

HIT SONGS BY
DURAN DURAN
THOMPSON TWINS
MUSICAL YOUTH
GENESIS

Smash HITS

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN



JOHN TAYLOR | SIMPLE MINDS | MIKE READ |

FAN CLUBS: THE TERRIBLE TRUTH!

NEW-MOON-ON-MONDAY



SHAKE UP THE PICTURE THE LIZARD MIXTURE
WITH THE DANCE ON THE EVENTIDE
YOU GOT ME COMING UP WITH ANSWERS
ALL OF WHICH I DENY
I SAID IT AGAIN

BUT COULD I PLEASE REPHRASE IT

MAYBE I CAN CATCH A BREAK
I DON'T REALLY PUT IT MUCH PLAINER
BUT I'LL WAIT 'TIL YOU DECIDE
SEND ME YOUR WARNING SIREN
AS IF I COULD EVER HOPE
LAST TIME LA LUNA
I LIGHT MY TORCH AND WAVE IT FOR THE

CHORUS

NEW MOON ON MONDAY
AND A FIRE RAINCE THROUGH THE NIGHT
I STAY IN THE COLD DAY WITH A LONELY SATELLITE

REPEAT CHORUS

BREAKING AWAY WITH THE BEARS OF BOTH WORLDS
A FEMALE THAT YOU CAN'T DISGUISE
AND EVERY MINUTE I KEEP FINDING
CLUES THAT YOU LEAVE BEHIND
HAVE ME FROM THESE REMINDERS
AS IF I FORGET TONIGHT
THIS TIME LA LUNA
I LIGHT MY TORCH AND WAVE IT FOR THE

REPEAT CHORUS

I LIGHT MY TORCH AND WAVE IT FOR THE
REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

NEW MOON ON MONDAY
AND A FIRE RAINCE THROUGH THE NIGHT
I STAY IN THE COLD DAY WITH A LONELY SATELLITE
I WAVE IT FOR THE NEW MOON ON MONDAY
AND A FIRE RAINCE THROUGH THE NIGHT
I STAY IN THE COLD DAY WITH A LONELY SATELLITE
I WAVE IT FOR THE NEW MOON ON MONDAY
AND A FIRE RAINCE THROUGH THE NIGHT

WORDS AND MUSIC DURAN DURAN

AL PRODUCED BY PERMISSION CULIN MUSIC TRITEC MUSIC COVER BY ROBERT

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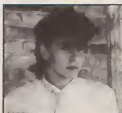
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Photo: Paul Cox

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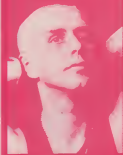
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PERSONAL FILE



HOLLY (FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD)

NAME: William Holly Johnson.
BORN: (Aside) Should I give my real age? (Cries of "yeah go on" in the background.) Okay then, it's the 9.2.60, in Khartoum, The Sudan.
NICKNAME AT SCHOOL: Joyful Johnson. I was such a happy child.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "Blackberry Way" by The Move. And that's the truth. It cost 7s 6d.
FIRST CONCERT: David Bowie at the Liverpool Empire. The date was June 9, 1973. Oh it was fab. The best show ever. He came on to all these strabes and Clockwork Orange-type theme music — we've ripped that off a few times — and he had a really fab costume which these girls came on and ripped off. It was all part of the show. Mind you I did get beaten up afterwards. I was pretty outrageous for the time, with make-up and everything.
FIRST CRUSH: Miss Schofield, my infant teacher. She used to wear those really woolly jumpers and fab perfumes.
FAVOURITE TOY: My yellow and black leather torch. I'm holding it at the moment. I've also got an Action Man which I like and a Superman pop-up book. I'd love a black Porsche.
FAVOURITE DRINK: Kalua and milk. It's a tropical cocktail drink. It's coconuty. Really nice.
FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING: Brogue shoes. And I

love a leather jacket, that's quite nice. Oh and I mustn't forget my pair of red roller-derby shorts... I got them in the States. I wore them on The Tab.
PREVIOUS BANDS: I was in Big In Japan between '77 and '78. Then I went solo, releasing a couple of singles. Then I joined the Dancing Girls who turned into the Sons Of Egypt who wore their whitelid down into Frankie Goes To Hollywood.
WORST JOB: On a building site in Wapping. Really hard labour.
FAVOURITE NIGHT OUT: New Year's Eve '83 at Heaven club (in London). We performed there. The whole night was constructed to freak everyone out. First on was this musician. And there were all these dancers encased in the middle of the floor. At midnight they threw all this fake snow in the air. I've never seen anything like it. I've never witnessed that amount of energy being exerted in one night. We had a ball. I like having a ball.
WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CAST ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH?: Harrison Ford. And Sophia Loren.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR POCKETS?: A cloakroom ticket from an East End pub. A matchbox with nude women on it — when you light it they move. I got it from Blackpool. And — oops! — a contact lens case — I lost the lens so I don't wear them any more. Receipts from Expectations, a rubber shop in the East End. A blue and pink spotted handkerchief. And a packet of Extra Strong Mints and my favourites, Lemon Fruitellas.
DESCRIBE YOUR KITCHEN: Oh God! It's quite small, about ten foot square. It's got a little window that looks out onto the Roman Catholic Cathedral. There's lots of red things in it. I like red things. And there's two cookers — neither work. I've also got a washing machine — that doesn't work either. And I've got a fab kettle we stole from a hotel.
BEST THING ABOUT LIVERPOOL: The people. The place's full of really strong characters.
WORST THING ABOUT LIVERPOOL: The unemployment.
PETS: No. I did have a Venus fly trap but that died.
FAVOURITE CLOTHES: Denim and black things. I like wearing suits as well — I had this gorgeous one which got wrecked in the vic. And rubber, of course.
HOW DO YOU RELAX?: I like to do a bit of weightlifting. I also like watching TV but never have much time. I also like to go to bars and watch people. Just dead normal things.
DID YOU SEE DURAN DURAN AT WEMBLEY?: No.
DO YOU WANT TO SEE DURAN DURAN?: No.



So who's this then? It's not another of those ancient Boy George photos, is it? No. Could it, perchance, be a rare pic of Smash Hits club reporter Peter Martin in the days before his Howard Jones haircut? Well, not exactly. It is in fact a shot of an extremely young Barry Manilow — exactly, it's a shot of all new members of the Barry Manilow International Fan Club. For our exclusive guide to the efficiency and service of this and other fan clubs, see pages 32-35.



A bit of a card, this one. Something of a chanteuse too, by all accounts. She's called Sade (pronounced "Sharday"), sings a kind of soft, smoky jazz and has been, er, shuffling around trendy nightclub circles for quite some time now. Apart from singing, she writes her own material and arranges it too — a regular jack of all trades in fact. Her first single, "Your Love Is King", is being dealt out very soon.

Pop Stars In Leather And Studs Shock! You might have noticed that Frankie Goes To Hollywood (when they're not on *Top Of The Pops*) seem to enjoy kitting themselves out in all manner of leather and rubber outfits. Take a look for yourselves. They probably think they're being desperately outrageous, but *Start* knows better. Over the last few years, everyone from Bucks Fizz to Soft Cell have been "getting into" leather 'n' chains. And here are the pics to prove it ...

S T A R T



1 Heres Frankie (Paul and Holly, actually).



4 Soft Cell: they look quite normal for a change. Not sure about their friend though.



7 Gary Numan: a little outfit his mother made for him.



2 Freddie Mercury of Queen: he's been dressing up like this for years.



5 Bucks Fizz: not quite *them* really, is it?



8 Steve Strange: looks quite convincing like this, actually.



3 Glenn Hughes of Village People: making Frankie Goes To Hollywood look like Kate Bush.



6 Rob Halford of Judas Priest: must have left his whip in the coach.



9 Steve Norman: having the last laugh.

THE PRETENDERS

NEW ALBUM

LEARNING
TO
CRAWL

LP WK2 CASS WK2 C

INCLUDES
MIDDLE OF THE ROAD
2000 MILES
BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG



JANUARY UK TOUR

Fri 6th IPSWICH, BAUMONT 0473 53641

Sat 7th LEICESTER, DE MONTFORT 0533 54444

Mon 9th NOTTINGHAM, ROYAL CENTRE 0602 472328

Tue 10th LIVERPOOL, ROYAL COURT 051 709 4321

Wed 11th BIRMINGHAM, ODEON 021 643 6101

Fri 13th BRISTOL, COLSTON MALL 0272 291768

Sat/Sun 14th/15th/16th HAMMERSMITH ODEON 748 4081

Tue 17th NEWCASTLE, CITY HALL 0632 612006

Wed 18th EDINBURGH, PLATHOUSE 031 557 2590

Thu 19th GLASGOW, APOLLO 041 332 7093

Sat 21st LEEDS, UNIVERSITY 0532 438071

Fri 22nd MANCHESTER, APOLLO 061 273 1112

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

THE KILLING MOON

UNDER BLUE MOON I SAW YOU
SO SOON YOU'LL TAKE ME
UP IN YOUR ARMS TOO LATE TO BEG YOU
OR CANCEL IT THOUGH I KNOW IT MUST BE
THE KILLING TIME
UNWILLINGLY MINE

FATE UP AGAINST YOUR WILL
THROUGH THE THICK AND THIN
YOU WILL WAIT UNTIL
YOU GIVE YOURSELF TO HIM

IN STARLIT NIGHTS I SAW YOU
SO CRUELLY YOU KISSED ME
YOUR LIPS A MAGIC WORLD
YOUR SKY ALL HUNG WITH JEWELS
THE KILLING MOON
WILL COME TOO SOON

CHORUS
FATE UP AGAINST YOUR WILL
THROUGH THE THICK AND THIN
HE WILL WAIT UNTIL
YOU GIVE YOURSELF TO HIM

REPEAT CHORUS

YOU WILL GIVE YOURSELF TO HIM

UNDER BLUE MOON I SAW YOU
SO SOON YOU'LL TAKE ME
UP IN YOUR ARMS TOO LATE TO BEG YOU
OR CANCEL IT THOUGH I KNOW IT MUST BE
THE KILLING TIME
UNWILLINGLY MINE

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

YOU GIVE YOURSELF TO HIM

REPEAT CHORUS

YOU GIVE YOURSELF TO HIM

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

WORDS AND MUSIC SERGEANT McCULLOCH/
PATTINSON/DE FREITAS
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
ZOO MUSIC/WARNER BROS MUSIC LTD
ON KOROVA RECORDS



Photo: Joe Bagnall

THOMPSON TWINS DOCTOR DOCTOR

I saw you there
Just standing there
And I thought I was only dreaming yeah
I kissed you then
Then since again
You said you would come and dance with me
Dance with me
Across the sea
And we can feel the motion of a thousand dreams

Chorus
Doctor doctor
Can't you see I'm burning burning
Oh doctor doctor
Is this love I'm feeling

Ships at night
Give such delight
But we all leave before the morning light
Please don't go
No please don't go
'Cause I don't want to stay here on my own

Repeat chorus twice

Fever leave your love on me
Please take away my name (take away)
Fever lay your hands on me
I'll never be the same

Repeat chorus twice

Come with me and make believe
We can travel to eternity

Words and music T Bailey/A Currie/J Leeway
Reproduced by permission Point Music Ltd
On Arista Records

He's 32. 10 years ago he was playing guitar down the pub for a living. 7 years ago he was doing commentaries for cricket matches. 5 years ago he landed a job at Radio One. Now he does *The Breakfast Show*, hosts two TV programmes, writes books, you name it. Dave Rimmer charts...

THE RISE AND RISE OF MIKE READ



Mike Read in '84. eight million people wake up every day with this man

In a small cafe near Broadcasting House, home of Radio 1, Mike Read is tucking into an after-show breakfast of poached egg on toast and several cups of coffee.

"Mike," calls a bloke who's been sitting across the room, waiting for the right moment. "Do you reckon there's a market for a punk flamenco opera group?"

The chap is a plugger — a person employed to get a record on to the radio. Lots of Radio 1 DJs use this café, so lots of pluggers hang around too.

"Yeah, the South Of France," Mike calls back. "Punk flamenco players all over the place."

Taken aback, the plugger mutters that he'll "send a tape" and lapses into a silence. Meanwhile cafe staff buzz in and out, all saying "hello Mike", customers notice him, nudge each other and whisper "don't look now, but..." and two small children keep peering round the door. Whenever Mike smiles or says "hello" they rush off giggling. Needless to say, in the middle of all this, *Smash Hits* is trying to do an interview.

Mike Read is used to all this. His morning radio show coupled with regular TV appearances as a presenter of *Pop Quiz*, *Saturday Superstore* and *TOTP* mean that he's better known than most pop stars.

"I get recognised everywhere, from Surrey to the Orkneys. It's lucky," he smiles, "that I enjoy talking to people."

And Mike Read, of course, is very good at talking. He chats away ten to the dozen, cracking jokes and spinning off on wild tangents in a manner guaranteed

to wreak havoc with the hind legs of any passing donkey.

Mike Read was born in Surrey 32 years ago and grew up in Weybridge.

"I've always liked lists," he remembers. At the age of ten he used to keep a Top Ten of the girls he liked. "Number Four would be, like, 'the girl in the brown blazer at the bus stop' up from Number Seven last week."

More recently his passion for lists found form in the *Guinness Book Of British Hit Singles* which he co-authored with Paul Gambaccini and Jo and Tim Rice. So far it's gone through eight editions, each one a best seller. He tells me proudly that last September *WH Smith* said he was the first author ever to have three books in their Top Ten: The *Guinness Singles* and LPs books and his *Autobiography Of The Shadows*.

Back in 1970, his listmania led him to catalogue his collection of 200 records. After that it "gradually exploded". Mike now has a collection numbering around 30,000. He also collects old pop videos and memorabilia and has no less than five juke boxes at home.

Come the mid-'70s he was "ekeing out a living with a guitar"; getting £20 a night for gigs at local pubs and clubs.

"I used to go from one song to another without a pause. Loud stuff, singalong stuff... anything that would suit one guitar. Landlords used to come up to me and say: 'It's all right, you can take a break you know'."

He still plays sometimes. Only the other night he and a friend did "a two hour set down the



26-year-old Read in '77 (at the height of punk — snigger): he'd just joined Radio Luxembourg

local wine bar", on February 11 he'll be at his local tennis club and March 2 will see him at London's Dominion with Nick Beggs and David Grant. He assures me that he's not as bad as he pretends to be on the radio.

In 1975, while Mike was singing for his supper, his record collection was regularly being borrowed from by a friend who DJed on Radio Wey, a hospital station. When the friend left, Mike took over.



Doing *The Breakfast Show* with that bloody guitar!

In March '76 he was offered a job on the (then just starting) Thames Valley Radio after one of the founders heard him doing the commentary at a charity cricket match. Cricket is another of Mike's passions and he reckons that he only got offered a programme because they wanted him on the station team and had to "make it legal".

"It was the biggest dead wood show you've ever heard: selections from the American Top 100. But for legal reasons they couldn't play American records, so it was selections of British records everyone had got bored with weeks ago."

Steve Wright started work at Thames Valley on the same day and the pair ended up doing, wait for it, *The Read And Wright Show*. "It was so amateur it was unbelievable," Mike remembers. He used to do "mad things"

Mike rises each morning at 5.30, sticks something on the juke-box and then drives up to London

"It's a time that's totally alien to me. Before I did it, I never even used to hear *The Breakfast Show*."

Getting up early has its compensations though, not least in the huge sums he can earn from outside activities. Radio 1 DJs can get £1500-£2000 just for one live show and God knows how much for, say, allowing their faces to be used in breakfast cereal ads.

Mike, however, reckons his motivations are "not particularly materialistic. Love of music. That's why I do everything. Books, TV... gigs at the local wine bar. I don't have to do those."

He's proud that he's managed to work "less predictable" music into the morning show.



Hosting *Pop Quiz*: pretty useless couple of teams judging by the scoreboard

like running out into the street with a mike on a long cable and saying: "if you're in that white Mini and listening, why don't you stop and have a chat." When this worked, and it often did, he'd end up interviewing some startled motorists.

At the end of '77, same time he began the first Guinness book and landed the job of presenter on Yorkshire TV's now defunct *Pop Quest*, he took over Peter Powell's slot on Radio Luxembourg. He stayed there for a year, but didn't have a very happy time.

"I didn't like it as a city. It's a quiet, dour place. They never smile. I used to fly back every Saturday to play cricket."

He was relieved, then, to land a job at Radio 1 at the end of '78. After a spell of evening broadcasting, he took over the morning show from Dave Lee Travis in early '81.

"Once it was the case that a record would be played by Peelie, then it would get on a major label, then it would get day-time play. Now we just play them straight away," he shakes his head sadly. "It's pushed Peelie out into some strange left field, though."

DJ, TV personality, author... where next, Mike? Going to become the next Noel Edmonds?

"Nah... it would take me too long to grow the beard. I don't know. I have lots of ideas for books and TV shows but no time to do them. I live from week to week and I hate to have everything planned out. It's the gypsy in my soul," he chuckles. "My mum says I should travel round with a song and a gag and a guitar, like a gypsy."

Or like a punk flamenco player, perhaps.

Thomas Dolby

HYPERACTIVE!



NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE ON, 7 INCH CAT. No. r 6065.

12 INCH HEAVY BREATHERS SUBVERSION, CAT. No. 12r 6065.



STAR TEASER

MADE BY SLADE

- C'MON C'MON
- COZ I LUV YOU
- CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE
- C'EST LA VIE
- DIZZY MAMA
- EVERYDAY
- FAR FAR AWAY
- GINNY GINNY
- GIVE US A GOAL
- GUDBUY T'JANE
- GYPSY ROAD HOG
- HOW DOES IT FEEL
- IN FOR A PENNY
- KNOW WHO YOU ARE
- LET'S CALL IT QUITS
- LOOK WOT YOU DUN
- MERRY XMAS EVERYBODY

- MY FRIEND STAN
- MY OH MY
- NOBODY'S FOOL
- OKEY COKEY
- RAVEN
- RUBY RED
- RUN RUNAWAY
- SIGN OF THE TIMES
- SKWEEZE ME PLEEZE ME
- SLAM THE HAMMER DOWN
- TAKE ME BAK 'OME
- THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
- THE BANGIN' MAN
- WE'LL BRING THE HOUSE DOWN

The song titles above are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the letters are always in an uninterrupted straight line with the letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 44

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

"New Year?" quoth Vincent Clarke on Tony Blackburn's Radio Show. "In my house we all took our clothes off and ran naked down the street" . . . Hawaii seems to be the trendy place just now. Not only did Marilyn go there for his Xmas hola, but Wham! stopped off there on their way back from Japan. And when they left, the Thompson Twins arrived . . . Adam Ant turns up as the "A" in Diana Dors' *News Of The World* "A to Z of Men" . . . 'Tis merriment that The Jacksons have recorded a track with Mick Jagger . . . Loads of D'ran D'ran mutterings. At the boys' Apris Wembley Arena party, Rod Stewart cycled up to Andy Taylor and enquired: "Are you the guitar-player?" Andy nodded. "Great movements," Rod smiled approvingly. "Great movements." . . . Minutes later, John Taylor was telling him how he once queued for 24 hours for Rod Stewart tickets . . . D'ran two. John Taylor told Mutterings rather sternly: "I've never met Geoff Boycott in my life!" . . . D'ran trois. J.T. gave his parents a trip to New York for Christmas . . . And the last one. Me and Mrs Andy Taylor are expecting a child . . . Dead Or Alive's new single is called "I'd Do Anything". Anything? Well, singer Pete Burns appears in the video with a real, live jaguar. Anything, that is, that D'ran or Frankie Goes to Hollywood have done first . . . Move Over Darling. "I've been jilted," sniffed Tracey Ullman's electrician ex-boyfriend Pete. Ms Ullman, of course, had dashed off to marry millionaire TV producer Allan McKeown. Pete now has a new girlfriend called Sharon . . . Mikey Craig apparently hasn't visited or been in touch with his two children for over 14 months . . . Anyone noticed the similarities between Thomas Dolby's "Hyperactive!" and "The Conga"? No? Oh well . . . Police in the Ilfracombe area are after a Boy George lookalike to help them with

their enquiries . . . David Bowie's booked to play The Pied Piper Of Hamlyn in *Fairie Tale Theater* on American cable TV in March . . . Young American starlet Cyndi "Girls Just Want To Have Fun" Lauper moaned: "a nuclear war could really mess my career up" . . . Able lost £5 million through "stock exchange investment" last year. This still leaves them with about £50 million though . . . Boy George's Dad: "He is a lot tougher than he appears to be from all the clothes and make-up. If he belted you, you'd know about it." Ask the Sun photographer who he belted with "a frilly, yellow parasol" the other week . . . Beach Boy Dennis Wilson has just been buried at sea. Although this is normally forbidden by law in California, an exception was made by order of Ronald Reagan because all Reagan is a Beach Boys fan and b) Wilson was the only Beach Boy who could really surf . . . the guy playing bass with Status Quo on 707P the other week was Jim Lee from Slade . . . Status Two. TV-AM's Datarun programme scored Qu Superfan Tony Schallier in our January 5 issue, rang him up and asked him to join the band on TV. See what happened on Datarun, January 21 . . . When the Police appeared on Saturday Superstore with Duran Duran and Culture Club, they refused to appear in any shot with any member of either of the other two groups . . . Bill Bryant, the chap who co-wrote "What Is Love" with "cockatoo pop star" Howard Jones, has been slagging off his former friend: "I sacrificed my marriage to make him a star. But now he's left me with nothing" . . . Meanwhile, workers at Howe's old Clingfilm factory have clubbed together and bought a plaque to put on the machine where he used to work . . . After Stoussie's Gregory the Pecary, Limahl has adopted a "fairy bluebird" at London Zoo. A friend paid for it.

Who's That Girl?

- In the January 26th issue of *Just Seventeen* we'll be revealing the ten finalists in our *Cover Girl* Competition.
- That's when you get the chance to vote for the girl you think has the best chance of making it as a model. And when you vote, you could win some of the hundreds of pounds worth of make-up end clothes up for grabs in the final part of our mind-boggling competition.
- And that's not all . . .

Simon Le Bon

CALENDAR

Hair

COLOUR IT!

(S'INT WHAT YOU DO - IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU DO IT)

GEORGE AND ANDREW
OF

Wham!

FASHION, FICTION, FEATURES
AND THE FACTS OF LIFE.

JUST
Seventeen.

EVERYTHING A GIRL COULD ASK FOR EVERY FOURTEEN

JANUARY 26th



eURYTHMICS[★]

here COMES the Rain again



THE NEW SINGLE

On 7" and 12"
both in full colour picture bags
12" includes extra track
THIS CITY NEVER SLEEPS
(live version)



"TOUCH"
album-PL 70106
cassette-PC 70106
includes
WHO'S THAT GIRL?
RIGHT BY YOUR SIDE
HERE COMES THE RAIN AGAIN



• RCA

Ligotage, the group that **Beki Bondage** formed after leaving Vice Squad, have just released their debut single. It's called "Crime And Passion" and they'll be touring in February.

HALL OR NOTHING

The scene: a miserable wet Thursday lunchtime in a pub near Regents Park. **Terry Hall** is talking to *Stiz* about **The Colour Field** — a group he's formed with two chaps called Toby Lyons and Karl Shale. Their debut single, also called "The Colour Field", has just been released and on the afternoon in question, they were busy recording a new song.

What happened to the Fun Boy Three?

"There's not much to say... we split up."

Why?

"I felt it was morally wrong to carry on with the group... there were dollar signs in people's eyes. When we were in America I just walked out. It seemed sensible."

Did it take the others by surprise?

"I don't know. Haven't talked to them."

Have you even seen them?

Terry shakes his head.

What will The Colour Field be doing?

"We're being a group."

Will you play live?

"Possibly. We've no particular aims and intentions at the moment."

Well, what will you be doing tomorrow?

"We're going back to Coventry."

And next week?

"Nothing... nothing at all."

You mean you don't know what you'll be doing?

"No. We won't be doing anything."

What do you personally hope to get out of The Colour Field?

"Just to retain my self-respect. It's nice that the music business is so shallow. It makes you feel strong."

Shallow?

"I mean other groups. The only reason we want to be in *Smash Hits* is to keep other groups out."

Why?

"They don't do the general public any good. They warp people's minds."

You mean, every single group apart from you warps people's minds?

Terry nods.

So how come you won't?

"I don't know. Perhaps we will. But we don't tell lies. Not to ourselves or to anyone else." But what do you give people that's different?

Long pause. "Love"

Is that it?

"And records."

The Colour Field (left to right): Toby Lyons, Terry Hall, Karl Shale.



Remember a 1982 hit by **Manseon** called "Ever So Lonely"? If you do you might recognise the young lady above — it's **Sheila Chandra**, the singer on that record. Now she's left the group, gone solo and has released her first LP, "Out On My Own".

FAN CLUBS

The Alarm

c/o Wanted Talent
28 Alexander Street
London W2

The Police

Outlandos Fan Club
162-164 Kennington Park Road
London W11

Tracey Ullman

c/o Staff Records
115/123 Bayham St
London NW1 6AL

BIZ

"I'd Do Anything" is the latest single from the fairly exotic Liverpool group **Dead Or Alive**. It'll be followed in February by their debut LP, backed up by their first headlining UK tour.



Kate Bush: making Frankie Goes To Hollywood look like Bucks Fizz.

Any **Kate Bush** fans in the vicinity? Yes? Well in that case you might be interested to hear about "The Single File". It's a boxed set containing all 12 of Ms Bush's UK singles, from "Wuthering Heights" to "There Goes A Tenner". She's also got a video album out. That's called "The Single File" too and features all of her promotional videos to date, interested? Well we have five cassettes of both the box set and the video just crying out to be won. Right now.

Here's a question. "H.H. Weighs In Gutter" is an anagram of a Kate Bush song. Which one?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Kate Bush Competition**, 52-55, Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF, to arrive no later than February 2.

Wow.

Remember **Fashion**? It's been 18 months since their last single, "Love Shadow", was released.

Since then they've moved from Arista to Epic Records, singer Dee Harris has left (to produce Limahl's single amongst other things) and keyboard player Mulligan has taken over as frontman. Their first Epic single is "Eye Talk" and it'll be followed by a curiously titled LP, "Twilight Of Dolls". If that's not enough they're touring with a couple of robots designed by Mulligan. Apparently they operate the lights and turn on the holograms and that sort of thing. Wonder if we could get one of them round here to make the tea?

Late January brings us a new single from **The Smiths**. It's called "What Difference Does It Make". An album, called *The Smiths*, should appear in late February. The chaps will probably be touring around then too.

"Ah, Monsieur Taylor, your table will be ready in cinq minutes!"

The men voted Most Fencible Male in the recent Smash Hits Readers Poll and I'm being greeted at a posh restaurant in Paris. He's here for a few days with the rest of Duren Duren to film an epic, 32-minute video for "New Moon On Monday." I've just nipped over the Channel to join him for Sunday lunch.

Although John is suffering from the beginnings of a bout of flu, he enjoys a hearty lunch. *Terre Paysanne*, *St-Antoine*, *Coeur de Frit Grillé* and *Profileries du Gîte au Miel*, washed down with generous bakings of *Biscuits Vigas Nouveau* (egg and chips off, then?) — Ed.). While we eat, he cheerfully answers the lengthy list of questions I'm armed with, all designed to discover what makes John Taylor tick?

Do you ever find your own publicity unbearable?

On a light-hearted note, probably when you get things like "BDVCDT SLAMS DURAN STAR" and things like that and you know there's absolutely no truth in it whatsoever. Then, if I was to get more serious about it, I suppose sometimes I find the whole sex symbol

Which is your favourite James Bond film?

That's a toughie. *Ether Dr No*, just because of the immortal line in it, you know "Bond, James Bond" while lighting a cigarette — those are my favourite five seconds of celluloid — or *Goldfinger*. I still haven't seen *Never Say Never Again*. That's how busy I've been.

You've got an Aston Martin, haven't you?

Yeah. It's a beautiful car but it's like driving a tank. I had so many bumps over Christmas. At Christmas Eve, five o'clock, in the morning outside the *Shah in Broad Street*, Birmingham, J.T. and the girlfriend coming out with our *Chicken Bananas*, going home to open our Christmas presents and I couldn't open the door! The curry house is right next to this disco and I'm trying to open the door and all these yobos flooded out. I thought any second now, I'm really going to get it. But these guys start going *lassamus* strong Birmingham accent! "Heesy, John, y'alright, er yer?" How did this set you back then? Can I take a photo for the girlfriend? And I was like, "Dh, I'm not too bad but I can't open this bloody door. Give us a

Simon used to clash terribly because I thought, I started this band, it's my band. And Simon would think, well I'm the singer, I'm the leader of the band. Sublimely, we both used to clash. We never used to admit it but we just basically never used to speak to each other. Now those sort of things are all ironed out. The group has actually never got on better than it does today.

How do you keep fit?

I don't. I don't believe in bar bells and jogging. I'm probably at my fittest if I'm doing two hours on stage every day, having an active sex life and eating well.

How many antaerases do you take on your travels?

I've had to trim these down a bit — one regular suitcase, one suit bag, and one quite large carry-on case. But we have wardrobes that go with the group. All you need is the essentials really — as long as you've got your toothbrush, you can always get by.

I've always got tons of dirty socks. You're just about to go out for dinner and you haven't got a shirt because they're all crumpled up. All of a sudden

Do you own a pair of old, blue jeans?
Yes, several

Do you wear them?

Good Lord, no. Now if Levis had sponsored our tour instead of Sony ...

How many times have you dyed your hair?

Well, we're now at the proffered! How many times have I dyed it my hair? Too many times but not as many times as Nick. Actually, this is the first time you've been able to see the natural colour.

How do you meet girls?

Usually it's the cliché: the nightclub after the gig. But the girl I'm going out with now I've known for three years and we were born three miles from each other. We both grew up in Birmingham and yet we met in Australia. She was in *Crochussy* and she was promoting it there. She's called Janine Andrews. We're both very down-to-earth and spent Christmas at each other's Mums and Dads. The papers go on about my "Page 3 girl" but it's got nothing to do

Two people are having lunch in Paris. One of them is a tax exile who owns an Aston Martin sports car, is permanently pursued by the world press and gets regularly "clocked" by his girlfriend. The other one is Neil Tennant. John Taylor tells him all about life as ...

A CURIOUS FIGURE

thing you get a bit ridiculous — especially if you're having tremors in your personal life at the time. I also get very annoyed when "Limited Edition" magazines — which won't exist anymore because we took them to court — print photos of my parents' house and Simon's parents' house. It's just not fair. They might as well print the phone number. But, having said all that, I suppose initially you invite it.

Are you a tax exile?
I see no reason why, with a career that may be at best less five years, I should give away 70% of the money I earn now to the government when it may have to last me for a long, long time. Yes, it's a very desirable job and all that, but it's not a very stable job or a steady job. The fault doesn't lie with us, it lies with the government. Bands like us that are breaking into the States or whatever, we're doing well for exports, we're employing a lot of people and we can't say I defy anyone not to do the same thing in the same situation. Having said that, I won't do it again. And I wish I hadn't done it.

So how long have you been a tax exile?
Since June of last year.

Would you like to be on *Blankety Blank*?
No. It's all part of the entertainment circuit which has appealed to me but not now, not anymore.

hand with a ...
It's an old car, you see, 19 years old. It'll be a veteran, in a year's time, I'm going to lock it away. I love cars but I knock 'em about so much. I'm just going to keep my Golf. It's great.

Why do you think so many girls fancy you?

I'm a fairly modest enough to sit. I'm a wonder about it, but, at the same time, I think if I was to get engaged tomorrow, publicly, it'd be Roger that would start to get the attention. I don't really take that much notice of it. In fact I probably get more embarrassed about it.

The time you enjoy it most is when you get a cheer when you're introduced on stage. All this winning polls business is dangerous because you could become an arrogant little sod like most rock stars here. You have to keep yourself in check. I'm lucky because my girlfriend clocks me one if I start to get arrogant!

If one member of the group gets a bigger cheer than the rest, does that cause problems?

No, not at all. I think it only goes to prove what we've been saying for two years now. The strength of this group lies in the individuality of everybody. We're mature enough now not to have the petty jealousies that there used to be two or three years ago. Me and

you're dressed in your best suit and your cheapest t-shirt. That's one of the silliest problems which causes the most annoyance.

Which of the following would you rather see play — (a) *Siouxie And The Banishes*, (b) *Modern Romance*, (c) *Culture Club*, (d) *Big Country*?
It would have to be *Culture Club* without a doubt. Musically I like them the most out of the four and also I've got an unbelievable sense of curiosity and I've never seen them. Find out how the other half lives, you know.

Do you like football?
No.

What do you think of the Greenham Common Women?

Er, I think it's a nice idea in theory but ultimately they look silly. It's sad in a way I've never questioned their motives but I do get a bit sceptical. Very simply good luck to them but I think that they know as well as we do that all they can do is bring attention to it, they can't actually do anything. I think you can talk about nuclear weapons forever but at the end of the day it's all just a tragic waste of money. The money could be going on other things. Um, I'm terrible in this respect actually. Nick knows what's going on in that respect. He takes notice. Maybe I'm terribly naive but I'm of the opinion that if it happens, it happens, and we'll all go up in smoke.

with any get-ting, it's not like that at all.

What do you look for in a girl?
Very intely, physical attraction. It's got to be. You know, when your eyes meet with somebody. That's the same with anybody. And then it's personality: can you have a conversation with that person? And then you're on your own. Neil

What do you look at when you're on stage?
One of the first things I try to do is click onto one person in the audience. It might be somebody I know. It's usually a guy, actually, because there's so many girls there. I do it as a focus for my projection. I suppose

What would you change about your experience if you could?
I wouldn't be so knock-nosed.

If you had to do one of the following, which would it be: (a) be locked in a room with nothing to do but watch *International Darts* on TV, (b) join the *Hyrcanial*, (c) walk down Carnaby Street wearing a kassid leopard pants, (d) enrol at Hatfield Polytechnic in a Business Studies course?
Definitely join the *Styis* Council. Definitely. Just to inject a little bit of style.



LONG HOT STRUMMER

First Paul Weller advertised in *Britz* for a girl singer—and in wrote Tracie. Then he advertised for a drummer for new Respond group A Cruise and acquired said percussionist and a drummer for Tracie's Soul Squad while he was at it. Now Tracie wants a lead guitarist for her Soul Squad. Naturally she phoned up *Britz*. So if you're a rather talented lead guitarist, aged between 18 and 22, extremely versatile and quite good-looking, write, with a tape and photo if possible, to: Guitarist, 45-53 Sinclair Road, London W14. You know it makes sense.

Simple Minds, in case you hadn't noticed, have a new single out. It's called "Speed Your Love To Me" and, as luck would have it, there seem to be quite a few 12" copies of it lurking around *Britz*. Ten in number. Signed ones actually. And of course this means that we're going to give all of them away, but hark!—what sight appears on yonder wall? 'Tis ten rather attractive Simple Minds posters, each also autographed and destined to wind up on the wall of someone very like you.

We feel a question coming on. What will be the title of the new Simple Minds LP: a) "Singing In The Rain", b) "Sparkle In Your Eye", c) "Mad In Your Eye" or d) "Sparkle In The Rain"?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Simple Minds Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Get them here no later than February 1.

Crickety **ABC's** Beauty Stab* LP only came out a couple of months ago but they're already planning to record their third LP rather soon, in New York 'tis rumored.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- Joels Holland (26) on January 24
- Andrew Ridgeley of Wham! (21) on January 26
- Roddy Frame of Rattle Camera (20) on January 29
- Tony Blackburn (41) on January 29
- Phil Collins (33) on January 31
- John Lyden of PIL (28) on January 31

Nik Kershaw has a second single, "Wouldn't It Be Good", just out and on LP, "Hanson Racing", ready for February release.



See that magazine above? Notice the punchy modern design? The choice of faces on the cover? The generous offers of free posters, etc? The name? Familiar, by any chance? Well, this could be because it's the first issue of *Star Hits*, the American version of *Smash Hits* which has just gone on sale in the USA and Canada. Our own red-hot *Star* and *Britz* editor Neil Tennant and rockin' designer Kimberley Leslon have just returned from an exhausting three-month sojourn in New York City where, in the odd moments when they weren't break-dancing frantically, they helped put together the first few issues. So bright for some.

Relies are a bunch of lads from around the London area who've got a hit single in America called "The Politics Of Dancing" which is being released here by EMI.

NOW WE ARE SIX



Mike Barson back in happier days. He's the one on the far left (doing a rather dodgy impersonation of J.R.)

"Mike Barson has decided to retire from **Madness** and the wonderful world of pop music, and is settling permanently in Amsterdam. The mild-mannered foundation stone will be sorely missed by Madness with sadness. 'Happy New Year', Suggs, Carl, Chris, Lee, Mark and Woody."

That was the official statement from Madness which announced to the world that the seven were now down to six. As Mike Barson founded Madness with Chris Foreman back in '78, has written many of their hits (including their last, "The Sun And The Rain") and has had his piano-playing well to the fore in their records, *Britz* spoke to Woody, Madness's drummer, to find out how the rest of the group were coping with the news.

"It's awful really. It's sad," he commented. Apparently Mike broke the news to the group a couple of months ago after their return from America, during rehearsals for their new LP.

"I get the impression, and I must stress that it's only my impression," said Woody, firmly, "that it's all gone on too long and it's lost its magic for Mike. The whole dream of the band. I feel he wanted to get away from the music business in general."

"He left the band on a high. He's still close as a friend. There's no hard feelings. None at all. We all understand because we know he's warm and affectionate to those he loves. He's a married man and, with the amount of heartache you go through committing yourself to tours and being away from home, it's understandable. Mike has enough belief in what he's doing to be able to leave. I admire his strength of character. I really want to stress that."

The new Madness LP will be released in February, having been made with Mike Barson's full commitment, and his replacement is being sought at the moment. Whether this will turn out to result in a new permanent member of Madness or some looser arrangement remains to be seen. Whatever, Madness are carrying on.

"We are still very firmly a unit," says Woody. "There's lots of drive."

ANDREW RIDGELEY: MY FIVE FAVOURITE CARS

E-TYPE JAGUAR CONVERTIBLE: It's got a real myth attached to it. A real mystique. I think it sort of embodies the '60s and the freedom and attitudes of that time: the recklessness, I suppose.

ASTON MARTIN DB5 "THE VANTAGE": This is a convertible version. It's a bit like James Bond's car but it's got a hard roof. It's a very aristocratic British sports car

and it reminds me of James Bond. When I was a kid, I was a James Bond fan—but only Sean Connery. Roger Moore is a little too slick; he hasn't got the meanness and genuine bravado.

FERRARI DINO: You know, the typical Red Ferrari; low, short and very, very fast. The typical Italian sports car—very racey and very flash. No, I've never driven one. I've never

been in any of these cars actually. Hopefully I will one day. They're just very appealing.

PORSCHE 914 TURBO: It's not the classic Porsche but one of the new-style. It exudes power but has a certain refinement that belies its true power.

FORD MUSTANG: I think it's the 1967 Mustang drop-head. This was a real surf car. You can just imagine the top of the Mustang peering over the top of Sunset beach in Hawaii. The car I actually drive is a rather smashed-up Ford Capri.



“THE KILLING MOON”



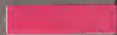
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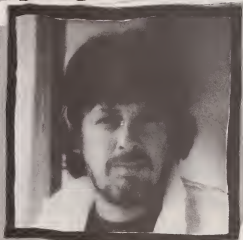
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NEW SINGLE ★ NT 106



JOE FAGIN



THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT

WORKING ON THE SITE FROM MORNING 'TIL NIGHT
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT (THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT)
 THEN A PINT WITH THE BOYS IN A BAR FULL O' NOISE
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT (THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT)
 WORKING ALL DAY FOR A PITTANCE OF PAY
 THEN BLOW IT ALL ON SATURDAY NIGHT
 THEN YOU KISS THE DAMES BUT YOU DON'T ASK THEIR NAMES
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT

CHORUS

WORKING IN THE SUN DRINKING SCNAPPS HAVING FUN
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT (THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT)
 THEN A NIGHT IN THE TOWN SPREADING IT AROUND
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT (THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT)
 WORKING ALL DAY FOR A PACKET OF PAY
 AND SEND A LITTLE BACK TO THE WIFE
 STILL YOU KEEP A LITTLE HERE JUST TO KEEP YOU IN BEER
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT

YEAH YOU PLAY THE GAME THEN IT'S AUF WIEDERSEHEN
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT

TELL 'EM A LIE WITH A GLINT IN YOUR EYE
 'CAUSE TOMORROW YOU'LL BE BACK ON THE SITE
 AND YOU KISS THE DAMES BUT YOU DON'T ASK THEIR NAMES
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT

YEAH YOU PLAY THE GAME THEN IT'S AUF WIEDERSEHEN
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT (THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT)

AND YOU KISS THE DAMES BUT YOU DON'T ASK THEIR NAMES
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT

REPEAT CHORUS

YEAH YOU PLAY THE GAME THEN IT'S AUF WIEDERSEHEN
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT

TELL 'EM A LIE WITH A GLINT IN YOUR EYE
 'CAUSE TOMORROW YOU'LL BE BACK ON THE SITE
 AND YOU KISS THE DAMES BUT YOU DON'T ASK THEIR NAMES
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT

YEAH YOU PLAY THE GAME THEN IT'S AUF WIEDERSEHEN
 THAT'S LIVING ALRIGHT

WORDS AND MUSIC D MACKEY ASHBY
 REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION ANGLE MUSIC/EATON MUSIC
 ON TOWERBELL RECORDS

WHITESNAKE GIVE ME MORE TIME

I want you I need you round
 But you keep saying babe it's gonna take time
 I know the heartache I've put you through
 Believe me babe I'm gonna make it up to you

Chorus

You are the reason
 I'm down on my knees
 I'm begging you to give me a chance
 If only you would

Give me just a little more time
 Give me just a little more time
 Give me just a little more time
 Give me just a little more time
 To prove it to you

So many feelings I can't explain
 I never thought I'd ever cause you any pain
 Now I'm alone here I can't hide
 The sun don't shine for me without you by my side

Repeat chorus

I'm gonna prove it worth
 I want you right by my side

'Cause you're the only one who keeps me satisfied
 I need your loving I need your charms
 Can't stand the thought of you in someone else's arms

You are the reason

I'm down on my knees
 I'm begging you to give me a chance
 If only you would

Give me just a little more time
 Give me just a little more time
 Give me just a little more time
 Give me just a little more time
 Give me just a little more time

Baby give me just a little more time
 Give me just a little more time
 You've got to give me just a little more time
 To prove it to you

I'm going to prove it

Words and music Coverdale, Gailley

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Photo: Simon Fowler



TALK TALK

NEW SINGLE

IT'S MY LIFE

7" (EMI 5443) **EMI** 12" (12 EMI 5443)

SINGLES



Reviewed by
MARTYN WARE
 (OF HEAVEN 17)

PREFAB SPROUT: Don't Sing (Kitchenware Records)

This one reminded me so much of the Associates but without Billy's wonderful voice. The time changes and chord sequences are reminiscent of Artec Camera and this can only mean: a) a hit; b) a severe rise in credibility; or c) hopefully both. I really like it. Single *Of The Fortnight*.



SIMPLE MINDS: Speed Your Love To Me (Virgin)

You'll be relieved to know that I haven't been bribed by Virgin to review this one well but nevertheless this is a very catchy piece of material from some great friends whose taste in music is not dissimilar from our own. This verges on the modern gothic but they had better be careful because it also sounds surprisingly similar to their last single. It will be a hit but the massive one they deserve will elude them this time.

FAT LARRY'S BAND: Straight From The Heart (Virgin) These boys know how to make a record but unfortunately the spark of originality eludes them. This really is a run-of-the-mill idea, executed in a very straightforward and functional manner. They'll probably never ever get over having a Number One. They probably believe that if they carry on with that formula, sooner or later the Gods will smile upon them again. I doubt it very much. Glenn, Karen (my wife) and Sarah (Glenn's wife) all say: "Not the same chords again!"



The COLOUR FIELD

THE COLOUR FIELD: The Colour Field (Chrysalis)

Thirty seconds into this I thought it was Echo & The Bunnymen's B-side and then a voice sounding like Terry Hall came on. "It's Terry Hall," I shouted to Glenn, Sarah and Karen. "It can't be," they said. But looking at the cover, it is. For the next minute of the song we were totally riveted. However by the end the rivets had fallen out. I hope it's a hit because I really like them and I like Terry Hall because he never smiles.

FAD GADGET: Collapsing

New People (Mute) Weird title. I suppose he's taking the mickey out of the new German groups but it does sound suspiciously like this man loves Kraftwerk and that isn't exactly fashionable at the moment. He needs a bit more discipline to make himself into a hit-maker (if that's what he wants). It would be great to see some new people on *Top Of The Pops* however. Glenn Gregory says: "Nice dancing music for wild dark parties".

B-MOVIE: A Letter From Afar (Sire)

On the back of the sleeve these guys are posing in an extremely macho fashion with a very nice car in the middle of the desert. They're as pretty as Duran Duran and younger probably. But however much Duran Duran may be favourite whipping boys for the music press, one cannot deny that they have musically progressed far beyond the pole, uninventive stereotypes that follow in their wake — like this. Still, given the state of the charts, this could well be a hit. Who knows.

WHITESNAKE: Give Me More Time (Liberty) However people who review singles can listen to this sort of stuff week in week out, without putting exactly the same comment every time, is beyond me. So all I'll say is that I'm not fit to criticise this type of music. I just regard it as being as modern and relevant as Stone Age pottery. I'm sure that before the end of this Singles column there'll be a few more.

DONNA SUMMER: Stop, Look & Listen (Mercury) Her best and most interesting effort since "State Of Independence". This, unusually, shows some sign of originality from what I assume to be an American production. This is definitely a hit. A runner-up for Single Of The Fortnight. (Incidentally, while this was playing, my cat leapt on to the record-player, changed the speed and attempted to dance on it. What does this mean?)

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN: The Killing Moon (Korve) My first reaction was 'yet another Doors rip-off' but after listening to it all the way through, I think it's better than The Doors. I can't profess to ever having seen a Bunnyman fan but this could go some way to changing that. Brilliant cover as well. The 'A' Team say they quite like it.

GARY MOORE: Hold On To Love (10 Records) Stupendous live sound, very well produced, well mixed and extremely boring song. "Parisian Walkways" was a very pleasant hit and this isn't.

VIOLET FEMMES: Gone Daddy Gone (Rough Trade) This qualifies as another runner-up to Single Of The Fortnight. It's got a great cover and the music is a quirky, individualistic and strangely warm-sounding blend of a patchwork of influences.



HERBIE HANCOCK: Future Shock (CBS) Here comes the follow-up to the magnificent "Rockit" and, not surprisingly, it's the title track from the album. The last one worked as an instrumental with the odd vocoder hiss coming in here and there but this one trundles away without very much rhyme

or reason and I must profess to be slightly disappointed. He deserves a lot of credit for keeping an open mind throughout his career in my humble opinion.



DEAD OR ALIVE: I'd Do Anything (Epic) The stuff from which cults are made. Rather attractive cover. These boys will eventually be big but they'll have to write better songs than this to do it. Shalamar (if they were still together) should be suing them for nicking their song "Dead Giveaway".

THOMPSON TWINS: Doctor Doctor (Arista) Their last single was my favourite record of December '83. They seem to have hit on a formula which will ensure their growing success for some time to come. In my opinion, not as good as "Hold Me Now". I wish they wouldn't feel obliged to dance about so much.

MEN WITHOUT HATS: I Got The Message (Statik) I suppose their last single, "The Safety Dance", injected a little originality into the American charts. This one won't be injecting any originality into our charts Thank God. (Did you know this group used to be called Heaven 17 but we got the name first so they had to drop it? I don't think we'd have changed our name to Men Without Hats.)

CYNDI LAUPER: Girls Just Want To Have Fun (Portrait) I've already heard this on the radio and I confess to liking it. Nobody else I've talked to likes it, however. It may be a hit too chirpy for some people but the more I hear the more I like it. I believe she comes from New York.

SPEAR OF DESTINY: Prisoner Of Love (Epic) A rather natty pack of two 7-inch singles, featuring two sides recorded live in Gdansk (hless you). I was expecting not to like this but it just goes to show how wrong you can be. It reminds me of a cross between Velvet Underground and Gary Glitter and I like them both. Bargain of the fortnight. Make these men stars.

PAT BENATAR: Love Is Like A Battlefield (Chrysalis) My mate Spizz really fancies Pat because she's thin. I can't get over the fact that every American you hear wants to be modern. They think that by putting a sequencer or a synthesizer or a Linn drum in the background, this qualifies. How wrong they are.

THOMAS DOLBY: Hyper-Active! (Parlophone Odeon) Another brilliantly-produced single from Thomas. It has a high originality factor and deserves to be a success. However, one can't help thinking that the chart buyers aren't willing to accept a record that doesn't appear to have an identifiable chorus. It's only a matter of time for him anyway and working with Michael Jackson (which he's just done) is probably more exciting than having a British hit. So who cares? (Hit probably.)

BLACK LACE: Hey You (Flair Records) Black Lace attempt to follow up their awful but awfully successful disco smash "Batman" (or whatever it was called) with an attempt at street credibility, serious song-writing. This isn't as bod an effort as one might suppose. Glenn says: "They won't like this in the clubs or on the radio or anywhere else". I'm not sure about that but I don't think it's a hit.



MEAT LOAF: Razor's Edge (Epic) You've got to hand it to the old son-of-a-gun. He's quite entertaining, he's sung some good songs and he's got a good voice. This is not one of the good songs.

AUSTRALIAN CRAWL: Boys Light Up (Geffen) I can't bear Australian groups. They all sound like bloody Men At Work and they've all heard about three reggae records and they've put the same reggae rhythm on every track, no matter how unsuitable. They all sing like Siting (or would like to) and the only one that's been worth anything is Split Enz and they come from New Zealand. (There is an exception to this rule — Icehouse. They want to be Roxy Music.)

LUTHER VANDROSS: Busy Body (Epic) Soul singer, songwriter and producer. Vandross' main achievement is the ability — rare these days — to make you sit back and sink into a long slow ballad, like his duet with Deanne Warwick, "How Many Times Can We Say Goodbye". The thing is, his dance tunes are pretty spot-on too. (7 out of 10)

Dave Rimmer

GEORGE CLINTON: You Shouldn't — Nul Bit Fish (Capitol) In various incarnations, this man has been making boogie funk records for years. Nothing new, then, and while the listener might be forgiven for wondering just what he's on about in songs like "Silly Milmilometer" or the even odder title track, it remains the kind of heavy disco that's more or less guaranteed to get you shuffling round the living room. (7 out of 10)

Dave Rimmer

THE PRETENDERS: Learning To Crawl (WEA) It took about a year to record and, quite frankly, it sounds like it. Even though all the familiar Pretenders sound is there — sultry warbling vocals, silvery jangling guitars and thumping melodies — overall the LP is disjointed. Side one shows the more traditional 'rockier' side of the group — for example the new single "Middle Of The Road". Side Two reflects their more wistful element, like their last single, "2000 Miles". Even though it pains me to say it, this is a patchy comeback LP. (5 out of 10)

Peter Martin

BILLY IDOL: Rebel Yell (Chrysalis) Believe it or not, the ex-lead singer of Generation X is becoming something of a pop star and a sex symbol in the USA where this new LP is cracking up the charts. Since his first solo LP, he's sensibly teamed up with a guitarist/songwriter and they've both produced a bunch of songs, stirring together rock, disco and punk elements without forgetting the importance of a good tune. The wistful "Eyes Without A Face" and, dare I say, raunchy "Blue Highway" are particularly outstanding. Give it a chance. (8 out of 10)

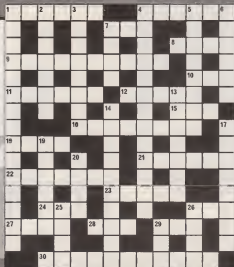
Kimberley Leston

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

DOWN

- 1 Slade's cry of surprise? (2,2,2)
 4 They introduced you to this charming man
 7 ABC Martin
 8 No false Spandau hit
 9 Right By Your Side duo
 11 Wall of (L.A. punk band)
 12 Bananarama's sort of summer
 15 For 'The Safety Dance' they went without hats
 16 '.....' Foe' (Adam Ant 6,2)
 18 He usually follows Chas
 21 It comes after China for these 'Christian' hit-makers
 22 A son ran to find this Toto hit (anag)
 23 Stick used by some bandleaders to beat time
 24 Band with a hole in the middle?
 26 & 26 down Classix Nouveaux's resident baldy (3,4)
 27 Leon turns around for DJ Edmonds (anag)
 28 Mr Morrison's sort of vehicle?
 29 Band recently split by Pete Townshend
 30 Superstitious move advised by Amli Stewart and Bowie (5,2,4)



- 1 How Tracey Ullman asked for a little more room? (4,4,7)
 2 A Top 10 hit for Roxy Music in 1980 (4,3)
 3 Also fame for a bulky popster (anag)
 4 Police LP
 5 With which Michael Jackson brought excitement to the charts?
 6 Not mono
 7 From where those Kids came
 13 'I Second That' (Japan)
 14 Liverpoolian songstress, now very MOR (5,5)
 17 Elvis — hut not Presley
 19 Their first hit was 'Fade To Grey'
 20 Pans around for this Jam album (anag)
 25 Ex-Associate Rankine
 26 See 26 across
 29 What Kate Bush exclaimed in '79?

Answers on page 44

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Glove Story

Roland Rat isn't the only glove puppet who's had a hit. Not by a long chalk. In the last 30 years there's been a steady stream of gruesome singing gongs, goofy felt pigs, wooden crows with wigs on, stupid ducks, cats, frogs, dogs... the list is endless. Tom Hibbert remembers them all. Only too well.

As **Roland Rat** and his chum **Kev** scampered up the charts at Christmas, with their daff flea-scratching disc "Rat Rapping", sensible people held their heads in their hands and groaned, "Oh no! Not again!" For the sight and sound of be-whiskered gongs warbling tuneless nonsense is by no means a new phenomenon. The history of pop music and TV has been plagued by irksome singing creations in the **Roland mould**—from **Andy Pandy** in the '50s—who used to prance around in **Steve Strange**-type striped pyjamas and hop in and out of picnic hampers with his pals **Teddy** and the extremely weedy **Looby-Lu**—to that whining green minor-key of the '80s, **Keith Harris's Orville**.

Possibly inspired by **Muffin The Mule**, the dopey wooden-limbed star of the '50s, the early '60s witnessed a particularly horrific boom in musical puppetry. "A-B-C-D-E, Goodbye from *William and me*..." trilled **Wally Whyton** (a human being) to **Pussycat William** (an extraordinarily twee glove puppet) on commercial television. Soon after came **Plaky And Perky**, a pair of gruesome beak-wearing pigs who clomped clumsily on wooden trotters performing "How Much Is That Doggy In The Window" in squeaky voices. And then there was **Sooty**, a gormless—and, thankfully, speechless—bear who entertained us on his little organ, while **Torchy**, a horrid, simpering marionette who was forever undertaking "good deeds", stalked the TV screen beneath quivering (and highly visible) strings, tunelessly lip-sing his theme song, "Torchy, Torchy, the battery boy. I'm a wacky, talky toy..."

Then in 1963, when the **Beatles** arrived and "took the pop scene by storm", Britain's growing pop-puppet population, rather than admit defeat, jumped aboard the best bandwagon. **Pinky and Perky** dug up a new act, **The Beakies**, to put into their weekly show; the **Beakies**, four wooden crows with outsized bills and ill-fitting **Beatle wigs**, were so bereft of originality that they didn't even sing in ridiculous, chirping voices—they just mimed to real **Beatle** records. Then we suffered **Tich And Quackers**, an impish schoolboy ventriloquist's dummy and his scruffy feathered friend (supposedly a duck)

who croaked and squawked their way through "Santa, Bring Me Rings" in a vain attempt to corner the '64 Christmas market.

But it was **Gerry Anderson** (creator of **Terrahawks**) who dominated puppet pop in the '60s. Throughout the decade, he kept forcing "spacenic" TV sagas, structured around wobbling wooden adventures and shaky cardboard craft, upon the glibbie pre-teen TV audience. Such shows were so successful that Anderson decided to cash in further with the release of records—**Supercat LPs**, EPs by **Masha** (the enchanting nutt mermaid from **Stingray**), **Fireball XL 5** singles and many others.

Later in the '60s things went a bit quiet on the English gonk-rock front but the spirit of make-believe pop was kept alive by ingenious American imports such as **The Groovie Goolies**, **The Pelikans** and **The Banana Splits**, a fluffy guitar group with flapping black ears and tiny instruments whose major anthem went something like this: "One banana, two banana, three banana, four five banana make a bunch and so do many more. Four banana, three banana, two banana, one five bananas playing in the bright blue sun."

Which, compared to "We wish you a Wombing Merry Christmas..." was pure poetry. But you had to hand it to **The Wombles** (or, in 1974, they became the first non-human pop group since 1955 to make the UK Top 20. In fact, in 1974, **The Wombles** made the Top 20 no less than five times, with such ghastly offerings as "The Wombling Song", "Remember You're A Wombly" and "Minuetta Allegretto".

Suddenly, puppet-rock was back in business. In the years to come, **Robin**, the blubbing nephew of **Kermit of The Muppets**, would make a mout with "Halfway Down The Stairs", the twittering **Smurfs** would pop up with the fearful "Dippety Day", **The Tweets** would drive everyone demented with "The Birdie Song", **Orville** would (Censored—Ed.), and **Roland Rat** would scratch his stupid fleas while attempting to rap at the same time.

And then came **Barry Manilow**...



'50s: **Muffin The Mule** (clearly on his last legs) "shares a secret" with his close pal **Annette Mills**



'60s: **Sooty** (right) and furry friend **Sweep**. Every home had to have one for both!



'80s: **Orville** (left)—a face only a mother could love.



'70s: **Womblemania** strikes! Lifesize kilt-wearing shaggy gongs even turn up at **The Boat Show** with their very own wombling craft. Equipped with goofy names like **Uncle Bulgaria**, they scored five Top 20 hits.

Left: current faves **Roland Rat** and chirpy chum **Kevin** (on the right). They can't believe it either.

Thomas Dolby and Naked Eyes. Do drop a line to: Valentine Tone, Apt Bk3 30, number 10-621, Lor 5, Too Posh, Singapore 1231.

■ My name's Zetta Morton, I'm 14 and into U2, Echo & The Bunnymen and many more. I will try to answer all letters. Write to me at: 8 Clayfield Close, Bulwell, Nottingham NG6 8DG.

■ 14 year old futurist seeks pen pals of the same age. Into Ultravox, Japan and others. Contact: Niall Shanahan, 61 Goldenbridge Avenue, Inchicore, Dublin 8, Ireland.

■ I'm a lonely female and into The Spectem, Bushuza, Japan and The Cure. I love nightclubs, drawing, philosophy and travelling. Hates: cooking, big-headed people and disco music. If you're aged 17-20 and like doing things on the spur of the moment, then write to: Sandra, 14 Danbury Road, Shirley, Solihull, West Midlands.

■ I'm a male mod (aged 14+) who would like to get in touch with modettes aged 14-18. My favourite groups are The Jam, Madness, The Bodysnatchers, Selector and more. Please write to: Patrick Lee, 29 South Road, Grassendale Park, Liverpool L19 0LS.

■ I'm Kelly and aged 13. I'm into Duran Duran, Ultravox, Spandau Ballet and Bananarama. I hate heavy metal and punk. Write to: Kelly Morgan, 17 Park Hill Road, Hemel Hempstead, Herts HP1 1TP.

■ I'm a nice 14 year old male, into Soulstars, The Cars, Staxians and other groups like that. Please enclose pic. Contact: Andrew, 49 Huntsmans Way, Milton Ernest, Bedfordshire.

■ My name is Tara and I'm 15. I'm madly in love with Marc Almond, The Mambas and Japan. I dislike jazz funk and heavy metal. Write to: Tara Kipling, 16 Accommodation Road, Bosted, Colchester, Essex.

■ My name is Ron and I'm 14. I plan to visit Brighton next summer and would like to have some friends. If you like Depeche Mode, Devo, Heaven 17 and The Human League, then write to: Ronny Sander, Tompatton 9, S-575 00 Ekpo, Sweden.

■ Anyone want to write to a 16 year old girl who's addicted to writing letters, entering competitions, Rick Heyward and Wham? And who also loves to hate Kajagoogoo and Duran Duran? Then write to: Stephanie, 4 Irthingborough Road, Finedon, Northants NN9 3EH.

■ Lonely 14 year old mod wants to know any modettes living in the Surrey/London area. Into The Who, The Jam, Adam, the colour black, rodents and lots more! Go on, risk it! Write to: Simon, 200 East End, Worcester Park, Surrey KT4 8PQ.

■ Hi, we're Amanda and Jackie, two 14 year old girls who are into most music, especially The Jam, T'wain and Wham!. We dislike punk, heavy and reggae. So if you want a 'laff', write to us at: 31 Burns Avenue, Church Crookham, Aldershot, Hants GU13 0BN.

■ Fun Californian (aged 16) wants to write to girls, especially those interested in scooters, soul and Paul Weller. Write to: Paul N., 5710 Seashore Drive, Newport Beach, California 92663, USA.

■ 12 year old male would like to hear from females aged 10-15. Into Bucks Fizz, Wham!, and more. If you want to, write to Maxwell Galt at: 17 East Princess Street, Rosyth, Bute, Scotland.

■ 15 year old Duranite would like to write to boys aged 16+. If you like football, listening to playing music and writing letters, then write to: Helen Young, 86 Davenport Road, Evington, Leicester LE5 6GB. It helps if you dislike The Style Council and aren't too fond of Mike Read either.

■ 16 year old male from the Middle East (loves beauties aged 13 upwards) from all over the world to get in touch. I'm into Culture Club, The Police, Tears For Fears and Michael Jackson. Please enclose photos with your letters. What are you waiting for? Contact: Mr S.S., c/o Mr O. Diogitjan, PO Box 13, Antelias, Lebanon.

■ I'm an 11 year old girl and would like to get matey with another girl aged 10-12. I am fond of all pop groups, especially Duran Duran, Culture Club, Wham! and Shaky. I also like reading comics and badge collecting. Write to: Debbie Boyes, 14 Royal Grove, Rivesleywood, St. Helena, Merseyside WA10 3NA.

■ My name is Dave, I'm 15, and into The Jam, Brand X and Secret Affair. Hobbies include snooker and golf. Write to: Dave, 63 Lakenood Road, Doucasse.

■ My name is Lindsey McKeever and I love Motown, Howard Jones and Culture Club. Hobbies include Duran Duran, Kajagoogoo, Bucks Fizz and school. I'm aged 15. Contact me at: 80 Green Lane, Coventry CV3 8DE.

■ I'm a Maltese punk (aged 16) who would like to write to girls aged 15-18. My favourite groups are The Exploited, GBH, UK Subs, ANWL, Staxians and more. Write to: George Aulgan, Cmas Trevi, Gaze Eilat Str., G'Mangia, Malta.

■ Hi, all you v. v. silly people in the world. I'm Jane, aged 15, and into Gary Numan. If you can stand a mad Numanoid, write to me! Tok lookalikes welcome. Write to: Jane, 55 High Street East, Glosport, Derbyshire.

■ Two 15 year old males would like to hear from two girls aged 14-16, into valve-to-money funk (VMF), Bows and some futurist stuff. If you like going to concerts, body popping and writing letters, get a word to Mark and Keith at: 73 Wilton Street, Stoke, Plymouth PL1 5LU. Enclose yer mugshot!

■ We are three 16 year old girls from Ireland, interested in all sorts of pop music. Write to: Maura, Mary and Jackie at: 1288 Townsend, Ahy, Co. Kildare, Eire.

■ 17 year old male would like to hear from charming girls. If you're into Tears For Fears, ABC, Wham!,

The Icicle Works



Real Is A Wonderful Colour

My friend and I were talking one evening
Beside some burning wood
Trading tales of places we came upon
When the times were good
Spoke of a girl he viewed like no other
Whom he had come to know
I swallowed hard and listened intently
Resigned beside the glow

Always there it's standing quietly
When all else falls down
It's all around you
Didn't it find you when you said it couldn't be found

Chorus

When love calls me I will be running
Swiftly to find out
Just what all the fuss is all about
Unrelentless deep in the strangest feelings
Believe me
Love is full of wonderful colour

I insist that you've picked the wrong one
To preach your theories to
Simmer down we'll run for a reason
To see what faith can do

Love is a beacon on the horizon
Watch when you touch down
Really finds you fumbling for reasons
When the chance comes round

Repeat chorus twice

Take my confidence to guide you
Through the fallen hope inside you
Love is full of wonderful colour

Take my confidence to guide you
Through the fallen hope inside you
Love is full of wonderful colour

Words and music McNabb

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RIGHT,
I'D BETTER WATCH OUT
FOR MEANIES.
WHAT'S THAT?
...A FIGAR!!!

HIS FLAMES
WON'T BOTHER
ANYONE
AGAIN.

ZAPPOO

JUMPING
JEHOSOPHATS
THE GHOSTS
ARE BEHIND
ME...

DRAT!
ANOTHER
FIGAR...
I'LL BLOW
HIM UP.

THAT WAS A CLOSE
SHAVE...LUCKY THAT
BOULDER WAS HANDY.

OH NO!
A POOKA...

NOW
RUN...

NOW
TO GET
THE
PRIZE

HE'S FOLLOWING
ME...THAT'S IT,
A BIT CLOSER,
CLOSER.

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SIMPLE MINDS



SPEED YOUR LOVE TO ME

I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT
I OH I LOVE TO HOLD ON
LOVE TO SEE THE FIRES IN MOTION
LOVE TO SEE A FREE WORLD TURN TO NIGHT

CHORUS
RUN 'TIL WE COME
UNTIL WE BE
SPEED YOUR LOVE TO ME
RUN 'TIL WE COME
UNTIL WE BE
SPEED YOUR LOVE

RUN 'TIL WE COME
UNTIL WE BE
SPEED YOUR LOVE TO ME

SHE WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A WISH
24Hr CANNOT BE THIS
HE MOVED AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT
THROUGH THE DAY AND THROUGH THE NIGHT
FIRE FROM THE FLAME OF YOUTH
FIRE

RUN 'TIL WE COME
UNTIL WE BE
SPEED YOUR LOVE TO ME

JUST MY IMAGINATION JUST MY IMAGINATION
YOU GO TO MY HEAD YOU GO TO MY HEAD
WITH THE FLAMES THAT GO HIGHER AND HIGHER
AND HIGHER AND HIGHER AND HIGHER AND HIGHER
OVER OVER TO ME SPEED YOUR LOVE

I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT
TO LOVE TO HOLD ON
LOVE TO SEE THE FIRES IN MOTION
I LOVE TO FEEL THE FREE WORLD TURN TONIGHT
RUN 'TIL WE COME
UNTIL WE BE
SPEED YOUR LOVE TO ME

JUST MY IMAGINATION JUST MY IMAGINATION
YOU GO TO MY HEAD YOU GO TO MY HEAD
WITH THE FLAMES THAT GO
HIGHER AND HIGHER AND HIGHER AND HIGHER
AND HIGHER AND HIGHER
ALL TO ME
SPEED YOUR LOVE TO ME

RUN 'TIL WE COME
UNTIL WE BE
SPEED YOUR LOVE
YOU GO TO MY HEAD
YOU GO TO MY HEAD
YOU GO TO MY HEAD UP OVER ME
HIGHER AND HIGHER
HIGHER AND HIGHER
(RUN 'TIL WE COME)
(UNTIL WE BE)
ACROSS TO ME

YOU GO TO MY HEAD
YOU GO TO MY HEAD
YOU GO TO MY HEAD UP OVER ME
I'M GOING HIGHER AND HIGHER
(RUN 'TIL WE COME) HIGHER AND HIGHER
HIGHER AND HIGHER
(UNTIL WE BE)
ACROSS TO ME
YOU GO TO MY HEAD
YOU GO TO MY HEAD UP OVER ME

WORDS AND MUSIC SIMPLE MINDS
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ON VIRGIN RECORDS





16
M
ixteen

MUSICAL YOUTH

I'M SIXTEEN AND I'M A BULLET IN YOUR HEART
(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL)
I'M SIXTEEN AND I'M A BULLET IN YOUR HEART
(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL)

WATCH OUT

I'M QUICKER THAN A FLASH

DON'T TALK NO TRASH

NOW THAT I'M TWO TIMES EIGHT

I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO PULL MY WEIGHT

(YES MR UNIVERSE)

I'M SIXTEEN (OOH) AND I'M A BULLET IN YOUR HEART

(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL)

KEEP AWAY FROM HIM

I'M SIXTEEN (OOH) AND I'M A BULLET IN YOUR HEART

(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL) WATCH OUT

I CAN SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET

(I THINK I'VE FINALLY MET MY MATCH)

IT'S ALL I DESIRE

(THERE'S GOT TO BE A CATCH)

I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY

(YOUR REPUTATION IS A MESS)

WITH MY ROCKET FIRE

(I NEED A BULLET-PROOF VEST)

I CAN SHOOT YOU DOWN

(OOH YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY)

WITH ONE HOT KISS

(YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY)

I GOT SOME FOR YOU GIRLS

JUST CAN'T RESIST

(WHAT'S THAT KELVIN)

CHORUS

I'M SIXTEEN (SIXTEEN SIXTEEN)

AND I'M A BULLET IN YOUR HEART

(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL SO WATCH OUT)

YOU SILVER-TONGUED RASCAL YOU

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL OF MY LIFE

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

GONNA MAKE MY RESERVATION

(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL)

GET A PLACE IN LINE

(I CAN'T HEAR YA)

I'VE BEEN WAITING (JUST FOR HIM)

(A BULLET A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL)

WHEN HE FINDS THE TIME BEWARE

I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY

(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL)

HE TAKES MY BREATH AWAY WATCH OUT

BUT THERE IS NOBODY ELSE

(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL)

I CAN'T HELP MYSELF

(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL) WATCH OUT

(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL)

(HE'S A BULLET A BULLET LITTLE GIRL)

WORDS AND MUSIC: FREDDIE WAITE, SIR/AMONT DOZIER
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ON MCA RECORDS

GENESIS ILLEGAL ALIEN

Got out of my bed wasn't feeling too good
With my wallet and my passport a new pair of shoes
The sun is shining so I need for the perk
With a bottle of Tequila and a new pack of cigarettes

I got a cousin and she got a friend
Who thought that her aunt knew a man who could help
At his apartment I knocked on the door
He wouldn't come out until he got paid
Now don't tell anybody what I wanna do
If they find out you know that they'll never let me through

'Cause it's no fun being an illegal alien
No it's no fun being an illegal alien

Down at the office had to fill out the forms
A pink one a red one the colour you choose
Up to the counter to see what they think
They said 'it doesn't count men it ain't written in ink'
I don't trust anybody least not round here 'cause

It's no fun being an illegal alien
I tell you it's no fun being an illegal alien
No no no no it's no fun being an illegal alien
I mean it when I tell you that it's no fun being an illegal alien
An illegal alien OK

Consideration for your fellow men would not hurt anybody
It sure fits in with my plan over the border
There lies the promised land where everything comes easy
You just hold out your hand keep your suspicions

I've seen that look before

But I ain't done nothing wrong now is that such a surprise
But I've got a sister who'd be willing to oblige
She will do anything now to help me get to the outside

So don't tell anybody what I wanna do
If they find out you know that they'll never let me through
Because it's no fun being an illegal alien
I tell ya it's no fun being an illegal alien
And it's getting me down being an illegal alien
No no no no it's no fun being an illegal alien
(It's no fun being an illegal alien)
It's not much fun being an illegal alien
I tell ya it's no fun being an illegal alien
I tell ya it's no fun being an illegal alien no no no
It's no fun (it's not much fun) being an illegal alien
It's not much fun being an illegal alien

Words and music: Genesis

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MINDS
SPEED
YOUR
LOVE
TO ME

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BARROWLAND • MARCH • 1 - GLASGOW BARROWLAND • 5 - NEWCASTLE CITY
HALL • 4 - LIVERPOOL EMPIRE • 5 - NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE • 6 -
MANCHESTER APOLLO • 7 - LEEDS UNIVERSITY • 9 - BRIGHTON DOME • 10 -
SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT • 11 - BRISTOL COLSPON HALL • 12 - LEICESTER DE
MONTFORT HALL • 13 - BIRMINGHAM ODEON • 14 - BIRMINGHAM ODEON • 15 -
LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON • 16 - LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON • 17 -
LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON • 18 - LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON •

VS 649 

taken from the forthcoming album

Sparkle in the Rain

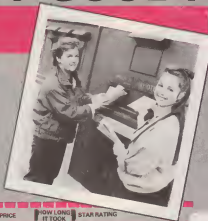
FAN CLUBS

ARE THEY ANY GOOD?

One thing's certain — fan clubs are getting more and more popular. And we've been getting more and more complaints about them. So do they really give people a fair deal? We thought we'd find out.

OUR 'spies' Linda Duff and Samantha Archer (using the name "Linde Hammond") wrote to 40 of the most important fan clubs and asked how to join. Not all of them bothered to reply. The ones that *did* supplied details of how much it would cost to become a member and what you can expect for your money — badges, newsletters, signed photos, etc. So they sent off for membership to the 26 clubs that had written back, including the required money, and posted all the letters on the same day, October 19, 1983 (that's them on the right). Then they sat back to see what happened.

And you can see what happened on the next four pages. Some clubs were efficient, some were slow and poor value, some just took the money and we didn't hear a word from them 'til we rang up and complained. Linda and Sam noted down when all the stuff arrived, what it consisted of and whether it was worth all the fuss. They also gave each club a star rating. Read on...



NAME/ADDRESS

WHAT YOU GET

PRICE

HOW LONG IT TOOK

STAR RATING

Photo: Peter Johnson



ABC
PO Box 52
Sheffield S1 1LP

Membership passport, two badges, two colour postcards, removed 12" version of "The Lock Of Love", newsletter plus merchandise order form.

£3.00

8
DAYS

★★★★★

The membership card beats everyone else by miles, it's like a passport, and comes in its own protective wallet. The postcards and metal flag-shaped badges are colourful and well designed, and for these things alone, it's worth the fee.

Photo: Euan Anderson



DURAN DURAN
272 Broad Street
Birmingham B1 2DS

Membership card, badge, flexo-disc, five black and white photographs, colour newsletter, photocased letter from Simon Le Bon plus merchandise order form.

£4.50

4
DAYS

★★★★★

Loved the membership card (designed like a credit card) and delighted with the flexo-disc melody of their singles. Unavailable elsewhere. Even the full colour newsletter contained some unseen photos and, generally, the whole lot was of a very high quality.

Photo: Peter Johnson





EURYTHMICS

PO Box 245
London N8 9GG

Membership card, metal badge, newsletter, autographed postcard and tour details

£4.00

16
DAYS

★★★★

Loved the membership card which has a space for your own photo alongside theirs. The enamel "D & A" badge was unusual, but nice. The newsletter was brief but enthusiastic and getting their autographs is a distinct bonus.



HEAVEN 17

c/o Virgin Records
2/4 Vernon Yard
Portobello Road
London W11 2DX

Membership card, three colour photographs, badge, newsletter and magazine

£4.00

15
DAYS

★★★★

Loved the colour postcards and the membership card which has space for name, address, telephone number and photo. They follow up members' requests and, overall, the whole package looks as if some thought has gone into it.



BARRY MANILOW

PO Box 40
Epsom
Surrey KT19 5EP

Glassy wallet holding membership card, newsletter, colour poster, selection of photographs, two magazines, discography and biography

£5.00

34
DAYS

★★★★

Impressed with the high standard of everything — from membership card to the "Barrygram" (yes!) newsletter, plus a poster of Barry when he was very young (see Start!). Plus, the magazines were well produced and very entertaining.



GARY NUMAN

PO Box 14
Staines
Middlesex TW19 5AZ

Membership card, three black and white photographs, sticker, two newsletters (one in colour) and merchandise order form

£3.50

15
DAYS

★★★★

Very personal service, run by his Mum, Geri, with highly entertaining magazines. Delighted with the membership card (in its own protective folder!) and the merchandise was terrific price.



SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

c/o HammerSmith Studios
15a Yeldham Road London W6

Membership card, button badge and magazine

£3.50

9
DAYS

★★★★

Liked the tiny black and white badge and ball pens to the wonderful magazine. Full of exclusive photos (mostly taken on tour) and very enthusiastically written.



THOMPSON TWINS

Tedfax
9 Ecclestone Street
London SW1

Plastic clip-on membership pass, newsletter, autographed photograph, biography and discography

£4.00

10
DAYS

★★★★

Second best idea for a membership card, it's a laminated pass, with the words "We Are Detective" attached to a metal clip. The news and photo was up to date and autographs were genuine. They also signed a Christmas card.



ULTRAVOX

234 Camden High Street
London NW1

Glossy folder containing two booklets, four black and white photographs (with photocopied autographs), "The Voice" flexi-dac, badge and colour poster.

£4.00

10
DAYS

★★★★

Both magazines feature interviews conducted by fans with lots of new photos. The flexi disc is a worthwhile collector's item. Couldn't help being disappointed with the photocopied signatures. Still, excellent value for money.

CONTINUES OVER ▶





TOYAH

The Inter-Galactic Ranch House
8 M Toy
London WC1N 3XX

Badge, two black and white photographs, rawletter and four details

£3.50

13
DAYS

★★★★

Takes the biscuit for the most original and inventive magazine/newsletter made up of fans' letters and personal ads. Very cheaply produced but a riveting read. Loved the autographed Christmas card.



BUCKS FIZZ

c/o Gay Parle
"Fox Hallies"
Empingfield Road
West Kingsdown
Nr Sevenoaks Kent

Membership card, sew-on patch, four colour photographs, autographed black and white photograph, biography and newsletter.

£4.00

19
DAYS

★★★★

Not a bad autographed photo. The sew-on patch looked a little cheap (and old-fashioned) while the membership card didn't even have a name or number. But they did send a Christmas card.



BRUCE FOXTON

255 Arabacca Way
Basinger
Surrey

Autographed membership card, two photographs (one of which is also signed), badge and information sheet.

£4.00

22
DAYS

★★★★

Bruce obviously takes a strong personal interest in the club - not one autograph, or two, but three! Slightly disappointed, having paid the £4 fee, not to receive a magazine. But it is promised for next Spring so... fingers crossed.



MADNESS

PO Box 75
London N1 3BA

Membership card, badge, Nutty Boys comic, colour poster and black and white photograph.

£4.00

10
DAYS

★★★★

Membership card and biography weren't of the highest quality but a delightful "nutty" badge. Enjoyed the back stage colour photos featured in the comic, but it could do with a lot more involvement from the fans.

NO REPLY

Although we sent letters (asking for details of how to join) to the following groups' Fan Clubs, we still haven't heard from them three months later.

They are: Culture Club, Imagination, The Police, The Human League, David Essex, Depeche Mode, Dexys Midnight Runners, Big Country, The Alarm, Adam Ant.

We also sent an application to The Truth's Fan Club but realised later it was only an information service. On December 28 "Linda Hammond" got a letter offering her free tickets to The Truth's concert for BBC's Sight And Sound Series.

We also sent off a £4 membership fee to the Soft Cell Fan Club. All we got was a Christmas card. Still using the name "Linda Hammond" we phoned and enquired about the promised membership card, newsletter, badge, etc. They were very apologetic and offered free tickets to the band's London concert.



MODERN ROMANCE

c/o Fusion Merchandising
PO Box 95 London SW15 2TN

Membership card, badge, two colour photographs, discography, photo op-ed letter from each member of the band, biographies and newsletter.

£4.00

13
DAYS

★★★★

The colour photos were old and the newsletter would be much better as a proper magazine. On the plus side, the metal badge and membership card were more than adequate in both quality and design.



SPANDAU BALLET

c/o Jacqui
Suite 7
89 Gt Portland Street
London W1

Membership card, colour poster, biography, five post cards, five black and white photographs, Christmas card and merchandise order form.

£3.50

50
DAYS

★★★★

A total of 15 items but the quality could be greatly improved. The post cards were second-rate and the colour poster looked nice but was folded eight times before posting. Good - but not good enough.



ABBA

3 Sheep Street
Highworth
Somerset BA9 7BG
Wilt

Membership card, key ring, photocopied sheet of autographs, colour photo, biographies, white plastic ABBA bag, wall chart and merchandise order form.

£2.00

7
DAYS

★★★

A bit tatty. The colour poster was about ten years out of date. The membership card didn't have a name or number and the biography was written so long ago that both couples were still married to each other. Strawh.



QUEEN

c/o Vicky
46 Penkridge Road
London W11

Membership card, detailed biography, newsletter and merchandise order form.

£5.50

47
DAYS

★★★★

Very impressive colour biography/discography but a useless magazine. The membership card was an imaginatively-designed piece of plastic and the whole thing was only worth about half the price.



Photo: Paul Fisher



U2
PO Box 48
London NW 5RU

Membership card, badge, black and white photograph, newsletter, biography, discography, two stickers and merchandise order form.

£4.00

17
DAYS

★ ★

Detailed discography and biography but the 12-page magazine could have been better printed and the two pages of 'readers' names seemed like a space filler. Still, the badge was just right for a U2 fan.



BANANARAMA
I.T.B.
113-117 Wardour Street
London W1V 3TD

Folder containing fact sheet, sticker, crossword, black and white photograph (with photocopied signatures) and merchandise order form.

£4.00

8
DAYS

★

Colourful folder with next to nothing in it. The photos were old and it would have been better to have a plan rather than have photocopied signatures. And it's unforgivable to have "run out of membership cards and badges." Phew.



KATE BUSH
PO Box 38
Brighton BN1 5DA

Colour magazine.

£3.50

53
DAYS

★

The magazine — featuring a detective story, a Letter From America, a strange puzzle, a seriously unfunny cartoon and some photos — was deely boring and a total waste of money. And two months is much too long to wait.



MARILLION
The Web
c/o EMI Records
20 Manchester Square
London W1

Magazine, biography and merchandise order form.

£3.50

29
DAYS

★

Good biography — interesting to know that you can order Marillion's song words for only 15p each but a 12-page mini booklet for £3.50?



HOW TO JOIN

If you want to join a Fan Club, this is the best way to go about it:—

- Write off to the address given, including a stamped addressed envelope, and wait for details of how much it costs to join and what you should get in return.
- Send off the required fee. *Never* send cash — always a cheque or postal order.
- If you don't get anything back, write or phona and ask why.
- If you *still* have no luck, contact the band's record company and demand an enquiry.



RYAN PARIS
PO Box 5
Weshigae
Tye & Wear NE38 7BP

Black and white photograph, history sheet, photocopied letter from Ryan and personal file.

£1.75

16
DAYS

★

Brief history of his career plus probing questions like "Who would you most like for a blind date?" Ryan answers "My girlfriend (but now I have not got one)." Don'ta fee to charm, instead.



ELVIS PRESLEY
PO Box 4
Leicester

Membership card, newsletter, magazine and Elvis merchandise order forms.

£2.50

7
DAYS

★

The newsletter was just adverts by travel firms and record shops for Elvis memorial tours and merchandise while the magazine mainly covered local conventions. Hated the cheap membership card.



CLIFF RICHARD
PO Box 4164
Amsterdam
Hellede

Membership card, fact sheet, two mini-posters (one colour) and newsletter.

£3.00

30
DAYS

★

Both mini-posters arrived folded three times and on the cheapest paper possible and the newsletter and "Short Biography" were pitifully mislabeled. A proper membership card but, for £3 that's hardly good enough.



WHAM!
63 South Molton Street
London W1

Membership card and newsletter.

£6.00

8
DAYS

★

A cheap bit of cardboard (no name again!) plus the Wham? story, letters from George and Andrew, a mini-poster and very little else. Hardy "Club Fantastic" and at £6 the most expensive of the lot, rotten value. Can we have our money back?



THOMPSON TWINS

NEW 12" & 7" SINGLE



DOCTOR! DOCTOR!



Available on 24th January

ARISTA

GET SMART

Got a question about absolutely anyone or anything to do with music? Linda will get you the answer (well, try). Write on a postcard to: *Get Smart, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.*



John Wayne: he wasn't born, he was queried

John Wayne once recorded an album and, as my Dad is mad on him, could you please put him out of his misery by finding out the title and on what label it was recorded.

Sharon Ashton, Harlow.

● It's title is "America — Why I Love Her" and was released on RCA in December '73, but it's since been delisted so you'll have to try second-hand and specialist stores if you're interested in getting a copy. Sorry I can't be my usual generous self here, but rumours are circulating that RCA plan to re-release it.

As poor Billy Mackenzie (ex-Associates) had to do without a Christmas card from me this year, he's also going to do without a Birthday card — because I still don't have his address. Can you help? I'd also like to know his exact date of birth.

Liz Cymar.

● He'll be 25 on March 27 so that leaves plenty of time to get your cards in. Write to him c/o 365a Kilburn High Road, London NW6. I also phoned his record company to check when his solo album was due for release, but, unfortunately, all they could say was "We've certainly no plans at present to release anything at all". Well!

Could you find out where the next Steve Strange single and LP will be as I haven't heard anything for ages.

Mick Wakefield.

● "Very soon", they say. Both album and single should be out by March, working title being "Visage 3" for the album and the possibility of "Beat Boy" as the

next single, incidentally, if you'd like to keep up a date with events surrounding Visage and the Camden Palace, they've just brought out a (ahem) handbag-size colour magazine featuring lots of photos and newsy items. First issue is available free on admission to the Palace (Camden High Street, London NW1) but you can also buy a year's subscription for £5.00 which will entitle you to four issues plus regular mailouts about upcoming events. Make cheques payable to "The Camden Palace Magazine" and, together with your name and full address, send to: The Camden Palace Magazine, Trident House, 17 St. Annes Court, London W1.



Charlie Burchill: mention his name in the Smash Hits office and half the staff faint

Please find out the birth dates of all the members of Simple Minds and also, either confirm or deny that guitarist Charlie Burchill is the smallest. A friendship depends on this...
 Boy From Brazil, London SW18.
 ● Their office supplied the dates as follows: Jim Kerr (July 5 1959), Mel Gaynor (May 29 1960), Derek Forbes (June 22 1956), Mick McNeill (July 20 1956) and Charlie Burchill (Nov 27 1959). And although it is true that Charlie is the shortest member at 5'6", so girls in the office still think he's quite adorable... I'm Sorry about this. (What's going on?) — Ed.

Can you tell me where I could lay my hands on a copy of Cultura Club's "Colour By Numbers" tour programme, as some thievin' sod nicked mine...
 Angela, Ipswich.
 ● There's a limited number available from their merchandising office based at:

Fusion Merchandising Company, PO Box 21, London SW6 1QL. If you write, enclose SAE for full details, but if you prefer, you can phone them on 01-381 4414.

Is there any way I can get hold of a copy of the first Bananarama single, "Ais A Mwana", as that's the only one I haven't got. Also, will they be touring this year and, if so, can you give me the dates?
 Sam, Hornchurch.

● Released on Deram Records in Sept '81, it's still on their catalogue under the number DM446 and should be easily available. And although Bananarama have more than once expressed an interest in touring, they've yet to finalise any plans. Meanwhile, expect a new single towards the end of next month.

Can you please tell me which song the following lines come from. It goes "And baby I see your sun is shining/Everywhere I go/And it's obvious" or something like that. I think it's sung by Donovan.

Gorgeous, Congleton.

● First released in '67, it was actually a Top 20 hit for one-time guitar hero Jeff Beck, titled "Hi-Ho Silver Lining". Since then, it's been re-issued a couple more times and is still on the RAK catalogue, number BR3. Very little is heard about Jeff Beck these days but he did re-surface last year when, alongside other "rock greats" Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page he played a benefit tour in aid of the Multiple Sclerosis fund.



Gary Kemp: modelling the latest in Dextys work wear

We all know that Tony Hadley was the yellow Rover, John Keeble has a blue sports car, Martin Kemp has a silver Spyder and Steve Norman has a yellow Capri... but did Gary Kemp ever pass his driving test? Also, is it true

that Gary once modelled for a girls magazine? And please supply a discography.

L. Tamassi, Egham And Sue, Banbury.
 ● Gary did pass his driving test (first time around) and actually bought his car at the same time as the others, about one and a half years ago. He's now the proud owner of a shiny new black Escort XR3. It's also true that he was once a professional model, mainly for '80s-style casual clothes. Remember that photo in Letters a while back? As for the discography: Kicking off in Oct '80, singles are "To Cut A Long Story Short", "The Freezeze" (Jan '81), "Glow"/"Muscle Bound" (Mar '81), "Chart No. 1 (I Don't Need This Pressure On)" (July '81), "Paint Me Down" (Nov '81), "She Loves Like Diamond" (Jan '82), "Instinction" (Mar '82), "Lifetime" (Aug '82), "Communication" (Jan '83), "True" (Apr '83 and "Gold" (Aug '83). LPs are "Journeys To Glory" ('81), "Diamond" ('82) and "True" ('83). There was also a special boxed set version of the "Diamond" album and, incidentally, all singles were issued in both 7" and 12" format. They release a new single in April.



Friction Groove listen to another of the photographer's amusing jokes

A "Where Are They Now?" extra: even further to the enquiry about the whereabouts of the assorted ex-members of Stiff Little Fingers, bass player Ali McMordie also got in touch to tell us about his new group. They're called Friction Grooves and are (left-right in photo): Ali McMordie (bass), John Reynolds (drums), Mic Dover (guitar), Mike Clues (keyboards) and Alison R (vocals). Ali feels confident that they'll secure a record deal in the near future and says "we hope to retain the fresh attitudes and outlook that made SLF successful". They play the Camden Palace (that place again!) on January 26.

BROOKE SHIELDS

STARTS
FRIDAY,
JANUARY 20

ODEON
LEICESTER
SQUARE

CLASSIC
CHELSEA

ODEON
KENSINGTON

CORONET
WESTBOURNE
GROVE

She challenged the desert,
its men, their passions
and ignited a bold adventure.



Sahara

THE CANNON GROUP, INC. Presents BROOKE SHIELDS in A GOLAN-GLOBUS Production of an ANDREW V. MCLAGLEN film "SAHARA"

Starring LAMBERT WILSON HORST BUCHHOLZ JOHN RHYS-DAVIES RONALD LACEY [JOHN MILLS] as Cambridge
and STEVE FORREST Production Designer LUCIANO SPADONI Music Composed and Conducted by ENNIO MORRICONE

Director of Photography DAVID GURFINKEL Executive Producer TERI SHIELDS Associate Producer RONY YACOV Story by MENAHEM GOLAN

Screenplay by JAMES R. SILKE Produced by MENAHEM GOLAN and YORAM GLOBUS Directed by ANDREW V. MCLAGLEN

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ALDERSHOT Palace
BARNET Odeon
BARKING Odeon
BECENHAM ABC
BERKHAMPTON Rex
BEKLEYHEATH ABC
BRIGHTWOOD Classic
BROMLEY Odeon
CAMBRLEY Classic
CROFTON Odeon
EALING Coronet
ELEPHANT & CASTLE Coronet
ENFIELD ABC
EXETER Odeon
GERRARDS CROSS Classic
GOLDSERS GREEN Inne
GRAVESEND ABC
GUILDFORD Odeon
HARROW Granada
HAYES Classic
HENON Classic
HOLLOWAY Odeon
LEFORD Odeon
SILBURN Classic
KINGSTON Granada
LEITCHWORTH Broadway
LEWISHAM Studio 7
LUTON ABC
MARLBOROUGH Granada
MILE END ABC
MUSWELL HILL Odeon
PURLEY Astoria
READING Odeon
REMYTH Odeon
ST ALBANS Odeon
ST AUGUSTINE Picture Centre
SHEPHERDS BAGS
SIDCUP ABC
SLIGHAM Granada
SOUTHEND Odeon
STREATHAM Odeon
SUTTON Studio
TDRQUAY Odeon
UCKFIELD Picture House
WALTHAMSTON Granada
WELL HALL Coronet
WIMBORNE Odeon
WIRRINGHAM Rex
WOODFORD ABC

STARTS FRIDAY, JAN 27

ALTON Palace
ANDOVER Savoy
CHATHAM ABC
CRANLEY Embassy
DEA Classic
EASTGATE Curzon
EAST GRINGHEAD Classic
EDGEWARE ABC
FOLKESTONE Curzon
MARGATE Oramland
NOTTINGHAM Odeon
RANGATE Classic
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Classic
TUNBRIDGE LANE ABC

STARTS FRIDAY, FEB 3

ABERDEEN Odeon
BLACHPOL Odeon
BRISTOL Studio
BRISTOL WhiteLadies ABC
BURGESS HILL Odeon
CHESTER Odeon
CRANLEIGH Regal
GLASGOW Odeon
LIVERPOOL Odeon
PLYMOUTH Drake
SOUTHPORT Classic
WARRINGTON Odeon

STARTS FRIDAY, FEB 10

DUNDEE Victoria
EMBLEY Malvern
HASTINGS Classic
HYTHE Classic
NORTHEND Regal
SUNNINGDALE City
TALBOT Classic
TIVOL Classic

STARTS SUNDAY, FEB 12

HANLEY Odeon

SEE LOCAL PRESS FOR DETAILS
NEARBY AS TALK TO 0800 274
TIME OF SUNDAY PRESS

STAR CHOICE

ADAM ANT

66

I think this song sums up that whole Hollywood Marilyn Monroe style of life that Bryan Ferry talks about in his work. It's about a girl who, despite everything, is committed to really enjoying herself. There's such great lines in it like 'She's well educated with no common sense.' That, to me, really sums up the attitude of most Sloane Rangers and people who have a lot of money and just hang out and try to be trendy and you don't know whether to feel sorry for this girl or for Bryan. You can really hear that he means it. It sounds like someone's actually hurt him and, I think at one time in his life, he was actually hurt by someone like that. It reads like a farewell note and, if he did write it to a girl, I bet she'd feel awful about it because of the way she sings it. It's so passionate.

I think Bryan's voice has been imitated so much that it's nice to actually hear where the original sound came from. He really does do something special; this song is a showcase. The arrangement is so definite; the sax bit is so sleazy. The way it's played I just get visions of Monroe and all that.

It's an American song, I think, and an American could cover it quite well — Tony Bennett or Johnny Mathis or Sinatra. I'd love to hear Sinatra sing it.

65



Photo: Sophie Farnham

ROXY MUSIC

A REALLY GOOD TIME



Roxy Music back in 1974: (left-right) Phil Manzanera, Paul Thompson (sitting), John Gustafson, Andy Mackay, Edwin Jobson, Bryan Ferry. "A Really Good Time" can be found on "Country Life", the fourth Roxy Music album.

YOU'VE HEARD ENOUGH
OF THE BLUES AND STUFF
YOU'RE PRETTY SWELL NOW
'CAUSE YOU'RE PRETTY TOUGH
BUT I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU
HOW HARD IT CAN BE TO GET BY

YOU NEVER BOTHERED ABOUT ANYONE ELSE
YOU'RE WELL EDUCATED WITH NO COMMON SENSE
BUT LOVE THAT'S ONE THING
YOU REALLY NEED TO GET BY

ALL YOUR TROUBLES COME FROM YOURSELF
NOBODY HURTS YOU THEY DON'T CARE
JUST AS LONG AS YOU SHOW THEM
A REALLY GOOD REALLY GOOD TIME

ALL THE THINGS YOU USED TO DO
A TRIP TO THE MOVIES
A DRINK OR TWO
THEY DON'T SATISFY YOU
THEY DON'T TELL YOU ANYTHING NEW

YOU KNOW I DON'T TALK MUCH
EXCEPT TO MYSELF
'CAUSE I'VE NOT MUCH TO SAY
AND THERE'S NOBODY ELSE
WHO'S READY AND WILLING
AND ABLE TO KNOW ME I GUESS

LISTEN TO ME I'M NOT FINISHED YET
THERE'S SOMETHING TO TELL YOU
THAT I CAN'T FORGET
JUST HAVE A REALLY GOOD
REALLY GOOD REALLY REALLY GOOD
REALLY GOOD TIME

THERE'S A GIRL I USED TO KNOW
HER FACE IS HER FORTUNE
SHE'S GOT A HEART OF GOLD
SHE NEVER GOES OUT MUCH
BUT BOY WHEN SHE DOES
THEN YOU KNOW

SHE'S GOT NO MONEY WELL MAYBE A DIME
BUT SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S WORTH
AND THAT'S REASON WHY
SHE'S GONNA MAKE IT
SHE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES
YOU'LL APPRECIATE THAT
SHE'S PROBABLY LATE
BUT I KNOW AND YOU KNOW
WE ALL KNOW
SHE'LL HAVE A REALLY GOOD TIME

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BRYAN FERRY
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION E. G. MUSIC LTD 1974
ON E. G. RECORDS

Was Mac McCulloch actually invited to Janice Long's party? Who on earth is Geoff Lovestone? What was going on in "the girls' bogs at Eric's"? And where does Smelly Ely fit in? Find out all this — and more! — about Echo & The Bunnymen as Peter Martin presents...

LES FROM TWO CITIES

"I felt comfortable doing the heavy thing, but really I like fragile things. I don't want to make people bang their heads anymore—I want to make them smile."

At last, it seems, Mac McCulloch has found the "lighter side" he wanted on about last year. Echo & The Bunnymen made it clear that their last LP "Percupine" — although a self-proclaimed "work of art" — was "painful" to make. With this LP — recorded in Paris, as yet untitled and out in spring — they've returned to the simpler pop craft of their first LP "Crocodiles." Or as Mac puts it, a return to "catchy, melodic pop songs with atmosphere and edge." "Percupine" was just all edge.

I spent a weekend with the group during their brief two-week stay at Paris. Their studio was the same one used by The Cure for "The Lovecats." In fact, it was interesting to note the similarity of the situation: both groups share a curly, doom-laden image, but while in this studio they were inspired to produce work that is almost light-hearted. But more of this remarkable place later.



Pete de Freitas

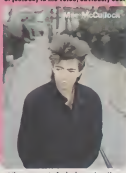
It was back in their hometown, Liverpool, that I met up with Mac again. To be precise, it was Janice Long's "Live Of New Year's Eve Party." The drummer Pete de Freitas is here too, along with a dazzling — nay, breathtaking — array of local stars. Pete Wylie's here, being the life and soul as usual. So is Ken Kelly from the Loui Eaters who's keeping a low profile around the kitchen area. Then, dotted about in the corners, are members of The Pella Fourpoint. Care, it's immaterial; end latest Virgin signing Cook De' Books. A lot of people to cram in one small room, but everybody merrily and, more or less, they all seem in fine spirits. None of the usual rivalry is on show and everybody knows the back a fair old amount of seasonal drink. After all it is Christmas, good will to all men end all that stuff.

Even Mac, who hasn't actually been invited, does his best to get in the swing of things, tasing down his oct

sufficiently to dish out only the bare minimum of sassy remarks.

I ask where the other half of the band — Les and Will — are hiding. "They're in Russia on a two-week package tour. I hope it's really cold."

There seems to be more than a hint of jealousy in his voice, obviously sour



Mac McCulloch

of the prospect of missing out on their adventure. But he's a married man now and he's got to stay home and mind the missus, who happens to be here as well.

Mac changes the subject. "Did you see us on The Tube a few weeks ago? Television history. Our bit was the funniest thing I've seen in years." I've always considered his sense of humor to be a little on the perverse side, so I can't exactly agree with him, but I must admit that they were — what's the word? — entertaining. During their last song "Thorn Of Crowns" (er "Cucumber" as it's sometimes known) Mac went into one of his off-the-wall ad libs. This time on the British judicial system. "I think we should cut all criminals' gender off at the knee," was his curious conclusion.

The idea, end I use the term loosely, might have been sparked off by a burglary of the McCulloch household about a week before the show. This *thing* this year. As his wife Lorettine tells me they stole, among other things, all her Christy presents for Mac. But, unentered, the couple still want to live there.

In the meantime she's going along on the group's visit to Japan (end of January) and then they're off to the States. She's giving 'em one a miss.

"Maybe in the course of years when I've got the dough," drowls Mac, "we'll move to Paris for a year. But I can't see us making much money with this LP. Don't get me wrong. It's going to be great, but all the newsworld won't buy it. If I make us big again end all the long mac brigade will get it. So there's only one thing for it. This year I'll have to make a solo LP — roof Scott Walker stuff. That should sell a few." Sometimes I never know when to take him seriously.

In many ways 1983 was a momentous year for the Bunnymen. Album-wise they broke into the Big League in commercial terms (they'll say they've always been in the Big League in musical terms). They released "The Cutter" and "Never Stop" — "yet another side step," as Mac puts it, "into an area that's not us. Disco. What we do is Bunny songs." Both firmly established that name in the world of Top Of The Pops. Of course he laid down the foundations of success in this area with his "controversial" off-the-shoulder jig during the "Beck Of Love" appearance in late '82, in which he exposed — held your breath, girls — naked flesh! Is this men a sex symbol or what?

And to cap it all it was the band's fifth birthday. So let's leave Liverpool — the party looks as though it's on its last legs anyway — end go back to that weekend in Paris. The band had celebrated their birthday by plying at a club in Brussels called Plan 4 but were still in a nostalgic frame of mind. Five years old! They could hardly believe it. Wandering up the cobbledly streets to the church of Sacre-Coeur,



Will Sergeant

past the bustling market place and open-air galleries, Les end Will reel out a few of the old Bunnymen anecdotes. It seems this group is brimming in myth and y/a/a legend...

Les sets the ball rolling. "I've known Will since I was 12. He was known as The Greenball Kid at school. I remember we were always bottom of the class. When we left I went to build boats." And I went to be a cook," chips in Will. "I nearly got killed twice boat-building," says Les. "Well I tried to cook liver with soap once," says Will.

Mac joins in the reminiscing. "First time I met those two was in the girls' bogs at Eric's. They were singing along to the LP. The World Of Bowie." The first thing Will said to me was "You've got a good voice" and apparently I answered with "I'm waiting for the gift of vision." Don't ask me why."

Les remembers that Mac "was than

known as Duke. He used to go round with a grey smorok, his trousers tucked in his socks and orange hair — like Bowie. I used to have white hair — a sort of Joe Punk with 50s overtones — green keks and jumper." Will admits to have having red, yellow end black hair which was "dead



longs." "Yeah he used to look like Richard III," saaps Les. He was also "dead depressed. You have to be when you're a punk don't you? Oh end I had spots as well." Brings tears to your eyes.

On a happier note Les recalls that he used to be in a band called The Love Pastels. Actually he was The Love Pastels. At the time he wrote such gems as "Apples From France," "Outer Space, Outer Town," "Underneath The Upper Atmosphere" end "The Balloon Man Will Know." Later he changed his name to Geoff Lovestone.

Meanwhile Will was beavering away in his bedroom, launching his industrial Domestic project. He released seven cassettes, all different, under the banner Weird As Fish. "It made Throbbing Gristle sound like Deller."

Mac brings us back to the world of the Bunnies. "Actually we got our name from this lad Smelly Ely. Even when we played our first gig — even then — I knew I'd be the best singer in the best band in the world."

Five years on, Mac hardly seems to have changed his tune. Especially as regards having his name. "You'd put a dirty plate to be if you're good. You don't have to sound like When! you know. It's just that most groups' motives are really wrong. For instance Culture Club are obnoxious — they're just general townies being Number One end that's not great. Duran Duran's quite like, I can understand them. They just went to be the biggest teen band in the world. I just hate all these creepy types who pretend to be credits. They're all good at creating hits, not magic. If we became popular," Mac decides, "there'd have to be some sild in public thinking."



One of Paul Rider's holiday snaps of Sacre-Coeur church in Paris (but these four blokes keep getting in the way)



Photo: David D. Thomas

(Left-right): Taylor, Taylor, Rhodes, Nolan, le Bon, Taylor

“A ONE-OFF CHANCE OF A LIFETIME”

That's how 16-year-old Tracy Nolan from Northolt described the first prize in our Duran Duran competition (in the December 8 issue). And she ought to know — she won it. A tour jacket, a sweatshirt, a signed photo, a signed LP, a fully paid night on the town, tickets to Wembley and an invite to the band's party afterwards. And so she went, and she met them, and she told us all about it...

“It was very good — really good in fact. I thought Simon would be like he was — the frontman. He was expecting me to like him but I didn't like him so much because he was expecting me to like him. He's big-headed. He had a packet of fags in his hand and he was trying to hide them when the photos were being taken.

Nick always looks as if he wears more make-up than anyone else in the band — plastered up with the stuff — but he isn't. I expected him to be poofy but he wasn't. He was just smart. He was trying to make conversation because I didn't know what to say. It's funny. Simon I expected to be nicer and Nick not to be but it was the other way round.

Andy's make-up was terrible. He looked so small and feminine. It shocked me. His Birmingham accent also shocked me. He went on about the T-shirts they were wearing. It was a bit strange. I like him best because he seems more outrageous, more fun than the others. I like people like that. He gets into it more. He's himself, natural and you can tell he likes what he's doing. More than Simon who seems to like what he's doing because he's the frontman.

Roger's really quiet. I couldn't get over that. The only thing he said was “Did you enjoy the concert?” He's so

perfect — not a hair out of place. I like him but he's too shy. You don't even see him on stage. A lot of my friends like him but I think if they met him they wouldn't anymore.

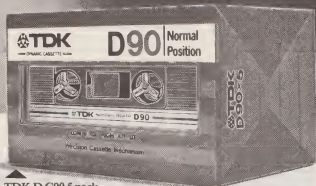
John's really friendly. He's very natural. At the photos he said “this is the bit I've been waiting for because now I've got you to myself.” I like the way he looks. He's really tall but I expected that. I've a hat like his — it's just a trilly. John chatted most. He mentioned the screen they used at Wembley. I thought it was a very good idea. At Hammersmith Odeon last year we couldn't see a thing. The Wembley concert was much better. I liked the stage set — it created lots of atmosphere. Simon can't dance to save his life. I think he has to dance because he's the frontman. My friend Maria was cracking up.

I think only the real fans are with Duran Duran now. A lot left them when they went to Australia. They were away for too long. They didn't have a record out for months. Many fans went to Wham! and Paul Young, especially at our school. I liked the jacket and the signed album best because no-one else has them.

My friends were a bit jealous. Some rang up the next day. This one girl — she's my friend but don't go round with her — said “I don't like you anymore”. I don't think she was being serious. It really was a night to remember. A one-off-chance of a lifetime.



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Dear Black Type.

Boy does your Poll stink! What the devil do you think you're playing at, even the most idiotic of people must have noticed that whoever sent votes in must have been legless at the time. Most fanciable female — TRACIE! Good grief, are you mad? How could you let that beady-eyed, goaty female overshadow anyone else? Donna Summer, Olivia Newton-John, my Mam, anyone but Tracie! No wonder she thought we were winding her up. After fouting that up you voted Tracey Ullman — I mean Tracey Ullman — best female singer! Get some Therapy, Yvonne Stevenson.

Yeah, Right, I agree.

They're a joke, the Poffs. I mean, I voted for the girl who works behind the Pentef counter in the Stationers round the corner, and where did she come? Newsdays, No at a station. Didn't even beat that old hag Joan Collins. I want my money back (and I didn't even send any money!).

OK Toerags, what's the big idea? I am both surprised and horrified to find that you have put Limahl and Boy George at Numbers Four and Five in this 'ere Twits (Of The Year thing (December 22). I am even more horrified and annoyed to see such an excellent group as Bucks Fizz included on this list. Bucks Fizz should get the Best Group and Most Promising Act not come fifteenth on the Twits list.

You lot of boneheads who voted for Bucks Fizz in the Twits Of The Year obviously have no idea about them so let me try to put some of you naive people in the picture. Whilst you're making sweeping decisions about groups like this, Bucks Fizz are constantly working doing promotional TV appearances, tours, endless photo sessions, designing costumes, answering fan mail etc. and, at the same time, they fit some kind of family life into it all. Their records are much more exciting than most other groups and I am really satisfied with what they've done in 1983 and I will remain one of their devoted fans for ever. So my New Year's message to you lot is to take notice what Bucks Fizz are doing this year and don't call them Twits when they're quite obviously not.

Tarry Stanley Jr.

P.S. Mrs T is more deserving of Twit Of The Year award than Black Lace are.

I'll tell her that when I see her.

Whilst reading Marilyn's Personal File in Smash Hits (December 22), I noticed that he would like to be stuck in a lift with Sylvester Stallone. Each to his own I thought. Then I come across Celebrity Squares, the



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

page that showed you who the famous pop names voted for in the readers poll. As I looked down Marilyn's poll form I noticed that his most fanciable person was none other than Sylvester Stallone. Makes you wonder, eh? And what about that love hite from David Bowie? Boring was Marilyn's comment! Boring? It's scandalous! The girl who loves Adeo in Ikeston, Derbyshire.

He's got a point. Love bites can be a real pain in the neck.

Well, well, well, so that's what our Marc gets up to when my back's turned — advertising rat cassette recorders for Dutch magazines! I found this amusing piece whilst looking through some old mags sent by my Dutch pen-pal. Is it really him? Surely he hasn't stooped that low after Bolt Cell spitting up? Please find out. John Taylor's Silver Bracelet. P.S. Am I normal or do you recommend I see a doctor?



See a doctor. As for the first bit, you're really lucky as my Dutch cousin's over here at the mo and he knows whether or not it's Marc Almond. Tell 'em, Anton: "geul'd regelaars tuning groeste kunnen gehoord moet Radio Cassettes Recorder bij Juisteren alles knalt zit erop Marc Almond." Now you know.

God I hate Roland Rat. Have you ever heard of a swir-ling rat especially in Switzerland? What has he done to be a Supersat anyway? I feel really sorry for that girl — Kevin, or whatever his name is — who puts up with him. My brother made me watch it this morning — AWFUL! They were doing a re-make of *The Sound Of Music*. Pathetic (it was in Austria not Switzerland). Roland Rat can't sing, can't speak German and is totally illiterate. Get Him Off. The Founder Of The Ban Roland Rat On TV-AM Society.

My Dutch cousin reckons that any performing rat that can't speak German is a merkmak van praten and is very lucky to have a job at all. That'll shake 'em up down at TV-AM. (Well, it was Marc Almond then? — Ed.) Oh, the last letter? No it wasn't actually. Just someone who looks a bit like hi? (Honestly, an Editor can't can't speak Dutch! What's this place coming to?)

If Robert Smith's Rod Lipstick (December 22) thinks that her Grandma is trendy then she should meet my Granddad. He's got a pair of tight jeans (which he wears in public) and a bomber jacket. A bomber jacket isn't trendy, I hear you cry, but it isn't bad when you're 76. Also he did body-popping at our New Year's party which must be good for an OAP. He likes nearly every pop group except Marilyn. John Taylor's Dressing Gown.

Body-popping at 76? Get off. Our super-fit Features Ed. Ian Birch tried body-popping last week. Lusted about forty-five seconds and then he had to have a long lie-down. Taxi home, the works.

Did my Mum want a nightie or a petticoat for Christmas? No darling. "Anything to do with Boy George, please." She's the one who spotted Wham! walking along a deserted street in London. She's the one who wanted to go to a Paul Young concert. She's the one who thinks Steve Norman is "just the sort of boy for you dear." She's the one who thinks Nick Rhodes' smile is the greatest thing since sliced bread and, finally, she's the one who helped to pick a 'trendy' jumper for my dad's Christmas present.

Now try heating that one! Someone, Gravesend.

My mother lives on her own with me and about six months ago a drastic change came over her. It all started with Boy George. Ten times a day I was ordered to put on the "Karma Chameleon" video when I wanted to watch Black Lace (yes, you heard it right). To add to this there was Limahl. You should have watched her when Kajagoogoo sacked him. She fumed with smoke coming out of her ears and used expressions that I could not possibly repeat in this magazine, then she fell onto the settee in floods of tears. Her latest and greatest idol is Marilyn; she screams whenever his name is on the box, says that his voice does funny things to her and says she fancies him and that he has really sexy eyes. Marilyn's Nappy Pin. Herts.

I reckon my Gran is the trendiest. She watches TOPF, The Tube and Coronation Street, she never misses an episode. Her favourite groups include Duran Duran, Kajagoogoo, Wham! Siouxsie & The Banshees, The Lotus Eaters, Depeche Mode and Culture Club. She always pinches my Smash Hits. She wants Marilyn's 12" "Calling Your Name" and U2's "Under A Blood Red Sky" LP. She thinks David Bowie is it, Nick Beggs is lovely and Boy George is a poof. She's been to two concerts (Tayah and Kajagoogoo). And to top it all she's 68 next year. Siouxsie's Haircut.

Pretty impressive. A 68 year-old Kajagoogoo fan. This is getting dangerously close to securing the Black Type's Award For Extreme Trendiness For OAPs (Outstandingly Active Persons). It is possible to have trendier parents or grandparents than this? Has anyone got a great aunt who's a member of The Virgin Prunes or anything? In fact let's have the photographic proof. Get your Grandad to put on his Marilyn outfit and

LETTERS

leer him down the old photo booth. We must have pictures!

Top Of The Pops has one of the largest viewing figures on British television, which isn't surprising because it has the right formula of showing current pop bands playing live and on video. However, because of their stupid policy of only showing a video again if it has gone up in the charts two weeks after first being shown, we often only ever see a video two or three times and then it doesn't get shown again.

So why hasn't some boffin at the Beeb come up with the idea of a music programme that shows old and new videos requested by viewers. After all, there are hundreds of videos which deserve a second showing and the money spent on making them is not justified when they're only shown a couple of times. Take note, Mr Hurl!, this idea would be just as successful as *TOTP* if it were handled properly. *A Whamster, Coventry.*

This stood John Peel on *TOTP* on December 22 after Paul McCartney's "Pipes Of Peace" video and said in a derogatory tone, "He's becoming a right little philosopher isn't he?" Perhaps he would prefer it if Paul was singing about war and hate in a dejected voice as many of the artists do on Mr Peel's show. Paul's written a couple of songs with social comments ("Ebony & Ivory" and the present one) and, along with their good clear messages, they are also excellently produced pop songs. And I loved the video.

Jeremy Blackmore (The Boy Who Had Chickenpox For Christmas).

Referring to the letter from your eagle-eyed reader Paul's Pipes of Malvern (December 22) who spotted the McCartney-Jones trouser lookalike, I think I should draw your attention to the fact that Paul McCartney on Page 2 and Howard Jones on Page 17 in the same issue also both have a pair of arms. Yes, it's true. Two arms each (possibly the same pair) which, being identical, could have been bought at the same shop. Small world, eh? *The Centre Of The Universe, Nailsworth, Glos.*

The hands are certainly the same. Probably got them from a second hand shop.

Here, in the most boring spot in the Universe, we, the bored inhabitants, have made a breakthrough in anti-boredom.

We have developed the **FREEZE-FRAME**. Any boring film on TV can be transformed into hours of good clean fun, once you've got the film on tape and your finger on the freeze-frame button.

Imagine the scene — a deadly boring Sci-Fi film about "Fazher" Gordon and his mates. But with freeze-frame, one can capture the hero in fantastically amusing poses. With the aid of the freeze-frame, one can also identify faces in crowd scenes and you can relive, in slow motion, the gory bits.

Then, there's the music videos. Have you any idea how daft Simon Le Bon looks in the "Is There Something I Should Know?" video, when taken frame by frame? Did I laugh? And then there's the Flashmazing fast-forward. The hip expression in "What a Crazy Man."

The freeze-frame also allows you to identify mistakes in the film. Is it really possible for a mere mortal to nearly drown in sinking sand, be half-eaten by a swamp-monster, just about get killed in a battle with his deadly enemy and emerge with his hair freshly blow-dried? Gadzooks! What is the world coming to?

Yours observantly,
A Push Button Addict, Rugby.

I call this a major breakthrough in Leisure Technology. A bold step forward in the Fight Against Boredom. Take a £10 Record Token for your services. Rugby doesn't sound too bad, actually. Carnaby Street (sic), home of the fun-loving Black Type (moi) is stiff, genuinely, the most boring known place in the entire history of civilization. There's a choice of three exciting things to do in the evenings: 1) play Spot The Tourist; 2) have a laugh watching the traffic lights change; or 3) nip out for a tasty local delicacy such as a quarter-pound hamburger, cold chips and a jumbo-sized raspberry Slush Puppy. Gimme Rugby any day.

Look what I found whilst flicking through the local paper. I know Terry Hall split with the Fun Boy Three but I didn't know he was that hard up for a job. *Sheila, Boy George's Eyeliner.*

KINGS Theatre
BABES IN THE WOOD
LEWIS COLLINS, as Peter Pan
Suzanne Dando as Mad Mother
Terry Hall and Leventy The Lion
A HOST OF STARS

Remember I was saying how un-trendy my parents are.

They think Terry Hall is where they play bingo on Friday nights. Just round the corner from the Tom Tom Club.

Dear Sally Miller (January 5),
As someone who sticks up for Animal Rights, and as a vegan, I know you go all the way, but does Mr. Weller or Mr. Hamill (Limbo) do they, for instance, wear leather shoes? Course they do. We all know PVC doesn't last very long and peels, and there is no substitute for the real thing. Do they own leather pillows? Do they wear woolly jumpers or other wool products? Maybe mohair jackets or silk items? (No I can't afford them either.) Or leather wallets, jackets, trousers? Do they use glue or eat milk chocolate products?

I know for a fact that they both wear wool and leather products. If they really believe in Animal Rights then shouldn't they stop using animal skins for comfort? Don't you think they're a little hypocritical?

Your quip about using drugged tigers for promotional photos was a bit low. I mean how would you like to face an undrugged tiger?
Maggie.

Here's this week's Cooking Charts Top Ten:

- 1) "Mould" — Spandau Ballet,
- 2) "Mouso 'N' Boots" — Adam; 3) "Pub Tropicana" — Spam; 4) "Gruel Summer" — Bananarama;
- 5) "Cheese Don't Bake Me Fry" — UB 40; 6) "Try Me A Liver" — Mari Shilue; 7) "I'll Crumble 4 Ye" — Culture Club; 8) "Superdumb" — Black Plaque; 9) "Is There Something I Should Dought?" — Duran Duran; and 10) "Only Stew" — The Frying Pickets. *Two Paws Who've Lost Their Pads, Edinburgh.*

No! bad. The Black Type was going to do a Holidays Top Ten, as it happens. Got as far as "Living On The Sealink" then rather lizzed out.

Being a practising member of the C.I.O.P.W.S.O.T.T.W. (Cruelly Inflicted On People Who Stag Off Toyah Willcox), and being as I haven't enjoyed myself in a long time send me that berk Duran Peretta. Up to now the rack has been going rusty and the thumbcrews creek — but it doesn't matter as they work just the same. For this lousy review on Toyah's brilliant concert at Hammersmith Odeon (December 22) he deserves to be stretched at least three feet. For calling the group awful and likening them to Gillan (of all people) he ought to be strapped in a dark room and subjected to Gillan for the rest of his life. *A Castaway In The Jungles Of Jupiter.*

Don Peretta says he's far too butch and muscly to worry

about the odd bit of torture, don't you? Don? ... Don?

God I am depressed. I am sick sick sick of mods. All my friends are mods. Everyone is a mod. They all walk about in enormous fishball parkas which have beer mats and other regalia on the back. Even the youth club DJ is a bloody mod! The only boys available are mods, so I'm forced to date one (hello Mela). My best friend is a mod, my sister is a mod, her fiancée is a mod. Even our budgie is a mod. I'm sick of them.
Depressed Duranmie

A Mod budgie. How cheap can you get?

The enclosed came from the *Walton Express And Star. Kate 'I Think The Farmers' Boys Are Great', Hitchin.*



Do you realise that the last five notes on Rod Stewart's "Body Wishes" are the same as that used in *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* to contact the extra-terrestrials?
Luv Jez.

Yes.

Do you know what makes me sick? People who say OK. Yah? Anon.

Notice how, these days, really trendy people miss out bits of their words. Example — Duran Duran is just 'Duran, great la greefey, amazing is 'may-sing, etc.'? *F. Dennis, Nuneaton.*

OK, yah.

Dear Black Type,

I have in my possession some rather revealing photographs of you and a fountain pen taken at this year's *Smash Hits* office Christmas party. Unless you send me a £10 record token, and print a poster of Kim Wilde in your mag, I shall be forced to send the pictures to the Obscenity Squad.

You have 28 days to reply OR ELSE!
Anon.
P.S. I didn't realise that fountain pens were such a passionate thing.
Time I was all I think.

The COLOUR FIELD



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The COLOUR FIELD


Chrysalis
COLF 1

Italian worker ends up in cement.



'Mario's Cement Factory' is the latest wide-screen adventure from Game & Watch, with 2 skill levels and (for super ace show-offs) a memory that remembers and keeps your highest score.

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**GAME
&
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'ONE SIZE FITS ALL!'

RAID TOM BAILEY'S WARDROBE AND WIN A SIGNED THOMPSON TWINS LP



First things first. See that bit of fashionably tailored material Tom Bailey's clutching (rather gingerly) in the attractive colour photo above? It's one of his favourite shirts, actually. And it's up for grabs in another of our win-what-the-sters-wore competitions, along with the yellow scarf Tom's casually slung round his neck and the belt tossed on the floor. All in all, a sizeable chunk of Tom's wardrobe.

Needless to say, that's not all. 50 signed copies of the long-awaited new LP by the Thompson Twins, "Into The Gap", are

linguishing hereabouts. One of them will go to the winner of the togs; the rest will be dispatched to 49 runners-up. Let's hope they've all got record-players.

Now answer this question. Where was Aïannah Currie born? Australia, New Zealand or New Guinea?

Answers on postcards or backs of envelopes by February 1 to: Smash Hits Thompson Twins Competition, 14 Holkhem Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. The first 50 correct answers out of the beg strike lucky.

"YOO HOO!"



Sorry to bother you, dear.

You heard what they're planning next door at SMASH HITS? Week after next? It's disgusting. That awful MARILYN. Honestly.

Frankly, when I saw him on the telly, you couldn't tell if he was a boy or a girl. I mean, A feller in a bikini! Put me right off my Pot Noodle. If that isn't enough they've also got that THOMAS DOLBY. "Thomas Who?" I asked. Some people never give up, do they? It's pathetic really. As for THE ICICLE WORKS. I mean enough's enough. Who do they think they are? I said to my Frank: "Frank, are you listening to me?" Of course he was too busy ogling all those horrible little BITZ. At his age! Should be ashamed of himself. I blame the

STAR TEASER myself. It gets them over-excited. It's not natural, is it? If I had my way, the whole lot would be banned. They could all do with a bath and a haircut anyway, if you ask me. You know, it's their mothers I feel sorry for. What must they think? //

SMASH HITS

The talk of the town

February 2

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

PHOTO ERIC WILSON

