WHAT HAVE BONO AND THIS GIRL GOT IN COMMON?
SEE PAGE 32

KING/STEVIE WONDER/WHAM!/ARCADIA

FREE INSIDE

GIANT DOUBLE-SIDED POSTER
FEATURING
A-HA AND MADONNA

PLUS FEARGAL SHARKEY/HOWARD JONES/MICHAEL J. FOX AND THE 1986 FAN CLUB DIRECTORY
It's Alright (Baby's Coming Back)

Chorus:
It's alright baby's coming back
And I don't really care where he's been no
It's alright baby's coming back
And I won't turn him around this time no

No no
I'll be your cliff (you can fall down from me)
I'll be your ledge (you can lean upon me)
I'll be your bridge (your flowing tree)
You can still depend on me
And I'll be (the ticking of your clock)
And I'll be (the numbers on your watch)
And I'll be (your hands to stop the time)
I'll even be your danger sign

Repeat chorus:
And I'll be (your grace your dignity)
And I'll be (your night your destiny)
And I'll be (your comfort and your ease)
I will be your storm at sea
And I'll be (your sharp intake of breath)
And I'll be (your work I'll take no rest)
And when the world fails to decline
I'll be yours and you'll be mine

It's alright baby's coming back
And I don't really care where he's been no

And I'll be (your cliff you can fall down from me)
And I'll be (your ledge you can lean upon me)
And I'll be (your bridge your flowing tree)
You can still depend on me
And I'll be (the ticking of your clock)
And I'll be (the numbers on your watch)
And I'll be (your hands to stop the time)
I'll even be your danger sign

It's alright baby's coming back
And I won't turn him around this time no

Repeat chorus to fade

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

FEATURING & COLOUR

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LOVE IS...

... a nose sannie under the Christmas tree; getting married on the beach and rumpy pumpy on a tour bus...

**HOLLY & JAN JONES:**
Announced their pregnancy, 20th December 1985
Howard Jones’s US bus rumpy pumpy shock horror exclusive! After the grand finale of the "Dream Into Action Tour" at the NEC, Howard and Jan were backstaging being warmly congratulated by family and friends. "We’re pregnant," they admitted to Blitz, and explained that it all happened in the American bit of the tour. "It was conceived on a bus, somewhere between Cleveland and Ohio, I think," revealed a blushing Howard.

**MIDGE URE & ANNABEL GILES:**
Married, 30th December 1985
Midge met 26 year old Annabel (the Pond’s face cream model) 18 months ago – she was engaged to someone else at the time, but killed the poor bloke on the eve of their wedding.
This wedding was so secret that even Annabel’s family didn’t find out until afterwards – the "happy couple" just eloped off to the steamy Caribbean isle of Montserrat and got married on the beach. What a scroocher.

**Renee Simonsen:**
Announced absolutely nothing
So, a nation asks, what about John Taylor. Duran’s first "eligible" bachelor? Well, he’s lived with "curvaceous lovely" Renee Simonsen (a Danish model) for two months, he is reported to be "rather smugly domesticated" these days, and he does refer to her as "the wife", but that, we’re assured, is so far as it goes.

**NICK & JULIE-ANNE RHODES:**
Announced Julie-Anne’s pregnancy, 30th December 1985
In the midst of revelling away New Year’s Eve at London’s swish Tramp nightclub, Julie-Anne announced to a throng of waiting newsmen that she was four months pregnant, and – luckily – ecstatically happy about it. That means shes’s due to drop the sprog in May, making it the second Duran offspring to emerge (Andy Taylor’s already got one).
Modern technology, eh? It's an ever-evolving marvel and no mistake. Why, not so long ago pocket calculators were the size of Stansted Airport, digital watches were bigger than TV sets, and computers were gigantic, sinister machines that took up a whole building and were covered with whirring tape loops and spooky old flashing lights and things. These days you can get a watch that's a TV and a calculator and a computer all rolled into one, weighs a squilligramme, costs about 2p and takes the dog for a walk every morning. What next, pop boffins — a computer 'friend-chip' that communicates with pulsating red or green lights and can be worn as a badge? Well yes, actually — it's called a Winkie (fig 1) and we've got 10 of them to give away, plus 10 Winkie t-shirts to wear them on (fig 2). So here's the stupid question: what's the proper name for computer language — is it a) binary b) Lithuanian c) Esperanto or d) Something Very Boring And Complicated Only Boffins Know? Answers in the usual way to Smash Hits I'm A Very Intelligent Egghead Boffin Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street London W1V 1PA to get here soon.

GOSH! Whitney Houston has got a new single out — it's called 'How Will I Know', and comes off her imaginatively titled album 'Whitney Houston'.

CRIPES! Sheila E. has got a new single out too; it's called 'A Love Bizarre', and just about everything on it has been done by Prince (as per usual).

I looked like gloom and doom for Drum Theatre when they first ever tour, supporting the Thompson Twins, was cancelled. But they went on to whip up loads of interest supporting King Last November, and now their second single, 'Living In The Past' (the follow up to 'Eldorado') never seems to be off the radio.

So who are they? Bit managed to track down singer Gari Tarn in the depths of their recording studio, hard at work on an album that's to be released in the Spring.

It all began in 1983, he reveals, when he spotted Kent Bl at a London African music club: "It was mainly a black crowd so being white we stuck out, especially as we're both a bit odd looking, I suppose. After seeing each other a few times we picked up the courage to talk, rather than just snarl at each other across the room." Sharing an interest in unusual "ethnic" music, they hunted out four other like-minded musicians with, as Gari puts it, "the intention of putting the multicultural element back into mainstream pop."

Predictably, with a name like Drum Theatre, they want their stage shows to be "theatrical experiences ... uplifting and visually exciting". It's this the motive behind their, um, striking dress sense? "Well, it makes for bright pictures," says Gari, who makes all the clothes himself. And, sounding a mite calculated, he adds that "it also reflects the way the music works: we're trying to make music from all over the world and present it in a radical way, so we use fabrics from all round the world for the clothes."

Does all this hard work mean they intend to be huge stars in '86? "Well, we weren't formed to bust out currently successful bands, but there's room for us as well, I think we're the right kind of thing for this year."
THE LAST PET SHOP BOYS RECORDS IN THE UNIVERSE

Don't you just hate squares? No, not really boring people" but you know, squares. The things with lots of right angles and all the sides the same length. They're just not natural, are they? Like, when did Mother Nature ever make a square? Ruddy well never! What shape is the sun? Not ruddy square, is it? What shape are the spoons when you toss a pebble in a pool? Not nearly square! So why on earth are all record sleeves square? Makes no sense at all to Bittz, which is why we are delighted to announce that these very sensible Pet Shop Boys have finally cottoned on to this and released a rather splendid round-screwed 10" remixed version of "West End Girls." And despite the fact that it's an incredibly limited edition, Bittz has got hold of the last two copies in the entire universe. And they're autographed by yer lads. Rare, or what? If you fancy a chance of getting your hands on one, just answer the question: What do the angles inside a square add up to? Is it (a) 90° (b) 180° (c) 360° (d) 720°? Answer on the back of an envelope or a postcard to Smash Hits Pet Shop Boys Competition, S2SS Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by January 30.

"Hi there, hepcats!

My name's Elvis Presley, and I died quite a long time ago. I was having a chat with that well known 'medium' Doris Stokes the other day, when she let slip a bit of bad news. Seems some upping young combo called Pies Young Cannibals have had the cheek to release a so-called 'cover version' of my all-time classic tear-jerker 'Suspicious Minds' as their latest 45 RPM platter, and what's worse, there's some daft kid named Manc pinko called Jimmy Somerville on becking vocals. Give me a bit of a turn, I can tell you. It'd never have happened in my day, pop chums - they'd have shot the lot of 'em..."

Talk Talk have been around since 1981, when people used to be very horrid about them, saying they were out-of-date New Romantics, not very pretty, and worst of all - comparing them with A Flock Of Seagulls. Still, they've stuck it out, and our resident "pop psychic", Design Ed. "Goofy" Bostock (the man who predicted Niki Norashaw would be famous about a million years before anyone else had even heard of her), reckons their new single, "Life's What You Make It", is a work of complete and utter genius and should be a real hit. The master has spoken...

Remember Floy Joy, that soul/funk group who were supposed to take over the world a couple of years back except no-one ever bought their records? Well, they're back, and their new single, "Week In The Presence Of Beauty" is just out! And to "celebrate"...hold on, there's something funny going on. This isn't the old Floy Joy at all. Singer Carroll Thompson and instrumentalist Shein Ward have - gasp! - left to "pursue solo careers" and only Michael Ward is left with two new disks! And apparently they're now "really into sweet soul" and reckon they're pretty good. Blimmin' heck.

\* Astonishing Fact! Floy Joy is the name of a rather obscure and not especially good song by The Supremes.
Oh dear readers, what a mistake! Instead of printing lots of nice, flattering, attractive pictures of pop stars, silly old Bitz has "accidentally" printed lots of very horrible, extremely embarrassing and not at all "dreamy" ones (snigger). Worra pity, eh?
CHERRELLE AND ALEXANDER O’NEAL...

Their names don’t exactly trip off the tongue, do they? Still, it hasn’t stopped them sneaking up the charts with the winsome soul ballad “Saturday Love”, so Blitz has unearthed a few “pop facts” about the respective lives of the mysterious duo.

Alexander O’Neal
- Was born in Mississippi 15/11/53.
- Began singing in school, aged nine.
- Went on to graduate from high school, then attended Alcorn State University.
- Moved to Detroit in 1975, where he joined a group called Flyte Time, under the guidance of Prince they evolved into “legendary” soul group The Time.
- Left The Time after disagreeing with Prince over money; two years later the rest of the group split up, and two-women members, Jimmy Jam (singer) and Terry Lewis, set up as songwriters and producers.
- Released his first album “Alexander O’Neal”, it was produced by Jam and Lewis, who invited Cherelle to sing on one track, “Innocent”.

Cherelle
- Was born in Los Angeles 13/10/60.
- Began singing in church, aged five.
- Went on to take part in musicale and stage shows, and taught herself to play the drums.
- Moved to Detroit in 1979, where she lived next door to a singer called Michael Henderson; she sang on his album and went on tour with him.
- Left Michael Henderson and released her first album, “Fragile”, and a massive dancefloor hit “I Didn’t Mean To Turn You On” – both produced by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis.
- Released her second album, “High Priority”, it was produced by Jam and Lewis, who invited Alexander O’Neal to sing on one track, “Saturday Love”.

And thus came about the “momentous” coupling of two careers – “We’re, like, scratching each other’s backs,” says Cherelle. So now you know.

To see in the New Year, mardy folkies The Colour Field have got a new single and a new group member. The single’s called “Things Could Be Beautiful” (the 12” version of which contains two extra live songs) and is reviewed on page 39; the member’s called Gary Dwyer (ex-Teardrop Explodes drummer) and isn’t reviewed anywhere.

WIN SOME A-HA SWAG!

Here’s that big picture of A-ha over there! It’s actually a giant poster which you can only get with the first few thousand 12” versions of “The Sun Always Shines On TV”, and we’ve got 25 autographed copies lounging around in the office.

And see that wobbly orange thing which looks a bit like an a-ha except it’s got a picture of the pouting Norwegian threesome in the middle? Well, that’s a limited edition picture disc version of “The Sun Always Shines On TV”. Needless to say they’re both fantastically rare and sought after and valuable etc. etc., and needless to say Blitz is going to give the whole lot away because, as everyone knows, Blitz is a talented and extremely brilliant and good looking. So here’s a very “double-edged” question: a) which member of A-ha once studied theology, and b) what’s theology? Answers on the back of a postcard or envelope to Smash His Look It Up In A Dictionary Competition, 32-45 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PE, to get here by 28 January. The first 25 correct entries out of the stupid red plastic box which everyone always over on the way out to lunch win a set of swag.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Lots of people are getting quite old this fortnight.

January:
16th Sada (26) and Mark O'Toole (22)
17th Paul Young (30) and Chaggers (29)
18th Tom Bailey (30)
19th Mickey Virtue of UB40 (29) and Robert Palmer (65)
20th Malcolm McLaren (an even bigger 39)
23rd Earl Falconor of UB40 (29)
24th Joels Hollands (30)
25th Peter Coyle of the Lotus Eaters (24) and Andy Cox of Fine Young Cannibals (24)
26th Andrew Ridgeley (33) and Norman Hassan of UB40 (27)
27th Gillian Gilbert of New Order (24)
28th Dava Sharp of The Alarm (27)
29th Roddy Frame (22)
30th Phil Collins (35)
31st Lloyd Cole (25) and John Lydon (30)

WHAT'S DURAN DURAN'S BEST SONG?

Y
ou know Doris Day?* Well this is her brother, Morris Day. (No it isn't - Ed.) I mean just rumbled. Actually, Morris is in fact another person (about the 19th in Hit's estimation) who was in Purple Rain with Prince and now wants fame in his own right to which end he's just released a single - it's called "The Oak Tree". Interesting pop fact: Morris used to be in Prince's group The Time with Alexander O'Neal - see the Cherrelle Biz for more details.

*A resident Doris Day expert (T. H.U.K.) writes: Doris Day is probably the greatest person who ever lived. Ask her! She's been ill (1914) with kidney trouble for a number of years. She was married at the age of 15 to a poor man who beat her and she left him and her. Morris Day is her brother.

So, what is their best song? Or, come to that, their worst? After all, they did come first in the Readers' Poll, so Bizz - being extremely nosy as per usual - wants to know why. Just list your five favourite "numbers" on the coupon below (it doesn't matter whether they're singles, album tracks or even B-sides), and also the absolutely worst song you reckon they've ever recorded. Feel free to comment on your choice, if you want to; write it on an extra sheet of paper if there isn't room on the coupon. Then post the whole lot off to Smash Hits Duran Duran Survey, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF, to get here by 28 January. The results will be printed in a megal-statistical survey in a few weeks time.

MY FIVE FAVOURITE DURAN DURAN SONGS ARE, IN ORDER:

1. ........................................................................
2. ........................................................................
3. ........................................................................
4. ........................................................................
5. ........................................................................

I THINK THE WORST SONG THEY'VE EVER RECORDED IS:

........................................................................

REASONS FOR MY CHOICES:

NAME: ............................................ AGE: ............................................
ADDRESS: ..................................................................................
FULL FORCE • ALICE I WANT YOU JUST FOR ME

Your limousine is waiting please drive me up the wall
And don't let go no
Can't you see I want you just for me
Baby no
Can't you see Alice please don't count on
(Cut it up scratch me)

I want you just for me
(Full Force get busy one time)
Sing it to your mama sing it
Sing it papa got to sing the same thing

Hey Alice would you be my girl
We just wanna keep going till the lights go out
Click!

Baby you're the greatest

Words and music by Full Force/H. Tee
Reproduced by permission Forceful Music on CBS Records
New Single
7" + 12" extended remix
also includes extended version of Rose Arcana
taken from the album & cassette - So Red The Rose
A GET SMART SPECIAL
THE BRAND NEW, UP-TO-DATE COMPLETELY INDESPENSIBLE, MISTAKE-FREE

SMASH HITS
FAN CLUB DIRECTORY

ADAM ANT
PO Box 2AY,
London W1 2AY.
A-HA
The Post Office, High Street, Headly, Hants.
MARC ALMOND
166 New Cavendish Street, London W1.
AMAZULU
ARCADIA
273 Broad Street, Birmingham B1 2DS.
AZTEC CAMERA
c/o Rainhill House, 19 All Saints Road, London W11.
JOAN ARMATRADING
c/o Mike Noble, 27 Queensdale Place, London W11.
BANANARAMA
c/o Anne WITCHARD, 40 Weymouth Street, London W1.
THE BEATLES
The Beatles City Magazine, 31 Mathew Street, Liverpool L2.

BILLY BRAGG
c/o 145 Highfield Way, Chorleywood, Rickmansworth, Herts WD3 2PL.
BIG COUNTRY
Acme House, 26-40 St Andrew Street, Northampton NN1 2HY.
BRONSKI BEAT
c/o Claire, PO Box 544, London NW2 3SQ.
BLANCMANGE
BCM Blancmange, London WC1N 3XX.
ELKIE BROOKES
c/o Lorraine Osborne, Maple Leaf, Stapleford Road, Stapleford Abbots, Romford, Essex RM4 1EJ.
KATE BUSH
PO Box 120, Welting, Kent KA16 3DS.

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE
c/o Andrew Miller, S2 Musard Road, London W6.
DAVID CASSIDY
The Old Post House, The Street, Littlington, East Sussex BN26 5RD.
CHINA CRISIS
c/o Virgin Records, 533-579 Harrow Road, London W10.

DAMNED
Flashmans Society, PO Box 19, Brentford, Middx TW8 0TW.
DEAD OR ALIVE
PO Box 65, Liverpool L69 4LG.

ECH0 & THE BUNNYMEN
PO Box 61, Liverpool L69 BBF.
EURYTHMICS
c/o Pam Stewart, RCA Records, 6363 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, USA.
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
Basement Records, 6 Pembredge Road, London W11.
BRYAN FERRY
c/o EG Management, 63a Kings Road, London SW3 4NT.

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
B5 Overslade Crescent, Coundon, Coventry CV6 2AX.
DIRE STRAITS
Damage Management, 10 Southwick Mews, London W2.
THOMAS DOLBY
Cracks 90, 66-68 George Street, London W1.
STEPHEN DUFFY
SAID, PO Box 75, Birmingham B29 7ES.
DURAN DURAN
273 Broad Street, Birmingham B1 2DS.
SHEENA EASTON
5300 Laurel Canyon Boulevard, PO Box 500, North Hollywood, California 91607, USA.

FIVE STAR
PO Box 29, Romford, Essex RM7 0ST.

PHIL COLLINS
PO Box 107, London N6 8RU.
THE CULT
c/o Anna Street, 109 Corbryn Street, London N4.
CULTURE CLUB
PO Box 40, Ruislip HA4 7ND.
THE CURE
Acme House, 26-40 St Andrews Street, Northampton NN1 2HY.

FRAKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
PO Box 160, Liverpool L69 BBG.
GENESIS/PETER GABRIEL
PO Box 107, London N6 8RU.
GARY GLITTER
37 Blacksmiths Lane, Rainham, Essex RM13 7AD.
GO WEST
B1 Harley House, Marylebone Road, London NW1.

HALL & OATES
Survival Kit, PO Box 000, Beverley Hills, California 90210, USA.

PAUL HARDCASTLE
c/o 19 Management, 9 Dissaili Road, London SW5 1.

NICK HEYWARD
c/o Arista Press Office, 3 Cavendish Square, London W1.

HUMAN LEAGUE
c/o Virgin Records, 535-579 Harrow Road, London W10.

ELTON JOHN
c/o Julie Leggett, Rocket Records, 125 Kensington High Street, London W8.

HOWARD JONES
PO Box 18, 94 Tottendge Road, High Wycombe, Bucks HP11 7SN.

NICK KERSHAW
PO Box 46, London NW7 2AS.

WILLIAM KING
The Unity Club, PO Box 68, London SE1 9.

THE KINKS
c/o Konk Studios, 84-86 Tottenham Lane, London N8.

LEVEL 42
PO Box 507, London N1 4TD.

HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS
PO Box B19, Mill Valley, California 94942, USA.

LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS
c/o Derek McKellips, Suite 373, 108 Hope Street, Glasgow G2.

LOOSE ENDS
9 Carnaby Street, London W1.

MADONNA

MADNESS
PO Box 75, London W1 0SA.

IRON MAIDEN
PO Box 1, London W1.

BARRY MANILOW
PO Box 40, Epsom, Ewell, Surrey KT1 9EP.

BOB MARLEY
PO Box 1 Island Records Press Office, 22 St Peters Square, London W6.

MARILLION
The Web, PO Box 533, London SW1.

MATT BIANCO
c/o WEA Records PO Box 59, Alpertone Lane, Watford, Middx.

PAUL McCARTNEY
c/o David Dunn, 8 Johnson Drive, Cambuslang, Glasgow.

MEAT LOAF
PO Box 68, Stockport, Cheshire SK3 0JY.

ALISON MOYET
PO Box 5, Billericay, Essex.

NEW ORDER
c/o Factory Records, (Press Office), 86 Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester 20.

GARY NUMAN
PO Box 14, Staines, Middx TW19 9AZ.

OMD
c/o World Chief, 184 Liverpool Road, London N1.

PET SHOP BOYS

FEARGAL SHARKEY
c/o Virgin Records, 535-579 Harrow Road, London W10.

SCRITTI POLITTI
c/o Repertoire, PO Box 120, London NW1 0JD.

TALK TALK
BCM Talk Talk, London WC11 3XX.

TALKING HEADS

TEARS FOR FEARS
PO Box 13, Westbury, Wiltshire BA13 3TP.

THOMPSON TWINS
Telex, PO Box 68, London SW10 9QW.

TOYAH
BMTQY, London WC1 N3XX.

BONNIE TYLER
PO Box 308, London E6 1E8.

U2
PO Box 48, London N6 SRU.

UB40
PO Box 117, Birmingham BS 10.

ULTRAVOX

WATERBOYS
PO Box 78, 22 St Peters Square, London W6.

WHAMI
PO Box 1, London W1 0W.

KIM WILDE
PO Box 202, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire.

PAUL YOUNG
PO Box 253, London N7 9NF.

ZZ TOP
PO Box 250, 3300 Warner Boulevard, Burbank, California 91510, USA.

IMPORTANT
● Before you join a fan club or send them any money, write and find out exactly how much it costs (usually a few pounds per year) and what you can expect in return.
● If you’re writing to a fan club and expecting a reply, always enclose a stamped addressed envelope (whether you’re a member or not).
NEIL TENNANT

P E T S H O P B O Y S

NAME: Neil Francis Tennant.
BORN: 10/7/54 in North Shields, Northumberland.
FIRST CRUSH: A girl called Frances MacDonald when I was at primary school. We used to kiss in the book cupboard - we got caught but then I think that was half the point. Strangely enough I actually had a dream about her and her twin sister last night and about all my old friends. I think it was a sort of reaction to finding out we were number one.
PREVIOUS JOBS: My first job was a counter assistant in Ladbrokes the bookmakers every Saturday for about a year. I also had a summer job for two years in the British Museum's manuscript department - everyone else seemed to get a horrible job in a factory but I didn't want a job where I got my hands dirty. I've never had one and I hope it stays that way. Then I worked as London editor of Marvel comics for two years - I had to Anglicise the spellings, put bikinis on uncovered breasts and write the "Bulleten Buletten" on seven weekends. After that I worked in publishing as an editor and then as assistant editor on Smash Hits. That was the best job I've ever had apart from this one. Actually, I'm not sure it wasn't better than this one - the hours are much longer and it's a bit of a strain.

WHICH MARVEL COMIC CHARACTER WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO BE? Mr Fantastic, because I'd like to be able to stretch every part of my body. Which parts in particular? I'll leave that to your imagination.

DOES YOUR MOTHER PLAY GOLF? She does, yes. Until recently she was Ladies Captain of the City Of Newcastle Golf Club. My youngest brother Philip and my father also play but I absolutely loathe it - it's so boring.

WHAT WERE YOU IN A PREVIOUS LIFE? I hope I was the Pope in the 16th century, when they used to poison people and wear fantastic clothes. When I was a little boy I always wanted to be the Pope because I thought it would be glamorous. I still would - you could get Michelangelo to paint your living room, make war with France or excommunicate a few people if you got bored. Apart from that, though, I've brought up a Catholic, I'm not really religious.

WHAT KIND OF UNDERWEAR ARE YOU WEARING? Let's have a look. Today I'm wearing blue and yellow striped boxer shorts which my sister-in-law got me in Holland.
WHERE DO YOU LIVE? In a very small studio flat in Chelsea - one big room, a kitchen and a bathroom. It's all painted white and has very naff rented flat furniture, lots and lots of books and endless thousands of records which I used to get on Smash Hits - I miss that. The only thing I've got on the wall is a framed photograph of Smash Hits cover I was given when I left. "Neil Tennant: Why I Quit Smash Hits To Be A Teen Sensation!"

WHAT DOES CHRIS DO IN THE PET SHOP BOYS? I always write the words but we usually write the music together, or sometimes he does it alone. He tends to write the songs' "hooks" - if I write songs on my own they turn out a bit wet.

WHY DOES HE ALWAYS LOOK SO MOODY? Because he is moody, often inexplicably so, but "sulky" is a better word. When he found out we were number one all he could do was complain that we had to do Top Of The Pops again. Though he cheered up later and had some champagne.

DO YOU THINK BOB GELDOF SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN MORE? I'm not sure that I care really. If I agreed with the idea of the Honours List then I'd think he should have got something, but they're meaningless really. I'm sure Bob Geldof doesn't care either.

HAVE YOU EVER WORN A DRESS? Yes, when I was 13, in the school play, HMS Pinafore by Gilbert and Sullivan. I was e soprano so I played the wodden, Course Debbie, who had a short and a long dress and sung a couple of songs.

ARE YOU POSH? No. I come from an ordinary middle class family and I'm not a posh school. But though I come from Newcastle I've only ever had a bit of a Geordie accent and on my first day at St Cuthbert's Grammar School everyone else had really strong ones and they called me "poshie". I was a bit upset.

WERE YOU EVER BEATEN UP AT SCHOOL? No, though someone threw a sandwich at me once. After it left I was hit by a skinhead once and I also got mugged in Paris about ten years ago. I was coming out of the metro with this girl and these two blokes in leather jackets pulled me out. They were trying to get her purse and eventually she gave it to them. They ran off and she burst into tears.

WHO WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO BE STUCK IN A Lift WITH? A) Freddie Mercury B) Princess Di C) Billy Idol D) Paul Weller? I've never been interested in Queen so certainly not Freddie Mercury. I could have a chat with Princess Di about whether she deserves the ludicrous amount of money she gets - I'm sure we'd decide she doesn't. And I could tell her she's a Sianic tramp. Billy Idol would be good - he'd just rant on about rock'n'roll but he's probably my favourite pop star. Paul Weller would be the best though - I used to enjoy interviewing him. He's got very strong opinions and isn't slagging people off. I suppose he'd probably slag me off.
BORDERLINE
The New Single from Madonna

NEW 7" & 12" SINGLE
Used to? It'd be easy to get the impression that Paul King still -arm stuff he gets up to. But, he confesses to William Shaw, the live a wild rock 'n' roll lifestyle are “total jerks” and isn’t the life and

Paul King tries hard not to pass through French customs unnoticed.

“I don’t at all, actually. In fact I’m amazed at how I got away with it,” he says, feigning modestly.

In that case, where do all those dodgy photos of him alongside lots of “foxy chicks” come from?

“Well, I do like ladies, I always have, from an early age. But I don’t think I need to rely on that to promote myself. To hate for that to be the only reason for people to know Paul King - because he hangs around with girls. I don’t want to be a celebrity for celebrity’s sake. So I am wary of it. "Obviously sex or romance or whatever you want to call it motivates a lot of people, I mean, I’m a very normal guy..."

Rather more normal, in fact, than he’s admitted so far to the press. At the end of last year a newspaper revealed that Paul actually had a fiancée called Maxine! All that after he’d been telling us all for years that he was “unattached” and “looking for love”. He’d been telling ruddy great whoopers, then?

“Yeah,” says Paul evasively, “I’ve always kept my private life private. It’s important to retain that privacy, otherwise the press will just eat it up and spit it out. It’s very interesting to see how the media push you into a certain role which isn’t necessarily you... which is what they want you to play.”

Like “Paul King: I’m-an-incredibly-sexy-beast”?

Paul picks up a roll from the airline meal tray in front of him. “Is this sweet bread, or just ordinary bread?” he asks, completely ignoring the question.

As a matter of fact, far from being “a righ raver” and “a
HINK I WAS GOD’S GIFT”

does, what with all that living-it-up-in-nightclubs-with-a-girl-on-each real Paul King has a fiancee called Maxine, thinks that people who soul of the party.

Paul King, the off-stage Paul King is actually a rather quiet and serious chap. Only the night before, the whole group were invited to a big party thrown for them by their record company in a posh restaurant in Paris, and while the other members were getting a bit squiffy, gugging champagne and singing v. rude songs around the piano, Paul stood to one side chatting politely to the record company toffs. It was only when everyone clamoured for him to join in that he jumped up on the piano to deliver an impromptu version of "Flah".

"Umm..." comments Paul, "I am very quiet... a quiet person, I enjoy just sitting and observing. If I'm at a party I'm not really the one who jumps up from the seataa and dances in the middle of the floor. Though on stage all that changes - I do enjoy that centro-stage role."

That was pretty obvious the night before when he stepped on to perform at a small Parisian venue called The Eridano. King aren't very well known in France and it looked like most of the audience didn't want to know them, but Paul worked hard to win them over, bounding around stage dramatically and doing all those peculiar pixie-like knees bends and spokey old head gestures. ("Yes, I do have a tendency to go over the top," he says.) And by the end of the show they'd earned themselves two encores.

Paul is fairly chuffed about this small success and deservedly so. After all, he certainly puts enough effort into this pop star lark. He exercises regularly to keep fit, makes sure that he eats proper food and that he gets loads of sleep. All very sensible, but it's not really the wild rock 'n' roll lifestyle, is it?

"There are performers who live that lifestyle," answers Paul. "They live it and they die it. They're totally extreme, and on the edge. I may like them as artists, but as people I think them total jerks. They're selfish, really," he burts. "I don't think that I could be tempted into that sort of lifestyle.

"If people see the artist they've made successful going round blowing money, they don't want to know. They've got a hard enough time themselves - they don't want to see some asshole up there blowing it." Crickey! What happened to the quiet, reserved Paul King? "I am quite even-tempered," he says, despite his outburst. "It actually takes a lot to make me miffed now. That's developed in the last four years I think. As a teenager I was very arrogant. I believed that the world was my oyster and that I was God's gift, and I think it took the experience of realising that not everybody liked me for me to change that." Actually it looks as if Paul was a bit of a tear-away as a teenager. If you look at his thumb there's a small blue cross tattooed on it. He did that himself, and regrets it now. It's the mark of a gang that he used to be in as a kid in Coventry. "I think that deep down the basic ingredient was a very nice kid, but I was very immature. I used to love going out in a group - not to fight - just to check out the local girls, things like that. But then I found out later that I preferred more sensible company. When I lost my gang, identity I began to do things to make myself stand apart, and a lot of that is the showman part of me."

"Song" goes the public address system again. "We're now descend-ing-to-Zurich-ladies-and-gentlemen-would-you-please-listen..." After landing, the passengers file down the gangway out of the plane. At the exit stands one of those air hostesses who Paul had tried the actually I'm-a-lecturer "joke" on. "Goodbye professor," she smiles cheekily.

The dressing room: an overnight bag, some Levi's, 12 cans of lager and... oh, someone's packed their granny's all-weather simulated rubbers rain boots (har har).
“LIVING IN THE PAST”

DRUM THEATRE/NEW SINGLE

ON 7” · 12” DANCING MIX · 12” REMIX

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DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT
THE colour field

THINGS COULD BE BEAUTIFUL
X

ACROSS
1 His secret diary's been read by everybody! (6,4)
8 A man who got trapped in the charts? (7,6)
AA Instruction to The Cars? (3,4)
10 Use a Wilkinson who claimed "You Can't Be A Hustler" (anag) (6)
11 Van Halen's David (3,4)
12 David Bowie's missus (4,3)
13 A tie for the nephew, Barrington? (4)
14 --- The Fields (Lynott and Moore) (3,2)
16 Did he have a bit on Madonna? (8)
18 and 21 Grandmaster Flash hit not to be tried at the top of a ladder (4,3)
It's about you, according to Level 42
22 Ask about an early form of reggae (anag) (4,3)
25 St. Elmo's was not cheerfully (anag)
26 Metal that was precious for Spandau Ballet (5,2,4,5)
27 'Train It' charity No. 1, Costello (6)

DOWN
1 Simon Le Bon's electioneers (anag 7,6)
2 Lionel Strong's favourite group (anag 7,6)
3 See cholesterol (5,6)
4 Ms Jackson who declared an act of war with Elton (3,4)
5 The Human League's war-time country (4,3)
6 King's flavour of the month? (5,2,4,5)
7 Just Siouxsie's wailers (5,2,4,5)

14 Spill soup for this band (anag)
15 Her first hit is still her biggest to date (3,5)
16 "We --- Babe" (Chrisie Hynde & UB40) (3,3)
17 Hit ZZ Top have six of (4,4)
18 Sort of station Jennifer Rush's love had (3,3)
19 See 16 across

ANSWERS ON PAGE 2B

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tous les garçons et les filles

Originally recorded on a portastudio in London during spring 1983
CREATING A SONG TEXT FILE

ARETHA FRANKLIN

What a Zoomin’ Who

Verse 1
You walked in on the sly
Scopin’ for love
In the crowd I caught your eye
You can’t hide your stuff
(You came to catch)
You thought I’d be naive and tame
(You met your match)
But I beat you at your own game oh

Chorus
(Who’s zoomin’ who)
Teke another look and tell me baby
(Who’s zoomin’ who) who’s zoomin’ who
(Who’s zoomin’ who)
Now the fish jumped off the hook didn’t I baby
(Who’s zoomin’ who) yeah

Repeat chorus

Guess you believed the world
Played by your rules
Here stands an experienced girl

(On Arista Records)

The words and music by Walden/Glass/Franklin.
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LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS

Cut Me Down

I’ve been bought and sold
I’ve been hung upside down
So you can hear me breathing
Do you think it’s easy

I’ve been achin’ all through summer
I’ve been achin’ just to fall
Cut me down
Cut me down

I’ve been Billy Naïve and
Filled my pockets with sand
I’ve seen everything I
Hang upon your pretty brow’

I have wasted all my summer (summer)
I’ve been achin’ just to fall
Cut me down
Cut me down

All she had too much class to mention
Were the things he never knew
(All) all the things she left unsaid
Were the things he needed so

I’m not hurting anymore
I’m not hurting anymore

I’ve been bought and sold and
I’ve been hung upside down
So you can hear me breathing
Do you think it’s easy

I may find it hard to follow
I’ve been achin’ just to fall
Cut me down
Cut me down

Words and music by
Franklin Songs Ltd
On Polydor Records

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Cut me down

Words and music by
Franklin Songs Ltd
On Polydor Records
**STAR TEASER**

- SNAEVAEHOTYAWRIATTS
- SUASNARGREPUSSTOTA
- STOYASHISSODIEOHY
- SORESYSAOIFNHNIHLRI
- UEPEMEUMUSACOILAMM
- USPEPLASEUEUHY
- YASHTOAMLYESMTTTSO
- REAEHHARELOXYOSU
- OSSESOSIAFTNCHEIHR
- FNPUNETNJTARORXTSN
- EESEEADSEEWITPSU
- VYSHKHTSAHLYNEMSM
- OSESIDIHTBEINBOEB
- LSASHSLOOEIOOVMOEEOE
- YYSEEYESTOTUEEVY
- MAISTHELYRNLNEAVYTERIILLYSAN
- LGPHAOAAGANAKPOOQOASESLIUSISENSTDYTUS
- GPSNNGRODULEGREYLF
- NUAASEHTNMVEEPIAVF
- ISETTNHSANYOEAAS
- VYSTUOPLSFLYTTS
- AISSTSESYSFOSAFSSS
- SHAKESPEARESSISTER

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**COMPETITION WINNERS**

- **The Blitz “Best Thing Ever Invented” Competition** (20 November)

  **PART ONE**

- **Go West**
  
  Correct answer: d) I named a monster from outer space.

  The 15 winners of a 12 copy of “Don’t Look Down” are: 
  - Tony Shields, Co Durham; Bob Rogers, Shropshire; D. Lewis, Huddersfield; 
  - Dean Clark, Corinna, Helen Parson, Haslam, W. Allan, 
  - Peckham, Y. Harris, Liverpool; David Nelson, Rathmell; Lindsay Foster, Sheffield; 
  - Charlotte Skinner, Forest Hill; S. Martin, Lincs.

- **Level 42**
  
  Correct answer: b) Mark King.

  Winners of a limited edition 12” single are: 
  - Sophie Henn, Pirriques, Chris Forster, Chatham, Michael Best, Leeds; Gale, 
  - Morgan, Oxford; Bev Marshall, Herts; C. Cooper, Mark Dayton; J. F. Masterson, 
  - Manchester; Murphy, Chorley, Adam Jones, Sutton Coldfield, James Brown, 
  - Ayrshire

- **Smash Hits Goody Bag**
  
  Correct answer: a) The Empire State Building.

  The lucky winner is: Charlotte Machie, Notts.

- **Hall & Oates**
  
  Correct answer: b) John Oates.

  The winner of the “Live At The Apollo” L.P. are 
  - Carol Evans, Swansea, Liz Schult, London, A. Jones, Northumberland, M. 
  - Hunter, Fife, J. Montgomery, Bedford, 
  - Susan Kain, Doncaster, Mandie Trusler, Dartmouth, 
  - Maxine Gordon, Chester, Sharon Rance, Mitcham, Lucita Tuf, 
  - Middlesex, Lynn Buckhend, Co 
  - Tipperary, Delphine Walkall, Co. Dilly N, 
  - Denny, Lincs; Sheila Arlett, Kent, 
  - Samantha Philpott, Dyfed, Jill Edson, 
  - Middleton; Sharon Brown, Middlesbrough, 
  - Elain Grint, Essex, E. Atkins, 
  - Cheshire; Sharon Proctor, Lancs, 
  - William Henry, Balingham, Eileen Walker, 
  - Peace, Susan Venner, Wrexham; 
  - S. Clarkson, Blackpool, Kate Lewis, in Liverpool

---

**LETTER TO BREATHY**

Correct answer: none of them, it was Gorbachev. I talked to you. The following 10 people are really brave and clever and talented and each win a poster and an L.P.

- Stephen Beck, Glasgow; Michael Jordon, Bungry, Anne Roache, London; Julia Murphy, Dagenham; Jan Hardy, Coventry; Trevor Todd, Newcastle; 
- Feetham; Sheffield; Sarah Lewis, Streatham; A. Laid, Farnham; Peter Reynolds, St. Albans.

---

**Eurythmics**

Correct answer: b) Suffragettes.

Winner of a pair of tickets to a 12” single a “to-daat” is: Laura Lee of Sevenoaks. 

The next nine pairs win a set of 12” singles: T.A. Barnett, Coventry; Andrew Rollings, Dartford; Steve McPartland, Gloucester, 
- Lindsay Foster, Sheffield; Z. Weldon, Sheffield; Richard Moss, Worthing, 
- Lorraine Thompson, Bexley, Mathew Grant, Surrey, Lucy Hunt, Cheshunt, 

- Stu McGill from Emmouth and Lisa Gladdy from West Glamorgan are the winners, and both receive a mate and a 12” single. The next eight win a 12” Melanie Green, Houston; Gina Skamforth, 
- Huddersfield; K. J. Kemsley; Kent Angus Matriot, Edinburgh, F. Roughway, Co, 
- Perry; J M Partridge, Chester; D. Rodgers, West Yorkshire; Barbara Phillips, Hereford.

---

**GAMER**

Correct answer: c) Amanda.

The following 10 people win a 12” version of the “She’s A Strange” and a letter: Helen Anderson, Luton; Doreen Mitchell, London; 
- Lorraine Crowder, Essex, Robbie Purcell, Suffolk, S. McCall, Co Londonderry, Emma Ratcliffe, Blackburn; 
- Stacey, Steven Northampton; Simon James, Dyfed, J. Murphy, Dagenham, D. Houseley, 
- The next 15 win a 12” single: Phil Sigley 
- Lancashire, Stephen Hitchcock, Southgate, 
- Lorna Platt, Wigan; G. Valentijn, 
- Manchester; K. Bailey, Jersey; Richard 
- Merino, Herts, B. John, Middlesbrough, W. 
- Shae, Glencairn, O. Bell, London; Helen 
- Barnes, Hove; Allison Croft, Blackpool, 
- Elizabeth Sorton, Dorset, T.L. Palmar, Warrington; 
- R. Corrimal, Hampshire; Bill 
- Thackray, Croydon

---

**MORE WINNERS NEXT ISSUE**
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Kopper Williams

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PUZZLE ANSWERS

STAR TEASER (FROM LAST ISSUE)

STAR TEASER (FROM THIS ISSUE)

CROSSWORD

(From Page 22)

ACROSS
1 Adriana Mole, 8 Colonel Abrams, 9 Drive (Wolfe), 11 (David) Lee Roth, 14 (Ago) (Bowie), 18 (Barrington) key
14 Out In The Fields, 16 "Cantillion", 18 and 21 down "Slip Off", 20 "Something (About You)", 22 Sax, 23 (Blimey)Fire, 24 "Good", 26 (Babs) (Dolby)

DOWN
1 Aardvarks, 2 (Rode) (Stones), 3 Annie Lennox, 4 Miley (Jackson), 5 (The) (Lebowski), 7 (The) (Bowie) (Your) (Team), 7 Bishness, 14 (Dups), 15 Kim Wilde, 16 "I've Got (Babe) (17 Legs) (19 Power (Station)

Puzzle

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COLOURS:

SUBS.

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3 SHIRTS PRINTED FRONT: £4.50
4 SHIRTS PRINTED FRONT: £6.00
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AT LAW AND STATE.

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Dear Black Type,

Ho, ho, errrrr! What's the use? Being Santa Claus is no fun whatsoever. Here I am, stuck up in the North Pole, condemned to run around in a namby pnamby "jolly" red suit for ages with a load of disgusting tabloids. Not only that, I've got HRH Sr Bruce "Bruce" Sprinklet hollering about me coming to town, a film starring Dudley "Ver Boys" Moore and loads of impoters posing as me. So I've got enough trouble without you saying I'm "smudging my stuff down the moon" into "chimney mattschops". If you don't award me a £10 record token, (adopted, spooky, creepy voice), then next Christmas Eve, when you're sloppily sleeping under your Rainbow duvet, I will come down the chimney and CRE AMS! One of those blasting gobpins has thinned my pen, but I'll be back.

Yours menacingly,
Santa Claus, 145 Ifkoo Street, North Pole.

Ha! Rainbow duvet? That's what I asked you for last year, actuellement, and did I get one? No I rudely well did not, chimneybottoms, which explains why I'll be in this year's sub-zero weather sleeping under a Miller's "Jolly Camper" Super S.A.S. Style Camouflaged Nylon Sleeping Bag (with broken zip - reduced to clear), two horridly smelly old tartan-and-Um-Bongo-stain design picnic blankets, a Seaview Bed/Breakfast Inner bath towel (which I seem to have "accidentally" acquired during my holes in sunny Bournemouth sur le feu), Mr. Bad's spare car coat (in brown "well-look" hand-touled Leatherette) - mmmmmmmmmm - and a revolting plastic crinkle plugged toilet roll, "modestly" cover in the shape of a dog (my v. attractive so-called "Christmas present" from Mrs. Perkins), i.e. a pile of complete rubbish. Didn't get a wink of sleep last night and I've got a streaming cold. So seeing as the Ed has been assigned to me on my other page back yet, I think I'll just curl up with a mng of steamin' junior Lem-sip, switch on the old traditional - "Dog basket effect" fire (instant beamed warmth in seconds - just set and forget) and have a little snoozzzzzzzzzz.

Dear Black Type,
The Smash Hits Readers' Poll eh? Are you quite sure about that one? Are you quite sure it wasn't the "Duran Duran, Folt"? I was really annoyed - no FURIOUS - to find that Duran Duran came top in nearly all of the categories. Considering that Duran only released one single all year long I find that rather pathetic. It seems to me that the blindly ignorant Duranies have put their beloved group's name in for any category that was possible for them to win, just for the sake of it.

There were groups that were far more deserving of winning than Duran Duran, simply because they've worked harder and released more singles than Duran have this year. I myself quite like DD, so I am not having a go at all of their fans. However, I wouldn't vote for someone who didn't deserve to

Dear Black Type.

After reading the Smash Hits Readers' Poll, I feel disgusted that Black Lace were not mentioned (not even as biggest prats of the year). I voted for them in every category including the best female singer. Black Lace's magnificent waxing "Hokey Cokey" only didn't get to number one because of a number of stupid novelty records cashing in on the Christmas festivities (Whitney Houston, Phil Collins, D G Lee, Sade - the list is endless). But the sublety of the Lace's (as they are known to their devoted following) lyrics and the sophistication of their music surpasses all competition. The Lace are more than a cult, they are a culture.

So push your pineapples, grind your coffee, put your left arm in and your left arm out and - altogether now - cimom and do the hokey-cokey, that train across the floor. Nicholas "but you don't print this 'cos you don't understand the long words" Darwen, Warwick

It's a ram do and no mistake.

Dear Black Type.

I know A-ha have got hundreds of fans, but I still don't see why they need to hide under tables. We're not dangerous. Sharon Ouler, Gateshead.

Dear Black Type.

In the Smash Hits 1986 Yearbook's Pop Swizz "board game", we set out to prove that you cannot reach 100. In one hour, six minutes and three seconds, the highest number we got was 79. In the time we were playing we had to make five times, hop 10 times, the vet 11 times (with our pet lamas), the lawyer four times and the hairdresser 14 times! We went back to the start five times and missed 20 turns. After all that we gave up! Two people were in debt to their hairdresser, Kings Langley.

Dear Black Type.

In the Smash Hits' cover story on "The Birth of the Personal Computer", the writer suggested that the future was in the "Funeral of the Personal Computer". They were wrong! The future is in the "Funeral of the Personal Computer", Kings Langley.

Dear Black Type.

Look what I got for Christmas, a pair of socks ("WOW")!

Richard Smyth, Edgworth.

Dear Black Type.

I bet I'm the only person who has Co West to keep me warm at night.

Someone with very black fingers.

Dear Mr. T.

I was once an innocent young thing who would not hurt a fly. Now, since experimenting with my Halley's Comet cut-out from the Smash Hits Scrapbook (Darry) I have managed to injure various people ranging from the milkman to my dad. After the next-door-neighbour's three-legged cat also, many leaflet deliverers have received serious head injuries. This is too much. Does Mr. T. know about such things? Is there a Mrs. T? A little piglet who loves her boyfriend Paul McCartney a lot, Watford.

Dear Black Type.

I have read Smash Hits for ages now and have thought it great. But in this week's issue (December 19) I was disgusted to read that you were sending up the best dancers in the world (The Brian Rogers Dancers). I also didn't see their "cavert with antlers on their heads". You seemingly don't appreciate good dancers.

Mandy Kellett (a dedicated Brian Rogers fan), Barnley.

Dear Black Type.

I found this while doing some research for my Technology "Yes, Mr. O. I have done some work for it. Is Mr. P. Young so intelligent" Lou, Ely

Dear Black Type.

I would like to know what you think of the following statement: "Counterculture Intelligence by Paul Young". I think it would be a great addition to any book collector's library.
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The gigantic Brighton Conference Centre can hold about 5000 people and tonight it's packed. But most of the audience seem to be mums and dads who've come dressed as though this was a posh night out at the theatre or the firm's annual dinner-dance - lots of Sunday best suits, long dresses and fake fur coats.

The swanky cabaret atmosphere - everyone sitting stock still, arms folded or hands in laps - seems quite appropriate when Elton opens the concert with the instrumental "Song For Guy", but when he's joined on stage by about ten million singers, trumpet players and a very old fashioned backing band, the audience appear a bit baffled. Huge pointy cones, 10 or 12 feet high with lights inside, boing up from nowhere, the trumpet players roll up the sleeves of their shiny suits and dig about, brilliant percussionist Ray Cooper windmills around the stage like Magnus Pyke, bonging assorted bits of wood and metal...

Huge pointy cones, 10 or 12 feet high, boing up from nowhere and the percussionist windmills around the stage like Magnus Pyke, bonging assorted bits of wood and metal...

Sculptures about in a blue and yellow satin Thunderbirds outfit and out come all the "classic" songs - "Benny And The Jets", "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting" and the newer, "I'm Still Standing," But still the crowd don't move. No swaying, no dancing. The problem is, this lot haven't been to a pop concert for so long, they don't know what on earth to do.

Despite all the razzle dazzle showmanship and the elaborate stage set (I think it was supposed to be an aeroplane), the best part of the show are simply Elton alone at the magnificent white piano, crooning his way through the slow, smoochy songs like "Daniel" and "Your Song".

By the encore, the audience has been whipped up into a state of mild enthusiasm - two heads are bobbing at the back and someone actually cheers! - but after Elton's finale they all seem to slip on their fake fur coats or the jackets of their Sunday best suits and quietly disappear home to pay the babysitter.

Steve Bush

Howard Jones

There's an edge-of-your-seat hush as a spotlight figure in a bowler hat waltzes across the stage. Then... swish - the curtains whip back to reveal Howard Jones in a shimmering red suit. Ten thousand people leap to their feet as the opening notes of "Automatic" ring round the N.E.C. and the 12th concert - the grand finale of the "Dreams Into Action" Tour - gets under way.

Tonight's concert is being filmed (possibly for release as a video later this year) so there's no "support" group instead we get a longer than usual show, a hoity toity warming from the stage manager that anyone with preconceptions to be on film will be reseated at the back (charming!) and Wayne the cameraman trailing around after Howard.

"I know this sounds silly," says Howard, "but I wonder if you can help me out, I hear you're very good at wolf impersonations."

The show is pretty spectacular - the drummer stands bashing overhead tom-toms, mime artist Jed performs in his bondage business suit and gigantic papier maché masks, and Afrodiziak, the three female backing singers, make their glittering first UK appearance dressed as ancient Egyptians. And a tiny microphone strapped to Howard's headlavase him free to hop and skip his way through the songs.

"I know this sounds silly," he says pausing for breath, "but I wonder if you can help me out. I hear you're very good at wolf impersonations..." There's an enthusiastic whoop from the audience and - yee haaa - it's time for "Life In One Day". And once they've started, no one can stop singing so they carry on chanting through Howard's last two songs "Hide And Seek" and "No-one Is To Blame".

But they weren't his last songs at all! On he bounds in a flashy silver suit, sets the keyboards on automatic, kicks starts the drum machine and it's encore time - "What Is Love", "New Song" and "Help Yourself". And finally Howard and his keyboards lift off from the stage, swirl about and disappear in a puff of smoke.

Sorrel Downer
That's what Bono of U2 agreed to give Irish folk group Clannad with their new single. Which is why he and Clannad's lead singer Maire spent a few days recently travelling in hearses, getting drenched and making a video on a remote stretch of the Irish coast. Peter Martin was there too.

A small convoy makes its way through the narrow roads of Ireland. The front cars are packed tight with a video film crew and their equipment. Behind them, a multibus seating members of Irish folk group Clannad, and humping up the rear is a long black horse. In the passenger seat - Bono from U2.

They're all on their way to make the video for the latest Clannad single, "In A Lifetime", a song which features Bono as "guest" vocalist. The horse, an ancient Irish Humber belonging to Bono, is to be featured in the film and is being driven by his mate Charlie Whicker, a Dublin poet.

Our destination, the video's location, is Clannad's home town Gweedore, a tiny village on the North West coast. It's to be directed by Meloir Avis, who has made all U2's most recent videos. A lot of the preliminary location work has already been filmed - mainly time-lapse photography (as used to great dramatic effect in "The Unforgettable Fire" video where the moon whizzes past skyscrapers, etc.) as well as "stop-motion" techniques (which Meloir hopes will capture the power and mystery of the Atlantic seacoast in a way that has never been seen before)

The lead car pulls onto a patch of gravel in front of the nearest pub.

The crew are off first, slowly followed by the Clannad family, singer Maire and her two brothers and twin uncles. Last out is Bono, looking rather spooky like an undertaker in his long black coat, thick dark stubble and familiar toupee just had.

"I think the next few days are going to be a little bit special," he reveals in the pub over a hot whisky. "The place we're heading for is a magical place. I've been there once before and it really left an impression. It's like a different world. One place we're going to film is this glen, the Poison Glen. English soldiers were killed there drinking water out of a stream that had been poisoned. The place just reeks of history and folk lore."

In fact it left such an impression
he's just written a song called "The Poison Glen" for the next U2 LP.

This collaboration between the two seemingly incompatible groups had been something they'd both wanted to do for ages - U2 nearly always finish their concerts by playing out with Clannad's one big hit, the haunting electronic "lament" "Theme From Harry's Game". But it doesn't mean a major change in style or approach for Clannad, just a helping hand for a group whose last single "Almost Seems (Too Late To Turn)" was a flop despite being the official BBC Children In Need charity single. Clannad, after all, had already written the new single when they asked Bono last year if he'd come in and add some singing to it.

"He just walked in the studio," remembers Maire, "and improvised his vocal in two takes, making up a lot of the lyrics on the spot. The whole thing took about ten minutes. It was one of the most remarkable things I've ever seen in a studio."

But then she was hardly unimpressed by Bono before that.
"He's one of the nicest people I've ever met."

The night is already closing in so Guinesses are downed (and placed onto the Clannad Guinness beermats - yes, that's how famous the group are here) and it's back to the cars. We finally arrive at the hotel at 9.30pm and, as filming starts at 8.00 in the morning, an early night seems in order. Who'd be a pop star, eh?

It's 8.00 am and, according to the production notes, we're in the middle of a "steady camera shot, gliding through the trees, gliding like a lost soul..." Bono drifts like a ghost, half transparent. Meanwhile; "Maire is alone. Time has stopped. The landscape is still. The vertical trees cut into the sky like bars. Maire is alert, animal instinct makes the hairs on her neck stand up on end. (No we don't see them.)" Ahem. It actually looks more like the pair of them standing around getting soaked by a rain machine.

"Yes, it does all sound a bit cosmic," agrees Maire, "but we're attempting to make a great piece of film. All these ideas are very cinematic, and in black and white they do look a bit weird. But when you see these ideas transferred onto film I'm sure they'll make a lot more sense."

And back to work she goes, for some reason at this time around Bono's "special place", The Poison Glen. Finally, cold and thirsty, the whole entourage returns to the hotel bar where Bono entertains everyone with his wagging tongue, telling story after story - stories of how Irish music has some "historical connections" with the music of Egypt; of playing football in the summer with some "sloppy faced kids" who live rough in Cairo's City Of The Dead ("Kids are the same all over the world - they all want to be loved, they all want to be hugged"); and of the making of the San City anti-apartheid record.

Apparently while he was in America he recorded an extra song for the LP called "Silver And Gold" (which will be released as a single later this year). "I did it in one take. I just went in with an acoustic guitar - which I'm useless at - and a steel cap on my boot, like the old blues men used to have to tap and keep time, and I just did it. I'm really pleased with the way it turned out. It sounds really live."

All this is part of Bono's new attitude to music: a return to "basics". For most of the year apart from, as one of his friends from Dublin put it, "travelling the world and learning about the way things are first hand" (which included a five week trip to
A HELPING HAND

Ethiopia) - he's been writing and rehearsing with the rest of the group in Larry the drummer's house in Dublin, recording rough versions of songs "live" in his bedroom on a cheap walkman.

"It's just got to be simple from now on. I know Trevor Horn is probably the best technical producer in the world, using every frequency there is, but all that speak Gaelic and, I mean, some of these songs are hundreds, thousands of years old - they're part of history. At that age, wanting to keep ancient tradition alive ... unbelievable".

He pauses for a moment. "God, I've talked too much as usual," and with that he apologises, says his goodnights, and goes off to his room.

doesn't really matter. It's either got that feeling or it hasn't. Charlie (Whisker, the hearse driver) has got me into a lot of old blues records. I didn't realise but my vision as regards music has been so blinkered, there's so much out there. Some of those records are ancient and they're full of scratchers and they're in mono and THEY SOUND GREAT!

"There's so little music of real worth around these days, that's why I love that lot (points to Maire and her brothers). They're real, their music's REAL, it's got that ... HUMANITY. That's rare these days and when it comes along you should respect it."

He illustrates the point by telling another story:

"When they were 10 years old they went around Gweedore and all over County Donegal knocking on people's doors, ancient isolated cottages, asking them to recite the traditional folk tunes. All of them

The next day's filming starts bright and early with a wedding: in the white dress, a 14-year-old local girl with fiery red hair who represents the young Maire. A break for lunch and then there's a funeral to shoot the film debut of Bono's hearse. And after that, the only thing left is tonight's big finale, to take place in the "Chinnad Pub", Leo's Tavern (run by their father Leo, and the only pub in Gweedore). All the family will be there, along with local "regulars" from far and wide (60 miles or more). It should be quite a night. The last time Chinnad performed here a few years ago, a crowd of 2000 turned up (and the pub only holds 200 at a squeeze).

"It's a completely different pace here," says Maire of her home town. "No-one lives by the clock, there's no point - where's the hurry? There's a real quality of life out here. It's very different from London. I don't want to sound patronising but people don't know how to enjoy themselves over there. I had to do this TV thing for the Children in Need Appeal at that club, The Hippodrome. I nearly died! Why do people put themselves through that? And pay for the privilege? All those lights and you can't hear yourself think. If I go out I like to talk to people, you might learn something. But there ..."

"Genuinely, all we want to do with the group," she continues, "is make music we love. We're steeped in it here; my father plays the accordion, all my family are in the group. For ten years now we've been doing it, starting out on the tiny stage in my father's tavern. It's in the blood ... for God's sake, my grandfather died at the piano! It's just natural for us and all we want is for people to hear it and get pleasure from it. I think we deserve a chance."

"We just want to put a bit of Irish into it, a bit of the magic of this place ... it's so beautiful I want everyone to come here and see it."

"My biggest ambition," she concludes, eyes twinkling at the prospect, "is to build a house here on the seafront - it'd have a big music room and big windows and it'd be really light and airy. That's my dream."

Not the usual rock'n'roll dream. When most groups start selling a few records they can't seem to wait to swap their homes towns for a beach-house in LA or a flashy apartment in New York. But this lot are different ...
It can also have some pretty nasty effects on your body. All of which you can start suffering long before you become addicted.

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MADNESS: Sweetest Girl (Zarjazz) A rather strained version of the first decent song Suggs ever wrote. Actually, it was originally called (with Green displaying that fondness for "quotation marks" riddled only by Smash Hits) "The Sweetest Girl". This leaks and stumbles all the way through, but the worst bit is definitely Suggs trying to sing the line, "And politics is prior to the vagaries of science." I mean to say ...

MALCOLM MCLAREN: Duck Rock Cheer (Charisma) Yet another out-take from the Trevor Horn "Duck Rock" sessions. After two years, you would think all this would be wearing a little thin. Well, it is. A little. But I could still listen to this sort of thing till the cows come home — and I haven't even got any cows.

ARCADIA: The Promise (Parlophone) Despite exceedingly danceworthy rhythm guitar and extra-vocal bits by Sting, this isn't as exciting as "Election Day" and can at first sound a little drab. But it grows on you. Believe me. And grows and grows.

P.S. There may be a 12", although we didn't get one. The 12" may contain the version with an utterly corking keyboard solo by Herbie Hancock. I hope it does.

THE COLOUR FIELD: Things Could Be Beautiful (Chrysalis) Well, things could. I suppose, "be beautiful", but it's hard to believe it when the colourless Colour Field tell you so. This lot have absolutely nothing going for them. No sense of humour. No glamour. No good melodies. No danceable rhythms. No excitement. No controversy. No emotion. Nothing whatsoever. They are, in short, ruddy awful and this single — however hard Terry Hall tries to liven his voice up — is no exception.

PREFAB SPROUT: Johnny Johnny (Kitchenware) This is actually "Goodbye Lucille I" from the Steve McQueen" LP with a new title. We must face the fact that, despite the classics of praise that have been sprayed in Prefab Sprout's direction, despite Paddy McAlloon's undeniably fascinating lyrics, despite some heartbreakingly beautiful melodies, despite the fact that they come from Newcastle (or thereabouts), despite "When Love Breaks Down" despite all this, they can sometimes be rather boring. This is one of those times.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

JELLYBEAN: Sidewalk Talk (EMI America) As resident DJ at New York's Funhouse during its days as world hip hop HQ and as someone who's remixed records by everyone from Bobby O to Paul McCartney, John "Jellybean" Benitez is a veritable Bishop of the Beat, Deacon of the Drum Machine, and, to put it too fine a point on it, High Priest of the Handclap. He also used to be Madonna's boyfriend (and, indeed, produced her "Holiday" single). This, though sung by one Catherine Buchanan, is a Madonna song and bloody damn good it is too, my hearties. Good enough, in fact, to be not only already a perfectly gargantuan hit in America, but also 1986's first Single Of The Fortnight.

P.S. Madonna did the "vocal arrangements" and does actually sing a bit in the background.

SADE: Is It A Crime (Epic) Can hardly blame old "shammering" Sade herself for this, but I can no longer hear one of her records without it conjuring up a ghastly vision of supposedly sophisticated wine bars, young executives with car stereos and trendy parents having dinner parties. This one, which seems to go on absolutely for ever, is no exception.

WHITNEY HOUSTON: How Will I Know (Arista) totally adored "Saving All My Love For You", but unless I've very much mistaken (always possible) this dreary bit of disco isn't anywhere near as good. Sounds positively snoozerworthy, in fact.

FIVE STAR: System Addict (RCA) Alarmingly, the seventh single to have been taken from their "Luxury Of Life" LP. It's not bad, I suppose. A bit like vintage Shalamar. And there are, let's face it, many worse things that come from Romford. Like rotten beer and men with gold chains in Ford Capris to name but two.

PAUL HARDCASTLE: Don't Waste My Time (Chrysalis) Because they're "his" records, Hardcastle never really allows a decent singer to let rip over the top. He got away with it on "19" and "Just For The Money" for obvious reasons, and all the gimmicks, there wasn't much singing needed. This however is meant to be a song about a bloke messing a girl around and doesn't work because the singers he uses don't have (or aren't allowed) enough strength or character to carry it off. So if you're going to get this, get the 12" — it not only has some good Lenny Henry bits but there's also a brilliant "breaker" version of "Just For The Money" on the b-side.

ABC: Ocean Blue (Neutron) Now sadly without either female pop journalist in wigs or batty-looking midgets with shaved heads, ABC are two once more: Martin Fry and Mark White. They've also dropped the brilliant cartoon hip hop thing and here make a renewed bid for fame and fortune with a stringy ballad that they could have written three years ago. It's good, and the best b-side, "Tower Of London" is even better. Wish them luck.

10,000 MANIACS: Scorpio Rising (Elektra) TALKING HEADS: And She Was (EMI America) Last year there seemed to be a plague of boring American groups with pungent guitars. 10,000 Maniacs are one such, distinguishable from all the others solely in that they have a female lead singer who speaks about a lot. "Scorpio Rising" is named after a famous film about pesty leather boys on motorcycles, but that makes it sound a lot more interesting than it is (i.e. not at all). Meanwhile, it should be to the eternal shame of Talking Heads that here even they sound like just another boring American group with pungent guitars.

BELouis SOME: Imagination (Parlophone) The man they're all calling Neville is back into the fray with "Imagination". Again. Despite one or two winceworthy lines ("You made me steal unreturnable things", for example) this is really a bit of a beauty. Deserves to be a hit this time round. I reckon, and, barring fire, flood and acts of God, probably will be.

MADONNA: Borderline (Sire) Not let up, is there? With the last one beginning to slide down the charts, the Madonna organisation bunged out yet another ancient track. Like most of the other songs from her first LP, this has already been a single once. Unlike "Holiday" and "Lucky Star", it hasn't been a hit — probably because it's not terribly wonderful.
When the money for Band Aid first started pouring in, Bob Geldof insisted that he’d never visit the famine area himself. He thought it would be patronising to turn up fresh from an air-conditioned jet and three square meals a day, to have his photo taken with starving babies. But he soon changed his mind, though he did everything possible to avoid what he calls “The Prince Charles Syndrome” — i.e., having your picture taken and being polite but never really doing anything. He realised he had to visit Africa to see for himself how the money could best be spent. His first visit was in January 1985, and he was so horrified at what he saw that, even though he’d already raised £8 million from Band Aid records, he was inspired to help even more. The result was Live Aid. His second visit was nine months later, in October 1985, and it’s that visit with which Witch Geldof In Africa (Times Books, £5.95) is about.

Basically it’s a diary of everything that happened from the day Geldof and Band Aid director Kevin Jenden took off in a jet for their tour of Ethiopia, Sudan, Chad, Niger, Burkina Faso and Mali. With them were three crew members, three blokes from the BBC and the three people who put the book together — Times journalist Paul Valley, Sunday Times journalist David Blundy and photographer Frank Herrman. Sounds boring, doesn’t it? Well, it’s not. In fact it’s an absolutely fascinating account which not only explains everything about the causes of the famine and the problems that are hindering relief (corruption, inefficiency, wars, politics), but also paints the most revealing picture of Bob Geldof you’ll probably ever read. They recount how he starts swearing when he realises that no-one has even told him about the plane that knows the tune of a single Boomtown Rats song, how he spends his spare time playing Trivial Pursuit, how he blows his top when he’s asked by the President of Burkina Faso to form a band with him and the former President of Thailand, Bob suggested, “he plays the saxophone”, how he quite merrily asks African leaders to their face if it’s true that they have personally committed this or that atrocity, how he breaks all rules of etiquette by barging uninvited into a village where he finds a man nearly dead from starvation, how he was forced to accept valuable gifts from some of the poorest people in the world... and so on.

The best thing about the book is that it tells everything as it actually happens and doesn’t attempt to cover up any of Bob Geldof’s faults. And it’s that more than anything which makes it so good.

Chris Heath

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**PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION: “Double Live”**
(Polygram, 2 vol., £24.99 each)
“Syracuse and the world! My name is Prince and I’ve come to play with you!” Breathing confetti rains down and — bore! — he is there, centre stage, flanked by the Revolution who are twirling around in their Regency overcoats and spouting out “Let’s Go Crazy”... Filmied in Syracuse, New York at the end of the Purple Rain tour, this video of one concert comes on two separate hour-long tapes. Quite why this should be is a total mystery — perhaps it’s a statement on the double-edged nature of things — but apart from this packaging puzzle, it’s all... well, until you’ve seen guitarist Wendy handing out the carnations during an utterly dazzling “Little Red Corvette”, you haven’t really lived. While Prince scrambles about, sliding down fireman’s poles, splashing in purple bath-tubs, taking his shirt off to have a snog with the stage floor, putting it back on again to talk about his sex-ee-e bum and the Almghty, the Revolution swank away in exhilaration: “1999”, “Take Me With U”, “When Doves Cry”, brilliant. It’s all very panache, the divinely fabulous Sheila E. who steals the show, rattling her timbales on “Baby I’m A Star” while Prince disappears to change into yet another luxuriously ghastly costume and then returns to play a swoopy guitar solo on “Purple Rain” that goes on forever in a pink fog... Miraculous excitement.

“Double Live” is practically the best thing ever invented.

**DEPECHE MODE: Some Great Videos** (Virgin, £19.99)
From this collection of all Depeche Mode’s videos, from “Everything Counts” to “It’s Called A Heart” (with “Just Can’t Get Enough” and a live version of “Photographic” tucked in for good measure) it’s quite obvious that Depeche Mode aren’t really bothered about making “great videos” at all. There’s no messing about with storylines or anything like that — all they do is stand around in “mysterious” locations and either sing along or bash bits of metal. Which may sound incredibly boring, but it actually makes the songs, which were pretty good in
Did you know that Michael J. Fox starred in one film before Back To The Future? Well, he did. Called Teen Wolf, it’s been released in this country in the hope that, now Michael’s a bit of a star, he’ll pull in the crowds and the film will make heaps and heaps of money like it did in America.

The story centres around Scott – captain of the incredibly bad school basketball team, the Beaconstown Beavers – who, after various give-away signs like sprouting tufts of fur and fangs and growing a lot, realises he’s a werewolf. Or rather, as he’s only 16, a “teen wolf”. He’s not happy.

In fact he’s exceedingly embarrassed and depressed until he discovers that a werewolf’s life isn’t all killing babies and howling and dodging silver bullets – it does have its advantages: like frightening the opposition to death as he leads his dodgy old basketball team to victory after victory. And, what’s more, his furry torso, pointy teeth, long claws and wolfish cool prove completely irresistible to Pamela, the class femme fatale.

Luckily he’s able to control his strange bodily functions and, realising that his true friends – like the ever-faithful and stupidly-named Boof – aren’t too keen on the furry, flashy side of his nature, he reverts back to plain ordinary Scott. But can the Beavers win the championship match without Teen Wolf? Well, you’ll hardly be chiding them.

Malsters with suspense because the plot is actually pretty uneventful, but the film is nicely ridiculous and has some very, very funny moments.

Sarrel Downer

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**DAVID SYLVIAN: Steel Cathedrals** (Virgin, £8.99)

If you know someone very pretentious they’d probably tell you that their 20 minute video is “a clever allegory in sound and vision whereby today’s industrial landscapes are portrayed as the religious monuments of the modern age.” What they’d actually mean is that David Sylvian has made a film of steel chimneys, lifts going up and down, light glistening on water, smoke billowing through the sky and so on. Which isn’tarty and meaningful but rather boring and tedious. And the instrumental music – a plink here, a plonk there and the odd trumpet parping in the distance – is pleasant but nothing special, like all those Japan B-sides. Hopefully he’ll stop messing about and make some proper records soon.

**JULIAN LENNON Stand By Me** (Virgin, £19.99)

What on earth happened to Julian Lennon? In 1984 he was voted Most Promising New Act in Smash Hits and then in 1985 he just seemed to disappear completely. In fact what he did, as this video recounts, is discover fame and fortune in the USA where he played his first ever concerts. Pretty ropey they were too, if the excerpts here are anything to go by – lots of very lacklustre and rather “rock’n’roll” versions of his songs that the American audiences seem to love. Even “Too Late For Goodbyes” and The Beatles’ old “Day Tripper” come out a bit of a mess. Apart from that, there’s lots of film of Julian clowning about with his band in the dressing room (fairly tedious), lots of film of Julian wearing jeans and t-shirts (including a very very horrible Union Jack one) and – the best bit – a few snippets of interview. In these he reveals that “fame doesn’t do anything for me whatsoever”, that Paul McCartney sends him a telegram every birthday saying “Happy Birthday, look after yourself, you old fruit”, that he “didn’t mean to slag off” Yoko Ono, his stepmother, and says of his father John Lennon: “He was a nice man; he was a nasty man… I only remember the good times.”
He was born blind but still goes to the cinema and "watches" videos.
He had his first hit record when he was only 13 years old.
He's a fan of George Michael, Howard Jones, Prince and Scritti Politti.
He's one of the most successful pop stars ever.
Mark Ellen meets a real superstar.

Outside the bright-lit entrance to a London club, this drizzly winter morning there’s a bit of a commotion going on. People in the office block opposite are standing on desks to get a better view. A crowd of excited passers-by, all jostling for position, has begun to spill out onto the road. Traffic's been reduced to a crawl. The section of pavement between the kerb and the doorway is lined with onlookers and photographers and just inside the entrance, bathed in the dazzling glare of a portable lighting rig, waits a TV presenter with a microphone. Past him is a second wave of photographers, fingers on triggers, almost obscuring the white grand piano that’s been specially set up by the bar. And past that, amid tables laden with sumptuous seafood, is a wall of eager-eyed reporters clutching notebooks and cassette recorders.

And all this for one man, who’s in town to promote his 31st LP and present a hefty cheque to the Children In Need Appeal. A man who’s now sold over 60 million pop records. One of the few rightfully contenders for the title “superstar.” More respected than Paul McCartney, more contemporary than Mick Jagger. Wider appeal than David Bowie. Almost as mysterious as Michael Jackson, a singer who’s cracked up an astonishing 49 British hit singles (12 of them top five), songs like “My Cherie Amour,” “Sir Duke,” “Master Blaster” and “Happy Birthday” – that perfectly captured the spirit of the times and have managed to boost people onto dancefloors for a staggering 23 years. Blind from birth. A lifetime campaigner against apartheid (the enforced segregation of black and white people in South Africa), had his first hit when he was 13 and... Hang about – he’s here. Stevie Wonder!

I’ve never been aware of the fact that I’ve sold X amount of records or that any record has been X position in the charts. I’ve just been appreciative of having the opportunity to be out there singing and that people have responded to the songs and music that I’ve done.

It’s a few hours later. The party’s over – he’s tinkled the piano, hummed a few words to the press, bunged the cheque to Selma, Scott – and now Stevie Wonder’s just been led over to the sofa in his plush hotel suite. His thickly-plaited hair is wrenched back in a knot and he’s wearing wrap-around "shades", a pricey blue wool sweater and an expression that flickers between “I’m blissfully happy in my private world, where love conquers all” and “Will somebody please tell me how many people are in this room, what they’re all doing and why?”

To be honest, you could be forgiven for thinking him a little strange. Maybe “eccentric” is the word. He talks in a rambling, disjointed fashion and laughs nervously now and again, rolling his head from side to side. Occasionally he breaks into song, clicking his fingers to the ring of a distant telephone. It’s difficult to get a revealing answer out of him about anything. Years of doing interviews have cleared their toll, years of being asked undemanding questions like “What’s it like to be a genius?”, “What’s the message in your music?” and stuff like that. Frustrating, really, because Stevie Wonder really is a genius and his honest opinions would be truly fascinating, and b) because he obviously has a great sense of humour – he’s always trying to embarrass people by saying things like “You look taller than I expected!” – but he’s very rarely relaxed enough for it to shine through.

He does, however, reveal that he finds pop music these days “very exciting.” His favourites are King Sunny Ade (Africa’s biggest pop star), Prince (“very exciting”), Scritti Politti (“taking technology and making it sound repetitious but unique”), Howard Jones, Michael Jackson’s “Thriller” (“a good combination of acoustic instruments and modern technology”) and Thomas Dolby’s “She Blinded Me With Science” (“a great song”). And he’s always saying how much he admires George Michael – “he’s got a very exciting voice, a very youthful sounding voice” – though Stevie’s not sure how original he is.

“I think it’s a combination of being influenced by a lot of the so-called R & B (rhythm and blues) music. And also some pop music – I hear a lot of Neil Sedaka in some of the stuff he’s doing.”

And, presumably, a lot of old Tamla Motown records.

“Little Motown,” he corrects, though not nearly as much as he hears in Madonna. “I think she’s good, but it’s kind of remiss on the part of the melodic things done by
number one at the tender age of 13 and produced his greatest work in his mid-20’s with “Music Of My Mind” (1972) and “Songs In The Key Of Life” (1976), LPs with a truly revolutionary use of synthesizers and production.

Even today he never leaves his Los Angeles home without his portable keyboard and an arsenal of electronic gadgetry, operated with a braille computer, which he has set up in his hotel rooms in case he feels like recording. Friends say he’s a complete workaholic, that he records all hours of the night. Being blind, they say he has no real sense of time and has a habit of ringing people up at four in the morning without realizing they might be asleep.

“Well,” he grins, “there have been times when I freaked a lot, but I just love music. It isn’t really like work, so of course I don’t see time flying. He doesn’t get too involved, he says, in the Los Angeles showbiz world of endless back-slapping and awards ceremonies. “As far as going to every party and hangin’ out, I don’t do that. I’m fine with people, I’m fine without people.” He sees friends like Diana Ross and Michael Jackson now and again, but spends a fair amount of time at home with his girlfriend Yolanda, listening to compact discs and being with his two children (Asha – 10, Keita 8) who are forever playing him their Doug E. Fresh records.

But he did turn up at the USA For Africa recording in Hollywood and sang on “We Are The World”, so why didn’t he perform at Live Aid?

“I just decided that I wanted to stay at home and watch it.” So it wasn’t because there weren’t enough black artists on the bill?

“It wasn’t the issue of black and white, but there were not as many black artists for sure. But when you’re not really watching TV it doesn’t really matter.”

Isn’t it a bit weird that, despite being blind, he often says he “watches” TV and “goes to the cinema”? What exactly does he mean by that?

“Well, I didn’t go to a movie and say: ‘I want to see that movie’. In your own mind you create a picture even from listening to something, so you can see the whole plot or story that you’re watching in a film or a programme on television.”

So what impression does he have of his own videos?

“Well, a lot were partly my concept and writing the concept is like imagining something which you can get someone to write a storybook from, that becomes the visual for the director to create images that you have in your mind. It has, first of all, to be that inner-eye vision that creates the total story.”

Stevie Wonder’s music, he says, is a means of “sharing with people my expression of life”. Another means is his constant fight against apartheid which got him chucked in jail last year for performing outside the South African Embassy in Washington (“if it was going to mean the freedom of people then book me for life!”) and got all his records banned on South African radio – “nigger-ban me!”

He swears sometimes, ice-skates too, drinks champagne but thinks it makes him put on weight. He’s uncountably wealthy but still flies “Economy Class”. The worst part of his career he says “thankful to have made it through”; the best part, he says, is yet to come. “I’m aged 35 now and there’s much more I want to do.”

Well, the shirt’s a bit better and there’s nothing wrong with a nice warm, comfy cardie… but these glasses? Ughhhhhhh!
FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS
SUSPICIOUS MINDS

WE'RE CAUGHT IN A TRAP
I CAN'T WALK OUT
BECAUSE I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH BABY
WHY CAN'T YOU SEE
WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME
WHEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE A WORD I SAY
(DON'T BELIEVE A WORD I SAY)

CHORUS
WE CAN'T GO ON TOGETHER
WITH SUSPICIOUS MINOS (SUSPICIOUS MINOS)
AND WE CAN'T BUILD OUR DREAMS
ON SUSPICIOUS MINDS

SHOULD AN OLD FRIEND I KNOW
STOP AND SAY HELLO
WOULD I STILL SEE
SUSPICION IN YOUR EYES
THERE YOU GO AGAIN
ASKING WHERE I'VE BEEN
YOU CAN'T SEE THE TEARS I CRY
(SEE THE TEARS I CRY)

REPEAT CHORUS

OH LET OUR LOVE SURVIVE
I'LL CRY THE TEARS YOU'RE CRYING
DON'T LET THIS GOOD THING DIE
YOU KNOW I'D NEVER LIE TO YOU
NO NO NO

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT FIRST VERSE TWICE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JAMES
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION SCREEN GEMS/EMI MUSIC LTD
ON LONDON RECORDS

FEAR GAL
YOU LIGHT}

YOU LITTLE THIEF YOU LET ME LOVE YOU
YOU SAW ME S-S-STUMBLING YOU WATCHED ME FALL
YOU LEFT ME BROKEN SHATTERED AND BLEEDING
BUT THERE'S NO HURT FEELINGS THERE'S NO FEELING AT ALL

YOU LITTLE THIEF YOU LITTLE SAVAGE
YOU LITTLE BEAUTY YOU LITTLE WHORE
YOU'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING I HAD TO BELIEVE IN
NOW THERE'S NOTHING WORTH BELIEVING AT ALL

SO TELL ME
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO MAKE A GROWN MAN WANNA DIE
DOES IT MAKE YOU UNEASY DOES IT EVER CROSS YOUR MINO
KING TORTURE

LOVE ME LIKE YOU SAID YOU WOULD
LOVE ME TILL I'M NUMB
LOVE ME LIKE YOU SAID YOU COULD
CALL ME AND I'LL RUN

RIGHT NOW RIGHT NOW I WANT YOU
RIGHT NOW RIGHT NOW I WANT YOU 'CAUSE

IT'S MORE THAN TORTURE
WHEN YOU'RE ON YOUR KNEES
IT'S MORE THAN TORTURE
WHEN YOU CHOOSE TD

LOVE ME LIKE YOUR FAVOURITE SWEET
YOUR JUST DESSERTS AND MORE
COVER ME IN CHEESECAKE MIX
SWALLOW ME UP WHOLE

RIGHT NOW RIGHT NDW I WANT YOU
RIGHT NOW RIGHT NDW I WANT YOU 'CAUSE

CHORUS
IT'S MORE THAN TORTURE
WHEN YOU'RE ON YOUR KNEES
IT'S MORE THAN TORTURE
WHEN YOU CHOOSE TO TEASE

RIGHT NDW RIGHT NOW I WANT YOU
RIGHT NDW RIGHT NOW I WANT YOU 'CAUSE

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

WHEN YOU TEASE ME IT'S MORE THAN SDRTURE

LOVE LIKE YOU SAID YOU WOULD

REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY P. KING
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION CBS SONGS LTD/KING SONGS ON CBS RECORDS

SHARKEY LE THIEF

YOU LITTLE DREAM YOU LITTLE NIGHTMARE
YOU LITTLE NOTHING YOU LITTLE GIRL
YOU LEFT ME BROKEN SHATTERED AND BLEEDING
BUT THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS THERE'S NO FEELINGS AT ALL

THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS
THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS

THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS THERE'S NO FEELING AT ALL
'CAUSE BABE WHEN I NEEDED YOU YOU WATCHED ME STUMBLE
YOU WATCHED ME FALL

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BENMON TENCH
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION COPYRIGHT CONTROL ON VIRGIN RECORDS
Mutterings is turning over a new leaf. No more gossip, no more scandal, no more lies -- just lots of happy, happy tales of folks living their everyday lives. Like, um, Mike I just happen to have my guitar with me Read What's Next Again He's writing a book of poems! It'll be out in the spring. Geez-o-dog! Well, if he can do it, so can Mutterings (and enough of all that "be nice in '86" rubbish).

"Whitney Houston has a cat named Escudero. That's not very interesting but definitely true! She eats peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches with her cat Whit. That is, not the cat. What a dodger! Though some people find it quite "handwriting." Like Rick Kershaw, who's been locked in his East Anglian "retreat" trying to write songs. "People ask me, 'What have you done today?' And I say, 'What do you think I'm doing? I'm trying to think of a word that rhymes with rhinoceros.' It's hell. No it isn't. "Gold leaf" doesn't even rhyme with rhinoceros. . . . Still, us poets do have to be careful with our words, don't we say? Oh, Tony Marnoch had a bit of a "souffle" with George Michael the other day in a London club after he made an "I'm not George's companion" Patrick Fernandez, by singing "Call her Pat" Call her Pat," instead of "I'm your puppet and you played the single Brinkey." It's rumoured that George got a black eye in the "disagreement" that followed. . . . Time for another poem: "An Ode To George Michael's Bedroom in His Swanky Secret Hideaway Because We Know What It Is LIKE. . . . The space twit bed and ceiling / is filled with funny happy / And by his bed are little paradise / And probably some grapes / On the wall are a naughty pictures / Erotic paintings," he says. But we know where. . . . (Stop. If you write a (not so) funny poem or mention Mike "have we got time to do a song together?"

Read again Mutterings is sacked -- Ed. Oh, better talk about someone interesting. How about Bruce Springsteen? Did you see his new hit on the American Top 40 list? He's got this new song that's got everyone talking. It's called "Born in the USA." It's about his childhood in New Jersey and his dreams of making it big. And guess what? The song has been a huge hit and has put Bruce back on the map. He's back to being the rock star he was in the '80s. It's great to see him doing well. I hope he keeps it up.

Mutterings
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