

SMASH

HITS



ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES
SHOXSIE & ADAM INTERVIEWS
SQUEEZE & DOLLAR IN COLOUR
ALL-REQUEST ISSUE WITH HAZEL O'CONNOR,
ELVIS PRESLEY, DURAN DURAN AND MANY MORE
THE SMASH HITS FAN CLUB DIRECTORY

HAZEL O'CONNOR



ONS LOVERS

AN

GOT TO, HAVE TO MAKE YOU SEE
THERE'S CERTAIN THINGS I NEED TO BE
I NEED A FATHER, MUST BE WILD
NEED YOU TO TAKE ME LIKE A CHILD
I WANT TO BE YOUR WETTEST DREAM
TO TEASE YOUR BODY 'TIL YOU SCREAM
TO BITE YOU, LICK YOU LIKE ICE CREAM
TO SCARE YOU, DARE YOU, BE OBSCENE

CHORUS

I WANT TO BE AN ANIMAL, I WANT TO BE A LOVER
I WANT TO BE A LITTLE GIRL, I WANT TO BE A MOTHER
HOW ABOUT IT BROTHER, DO YOU WANT A LOVER
OO YOU WANT A LOVER, A LOVER, A MOTHER (LOVER) LIKE ME

TO BE YOUR NURSE, ALL THAT AND WORSE
THEN BE YOUR WHORE, BREAK DOWN THE DOOR
I'LL BE PATIENT TO THE CAUSE
FEEL THE PULSE AND THEN WE'LL POUNCE
AND WHEN YOU'RE SURE I'LL CRAVE FOR MORE
THAT WHEN YOU COME I'LL UP AND RUN
J'AMME FATALE, THEN ANIMAL, SISTER, LOVER, TOMBOY, BROTHER

REPEAT CHORUS

BOUNCE ME UPON YOUR KNEE, PLACE YOUR HEAD BELOW THE BEGCLOTHES
BOUNCE ME UPON YOU KNEE, PLACE YOUR HEAD BELOW THE BEGCLOTHES
REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HAZEL O'CONNOR
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ON ALBION RECORDS

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COVER, ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES BY PAUL COX



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In a Nutshell

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OMD Q&A's

1981, for OMD, was what's commonly known as *A Success*. While retaining a firm footing back home, they've kept up a steady attack upon foreign soil and reaped rewards in the shape of several gold discs.

The last 12 months have included two American tours, one European tour and a Number One record in no less than seven countries. In France alone, "Enola Gay" dropped anchor in the charts for a staggering 38 weeks and has now sold just under three-quarters-of-a-million copies.

And throughout it all they've always been presented — collectively — as OMD. Always interviewed together; always photographed together. Never as just Paul and Andy.

Thus **Mark Ellen** arrived at their London hotel suite — a pit-stop on the recent UK tour — armed with a list of deep and penetrating questions intended to reveal fascinating differences of character. And — just to be difficult — the pair were subjected to this ordeal separately. No conferring was allowed. Between cups of tea and the odd chicken sandwich, here's how they both reacted to the same questions.

Now, on with the show. . .

What's your first childhood memory?

Paul: I remember — I must have been two — when I was in London — 'cos I was born in London — I had this three-wheeler. A big red pedal car. I remember bombing down to the end of the road once. I turned the wheel like that. . .

and just went straight over. Smashed me head and me arm up!

Andy: When my littlest sister was born, when I was about three. It was the winter of '63 and I was staying at my Auntie's and — being the biggest of all my cousins — I had to tow the sledge

up to my mum's house and there was my new baby sister!

intelligence and trustworthiness. ha-ha! I left after three months.

Did you win any prizes at school?

Paul: Not really. I used to be in goal in the school football team. mind. We used to lose between five and 13-all [cackles of laughter]. We never won a game. I used to let in at least five a game and we never scored once.

Andy: Not academic, but I was very good at sport. Long-distance running. But. . . er. . . once you leave school and don't have to train five miles a night, you tend to slip into slothery!

Any pop stars you've ever lost sleep over?

Paul: Not really. I didn't get into music 'til I was about 15. I just wasn't very interested. The first band I really adored was Kraftwerk.

Andy: Never lost any sleep but I did have a Cockney Rebel scrap-book!

What job have you most wanted to be sacked from?

Paul: Well, the only job I've ever had — which I tried very hard to get sacked from — was a Job Creation thing when I was 18. I was labouring for six months building this swimming-pool on the Wirral in Liverpool. We were laying concrete in hixzards! Just so I could get £20 a week and buy a synth mail-order catalogue. In fact I bought a synth with the money — £7.80 a week. And I still use it on stage. It's my main synth!

Andy: I've only ever had one job and that was deadily dull. In the Civil Service. Production-line paperwork. Y'know, the 'In-tray' and the 'Out-tray'. You had to be somebody of reasonable

What's been the most nostalgic record for you, and why?

Paul: Every time I hear Glenn Miller it reminds me of being in New York. Well, that's where I met Maureen, my wife, actually. We used to sit in this pub down the road from our hotel and listen to Glenn Miller all day. "Pennsylvania Six Five Thousand" / Glenn Miller and Frank Sinatra.

Andy: My Mum's old Beatles singles, like (crones) "Ask me why I say I love yeeeee!" Records when I was a kid were little black round things with black centres and silver "45s" and the word "Beatles" written on them.

Do you think there's a band with a longer name than yours?

Paul: Possibly not.

Andy: Well there's "Alvin The Aardvark And The Fuzzy Ants", which is not far off.

When did you first realise OMD were a success?

Paul: When "Messages" got to Number 13 in the chart. It was so exciting. And the first time we did TOTP. . . until we'd done it and realised it was, er, nothing very special!

Andy: Well, there's success and success and success, isn't there? Financially, we haven't got mansions in Hollywood yet. Anyway, I don't think either of us would use the word "success". We're eternally pessimistic.

What's your ideal holiday?

Paul: I never think about that 'cos we never have any. But hi

PAUL HUMPHREYS



ANDY McCLUSKEY



Christmas I'm going to L.A. for three weeks. I'm going to take everything we've ever written with me. All our albums, all our singles, all our B-sides. Every tape we've ever made. And I'm going to sit there and listen to them and try and get an impression — a different perspective — on what OMD have been doing. 'Cos I've never had a chance to do that. We've been going 7 days a week for 3 years!

Andy: The Alps in Spring. I take analysis to an extreme on scenery. That's why I really get into mountains and glaciers and stuff like that 'cos it's heavy-impact scenery. It's very evident geography.

What's the most inn you can have indoors?

Paul: Apart from sex, you mean? Sitting in our recording studio writing songs.

Andy: Ho-ho-ho! No, er, writing songs. It's very exciting when it happens. It's also very frustrating when it doesn't. Just like sex, really!

What's the most inn you can have outdoors?

Paul: Travelling round and seeing places. I love New York, Canada, Milan, Rome. When you get days off on tour, it's great. You can get up early and wander around.

Andy: What's "outdoors"? I haven't seen "outdoors" for about a year!

Ever had any recurring dreams?

Paul: I had a dream the other night that I was on stage and somebody in the audience was taking pot-shots at me. I think it stems from the Canadian tour where there was one gig — in Vancouver, I think — when somebody in the audience threw a great lump of metal at me. I could see it coming. It went smack into the wall behind me.

Andy: I have frustration dreams. I used to dream about running in races and not being able to run fast enough. Just floating off into the air, my legs not touching the ground. Now I just dream about bad gigs where everything goes wrong.

What's your favourite moment in the movies?

Paul: I saw this great movie called "Oh God!" which actually starred John Denver as Jesus. God was a typical American — y'know, boat shoes, tasteless trousers, pecked cap and a huge cigar. It was so well done!

Andy: I really like that movie of "The Lord Of The Rings". I like the technique they've used where they've filmed human action and then painted over it. It takes on an almost surreal, metaphysical perspective. A lot of the goodies are cartoon characters and the baddies are sketched-in people. It's that distorted human element that makes it all the more effective.

Have you ever felt like packing it in?

Paul: Lots of times. The times when you feel powerless to change anything.

Andy: Ha-ha! What? Not 'ari.

What's your favourite sound?

Paul: In Los Angeles you can lie in bed and just hear the faint sound of crickets. It's incredibly atmospheric.

Andy: Spitfire engines. If you hear them on the telly there's a sort of droning insecurity about them for something so powerful. It's an insecure engine sound, which is quite nice.

Whose home number would you pay the most for?

Paul: Ronald Reagan's, so I could tell him what I think of him.

Andy: Toyah's. Definitely. I really fancy Toyah. I do! She's great! I met her in Italy and, in real life, she's even better looking than in all those posey photographs. And she's so tiny! She's gorgeous! I mean I've got this fixation about height. I like to be taller than people, and I'm not very tall. But Toyah, oooh . . . she could marry me if she wanted and she wouldn't even have to ask nicely!

Is there anything in life worse than Luncheon Meat?

Paul: Blue cheese.

Andy: European meats in general. They're generally, like, undercooked, and I like things very burnt. And kidneys. They're right out!

What have you got in your attic?

Paul: We don't have a ladder, so you can't get up there.

Andy: Loads of old books, lots of old paintings of mine — 'cos I used to paint a lot. When I was about 14/15 all my spare pocket-money went on oil paints — I used to paint w/ my fingers mostly — my old train set, my stamp collection and encyclopaedias.

You choose: one month in jail or a Julie Inglesias record for Christmas?

Paul: A month in jail, please.

Andy: Oh definitely the Julie Inglesias record. I think that single's fantastic. One of the most deserving Number One's of the age! I don't like him when he's singing in Spanish, but that first line (makes warbling sound) . . . "Beginni the Begueeeeen . . ." His voice is like velvet. Oooh, it's lovely. I can understand why all these middle-aged housewives are just weeping themselves over him!

How will you remember 1981?

Paul: The most exciting thing last year was coming back after a 10-month lay-off — after not releasing anything or appearing in England for all that time — and having a Number Three hit in the space of three weeks.

Andy: Two trips to America, seven Number Ones, gold albums, a visit to Alcatraz prison

. . . and it's been the year we came closest to giving up. We asked ourselves whether we really enjoyed what we were doing, and there was a long period — from September to October — when we weren't. The night before the last British tour began, me and Paul were in the studios 'til 3.30 in the morning recording what we both thought then would be the last song we'd ever write. We'd had enough.

Do you roll your toothpaste tubes, or squeeze them?

Paul: Squeeze them. Usually from the top.

Andy: Squeeze them. It's the only way. Less messy if you don't keep losing the tops.

What the world needs now is . . .

Paul: (breaking into song) "Leaveeeer sweet leaveeeer . . ." No, don't print that!

Andy: A few less people.

Geisha Boys And Temple Girls.

HEAVEN 17



Look ahead, on the screen
Six perfect creatures and they're just 16
Their eyes meet, this is it
The contact so much more than words can transmit
He stands up, she gives in
Their first encounter, their embrace within
A short ride, they arrive
There is no doubt that true love will survive

Chorus

We are the geisha boys
Doing it wrong again
They are the chosen ones
Doing it right
Here come the temple girls
Looking for sanctuary
Naked as doves
For the first time

If you turn away from the screen
Another version can be seen
She is black and he is white
They love each other but they also fight
Back from work, she's not home
Another evening angry, all alone
She arrives and he departs
Misunderstandings, then the breakdown starts

We are late at night
We are both refugees
There is no easy way
Let it be right
Anything's possible
If you can fake it, but
The wrong place is anywhere
If you're not right

Repeat chorus

There's not much that you can do
Choose either one of them it could be you
The first time could be the only time
The odds against you and your hopes decline
Do it right or do it wrong
Console yourself that either won't last long
Geisha boys or temple girls
Make contact or remain in separate worlds

Repeat chorus

Here we are late at night
We are both refugees
There is no easy way
Let it be right
Anything's possible
If you can fake it, but
The wrong place is anywhere
If you're not right

Repeat chorus

Here we are late at night
We are both refugees
There is no easy way
Let it be right
Anything's possible
If you can fake it, but
The wrong place is anywhere
If you're not right

Words and music by B.E.F./Gregory
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On B.E.F./Virgin Records

Depeche MODE



Dreaming Of Me

Light switch, man switch
Film was broken only then
All the night
Fuss tomorrow
Dancing with a distant friend

Chorus
Filming and screening
I picture the scene
Filming and dreaming
Dreaming of me

So we left understanding
Clean cut some were sounding fast
Talked of sad
I talked of war
I laughed and climbed the rising cast

Repeat chorus

Quickly I remember
Views that saw a face before
Timing, reason
Understanding like association hall

Repeat chorus

Dreaming of me
Just dreaming of me
It's only me
Just me

Words and music by Clerke
Reproduced by permission Mute Music
On Mute Records

The new single, declares Adam, will have *music* on it! Whatever next? asks Mark Ellen

Once started, Adam Ant tends not to stop. Words flow at such a breathless pace they almost start to sound mechanical.

In the middle of a sentence he'll suddenly veer off at a tangent and start telling you — unprompted — why he doesn't drink or smoke, or how he's not "crusading" for anything. Perhaps the strain of constant inquiry by (usually foreign) newspapers as to what the Ants are all about and why he's just sticking to coca-cola is finally beginning to tell. Or perhaps he just needs a holiday.

Whatever, he's here, and talking nineteen-to-the-dozen. This being the occasion of the Ants' London concert, and "AntRap" having just climbed to the fourth rung of the charts, the subject, naturally enough, is the band's latest "look". What's with all this armour plating?

"You've seen the 'Ant Rap' video? It's completely weird. It's three minutes of madness. Basically, it's a kind of George and the Dragon thing. A kind of Lancelot and Guinevere. It's been the most difficult script to write to date. It took me solidly about six weeks, tearing up scripts till I got the right one. Also, the stunts are quite dangerous and physically tiring."

Worse than chucking yourself through the stained-glass window in "Stand And Deliver"?

"Oh, much worse! The hardest thing was a schoola! I did, but I did gym at some so that was alright. But I also did this skit on Bruce Lee which involved me watching the film 'Enter The Dragon' — seriously about 50 times. I had a karate and a kung-fu expert on the set to advise me how to do this thing 'cos it had to be done in one take. "I don't think I can do better than 'Stand And Deliver' or 'Prince Charming', but I just want to do things now that broaden the horizons a bit. And we are in an audio-visual age now. 'Prince Charming' was an audio-visual record, because people certainly didn't understand the song until they'd seen the video, and I think the same's true of 'Ant Rap'. I mean, it's a risk putting it out as a single. I could have just brought out 'Scorpions' off the

album 'cos it's a much more compact and much more single-orientated thing. But I thought the rap was more of a challenge. I'm being blatantly honest about it, it's a risky record. It's very uncompromising and a lot of people hate it and, therefore, they hate the album. 'Cos there's no music on it — basically — just drums and voice, so it takes a lot of time for people to realize what we're trying to do, which is to do something that's very basic and very very primitive."

Are you ever worried about running out of new ideas?
"Oh so. I mean Marco and me — God knows how — have written another album of about a dozen songs. The new stuff will be quite... a shock! I think people are going to have to listen in a different way but I think they'll enjoy it. It's as big a departure as the 'Prince Charming' album was from 'Kings'. I mean the new single will have music on it! Me and Marco have been in the studio hammering around and laughing at each other and falling on the floor at what comes out of the speakers 'cos it's so funny! We know when we've written a good song 'cos we're always on the floor in pangs of laughter!"

And this was how you reacted to 'Ant Rap' presumably?

"Not just that one. All our singles. It's not really that they're just 'funny', just that sometimes things are just so perfect for that song, and so nutty, that you just let it out 'cos you're working so hard."

You don't feel there's much competition around these days?

"Well, I always think it's great when there are tribes of music and ideas and fashion and style that don't even have to compete. That ideology of it all being like a boxing-ring and people knocking each other out."

"I don't look at that way at all. It's just a question of carving out your own career and making

people happy. It's all 'group thinking' to me. I read these articles on, say, Blue Rondo A La Turk, and I read them from the point of view of why somebody should want to dress like that."

The falling of some of these groups is that it just looks revivalist. Like The Stray Cats who were very good and exciting in their own right, but when I look at them I still want to see Gene Vincent in 'The Girl Can't Help It'."

"You've got to manifest things uniquely. Like Dexy's Midnight Runners. They're *righteous*, and they stick themselves out on an artistic gangplank. Not many bands actually have the guts to go for a total sound, a total attitude, a total style and a total ideology."

He lists a few recent additions to his listening pleasure — Kool And The Gang, Heaven 17, Haircut One Hundred, Funakaplan, Funkadelic, The Jacksons. Any thoughts about The Human League, I wonder? They seem all set to sail through '82.

"Strangely enough I was listening to them this morning before I came to rehearsal. A track off their 'Travelogue' album, 'The Black Hit Of Space', in a way I think — musically — it's a bit more exciting than what they're doing now."

Following in the footsteps of Jagger, Bowie and Sting, Adam's also about to make his first major film debut. International movie stars now being such a rare commodity, directors are tending more and more to enlist pop luminaries to ensure their films have instant world-wide appeal. Pencilled in for Springtime shooting, the movie's called "Yellowbeard" and it's written by Peter Cook and Graham Chapman.

"But it's not Monty Python, let me make that quite clear. I'll be playing the son of Yellowbeard, who'll be played by either George C. Scott or Burt Lancaster. Diana Dors is my Mum, Oliver Reed's in it. And Superman — Christopher Reeve. Roughly, it's a very distorted view of a treasure-hunt, but with a difference. And it's very very funny. I mean I couldn't read it. I was just dying laughing!"

With so many projects in the pipeline, have you ever felt like packing it all in?

"I have, but that's usually to do with things off stage or people making remarks in papers that are upsetting. Or just the fact that you do things wrong. What things? Let me think. They're all a bit subtle. I'd have liked the 'Prince' album to have come out at the same time as the single and video. I'd have liked the timing to have been better. It lost its impact coming out six weeks ago. But I was partly forced into that by some of the criticisms I've been getting in the papers. I don't mind criticism, but I don't like it much. Most of the reviews of the album just completely overlooked everything though. Just moaned about the sleeve design and made remarks about Marco's size. Things like that make me actually want to go down there and physically sort them out."

So what would he most like to achieve in '82?

"I'd like to survive! And I'd like to cause a few surprises. I'm not led up with it yet. I'll let you know when I am. I won't do it any more when I'm led up with it because I don't think anyone will want to watch it."



SLIT ENZ

Those irrepresible funsters **The Slits** have called it a day. Back in the mid-'70s they took punk as literally as anyone could — looked ridiculous, couldn't play a note, screamed at audiences and were bananas about reggae. And then this year they signed to CBS, released an album ("The Return Of The Giant Slits") and hoped to become more accessible. Success did not come rapping on their door. The band have, however, issued a statement which goes: "Ari, Viv and Tess would like to say that they're not The Slits anymore. Ari has gone to Jamaica and the others are going to Africa, they hope. But we will all be making music individually when we come back by the spring. So look out for us!"

HIPPY NEW YEAR

Once upon a time (the mid-'60s) the nation was gripped by a dodgy complaint called psychedelia. Your brains had to be scrambled and your eyes hopelessly hoodshot from gazing at all those blindingly bright clothes.

Lately there's been the whisper of a revival with new names like **Miles Over Matter** and **Need Six**. And this month WEA Records sap out a compilation of the new psychedelic popsters called "A Splash Of Colour".

The bands featured include the above two, **The Marble Staircase**, **The Times**, **The High Tide**, **The Dector** and **The Earwigs**.

There's a taster this week from **The High Tide** who are releasing their two album tracks, "Baby Dancing" and "Electric Blue".



Kevin Stapleton and The Teardrop Explodes

"To The Shores Of Lake Placid" might sound like a clipping from a holiday brochure but in fact is a spanking new compilation on Zoo Records courtesy of **The Original Cast**.

That means exactly what it says. The record rounds-up original songs recorded by original bands on the original Zoo organisation. Most of the tracks have never been released and only two of them are still available.

Echo and **the Bunnyman** are responsible for three items: "Pictures On My Wall", "Read It In Books" (the two sides of their first ever 45) and the first recorded version of "Villiers Terrace" (siphoned from a John Peel session). These all date from '79 and feature Echo, their long ditched drum machine.

The Teardrop Explodes contribute "Camera Camera"

(the B-side of their first single "Sleeping Gas"), "When I Dream" (a never-before-released version) and the absolutely unheard "Take A Chance".

There's also the debut of **Whopper**, a combo led by one Kevin Stapleton who occasionally doubles as a geesee song entitled "Kwalo Kiohinski's Lullaby". Your guess is as good as ours . . .

More Teardrop Troupers (David Ballie and Troy Tate) re-appear in two songs by **The Turquoise Swimming Pools**. These boys do have a way with the verbals.

Finally we have a trio of forgotten nuggets: "Iggy Pop's Jacket" by **Those Naughty Lumps**, "The Lonely Spy" by **Lori And The Chameleons** and "A Suicide" from **Dalek I Love You**.

Release date is January 28.

TRANSPORT OF DELIGHT

They're really a caution these pop groups, aren't they? The latest artistic wheeze from David Jay, bassist with ever so serious **Bauhaus**, is to play a gig on an ordinary double decker bus as it plies its regular route around his home-town of Northampton. He plans to pull it off with his spare-time outfit **The Sinner Ducks** who also feature Sounds cartoonist Curt Vile.

The whole point, he says, is that there will be no advance warning to Press, public or

passenger transport authority. The lads will just wait at a request stop with their instruments, battery amps and so on, go upstairs and set up whether the audience is a full house of choking smokers, three men and a dog or just the conductor.

When his associate outlined the scheme, Bauhaus singer Peter Murphy observed: "You are micklerous, Dave. It's a nice idea, but don't you think us an event it's really rather obscure?"

PERSONAL FILE



SALLY JAMES (of Tjswas)

FULL NAME: Sally Margaret Cann.
BORN: 10.5.53 in Chiswick.
EDUCATED: St. Margaret's Nursery School, Chiswick; Hinchley Wood Primary School; Gladys Dare Stage School; Arts Educational, Hyde Park Corner.
HIGH SPOT OF EDUCATION: Passing my 'O' levels.
FIRST CRUSH: Paul McCartney.
FIRST RECORD: "Hippy Hippy Shake" by The Swinging Blue Jeans.
FIRST CONCERT: The Beatles at Hammersmith Odeon in '63.
PREVIOUS JOBS: Worked in a department store demonstrating cars, but could never get any of these to work. After that, acting — I was the girlfriend of a

wayward lad in "Dixon Of Dock Green", a tart with a waist-length blonde wig in "Z Cars" (my mother didn't recognise me), the Deb in "The Reluctant Debutante" and a swapped wife in "Flipside".
BANDS: The Pioneers, The Sucketeers.

MARRIED: Yes, to Mike Smith. No children.

PRESENT HOME: Surrey.
PRODEST ACHIEVEMENT: It was a real thrill for me to do the Junior Royal Variety Performance. An incredible magic about it all, although we had to re-write the sketches because they were said to be too rude. We weren't even allowed to mention "corgis".

HERO: Steve Ovett.
HEROINE: Bette Davis.

ACTOR: George Segal.
MOST FAMOUS FRIENDS: Alvin Stardust, Lisa Goddard, Tessa Wyatt, Paul Burnette, Mike Read, DLT and Adam Ant.

FILM: "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers".

TV: "Carnation Street", "Dallas" and "Minder".

MENU: Smoked salmon, steak, fish or chicken and strawberries.

BOOK: The Sally James Book Of Almost Legendary Pop Interviews (£1.95 from East Pie) Buy it!

FEET FATE: Getting up early.

TRUE CONFESSION: I'm really untidy.

COLOUR OF SOCKS: Blue sparkly.

IT MUST BE LOVE



Suggs, Betts and Chas.

Forget *Clash*, read *Discs*! What about *Rain* and *Greenery*? *Bette*, *Bright* and *Orange* were omitted in *Black Issues* from days before Christmas in the book's unfortunately unusual conditions. In the church's glances around the guests showed someone writing love letters to top hats and girls for the man and, among the women, a mixture of cultural dress and waffles. In one scene me was an exotic 'Six gown in black and gold chiffon was set off with yellow leg-warmers and a pair of Dior Manteau.

It was an article profiling all family and friends. Celebrity guests included members of *Madness*, the long-haired *Dead School* and the *Blueshirts*, but as always the children stole the show — three small pipers playing outside the church, three young bridesmaids and a very small page-boy in red velvet, and the BIG question was: What would the dress look like?

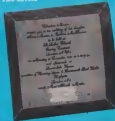
Bette arrived on the arm of *Chris Langan*, looking like a cross between *Anna Karenina* (the romantic heroine) and *The Snow Queen*. Red hair under a white

fur hat, white boots and a very Russian styled dress were all set off by the fact that his hair was the night before.

The music at the reception afterwards was an appropriate mix of *R&B* and soul — both live and on record. Towards the end of the evening Original *Mingus* Steve Allen took the microphone for his infamous version of "Racetrack Hotel" (lost on the newly weds attempted to sing "See You Later Alligator"). And the whole occasion was immortalized on video by *Bill*.

Peary Kelly.

The Invite



As a companion book-end to our "Best Of 1981" round-up in the last issue, cast an eye in the direction of a recent publication from Virgin Books. Called "The Rock Yearbook 1982" (DS.95) it breaks down the events of 1981 into handy, pocket-sized categories.

There are straightforward listings like the year's charts, rock venues and radio stations, plenty of visuals, a host of overviews and a calendar of what happened when and to whom.

The only drawback is that the book runs from August 1980 July '81 and so the obvious omissions or accidental glances look a tad unfortunate. Still, a rattling good read.

Because of the Christmas holidays we were unable to bring you the usual *Independents* and *Disco* charts in this issue. Back to normal on January 21st.

TALES 5

The current listening pleasure of a Smash Hits pencil-pusher. This issue.

1. **ABBA**: One Of Us (Epic)
2. **THE HUMAN LEAGUE**: The Things That Dreams Are Made Of (Virgin)
3. **DOLLAR**: Mirror Mirror (WEA)
4. **THE TEARDROP EXPLODES**: The Great Dominions (from "Wilder")
5. **JOAN ARMATRADING**: No Love (A&M)

ALL TIME TOP 10

GARY TIBBS (of Adam & The Ants)

1. **THE POLICE**: *Roxanne* (A&M). This was the first time I heard Sting's voice. I love the simplicity and the sense of space and the fact that obviously not much time was spent on it.
2. **THE JACKSON FIVE**: *ABC* (Motown). Such a colourful group and such an "up" record. I used to dance to it a lot when I was younger.
3. **ROXY MUSIC**: *Love Is The Drug* (EG). Very slick song. The whole lyric conjures up the image of the ultimate smoky nightclub. I like all Ferry's lyrics, even after playing them for 24 years!
4. **FREE**: *My Brother Jake* (Island). Paul Rodgers in those days had the white blues voice and Paul Kossoff was A Star.
5. **QUEEN**: *Seven Seas Of Rhye* (EMI). I love the whole concept of the thick harmony sound on vocals and guitar used to its fullest extent. This one just steams along.
6. **THE ROLLING STONES**: *Brown Sugar* (Rolling Stones). It's got everything. It's classic Stones with each Stone at his best.
7. **LED ZEPPELIN**: *Whole Lotta Love* (Atlantic). Heroes

of mine since I was about 12 especially John Bonham, my complete hero! This is one of the most powerful rocks of all time.

8. **DAVID BOWIE**: *Fame* (RCA). This is white disco — a 'jam'. It's so simple and very much on-the-spur-of-the-moment. Amazing how it all holds together.

9. **CLIFF RICHARD**: *Dynamite* (EMI). A very old record that's just stuck in my mind. Very raunchy for Cliff Richard. The actual beat is quite "jungle" like, which appealed to my natural liking for jungle-beats.

10. **STEVIE WONDER**: *Superstition* (Motown). I'm a black music fan really and I love all Stevie Wonder's songs. This is well played, very full, lots of brass. It swings.



Hazel stares deep into the eyes of Jess Birdsall, her loved one.

Starting on ITV at the end of February in a new 7-part "rock drama" called *Jangles*. Under the spotlight for the whole series is none other than Hazel O'Conner, who plays a teenage schoolgirl who has dreams of "making it as an entertainer". She bangs around the "jangles" club with her unemployed boyfriend (Jess Birdsall) getting involved in various problems: booze, drugs, sex, confrontation with the parents, you name it. In

between these dramas, a broad spectrum of bands take to the club stage, catering for most musical tastes — *Our Daughter's Wedding*, *Tank* (ex-Damned Heavy Metal), *Talisman* (reggae), *Haircut One Hundred*, *Fun Boy Three*, *The Phenoms* (rockabilly), *Slow Twitch Fibres* (electronic pop), and, of course, Hazel herself. Doesn't sound bad, does it?

Friends Of Mine



DURAN DURAN

Friends of mine
They said they were friends of mine
Said they were passing time
More like a waste of time

Close the door
I said close the door
I've told you twice before
What are you waiting for

Georgeie Davies is coming out
No more heroes we twist and shout
Oh no not me I'm not too late
And I know that I'm not taking anymore
Rocky picture has lost his gun
Leave him out now he's having fun
Oh no not me I'm not too late
And I know that I'm not waiting anymore

Hey, hey

Silly lies
Don't have to advertise
When will you realise
I'm sick of your alibis

Running cold
The water's running cold
It's time that you were told
I think you're growing old

Georgeie Davies is coming out
No more heroes we twist and shout
Oh no not me I'm not too late
And I know that I'm not waiting anymore
Rocky picture has lost his gun
Leave him out now he's having fun
Oh no not me I'm not too late
And I know that I'm not waiting anymore

Hey, hey

Friends of mine
They said they were friends of mine
They were just wasting time
Out on the dotted line
Money's gone

I've known it all along
Why don't you say I'm wrong
Why don't they drop the bomb

'Cause Georgeie Davies is coming out
No more heroes we twist and shout
Oh no not me I'm not too late
And I know that I'm not waiting anymore
Rocky picture's thrown away his gun
Leave him out now he's having fun
Oh no not me I'm not too late
And I know that I'm not taking anymore

What are you doing
Friends of mine
Holding back now
Friends of mine
I've always heard you calling

Words and music by Duran Duran
Reproduced by permission
Tritec Music/Carlin Music/Pettermann Music On EMI Records

INTERNATIONAL

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

Just to kick off the New Year with something special, here's the very first RSVP devoted solely to the overseas mail-box. If you want to write to anyone abroad, new year's chance.

● I am a 16-year-old Turkish girl and would love penpals from all over the world. Hobbies are playing tennis, writing poetry, writing letters and listening to music. Write to me, Nazlı Cansın, at: Mihıtpasa Caddesi, 1147/12 Uckuyulu, Izmir, Turkey.

● My name is Lennart and I live in Denmark. I like Human, the Human League, Soft Cell and Depeche Mode. I will be 17 in March. Write to: Lennart Andreason, Rosenkildvej 12A, 3000 Elsinore, Denmark.

● I'm a Swedish girl, aged 14, with a sense of humour. I want male penpals, please, aged 14-18. My interests are: Adam Ant, Madness, The Police, Duran Duran and lots more. Photo needed! Write to: Anne-Li Olsson, PL 5096 Humlekär, 453 00 Lysekil, Sweden.

● 16-year-old Palestinian boy would like female penpals. My interests include: ELO, The Police, Cliff Richard, Kim Wilde, Adam, sports and humour. If you're interested, write with pic to: Nahil Tarazi, Radio Street, Ramallah, The West Bank of Jordan, Via Israel.

● Girl, 18, would like to correspond with anyone who likes Soft Cell, Simple Minds, The Cure, Japan, Joy Division, Bauhaus etc. I'd like to trade pics for other pics of my fave bands, especially Soft Cell! Interested? Photo please to: Sonja Johnston, 38 Easwick Drive, Scarborough, Toronto, Ontario, M1E 1C6, Canada.

● 17-year-old boy from Greece wants to write to boys or girls aged 14-18. I like punk music, especially The Slits and Stuff Little Fingers. Please write to: John Iacobens, Rodou 45 (T.T. 220), Athens, Greece.

● Two Australian males interested in swapping singles with English people. We're ready to send you some good records by some of the best Australian non-Top Forty bands (we do have

some good ones — they're not all like The Bee Gees or AC/DC). We like punk and anything new. No heavy metal or disco. Write to: Mark Wright, QTO3 News, Box 72 G.P.O., Brisbane, 4001, Australia. Or: Andrew Faux, 32 Coesar Road, Ferny Hills, Brisbane, 4055, Australia.

● Female Numanoid would like to hear from other Gary Numan fanatics. I am blonde and aged 22. Write to: Anita Florian, Mollardgasse 77/14/17, 1060 Vienna, Austria.

● Hil John's the name and correspondence is the game. Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet and Ultravox are my faves. Sweet 18 this year and hoping to get girls writing to me aged 14-16. People with weird interests and who like other groups are all welcome too! Just drop a line to John: 41-K, Block 1, Lovers 7, Toa Payoh, Singapore 1231. I'll be writing!

● Anyone there interested in writing to a 23-year-old girl in Germany? Favourite groups: Roxxy Music, The Police, Hazel O'Connor, Anita and others. My name is Angelika Killig and I live at: Westerdeich 142, 2800 Bremen 10, West Germany.

● 18-year-old girl from Sweden would like boys and girls to write to her. Interested in: clothes, Duran Duran, Human League, Black Uhuru, Grace Jones etc. In my spare time, I dance and do gymnastics. I'm also doing radio programmes with some friends. Write to: Carina Hellström, Rosenhällsgatan 12, S-633 58 Eskilstuna, Sweden.

● 20-year-old girl, into The Clash, would love to write to male or female Clash fans. Please get your pens working and write to: Carrie K., Gablengasse 48/3, A-1160 Vienna, Austria.

● Greetings! 14-year-old girl, who likes most music except heavy and disco, wants penpals aged 13-15. Special likes are:

Echo And The Bunnymen, Teardrops, U2, The Beatles, The Slits, The Bonabees, Simple Minds etc. Contact: Lisa Green, 1455 Clarkson Road North, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L5J 2W8.

● Australian girl wants penpals. Interests include: OMD, Duran Duran, The Human League and most other music (except heavy metal). Hope to receive lots of letters, so get out your pens and write to: Michaela Brumher, Ada Christen-G, 11/44/1, 1100 Wien, Austria.

● Male (16) requires female penpal. Into reggae, ska and new wave. Favourites: The Police, Black Uhuru, The Beat, Numan, Genesis and more. Send your pic and a letter to: Roy Green, Founders House, Doocesan College, Rondebosch, 7700, Cape Town, South Africa.

● Male (23), likes most types of music. Although not familiar with current chart scene, very willing to learn with the help of a female aged 17 or over! Other interests include sports, travel, wild life and group activities. Photo appreciated. Write to: Ithibar Sheriff, Box 31014, Lusaka, Zambia.

● My interests are: the movies and reading books. Fave groups include OMD, The Police, Genesis, Olivia Newton-John and Diana Ross. I am 19 and male. Contact: Garhis Haddad, Rue Due Fleuve, 177 Guillaugan, No. 731, Beirut, Lebanon.

● Hello, I'm a Danish girl who's mad about The Boomtown Rats! Is there anyone else out there with the same good taste? My other fave groups are: The Stones, Pretenders, Numan and Bowie. I play the saxophone, and am 15 years old. Write to: Janie Huus, Ronnevangenshus 160, 2630 Tårstrup, Denmark.

● Aussie girl (15) wants male futurist or new romantic aged 15+ to write to. I like Duran Duran, Ants, Japan, Spandau etc. I dislike Shakin' Stevens, heavy metal and skinheads. Contact: Wendy Blanchard, 16/61 Heza Street, Lane Cove 2066, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

● Hello all you intelligent Smash Hits readers... here we are. Catherine and Pernilla, two Swedish fanatics aged 16. Into: new thrilling music, except heavy metal and such crap! Drop us a line at: C. Tillas & P. Johs, Norrskensg. 12, S-3781 Borlänge, Sweden.

● Hello all males aged 17-20. I want you to write to me. I am a Finnish girl, aged 16. I like rockably music. A photo would be nice! Write to: Reine Ryopos, Rantakulmantie 17, 45700, Kuusawrski, Finland.

● I am a 14-year-old female Devo-tee and I would like to write to anybody of the same age who

is into Spandau Ballet, Gary Numan and, of course, Devo. If you don't know much about Devo, I can explain the concept of Devo-lation! Please write to: Maimie Bloom, 135 Harvard Avenue E. Apt. 302, Seattle, Washington 98102, U.S.A.

● Female (15) requires male penpal. I like Duran Duran, Depeche Mode, P!nk and Madness. And not for getting! Kim Wilde. Write to: Kerstin Ostlund, Gila Ockelbo VI, 81700 Norrstrand, Sweden.

● 19-year-old female wants male or female penfriends. I like Bowie, The Cure, OMD etc. I am bored with American music and dislike heavy metal and someone called Reagan. Please write to me! Contact me at: Lauren, PO Box 12684 UCSB, Santa Barbara, California 93107, U.S.A.

● I am a mature, pretty 14-year-old girl looking for a hunky male aged 14-17. I like Ultravox, Visage, The Human League, Gary Numan, The Police and others. I like discos and swimming, and dislike cruelty to animals. Blonde and the headmaster. Please write with pic to: Janette Tipping, I.A.L., PO Box 1694, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia.

● I want a penpal aged 19 and over. Fave bands include: Teardrop Explodes, Talking Heads, The Jam, Boomtown Rats etc. I dislike Shena Easton, Bucks Fizz, Kim Wilde. Other interests include photography, reading, movies and comedy. Write to: Donna Barton, 495 Darcy Road, Camp Hill 4152, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

● Swedish girl wants people with a good sense of humour to write to her. Likes: OMD, The Clash, Madness. Write to: Ann Harrysson, Nya Stora, 3L, 332 00 Giastaved, Sweden. Aged 15 and over welcome!

● Hello all you London girls! I am Finnish, aged 18 and want penpals aged 16-19. Please write to me, Eija Miettinen, at: Eerikinkatu 40 A 7, 00180 Helsinki 18, Finland.

● A Finnish girl who was in Eastbourne last summer is looking for an English pen-pal. She is 18 and likes listening to good soul music but loves other bands as well. Faves are Toyah, UB40, Genesis and Dire Straits. She will be very glad if you send a letter to: Paivi Toivanen, Soriokankatu 8, 80260, Joensuu 26, Finland.

● 18-year-old American girl in high-school wants people who are interested in Mods and Psychedelic to write to her. I also like Los Angeles psychedelic punk. If you're a boy aged 16-19, send your picture to Betsie Allen, 7525 Harrison Avenue, Hammond, Indiana 46324, USA.

Pink Floyd

● SEE EMILY PLAY ●

Emily tries but misunderstands
She's often inclined to borrow somebody's dreams till tomorrow

There is no other day
Let's try it another way
You'll lose your minds and play
Free games for May
See Emily play

Soon after dark Emily cries
Gazing through trees in sorrow hardly a sound till tomorrow

There is no other day
Let's try it another way
You'll lose your mind and play
Free games for May
See Emily play

Put on a gown that touches the ground
Float on a river forever and ever Emily (Emily)

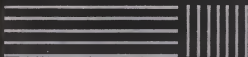
There is no other day
Let's try it another way
You'll lose your mind and play
Free games for May
See Emily play

Words and music by Syd Barrett
Reproduced by permission Essex Music International
On EMI Records



MONKEYS

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN



I baggy your heart
If you'll baggy mine
I'll take a chance
If you'll take the blame
Forget it, forget it
Demand, demand

Boys are the same
Brains in their pocket
Girls are the same
Knocking and rocking
Remember, remember
Demand, demand
I'm not a holy man
I'm too lonely for that
I'm not a praying man
I'm not ready for that
Demand, demand

I baggy your heart
If you'll baggy mine
I'll take a chance
If you'll take the blame
Forget it, forget it
Demand, demand
Demand, demand

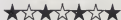
Words and music by Sergeant/McCulloch/Pettinson/De Freitas
Reproduced by permission Zoo Music/Warner Bros. Music Ltd.
On Korova Records



S

SINGLES

Reviewed by
Ian Birch



HAIRCUT ONE HUNDRED: Love Pina One (Arista) The band who'll have us all slipping into chunky knits and brogues before you can say Captain Mark Phillips. This is a fine follow-up to "Favourite Shirt" which, as soon as people become friends with the sound, will be an even bigger hit. It's a nifty mover with plenty of interesting details. And who could resist a lyric like "Where does it lead from here?/Is it down to the lake I fear?" They've been watching too many late-night thrillers.



XTC: Seams Working Overtime (Virgin) When will the world put a comforting arm around XTC? They've certainly kept their part of the bargain by dealing out cartloads of invigorating music. This is no exception: a great, metallic sound full of lean energy and Andy Partridge's barking vocals.

GILLAN: Restless (Virgin) What do YOU expect from a Gillan 45? Steam-hammer energy? Vein-bursting vocals? The swish of hair hitting the mike? This one actually adds on a toe-tapper of a tune and sounds all the hotter for it.



RHODA WITH THE SPECIAL A.K.A.: The Beller (2-Tone) The ex-Body snatchers teams up with what remains of the Specials plus the veteran cornet of Mr Dick Cuthell. You may not hear this too much on the radio as the subject matter is decidedly unsettling. Rhoda tells the story of a horrifying rape in the kind of language everyone will understand. What with "Ghost Town" (which almost preheated the riots this summer), 2-Tone are not mincing their words.

CENTRAL LINE: Don't Tell Me (Mercury) One of the new toasts of the disco crowd, Central Line don't live up to all their promotional bellyhoo. This is pleasant enough but also supremely forgettable.



ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK: Maid Of Orleans (Die Disc) Part two of that nail-biting narrative, Joan Of Arc. Will Joanie get her new coat of mail? Will her horse be able to cope with the extra weight...? OMD might juggle with the same subject matter as their last single but the two songs are different in every other way. Once again the dreamboat duo come up with a scintillating intro before settling into a stately center which becomes more hypnotic with each listen. It could easily be their "Maid Of Kintyre". P.S. It comes in two breath-taking arty sleeves which must have cost a fortune.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Listen That's When Your Blood Bumps/Sad-Eyed People/Two Guitars Clash (Chrysalis) Oh dear. The facts:

Jake Burns has traded in his Lewis Leathers for a kipper tie and '40s-style suit; Dolphin Taylor, who used to be behind Tom Robinson, is now in the drummer's seat; these four new songs sell for a nobly cheap £1.10 (or less). The Experience; dull and heavy-handed rock & roll that only shows up the dodgy production. Jake's shaky singing and the treadmill material.

A CERTAIN RATIO: Waterline (Factory) Or everything that's hip under one mo: spine-dislodging bass, floating vocals that don't make any sense and some spluttering electronics as the tail on the donkey. Not exactly Party Seven fare.



ORANGE JUICE: Felicity/In A Nutshell (Postcard/Polydor) Well, it's better than their last, unhappy effort "Love (L.O.V.E.)", but Edwyn should really look to his vocals. They let down the songs, the playing and the production, and that's not right.

ROBERT PALMER: Some Guys Have All The Luck (Island) Noel Edmunds got so carried away with this on a recent Sunday show that he played it twice in succession. I'm not surprised. It's a great combination of limb-loosening rhythm and immediate melody. Top Five. No problem.



JOAN ARMATRADING: No Love (R&M) Another number nudged off the "Walk Under Ladders" L.P., this is up to Joan's usual impeccable standards. Bags of emotion and a wonderfully unpolished feel make it better than a howl of Ready Brek any day.

a

ALBUMS

CHIC: Take It Off (Atlantic) They never could really write songs but Chic could generally be depended upon for unforgettable riffs. Bad news. The riffs have run dry and all you're left with is dazzling rhythmic interplay, as if that were somehow enough. Ten new compositions and not a trace of a tune in the lot. When you think of all the great songs that are sitting around gathering dust it's a crying shame that Chic's undoubted talents aren't being put to their proper use. (4 out of 10)

David Hepworth



ABBA: The Visitors (Epic) For some reason Abba either inspire feelings of loving or loathing in the general public. Strange, as there's nothing really to get worked up about, unless you're actually allergic to magnificent craftsmanship, tons of electronic gadgets and the sort of lyrics you'd expect from people who are both colossally rich and divorced (and thus feel obliged to get all romantic again). Soulless, exquisite stuff. Quite simply, Abba have as much song-writing talent in one little finger as your average pop groups do in their entire head, hands and feet. And on this LP it positively glows. (8 out of 10)

Mark Ellen

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT: Two Bad DJ (Greenleafs) Not the

actor and not a holy warrior but the voices on last year's most popular talkover, "Another One Bites The Dust" (totally unrelated to the Queen song of the same name). This collects together the lumbie twosome's various singles which are full of nursery rhyme reggae toasting of the most satisfying kind. The plain silly "Jack Sparr", the worried "World War" and the moving "Tribute To General Echo" (himself a superior toaster) are all here. The lyric sheet means that all of us can sing along — wildly out of tune! (9 out of 10)

Peter Silvester

DRAMATIS: For Future Reference (Rocket) Maybe Gary Numan hasn't done Dramatis any favours by singing on their hit single "Love Needs No Disguise" because it tends to show up the quality of their vocals compared to his. Of the group's two main vocalists, Russell Bell, is less inclined to adopt Gary's mannerisms than Denis Holmes and, generally, this is a lighter, poppier sound than Numan's. There's nothing wrong with that but the end result is still a million miles from wonderful. The title says it all. (5 out of 10)

Johnny Black

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Ghosts Of Christmas Past (Crescendo) This worthy Belgian label apparently see their compilations as magazines to be browsed through and then discarded. Still, the tasteful choice of contributors and the resulting high quality of music means that references to December 25 are few. This holds up remarkably well even after Christmas as an attractive, gently romantic (if slightly earnest) winter collection. Highspots are mostly on side one — Aztec Camera, The Names, Paul Haig, Swinging Buildings, Soft Verdict and Durutti Column plus Cabaret Voltaire and Tuxedo Moon. (7 out of 10)

Ian Crahan



ODYSSEY: The Best Of Odyssey (RCA) Without making any great fuss about it,

Odyssey have steadily built up one of the finest, most attractive repertoires in pop and most of it is represented here. Where else could you find three such superb voices capable of getting the best out of everything from dance floor numbers like "Use It Up, Wear It Out" as well as searing soul ballads like "It Will Be Alright" (gasp!) and "If You're Looking For A Way Out" (swoon!)? If this stuff isn't fashionable then it's about time we got some new fashions. (8 out of 10)

David Hepworth



CENTRAL LINE: Breaking Point (Mercury) I have to admit to a lot of personal bias here. I've always felt that Linton, Lipson & Co. are amongst the forerunners of British dance music and hopefully this debut album will help put them where they belong. The L.P. includes a great, five minute version of "Walking Into Sunshine" which anyone with any taste already knows should have been a monster hit. There's also their new single "Don't Tell Me" which, although not quite as catchy, shows the boys in a funkier frame of mind. But the highlight is the title track which is the kind of brilliant instrumental that will become a dancefloor sensation. Well done, lads (8 out of 10)

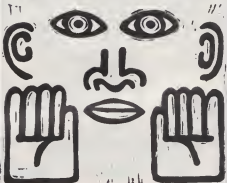
Beverly Hillier

BILL NELSON: Das Kabinett (Crested) This is a soundtrack — Nelson's accompaniment for the Yorkshire Actors Company's recent mime and dance presentation of the classic German expressionist (i.e. well weird) silent film of 1919 where there's a heap of trouble in the cabinet of Dr. Caligari with his zombie (who's a fairground freak by day and a murderer by night). All of which is largely more interesting than the music which consists of modest snippets of varied, dream-like electronics. A souvenir, Nelson says, for those who have seen the production and a hint of "strange beauty and corrupt power" for those who haven't. Filled under mildly interesting background music (5 out of 10)

Red Starr

XTC

SENSES WORKING OVERTIME



THE NEW SINGLE
7": 3 TRACK EP

[IN SPECIAL 5 SENSES FOLD OUT BAG*]

12": 4 TRACK EP*

[INCLUDES -
EGYPTIAN SOLUTION (HOMO SAFARI SERIES NO 3)]

* LIMITED EDITIONS.

Virgin



Haircut One Hundred

new forty five cut
'love plus one'
c/w
'marine boy'

produced by bob sargeant
out now

appearing live at the national club 234 kilburn high rd. n.w.2 - january 27th

ARISTA

clip 2

The W.H. Smith Record Sale is on.

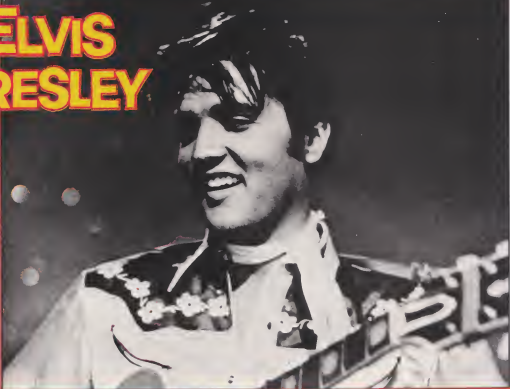
In the W. H. Smith Record Sale, you'll find LP's at prices ranging from as little as 99p to £3.49. There are cassettes at only £1.99. Come along to the big Record Sale.

WHSMITH



Subject to availability At W H Smith Main Record Departments Offer ends 25th January

ELVIS PRESLEY



KING CREOLE

There's a man in New Orleans and he's a rock and roller
He's a guitar man with a great big soul
He lays down a beat like a ton of coal
He goes by the name of King Creole

Chorus

You know he's gone, gone, gone
Jumpin' like a catfish on a pole
You know he's gone, gone, gone
Hip shakin' King Creole (King Creole, King Creole)

When the King starts to do it, it's as good as done
He holds his guitar like a tommy gun
He starts to growl from way down in his throat
He bends a string and that's all she wrote

Repeat chorus

He sings a song about a crawdad hole
He sings a song about a jelly roll
He sings a song about pork and greens
He sings some blues about New Orleans

Repeat chorus

He plays something evil then he plays something sweet
No matter how he plays you got to get up on your feet
When he gets the rockin' fever baby, heaven sakes
He don't stop playing 'til his guitar breaks

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Leiber/Stoller
Reproduced by permission Carlin Music Corp.
On RCA Records





Big Bag

Dave Karger / *Rolling Stone* / *Photo: G. Dotti*

Pigbag. Heard that word before somewhere? Perhaps it's a special kind of sack used by farmers to carry their porky produce to market? Or maybe it's one of those fishy insults that cartoonists make most of their enemies in war comics: "You will die, Englisher pigbag!"

On the other hand, maybe you've just spotted it as a virtually permanent fixture on the independent charts since sometime last May, when the classy, brassy and bongos-heavy instrumental "Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag" was unleashed on an unsuspecting public. A few weeks ago they released a second stylistic and instrumental, "Sunny Day," and now they've got two in the charts. And with a disco mix of "Papa's" due out on any day now with a new single, "Getting Up" in January, and an album in February, they'll probably have a few more.

Purely instrumental groups are a rarity these days. Purely instrumental groups that actually sell records are even rarer. When I wrote of the last-in-office of their manager Dick O'Dell, Pigbag immediately started asking about whether Smash Hits would like to print some of their lyrics. The occasional grunt, groan, "yeah, man" and "darnolt, I dropped a drumstick" escape from their lips when they're playing, they explain with a grin. Perhaps they could write them out for me. Perhaps not, boys. I bent off through the snow to talk it over in a cafe with saxophonist Ollie Moore and percussionist/trombonist Roger Freeman.

Roger comes from Birmingham. Ollie comes from Bristol, as does Simon Underwood. Pigbag's bass player and former Pop Group member, Bud Cheltenham—home of drummer "Chippie" Dempsie, guitarist/saxophonist James Johnstone, and diminutive trumpeter Chris Lee—was where Pigbag was born.

Cheltenham, famed throughout the world for its large bus stations, is an unexciting sort of place. Particularly unexciting if you're just "hanging around" signaling on the dolls and "not doing very much" like the various members of Pigbag were

until recently. So they and a few others used to create their own amusement by "getting together and jamming" at a friend's house. In different combinations of two and three, they went on like this for a couple of years, until about a year ago the group "just sort of gradually came together... there was no plan or anything."

"Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag" was the very first tune they wrote. Can they describe how their music is put together? "Not really," replies Ollie. "It just comes out on what we all bring to it," adds Roger.

What this means in practice is that they start with a basic idea ("Papa's" was composed "on a clarinet") which then gets put through the Pigbag process: take a riff or melody, flesh it out with a full-bodied horn section, give it a breathless beat with some pounding percussion, add a funky feel with bass and guitar, and leave a few spaces for the individual members to "let themselves go." The result? Some of the most decidedly danceable noises to greet the last five years. Next to Pigbag, most of the current crop of Brit-bank and digital dance

bands sound pretty dreary.

But do Pigbag just see themselves as a dance band? They obviously don't, but can't seem to explain why. Ollie: "Not at all."

Roger: "It's still not planned out. We just let it happen, develop."

Ollie: "We never set out just to have seven dance numbers."

Chippie: "Obviously it's a lot to do with the rhythm, but we've got a harder edge than most dance bands."

Dance band or not, both of their singles have been hot in the discos. Then again, they're also being popular among punks, incensed by futurists and enjoyed by lots of plain ordinary folk. Pigbag are pleased to be appealing to a mixture of people, wary of being pinned down by some gift category, and heartily sick of suggestions that they belong to some non-existent beatnik revival. Ollie, however, currently supporting a David Bolony-style fungus on his chin, will consent to being called a "beard-ink."

Pigbag are also happy that they've got as far as they have (i.e. selling a lot, touring a lot, and making a living) without selling their souls to some major label. All their records have been

on the T label, courtesy of manager Dick O'Dell. O'Dell has almost become a seventh member of the band, taking care of business, producing them in the studio, and mixing their sound at concerts.

"It's good," says Ollie. "Because there's been no unpleasantness or pressure on us to do anything we don't want to do. It's good because it's really small and friendly."

So are they enjoying themselves? "Yeah," Ollie replies, "most of the time." They all enjoy travelling, and they've done a lot of that. Recently they managed, without any subsidy, a small American tour. They've also played a lot in Europe. One unfortunate side-effect though, is that a lot of the band are now effectively homeless and spend most of their time sleeping on other people's floors.

As to questions about what they'd like to do in the future: "Well, there isn't really anyone in the band who plans more than a couple of weeks ahead."

Ollie and Roger are quiet, friendly people. However, although they're not exactly uncommunicative, they're not particularly talkative either. They answer questions politely, but can't or won't elaborate on very much. It's more of a low-key chat we have than an interview. Suddenly, after we've been talking aimlessly for a long while about Berlin, bertha and pantomime horses ("The next big thing," they claim) an eldritch, somewhat drunken man lurches over to the table. He fixes us with a steely gaze and announces: "There's only one way to get the style, and that's to spend seven years in the Grenadier guards."

Oh yeah, mate? That's a good quote; get that down," says Roger. "Yeah, you should write that down," insists Ollie. So I did.



Pigbag (left-right): Roger Freeman, Roger Freeman, Bud Cheltenham, James Johnstone, Chris Lee and Ollie Moore

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Those nice people at K-Tel Records have kindly donated this treasure trove to the lucky winners of the following strenuous test of general knowledge. Eagle-eyed readers will have observed three song



titles below, with three band names hot on their heels. Which of the three bands recorded each of the songs? Jot the band names, in order, on a postcard (or the back of an envelope) and send it to **Smash Hits Modern Dance Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF**. And don't forget to include your name and address. The first 50 right answers to be extracted from the stack on January 21 will find a T.M.P. Kit* beating a path to their door!

Here's the songs: a) "New Life"; b) "Charlotte Sometimes"; c) "Open Your Heart". Who recorded them: The Cure, The Human League, Depeche Mode?

* Totally Modern Person Kits. We've told you once!

STAR TEASER

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

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 uninterupted 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 page 34.

ALISON
AMANDA
ANNIE'S SONG
BLACK BETTY
CARRIE-ANNE
CHRISTINE
CLAIR
DEBORA
DELLYAN
DIANA
DONNA
ELEANOR RIGBY
ELOISE
EMMA

GEORGY GIRL
GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY
GLORIA
HEY PAULA
I CAN'T LET MAGGIE GO
JENNIFER ECCLES
JOAN OF ARC
JOLENE
JUDY TEEN
JULIE ANN
JULIET
LADY ELEANOR
LOLA
LYDIA

MANDY
MARIANNE
MUSTANG SALLY
OH CAROL
PAMELA PAMELA
PATRICIA
PEARL'S A SINGER
PEGGY SUE
FOLK SINGIN' ANNE
RUNAROUND SUE
SEE EMILY PLAY
SISTER JANE

E U S D N U O R A N U R I R H C G C
L B C E R O N A E L E Y D A L O D R
A D L A R E G N I S A S L R A E P A
I E P A R L D J U L I E A N N C A F
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P J I I I S N R E A I I S G S L I E
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THE SMASH HITS FAN CLUBS DIRECTORY

GET SMART! PRODUCTIONS (A division of Linda Duff Inc.) presents the first annual guide to the fan clubs of the nation. In response to many reader requests we've put together all the fan club information we have; it's as up to date and factually correct as we can make it but please bear in mind that we can't vouch for any of the clubs featured. Standards vary wildly and what you get for your membership fee will probably be different every time. Not all the addresses listed below are fan clubs in the conventional sense — some prefer to call themselves "information services"; others are purely appreciation societies run by dedicated fans who do their best in what spare time they have. To avoid any disappointment follow the golden rule. Always enclose a stamped addressed envelope and never send off any money unless you know what it's going to get you. Good luck.

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I take a little piece of you
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Photographs I took of you
Towns I pass through
I've got to have a memory
Or I have never been there
I have never had you (had you)
I have never had you

I can't remember
Give me a reminder
I collect, I reject
Memorabilia
Memorabilia

I like little bits of glassware
Ashtrays with inscriptions
Plastic things on pencils
Bits of mass production
Postcards, 3-D pictures
Little bits of plastic
Covering up the bedroom
To show you I've been there
To show you I've been there

Keychains and snowstorms
Keychains and snowstorms
Give me a reminder
I collect, I reject
Memorabilia

Keychains and snowstorms
Keychains and snowstorms
Memorabilia

I can't remember
Give me a reminder
I collect, I reject
Photographs I took of you
Towns that I pass through

I've got to have a memory
Or I have never been there
I have never been there
I have never had you
I have never had you
I can't remember
Give me a reminder
I collect, I reject

Castanets, Mantillas
Torremolinos
Castanets and plastic fans
Torremolinos
Torremolinos
I collect, I reject
Memorabilia
Memorabilia
Oie, Oie
Memorabilia
I can't remember

Repeat and ad lib to fade

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On Some Bizarre Records

Saturday Night
(Beneath The Plastic Palm Trees)
THE LEYTON BUZZARDS



'69 was a very fine year
Was a teenage rebel who knew no fear
Hanging around the flats at night
Drunk on cider out of sight
Six months later barnet's grown
I've got a mohair suit to call my own
Button-down shirt with a window-pane check
Brand new strides with a dog-tooth fleck
Growing up I need much more
The youth club kids were such a bore
Me mate Neil said there's a place he knows
Where his elder sister and her mates all go

Chorus

Saturday night beneath the plastic palm trees
Dancing to the rhythm of "The Guns Of Navarone"
Found my Mecca near Tottenham Hale Station
I've discovered heaven in the Seven Sisters Road

Crews from Balham and Golders Green
And loads of places I've never been
The stroke of ten a fight breaks out
Heer the bouncers scream and shout
Sling him out he's wearing boots
Cry the gangsters dressed in dinner suits
They black his eyes his nose gets bent
Courtesy of the management

Repeat chorus

Eddie Holmen slows things down
You ask a girl to dance
But you get turned down
Maybe it's just a not your day
What d'ya went for five bob anyway
I was cool drinking rum and black
And then felt sick on the journey back
I got soaked right through in the pouring rain
But next week I'm going back again

Repeat chorus twice

Saturday night, Saturday night, Saturday night, Saturday night,
Saturday night, Saturday night, Saturday night, Saturday night,
Saturday night,
Saturday night, Saturday night, Saturday night.

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Gillan

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Met a man from China, we're flown to Geisha Minor
 Then again incidentally if you're that way inclined
 Perfume came naturally from Paris (naturally)
 For cars she couldn't care less
 Fastidious and precise

Repeat chorus

Drop of a hat she's as willing as, playful as a pussy cat
 Then momentarily out of action, temporarily out of gas
 To absolutely drive you wild
 She's out to get you

Repeat chorus

Ooh recommended at the price
 Insatiable in appetite
 Wanna try?

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BLACK MUSIC



One minute you're a daring young punk band; the next you find yourself with a Greatest Hits album. Mike Stand meets up with Siouxsie And The Banshees and finds no evidence of creeping complacency. Gritty monochrome pics by Mark Rusher

Good evening and let's welcome chartbusting popsters Siouxsie And The Banshees as they celebrate three years of continuous commercial success with the release of an album of their greatest hits entitled "Once Upon A Time". Trumpeters, a fanfare if you please!

Oh.

"I'm sorry, unfortunate this, but the trumpeters just did a fanfare. One look at Siouxsie Sioux all in a creak with her hair like a nest of snakes and Steve Severin all in black with his neat blond hair apparently moulded from sheet metal and they lied, medals, knees and teeth a-clatter. So much for our Banshees jolly-up. Somehow Sioux, Severin and celebration don't seem to go together.

Well, know how those stout soldiers fell: The eyes of the Banshees fell on me too and I checked the shortest route to the door. When Siouxsie let the elegant incline of her cigarette point my way I ducked as it was a pearl-handled pistol.

The thing is quite simply they have a great talent for psyching people out and over the five years The Banshees have been in business it's proved very useful to them.

The only difference is that now they're willing to talk about it — with small, dry smiles — whereas in less secure days it was a weapon they kept strictly under wraps to preserve its mystique. A hard instinct must have told them that even the most rugged old pro from record company or press is undermined if he's constantly wondering "Why do they hate me?" and "What have I done to deserve

this?" — and then, probably, "What can I do to win them over?"

Unlike most of us, Sioux and Steve aren't much worried about appearing nice. He said: "That's the way we are. We don't tolerate much (pause to choose the exact word) . . . nonsense. People don't like that, I guess. We're very opinionated and that scares them. But that's how both of us run our personal lives as well."

"Cut the crap and go straight for it," said Siouxsie, going straight for it.

Like or loathe them, most would admit that's what they've been doing since September 20, 1976, when the Banshees made their mind- and eardrum-curling debut at the 100 Club punk festival with a massacre of "The Lord's Prayer". That line-up featured the late and Sid Vicious on drums and Marco Pirroni, now an Ant, on guitar.

It was intended as some kind of one-off musical screen, a complete career lasting 20 minutes, as Siouxsie blandly recalled: "We all played on that understanding. It was hard to beat too." She laughed (they do). "We've been waffling ever since, trying to outdo that number one night."

It might indeed have been the ultimate in punk chic to leave it

at that. So much more appealing to be a legend than a reality. But despite all the black she still greets the world with, that night began to turn Siouxsie's life inside out, from negative to positive.

As Siouxsie has said: "Before I was in a band I only knew what I didn't want to do — everything that was offered to me."

For Steve there was certainly no stopping after that last gig: "When we came off I knew it's a (that pause again — very addictive drug being on stage — Siouxsie) "Then the disease spread."

Steve: "We collapsed into becoming a band."
They were sure about their inspiration all right. But their "method" was chaotic. They gnawed through musicians: the guitar passed from Marco to Peter Fenton, co-writer of the single "Love Is A Void" to John McKay, drums from Sid to Kenny Morris, and a girl called Simone played violin at a couple of shows. They got a good manager in Nils Stevenson, but for a long while nobody would give them the time of day. They survived on the thin gruel of gig receipts.

Maybe it helped. By '78, when they'd done a lot of work and were shaping up, punk had already burst apart into the freedom of the New Wave and everyone was more open-minded. The Pistols had split up, the image was broken. The Banshees felt bold enough to

SIOUXSIE



AND
THE **BANSHEES**

STOUXSIE AND THE BANISHES

1. Like every other one, single, EP or album, does.

Siouxie: "We weren't in awe of the record companies. We'd seen such a lot of the new bands snopped up by the greedy fish and spat out again."

Then Polydor came swimming past. Among the straightest of establishment names. Steve: "This is where people get a bit confused. There were hardly any independent labels in existence then. Our only choices were going with a major or doing it ourselves, and we were only just living on the money we earned so we decided, no dilly dallying, enter the heart of the beast."

On August 18 Hong Kong



Steve Severin

Garden, was announced, what Steve describes as a "very pretty song" with heavily veiled references to Hiroshima, and as it turned out, the Banshees were made. On Top Of The Pops! The first slide of the chronological "Once Upon A Time" all flows from that point, dark, often ugly music — pop because it was popular, appealing to those businessmen, journalists and fans who like to check where they stand by referring to a common denominator. Abba and the Banshees went together in the Top Twenty like peaches and a razor-blade grenade.

And they duly blew up of course. The preface to side two was the departure of Morris and McKay after an undignified leave-in on an Aberdeen record shop brought grievances to a head. It was malicious as hell

and suspicious. I was there and saw Siouxsie shove McKay's guitar into the hands of a stage door jan for good riddance.

The break was absolute. The two who haven't spoken to each other from that day to this.

But it was one of those dull, end-of-the-world occasions. The lyrics tell the story: "The Blanking Of The Banshees."

It began with their own refusal to surrender. Incredibly, they resumed that tour within five days with Budgie, from the Slits, on drums and the Cure's Robert Smith standing in on guitar. There has never been anything like it in the annals of rock 'n' roll. "It was all done in a whirlwind. Our main concern was to finish that tour because we'd put so much of our own money into it that if we hadn't we'd have been bankrupt and that would have been the end of the band."

Siouxie: "And more, there was such a desire to sling mud in their eyes! We were very determined, almost... vindictive."

Budgie: "There was no time to delve into one another. It had to work quick and it did."

They discovered themselves as old-fashioned show biz troupers. Still, upper-lip Siouxsie playing Julie Andrews in skintight leathers.

Siouxie: "It was a test. I think it was the worst thing that could have happened to the band — and we managed to plough on."

Steve: Everest was easier that.

Exactly. One church bells, heavenly chorus and, altogether now, Oh, how every mountain, lord every stream... "All right, it resembles a soggy B-movie script, but I still see it as one of the finest moments of the New Wave, especially when they switched it from defence to creative advance.

Feeling free, Sioux and Severin hurried away into new methods of writing and John McGeogh began his slow, steady slide into their lives.

To "audition" a permanent replacement for McKay the Banshees wrote "Happy House" leaving a fatal blank for the guitarist to work in. "Being allowed to do what the hell they liked instead of copying John McKay's part on one of our old hits, most people were stumped," and Siouxsie with some relief.

Nat McGeogh. Stumped? The Scot glowered at the very idea: "I can play guitar on anything. Mind, I was surprised when Nils called me and said we could join the band. It's like someone asking if you'll marry them."

Although his transfer from Magistrate wasn't completed until the "Jagu" sessions in early '81, he was giving them a piece of his mind even before.

"Kaleidoscope." It was McGeogh who suggested they try Police producer Nigel Gray because he liked the clarity of "Walking On The Moon."

It wasn't the obvious move, but it clicked. Gray has handled all Banshees tracks since then and, I think, contributed to their shift towards a less extreme sound. Contrary to their fierce image it emerged that they didn't enjoy or benefit from aggro.

Steve: "Nigel was very easy to work with. The only thing that came out of conflict was John Hands' when it was within the band and we didn't get on with the producer either (Mike Starvo). We had to fight to get the sound how we wanted it on every track."

Siouxie: "I don't think another person has any right to stand in our way and imprint their misguided ideas on our records. We have to have a common understanding."

Does that mean "They have to agree with us"? Probably. The Banshees are adamant — but not necessarily unreasonable. In these last two years the new Banshees have reached the happy state of what Siouxsie calls "intuitive democracy."

John McGeogh, with his strong temperament and his first-class honours art degree, would never accept being gagged. "You can't be frightened to tell people that what they're playing is crap, and I do," he says seriously. Then, "All that happens is our woges get stopped."

Joke! Unlike many musicians who joined established bands John and Budgie are on equal shares with founders Steve and Siouxsie — completely accepted on Banshees, not held at arm's length like hired hogs.



In a sense, it's been about experiencing pure, a coming of age together (sure, some would make that 'punk's growing old'). Steve adds: "Budgie and John had begun playing at roughly the same time as us. There was an unspoken knowledge about a lot of things you couldn't teach to anybody. We'd grown up through



the same period. A lot of things they couldn't teach went out of this window."

It adds up to what Steve called with the resonance of a campaigning politician, "the great sensation" of playing Banshees music.

So what is it that's held the Sioux-Sevens team together for five years now? Steve, ultra-dry: "We're just gluttons for punishment." Then silence. They don't want to analyse it. What do the others think of the founding Banshees then?

John (declining): "They love a vision and I have been privileged to glimpse it!"

Budgie (a bit brotherly): "Like it is, like it is!"

The immediate future holds a tour of Japan and Hong Kong, probably no more Creatures, spare-time Visiting for John, occasional British Banshees gigs. They also thank a few cover versions of their stuff might be due.

Apparently Vangelis asked for a set sheet music six months ago. "Maybe he's still programming the computer," said Steve. Then he whipped in a little sales pitch to prospective customers. Would you believe Spandau Ballet and the Beggar & Co brass doing "Playground Twist", or Motorhead blasting through "Metal Postcard"?



bauhaus

bela lugosi's dead

White on white
Translucent black capes
Back on the rack
Bela Lugosi's dead

The bats have left the belltower
The victims have been bled
Red velvet linas the black box
Bela Lugosi's dead

Bela Lugosi's dead
I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead
I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead

The virginal brides
File past his tomb
Shrewn with time's dead flowers
Bereaved in deathly bloom
Alone in a darkened room

The count
Bela Lugosi's dead
Bela Lugosi's dead
Bela Lugosi's dead
I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead
I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead

I'm dead

Words and music by Bauhaus
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the DAMNED

DON'T CRY WOLF

You don't have to listen
To what your parents say
They don't understand us
Their laws we don't obey
You can wear what you want
There ain't no uniform
Go where you want to go
Don't stay locked at home

Chorus
Don't be a fool
Don't cry wolf
Don't be a fool
Don't cry wolf

You can stand around now
Looking like fools
But there's a lot you could do
There ain't no rules
No point in getting bored
That won't help if you fall
So come and have some fun now
Help us smash it all

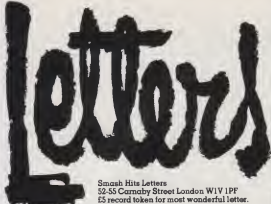
Repeat chorus

It's no good for you kids
Being told what to do
There's a lot of kicks for you
if you find something new

You don't have to listen
To what your parents say
They don't understand us
Their laws we don't obey
You can wear what you want
And there ain't no uniform
Go where you want to go
Don't stay locked at home

Repeat chorus to fade

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On Stiff Records



Smash Hits Letters
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£5 record token for most wonderful letter.

Reading the touching tale of "Adam and Stan" in your December 10 issue brought back to mind the occasion when my kid brother actually met Adam Ant himself.

Walking back from school my brother, with nothing else to do, began chewing the leather strap of his satchel. He chewed and chewed and chewed and suddenly the strap broke! Well, little brother cried his eyes out and as he turned the final corner before home he humped into Adam.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked Adam, seeing the little boy was so upset.

"I've gone and chewed right through the leather strap on my satchel," sobbed my brother.

"Well then," said Adam sympathetically, "take notice of the lyrics of my songs, and in a future Don't chew leather, don't chew leather . . ."
Shelley, Liverpool.

You are a comedian, Shel. Here's a £5 Record Token.

Being a fan of David Bowie I enjoyed the first part of your story. There was one thing though that I'd like to question you about. (Ask away — Ed.)

You said that a fight with a schoolfriend resulted in him undergoing eye surgery. But in a book I have on Bowie it says that a plane crash when he was young made him undergo eye surgery. Could you please tell me which one is correct?
Robin, Norwich.

It's not often we can say it but this time we were right.

Our milkman is the spitting image of Bryan Ferry. Anyone for a pint?
Anneth The Mammoth, Hatfield.

So what? The lady that cleans our phones looks like Frankie Howard.

Why is it that when we hear about English bands they are

referred to as "the Liverpool band, The Teardrop Explodes" or "the Sheffield band, The Human League", for example, while all bands from Scottish cities are lumped together as being "Scottish" bands? Do you not know that there is a very alive music scene in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and further north, believe it or not?

OK, so Scotland isn't as populated as England and we don't produce so many commercially successful musicians as England, but surely we're not so obscure as to be compared with a single English city.

Remember The Skids, Airedale laces and ultra-successful Ultravox — they're all Scottish, believe it or not!

Talking about the active music scene in Edinburgh, for example, why don't you feature a different British city each week in which you report on the local groups and what's happening musically there? I'm sure this would help your circulation (and profits — which it's all about!)

If you think that a lot of local bands are useless — listen again!
Joanna Macmillan, Edinburgh.

Ultravox? Scottish? Midge may be but Warren Cann hails from the frozen wastes of Canada and the other two are English, born and bred. Anyway, all bands are local! Nyeh ayeh nyeh ayeh nyeh . . .

My mummy bought me a new petticoat yesterday and I want a pram for Christmas.
Tracey Martin, Aldershot.

P.S. Have I got the right address for 'Twinkle'?

(Note to rest of readers: s'aight, they've caught her).

I would like a pen-pal of about the age of 25 from Sheffield who has long black hair on the right side and short hair on the left. He

should have brown eyes, wear black eye-liner, go by the name of Phil Ocker, be absolutely gorgeous and work in the Human League. If there is anyone that fits this description write to me. A Dreamer.

I've read in your mag that the waiting list for "Top Of The Pops" is three years. I couldn't believe it, because most of the groups don't even sing their songs, which is a bit of a let down for the "lucky" people in the studio.

I don't think it would be asking too much of the groups to sing, eh!
Neil McNight, Stranraer.

Yesterday (Sunday Dec 13) a friend and I were supposed to go and see The Jam in London. We were (and we know it!) most lucky to get tickets, and we were really looking forward to going when . . . it SNOWED AND SNOWED.

We couldn't even get the car out of the drive, let alone go to London, so I was told that my birthday treat was off. I've spent nine quid on tickets which are now collecting dust on the mantelpiece (money, I've been told, can't be refunded) and I thought that surely I can't be the only one who couldn't go because of the weather. I expect the band themselves had difficulty in getting there, so why the hell wasn't it (and other concerts for that matter) cancelled!

I hope you print this letter as I would like to know if other people also couldn't get there.
Kuren Selimon, Reading.

DEAR WHOEVER WRITES THE REPLIES AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL THE LETTERS.

You think you're so damn funny, don't you. Well, I don't. In fact I know that you are totally unfunny. People like you make me feel sick. You think you're really witty, well you're not. Sat there with your feet up eating spam baps and drinking Lucozade. God I hate you! The Jam, U2 and Bunnymen fan, Belfast.

Somebody got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning didn't they new . . .

Dear Marc Almond's Studded Wristband (issue Nov 25),

I'm sick of consoled cretins like you slagging off Tony Blackburn. Do you expect everyone to be perfect? No? Well belt up then. If you were stuck on a show as boring as the Top 40 you'd make a few mistakes, I bet. All DJs make mistakes, so don't go on about Tony's as though he'd committed a crime. To quote one of your examples, did you know how to say Duran Duran's name the first time you heard of them?

At least Tony Blackburn does his best to sound cheerful at all times, unlike DJs such as John Peel who sounds like a single

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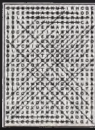
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STARTEASER
ANSWER (FROM PAGE 24)



being played at 33RPM, and about as exciting.

I'm not a particular fan of Mr Blackburn's but it strikes me as unfair that a hole should be criticised simply because he's made one or two mistakes and commits the crime of sounding cheerful on the radio. If you don't like him, don't listen to him — it's as simple as that.
Rachel, Canterbury.

Hear him the other week, did you? And this is Next Leaf — they're in a number 39 . . .

OUT & ABOUT WITH BARRY

I'm glad it's over, me. The "Festive Season" I mean. If you know anybody who wants one of those wacky electric toothbrush things, then I'm your boy: I've got four of them. Managed to break three before kid old Auntie Veronica explained that they weren't pressure corkscrews' after all. Terrible to-do. Couldn't wait to be back on the beat, zooming round the Clubland that we gossip-grabbers call 'home'.

All sorts of scandalous stuff to report as well. Popped down to see my old mate Ad Ant at the "Prince Charming Revue" and got a bit annoyed when this pushy hound from the Daily Mirror barged in front of me backstage to talk to Ad, not letting me get a look in. Still, old owl-ears overheard the following bit of chat. Ad talking: "I might get married again but not 'til I arrive at a time when I can have children and devote a lot of time to them." Very sensible. Ad's "thinking on his feet" as they say (not sure why, though!).

According to Bob Kingston of Tenpole Tudor, there's an "armour shortage" at the mo among medieval outfitters. Why else should Ad Ant be wearing the selfsame tin trousers 'n' top in the "Antrap" video as old Bob does on the cover of the new "Poles platter," "Let The Four Winds Blow". The scheme of it!

Scuse me — just having a sip out of my bottle of Scotsmac (Xmas pres from the office) to recover. Mmmmm, that's better.

And what about The Police, I ask? Been setting up a fund for encouraging youth employment schemes, called "The Outlands Trust", with the money they made out of their nine recent UK concerts. Always said they were

good blokes. Bet they didn't make much at their so-called "secret" gig, though. There's me, tripping down through Soho past The Merquee end this fet chap says, "Ere, fishface. Wanna see The Police? Two quid an' yer in!" Seeming as a group called "The Aces" were billed to be playing, I wisely ignored this raving loon end strode purposefully onward. And guess what? The next morning I find out it really was The Police, doing a warm-up for Wembley! Just my luck, eh? Heve to listen to Stew Copeland pitting his wits against my chum David Hepworth on "Roundtable" on January 8th instead. Can't wait.

Disgusted to flip open the new copy of that trendy American mag "Heavy Metal" and discover my former idol, Debbie Harry, lounging suggestively all covered in paint and make-up. The state of it! Designed, I'm told, by that Giger chap who did her awful LP cover. Where's that bottle?

Wouldn't catch Kim Wilde behaving like that. Not for love nor money. Very respectable type. Invited me to her plush top-notch society 21st Birthday 'do' at Knebworth House but — thanks to the Xmas post — it never turned up. Pity 'cos I wanted to quiz her sternly about her "Cambodia" video being banned by the BBC for being "too suggestive". Had some poisonous snake crawling across her foot apparently. Tell you what that "suggests" to me: bloody dangerous, that's what. Testes rather nice, this Scotsmac stuff. *Hic!* Scuse me!

Bumped into old Elvish Costello, or however you say it (snigger), down Our Price Records the other day. Buying a record of James Bond Theme Music he was. Y'know — *Gold-FIN-gerrrr!* The man with the MI-das touch. I Sorry. Got e bit carried away there!

Listen to this one. Those heavy metal hoologans AC/DC have got themselves in spot of hot water. Printed this 'phone number on their LP cover end — whaddye know! — it turns out to be the real number of some unfortunate geezer in Chicago. So fed up of having complete nutcases ringing up all night long, they're suing the band. I'll drink to that. Burp!

Let's end with a little riddle, shall we? Why's Midge Ur called Midge? 'Cos his real name's James (or Jim) and Mij is Jim backwards. Thoots you'd like to know. *Hic!* Beets Lucacze this stuff. Another? Don't mind if I dol *Per-leeeseee re-leezee me . . . leest me gowassah!! . . . (All right, lads, take e leg each — Ed.)*



Bob Kingston: hands off me arm, Ad!

HOW DO THEY DO IT?



In the next issue of *Smash Hits*, out on January 21st, Johnny Black reports on the videomakers, the folks who get Adam to jump through windows, Phil Oakley to brandish a gun and Madness to fly through the air, all in the cause of selling records. What's it all about? Tune to this channel and find out.

This is also your chance to win a copy of "To The Shores Of Lake Placid", the first compilation album from Zoo Records, autographed by members of both The Teardrop Explodes and Echo And The Bunnymen.

Collector's items in the making! The date is January 21st. Don't you think it's your duty to be there?

ON SALE
JANUARY 21

COMPETITION WINNERS

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES COMPETITION (Issue Nov 26). Correct answers were: (a) "When I Dream"; (2) "Bouncing Babies"; (3) "Reward"; (4) "Passionate Friend"; (5) "Colours Fly Away". 50 winners receive autographed copies of "Wilder"; D. Sung, Toxteth; Lucy Hadden-Wight, Chertsey; Allan Cox, Chessington; Joanne Seed, Grimsby; Susan Lambarth, Crawley; Corinna Anderson, Dover; D. Willis, Sheffield; Sarah Scrutton, Norwich; Marie Alexandrov, Far Cotton; David Hippinatali, Hinxley; Suzanne King, Windsor; Sally Durbin, Nailsea; Cathy McCormick, Brighton; Terry Hudson, Salford; Susan Romford, Goostray; Lynn Murray, Blyth; Mark Swainson, Denton, Julie Dennison, Tadcaster; Peter Bannister, Old Farsley; Rachel Bowen, Stockport; Tracey Finmore, Stone; Judith Lynn, Huddersfield; Andy Gray, Dunstable; Debbie Payne, Titchfield; Suzanne Cockerill, Stockton-on-Tees; Steve Field, Kent; Helen Powey, Harrow; Veronica Diaz, St Helier; Sarah Plakya, Banbury; Chantal Marthe, Woodthorpe; Nina Waterfield, Yeovil; Mark Roberts, Liverpool; Sharon Wilkins, Kent; Caroline Williams, Barrow-in-Furness; Tracey Thorpe, Ipswich; C. Pickering, Highfields Farm; Ruth Jackson, Ely; Lesley Stewart, Dundee; Mark Smith, Fakenham; Carole Jones, Largs; Sarah McGillivray, Dumbane; Michelle Heron, Manchester; Tosh Thomas, Narberth; Neil Mitchell, Dalmuir; West; Phil Cuthbert, Withernsea; Hazel Grant, West Lothian; Gail Bishop, Newport; Donna Richards, Swansea; Carol Banaman, Duffield; V. Chatwin, Iwer Heath

Cheers!!
Barry

Listen to the voice of Buddha
Saying stop your sericulture
Little people like your offspring
Boiled alive for some God's stocking
Buddha's watching, Buddha's waiting

Just because the kid's an orphan
Is no excuse for thoughtless slaying
People don't forget this torture
Just because you call her mother
Doesn't mean that she's your better

Once more with the voice of Buddha
He'll say carry on your slaughter
Who cares for the little children
You may slice with no conviction
Blind revenge on a blameless victim

Listen to the voice of Buddha
Saying stop your sericulture
Who cares for the little children
You may slice with no conviction
Blind revenge on a blameless victim

Listen to the voice of Buddha
Listen to the voice of Buddha
Listen to the voice of Buddha

Words and music by The Human League
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On Virgin Records

BEING BOILED

THE HUMAN LEAGUE



PSYCHO KILLER

TALKING heads



I can't seem to face up to the facts
I'm tense and nervous and I can't relax
I can't sleep 'cause my bed's on fire
Don't touch me I'm a real live wire

Chorus

Psycho killer, q'est-ce que c'est?
Fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa
Better run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run away
Psycho killer, q'est-ce que c'est?
Fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa
Better run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run away

You start a conversation you can't even finish it
You're talking a lot but you're not saying anything
When I have nothing to say my lips are sealed
Say something once, why say it again?

Repeat chorus

Ce que j'ai fais, ce soir la
Ce qu'elle a dit, ce soir la
Realisant mon espoir
Je me lance, vers la gloire . . . O.K.

We are vain and we are blind
I hate people when they're not polite

Repeat chorus

Words and music by
David Byrne/Martina Weymouth/Christopher Frantz
Reproduced by permission Warner Bros. Music Ltd.
On Sire Records

SHANGRI-LAS



LEADER of the PACK

IS SHE REALLY GOING OUT WITH HIM?
WELL THERE SHE IS, LET'S ASK HER
BETTY, IS THAT JIMMY'S RING YOU'RE WEARING?
MMM HM
GEE, IT MUST BE GREAT RIDING WITH HIM
IS HE PICKING YOU UP AFTER SCHOOL TODAY?
UH HUH
BY THE WAY, WHERE'D YOU MEET HIM?

I MET HIM AT THE CANDY STORE
HE TURNED AROUND AND SMILED AT ME, YOU GET THE PICTURE?
(YES, WE SEE)
THAT'S WHEN I FELL FOR THE LEADER OF THE PACK

MY FOLKS WERE ALWAYS PUTTING HIM DOWN (DOWN, DOWN)
THEY SAID HE CAME FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF TOWN
WHAT D'YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY THAT HE CAME FROM THE
WRONG SIDE OF TOWN?
THEY TOLD ME HE WAS BAD
BUT I KNEW HE WAS SAD
THAT'S WHY I FELL FOR THE LEADER OF THE PACK

ONE DAY MY DAD SAID FIND SOMEONE NEW
I HAD TO TELL MY JIMMY WE'RE THROUGH
(WHAT'D YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY
YOU BETTER GO FIND SOMEBODY NEW?)
HE STOOD THERE AND ASKED ME WHY

BUT ALL I COULD DO WAS CRY
I'M SORRY I HURT YOU, THE LEADER OF THE PACK

HE'S SORTA SMALL
AND HE KISSED ME GOODBYE
THE TEARS WERE BEGINNING TO SHOW
AS HE DROVE AWAY ON THAT RAINY NIGHT
I BEGGED HIM TO GO SLOW
BUT WHETHER HE HEARD I'LL NEVER KNOW, KNOW, KNOW, KNOW, KNOW,
KNOW, KNOW, KNOW

LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT!

I FELT SO HELPLESS, WHAT COULD I DO?
REMEMBERING ALL THE THINGS WE'VE BEEN THROUGH
AT SCHOOL THEY ALL STOP AND STARE
I CAN'T HIDE MY TEARS BUT I DON'T CARE
I'LL NEVER FORGET HIM, THE LEADER OF THE PACK

WHO'S LEADER OF THE PACK NOW HE'S GONE?
WHO'S LEADER OF THE PACK NOW HE'S GONE?

REPEAT TO FADE

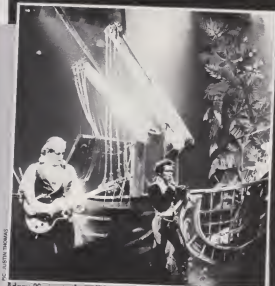
WORDS & MUSIC BY BARRY/GREENWICH/MORTON.
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION ROBERT MELLIN MUSIC/EMI MUSIC
ON RED BIRD RECORDS.

TOUR DETAILS

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

Altered Images: London Hammersmith Palais (February 7).
Fed Gadget: Retford Porterhouse (January 8), London Southgate Rox (9), Liverpool Warehouse (14), Manchester Rafter's (15), Brighton The Extreme Club (21), Warwick Uni (23).

Motorhead: Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (March 17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre (19), Leeds Queens Hall (20), Deeside Leisure Centre (21), Newcastle City Hall (22, 23, 24), London Hammersmith Odeon (26, 27, 28, 29), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (April 1), Crawley



Adam: 26 gigs to the galleon

ADAM & THE ANTS London

ADAM left readers of the *London Standard* in no doubt of his intentions with *The Prince Charming Revue*. "I am going," he told the paper's showbiz columnist, "to blow their tiny eyes out of their skulls."

What actually happened was a little different. The *Revue* was well put together but hardly very original. It takes more than three set changes, a couple of videos and a dance troupe to blow this viewer's eyes anywhere.

Dury Lane (a plush old theatre and the ideal panto venue) was the second stop on the Ants' 26-date Christmas tour and this was the first of seven sell-out London shows. According to the souvenir programme's *Diary of Events* the band had been rehearsing for five weeks, no less.

And it all ran smoothly, from the moment Adam stepped out of a slide of himself to sing "Stand & Deliver" right through to the second encore two and a half hours later. Up to the interval it was mostly songs from "Prince Charming"; afterwards there were the videos of the last two singles — we had to endure the dreadful "Ant Rap" three times in all — some more live songs, twenty minutes of the dancers

Moossa and the Ants' finale.

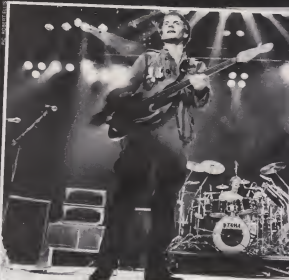
The audience was surprisingly varied (aged from five to 50). They screamed and whistled and clearly loved it but I couldn't help feeling their reaction was a little muted. Still, they enjoyed it and so did I, up to a point.

The sets and lighting weren't as special as we'd been led to expect, although the mini Cutty Sark rolled out for "Jolly Roger" drew gasps of admiration. The sound was good (not loud enough, if anything) and the band played efficiently. With Marco's guitar less than perfectly tuned it was the two drummers who held the attention.

My main complaint is that the sense of fun conveyed by the videos was missing from the live performance. Marco had the look of a grumpy bouncer dragged on stage against his will; Adam had little to say between songs; none of the band looked at all happy; and with the usherettes in a particularly frosty mood no-one was able to dance until the last few minutes. Once the real troupers got bopping things improved dramatically and the encore of "ANTS" to the tune of "YMCA" was superb.

All the same, I'd rather have gone to Squeeze at the Rainbow.

Tim de Lisle



Sting: plays bass, sings, catches peanuts — all of the same time!

THE POLICE Wembley Arena

Sting talking. "This is the third night of my annual London audience survey." (Roofs of excitement). "Now on the first night, I must admit I was rather impressed!" (Scattered screaming). "And on the second, I was bloody delirious!" (Peals of delight). "And you lot — you're not going to disappoint me, now are you?" (Seven thousand shouts of "Nooooahh!").

And we didn't. And the feeling

was mutual. The true hallmark of The Police's exceptional showmanship was that — even here, in what amounts to a gigantic concrete garage with seats in — Sting still somehow concocted a feeling of warmth and intimacy.

They threw peanuts at him; and he ate them. They chucked biscuits at him; he took a bite and hunged them back. If you must know, someone even tossed

NIGHTS OUT

Leisure Centre (2), Portsmouth Guildhall (3), Poole Arts Centre (4), St Austell Cornish Coliseum (5), Bristol Colston Hall (6), Leicester De Montfort Hall (7, 8), Birmingham Odeon (9, 10, 11), Teardrop Explodes, Aylesbury Friars (January 25), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Brighton Dome

(27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (29), St Austell Coliseum (30), Leeds Uni. (31), Edinburgh Playhouse (February 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), Sheffield City Hall (3), Manchester Apollo (4), Lancaster Uni. (5), Birmingham Odeon (6), Hammersmith Palais (2), 22,

DURAN DURAN London

A lot of headbands and scarves tied around bushy beards, thin chiton numbers screwed round youthful necks, Palestinian scarves tossed over leather jackets; a rather dodgy scuffed round the head of Poppo's hand Talk Talk bass amplifier, making him look more like Hilda Ogden than Rudolph Valentino.

"It's so over-the-top!" sang their lead singer and indeed it was. "Breaty singing over a full synthesiser, melodic bass lines and precise, noisy drums. All received with polite enthusiasm by the Hammersmith Odeon crowd — for which Talk Talk seemed as grateful as they no doubt were for the large advance they recently received from EMI Records.

Duran Duran are, of course, the standard bearers of the scarf-and-headband-wearers (Simon Le Bon wore a red scarf round his head and a large white scarf round his neck, dangling down across his black stage trousers. After a lengthy build-up with searching spotlights and smoke arising from under closed curtains, the pretty(ish) boys from Birmingham bounced into view looking just like pop stars — and even sounding like them sometimes. Smiles, pointing and bouncing accompanied the hits "Planet Earth", "Girls On Film" (sounding as if the film had been

overexposed) and the recent "My Way" — described as "a song for young people".

But the searchlights and the scarves and the smoke couldn't hide the dullness of much of the set. Duran Duran are at the moment with good tunes and they've got a lot of them. A new song, "Last Chance On The Blue Side", has the same hollow ring as old favourites like "Careless Memories" and "Faster Than Light". A book is in front of me and reads "souvenir programme for me and the time."

But leaving aside the tunes and all that material, Duran Duran looked and sounded confident. With the three Taylors on guitars, bass and drums providing a solid, if plodding setting for Simon Le Bon's vocal enthusiasm, Nick Rhodes's keyboards had a similar effect: the smoke that periodically drifted across the stage.

In the stalls and on the balconies everyone stood up and danced, cheered, took photographs (Instamatics a go-go in the front stalls) and even screamed at the moving colour pin-ups on the stage.

With Duran Duran success is not a matter of music. It's the show that counts: the look, the moment, some music and bang there.

And, of course, they're great to wave a scarf at.

Neil Tennant

DURAN DURAN can't see many blokes in the front row



PH. ROBERT BULL

a suspender belt at him: "who belongs to this? I want to know! Andy? Is this yours? Stewart?" Nothing passed him by.

The only minor gripe: even with a set positively grooving with short, sharp, classic singles — Sting still has to pad them out with wandering instrumentals and a distinctly irritating quantity of "yo-yo-yo" chorus fills. A shame that, because they really don't need to any more. Especially with the welcome addition of a three-piece funky black brass section, cool as icubes, and all with names like "Marvin from New York City". Plus some surprisingly delicate and colourful overlays from "Andy Summers from Bourne-mouth", who looked

throughout like a clockwork toy, remaining motionless for minutes on end and then suddenly flying across stage in a series of uncontrolled leaps and then — on one occasion — falling over. Brilliant!

What did they play? What didn't they play, more like. We got everything bar "De Do Do Do" and even a chance to see the tame and impressive "banned" video for "Invisible Sun" projected onto a screen behind them, giving the strange impression of six foot soldiers running about on stage.

No complaints at all. It was even warm enough to take your coat off.

Mark Ellen



PH. STEVE HARRIS

DOLLAR
SMASH HITS

