

SMASH

HITS



YAZOO

BUCKS FIZZ
GARY NUMAN
BRYAN FERRY

Hit songs by
ABC, Fun Boy Three,
Tight Fit, Duran Duran
and many more

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14 May UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
 15 May EASTBOURNE WINTER GARDENS
 19 May MIDDLESEX & HERTS COUNTRY CLUB
 21 May CANVEY ISLAND GOLD MINE
 25 May CHIPPENHAM GOLDDIGGERS
 26 May PLYMOUTH TOP RANK SUITE
 28 May BOURNEMOUTH MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
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A COMPUTER PROGRAMMED SYNTHESIZER DUD? WITH A BLUES SINGER WHO WANTS TO PERFORM LIKE KATE BUSH? "IT'S ALL TRUE," SAYS NEIL TENNANT.

Take two happy people . . .

Vincent Clarke. Wears a leather jacket. Pushes back a shock of straw-like hair from his brow. Knows his way around a micro-composer. Still lives in Basildon. Doesn't like it but doesn't mind.

Genevieve Alison Moyet. Known as Ali. Laughs a lot. Very friendly. Full of enthusiasm. Sings as though she means it. Still lives in Basildon. Still likes it.

Take two . . . Yazool

"I'm not afraid of success, really," says Vince. "It's just that I need to be more careful to keep things in perspective. Making the music we're doing and the stuff we'll be doing on stage take priority over the bits and pieces that come — or might come — with success."

Several months after leaving Depeche Mode because he never expected that band to be so successful, Vincent Clarke has another band and another chart success. But he's not worried.

"It's not so much what you do as how you view it, placing the right amount of importance on the right things. Then you get satisfaction out of what you're doing."

"I'm enjoying the way that we work — I feel we've got a lot more freedom to do what we like."

"I know, give someone with an ounce of creativity the opportunity to use it, and you can bet your life that he or she will be demanding "freedom" ten minutes after tasting success. But what, exactly, does this "freedom" mean?"

"Well, for instance, with our record company (noisy old Mute Records), if one week we were to produce a commercial hit, the next week they won't make us

produce another commercial hit. If we want to produce an uncommercial noise, we'll be able to do that."

Be warned: they have. "Because they like what we do, they believe in us, so we've got freedom in that sense. In the environment we're in now, we have freedom in so much as we haven't anything to live up to. We can please ourselves."

Vince smiles: freedom makes people happy. The other half of the "We" who can please themselves is also smiling. Meet Alf. Who is she and what does she want?

"I've played in millions of different bands on the Southend/South Essex circuit, never breaking out, never getting on to the London circuit. My main love was blues and when I advertised for a 'ritzy blues band', Vince answered."

Naturally. "Before this, I was at the College of Furniture in Aldgate East (London) studying musical instrument technology . . . Furniture?"

"I specialised in pianos and pianos are pieces of furniture . . . Basically, I was studying to be a piano tuner and technician but it takes years and years to become good at it and I never even finished my second year."

The smile gives way to a deep, friendly chuckle.

The musical marriage of an ultra-modern synthesiser-player and a blues singer from South Essex . . . it's certainly not a marriage of convenience.

"Well, the stuff we're doing isn't blues," admits Vince. "Alf just happens to like blues."

"It comes out in my interpretation of songs," she

interrupts. "He doesn't tell me how to sing and I don't tell him how to lay down the tracks. Both of our styles come into it."

Later on, I get to hear a few of the songs Yazoo have been recording. One of them in particular, "Midnight", proves perfectly how both Alf's and Vince's different styles can harmonise — even more than their fab hit, "Only You".

"Midnight" features a deep, breathy, bluesy vocal by Alf, accompanied by sensitive Vince-style electronics and a powerful beat. Frankly, I was impressed. Depeche Mode brought a new warmth to cold electronic pop: Yazoo will give it some soulful passion.

Alf's not a pretend singer like so many of today's speciality vocalisers — she's a real, old-fashioned singer with tone and tune and more than one vocal mood. "Midnight" represents only one Yazoo sound.

"We're going in millions of directions — I think every song is totally different," claims Alf. The name Yazoo reflects this. "It doesn't mean anything, it doesn't commit us to anybody or to any style — because our music isn't any one style. There's so much variation."

These are pop songs too and . . . uncommercial noises!

We sit in the dark and listen to what Vince calls "Our Psycho song — it's dead scary."

"I find it dead funny," retorts Alf.

Actually, it's several voices taped, cut up, and spliced together again with synthesiser bursts here and there and manic screams of laughter. A hit art school, really. More to my taste is

ONLY YOU

Looking from a window above
It's like a story of love
Can you hear me
Come back only yesterday
We're moving further away
Want you near me

Chorus

All I needed
Was the love you gave
All I needed for another day
And all I ever knew
Only you

Sometimes

When I think of her name
When it's only a game
And I need you
Listen to the words
That you say
It's getting harder to stay
When I see you

Repeat chorus twice

This is gonna take a long time
And I wonder what's mine
Can't take no more
Wonder if you'll understand
It's just the touch
Of your hand
Behind the closed door

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music
By Vince Clarke
Reproduced by permission
Sonet Publishing
On Mute Records

the disco-tunk of "Goodbye Seventies". It has the strong dance beat which could become a trademark of Yazoo discs.

Vince writes most of the songs and plays all the instruments — or rather he plays the computer and the computer plays all the instruments.

"I work out various synth lines — a bass line and a lead line etc — and program these into the micro-computer, plug the computer into the synths and the computer plays them for me accurately."

In other words, it's more "Tomorrow's World" than "Young Musician Of The Year" but you still get "Top Of The Pops" afterwards.

The computer will be accompanying Yazoo onstage when they start to play live, leaving Vince and Alf free to concentrate on singing and visuals.

"People with synthesisers seem to think you've got to look dead serious and manic — but it doesn't have to be like that and we don't intend to look like that," says Alf. "Just because we're using synthesisers doesn't mean the way we act on stage is necessarily going to be different from someone like . . . Kate Bush!"

Vince and Alf both laugh. It's hard to imagine Alf singing "Midnight" inside a plastic bubble à la Bush.

"Synthesiser bands do get into this rut of having to look dead cool and composed, whereas we intend to make complete idiots of ourselves."

Who else would dare to bring some blues into a computer world?

Only you . . . Yazoo.

SQUEEZE



sweets from a stranger

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the hit single
"Black Coffee
in Bed"



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2nd GLASGOW, Apollo Theatre.
4th BRIGHTON, Top Rank.

5th AYLESBURY, Friars.
6th BRIXTON, The Fairdeal.
7th ST. AUSTELL, Cornwall Coliseum.



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the PICTURES



Not pretty, is it? Steve Strange has clearly lowered the standards at his brand new half-million-pound niteria, The Camden Palace, and started letting the riff-raff in. Waves of terror spread through the laundered ranks at the sight of the two clean-living gents on the left. That's Lemmy from Motorhead ("sucked on sump-oil") and Meat Loaf ("the market gardener's nightmares") making merry after Meat's triumphant Wembley shows.

PH: Steve Rapoport



Yes, it's the return (by popular demand) of Fascinating Facts! Did you know that The Fun Boy Three's latest offering, "The Telephone Always Rings", has been re-recorded to include The Horns Of The Swinging Laurels? (Left-right in the pic: Lynnel, Gary Birtles, John Laurel, Mark O'Hara, Dean Sargant, Neville, Tarry). More fascinating still is that Terry Hall is actually smiling, an event rarely captured on film. Must be the weather.

PH: Dariusz Pion



Carry your handbag, sir? Tony "Foghorn" Hedley (right) seen stepping out with one of his rather dubious mates. We ask: is it a chest-wig or a small Yorkshire terrier buried beneath that blouse?



TIGHT FIT

FANTASY ISLAND

I had a dream
There was a rainbow
Over the mountains
Over the sea

Just you and me
We'll go walking together
Watching the sunrise
Over the trees

Chorus
Fantasy island, all we ever dreamed of
True love, holding us together

Stars shine, fantasy island
Oh, I wish that we could stay like this forever

Repeat chorus

People like me
Can always believe in
Love on an island
Surrounded by sea

We had a dream
Of love never leaving
But I know that love can't
Live in a dream

Repeat chorus twice

Uh-huh, and it all seems like magic
(It all seems like magic oh yeah)
Uh-huh, dreams can come true
(Seems like magic, dreams can come true)

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Souar/Duiser
Reproduced by permission Zomba Music Publishers Ltd.
On Jive Records

ROCKY

and the replays

SHOUT! SHOUT! (Knock yourself out)

Chorus

(Come on)

Shout shout knock yourself out
Come on yell yell, loud and swell
Come on scream scream, you know what I mean
Put another coin in the record machine

Hey we're having a party, it's just begun
We're all over here and we're having fun
Joe's all alone and he wants to be kissed
Mary's in the corner and she's doing the twist

Repeat chorus

Hey play another song like 'Runaround Sue'
Let's do a dance that we all can do
Turn that jukebox up mighty loud
And let's livin' up this crazy crowd

Repeat chorus

Every party that I attend
Believe me now, it's the living end
Moving and a-grooving with some friends of mine
It's Saturday night now, we're having a time

Repeat chorus

Hey we're doing the fly with our hands in the sky
Foot-stomping baby just you and I
School was out about a quarter to three
And we're having fun, now it's plain to see

Repeat chorus three times

Words and Music by E. Maresca/T.F. Bogdany
Reproduced by permission Edward Kassner Music Co. Ltd.
On Chiswick Records



ABC

When your world is full of strange arrangements
And gravity won't pull you through
You know you're missing out on something
Well that something depends on you

All I'm saying — it takes a lot to love you
All I'm doing — you know it's true
All I mean now — there's one thing, yes one thing
That turns this grey sky to blue

Chorus

(What's that) that's the look, that's the look, the look of love
That's the look, that's the look, the look of love
That's the look, that's the look, the look of love

When your girl has left you out on the pavement (goodbye)
When your dreams fell apart at the seams
Your reason for living's your reason for leaving
Don't ask me what it means

Who got the look? I don't know the answer to that question
Where's the look? If I knew I would tell you
What's the look? Look for your information
Yes there's one thing, one thing that still holds true

Repeat chorus twice

If you judge a book by the cover
Then you judge the look by the lover
I hope you'll soon recover
Me, I go from one extreme to another

And all my friends might ask me
They say Martin maybe one day you'll find true love
And I say maybe
There must be a solution to the one thing
The one thing we can't find

That's the look, that's the look, sisters and brothers
That's the look, that's the look, should help each other
That's the look, that's the look

Heavens above

That's the look, that's the look, hip, hip, hooray
That's the look, that's the look, yippee, ay, yippee, ay, ay
That's the look, that's the look, be lucky in love
Look of love

Words and music by ABC
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On Neutron Records



THE LOOK Of LOVE

R.S.V.P.

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

● Hi! I'm 17, and a true blue Aussie mod. I would love to write to another mod, male or female. So if you are interested, please write to Marie B, 1 Market Street, St Kilda, 3182 Melbourne, Australia.

● Two females wanted for two 17 year-olds, namely Mike and Danny. We want two romantic girls (preferably new) between 15 and 18. Fave groups are Japan, Heaven 17, Human League and Visage. Suitable applicants write to Danny, 13 Mean Road, Milton, Portsmouth, Hants PO4 8NL.

● Two attractive, fashion-conscious girls (aged 15) are looking for two males (aged 15+) We both like Haircut 100, Depeche Mode and Duran

Duran. So if you're out for a good time, and you know what's good for ya, get scribbling to Michoela and Alison, 38 Shipton Hill, Bradville 5, Milton Keynes, Bucks MK13 7EE.

● 18 year-old French guy will answer all letters from females. I like Japan, Adam Ant, Duran Duran and David Bowie. Letters to Claude Leblanc, 136 Rue du 11 Novembre, 93700 Drancy, France.

● Julie's my name, and corresponding's the game. I'm into New Musik, Abba, Visage, and The Police. I also enjoy compiling my own pop chart and would love to hear from anyone who does the same. Write to me at 59 Hat Road, Byfleet, Weybridge, Surrey KT14 7NL.

● Male, aged 16, would like to swap mail with pretty girls, aged 14-17. Like Toyah, Hazel O'Connor, Altered Images and BowWowWow. Drop me, Patrick McCormack, a line at 23 Rowville Street, Busholms, Manchester, Lancs MC 147NH

● Crazy, Chinese, 16 year-old female wants to write to anyone and everyone. Likes Bowie, Steve Strange, Japan (the group) and Chinese food (wow). Focus write to Kathrynne Joyce, Flat 13D, 111 Mt Butler Road, Hong Kong

● Two hopeful males (16) in search of penpals. We like all music except heavy metal and punk. So put pen to paper and get in touch with lamin and Tony, 5 Overbeas Place, Drumchapel, Glasgow.

● Pepsi Robinson is on the look out for a 13-16 year-old male interested in Madness, Duran Duran, Haircut 100, and The Human League. I hate politics, school, and people who lie about their age! Write to me at 141 Middleham Road, Edmonston, London N18 2RZ.

● 16 year-old skinhead would like to write to girls. I am into Madness, Bod Manners and Oi music. Send pics, if possible to Christopher Gossley, 53 Duncroft, Plumstead, London SE18 2EZ.

● If you're a dinky boy (aged 13-16), and you want a good-looking girl penpal, then here I am. My name is Sharon, and I like Japan, Depeche Mode and Duran Duran. Letters to Sharon Koopman, The Gate House, Aldersbury, near Shrewsbury, Shropshire

● Don't miss your chance girls, get scribbling to Rick and Mart. We are two cute little punks (aged 12) into Vice Squad, GBH, The Exploited, and Dead Kennedys. Send letters (and pics if possible) to 26 Barfield Drive, Appleton, Warrington, Cheshire WA4 5DA.

● Two very crazy modelles into The Jam, Nine Below Zero and The Who are looking for fish-tailed, parka-wearing, preferably with scotties, aged 15-17. Please write with pics to Judith Arnold and Moh, 9 Glendulais, Davant, Swansea SA2 7RT.

● Calling all insane people. Male (17) wants male and female penpals (16+) I'm into Visage, Toyah and Depeche Mode. So if you're crazy, and interested in writing, I'm Shous Beckendike, 212 Kingsway North, Burton Stone Lane, York YO3 6JD

● My name is Pita Brady and I am 18 years old. I would like either a male or female penpal, and especially anyone into new romantics, Rod Stewart, Steve Wander and Liverpool F.C. Write to me at 9 Enarfield Villas, Kilmrock, Dublin 5, Ire

● I like the Human League and Theatre of Hate. I also love dancing (baller, tap, etc.) and am 16 years of age. I do hope to reply to anybody who writes to me. So contact me at Christine Hunt, 190 Tockholes Road, Sunnyhursi, Darwen, Lancs BB3 4TF

● I am into Bluz, reggae, Adam and Alexx Sayle. I would like to hear from boys aged 11-16, of any nationality. Pica please to Ian Dulake at 3, Sea Mills Road, Sea Mills, Brats, 557

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Get SMART!

Don't get left in the dust! Maybe Linda can answer your musical question. Try writing to Get Smart, Smash Hits, 35-36 Coventry Street, London W1V 1JY.



Will "The Future Tapes" by The Future (the early Humen League) ever be released?

Jay Hoole, *Cheshamfield*. When Phil Oakey first joined Martyn Ware and Ian Marsh they did record some material with a view to release it on cassette. This now dates back to '77 and Virgin have yet to decide what to do with it.

At a recent Spandau Ballet concert I noticed a sixth person in the group. Has he joined them?

Paul Farber, *Surrey*. His name's Jess Bailey and

although he won't take part in any studio work, it's likely he'll continue to augment their sound on stage. A friend of the band for some time, he was asked to lend his talents when Steve Norman changed over to playing more saxophone — leaving room for a new recruit on keyboards and synthesiser.

How did Graham McPherson of Medness get the nickname "Lord Suggs"?

David Bassett, *Widnes*. In his early teens, Graham fancied being known by a more flamboyant moniker and this he

found by sticking a pin through an old encyclopaedia of jazz musicians which he had at home. He fixed on one Pete Suggs, who was a black drummer in the mid-thirties, and he's never looked back since.

Is it true that "Ebony And Ivory" by McCartney and Wonder is the 499th number one?

Robert Flynn, *Clydebank*. It is by certain chart calculations but not according to the "official" BMRB chart (launched in 1969), and widely reckoned to be the most accurate end reliable. In the ir books the first ever chart-topper was "Here In My Heart" by Al Martino (1952) and the 500th was Tight Fit with "The Lion Sleeps Tonight". Just thought you'd like to know...

Have the Q-Tips split up for good?

M. Kent, *Leicester*. Previously boasting an 8-piece line-up, the Q-Tips have opted to disband due to "financial pressures" but will continue to play one-off gigs. This month, also, they'll release a new album "Live At Last" plus single "You Are The Light Inside Of Me". Meanwhile lead singer Paul Young has landed a solo contract with CBS while also adding backing vocals to the new Squeeze single "Black Coffee In Bed" — plus, a joint venture with

Elvis Costello is in the offing.

During Ches & Dave's recent recording of "Ain't No Pleasing You" they wear a "piano keys" tie. Where can I get one?

Dee & Pia. The duo acquired their ties a few weeks ago while on tour in America, but due to their fans' demand, they've decided to merchandise their own. It will soon be available from Rocker Records and will cost "under a fiver".

What does the extra "C" in HCCT100 stand for, as printed on their albums?



Lord Suggs: "Well I never used to 'ave much luck wiv yer ladies when I was called Graham McPherson, know anmean?"

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ARTIST Japan TITLE Adolescent Sex LABEL Anisole YEAR 1979 REQUESTED BY Steve Hurley, 20, Bristol, West Yorks

The sidewalk's trading love
The subway lights grow brighter
We're just another hype
But the pressure's getting harder

Chorus

Get on up, get on up, get on up
Take it much higher
Get on up, get on up, get on up
Take it much higher

Oh lovers' etiquette
Make love on first impression
Adolescent sex
With juvenile intentions

Repeat chorus

Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing
Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing
Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing, bebe
Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing
Whatever gets you through the night

Repeat chorus twice

Well the lady buys a thrill
Excitement in succession
But a heartache won't partake
In articulate obsession

Repeat chorus

Oh, well pretty things at rest
No coyness surprising
For love has heaven blessed
All catastrophes denying

Repeat chorus

Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing
Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing, bebe
Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing
Whatever gets you through the night

When we were out on the streets
With lovers' infections
Count impossibilities by illumination
And your body's still damp
From your one room apartment
And your heartache remains

Then love's not the anecdote
You'll submerge again
Emerge again
Just get adolescent sex

Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing
Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing
Whatever gets you through the night
Just keep on dancing
Whatever gets you through the night

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by D. Sylvain. Reproduced by permission Chadwick Norris Ltd. On Anisole Records



HOUSE ABOUT THIS

Madness zip out a new single, "House Of Fun", on May 14. The bonus is that the first 70,000 copies are picture discs which will sell for exactly the same price as the plain black version. The B-side, let it be noted, is a new Chrissy Boy composition called "Don't Look Back".

THOMPSON TRIPLETS

The Thompson Twins, who were never actually just two people, have suddenly shed four from their line-up of seven to become triplets. The departing members — John Rogg, Matthew Seligman, Chris Bell and Pete Dodd — apparently left because the band could no longer cope with so many diverse interests.

The surviving three — Joe Leeway, Allanah Currie and writer/multi-instrumentalist Tom Bailey — plan to continue mostly in the studio, using guest musicians where necessary. All concerned seem happy with the split, even though it has opened just as things were looking up for the group with "In The Name Of Love" riding high in the US disco charts.

A final single from the old line-up, "Runaway", will be released on May 14.

At the time of writing Clash mainman **Joe Strummer** has gone missing. He legged it on April 21, just prior to the start of the band's "Know Your Rights" tour, without telling a soul where he's going. Since then he's supposedly been spotted in places as various as Iceland, Argyllshire and London's Portobello Road.

Remaining Clashers are hoping Joe'll return to the road by May 14 as that's the day the rescheduled tour begins. For now dates, see *NightsOut*. If you fancy going to see them, check the gig's still on first!



The Clash in Thailand on their recent Eastern jaunt. Did Joe have a return ticket?



As the entire world knows by now, **Adam** is gone solo. This doesn't mean he's completely Antless — he's still working with Marco and Chris Hughes — merely that he'll be trading under the name of, just, Adam Ant.

In his own words: "I felt the time was right for a change and when Marco told me he didn't want to work on the road at the moment, I decided to disband the group rather than go through the difficult process of forming a brand new Ants. The Ant/Marco writing and production team will of course carry on."

The new single, Adam's first ever solo, "Goody Two Shoes" is out in the shops now. A limited edition will be available with a "commemorative poster" featuring pics of the remaining Ants from the last line-up. After that, it's just a plain old picture bag.

And the "new look"? Turns out to be Adam minus make-up and — according to some sources — minus shirt to boot.

Well, you know what they say: "there's no look like No Look."

The Belle Stars seem to have been in for another face-lift. They've also organised a new belle — Clare Hurst by name — who avid Muffin followers will recall as the recent session player on *Martha And The Muffins* product.

She swaps places at the keyboard with Penny Leyton and flies off with the band to Spain in May.

Peter Powell has been saving about them on his afternoon show for ages. But who exactly are the pompously-named **PHD**?

The twosome comprise Tony Hymas (right) from Exeter on all manner of wizard electronic-keyboards and Jim Diamond (left) from Glasgow, who simply sings.

Hymas lives up to the band's academic tag. He has a degree from the Royal Academy of Music; he's composed the music for truckloads of TV commercials and films; and he's even worked with Mr Blue Eyes himself, Frank Sinatra.

Jim, on the other hand, caught the music fever at 14 when he saw the celebrated '60s soul singer, Otis Redding. He was so knocked out by soul music that

he played in a series of like-minded bands for several years.

The pair met in London last year and decided to work together. Believe it or not, PHD takes the 'F' from "Polythene" (it means many thinness), the 'H' from Hymas and the 'D' from Diamond.

But you knew that anyway.



The Replays. (L-R) Eric Rondo, Johnny Stud, Helen Highwater, Rocky Sharpe.

They're undoubtedly newcomers, **Rocky Sharpe And The Replays**. The quartet first had a hit in '79 with "Ramin Lamsa Ding Dong" but their follow-ups proved they'd somewhat missed the boat.

There was a bit of a hull after 7/79. Rocky recalls unhelpfully: "Then there was The Durts and Showaddywaddy all doing doo-wop stuff, then it all died away for a couple of years. After '79, there was a period when you couldn't release a record unless it was socially significant."

So they legged it abroad to less critical climates. Principally Spain, where the Replays have enjoyed an almost hysterical reception for about four years now. "We've done promotional appearances, doing silly dances and all that, and they seem to think we're a bit of a noisy bunch," he says, bewildered.

Between times — a little known fact, this — the Replays all have "other gigs". Rocky's an actor (he's been in everything from *General Hospital* and *Warship* to a wooden sword and Roman toga number in *I Cleopatras*); Johnny Stud (his brother) is a photographer; Helen Highwater (she's a high water — peddler?) is currently in theatre; and Eric Rondo is an ex-record label manager.

"I'm more of a performer than a singer," Rocky admits, "and rock 'n' roll is really a performing music, a dance music, something to get up and do things to. That's the appeal."

Any message? "Yup. Buy more of our records!"

Another member of **Killing Joke** has reportedly been sighted in Iceland. Vocalist Jax has already set up shop there several weeks back, apparently getting involved in "occult" happenings, and now guitarist Geordie is hard on his heels...

Remember **The Mo-Dettes**? Well, only half of them remain. Fraynthe singer Ramona has left, taking with her guitarist Kate Curtis and two new recruits have stepped speedily into their shoes. Sue Slack is now the band's vocalist — she's been airing her tonsils on their recent European trek — and Melissa Ritter the new guitarist.

GAZ SUPPLY

Gazze Numan slips out a new 45 on May 21 called — with his customary directness — “We Are Mystery”. The 12 inch, by the way, features a double-length, seven minute version of the same song.

SHOWER POWER

Chrome colleagues take note. This month sees the release of a 14-track sampler called “**Hot Shows**”. It features such anvil-beaters as Budgie, Hawkwind, Slade, Grand Prix and Australian newcomers Heaven. Good value at £2.99. And that’s not all. Saxon unleash a double live Juggernaut called “The Eagle Has Landed” on Carrere Records.

Neither are recommended for those of a nervous disposition.

Simple Minds have finally filled the drum stool. Since Kenny Hyslop quit (he of Slik and The Zones fame), they’ve been trying out various others and have now rooted for Mike Ogilvie. Mike, Scots tuhanman with the outdated rock act Cafe Jacques, joins the Minds for the recording of a new LP to be released in August and a tour to promote it.

The only British date confirmed is on July 16 at The Showering Pavilion, Royal Bath & West Showground, Shepton Mallet in Somerset.

Another **Queen** date has been tacked onto their current schedule. It’s at Ingleston’s Royal Highland Exhibition Hall near Edinburgh (where they play on June 1).

Anyone wanting a ticket should send off, sharpish, enclosing a SAE and a cheque/postal order (made out to Kilorch Ltd for £5, + 30p booking fee, per ticket) to Kilorch Limited, PO Box 281, LONDON N15 5LW. Cheques will be accepted up ’til three weeks before the show. After that, POs only.

The support acts will include The Teardrop Explodes.



Mari Wilson And The Imaginations have settled upon a new name, you’ll be relieved to hear. They were aund, remember, by the other Imagination, and have now plumped for **Mari Wilson And The Wilsertions**. This, says old beehive bonce, was inspired by the Notting Hill Gate poodle parlour. Believe it if you must.

Rap fans, attend! PRT Records have just scooped up the whole of the extremely trendy **Sugarhill Collection** and released four rap LPs. There’s “Greatest Rap Hits Vol 2” (the best, including Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five), “The Sugarhill Gang”, “The Sequence” and “The West Street Mob”.

They’ve only been available as imports up ’til now — all for impossibly large sums of money — so now’s the time to treat your feet to that beat that’s near ’cos the Sugarhill sound’s arrived in town... (what’s going on? — Ed.).

JETT SET FOR SUMMER



Joan Jett’s on the way from somewhere in North Carolina. And she sounds rather pleased with herself, as well she might. At the tender age of 23, with eight years’ uphill climb behind her, she’s suddenly started reaping rewards. Three million Americans have just slipped into their local disc-deckers and bought both her current single, “I Love Rock N Roll” (and the LP of the same name).

What’s more, this single is currently shinning up the British charts in a manner that looks equally unstopable.

Joan first made waves as one of the infamous Runaways, back in ’76. It’s not quite the first all-girl band, then certainly the most memorable, their unique brand of swaggering, leather-clad, loud-mouthed bravado (wax) received very warmly by the press (and their record labels, were hardly colossed). “But,” as Joan points out, “we definitely opened the doors for the rest of the ‘girl’ groups. We just let the world know that girls wanted to be in the music field too and be treated equally, not looked down on.”

R&B troupers **Nine Below Zero** have decided to pack it in. Felt they’d “given their best on record” apparently, and have now decided to head off in different directions, the first of these being a new group being assembled by quietist Dennis Greaves.

By way of a swansong, they release a new single on May 14. “Sugarbeat”.

Rational Records, who operate based in Edinburgh, have just come up with a sensational new schedule.

Classical’s “**Great Records**” and selling up on extremely reasonable £2.50. It takes top stars of cassette, 7 single and 4 vinyl packages to a handy polythene bag.

The 45 featured (to name just a few) The Delcats — namely, “So It’s Not To Be” and “Don’t Cry Your Tears”. The cassette offers previously unissued material from Jaxx & The Associates, Bone Marrow & Les Affaires Du Coeur, The Distance and Artistic 58. The story continues snippets from interviews with Jim Morrison, the legendary singer from The Doors, plus decidedly random thoughts from The Fall’s Mark E. Smith.

Contact Rational Records, 19 Banderain Row, Edinburgh 3.

Since then of course, everyone from Blondie to the Pretenders to Pat Benatar has appealed to the US public taste, and after the The Go-Go’s recent triumph, the nation has embraced Joan Jett And The Blackhearts with an enthusiasm that almost seems nostalgic.

Why else would they be going toasters over second-hand Glitter rock!

“The Americans hide are just bored,” she explains. “They’ve never had this style of rock ’n’ roll before — Gary Glitter, big chords, everybody-sing-along bits of football chorus — and we’re giving it to ’em. They just love screaming their lungs out to “I Love Rock N Roll” and “Do You Wanna Touch Me”. I grew up with Davey Giltter and Slade and David Bowie, and I’m giving them a type of music they never had.”

The British have had it, but they clearly want more. And they’ll soon be able to get it in the flesh.

Joan Jett And The Blackhearts will tour the UK late summer.

KIM WILDE

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GEN 1



CHARISMA



Patrice Rushen

FORGET ME NOTS

Chorus

Sending me forget me notes
To help me to remember
Baby please forget me not
I want you to remember

Those were good times we had
Sharing the joy that we thought would last
Memories of love and affection
Everything was just like a dream

Was it the simple things
That made me so crazy about you
Was it your charm or your passion
It's hard to believe
I love you and I need you so I'm

Repeat chorus twice

Did we give up too soon
Maybe we needed just a little room
Wondering how it all happened
Maybe we just need a little time

Though we did end as friends
Given a chance we could love again
She'll always love you forever
It's not hard to believe
I want you and I need you so I'm

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by P. Rushen/F. Washington/T. McFadden
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On Elektra Records

toni BASIL NOBODY

I've had enough
Of body stuff
Wearing clothes
And wiping my nose
I give it fuel
I give it medication
I just wanna feel
Every sensation

I feed and clean
My experience machine
It takes so much time
To wind and unwind
From time to time
I lose my mind
I don't want nobody
I get no board
I wanna go out the door
I don't want no one

Chorus

Don't want nobody, don't want nobody, don't want nobody

Don't want no, don't want no
Don't want no, don't want nobody
Don't want no, don't want no
Don't want no
Don't want nobody

There's got to be a fine, fine line
Between living and dying
I'm using my body up
I can't deny it
I've got to find
A fine, fine line

I've got to know the difference
Between walking and flying
I lift my hand
To shade my eyes
In my room
There's a surprise

Repeat chorus

Where's that energy coming from
Can I afford to pay for my fun
Part of me is leaping, leaping about
Part of me is dying, dying to get out

Don't want nobody
Repeat to fade

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SINGLES

Reviewed by
Dave Rimmer



CHINA CRISIS: Screen Down A Me (Inevitable) In a fortnight where so many Big Names fail to come up with the goods, this one stands tall. China Crisis are a shy young Liverpool threesome who build songs round dense, inventive rhythm patterns. This is the follow-up to their excellent debut single "African and White", and includes haunted synth, jangling guitar, deft bass and the golden tonals of guest vocalist Ms Linda Wright over chattering, clattering percussion. Probably too off-beat for the radio, but a great record. And it doesn't even feature Trevor Horn!



ABC: Look OI Love (Neutron) A hit, beyond doubt. But even Martin Fry's best vocal performance yet over a Trevor Horn production so rich you could probably grow your tomatoes in it, can't disguise the fact that this is a pretty thin song. Meanwhile, can anyone, be they man, beast or Fry, explain to me the line: "If you judge the book by the cover/Then you judge the look by the cover"? I throw down the gauntlet.

SOFT CELL: Torch (Some Bizzare) A trumpet passage that sounds like it belongs in

some great, forgotten '80s ballad leads into this typically tearfully tale of a romantic encounter in a bar. Their most lavish production yet. Great.

ADAM AND THE ANTS: Goody Two Shoes (CBS) Mr Ant goes rockabilly, suggests we wear a little make-up, exhorts us not to smoke and drink samey-samey soul music Al Green for some reason, and — frankly — bores the highwayman's hreches off me. Dull.

FUN BOY THREE: The Telephone Always Rings (Chrysalis) Like some jolly music hall song with their usual 30-odd layers of percussion and, instead of the Ramones on voice, the Swinging Laurels on horns. Veering, methinks, into Madness territory. Not a patch on "Tain't", but the brass hook saves it.

BEF PRESENTS TINA TURNER: Ball OI Confusion (Virgin) Probably the best song from what turned out to be a fairly disappointing album. The "sultry queen of soul" or whatever they call her delivers a fine vocal while Beggar and Co excel horn-wise. However, it prompted me to dig out the Temptations original the other day and that's miles better. Should that matter? I don't know. Not bad.

MAZE: Before I Let Go (Capitol) No song here really, just a great rhythm, tasty hross, and Frankie Beverly's sweet vocals skipping over the top of it all. The 7" is a studio version, the 12" was recorded live at their recent Hammersmith Odeon sell-out bash. Both are pretty good.



CULTURE CLUB: White Boy (Virgin); THE BAND A.K.A.: Grace (Epic) The kind of image-heavy build-up that Boy George and Culture Club have had, lead me to expect just another all-trousers-and-no-action combo (well, all dresses actually, given George's taste in clothes). I'm surprised, therefore to find this an enjoyable helping of well-produced white soul even though it can't keep it up past the halfway mark on the 12". A question is prompted however: how much white funk would sell

without all the make-up, gold suits etc? The Band A.K.A., whoever they are, like legions of anonymous Americans, are just as slick, snappy and danceable, but are doubtless destined to sink without trace. That would be a pity, in this case.

ASSOCIATES: Club Country (Associates/Beggars Banquet) Like thousands of others, I remained oblivious to the charms of the Associates until "Party Fears Two". This will no doubt float into the charts in the wake of that song, but it's a less appealing number; dry and a trifle dreary with Mr MacKenzie in relatively restrained form.

BLONDIE: Island OI Lost Souls (Chrysalis) Debbie Harry re-united with the boys as Blondie go calypso. Big deal. Everything about this, from the cover pic inwards, suggests an attempt to return to the early days of "Denis" and "Plastic Letters". Definitely their worst since "Sunday Girl", which it resembles despite the Caribbean element. Ho Hum.

GANG OF FOUR: I Love A Man In A Uniform (EMI) Good lyric, with the chorus of the title set off against sparse anti-militarist images. They're still playing the same fukked-up rock they were three years ago though. It's about time someone taught these old dogs some new tricks. Wheel on Trevor Horn... or someone.

THE EXPLOITED: Attack. Alternative (Secret); INFRA-RIOT: The Winner (Secret); SUBHUMANS: Reason For Existence (Spiderleg); THE GONADS: Pure Punk For New People (Secret); THE BUSINESS: Smash The Discos (Secret); THE DEFECTS: Survival (WRYZ) It's anarchy time again. But what, I wonder, is anarchic about clinging desperately to a rigid form that ran out of creative steam some five years ago? Every single one of these records is completely dated; not an original rift between them. And the lyrics? Parrot cries, one and all. The Exploited want to "attack attack", the Subhumans moan about "the system", the Gonads proffer the hardly original sentiment that "punk rock will never die", and the Business can't even find a better target than discos on which to vent their rage. OK boys and girls, you want to change the world. Fair enough. But making terrible records isn't going to do the trick.

CLOCK DVA: Sons OI Sens (Polydor) A four-track EP of the kind of grammar school oddball funk likely to appeal to fans of 23 Skidoo or A Certain Ratio. Quite good, actually.

DURAN DURAN: Hungry Like The Wolf (EMI) I've never been a great fan of Mr LeBon and

the many Taylors, but this seems curiously lifeless even by their own standards. The wolf of the title appears to be a character who hunts women. Charming.

LEVEL 42: Are You Hearing (What I Hear) (Polydor); UK PLAYERS: No Way Out (A&M) "Are You Hearing" features a galloping bass line that's fun to hear but impossible to dance to. "No Way Out" is smoother and a hit like Hall and Oates. Both are slick, jazzy, British, pleasant and — unfortunately — forgettable.

KTC: No Thugs In Our House (Virgin) In which two parents try to convince a young constable that their son is not a nasty, vicious hooligan. A little heavy for my tastes, and it does go a bit. Winner of the Silly Packaging of the Week Award, though, for a sleeve which converts into a toy theatre! How will they try and sell them to us next? I shudder to think.



THEATRE OF HATE: The Hop (Burning Rome) Dramatic chords, echoey Shadows-style guitar and eerie saxophone all fused by producer Mick Jones into a dense mush which totally obscures Kirk Brandon's vocals. A pity. Kirk's words being TOH's best feature. So-so.

PHILIP JAPP: Save Us (A&M) In which Japp half-heartedly tries to be Bowie and Producer Trevor Horn ("Any relation, Dave? — Ed.) proves that even he can make mistakes.

JAPAN: Cantonese Boy (Virgin) A good song, but the fourth track off "Tin Drum" to become a single, and this can't really be counted as much more than a stop-gap measure until the boys in rouge re-unite and pen something new. The B-side includes the humdrum instrumental entitled "The Experience of Swimming".

NICOLE: A Little Peace (CBS) Quick as a flash, here's an English version of that atrocious ditty which won Eurovision. Nicole is one of those sickly 17-year-old Bavarian singing nuns. If the words are anything to go by, just wants to be left alone. So why don't we do just that? Because no way is this song going to let us alone, that's why. Yeah! But then I didn't even like Bardo.

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June 8th London Lyceum · 10th Manchester Apollo · 11th Birmingham Odeon · 12th Aylesbury Friars



ALBUMS

DURAN DURAN: *Rio* (EMI).

The first three tracks — the singles "Rio" and "My Own Way" plus the marvellously melodic "Lonely in Your Nightmare" — had me jotting down theories about the new golden age of pop. Then the quality swingometer began gradually slipping back. By the time that the last song, the 1978 vintage "The Chauffeur," dragged itself off the turntable it was apparent that the le Bon squad had delivered yet another well-dressed but not totally satisfying album. Third time lucky? Could be. **(5 1/2 out of 10)**

Fred Dollar

SHAKATAK: *Night Birds*

(Polyder). While everyone was tipping the likes of Link and Beggar & Co. as the new Brit Funk sensations, it's good old Shakatak who have cleaned up with a string of hit records. Their last album has stayed in the charts since the first week of its release and I see no reason why this one shouldn't follow confidently in its footsteps. The eight numbers include their recent hits "Enter Solid Than Dece" and "Night Birds." Although "Bitch To The Boys" and "Fly The Wind" are in the same mould, my favourites are the more adventurous "Rio Nights" and "Streetwalkin'". Tread boldly, Shakatak, and make one of these two your next single. **(6 out of 10)**

Bev Hillier

THE CURE: *Fornography*

(Fiction). This is their gloomiest effort yet. It's a set of mournful laments which — cheerfully — all deal in one way or another with death. Robert Smith's normally plaintive voice has now become positively ghostly as he struggles through the waves of distorted sound. What's worse, there's little or no relief from the oppressiveness. Makes you glad you're alive. **(4 out of 10)**

Ian Cranna

FUNKAPOLITAN:

Funkapolitan (London). Definitely a sign of the times —

the Peter Saville graphic sleeve, the cocktail set producer August Darnell, the featherweight funk so beloved of trendies... So surprised it's actually halfway decent. Despite some decidedly dodgy tape and a one-dimensional center, there are signs of genuine promise. If Funkapolitan can trim their excess fannel, put songs before rhythms and inject some real emotional commitment, they'll live longer than the fashion. **(6 out of 10)**

Ian Cranna



BUCKS FIZZ: *Are You Ready*

(RCA). Take two good-looking boys, two attractive girls and a selection of songs that fit with more pop than a lorryload of 7 Up and this is the result. Although earlier hits like "The Land Of Make Believe" and "My Camera Never Lies" are included, these are over-shadowed by the new material which demonstrates surprising versatility. The title track and "Twentieth Century Hero" are the obvious future hits although one of the ballads, "Now Those Days Are Gone", could easily combine a new credibility with chart success. Almost the perfect pop album (and it wasn't even produced by Trevor Horn). **(10 out of 10)**

Bev Hillier

THE CLASH: *Combat Rock*

(CBS) Never a bunch for the easy life, the Clash have made another LP as puzzlingly hilly as "Sandinista". Where others would have made a more straight-forward record in the wake of that album's failure to sell, the band have taken some of that album's elements — touches of folk, winding songs and guest appearances — and added a new range of influences. If "Car Jamming" harks back to "Capital Radio", "Straight To Hell" has new Japanese tinges and a deliberately weedy string section. Despite the bravado of Mick Jones's "Should I Stay" and Paul Simonon's "Red Angel Drummer", it's a very much Joe Strummer's album. He's singing better than ever. His lyrics are as sharp as ever although now they're riddled with doubt and confusion. If you like the sound of someone scratching their head, you should like "Combat Rock". **(6 out of 10)**

Pete Silverton

ALTERED IMAGES: *Pinky Blue*

(Epic). After all the magazine covers and TV appearances and the two-and-a-half hit singles, there was only the hit album to make. No-one's happy with the cover but what's inside it? The fab 12-inch version of "I Could Be Happy", the neat 7-inch version of "See Those Eyes" and the pretty "Pinky Blue". The rest is a big disappointment. Clere's little girl singing begins to grate; the thumping drums bang into yet another jangly guitar tune; the innocent charm wears thin. Discerning fans will stick to their 12-inch versions of the hit singles and wish they had an Altered Images' LP to match those. Some may criticise the system which demands so much so soon when with more thought and less pressure the results could have been much happier. **(3 1/2 out of 10)**

Neil Tennant

THOMAS DOLBY: *The Golden Age Of Wireless*

(Venice In Peril). Synth-prince Dolby, whose previous exploits included impressively embellishing John Armatrading's "Walk Under Ladders", here provides that admirable acquisition — the slow grower. Multi-influenced vocals and quirky, now-you-achieve-it-now-you-don't melodies bounce brightly off the back of diverting, intelligent keyboard lines. The production job is of the sort likely to win an Oscar at Hollywood's annual shindig while ex-Dolby employer's Lene Lovich and Bruce Woolley form part of a strong supporting cast. Even Andy Partridge gets into the act by tooting some hip harmonica on "Europa And The Pirate Twins", a near-miss single during '81. Not, I repeat, true instant whip, but perhaps all the better because of it. **(6 out of 10)**

Fred Dollar



VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Tokyo Mobile Music I*

(Mobile Suit Phenogram). An assortment of Japanese musicians who blend native forms with Western rhythms, using electronics as a further point of contact. The tracks themselves are then linked by sounds from Japanese culture. The net result is an energetic creobred although it's still generally too smooth and

sanitised to be genuinely arresting. Akiko Yano's two self-penned tracks are the stand-outs with Earthling (really!) coming a close second. A commendable starting point. **(6 out of 10)**

Ian Cranna

PAUL McCARTNEY: *Tag Out War*

(EMI). You've doubtless been told that McCartney once shared, with John Lennon, the driving seat of The Greatest Pop Group in History. And on the evidence of this — his work 13 years later — you'll possibly find that hard to believe. It mirrors a man who can still write melodies in his sleep but whose attempts to inject them with a sense of purpose now seem unbearably forced or (when reflecting on Lennon's death) so poorly expressed that it's very hard to feel any sympathy. "Ebony And Ivory", his uncannily timed peace anthem, is the best of the batch; the rest hint at times at the whimsical sparks of his first solo LPs ('70 & '71) but otherwise maintain his steady decline ever since. 80s McCartney was pure genius; the 80s version is sadly mediocre. **(4 out of 10)**

Mark Elean

QUEEN: *Hot Space*

(EMI). Isn't it funny what success in America can do to bands? Not that long ago Queen were the archetypal British "pomp band" — all pumping music, screaming guitars and desperate vocals. Now, since the last sales of "Another One Bites The Dust" in the black American market, they've almost totally changed, becoming as much a dance band as Kool & The Gang. They can create hard dancefloor riffs as on the hit singles "Under Pressure" and "Body Language" (included here) which have a superb, driven sound. But then they can also — as on "Calling All Girls" — bail around to very little effect. Me, I can take them and leave them. **(8 out of 10)**

Pete Silverton

THE ASSOCIATES: *Silk*

(Associates). While McKenzie's vocal histrionics still frequently mar and jar, The Associates remain the most engaging and original outfit currently nosing their way out of the fourth drawer down. "Silk" contains the band's two recent singles — the masterful if mystifying "Party Fears Two" and the less satisfactory "Club Culture". What really impresses is the way in which despair and delight are merged by the Dundee duo, a mini triumph being the manner in which they turn "Gloomy Sunday" (a Hungarian suicide song of the 30s) into a modern day dancefloor without jettisoning the composition's original aura of horror and hopelessness. **(6 out of 10)**

Fred Dollar



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The first 50 right answers to be manhandled from the ground on May 27 will find a very collectable item in the mailbox.

Y'se off.

Here's the questions.

A - Which of these was Altered Images' first single —

ALTERED IMAGES

PINKY BLUE



"Dead Pop Stars", "Deed End Street" or "Pop Stars On 45"?

B - Which is the band's hometown — Grantham, Glasgow or Great Yarmouth?

C - Which of these films co-starred Clare Grogan — "Goodbye Girl", "Gregory's Girl" or "Norman's Hammer"?



"Was to you eh earth and sea
For the devil stands the beast with wrath
Because he knows the time is short
Let him who hath understanding
Reckon the number of the beast
For a is a human number
Its number is six hundred and sixty six"

I left alone, my mind was blank
I needed time to think
To get the messages from my mind
What did I see, can I believe
That what I saw that night was real
And not just fantasy

Just what I saw in my old dreams
Were they reflections
Of my warped mind staring back at me

'Cause in my dreams it's always there
The evil face that haunts my mind
And brings me to despair

Night was black
Was no use hiding back
'Cause I just had to see
Was something watching me

In the mist dark figures move and twist
Was all this for real
Or just some kind of hell
Six, six, six
The number of the beast
Hell and fire was spawned to be released

Torches blazed and sacred chants were raised
As they start to cry
Heads held to the sky
In the night
The fires are burning bright
The ritual has begun
Satan's work is done
Six, six, six
The number of the beast
Sacrifice is going on tonight

This can't go on
I must abide in the law
Can this still be real
Or just some crazy dream
But I feel drawn, lower
The chanting rudes
Seem to mesmerise can't avoid their eyes
Six, six, six
The number of the beast
Six, six, six
The one for you and me

I'm coming back I will return
And I'll possess your boy
And I'll make you burn
I have the fire
I have the force
I have the power
To make my evil take its course

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PAUL MCCARTNEY

NEW CASSETTE NEW ALBUM

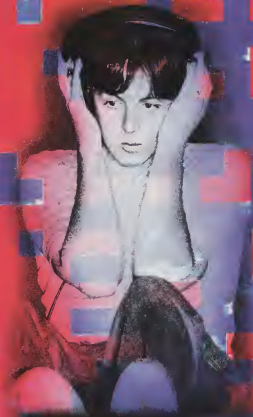
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SMASH HITS
GARY NUMAN





"I still can't think of a better job," claims the current forefather of '80s pop style after 12 years with Roxy Music. Ian Birch probes the public and private life of Bryan. Sheila Rock takes the photos.

"Dapper" doesn't do Bryan Ferry justice.

His look is much more discreet. It's the kind of restraint that is modelled in glossy magazines and bought by Porsche owners.

At first those navy blue cordé might look like a bargain from *Misra* Byrre but that's before you notice the French designer's label tucked quietly in a corner. The same goes for the matching sweater, pale shirt and tan slip-on shoes. Expensive brand names nestle everywhere.

But then Mr. F. has always been a staunch supporter of **STYLE**. The original Roxy Music (which he formed back in November 1970 supposedly after teaching himself piano in ten days!) was a magnificent clatter of Hollywood glamour, art school camp, '50s rock and roll, nightclub crooning and space age electronics. The effect was deliberately outrageous.

"That's less important for me now though," ponders Bryan. "In the early days I thought it was very important. It made it more exciting for us and we performed better when we dressed up and presented some sort of visual spectacle.

"We were all very shy and it gave us a way of performing without being embarrassed. When we dressed up, we became somebody else.

But as I became more and more serious about the pure musical side, it became less important. It's extraordinary how important it still is in this country. I watch *Top Of The Pops* and think 'they look amazing and though the record's not that good, it will obviously be Number One!'"

There have been sackfuls of image changes since that first Roxy Music album in 1972 but the vital point here is that Ferry takes endless care to perfect each and every one of them.

As a result he has been a major influence on new groups over the last ten years. In the mid-'70s punk might have snarled at his fat set frolics with model Jerry Hall (now Mick Jagger's girlfriend) but scores of its bands like Siouxsie And The Banshees continued to revere the Roxy sound.

The New Romantics were a lot louder in their praise. Spandau Ballet repeatedly said how Roxy were one of a handful of bands they'd leave their soulboy haunts to see. When Ferry unveiled his military "G.I." look, they all rushed out to Army and Navy Stores to follow suit.

The "athletic" bands stuck with Ferry through thick and thin.

BRYAN FERRY



The original Roxy Music (circa '71) making "Glam-Rock" a household word: Kanton and Andy Mackay.

David Byrne from Talking Heads based much of his early vocal style on that first Roxy LP.

And now of course there's a certain David Sylvian . . .

"People tell me about that more than I see it first hand," says Bryan diplomatically.

Is it annoying when others "borrow" his sound or style? "Not really because it's happened so many times—some more blatantly than others. But when they start going to the same producer and the same engineer and the same studio and choosing the same photographer and the same typographer and then they don't give you credit when you hear them being interviewed . . . well, you think there's something a bit strange there."

Today Roxy Music isn't so much a conventional band as a board of three musical directors—Ferry, sax-player Andy Mackay and guitarist Phil Manzanera. The trio only come together when they

record a new album, Bryan explains.

"It's not as if we're an on-the-road group. If we ever tour in the future it will be a short one. The last one did me in. That was six months and it was far too long. It gets harder every year to jock yourself up into the mood to do it."

Instead Ferry divides his hours between New York and his country hideaway which is "not too far from Heathrow airport".

"I couldn't live in London anymore. I'm not interested. When you spend ten years in a town you've exhausted its possibilities. For the positive side of a city—all the action and excitement—I prefer New York."

"Plus constantly changing your environment keeps you on edge. If I was stuck in the country all of the time, I'd probably end up doing completely abstract work. Like instrumental music. Or symphonic things.

"I'd rather be in the country when I'm not working. Maybe it's

growing old! . . . I'm just happier being surrounded by nature."

Does he enjoy a spot of tilling the soil then?

"I walk around the garden and look at things but I'd be afraid of pulling the wrong things out," he laughs.

Surprisingly, he's developed a liking for country pursuits. He goes shooting in Scotland ("It's not because I like shooting things but just as a social event. It's just a different way of going for a walk").

He fishes in the west coast of Ireland where last year he also wrote much of the material for Roxy's new LP "Avalon" which should be out at the end of May.

Ferry likens it to the last Roxy album, "Flesh And Blood", in that its approach is once again "direct" and its "groove factor" is "stronger than previous albums". In other words, it should be full of wistful lyrics, lengthy instrumental fades, elegant melodies and bone-rattling rhythms supplied by veteran Ferry sidemen, Andy Newmark on drums and Alan Spenser on bass.

Just like the current single "More Than This".

Bryan elaborates. "I like to make records that are interesting for the head. There should be ideas you can relate to as well as a mood that makes you feel good. Basically it's beautiful music and it's very hard to go further than that. It's trying to make something out of nothing."

"The album is very romantic and dreamy—good escapist stuff! I really don't know how it relates to other music at the moment. I tend to listen to Radio 4 all the time—the plays and the quizzes."

"Avalon" will also contain "Indie", the B-side of "More Than This", and "To Turn You On", the B-side of "Jealous Guy" which, to Bry's ears, is a "quality track and I don't want it to be lost". The central song, however, is the title track.

Ferry likes the word because it not only rolls nicely round the tongue but it can also refer to a decidedly strange selection of possibilities. He trots some of them out.

There's a town in France called Avalon. There used to be a notorious bellroom called The Avalon in San Francisco during psychedelia's heyday.

But the main reason is that Avalon, according to legend, is the place where King Arthur (of Round Table fame) was taken after he had been mortally

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BRYAN FERRY

wounded in battle.

Ferry became interested in the subject after he saw that swashbuckling sword and sorcery movie, "Excalibur". Appropriately the album's cover reflects all this mystical musing.

This time the Roxy lady (there always has to be one) is clad in a ferociously spikey helmet, velvet cloak and huge Celtic brooch.

"I saw it," Bryan slips in, "as a very barbaric, Macbeth-styled outfit. Since I started the album off in Ireland, I thought it was right to go back there for the cover and round off the whole affair."

Just to confuse matters a mile more, the song veers off in yet another direction, which Ferry describes as "a slow, Latin American feel. It's one of the those after-the-party songs".

The number features background vocals from one Yanick, a girl from the island of Haiti. Ferry discovered her completely by chance and reckons that the incident shows "how fate can play into your hands if you work hard enough at it".

It was a Sunday morning and he was alone in the studio with his engineer. As he shuffled into the control booth, he passed a group of Haitian musicians practising in front of the coffee machine. One of them was Yanick and she began to sing.

Bryan gasps: "It was the most beautiful voice I've ever heard. She created exactly the mood I wanted. A kind of surreal carnival feel."

"But that's a clumsy way of expressing it. When I played her the music, she knew exactly what to do with it."

"That sort of thing makes all the other hours when you're

beating the wall with your fists, worthwhile. That's why I still love doing it and can't think of a better job."

More than ever now, the famous Ferry lyrics are designed to conjure up an atmosphere rather than tell a tale or deliver a message.

"It's very difficult writing words when you're not a naturally verbose person. It's like getting blood out of a stone, getting any words out of me."

"The words have become spare and hopefully all-embracing. I don't write message songs or political statements like 'saving the whale'. I'd love them to save the whale but to sing about whales convincingly isn't really me."

What about the future? Would he like to move into video or the stage or the movies or even into rearing thoroughbreds at the country house?

"I treat video, for instance, like a hobby. Something you do twice a year for the records. If I spent too much time on it I think I'd burn out a lot of my emotional energy for music."

"There's still plenty of time. While I'm still young — or while I still think young — it's better to work in this idiom."

"And also while I still have a voice because I still love singing. I frequently write things that I think I'll spoil by singing over them. But there's still enough incentive in singing for me to turn it into a song."

"Music is the core of what I do. It's hard work. Things do not come easily to me. And it gets harder every year to come up with new ideas."

Bryan Ferry will be 37 in September.

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**TALK
TALK**



WELL DID I TELL YOU BEFORE
WHEN I WAS UP
ANXIETY WAS BRINGING ME DOWN
I'M TIRED OF LISTENING TO YOU
TALKING IN RHYMES
TWISTING ROUND TO MAKE ME THINK
YOU'RE STRAIGHT DOWN THE LINE

CHORUS
ALL YOU DO TO ME IS TALK TALK
TALK TALK, TALK TALK
ALL YOU DO TO ME IS TALK TALK
TALK TALK, TALK TALK
ALL YOU DO TO ME IS TALK TALK

IF EVERY SIGN THAT I SEE IS COMPLETE
THEN I'M A FOOL IN YOUR GAME
AND ALL YOU WANT TO DO
IS TELL ME YOUR LIES
WON'T SHOW THE OTHER SIDE
YOU'RE JUST WASTING MY TIME

REPEAT CHORUS

WHEN EVERY CHOICE THAT I MAKE IS YOURS
KEEP TELLING ME WHAT'S RIGHT AND WHAT'S WRONG
DON'T YOU EVER STOP TO THINK ABOUT ME
I'M NOT THAT BLIND TO SEE
THAT YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING ON ME
AND YEAH YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME
I SEE YOU WHEN YOU'RE CRYING FOR ME
I SEE YOU WHEN YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME
I SEE YOU WHEN YOU'RE CRYING FOR ME

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. HOLLIS/M. HOLLIS
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RECORDS

TALK TALK

SOFT★GELL

TORCH



I'M LOST AGAIN AND I'M ON THE RUN
 LOOKING FOR LOVE IN A SAD SONG
 WITH YOUR AVENGER EYES
 AND YOUR CAT-LIKE WAYS I CAN HOLD YOU
 YOU ARE A FOOL FOR ME TO BE CRUEL
 I'M LEAVING ON THIS BAR LISTENING TO YOU SING
 AND YOUR SAD SONG RINGS IN MY EARS
 AND I START TO CRY

CHORUS

HE'S SEARCHING, SHE'S SHOWING
 SEE HIM HELD IN A DEEP, DEEP SPELL
 HE KNOWS SHE'S GLOWING
 I CAN FIND WITHIN MY MIND A WAY TO GO
 I CAN LOOK DEEP INTO YOUR LIGHT
 AND SHOUT HOLD ME, HOLD ME
 HOLD ME, HOLD ME, HOLD ME

HEAR THE SAXOPHONE AND IT TEARS MY SOUL
 AND WE'RE FEELING OLD, FEELING SO COLD
 SHE IS THE TORCH AND SHE IS THE THEME
 SHE COULD BE A DREAM BUT, OH BOY IS SHE REAL
 TRY TO AVOID HER EYES

TO AVOID HER WORDS THEY WILL HIT YOU
 WITH ALL THAT YOU FEEL

REPEAT CHORUS

SEE HER EYES THEY ARE BRIGHT TONIGHT
 SEE THE STARS COMING OUT TONIGHT
 SEE THE MOON LOOKING DOWN TONIGHT
 SEE HOW THEY LIGHT YOUR WAY TONIGHT

SEE MY EYES THEY ARE BRIGHT TONIGHT
 SEE MY HANDS REACHING OUT TONIGHT
 HEAR MY WORDS THEY ARE DYNAMITE
 SEE HOW THEY LIGHT YOUR WAY TONIGHT

SEE HER EYES THEY ARE BRIGHT TONIGHT
 SEE THE STARS COMING OUT TONIGHT
 SEE THE MOON LOOKING DOWN TONIGHT
 SEE HOW THEY LIGHT YOUR WAY TONIGHT

SEE HER EYES THEY ARE BRIGHT TONIGHT
 SEE HOW THEY LIGHT YOUR WAY TONIGHT

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 Metropolis/Warner Bros. Music Ltd. On Some Bizarre Records

STAR TEASER

STATUS SYMBOLS

The names listed are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the names are always in an uninterrupted straight line, letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them. Solution on page 47.

AGAIN AND AGAIN
A YEAR
BIG MAN
BLUE FOR YOU
BREAK THE RULES
CAROLINE
CLAUDIE
DEAR JOHN
DOWN DOWN
DOWN THE GUSTPIPE
GERDUNGULA
HIGH FLYER
ICE IN THE SUN

IN MY CHAIR
JEALOUSY
LIES
LIVING ON AN ISLAND
MEAN GIRL
MOUNTAIN LADY
MYSTERY SONG
NANANA
NIGHTRIDE
PAPER PLANE
PICTURES OF
MATCHSTICK MEN
RAIN

RESURRECTION
RIVERSIDE
ROCKIN' ALL OVER
THE WORLD
ROCKIN' ON
ROCK'N'TROLL
RUNAWAY
SHADY LADY
THE WILD ONES
WHATEVER YOU WANT
WHAT YOU'RE PROPOSING
WHO ASKED YOU

G N O S Y R E T S Y M E H T N W O D
G N I S O P O R P E R U O Y T A H W
N S H A E I D U A L C R M E N N M S
E S R O C K I N O N I E N I A R E T
M H A N D A G A I A E M A M W L N D
K A D M U I Q O H N O G G Y U W E L
C D D E R O Y C A U A I D R O R D R
I Y O L A T Y L N D B A E D Y E N O
T L W W A M P D N P L H N G R S A W
S A N H N R E A E N T W E E E S L E
H D W I E T N S I K O R S P V E S H
C Y H P S I H A A D S U I A E N I T
T W A Y A U T E A T R A C P T O N R
A P M G S N R N D R N B O E A D A E
M N A E U B I S E U L N A H H L N V
F A I O A K D C S U S L H R W I O O
O L M G C T E E N U T I O L W G L
S L R O H I H F A D O V P O J E N L
E O R U O T O U N R E G R I O H I A
R R W N N R R U T R J A N C P T V N
U N H I Y A D I S C C O A I E I I
T K E O E R W A D I E H E V P L K
C C U Y E A D A T E F P R N D I N C
I O A G M E M A Y S U O L A E J A O
P R E Y L F H G I H S A N A N A N R

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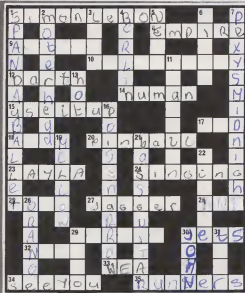
ACROSS

- 1 Duran Duran mainman (5, 2, 3)
- 8 '----- Song' (Killing joke)
- 9 Time For '-----' (Secret Affair)
- 20 Lee L. Felony — Her last album was produced by The Clash (5, 5 anag)
- 12 ----- Vader, 'Starwars' villain
- 14 Ever-flying (and crashing!) Gary
- 15 '----- And Wear It Out' (Odyssey)
- 17 DeeJay Jensen
- 18 XTC Partridge
- 20 '----- Wizard' (Who/Elton John)
- 23 Derek and The Dominoes' revived 45
- 24 '----- The Blues' (Dave Edmunds)
- 25 They scored with 'Hold The Line' in '79
- 27 Mick of The Stones
- 28 That insect-like Adam
- 29 What a Gays man!
- 30 Brotherly rockabillies from Northampton
- 31 Mr Edwards of Chic
- 33 Modern Romance's label
- 34 The Mode's biggie (3, 3)
- 35 See 7 down

DOWN

- 1 Turn Paul Teal's Band into hit-making outfit (7, 6 anag)
- 2 Just Lemmy's heavies
- 3 The Central one has a good track record
- 4 City where The Moblles were drowning
- 5 '---- Knights' (Black Sabbath)
- 6 Currie or Idol?
- 7 and 35 across. They made No. 1 with 'Geno' (3, 8, 7)
- 11 Soul Queen Aretha
- 13 How you prefer your Chocolate?
- 16 Not the sort of tip to take from ABC (6, 5)
- 19 Colour of The Beatles' submarine
- 21 Instrument played by Bruce Foxton (4, 6)
- 22 'Damned Don't Cry' hitmakers
- 26 Flavour of a popular Juice
- 28 He charred with the 'Star Wars Theme'
- 30 ---- Fox
- 31 Series of concerts in different towns

ANSWERS ON PAGE 47



NEW SINGLE * * *
* HEY NOW (I'M IN LOVE) *

* * * * *
* NEW L.P. * * * * *
* * * * *
* SONGS FOR SALE *

& The Subway Sect

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- 11 May. LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
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- 13 May. MANCHESTER APOLLO
- 14 May. HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
- 16 May. BRISTOL LOCARNO
- 17 May. EXETER UNIVERSITY
- 18 May. CARDIFF TOP RANK
- 20 May. BIRMINGHAM ODEON
- 21 May. NORWICH UNIVERSITY
- 24 May. BRIGHTON TOP RANK
- 25 May. POOLE ARTS CENTRE
- 26 May. DARBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
- 27 May. LEICESTER DE MONTFORD

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... Woodhouse.
... Open University Challenge and
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JOAN JETT

& The BLACKhearts



I saw him dancing there by the record machine
I knew he must have been about seventeen
The beat was going strong
Playing my favourite song
And I could tell it wouldn't be long
Till he was with me, yeah me
And I could tell it wouldn't be long
Till he was with me, yeah me

Chorus

Singing I love rock 'n roll
So put another dime in the juke box baby
I love rock 'n roll
So come on take your time and dance with me

He smiled so I got up and asked him his name
That don't matter he said
'Cause it's all the same
I said can I take you home
Where we can be alone

And next we were moving on
And he was with me, yeah me
Next we were moving on
And he was with me, yeah me

Repeat chorus

I said can I take you home
Where we can be alone
Next we were moving on
And he was with me, yeah me
And we were moving on
And singing that same old song
Yeah with me

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Jake Hooker/Alan Merrill
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On Epic Records

**I LOVE
ROCK 'N ROLL**

Let's get

Few groups ever survive The Eurovision Song Contest. Bucks Fizz haven't just survived, they've flourished. Their UK record sales are topped only by The Human League. Ian Birch hears the four-part harmony. Jill Furmanovsky takes the pics.

Mike Nolan hooks his hand over his eyes and surveys the empty spaces. It doesn't look good. The concert hall in the Traveller's Friend hotel is scarcely a quarter full. Maybe 150 people at most. Where is everybody?

Bucks Fizz are finishing off a quickfire tour of Eire and they're in Castlebar, a hop, skip and jump away from the west coast of Ireland. The previous night had seen a raucous sell-out in Mike's home town of Dublin.

The National Stadium, normally a boisterous venue with an arena all its own, seethed with 1,200 ecstatic fans who ranged from tots to grandmas. "All Molans," Bobby had quipped. "There's thousands of them. Mike brings a different relation to every gig and I still haven't managed to meet all his family yet."

Mike looks round at his fellow Fizzers. They all shrug and smile. This band are much too professional to become down-hearted and neatly turn a possible defeat into a private party treat.

Mike steps to the front of the stage and smirks: "I'd like to thank all of Castlebar for turning up tonight. What I normally do now is introduce you to the band but tonight it's easier if you shout out your names to us."

This kind of quick wit pumps through the Bucks Fizz blood-stream both on and off stage. They're a million miles away from that hopelessly outdated notion of being four puppets controlled by wicked masters.

Instead, the Fizz are part of a streamlined team that started last January. Nicola Martin and Andy Hill who run the Big Note Production Company wanted a group to sing "Making Your Mind Up", one of their entries for the Song For Europe competition.

Bobby G. and Jay Aston came via an ad in *The Stage* magazine while Nicola already knew Mike and Cheryl Baker through previous groups

and session work. (They all had blond hair apart from Bobby who decided to join the club and lighten his locks.) Three months later, they had won Eurovision.

Because the team worked with such efficient friendliness, they decided to stay together and forge their own identity. Andy and Nicola looked after the sound; the group strengthened their harmonies and deliberately dilly-dance routines.

The results have been outstanding. In just over a year they've toured the UK, Australia, the Philippines and Japan where they won the Yamaha Song Contest (the oriental Eurovision) with "Another Night" (on the new album, "Are You Ready?").

They've had three Number Ones, which sell between 450,000 and 550,000 copies each. Only The Human League have beaten that recently. Their first LP went gold.

And don't think they use all sorts of pre-recorded, electronic cunning on stage. Their voices are lush and true while their band, a sturdy five piece, punch the rhythm and swing the melody with gusto.

It's a spicily funny show! There's plenty of action, hits, costume changes (from Star Wars cast-offs to tuxedos), Cliff songs and coryc choreography.

Andy band who can turn a medley of "My Kinda Life", "Hot Stuff", "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" and "Rockin' All Over The World" into a triumph has to be special.

And all four have quite some tale to tell. None of your art-school-punk-turned-popstar shill show: they're all true "pros" with years of showbiz slog to their credit and — in some cases — some rather startling memories to go with them.

Read on...



School for Mike (27) was St. Ethelberg's in Barking. "It was like *Please Sir* except with uniforms. I was a very, very sneaky child there. I used to cause all the aggro and because I looked so innocent, no teacher ever believed I did it."

Once he skipped out to buy Norman Greenbaum's single, "Spirit In The Sky", and

perused the whole of his class to come along. That meant they were all 2½ hours late for woodwork.

"We all got the cane. It was the first time I had it across the backside and they did it in front of the whole school. What was even more humiliating was that I cried!"

Between '71 and '76 he ploughed through a series of jobs. Mum and Dad wanted him to be an electrician and settle down. As quickly as they arranged apprenticeships for him, he'd manage to get the sack from them. "My nicknames at work was 'Natty'. I never took anything seriously."

In the evening he toured the pubs, playing his guitar and, when in Irish hostels in particular, singing songs like "Pal Of My Cradle Days" ("It's all about your mum and is terribly sad").

Then in '77 he auditioned for a

group called Brooks which was put together by Freya Miller, now Shakey's manager. This turned out to be a three year stint which ended in bitterness all round.

"The problem was that the idea was very dated. It was a mid-'70s group singing early '70s material. When Bucks Fizz records go gold and silver, Brooks records didn't even go black."

Two weeks after leaving Brooks he had that phone call from Nicola Martin. They had originally met in 1974 when Mike had auditioned for a band called — wait for it — Love Together. Not only Nicola but also Jill Shirley, now the manager of Bucks Fizz, had been in the outfit.

Mike draws a sly parallel between the Fizz and The New Seekers, a similar boy-girl combination who ruled the roost in the early '70s.

"When The New Seekers were in the '70s, we are in the '80s. When we had a Number One

with "Land Of Make Believe", to that exact date ten years ago they were Number One with "I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing."

"When they were Number Two with "Beg, Steal Or Borrow", we were Number Two with "Camera Camera like that all the time!"

He'd like the band to become involved in film soundtracks (especially James Bond) and TV. In fact they were offered a 50-minute special to be screened on Easter Monday but it fell through because neither party could agree on a format.

Their special guests were to have been The Human League, although Virgin were unhappy about the idea.

"It would have been great. No-one would have expected them on the Bucks Fizz show — even in spite of the special relationship between me and Suzanne."

Oh, I don't know.

JAY



Jay, the baby at 21, is positively steeped in showbiz. Dad's a comic and an acrobat who goes

under the stage name of Ted Durrant. Mom is dad's 'steppie' while elder brother Lance has kicked a leg in 'Chorus Line', sung in Prima Donna alongside Sally-Ann from Bardo, is a professional young person for the Top Of The Pops cameras and has just landed a small part in Barbra Streisand's latest film.

Not surprisingly it wasn't long before Jay stepped on the boards herself. She did her first summer season in Slesgreen at the tender age of 14.

This was followed by a floor show called Take Off which toured the London hotels. While Mom did the bookings, Jay sang and choreographed the troupe.

"I never really considered anything else but showbiz. Either I would teach dancing — keep fit or ballet or something — or be involved in the fashion aspect of

it. Early teenage years were a succession of after-school classes in modern dance, tap, ballet, speech and so forth.

"Mother's got cupboards full of certificates and medals. I used to love it and hate it. I was terrified but I was also determined to get a gold medal. When I finally did get one, I never did another thing. I was frightened I'd go down hill after that — at the ripe old age of 16!"

She won the medal for a dancing version of "Little Mr. Dimples".

"I wore a full suit and I sang to this chubby dolly called Mr. Dimples. The song was about all these wicked things the dolly had got up to when in fact it was me," she adds somewhat strangely.

Original plans to be a

lecturer were scrapped when Jay developed knee trouble which immobilised her for a miserable two years.

She then tried acting but after a year at the Italia Conti school realised it wasn't for her.

She started singing at 4 — singal — heaped one show on top of another. There was even a small part in "To The Manor Born".

"Well, it was more like a glorified extra really."

How would you describe the band, Jay?

"It's sheer entertainment visually. The music is positively middle-of-the-road but quality additional to that. We're looking for a style that appeals to a wide section of people. And not offend anyone. Our fan club ranges from 3 to 30. Hopefully we have something for everybody."

Original plans to be a





BOBBY



Let's meet, Bambi, said.
The worst day?
"Bus driver. At Epsom. They
wanted me on the Epsom Downs
write on Derby Day and that was
the same day I left."

Then at the grand old age of
14, he gave up music.
I've got to confess. I was into
it as I was a fork the lad. As an
actor a bit. At 14, he was I
wasn't satisfied with something
good and started driving 'Six
American jobs."

I favourite one?
A Shadbaker Golden Hawk. It
well it did look something. What
Aigens pulling out?

Bobby built up his own
business, first and during the
war. "Oh, made a few bits
because everyone wanted to be
something then."

But as the recession hit the
single, business fell. At 25 he
decided to have another crack at
music. He played the tubular,
trumpet, concertina (a blend of
right material). Country and
Western and 50's rock and roll.

By 1960-61 I had he played
Pirates in a London stage
musical at Jesus Christ
Superstar.

"If there was one I'd like to see,
I'd want it. I'd like an amazing
stage, and anyway I didn't really
hobby," he adds.
And now, Bobby? "Because I
didn't want to get banged every
night."

Then what was Bobby like? "I
wasn't really happy. I was nervous
the first night. The first thing I
wanted to do was to walk, we're
happy. It was actually my dad,
who persuaded me to apply."

How would he like to see the
band develop?
"I would like it to be taken
seriously. We should be able to
change and it would be nice if
we could go into the world. I think
it's going to be a different stage than
now."



No-one could accuse Cheryl
Baker (27) of being tongue-tied.
Talk? She ought to be an
auctioneer.

Born and bred in London's
Bethnal Green, she's a confirmed
sports addict. "I always used to
come second in competitions.
Hardly ever first."

She left Morphett Street
secondary school at 16 and
booked a short-hand and typing
job at a local stockbroker's.

"At first all the girls were very
cliquey. At lunch time they'd all
go out and leave me on my own
and I felt rotten. But being me, it
didn't take long to act. I can
either force myself on people —
not in a nasty way — or sink into
a shell."

In the evenings she'd nip along
to the amateur operatic society.
Her first show was "The Merry
Widow". Cheryl was in the
chorus. It was invaluable stage
training.

"We wore those enormous
crinolines, wigs and loads of
make-up — much more than we
do now. And false eyelashes
which I couldn't stand because
they made my eyes water. I loved
the show. It made me cry. I get so
emotional sometimes about
vocals."

At 17 she joined a hand pulled
amazingly. Bessingham Spire
(it's the name of a flower). A
two-boy-two-girl combo, the
Spires spent a year rehearsing
an odd mixture of folk songs set
to Paul McCartney-type vocals.

They collapsed and Cheryl
next tried a band that included
Mike Read, then a deejay with
Weybridge hospital radio. This
time one half wanted to play folk
while Cheryl and Mike wanted to
get rocky!

That didn't work either so she
found a job huying and selling
jaffa oranges.

The professional break came
at 21. She answered an ad from a
hand who at the time were
supporting Freddie Starr in
Blackpool.

"I thought Blackpool I'd never
been further north than
Southend."

She got the job and within two
weeks was on stage. The band,
Mother's Pride, re-christened
themselves Coco and six months
later came second to Brotherhood
Of Man in the 1976 Song For
Europe.

"That's when I got my taste for
Song For Europe and I've done it
every year since! Coco did it for a
few years and we kept changing
our name. Once we won and
represented the UK in the 1978
Eurovision with a song called
"Bad Old Days".

In June '80 Cheryl left Coco.

"We were getting nowhere.

Also I was engaged — no
courting — and the hand was
separating me from Martin."

Then on January 1 last year she
received that phone call from
Nicola Martin.

"I thought it might mean
another telly slot and then I could
bow out gracefully and go into
another business. Maybe the rag
trade. But here I am.

"It's like a fairy story."

W.L.L.G. was born Robert Alan
Gibby, 28 years ago. Because of
the dad's work as a builder, he
moved around the country a lot
and shulked up no less than
eleven schools!

The only things I was good at
were things to do with my hands
— like wood-work, metal-work,
or electrical drawing and maths.
Apart from that, I used to muck
about a lot."

At 14 he bought a guitar and
joined a three-piece who played
the Hendrix numbers. But the
band came between him and
music.

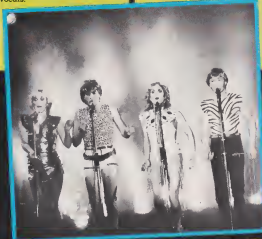
"Eventually I got a better band
at school because of that. They
said it wasn't worth me going to
one. I didn't."

As a result, I'm a bit lacking in
education. I can understand
when anyone's trying to do me
because I can understand English
very well. It's only English itself
I can spell reasonably well and
"misses are always dictionaries to
"stick up."

Then followed a multitude of
other, few of which lasted more
than three or four days.

The best one?

"One of the most enjoyable
was harmonizing. When you play
"London" it's a beautiful sound."



The Fizz dazzling the audience (from left) at the Traveller's Friend, Castlebar

START TO SWIM AGAIN



NEW
SOUNDS
NEW
STYLES

♦ JUNE ISSUE

CLOTHES . . .

■ Demob, Swimwear, Paul Shriek

. . . MUSIC . . .

■ Simple Minds, Dollar, Sandie Shaw, Eims on Pop, Robert Wyatt, 23 Skidoo, Pride, Yazoo

. . . AND STYLE

■ The Pope, Japan's Steve Jansen, weird Lenny Henry, Berlin, Pop/Art, Warhol, Steve Strange Paris Show, Countryman, Pennies From Heaven

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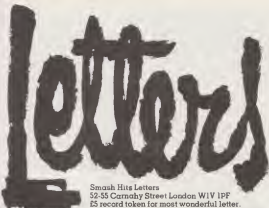
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Does Kraftwerk? Is Kim Wilde? Will Mansour? Do Bucks Fizz? And if so, why?
Chris Manchester.
P.S. These enquiries have nothing whatsoever to do with Haircut One Hundred. A first for your mag?

Anyone ever told you you're crazy?

I'd like a bar of calorie-free chocolate, an expenses-paid trip to Barbados, a Tony Blackburn dummy to throw darts at, a fire-extinguisher for The Goombay Dance Band and a Genesis feature in Smash Hits. Love me.
Sarah Manners, Cleveland.

Best of luck

In your April 15 issue, Mike Nolan of Bucks Fizz had charge of the Personal File.

Quote: FIRST CRUSH: "Angela Mullen, when I was about 10. As it turned out, my brother's brother-in-law married her sister" unquote.

His brother's brother-in-law is his sister's husband. That means that he has at least one sister who is married to the bloke that's married to Angela's sister. Therefore committing bigamy (unless he's an Arab, which I very much doubt).

The other possibility is that Mike's brother's brother-in-law is Mike's wife's husband, which is Mike. Meaning that this is mentally, physically and legally impossible.

Suggestion Number Three: Mike's brother's brother-in-law married Mike's sister. But if her sister is Angela, that means that Angela is Mike's sister. Impossible.

So tell me, (either A) Mr. Nolan got it wrong; B) Your typist was sloshed and made a spelling mistake; or C) I've left my brain at the Co-op again.
CWAN, Streatham.

Whatever it is it shouldn't be allowed.

People are such hypocrites. If you say to someone: "Do you like Dollar or Bucks Fizz?" they all say: "Nyah. Course not!" So how come Dollar got to Number Five and Bucks Fizz to Number One? Who buys these records? Surely it's not just a load of middle-aged housewives trying to be "with it". Perhaps it's the people coming out of record shops dressed in overcoats, sheepishly glancing to see if anyone's watching them with their brown paper package.

I happen to like the so-called "pop" groups such as Bucks Fizz, Dollar and Baro and I want to know why no-one laughs at you if you say you like the League or Japan?

A Duran admirer, Urmaton.

Ian Birch likes Bucks Fizz, if that's any comfort, and he's certainly not a middle-aged housewife (well, that's what he tells us). Take this oft-envied £5 RECORD TOKEN for showing such Courage in the face of the Opposition. And spend, spend, spend. . .

I would just like to say that I thought Sally Ann Triplett spoilt Bardo's chances in the Eurovision Song Contest. Is she trying to copy Theresa Bazar from Dollar? "Thunderthrees" Triplett isn't half as thin as she or half as pretty.
Tracey, South Humberside.

Dear Jill Sinclair,

Listen, Derlin'. Your Motorhead review was garboge to say the least. If you'd bothered to get to the gig on time you'd have seen the lads — drunk it all — being lowered from the rafters on a stage. As for the lightshow, it was hoody brilliant!

As for the music, if you'd known any of their material you'd have been able to tell the songs apart and not just the "hit" singles. Motorhead have got real fans, as the 23-show tour testified and not ex-mod, ex-rude boy,

ex-punk jeans bands like The Human League and Japan have now got.

And as for the "noise", if you wanted pony synthesizers and drum machines and boring vocals, what the £££ were you doing at a Motorhead gig!
Phil, Birmingham.

Q. What do you call a woodpecker with no beak?
A. A head-banger.
John Gray, Bedford.
P.S. Tell Emilia Bujocel that I still love her.

Lay off the jokes, old son, and she'll be back in a flash.

At last I've seen the light!
Phil Oakley's other ear, Swindon.

You too.

Recently I was informed that Steve Strange, The Fun Boy Three and Classix Nouveaux were appearing in Glasgow to open a new record shop. So I packed my bags and set forth for the trip.

On arriving, I noticed a never-ending queue from the entrance. After several hours of being squashed like a sardine and being disciplined by the police, I finally set foot in the store anxiously waiting to get the honour to see Classix Nouveaux life-size and get Sal Solo's signature in my autograph book. Then I was told they would only autograph a copy of their single or LP, so I was obliged to buy one. This is one way to sell records.

My hands shook nervously as I passed the single to Sal but then I regretted buying it when I saw his sour expression as he sipped away at his chilled orange juice gazing at me through eyes that were so thick with eye-liner you'd think he'd just been sweeping the chimneys.

After this major disappointment, I ventured downstairs to search for The Fun Boy Three and Steve Strange but a steward informed me that if I wished to see any more "celebrities" I would have to rejoin the queue outside which now stretched for miles.

I think these opening days are a waste of time. Who wants to see stack-up popstars anyway, who couldn't care less about their fans as long as they make a profit on their discs?
Eskine, Glasgow.

Obviously the event was "one way to sell records", much like a concert, or a TOTP slot or any "promotional" appearance bands might care to do. Like it or lump it, it's all business to some degree, and if you like a band enough to queue up for hours and meet them, then it's usually assumed you'll have bought at least one of their records. Still, some of these "in

store" jobs are better organised than others. Haircut One Hundred seem happy to sign just about anything.



While looking through Smash Hits it was brought to my attention that: 76% of the winners of the Haircut One Hundred competition were girls, 8% were boys, and the remaining 16% I wasn't sure about.

Does this mean that girls are hairier than boys, or that the sexy Nick Hayward and Co. appeal more to females?
Mandy, Middlesbrough.

Dear Janet Smith (Haircut 15 issue).

Just who do you think you are? You must be living in some sort of fantasy world. Paul Weller was absolutely right in saying that today's music is "crap". Most groups today — like The Human League, Duran Duran, Depeche Mode and Adam — churn out the same old sentimental slush year after year so silly little girls like yourself can go out and buy them because the lead singer is pretty or whatever.

I don't know if you realise it but we are living under a lot of pressure in today's society — with the threat of nuclear war, etc. — and Paul Weller is the only decent songwriter around today willing to express his views freely.

Most of the aforementioned groups are the sweeping these threats "under the carpet" by recording silly love songs to cash in on suckers like you.
Frank Mullen, Wistow.

Dear Janet Smith,

Paul Weller has never said that he had a "divine right" to criticise today's music. In an interview, he's asked to give his honest opinions, why should he lie and say he thinks Depeche Mode and Altered Images are wonderful if he doesn't like such groups?

In his own words: "I believe in music. It's my whole life and I don't like other people treating my life in such a whimsical and disposable way."

At least he's not afraid to say what he thinks and he knows that his fans will stick by him and won't hate him for his opinions about other bands as long as he continues to produce records of such a high calibre.
Dob and Dotts, Cheslins.

SMASH HITS

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STAR TEASER

ANSWER (FROM PAGE 36)



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 37)

ACROSS: 1 Simon Le Bon; 2 Tempus (Song); 3 'Time For Action'; 10 Ellen Foley; 12 Darth Vader; 14 (Gary) Numan; 15 'Use It Up (And Wear It Out)'; 17 Kid Creole; 18 Andy Murray; 20 Zeeb (Witard); 23 'Lyla'; 24 'Singing The Blues'; 25 Toto; 27 (Mick) Jagger; 28 (Adam) Ant; 29 (Mick) Jagger; 30 Jets; 32 (No) Problem; 33 WEA; 34 'See You'

DOWN: 1 Spivey; 2 Mott; 3 (Central) Line; 4 'Shower in Berlin'; 5 Neon (Knight); 6 Billy (Idol); 7 and 35 across Dery's Midway Runners; 11 (Arnie) Frank; 12 (John) Wood; 16 (Pete) Dinklage; 19 Yellow (Submarine); 21 Bam guitar; 22 Village; 26 Orange Juice; 29 Meas; 30 John Frost; 31 Tour

Posters

From page 45

Dear Janet Good, Thank goodness I didn't see that Paul Weller interview in the *Daily Mirror* you referred to. I would probably have torn it out and burnt it on the spot. The things he said sound typical of him. For instance, in the *Smash Hits* Christmas issue, he said that "Tainted Love" by Soft Cell, in his opinion, was the most appalling record of 1981. Is this a spot of jealousy, perhaps? After all, it was voted the best single of '81 in the same chart.

And what makes him think that the Jam have "some kind of intelligence" and other bands haven't? It's just a good job that all groups aren't like the Jam and don't have such ignorant lead singers. A *Soft Cell* and *Depeche Mode* fan, Hull.

Why is it that so many posters printed in *Smash Hits* feature people looking miserable? I put many of your posters on my bedroom wall to help brighten up the place but I'm now surrounded by scowling faces. The Pretenders look as though they've just won the pools but forgotten to send the coupon in. And does Kim Wilde know how to smile.

Why don't they follow the shining example of Olivia Newton-John's wonderful smile, instead of trying to look mocho? John Mills. Leicestershire.

Hang about, Millsey. What about that Bananarama spread then? It was physically impossible to get them to stop smiling. (Anyone'd be chuffed if they were having that much money spent on them — Impoverished Ed.)

You've probably heard of Adam Ant's encounters with the little boy who chewed his satchel strap, but I'll bet you haven't heard about Steve Grant (of Tight Fit) and his intrepid kite-flying explorations in the jungle with none other than T.V. superstars George and Bungle from *Rainbow* and *Sweep*.

The setting: deep in a jungle on a dark night, four figures huddle around a blazing camp fire. The big hairy one (Bungle) stands up and climbs into a sleeping-bag, which is lying on Sweep's two kites. Having broken them, a fight starts between him and Sweep in which Bungle is sent packing.

When the remaining party

have calmed down a bit, Steve Grant pipes up with a ditty to sum up the evening's events: "In the jungle with George and Bungle/He lay on Sweep's two kites/Sweep hit Bungle and off he stumbled/Into the deep blue night/He limped away... He limped away..."

Good, eh? Annabella, a Pibbog/Talk Talk fan, Hitchin.

Far too meaningful.

Please could you print a picture of David Sylvian without his make-up? Sally, Selby.



Here he is, Sal — a rare snap of David Sylvian in the raw. Amazing what a touch of foundation can do, really.

Has anyone else noticed how neurotic Japan fans are?

First it was Gary Numan and now The Associates are guilty of copying Japan. I can just imagine all the paranoid Japanics frantically buying every record they can lay their hands on and analyzing them for any similarities to their heroes' music.

And when they find some, they rant, kick their record players and scribble hysterical notes to *Smash Hits*.

Calm down, children. David Sylvian is not God. He did not invent pop music. The other McEnroe fan, Surbiton.

Sooner or later someone has got to make the observation that The Nolans are trying to copy Japan. It stands to reason, doesn't it? After all, everybody else is.

I can see that they could get ideas from all the '000-000' hits on the first two Japan albums. Or maybe Japan were copying them? Ho-ho? Got you there! Steve James.

Smash Hits is quickly becoming as childish as the music features in such magazines as "Jackie". Flicking through the April 15 issue, I noticed Mark "Brain Of A Melen" Ellen asking Meat Loaf such long, searching, pointed questions as: "Does everybody call you Meat?" and "Why are you successful?"

Vagueness and irrelevance are it, we guess, frequently mentioned in that classic of humorous

literature — "Interviewing the Stars — Techniques Made Famous By Mark Ellen".

Please find an interviewer that can at least think up questions that deserve an answer. Jeremy Collins, Nottingham.

Surely having a name like Meat deserves questioning? How many people do you know called Meat and Leslie Leaf? Not many, I'll be bound.

I've just listened to "Shirley" by Shakey and counted the word "Shirley" 31 times! That's 17 times more than "Julie" was mentioned in "Oh Julie". Ruth Barclay, Ilford.

And they call 'em "lyrics"!

You know the little messages some records have scratched on them after the last song? Well, on Haircut One Hundred's "Pelican West", the message reads — "I didn't play!" On Imagination's "Body Talk", the message reads — "Thanks Krissey." And on The Human League's "Travelogue", the message is simply "Phew!" We just thought you'd like to know.

Miffi and Sharon (with two B's), Goldhawk Road, London.

You live an' learn, eh?

They said "Barry Manilow would never sing again". And he's proved them right! Paul Weller's *Ego*, an aircraft banger in London.

If Tommy Vance says "My name is Tommy Vance, isn't music great?" again, I will be sick. Gisard Puke, Gosport.

For all those thickos who don't know the meaning of "Instinction", look in the Oxford Dictionary: "INSTINCT: innate impulse, intuition, rigid pattern of behaviour. INSTINCTIVE: From a naturally thick person who's into synthesisers. Uxbridge.

I am a hudding Barry designer and I think he needs modernising. Please print this pic. Melanie Durham.



Can't see it, myself.

I tried very hard to think up a funny letter which you could use to fill up the gap at the end of your Letters Page. But I failed. The Spam Bap on Cloud Nine.

Ever met the Lunch-Pack of Notre Dame? You two could make beautiful music together.

I can eat three Shredded Wheat. Me.

Come over here and say that.

The PASSIONS

New Single

Jump for Joy

Produced by Mick Glossop



OUT & ABOUT WITH BARRY

Greetings, fellow revellers. Your upper-crust club-cruiser, **The Hon. Cecil Barrington Pitt**, here. (You can see why I just call myself "Barry": got rather fed up with being called "Cesa Pitt"). Been stepping out to some very posh parloours lately and generally "living in the fast lane" as they say, especially as I've just got my Vespa Scooter back on the road after several large lorries used it as a parking space.

Where? **Steve Strange's** Camden Palace for starters. Place absolutely choc-a-bloc with celebs. A **Scrutti Politti** here, a **Spandan** there, an **ABC** person, **Adrian Wright** from The Human League looking very perky as they've just made the US Top Twenty, and **Marc Almond**, who looked a bit daft as per usual. Tried going about in one of those loopy headband things myself, once, and three or four hairdressers followed me home. Even **Lol Creme** (of Godley and ...) was there, taking a break after making that very trendy **Wrangler** jeans advert on the telly at the mo.

Passed "The Inn On The Park" Hotel on my way back when the trusty scooter develops what the handbook calls a "rear tyre no-air situation". Pumping furiously when who do I spy hut old **David "Catperson" Bowie** teetering homewards after a late night boozing sesh with "**Egghead**" **Elton John**. Still filming his zonky vampire flick "The Hunger".

A weird one, I'll wager. Next day, bereft of kip, the boisterous Barrington was to be found loafing down Le Beat Route Club. Entered the dingy cellar for a quiet boaker of Barbican only to be greeted by a blanket of flashbulbs. Braced myself for the cut and thrust of my autograph-hungry public when I suddenly noticed **Mick Jagger** standing beside me trying to sneak in on the act. Tiny bloke with a mouth like a hulkdoser scoop. Mumbled things about "quite liking **The Human League** and **Soft Cell**" and how the **Rolling Stones** will be touring the UK and Europe whereupon he got besieged by thousands of inky backs from Fleet Street. How common. Guzzled a few chipleps and scarpered, me.

Had to chuckle on hearing about **The Police** playing the lot of adoring Chilean fans (funny hat at the best of times — the Chileans, that is). **Sting** got a bit of a frosty reception after he asked for the microphones to be disinfected. Bad case of foot-in-mouth disease if I'm any judge.

A welcome note half as hostile as **BewWowWow's** been getting while supporting posing panty-purveyors **Queens** in Europe. The **Wowzers** got slightly itchy when bombarded every night with all manner of deadly missiles — cans, bottles, rude comments, hits of cheese, etc. — and have since said "cheerio" to the rest of the tour. Very unscavoury. Guitar-plucker **Matthew Ashman** used some rather strange word to describe his foreign foes with which the normally hi-lingual Baz was unfamiliar. Used a couple of them rather loudly at my "Scooter-Care" Class and was told to wash my mouth out with soap. Search me . . .

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OUT ON

MAY 27

WIGHTS OUT

THE CURE LONDON Hammersmith Odeon

After nearly four years of abstract album covers and thought-provoking lyrics, The Cure's great promise of success seems to have disintegrated into an idle threat. They now seem rather like a cross between a poor man's Human League and a bunch of Kraftwerk extras.

Three morose, motionless musicians, a slightly disturbing slide show and Robert Smith's monosyllabic introductions — and they call this a "live" concert? No different from the record, if you ask me.

Still, the audience seemed satisfied. Dressed in their funeral gear, complete with suitably pained expressions, they've come to wallow in morbid fascination rather than be entertained.

A harsh light above bathes the trio, highlighting cherry-red lipstick and matching blusher and black and white stage gear (how original). Each member of the band is lost in a world of his own, playing his instrument as if he's the only one on stage. Together they create a loud, distinctively eerie sound. Good music to contemplate the end of the world to, but their solid Duran Duran beat gives it a lighter note.

Drummer Lol Tolhurst is pretty good in the rhythm department but then he's got so many drums to choose from he can't really go wrong. Robert Smith has a strong, distinctive voice and plays his way quite engagingly round a barrage of instruments — guitar, keyboard, organ, harmonica — but the overall sound's still heavy on the ears and heavy on the eyes.

And they're a miserable bunch! Is this what the public wants these days? I tend to think not.



Rosalyn Chissick

The Cure's Robert Smith: is this the inventor of the Terry Hall trim?

Notes

Check locally before stepping out. A Bev Hillier production.

Laurie Anderson: Edinburgh Queens Hall (June 13), London Adelphi Theatre (15).

Anti-Nowhere League: Mergate Winter Gardens (May 13), Leicester De Montfort (16), Wakefield Unity Hall (16), Sheffield Top Rank (17), Manchester Rotunda (18, 19), Newcastle Mayfair (20), Glasgow Apollo (21), Hull Tower Ballroom (22), Preston Poly (24), Liverpool

Warehouse (25), Bradford Ukrainian Club (28), Derby Assembly Rooms (27), Birmingham Locarno (31), Plymouth Top Rank (June 1), Reading

Top Rank (2), Portsmouth Locarno (3), Poole Wessex Hall (5), London Lyceum (6, 7).

China Crisis: Sheffield Limit Club (May 13), Manchester UMIST (14), Leeds Warehouse (17), Coventry Guys (19), Derby Blue Note (20), Cambridge Sound Celler (21), Bath Moles (22), Oxford Scamps (24), Swindon Brunel Rooms (25), London Barracuda (26), Hastings Downtown Saturdays (27), Brighton Hickstead Cinderella (28).

Clesh: Leeds Uni. (May 24), Stoke Mandeville Sports Stadium (July 12), Hanley Victoria Hall (13), Newcastle City Hall (14, 18) Bradford St. George Hall (17), Birmingham Bingley Hall (18), Derby Assembly Rooms (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Irvine Megnum Leisure Centre (22), Edinburgh Playhouse (23), Inverness Ice Rank (24).

Funkapolliten: Norwich Uni. of East Anglia (May 14), Middlesex & Hertford Country Club (18), Canvey Island Goldmine (21), Chippenham

Goldiggers (28), Plymouth Top Rank (28), Bournemouth Midnight Express (28), Swindon Brunel Rooms (29), Gillingham King Charles (30), Brighton Top Rank (June 2), London Lyceum (3).

Haircut One Hundred: Manchester Apollo (June 2), Glasgow Apollo (4), Liverpool Empire (8), Birmingham Odeon (7, 8), London Hammersmith Odeon (10, 11), Brighton Conference Centre (12).

Hi-Tension: Reading Uni. (May 18), Chippenham Goldiggers (June 2), Middlesex & Hertford Country Club (9), Bealton Requie (17), London Lyceum (18).

Imagination: Southampton Top Rank (September 12), Mergate Winter Gardens (13), Brighton Centre (14), Reading Hexagon (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Manchester Apollo (16), Bristol Colston Hall (18), Swansea Top Rank (20), Edinburgh Playhouse (23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Oxford New Theatre (28).

Bournemouth Winter Gardens (27), Plymouth Top Rank (28), London Dominion (30, October 1).

King Trigger: Brighton Extrames (May 13), Portsmouth Galety Bar (14), Wenwick Uni. (18).

King Trigger/Gang Of Four: Birmingham Locarno (June 2), Newcastle Mayfair (3), Sheffield Poly. (4), Bradford Uni. (8), Bristol Locarno (8), Cardiff Top Rank (9), Plymouth Top Rank (10), Brighton Top Rank (11), Manchester Uni. (12), Redcar Coatham Bowl (13), Edinburgh Coasters (14), Glasgow Tittanya (15), Nottingham Rock City (18), Hernal Hampstead Pavilion (18), London Hammersmith Palais (22).

Rolling Stones/J. Gailis Band/Black Uhuru: Wembley Stadium (June 28, 28).

Mert Wilson & The Willatons: York Uni. (May 14), Leeds Warehouse (18), Portsmouth Neros (18), Bath Uni. (21), Folkestone Marine Pavilion (23).



Ph.D

I WON'T LET YOU DOWN

You ask me if I'm happy here
No doubt about it
You ask me if my love is clear

Want me to shout it
Gave you the best years of my life, woman
I know I failed to treat you right, but woman
Don't let me out of here
Don't let me out of here

Chorus

I won't let you down, won't let you down again
I won't let you down, won't let you down again
I won't let you down, won't let you down again

You say our love's running one way
Coming from your side
No help from me to see it through
To beat the high tide

Take me and chain me if you please woman
Don't help me dig deeper my grave woman
Don't let me out of here
Don't let me out of here

Repeat chorus to fade

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GIRL·CRAZY

HOT CHOCOLATE

I don't care 'bout the colour of her hair
Or the colour of the skin that sha's wrapped in
All I want is a personality that's right for me

That's all I seek
I don't care if she's rich or poor
The door to my heart is open wide
If you're lonely for someone to love
Then why don't you just come inside

Chorus

'Cause I'm girl crazy, crazy
I'm girl crazy
I'm girl crazy, for a girl crazy
I'm girl crazy
Crazy for a girl who's boy crazy
For a boy like me (oh yeah)

I don't care 'bout the clothes that she wears
Isn't amazing or dabonair
All I want is love and affection
For whatever direction I don't care
I don't mind if sha can't dance
I'll teach her to dance in everyway
And if by chance she's new to romance
I'll teach her to make love night and day

Repeat chorus

I'll be your lover
I'll be your friend
I'll stay with you darling
Till the very end

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

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DURAN DURAN

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smash hits

