

Smash HITS

K A J A G O O G O O

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
AZTEC CAMERA
SHARON REDD
TEARS FOR FEARS
HIT SONGS BY
THE BELLE STARS
SPANDAU BALLET
ELKIE BROOKS
& MANY MORE



Judy



Miranda



Sarah-Jane

PICT: JIM WAZELL



Jennie

THE BELLE STARS



Clare

SIGN
OF
THE
TIMES

As I lie here
Thinking of you
I realise
Nothing is new

Lying in my bed
Thinking of you
I realise
Nothing is new
You say you love me
But went success
I say you're lying
Nothing has changed

Chorus
This is a sign of the times
A place of more to come
This is a sign of the times
A time to be alone

Repeat chorus

We're strong in bed
You're weak in love
You give me nothing
More than a shove
I weel alone now
Thinking of you
I realise now
Nothing is new

Repeat chorus twice

Why do we go on
With this usealss love effair
When it seems to me
That you don't really care
I realise now
Nothing is new
Time to live my life
Without you

I sit alone now
Wondering 'bout you
I'm living my life
What do you do
You say you want me
But need success
I went your love boy
Went nothing less

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by
Barker/Hirst/Joyce/Mathias/Owen/Parsons/Shone
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On Stiff Records

Smash
HITS

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PERSONAL FILE

MIRANDA JOYCE (of The Belle Stars)



NAME: Miranda Joyce
BORN: 26 July, 1982, Stafford.
FIRST MEMORY: My brother hitting me on the head with a space when I was playing in the sandpit. I was about two or three. I'd probably knocked over his sandcastle or something.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "Rockin' Robin" by Michael Jackson in 1972. I love Michael Jackson. "Off The Wall" is my favourite album. I don't like his new one as much but I think it's growing on me.
FIRST CONCERT ATTENDED: Tyrannosaurus Rex at an outdoor gig which my father took me to. I've a feeling it was on Hampstead Heath. It was probably about 1970. I sat on the stage and ate a heart-shaped ice cream. That's all I can remember. My Dad also took me to see Pink Floyd—he's always been interested in pop music.
BIGGEST THRILL AS A CHILD: Learning to hop.
BEST HOLIDAY EVER: I went to Nassau in the Bahamas about a year-and-a-half ago with Madness when they were recording an album out there. It was beautiful. There was a squid who lived near the beach—we used to go and poke it with a stick. That was about it really, that and sunbathing. There were some great clubs: the Piggly Wiggly, the Poop Deck, the Big Peanut.
DID YOU SIT AT THE BACK OR THE FRONT OF THE CLASS? We used to have a teacher who used to throw her handbag at us, so I

used to sit at the back because it was safer. That was at Parliament Hill School For Girls in North London.

FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING: My pair of original fifties' cowboy boots and my flannel vest.

FIRST DATE: I don't really date boys. My first boyfriend was Mark from Madness about four years ago.

LAST FILM SEEN: *Airplane 2* and *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*. Steve Martin's hilarious. *Airplane 2*'s a bit like *Airplane 1* but it's still pretty good.

LAST BOOK READ: I'm reading *Candide* by Voltaire. It really makes me giggle.

PREVIOUS JOBS: I was in The Bodysnatchers and at school before that. I had a Saturday job when I was about 11 in a boys' clothes store. They thought I was 16.

FAVOURITE TIME OF DAY: Breakfast-time because I love breakfast—I have cereal, banana and toast.

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMMES: *Conan* Street and *Dallas*. I love the Comic Strip things that are on at the moment.

COLOUR OF BEDROOM WALL: White.

PASTIMES: Knitting—I knitted a scarf the other day and watching telly. I don't play squash or anything.

AMBITIONS: For the band to go from strength to strength. I hope our album does well.

Personally, I've always been really interested in art—I turned down a place at Hornsey College Of Art to join The Bodysnatchers—so comedy I'd like to have something to do with commercial art and fabric-printing.

WHAT DO YOU DREAM ABOUT? The other night I dreamt that I was driving round in this metal lunchbox—it was like a car. I couldn't believe that no one had ever thought of it before! If you wanted to park, you just picked it up by the handle and put it where you wanted it. The next night I dreamt that Shalamar had a disco-dancing competition and I won. There were only four of us taking part and I won a bottle of vodka and met Jeffrey Doreal. I sometimes have anxiety dreams about the band that we're all on stage and they're playing songs that I've never heard of.

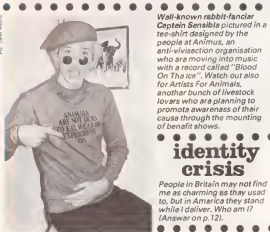
DO YOU WATCH BREAKFAST TELEVISION? No, it's on too early for me.



The Eurythmics have made a really weird video to promote their single, "Sweet Dreams". Annie Lennox is seen singing in a field and a bedroom while Dave Lennox plays with a computer. The field and the bedroom has one thing in common: they've both got a herd of cows wandering round them. Bizarre, ah?



If things go on at this rate, Peter Rowan is heading for the most widely publicised adolescence since Lana Zavroni. He's the boy on the cover of U2's first LP (left) which came out in 1980 when he was seven. And now, older and wiser, he turns up on the front of "New Year's Day" (right). That's not his only musical connection; his two elder brothers are Guggi and Strongman of The Virgin Prunes.



Wall-known rabbit-fancier Captain Sensible pictured in a tee-shirt designed by the people at Animus, an anti-violence organisation who are moving into music with a record called "Blood On The Ice". Watch out also for Artists For Animals, another bunch of livestock lovers who are planning to promote awareness of their cause through the mounting of benefit shows.

identity crisis

People in Britain may not find me as charming as they used to, but in America they stand while I deliver. Who am I? (Answer on p. 12).

© Steve Heston

© Leon Mervis

Start!

It's called **Skiddibop** and it's played by the **Cravehol Brothers** (below) but what is it? Well, actually, it's a mixture of **jive** and **rockabilly** that uses **acoustic guitar**, **saxophone** and **tea-chest** (sounds suspiciously like **skiffle**) and the **Brothers** have been playing it to **review** since they won a **talent competition** at the **Camden Palace**. Not quite the same as a **Go-As-You-Please** at the local **Working Men's Club** but then they don't do "My Way".



Pigbag have got a **brand new vocalist**. When they started recording last October the group decided they needed someone to sing. Enter **Angela Jaeger** from **New York City**. That's her at the front, above, surrounded by: (front, left to right) **Simon Underwood**, **Kosi**, and **Chris Lea**; (back) **Ollie Moors**, **James Johnston**, **Oscar Verden** and **Brian Neville**. "Hit The 'D' Deck" is their new single. "Lend An Ear" will be their new LP, released later this month, and a tour will take them all over the country.

Let's just suppose you're walking down London's **Oxford Street** and you come eyeball-to-goggles with these two frogmen (right), what would you assume them to be doing? Would they be: a) out for a spot of **underwater jogging** in the local drains or; b) two members of **Orange Juice** (**Edwyn & Zeke**) shooting a video for "Rip It Up", their new single. Sorry, your time's up.

ABC and **The Human Laegua** aren't the only bands from **Sheffield**. **Def Leppard** (left) also hail from **Stainless Steel City**. Left to right: **Phil Collen**, **Jo Elliot**, **Rick Allen**, **Steve Clark** and **Rick Savage** (kneeling). **Phil** was recently transferred from **Girl** and so the new **Leppard** single, "Photograph", is their first to feature his lead guitar. A new LP, "Pyromania", is released at the end of this month by which time the band will be setting audiences alight on their **UK tour** (dates in **Nightsout**, p.45).



Kajagoogoo

"It's the sound of primal life,"
according to these five chaps from Leighton Buzzard.
"That's just what I was going to say," replies Ian Birch.

Come again? Kaja what? Kajagoogoo, silly. You've guessed the first question.

Where did they get that name? Nick Beggs, bass player and additional vocalist, laughs, swishing the cluster of bone-encrusted platts that hang down the back of his neck. He's been expecting this.

"We wanted a name that didn't mean anything. I thought of something a child would say. Goo-ga-goo-goo was the first thing that came into my mind. I didn't like the goo-ga-ga part and so went for something more casual. So Kajagoogoo. The sound of primal life, don't you know," he chortles.

The curiously named lead vocalist Limahl chips in: "In fact, it was the age of silly names then. Like Duran Duran, Yazoo, Dpeche Mode, Spandau Ballet."

Kajagoogoo seem to have bolted out of nowhere but, like so many other overnight sensations, the band have spent two-and-a-half years working towards this moment. Originally a four piece consisting of guitarist Steve Askaw, drummer Jez Strode, synth player Stuart Croxford Neale (he's classically trained) plus Nick, they were based in Leighton Buzzard and were known as Art Nouveau. The eagle-eyed will have spotted that Nick was wearing an Art Nouveau T-shirt on *Top Of The Pops* a couple of weeks ago.

"It was a very experimental quartet," continues Nick. "very arty arty. We got tired of that and wanted a proper lead singer. I couldn't concentrate on singing, playing and being charismatic at

the same time." Such a modest chap.

Nevertheless, this group showed a canny knowledge of the music business. For experimental purposes they were Art Nouveau but for cabaret stints and working men's clubs they became The Handstands, earning enough money from these dates to buy their own P.A. system which they hired out to other local outfits.

As luck would have it, they saw an advert that Limahl had placed in the *Melody Maker* and were intrigued by its forthright quality.

"It was very arrogant," adds Limahl. "It said, 'I'm 22, a good looking, talented vocalist/songwriter with imagination and determination. I need four guys with the same qualifications'. I actually got obscene phone calls."

The two parties exchanged tapes and liked what they found. Limahl promptly moved up to Leighton Buzzard. "Then they were invaded by a Wiganer," he smirks.

Limahl had previously worked with amateur bands in between plying his trade as a professional actor. He started as a chorus boy in a Swansea production of *Aladdin*, after which he had parts in the musicals *Godspell* and *Joseph And His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat*, the stage play *Murder At The Vicarage* and the TV series *The Gentle Touch*.

They began to plan their musical policy and slowly wrote material, aiming at one song a week. Their approach is a lively

mixture of the thoroughly sensible and the lyrically romantic.

Nick says: "The electro-funk sound is very much the sound of '83. That's the way we saw it coming and we were quite happy to sound like that."

Limahl says: "The early days were a very beautiful period. Five guys in Nick's cramped bedroom, full of determination."

The big break arrived one steamy night in a London club when Limahl met Nick Rhodes. Limahl already knew a certain Canadian model who was on exceptionally friendly terms with a certain Mr. le Bon.

Nick Rhodes recalls the meeting: "I was minding my own business, having a quiet drink when this two-toned, spikely haired chap came along. I liked what he was saying and it reminded me of Duran Duran before 'Planet Earth'."

They sealed a pact to work together and Nick R. helped them get a deal with EMI Records last July. But because of Duran's hefty commitments, they had to wait until Christmas before Nick R. and co-producer Colin Thurston could escort them into a studio. In the meantime, Kajagoogoo supported Fashion on their late '82 UK tour. The first result of the team effort is, of course, "Too Shy".

It's a strikingly polished debut but that's not surprising when you consider that the group's influences include such craftspeople as Grace Jones, Joni Mitchell, Kate Bush and Donald Fagen, the ex-member of supremely stylish Seventies band Steely Dan.

Kajagoogoo want to combine healthy optimism with a larger-than-life bravado that becomes more apparent when they play live.

"I say that," enthuses Limahl, "but I'm not going to do a Shirley Bassey. Still, I like a lot of movement on stage, a lot of eye and arms. I keep going to the audience all the time and I touch them and they love it. So do I."

Oddly enough, both Limahl and Nick are devout vegetarians. Limahl is particularly zealous, because of his belief in reincarnation. "I don't like to eat the flesh of animals because I think it's bad for my spirit and my karma."

Another little known fact about Limahl and Nick is that both are aces in the kitchen. Limahl's speciality is nutroast while Nick goes in for a jumbo-sized pizza.

Let's leave where we began — on the subject of names. Like Kajagoogoo, Limahl is hardly as everyday as, say, Nick, Steve or Stuart. Where does it come from then?

"I'm not telling you," says the owner, "although it's very clever. It's a perfect anagram of my real surname."

Oh.
What's your Christian name?
"Christopher."
Why do you bother?
"I saw Sting and Adam Ant and I thought I'd really like to play a part and be another character."

So does Chris go to the laundrette while Limahl goes on stage?

"Exactly."

oogoo

The Goos in a casual mood. (from left to right) Stuart, Nick, Limahl, Jez, Steve



TOO SHY

Tongue tied
Tongue tied
Or short of breath
Don't even try
Try a little harder
Something's wrong
You're not naive
You must be stronger
Ooh baby try
Hey girl
Move a little closer

Chorus
(Cause) you're too shy shy
Hush hush eye to eye
Too shy shy
Hush hush eye to eye
Too shy shy
Hush hush eye to eye
Too shy shy
Hush hush

Modern medicine falls short
Of your complaint
Ooh try a little harder
You're moving in circles
Won't you dilate
Ooh baby try
Hey girl
Move a little closer

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Kajagoogoo
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On EMI Records

SPANDAU BALLET



COMMUNICATION


Chrysalis

THE NEW SINGLE - 12" (CLUB MIX) AND 7" VERSION

PRINCE • 1999

I WAS DREAMING WHEN I WROTE THIS
FORGIVE ME IF IT GOES ASTRAY
BUT WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING
COULDA SWORN IT WAS JUDGEMENT OAY
SKY WAS ALL PURPLE THERE WERE
PEOPLE RUNNING EVERYWHERE
TRYING TO RUN FROM THE DESTRUCTION
YOU KNOW I DIDN'T EVEN CARE

CHORUS

SAY, SAY TWO THOUSAND ZERO ZERO PARTY OVER, OOPS OUT OF TIME
SO TONIGHT I'M GONNA PARTY LIKE IT'S 1999

I WAS DREAMING WHEN I WROTE THIS
SO SUE ME IF I GO TOO FAST
BUT LIFE IS JUST A PARTY

AND PARTIES WEREN'T MEANT TO LAST
WAR IS ALL AROUND US MY MIND SAYS PREPARE TO FIGHT
SO IF I GOTTA DIE I'M GONNA
LISTEN TO MY BODY TONIGHT

REPEAT CHORUS

IF YOU DIDN'T COME TO PARTY
DON'T BOTHER KNOCKING ON MY DOOR
I GOT A LION IN MY POCKET
AND BABY HE IS READY TO ROAR
EVERYBODY'S GOT A BOMB
WE COULD ALL DIE ANY DAY
BUT BEFORE I LET THAT HAPPEN
I'LL DANCE MY LIFE AWAY

REPEAT CHORUS AND AD LIB TO FADE
(1999 DON'T YOU WANNA GO)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PRINCE. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION WARNER BROS. MUSIC LTD.
ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS.

IN DEEP

LAST NIGHT A D.J. SAVED MY LIFE

LAST NIGHT A D.J. SAVED MY LIFE
LAST NIGHT A D.J. SAVED MY LIFE YEAH
'CAUSE I WAS SITTING THERE BORED TO DEATH
AND IN JUST ONE BREATH HE SAID
YOU GOTTA GET UP, YOU GOTTA GET OFF
YOU GOTTA GET ODOWN GIRL

YOU KNOW YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY, BABY
YOU'VE GOT ME TURNING TO ANOTHER MAN
CALLED YOU ON THE PHONE, NO ONE'S HOME
BABY WHY LEAVE ME ALL ALONE
AND IF IT WASN'T FOR THE MUSIC
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO YEAH

CHORUS

LAST NIGHT A D.J. SAVED MY LIFE
LAST NIGHT A D.J. SAVED MY LIFE
FROM A BROKEN HEART
LAST NIGHT A D.J. SAVED MY LIFE
LAST NIGHT A D.J. SAVED MY LIFE
WITH A SONG

YOU KNOW I HOPPED INTO MY CAR
DIDN'T GET VERY FAR, NO
BEFORE I HAD YOU ON MY MIND

WHY BE SO UNKIND

YOU'VE GOT YOUR WOMEN ALL AROUND
ALL AROUND THIS TOWN
BUT I WAS TRAPPED IN LOVE WITH YOU
AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
BUT WHEN I TURNED ON MY RADIO
I FOUND OUT ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW
CHECK IT OUT

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

HEY LISTEN UP TO YOUR LOCAL D.J.
YOU BETTER HEAR WHAT HE'S GOT TO SAY
THERE'S NOT A PROBLEM THAT I CAN'T FIX
'CAUSE I CAN DO IT IN THE MIX
AND IF YOUR MAN GIVES YOU TROUBLE
JUST YOU MOVE OUT ON THE DOOR
AND YOU DON'T LET IT TROUBLE YOUR BRAIN
'CAUSE AWAY GOES TROUBLE DOWN THE DRAIN
SAID AWAY GOES TROUBLE DOWN THE DRAIN

WELL ALRIGHT

DOUBLE TIME

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MIKE CLEVELAND
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
PLANETARY NDM (LON) LTD.
ON SOUND OF NEW YORK RECORDS



AZTEC CAMERA

THE LATEST OF THE NEW POP DUOS. NEIL TENNANT GIVES THEM A BIT OF EXPOSURE (SORRY).

Progressive. In the late '60s and early '70s it was really smart to describe your favourite group, sorry, *band*, as "progressive". The group in question would probably have a name like Lumpy Custard and play songs, the shortest of which was fifteen minutes long and most of that was taken up by a guitar solo. It's not surprising that people soon woke up to the fact that "progressive" meant boring. Roddy Frame of Aztec Camera is not afraid to say: "I try not to do anything that's twee. I don't think that pop music's bad or wrong, I just think I'm into something a bit more progressive — which is a nasty word because of the '70s."

Don't worry. Aztec Camera's progressiveness doesn't involve long guitar solos, as you'll know if you've heard their deceptively sweet and quite caustic single, "Oblivious". It's an acoustic guitar strummed, lightly romantic pop song and the only guitar solo is short, spectacular and unelectric.

Aztec Camera were first introduced to the world as one of the products of the Scottish Postcard label, alongside Orange Juice and Josef K. The group was formed in 1979 and, although they've been through a fair number of bass-players and drummers, has centred on Roddy Frame and Campbell Owens. Roddy is the songwriter and like the other Postcard bands, the songs were the focus of the group.

Their first two singles were released on Postcard in 1980 and then last year they moved down to London and issued a single, "Pillar To Post", on Rough Trade, which attracted a lot of interest. "Oblivious" is a taste of tunes to come from their forthcoming LP, "High Land, Hard Rain".

"The only thing that worries me about this new single being quite

poppy is that people might expect us to be like The Bluebells or something like that. I think 'Oblivious' is probably not really representative of the stuff on the LP which is maybe a bit more progressive."

Uh-oh, it's that word again. Explain yourself.

"Well, I think we're merging a lot of things in pop music which haven't been merged much, maybe in the left field of pop. When I write lyrics I take ages; I can't just write sort of love stuff all the time."

If this makes him sound like a serious young man whose really *against* Top Twenty music, it's giving the wrong impression, because most of his remarks are interspersed with laughs. Do you

take yourself seriously?

"Yes!" he says, laughing, "because I'm not an obtuse person. I think that people are down-to-earth these days about our music. It's quite a thrill getting into the charts but it'd be bad to fall into a trap, like Haircut One Hundred, of having to make singles and the only thing that matters is getting in the charts and all that."

A big tour is being set up for the group at the moment and Roddy is relishing the prospect.

"I really like being on the road. I enjoy all the things you shouldn't really enjoy, the things rock bands are supposed to do, like sitting on the bus, playing cards, and partying after the gig. I think it's great."

Isn't that rather un-progressive?

"No. I think it's more un-progressive to sit around in a recording studio for three months. That's really dull. I think it's good to get out and let people see you bending notes and things."

With a bit of luck the tour will take them to France. Roddy's heart beats considerably faster at the very thought of it.

"I've just fallen in love with someone who lives in France so it'll be a cheap way of getting over there."

The course of true love does not promise to run v. smoothly, however.

"I knew her at school and just met her again for the first time in years. It was love at second sight. I said, 'When can I see you again?' and she said, 'In about two years'. Great, I thought, it's going to be one of those unrequited loves that brings out all those Orange Juicy songs in you. If it doesn't work out, the album might be called 'Death In Paris'!"

Well, at least it sounds progressive.

OBLIVIOUS

From the mountain tops down to the sunny street
A different drink is playing a different kind of beat
It's like a mystery that never ends
I see you crying and I want to kiss your friends

Chorus

I hear your footsteps in the street
It won't be long before we meet
It's obvious
Just count me in and count me out and
I'll be waiting for the shout
Oblivious

Met Mo and she's okay said no-one really changed
Got different badges but they wear them just the same
Down by the bathroom I recognised that flaming fountain
In those kindred caring eyes

Repeat chorus

I hope it haunts me till I'm hopeless
I hope it hits you when you go
And sometimes on the edge of sleeping
It rises up to let me know it's not so deep
I'm not so slow

They're calling all the shots they'll call and say they phoned
They'll call us lonely when we're really just alone
Like a funny film it's kinda cute
They've bought the bullets and there's no-one left to shoot

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Roddy Frame
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On Rough Trade Records

Colour picture: Campbell Owens (left) and Roddy Frame



WEAK LINX

There was a time when only bands with ten years of hits behind them qualified for a "Best Of..." LP. These days just a couple of successes will do. **Linx**, who split up at the end of last year, are commemorated on "Last Linx", a collection of their more significant 45s, including American remixes of "Throw Away The Key" and "Together We Can Shine." What next? "Men At Work's Twenty Greatest!"

Patti Smith's 1978 hit, "Because The Night," has been re-released by Arista Records. Patti has more or less retired from the music business to look after her baby, Fred.

Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz of Talking Heads and The Tom Tom Club now have a baby boy, Robert.

And David Hepworth, editor of the magazine you are busy reading, has become a father. Practitioners are anxiously awaiting the opportunity to examine the effects of prolonged exposure to Bruce Springsteen records on young daughter, Clare.

This is something you should know. The new **Duran Duran** single is called "Is There Something I Should Know?" and it should be in the shops by the end of March. "It holds a few surprises," says Nick Rhodes and he should know. By the way, contrary to what you might have heard on the radio, the group are not planning any concerts at the Wembley Arena or anywhere else, for that matter, because they're going to be completely absorbed in writing and recording their new LP.

HAPPY

BIRTHDAY

Alice Cooper (36) on February 4
Alan Lancaster of Status Quo (34) on February 7
Mark Fox of Haircut One Hundred (25) and **Peter Gabriel (33)** on February 13
Andy Taylor of Duran Duran (22) on February 16

"Gloria", the Fleetwood Mac sound-alike that's currently notching up the first British hit for New York singer **Leslie Brenigan**, started life in Italian. As sung by the splendidly named Umberto Tozzi, it was a giant hit on the continent with sales around the 30,000,000 mark (or so they say). Jonathan King later made the first English language version but sold rather fewer than Signor Tozzi.

Ms Brannigan will be over in Britain shortly to record the theme song for the new James Bond film, *Octopussy*, which opens in London in June. She'll also be appearing before Ronald Reagan at a \$1000-a-ticket charity concert in America this month alongside older showbusiness personalities like Boh Hope.

TAKE 5

The current listening pleasure of a Smash Hits pen-pusher. This issue, **Steve Bush**.

1. **EDDY GRANT:** Electric Avenue (Ice)
2. **SOFT CELL:** Hendrix Medley (Some Bizzare)
3. **CINDY & THE SAFFRONS:** Past, Present And Future (Disque Bleu)
4. **INDEEP:** Last Night A DJ Saved My Life (Sound Of New York)
5. **SPANDAU BALLET:** Communication (Chrysalis)

Identity Crisis answer (from p.5): Adam Ant.

MUSIC AND TIGHTS

Mick Karn's solo career seems to be progressing in leaps and bounds, what with every other ballet company in Europe laying siege to his door and simply begging him to write them some music. Viewers of BBC 2's *Riverside* may have spied members of the Ballet Rambert prancing about in time to a couple of the man's solo tracks.

So impressed were they that they've asked Mick and Richard Barbieri to compose them a complete show for a performance later in the year. And only the other weekend Karn hopped across the channel for talks with a Parisian troupe who want him to pen a piece for them. Does this mean the sculpture will have to take a back seat for a while?

All those **Gary Numan** fans who've been pining away since the maestro legged it



to the United States might like to comfort themselves with a copy of "Newman Numan", a video cassette that brings together all Gary's promotional films on one tape. They're all here — "Cars", "We Are Glass", "Are Friends Electric" and many others.

And if you don't want to pay for a copy then we're offering five copies free in this nifty little Numan competition. All you've got to do is answer this question. In which of his videos did Gary briefly co-star with a rather large and fierce member of the wild cat family? Put the answer on a postcard along with your name and address and send it to: **Smash Hits Numan Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PP. This contest closes on February 16th.

New Order release their second long player this month. On the Factory label, it goes under the snappy title "Power, Corruption And Lies". Sounds like another non-stop party!

HEAVEN UP HERE



Heaven 17, who've never quite achieved the great things expected of them in 1982, intend to make amends in March with the release of a new LP. We don't know what it's going to be called but we do know they've dispensed with the one-time working title of "Ashes And Diamonds".

Much like "Penthouse And Pavement", one side will be a dance mix, the other a little more reflective. Buried somewhere among all this, on a track called "Key To The World", will be the **Birth Wind & Fire** horn section who the band honored for a day when they heard them tooling away down the corridor on a recording session with Phil Collins.

GOOD GOLLY MISS WHALLEY



singing in a local "apre-punk" band these in 1979.

"When I was in the sixth form, I used to work in nightclubs and a few friends and I started playing — we formed a few groups."

Because of her acting career, which was already well advanced by then, these groups got left behind. However, last year Joanne decided to get her musical career moving again.

"I had an idea,"

Through her agent she got into contact with Stillette Records and suggested covering the old sixties song "Past, Present And Future". They leapt at the idea.

"It was a gamble on both our parts and it's been paying off quite well. I thought it was quite an unusual song and that people would either love it or hate it." The keyboards on the song are gently tinged by Anne Dudley, who provided piano on ABC's "Lexicon Of Love" LP, and the actual piano accompaniment is easily recognisable to classical music buffs as Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata. The song itself was originally recorded by The Shanghai-Las.

Piano are also for Joanne to record some more songs in the near future. Why doesn't she just stick to acting?

"Well the acting and the singing will be kept quite separate. That's why the record is by Cindy And The Saffrons and not under my name. Until recently nobody knew it was me.

"I hate that whole thing of 'Actress makes record'."

The soft voice breathing the wily vocal on **Cindy And The Saffrons'** "Past, Present And Future" disc belongs to actress Joanne Whalley. You may know her from her role as Ingrid in the TV series, *A Kind Of Loving*, or the parts she's taken in other TV series like *Juliet Bravo* and *Bergerac*. She's just finished a long stint playing *Weedy in Peter Pan* at the Crucible Theatre in Sheffield, a demanding role which involves flying about the stage on the end of a wire

"It's quite safe once you get used to the heights," she claims. "It's a lovely show."

Joanne comes from Stockport, near Manchester, and began

"We're not doing a tour. We're doing about five dates scattered over a period of time. We don't bring in the one-town-a-night syndrome. There's going to be no gimmickry, no Broadway spectacular." That's

Soft Cell's Marc Almond explaining the forthcoming string of live dates which start at HammerSmith Palais on March 7th and 8th. "We want to present ourselves stylishly and well and with lots of energy. For instance, we used to use slides but now they've become overused and boring. It won't be like the Prince Charming Revue."

At the moment Marc's in Spain playing a couple of Mambas at the "I love Spain. You can get loads of plastic rubbish there. Huge Flamenco dolls and hideous bulls that hang from walls."

CUTS-UP



In a sudden debate just prior to the release of a new single, **Nick Hayward** and the rest of **Haircut One Hundred** have decided to part company.

Nick and the group were just about to be interviewed by us for the promised feature in this very issue when the meeting was postponed. Their single — called, according to Nick, "Whistle Down The Wind" — was rescheduled for release a week later and the following morning brought the news of the split.

Needless to say, Nick's statement differs somewhat from that of the other five members. The latter claim that they all began work on a new Haircut LP last October and had to abandon the project due to Nick's apparent unwillingness to record his vocal tracks. "The situation," they say, "could not go on."

Bruce Foxton has signed a solo deal with Polydor Records and is busy making tapes of new songs he's writing. **Rick Buckler**, meanwhile, is rumoured to be rehearsing with a hard rock band.

Mark Fox, the percussionist, has now stepped into Nick's place as group vocalist and frontman, and the band claim they're continuing to work under the name Haircut One Hundred, releasing an LP in early Spring, a single in March and embarking thereafter on a tour that takes in the States, Australia, Japan and Europe.

Nick's statement throws a different light on the story. "The split has been on my mind for some time," he tells us. This is borne out by his claim to have recently recorded some tracks with session musicians, one of which will appear at the end of February as the first Nick Hayward solo release.

He adds he's "amazed and shocked" by the tone of some of the press reports. "I said in *The Sun* that we had a 'vicious row,'" he says, "but there was no viciousness on my part. I don't want to get into petty bickering and backbiting. I just want to get on with the music which is what the fans want."

Nick's statement is obviously a little less than that of his former colleagues, bearing in mind that it has yet to be legally decided which party actually has a right to the name Haircut One Hundred and, of course, to the material they've jointly recorded since October.

And the first Nick Hayward solo single? You guessed. A little tune called "Whistle Down The Wind".

It is OK to write to **Daren Daren's Fan Club** at their Birmingham address. The club is not moving to London, as reported last issue. Sorry if anyone's been inconvenienced.



IRON-IN

Iren Maiden have recruited a new drummer to replace the recently departed Clive Burr. He's Nicko McBrain, previously the thumper and stomper with Trust.

THINNING OUT

Pity poor John Sykes. He no sooner joins **This Lizzy** than they decide to break up after ten years. One more album.

"Thunder And Lightning", will be promoted by a final tour, starting on February 9th, and then Lynott, Gorham, Downey and the barless Sykes will go their separate ways.

Culture Club's fan club has, not surprisingly, been absolutely deluged with letters and membership requests over the last few months. If you're thinking of writing to them, make sure you enclose a stamped addressed envelope to speed things up. The address is: c/o Wedge Music, 63 Grosvenor Street, London W1.

"Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?" has, incidentally, now got to number one in Australia, Sweden, Austria, Israel, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and Ireland and is currently steaming up the American charts.

A new Culture Club single will be released sometime in March and Boy George promises that it's "different". In April he and the rest of the Club are going back to America, after finishing their British tour.

DEPTH CHARGE



Indeeep: Mike Cleveland (centre) with Rose Marie Ramsey and Reggi Maglorie.

"Last Night A.D.J. Saved My Life", Indeeep's current disco hit, is a very flexible record. The twelve-inch version features not only the more traditional mix of the song but also a purely vocal version, an instrumental mix and separate tracks of sound effects, including a telephone ringing and a toilet flushing! The point is to give club deejays, with mixing equipment a lot to play with.

"We thought it would be an interesting approach to let people put down the sound effects wherever they want to," says Indeeep producer, writer and songwriter, Mike Cleveland. "We wanted to give anybody mixing the record the opportunity to do anything they wanted with it to make a personal statement from

their own mixing standpoint."

Mike's a 26-year old producer from New Jersey, USA. Before forming Indeeep last year, he'd played in various bands, done a little video work and made a record with a group called Blast. His current group consists of himself and two singers, Rose Marie Ramsey and Reggi Maglorie, and he played everything on their record, apart from the drums. He enthuses about the reactions New York deejays arouse with their dancefloor mixing.

"At certain clubs where the deejays mix records, the response is even as great as a band would get in a live performance. You have to make the music with that in mind, giving the deejays optimum flexibility. This way they get into the record more and play the record more."

"There's a lot of competition in New York at the moment and I think that's what brings about the better music: in a good race the faster runner will always make you run faster."

When the race includes people as inventive and productive as **Rockers Revenge** and the whole Sugar Hill Gang crowd, for instance, you have to run fast.

Indeeep are busy recording an LP and plan to tour soon, probably appearing in Britain in a couple of months time. Until then, remember: there's not a problem you can't fix, 'cos you can do it in the mix.

MY TOP TEN



ALF (Yazoo)

- 1. SAM COOKE: I Love You For Sentimental Reasons (RCR)** A really beautiful and accurate vocalist. I love the horn arrangement on this track
- 2. ELVIS COSTELLO: Green Shirt (Reder)** A hard choice from a continual list of brilliant compositions. An artist who must be one of my all time favourites.
- 3. FAMILY: Sweet Desire**

(Reprise) Wonderfully raunchy stuff

- 4. AL GREEN: Can't Get Next To You (Hi)** An absolutely shocking talent
- 5. MARVIN GAYE: That's The Way Love Is (Tamla Motown)** This song makes you take off your shoes and sing along to the wallpaper in your living room. Love it
- 6. GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS: Don't Burn Down The Bridges (Buddha)** I admire this lady tremendously. The sort of song you feel like sending to people sometimes
- 7. SHALAMAR: Help me (Solar)** Wonderful. Love the rhythm of the vocal arrangement.
- 8. DEPECHE MODE: Leave In Silence (Mute)** A very cleverly arranged composition to the point of being exciting in a funny sort of way. Brilliant production
- 9. BILLIE HOLLIDA: Don't Explain (Columbia)** Another hard choice from a list of greats as long as my nose. Fabulous singer. Love her
- 10. THE ROLLING STONES: Feel To Cry (Rolling Stones Records)** Very nice.

SPANDAU BALLET

COMMUNICATION

COMMUNICATION ALWAYS LEAVES ME INCOMPLETE
THE GRASS IS GREENER
BUT IT'S GROWN BENEATH MY FEET
LOVE INSPIRATION IS A MESSAGE ON A WING
BUT I HAVE LEFT IT IN THE WORDS YOU'LL NEVER SING

CHORUS

COMMUNICATION LET ME DOWN
AND I'M LEFT HERE
COMMUNICATION LET ME DOWN
AND I'M LEFT HERE, I'M LEFT HERE AGAIN

TELEX OR TELL ME BUT IT'S ALWAYS SECONDHAND
I'M INCOGNITO BUT NO RENDEZVOUS'S BEEN PLANNED
I COULD SEND IT TO YOUR HOME RETURN TO SENDER
DICTATE OR REPLAY

I COULD SING IT DOWN THE PHONE

REPEAT CHORUS

DICTATE, RELAY

I'M SITTING AND WAITING BY THE TELEPHONE
WAITING FOR THE BELL TO RING
SHORT CHANGE FUMBLE
DIAL-A-HEART TROUBLE
AND I AIN'T GOT TIME FOR SEARCHING
THROUGH THE RUBBLE
OH NO
WELL I KNOW

REPEAT CHORUS

I'M LEFT HERE
REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GARY KEMP. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION REFORMATION PUBLISHING LTD. ON CHRYSALIS RECORDS.



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Get SMART!



Could you tell me how old Dionne Warwick is and the name of her first British hit? Richard Smith, Gloucester.

● Dionne was born in 1941, which makes her 42 this year. She first cracked the British chart on February 13th 1964 with her version of Burt Bacharach's classic weeper "Anyone Who Had A Heart". Unfortunately Cilla Black beat her to the number one spot with the British cover.

Is the lead singer of The Mellowettes the actor who played Richard Lord in Crossroads? He looks exactly like him except that he's a little stouter.

● U240 Fan, Tamworth. ● You're not far off. The chap in question is Lol Mason's brother Jeremy. Lol's theatrical experience doesn't stretch much further than a walk-on part in a production of Ring Around The Moon at Hornchurch Rep, when he played his brother's twin.



Neil Arthur with his precious sixties guitar.

Neil Arthur of Blancmange is holding a guitar on the "Living On The Ceiling" single sleeve. Are the signatures "Ringo, Paul, George and John" on the said guitar genuine Beatle autographs? Or was I not meant to notice them? Jennie, Plumpton.

● The instrument Neil is holding is a special junior guitar from the sixties with the autographs printed on it. Neil managed to rescue it from a photographer who was planning to throw it out and it's now reckoned to be

worth about £100. Neil, however, is an ardent Beatle fan and unlikely to part with it.

Did John Taylor get the Mercedes that he asked for as a Christmas present? Selina.

● John didn't get his heart's desire, partly because he can't yet drive, although he plans to take his test in March. For the moment he's making do with a modest Volkswagen Golf 1800 which is no doubt somewhat overshadowed by Andy Taylor's brand new BMW.

Where did Daniel Ash of Bauhaus get the fishnet top he was wearing on the Start! page of your October 14th issue. Isabel Kerr, Cheltenham.

● While in Chicago a couple of years ago he set off to tour the Harley Davidson motorcycle factory and stopped off on the way at an Army surplus store where he picked up said garment for a paltry two dollars. It was white at the time but has since been dyed black.

While I was watching Top Of The Pops on January 6th, my mother said she thought the lead singer of Wah! reminded her of a singer she remembers from her younger days. She couldn't recall his name and so I was wondering if Pete Wylie does indeed have a relative who sang professionally. Marie Simon, Wrexham.

● We asked the man himself and he was forced to admit that "none of my family have ever been famous but of course I do bear a close resemblance to the young Elvis Presley." Thank you, Peter. That'll be all.

Can you tell me where John Peel got his Wah! tee shirt that he was wearing on Top Of The Pops on January 13th? Also where can I write to Pete Wylie? Louise, Lincs.

● The shirt was one of 40 promotional items that went out as thank-you's to the people who'd been helpful to the band. New Wah! shirts are currently on sale in various larger record shops. Mr Wylie can be contacted at: Eternal Records, 16 Benson Street, Liverpool L1. Enclose SAE for a reply.

My brother and I are having a dispute over how many children Paul McCartney has. I say it's three and my brother says it's two. Which one of us is correct? Julie Green, Edinburgh.

● Paul McCartney is father to three children: James (5), Stella

(11), and Mary (12). His wife Linda is the mother of Heather (20) from a previous marriage.



James (left): the youngest of the McCartney tribe

Did The Beatles ever write a song called "Soldier Of Love"? Amanda Cragg, Knutsford.

● This tune was actually written by American R&B singer Arthur Alexander and although the Beatles featured it in their early live act it was never officially released by them.

Could you give me any information on White and Torch? Do they have an LP out? Marina Wright, Luton.

● Roy White and Steve Torch are currently working on an LP with their keyboard player Jaqz for release in the autumn. Steve is a long time associate of Kevin Rowland's and has collaborated with Key on a number of songs, some of which have been recorded by Dexys. Two singles, "Who's Asking You" and "Parade", have already been released and a new 45, "Let's Forget", has just appeared.

Please can you tell me what kind of music a group called Sun Ra made and if there are any of their albums still available? Phillip Mars, Penlton.

● Sun Ra is not so much a group as a person, the leader of one of the weirdest jazz ensembles ever to chart the wilder shores of modern music. He's an American (although he claims to hail from Saturn), aktyah and the author of approximately 200 long players, most of which are pretty hard to get unless you live near a good specialist jazz shop.

I recently bought "Start!" by The Jam and was both surprised and amused to find "Can't Stop The Music" by The Village People on

the flip. Just how rare is my copy?

● Robert Cashin, Birmingham. ● Due to a slip-up at the pressing plant, a quantity of copies were made with this B-side instead of the original track "Liza Radley," and later issued to the shops. Around 8,000 of these slipped through before the mistake was noticed so, although your copy may not fetch a great deal of money, it's certainly a worthy collector's item.

Please could you tell me who Nastassia Kinaki is (as mentioned in the Most Fanciable Female Award in the Smash Hits Poll) and could you print a picture of her.

● Duran Duran Fan. ● Nastassia (recently voted Most Fanciable Female On The Planet by the male members of the editorial staff) is the daughter of distinguished European actor Klaus Kinski and has recently carved out a considerable career for herself in films like Tess and Cat People.



Nastassia Kinaki in Cat People

Could you please tell me how I can get hold of a copy of the book You Don't Have To Say You Love by Japan's manager Simon Napier-Bell? Mic, Oxford.

● Published by New English Library this paperback memoir should be available in most High Street bookshops.

Please note: in the Jan 20 issue, I think you forgot to tell us that the ABC fan club also issued a number of 12" scratch versions of "The Look Of Love". In December they sent each one of their 1,238 members a free copy as a special Christmas present! Love from Martin Fry's Glass of Water, London SE13.

THE LAST



LINX

1

TOGETHER WE CAN SHINE
AMERICAN RECORDING
THROW AWAY THE KEY
AMERICAN REMIX
YOU'RE LYING
REMIX

2

WONDER WHAT YOUR DOING NOW
AMERICAN REMIX
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THE SOUTH WILL RISE AGAIN

... according to the SOUTHERN DEATH CULT,

who actually come from Bradford

Mark Ellen understands it all, anyway.

On the dark and faintly threatening horizon of independent pop, something is most definitely stirring.

The four unmistakable people ranged below have, in the brief time they've been on display, whipped up the kind of instant devotion reserved only for the likes of Killing Joke and the late Theatre Of Hate. Their name, the Southern Death Cult, is being applied to the back of jackets and the occasional wall at an almost unhealthy rate.

Based in Bradford — whose only 'pop legends' to date have been the unbearable mid-'70s teen idols Smokie — the four of them are determined, deady serious and agreeably good-humoured (in roughly that order) and one of them, at ten past eleven, has just got out of bed and feels "a bit grubby" and "can hardly breath". Perfectly normal, really.

Buzz is the man in question, guitarist, soon to be clarinet-player, and possessor of one quarter of The Southern Death Cult's striking haircuts.

"Pretty sick of mine, actually. All the ends keep breaking off."

Schooled in a mixture of glam rock, gruff pop and forceful punk — Sex Pistols, T. Rex, Slade, The Doors — he set out about four years ago on the usual rocky road of scratch bands with daft names.

You can tell he's a reasonable sort: he admits to having been in an "intellectual, head music band called God And The Demi-Gods.

Are you putting that in? Well, change it to "The Fruitbats" or something." He later joined local punk starties Acne Lotion And The Blackheads whose career was also mercifully brief.

Two years back Buzz, drummer Aki and bassist Barry joined forces in a Bradford basement — called among other things Surgery Of Noise — and began forging their extraordinarily clean, powerful and ringing tone. One floor up lived a raven-haired character with a ring through his nose called Ian (not the ring, the person). He was impressed



Southern Death Cult in their plush Bradford HQ. (left-right) Ian, Buzz, Aki, Barry

enough to wander downstairs and enlist as permanent vocalist.

And now, with a national tour supporting Theatre Of Hate safely under their belts, they've just released an invigorating first single for Situation 2 that's vaguely reminiscent of the early Ants. One side, "Fatman", is "about greed, something that every person inherits"; the other, "Moya", is about "the annihilation of the world and the destruction of the American Indians and stuff. Pretty dour, innit?", he cackles. "Quite embarrassing when you think about it, our songs are so pessimistic. I'm going to try and

get Ian to write some happier lyrics but it's really difficult 'cos he's such a depressing bloke. Don't put that in..."

And what of the name? It's certainly — what's the word? — evocative.

"Well there was this tribe called The Southern Death Cult who lived around Mississippi in about 400 A.D. and they used to worship death and all these symbols like spiders and skulls and that. And they used to eat human flesh and stuff. Well, no, they didn't actually, I'm exaggerating. But anyway we just used the name as we had to do a Yorkshire TV appearance

and had two days to think one up. We didn't like it much — you know, Death and Cult have a certain ring about them — but we've got used to it now."

Needless to say they've been swiftly lumped alongside such supposed kindred spirits as The Sex Gang Children and Danse Society, other fairly uncompromising noise-makers on the way up. Buzz will have none of it.

"We're miles different from any of that lot," he says with confidence. "We can stimulate and inspire a lot of people. We've just got that spark."

Let's hope

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TIN SOLDIERS
BACK TO FRONT
MR FIRE COAL MAN
JUST FADE AWAY
GO FOR IT
DOESN'T MAKE IT ALL RIGHT
SILVER LINING
SAFE AS HOUSES
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* BERRY, THE SILLY ENCORES WOULDN'T FIT ON CASSETTE

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"w/ 'TOUCH AND GO'



CHINA CRISIS

CHRISTIAN

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EMOTION-LESS WAR
A TORN SHIRT AND A
AND A LONG DEAD CAUSE
I CAN'T SLEEP
THIS KIND OF THING GETS ME DOWN
DON'T SAY WALK
I MAY LOSE MY FEAR

CHORUS
I COULD LOSE MYSELF IN THIS HONESTY
I COULD LOSE MYSELF IN THIS HONESTY

I READ ALL SORTS OF THINGS
THERE'S SO MUCH TO LEARN
I'VE SEEN THE HAND THAT RUSHES IN
DOES IT RUSH OVER YOU

REPEAT CHORUS

CHRISTIAN

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

*Words and music by Garry/Eddie/Dave
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Depeche MODE

Get The Balance Right

There's more besides the joyside
Little house in the countryside
Understand, learn to demand
Compromise and somatimas be

Chorus

Get the balence right
Get the balence right

Be responsibla, respectable
Stable but gullible
Concerned and caring
Help the halplasa
But always remain
Ultimately selfish

Repeat chorus

You think you've got a hold of it all
You haven't got a hold et all
When you reech the top
Get ready to drop
Prepara yourself for the fell
You're gonnie fall

It's almost predictable, almost

Don't tend this way, don't tend that way
Straight down the middle until next Thursday
First to the left beck to the right
Twist and turn 'til you've got it right

Repeat chorus to fade

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SEEING REDD

Midnight at the Embassy club with Sharon.
Neil Tennant watches from the shadows. Steve Rapport fumbles for a flashlight.

"Are you on the guest list?"
"No, I work here."
"Where?"
"Upstairs."
"How long for?"
"Two years."
"I don't believe you. Wait here."

The man on the door at London's Embassy club is feeling frazzled. There's a long queue of people in smart casuals trying to get in and most of them are claiming to be on one of the several guest lists. Doesn't anyone pay these days? Well, even if they wanted to pay he wouldn't let them because he's only letting in members—all the guest tickets have been sold, which is probably why people are claiming to be on the guest list.

The reason for all the fuss? Sharon Redd is making a personal appearance.

The personal appearance, or P.A. as it's known, is the disco industry's answer to the problem of how to get one of its artistes to tour without having to pay for session musicians, let alone the cost of recreating production effects live. The artiste simply sings over backing tapes, does a spot of dancing and maybe tells a couple of risqué jokes. You send him or her round all the clubs—where the punters who buy the records go to dance—and hope they'll be sufficiently impressed to buy more records. It's a form of performance based on convenience and potential profit

and it's usually unsatisfactory and rather tacky.

Sharon Redd, however, has raised it to an art form.

Tonight she's not feeling too happy. She's tired and worried about her voice.

"I've got glitter in my throat. It came down from the ceiling at one of the clubs and people were picking it up and throwing it up to me on stage and it went in my throat. It's the most horrible feeling in the world."

This is her first tour of the UK, previous visits having been limited to *Top Of The Pops* appearances. A pretty gruelling schedule is taking her to nightclubs all over the country, from *Sherays* in Brighton to *Rotter's* in Liverpool.

"I had no idea it was going to be like this."

There's a crush on the Embassy's dancefloor as a temporary stage is constructed and the deejay spins a selection of current disco hits: the American remix of Yazoo's "Situation", Michael Jackson's "Thriller" and Roker's Revenge's "Sunshine Partytime", the flip side of "The Harder They Come".

Drinks aren't cheap here—£2.70 for three halves of lager!—and it's not cheap to get in tonight (assuming they'll sell you a ticket). Evette Phipps and her friends have travelled across London to pay £6.00 each to see Sharon and they're determined to enjoy

themselves.

The barmen wear cute tracksuits and do their best to be polite. Sloane Rangers order "vodka-oranges", not vodka-and-orange; and upper-class punks practise studied frowns while a man in a suit sits nonchalantly beside a plastic, blow-up E.T. (don't ask me why).

"Will you please welcome... Sharon Redd!" We do.

Sharon stalks onstage to the introduction of "Beat The Street", her eyes wildly staring, brandishing those long fake fingernails you probably saw on *Top Of The Pops*. She slips off her expensive leather jacket and slides it round the stage before handing it to an accomplice. The fingernails are delicately picked off. Somebody whoops. Right on time (and it can't be that easy when you're singing against a tape), she barks the vocal of "Beat The Street!". Somebody else whoops. Evette Phipps and her friends dance and sing along.

"Can you hear me?" asks Sharon. We can.

"Can you see me?"

The eyes stare.

"Can you feel me?"

Somebody whistles.

"Can you handle it?" she breathes, both soft and raucous, and launches into the song with that name. The crowd, still a little reticent, start to dance.

"You look so strange."

But by the time we get to "Never Give You Up" Ms Redd has the audience in the palm of her experienced hand.

There are several reasons why Sharon Redd's personal appearance is an uplifting experience. Not only has she presence and a sense of humour, but she can sing. Her dark, thrilling voice commands throughout a song like "In The Name Of Love".

"This has been one of the most wonderful tours of my life," she announces. "Actually, it's been the only tour of my life."

She leaves the stage after dancing with an enthusiast who's jumped up to join her (and she makes him look rather a twit). The stage is dismantled and the deejay plays Eddy Grant's original version of "Walking On Sunshine".

"I could barely talk! I wasn't singing at all! That was terrible!" croaks Sharon afterwards, still irritated by a glittery throat. "I'm in a stupor!"

She'll be back in the UK before too long, however, maybe to acquire a home here.

"I want to move here real bad, just so I'd be able to come when I like. They haven't torn down all the old buildings and the people are great. Everybody does exactly what they want, they look the way they want. We don't have that in America—we have clones over there."

"Listen, baby, I've got to go now. Bye bye."



In full flight



Look, no band!



Sharon strangles a volunteer from the audience

TEARS FOR FEARS

CHANGE

YOU IMAGINE YOU'VE THIS ROOM
I JUST HAD TO LAUGH
THE FACE YOU WERE WAS GOOD
YOU WERE A PHOTOGRAPH
WHEN IT'S ALL TOO LATE
IT'S ALL TOO LATE
I DID NOT HAVE THE TIME
I DID NOT HAVE THE HELP
TO ASK YOU HOW YOU FEEL
IS THIS WHAT YOU DESERVE
WHEN IT'S ALL TOO LATE
IT'S ALL TOO LATE

CHORUS

CHANGE, YOU CAN CHANGE
CHANGE, YOU CAN CHANGE

AND SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND
BECAME A POINT OF VIEW
I LOST YOUR KINDNESS
YOU LOSE THE LOVE IN YOU
WHEN IT'S ALL TOO LATE
IT'S ALL TOO LATE
WE WALK AND TALK IN TIME
I WALK AND TALK IN TWO
WHERE DOES THE END OF ME
BECOME THE START OF YOU
WHEN IT'S ALL TOO LATE
IT'S ALL TOO LATE

REPEAT CHORUS

CHANGE, CHANGE

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO
THE FRIENDS THAT I ONCE KNEW
HAS BE SOME BIRD?

WHEN IT'S ALL TOO LATE
IT'S ALL TOO LATE

REPEAT CHORUS TO FINE

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF
COLUMBIA
ON PHONOGRAM RECORDS

DO YOU COME FROM THE LAND DOWN UNDER?

No, says *Ian Birch*. I only went there for my holidays and now they expect me to predict whether Men At Work are a flash in the pan or the advance guard of an Aussie invasion. Wingeing Poms, start here.

Jeep mate, it's hot. Over a hundred degrees Fahrenheit and the superglue that holds my watch strap together is melting. Sydney, Australia, has been hit by a heat-wave but this hasn't stopped the home side from soundly thrashing England at cricket.

There's only one sensible course of action — jump into the water. This is never a problem as the city is built around a series of bays and not surprisingly, the sea plays a big part in everyday life.

Water sports like yachting and body surfing (catching a wave just as it's breaking and letting it hurl you towards the shore) are a national obsession. A real surfer will be at the beach by 5.30 am to catch the first decently sized waves of the day.

And, of course, the beach you choose speaks volumes about the kind of person you are. The legendary Bondi Beach, which was once a surfer's paradise, has become the spot for a family outing. Mum takes the towels, zinc cream which is streaked across the nose like an Adam Ant slash to prevent sunburn and the Vegemite sandwiches (Australia's answer to Marmite), as immortalised on the current Men At Work 45, while Dad carries the eskee, a kind of

portable fridge made out of expanded polystyrene and generally filled with coke and tubs (cans) of neck-oil (beer).

The fashionable, however, wouldn't be seen dead at Bondi and they slip round to the next beach, Tamarama, known locally as Glamourama. Here it's essential that you have the right name tag on your swimsuit (assuming you're wearing one). The current favourite is Speedo. The extremely hip also have an elaborate Japanese tattoo tucked away in a place that can be easily concealed by office or school clothes.

In weather like this, most young people wear as little as they can. The standard outfit for boys includes a T-shirt (the baggier the cooler), stubbies (cheap shorts that you can buy at the supermarket) plus thongs (plastic flip-flops that, strangely, are called jandals in New Zealand).

Girls are equally casual, often wearing a Polynesian garment known as a *lava lava* which is just a length of brightly coloured cotton. You can use it as a towel on the beach and then turn it into a skirt when it's time to go.

Sydney offers a reasonably lively selection of entertainment. There is an

excellent radio station in 2JJJ, which puts Radio 1 to shame. Although the deejays can sometimes become messily informal, the variety and amount of music they play is mightily impressive. An obscure Peter Gabriel song will be followed by Wham's "Young Guns" or a track by an Australian outfit like Jo Jo Zep or Icehouse (presently championed by Simon Bates).

2JJJ is also the main way of finding out who's playing what and where that evening. Don't believe those snobbish stories about how Australia is a musical desert. The country has its own well developed rock and roll circuit which is fed by an increasing number of confident and experimental bands. What's more, a group can make a very healthy living from playing this circuit and soon to snap at the heels of international successes like AC/DC and Men At Work will be INXS, The Reels, Cold Chisel and the already mentioned Icehouse. Just wait.

Virgin Records are opening up a branch in Sydney specifically to tap this domestic talent. They've already signed Hunters And Collectors, a sprawling eight-piece from Melbourne whose doomy meanderings

could easily win over the furrowed forehead brigade. A single, "Talking To A Stranger", appears this month.

On the alternative front, cabaret is thriving much as it did in Britain last year. Sydney's major venue here is *Kinsela's*, formerly a funeral parlour, which features acts like Los Trios Ringbarkus (comedy mixed with anarchy) and Quietly Confident (a trio of male crooners).

If you're broke, television is an acceptable mixture of British, American and home-made programmes (until last year when there were drastic changes in the tax laws, Australia had a booming film industry). The equivalent of *Top Of The Pops* is *Countdown*, hosted by a wacky male horror called Motty Meldrum.

Nevertheless, it's a good show, balancing videos with news and interviews with whoever is in town.

If you're really stuck, there's always a TV show called *The Young Doctors*, a soap opera about a Sydney hospital. It makes *Crossroads* look like *Brideshead Revisited*.

You have been warned. Get ready for a possible tidal wave of interest in all things Australian.

G'day!



Cold Chisel

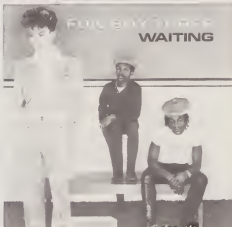


Little Heroes



Icehouse

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GO SHOPPING



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Way PORTSMOUTH Units 69-73 The Tivoli, Charlotte Street SHEFFIELD 35 High Street SOUTHAMPTON 16 Bargate Street **LONDON SHOPS** 9 Marble Arch 150-154 Oxford Street MEGASTORE
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20 Deaneley Way WARRINGTON 10kham Lane, Off Bridge Street

star teaser



MICHAEL JACKSON AND THE JACKSONS

The names of titles listed right are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally—many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the names or titles are always in an unscrupled straight line with the letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be read 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 43

- ABC
- AIN'T NO SUNSHINE
- BEAT IT
- BEN
- BILLIE JEAN
- BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE
- BREEZY
- CAN YOU FEEL IT
- CHAINED
- DESTINY
- DREAMER
- EASE ON DOWN THE ROAD
- ENJOY YOURSELF
- EVERYBODY
- GIRLFRIEND
- GIVE IT UP
- GOIN' PLACES
- GOT TO BE THERE
- HALLELUJAH DAY
- HEARTBREAK HOTEL
- HUMAN NATURE
- I AM LOVE
- I'LL BE THERE
- I WANT YOU BACK
- LOVELY ONE
- MAMA'S PEARL
- OFF THE WALL
- HEARTBREAK HOTEL
- ROCK WITH YOU
- SHAKE YOUR BODY
- SHE'S OUTA MY LIFE
- SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO
- THE GIRL IS MINE
- THINGS I DO FOR YOU
- THRILLER
- WALK RIGHT NOW
- YOU CAN'T WIN

KRCBLAMEDNEIRFLRIG
CBOHROYEREFFOESRAO
AGICAZRERYNETHOAFB
BDIREMLAODEROECIFLH
UEWEELAOCEHSYNTAED
OSRAIMBMHKOTTLMNAR
YBYRLYATAUWNEEEOOT
TOHDRKEETSOIIBRVHS
NTGDEOBRASPTTELIOF
AHVVOOBMIUDOEHHNLTL
WEATTYRNGNDTAGYHIE
ICTRILYSUTHNESREOHS
SOAIOHAHOWTISGLUUR
GEFNICEWOYDNIITMIYU
HECNGBKDEOEROAIOGO
OOEAOONIFHLKNWUNPY
RAFOLOUONITNACRUY
ESGFEPFRFSRAUAHTLEO
DIHSTYNMETONNOISVGJ
EBAOOHIUETBEYOOIN
NEYUANEROWLVLWEHE
IARLEEWEWIGIIMNROHS
ATBEKLLNAGRATHHTAHT
HINAEJEILLIBCVOYES
CTHYADHAJULELLAHBH

Orange Juice
New Single

RIP IT UP

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POSTER AND A

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LOVESICK (LIVE)

blw A SAD LAMENT

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RSVP

I am 12 and would like a pen-pal between 12 and 15 who likes Duran Duran, Ultravox, Japan and Madness. My hobbies are judo, swimming, jogging and netball. Write to Anne Berwick, 7 Ladycroft Paddock, Aylestree, Derby, DG3 2GA.

16 year old streaky blonde female seeks upper class male into ABC, Roxy Music and QMD. Good dresser, owner of horses and an Etonian with an eye for beauty would be simply perfect. Tara Carradine, Huntecombe End Farm, Huntecombe End, Nr Nettleden Henley-on-Thames, Oxon

Bored 14 year old punk into Vice Squad, Danned, 991 and ANWL, would like to write to equally bored punkettes. Pics if pass to Gen, 15 Wheatlands Drive, Heaton, Bradford 9, West Yorkshire.

Hi! We're looking for boys or girls of 13-15. We like Duran Duran, Madness and Tears For Fears. Contact Deborah, Lawrence and Vikki Fry at 18 Lullington Road or 36 Roakey Road, Knowle, Bristol.

I'm lonely. My name's Warren Poole. I'm 15 and desperate to hear from any females into Coronation St, Blancmange and Motorhead. My CB handle is Puppen so please write to 45A Barnfield Rd., Fagington, Devon

Two crazy girls aged 17 and 18 would like to hear from any good-looking males aged 18-22 into The Swinging Lanes, Painted Memory and Long Legs! Contact Sheralyn and Tracey, 6 Holcombe Close, Whitwick, Nr. Coalville, Leics.

I'm a 15 year old girl looking for any Boy George Lookalikes or anyone interested in Culture Club. If you're 15 - and dress weird write to Carl George, 53 Waterson Road, Chadwell St Mary, Grays, Essex, RM16 4NS.

Mod, blonde Swedish girl, 17, wants strange friends from London into Bowie, Toyah, Adam til 81, punka, and pretty boys. Milka Widebeck, Liljegården 505 90 Norköping, Sweden

16 year old soccer fan into Rocky I, II, III, Tears For Fears, Talk Talk and The Collins wants Olivia Newton-John lookalikes. I hate leg-warmers. Female and ankle boots. Contact Darren Phillips, 47 Upton Close, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon

I am a 17 year old girl who would like to hear from anyone who likes The Stranglers, Sharon, 30 Dundee Road, Plaxton, London E13

Skat fan wants sknhead or rodeo girl, 16 - in Kent or London. I'm 21 with black, white and yellow hair and blue eyes. Please send a pic to Badger, 126 Sunnyside Avenue, Gillingham, Kent, MEY 2EB.

My name is Kirey. I am 13 and into Duran Duran, Modern Romance, Shalamar and Imagination. I'd like to hear from anyone aged 13-15. Contact 46 Yaleside, Hereford, Herts SG14 2AS.

Hi, I'm male, aged 16 and my likes include Toyah, Ultravox and many others. I'd like to hear from girls aged 15-16 with similar interests. Photo if possible to: Ian Atkins, 33 Central Avenue, Stapleford, Nottingham NG9 8DZ.

My name is Paul and I am 15. I would like to write to a female aged 14-16, preferably one who likes the same music as I do, Matchbox, Stray Cats, The Jets, Slinky and others. Send your pic to: Paul McCallum, 2 Heather Avenue, Barrwood, Glasgow G78 1PT, Scotland

Looking for a new situation in the U.K.? We are two 17 year old male futurists who seek two females. Must be into Yazoo, Spandau, Despeche Mode and Duran Duran. Take up your last chance on the stairway and write to Jeff and Shawn, 17 Cresta Road, Sunward Park, Boksburg, 1460, Republic of South Africa

I'm aged 20 and seek girl penpals. My hobbies include reading, writing, films, walking and exchanging photos. Write to, Mr Henry Manda, House No. 2214, P. O. Kafuba, Lusakya, Zambia.

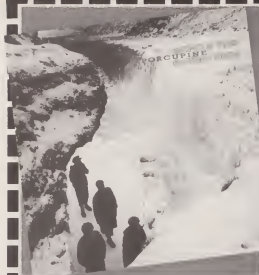
I'm a 13 year old Mod who would like to hear from girls aged 13-16. I'm into The Jam, The Who, The Kinks, Secret Affair and lots more. Get writing to: Jonathan Hunt, 5 May Tree House, Wickham Road, Brockley, London SE4.

My name is Istvan and I am a 14 year old Hungarian boy. I'd like to write to anyone, anywhere. I like The Rolling Stones, The Doors, rhythm 'n blues, peace but am not too fond of new wave, heavy metal and hard. Please send pic to: Sotok Istvan, Keszegany, Savotjesut 24, 3100, Hungary

I am 17 and would like to write to girls of any age. I like Toyah, Duran Duran, Fame, swimming, writing letters and lots of other things. In fact, anything except heavy metal. So, get your pens out and write to: Dave, 21 Dunster House, Meare Road, Bath, Avon

Attention all males! If you're 16+ and handsome, please fit the ready for two Buffalo Gals. Pics if possible to: Sue and Karen, 3 Saltash Close, Woodchurch Park, Wythenshawe, Manchester M22 6ZL.

Looking for pen friends? Send a postcard with brief personal details to RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF and we'll do our best to help you. Please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This will not be published.



50 AUTOGRAPHED ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN ALBUMS TO BE WON!

Why would you give for a copy of the new Echo & The Bunnymen LP? Large sums of money?

None of the household appliances? Both!

You're at the world's most free-handed music magazine party. You've decided a method where you have to give ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AT ALL! A copy of "Parasomnia" yours for FREE! What's more, it's yours by the band.

Just get across the answer to the following (very hard) crossword and send it to the production of **Smash Hits Bunnymen Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE6 0UF to arrive before February 15. And don't forget to include your name and address.

OK? Jump to it!

QUESTION: Echo & The Bunnymen once released an LP called a) "Monkeys"; b) "Woodstock"; c) "Wombats". Which?

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*A New Way
To Say
I Love You*

TMG1291

TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM
'BILLY PRESTON & SYREETA'

STML12155



The Bluebells

New single **CATH**

Available on 7" & 12" (12" includes extra track)
Produced by Colin Fairley & The Bluebells

The Tour

- February
- 2nd Huddersfield Poly
- 3rd Birmingham Poly
- 4th Acle University
- 5th Warwick University Coventry
- 7th Leicester Havelar
- 8th Kent University Canterbury
- 9th Kingston Poly
- 10th Brighton Poly
- 11th King's College, London
- 14th Reading University
- 16th Liverpool Dinglealls
- 17th Dundee Dance Factory
- 18th Herdrea University
- 19th Glasgow University



...All this activity is crucial to ensure if you can't take a joke
the way we think things.

ALBUMS

KURTIS COBAIN: Tough (Geffen) Cobain, well as an songwriter, is a great warm on LP. His features five tracks of these hard funk rapping songs, one rocker and — surprise surprise — a mellow love song. "Daydreamin'", where Kurt actually sings. Forget about the rapping and start singing, Kurtis. It makes more than a pleasant change. (4 out of 10)

Bev Hillier

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Channel One — Well Charge (Rough Trade) This 22-track cassette-only compilation brings together some of the finest moments of the Channel One label — a Jamaican studio who forged a hugely successful style on the bank of Sly and Robbie's unique shuffling rhythms — and takes in everything from The Tomlin's plaintive Lover's Rock to the harder, more militant reggae of The Mighty Diamonds and others. As an introduction to the art of the skank it's excellent value. (7 out of 10)

David Hopworth

PRINCE CHARLES AND THE CITY BEAT BAND: Stonekillers (ROIR Cassette) Everybody say Ohhh! (Ohhh!) Everybody scream! (Eeeeeeeehh!) When New York funkateer Prince Charles and his gang get down they have fun with a capital Funk. Synththesizers squeal, basses amble up to the front of the mix and the ensemble roor and chant in a celebration of syncretized noise. The Prince is one of the cheekier pupils of the school of George Clinton and Bootsy Collins, absurdly macho and blowing a mean flute. This funk is not fake (but it's only available on cassette). (8 out of 10)

Neil Tennant

THE REVILLOS! Attack! (Superville) Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds try to out-throat each other over twelve wacky

tracks about *snazambables* and *gustage* *gustessables* while the 60s Miller-styled instrumental is truly wonderful. Although it lacks any real heat of activity, all that clarity is for lovers of kitsch pop. You could say, Dwayne McDuffie's Captain Scouser. (5 out of 10)

Kimberly Loston

EARTH WIND & FIRE: Powerlight (CBS) Just when we thought EWF had disappeared up their own pyramid, racketeers come, bring on all four divas. They weld their massive sound together with such precision that the whole ensemble can provide a rhythm as spare and con pulsive as a stamping finger, they write production numbers instead of songs, but never allow the momentum to bog for a second, they're sipping hell and, when they produce records like "Powerlight", there's absolutely nothing wrong with that. (8 out of 10)

David Hopworth

FUN BOY THREE: Waiting (Chrysalis) The second FB3 album and the boys have recruited Talking Head kingpin David Byrne as their producer. He's radically changing the sound: the first album's ethnic clatter has become a more organised, gentler music ball swing. The only problem is that most of the songs are dangerously threadbare. There are exceptions — like "The Farm Yard Connection" and the perky instrumental "Murder She Said". The band's poker-faced observations about everything from salesgirls at Tesco's to repatriation are starting to sound tired. (5 out of 10)

Jon Birch



THE BELLE STARS: The Belle Stars (Silt) As The Belle Stars seem incapable of writing anything more inspired than the mildly entertaining "Sign Of The Times", half of this album is a lacklustre bunch of cover versions. It doesn't help. Too much girlish chanting and a repetitious production result in a bumfunk record — which is just about what I expected. (4½ out of 10)

Kimberly Loston

S

SINGLES

Reviewed by
Fred Dellara



ROCKERS REVENGE: The Harder They Come (London) JIMMY CLIFF: Love Is All (CBS) Donnie Calvia contributes a sinewy lead vocal to Rockers Revenge's version of the Jimmy Cliff oldie though in toto the single is disappointing and hardly worth placing alongside "Walking On Sunshine" in the record cabinet. Meanwhile Cliff himself plods on, 'plod' being the operative word in view of "Love Is All", a slice of pop-reggae that's so routine, it should have you snore-cruise within milliseconds.

BOB SEGER: Shame On The Moon (Capitol) One of rock's grainiest voices wasted on the kind of country song that used to turn up in all those old Roy Rogers flicks. Very big in America, where they're more used to sitting on cactus plants.



LIONEL RICHIE: You Are (Motown) Even if I did pick QPR to win last year's Cup Final and, a trifle earlier, predicted that the Titanic would never sink, I still believe in "You Are" as a top twenty cert. I mean, the sheer sophistication of Richie, allied to a song that's a mile stronger than "Truly". Well, wouldn't you lay out 10p on its chances?

DONALD FAGER: New Frontier (Warner Brothers) Near MOR fare (of four star

quality) from the ex-Steely Dan mainman, who places smooth, multi-tracked vocals against a jazz-train rhythm and the kind of wootic keyboard figure that make Stevie Winwood's "Santitas" a dancer's one of my all-time faves. The guitar licks are quite tasty too.



FUN BOY THREE: The Tunnel Of Love (Chrysalis) The tale of a doomed love affair, from first kisses to final kiss-off, brought to you in a Come Dancing tango setting, replete with cello in the moonlight. More clever than comfortable—but, at least, no-one will ever accuse FB3 of being boring.

MIKE BATT: Love Makes You Crazy (Epic) SAMMY HAGAR: Your Love Is Driving Me Crazy (Geffen) Mike Batt's single stems from his video musical about a brainwashed futureland, where love doesn't exist anymore, while Hagar's offering is already a hit in a country where hard rock outlets consistently serve up very ordinary songs, kitted out with harmony vocal hooks which they succeed in selling to a different sort of brainwashed public. Neither record moves me much, though I admire Batt's more adventurous spirit.

VIRGINIA ASTLEY: Love's A Lonely Place To Be (Why Fi) A Ravishing Beauty indulges in more than a modicum of the pretty-pretties. But tinkling bells and a twinkling belle do not a substantial pop record make!



LINDA RONSTADT: I Knew You When (Asylum) A song penned by Joe South that's as near to "Anyone Who Had A Heart", the old Cilla Black bit, without anyone actually getting sued for plagiarism. Comes from an album called "Get Closer". Closer to what?

FAD GADGET: For Them The Bell Tolls (Mute) The Gadgetman's most promising single since "Ricky's Hand"—a drum-thump and chant affair that'll worm its way into your mind. All Fad Frank needs now is a little luck.

THE METEORS: Johnny Remember Me (I.D.) Galloping remake of a song that made Mo 1 in 1961 following exposure on a TV soap opera. If The Meteors can therefore arrange a short stay at the Crossroads Motel, then success might only be an episode away. Otherwise it's indie chart action only for the rampant rockabillys.

YOSSER'S GANG: Gi's A Job (Rialto) A funk-based cash-in on the Beeb's *Boys From The Black Staff* TV series. Basically it's as dull as central character Yosser Hughes's bricklaying. But if every unemployed kid in Liddypool buys a copy then massive success is ensured.

BARDO: Hang On To Your Heart (Epic) Bardo do what comes naturally and warble a ditty that could easily come seventh in the next Eurovision Song Contest.



MICHAEL JACKSON: Billie Jean (Epic) JANET JACKSON: Come Give Your Love To Me (A&M) The metronomic beat and Michael Jackson's edgy, hesitant vocal, along with Quincy Jones's production expertise, almost convince you that "Billie Jean" is a great record. Which it isn't—though I'll concede it grows on you. Which is more than can be said about sister Janet's release, which wouldn't grow anywhere even if planted up to its centre-hole in best quality manure.

DEPECHE MODE: Get The Belance Right (Mute) Sordid burrow amid the Basilidon bop. Maybe not the most instant record that the Mode have ever despatched but one that's rewarding enough in the synth-aid department to ensure chart status and fascinating enough structurally to keep it around longer than most.

SUPERTRAMP: My Kind Of Lady (A&M) They aren't kid me. It's The Bee-Gees engaging in a touch of do-wop, ain't it? !!

Ain't? You mean it's really Supertramp? Well, I'll go to the bottom of our cool-hole! Cor! Crisley!—and other similar expressions. A cert hit that all the critics will hate.

BARBARA DICKSON: Step In The Name Of Love (Epic) If Phil Collins can pile up the moohah with a remake of a Supremes hit, then nobody can blame Barbara Dickson for fancying her chances too. But I wish they'd stop in the name of good music.



BLUE ZOO: Loved One's An Angel (Magnet) Regent's Park and Whitepanda could do better. A feeble joke that. Almost as feeble as this record. Only Magnet Records' seeming ability to gain an above-average amount of air-play prevents me from totally writing it off.

BAUHAUS: Lagartija Nick (Beggars Banquet) Straight 'n' roll really, with heavy trimmings and the usual touch of the mysterious from Peter the Great. Still not the record. Bauhaus constantly threaten to supply but far better than another attempt to out-do Mike Yarwood on the impersonation scene.

SPANDAU BALLET: Communication (Chrysalis) "Communication let me down," bemoans Tony Hadley as his fellow Balletomanes "woo-woo" and "bee-up-up" in best vocal back-up mode, the rhythm trundling on amid organ stabs. Very slick, very commercial. Unlike the Post Office, you'll find it also works on Sundays.



THE BLUEBELLS: Cath (London) "Cath, it takes a lot to make me laugh," sing our tartan friends as they adjust their acoustic sporrans and warm their hands around a hogmanay harmonica. A song that's as simple as our cat—and just as likely to be a family favourite.

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MINE

n°2
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1980-1990

UB40'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2
1991-1999

UP WHERE WE BELONG



JOE COCKER & JENNIFER WARNE

Who knows what tomorrow brings
In a world few hearts survive
All I know is the way I feel
When it's real I keep it alive
The road is long
There are mountains in our way
But we climb a step everyday

Chorus
Love lift us up where we belong
Where the eagles cry on a mountain high
Love lift us up where we belong
Far from the world below (we know)
Up where the clear winds blow

Some hang on to used-to-be
Live their lives looking behind
All we have is here and now
All our life out there to find
The road is long
There are mountains in our way
But we climb a step everyday

Repeat chorus

Time goes by
No time to cry
Life's you and I
Alive today

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Jack Nitzsche/
Will Jennings/Buffy Saint-Marie
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On Island Records

ELKIE BROOKS

GASOLINE ALLEY

I THINK I KNOW NOW WHAT'S MAKING ME SAD
IT'S YEARNING FOR MY OLD BACK YARD
I REALISE BABY I WAS WRONG TO LEAVE
BETTER SWALLOW UP MY SILLY COUNTRY PRIDE
CALLING HOME RUNNING HOME
DOWN THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I STARTED FROM
CALLING HOME RUNNING HOME
DOWN THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I WAS BORN

WHERE THE WEATHER'S BETTER AND THE RAILS UNFREEZE
AND THE WIND DON'T WHISTLE ROUND YOUR KNEES
I PUT ON MY WEATHER SUIT AND CATCH HIM IN THE TRAIN
I'LL BE HOME BEFORE THE MILK'S UPON THE DOOR
CALLING HOME RUNNING HOME
DOWN THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I STARTED FROM
CALLING HOME RUNNING HOME
DOWN THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I WAS BORN

CALLING HOME RUNNING HOME
DOWN THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I STARTED FROM
CALLING HOME RUNNING HOME
DOWN THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I WAS BORN

IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN AND MY PLANS GO WRONG
SHOULD I STRAY TO THE HOUSE ON THE HILL
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT MY INTENTIONS WERE GOOD
I'D BE SINGING IN THE ALLEY IF I COULD
AND IF I'M GOING AWAY AND IT'S MY TURN TO GO
SHOULD THE BLOOD RUN COLD IN MY VEINS
JUST ONE FAVOUR I'D BE ASKING YOU
DON'T BURY ME HERE IT'S TOO COLD

TAKE ME BACK CARRY ME BACK
TO THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I STARTED FROM
TAKE ME BACK CARRY ME BACK
TO THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I WAS BORN
TAKE ME BACK CARRY ME BACK
TO THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I STARTED FROM
TAKE ME BACK WON'T YOU CARRY ME BACK
TO THE GASOLINE ALLEY WHERE I WAS BORN

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"ANNA" the follow up single.



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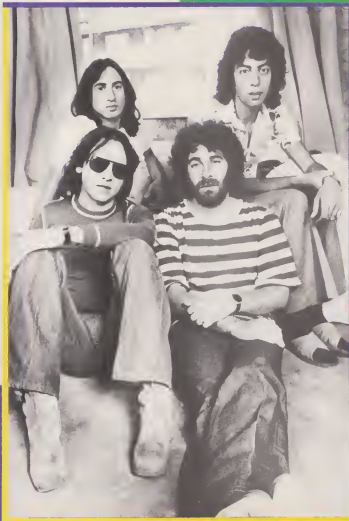
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TITLE: I'm Not In Love
LABEL: Mercury

YEAR: 1975
REQUESTED BY: Tony Galea,
Cardiff.

10cc

I'm Not In Love



I'm not in love
So don't forget it
It's just a silly phase
I'm going through
And just because
I call you up
Don't get me wrong
Don't think you've got it made
I'm not in love
No no, it's because

I like to see you
But then again
That doesn't mean
You mean that much to me
So if I call you
Don't make a fuss
Don't tell your friends
About the two of us
I'm not in love
No no, it's because

Be quiet
Big boys don't cry
Big boys don't cry
Big boys don't cry
Big boys don't cry
Big boys don't cry
Big boys don't cry

I keep your picture
Upon the wall
It hides a nasty stain
That's lying there
So don't you ask me
To give it back
I know you know
It doesn't mean that much to me
I'm not in love,
No no, it's because

Ooh you'll wait
A long time for me
Ooh you'll wait
A long time
Ooh you'll wait
A long time for me
Ooh you'll wait
A long time

I'm not in love
So don't forget it
It's just a silly phase
I'm going through
And just because
I call you up
Don't get me wrong
Don't think you've got it made
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A WINTER'S TALE

... involving Echo & The Bunnymen, a lot of snow,
a few frosty looks and some rather bleak times.

Breaking the ice: Dave Rimmer

It was a trifle chilly, apparently, when the Bunnymen did the woodland photo session for their first album, "Crocodiles". It was even colder on the beach where they posed for "Heaven Up Here". And when they jetted off to Iceland to do their latest pics — one of which graces the page opposite — it was absolutely freezing.

"I mean, where is it leading?" Mac was heard to wonder through chattering teeth.

Wherever, the atmosphere is certainly frosty in the Bunnymen's favourite ceff as your reporter and Bunny manager Bill Drummond arrive in Liverpool. In fact the air is fair crackling with tension. Will Sergeant and Pete de Freitas might be tucking into innocuous platefuls of seusage and beans, but clearly, something is amiss.

I'd hed my suspicions watching *Top Of The Pops* the night before. The bend a shambles and the grisly spectacle of Mec, clearly preoccupied and the worse for wear, actually taking his clothes off... Now these suspicions were confirmed. As Peter and Will blurt out their troubles, a long tale of woe unfolds. And sure enough, it's at *TOTP* where our story begins...

It's a Musiciens Union ruling that all bands appearing on *TOTP* have to go into a studio and re-record their song. They are then supposed to mime to the new version on the show. This way, all session musicians involved get paid again and usually, by hook or by crook, the process presents few problems.

But when the Bunnymen were invited to perform "The Cutter", they were right in the middle of a tour. They had to drive down overnight

from Sheffield, managed to catch about three hours sleep, then had about as long to record the track in far from ideal conditions. Time was so tight that Mec was still recording the vocals as the rest of the band rehearsed in front of the cameras. Everything went wrong. It was a disaster.

Driving back up North for

Their self-doubts thus confirmed, the Bunnymen show that night was terrible.

"It was really unforgiveable stuff," Mec comments later. "I thought that we was going to be the end."

The dismal performance led to arguments within the band. Mac didn't leave, he just shot off home to cool down. This however left the

work. The crowd is exuberant. The band are celled back for three encores. And as Will, Peter and Les Pettinson relax later in Liverpool's lush *Stete Ballroom* disco, it's clear that their spirits have been lifted a bit. Mac, however, has disappeared off home again.

The following lunchtime, as the rest of the band set off for the next show at Birmingham, your reporter visits Mec at his parents' small, trim council house a few miles out of Liverpool city centre.

The McCulloch family are tucking into a lunchtime snack of cheese on toast. Mac's brother Peter is settling down in front of the telly to watch the afternoon's racing. In the front room, guitars and other paraphenalia are scattered about. Mac's girlfriend Lorreine spreads newspaper out on the floor and sets about cleaning the cage of their hamster. He's called Hieronymous after Mac's favourite painter, Hieronymous Bosch. Mec's mum can't pronounce this. She calls him Hiroshima.

Though it's got off to a bad start, in the Bunnymen masterplan, 1983 was supposed to be "high profile" year. The title of their album was changed from "The Happy Loss" to "Porcupine" supposedly to reflect this change of emphasis.

"It should be the year where we get the needle and give it to everybody else," Mec mumbles a little uncertainly when we get to talking. "Just, you know... prick ourselves, not be complacent."

Last year, apart from a prod at the charts with "The Back Of Love", was apparently a bit of a disaster. They might not have appeared to be



Mac masters the 'windswept artiste being moody on a rock' pose

their next show at Manchester, their black mood was further fuelled by reading through some of the reviews of their concerts and new album, "Porcupine". It wasn't just that they were bad reviews, but that the bend actually agreed with most of the criticisms made of them. Stuff about them being caught in a rut, about the album being a painful thing.

problems within the band still simmering. The following afternoon the atmosphere is still so tense that your reporter covers in his hotel room, not daring to pester anybody in case he makes the situation worse.

The sell-out show that night at Liverpool's *Roys/ Court* theatre turns out to be much better, if still tending overmuch to what Mec calls the 'ominous' aspects of their



A WINTER'S TALE

CONTINUED

doing very much, but they were under pressure continually. They recorded the album in the summer, went off to do a string of festival dates, and then after they, their manager and their record company all found it unacceptable, had to record the album again. Mac tells me he "nearly cracked up".

And then at the end of the year they went to Iceland to do the album photo session and shoot the video for "The Cutter". Why Iceland? You may well wonder. Seemingly it was because Bill Drummond was fascinated by the place. He's convinced that "an interstellar ley-line" lands on the Earth in the very valley where the Bunnymen are to be seen posing. A ley-line, as any brain-damaged old hippy will tell you, is a line of "cosmic force" or somesuch. In Bill's private fantasy, this line swoops down from there to Liverpool's Mathew Street, snakes round all the places the Bunnymen have played good shows, and then scoots across to New Guinea. Don't be surprised if there's a Bunnymen photo session there sometime.

Whatever bizarre reason gave rise to the venture, Iceland does seem an appropriate location for this group. It's isolated, cold, bleak and fits perfectly with the moody image they've attracted to themselves.

After a bit of a lull, Liverpool bands are on the up again. Wah! and A Flock Of Seagulls are making hits. China Crisis and the Pale Fountains are waiting in the wings. OMD are poised for a return to the public eye and Julian Cope is sheltering in the Midlands, scheming and writing songs.

But the Bunnymen stand somewhere apart from all these groups. With New Order beginning to aim in a disco direction (wait 'til you hear their next album), Mac

and the boys are the last of the great Northern doomy bands. Mac describes their position as "this category in the history of Rock, er, a post-punk, psychedelic, moody... vaguely intelligent rock band. That's a lot of words for a category, but there is this slot for us at the moment."

ever as far as rock is concerned", Mac found it painful to make, painful to listen to and painful to perform.

"It's difficult to appear to be enjoying something when you know all that material basically isn't about something enjoyable."

The thing is, it isn't the kind

they worry too much is the root of the problem.

According to Mac, they've relied too much on "instinct" in the past. Now he realises that "you do have to work at things, you have to make conscious decisions... otherwise you just disappear up your own bum."

Going "high profile" was the one conscious decision they had made. But then they found themselves faced with a lengthy tour, a single and an album to promote, a *Top Of The Pops* appearance and, yes, a *Smash Hits* interview all to cope with at the same time. I hope that by the time you read this they'll have sorted out the headache go back to writing simpler, happier songs like their first ever single, "Pictures On My Wall"/"Read It In Books". In rehearsal, Mac's "too paranoid" even to attempt turning up with a poppy vocal like that.

"The others would think I'd gone strange or something, but that's the kind of stuff I like and it's wrong that it should be difficult to do that."

What's happening in the group at the moment seems to be more of an emotional hiccup than any long-lasting rift. It's difficult to tell though whether they need to stop and have a good think about what they're doing to sort it out, or whether the fact that caused by the coincidence of that little lot.

Meanwhile, in his slightly brighter mood after their successful Liverpool show, Mac is beginning to focus on what he needs to do.

"You know, despite how we've been today, we are a genuinely funny group. One of the funniest going, I think. We've got to find that lighter side in our work."

Mac is pleased by the sales of the single but will be happier "when we reflect something happy."

"Yes, that's what we've got to do: get happy."

Les Pattinson



Pete de Freitas



Will Sergeant



Ian "Mac" McCulloch

That "slot" and the audience that goes with it are what sustains the Bunnymen at the moment. At the same time it also confines them, prevents them from moving out into a wider audience.

The band are all acutely aware of this problem. It's one of the things feeding their current gloomy mood.

Despite considering their album "the best work of art

of album Mac really wanted to write. As he comments with a shrug: "Well, nobody wants to be miserable, you know." But try as he might, submerged in the fraught atmosphere of 1982, unsure about where the group stood in relation to their audience, Mac found he couldn't write anything else.

Really, Mac would like to find their lighter side again,

PHOTOS BY BILL HAZARD

Crossword

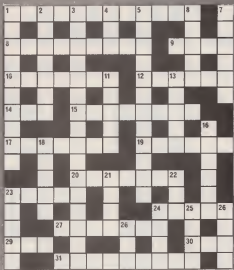
across

- 1 Recent No. 1 for Renee and her chubby mate (4,4,4)
- 8 Adam sang about the young ones
- 9 If you want to know it, ask Boy George
- 10 It's this again, according to I Down
- 12 'Cardiac' (Madness)
- 14 An album and single for Dannan Duran
- 15 '..... So Good For You' (Dennis Waterman) (1,5,2)
- 17 May Salt easily becomes Toots' reggae band (anag.)
- 19 TV series of guitar-playing George?
- 20 Dickson of 'January, February' fame
- 23 It's blue and a la Turk
- 24 'Peace On', Bing and Bowie's Kansas biggie
- 27 Rock wild man who's Bowie's chum (4,3)
- 29 --- Oracle
- 30 A bloke once sung about by Olivia Newton-John
- 13 Avenue frequented by The Malscomettes

down

- 1 Rapper Smut — American hitmakers (anag.)
- 2 Record label that makes you dizzy
- 3 Baccara's No. 1 of a few years ago (3,3,1,3,6)
- 4 Stubbs, once Cliff's leading lady, now on *Give Us A Clue*
- 5 'De Amor' (Queen)
- 6 Were they forced to leave their native country?
- 7 Dalt birds who performed a daffy ditty back in '81
- 11 Add H! to find that 'You'll Never Know' disco outfit
- 13 Red-beasted Gibb brother?
- 16 '..... Me Nots' (Patrice Rushan)
- 18 Wham's guise
- 21 Ferry's music
- 22 The Special --- (1,1,1)
- 23 A boxer or Mr Sharper?
- 24 Record label for Shoky or Michael Jackson
- 25 Flowering Royce
- 26 Ultravox in church?
- 28 'Your Cassette' (BowWowWow)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 43



Groove to the sound of *Chicago's* chart busting hit

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'JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH'
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I have but two ambitions in life; to build a sugar cube and to untie a pretzel.

The Girl With The Bon Turpin Eyes, Enfield.

Really?

Anyone who dares to compare Kevin Rowland to ET needs their eyes professionally tested and mentally thoroughly examined. Talk about insulting the dashing young devil — i.e. that Extra (Terrific Looking) Terrestrial. Kevin Rowland has about as much appeal as an extremely mouldy sausage.

Miggy, Bracknell, Berks.

In reply to A Social Climber (Jan. 20) I decided to tell you of my achievements. All these are true — you better believe it.

I've touched Green Gartside's hat; watched Martin Fry demolish a Big Mac; pulled faces at Biancaone; waded to Orange Juice; heard Stephen Singleton of ABC trying to sing "Beat Surrender" (and failing); plus my dad had a bash on Ringo Starr's drums; my gran met Amos of *Emerald Farm* at her local Bingo hall; and my uncle's girlfriend was once no-nony to singer Tina Charles.

All I haven't managed so far is a mention in *Smash Hits*. Any chance?

A Snug Climber At The Top Of The Social Mountain, London SE13

It would help if you gave us your name.

Dear Simon of Cockleshall Bay.

Have you ever thought that some level-headed people, who worship rainbows and escape from pickle jars, might just think a person is great because of his views and ideas and not because of his looks? So Boy George isn't a Rocky IV out is that what really matters? Somehow I don't think it is.

He's being himself, dressing and looking how he wants. That shows a real strength of character and personality. In this day and age so many people trying to be clones of other people's ideals, he has punched all of them in the face and done it his own way. And very successfully, too, much to the annoyance of all you red-hooded bunks with no imagination or dreams of their own.

A Person Desperately Trying To Be A Seagull, Nr. Malmesbury, Wilts.

I'm a perfectly normal female. I like Heavy Metal. I can't see what is attractive about Boy George either. I don't like John Taylor, Sting or Nick Heyward. I like handsome *manly* men like Phil Taylor of Motorhead. I hope loads of normal-looking guys are

NOT going around attaching bits of rope to their hair and trying to look washed-out.

Sue, Guernsey.

For weeks now the entire population of Britain has been yearning to find out just who Renéé (Renato's amore!) is and why we never see her face. What deadly secret does she hold?

Is she a double-agent Hilda Ogden? Is she Wonder Woman on a special mission to see if Renato is hiding the Russian satellite under his jumper? NO.

Do not lose heart. THINK! The long blonde wig, the hobbling dance movements, the badly fitting pink dress, the tear-jerking video... Got it? Renéé is none other than ET! *Mirella, Banstead, Surrey.*

Not him again!

Whilst flicking through the fantastic *Smash Hits Yearbook* I spotted a mistake. In the article *Stuff At The Top* you wrote that Beki Bondage had "six quid in cash". Well, after studying the pictures, I reckon Beki has six quid but that was in notes. She also had about three quid in change. Am I right? *Simon Le Bon's Silver Scorpion, Petts Wood, Kent.*

Yes.

Did you know that if you put your *Smash Hits Christmas Record* on 45 r.p.m., Chris from Madness sounds like Jools Holland? *Marc Almond Fan, Wellington, Somerset.*

Get away!

Is there any justice left in the world? No, democracy has crumbled.

Why? Because of that thing Gallup that's controlling the

charts. Those perverse people at Gallup fail to see the significance of Ulster's record sales in compiling the chart, so they just leave us out.

Lots of groups get into the charts because of their region buying their records. What about U2, The Undertones and other fine Irish groups? They and other unknown Irish groups will not survive. Already I see homeless musicians roaming the streets, starving in the cruel winds of Gallup.

Is this the kind of charts you want? I say arise. Take this to the High Court. Down with tyranny! *G. Mowbray, Derry, N. Ireland.*

We phoned up Gallup to check whether or not they take Ulster into account when compiling the chart. Their only reply was that they were under "no obligation" to tell us. Charming.

I have a small complaint — well, actually a large one. It's about your AC/DC interview with Angus Young. Mark Steels says: "He spent much of his life amongst the jolly swagmen in Australia — hardly renowned for its wealth of internationally famous pop groups."

May I say that because you in United Kingdom have not heard of our groups, it doesn't mean all our groups are rubbish. We have good groups like Little River Band, Australian Crawl, Mental As Anything, INXS, Eurogliders, Divinals, and Moving Pictures. *Laurel Holyoak, Perth, Western Australia.*

Please turn to Page 26 and collect a £5 record taken on route.

Plan of how to write a successful letter to *Smash Hits* and maybe get a five-pound-you-know-what: a) NEVER write less than 34 lines;

b) Start Dear Kevin Rowland/Nick Heyward/Paul Weller/Malcolm McLaren/Who do you think you are?

c) Never mention that you want a you-know-what;

d) Always criticise a poor, defenceless poor person like the four mentioned above;

e) The second part of your letter should be in defence of your heart-throb and the last line should be strong and heart-felt;

f) End your letter with the name of a Duran Duran member/a piece of clothing/the name of the place you spent your summer holidays in last year;

g) Do not make any spelling mistakes. Suggest you know what. *Stockwell, London.*

What a disappointment the appropriately named *Bad News* were on *The Tube*.

Did they really expect us to swallow all that pre-planned rubbish? It was obvious from the word go that they had known what they were about to do when they went out on the air.

If *Bad News* expect to gain free publicity from acting like a pack of overgrown kids, they can forget it as we've seen it all before. From the Johnny Rottens and Mick Jagers who had the sense to do it when it did shock people.

May I also add how refreshing it was to listen to the much-slaggered Steve Strange who sounded intelligent and knew exactly what he wanted and where he was going. No matter what the smart alecs of the music business say, it's better to listen to the new breed of musicians who are into what they are being paid for than be bored by the old-fashioned, shock-em tactics.

Those days are long gone. The public are sick and tired of it. *Heaven 17 Fan, Dublin.*

BBC — the week's viewing: Saturday: *Saturday Superstore* with Keith Chegwin and Maggie Philbin.

Monday: *Cheggers Plays Pop* with Keith Chegwin.

Thursday: *Tomorrow's World* with Maggie Philbin AND *Top Of The Pops* with Keith Chegwin's sister.

RADIO ONE — the week's listening: Saturday: *Junior Choice* with Keith Chegwin and Maggie Philbin.

Do you think the BBC's trying to tell us something? *Mandi Andrews, London*

You've forgotten Wish You Were Here an ITV and Manday.

Malcolm McLaren is a pain! People thought he was God when he hit the charts with *The Sex Pistols*.

The Moving Finger, Nr. Wolvehampton, W. Midlands.

I want to marry Barry. I am old enough and, no, I'm not a fruit-and-nutcase.

The points of consideration for marrying me are:

- 1) I'm extremely beautiful
 - 2) I love scooters
 - 3) I'm v. sexy
 - 4) I'm v. intelligent
 - 5) Fantastically rich
 - 6) I've a fab bod.
- Andy Pandey's Ex-Girlfriend, Wednesbury, W. Midlands.

Here, there's a lot of space in here. Captain Sensible's Head. Thatcham, Berks.

THE END.

A Sad Haircut One Hundred Fan Who Was Loyal To The End (Soh).

Did anyone notice that on The Young Ones, when they were down in Hell, there was a Duran Duran poster on the wall?

I did. Vivien's Hamster's Lentil Soup, Wallington.

Is Britain's Brightest pop mag making an attempt to go upmarket? An article about Smash Hits "the paper with its finger on the pop pulse" in The Sunday Times, no less. Betcha they wouldn't notice?!

But not a single mention of a certain gossip guru — is the Sunday Times not good enough for him? Eleanor, Hertford.

All this scratching is making McLaren rich. Deadly Doughnut Dave, Helston, Cornwall.

LETTERS

When the bottom fell out of punk, he bounced back with Bow Wow Wow, hitting the headlines with Annabella. Bow Wow Wow made some good music but they don't need McLaren.

McLaren's latest offering is to rip off Grandmaster Flash. Who can say this fellas has got any talent? Karen, Sale, Cheshire.

Will Malcolm McLaren's Ants in his pants be cured by scratching? A Smurf Lost in Buckinghamshire, Nr. Aylesbury.

I'd just like to tell Pete Wylie of Wahl thanks for Friday, January 7, '83. We were on The Oxford Roadshow with Peter Powell and Wahl were live.

Afterwards Pete W. stood for nearly an hour, signing autographs and kissing us girls. I couldn't have wished to meet a nicer fella.

Sandra Hanley, Bury, Manchester.

Awawsh...

Re: Nick Rhodes signature Jan 6.

Footy boy, 20, and he can still only manage to form the RH. At this rate he'll be a 100 before he can sign his entire name.

I have come to realise what a narrow, smug, self-satisfied race the English are.

Colin Hay's interview put into words something I had been meaning to say for a long time. The English must seem arrogant to foreigners in their (misguided) belief that everything England has and does is better than the rest of the world.

The press (including Smash Hits) spend too much time praising British bands. If they do condescend to write about American, Australian or Canadian bands, it is only to point out their inadequacies.

I know you will put one of your funny comments below my letter denouncing everything I've said. But just think of the British football fans' behaviour abroad, the Falklands, the National Front.

Are you proud to be British?

A Disillusioned English Girl (With A Little Help From The Roger's Thesauruses)



Dear English "Music" Fans,

Reading sixty seven issues of this magazine and looking back to all the songs that have reached the Top Thirty during 1982, I came to many conclusions. One impression I got was that most of you must have been in the age or state of infancy when you bought "Happy Talk", "Foss The Dutchess" and "Orville's Song".

But when I thought of "Seven Tears", "Starmaker", "Save Your Love" and the themes from Harry's Game and ET, I changed my mind. Most of you are not infants at all, you were born during the Middle Ages. Demos Petrikkos, Nicosia, Cyprus.

Dear Ed,

Did you know that our farm supplied the roofs for the huts in Tenko? Joanne Holloway, Wimborne, Dorset.

Wow. Amazing. Cor Blimey etc.

I used to take Smash Hits every fortnight — now I buy it! Carrie, Ramsden Heath, Essex.

Maybe I'm wrong but is it usual to print the same letters twice?

I refer to the one by "Anon" in issue January 20 1983 about Cliff Richard being a better sculptor than Ron Greenwood. Well, cast your mind back to issue April 1, 1982. A girl (at least I suppose it was a girl) called Louise Davidson of Southwell wrote in exactly the same letter, only this time David Bowie was a better sculptor than Ron Greenwood.

Also, a certain joke about a head-banging woodpecker has appeared a couple of times. And in The Smash Hits Yearbook Cheryl Baker (Bucks Fizz) has two birthdays. Only The Queen and Paddington Bear have two birthdays and she doesn't look anything like either.

Anyway, I'm fed up with old letters reappearing, especially since we all know that Nick Hayward is the best sculptor since Ron Greenwood. A Member Of S. A. J. A. E. W. (Stop All Jokes About Beckles Woodpeckers), Harrogate.

Really can't understand how this kind of thing slips through.

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Also, a certain joke about a head-banging woodpecker has...

Hang about...

In the next issue of SMASH HITS

The return of ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES

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ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 28)



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 39)

- ACROSS: 1 "Save Your Love"; 9 "Young Pretzels"; 9 "Time"; 10 "It's Raining (Again)"; 12 "Cardinal Arrest"; 14 "Rio"; 15 "I Could Be (So Good For You)"; 17 "Mystals"; 18 (G. orgs) Benson; 20 Brian Johnston; 23 (Burr) Mondo (A La Funk); 24 "Peace On Earth"; 27 (evy) Pop; 29 Kid (Cruels); 30 "Sam"; 31 "Heuteche (Aveau)"; 32 "Yes Sir (I Can Boogie)"; 4 (Una) (Shubba); 5 "Lip Fillers (De Amor)"; 6 "Eerie"; 7 "Tweeters"; 11 (Hil) Glos; 13 Robin (Gibb); 16 "Forget (Me Not)"; 18 "Young (Guns)"; 21 "Roxy (Music)"; 22 (The Special) A.K.A.; 23 "Roxy (Sharp)"; 24 "Epic"; 25 Rose (Hoyce); 26 "Hymn"; 28 "Your Cassette" Pet.

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THE MUD CLUB LONDON

All the old dances are coming back, you know.

"And the steps for that dance were first written down in 1793," the square-dance caller informs the assembled crowd at the big new Mud Club in Leicester Square this Friday night. Masses of big Malcolm McLaren-type hats are in evidence (as indeed is McLaren himself); chaps are wearing smocks over their trousers with ethnic patterns sprawled on the hem; graffiti slogans and designs have been scribed over the walls and the lighting's dim. From the side balcony it's like watching the mating ritual of a long-lost tribe in a smoky cave.

Philip Salton, who started the club, describes its venue as "a hole — in a really good way"; he wanted the graffiti-covered walls. The records being played include a selection supplied by Boy George who's been the deejay at previous clubs run by Philip — a veteran of the London club scene — and plenty of hard new New York dance music.

The fun starts with the square-dancing organised by a middle-aged man with a beard and a straw hat who despairs at the time it takes the dancefloor crowd to get into pairs, make arches etc. But soon the floor is a complex tangle of twirling couples as the instructions of the venerable caller are followed. It's all great fun, but what's the point?

Philip Salton: "People having a laugh and doing something different." No complicated theorising here.
The square-dancing ends with Malcolm McLaren doing the calling for "Buffalo Gals" and then it's back to the disco. Until next week, that is, because there'll be square-dancing every Friday night at the Mud Club. Before you know it, your local disco will be probably filled with country dancers.

Be there and be square.

Nail Tennant

ING ANOTHER SHOW

NIGHTS OUT

YAKETY-YAK!

ASTORIA THEATRE, LONDON

Leiber and Stoller were a song-writing duo of the '50s and '60s who knocked out hits for such biggies as Elvis Presley and The Drifters like a Buick knocks out petrol fumes.

From "Fools Fall In Love" to "On Broadway" their songs piece together to create a perfect picture of rock 'n' roll America — high school hops, tenement blocks, snogging in the back seat and bawling in the street. And *Yakety-Yak!* stuffs 28 of them into 150 minutes . . .

Smokey Joe's Cafe is where the cats and kittens of the New York Bronx district hang out. Darts star as local band, The Mootones, who practise there, dreamin' of cutting a record someday. Three brothers — Absolom, Javett and Bo (honestly!) are happily dating three pony-tailed girls when black sheep brother Danny returns unexpectedly from his travels, really stirring things up in the 'l' neighbourhood. And about time too.

The last half hour has Maggie getting pregnant, Danny stealing Javett's chick, Absolom deciding he doesn't want to be a priest after all and a rather wimpy street

fight between the brothers and the boys in the band.

Darts' Kanny Andrews remains cool throughout, letting the rest of the cast jump frantically over the rusting Chevy in dance sequences that come along a dime a dozen (though I waited in vain for a proper jive).

But the songs kept a-rollin' with some really heart-warming harmonies and a very smooth saxophone. "Stand By Me" is given some epic treatment and it was a relief to see "Hound Dog" sung by a girl as it was originally meant to be.

Cast and audience flung themselves into the mood of this rather Grease-like show, and even Wham! were to be seen bopping on stage with the rest of the front row during the encore.

So it didn't matter that the story hung together by the skin of its teeth. It didn't even matter that the American accents waned painfully. But how naughty of writer Robert Walker to pilfer almost word for word two sizeable chunks of dialogue from the film of *The Wanderers!*

Kimberley Leston



Two Buffalo Gals go round the outside with one senior Buffalo citizen



"Would the owner of the blue Mini Metro kindly move it as it's blocking the car park exit." Mr Malcolm McLellan calls the shots.

Oh, hotey-coke-cokeey!!!



Photo: Mark Elliott

DATES

Check locally before stepping out.
A Bay Village production

Animal Nightlife: Leeds Warehouse (February 3), Sheffield Poly (4), Newcastle Dingwalls (5), Glasgow Maastro's (6), Ravensbourne College (10), Reading Uni. (11), Norwich East Anglia Uni (14), Coventry Warwick Uni. (15), Manchester Hacienda (18), London Duke Of York Theatre (20), Dartford Flocks (24), Canvey Island Goldmine (28).

Blubbals: Birmingham Poly (February 3), Stoke Kettle Uni. (4), Warwick Uni. (5), Leicester Hosieryer Disco (7), Canterbury Kent Uni. (8), Kingston Faly (9), London Kings College (11), Dundee Dance Factory (17), Aberdeen Uni. (18), Glasgow Uni. (19).

The Commodores: London Hammersmith Odeon (February 23).

Del Lappard: Manchester Apollo (February 21), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Sheffield City Hall (24), Newcastle Mearfay (25), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (28), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Nottingham Rock City (March 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Oxford Apollo (3), London Hammersmith Odeon (4).

Farmers Boys: Letchworth North Herts College (February 4), Herlow College (5).

The Gap Band: Yerebrough & Peoples: London Hammersmith Odeon (February 5), Birmingham Odeon (7).

Iron Maiden: Oxford New Theatre (May 5), Leicester De Montfort Hall (6), Southampton Gaumont (7), Ipswich Gaumont (8), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (10), Bradford St. Georges Hall (11), Glasgow Apollo (12), Edinburgh Playhouse (13), Cardiff St. David Hall (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Hanley Victoria Hall (18), Bristol Colston Hall (20), Birmingham Odeon (21), Manchester Apollo (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (26, 27).

Marillion: Norwich Uni. (March 15), Reading Top Rank (16), Guildford Civic Hall (17), Aylesbury Friars (18), Folkestone Lees Cliff Hall (19), Portsmouth Guildhall (20), Cardiff Top Rank (22), Malmesbury Winter Gardens (23), Bradford Casuar's 24, Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom (25), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Hanley Victoria Hall (29), Nottingham Rock City (30), Birmingham Odeon (31), Ipswich Gaumont (April 1), St. Albans City Hall (2), Hull City Hall (5), Middlesbrough Town Hall (6), Edinburgh Playhouse (7), Glasgow Pavilion (8), Dundee Caird Hall (9), Aberdeen Capitol (11), Leicester Uni. (12), Sheffield City Hall (13), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (14), Manchester Apollo (15), London Hammersmith Odeon (17).

Stranglers: Brighton Conference Centre (February 17)

OK and ABOUT with BARRY

Hello, readers. Baz here. He with the finger on the pop pulse, sage, seer, prophet and generally v. useful person to have around in the crazy world of the music biz due to his rather talented ability to predict ye trusty chart-toppers of tomorrow, the NBT (Next Big Thing, twit) and explain ye deluge of dodgy and v. dubious devices which said singing peroxide employ for the getting of *je grand* hit single.

You, dear reader and adoring Baz fan, have been chosen from *literally* millions of unsuspecting members of the general public to cop a generous amount of what's known around the office as "Barrington's Theory Of Pop-Ability" (which normal persons need about ten slide rules to unravel of course). *Je successful* recording artiste of Today, mates, needs first "The Big Bust-up" Imagine, friends, you're in some v. famous and popular combo (much like Haircat One Hundred), fans beating ye path to the door, young girls getting walli wobbly at the mere mention of the moniker (whatever that means) and then, just as you're about to embark on a 497-date sell-out tour of all v. vital venues and release ya olds long-awaited platter, out with the old trusty Split Story, disappear into dimly-lit basement for loads of v. artistic suffraging and english, etc., pop out every now and again to alleg off other blokes in band and then carry on plotting brill solo career.

In fact, mates — Point Two — better than *je* solo career, is the "Duet With Crooning Megastar". Stuff going it alone, chums, link arms with some quivering pasta-fed moustaichoid wine-waiting person, or Barbe Streisand, or a fluffly duck, or Midge Ure or Mick Karn. Or better still, *mea amia*. An Australian! A fact, chums. Office gadabout and winner of v. coveted Duke Of Edinburgh Award for cliff-climbing, Ian Birch, has just come back from ye land of cricket bats and cling poaches with loads of fab tales about how it's a really rockin' place, etc.

Having done that, eager listeners, Part Three of the Baz meisterplan is the digging up of the v. old and creaky tune probably from some rather boring 1940's musical or something, stick a few trendy lyrics in to make it really of today — a g. stuff about being "really shy" and being "like a yo-yo baby" in a "fried-out combie" — and perform it using Part Four of El Baze's wizard whooze, better known as "Having a Trandy Visual Image Like Some Rather Wanky Group From The Mid-70s".

For why does the mighty music biz bard mention this v. suspect period of pop history, Baz hears you cry? Parce-que mates, it's happening, that's why. Look no further than *noveau*

chart-throbs Kajagoogoo, tearless fans, who all the girls in the office — Bar, Linda, Ian Birch (little joke there) and rockin' new designer Kimberly — reckon are *multo* attractive and generally v. hunky. Frankly, friends, if you demandz 'em, the 'Gooz (as close mates call 'em) resemble a rather speedy botch-up of ye Bay City Rollers, or Sweet or Mod or Bilbo Baggins or any of those chirpy anthem-chanting types with stack-heeled boots about nine foot high and v. unsettling spangly jackets who were wont to infest ye nifty fifty in the halcyon days of yore (he means around 1975 — Ed.) And if you really want to be ultra-on-the-case las Tennant says all the time) bung on the olds hie-down ton gallon sifter and purchase v. pronto *je megaphone*. Clever idea, *je megaphone*, actually. Means that when you're out strutting your stuff, getting right down and being about as funky as possible in the big Ultradisco, and there's a really dead wiggly n' crazy dance bat pumpin' out *je* speakers at about nineteen *aguilin* decibels, you can still carry on having a bit of a chin-wag with whatever cool spiritual cat you happen to be hanging out with. One last thing, chums — Part Five of the key to instant pop stardom, etc. — is that it's v. helpful if you're either the kith or kin or some rather famous and extremely powerful person in the world of political hanky-panky and all-round dodgy dealings.

This piece of choice info, interested persons, comes to you parce-que there is this guitar-strummin' folksy crooner called Patti Davis from the left-hand side of the pond (*America* — Ed.) who's been causing a bit of a stangee situation as regards loads of record company persons wanting to sign her up at this moment in time. Reason being, chums — and this'll shock ye — that said sultry songstress is none other than the daughter of retired Hollywood actor Ronald Reagan (whose career, mates, has since gone downhill at such an alarming rate that the unfortunate Ron is now President of The United States — chuckle — and spends loads of time weeing in v. important fashion from the top of aeroplane steps, etc.).

So, eh, what's next, mates? Merik Thatcher (joining some wild and wiggly jazz combo and releasing loads of fab pop wexings? Lady Oi 'ramming' with Treacy Thorn and Paul Waller at some Peace Rally 'de' where everybody wenders about saving seals and eating v. uninviting veggie-burgers, lumps of turf, bits of bark, etc.?)

Or, adoring public, parchence this *je* moment when yours truly — possibly the most well-known, witty, talented and modest gossip-hound in pop history (and owner of *je monde's* hunkiest bod!) — can commit some of his v. great song-scribbling talent to vinyl. Wheddye say? Are yar with me? ...

Cheers!!
Barry

HAYS! FANTAYZEE SHINY SHINY

GOOD TIMES COME TO ME NOW
GOOD TIMES COME TO ME NOW

I AIN'T LYING 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO TIME
NO CITY
IT'S RITTY
'CAUSE I DRESS DIVINE
CITY SMOKE PEOPLE CHDKE
BAY MEANIE HE'S A GENIE AND HE AIN'T GOT A MIPE

NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE

WE'LL FEEL FINE NO IT AIN'T NO CRIME
I'M DREAMING OF A DEMON I ATE A DIME
DIME FLDATS
THE COLONEL TOASTS
SEND 'EM UP THE HILL BOYS, AIN'T NO JOKE

NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE

CHORUS
SHINY SHINY BAD TIMES BEHIND ME
SHINY SHINY SHA-NA-NA-NA-NA
SHINY SHINY BAD TIMES BEHIND ME
SHINY SHINY SHA-NA-NA-NA

REPEAT CHORUS

YOU'LL SURE LOOK FINE, MY SHOES THEY SHINY
I TASTE YOUR FACE YOUR LOVE IS MINE
MERCURY DAN BHO IN VIETNAM
I'M A HOT RETARD
MAROUS DE SADE

NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

SAW A COP ON THE LINE
MACHINE GUN SHINE
I WAS DREAMING NOT BELIEVING THAT I WAS 'AVE
LINE WAS BROKE
THE COP HE CHDKE
BY 'OUT OF HERE BOY OR I'LL USE THE COU'T

NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE

WE'LL SURE LOOK FINE, MY SHOES THEY SHINY
NO HEAT CAN COMPETE WITH THIS BLUE EYED HAR
THE CHILD SPOKE
WE AIN'T GOT A HOPE
PRESS THE BUTTON PRESS THE BUTTON
IT'S ALL REMOTE

NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE, NO CHANCE

REPEAT CHORUS AND AD LIB TO FADE

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