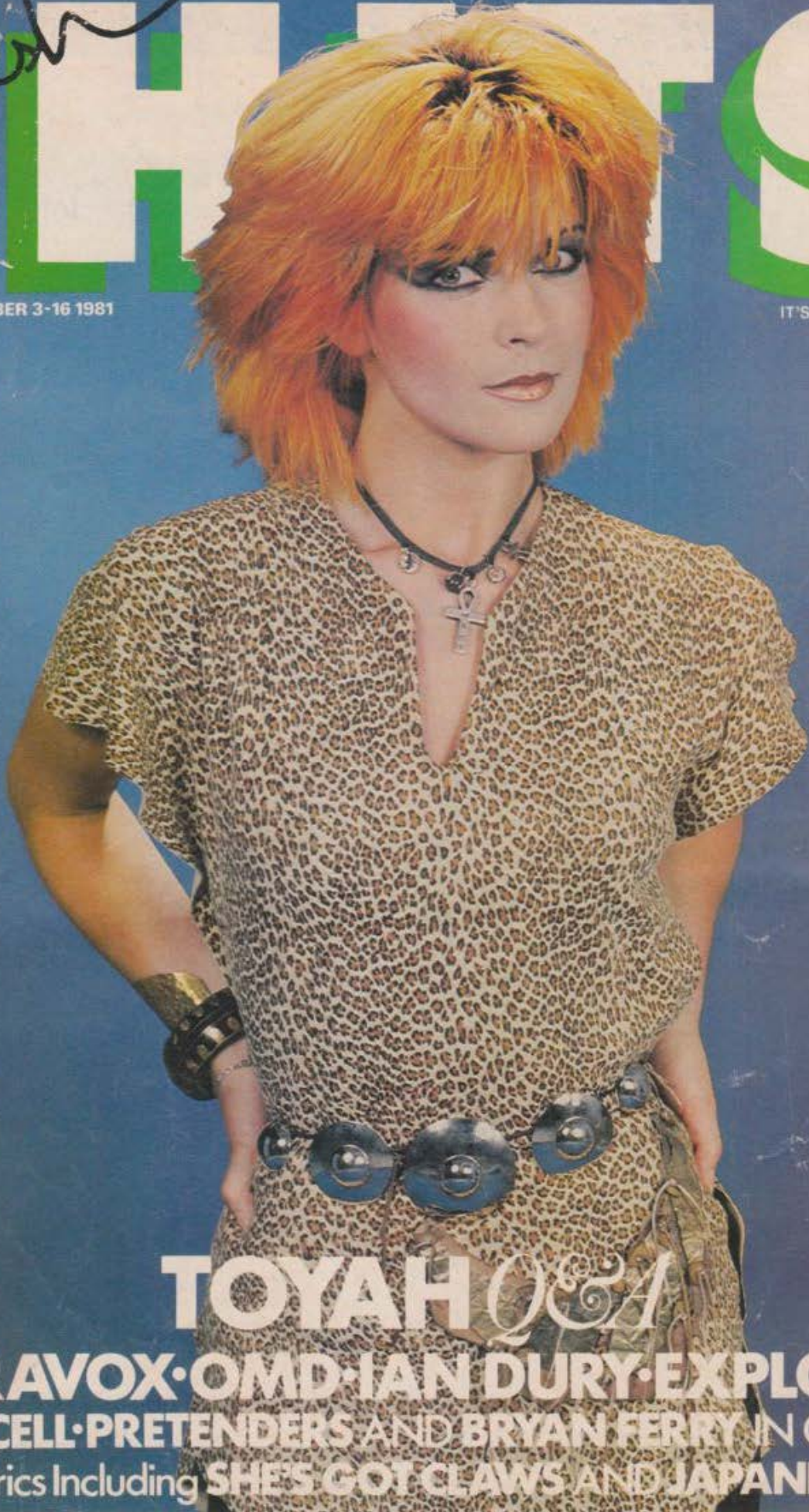


Smash

SMASH

35p SEPTEMBER 3-16 1981

IT'S JUNGLE-FRESH!



TOYAH *Q&A*

**ULTRAVOX · OMD · IAN DURY · EXPLOITED
SOFT CELL · PRETENDERS AND BRYAN FERRY IN COLOUR
15 Hit Lyrics Including SHE'S GOT CLAWS AND JAPANESE BOY**



"GOOD MORNING ladies and gentlemen. My name is Veronica and I'm your guide for this morning's coach tour around the latest issue of Smash Hits. Our driver's name is Derek and between us we hope to make your visit both entertaining and instructive.

As we pass through the magnificent main gates — designed in the 18th Century by Steve Bush — you'll notice the first of a large herd of the latest hit songbirds. Those of you seated on the left of the coach should get a clear view of one of this issue's most popular attractions; the long-awaited readers' interview with Toyah. And if you look carefully behind the forest of competitions, news, reviews and pictures you should be able to make out the — QUICK, OVER THERE BY THE WATERHOLE! IT'S ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES! — Oh, it's gone.

We're now about to pass through The Pretenders centre spread — please note how beautifully marked these creatures are. As we enter this clearing ahead we should be able to see, sweeping majestically across the plain, a pack of Ultravox. See them dart into the undergrowth as The Exploited give chase!

Any minute now Derek will be pulling into the car park of The Cat And Hamster where packed lunches await us. Could you please be back on the coach by one thirty. Thank you." Click.

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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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She's

Got

Claws

by Gary Numan

You are distraction
Like pictures on the wall
I don't like eyes
You are attraction
It gets to be routine
You're up I'm down

Chorus
She's got claws, she's got claws
She's got claws
But the factory knows
We're dreams in cold storage
We could dance the night away

You say you love me
Maybe you do
The patience I can't steal
I don't believe you
You said straight
It's like giving up hope

Here on the ground
On the floor
Screaming nothing at all
Here on the ground
Like some whore
Looking down on you all
And too much advice
I'm not sure

Laughing hyenas
With pens for charm
You'll just suck in the boys
We have to leave soon
Shut the door
This house is far too cool

Repeat chorus

Okay

*Words and music by Numan
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Music Ltd.*

on Beggars Banquet Records



TOYAH REA

Toyah Willcox answers your questions. Mike Stand sorts through the thousands of postcards and sets the scene. Paul Slattery clicks away.

Toyah: flaming cockatoo crest of yellow and red hair retouched that morning, the product of four different shades of dye subtly mixed and applied by her own ingenious hand. Eyes to match. Well, not in colour, but in their blazing liveliness. Make-up aflame. Gaudy Samurai tunic (courtesy Melissa Caplan). You couldn't mistake Toyah for the cleaning lady — nor for the girl next door.

She sits in her publicist's office overlooking sombre Southwark Cathedral and the dead skeleton of an impending office block. She's plainly impressed by the mighty pile of questions Smash Hits readers sent in and my feeling is that if she doesn't answer them she'll eat them — they make her feel so good.

Q: How, what, where, etc., did your parents manage to give you such an incredible, fantastic, tailor-made star's name?

(Sally Bodi, Carshalton).
A: My parents totally deny any memory of where they got the name from, but there is a town in Texas called Toyah. In Red Indian language it means 'water'. Also the neighbouring town there is called Wilcox, so

that must be where my mum got it from — it was definitely her who named me.

Q: What was your school nickname?

(Sarah Fosdike, Ipswich).
A: I had a lot. When I was ten it was 'Barrel' because I was very fat. Then it became 'Toilet' when I was about 14, not only because it sounds like Toyah but I was always hiding in the toilets during lesson times, having a smoke or something. And then I had a best friend called Trisha and she was very thin and I was very fat and we were known as 'Stick 'N The Mud' — I was The Mud.

Q: What do your parents think of what you're doing now?

(Peter Campbell, Wisbaw).
A: My parents are my greatest fans, but when I first said I was going to move to London and become an actress and a singer they tried to discourage it because it's such an insecure profession. Although my dad gave up on telling me what to do when I was about 12 and just said "Let her get on with it" my mother still nags me about the

way I look — only now it's because my hair's yellow and she preferred the red I used to have.

Whereas when I was younger she nagged me about "destroying" my hair. So the viewpoint's changed completely. Well, bleaching your hair isn't good for it. You have to put the life back in so I overcondition it. It's not something I'd advise kids to try themselves.

Q: What was your favourite TV programme when you were younger?

(Nichola, McKenna, London).
A: 'The Munsters' (an American comic-horror series).

Q: Is it true that you had alcohol poisoning at the age of eight?

(Margaret Wotton, Plymouth).
A: Yeah. I blame that on my brother and sister who have a very warped sense of humour. We were in Majorca at a barbecue where there was this very nice red liquid to drink — which was sangria, quite a deadly thing — and they kept filling my glass up. I was slowly sinking under the table. I remember desperately wanting to go to the toilet, but I couldn't

move! I was ill for about a week after that. They reckoned I'd had six bottles of sangria. The pain in my stomach I'll never forget.

Q: Is it true you trained with John Currie and you wanted to be a skater like him?

(William Scott, Morpeth).
A: I didn't actually train with John Currie. We had the same trainer at Solihull ice rink. I started when I was nine and I became very serious about it. I'd go in the mornings before school and then again in the evenings — up to six hours a day. Then when I saw Currie winning the Olympics I thought "God, I know that man". I'd had a mad crush on him when he was younger, he was so beautiful.

When I was 12 I had an operation to straighten my toes and it meant I couldn't skate again because I couldn't put my right foot in a tight boot. I wasn't professionally-minded though and I didn't mind giving it up.

Q: Did you ever predict to your schoolmates that you would be a star at such a young age? If so what was their reaction?

(Alan Sharkey, Huyton).
A: I didn't so much predict as tell



"You expect me to wade through this lot?"



"Hang about. This feels interesting . . ."



"Mmmm. Presents!"

DEERS' Q&A

them the most abominable lies. I remember once I had the whole school thinking I'd be leaving at the end of the week because I'd just been cast in a new musical with Julie Andrews. I'd get bored and invent these stories and believe them myself sometimes! End of the week I got a load of presents off my friends and then on the Monday there I was again saying I'd decided not to do it after all.

Q: Is it a disadvantage being so small?

(Helen Langford, Telford).
A: The only time I dislike being small is when I see lovely women with great long legs and I think "Oh wow, I wish I was like that". And when your fans meet you and go "Oohh, aren't you little!" as if it's something dreadful. Otherwise I don't think about it, though it's true I am verging on the very small — four foot eleven.

Q: If people say unkind things about your appearance what are your true feelings?

(Alan Taylor, Wolverhampton).
A: If the Press say it I won't read it because it'll put me in a bad mood for the rest of the day. But when people in the street laugh

at the way I look I just stick my nose up in the air and walk on as though I'm better than them — which annoys them. It's much better than turning round and swearing and looking hurt.

Q: If you were offered money to pose nude in a men's magazine what would you do?

(I. Glasgow, Chestertfield).
A: Laugh (laughs). Get a stand-in to do it with my wig on. I just haven't got the physique to pull it off. Not only that, it's just not me. I'm too modest.

Q: No offence meant, but how did you come to have your lisp? Were you born with it or did you have an accident, because I think it's brilliant like your voice.

(Nick Dudley, Stockport).
A: (Cackles) I was born with it. I think I've got a very long tongue and big front teeth and they keep clashing when I say the letter 's'. I have actually had elocution lessons to try to get rid of it because when I was at school my parents were very worried about it. It was very bad then and I stuttered too — no-one could understand a word I was saying. Then it wasn't until two years

ago when a reporter said I had a lisp that anyone else bothered to mention it. I thought I'd got rid of it . . . but it doesn't bother me.

Q: How much do you earn a month and do you spend it mostly on clothes?

(Julia Williams, Brassington).
A: I don't get money the way most people do. I get a basic wage, which is fifty quid cash per week, then if I need clothes for costumes or photo sessions I ring up the record company and say "Please can I have some money" — but that has to be paid back through record sales.

Q: On average how much does one of Melissa Caplan's outfits cost you?

(P. Johnson, Herts.).
A: The same as anything else in the shop. They're always under a hundred quid which for nowadays is very good.

Q: Your records make my goldfish, Quasimodo, blow bubbles. Do you think this is good or bad? I think he's trying to sing along.

(Louanne Martin, Co. Down).
A: It's good because it proves he's alive. If he can sing along I think she's going to make a fortune.

Q: Is it true that most of your early lyrics were inspired by dreams and nightmares?

(David Brown, Barking).
A: Yes, but also horror films and books of horror stories and science fiction. That's the main thing: the fear of death.

Q: In some of your songs why do you choose to write about the Egyptians?

(Daren Hill, Stoke).
A: I don't think I have ever written about them. I do love the costumes they used to wear. I think they were one of the first races to develop a really grand style — and technically they were a super-race. Their strength, their beliefs, building the pyramids — it's a great mystery. I just think they were a very beautiful race of people.

Q: You've said that when you were younger and you got in a state about something things in your room would move around of their own accord. Is it still happening and how do you account for it?

(Allison Cornell, Sutton).
A: It isn't still happening. It was when I was in my early teens and

Continued over



"And air mail too."



"You're all mad!"



"I think I've found another brooch!"



From previous page

I was very distressed about a death, the first time I'd ever experienced that loss. I was very unhappy and confused and I do believe that people can channel their energies of anger into something more positive — such as moving objects. It's just like . . . turning me into a photograph.

Q: Does your belly-button stick out?

(Nicky Salmon, Hereford).
A: No.

Q: I read that you were going to get married to your bodyguard Tom Taylor. Is this true?

(L. & R. Gane, Swindon).
A: I don't believe marriage is important. Tom and I are very close, but marriage is like slipping handcuffs on each other and I don't think that's necessary. It's the feelings between you that count. If I get married it will be in my own time and the Press will never know about it.

Q: If you had any children what would you call them?

(Stephen Burke, Barnsley).
A: Prats.

Q: Is it true that there is friction between you and Adam Ant?

(Diane Magee, Sale).
A: Um, there was. In "Jubilee" we fell out over a band that we'd formed, an all-girl group, with me and Adam's wife Eve. He wrote some tunes with me doing the words and we just fell out. But I think Adam is the sort of person who if he has an argument with someone doesn't forget about it easily. I don't feel

anything bad towards Adam whatsoever. I think it's just a clash of egos. That does happen.

Q: Is it true that you really hate Hazel O'Connor? If so, why?

(Donna Eales, Hants.).
A: It's not true. I was probably quite jealous of her when she got the part in "Breaking Glass" (Toyah auditioned for it too). I think in a way we are similar — if I hear me talking on the radio I often think it's her — but that's in our personalities, not in our work. I've met her a few times and she's a very charming person.

Q: What would you do if your chip pan caught fire?

(Raymond Sears, Nottingham).
A: My answer to that is I'm not allowed to eat fried food so I don't have a chip pan.

Q: Why on January 26 this year didn't you turn up to do a gig at Leeds University?

(Tracy Pullen, Tadcaster).
A: We were never booked. I know that no dates of that tour were cancelled so some promoter must have got it wrong.

Q: I've been a devoted Toyah fan for over two years. We, the original fans, have stuck by you but have you forgotten us and are you instead trying to appeal to the people who will forget you next week?

(Joanne Lee, Royston).
A: No, not at all. When you make singles they've got to appeal to a larger market to be important. I want to survive. I have to make a living. I save what I call true Toyah music for the albums when you can be more adventurous. I think it's not a

matter of forgetting anyone. It's remembering that there are more people in Britain than the original Toyah fans. And I say that with all due respect because I keep in touch with them by writing to them personally.

Q: Who looks after your rabbit while you're on tour?

(Darren Raven, Cumbria).
A: My mother looks after him the whole time because even when I'm not on tour I'm never at home. I love him dearly. Sometimes I only visit my parents to see my rabbit!

Q: Is he called Fatso?

(Brian Bennett, Liverpool).
A: I call him Fatso. My mother calls him Samuel. But his original name is Iggy because he was given to me for my birthday when I was 20 by one of Iggy Pop's roadies.

Q: Have you got any habits which tend to annoy people or disgust them, apart from eating baby food off a knife?

(Andrew Fletcher, Stoke).
A: I haven't eaten baby food off a knife for ages. Habits . . . I can't keep still. When I'm in meetings with my management or record company I always pace up and down the room and that makes people feel uneasy. Sometimes I won't shut up. And I'm the sort of person who squirts soda syphons at people.

Q: Is it true that you suffered from a disease called dyslexia and were unable to learn how to read and write until you left school?

(Joe Wood, Bedworth).
A: I don't think dyslexia is a disease. With me I called it social dyslexia — I just didn't

want to learn, I wasn't interested and therefore my way of rebellion against the school was not to learn a thing. I could read and write when I left school, but not really that well.

Q: Does growing old frighten you?

(David Dennis, Tunbridge Wells).
A: Not growing old, growing senile worries me a bit. Losing control of my mind.

Q: Where do you get all your energy from?

(James McGhee, Leeds).
A: It doesn't come from taking a lot of pills I can assure you. I'm a very nervous person believe it or not. I'm very concerned about my audiences and I always feel guilty if ever I think I've given a bad show. So I build myself up so much before performing that all my nerves turn into energy.

Q: Do you still practice the limbo?

(Robert Stuart, Doncaster).
A: No, that's something I used to do when my brother and sister got me drunk.

Q: Are you as tough as you say you are?

(Bernard O'Brien, Waterford).
A: I don't think I've ever said I'm tough. I'm physically stronger than most women of my age and size, but that's because I've worked on it. Emotionally I'm hurt by things people say. I just stick up for myself.

Q: Can I have my plastic spoons back please?

(Peter Allen, Pete's Cafe, Leicester).
A: Who? . . . where does he come from? Leicester? I'm sorry, I don't remember nicking your plastic spoons but I bet it was a guy called Charlie Francis who did it, not me. He was our old bass player and he was very fond of plastic spoons.

Q: Will you marry me?

(Stephen McKenna, Blackburn).
A: No, I want to marry someone I know.

All those readers whose questions are quoted will be receiving an autographed copy of Toyah's new single as soon as it's released.



"Right. That's your lot."



NEW SINGLE

7" & 12"

LIMITED EDITION
IN A PICTURE BAG

SO THIS IS ROMANCE c/w SO THIS IS ROMANCE
(THE RIO MIX)

 Chrysalis

SIGNED ULTRAVOX LPs – 100% OFF

HANG ON! Don't buy it yet, you might just be able to win one FREE! Whaddya mean 'what are we on about?' SIGNED ULTRAVOX LPs, of course.

It's dead simple. To earn yourself one of 25 autographed copies of "Rage In Eden", all that's required is a brief browse through the following literary masterwork (the bit on the right). Craftily buried in it are the titles of five familiar Ultravox singles. The words might be separated by punctuation but they're all in the correct order.

Scribble the five names on a postcard and send it with all speed to "Smash Hits Ultravox Competition", 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF, not forgetting your name and address. The first 25 correct ones to be sifted from the stack on September 17 will save themselves that tiresome trip to the record store.

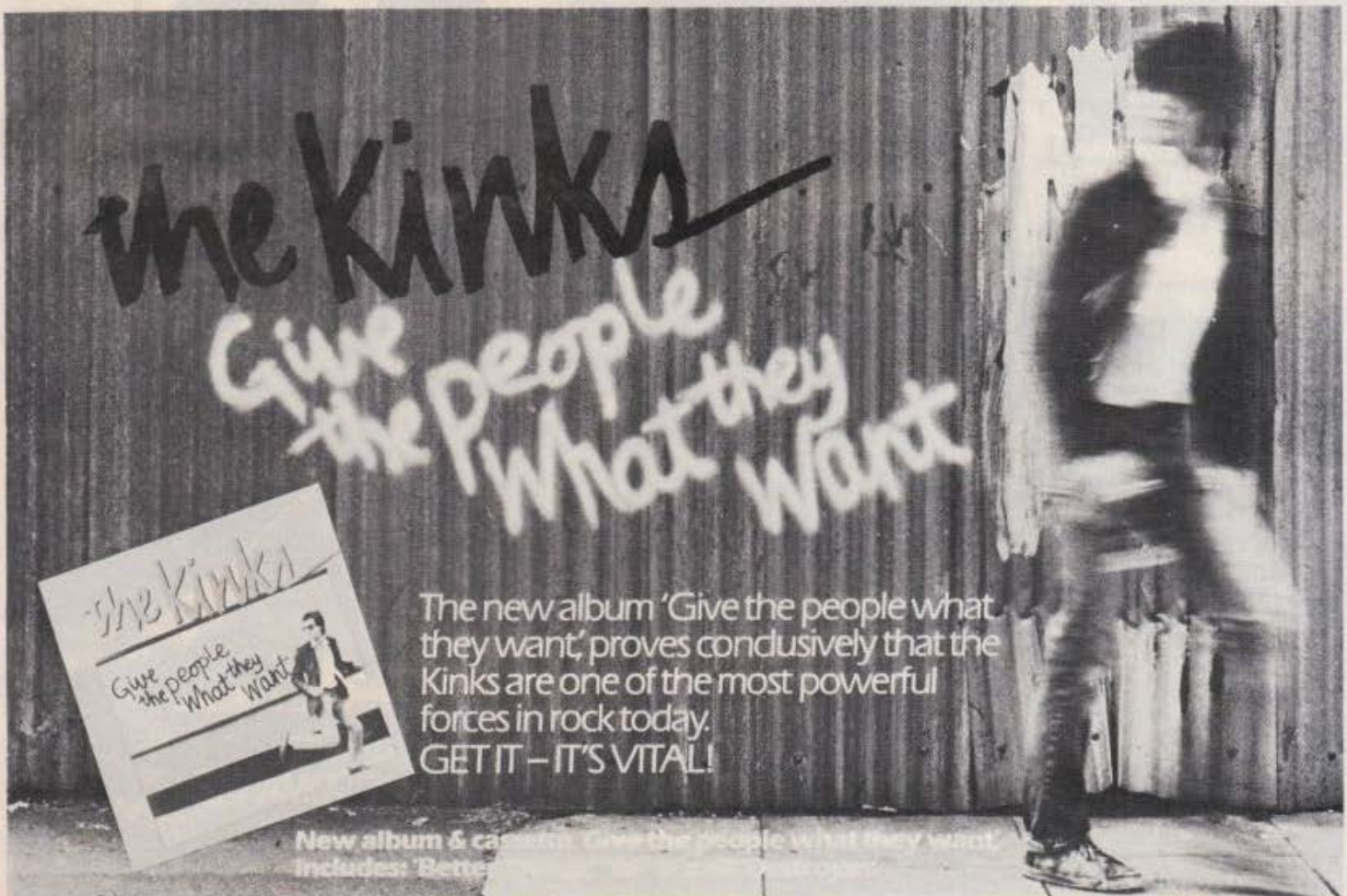
Well don't just sit there. Everyone else has started!

"Dominic was scared stiff. £1.50 he'd paid to see this horror film and he was thinking of trying to get a refund. "The Filling" it was called. All about a doomed dentist.

It's set in Vienna, see, where the tooth-tugger in question happens to sleepwalk into a haunted castle, thinks he's still at work, and starts pulling The Count's gnashers out. The Count, a bit narked, picks up an axe, misses the dentist, and smashes the thin wall between them and a cage of giant poisonous bats. Very nasty.

At this point the audience all stood — still clutching their ices — turned round and ran for the exit, passing strangers queuing outside and begging them to think again.

"Don't go in!" yelled Dom. "It's rubbish. I've had more fun watching paint dry." (Moral: always tell the tooth, the whole tooth and nothing but the tooth!)



BODY LANGUAGE

Ian Dury's pointed new single isn't getting much help from the radio stations. Mike Stand thinks it should (especially in The Year of The Disabled).

"HAVEN'T YOU heard? I'm a Fifth Columnist for the Year Of Disabled People. They've bribed me massively."

He's done it again. Ian Dury, whose solo career began in 1977 with a radio ban for his delightfully disgraceful "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll", has resumed Blockhead-less record activity with another one to test the tastebuds of the wireless big-wigs.

Of course, because of endless hoo-haas about censorship in recent years neither the Beeb nor commercial radio ever pronounce a record 'officially banned' now. On the other hand a few records still don't get much airplay for reasons clearly non-musical, and Dury's first Polydor single, "Spasticus Autisticus", is shaping up as one of these.

Peruse the accompanying lyrics and you may be looking at why. They deal with extreme physical handicap in a tone which

is rumbustious, ribald and even rude. What's more the Dury vocal hardly introduces a note of hushed and pitying reverence — it's more like a bookie shouting the odds at Newmarket.

And it seems to have caused all kinds of jitters in radio city, thereby hampering its chart chances and perhaps preventing the Dury message and an excellent record from reaching a wide audience.

"If it creates any kind of feeling of bad taste I hope it's in the mouths of people when they look away . . . from themselves.

Anyone who winces out, well they must be the ones it was meant for. I suppose I could say the whole thing's about prejudice, but then I'd start to think I was sounding pretentious.

"To defend or explain a song like this sounds like a compromise in a way. It's got a beginning, a middle and an end and a lot of bollocks. That's why I thought it would be a good



PIC: CHALKIE DAVIES

single. As to what it's about, I would just say it's a celebration of spirit."

When I expressed my feeling that such pungent ideas could only be voiced by someone 'qualified' through a physical handicap of his own, otherwise it would sound cruel, Dury disagreed totally: "I wish Rod Stewart would do a cover version and clear that one up. Some, big athletic geezer. 'Spasticus' isn't me. I've only got a bad leg. Spasticus is smashed to bits. It's presumptive of me to try to express what he feels like, but that's down to whether I wrote it with enough skill."

In fact the inspiration came from a spastic man who was wheeled into Dury's dressing room after he'd played a gig at the Sobell Centre in North London last winter. A grievously twisted figure, he could only croak barely intelligible sounds out of the side of his mouth, but Dury just about understood from his years of growing up with disabled people when he had polio as a child.

The man told Dury that he had two degrees from the Oxbridge universities and the greatest pain he suffered was that nobody knew who he was; nobody could conceive that there might be a bright intelligence within his ruined body; nobody communicated.

That's Spasticus. And he's got more than a song. Dury composed a sort of manifesto for him which is printed on the sleeve of the single: "My tribe knows no national boundaries/And pays no heed/To race or creed/ . . . My tribe can generate warmth and fear in people from other tribes/ . . . Hallo to you out there in Normal land/We too are determined to be free."

Well the International Year Of Disabled People campaigners, who you might have expected to be first in the queue to take umbrage over any 'insensitivity',

seem to have got "Spasticus" sussed a lot better than our timid radio programmers.

One of their Press officers called Carolyn Keen told me: "I would have thought the thing for radio stations to do would be to play it and then ask whether it was offending anyone and if so why? The record is what the 'Year' is about — 'Look at me as a person. Judge on my abilities, not my disabilities."

So don't feel guilty if, given the opportunity, you like "Spasticus Autisticus". You're even allowed to laugh I gather, and the same will probably apply to the veritable deluge of Dury forthcoming. Any controversy shouldn't obscure the good news that after a 12-month breather he's back in tandem with Chas Jankel, master arranger and co-writer of such great songs as "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick".

Separately they each made good albums which nosedived commercially (although Quincy Jones' version of Jankel's "Ai No Corrida" was an international smash). Together again the omens seem far better. They went to the Bahamas in May to record a Dury 'solo' LP, whence "Spasticus", with the ubiquitous rhythm princes Sly and Robbie. That should be out in September.

Meanwhile Dury has written the words for five tracks on Jankel's second A&M 'solo' album, now nearly complete. Somewhat confusingly they intend to keep their live work separate. Dury will continue appearing with the Blockheads — "until I'm 80" he reckons — and his fondest hope at the moment is that they will now record an LP without him.

All reasons to be cheerful. The verbal art of British pop is in good hands once more.

● The International Year Of Disabled People campaign can be contacted at 26, Bedford Square, London WC1.

SPASTICUS AUTISTICUS

By Ian Dury on Polydor Records

Chorus

I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus autisticus
I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus autisticus
I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus autisticus

I widdle when I piddle 'cos my middle is a riddle

Repeat chorus

I dribble when I nibble and I quibble when I scribble

Hallo to you out there in Normal land
You may not comprehend my tale or understand
As I go past your window give me lucky looks
You can read my body but you'll never read my books

Repeat chorus

I'm nobbled on the cobbles 'cos I hobble when I wobble

Swim — get up, get up, get up, get down fall over

So place your hard-earned peanuts in my tin
And thank the creator you're not in the state I'm in
So long have I been languished on the shelf
I must give all proceedings to myself.

Repeat chorus

Fifty-four appliances in leather and elastic
A hundred thousand thank-you's from twenty-seven
Spasticus, spasticus, spasticus autisticus
Spasticus, spasticus, spasticus autisticus
Spasticus, spasticus, spasticus autisticus
Spasticus, spasticus, spasticus autisticus

I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus
I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus, I'm spasticus

Spasticus

Words and music by Dury/Jankel
Reproduced by permission Blackhill Music Ltd./Heatwave Music Ltd.

bitz.

CHOPS AWAY

MEAT LOAF is back. Since he's been away, he's managed to shift (not literally) 8½ million copies of "But Out Of Hell" and thus it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that his record company have high hopes for the follow-up. Rather less dramatically titled than the last one, "Dead Ringer" should be basking in your local disc shop at this very moment.

ROGER, OLD MICK, NASH AND GARY

GARY NUMAN — (you see! We don't *always* call him Gazza) — releases his new studio LP, "Dance", on September 4. It's made up of 11 tracks (all composed by Gary), including the new single "She's Got Claws", and features a fair number of guest musicians including Japan's Mick Karn on bass and sax, Queen's Roger Taylor on drums and "old bandage features" himself — Nash The Slash on violin.

PERSONAL FILE



DAVID SYLVIAN (of Japan)

FULL NAME: David Sylvian (changed by deed poll from my original surname, Batt).
DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH: 23.2.58 in Beckenham, Kent.
EDUCATION: In Lewisham.
HIGH SPOT OF EDUCATION: Being thrown out towards the end because of my appearance (wearing make-up, etc.).
FIRST CRUSH: Still waiting for one.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "I'm Still Waiting" by Diana Ross.
FIRST ALBUM: "The Jackson 5".
FIRST LIVE SHOW ATTENDED: The Jackson 5.
PREVIOUS JOBS: None. I went

straight from school to the dole and stayed there for a while.
PREVIOUS BANDS: Japan has been the only band.
MARITAL STATUS: Single.
CHILDREN: None, definitely.
PRESENT HOME: I have been living in South Kensington, London, for about a year. Before that I lived in Belgravia (South London).
PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT: Our third album, as it was the only one I was truly satisfied with and I see it as a peak for the band.
LOWEST POINT OF CAREER: There have been far too many to mention, but possibly our first visit to Germany where we had no hotel, were supposed to play in a dump and things were just awful.
HERO: Andy Warhol.
HEROINE: Catherine Hepburn.
FAVOURITE ACTOR: Spencer Tracey.
DESERT ISLAND DISC: "Another Green World" by Eno or "Berlin" by Lou Reed.
FAVOURITE BOOK: Andy Warhol's "From A To B And Back Again".
FAVOURITE FILM: "Les Enfants Terribles" or "Providence".
FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING: Ties. I have hundreds of all types and colours, including bow-ties.
FAVOURITE FOOD: Japanese and Indian.
PET HATE: Touring.
TRUE CONFESSION: None. I'm too good.
COLOUR OF SOCKS: Grey.

ALL TIME TOP TEN



DAVE GAHAN (of Depeche Mode)

1. **FUNKPOLITAN:** *As The Time Goes By* (London). The best new funk record since James Brown.
2. **KILLING JOKE:** *Follow The Leaders* (Malicious Damage).
3. **KRAFTWERK:** *Computer Love* (EMI). The beauty of Kraftwerk records is they're so simple and still so great.
4. **VISAGE:** *Visage* (Polydor). A great song with an excellent production.
5. **WASTED YOUTH:** *Jealousy* (Bridge House Records). I really think this should have been a huge hit.
6. **DAVID BOWIE:** *Heroes* (RCA). My hero.
7. **IGGY POP:** *The Passenger* (Arista). Always makes me want to sing along.
8. **PHIL LYNOTT:** *Yellow Pearl* (Phonogram). Great drumming and a great record.
9. **TUXEDO MOON:** *No Tears* (Joe Boy). This is exciting, fast and makes me dance.
10. **ROBERT RENTAL & THOMAS LEER:** *Monochrome Days* (Industrial). I like the vocals on this, a good record.



Policemen relax between recording sessions. The strain's beginning to tell.

THERE'S NEVER a dull moment in the Police camp. On September 18 they zip out a new single called "Invisible Sun" and on October 2 they release a new album called "Ghost In The Machine". Recorded in Montserrat, an island in the West Indies, it was produced by the boys along with Hugh Padgham. The tracks include: "Spirits in the Material World", "Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic", "Invisible Sun", "Hungry For You", "Demolition Man" (the song Sting originally wrote for

Grace Jones), "Too Much Information", "Rehumanise Yourself", "One World Not Three", "Omega Man", "Secret Journey" and "Darkness". And that's not all. Miles Copeland, the group's manager, recently slipped into Holy Wedlock. He married American photographer Mary Tegg and, of course, his boys were there despite having to make their way from Venezuela where they were playing a concert. Sting was the best man.

FAN CLUBS

ULTRAVOX
c/o Morrison O'Donnell
9 Disraeli Road
Putney
London SW15

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES
PO Box 134
London W2 4DN

DURAN DURAN CLUB
76 Hurst Street
Birmingham B5

TOYAH
Inter-Galactic Ranch House
42 Manchester Street
London W1



DISCO FOR THE DEAF

HATE "HOOKED On Classics"? Well, The Portsmouth Sinfonia's "Classical Muddly" is even worse. What's more, they're genuinely proud of the fact!

The self-styled "World's Worst Orchestra" have just let loose an excruciating 13-part "melange" thinly joined by an off-beat disco hand-clap. More daunting still is the flip, involving all 82 of the Sinfonia (each one a master of the 'bum note') plus a 350-strong tone-deaf choir — a threat to music-lovers everywhere.

In their own words, "it's great. It could put kids off classical music for life."

These men *deserve* your vote.

ONE OF the best things about having your own cassette player is the fun you can have compiling your own personal dance tapes. With the recent release of a cassette called "Hot You're Hot" Island Records have taken the whole process one step further.

On the first side they kindly provide a crash course in the very hippest dance sounds around via contributions from Tom Tom Club ("Wordy Rappinghood"), Bunny Wailer ("Walk The Proud Land"), Robert Palmer ("Looking For Clues"), Was (Not Was) ("Out Come The Freaks"), Grace Jones ("Feel Up") and seven mighty fine others.

And because it's in the One Plus One series you get the additional benefit of a second blank side.

Not bad for £3.99.

WANT A copy? Lucky, that, 'cos we just happen to be giving some away. 25 in total, each one positively bulging with brain-bogglers and signed by the fair hand of its author, Mike Read, the man in the "I'm Backing Britain" jacket.

To earn yourself a copy of this priceless literary work, tackle the following teaser lifted from its very pages (be warned — it's a lot easier than most). One of the five groups listed originates from each of the five towns below: write the five town names on a postcard in the correct order and send it — along with your name and address — to Quiz Book Competition, Smash Hits, 52/55 Carnaby Street, LONDON W1V 1PF. The first 25 right answers to be randomly filched from the sack on September 17 will be sent something for a rainy day.

a) The Piranhas, b) The Undertones, c) The Angelic Upstarts, d) The Specials, e) The Teardrop Explodes. Either: Coventry, Londonderry, Liverpool, Newcastle or Brighton.



PIC. SIMON FOWLER

"Urry up, Squire, we gotta get all vis clobber back ter ver hire shop by ten-ferty!" (Back row): Gary Kemp, Steve Strange, John Keeble; (front row): Steve Norman, Tony Hadley, Martin Kemp and, ahem, friend.

THOUGHT IT was Judas Priest, didn't you? So did everyone else at the sumptuous bean-feast hosted by Chrysalis Records for their major bread-winner, Debbie Harry. On second thoughts, who invited Judas Priest? Who actually were these six sultry, hide-clad honchos guzzling all the lager supplies?

"We just did it for a laugh,"

Steve Strange told our man from *Bitz*. "Everyone was expecting us to turn up in something really colourful and outrageous, so we did what they least expected. We arrived on motorbikes, too — the whole bit!"

Rumours that Judas Priest turned up later wearing table-cloths are completely untrue.



"I'M STILL surprised after (ahem) All These Years that people still start shaking when they're talking to me."

Bill Wyman settles back in his armchair. He looks younger than his 45 years, is relaxed, affable, soft-spoken, almost camp. It seems a far cry from his public image as the stony-faced Stone behind the upright bass guitar. But then, isn't that just what "Si Si Je Suis Un Rock Star" is laughing at?

"Kids come up to me and they can't get the words out. It still amazes me. I spend half my time when I'm saying hello to them: going 'Look, relax. I'm only a bloke, same as you are'."

'A bloke', nevertheless, who — however much he makes fun of it — does live in a villa in the South of France, mixes with "artists, writers, nuclear physicists", has been one of the world's best-known rock musicians for nigh-on 20 years, and who now seems to be embarking on a successful solo bash too. Oui, oui, Bill Wyman est undeniably un rock star.

For example, "Je Suis" mentions a "disco in Battersea". When, I chide, were you last in a Battersea disco? I'm expecting a sleazy anecdote from his South London youth but in fact it's from a visit to Roddy Llewellyn's (now defunct) trendy club, "Bennett". Being a star, Bill had been invited to join. But when he eventually turned up one night, he'd left his invite in France.

"They messed me around for 20 minutes at the door, then I had to wait half an hour before I could get a drink. I never went back again."

Bill has two singles ready to follow the success of "Je Suis", but his main work is still with The Rolling Stones who've a new

album due and a three month tour planned. Bill's into photography, collecting videos, sport, astronomy and archeology. He's "fed up with England's football team" but likes The Stray Cats, Japan, Duran Duran and The Police.

What are the other Stones up to?

"Not a lot," comes the swift reply. Jagger lives in New York and was doing some filming in Peru "until they all got dysentery". Keith Richards lives in New England and does occasional session work. Ronnie Wood does sessions too and lives in Los Angeles. Charlie Watts drums in a boogie band called Rocket 88 and is based in Gloucester.

"But I think," adds Bill, "that my outside interests are more important to me than theirs are to them."

So how does he feel about his solo success?

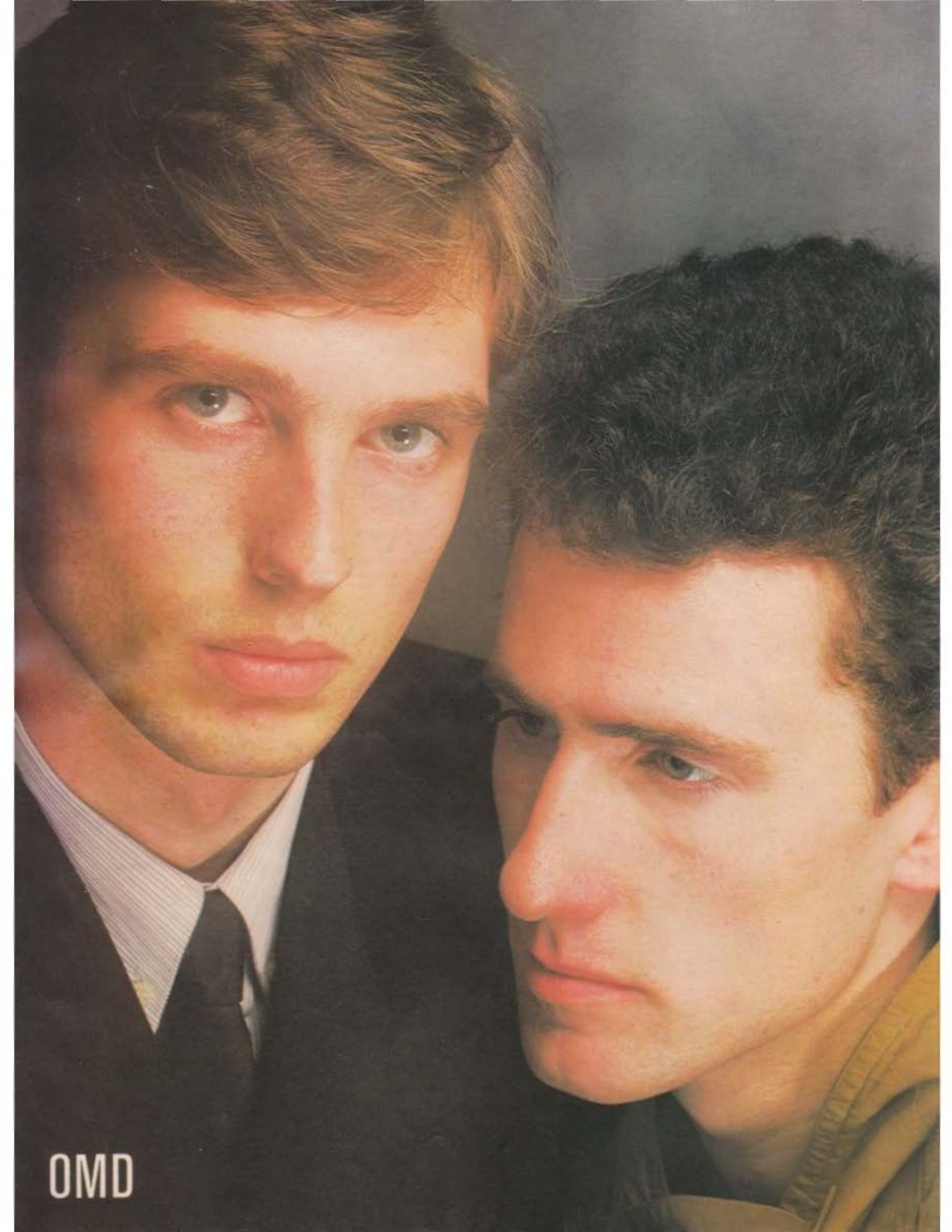
"It's all exciting, it's like Christmas. I mean, you do a Number One with the Stones — fine. But it's old news. And suddenly I've got a hit record and I'm all excited. It's so naive. I ring up A&M Records and say 'How many did you sell today?'. They say '7,800' and I go 'Wow, fantastic!'. If that was the Stones and EMI said we'd sold 7,800, I'd go 'What a bummer!'. But I'm so thrilled 7,800 people have walked into shops and bought this single. I'm like a kid with a new toy."

He may be a 'rock star' but he's only human. Any special message for "Smash Hits" readers?

"Yes. I'd love to say thank-you to all those lovely people who gave me my Christmas present early."

You see?

Dave Rimmer



OMD

"I think we could leave the synth pop tunes to Depeche Mode — they're better at it than us these days."

The new OMD single, "Souvenir", breaks a six month silence. But they haven't been basking in the Bahamas. They've been hard at work in their Liverpool home. **Ian Cranna** takes the inter-city in pursuit of details.

IF SHATTERING the popular impression of yourself was a crime, there'd be enough in The Gramophone Suite to put Orchestral Manoeuvres away for life.

Occupying part of the first floor of a run down, leaky converted warehouse in central Liverpool, OMD's studio home used to be a printer's workshop and the blackened heavy beams aloft still bear witness to where the heavy machinery used to run.

These days it looks like an explosion in a keyboard factory. Far from the immaculate banks of gleaming aluminium and rows of faders, switches and flickering dials I'd expected, the large, undecorated room is littered with a profusion of trailing wires and disembodied parts, some in packing cases and some simply heaped on the grubby carpet. A veritable sea of dusty gadgetry surrounds a central island of OMD's working instruments.

As if to rub in the rude awakening, that heap on the floor over there is Paul Humphries and drummer Malcolm Hughes wrestling with a small cassette machine. The original '80s microchip kids? Forget it.

"We haven't got a clue what's going on half the time," admits Paul cheerfully and not in the least concerned.

The scrum over and the machine conquered, we retire to the cheaply partitioned-off area that serves as an office while Andy McCluskey unearths some cups and proceeds to make the coffee.

"Is this mine?" queries Paul, peering doubtfully into the murky depths of the mug nearest to him.

"Honest," says Andy, "it won't kill you — I promise."

"IT'S BEEN a difficult year," Andy sighs, settling himself on the table.

"It really has," Paul murmurs in agreement.

For a start OMD have had to find a new keyboard player, their third in a year, following the departure of Martin Cooper due to the proverbial musical differences. The incoming face belongs to one Mike Douglas.

"It's funny," Andy says, "Martin has joined Dave Hughes, who used to play with us, in a band called Godot. Godot pinched a lot of musicians out of a band called In A Glass Darkly and just about the only one left in this band was the

keyboard player Mike Douglas!"

But, unless you happen to be Squeeze, finding a new keyboard player doesn't take nine months. So what else have OMD been up to since "Enola Gay" graced the nation's airwaves last October? Touring provides part of the answer, with France, Canada and the United States all getting to see OMD in action, followed by a mad rush to get the new album finished.

"The funniest thing," Andy says, "is that you can't explain that to people. Because they haven't seen you on TV in nine months and they haven't heard any records from you, they think you must have been slouching around in The Bahamas or something, living off your ill-gotten gains. And all we've ever done is work!"

And so it is that, slowly and reluctantly, Orchestral Manoeuvres find themselves coming to terms with the gradual transformation of what used to be a pleasant hobby into a demanding full time career with all its accompanying problems. Little things like losing all the money you've made so far on touring abroad.

"I couldn't believe it," Andy shakes his head, still incredulous.

"And everybody had been sayin', 'This is for your careers, this is for the future' and we got back home in March and we looked at each other and thought, if we'd retired in November, we'd be *rolling* in it!"

"Quite a frightening prospect — if you retired at Point A you'd be much more rich than if you went on to do the next album!"

But tours do have their point, Andy concedes. If, for instance, OMD hadn't toured France they wouldn't be as big there as they are, and "Enola Gay" has now sold more there than it has in this country. Nor is money really the main concern. The important thing is that OMD get upset at being pushed in directions they don't want to go, especially when, as here, touring has robbed OMD (slow writers at the best of times) of the time they need to write at their instruments.

As Andy points out, you can't sit up the back of the tour bus and strum your synthesiser . . .

BUT ANDY'S enduring love/hate relationship with the music business, it should perhaps be pointed out, is a favourite

Continued over

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES in the dark

From previous page

McCluskey talking point. The music industry, he feels, is about high quantity and low quality while painstaking perfectionists OMD are all about high quality and therefore low quantity. The difference is all the more marked as OMD are currently experiencing the birthpangs of having to rush work on their new songs.

"Souvenir" is a case in point. Something of a departure for OMD since the melody was written by ex-member Martin and sung by Paul, the band had several attempts at recording it before having to settle for a version that was slightly speeded up (which is why Paul sounds, er, a little high pitched!). Consequently agonising Andy, who has a fixation about everything OMD do being classic (especially singles), is only grudgingly pleased with it. Mind you, when it comes to liking their singles at the time of release, Andy doesn't exactly have a red hot track record. "Messages," grins Paul gleefully. "For two months he despised 'Messages'!"

"I thought 'Messages' was middle of the road," confesses Andy. "I thought it was a muddy mix and I didn't like it. And then it suddenly dawned on me how nice it was! The funniest thing was when we did 'Top Of The Pops' I still hated 'Messages' and it was the hardest thing for me to pretend to be into singing it! "And the same with 'Enola Gay' — I liked the song but I didn't think the recording did it justice."

At this point we pick our way across the debris-strewn main studio to another partitioned section in the opposite corner. At the door is a rack of shelves holding reels of recording tape. One such box has 'Electricity' marked on it and, so the perfectionists tell me, contains version after version of "Electricity" as they search for the elusive perfect recording!

Inside the partition is the control room, containing a large mixing desk, some more discarded gadgetry on the floor, and an interesting selection of OMD hints and clues lying about — old photos pinned to the wall of Andy and Paul with long hair, some classical and BBC sound effects records in a corner, and a couple of books on Joan of Arc (research for a forthcoming album track) sitting on a rather dilapidated stool.

After some fiddling with the tapes, rough mixes of some of the new album boom forth from the giant speakers in the corners, sounding very impressive indeed. "Sealand" is a natural progression from "Stanlow", while the strongly melodic pieces which follow — the simple, plaintive "She's Leaving" (which would make an excellent single) and the moodier "Georgia" are in the more traditional OMD vein.

But one track in particular stands out — a powerful, intense piece called "New Stone Age" which features (shock horror) guitar and is much more aggressive than anything OMD have done before. "Unlike what you'd expect OMD to be like, isn't it?" says Andy proudly.

Souvenir

By OMD on Dindisc Records

It's my direction
It's my proposal
It's so hard it's leading me astray

My obsession
It's my creation
You'll understand it's not important now

All I need is co-ordination
I can't imagine my destination
My intention,
Ask my opinion
But no excuse,
My feeling still remains

My feelings still remain
My feelings still remain

Words and music
by Humphreys/Cooper
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Dinsong Ltd.



The new line-up of OMD. Left to right: new keyboard player Mike Douglas, Andy McCluskey, drummer Malcolm Hughes and Paul Humphreys, whose speeded up vocal graces "Souvenir".

"We're quite stunned by that."

"The boys who wrote 'Red Frame White Light' — how did we write that one? It's only been a couple of years since some of the stuff that was on the first album and it's a transformation. We're not saying it's better but it's quite far away!"

ONE OF the many good things about this extremely likeable and intelligent band with their nice line in self-effacing humour is their constant striving not just to produce strong and emotional music but always to outdo what they've done before. It's something they're not given nearly enough credit for, especially in certain sections of the music press who seem to have some misguided but deep-rooted suspicions about OMD's choice of synthesisers and smart clothes over the more pose-worthy guitars and

leather jackets.

"The only thing they will accept on a synthesiser," says Andy with feeling, "is a naive pop tune — 'oh, how pleasant' — a really condescending attitude towards anybody who plays synthesisers. But they also treat you like a real simpleton. They treat you like you're not important, you're not worthwhile — 'you haven't really got a brain, you can only write cute tunes.'" This, to put it mildly, does not suit OMD in any sense of the word. Orchestral Manoeuvres are nothing if not keen to progress and impress.

"We could make a whole album of little melodies and things that would keep everybody happy who liked 'Enola Gay' and 'Red Frame White Light' but we don't want to do that any more. Without saying the wrong thing, I think we could

leave the synth pop tunes to Depeche Mode — they're better at it than us these days." Listening to "Souvenir" again, I think you can safely put that last remark down to a bad case of Andy's ambitions and album agonising.

AS I take my leave, Andy and Paul settle down to work again, bemoaning their slowness in readying their material and the album's deadlines. (It's due out in October.) "I think it's because of the way we write," Andy offers. "We write on synthesisers and we write on interesting noises, and it takes you a long time. And now, especially because we've used a lot of our instruments so much — it's hard to keep coming up and surprising yourself. But that's what we aim to do all the time. That's why we make music."

Genesis

ABACAB



Look up on the wall
There on the floor
Under the pillow
Behind the door
There's a crack in the mirror
Somewhere there's a hole in the window pane
Do you think I'm to blame
Tell me do you think I'm to blame.

Chorus

When they do it — you're never there
When they show it — you stop and stare
Abacab — isn't anywhere
Acacab (doesn't really care)

If you're wrapping
Up the world
'Cause you've taken
Someone else's girl
When they turn on the pillow
Even when they answer the telephone
Don't you think that by now
Tell me don't you think that by now

Repeat chorus

You want it you've got it
Now you know
You want it you've got it
Now you know

It's an illusion
It's a game
Or reflection
Or someone else's name
When you wake in the morning
Wake and find you're covered in cellophane
Well there's a hole in there somewhere
Yeah there's a hole in there somewhere
Baby there's a hole in there somewhere
Now there's a hole in there somewhere

Repeat chorus

*Words and music by Rutherford/Banks/Collins
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Hit & Run Music Ltd*

on Charisma Records

Hand Held In Black & White

by Dollar on WEA Records

On a ticket Tokyo return
Colour evening palaces that burn
Some expression leading to the sky
They will wait until you learn to fly

Chorus

Hand held in black and white
Into the Northern light
Fly like a silver wing higher
Catching the southern wind
Gliding and other things
Fly like a silver wing higher

Inner visions written on the wall
In graffiti winner takes it all
Take a chance and put your money down
We will race you high above the ground

Repeat chorus

Inner visions written on the wall
In graffiti winner takes it all
Take a chance and put your money down
We will race you high above the ground

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Trevor Horn/Bruce Woolley
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What's that sound?



new single from
Rikki SYLVAN
What's that sound?



HAVANA

let's go !!



FRUITY COCKTAIL MIX!



Aneka

JAPANESE BOY

He said that he loved me he never would go oh-oh, oh-oh
 Now I find I'm sitting here on my own oh-oh, oh-oh
 Was it something I've said or done
 That's made him pack his bags up and run
 Could it be another he's found
 It's breaking up the happy home

Chorus

Mister can you tell me where my love has gone
 He's a Japanese boy
 I woke up one morning and my love was gone
 Oh my Japanese boy
 (Ooh I miss my Japanese boy)

People ask about him everyday oh-oh, oh-oh
 I don't know what to tell them what can I say oh-oh, oh-oh
 If only he would write me or call
 A word of explanation that's all
 It would stop me climbing the wall
 It's breaking up the happy home

Repeat chorus

Was it something I've said or done
 That's made him pack his bags up and run
 Could it be another he's found
 It's breaking up the happy home

Repeat chorus to fade

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Visage: Visage
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	Album	Cassette
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BIRO buddies

I am a futurist and would like to correspond with male types, preferably from London or Scotland. My fave groups include: Depeche Mode, Japan, Spandau Ballet, Visage, etc. Please write to Julie Guest, 7 Morris Road, Upholland, Skelmersdale, Lancs.

I am 13 and like heavy music. I like going to parties and meeting people with a good sense of humour. Write to Lisa Green, The Stag Inn, Hawthorn Lane, Garnham Common, Bucks.

Young lady who likes fast cars and fast living seeks bright blue-eyed lad, into every type of music except punk and country 'n' western. Aged 16. Interested? Then contact Jane Cazalet, Bury Manor, Wick, Nr Bristol, Avon.

I am 18 and am interested in Adam And The Ants, Duran, Spandau, Visage and also going to discos. I play badminton and enjoy swimming and jogging. Contact: Rebecca Ward, The Duffryn, Trostrey, Nr Usk, Gwent NP5 1LA, S. Wales.

Girl requires nice male penpal, 18+. Likes: most music, especially Rod Stewart. Send pic to: Ann Leaver, 24 New Chapel St, Mill Hill, Blackburn, Lancs.

My name is Joanne Mason but call me Jo. I would like to write to anyone aged 13-17. My interests are singing, laughing and sometimes getting on teachers' nerves. I like Toyah, Visage and The Teardrop Explodes. Write to me at: The Fiat, Old Rectory, Cricket Malherbie, Nr Ilminster, Somerset.

If you live in the West Didsbury area of Manchester and would like to write to a girl moving there soon, then start writing. I'm 17 and like most music, discos, parties and fashion. If you would like to share your secrets with me, write to Kim at 66 Sandy Lane, Chorlton, Manchester.

I'm 18 and looking for a girl to write to, aged 14-18. I'm interested in most sports, including football, and like most music. Write to Dave at 33 Cornwall Grove, Bletchley, Milton Keynes.

We're 17 and looking for two bright males, preferably stationed in the Army or something similar. One must be a Liverpool FC fan and both should like The Teardrop Explodes. We also like 2-Tone, The Clash, The Jam, Squeeze, Dexy's, Duran and Spandau. Write to Liz at 130 Buckhold Road, Wandsworth, London SW18.

I am a 15 year old Numanoid who would like to write to anyone aged 15-17. I promise to answer any letter I get! Some hope! I like Gary Numan, most punk music, XTC, Adam And The Ants and all futurist music. Write to: M. Brown, 123 Stalmine Road, Walton, Liverpool 9.

Wanted! Extrovert males (14-16) crazy about Psychedelic Furs, Bauhaus, The Bunynmen and U2. Into having a good time. Please write to Jane of Woodland, Newroad, Mistley, Manningtree, Essex.

If you can move to the groove and love discos, then just get into the beat with your ink and scribble on down to: Joanne Palmer, 221 Woodward Road, Dagenham, Essex. Main interests: Duran Duran, Spandau, Depeche Mode, Numan.

Hi boys! Two 13 year old girls want to write to people with a sense of humour. We like Madness, Ants and AC/DC. Dishy boys especially welcome. Contact Donna and Ali, Hilton Farmhouse, Inverkeilor, Arbroath, Angus, Scotland.

Male, 16, who dislikes being classified as anything, would like female penpal, aged 15-17. Must have sense of humour. I like Joy Division, Madness, New Order, OMD, The Freshies, etc. Pics if possible to: Ian Amphlett, 38 Brookway Road, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Glos.

Punk would like to write to punkette or normal girl, aged 14-18. Looks and photo not important. Likes include Adam, Hazel O'Connor, Sham 69 and The Exploited. Write to: Phil Moore (Number One Aldershot Fan), 31 Wilcot Close, Bisley, Woking, Surrey.

I'm a 16 year old male, Jazz fan. Interests are: L.O.T.W., Freeez, Imagination, sports, parties and discos. I am good looking and hunky. Get writing soon! Contact me, Adrian Miller, at: 63 Long Gages, Basildon, Essex.

Fellow buddies, clean your glasses and read on! One interesting Ants, Bowie, Visage and PiL personage would love to hear from a nice male with a sense of humour on and off paper. The age range is from 17 years upwards. Please contact Sheila at: 47 Lincoln Road, Luton, Beds.

I am 16 and interested in music, football and tennis. My fave music includes heavy metal, punk and ska songs! Fave football team is Manchester United. All letters answered. Write to Annette Taylor, 6 Bethsada Row, Hawks Clough, Hebden Bridge, West Yorkshire.

Two antgirls require two boys. We like Adam, Depeche Mode, skins, punks and futurists. Dislike heavy metal, Malcolm McLaren and bandwagon jumpers. Write to Lesley and Sarah (both 16) at: 142 Le Squez, St Clement, Jersey, Channel Isles.

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12 WVIP 6720

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"PUNK'S NOT DEAD!"

Well, not according to **The Exploited**. "Approach with extreme caution" is **Dave Rimmer's** advice.

INSOFAR AS A movement that claims to hate 'leaders' can have any, Edinburgh's Exploited would seem to be the leaders of the "new punk". They topped the bill on the "Apocalypse Now" tour with Discharge, Anti-Pasti and Chron Gen; their three singles

and one album have all met Independent Chart success; and "Punks Not Dead" — the anthem-like title track of their album — has become the rallying-cry for all those who still dress like Sid Vicious and shout "Anarchy" from the rooftops.

The Exploited were formed two years ago when vocalist Wattie took the name over from his brother's band. Since then they've been through four guitarists, four bassists and two drummers. At eight months, the current line-up is the longest-standing. So they all get on? "Aye".

Wattie is 24, left the army in '77 after a three-year stint ("too much discipline") and became a punk. A ridiculous crimson-tinted mohican stands up from his close-cropped skull. The loud-mouth of the band, he leaps in first to answer my questions, often interrupts the others, and frequently repeats things the others have just said as if he'd thought of them himself. Spends

Wattie sums up The Exploited's view: "As long as you've a Government and all that, as long as folks are depressed and have no money, punk'll go on."

"Because," adds Gary, "it's worse now than it was in '77." Sure is. But to respond to that situation needs more thought than these boys give it. They contradict themselves endlessly. A few examples . . .

They say "Oi" (skinhead rock) is the same as punk, then they say "we're a punk band not an 'Oi' band". They say Oi's different from punk because it's violent, complain about the violence of the police and then do songs like "Sex And Violence". They say they're not racists and then claim



The Exploited — it's alright girls, none of them are married (!): (left to right) Big John, Dru, Gary, Wattie and Navi the roadie.

PIC: MARK RUSHER

independent albums top 10

TWO THIS WEEKS WEEK AGO	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
7	PRESENT ARMS UB40	DEP International
2	THE LAST CALL (ANTI-PASTI)	Randoler
3	PENIS ENVY CRASS	Crass
5	PUNKS NOT DEAD EXPLOITED	Secret
10	SIGNING OFF UB40	Graduate
NEW	ANTHEM TOTAH	Safari
4	PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX AU PAIRS	Human
7	THE ONLY FUN IT TOWN JOSEF K	Postcard
6	DOCUMENT AND EYEWITNESS WIRE	Rough Trade
NEW	CLOSER JOY DIVISION	Factory

independent singles top 30

TWO THIS WEEKS WEEK AGO	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	ONE IN TEN UB40	DEP International
2	NEW INCONVENIENCE AU PAIRS	Human
3	NEW RELEASE THE BATS BIRTHDAY PARTY	AAO
4	NEW LIFE DEPECHE MODE	Mute
5	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG PIGBAG	Fish
6	NEW ONE LAW FOR THEM 4-SKINS	Clockwork Fun
7	15 I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITH MONKEYS HISSONS	Romans In Britain
8	7 PUPPETS OF WAR (EPI) CHRON GEN	Burning Rome
9	NEW KITCHEN PERSON ASSOCIATES	Situation 2
10	2 NERO 'HEATRE OF HATE	Greenleaves
11	11 ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST GENERAL SAINT/CLINT EASTWOOD	Alban
12	5 (COVER PLUS) WE'RE ALL GROWN UP HAZEL O'CONNOR	Rof City
13	14 THE RESURRECTION (EPI) VICE SQUAD	Ficknife
14	8 MOTORHEAD HAWKWIND	Postcard
15	8 MATTRESS OF WIRE AZTEC CAMERA	AAO
16	NEW SMILES AND LAUGHTER MODERN ENGLISH	Randoler
17	17 LET THEM FREE (EPI) ANTI-PASTI	Secret
18	18 ARMY LIFE EXPLOITED	Crass
19	6 NEW SMELL (EPI) FLUX OF PINK INDIANS	Crass
20	12 FOUR SORE POINTS (EPI) ANTI-PASTI	Human
21	26 WHITE MICE/KRAY TWINS (LIVE) MO GETTES	Factory
22	10 CEREMONY NEW ORDER	Rof City
23	NEW LAST ROCKERS VICE SQUAD	Crass
24	16 NAGASAKI NIGHTMARE CRASS	Secret
25	25 EXPLOITED BARMY ARMY EXPLOITED	Test Pressing
26	NEW KINGS CROSS CHARGE	Cherry Red
27	19 TOD DRUNK DEAD KENNEDYS	Factory
28	20 LOVE WILL TEAR US APART JOY DIVISION	Mute
29	13 DREAMING OF ME DEPECHE MODE	Cley
30	NEW DECONTROL (EPI) DISCHARGE	

his spare time training his Alsatian dog "to attack people".

Dru the drummer was on the dole before he joined the band. He hardly ever speaks, just lounges about and laughs along with the jokes.

Guitarist Big John is aptly-named. The friendliest-seeming of them all, he manfully puts up with endless jokes about his huge girth. Comes from Glasgow originally, moved to Edinburgh and used to work in a record shop. "Tell him why you moved to Edinburgh," Wattie urges, giggling. "I moved to Edinburgh," Big John recites like the ritual joke it probably is, "because there weren't any baked potato shops in Glasgow."

Bassist Gary is fairly quiet. He was a painter and decorator, has bright pink hair and, like the rest, is decked out in standard punk regalia. Though he says some pretty stupid things, he seems the sharpest of the lot.

So punk's not dead? I don't agree. At best it's a living corpse, a zombie lurching round in the tattered glad-rags of '76, endlessly mouthing the "anarchy/police brutality/boredom" clichés it has long ceased to understand. Has it lost its point?

they've got no time for most immigrants because they're taking jobs away from the British. They say skinheads only wear Union Jacks and National Front insignia "because it's fashion", and then say the reason the music press don't do many Oi/Punk write-ups is because "they think the readers only want fashion".

The Exploited are in a mess really, and don't understand what damage they're doing. Although they don't like skinheads nazi-saluting at their gigs, they don't make their opinions very clear. "If they're into it, it's up to them," says Big John.

It's another contradiction, a dangerous one. The Exploited say "that everyone should live their own life". Agreed. But do they realise that fascism/nazism is the direct opposite of that?

Gary comes up with the most intelligent statement about a possibly positive function for their music: "If you're doing songs like 'Sex And Violence', and everybody's jumping about, they can take their aggressions out at the gig."

But recent events, like the riot in Southall provoked by an Oi concert, prove that it's often the other way around.



PRETENDERS

Smash Hits

SUGAR DOLL by The Jets

Well I'm standing on the corner
I'm feeling so lonely
I'm looking for a baby
Who will love me only

Chorus

Sugar doll (sugar doll), sugar doll (sugar doll)
Sugar doll (sugar doll), sugar doll (sugar doll)
Well yeah, yeah, you're my sugar doll (sugar dolly doll,
sugar doll)

Well I'm just like a kitten
A-caught in a fence
A-running like a mad dog
Who ain't got no sense

Repeat chorus

You make me feel so funny
You make me feel so fine
You go to my head just like a jug of wine

Repeat chorus

Well I'm standing on the corner
I'm feeling so lonely
I'm looking for a baby
Who will love me only

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by H. Hausey/J. Keller
Reproduced by permission Interscope Music

on EMI Records



ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS by Bucks Fizz

Some nights when I'm alone
I wake up from a dream
I light a cigarette
I lie there in the dark
And think why we're apart
I just can't figure it

I'm living in the shadows
I got nowhere to go
Since you left I'm broken babe
I need you don't you know

Chorus

One of those nights
Just one of those nights
Silence surrounds me
Your memory haunts me
It's one of those nights
It's just one of those nights
If only I had you to love me
On one of those nights
(It's one of those nights)

I gave her everything I had
How could she leave and just forget it
I know it seems I throw my life away on her
I don't regret it

I'm living in the shadows
I got nowhere to go
Since you left I'm broken babe
I need you don't you know

Repeat chorus

I'm living in the shadows
I got nowhere to go
Since you left I'm broken babe
I need you don't you know

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Glen/Burns/D. Most
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Music/RAK Pub. Ltd.

on RCA Records



C O S O D

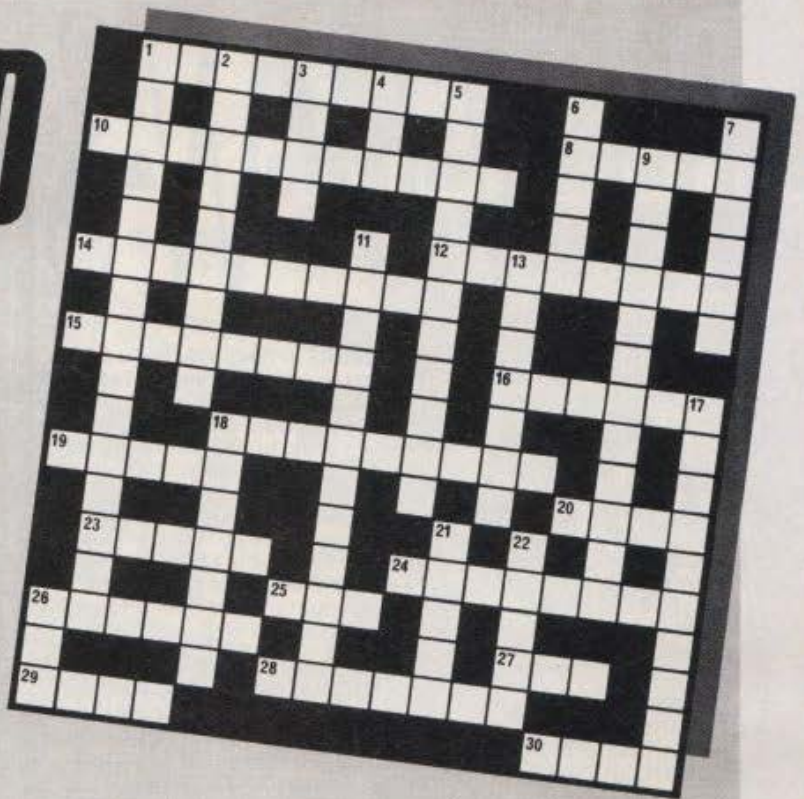
ACROSS

- 1 The single from "KooKoo"
- 8 & 24 TV funny man (that narrows it down to a field of two!)
- 10 Half the Chic production team (4,7)
- 12 In the charts singing about tainted love (4,4)
- 14 Wrote darts (anag. 3,7)
- 15 Long-running TV sci-fi series (4,4)
- 16 Train robbing Mr Biggs who sang (?) with The Pistols
- 18 Madcap partner of Wild Willy Barrett (4,5)
- 19 & 20 Award winning Woody Allen film
- 20 See above
- 23 & 7 A follow-up to "Careless Memories" (5,2,4)
- 24 See 8 across
- 25 & 29 "Plastow Patricia" was one of his early songs you *didn't* hear on the radio

- 26 Rossi and Parfitt's standing in rock?
- 27 See 18 down
- 28 Mormon monsters; the family that plays together . . .
- 29 See 25
- 30 Treadle alias Buster Bloodvessel

DOWN

- 1 Sting's call for darkness? (5,2,3,5)
- 2 Nolans in the physics lab!
- 3 A miss
- 4 Elton to his mum!?
- 5 Sultans of Swing band (4,7)
- 6 Must be Eddy
- 7 See 23
- 9 Wilde about the rain?! (5,2,5)
- 11 David Byrne's band (7,5)
- 13 An Undertone
- 17 "I'm In Love" singer (6,4)
- 18 & 27 Bryan Ferry smash
- 21 Blondie's Chris
- 22 Paul's band
- 26 The punk's punk?



ANSWERS ON PAGE 38



BZLP 1

REVIEWS

singles
by Pete Silverton



IAN DURY: Spasticus Autisticus (Polydor). Harder and more powerful than anything from Mr Dury since "Rhythm Stick". Whether you — or more to the point, Radio One deejays — can stomach the cripple-conscious lyrics is another matter. Personally, my flesh crawls each time I hear him shout "I, Spasticus". And it hurts so good. The best, the bravest thing to come out of the Year Of The Disabled.

LINX: So This Is Romance (Chrysalis). Britain's first viable alternative to America's domination of black soul. Taking their cue from the title, they've dropped the cutting edge of "Throw Away The Key" in favour of smoother, sweeter tones and light, loving harmonies. Perhaps a little too sweet. But only a very, very little.

PRETENDERS: Day After Day (Real). Not the most obvious single. That would have been "I Go To Sleep". Rather, the Pretenders in the heavier style of "Kid". As I think Chrissie Hynde sings like Muhammad Ali could once dance, I've no intention of lodging any complaints. (The non-album b-side, although, is a tedious sub-Shadows instrumental.)

JOE JACKSON'S JUMPIN' JIVE: Jack You're Dead (A&M). More of the same from the man who's pumped up the year's least expected revival. Like the man said, it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing. Which Joe has.

JIM STEINMAN: Lost Boys And Golden Girls (Epic). Exquisitely crafted, beautiful rubbish from the man who stands behind Meatloaf (not a difficult job, admittedly, given the man's bulk). Barry Manilow for Rush fans.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Cadillac Ranch (CBS). Having worked long and hard to join up the words 'Springsteen' and 'fame', CBS are not about to let a good thing go. Hence the eighteen or so singles pulled from the New Jersey Messiah's "River" album. Luck being what it is, "Cadillac Ranch" just happens to be the finest noisy, fast rock'n'roll single since Headgirl's "Please Don't Touch". Bruce scores on the rebound.

THE PASSIONS: The Swimmer (Polydor). A rare thing, indeed. A re-release from recent times which justifies itself. Brighter, sparklier than "German Film Star" and totally unlike the last, almost indecipherable Passions' single, "Skin Deep". You'll hear it. You'll listen to it. You might even buy it.



FRIENDLY HOPEFULS: The Punks Of 76 Medley (Abstract). Yes, it's the latest chart novelty — deadly medleys — stuffed into bondage strides and toned up with half a bottle of peroxide. Yes, the handclaps are very loud. Yes, it plunders the back catalogue of the Pistols, the Clash, the Jam etc. Yes, it's not even awful enough to be good.

PORTSMOUTH SINFONIA: Classical Muddy (Springtime). From the ridiculous to the sublimely ridiculous. The Portsmouth Sinfonia specialise in being the world's worst orchestra (their proud boast). This collects all their finest moments into a tolerable, utterly tuneless three minutes. The unorthodox timing is guaranteed to give the determined dancer a twisted ankle and if they're very conscientious, a ricked neck. Perhaps not what we need but certainly what medley purchasers deserve.



AU PAIRS: Inconvenience (Human). Bumps and bruises along with certainty and the best modern horn arrangement this side of Dexy's. (The 12" has an additional track, a strong remix of "Headache".)

GIRLSCHOOL: Take It All The Way (City). A re-issue of the very first single from the Maidens Of Mayhem. Just what you'd expect from hardriffin' girls. Atrociously produced — which gives it a charm utterly missing from their more recent, more professional wham-bam-thank-you-mans.

JOHN FOX: Europe After The Rain (Metal Beat). The blindfold test provided overwhelming evidence that six out of ten couldn't tell the difference between Foxx and Bowie . . . or was it Arnold Corns? The kind of record that gives both romance and the EEC a bad name. That way to the vinyl mountain, John.

HEAVEN 17: Play To Win (BEF). A tedious example of what happens when intellectual boys discover disco rhythms. They find the beat, they hook up the synthesisers just so . . . but they forget the song. And, as here, they borrow rather heavily from "Fade To Grey". Heaven 17 have clearly forgotten that what made "Fascist Groove Thang" was that it was very funny.

GARY NUMAN: She's Got Claws (Beggars Banquet). The world's least charismatic pop star discovers funk. He found it all by himself, honest . . . it says here. Having an inexplicable aversion to Mr Numan's tight-throated vocalese, I'm unable to enjoy even the simple pleasure of the sax threading its way lightly through the Bo Diddley-meets-the-Mekon rhythm.

OMD: Souvenir (Din-Disc). The futurist gag goes lush life. Ethereal but rather hollow. An early sixties girl group type song slowed down to grass-growing speed. I preferred them when they were still OMITD. Since then, they seem to have lost it.

DOLL BY DOLL: Caritas (Magnet). Latin title but not a hint of a flamenco or a rumba. For reasons unfathomable it sounds like Rainbow after they learned to write songs. Strong, authoritative, driving but maybe a bit empty — and the guitar solo's awfully hackneyed.

THE SLITS: Earthbeat (CBS). Or, all God's chillun got jungle rhythm. A pleasant but very directionless atmosphere. And why do the Slits keep using those nude photographs of themselves? (Here they're in a messy painting.) They couldn't be using them to attract attention, could they? One strong point in the Slits favour — no handclaps.

KASUALS: Mr. O (AD 79). A rather nasty little attack on an unspecified 'Big Man' . . . "anti-war campaigner is what you became" . . . without apparent rhyme or reason. A light-fingered dirge that's almost saved by a twinkling guitar line.

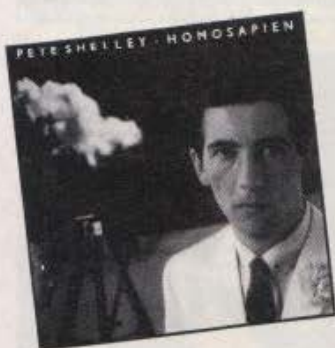


THE ROLLING STONES: Start Me Up (Rolling Stones). The title is, I must assume, an in-joke. It very obviously has no relation to the song that follows which never gets as far as pulling out the choke. It's quite difficult to convey how bad this is. A slow, tortured strangling of some ancient Stones riff? Parodying yourself is about as low as you can get? The Rolling Stones for Barron Knights fans? (Includes added, free handclaps.)

albums



RIP RIG & PANIC: Go, Go, Go! (Virgin). "Fashionable group this one," said Ellen as he handed me this. BowWowWow without style or sex but with elephant noises. Strictly for those who've always hankered after a BBC-2 anthropology show in a single. Handclaps? But of course.



PETE SHELLEY: Homosapien (Island). This seems to be by a refugee from a Manchester punk group. I don't believe a word of it. With its heavy-handed acoustic guitar and lyrics like "Homo superior in my interior", it can only be a lost out-take from Bowie's "Hunky Dory" album. Promising song that's been given a treatment too twee by half. Doesn't give me much of a buzz, cock. (Entrant for worst joke in Smash Hits, 1981.) (Winner, too — Ed).

IMAGINATION: In & Out Of Love (Excaliber). Voices of purity and only slightly trampled innocence set against a slow, sulky rhythm. Street corner blues for (only slightly) bad girls. Romance that outstays its welcome. As Oscar Wilde might have said, records are like fish. If they hang around more than three minutes, they start to go off.

THE KORGIS: Sticky George (Rialto). Passing over the title in embarrassed silence, we find evidence that the Korgis have convinced themselves — if no-one else — they're the new 10CC. Certainly, they pen very clever, over-pleasant pop songs. Unfortunately, they're ageing musos' ideas of what makes a good pop song. Too light, too wistful. A clear-cut case of needing more intelligence, less cleverness. (3 out of 10).

Pete Silverton

BLACK SLATE: Sirens In The City (Ensign). Familiar story, this: inspired black reggae band slogs round clubs for six years with a soulful dancebeat built out of crispness and bite. One soapy chart single (last year's "Amigo") and they dump all the old ideals in favour of a follow-up. Pity they don't try and merge their reggae with 'white pop' (like Matumbi or Steel Pulse) instead of just watering down the words and smartening up the sound. Can't blame them for wanting to "get somewhere" but is this really the place to be? (5 out of 10).

Mark Ellen



HAZEL O'CONNOR: Cover Plus (Albion). No place for the sensitive, this, as the utterly artless Hazel O'Notogain over-acts her way through another batch of spectacularly awful self-penned songs — who else would put a singalong kiddie chorus in a song about wife beating? — plus a couple of equally hamfisted cover versions. Her band are pretty good and she can knock out a reasonable tune but otherwise it's a case of come back Kelly Marie — all is forgiven. (3 out of 10).

Red Starr



SIMPLE MINDS: Double Album (Virgin). The Germans have a word for it. Gestaltmusik. This is a music in which the overall sound is more important than any individual element. To describe the metronomic beat, the twittering synths and the pulsing bass, or even to single out specific songs for special attention, is to miss the point of this music. It is a whole and it crystallises all the promises made by inferior operators in the same field. Simple Minds have risen above the limitations that reduce bands like Spandau Ballet and Duran Duran to mere chart statistics, and have produced a double album with so much content, so much restrained passion and so much going on that it captivates at first listen. It's also cheap (£5.75), so don't take my word for it — buy the monster. (8 out of 10).

Johnny Black

DESMOND DEKKER: Compass Point (Stiff). Desmond Dekker is one of the old men of ska. Robert Palmer is a musician/producer with plenty of suss. Together they've come up with a bright and airy slice of tropical sun. Compared to, say, recent efforts by that other ska-man Rico (The Specials' trombonist), this is something special. So get a long cool drink, play this album, and shuffle your feet to some of the compulsively rhythmic goodies within. Desmond Dekker and Robert Palmer: peaches and cream. (8 out of 10).

Dave Rimmer

CABARET VOLTAIRE: Red Mecca (Rough Trade). Slowly but surely? Cabaret Voltaire are pulling their music together out of the murk of muffled electronics and

unspecified noises towards the light of memorable songs with interesting treatments. Their commentaries are still very impressionist but the menace is now closer to bite as the blur becomes better defined. This isn't the big breakthrough but it's getting close and, at a time when really good albums are very scarce, this is a good investment to learn to love. (7½ out of 10).

Red Starr

FUNKADELIC: The Electric Spanking Of War Babies (WEA). George Clinton, alias "Uncle Jam", founding-father of American phased-out Funkativity and strategic director of the sprawling Parliament/Funkadelic operation, is back on the track. Here he's drafted in reggae, African drumming, a few heavy metal riffs, Sly Stone in person, and a 16-second snatch of The Real Gone All to add to the funk-attack. No killers to match "Knee Deep" or "One Nation Under A Groove" but the overall effect is as weird as ever. (7½ out of 10).

Dave Rimmer



DEVO: The New Traditionalists (Virgin). Ah, here comes the new Devo album — same as the old Devo album except for the visuals. Devo are the classic example of a band who can't translate promising riffs into real songs on more than two occasions per album — here the catchy swing of "Through Being Cool" and the insistent backbeat of "Going Under". It's all slick showbiz fun and overall their best since their first but I don't see it making many new converts. (7 out of 10).

Red Starr

J M A R T Y N

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MOUNTAINS

SAFE 38



SAFARI

HAVANA
let's go !!



FIT THE FRUIT TO SUIT!

LOVE SONG by Simple Minds

In coats of many colours
 Reptile man drop
 Stay below, stay below, stay below, stay below
 Temperature drop
 America's a boyfriend
 Untouched by flesh of hand
 Heart beat under, heart beat under
 Heart beat under, heart beat under
 Some promised land

Love song, love song, love song, it's a love song

Flesh of heart, heart of steel
 So well, so well
 I cut my hair, paint my face
 Break a finger, tell a lie
 So well, so well
 America's a boyfriend
 Untouched by flesh of hand
 Stay below and stay below
 In glory days that come and go
 Some promised land

Love song, love song, love song, it's a love song

Stay below, shout below, flesh of heart, heart of steel
 Flesh of heart, heart of steel
 Flesh of heart, heart of steel
 Flesh of heart, heart of steel

Love song, love song, love song, love song

Stay below, shout below
 In glory days that come and go

Words and music by J. Kerr/Simple Minds
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on Virgin Records



on EMI Records

JOLE BLON GARY U.S. BONDS

Jole Blon delta flower
 You're my darling, you're my sunshine
 I love you and adore you
 And I promise to be true

In the evening in the shadow
 I'll be waiting by the river
 When I hear your sweet voice I rejoice
 I save my kisses for you
 Sha-la-la etc.

Jole Blon cajun angel
 Let me tell you that I love you
 In the spring you swore we'd get
 But I'm waiting still for you

When your hair turns to silver
 I still call you delta flower
 Pretty Blon I still love you
 And I will wait for you
 Sha-la-la etc.

You go away from the city
 We'll go back girl back to our home
 Someday I promise I'll take you
 'Cause so far away we've roamed
 And the bells they will ring
 The mountains through the valleys
 On the banks of the river
 There you will (be my bride) be my bride
 Sha-la-la etc. to fade


Words and music by Moon Mullican
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HAVANA

let's go !!



< Torpedoes >
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POSP 313 

THE PASSIONS The Swimmer



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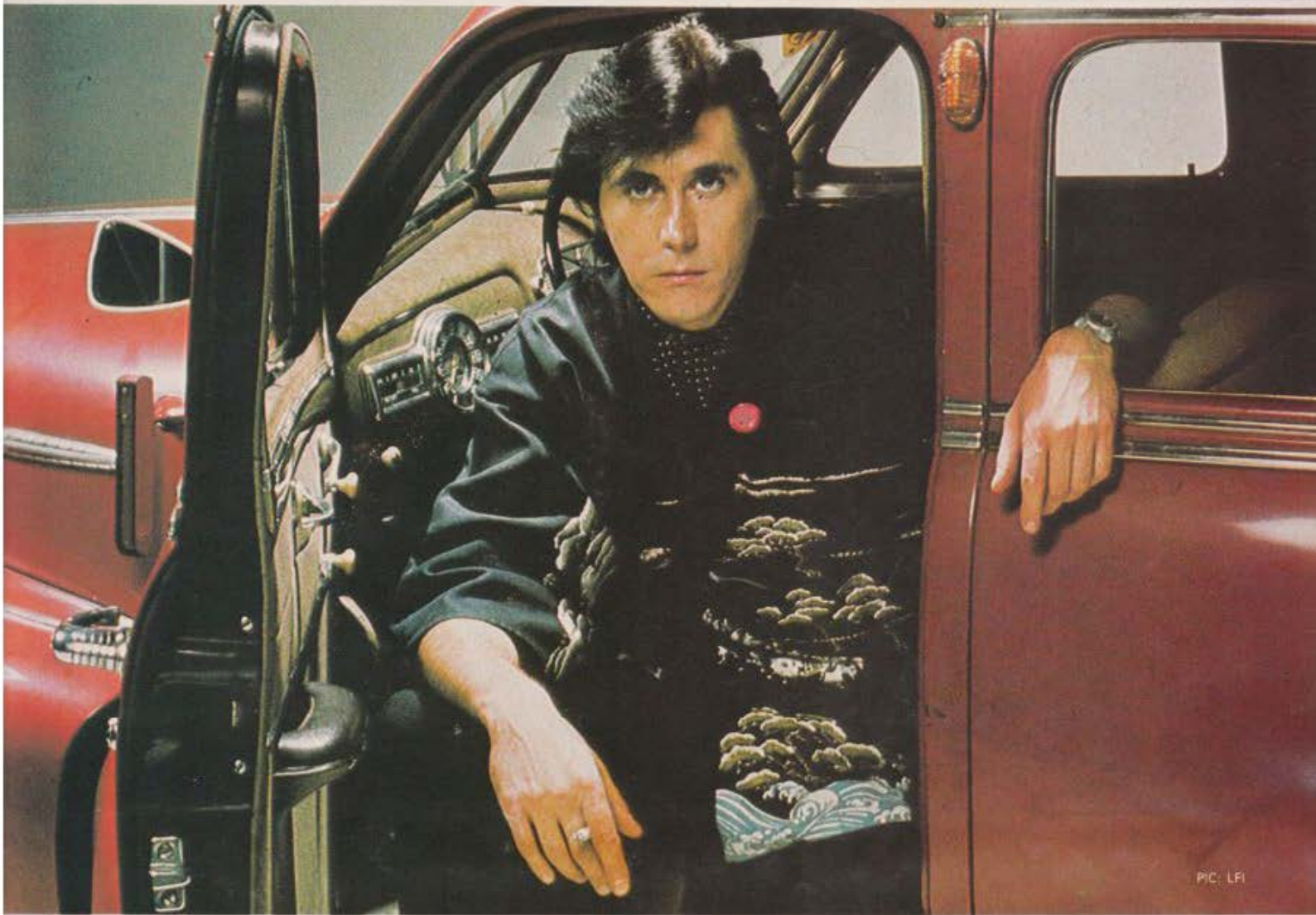
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Virginia Plain by Roxy Music

Make me a deal and make it straight
All signed and sealed I'll take it
To Robert E. Lee I'll show it
I hope and pray he don't blow it
'Cause we've been around a long time
To try to try to try to hit the big time

Take me on a roller coaster
Take me for an airplane ride
Take me for a six day wonder
But don't you, don't you throw my pride aside
Besides, what's real and make believe
Baby Jane's in Acapulco
We're all flying down to Rio

Throw me a line I'm sinking fast
Clutching at straws can't make it
Havana sound we're trying
Hard edge the hipster jiving oh, oh
Last picture shows down the drive-in

You're so sheer, you're so chic
Teenage rebel of the week

Flavours of the mountain streamline
Midnight blue casino floors
Dance the cha-cha through till sunrise
Opens up exclusive doors — oh wow
Just like flamingos look the same
So me and you just we two
Got to search for something new

Far beyond the pale horizon
Some place near the desert strand
Where my Studebaker takes me
That's where I'll make my stand
But wait, can't you see that Holzer mane
What's her name Virginia Plain?

Words and music by Bryan Ferry
Reproduction by permission E. G. Music Ltd.

ULTRAFILE

Ian Birch previews the new Ultravox album with the help of Midge Ure + Chris Cross.

"THREE MONTHS in a farm yard in the middle of Germany is nobody's idea of fun," chortled Midge Ure. "We got a gymnasium horse and tried to tunnel out a couple of times but it didn't seem to work!"

We're talking to Midge Ure and Chris Cross about the new Ultravox album, "Rage in Eden". Apart from working once again with producer Conny Plank (marooned in his studio-cum-farm outside Cologne), the band were determined to sound as different to the "Vienna" album as possible.

Whereas most of the material on "Vienna" had been written and aired on the stage long before it was recorded, all the songs on "Rage" were created in the studio. This explains why "Vienna" took only three weeks to complete and "Rage" three months.

As well as experimenting afresh with their electronic gadgetry, they put a lot more emphasis on the vocals and Midge's guitar works this time round.

Midge explains: "Everything's pop music. Thin Lizzy and Genesis are pop music. But 'Rage in Eden' has some depth to it. In ten years time somebody will pick it up and go, 'this still stands up and makes sense'." That's some ambition.

In that case, let's take a microscope to the album with Midge and Chris commenting on every track.

"The Voice"
Midge: "We wanted something bright and sparky to start the album. As Ultravox means 'a lot of voice,' we thought it was a good title."

"We Stand Alone"
Midge: "To use an overused word, it's romantic. It's movie imagery again — like on 'Vienna' with its cold wet streets and long shadows. We're from the television age. When you go to the pictures as a kid on a Saturday afternoon, you don't remember what you see. But

when the films are shown on television, they stick in there. When we did the 'Vienna' video, I didn't know where I was getting all the images from. Afterwards we saw 'The Third Man' and couldn't believe it. It's almost identical to the video."

"Rage in Eden"
Midge: That grew out of a sound on tape. It was like religious, Arabic singing and it created the perfect atmosphere. It's about showing things for what they are and not what they appear to be."

"I Remember (Death In The Afternoon)"
Midge: "It's that initial reaction when you switch on the radio and hear John Lennon has been shot or Marilyn Monroe has been found dead. You laugh because you can't believe it."

Side Two
"The Thin Wall"
Midge: "The song is written in a very roundabout way and the lyrics are very subtle. The video will be full of random images, normal situations that turn weird."

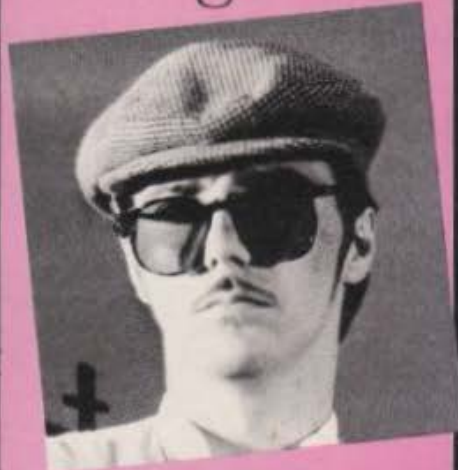
"Stranger Within"
Chris: It's about paranoia basically."
Midge: "It's one of the most rhythmic things we've ever done. For once we all went into the studio at the same time. Normally we build up songs like shift work!"

"Accent On Youth"
Midge: "We were totally confused so we wrote about confusion — that transitional period you go through when you're about 16."

"The Ascent" and "Your Name (Has Slipped My Mind Again)"
Chris: "They are developments on 'Ascent On Youth'."

Midge: "'Ascent On Youth' is about the struggle. 'The Ascent' is actually getting through the struggle — this sounds like a concept album! — and then it leads into 'Your Name' where you crack up! It's playing with atmospheres. Music should be about making you laugh or cry or simply react."

Midge Ure

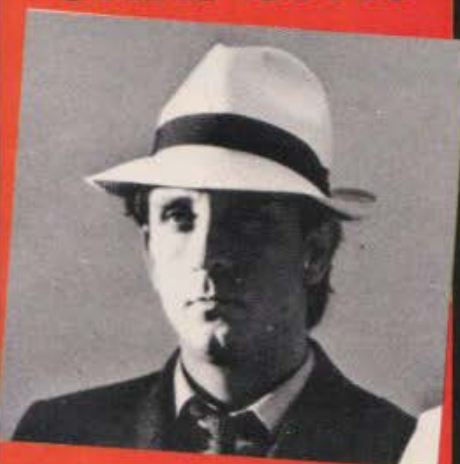


REAL NAME	James Ure
DATE OF BIRTH	10.10.53
PLACE OF BIRTH	Glasgow
MARRIED?	Single
PARENTS	Parents
OCCUPATIONS	
SCHOOL BEGIN IN TEARS?	Yes, and every day after
EARLIEST MUSICAL MEMORY	Hitting a high C the moment I was born
SCHOOLS	Rutherglen Academy
COLLEGES	Motherwell Tech
PROUDEST SCHOOL MOMENT	School was the most pride-dampening thing ever
FIRST CRUSH	Margo Hawthorn in Primary school
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT	"My Mind's Eye" by The Small Faces
WORST JOB	Paper Boy
PREVIOUS BANDS	Slik, Rich Kids
THE WORST BAND	Rich Kids & Slik (for different reasons)
MOST HATED RECORD	"Shaddup You Face" by Joe Dolce
LOWEST POINT IN CAREER	Getting spat at
PROUDEST POINT IN CAREER	Now
THE MOST HURTFUL THING EVER WRITTEN ABOUT YOU	Reviews written by 90% of music papers
FAVOURITE FANTASY	Lesley-Ann Down and me on a train across Europe
FAVOURITE TRANSPORT	Ocean liner
MUSICAL HERO/HEROINE	Too many to list
UNION HERO/HEROINE	Bogart, Gable, Astaire & Co
BOOK	"Bring On The Empty Horses" by David Niven
FILM	"Casablanca"
TV PROGRAMME	"The Man From U.N.C.L.E."
RECORD	"Tchycocoo Park" by The Small Faces
CLOTHING	Old suits
NEWSPAPER	Daily Planet
DOMESTIC PETS	None
THE MOST NOSTALGIC RECORD FOR YOU AND WHY?	"As Time Goes By" by Dooley Wilson ("He played it for her; he can play it for me.")
SPENT LAST CHRISTMAS	Spent a fortune
LIKES	Spending money
DISLIKES	Making it
GREATEST FEAR	Failure
FAVOURITE ADVERTISEMENT	The new Turkish Delight (Vivian, the girl, looks great)
BEST HOLIDAY YOU'VE EVER HAD	Scotland, when I was young and had no worries
BEST PRESENT YOU'VE EVER BEEN GIVEN	Talent
HOW GOOD A COOK ARE YOU?	Medium to well
HOW DO YOU RELAX?	Sleep
MOST BEAUTIFUL THING?	The female species
FAVOURITE MUSIC PAPER*	"Variety"
WHERE ARE YOU GOING AFTER THIS INTERVIEW?	Into the studio for the new Visage album

*after "Smash Hits"



Chris Cross



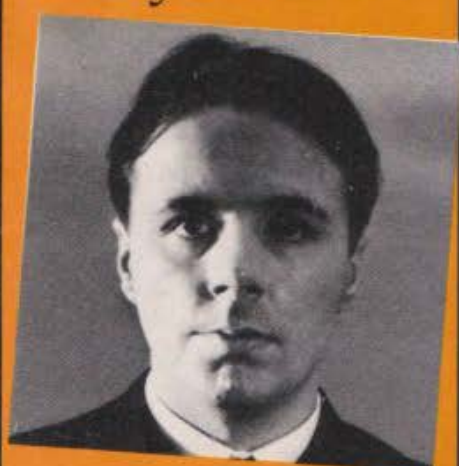
Chris T. Allen
 Bastille Day
 Tottenham
 Single
 Father — lorry driver
 Mother — tea lady in Bible factory
 No, but my first day at work did
 "Wild Wind" by John Leyton
 Belmont Secondary Mod, William Foster Comp.
 Walthamstow
 Surviving
 English teacher (she was the only teacher that would talk to me)
 "Private Number" by Judy Clay & William Bell
 Toilet cleaner & paraffin round
 Tiger Lily
 "Shaddup You Face" by Joe Dolce
 Yesterday
 Tomorrow night
 Nothing hurts anymore
 That would be nice
 Motor bike (Electra glide)
 Judy Garland
 John Hudson (engineer at Mayfair Studios)
 "Sirens Of Titan"
 "Eraserhead"
 "Clapperboard"
 Shoes
 The Trib
 Two Burmese cats (one blue, one brown)
 "Heroes" — David Bowie. Reminds me of a girl in Berlin (etc.)
 In my flat alone with the cats
 People
 Other people
 Money (seriously)
 All Benson & Hedges', Truman's cartoon & Fiat Fuego
 I've never been on holiday
 I never get any
 Excellent
 Watch videos
 England coming back from America
 The Face
 The Supermarket, the Gas showroom and the rent rebate office

Warren Cann



Warren Cann
 May 20th
 Victoria, Canada
 Single
 Father — musician
 Mother — housewife
 I cried every day
 "How Much Is That Doggy In the Window" by Patti Page
 Sir William Gladstone Senior High
 None
 Achieving an "A" in delinquency
 1956 Lincoln and lamp post at 12th & Main Street
 "Louie Louie" by The Kingsmen
 Posting kilts to Japan and cleaning factories
 The Bittersweets
 "Shaddup You Face" by Joe Dolce
 The beginning, the middle and the end
 London Hammersmith concert last December
 Doctor's report on my broken hand
 Using a time machine to take out my favourite actresses when they were 17
 Fast convertibles with loud stereos
 Charlie Watts/Marilyn Monroe
 Errol Flynn/Gypsy Rose Lee
 Cheque
 "Raiders Of The Lost Ark"
 "The Sky At Night"
 Ennio Morricone Soundtracks
 Leather bra
 Exchange & Mart
 Stuffed Eagle
 The first one I ever made myself
 Very lavishly — overdrawn in fact
 Cheap wit and expensive taste
 Washing lettuce, Arthur Askey, "Star Journalists", getting up, British weather
 Standing too near Billy's amp
 The "Picasseau" advert for Perrier water
 Shooting in the California desert
 Kim Wilde's phone number written on a bottle of champagne
 Hopeless — can't even make ice cubes
 Play "Space Wars", read, dust my money
 When I see her I'll let you know
 "Variety"
 To a recording studio

Billy Currie



William Lee Currie
 1.4.52
 Huddersfield
 Single
 Bank Managers
 It did@!!?
 Piecing together in my sleep, at the age of one, the ideas that Bela Bartok had but didn't use for his Viola Concerto
 Netherton Junior, Mount Pleasant Sec. Mod.
 Huddersfield School Of Music
 Rejecting a place at the Royal Academy Of Music
 Judith Sykes
 Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D
 Crane Driver
 Company, Ritual Theatre Group, Flash Gordon & Tiger Lily
 Tiger Lily
 The new Lol Creme & Kevin Godley effort
 5% in the one-off "Ain't Misbehavin'" deal with Gull Records
 Arriving home alive after touring for three months last winter without sleep
 The NME review of our first album — the headline was "Ultrahype" and they claimed we were pampered old session men
 Sleep
 Bela Bartok
 John Hudson
 Herbert Whone's books on violin playing
 "Marnie"
 "Film '81"
 "Closer" by Joy Division (side one)
 My girlfriend's suspenders
 NME (ha, ha)
 My girlfriend (Bet this goes down well — Ed)
 "Love Will Tear Us Apart" by Joy Division reminds me of parties in America
 Quietly with my parents
 New musical equipment
 Finishing a gig and not knowing what happened
 Going insane
 My last one at Laguna Beach in America — much needed after three months in Germany
 A ten speed race bike for my fourteenth birthday
 Lousy — good at breakfasts
 Can't
 A purple flower tree in L.A.
 NME (ha, ha, ha)
 Doing some synth on a brilliant Visage track

SLOW HAND

by The Pointer Sisters

As the midnight moon was drifting through
The lazy sway of the trees
I saw the look in your eyes lookin' into mine
Seeing what you wanted to see
Darlin' don't say a word 'cause I already heard
What your body's sayin' to mine
I'm tired of fast moves
I've got a slow groove
On my mind

I want a man with a slow hand
I want a lover with an easy touch
I want somebody who will spend some time
Not come and go in a heated rush
I want somebody who will understand
When it comes to love I want a slow hand

On shadowed ground, with no one around
And a blanket of stars in our eyes
We are drifting free like two lost leaves
On the crazy wind of the night
Darlin', don't say a word 'cause I already heard
What your body's sayin' to mine
If I want it all night
You say it's alright
Ooh we've got the time



'Cause I've got a man with a slow hand
I've got a lover with an easy touch
I've got somebody who will spend some time
Not come and go in a heated rush
I've found somebody who will understand
When it comes to love I want a slow hand

If I want it all night
He says alright
It's not a fast move
But a slow groove
On my mind

'Cause I've got a man with a slow hand
I've got a lover with an easy touch
I've found somebody who will spend some time
Not come and go in a heated rush
I've found somebody who will understand

I found a lover with a slow hand
Ooh, lover with a slow hand
And I get all excited with his easy touch
I've found somebody who will spend the night
Not come and go in a heated rush
Ooh, lover with a slow hand

Words and music by M. Clark/J. Bettis
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on Planet Records

COAST TO COAST

NEW ALBUM

COASTIN'

INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLES
DO THE HUCKLEBUCK AND
LET'S JUMP THE BROOMSTICK

POLS 1040
AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE



STAR teaser

Independent's Day Special

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

Solution on page 38.

- | | | |
|-----------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| A CERTAIN RATIO | EXPLOITED | RAINCOATS |
| ASSOCIATES | FELT | REDBEAT |
| ANTI-PASTI | FIRE ENGINES | SCARS |
| AU PAIRS | FLUX OF PINK INDIANS | SCIENTIST |
| AZTEC CAMERA | HAWKWIND | TALISMAN |
| BAUHAUS | HIGSONS | THEATRE OF HATE |
| BIRTHDAY PARTY | JOSEF K | TOYAH |
| BLURT | MASS | VICE SQUAD |
| CHARGE | MISTY IN ROOTS | WAH |
| CRASS | MO-DETTES | WIRE |
| CHRON-GEN | NEW AGE STEPPERS | |
| DEAD OR ALIVE | NEW ORDER | |
| DEPECHE MODE | PIGBAG | |
| DISCHARGE | POISON GIRLS | |
| EVASIONS | POSITIVE NOISE | |

CHWMPOITARNIATRECA
 TAIIPITAREMACCETZA
 HHRSPOGEVILARODAED
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 NWAAPOTSMODESETPHN
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 UIAPABMCOCUISAMESI
 LTVTEADJAAYASEHHCF
 FIEHNEOODXPNHMTUHX
 ESTDTSCIFIOCHAAIAE
 COSREPPETSEGAWENRB
 IPUFIUSNGPNEERIFGG
 VLKALOAIEADHTRIBEI
 BSRFJXHDETIOLPXVVP

'LISTEN TO YOUR RADIO!'



Donkees' New Single... OUT NOW!

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Address

Postcode

Have you a home telephone? (tick box) YES NO

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Enter the order form in the right hand column and apply to (1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) (16) (17) (18) (19) (20) (21) (22) (23) (24) (25) (26) (27) (28) (29) (30) (31) (32) (33) (34) (35) (36) (37) (38) (39) (40) (41) (42) (43) (44) (45) (46) (47) (48) (49) (50) (51) (52) (53) (54) (55) (56) (57) (58) (59) (60) (61) (62) (63) (64) (65) (66) (67) (68) (69) (70) (71) (72) (73) (74) (75) (76) (77) (78) (79) (80) (81) (82) (83) (84) (85) (86) (87) (88) (89) (90) (91) (92) (93) (94) (95) (96) (97) (98) (99) (100) (101) (102) (103) (104) (105) (106) (107) (108) (109) (110) (111) (112) (113) (114) (115) (116) (117) (118) (119) (120) (121) (122) (123) (124) (125) (126) (127) (128) (129) (130) (131) (132) (133) (134) (135) (136) (137) (138) (139) (140) (141) (142) (143) (144) (145) (146) (147) (148) (149) (150) (151) (152) (153) (154) (155) (156) (157) (158) (159) (160) (161) (162) (163) (164) (165) (166) (167) (168) (169) (170) (171) (172) (173) (174) (175) 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Grattan THE CATALOGUE

LETTERS



MODS ARE DEAD, HM's crap, New Romantics are dull, The Nolans ought to get OBE's and the earth blew up yesterday. A very sarcastic letter-writer, Fownhope.

Funny old world, isn't it?

WHY DO you have to be different all the time? I searched high and low through your last issues looking for a Royal Wedding Special feature, but in vain. Where's your patriotism?

The same goes for sex. Again, I had a fruitless search through your mag; not a bit of crumpet in sight. No 'editorials' either, or cookery section, and why haven't you got a problem page or one of those mushy love serials?

And why's there so much musical content in your rag? *Confused and very thick, no fixed abode.*

There's some pretty funny people, too.

I'M WRITING on behalf of Classix Nouveaux to complain about their exclusion from the frilly red shirt rota. It's just not fair and I feel very strongly about this.

In recent months, Landscape, Steve Strange, Spandau Ballet and Adam And The Ants have all been photographed wearing frilly red shirts. Duran Duran have three times, but never Classix Nouveaux. Have they been put on some kind of red shirt black list?

An avid red shirt follower, West Bridgeford.

Don't worry, Avid, they'll soon cotton on.

TO THE "Anti-Blouses For Men" Campaigner.

After reading your letter (August 6), I just leapt up from my scatter cushion and darted to the bathroom to wash the eye-liner off. I burnt my baggy white shirt, stomped on my beret and fed my winkle-pickers to the dog. (I kept my jeans, even though they are 'straights', 'cos I can rub grease on them, add a few patches, and then maybe they'll pass for Motorhead originals).

Now I am so MACHO! I go out with my mates and drink gallons of ale, eat curries and fight, and — last but not least — throw it all up when I get home.

God forbid that any male should be slightly less than manly, eh?

Big kiss,
Tim, Leeds.

WHEN YOU did an article on Kim Wilde, Ricky Wilde didn't want to talk about "his Donny Osmond stage". So here... I give you (drum roll, followed by trumpets) an article about him from "Look-in", June '73. An Anti-Wilde Fan, Birmingham.

Ricky Wilde (right in both pics): from chubby heart-throb to lean, hunky record producer in only 8 years. Kids, it can be done!

PIC: ALLAN BALLARD

There's more . . .

I COULDN'T help noticing that an "Anti-Blouses For Men" Campaigner, Sheffield, didn't give his (or her) name. Was he (or she) scared that one of us "un-butched" ladylike futurists would come round and beat him (or her) up?

Futurism doesn't make us totally forget about the current situation of our country. We just don't sing boring suicidal songs about bombs, unemployment, etc., which do absolutely nothing except make us feel a lot worse off than we really are.

Angela, a New Romantic Futurist Antperson who takes absolutely no notice whatsoever of people who write in to mags complaining to everyone about something they haven't even tried to understand in the first place.

Now say that all again slowly.

I'M JUST writing to let you know that my sister recently had the following conversation with Terry Hall of The Specials in the baker's shop where she works. Terry: *Have you got any fresh cream eclairs?*

My sister (who shall remain nameless): *No, sorry. We've only got synthetic cream.*

At this point in the story Terry left the shop (without, I might

add, an eclair of any description!).

There now! Hasn't that bit of useless but fascinating information made your otherwise dull day that little bit more interesting?

It hasn't . . . ? Oh well, you can't blame a girl for trying! Andreog Dimshitz, Tewksbury. PS. I don't suppose I'll win a record token, but who wants one anyway? I mean, just 'cos my birthday's on the 26th August and I probably won't get any pressies from anyone, it doesn't mean you should feel any compassion for me, does it? I mean, come the 26th, I'll just sit at home dusting the covers of my old Smash Hits and staring at my old stereo which — due to severe lack of records — isn't played nearly as often as I'd like. C'est la vie, I suppose, but . . .

Ladies and Gentlemen, could I just interrupt for one second to proudly present the very first Smash Hits Charity Award for Underprivileged Readers — one super "Spend Me" £5 RECORD TOKEN!! (Otherwise we'll be here all night!)

RIGHT! THAT'S it! I just can't stand it anymore. What a state to be in. Shakin' bloody Stevens at Number One in the charts and God knows how many of these pathetic compilations in the Top

40.

Shakin' Stevens is an Elvis impersonator singing Frankie Vaughan songs (or should I say trying to sing Frankie Vaughan songs?). He's so unoriginal it's unbelievable. I don't know who's buying these boring reproduction rock 'n' roll records but they want shooting.

As for these compilation 'things', I just cannot find words quite bad enough. When Star Sound's "Stars On 45" first appeared in the charts a few months ago, it was different. But now the charts have been inundated with these singles. It could be the ruin of the music business today.

I mean, who'll be the next to be 'done' by Star Sound? The Clash? Perry Como? Who knows? Then there'll be cover versions of cover versions. I dread to think of the impact this would have on the music business. Surely collapse would be imminent?

Anyway, why should the purveyors of this rubbish earn money for being unoriginal and nicking other people's already successful records?

In fact, in other words, I am rather annoyed.
Andrea, Leeds.

Join the club. I've written to my MP for support, but even he's putting out a "medley". Can't trust a soul these days.

FOR GOD'S sake, will someone please let Shakin' Stevens in through that bloody Green Door before we all go mad and have to change the lock!!

John Taylor's girlfriend (well, nearly!), somewhere on Planet Earth.

O! YOU, Timothy Stevens (August 6).

I hope you weren't applyin' to Captain Sensible in yer poxy letter! Ain't nothin' wrong in appearin' stark naked. Better than wearin' weird make-up an' tryin' ter "lick" yer fans. So leave the Capt. out of yer jealous tantrums, otherwise yer will feel ill again after the whole Damned population has dealt with ya! "Rat Scabies".

DEAR TIMOTHY Stevens,

How can you garble about some feeble Kiss stage set after Gary Numan's final concerts? 72 sheets of perspex, 1692 light bulbs, 300 theatre lights, 3 tons of suspended lighting, electric hoists to operate it, 3 robots, 3 tons of dry-ice . . . the list is endless.

LETTERS

Altogether Numan lost £150,000 on just 3 concerts, even though they were sell-outs. Each number brought a new arrangement of position, light and colour. This qualifies easily as "the most outrageous over-the-top show ever put on in the name of rock entertainment", wouldn't you think?
Jon Numanoid, Bungay.

I AM furious. I am livid. I could rip Jimmy Young's head off (or at least his wig). Some weeks ago I was compelled to listen to his programme (by an ageing parent who knows no better). On the aforementioned programme, a total moron read a report on the involvement of skinheads in recent riots (sorry to drag them up again). He mentioned two groups in particular which he thought were the cause of stirring up racial hatred. You're not going to believe this but they were... Bad Manners and Madness! (Splutter, clunk, reader faints.)

I was amazed. Can you think of any groups in the music biz who are as much fun and non-serious as these?

I think the older generation should examine our music much more before poking their noses in with such stupid statements. "Jub" John Brown, Sutton Coldfield.

True. Madness, in fact, are so incensed by this kind of media reporting that they've sent us a statement signed by the whole band (including Cathal Smyth). The summary reads: "Madness wish to make it absolutely clear that they do not support any racist policies and hope that their fans of all ages and all nationalities do likewise." Any Bad Manners followers will know that the same goes for them too.

LOOKING AT the Letters Page, I notice a lot of people slagging off and generally putting down TOTP. Why do they do it? It makes me very depressed. Some people who read this (like me) are not allowed to go to gigs by their parents because they think they're full of yobbos and rioters. I'm sure the atmosphere is great. My friend who is mad on The Stranglers, had to *plead* with his Mum to go to the their concert. I've tried myself to go to concerts but with no success.

So programmes like TOTP and "Whistle Test" are the only ways I can watch bands performing 'live'. So please stop slagging them off.
R. Bullock, Cheadle.

Point taken, R. No-one's denying that TOTP and OGWT provide an important service, just pointing out that — particularly for the benefit of those who don't see any live music — that service could be both livelier and more relevant.

"YOU TAKE it on the run baby/If that's the way you want it baby/Then I don't want you around/I don't believe it/Not for a minute/You're under the gun/So you take it on the run". — ("Take it On The Run" by REO Speedwagon).

It's like a foreign language, isn't it? I thought it was a foreign language until Tim's friend enlightened us. According to her, "taking it on the run" is when you leave a restaurant without paying. Then it all fell into place.

Obviously this chap has heard about this restaurant which is an easy touch, where his girlfriend's carrying on with the waiter, who gives her a free meal every night after the customers have left. They're planning to get out of the place without paying. She's prepared to pay. This makes him angry. He tells her to go. By this time the manager is onto them and, being a bit impulsive, gets his Colt 45 out and aims it above their heads. He tells her to run while he thinks up a diversion. She tries to think up some excuse and she's putting on her "bedroom eyes" because it rhymes with "lies". He's not sure, understandably, what time he'll be in. She's had enough and tells him not to bother coming back.

Easy, really.
The Bouncing Baby, Hanwell.

Simple.

WE GIRLS have been studying numerous Undertones pics. The results: in your feature (August 6), it is Dee, not John, who has the gap between his front teeth, wears a wedding-ring and has his left ear pierced (John has his right one pierced).

The conclusion: it is Dee, not John, who "displays The Helsinki Herald" on page 32!
Mickie and Malc, Trowbridge.

Humble apologies, girls, you're quite correct. (The erring sub-editor has been despatched pronto for an eye-test.) It's also Dee and his girlfriend Terri in the snap below (and not John and Caroline). For the next feature the O'Neills will be forced to wear clearly visible name tags at all times, so there!

THE FIRST track on Side 2 of the "Vienna" LP by Ultravox, "Mr. X", has exactly the same intro as "Touch & Go" on the LP "Metamatic" by John Foxx.

Is this legal? Has anyone else noticed this? Are you going to print this? Have I wasted time and paper writing it? Are you going to give me a £5 Record Token?
Paul Sargent (Numanoid), Byfleet.

4 'maybes' and a 'buzz off'.

RECENTLY I bought the Duran Duran album. It contained their new single "Girls On Film". I was surprised to find that the words for it on the enclosed songsheet were different from those in your rag. And even more surprised to find that yours were right, the LP version having got the last verse mixed up. Before I faint with shock, please tell me how you actually managed to get the words right?
Girl on Film.

Pure genius, mingled with a touch of modesty.

ON PAGE 5 (in issue August 6)

you made Debbie Harry look fat. You have also, in the past, made Kirsty MacColl look fat (sorry, she is fat!) And you made Simon Le Bon look *thin!*

I think it's all done with mirrors. *Clare, Camelford.*
PS. "Biff" Byford of Saxon always wears the same trousers. Perhaps he can't get them off.

You can do anything with surgery these days.

MY MATE Leon works in the Chesterfield Co-op and wears a yellow tie and girls shoes.
Andy Smith, Glapwell.

Yellow tie! What's the world coming to!

HII! COULD some-one lend me a Band-aid?
Exy Cuted, no known address.

"YETH".
Nicole (the rebel with a listhp), Gravesend.

HELLO CHUMS,
I love Bucks Fizz.
A very embarrassed Ant fan, Ottershaw.
Never heard of 'em.

Get up, git down, yer only human
Knot your knees to . . .

GARY NUMAN!



Bump, stomp, shake your behinds
Wiggle your middle with . . .

SIMPLE MINDS!

Grab the cash, get on the scene
They're in the next issue — SEPTEMBER 17!!

Say woah (WOAH!!)
Repeat to fade



LEVEL 42

THEIR DEBUT ALBUM
Includes
LOVE GAMES and TURN IT ON

ALBUM: POLS 1036 CASSETTE: POLSC 1036



TOUR DATES

August 21 LONDON The Venue
August 22 ST. ALBANS Civic Hall
August 27 NORWICH Penny's
August 29 BRAINTREE The Barn
August 31 PRESTON Clouds
September 5 NEATH Talk of The Abbey
September 7 SCUNTHORPE Tiffanys
September 8 SCARBOROUGH Tiffanys
September 9 BURNLEY Tiffanys
September 11 HAYWARDS HEATH The Taverners

DISCO



RAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA

By Randy Crawford on WEA Records

Hoverin' by my suitcase
Tryin' to find a warm place to spend the night
Heavy rain's a fallin'
Seems I hear your voice callin' "all right"

A rainy night in Georgia
A rainy night in Georgia
I believe that it's rainin' all over the world
I feel that it's rainin' all over the world

Neon signs a flashin'
Taxi cabs and buses passin' through the night
A distant moanin' of the train
Seems to play a sad refrain to the night

A rainy night in Georgia
Such a rainy night in Georgia
I believe that it's rainin' all over the world
I feel like it's rainin' all over the world

How many times I've wondered
It still comes out the same
No matter how you look at it or think of it
It's life and we just got to play the game

I shake the rain from my sweater
Take out your letters, to pass some time
Late at night when it's hard to rest
I hold your pictures to my breast
And I feel fine, fine

It's a rainy night in Georgia
Such a rainy night in Georgia
I feel that it's rainin' all over the world
Lord, I feel like it's rainin' all over the world

Rainy night yeah
Such a rainy night
It keeps on raining

Words and music by Tony Joe White
Reproduced by permission Keith Prowse Music Pub. Co. Ltd./EMI
Music Ltd.

You'll Never Know

By Hi-Gloss on Epic Records

Look what you have gone and done
you fool
The best was yet to come
What a childish game to play
You had it all
And threw it all away
You were not the first my love
Don't kid yourself
You sure won't be the last
You have just yourself to blame
A fool's a fool by any other name

You'll never know, you'll never know
You'll never know, you'll never know
You'll never know, how close we came

Nothing but the best for you would do
My love was vintage wine
Now you're just a memory
You've gone from me
Just so much wasted time
You can rest assured that I won't cry

Words and music by S. Salerni/P. Hurtt

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YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

For tears were never quite my style
I stopped crying long ago
When life erased forever from my mind

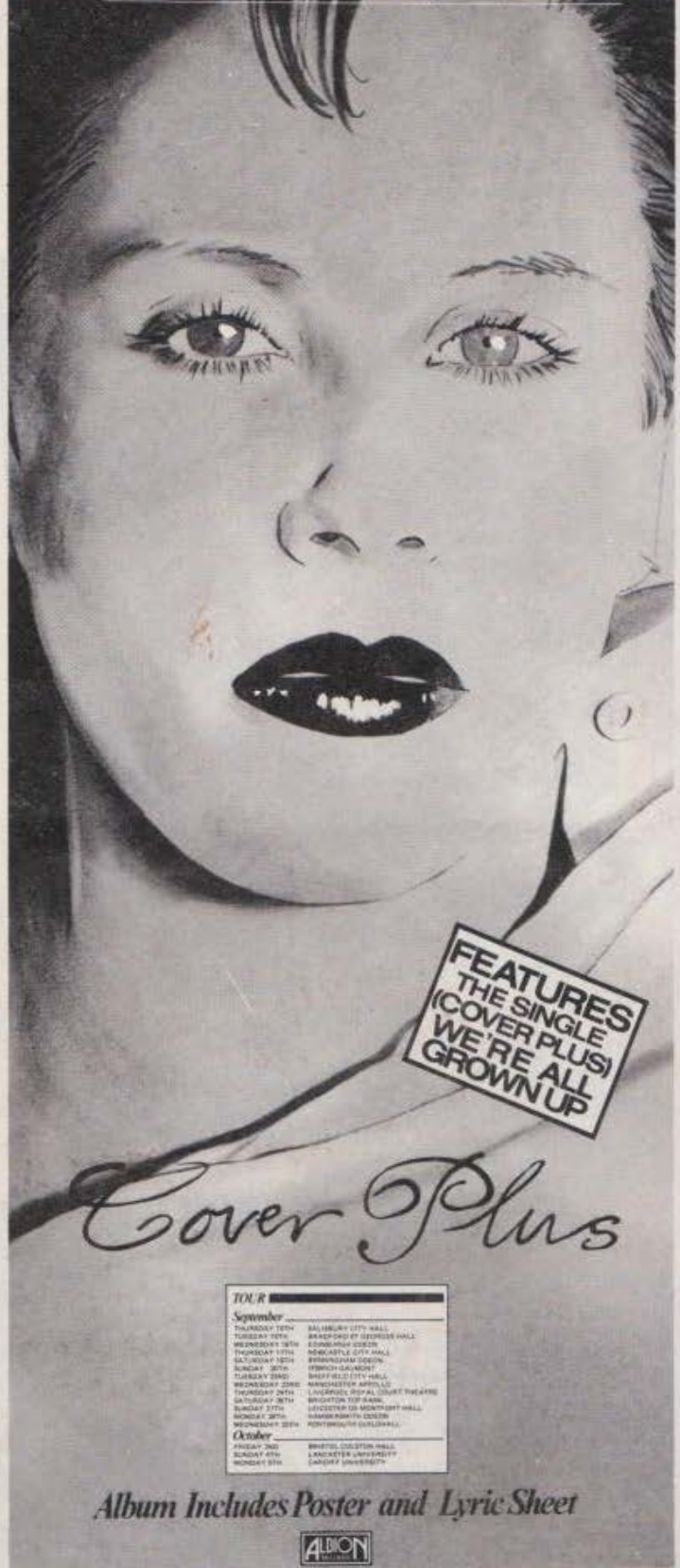
You'll never know, you'll never know
You'll never know, you'll never know
You'll never know, you'll never know
You'll never know, how hard I tried
You'll never know, you'll never know
You'll never know, you'll never know
We could have had it all
You'll never know, how hard I tried

You're just a memory
You're gone from me
You have just yourself to blame
A fool's a fool by any other name

You'll never know, you'll never know
You'll never know, you'll never know

Repeat and ad lib to fade

NEW ALBUM HAZEL O'CONNOR



DISCO TOP 40

TWO WEEKS BACK	TWO WEEKS AHEAD	TITLE-ARTIST	LABEL
1	6	HARD TIMES/LOVE ACTION HUMAN LEAGUE	Virgin
2	2	HOOKED ON CLASSICS ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA	RCA
3	16	THE CARIBBEAN DISCO SHOW LOBLO	Polydor
4	5	WALKING INTO SUNSHINE CENTRAL LINE	Mercury
5	1	CHANT NO. 1 SPANDAU BALLET/BEGGAR AND CO	Reformation
6	13	BACK TO THE '60s TIGHT FIT	Bluebird
7	10	YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HI-GLOSS	Epic
8	30	AS THE TIME GOES BY FUNKAPOLITAN	London
9	22	EVERYBODY SALBA MODERN ROMANCE	WEA
10	9	I LOVE MUSIC ENIGMA	Crescent
11	3	HAPPY BIRTHDAY STEVIE WONDER	Motown
12	32	AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH SOYS TOWN GANG	Moby Dick
13	7	YOU SURE LOOK GOOD TO ME PHYLLIS HYMAN	Arista
14	14	SHE'S A BAD MAMA JAMA CARL CARLTON	20th Century
15	4	I'M IN LOVE EVELYN KING	RCA
16	8	NICE AND SOFT WISH	Excelsior
17	23	RAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA RANDY CRAWFORD	Warner Bros
18	34	BETCHA WOULDN'T HURT ME QUINCY JONES/PATTI AUSTIN	A&M
19	15	LIFT YOUR VOICE AND SAY LOVE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA	Unlimited Gold
20	24	SEARCHING TO FIND THE ONE UNLIMITED TOUCH	Epic
21	29	STARTRAX CLUB DISCO STARTRAX	Piccadilly
22	38	IN AND OUT OF LOVE IMAGINATION	R&B
23	12	TURN IT ON LEVEL 42	Polydor
24	18	SHAKE IT UP TONIGHT CHERYL LYNN	CBS
25	NEW	NUMBER ONE KID	Record Shack
26	NEW	LOVE HAS COME AROUND DONALD BYRD	Elektra
27	NEW	DO YOU LOVE ME PATTI AUSTIN	Kwest
28	NEW	GIVE IT UP (DON'T MAKE ME WAIT) SYLVESTER	Fantasy
29	NEW	HANDS UP (GIVE ME YOUR HEART) OTTOWAN	Carrere
30	NEW	DON'T BE SO COOL CAMELO	Casablanca
31	11	WALK RIGHT NOW JACKSONS	Epic
32	NEW	SO THIS IS ROMANCE LINK	Chrysalis
33	NEW	ALL THAT'S GOOD TO ME CAMERON	Salsoul
34	25	SQUARE BIZ TEENA MARIE	Motown
35	NEW	INTERPLAY ATMOSPHERE	Elite
36	17	DANCING ON THE FLOOR (HOOKED ON LOVE) THIRD WORLD	CBS
37	21	ON THE BEAT B.B. & Q. BAND	Capitol
38	40	RIDING ON A FANTASY RAY BAND	DJM
39	NEW	BODY MUSIC CHRIS RAINBOW	EMI

FEATURES
THE SINGLE
(COVER PLUS)
WE'RE ALL
GROWN UP

Cover Plus

TOUR	
September	
THURSDAY 10TH	BALTIMORE CITY HALL
TUESDAY 16TH	BRANDYDAYS BY SEYMOUR HALL
WEDNESDAY 17TH	EDMUNDBURGH GARDENS
THURSDAY 17TH	MANCHESTER CITY HALL
FRI 20TH 19TH	BRISTOL AND GLOUCESTER
SUNDAY 20TH	BRISTOL AND GLOUCESTER
TUESDAY 23RD	BRISTOL AND GLOUCESTER
WEDNESDAY 24TH	MANCHESTER AND GLOUCESTER
THURSDAY 24TH	LIVERPOOL ROYAL LIVERPOOL THEATRE
FRIDAY 25TH	BRISTOL AND GLOUCESTER
SUNDAY 27TH	LONDON AND GLOUCESTER
MONDAY 28TH	LONDON AND GLOUCESTER
WEDNESDAY 30TH	MANCHESTER AND GLOUCESTER
October	
FRIDAY 4TH	BRISTOL AND GLOUCESTER
SUNDAY 6TH	LONDON AND GLOUCESTER
MONDAY 7TH	LONDON AND GLOUCESTER

Album Includes Poster and Lyric Sheet



ALBUM: ALB108 CASSETTE: CALB108

GIGZ

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

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 3
Siouxie & The Banshees
 London Hammersmith Odeon
Marvin Gaye London Drury Lane Theatre
FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 4
Siouxie & The Banshees

Bracknell Sports Centre
Marvin Gaye London Drury Lane Theatre
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 5
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive
 Aylesbury Friars
Marvin Gaye London Drury

Lane Theatre
Level 42 Neath Talk Of The Abbey
The Beat/Nine Below Zero
 Plymouth Tideford Village (4pm-11pm)

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 6
Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive
 Hammersmith Palais

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 7
Level 42 Southampton Tiffanys

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 8
Level 42 Bradford Tiffanys

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 9
Level 42 Burnley Tiffanys

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 10
Hazel O'Connor Salisbury City Hall

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 11
Marvin Gaye Aberdeen Capitol

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 12
David Essex Edinburgh Playhouse
Marvin Gaye Edinburgh Usher Hall

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 13
David Essex Newcastle City Hall

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 14
David Essex Sheffield City Hall

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 15
Hazel O'Connor Bradford St. Georges Hall
David Essex Coventry Theatre

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 16
Hazel O'Connor Edinburgh Odeon
David Essex Leicester De Montfort Hall

Haze having a spot of back trouble (stage left). Hope it all clears up before she plays Salisbury (September 10), Bradford (15) and Edinburgh (16).



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ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 29.

ACROSS: 1 "Backfired"; 8 Rowan; 10 Nile Rodgers; 12 Soft Cell; 14 Rod Stewart; 15 Star Trek; 16 Ronnie; 18 John Otway; 19 & 20 Annie Hall; 23 "Girls . . ."; 24 Atkinson; 25 Ian; 26 Status; 27 " . . . Guy"; 28 Osmonds; 29 Dury; 30 Doug.
 DOWN: 1 "Bring On The Night"; 2 "Chemistry"; 3 Flop; 4 Reg; 5 Dire Straits; 6 Grant; 7 " . . . On Film"; 9 "Water On Glass"; 11 Talking Heads; 13 Feargal; 17 Evelyn King; 18 "Jealous . . ."; 21 Stein; 22 Wings; 26 Sid (Vicious).

COMPETITION WINNERS

KIM WILDE COMPETITION (Issue July 9-11), 25 autographed albums to: Lesley Hollife, Sale; Yvonne Jones, Exmouth; Russell Hancock, Hemel Hempstead; Melanie Fidell, Scunthorpe; Phil Connolly, Liverpool; Hilary Walton, Sunderland; Kristina Jenkins, St. Ives; Carrie Barr, Kilmarnock; Tom Levesley, Aldridge; Patricia Deacon, Dundee; Mark Skehan, Bury; Ian Roulstone, Loughborough; Jackie Foulds, Newark; Sarah Gunn, Cleveleys; Amanda Hird, Carlisle; Henrietta Grant, Robertsbridge; Brian Salmon, Crowborough; Stephen Wood,

Macclesfield; Marcus Jefferies, Cinderford; Stewart Smith, Sheffield; Julie Harrington, Birmingham; Michele Moss, Great Yarmouth; Andrew Dearman, Chelmsford; Jill Page, King's Lynn; D. Taylor, Huddersfield.

SIUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES COMPETITION (Issue July 23-August 5), 25 autographed albums to: Ian Monk, Sutton Coldfield; Darren McPulay, Peterborough; Richard Holder, Dorset; Peter Roberts, Essex; R. Garlick, Suffolk; Angela Cornell,

Cambridge; Janet Martindale, Edinburgh; Martin Earls, Middlesex; E. Pardee, Redditch; Vanessa Jones, Trowbridge; K. Rose, Wolverhampton; H. Balchin, Surrey; Suzanne Ellis, Huddersfield; Kenneth Marcon, Accrington; Julia Eason, Balsham; J. Godwin, Worthing; Christopher Frettsome, Mansfield; Lesley Darling, Crowborough; Miles Hendy, Badminton; Sonia Shephard, Marlborough; Mark Fairbairn, Cheltenham; Gary Randall, Great Yarmouth; Alistair Bray, Hay-on-Wye; Roger Allen, Essex; Bernice Kaye, Bradford.

PUZZLE ANSWER

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CHWMPOTIARNIAREGA
TAIRIAREMAGCETZA
HNSPQGEVILARDAED
SARTYSBMODERTTREC
RWAXPODQWOPERKZPHN
AHECTIUSPCKREBY
WIEEROTENAPCOOTW
DINRSREWSRGCSBARGA
HNNEOGFOIXIREADRS
LOGDAWWEKFTXRPEEE
KENNSEGTAHANXLRDN
NSDQENARFMPXAEKAYI
IJSABEALUSPCKREBY
PONTCNEASHAGPEKLT
FNOACSOOTLRKEERME
OEISASCKIXPSBLTDE
XYSMOITXKLLQUTABR
UIAPASMGOSWISAMESI
LTYXKDJAKYAKENHCF
FIEHEGCOXXPHMTUKX
ESTDTLIFJOCHANLAXE
COSEPEPETEGGAWENBR
IPUFIUSMGFNEERIPGO
VKKALOXIADHTRIBEI
KSRFJXKPEIOLPNEVP
    
```


AS THE TIME GOES BY

And the time goes by
And the time stands still
And the time goes by
And the time stands still
Don't get excited
No more than anyone else
Don't get excited
No more than anyone else

And the time goes by
And the time stands still
Probably did, probably didn't
Probably did, probably didn't
Probably did, probably didn't
Probably did, probably didn't

Chorus
Thank God that I'm not blind, yeah
I could have looked behind
Thank God that I'm not blind
And then we cheek to cheek
You said you had a pass-out for the week
So I lounged and drowned I was in your surround

And the time goes by
(Goes by, goes by, goes by)
And the time stands still
(Stands still, stands still, stands still)
And the time goes by
(Goes by, goes by, goes by)
And the time stands still
(Stands still, stands still, stands still)
And we shock the show
Subtle scenes of love
And we shake control
Crisp detail
So we B movie
Someone locked it out
So we B movie
And they had a head count
Probably did, probably didn't
Probably did, probably didn't
Probably did, probably didn't
Probably did, probably didn't

Repeat Chorus

Red lights
So you ran in vain
Back door
It's the same again
Pull apart the discreet packaging
Reveal my heart not challenging

And the time goes by
And the time stands still
And the time goes by
And the time stands still
And the time goes by
And the time stands still

Probably did, probably didn't
Probably did, probably didn't
Probably did, probably didn't
Probably did, probably didn't

Repeat chorus

*Words and music by Jones Anderson
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Funkapolitan

on London Records



Smash Hits Soft Cell

