

SMASH

HITS



BELLE STARS
MONSOON · KID CREOLE
BLONDIE · SCRITTI POLITTI · QUEEN

HIT SONGS BY **NEW ORDER, CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, DIANA ROSS**
AND MANY MORE

"NO REGRETS"

I know you're leaving but it's too long overdue
For for too long I've had nothing new to show to you
Goodbye dry eyes, I've watched your plane
Fade west of the moon
And it felt so strange to walk away alone

Chorus
There's no regrets
No tears goodbye
I don't want you back
We won't cry again
Say goodbye again

The hours that were yours are now empty rooms
The thoughts we used to share I now keep alone
I woke last night and woke to you not thinking you were gone
And it felt so strange to lie awake alone

Repeat chorus twice

Words and music by Tom Rush
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On Chrysalis Records



MIDGE URE

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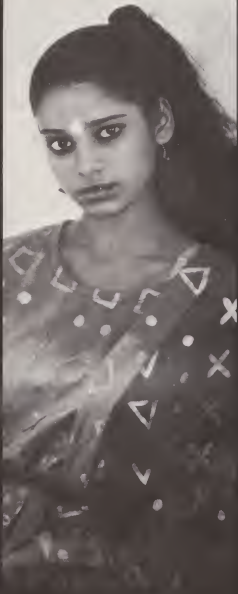
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COVER, JENNIE MCKEOWN OF THE BELLE STARS BY ERIC WATSON

Monsoon



NEW RECORD AVAILABLE ON 7" & 12"

Shakti (the meaning of within)

12" CONTAINS BONUS TRACK OF EVER SO LONELY (DUB) MIXED BY DENNIS BOVELLE



The

IKO IKO

My grandma and your grandma
Sitting by the fire
My grandma said to your grandma
I'm gonna set your flag on fire

Chorus

Talking about hana (hena) hena (hana)
Iko iko a ne (woah)
Jockomo fino a na na
Jockomo fino na na

Look at my king all dressed in red
Iko iko a na
Bat you five dollars he'll kill you dead
Jockomo fino na na

Repeat chorus

My flag boy and your flag boy
Sitting by the fire
My flag boy said to your flag boy
I'm gonna set your flag on fire

Repeat chorus

Jockomo fino na ne

Hena, hana

Hana, hana

Jockomo fino na ne

Iko

See that guy all dressed in green
Iko iko a na

He's not a man he's a lover machine
Jockomo fino na ne

Repeat chorus four times

Jockomo fino na ne

Jockomo fino na ne

Repeat to fade

Words and music by

R. L. & B. A. Hawkins/J. Johnson/

J. Thomas/S. & J. Jones

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Carlin Music Corp.

On Stiff Records

BELLE



"Iko iko a ne (woah) jockomo fino a na ne!" sing seven girls very noisily. "Could this be another tribal single?" says **Pete Silverton** (when he can get a word in edgewise). "Shut up and smile!" snaps **Eric Watson**.

Miranda's bent over the sink full of dirty coffee cups, washing her armpits.

Jennie's running round in nothing but stiletto heels, a small white towel and a big red lipstick grin, doing impressions of a fan dancer.

The Belle Stars are preparing to have their picture taken. As Miranda and Jennie mess around in the studio, the remaining five of this seven-strong all-girl band are stuffed into a tiny changing room, working magic with rouge and mascara and piles of clothes.

Despite the raucous row emerging from the changing-room, it's obvious that The Belle Stars are very serious about having their picture taken. In their fourteen month existence they've become vastly

better-known for the way they look than the way they sound.

And never have they been more serious than they are now. For the first time, it looks as if they've got a potential hit record, with a song called "Iko Iko" a nursery rhyme-like tune so old and wrinkled no-one really knows where it came from. Some say New Orleans. Some say the West Indies. The Belle Stars themselves took it from the Dixie Cups version which was a pop hit in the mid-'60s. Fun and glibberish, it's the kind of song Fozzie Bear would write if he took some time off from bothering Kermit.

"Iko" has been the highlight of The Belle Stars' stage show since the band started but they'd fought shy of recording it, opting for three quite awful singles

("Hiawatha", "Slick Trick" and "Another Latin Love Song") that they now undoubtedly regret recording. "What do I think of those records?" said Stella. "In retrospect, not much. They were alright at the time but . . ."

But those singles were an essential part of The Belle Stars growing pains. The core of the group were together before, as just over half of The Bodysnatchers, the all-girl 2-Tone group which went down under the weight of its own gimmickry.

"I look back on The Bodysnatchers with fondness," said Stella, "because we were such beginners but we had a really good time. We were shambolic but at least we did it. At that time it was possible to

stars

play London pubs like the *Windsor Castle* after you'd only been holding a guitar for a few weeks.

"But we broke up because we decided it wouldn't work as a long-term venture. It was just fine for the time when we did it."

Two of *The Bodysnatchers* stayed with 2-Tone. Nicky Summers and Rhoda who produced "The Boiler", an almost-hit earlier this year. The rest were set on forming a new all-girl band. All they lacked was a singer. Eventually, they found Jennie through boyfriend links. She, then a telephonist at a music business agency, was going out with a former boyfriend of Belle Stars' guitarist Sarah-Jane. Highly recommended by him, she was invited to audition. After ducking it four times, she went along, entertained them with Connie Francis's "Stupid Cupid" and landed the job. It was the first time she'd sung for anyone but herself.

To call Jennie vivacious would be rather like describing Big Daddy as large, an understatement of epic proportions. With her tightly-curled hair poking out from the top of her skull in fronds that look like they're borrowed from an exotic vegetable, she never stops. She runs around, she screeches, she yells, she shouts her impersonation of Stella's Scunthorpe accent. She's the noisiest person I've ever met.

Twenty-four years old, she's a half-caste, the child of a Jamaican father and English mother. One of seven children — with three fathers between them — she grew up in London's Camden Town, spent a year in care and was expelled from three schools. "I don't know why. Probably because I never went." Her real name is the wonderful mouthful of Eugenie Theresa Mattheis; her stage surname, McKeown is her mother's maiden name.

The most public face of *The Belle Stars*, she's hardly the most enthusiastic. She mentions a tour when they supported Madness. "That wasn't fun. I made a boyfriend out of it, mind. No, I'm not telling you who." Nor is she too fond of "Iko". "I hate singing it."

"Later on, if I'm on my own, I'd like to do something like Julie London in sultry. She singer featured in *The Girl Can't Help It* (movie). But 'Iko Iko' — anybody could sing that."

But *The Belle Stars* are seven. Miranda's nineteen, comes from Stafford, plays the sax and seemed very quiet. On the rare occasions she opened her mouth, she talked so softly you needed a dog's hearing to pick out more than the odd word.

Sarah-Jane Owen is the lead guitarist, the closest to Jennie and a Portsmouth girl. "I don't understand you, S-J," said Judy. "Your dad's a bank manager and you've never picked any of it up. Judy's quite obviously fascinated by figures and money. The drummer, she joined *The Bodysnatchers* late in their existence, giving up a 'good' job as a civil engineer at an Oxfordshire hydraulics research station. "I was working in river mud, in fact, finding out how much mud was moving around the river."

Stella Barker plays rhythm guitar, used to work as a secretary at EMI Records, has the shortest tongue of them all (she dissected S-J with relish, talking about her obsession for organising individual rubbish bags in the bond van) and has to submit to Jennie's continual parody of her Scunthorpe accent.

Leslie Shone is a Londoner who lives, it seems, only for her bass.

Clare Hirst, their pianist and sax player, is the newest member, a replacement for Penny Leyton of whom Jennie charitably said, "I hated her. She left, she wasn't kicked out but if I'd had the choice, I wouldn't have had her there in the first place. Living in a hotel with her was murder. She was so finicky."

Born in Alston, Cumbria, the highest market town in the country, Clare was recruited for the band a few months ago through an ad. As well as her sax playing, she brought with her a wonderful smile and a fairly dreadful pair of dungarees.

The interview over, I gave Jennie a lift to a friend's house — they were going to see *The Stray Cats* that night and she could barely contain her excitement. She pulled out some passport photos. "Do you want to see a picture of my boyfriend?" It was Chrissy Boy, the Madness guitarist. He'd sent her the pictures from Heathrow Airport where Madness were boarding a plane for a tour of Japan. "And I hope he doesn't get involved with any of those Japanese geishas."



Sarah-Jane (SJ) Owen, guitarist: "She'll make somebody a lovely wife," says Stella. "She loves emptying ashtrays. She's always tidying up. She likes shopping almost as much as Miranda."



Stella Barker, guitarist: "The band's comedian," says Leslie. "She does a very good Rowan Atkinson impression."



Miranda Joyce, sax player: "She's very good at shopping," says Judy. "She's got a metal handbag, walks very straight and doesn't get drunk but tipsy."



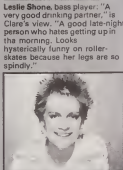
Jennie McKeown, singer: "She gets cabs everywhere," says S-J. "She hates taking the tube because people stare at her. She loves being on the telephons, makes a lot of noise and loves being the centre of attention all the time. She's got verbal diarrhoeas."



Leslie Shone, bass player: "A very good drinking partner," is Clare's view. "A good late-night person who hates getting up in the morning. Looks hysterically funny on roller-skates because her legs are so spindly."



Judy Parsons, drummer: "She loves doing accounts," says Stella. "She likes to spend her whole day doing figures and graphs and graphical." She fiddles with her hair. And she's hysterically funny when she's drunk."



Clare Hirst, piano and sax player: "Quiet and unassuming, very good at chatting up men," says S-J. "They come to her because she has that little-girl-lost look that men can't resist."

THE CHANGELING

Toyah



The new Toyah Album

THE CHANGELING

Cassette Voor C9

Includes the single Brave New World SAFE 45

Produced by Steve Lillywhite.

Dates

June 18th & 19th
June 20th
June 21st
June 23rd
June 24th
June 25th & 26th
June 28th
June 29th
June 30th

Sheffield City Hall
Bradford, St George Hall
Manchester Apollo
Birmingham Odeon
Leicester De Manfart Hall
Hammersmith Odeon
Coventry Apollo
Brighton Centre
Partsmouth Guildhall

July 2nd
July 3rd
July 4th & 5th
July 7th
July 8th
July 9th
July 12th & 13th
July 14th
July 17th & 18th

St Austell, Callseum
Poole, Arts Centre
Bristol, Caiston Hall
Preston Guildhall
Glasgow Apollo
Edinburgh Playhouse
Newcastle, City Hall
Liverpool, Empire Theatre
Hammersmith Odeon



SAFARI Safari Records, 44 Seymour Place, W1.



Spands in Street, credibility shock! A prying lens captures four Ballet boys on a recent tour round Granada's Coronation Street studios in Manchester. From the left we have Gary Kemp, John Keeble, Tone Hadley plus moustache (You sure? — Ed.), Bet Lynch, Steve Normen, Bert Tilsey plus beard and Martin Kemp. It'll be Soft Cell on Emmerdale Farm next, you wait.

the PICTURES

The following has absolutely nothing to do with whet Nick Heyward (in the hat) and Graham Jones (in the dumper) get up to in *Safeways* (left). To celebrate *Haircut One Hundred's* tour this month the funsters have organised e balloon race. They'll release one such aerial artefact from a local landmark near to where the band are playing. Airfixed to each will be an addressed label which the finder can despatch to Arista Records. In return he or she will receive a specially compiled 4 track 12-inch entitled "Pelican Dence". Binoculars at the ready!



Yes, folks anyone can enjoy the benefits of a Hair Transplant! Look at pop singer Debbie Harry and boyfriend Chris Stein. BEFORE (top): back in '73, as members of New York punk band The Stillettos, the twosome pray for e miracle. AFTER (above): Bingo! By '82, the process is complete.

new-order

TEMPTATION

Heaven, gateway of hope
Just like a feeling I need
It's no joke
And though it hurts me
To treat you this way
You treat my words
I've never heard
Too hard to say

Chorus

(Oh) up down turn around
Please don't let me hit the ground
Tonight I think I'll walk alone
I'll find my soul as I go home
(Oh) up down turn around
Please don't let me hit the ground
Tonight I think I'll walk alone
I'll find my soul as I go home

Each way I turn I know I'll always try
To break this circle
That has been placed around me
Until it's time
I find I've lost someone new
And what's emerging to myself
I do believe

Oh you've got green eyes
Oh you've got gray eyes
Oh you've got blue eyes

'Ah you've got green eyes
Oh you've got blue eyes
Oh you've got grey eyes

And I've never seen anyone
Quite like you before

No I've never met anyone
Quite like you before

Repeat chorus

Oh it's the last time
Oh it's the last time
Oh it's the last time
Oh it's the last time
Oh it's the last time

And I've never, I've never met anyone
Quite like you before
No I've never, never met anyone
Quite like you before

Words and music by New Order
Inc., reproduced by permission Bmusic
On Factory Records



THE MOOD

● PARIS IS ONE DAY AWAY ●

They found you downstairs
Among the young debonair
Helping the waiter
Attracting most of the glare
One night in Paris
Each day as short as an hour
The golden carnage
To the lights of the tower

Chorus

Oh Paris is one day away
Ooh la-la-la
Paris is one day away
Ooh la-la-la
Paris is one day away
Ooh la-la-la
Paris is one day away

You're so ungrateful
You tear the place apart
And so deceitful
You've lost your heart
No compromising
I missed the flight tonight
You're so beguiling
Your lips are so bright

Repeat chorus

Voulez vous couchez avec moi ce soir
Je t'aime

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by John Moore
Reproduced by permission Ramaleem Music Ltd.
On RCA Records



BOW WOW WOW

PHOTOGRAPH BY



i want candy

I know a guy who's tough but sweet
He's so fine he can't be beat
He's got everything that I desire
Sets the summer sun on fire

Chorus
I want candy
I want candy

Go to see him when the sun goes down
Ain't no finer boy in town
You're my guy, what the doctor ordered
So sweet you make my mouth water

Repeat chorus

Candy on the beach there's nothing better
But I like candy when it's wrapped in a sweater
Someday soon I'll make you mine
Then I'll have candy all the time

Repeat chorus twice

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Words and music by Goldstein/Feldman/Gottelhrer/Berns
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On RCA Records

KID CREOLE

AND THE COCONUTS



Introductions, we feel, are in order.

Playing hard-to-get over on the left is the toast of the cocktail set, Kid Creole. (He's the one in the middle with the ski-slope shoulder pads.)

Encamped around him are three of his Coconuts: (from left to right) The Kid's "her indoors" Adriana Kaegi, Taryn Hagey and Cheryl Pausz.

Kid Creole And The Coconuts aren't so much a traditional band as a jumbo-sized, thirteen-piece revue. They're currently playing a whirlwind tour of Europe to capitalize on the success of their first British hit, "I'm A Wonderful Thing Baby"

Up until now they have been one of those chic names to drop by only the ultra trendy. It would not have been difficult to believe that The Kid was an invention of the gossip columns—a kind of zoot-suited figure who spent all his time criss-crossing between his favourite hairdresser, tailor and clubs in New York's Manhattan.

But finally that's changing. The show is cheekily constructed to look like a '40s Big Band set-up. The musicians are tucked behind nostalgic bandstands while Adriana, Taryn and Cheryl not only sing back-up vocals but also perform razor sharp dance routines which they execute with permanently deadpan expressions.

Then at the front of the stage August "Kid Creole" Darnell indulges in more bawdy hijinks with Andy "Coati Mundi" Hernandez (remember his hat of last year, "Me No Pop I"?). The effect is like a tropical pants: The Kid as a down-at-heel Casanova and Coati as a jumped-up pizza waiter.

But you can see for yourself this Saturday (June 12) at 11:15 when ITV are screening an hour-long special on The Kid and his cohorts.

Don't forget to have a long, fruit drink and a straw Panama hat at the ready.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

10th June: **Jim Lea of Slade (30)**
 15th June: **Neddy Holder of Slade (32)**
 17th June: **Barry Manilow (38)**
 18th June: **Paul McCartney (40)**
 20th June: **Kelly Johnson of Girlschool (22)**
 23rd June: **John Taylor of Duran Duran (32)**
 21st June: **Nay Davies of The Clash (38)**

As if by magic, Big Name Bands are suddenly embarking on British tours. Not least of them is **Blondie**. Six dates have been slotted in for those wishing to witness the world's biggest wig in action — they're at Glasgow Apollo (September 1, 2), Edinburgh Playhouse (4, 5), Newcastle City Hall (7, 8), Birmingham NEC (11, 12), Wembley Arena (16, 17, 18, 19). Contact the venues for details.

Persons of more metallic taste might try the **AC/DC** tour lined up for early autumn (don't say we don't give you fair warning). The Aussie hell-raisers play 12 dates after the Castle Donington Monsters Of Rock Festival; see *Nightout* for details and check the venues for tickets.

And last, but surely not least (quietest maybe), **Depeche Mode** set out once more after completing a warmly received mini-tour of the States. Again, check *Nightout* for the full itinerary and details.

CINE SIDE UP

Madness have already topped both singles and albums charts with "House Of Fun" and their Greatest Hits compilation respectively. Now it looks as though they'll be dominating the video listings for some time to come with the "Complete Madness" videocassette.

It features everything from "The Prince" to "House Of Fun" and includes the golden age of the nutty train, the famous Piano Who Fell To Earth sequence, the underwater instrumental break (banned by the BBC), the Madness remake of *The Desert Song* ("Night Boat To Cairo"), two previously unseen car commercials made for Honda in Japan and one song that never actually became a single ("Bed And Breakfast Man").

This résumé of course only skims the surface of Madness' lunacy and what you get for your £19.50 (cheap by video standards) is a dazzling audio-visual entertainment from the smartest, most stylish and undoubtedly funniest band in the land.



Topper: He stood all he can stand and he can't stand no more

More upheavals in the **Clash** camp. No sooner does the errant Joe Strummer return to the fold than drummer Topper Headon ups and leaves. Dull it most certainly isn't.

Joe, you may remember, ran off about six weeks back on the eve of The Clash's tour to promote their fifth LP, "Combat Rock". He was reckoned to be just about everywhere around the globe from Portobello Road to Iceland, but eventually crawled out of hiding in Paris. "Rather than go barmy and go mad, I think it's better to do what I did, even for a month," was the reason for this strange behaviour. Joe added that he was over-worked after recording the LP and the prospect of then going out and performing was evidently none too rosy.

And Topper? Political differences strikes again. Also, Joe Strummer, mysteriously: "It's not too easy to be in The Clash at the moment. Not as simple as being in a comfortable, we're-jazz-entertainers group."

It's a Man's Life, make no mistake.

WAITING FOR GODARD



Vic Godard And The Subway Sect: no lack of space in the trouser department

Survive, sort, isn't he? The same **Vic Godard** (him in the right), purveyor of the finest '60s swing music and wearer of sartorially chic lounge bar togs.

Along with The Subway Sect he's been working as support, based on the Allread Lounge 'era. On this one night he failed — appeared late to his unbreakable habit of returning to his London home every night from his mother whose The Sect simply performed the set without the vocals.

But let's get on with — the man the Beat Subway Sect. It's the boys and the girls — the music is the fourth. The original version — the wailing guitars and manicured wailing — veered the head along with the rest of the punk siblings back in '77, but even then he didn't quite fit the bill.

"We used to play tapes of Frank Sinatra before we went on and made a dreadful din," recalls Vic, a man whose punk

crowds were helped by his shirtless pompadour for Abba.

Later he joined forces with Bernie Rhodes (later to enjoy an — some recognition with The Tubes — nearly off) and, by late '80, Bernie went to organize Chas Ley's "radical, late-night house" full of London's trendiest fashion-heads. Vic's look — his long hair — a headliner cited for a fortuitous performance.

Since that, and with another change of line-up, these bands have been transferred to an LP "Songs To Sell" and, currently, a 7" and 11" single, the new releases "Gone Now" (in the news). The music is it fourth. The original version — the wailing guitars and manicured wailing — veered the head along with the rest of the punk siblings back in '77, but even then he didn't quite fit the bill.

"We used to play tapes of Frank Sinatra before we went on and made a dreadful din," recalls Vic, a man whose punk

The new **Gary Numan** video is something of a breakthrough. None of your £30 plus mark-ups here, John. For around £5 you can be watching highlights of his Wembley "arawell" concert, complete with fairly dazzling stage effects (dazzling if you've got a largish screen, that is). To acquire "Micro Music", as it's called, you merely have to supply your own blank two-hour video tape to "Palace Video" (to whom cheques/POs for £4.95 plus £1.50 p&p per tape are made payable), 8 Poland Street, London W1.

For this you'll receive your tape back recorded with Numan Classics that now seem almost nostalgic — "Are Friends Electric?", "Dream Of Wires" and "Cars" being just the tip of the iceberg. Seems a pretty sound idea (sorry). Hopefully others will follow suit.

CAT CALL

A couple of soundtrack LPs hit the racks this week. **"Cat People"** being one of them. Hold your money, though, as it's fearfully dull and clearly selling on the "hit single" track inlaid by David Bowie. The rest consists of spooky electronic noise, courtesy Giorgio Moroder (legendary Spex in Blondie producer and synth pioneer) which will mean very little if you haven't seen the film (and not a lot more if you have). The movie's out mid-summer, incidentally, and stars Malcolm McDowell and Nastassia Kinski (who recently played "Tess" of the D'Urbervilles).

The second is the excellent **"Countryman"** compilation, a West Indian tale of "good against evil, ley against taste". The double LP contains prime Bob Marley And The Wailers cuts, Toots And The Maytals, Aswad, Steel Pulse and the odd unknown gem like "Oobi Aah!" by the Fabulous Five.

NIGHT STAR POLICE

Making Tracks: The Rise Of Blondie is out and finding its way into discerning bookshops.

It's a tale told mostly through the lens of the band's guitarist Chris Stein and that's mostly focussed on his extremely famous girlfriend, Debbie Harry. And it retails for £5.95.

Engaging stuff, though. And possibly even more engaging when it could be all yours for FREE. You heard right! Elm Tree Books have kindly donated six copies of this eye-catching volume to be dished out to the winners of the following puzzle.

Question: one of the following was a hit for Blondie. Which? a) "Queen Of The Rapping Scene"; b) "Rapture"; c) "Going Back To My Roots"; d) "A Whiter Shade Of Pale".

For the answer and your name and address on a postcard (or the back of an envelope) and zip it in the direction of **Smash Hits Blondie Competition**, 52/55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PP. The magic band will dip in to the sack on June 24 and six lucky persons will find their library a little larger.

BITZ

WHITES

OUT

VINYL

FRONTIER

Whitesnake appear to be shedding another skin. Drummer Ian Paice and bassist Neil Murray are currently making a guest appearance on a Gary Moore LP while both Bernie Marsden and Micky Moody have picked up their instruments and left.

Come in David Coverdale: "There is no question of the band splitting up. It would be crazy to do so when we've all worked so hard to get where we are now." He's planning a new Whitesnake LP for release in September along with some new recruits. Quite who is anyone's guess.



Coverdale: looks a bit miffed

SMASH HITS STAR PRIZES

Admit it, we spoil you. Where else can you get a 12" single and T-shirt entirely free of charge?

Siouxsie And The Banshees singles, to be exact. The band have generously allowed us 10 gift packs (each containing a 12" copy of "Fireworks" and a T-shirt specially designed by the legendary Rockin' Russian studios) and they're up for grabs to anyone who can solve this taxing little riddle.

Question: one of the following was never a member of the Banshees — which one? a) Marco Pirroni; b) Marc Almond; c) Sid Vicious; d) John Mackay.

Stick the answer on a postcard (or the back of an envelope) and wing it to **Smash Hits Siouxsie Competition**, 52/55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF, not forgetting your name and address. The first 10 correct cards picked on June 24 strike lucky. Go, go...

The above corny headline of course opens the door to the current stack of new releases, and **Lina** seems as good a place to start as any. The twosome have a new single out on June 25 called "Plaything".

The same day sees the release of a **Joe Jackson** LP, "Night And Day", which we're assured is more in the vein of his early pop stuff than his recent forays into '40s swing.

Bucks Fizz put out a new single, "Now Those Days Are Gone", on June 11. Those with highly-tuned hearing will delight in the "accapella" first ball. The B-side's "Takin' Me Higher" and it comes in a special picture bag.

Also on June 11 **The Jam** put out another 45. For some strange reason it's an import-only release so you'll have to try import shops if you want one. "Just Who Is The 5 o'Clock Hero?" is the title, backed with "The Great Depression". There's also a 12" version with a second B-side track, a new version of Edwin Starr's "War".

Back to June 25 and another LP from **Elvis Costello And The Attractions**. Nick Lowe isn't producing this time — they've roped in Geoff Emerick, who's worked with The Beatles and on the recent McCartney LP — and it's not to be a Country Album like the last. As a taster, a single "You Little Fool" appears on June 11 with "Big Sister" and "Stamping Ground" on the reverse.

New Yorkers **The dB's** have a new single too. From the marvellous "Repercussion" LP it's "Living A Lie"/"In Spain".

Another June 11 release from **The Teardrop Explodes**, their first 45 this year. It's "Tiny Children" from the Wilder LP. The 7" version has a colour sleeve and "Hazel Built A Steamboat" on the flip. There's also a 7" in a gatefold sleeve and a 12" which carries an 8 minute version of "Sleeping Gas" recorded live at **Club Zoo** (both limited editions).

And, lastly, **The Stargazers**, vendors of the recent "Groove Baby Groove", return with "Key Marie" — "Scat The Riff".

MIDGE LEAVES VISAGE



Rumours of a solo single? Untrue or a split? Visage in crisis? It was high time to get **Midge Ure** on the line and search the truth behind all these scurrilous snippets, writes Ian Rank.

This week sees the release of Midge's first ever solo single. It's a reworking of "No Regrets", a song that gave The Walker Brothers a hit back in January 1970.

"I always loved the song, added Mr. U. "It's funny because I remembered it on having an enormously powerful sound but in fact it was really weak! So I decided to do it as I remembered it rather than as it was."

As well as singing and producing the item, Midge played all the instruments. "It was quicker that way," he laughed. "I'm not being boastful when I say that because I have loads of friends who would have helped me out. But everything on the single is quite simple and so I could do it all myself."

"The only bit I couldn't do, I got the studio engineers to fill in. For some reason I couldn't hit one piano key hard enough and so he did it."

Midge's original plan was to put together an album of re-upholstered cover versions. In addition to "No Regrets" he had his eyes on two Bowie numbers, "Holy Holy" and "The Man Who Sold The World", plus a 1963 southern delight called "Bukiyazi" by Kyu Sakamoto (which he intended to sing in Japanese).

"But" sighed Midge "while I was twiddling my thumbs B.E.F stepped in with their 'Master Of Quality And Distinction' album."

What's more, everyone in the Ultravox camp is happy about the solo excursion. At the moment the band is locked away in rehearsal studios writing the material for their next LP, which will be produced by the legendary George Martin the man who masterminded all the Beatles' records during the '60s.

"It's such a bizarre idea that I love it! He came to see us at our Harrods-Smith concerts and really liked us. We've never wanted to go for a solo situation and after two albums with Conny Plank, even that felt alone. More than anything we need a release and George would be perfect."

And now the thorny question. What's your position with Visage? "I have nothing to do with Visage any more. There are too many cooks and no chicks. Originally the idea was to make Euro-dance music which might sound dated now but a couple of years ago was fresh."

"But now it's become too trendy for its own good. During the last album I kept hearing phrases like 'commercial' and 'appealing to the American market'. I don't like the 'American market' much."

Evidently not. The next Visage single, "Night Train", is a remixed version of the track from "The Anni" album. The new window-dressing was done by "some US guy" (John Langan) and Midge "just didn't like it". As a result, he's asked for his name to be taken off the credits.

"It sounds like bad American disco to me. When you start feeling half-hearted about something, then you know it's time to go."

10 ITZ 'N PIECES

ALL TIME TOP 10



JUNIOR

- 1. JOHNNY ACE: Don't You Know? (Dukes).** I grew up with his LP which actually belonged to my Dad. His melodies are so good.
- 2. ISLEY BROTHERS: For The Love Of You (Epic).** You can play this anytime, anywhere.

- 3. RICK JAMES: 69 Times (Metwax).** Just incredible! It's got everything a dance record should have.
- 4. DEEP PURPLE: Smoke On The Water (Purple).** I loved early '70s rock 'n' roll.
- 5. BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS: Natural Mystic (Island).** Not the version on the "Exodus" album but the original which, although it was never released, I'm lucky enough to have on tape.
- 6. THE JONES GIRLS: I Close My Eyes (Philadelphia Int.)** I'm a huge fan of Dexter Wansel who helped write this.
- 7. JEFF LOBER: Love Leads (Arista).** A criminally underrated keyboard player Great jazz/R&B fusion music.
- 8. CHAKA KHAN & RUFUS: Live In Me (MCA).** This was written by fellow Englishman, Rod Temperton. Beggar & Co borrowed the melody for their "Help Me Out".
- 9. EARTH, WIND & FIRE: Fantasy (Epic).** I couldn't understand this when it first came out but I've grown to love it.
- 10. SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE: Family Allie (Epic).** An all-time family favourite!

DISCO

THE WEEK'S BEST	WEEKS	WEEKS	WEEKS	WEEKS
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INDEPENDENT SINGLES

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TOP 30

TAKE 5

The current selling room selection also Smash Hits pentecost. This week, Steve Bush.

- 1. ADAM ANT: Goody Two Shoes (JES).**
- 2. TIGHT FIT: Cool by all and (ave) (Conty by all and (ave))**
- 3. THE BELLE STARS: Like the Shit!**
- 4. DURA-DANCE: (Pho-gram)**
- 5. SOFT CELL: Tainted Love (Reprise)**

POP DIVAS

Duran Duran
199 Queens a Crescent
London NW5 4DS

Haircut One Hundred
Lyebourne House
67-71 Shoebridge High St
London E1 6WJ

Spendau Ballet
c/o Jacqui
Suite 7
89 Gt. Portland St
London W1

Simple Minds
72 Sparrows Here
Kingwood
Barnold
Essex SS16 5EN

PERSONAL FILE

JOAN JETT

NAME: Joan Jett.
BORN: 22.9.59, Hollywood.
EDUCATED: Hollywood High School. I was chucked out in the end and then did a correspondence diploma.
FAVOURITE TEACHER: Mr. Quinn (English) who pushed me into "creative writing".
FIRST CRUSH: Donny Osmond.
JOBS: Worked as a cafeteria waitress when I was 13. Had to lie about my age to get the job.
FIRST RECORD: "Electric Warrior" by T. Rex.
FIRST CONCERT: Black Sabbath in '72 in Hollywood.
TV: Moah and All In The Family.
MOST PRIZED POSSESSION: My leather jacket.
CARTOON CHARACTER: Bugs Bunny.
HEROINE: Suzi Quatro and Marianne Faithfull.
FAULTS: I've got the worst temper in the whole world

(except for my manager). And I never stop talking.
AMBITION: Several already achieved - like a hit in England. To keep on going.
FOOD: Hamburger.
WHAT I'D DO WITH A MILLION QUID: Buy a '72 Bird car with a red and black top. And a king-size four-poster canopy bed.
FAVOURITE PHRASE: I'm freakin' out, man.
MOST HATED EXPRESSION: Punk Rock.
HAPPINESS IS: Doing what I'm doing.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?: To Germany.



INDEPENDENT ALBUMS

TOP 10

WEEKS	WEEKS	WEEKS	WEEKS	WEEKS
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3	3	3	3	3
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I'M NEARLY FAMOUS
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SOMETIMES YOU WIN
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LINDA RONSTADT

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PET SOUNDS
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FA 3020 DEL. SHARRON
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FA 3021 BOBBY VEE
SINGLES ALBUM
FA 3023 DON McLEAN
AMERICAN PIE
FA 3004 HELEN REDDY
I AM WOMAN
FA 3025 JUICE NEWTON & SILVER SPUR
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 and not included
 on the forthcoming album
 IMPERIAL bedroom
 XX26

S

SINGLES

Reviewed by
Fred Dellar



STEVIE WONDER: Do I Do
 (Motown) Uptown, uptempo
 Wonderware and a zillion times
 more commendable than Stevie's
 recent pol-up with Paulie.
 Hooked from the "Musiquarium"
 album, it's worth its weight in
 goldfish.



**MONSOON: Shakti (Mobile
 Suit Corporation)** Fact, played
 at 33 1/3, this one sounds just like
 The Beatles performing
 "Tomorrow Never Knows", a
 track from the Fab Four's 1966
 "Revolver" album. Theory:
 "Shakti" possesses such a dose
 of the haunting Hindus that
 Monsoon are, within a short
 space of time, destined to
 become established as the band
 with the best table manners in
 the land.

**THE BEATLES: The Beatles
 Movie Medley (Parlophone)**
 A septet of songs from the
 original mop-tops' screen career,
 neatly segued together in
 time-honoured, "Stars On 45"
 fashion. Oddly enough, when
 played at 33 1/3 it sounds nothing
 like Monsoon.

**BOW WOW WOW: I Want
 Candy (RCA)** Mucha
 percussion as ye olde Bo Diddley
 and handclaps beat comes up for
 air for the umpteenth time on this
 reworking of a Strangeloves' 1965
 hit. Produced by Kenny Laguna.

who in his time has remembered
 old tunes for Joan Jett and Steve
 Gibbons plus some old jokes for
 Dave Hepworth, the disc also
 sports one more yawn-provoking
 Malcolm McLaren gimmick in an
 unplayable second side.

**ROLLING STONES: Going To A Go-Go (Rolling
 Stones)** A segment from the
 Stones' new live album,
 featuring Mick in Motown
 memory mood and stomping his
 way through Smokey Robinson's
 first U.K. hit. But really it's just
 so-so Go-Go.

**VAN HALEN: Dancing In
 The Street (Warner
 Brothers)** Cruiy, not another
 fishback! Fraid so. This time
 LA's most chromium-plated
 heavies boogie a while on the
 age-old tribute to tarmac
 tarpsachery. And while it's not
 Van-lastic, it's pleasing enough.

**SMOKEY ROBINSON: Old
 Fashioned Love (Motown)**
 Back at base camp, Bill Robinson
 himself is still trilling and
 thrilling. Not the greatest song to
 ever emerge from the Motown
 music machine, I'll admit. But
 when Smokey sings, does it
 really matter?

**FOUR TOPS: Back To
 School Again (RSO)** Tough,
 untypical and somewhat
 unmemorable rock 'n' roll by the
 Tops. The song comes from the
 forthcoming *Grease 2* movie, a
 presentation that presumably
 stars John Travolta 4 and Olivia
 Newton-John 6.

TOMMY TUTONE: 867-5309/Jenny (CBS)
 A reasonably abrasive but hardly
 mind-tilting rocker about a
 wall-scrawled telephone
 number, performed by an outfit
 whom American Columbia
 signed after emptying out most of
 their piggy-bank. Accordingly,
 U.S. punters have been informed
 that Tutone are one of the great
 bands of our time and have since
 dutifully scooted down to their
 nearest record emporiums to buy
 bundles of the disc in the handy
 family size. Here, the going could
 be a lot harder.



**THE STARGAZERS: Hey
 Marie (Epic)** Epic's
 bring-back-Brylcreem brigade
 rest back even further than the
 rest to revive "Hey Marie",
 performing it in the manner of
 one Louis Prima, an
 Italian-American trumpeter and
 singer who led something of a
 booting band during the '50s. All

part of some ever-moving musical museum, I guess.

CARRIE LUCAS: Show Me Where You're Coming From (Solar) Wanna dance? What's your name then? Nice bit of bass there innit? Like the voice too. Do you come here often? Me too. Let's clap our hands to this bit, like all the rest are doing. You know, I can sing the chorus already. You too? Yeah, smashin', eh? Era, your mate seems to be enjoying it. Does she go the same way home as you? Well how about me and you sharing a cab after the disco's over? We could even stop off at that burger joint that's open after midnight. I do like this record, don't you? Hope that geezer playing the records gives it another spin. In the meantime, give us a kiss!



A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: Space Age Love Song (Jive) Just one long hook that comes attached to a well-fashioned, well-fashionable, synth and guitar surround. Like a Glenn Hoddle through pass — simple but effective. Only total deafness among delays should prevent hit status.

YELLOW: Pinball Che Cha (Ralph) Finball Che Cha clockwork personified as Messrs Blank, Meiser and Peron render their own take of a pinball wizard. Deliberately arch vocals, brass synth riffs and bouts of drumastics come punctuated with bouts of lunatic laughter, whoops whistles and things that go bump in the night. At the very least you'll smile.

MODERN ENGLISH: Life In The Gleadhouse (3AD) I wrote them off after their "Mesh And Lace" album — I mean, how cold and bleak can you get? Since then they seem to have moved from icehouse to gleadhouse by way of Baubaus and now sound an outfit to be reckoned with. A fine record on which percussion riles while the top lines switch and swirl intriguingly.

STATUS QUO: She Don't Fool Me (Vertigo) Hardly the potent nut-nodder from the '1982' album and not a patch on its elder B-side, "Never Too Late" — but the Quo Corps will doubtless consider it pure Perfection.

CHARGE: Fashion (Kamera) No, not the Bowie song but (believe it or not) an instantly likeable punk anthem with a chorus that's sheer

Saturday morning cinema club — "Fashion, fashion, fashion, fashion, fashion, I'm a Christmas tree." An instant hit on the indie chart and, bless the disc's blood-red vinyl, on mine too.

FUNKAPOLITAN: Run, Run, Run (London) Brit-funkers demonstrating their expertise in the rhythm division. All chant and dance really and little pretence about being anything else. Now if someone could just come up with a decent melody line I might get interested.

ADRIAN GURVITZ: Your Dream (Rak) Slow-to-build weeps with an almost Manlow-styled chorus and an into-the-sunset close. Thankfully, Gurvitz has a little sand in his voice and keeps this side of the credibility gap. But after a couple of playings, I still just don't know. Well, I can't all of the time, can I?

BAUHAUS: Spirit (Beggars Banquet) A strong bid by Peter to become accepted as the Bowie of the '80s. Vocally he's impressive here — emotive yet controlled — while the band fit and fill engagingly. The only 'if only' is the song, which isn't quite as well-shaped as might be hoped for. But surely only a nudge is needed now.

DOLLAR: Videothèque (Carere) David and Theresa lend their fizzy 7-Up vocals to a production job that homes in from every direction, blending Buggeland with boogieband and then some. A nothing dressed up to be something and certainly the nearest thing to headphone heaven on display this week.

THOMPSON TWINS: Runaway (T) This laboured jog-trot is hardly representative of "Sei", the quite tasty album from which it is culled. Maybe the accompanying free live single will help shift a few extra copies. It not, the particular. Thanks to Dolby-assisted "Runaway" is likely to grind to a dead stop.



VIC GODARD: Hey Now, I'm In Love (London) Slick Vic is likeable and wishes that he had been raised in the era of Swing and Sinatra. My Uncle Bert is also likeable and was raised in the era of Swing and Sinatra. Unfortunately, neither of them can sing.

ALBUMS

TOYAH: The Changeling (Sesfer) No surprises as the tiny thespian confidently exercises her vocal cords over a new bunch of Toyah-tunes with a light Gothic flavour. The songs, about druids, angels and castaways, are digitally recorded (so it says) with a strident guitar well to the fore. Sudden changes of voice and sound abound; one minute she's doing her wispy high voice, then it's the big bawl, then the exaggerated, David Bowie-ish spoken bits. With Toyah the music's only as important as her hair or make-up or clothes — but it's great for changing wigs lo. (4½ out of 10)

Neil Tennant

PATRICE RUSHEN: Straight From The Heart (WEA) Ms. Rushen is evidently an all-rounder. Not only does she sing and play both piano and synthesiser but she also co-produced the L.P. and wrote most of the material. There are nine tracks in all, including her hit single, "Forget Me Not", "All We Need" and "I Was Tired Of Being Alone" are in the funky mould while "Where There Is Love" and "If Only" find Patrice in a slower, more soulful mood. Definitely average. (5 out of 10)

Beverly Hills

GABARET VOLTAIRE: 2 x 45 (Rough Trade) I've always been a bit of a sucker for packaging. The two 12-inch 45s here are packaged within a black, fold-out sleeve with a black-and-silver design inside. Very smart. The music on the records is par for the course. Noisy percussion, sinister voices, vaguely funky guitar work here and there, plus "tapes." I was interested to read in the news sheet enclosed that clubs and DJs will be contacted to make this "available for the dance floor" if you have been warned. (4 out of 10)

Neil Tennant

JOHN COOPER CLARKE: Zip Style Method (Epic) No-one in the last five years has done more to tear poetry from the embalming grasp of "A Level" English than John. But as his motormouth verse has reached ever wider, so he's moved sideways, giving even greater emphasis to his musical backing. Without JCC's canny way with words and his resoundingly flat Manchester accent, this would sound like a sampler album. There's funk on "Ninety Degrees in The Shade", country and western on "A Heart Disease Called Love". Only when JCC tries to sing — rather than intone — are the results less than intriguing. As a singer, he'll always be an excellent lyricist. (7 out of 10)

Pete Sullivan

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS: Cuts And Cabers (Cuba Libre/Virgin) In a daring reaction against normal pyramidal behaviour, the Shakers' music is getting broader as it goes on — not narrower. Their brand of straight-down-the-line pop now has more in common with the Undertones than with the other young rockabillys, certainly in style if not in quality. These 14 songs are all — except for a fine cover of Elvis Costello's "Just A Memory" — pleasant and not much more. A case of 'shakin' but not stritin' ? (5 out of 10)

Tim de Lisle

HAMBI AND THE DANCE: Heartache (Virgin) High romance and endless emotion on this debut collection of big songs. Hambie seems to be unlucky in love but at least it gives him something to write about. The Dance and their producer provide an epic, cinematic setting for Hambie's tragic tunes; the impression given is that they think they're playing something important. I have a feeling that Hambie and his mob should ship their guitars, synthesisers and castanets across the Atlantic to achieve big success; over here tears are not enough. (4 out of 10)

Neil Tennant

ROLLING STONES: Still Life (American Concert 1981) (Rolling Stones) In which The Greatest Rock 'N' Roll Band In The World have another crack at solving The Great Live Album Poser — how on earth do you put across the full force of a live show in somebody's living-room? — and once again settle for an honourable failure. Atmosphere, electric playing, erratic choice of songs, eccentric, proper sings superbly and the LP has its moments but it's probably aimed at the real devotees. For anyone else, "Rolled Gold" remains the perfect introduction. (6 out of 10)

Tim de Lisle

PASSAGE TO

Grange Hill, Top Of The Pops and all stations east . . . Sheila Chandra sets the course for Anglo/Indian pop.

Neil Tennant carries favour.

Jill Furmanovsky takes the pics.

Inside a studio in west London someone has worked very hard to create an exotic, Eastern atmosphere. Flames are burning in little brass bowls. The sand falling through an hour-glass marks the passage of time. Closely patterned cushions are scattered across a round black disc on which sits a dusky young girl of astonishing beauty and grace. In the background someone is gently strumming a sitar.

Suddenly a Scottish voice shouts "Okay — track!" and the girl starts to mime to a record. Midge Ure, looking chunkily athletic in T-shirt and jogging pants, is directing Sheila Chandra in the video to promote Monsoon's new single, "Shakti". Surrounded by lights and cameramen and people whose exact function is not clear to me, Sheila seems very patient and professional. But then she's an actress with, at the age of 17, several years' experience behind her.

When she was very young she decided she wanted to become an actress — and so she became one. Encouraged by her mother, she applied to, and was accepted as, a pupil by the famous Italia Conti stage school in London. It's the kind of place which has produced lots of little Lena Zavaronis but Sheila took it all very seriously.

"I tried to get the most out of the course. If I'd concentrated mainly on singing and hadn't paid attention in my acting classes or my elocution classes, I wouldn't have been able to cope so well with something like this.

You have to be so versatile."

When she was at stage school Sheila auditioned with many others for the BBC Television series, *Grange Hill*. She was given the part of Sudhamani Patel and played it for "two or three series". But by the age of 14 she'd decided she wanted to become a singer and — of course — became one.

"I did a demo tape for a record company but nothing came of it. Then one day Steve Coe (Monsoon's co-producer, writer and keyboards player) was riffling through some old demo tapes looking for 'A Voice'. He came across mine and decided that I'd be right to sing a kind of Asian-influenced music that he'd been writing as a result of mixing with Asian friends. He decided to form Monsoon."

Steve is a large, friendly man with several years' experience as a writer and arranger. He smiles in the video studio with the smile of a man whose dream has come true. After all, it has. His longstanding interest in Indian and Eastern music gave him the idea that the time was right for a kind of music blending western pop and eastern sounds. Once he'd found Sheila they made a demo tape and sold the idea to a record company. "Ever So Lonely" was the first release and since it charted he's been ever so happy. Sheila, Steve and Martin Jones, their co-producer and bass-player, are the nucleus of Monsoon, with guest Indian musicians providing the sitar and tabla accompaniment.

SHAKTI

(The Meaning of Within)

Comm with me
And I will turn
The pages of your open book
Take a look inside my hand
And think about me
When I'm dnd

I will show you
Oh supann me eye preetum
I will know you

Illustrate, don't complicate
The words that seem so very clear
Realise the true disgressu
Of hate in fear
And drawing nmr

I will show you
Oh supann me eye preetum
I will know you

I can take you
Recreate you
I will show you the meaning of within
I can take you
Recreate you
I will show you the meaning of within,
oh yeah!
Shakti, yeah! Shakti, yeah!

Listen to the time I play
And concentrate in every
Melody in shape and sound
Forever going round and round

I will show you
Oh supann me eye preetum
I will know you

I can take you
Recreate you
I will show you the meaning of within
I can take you
Recreate you
I will show you the meaning of within
I can take you
Recreate you
I will show you the meaning of within,
oh yeah!
Shakti, yeah!

Show you the meaning of within
Shakti, yeah!

Show you the meaning of within
Shakti, yeah!

Show you the meaning of within
Shakti, yeah!

Show you the meaning of within
Shakti, yeah!

Words and music by Steve Coe
Reproduced by permission Virgie Music
Ltd./Indipop Music.
On The Mobile Suit Corporation.

They're very proud of Monsoon's musical "blend".

"I'm only three-quarters Indian and one-quarter English," explains Sheila, "which really ties in with all that Monsoon is saying, in that the music is a blend.

"There's so much to explore in both English music and Indian music — not just instrumentally but in the way you write. For instance, 'Shakti' is based on a five-note scale as an Indian raga would be. There are a few notes here and there that are not on that scale but generally it's in that five-note scale and yet it sounds like a pop song."

There are bits of Eastern philosophy stirred into the Monsoon blend, as well. Take "Shakti (The Meaning Of Within)" — what's that all about? "Shakti" means the life-giving force of creative energy. There isn't a direct English translation — it means so many things . . . "What does it mean to her, I ask, quick as a flash.

"Well, you can take it on an immediate level as just a very warm, happy song. If you go deeper into the lyrics it has a fairly spiritual meaning: somebody trying to help somebody, giving their knowledge and experience. But at the same time you've got to let people find out things for themselves.

"It's rather like a butterfly talking to a caterpillar — eventually it'll all happen to the caterpillar but there's nothing the butterfly can do about it."

The spiritual meaning of this was rather lost on me but I nodded and tried to look intelligent all the same. As with everything else she does, Sheila is very professional about being interviewed: she knows her stuff.

"We like to give our songs a danceability."

"All music should have an enjoyment factor because music's there to enjoy."

"When we play live it has to be very, very carefully thought about because we've achieved a blend musically and we have to achieve a blend visually. We can pull through so many things that in an ordinary situation you wouldn't be able to use. Here they're relevant."

I wasn't surprised to learn that

INDIA

she's studying for three 'A' levels in her spare time: English, History and Geography. But how does she find the time?

"It is difficult. My teachers send me packs of notes and revision questions and that helps. But it's getting harder. Trying to concentrate when you're really tired is difficult. Also I had to go into hospital with appendicitis and then I went to India . . ."

For the first visit. She went to Madras, Bombay and Bangalore, visiting members of her family she had never met before. It wasn't really a sight-seeing trip but she seems enthusiastic about India.

"The culture, the way of life, the family traditions, the music . . . there's plenty there. The thing I noticed most was the sincerity of so many people and the calm way of life — nobody rushes about."

Even so, western pop and disco music is becoming popular there.

"It started, as far as I can gather, with a disco track in an Indian film which was sung by a young girl who's very popular there — that's the first crossover they've had."

"I think they'll like Monsoon because it's another blend and another crossover. Also, I think it's a step on from disco and I hope they like it. India is more of an albums' market, for some reason, so we'll have to wait until we've finished the album and then we can take it over. Obviously we're looking forward to it."

Sheila has lots to look forward to but she remains philosophical.

"Even if nothing happened again I could always look back and say 'Well, look, I've done this and I've experienced this.' I always try to make the most of my opportunities and I've had an awful lot of good opportunities and that's why I feel they shouldn't be wasted."

"I enjoy this, I enjoy singing, I enjoy acting. I think you're in a very privileged position if you enjoy your work — because then you've got leisure and you can enjoy that as well!"

Now that sounds like the meaning of within to me.



STAR TEASER

The names listed are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the names are always in an uninterrupted straight line, letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them. Solution on page 42.

ASSOCIATES

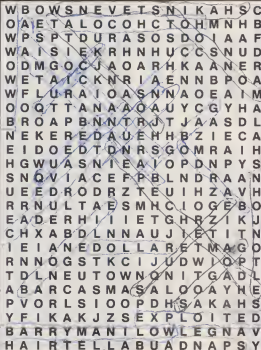
BANANARAMA
BARDO
BARRY MANILOW
BLONDIE
BOW WOW WOW
CANDI STATON
CHAS AND DAVE
DEPECHE MODE
DOLLAR
DURAN DURAN
D TRAIN
ELTON JOHN
EXPLOITED

FOREIGNER

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PATRICE RUSHEN
PIGGAS
QUEEN

QUICK

RAH BAND
SHAKATAK
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IS IT BY INSTINCT
(Previously unreleased track)
FIXX3



RED SKIES
from the chart album
SHUTTERED ROOM

ALMA RECORDS

THE POLICE

REQUEST SPOT

ARTIST: The Police TITLE: Born In The 50's LABEL: A&M Records YEAR: 1976 REQUESTED BY: Alison Ross, Upper Shirley, Southampton.



By AllMusic.com

BORN IN THE 50'S

Chorus
We were born
Born in the 50's
Born, born in the 50's
Born, born in the 50's
Born, born in the 50's

My mother cried
When President Kennedy died
She said it was the communists
But I knew better
Would they drop the bomb on us while we
Made love on the beach
We were the class they couldn't teach
'Cause we knew better

Repeat chorus
They screamed
When The Beatles sang

And they laughed when The King fell down the stairs
Oh they should've known better
Well we hated our punts
And we messed in our pants
Then we lost our faith and prayed to the TV
Oh we should've known better

Repeat chorus

We freeze like statues on the pages of history
Living was never like this when we took all those GCEs
Oh you opened the door for us
And then you turned to dust
You don't understand us, so don't reprimand us
We're taking the future, we don't need no teacher
Born, born in the 50's
Born, born in the 50's

Repeat to fade

BLONDIE



smashHITS

THE HOP



DO·I·DO

STEVIE WONDER

When I see you on the street
My whole body gets weak
When you're standing in the crowd
Your love talks to me so loud
Girl, do I do, what you do, when I do my love to you

When I hear you on the phone
Your sweet sexy voice turns me all the way on
Just the mention of your name
Seems to drive my head insane
Girl, do I do, what you do, when I do my love to you, baby

Chorus

Yes I got some candy kisses for your lips
Yes I got some honeysuckles, chocolate dripping kisses
Full of love for you

Yes I got some candy kisses for your lips
Yes I got some honeysuckle, chocolate dripping kisses
Full of love for you

My life has been waiting for your love
My arms have been waiting for you to arrive
My heart has been waiting
My soul anticipating your love

From the time that I awake
I'm imagining the good love that we'll make
If to me your vibe can do all this
Just imagine how it's gonna feel when we hug and kiss
Girl, do I do, what you do, when I do my love to you, alright

Repeat chorus

(Your) love (your) love (love, love, love, love, love, love)

Oh I don't care how long it might take
'Cause I know the women for me, you'll make
And I will not deny myself the chance
Of being part of what feels like the right romance
Girl, do I do, what you do, when I do my love to you, oh yeah

Yes I got some candy kisses for your lips
Yes I got some honeysuckles, chocolate dripping kisses
Full of love for you
Yes I got some candy kisses for your lips
Yes I got some honeysuckle, chocolate dripping kisses
Full of love for you
Girl I've got some candy kisses for your loving baby, oh yeah
Do you want some candy
Do you want some honeysuckle
Do you want some chocolate dripping kisses full of love for you

Words and music by Stevie Wonder
Reproduced by permission Jobete Music Ltd./Black Bull Music
On Motown Records

Don't give me your weakness
And your disbelief I can't hear
Don't give me hypocrisy
No, don't talk if you can't hear

Because you're young
This is the sixties revolutionary hop
Because you're young
This is the eighties revolutionary hop
Because you're young
This is the sixties revolutionary hop
Because you're young
This is the eighties revolutionary hop

Do not wildly stare
Or play dumb
Is your intention clear
And your vision clear
This is not a rave or a game
This party is for you
And it's for free if you dare

Because you're young
This is the sixties revolutionary hop
Because you're young
This is the eighties revolutionary hop
Because you're young
This is the sixties revolutionary hop
Because you're young
This is the eighties revolutionary hop

Words and music by Kirk Brandon
Reproduced by permission Chrysalis Music Ltd.
On Burning Rome Records



TOYAH

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A new Toyah LP is a special occasion. Agreed? And just to make the arrival of her latest, "The Changeling", that touch more special, we've decided to dish out 50 COPIES of said disc FREE of all charge, each one signed by her own fair hand.

To decide exactly which of you are the most deserving of such a stunning offer, we've lined up a very tricky quiz. Below the sharper-sighted of you will notice three Toyah photos. They were all taken in the same year — which? Jot the date on a postcard or the back of an envelope, along with your name and address, and send it to **Smash Hits Toyah Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF as fast as humanly possible.

The first 50 correct answers to be prised open on June 24 will find a highly valuable package in the post. Be the envy of your friends! Begin...



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STAR
PRIZES

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Go...



COMPETITION RESULTS

ALTERED IMAGES COMPETITION (May 13), correct answers were: (a) "Dead Pop Stars"; (b) Glasgow and (c) "Gregory's Girl".
50 winners receive autographed copies of "Finky Blue": Tony Allen, Lanchester; Joanne Taylor, Aylesbury; Eoinne Robinson, Northampton; David MacDonald, Kilmy; Tom, Bristol; Barbara Clark, Hull; Eddie Pinder, Beddith; Ian Thurlbourn, Cambridge; Suze Mann, Telford; Anna Wallace, Bristol; T. Dada, Reading; Kathryn Grumball, Upminster; Craig Allen, Glasgow; Jackie Edwards, Birmingham; Lisa Roberts, Walling; Darren Gore, Rugeley; Matthew Reid, Leamport; Clare Peatfield, Tunbridge Wells; Rachel Gierrens, Cambridge; Sarah Sculthorn, Norwich; Kenny McIntyre, Southampton; Sevan, Tama Cedeno, Norwich; Ben Cox, Chislehurst; Ella Rosen, London N14; Susan Mayer, Colchester; D. McLenn, London E11; Martin Anderson, York; Susan Hyde, Driffield; Anne Russell, Leicester; Philip Dart, Woking; Waddy Hutchinson, Eamhill; Glyn Griffiths, Chevening House; Andrew Hain, Eareham; Louise Mayes, Dunstable; Andrew Orr, Wootton; Craig Hughes, Bicester; Kevin Holmes, Walling; Peter Reynolds, Burton-on-Trent; Steven Davies, Metheringham; Samantha Turner, Sheffield; Jackie Holmes, Stroud; P. Fletcher, Colford; Maria Bondi, Heathhall; Julie Lapping, Tipton; Mark Pollard, Weybridge; Karen Noone, Epton; Robert Steele, Wootton; Donna Claypool, Bury; Michelle Ingham, Manchester; Robin Wagland, Woking.

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READING

A couple of months back we suggested that there might be some untapped journalistic talent out there amongst our readers and enquired whether anyone was interested in getting their arguments printed in these pages. You were interested all right. A hundred letters a day interested. Maybe it was the two typewriters we were offering as prizes that did the trick, but the fact is we were flooded by your

response (the postman particularly).

Well, you may not believe it but we read 'em all — the good, the bad, the downright loony — and from them we picked out the two winners (in the under and over fifteen age groups) whose excellent articles are printed below.

Obviously there can only be one winner in each class, and we'd genuinely like to thank all

★ WINNER Julia



Above: Julia Llewellyn Smith

Julia Llewellyn Smith is 13 and attends an all-girls school in Oxford. Her hobbies are going to parties and listening to records, preferably Elvis Costello records. She wants to be a journalist but wonders whether the fact that she hates English might hold her back. One Sunday afternoon, while listening to the Top Forty, she sat down and addressed herself to the question: "What matters most — talent, good looks, clothes, or being able to eat twenty nine large hamburgers at one sitting?"

Talent. Talent matters more than good looks, clothes and being able to eat twenty nine large hamburgers (although if they can I wish them luck). I think almost everybody would agree that although looks are important, it's the person underneath who really counts. And it's exactly the same for music. I couldn't give a damn what Simon Le Bon looks like — when he's on the record player I can't see his pretty face.

At the moment we're just broken into the video age and quickly (as *Nine O'Clock News* pointed out) it's a case of 'nice video — shame about the

song". It seems to me that people care more about the looks of a performer than what they sound like. For instance, Adam at first produced original, invigorating songs and dared to appear on TOPP with no visual aids, but along with "Stand And Deliver" (his weakest song so far) came the excellent video, which covered up the triteness of the song.

I'm sure if someone who had been in outer space for the last year and had never heard of Adam were to listen to any of his last three singles they would never think "Wow! What ace music!" but rather "What's this cretin shrieking about?" Of course, there must be something in the song to get it into the charts in the first place, but many people hear Adam's got a new single out and rush to buy it without even hearing it. Elvis Costello and Siouxsie are not most people's idea of great lookers, but all their songs are original, intelligent and brilliant.

I've got nothing against good looks or clothes. I don't personally like make-up on men, but everyone has the right to wear what they like. I appreciate a good video when it gives an

YOU YOUR WRITES

the thousands of who who entered and especially give our commiseration and encouragement to Philip McLeish, Joanne Lawrence, Sarah Tobias, Vicky Robinson, Robert J. Kiley, Siobhain Scourfield, John Christie, Emma Bagnall, Sharon Sullivan and Rob Edmunds, who made it to the short list but were pipped at the post by the two young ladies below.



WINNER Susannah Walker



Susannah Walker is 16 and lives in Cheshire where, between studying for 'O' Levels, she pursues an interest in computers. Bryan Ferry, Japan and ABC. Of all the many readers who chose to attack the question "What Is Wrong With Top Of The Pops?" we felt that Susannah tackled it in the most intelligent way, balancing constructive criticism with short blasts of well thought-out abuse and showing the beginnings of a good solid writing style. So, Susannah, what is wrong with Top Of The Pops?

On the face of it, this appears to be a positively stupid question. Everyone agrees that it should be rearranged — preferably with a sledgehammer. But pause and consider. *TOTP* is the most popular programme on the BBC. And how many Friday mornings does the conversation begin: "Did you see *TOTP* . . . ?"

It can't be all wrong. The content is impeccable because they provide the music that's popular, because people buy it, and cater for a huge and varied audience. Not that many people want to see obscure bands, which is why they're obscure. Logical?

Unfortunately the format, or the glaring lack of it, needs improvement. The attempts at getting a "party" or live atmosphere are a joke because of the way the groups are performing. Instead of the current uneasy compromise they ought to decide whether they want an authentic live performance or a video-style act.

Certainly the videos are entertaining, but there would be cries of protest if groups were removed totally. The problem here begs a video programme to

prevent needless wastage ("Paint Me Down"? "Treason"?) because many good videos are missed because they aren't for a chart song.

Then we have the campaigners for live, warts-and-all music because of the resulting "atmosphere". The major fault with this argument is the decided lack of any atmosphere when watching an 8" black and white TV with lousy reception. Television is a totally different medium. Music presentation must realise this and stop spicing stage shows. Much as I would like a sledgehammer sometimes there's really little that can be done about the current arrangements. So maybe The Goonbar Dance Band don't hold your attention for more than ten seconds, but that's their fault, not *TOP's*.

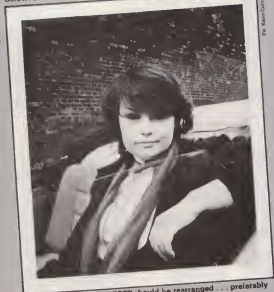
General ideas, though, could definitely be rescued from the early seventies, where they appear to be permanently stuck. Annihilation of the current mutation of Flick Colby's dancers

should be a high priority; the cluttering-up of groups with fairly pathetic dancers is annoying and at odds with the "give the people what they buy" policy.

Modernising the currently unflattering and unoriginal appearance of the show would also help. High-tech sets and bright lighting perhaps? Keep the audience certainly but make them a feature rather than the current grey faceless mass. A bit more innovation, modernity and aesthetic appeal would't go amiss, but everything could be a lot worse.

People really should stop carping about *TOTP*. No other show has as many good bands, particularly in the current chart climate, and it pleases over twelve million people, so it can't be all awful. When you consider its problems — the varied audience and some of the garbage that crawls into the charts — they really are doing rather well. A little tidying up and it might be brilliant.

Below: Susannah Walker



"Everyone agrees that *TOTP* should be rearranged . . . preferably with a sledgehammer."

Llewellyn Smith

impression of the artist's concept of the song — but a song like "Vienna" didn't actually need a video to sell it.

But when a group is judged more by their looks than by their music then things have gone too far. This seems to be especially true of *The New Romantics*. I like the way they dress and Duran Duran produce good, danceable songs, but Spandau Ballet seem to care more about their "naughty" video than their song, as the outcry in the Smash Hits letters page shows. It's now a matter of course for a band to make a video along with a single, and now singles are being written to match a preconceived video. If the band



"I couldn't give a damn what Simon Le Bon looks like — when he's on the record player I can't see his face."

are the best-looking boys that can be found in a particular city, their musical ability doesn't seem to matter. Japan's music is, in my opinion, stilled and pretentious, and when they're mentioned one doesn't immediately think of their songs but instead of "beautiful" David Sylvian.

Of course, everyone has different tastes and what I like is not everybody's else's cup of tea, but surely the sounds of a truly great band are far superior to the affected pouting and contrived music of many groups today, whatever their hair-colour, lipstick, eye-shadow or headbands may be like.

PH. MARK COOPER

R.S.V.P.

Looking for pen friends? Send a postcard with brief personal details to
RSVP, Smash Hits,
52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF
 and we'll do our best to help you.

- I am aged 10 and my hobbies are reading, doing long division maths and stamp collecting. Five groups are Madness, Tight Fit and Cliff Richard. I'd like a girl penfriend aged 10-11. Write to me, Maureen Mahon, at 45 Ridgeway, Stevenage, Herts.
- I'm a young man from Poland and very interested in modern music. I collect LPs, singles and music magazines. I'd love to swap mags with anyone who has spare issues. Hope to hear from someone soon! Contact: Adam Smialewski, Szczecin, Ul. Lukaszewski 5, Poland.
- Crazy female, aged 16, wants any penfriends. Likes Japan, Simple Minds, Blancmange, Depeche Mode and Yazoo. Don't like football records

- or Bucks Fizz. Boys who wear make-up especially welcome! Write to Carol Johnson at 90 Horton Rd, Exeter, Devon EX1 3EE.
- I am 17 and from Czechoslovakia. My hobbies are pop music, especially The Human League, Joan Jeff, Shaky and Rod Stewart. I also like sports, such as volleyball and going on my scooter. Write to: Soňa Janáková, Bzenek, Zvezdka No. 4, CS03401, Bzenek, Czechoslovakia, CSSR.
- 16-year-old wishes to communicate. Must have good taste or, in other words, be into Duran Duran, Human League, OMD etc. If you qualify, write now to: Tracy Ibrahim, 2 Conifer Court, Ringwood North, Victoria 3134, Australia

- I am black and my name is Francis I am 18 going on 19. I require female penpals. I like new romantic and disco music. I also love dance and fashion. If you want a lifelong friend (let's hope), please send picture to Francis Collins Jr, HNO 418/34 C2, A. Long, Tema, Ghana.
- You teddy boys, teddy girls, rockabilles and kitties — you can write to Deb Hall (18) and Lorraine Carlin (18) if you are awesome. Lorraine is blonde and blue-eyed, Deb is blonde and brown-eyed. Write to us at: 5 Watchwood Grove, Calverton, Nottingham NG14 6HX.
- If you're aged 12-15 and would like to write to a Glaswegian who has lived in England for 8 years, then here I am! Likes: Toyah, Altered Images, S.L.F., Bauhaus and lots more. Anyone interested? Then write to: Gillian, 14 West Priors Court, Lings, Northampton NN3 4LE.
- 18-year-old Simon Le Bon lookalike and intellectual guy from Hoeg Kong wants to meet or write to anybody, but especially girls. I like disco music, Depeche Mode, The Human League and many more. Kindly write to: Raymond Yee, Queen's College, Taunton, Somerset TA1 4QS.
- Intelligent, good-looking brown-eyed male will write to any females who dare take up this offer. I'm into Bucks Fizz, The Nolans, Abba and more. So if you're mad, get writing to: Tony Day, 9 Francis Avenue, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire.
- My name is Joanna and I like Motorhead, Status Quo, Bucks Fizz

- and Iron Maiden. I'm looking for a nice boy 15-17. I hope to answer all letters. Write to: Joanna Hodgkinson, Mountain View, Rhosubudra, Caernarfon, Gwynedd, North Wales.
- Is there anyone out there who's seven and into Japan and Kitaru Kitaru? Why not write, then? I've got two gerbils and a mad dog called Sam. Send your pic, please, to: Sheridan Jackson, 10 Rowell Walk, Northern Moor, Wythenshawe, Manchester M23 6CY.
- Three girls (13) would like penpals of any age. We all love mods and Beatnik One Headed. We're all especially game for a laugh and like going to discos. Write to the two Louise's and Sharon at: 3 Rufford Close, Burbage, Hinckley, Leics LE10 2FF.
- Our name's are Andy and Gaz and we're into Yacco, Depeche Mode and OMD. Any nice girls aged 12-14 are welcome to write to us at: 5 Harlow Road, Acomb, York, P.S. Pire required.
- Intelligent, beautiful, articulate 14-year-old female requires a high-tone good-looking male aged 14-18. He less than Robert Redford accepted, okay! Into FB3, Japan, Higgins, Leisure Process, etc. Scribble to: Salli, 40 Ravenswood Drive, Solihull, West Mids B91 3WL.
- 17-year-old wants any penfriends. I am interested in keep fit and music. Love groups being Japan, Duran Duran and Soft Cell. Simon Le Bon lookalikes most welcome. 100. If interested, write to: Carolyn Hill, 3 Crowhurst Drive, Braunstone, Leicester LE3 2UJ.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

SPACE
AGE
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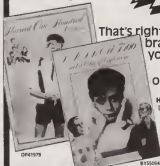


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Get SMART!

Don't get left in the dark! Martin Lister can answer your music questions. Try writing to Get Smart, *Smash Hits*, 120 Old Bailey Street, London W1V 1PL.



On The Boomtown Rats "V Deep" tour they were supported by Matt Fretton. Any info on him?

Claire Bradshaw and Susan Ralph.

Aged 17, Matt hails from Crouch End in North London. Instead of a group Matt uses a tape machine on stage which contains backing tracks that he recorded himself at home. He's currently supporting the Gang Of Four but his first headlining date is on July 6 at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, when his guests will include some of the Eurythmics, Rats and, possibly, Depeche Mode.

In a recent interview the Associates said they never get any fan mail. Where can I send mine?

Kim, Folkestone. They'll be pleased to hear from you if you send to: Associates, c/o Beggars Banquet, 8 Hogarth Road, Earls Court, London SW5.

At the Haircut One Hundred concert at the Hammersmith Odeon I noticed a film crew. Will the results ever be shown? Julie Allen, Bromley. The crew you mention were recording it for French TV where the concert was broadcast

nationwide on a programme called "Megahertz". Alas, there are no plans as yet for a similar showing here.

Is it true that Andy Taylor (Duran Duran) is about to marry a girl who cracked his tooth with a soda siphon? Anna Herrington, Hillington. We asked Andy and he replied: "Never!"

I recently bought a Status Quo album entitled "Now Hear This" which turned out to be exactly the same as the "Whatever You Want" LP. Any ideas on this? Chris-Paul Centley. It's because "Now Hear This" is the American version, with a different title and on a different label. It's quite a rarity here as only very few of these were imported into Britain.

How can I get the sheet music to ABC's "Poison Arrow"? ABC fan, Bridgwater, Somerset. As ABC have only recently signed a publishing deal, the first available sheet music will be "The Look Of Love". But the publishers, Virgin Music, will probably make all their previous releases available soon. Meanwhile, "T.L.O.L." sells for 75p from: Music Sales, 78 Newman Street, London W1.

Where did Clare Grogan get those ear-rings she sports in your issue dated Oct 15, '81?

Alison Cummings, Sutton Coldfield. They're available from "Chatters" of 59 South Molton Street, London W1, where Pamela Hogg (a friend of Clare's) designs "really beautiful" clothes and accessories. The set normally sells at £4.00. If this seems a little pricey, Clare recommends you try experimenting with any Christmas tree decorations you may still have...



Clare: what's going on ear?

By Terry East



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REQUEST·SPOT

ARTIST: Ultravox TITLE: New Europeans
LABEL: Chrysalis YEAR: 1980 REQUESTED
BY: Andrew Humphreys, Clwyd, North Wales

PC Britain



NEW·EUROPEANS

In a quiet street washed by the rain
Merooned within the home
A lonely man sits cheek to cheek
With unique designs in chrome
The mellow years have long gone by but now he sits alone
He has a brand new radio
But he never turns it on

Chorus

New Europeans
Young Europeans
New Europeans

A photograph of lovers lost
By dusty magazines
Her eyes belong to a thousand girls

She's a wife who's never seen
Their educated son has left in search of borrowed dreams
His television's in his bed
He's frozen to the screen

Repeat chorus

On a crowded beach washed by the sun
He puts his headphones on
His modern world revolves around
The synthesiser's song
Full of future thoughts and thrills his senses slip away
He's a European legacy
A culture for today

Repeat chorus

Young Europeans

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IT'S THE SCRITTI POLITICAL BROADCAST

JOHNNY BLACK GETS A TASTE OF MODERN SOUL MUSIC.

management agency, just someone you can work closely with." It was becoming increasingly obvious that Scritti was as much an idea in Green's head as it was a real group. They played live, made records and did interviews but without Green there would have been nothing.

The fast life and the low-life finally caught up with him in late 1979. Although he hadn't seen his parents in five years, they read of his state of health in the music press and asked him to attempt recovery back home in Wales.

In the relative tranquility of Wales he was sustained by family, political writings (Scritti Polit is Italian for "political writing") and an infusion of black music: soul, reggae and dub. Returning to London bright-eyed and bushy-tailed in 1981, Green set about restructuring Scritti and the music. Most of the old group, members and hangers-on had drifted off but Matthew was still organising and, although Green was working mostly with a drum computer, he decided to retain their impressively dreadlocked drummer Tom. "It was stupid, I suppose, but to maintain the impression that there was a real group, we've also been including Matthew in our pictures."

In fact, Matthew shows occasional signs of being a frustrated musician who would enjoy being creatively involved in the group. "I once tried to learn Spanish guitar," he recalls, "but used metal strings instead of nylon. The neck buckled and it was agony on my fingers."

"It's hard to believe," Green quickly interjects, "but he's actually a worse musician than he is a tennis player." This might explain why Matthew was not asked to contribute his talents to "The Sweetest Girl", their first post-collapse single for Rough

Trade, which started the shift away from pop politics towards a more subtle soulfulness. "I always loved pop," Green says, "and knew I would eventually make white pop records, with a political sting in the tail. Much better than making a lot of twanging noises."

About this time, too, came the change in clothes styles but, "I see no contradiction in what I wear. I was more dressy uppy when I was a hard-core lefty punk. My appearance is always changing."

Nevertheless, it's also a convenient change in terms of presentation of the group to the public. Green now looks like the star the media have long been proclaiming him to be, and he's becoming the undisputed focus of attention within the changing group structure.

After "The Sweetest Girl", Green set to work on an album, "Songs To Remember", during which producer Adam Kidron introduced him to "these brilliant, ex-borstal North London guys," Joe Carg (bass) and Mike MacEvoy (keyboards) who, together with backing vocalists Lorenza, Mae and Jackie, are the group which Green hopes to weld into shape for the purpose of playing live dates and eventually establishing a permanent new Scritti line-up.

"We just did a John Peel session," says Green with obvious enthusiasm, "and everything worked just beautifully. We really enjoyed playing together and we might put some of that stuff out."

Tom's position remains vague. "Well, he can always stand beside the drum computer and write his postcards home. We've no intention of firing him."

The current single, "Faithless", carries the new direction several stages further, with Green's white soul approach becoming ever smoother, a casually slick

arrangement and some delicious vocal work from the girls. The success Scritti deserves must seem tantalisingly near, but even that raises doubts in Green's ever-active mind.

"I have this terrible fear of failing, but I'm also afraid of succeeding. I used to cling to politics as a scientific guarantee that my principles were right, a guarantee of knowledge," he says rather confusingly.

The other thing that worries him is spiders, although that's not as bad as it once was.

"I'd go to bed and worry that spiders might come through the cracks between the floorboards, so I had to get up, lift the carpet and put sticky tape over the boards. Then I worried in case they came in under the door."

Although the album has been completed for some time, Green and Matthew agreed not to release it until the time seemed right.

"We're incredibly pleased with it and didn't want it to be overlooked. The success we're having with 'Faithless' means we'll probably release it very soon."

According to Green, "Faithless" is about "how living without faith brings you both happiness and sadness. I've never had any religion, except maybe politics, although I am interested in having some means of achieving social order and progress."

With "Faithless" beginning to take off in Britain, it's also encouraging to know that "The Sweetest Girl" was in the New York Times top ten singles of 1981. "We must stand a good chance in America because I've got this sweet voice and we have the kind of nice-sounding songs they like."

Although he's obviously keen to crack the charts, Green doesn't see other groups as his competitors.

"I leave the record company to deal with the mechanics of selling records. As far as kindred spirits, I'd say people like ABC, Heaven 17 and Haircut One Hundred have some affinity with us, but I think we now have a number of strengths which are quite different from anything anybody else has to offer."

Robert Palmer and Grace Jones are both keen to record Green songs, and he's also thinking of re-working some of Scritti's earlier material.

"Some of those songs sounded wrong because we didn't have the technology to do it right." He's already considering the future beyond Scritti though. "I doubt if I'll be performing music forever. Maybe I'll return to political writing, or take up Law. That could be interesting, but I think I'll stick around here as long as it remains enjoyable."

On present form that could be forever.

Surely the picture of robust, understated elegance, relaxing outside a classy central London pub couldn't be Green Gardside, the semi-legendary, semi-deceased anti-hero and intellectual heart of Scritti Polit? Surely a man with the magnificent moniker, Green, wouldn't be seen dead in a bright red, single-breasted, loose-fitting suit.

I was halfway into the snug bar, looking for an ashen faced, wasted wreck of a boy when some impulse made me look again at the athletic figure sipping his half-pint, leaning idly through a thick political tome. It couldn't be, but the resemblance was uncanny. It had to be... I took the plunge.

It didn't take long to establish that this was the genuine article. I'd heard about Green's passion for polysyllables and they soon started to flow.

"No visual or literary culture can match the innate political strength of the pop single. It's a revolutionary text... a violent sensual sexual thing... a most glorious popular madness... Literature can't touch it!" He doesn't half go on when he gets started. His expansive vocabulary makes it difficult for him to use one little word where five big ones will do.

Even more remarkable than his grasp of English is the fact that in the space of a few short months, the music of Scritti Polit has changed from what he now calls "noisemaker stuff, painfully sincere angst" into sweetly soulful pop with immense potential for gouging huge holes in the charts. So why did things suddenly start to go right? Green assembled Scritti Polit during art-school days in Leeds but, by mid-'78 they were in London, living out the punk ethic in the tradition of The Clash and Public Image, producing pamphlets on D.I.Y. record making and over-indulging in the Bad Life. "We were a sick group for some time. Physically and mentally unhealthy. I used to read and write a lot, which was the only thing I did apart from being debauched and drinking too much."

"We'd have about 18 people round our place in Camden, all supposedly involved with the group, but it gradually became clear that I wrote, sang and arranged everything, while Matthew organised it."

Matthew Kay is as handy with a big word as Green is, but sometimes seems a little in awe of his long-time friend. "Well, he's at least three inches taller," he puts out, adding, "I'm the business side." Since the early days, he has done the arithmetic, made the phone calls and generally got things done—a function much appreciated by Green.

"To succeed you need somebody fighting for your interests full-time. Not a

PHOTO: MIKE LAYE

LEFT: RIGHT: GREEN, TOM, MATTHEW



DIANA

WORK THAT BODY

Alright, get ready
We're gonna work that body

And a reach two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Stretch two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Push two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Come on girls

Ev'ry morning when we wska
To meke up for that piece of caka
We ete last night (what do you do?)
We do what's right (alright) elright
Throw our arms up in the air
One foot hara and one foot there
We're so tight
(That's alright) that's alright (alright) elright

Take a look girls at these numbers
We're still improving, we got these bodies moving
Everybody's gonna hate you
There will be no doubt, ast your heart out
Don't think we're out of line
With all the man around
Begin to stop and stare
At the hardest girls, we're the hardest girls in town

Chorus
Reach two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Stretch two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Push two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Up two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Reach two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Stretch two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Push two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight

You're looking good you're looking good ha, ha
(Repeat: Reach two, three . . .)
Shake down, shake down
Work that body, shake down

Reach
You can meke that body
Shake down
Work that body, work that body, work that body
Work that body, work that body
You can do it
You can meke that body
Shake down
You can meke that body
Shake down

Don't think we're out of line
With all the man around (with all the man around)
Begin to stop and stare
At the hardest girls, we're the hardest girls in town
Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Diana Ross/Ray Charles

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CHARLENE

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME

Hey lady, you lady curling at your life
You're a disappointed mather
And a regimented wife
I've no doubt you dream about the things you'll never do
But I wish someone had talked to me
Like I wanna talk to you

I've been to Georgia and California
And anywhere I could run
Took the hand of a preacher man
And we made love in the sun
But I ran out of places and friendly faces
Because I had to be free
I've been to paradise
But I've never been to me

Please lady, please lady don't just walk away
'Cause I have this need to tell you
Why I'm all alone today
I can see so much of me still living in your eyes
Won't you share a part of a misery heart
That has lived a million lives

Oh I've been to Nice and the Isle of Greece
While I sipped champagne on a yacht
I moved like Harlowe in Monte Carlo
And showed 'em what I've got
I've been undressed by kings
And I've seen some things
That a woman ain't supposed to see
I've been to paradise
But I've never been to me

Hey, you know what paradise is?
It's a lie, a fantasy we create
By people and places
As we'd like them to be
But you know what truth is?
It's that little baby you're holding
And it's that man you fought with this morning
The same one you're going to make love with tonight
That's truth, that's love

Sometimes I've been to crying for unborn children
That might have made me complete
But I, I took the sweet life and never knew
I'd be bitter from the sweet
I spent my life enjoying the white whooring
That cost too much to be free
Hey lady I've been to paradise
But I've never been to me

I've been to paradise (never been to me)
Been to Georgia and California
And anywhere I could run
I've been to paradise (never been to me)
Been to Nice and the Isle of Greece
While I sipped champagne on a yacht
I've been to paradise (never been to me)

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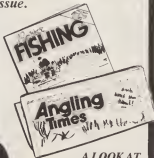
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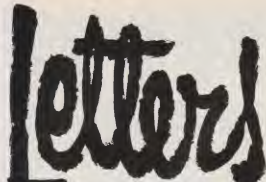
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Oh, no. Sorry. You've already got it. You call it 'The Letters Page'.
Nick Rhodes fan, Mablestam.

We've been rumbled.

Sitting here listening to Duran Duran's 'Rio' (the most brilliant record I've ever heard), I've cracked it (no, not the record!). You and Duran Duran have made a secret deal, but now all is revealed!

You give them really bad reviews for everything they do and this only encourages their more ardent fans (like me) to go out and buy their records or see them in concert. For this "service" you receive a part of the profit from the record sales.
Don't worry. I won't tell anyone.
Joanne, Solihull.

That's rumbled times two.

Obviously ABC are now to be classed in the same category as The Nolans after their sweet little dance routine on *TOPP* (May 20). Two ex-ABC fans, *Harrigate.*

That good?

Dear Mr Hepworth,
Regarding your *Singles Reviews* (May 27), we must be on the same wavelength. I had the same dream as you concerning The Nolans except that I wasn't hating a string vest. Great minds think alike.
Clare, an avid Springteen fan.

Funny, that, 'cos I had a dream about Tony Hadley the other night. I was in the Army & Navy Stores waiting to collect a lifelong supply of very thick ear-muffs . . .

On May 18 at *Radio Piccadilly* in Manchester, Gary Kemp and Tony Hadley did an interview. When on the air, the telephone lines were open and people could phone in and ask questions.
One young girl from *Stretford*

phoned in and asked Tony what he thought about remarks made about him by *Smash Hits* — e.g. 'Foggers' and 'Foghorn' Hadley, etc.

His reply: "Smash Hits are a load of nasties anyway, and aren't worth bothering about." How true, we couldn't have said it better. You've hardly ever had a good word for Spandau and if there isn't a fault in the record, the review is always finished off with a remark about Tony's vocals. You're just pathetic, you lot.
Michelle, Lorraine, Caroline and Therese, Manchester.

I'm not; the rest of them are.

Except from a conversation overheard in a local psychiatrist's:
"Now, Mr Hepworth, let's start from the beginning. You did a review of The Virgin Prunes single. Am I correct?"
Creaking as head is nodded mutely.
"And you happened to say the sound was 'very UZ'. You were then attacked by rampaging UZ fans for saying so. I quote, 'shouldn't be unduly upset if I wasn't to hear it again.' Yes?"
Alomentioned creaking again.

Well, don't you think you were being a mite hard on UZ, comparing them to such an inferior group? Especially as UZ are probably the best group since sliced bread?
"But what, what . . . can I do?" pleads a croaking voice.
I think firstly, you should have a nice rest. Then, I think those poor deprived fans deserve at least a lecture — or even a centrepiece — on UZ. After all, they haven't heard anything about that wonderful group for a long time, have they now?
Head is shaken shamefully.
Now run along and do it.
An on-the-spot reporter.

Anyone who goes to a psychiatrist ought to have their head examined.
Wanna hear my *Animals Top Ten*?
1. "Mouse Of Fun" — Madness.

- "Rat In Your Lap" — Kate Bush.
- "Dove Action" — The Human League.
- "Why Do Foals Fall In Love" — Diana Ross.
- ...
- Madness fan, *Haydock.*

Sorry to interrupt. Just got some urgent replies from the "Friends Of Frank Mullen". Okay, let 'em in. Two at a time . . .

Frank Mullen (*Letters* — May 13). Who the hell do you think you are? So today's music is "crap" is it? Well it may have escaped your notice that Mr Weller & Co. are producing some of today's music.

I agree with you that today we are more under threat of destruction by nuclear weapons than ever before, but this is no reason to produce records only to put forward political thoughts and beliefs.

There are a lot more things to write about than politics in this world. I'm not saying Weller's totally wrong to put forward his views; what I'm trying to say is that he's wrong to think that everybody else should.

By the way (no, I haven't finished yet), how many Duran Duran records have you listened to? Well on the LP "Rio" there's a song from '78 called "The Chauffeur" and you'll bear — if your delicate ears can take it — songs like "Planet Earth" and "Tel Aviv" (written in '80-'81) on the first LP. And they're very different.

Therefore I humbly suggest that DD don't "churn out the same old sentimental slush year after year". Nor can it be called "sentimental slush" in any shape or form. "My Own Way" is about being young and free. "Hungry Like A Wolf" is about a man who hunts girls and "Girls On Film" is concerned with the work of the German photographer Helmut Newton.

All very sentimental and slushy. What silly love songs. They really must stop being so romantic.
Founder of the "Hate Peter Powell League", *Mr. Bridgenorth.*

Frank Mullen,
You think you're hoody great, don't you? Paul Weller isn't the only person in the world who can speak his mind. Half the bands you mentioned — such as Duran Duran, Depeche Mode, The Human League and Adam — produce better music than Paul could ever hope to in a lifetime.
The Jam are out-dated and boring and Paul has the physique and looks of a garden rake.
Ant fan, Essex.

After reading Miff and Sharron's letter to you (May 13) I decided to do some of my own research. I found quite a few of these little messages are scratched onto records after the last song.

On the LP of Depeche Mode's "See You" it says: "Don't count your chickens"; on The Boomtown Rats' "The Fine Art Of Surfacing" it says: "Ron Peters

lives!"; and on the LP of "Leyla" by Toyah it says: "A pocky prime cut and love from Toyah".

Now didn't you always want to know that?
Miranda Duff, Edinburgh.

I came across some funny messages on my records. On Depeche Mode's "See You" (7), the message is: "Big apple crunch decision"; on "Marine Boy", B-side of "Love Plus One", it says: "Who's at the helm?"; and on the Duran Duran album the message is: "Michael. I'm about to explode . . ."

Different, eh?
John Taylor's fringe, Hythe.

On my copy of The Human League's "Travogue", the message isn't "Phew", it's "Great stuff, lads!". So there!

By the way, did you know on Yazz's single, "Only You", it says: "For Albert"?
Fun Boy Three and Human League fan.



Youthful Jim: just how old is this man?

"Jim Kerr, you have just been charged with an act of gross misconduct by attempting to impersonate a 22 year-old. How do you plead?"
"Not guilty, m'lud."
I would like to present the case for the prosecution. To quote you, Mr. Kerr, in *Smash Hits* (April 29), you were "going to concerts dressed up in the whole Glam thing — this was just before Bowie was really big".

Members of the jury, we must ask ourselves, when did Bowie first become "really big"? No later than "Hungry Dory" and "Zany Stardust", circa 71-'72.
Mr. Kerr, a straight-forward calculation shows us that if you're 22 now, then you were the youngest Glam-rocker alive, and also employed under age (working on a building site at the tender age of 11). Mr. Kerr are you really 22?

That concludes the case for the prosecution.
Julie Dunne, Sheldon.

It also concludes the fiercely case for the doling out of Free Cash. The learned counsel, Ms. Dunne, has shown herself deserving upon counts of keen observation in the pursuit of truth and has been found guilty of winning a £5 Record Token. It's in yer letterbox.

Dear Ian Birch,

See? You're not the only one who likes Bucks Fizz. I'm right behind you. I'd just like to say that I consider myself to be your greatest fan. Anybody object? If so, see me later.
Manda, West Midlands.

I saw *Get Set For Summer* and—wow!—isn't Ian Birch good looking? Isn't he wonderful? Can I have him to keep?
The nouveau Ian Birch fan, Cambridge.

P.S. What can I offer in part-exchange? A cuddly toy? The works of Edgar Allen Poe? A set of crystal glasses? A fondue set? . . .

Hell, no! We'd never part with a man of his talents. (Slip us a cheque for £2.25 + VAT and we'll have him delivered.)

Dear Mr. Ant,

In reference to the interview (May 27), why don't you ask yourself what Spandau Ballet think of you? Or any other band? You'll find yourself in for a shock. Just because you've met one of the group, you think you can judge the rest. And as for their "having no respect for others"—they've got loads of it, as you would no doubt have noticed if you had seen one of the recent tours they've just done.

And anyway, they're not meant to be a "new sound" and are about as like Kool & The Gang as you're like Pais Domo.

And, friends, next time you do an interview, don't claim that practically all groups are following your advice. It makes you sound like "God".

Karen Woods, St. Helens.

Now, I don't usually get annoyed, but this time I've become very annoyed. Adam Ant, who the hell do you think you are?

I read the first line of the Adam interview and nearly threw up. "We gone solo 'cos it's a challenge for God's sake." Come on, Adam. So you and the rest of the Ants don't get on—so why the hell deny it?

I read the rest of the article. It didn't make me feel any better.

Whatever it is that makes people buy Adam's records (that is the ones that really do buy records—anyone who goes straight in at Number Five must certainly be helped by some strange and illegal force), I've no idea. But after reading what the cretin has said, I wonder if he really knows what he's talking about.

Adam Ant was in ye right place at ye right time and therefore instantly had hits. Bad Manners and The Beat were in the right place at the right time and now are flourishing. Now it's Adam's turn to lie down quietly.

So stop kidding yourself. You need talent to survive in Tycoonland and you ain't got it.
Sarah Baker, Wickford.

If Adam's sacked his "Ants", Paul McCartney's lost his "Wings", Vince Clarke's left his "Modes", then the question on everybody's lips must be: What will Kid Creole do with his "Coconuts"?
Lesley and Helen, Blacon.

Quiet, you two.

Dear Storylovers,

One bright day in rainy Scunthorpe, Joan Jett (minus Blackhearts) decided to have a hite to eat in a typical English cafe. She strolled into one of the aforesaid and, through the grease and smoke, spotted a waitress called Mabel.

With no more ado, the waitress approached her and questioned: "Well, what'll it be, chuck? We've got sausage 'n' beans, sausage 'n' eggs, or just plain sausages", to which our heroine replied, "Five sausages, please" in her cool, husky American accent.

Mabel went away, but on returning with the sausages she was caught in conversation for quarter of an hour with her close pal, Doris.

Soon after, the sausages reached Joan in a lukewarm state. On taking a hite, Joan stood up and shouted: "I hate sausage cold—so put another five in the oven, Mabel . . ."

Get it?
Helena and Sarah Hyde, Marple.

What do you call a member of an orchestra doing the spring-cleaning at midnight? An orchestral man hoovers in the dark.
Ultravox fan, Smethwick.

I think they've started . . .

I met this 'ere Barry geezer the other week. Looked right thoughtful he did so I offered him a penny for his thoughts. Well how was I to know he didn't have any change?
Andy Pruthom, Basildon.

You heartless beast, Barry'd be upset, if he understood the joke.

Oh merest mortals of this planet Oris Terrae,

I greet you, I, the gargantuan of Metalithica in all my wisdom and knowledge, make known to you that I and my people metamorphose onto your planet in the form of earthlings, and invade your "newsagents", "bookstalls" and "sweet shops" and buy millions of copies of your wonderful paper *Smash Hits*. We then gallop through the infinite space to our elders who pour the devastatingly intelligent information into their vast memory banks.

We will return another day to your planet to collect the £5 Record Token you so generously offer.

The Gargantubrain of Metalithica.

On yer recket.

WE'RE ASKING A LOT

Free with the next issue of *Smash Hits*. The first part of a brand new pull-out-and-keep publication.

What's Adam's real name? Which members of Japan are brothers? What was The Beatles' first hit? Who played with Slik, Rich Kids and Thin Lizzy? How many films has Toyah appeared in? Where is Pelican West? How many questions can you answer in **THE SMASH HITS QUIZ BOOK**



Hours of fun for everybody (and all for free!)

Attached to the front of the next blockbuster edition of *Smash Hits* will be your very own personal glossy Quiz Book cover. Inside the magazine you'll find eight specially designed pages of pop questions (with answers). Test your knowledge of everything from Adam to The Jam to The Beatles to Funk.

Which songs do the lyrics belong to? Who made what film? Whereabouts do people come from? Did they make number one or not? Each section is devoted to a different act or subject and questions range from the dead easy to the very tough.

Get the next three issues and these sections will build up into a 24 page quiz book designed to provide you and your friends with hours of fun (educational at that!) And to mark this publishing milestone we're putting the finishing touches to a competition with a prize so unutterably fab that even, we want to enter! If you're going to stand a chance of winning you'll have to get in there at the outset on June 24th.

**PLUS
DOLLAR
AUTOGRAPHED
ABC
ALBUMS TO BE WON
AND LOTS LOTS MORE ON
JUNE 24**

SATURDAY AFTERNOON FEVER

... Queen, Joan Jett and The Teardrop Explodes in Leeds. Our men in the crowd — Dave Rimmer (notebook, sunhat) and Mark Rusher (camera, icebox).

It's about 6.30, and The Teardrop Explodes are having a hard time.

Enraged onto the Queeja tour by an offer of more money for three dates than they made out of both their albums, they now find themselves dodging a hail of bottles, water bombs, cartons, coins... anything that comes to the hands of the hard-core Queen fans down the front.

A can hits Julian Cope square on the head. The audience cheer. Clearly, there are not too many Teardrop fans here this sunny afternoon.

"I hope all those Vs are peace signs, maaaaaaa," he quips, then picks up a plastic bottle that's just landed at his feet and bangs his head against it.

Admittedly, the first few Teardrop numbers have been rickety, with sound problems aplenty and Julian singing flat. But gradually, they tighten up. By "Passionate Friend", the storm of missiles has faded to a drizzle. By "Culture Bunker", there's even a few folk dancing.

"What gets me," Julian comments later backstage, "is that they were chucking things because they thought we were effeminate. And they're here to see Freddie Mercury!" He giggles in disbelief. "But we did well, didn't we?"

They did. It was the best set of the day. From here on in, it's downhill all the way...

There's about 30,000 people here today, the maximum Leeds United — desperate for some hard cash after their relegation this season — will allow. There was some talk of the show not happening. Queen had been refused permission to play at Arsenal after complaints from local residents, and people had been complaining here too.

"It seems ridiculous really," Queen boss player John Deacon commented earlier. "I'm sure we'd create less trouble than a football match."

I put this to one of the police constables on duty later. Was it as much trouble as a normal Saturday afternoon?

"I'll have to admit," he replied,

starting in bemusement at some nearby headbangers playing imaginary guitars, "it's not."

Of course, noise is the main worry, and it's rumoured that the police have a tape recorder positioned in a nearby living room to monitor the sound. It must not rise above 96 decibels — or else.

"YOU KNOW, THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS I LIKE," Joan Jett, who seems incapable of anything as low key as talking, screams into the microphone. "BUT I LOVE, I SAID I LO-O-O-VE... ROCK AND ROLL!"

And the audience love her. The Blackheart brand of rock (a sort of stripped-down combination of Suzi Quatro, Gary Glitter and the Ramones) goes down a storm.

"OK, LE-E-E-DSSSS!" The bass-player screams the intro too. "WE'VE GOT A SONG FOR YOU. IT'S CALLED 'BL-A-A-A-K LEATHER'."

Ms. Jett is clad in a tight black cat-suit. The boys are uniform in red shirts and black trousers.

They scamper about, know how to strike a pose, play the right three chords, and about a lot. It's good old-fashioned rock and roll. Utterly unimaginative, but efficient nonetheless. Their version of Gary Glitter's "Do You Want To Touch Me" finds even your Smash Hits correspondent joining in the answering "YEAH"s.

"W-E-E-L-L!" Joan's screaming again. "C'MON EVERYBODY!" And so it goes on...

Backstage, John Deacon is chatting with his mum as the "hospitality room". Here journalists, band-members, roadies and hangers-on scramble for the free beer that seems forever to be running out.

Moving from there out to the pitch proves a hazardous business. There's a gauntlet of security men to be run and they're all eager to throw their weight about. There's a maze of corridors under the stands to negotiate. We get hopelessly lost at one point.

But that's better than being stuck in the middle the whole time, where the bouncers would even let you sit down at the side and there's only the hot dog queues for entertainment. St John's Ambulance people are everywhere. One person who collapses has no less than 15 rush to help him.

Outside there are pizza and hamburger stands... and a Samaritans' tent, presumably in case anyone finds the concert so depressing they want to end it all. By the time Queen had finished, I felt like visiting it myself...

"We want Freddie! We want Freddie!" people chant as these fancy new light arrangements that look like anti-aircraft gun search shafts of light through the smoke.

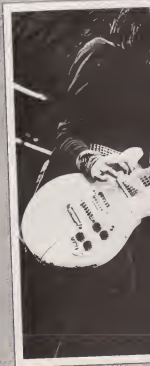
And then here he is. As the band run through a predictable set of old favourites, Freddie Mercury sings, flatters the audience, plays the piano, and... prances. There is no other word for it. The audience cheer his every move, and cheer Brian May too for anything resembling a guitar solo.

In another life, Mercury might have been a member of Village People. Now, at 35, he's more like the Frank Sinatra of the heavy metal generation. Queen's music might bore you as much as it bores me, but there's no denying it: his guy's voice is strong.

The best bit of their set is Mercury leading the audience in some call-and-response singing, coaxing ("you can do it") and conducting through the difficult hits. Everybody but the police seemed to be joining in.

Far all that, there's definitely something disturbing about the way the audience go wild if Mercury or May so much as comes to their side of the stage. At one point he has them all waving their arms and singing "power, power, power" as the banks of lights wink on and off.

As they do a final encore of "God Save The Queen", local people stand out in the streets, listening in amazement.

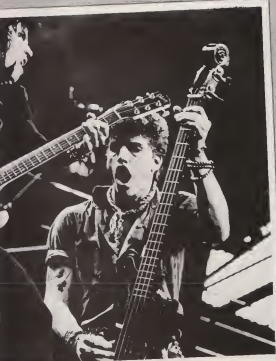




A typical bunch of shy, retiring Queen fans



Cope seconds before the famous self-bashing bottle incident



Joan Jett rouses the local townsfolk



Fred explains the basic Queen prancing technique: right leg out, arch back, growl moustache . . .



Relaxing Teardrops spy Rusher invading the "hospitality room"

NIGHTS OUT

Dates

Check locally before stepping out. A Bev Hillier Production



AC/DC: Birmingham N.E.C. International Arena (September 29, 30), Manchester Apollo (October 3), Newcastle City Hall (4, 5, 6), Glasgow Apollo (8, 9), Edinburgh Playhouse (10, 11), London Wembley Arena (18, 19).

Laurie Anderson: London Adelphi Theatre (June 17).

Beulah: London Adelphi Theatre (June 11, 12).

Blondie: Glasgow Apollo (September 1, 2), Edinburgh Playhouse (4, 5), Newcastle City Hall (7, 8).

Bucks Fizz: Deeside Leisure Centre (August 5), Aberdeen The Beach Theatre (12), Glasgow Kelvin Hall (13), Dundee Caird Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Preston Guildhall (19), Manchester Tameside Theatre (20), Oxford Apollo Theatre (23).

Ashford Sports & Leisure Centre (26), Porsmouth Guildhall (27), Poole Arts Centre (28), Paignton Festival Theatre (30), Cornwall St. Austell Coliseum (31).

Depeche Mode: Dublin Stadium (October 6), Cork City Hall (7), Galway Leisureland (8), Southampton Gaumont (10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11), Brighton Dome (12), Westcliffe Cliffs Pavilion (13), Bristol Colston Hall (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Glasgow Tiffanys (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Liverpool Empire (22), London Hammersmith Odeon (24, 25), Manchester Apollo (27), Sheffield City Hall (28), Cornwall St. Austell Coliseum (29).

Meat Loaf: Dublin Dalymount Football Stadium (June 13, 12-6pm).

Saxon: Newcastle City Hall (September 17), Glasgow Apollo

(18), Edinburgh Odeon (19), Manchester Apollo (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21), Derby Assembly Hall (22), Brighton Conference Centre (23), Cornwall St. Austell Coliseum (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Sheffield City Hall (27), Bradford Kings Georges Hall (28), Hull City Hall (30), Hants Victoria Hall (October 1), Oxford New Theatre (2), Ipswich Gaumont (3), Birmingham Odeon (4), Poole Arts Centre (6), Portsmouth Guild Hall (7), London Hammersmith Odeon (8, 9).

Second Image: Warrington Fernhead North Cheshire College (June 18), London Catford Saxon Tavern (26), Margate Winter Gardens (27), St. Albans Batchwood Hall Country Club (30), Dartford Flicks (July 2), Gravesend Woodville Halls (16).

Shakatak: Gloucester Leisure Centre (June 30), Hatfield Forum Theatre (11), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (12), Cambridge Emmanuel College (15), Dunstable Queensway Hall (17), Huntingdon RAF Weyton (18), London Digby Stewart College (19), Ilford Palms (20), London Eltham Yorkshire Gray (22), Mansfield Leisure Centre (23), Sunderland Fusion Nightclub (24), Durham St. Mary's College (25), Margate Winter Gardens (27), Westcliffe Cliffs Pavilion (28), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (29).

Starazers: Birmingham Uni. (June 11), Retford Poterhouse (12), Cambridge Clare College (14), Cambridge Pembroke College (15), Liverpool Crafton Ballroom (17), Durham Uni. (24), Oxford Oriol College (25), Nottingham Uni. (26), London Hampstead Westfield College (28), Middlesex and Herts. Country Club (30), Warwick Uni. (July 1), London Bedford College (2).

The Swinging Laurels: Bath Moles Club (June 10), Cardiff Nero's Club (June 16), London Woolwich Thames Poly. (18), Cambridge Sound Cellar (19), Brighton Extremes Club (24), London Hope 'n' Anchor (26), Brighton Ruchels Club (July 1).

Meri Wilson & The Wileasons: Bath Bus Note (June 10), Swindon Brunel Rooms (11), London Orington Civic Hall (12), London Adelphi Theatre (26), Middlesex and Herts. Country Club (30).

OUT & ABOUT WITH BARRY

Phew, wot a scorcher! Suffering a bit from the heat, me. Thought things were warm enough when pegged out 'neath the sizzling current bun on my new lilo sipping fruity drinks, but — unknown to your jet-set gossip-grabber — things were to get even hotter!

It was The Ed. on the phone. Baz, quips he, hie thee down to the 100 Club in Oxford Street tonight and report on **The Greatest Rock 'N' Roll Band In The World**. Like a streak of greased lightning I was astride my trusty scooter, shorts flapping wildly, and whizzing through the swirling hubbub of rush-hour traffic. Next thing I see is Eddie Tenpole outside said Club, jumping about and begging people for a ticket to get in. And Jimmy Destril from Blondie heading down the stairs. And some Belle Stars propping up the bar. On stage, chums, is **Diz And The Doormen**. Didn't know about them being the greatest rock 'n' roll band but cheered as loud as pos. Can't see much 'cos there's this huge bloke in the light. Spilt some of my cherryyade down his trendy shirt (just my luck!) and he starts getting a bit uppity. Who'd you think you are, I say, frighteningly. Superman? And the twit says, yeah. Turns out he's Christopher Reeve, the famous movie star in plain clothes. Didn't recognise him without his red Y-fronts on. Anyway, off go the fab Doormen and on stroll this bunch of old fogies making a bit of a racket and prancing about. Couldn't be fished with this so shouted with great gusto for Diz to come back on. Frosty looks all round. Guss what? Only happens to be The Rolling Stones, doesn't it. Me and my big mouth, eh? Terrifying Tales Dept. Down this London hotel 'otter night, where all **Orange Juice**, ABC and the

Teardrops were staying, and I bump into Steve, manager of **Soft Cell**. Bit of a weirdo, if you ask me. Reckons he's the power behind the band and all that. "When Marc Almond is out of my company for ten minutes," says Steve, "he self-destructs." Bit later, shouts and screams from outside. Baz springs around to find Steve standing on a window ledge about four floors up saying how he's going to jump off (weirdo, see). Orange Juice are all going: Go on, then, nitwit (or something like that). Once he's got this huge crowd he nips back inside and off to the bar. What a way to carry on!

Talking of loons, some daff gezer in the Musician's Union has been trying to get synthysizers banned. Gave me a turn that as I've just bought a Casio and now have refrained from doodling for fear of arrest. Says synthys are "replacing real musics", this bloke and should be "done away with". Imagine if they were. All we'd have left would be **AC/DC**, **Stiff Little Fingers** and a rather ghashty silence...

Synth-kins The Human League aren't put off, mind. Recording a new 45 with **Martin Rushent** in July. Old Phil was confessing innumerous secrets to your sympathetic reporter the other day about when he met up with Joanne but was going out with this other bird at the time. "Baz," he said, "I'm very moral. I never did go out with them" together. I'd take it in turns.

Oh... almost forgot. Look out for my old mate **Mark Ellen** on the **John Peel** Show. While Peelle's off to see The World Cup, Mark will be spinning the platters and waffling away as per usual. He'll be doing it for two weeks starting on **June 14**...

Me, I'm not too sure my job's very safe. This new bloke, Neil Tennant, is always sitting at my desk. Doesn't get as much fan mail as me, mind...

Cheers!!
Barry

STARTEASER

ANSWER (FROM PAGE 20)



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 21)
ACROSS: 1 'The Swinging Laurels'; 7 Gooey Two Shoes; 8 Fishkin; 10 Hales O'Connor; 11 'A Bunch Of (Thyme)'; 14 'One (Step Further)'; 15 D. Curlians; 16? (Martin Fry); 18 Boomtown Rats; 19 See Guss; 20 Anna Ford; 21 Eddy Grant; 22 Trevor Horn; 23 'Pride To Greyl'; 24 Echo & The Bunnymen; 25 'Futurama'; 26 'Stand (Or Fall)'; 28 Simon & Garfunkel; 29 Maza; 31 Kate Bush; 32 'The Diamond Don't Cry'.
DOWN: 1 'Tug Of War'; 2 ELO; 3 'Ekt To The Beat'; 4 (Sheena); 5 Easton; 6 'Green Door'; 8 Leary; 9 Honey Bane; 12 'Freeze Frame'; 13 Oni (Residing); 15 Elton John; 17 and 28 'Fantastic Day'; 21 'Gress'; 26 Funk; 27 ABC.



BECAUSE YOU'RE YOUNG

Time goes by
Questions stay unanswered while
Still the same mistakes arise
Time and time again and I
Wonder why

Although it's true
I've been through same as you
It's hard to be
Clear in mind when you find
So much to do, no reason to

Chorus
Because you're young
There's advice from everyone
Although we're free
Chains await both you and me

Where to go
What to do, it's hard to know
Harder still to choose to show
You can stand up on your own
All alone

You know it's true
I've been through same as you
It's hard to be
Clear in mind when you find
On every side, nowhere to hide

Repeat chorus

I know it's true
I've been through same as you
It's hard to be
Clear in mind when you find
They have to see conformity

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Sal Solo
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dollar

VIDEOTHEQUE

When the V.J. shoots the beam
I take my partner from the screen
And hold her close (I hold her close)
One more chance to make it right
Holding hands in black and white
I'll meet you there
I'll meet you there
Leaves my mind back in my room
Maybe I will blow it soon
And fall in love

At the videotheque (the videotheque) we can dance forever
At the videotheque (the videotheque) we can fall in love
At the videotheque (the videotheque)
Ghosts are only lovers on the screen

Only pictures on the wall
They don't mean a thing at all
And I don't care
When the visions start to form
The same illusion takes us all
And you are there
You are there
Slowly senses leaving me
Once the two are in 3D
We play the game

At the videotheque (the videotheque) we can dance forever
At the videotheque (the videotheque) we can fall in love
At the videotheque (the videotheque)
Ghosts are only lovers on the screen

At the videotheque (the videotheque) we can dance forever
At the videotheque (the videotheque) we can fall in love
At the videotheque (the videotheque)
Ghosts are only lovers on the screen

The videotheque
The videotheque
The videotheque — only ghosts are lovers on the screen
The videotheque

Words and music by Trevor Horn/Simon Darlow
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JUNIOR

smash hits

