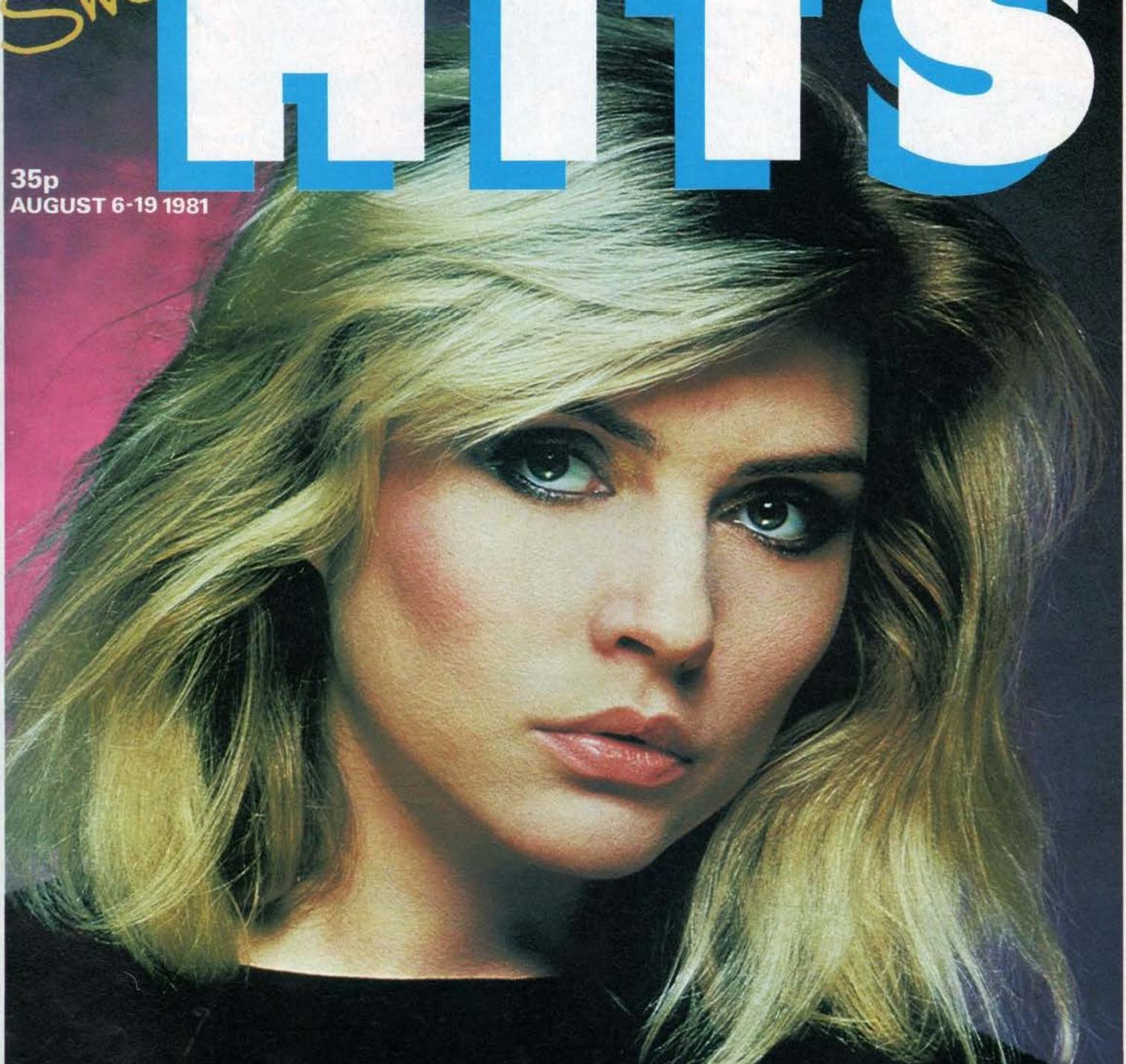


Smash

HITS

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AUGUST 6-19 1981

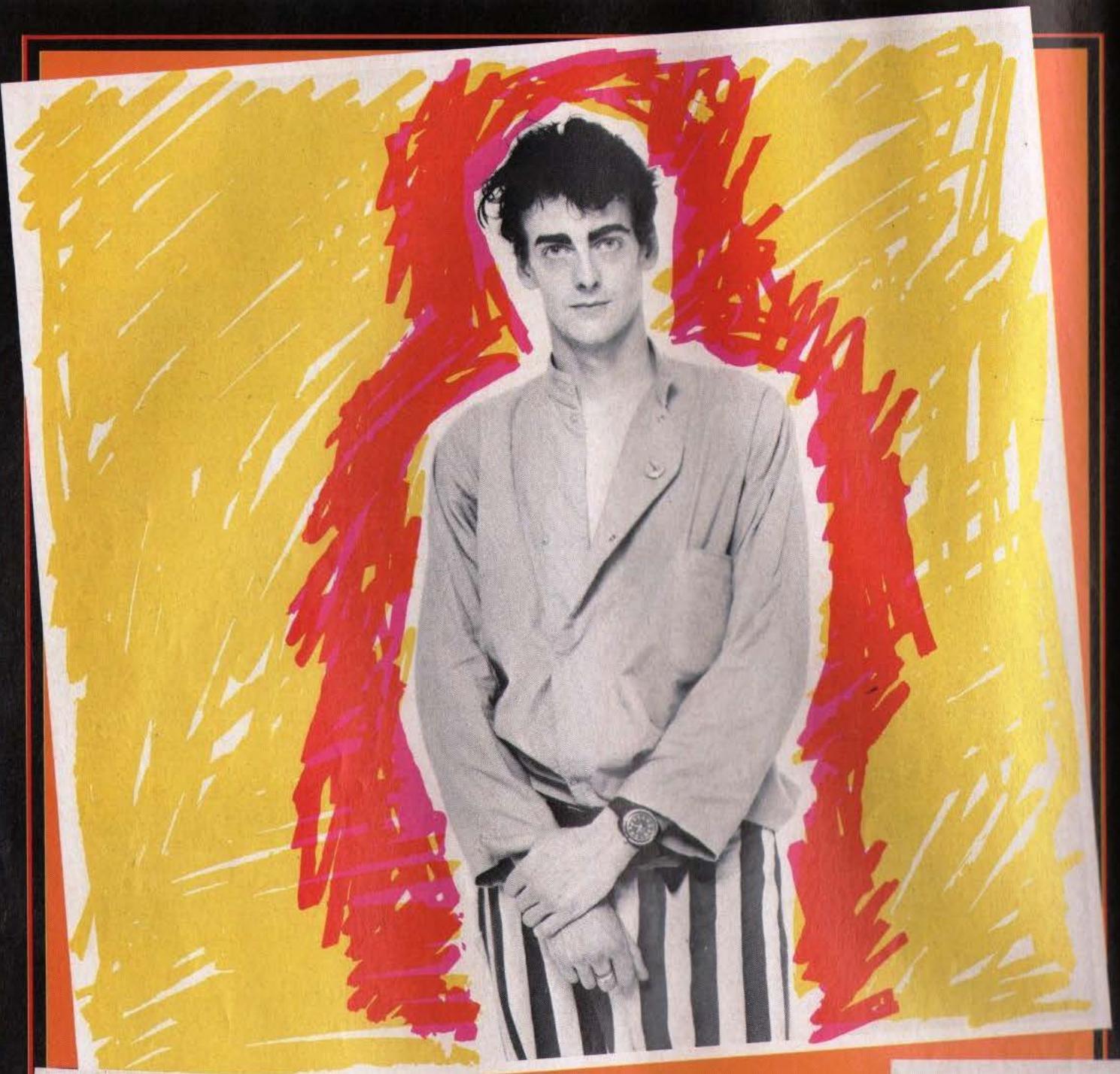


DEBBIE HARRY

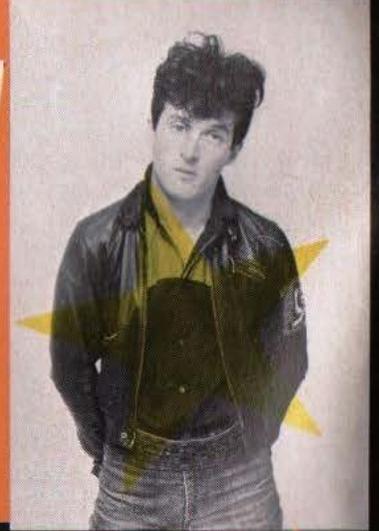
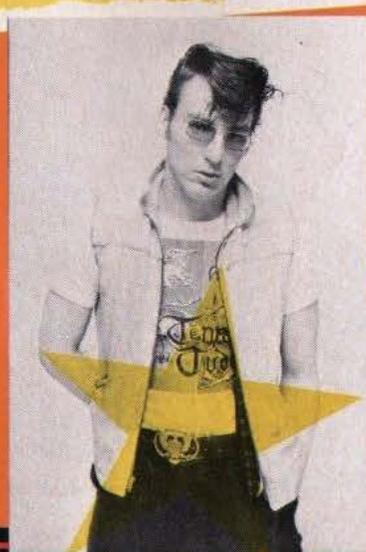
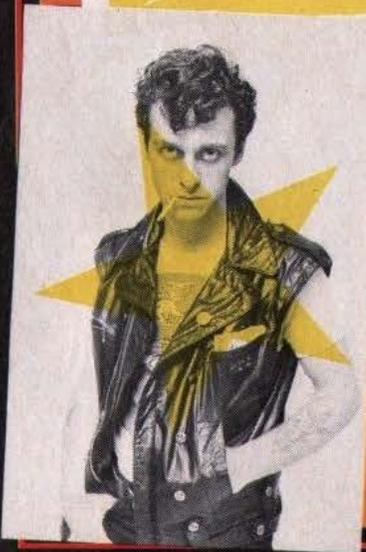
THE UNDERTONES AND SAXON

DURAN DURAN • THE POLICE • SIOUXSIE • DEXYS IN COLOUR

15 HIT LYRICS INCLUDING WATER ON GLASS AND WUNDERBAR



PICS: PAUL COX





WUNDERBAR

There is unemployment, misery, despair
I really want to lose my job
I'm going to the fair

Life is getting rough oh yes I know
'Scuse me but I've got to go

There is a word in German and I think it says it all
Wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar
Wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar
Wunderbar

You run the risk of being a bore
Tell me all about the nuclear war
I don't want to sing to the mirror oh no

There is a word in German which I think it says all
Wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar
Wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar
Wunderbar

Wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar, wunderbar
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Tudorpole
Reproduced by permission Warner Bros. Music Ltd.

STIFF

HI THERE hepcats! What's this? Has life been bugging you? Feel like you've been stuck in the down elevator for too long? Well, fret no more because we guarantee to turn that frown upside down. Just cast your peepers over the contents. If you dig your jive on the mellow side, there's a centrefold on debonair **Duran Duran**. Combat ickaroo with a touch of KooKoo from **Debbie Harry**. Cook like crazy with heavy metal men, **Saxon**. Flip your wig to the **Undertones** in ice-bound Finland. Go real cool with electronic experiments of **Soft Cell**. Get fractured by the colour poster of **Dexy's Midnight Runners**. It's the maximum jive that keeps you alive! Solid gone . . . (What is this man talking about? — Ed.)

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The charts appearing in Smash Hits are compiled by Record Business Research from information supplied by panels of specialist shops.

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The Art

THE DEBBIE HARRY

Backfired

by Debbie Harry on Chrysalis Records

Backfired your plan, your plan backfired
 Backfired my man your plan
 Backfired ooh your face

You came into my life to test me
 Your diplomatic drag depressed me
 The glitter in your eyes undressed me
 You were party slick, really thick
 Wasting time dropping lines like
 'I could get you into movies'
 But we wound up at Ho-Jo's for hamburgers to go

Backfired your plan backfired
 Backfired my man your plan
 Backfired in your face

To steal my mind is your objective
 The way you spoke was too aggressive
 Your silly jokes were not impressive
 Like a travelling salesman met
 A farmer with three daughters yet
 All the quips were so suggestive
 Then we ran down to Ho-Jo's for hamburgers to go

Backfired your plan backfired
 Backfired my man your plan
 Backfired in your face

They all slip on your lips
 'Cause you're talking so fast
 Buying for first, crying for last
 Just drop to a dead stop

Backfired your plan backfired
 Backfired my man your plan
 Backfired

You were party slick really thick
 Wasting time dropping lines
 Backfired
 A travelling salesman met
 A farmer with three daughters yet
 Backfired
 It backfired

It backfired your plan
 Backfired too bad
 You better back up fast and hit out west
 You may still collect
 Backfired

They all slip on your lips
 'Cause you're talking so fast
 Buying for first, crying for last
 Just drop to a dead stop

Words and music by Nile Rodgers/Bernard Edwards
 Reproduced by permission Sheet Music/Warner Bros. Music Ltd.

A little needle, a lot of Chic. Debbie and Chris find a phone-box. Mark Ellen accepts the charges.

DEBBIE HARRY calling. She's somewhere on a mountain in Switzerland making a promo film for the new single "Backfired". That and a spot of skiing.

"Did you know that British Rail won't run our album cover on the subway posters?"

I must confess, I didn't. "They say they won't because it's 'too disturbing'. Isn't that great?" I detect a note of pride in her voice.

Her long-term boyfriend and Blondie guitarist Chris Stein takes over the receiver. Pleased, Chris? "Pleased?" He's delighted. "Nothing like this has ever

happened to us before. I'm honoured!"

A timely piece of free publicity. Fitting, mind, as the LP in question, Debbie's first solo outing, "KooKoo", marks the inevitable drift away from the soft-centred — perhaps even tame — radio pop of "Autoamerican".

For a package Chris describes as "more hard-edged than Blondie, real powerful", the cover's certainly an appropriate taster, even if it does leave you feeling distinctly queasy. The vision of Debbie's face uncomfortably skewered by four foot-long needles is the work of

Chris Stein (below) with Chicmen Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards

PIC: MARK WEISS/ROCKSHOTS



Of Acupunkture

SOLO ALBUM

H. R. Giger, the man responsible for devising the repulsive monster in the horror movie "Alien", the brute which made itself unpopular by devouring a crew of innocent cosmonauts, usually face-first.

"The cover's totally Giger's creation," says Debbie. "He's recently experienced acupuncture, so that's where that idea comes from."

"His conception's fairly simplified," Chris chips in. "It means 'The Queen Of Punk'. Well, that was one of his explanations. I'm sure people could read a lot more into it than that."

I'm surprised they agreed to this. It seems a bit outdated.

"Well," Chris reflects, "basically we felt that anything Giger felt that strongly about we'd go along with."

Debbie's no less enthusiastic. "I guess everyone's making a big deal out of the cover but it's only a big deal because it's Giger's work. It's real Art and it's fabulous. I think it's exquisite."

"Art" is something of a key word here. After a good four years tethered to Blondie's touring and recording schedules, and now with a little more time and money on their hands, Chris and Debbie have been welcomed into New York Art circles with open arms. Quite apart from Debbie's role in "Union City", the pair ran into Michael Kaiman (who arranged the strings on Pink Floyd's "The Wall" and is producing a solo album for Blondie's keyboardman Jimmi Destri). Kaiman steered them to film director John Waters (who made the outrageous "Pink Flamingos" starring the notorious bi-sexual, Divine) and he asked them to write music for his latest venture, "Polyester". Debbie penned the lyrics for the title song but has since decided not to sing them as she's hardly the ideal focus for a (no doubt loose-moralled) "suburban soap-opera".

Next they got involved in a soon-to-be-unveiled full-length cartoon called "Drats".

"So-called because the creatures in it are a combination of dogs and rats," explains Chris. "It looks sort-of Disneyish but on a massive scale like '2001', with giant space ships and all that stuff. The characters are roughly based on Debbie and the guys in Cheap Trick. It's a big powerplay



between Good and Evil and stars Lou Reed as the villain, who's sort of foppish and wears red suits, and Iggy Pop as the voice of the Demon who's called up to destroy the world." A far cry from the days of "Sunday Girl", eh?

Through the art/music social whirl they also met a brace of renowned production wizards, Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of Chic. The perfect excuse for a break from Blondie.

They began recording in New York's Power Station studios where, Chris estimates, the Chic duo have put out "maybe 250 singles over the last three or four years".

"We'd always liked their music, ever since 'Le Freak' came out, and this is probably the first thing like this ever. A total collaboration. An immersion of two different styles of two successful groups."

Obviously there's a sense of mutual respect. Chic usually tend to take over the production of bands whose sound needs an 'overhaul'.

Chris again: "Well Chic have

been known, unfortunately, as a sort of 'revival' group, y'know, for 'helping people out'. I mean they've just finished working with Johnny Mathis!" He doesn't like to think of the album purely as a Debbie Harry solo effort, more as "a presentation of Debbie, first and foremost, but also as a way of exposing Chic to the white rock market".

"Hopefully," he adds, "Debbie's market is still alive. I think everyone will see her every which way. Y'know, 'Debbie Harry tries to be a negro and fails' is one of my expectations. But I'm sure reactions will divide into positive, negative and midway. They always do."

Debbie insists that the LP shouldn't be judged on Blondie's terms. "It can't be," she points out. "No-one from Blondie except Chris is playing on it." (There's also, incidentally, been rumours of a touch of the brunette hair dye, but "that's a secret".)

And, apart from the unmistakable vocal topping, nor does it sound much like Blondie.

There's even a couple of Devos involved, "Spud and Pud", (or Mark Mothersbaugh and Jerry Casale), who supply the immortal line "Jump little doggie, do what she say" to the opening track. The results are what you'd call 'a confection'; artfully moulded disco-funk mingled with tempting strains of jazz, reggae, rapping and cabaret. It's sophisticated, mature and aimed more for the dance-floors of elegant clubland than the airwaves.

Blondie aren't dead, Chris claims. They're just resting.

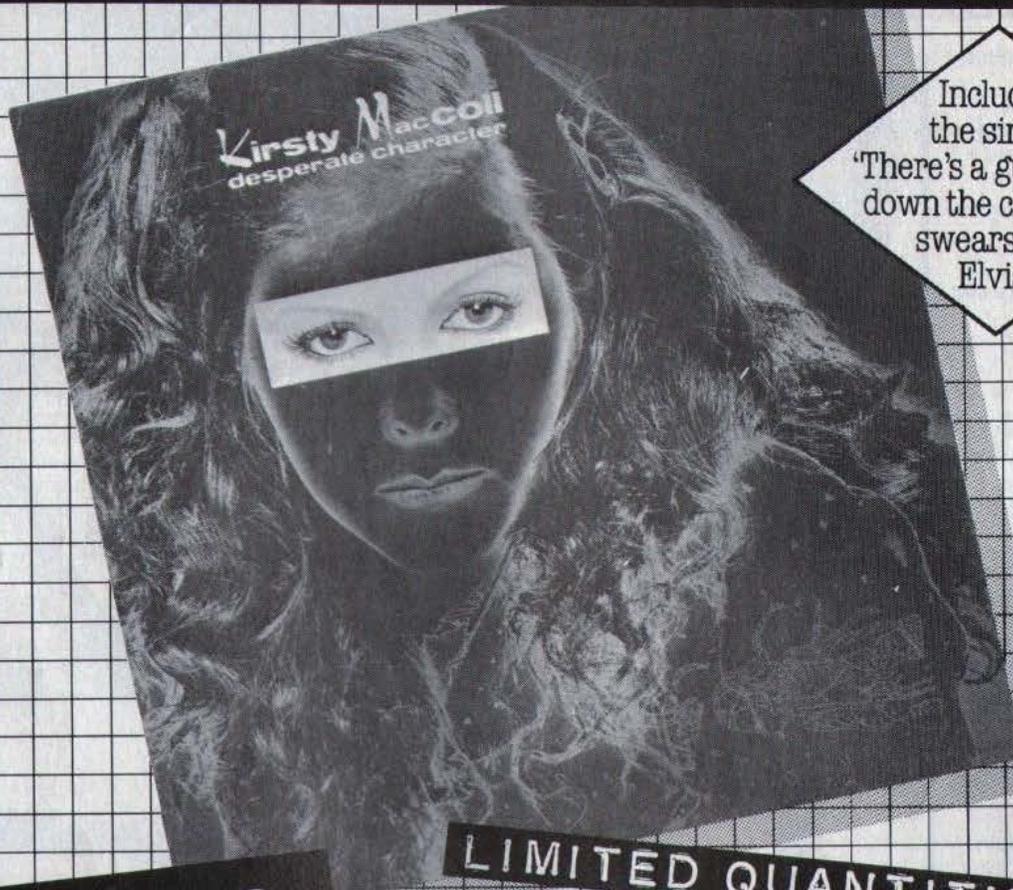
"Debbie and I always talked about branching out, so we figured we had to practice what we preached. We've got plans for a lot more stuff as a band but so many people copy Blondie now it seems time for us to move on. What people? Everybody! Kim Carnes . . ."

Ever heard Kim Wilde?

"No, but I'm sure I will! Somebody has to fill our shoes, I suppose. Meantime we'll try and maintain our distance and stay one step ahead."

KIRSTY MACCOLL.

DESPERATE CHARACTER.



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down the chip shop
swears he's
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FREE SQUEEZE JACKETS AND SIGNED ALBUMS . . . TEMPTED?

FRIENDS AND fellow countryfolk, the MP for the Borough of Smash Hits has just passed a decree in The House (that's Lisa House, Carnaby Street). To combat rising unemployment, the sinking £ and to provide the public with some post-Royal Wedding entertainment, he's decided to issue forth: **FREE SQUEEZE ALBUMS AND JACKETS!!**

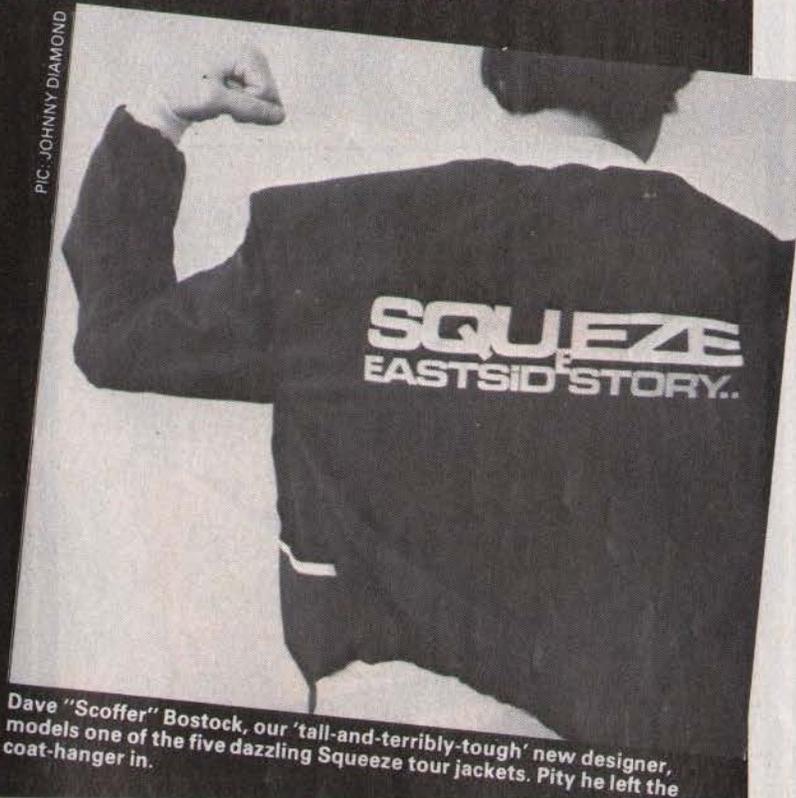
The Ruling Party (A&M Records) has kindly donated a tantalising total of 25 autographed copies of "East Side Story" and 5 jackets (pictured right). To acquire these coveted items, squint briefly at the lyrics below, all of which are the opening lines to well-known Squeeze songs. Then jot down the song titles (in order, mind) and rush them by postcard to "Smash Hits Squeeze Competition" 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF, not forgetting your name and address.

The first 5 correct answers to be plucked from the pile on August 20th win an autographed album PLUS a Squeeze jacket (so make sure you inform us of your chest size: sorry to be so personal). The 20 runners-up get just the album. (Just!! Whaddya mean, just?? — Ed.)

Now, move!

- A). "The Indians send signals from the rocks above the pass . . ."
- B). "I never thought it would happen/With me and a girl from Clapham . . ."
- C). "The case was pulled from under the bed/She made a call to a sympathetic friend . . ."
- D). "They do it down on Camber Sands/They do it at Wakiki . . ."
- E). "You've left my ring by the soap . . ."

PIC: JOHNNY DIAMOND



Dave "Scoffer" Bostock, our 'tall-and-terribly-tough' new designer, models one of the five dazzling Squeeze tour jackets. Pity he left the coat-hanger in.

FACT IS...

DURAN DURAN are the "Fact is" faves these days and the whereabouts of their "Fan Club" Fan Club is the info requested by Jonathan White of Solihull, Tracey Winn from somewhere else and, surprise surprise, 'Duran Duran fan'. They should all apply to the DDFC at 273, Broad Street, Birmingham B125.

The Brummies' glory has cast its light on others too. Jackie Hume of Crowmarsh Gifford (not yet described by Van Halen as "the rock 'n' roll capital of the world") wants to know about **Animal Magnet**, Duran Duran's support band on their recent tour. They comprise the apparently delectable Richard Magnet (vocals), Paul Caplin (keyboards), Adrian Chilvers (bass), Kevin Byrd (lead guitar), Bosco (percussion) and Matthew Wambam (drums). They have no records out as yet, but their manager reckons to be negotiating with six major labels as we write and may be inking a contract as you read. You can contact Animal Magnet at 138, Park Lane, London W1.

Kraftwerk devotees demanding hardwerk are Adam

Sherlock of Manchester and Sarah White of Barrow who request a complete discography of the original nearly-men. They emerged in March, 1973, with a double album called "Kraftwerk," followed by "Ralph And Florian" and "Autobahn" on Phonogram who also released the compilations "Exceller 8" and "Electrokinetic". Moving to Capitol they made "Radioactivity", "Man Machine" and "Trans-Europe Express", then their latest LP "Computer World" was issued by EMI. Their career on 45s began with the legendary "Autobahn" and hasn't achieved similar impact since, despite their efforts with "Kometenmelodie 2" (Phonogram), "Radioactivity", "Trans-Europe Express", "Showroom Dummies" (a 12-inch re-released with a different B-side), "The Robots", "Neon Lights" (Capitol), "Pocket Calculator" and "Computer Love" (EMI). Interesting eh? Also the best part of fifty quid. Are you that serious about them?

Proclaiming that "Mod Is Not Dead", Cathy Naylor enquires whether that part of its anatomy known as **Secret Affair** is still

functional. Arista records who handle the group's I-Spy label say yeah, though noticeably without making any promises. The **Affair**, with Pal Bultitude replacing Dexy's emigré Seb Shelton on drums, have recently been recording demos. A testing time perhaps for the independence they always claimed from their parent company . . .

More on the 'where are they now?' front from Gill Bellmay of Middlesbrough and Lorayn of Neasden who have been missing **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**. Have no fear. A new single titled "Souvenir" should be with you on August 14 o.n.o. and they have been recording demos for their third album at their own studio in Liverpool. Expect it in October. Apart from that And and Paul have been promotionally tripping around America and Europe — "Enola Gay" is a monster in Italy, as is the "Organisation" LP in France. For further fab fax see Ian Cranna's upcoming epic in SH . . . you know where.

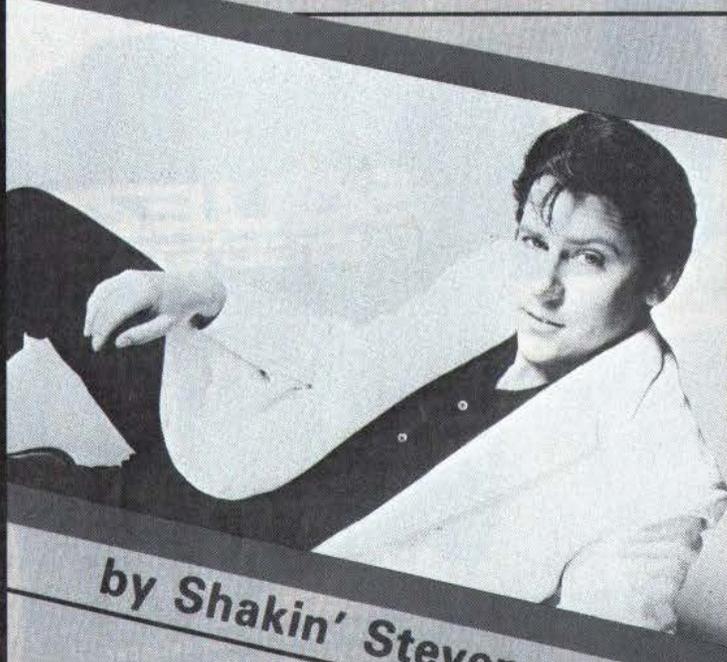
Linda Matcham's friend says that **Kim Wilde's** real name is Kim



Animal Magnet — soon to be a major attraction: (left to right, top) Kevin Byrd, Adrian Chilvers, Richard Magnet, Joao Bosco De Oliveira, (middle) Matthew Wambam and (front) Paul Caplin.

Wilde whereas Linda holds the view that she's actually Kim Smith. Smith it is according to RAK records (and the **SHBOPL**, so there! — Ed.). Then how come her dad is a Wilde, too? Because when old Marty was trying to make it as a rock 'n' roller back in the '50's, the street credibility of a name like Smith didn't count for much. You had to sound like a cross between the kid next door and a comic-book hero. Hence Tommy Steele, Billy Fury and Marty Wilde.

GREEN DOOR



by Shakin' Stevens

Midnight, one more night without sleepin'
Watchin' 'til that morning comes creepin'
Green door, what's that secret you're keepin'
There's an old piano and they play it hot
Behind the green door (green door)
Don't know what they're doin' but they laugh a lot
Behind the green door (green door)
Wish they'd let me in so I could find out what's
Behind the green door (green door)

Knocked once, tried to tell them I'd been there
Door slammed, hospitality's been there
Wonderin' just what's goin' on in there
Saw an eye-ball peepin' through a smoky cloud
Behind the green door (green door)
When I said "Joe sent me", someone laughed out loud
Behind the green door (green door)
All I want to do is join the happy crowd
Behind the green door (green door)

Midnight, one more night without sleepin'
Watchin' 'til that morning comes creepin'
Green door, what's that secret you're keepin'
There's an old piano and they play it hot
Behind the green door (green door)
Don't know what they're doin' but they laugh a lot
Behind the green door (green door)
Wish they'd let me in so I could find out what's
Behind the green door (green door)

Saw an eye-ball peepin' through a smoky cloud
Behind the green door (green door)
When I said "Joe sent me", someone laughed out loud
Behind the green door
All I want to do is join the happy crowd
Behind the green door (green door)
Wish they'd let me in so I could find out what's
Behind the green door (green door)

Words and music by Davey Moore
Reproduced by permission Francis Day & Hunter Ltd./EMI Music

on Epic Records

WATER ON GLASS



PIC: PAUL COX/LFI

by Kim Wilde

Cascading down there's a sound vapourising into vision
It's a sound in my head
That I feel and it shuts me in a prison
Say it won't last — say it will pass
Always the sound in my brain
Can you hear it? (Can you hear it?)

Chorus

Water on glass running down again
Water on glass — that sound
Water on glass running round again
Help me — the sound of water's coming down

Dancing away like the lights on a moving coloured river
Sounds in my head seem to run
And again I feel a shiver
Say it won't last — pray it will pass
Always the sound in my brain
Can you hear it? (Can you hear it?)

Repeat chorus

Cascading down there's a sound vapourising into vision
It's a sound in my head
That I feel and it shuts me in a prison
Say it won't last — say it will pass
Always the sound in my brain
Can you hear it? (Can you hear it?)

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by R. Wilde/M. Wilde
Reproduced by permission Rickim Music Ltd./RAK Publ. Ltd.

on Rak Records

REQUEST SPOT

ARTIST THE POLICE
TITLE BRING ON THE NIGHT
LABEL A&M

YEAR 1979

REQUESTED BY WENDI TARONI, NEWTOWN,
BIRMINGHAM



BRING ON THE NIGHT

The afternoon has gently passed me by
The evening spreads itself against the sky
Waiting for tomorrow, just another day
As I bid yesterday goodbye

Chorus

Bring on the night
I couldn't stand another hour of daylight
Bring on the night
I couldn't stand another hour of daylight

The future is but a question mark
Hangs above my head there in the dark
Can't see for the brightness
Staring me blind
As I bid this yesterday goodbye

Repeat chorus twice

I couldn't stand another hour of daylight
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Sting
Reproduced by permission Virgin Music Ltd.

bitz.

LINX ALL ROUND

LINX INTEND a 16-date tour of the UK in late autumn. Quite an event, this, as it'll be the first time the funk duo have braved the boards in public.

No dates are definite, but the trek's likely to conclude with an Edinburgh gig around November 28 and a trio at London's Dominion Theatre on December 4, 5 and 6.

PERSONAL FILE

(or You Had To Ask, Didn't You?)



NAME: Pamela — "Whacky" — (*D. Express*), "Sexy" — (*D. Mirror*), "Bumper Funster" — (*News Of The World*), "Disgraceful Hussy" — (*Mary Whitehouse*) — Stephenson. (Not The Nine O'Clock News).

DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH: (1) Sod off. (2) Takapuna, New Zealand.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS:

Takapuna Special Kindergarten for Delinquent 4 year-olds, Takapuna Borstal for 6 year-old pyromaniacs, Takapuna Detention Centre for 8 year-old single parent families... (etc.).

HIGH SPOT OF EDUCATION:

Mt. Kosciusko, 1971. (Recently divorced and extremely hunky Norwegian ski instructor who answered to the call of "Olaf" ... or, more frequently, "Jailbait!")

FIRST CRUSH:

Pineapple. I think ... well, nothing's changed. I'm still into ANYTHING juicy and exotic.

FIRST RECORD PURCHASED:

"RipponSpeak For Zimbabwegians". (Double album. BBC Enterprises, only 90p. Hurry while stocks linger.)

FIRST LIVE SHOW ATTENDED:

Takapuna Annual Crab Race and Clam Bake (1957).

PREVIOUS JOBS:

Typhoid Carrier (3½ years), Child Molester (20 years) and Third Blonde From Left in coffee-table scene from "Naughty Night Nurses Down-Under" (3¼ seconds).

PREVIOUS BANDS:

2 steel bands, orthodontal, on upper choppers between ages of 9 to 14 to inhibit growth of massive protruding canines. (*Come again? — Ed.*)

MARITAL STATUS:

Whassatt? Oh, yellow belt karate, mediocre at darts and extremely handy with the nearest large breakable ornament.

PRESENT HOME:

No.

LOWEST POINT OF CAREER:

Yes.

FAVOURITE FANTASY (I daren't look! — Ed.):

Seventeen Traffic wardens (Male), a tin of 'Slime', the Nolan Sisters, Skippy The Bush Kangaroo in a see-thru mackintosh and several wet cabbage leaves.

HERO/HEROINE:

Danny La Rue.

DESERT ISLAND DISC:

Just happened to make it ashore WITH the record-player? HUH?

FAVOURITE BOOK:

"Freezer Cookery For One-Armed Mutants On The Dole" by Katie Boils.

FAVOURITE FILM:

"Swedish Bank Tellers Without Y-Fronts No. 2" starring Rolf Harris.

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME:

Aw, c'mon. Give me a break.

FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING

(*Heeeelp!! — Ed.*): My new edible vibrating knickers.

FAVOURITE BREAKFAST FOOD:

BBBBLLLEEUUGGHHH! Delicious before OR after.

PET HATE:

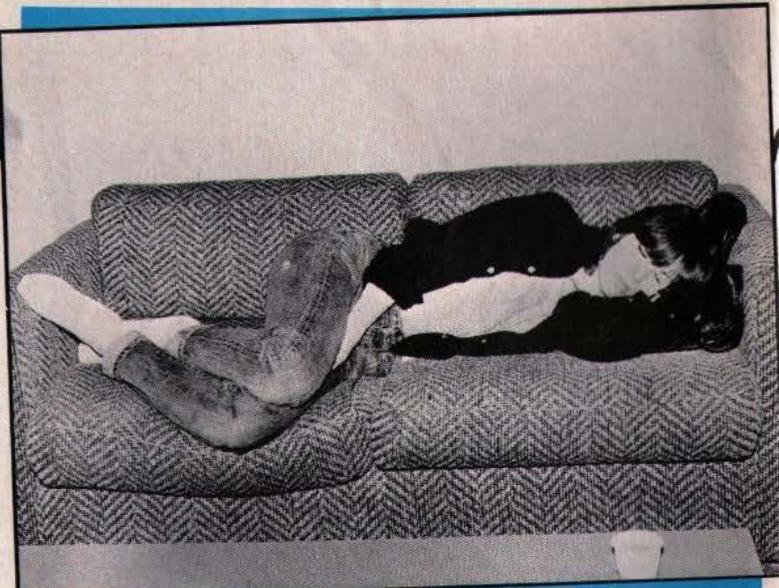
Absolutely. Can't stand 'em.

TRUE CONFESSION:

OH, *©%£ OOOORRF!

BIGGEST MISTAKE I EVER MADE:

Starting on this Questionnaire.



Chrissie Hynde: sofa so good

SIGHS OF relief all round as The Pretenders' second LP is set to surface on August 7 (see page 27). 18 months in the wake of their first, it's cunningly titled

"Pretenders II" and features 12 tracks, nine by Chrissie Hynde, two by Hynde and guitarist Jim "Wedding Bells" Honeyman-Scott and one by Chrissie's long-time hero Ray Davies of The Kinks.

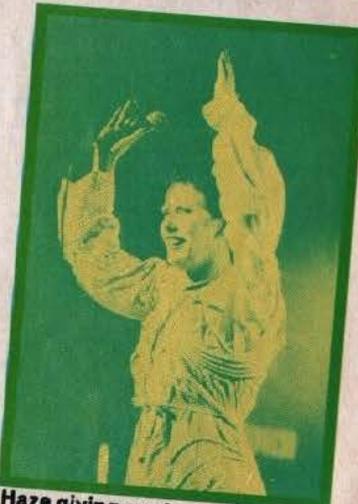
COVER PLUS TOUR PLUS ALBUM PLUS BOOK PLUS ..

HARD-GRAFTING Hazel O'Connor has just a few plans set for this autumn. Hot on the heels of the new single, "(Cover Plus) We're All Grown Up" comes a third LP, a book, guest spots on "The Six Five Special", "Pop Quiz" and "The Peter Powell Show", a massive UK tour and a trek around Europe and the States. In between, she'll be trying to get the odd night's sleep.

The TV and Radio appearances don't have a date fixed at the moment, and the LP, "Cover Plus" is loosely scheduled for late August. This will coincide with the arrival of the book, "a semi-autobiographical work" entitled "Under-Cover Plus" (confused yet?) which she wrote when last in the States.

If you want to see Hazel and Megahype, book early for: St. Austell Cornish Coliseum (August 8), Poole Arts Centre (9), Woolwich Odeon (10), Slain Castle Dublin (16), Salisbury City Hall (September 10), Bradford St. Georges Hall (15), Edinburgh Odeon (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (19),

Ipswich Gaumont (20), Sheffield City Hall (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (24), Brighton Top Rank (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), Hammersmith Odeon (28), Portsmouth Guildhall (30), Bristol Colston Hall (October 2) and Lancaster University (4).



Haze giving applause lessons

STIFF'S LIVE compilation album of the newest from New York, "Start Swimming", is out at last and yours for no more than £3.99.

A more suitable title might have been "Start Paddling" as the concert was recorded at the Rainbow back on February 20, but the line-up still has an intriguing flavour: Bush Tetras, Flestones, The Bongos, Raybeats, The dB's.

THE ROLLING Stones' alleged 'back to rock 'n' roll' album entitled "Rolling Stones Tattoo You" should be out on August 31 featuring eleven new Jagger-Richards songs with assistance on one track from the Who's Pete Townshend. A single is expected any day and a tour mooted for the autumn if the old codgers can get it together.

BOLAN ALLEYS

POLECATS embrace another unlikely rockabilly hero when they feature Marc Bolan's 'Jeepster' on their new double-A single coupled with their own song, 'Marie Celeste', out on August 8 — you may recall their first hit was Bowie's 'John I'm Only Dancing'.

Working their tails off for the foreseeable future the 'cats play Cosford Cavalier club (August 8), Salisbury City Hall (27), as well as Gateshead 'Rock On Tyne' (29) and a festival in Belgium.

They're recording a new LP in the first three weeks of September then begin a long 'Polecats On Campus' college tour: Reading University (30), Swansea University (October 1), Aberystwyth University (2), Cardiff University (3), Southampton University (7), Warwick University (8), Trent Polytechnic (9), Bangor University (10), University Of East Anglia (14), Hull University (15), Newcastle Polytechnic (16), Strathclyde University (17), St. Andrew's University (18), Stirling University (19), Sheffield Polytechnic (21), Keele University (22), Aston University (23), Loughborough University (24), London Lyceum (25).

PAUL WELLER writes to recommend a new publication by young Liverpudlian Dave Ward which Paul's own literary outlet, Riot Stories Ltd, is associated with. It must be only a coincidence that it's titled 'Jambo'. The slim volume is a reflection in words and graphics on what it's like to be unemployed.

Available for 70p (inc. p&p) from Dave at 23a, Brent Way, Halewood, Liverpool L26 GXH.

ART D'ECHO

IF YOU'VE missed Echo And The Bunnymen in the flesh, take heart, as you'll be able to see them on film instead. Two Bunnymen epics make their debut at London's ICA on August 13, and should then be making the rounds nationwide.

The first is "Shine So Hard": 20 minutes of Bunnies live at The Royal Pavilion, Buxton, in January (the soundtrack being the recent 4-track EP) and 12 minutes of Bunnies "doing arty things".

The second one's provisionally titled "The Italian Job", a 20 minute clip of the boys in concert in the Effusi Square in Florence.

One more of these and they'll never need to play again. Clever, that.



SCOTT TO BE GOOD . . .

JULIAN COPE, as a token of respect for his lifelong hero, '60s heart-throb Scott Walker, has just finished compiling an LP of Scott's finest hours. Jules chose the title too, as you'll doubtless gather when we tell you it's "Fire Escape To The Sky — The God-like Genius Of Scott Walker".

Now, relax. It's not out 'til the third week of August.

BOTCH BIN

THE MULTITUDES who turned up at Gateshead Stadium on the royal wedding day hoping to see Elvis Costello and a host of others just on our say — so will at least know better next time. Meanwhile we lick the very soles of your galoshes in abject apology.

The 'Rock On The Tyne' festival in question is actually on August 29 with Ian Dury and the Blockheads co-headlining with El and an admirable support card comprising U2, the Polecats, Pauline Murray with the Invisible

Girls, Doll By Doll and Huang Chung. There's an HM/R&B bill the next night too starring Rory Gallagher. The main reason we're mentioning this, actually, is that track wizard Brendon Foster is co-promoting and we didn't fancy our chances of showing a clean pair of heels if he's taken the 'ump.

Not only that but we neglected to credit Paul Cox for his seductive study of svelte Steve Strange on the cover of the last ish. Well, Confucius he say . . . we forget.



IN THE second in our revealing new series, The Mums Behind The Music, Virginia Turbett journeys deep into the heart of Sausage City (Swindon) to the home of The Partridge family. Proffering Penguins and plates of crab sarnies, Vera Partridge lifts the lid on Andy and XTC.

"Ooh, it was terrible when it all started. I used to threaten to turn off the electricity every time he played his guitar. It was so loud. I did turn it off a few times.

"Sometimes Colin (Moulding) would come round and I wouldn't answer the door. Or if I did, I'd say Andrew wasn't home.

"His hair was so long. I hated it. One day I came into the room and saw this young man sitting there. I didn't know who it was and I kept telling him 'Andy'll be in soon'. After about half an hour, this young man stood up and said, 'Mum, don't you recognise me?' He'd had his hair cut.

"The doctor came here one day

and wanted to have a look at the Gold Disc on the wall; he'd only seen one on telly. For a joke I told him I charged 10p a look. After he'd gone I found 10p on the table. It was only meant as a joke but since then I've tried it with two different insurance men: one he'd left 50p and the other left 70p. I give it to the deaf children I look after."

Has Mrs P. ever seen XTC?
"No, I've never seen them. My husband was a drummer for 20 years. Really, I've had enough".
Ah-ha! A musical family?
"Oh, no. I don't play anything; only the fool."

I take my leave while Andy does a ventriloquist act with a tea-cosy and Mrs P. stuffs another Penguin in my pocket.
"There's a few pop stars come from Swindon, you know," she adds. "Diana Dors, Gilbert O'Sullivan. You should go and see him and his Mum!"

SIUXSIE AND The Banshees are all set for a "Special Benefit Gig" at the Centre Hotel, Newcastle on August 10. It's to raise money for the disabled children who took part in the Disabled Olympics.

20th CENTURY BOY

RECENT CONVERTS to the Marc Bolan faith should look out for a new Bolan single "You Scare Me To Death" on Cherry Red Records, followed by an L.P. in October. The man who discovered Bolan, and later became his manager, Simon Napier-Bell, apparently stumbled across a tape of 15 rare and unreleased early tracks collecting dust in his cellar. He's now swiftly remixing them for your listening pleasure.

BOOKATTA DE PRINTERS

WHAT PROMISES to be the final word on the Police saga, "L'Historio Bandido", will be basking in the bookshops from October 29. Published by Proteus, who describe the 96-page venture as "the story of a three-way love-hate relationship", it's a labour of love by revered rock writers and avid Police cadets, Phil Sutcliffe and Hugh Fielder.

Structured on various interviews with the band over the last three years, "L'Historio" will set you back a trifling £4.50 in paperback or £7.50 in hardback.

Book now, before stocks even arrive!



OK Jive and stripey household pet: (left to right) Chopper, Ruby Jive, Lee Partis, Datsun Cherry (below) and Bavon Wayne Wayne.

FRANTIC REPORTS have been reaching HQ concerning the delectable Congo-style pop of OK Jive. That's them up top, displaying a few of their choicest togs against a backdrop of the band's pet zebra.

Rising from the ashes of a lesser-known Plymouth ensemble, The Cha-Cha Rhythm Kings, they come bearing the fruits of a decade of African dance beat.

Now, you may not be acquainted with the joys of Cha-Cha music, or even Rumba or High-Life. Or, for that matter, Congalese, Kung-Fu, Kiri-Kiri, Bumping or Pachanga. But keep an ear tuned for their first 45, "To You" on the tastefully chosen Frenzy label, and you'll shortly be getting the message.

There's plenty more where that comes from.



GOSSIP COLUMN

BOXED SETS

BURIED DEEP in the heart of Oxfordshire, and soon to be unleashed in a blaze of publicity, is the latest venture by family favourites Hot Gossip. Backed by a whole host of session giants, produced by Richard Burgess and arranged by John Walters of Landscape, the girls are to be found crooning on their debut single "Criminal World" out on August 7.

There's an LP, "Hollywood Jungle" panting in its wake for a mid-October release.

TV 21, who've recently done a support slot for The Undertones, play a few dates in their own right through the middle of August. See some modern Scottish pop at Manchester Pip's (August 7), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (8), London Marquee (11), Edinburgh Nite Club (15), Glasgow Maestro's (16) and London Marquee again (18).

ALL TIME TOP TEN



KIM WILDE

1. ELVIS PRESLEY: *Trying To Get To You* (RCA).
2. ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS: *Shot With His Own Gun* (F-Beat). A lesson for all you miserable slaves out there.
3. THE BEACH BOYS: *Caroline* (Capitol).
4. THE ONLY ONES: *Out There In The Night* (CBS).
5. CLIVE PIG AND THE HOPEFUL CHINAMEN: *Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen* (Waldo's). Reminds me of a lovely year in St. Albans and a lot of lovely people.
6. THE SKIDS: *Masquerade* (Virgin). Great dance record.
7. MO-DETTES: *Tonight* (Decca). Girls are Best, n'est-ce pas?
8. KIRSTY MacCOLL: *They Don't Know About Us* (Stiff). Wish I'd written it.
9. KRAFTWERK: *The Model* (EMI). The title speaks for itself.
10. JOHN CALE: *Fighter Pilot* (A&M). La la la la! La la la la! La la la la! Laa!

THE NEW countrified Elvis Costello album is finished and should find its way on to the high street somewhere between late September/October.

Elv, who recently recorded a Country track with trucker's favourite George Jones on his LP "My Very Special Guests" evidently enjoyed himself such that he's decided to record an entire Country album of his own.

He's currently juggling with the title "Darling, You Know I Wouldn't Lie" but it's thought unlikely to be the final choice.

Billy Sherrill, who produces Tammy Wynette, was the man at the mixing-desk, and the Attractions supplied the backing.

FAN CLUBS

HAZEL O'CONNOR
c/o Lizzie Donovan
New Hibernia House
Winchester Walk
London SE1

THE CHORDS
132 Crofton Road
Orpington
Kent

SPECIALS
c/o Leigh Bailey
PO Box 36
Coventry CV3 5RF

KATE BUSH
PO Box 38
Brighton BN1

GIRD UP yer loins, brush up yer Spanish and maybe even change your name to 'Manitas' as the first single by Latin funsters Havana Let's Go! will shortly be among you. Look out for "Torpedoes" on August 21st.



ULTRAVOX: (left to right) Chris Cross, Billy Currie, Warren Cann and Midge Ure.

ULTRAVOX, the band who brought back the mac, have a new single out on August 14. Recorded in Cologne and co-produced by Conny Plank, it's titled "The Thin Wall" and is taken from their second Chryslis LP "Rage In Eden" which is due for release on September 11. The B-side, "I Never Wanted To Begin", will not be on the album.

Midge and his mates do want to begin a 'world' tour which will finish appropriately in Vienna but happily take in Poole and Ipswich en route as follow: Newcastle City Hall (September 24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Edinburgh Odeon (26), Manchester Apollo

(28), Liverpool Empire (30 and October 1), Birmingham Odeon (3,4), Bristol Colston Hall (5,6), Portsmouth Guild Hall (7), Brighton Centre (8) Ipswich Gaumont (10), Poole Arts Centre (11), Oxford Apollo Theatre (12), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (13), Hammersmith Odeon (15,16,17).

Tickets are £4.50 and £4 except at Glasgow and Brighton (£3.50 also). Poole and St Austell (all tickets £4.50) and Hammersmith (also £5). They're on sale from box offices now except at Bristol who will take postal applications only from September 5 — contact the Colston Hall for details.

DEBBIE HARRY

KooKoo



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ALSO ON CASSETTE · INCLUDES NEW SINGLE 'BACKFIRED' · PRODUCED BY NILE ROGERS AND BERNARD EDWARDS FOR THE CHIC ORGANISATION LTD.

(Si Si) Je Suis Un Rock Star

Bill Wyman

on A&M Records

Said she come from Rio — lived on a mountain
I met her in Trafalgar Square — she was sitting in the fountain
She took off her hat — and she had lovely hair
Said she smoked marijuana — at the Copacabana there

South American lady — you've got that crazy beat
Brazilian beauty — with the flashing feet
Danced to the music — at the Mardi Gras
Then jumped on the Concorde — you're so la-de-dah
Si si, si si, si si, si si

Took her to a disco — in Battersea
I asked her to dance — and then she danced with me
Then I took a chance — come home with me today
I live in France — we can get there BEA

Chorus

Je suis un rock star — j'avais un résidence
J'habite la — à la south de France
Voulez vous — partir with me
And come and reste la — with me in Vence

But BEA's on strike — there's no planes flying
I could rent a motorbike — at least I'm trying
We could go on the hovercraft — across the water
They'll think I'm your dad — and you're my daughter

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by B. Wyman

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THE HUMAN

LEAGUE

THE NEW **RED** SINGLE



A SIDE

LOVE ACTION
(I BELIEVE IN LOVE)

B SIDE **HARD TIMES**

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**CHEMISTRY
THE NOLANS**
on Epic Records



PIC: MIKE PUTLAND

I was lonely it was only without you
Then I met ya, and I bet that you felt it too
Now we're together darling
Like birds of a feather yeah, yeah, yeah

Chorus

'Cause we've got the chemistry right
We didn't have to turn on the lovelight
It was on
We've got the chemistry right
We didn't have to try, it just turned out that way
I guess we're made that way

It's a mystery like ancient history
Try to understand what it's all about
But I don't care
Now we're together darling
Like birds of a feather yeah, yeah, yeah

Repeat chorus

We've got the chemistry
We can make it right
We've got the chemistry right
We can make it
We can make it right
We got the chemistry right
We got it right
We didn't have to turn on the lovelight
It was on
'Cause we've got the chemistry right
We didn't have to try
We didn't have to try
It just turned out that way
I guess we're made that way
Oh, oh we got it right
Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by N. Graham/R. Smith
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FOR YOUR FEET NOT FOR YOUR HEAD



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AT SPECIAL PRICE!

LONDON
RECORDINGS

SAXON

SAXON ARE careful people. While they were in the main studio control room, mixing their fourth album, to be titled "Denim And Leather", they shut me away in a side-room, out of earshot. Nothing was said but the intention was clear — mixing was a private affair, decisions were being taken that shouldn't be discussed within the hearing of a mere journalist.

Their main work of the day presumably finished, singer Biff Byford and Saxon bassist, Steve 'Dobby' Dawson, join me. First into the room is the bottom half of Biff's face, generally known as The Chin. No ordinary facial feature, it's the shape and size of a navvie's shovel. It cantilevers out from a battered nose and squashes between the two wavy sheets of coppery mouse-coloured hair that pass for Biff's coiffure.

The Chin and its white stack-heel boots take a seat, turn down the offer of a cigarette and start business with real Yorkshire pragmatism. "Right, what do you want to know?"

The New Wave Of British Heavy Metal might or might not be a journalistic creation but Saxon have done very nicely by it, thank you. In the last two years, they've had four top twenty singles and a couple of chart albums in "Wheels Of Steel" and "Strong Arm Of The Law". Hand in hand with Iron Maiden, they've taken "boogie-ing down", studded belts and spandex onto "Top Of

... from dustbins to bass-bins (in only 15 years!). "Biff" Byford keeps his chin up. Pete Silverton dives for cover.



PIG: PAUL COX/IFI

Biff on stage: a four-mike-stands-a-minute man.

The Pops" week in, week out.

Saxon are the archetypal HM band. Proud, down to earth, straightforward, a bit moth-eaten round the edges and slightly defensive. They know that they don't get treated as seriously as, say, The Specials and it makes them feel a bit cheated. They, too, have put in years of work to get where they are now.

Biff's 30 and Steve's 29, married, with a six-year-old kid. Since they left school fifteen years ago (1966, the year of Harold Wilson, Mary Quant and the Beatles' "Revolver"), their one ambition has been to be successful professional musicians.

"Yeah, we have paid us dues," says Biff. "We've been playing ten, eleven years . . . maybe even longer than that."

"We've been 'pro'," continues Steve, "since we made our first album, "Saxon", but before that we had another band, Son Of A Bitch, with the same line-up for about four years. And that was 'semi-pro'. The gigs that we played didn't pay enough money to go 'pro'."

"We've always been 'pro' though," says Biff, his flat Yorkshire vowels making me expect a punchline that never arrives. "We were just unemployed."

"We were on the dole, registered as 'semi-pro' musicians," says Steve, "and when we did get a gig, we had to sign off."



Saxon suffer the dreaded "torture by trouser" ritual: (left to right) Graham "Oly" Oliver (guitar), Pete "Frank" Gill (drums), Peter "Biff" Byford (singer), Steve "Dobby" Dawson (bass) and Paul "Blute" Quinn (guitar).

BEFORE THAT, they supported themselves with a variety of labouring jobs. Biff estimates the had about thirty-six jobs — most of which he'd been sacked from for taking time off to work with the band. He "did all sorts", worked "down pit", despite his six-foot-one frame — "Oh aye, I was always bumping me head on beams . . ."

"Best job I ever had were dustbins. I used to be dustbinman when I was 18. I was earning hundred quid a week then. It was just a good laugh. Fresh air, driving around t'country on back of dustbin wagon, just great guys to work with, plenty of sex. If you can't have a good laugh, it's not worth doing it really, is it? It's like music. If you can't enjoy it . . ."

Apart from playing and listening to music "VERY LOUD", Biff gets his laughs from riding his new motorbike, a Suzuki 380. "I've always been a rocker. It was a toss up between that or groups. And groups won."

Are you a good bike rider? "No, I just like going fast."

Are you ever scared? "I think everybody when they're on a bike going fast is scared, aren't they really? You're watching the horizon. But when you're going fast on a bike, it's unbelievable."

Have you ever had a bad accident? "Yeah, once I knocked . . . well, had a bad accident. Trapped all me hands and smashed all me face in. I didn't actually have to stay in hospital, though."

PERHAPS SURPRISINGLY, Biff's not at all bitter about how long it's taken Saxon to achieve a measure of fame and success.

"When heavy music was going round the first time, young bands were just not accepted. We weren't good enough players then and we didn't have the

musicians to copy, to learn off. Now there's thousands of bands for young musicians to take their style off. Guitarists have come t'front now. People like Michael Shenker, Ritchie Blackmore, Eddie Valen. When our two lads were learning to play there were only really Blackmore and a couple more to take your ideas off.

"And punk killed it all for us, the four years that it were there. Terrible. Sex Pistols were our downfall. When that started making so much money, we couldn't get a look in."

The depths were reached when Saxon were double-booked with The Clash at Manchester. A stage for each band at either end of the hall. Three thousand Clash fans, two hundred heavy metal fans. Saxon were applauded with rotten eggs. "That was worst gig in us entire history." But they finished their whole set.

The same single-mindedness keeps Biff's hair rolling down over his maroon and yellow baseball jacket. Now he's rich and successful he must go to some top stylist, no?

"Me girlfriend cuts it usually. I only have about half an inch off about every six months. It used to be a lot longer. It used to be really messy 'n all. I couldn't control it. About three years ago I had it styled. Had it cut fairly short on top and about six inches off the length."

He's determined to stay unchanged. Neither he nor the rest of the band would consider leaving their home in South Yorkshire to move to London.

"The thing is with London you lose contact a bit with where you come from and who put you there. People in London tend to think it's one hundred per cent their talent that's put them where they are. Where we are you're always reminded every day that it's the kids that put you there. They don't have to come up to you and tell you," The Chin wags. "You know it."

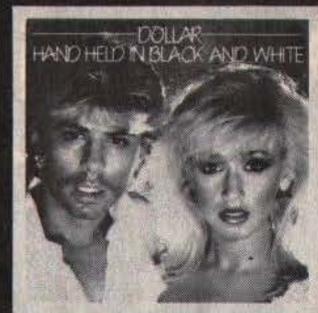
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THIN LIZZY



TROUBLE BOYS

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By Red Starr

WHAT WITH a lull in noteworthy singles just now, this seems a timely time to check out some of the more noteworthy recent albums.

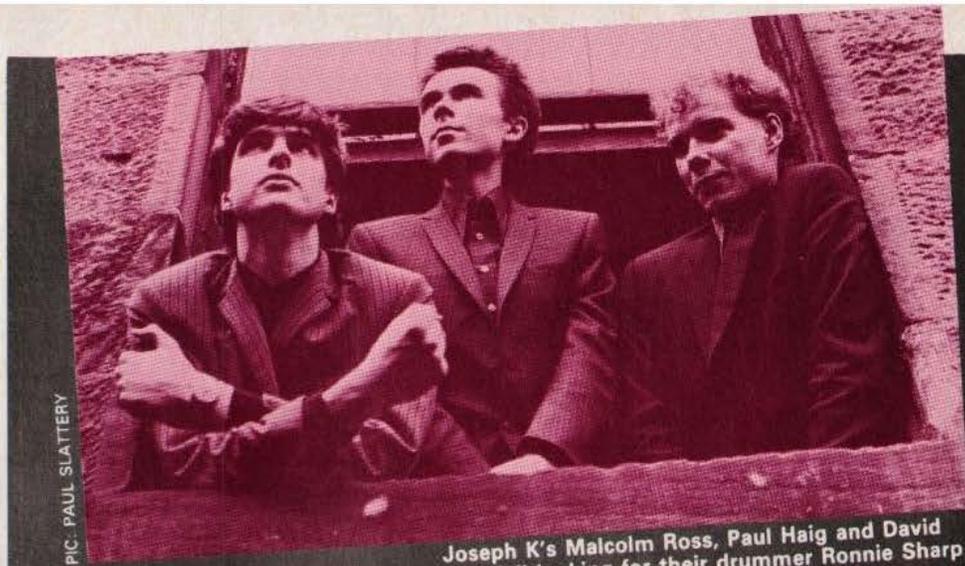
First in line is the long-awaited (by me at any rate) **Wire** compilation, "**Document And Eye Witness**" (**Rough Trade**, also **Rough Tapes**) which is an album plus a 12 inch single of live recordings and Wire humour retailing for the price of a single album. In keeping with Wire's policy of not playing much recorded material live, 17 out of 21 songs here are new to vinyl. I much prefer the more concise, song-oriented 12 inch of the 1979 gig to the uneven and rather rambling last performance in 1980

independent albums top 10

| TWO WEEKS AGO | THIS WEEK | TITLE/ARTIST | LABEL |
|---------------|-----------|---------------------------------------|-------------------|
| | 1 | PENIS ENVY Crass | Crass |
| | 2 | PRESENT ARMS UB40 | DEP International |
| | 3 | THE ONLY FUN IN TOWN Josef K | Postcard |
| | 4 NEW | DOCUMENT AND EYEWITNESS Wire | Rough Trade |
| | 5 NEW | BLACK SOUNDS OF FREEDOM Black Uhuru | Greensleeves |
| | 6 | PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX Au Pairs | Human |
| | 7 | PUNKS NOT DEAD Exploited | Secret |
| | 8 | ANTHEM Toyah | Safari |
| | 9 | SIGNING OFF UB40 | Graduate |
| | 10 NEW | STATIONS OF THE CRASS Crass | Crass |

independent singles top 30

| TWO WEEKS AGO | THIS WEEK | TITLE/ARTIST | LABEL |
|---------------|-----------|---|-------------------|
| | 1 | NEW LIFE DEPECHE MODE | Mute |
| | 2 | PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIG BAG PIG BAG | V |
| | 3 | NEU SMELL (EP) FLUX OF PINK INDIANS | Crass |
| | 4 | PUPPETS OF WAR (EP) CHRON GEN | Bargoyle |
| | 5 | MOTORHEAD HAWKWIND | Fickle |
| | 6 | ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST GENERAL SAINT/CLINT EASTWOOD | Greensleeves |
| | 7 | L'IL RED RIDING HOOD 999 | Albion |
| | 8 | TOD DRUNK DEAD KENNEDYS | Cherry Red |
| | 9 | Q. QUARTERS ASSOCIATES | Situation 2 |
| | 10 | DREAMING OF ME DEPECHE MODE | Mute |
| | 11 | THE RESSURECTION (EP) VICE SQUAD | Riot City |
| | 12 | CEREMONY NEW ORDER | Factory |
| | 13 | OUR SWIMMER WIRE | Rough Trade |
| | 14 | WIKKA EVASIONS | Groove Production |
| | 15 | LAST ROCKERS VICE SQUAD | Riot City |
| | 16 NEW | ARMY LIFE EXPLOITED | Secret |
| | 17 NEW | FREAKED CHARLIE HARPER | Ramkap |
| | 18 | NAGASAKI NIGHTMARE CRASS | Crass |
| | 19 | I WANT TO BE FREE TOYAH | Safari |
| | 20 | LET THEM FREE (EP) ANTI-PASTI | Rendollet |
| | 21 | GO FOR GOLD GIRLS AT OUR BEST! | Happy Birthday |
| | 22 | WHY DISCHARGE | Clay |
| | 23 | FORGET THE DOWN! WAH! | Eternal |
| | 24 NEW | FOUR SORE POINTS (EP) ANTI-PASTI | Rendollet |
| | 25 | LOVE WILL TEAR US APART JOY DIVISION | Factory |
| | 26 NEW | BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD BAUHAUS | Small Wonder |
| | 27 NEW | (COVER PLUS) WE'RE ALL GROWN UP HAZEL O'CONNOR | Albion |
| | 28 | CALIFORNIA UBER ALES DEAD KENNEDYS | Fast |
| | 29 | DON'T LET IT PASS YOU BY/DON'T SLOW DOWN UB40 | DEP International |
| | 30 NEW | ATMOSPHERE JOY DIVISION | Factory |



PIC: PAUL SLATTERY

Joseph K's Malcolm Ross, Paul Haig and David Weddell looking for their drummer Ronnie Sharp.



The late lamented Wire: Colin Newman, Robert Gotobed, Graham Lewis and Bruce Gilbert.

which makes up the album. Great to have, however.

Next up are **The Raincoats** and their "**Odyshape**" album (**Rough Trade**, also **Rough Tapes**). This finds them in a slower, more relaxed mood than before and is a very inventive collection with lots of interesting flavourings from Eastern music to reggae. However, I fear that until **The Raincoats** apply themselves to more disciplined song structures as in "The Baby Song", they're destined to remain on the fringes of popularity as one of those worthy bands whose demanding work repays any work put in by the listener but will only attract the determined few.

Next for shaving is one **Richard Earl**, who used to be Biggles Books of the late Swell Maps. Unfortunately with "**The Egg Store Illk**" (**Pilot**) he seems to have taken leave of such trifles as tunes as well because this is an experimental effort that has more in common with the tone and drone minimalism of **Dome** than anything else. However, by the time side two comes around the appeal of listening to someone banging a tambourine and screeching in falsetto is wearing distinctly thin, however home-made it might be. Sorry, Big — er, Richard — I can find very little to like here.

(Contact for all three above: SAE to Promo Info, **Rough Trade**, 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W11.)

Joseph K's "**The Only Fun In Town**" (**Postcard**) has taken something of a panning in the music press, though certainly nothing to be ashamed of, even if it's still well below

what they're capable of. Recorded in Belgium, this bright and energetic mixture of old and new songs is something of a mixed bag. Sometimes the retreads work well as in "Crazy To Exist" though the dreadful rehash of the mini-classic "Radio Drill Time" as the limp funk "Heart Of Song" certainly does not. Of the new material "Forever Drone" shines out above the rest which tend to be let down by scrappy arrangements and wilfully obscure lyrics. I still can't help feeling that **Joseph K** are their own worst enemies with their nervous scatchings; if they'd trade some pace for control their songs would have far more impact. This meanwhile is passable but hardly brilliant. (Contact: SAE to 185 West Princes Street, Glasgow 4.)

Also newly out is the second volume by **The New Age Steppers**, an occasional ensemble headed up by **Ari Up** of **The Slits** (who have now signed to CBS, I hear.) "**Action Battlefield**" (**Statik**) is something of a misnomer for this pleasant if rather lightweight collection of dub versions of selected reggae songs. The standout track, **B. B. Seaton's** song "**My Love**" is now available as a single (also on **Statik**) so check before you invest in the album. (Distributed by **Virgin**; contact: SAE to 4 Ruston Mews, London W11.)

Finally, a reminder that **The Passage's** first album "**Pindrop**" is available on **Object Music** after a spell out of circulation. (Contact: **Object Music** — SAE to 182 Oxford Road, Manchester 13. **Night And Day** — distributed by **Virgin**, or SAE to 203 Rusholme Gardens, Manchester 14.)



DURAN DURAN

SMASH HITS

CELL DIVISION

Soft Cell are half-Soul, half-Electronic.
Johnny Black likes both bits.

MARC ALMOND (ambition — to sing a duet of "My Way" with Diana Dors) is a compulsive talker. Words spew out of him like spaghetti from a pasta machine while David Ball, the other half of Soft Cell, sits quietly sucking on a cigarette.

Asking David a question usually elicits an answer from Marc, but it's a system that suits them. "We met at college in Leeds, supposedly studying fine art, but we were more involved in performance and music. David put electronic soundtracks to my performances of cabaret-styled mime, poetry, dialogue, dancing, images . . ."

Soft Cell has existed for almost two years, playing minimalist electronic dance music, springing from Northern Soul roots and a keen sense of the absurd.

"People who come to see us need a sense of humour. It's no good trying to take us seriously," says Dave. "We work always on the edge of disaster, inviting people to dance on the stage or to play my instruments."

Unable to contain himself any longer, Marc interrupts. "We played one show actually on the dance-floor, when the dancers got too enthusiastic and accidentally pulled out our plugs. The music stopped but they all knew the song and they sang it

and kept dancing until the deejay put the record on and we mimed it like 'Top Of The Pops'. Musically it was horrendous, but it was great fun."

Their latest vinyl venture is a sparse but insistent re-working of two soul classics, Gloria Jones' "Tainted Love" and The Supremes' "Where Did Our Love Go?" which should push them beyond the disco success of their last effort, "Memorabilia".

"Tainted Love" has been part of our show since the beginning, and maybe we can use it to make some people crossover from electronic to soul music, or vice versa."

Soft Cell's musical direction defies description. "We try to remain open to every sort of influence," is how David sums up their eclectic mixture of inspirations from the decadent New York electronics of Suicide to Shirley Bassey, Faust and Liza Minelli. "Northern Soul is the biggest stamp. The house we live in is like Wigan Casino, with Tamla and Stax blaring out of all the rooms."

In their early days, a Soft Cell performance incorporated hosts of Marc's slides and 8mm movies. "But we noticed a lot of people just stood and stared. We wanted them to dance and become involved, so now we try

TAINED LOVE

By Soft Cell on Phonogram Records

Sometimes I feel I've got to run away
I've got to get away
From the pain you drive into the heart of me
The love we share seems to go nowhere
And I've lost my light
For I toss and turn I can't sleep at night

Chorus

Once I ran to you (I ran)
Now I run from you
This tainted love you've given
I give you all a boy could give you
Take my tears and that's not nearly all
Tainted love, tainted love

Now I know I've got to run away
I've got to get away
You don't really want anymore from me
To make things right
You need someone to hold you tight
And you think love is to pray
But I'm sorry I don't pray that way

Repeat chorus

Don't touch me please
I cannot stand the way you tease
I love you though you hurt me so
Now I'm gonna pack my things and go

Tainted love, tainted love, tainted love, tainted love
Touch me baby tainted love
Touch me baby tainted love
Tainted love, tainted love, tainted love, tainted love

Words and music by Ed Cobb
Reproduced by permission Burlington Music Co. Ltd.

Marc Almond (left) and David Ball:
this one should cell
and cell . . .



to keep the visual element running parallel with the music by having props and sets."

Working with a designer friend, Hugh Feather from Nottingham, they've had a specially designed white padded cell built, with pink and blue neon bars, inside which they perform at larger venues. "Some of the rock venues we played at were so large that we felt lost on the huge stages, so the cell-set helps focus people's attention on us. We'd really rather play small places, where we could do a residency and get to know the place better."

Marc doesn't feel capable of playing endless tours, and both insist that the traditional routes to success are not the only ways. "You'd think there was a book of rules," grumbles David, squeezing the complaint in before Marc slips his tongue back into overdrive.

"We invite people to dance on stage, but the bouncers don't understand and throw them off. We can't control bouncers, which is why we prefer to play discos

and clubs where they're used to people dancing, going wild, having a good time."

Despite the fact that 75% of their live show is on tape, their attitude to audience participation makes each performance unique. "We don't normally do encores but, when we do, it involves winding back the tapes so we can repeat a number. The audience usually has a good laugh, but it was us who made the tapes originally so it doesn't matter, does it?"

Soft Cell are making a brave stab at a spontaneous, involving kind of electronic musical entertainment but, as success forces them into larger venues, they'll have to work hard to retain their intimate blend of soulful confusion.

"We want to entertain the people. After all, they've paid to come out and see us and dance and get sweaty when they could be at home watching "Coronation Street". We have to repay that compliment."

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MIKE EDMONDS • MALCOLM DIXON • TINY ROSS and CRAIG WARNOCK

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Music Composed and Orchestrated by MIKE MORAN Photography by PETER BIZIOU Edited by JULIAN DOYLE Associate Producer NEVILLE C. THOMPSON
Music Produced by RAY COOPER Production Designer MILLIE BURNS Costumes by JIM ACHESON with HAZEL COTÉ Read the Hutchinson Paperback and Sparrow Novelisation



NOW IN THE WEST END

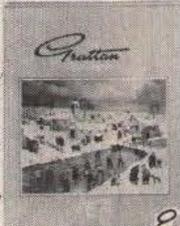
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Kid Creole and the Cocoyes

THEIR NEW SINGLE

ISLAND

I'M IN LOVE



by **Evelyn King** on RCA Records

I been thinkin' 'bout you
The way I feel about you

I had you on my mind
The way we met it all happened so fast
There was love in your eyes
When we touched there was love so let's make it last
Sometimes you can't tell if love is real (if love is real)
But there ain't no doubt about the way I feel (the way I feel)

I been thinkin' 'bout you
And there ain't no doubt about it, I'm in love
The way I feel about you
There just ain't no doubt about it, I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love

I woke up late last night
Visions of you real they seem
Needed you by my side
Now with you in my life I can live in this dream
Sometimes you can't tell if love is real (love is real)
But there ain't no doubt about the way I feel (the way I feel)

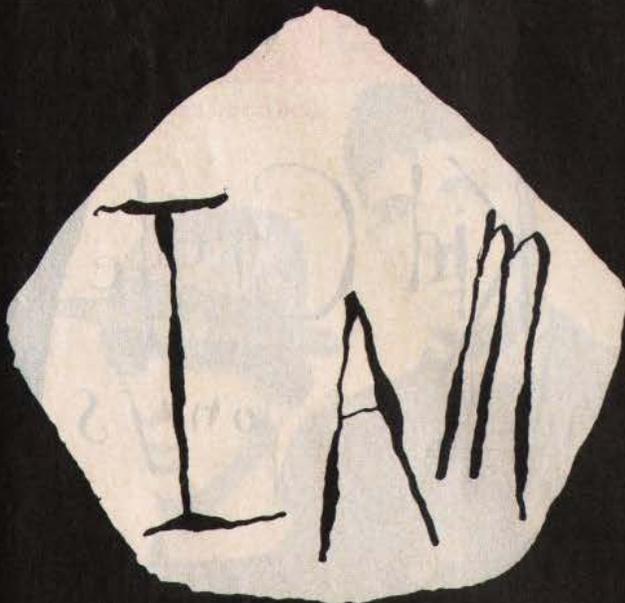
I been thinkin' 'bout you
And there ain't no doubt about it, I'm in love
The way I feel about you
There just ain't no doubt about it, I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love, yeah
I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love, love

I'm in love, I'm in love, love
I'm in love, I'm in love, love, love, yeah, yeah, yeah

I been thinkin' 'bout you
And there ain't no doubt about it, I'm in love

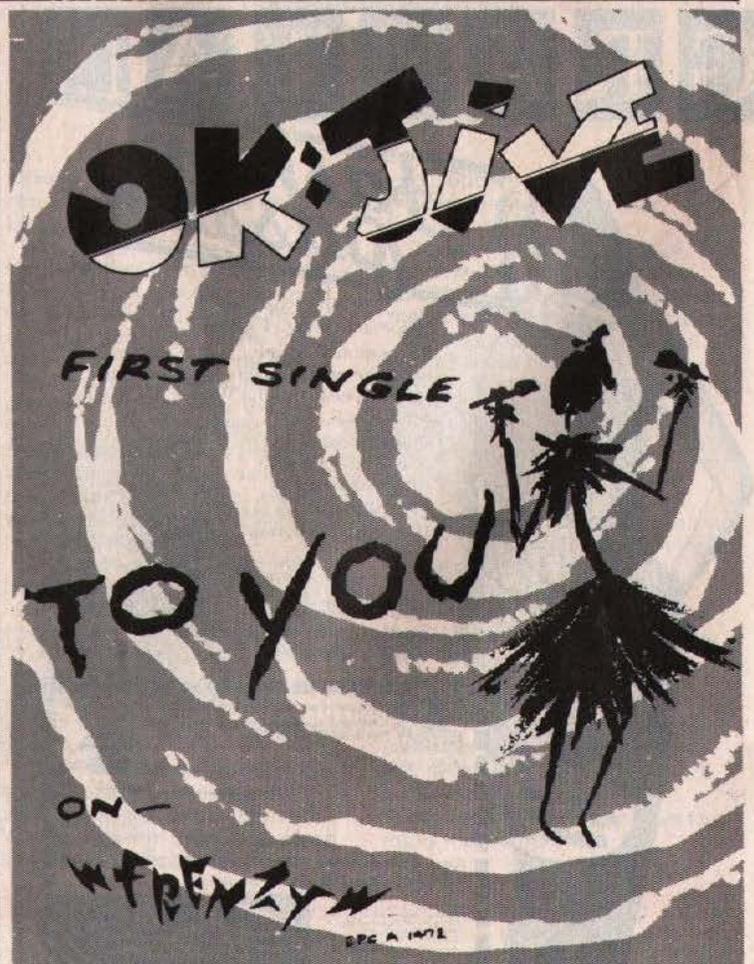
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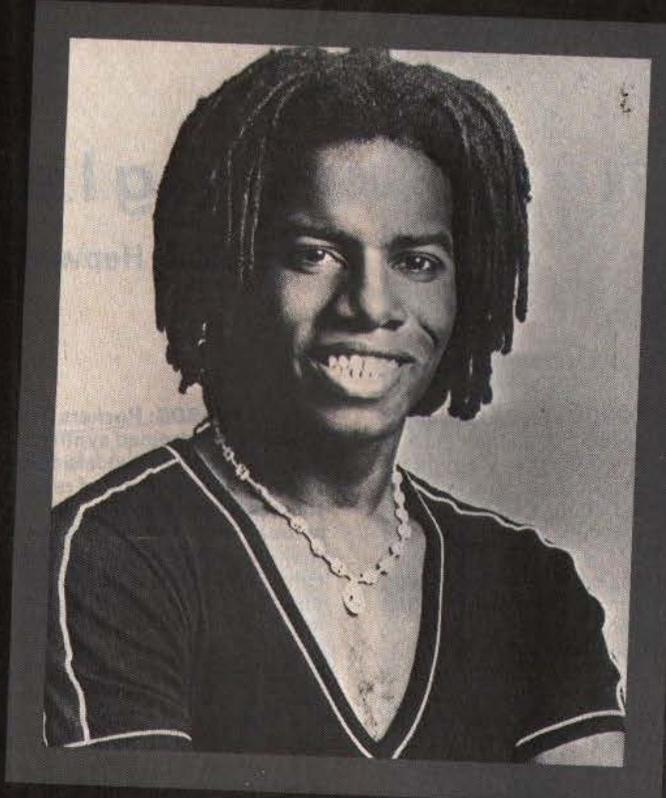


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EDDY GRANT



Take off your shoes sit on the floor
I'll make us a coffee, it'll keep you warm
Remember the times we couldn't afford
Even the bare necessities
But we made it somehow

Chorus

And I love you yes I love you
Tell me, do you love me, do you love me still
They tried to keep me down (yes I love you)
You made me strong (yes I love you)
And I love you yes I love you girl

Tried to sell a tune nobody would buy
Hunger and frustration nearly made me die
Pressure when it takes you, can drive you wild
Baby you've got the kind of love that really drives me wild

Repeat chorus

Don't say it child, don't suck your teeth on me no, no, baby
C'mon don't say it child,
You know you made a man out of me oh yeah

Take off your shoes sit on the floor
Let's make us a coffee, it'll keep you warm
Remember the times we couldn't afford
Even the bare necessities but we made it somehow

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Eddy Grant
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on Ensign Records

I LOVE YOU, YES, I LOVE YOU

CROSSWORD

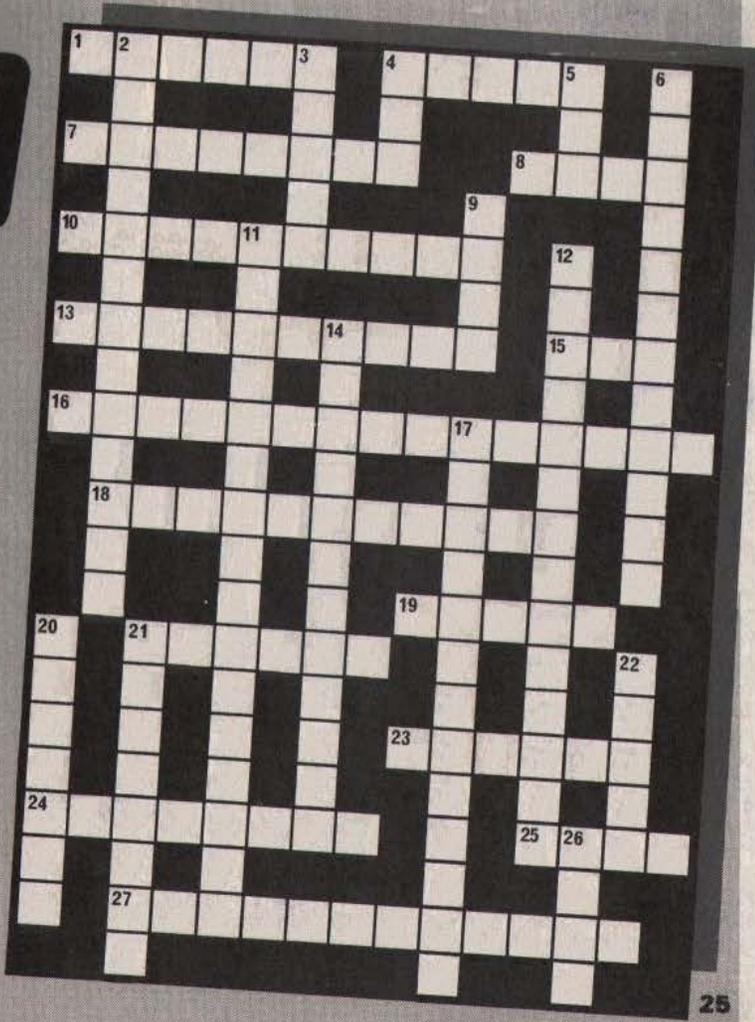
ACROSS

- 1 Dexy's demand the evidence (4,2)
- 4 & 21 across American singer/writer married to Carly Simon
- 7 Echo & The Bunnymen single from "Heaven Up Here" (1,7)
- 8 Type of music
- 10 Very early Roxy smash
- 13 Like Roedean or St Trinian's?! Or a female rock group . . .
- 15 Department S character
- 16 Gordon and Andy colleague (7,8)
- 18 Poppy synthesiser combo from Basildon, Essex (7,4)
- 19 & 23 Extrovert American singer who starred in *The Rose* movie
- 21 See 4 across
- 23 See 19
- 24 Sometimes outrageous US outfit fronted by Fee Waybill (3,5)
- 25 They're from the sticks, the way we hear it!
- 27 She wanted to be three! (*Surely some mistake here — Ed*) (5,7)

DOWN

- 2 Greetings from Stevie? (5,8)
- 3 Hit musical written by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber
- 4 Clash man
- 5 Prince Buster's music, for instance
- 6 Heron zoo clan (anagram 5,7)
- 9 See 22
- 11 Specials smash which featured the trombone of Rico (7,2,3,4)
- 12 Talking of whom, he's the Coventry seven's singer/toaster (7,7)
- 14 Errol Brown's group, or his favourite nocturnal nectar! (3,9)
- 17 Bodie and Doyle or Cook and Jones!
- 20 Squeeze single from "East Side Story"
- 21 Heartbreakers frontman (3,5)
- 22 & 9 Texan model who left Bryan Ferry for Mick Jagger
- 26 Mr Tate the Teardrop

ANSWERS ON PAGE 38



REVIEWS

singles

by David Hepworth



FUNKAPOLITAN: As The Time Goes By (London). Dapper London fingersnappers with a mild case of the rappers touch down from New York, proudly holding aloft their August Darnell-produced debut single. The jury produce their score cards. Eight out of ten for hipness, seven out of ten for technique and a modest four for artistic impression. It's well-cut and uses only the finest material but the other night I introduced it to Diana Ross's "Upside Down" and damned if it didn't come apart at the seams.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: Arabian Knights (Polydor). You certainly know that London has gone funk berserk when the news has got through the permafrost to reach the ears of Siouxsie. So she drops everything and gallops out to cover Ben E. King's "Supernatural Thing" on the 12" version of this here, dishing it up with all the rollicking good humour we've come to expect of her. The title track is more the ticket; The Banshees swirl and shimmer like Bunnyman, but still she sings in that tone of voice that most people reserve for complaining about dry cleaning.

WAY OF THE WEST: See You Shake (Mercury). You'll be relieved to learn that this crew have shed the Police-isms that made their "White Boys" debut so blush-worthy. Instead they stake their claim to some serious consideration via the tightly coiled bass drive and timely percussion interjections of this forceful side. One to watch for in the outside lane.

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS: I Am (Ze). Better watch our p's & q's here. We're dealing with the trendiest man

alive. If I had real courage and journalistic integrity and wasn't afraid of getting caught with my fads down I'd ask when he's going to can the weedy raps and footling Latin rhythms and get down to writing a tune or two. Oh, if only I were made of sterner stuff!

DEBBIE HARRY: Backfired (Chrysalis). Boy, this is dull. Make that DULL. I passed the time while it was playing trying to decide who sounds the most tired. Is it Debbie — who's trying to come on all sly'n'masterful'n' cityslick? Or could it be Chic — who stump up a lumbering, graceless excuse for a riff, the kind of leaden stomp that wouldn't have been given groove-room on one of their own albums? If this is the best that "KooKoo" has to offer then Debbie Harry's solo career is going to be short if not necessarily sweet. Lord preserve us from bored pop stars!

HUMAN LEAGUE: Love Action (Virgin). This is more like it. Soul music made in Sheffield. First couple of times though I suspected that they'd already lost the confidence that made "Sound Of The Crowd" such a cracker, but that was before a splendidly loping chorus and staccato synth fill had got their hooks in and before Phil Oakey's distinctive baritone had soaked through the song. Sterling stuff.



GRACE JONES: I've Seen That Face Before (Island). After the heady exertions of the mighty "Pull Up To The Bumper" we're back to the usual Ms Jones routine; music made by poseurs for poseurs. Flavour of the month is French (accordions, would you believe?) but there's little in the way of nourishment.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX: Inside Out (Liberty). For all their stark modernity there is something distinctly pompous and old-fashioned about Classix Nouveaux's unappetising visions of the future. Like so many rock bands, old and new, they seem blind to the fact that trite observations and a robot beat do not actually constitute entertainment.

DRAMATIS: Oh! Twenty Twenty Five (Rocket). Dramatis may have inherited a few things from their former employer, Mr Numan; the menace in the muzak, the crack in the throat, the general air of nonsense dressed up as profundity. Pity they didn't ask him how he comes up with those insanely catchy little tunes, because quite frankly chaps, this ain't going nowhere.

MODERN ROMANCE: Everybody Salsa/Salsa Rhapsody (WEA). Geoffrey Deane (Ian Gillan's favourite critic) is nothing if not swift off the mark; quick enough to spot the commercial possibilities of a record that employs all the current hip codewords, words like "salsa" and "latin" and "rap" and "dub". So he made it himself. Clever Geoff. Terry Wogan just likes the tune.

This seems like a suitable point to have a meeting about the next "new" thing. Jazz? Or has that been done already? How's about classical music? I know where I can put my hands on a load of cellos dirt cheap. O.K.? Right. You get the powdered wigs and we'll meet back here at the end of these reviews. Oh, what a lark.

BOWWOWWOW: Prince Of Darkness (RCA). After such a prolonged absence from the scene I thought Malcolm and his BowWowWow's would have marked their return with something more exciting than this. The usual ding-dong in the percussion section, yelping vocals from Annabella, atmosphere seethes with menace and romance, nothing much happens. Look, I hate to keep bringing up the subject of songs, but if you took away the excess production and packaging from this, the loudest sound you'd year would be that of brains being desperately racked.

MAX EDWARDS: Rockers Arena (Korova). Restrained synths and economic backing vocals nudge this amiable spoonful of reggae rockers along as Max's sympathetic vocal negotiates a melodic and catchy tribute to something called "the new wave disco". Nonsense, but good with it.

O.K. JIVE: To You (Frenzy). One of those harmless pop records from one of those harmless pop bands who are no doubt big fun in a club but spread themselves way too thin on a slab of vinyl. The point is: when does a charming little-girl-type vocal suddenly turn into a loathsome little-squirt-type vocal? Discuss using one side of the paper only.

GARY GLITTER: When I'm On I'm On (Eagle). Run for the hills! Mr Subtlety's back, huffin' and a-puffin' and a-beatin' his velour chest and a-draggin' behind him enough clanky old production armoury to sink a medium sized battleship. Still, he gets off the odd good line. "Where in the world could you see such a face?" cracks me up every time. But will folks reach for their soccer scarves and get to swaying like the old days? Doubtful.



THE BELLE STARS: Slick Trick (Stiff). Adventurous second 45 from a band who are having their problems getting the genial atmosphere of their live gigs to come over on plastic. It's not quite a rap, but almost. Over a rather inappropriate guitar figure and some fairly fetching sax, Jenny relates the cautionary tale of one of them hard hearted hannahs who go round breakin' men's hearts. Pity they haven't quite got the technique to pull it off.

albums



TENPOLE TUDOR: Wunderbar (Stiff). I was about to remark upon the absence of the kitchen sink from this record when I heard a noise at the end which was distinctly reminiscent of one being dropped from a considerable height. That was after Eddie had crooned his way through some so-called lyrics and the rest of The 'Poles had made a noise more normally associated with a coachload of Viking soccer hooligans. Near the end — just after the whistling interlude but just before the arrival of the sink — your ears are treated to a violin solo that could only have been played by a person unsure which end to blow through. These men should be locked up. Failing that they should be stars.

KIM WILDE: Water On Glass (Rak). No mucking about *chez* Wilde. What's the best track on the album? This one? O.K., whack it out single-shaped. Ricky's deck is as full of well practised tricks as ever; shimmering synths slip 'n' slide round a knuckle full of beat while Kim's perfectly detached vocal drags the chorus in like a trouper. Hit, he predicted rashly.

JONA LEWIE: Shaggy Raggy (Stiff). Wanna know why you never see any interviews with Jona Lewie? Because he doesn't reside on this planet, that's why. He only pops across the astral carriageway a couple of times a year in order to deliver his latest waxing. This is so straight it's downright spooky. Would you believe a ragtime dirge? Thought not.

P.S. That's it. Pass the waterwings. I'm off on my holidays. (Room for six more? — "Ed").

ICEHOUSE: Icehouse (Chrysalis). A very likeable debut this, thanks to the band's simplicity of style coupled to their flair for strong tunes and insistent, throbbing rhythms. Add a touch of contrasting gradiose keyboards and anxious vocals and you get a well played, melodic album of controlled appeal. Not perhaps startlingly original — even a shade one-dimensional in places — but good solid stuff with great potential when they step out, as in the haunting title track. Definitely an album to investigate (8 out of 10).

Ian Cranna

PAT BENATAR: Precious Time (Chrysalis). Benatar can't hit anyone with a shot to call her own. This time she's copped Chrissi Hynde right down to the hair-dye, owing so much to "Private Life" that Hynde should sue. Benatar becomes a bigger joke every time she tries to deliver tough rock messages like a female Foreigner. But then American rock always falls on it's face when it tries replacing genuine guts with force and over-sincerity. Will they ever learn? (4 out of 10).

Robin Katz



EVELYN KING: I'm In Love (RCA). Although the champagne may have run out, Evelyn's ability to turn out classy records certainly hasn't. The album opens with her excellent hit single "I'm In Love" and, apart from a couple of dreary ballads, the high standard is maintained throughout. "If You Want My Lovin'" seems destined to become the follow-up single, while "Spirit Of The Dancer" will prove a big hit on the dance floor. A run of the mill commercial disco album, but a good one nevertheless. (7 out of 10).

Beverly Hillier

DELTA 5: See The Whirl (Pre). In the handful of independent singles they've made over the last two years, Delta 5 have provided us with lots of light-footed stuff and some occasionally heavy-handed lyrics. Here, the addition of a brass section and piano to their basic line-up makes it hit even further below the belt. Of these 14 compulsively rhythmic tracks, only two or three fail to satisfy, while their insights into personal relationships are more sensitive than ever. Worth the wait. Do yourself a favour: hear the whirl. (8 out of 10).

Dave Rimmer



STEVIE NICKS: Bella Donna (Modern Records). In the eyes of Stateside fans, Stevie Nicks is on a par with Kate Bush. She's swirling butterfly draped in layers of mystique and romance. Musically you've got folk and country strains, woven between Nicks' famed harmonies and the texturized West Coast sound-mix. Tom Petty and Springsteen's pianist Roy Bittan and buried in here somewhere but it's really just what you'd expect — a Fleetwood Mac album. (6 out of 10).

Robin Katz

FOREIGNER: 4 (Atlantic). Heey! Alright! Black in my neck of the woods — Boston ("Boogie City"), Massachusetts — these guys rule the roost. And this album tells why: loud and clear. Mean rough-riding power-rock, sassy late-night ballads, high-grade raunch 'n' roll, straight no-nonsense funtime boogie, Foreigner's got the lot eight days a week. For power, variety and just plain old class, us Yankees make your Saxons and

Motorheads look like a two-cent cheeseburger at a Whitehouse Bar-B-Q. Forget the rest: get the best! (8 out of 10).

Johnny Diamond



KIRSTY MacCOLL: Desperate Character (Polydor). The presence of (two versions of) her chart singles, "There's A Gy Wrks Dwn Chpshp etc" will ensure good sales, and her galaxy of well-respected sidemen ensure a musically competent outing, but the melodies are so derivative that it seems Kirsty has nothing original to offer. Countrified schlock with touches of whimsy, it works best on the wistful stuff like "Until The Night". Her hackneyed, cock-eyed re-working of "She Thinks I Still Care" should be fried in it's own batter. (4 out of 10).

Johnny Black

THE PRETENDERS: Pretenders II (Real). Whatever else, it's not pompous. The instant success of their first LP might have convinced The Pretenders it was easy to carry on writing classics like "Private Life". Instead, they've been scared into trying as hard as can be reasonably expected. Not quite hard enough, perhaps, but they've written some very good songs — "Waste Not Want Not" and "The English Roses" — and recorded a gorgeous cover of an extremely old Kinks song, "I Go To Sleep". In all, it's not the work of genius Chrissie Hynde could produce if only she opened her heart a little, but they're certainly Pretenders to a throne. Which particular throne, they've yet to decide. (7 out of 10).

Pete Silverton.

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T.207 WHITESNAKE
REALITY IS AN ILLUSION,
CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

T.196 TEARDROP EXPLODES

T.111B THE BEAT
LOOK

T.204 SHAKIN STEVENS

T.206 NO HANDS

T.193 XTC

T.43 PINK FLOYD

TRADE AND EXPORT
ENQUIRIES
WELCOME

STAR teaser

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

Solution on page 38

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| BILL WYMAN | KATE ROBBINS | SPANDAU BALLET |
| BOB MARLEY | KID CREOLE | SPECIALS |
| BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN | KINKS | STEVIE WONDER |
| BUCKS FIZZ | KIRSTY McCOLL* | THIRD WORLD |
| CANDIDO | KRAFTWERK | TIGHT FIT |
| DEPECHE MODE | LINX | TOM TOM CLUB |
| ELTON JOHN | MOTORHEAD | ULTRAVOX |
| EVASIONS | NOLANS | VANGELIS |
| GIDEA PARK | ODYSSEY | VAPORS |
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I heard a rumour, what have you done to her

Myriad lights, they said I'd be impressed
Arabian knights at your primitive best

A tourist oasis reflects in seedy sunshades
A monstrous oiltanker
Its wound bleeding in seas

I heard a rumour, what have you done to her
I heard a rumour, what have you done to her

Veiled behind screens
Kept as your baby machine
Whilst you conquer more orifices
Of boys, goats and things
Ripped out sheep's eyes
No forks or knives

Myriad lights, they said I'd be impressed
Arabian knights at your primitive best

I heard a rumour, what have you done to her
I heard a rumour, what have you done to her
I heard a rumour

*Words and music by Siouxsie And The Banshees
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THE FAMOUS FIVE

The Undertones have started . . . so they'll Finnish. Fjord escort and candid kamera: Johnny Black.

IN JULY in Helsinki, Finland, the only darkness you can find is inside buildings with no windows. Buildings like the "Tavastia Klubi" where The Undertones are due onstage any second now. Finland is so far North that the sun dips behind the horizon for about four hours each night and, even at 3 a.m., the sky remains light.

In the darkness of the "Tavastia", Feargal Sharkey is almost invisible as he strolls onstage, unannounced. A broad Irish grin creases his face as he says 'hello'. The surprised crowd yells back and suddenly the place is a mass of dancing, writhing Finnpunks.

Two minutes later the strains of "Fascination" (from the latest album) die away and roars of approval make it clear that Finns ain't wot they used to be.

I LINKED up with The Undertones in Heathrow Airport two days

before as they slipped briefly into England, *en route* from a festival in Brussels to a week of gigs in Finland. "Why did we do it? Because they asked us," says Mickey Bradley, gladly obliging three fans who've just asked for his autograph. "And because it makes a change."

Feargal joins us. "You the boy from *Smash Hits* then?" he asks. I nod. "Boy, you're gonna regret this," he says with a gleam in his eye.

Finland isn't exactly a musical mecca, but Dr. Feelgood, Bad Manners and others have preceded The Undertones' visit and the charts are dominated by rockabilly. Matchbox are huge; Shakin' Pyramids albums are everywhere and there's even a brand of bubble-gum called "Rockabilly Chew".

For The Undertones, things are starting badly. Within minutes of arrival at the "Hotel Academica", drummer Billy Doherty is asking for a better room. The beds are hard, the rooms tiny and the

corridors resemble a maximum security wing in an H-Block. Feargal is considering demanding political status for the whole band, three of whom (himself, Billy and John) are recently married and have brought their wives along for the trip. The kind of conditions they used to grudgingly tolerate as single men are obviously unsuitable for them now. They clearly don't enjoy making a fuss but the hotel leaves them no choice.

Two hours later we've settled into the more acceptable "Hotel Vaakuna" in Helsinki's main square and the group's manager, Andy Ferguson, suggests a meal at a Russian restaurant. Finland is next door to Russia and, later in the tour, The Undertones will be playing dates within a few miles of the Iron Curtain.

After unsuccessful attempts to master the local bus system, we're forced to resort to taxis — or "taksis", as the Finns call them — and eventually arrive at the "Kazak Restaurant". Reindeer

steaks and bear soup lead to an evening of Bear Jokes, Dee (Damian) opening with "I'm only here for the bear" and Mickey complaining that his steak is "a bit grizzly". He then spends the rest of the meal teaching his new musical pocket calculator to play "Paranoid" by Black Sabbath, then proceeds to strum it while pulling classic heavy metal poses. "Just think," he muses, sitting down again, "some day there might be thousands of heavy metal kids with cardboard calculators . . ."

THE SKY is still bright as we lurch out of the "Kazak" and head for the "Tavastia Klubi" where the band will play the following night. A huge Finnish troll at the door eyes our party suspiciously, shakes his head and points at Dee's trousers. Eventually it becomes clear that we can't go in because we're wearing jeans. The walls are plastered with posters and pictures of The Undertones but he refuses to accept that this motley crew could be the famous rock band and bars the way.

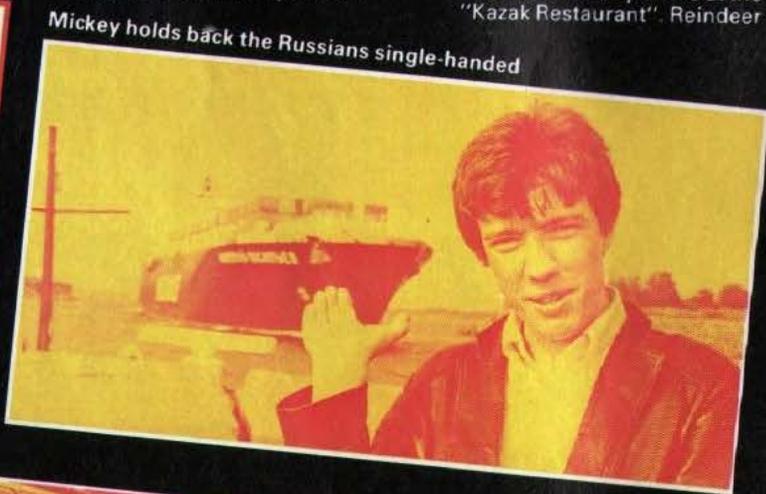
Accepting the situation philosophically, we walk to another club where the band's Finnish connections with EMI Records work wonders. We stroll in to find a glittering palace of flashing lights, backgammon boards and white disco music. Feargal's eyes roll. "Oh, Jesus!" he moans, expressing everyone's thoughts perfectly. Manager Andy comes to the rescue again. "What about the 'Alibi Club'?" he suggests.

At this, our friends from EMI Finland throw up their hands with horror. "Oh, no! Not ze 'Alibi Club'!" they wail. Undertone eyes light up and we head rapidly for the "Alibi" only to find that the door-troll won't let Feargal's wife, Ellen, inside because she looks too young.

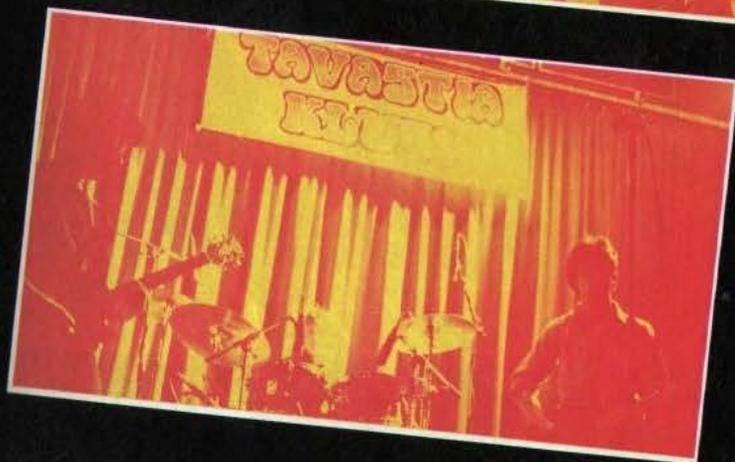
It takes ten minutes, but eventually we find ourselves inside something like a sleazy Woolworth's cafeteria with a dance-floor. Undertone heads nod approval and beers start to circulate. The music is still disco but at least it's *black*, which leads Feargal to contemplate the possibility of replacing Billy with a Yamaha computerised drum-machine. "They're much cheaper now, and they don't eat



Undertones hijack a Russian PA system



Mickey holds back the Russians single-handed



Die-hard Derrymen play the only gig in three weeks



WE GO TO FINLAND

as much as you."

Billy wisely ignores this remark.

A moment later, Feargal leaps from his chair, grabs Ellen's Instamatic and runs off to the dance-floor to capture, for posterity, a sight never seen before. Their manager, Andy, is dancing.

"We can blackmail him with this if he ever turns nasty," explains Ellen sweetly. She's expecting a baby in November and Feargal spends much of the evening happily describing the work he's doing in their new house in Derry.

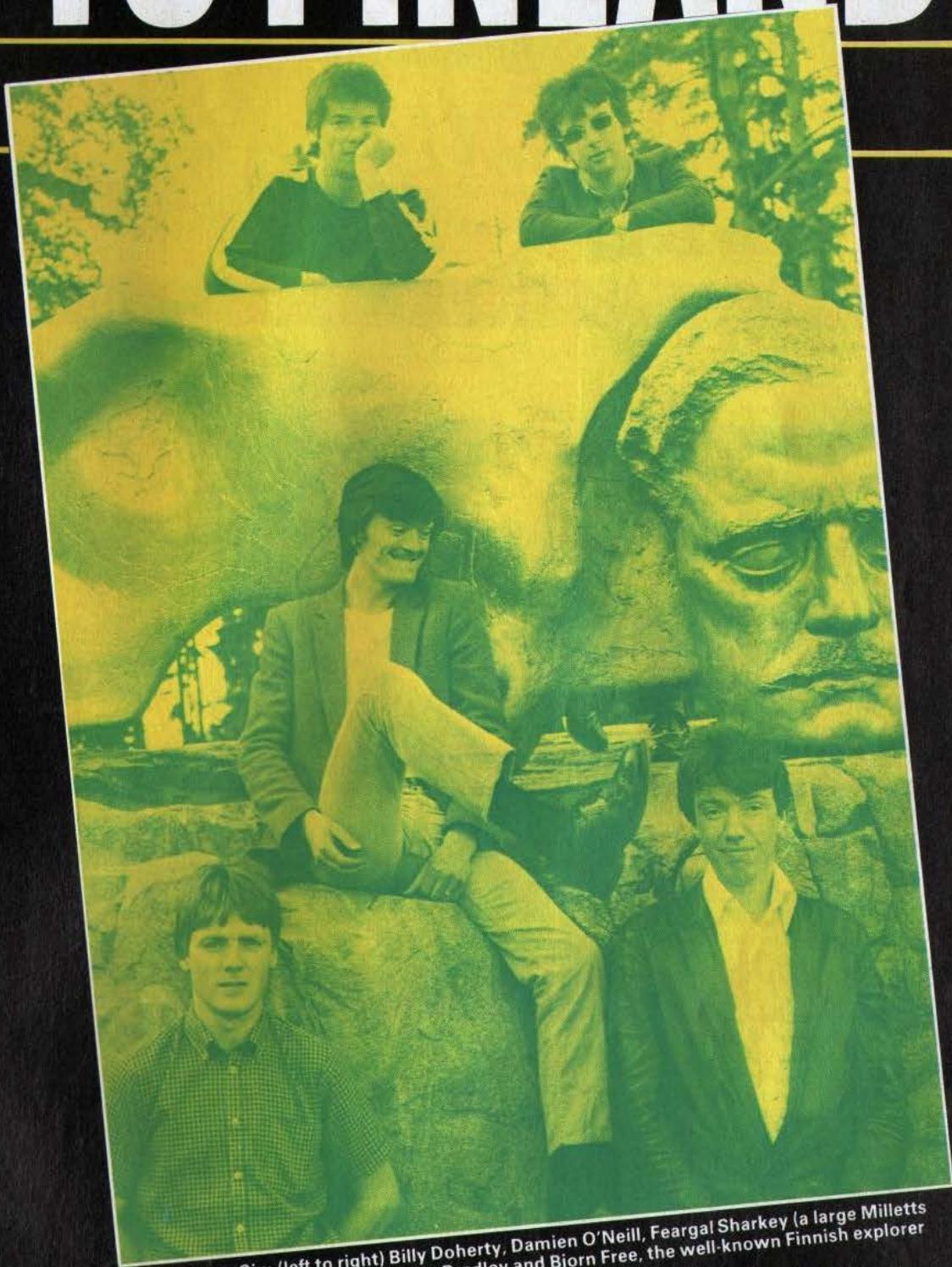
At 2.30 a.m., with the sky finally darkening slightly, we walk slowly back to the hotel, contemplating the boat trip planned for tomorrow . . .

DOWN BY the waterfront, we're waiting to climb onto the boat. Mickey's wondering if the show will go well. "We've played to some small audiences in our time. Even in Derry, they sometimes don't bother to turn out for us because they've got used to us being there."

Feargal is probably as worried as Mickey but it doesn't show. "Remember that place we played in America? Just off the freeway? Where they could hold 3,000 people and only about 300 tickets were sold?" As Mickey boards the boat, Feargal reveals, "He climbed up the front of the theatre and re-arranged all the letters in the sign so it said 'Rolling Stones' instead of 'Undertones'. Didn't make any difference. Nobody came!"

Their ability to laugh at themselves is a great asset. They behave — and treat each other — like ordinary people with no time for the posing that most bands seem to find essential. Billy grins as he tells me, "We always get shouted at by our publicist because he arranges photo sessions for us and can never get one decent picture out of five hundred. He always shows us pictures of Julian Cope from Teardrop and says, 'All Julian's pictures turn out great'. I suppose he's right in a way, but I don't see any sense in pretending to be something we're not."

Part of the joy of being with The Undertones is exactly that. They don't act like a band until they climb on stage. It's as if



The Famous Six: (left to right) Billy Doherty, Damien O'Neill, Feargal Sharkey (a large Millets walking shoe), John O'Neill, Mickey Bradley and Bjorn Free, the well-known Finnish explorer

they've reserved all their energy, saved it for the vital moments of live performance when they can give it all away to the fans.

The purpose of the boat-trip along the coast near Helsinki is more than just pleasure. It's been arranged so the local press and radio people can meet the band in 'a pleasantly informal

atmosphere'. At first the Finnish journalists appear more interested in the free food and drink than in The Undertones, but after a while everyone starts chatting.

Mickey explains to a top Finnish reporter that all the posters advertising the show are wrong. "Some of them say we're from England, some say we're

from Irland (yes, Irland!) and some say we're from Belfast. In fact, we're from Derry."

The Finn has trouble following Mickey's accent. "So why did you leave Ireland?" he asks. "Well," explains Mickey, helpfully, "it's very difficult to do a tour of England without leaving Ireland, isn't it?"

Over on the starboard side, John is being asked why he is so normal and Feargal is trying to

continues over

explain why English clubs are so dirty compared with Finnish ones, but the language barrier seems less penetrable than the Russian border.

All thoughts of interviews fade as a gigantic Russian tanker, the "Anatoly Vasilyev", looms up, apparently heading directly for our boat. In the event it's a near miss, and we're rocked in its wake. The Undertones wave and grin broadly at the Russian sailors, shouting cheery greetings like "Hands Off Afghanistan" and "Filthy Commies". The sort of slogans guaranteed to start an international incident if any of the sailors understood English which — luckily — they don't.

THAT EVENING, at the "Tavastia Klubi", Feargal examines the dressing-room. "I see what the Finns mean. This place is spotless. Much better than England." Out in the hall, spotless blond kids in spotless striped T-shirts mill around restlessly to tapes being played through the band's PA system. The club has no sound system of its own, relying on incoming groups to provide music before and after the show.

Seeing the Finn fans on the street, they look a reserved lot. Cool as a Finnish winter. But when The Undertones start to play, the place explodes. Except for a few with fingers stuck deep in their ears as they dance, they barely seem to notice the abysmal sound quality which is sending anxious looks flying between band members.

The solemn-faced bar staff certainly notice nothing. They're all wearing ear-plugs.

After three numbers, Mickey apologises for the sound and asks, "Any of you play synthesisers? We've got one tonight."

One reason for the Finnish trip is to introduce keyboards into The Undertones' show but, on this occasion, the calculator objects violently to John's positive touches and emits only an extended raspberry. More anxious looks.

Feargal brightens the gloom by offering the offending keyboard to the crowd. "Anybody want a synthesiser? Only 50 marks." Derisory jeers from the crowd. "25 marks then?" he pleads.

Accepting that the sound isn't going to improve, the famous five battle on to the end, delivering rousing versions of "My Perfect Cousin", "Wednesday Week" and even, during a three-song encore, thundering into the long-absent "Teenage Kicks".

The crowd were great, The Undertones magnificent and, after another encore, "Here Comes The Summer", the show came to a finish for the Finnish

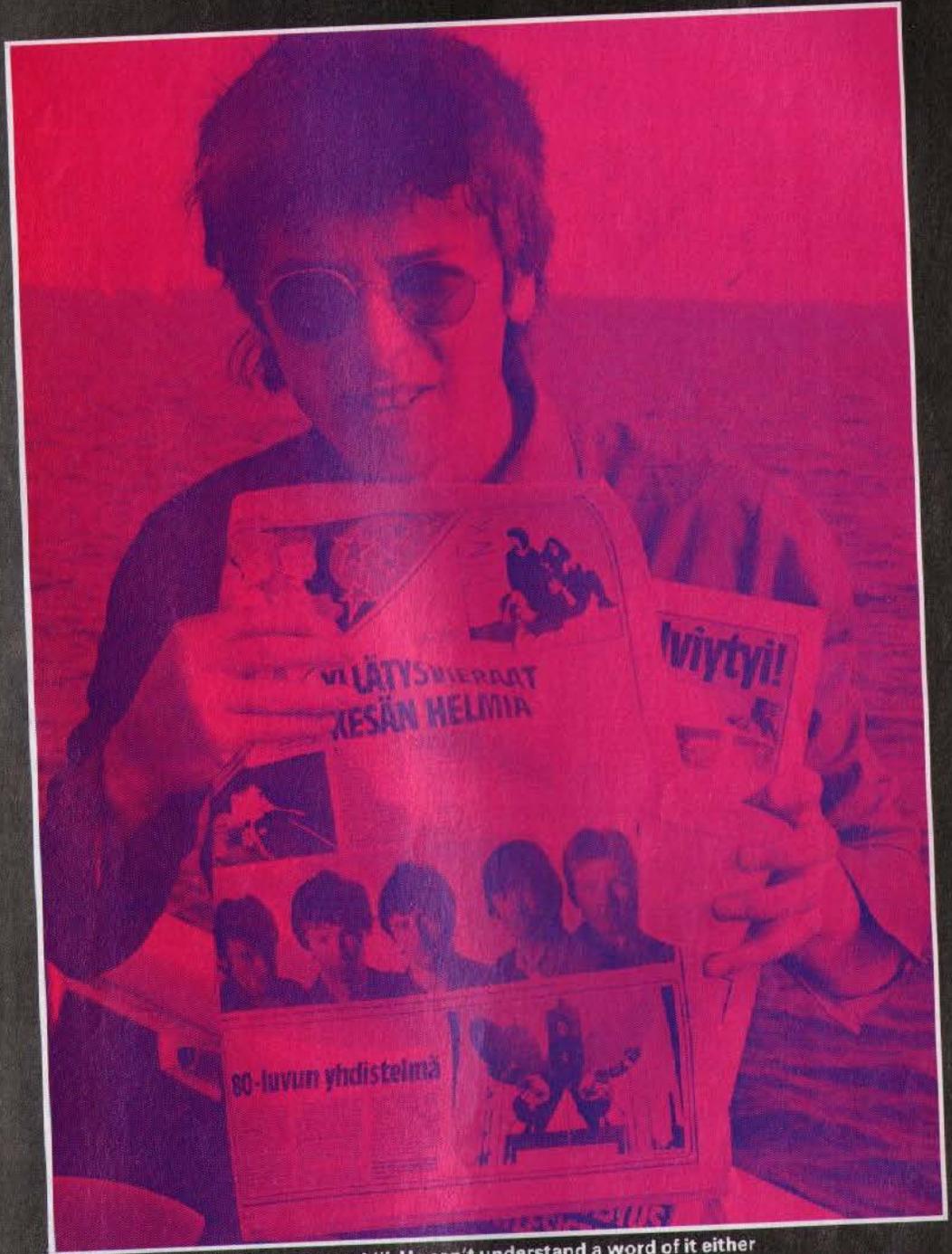
who came to the show. (That's enough of those, Black — Ed.)

NEXT MORNING at ten, The Undertones, wives, girlfriends, manager, road crew and sundry others pile into the tour bus.

They're headed for the Russian border and a midnight outdoor show in a Folk-Park aptly called "Punkaharju". Regretting that I can stay no longer, I begin a round of good-byes, recalling Feargal's first words to me at

Heathrow — "Boy, you're gonna regret this!" It makes me smile.

At the airport I check the temperature in England, read about the riots in London and wonder if it's too late to catch the bus to Punkaharju, too.



John displays "The Helsinki Herald". He can't understand a word of it either



John and Caroline take a cure for sea-sickness



Helena and Billy: is there life after bear soup?

NEW SOUNDS NEW STYLES

The September issue of the Mag Of The Moment brings you, in glorious and original colour: Steve Strange visiting New York; Bryan Ferry talking about his style and his music; the sounds and styles of Brixton; New Sounds New Styles going to the seaside with some remarkable clothes; cabaret artists Bid-die & Eve — plus the giant (34" x 22") full colour poster of Kid Creole backed by The Belle Stars. Also in an action packed summer issue are Soft Cell, b-Movie, Our Daughter's Wedding, OK Jive, Stimulin, a sideways look at drinks and, of course, the playlist competition to win the hottest sounds of the month. Make sure of your copy by placing an order with your newsagent.

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on Capitol Records

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 Would you say that you are free
 Take you out to somewhere really special
 Won't you come along with me
 From what I've heard them say
 The music that they play
 Is nothing like you ever heard before
 Once you get the dancing you can't stop your feet
 'Cause the rhythm keeps in time
 What do you say now

Are you ready or not, it's only up the street
 Everybody's dancing and everybody's on the beat
 I'm a begging you now, that's where we want to be
 Everybody's dancing and everybody's on the beat
 Are you ready or not, it's only up the street
 Everybody's dancing and everybody's on the beat

Say that you'll accept this invitation
 Won't you say you'll come along
 Music can give lovers inspiration
 It's just the place where we belong
 Nobody has a care but there's music in the air
 It's nothing like you ever seen before
 People dancing all night long
 Won't you say you got the time
 Wanna go there?

Are you ready or not, it's only up the street
 Everybody's dancing and everybody's on the beat
 Are you ready or not, it's where we want to be
 Everybody's dancing and everybody's on the beat

What d'you say? You and I should go together
 What d'you say? It's for everyone to see
 What d'you say? If you want to come along with me

Are you ready or not
 I'm a-begging you now
 Are you ready or not, it's only up the street
 I'm a-begging you now, it's where we want to be
 Are you ready or not, it's only up the street
 Everybody's dancing and everybody's on the beat
 I'm a-begging you now, it's where we want to be
 Everybody's dancing and everybody's on the beat
 Are you ready or not, it's only up the street
 Everybody's dancing and everybody's on the beat
 I'm a-begging you now, it's where we want to be
 Everybody's dancing and everybody's on the beat

Words and music by M. Malavasi/P. Slade
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SHE'S A BAD MAMA JAMA

by Carl Carlton on 20th Century Fox Records.

Yeah, ooh, ooh

Chorus
 Look at her
 She's a bad mama jama
 Just as fine as she can be
 Hey, she's a bad mama jama
 Just as fine as she can be

Her body measurements are perfect in every dimension
 She's got a figure that sure enough gets attention
 She's poetry in motion, a beautiful sight to see
 I get so excited viewing her anatomy

She's built, oh she's stacked
 Got all the curves that men like
 She's built, oh she's stacked
 Got all the curves that men like

Repeat chorus

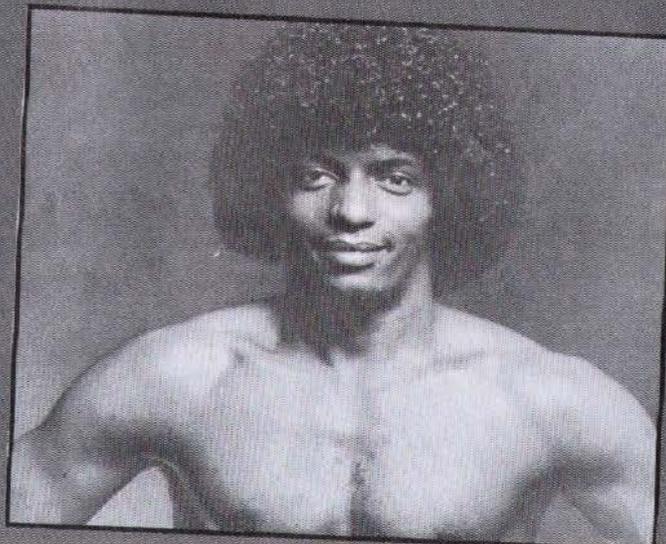
Looks like she's moulded to the clothes she wears
 The essence of beauty, ooh such lovely hair
 She's foxy, classy, oh sexy, sassy
 She's heavenly, a treat for the eye to see

She's built, oh she's stacked
 Got all the curves that men like
 She's built she's stacked
 Got all the curves that men like
 She's a bad mama jama ooh she's bad
 Just as fine as she can be
 Hey, she's a bad mama jama
 Just as fine as she can be

(She's built, she's stacked, all the curves that men like)
 Her body measurements are perfect in every dimension
 She's got a figure that sure enough get attention
 She's poetry in motion a beautiful sight to see
 I get so excited viewing her anatomy

She's built, oh she's stacked
 Got all the curves that men like
 She's built, oh she's stacked
 Got all the curves that men like
 Look at her
 (She's a bad mama jama)
 (Just as fine as she can be)
 (She's a bad mama jama)
 (Just as fine as she can be)
 (She's a bad mama jama)
 (Just as fine as she can be)

Words and music by L. Haywood
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Ladies' First

RANDY CRAWFORD TOPS THE CLASS OF '81. NO CONTEST, SAYS ROBIN KATZ.

HAVING FLOWN in from Los Angeles for a British tour, Randy Crawford is celebrating her latest success by looking like anything but a picture of health. A glass of orange juice and a box of tissues accompany a sneezing attack of hay fever.

Despite these distractions, she immediately strikes you as nobody's fool. Randy Crawford started singing in her native Cincinnati, Ohio, at the age of 16. Was she one lone voice or did everyone start that young?

"I was the only one doing what I did," she begins. "At the time it all seemed natural. I did nightclubs and gigs like that. I'm 29 now, so I have a lot of first-hand experience under my belt. But I also have regrets; I wish I had gotten a more formal education in music. You know,

studied theory and stuff like that at University. It would make it a lot better in the studio if I could speak the same language as the musicians."

This point is backed up by "Secret Combination", her new LP. It's the work of the fifth producer she's had in five albums. Perhaps if she had a more formal education, she could produce her next silken soul effort herself?

Randy shakes her head, cool as a cucumber. "Yes, I've changed producers a lot. I don't know if any of my records capture everything I'm capable of, but I wouldn't want to produce myself. I have enough ideas that get heard."

Randy already had a good reputation in the music business, but it was undoubtedly her



DISCO TOP 40

| TWO THIS WEEK | THIS WEEK | AGO | TITLE/ARTIST | LABEL |
|---------------|-----------|-----|---|-----------------|
| | 1 | 2 | CHANT NO. 1 SPANDAU BALLET WITH BEGGAR & CO | Reformation |
| | 2 | 4 | I'M IN LOVE EVELYN KING | RCA |
| | 3 | NEW | HAPPY BIRTHDAY STEVIE WONDER | Motown |
| | 4 | 14 | ON THE BEAT B.B. & Q. BAND | Capitol |
| | 5 | 6 | LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME ABBA | Epic |
| | 6 | 5 | SHE'S A BAD MAMA JAMA CARL CARLTON | 20th Century |
| | 7 | 1 | STARS ON 45, VOL. 2 STAR SOUND | CBS |
| | 8 | 3 | BODY TALK IMAGINATION | R&B |
| | 9 | 7 | DANCING ON THE FLOOR (HOOKED ON LOVE) THIRD WORLD | CBS |
| | 10 | NEW | HOOKED ON CLASSICS ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA | RCA |
| | 11 | 17 | DANCIN' THE NIGHT AWAY VODDUE | Mercury |
| | 12 | 13 | WALK RIGHT NOW JACKSONS | Epic |
| | 13 | 19 | YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HI-GLOSS | Epic |
| | 14 | NEW | BACK TO THE 60's TIGHT FIT | Jive |
| | 15 | NEW | LADY (YOU BRING ME UP) COMMODORES | Motown |
| | 16 | 12 | YOU MIGHT NEED SOMEBODY RANDY CRAWFORD | Warner Bros |
| | 17 | NEW | THE REAL THING BROTHERS JOHNSON | A&M |
| | 18 | NEW | EVERYBODY SALSA MODERN ROMANCE | WEA |
| | 19 | 9 | WORDY RAPPINGHOOD TOM TOM CLUB | Island |
| | 20 | NEW | SQUARE BIZ TEENA MARIE | Motown |
| | 21 | 11 | NO WOMAN NO CRY/JAMMIN' BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS | Island |
| | 22 | 20 | JINGO CANDIDO | Excaliber |
| | 23 | 21 | GIVE IT TO ME BABY RICK JAMES | Motown |
| | 24 | 30 | ROBERTO WHO? CAYENNE FEATURING LINDA TAYLOR | Groove |
| | 25 | 8 | GOING BACK TO MY ROOTS ODYSSEY | RCA |
| | 26 | 18 | BRAZILIAN DAWN SHAKATAK | Polydor |
| | 27 | NEW | ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST GENERAL SAINT/CLINT EASTWOOD | Greensteaves |
| | 28 | NEW | YOU SURE LOOK GOOD TO ME PHYLLIS HYMAN | Arista |
| | 29 | 10 | RAZZAMATAZZ QUINCY JONES & PATTI AUSTIN | A&M |
| | 30 | NEW | SEARCHING TO FIND THE ONE UNLIMITED TOUCH | Epic |
| | 31 | NEW | THE CARIBBEAN DISCO SHOW LOBO | Polydor |
| | 32 | NEW | YOU ARE FOREVER SMOKEY ROBINSON | Motown |
| | 33 | NEW | WALKING INTO SUNSHINE CENTRAL LINE | Mercury |
| | 34 | 23 | TRY IT OUT GINO SOCCIO | Atlantic |
| | 35 | 35 | LOCO-MOTO INVERSIONS | Groove |
| | 36 | 31 | DO LIKE YOU MORRISEY MULLEN | Beggars Banquet |
| | 37 | NEW | LIVE A LIFE BLACK SLATE | Ensign |
| | 38 | NEW | LIVE A LIFE BLACK SLATE | Motown |
| | 39 | NEW | WE'RE ALMOST THERE MICHAEL JACKSON | Motown |
| | 40 | NEW | LIFT YOUR VOICE AND SAY... LOVE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA | Unlimited Gold |
| | 40 | NEW | SWEET DELIGHT WOODS EMPIRE | Tabu |

involvement with The Crusaders that made her well known. In Britain she's followed up her appearance on The Crusaders' "Streetlife" album with two hit singles in her own right, "One Day I'll Fly Away" and the current "You Might Need Somebody". She doesn't agree that she's more popular here than in America; she just reckons the size of the States means it takes longer to make a major impact.

"And I will make it," she says, sweetly but surely. "I'm not afraid of hard work, and I've learnt to have a lot of patience. I want to be around for a long time, and those people whose careers I admire have done just that. Barbra Streisand makes records and gets to sit at home. Not me. I'm on the road an awful lot now. I love Bette Midler. I like her taste in songs but not always the way she screeches them. And I admire Diana Ross for keeping her image and style.

"But vocally," she decides,

"my favourite will always be Aretha Franklin, though I quite like Stephanie Mills and old-time veterans like Sarah Vaughn and Lena Horne. Those ladies have a load of class!"

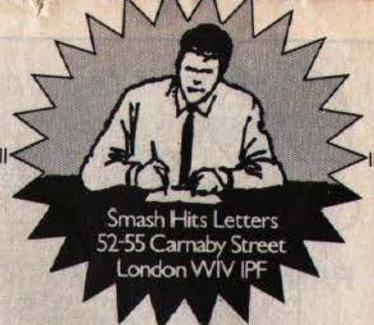
Unsurprisingly, talk of 'ladies' and 'class' leads to less musical but more topical areas.

"Lady Diana Spencer? Now there's an easy life! All she has to do is smile, and she doesn't have spotlights burning in her eyes like I do. I would have one problem, though: I could never abstain from eating all that extravagant food they get at all those posh social functions. I love to sing and I love to eat. Guess I'll just stick to singing. It's less fattening."

If Randy Crawford keeps going at this pace, she may earn a title anyway — as the vocal Queen of the '80s. There's been many contenders, but can anyone last long enough to nudge Aretha Franklin off the throne?

We'll see . . .

LETTERS



DEAR SMASH Hits,

If you print this letter and think it's the best letter *and* give me a £5 Record Token, I'd think you were idiots. But I quite like idiots, really.

Mark Bevan, Tattenhall, Chester.
PS: If this letter's too long, don't print the PS.

It's going to be one of those days . . .

I'VE ALWAYS thought your mag was a pretty reliable source of information. Until now, that is. I was reading the "Book Of Lists", when I came upon the phrase 'this record has 450 grooves per Inch'.

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I was always under the impression that a record only had *one* groove per side, i.e. the same groove that keeps spiralling in, and in, and in . . .

The OMD/Kraftwerk Maniac, who's not as thick as she looks, Bedford.

It is one of those days . . .

I SAY, Chaps!

Rather unfortunate occurrence cropped up, what! Seem to have mislaid my . . . erm . . . "Smash Hits". The one about that Cope chappie. Know the character? Damn good voice . . .

Any way of acquiring back copies of the old rag? (One's referring to the magazine and not to Mr. Cope!) Got a bit of a soft spot for him, what! Dashed pleased if you chappies could oblige.

Yours faithfully, and all that piffle,
Belton.

Love to help out, Belters old fruit, but you forgot your blasted address!

I'D JUST like to put Mister so-called Bernie (July 9) in his place,

If Mod is "dead as a doornail", why are night clubs holding special Mod nights playing '60s and '80s Mod? Clubs such as "Peppermint Place", "Polyanna's" and "Top Rank" in Birmingham and "Top Of The World" in Stafford. Just because Secret Affair don't release a single every other week, and churn out album after album, doesn't mean to say they're dead and buried.

What annoys me is when someone decides "poser music" is the new thing so everyone follows the fashion like sheep instead of being individuals and

liking a type of music because they believe in its message.

The 6,000 Mods at Scarborough were more like 10,000, so I'd just like to know if the music Bernie's into has a following like Mod. Just because we're not the latest craze, it doesn't mean we're dead and forgotten, and how many fashions have 10,000 or so going out together for a weekend and who look as smart as we do? Yvette (Dudley Modette). One of many of the UK Mod clan, Dudley.

Hang about, Bernie. They haven't finished yet!

BERNIE, SOMEWHERE in Lancs.,

So you say The Jam and The Chords are not Mod! And you say that Q-Tips, Dexy's and The Bureau aren't either! Well, prick up your ears and listen to this.

During the '60s (when Mods were first around, just in case you'd forgotten), Rock, Blues, Soul and Ska were all part of the Mods' record collection. The Jam, Q-Tips and Nine Below Zero are all recreating those musical styles.

You also wanted a list of Mod bands, not including the aforementioned groups. Well, hang on to your quiff, Mush, 'cos here goes: Secret Affair, Purple Hearts, Lambrettas (yes, they're still around), The Circles, The Crooks . . . Shall I carry on? Bob, London N16.

Any more?

THE VARIATIONS, The Escorts, The Questions, Small Print, Soldiers Are Dreamers (formerly The Killermeters), Squire, Beggar, The Long Run (formerly The Mods), Seventeen, Long Tall Shorty, Dolly Mixture, Rye And The Quaterboys, The Step, 007, Merton Parkas. Some of these bands have just recently formed. Not bad for a "dead movement". A Southern Mod.

TELL THAT stupid bloke Mark Ellen he's fired. 'E's got the boot. Especially after his record review of The Angelic Upstarts LP "2,000,000 Voices". Stop cutting Mensi down. He's a fine song-writer and a fine person in himself.

Now come on you Radio One people give The Upstarts fair air-play. Some of the B-sides may have swearing on them, but that doesn't stop you playing the A-sides, i.e. "England", "Kids On The Street" and "I Understand".

At least their records are true to

life and not fairy-tales like this trend known as Antmusic. Give Mensi and The Upstarts a chance to show you what they can do. They're a good band. Excellent, if you like.

Yours Mensingly,
Joy, Wickford, Essex.
PS. Thanks for the signed photograph, Mensi.

Alright for some! Mark Ellen's still waiting for his.

YOUR MAGAZINE used to make me feel ill. Now I just laugh at it.

Your bias against Heavy Metal is incredible. How can you honestly have a feature headlined "the most outrageous over-the-top shows ever put on in the name of rock entertainment" and not mention KISS?

If you don't like their music, fair enough, but the article disregarded musicians and was purely based on stage shows and theatrical acts. The Kiss show includes a rocket firing guitars, drum risers, Gene Simmons spitting blood and breathing fire, 20-foot flame columns and explosions galore.

How can you say that it's more exciting to watch an idiot running round the stage stark naked than to watch a Kiss show? Criticise them all you like but they've given a great deal of pleasure to thousands of people all over the world and will be remembered long after "trendy" bands like Spandau Ballet are dead and gone.

Don't take my word for it, go and see for yourselves.
Timothy Stevens, Farnborough.

Well, we suggested this but Cranna came over all faint, Hepworth suddenly had a dinner date with the mother-in-law, Pete Silverton had to stay in and wash his hair, um . . .

"WAS IST Los? Why don't you dance?" "Cos we'll get chucked out!"

This 'conversation' took place at the Hammersmith Odeon. Ralf Hutter of Kraftwerk posing the question; member of audience supplying the answer.

The member of the audience is *right*—you DO get chucked out or told to sit down.

Most of the gigs you can dance at are gigs like the Lyceum which have a bar and don't let people under-18 in. If—horrors!—you happen to be one of that rare breed of person who *isn't* 18, or

who doesn't look it, where the hell do you go to dance?

Under 18's buy records too, you know! Venues ought to realise that if people *didn't* buy records, bands wouldn't get better known and draw lots of people to gigs. Then where would the venues be? Stuck with an average of five people propping up the bar at each gig! Niki, Bexley Heath.

True. Luckily a few bands are becoming aware of it, too. In particular Madness, who sometimes do mid-day shows for the under-16's, soft drinks only. At least some others (Pretenders, Police) take the step of playing one night in a seated venue (like Hammersmith Odeon), the next in a dance-hall (like Hammersmith Palais). That way you can decide if you want to dance or not, but you still have to be over-18.

The trouble with Kraftwerk is, apart from not being widely considered a "dance band", they have so much equipment it's easier to play say, three nights at Hammersmith Odeon, rather than uproot and move to another venue.

Still, seeing as their audience is getting younger by the minute, maybe they'll change their tack.

UNDEAR WILLIAM White (July 9).

I thought Andrew Mustin's letter was ace! And if you hadn't thought it was true, you wouldn't have written your letter but simply laughed it off.

It seems that in your books, only people who wear a) entire draper's shops (Spandau Ballet), b) Red Indian war-paint (Adam And The Ants), or c) the first ridiculous thing that comes into their heads (Steve Strange) are acceptable in this world.

The funny thing is, you seem to have got the word "original" misinterpreted. How can you be original when you copy the aforesaid Adam, Spandau Ballet, Steve Strange, etc., as well as millions of others.

I think the species "Man" is going to be extinct soon, as most "men" who are into the New Romantics wear feminine Lady Diana-type blouses (how butch).

If dressing up makes you forget about unemployment, OK. If as soon as you don your futuristic clothes, thoughts of the bomb evacuate your mind, fine. But I think you've got a mental block. (I bet this won't get published as all the people concerned with

LETTERS

"Smash Hits" think Futurism is fab).
An "Anti-Blouses For Men" Campaigner, Sheffield.
PS. I bet William White and other Futurists would wear half a dozen Birds' Eye "steaklets" up their nose if it was the "in thing" for Futurists to do. (I've got a fiver on it, in fact!).

Funny you should say that, Camp, but Richard Burgess just popped into the office with a can of peaches in one ear and a sponge pudding and custard in the other. He did look a trifle silly. Take this £5 RECORD TOKEN. It'll cover your losses.

WHO BUYS Duran Duran's records if they don't? And is that John Taylor's mum's blouse?
The Beardless Two.

Hmmm . . . Seems like the Duran Duran backlash is here already. At least no-one's told that cruel joke — y'know — Q: How many members of Duran Duran does it take to change a light-bulb? A; Two. One to call the electrician, the other to make the Martinis. That'd be going too far.
Frontlash, anyone?

DEAR JOHNNY Black,
So sorry to hear of the trouble you're having with your feet (Duran Duran review — July 23). Try bathing them in warm water and lemon juice for half an hour a day and the stiffness should soon go.
A Duran Duran and XTC maniac, Wanstead, London.

He'll need more than lemons after this one . . .

I AM writing to say how disgusted I was with the review of Duran Duran's new single, "Girls On Film". Johnny Black's facts were quite inaccurate and false. The record is not boring, as he was implying. How many times did he listen to it before deciding it was a complete write-off?

I suggest he keeps taking the tablets. There is room for a lot of improvement. How about paying Duran Duran a compliment from time to time. You never know you may feel better for it.

My dad could write better reviews than your so-called reviewers, and the last pop group he heard about was Bill Haley And The Comets!
A Devoted Duran Duran fan, Nottingham.

Judging by the popularity of Black, Starr and Co. there may well be a job for him.

WHY CAN'T Red Starr just review 'A' sides?

In the July 9th issue, all we learnt about the sheer brilliance of Split Enz' newest release, "One Step Ahead", was that it was 'hesitant' and, in his opinion, released because it was worthless as a 7".

However, more than half the report was taken up by his views on "the flip". Somebody please tell this idiot, who is obviously clinically deaf to good music, that the side of the record with a big "A" on it is the side that readers will buy records for and want to hear about, *not* whichever side he happens to hate the least!
J&P Cope, Birmingham.

See what I mean? The much-maligned Starr was only trying to find redeeming factors on an otherwise tedious single,

I GET "Smash Hits" every other week and I love defacing the photos that you publish on the letters page. In fact, I'm getting good at it!

I was wondering if you could publish this photo of my mate "Jacko". The reason is, he loves himself and he thinks all the birds do too. If you were to print it, me and everyone else in the country could enjoy ourselves by drawing all over his photo.

You can see why I've gone to all the trouble of sending the photo in. I mean, just look at him!
Tara,
Chris, Carlisle.

Oh, go on then! But don't say it was our idea.



Chris's mate "Jacko": 'One for the birds'! Pens at the ready, then?

bless 'im!
Heads down, here's another one . . .

SMASH HITS,

Would you please inform your Mr Red Starr that the group Spandau Ballet are not the clothes horses he described them as in your July 9th issue, and the lyrics have nothing to do with their washing habits (are you besotted with clothing?).

Also the lead singer, Tony Hadley, has a *voice* — perhaps a little deep, I grant you — but hardly comparable with a "foghorn."

Dear Mr. Starr, it's above me how a man (I take it you're a man) with a name such as yours can call one of the few individual groups around "SPLENDID WALLETS".
Lorraine & Raine, London.

Anyone out there actually like Red Starr? You, Sir? Come along in, this instant!

I'D LIKE to pat Ian Cranna on the back for all the good things he said about U2. I agree with all of them.

As Red Starr (*that's what it says!* — *Amazed Ed.*) rightly says, "they're a great little band".

I saw them at Hammersmith last month and had a great time. If Bono's reading this — cheers, mate! (He is a reader of your rag, I might add).
Phil, a U2 fanatic.

To Red Starr — a fan! More than can be said for Abba by the looks of things . . .

DEAR TWITS who write "Smash Hits",

Why did you bother including Abba (who *are* they?) in your mag, July 23? I have been buying your mag for a long time now — in fact the first SH I bought had a Glenn Miller centrespread — and I was shocked, *nay appalled*, at that load of garbage at the top of page 18.

How dare you? I realise that there is a small percentage of the world's popul . . . popullay . . . popula . . . er, people, that *do* like this Swedish *£&@%/@, but I know the majority of the country's poppuelationne (!) agree with me when I say: GET THEM OUT, THESE FOREIGNERS!

A part-Mo-dette, part-Ant(ette?) who completely detests Abba.
PS. My boyfriend, Tony, backs me up on this.

Three more of you and you'll have them outnumbered.

SO STEVE, Strange hates the word "poser", does he?

Well, I suppose in his sense of the word, I am indeed one. I buy magazines like "The Face" and enjoy reading about new clothes designers and their ideas. And I buy music by Spandau Ballet, Duran Duran, Japan, Ultravox and Visage amongst my many other different types of music.

But, seeing as I only "look on" at the fashions, and do not dress up to match, I am classified as a "poser" by the likes of Mr. Strange. Does he not realise that it is extremely dangerous to go out dressed like that, no matter how good you may look or think you are? I agree that it *does* take courage to express your dress ideas in public, and I lack that type of valour, but I have never looked upon myself as a "poser", and never will.

Mr. Strange, I admire you. So don't put me down.
Bryan Taylor, Stourbridge, West Midlands.

I doubt very much that Mr. Strange intended to put down his admirers. He wouldn't begrudge people being interested in him, or the clothes, the clubs, the music. The impression given by the interview is that he dislikes people who just toy with the whole idea of the Romantics, who simply approach the whole thing half-heartedly. Just because you don't choose to dress like him, that shouldn't mean you're one of them. Agreed?

I AM disgusted about the article you did on John Webb, the brother of the fantastic Gary Numan.

You said: "His happy/healthy look has got to go." Why?
After recently meeting Gary, I have no doubts that he's as happy and healthy as his brother, and he's a very funny and warm-hearted person. So why can't you and other magazines leave him and his family alone? Don't you think you've already hurt them enough?
Darren, Numanoid 6434 of Manchester.

Only a joke, honest!

HEY! I'VE just had a thought! If Gary Numan loses all his hair, will he be referred to as "Garibaldi"?
Kim, Taplow.

Likely as not, but don't tell Darren.

GIGZ

Remember to check locally before setting out in case of late alterations. Compiled by Bev Hillier

THURSDAY AUGUST 6
Depeche Mode Leeds Warehouse

FRIDAY AUGUST 7
Depeche Mode Edinburgh Nite Club

Siouxsie And The Banshees
Manchester Apollo

SATURDAY AUGUST 8
Thin Lizzy Milton Keynes Concert Bowl

Hazel O'Connor St Austell
Cornwall Coliseum

Siouxsie And The Banshees
Lancaster University

SUNDAY AUGUST 9
Hazel O'Connor Poole Arts Centre

Siouxsie And The Banshees
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre

MONDAY AUGUST 10
Hazel O'Connor London

Woolwich Odeon
Elkie Brooks Brighton Dome

Siouxsie & The Banshees
Newcastle Centre Hotel

TUESDAY AUGUST 11
Elkie Brooks Nottingham Theatre Royal

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 12
Elkie Brooks Nottingham Theatre Royal

Siouxsie And The Banshees
Glasgow Apollo

THURSDAY AUGUST 13
Elkie Brooks Poole Arts Centre
Siouxsie And The Banshees
Edinburgh Playhouse

FRIDAY AUGUST 14
Siouxsie And The Banshees
Inverness Ice Rink

SUNDAY AUGUST 15
Siouxsie And The Banshees
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre

SUNDAY AUGUST 16
Thin Lizzy/Hazel O'Connor/U2
Co. Neath (Nr. Dublin) Slain Castle (1-8.30pm)
Siouxsie And The Banshees Perth City Hall

TUESDAY AUGUST 18
Steve Harley London The Venue
Siouxsie And The Banshees
Newcastle City Hall



PIC: BARRY PLUMMER

Thin Lizzy: Anyone for Bowling?

THREE OF THE FOLLOWING ITEMS WILL BE APPEARING IN THE NEXT BARRIER-BREAKING ISSUE OF "SMASH HITS"

("A cracking good read" — *Helsinki Herald*).

WE ASK: CAN YOU GUESS WHICH?

HERBACEOUS BORDERS — KEVIN KEEGAN REPORTS

SPANDAU BALLET

A DUCK, SOME TRACTORS AND A POUND OF LARD
THE FLYING SAVELOY BROTHERS . . . AND JANET!

BOWWOWWOW

UNDERFLOOR LAGGING — THE TRUTH

TENPOLE TUDOR

ALL WILL BE REVEALED ON AUGUST 20. PLACE YOUR BETS

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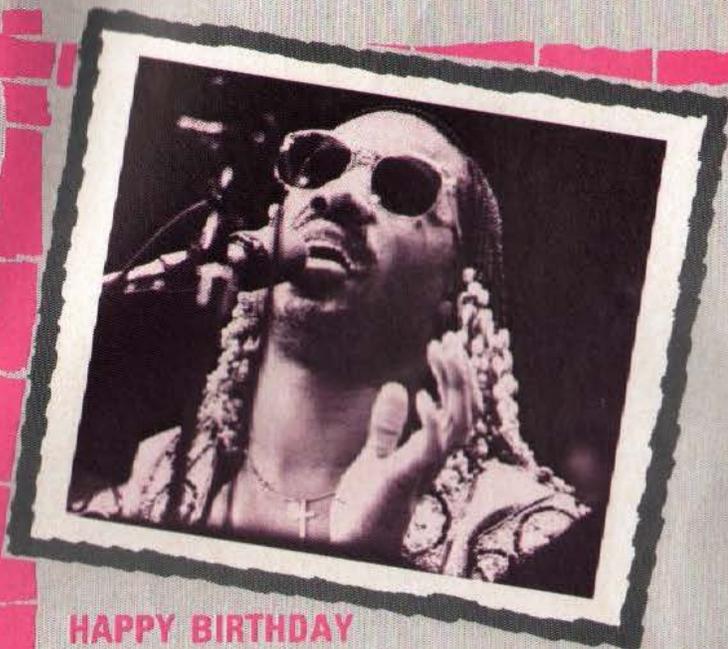
ANSWERS TO
CROSSWORD ON PAGE 25

ANSWERS: 1 "Show Me"; 4 James; 7 "A Promise"; 8 Jazz; 10 "Pyjamarama"; 13 Girlschool; 15 Vic; 16 Stewart Copeland; 18 Depeche Mode; 19 Bette; 21 Taylor; 23 Midler; 24 The Tubes; 25 Styx; 27 Toyah Willcox.

DOWN: 2 "Happy Birthday"; 3 "Evita"; 4 Joe; 5 Ska; 6 Hazel O'Connor; 9 Hall; 11 "Message To You Rudy"; 12 Neville Staples; 14 Hot Chocolate; 17 Professionals; 20 "Tempted"; 21 Tom Petty; 22 Jerry; 26 Troy.

**PUZZLE
ANSWER**

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY by Stevie Wonder

Now it doesn't make much sense
There ought to be a law against
Anyone who takes offence
At a day in your celebration
'Cause we all know in our minds
That there ought to be a time
That we can set aside
To show just how much we love you
And I'm sure you would agree
What could fit more perfectly
Than to have a world party
On the day you came to be

Chorus

Happy birthday to ya, Happy birthday to ya
Happy birthday
Happy birthday to ya, Happy birthday to ya
Happy birthday

I just never understood
How a man who died for good
Could not have a date that would
Be set aside for his recognition
Because it can never be
Just because some cannot see
A dream as clear as he
That they should make it become an illusion
And we all know everything
That he stood for, time will bring
Or in peace our hearts will sing
Thanks to Martin Luther-King

Repeat chorus

Why has there never been a holiday
Where peace is celebrated
All throughout the world?

Time is overdue
For people like me and you
Who know the way to truth
Is love and unity to all God's children
It should be a great event
In the hope they should be spent
And for remembrance
Of those who lived and died for
The wonders of our people
So let us all begin
We know that love can win
Let it out don't hold it in
Say it loud as you can

Repeat chorus ad lib to fade

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

WE'RE ALMOST THERE

by Michael Jackson

No matter how hard the times may seem
Don't give up our plans don't give up our dreams
No broken bridges can turn us around
'Cause what we're searching for will soon be found

'Cause we're al-almost there
Just one more step, just one more step
Don't give up we're al-almost there

Look at the lonely lovers
That didn't make it
Love's long hard climb
They just couldn't take it
Don't let it happen to me and you
Hold on together darling we'll make it through
Darling keep on reaching out for me
Keep on reaching, do it for me
Do it for me
Do it baby 'cause we're almost there

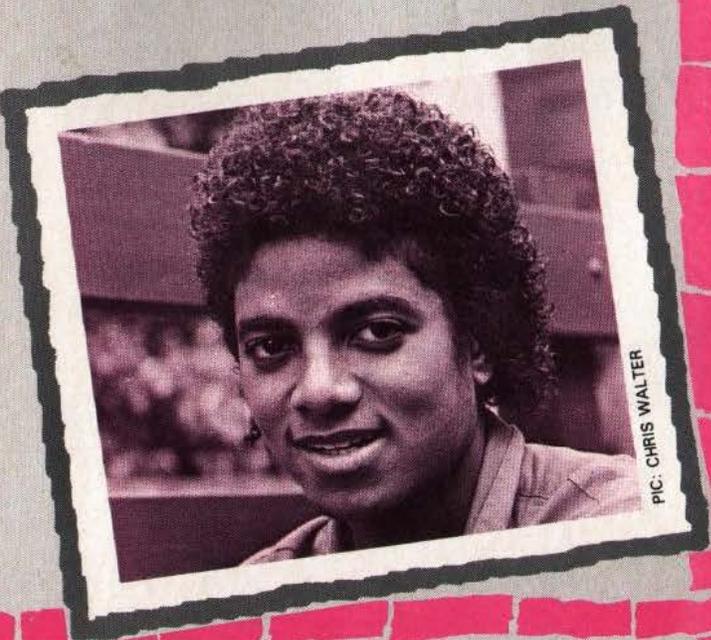
We're so close, I can taste it
A life so sweet we can't afford to waste it
If you feel your hand slipping from mine
Just hold on tighter darling keep on trying

Baby, do it for me
Do it, do it, do it for me baby
Just one step don't give up
Just one step baby, baby don't give up
Keep on, keep on, just one more step
Just one more step

Just one more step 'cause we're almost there
We've come too far to turn around
Keep on reaching for higher ground
We've had our ups and we've had our downs
There ain't nothing in the world darling
To turn us around
'Cause we're almost there
We're almost there
We're almost there
Don't you know we're al-we're almost there
Baby we're al-almost there
Baby we're al-almost there
We're al-almost there
Don't you know we're al-we're almost there

Words and music by B. Holland/E. Holland
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on Motown Records



DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS



SMASH HITS