

SMASH

HITS

ADAM
MADNESS
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
DURAN DURAN

TOYAH
HIT SONGS BY **BLONDIE, ASSOCIATES, ALTERED IMAGES**
AND MANY MORE

ASSOCIATES

CLUB COUNTRY

The fault is I can find no fault in you
Assault — say it or I'll say it for you
If we stick around
We're sure to be looked down upon
What better way or should I say

Chorus

Alive and kicking
Alive and kicking at the country club
We're always sickening at the country club
A drive from nowhere
Leaves you in the cold
Refrigeration keeps you young I'm told
Alive and kicking at the country club
We're always sickening at the country club
Your limitations are our every care
Every breath you breathe belongs to someone there

At all's two words

Could they be soldered as one
Therein lies the perfect pseudonym
To think you've learned to know someone and find
That you don't know, don't know them at all

Repeat chorus

Sad to see that you're suffering
Work hard at being a something
Sad to see that you're suffering
Work hard at being a something
Sad to see that you're suffering
Work hard at being a something

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by McKenzie Rankine
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On Beggars Banquet Records



ALAN RANKINE

BILLY MCKENZIE

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"Unsociable, arrogant, selfish, stubborn and jealous . . ."

THAT'S THE REAL TOYAH, ACCORDING TO TOYAH, DAVE RIMMER WATCHES HER AT WORK. MARK RUSHER TAKES PICTURES.



The fourth interview of the day: Radio 210 with local deejay Keith Butler



Besieged by autograph-hunters outside the radio station, Tom Taylor (in the background, arms crossed) keeps a watchful eye

Along the driveway of Reading's Radio 210, small groups of Toyah fans cluster in anticipation.

At 3.00 they'd heard deejay Keith Butler say he'd be interviewing Toyah later in his show, and promptly came charging down armed with cameras and autograph books. There's about 50 of them. In Liverpool a couple of days earlier there'd been 500.

At 6.15, Toyah's car comes screaming up to the building. She's late, having got lost on the way, and pauses only to say "thank-you" to someone who hands her a bunch of flowers before rushing inside.

In the studio, she talks about her sleeve designs, is provided with the obligatory plug for her new single, album and forthcoming tour, and deftly fields questions from listeners about her make-up, her

costumes, her worst stage experience, and keeping fit. At one point, while Keith Butler plays "Brave New World", she chats on the phone with her record company about the album design.

Interview over, and it's back out the front to sign autographs. She takes this very seriously, scribbling her name on anything that's thrust in front of her until everyone's satisfied.

This is the sixth and last day of a promotional tour taking in some four radio stations a day. This morning she started in her home town of Birmingham, zipped over to Luton, belted down to Southend, and then shot across to Reading after a brief stop at Safari's London office. Not many people could stand that kind of working pace for very long, and indeed her boyfriend/bodyguard Tom Taylor

collapsed yesterday. But Toyah, fired by a seemingly inexhaustible nervous energy, just keeps on talking and signing for as long as it takes. No problem.

Whatever you think about her music (I'm no fan), it's a fact that Toyah is a genius when it comes to promotion. The other week she appeared on TV no less than four times: in *Razzmatazz*, *Pop Quiz*, *Tales Of The Unexpected* and *Get Set For Summer*. It was accidental, apparently, that they were all screened within days of each other, but it is a reflection of her level of exposure.

The way she carefully contrives an image for each project helps too. If you look on the front of "Brave New World", you'll see the current face of Toyah. If you look on the back, you'll see her laughing to herself,

and in the corner, thrown away among other rubbish, is the cover of "Good Morning Universe" — a disposable image.

Toyah takes great pains to point this out to me. She calls this "self-expression". I call it marketing. Maybe they're one and the same thing.

She talks quickly. Toyah, out of nervousness it seems. I ask her how she relaxes; "I don't," she says. Once she gets going, she's liable to ramble on for ages and often wanders well off the point. As we sit in the garden behind Radio 210, we often seem to be talking at cross purposes.

What would she say, I wonder, if I said that she struck me as more of an advertising campaign than an artist?

"I think that's up to the individual artist. I'm not satisfied with just touring everywhere, my favourite medium of presentation



is TV. I think it's selfish for an artist to lock themselves up in little clubs all the time because they're denying other people seeing them."

Hmmm. What I meant was, for all the things she does, her biggest talent seems to be self-marketing.

"Perhaps you're right . . . what can I say? That's not what I think at all. *(She pauses and thinks.)* If I didn't advertise myself then I'd have a lot of free time and I don't want that. When I have a day off I've just got to do something to do with my job. That's the only thing I can think about really. Every minute of my day is taken up. That's why you get so much exposure of me: it's because I'm available."

Well . . . I didn't just mean the degree of exposure, but the packaging . . .

"But I do all that," she

interrupts me. "I won't have a man rule my life. I'm so against men telling me what to do. I've been so badly ripped off in the past two years. Now I'm managing myself. And it's hell. I never realised how much managers do, but I'm happy because I can organise everything. You can't just go to a photo session and let things happen. I'll only do a photo session if someone's there to do clothes, make-up, hair etc. I would do it myself, but that takes longer. I am terribly organised, but it's me who does that, nobody else."

Actually, that wasn't what I meant either, but since we're on the subject, I ask how many people work with her. She has two tour managers, she explains, and her guitarist Joel Bogen helps with the management. "He's the

technical businessman and I'm the idealist."

And she has a publicity person, and a radio promotions person, and an agent for her acting, and a make-up artist and hairdresser for photo sessions, and . . .

"I know what you're getting at," she announces abruptly. "That it's a package, an industry. But it's not cold, it's real because of the meetings we have. I like to see perfection. My images inspire me to move on and do something else."

She explains the way she scripted her new video herself, tying in all the images from the single and album sleeves.

Is there, I wonder, a "real" Toyah hiding behind all the images and dying to get out?

"Oh it does come out," she replies, "but it's not very pleasant." She tells me she's

"unsociable", "arrogant", "selfish", "stubborn" and "jealous".

"I'm trying to count some of them out because I don't like them and they're a natural thing in me."

But something else she tells me later seems a better clue.

"I really enjoy acting stupid sometimes. Like we were in the East End today on our way over from Southend and I was waving to kids as they were crossing the road and they were going 'Is that . . .?' No it can't be. Yes it is."

"It does my ego a lot of good, and at the same time it makes their day great fun. I like to do things like that because it totally destroys the image of me that they've got."

And she giggles to herself, remembering the looks on their faces, before going back outside to sign more autographs.

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BRAVE NEW WORLD



TOYAH

A loneliness that no one knows
When his love dies
Yours grows and grows

It's a cruel world
Shall I tell you what I'll do
I'll forget you

Chorus

New beginnings
New surroundings
New love
Another world to dream of
New beginnings
New surroundings
New love
It's a brave new world

Remove the thorn from the lion's claw
Hear my words
Pain no more
I'm going places I've never seen before
New faces
New words
Send my kisses to the old world

Repeat chorus

It's a brave new world
It's a brave new world

I'll forget you, I move on

New beginnings
New surroundings
New love
It's a brave new world
New beginnings, it's time
New surroundings, to move on
New love
It's a brave new world

Repeat last verse to fade

Words and music by Wilcox/Bogen
Reproduced by permission Sweet 'n' Sour Songs Ltd.
On Safari Records

the PICTURES

As World Cup craziness starts to crackle, London's Capital Radio whipped up some of its own football fever recently. They organised **The Capital Goaldivgers**, a five-a-side Charity Tournament, at Queens Park Rangers. Showing off their fancy footwork were teams from **Madness**, **The Beat**, **The Jets**, **Gillan**, **The Fun Boy Three** and wizzard producer **Mickie Most**. **Madness** were mobbed; **The Fun Boy Five** surprisingly skilful; and **The Beat** tearful after being knocked out in the first round. The winners were the mysterious **Thin Men** who trounced **Mickie Most's Men** 4-1.



Suggs: "Comin' over, Tel..."



Terry: "Ere, look alive fan..."



Gillan: "'Ang about. What's 'ppened to Woking?"



Dave: "So there I was, girls. Whipped past the defence, turned on a sixpence and banged it in top left for the equaliser. Left foot job to boot..."

MARI WILSON

BABY IT'S TRUE



How can I explain what I want to say
It seems to me it's getting on for a long time
Since I saw my baby
In fact I can hardly remember what he looks like
So if you're listening out there in radio land
Or wherever it is you happen to be
At this moment in time
I want you to accept this message
That I'm about to convey to you
In words and music

Chorus
('Cause) I can't stop myself from loving you
And I can't stop myself from wanting you
And I can't stop myself from missing you

Baby, baby, baby, please believe what I say
I'm a little lost in a lonely world
And I need you
So if you want to answer my prayer
And make me so very happy
Please come back to me from wherever you may be

Repeat chorus

Baby it's true

Oh I need you, oh I do
So if you want to answer my prayer
And make me so very happy
Please come back to me from wherever you may be

Repeat chorus

Baby it's true

Repeat chorus ad lib to fade

Words and music by Teddy Johns
Reproduced by permission Blackhill Music
Ltd./Warner Bros Music
On The Compact Organization

UB40

LOVE IS ALL IS ALL RIGHT

Chorus
Love is all is all right
But you left it a little too late
Love is all is all right
But you've got to find a little more hate

Take the man in the white cloak
A pointed mask to hide his face
Murders in the name of religion
If you're not the right colour or race
Take the man in the black cloak
He's holding justice in his hand
Lets the man in the white cloak go
Calls it the law of the land

Repeat chorus

Take the man in the brown shirt
A burning hatred in his eye
Fired by ignorant reaction
Fanned by political lies
Take the man in the blue cap
His back's against the wall
Links arms with the man in the brown shirt
He's trying to break his own fall

Repeat chorus

Love is all is all right

Words and music by UB40
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Music Ltd.
On DEP International





Where are you, where are you
Where are you, where are you
Come to tea, come to tea
You and me, you and me
You and me

Pinky blue skies eway
Chasing my dust today

Easy to bow but say
Easy to slide eway

Pinky blue skies eway
Pinky blue skies eway
Easy to, easy to
What to do, what to do

For you, you know
It's up to fate

Pinky blue skies eway
Chasing my dust today

Easy to bow but say
Easy to slide eway
Pinky blue skies today
Pinky blue skies eway

Easy to, easy to
What to do, what to do
For you, you know
It's up to fate

Where are you, where are you
Where are you, where are you

Pinky blue skies eway
Chasing my blush today

Cheesy has gone eway
Where has he gone today

Pinky blue skies eway
Pinky blue skies today

Easy to, easy to
What to do, what to do
For you, you know
It's almost late

Where are you, where are you
Where are you, where are you

Come to tea, come to tea
You end me, (where are you) you end me
Come to tea (where are you)

Pinky blue skies eway
Pinky blue skies today

Come to tea, come to tea
You end me, (where are you) you end me
Come to tea (where are you)

Pinky blue skies eway (where are you)
Pinky blue skies today (where are you)

It's up to fate

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Down/Werner Bros. Music Ltd.
On Epic Records

ALTERED IMAGES

"PINKY BLUE"

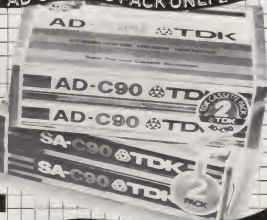


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HIGSONS

AFTER NORWICH... THE WORLD? THE CULT HEROES ARE NOW AFTER FUN, FAME AND FORTUNE. PETER SILVERTON FILLS IN THE BACKGROUND.

"Switch here."

"Switch where?"

"Switch Higson."

"Switch Higson?"

"Switch Higson, singer and duly appointed representative of The Higsons, Norwich group."

Formerly known as The Higson 5, The Higson Brothers and The Higson Experience, The Higsons are on the very edge of leaving the independent label scene for a major label. All the gossip says they'll sign to Chrysalis. Switch says: "We're in negotiations with every record company except Chrysalis."

Healing from The Higsons' current band, Backs Records who put out The Higsons' records and help them run their lives. "It's a shop in the centre of Norwich. We're not on the 'phone. So I have to use theirs — otherwise people don't know how to get hold of us."

An East Anglian chunk of funk, The Higsons have the added, devastating ingredient of a super sense of humour. Over the last year they've put out three singles and a live cassette, recorded at the Jacquard Club, Norwich and issued by Chaos Cassettes (distributed, of course, by Backs Records) who proclaim their 'intention of making BOOTLEGS legal. All Royalties are paid direct to the bands IN ADVANCE'.

The Higsons are about 18 months old. "We had no definite idea of how we wanted to sound when we first started. But it was the time of all that funk thing starting with the Talking Heads' album. We thought we could do that better than any other kind of music. Simon (Charlerton) had been drumming for years and found funk more interesting than anything else so..."

The band was formed by a group of friends, all past and present at the University of East Anglia, a campus on the outskirts of Norwich. Three of them, in fact, are still studying for their finals this summer. Switch himself graduated a couple of years ago and was at a loose and after the collapse of his first musical venture, The Right Hand Lovers ("a sort of punk band"). All of The Higsons had been in bands before so "it seemed logical to start a new

one".

Collin Williams, the bass player, was an original member of Wahl Heat. Drummer Simon had played with the cult punk band, The Homosexuals, plus a brief stint with the late Glaswegian guitarist, Alex Harvey. Terry Edwards is a musician of many talents. He's the guitarist and brass player. "On records he impersonates an entire brass section by over-dubbing."

Stuart McGeachin was the last member to join (he replaced a previous guitarist who left just before The Higsons recorded their first single) but it was his guitar style that nudged The Higsons in the direction of funk. "He was only used to playing funk stuff and when he joined that pushed us wholeheartedly towards funk."

By the time of their first single, "I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys", they'd polished up an individual brand of funk. Where others chant themselves hoarse urging you to dance, Switch Higson has an unusually ordinary, downbeat voice that's nicely suited to his wry lyrics. This sense of humour is also shown in their choice of name.

"We'd been months trying to think of a proper name. They all thought I had a funny surname so

we used that. But you must understand that the band's called after my name, not me. We chose it to be anti-hip, as stupid as possible and not something like Blue Rondo or Spandau Ballet. We never intended it to last long as a name but now we're stuck with it!"

"Monkeys" has been buzzing around the independent charts for a year now. It's sold about 10,000 copies — a respectable if hardly shattering total. When it first came out, says Switch, "lots of record companies came around but, when they realised we didn't play a set full of 'Monkeys', they faded away again."

The Higsons, in fact, have been beset by such bad luck. All the royalties from "Monkeys" are still tied up in a dispute with the tiny label, Romany in Britain, which issued the single. "It's as much our fault as theirs. We were very naive."

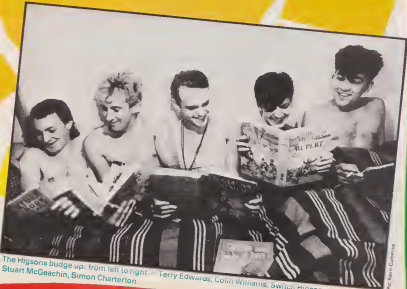
Unusually, though, The Higsons make their living by playing live. By cutting costs right back, not using roadies, and sleeping on other people's floors, they make a profit each time they go out on tour. On one notable occasion when they headlined The Venue, they netted a thousand pounds.

After the lack of income from "Monkeys", The Higsons' life was made even more difficult by the confusion surrounding their second single, "The Last And The Lonely". "It was meant to be a send-up of the cabaret and Latin craze. We laughed a lot when we first did it because it was only meant to be a joke. Terry did a special, clichéd Latin horn arrangement for it. But then all the critics took it seriously — like we were doing a Modern Romance."

As a result "Last" slid into obscurity but their latest single, "Conspiracy", has pulled them out of that hole and attracted new waves of major label attention. It shows the band finding their feet in the studio.

Away from the microphone, Switch is a writer. Under the name C. M. Higson he's had a few short stories published in "obscure arts mags". He's about to send his first novel, "The Inca Route" (which he describes, straight-faced, as 'Post Modernist Science Fiction') to prospective publishers.

"In the long run, I'd much rather be a writer than a singer. I've still no ambition to be a pop star. I can't seem to take it seriously. It just seemed like there was nothing better to do at the time..."



The Higsons budge up, from left to right — Terry Edwards, Collin Williams, Switch Higson, Stuart McGeachin, Simon Charlerton.

PLEASE YOUR SHELF! CLIP SERVICE

Once again the books on popular pop-pickers are pouring out. Writes our man on the stalls Ivor Library. And the the news isn't at all bad.

The Power Age (Eol Pio, £4.99) is strictly for the heavy metal convert. It's basically a collection of Ross Harkin's photographs with skimpy captions underneath by writer Pete Makowski. Some are scintillating, some stomach-churning and some downright offensive.

Pop Quiz (BBC Publications) is a snip at £1.25. Compiled by Jill Sinclair and Frances Whitaker, it yokes together all the questions (and answers!) from the first series and the Christmas Special of that celebrated TV programme. Those of you with long memories are not allowed to play.

The pick of the crop, however, is **The Beatles** which is a TV Times/Book-in-Special. This softback tells the story of the world's most famous pop band in cartoon form. The drawings are crisp and lifelike; the words wry and truthful. Absolutely bonzer value at 50p.

Heicrut One Hundred are currently getting bombarded with coloured discs. "Pelican West" has "gone gold", selling in excess of 100,000 copies in the UK, and "Love Plus One" has now topped the half million mark.

The band's heading off to Europe to promote the LP, then to the States for seven showcase gigs, and somewhere in the middle of all of this they're fitting in another brief UK tour to supply the enormous ticket demand.

The full itinerary begins at Manchester Apollo (June 2), Glasgow Apollo (4), Liverpool Empire (6), Birmingham Odeon (7 & 8), Hammersmith Odeon (10 & 11) and Brighton Conference Centre (12).

If you want a ticket, hurry.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- 27th May: **Stetsasonic** of **Stetsasonic And The Stetsasonic** (25)
- 23rd May: **Francis Rossi** of **Stetson Quo** (33)
- 2nd June: **Charlie Watts** of **The Rolling Stones** (41)
- 3rd June: **Suzi Quatro** (32)
- 8th June: **Nick Rhodes** of **Duran Duran** (20)

OVER DARE

Few British bands crack it in a big way in America on their first visit. **The Human League**, however, continue to carry all before them. "Don't You Want Me", at the time of writing, sits at Number Eight in the singles chart and League live shows are going down a treat with the colonials.

Included in these shows are three new songs: "You're My Baby", "Don't You Know That I Want You" (could cause a bit of confusion, that one) and a Jo Collins Motown-type composition christened "I Can't Get To Sleep At Night" which, we understand, features Joanne and Suzanne on Supremes-style "oohs" and "aahs".

It's likely that one of these new tunes will be the next single but there are no plans to record anything until September. There's a confidence for you.



"The English people were either gonna love me or hate me," says **Patrice Rushen**. "I was either gonna read them completely right or completely wrong. And, as it happens, I was right!"

She's referring to "Forget Me Not", her first UK disco hit that follows a full five years of assaulting the American charts. She modestly describes herself as "a session musician who sings" and is as impressed with English fans as it seems to be with her.

The British respond to uniqueness, gentleness and people who maintain a high

standard," she continues in her soft Los Angeles drawl. "A healthy attitude. I wish I could take a little of that back home with me."

Asked to describe herself she gets a bit excited away. "I'm the girl next door. A regular person. But on stage, I'm the girl next door, but you've entered her home and you're seeing what goes on inside. And what goes on is a lot of activity, a lot of fire and positive energy."

Roughly translated, she says this means a "good time". "I'm not working on people's minds, just their feet."

Remember **Honey Bane**? She of the small-time chart hit, "Baby Love", around last Spring? Well she's back with a new single, "I Wish I Could Be Me" in early June. She's also, apparently, playing the part of Molly, a Borstal inmate, in an upcoming film called **Scrubbers**.

Public Image Ltd are currently putting the finishing touches to their new album in New York, the city that's been their base for the last year or so. Their vocalist, a certain Mr Rotten, is simultaneously spreading his wings into the film industry, acting opposite famous American thespian Harvey Keitel in an Italian-produced movie about a murderer. No prizes for guessing the Rotten role.

Mood Six, the supposed leaders of the "New Psychedelia", have just signed to EMI. This follows a few of their "lavish happenings" where they played live on a Thames river boat and at the London Dungeons. They've now released a single entitled "Hanging Around".



John Lydon, call me, Rotten, again!

SMASH HITS STAR PRIZES

Unrealisable wares as a prize?

Sensibly, of course, they agreed and allowed us 10 gift packs to give away FREE.

Each one contains two 12" singles: "Faithless" and "The Sweetest Girl", a photo signed by the band and one of their self-designed posters.

If you fancy one then scribble your favourite joke (cos we could all do with a laugh) on a postcard or the back of an envelope and send it, along with your name and address, to **Scruti Politti Competition**, Smash Hits, 52/55 Carnaby Street, LONDON W1V 0PF.

We'll pick the 10 best on June 10. So hurry



Cheer up. Just 'cos you didn't win one of the recent colossal competitions, the two up there did. You may remember we were doling out free signed **Visage** and **Fun Boy Three** (with **Bananarama**) LPs. You may also remember that the cherry on the cake for the first comp was a hugely desirable **TV/Cassette/Radio** and, for the second, a luxurious **Ferguson** Videostor recorder.

The lucky receivers of this hardware were Helen Barrett

Please welcome **Jim Sumner**, new member of **Glasnost Nouveau**. That's what to the right after being read off for his registration **Glasnost** time. Jim (of the spelling) has filed the guitar slot vacated by **Gary Sweetman** and will play a keyboard by **Fire** by playing his first tape tape. In an audience of 10,000 Portuguese punters.

The UK date, later in the summer, will be a piece of cake after this of course.

from **Wombour**, seen picking up the TV from **Mr Strange** himself (top picture), and **Joanne Payne** from **Gateshead**, being presented with the video and full instructions by **Siohban**, **Keren** and **Sarah** (bottom picture).

Large bottles of exotic fruit drink were quaffed by all in **London's** extremely plush **Coconut Grove** and 1st Class travel was provided free by those wonderful people at **British Rail**.

Fret not. We're planning another one. Or two.



SOLE

MUSIC

Groups have started, recorded triple concept albums and retired between the announcement of a new **Stevie Wonder** LP and its actual appearance. But "Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium 1" has finally poked its head above water. It's a romp through Stevie's glorious history since 1972 and ends up on four brand new songs. One of the main reasons for the delay was the time it took to complete the fantastically elaborate cover which has multi-coloured, embossed fish finning their way through the murky depths. Quality, though mightily expensive, stuff at £7.99. Try and get it discount.

Doll by **Doll** continue their "chequered" career by severing ties with yet another record company. They've not seen eye-to-eye with **Magnet** over the release of their new LP and have thus been forced to cancel their summer tour.

The "official" **KTC** fanzine **Limeight** is out and available from **Mark Fisher**, 17 **Ansdate Close**, **Bromborough**, **Merseyside** L63 9EU. Send him 30p (cheques) POs made payable to "Limeight" and an A4-sized SAE and he'll send you one pronto.

COUNTRY LIFE

Summer festivals are breaking out all over. At **Shepton Mallet** in **Somerset** there's a three-day **World Of Music, Arts And Dance Festival** between July 16-18.

Peter Gabriel, **Simple Minds** and loads of Chinese dance troupes appear on **Friday** (16). On **Saturday** (17) it'll be **Echo And The Bunnymen**, **The Beat** and **The Burundi Drummers**. **Sunday** (18) will be "Party Night" with "gods".

During the daytime masses of bands (including **Pigbag** and **Rip Rig & Panic**) will perform at two outdoor arenas.

Ticket details are a mite complicated. It's £5 for each evening concert and this also lets you into the daytime activities. Daytime tickets are £2 for **Friday** and £3 for both **Saturday** and **Sunday**. Camping costs £2 per person for the three nights.

All tickets are available by post from **Music Arts And Dance Expo Ltd** (to whom cheques are payable), P. O. Box 247, **Bristol BS9 7RS**. And don't forget to enclose a SAE.

It will be outdone by the above **Stoussie And The Banishes** will be at the **Elephant Faye** in **Cornwall** on **Saturday** July 31. Ticket details will be announced later.

VINYL

FRONTIER

A mixed bag of new releases leave the starting blocks this issue. Some pretty weird titles too, such as "Fabrique", the LP from **Fashion** that's booked to appear on June 11.

There's also a second LP from husking rockabilies **The Shakin' Pyramids** that rejoices in the Scottish/Egyptian handle of "Celts And Cobras". Out May 28.

The magnificent **Damned** resurface with their first signing to the Bronze label (home of **Girlschool** and **Motocrew**). It's an EP featuring two versions of the engagingly titled "Lovely Money" and backed with the equally direct "I Think I'm Wonderful" and it's scheduled for June 4. They'll have a new LP and **British** tour in **September**.

Cabaret Voltaire—sorry, **The Cabs**—have another LP out called "2 x 45". The reason's quite simple: it consists of two 12" singles, totalling six tracks in all.

There's another LP out from **Rice**, the ex-Specials trombonist. "Tama Rico", as it's called, appears on May 28 and is co-produced by **Jerry Dammer**.

Also on May 28 there's a new single from **A Flock Of Seagulls** who've just about finished winging (geddit?) their way round a 44-date tour of America. The title's "Space Age Love Song", in typically "paranormal" Gulls tradition. And **John Cooper Clarke**, bouffant-haired verse-vendor, has a new LP in the shops entitled "Zip Style Method".

And that's about yer lot.

SMASH HITS STAR PRIZES

You can't pass this one up. The new "Dura-Dance" compilation tape is out and those nice people at **Phonogram** have

given us 10 copies. Each is a generous 90 minutes long and features such foot-melters as **Kool & The Gang**, **Light Of The World**, **The Gap Band**, **Junior Giscombe**, **The Four Tops**, **Central Line** and many more.

Those wishing to put a little motion in their lotion should simply solve the following puzzle, jot the answer on a postcard (or the back of an envelope), along with your name and address, to **Dura Dance Competition**, **Smash Hits**, 52/55 **Carnaby Street**, **London W1V 1PF**. The first 10 right answers that come to hand on June 10 get a tape in the post.

Question: Which of the following is not a real dance: a) The Masked Potato; b) The Bump; c) The Saveloy Shuffle; d) The Moonstop

ULTZ 'N PIECES

ALL TIME TOP 10

Billy McKenzie
(of Associates)

- HUGO MONTENEGRO: The Good, The Bad & The Ugly (RCA).** It makes me feel ten feet tall!
- Mr. BLOE: Groovin' With Mr. Bloe (DJM).** Don't ask me such mundane questions when you know I've just bought the wrong size of Levi's.
- BILLIE HOLLIDAY: You've Changed (Polydor).** The face of tragedy.
- LULU: To Sir With Love (EMI).** All heart, all Lulu.
- DAVID BOWIE: Golden Years (RCA).** A real man's song.
- NANCY & FRANK SINATRA: Something Stupid (Reprise).** Candyfloss at the carnival.
- SPARKS: No. 1 Song In Heaven (Virgin).** Joanne Lumley — contact me as soon as possible.
- THE DROWNING CRAZE: Storage Case (Situation 2).** The

three 'Es' — erotic, erogenous and erocord.
9. HERB ALPERT & THE TJUANA BRASS: The Girl From Ipanema (A&M). A new tub of Johnson's Baby talcum powder.
10. ANDY WILLIAMS: Can't Take My Eyes Off You (CBS). Especially when I'm looking at the sun.



DISCO TOP 40

TWO WEEKS	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	ARTIST	LABEL
	1	1	WAGNER AND MILES FROM THE FUTURE	Mercury
	2	2	BARCELONA	Mercury
	3	3	WHY WOULD I SAY I'M NOT A DREAMER	Mercury
	4	4	WALK ON BY D. TRAIN	Mercury
	5	5	TELEVISION	Mercury
	6	6	WEDNESDAY	Mercury
	7	7	LOVE IS A JUNGLE	Mercury
	8	8	YOU ARE MY LOVE	Mercury
	9	9	SHARON BARNES	Mercury
	10	10	CLAY AIKEN	Mercury
	11	11	EVERYBODY'S A STAR	Mercury
	12	12	LOVE YOUR BODY	Mercury
	13	13	QUEST	Mercury
	14	14	QUEST	Mercury
	15	15	QUEST	Mercury
	16	16	QUEST	Mercury
	17	17	QUEST	Mercury
	18	18	QUEST	Mercury
	19	19	QUEST	Mercury
	20	20	QUEST	Mercury
	21	21	QUEST	Mercury
	22	22	QUEST	Mercury
	23	23	QUEST	Mercury
	24	24	QUEST	Mercury
	25	25	QUEST	Mercury
	26	26	QUEST	Mercury
	27	27	QUEST	Mercury
	28	28	QUEST	Mercury
	29	29	QUEST	Mercury
	30	30	QUEST	Mercury

INDEPENDENT SINGLES TOP 30

TWO WEEKS	THIS WEEK	ARTIST	LABEL
	1	ONLY YOU	Mercury
	2	THE MEANINGS OF LIFE	Mercury
	3	ENTRANCE	Mercury
	4	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PINKIE	Mercury
	5	ATTACK	Mercury
	6	NEW ONE	Mercury
	7	THE WOMEN	Mercury
	8	NEW BRAVE	Mercury
	9	NEW EAST	Mercury
	10	NEW KNOW	Mercury
	11	A VIEW FROM HER ROOM	Mercury
	12	BEATLES	Mercury
	13	THE TIME	Mercury
	14	REASONS FOR EXISTENCE	Mercury
	15	NEW FASHION	Mercury
	16	BARBARA	Mercury
	17	NEW EYE	Mercury
	18	NO DENTS	Mercury
	19	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	20	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury
	21	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	22	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury
	23	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury
	24	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury
	25	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury
	26	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury
	27	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury
	28	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury
	29	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury
	30	THEIR'S NO SURPRISE	Mercury

INDEPENDENT ALBUMS TOP 10

TWO WEEKS	THIS WEEK	ARTIST	LABEL
	1	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	2	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	3	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	4	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	5	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	6	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	7	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	8	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	9	NEW SWEET	Mercury
	10	NEW SWEET	Mercury

TAKE 5

The current sitting-room selection of a Smash Hits scribbler. This week **Bev Hillier**
1. BUCKS FIZZ: 20th Century Hero (RCA)
2. DON McLEAN Castles In The Air (EMI)
3. JUNIOR GISCOMBE Mama Used To Say (Mercury)
4. DURAN DURAN: Rio (EMI)
5. THE QUICK: Rhythm Of The Jungle (Epic)

FAN CLUBS

Tight Fit
 PO Box 475
 LONDON NW10
Echo & The Bunnymen
 c/o 132 Liverpool Rd
 LONDON N1
Adam Ant
 The Brouac
 PO Box 407
 LONDON W1A 40T
ABC
 PO Box 92
 SHEFFIELD S1 1LP

PERSONAL FILE

How does this work? You changed it, loves yer — I lives wiv yer, done-?!"
JOBS: Nanny, secretary, sales co-ordinator for a shipping line.
FIRST RECORD: "Love Me Do" by The Beatles.
FIRST CONCERT: The Monkees at Wembley in '67.
FAVOURITE POSSESSION: My car — a 1300 Austin Estate with a sun roof. Never seen another like it!
TV: "Dallas"
CARTOON CHARACTER: Betty Boop.
HEROINE: Judy Garland.
FAULTS: I lidy up to the point where it drives people insane.
AMBITION: To appear at the London Palladium and have my own TV show.
FOOD: Sea Food. I see food and I set it.
WHAT I'D DO WITH A MILLION QUID: Send my Mum and Dad on a cruise and buy a new bit of wood for my car.
FAVOURITE PHRASE: "We're strangers meeting for the first time, OK."
MOST HATED EXPRESSION: "Now, listen..."
HAPPINESS IS: A perfect boyfriend.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?: To "Legends" nightclub in Manchester.



MARI WILSON

NAME: Mari Macmillan
Ramsey Wilson.
BORN: Kingsbury, 29.8.57.
EDUCATED: Wycombe Primary, Neasden; Preston Manor Grammar, Wembley.
FAVOURITE TEACHER: Mr. Tutchall. I used to hide in his P.E. basket every day, and every day he'd come in and say "Mari, get out of the basket" without even looking.
FIRST CRUSH: Oliver Reed about 10 years ago. I liked

BLONDIE THE HUNTER



**NEW ALBUM
AND HIGH QUALITY CASSETTE**
INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLE
'ISLAND OF LOST SOULS'

 Chrysalis

the FIXX



THE ALBUM

SHUTTERS ROOM

including

'STAND OR FALL' and 'RED SKIES'

MCA RECORDS

GENESIS · PAPERLATE

Paperlate, paperlate
Paperlate, paperlate

Paperlate, ooh I'm sorry but
There's no-one on the line
Paperlate, ooh I'm sorry but
Rest easy, no news is good news

Ooh it's too easy to live like clockwork
Tick tock, watching the world go by
Ooh, and a change would take too long
So dry your eyes

Ooh it's too easy to live in a cold sweat
Just sitting, dripping in pools below
You can wipe your face, kill the pain
But the fever won't go (no, no)

Paperlate, pull it together now
Put your feet back on the ground
Paperlate, don't worry now
You're not alone, look around you

Paperlate, ooh I'm sorry but
There's no-one on the line
Paperlate, ooh I'm sorry but
Rest easy, no news is good news

Ooh it's easy to compute your future
Taking no risks and playing too safe
Any change would take too long
So dry your eyes

Ooh it's too easy to talk about rocking the boat
Making changes and changing track
Oh but you better not lock that door
'Cos you'll be coming back

Oh you're breathing faster
Silence the only sound
There's no need to be nice on the way up
'Cos you're not coming down

Paperlate, paperlate
Paperlate, paperlate
Paperlate, paperlate
Paperlate, paperlate
Paperlate, ooh I'm sorry but
There's no one on the line
Paperlate, ooh I'm sorry but
Rest easy no news is good news

Words and music by Banks/Collins/Rutherford
Reproduced by permission Hit & Run Music Publishing Ltd.
On Charisma Records





CANTONESE BOY

We're pushing
Through these farming towns
We've worked hard
Ploughing over ground

Chorus

Red army calls you
The call of the crowd
Red army needs you
It calls you now

Cantonese boy
Bang your tin drum
Cantonese boy
Civilian soldier
Cantonese boy
Bang your tin drum
Cantonese boy
Red army calls you home

We're singing
Marching through the fields
We're changing
The lives we've led for years

Repeat chorus

Cantonese boy
Bang your tin drum
Cantonese boy civilian soldier
Cantonese boy
Bang your tin drum
Cantonese boy
Red army calls you home

Red army calls you
Red army needs you
Red army calls you
Red army needs you

Gentleman you heard us call
Raise your glasses and call for more
Only young men broke the wall

Words and music by David Sylvian
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On Virgin Records.



S

SINGLES

Reviewed by
David Hepworth



ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN: The Back Of Love (Koreva)

There was a time when the suggestion that The Bunnymen might actually have a bit would have been greeted with snorts of derision. Nowadays I'm not so sure. Mac sounds like he's fed up of loitering in the backwaters of hipness and brings forth an impassioned vocal that complements the urgent guitars and thundering drums of his colleagues. Cutting loose and cutting deep as well.



SPACE: Magic Fly (Metropolis)

Ah, the stuff that BBC-1 trailers are made of. Airy, clean-cut synthesized disco, rhythm section firmly in charge, perfect for playing under everything from downhill skiing to *The Antiques Roadshow*. This is the music of the moment (even though it was made in 1977) and the 12" also couples "Magic Fly" with "Save Your Love For Me", a cantering ballad that recalls the stately days of Donna Summer. Most tasteful record of the week.

NEW ORDER: Temptation (Factory)

I can spot a New Order single a mile off. Just keep an eye out for an expensive-looking sleeve that doesn't say New Order anywhere on it and you're halfway there. (We were thinking of doing a

New Order poster magazine at one time — it was going to be baked inside a cake and only available to residents of The Channel Islands, but it never came together. . . .) Anyway, this is a change for the better; animated, perky even. Spring would seem to be in the Mancunian air because this is that rarest of items, a New Orders love song, featuring the lines "up, down, turn around, please don't let me hit the ground" and other phrases which could be said to express happiness. With my own ears I heard it.

ALTERED IMAGES: Pinky Blue (Dance Mix) (Epic)

Oh, I know they're so cute and corny, but that's what I like about them. Who said pop groups had to go round scowling at perfectly innocent cameras and muttering at old ladies? "Pinky Blue" you're no doubt familiar with by now; this is the special dub version a la "I Could Be Happy". Birds twitter in the background, drums are doubled up and pushed to the fore, guitars go shimmering from speaker to speaker. Clare enquires "where are you? where are you?" to which every red-blooded male in the country retorts "I'm he-ere!" Summer means fun.

TOYAH: Brave New World (Safari)

What can I say? She seems such a nice girl when she's on the box or talking in these pages. You can't help but admire her energy and utter professionalism. But as soon as she sings I get this awful feeling that she's somehow, er, exaggerating. All her songs have to be about some grand matter and sung with talent competition gusto. Knock 'em in the aisles, suck 'em in the back row of the balcony, grab 'em and shake 'em. My first instinct is to duck. That said, this is relatively restrained and should get on fewer nerves than the likes of "It's A Mystery".



MADNESS: House Of Fun (Stiff)

With Tommo providing lusty impetus from the horn department and Barso weaving his customary keyboard magic. Suggs only has to knock out the lyric in the usual tongue-in-cheek fashion to make this slice of fairground reggae a worthy addition to the Madness catalogue and a definite hit. No fuss, no bother.

THE NOLANS: Crushing Dew (Epic)

Why are The Nolans always so agonised? Who is it that's forever standing them up, letting them down and treating them rough? Show me this heel! Has he no feelings at all, the hound? I've had a recurring dream recently. I go into Marks & Spencers to buy a string vest and I'm surrounded by thousands of Nolans, all wearing identical uniforms and asking "Can I help you, sir?" Bernie is, of course, the Supervisor. Is this healthy?



VIRGIN PRUNES: Magan Lovessong (Rough Trade)

Packaging all very Quest For Fire, sound very U2 with John Lydon delivery. Shouldn't be unduly upset if I wasn't to hear it again.

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES: Fireworks (Polydor)

Starts with an orchestra tuning up and ends with the sound of some fairly expensive rockets going off. In between you get the usual swirling Siouxsie sound, long on repetition but short on tune, eminently suitable for haunting houses etc. Probably recorded in a bell tower. Quite likeable really.

UB 40: Love Is All Is All Right (Dep International)

Another neatly-wrapped parcel of political wisdom, delivered with the usual adenosol preachiness, this makes its way at snail's pace towards the obligatory timid duh section. Why anyone should buy this rather than a Bob Marley. Burning Spear's *Awaked* record is entirely beyond me and you can write all the angry letters you like, I still won't understand.

THE GAP BAND: Early In The Morning (Mercury)

Big, fat, bold high-stepper of a record, the sort that would send a single up the spine as soon as it came on at a disco, the sort where it's impossible to detect where the piano finishes and the guitar begins, the sort where the bass just huzzes and booms into every nook and cranny. The sort I shall keep.

PLUTO: I Man Bitter (KR)

His how ties and cardies may not be actually what you'd call dread but by rights Pluto ought to be among the hippest names in the reggae firmament. This is probably superior to the inspired

"You Honour" if only because it shows what a good singer can do with words, using them as rhythmic devices, bouncing them off the backline and casually catching them on the rebound. Catchiest record of the week.

JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS: Crimson And Clover (Boardwalk)

The late-sixties original of this song is an all-time favourite, a classic of psychedelic bubblegum that has an odd kind of grace. Joan sets on it with the subtlety and understanding that make "I Love Rock And Roll" such an event. I don't get it. What did these songs ever do to her?

JANE AIRE: I Close My Eyes And Count To Ten (Stiff)

When Martin Fry delivered his singles reviews the other week, I said to him, "Mark my words, young Fry, afore this year is out we shall have a Dusty Springfield revival on our hands." And at that instant the earth shook and a great darkness did come over Carnaby Street and a mighty voice did speak: "Tunny you should say that. Here's the new Jane Aire single: a pretty wretched, bam-fisted rendering of Dusty's finest hour, full-of-bursting-of modern bones and thanks and entirely lacking in the required sensitivity."

GENESIS: 3 X 3 (Charisma)

An EP of out-takes from the "Abacab" sessions which leads with "Paperlate", an archetypal recent Genesis item with hired help in the shape of the Earth Wind & Fire horns. "You Might Recall", however, is the real Genesis forte, a droll medium-paced love song with excellent vocal from Collins.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX: Because You're Young (Liberty)

Bryan Ferry has a lot to answer for. If it hadn't been for early Roxy Music then half the young singers in the country wouldn't feel free to deliver songs from behind closed teeth. Sol is much smitten with this technique; his Adam's Apple travels up and down like a lift operator but the mouth is never actually open. Consequently he can render a fairly healthy song like this one annoyingly affected.

TOM VERLAINE: Days On The Mountain Postcard

From Waterloo (Virgin) Mark my words, he said, casting his false teeth and easing the pressure on his truss, this chap used to lead Television and there were few better groups than Television. This is probably his most convincing shot since their break-up. "Postcard From Waterloo", particularly, plays to his strengths; a winning way with a hitler ballad, threaded through with glowing guitar and always capable of coming up with an unexpected yet suitable chord change. The album could be a pleasant surprise.



ALBUMS

KIM WILDE: *Select* (Rak).

Kim comes on so much like a heroine from the pages of *True Romance* that you half expect her lyrics to emerge in thought bubbles, punctuated by gulps and sighs. And if it's such tight-lipped melodrama that you're after then "Select" represents a big improvement on her debut album and the beginnings of a real Wilde style. It's just a pity that the material (all Ricky and Marty's) couldn't have been drawn from a few different sources. It's about time she did something a little unexpected. Until then...

(7 out of 10)

David Hepworth

KIM WILDE



GIRLSCHOOL: *Screaming Blue Murder* (Bronze).

Girlschool are a traditional heavy metal outfit whose main claim to fame is the simple fact that they are all female. As musicians they're capable enough but their song-writing has always been undistinguished. Nothing here seems likely to alter their second-class status. The only songs to stand out are "Hellrazor" (because it sounds like *Motorhead*) and "Flesh And Blood" (because it's slower and introduces a synthesiser). Fans will enjoy this but for Girlschool to leap into the first division, they need much stronger melodies. (5 out of 10)

Bev Hillier

BLONDE: *The Hunter* (Chrysalis).

A subdued one, this. Blonde were never

renowned for their risk-taking and after Debbie Harry's extremely rickety solo bash went down like a lead balloon, this finds them ploughing the safest ground possible. The new songs are as light as "Sunday Girl" or "Unice City" but never as hard-edged as "Rapture" or "Hanging On The Telephone". Only the chugging "Orchid Club" and the oddball "The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game" stand tall and proud. (5 out of 10)

Dave Rimmer



SECTION 25: *The Key Of Dreams* (Factory Benelux).

Aah, Blackpool! Bright lights, fun holidays and candyfloss. Right? Wrong. Local band Section 25 represent the out-of-season element: cold, dull and about as inviting as a wet November Sunday. The album is full of crawling rhythms, dreary scratches that are a million miles away from 'funk', endless synthesiser droncs and hopeless hippy lyrics. This makes A Certain Ratio sound like Earth, Wind & Fire. (3 out of 10)

Ian Cranna

SQUEEZE: *Sweets From A Stranger* (A&M).

First the good news. New keyboard-man Don Snow is a real asset, providing new musical muscle and invention for the group sound. Chris Difford's lyrics continue to probe in the dark corners of life with striking results and at least half the songs here find Squeeze at their excellent best. Some of the other compositions, however, seem rather too wordy and awkward. The result is that the arrangements and vocals sometimes have to push them uphill. These boys have still to paint their masterpiece. I don't doubt they will someday. (7 out of 10)

David Hepworth

THE BLUE ORCHIDS: *The Greatest Hit* (Mony Mountain).

With a ragged guitar and an organ that wouldn't sound out of place in a chapel, this is the melancholy music of Martin Bramah, once of The Fall. The Orchids are a much more gentle proposition than The Fall, reminiscent of a late 1960s band playing at a free festival and singing words of

personal revelation to match. "I'm sorry to bother you but I'm afraid I want your attention," sings Martin at the start of side two. My attention wandered throughout most of the LP with the exception of the epiky instrumental, "Tighten Your Belt". But expect to see this debut LP climb to dizzy heights in the independent charts. (4½ out of 10)

Neil Tennant

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Dance-Dance* (Phonogram).

If there were a *Crufts* for Cassette Pets, then this little beauty would take first prize. It's 90 minutes of the best disco you'll ever hear. There's Kurtis Blow and Hamilton Bohannon to satisfy rap fanatics and for the "rowers" amongst us, The Gap Band offer "Oops, Upside Your Head" and "Burn Rubber On Me". The Britfunk banner is held by Central Line, Light Of The World and, flavour of the month, Junior Giscombe while the more established names include The Four Tops and Kool & The Gang. All the tracks are either 12-inch or extended versions with a few US mixes thrown in for good measure. (10 out of 10)

Bev Hillier



VIC GODARD & THE SUBWAY SECT: *Songs For Sale* (London).

In 1942 these effortlessly crafted sorters into 'swing music' would have made Vic a legend. In 1982 they make him an enigma. But rather than regurgitate oldies, Vic has, for the most part, written excellent, original songs in a 'swing' vein. He may not be a great singer but he's becoming a remarkably accomplished vocal *stylist*, and his new Sect delivers immaculate, understated accompaniments which suit him well. (8 out of 10)

Johnny Black

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS: *Tropical Gangsters* (Zee Records).

Forget for a moment that August 'Kid' Darnell has appeared on more recording covers than Princess Di, that *Smash Hits* called him "the trendiest man alive" last summer end that this third Kid Creole LP is named after his favourite clothes shop... and wake up to the fact that Darnell has the very rare

ability to make you dance, think and laugh all at the same time. At his best — on four of these eight tracks — he's the sharpest swinger in disco; at his worst ("I'm Corrupt") he's still streets ahead of the Shalamar and Shakatak brigade. (8 out of 10)

Tim de Lisle



VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Sweet And Bland* (The New Danceability) (Beggars Banquet).

The bands here include both the trendy — like Fashion — and the experimental — like 23 Skidoo. Nevertheless, most of them play boring music, full of the stylistic devices of funk but without any of its excitement or, indeed, danceability. Medium Medium's memorable song, "So Hungry, So Angry", and Laura Logic's seductive flirt on "Wonderful Other" are exceptions to the dry silliness on offer. Play this LP at your party and you'll discover that this "New Danceability" involves everyone standing round in the kitchen waiting for you to flip your Kool And The Gang discs. (3 out of 10)

Neil Tennant

ROXY MUSIC: *Avalon* (Polydor).

This proves more than ever that Roxy is not a group but a one man operation. All-bar three of the songs are Ferry efforts; the sound represents Ferry's increased interest in swathing atmospherics with wistful words on top. In fact, the single, "More Than This", is positively pile-driving compared to its companions here which ebb and flow around gentle melodies and sturdy rhythms. Logically, there are even two instrumentals, "Tara" and "India", which are like soundtracks for an arty BBC2 documentary. Stately, sad and scrumptious all at the same time. (8 out of 10)

Ian Birch

THE FIXX: *Shattered Room* (MCA).

With a name like The Fixx, you would be right to be suspicious. Here is yet another band who desperately want to be modern and different but who haven't the imagination to do it. The limp melodies, the dumb lyrics and the smooth production strip the group's sound of all individuality. (4 out of 10)

Ian Cranna



SI OUXIE
AND THE
BANSHEES



7" AVAILABLE IN
A LIMITED EDITION
GATEFOLD SLEEVE

FIREWORKS

COAL MIND
AND 12" WITH
ADDITIONAL TRACK
WE FALL



Get SMART!

Don't get left in the dark! Maybe Linda can answer your musical queries. Try writing to Get Smart! South Hill, 53-55 Canally Street, London W1Y 1FF.



Can you tell us where Duren Duren get their slash-necked, striped tee shirts from? Robert Moore, Dagenham. Simon and the boys buy their sell top for "good quality yachting shops". They're usually a mix of wool and nylon and cost around £23.00 each. Less expensive cotton versions, however, are widely available in large stores like Top Shop and these sell for around a fiver.

Is the Graham Fellows who recently appeared on television in "Visiting Day" the same person as Jilted John? Anon. They are one and the same!

Jilted John's finest hour was back in 1978 when his second single, also called "Jilted John", spent twelve weeks in the charts. Aies, all his records are now deleted. If you want to investigate further, try the bargain bins.

On Radio One's "In Concert" last July Squeeze played "Too Many Teardrops", "Out Of Touch", "Yap, Yap, Yap" and "I've Returned". Where can we find them? Andrea and Gary, Nr. Chelmsford.

"Out Of Touch" and "I've Returned" are on the band's

latest LP "Sweets From A Strenger" (A&M). "Yap" is the b-side of the "Tempted" single while "Teardrops" is a Nick Lowe song which they have never recorded but sometimes feature on stage.

Any info on Chins Crisis, who recently appeared on the "Riverside" programme? A fan, Birmingham. From Liverpool and all aged between 17 and 18, two of the group's founder members, Gary Dely (keyboards) and Eddie London (guitar), met while still at school end teamed up with drummer Dave Reilly later. Having supported Orange Juice earlier this year, they've now set out on their own tour to promote their new Virgin single "Scream Down At Me". "African And White", their debut 45, scraped into the Top 100 in February.

What qualities does ABC's Martin Fry look for in a girl, end does he have a steady? ABC fan, Hull. Marty considers "tenderness, and a big record collection" to make a girl that little bit special... His favourite one is Julie, who comes from his home town of Sheffield.

What do the words "Heth mee, heth mee, heth mee key" from Monsoon's "Ever So Lonely"

mean, and in which language are they spoken? Anne-Marie, Stourbridge. The expression is from the Hindu language and is a colloquial phrase which roughly translates as "In my mind you're here with me now."

P.S. The special Ches end Dove "piano keyboard" ties may now be ordered direct from Tower Bell at: 32-34 Gonsior Gardens, London NW6. They come in white with black keys and will set you back £4.00 (including postage). Cheques-postal orders only, please — never send cash!



Jilted John: 'ere we go 2-3-4

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

DOWN

- Paul and Stevie a recent biggie (5,3,5)
- That Costello lella' The sound of Bunnymap?
- And Deliver'
- Show who gaeated on BEF's new album
- Repeat it for The Mobiles latest single
- John Lennon's record label
- S.S. Che — famous blues 'n' soul record label (anag)
- Yeeoo hit (4,3)
- Fab clothes or car part
- Singer-songwriter Chris
- Sheena -----
- It usually goes with rock
- Tom of Heartbreakers lame
- 'Ain't No Pleasing ---'
- Godard, once of Subway Sect
- And The Coconut (3,6)
- It Up And Wear It Out — Odyssey
- It explodes to form a band
- Df John of demo-playing fame
- Label on which you'll find Kim
- Well sounding Indian band
- El raps — Elkie's recent chart album (anag)

- Debut hit for 41 across
- Defunct band once headed by Ian Anderson
- Flock Of Seagulls hit (1,3)
- Haircut --- Hundred
- Irish Van — or maybe Jim of The Doors?
- Provider of the soundtrack music to 'Chariots Of Fire'
- Those Eyes
- After The Fire — the short way (1,1,1)
- Human album
- Original U.S. punk who goes snap, crackle & --- (5,3)
- Gang of ---
- Usually seen with Oates
- Spandau song-writer
- T ---- Your Lovin' — Teena Marie
- Don't ----- Hard' — Nolans
- Homeland of Altered Images
- Playing live
- Jewish homeland and a Siouxi's hit
- U.S. auto-men who raced up the charts with 'My Best Friend's Girl'
- A Mouse
- 40 Chas --- Dave

ANSWERS ON PAGE 39

& THE BUNNYMEN

Liverpool's best-known underground exports sell loads of albums but have yet to score that elusive Hit Single. Could this be the big one? Johnny Black's got his copy, anyway . . .

THE BACK OF LOVE

I'm on the chopping block
Chopping off my stopping motion
I can't doubt and doubt
Were the most-est things seen tonight
When you say it's love
When you mean the back of love?
When you say it's love?
When you mean the back of love?

We're always witnesses of
The way the back of love
We're sitting around in
Breaking the back of love

Easier said than for you said
One of those d'back to say
We're eyes bigger than our bottles
We want what we can't look away
What are you thinking of
When you dream about it?
When you're saying it's love
When you dream about it?

Taking advantage of
Breaking the back of love

When you're surrounded by
A simple chain of events
Eventually
You'll check those checks out

We can't tell our left from right
We know we love extra
When you grip with the ups and downs
Because there's nothing in between
When you say that's love
When you mean the back of love?
When you say that's love?
When you mean the back of love?

Taking advantage of
Breaking the back of love

What were you thinking of
When you dream that up?

Taking advantage of
We're breaking the back of love
Breaking the back of love

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

It's a little-known fact that Liverpool is the only city in Britain where every inhabitant has, at one time or another, played in a band with every other inhabitant.

Take Echo And The Bunnymen. Tousele-topped, boudoir-eyed vocalist Ian "Mac" McCulloch was the first in The Crucial Three, a short-lived outfit which included Julian Cope of Teardrop Explodes and Pete Dinklage of Shametok Soy Wahl.

Mac put the Bunnymen together in 1978 and, at first, it consisted of Will Sergeant (once of Industrial Domestic), himself and a drum machine which was christened Echo ("Eko" being a make of drum machine). Liverpool's the curious place it is, even Echo moonlighted in another band — you can hear him thrashing his diodes on the first Orchestral Manoeuvres album, blending perfectly with Winston who — you may already be aware — is OMD's tape recorder.

Les Pattinson, the Bunny bossman, joined up soon after Will, and the band released a single, "Pictures On My Wall", on the independent Zoo Records in March '79. In October, Echo was replaced by a real live drummer, Peter de Freitas, and soon after they signed to Korova Records, releasing their first album, "Crocodiles", in July '80.

It went Top Twenty and the critics lapped it up. They called us 'post-modernist', 'wacky', 'industrial', recalls Mac. "I suppose they need labels, but it's just music."

Although the album was a hit, their singles hardly dented the charts and the band launched into a seemingly endless touring schedule, creating a mini-fashion among their fans for camouflage clothing by wearing "camo" for all their appearances.

"We weren't trying to start a fashion. The camo was just practical. We wore it all the time and the older it got, the better it looked. Half the bands now look like they've bought Gary Glitter's cast-offs. What is fashion, anyway?" asks Les.

The second Bunnymen LP, "Heaven Up Here", was released in May '81 and the band completed their touring schedule with a short low-budget film, *Shine So Hard*, based around a concert in Buxton, Derbyshire, and some arty links shot in a hotel.

Les reflects on its brooding air of menace. "I didn't like it much. It was really embarrassing to see myself on film, where everything I did looked unnatural."

"It would take three hours to do a three-second shot, and it looked that way too," grumbles Pete. "Still, it's good that we have that camo period on film because we don't wear it anymore."

The move away from camo is explained with laudable honesty: "It was falling apart and getting smelly."

Since "Heaven Up Here", they've toured Australia, America and Europe and, by way of a contrast, they've just finished a mini-tour of the Scottish Highlands, whose most memorable moments came in the frozen wastelands of Wick, a stone's throw from where Scotland abruptly ends at John O'Groats.

Mac took an instant dislike to the place and labelled it "Huddersfield-on-Sea". The single, he says, of their bright orange tour van, wipers on, head and hazard-lights flashing, was undoubtedly "the strangest thing they ever saw". When he asked the only resident punk why he remained in such a godforsaken place, the reply was "because I sign on here".

The idea of the Scottish tour

was to reduce everything to basics. We even humped our own gear and played tiny villages that tours never usually go to," explains Mac. "I think they appreciated the gesture but I'm not sure how much they enjoyed us."

Right now the third Bunnymen album is in progress and a new single, "The Back Of Love", has just been released.

"All these chart groups seem to be writing about love in a very surface way," says Mac, "and I wanted to sing about it as a real emotional thing, not some scummy trash."

The song is direct and powerful and, if it's an indication of things to come, the album will be their best yet. While it takes shape, Will is also working on the soundtrack music for a short film, *Grind*, directed by Bill Butt (who made *Shine So Hard*).

"It isn't like anything we do as the Bunnymen," he says, opening a seemingly bottomless bag and producing instruments for my inspection. "I'm using a didgeridoo, my Chinese flute, autoharp . . .". One by one the instruments come to light and Will toots away with obvious enjoyment on each.

As we begin to go our separate ways, the Liverpoolian humour starts to flow.

"Didgeridoo that alright, then?" asks Les. "No, but kangaroo do it any better?" retorts Will, straight-faced.

Pete winces, but manages to squeeze out: "You wallyah shot, crackin' gags as bad as that."

It's a blessed relief when they're swallowed up by a passing bus, heading for the city centre and a cheap restaurant where they might be able to bounce a cheque.

Buy the new single and help a Bunnymen out of debt. Do it today!



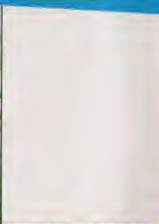
Echo And The Bunnymen: (left/right) Will Sergeant, Les Pettinson, Peter "Mac" McCulloch



MADNESS
The Originals

smash hits

THE JAM



REQUEST SPOT

ARTIST: The Jam **TITLE:** 'A' Bomb in Wardour Street **LABEL:** Polydor Records **YEAR:** 1978
REQUESTED BY: Jackie Moir, Corby, Northants.

'A' BOMB IN WARDOUR STREET

Wales (the streets are paved) with brass
With cacophonous overtones,
Fear and hate linger in the air
A strictly no-go deadly zone
I don't know what I'm doing here
'Cause it's not my scene at all!

There's an 'A' bomb in Wardour Street
They've called in the army
They've called in the police

I'm stranded on The Vortex floor
My head's been kicked in and blood's starting to flow
Through the haze I can see my girl
Fifteen gazers got her pinned to the door
I try to reach her but fall back to the floor

'A' bomb in Wardour Street
It's blown up the West End
Now it's spreading through the city

'A' bomb in Wardour Street
It's blown up the city
Now it's spreading through the country

Law and order takes a turn for the worst
In the shape of a six ten boot
Rape and murder throughout the land
And they tell you that you're still a free man
If this is freedom I don't understand
'Cause it seems like madness to me

'A' bomb in Wardour Street
Hate bomb, hate bomb, hate bomb, hate bomb

A Philistine nation
Of degradation
And hate and war
There must be more
It's Doctor Marten's
A.P.O.C.A.L.Y.P.S.E.
Apocalypse

Words and music by Paul Weller
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On Polydor Records

ADAM ANT

Hit single

GOODY TWO SHOES



Picture Disc
Now Available.

CBS 1987

STAR TEASER

WONDERWINNERS

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 36.

ALFIE ALL I GO ANOTHER STAR BLACK ORCHID CREEPIN' DO LIKE YOU DOWN TO EARTH EBONY AND IVORY EVIL FINGERTIPS FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE HAPPY BIRTHDAY HE'S MISSTRA KNOW IT ALL	HEY LOVE HIGHER GROUND I'D CRY I'M WONDERING ISN'T SHE LOVELY I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER I WISH LATELY LIVING FOR THE CITY LOOK AROUND MASTERBLASTER MY CHERIE AMOUR ROCKET LOVE	RUBY SIR DUKE SUGAR SUPERSTITION SUPERWOMAN SYLVIA TOO SHY TO SAY UPTIGHT VISIONS YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE
--	---	--

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

Roy WHITE · Steve TORCH
Who's asking you.....
Debut single
Chrysalis
28 and 29 May London Dominion

the
MOOD

PARIS IS ONE DAY AWAY
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RCA

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.

● **I'm Going Underground** 'cos I never get any letters. I'd like Jim fans from All Around The World to write to me, whether you're in The City or a Strange Town. Start writing now, but if you're an Absolute Beginner, just tell me the News Of The World. Please send pics if possible 'cos This Is The Modern World! Rue Mason, Cossoughi, R.M.G.S., Rickmansworth, Herts.

● **My name is Mary**, I'm 19 and would like a male penpal aged 19 or over. I love people and having fun and would like any male with a crazy sense of humour to write to me: Mary Koulouklia, 7 Street Street, Footscray, Victoria, Australia 3011.

● **My name is Demos** and I'm almost 17. Fave groups include: Human

League, OMD, Ultravox and ELO. I'd like to hear from girls any where in the world. Send picture, if possible, to Demos Petrikakis, 9 Aseparitias Street, Dhalti, Nicosia, Cyprus.

● **I'm a 15 year old loony** with a weird sense of humour. Likes: Boh, Manley, UB40, The Beat, Madness, Crass and Exploited. Dislikes: politics, futurists and normal, sane people. Write with pics if possible to Darren Webster, 9 Manor Road, Cheddington, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

● **Hi! I am a Russian** and into many kinds of music. I am a disc jockey and live near to Moscow. I'd like to write to anyone of any age living anywhere. Alexander Igoshov, 171280, Konakovo-3 Kalininakaya ohi., Vostokovskogo 21 kh. 18, USSR.

● **My name is Samia**, I am 14 and like anything from punk to heavy metal. Any insane people are welcome. Ages 10-20. All letters answered. Samia Marsh, Sly Roy, Northlander's Estate, Les Landa Vale, Guernsey, C.I.

● **22 year old mod** originally from London, into The Beatles, The Who, The Jam, NZ pop, Split Enz and almost any music with the exception of heavy metal and disco. I would like a modette penpal aged 18+. Pete, PO Box 36, McLaren Vale, S. Australia 5171.

● **Two females want boys** 13-15 (must be fit). We like Blue Zoo, Bouhaus, Soft Cell, Classix Nouveaux, Altered Images, parties and discos. Send pics and letters to Tor and Sam, 3 Nabbs Fold, Greenmount, Bury BL8 4EH.

● **Hello there!** My name is Kev. That's short for Kevin. My best groups are Siouxsie, Toyah and Altered Images. I'm 16 soon and would like punkettes between the ages of 13 and 16 to write to me. Kev Watkins, 1 Millings Garth, Thurston, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, IP91 3PP.

● **Two 15 year old girls**, Tracey and Sally, want two good looking boys, 15 or over, to write to. We like Japan, Adam And The Ants, Visage and any other futurist music. No mods, punks, BM or rock 'n' roll fans. Photos please — T. Johnson, 90 Fairlands, Portland, Dorset.

● **Hi! I'm 11 years old** and like The Human League and Haircut One Hundred. Dislikes: Shockin' Stevens, Bad Manners and Heavy Metal. My hobbies are rugby and roller skating. Anyone aged 11-13 write to: Steven

Walker, 27 Lindel Road, Fleetwood, Lancs.

● **Lonely Male**, 21, into heavy metal. ELO and OMD seeks female penpals (20-25). Hobbies: football, writing poems, receiving letters. Come on girls, don't be shy! Write to Keith Jones, Rainford Ward, Rainhill Hospital, Prescot, Merseyside L35 4PQ.

● **My name is Maria** Vladimir, I am 15 years old and I'm a devoted UB40 fan who loves going to the pictures. I would like a boy penpal to write to me: Maria Vladimir, 53a Wallerton Road, Puddington, London W3 3FF.

● **Hi! At the ripe old age** of 14 we find anyone looking like Simon Le Bon or Paul Humphreys is worth corresponding with. We're into Duran Duran, OMD and Haircut One Hundred or anyone lovable. Anyone over three over 15 write to us: Alison Lycos and Lynette Neacklin, 55 Oakland Avenue, Droitwich, Worcs WR9.

● **My name is Angela** Walsh. I like Toyah, Haircut One Hundred, Depeche Mode and lots more (but not heavy metal). I would like boys or girls, 12-14, to write to me with pics if possible: Angela Walsh, 70 Rock Lane, Stokes Gifford, Bristol BS12 6PG.

● **Hello**, my name is Susan Thompson and I'm 14 years old. I'm looking for a penpal aged 12-15. I like Adam, Aha, The Nolans, Madness and Bow Wow Wow. Also collecting stamps and postcards, and sport. Please write to: Susan Thompson, Canberra Farm, Three Cups, Nr. Heathfield, E. Sussex.

ASSOCIATES - SILK the new album

featuring the singles
PARTY FEVER
RISIN' TWO
& CLUB COUNTRY

featuring ASCELL, CHROME, GASSBERRY, ASCELL





MADNESS House Of Fun

Good morning Miss
Can I help you son
Sixteen today and up for fun
I'm a big boy now or so they say
So if you'll serve I'll be on my way

A box of balloons with the feather light touch
Pack of party-poppers that pop in the night
A toothbrush and hairspray
Plastic grin
Miss Clay on all corners
Has just walked in

Chorus
Welcome to the house of fun
Now I've come of age
Welcome to the house of fun
Welcome to the lion's den
Temptation's on his way
Welcome to the house of fun

No, no Miss you misunderstood
Sixteen, big boy, full pint
In my manhood, I'm up to date
And the date's today
So if you'll serve I'll be on my way

Welcome to the house of fun
Now I've come of age
Welcome to the lion's den
Temptation's on his way
Welcome to the house of fun

I'm sorry son, but we don't stock
Party gimmicks in this shop
Try the house of fun
It's quicker if you run
This is a chemist, not a joke shop

Party hats simple enough dear
Comprende savvy understandi
Do you hear?
A pack of party hats
With the coloured tops
I'm soo, lete
Gordon's heard gossip
Well ruder, Joe
Hello White Clay
Many happy returns from the day

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Baron Thompson
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NICOLE

A Little Peace

Just like a flower when winter begins
Just like a candle blown out in the wind
Just like a bird that can no longer fly
I'm feeling that way sometimes

But then as I'm falling, weighed down by the load
I picture a light at the end of the road
And closing my eyes I can see through the dark
The dream that is in my heart

Chorus

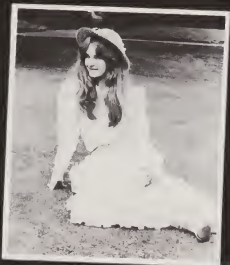
A little loving, a little giving
To build a dream for the world we live in
A little patience end understanding
For our tomorrow a little peace
A little sunshina, a sea of gladness
To wash away all the tears of sadness
A little hoping, a little praying
For our tomorrow a little peace

I feel I'm a leaf in the November snow
I fall to the ground, there was no-one below
So now I am helpless alone with my sun
Just wishing the storm was gone

Repeat chorus

We are feathers on the breeze
Sing with me my song of peace
We are feathers on the breeze
Sing with me my song of peace

Words and music by B. Meininger/R. Singal/P. Greedus
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DURAN DURAN

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SMASH HITS
STAR
PRIZES



The new Duran Duran LP, "Rio", is out and competing for your hard-earned cash. Mindful of this, we've cunningly devised a competition in which 50 privileged persons can win a copy FREE. Not only that, it'll be signed by the band.

Still with us? Thought you might be. Right, gather your wits and writing equipment, solve the quiz below, jot the three answers—in the right order—plus your name and address on a postcard (or the back of an envelope) and send it swiftly to **Smash Hits Duran Duran Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. The first 50 right answers opened on June 10 will be rewarded with a highly collectable LP.

Begin...
QUESTION 1: The name Duran Duran was derived from either—a) the '60s space fantasy *Barbarella*; b) the French magazine *Duran Mode*; c) a fish and chip shop in Colchester.

QUESTION 2: When the band first played they were closely associated with a Birmingham Club. Was it —a) "The Rum Do"; b) "The Rum Runner"; c) "The Roadrunner".

QUESTION 3: John Taylor's real name is —a) Nigel Taylor; b) Keith Taylor; c) Tony Hadley.

PIGBAG COMPETITION RESULTS

PIGBAG "DESIGN A SLEEVE" COMPETITION (Issue April 18)

We got an overwhelming response to this one. Literally sacks of designs in all shapes, sizes and colours. We've printed our nine favourite winners on the right so you can see just how clever some of them were. Sorry there isn't room to print any more. Anyway, thanks to all who entered. Here's the list of 20 winners, all of whom receive autographed copies of "Dr Heckle and Mr Jive", a poster and a specially designed T-shirt: Simon Foote, West Bridgford; Ben Gilbey, Cornwall; Marcus Bagshaw, Holstead; Malcolm Turner, Sussex; David James, Portsmouth; Lois Clavin, London NW2; Donnie, Tamworth; Michael Boran, Portlaoise; Neville Raven, Sidcup; Anthony Clarke, Birmingham; Lis Davey, Cozsham; Brian Nelson, L. of Man; Mitch Blake, Bristol; Stephen Thatcher, Norfolk; Jane Macfarlane, Glasgow; Paul Rennie, Corby; Jackie D'Orville, Surbiton; David Skipworth, Upminster; Nicholas Aildred, Gwent; John Lawson, Norfolk.



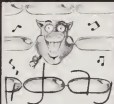
DONNIE



MALCOLM TURNER



PAUL RENNIE



NEVILLE RAVEN



BEN GILBEY



BRIAN NELSON



JACKIE D'ORVILLE



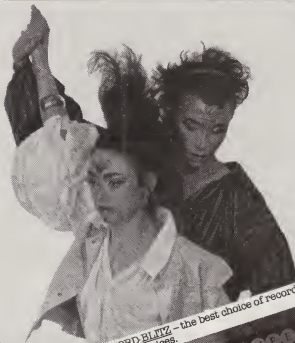
LIZ DAVEY



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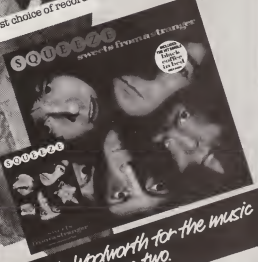
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THE QUICK

The Rhythm Of The Jungle

I just got back from Africa
To the beat of "Shuck & Jive"
The speed of life and what you are
You know it keeps that beat alive

So from coast to coast
People make the most
On the streets of business towns
We can beat the bird
From Johannesburg
Won't you take a look around

Chorus

The rhythm of the jungle
Takes you high
The rhythm of the jungle
Takes you higher
The rhythm of the jungle
Takes you high
The rhythm of the jungle
Takes you higher

The jungle life can catch you out
You better watch you're walking right
Try to rise away from what is real
But there's no place you can hide

So from coast to coast
People make the most
On the streets of business towns
We can beat the bird from Johannesburg
Won't you take a look around

Repeat chorus

I just got back from Africa
To the beat of "Shuck & Jive"
The speed of life and what you are
You know it keeps that beat alive

So from coast to coast
People make the most
On the streets of business towns
We can beat the bird to Johannesburg
Won't you take a look ahead

Repeat chorus twice

Takes you higher oh, oh
Takes you higher, oh, oh
Repeat to fade

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SCRITTI POLITTI FAITHLESS

Tears of sorrow, tears of joy
Oh come at once for the sweetest boy
(Nobody knows)
That's the price that the boy has paid
To choose not to be afraid

And that's the price that the girl has paid
Oh for all the promises she made
(Y'look pretty good)
She is triple hep'n blue
She'll never ever know what's true

Fallout of love
It's the fallout of love
(What you want and you need)
Do 'ight, they do wrong, they understand
That they're never ever, ever, ever gonna win

These are the better times
(Oh yeah darlin')
I'm a hetero-genius
I wanna testify
But she does it but she doesn't understand

Faithless now I just got soul (baby)
Ooh look at the girl go (baby)
Oh look at the girl go
She looks so fine (so fine)
(Baby, baby)

But she looks so good

Who could've seen it
(Who could've heard)

Who could've told them
(Who could've known)

Who could've seen it
(Who could've heard)
Who could've told them
(Who could've known)

They do it but they never understand

Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me now

Tears of sorrow, tears of joy
Oh come at once for the sweetest boy
(Somebody help)
That's the price that the boy has paid
To choose not to be afraid

Fallout of love
The fallout baby, fallout of love
(Nobody knows)
The girl is righteous and she understands
Why

These are the better times
All the boys down at the club
They say now 'she must be something'
I said 'you don't know the half of it Jack'
She does it but she doesn't understand

Words and music by Green
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On Rough Trade Records

STAND AND DELIVER?

Supply and Demand more like. "If people want it," says Adam, "then they're going to pay." "How much for an interview?" says Mark Ellen.

I've gone solo 'cos it's a challenge, for God's sake! I'm starting from scratch. My fans can turn around and say, 'Well we liked Adam And The Ants but we don't like you' and that's it. So I have to fight... and set myself new challenges... and keep fighting.

"What's the point of a fight to the death when you've fought them all and beat the best?"

He doesn't let up... does he? Exactly a year ago Adam and his Ants were on the top of the heap; twelve months later despite going it alone he appears to have absolutely no intention of giving up that seat for anyone.

He seems, in fact, to be even more determined to conquer the charts than when we last met in December. I'm tempted to say he's obsessed. Most of the above quote he delivers with his eyes screwed shut, his fists clenched, his brow furrowed, tilting his chin in a backroom of CBS Records to the point where it's just about to fall over backwards.

In keeping with this tight-lipped frame of mind, he's dressed — apart from a pair of blue and white leather shoes entirely in black. A skull and crossbones dangles from his left earlobe and he attends, occasionally, to a cup of coffee balanced on his knee, though it must have gone cold by now.

"I must have challenges," he repeats, opening his eyes. "That's the only way I can earn people's respect."

The last challenge Adam managed to bundle was the daunting "Prince Charming Revue" tour round the UK this Spring. Three hours a night for 26 dates in little over a month. An exhausting enough prospect in itself, and one hardly assisted by the mounting feelings of mutiny among his hired hands. It must, one imagines, have been somewhat difficult to present a pantomime pop show constructed around the virtues of *Pride and Honour* when "there were too many contracts and too many lawyers floating about".

Antpersons Tibbs and Miall had clearly had enough, a fact that Adam refuses to blame on the heavy workload.

I did it, he says, indignantly, "so they could do it. That's what they were getting paid for. You can't be nabby-pomby about it. If they wanted to reap the benefits, they had to get in there and do the nitty-gritty. And they weren't."

He's even less amused at suggestions that the eventual Ants' split was portly due to a growing disinterest in young audiences.

"That," he says, wincing, "was a rumour spread by somebody who obviously didn't like me. My gigs were open to kids of any age and — as I've always maintained — music has no age limit. If my audience is young, they can grow old with me; if they're old, they can grow young with me."

I quote a comment about him from Nick Heyward in the issue

below last (April 28): *If you cater to a really young audience...* Nick said, "then you die with them. You can be nice but if you become over-nice, you become sickly and boring."

"Who's he? Haircut One Hundred? I think really that's calling the kettle black — their last video reminded me of *Summer Holiday*. Anyway, I don't think I can be described as a nice person. I do things in the course of my work — maybe sign autographs or meet a kid in a hospital — but that ain't being Goody Two Shoes, that ain't trying to be a nice guy. I do it because I want to.

"I try to do something on stage that's exciting and dangerous and stunning. It's not, as some people think, some prat bopping around a microphone in make-up

relying on an image. What the kids are buying is a style and a personality and that's what I want to be known for. Having an 'image' is very easy. Having a fashion is very easy. Having a nice little catchy sound is relatively easy. Ask the two hundred or so people who put records out every week. But why is it only a few of them go into the charts? And why does only one go to Number One? 'Cos it's got Sex, Subversion and Style. That's what McLaren said, and he's right."

The "Revue" didn't seem to have much warmth about it. You don't let much of that "personality" out.

"No, because there isn't that much to let out. Everyone's always saying to me: 'oh, you must feel so strong and marvellous', but every champion boxer remembers the time when he was a live-stone wackling. You need to be reminded of the reality of things."

"Why don't you talk more to your audience? Give more of yourself?"

"'Cos I don't like performers that talk and brag about and fill in time and then come off stage and they've done an hour and they've actually only played for about 35 minutes. They don't want to hear me talk, they want to see me perform."

You don't let them feel very close to you.

"Well that would be hypocritical. That's like saying: 'love my fans, darling!' I respect my fans 'cos they give me everything I have, but I'd like them to know that I feel that I've earned that respect. That's a much more healthy level to keep it on. I created my audience. I grabbed their attention."

That's the update on the public figure: what of the private one? Trying to winkle out information about the Adam that doesn't appear under the lights or in the gossip columns is about as easy as extracting teeth, and almost as painful.

I'm fascinated, I tell him, to know what he does all day. And

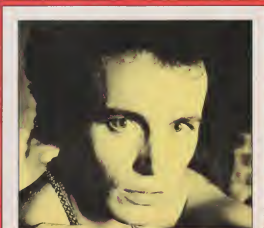


Photo: Alan Hiltner



From previous page

who write, and why?

"I wrote *Blame It on Me*, "I'm not a private life. I haven't read the paper today so I don't know who I'm going out with, where I'm living, what I'm doing. Let me read the papers first. They know more than me."

"There's a line in 'Goody Two Shoes' that relates to my private life. *Go down, go down, I'll see you private life. I haven't read the paper today so I don't know who I'm going out with, where I'm living, what I'm doing. Let me read the papers first. They know more than me.*"

"One thing's certain: he's making money. Enough to spend it on whatever he likes and fancy."

"I'm assumed to be a millionaire," he admits. "I don't think I am. I see that I have to work as bloody hard as I can."

"He still lives alone, he says, in a two-room flat in London.

"He pointed me you can tell in the intro to the April 28 issue) or rather, ward shade of green. When he has this he means about doing dope (he's like decorating) and 'tidying up'."

"I'm not that surprised he lives alone. He obviously doesn't like having to explain himself when he's not being Adam. As the *Vibe* blazer."

"But I don't like having in me the way we want to be. I don't like having to say, 'I want to do it if it's okay. If I want to do it, I do it. I like to be free.'"

"Any spare hours he spends buying clothes and wandering round record shops. He seems, now, a little more partial to the new wave than he did last Christmas. The *Mountain* he likes 'cos they've got a sense of humor."

"Probably," he says, "I've been evidently taken his advice of two years ago that 'cut was a good word for love.' Likewise, did I see me 'more or less picking up on the message that I did in 1977' except they're not getting slugged off for it. Good luck to them, though, 'cos at least they proved me right."

"And what do you think of Spandau Ballet?"

"Not a lot. You ask me what I think of them? I don't think of them at all. They're not my fash. They're fashionable. Style is knowing who you see. Fashion is not knowing who you are. Quentin Crisp said that, and he's quite right."

"The guy with the red hair in Spandau Ballet — one of the brothers who wrote the songs — I met him and he seemed quite a nice guy. He's the power behind it. But the rest of them — they've got a lot of respect for themselves. I just think they need to get a lot of respect for other people."

"But it's not a new sound. They're trying to be Kool & The Gang and Kool & The Gang are

in a different league.

"There are sound bands — like, *Asia* *Woo* *Wow*. I'm an unadorned sound merchant. And I'm an unadorned fantasy merchant which I've been told Paul Weller doesn't like. Okay, great. That's alright. Paul and me are good mates. It's his opinion and at least he's had the bottle to say it."

As you've no doubt gathered by now, Adam has become increasingly single-minded about everything. Particularly his "work," as he calls the writing and recording of his new songs. A more ruthlessly efficient business attitude you will not normally find among pop stars aged 28 these days.

Adam needs to plot out his moves as if he were a chessmaster, a gambler who says he'll quit when he reaches the next edge of bills. And when he gets there he sees another, and when he reaches them, another.

"One can only hope he hasn't forgotten why he joined the club in the first place.

Wherever the knot of top is a piece, the lone venture of Adam Ant for which he has written three possible singles already recorded. They're all co-written with Marco Perroni and produced by Chris "Merrick" Hughes.

"I'll solo on top will continue, because, until such time as there is a group of people who deserve the title of Adam And The Ants, 'cos the spirit of Adam And The Ants is something that's very precious to me."

Quite what motivates this relentless surge forward is hard to gauge, though it's clear Adam's commitment couldn't be higher.

"To tell you the truth," he admits, "I'm a workaholic, and I'm not well believed. I discovered that I can be happy in my work, and relaxed in my work, and taking away that would be like taking away my ultimate happiness."

To prove the point he recalls the brief period after the "Revus" tour had drawn to a close. He didn't go crazy, as the papers had claimed, but he did go on holiday. Rated every minute, too.

To Berkeley, if you want to know, with my best mate, Danny. I got very bored and very irritable and came home as fast as I could."

Certainly a degree of Adam's drive derives from a ceaseless desire to keep proving himself. Especially to those who dared to doubt his talent in the past. As he'll forever remind you, leaning forward in his chair. "I have a very long memory and have been ripped off in every direction possible."

A recent case in point, of course, were the Don & Deco co-releases such as "Destasher Girls" and "The B-Sides," which sold like hot cakes partly because a lot of people had absolutely no idea they weren't the "new" singles.

"Pretty bad, that," is the opinion. "A shame 'cos if those record companies had showed us a bit of interest and tried to do something on my behalf, instead

of treating me like a drunk punk act, it would have been good."

The upshot of all this is that Adam has, by some time now, surrounded himself with an army of extremely protective people. These include a Merchandising Company who authorize all "official" Adam products — from poster-boards to pens and pencil sets — in an attempt to eradicate all the "pirates."

His music publisher also asks a great deal more for the rights to reprint an Adam lyric than for any other artist. Which is why you don't always see his latest songwords in these pages at the time of the single's release. We don't see why the words of "Goody Two Shoes" should cost more than two pence or much as, say, "Town Called Mice."

Adam maintains, "You get to a certain point where your stuff is worth something and that's the way the cookie crumbles. I mean, why does a record cost £4.95 or not worth £5. It probably cost less than a quid to make, so why are we paying five? 'Cos that's the value of it to the public."

"If people want it," he insists, "then they're going to pay."

"So you really think your lyrics are worth twice as much as anyone else's?"

"And more!" he grins. "It's just as if I said to you: do you think *Smash Hits* is worth 36 pence or 10 pence?"

How dare you! It's worth a quid a copy. Maybe two.

"There you go then. That's business..."

And there's some like showbusiness, of that we can all be certain.



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◆ JUNE ISSUE

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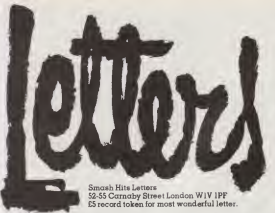
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Did you know that Chris Payne (of Dramatic!) has a great-great-grandfather who shot the man who shot Nelson? Gary Numan's biggest fan, Ashford.

Yeah, and I'm William The Conqueror. Ne-e-ext . . .

I did what I was told. I took one copy of Hox Music's "Flesh And Blood", one copy of Magazine's "The Correct Use Of Scoop", one copy of Joy Division's "Closer", one copy of Ultravox's "Rage In Eden", and do you know what I got? Two months, that's what. *Ghost, Kingswear, Devon.*

Serves you right.

When I went to a record shop a few weeks ago, I was appalled to see Iron Maiden's "The Number Of The Beast" at Number One in the album chart. Surely the band have better things to sing about than Black Magic, hell and devil?

To add to my disgust there was that awful front cover and that *Revelations* rubbish on the back.

Please, Iron Maiden, use your talents on something sensible. *Oliver Nudd, Kirkcaldy.*

And it seems to be spreading . . .

I was angered to read in the *Daily Mirror* an article saying that young people were being brain-washed by "Devil Worship" after hearing messages on their ELO and Led Zepplin albums when they played them backwards.

This is rubbish. You can't hear it, and who listens to their albums backwards anyway? Publishing this in a newspaper does nothing to increase the group's image or the sales of their records.

Hans Martin, Birmingham.

They're everywhere, honest — Kate Bush's "Satan Your Lap", Mick Devil, Trevor Horn, "Knights In White

Satan", "Every Which Way But Lucifer", Oh well, inferno penny . . .

What is the world coming to when a band can come crashing into the music scene, have a couple of hits and totally disrupt Great Britain?

I refer, of course, to Haircut One Hundred.

Now calm down, Haircut fans, I'm not going to insult your loved ones (well, not exactly). They're a good-looking bunch with talent but, personally, I'm sick of the sight of them.

Come now, you must admit that the little upstarts are vastly over-publicised. They're plugged on the radio, and magazines, not to mention a forthcoming TV series.

It is so fashionable to like them. Such a nice "nice clean-cut band".

Helen Angel, Eastleigh.

I'd like to answer Nick Heyward's inevitable criticisms of Adam Ant in the issue April 23.

An artist can only cater for one audience — those people who will listen. Adam has created his own following over the years and now he's working to give them quality for supporting him. If this is "pointing yourself into a corner", it seems a knudable corner to be in.

No artist's music can appeal to every taste. Haircut One Hundred don't appear to be catering for punks for a start.

They too are catering for their own audience, so I don't know how Nick Heyward has the nerve to accuse Adam of being "over-nice" when the Haircuts are surely the ultimate cute boys of pop at the moment. Just mention Mr. Heyward to a class of schoolgirls and hear the cooing noises they make. Sounds pretty "sickly and boring" to me.

You die with any audience who abandons you and this is what an artist works to prevent. And who works harder than Adam Ant?

Ant No. 3221, Colchester.

Re: "The Boy Wonder" article

about Nick Heyward. It was said that if someone wore a "sou'wester", a person of the opposite sex would "fancy" them.

Well, I've been wearing a sou'wester (blue) for the last three years and nobody fancies me. Do you think I should: a) change the colour; b) wash it; or c) wear something else as well? Frozen female. *Wolverhampton.*

I'm writing to express my concern (how touching!) at the adverse effects your Singles Column (May 13 issue) may have on your sillier readers.

My main cause of complaint is Dave Rimmer's review of "Goody Two Shoes". The only accurate information we can obtain from this is the fact that he doesn't like the record. Everything else he said was totally inaccurate.

First, "Goody Two Shoes" is not a "straight rockabilly record" as it contains horns (not Trevor Horn, which is probably why Rimmer didn't like it). Second, Adam is not "exhorting us not to smoke and drink" or "suggesting we wear little make-up. I know that people who don't listen very hard think that these are the only subjects Adam and Marco ever write about, but they're not. Adam is talking about himself, the myth that problems can be hidden behind make-up and people who get at him for not drinking, etc.

It seems unfair that Adam should get a reputation for preaching all the time when he isn't. If you don't understand the irony of the single, or maybe you should listen to the B-side.

There are plenty of songwriters expressing their views (political or otherwise) and some of them must be almost as good as Adam, if not better. What about Dave Wakeling? Politics matter, but so do other subjects. Being "political" doesn't automatically make a good song. People who've managed to balance politics with a sense of humour realise this. Once upon a time, Paul Weller was probably quite tolerable but recently people who used to like him have expressed reservations at his mean-minded attitude to groups who don't share his exact concerns. And eventually they influence nobody, because the only people listening to their records are those who've always agreed with them.

Anyway, reform Rimmer or you'll deserve a fate worse than death (such as being locked in a cupboard with Matthew Ashman, sent up in a balloon with Trevor Horn and Martin Russett or being slapped round the face with a wet fish). *Clare and NOT Grogan!l, Watford.*

Sed to say, Mr. Rimmer rather than the idea of all three (strong) bloke at the best of times) so we're forced instead to award you this highly exchangeable FREE £5 RECORD TOKEN for your efforts in upholding Public Decency, Honesty, and Morality. It's in the post.

If you have trouble starting

conversations at parties, here are some great opening lines guaranteed to impress anyone.

1) I've got a Swiss cheese plant called 'Arthur'; 2) Did you know that if you try and say "snob" and "toff" at the same time it comes out "snaff"? 3) I'm very fond of gold ankle socks; 4) Would you like me to give you a rendition of the Scottish World Cup Song? 5) Do you know anywhere that sells tractors? *Nick Heyward's alskln, Glasgow.*

Probably and a few conversations as well.

It makes me gasp to hear people say that Mari Wilson has a great voice. It's unbelievably lacking in the "soul" that she arrogantly proclaims to be "The Neadsen Queen Of . . ." I think she must have taken a perfectionist course in rotten singing, in which — incidentally — Lynch must have been a star pupil. Speaking of whom, did you see her in *Tales Of The Unexplained?* It must have been one of the worst doses of bad acting I've ever endured. Whoever cast her as the beautiful, jet-set model was being terribly kind and foolish.

"Foolish" brings me onto my last point. Kim Wilde — a member of the "I'll Make It On My Own Mates" Club (of which Julian Lennon is an honorary member) — once said that she didn't want the fact that her Dad was Marty Wilde to help her climb to stardom. So why does she use her Dad's name, "Wilde", when her real name is Kim Smith?

I don't think much of today's women popstars. *Poison Penelope, Leyton.*

Is Bananarama's "Really Saying Something" the female chauvinist answer to Dr. Hook's male chauvinist "Baby Makes Her Blue Jeans Talk"? *Leslie Hodges, West Germany.*

I would be fascinated to know how Miss Chisick (in *Nightout*, May 13) came to compare The Cure with The Human League or Kraftwerk, who are about as near to The Cure as we are to the Falklands.

Also, I felt no "morbid fascination" watching the band. Just pure joy. And for a supposedly "morbid" crowd, I saw an awful lot of smiling faces. Robert Smith, too, looked a little bit too cheerful to be "contemplating the end of the world".

As for Lol Tolhurst having "so many drums in the wrong". I would love to stick Miss Chisick on a drum set with a pair of sticks and see how she coped. *Allison, Sussex.*

Since when did you have to be a drummer to be able to talk about drumming? Ms. Chisick's never drummed in her life. Proud of it, too.

I understand all this Mike Nolan business (issue April 23) even if no-one else does. Mike's got a

brother who's married to his wife therefore making her Mike's sister-in-law. Mike's sister-in-law has got a brother who is Mike's brother's brother-in-law and it's him who is lawfully married to Angela Mullen's sister. Tikko, *Ruislip*. P.S. I love the Pope.

About this confusion with Mike Nolan's relations. As I see it, Mike's brother's brother-in-law is Mike's brother's wife's brother.

Nothing could be more simple. Dedicated Bucks Fizz fan. *Oldham*.

All cleared up? Good, 'cos I'm getting one of my dizzy spells...

After exploring your fantastic rag (May 13 issue), we stumbled across a Request Spot for "Adolescent Sex". As a bunch of peace fans, we thought: who are these odd-looking hippies? Did they play at Woodstock or are they the new Status Quo?

As we gazed at the top of the page, our eyes popped out in amazement. We saw "Japan" sprawled across it. We thought, man this is really far out!

After careful consideration we couldn't recognise which one was our mate super slick Sylvie. Please tell us, which is he? Dawn, Rachel, Sontukh, Kamal, Jaz and Juice, of *Gravesend*. P.S. Stay cool, man.

Yeah, right. Hang loose but stay together. Oh, he's the one in the middle.

Dear Martin Fry,

Thank you very much for your wonderful single reviews (Issue April 23). You were brilliant and made interesting and relevant comments on each record. I only hope they let you do it again. Instead of those prats they usually have.

Banana Fingers.

P.S. I live with Glenn Tilbrook. Could anyone tell me where that is please?

First left, second right and over the chip shop. Can't miss it.

Dear Mr Fry,

I'd like to take you up on a few things you said about Stiff Little Fingers' "Talk Back". First you said the opening duplicated "Girls On Film". Wrong — it's a guitar-based, not drum-based. You also said it featured "feigned anger and pretend energy". Rubbish — there's more energy in SLF songs like "Suspect Device" and "Alternative Ulster" than you'll find on your whole album (when it comes out).

You added that the horn section made the Fingers sound like a "second generation Jam or third generation Haircut One Hundred". Are you serious? Let me make it clear that SLF are a first generation SLF. They copy

no-one and make records that they like and not for the benefit of the majority. They sing about the problems in the world and their lyrics mean far more than your trashy songs. What do you sing about? Love. God. If love was the be-all and end-all of this world then we'd all be Nick Heywards, wouldn't we?

Anyway don't open your mouth around Southall because a lot of planes fly around there. Geddit? *Frank Kennedy, Southall*.

Oooh, you know how to wound, don't you Frank?

Who the hell wants to know — apart from the person who asked the question — that Marc Almond stripped on stage and covered his body with cat food?

If this is what the odd little chap gets up to, that's his affair, but by printing it you provided us with totally repulsive, unconstructive and — above all — useless information. Surely crude antics can be of no interest to anyone. *Francis Wood, West Norwood*.

Seem to have interested you enough to write a letter about them, anyway...

There are some folk who write very strong, critical letters and then refuse to sign them. Instead, they write "Julio Iglesias fanatic" or, merely, "Unsigned". Now, that's me. I'm not afraid to sign my name.

Penelope Jane Higgenbottom-Janes, The Sixth, London derry.

Dear Marc Almond,

Who the hell do you think you are? God? Well you're not.

What gives you the right to go around saying you're gay in Simon Le Bon's name? It's obvious you're jealous of Simon Le Bon's natural good looks (whereas you have to hide your ugly mug behind layers of eyeliner and mascara). And his gorgeous voice. And the fact that he's got a steady girlfriend and you haven't.

I suggest you stay away from Blackpool 'cos if I see you I'll show you the quick way down Blackpool Tower (head first).

I'll agree with one thing you said though: you are a pain in the neck.

Simon Le Bon's big toenail, Blackpool.



By Virginia Jackson

"God" who needs girls when you've got an invisible guitar?

I should call yourself "Norman" or something simple.

Well, you certainly goofed it this time, didn't you? Yes, I'm talking about the crossword in your last issue. How the hell are we supposed to do the damn thing if you got up the clue?

Is your typist shortighted, sloshed or just plain stupid? *Duran Duran Fan, Bristol*.

Yes, yes and only occasionally. Sorry about that.

Q: What do you get if you walk under a cow?

A: A pat on the head.

Martin Kemp's mole, Surrey.

Q: What do the following groups have in common: Altered Images, Haircut One Hundred, Scritti Politti, Stiff Little Fingers?

A: They all have pentasyllabic names.

The Thinker.

P.S. Please tell Nick Heyward I'm a tractor to him.

After watching Joan Jett And The Blackhearts on *Top Of The Pops*, I noticed that the boy that Joan Jett walked down looked remarkably like the one that Cher stood on in the Meat Loaf Video. Am I right?

Margaret McLean, Sheffield.

Yer right, Marge. It was the "Fox And Calculator", Vulture Gulch, Idaho.



By Joanne Jackson

The real Simon Le Bon: no mascara on me, Mac.

SMASH HITS

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STARTEASER

ANSWER (FROM PAGE 28)



CROSSWORD

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 21)

ACROSS: 1 Ebony and Ivory, 8 Ibis (Contests), 9 Echo (And The Sunnyside); 10 Strand and Delivers; 13 S, Ind, (Shaw); 15 Amur (Amour); 18 Gaffer; 19 Chess; 20 Only You; 21 Gair; 22 (Chalk) Red; 23 (Shival) Easton; 25 (Rock and) Roll; 27 (Tom) Pats; 28 (Don't) Leave Me This Way; 31 Ve (Goddard); 32 Kid (Cats); 35 Use of Up And Wear It Out; 37 Teardrop (Spoken); 38 (Lord) Peas; 39 Rat; 41 Messor; 42 (Pencil) DOWN: 1 She's So Lovely; 2 Yes; 3 (Ron) 4 (Herald) One (Kinked); 5 (Ward) Mountain; 6 (Venus); 7 (Carter); 8 (Ten) (Throne) Sweet; 11 (AT); 12 (Dance); 14 (Peggy) Papp; 17 (Gang) Out Four; 19 (Hall) (and) (Dance); 21 (Cory) King; 24 (I) Need (Your) Lovin'; 25 (Don't) Leave Me This Way; 27 (Scott) 30 (Orange); 33 (Tom); 34 (Cox); 35 (It's) (Amour); 40 (Dad) And (Down).

SMASH HITS

Wilson

50 AUTOGRAPHED TOTAL ALBUMS TO BE WON OUT ON JUNE 10

COMPETITION WINNERS

K-TEL COMPETITION (Issue April 15), correct answers were: (a) each group includes at least one female and (b) none of the groups are from the UK. £50 prizes of Action Team 1 and 2 go to: Paul Hutchcraft, Peterborough; Julie Stone, Newcastle upon Tyne; James Donnelly, Glasgow; Richard Phillips, Salford; Peter Walker, Stubbington; Tracey Czemichal, Hull; C. Williams, Hayes; Janice Bice, Rushgreen; J. Hodges, Essex; Kim Hatfield, Redditch; Debbie Rodds, Bristol; C. Burdon, Southampton-on-Sea; Andrew Mimsell, Loughborough; Robin Smith, Rifeham; H. Edson, Conisford; David Bridge, Bury St. Edmunds; Sally Hallowes, Cornwall; Judith Dogger, Preston; Joanne Pasquill, Bolton; Diane Oakley, Surrey; Christopher Scott, Gateshead; Lenora Morris, Essex; Karen Holden, Stirling; J. Silver, Prestwich; Robert Meenan, Essex; Jason Betts, Norwich; Kim Peel, Leeds; Sharon Bowser, York; C. Miles, Alton; Lucie Birkhead, Buxton; Maria Solly, Beckenham; Paul Burroughs, Newcastle; Eilon Johnson, Bambery; Mark Esdaile, Wolverhampton; Tracy Soddart, Margate; Amanda Gerardin, Orpington; J. Heathfield, Chislehurst; Lesley Milward, Weymouth; Andrea Williams, Farnham; Sam Hitchcock, Bury St. Edmunds; Matthew Clarke, Durham; David Watkins, Wilton; Barbara Lennon, Beverley; Sarah Gates, Welford; Mary Deegan, Boydon Regis; Darren Heath, Woking; Linda Thompson, Bexweir; Alison Lowe, Cuckfield; T. Beutelman, Holford.

MADNESS COMPETITION (April 29), the correct answers were: "My Girl", "Embarrassment", "Shut Up", "Night Get to Centre" and "Take It Or Leave It". First prize of the Madness video, autographed LP and photo, plus a tee shirt was won by Susan London, Lowestoft. 50 runners-up receive autographed copies of "Complete Madness": Philip Hall, Walsall; C. Jackson, Brentwood; Alison Smith, Barry; Peter Chong, Barnsgrave; Tracy Turner, Halesowen; Helen Crust, Batolph Claydon; Ricky Malwana, London NW7; Stephen Boddams, Middleborough; Paula Vines, Aldershot; Julia Fryter, Leicester; Hazel Frisley, Humberstone; M. Leppert, Northampton; Ian Audascan, Peterborough; Jill Thompson, Dundee; S. Caddy, Lwams; Tina Baker, Geveesand; Sally Hope, Brockhampton; Michael Rodeman, Oldham; Shalby Hunt, Hornchurch; Simon Curtis, Loughton; Jeanne Clifted, Thrapston; E. Newell, Liffenworth; Ian Howard, Heywood; Scott Hegarty, Oswestry; S. Power, London E12; Tracy Temple, Kent; Scott Warren, Lyme Regis; John Wash, South Warrall; Wendy Kirk, Grantham; Kevin McEneaney, Kettering; Mike Ripley, Lytham; Mary Doherty, Harrogate; Tracy Roberts, London E11; David Bassett, Widnes; Ian Sinclair, Stoks-on-Trent; M. Bylis, London N1; John Poole, Leicester; Paula Murphy, Rugby; Donna Evans, London N17; Liza Parr, Conington; Melanie Wilson, Edinburgh; Andrew James, Bristol; A. Watson, Belswell; S. Morton, Brighthelm; Wendy Bray, Janyler Oates, Borehamwood; Joanne France, Dornigton; Lisa Griffiths, Bury; Dawn Lancaster, Grimsby; D. Gill, Dryden.

OUT & ABOUT WITH BARRY

Ay, ay, ay, ay, mooSEY. Ay, ay, ay, ay, mooSEY. Amigos, benditos and assorted Latin Ameri-can persons! Wouldn't have recognised your gadabout gossip hound, Menitas de Bazza, down London's Dominion Theatre t'other night.

Casternets strapped to ma knaes, traffic hazerd hat on, bits of ribbon all over the shop, pizza in one hand, benjo in the other, I was out to 'strut my funky stuff' (as they say) with this trendy New York bunch, Kid Creole & The Coconuts. Spied all the Spands there. Waved frantically but they obviously didn't recognise me with all the gear on. Next thing you know, on comes this circus affair — some pensioner in a suit ten times too big, loads of wiarods hitting bits of wood and three jungly girl dancers who hadn't had time to get dressed properly. Draadful racket. Turned out this is Kid Creole & The Coconuts. Dunno what all the fuss's about, me...

Popped up to Manchester (exotic, eh?) to catch Matt Wilson doing some gigging. Not to be outdone by her bee-hive, spent hours combing my barnet into a model of the Eiffel Tower. Felt a bit of a bozo as we headed for the 'New Romantics Night' at Legends Club, but Mari never seemed short of a laugh. Some very freaky folk ware within, let me tell you. All the blokes in Manchester seem to have red Mohican hair-dos and the girls wear black stockings and not much else. Like to see 'em drive a scooter dressed like that.

The Kid: Is this the trendiest man alive? (Not with me around — Baz)



Shocking news about 'Fast Eddie Clark of Motorhead, mes enchilada-eaters. Stomped off permananto (as The Kid would say) plum in the middle of the tenk-like trio's tour of America. Didn't take kindly to Lemmy's sense of humour apparently, the Grassy Ona being currently immersed in a dodgy recording prank — a version of the old Temmy Wynette country chesnut, "Stand By Your Man", with unrepentant Plasmatics songbird Wendy O'Williams (who prefers to wear bits of tape instead of a T-shirt — bit draughty apart from anything else). This Lizzy's string strummer Brian Robertson has taken over until they can find a new headbanging recruit. Ed had been ecting quite eccentric lately, they say. Thought he was always like that meself.

Vegetarians beware! The next item of piping hot gossip de Bazza brings is not for the weak of stomach. Imagine my surprise, mes taco munchers, when I saw 'out takes' from the new Soft Cell video for the revolting "Sex Dwarf". Lots of unloveable types (girls, I think) chained to benches being approached by grusome chaps with chainseaws, and above 'em — oh, horror of horrors — huge carcasses and joints of meat dangling from the rafters. Half e pound of chickpats would have done the trick, I reckon.

Yeeehuuuuuuuh! Old Phil Smith of Haircut One Hundred has been given a bit of a wigging lately for letting down the 'cleancut imags of the band' (Soft Cell could do with a bit of that). Smith shares e v. delapidated gaff with sax tooter Chris Kane from Bad Manners. Such is the state of decay thairin that you can see the hall through the bedroom floorboards. Need a broly when it rains, shouldn't wonder.

How the mighty as a fallen if you could ever accuse Denny Dornand of ever having been mighty in the first place — probably not. Don, one time heart throbb ten pin-up and idol of millions (know the feeling) has been reduced to comparing The Miss USA Competition where lots of wonky bints pose about in bathing cozies and say how they're 'into antiques and being kind to animals'. Grown a beard too, Don that is.

Me, I've been cultivating an escagnol/hendilair mousteche for the past three weeks but all the chaps in the office say they haven't noticed any difference. Jealous, I'll wager. Must fly, mes pepperoni! La-Koo-Kar Retch-Ah La-Koo-Kar-Retch-Ah...

Cheers!!
Barry

NIGHTS OUT

By Andrew Collins



Rick Parfitt (left) and the flu-ridden Rossi: thanks for the memory.

STATUS QUO London

Let's set the record straight! Status Quo say that this is their twentieth anniversary tour. In fact, it's 20 years ago that Francis Rossi first played *guitar* in a band (it was called *The Spectra*). What's more, blond bombshell Rick Parfitt didn't join him until 1968 when they enjoyed their first chart success with "Pictures Of Matchstick Men".

All these facts and more are now being bandied around for the benefit of newcomers to Status Quo — not least of whom is His Royal Highness, Prince Charles, who was The Quo's special guest at their Birmingham gig.

It was surprising, then, that they didn't play more of their older material at the Hammersmith Odeon.

Clad in their customary denim (just like the audience!), they started with "Caroline" from 1973 which promptly slid into "Roll Over Lay Down" from '75. The sound was sparking and the lighting lively and imaginative.

The only problem was that Francis had 'flu. He explained that he felt a mite like Malcolm from that well-known nasal spray advert — and he sounded like it.

Nevertheless, he carried on manfully, tossing back those

famous locks all the time like a horse trying to shake out its mane. The rest of the band enthusiastically hucked down to the job in hand, although new drummer Pete Kirchner occasionally looked a little bored.

No-one could accuse The Quo of not giving value for hard-earned money. For two and a half hours they zipped out one anthem after another and the audience went particularly demented during "Don't Drive My Car" and "Whatever You Want".

Roll on their twenty first anniversary!

Bill Sinclair

Dates

Cbeck locally before stepping out. A Bev Hillier production.

Altered Images/Level 42/Mari Wilson And The Wilsons: London Venue (June 15).

Leurie Anderson: London Adelphi Theatre (June 16).

Black Uhuru: Leeds Uni. (June 15), Brighton Top Rank (20), London Brixton Fair Deal (22, 23).



Cabaret Voltaire: Bradford Uni. (May 29), Brighton Jenkinsons (June 6), London Venue (8), Sheffield Royal Victoria Hotel (11), Liverpool Warehouse (12).

Coast To Coast: Chatham Central Hall (May 27), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Poole Arts Centre (29), London Dominion (30).

Fashion: Birmingham Odeon (May 27), London Dominion (28).

Haircut One Hundred: Newcastle City Hall (June 3).

The Passions: Brighton Uni. (June 4), Chichester Bishop Otter College (5), Birmingham Uni. (11), Reading Uni. (23), Lincoln Drill Hall (30).

Sisoune & The Sunshoes: Cornwall St. German's Elephant Fayre (July 31).

Tony: Sheffield City Hall (June 18, 19), Bradford St. George's Hall (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Birmingham Odeon (23), Leicester De Montfort Hall (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (25, 26), Coventry Apollo (28), Brighton Centre (29), Portsmouth Guild Hall (30), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (July 2), Poole Arts Centre (3), Bristol Colston Hall (4, 5), Preston Guild Hall (7), Glasgow Apollo (8), Edinburgh Playhouse (9), Manchester Apollo (10), Newcastle City Hall (12, 13), Liverpool Empire Theatre (14), Birmingham Odeon (15), London Hammersmith Odeon (17, 18).



BLONDIE

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

Babylon on the boulevard of broken dreams
My will power at the lowest ebb
Oh what can I do

Oh buccaneer can ya help me put my trunk in gear
Can ya take me far away from here
Save my soul from sin

You wanna get away, you've had it man
Nothing's going right
So come sit on the sands of the island
Island of lost souls

No luxuries no, no amenities to dull your senses
Oh oh only primitives, hey hey really get away
From what he said

Chorus

Where did he go?
(I'm tired of waiting here for him
Where can he be?
He's not with me
Where did he go?
What will I do alone?
Who did he run, run away from me?)

The sky is blue, the sea is warm and clear
And golden sands are calling out to you
Inviting, make a new man out of you

You can come for a while, come with a friend
Forget about work, start all over again
On the real you through, here is what we do

Repeat chorus

Oh buccaneer can ya help me put my trunk in gear
Can ya take me far away from here
Save my soul from sin

No luxuries no, no amenities to dull your senses
Oh oh only primitives, hey hey really get away
Island of lost souls

Ayye, ayye island of lost souls
Ayye, ayye, ayye, ayye island
Forget about work, start all over again
Island of lost souls

Words and music by D. Harry C. Stein
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On Chrysalis Records

SILOUSIE AND THE BANSHEES

fireworks

The body is wrapped in shadow
The face is built of cinders
And panic tears through your silhouette
As you're squeezed by burning fingers
And he's crackling in our colours
With teeth of gelignite
Then he signs his song and pirouettes
Through a dance of dynamite

We are fireworks (fireworks)
Slowly glowing bold and bright
We are fireworks (fireworks)
Burning shapes into the night
Fireworks, fireworks
Into the night

His fuel is our frustration
And dreams begin to ache
But all the while
We wear a party smile
And happily we shiver
Happily we shake, shake, shake, shake
We are fireworks (fireworks)
Slowly glowing bold and bright
We are fireworks (fireworks)
Burning shapes into the night
Fireworks

We are fireworks (fireworks)
Just slowly glowing bold and bright
Just slowly glowing bold and bright

We are fireworks
We are fireworks
Fireworks, fireworks

Repeat and ed lib to fade

Words and music by Siouxsie And The Banshees

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DURAN DURAN



SMASH HITS

PICTURE BY SIMON FOWLER