long?

"I wouldn't attempt to. It's like asking Salvador Dali why he's the greatest living artist; he wouldn't be able to tell you. All I can say is, in the present tockture musical climate, the return of The Stranglers is like a nice, refreshing gust of bad breath."

He leans back, rather pleased with this last comment.

"At last," he says, "a dirty, horrible, unclean band have come back. Thank God!"



▶ Dave Greenfield: the 'mad scientist' look.



▲ Hugh Cornwell: "airy-fairy" or "wimpy" he is not.
▼ Jet Black: he's not nice to Swedish waiters.



▶ Jean Jacques Burnel: bit of a rascal & a bit of a rebel.



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MUTTERINGS



"The best-dressed rugby scrum in the world" was how people were describing Katherine Hamnett's fashion show the other Saturday afternoon. Ms Hamnett (in the left-hand photo) is, you may remember, the woman who invented v. large t-shirts with big words on them. Still making them, actually. Her new slogans are "Stay alive in '85", "Heroin-free zone" and "Education not missiles" (no doubt to end up as "Wham! not missiles" or something). Anyway, there to watch the action, as you can see, were Jon Moss and Holly Johnson. "It was really good," muttered Jon. "I was there for the event rather than, er, others who were there to see who was there. And who, you see doubtless wondering, is the chap in the middle? 'Tis one Wolfgang, a friend of Holly's."

Here's Nick Rhodes: "Japan were the best group never to make it". Doono! Back in the katie drawer. . . And here, by way of contrast, is Simon Is Bon: "I'm a one-woman man these days and looking forward to having children of my own". . . And while we're on the subject of those Duran chappies, 'tis muttered that John Taylor has accepted a part in some dodgy-sounding science fiction film. . . And funnily enough, Jon Moss, he of Culture Club, has just turned down a part in — you guessed — "a dodgy science fiction film". Can it be the same one? Whatever, Jon (who, like most pop stars, includes acting among his ambitions) explains: "I'd rather be in Taxi for 30 seconds and be amazing than have a huge role in a dull film." Only sensible really. . . Want some more acting pop stars? Then how about Andrew Ridgeley who, 'tis muttered, will be playing "a waiter" in "a new film set in the '50s". . . Or there's David Bowie. The latest part he's been offered is that of Peter Pan in the Royal Shakespeare Company's Christmas pantos. He's "considering" it (i.e. he'll probably turn it down). . . Or even Sting, who's just finished filming his bit of the new Frankenstein thingie, Bride. Good job too, as the entire Shapperton circus tent set burned down the day after Sting buzzed off. The blaze destroyed millions of pounds worth of gear in four

with the Inland Revenue (i.e. they're tax eviles). . . Before John Lennon died, he told his son Julian that he would contact him from beyond the grave by sending a single white feather floating across a room. "Since my dad was killed I've always been looking out for that feather," he muttered. . . Spotted on holiday in Rhodes, Gary Davies. Thing was, nobody recognised him. In fact, everybody thought he was probably Barry Manilow. . . Spotted in the audience for a Cliff Richard show at Windsor Blazer's, Mike Read. Everyone thought he was Cliff Richard. . . Mike Read, meanwhile, is "thinking of marrying" Beverly Pitkington, a "former Page Three model". . . Here's Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers: "People should treat us like dogs". OK then, Hugh, "leech!". . . And here's Lemmy Hayre: "If a totally new material I've done on this album though some of the stuff I've used before". . . An awful lot of similar rubbish, mostly by Radio 1 DJs, of course, recently arrived in a letter from Holly's Plastic Sailor of Glasgow, Jimmy Savile: "And you can't get much further outside the Top 10 than Number 11". Peter Powell: "This one is for Nigel Addison. I went to school with a Nigel Addison. I wonder if it's his brother?" Anne Nightingale: "Their stage act was one of the highlights of their live performances." And Mark Eileen (snigger): "I'm sure this will evoke memories for everyone, even those of us who don't remember it". . . Marlyne currently having "a good clean out" at some health farm or other. . . Virgin Records boss Richard Branson, who already owns a record label, a film company, a music publishing company, a book publishing company, a software publishing company, an island (in the Virgin Islands, naturally), a chain of shops, a couple of recording studios, several

minutes flat. Luckily no-one was hurt. . . A year ago Steve Strange was placed under citizen's arrest by two soldiers who had strayed into the Camden Palace. He was charged with possessing cocaine. Well, the other day he was cleared of all charges. "Drugs are for losers," he muttered, "not people like me". . . Shirley Holliman from Wham! currently doing her level best to scotch rumours that George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley are gay. The boys are, according to her, "two of the biggest womanisers in the western world. Those two can have any girl they want — and they do." Shirley also revealed that the boys' favourite chat-up line is: "How would you like to be in my new video?" So, girls, if any pop star says that to you, just remember: they're only after one thing. . . Meanwhile, 'tis muttered that George Michael scrapped the £40,000 video for "Freedom" just as filming on the v. expensive studio set (a Roman ruin) was about to be completed. "This is a tall idea," George suddenly announced. "It was my idea and we're not going on with it." Attentive readers will remember that George also scrapped £10,000 worth of work on the "Careless Whisper" video by having his hair done in the middle of it. . . The Thompson Twins are now based in Paris, for reasons apparently not unconnected

nightclubs and an airline, has now also become a few pubs. . . Michael Jackson and the rest of the family, stout Jehovah's Witnesses all, recently boycotted the wedding of Janet Jackson to James DeBarge. Why? Because the groom belongs to rival religion, the Pentacostalists. 'Tis muttered that Michael was so upset he never wants to see her ever again. . . While filming a bit of the video for Culture Club's next single, "The Medusa Song", at Chelsea football ground, Boy George was regaled with chants of "Who is that pool in the back seat?" etc. from the supporters assembled to watch a Chelsea/Watford Match. George responded with a time-honoured two-finger salute. . . And finally, if you've ever fancied hiring a



Radio 1 DJ, here's how much they charge. Mike Read, at £2000 plus VAT for one hour, is the most expensive. Then come Peter Powell, Dave Lee Travis and Steve Wright at £1000 plus VAT. Gary Davies and Simon Bates will set you back £900 plus VAT. A bit steep? Well, you can get Janice Long for a mere £500 an hour. Plus VAT, naturally.



While rehearsing for the Frankle American tour, poor Pedro recently collapsed with exhaustion. The reason? Too much "rubbish food" like hamburgers and not enough good food "like chops", apparently. Here's Ped: "The lads have had to carry on rehearsing without me. They've been using a drum machine but they say it isn't the same because it doesn't jump up and swear at them every three minutes."

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LET ME ROCK YOU THAT'S ALL I WANNA DO
CHAKA KHAN LET ME ROCK YOU
LET ME ROCK YOU CHAKA KHAN
LET ME ROCK YOU GOT A FEEL FOR YOU
CHAKA KHAN WON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU WANNA DO
DO YOU FEEL FOR ME THE WAY I FEEL FOR YOU
CHAKA KHAN LET ME TELL YOU WHAT I WANNA DO
I WANNA LOVE YOU WANNA HUG YOU WANNA SQUEEZE YOU TOO
LET ME TAKE YOU IN MY ARMS
LET ME FILL YOU WITH MY CHARMS CHAKA
'CAUSE YOU KNOW I'M THE ONE TO KEEP YOU WARM CHAKA
I'LL MAKE YOU MORE THAN JUST A PHYSICAL DESIRE
I WANNA ROCKSHOT BABY 'CAUSE YOU MAKE ME WANNA SCREAM
LET ME ROCK YOU ROCK YOU

BABY BABY WHEN I LOOK AT YOU
I GET A WARM FEELING INSIDE
THERE'S SOMETHING 'BOUT THE THINGS YOU DO
THAT KEEPS ME SATISFIED
I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU BABY
IT'S MAINLY A PHYSICAL THING
THIS FEELING THAT I GOT WITH YOU BABY
IT MAKES ME WANNA SING

CHORUS
I FEEL FOR YOU I THINK I LOVE YOU
I FEEL FOR YOU I THINK I LOVE YOU

CHAKA KHAN LET ME ROCK YOU
LET ME ROCK YOU CHAKA KHAN
LET ME ROCK YOU THAT'S ALL I WANNA DO
CHAKA KHAN LET ME ROCK YOU
LET ME ROCK YOU CHAKA KHAN
LET ME ROCK YOU GOT A FEEL FOR YOU
FEEL FOR YOU

BABY BABY WHEN I LAY WITH YOU
THERE'S NO PLACE TO RATHER BE
I CAN'T BELIEVE CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S TRUE
THE THINGS THAT YOU DO TO ME
I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU BABY
I'M PHYSICALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU
THIS FEELING THAT I GOT FOR YOU BABY
THERE'S SOMETHING THAT I WOULDN'T DO

REPEAT CHORUS

(OH BABY) FEEL SO HOT ALL THE TIME
(SAY YEARS) I FEEL FOR YOU
(I, I, I) THINK I LOVE YOU

CHAKA KHAN LET ME ROCK YOU
LET ME ROCK YOU CHAKA KHAN
LET ME ROCK YOU THAT'S ALL I WANNA DO
CHAKA KHAN LET ME ROCK YOU
LET ME ROCK YOU CHAKA KHAN
LET ME ROCK YOU GOT A FEEL FOR YOU
FEEL FOR YOU

I FEEL IT TOO (FEEL FOR YOU)
I FEEL FOR YOU (FOR YOU) I FEEL FOR YOU
I THINK I LOVE YOU I FEEL FOR YOU

Words and music: Prince
Reproduced by Permission Island Music
On WEA Records

SHTV

5.15 Ellendale Farm

Karen has been flirting with young Seth. But what is the nasty thing in the woodshed? This week's cast:

Karen: Cheri Young Seth
Old Mr Bates: Ian Charnie
Edward: Iva Small-Part
Man with trowel: Jack Nicholson

WRITER MICHAEL HACK
DIRECTOR OF CAMERA CHRIS
PRODUCER BIG CIGAR
Measure Films Production

Woman with camera: Fio Photographer
Midge Ure: Himself

DESIGNER H B PENCIL
EDITOR HIRAM N FIREM

7.30 Carnation Street

Can Vera have forgotten about her baked beans? Billy Bottom tries to get off with Meg but she tells him to buzz off

Oracle sub-titles page 170
This week's cast:

Vera: Bont Samantha Archer
Billy Bottom: John Travolta
Meg: Higgins Peter Martin
Customer: (strong) Ann Hopeful
Mass Wackababy: Vin MacDonaid

WRITER DALPIST
DIRECTOR MEGAPHONE
PRODUCER IVOR CHEQUEBOOK
Muse Of The Same Production

News at 5.45



Antidoting for Mad Max? Duran

Duran in "Duran Duran": 6.00

6.0 Duran Duran

NEW SERIES

JOHN TAYLOR
SIMON LE BON
NICK RHODES
ANDY TAYLOR
ROGER TAYLOR

How is married life affecting Roger and Nick? What kind of dad is Andy? Has Simon had a nose job? The boys talk individually about where their heads are at (man)

DESIGNER WIGLEELINES

6.35 Crossbones

Old Nellie has been run over by a juggernaut. Measurible Martians have invaded the cafeteria
Oracle sub-titles page 170
This week's cast:

Old Nellie: Candice B. Reel
First Martian: Zed Zawada
Second Martian (regurg): Dave Rimmer
Leery Driver: Fossil Deans
Boy in Pet Shop: Neil Tennant

WRITER A. FALLING
DIRECTOR WILLIE CUTTIT
PRODUCER MACMONEY
Lead Of Old Rubbish Production

7.0 Midge Ure

A new haircut. A new Ultravox single. A new video. And a new interview

8.0 Lenny Henry

Tv's Mr Comedy talks frankly and outspokenly in all sorts of funny voices. An in-depth report from the award-winning *Smash Hits* team

Man with notebook: Tom Hibbert
Lenny Henry: Himself
EDITOR BRAIN OF A MELON
Randy Day Production

8.30 The Prize Is Slight

LESLIE CROWBAR

Lots more ordinary people exchange cruel jokes made at their expense while they try to guess the prices of lots of pop-up toasters and Ronco Car Vacas

DESIGNER GRANT N. LARGER
RESEARCH LINDA DUFF
DIRECTOR TIM POPE
PRODUCER TREVOR HORN
Dead Cheap Production

10.0 Bitz At Ten

10.30 Mutterings

An awful lot of scaramlike gossip about rich and famous pop stars
'This week's cast:

Boy George: Himself
Michael Jackson: Himself
Duran Duran: Themselves
Paul McCartney: Mark Elean
RESEARCH MONGO
Pan Unimised Production

11.0 Right To Reply

More readers' letters
WRITERS YOU LOT
DIRECTOR BLACK TYPE

12.0 Night Thoughts

with Dr N. Credibly-Boring
followed by

Closedown

For further
details see...

Smash HITS

There's so much more than tv times in *Smash Hits* magazine.

JON MOSS

Smash Hits

