

Music

Smash HITS

ALL-STAR REQUEST ISSUE

MALCOLM McLAREN Coming up to scratch

MODERN ROMANCE • THE TUBE • THE JAM

SPANDAU BALLET • SHAKIN' STEVENS • TOYAH and lots more



Smash HITS

Special All-Star All-Request Issue

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COVER MALCOLM McLAREN BY ERIC WATSON

SOFT CELL

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PERSONAL FILE

Pete Wylie Of Wah!



NAME: Peter James Wylie
BORN: March 22, 1958 in the Pool Of Life (Liverpool).

FIRST MEMORY: Getting up at eleven o'clock this morning. That's as far back as my memory goes. No, my first memory is being hit by a football on my thigh in very cold weather and having to run round in pain.

BIGGEST THRILL AS A CHILD: Using my cheek to get away with things.

DID YOU SIT AT THE BACK OR THE FRONT OF THE CLASS?: It all depended on who else was sitting where. There used to be a team of us who used to sit at the back of the Maths lesson.

FIRST SINGLE BOUGHT: "War" by Edwin Starr. It was dead exciting — it even had a tune.

FIRST LP BOUGHT: "Ziggy Stardust" by David Bowie.

FIRST CONCERT ATTENDED: Bowie at the Hardrock in Manchester, December 28, 1972. It was absolutely stunning. I'd never really seen anything like it before — my head was turned. In 1973 on June 10 I saw him at the Liverpool Empire on the "Aladdin Sane" tour which was really wild. He introduced the group as:

"Trevor Boulder on bass, Woody Woodmansey on drums and Dorothy Squires on guitar." Then I saw him in Bingley Hell in 1978

and I was really let down.
FIRST DATE: I've never really had "dates", it was probably a girl called Janie The Mink about six years ago. I turned up to meet her — this was in the days of the so-called Crucial Three — wearing a toilet seat. My belt was threaded through it so that if I sat down I was sitting on the toilet seat. Liverpool was just wacky in the early days of punk. I went out with her for about four years after that.

LAST BOOK READ: "On Broadway" by Damon Runyon. I really like his short stories. I couldn't read loads of them at once — I just dip into them.

LAST FILM SEEN: At the pictures, *Breakerunner*; on video, *O Lucky Man!*

FAVOURITE SANDWICH: The chocolate sandwich in *O Lucky Man!*

FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING: Other people's clothing. John McCarthy's leather jacket or my flatmate, Coo's shoes — they're red brothaal-creepers. I borrowed them for a party and I've been wearing them for two months. They're knackered now.

JOBS? Nine days in a rice mill in Liverpool.

FAVOURITE TIME OF DAY: Late at night, about two in the morning, 'cos I get home and just watch videos. A few we played Liverpool the last time, we came home and watched a video of *The Young Ones* and I laughed till I was hoarse. I was still hoarse for the London date the next night.

COLOUR OF BEDROOM WALL: It's covered in pictures of my heroes so I can't tell what colour it is. There's everyone from Frank Sinatra to Marlon Brando, Eddie Cochran, Eddy Yates, James Brown, anyone who's been any good.

PASTIMES: Sleeping, vendettas, making video compilations, being cheeky, making a mess of the flat.

DO YOU SUPPORT EVERTON OR LIVERPOOL? Liverpool, definitely! King Kenny!

WHAT'S YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION? To exact sweet revenge on Sharon Ductworth and Finkler The Snake.



In God we truss. Wylie, in Ozzie Osbourne actually. Yes, that's him in the chain mail legwarmers. As to the identity of his friend pictured here with a bag of pork scratchings and a foaming mug of cream soda, we're not sure we even want to find out.



The latest in a continuing series. Further proof that George O'Dowd has been dressing up for years. Here's the Boy himself and friend posing furiously and sipping beer at Spandau Ballet's second ever gig — a "secret" one on the HMS Belfast back in July 1980.

Start!



You'd never mistake him for Marc Almond. That stern face! Those rippling muscles! That new double A-side single ("Hand To Hold On To"/"Hurts So Good")! You'd think Johnny Cougar would be able to find someone to mend the rip in his jeans.



PHOTO BY MANGAY

And the heavens opened and there came forth confetti in very large quantities as Toyah performed at London's Shaftesbury Theatre. Having recovered from this terrifying ordeal, she'll be devoting portions of the new year to writing material for the next LP, several acting roles that are in the pipeline (TV, films and theatre), playing abroad and designing a range of personal togs. The first of these was the arresting kimono she wore for her "Be Loud Be Proud" appearance on TOTP. "Inspired by Picasso," apparently.



PHOTO BY STEVEN RUMNEY

Everyone forgot to be cool for a few hours when The Camden Palace opened its doors and threw a Christmas tea party for 250 local children. Wham! and Imaginations sang the backing vocals behind Junior's live rendition of "Mama Used To Say". Captain Sensible and Steve Strange joined in the party games and had a few laughs with The Belle Stars. And Slobhan of Bananarama (top) and Andrew Ridgely of Wham! (below) got down on the floor and dandad cheek to cheek with the guests. Makes you feel kinda warm inside, doesn't it?



PHOTO BY STEVEN RUMNEY

THINKING W

"It's exciting because you can take other people's records and make something else out of them," says Malcolm McLaren, and he doesn't mean ashtrays. He's talking about scratching, the technique behind "Buffalo Gals" phase one of his master plan to put some magic back in the music.

Neil Tennant listens with interest.

Amen in his thirties with a shrill voice and a big, deft hat is telling me how pop music can regain its lost purpose. He uses embarrassing terms like "rock 'n' roll" and "magic", his conversation skips from the villages of Zululand to the streets of Tooting. His name is Malcolm McLaren.

In the late 1970s McLaren masterminded The Sex Pistols, briefly throwing the music industry into disarray. After they split up, he reappeared as the creator of Bow Wow Wow, putting subversive lyrics into the mouth of the teenage Annabella and introducing African rhythms into British pop. He left them to their own devices when he realised the group wouldn't work out until Annabella had enough experience of life to understand what she was singing about.

In the middle of 1982 he teamed up with ABC's producer Trevor Horn ("He was somebody who could manipulate whatever machinery was necessary to get the satisfactory sound"), to embark upon an ambitious project. He would bring back the original magic and excitement of rock 'n' roll music by tracking it down to its source in Africa and through the music of other cultures, from Red Indians to the black teenagers of New York.

What he discovered in New York was "scratching": the manipulation of records and record players to produce new music out of old. This excited him more than any rock 'n' roll music he'd heard since The Sex Pistols. It had "adventure".

From what I'd heard about him, I expected to meet a bit of a loony but found instead a man with the manner of an inspired teacher talking a great deal of sense. See what you think.

What's wrong with pop music?

People tend to forget that rock 'n' roll could be the most sophisticated music of all time. I say that because its roots lie in deepest Africa. It has the same primitive magic you might listen to in a pygmy tribe. "Rock 'n' roll" is a term people are scared to use because they think it's a cliché but it's really the best way to me of summing up an intention to change things, a wishing to step outside of the norm.

English people think with their heads, in America they think with their hips, because they're black, they're from Africa originally and they have the whole magical source of what music should do, to conjure up the soul within you, utilise your body to turn yourself maybe into a trance and let yourself step out from the normal world. That was the origins and the magic of rock 'n' roll when it first happened in 1956 in the form of a white man called Elvis Presley. Groups like ABC and Haircut One Hundred have forgotten what the real truth and source of that magic was. They're too far away from it. They're just something to be purchased like wallpaper or a piece of clothing. They've got nothing to do with creating magic in your life which was the fundamental intention behind rock 'n' roll, as I know it. I think it was behind the Sex Pistols when they started.

The music industry now is a spent force because people can't reach out and become part of that magic. There's no real spirit in it. They're packaging and marketing little ideas to make them look as big as possible. But you didn't have to sell The Beatles or The Rolling Stones like that in the 1960s — you didn't really have to sell The Sex Pistols. But you're having to sell ABC, Haircut One Hundred, Adam Ant. And I think that none of them have the real spirit and excitement that makes you think not about purchasing them, but about joining the gang. It's a different attitude. I never thought that anyone had to go out and purchase The Sex Pistols — it was all about being part of it.

What's all this got to do with "Buffalo Gals"?

I want to dig up that excitement, to bring into Britain that magic that people are losing. "Buffalo Gals" is part of a whole project that I've been working on since June and I put it out first because I thought it was the most radical, it would make people think about the way they listen to music and use music. The interesting thing about that record is that it's an adventure story, it doesn't keep to a verse-chorus-versa-chorus format which most Western records or songs are made up of.

A Buffalo Gal was a pioneer, an adventurer, someone cowboys in the Wild West sang about at barn dances when they were trying to get a girl: that's what the square dance is on the B-side of the record. Square dancing in the last century was their rock 'n' roll, long before rock 'n' roll existed. I wanted to show that, exposed properly, it has as much vehemence. There's a caller, just like a rapper, who's shouting out the instructions — "First Buffalo Gal go round the outside" etc — and everyone follows that movement. We recorded that in Tennessee and then went to New York.

There we saw all these kids on a derelict site spinning records and mixing them and, as they spun the records, turning them backwards and forward, slow or fast, scratching them. You heard a word cut in two and then repeated twenty times and sat in with a guitar instrumental from a completely different era, all blended together. Then they got a microphone and another guy started hollering over the top.

That attitude was, to me, not much different from Buffalo Gals in Tennessee, they were both very folk-orientated, serving the people's needs and they both had a practical purpose. There was also all the dance that evolved from the South Bronx area of New York where all this was going on; very gymnastic, to do with your body. Thinking with your hips. It was this parallel between the two that I wanted to show. Neither had anything to do with what we presume to be a modern pop record. And yet I wanted to demonstrate that this had more excitement, more content, because it hadn't been tampered with or been packaged. It had the essence of what I think is magical in music. It was the starting point for going on further in the world.

Where else did you go?

We went all over. To Peru, Zululand, Swaziland, the Dominican Republic, Tennessee, Miami, New York, Rome. We had an incredible time working with Cuban priests and Zulu warriors. The Zulus are a very proud people, probably the most musical people I've ever heard in my life. In their land I saw what I was looking for, something that had all the rock 'n' roll there. I just travelled from place to place, lived in different small towns until I discovered a variety of musicians, put one with another, listened to the traditional rhythms. I felt great because I would

TH YOUR HIPS

never otherwise have known the absolute sophistication, excitement, power of these people and I would never have been able to believe sincerely that rock 'n' roll is an inspiration that comes from Africa and is the music of probably the oldest civilisation in the world. Little Richard was really an exponent of African music that goes back a thousand years. And those guys in the South Bronx in New York,

cooking with their hands on those record players are not doing anything much different. It's the same spirit. The technique of those guys mixing records directly relates to a witch doctor mixing a potion in Africa, or the Red Indian who starts talking to the trees or a child in E.T. communicating with the stars.

E.T.
It directly relates to E.T., the

way they communicated through an incredible load of old machinery to a planet out in the middle of nowhere. To me it has the same optimism, the same anti-adulthood and a certain subversion. Suddenly there's a use for all those old records which haven't been played for years. It's a use in the same way that E.T. gives people a method of beginning to adopt, manipulate, understand and choose what's good in their

cultura.

is all this really going to have any impact on people? I played a tape of this music to some children. Tooting. They were buzzing about the street trying to do what here they call "Robot" and in New York they call "Electric

"Google". I jumped out of a car and played them a cassette and they said: "That's tough!" I asked them what they meant and they said "That's tough music. We like tough music. That's good." One kid was a punk rocker and the other kid was black and a little more funky.

These are the people I can very easily see getting hold of their brother's or their mother's record players and fitting them up and piling up a load of old records and figuring out what's a good groove and a good beat. Suddenly a whole different attitude will take place. Live discotheques where deejays will be grooving along to their favourite records with their friends coming in to give them a hand, scratching one record into another.

The more that music becomes like the movies the better. I think that E.T. is one of the finest rock 'n' roll movies ever made — it has all the sensuality, subversion and style that most records today don't have. In the 60s music had it and films didn't so much. Nowadays kids would rather go to a movie — *Star Wars*, *Bladerunner*, *E.T.* — than buy a record. Records have got to come up with the same amount of optimism and potential. I think this technique is a starting point for that.

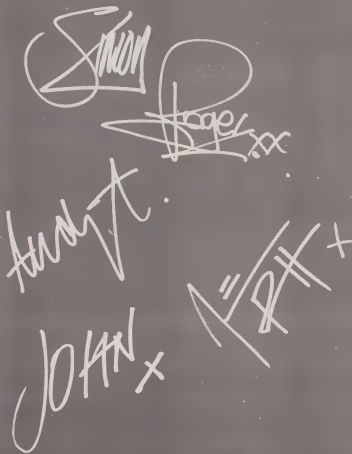
I think it can happen here. Suddenly discotheques will be more vigorous and exciting than any concert on the stage of the Hammersmith Odeon. Live discotheques. I really think that'll happen.

So, there's no longer such a thing as a finished record, is there? Turn the page to find out more.



**TO SMASH HITS AND THEIR READERS
THANK YOU
HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

DURAN DURAN



Simon
Nicky
Andy
JOHN x

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM



... only this time get rid of the vocal, whack the bass up and mix in the chorus from this other record. That's the name of the new game. Instead of making new records you can re-make old ones. Fred Dellar reports.

1982 was the year of make and mend. A year in which no usable snippets from the past were allowed to go to waste. A year in which doing it on the cheap became fashionable.

In Hollywood, the film industry cobbled together a new Pink Panther epic from leftover Peter Sellers clips and even manufactured one of the year's best private eye movies in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* by using material often shot way back in the '30s and '40s. Some folk also found that they could get extra mileage out of records that weren't particularly time-worn in any way. Producer Martin Rushent was astute enough to realise that, while *The Human League's* "Dare" album had already claimed chart-topping status, that didn't have to be the end of the line. So he promptly took the original tapes and remixed them to form *The League Unlimited's* "Love And Dancing", becoming even friendlier with his bank manager as a result.

The technique of remixing — taking an old tape of record and altering its whole identity by raising certain sounds, dropping in new ones or merely emphasising certain elements of the recording — is something that's been around for years. Producers caught on to the possibilities at an early stage and began adding strings to old recordings made by long dead stars — or, using the overdub technique, achieving duets between singers who never met and sessions between musicians who never jammed together.

Reggae studio mainmen utilised the remix to create Dub, a whole new music form which demonstrated that a record did not have to be a definitive object — the be-all and end-all of a recording session. It could be added to, subtracted from, converted from a vocal item into a purely instrumental one and vice-versa. Made into anything you wanted it to be, in fact. And you didn't even need a whole mass of studio equipment to achieve impressive results. Any DJ owning a small mixer or maybe a more sophisticated device known as a graphic equaliser, could actually revamp the sound of a disc onstage — merely by pushing a few slider controls up or down.



Malcolm McLaren: turning everyone into a producer.



Donna Summer: her "I Feel Love" was made in '77 and remixed in '82.

thus altering sound frequencies and presenting his or her very own personal version of some turntable favourite. And if the DJ wanted to become the vocalist on the record, that too could be achieved by cutting the existing vocals and adding his own on-mike contributions. Anything was possible. In the States, some DJs discovered that their onstage remixes of existing hits often attracted more attention than the originals. The record companies soon tagged on to this phenomenon and hauled some of these talented record revampers into the studios to provide exciting new mixes for the companies themselves. The result was a deluge of variously mixed discs, all aiming for their own particular share of the world market. And if Junior's British-mix version of "Mama Used To Say" didn't make the grade, then what the hell! Could be that the American mix could — and did — succeed in its place.

Currently there are hundreds of remixes around, particularly on disco-oriented labels like Salsoul and Prelude, one of the most successful being Donna Summer's Casablanca recording of "I Feel Love", which originally went to No. 1 in 1977 and has recently been remixed into a 1982 success.

Todd, a guy who helps run Record Shack, one of London's leading disco record specialist shops, says: "The American mixes are always better, that's why we sell so many. Over there, they cut out the waste, get back to the basics. British mixes are generally too cluttered." But Chris Hill, a top British club DJ, disagrees. "The whole different-mix situation is a bit of a joke really. What often happens is that club audiences latch onto a record in its early days and by the time it becomes a hit, they're bored with it. So the record companies come up with a different mix in order to rekindle interest. Anyway, British mixes are generally much better than their American counterparts — over here we try to make them like really good pop records. When the American's tried to remix things like Centrel Line's "Walking In Sunshine", they didn't turn out nearly so well. Now, in the wake of the multi-mix situation, comes Malcolm McLaren with

"Buffalo Gals", the first true scratch hit — introducing yet another way in which existing music can be reshaped. Especially by the front room musicmaker. "Scratch is a great way of making your own music out of other people's records," claims Malcolm. "All you need is two manual turntables — not automatic ones because you can't control them — and a mixer like they have in discos. Then you can feed the sound from one deck onto the other. The only other thing you need then is a pair of speakers and, if possible, a rhythm box. But don't worry too much about the latter because you can always use any guy capable of providing a constant beat on a chair — anything to give you a pulse. The idea is to play one record that contains a regular disco beat, then to "scratch" on the record, jumping from point to point on the record, maybe moving the turntable's hand, in order to repeat any fragment of music that sounds appealing. This way you can build up any number of sounds, forming a montage, just as McLaren and the World Famous Supreme Team, New York's finest scratch specialists, have done on "Buffalo Gals".

"It's just a matter of finding out how to approach things, a matter of testing," claims McLaren. "Then you can do anything that you like — make Ollie's Newton-John sing with Cliff and have Depeche Mode working with a Gary Numan background. It's one more step towards turning any record into everyone into a music producer."

Not everyone agrees that scratch is as important as Malcolm McLaren would have us believe.

"Grandmaster Flash came up with the first true scratch record in 'Wheels Of Steel' a couple of years ago but very few similar records have resulted," claims Record Shack's Todd, while Chris Hill calls it "A brief fad, a gimmick rather than a new musical direction."

But, even if it's not all that important, it's still a step towards the day when music will be exactly what you and I want it to be and not just how some studio producer intended. Then, maybe, those old records, currently forming songbooks for singers and bands lacking something in the way of ideas, will really come in useful.



Martin Rushent (with daughter): the man who produced the same record twice.

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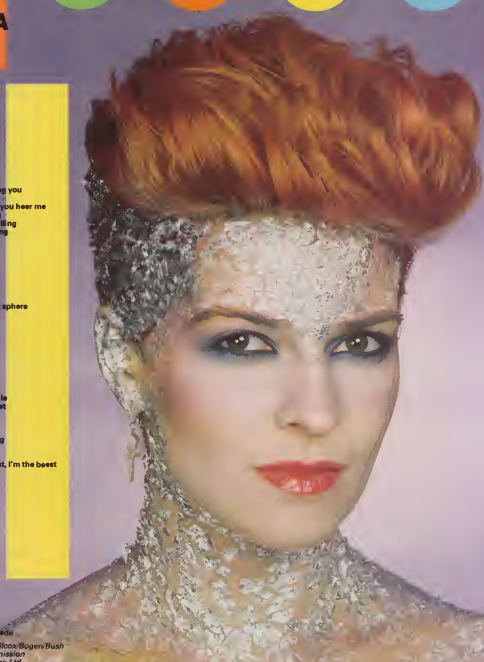
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Zooberon
Necronomicon
Zion
Zooberon
Necronomicon

Ieya
I em solar
Zion
Zooberon
Necronomicon

Repeat end ad lib to fade

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BLANKET COVERAGE



The hands, the bird and the guy.

If you happen to want a brief potted history of South American music, send immediately for **Incantation**. Usually clad in a range of hooded Peruvian rugs, and bristling with pan-pipes and weird stringed instruments, they're the persons responsible for the insanely catchy "Cachapuya (Andes Pumpkin Dessert)" that's been waiting across national radio lately.

According to pipe-player and flautist Mike Taylor, it all started back in the 1500s. Before the Spanish Conquistadors invaded, the South American Indians had only a selection of thin reed whistles and flutes fashioned from condor bones upon which to make an unbold racket on a Friday night. The Spanish sailors — quite apart from nicking all their gold and knocking their hats down — introduced the guitar which the Indians then constructed out of armadillo shells.

Leap forward some four hundred years and you'll find Chilean refugees playing this ethnic music all over Europe, especially in Paris. And in the French capital in '82, a troupe of ex-classical music students were to be found providing the South American soundtrack to a Parisian ballet, seduced, as Mike so accurately puts it, by the music's "wonderful haunting sound".

At this point, Bigears Bonquet Records — eager to introduce something into the marketplace other than the achingly trendy African music that various others had chosen to promote — signed Incantation for an album and slipped out a slightly beaded-up commercial 45 which has since done very well, thank you.

"Only us and Malcolm McLaren seem to have shown any interest in South American sounds," says Mike, "and there's an absolute wealth of material we haven't touched on."

And not a weird haircut among them. What chance this lot against A Flick Of Seagulls, eh?

Aerobics? Thing of the past. Real keep fit fanatics these days have flogged the trendy track-suit jacket and matching headband and dived into pairs of extremely baggy tennis shorts in order to fully enjoy the benefits of an album called "Get Fighting Fit With The 2 Paras".

The general idea here is to embark on a series of very painful squat thrusts and hicc-up-busting hurpees in a state of advanced patriotic fervour as the 2nd Battalion Paras band plays "Colonel Boyce On Parade".

A must!

Ever heard of Alvin Lee? Or Maggie Bell or Donovan? How about The Strawbs, Frankie Miller, Howie Casey or Roy Wood? Well, not to worry as they've hardly been at the forefront of modern music over the last ten years.

However, they'll all be featured in the early shows of a brand new music series on Channel 4 called "Gastank" that starts on January 15. The presenters are Ricc Wakeman, one-line organist with 70s pop group Yes and another rock keyboardist from the same era, Tony Ashton.

Tears were shed. And not just when the hill arrived for the **Smash Hits** staff Christmas lunch. No, tears were shed because even the hard-hearted hacks and frosty designers of Britain's Brightest were touched by the number of Christmas cards sent in by readers. If you sent us a card, thanks. If you didn't, don't forget next year!

Ever wondered exactly how you body-pop? **Jeffrey Daniel** of Bhalanar will be demonstrating the inside intricacies of how to look as though you're walking backwards on a moving pavement on *Jim'll Fix It* this Saturday (January 8). Sounds like essential viewing.



Guitarist John McGeoch's position in **Sioxsie And The Banshees** appears to be uncertain.

"The nature of his illness is such that he can no longer make the contribution expected of each member of the group," was Steve Severin's comment.

McGeoch is still recovering from "nervous exhaustion" and Robert Smith of The Cure has been touring with The Banshees in his place. Whether he'll stick with them or McGeoch will return remains to be seen.

SMASH HITS
STAFF
PRIZES

It's time to give our readers a special gift for their loyalty. We've put together a list of prizes that we think you'll love. And you can win them all!

Prizes include:

- 1. A trip to the Bahamas
- 2. A trip to the Maldives
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- 9. A trip to the Azores
- 10. A trip to the Azores

Apologies to **Eric Watson** for not crediting him for the centrespread pic of Wham! he took for the last issue. So touchy these photographers...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

David Bowie (36) on January 8
Jimmy Page (39) on January 9
Rod Stewart (38) on January 10
Suggs (22) on January 13
Chas Smash (24) on January 14
Jeremy Healy of Hays
Fantylaze (21) on January 18
Dolly Parton (36) on January 19

MY TOP TEN



LOL MASON (The Maisonettes)

1. **ARTHRA FRANKLIN: Say A Little Prayer (Atlantic)** The perfect black soul singer.
2. **THE BEACH BOYS: God Only Knows (Capitol)** This is from their best period and it makes me cry a bit!
3. **NOEL HARRISON: Windmills Of Your Mind (Reprise)** From the soundtrack

of *The Thomas Crown Affair*, which I must have seen six or seven times.

4. **BOB DYLAN: Like A Rolling Stone (CBS)** The definitive singer storyteller
5. **THE BEATLES: I Am The Walrus (Parlophone)** Very atmospheric
6. **DEKY'S MIDDNIGHT RUNNERS: Come On Eileen (Phonogram)** The first time I heard it I knew it would be a monster
7. **DIONNE WARWICK: Walk on By (Pye)** I'm a big fan of Bacharach and David and she's probably the best interpreter of their songs.
8. **ELVIS COSTELLO: Oliver's Army (Redar)** Great lyrics
9. **RICHARD BEYMER & NATALIE WOOD: Tonight (from West Side Story - CBS)** Best version of a great song
10. **THE SUPREMES: Reflections (Tamla Motown)** The best of all the great Motown artists.



"We thought of calling the album 'In The Studio'," says Jerry Demmers. "Or 'Square One', or 'Obscurity Beckons'."

There's more than a note of concern in The Special AKA leader's voice. Understandably so. Quite apart from the fact that three of his former colleagues deserted him last year, he's now exhausted his remaining funds due to his painstakingly slow approach to recording.

"It was a bit of a stab in the back really," he reflects upon the departure of Terry, Lynval and Neville. "I didn't know they were going to leave, it was all plotted behind my back. We were a great team for actually getting things out. On my own, I find making records very hard. It's not easy. It takes a very long time. Financially," he says, "I'm in a very bad position now as I've spent so much time in the studio and got so little out of it."

He has, he claims, roughly recorded twelve tracks intended for release sometime in the Spring. The Special AKA arrangement is "a bit like Rip Rig & Panic", a fairly loose system where not everybody plays on each track.

He gives very little away about the type of material he's been writing. "You'll have to wait 'til you hear them. They're not all political," unlike the current single "War Crimes" which Jerry says is "hopefully to gain some support for the Palestinian case". The rest, he says, are "more personal".

And the new line-up will be touring too. In some form or another; a surprise, really, seeing as Demmers always made clear how tired he was of the endless routine of live concerts at the tail-end of the Specials era.

"Well, it's just that the Specials' manager rather overdid the touring. It became a bit too much like hard work. But I'd like to do it again. Starting off in small clubs, anyway."

After *Artemis 81*, the television science fiction bore of 1981, **Sting** is rumoured to be on the brink of starring in a major science fiction film. Legendary Hollywood film producer, Dino De Laurentis, is planning to give the big screen treatment to *Dune*, a classic novel of the future, and Sting is expected to loom large in the film. All three of The Police, meanwhile, are recording their fifth LP on the island of Montserrat.

"Street Sounds" is a bright idea for disco music fans. Every month, in between seven and ten 12" versions of the latest dance tracks will be put together on a compilation C60 cassette which can also be bought as an LP. The first "Street Sounds" was released in December, including recent hits by Grandmaster Flash and Raw Silk, and number two will be out towards the end of this month on the Streetwave label.

BITZ

FAN CLUBS

U2
PO Box 48
Lonsay, N6 SRU

Merrill
The Web
E3 Quainton Road
Weddington
Bucks

Vice Squad
14c Lamadown Place
Clifton
Bristol BS8 3AF

Kid Creole
c/o 42 Malynux Street
London W1

Madness's 1983 U.K. tour starts in Newcastle on February 21. They've frequently said that they're fed up with the traditional pop concert format so some interesting surprises should be expected. Turn to *Nightsout* (page 40) for the full list of dates.

TAKE 5

The current listening pleasure of a Smash Hits pencil-pusher. This week: David "Scoffer" Bostock.

1. PHIL COLLINS: You Can't Hurry Love (Virgin)
2. WHODINI: Magic's Wand (Jive)
3. SHARON REDD: In The Name Of Love (Prelude)
4. WAMI: Story Of The Blues (Eternal)
5. MALCOLM MCLAREN: Buffalo Gals (Cherish)

If you thought "Young Guns (Go For It)" was hot, you might be interested to know that Wham!'s first single "Wham Rap (Enjoy What You Do)" is still available in record shops. They do like brackets in their titles, don't they? The lyrics, of course, are on page two.

STEPPIN' OUT



Remember **Joe Jackson**? He didn't feature in the *British charts* last year but in America he's become something of a star, with a hit single, "Steppin' Out", and LP, "Night And Day". British audiences have a chance to catch up with him when he plays three dates in Britain this month: Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (January 10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11), Portsmouth Guildhall (14). Joe's next project is writing the music for a new film, "Miles' Murder".

CUT IT OUT!

Anyone not got their three *Smash Hits* calendar tokens? Thought we'd forgotten to include the extra one, didn't you? Well, you were right. Fear not, here it is, especially for all those people who missed out on one of the previous ones.

Send your three tokens, together with a cheque or postal order (made payable to *Smash Hits*) for the right amount of money (45p for folded; £1 for rolled), to *Smash Hits Calendar Offer*, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough, PE2 0UF.



THE FARMER'S

BOYS



PH: KEVIN CLAWSON

**I Think
I Need
HELP**

*I'M VEXED, PERPLEXED, I'M NOT THE SAME AS I WAS LAST NIGHT
BEFORE I SEEMED SO CERTAIN, NOW I'M NOT SURE I'M RIGHT
TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR HEART TO MAKE ADVANCES, FALL APART
YOU LEAVE ME STANDING AT YOUR DOOR
YOU ALWAYS LEAVE ME WANTING MORE*

*I WAKE AND STRUGGLE DOWN THE STAIRS, DOING UP MY BELT
REFLECTING OVER MY FIRST MEAL
I THINK I NEED HELP TO SHOW OUR OWN INTENTIONS
TO PUT IN WORDS, EMOTIONS
TO TAKE INTO OUR HANDS THE LAW THAT ALWAYS LEAVES ME WANTING MORE*

*TO SHOW OUR OWN INTENTIONS
TO PUT IN WORDS, EMOTIONS
TO TAKE INTO OUR HANDS THE LAW THAT ALWAYS LEAVES ME WANTING MORE*

Words and music by Baz Frog/Mark Stan
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On Waap Records

Whaddya Know?

WERE YOU AWAKE DURING 1982? AND IF SO, HOW MUCH DID YOU TAKE IN? FIND OUT BY PITTING YOUR WITS AGAINST OUR ANNUAL QUIZ. ANSWERS AT THE FOOT OF THE PAGE.

1. How many members in the following groups? a) Bananarama; b) Duran Duran; c) Bauhaus; d) Dollar.

2. The words go "jacomino fino a na ne". Name the song and the group who charted with it in 1982.

3. Which lead singer has three E's in his Christian name?

4. What do Simon le Bon, Mark Hollis and Steven Parris have in common?

5. Name the artists who released the following LP's. a) "Songs To Remember"; b) "Diamond"; c) "The Number Of The Beast"; d) "Thriller".

6. Which deejay is no longer a kid?

7. What's her full name? (below)



8. Which groups contain the following "creatures"? a) Budgie; b) Animal; c) Rat.

9. What hit song does the following line come from? "Sequins and pearls and lots of pretty girls..."

10. Which groups are better known to their friends as: a) Will, Les, Peter & Ian; b) Martin, Steve, David & Mark; c) Mikey, Jon, George & Roy; d) Stephen & Neil?

11. Who had hits in '82 with: a) "Flashback"; b) "Rock The Casbah"; c) "What?"; d) "Wot!"; e) "Club Country"; f) "Love Is All Is Alright".

12. Who introduced "body-popping" to Britain?

13. The chorus began "don't push me cause I'm close to the edge". Name the song.

14. Which films did the following songs come from? a) "Eye Of The Tiger"; b) "Spread A Little Happiness"; c) "Putting Out Fire With Gasoline".

15. Which album leaves feature: a) a sinking ship; b) the singer sitting on a rock dressed as a pixie; c) the group lying on a bed of leaves; d) an outdoor living room; e) plastic dummies around a table?

16. "Never thought it would come to this/you don't remember me do you?" Name the song.

17. Whose debut LP had the curious title "Difficult Shapes And Passive Rhythms, Some People

Think It's Fun To Entertain"?

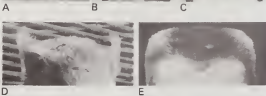
18. Who sang about the following famous personalities? a) Arthur Daley; b) John McEnroe; c) Jackie Wilson.

19. Name the other partner in the following collaborations. a) Sylvian

& ---; b) Bowie & ---; c) Fun Boy Three & ---; d) McCartney & ---; e) McCartney & ---.

20. Which well-known videos featured the stars: a) buried up to the neck in sand; b) dressed up as World War 1 pilots; c) tap dancing; d) riding a horse round Battersea Power Station.

21. Who do the famous hairstyles below belong to?



1. a) three; b) four; c) two; d) two; e) "by the Gate Stars & Lane (John of Magnation & Turner); f) in groups with "double names" - Duran Duran, Fair Weather & Cava; g) a) 5; b) 5; c) 5; d) 5; e) 5; f) 5; g) 5; h) 5; i) 5; j) 5; k) 5; l) 5; m) 5; n) 5; o) 5; p) 5; q) 5; r) 5; s) 5; t) 5; u) 5; v) 5; w) 5; x) 5; y) 5; z) 5; aa) 5; ab) 5; ac) 5; ad) 5; ae) 5; af) 5; ag) 5; ah) 5; ai) 5; aj) 5; ak) 5; al) 5; am) 5; an) 5; ao) 5; ap) 5; aq) 5; ar) 5; as) 5; at) 5; au) 5; av) 5; aw) 5; ax) 5; ay) 5; az) 5; ba) 5; bb) 5; bc) 5; bd) 5; be) 5; bf) 5; bg) 5; bh) 5; bi) 5; bj) 5; bk) 5; bl) 5; bm) 5; bn) 5; bo) 5; bp) 5; bq) 5; br) 5; bs) 5; bt) 5; bu) 5; bv) 5; bw) 5; bx) 5; by) 5; bz) 5; ca) 5; cb) 5; cc) 5; cd) 5; ce) 5; cf) 5; cg) 5; ch) 5; ci) 5; cj) 5; ck) 5; cl) 5; cm) 5; cn) 5; co) 5; cp) 5; cq) 5; cr) 5; cs) 5; ct) 5; cu) 5; cv) 5; cw) 5; cx) 5; cy) 5; cz) 5; da) 5; db) 5; dc) 5; dd) 5; de) 5; df) 5; dg) 5; dh) 5; di) 5; dj) 5; dk) 5; dl) 5; dm) 5; dn) 5; do) 5; dp) 5; dq) 5; dr) 5; ds) 5; 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ANSWERS

Sign of the Times



THE BELLE STARS **NEW SINGLE**

BUY 167

WTF
LONDON

COMPETITION WINNERS

PORTABLE SOUND SYSTEMS AND LP'S TO BE WON!

WHAM! COMPETITION

Issue Oct 28, correct answer was: (a) **Godzeck's 25 Autographed "Young Guns (Go For It)" 12" singles were won by:** Emma Roberts, Eastcombe; Julie Priest, Hull; A. Harold, Tunbridge Wells; Toyah French, Warrington; Mark Stephens, Ipswich; Catherine Edge, Hucknall; John Alexander, London W6; Catherine Toomer, Heworth; Andrew Martin, York; Neil Martin, Harlow; Cassy Cole, Guernsey; Fiona McKenzie, London WC1; Beki Barnwell, Oxford; Joanne Funn, Newport; Debbie Shuttleworth, Liverpool; E. David, London E12; Amanda Yearsley, Reading; Wendy Cardeaz, London SE8; Roger Bennett, Liverpool L18; Tanith Polley, Durham; Tracey Todd, Jarrow; Wendy Chapple, Kent; Alison Kydd, Carnoustie; Claire Boyland, Portsmouth; Jill Kitchen, Goole.

SMALL FACES COMPETITION

(Issue Nov 11th), correct answer was: "Penny Lane", **Book prizes of "All Our Yesterdays" were won by:** Karl Thomas, Aberdare; A. Lewis, Aylesbury; Alan Ferguson, Newtownabbey; Caroline Stevens, Maidstone; Spider Malby, Newmarket; Catherine Williams, Litterworth; Joanne Lewis, Essex; Matthew Farrall, Reading; Julian Warren, Worcester; Karen Woodman, Southampton.

COMPILATION COMPETITION

(Issue Nov 25), correct answer was: (e) **Germany. Prizes of ten "Touchdown" albums go to:** Julian Warren, Worcester; Tanya Beer, Bishop Sattton; Nicky Lochore, Stockton; Mark Burdett, Peterborough; A. Sheehan, Heston; Michael Rose, Harrow; Liz Williams, Lutterworth; Jane Seymour, Skains; Sabena Williams, West Drayton, S. Jackson, Chesterfield.

WILSONATIONAL COMPETITION

(Issue Nov 25), correct answer: (b) **Bel Lynch. Prizes of 12 copies of "Beware Boyfriend" plus autographed colour cards were won by:** Grant Newman, Eastbourne; Amanda Tobin, East Barnet; A. Fox, Chaddisden, Elm Horton, London SE8; Tina Robinson, London SW10; Karen Auerbach, Harrow; Lorraine Metcalf, London E6; Stephen Porter, Breanton; Lilla Hancock, London SW15; K. Glazzard, Pontefract; Jackie Pound, Portsmouth; Enza Di Maria, London SW16.



For the winner: a Toshiba RT-S782 Stereo Radio Cassette Recorder.



For 3 runners-up: Toshiba Personal Cassette Player.



For 46 runners-up: "Direct Hits", featuring Ultravox, the Kids from Fame, Japan, Bucks Fizz, Simple Minds & more.

Now answer this truthfully: did you or did you not receive exactly what you wanted this Christmas? How many of you asked for a brand spanking new Toshiba portable hi-fi stereo radio and cassette recorder and actually ended up with a 400-piece jigsaw of the Royal Gorgie? Eh? And how many asked for a Toshiba cassette player and got landed with a Ronco Car-Vac?

Well, have no fear. Now you can get one. Completely free. Those goodly souls at Toshiba and Telstar records have dreamt up the competition to end all competitions. The winner will

become the envied owner of a large and extremely valuable **Toshiba Radio & Cassette Recorder** (as pictured) **PLUS** a copy of "Direct Hits", Telstar's compilation LP featuring the works of Ultravox, Japan, Toyah, Simple Minds, The Kids From Fame, Squeeze and many others. The next three runners-up will get a Toshiba cassette recorder each (pictured above) plus a copy of "Direct Hits" and the remaining 44 winners all get an album too. Now is that value or what?

If you feel like giving this a whirl, then apply your massive brain to the following puzzle, [ot

the answer on a postcard (or the back of an envelope) and send it swiftly to **Smesh Hits Toshiba and Telstar Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF** along with your name and address. Correct entries will be put in a sack on January 20 and the first fifty plucked from within will get something very special to kick off the New Year with.

Here's the question: all the following bands appear on the "Direct Hits" LP. Which is the odd one out and why? — a) Japan; b) The Pretenders; c) Squeeze; d) Simple Minds.



CULTURE CLUB WHITE BOY

BLACK BOYS EMPLOY SELASSIE
WE KISS TO DEFINE
WHITE HANDS WHITE HEARTS
THE GENDER
HOW CAN I MAKE YOU MINE

TAKE ME TO GOD
IN A WORLD OF BLANK KISSES
WHO BREAKS THE COLOUR
I KNOW WHAT THIS IS
A ONE MAN WHO
THAT'S HOW WE KNOW THAT'S HOW WE KNOW
YOUR WHITE DOES IT SHOW

CHORUS
YOU'RE WHITE TO DANCE LIKE AN ENEMY
YOU'RE WHITE TO DANCE LIKE AN ENEMY
YOU'RE WHITE TO DANCE LIKE AN ENEMY (YOU'RE SO)

WHITE BOYS FALL OUT
IN A WHIRL OF DECISION
SHOW ME WHAT IS
THEN SHOW ME WHAT ISN'T
A HEART TOO SLOW
THAT'S HOW WE KNOW THAT'S HOW WE KNOW
YOU'RE WHITE THE BLOOD FLOW

REPEAT CHORUS
WHITE BOY, WHITE BOY, WHITE BOY, WHITE BOY
WHITE BOY, WHITE BOY, WHITE BOY
WHITE BOY DANCE

DO SOMETHING SWEET LIKE
PULL MY HEART LIKE USE YOUR FEET LIKE
STEAL SOME CULTURE LET'S TAKE THIS DANCE
OH WHITE BOY KISS OH WHITE BOY CHANCE
DON'T TAKE ME OVER DON'T LOSE MY HEART
WHEN I CHANGE COLOUR I'M HERE STOP, START
YOU'RE WHITE, YOU'RE WHITE, YOU'RE WHITE, YOU'RE
WHITE,
YOU'RE WHITE, YOU'RE WHITE, YOU'RE WHITE, YOU'RE
WHITE

REPEAT CHORUS 3 TIMES

HEY DEVIL KISS ME I'M TAKING CHANCES
NOT FAKING MY CULTURE
THE RHYTHM IT HAS
YOU LOVE YOUR WISDOM YOU DANCE YOUR MIND
WHITE BOYS ARE BABIES NOT MY KIND
BUT LUST IS FASHION SO THAT'S MY SIN
BY FALLING OUT WE'RE FALLING IN
AND NOW I'M BROKEN
WATCH ME GO
I'M TAKING OVER
CAN YOU DO
I'M FALLING OUT WITH THE BIG BOYS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CULTURE CLUB
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION VIRGIN MUSIC (PUBLISHERS)
LTD.
ON VIRGIN RECORDS

TALK TALK

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS

I'm picking up again
Well it got too much
After the accident
Could feel no worse
I turned around and you hit the ground
A little earlier, it was a game
I guess the battle
Must have dropped away

Chorus
I don't like to read the news
D'you know anything I'm going through
I don't like to read the news
D'you know anything I'm going through
And she goes ..

Did you see my photograph
It was on page ten
It swore to everyone
I'm not to blame
I turned around and saw him hit the ground
A little earlier it was a game
I'm so desperate
You can throw me away

Repeat chorus

What a fool I've been
Didn't get to him in time
What's been happening
It's so hard to sleep at night
It's so hard to sleep at night
To sleep at night

Repeat chorus to fade

Words & Music by Talk Talk
Reproduced by permission Island Music Ltd.
On EMI Records





THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD

We passed upon the stairs,
We spoke of wuzz and whuzz
Although I wasn't there,
He said I was his friend
Which came as some surprise
I spoke into his eyes
I thought you died alone,
A long long time ago

Oh no, not me
I never lost control
You're face to face
With the man who sold the world

I laughed and shook his hand
And made my way back home
I searched for form and lead,
For years and years I roamed
I gazed a gazely stare
At all the millions here
We must have died alone,
A long long time ago

Who knows? Not me
We never lost control
You're face to face
With the man who sold the world

Who knows? Not me
We never lost control
You're face to face
With the man who sold the world

Words and music by David Bowie
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Ltd.
Chrysalis Music Ltd. On Mercury
Records.

DAVID

S SINGLES



TRACEY THORN: Goodbye Joe (Cherry Red) Wonderful acoustic version of a slightly world-weary song from one of my all-time favourite LPs, "Strange Boutique" by The Monochrome Set, which came out about 2½ years ago. Everything But The Girl chanteuse Thorn provides all vocals and instruments and artfully assumes the kind of breathy, mysterious tone of the '50s solo girl singers she doubtless greatly admires. This'll catch on and the whole of '83 will be flooded with bare-footed types in jumpers and slacks strumming away on bar-stools. You just wait.



THE STRANGLERS: European Female (Epic) Lifting melodic stuff given soft but firm propulsion by a foursome who've always shown scant regard for females of any nationality. They've somehow mastered the subtle art of appearing all sweetness and light while somehow remaining distinctly untrustworthy. A hit? I fear not.

THE BOX: No Time For Talk (Gut Discs) 5-track 12" from berserk cross-rhythm merchants whose sole purpose in the record-making business is to concoct a "challenging noise".

The 'uncompromising' sentiment of this dreadfully produced hotbed of shrieking axes and nervous basslines is, apparently, an end in itself. It's a lot more challenging, of course, to try and make records you can actually listen to.

LEVEL 42: The Chinese Way (Polydor) Bold, muscular disco fare with its head in some Oriental cloud and its feet firmly rooted in Kool & The Gang. Quite good to boot.

JOHN COUGAR: Hand To Hold On To/ Hurts So Good (Riva) Picture the scene—several mad scientists in this shady lab somewhere in America. Flashing lights, hits of wire, test-tubes huffling all over the shop. Cackling with glee they crank 'big sound' American hit records into this huge computer—Springsteen, Tom Petty, Bob Seger, that kind of thing. Buttons are pressed, a hindling flash and there standing before them is this stocky, leather-clad figure, a hot-dog in either hand. "The name's Cougar," he grits. "John Cougar." And this is another of his records.

NASTY FACTS: Drive My Car (5th Column); DANNY AND THE HOOGOODMIKS: Bike (Chrysalis) The Facts (as its real lads call 'em) come wielding a thoroughly excellent thrashing punky anthem promoting the joys of four-wheeled transport complete with flashy 9-million-notes-per-second guitar solo. Our man, Dan, on the other hand, opts for a two-wheeler with which to "terrorize the town", though this second-hand AM/Arco tribal thump is possibly not the best equipment.

MARVIN GAYE: My Love Is Waiting (CBS) Can't hold a candle to "-----" Healing — as they called it on *TOTP*—but the same brand of sublimely executed spring-cushion funk over which Marvin is once again consumed by his desire for the tender gender. Some things never change.



BUMBLE & THE BEEZ: My Life (EMI) Eyes sensibly on the cash-hit, the ingenious Beaz forsake last year's gentle drummerless reggae for a no-holds-barred slush-filled

ballad peppered with little string arrangements. Could put The Four Tops right out of business.



PETER GABRIEL: I Have The Touch (Chrysalis) A sequel to the wonderful "Shock The Monkey" and an even closer look at the absurdities of human behaviour. This time it's all the daff things people do when getting nervous at parties that comes under the microscope, uneasily backed by lots of brittle drum sounds. Have we progressed much since *Quest For Fire*? Not according to this.

THE BLOCKHEADS: Twist & Shout (Statik) Atrocious cover, by Ian Dury's backing band, of a dance tune made famous by The Beatles almost exactly 20 years ago today. Sounds like an extract from one of those horrid LPs called something like "Funky Party!" that you find playing in trendy supermarkets. Deliberate, I presume.



MEN AT WORK: Down Under (Epic) Superly crafted reworking of the Boomtown Tops' "House On Fire" rhythm topped off with hippy flutes and sung by an Australian so indebted to Sting he even nicks his fake Jamaican accent. Comes complete with a neat little storyline, custom-made for a video, that affectionately lampoons the homeland and indulges in all manner of tortuous rhymes ("language" and "sandwich" being one of the better ones). It's great.

GRANDMASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE: Scorpion (Sugarhill) Woefully limp follow-up to "The Message". Where the latter crackled with excitement and seemed to have a life all of its own, this is just a listless welding of old B-52's bass-lines, hits of subaqua soundtrack and an "I-Speak-Your-Weight" vocal drily intoning a list of the

incredibly hip East Coast acts you should be digging/scratching/living to (most of them Sugarhill ones, of course). Sadly reminiscent of kooky Belgian synth trio Telex, whose career was solely based upon coaxing weird bleeps from banks of machinery because they had no sense of either rhythm or purpose. The Grandmaster has already proved he has both.

VIRUS: Stepping Stone (5th Column) Cover version fever still rages on Pink Street as singer Psycho (please!) delivers a rather lame version of the old Monkees hit once given a spirited boost up the bum by The Sex Pistols. Next, "Daydream Believer" from The UK Subs? Don't laugh.

THE KILLJOYS: This Is Not Love (Clay) Sturdy pop-rock of vaguely Jam-like quality which deserves to be played on the radio. Fascinating fact Number One: did you know Kevin Rowland was once a party to a band called The Killjoys? Number Two: these people claim they were mentioned in Coronation Street. What more could they possibly want?

THE ONLY ONES: Baby's Got A Gun (Vengeance) Re-release of one of the finer moments in the eventually unfruitful career of this late '70s English 'underground' rock group. Singer Peter Perrett had a wonderful knack of churning out dank and faintly dangerous tunes about weird girls and "eternity" and suchlike, and was also an early pioneer of String Vest Chic. On the reverse he tackles dinky Christmas carol "Silent Night" and comes out second best. Cliff Richard it ain't.



BONKI: I'm Not Unusual (Ensign) You know what time of year it is when the Singles Page starts filling up with David Bowie impersonators called Bonk: winging about how their girlfriends think they're a bit kooky but that's really because they don't understand them. His real name is probably Lance or Norman or something.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT: Moya/Fistman (Situation:2) Explosive Ant-ish tub-thumping powerfully inter-woven with guitar and over-laid with clipped political comment. Extremely good.

SMASH HITS FAN CLUB DIRECTORY

GET SMART! PRODUCTIONS once more kick off the New Year with an information-packed page for all those people who want a membership card as proof of their affections. Don't forget that not all fan clubs offer the same kind of service and standards vary a great deal. These are all the reliable addresses we've got but,

unfortunately, we can't be held responsible for clubs that move, go bust or close down. The golden rule is always the same; enclose a stamped addressed envelope and never send off any money unless you know what you're going to get.

A

Abbe
2 Sheep Street
Highworth
Swindon
Wilts

ABC
PO Box 92
Sheffield S1 1LP

AC/DC
18 Watson Close
Bury St. Edmunds
Suffolk

Adam Ant
The Bivouac
PO Box 4QT
London W1A 4QT

Aswad
CBS Press Office
1719 Soho Square
London W1

B

Bauhaus
c/o Press Office
Beggars Banquet
17/19 Alma Road
Wandsworth
London SW18

Beatles Book Monthly
45 St. Mary's Road
Ealing
London W5 5RO

The Beat
PO Box 320
Birmingham B10

Blasphemous
PCM Birmingham
London WC1N 3XX

Bucks Fizz
1 Nursery Close
Swanley
Kent

Kate Bush
PO Box 38
Brighton BN1 5QA



C

The Clash
PO Box 87
London NW1 8NF

**Kid Creole And The
Coconuts**
c/o 42 Molyneux Street
London W1

Culture Club
c/o Wedge Music
63 Grosvenor Street
London W1

D

The Damned
PO Box 362
London NW2 4DH

Depeche Mode
c/o Mute Records
102 Seymour Place
London W1

Devo's Midnight Runners
York House
27 Tenby Street
Birmingham B1 3EE

DeLair
PO Box 95
London SW15 2TN

Duran Duran
273 Broad Street
Birmingham B1 3DB

E

Sheena Easton
PO Box 85
London SW15 2TN

ELO
513 Fulham Road
London SW6 1HH

David Essex
513 Fulham Road
London SW6 1HH

F

The Fall
429B Bury New Road
Salford 7
Lancashire

G

Genesis
PO Box 107
London N6 3RU

Gillian
Pan Agency
10 Sutherland Avenue
London W9

Gary Glitter
134 Deerleap
Breton
Peterborough

H

Haircut One Hundred
Concessions Limited
513 Fulham Road
London SW6 1HH

Heaven 17
Hammersmith Studios
55a Yeldham Road
Hammersmith
London W5

The Human League
Hammersmith Studios
55a Yeldham Road
London SW6 1HH

I

Imagination
34 Salisbury Street
London W8 8QE

Iron Maiden
PO Box 291
London W4 2LZ



J

The Jets
110 Westbourne Grove
London W2 4RJ

K

Kiss
PO Box 430
London W1

L

Lene Lovich
c/o Still Records
115/123 Bayham Street
Camden Town
London NW1

M

Madness
PO Box 75
London N1 3RA

Berry Manilow
513 Fulham Road
London SW6 1HH

Marilyn
53 Quanton Road
Waddendon
Bucks

Modern Romance
PO Box 95
London SW15 2TN

Motorhead
PO Box 365
Leeds LS7 4QZ

Musical Youth
c/o Press Office
MCA Records
1 Great Pultney Street
London W1

N

Olivia Newton-John
c/o BBC Oxford Road
Manchester

Gary Numan
PO Box 14
Staines
Middlesex TW19 5AZ

O

Hazel O'Connor
PO Box 131
Coventry CV6 4NF

Odysey
PO Box 5
Washington
Tyne & Wear

OMD
PO Box 95
London SW15 2TN

P

Pigbag
76a Uxbridge Road
London W13

Pink Floyd
c/o William Eising
Ipswich 4
3203 XE
Spykenisse
Holland

The Police
Codrington Mews
4th Blenheim Crescent
London W11 2EP

Prezellers
Suite 3
69/52 Old Compton Street
London W1

Q

Queen
c/o Vicry
46 Pembridge Road
London W11

R

Rainbow
PO Box 7
Prescot
Merseyside

Cliff Richard
PO Box 4184
Amsterdam
Holland

S

Simple Minds
72 Sparrows Herne
Kingswood
Bosilton
Essex

**Sixxie And The
Banquets**
c/o Hammermith Studios
55a Yeldham Road
London W12

Sine
13 Bellevue
Wardley
Stourbridge
West Midlands DY8 5DD

Soft Cell
17 St. Anne's Court
Wardour Street
London W1

Status Quo
PO Box 430
London SW10

Shakin' Stevens
Bull Hill Cottage
Hawstead
Nr. Bury St. Edmunds
Suffolk

Still Little Fingers
45 Park Road
Didcot
Oxon

Strengiers
PO Box 32
Studios Road
Shepperton
Middlesex

T

Thin Lizzy
9 Darroch Road
Painey
London SW15

Tyeh
Inter-Galactic Ranch House
44 Seymour Place
London W1

U

U2
PO Box 48
London N6 5RU

UB40
PO Box 235
Sparkbrook
Birmingham B12 8LR

Ultravox
c/o Compendium
234 Campden High Street
London NW1

Undertones
c/o Press Office
EMI Records
20 Manchester Square
London W1

V

Vice Squad
14c Lamadown Place
Clifton
Bristol BS8 3AF

W

Whitesnake
c/o Concert Publishing
Limited
166/168 Liverpool Road
London N1

Kim Wilde
PO Box 202
Welwyn Garden City
Herts AL6 6LT

Wings
PO Box 4UP
London W1A 4UP

X

XTC
Allydore Limited
65 Priory Green
Highworth
Swindon
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Y

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PO Box 26
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Essex SF15 4EB



If there was one record which was guaranteed to get the old knee-caps swivelling and the paper hats bobbing frantically up and down at many a seasonal shindig, then it had to be "Best Years Of Our Lives" by the band many love to hate, Modern Romance.

Talking to two examples of this endangered species — David Jaymes, immaculate in suit of shocking pop-star blue, and new vocalist Michael J. Mullins, equally spruce in lounge-lizard green — it is hard to imagine why two such charming and dapper gentlemen should have been subjected to many unkind comments from certain sections of the media. They make great dance records, look good in photographs, wear neat clothes and even have clean hair. "Best Years" is their fifth hit single and yet the daggers which were unsheathed when they first bounced into the charts with "Everybody Salsa" are still out for them.

"I think that it's now about time people realised that we never jumped on any bandwagon," says David, sipping at his glass of white wine. "We were never about all that in the first place."

The "bandwagon" to which David refers was, of course, the widely anticipated resurgence of Latin-American music which, in the summer of 1981 was thought to be the Next Big Thing. The London cocktail set which had previously spawned Spandau Ballet had already earmarked Blue Rondo a la Turk to follow suit and so when Modern Romance released first "Everybody Salsa" and then "Ay Ay Ay Moosy" it seemed as though they had deliberately spoiled the party. Blue Rondo sank without trace and Modern Romance have never really been forgiven.

"You've got to remember as well that we came out at the same time as Spandau and Duran who were treated and analysed on a more serious level," explains David. "We were just thought of as another trashy pop band with pretensions towards those same bands. But — and I really must emphasise this — we've never been forgiven, we've never ever said that we wanted to do anything but make cultured, successful pop records. I

think it's the other groups who are pretentious — those who make all these wild statements before they even bring a record out and then find it difficult to live up to when they're not successful."

After "Queen Of The Rapping Scene" gave them their third hit in a row, they decided that their following was strong enough for them to deliver something in a more mellow vein, to prove, as David points out, "that we weren't just a jump-up-and-down party band". "By The Way" was an horrendous flop. "Mmmm," ponders David ruefully, "the DJs took one listen and said 'hey, this is not Modern

What's the band's singer and David's songwriting partner Geoff Deane didn't want to do, soon after "Cherry Pink", was to continue being a member of Modern Romance.

"Honestly," emphasises David, not wishing to give offence, "it just reached the stage where we both wanted to do different things and the gaps between us in terms of ideas were becoming more and more apparent. So, rather than ruin our friendship and the partnership we had built up, we decided that Geoff should leave. It seemed sensible as he was much more suited to a solo career than I. I only

had actually recommended to David that I take over from him. So when Geoff left it was more like a boss retiring and helping to find a replacement."

Off went the lads into the studio and before you could say "hit formula", "Best Years Of Our Lives" was positively thundering towards the top of the hit parade. A tour followed and the consensus of opinion was that here was a dance band which wasn't half bad.

"That's another thing that surprises people," exclaims David. "Because we picked up this tag for being a bubblegum band that looks good on posters, everyone thought that we were just cardboard cut-outs smiling in front of session musicians. We do play all our own instruments... pretty well, too."

"Over here," adds Mick, "our audiences are pretty young, people who can listen to a record or see a gig without being influenced by what the papers tell them we're supposed to be about. In other countries, though, where such criticisms don't exist, we get a much older crowd."

If, in Britain, Modern Romance's fusion of pop and Latin upset those purists to whom they were less than shallow pretenders, in those American countries whose rhythms they have shamelessly plundered, they are the bees' knees. With a number one album in Venezuela and 3 top-Twenty singles in Central America, they are very hot stuff indeed.

Modern Romance begin the new year by recording a new album and, with the songwriting spread throughout the band, it promises to be quite a different proposition from their previous effort. What's the betting, though, that it will include at least one of those irresistible party poppers!

As David and Mick guzzle the last of the wine, pat out the creases in their threads and think about further adventures in clubland, David leaves with the perfect quip: "We're a successful band and I don't need to slag off other groups — it's dishonest. At the end of the day, it's not what you say you're going to do but what you actually do that matters."

IT'S
A
NEW
ROMANCE

With another singer and yet another hit.

Mark Steels inspects.

Romance — they're all about having a party."

In releasing a cover version of "Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White", they blatantly reverted back to the formula which had borne much successful fruit and promptly found themselves back in the charts.

"Of course it was a difficult decision to make," says David without shame. "We wanted to show that we had a bit of depth, another side if you like, but at the same time we still wanted to be successful."

wanted to be part of a group. We still work together but not in the same format. Had we continued, I think we might have fallen out eventually."

Geoff's replacement in the band was yet another disgustingly good-looking boy by the name of Michael J. Mullins. Mick explains how he got the job. "Well, I'd sung backing vocals on the last album and played a couple of gigs with the band, so I knew all the songs as well as being friends. Although I wasn't aware of it at the time, Geoff



THE JAMI

THE DREAMS OF CHILDREN

I sat alone with
The dreams of children
Weeping willows
And tall dark buildings
And I've caught a fashion
From the dreams of children
But woke up sweating
To this modern nightmare

Chorus
And I was alone
No one was there
I was alone
No one was there

I caught a glimpse from
The dreams of children
I got a feeling of optimism
But woke up to a gray
And lonely picture
The streets below
Left me feeling dirty

Repeat chorus

Something's gonna crack up
Your dreams tonight
You will crack up
Your dreams tonight
You're gonna crack up
Your dreams tonight
You will crack on
Your dreams tonight
Something's gonna crack on
Your dreams tonight
You will crack on
Your dreams tonight

I fell in love with
The dreams of children
I saw a vision of only happy days
I've caught a fashion from
The dreams of children
But woke up sweating
From this modern nightmare

Repeat chorus

Something's gonna crack up
Your dreams tonight
You will crack on
Your dreams tonight
Just gonna crack on
Your dreams tonight

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Paul Weller
Produced by permission And Son Music
On Polydor Records



ADAM AND THE ANTS

Beat My Guest

Well tie me up and hit me with a stick
Beat me, beat me
Yeah use a truncheon or a household brick
Yeah beat me, beat me

There's so much happiness behind these tears
Beat me, beat me
I pray you'll beat me
For ten thousand years
Beat me, beat me

Oh well now
I'm black and blue
Baby I love you
Be your dog
Just one flog
You don't hear me plead
Make me bleed
Beat me, beat me

Well use a truncheon or a cricket bat
Beat me, beat me
A good beating's really where it's at
Beat me, beat me

Oh well now
I'm black and blue
Baby I love you
Be your dog
Just one flog
You don't hear me plead
Make me bleed
Beat me, beat me

Repeat last verse and ad lib to life

Words and music by Adam Ant
Reproduced by permission Ant Music Ltd.
On CSB Records



Vice Squad OUT OF REACH

Humiliate torture
Till I wish I were dead
You say I'm the idiot
Your ignorance is bliss

Chorus

Apathy is all you preach
The strings of the puppet are out of reach
Ignore it, it might go away
You're at the bottom, that's where you'll stay
You just sit around and get stoned
There's no action, you only moan
Happily waving your white flag
Giving leaders the last laugh

Left me at the bottom
You thought I'd work for them
Thought I was a joke
I got them in the end

Repeat chorus

Clawing from the outside
I couldn't leave my mark
Your insides hurt much more
The blood's under my nails

With ego-tripping acid punks
I giggled in a corner
A funeral in '78
I was the only mourner

Repeat chorus

Words and music by Barrman/Bond
Reproduced by permission heartbeat Music/Cherry Red Music
On Riot City Records



Chris Maw

COULD DO IF THE

Dave Rimmer fills out an end-of-term report on the school careers of the famous

As any fool knows, your average band member was a lazy troublemaker at school, skipping classes to go and practice the guitar, giving the teacher hell with their subversive japes when they did put in an appearance, and probably getting expelled for turning up in make-up sporting some outlandish day-glo haircut.

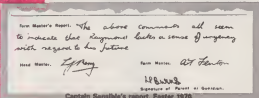
Not true. Or at least, only sometimes. Sure, some pop folk were expelled — Boy George, for example, or Glenn Tilbrook and John Bentley from Squeeze. But more often than not in interviews people just hint at a hell-raising past for such in keeping with the rebellious spirit pop stars are supposed to possess. The truth is often much quieter.

The likes of Sting, Bryan Ferry and Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler,

types have spent some time in art school. Marc Almond, Adrian Wright, John Taylor, Adam, Mike Barson, Joe Strummer, both of Blancmange, some of Bauhaus, Green and Tom from Scritti Politti, to name but a few.

And if further proof were needed about pop stars' performances at our academies of learning, some very revealing school reports have fallen into our hands.

For example, in the 5th grade at St Francis Of Assisi School in Brooklyn, New York, Leea John of Imagination was absent for only five days in the year, got "A" 's for both Conduct and Effort, received top marks in both Art and Music, and got a mark of 98 — meaning "Excellent" — overall. Only in Science were his marks poor. He received a



Captain Sensible's report, Easter 1970.

for example, didn't spend all their time beating up teachers. They were teachers (presumably getting beaten up themselves). Meanwhile, all sorts of pop people not only got through school, but have actually got university degrees. Like three of Queen and half of ABC. Simon Booth from Weekend is currently doing a PhD!

And then, in one of the music biz's longest running traditions, positively legions of musical



Raymond "Captain Sensible" Burns displaying his legendary lack of urgency.

miserable 68.

John Taylor, or Nigel John Taylor as he was christened, also seems to have been something of a swot. His 1968 report card from Our Lady Of The Wayside School, Sellthull sums him up as "keen to learn" and "always a lively contributor to the oral lessons. His work shows imagination and originality".

Although he only managed to cop a "B" overall — his "Mechanical Arithmetic" and "Physical Activities" seem to have let him down — one notes that he got a "Good" for Conduct, an "F. Good" for Attendance, and a "V. Good" for Punctuality.

Not to be outdone, Bananarama's Keren Woodward came first in her class of 54 people at Bromley Heath Junior School in 1970, with "Excellent" and "Very Good" 's across the board. In what can only be described as a "rave review", the closest thing we can find to a criticism comes under the heading of "English Comprehension". Although she got a "Very Good", her form teacher has added "occasionally needs to be pushed to produce of her best".

Zooming over to Wykeham Primary School in Middlesex, we find no less than three reports



MARI WILSON

School Report 1968

Here it is... documentary proof of Mari Wilson's "above average" abilities.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL
BOROUGH OF WILLESDEN EDUCATION COMMITTEE
WYKEHAM PRIMARY SCHOOL

Report for the half-year ending March 1968

Name: Mari Wilson Class: II Year Group: 3rd

| GRADE | | GRADE | |
|--------------|---|------------------------|---|
| ENGLISH | B | ENVIRONMENTAL SUBJECTS | B |
| MATHEMATICS | D | ART & CRAFT | C |
| P.E. & GAMES | B | | |

GENERAL REPORT:

Mari has done some very good work this term and achieved good results, especially in English, but nevertheless she finds it difficult to concentrate for long. She could achieve more with greater application.

The teacher assesses the child's standard of work against each school of the same year and is based on the following scale —

| | |
|---|---------------|
| A | Excellent |
| B | Above Average |
| C | Average |
| D | Below Average |
| E | Poor |

Parent's signature: M. Wilson Class Master/Teacher: A. Wilson

BETTER... TRY HARD

OTHER SUBJECTS:

Needlework Very good
P.E. Good

Karen Woodward: good at everything

from Mari Wilson in classes 16 and 11 in 1967 and 1968.

Mari's marks don't differ all that much across the three assessments — mostly "B"s and the occasional "C" — but the teachers' comments do. In February 1967, Miss Bruce remarked that Mari "shows enthusiasm and interest in all aspects of work" although "she can be careless sometimes". By the following July, Mr Tutchell can be found lamenting that "Mari rarely shows much enthusiasm for her work... She is not as keen to do well as one would wish".

Although covered with ink fingerprints that make it almost illegible, Beki Bondage's report under close scrutiny turned out to be full of all sorts of revealing information. Under Physical Education, for example, we learn that she was "more interested in rugby than netball, lacks concentration in hockey, and is often a troublemaker". Her English teacher found her to have "an excellent vocabulary, but her imagination tends to verge on the ridiculous at times".

Lee John: Top Of The Form.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL • Report Card, Grades 3 to 8 (Boys)
NAME OF SCHOOL

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSIS SCHOOL
431 UNION ST. N.Y.
BROOKLYN 23, N. Y.

| NAME OF PUPIL | GRADE | Reading | Writing | Spelling | Arithmetic | Science | History | Geography | Physical Education | Art | Music | Character |
|---------------|-----------------|---------|---------|----------|------------|---------|---------|-----------|--------------------|-----|-------|-----------|
| Lee John | 5 th | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |

To the despair of her Domestic Science teacher, she had "no interest in the subject whatsoever. Spends more time leading other members of the class astray than learning. Far too talkative, has dirty habits". Generally, her homework "nearly always arrives late", she needs "to concentrate on verbs" and the "standard of both work and school uniform has fallen considerably over the last two terms".

Meanwhile in Stanley Technical School, South Norwood way back in 1966 we find Captain Sensible "progressing fairly well" with

lots of "satisfactory"s, although one or two teachers note that he "works well under supervision only". His best mark, oddly, was in Engineering Drawing. Mr Allan, his form master, notes that "Raymond... is hampered by a very forgetful disposition for which he must try hard in future to overcome".

The next year does indeed find our Captain trying harder, and although "his attention is still inclined to wander frequently" he cops a "Very Good" for Geography and "Good"s for both Engineering Drawing and Arts and Crafts although most teachers seem to consider him a little too "slow".

The third year still finds "Raymond" to be "making progress", although his Engineering Drawing master worries that "he is unpredictable" and old Mr Allen comments that he's "capable of doing a lot better academically if he adopted a more mature attitude. This has been lacking of late". The nicest comment comes under Arts and Crafts: "Has love and talent for the subject."

By the fifth year, though, the Sensible score has slumped. Phrases like "weak" and "shows little interest" abound, and the form master is moved to comment that "Raymond lacks a sense of urgency with regard to his future." His best mark was for Arts and Crafts, a miserable 47. "Has to get on without tuition," his teacher remarked, "and finds it very difficult".

All of which goes to show that although reports might say what the school thinks about you, they don't have much to do with what happens afterwards. So, dear reader, if you're isn't up to scratch — take heart!

SOUTHSEA EDUCATION COMMITTEE
OUR LADY OF THE BAYSIDE SCHOOL

REPORT FOR THE PRESENT SCHOOL YEAR: JULY

NAME: NIGEL JOHN TAYLOR

DATE: J. 68

GENERAL GRADE: B

| CLASS | GRADE | GENERAL GRADE | REMARKS |
|--------------------|-------|---------------|---------|
| ENGLISH | A | | |
| MATHEMATICS | B | | |
| LANGUAGE | B | | |
| SCIENCE | B | | |
| ARTS | B | | |
| MUSIC | A | | |
| PHYSICAL EDUCATION | A | | |
| GENERAL GRADE | B | | |

EXPLANATION OF GRADES:
A - Very Good
B - Good
C - Average
D - Below Average

ATTENDANCE: F. GOOD... PUNCTUALITY: V. GOOD... CONDUCT: G. GOOD

GENERAL REPORT:
I have found Nigel an interesting boy to teach. He is keen to learn and he is always a lively contributor to the oral lessons. His work shows imagination and originality. Unfortunately he does not always express his ideas very clearly in his written work.

M.H. Gilman
Form Master (to be signed)

TEACHER'S SIGNATURE

Above: The report on John Taylor — or Nigel as he's known to his mum — from that "F. Good" group Duran Duran.



JOHN TAYLOR

School Report 1968

Pictured left is a youthful John Taylor. Dig those teeth

DURAN D U R A N



LAST CHANCE ON THE STAIRWAY

I don't remember quite how I met you, was it long ago
I just get a picture of sun in your eyes, the waves in your hair
Maybe it's something said in a movie or you could've said last night
Just took me out on a limb and I don't really know what I'm doing here

And sometimes I'm caught in a landslide and my beat's so in time, can you look at me
I'm out of reach, I'll talk if it feels right
I've had my last chance on the stairway

Funny it's just like a scene out of Voltaire twisting out of sight
'Cause when all the curtains are pulled back we'll turn and see the circles we've traced
Ain't no game when you're playing with fire
Doesn't seem right that we fight so the party runs on all night

Chorus

And sometimes I'm caught in a landslide and my beat's so in time, can you look at me
I'm out of reach, I'll talk if it feels right
So nervous to say, tell me can't you see
If you want, I'll fall forever
I can't say no more
Baby, dance with me
Please don't say, leave it 'til later
I've had my last chance on the stairway

Wonder why (wonder why) what makes me rise so high
Maybe it's something they put in your perfume or the look in your eyes
It could be the atmosphere sinking
Ooh I don't know what you're thinking
I don't even know what you're drinking but it keeps this heaven alive

Repeat chorus

Last chance on the stairway

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Duran Duran

Reproduced by permission of EMI Music Publishing

JAPAN

VISIONS OF CHINA

I'm walking young and strong
But just a little too thin
I may be happy, but I haven't a clue
To this life in my mind

Chorus
Stay with me
We could learn to fight like every good boy should
Cling to me
We are blacked out in visions of China tonight

I'm building heroes again I never thought of before
I remember the fashion, but don't have a clue
To your life in my mind

Repeat chorus

We walk backwards, say nothing
My visions of China
We're young and strong in this party
We're building our visions of China

We walk backwards, say nothing
My visions of China
We're young and strong in this party
We're living our visions of China

We walk backwards, say nothing
My visions of China
We're young and strong in this party
We're building our visions of China

Words and music by D. Sylvian/S. Jansen
Reproduced by permission Chadwick Nomis Ltd./Virgin Music Ltd.
On Virgin Records



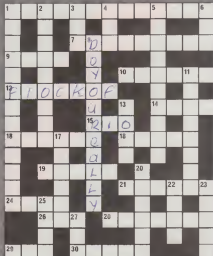
Crossword

across

- 1 Did Michael and Paul both say this? (3,4,2,4)
- 7 Singer who recently told us that he didn't want to be like Wayne Sleep (4,3)
- 9 Boomtown rodents
- 10 This Judea insisted on Breaking The Law
- 12 A Seagulls (5,2)
- 14 Rock that brought fame to Gary Glitter, Sweet etc.
- 15 Duran Duran claim her name is this
- 16 Instrument played by Emerald Express
- 17 That Derek and The Dominos hit
- 19 Hello, Miss Parton
- 21 Change provided this kind of holiday in 1980
- 24 Steeleye ----, recently re-formed folk-rockers
- 28 When Quo recorded 'Caroline' live (1,1,1)
- 28 Michael of 1 across
- 28 and 20 down Blue Zoo's boo-hoo
- 30 Honestly, it's by Lionel Richie

down

- 1 Twist Tessa Fortares to find those 'Mad World' makers (ang 5,3,3)
- 2 Theatre of Hates logical follow-up to 'Westworld'
- 3 Record label owned by 7 across
- 4 Heavy kind of Zeppelin
- 5 His healing's of the sexual kind (6,4)
- 6 ---- To The Beat' (Blondie album)
- 8 '..... Want To Hurt Me' (Culture Club) (2,3,6)
- 11 They provided a night to remember
- 13 Love was over this for Dire Straits
- 17 Lady who's a heartbreaker
- 20 See 28 across
- 21 It was this side story for Squeeze's album
- 23 Kind of day had by Pigbog
- 25 XTC Partridge
- 27 Bowie's feline people



ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

12 WIP 6836

12" SINGLE
FOR THE PRICE OF A 7"

SET THE TONE
DANCE SUCKER

AS SEEN LIVE ON "THE TUBE" NEW YEAR'S EVE



SPANDAU BALLET



TOYS

WE ARE THE NIGHT
WE'LL TEMPT YOU AND TURN YOU ON
LIVE IN OUR HEARTS
AND PLAY WITH YOUR MAN

OH THESE ARE YOUR TOYS
HOLD THEM AND THEY'LL OBEY
BLOOD INTO LIFE
THEY STILL BECOME YOUR TOYS

THIS IS YOUR GAME
IN HEAVEN IN YOUR BEDROOM
CHIVALROUS KNIGHT
WILL SAVE YOU TONIGHT

THEY'LL LOOK FOR REASONS AGAIN AND AGAIN
LET THEM GO, LET THEM GO, LET THEM GO
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR REASONS AGAIN AND AGAIN

FOR LETTING THEM GO
FOR LETTING THEM GO

WE ARE THE NIGHT
WE'LL TEMPT YOU AND TURN YOU ON
LIVE IN OUR HEARTS
AND PLAY WITH YOUR MAN

THEY'LL LOOK FOR REASONS AGAIN AND AGAIN
LET THEM GO, LET THEM GO, LET THEM GO
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR REASONS AGAIN AND AGAIN

FOR LETTING THEM GO
FOR LETTING THEM GO

STAND BY THE WALL
WATCH AS THEY SHOOT YOU DOWN
FROM BLOOD TO STONE
THEY STILL BECOME YOUR TOYS
YOUR TOYS, YOUR TOYS, YOUR TOYS

TV Pop Programmes have come and gone but — as legend has it — none have ever matched the chaos and excitement of the mid-'60s show *Ready Steady Go!* Live transmission, interviews by the audience, unplanned disasters — it had the lot. Tyne Tees producer Malcolm Gerrie claimed he was coming close with *The Tube*, the Channel 4 weekly live show that's attracted as much praise as criticism. Johnny Black (words) and Virginia Turbett (pictures) spend a day in the studio with the cast and crew.

"I actually enjoy *Top Of The Pops* very much but it lacks the excitement of a live programme. You can't cheat the kids. You've got to take a few risks. *The Tube's* more hassa and work for the team, but it pays dividends in the end."

Malcolm Gerrie speaking, and it can't be denied he has a point. At long last a programme has appeared that actually threatens to disrupt the *TOTP* monopoly and — more importantly — attempts to break away from the traditional BBC approach to pop music on television. It's a brave and mostly successful venture that, as soon discovered, is as unpredictable behind the scenes as it often is on the screens.

Friday is transmission day and things start early. Vary early.

9.00 am. Newcastle's bleak skylines are transformed by an inch of crisp snow as our reporter disembarks outside Tyne Tees, studio five, better known as *The Tube*. Entry to the studio is gained through a long, plastic and steel tube, from which the building and show took their name.

9.30 am. Although the show doesn't start until 5.15, Jools Holland, the irreverently imphic presenter and ivory tickler for *The Millionaires*, is already on the set running through camera angles for an interview which will take place in *The Tube's* reception area. The show has a tendency to spill out of the studio into any available corridors or rooms which are instantly transformed into makeshift sets. "The truth about this show," he explains, "with no trace of concern, "is that nobody knows what will happen until it happens. We have rehearsal, but once the studio floor is covered with 350 fans, it can be murder just getting from one place to another."

As Gerrie later explains: "We feel that the 'event' itself should be more important than the programme, and the venue should become almost like a club. So we made a membership and gave out 100 'Punter's Passes' which we handed out in local discos so we now have a regular audience coming in."

10.00 am. Malcolm Gerrie's headcares are just beginning. "After the first show Pete Townsend told me I must be insane, trying to do these live bands plus film and video clips, plus interviews, plus poetry into a live television show. He's

probably right, but we like to run that risk."

Today's show is in heavy metal spectacular and, in addition to the usual problems, he has scheduled a jam session between Twisted Sister and Motorhead, a song from an acoustic folk singer, and an invisible-guitar-playing contest which has attracted over

Malcolm has reasons aplenty to be contemplating a career in something less nerve-wracking, like lion taming or industrial espionage.

11.00 am. At the mystic art of playing imaginary guitars, Jean Francois Gilbert Desleds is a past master. He beat all-comers at London's Camden Palace with technique which included such

Gerrie needs to put him off his scan, but he manfully defends Paula's honour. "She's got a lot to live down, with the gossipy things she did before, but she's a just a 22-year-old lass, and she's trying really hard."

Why did he choose Paula and Jools?

"Well, Dave 'Kid' Jensen was really keen to host the show, and I love his show, but I wanted to choose new personalities to avoid the standardised Radio One deslay image."

How's Jools taken to the difficult task of getting people to talk on TV?

"If they don't talk now I'll just shove them out of the way and tell a few jokes," he says. "And if I have to introduce anyone I don't like, I won't pretend that I like them. Why should I? Really, I'm a pianist not a presenter. In fact my band *The Millionaires* are going to appear on the week after next. I had to bribe myself to get us on."

2.00 pm. Lemmy and Robbo of *Motorhead* have arrived and taken up residence in the hospitality room, which is beautifully bedecked with full-colour original Judge Dredd artwork. On hearing that Iggy is to be on the show, Robbo suggests that "it might be inadvisable for us to meet," and recounts an earlier encounter which ended with Iggy biting a lump out of Robbo's shoulder.

"He's a maniac, and I respect maniacs," says Robbo, "but I don't wanna get too near him."

3.00 pm. By now, gentle reader, you might have deduced that the chaos emanating from *The Tube* on a Friday evening is as nothing compared to the chaos behind the scenes before it hits the air. Down on the studio floor *Smash Hits* candid camera operator Virginia Turbett is diligently snapping *Twisted Sister* in rehearsal when, in the midst of a powerhouse rumoured to have triggered a major avalancha in the Himalayas, the music dies and a Yankee voice reverberates across the studio demanding that Virginia cease, desist and generally quit taking photographs.

After much HM breast beating, it transpires that *Twisted Sister* don't want their fans to see them without their stage make-up on and unless Virginia gives them the film from her camera, they will not appear on *The Tube*. Oh, how we laughed. Hysteria does



fifty entrants, sixteen of whom, incredibly, are girls. Because the show is live, if any of those uncontrollable avants run too long, Malcolm has to find ways to bring the show to a satisfactory end before the seven o'clock news starts. "Sometimes we have to drop whole videos, or cut short an interview in the middle, because I'd rather do that than cut back on the live music."

On top of his timing problems, he has to think of the characters appearing on the show. Lemmy of *Motorhead* is unpredictable; Iggy Pop is rumoured to have gone through a plate glass window the night before and his erratic temperament is legendary. *Twisted Sister*, the American cult HM act, are rumoured to be difficult customers, and the combination of all three could lead to mayhem. Add to this the fact that the steadily falling snow might prevent half the acts, or the audience, from arriving, and

refinement as tuning up in mid-sole after breaking an imaginary string, adjusting invisible amps, and playing behind his head, which is obviously much more difficult. "I was wearing the wrong shoes at rehearsal yesterday," he confides, "but I've got my pimsolls today, so I can move much better." I consider offering him the number of a respectable psychiatrist but, in the end, I simply wish him luck.

12.00 noon. We break for a bit of scan (food, according to thorn Geordies) and, in the canteen, I bump into Paula Yetas, the show's other main presenter. How does she feel about the criticism she's been getting for her flouncy-floozy non-interview technique? I find myself retreating under a hall of abuse which, as near as I can tell, means that Paula has nothing printable, or even particularly rational, to say on the subject.

This is just what Malcolm



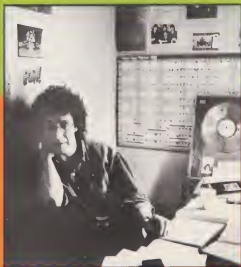
Part-time presenter Michel Cramona



Tik (or Tok).

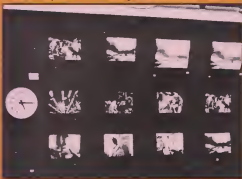


Jools and Paula swapping merry quips.



Malcolm Gerrie: "people think I'm crazy"

A director's eye-view as *The Tube* goes on the air



Jools Holland sits down to some "scan" with *The Tube*'s producers, Malcolm Gerrie and Paul Corley (right).

"Air" guitarists desperately wrestle with an extract from "Led Zep 2"



THE TUBE

From previous page . . .

that to you sometimes.

4.00 pm. Back in the hospitality room, Motorhead have moved out, and Iggy has moved in. His face appears scratched and haggard. He runs his hands up and down the walls and across Virginia's back, singing a ditty called "I've got a Japanese fighting spider," in menacing tones. A companion suggests he might like to go to his dressing room and be alone. "Why be alone when you can be a parking lot?" he asks enigmatically. I begin to hope this is all some inexplicable hallucination which will soon pass, preferably without bloodshed.

4.30 pm. Twisted Sister still refuse to go on. As we argue loudly in the corridor, two white faced robots with metal spikes protruding from their heads pass between the feuding factions. I'm thinking that if Malcolm Gerrie would simply record life in the Tyne Tees corridors, he'd get better ratings than *Coronation Street*. I find it difficult to believe that Twisted Sister's manager is saying "Now look, we're trying to be perfectly reasonable . . ." I mentally summon up a curse which should transform him into a weird being, capable of giving grown men the heebie-jeebies, but he doesn't turn into Paula Yates.

4.45 pm. I meet the robots again. "I'm Tik," says one, "and this is Tok." It all smacks of *Alice in Wonderland*, but they turn out to be flesh and blood guys who used to be members of music and dance troupe Shock, but now specialise in robotic movements and make their own electronic music. What are they doing on a heavy metal special? "Well, we do have long hair, and we play imaginary synths. We're a bit like *Mad Max 2* on ice," says Tik (or Tok). They make the valid point that "television has been getting too slick and this show is a good contrast. Bands can get on here without having a hit," and Tok (or Tik) adds "television should create hit records, not just give more exposure to things that are already in the charts."

5.00 pm. With the show only minutes away, Twisted Sister's participation is still in doubt, and Virginia is heroically refusing to surrender her films. Passing the make-up room, I almost fall over Michel Cremona, one of *The Tube*'s part-time presenters,

chosen from 3000 hopeful amateurs. This is her second show, and for much of the day *The Tube*'s TV monitor screens have been lingering on close-ups of her legs. "The thing that really makes me nervous is people asking me if I'm nervous." Luckily, she enjoys heavy metal, so she's looking forward to the show. "My mum and dad always video it but, I must admit, I've never actually seen the show the whole way through."

In order to enable the show to continue, a compromise is reached with Twisted Sister's "perfectly reasonable" manager. He doesn't get the films but we agree not to use them.

5.07 pm. I ask Linda, a devoted HM fiend queuing outside, why she thinks music journalists are so cruel to heavy metal music. She has no doubts. "Because you've got absolutely no taste or culture whatsoever." Thus chastised, I retreat to the relative security of the control room as the countdown begins.

The control room sits high above the studio, with director Malcolm Dickinson supervising a bank of sixteen TV monitor screens on which he can see the view from any one of six cameras plus the opening shots from a number of film and video clips. As the opening sequence hits the air, Dickinson begins calling the shots. "Tight in on camera one . . . now wipe . . . pan out . . . come to camera two . . . hold it . . . come to four and wipe . . . mix through to two . . . zoom out and cue Michel . . ."

Miraculously, amid a blizzard of dandruff thrown up by the gyrating imaginary guitarists, Michel is there and the show is on the road. The next hour and three-quarters passes at light speed, and *The Tube*'s backroom boys remain magnificently in control, even though the music is generally so loud that the cameramen downstairs can't hear the directions from the control box.

Even more miraculously, nothing goes seriously wrong, and Malcolm Gerrie brings his show in on time.

And this, he claims, he'll be doing for many weeks to come, despite persistent rumours — particularly from the extremely hostile *Sun* newspaper — that *The Tube* is nearing its end. "We've known for a year we'll be coming off in April," he says, "but that's just the end of the present series. We'll be back in the autumn and there'll also be a five-hour special in June."

Wish him luck.



Tygers Of Pan Tang at the soundcheck

THE TUBE SPECIAL ORDER 09.02.80 11.00 STUDIO FIVE 12.12.82

TIME: MALCOLM DICKINSON/MALCOLM DICKINSON
PAGE: LCI THREEDAY/ELLI-MANN PAGE
L/T/ 17.15.00
A/T/ 19.15
C/R/ 2.40
C/R/ 2.40
C/R/ 1.15
OFF
AID 18.54.05 A/TIME 1.05



1. VTR "OPENING TITLES" A/TIME 1.05

2. AIR GIVING CONTESTANT 1401
PAGE 17.54.05 = 20 STUDIO FLOOR
A/TIME = 45 seconds

C.C

3. MONITOR/STUDIO

4. CAM 5 PROLA / DRESS ROOM
(TIME IN BACKGROUND)
INTRO TO PROGRAMME + ABBOW
+ VTR "HELLO" CLIP



5. CAM 6 & 7 JOLLS/ROBOTRON + RICE
BALL AND DICKINSON'S SHOWER (Specialist)
- TO THE SIDE OF MICHEL
- COME TO THE READY

S.O.

6. VTR "ROCK BALL TOWN" (on G's vocal) RICE driver into chest saying
"what will it be . . ."

S.O.

7. JOLLS/RECEPTION + RICE BALL
PLUS PROPS (Landscape items)

S.O.

8. VTR "INTERVIEW" 45 seconds MAX

S.O.

9. PAVLA/PLUS 2000 A.O. MCG/GREEN ROOM
20.05.80 Interview 100 minutes A.O.

S.O.

Page One of Jools Holland's script with added doodles.

Twisted Sister: you ought to see them with their make-up off



star teaser



KOOL & THE GANG

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

ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

- BIG FUN
- CARIBBEAN FESTIVAL
- CELEBRATION
- DJJIT
- FRUITMAN
- FUNKY MAN
- FUNKY STUFF
- GET DOWN ON IT
- GOOD TIMES
- HANGIN' OUT
- HERE AFTER
- HIGHER PLANE
- HOLLYWOOD SWINGING
- JONES VS JONES
- JUNGLE BOOGIE
- KOOL AND THE GANG
- LADIES NIGHT
- LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING
- LOVE FESTIVAL
- MORNING STAR
- MUSIC IS THE MESSAGE
- NIGHT PEOPLE
- OOH LA LA LA
- OPEN SESAME
- RATED X
- RHYME TIME PEOPLE
- SPIRIT OF THE BOOGIE
- STRENGTH 'N' OUT
- SUGAR
- SUMMER MADNESS
- TAKE IT TO THE TOP
- TOD HOT

T K C G O J E N A L P R E H G I H M
C U O T N O U R L O G C O L S U O
J A O O O A H N N E A A P O U S O G
G O R N L H G L G T T L V G I H N N
C N N I I A O E U L K F A C L I H I
O A I E B G E O H L E R A L G I J D
C O R G S B N L T T A B J E H U G N
E E E I N I E A P A D O O J R O N A
M G L L P I B A H O N N I O O E O T
A K A P P O W I N E E L A D G B H S
S L E S O O D S S F A P T L S I S R
E T O G S A E V D D E I T P O U E E
S M I V L E S P I O M S O H M O E D
N E O N E J M E E E O T T M G F K N
E L O R O F S E S H M E W E I U I O U
P H A N N N E E H M Y R Y N V I N D
O F E N I I W S T T M T K L T A U N
H S R G A R N O T A S Y E A L J L A
B N H U A M T G D I S I R M I O Y E
O T U T I T Y N S T V B C I Y A H V
O E E F I T E K U T E A E I L H W O
G D I E G S M F N L A G L N S L R L
X P K G S I F A E U B R O A O U J
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I'm writing to complain about your bias for and against certain bands, these bands being Japan, Japan and Japan. I feel that you should print every article in two parts: one for people who like the band and the other for people who don't.

Ashley Eldon, South Craydon.

Blit wasteful on the old paper, don't you think?

It's funny that The Fun Boy Three can sing about Northern Ireland when they've only been here once, with The Specials, and they were stuck in their hotel all day (apart from going to a record shop) until the concert started.

It's not Terry Hall's concern at all until he's been here and seen that Belfast is not as bad as what he sings about it.

John McConnell, Belfast.

I've a few things to say about The Tube. First, Paula Yates is a pain, Jools Holland is a pain, the pratin who does the poems is a pain and the whole lot of them get on my nerves. And when they give Marc Almond a crappy microphone that doesn't work, it's just too much. If I were him, I'd have rammed it down their throats.

Marc Almond Fan.

You liked it then?

The end of the world is night Riots, unemployment, Margaret Thatcher... and now... a Brummie ex-waiter impersonating a hot air balloon whirler to a ventriloquist blonde (think about it) on a video compiled exclusively from all the pieces that should have been left on the cutting room floor and it's gone to Number One in the charts.

Aaaaargh!

Think I'll go and impersonate Vincent Van Gogh (and you know what he did!)
Simon le Bon's Left Shoulder Pad, Wolverhampton.

Wasn't it the one who burnt the cakes? Or was that Queen Victoria?

I read with interest Paul Tucker's letter on Alternative bands versus Pop bands. The hit in black type at the bottom suggested that groups like Joy Division (e.g. Bauhaus, Echo & The Bunnymen, New Order, Siouxsie etc.) are not entertaining because they are too "serious". But although these groups are serious, they produce great music — dark, gothic, frequently beautiful; I listen to Joy Division for enjoyment, not torture. Their music is original, stimulating, passionate, but above all entertaining (in a much wider sense).

It's easy to say: "I like futurist

music" because all futurist bands sound similar, and you either like or dislike that sound. I like a wide variety of music, from Joy Division through Bowie, The Doors to Brecht and Weill and Erik Satie. Fairly diverse, but they have this in common: they all make music for the brain as well as music for the ear.

I'm not saying that anything in the charts is rubbish — Bowie is the ideal example of someone combining originality, experimentation and "art" with commercial success. But nor is the reverse true. Even people who claim that any hitless group must be awful will in the next breath define Bucks Fizz, Barry Manilow and The Toots as "crap". But is there any real difference between Duran Duran and The Toots — I think not.

However, it is not the job of *Smash Hits* to educate people — they buy *Smash Hits* to find out about hit groups. In this respect, *Smash Hits* does very well, providing a diet of crap with lots of superficial gloss and ingrained banality with just the occasional touch of class, thereby accurately reflecting the state of the charts.

Andrew Clark, Surrey.

Cheers — Barry (the occasional touch of class).

I bought your *Smash Hits Yearbook* (which, I must say, is excellent) as I am a fan of ABC and after seeing that Fry had written a story I was intrigued to buy it and glad I did. But the story of *The Gentle Of The Cheese Boot* has left me puzzled.

Why does Fry make out he is such an unglamorous, fish-faced creep? To me he's got "The Look Of Love" and given the chance I'd give him "All Of My Heart" as "Tears Are Not Enough". I'd even write to him on "Valentine's Day"

and I would let him "Show Me" how to shoot a "Poison Arrow" or two and so we would be "4 ever 2 gether" I'd let him "Datesstamp" me so our love would last from here to eternity.

Susan, Norfolk.

After seeing U2 at the Hammersmith Palais, I felt I had to write and say what a fantastic night it was. At the beginning, Bono said it would be a night to remember and he was right!

It was the first concert I had been to at which I felt a very special atmosphere, a feeling of total dedication to their music and faith from U2, and a feeling of devotion to the group from the audience.

Please, please, could you do another feature on them. It would be an ideal time to do one as they have a new album coming out in January called "War", but you, being *Smash Hits*, know that of course?

S. Wood, Tunbridge Wells.

Coming up in the next issue, on sale January 20th.

I've been a fan of Duran Duran for some time now, and I know I shouldn't be saying it, but in their official calendar for 1983 I couldn't help noticing that on the August page, if you take a good close look at John Taylor, you will see that his shoes don't fit him.

Seeing as I'm so observant, please can I have a record token? Lia Will, Fife.

P.S. No offence, John.

I'm writing to complain about the three articles you've had in the last three issues of *Smash Hits* stating that certain groups are splitting up and their own personal views on the split. Why is it that you use a double spread on the talented Jam hreaking up, totally waste a double spread on Japan splitting up and yet have a

tiny, almost invisible article on The Teardrop Explodes hreaking up?

Maybe The Jam and Japan have been going for longer than the Teardrops and maybe they have more fans but this doesn't make a great amount of difference. Surely you could have sacrificed at least a page of your priceless rag on The Teardrop Explodes spitting up instead of that measly little clip on *Blitz* — I also thought the headline was in bad taste.

I saw The Teardrop Explodes in concert at Hammersmith Palais and they were truly brill! I'd do anything to see them again.

Helen Cadogan, Winchcombe.

The reason we covered the Japan and Jam break-ups in such detail was because they were both pretty unexpected, unlike the Teardrop's final explosion which many people saw coming a long way off.

A Record Review.

MALCOLM McLAREN: Buffalo Gals. A nauseating drive that insults the human ear with its monstrous gibbering shrieks and vile noises.

Graham Nickson, Truro.

Shows promise.

At last someone has answered back to your interviewers. I speak, of course, of the great and talented Kevin Rowland. I'm not surprised that Kevin was fed up when Dave Rimmer asks questions like "How does the current rustic look relate to Dexys lifestyle?"

As for Rimmer's definition of a fair question i.e. "Do you find it hard to take your clothes seriously?" Talk about stupid questions!

Does Dave Rimmer fall about laughing when he sees Kevin Rowland wearing what he feels comfortable in?

You may say that you only interview groups to please your readers but not many of your readers seem to like Kevin and Dexys, judging by letters like the one someone wrote about people liking Polos but not Kevin Rowland. Well, John Taylor's "Hot", what do you think of this? Q: What do Kevin Rowland and a packet of Polos have in common? A: They're both very tasty.

M. Wilson & A. Lee, Billericay.

On the other hand...

Dear Dave Rimmer,

I totally agree with what you said at the beginning of your interview with Kevin Rowland. He's probably never interviewed anyone in his life and he shouldn't be lecturing you on

how to go about things. Like you said, it's no wonder he's come in for a lot of stick. It's his own fault.

Perhaps if he wasn't so unco-operative people would write better things about him. Also the impression he gives of himself is that he doesn't care about anyone else's music but is primarily concerned with his own. This may not be a bad thing but it seems to have taken over somewhat. He has said that he only listens to the radio to see what's going on. It's like he thinks he's perfect, the he-all and end-all of all musicians in pop. Nobody else could match up to him. That's what really annoys me about him. He's forever saying how awful most of today's music is (without a really good reason). *Smash Hits Fan, Bury St Edmunds.*

I would like to pounce on you and give you a real shaking up! (*Promises, promises!*) All your old features in your mag are of rotten groups like Blancmange, AC/DC, Musical Youth, etc...

Why not have a Barry Manilow feature? You agreed in case the rock fans bash you up! Well, all I want is some nice glossy, delicious, kissable photos of my hero and some little story to go with it. Easy?

If you print this letter (in your heat typing, please!) then I will send you a piece of my little cousin's christening cake. Fancy that? Well, Ed... get your thick Ed on to this and let's be hating some ROMANCE into this mag! *Mike Nolan's Greasy Hair, Glasgow.*

OVER MY DEAD BO... (STEADY! - Ed.)

Is it my imagination or is Bazza psychic? I'd been subconsciously realising that The Pale Punctures were using parts of 'I Go To Sleep' but it never clicked.

Anyway, what I really wanted to say was this...

I know the picture on Bazza's page in the December 9 issue? Well, it occurred to me that that picture shows the reason why David McClymont of Orange Juice has a flat nose. I will explain: Dave must have been in The Spatniks (or a Spatniks fan). He was on his way to a gig, all togged out in his helmet, and he walked into a lamp post, squashing his nose on the glass of his helmet. The effects of the blow were permanent and that is why he has a flat nose.

By the way, Orange Juice fans, don't take this to heart. I think O.J. are v. good, especially I love 'I Can't Help Myself'. I'm just stating a fact, that's all. *Claire, Radlett.*

A worthwhile contribution to medical research. Thanks.

Your magazine is lacking something — me! I can't type. I

can't take shorthand and I'll probably fail all my exams. Doesn't that qualify me for work on *Smash Hits*?

Hold it! Before you tear up my masterpiece and put it in the bin (along with that empty brandy bottle you've sneaked in on the quiet) let me tell you about myself.

My name's Emma, and my talents include losing programmes at gigs and persuading the merchandising people to replace them for free; standing in the cold outside the Radio 1 building; putting messages in pop star's pockets; chucking scripts on stages hoping that the bands will give me an interview; and pestering people like you.

Also, my ambition as a 12-year-old was to be a drum-playing motor mechanic on a ranch in Mexico.

If you hurt my letter, I won't be offended. I'll just refuse to send you any of my work when I'm a highly successful freelance journalist.

You've had your chance! *Emma, Streatham, London*

You win the Annual Smash Hits Golden Ixex Award for Cheek And Cheriness Above And Beyond The Call Of Duty. You also made us laugh, so here's a £5 record token.

As soon as I buy my copy of *Smash Hits*, I eagerly turn to the letters page, only to find Haircut One Hundred (and especially Nick Hayward) are yet again mentioned in nearly every letter. And more to the point, being insulted!

Nick Hayward seems to be everyone's target. Someone even wrote in to say he never says anything intelligent. So what? Who cares if he doesn't go on about boring technical things, and how they get a certain sound? I'd much rather read an interview that makes me laugh. I think tractors, Tenko Toys, bananas and Thunderbirds are much more interesting.

I want to paint the world yellow, let him. And if you give me a hucket of paint I'll help him. *President of the Society For The Prevention of Cruelty to Nick Hayward, Crimble Meadows, Pannal, Harrogate.*

Crimble Meadows?

Dear Jon Davey (December 9 issue),

Allison of Yazoo (the greatest group in all the cosmos), chose the band's name because of the irony. Yazoo was a small Southern American Blues record label, which was named after the Yazoo River. What you wrote may well be true, but it isn't what you are meant to take from the title.

Of course, it doesn't mean anything to anyone except fabulously intelligent and

handsome people like myself and... well... erm... er... others like you.

Jason Keith (sorry, I couldn't think of a silly name). Peterhead, Scotland.

The price of albums really gets up my nose! It's not that they cost too much, but their price varies so much from shop to shop.

I recently bought the Squeeze album 'Singles — 45s and Under' from a large record store for £4.29, which I thought was quite a bargain. But a few days later I saw the same record on sale in my local shop for only £3.99. The next day I noticed that Woolies were selling Squeeze's album for £4.99 (their 'hiltz' price), and W. H. Smith were charging £3.79.

As it happens, the record is so good that I wouldn't mind paying twice the price I paid for it, but I do think it's unfair for some shops to charge so much. Surely, if one shop can sell an album for £3.79 (and still make a tidy profit) then the others can too. *Squeeze Fan, Wavertrie, Liverpool.*

In *Smash Hits* December 9 issue, a Toyah fan from Reading was complaining about all the Fame products on sale. Well, Toyah fan from Reading, if you'd care to pop into your local Superdrug store you'll find the shelves packed with Toyah make-up, Toyah hair care sets, Toyah scrapbooks, Toyah writing sets, Toyah combs and brushes, Toyah rulers and Toyah pens and pencils.

Anyway, The Kids From Fame are much more talented than the multi-coloured midget. *Miss S Bentley, Tooting, London.*

Please, please, please no more Batt jokes! *Mick Kam's Lost Eyebrows, London.*

We heard that David Sylvian is doing a single with Paul Weller called "Batt's Entertainment".

You got it wrong, you sillies! You should have given away a pair of Black Levi's, not a silly old flexi-disc. Mind you, it obscured the picture of Kevin 'E.T.' Rowland, so I suppose we should be grateful.

Talking of the Rowland-E.T. connection, have you noticed that they actually have the same facial bone-structure? I mean, look at the mouth, those eyes, the line of the face? They even share the same puzzled expression.

Kevin should sue for a share of the royalties. *Van Morrison, Kirkintilloch, Scotland.*

Can it be true? Is Simon Le Bon's hunky 17-year-old brother Jonathan really 6' 6"? I thought that Simon was 6' 2", but judging from the picture (in the December 9 issue) this just can't be true. Or

is Jonathan standing on a box? *R. T. J. and SIB Lover, Birmingham.*

Have you any idea what's the most popular programme on BBC 1? *FOU?* You're probably thinking, Or *Blankety Blank* or maybe the *Let's Let's Breakfast* thingie with old fungus-face. Or even *The News* at a pinch. Or *L For Lester*.

It's none of them. This I know 'cos I bought a copy of the *Daily Express* the other day and it had the watching figures in it. Want to know the answer? *Tenko*. You heard right, that really dopey series about those daft women stuck in some stupid prison camp in some daft jungle, and all they ever do is make a racket and moan about how lousy their portion of monkey curry tastes. Incredible, isn't it? No accounting for taste. *Sean, Cambridge.*

I'm in a state of shock.

Thank God Christmas is over. Can't stand it myself. It was bad enough last year when the dog (yes, we have a present-giving dog in our family) gave me some horrible compilation LP of awful synthesiser groups but this year really took the cake. Imagine my surprise — nay, horror — when I opened a parcel I thought might contain some games or books or something really useful and there staring me in the face was an Incantation album (not from the dog this time).

It's a pop record, said my loony Aunt (whose name I won't tell you in case she ever reads this). And she kept going on about their 'nutty' image — all those hinkets and things. Listening to it was worse: no vocals, no fantastic drum sounds or guitar. Just a load of weird whistles and probably a few sheep in the background. Be warned. *Sue-Ellen (no, not that one), Bude.*

Not your day, was it?

Can anyone help me? I'm a perfectly normal bloke, right.

I like normal things like The Clash and Echo & The Bunnymen and U2 and Bananarama (well, it's normal, isn't it?) but there's one thing that's totally beyond me. What, just what, is attractive about Boy George?

No, okay, so I'm a bloke and it would sound a bit poofy if I said he was 'georgious' or something (sorry about the pun), but I can usually see why girls like most blokes — John Taylor, Sting, Nick Hayward (although he seems a bit wimpy). But Boy George? Does this mean that loads of perfectly normal looking guys are going around attaching bits of rope to their hair and trying to look washed-out and generally mincing about a lot? Saints preserve us. *Simon, Morecambe Bay.*

You're probably wondering what's going to be in the...
NEXT ISSUE

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JANUARY 20th 1983

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ELTON JOHN Nottingham

While most of his contemporaries are fumbling about pipes and tuxy alippers, Elton John is standing on a piano. In an outfit which makes Boy George look like Cosan, The Barbarian, punching out "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting" while the largely older crowd in the auditorium are going completely bananas.

Makes no mistake, Elt is still one of the very best entertainers in the world — someone who can take a stunning variety of material, a few cupsful of showmanship and a tablespoon of pizzazz, whack the whole lot in a blender and come up with a delicious, palatable brew.

Backed once again by Davey Johnstone (guitar), Nigel Olsson (drums) and Dee Murray (bass), Elt began his two-and-a-half hour show at the sparkling new Concert Hall with the ever-atmospheric "Funeral For A Friend" which was accompanied (of course) by lashings of dry ice. Then as the band snapped into

"All The Young Girls Love Alice", we all copped an eyeful of the New Togs — white military cap and matching jodhpurs embroidered with gold (probably real), black patent knee-length boots, red army jacket and a dashing blue sash. Not the kind of thing you'd wear on the bus but pretty striking and Elt is probably the only person who could get away with it whilst singing something like "Better Off Dead".

Tearing the audience by alternating between toe-tinling ballads like "Yellow Brick Road" "Song For Guy" and "Empty Garden" and pulsating rockers, Elton had them eating out of his hand from the beginning.

"Rocket Man" and "Benny And The Jets" were simply amazing which much audience participation and stage antics but it was the seven encores which really turned the hall into Watford football ground, "Your Song", "Crocodile Rock", "Daniel", plus a few rock 'n' roll classics, brought the house down.

Happy New Year, Elt, and may your baubles never drop off...
Deborah Steels



Today Watford, tomorrow the world

dates

Check locally before stepping out. A Bev Hillier production.

Joan Armatrading: Southampton Gaumont (April 2), Brighton Centre (3), Cornwall Coliseum (4), Oxford Apollo (5), London Wembley Arena (6,7), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (8), Manchester Apollo (11), Newcastle City Hall (13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (15), Edinburgh Usher Hall (16), Bristol Colston Hall (18), Cardiff St. Davids Hall (19), Portsmouth Guildhall (21), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (22).

Pat Benatar: London Hammersmith Odeon (January 21), Birmingham Odeon (26), Newcastle City Hall (27).

Elkie Brooks: Brighton The Centre (March 12), Herrogate Conference Centre (13), Newcastle City Hall (14,15), Birmingham Odeon (17,18,19), London Hammersmith Odeon (22,23,24), Southampton Gaumont (27,28), Oxford Apollo (28,29), Manchester Apollo (30,31), Edinburgh Playhouse (April 4,5), Glasgow Apollo (6).

Fun Boy Three: Bristol Locarno (February 13), Cardiff Top Rank (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17), Poole Arts Centre (18), Brighton Centre (20), London Hammersmith Palais (21,22), Newcastle Mayfair

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nights OUT

SIMPLE MINDS London

1982 may well go down in history as the year of Politabed Pop (as in Dollar, Bucks Fizz, ABC etc) but give me the rough diamonds any day — the edge of honest feeling and the power of suggestion in all those unexplored corners...

Judging by the length of Simple Minds' career (date sheet, at a time when many a "biggie" name are faced with a half empty venue, I'm not alone. It also speaks volumes for the band's staying power that they can take on such a demanding work schedule and still put on such a convincing performance.

It's an impressive show all right. At the back, keyboard player Mick MacNeil and new drummer Mel Gaynor (scarcely visible behind a vast array of stacked punch clocks on their gilded high risers. In front of them prowls powerful singer Jim Kerr, lithe and athletic, flanked by guitarist Charlie Burchill and bassist Derek Forbes.

Together, aided by a crystal clear sound and a wonderful light show which is evocative and at times quite beautifully colourful without ever being technoflash, Simple Minds fill the cavernous darkness of the Lyceum with the power of their emotions and their special brand of magic.

That their ideas and images are never too clearly defined or thrust at you is as much an essential part of their attraction as their gift for melody — it's an invitation as much as a declaration.

With the material coming

(24), Edinburgh Playhouse (25), Glasgow Tiffanys (26), Manchester Apollo (27), Leeds Uni. (March 1), Sheffield Tap Room (2).

Joe Jackson: Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (January 10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11), Portsmouth Guildhall (14).

Madness: Newcastle City Hall (February 21-22), Manchester Apollo (23,24), Liverpool Empire (25), Birmingham Odeon (27), Poole Wessex Hall (28), London Lyceum (March 1), London Dominion (2,3), Brighton Conference Centre (5), Glasgow Apollo (8), Edinburgh Playhouse (9).

Prince: London Hammersmith Odeon (January 26).

mostly from the splendid 'New Gold Dream' album plus a clutch of memorable singles in "Travel", "Celebrate", "Sweet In Bulet", "The American" and the wonderful "Love Song". Simple Minds' great success is that they can stir the head, heart and feet with the power and depth of their imagination and feelings without ever having to resort to the cheap to court popularity. Theirs is a deserved success. At a time when all that glitters is definitely not gold, Simple Minds are a welcome reminder of the real thing. If 1983 is going anywhere, then it's going Simple Minds' way.

Completing one of the year's better billings were rising stars China Crisis. In contrast to their earlier appearances with original drummer Dave Reilly and a tape machine, the creative nucleus of keyboard player Gary Daly and guitarist Eddie London have expanded the band to include a new drummer, a new bassist and a second keyboard player (Mike Douglas, ex-OMD and Human League.)

This is not a complete success — while making them sound more like a conventional band, it also robs their songs of the dynamics and atmospheric subtleties that give their songs so much appeal. "Scream Down At Me" for instance sadly missed Reilly's attack and ended up like a rock band cover with Daly

struggling to keep pace with the words.

Not that it matters that much in the final analysis. They have so much talent and they're obviously so much more at home

in the studio making wonderful records like "Africa And White" that it's only a matter of time before they too can sell out the Lyceum.

Jim Craxie



Simple Minds: Jim Kerr and Derek Forbes worry what happened to the glittering prize

BLANCMANGE LONDON

Blancmange are currently riding a substantial wave of success, with both their album, "Happy Families" and single, "Living On The Ceiling" riding high.

Hardly surprising, then, that their pre-Christmas show at Hammersmith Palais was a busy affair. Like their fellow electronic duos, Soft Cell and Yazoo, Blancmange consist of one moody, silent type on keyboards and one, more extrovert character taking the limelight (and the vocals).

They compensate for their lack of physical presence with a fairly lavish stage set: the stage is framed with stretched white fabric in which large arches are cut. By peering through these arches, the audience can view the screens upon which suitable images are projected throughout the set.

Most of the music heard comes via tapes, with Stephen Luscombe's synthesizer and Neil

Arthur's vocals grating on the top. It goes without saying, consequently, that their live sound is fairly faithful to the recorded article. In fact, if it wasn't for Arthur's boy-next-door charm, it might well have been the album.

Bands like Blancmange are investing more and more time, money and trouble in presenting their image to the public via the video and yet they still persist in using the tour as a promotional device. They write songs and

record them efficiently enough but I'd be quite content to see them on the television without venturing out at doors to make their acquaintance at closer quarters.

The only time the concert threatened to turn into anything more than a glorified personal appearance was during the encores when Mr Arthur gave us his unaccompanied rendition of Elvis Presley's "Old Shep".

Peter James



Blancmange: peering on a good show.

Smash HITS

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star teaser

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 37



Crossword

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 32)

ACROSS
1 'The Girl is Mine'; 7 Edwy Grant; 9 (Boombtown) Rats; 10 (Judal) Priest; 12 (L) Flock Of (Seagulls); 14 Glam (Rock); 15 'Rio'; 16 Fiddle; 17 'Layla'; 19 Dolly Parton; 21 'Lower' (Holiday); 23 (Bevel) Sun; 25 NEC; 28 (Michael) Jackson; 29 and 30 down 'Cry Boy Cry'; 33 'Truly' DOWN
1 Tears For Poppies; 2 'Eastwood'; 3 lion; 4 Led (Zeppelin); 5 Mirvyn Geyer; 6 'Eit (To The Beach)'; 8 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?'; 11 Shalimar; 12 'Love Over Gold'; 17 Dionne Warwick; 21 'East (Side Story)'; 23 Sunny (Day); 25 Andy (Partridge); 27 'Cat (People)'.
★ Looking for pen pals? Send a postcard with brief personal details to **RSV: Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** and we'll do our best to help you. Please enclose a photo number where we can contact you. This will not be published.

My name is Helen and I'm looking for a bandmate made to be good friends with, aged 13-15. Into the Human League and almost everything else. Interested in having fun! Then write to: Helen Teague, 18 Saint Dunston's Crescent, London Road, Wrotham WS9 2AF.

I'm a 17-year-old Belgian girl whose likes include The Police, Peter Gabriel, Pink Floyd, football and more. If you're interested in sharing ideas, please write to: Martine Vincenotto, 16 Rue Arthur-Warocque, 6150 Marcinelle-Hainaut, Belgium.

Hi I'm sweetly 16 and I'd like penpals of any age, from anywhere. I'm a female Duran Duran track, but also like Japan and Yazoo. Write to: Vince, 3 Camrose Street, Shalier Park, Brighton B11R, Australia.

Male aged 15 wants a female penpal of some age. Likes: any 2-Tone bands, including The Selecter. Also likes The Beat and Bad Manners. Please contact: Neil Atkinson, 18 Skipwith Close, Binklow, Nr. Rugby, Warwickshire CV23 0NW.

Female Numagold (16) would like to write to any other Numagolds, living anywhere. Also into Boy Bands, Culture Club, Associates and lots more, including collecting badges. Write to: Kay Francis, 76 Leigh Road, Eastleigh, Hants.

We are two males who want to write to any females aged 13-14. We like most music, especially Duran Duran, Simple Minds, Japan and Numan. If interested, write to: Brian Dewane (Sid for Short) and Kevin Burns at 30 Arden Grove, Killybeg, Glasgow.

My name's Gill and I'm into Spandau Ballet, ABC, Duran Duran and Depeche Mode. Martin Kemp localities especially welcome, so write to: Gill, 41 Vantage Road, Forby, Liverpool L37.

Hi, we are two girls (aged 14 and 15) who like The Bluebelles, Alfred Innes, CoCo CoCo and more. Mandy's hobbies include bass guitar and Dave Bluebell, while Claire enjoys singing and chasing her cat. If you are musically inclined and have similar interests, write to us at: 18 Church Green, Myatts Estate, London SW9.

I am aged 12 and require penpals aged 12-15, into Duran Duran, Talk Talk, Ultravox and others. Send recs to: Peter Boyd, Stendale, Sycamore Rise, Chalfont St Giles, Bucks.

Male aged 17 is willing to write to anyone with a genuine interest in U2, Siouxsie and The Banshees, Stranglers, Monochrome Set, Simple Minds and others. No wallpaper music fans! Write to: Gerry Meade, 80 Mossingham Avenue, Colindale, Glasgow G52 2TY.

Two mad girls (both 16) are waiting for two equally mad guys, aged 16-18, to pick up their pens and write to them. They may have a good sense of humour and like Yazoo, The Human League, stardust music and most other things, but we take exception to heavy metal, punk and R'nese and banon! Write to: Beth & Eileen, 33 Harmon Road, Northampton NN3 2LS.



Two female punks would like to write to male punks aged 15-19. We like Vice Squad, 999, G B H, Dead Kennedys and others. Write to: Diane or Deb at 8 Halmyrdy West, Crosshills, Nr. Keighley, West Yorkshire BD20 7HL.

I'm a mod, waiting to hear from modettes of any age and from anywhere. Into stardust music and scooters. Write soon to: David Heath (or 'Cazlake'), 29 Newfield Drive, Crews, Cheshire. I hope to answer all letters.

I'm Su and would like a male penpal to step my way! You must like Japan and David Sylvian. Send pics, if possible, to: Su, 56 Markham Road, West Derby, Liverpool L12 5EZ.

Hi, I'm Mark, aged 16, with blond hair and into Madness, The Beat, Bad Manners, FB3 and more. If you're not totally sane (and just a little bit bananas), then write to: Mark Breeze, 52 Westbury Road, Heath Farm Estate, Shrewsbury, Shropshire SY1 1WH.

If you feel that you are something out of the ordinary, that you are unique and proud of it, then drop me a line. I'm 17 and you can call me Janelle, okay? Write to: 4 Eagle Lane, Snaresboro, London E11 1PF.

My name is Paul Harris and I would like to write to anyone. I am 18 and like Ultravox, Duran Duran, Kate Bush, etc. If you require a name, please provide them, then write to me at: 'The Dormers', Southam Road, Napton, Nr. Rugby, Warwickshire.

I'm a 19-year-old Fin^{ish} female and I'd like to write to a male aged 20-24. My hobbies including reading, drawing, dancing and music, have bands being Simple Minds, Culture Club, Yazoo, ABC and more. Write to me soon at: Eira Lunden, 33980, Kohto 1p 1, Baitoene, Finland.

My name is Duocan Boxall and I'd like to write to females aged 10-13. I am 11, I love groups as Madness, The Human League and Bad Manners. Write to: 1 Green Gates Cottages, Lurgashall, Petworth, Sussex GU28 2ES.

Two sixteen-year-old girls are in search of debatable male penpals aged 16+. We're into fashion, all types of music (except heavy metal) and we have a strange sense of humour. Pics if possible and we will try to answer all letters. Write to: Jone & Karen, c/o 15 Beaton Avenue, Coley Park, Reading, Berkshire.

Hi, I'm Gwen and I'm aged fifteen. I like The Jam, Japan, UB40 and Blancmange. Write to me and find out more, the complete address is: Gwen Graham, 2 Railway Street, Passage West, Co. Cork, Ireland.

My name is Alison and I am 16. I like most music including Duran Duran, ABC, Imagination and Toyah, but love heavy metal. I'm mad about 'The Kids From Feme' and am very interested in disco dancing and ice skating. Contact: Alison Smith, 4 Bodelu Close, Eaton Rise, Norwich NR4 8EU.

My name is John and I like all sorts of music and love going out. I am also very keen on all sports. Please contact: John Woolston (aged 17), 33 Truro Road, Park Hall, Walsall, West Midlands WS5 3EQ.

I am 20 and would like female penpals aged 17-21. Favourite bands include The Beat, Duran Duran, The Cure, Japan, Yazoo, Sade Cell and early Stranglers. I've no real dislikes so please write to: Michael Smart, 3 Fairfield Close, Milton, Weston Super Mare, Avon BS22 8EA.

Attention! 17-year-old girl wants thousands of hot boys and charming guys as penpals. I am mod on synth-music, SF, old Cary Grant movies, the old Anon and Simon Le Bon. Write extra specially to: Pam Scrimm, Am Schizophren 21, D-8724 Dudenhofen/Pedern, West Germany.

My name is Denise Brian and I'd like to hear from both males and females. I like all music but I favour early Stranglers, especially Duane Rice. If you're 15+, get writing to me at: 11 Chatterfield Avenue, Long Eaton, Nottingham NG10.

I'm 12 and want male penpals aged 12-15. Likes include Depeche Mode, The Clash, Madness, The Go-Go's and much more. No heavy metal fans. Pics if possible to: Kate McCormack, 66 Millbrook Street, Cheltenham, Glos.

Two nutty Madness fans, aged 15, would like to write to male skinheads and mods. We also like The Beat and The Specials. Write to: Jim & Kar, 55 Britannia Road, Kingswood, Bristol.

Fancy a friend from Africa? I'm 21 and female and I'd love to write to -yes and females of any age. My kind of music is - by Melba Moore, Evelyn King, Kool And The Gong and lots of reggae. Write to: Ve Roma, Box 90403, Luanshya, Zambia.

I'm a bored 15 year old into Talk Talk, Depeche Mode, Ultravox, Tom Tom Club and Visage. I wouldn't be bored any more if you would write to: Sharon Compton, 9 Clatters Close, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

French modette seeks mods or modettes. If you like The Jam, the sixties and are aged 13-16, write to: Melynda Grimont, c/o Gaudin, 133 cours Albert Thomas, 69003, Lyon, France.

My name is Steve, I am 18 and I like Duran Duran, HCl100 and ABC. I'm looking for letters from guys aged 18-18 no please but any will do. Write to: Steve Duran, 38 Marlboro Road, Stroud, Manchester.

OUT and ABOUT

with Barry

Hello, readers. Stone me, it's '83! Almost forgot, me, but luckily I was sauntering home from Scooter Club on Friday *nu/it* and bumped into a v. friendly bunch of local lads singing merrily and falling over due to the number of tins of drink they were carrying. Said blokes kindly helped me stop the trusty two-wheeler by bunging bricks at the front tyre, after which they greeted me with hearty boots in the bum [wacky local custom, I reckon] and then suggested we all went swimming in the Thames and that old Baz here — due, no doubt, to my extremely beefy and butch bod (the envy of millions) — should lead the way.

Turned out to be real *poofers* of course. Helped me with my brilliant nose-dive off the local bridge but then chickened out of a dip themselves and scarpered off giggling weedily. Still, pretty trendy way to kick off the

Le Nouveau Année, what? Makes a change from the crazy merry-go-round of pop biz parties at which the man they're all calling The Wit Of Wapping (*mo!*) has become such a vital ingredient . . .

But I digress, mates. Got a minute? Good, 'cos your world-wise wordsmith, the Gossip City Rocket, is in a bit of a reflective mood at the mo. Gone, friends, is another year and, with it, multo fond memories. Ahead lies the great uncharted highway of the future. What top persons will rise from nowhere to become the fab superstars of tomorrow? And what hapless souls will plummet from the tip of this glass-mountain we call Showbiz to the dread abyss of Obscurity? (Whatever that means, mates.) Dunno, me, I'm just nicking all this from the pen-pusher's best pal, ("A Beginner's Guide To Very Long And Weird Words" by Martin Fry, the man who puts the 'pose' in prose).

Needless to say, adoring public, Baz's plush luxury office suite has been besieged of late by glibbering music biz talent scouts desperate for a few hints on what's shaping up to be the Next Big Thing. The foresight of Yours Truly is legend, chums. Look at my Tips For The Top In '82 — *The Wedge Barnets* from Norbury. Four really great guys in rather large trousers tinkering about on synths and panning brill and meaningful lyrics about how strange life is when you're a machine 'cos you can't get a job and the Government doesn't like you very much and how the world's like a crazy disco and is sometimes rather depressing (or something like that). Sad to say, friends, the Barnets' debut 45 on vinyl (as we say in the Biz), "Pasty-Faced And Very Fed Up", didn't quite crack the whole scene wide open as I thought it would. Bit of a shame, really.

The rest of the year, though, was blessed with happier events. Magic moments stored upon the magnetic tape of the Baz memory (good, eh?). Let's just flick the switch to "Rewind" and see, mates, what comes flooding back . . . yes, I see it now, *Christopher Cross*, *ELO*, *The Nolans* (living to "Ticket To The Moon" . . . oh, it's been a great year . . . the fab *Tight Fit* in those butch jungle togs singing "The Lion Sleeps Tonight", *D. Train*, and what about old *Adrian Gurwitz*? All

that stuff about "sitting in an attic and writing a classic". That's poetry! But on, on . . . who else comes careering into the Barrington Hall of Fame? *Vicky 'D'*, *Patrice Rushen* . . . and . . . yes, yes, it's *Toni Basil*.

Amazing how easy it is to forget these little nine-carat nuggets, mates. But, soft, there's more. What about the combined talents of such mighty musical forces as *Charlene*? And the mind-blowing brilliance of *Classic Nouveaux* or *Asia*? To think there's all these unwitting persons sitting around saying that *nothing's* been going on all year! How can they when there's been *Cheri* and *Tofo Tofo* and *Fat Lerry's Band*? Never has such a wealth of goodly sounds poured forth from the sound systems of this sceptred isle. Never in the entire history of recorded music has there been such an embarrassment of brill discs, talented tonsil-singers and wild wig-out dance routines, and I haven't even mentioned **THE PINKES!** . . . (somebody have a word with him — Ed.)

Oh, hello readers. Baz here. Feeling a little miffed, actually, as the lads in the office suggested I take the rest of the day off. Said I could finish off the column this morning. Bit "over-tired" and "over-excited", they reckoned. Well, not quite sure why my being out of the office for a bit should make them any less knackered, frankly. Can't take the pace, that lot, that's their trouble. Anyway, where was I before being so rudely interrupted?

Oh, yes. The Baz Lightning Look At The Year Ahead. Okay, ready for a few incredibly accurate predictions from the man in the know about what lies in store for '83? *Mod Revival* for starters. Sure of it, me. Loads of nattily dressed persons on scooters with parkas on and 'Jam' written all over the back with all those funny arrows and . . . (They've split up — Ed.) Oh, have they? Nobody tells *mo!* anything. Sorry, start again. *Salsa Revival*. Loads of nattily dressed persons in baggy suits and stuck-on moustaches going "arrribal" and mucking about with castanets and fab bands like the brill *Blue Rondo A La Turk* will become incredibly successful and make about nine million pounds every minute (most of which they'll give to *mo!* for my v. loyal support, etc.) (Likely. Next? — Ed.)

Ska Revival. Feel it in me bones. Loads of nattily dressed persons in wacky black and white togs, pork pie hats and stuff all shouting "Rood Bo-oy's" very loudly while the reformed original *Specials* thunder through their latest number one smash, a fab ska version of "Riding Along On The Crest Of A Wave" . . . (Lads, lads, here a minute — Ed.) *New Romantic Revival*. Got money on it. *Midg*, *Strangie*, *The Spands*, *Simon Le Bon*, all form this Supergroup with *Lenny* on bass just to get the headbanger market, pack *Wembley* six nights running with loads of nattily dressed persons in chiffon blouses and sparty headbands and riding trousers as they do this big-band fab scratch remix of "Musclebound" complete with the Royal Philharmonic . . . (You two keep him talking and I'll get the stretcher — Ed.) *Moody Belgians* *Playing Synths Revival*. Can see it now . . .

Cheers !!
Barry



The Pinkettes: just look at 'em!

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