

SMASH HITS

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

☆ *Eurythmics* ☆





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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 stars at ease
And I'll be (your sharp intake of breath)
And I'll be (your work I'll take no rest)
And when the world falls 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 Lemmy Stewart
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LOVE IS...

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



Photo: Agfa



Howard and Jan, how to be happy without marrying a model ...

▲ HOWARD & JAN JONES:

Announced "their" pregnancy, 20th December 1985
Howard Jones in US bus rumpy pumpy shock horror exclusive! After the grand finale of the "Dream into Action Tour" at the NEC, Howard and Jan were backstage 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.

Photo: Agfa



Midge and thingy. "No comment ..."

▲ MIDGE URE & ANNABEL GILES:

Married, 30th December 1985
Midge met 26 year old Annabel (the Pond's teacream model) 18 months ago - she was engaged to someone else at the time, but jilted 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 scorcher.

Photo: Agfa



Nick and Julie-Anne on New Year's Eve. Mmmmm...

▲ 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 she's due to drop the sprig in May, making it the second Duran offspring to emerge (Andy Taylor's already got on).

Photo: Agfa



Toyah and Tom, well, would you marry someone who wears a Saturday Superstore T-shirt?



Robert Fripp - the bolton of rock.

▲ A TOYAH & ROBERT FRIPP

Engaged, 25th December 1985
Even Toyah, swept along in all this steamy romantic fervour, threw caution to the wind and ditched her live-in-lover of 6 years, Tom Taylor. All of a sudden she flew off to Canada to join her "hero", the very ancient 43 year old "egghead" rock star Robert Fripp, leaving her management to tell a rather surprised Tom the news. He was left the Ford Grenads car but ordered out of their shared North London home, and no doubt spent a sorry Christmas house-hunting and crying into his Xmas pud. Toyah, on the other hand, is reported to be jolly happy and "very much in love".

Photo: Agfa



John and Renee "Heard the one about us getting married".

▲ JOHN TAYLOR & RENEE SIMONSEN:

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



Simon and Yasmin after the wedding. Smooooo-aaaaack!

▲ SIMON LE BON & YASMIN PARVANEN:

Married, 27th December 1985
There was a lot of tosh talked in the national press about this one - depending on which paper you read, Simon was either on honeymoon in a Scottish castle or the south of France, Yasmin was end wasn't pregnant, and there were reports that they'd bought a £2½ million Knightsbridge mansion. *Blitz*, however, has the facts ... The ceremony took place at Oxford registry office, at such short notice that Simon even phoned his manager-cum-shipmate Paul Berron only an hour in advance: "He'd always said that if he got married it would be within 24 hours of announcing it, and it was." As a result it was a quiet family affair; the only other Duran member present was Nick Rhodes (although somehow or other, *The Mirror* got wind of the event, hence the press photographs). The "newlyweds" didn't go on honeymoon at all, but stayed in London - they've bought a "nice smart little maisonette" in Chelsea, which "didn't cost anything like £2½ million." They're both off to New Zealand any day now, to have a belated honeymoon and give Simon "a chance to get fit and healthy" before setting sail in Drum next month. Oh, and Yasmin? Apparently it's been an "open secret" for some time that she's expecting the pitter pitter of tiny whatsis ...



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 apples 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 Bitz, which is why we are delighted to announce that those very sensitive **Pet Shop Boys** have finally cottoned on to this and released a rather splendid round-sleeved 10" remixed version of "West End Girls". And despite the fact that it's an incredibly limited edition, Bitz has got hold of the last five copies in the entire universe. And they're autographed by ver lads. Rare, or what? If you fancy a chance of getting your hands on one, just



answer this question: What do the angles inside a square add up to? Is it a) 90° b) 180° c) 360° d) 720°? Answers on the back of an envelope or a postcard to **Smash Hits Pet Shop Circle Competition, 52-55 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 uppity young combo called **Fins**

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 picture, and what's worse, there's some demented commie pinko called Jimmy Somerville on backing vocals. Gave 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. . ."



Photo: Michael Putland



Talk Talk have been around since 1981, when people used to be very horrible 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 "Scooter" Boslock (the man who predicted Nik Kershaw would be famous about a million years before anyone else had even heard of him), reckons their new single, "Life's What You Make It", is a work of complete and utter genius and should be a vest 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, "Weak 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 Shaun Ward have — gasp! — left to "pursue solo careers" and only Michael Ward is left with two new blokes! And apparently they're now "really into sweet soul" and reckon they're pretty good. Blimmin' heck.

● **Autotuning Fact!** Floy Joy is the name of a rather obscure and not especially good song by **The Supremes**.

OOOOOPS!

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?



● **Mags of A-ha** Worra "hunk", eh? (How haw haw)



● Pop lads' **Spandau Ballet** collapse under the weight of their clothes.



● **Bananarama** getting in training for an appearance on *Bullseye*.



● **Go West**: "Look, we're really deep, serious, meaningful artistes, right?"



● "Fooled you!"

Photo: Paul Hain



● **Curt Smith**: Don't worry, gers - he's already named

Photo: David Cameron/Scope



● **Wham!**: No comment . . .

CRAFT CORNER

Why didn't **Bob Geldof** get – at the very least – an OBE? (Or, for that matter, any of the other long-suffering aid workers in Ethiopia, none of whom were "rewarded"?) Official reasons ranged from the fact that he's "not British" (which never hindered American violinist "Sit" **Yehudi Menuhin**, ancient American comedian **Bob Hope** (CBE), or Insh TV "personality" **Eamonn Andrews** (CBE) to name but three) to Tory MP Nicholas Farbum's stupid and offensive comment: "Why should this fool receive an award? You should never give one to these sort of people." Bob Geldof himself sensibly refused to comment on the matter, explaining: "Whatever I say will be misinterpreted." Anyway, *Bitz* thinks he should have got one, so here's a quick 'n' easy D.I.Y. OBE to "cut out 'n' keep". (Not too sure what an OBE looks like, actually, but it's the thought that counts...)



STRANGE BUT TRUE



Maggie Thatcher is the star of a "swinging" pop *dispute* currently zooming up the French charts. It's called "Miss Maggie", and is sung by a mustachioed bloke called **Renaud** who looks a bit like **Benji** from *Alba* (i.e. not exactly the height of fashion).

The song could best be described as uncomplimentary, with lyrics like "There is no such thing as a hoodlum tart/Neither umbocle nor killer/Not even in Great Britain/Apart, of course, from *Madam Thatcher*", and the accompanying video is full of "typical" British scenes – you know, police charges, race riots, football hooligans, unemployment marches, that sort of thing. **Renaud** "Renaud" ends his sensitive ditty with the wish that he could be transformed into a dog, so that "For my daily lamp-post bog, I can pee on *Madam Thatcher*." Poetry, sheer poetry

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 *Bitz* has unearthed a few "pop facts" about the respective lives of the mysterious duo.



Alexander O'Neal

- Was born in Mississippi 15/11/33.
- Began singing in church, aged five.
- Went on to graduate from high school, then attended Alcorn State University.
- Moved to Detroit in 1975, where he joined a group called *Flyc 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 ex-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 Cherrelle to sing on one track, "Innocent".



Cherrelle

- Was born in Los Angeles 13/10/60.
- Began singing in church, aged five.
- Went on to take part in musicals 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 out tour with him.
- Left Michael Henderson and released her first album, "Fragile", and a massive second-floor 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 Cherrelle. 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!

See 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 wibbly orange thing which looks a bit like a sun except it's got a picture of the touring 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 *Bitz*; is going to give the whole lot away because, as everyone knows, *Bitz* 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 the theology? Answers on the back of a postcard or envelope to *Smash Hits* Let It Up In A Dictionary Competition, 32-55 Garraby Street, London W1V 1PF, to get here by 28 January. The first 25 correct entries out of the stamped 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 Bailly** (30)
- 19th **Mickay Virtus** of UB40 (29) and **Robart Palmer** (a big 37)
- 20th **Malcolm McLaren** (an even bigger 39)
- 23rd **Eari Falconer** of UB40 (29)
- 24th **Jools Holland** (28)
- 25th **Patar Coyle** of the Lotus Eaters (24) and **Andy Cox** of Fine Young Cannibals (26)
- 26th **Andrew Ridgely** (23) and **Norman Hassan** of UB40 (28)
- 27th **Gillian Gilbert** of New Order (25)
- 28th **Dave Sharp** of The Alarm (27)
- 29th **Roddy Frame** (22)
- 30th **Phil Collins** (35)
- 31st **Lloyd Cole** (25) and **John Lydon** (30)



Morris Day



Doris Day

You know Doris Day? Well this is her brother, **Morris Day**. (No it isn't - Ed.) Ooops - rambled. Actually, Morris is yet *another* person (about the 19th in *Butz*'s estimation) who was in *Purple Rain* with His Princeship and now wants "fame" in his own right, so 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 Butz* for more details.

*"Our resident Doris Day expert (T. Hubbard) writes: Doris Day is probably the greatest person who ever lived. And in the subject of the man born in 1941 with his parents in a common apartment at the age of 17 to a jazz musician who had his own club he did not work for in his own name. They married again one year later, a bride who gave her name and 'harrowing' names out of her husband and living members. She had two children. She married an ex-musician, made out films, like *Calamity Jane* in which she played better, studied and sang about stars like *The Two O'Clock* in which she portrayed a very poor lady, who got married to 'redneck country' musicians in a place like *Wild Cat Country*. Like *Palmer*, Fall, in which she sang *Rock Hudson* in a program. She appeared on the TV to play *Charlie* in *Country*, 'new song' 'managers' like *Whispering Will Be My* the number one in 1950, and like *Marvin* (a *Charlie* country singer in 1950), which was an annual fact the first record in 1950. The song about the *Butz* Fall.*



The first in an occasional series of **Smash Hits** "what do you reckon, then?" surveys:

WHAT'S DURAN DURAN'S BEST SONG?



A very rare picture: Duran Duran all together in one place and smiling. (Actually, it's their "official" Christmas card.)

So, what is their best song? Or, come to that, their worst? After all, they did come first in the Readers' Poll, so *Butz* - being extremely neezy 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 mega-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:

SATURDAY LOVE

CHERRELLE WITH ALEXANDER O'NEAL

When I love some
and I didn't think
I was a fool
I never knew I was
I never knew I was
I never knew I was

Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

When I think about
My feelings on the line
Why after all this time
My heart still beats pain

When I look at you
Memories of love
Like he was before
You stay on my mind

Always so special
For always right before
You will be my Saturday love
You will be my Saturday love

Monday
Tuesday
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Saturday

When I think about you
My feelings can't explain
Why after all this time



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FULL FORCE • ALICE I WANT YOU JUST FOR ME

Testing testing one two one two
Testing one two in the place to be

Girl I want to shower you with diamonds and pearls
And when we're all alone I'll take you for a trip around the world
Yes indeed I like your style
Ooh you're worth my while
Baby I'm your carpenter please let me lay your tile

I don't want to share you with no one else Alice be my girl
Can't you see I want you just for me
Can't you see I want you just for me
(Full Force get busy one time)

After school can I please take you to the picture show
All the ladies that are after me
You're the only one I want to know sh ha
I can't wait till after school
It's hard to keep my cool
Meet me on the stage case girl
Let's break some golden rule

Your limousine is waiting please drive me up the well
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 Force/4 Music on CBS Records



ARCADIA

Simon Le Bon · Roger Taylor · Nick Rhodes



NSR 2

New Single

7" + 12" extended remix

also includes extended version of *Rose Arcana*
taken from the album & cassette - *So Red The Rose*

THE ★ PROMISE

A GET SMART SPECIAL

THE BRAND NEW, UP-TO-DATE COMPLETELY INDESPENSIBLE, MISTAKE-FREE

S M A S H H I T S

F A N

C L U B

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London W1 2AY.

A-HA
The Post Office, High
Street, Healdy, Hants.

MARC ALMOND
166 New Cavendish
Street, London W1.

AMAZULU
c/o Island Records Press
Office, 22 St Peters
Square, London W6.

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,
Charleywood,
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.

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BCM Blancmange,
London WC1N 3XX.

ELKIE BROOKES
c/o Lorraine Osborne,
Maple Leaf, Stapleford
Road, Stapleford Abotts,
Romford, Essex RM4 1EJ.

KATE BUSH
PO Box 120, Weiling,
Kent KA16 3DS.



CARPENTERS
PO Box 1084, Dawney,
California 90028, USA.

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE
c/o Andrew Miller,
52 Musard Road,
London W6.

DAVID CASSIDY
The Old Post House,
The Street, Littleington,
East Sussex BN26 5RD.

CHINA CRISIS
c/o Virgin Records,
533-579 Harrow Road,
London W10.



PHIL COLLINS
PO Box 107,
London N6 5RU.

THE CULT
c/o Anna Sheat,
109 Corbyn Street,
London N4.

CULTURE CLUB
PO Box 40,
Ruislip HA4 7ND.

THE CURE
Acme House,
26-40 St Andrews Street,
Northampton NN1 2HY.

DAMNED
Flashmans Society,
PO Box 19, Brentford,
Middx TW8 0TW.

DEAD OR ALIVE
PO Box 6S,
Liverpool L69 4LG.



CHRIS DE BURG
PO Box 276,
London E2 7BW.

DEPECHE MODE
PO Box 326,
London SW6 6RL.



**DEXYS MIDNIGHT
RUNNERS**
B5 Overside 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
SAJD,
PO Box 575,
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.

**ECHO & THE
BUNNYMEN**
PO Box 61,
Liverpool
L69 8BB.

EURYTHMICS
c/o Pam Stewart,
RCA Records,
6363 Sunset Boulevard,
Los Angeles,
California 90069,
USA.

**EVERYTHING
BUT THE GIRL**
Basement Records,
6 Pembroke Road,
London W11.

BRYAN FERRY
c/o EG Management,
63a Kings Road,
London SW3 4NT.

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



**FRANKIE GOES TO
HOLLYWOOD**
PO Box 160,
Liverpool L69 8BG.

**GENESIS/PETER
GABRIEL**
PO Box 107,
London N6 5RU.

GARY NUTTER
37 Blacksmiths Lane,
Rainham, Essex
RM13 7AD.

Photo: Paul Cox

Photo: Paul Cox

GO WEST
B1 Harley House,
Marylebone Road,
London NW1.



HALL & OATES
Survival Kit, PO Box 000,
Beverly Hills, California
98210, USA.

**PAUL
HARDCASTLE**
c/o 19 Management,
9 Disraeli Road,
London SW15.

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

HUMAN LEAGUE
c/o Virgin Records,
533-579 Harrow Road,
London W10.

ELTON JOHN
c/o Julie Leggett,
Rocket Records, 125
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● 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).

PERSONAL FILE

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 "Bulpen Bulletin" on seven weeklies. 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 communicate a few people if you got bored. Apart from that, though I was 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 bought 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 end thousands of free records which I used to get working at *Smash Hits* – I miss that. The only thing I've got on the wall is a framed mock *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 GOT AN OBE? 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 a soprano so I played the woman, Cousin Hebe, 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 didn't go to 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 Cuthberts 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 sandal at me once. After I 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 knives on us. 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 discuss she doesn't. And I could tell her she's a Sloane Ranger. 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 likes slagging people off. I suppose he'd probably slag me off.

In the next issue of *Smash Hits*...

something very special about one of **Duran Duran**

something very spooky about one of the **Fine Young Cannibals**

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and squillions more sizzling sensations in your sagacious, salacious, salubrious, sanctimonious, sanguinary, sappy, sardonic, scholastic, sciatic, scorching, scrumptious, scurrilous, sedulous, seething, semi-tropical, senescent, sensible, sensual, sequential, shapely, shipshape, shrewd, shrieking, sibylline, sidereal, simmering, sinewy, sizeable, skewbald, skittish, slinky, smarmy, snotty, solicitous, solipsistic, sophisticated, sparkling, spelologic, spiritual, splenetic, spotty, spunky, squilly, stentorian, stertorous, stoical, strawberry-flavoured, stupendous, suave, subliminal, succulent, sudorific, sumptuous, superponic, swingeling, swish, symbiotic, syncretic, systematic.

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PAUL KING: "I USED TO T

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

BONGI" goes the aeroplane public address system. "Hello-this-is-your-Captain-speaking-our-estimated-time-of-arrival-in-Zurich-is..." King are flying from Paris - where last night they played a concert - to Zurich for some radio and TV interviews and another concert. As yet the group is practically unheard of in Europe so they've got loads and loads of promotional work to do. And, on top of that, they've got to put up with Smash Hits following them around asking nosy questions every five minutes.

"I've never seen myself as a sex symbol," splutters Paul King as he scoffs his way through an airline meal thousands of feet above the Alps. He's taking the interview very seriously, answering each question with deadly earnest concentration but somehow the point is somewhat lost when two Swiss Air hostesses appear in the gangway ogling at him, asking him what he's doing, who he is and is he, by any chance, a "rock musician".

For a second Paul looks a little embarrassed, but then he decides to fib; no, he's a lecturer and he's travelling from Paris to Zurich for a conference. The "joke" falls a bit



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

flat as the two hostesses huff and wander off up the aisle obviously thinking that Paul is just a bit too big for his boots and muttering something in their own language. "I think," says Paul forlornly, "that must be the German for 'What a prat!'"

But at least they've left him alone, something the dolly persons have stubbornly refused to do since they decided he was something of a "sex symbol". This stubble-faced 25-year-old may not be quite getting the full Simon Le Bon or Andrew Ridgeley treatment but the papers do love to print pictures of him in swish nightclubs with his arms around a couple of "young lovelies", or talking about the extremely naughty things he got up to as a 12 year old. So does he ever look in the mirror and say to himself "Crumbs! What a sexy beast!?"

"I don't at all, actually, in fact I'm amazed at how I got away with it," he says, feigning modesty.

In that case, where do all those dodgy photos of him alongside lots of "loxy chicks" come from?

"Merrr. Lucky me," he smirks.

"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. I'd 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 that."

"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



King (left to right): Tony Wall, Mick Roberts, Jim "Jackal" Lantieri and Paul King.

revealed that Paul actually had a fiancée called Mazoni! All that after he'd been telling us all for yonks that he was "unattached" and "looking for love". He'd been telling nuddy nuddy whoppers, then?

"Well," 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, 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 night raver" and "a



According to Paul: "If I'm at a party I'm not really the one who jumps up and dances in the middle of the floor." Fibber.



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 fiancée called Maxine, thinks that people who soul of the party.

Swinger", 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, glugging champagne and singing w. rude songs around the piano, Paul stood on 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 "Fish".

"Um...," comments Paul. "I am very inebriated... 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 settee and



Paul gets his spots Tipped out before a TV show.

dances in the middle of the floor. Though on stage all that changes—I do enjoy that centre-stage role."

That was pretty obvious the night before when he stepped on to perform at a small Parisian venue called The Eldorado. 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 pitee-like knee bends and spooky old hand 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's 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 find them total jerks. They're assesholes really," he blurts. "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!"

Crkey! 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 mad 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 gang—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."

"Bong!" goes the public address system again. "We're now descending to Zurich—ladies-and-gentlemen-would-you-please-fasten..."

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 rubberex rain boots (har har).



Seven fans who travelled from Coventry to Switzerland just for one concert!



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

● **I'm a 15 year old girl.** I would like to have a boy or girl penfriend between 15-16 years. My hobbies are animals, music, reading, writing letters and swimming. Write to: Kirsti Koffi, Hinkkio 71 B, 02930 Finland

● **Calling all mees aged 22+** from USA and Europe! If you'd like a sweetish penfriendship with a fun-loving, fun-mad female give a line to: "Dadzie C", 10 Walkmill Road, Market Drayton, Shropshire TF9 1JZ

● **My name is Michelle Lloyd, I'm into Wham! and Madonna** and I'm 11 years old. Write to: 41 Herford Road, Margate, Kent CT9 3SH

● **I am 14 and my hobbies are reading and jazz-dance.** Boys or girls aged 14-17 please write to: Kaja Zorkla, Muukana 442, 42700 Keuruu, Finland

● **Hi!** My name is Melanie Sqaque and I am 12 years old. I'd like a penpal aged 12-14. I like Wham!, Madonna and most other pop groups and my favourite programme is Top Of The Pops. So if anyone is interested please write to: Melanie Sqaque, 27 Shirley Road, Stratford, London E15 4HL

● **I'm a 19 year old female music-lover called Alison.** I enjoy writing letters and will answer to anyone who cares to write any age, any sex, from anywhere in the world. Contact me at: 74 Division Road, Andover, Hants SP10 3JH

● **A 15 year old female would like to write to good looking Meas aged 16-18.** Must have a sense of humour and be into Duran Duran, Tears For Fears and Madonna. Send photo and letter to: 2 ppw 18 Normandy Road, Southbourne, South Humberston DN15 5AL

● **A Big Country fanatic here.** Are there any Shark Anderson lookalikes out there? Must LOVE Big Country. I'd love to write to a loony so get writing to: Nik, 9 Falaise Road, Newcham Farm Estate, Blyth, NE24 4QN (Please enclose a photo)

● **I'm a 16 year old German girl.** I'm into Rick Springfield and Duran Duran, but I like Frankie, Billy Idol and Madonna too. Come on! Take a pen and paper and write to: Christine Harling, Om Hagen 11, 4712 Weene, West Germany

● **I am a 17 year old male with many musical interests and desperately need a friendly spirit to discuss my likes and dislikes with.** A letter from anywhere in the world would gladden my heart. Don't hesitate! Get scribbling! Write to: Stephen Mulford, 10 Brim Close, Ecting Hill, Rugeley, Staffs WS15 2SS

● **I'm Mike, a really trendy 15 year old dude into Wham! and Duran Duran.** Any sex, age, creed or colour please write to: Mike Grant, 61 Caswell Road, Caswell, Swansea SA3 4HR

● **Two good looking 18 year old lads would like to write to two good looking girls.** We are into Ultrabox, DMZ, Shiva and The Thr. It doesn't matter if you don't have the same musical tastes, we'll answer all letters. Please write to: Mark and Sean, 4 Carrington Close, Great Sankey, Warrington, Cheshire WARS6W

● **Desperately Seeking Susen!** If you're 11-13, there's a huge hole for you to get in touch with. Just write to: Tim Davis, 6 Manor Farm, South Littleton, Nr. Evesham, Worcs

● **Are there any female Medonnas fans out there who would write to a slightly crazy boy?** Scribble away and send a photo to: Ian, 23 Copper Close, Tisbury, Reading, Berks RG23 9PL

● **Help!** I'd like to write to a good caring boy aged between 15-15. I'm into Paul Young and Na Karshah but really I like any sort of music. I need someone I can talk to, so grab a pen and write to: Sara Ruchton, Acorn Lodge, Tower Road, Nr. Market Drayton, Shropshire

● **Calling all Depeche Moda fans!** I am a lovely 16 year old Depeche Mode fan wanting to hear from any others. Contact: Richard Austin, 29 Beogrove Gardens, Altwick, Bognor Regis, West Sussex

● **Desperately seeking four gorgeous blokes, aged between 13-16.** We are fast good looking girls aged 14, so if you want to write to us, contact: Josephine, Madryni, Angela and Louisa at Fiat 16, 190 Keeler Road, Knightwood, Glasgow G13 3PD

● **We're two girls aged 14 who like Medonne and A-HA and hate heavy metal.** We will write to boys or girls, so get scribbling to: Kari and Niki, 34 Tennyson Road, Broadshaw Middleton, Manchester M24 2NW

● **I'm a 16 year old Finnish punk girl and I'd like a penfriend from England.** Eino Jantunen Drinkkisaiehe 48, 36600 Pajulahti Finland

● **Hello! My name is Merkus and I live in Italy.** I'm 17 and my favourite group is Dattin Gattin. I enjoy watching TV, going out and generally having a good laugh. I would like male or female pen pals who live somewhere on planet earth. Send a letter and a picture (if possible) to: Markus Basso, Via Giacomo Leopardi, 12-22077 Digate, Como (Como), Italy

● **Hi! My name is Mike, I'm 13 years old and like Wham!, Paul Young, Duran Duran and Madonna.** I would like to write to any girls between 11 and 14 so if that's you write now to: Mike, Apparth, Pennant Road, Fframpton, Coltrnal, Nr. Bristol

● **My name is Jason Wood and I'm a Medonna fan desperately seeking others.** Write to me at: 33 Sandford Ave, Luton, Beds

● **My name is David, I'm 17 years old and I would like to hear from anyone anywhere in the world.** I like Madonna, Kim Wilde, U2, TFF and Big Country. Write with photo (if possible) to: David Renton, 28 Clerk Road, Penicuik, Midlothian, Scotland



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- 1 His secret diary's been read by everybody! (6,4)
 8 Army man who got trapped in the charts? (7,6)
 10 AA instruction to **The Cars**?
 10 Use a Wilkinson who claimed "You Gotta Be A Hustler" (anag)
 11 **Van Halen**'s David (3,4)
 12 **David Bowie**'s mopey
 13 A lee-lee crosspiece: **Barrington**?

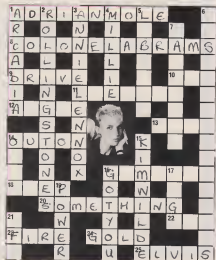
- 14 --- The Fields
 (Lynott and Moore) (3,2)
 16 Did he have a bit on **Madonna**?
 18 and 21 **Grandmaster Flash** he not to be tried at the top of a ladder (4,3)
 18 It's about you, according to **Level 42**
 22 Ask about an esly form of reggae (anag)
 24 St. Elmo's was not chartwise
 24 Menu that was gracious for **Spandau Ballet**
 24 Even fit really on **Mr Costello** (anag)

DOWN

- 1 **Simon le Bon**'s electroeers
 2 **Lionel Strong**'s favourite group (anag, 7,6)
 3 See photocube (5,6)
 4 **Ms Jackson** who declared an act of war with 5/10n
 5 **The Human League**'s war-torn country
 6 **King**'s flavour of the month? (5,2,4,5)
 7 Just **Siouxsie**'s waiters

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

ANSWERS ON PAGE 28



FRIDIE

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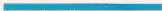
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*Originally recorded on a portastudio in
London during spring 1983*



**EUR
YTH
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S**





**SMASH
HITS**

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS

Cut Me Down

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've been aching all through summer
I've been aching just to fall
Cut me down
Cut me down

I've been Billy Name and
Filled my pockets with sand
I've seen everything I
Hang upon your pretty frown

I have wasted all my summer (summer)
I've been aching 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 unspoken
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 aching just to fall
Cut me down
Cut me down

Words and music by Dennis
Reproduced by permission SMC Songs Ltd
On Polygram Records

ARETHA FRANKLIN

Who's Zoomin' Who

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)
Take 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

Repeat chorus twice

(Don't you know you can't hide no more)
You thought you were the only one to hold my
(I've got your back)
But you're bound to get my power oh

Repeat chorus twice

You think you're smooth and
You can pick and choose
When the time is right
But just look behind
You'll be surprised to find
I'm gonna make you mine tonight oh

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Walden/Glass/Franklin
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Carlin Music Corp/Island Music Ltd
On Arista Records



START TEASER

- SAVING ALL MY LOVE FOR YOU
- SAY I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE
- SEX ON WHEELS
- SAN DAMIANO
- SAY YEAH
- SAY YOU SAY ME
- SEE THE DAY
- SEPARATE LIVES
- SEVEN SEAS
- SEXCRIME
- SHAKESPEARE'S SISTER
- SHE SELLS SACRIFICE
- SHE'S STRANGE
- SHOUT
- SINCE YESTERDAY
- SISTERS ARE DOING IT
- SIXTY EIGHT GUNS
- SLAVE TO LOVE
- SLAVE TO THE RHYTHM
- SMALLTOWN BOY
- SOLID
- SOME LIKE IT HOT
- SOMETHING ABOUT YOU
- SOUL DEEP
- SPEND THE NIGHT
- SPIES LIKE US
- STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN
- ST ELVIS FIRE
- STEP OFF
- STORIES OF JOHNNY
- STRIP
- SUDDENLY SUPERHERO

SSNEVAEHOTYAWRIATS
 SUASSNARGREPUSBOTA
 STOYAASHISSODIEOHY
 SOESYSAGOFNHNIRLR
 UEMPEEMUMASCOLIAMM
 OSPEYPLAISEGEUUOHY
 YASYTODAMLYESMTTTSO
 REAEHARELQXCIYOSU
 OSSEOSIAPTYNCHIEHR
 FNPUNETNJTACORXTSN
 EESAEEEOGSEWTFPSU
 VVSHRKHTSAHLYNEMSM
 OESDENILHTBEINBOEB
 LSAHNSLLOEIOOVMOEE
 YYSYEESTSGOTUEEVYR
 MAISSMETHEHALTOSBO
 LRNEAVYTRIIYLYSAN
 LGHPAOGANAKPODOUSE
 ASCLIUSISENTSDYTUS
 GPSNNRGOIUEGQREYLF
 NUASEHTTNVOEPIYAF
 ISETHMSAGNYCHIEHR
 VYSTUOTLPLSFLTTTS
 AISSTSEYSFOBASSSS
 SHAKESPEARESSISTER

All the names above are hidden in the diagram. They should run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. Can you remember that the three are all in an interrupted straight line whichever way they run.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 28

COMPETITION WINNERS

● The Blitz "Best Thing Ever Invented" Competition (20 November)

PART ONE

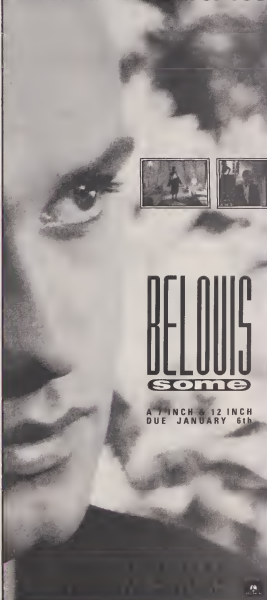
- Go West
Correct answer: dj I named a monster from outer space
The 15 winners of a limited edition 10" single are: **Richard Merino**, **Herts**, **M. Desley**, **Excellston**, **B. E. Kearney**, **Coventry**, **Tony Shields**, **Co Durham**, **C. Cooper**, **Shildon**, **D. Lewis**, **Huddersfield**, **Dean Clark**, **Comingham**, **Helen Parsons**, **Horsham**, **V. Alan**, **Hecham**, **V. Khaner**, **Liverpool**, **David Nelgan**, **Rathfrines**, **Lindsay Foster**, **Sheffield**, **Charlotte Skinner**, **Forest Hill**, **S. Marble**, **Leeds**
- Level 42
Correct answer: bj Mark King
Winners of a limited edition 10" single are: **Sophie Hines**, **Reigate**, **Chris Foster**, **Chatham**, **Michael Best**, **Leeds**, **Gail Morgan**, **Darton**, **Dev Marshall**, **Herts**, **C. Cooper**, **Marlet Dymally**, **J. F. Masera**, **Manchester**, **M. Murphy**, **Cherley**, **Adam Jones**, **Sutton Coldfield**, **James Brown**, **Ashtree**
- Smash Hit Goody Bag
Correct answer: of The Empire State Building
The "lucky" winner is **Charlotte Machin**, **Notts**
- Hall & Dates
Correct answer: bj John Oates
The winners of the "Line Up The Apollo" LP are: **Carol Evans**, **Swansea**, **Liz Schultz**, **London**, **Annie Harris**, **Northumberland**, **M. Hunter**, **Ple**, **Montgomery**, **Ryburn**, **Susan Kelly**, **Durham**, **Manx Trussler**, **Dunrobin**, **Melrose Gordon**, **Chesham**, **Sharon Renee**, **Widham**, **Lucette Taylor**, **Midlothian**, **Lynn Buckenridge**, **Croft**, **Tipton**, **Delphine Walker**, **Co. Dferry N.**, **Denny**, **London**, **Sheela Arnold**, **Hert**, **Sarahanna Philipot**, **Dyfed**, **Jill Eddon**, **Huddersfield**, **Sheila Brown**, **Naisdon**, **Elaine Grinnes**, **Essex**, **Carl Allen**, **Colchester**, **Sharon Prosser**, **Leeds**, **William Healy**, **Sturbridge**, **Elaine Walker**, **Glasgow**, **Susan Venner**, **Liveredge**, **S. Clarkson**, **Blackpool**, **Kate Lewis**, **Liverpool**

- Letter To Shakespeare
Correct answer: none of them, it was Gotzsche. Hal foused you. The following 10 people are really brainy and clever and talented, and each won a poster and an LP: **Stephen Beck**, **Glasgow**, **Michael Jordan**, **Barnor**, **Anne Roache**, **London**, **Julia Murphy**, **Dagenham**, **Jan Heagy**, **Coventry**, **Trevor Todd**, **Newcastle**, **D. Fresham**, **Sheffield**, **Sarah Lewis**, **Birmingham**, **A. Lind**, **Ferriham**, **Peter Reynolds**, **Staffs**
- Eurythmics
Correct answer: bj Suftrigettes
Winner of a jacket and a set of 12" singles is "la dar" - **Laura Lee** of **Seneca**, **The next note** with a set of 12" singles: **T.A. Barnett**, **Coventry**, **Andrew Rollings**, **Dartford**, **Mhari McFarlane**, **Glasgow**, **Lindsay Foster**, **Sheffield**, **Z. Weidon**, **Sheffield**, **Richard Moss**, **Worthing**, **Lorraine Thompson**, **Basley**, **Matthew Grant**, **Surrey**, **Lucy Hunt**, **Cheltenham**
- Very Amazing Midge Ure Matrix Things
Correct answer: aj An insect
Stuart McFadden from **Earmouth** and **Lisa Gladly** from **West Glamorgan** are the winners, and both receive a mixer and a 12" single. The next eight are a 12" **Melanie Green**, **Houlton**, **Gina Bamforth**, **Huddersfield**, **K.A. Kinnersley**, **Kent Angela Matrundo**, **Edinburgh**, **F. Roughaw**, **Co Derry**, **J.M. Partridge**, **Chesham**, **D. Rodgers**, **Warr**, **Yorkshire**, **Seamus Phillips**, **Hindley**
- Carmo
Correct answer: dj Amanda
The following 10 people win a 12" version of "She's Strange" and a 3-chart: **Nelen Anderson**, **Luton**, **Doreen Mitchell**, **London**, **Lorraine Crowder**, **Essex**, **Robbie Paricall**, **Suffolk**, **S. McRall**, **Co. Londborough**, **Emre Hattis**, **Blackobus**, **Stacey Swann**, **Northampton**, **Simon James**, **Dyfed**, **J. Murphy**, **Dagenham**, **D. Howley**, **Essex**

- The next 16 win a 12" single: **Phil Bayly**, **Lancashire**, **Stephen Hitchcock**, **Southern**, **Loma Platt**, **Wiltshire**, **G. Valentine**, **Walsley**, **R. Salazar**, **Jersey**, **Richard Merino**, **Herts**, **S. Jothel**, **Midsex**, **W. Shaw**, **Glencairn**, **Ola Bell**, **London**, **Heba Barnes**, **Hove**, **Alison Croft**, **Blackpool**, **Elizabeth Serton**, **Dorset**, **T.L. Painter**, **Walsley**, **R. Corneille**, **Hammermarsh**, **Bill Thackray**, **Croydon**

MORE WINNERS NEXT ISSUE

I M A G I N A T I O N
 COULD MAKE A MAN OF YOU



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NIGHTS OUT

ELTON JOHN B R I G H T O N

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 jig about, brilliant percussionist Ray Cooper windmills around the stage like Magnus Pyke, bonging assorted bits of wood and metal, Elton

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 . . .

scuttles 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 clapping along, 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 parts 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 cheered - but after Elton's final goodbyes, they 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 B I R M I N G H A M

There's an edge-of-your-seat hush as a spottil figure in a bowler hat walks 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 "Automation" ring round the N.E.C. and the 126th 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 holly toily warning from the stage manager that "anyone with pretensions 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 Afrodiszak, the three female backing singers, make their glittering first UK appearance dressed as ancient Egyptians. And a tiny microphone strapped to Howard's head leaves 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 haas - 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, kick-starts the drum machina 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!

Sornel Downer



Howard is joined on stage by "quest vocalist" Michael Dee Barrow. Oh . . . sorry, it's actually Jed in a stupid mask. Oooge.



Howard is joined on stage by "quest vocalist" Ed. Sorry. This is Jed in another stupid mask.

A HELPI

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 snakes 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 minibus seating members of Irish folk group Clannad.

And towering up the rear is a long black hearse. 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 hearse, an ancient Irish Flumber belonging to Bono, is to be featured in the film and is being driven by his mate Charlie Whisker, 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 Meiert 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 Meiert hopes will "capture the power and majesty 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.



MAIRE: "Bono's like part of the family. He's one of the nicest people I've ever met."

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 spookily like an undertaker in his long black coat, thick dark stubble and familiar tondstool felt hat.

"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 place, 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

NG HAND

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've both wanted to do for ages - U2 nearly always finish their concerts by playing out with Clannad's one big hit, the haunting electronic

"Innen" ("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 Gaiemnesses are downed (and placed onto the Clannad Galmeas beermats - yes, that's how famous the group are here) and it's back to the cars. We finally arrive at the hotel at 8.30pm 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 the pace, for some more location shots, this time around Bono's "special place", The Poison Glen. Finally, cold and thirsty, the whole entourage returns to the hotel bar where Bono



BONO: "Kids are the same all over the world - they all want to be loved, they all want to be hugged."

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 "sooty 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 foot, 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, at 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

speaking 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.

patronising but people don't know how to enjoy themselves over there. I had to do this TV thing for the Children in Need and it was 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 home towns for a beach-house in LA or a flashy apartment in New York. But this lot are different. . .



doesn't really matter. It's either got that feeling or it hasn't. Charlie (Whisker, the horse 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 scratches 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 16 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 "Clannad 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 Clannad 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

Even before you're inside Leo's Tavern you can feel the atmosphere. The place is buzzing with the stuff. Everyone is singing old Irish songs like "Molly Malbone" and guzzling great frothy beakers of Guinness. A roaring fire blazes in the hearth. It's like a scene out of an old film. The only pointer as to what century we're in is the film equipment set up unobtrusively in the corner.

Nothing's rehearsed, there's no plan, they're just filming faces, "faces glowing with warmth and cheer . . . faces old and new, twisted and handsome, laughing or sad, but all alive with an inner beauty. That of being alive."

Yes, it's those production notes again, but this time you'd be hard pushed to describe what's going on in any other way.

One o'clock in the morning and there's no sign of a halt. Bono's talking to scores of youngsters in the corner, Maire's signing autographs in another, but the film crew are packing up. For them it's finished.

Gweedore and its people have certainly made an impression on all the visitors. But you can't help wondering if it's really possible to capture that atmosphere in just a 3 minute pop video.

Let's hope so.

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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY DAVE RIMMER



MADNESS: Sweetest Girl (Zarjaz) A rather strained version of the first decent song Sonneti Politti ever wrote. Actually, it was originally called (with Green displaying that fondness for "quotation marks" rivalled only by Smash Hits) "The Sweetest Girl". The lings 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 (Chartsma) Yet another out-take from the Trevor Horn "Duck Rock" sessions. After two years, you'd think all this would be wearing a little thin. Well, it is. A little. But I could still listen to the 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 Seng, 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. This 12" may contain the version with an uttering keyboard solo by Herbie Hancock. I hope it does.

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, not to put 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



PAUL HARDCASTLE: Don't Waste My Time (Chrysalis)

Because they're "his" records, "Arcadite" never really allows a decent singer to let up over the top. He got away with it on "19" and "Just For The Money" for obvious reasons, amid all the gimmicks, there wasn't much singing needed. This however is meant to be a song about a bloke missing 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 journalists in wigs or bawdy-looking midgets with shaved heads, ABC are two one 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 busy 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 jangly guitars. 10,000 Maniacs are one such, distinguishable from all the others solely in that they have a female lead singer who skips about a lot. "Scorpio Rising" is named after a famous film about perry leather boys on motorbikes, 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 jangly guitars.

BELOUIS SOME: Imagination (Parlophone)

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

MADONNA: Borderline (Sire)

No let up, is there? With the last one beginning to slide down the charts, the Madonna organisation bung 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.

SADE: Is It A Crime (Epic)

Can hardly blame old "shimmering" 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)

I totally adore "Swing, All My Love For You", but unless I'm very much mistaken (always possible) this dreary bit of disco isn't anywhere near as good. Sounds positively snoozeworthy, in fact.

FIVE STAR: System Addict (RCA)

Alarming!ly, the seventh single to have been taken from their "Luxury Of Life" LP. It's not bad, I suppose. A bit like vintage Shamam. 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.



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 1" from the "Steve McQueen" LP with a new title. We must face the fact that, despite the oceans of praise that have been sprayed in Prefab Sprout's direction, despite Paddy McAloon'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





This photo of Bono and Bruce Springsteen having a bit of a "giggle" is one of literally hundreds in *Sun City* (Pergon, £8.95), a book about the recent **Artists Against Apartheid** record. The main portion of the book is taken up with describing how Little Steven (who used to be

Miami Steve Van Zandt, Bruce Springsteen's guitarist) organised the whole project. He first became interested five years ago when he heard "Biko" by Peter Gabriel, a song about the death of black leader Steve Biko while in South African police custody. In 1984 Little Steven went to live in South Africa to see things for himself and was so horrified that he decided to do something about it. Roping in all sorts of different pop stars, he wrote a song which — although it was specifically about the entertainment centre Sun City ("where many western groups have played, only yards away from terrible poverty"), was supposed to be criticism of "apartheid in general".

Apart from giving every single detail of the making of the record (inevitably rather boring), the book also includes sections on apartheid (the enforced segregation of blacks and whites in South Africa) and its effects, plus the lyrics of all the songs on the "Sun City" LP and endless photos of everyone involved. Not surprisingly the end result is a bit of a hoist potch, but the real point is that all profits from the book go to The Africa Fund, a charitable trust which fights apartheid.

▶ 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 babes. 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 £B 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 which **With Geldof In Africa** (Times Books, £5.95) is about.

Basically it's a diary of everything that happened on 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 on the plane 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 ("Try 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



● **PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION: "Double Live"** (Polygram, 2 vob, £24.99 each) "Syrcuse and the world! My name is Prince and I've come to play with you!" Breathtaking confetti rains down and — bong! — he is there, centre stage, flanked by the Revolution who are twirling around in their Regency overcoats and sparking out "Let's Go Crazy"... Filmed in Syrcuse, 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 the packaging puzzle, it's all... well, until you've seen guitarist Wendy handing out the

carrations during an utterly dazzling "Little Red Corvette", you haven't really lived. While Prince scampers 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-see bum and the Almighty, the Revolution swank away in exhilaration: "1999", "Take Me With U", "When Doves Cry", brilliant. It is, naturellement, the divinely fabulous Sheila E. who steals the show, rattling her tambales on "Baby I'm A Star" while Prince disappears to change into yet another luxuriously ghoulish costume and then returns to play a swoopy guitar solo on "Purple Rain" that goes on forever in a pink fog... Miraculous excitement,

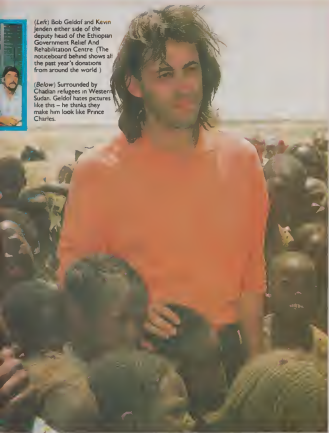
"Double Live" is practically the best thing ever invented.

● **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" ducked 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 about 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

K S

(Left) Bob Geldof and Kevin Jenden either side of the deputy head of the Ethiopian Government Relief And Rehabilitation Centre. (The nomenclature behind shows all the past year's donations from around the world.)

(Below) Surrounded by Chadian refugees in Western Sudan, Geldof poses pictures like this - he thinks they make him look like Prince Charles.



E O

the first place, even better. Wasn't that the point of videos in the first place?

DAVID SYLVIAN: Steel Cathedrals (Virgin, £8.99)

If you know someone very pretentious then they'd probably tell you that this 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't arty and meaningful but rather boring and tedious. And the instrumental music - a plink here, a plink 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 rosey they were too, if the excerpts here are taken 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."

F I L M

Did you know that Michael J. Fox starred in one film before *Back To The Future*? Well, he did. Called *Teen Wolf* (PG, 92 minutes) 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 growling 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 choking on your Maltasers with suspense because the plot is actually pretty uninteresting, but the film is nicely ridiculous and has some very, very funny moments.

Sorrel Dawner



Michael J. Fox before



...and after

STEVE

- 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 brightly-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 action 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 rightful contenders for the title "superstar" more respected than Paul McCartney.

More contemporary than Mick Jagger. Writer equal than David Bowie. Almost as mysterious as Michael Jackson. A singer who's clocked up an astonishing 40 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 boot people onto dancefloors for a staggering 23 years. Blind from birth. A longtime 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 in awe of the fact that I've sold X amount of records of 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, mumbled 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 thinly-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 I see 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



● The changing faces of Stevie Wonder: the sort of half-breeded cap'n jacket that pop stars could get away with in the early '70s...

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 clearly taken 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 a Stevie Wonder really is a genius and his honest opinions would be truly fascinating, and a bit because he obviously has a great sense of



● Ughhh! Young Stevie in tasteless 'heres'n'hills' gear. But how an artist did he get plugging garimmon for those hippies?

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 "I briller!" ("a good combination of acoustical instruments and modern technology") and Thomas Dolby's "She Blinded Me With Science!" ("a



● Playing "Party At The Beach House" and other sun'sand favourites in the '60s.

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 Tamba Motown records. "A little Motown," he careers, though not nearly as much as he hears in Madonna. "I think she's good, but it's kind of reminiscent to me of the melodic things done by

W O N D E R



The Supremes and Diana Ross in the '60s. But, basically, being a fan of music. I find very little wrong with anybody."

A fan" is putting it mildly. By the age of five, Steveland Morris (his real name) had a radio set permanently clamped to his ear. By 10, he'd mastered the piano, drums and harmonica. And at 12, he was discovered singing on street corners with a mate and signed to the mushrooming Motown soul label as "Little Stevie Wonder", becoming notorious for running recording sessions by rushing excitedly into studios without, of course, noticing that the red "recording" light was on. He had his first American

Well, the shirt's a bit better and there's nothing wrong with a nice warm'n'comfy cardy... but these glasses! Ughhhhh!



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 engaging people up at four in the morning without realising they might be asleep.

"Well," he grins, "there have been times when I work 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,



It's the end of the '70s - Stevie's still smiling even though his hair has gone all hushy and he's just released a double album called "The Secret Life Of Plants".



The very first Stevie Wonder LP, made when he was just 12 years old and containing his American number one hit "Fingertips".

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 wouldn't go to a movie and say: 'I went to hear that movie'. In your own mind you create pictures 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 vision?

"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 - "mega-ban me!"

He swims sometimes, ice-skates too, drinks champagne but thinks it makes him put on weight. He's unaccountably wealthy but still flies "Economy Class". The worst part of his career he's "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."

His rear's rugged "hard-as-wood" look of the '70s.



Smart, smooth'n'suede Stevie was already making records and wearing dodgy jumpers in his early teens.

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 MINDS (SUSPICIOUS MINDS)
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 DRY THE TEARS YOU'RE CRYING
DON'T LET THIS GOOD THING GO
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 LITTLE

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 HARD 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 MIND



K I N G

T O R T U R E

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS
IT'S MORE THAN TORTURE
WHEN YOU'RE DN YDUR KNEES
IT'S MORE THAN TDRTURE
WHEN YOU CHOOSE TO TEASE

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

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

WHEN YOU TEASE ME IT'S MDRE THAN TDRTURE

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

S H A R K E Y
L E T H I E F

YOU LITTLE DREAM YOU LITTLE NIGHTMARE
YOU LITTLE NOTHING YOU LITTLE GIRL
YOU LEFT ME BRDKEN 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 YDU WATCHED ME STUMBLE
YOU WATCHED ME FALL

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BENMONT TENCH
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION COPYRIGHT CONTROL ON VIRGIN RECORDS

Photo: Paul Goss/UP



Mutterings is turning over a new leaf. No more gossip, no more scandal, no more label — just lots of happy, happy tales of folk living their everyday lives. Like, um, **Mike**. I just happen to have my guitar with me! **Read** What's his? Apparently he's writing a book of poems I'll be out on the Spring. Grr-oooh! Well, if he can do it, so can Mutterings (and enough of all that "be nice in '86" rubbish).

Whiney Houston has a cat and it's called Misterbik! That's not very interesting but definitely true! She eats peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches and makes her hair/Whitney, that is, not the cat! What a doddler! Though some people find it quite hard. Like **Nik Kershaw**, who's been locked away in the East Anglian "strait" trying to write songs.

"People ask me 'what have you done today?' and I have to say I've spent the day trying to think of a word that rhymes with rhinoceros." It's hell. "No it isn't." "Hell" doesn't even nearly rhyme with "rhinoceros". Still, us poets do have to be careful with what we say. **Do Tony**

Marnech had a bit of a "scuffle" with **George Michael** the other day in a London club after he made fun of George's "companion", Pat Fernandez, by singing "Call her Pat / Call her Pat" instead "I'm Your Man" as he played the single. **Wendybyrd!** It's rumoured that George got a black eye in the "disagreement" that followed.

Time for another song — "An Ode To **George Michael's Bedroom In His Swanky Secret Hideaway Because We Know What It Looks Like**". The space *is* bed and ceiling / is filled with funny drapes / And by his bed are polka plants / And probably some grapes!

On the wall are a naughty pictures / Erotic paintings, he says / But we know... (Slop!) If you write another lousy poem or mention **Mike** we've got time to do a song together!" **Read** again Mutterings (it's sacred) — **Ed**! On. Better talk about someone interesting. How about **Bruce Springsteen**? Ver boss has inspired an official Springsteen For President Campaign in America. It already has 6,000 members and aims to make Broozee president by 1992 (i.e. when he finishes the song he's just started playing her hair). He's also rumoured to be planning to "get into" films. Currently he's helping on (though not acting in) **Paul Schrader's** *Burn In The USA* (the film script of which inspired the spineless song of the same name). Set to appear in the film is **Michael** "I'd be kinda cool to check out the birth of Christ" **J. Fex**, who has also just admitted to an obsession with mooses, the

big ugly Canadian things with antlers. Apparently **Michael** collects stuffed and ceramic mooses and drinks **Microalend** beer... And while we're talking about strange-looking creatures, what's all this about **Mike Peters** of **The Alarm** saying, "I spent '85 talking to people. They said 'your hair is too long, you look silly?'" Fancy that! Meanwhile **Andrew Ridgeley** (currently in Australia with **George** on holiday) is rumoured to be another one of those poor stars suffering from the serious disease, wedding bell fever (see *Bit*, page 4, for the full story). His 18-year-old girl friend **Donya Fiorentino**, who used to go out with **Don Johnson** (from *Miami Vice*) has apparently received a ring from him (though not necessarily an engagement ring) and reckons that she can calm his rowdy habits. "With me it's just a pussycat. He's kind and considerate."

Yeoooo! Also apparently considering "taking" the ring is **John Taylor**, who spent new year in Denmark with his girlfriend **Renee Simonsen's** parents, though rumours that they're already engaged are, according to **Renee's** mum, untrue. Also rumoured to be wedding are **Sade** and her new boyfriend,

make-up man **Paul Gobet**, **Prince** and "friend" **Susanah Melvon** and are, like, **Paul** **Weller** and **D.C. Lee**. Surely not. Meanwhile **Billy Joel** has just become a father and **Elton John** has been to the doctors with his wife to discover why they're not having any luck. I wonder why **Paul** "I used to think I was God's gift" **King** hasn't got hitched yet? Perhaps because he keeps saying tasteless things about "chicks" like "I love them all, but much more for their minds than their bodies. But if their minds aren't up to much I'll move on their bodies." **Grr!** **Yeoooo!**

Remember **The Monkees**? No, didn't think so. They were a very wild wacky pop group in the 60s and they're planning to reform. Hurrah! Remember **Mike Oldfield**? No, didn't think so. Well, apparently **Michael Jackson** rang him up the other day except the cleaning lady answered. But they "touched base" in the end and are planning to make a record together. **Born-to-Want!**

Remember **Culture Club**? No, didn't think so. But you will soon as their "long-awaited" new LP, "Poison Of The Post", will, it's rumoured, be out on February 24. About ruddy time. Why is there a man

wandering around the London underground carrying two film cans? **Marked Wham!** In *Chiva*? **Why does Paul McCartney** use the name **Mr Winters** when he flies to America? There's a very spooky story mixed about **Feargal Sharkey**. Apparently **Ms McKee** (who wrote his last single, "A Good Heart") used to "rub noses" with **Bernont Trent** (who wrote his new single, "You Little Thief") and when they split up they both wrote songs about it. Yes, that's right — "A Good Heart" and "You Little Thief!" And **Feargal** sings them both! **Cooky o bimm!**

orky! **Bono** has been telling the full story of **U2's** Live Aid appearance. Remember he karnikabe jump down into the audience to dance with that girl? Well, he only did it because he recognised her as a **U2** fan and she was getting squashed. And by the time he'd got back on stage he'd wasted so much time that **U2** couldn't play their third song (which was going to be "Pride [In the Name Of Love]"). **Convinced** that their entire performance had been completely useless, he drove straight up the motorway and back to Ireland immediately after the grand finale. When he got there, still in a bit of a

mape, he popped round to a sculptor friend of his. It was only when he started moaning about the last few hours his friend told him to shut up moaning because **U2's** performance was one of the most taddy-bem-filast things ever. **Wagner** on the origins of the universe and that he'd been so inspired that he lump he was chopping away at as they spoke was in fact a sculpture of **Bono** himself in action at Live Aid. **Not a very good start to the year!**

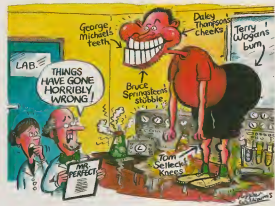
Bob Geldof has been **Bob Geldof** got heartily slagged off for being "inefficient" by **Simon Bates** on *Radio 1*, but he wasn't even given a messy OBE in the New Year's Honour's list. **Sweat SHH!** It's moooooos that he's going to be commended by getting back to being a **Brooming Pat** and writing his memoirs.

Squillions of famous people spotted singing songs and cracking jokes in aid of battered wives and their children at *The Snowball* Rowan. **Though Andrew Ridgeley** didn't turn up to do a comedy routine (i.e. drive a car) **Gary Kemp** was there as promised. "I wrote this song in Belfast about a Romeo and Juliet situation." It's called "The Romeo and Juliet". He said before strumming away on a solitary guitar. **Ned was**

Widge Ure (with a solo rendition of "Do They Know It's Christmas"), **The Who** **Dares Was Pandas**, **Rowan Atkinson**, and **Rik Mayall**, who said that things like "Why did the bird fall out of the tree? Because it was dead" before being basted up by **Ade Edmondson**. **John Le Bon**, **Simon's** dad, has been researching into their family background. Apparently the Le Bon's (which means "the good") are descended from French Protestants known as the Huguenots and in *Dion*, France, there's even a **Philippe Le Bon Tower**. And did you know that **Simon** wears a ring bearing the family crest — a shield divided diagonally and decorated with three grapes? Also did you know that despite public demerits, **Yasmin Le Bon** o preppers. When **Nick**, **Julie-Aime**, **Simon** and **Yasmin** were mobbed after going on **Wogan**, **Simon** was heard screaming desperately in the middle of the crowd "get back! get back! she's pregnant!"

"I'm for another poem, don't you think? How about this **Madonna** and **Sean Penn** were **boled!** / So they dressed up as **Saints Claus** / Went to see some 'kids' / At the place they lived (the paediatric wing of a New York hospital, except it's a bit hard to fit that in) **Then went home again, of course!** / I warned you — **Ed**, Er, sorry, but I didn't mention **Mike Read**, (That's it. You're **sacked** — **Ed**!)

Mutterings



In a recent opinion poll, women voted that their "Ideal" man would have **George Michael's** hair, **Bruce Springsteen's** bum, **Tom (Magnum) Sellick's** face, **Daley Thomson's** body and **Terry Wogan's** teeth! **Urrrrrr!**

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