

Smash HITS

▶ WHAM! ON TOUR

"I saw Duran, Culture Club
and Spandau - people
who go to our gigs
have a better time!"

- ▶ ALANNAH CURRIE
- ▶ MAC McCULLOCH
- ▶ FOREIGNER
- ▶ GARY GLITTER
- ▶ HEAVEN 17
- ▶ TEARS FOR FEARS
- ▶ ZZ TOP
- ▶ EURYTHMICS

ADAM



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HOWARD JONES 40/41



plus The Cocteau Twins & UB40...
A Nighisoul Special



FAN McCULLOCH 5/9

They call him "Mac The Mouth" but he prefers "The Liverpool Lip".



GARY GLITTER 42/43

The return of the Incredible Bulk.

POP STARS' ANSWERPHONES

We ring a few up and get the message.

12/13

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

You may remember that this time last year we announced the launch of our American cousin, *Star Hits*. Well, that meg has been doing jolly well, taking the nation by storm and so forth and in the meantime we've been busy launching another distant relation. This one's our Australian

cousin - also called *Smash Hits*. Our very own Ian Birch and David "Scoffer" Bostock have been beavering away Down Under and the first issue came out last month. On the cover of the latest issue are those Durin chaps and inside are such well known groups as Electric

Pandas, Jimmy Barnes, Australian Crew!, The Fleming Hends and The Venetians as well as Spandau, Frankie etc. What's more, the singles are reviewed by Brian Mannix of the Uncertainty X-Men. What can we say? May God bless this mag and all who sail in her.



Soma Iela from Pinner in a *Smash Hits* Australia t-shirt.



An Australian *Smash Hits*



An American *Star Hits*



Brace yourselves for another of those pop special TV marathons. This one, presented by *The Tube* in close cahoots with TV companies from 13 other countries, is called **Europe A Go-Go** and goes out live across the continent on January 5. All the countries involved are presenting both a documentary and a live group. So, **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** are representing Britain, **Hanoi Rocks** are representing Finland, a bunch of old hippies called **Golden Earring** are representing Holland and UB40, oddly, are representing Spain. The whole bash lasts five-and-a-half hours so stand by for square eyes.

PUNK FUNK

Imagine hip hop king **Afrika Bambaataa** making a record with, say, former Sex Pistol and dedicated miserable old sod John Lydon. Imagine this record being about 12 inches in diameter, released under the name of **Time Zone** (hitherto responsible for the dance classic "Wild Style") and being a tirade about that ever popular subject, nuclear war, called something like "World Destruction", imagined all that, then? Well, *Bitz* is the place where idle imaginings are transformed into stark reality. The record's already out, matey.



John Lydon and Afrika Bambaataa

FAN CLUBS

(Always enclose an S.A.E.)

Spandex Ballet
c/o Jacqui Quistle
Suite 7
80 St Portland St
London W1

Culture Club
Multi-Cultural Fan Club
PO Box 40
Rutelo
Middle HA4 7ND

Style Cowboy
Torch Society
45-53 Sinclair Road
London W14

Fed up with staring at that blank space on the wall? Fill it, then. But what with? With one of the 35 sexy soaraway giant Madonna posters (you know, that pic of her sitting on the bed) which we here at *Bitz* have hanging around just begging to be given away, that's what with. Hey, tell you what - we'll even throw in 25 "Like A Virgin" 12"s so you'll have something to listen to while you're staring at the poster. But enough of this idle benter. Here cometh a question:

Madonna comes from a) Detroit, b) New York, c) Chicago or d) Cheltenham?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Madonna Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here no later than January 16.

Now that **The Kinks** are 20 years old, out come three, cheaply-priced anniversary LPs: "Kovers", lots of incredibly early versions of old rock and roll songs (collectors only); "Collectable", all b-sides and rarities (collectors only too); and "Greatest Hits", which is exactly what it says it is and well worth having a look at as it's only about three quid. There's also, for a tennar, a "limited edition" box set containing all three.

The Armoury Show, who are busy supporting Simple Minds in Glasgow this week, have a new single out on January 7. It's titled "We Can Be Brave Again" and comes from their forthcoming LP.

Paul Gambaccini returns on January 12 with a third series of *The Other Side Of The Tracks*. This time round, the pop programme which believes in the importance of being earnest intends to "take a serious look at the way the music business works" by interviewing everyone "from the producers to the disseminators of the product". Can't wait.

The decorations have all been packed away, the pine needles hoovered up, the last scraps of turkey made into the last pot of soup and Auntie Ethel put on the coach back to Lower Bottomley. Worst of all, there's nothing good on the telly.

Cheer up! *Bitz* is here to help you. We have, all bright and ready to burst entertainingly from your screen, no less than ten copies of the new video *The Special A.K.A. On Film*. In the shops, this utterly brilliant "vid" version of the "In The Studio" LP (including "Nelson Mandela" and the rarely seen but ruddy hilarious "What Like Best About You Is Your Girlfriend") would cost you untold amounts. Here in *Bitz*, it doesn't cost very much at all. In fact, it's free. Ooooh. We feel a question coming on...

Who produced "Nelson Mandela" a) Elvis Costello, b) Trevor Horn, c) Midge Ure or d) Nile Rodgers?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Special AKA Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Get them here by January 16 and the first ten correct answers out of the bag win a video each.



Free George Jackson!

Oh, if only George Jackson hadn't drawn that map on that paper napkin that fateful night in The Swan boozier with Tommy McArchie. If only. But he did and the wheels of fate began to roll... And now, as the entire universe knows, George is festering in chokery, the victim of one of the grossest miscarriages of justice of all time. And all is lost for Brookside is mourning a Free George Jackson campaign in the form of a dazzling single by George's country-and-western

Well, just think, only last issue we were wondering just what had happened to Terry Hall's new group, **The Colour Field**. And now, lo and behold here they come bounding merrily back into action with a happy and carefree single called "Thinking Of You". Featured on the record is a young woman called Katrina Phillips. Her day job is delivering singing telegrams in Manchester. Fancy that!



If you went to see Culture Club over Christmas, then chances are you saw Ruby Turner too. Though these days she and fellow singer Mo'Nique are doing Helen Terry's old job, in the past Ms Turner has attracted oodles of compliments from musically folk, done sessions with everyone from Alexis Korner to Kissing The Pink (*Who? - Ed*), had her own TV show (it wasn't on Channel 4, either) and made several singles with her own group. And the future? Several more solo singles, probably.

Q: Is this the shortest bit ever? A: Yes, actually

Stranglers tour in Feb. See Dates.

group Blazing Saddles. It's called, naturally enough, "Free George Jackson", has the Brookside theme music on the B-side and is available for just £1.25 from: Free George Jackson Record Offer, PO Box 11, Liverpool L12 0JW.

Plus, for those concerned about how George is coping with his porridge, there's a special George Jackson "Hotline" they can ring. The number is 051-246-8080.

Bitz says: George Jackson is guilty.

STING IN THE TAIL... well, only for about 10 minutes and most of the time he just looks really mental!



Dune, they say, is the film that cost the earth. 55 million pounds to be exact. And for that princely sum you can expect eerie futuristic landscapes that couldn't fill in any existing studio, extras that outnumber the population of Wales, mile-long worms that eat bits of the desert, words that can kill, and Sting in the nuddle (well, almost. Incidentally, apart from that he's hardly in the film at all and when he is all he does is look bonkers).

A science-fiction classic, it's about the final attempt at transferring the Frank Herbert novel onto the silver screen. Unfortunately it's not an altogether successful 'attempt' - in a compromise for commerciality, three hours of original footage were dumped on the cutting room floor. As a result you need a degree in metaphysics to make head or tail of it.

As far as *Bitz* could make out, the film charts the progress of our hero (played by Kyle MacLachlan) to gain a hold over the planet Dune. Here lies the spice, melange, a substance that allows one to travel through space and time and thus rule the cosmos. Why one should feel a need to rule such a big place is anyone's guess. Any road, wiggly plot alert, the film looks fab, full to bursting with sepulchral majesty and swirling whatnots & c. *Bitz* especially likes the part where the "floating fat man" gets sucked into the jaws of the worm, but all in all it just leaves you feeling a bit on the confused side. It's good, though.

Once again, *Bitz* takes great pride in announcing this fortnight's Award for Gross Stupidity And Generally Hewing Flather Silly Names For Things. The winners are a group called Nurse With Wound for their single "Brained By Failing Masonry" on L.A.Y.L.A.H. Antirecords. This is apparently "directly inspired by the teachings of the Holy Bible" and is a follow-up to their possibly even sillier "Gylensköld, Gejsternam And I At Rydbergs". Nurse With Wound also all have silly names like Roman Jugg, Tbe9 and Nicholas Rogers.

Bubbling under in this coveted category comes this bloke called Stu P. Didiot, former guitarist with punk band Charge and these days fronting a bunch called Heza Sheze. Needless to say, they play nothing but waltzes.

"Lover Boy" is the title of the new Billy Ocean single.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Bernard Sumner of New Order (26) on January 4
 Martin McCloone of Prefab Sprout (23) on January 4
 Rowen Atkinson (30) on January 6
 David Bowie (38) on January 6
 Peter "Pedro" Gill of Frankie Goes To Hollywood (21) on January 8
 Scott Walker (41) on January 8
 Rod Stewart (40) on January 10
 Suggs of Madness (24) on January 13
 Carl Smyth of Madness (26) on January 14
 Sade (28) on January 16
 Mark O'Toole of Frankie Goes To Hollywood (21) on January 16

STARDUST MEMORIES



"Younger people have much less clouded imaginations than us oldies", says Alvin Stardust. That's why he thought it would be a smashing idea to get a younger person to devise the video for his Christmas disc "So Near To Christmas". A competition to find such a person was announced on Saturday Superstore and drew the biggest response in the programme's history.

"We had everything from five-year-olds to 25-year-olds sending in storyboards," he says. "Some were really over the top like 'We are flying over the Alps and down below we see the Mediterranean' and would have cost millions of pounds to do. But most were smashing. In the end we picked a 15-year-old called Heidi whose idea was very simple and atmospheric. It's a smashing video."

When Alvin refers to himself as an "oldie", he's not joking: 42 if a day, he started in the pop lark in the late '50s, under the arresting name of Shane Fenton, and had a "string" of minor hits in 1961 with such toe-tapping gems as "I'm A Moody Guy"

and "Cindy's Birthday". Did Shane Fenton ever imagine that he'd be in the charts two decades later? "Yes of course!" booms Mr Stardust. "That's all I ever dreamed of. That's why I'm in the business. I hope I'll still be having hits when I'm 95."

Back in the '70s, Stardust was often to be seen on Top Of The Pops, writing in leather and pouting moodily. These days his "image" is more conservative—but he's not ashamed of the old one: "I loved the leather thing. I really went for it and that's why groups like Wham! and Spandau Ballet are successful today—because they go for it 100 per cent."

So how does "oldie" Alvin keep going without running out of puff? "I don't know," he confesses. "But that's the magic thing about this business—you never know what's going to happen. Each song you record is like a new life. It'll either be a good life, or it'll be a dull life, but you always do your best."

There's a life in the old dog yet. Smashing.

Tina Turner will be touring in March. See Dates for details.

Heaven 17 release a new single on January 7. It's called "And That's No Lie". Actually, it's not as simple as that. There's one 7" and two different 12"s, one of which has got five different bgs (each, of course, featuring a pic of the baby Jesus), the other of which has two extended re-mixes. One way or another there seem to be about four different versions of the same song. If in doubt, consult your dealer.

The new version of Shalamar will be out in late January and early February. Where will you find details: a) Jeffers, b) Get Smart, c) Muffinings or d) Dates?

King have just re-released their "Love And Pride" single which, apparently, is the group's "anthem for the 80's".

Chaka Khan is wringing her way over here to do a nine-date tour. See Dates for details.

Ah, the wild and wacky world of the music business! Every time you drive your group to a "gig", you crash the van. Every time you firing your manager, he's out. Every time you get a top five single your record company immediately drops you.

At least, this is what happens in the music business according to *The Biz* (Virgin Games, £6.95), a new computer game for the Spectrum 48K. Written by Chris Sievey, a chap who with his group The Freshies once had a hit single called "I'm In Love With The Girl On The Virgin Manchester Megastore Checkout Desk", it claims to "tell it like it is" if that's so, then being in a group is more often than not boring and frustrating. Even if you're a millionaire you can't go out and buy some new stage clothes unless someone tells you to and getting a Number One single is only marginally easier than bugging a camel through the eye of a needle.

As it happens, if you do get a Number One (the object of the game) then you win the dubious pleasure of appearing on stage with Mr Sievey himself. Biz says: we'll take the money, thanks.

Fancy your chances? Well, it just so happens that we've got 15 copies of this to give away, which means, of course, that there's a question coming along just about... now Who had a 1980 hit with "Computer Game": a) Chic, b) Art Garfunkel, c) Yellow Magic Orchestra or d) Tel Aviv?

Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits The Biz Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here no later than January 16. First 15 correct answers out of the bag get a free computer game each.

OK, time to QUIT.



Dionne Warwick releases a new single, "Without Your Love", on January 4. And as if that bit of news wasn't exciting enough in itself, the record's B-side, called "It's Love", was written, produced and arranged by... Barry Manilow.

Fresh from the happening streets of New York and already receiving the thumbs aloft from Biz comes "In The Evening" by Sheryl Lee Ralph. It's a single. It's coming out on January 11.

Wiggy New York musician/artist, Laurie Anderson, has released a live-album set of her arty stage performance, *United States Live*, (the piece "O Superman" comes from). It costs a cool £25.

Remember Kirsty MacColl? In 1981 she had a hit with "There's A Guy Works Down The Chipshop Swears He's Elvis". Then in 1983 she wrote Tracey Ullman's "They Don't Know" (only good record she's ever made if you ask Biz). Now she's got another single of her own out. It's called "A New England" and is a cover version of one of Billy Bragg's distinguished songs. Kirsty's famous husband, producer Steve Lillywhite, produced it: what a talented family! (Her father's the famous folk-singer Ewan MacColl and her brother's in a group called The Roaring Boys.)

You may remember a chap called Stephen Duffy. In prehistoric times he once sang with Duran Duran. More recently he's been recording under the name of Tintin. Well, that's him on the left below in the doggy hat. On the right, in the even dogger hat, is former Pabag trombonist Freeman. Together the pair are called Dr Calculus, which is meant to be the name of a character from Tintin but actually they've got it wrong because it's Professor Calculus so Biz says "Nyah!" Whatever, their single, a one-off, is titled "Programme 7". Also, later this month Stephen "Tintin" Duffy, as he now calls himself, is bringing out a single called "Kiss Me". There you have it: all the news that's fit to print.



WHAM!



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MACCULLOCH

■ "I don't think Echo & The Bunnymen will ever be forgotten." declares Ian McCulloch modestly. "The fact is we're the best." So why have the group decided to take the next year off? Tom Hibbert investigates.

Echo & The Bunnymen played their first ever gig at Eric's club in Liverpool, on November 15 1978, and the group's manager always thought it would be a cunning wheeze if the band split up on November 15 1983 — exactly five years later.

"It was a funny thing for a manager to suggest," admits Ian McCulloch, "and when it came round to it, we didn't feel like it."

But 12 months on, they *did* feel rather like it — not appliting up completely, you understand, but at least having a bit of a rest from touring and the rock slog in general. And so they issued a press statement saying Echo & The Bunnymen won't be doing anything very much for the next year, or words to that effect.

"By putting it in the press, it meant that people like managers, record companies, tour promoters and agents realised we didn't want to do another year of what we'd done for the last four," says McCulloch. It also meant that a lot of people thought Echo & The Bunnymen were really breaking up for good — especially when the statement was followed hotly by an Ian McCulloch solo single, "September Song". So, Mac, do the Bunnymen still exist or no? Yes, he protests, they jolly well do.

"We still want to participate in being Echo & The Bunnymen — that's still the main thing. But when you're on long tours you tend to be in hotel rooms and never really communicate. Now, we're getting on really well again. I did think with the thing I've done on my own there might be a bit of resentment from the others, subconscious resentment, because if Les did something on his own, I'd be inclined to listen to it with biased ears. But the rest of the group were all for my record."

So what other "solo projects" does he have lined up?

"I don't know," McCulloch replies. "But whatever I do is capable of being a classic. I could probably mumble anything and somebody would think 'Great that. Passionate.'"

Is there not a tiny danger in taking this time out, though? Is it not possible that when the Bunnymen do re-emerge, everyone will have forgotten them? Mac's having none of it.

"I don't think Echo & The Bunnymen will ever be forgotten," he declares. "The thing that's wrong with music now is that groups that wouldn't have stood a chance in hell of doing anything in a more competitive era are getting hailed as something great, like The Redskins. The fact is that we're the best. Even as at our best isn't The Beatles or even The Doors but if we'd been placed in that era we'd have risen to the challenge. The others wouldn't stand a chance."

But even so, I suggest, pop's a fickle business and the Bunnymen's admirers might have moved on to fresh diversions in a year's time.

"Well, we've lost a lot of fans and potential record buyers over the last 18 months, anyway," says McCulloch.

Why, pray, is that?

"Because we don't like U2 or Big Country. A lot of people used to think we were part of a team and I've said loads of times that we're not that — a put people off. I mean, all that stuff you read about U2's songs, like they're from the heart or they're about something! Well if 'Pride' was about Martin Luther King getting shot — you can't sum up something like that in a horrible little totally vacuous song. I've tried not to go on about certain things that get on my wick but it just comes out."

It certainly does.

"I'm called Mac the Mouth but I've decided to call myself the Liverpool Lip."

So what else gets on the wick of the Lip? Rather a lot, it seems, with Paul Weller for starters.

"Paul Weller was a Tory five years ago but now he's like Ken Livingstone's mannequin. I just think he's as thick as two short planks, he's a non-entity. There was a headline in one of the music papers the other day — 'Paul Weller Angry At Death Of Taxi Driver' or something. Who cares if

Paul Weller's angry about it? Obviously it was a bad thing to happen but you don't have to issue statements saying how angry you are. People who are attracted by that are just little sodding deadbeats who need someone like him to give them an excuse for being the scum of the earth. People are so sodding thick and selfish. I'm selfish but at least I admit it."

Strong stuff that. And then, of course, there's poor Boy George.

"I hate anything I hear by Culture Club. His voice really gets on my wick. A year ago they were all saying he's a great white soul singer — now he's just an old sodding queen mincing around like some sickening Danny La Rue. I don't mind a good mincer but he's not even that. Bowle was good at mincing at one point and Jagger's a good mincer but Boy George doesn't even know what to do with his hand. Billy Idol's even worse."

The atmosphere's getting rather, er, stormy in here. Time to change the subject, I think. What, apart from yet-to-be-announced 'solo projects', will McCulloch be doing during the Bunnymen's leave of absence?

"Playing footie," he says. "I'm alright at footie, I can knock goals in. People think I'm fairly fragile and weedy but I'm actually not. I weigh more than I'd like to weigh (around 11 stone, fitness fans). If I'm mainly the bevvvy... And I'll probably be watching a lot of TV — Corrie (Mersey speak for Coronation Street), Hill Street Blues, footie when it's Liverpool, European films with subtitles on BBC2 but not Polish ones."

Valiate to the cinema?

"I don't go to cinemas because my bum hurts after about ten minutes."

But will he be having fun? Is such a thing possible for this gloomy young man, the Liverpool Lip?

"People say I sound like a doomy miserable turd but it's just because that's the kind of voice I've got. It's like saying Frank Sinatra sounds like Frank Sinatra. Actually, I'm a happy type of person. I'm witty and I cheer people up."

So stick that in your pipe and smoke it, mate. In you next year.



E MOUTH



Eurythmics

Julia



Chorus

(Julia) When the leaves turn from green to brown
And Autumn shades come tumbling down
(Julia) To leave a carpet on the ground
Where we have laid

(Julia) When winter leaves her branches bare
And icy breezes chill the air **(oh Julia)**
Freezing snow lies everywhere
My darling will we still be there

Oh Julia

(Julia) when Spring rejoices down the lane
And everything is new again
Will everything be just the same
Will we be there
Oh Julia

When the leaves turn from green to brown
And Autumn shades come tumbling down
(Julia) To leave a carpet on the ground
Where we have laid
Oh Julia

(Julia) when Winter leaves her branches bare
And icy breezes chill the air **(oh Julia)**
Freezing snow lies everywhere
My darling will we still be there **(Julia)**

Will we still be there
Will we still be there **(oh Julia)**
Will we still be there
Will we will we will we
Will we will we **(Julia)**
Will we will we **(Julia)**

Words and music Dave Stewart/Annie Lennox
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On Virgin Records

SHOUT FEARS

TEARS FOR

Chorus

Shout shout let it all out
These are the things I can do without
Come on I'm talking to you come on

Repeat chorus

In violent times you shouldn't have to sail your soul
In black and white they really really ought to know
These one-track minds that took you for a working boy
Kiss them goodbye you shouldn't have to jump for joy
You shouldn't have to jump for joy

Repeat chorus

They gave you life
And in return you gave them hell
As cold as ice
I hope we live to tell the tale
I hope we live to tell the tale

Repeat chorus twice

Shout shout let it all out (let it all out)
These are the things I can do without
Come on I'm talking to you come on
And when you've taken down your guard
If I could change your mind
I'd really love to break your heart
I'd really love to break your heart

Ad lib chorus to fade

Words and music Corrado Stanley
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WHSMITH

C O M P U T E R S



Subject to availability. Prices correct at time of going to press. Available at selected branches only.



NEIL

"Hello. Hello. Oh, they've all gone out at the moment so if you want to leave a message leave it with me and I'll pass it onto them. Er... please speak after you hear me make a bleepy noise and thank you everyone for treating me like an Ansafone machine."



SIMON LE BON

"If I had one I'd leave different messages all the time. Also I'd have music in the background - I'd have 'Jingle Bells' on now. And the message - 'Feed the world, let them know it's Christmastime.'"



HOWARD JONES

"I don't have one any more. I used to, but I got left millions and millions of messages. I never used to leave the messages in any case - Jan did - because if I spoke it used to encourage people to ring."



DAVE STEWART (EURYTHMICS)

"I used to have the most famous Ansafone in the business. In the end I had to get rid of it because it would get filled up in about two hours just from people ringing up and laughing. At one stage I was changing the message about four times a day. My favourite one went 'Hi! I'm sorry I couldn't come to the phone right now but David Bowie's just dropped round and Lou Reed and Keith Richards are just on the way and Grace Jones will be here in an hour or so, so I'm a bit tied up at the moment. But if you want to come round we're having a bit of a party and I'm sure David, Keith, Lou and Grace would like to meet you...'"

"I also like ringing up other people's. My favourite is Madonna's - she always acts as if it's really her and goes 'hello' or something so that you reply and feel stupid."



GARY NUMAN

"Hello. I'm not in at the moment. If you've got a kinky message or threat, then leave it after the tone."

A lot of pop stars have got telephone answering machines. So when you phone them up you hear a recorded message asking you to "speak after the tone". Except it's not normally as simple as that. Being pop stars, they've usually recorded a really silly message, or a dead clever one with music playing... We thought we'd phone up a few and see what happened.



GEORGE MICHAEL

"It's got a really garbled message that my Dad did. You have to fill up 30 seconds which is really difficult to do so it sounds like absolute rubbish. Most people put the phone down halfway through the message - which is the general idea!"



JULIAN LENNON

"Although I don't have an Ansafone at the moment, when I did have one I would always try and make different messages, depending on whether it was day or night. The day message would usually have a church organ playing in the background with the voice of a vicar saying 'Nice to see you down at the Vicarage. At the moment, however, we're all out picking daisies so we'll see you when we get back...'"

"At night, the background would be loud disco music and I'd just say we've gone out and we're boogieing on down so see ya later!"

"He I'm



SADE

"I just bought one yesterday. It's still in the box. At the moment I've got a friend who picks up the phone and says 'I don't know if she's in right now' and pretends to stomp round the flat while he whispers who it is to me and asks if I want to talk to them. I'm going to leave really simple message on it - my life has been a misery without one. Though I don't get many nuisance calls - only from the record company!"



ADAM ANT

"I prefer ridiculous messages, though it depends on my moods. Like I had one with a guy out on the prairie who apologises for not being there singing 'Four Legged Friend'. I like playing characters - I did a Kray Brothers Ansafone once, which said they'd get back to you VERY SOON... I change every week."

ello, n not here..."



MIDGE URE

"I've got an actor friend who does impersonations for me - he's done loads. There's one with Charles and Di; Charles saying that they're minding the house for me while I'm away; there's one with Robin Day; but the one I use most is Neil from The Young Ones. It's just horrible, sort of 'Oh bey ummmm. I'm not in right now... I don't know how to operate this machine... obbb.' Everybody's got so sick of it."



**RICK PARFITT
(STATUS QUO)**

"I've got one but it hasn't worked for two months. I never identify myself on it, just say the normal 'Leave your name after the nauseating tone.' I don't do silly ones in case solicitors call and things.

"I don't get a lot of nuisance callers who just put the phone down, though I've only had to change the number once. That was just after John Lennon died - someone kept phoning me up and just playing John Lennon tapes down the phone. I told the police and they got the number changed immediately."



MEAT LOAF

"My wife puts on a message saying 'I'm outside playing with the children' so that people think there's someone home and don't rob the house.

"Once we did one with this Norwegian nanny we had - all in Norwegian! Everyone bung up - we got no messages for a week. I've no idea what it meant - I think it was something dirty.

"I've also done a Shakespeare one: 'Dost thou not know to wait for the bleep?' I've also done ones with the whole family, and with the whole band.

"My favourite one to ring up though is Jim Steinman's. It's like calling Dracula's House. He doesn't say anything, just plays piano."



SUGGS (MADNESS)

"I've got one but it doesn't have a plug because I used it for the kettle. When I used it I liked using film soundtracks. I had a bit of the Warner Bros White Heat soundtrack with James Cagney saying 'Look at me. I'm on top of the world', followed by a big explosion, and I also had a bit from Dial M for Murder."



NICK HEYWARD

"I don't have one though everyone I know does. I like leaving messages. I often just switch the TV on and change the channels - if you do it in the right places you can get some really interesting things."



BOY GEORGE

"I haven't got one but I'd say something like: 'Don't bother calling if you don't want to leave a message.'"



NICK RHODES (according to Simon le Bon).

"He's got Marilyn Monroe on it but only an impersonation. It says he'd 'surely like to speak to you but Nick is out at the moment'."



NIK KERSHAW

"I leave pretty normal ones now because Sberi's got some pretty weird relatives and they objected to the others. I don't go on it myself because people can recognize my voice - we have to change the number every six months or so in any case..."



TRACEY ULLMAN

"I don't have anywhere to live here at the moment, but when I do I will have an Ansaphone. I always leave very straight messages on them as I find it very boring when people try to do witty ones. So I do boring ones, though I can never fit them into the 21 seconds.

"I get a few nuisance calls. There's one guy called John from Manchester who always rings up and says 'I'm talking to a really big star. I'm really excited.' He doesn't even sound like the type to rape me - he just sounds really boring. Can you tell him to stop?"

STAR TEASER T-TIME

All the names below who feature in the answers. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the first one is in an unbroken straight line whichever way they run.

ANSWER ON
PAGE 30

TAMM (David Essex)
TEARFULS (John Denver)
TELL ME WHY (Moussouri Quesada)
TELEVISION (Heaven 17)
TELA BUELS (Sade)
THANK YOU MY LOVE (Frank Sinatra)
THAT'S ALL (Gomez)
THAT'S THE WAY (Dead Or Alive)
THE ONE IN THE WELL (David Sylvian)
THE MEDICAL BOND (Culture Club)
THE REDS (Tina Turner)
THE SPOON (U2)
THE TROOPER (Van Halen)
THE VOW (Tina Turner)
THE WALL (Pink Floyd)
THE WANDERER (Simon and Garfunkel)
THE WILD BOYS (Guns N' Roses)
THEY DON'T KNOW (Tina Turner)
THIS IS THE LIFE (New Order)
THIS CRACKING MAN (The Smiths)
THIS IS MINE (Queen)
THRILLER (Michael Jackson)
TIME AFTER TIME (Cyndi Lauper)
TOGETHER IN ELECTRIC DREAMS (Meadowcroft 5)
TOO LATE FOR GOODBYES (Julian Lennon)
TOURING JACKSON (The Jam)
TOUR DE FRANCE (Ruben and the Onions)
TREATHER LIKE A LADY (Gloria Gaynor)
TRAIL MIXES MOVIE (Diplo)
TWO THINGS (Frankie Goes To Hollywood)

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

COMPETITION WINNERS

HOWARD JONES COMPETITION (5 December), correct answer: *By Humans* (LP Copies of the 12" Album and tubes are on their way to Joanne Grinar, Walsley, Tracy Carter, Duxton, Angela Wilson, Scarborough, Lee Edwards, Bolton, Mark Beacham, Eastville, Christine Rames, Goodneston, Faye Davis, Redfield, Vicky Holiday, Brantson, Helen Whitmore, Whoseal, Pearl Robertson, Oyne, John Luntsooke, Nottingham, Jill Taylor, Thornton, Paul Harris, Abingborough, Susan Sharp, Abbots, Jane and Wardlaw, Milton Keynes, Craig Hedga, Naghill, M. Coward, Warrminster, Lynn Curran, Oldland Common, Gas Gazzard, Naiside, Jason Collins, Puckley, Amanda Hewes, Beaton, Sandra Eversal, Walsaton, Rachel Beeton, Market Deeping, Joanne Walters, Caistor, Andy Page, Wrothbury

MICHAEL JACKSON COMPETITION (5 December), correct answer: *Human Nature*. The following prize winners each receive a Michael Jackson CD: Rebecca Hase, Lutetwater, W. Landers, Slough, Kelly Mayo, London NW6, Cassian Hamilton Chesser, Susan Coombes, East Ham, A. Burke, Selby, Sharon Harris, Salford, Angela Miller, Marescauxon, Frances Doodman, Cumber Naish, Sharon Oull, Avon

SURAN SURAN COMPETITION (22 November), correct answer: *"The Chanteyn"*. Four prize winners each receive a Suran video, Book and LP: Karen Higham, Eton Wick, Jake Rickson, Preston; R. Knights, Brighton; Sara Dawson, Colham, A. Collier, Bracton; D. Coxs, Enfield; Rachel Wiggall, Comwood, Vicky Stokes, Netherfield; L. Pickering, Swindon; Belinda Duffield, Farnham, 2nd prize winner receives a book and LP: Lisa Aggrey, Cleveland; Jill Coates, Norwich; Helen Harris, Grantham; Caroline Moseley, Bradford; Kathryn Underwood, Altherton, K. Foster, Sarnow-in-Furness; Nicola Graham, Gaywood, Debbin Crough, Swaley; Jennifer Hyland, Whitefriars Maxine Taylor, Cherry Hinton; Runners Up receive an LP each: Anita Woods, Eastham; Nicki Wills, Axford; Tammy Smith, Roydon; A. Kerr, Finchley; Charlotte McBeath, Basingstoke; Lisa Gregory, Steep; Caroline Vaughan, Woking; Lisa Hyde, Sutton-in-Asfield; Beverly Guilan, Hull; J. Sheppard, Stanley

CHRISTMAS PARTY COMPETITION (8-19 December), correct answer: *John Lee Hooker*. Alison Holmes, Harfield, has won herself a complete Christmas party for plus copset of "New Heat is What I Call Music 4" and "The Hot Album". Runner Up prizes of LP are on their way to Judith Taylor, Eastwood; Sharon Hodgson, Felby; Karen Andrews, Rochester; Jenny Constance, Chiswick; Paula McKenna, Herburn; Linda Hodgkinson, Fifeeld; Jane Radford, Bedford; Patricia Edwards, Reading; M. Diamond, Leeds 9; Trish Johnson, Cansley; Samantha Birch, Thombor; T. White-Robinson, Colchester; S. Taylor, Leigh; R. Zdzienick, Salford; Sharon Beckett, Blyton; Frances Dean, Buxton; Robert White, Polkshields; G. Elbert, Enfield; Sarah Barnes, Devon; Cathy Hutton, Warrington; Tony Jones, Polksoth; John Barber, Harwell; Cary Jones, Llandudno; Maxine Connelly, Clondon; C. Biss, Midland

STATUS QUO COMPETITION (8 December), correct answer: *The Spectres*. Martin McCall, Darlington has won first prize of Video, LP and Book. Eleven Runners Up each receive an LP: Vincent Eiken, London SW7; Michelle Lewis, Egham; M. Hughes, Peterborough; Rick Thomson, Smeeth; Mera Hadden, Turf, Walsley; Johnstone, Belthorpe; Emma Grace, Barnstaple; D. Howells, Llanelli; Joanne Burton, Solihull; Catherine Hawkins, Teddington; Nicola Barke, Preston

HICK RHODES COMPETITION (8 December), correct answer: *So Sebastian*. Copies of Nick Rhodes' book interview have been won by Nicola Pennington, Sherry, Llanvies, Aggro, Kaw, Elaine Shanks, Danny, Tracy France, Clingford; Barry Pardo, Harrogate; Karen Giercock, Bathurst; Michelle Karwood, Kings Heath; L. Davison, Rochdale; Justine West, Surney; Nadine Elliott, Rawmarsh

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One minute you're living in a broken-down house in Bristol, the next you're in one of Britain's biggest-selling groups. Yes, friends, it CAN be done (well, it took about five years, actually)! Find out HOW by reading...



The Alannah Currie Story

WORDS:
IAN
CRANNA

STARTS OVERPAGE



The Annalena Currie Story

Annalena Currie was born in a suburb of Auckland, New Zealand, on September 20, 1959. The youngest of five children by several years, she grew up "basically by myself" after her father was thrown out of the house by her brothers when she was only five. "He used to gamble like his wages so we had absolutely no money—like no money—for food and stuff." She and her mother didn't exactly see eye to eye either.

"It was like automatic rebellion. I was not going to look like anybody she wanted me to look like. I used to dress in a particularly sly way because I didn't want to attract people who weren't odd."

A decisive influence came from her grandmother, with whom Annalena would go and stay while her mother went out to work at a hospital.

"She was outrageous," Annalena recalls with a certain amount of glee. "She could do the can-can at 85! She was from England—she came from Scarborough—and had come to London aged 14 to work in the big houses but always secretly hoping to be in the Folies as a dancer. She used to get caught doing the can-can on the table by the lady of the house and get fired! Then, when she was 30, she got on a boat by herself and went to New Zealand. She had brilliant stories about England, so England was the place I needed to go."

The local comprehensive school held few charms for the restless Annalena, although she passed her exams at the age of 17. There followed six months at college and then a short, three-week career as a radio journalist. Brief as it was, it wasn't entirely without incident, as when she encountered Lou Reed, the legendary New York songwriter.

"He was a real miserable sod—he threw my tape recorder right across the room!"

Annalena does admit, however, that she was inexperienced and not particularly interested either in Lou Reed or in a career she had only taken on to please her mother. After that it was only a matter of time before she left New Zealand for Australia.

"I only had enough money to get that far, so I thought, well, I'll go there."

After a year of odd jobs in Adelaide and Sydney—fruit-picking, tobacco-picking, working in bars—she took the boat to Singapore and from there flew to London. It was 1977 and she arrived with £500 in her pocket and a head full of her grandmother's stories. There

followed a rude awakening.

"I didn't really think about that much. I just knew that London was somehow going to be a magic place. I suppose I visualised rose-covered cottages and brass doorknobs. At the same time I knew about punk so I don't know what I was expecting. But I ended up in a squat in Brixton and that wasn't what I was expecting! It was really awful. I had a terrible time—I found English people very difficult to meet, more so than people in Australia or New Zealand."

Did she ever feel like going back to New Zealand?

"Oh yes, every day for the first year. But I didn't have enough money. But then, in the second year, I started making friends. I got things together, I sorted myself out."

Among the people she met around this time was one Joe Leeway, at a dinner party given by a mutual friend. Joe was looking for somewhere to stay so Annalena, being a practical sort of person, helped him break into an empty council house down the road, change the locks and set up a squat. Before very long, somebody called Tom Bailey had moved in as well. Annalena was not impressed.

"He was so wimpy I thought, I'm not having anything to do with him, so I didn't talk to him for the first few months."

This was the era of punk and there were far more exciting things to do. Annalena was involved with the feminist and punk movements. One night she saw Gareth Sager of the notorious Pop Group doing his thing on a saxophone.

"I didn't realise it was improvisation," she confesses with a chuckle. "I thought it was just a mess and I thought, well, if he can do that, I can do that! So I got a sax and started to play."

Because punk was then in full flow there were plenty of other people in the same position.

"Everybody had a hand then. It was just something to entertain us because we didn't have much money. I suppose."

And eventually she went to see the Thompson Twins who were "not as bad as I thought they'd be".

This was the old line-up of the Thompson Twins, full of ideas about improvisation and audience participation.

"They said, come and play with us one night, and I thought, I may as well. It was so frightening a thought, I thought yeah, I'll do it and see what happens. I tend to do a lot of things out of total fear."

Her first performance on a stage was in a pub in Putney, London.

"All I had to do was play on two numbers. I wasn't even playing a tune—I was just playing my sax. It was awful and I was terrible."

After a few months in which she gained a little more confidence as a musician, Annalena decided to ditch the sax in favour of percussion, preferring "something more versatile".

She had been known to play her brother's bongos back in New Zealand but now she became influenced by the reggae rhythms of the Brixton streets. She'd buy secondhand records and play along with them back at home, gradually becoming an agile player.

Annalena greets questions about the break-up of the old Thompson Twins' line-up with a yawn but, nevertheless, it wasn't until the slimmed-down Bailey/Leeway/Currie line-up came into being that Annalena's own ideas came more to the fore—particularly her lyric-writing.

"I learned to write when I was three or four years old and I was writing things for the entertainment of my friends and family ever since. I just love words and the way they go together. I write constantly."

The late Edith Sitwell is one writer Annalena positively adores, others are Carole King, Sting, Bob Marley, David Byrne of Talking Heads and Alison Moyet. She reckons they all write "stuff you can understand and is yet not so pointed that it gives it all away".

"Sister Of Mercy" is one song that is especially dear to Annalena.

"I was really pleased because there are very few songs where women are the subject, not the object of desire. Also it deals with a very serious subject but in a manner that can get into the top ten."

"Well, not quite—it got to number 11," she laughs.

Does she ever think of taking her work further and trying a solo career?

"Oh no! How sickening! I couldn't handle it. I love to work with other people. It must be very difficult for somebody like Paul Young, because they're totally on their own, they have no support. The other thing is, no matter how you explain to them, no matter how many other friends you have, nobody knows what you're going through, and you do end up quite isolated. I'd rather be isolated with my two good mates than isolated on my own," she laughs.

So would she describe herself as a vulnerable person?

"Oh yes, very. She gives a roan's chuckle. "But not in public!"



▲ Alannah and close personal friend.



Photo: UPI

▲ Getting her just deserts (ouch!): the "You Take Me Up" video.



Photo: UPI

▲ At a Thompson Twins party at Stock's, the country house owned by "Playboy" boss Victor Lownes.



▲ One of the earliest Thompson Twins line-ups, '79: Joe's second left, Tom in the middle, Alannah far right.

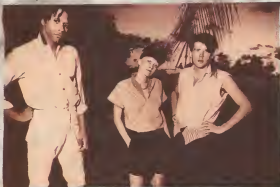


Photo: Reuters/Corbis

▲ In Nassau, '83 recording "Quick Step and Side Kick".



Photo: UPI

▲ From the "We Are Defective" video ("You SURE ABOUT THIS?—ED)



▲ Thompsons go to Hollywood (Summer '83)

Now listen I don't even want to think about it
Ah just forget it

Chorus

But when the fire goes out
The dark starts moving in
That's the truth (that's the truth)
Right now you're on the stand
And I feel like the judge
Who needs the proof (proof who needs the proof)
The slaves of truth (slaves of truth)

It was no every face in town
But I would not understand
Waiting for the news
Will it ever come my way?

Repeat Chorus

HEAVEN 17



AND THAT'S NO LIE

I wee't be heat not in a thousand years
I'll never less if I can prove you're not the one
Just leave me now you're making my blood run cold
The word is out so go your feet won't touch the ground

Now that sin has gone
I've got to shake the pain out like a man
The sweetness that's inside will slowly die away

Repeat Chorus

I wee't be heat not in a thousand years
I'll never less if I can prove you're not the one
Just leave me now you're making my blood run cold
The word is out so go your feet won't touch the ground

Who do you think you are you're making a fool of me
Make no mistake this is no fake (this is the end)

I wee't be heat not in a thousand years
Just leave me now you make blood run cold
The word is out oh oh
I won't be heat not in a thousand years
Just leave me now you make blood run cold
The word is the word is out

★ Step Off (Part I)



Chaka Khan Chaka Khan Chak Chak Chaka Khan/Chaka Khan let me rock
you let me rock you Chaka Khan! said let me rock you let me rock you
Chaka Khan! said let me rock you that's all I wanna do/Chaka Khan let me
rock you let me rock you Chaka Khan! said let me rock you 'cause I feel for
you/Chaka Khan won't you tell me what you wanna do/Do you feel
for me the way I feel for you/Chaka Khan let me tell you what I wanna do I
wanna love you wanna hug you wanna squeeze you too/So let me take you
in my arms/Let me fill you with my charms Chaka 'Cause you know I'm the
one to keep you warm Chaka! I'll make you more than just a physical spittin'
wanna rock you Chaka baby 'cause my nems is Melle Mel!

Chorus

Step step step step step off because you gotta get lost because you know
you're soft/Step step step step step off because you gotta get lost because
you know you're soft

I was sitting on the corner just a-wasting my time/When I realised I was the
king of the rhyme/I got on the microphone and what do you see/Huh the
rest was my legacy/I wee born to be the king of the bebop ewing/To have
stallions end medallions, big diamond rings/To own a castle and a yacht
two million in gold/Cause rap is a game that I control/I'm like Shakespeare
I'm a pioneer/Because I make rap something people wanted to hear/See
before my reign it was the same old same/You took the bad with the best
that street talk game/So if you ever let me make this clear/If you ever think
that we're steppin' out here/You ever think you're getting up down around
or in/You better think again my friends/Because the door is closed and
we're in town/And the only place you can go is down

Step step step step step off/Well I'm Keith Cowboy end you're my cow/So
what's an MC gonna do now/There's a gorilla be a slaughter and here's a my
plen/You won't even get bread end water my man/Gonna put you on the
racks like a pair of slacks/With another rack rapper tied to your back/And if
you want to hang yourself out to dry/I'll be the beautiful round-up in the sky/
I'm the carry-out kid when my trigger's at cock/I'll be carrying out bodies as
still as a rock/Carrying out a million dollars in my pockets and hands/But I
carry out orders from no man/Cause anything you wanna do I already did/
You used to see me rock the house when you were a kid/But in my MC
school my class was packed/And tricks were for kids so I left your ass
back/The bowlegged brother there'd never be another/d buy a mansion for
my mother/A twenty-four seven and Koolaid smile say hey crack eleven/
Look at my power

Repeat Chorus

Step step step step step off you gotta get off because you know you're
soft/A come on now you know just who I am and what I do because I'm in
demand/Because I look good eh do you hear my man end if you can't take
that/You chop your own hand/One girl at a time get an MC so how could
you think that you rank with me/If you only did your homework you would
surely find/That when Scorpio get girls they all be fine/And the only girl that
you could take of mine's the one that I left way behind/And plus you're
cheap you're petty you're music is trash/You need to go the bank and get
some cash because talking don't pay/You're drifting away when I see you
on the stage/I'm a blow you away-you're right/There is no difference
between me and you/Except I look good and you look through take that

Repeat Chorus

Words and music Kenny Gamble/Leon Huff/Anthony Jackson/Melvin
Grover/Korty Ward/Eddie Morris
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Three Music On Sugar Hill Records

★ Grandmaster Melle Mel + the Furious Five

NatWest
The Action Bank

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K I N G



LOVE & PRIDE

7" & 12" (BODY & SOUL MIX)



SEE KING
ON SATURDAY STARSHIP.
THIS SATURDAY
5TH JANUARY

Direct from the S

... OUR MOST E

of
● Yes, this is the magazine that told you The Human League would never make it. That Duran Duran were "lifeless" and "dull". That we hadn't heard the last of Bardo. That Nik Kershaw didn't have a future. That U2 weren't "the real thing". That David Bowie's "Ashes To Ashes" would go straight down the dumper the week it crashed in at Number One. Oh well . . . we all make mistakes, don't we? Eh?

SPANDAU BALLET: The Freeze (Reformation) A hit band, the only thing I hold against them is their blatant exploitation of underdeveloped countries. By this I mean their sponsorship deal with Scott's Porridge Oats which is an insult to the nation that was genocidally stomped at Culloden (Ronnie Gurr comes from Scotland—Ed.)
Ronnie Gurr (January 22 1981)

KRAFTWERK: Pocket Calculator (EM) Clearly, they have been surpassed by technology.
Peter Silverton (May 14 1981)

CULTURE CLUB: Karma Chameleon (Virgin) Three minor problems as regards this one. 1) The tempo is much speedier than our Boy is used to, being almost as bad a dancer as Jay of Bucks Fizz, how's he going to cope when he does it on the telly? 2) The mouth organ player (on the run from countless Western soundtracks) seems to be getting in the way rather a lot. And 3) The use of "karma" in title; the last popular singer to use this word was "The Beatless" George Harrison who turned "odd" soon afterwards
Tom Hibbert (September 1 1983)

MICHAEL JACKSON: Beat It (Epic) Young Mr Jackson comes over all heavy metal in an extremely disappointing follow-up to "Billie Jean". Guitar solos indeed! You can do better than this, Michael. Now beat it!
Dave Rimmer (April 14 1983)

JAPAN: Canton (Live) (Virgin) I'm sorry. I fell asleep during this.
Gary Kemp (May 26 1983)

BARRY MANILOW: You're Lookin' Hot Tonight (Arista) In theory, the man with the largest collection of unspeakable trousers in the US of A has nothing going for him. It is a medically established FACT that he can't sing for toffee and, in tests, nine out of ten people described his face as "oddlly designed" and his personality as "repugnant". But who gives a hoot about crackpot theories? Of course, Barry's new single is the usual load

of disposable tripe—so what?? Who cares?? Not our Barry, that's for sure.
Tom Hibbert (September 1 1983)

WHAM!: Club Tropicana (Innervision) This is the 4th track taken off "Fantastic" and it's a heap of meaningless summer dinel. The boys have obviously got a bad case of sunstroke.
Peter Martin (August 4 1983)

BANANARAMA: No Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye (London) I hated the original in 1970 and 12 years later this is no improvement. Maybe the Bananas need something more than mere novelty if they're not going to be totally left behind by the Belle Stars.
Johnny Black (March 3 1983)

DAVID BOWIE: Ashes To Ashes (RCA) Rather a strange choice for a single. It sounds like it's been lifted from the middle of an album where it should have been left as it needs things around it. Not a hit.
Deanne Pearson (August 7 1980)

THE VAPORS: Prisoners (United Artists) "It's a hit, it's a hit", shouts Dave Hepworth as he runs into the office clutching the new single from Guildford band The Vapors. He sez it sounds like early Quo, but to me it has that kind of Underones feel—neat and really poppy. A good debut single from a very young band.
Steve Bush (November 1 1979)

BILLY JOEL: Don't Ask Me Why (CBS) There's only one thing worse than Gilbert O'Sullivan and it's just released this record. Don't ask me why.
Mark Ellen (October 30 1980)

JAPAN: Gentlemen Take Polaroids (Virgin) Unlike Ultravox, Japan have yet to be forgiven for dressing up when everyone else was dressing down. The sounds are generously faded over an appropriately oriental sounding hook that isn't quite strong enough to close the credibility gap.
Steve Taylor (October 16 1980)

THE BUGGLES: Video Killed The

... mash Hits Hall Of Shame we bring you...

NBARRASSING SINGLES REVIEWS

the last five years.

RADIO STAR (Island) This is by a couple of geezers with a penchant for sickly production, and lies. Won't be a hit because it's too froxy, like Ymura. Try again!

Andy Partridge of XTC (September 20 1979)
(One of the aforementioned "geezers" was Trevor Horn and the record was a Number One Hit—Ed.)

DEKYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Geno (EMI) The vocalist has a bad attack of hicoughs. Vaguely disappointing.

Kelly Pike (March 20 1980)

THE LOTUS EATERS: First Picture of You (Arista) Slightly precious but highly memorable debut from a duo about whom you are going to hear quite a lot.

Mark Steels (June 9 1983)

NEW ORDER: Blue Monday (Factory) After the first 20 minutes or so, it starts to cause tense, nervous headsache.

Dave Hepworth (March 17 1983)

NIK KERSHAW: Wouldn't It Be Good (MCA) David "Scottie" Bostock, our ear-to-the-ground design editor, tells me that great things are predicted for this chap but I can't quite see it myself.

Neil Tennant (February 2 1984)

DURAN DURAN: Planet Earth (EMI) I fall these New Age Romantics really mean what they say about the music only being a part of what they're all about, then why don't they send the synthesiser back to the shop, trash the "Play In A Day Guide To Funky Bass" book and leave the sounds to bands like Sparks, who did this kind of thing years ago with considerably more style and grace and didn't make half the fuss about it. This would then leave their days free to pursue the important business of life—like running up new jodhpurs and foraging maps of Germany for snappy song titles. Talk about fopp music. This isn't just dull. It's an old kind of dull.

Dave Hepworth (Feb 19 1981)

THE THOMPSON TWINS: She's in Love With Mystery (Latent) "Tin Tin" addicts will doubtless be acquainted with The Thompson Twins. You won't, however, be making friends with the band version. Lacking in any vocal

distinction.

Mark Ellen (October 30 1980)

BILLY IDOL: Hot in the City (Chrysalis) Poor old Billy Idol! Those big eyes! Those cheekbones! That blond hair! If only he could sing and write a song—but he can't, he can't.

Neil Tennant (August 19 1982)

BARDO: Talking Out of Line (Epic) They may not have done too well in the Eurovision Song Contest but it doesn't look as though we've heard the last of Sally-Ann and Stephen.

Neil Tennant (June 24 1982)

EURYTHMICS: This is the House (RCA) The sooner the Eurythmics realise that a sharp song is worth a million clever effects, the sooner they'll stop being an "interesting" and start being a "good" band. This crochets obscure words with slices from Bowie and Grace Jones. Interested? Didn't think so.

Ian Birch (April 15 1982)

DURAN DURAN: Hungry Like The Wolf (EMI) I've never been a great fan of Mike Bon and the many Taylors, but this seems curiously lifeless even by their own standards. The wolf of the title appears to be a character who hunts women charming.

Dave Rimmer (May 13 1982)

MIKE OLDFIELD: Arrival (Virgin) When it comes to being "normal", old Mike's a few bricks short of the load.

Mark Ellen (October 30 1980)

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Being Boiled (Fast Product/EMI) A slab of ice that's only two steps ahead of a dirge. I'm still convinced the League's ideas will eventually be elaborated much better by someone else—someone whose will isn't quite as dampened by their self-consciousness.

Mark Ellen (September 18 1980)

HAZEL O'CONNOR: Writing On The Wall (A&M) This singer/songwriter/actress has received a lot of publicity but hasn't done much to justify it. The song sounds what it is, a film soundtrack, and Hazel sounds like what she is, an actress who can just about stay in tune.

Deanne Pearson (June 12, 1980)

U2: O'Clock Tick Tock (Island) U2 are an Irish import. Their music is a

subtle mix of mournful harmonies and sharp, incisive chords, very like The Cure—what better recommendation?

Deanne Pearson (June 12 1980)

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Holiday '80 (Virgin) A couple of new tunes set the scene for a well-judged reworking of Gary Glitter's "Rock and Roll" which thumps along in perfect deadpan manner until it collides with poppy P'n'P "Nightclubbing". Check in here for the Gary Glitter revival. Eye make-up optional.

"A Small Creature in Shorts" (i.e. David Hepworth) (May 1 1980)

CAPTAIN BEAKY AND HIS BAND: Trial of Hissing Sid (Polydor) Breaks entirely new ground in its continuing quest for new and exciting modes of expression. Brave, funny, sad, intensely moving and daring in its bold grasp of the real issues of living in the year 1980, this band are something more than just plain old rock'n'roll. They are plain old lads.

Dave Hepworth (April 3 1980)

THE SPECIAL A.K.A.: Too Much Too Young (2-Tone) I think these boys are pretty darn neat and I wouldn't be surprised to see them get a crack at the big time. Stranger things have been known.

Dave Hepworth (January 24 1980)

("Too Much Too Young" was a Number One record—Ed.)

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN: The Back of Love (Korova) There was a time when the suggestion that The Bunnymen might actually have a hit would have been greeted with snorts of derision. Nowadays I'm not so sure.

Dave Hepworth (May 27, 1982)

CULTURE CLUB: Do You Really Want To Hurt Me (Virgin) For a minute I thought this was an old Dennis Brown single wrongly labelled. Gentle, confident reggae track with a proper vocal on a time, if most-eyed, composition. A hit, quite possibly.

Dave Hepworth (September 2, 1982)

WHAMI: Wake Me Up Before You Go Go (Epic) An absolutely dreadful comeback in which George and Andrew ditch everything they do well in favour of a feeble foray into Shakin' Stevens country. Sounds like Darts or some similarly weak

'50s impersonators.
Dave Rimmer (May 10 1984)

WHAM!: Freedom (Epic) Although this sounds like The Truth on a wet afternoon, it will undoubtedly be a hit. Such is life.

Dave Rimmer (September 13 1984)

MALCOLM McLAREN & THE WORLD FAMOUS SUPREME TEAM: Buffalo Girls (Charisma) This week's act of great folly.

Deborah Steels (November 25, 1982)

DURAN DURAN: Girls On Film (EMI) The first five minutes are the worst.

Johnny Black (July 23 1981)

THOMPSON TWINS: Make Believe (T Records) The song lacks real appeal and the Twins remain an outfit loaded with possibilities rather than one ready to deliver the goods at this point in time.

Fred DeRar (October 15 1981)

SPANDAU BALLET: Paint Me Down (Reformation) They should have been content to be one hit wonders.

Johnny Black (November 12 1981)

THE SOFT BOYS: Only The Stones Remain (Armageddon) Their time must surely come.

Ian Birch (December 10 1981)

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD: Relax (Zang Tumb Tuum) Naughty lyrics that will shock the powers that be at the BBC. Which is a shame as this powerhouse dance record screams out to be heard.

Mark Steels (November 10 1983)

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: The Sound of The Crowd (Virgin) I see it now... the year is 2000! Revivalist groups are trying to reconstruct the genuine sound of the synthesiser. They achieve by banging a hammer on a corrugated roof in time to an assortment of fog-horns, humming kettles and finely-tuned cake tins. Much like this in fact. And very good it is, too.

Mark Ellen (April 30 1981)

Finally, in this section, a couple of newbies which we can't resist lumping together: "Homicide" by 999, which is already in the charts and "So Lonely" by The Police. Arresting stuff.

Chris Hall (January 1979)



Last summer my brother took me to a local open-air concert where I saw a group called the Force Feeding. I thought they were great so could you please find out any details about them. Also, where did they get their name from?

Keren Hunter, Lowestoft.

Formed about six months ago, the Force Feeding (their name comes "from divine inspiration . . .") are made up of Steve Topping (guitarist who's played with well-known jazz funk saxman Alan Holdsworth) and Steve Clarke (he's also played drums with Bananarama and Jan Wozble), completed by Larry Dundas (bass) and "keyboards wizard" Pete Jacobson (he can be heard on Level 42 and Morrissey Muller records). "Disillusioned" with the state of pop music today, they see themselves as "a neo-classical rock band playing modern progressive music for the '80s . . ." They're currently recording demo tapes and "talking" to record companies but have yet to release any records.



Steve Topping (left) and Steve Clarke of The Force Feeding

Is Bono pronounced Bono es in Simon le Bon (-o) or is it Bono as in Bone (-o)? Please sort this out as my pride (no pun intended) is at stake.

A Silver Teaspoon, Chelmsford.

Problem is, if a not pronounced as it's spelled. Bono (real name Paul Hewson) says Borno as in le Bon (-o). As in rhyming with mono. Any clearer?

We'd like to know on which day Radio 1 recorded their Depeche Mode concert which they broadcast on December 1. We reckon it was the one we went to—November 1! Also, could you find out where singer Dave Gehan went his groovy shirts from?

Five Intellectuals, Dertford.

The concert did come from the same venue—HammerSmith Odeon—but the BBC went the following night, November 2. No great loss, and I'd imagine you probably saved yourselves a lot of time while they set up the equipment, rehearsed the audience, etc. You mean you still don't feel any better. As for Dave's shirts—Mr Modest himself shops in the Kings Road, Chelsea. Incidentally, his collar-size is 15½.



I've been trying to find out the name of Roger Taylor of Duran Duran's dog. Can you do anything to help?

J. Welker, Stevenage.

Described by the Duran fan club secretary as "a lovely bouncy puppy", Roger was given the dog a boxer, for his 24th birthday last April 26 and promptly christened him Roxy. Oh well.

On the inside sleeve of Merillion's brilliant new live LP, there's a bit of a letter which says "See you soon, phone from Zurich. Love Fish". Can you tell me who this was written to? Don't say his girlfriends.

S. Williams, Weisall.

I wouldn't dare, especially since Fish claims there's nobody special at the moment! The sleeve actually features extracts of a letter Fish sent to the sleeve's designer Mark Wilkinson, in which the singer suggests that some Marillon paraphernalia (or "Marillographenalia") be incorporated into the design. Obviously, Mark has taken this quite literally—if you look quite closely, you can practically piece together the whole letter.



In the video for Lloyd Cole & The Commotions' "Rattlesnakes", the camera didn't go anywhere near Lloyd's feet, so could you tell me what he was wearing on them?

A Shy Girl, Orebro.

The camera deliberately steered clear of his feet as Lloyd had them in plaster at the time—the result of a bad fall off stage when he played in Germany a few weeks previously.

Please give me a list of all Madonna's releases in Britain because I saw her on Top Of The Pops and I think I'm in love with her. Also, where can I write to her?

Anon., Belfast 15. P.S. If my girlfriend finds out about this, I'm in Big Trouble.

Your secret safe with us. Singles on WEA are: "Everybody" (Dec '82, now deleted), "Lucky Star" (Sep '83), "Holiday" (Nov '83), "Borderline" (May '84, now deleted) and "Like A Virgin" (Nov '84). Albums: "Madonna" (Nov '83) and "Like A Virgin" (Nov '84). She still hasn't got round to starting a fan club but WEA's Customer Services department will "attempt to pass on" any mail received. Try writing to: WEA Records, PO Box 59, Apertown Lane, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 1TF.



Madonnas: so loveable

Please find out where Sereh of Bananarama got her big loopy earrings from, as seen on The Des O'Connor Show. I've been dying to get a pair for ages.

Mendie Conroy, Rainham.

Also called "gypsy earrings, these gold-coloured little items will set you back around £4.00 from most branches of Miss Selfridge. Don't all rush at once now.

Some issue back, on this very page, we told you that the theme tune to The Tube was titled "Ster Cycle". The title, written by Jeff Beck with renowned multi-instrumentalist Jen Hammer, was the first signature tune, replaced some time back by the current es-yet-untitled Jeff Beck/Trevor Horn composition. Written especially for the series, it should turn up on Jeff Beck's new LP which is tentatively titled "Get Working" and due out next month. It's rumoured that Trevor Horn also "has an idea for it, using a special guest vocalist . . ." We're all ears.



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Sack on this for sunshine ☺
This is a resurrection of the good times
Hep hep cats sinners brats sunshine
This is a resurrection of the
Yeah yeah good times

I said hep cats sinners brats
Sack on this for sunshine
This is a resurrection
Yeah of the good times ☺

Resurrection Joe resurrection Joe

Two soldiers went marching
Down an empty road ☆
With their guilty load
One turned to the other and said
"I am dead."

This is my warning oh to you
My resurrection for you yeah yeah

I said hep hep hep hep hep
Hep hep hep hep hep hep cats
Sack on this for sunshine
Resurrection Joe Resurrection Joe

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THE CULT TV
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ON SALE JAN 10

SMASH HITS/SINCLAIR COMPETITION

WIN A DREAM HOME COMPUTER

The last of the pine needles have finally been booted up. A stray mince pie has been removed from down the back of the radiator. The floor's littered with half-finished jigsaws and games involving lots of really complicated springs and ball bearings that have unfortunately just been trodden on. There's someone still singing "Auld Lang Syne" in the airing cupboard upstairs.

In other words: It's over. The festive season is no more. And you're sitting there thinking to yourself, "self", you're thinking, "how I wish I had a really enormous package containing a super-modern home computer and a load of extremely entertaining software to go with it. That would really make life seem, you know, quite a lot better."

Well you can. And this - exactly - is what

we're talking about. The competition we're running with Sinclair offers:-

A FIRST PRIZE of a Sinclair QL computer that comes complete with four software programs.

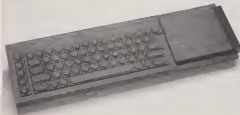
A SECOND PRIZE of a Sinclair ZX Spectrum Plus with a package of six software programs.

AND 50 RUNNERS-UP PRIZES of a computer game - "Doomdark's Revenge" (designed for Spectrums) - a game which follows Luxor The Moonprince on his quest into the land of Icemark to rescue his son Morkin" (that's what it says here) and "Spy Vs Spy" (designed for Commodore 64s) "the rival black and white spies from MAD magazine battle it out in a foreign embassy searching for the top secret briefcase" (ditto).

Here's a question: which of these recent films features a story about a boy who gets the biggest ever score on an arcade video game? Was it a) Dune, b) The Search For Spock, c) Give My Regards To Broad Street, or d) The Last Starfighter?

Bung your answer on a postcard (or the back of an envelope) and aim it in the direction of Smash Hits/Sinclair Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ. And quickly. It's got to get there by January 16. First right answer out of the bag gets the Sinclair QL plus programs, the next gets the ZX Spectrum Plus. And the next 50 get a computer game apiece (state which type of computer you've got).

Well... everyone else has started!



FIRST PRIZE: The extremely desirable Sinclair QL computer plus software.



SECOND PRIZE: the extremely desirable ZX Sinclair Spectrum Plus Computer plus software.



50 RUNNERS-UP PRIZES: games of "Doomdark's Revenge" and "Spy Vs Spy."

ACROSS

- 1 Riddler! (3,7)
 8 Send the night wake you up
 9 A city, an Ultravox hit and Rigby's cat
 10 John Oates' album (5,4)
 12 Madonna hit that made you go red
 14 Games once played by The Pinkettes
 16 Hole in shoe kippis
 18 With which you hear all the good sounds
 19 Neo Draw torries or Manchester band (anag. 3,5)
 21 Linnah's record label (1, 1, 1)

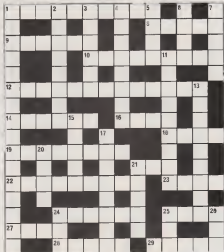
- 22 and 3 down Obviously the brightest, most intelligent sort of person in the world! (5,4,6)
 23 You might get cheap records at one
 24 Diting's sort of bobbies
 25 Bryn Ferry's kind of music
 27 Just the flower for Royce
 28 and 29 Mama of a political pop group - or just Lennon, Wells and Lysons? (5,5)

CROSSWORD

DOWN

- 1 Linnah's long-winded tale (5,6,5)
 2 Neag Kagg makes a band treated with respect (anag. 4,4)
 3 See 22 across
 4 Like Beatie George - or maybe Star Wars Ford
 5 Structure once built by Pink Floyd
 6 Sid Gennesis record it to keep Muen?
 7 'Owe _____ Day' (Ultravox)
 11 News vendor (4,5)
 13 Top Halford man as a hit for Duran Duran (anag. 3, 5)
 15 Duran's planet

- 17 Tonic dispensed in Stephanie Mills' song
 20 'Froddon' fighters
 21 County in which David lives?
 24 Little Fatso
 25 One to be found before Spangenberg (anag. 1, 1, 1)
 26 Band you can't say 'no' to



ANSWERS ON PAGE 30

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I'm tall and dead fit and looking for girl pen pals into Wham!, Duran Duran, Howard Jones and the Thompson Twins. I'm aged 14 so all you girls aged 13 +, write to: Simon 3 Clonville Road, Treprey, Alkington, Cheshire

Lonely female punk aged 17 into black clothes and all punk, seeks pen pals. Make someone happy with a letter write to: Abby, 6 Clifden Road, Hackney, London E5 8LQ

Calling all Ultravoxians: make a 16 year old Ultravox extra-happy this Christmas! Write to: Jillwace Fan, 23 Long Red Lane, Madinglee, Kent ME16 9LB

I'm a 16 year old mole into The Police, Howard Jones, UB40 and N.W.G. Rates include C.C. and D.D. Females aged 14-16 write to: Shehri, 43 Millers Park, Westingford, Northants NN8 2ND

I'm a British personality living in an American boy! I'm 16 and I love Duran, Wham!, The Thompson Twins, Frankie, Depeche Mode, Sade and The Fix. Contact me: Jenni Mills, at 3 N. Oaks Road, St Paul, MN 55110 USA

I'm a 19 year old male and I'd like pen pals from all over the world. My interests are music, stamps, road tripping and travelling. Fan groups are: Wham!, C.C. D.D. Spandau Ballet, Pointer Sisters, etc. Please write to: Steve Chong, 45 Leboh Enggang, off Jalan Meru, Kelang Selangor W Malaysia

Hi, I'm Mitch and I'm aged 13. I like FGTH, Depeche Mode, Howard Jones and cross country running. I dislike faxes and hippies. Write to: Michele Clarkson, 75 Pine Court, Longs, Northampton NN3 4P

Happy New Year! all you lonely guys! A good-humored female would like all males to write to age limit! However, it's essential that you like most good music... but not Duran Duran! Crazy people start writing now to: Jane Rocks Park Road, Lickfield, E. Sussex, TN22 2AX

I'm 16 and an smart dresser. I'm mainly into soul and funk but I also like other types of disco music. Any of us aged 15-16 write to: Aash, 170 Swaine Road, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 9BU

If you want to write to someone who's talented, funny and has good taste—looking further... I'm 17 1/2 female and into David Bowie, Echo & The Bunnymen and a hell more. Dislikes include: Duran Duran and heavy metal. Write to: Kim Muroski, Cellops Lane, Stillhams, Nr Thuro, Cornwall TR3 7BA

I'm 17 and my name's Foydeleen Sinclair. My hobbies include listening to Bob Marley, swimming and reading. My address is: 15 Cawston Road, Sheffield S4 7DG

My name's Andy and I'm tall, good looking bloke. My interests include rugby, Kim Wilde and Nik Kershaw. Interested? Then write to: Andy, 24 Hawthorn Street, Hill, N. Humberstone HU8 7RD

I'm Sue and I'd be pleased to write to you! My hobbies are roller skating, most sports and disco and pop music. Fan groups are The Cure, Thompson Twins, Depeche Mode and Wham's music (but not them). If you feel you're up to writing after knowing all this, write to me at: 4 Kingsland Garage, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 6H

I'm 15, trendy and good looking. I like Duran Duran, Nik Kershaw, Bowie and U2. Girls aged 13-16 please write soon! Contact me at: 15 Canossa Estate, Ludgvan, Penzance, Cornwall

I'm not at all trendy! but wit is up my street! so lyrics-wise I think Nik Kershaw's words are really neat! I'm 17 and female and I love to write in verse, so contact me at: Fozal Catterton, 89 Spencers Croft, Harlow, Essex CM18 6JT

I'm a bored 15 year old female who's absolutely crazy about John Taylor. I also like FGTH, Eurythmics and Howard Jones. Any boys welcome! Contact: Sarah Newton, 19 Carters Croft, Upper Tean, Stoke-on-Trent Staffs ST10 4JB

I am a Swedish boy and I'd like pen pals aged one to 100. Interested in animals, stamps, writing letters and music. Write to: Mathias Kesson, Sorgvadsytan 53, 58299 Ljungkoping, Sweden

Calling all Chaka Khan fanatics! Anyone, male or female, who's into Chaka, please write to this desperate 13 year old post-pusher. Contact: Jennie Gardner, 21 Laburnum Grove, Witchores Hill, London N21 3HT

I am 13 going on 14. I'm into Spandau Ballet and Wham! Contact: Nabil Stevens, 3 Marydel Lane, Chesham, Basingstoke, Hants

A cool Scottish modette would dig writing to witty and intelligent mods or scooter boys into Small Faces, early Who, soul music and general mod types. Be cool and write to me! Contact: Lucy, 29 St John's Road, Broxburn, West Lothian EH52 6QY

Hello folks! I'd like to jangle here, just writing to say I'm aged 21 and have an 'open ear' for music. Punk rock is classical—I'm not! Anyone interested write to: Gilly, 38 Hampton Gardens, Eynesbury, St Neots, Cambs PE19 2DU

Two punks Paul and Dave, would like to hear from pen pals. Must like the mod scene and have a strong sense of humour. We're into AC/DC, Rod Squad, Conflict, etc. Write to us at: 16 Portland Street, Whitwell, Worskep, Notts

My name is Patina (Tim) I'm 13 and I'm 5'9" tall. I like Wham!, Michael Jackson and all funk music. I also like modern dancing. Contact: Patina Simmonds, 143 Manselville Road, Enfield EN3 6SD

Want to write to someone with good taste in music and a bit of sense of humor? We'll get your pen out here! I like any music that sounds good but I dislike punk. Duran and Culture Club. I also like Tommy On The Loose. I'm 16 so if interested write to: Sue, 4 Princess Street, Lees, Didsam DL4 5AF

My name's Heyley I'm 17, into Shak'n' Saevens, Eiva Prexy and more. I love '50s and '60s music so if there's any rock, 'n' roll, tell us that, get scribbling to me at: 19 Ludwick Walk, Lennox Estate, Roehampton, London SW15 8UE

I dislike doing homework snow and having to get up early. I like David Bowie, Eurythmics, Pink Floyd and more. I'd especially want to see my name printed in Smash Hit! Write to me: Aida Emmet, at Twicken, 241, 0675 Oslo 6, Norway

Billy Ocean

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Check locally before stepping out. Another Finger-Clicking Lisa Anthony Production.

- **The Three Degrees:** Stanley County Durham (January 24/25/26), Wernington Spectrum (February 1), Southampton New Theatre (2), Croydon Fairfield Centre (3), Dartford The Orchard (5), Margate Winter Gardens (7), Cardiff St. David's Hall (8), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (9), Darlington Civic Theatre (10), Inverness Eden Court (13), Glasgow Theatre Royal (14), Lochgelly Arts Centre (15), Stoke-On-Trent Theatre Royal (17), Northampton Deingate (18), Harrogate Centre (21), Sunderland Empire Theatre (23), Sackport Davenport Theatre (24), Neath West Glamorgan Gwynn Hall (March 27), Merthyr Tydfil Odgers Club (28/29), Fareham Harbours Fareham Hall (31)
- **Chaka Khan:** Manchester Apollo (January 21), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Nottingham Royal Centre (24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Reading Hexagon (26), London Hammersmith Odeon (28/29), Poole Arts Centre (31, February 2).
- **Time Turner:** Brighton Centre (March 11), Bouremouth International Centre (12), Wembley Arena (16/17), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Manchester Apollo (21).

Birmingham NEC (23).

- **Stranglers:** Brighton Conference Centre (February 7), Bouremouth International Centre (8), Shepton Mallet Showring Pavilion (9), Oxford Apollo (11), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (12), Shevry-City Hall (13), Glasgow Apollo (15), Aberdeen Capitol (16), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), London Dominion (25/26).
- **Shalimar:** Bristol Colston Hall (January 19), Cardiff St David's Hall (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21), Sheffield City Hall (22), Manchester Apollo (24), Harrogate Centre (25), Glasgow Apollo (26), Aberdeen Capitol (27), Edinburgh Playhouse (29), Newcastle City Hall (30), Southampton Theatre (31), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (February 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Nottingham Deingate (3), Ipswich Gasworks (5), Wolverhampton Civic (6), Brighton Dome (8), Poole Arts Centre (9), Croydon Fairfield Hall (10), Portsmouth Guildhall (11), Reading Hexagon (12), London Dominion (14/15).

- **Stranglers:** Brighton Conference Centre (February 7), Bouremouth International Centre (8), Shepton Mallet Showring Pavilion (9), Oxford Apollo (11), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (12), Shevry-City Hall (13), Glasgow Apollo (15), Aberdeen Capitol (16), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), London Dominion (25/26).

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STAR TEASER

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CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 28

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DOWN: 1 'Never Ending Story'; 2 Keanu; 4 (George) Harrison; 5 'The Wall'; 6 'Mama'; 7 '(One) Small (Day)'; 11 Huey Lewis (And The News); 13 'The Reflex'; 15 (Planet) Earth; 17 (The) Police; 18 (Singer); 20 Wham; 21 (David) Essex; 24 Pat; 25 REO (Speedwagon); 26 Yes

"WILL GEORGE MICHAEL EVER APPEAR ON STAGE AGAIN?"

Of course he will. But that didn't stop people asking questions like that on the news the day he strained his back and Wham! had to cancel a concert. Chris Heath was there at the time, saw it all happen and travelled back with George to his parents' place in London.

All photos: Mike Putland

"I'm not doing it.

George Michael walks despondently through the foyer of the Selby Fork hotel. The entire Wham! entourage — who are sitting impatiently, surrounded by their luggage, waiting for the word to head off to Edinburgh for tonight's concert — look up in amazement.

In just eight hours from now, 8,000 screaming Scottish fans are expecting George and Andrew to bound on stage. Some have been queuing outside the venue since early this morning. Not to get tickets — the whole tour is, of course, a complete sell-out — but just to get the best positions near

the front of the stage. And now they're being told that Wham! won't be there. George woke up this morning with back pains. A lengthy inspection by an osteopath in nearby Wetherby has resulted in a diagnosis of "an acute strain in one of the lower vertebrae along the lumbar line of the back"

(whatever that means). Or as the *News Of The World* puts it the next day: "Hip-wiggling Wham! heart-throb George Michael was ordered to rest yesterday after wrenching his back in a sexy stage dance routine!" But rest is the last thing Wham!'s lead singer can afford in the middle of their most successful



Shirt problems in the dressing room. "It's struck! It's going to fall out."

"Hip-wiggling Wham! heart-throb with bronzed bombshell"? No, not really — just George Michael posing with one of the backing singers.



Only seconds away from the stage.



British tour ever.

No wonder Jake Duncan, their usually unflappable tour manager, looks worried. What are we going to do now?

"Panic," he answers.

And everything had been going so well. The previous night's show was at the Queen's Hall in Leeds. There total Wham! mania prevails. Outside, belowhand, the cause stretches four abreast for at least a quarter of a mile. Inside the first girl faints when the first quiet background music is pumped through the P.A., a full hour and a half before Wham! even appear on stage. Already the hall is ringing with a loveless chant of "We want Wham!" that is only slightly dampened when way Gary Crowley of *Earsay* and Capitol Radio fame comes on.

"Don't be a poseur! Put your hands in the air!" he shouts, spinning a few hip records. Most do, but it's clear they're only killing time before the main attraction.

In the dressing room upstairs the backing band sit around watching TV, munching sandwiches and fruit, drinking and putting the finishing touches to their make-up. "Careless Whisper" is familiar solo waits in from a nearby room as the saxophonist warms up.

George Michael is fretting about his white shirt. "It's shrunk! It's going to fall out," he mutters worriedly, tucking it tightly into his black ski-pants. No-one really takes any notice.

Then in bounces Andrew, wearing his ankle-length red tartan coat. "Come on," he says self-heartedly, "let's go end the show."

They run onstage to "Wake Me Up Before You Go Go" and the place explodes. 7,000 people, mostly girls in their mad teens, go berserk. The flow of limp bodies being dragged out over the front of the crowd by the bouncers turns into a flood that keeps them busy non-stop for the next 80 minutes.

The show itself is pure pantomime. Wham! use every showbiz trick in the book. George never stops moving—splitting the audience into sections for singalongs, teasing them when Andrew goes off that he can't remember who's missing, getting sneaks from first the boys ("yeeh!") and then the girls ("yeeeeeoooooooooahhh!"), throwing cups of water on everyone.

"I think we're the most entertaining pop act since the moment," he says as just too Duran Duran, the usually Spendeu Ball.

think the people go away having had stamina to break in the they disappear they do dozen numbers time, which photos of the inaudible delirious "Involuntarily" Last Hardy a lendm mind, in fact every really moody close-up of George or Andrew, especia

kissing a girl, the crowd screams louder than ever.

Then back come Wham! in new clothes. After a couple more album tracks, they finish with the rest of the hits. Below the bouncers try to calm the audience with wet sponges and plastic cups of water. First comes "Freedom", then "Careless Whisper"—"Thank you very much for making this Number One," says George earnestly before proving once and for all that he can sing as well live as he can on record), then "Young Guns" (with cowboy hats and the usual play-acting). Then, as an encore, "Wake Me Up" again.

Out the back of the auditorium on the concrete floor of a huge bare car park are about twenty stretchers. On each is a fainted Wham! fan slowly recovering as the finale—a seemingly endless singalong version of "Last Christmas"—drifts in from the stage area. Most of these fans are conscious and in tears. One girl is writhing uncontrollably while a St. Johns Ambulance man covers her mouth and nose with a brown paper bag under instructions from his boss—"Quick! She's hyperventilating!"—to cut down her oxygen intake.

"We've had to treat about 200 people tonight," one of them tells me. "No-one's seriously hurt, though two have been taken to hospital." He gestures at the surrounding chaos with a bemused expression on his face, as if to say "How can a couple of blokes singing a few pop songs cause all this?"

"I used to feel worried about it," George later tells me, "but there's never been any injury or damage done. Last year, when we just had an ordinary lmo leaving the gigs, I used to dread it because you used to get girls putting their arms through the hinge. That nearly happened once. I just have this recurring image of this arm on the floor of the lmo. It would only take one thing like that and you'd have to stop for good."

These days, though, George and Andrew do a runner the moment they get offstage, they're comfortably on the way to the hotel by the time any fans appear round the beck to catch them. The fans are still waiting when the coach containing the rest of the band leaves three-quarters of an hour later. More girls are expectantly lined up outside the nearby hotel but their

son't be rewarded anywhere that they're as just too Duran Duran, the usually Spendeu Ball.

Andrew? the stamina to break in the they disappear they do dozen numbers time, which photos of the inaudible delirious "Involuntarily" Last Hardy a lendm mind, in fact every really moody close-up of George or Andrew, especia



Singing "Careless Whisper" and showing off those bouncers? "I was determined to do the shufflecocks again because everybody found it so offensive. But I couldn't get them down those ski-pants—or I and I wouldn't be able to get them out again."

The whole band on stage as 7,000 fans scream for a stretcher.





The famous tartan suit – so loud you can hardly hear the guitar



The second half. Sporting another sober suit from the Rajzjevy Collection (does this man own shares in Persé?) Andrew practises his famous Concrete expression



"Young Guns"



The stretchers out the back and, on them, just some of the 200 fans treated tonight.

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“At least we don’t lose money,” he says with a shrug, “insured against the taking of a sell-out concert – about £100,000. But it’s the kids of course who make it broadcast on the local radio station and stuff but there’s no chaos, girls crying outside the venue and everything.”

And George having a meal to work out how he can pay the bill when he’s only got a £50 note – and wondering how he hurt his back. He reckons it was probably due to jumping off the central stage rostrum of Twisting Silhouettes and, during his performance, later, he confesses that the impersonation of a Madonna dance routine he gave in the dressing-room beforehand may have been responsible.

“I hate pulling the gig,” he sighs, “but we’re only human.”

Everyone else is crammed into the tour coach but we’re in the more luxurious minibus with George, sister Melanie, girlfriend Pat, his minder and the driver. On the way George sings along to a selection of his favourite songs – Paul Young’s “Playhouse”, “The Riddle” by Nik Kershaw (who was at last night’s concert), Duran’s “The Reflex” (“I actually do like them”), Was (Not Was)’s “Where Did Your Heart Go?” (“we ripped off ‘Bad Boys’ from their ‘Tell Me That I’m Dreaming’) – cleans his teeth (“What! always clean their teeth”), and chats about anything and everything.

“I feel really terrible when I think about letting all those people down tonight. But there’s the rest of the tour to think about. And there’s me to think about too. Would anyone who was coming tonight want me to mess up my back for their evening out?”

Last year George split out to Smash Hits the plan for 1984 “Wake Me Up”, “Careless Whisper”, “Freedom”, “Last Christmas” were to be Number One hits, in that order. We didn’t

re give him.

Everything just seemed to go our way so perfectly this year—over 3 million records in eight months. I think we did the biggest-selling artists in Britain right now including Last Christmas, we've got a lot of "releases" of course don't we? I think we've got a record a fortnight—number two was fantastic, and you couldn't wish for a better record—in what it stands or to outsell us. I rather it was that than some Black Lace record.

All my profits from Last Christmas are going to Ethiopia too. Band Aid was great, but it was only one day out of everybody's lives. I don't think that's enough. And you can't have a conscience about these things when you're making a ridiculous amount of money. I tried to get the record company to give their share too but they didn't want to set a precedent. But I hope some other people in the Christmas Top Ten will do the same."

You'd reckon George Michael ought to be disgustingly happy. He's got youth, looks, success and bags of money. "I'm enough to live very well for the rest of my life if I stopped tomorrow". But now he's discovering that fame does have its less pleasant side.

This year—apart from the gigs themselves—being on tour has been horrible. All I do is hide away in a state. It's driving me mad. It's making me think very seriously about whether it's all worth it. Up to a certain point, fame is quite fun and just a bit of a pain, but then it goes over the edge and you realise you're spending all your time writing your name.

If we decide to pursue our recent American success then I may well end up being a 22-year-old hermit."

Apart from having a good break after the World Tour finishes to think about things, plans for 1985 are fairly vague.

"I've got one song, a very old song which I'm thinking of releasing this year. It's called 'Stephen'. It's a really depressing song about someone whose wife or lover is supposed to have died. It's about how some people just don't get over bereavement. It's somebody that I know. If it comes out it would have to be a George Michael single. Wham! singles aren't about depression, broken hearts... 'Careless Whisper' would have sounded ridiculous as a Wham! single; so would 'Stephen'. Wham! singles are pop singles with some energy.

"Also Wham! is me and Andrew. There's a huge difference between my idea of me alone and my image of both of us. If I stopped writing the type of songs that have made us successful this year then there'd be no point Wham! continuing."

George is still chatting away four hours later when we reach the outskirts of London. He jokes with Pat ("his personal adviser, chocolate buyer and mascot holder")—who teasingly describes him as "a lovely boy... warm and tender... but he was a more handsome and intelligent when he had brown hair"—and discusses women's magazines with his sister.



Comparing their hangovers the next morning: Pops, George's sister Melanie, and Shirley



Andrew, still looking decidedly like "The Wild Woman of Borneo", lends off more unwelcome attention on the coach home



George, girlfriend Pat Fernandez ("You'll be the first people to spell it right") and holding Billy the Bear from Glasgow: "George was much more handsome and intelligent when he had brown hair."

"Those adverts!" he says. "There's always a couple in them who look like they've just had the most perfect sex. It's so unrealistic. The earth's never moved for me. But," he adds, "I'm open to offers!" He also explains the ring he wears on the fourth finger of his left hand which says "YOG": "The Greek for George is something like 'Vorgos'—you can't really say it in English—Andy started calling me it. My Mum and Dad gave me the ring, though. Everyone thinks it's an engagement ring—it's not. It's just the only finger it'll fit on."

At the end of a suburban lane, we stop in the drive of a large house fronted by white pseudo-classical pillars. Outside is parked a blue Rolls Royce. This is George's parents house, where George still lives though he is moving out later in the year.

He's greeted by his father who tells him off in a strong Greek accent for not phoning. Apparently a ridiculously exaggerated report of George's back condition has been on the radio news bulletins—"Will George Michael Ever Appear On Stage Again? Shock! Horror! George reassures him and ushers us into the plush open-plan downstairs rooms. The walls are tastefully littered with promotional pictures of George and Wham!, and the odd gold or silver disc. "I'm taking them when I leave," he firmly reminds his mother when she returns from the shops a few minutes later. She makes us coffee, and George tea "with honey for my throat." Then we sit and listen to them natter on, him explaining how fed up he's getting with the public attention "it's what you've got to expect, George," she

scolds. Now and again he says very unmeagrar-like things like "Can I have another cup of tea, Mum?"

Then it's goodbye. Off we drive, past the place on the right where he used to have violin lessons ("for 6 years—and I only got grade 4!"), back to his manager's central London office where he's to meet another osteopath to get a second opinion on his back.

And the rest of the tour? "I'll be at Bournemouth on Monday," she states confidently. Which will mean more screaming, fainting and hysterics, and a good time for another 10,000 people.

"Ideally," he says, "our gigs wouldn't be 'scream' things but, as they are, I believe in being the best kind of band for that audience there is."

MALCOLM MCLAREN

my carmen is a wild and free-spirited girl, black, tough and from an industrial city.

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she is a gang leader admired by both sexes.

she is a striptease artiste in times square, new york city.

she loves to strip to carmen's habanera from bizzet's opera.

she can get any man that she wants, but likes the one who tries not to notice her — the shy one. all boys know that to be seduced by carmen is to make love to the devil — they don't care. that night will be the night of all nights.

she is a subversive, clever and shockingly beautiful woman. she is the girl sitting in an empty room, by an open fire splattered with old gold. she is naked, save for a red velvet curtain wrapped around her and held together by her lovers' belts. her forehead is red hot.

she is the girl that a stupid innocent will kill out of jealousy. she will lay claim to you and open her arms. trapped, you will act like a drunken man, unaware of her spell, and commit yourself to her forever, only to be turned away for being such a wimp and a straight 9-5.

she will eventually confront death and laugh at it in your face.

she will not give in. free she was born and free she will die.

love for her is something that takes you by surprise. when you think you've caught it, it escapes you. when you think you don't care, it comes right back at you.

i played the stupid innocent.

Malcolm McLaren

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RCA

Dear Black Type.

Bing bong din pom chin, bung bong din pom chin, bung bong din pom chin, him boo bee bee boo. *George Michael's Hair Beach*, Cheltenham.

Please. Please. Not so loud.

Feeling a bit queasy in the head department at the moment. New Year's celebrations. Blimey! Talk about pushing the boat out! Didn't get to bed until half past twelve, what with a Hogmanaying round the Xmas tree, toasting the year in with cherry brandy etc. Groooh. Never again.

Eure Schreibberlinge sind ja wohl Scherzkeleke! Was meinst ihr mit "by the way" off apple in the UK only...? Jetzt hab ich mir Euer Witzblatt dreimal umsonst gekauft! Zat meers: nine Deutschnmarks for nosing, man! You are discriminating against non-Britons; I have got a rrrright to get at least the U2 badge to make my Dirmid look even more dazzling!

Manfred Mann's Squash Recket, Düsseldorf, W. Germany.

Ohlawks! My eyes have gone all wonky now!... Oh, I see, it's foreign. Gave me quite a nasty turn there, Racket, which in my delicate state could prove fatal. (By the by, shouldn't that be Racquet? This calls for another *Alka Seltzer*).

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw that you'd printed a picture of Nik Kershaw dunking his Kn-Kat into a can of Im Bru and captioned it "orangeage" (December 6). I do realise that you English types are a little unsophisticated but does one not know that Im Bru is our national drink and made from steel gurdners? Young Nik is obviously a man of good taste and I shall rush out and buy his LP. Cheers. *Jim Kerr's Slightly Sticky-Out Ears*, Aachenbowne, Scotland.

Im Bru? I think I'm having a funny spell.

Are you insinuating that I should tolerate your bombastic point of view when your fundamental faculties are insufficiently sophisticated to adjudicate your philosophies? *Bowie's Left Eye*, Portsmouth.

..... Eh? Pardon me, readers. Seem to have nodded off there. And 'pon my soul, if those 40 winks weren't just what the doctor ordered! Suddenly, I'm feeling absolutely tip-top and letters to get Right, lets lick these razors into shape, shall we?

Please could you tell our 'hippy' business studies teacher, Mr Stewart to get his hair cut? *Karen And Aileen*, Madras College, Fife.

Certainly. Get that hair cut, Stewart! You're a disgrace to your profession!



LETTERS

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

Dear Black Type,

Did you know if you take your name "Black Type", mix the letters about, take some letters out and put some different ones back in, it spells: Sarcastic Little Bug. *A Rancid Packet Of Larpak*. P.S. Please could you say hello to my Auntie Ethel in Milton Keynes?

I don't really see why I should.



I send you this most curious newspaper cutting from a Spanish newspaper. I think you would be interested in it as you seem to collect clippings. *Maria Rubio, Oviedo, Spain.*

I most certainly do not collect clippings. You must be muddling me up with John Taylor of the celebrated singing group Duran Duran.

OK, who was it that dreamed up those totally unwell and designs for those badge tokens? Which fiendish and fetid imagination designed those totally perverse corners that are totally impossible to cut around with a pair of safety blunt-ended paper-cutting scissors? I'm terribly sorry, matey, but that comb thing is totally minus its legs, and the tank has not

got a gun any longer (and I can't see why you saw fit to use such blatantly Nazi symbols as a moustache and a tank anyway, Fascists).

Next time stick to squares, matey. *A Militant Left Wing Hippie, Rugby*. P.S. Did you know that if you take some letters out of Frankie Goes To Hollywood, add some more, and juggle them around a bit you get "The Royal Family". Coincidence? I think not!

Ram indeed! And if you take the "The", the "al" and the "Family" out of The Royal Family you get "Roy". But Roy who? Roy Hay? Roy Castle? Roy Orbison? Roy of the Rovers? I think we should be told!

I would just like to comment on how funny I find it that people write to you and condemn Midge Ure for slugging off their fave bands and then he co-writes with Bob Geldof a worthy song capable of outselling every other record in the Top Ten to save thousands of lives in Ethiopia. I don't want to sound too boring but most of your readers just write in slugging each other off anyway. How about some decent letters like *Mascara Seake's (Letters, December 6)*. Great stuff!

We are watching *Holly's Wonky Left Eye, Woking*.

Being a proud and musically aware Australian (on holiday in your Britain), I'm just writing to warn you - ignorant imbecile - that I have kept a copy of your statement "Antipodean people nobody has ever heard of - e.g. Bear Garden" - two words please as in "The Beatles". (*Letters, December 6*).

You'll regret ever having said that, when Bear Garden are bigger than all your popular pretty boys put together. As for Bear Garden's music, it has to be experienced, not just listened to. I honestly believe it would be better for you to apologise now and feature them when they release a single here - rather than having to kiss their feet this time next

year. *Frankie eat your heart out in '85*. *Stuart Campbell's Admirer, Australia*.

Don't get your corks in a rattle there, Ad. I'm absolutely convinced that Bear Garden are a supreme listening "experience", otherwise they wouldn't be in the Australian edition of *Smash Hits* in the first place. *Andre Previn says: Probably the best group of all time.*

Don't you think that Sylvester Stallone (star of such films as *Rocky, Rocky II, Rocky III, Rocky IV, Rocky V* etc.) looks rather like Billy Joel, the popular American troubadour? I do. *Vicky Rodham, Leominster*.



Have any of your readers spotted the quite remarkable resemblance *Morrisey* bears to himself? Is this why he's always so fed up? *Ped's Foul Language, Birmingham*



I am an extremely annoyed Mum whose life you have ruined with your stupid article on old-fashioned and trendy Mums and Dads.

I have had to cancel my beautifully planned Christmas party for fear of embarrassing my children with just about anything I might say or do. I also have the embarrassing task of going round and telling everyone to stop calling me Jean - Mrs apparently being less embarrassing for young people. I now have to go round all day in an ordinary bra and pants as every item of clothing I possess seems to be embarrassingly trendy or even more embarrassingly old fashioned. I also have to take a vow of silence as all of my conversation I now discover is embarrassing if it refers to pop, friends, going out, or being involved in just about any activity.

On top of this, having had to give up any displays of affection has made my husband consider divorce.

Instead of two articles on what parents shouldn't be, do, say, wear, or go, why not be more constructive and do one on the things we do right... I should think it would take up one line of your magazine space anyway. *Jean Brandon (Mrs), Fritchley, Derbyshire*.

Please accept my deepest condolences. Oh, alright don't then. Have a £10 record token instead.

I am a 45-year-old father and have just purchased my first copy of *Smash Hits*. Don't laugh. The reason being that I was completely taken by the young gentleman wearing a leather mini-skirt on your front cover – Martin Gore of Depeche Mode (November 23). I thought he looked fantastic.

On returning home from work that day, I noticed that my 17-year-old son had also purchased a copy of your magazine and I asked him what he thought of Mr Gore's get-up. We now both feel that to the mini-skirt justice, Mr Gore should remove the leather trousers he wears beneath. A pair of underpants would suffice. I hope that my letter proves to not all parents are fiddle-daddies. (Mr) M. A. Strachan, Northenden, Manchester.

It certainly does. It also proves that not all parents are exactly all there in the head.

Re: *The Fund For Poverty Stricken Pop-Stars*. Emergency! Red Alert! Charity begins with pop stars! I mean what on earth is the world coming to when David Bowie and George Michael have to share a shirt (see *Smash Hits* December 6). Can you imagine the humiliation?

So, mighty **Black Type** and all your many fans, I appeal to your better natures – help the poor down-trodden pop stars so that they may wear their very own shirts on *Top Of The Pops*. I'm sure we'd all sleep better at night if this could be.

Thank you on behalf of F.F.P.S.P.S., Sharon Roberts (*Wearing My Own Shirt*), Golders Green.

This is just one of several thousand letters I have received on the George Michael/David Bowie shirt topic. Big Chief I Spy says: Keep 'em peeled!

In reply to your comment in the December 6 issue asking what would devoted fans do if Boy George cut off his hair, put on a chunky fisherman's jersey and sat in a rocking chair singing 'Paddy McGinty's Goat' – excuse me, but I was quite unaware that he was doing anything else at the moment. Julie, Brenwood, Essex.

Big Chief I Spy says: Walk tall, walk straight and look the world right in the eye. That's what my mother told me when I was about knee-high. She said... (I think we've heard quite enough thank-you very much... Ed.)

Dear **Black Type**,

You must come along to the beautiful holiday resort of Taplow, Berks. Come and see the swaying palm trees, the pouring rain, its own little section of the A4, and all that lovely, invigoratingly polluted air! Come and have a fun-packed weekend!!! If you don't we will tell the whole world about you and Una Stubbs on the beach at Brighton. Yes! We were the ones dressed up as holiday donkeys. We saw all the Ribena you drank before you moved onto the hard stuff (Lacoste). Then it was giggles all round as you gave Stubby a buttercup and stuck it in her hair. We got plenty more stories to tell, Mr **Type**, so see you in Taplow, Berks, v. soon, eh?

Bye bye Darling.
Two Wham! Laniatics, Taplow, Berks (where else?)

Una and I have never even been introduced, I can assure you, though I must confess I have always had a bit of a "thing" about the lady ever since her majestic performance in Cliff Richards's

epic film *Summer Holiday*. And talking of Cliff, is it not time that we get a knight-hood or something for his long service to music and civilisation as we know it?

Is there anyone out there who has managed to figure out the rules of the *ITV Quiz Show Blockbusters*? It's not that I'm particularly keen to take part and win £300 worth of science equipment for my school, but despite being the proud owner of several 'O' levels, I am rather ashamed to have to admit to total confusion. Why, for instance, does the host, Bob Holiness, keep saying "That's Blockbusters!" every five minutes and why do they play the theme music at every possible opportunity, e.g. after every question that's answered?

And why – most puzzling of all – do two contestants always compete against one poor sod who always loses? I think, in future, I will stick to watching *Rainbow*. Freddie Mercury's Orthodontist. Herts.

Rainbow's about a squillion times more baffling than *Blockbusters*, if you ask me. Take Geoffrey. Is he all he seems? Does he choose to share his home with two whining creatures and a man in a bear suit out of charity, or is there some more sinister motive? Take Roddy, Fred and Jane. Just what are they up to, dropping in unannounced whenever the fancy takes them? Why doesn't Geoffrey lock the front door? Is he, perchance, squiffy in the head, or is it all a ruse to draw attention away from the on-going mystery of George and Zippy's missing left arms? So many questions. So little time.

Dear **Black Type**,

Being a great fan of *Rainbow* and other fine programmes, I thought I should correct you. It is Rod, Jane and Freddy, not Roddy, Fred and Jane. I am quite disgusted. How anybody can get the names of the biggest pop stars in the world mixed up is beyond me. Bonnie Langford's Squeaky Voice, Manchester.

So much confusion.

Dear **Black Type**,

I thought you might like this little joke that I thought up on Sunday morning.

Q: What do you get if you cross a toupee with George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley?
A: A Wig-Wham!
Andrea, A Wham! Fan, Salford.

What do you call a not very good wig-wam? A portent.

I have just been watching television and I have never seen anything like it in my life. First there was *Crossroads*: I don't think much of the hair, especially Iri's Scott's. Next was *Name That Tune*. Isn't Lionel Blair really lovely – especially his hair! Then suddenly it all happened: it was Coronation Street and then came 'da da, da da, da da da da da, da da da da da da da'. I'll name that tune in one – Dallas! Pammy dear, what have you done? Not only have you had your hair cut with a lawn mower but you have also let Jenna win that man with the hair!
Kate, Kempston, Bedford.

How can you tell with all those hats?

Dear *The Last Sock In The Laundromat Of Oblivion* (Letters November 23).

You are wrong. A "grockle" is the word used for one of those revolting holiday-makers who every summer invade Devon, usually trying to do three point turns on the narrow lanes with their caravans. They fill the streets of pitifully seagull-side towns and expose vast expanses of snow white flesh in the hope that they will return home with a beautiful bronzed body. Normally they only end up with vast expanses of flesh initiating cooked lobster.

These sights put the locals off their Ambrosia Creamed Rice with REAL Devon Milk, and their REAL Devon cream and their REAL Devon Butter.

Down here in 'the depths of Cornwall' as the **Black Type** put it, the same species are called

You've never heard a tape like it.

(But then there's never been a tape like it.)



Introducing new UDI from Maxell, with a completely new type of tape coating. Unlike conventional coatings, it uses ultra-dense magnetic particles, which soak up far more music.

And deliver far more volume with less noise. More dynamic range, with less distortion.

Together with a clear, detailed musical picture. All this at a very down-to-earth price.

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Break the sound barrier.
Tape UDI 90 (Production No. 1) Maxell (UK) Ltd. 2000

"Emmett", a term of abuse to describe the swarms of ignorant people from "over the Tamar" who are really patronising about our "country bumpkin's" ways, and who are "oh fascinated" to find that the Cornish people have their "own little language" – how quaint. Most of these Emmets are also extremely surprised to find that we are not paste-eating cream clots who are as thick as two short planks (or two long ones for that matter).
The Black Vegetable, Falmouth, Cornwall.

Can you provide me with some further information on The Virgin Prunes and Wavis O'Shaves? I think I heard a LP remix of one of the Prunes' tracks called "Dirty Dishwater And Fairy Liquid Soap Bottles" on the John Peel Show, but I might be wrong. As for Wavis O'Shaves, did he have an LP out called "Randy Marmalade" featuring backing vocals by Perry Como and Little Jimmy Osmond? If so, he's an amazing singer. If not, I'll have to resort to buying "The Hits 80-83" by The Anaemic Linen Bns. (I hope The Virgin Prunes do not exist otherwise I'm in sticky Banana Nesquik).
Garvin Monday, Chungford.

The late, lamented Wavis O'Shaves recorded many a golden melody in his short career – "Don't Crush Bees To Death With Your Walking Stick" was just one of them. As for the Virgin Prunes, you are indeed in sticky Banana Nesquik, you lucky boy.

Dear Bob Geldof,

You deserve a medal. Someone Who Is, For Once, Proud To Be British.

We've had absolutely loads of letters about Bob and Midge's efforts with The Band Aid Trust: the one up above says it all – Ed.

Dear Black Type,

The Band Aid single has a certain line in it which seems to defeat the whole object of the song's message: "Well, tonight, thank God, it's them instead of you" (sung by the unfortunate Bono of U2). This line

seems to imply that "they" are glad the Ethiopians are the ones who are suffering and not us in Britain, and that, therefore, we don't care. Which is, of course, untrue.
Simon, Naburn, York.

On Breakfast Time on December 13, Midge Ure appeared and told people only to buy the official "Feed The World" T-shirts (with the world logo on the back). That same evening, Kool & The Gang appeared on *Top Of The Pops* wearing "Feed The World" T-shirts. When the lead singer turned round, I noticed that there was no sign of the world logo on the back of his shirt. Did they know this too, I wonder?
Jill Brady, Bristol.

Well, I hope all the people who have written to you in the last few weeks slagging Bucks Fizz are satisfied now. I'm not a particular fan of Bucks Fizz but still I beg all the people who slag them to put aside those thoughts and think about the pain and sorrow the group and their families are going through.

To all of Bucks Fizz: Get well soon.
Jon Moss's Pearl Earring, Watford.

Dear Black Type,

In response to Alison from London (Letters, December 6), I am writing to say I went to a Spardau Ballet concert at Wembley and I saw some disabled people there thoroughly enjoying themselves. I thought this was most encouraging – but I agree with Alison: more owners should adapt their buildings.
Martin Kemp's Wedding Ring Finger, Hertford.

Dear Black Type,

As a regular buyer of Shredded Wheat, I was delighted when they started including free pop star badges in each packet. However, over the weeks I have managed to collect 11 Wham! badges and nothing else. I've nothing against Wham! but, really, this is a bit much! Someone Who Can Eat 3 Shredded Wheat, Worcester.

Could be worse. Years ago, they used to put little plastic gifts into cereal packets and my Uncle Antos, whose favoured breakfast

snack was Force¹, had an extremely nasty accident one morning when he mistook a model of a deep-sea diver for a chocolate digestive biscuit. He never sailed his yacht again.

Dear Black Type,

I've had enough, right. Just about everybody I know says that Paul McCartney's gone soft in the head. How can a bloke who once wrote such incredible classics as "The Long And Winding Road", "Hey Jude" and "Backbird" etc lower himself to team up with a bunch of stupid frogs and release tripe like "We All Stand Together", that sort of thing.

Rubbish. Absolute cobblers. Have they ever actually listened to the record? Answer me that?

OK, the words aren't exactly going to make him Post Laureate overnight – although Gary Kemp would give his right arm to be able to write couplets like "Bom Bom Bom Bwa Miaow miaow miaow" – and OK, the tune's not exactly "Careless Whisper", and OK, the arrangement's a bit on the stushy side (you half expect some daft hint advertising dandruff shampoo to come skipping on), but otherwise I think it's a real classic. So there.

Paul's stuck with his guns and does exactly what he feels like and couldn't care less if he's trendy or not. And that can't be said of certain other people these days, naming no names (i.e. Spandau, Duran, Frankie, etc).

Keep up the good work, Paul. Graham Baine, Southampton.

I should have a long lie down if I were you. Works wonders.

I've got a few ideas of how to improve *Smash Hits*. Here they are – 1. Make it waterproof (so you can read it in the bath); 2. Make it luminous (so you can read it in the dark); 3. Make it Geography-proof (so you can read it in Geography).

Consider these ideas. They'd make life ever so much easier.
Devoted Durania, Planet Earth.

After reading last issue's poll results, I'd like to make it Duran proof (i.e. it'd be only about two pages long).

Dear Black Type,

More words are not enough to express my disgust and indignation at the unspeakable thing I spotted on your page in the November 23 issue. I don't mind your ludicrous defense of Radio 2 so much – each to his own – but in an attempt to back up your "point", you strapped a teddy bear out to a pair of headphones and made out it was grooving to David Hamilton. Don't do it again. *Sydney Davine's Toothbrush, Towcester.*

The creature in question wasn't actually a creature at all but none other than Sweep the celebrated television glove puppet. And where do you think he and his partner get all their ideas for their jointly sing-along airs? *Laser 558? John Peel? Timmy on the Tranny? No, matey, Radio 2 it is.*

When watching *Wogan* on Saturday, I noticed when Frankie was playing, there was no Paul. Where was he? Has he gone to climb Everest? Or swim the channel? Or has he got 'flu? Please tell me?

While you're finding out, here's something for your little mind to work on: did you know that if you rearrange Frankie Goes To Hollywood, you get Hot Dolls Enjoy If War. How's about that then? *Rudolph's Red Nose, London.*

Did you know that if you take the a, the i, the e, the g, o, e, a, o, o, y, o, e, and the d out of Frankie Goes To Hollywood, you get Frakshillw, which is apparently the Latvian for "No thanks, Doreen, salt 'n' vinegar crisps make me break out in boils." That's what they say around here, anyway.

Dear Black Type,

I have been reading about Frankie Goes To Hollywood for ages. I have never read about The Eagles or The Stones. Never!

My Grandma's Phonogram.

Well you have now. Byeeseeeeee, playmates, and have a rilly diamond new year.

HEAVEN 17

... (and that's no lie)

Ⓜ (VS740*12) number 3 in a series of 5



HOWARD JONES LONDON:



"It was this big, honest."

COCTEAU TWINS LONDON

The long reincoast brigade were out in force for the Cocteau Twins' stint at Sedlers Wells, one of London's best-known opere houses.

As befits the group who seem to have replaced New Order as the independent group, the Cocteau don't exactly go in for showmanship. They drift on to rapturous applause and then spend a good five minutes faffing about with their equipment. "Play something... anything!" yells a plaintive voice from the front stalls. Once they get underway, they sound fine.

The bass booms, the guitar echoes, the drums thump and timid singer Elizabeth Fraser projects her unique voice all the way up to the dress circle.

But it isn't exactly intimate. Their equipment is pieced neatly in the middle of the vast stage, meaning that even front row seats were 25 feet away. And the light show would be a bit better if it didn't consist entirely of one 15 watt bulb.

And quite why Elizabeth keeps thumping herself in the ribs I can't imagine.

Those looking for a bit of light relief have to wait for the encore which is held up for another five minutes as they stand there, desperately spooling back and forth on the backing tape to find the right number. And did Elizabeth crack a few lunnies to relieve the tension? No. She just stood there. It seems to me that they're just a bit too concerned with their "art" to worry about the paying customer.

And just one more thing. There was dry ice.

Neil Watkinson



"Is there a doctor in the house?"

The Albert Hall looks a bit like a large wedding cake trimmed in red drapery. It's also extremely civilised – the doormen actually say good evening when they collect the tickets. Tonight it's packed with a wide assortment of people: young girls buried in Howard Jones scarves and badges, a surprising number of boys and a liberal helping of older 'smart but casual' couples.

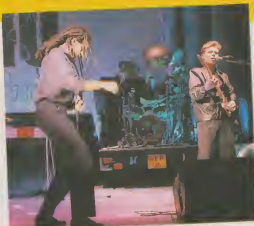
The long black curtains shrouding the stage open a weeny bit to reveal Jed. Bedecked in glittery top hat and tails, he banters about the show a bit then announces "Ladies and gentlemen it's... Harold... em... no... it's Howard Jones!" The curtains swish open to reveal Howie in a snazzy gold satin suit and everybody cheers and cheers. A quick "hello" and it's straight into "Pearl in the Shell". The entire audience get straight onto their feet, bopping about madly. One hit follows another with a smattering of material from the new album; the slower songs being made a bit more interesting by little performances from Jed, dancing, doing mimes and dressing up as a puppet which everybody loved. My favourite was a deeply moving "Hilde And Sook" with Howie at the piano and the entire crowd gently swaying and chanting. "I can't believe I'm actually here at the Albert Hall," he said at one point, and seemed genuinely chuffed to be playing there.

An announcement that all proceeds from the concert were being sent to an Ethiopian Fund was greeted with more wild rounds of applause. Three changes of jackets, a couple of encores and a quick rendition of "We Wish You A Merry Christmas" later, and that was that. Even if the show had been disappointing – which it wasn't – this fiercely loyal audience would still have cheered. Tonight, for them, this man could have done no wrong.

Lisa Anthony



Return of the Jed



"Is there a hairdresser in the house?"

All Campbell: "Hoy! Wake up out there!"



Ken Livingstone...



There's no business...



Like show business.

LONDON

UB40

"Reindeer Dub Over Britain" announces the sign outside the Hammersmith Odeon, as if this is going to be some really exciting Christmas dance party. That certainly seems to be what the thousands of rather untrendy over-20s expect as they down their legers and wander into the auditorium.

What they got was much more serious. First Ken Livingstone, Chairman of the Greater London Council and the evening's most charismatic performer, stands under a huge white-on-red banner proclaiming "UB40 SUPPORT THE GLC" and attacks the government with well-precised passion. Lots of cheers, but a few jeers as well.

Before UB40's actual performance, we're treated to their strange black-and-white film called *Labour Of Love* (actually pretty good).

The stage set isn't much to look at

either, just a few raised blocks with signs fixed on saying things like "Long Vehicle" and the odd numberplate.

Not that anyone minds – they just went to dance ending along to all those infectious pop reggae hits UB40 have had over the last five years.

So why were the band such spoilsports? For the first hour they didn't play a single one of their hits. Some people even sat down again. Admittedly the party did start when they finally played "Red Red Wine" and "If It Happens Again", but then they were gone, returning only briefly to whizz through "Cherry Oh Baby" and "One In Ten".

No wonder the night's biggest cheer came when the house lights were switched back on and Bob Marley's "No Women, No Cry" started playing through the PA.

Chris Heath

GARY



"The Portly Pilot Of Pop", the Clown Prince Of Glam", "The Clown Prince Of Glam", they called him. "A Nightmare In Lurex", "Marianne Dietrich Gone Wrong", "A Mincing Maniac" and lots of other things besides. And still he came back for more. So did Tom Hibbert.

12 years after his first chart success, Gary Glitter is still here, 'wowing' audiences with his sequins, his swelling tum and his simplistic vision of pop. Where, when and how did it all begin?

According to Mr Glitter, it began on May 8, 1944, in Banbury, Oxfordshire, where he was born. His real name was Paul Gadd and he was first "turned on to rock", as they say, by his Uncle John, who strummed an acoustic guitar in pubs and clubs, and by Elvis Presley. The young Gadd did what he considered to be a rather good Elvis impersonation, with quiff and tennis racket before the bedroom mirror ("Mirrors have been a big influence on my career", he has admitted), and after seeing the Presley film



Loving You in 1957, he made up his mind to make rock'n'roll his life.

While he was at school, Paul saved up for his first guitar (a white Hofner Senator, fact fans) by delivering newspapers. Once he'd purchased it, he formed a schoolboy rock'n'roll troupe called Paul Russell And The Rebels. By now he had moved to London and his group earned goodish pocket money performing in skiffle-oriented nighteries such as the Safari Club in Trafalgar Square and the 2-4s coffee bar in Old Compton Street (where that other grand old man of pop, Cliff Richard, was a regular attraction). Already the future Gary Glitter was heavily into outrageous fashion - leather wrinkle-pickers, 'bum-freezer' jackets etc. He'd get more outrageous in years to come.

After leaving school, Gadd/Russell got a job in a theatre ticket agency but he only lasted a week. He'd decided to become a musical pro and, to this end, changed his name again and formed a new rockin' combo, Paul Raven And The Vibraphones, in which he was the lead singer. He'd given up playing guitar because a) it restricted his stage movements and b) he wasn't much good at it.

In 1960 Paul Raven And The Vibraphones got their first (and only) 'big break' when they secured the bottom-of-the-bill spot on a variety package tour bill that included such glittering and rib-tickling artists as Anthony Newley, Ronnie Corbett and Mike and Bernie Wintera. After this gruelling episode, Paul Raven went solo and was quickly 'discovered' by film producer Robert Hartford Davis who became his manager and got him a record contract with Decca.

Paul Raven's first record was a bluesy ballad called "Alone In The Night" which, he says "I sang in the wrong key. It was one of the most dreadful discs ever released." He appeared on the TV show *Cool For Cats* performing the number but the record was still, unsurprisingly, a massive flop.

In 1961, he switched labels to EMI's Parlophone and the company seemed quite excited

with their new signing: "Paul Raven is our most exciting artist since Helen Shapiro" boomed the press release. "We regard him as a long term prospect." In fact, EMI kept him on the books for just two disastrous singles, "Walk On Boy" and "Tower Of Strength", and then dumped him out in the cold.

By 1963, things had come to a pretty pass and Paul Raven appeared to be all washed up: "I stood about as much chance as a mongrel at Cruft's." Raven ended up with a job as a warm-up man on the new TV pop programme *Ready Steady Go!*, working audiences up into frenzies, persuading them to clap in all the right places etc.

"The longer I was with *Ready Steady Go!*, the madder I got. I knew I could do better than a whole lot of the performers on the show - yet there was me just entertaining the studio audience. I began to wonder how much longer I could keep it up."

Not long, as it happens. After a few months, the singer formed a new band of his own, Paul Raven and Boston International, and departed for a few club dates in Hamburg. The singer remained in Germany, eking out a living, for five years.

While working on *Ready Steady Go!*, Paul had met songwriter/producer Mike Leander who seemed to be the only person in the world to have any faith in the singer's ability and when Raven returned to London in 1971, Leander took over control of his career.

The first thing to do was change the name: Terry Tinsel, Vicky Vomit, Turk Thrust, Horace Hydrogen and Stanley Sparkle were some of the suggestions "plus some others that are a bit too rude to mention. And then I thought of Gary Glitter. That was it."

The next thing to do was to groom an image: tight sequinned suits, jumbo platform boots, lashings of lurex, bags of becofol etc. And then came the music - clomping rhythms, gorilla shouts of "Hey!" and very little else. The first attempt, "Rock And Roll (Parts 1 & 2)" was a winner reaching Number 2 in the charts and going on to sell over three

million copies. Gary Glitter had arrived with his stumbling robotic movements, "provocative" pelvic thrusts and favourite crowd-teasing pose of raised eyebrow and quizzical stare. Thump thump thump. Blah blah blah. "I'm not much good at music," Gary admitted at the time. "My music isn't very clever at all but nobody's saying 'Oh yeah, this is really great introverted music'. It's just quite good to dance to." Indeed it was.

In 1973, Gary took a bust out on the Thames and, in a ceremony attended by Alan 'Fluff' Freeman amongst others, lowered a coffin stuffed with Paul Raven records and photos into the water. Ring out the old, ring in the new. The hits with their playground chants flowed - "Do You Wanna Touch Me (Oh Yeah)", "I'm The Leader Of The Gang (I Am)", "I Love You Love Me Love" etc. - and the hairy chest puffed up with pride. G.G. bought a £250,000 house in Sussex, complete with marble bathroom done out in bronze and silver wallpaper and an octagonal bedroom - the Glitter Suite - riddled with gilt, chandeliers and mirrors...

But by 1975, things were going awry: the hits stopped coming and the lavish stage shows, featuring motor-bikes, hydraulic lifts, fire-breathing papier mache dragons and, on one occasion, 25 G.G. lookalikes, were leaving the man with little spending money.

In March 1976, Gary stunned the world by announcing his retirement. He sold his house and went to Paris, then to Thailand, where he dabbed in Buddhism, then to a Pacific Island and then to New Zealand where he appeared in a stage production of *The Rocky Horror Show*.

A series of comebacks in the late '70s went horribly wrong and the world seemed to have forgotten Gary Glitter. But don't be silly - how could the world forget? "Another Rock And Roll Christmas" has given the portly wonder his first Top Ten hit since "Doing Alright With The Boys" in 1975 - yes! He's back, he's big, he's brilliant.

"True entertainers don't ever grow old," says Gary Glitter. "Their trousers just get a bit tighter."

PICTURE BY GREG MANNING/THE MIRROR 1974

GLITTER



ZZ TOP



★ Clean shirt new shoes
 And I don't know where I am going to
 Silk suit black tie (black tie)
 I don't need a reason why
 They come running as fast as they can
 'Cause every girl crazy about a sharp dressed man

Pearl whites diamond ring
 I ain't missing out a single thing
 Cufflinks stick pin
 When I step out I'm gonna do you in
 They come running just as fast as they can
 'Cause every girl crazy about a sharp dressed man

Top coat tall hat
 Not a worry 'cause my wallet's fat
 Black shades white gloves
 Looking sharp and looking for love
 They come running just as fast as they can
 'Cause every girl crazy about a sharp dressed man

*Words and music by Billy F. Gibb
 Republic Records / Warner Bros. Music / Polygram Ltd.
 (C) 1983 Z.Z. Top*

SHARP DRESSED MAN



BUCKS FIZZ

I HEAR TALK

If I've never been easy living with you
 Dish of the season fishing for truth
 But we got it rolling right on the track
 Here's to the future with no turning back
 We're taking hell and hell is mystery
 We're making love to love so easily
 And still I can't believe what's going round
 I don't believe you'd ever let me down

Chorus

I hear talk I hear the writing's on the wall
 Too many private eyes and party lines
 Secret signs friends who seem to know it all
 I hear talk I hear talk

Talk

Look in your eyes and what do I see
 Everything I needed looking at me
 Beyond all suspicion dreams on the side
 Hold that position ticket to ride
 So when it's all wrapped up
 Like it's meant to be

The only trap that's left is jealousy
 And still I can't believe what's going round
 I don't believe you'd ever let me down

Post-chorus

Chitose whippers circle the
 There's a newswoman leaning on the garden gate
 If you don't want headline better see your head
 'Cause I heard someone say something you said

Post-chorus

I hear the writing's on the wall
 Too many private eyes and party lines secret signs
 Friends who seem to know it all
 I hear talk I hear talk

Talk talk talk

Words and music: Andy Hill/Pete Seeger
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FOREIGNER

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS

I better read between the lines
In case I need it when I'm older oh

This mountain I must climb
Feels like a world upon my shoulders
Through the clouds I see love shine
It keeps me warm as life grows colder

Chorus

In my life there been heartache and pain
I don't know if I can face it again
Can't stop now I've travelled so far
To change this lonely life
I wanna know what love is
I want you to show me
I wanna feel what love is
I know you can show me

I'm gonna take a little time
A little time I'm gonna look around me
I've got nowhere left to hide
It looks like love has finally found me

Repeat chorus

I wanna know what love is
I want you to show me
I wanna feel I wanna feel what love is
(I know) I know you can show me
Let's talk about love

I want to know what love is
(Love and to feel you inside)
I want you to show me (I'm feeling so much love)
I want to feel what love is (oh you just can't hide)
I know you can show me (yeah)

I wanna know what love is (let's talk about love)
I want you to show me (I wanna feel it)
I want to feel what love is (I want to feel it too)
(And I know and I know)
I know you can show me (I'm in love with you)

I want to know what love is (I wanna know)
I want you to show me
(I want to know I want to know wanna know)
(I want to feel) I know you can show me

*Words and music M Jones
Reproduced by permission Warner Bros Music Publ
On Atlantic Records*

Julian Lennon VALOTTE

Sitting on the doorstep of the house I can't afford
I can feel you there
Thinking of a reason well it's really not very hard
Love you even though you nearly lost my heart
How can I explain the meaning of our love
It fits so tight closer than a glove

Sitting on a pebble by the river playing guitar
Wondering if we're really ever gonna get that far
Do you know there's something wrong
'Cause I felt it all along

I can see your face in the mirrors of my mind
Will you still be there
We're really not so clever as we seem to think we are
We've always got our troubles so we solve them in the bar
As the days go by seem to drift apart
If I could only find a way to keep hold of your heart

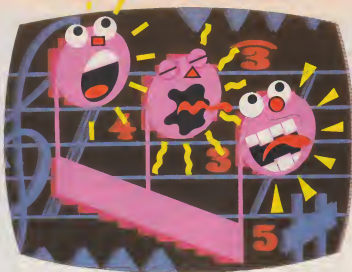
Sitting on a pebble by the river playing guitar
Wondering if we're really ever gonna get that far
Do you know there's something wrong
'Cause I felt it all along

Sitting in the valley as I watch the sun go down
I can see you there
Thinking of a reason well it's really not very hard
To love you though you nearly lost my heart
When will we know the change is going to come
Got a good feeling and it's coming from the sun

Sitting on a pebble by the river playing guitar
Wondering if we're really ever gonna get that far
Do you know there's something wrong
We'll stick together 'cause we're strong

*Words and music Julian Lennon Justin Clayton Carlos Marías
Reproduced by permission Charisma Music Publ Ltd / Chappell Music Ltd
On Charisma Records*





notes all at the same time).

At the press of a button, you can summon up pre-programmed rhythms and bass accompaniments to play along to.

These three rhythm combinations can be speeded up or slowed down.

You can even glissando (so long as you don't hurt yourself.)

That is, make a note slide up in pitch.

You can filter sound: reduce the treble, the bass, or both. You can save, on cassette or disk, a voice or tune for future use.

And, for better sound reproduction, you can connect

MAKE MUSIC YOUR FORTE.

Alright, let's all gather round the computer for a good old sing-song.

You'll find the new Commodore 64 Music Maker strikes exactly the right note, whether you're an accomplished musician or whether you are an out-and-out beginner.

If you can hum and know your ABC, you can start to play famous popular tunes immediately.

No matter if you've never played a note before.

Simply type in the notes from the SFX Tutor Handbook,

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then tap in the rhythm.

And, before you can even say 'Richard Clayderman,' the automatic playback fills the room with music.

Once you've become a 'piano' virtuoso, you'll quickly appreciate the other amazing capabilities.

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You can play notes polyphonically.

(This is the smart way of saying you can play three different

Music Maker to your hi-fi system.

Music Maker has been designed, like all our software, to get the very best out of Commodore hardware.

It's the first in a series of packages which will fully exploit the Commodore 64's outstanding musical capabilities.

Commodore software: it costs no more, even though there's more to it.



MUTTERINGS

Now, you lot out there probably think we here at Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine – and especially at **Mutterings** – spend our every waking moment hobnobbing with incredibly famous pop stars. Well, we do sometimes. And you probably think that all Christmas our mailboxes must be absolutely stuffed with seasonal greetings from stars all over God's good globe. Not a chance, matey. In fact, of all the many pop stars that have appeared in these pages, only one single solitary group actually managed to send us a Christy card, a crazed pack of heavy metalists called **Wrathchild**. **Mutterings** doesn't normally have a great deal to do with this lot, but this time we'd just like to return their "wathful greetings" and say: Happy New Year. **Wrathchild**, you're a great bunch of lads. Here's **Andy Summers of The Police** on **Sting's** acting. "Sting thinks it's interesting to come across as a dark, mysterious leading man. I find it a little corny." ... **Black Lace** recently lost about £300,000 when **Pinnacle**, the company which used to distribute their records, went bust. They'd set their heart on a Rolls Royce, poor dears. Now they're back to riding on the bus, more than likely. ... The Welcome Return Of Spoiled! Spoiled! **Kevin Rowland of Deez's Midnight Runners** at a record company party, wearing an amok. ... The Welcome Return Of Claim To Fame. The former drama teacher of **Dave Pinner** and **Ned Tennant** used to go mountain climbing with **Kirsty MacColl's** father. ... The Welcome Return Of Claim To Fame 2. In 1978, **Lisa Anthony** went to see **David Bowie** at Earis Court in the company of a then unknown **Boy George**. "But he wouldn't remember me from Adam," muttered **Lisa**,

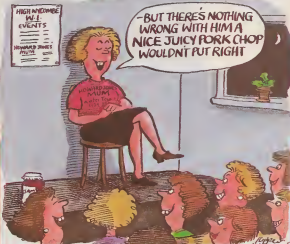
Adam who? ... **Paul Weller** had a fancy dress party on a boat at Christmas. He went as **Sherlock Holmes**, **Merten Mick** turned up as a Greek soldier with a skirt on and **Tracie** arrived as what you might call a "saloon girl". **John Taylor** on his rumoured romance with **Jody Watley**: "Honestly, I've only met her a couple of times. We're just good friends." ... **Jody Watley** on her rumoured romance with **John Taylor**: "We're just good friends (Roaring with laughter) We're just good friends (Roaring with laughter) Oh, that's such a cliché." ... **J.T.** incidentally reckons the theme from **A View To A Kill** (the upcoming **James Bond** movie) is the best thing **Duran** have ever done. "But it was really difficult," he muttered, "and in the same black and white shirt recently seen on **David Bowie** and **George Michael**." "We nearly

split up about seven times while we were working on it." ... Did you see the state of **Madonna's** wig on **Top Of The Pops**? It wasn't a joke either. "Is muttered **Over Christmas**, **Danny La Rue** appeared in **Mother Goose** at the **Plymouth Theatre Royal** dressed as **Boy George**. This was the first time he's ever appeared as a man. ... **Boy George**, meanwhile, has been busy appearing with a hundred bunny rabbits in the video for the new **Culture Club** single "Mistake Number Three". When he heard that the bunnies were all going to be killed off the next day (they'd been bred for meat), his heart melted, he reached in his pocket and pulled out £300 to buy the lot. "I just didn't want these lovely animals to die like that," he muttered. Now he's trying to find homes for them all.

The show must go on. On the **Howard Jones** tour, **Jill of Strawberry Switchblade** contracted chicken pox. She kept on playing though. **Billy MacKenzie** turned up for a concert at London's **Ronnie Scott's** club with a pet polecat on a leash. Where were the whippets? Did you know? **Kid Creole** was once voted America's Best. **Oressed Teacher**. Did you know? 2. **One of George Michael's** favourite LPs is "Closer" by **Jay Division**. Did you see **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** on **Wogan**? Best bit, if you didn't, was **Holly** turning round to the camera and muttering: "Ooooh. Terry Wogan's got green eyes!" **Wogan**, for once, was flummoxed. **Holly**, also, it seems, thinks as little of the "Power Of Love" video as do most of us round here

"It had nothing to do with the song at all," he muttered, having not seen it until it was finished and being shown on TV. "It's an obvious commercial exploitation of the Christmas market which we are very much against." ... **Untying the knot**. **Dave Stewart** and **Lesley Ash** are now not going out with each other any more. ... The unaccountably fashionable **ZZ Top** have just bought a gymnasium in their home town of **Houston**. The idea, it seems, is to have somewhere to lumber up in the morning before going off to the studio. Thing is, as soon as they leave the gym, they promptly go and stuff themselves with chili. **Stiff Little Finger** **Jake Burns** was apparently well afflicted but one thought to ask him to be on the **Band Aid** thing. **The Clash** weren't very happy either, and neither were **The Poison Girls**. They also considered "Do They Know It's Christmas" to be bland, patronising and generally uninformative about what's actually happening in Ethiopia. Their solution? Well, "Is muttered that they're recording a song called "Course They Know It's Christmas". ... **Ian Mac** **McCulloch**, the man who reckons **Smash Hits** can't spell his name, is moving house. Why? Well, he's been burgled four times recently, his video, record player and sundry other consumer durables have all gone and **Heroinology** the **Hamster** is in a continuous state of shock. Basically, he and **Lorraine** have had enough. **Hall & Oates** are splitting up. Let's face it, muttered **Daryl**, "it gets pretty boring going through the routine of recording an album every 18 months followed by a long arduous tour." They're still the best of mates, "muttered a **Hall & Oates** spokesperson, "but simply want the chance to do their own thing."

HIGH AND WIDE
WEE
EVENTS
HOWARD JONES
MUM



Howard Jones' mum was late for her son's Christmas concert at London's Royal Albert Hall. Why? What had she been up to? Giving a lecture to High Wycombe Women's Institute on "Being Howard Jones' Mother", that's what.

SINCE HIS / Morrissey.

