

Smash

# HITS

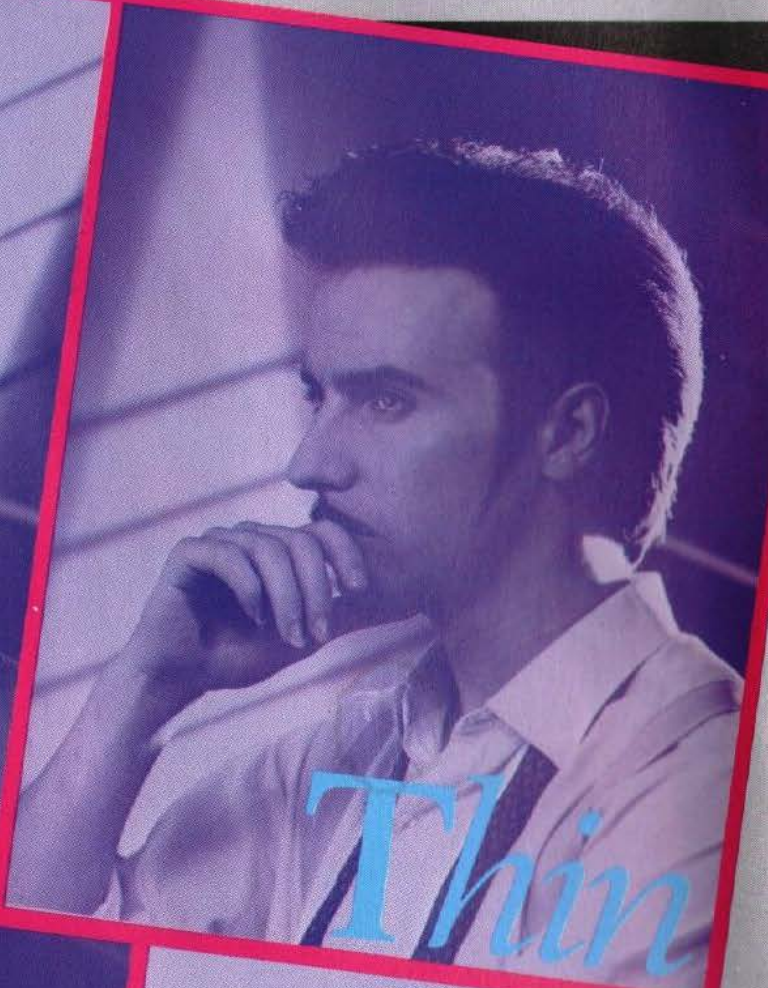
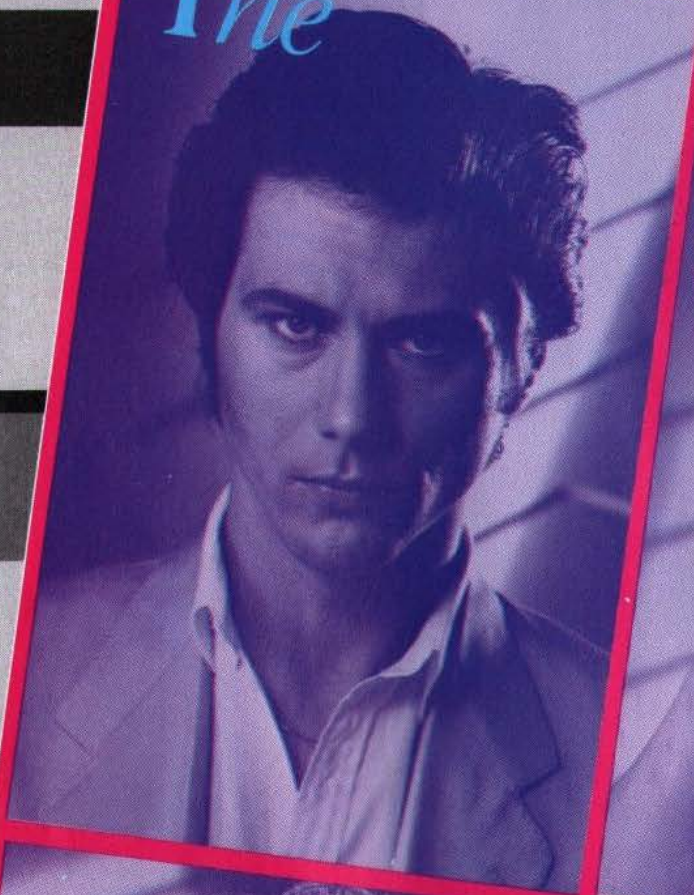
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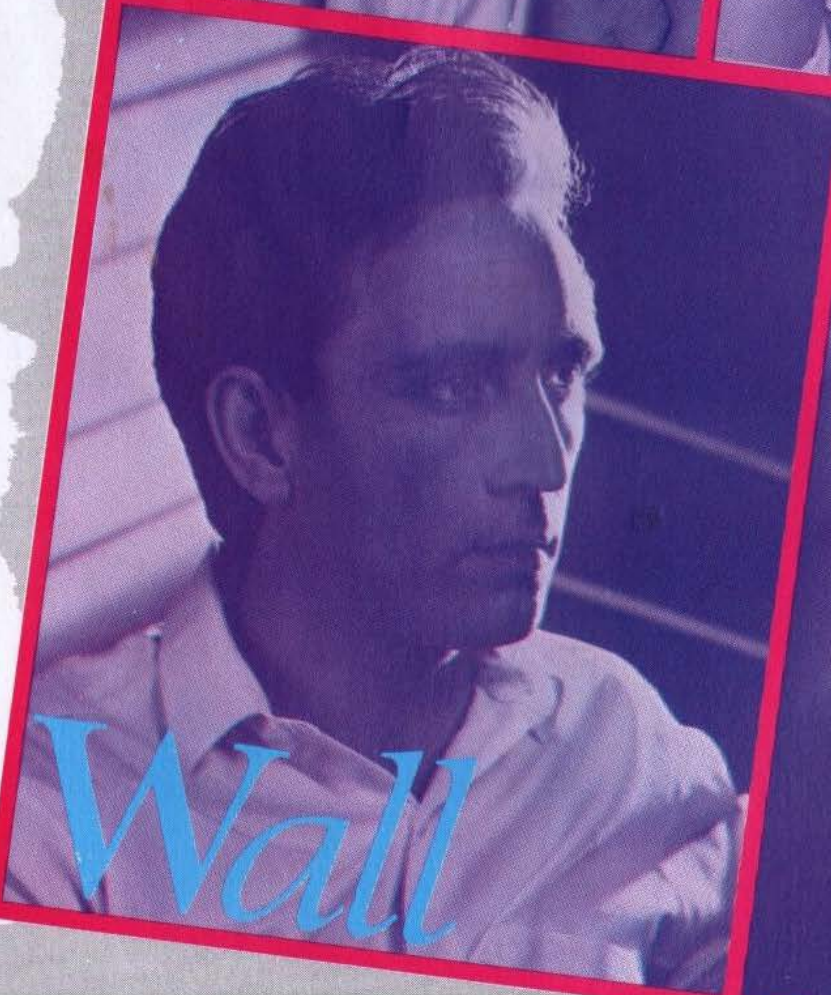
BOW WOW WOW  
PRETENDERS  
SPANAU BALLET  
JULIAN COPE  
TENPOLE TUDOR  
in colour  
15 Hit Lyrics including  
Love Action  
The Thin Wall  
Hold On Tight



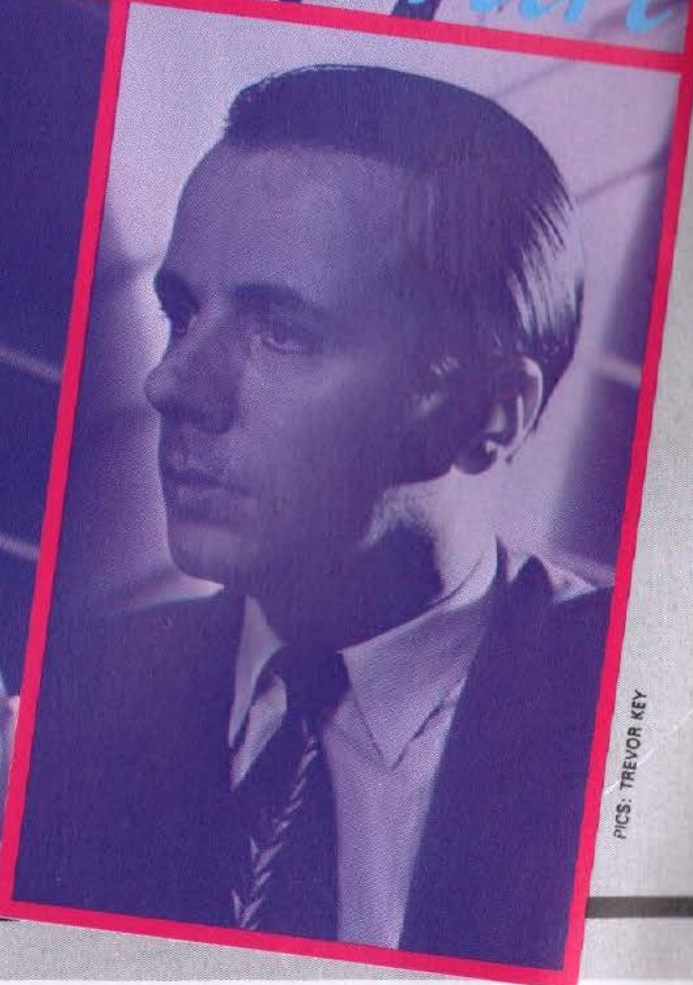
*The*



*Thin*



*Wall*



PICS: TREVOR KEY

# Ultravox

on Chrysalis Records

The sound is on, the visions move  
The image dance starts once again  
They shuffle with a bovine grace  
And glide in syncopation  
Just living lines from books we've read  
With atmosphere of days gone by, with paper smiles  
The screen play calls, a message for the nation

And those who sneer, will fade and die  
And those who laugh, will surely fall  
And those who know, will always feel their backs  
Against the thin wall  
(The thin wall, thin wall)

Grey men who speak of victory  
Shed light upon their stolen life  
They drive by night and act as if  
They're moved by unheard music

To step in time and play the part  
With velvet voices smooth and cold  
Their power games a game no more  
And long the chance to use it

And those who sneer, will fade and die  
And those who laugh, will surely fall  
And those who know, will always feel their backs  
Against the thin wall  
(The thin wall, thin wall)

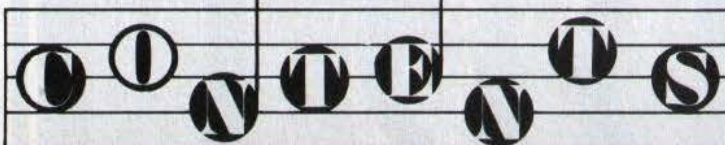
And those who dance, will spin and turn  
And those who wait, will wait no more  
And those who talk, will hear the word  
And those who sneer, will fade and die  
And those who laugh, will surely fall  
And those who know, will always feel their backs  
Against the thin wall  
(The thin wall, thin wall)

And those who dance (the thin wall)  
And those who talk (the thin wall)  
And those who sneer (the thin wall)  
And those who laugh (the thin wall)  
And those who know (the thin wall)  
And those who dance (the thin wall)  
And those who wait

Words and music by M. Ure/C. Cross/W. Cann/B. Currie  
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Volume 3 Number 17

SMASH HITS



"AH, GOOD day madam. This is number twenty-three Gasworks Close, is it not? And you are the party who ordered a copy of *Smash Hits*? It's outside in the van and if you just say the word my two accomplices Bert and Kirk will start bringing it in. Now then where would you like these features on Spandau Ballet, BowWowWow, The Pretenders, Funkapolitan and Theatre Of Hate? Over there by the sideboard, Kirk and careful where you're putting your elbows! You're getting perilously close to this lady's delightful cut glass. Now how about these twenty-five autographed Pretenders albums? On the coffee table, Bert. A most attractive competition prize, don't you agree?"

Right madam if you'd just like to take these colour posters of Julian Cope and Tenpole Tudor and then sign on the dotted line we'll leave you to your listening pleasure. And a good day to you too, madam.

Bert. Did that mud come off your boots?"

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

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# PRETENDERS

"I must be the most boring person in the world . . ." sighs Chrissie Hynde. "What on earth is she on all

"YOU LOOK surprisingly well," I tell Chrissie Hynde as she sits behind the football pitch of a desk and starts to nibble hungrily at a plate of cheese and biscuits, leaving the butter for the mice.

"Does that mean fat?" emerges through a mouthful of food. "It's a euphemism a lot of people use. Y'know, 'you look healthy'."

"No, I really mean you look well." Which she does. With her dark hair tied up in a loose top-knot, her unmade-up oval face has an air of innocence. She looks like a '60s English girl pop singer just three weeks out of her convent school. The small silver crucifix earring hanging from each lobe completes the illusion.

"Well, I quit smoking, I quit drinking. Very recently . . . but I did quit. I don't indulge in just about anything anymore. Drinking was wrecking my life basically, making me a very unpleasant, miserable person. It's alright when you're 16 and reckless and wild. Or even 22 and reckless and wild. But I'll be 35 before that much longer and a drunken thirty-five-year-old . . . woman particularly . . . isn't the ticket.

"With smoking, I'm very aware of this syndrome of birth, disease, old age and death which no-one escapes. And I thought, well, I don't want to get to be 35 or 36 and have some self-induced disease which is incurable and then have to live out the rest of my life with it."

Guiltily, I light another fag and ask if she feels any healthier.

"No. I always feel pretty healthy. It's like I stopped eating meat when I was about 16. So that's almost half of my life now I've been a vegetarian and I never did notice the change. One day I just stopped and that was that, there was no question of going back or changing again.

"I'm not a faddist type of vegetarian but I don't in any way ignore the slaughter of animals for pleasure which I think is why most people eat meat. You want



some cheese?"

No thanks, I'll have the sausage roll.

"You see, I've never had one of those in my life. After all these years in England I've never had shepherd's pie, never had roast beef, all those English treats. But you can eat bubble and squeak which is, without a doubt, the food of the Gods."

CHRISSIE SAID the Pretenders have been very quiet for the last

eighteen months. They've given very few interviews since their debut album became a runaway, surprise success. There's been the two singles, "Talk Of The Town" and "Message Of Love" — the only fruit of a couple of months spent in a very expensive French recording studio. They've toured constantly — Chrissie points out that America's so vast that there's always somewhere you should play that you haven't quite got round to yet.

When I ask what she's been doing these last eighteen months, she stalls, twisting a ball-point between her fingers and jiggling one of her low-heeled grey leather boots around.

"Everyone seems to think it's such a bloody long time because apparently we're in a business where everyone says yes sir, no sir, three bags full, sir, here's my record, sir. Who said we had to make another record? What if someone wanted go to Indiana for four months and study something else? Botany or something. They don't allow for you to have any other aspect of life.

"We did all that touring. And we had to really polish up. Because our first record came out before we'd even done a show (i.e. at large venues). So we were very, very lame on stage as anyone who's ever read a review of one of our live performances will tell you. It's only been a year. We just put a lot of work into a year instead of being lazy like a lot of bands I know. We're none the worse for it."

It's also been such a successful year that it's seen the other three Pretenders becoming tax exiles. According to Chrissie, they were out of the country so much anyway that the little extra time they spent recording in France got them a lot of tax relief. She's not quite certain how it works — it doesn't affect her. Being American, if she stays in England, she pays English tax. If she leaves England, she pays American tax. Little gain, little loss either way.

What money she has amassed has made little difference to her, she says. "I'm not one of these mad consumers." She doesn't want a car. If she had her way, they'd all be wiped from the face of the earth.

"The biggest change is that I've got a flat now. (In Central London — no need for a car.) Before, I was always staying in other people's flats and houses or else

# PRETENDERS

## DAY AFTER DAY

by Pretenders on Real Records

Way up in the sky  
Over the city  
Over Tokyo  
Silver light  
Summer moon  
You'll be over somebody's winter  
This afternoon

While the dolphins swim  
In the sea  
You're going grey  
My baby  
Still the war is raging  
Endlessly  
Day after day  
Day after day

Way up in the sky  
Over the city  
And Lake Erie  
You remember The Flats  
You were there  
Out every night  
Mr Moonlight

Round and round and round we go  
Just like yesterday

Way up in the sky  
Over the city  
Where you sleep tonight  
The light outside your window blinks  
Hotel, hotel, hotel  
Open the blind and dream  
In a moonbeam

And when the war's finally over  
We'll meet again  
And pick up  
Where we left off

Words and music by C. Hynde/J. Honeyman-Scott

Reproduced by permission Hynde House Of Hits/Club La Brazil/  
Modern Publishing/ATV Music Ltd.

out?" wonders Pete Silverton.

I'd have a little hovel somewhere. And I'd be inclined to go out a lot because there wasn't really much life for me at home.

"Now, at home, I must be the most boring person in the world to visit. It's very rare I'll turn on the television or listen to a record. What do I get up to? I pace. I wash clothes. I look out of the window. I sit on the floor."

I PICK up the sleeve of "Pretenders II" which is lying on the desk. I ask why the front picture has been so thoughtlessly touched up, making Chrissie look more like the lost Nolan sister than the interesting woman sitting opposite me in her ancient black cord 'Akron Road Spiders' jacket.

"They were going to do slight touching up because I had a spot on my chin. And I didn't care but

little bags and bumps under my eyes. My cheeks are a bit scarred. I don't want to be represented by this air-brushed thing. I don't want to look pretty if that's what they're trying to do. Life isn't pretty. I'm not pretty.

"This cover will be a collector's item. After the first ten thousand, it's going to be changed."

Emphasising her distaste, she spends the rest of the interview scratching in the missing lines, finishing off with the flourishing touch of a large 'Nolan' badge on the lapel of the jacket she's wearing in the photo.

I'd heard that the album was going to be called "Predictable". What happened to that bright, ironic idea?

"A friend of mine, Ray Davies, who's in the Kinks as you probably know . . ." she starts, not being totally open. Ray isn't

Chrissie Hynde



James Honeyman-Scott



Martin Chambers



Pete Farndon



it was obvious, it was the kind of thing anyone would have taken off so you didn't zero in on it.

"I went *ape-shit* when I saw this. I went completely spare. To me it really puts us in the league of competing with Pat Benatar. On the original, there's all these

just a friend; he's Chrissie's boyfriend, the first serious attachment she's had in a very long time. "He was looking at a music paper one day and said 'Oh it's all so predictable'."

From there it was only a short step to choosing it as the album

title.

"But then Mr Davies wrote a song called "Predictable" which is going to be on their new record. So I opted out so he could use it. I'm just a nice guy that way. I would've loved to use it but I'm afraid he wouldn't have

been very happy about it so I didn't do it."

The next morning, the Pretenders flew to America. The tour to promote the album. Air-brushed cover and all.

# The Teardrop Explodes

## Passionate Friend

The friend I have is a passionate friend  
But I can't see you buying  
Love a dream of a love affair  
That's over, past and crying  
Celebrate the great escape  
From lunacy divided  
Hun, I knew I'm seeing you  
But nobody decided

### *Chorus*

A sound that's drifting out from you  
When the love has boiled away  
Colour, shape, and these are things that need  
A beating heart, not a cheating heart  
But a cheating heart is still a beating heart  
And leaving you today . . .

My love sees me wandering  
Lost in smiles forever  
Erase my mind see what I find  
Axis dreams together  
I've got all sleep's secrets hidden in my bag  
But a lot are leaving, 'cos they're  
Not believing that you could ever do that thing  
And never bring yourself to sing . . .  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba etc.

The friend I have is a passionate friend  
But I can't see you buying  
Love a dream of a love affair  
That's overcast and flying  
Celebrate the great escape, and carry my soul away  
From sufferance, intolerance, and leaving you today  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba etc.

*Words and music by Julian Cope  
Reproduced by permission Zoo  
Music/Warner Bros. Music Ltd.*

on Phonogram Records

# FREE

Fancy a Chrissie present?!

# PRETENDERS

Don't Hynde if I do!!

# ALBUMS



'ALLO. BERT'S the name — bargains the game. Got something a little special for yer this issue. Any takers for . . . **PRETENDERS ALBUMS?**

Thought so, thought so . . . Now, I'm not asking the usual £5.99 for these coveted long-playing items. Not even £4, £3, £2, or — so help me! — 50 pence. And I'll tell yer why! 'Cos the gaffers at Real Records have instructed me to distribute 25 copies of "Pretenders II" absolutely FREE of all charge.

Want one? 'Course yer do. Right, grab some writing irons and a postcard, then have a butchers at the following extract of eloquent prose (all my own work, as it happens). Concealed therein are the titles of five well-known Pretenders singles. The words might be separated by punctuation but they're all in the right order. Jot the five titles down and send them, plus your name and address, to "Smash Hits Pretenders Competition", 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. The first 25 correct answers to leap out of the lucky dip on September 3rd will get one free LP apiece.

And yer can't beat getting owt for nowt, can yer?

"Norman could hardly wait 'til night-time. He was *that* eager to meet this luscious lass who'd answered his ad. in *Computer Dating*. Hardly your run-of-the-mill message of love, this. "Musclebound hunk seeks Debbie Harry lookalike," it declared. "No nurds". Here's the plan, thought Norm. Down the old "Talk Of The Town" — around 9 o'clock when they've got the cabaret on and all the top brass in — pocket a couple of tenners in case she's got expensive taste, sink a few drinky-poochs and then straight off to the flicks. They don't call me Casanova for nothing.

Poor old Norm. When Tracey shows up (for it was she), one look at his comical boat-race and she starts screaming all over the shop. Embarrassing, really. "Look, Kid," says Norm, "if you don't stop your sobbing this instant, I'm getting the night bus back to Dalston, and that's a promise!"

She didn't, so he did. Moral: Never disappear without a Trace (especially if you're called Norman)."

# FACT IS...

**BEATLEMANIA'S BACK!** Rachna Sinha of Southend-on-Sea and Lucy Thompson of Dundee are fervent disciples and want to know the whereabouts of the Moptops' fan club.

Unfortunately, Rachna and Lucy, there is no Beatles fan club. When they went their separate ways in 1970 the fan club closed down shortly after.

However, don't be downhearted. We have an alternative for you and it's called "The Beatles Appreciation Society Magazine Book", costs 70p and should be easily available from your local newsagent.

But what on earth is it? Let's backtrack briefly to those Swinging '60s when the Beatles ruled rock and roll. In 1963 there appeared a monthly magazine called "The Beatles Book". Edited by one Johnny Dean, sanctioned by the boys themselves and devoted exclusively to the Fab Four (from the colour of their socks to the brand of toothpaste they used), it lasted until 1969 — 77 issues in all.

In 1976 Johnny Dean decided to revive the magazine and so was born the "B.A.S.M.B." which contains not only an exact replica of a "Beatles Book" but also loads of news about what's happening to the ex-Beatles now. The latest issue, for example, re-prints "The Beatles Book" from November 1968, together with reports about Ringo's recent marriage to film star Barbara Bach and a review of his latest film, "Caveman".

Don't worry about missing back numbers of the magazine. If you want to find out more, write to Production Offices, 45 St. Mary's Road, Ealing, London W5 5RQ.



Beatlemania! it's alive and well and selling in W. H. Smith's

"A desperate X-Ray Spex fan from Stevenage" has been scouring the racks for a copy of the band's "Germ-free Adolescents" album without any success at all. Alas, the news isn't good. EMI, who released the record, have deleted it. But keep delving into those bargain bins, nonetheless.



Poly Styrene back in '78: struggling to escape from the new 'Hot Water Bottle Cover' look.

As the jamboree Squeeze comp is now officially closed, what better time to unearth a list of the lads' past achievements? And anyway, Katie Kirk of Liverpool is dying for a discography.

First the single. They began with the "Packet Of Three" E.P. in November '77 which was produced by the ex-Velvet Underground member, John Cale, and was released on the Deptford Fun City label. This one is still available, although the new picture sleeve is slightly different. "Take Me I'm Yours" followed in February '78 on A&M which has been the band's label ever since.

Next up were "Bang Bang" (May '78), "Goodbye Girl" (November '78), "Cool For Cats" (March '79), "Up The Junction" (May '79), "Slap & Tickle" (August '79), "Christmas Day" (November '79), "Another Nail In My Heart" (February '80), "Pulling Muscels (From The Shell)" (May '80), "Is That Love" (May '81) and, of course, "Tempted" (July '81). Phew. And now the albums. After the debut, simply entitled "Squeeze", in '78 came "Cool For Cats" ('79), "Argy Bargy" ('80) and, most recently, "East Side Story" (81). Start saving . . .

# ULTRAVOX

## THE THIN WALL

A NEW 12 INCH SINGLE 12 CHS 2540  
ALSO AVAILABLE ON 7 INCH CHS 2540.



Chrysalis

© 1981 CHRYSALIS RECORDS LIMITED





## THE HUMAN LEAGUE ● LOVE ACTION

When you're in love  
 You know you're in love  
 No matter what you try to do  
 You might as well resign yourself  
 To what you're going through  
 If you're a hard man or if you're a child  
 It still might get to you  
 Don't kid yourself you've seen it all before  
 A million mouths have said that too

I've had my hard times (hard times) in the past  
 I've been a husband and a lover too  
 I've lain alone and cried at night  
 Over what love made me do  
 And the loved ones who let me down  
 And couldn't share my point of view  
 But this is Phil talking  
 I want to tell you  
 What I've found to be true

*Chorus*  
 I love your love action  
 Lust's just a distraction  
 No talking, just looking  
 Watching your love action

I believe, I believe what the old man said  
 Though I know that there's no Lord above  
 I believe in me, I believe in you  
 And you know I believe in love  
 I believe in truth though I lie a lot  
 I feel the pain from the push and shove  
 No matter what you put me through  
 I still believe in love  
 And I say

*Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade*

Words and music by Oakey/Burden  
 Reproduced by permission Virgin Music Ltd./Dinsong Ltd.

ON VIRGIN RECORDS

# LAWNCHAIRS

## OUR DAUGHTER'S WEDDING

ON EMI RECORDS

*Chorus*

Lawnchairs are everywhere, they're everywhere  
 And my mind describes them to me, to me  
 Lawnchairs are everywhere, they're everywhere  
 And my mind describes them to me, to me

As you screen out the light that colours your skin  
 Can you dress for protection  
 Are you having some fun, some fun

Are you sleeping with someone special tonight  
 Can she drink tall drinks  
 Will they make you feel right  
 Feel right, because

*Repeat chorus*

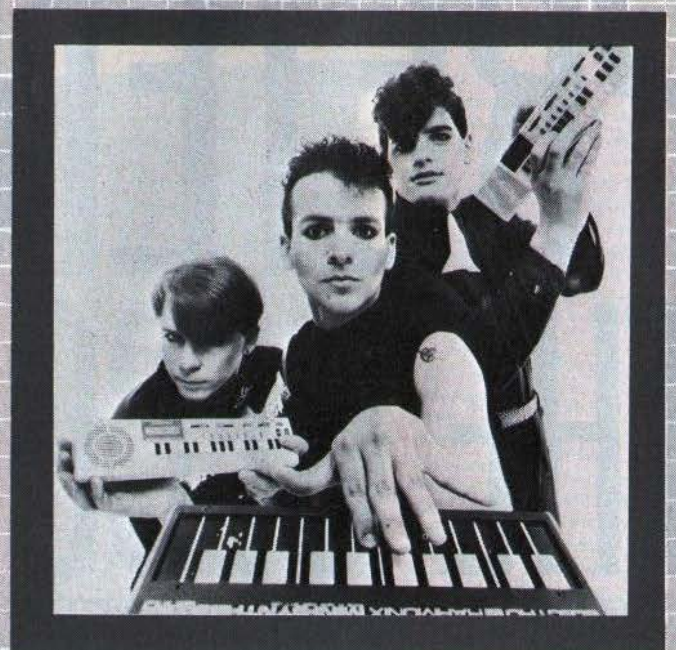
It's a holiday in the middle of the week  
 As you leave from your job, it's a holiday  
 It's a holiday in the middle of your week  
 As you leave from your job, for only two weeks

She's the boy that we like  
 And he's gonna go far  
 She's the boy that we like  
 And he's gonna go far, go far

She's the boy that we like  
 And he's gonna go far  
 She's the boy that we like  
 And he's gonna go far, go far, because


*Repeat chorus to fade*



Words and music by Rico/Silva  
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# PRETENDERS II THE SECOND ALBUM

SRK3572 ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE  INCLUDING FORTHCOMING SINGLE DAY AFTER DAY

©1981 A Real Recording. Distributed by  Records Ltd.  A Warner Communications Co.

# Funkapolitan

Deanne Pearson learns to Dance, Scream & Scoobydoo

YOUR FLAVOUR OF THE MONTH!

SO HERE we are in a Notting Hill patisserie, squabbling over chocolate eclairs, milkshakes, Italian coffees and "dodgy" rum babas.

The last time I bumped into Funkapolitan was in a Piccadilly Wimpy Bar where quarter-pound burgers, french-fries and rum-laced shakes vied for attention with table-tops full of dancers and three band members "rapping" over backing tapes.

Before that it was the Chelsea Arts Ball (don't you know!), where the band careered crazily through a sea of laughing painted faces, African jungle noises, vines and bamboo thickets, clumps of mangoes and watermelons, kebabs and far too many (empty) bottles of wine. And before that...

Well, Funkapolitan have been around for about eight months, now playing mainly parties, Park Lane hotels, Arts and Debutante balls, and sometimes — for a change — pool halls, roller-discos and Wimpy Bars. All London gigs so far, but they're soon to assault the rest of the country with their "get-down-and-party" (if we're going to get into the swing of things) sound and attitude.

Funkapolitan are eight in all (plus two equally slick dancers), though only four — vocalists Kadir Guirey and Nick Jones,

bassist Tom Dixon and keyboard player Toby Anderson — are taking tea today. The missing members are drummer Terry President, Greg Saleen (percussion), Kadir's brother Sagat (guitar) and the third vocalist/rapper, Simon Ollivierre, "The Super Ace from Outer Space."

They're all from middle-class West London areas and schools (although two are American citizens, two of Russian descent and one French — got that?). They're all into simple but sharp dress; sometimes suits, shirts and ties from "Anthony Price" or perhaps "A. Rebours" (both tailors to "Stars" like Bryan Ferry and, thus, somewhat costly); and sometimes just jeans and T-shirts (clean and pressed). And they're not shy of admitting to a taste for champagne, nor to proposing a world cruise as a means of touring, instead of yer rather more common Transit van and motorway caff job.

They are, in fact, purveyors of hard, straight funk — not disco or jazz-funk, mind — over which Kadir, Nick and Simon improvise vocal "raps", usually with lyrics specially forged for the occasion (e.g. the "Art Rap", the "Fast Food Rap", the "Spandau/BowWow Ain't Got The Know-How Rap"). It's spontaneous and very stylish, a "cleaner", "sharper" way of dancing your legs off.

At first, when they were a five-man/three-song crew, it was all very chaotic. At least, according to Tom it was. "We were using a drum-machine and taped horn riffs which didn't always run together. It would all get very wild and out-of-hand and things would start falling apart, although we always managed to pull them back together."

Nick, however, remembers differently. "No they didn't," he snaps. "The tunes were always pretty much together. I've got recordings...!"

"Well, you can't say there wasn't a lot of improvisation there, and that it didn't fall apart at least in places, because it sure did!" Tom clears up this little disagreement, successfully

Blushing late arriver (right): Tom Dixon



PICTURE: MARK RUSHER

Funkapolitan: would you buy a used cassette player from these people? (Left to right) Terry President, Toby Anderson, Nick Jones + sound-system, Sagat Guirey, "The Super Ace From Outer Space", two dancers, Greg Saleen and Kadir Guirey.

silencing Nick for the rest of tea, despite even Toby urging him to "say something for the *Smash Hits* readers" and Kadir's irrepressible beam.

The band have recently signed to Phonogram-Decca Records and released their first single, a vocal and rap version of "As Time Goes By". It's produced by August Darnell — otherwise known as Kid Creole (of Coconuts fame) — who they're hoping will also mastermind their album when the time comes. You need only to witness, say, Coati Mundi's "Me No Pop I" to see that the Creole production touch has a natural feel for authentic, contemporary funk.

Funkapolitan met Kid Creole in New York earlier this year where they were supporting The Clash at Joe Strummer's special request. Joe saw them in London and was impressed

enough to convince the Clash management to fly the band over as support, all expenses paid.

By all accounts it was a tough four dates, the majority of the audience having ears for The Clash alone. As Toby says, "It's difficult because, in the States, we're peddling their own music back to them. Like the Stones did with R&B."

Nevertheless, Funkapolitan would like to go back and impress on America just how well English can play funk. Right now, however, the chocolate eclairs demand the band's immediate attention, so as they say in their "Deadly Medley — Eurodiso Version": "Just check out the moves/We got the rhythm/To make you move/Funkapolitan."

# bitz.

## SIX LEAGUE BOOTS?

RUMOUR IS rife in The Human League camp at present. It's widely believed (by impressionable people like us) that their ranks are soon to be permanently enlarged by guitarist Jo Callis. The man they're calling "The Godfather of the recent Scottish 'rock' Revival", Jo began life as the backbone of The Rezillos, then formed a couple of splinter groups, S.H.A.K.E. and the funk band Boots For Dancing.

Lately he's been recording and writing material with The Human League for their imminent LP, so if these rumours prove true, Jo's new single, the wittily titled "Woah Yeah", could well be his last solo offering ('til his next one, anyway).

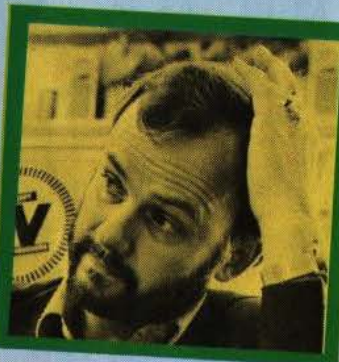
## ON THE NOOSE

THE STRANGLERS are to launch themselves upon the general public with a 10-date tour in late autumn. Kicking off at Birmingham Odeon (November 15), they carry on with Cardiff Sophia Gardens (16), Hammersmith Palais (17), Southampton Gaumont (19), Nottingham Rock City (20), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Glasgow Apollo (23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Manchester Apollo (25) and Liverpool Royal Court (26).

There's also talk of them playing dates in Dublin and Belfast on November 28 and 29, but so far they haven't been able to locate a suitable venue.

Tickets are £3.00 to £3.50 for everywhere except Hammersmith where they'll be single-priced at £3.75.

## ALL TIME TOP TEN



## JOHN PEEL

1. **DUANE EDDY: Peter Gunn** (Jamie Records). This is the perfect instrumental.
2. **THE UNDERTONES: Teenage Kicks** (Good Vibrations). In my job I'm always searching for the perfect single and this must come the nearest. My all-time fave.
3. **GENE VINCENT: Race With The Devil** (Capitol). I often think far too much attention is paid to

lyrics. I like this one because the lyrics are unintelligible.

4. **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY: Release The Bats** (4AD).
5. **SPECIALS: Ghost Town** (Chrysalis). Definitely the best number one for years and years and years.
6. **ANDY CAPP: Pop-A-Top** (Treasure Isle). This was one of the first Jamaican records to be played on radio and it is terrific. My wife and I go round the house singing to this, in so far as that's possible to do!
7. **THE FALL: How I Wrote Elastic Man** (Rough Trade). I like The Fall very much and love going to see them every chance I get.
8. **LINDA JONES: Your Precious Love** (Turbo Records). This song is both terribly sad and angry at the same time (also sad because the singer is now dead). Just been re-issued.
9. **LEE PERRY: Baffling Smoke Signal** (Black Ark). Lee made the best reggae records ever.
10. **BILL DOGGETT: Honky Tonk** (King Records). Very sexy. P.S. If you ask me again tomorrow, it'll probably all be different.

## SOME MOTHERS... (AND FATHERS) . . .



Home is where the caravan is. The Kingstons (left to right): Pat, Bob, June, Arthur and (inset) Ray, who didn't quite make it in time for the photo.

PIC: VIRGINIA TURBETT

PART THREE in our soul-searching series "The Folks Behind The Famous" takes us to the crest of a grassy knoll not a stone's throw from Southend, the home of the Kingston family. That's Pat Kingston (Mum), Arthur (Dad), Bob (Tenpole Tudor), June (Mo-Dettes) and Ray (The Temper). Home, as Virginia Turbett swiftly discovers, is caravan-shaped until they finish building their new bungalow. Bombarded with offers of toasted sarnies, she gets a glimpse of their musical background.

Pat: "We both sing in cabaret. Arthur is the Dean Martin type and I do a Shirley Bassey-type act. All the kids were at my 'gig' last week. Even my Grandfather was a busker. It's lovely that the kids are all doing so well in such a competitive business. I'd love to see them all in one group together but, as June says, we've got three successful groups instead of one.

"I always hoped June would take after me and be a singer. She was absolutely mad about school; she never wanted to leave. It took a lot of persuading to stop her from becoming a teacher. Her best subject was Art; both June and Bob are brilliant artists. While she was working at part-time jobs she met Kate and soon teamed up with the other two (Jane and Ramona). She bought Paul Cook's drums and told me: 'I'm playing in a group as a drummer'. I really laughed. "Bob and Ray have been

music-mad all their lives. When they were three they were given plastic guitars at a wedding and the band who were on stage playing to the guests asked them up to play with them.

"I think it was Ray who started Bob off in music. They started off in Sta-Prest together. It was June who got Bob into Tenpole. Eddie (Tudorpole) asked her if she knew a good guitarist and she said 'my brother'.

"The first gig I went to was in Southend when they all played on the same bill. I'd never been to anything like it before. My ears were still ringing the next week. I thought it was terribly loud but I was so proud of them all.

"I did worry about them being in bands. I begged them not to take drugs and I always warned them against sleeping around. You see the likes of Sid Vicious — and June knew Nancy — and honestly it frightens the life out of us. We were brought up in a very different situation.

"I go to any of their gigs I can. I love them. I think both Tenpole and The Mo-Dettes are easily as good live as they are on record. The only thing I hate about Tenpole gigs is the handful of loud, filthy yobbo's who spit. They're not fans. Once at The Tramshed someone's spit hit my Bob right in the face. I really felt like getting up and having a go.

"But honestly, I'm so proud of them all. They're smashing. I'm sure that if it ever fell apart, they'd pick up the pieces and start again."

UNDER THE banner "Funk Or Die — Dance Or Walk!", the freshly-hatched giants of jive, Funkapolitan, undertake a mini-tour of the nation's dance-parlours. Give your feet a

treat at Manchester Tiffany's (August 25), Edinburgh Nite Club (26), Leeds Warehouse (27), Cardiff Nero's (29) and Birmingham Rum Runner (September 1).



WHILE EVERYBODY and their dog are single-handedly discovering funk, The Skids are heading in the opposite direction — back to their Scottish roots. The new Virgin single, "Fields" sets the pastoral tone which, according to Richard Jobson, will provide the context for all the new Skids songs. He and Russell Webb — the current Skids nucleus — are preparing an album entitled "Joy", featuring acoustic instruments and ethnic themes and recorded with "everybody we can get our hands on".

He also says he's "desperately keen" to get back to live dates with a UK tour provisionally slated for October. It will, however, be a very different-sounding Skids as the line-up will consist of three acoustic guitars, two bodhran (traditional hand-held drum) players and a pianist as well as Webb and Jobson.

"And," laughs Richard, "we'll be wearing our finest tweeds!"  
*Ian Cranna*

## GIVE 'EM ENOUGH COPE

**OUT NOW** — the new Teardrop Explodes single, "Passionate Friend"/"Christ Versus Warhol". It's the first release by the new line-up who, although they formed last December, have toured UK once and America twice and thus haven't had much time for the studio.

They start recording the second album in September, hopefully to surface in November followed by an extensive UK tour. The LP's already been given a title, and you'll probably guess who by from the epic overtones of "The Great Dominions".

**SHAKIN' STEVENS** — or "Shaky", to his nearest and dearest — sets out on a nationwide tour of 14 major venues this November (this is what's known as advance warning!). Opening at Leicester De Montfort Hall (November 17), he then plays Manchester Apollo (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Glasgow Apollo (21), Sheffield City Hall (23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Southampton Gaumont (25), St. Austell Coliseum (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (29), Hammersmith Odeon (30), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (December 2), Birmingham Odeon (3) and Liverpool Empire Theatre (4).

Any takers are strongly advised to book early. As the Spring tour proved, tickets don't tend to hang around very long. They're all on sale now, at the venue box-offices, priced between £3 and £4.50.

## PERSONAL FILE



## GARY GLITTER

**FULL NAME:** Paul Gadd.  
**DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH:** May 8, '44, Banbury, Oxfordshire.  
**HIGH SPOT OF EDUCATION:** Being the Surrey Champion in Cross-Country when I was 13. I'm a long-distance runner — been going for years!  
**FIRST CRUSH:** Stella Oakley, a Debbie Harry lookalike from Wheatley, when I was 9.  
**FIRST RECORD BOUGHT:** "Paralysed"/"When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again" by Elvis Presley on HMV.  
**FIRST LIVE SHOW ATTENDED:** Bertram Mills Circus; Johnny Ray at The Palladium (when I was 5) and The Platters at The Hippodrome (when I was 11).  
**PREVIOUS JOBS:** A 'warm-up man' on the TV Pop show "Ready Steady Go!" when I was 18. I had to show the kids in the audience

how to dance and tell them not to chew gum.

**PREVIOUS BANDS:** Paul Russell and The Rebels, Paul Raven and The Twilights, Paul Raven and The Boston (played in Germany from '65-'70), then Gary Glitter — a story all of its own.

**MARITAL STATUS:** Married/divorced. 2 children — Paul (16) and Sarah (15).

**LOWEST POINT OF CAREER:** At 26 I was tempted to give it up, but who wants a 26-year-old failed pop star?

**PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT:** "Leader Of The Gang". My first Number 1 after 5 Number 2's.

**FAVOURITE FANTASY:** The character of Gary Glitter has always been my fantasy.

**HERO/HEROINE:** Elvis Presley/Lauren Bacall.

**DESERT ISLAND DISC:** "Hound Dog" by Elvis Presley. Every time I hear it I want to jump around and make Shakin' Stevens look like a vicar.

**FAVOURITE BOOK:** "Shogun" by Cavell. An epic like "Gone With The Wind".

**FAVOURITE FILM:** "Midnight Express" and "Flash Gordon" ('cos it's just like my act — high camp!).

**FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME:** "The Hitch-hiker's Guide To The Galaxy"; "Not The Nine O'Clock News".

**FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING:** My stage jackets with shoulder pads.

**FAVOURITE BREAKFAST FOOD:** I live at night-time, so breakfast is usually dinner.

**PET HATE:** Violence.

**TRUE CONFESSION:** I do cut the hairs in my nose occasionally.

**THE BIGGEST MISTAKE I EVER MADE:** Retiring.

**COLOUR OF SOCKS:** White.

## FAN CLUBS

DEPECHE MODE  
 c/o Mute Records  
 16 Decoy Avenue  
 London NW11

SHAKIN' STEVENS  
 Bull Hill Cottage  
 Hawstead  
 Nr. Bury St. Edmunds  
 Suffolk

**TAKE** A bunch of popular tunes, string them together over a disco beat, and what have you got? The latest line in 'novelty' records, of course. A line that goes on, and on, and on...

It began with "Stars On 48", brain-child of one Jasp Eggermont, former member of Dutch heavy metal ear-zoche Golden Earring. There's gold in them them medleys, people realized, as Eggermont's string of Beatles' faves proceeded to reap the rewards.

Further money-spinners were hastily sought, and several were found. Tight Fit came up with "Back To The Sixties", Gidon Part (alias Adrian Baker, the man who pooled Liquid Gold off the drawing-board) rushed out "Beach Boy Gold", Eggermont scored once again with Abba hits, and now there's the appallingly titled "Kollidaze"/"Kollipoppe"

re-hash of old Kollis' hits.

Meanwhile the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra came up trumps with "Hoobed on Classics" (arranged and conducted by Louis Clark, the man who wrote all the violin parts for a staggering six ELO albums). According to fiddle-player Kevin Duffy, the orchestra are "very pleased" with the success of the record and happy to be "popularising the classics".

Even when "popularising the classics" means Legs and Co. dancing to them on TOTP? As a 'serious musician', how does he feel about that?

"I didn't feel anything," Duffy says helpfully. "I was in Cambridge at the time."

Oh. But surely the tunes in question didn't need much popularising as they were chosen for being well-known anyway —

films and TV themes, adverts and so on?

"They're well-loved 'cause they're good tunes. But yes," he admits. "It is a lot to do with them being theme tunes."

Which is something borne out by current disco reactions. In clubs, when the 12" "Hoobed On Classics" reaches the William Tell Overture bit, people remembering it as "The Lone Ranger" theme apparently start galloping across the dance-floor. In the interests of quiet evenings out, let's hope no-one remembers it from the movie "Clockwork Orange".

The latest, and most unlikely, contender in this game is Tenpole Tudor. Not to be outdone, Ed Tudorpole has included a medley of album tracks, "Tenpole 48", on the flip of "Wonderbar". Claiming that he's now made a record that

Rusty Egan can play in his club, Eddie comments: "I wanted to be the first to take the pie out of these records and, as all the best bits of the album are on the single, I'd advise people to buy it instead of the LP."

Fair enough. What does he think of the RPO's offering?

"Well I was suggesting to Dick Crippen (Tenpole tub-thumper) the other week that we could put a snare-drum to a classical piece."

You mean you thought of it first?

"I think of a lot of things first," Ed says. "I thought of it before it happened."

And what do the RPO think of Tenpole Tudor?

"I haven't heard of him," admits Duffy. "I'll have to ask my children."

*Dave Rimmer*

# SPANVIAU

Left to right: Martin, Tony, Gary



# BALLET

ANY TIME ANY PLACE ANY WHERE  
THERE'S A WONDERFUL WORLD WE CAN SHARE...

"They're the Bright Ones!" claims Mike Stand . . .  
"The Right Ones!" gasps Jill Furmanovsky . . .  
"We'll drink to that!" say Tony, Gary and Martin.

OH THE languid suave of it! Oh the sunshine, the street cafe, the iced cocktails! Oh the elegant beaus and the graceful belles! Oh to be in England . . .

Which, incredibly, we were. In a concealed pedestrian street behind Chrysalis's office a hundred yards off Oxford Street. Soaking up the post-Royal wedding sun, Spandau Ballet were looking lovelier than Lady Di as they modelled their latest style, all dangly watch chains, light and baggy suits, hunky flashes of hairy chest.

They ordered confections entitled "The Virgin's Answer" and "Coco Loco". I had a cup of tea. Well, they made me *feel* like a cup of tea.

Jill Furmanovsky completed my deflation when she announced later that the Spands present — Gary, Tony and Martin — were "the three most beautiful men I've ever photographed". Bloody hell. It was too much. It's not a matter of hiding your light under a bushel when the Spands are around: a thimble will do.

I protested, not so much for myself as for Ordinary-Looking Chaps everywhere: "All right, Tony and Gary are reasonably presentable I grant you, but surely young Martin's just your standard 25-years-too-late, Ted?"

Wrong. "It's the eyes, Mike," said Jill, her voice smouldering with aesthetic passion. "They glow. Amazing eyes. He was wearing this very subtle make-up around them that I've never seen before."

Humph.

STILL, IN truth it was the people rather than the sartorial that

intrigued me. Divided by years, background and — in the biggest possible way — by style, we did have a meeting point: some very enjoyable records. In particular "Musclebound", "Glow" and "Chant No. 1" had overcome all prejudices about "musical clothes horses".

Quite an achievement considering the confusion of images they've had over the past year. First we heard they were upper-class twits and nancies. Then the Spands reacted with such angry vigour that we were persuaded they were all "bloody good lads", practically Oi With Cummerbunds in fact.

Sitting there quaffing their giant cocktails, Cockney accents crackling, the contradiction came to life. The chat was of John Keeble, the drummer, who had disgraced himself at Chrysalis the week before when he celebrated the arrival of "Chant" at No. 3 to the point of unconsciousness.

But that was nothing. Over in Ibiza they all got drunk at a Press reception and then careered back to their hotel along a switchback mountain road in open cars and John had the idea of ripping the dashboard out and tossing it over the side. Someone else tore a mirror off and pretty soon the only optional accessory intact was the steering wheel.

"I think that's what money does," said Tony Hadley, Spandau vocalist, smiling. "It lets you smash things up! Money, and being in a gang, not worrying."

Somewhat startled, I said that sounded very rock 'n' roll, very Led Zeppelin, not at all Spandau Ballet. Tony put me right: "No,

it's just occasionally letting off steam. Rock 'n' roll is more about throwing televisions out of windows." Ah, of course.

That brought us to the Friday-night-out syndrome as portrayed by the "Chant" video you'll have seen on TOTP. It's the essence of Spandau according to bassist Martin Kemp: "The end of the week, you get dressed up, go out and get pissed, have a good time. So we wanted that three minutes of film to be like five hours on a Friday night. Even though we have to do it on a Thursday afternoon."

Tony: "When we were growing up there always seemed to be three parties a night. Ninety per cent of them were naff, you'd end up sleeping in the bath or on some cold floor . . ."

Martin: "But the point was you might miss the best night of your life if you didn't go, so you went!"

THAT'S THEIR own teenage experience. But Spandau Ballet are certainly not about sleeping in the bath. As a live band what they're after is the ideal, the 10 per cent of parties that weren't naff, something special every time.

Hence Ibiza. Playing the Ku Club disco *al fresco* with the sun coming up over the swimming pool at 3 a.m. Likewise their notable nights out on the HMS Belfast, at Birmingham Botanical Gardens, or the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms (all crystal chandeliers and faint echoes of string quartets).

They've scored a lot of points

Continued over . . .

From previous page  
against the mundane tour grind,  
but I wondered how long they  
could keep them coming when  
their mass audience success was  
urging them towards the 'major  
venues'?

Their answers came in  
fragments as if it was one area in  
which their achievements had  
raced ahead of their thinking. "It  
only takes a little imagination,"  
offered Tony.

"We're definitely not going to  
do one of those tours of the  
Hammersmith Odeon," Martin  
insisted. "That's when you stop  
being a gang and turn into a  
band."

All right, that's the principle.  
What about the work involved  
though, combing the country for  
2-3,000 capacity pleasure domes  
off the usual circuit and with the  
right ambience? They certainly  
haven't got it organised. Maybe  
they're making it happen anyway  
though, just by being there.

Tony: "People outside London  
are constantly phoning us about  
places to play."

Martin: "Or new clubs off the  
beaten track want us for their  
opening nights."

Tony: "If they sound  
interesting we'll send someone  
to check it out and set it up."

Will they really be able to  
establish a new type of  
relationship with the huge and  
far-flung following they have  
now acquired — people to whom  
*Billy's* and *The Beat Route* mean  
no more than a Martini advert on  
TV? Will records and videos keep  
their fans happy in places where  
they never show their faces?

A couple of remarks caught  
their brash-but-concerned  
attitude. Tony: "We don't intend  
to play every God-forsaken town  
in Britain, but in the course of a  
year we would hope to cover a lot  
of the country, choosing each  
venue carefully."

Gary: "We feel we are making  
history at the same time as  
getting drunk."

An odd thing about these  
history-makers is that they all still  
live with their parents. At least I  
thought it was odd, but  
guitarist/writer Gary Kemp put  
that down to my sheltered  
upbringing.

"If we came from Hampstead  
we would be rebelling against  
our parents and living in squats,"  
he said. "But my parents  
understand. My dad used to be a  
Teddy boy himself. You can't  
*shock* people in Islington where  
we all come from. They're used  
to it — anything!"

Martin: "And our mum would  
get bored with no washing to  
do." (Mrs. Kemp was not  
available for comment.)

IT WAS Martin, as the most  
militant partyer of them all, who  
led this topic round to the  
Spandau's Positive Approach To  
Unemployment — and before  
you yell "Hypocrite!" bear in  
mind that he had a couple of  
years experience of it before

PIC. ARNOLD WILLIAMS/L.F.I.



Spandau on TOTP (with Light Of The World and drummer John Keeble behind): (left to right) Steve Norman, Tony Hadley, Martin and Gary Kemp.

lightning struck him rich.

"If your mum and dad are  
working (a big 'if' these days,  
*mind*) they're not going to ask  
you much for your keep," he  
expounded. "I don't see how kids  
can moan at that, it's brilliant.  
You don't have to be down in the  
dumps because you're on the  
dole. After all the best days of the  
week are when you're not  
working."

Gary: "If you were brought up  
in Islington you'd inherit a natural  
flair for looking good no matter  
what."

Martin: "Even if you have to  
nick the stuff from jumble sales  
like I used to."

Gary: "The only kids down the  
dole our way who look rosey are  
the ones with A-level sociology."

Speaking of which Tony Hadley  
makes an interesting case history  
of a drifting nobody stumbling  
towards a meeting with his  
remarkable real self. He passed  
enough O-levels to do A's, but  
aimlessly jacked that in after six  
months. He worked in a  
warehouse for a while, then in an  
office where they told him he was  
'management material'. This  
failed to inspire him.

"Working there I was like *that*,"  
he said clenching a fist into a ball  
of tension. "You want to do  
violence. One day I felt so mad I  
stuck my head out of a fifth floor  
window and just screamed. I'd  
had enough."

He was hazy about what he did  
want though: "I couldn't cut hair,  
I couldn't design clothes, I  
couldn't do sculptures. But there  
had to be something . . . I  
suppose I had an idea that I'd  
own a market stall, then two, then  
a supermarket and I'd be a  
millionaire."

The key was the Spandaus'  
discovery of that love-it-or-hate-it

voice which I think is their main  
distinguishing mark.

Some intense listening to  
master craftsmen like Sinatra,  
Mathis and Marvin Gaye, some  
lessons, and there he was —  
sounding like nobody but  
himself. Unmistakeable,  
unconfined. "You see singers  
afraid to open their mouths. I  
open it up wide, use its acoustics.  
And my voice is very English.  
Well, why should I sing like a  
Yank the way most rock vocalists  
do? I'm a Cockney. The worst  
thing for a singer is to be  
inhibited by any kind of fear or  
pressure to copy other people."

In fact, one of Spandau Ballet's  
most solid qualities has to be a  
thick skin to resist outsiders'  
criticism or mockery. As Tony  
said: "There's a fine borderline  
between being admired and  
being laughed at."

Martin admitted he'd been the  
butt of quite enough street  
barracking in his 'sensitive'  
teens: "But I knew it was them  
who were stupid. It was me who  
was going to the most expensive  
parties in Soho which were  
getting written up in 'Ritz'. So,  
under the bonnet, I was laughing  
at them."

Tony took it back to the whole  
process of growing up: "It's  
about when you become sexually  
aware. Get to 13 or 14 and you  
suddenly say 'Sod what my mum  
wants me to wear, this is how I  
want to look'. You've got the  
latest thing, you dance, you act  
the Jack-The-Lad, you pull the  
girls. Once you lose them apron  
strings . . . it's your own!"

IT'S YOUR own. It's that  
confident grasp of the  
here-and-now which makes  
Spandau more appealing than  
the ordinary pop group with a

couple of good tunes. What's  
disconcerting to me is the way  
their rhetoric carries so many  
echoes of Ian Page's mod  
evangelism.

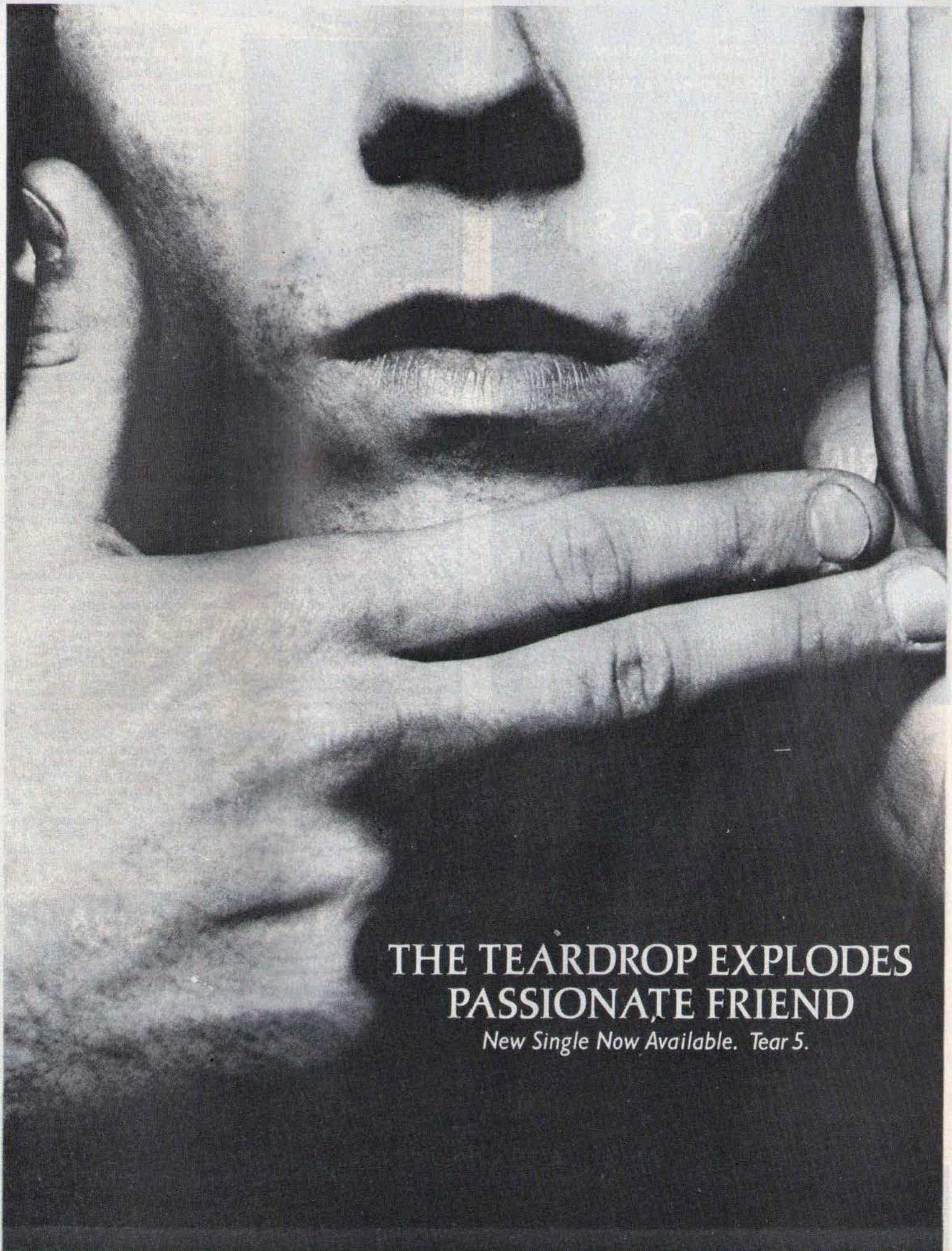
Consider that quote on the  
Spandaus' album sleeve by Robert  
Elms (a pop journalist and  
long-time friend of the band's).  
Comparing it with some old  
Secret Affair cuttings and lyrics, I  
found Elms writing of 'sharp  
youth' to Page's 'young man,  
sharp look', Elms' 'music for  
heroes driving straight to the  
heart of the dance . . . on the path  
towards journeys to glory' and  
Page's 'I'm a glory boy . . .  
Sometimes hero . . . Let your  
heart dance'.

Gary Kemp had already sussed  
the similarities and come up with  
an explanation. He reckons the  
Romantics (or whatever) are the  
genuine inheritors of the flash  
and sparkle of '60s mod, whereas  
the misguided Affair were part of  
a doomed revival. He even  
suspected that Ian Page must  
understand and appreciate the  
Spandau's style and might have  
been a part of the 'Cult' if he  
hadn't had his timing wrong.

But the connection is  
something of a reminder that it  
will take more than slogans and  
new suits to sustain Spandau  
Ballet's fascination and their own  
motivation.

Still for the present they can be  
heroes, just for one daydream.  
Martin: "What I realised when I  
was about 15 was that when I  
watched a film I always saw  
myself as the gunman. I was  
never the barman or the  
sweeper-up. It's the same for  
everybody. But I decided to make  
sure it would happen for me, that  
I would be the gunman — and  
while I was still young."





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# HOT GOSSIP

THE SINGLE

# CRIMINAL WORLD

DIN 37



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HI THERE, long time no see. Since my glorious two weeks on the sun-soaked isle Mykonos (*Poseur!*), things have been so hectic that I simply haven't had a chance to put pen to paper.

Whilst in Greece I did my best to visit every disco I could find and basically the music scene there is very similar to our own. There's a definite leaning towards Puerto-Rican/Salsa music and one album worth checking is "La Ceiba" by Celia Cruz.

Since returning to England I've been travelling around with Modern Romance and Central Line who are both busy promoting their new singles. The Modern Romance single "Everybody Salsa"/"Salsa Rhapsody" is already leaping up the disco chart. It's a crazy, latin party sound followed by a tongue-twisting rap courtesy of our fave album reviewer/oldest soul boy in town, Geoffrey Deane. I've witnessed outbreaks of the conga everywhere and it looks like being a summer smash.

Central Line certainly deserve to be included in the Britfunk explosion. Their single "Walking Into Sunshine" (Mercury) was

written by Lipson and Linton from the band and Roy Carter from Heatwave. It's another great track which is going down a storm and could easily give the boys the chart success they well deserve. Before I continue with the rest of the week's releases, I must say a big hello to all the jocks we've met en route so far, including Steve Walsh from Busbys, Greg Edwards from the Lyceum and Carlos from Hombres.

Taking a quick backtrack to the rap, we have Teena Marie with "Square Biz" (Motown) proving that she can rap just as well as any man. Teena's rapp-idly becoming one of Motown's major assets and this track is her best this year. Kurtis Blow, one of the originators of tricky wordplay, is back with a new single, "Starlife" (Mercury), taken from the soon-to-be-released album "Deuce". I had a quick boogie with Kurt a few weeks ago when he was over here on a flying visit (*did I say poseur?!*), so I had better be enthusiastic about his record. The single is pretty good but, to be honest, a whole album of rapping tends to be a trifle too much for these sensitive ears.

Rafael Cameron's new single, "All That's Good For Me" (Salsoul) is a great, funky dance track and is as popular on the dance floor as "Love Is The Answer" by veteran Gene Chandler. 'Shake it up', 'party down' and have 'a boogying time' says Marlon McClain on his new single, "Shake It Up" (Fantasy). Personally, I'd rather stay in with my feet up watching Quincy.

Last but not least on the new singles front is the utterly wonderful Lamont Dozier's "Cool Me Out" (CBS). It's an excellent dance track much favoured by hipsters everywhere, including Eddie and Ahmet who performed one of the best dance routines I've ever seen to it. Eat your heart out, Grant Santino.

## EVERYBODY SALSA by Mo

on WEA Re

Now what's that crazy rhythm coming from the street  
The sound of people moving to that latin beat  
Now this ain't Puerto-Rico this is London E. 18  
Everybody welcome to my own dream

**Chorus**  
Everybody salsa, everybody salsa, everybody salsa,  
everybody salsa  
Everybody salsa, everybody salsa, everybody salsa,  
salsa hey salsa

The carnival is moving, music in the air  
Everybody's grooving dancing everywhere  
Spirit not location is the essence of our theme  
Why not come and join us in our own dream

Now see the pretty ladies moving all around  
Looking super sexy all around the Town  
Their smiles are so enticing and you wonder what they  
mean

Everyone's entitled to it  
**Repeat chorus**

Dance sing, shake, swirl  
Rock everybody to the  
I said dance, sing, shake  
Rock everybody to the r  
Can you move, can you  
Can you shake to the rhy  
Can you move, can you  
Can you shake to the rhy  
So come on everybody a

So grab a little sunshine  
Funking like a Cuban the  
Now Castro loved the sal  
Why not come and join u

**Repeat chorus**

Words and music Geoffrey Deane/David Jaymes. Reproduced by permission

# DISCO TOP 40

	TWO THIS WEEKS WEEK AGO	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	1	CHANT NO 1 SPANDAU BALLET WITH BEGGAR & CO	Reformation
2	10	HOOKED ON CLASSICS ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA	RCA
3	3	HAPPY BIRTHDAY STEVIE WONDER	Motown
4	2	FM IN LOVE EVELYN KING	RCA
5	33	WALKING INTO SUNSHINE CENTRAL LINE	Mercury
6	NEW	HARD TIMES/LOVE ACTION HUMAN LEAGUE	Virgin
7	28	YOU SURE LOOK GOOD TO ME PHYLLIS HYMAN	Arista
8	NEW	NICE AND SOFT WISH	Excaliber
9	NEW	I LOVE MUSIC ENIGMA	Creolo
10	13	YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HI-GLOSS	Epic
11	12	WALK RIGHT NOW JACKSONS	Epic
12	NEW	TURN IT ON LEVEL 42	Polydor
13	14	BACK TO THE 60's TIGHT FIT	Jive
14	6	SHE'S A BAD MAMA JAMA CARL CARLTON	20th Century
15	NEW	LIFT YOUR VOICE AND SAY LOVE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA	Unlimited Gold
16	31	THE CARIBBEAN DISCO SHOW LOBO	Polydor
17	9	DANCING ON THE FLOOR THIRD WORLD	CBS
18	NEW	SHAKE IT UP TONIGHT CHERYL LYNN	CBS
19	35	LOCO-MOTO INVERSIONS	Groove
20	NEW	AS THE TIME GOES BY FUNKAPOLITAN	London
21	4	ON THE BEAT B. B. & Q. BAND	Capitol
22	18	EVERYBODY SALSA MODERN ROMANCE	WEA
23	NEW	RAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA RANDY CRAWFORD	Warner Bros
24	30	SEARCHING TO FIND THE ONE UNLIMITED TOUCH	Epic
25	20	SQUARE BIZ TEENA MARIE	Motown
26	5	LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME ABBA	Epic
27	11	DANCING THE NIGHT AWAY YOGGUE	Mercury
28	24	ROBERTO WHO? CAYENNE FEATURING LINDA TAYLOR	Groove
29	NEW	STARTRAX CLUB DISCO STARTRAX	Pickay
30	26	BRAZILIAN DAWN SHAKATAK	Polydor
31	38	WE'RE ALMOST THERE MICHAEL JACKSON	Motown
32	NEW	AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH BOYS TOWN GANG	Moby Dick
33	15	LADY (YOU BRING ME UP) COMMODORES	Motown
34	NEW	BETCHA WOULDN'T HURT ME QUINCY JONES	A&M
35	NEW	I LOVE YOU, YES, I LOVE YOU EDDY GRANT	Ice/Ensign
36	8	BODY TALK IMAGINATION	R&B
37	7	STARS ON 45 STAR SOUND	CBS
38	NEW	IN AND OUT OF LOVE IMAGINATION	R&B
39	NEW	HOT SUMMER NIGHT VICKI SUE ROBINSON	Prelude
40	NEW	RIDING ON A FANTASY THE RAH BAND	DJM

# WALKING INTO SUNSHINE



## by Central Line on Mercury Records

Too much rainy days (rainy days)  
Found so much lazy ways (lazy ways)  
I've got to get away, ooh baby  
This kind of life is not for me  
I'm working day and night, night and day  
Working for my pay only way  
It's all over me I can't stand it  
This kind of life is not for me

I need a holiday  
To get away from the rush  
I gotta get away from the rush  
Of the week if the going's cheap  
I'll up and fly away where the sun always shines  
Eight days a week

'Cause they'll be sunshine  
Yes I'll be walking into sunshine  
Sunshine, give me the sun  
Sunshine, soon all my rainy days will all be gone

I don't wanna fuss, wanna fight  
I'm checking in to book my early flight  
I've got to get away  
To see what's right for me  
Walking by the sea (go walking by the sea)  
That's when I'll be free (no one to hurry me)  
I can do as I please  
When my mind is at ease  
And I won't be worried at all

I need a holiday  
To get away from the rush  
I gotta get away from the rush  
Of the week if the going's cheap  
I'll up and fly away where the sun always shines  
Eight days a week

'Cause they'll be sunshine  
Yes I'll be walking into sunshine  
Sunshine, give me the sun  
Sunshine, ooh yeah, yeah, yeah  
Sunshine, and I'll be walking into sunshine  
*Repeat and ad lib to fade*

Words and music by Linton Beckles/Lipson Francis/Roy Carter  
Reproduced by permission Central Line Music.

Apart from the "Stars On 45" style of dross, there still seem to be several golden oldies that hit the spot these days. Tracks like "Dr. Jeckyll & Mister Funk" by Jackie McLean (RCA), "Do What You Wanna Do" by T-Connection

(TK) and "Que Tal America" by Two Man Sound (Miracle). Record companies take note: new releases should be imminent.

"Everybody Salsa" Beverly.

## n Romance

n dream

k thing

k thing

the latin groove

the latin groove

up your day

ntal way

of dictator scene

own dream

ppell Music Ltd.



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# REQUEST SPOT

**ARTIST** THE SPECIALS  
**TITLE** INTERNATIONAL JET SET  
**LABEL** 2-TONE  
**YEAR** 1980

**REQUESTED BY** ESTELLE LLOYD, COVENTRY



PIC. JOE STEVENS

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking.  
Welcome aboard DC10 flight 1313. We will be cruising at a height of twenty five thousand feet.  
At airspeed of six hundred miles per hour.  
Head phones will be provided on request for a varied programme of in-flight music. Have a good flight!"

Safety belts and sickness bags  
Jet-lag downer pills  
Duty free booze and fags  
Make me feel ill

A vapour trail from A to B  
Away from normal sanity  
It all seems so absurd to me

I've seen the carpets on the walls  
Of hotel rooms around the world  
I never want to hear the screams  
Of the teenage girls in other peoples dreams

Spread the disease from the South China seas  
To the Beach Hotel Malibu  
Phone my girlfriend to ask her how's her weekend  
I say 'Hi, Terry here' and she says Terry who . . . (the hell are you)

The business men are having fun  
Are they on a different plane to me?  
I've lost touch with reality  
They all seem so absurd to me  
Like well-dressed chimpanzees

Spend and spend and spend and spend  
Will the muzak never end?

"Passengers! This is your Captain speaking. Due to expected engine failures  
We will be forced to attempt an emergency landing.  
Please remain seated, extinguish all cigarettes and fasten safety belts.  
Follow the emergency procedures  
laid out in the pamphlet located in front of your seats.  
For normal breathing, oxygen masks will be released from the compartment above your head.  
Please remain calm and follow the instructions of your stewardess at all times. . . .  
This is a recording"

*Words and music by Jerry Dammers. Reproduced by permission Plangent Visions Music Ltd.*



# theatre of hate



The four-part act that's taken the Independent Charts by storm. Dave Rimmer gets a front-row seat.

THEATRE OF Hate have often been dubbed "doom merchants". The description annoys them. Sure, vocalist Kirk Brandon's lyrics don't look at the world through rose-tinted glasses, but that's just sensible, and the band's raw optimism is compensation enough.

Kirk calls it their "fierce spirituality". Explain? "Our music is alive, and it's kicking. Kicking all the time. That's the current that's in the motor. It's not an evil thing... there's no such thing as doom round here."

And there certainly isn't. TOH, when I meet them, are bright, communicative, friendly and enjoy a joke. They believe in what they're doing, but don't let 'stance' strait-jacket their thinking. I'm impressed. And, judging by their vinyl successes, so are lots of others.

In May '80, TOH was born. Kirk, once of The Pack, recruited ex-Straps bassist Stan Stammers, guitarist Steve



John Boy

Guthrie (an old mate) and ex-Crisis drummer, Luke Rendall. Canadian saxophonist John Boy was rescued from a life of world-class squash playing. Steve left, and the band then settled down as the current four-piece.

Extensive gigging here and abroad, and (to date) four records followed. Since their release, "Original Sin"/"Legion" and "Rebel Without A Brain" have rarely been out of the Independent Singles chart. Their patchy live debut LP, "He Who Dares", did equally well. Each of these records sold around 15,000 and their new single "Nero", has already sold that many in only its first ten days of release.

"The law is — you have to get larger," Kirk admits. But while not discounting possible distribution/licensing deals, TOH are adamant about not wanting (or needing) a major contract. They believe in taking chances.

"Having your own label is more challenging," John argues. "You can control your own sound, style and direction. If



Luke Rendall

you're stepping on the outside a little, like we are, that's the best way to do it."

In truth, while admiring its authentic energy, I don't much like their earlier material. The energy is still there, Luke and Stan continue to provide a rhythmic base that makes terms like "rock solid" seem positively moth-eaten. But there's more room for Kirk's angrily sensitive vocals and sparse guitar phrases, while John's sax pencils in the final haunting touches.

I didn't get to meet Luke, but here's the rest of the band.

John is 24, has lived all over Canada and is 'classically-trained'. He's relaxed, open-minded. Likes: squash, jazz and classical music. Hates: "blandness. I like a cutting edge on things".

I don't know Stan's age. Born in Northampton, he lived in Ghana as a child. His father works for the GPO. Does a good line in daft jokes, speaks less than the others. Likes: Roxy Music and "just certain records by certain bands". Hates: "people with nice guitars who don't treat them nicely", "Stars On 45"-type records.

Kirk is 24, grew up in a Westminster council flat, went to Grammar School in Devon. "A working-class background" he agrees, after much argument over what that means. Jokes a lot, always thinks hard before speaking. Likes: Grace Jones, old



Kirk Brandon

movies, running and "sacking people". Hates: "blandness, mediocrity".

The "theatre of hate" their name refers to is The World. "Out there," Terry gestures expansively. TOH don't want to agitate mindlessly, they just want to provoke people to think.

"There's a great force in young people," Kirk explains. "In most cases it's all over by the time they hit 17 or 18, when they've been milked out and dumped and sold whatever it is... television, beer. Their mentality dies. It's awareness people need, especially nowadays as we're disappearing under a sea of blandness.

"At times I would like to intervene, and if people saw it the same way as me perhaps they might intervene. But none of this is rammed down people's throats; they leave it if they want. I'm not giving anyone a religion

lesson, a propaganda sermon. It's not like that."

The working title for their new LP is "Do You Believe In The Westworld?" Don't know about that, but I believe in Theatre Of Hate.



Stan Stammers

PICS: VIRGINIA TURBETT

## independent albums top 10

TWO WEEKS AGO	THIS WEEK	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	NEW	THE LAST CALL ANTI-PASTI	Rondoleit
2	2	PRESENT ARMS UB40	Dep International
3	1	PENIS ENVY Crass	Crass
4	6	PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX AU PAIRS	Human
5	7	PUNKS NOT DEAD EXPLOITED	Secret
6	4	DOCUMENT AND EYEWITNESS Wire	Rough Trade
7	3	THE ONLY FUN IN TOWN Josef K	Postcard
8	10	STATIONS OF THE CRASS CRASS	Crass
9	5	BLACK SOUNDS OF FREEDOM BLACK UNHURJ	Greenleafes
10	9	SIGNING OFF UB40	Graduate

## independent singles top 30

TWO WEEKS AGO	THIS WEEK	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	1	NEW LIFE DEPECHE MODE	Mute
2	NEW	NERO THEATRE OF HATE	Burning Home
3	NEW	ONE IN TEN UB40	Dep International
4	2	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIG BAG PIG BAG	Y
5	27	(COVER PLUS) WE'RE ALL GROWN UP HAZEL O'CONNOR	Albion
6	3	NEU SMELL (EP) FLUX OF PINK INDIANS	Crass
7	4	PUPPETS OF WAR (EP) CHRON GEN	Gargoyle
8	NEW	MATTRESS OF WIRE AZTEC CAMERA	Postcard
9	5	MOTORHEAD HAWKWIND	Klickadee
10	12	CEREMONY NEW ORDER	Factory
11	6	ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST GENERAL SAINT/CLINT EASTWOOD	Greenleafes
12	24	FOUR SORE POINTS (EP) ANTI-PASTI	Rondoleit
13	10	DREAMING OF ME DEPECHE MODE	Mute
14	11	THE RESURRECTION (EP) VICE SOLIAD	Riot City
15	NEW	I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITH MONKEYS THE HIGSONS	Romans In Britain
16	18	NAGASAKI NIGHTMARE CRASS	Crass
17	20	LET THEM FREE ANTI-PASTI	Rondoleit
18	16	ARMY LIFE EXPLOITED	Secret
19	8	TOD DRUNK DEAD KENNEDYS	Cherry Red
20	25	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART JOY DIVISION	Factory
21	7	LIL' RED RIDING HOOD 999	Albion
22	9	Q QUARTERS ASSOCIATES	Situation 2
23	NEW	DOGS OF WAR EXPLOITED	Secret
24	17	FREAKED CHARLIE HARPER	Ramkop
25	NEW	EXPLOITED BARMY ARMY EXPLOITED	Secret
26	13	OUR SWIMMER WIRE	Rough Trade
27	23	FORGET THE DOWN WAH!	Eternal
28	NEW	WHITE MICE THE M.O.-DETTES	Human
29	NEW	PEACE AND LOVE MISTY IN ROOTS	People Unite
30	NEW	WARDANCE/PSYCHE KILLING JOKE	Malicious Damage

# Genesis

NEW SINGLE ON CHARISMA RECORDS



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## REQUEST SPOT

ARTIST **THE B-52's**  
TITLE **ROCK LOBSTER**  
LABEL **ISLAND**  
YEAR **1979**

REQUESTED BY **DESME SMITH,  
LYNWORTH, CHELTENHAM**

We were at a party  
His ear-lobe fell in the deep  
Someone reached in and grabbed it  
It was a rock lobster

Rock lobster, rock lobster

We were at the beach  
Everybody had matching towels  
Somebody went under a dock  
And there they saw a rock  
It wasn't a rock  
It was a rock lobster

Rock lobster, rock lobster  
Rock lobster, rock lobster

Motion in the ocean  
His air hose broke  
Lots of trouble  
Lots of bubble  
He was in a jam  
S'in a giant clam

Rock, rock, rock lobster  
Down, down

Underneath the waves  
Mermaids wavin'  
Wavin' to mermen  
Wavin' sea fans  
Sea horses sailin'  
Dolphins wailin'

Rock lobster, rock lobster  
Rock lobster, rock lobster

Red snappers snappin'  
Clam shells clappin'  
Muscles flexin'



Flippers flippin'

Rock, rock, rock lobster  
Down, down

Lobster rock, lobster rock

Let's rock

Boys in bikinis  
Girls in surfboards  
Everybody's rockin'  
Everybody's fruggin'  
Twistin' round the fire  
Havin' fun  
Bakin' potatoes  
Bakin' in the sun

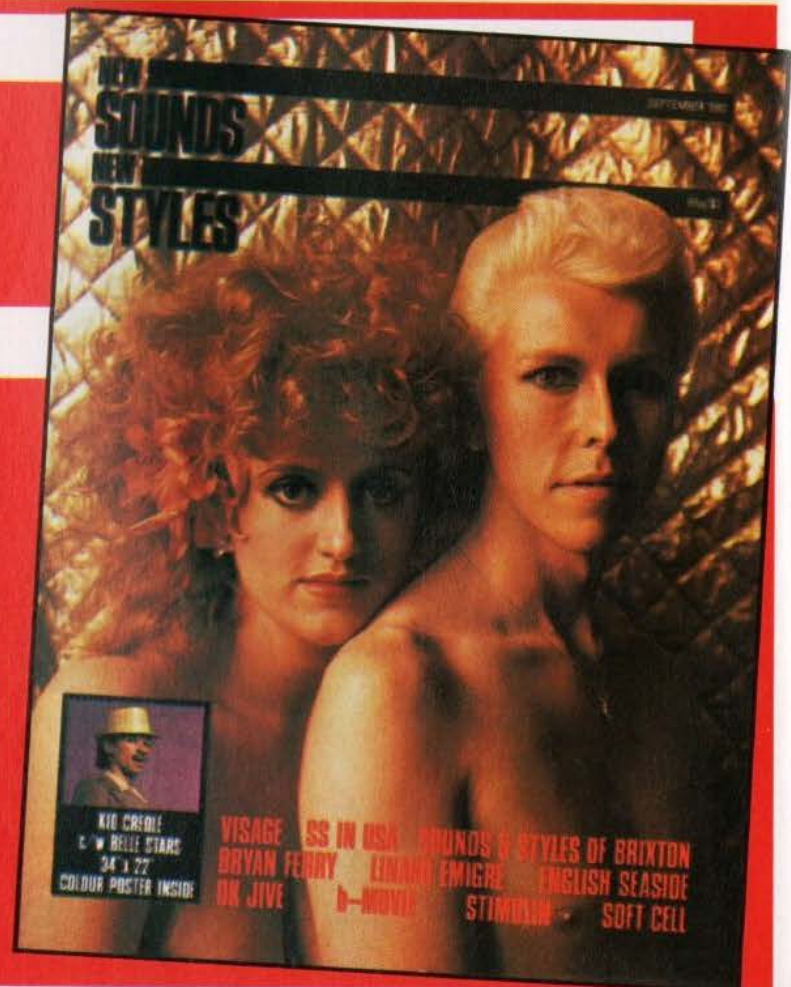
Put on your noseguard  
Put on the lifeguard  
Pass the tanning butter

Here comes a stingray  
There goes a manta-ray  
In walked a jelly fish  
There goes a dog-fish  
Chased by a cat-fish  
In flew a sea robin  
Watch out for that piranha  
There goes a narwhale  
Here comes a bikini whale

Rock lobster, rock lobster  
Rock lobster, rock lobster

Words and music by *F. Schneider/R. Wilson*  
Reproduced by permission  
*Boo-Fant Tones Inc/Island Music Ltd.*

It's on sale now at your newsagent's: the September issue of the magazine with the hottest sounds and the coolest looks. This month the full giant colour poster features Kid Creole, with the Belle Stars on the reverse. Features with glorious, original colour photography include Bryan Ferry, Steve Strange, the sounds and styles of Brixton, and a trip to the seaside written and styled by Lemons songwriter/guitarist Ian Roberts. There's a feature on designer Stephen Linard, with latin combo Animal Magnet modelling his sinister Emigré collection. Then there's b-Movie, OK Jive, Our Daughters Wedding, Stimulin and more. Get New Sounds New Styles from your newsagent for 65p or, if you have difficulty, send 85p including P&P to NSNS September, Circulation Department, EMAP, Bretton Court, Peterborough PE3 9DZ.



# CROSSWORD



## ACROSS

- 2 Female tree surgeon from Grantham who sings about the chip shop Elvis fantasist\* (6,6)
- 7 Housewife/Mother/Musician/Photographer (5,9)
- 8 Saxa's instrument
- 9 Oldie hit for 7 across and her famous husband
- 10 Peter, reggae singer formerly of the original Wailers
- 12 Booker T's soul standard (5,6)
- 16 Human League frontman
- 17 & 1 Elvis Costello smash of a few years back
- 19 Joel or Currie
- 20 Usually she's accompanied by The Pips (6,6)
- 22 Concoct a musical phenomenon out of best ale
- 24 & 11 Spandau vocalist
- 25 & 26 "Nightclubbing" lady with a mean punch!
- 26 See above
- 27 Out of form, not to mention corroded, member of Visage!
- 28 Small, musical insect!

## DOWN

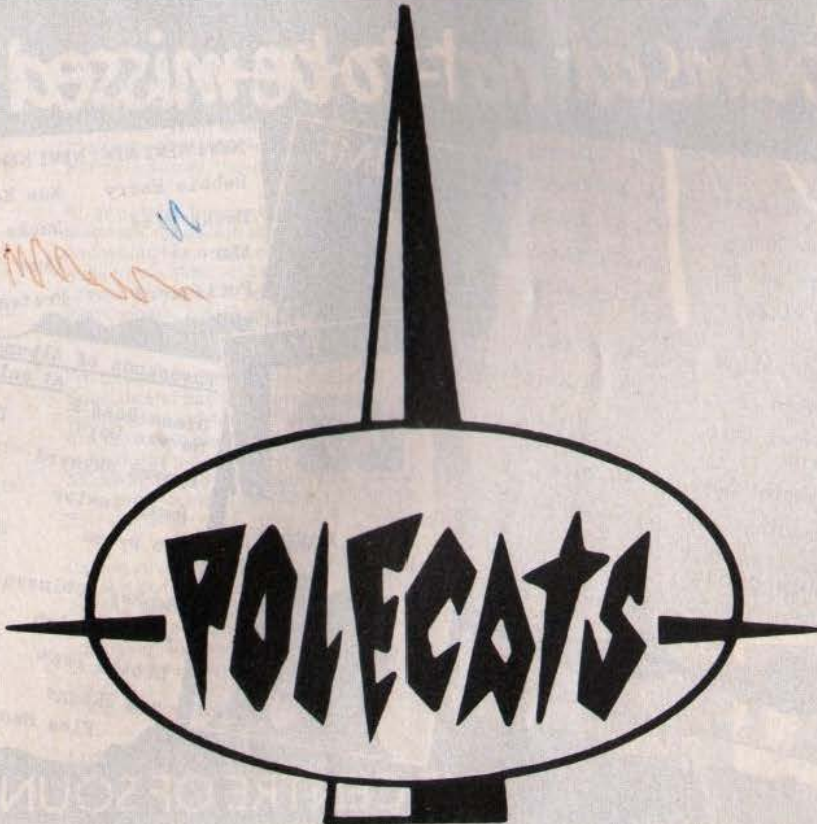
- 1 see 17 Across
- 2 Punk combo recently in charts with "Follow The Leader" (7,4)
- 3 Not the place to eat when you need cheering up! (3,4)
- 4 Clash guitarist (4,5)
- 5 Funk smash featuring the horn section from Beggar & Co (5,2,1)
- 6 The L of reggae poet LKJ
- 11 See 24 Across
- 13 Veteran rock guitarist whose nickname is 'Slowhand' (4,7)
- 14 Radio 1 DJ (4,7)
- 15 Surname of American performing phenomenon recently in UK for a string of sell-out concerts
- 18 Stiff Little Fingers frontman
- 21 Teardrop hit
- 23 Siouxsie album

ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

\* See Star Teaser (August 6).

MARIE CELESTE

JEEPSTER



NEW SINGLE

ALSO ON 12" WITH 2 EXTRA TRACKS: "DOWN THE LINE" AND "HIP HIP BABY"

# STAR teaser

The names listed are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the names are always in an uninterrupted straight line, letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them.  
Solution on page 42.

AU PAIRS  
AZTEC CAMERA  
BAD MANNERS  
BAUHAUS  
BELLE STARS  
BILL WYMAN  
BLACK SLATE  
BLACK UHURU  
CARL CARLTON  
CHRISTOPHER CROSS  
COMMODORES  
CRASS  
DEBBIE HARRY  
DIONNE WARWICK  
DIRE STRAITS

DOLLAR  
EDDY GRANT  
HI GLOSS  
HUMAN LEAGUE  
JON AND VANGELIS  
KATE ROBBINS  
KIKI DEE  
KIM CARNES  
KIM WILDE  
LOBO  
MATCHBOX  
MEATLOAF  
NEW ORDER  
ODYSSEY  
RAH BAND

RAINBOW  
REO SPEEDWAGON  
ROSE TATTOO  
SOFT CELL  
TALISMAN  
TENPOLE TUDOR  
THIN LIZZY  
THIRD WORLD  
ULTRAVOX  
VAPORS  
WAH  
WIRE

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

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Star Sound	Stars on 45 £4.29 £4.49
Kim Wilde	Kim Wilde £4.49 £4.49
Randy Crawford	Secret Combination £4.29 £4.49
Toyah	Anthem £4.29 £4.49
Stevie Wonder	Hotter than July £4.79 £4.99
Joe Jackson	Jumpin' Jive £4.29 £4.49
Jim Steinman	Bad for Good £4.29 £4.49
Motorhead	No sleep 'til Hammersmith £4.29 £4.49
REO Speedwagon	High Infidelity £4.29 £4.49



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Debbie Harry	Koo Koo	£4.29	£4.49
Bucks Fizz	Bucks Fizz	£4.79	£4.99
ELO	Time	£3.99	£4.49
Pretenders	Pretenders II	£3.99	£4.49



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# THE CENTRE OF SOUNDS WHSMITH



# BIRO buddies

2 boys, Kris and Jimmy (12), want to write to eager brunettes in the London area. We like all music except punk, soul and reggae. Special likes: Toyah, Landscape, Madness, Adam and Kim Wilde. We are computer and sci-fi mad, and very handsome. Write to us at: 41 High View Road, South Woodford, London E18.

Okay fans, it's arrived... me! A complete loony would like to write to kids (male or female) from G.B. aged 13-14. Into: Adam, Numan, Spandau Ballet, Duran Duran. Contact: Helen, 32 Blackthorn Drive, Larkfield Green, Nr. Maidstone, Kent.

Female aged 13 wants penpals. I'm mad on tennis, frogs, Abba, Hazel O'Connor, Kim Wilde and Toyah. Enclose pic if possible to: Leonie Bates, 9 Lower Compton Road, Plymouth, Devon.

2 Blitz/futurist girls (13) would like 2 boys to write to them. Have to be into Duran, Visage, Spandau, Landscape, Japan, Depeche Mode etc. Write to Michaela and Maria at 29 Victoria Road, Worthing, Sussex.

17 year-old Skids kid, also very fond of The Undertones, Comsat Angels, Siouxsie and Q.P. Rangers, wishes to hear from anybody and everybody so start scribbling. Definitely no mods, teds, rockabilles, headbangers or Abba fans! Anyone left should contact: Elaine, 15 Dunkeld Road, Bournemouth, Dorset.

Zany, humorous female (16), reasonably attractive (?), wishes to correspond with similar personage (16-19). Must be weird and into O.M.D. and Banshees. Very varied musical tastes. Contact: Claire Whitehead, 5 Oakfield Drive, Sandiacre, Nottingham.

News Flash: would 2 new romantics (boys, hunky please) aged 14-15, into Teardrop Explodes, Duran, Adam, Spandau, Landscape and others (including The Beatles), please contact Lisa and Clare, at: 11 Northorpe, Nr. Bourne, Lincs.

2 mental rude girls (16) want 2 mental rude boys or skins. Must be into nutty dancing, Madness, Specials and all other ska. Contact: Ginni and Sherri, 361 Broomhouse Avenue, Edinburgh EH11 3SQ.

Hi, my favourite groups are Stray Cats, Tenpole Tudor and The Damned. I also enjoy sport, and following fashion. If you're a lad and good looking, write to: Sadie Lamplough (15), The Elms, Nafferton, Driffield, North Humberside.

Dishy blond-haired, blue-eyed 15 year-old hunk of a male is waiting for a letter from a good-looking female, aged 14-15, to drop through his letter box. Likes: anything, bar punk and Bucks Fizz. Write to: Simon Ellingham, 29 Cheam Common Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.

17-year-old, into dyed hair and The Bunnyman, would love to hear from female rabbits! Also into The Scars, Joy Division, Orange Juice etc. Get them paws flying and write (with photo please) to: Mark Carter, 96 Lime Tree Road, Ward End, Birmingham.

I'm sweet 16 and a cool, leggy blonde. I've got Bette Davis eyes and I'm looking for a dishy male who digs heavy metal. Fave groups include AC/DC, Quo, Motorhead and Bucks Fizz. Send pic to: Victoria Malton, 3 Orchard Road, Sowerby, Thirsk, N. Yorks.

Mad 13 year-old wishes to correspond with others. Likes: Toyah, punk and Bowie. Anyone considering the risk of writing to such a nut must have a ferocious dislike of Abba, Shakin' Stevens, mods and heavies. Still interested? Write to: Jeanette Young, 110 Caum Park Way, Whitworth, Rochdale, Lancs.

I am male, 15 years old, would like a girl pen-friend. I like heavy metal, AC/DC, Gillan and Motorhead. Dislikes include mods, teds, punks. Write to: Michael Tuckett, 91 Worthing Road, Patchway, Bristol.

Hi ants, yes — you've guessed. I am a 14 year-old female who wants to write to male ants (14-17) anywhere in England. Send pics to: Lisa Simmons, 56 The Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

One small, dark-haired girl, 18, into Japan, Kraftwerk, Y.M.O., would like to write to boy aged 17-20 who fancies himself as David Sylvian or Mick Karn. Interested? Then write to: Shelly Morrissey, 40 Mossville Gardens, Morden, Surrey. Include photo!

Hi, all nutters. Interests are Madness, mods and skins. I'm 18 and would like males or females to write to me, Kim, at: 44 Broomhall Crescent, Acocks Green, Birmingham. P.S. Doesn't matter about pics.

I'm Debbie and I'm into Madness, Specials and Bad Manners. I'd like skinheads aged 13-16 to write to me. I like nutty dancing and going to Madness gigs. Contact: Debbie Mustwayte, 48 Broomhall Crescent, Acocks Green, Birmingham.

Calling all girls 16-18. I'm 5ft 4in tall and like headbanging to AC/DC, Rainbow, Ottowan etc. If you're interested in writing, also enclosing your best photo showing your good points, address it to: Keith, 13 Westfield Road, Barnoldswick, Lancs.

I am a 14 year-old short-sighted lunatic and, apart from Teardrop, I like Toyah, Hazel, Roxy, Bowie, Bunnyman, Dexy's, Coronation Street, tennis, cycling, record shops, Richard Skinner and coffee. Contact: Sarah Sharman, 9 Coombe Road, Puddletown, Dorchester, Dorset.

# Gary Numan

## SHE'S GOT CLAWS



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Beggars Banquet

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# REVIEWS

singles  
by Charlie Gillett



PIC: ANDRE NELKI

**Charlie Gillett** (Author of the rock 'n' roll text book, "Sound Of The City", Capital Radio deejay and co-head of Oval Records).

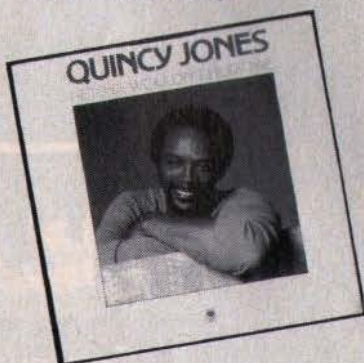
sings this impeccably, and the radio will play it to death. But the song (written by your old friend B. A. Robertson, along with producer Alan Tarney) is clever rather than engaging, and doesn't deserve the feeling that Cliff manages to bring to it. How come no modern British singer can present songs as well as Cliff?

**THE LOOK: Feeding Time (MCA).** The lead singer of this lot is one of the most irritating characters around, but he does deliver and, with the help of catchy jungle-voice back-ups, this will get played on the radio. And you will buy it.

**THE MOODY BLUES: The Voice (Threshold).** A better song than either of the above, taken at a faster tempo than we've come to expect from these "veterans", this will sell lots of albums for them. Which is the name of the record business game.

**CHAS AND DAVE: Turn That Noise Down (A&M).** Hello Chas & Dave, have you gone disco? Well it sounds very authentic disco to me, and what with the novelty lyric and all, you should sell more copies than that "Wikka Wrap" thing. The vocal sound is coming on, too. Yeah, good idea, much better than that "Woogie Lost His Boogie" song you put out after "Rabbit Rabbit".

**RANDY CRAWFORD: Rainy Night In Georgia (Warner Brothers).** Randy veers towards slush and then pulls back to the real; here, she's real, coming up with one of the best versions ever of a much-recorded song.



**QUINCY JONES: Betcha Wouldn't Hurt Me (A&M).** Time was when I would have said,

"nice for a disco record". But disco has recovered from the trough when all the records sounded the same and none of them seemed to use proper songs. Odyssey, Champaign, Kool & The Gang and Michael Jackson have all helped to restore the balance between the words and the beat — and Quincy Jones finds his time has come. Lovely guitar, good singing by an uncredited woman, on a song by Stevie Wonder; arranged and produced by Quincy, still hot after 30 years in the game.



**RY COODER: Crazy 'Bout An Automobile/The Very Thing That Makes You Rich (Warner Brothers).** Have you heard of Ry Cooder? If not, you will one day; he takes other people's songs, turns them inside out, puts a new beat behind them, plays some of the best guitar you'll ever hear, and has just about the best live show of anybody today. Both sides of this single were recorded 'live', and I prefer the second side, but I won't argue if you prefer the one about cars.

**KIM CARNES: Draw Of The Cards (EMI America).** Not in the same class as "Bette Davis Eyes", but in a pleasant groove.

**THIN LIZZY: Trouble Boys (Vertigo).** Phil Lynott has lost his way recently, and here he goes for the Dr. Feelgood/Rockpile market with a song by Billy Bremner who used to be in Rockpile. Based on that tired old Chuck Berry boogie, the song is not a patch on Lizzy's earlier "Boys Are Back".

**PEOPLE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD (BUT WILL ONE DAY).**

**REALITY: Success (MCA).** Produced by Bob Lamb, who did the first year of UB40's career,

this is reggae of a different kind. It goes back to where they were around '67 with groups like the Pioneers and the Upsetters, where the bass player played the catchy melody and the songs had choruses you could sing along with. Pop, in the best sense; should be a hit.

**BOYS TOWN GANG: Ain't No Mountain High Enough/Remember Me/Cruisin' The Streets (Moby Dick).** With a name like that, it's a surprise to find that the lead singer is female, and the idiom is disco. This is a good double-sided party/dance/radio record which could be in the Top Twenty by the time you're back from holiday. And in six months maybe we'll know the name of the singer — she's very good.

**THE BORE-TOWN BOP: Try (Vital).** Do-It-Himself effort by 19-year-old Colin from Reading who wanted to show us what Any Trouble would sound like if Andy Partridge from XTC was to play with them for an afternoon, both parties agreeing not to rehearse beforehand or it would spoil the fun.

**THE LUCKY SADDLES: (They'd) Both Be Here Today (Albion).** This seems all set to be an interesting, danceable instrumental, when in comes a sad story of death-and-no-glory. Chalk this outfit on the board for future reference.



**THE LEMONS: My Favourite Band (Race).** Coast-To-Coast have a new record out, but if you liked their "Hucklebuck", this should be your next move. If The Darts were a more authentic version of Showaddywaddy, The

**BEST OF THE BUNCH** (Tied: could not be separated by electrical timers or photo-finish judges).



**THE BIRTHDAY PARTY: Release The Bats (4AD).** John Peel, who hears more records in a week than I do in a year, has nominated this as his record-of-'81; I'll settle for it being the most compelling, uncompromised record-of-the-fortnight. The Australian band's drummer does more on his own than all the drummers from Adam And The Ants and The Glitter Band put together, and the singer rants with frightening intensity. This band is not shy.

**JON AND VANGELIS: State Of Independence (Polydor).** Not normally the kind of thing I would listen to, this was the surprise of the pile. Lots of nice flavours, from Jon's poppy vocals and V's immaculate sequencer grooves to all the percussion, keyboard and sax overdubs. Top Ten, yes.

**PEOPLE YOU'VE HEARD BEFORE (AND WILL HEAR AGAIN).**

**CLIFF RICHARD: Wired For Sound (EMI).** Maintaining his recent new lease of life, Cliff

# albums

Lemons sound like a more authentic version Of The Darts. (TV producers, please phone 01-609 2029).



**THE ACES: One Way St. (Etc.).** Typical (in the best sense) British pop from a trio whose drummer is a bit fussy, but whose innocence is beguiling. Another one to watch.

**BALANCE: Breaking Away (Portrait).** This has a bit more urgency than the average American record. Grateful for small mercies, we'll give it the benefit of a mention here in case you should hear it on the radio and not catch the name of the artist (and a forgettable name it is).



**LUDUS: Mother's Hour (New Hormones).** Most of the independent releases in the current pile sound like promising ideas that nobody could be bothered to hone into a real song; only Ludus have the courage of their lack of conviction about "real songs". Throwing convention out of the top floor window of a high-rise block in Moss Side, Manchester, they abandon themselves to three minutes of intense sound. And very well recorded sound it is.

**ELO: Time (Jet).** I suppose you could call it progress that ELO now sound more like imitation Elton John than imitation Beatles, but I'd rather you didn't. ELO are truly "professional" entertainers. They've learned to couple technological perfection with their undoubted song-making skills. Swirling synths and soaring strings, brimful of melodies but lacking anything that could be called heart or soul. Probably supposed to be a concept album about the future, it's very much the mixture as before, no worse than (but indistinguishable from) their last ten albums. I really can't fault it, but thank God I don't have to like it. (5 out of 10).

Johnny Black



**GO-GO'S: Beauty And The Beat (IRS).** An all-woman operation from Los Angeles, the Go-Go's play familiar-sounding, airy pop-rock. It's musically competent, reasonably danceable, harmless, melodic . . . and dull. Despite appealing titles like "Skidmarks On My Heart", there's no songs here to make you go, man, go. Nothing rears above the polite mediocrity, nothing reaches out to grab the ear. And the all-female aspect is (happily) no longer unusual enough to be interesting in itself. The Go-Go's are really nothing to go gaga about. (5 out of 10).

Dave Rimmer

**PHILIP RAMBOW: Jungle Law (Parlophone).** Rambow is the 'almost' man. When the songs are right — as on his last album, "Shooting Gallery" — the sound's awful. When the production's got the right power — as here — the songs betray too much of his background

(suburban Canada). Three or four — especially "Star" — are nearly up there with his best ever song, "Night Out", but the rest sound like he's *trying* to write pop songs rather than just writing them. If being Canadian means you have to try just that little bit harder, perhaps Mr. Rambow should try a little less hard. (5½ out of 10).

Pete Silvertown

**DENNIS BOVELL: Brain Damage (Fontana).** Bovell, the backbone of Matumbi's eloquent reggae/pop, is best known as the producer who built the reputations of both The Pop Group and The Slits with his ambitious feel for a spacious sound-mix. Here, as on his last experimental LP "I Wah Dub", he opens up yet more echoing corridors down which to pursue everything from funk to latin to rock'n'roll to roots reggae, each one presented in the way you'd least expect and, occasionally, given a sprinkling of obscure musical jokes (corny theme tunes, etc). Includes a free dub LP, so if it's entertainment you're after, this one won't fail. It's brilliant. (9 out of 10).

Mark Ellen

**RICKIE LEE JONES: Pirates (WEA).** Rickie Lee Jones' real downfall has been to imitate her obvious heroine, early '70s songbird Joni Mitchell. Unfortunately she's neither as talented or as imaginative. This is West Coast American soft-rock; laid-back and very sentimental, with 'streetwise' lyrics. Although there are a few stronger tracks, they are notably those bearing a distinct resemblance to "Chuck E.'s. In Love", her only hit in this country. (6½ out of 10).

Deanne Pearson

**ANY TROUBLE: Wheels In Motion (Stiff).** If Any Trouble writer and singer, Clive Gregson, wasn't so unlikely looking . . . and if he didn't wear those awful spectacles . . . and if people didn't reckon he sounded like Elvis Costello . . . and if he didn't call his album dreadful things like "Wheels In Motion" (and wrap it in a horrid yellow, grey and white sleeve) . . . and if he hadn't been over-praised and slagged off . . . and if he wasn't too damn smart for his own good . . . and if . . . if he didn't shrug all those

problems off and make a record as excellent, as emotionally subtle, as whisperingly moving as this . . . who'd care? (8 out of 10).

Pete Silvertown



**IAN HUNTER: Short Back N' Sides (Chrysalis).** Aye, when I was a lad, this man was with Mott The Hoople and made some great pop singles. Then, he often sounded like Bowie; eight years on, and he's still doing a Ziggy except now he does Clash impersonations too. Could this be the effect of having Mick Jones and ex-Bowie sidekick Mick Ronson producing? Whatever, the two Micks are definitely to blame for the mess of studio gimmickery that smothers every song. Overall, it's either dreadfully derivative or too clever by half. Does have its moments, but not many. (5 out of 10).

Dave Rimmer

**DAVID JOHANSEN: Here Comes The Night (Blue Sky).** My tune-o-meter was set to high gain but the needles didn't flicker once. Don't get me wrong, David Jo's first two albums were winners but here, particularly on the utterly tuneless, reggaefied "Rollin' Job", there's more melodic invention in the average spin-drier. Admittedly, David makes up for what he lacks in purity of voice with super-abundant lung power but there's something mechanical about this set of high-energy rockers. Only "You Fool You", a strong song powerfully played, comes close. On this showing you can count David down — but not out. (3 out of 10).

Johnny Black

Kim Carnes

DRAW OF THE CARDS



ON EMI RECORDS

Sleight of hand  
Hand of fate  
Chance you take  
Life's a snake

And it's all in the draw of the cards

Lightning strikes  
Breath of life  
Red, black or white  
Watch 'em fall

And it's all in the draw of the cards  
And it's all in the draw of the cards

Draw the cards  
Watch the eyes  
Down and dirty  
Let 'em ride

Boulevard  
Small cafe  
Cavalliers  
Pass the day

The joker laughs  
From the street  
He weaves his web  
Bitter sweet

Bitter sweet, bitter sweet, bitter sweet, bitter sweet

Ace is high  
Deuce is low  
Take the first  
The rest should go

And it's all in the draw of the cards  
And it's all in the draw of the cards  
Of the cards, of the cards, of the cards  
Repeat to fade

Words and music by K. Carnes/D. Ellingson/B. Coma/V. Garay  
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Skills



NEW Single

Fields

45 Brave Man

Available in two different sleeves

Limited Quantities also available on 12" Vinyl

# U2·FIRE

on Island Records

Calling, calling, the sun is burning black  
Calling, calling, it's beating on my back  
With a fire, fire  
With a fire, fire

Calling, calling, the moon is running red  
Calling, calling, it's pulling me instead  
With a fire, fire

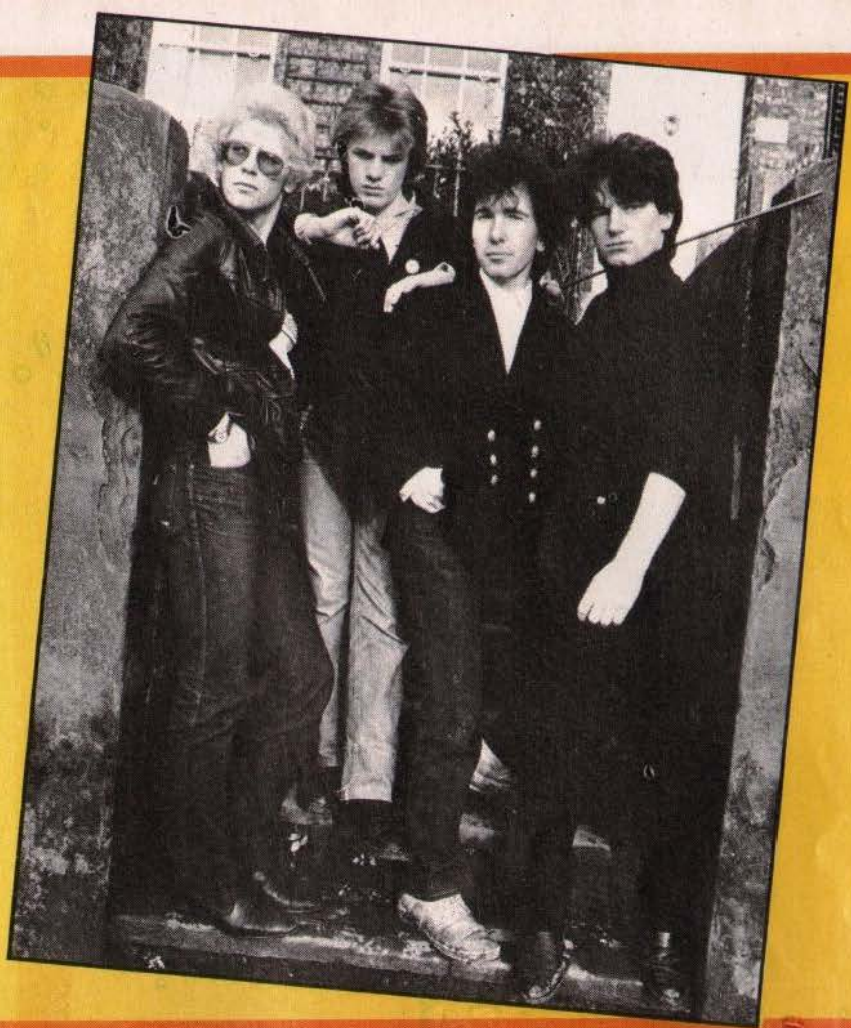
But there's a fire inside when I'm falling over  
There's a fire in me, when I call out  
I built a fire, fire, I'm going home

Calling, calling, the stars are falling down  
Calling, calling, they knock me to the ground  
With a fire, fire

But there's a fire inside, when I'm falling over  
There's a fire in me, when I call out  
There's a fire inside, when I'm falling over  
I built a fire, fire, I'm going home

Calling, calling, calling, calling

Words and music by U2  
Reproduced by permission Blue Mountain Music Ltd.



PIC: PAUL SLATTERY

## Electric Light Orchestra



The waiting is over...

# TIME

the new album & cassette



WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY JEFF LYNNE  
Album 'TIME' - JET LP236, JET CA236



# ← BOWWOW

TAPE EDITOR: STEVE TAYLOR

MOTION PICTURES: ANDY EARL



## ANNABELLA

VERY QUIET. "I'm just not with it", difficult to get answers from. Nervous, flighty, a bit uncomfortable with the others' cynical tomfoolery. Spare time: "I've lost contact with most of the friends I had in school. It's not me, it's them: they think you've changed because you're big-headed or something. I'm just treated as if I'm not one of them any more."

Age: fifteen. School: Hampstead Comprehensive.

Posh? "No, all types of people went there; rock and rollers, punks, a lot of different mixtures. It's a very good school, pulls together people from a lot of different nationalities." When Malcolm McLaren "discovered" Annabella, "I was working in a dry-cleaners in the school holidays; I needed some pocket money 'cos I was going around with this friend who was getting, like, fifty pounds a month allowance. Her father was some big guy from a rich part of South America."

"I told the teachers myself that I was in a band. One teacher said 'Good luck': the rest said I was making a big mistake."

She likes "listening to music, watching TV. I sometimes go round to see the one good friend I've still got and we'll go out to a club she knows or to a hut, a youth place." Her ambitions are to "travel around the world" and to "meet famous people". Later in the morning, obviously after a lot of rumination, she changed the last bit to "I'd like to be famous myself".

## DAVE BARBAROSSA



A BIG, big cynic who suddenly breaks into shockingly good sense: "Would you like a straight answer?" before returning to more satirical fantasies. His vices include: "The usual things — painting, poetry, sending letters to The Queen. The usual things most people get up to in 1981." Painting? He means 'decorating'? "No painting; the quintessence of surrealism."

Formerly played for Spurs youth team: "I probably was set to go further than that. I kind of lost interest." The journalist was silly enough to mention football and pop as two traditional escape routes from future-less working class teenage life. "I saw it as a way of playing football," says Barbarossa. He and Matthew crack up with laughter. "Yeah I do regret it, I suppose," he admits. "I kick a ball about the park now if it's warm enough."

Looking back over his days with Adam And The Ants: "I hated

it, even then. It was always so embarrassing. But a man's got to do what a man's got to do. Pay his rent."

Dave watches a lot of cricket, likes *The Godfather* film, is sort of literate: "I do a bit of reading, yeah — the football results . . ." Ambitions don't get a look-in: "I've done everything, man. I'm absolutely happy and satisfied." So what's he going to do for the next fifty years? "What I'm doing now, I suppose: manage to get the bus on time . . ."

## MATTHEW ASHMAN

HIS IS the partly-shaved head staring at Annabella on the sleeve of the new single. Brought up in a pub in Harrow, schooled at an Edgware comprehensive: "Do I sound like a public schoolboy?" Yobby, awkward, often chips in uncalled-for comments and rude noises.



Fibs a lot; says he spends his spare time "being driven around in a Rolls-Royce everywhere. You can't get bored, it's a good life in a pop group, a real doddle. Everyone should be in one." A bit of a cynic. Likes "women, booze and clubs", hates Japanese food and other bands slagging off BowWowWow in the music papers. Likes "cartoons, I think they're brilliant" and "films, a lot. *Jason And The Argonauts*: I thought that was brilliant. I like all those stupid kids' films with lots of effects." Hates documentaries.

Matthew admits that "I've been to some good restaurants since I've been involved with Malcolm" and says he'd like to "get as much money as possible so I can have colour TVs, videos, flash cars, flash women, a flash house. That's what a lot of people want." He shaves the sides of his head himself every two days and on the morning of the interview he'd hacked a lump out of his right ear. He was thinking of waxing his head instead.

## LEIGH GORMAN

ARRIVED VERY late but seemed — I use the word with care — a touch more mature, calmer than the other two boys in BowWowWow. Brought up in Wood Green in North London. Father a printer and ex-boxer, "old dear" a waitress. Went to a grammar school in The City, stayed on to do A levels, didn't get them: "I was more interested



in playing."

Drummed in "amateur bands before the Ants; a couple of funk bands and a Greek funk band." Nothing rude to say about the Ants, unlike the other two. More relaxed; sprawled in a chair with long fair-dyed hair wearing leather and gold buccannear suit and — like the other two — elaborately elegant pirate boots. May have been tired, as he claims his only leisure activity is "Sex." I know it sounds like I'm being funny, but it's true. Gets me into a lot of trouble."

Likes a lot of movies: "I like going to the Scala (trendy London cinema) to see a lot of those intellectual films. I'm really into science fiction." Reading? "I'm really into technology, read a lot of technical manuals." Leigh's favourite TV programme is "Three Of A Kind".

His ambitions are modest: "To have as many sexual encounters as possible. I'd like a lot of money, sure, but only so I can get as many . . ."

# BOWWOW



THREE OF BowWowWow are, eventually, just about cornered in a publicist's office at RCA. Somehow in between prancing around, chain-smoking, drinking

Coke, setting a pair of plastic clockwork dentures clacking right next to the cassette recorder and hitting the innocent journalist over the head with a rolled-up copy of *Smash Hits* we've managed to extract three potted biographies from the trio.

Now comes the tricky bit. We launch into a general conversation; a stream of speedy cynical answers to journalists' BowWowWow cliché questions pours out of Dave Barbarossa and Matthew Ashman. "Malc's a really good bloke, yeah, really

good kid." "Yeah, Adam Ant, he's a really good bloke an' all." "Well I guess that's that, I'll just be off."

Matthew makes a grab for my





## From previous Page

'notes' and starts answering the points in random order. "EMI's offices? Did we smash them up? We did indeed! They done a number on 'C30', didn't they?" It appears that the band were highly suspicious of that single's sudden disappearance from the chart; they expressed their feelings, Annabella beginning by smashing a gold record pinned to the wall.

And she seemed such a nice girl.

MENTION 'MALC' (Malcolm McLaren), who spirited Barbarossa, Ashman and Gorman away from Adam Ant last summer (after Adam paid him a thousand pounds to spend a month grooming the Ants for stardom) and found Annabella in that North London drycleaners — much as he'd begun the Sex Pistols after spotting John Lydon dancing in front of a jukebox in a clothes shop on the King's Road. Mention, as I say, McLaren:

"Yeah, we don't play on our records, Malcolm does it all. It's all true. He sings, speeded up."

So when BowWowWow are asked about the way writers are always suggesting that sooner or later — and the sooner, the better — the band will ditch Malcolm and go their way, there's a simple answer: "Who'd play the bloody instruments?"

"I don't know why everybody hates him so much," says Ashman, serious for a second. "I think he creates a lot of interest. He's given a lot of people a way of life."

"Do you want a straight answer?" offers Barbarossa. Please. "The reason for that coming from writers is that Malcolm's led them up the garden path and made fools of them so much they'd like something catastrophic to happen to him. Pretty straight answer?"

"He's a laugh," Barbarossa continues. "He's a great geezer to hang about with; that's the most important thing."

"When we started with Malcolm, we were just a backing band for Adam, we didn't know much about 'creating'. He injected a lot of ideas into the group." The most widely-publicised idea was the one contained in the lyrics for "C-30, C-60, C-90", the subversion of the record industry's vinyl monopoly by cassettes.

With all the problems cassettes encounter, not least the fact that cassette singles don't count in the singles chart and longer cassettes aren't counted as

'proper' albums, where had the idea gone now? "We're still behind it," they chorus. "We think it's a brilliant idea. It sparked off a lot of interest."

A touch evasive, none of them know whether the new BowWowWow single "Prince Of Darkness" is coming out on tape. "There's a twelve-inch," chips in Matthew. What with the current offerings from Japan, The Human League, Simple Minds, Soft Cell and many others surfacing on long, loud and clear twelve-inch versions, it may be that BowWowWow, too, have simply hit on a more viable medium.

It certainly works for "Prince Of Darkness's" percussive assault on the ears; stick that in a Stowaway and you'd scupper a few roller skaters.

Similarly, the colourful piratical spirit trumpeted in BowWowWow's early interviews doesn't mean much. No message here for the depressed youth of a depressed Britain? "We don't represent anything," Barbarossa insists. "We don't really care, that's the thing. I don't think any of us do." About anything? "Not really, no."

Annabella is a bit hesitant on this score, almost embarrassed to look soppy or too socially-minded. Pushed, she admits "I've got strong feelings on some things, yeah.

Fox-hunting. I can't think of anything right off that I'm strongly in favour of, though." The most she'll say is that she doesn't share the others' cynicism, "not as strongly, anyway."

They all agree with Matthew that "We're not going to stand up and support something, we're not into soap-boxes. And the lyrics — if anyone bothers to listen to 'W.O.R.K.' or even 'Prince of Darkness' they'd find all our ideas there."

BARBAROSSA DOESN'T take kindly to the suggestion that BowWowWow's early pose looks a bit feeble compared with the way people have taken to the streets to vent their frustrations. "My sister was in the riots and there's no big political thing in it, it's just a bunch of people out to nick some things because together they feel strong."

They're unanimous in rejecting almost all other bands, either because, as Matthew says, "There's nobody as sharp as us musically or lyrically" or on account of their phony commitments to abstract issues. "Dexy's — they're about the only group I can think of that's really committed." All three male

## PRINCE OF DARKNESS

on RCA Records

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Tell me who's the fairest of them all  
"A girl who sings in a faraway place called England"

What's her name?

"Annabella Lwin"

"Annabella Lwin"

Good, oh good.

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Tell me who's the darkest of them all  
"An angel who was cast out of paradise and discovered hell"

What's it's name?

"The prince of darkness"

Oh bad, bad.

Sinner, sinner, sinner, oh

Sinner, sinner, sinner, oh

Sinner, sinner, sinner, oh

Sinner, sinner, sinner, oh.

Annabella, Annabella, Annabella Lwin  
You are so dark so dark as sin  
So open the door and let satan in  
For the prince of darkness you will sing.

Prince prince of darkness  
Fills my cup full of wine  
Lets it trickle down my spine  
Prince oh prince of darkness.

Sinner, sinner, sinner, oh

Sinner, sinner, sinner, oh

Sinner, sinner, sinner, oh

Sinner, sinner, sinner, oh.

Words and music by McLaren/Lwin/Ashman/Gorman/Barbarossa  
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BowWowWows listen to a lot of American soul; The Jacksons, Earth Wind and Fire and a lot of specially purchased imports.

That'd tie in, too, with the criticisms levelled at BowWowWow that they're too straightforwardly musical. Writers, fighting a rearguard action for their own nostalgia about punk, haven't latched onto a return of public taste towards sharp, well-made records. "I love melodies," says Matthew, slipping into the role of a genial entertainer, "everyone loves good melodies."

"We'd rather play than talk," says Dave.

Point taken. Annabella has a contribution to make before slipping permanently back into distracted silence. "It's in the eye of the beholder, right? Each individual will hear something or see something from their own individual point of view." So there's not much point in trying to explain what you do, apart from "clearing up misunderstandings"



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Hold on tight to your dream  
Hey, hold on tight to your dream  
When you see your ship go sailing  
When you feel your heart is breaking  
Hold on tight to your dream

It's a long time to be gone (Hold on, hold on)  
Oh, time just rolls on and on (Hold on, hold on)  
When you need a shoulder to cry on  
When you get so sick of trying  
Just hold on tight to your dream

### Chorus

When you get so down that you can't get up  
And you want so much but you're all out of luck  
When you're so downhearted and misunderstood  
Just over and over and over you go

Accroches-toi a ton reve  
Accroches-toi a ton reve  
Quand tu vois ton bateau partir  
Quand tu sents — ton coeur se briser  
Accroches-toi a ton reve

### Repeat chorus

Yeah, hold on tight to your dream  
Hey, hold on tight to your dream, yeah  
When you see the shadows falling  
When you hear that cold wind calling  
Hold on tight to your dream  
Hold on tight to your dream  
Hold on tight to your dream

Words and music by Jeff Lynne  
Published by permission Jet Music/April Music Ltd.

Baby you'll come knocking on my front door  
Same old line you used to use before  
I said yeah well  
What am I supposed to do  
I didn't know what I was getting into

So you've had a little trouble in town  
Now you're keeping some demon down  
Stop draggin' my  
Stop draggin' my  
Stop draggin' my heart around

It's hard to think about what you've wanted  
It's hard to think about what you've lost  
This doesn't have to be the big get even  
This doesn't have to be anything at all

I know you really want to tell me good-bye  
I know you really want to be your own girl

Baby you could never look me in the eye  
Yeah you buckle with the weight of the words  
Stop draggin' my  
Stop draggin' my  
Stop draggin' my heart around

There's people running 'round loose in the world  
Ain't got nothing better to do  
Make a meal of some bright-eyed kid  
You need someone looking after you

I know you really want to tell me good-bye  
I know you really want to be your own girl

Baby you could never look me in the eye  
Yeah you buckle with the weight of the words  
Stop draggin' my  
Stop draggin' my  
Stop draggin' my heart around

Stop draggin' my heart around  
*Repeat to fade*

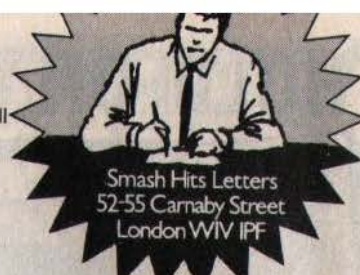
## Stop Draggin' My Heart Around



by Stevie Nicks on WEA Records

Words and music by T. Petty/M. Campbell  
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# LETTERS



Smash Hits Letters  
52-55 Carnaby Street  
London W1V 1PF

WHAT IS Anti-Hepworth? What is Pro-Hepworth? Who is Mark Griffiths? What is DDT? What is The Beeb? Are there really over 58,000,000 people in the UK?

And who, I ask in desperation, is George Gershwin? And The Monochrome Set? And who is Steve Bush? (Anyone who knows these things, please don't think me ignorant. Or is it arrogant? Have I spelt that right?)  
*Donna, Welwyn Garden City, P.S. Am I dense?*

**Try and relax, Don. You'll feel much better in the morning.**

CAN SOMEBODY please tell me what has gone wrong with the music scene at the moment? With the exception of the odd reggae hit, the charts are boring beyond belief.

A few years ago the charts were so full of great records that I didn't know which one to spend my pocket money on each week — all the Buzzcocks' classic songs, The Undertones' "Teenage Kicks", The Jam's "Down In The Tube Station", and so many more.

Well, what went wrong I wonder? Now all we hear are boring Blitz Kids or New Romantic-type bands, blokes with tarted-up faces and bleached hair pouting into the cameras. It's obvious they care more about their make-up looking good rather than their music sounding good.

I don't think I can stand much more of this. And they tell me hippies are coming back next year... Aaaargh!  
*Suzanne, a depressed music lover, Belfast.*

JUST RECENTLY it has caught my attention that many records are bits of past records put together — e.g. "Stars On 45". Okay, they're not *bad* records, but I'm getting a bit fed up with everyone doing it.

Recently on TOTP there was Tight Fit singing a number of '60s hits, then Gidea Park who had strung old Beach Boys hits together. Can't groups write their own records or do they have to 'nick' from other groups?

Also, I've noticed (aren't I clever at noticing things?) The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra are up to it. Pretty soon we'll get invaded with groups doing medleys and it'll get boring, so can't we just stick to "Stars On 45" and not let things get out of hand?

*Yours lovingly,  
Dawn, Nottingham.*

**You've got problems?! In Carnaby Street they're currently carrying out a special 'sanity survey'. Right below our palatial office suite, as it happens. The general idea is to subject the public to "Stars On 45" eight solid hours per day and then discover how long it takes the average person to go stark raving wally. Sad to relate — as in the case of Dave "Scoffer" Bostock — this can sometimes be measured in seconds.**

WITH THE price of records as it is at the moment, I think it's disgusting that pop groups take songs off their albums and use them as singles and vice versa (include hit singles on albums).

One offender, Sheena Easton, had FOUR hit songs and they were all on the album which came out later. What about the fans who've bought both the singles and the album? They've bought four songs twice which is the equivalent of wasting £2. Surely Sheena Easton could have put in four new singles instead?

She's not the only offender that has come to my notice. Blondie took four singles off "Parallel

Lines" and three off "Eat To The Beat". I don't think that groups are giving their fans value for money; it's unfair that they expect their fans to buy singles and albums when they are duplicating songs.

I don't buy singles because they are a waste of money. The B-side is usually hopeless, or an instrumental version of the A-side. I think that pop groups should copy The Jam. They only took one single off "Sound Affects" ("That's Entertainment" doesn't count) and "Setting Sons", and their B-sides are as good as their A-sides.  
*Jam/Teardrop Explodes fan, Worthing.*

**Understood, but it's standard practice (see Charlie Gillett's Moody Blues review, page 30). It makes obvious commercial sense to try and get as many hit singles as possible out of the new material before you release it all on the album. It's up to you, if you've bought some of the tracks already as singles, to decide whether you think the album's still a good deal. Some are, some aren't. "Pretenders II", for example, includes both "Message Of Love" and "Talk Of The Town", but also has ten new tracks and a total running time of around 50 minutes. Can't be bad.**

THIS IDEA of a "flexi-disc" has been around for some time now, yet record companies still don't issue them for sale officially. They would be much cheaper (around 20p, I understand). Surely this would lead to a greater demand for records, which would lead to more money for the record companies, and so they can't complain about "not getting a lot of profit due to the vast reduction of price." And, similarly, the artists would be compensated by the greater appeal. The flexi-disc lasts longer, because only one side is played, and on the whole is better. So if the flexi is introduced it would mean a good all-round deal for everybody.

Another argument put forward against the flexi is that it wouldn't be counted by the BMRB who count the records for the BBC. But if more pressure was applied, I'm sure that they would come to their senses.

*Yours dodoingly,  
Dodo The Modo, Hounslow.*

**Your argument's fine, Dode, until you get to the bit about flexis "lasting longer" than ordinary singles. Not so. Not only is**

plastic not as durable as vinyl, it doesn't reproduce sound with nearly the same quality. You're hardly going to undercut the vinyl market with singles that don't sound as good or last as long, even at 20p.

In fact some companies have 'officially' released flexis, both 'majors' like Island (who put out a gold Plastics flexi, "Diamond Head" in March) and independents like Postcard (who gave us Orange Juice's "Felicity" in April). If you've heard the latter, you'll be aware that its quality is so frustratingly dire that it scarcely even makes it out of the stereo speakers, so gawd knows what it'd sound like on radio. You get what you pay for.

UPON RECEIVING the July 23 issue of your rag I found, in between the final instalment of the Smash Hits Book Of Pop Lists (you do call it SHBOPL, don't you? — Ed.) a photograph of a woman impersonating a bee with its fingers stuck in some blinds. Apparently she was auditioning for a part in a soap opera in Indonesia (where they only have black and white TV).

After further examination of this pic I found it to be Kim Wilde. This startling discovery caused me to start wondering if I'd seen her before. So I started to search through some pretty recent issues and on the back of the one dated May 14, there she was — complete with black eye.

Is it just a coincidence that Kim Wilde is featured as pin-up twice in as many months or is she related to David Hepworth in some mysterious way? Why can't you put someone decent in? And anyway, one poster of her every now and again will satisfy the Kim Wilde fans (sorry, fan).  
*From someone who thinks their cat could sing better than Kim Wilde, and likes all things Mod.*

**Ooooooh! Scratch your eyes out!**

HOW IS it that in every pic of Kim Wilde you print she looks as though she's just got up?

Also, please will you tell me when her birthday is because I want to send her a hair-brush.  
*The constructive critic of Ramsbottom.*

**And yours!**

TO "ANTI- Blouses For Men" Campaigner,

So Spandau Ballet wear an entire draper's shop and Steve Strange wears anything ridiculous that comes into his

PIC: SIMON FOWLER



**Shakin' Stevens overdoes the 'super-stud' image. The ears'll be next to go.**

I READ somewhere that Shakin' Stevens (what a stupid name) says he doesn't set out to be sexy. Just who does he think he's kidding?

I've had enough of these singers who go around acting as if they're "God's Gift", especially Sting and Adam Ant with their 'super stud' sexy images. In the long run they only last about a year, and we all know what happened to the Bay City Rollers.

Lovely Dave Wakeling is so bloody gorgeous he doesn't need an image. You'll never see him swaggering about on TOTP, he was just born gorgeous.  
*Lisa. A BIG fan of Dave Wakeling.*

**I knew this was leading to something!**

# LETTERS

head. You obviously know NOTHING!

I bet you're one of those so-called "Butch Men" who have false hairy chests, shirts open to the waist with a solid gold medallion around the neck, laughably tight jeans with a bridge roll stuffed down them.

Spandau Ballet, Steve Strange and Duran Duran are doing something different. That's healthy FUN! Those groups have given artists and clothes designers a chance to prove themselves. So stop whining and do something original yourself. *Lesnie Bethany Palin (clothes designer extraordinaire).*

P.S. Your mag's great. The interview with Steve Strange was fab and the Duran Duran poster was out of this world.

DEAR CLARE McGann,

So you think The Teardrop Explodes still give value for money, eh? I appreciate that Julian wanted "Treasure" to chart (and I now own 6 versions of said ditty), but I was dismayed to see crowds of screaming girls in frilly blouses at their concert all having hysterics at Jules when he was naff.

He's stopped trying to please the audience; he's only interested in boosting himself. Post-"Reward" fans can't compare this with anything. I'm pleased they've made it (whatever that means) but I won't support a band who aren't interested in their fans anymore.

So pull your fingers out and give us something worth screaming at. *A Plastic Exploding Envious, Manchester.*

IN THESE days of untouchable superstars, how refreshing it is to be reminded that there is a less glamorous side to our favourite popsters. In your glowing colour portraits, even those songsters who usually appear to have emerged 'straight from the fridge' have an appealingly natural and work-a-day normality.

You always seem to catch that certain unguarded moment when they score an all-time low on the coolometer. You show us the human side of our idols. Many an acne-ravaged teenager must have been heartened to spot similar eruptions of Etna-like ferocity peeking through their heroes pan-stick.

No detail seems to escape your searching lens — the moment of unfashionable mirth, the

roadmap eyes peering through the luggage underneath, the overhung paunch, the extra chin, the fallen quiff, the wardrobe problem day.

It somehow brings our hit-parade heart-throbs one rung lower on that rickety ladder of super-stardom, and one step nearer to us, the unwashed hordes of the Proletariat standing at the bottom shaking it.

If we didn't know better, we'd think it was a deliberate editorial policy!

*Yours sincerely,  
Lola Borg and Vici MacDonald,  
Teddington, Middlesex.*

**Poetry, mate. Pure poetry. May I present the first ever Smash Hits Literary Award for Letter-Writing Beyond The Call Of Duty. Not exactly a Pulitzer Prize, but it is . . . a £5 RECORD TOKEN! (£2.50 each, and no fighting).**

DEAR MR. Black,

On reading your review of "A Promise" by Echo And The Bunnymen, it occurs to us that you might have been playing it at the wrong speed, or perhaps you found it too difficult to place the spindle through the hole in the centre of the disc and, in mindless frustration, played the turntable instead.

If not true, we stand corrected and must be drawn to the inevitable conclusion that you must suffer from a serious lack of grey matter to give the best single of the year such an awful review.

*Two Angry Bunnymen, Hereford.*

P.S. We know of a backward hamster that could fill your position at a moment's notice.

**Have a heart, Buns. Mr. Black just isn't very technically-minded.**

HOW MANY times has your blood boiled to discover that the latest trendy nightspot sports the "Over 21" — even "Over 23" — banner, when you've just prepared the "shakey 18" look?

No, I'm not going to rave on about the age limits, though it is a matter of great concern. I'm aiming this at their ads. Why can't the clubs print their age admittance and save everybody the bother of travelling all the way to the place to find they won't let you in?

It wouldn't cost them — meaning Nightspots, Clubs, Cinemas without bars — very much to print these tiny little details that can cause so much bother and wasted time. So

please all you Top Notches out there, spare a thought for us young 'uns!  
*Fiona Hill, Edinburgh.*

CAN ANYONE think of anything exciting for me to do as I have been practicing floccinoccinihilipilification for yonks?

*Helen Barker, Cheshire.*

**That's easy for you to say.**

I CAN'T get "I Can't Get 'I Can't Get 'Bouncing Babies' by The Teardrop Explodes' by The Freshies" by A New Recruit.

Is this funny, 'cos I'm told it's meant to be?

*Arthur C. Aardvark (no relation of Prince Charles), Glasgow.*

**I should keep this one to yourself, Arthur.**

SAVE WATER — dilute it!  
*Faithful Smash Hits reader.*

**You know it makes sense.**

IF YOU don't print my "Biro Buddies" letter, I will get my school to not read your mag. An

average of 1,037 readers = 1037 x 35p = an average loss of £362.95.  
*Julie Salter, Glasgow.*

**We'll print it! We'll print it!**

I WOULD like a £5 Record Token but I don't understand what you have to do to get one, so please send me one anyway.  
*A b-Movie, Shock and Bauhaus freak, Newcastle.*

**Such style! (No).**

YOU KNOW that bloke at the top of the page? The one with the white shirt and neat black tie? Yeah, that's him!

Well, his pen's run out.  
*Bradz, Oldham, Lancs.*

IN YOUR Banshees comp. it says "A Free Album With Every Autograph".

Well here's mine!

*Wolverhampton.*

**On your bike.**

WOULD THERE BE A PUBLIC OUTCRY IF WE OFFERED YOUR VERY OWN

## TOYAH Q&A!?

WOULD THE WORLD BE DOWNRIGHT MISERABLE IF WE SUGGESTED

## ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES

in the dark?

WOULD YOU BE EVEN REMOTELY EXCITED BY

## FREE SIGNED ULTRAVOX LPs!?

FIND OUT ON SEPTEMBER 3 WITH THE NEXT COMEDY-CRAMMED ISSUE OF SMASH HITS!!



# C102

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**THURSDAY AUGUST 20**  
Siouxsie & The Banshees Bradford  
Tiffanys  
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive Chester  
Northgate Arena

**FRIDAY AUGUST 21**  
Siouxsie & The Banshees Derby  
Assembly Rooms

**SATURDAY AUGUST 22**  
AC/DC Whitesnake Midlands Castle  
Donington Racing Circuit

**SUNDAY AUGUST 23**  
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive  
Glasgow Tiffanys  
Marvin Gaye Brighton Dome

**MONDAY AUGUST 24**  
Siouxsie & The Banshees London  
Hammersmith Palais  
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive  
Edinburgh Coasters  
Rick Wakeman London  
Hammersmith Odeon  
Marvin Gaye Stoke Jollees

**TUESDAY AUGUST 25**  
Siouxsie & The Banshees London  
Hammersmith Odeon  
Marvin Gaye Stoke Jollees

**WEDNESDAY AUGUST 26**  
Siouxsie & The Banshees  
Birmingham Odeon  
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive  
Sheffield Top Rank  
Marvin Gaye Stoke Jollees

**THURSDAY AUGUST 27**  
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive  
Newcastle Mayfair Suite

**FRIDAY AUGUST 28**  
Girlschool/Steve Hackett Reading  
Festival  
Siouxsie & The Banshees  
Peterborough Werrina Stadium  
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive Derby  
Assembly Rooms

**SATURDAY AUGUST 29**  
Ian Dury/Elvis Costello Gateshead  
International Stadium

Gillan Reading Festival  
Siouxsie & The Banshees Coventry  
Theatre  
Marvin Gaye Portsmouth Guildhall

**SUNDAY AUGUST 30**  
Ian Dury/Elvis Costello Gateshead  
International Stadium  
Kinks/9 Below Zero Reading  
Festival  
Siouxsie & The Banshees Oxford  
New Theatre

**MONDAY AUGUST 31**  
Siouxsie & The Banshees  
Southampton Gaumont  
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive St.  
Austell Cornwall Coliseum  
Marvin Gaye London Drury Lane  
Theatre Royal

**TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 1**  
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive  
Portsmouth Locarno

**WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 2**  
Siouxsie & The Banshees Hemel  
Hampstead Pavilion  
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive  
Brighton Top Rank

Ian Dury & The Blockheads: one day, the Hope 'N' Anchor — the next, Gateshead International Stadium (August 29 & 30). Will they ever play Grantham again?



PAUL COX/LEF

## COMPETITION WINNERS

**MOTORHEAD COMPETITION (Issue June 25), 50 winners receive a copy of "No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith":**

David Schofield, Oldham, Lancs; Ian Hamilton, Salisbury, Wilts; Iain Waugh, Lemington, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Robert Elliott, Keyworth, Nottingham; Christopher Thomas, Tredegar, Gwent; Steven Hill, Erdington, Birmingham; Claire Owen, Brynmill, Swansea; Michael Hawker, Chorltonville, Manchester; C. Rocque, Stockport, Cheshire; Rupert Thomas, Eccleshall, Stafford; Gary Daniel, Appledore, N. Devon; Elspeth Squirrel, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk; David Brealey, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs; Alan Trow, Weeping Cross, Stafford; John Rogers, Grey Rock Walk, Liverpool; P. Jarman, Brentford, Middx; Helen Thompson, Credenhill,

Hereford; A. Meaghan, Chessington, Surrey; D. Johnson, Hull, N. Humberside; Tracey Owens, Eccleshill, Bradford; David Rees, Wimborne, Dorset; John Nixon, Chesterfield, Derbys; Pauline Henderson, Dunstable, Beds; Mandi Woodall, Kingswinford, W. Midlands; Michael Marsden, Darwen, Lancs; A. Stephens, Helston, Cornwall; Martyn Pilley, Yarn, Cleveland; David Griffiths, Devizes, Wilts; Grant Cairns, Lanchester, Durham; Dolores King, Port Glasgow; Kevin Wallis, Raynes Park, London; Louise Brown, Eastbourne, East Sussex; Richard Olive, Cleveleys, Lancs; Julia Gosling, Trimley St. Mary, Suffolk; Andrew

Bishop, Wantage, Oxon; Ann Robertson, Dulwich, London; Maria Davies, Tyldesley, Manchester; Angela Beers, Draycott, Derbys; John Davis, Reading, Berks; Andrew Buckingham, Witney, Oxon; Andrew Chadwick, Flitwick, Beds; Nicola Jones, Frome, Somerset; J. Manning, Biddenham, Bedford; Jane Brookshaw, Nantwich, Cheshire; M. Horris, Ombersley, Worcs; Ian Williams, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester; Gary Gravill, Haxey, S. Yorks; Andrew Stear, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol; Sarah Robinson, Bury, Lancs; Mike Quayle, Winsford, Cheshire.

## ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 27

**ACROSS:** 2 Kirsty McColl; 7 Linda McCartney; 8 Sax; 9 "Jet"; 10 Tosh; 12 "Green Onions"; 16 Phil (Oakey); 17 "Oliver's..."; 19 Billy; 20 Gladys Knight; 22 Beatles; 24 Tony; 25 & 26 Grace Jones; 27 Rusty (Egan); 28 Ant.

**DOWN:** 1 "... Army"; 2 Killing Joke; 3 Sad Cafe; 4 Mick Jones; 5 "Chant No 1"; 6 Linton (Kwesi Johnson); 11 Hadley; 13 Eric Clapton; 14 Noel Edmonds; 15 Springsteen; 18 Jake Burns; 21 "Treason"; 23 "Juju".

## PUZZLE ANSWER

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

# INSIDE OUTSIDE

As I stop and look around me  
Tell me what do I see  
Very few things to look forward to  
For you or for me  
Not surprising people want a way out  
Now we're finding  
Inside outside  
Outside inside

What was once the best  
Has been surpassed  
Like a memory  
What was once the first  
Is now the last  
So it seems to me  
Always chasing  
Ideas when they are forever changing  
Inside outside  
Outside inside

Inside outside  
Outside inside  
Inside outside  
Outside inside

How can we be free  
We don't know what it means  
And I wonder were we meant to be

Now we're standing  
Going nowhere fast  
That's the truth I see  
There's no comfort looking to the past  
It's all history  
Oh frustration now we spread like fire  
Desperation  
Inside outside  
Outside inside

Inside outside  
Outside inside  
Repeat to fade



on  
Liberty  
Records

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Smash Hits

**JULIAN COPE**

PH. FIN COSTELLO