

SMASH
HITS

HITS



HEAVEN 17

**MARI WILSON • FAD GADGET • INSIDE RADIO ONE
HIT SONGS BY DIANA ROSS • MADNESS • ABC & MANY MORE
HAIRCUT 100 • XTC • STRANGLERS IN COLOUR**

← BOWWOW

WOW →

I don't like you
I don't like you, town
I don't wanna like you
I'll shop around
I don't want you
I don't want you, town
I don't wanna want you
I'll shop around
I'll shop around

I can get a train
I don't need no hamburgers
No take-away
I want my own game
No bake and take
No strawberry milk shake

I want a picnic
I'm sick, sick of seeing signs to eat
Walking down these dark lonely streets

Chorus
Wild, go wild, go wild in the country
Where snakes in the grass are absolutely free
Wild, go wild, go wild in the country
Where snakes in the grass are absolutely free

I don't know you
I don't know you, town
I don't wanna know you
I'll shop around
I'll shop around

I can get a train
I don't need no hamburgers
No take-away
I want my own game
No bake and take
No strawberry milk shake

I do better, hell
I do better
Swinging from the trees
Naked in the breeze
But I got no boiled chicken
I wanna go hunting and fishing

Repeat chorus

I can get a plane
I don't need no suitcases
'Cause truth loves to go naked

Repeat chorus

I wanna picnic
'Cause I get sick
Got no boiled chicken
I wanna go hunting and fishing

Repeat chorus

I can get a train
I don't need no hamburgers
No take-away
'Cause I want my own game

Words and music by
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On RCA Records



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES THORNTON

GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY.

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THE
NEW
7"
SINGLE
FROM
KOOL
AND
THE
GANG
IS
TAKE
MY
HEART
(REMIX)
&
CARIBBEAN
FESTIVAL

KOOL
AND
THE
GANG

THE
12"
INCLUDES
LONG
VERSIONS
OF
TAKE
MY
HEART
(REMIX)
CARIBBEAN
FESTIVAL
&
WINTER
SADNESS

TAKE MY HEART IS FROM THE ALBUM
SOMETHING
SPECIAL

DeLuxe
12" DEX 6

7" DE 6 marketed by
phonogram

Heaven CAN wait

Heaven 17, the dance division of the British Electric Foundation, sketch out their plans for Dave Rimmer



PC: Barbara Ross

Left to right: Ian Craig Marsh, Glenn Gregory and Martyn Ware.

HEAVEN 17

Maybe it's something to do with the '80s computerised approach to pop. Or maybe it's a reflection of the hard business sense many young bands have learnt since independent labels first provided alternatives to the standard recording contract. But these days your modam young musician

wouldn't look out of place in the head office of Shell International. The corporate mega — executive-style suits, ties and briefcases — is in!

In all this, Sheffield electronic funksters Heaven 17 have emerged as front-runners. Leaving the Human League in late 1980, Ian Craig Marsh and Martyn Ware made the practical move of forming, not a band, but a production company to act as an umbrella for all their projects. The British Electric Foundation, of which Heaven 17 is a "subsidiary".

Then the cover of Heaven 17's debut album, "Penthouse and Pavement", (which won the coveted Smash Hits Best Dressed Record award for 1981) was designed like some publicity handout for a multinational corporation. Next to a BEF motto, there were pictures of the band in businesslike posas straight out of O'Jels.

"It was just there," says vocalist Glenn Gregory. "It was never a real attempt at an image, we just use it when necessary. But I'm sorry, in Sheffield recently I've noticed lots of kids wandering around with briefcases."

On the day I met them, Heaven 17 are in a confident mood. "Penthouse and Pavement" has just gone silver (meaning it's sold 80,000 copies), and they've just released a re-mixed, dance-enhanced version of "Height of the Fighting" featuring the messiah horns of Bigger and Co.

Last year Heaven 17 seemed to be a band that promised a lot but never quite delivered. Though they could have papered their walls with all their favourable reviews and mentions-in-the-right-places, they were overshadowed by the enormous success of their old synth partners, the Human League, with whom comparisons still seem inevitable. Would they like to duplicate the League's success?

"Yeah, definitely," says Ian. And Glenn quotes a punk he saw on TV the other night who was asked if he wanted to be famous: "Anyone who says he doesn't must be either deaf or a liar."

But do they plan what they're doing in that respect, I wonder? To become that successful you need to sell to a much broader audience. And though I can see my Mum whistling "Don't You Want Me" while she cleans the windows, I can't quite imagine her humming, say, "Fascist Groove Thang". Besides, it seems that BEF work on what they want to do without worrying about trifling matters like commercial potential.

Ian: "There's always a gap of about a year to a year and a half between having an idea and putting it into practice. We're always too busy catching up with ourselves."

Busy is right. Last year they seemed to be working almost constantly. Apart from three singles and that album, BEF also released a "Music for Steweweays" cassette, put together an album of pre-Human League material called "The Future Tapes" (it hasn't been released because they're arguing with Philip Dakay about who owns the rights), produced an album for Hot Gossip in two weeks flat after it was taken out of the hands of Landscape

member and Spendo producer Richard Burgess and have been working on a long-heralded album of cover versions to be called "Music of Quality and Distinction". That list was supposed to be released last year too, but according to Ian became "a bit more of a mammoth task than we'd imagined".

The album is basically a collection of BEF's favourite tracks sung by a number of guest vocalists. Glenn is doing Lou Reed's "Perfect Day" and Glenn Campbell's "Wichita Linemen". Bernie Nolan is doing The Supremes' "You Keep Me Hanging On". Billy MacKenzie of The Associates is handling Bowie's "Secret Life of Arabia" and Roy Orbison's "It's Over". They seem particularly pleased to be working with MacKenzie.

"If Billy doesn't become a big star," Martyn comments, "I will eat my hat, shoes, socks and overcoat. I'll even eat my briefcase."

Apart from that they won't tell me any more. We know Gary Glitter and Sandie Shaw are doing things, but they won't reveal what. Later on, Virgin Managing Director Simon Draper lets slip that they've been trying to contact Bobby Womack and Tim Turner before the band shut him up.

On top of all that studio work, Heaven 17 also did a succession of personal appearances at clubs in Britain, Germany and New York. They would arrange it with the club beforehand, turn up with backing tapes, and sing along to six or seven tracks.

"And I'm never," says Glenn, "going to sing 'Penthouse and Pavement' ever again. No matter how much anybody pays me."

Reactions at first were "a bit tentative", but audiences soon got used to the idea and enjoyed it. At one Glasgow club where their performance was being videotaped, the tape suddenly jammed. They just stood there gaping with no idea what to do. Then the DJ started playing Soft Cell's "Tainted Love" and they just started miming to that instead. Glenn rackets: "It helped everyone not take it too seriously."

For now, with the single released and work on "Quality and Distinction" proceeding slowly, Heaven 17 are concentrating on writing new material. For "Penthouse and Pavement" they did all their composing in the studio. Now they've each equipped themselves with TEAC 4-track port-a-studios, Casio-Tone synthesizers and Or Rhythm drum machines.

These days equipment like that comes cheaply, the three items together costing about the same as 16 hours of studio time. And now they can do all their composing in the comfort of their own homes. That's probably a relief.

Ian comments: "The last few months have just seemed like a 9 to 5 job to me."

And when I ask how long they've been shut up in the studio, their brains are so fuddled with work they can hardly remember.

"Two months? Three months? I don't know, probably longer."

Well, keep up the good work boys, but take care of yourselves. Or maybe the executive life-style means ulcers as well as eticache cases.

height of the fighting

(HE-LA-HU)

Heat, war
They've sent you to it, do it
Sweat, law
If you can't move it, prove it

Chorus
At the height of the fighting (he-la-hu)
At the height of the fighting (he-la-hu)

Heat, war
If you don't like it, fight it
Sweat, law
If you can't take it, fake it
Heat, war
They sent you to it, do it
Sweat, law
If you can't move it, prove it

Repeat chorus

Heat, war, sweat, law, war, sweat, law, war
If you don't like it, fight it
Sweat, law
If you can't take it, fake it

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by B.E.F./Gregory
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Virgin Music (Publishers) Ltd./Sound
Diagrams On B.E.F./Virgin Records

the B-52's

NEW DANCE ALBUM

PRODUCED BY DAVID BYRNE
AVAILABLE ON RECORD AND CASSETTE

M
A
S
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V
O
T
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A
M
A



CASSETTE 1CT 4-006
ALBUM 15PT 4-006 151 AND

THE PICTURES

PG 111



Art Corner: Bit of a posey snap, true, but then she's a fairly off-beam individual. That's Linder (top), singer with the Manchester-based Ludus who have a double 45 r.p.m. LP on offer called "The Seduction".

PG 111

The year is 1959. Lucky holders of a 2/6 ticket (that's 12½p) for this evening's star-packed show at the Chiswick Empire are about to get a taste of a real live teen-idol! And, no, we don't mean Des D' Connor, the "modern style comedian". We refer, of course, to the dapper young blade with the arty socks. Eagle-eyed readers will note that Cliff is billed as the "hit recorder of 'Move It' and 'Livin' Doll'" which — it just so happens — are two of the dozen singles he put out between '58 and '79 that have just been reissued as an irresistible boxed-set. It also happens that Cliff's allowed us ten such sets — each one autographed — to be dispatched to the envied winners of the following Tuff Test: Cliff was born in one of these countries. Which one? — a) Spain; b) India; c) Africa; d) Guatemala. Answers on a postcard, including your name and address to — "Smash Hits Cliff Competition", 52/55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The first ten correct cards to be siphoned from the sack on March 18 will find an Extremely Nice Gift on their doorstep.



Neville Staples (right) — a man with a message. He's just emerged from a (fairly minor) throat operation which gave his vocal chords a 10,000 mile service. As the doctors advised him not to speak — let alone sing — he's concocted a series of placards like the item pictured. One of the most forthright is "What are you doing tonight...?" — the devil. In fact, FB3 have been hounded by bad luck recently. Last month Lynvel Golding was so savagely attacked in a Coventry club that he also had to be hospitalised. All this has meant that the trio's tour has been postponed. Still, their first album will be out on March 5.



Roots

THE BOOMTOWN RATS

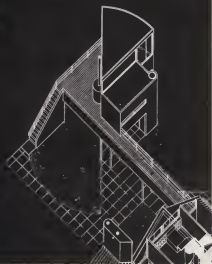
HOUSE

ON

FIRE



A NEW SINGLE



7" MER 91 - SPECIAL LONG VERSION 12" MERX 91

PHONOGRAM





Gillan

RESTLESS

Jimmy Jimmy in your red brick city
Take a look around you
Jimmy Jimmy ain't got no pity
That ain't the way I found you
Just when things get settled down
And the road is wide and endless
That's when I start looking around
And I start to feel so restless

Jimmy Jimmy with a bag full of money
Why don't you please remember
Jimmy Jimmy now your life's so sunny
How was it last December
When you hid your pain
And you smiled in the rain
To give up was just senseless
When the kids in the street
See you dragging your feet
Then we started to get restless

When we helped one another
And you were my brother
You really were the greatest
Now you're making hay
But you look the other way
Hey Jimmy I'm getting restless

Jimmy Jimmy feeling good, feeling pretty
Take a look around you
Jimmy Jimmy come on back to the city
Back to where I found you
When you hid your pain
And you smiled in the rain
To give up was just senseless
When the kids in the street
See you dragging your feet
Then we started to get restless

When we helped one another
And you were my brother
You really were the greatest
Now you're making hay
But you look the other way
Hey Jimmy I'm getting restless

Words and music by Gillan/McCoy
Reproduced by permission Pussy Music Ltd./Chappell Music Ltd.
On Virgin Records.

THE J. GEILS BAND

CENTERFOLD

Does she walk? Does she talk?
Does she come complete?
My homeroom homeroom angel
Always pulled me from my seat
She was pure like snowflakes
No one could ever steal
The memory of my angel
Could never cause me pain
Years go by I'm looking through a girly magazine
And there's my homeroom angel on the pages in-between

Chorus
My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold
My angel is the centerfold
Angel is the centerfold
My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold
Angel is the centerfold

Slipped me notes under the desk
While I was thinking about her dress
I was shy I turned away
Before she caught my eye
I was shaking in my shoes
Whenever she flashed those baby blues
Something had a hold on me
When angel passed close by
Those soft fuzzy sweeters
Too magical to touch
To see her in that negligee
is really just too much

Repeat chorus

It's okay I understand
This ain't no never never land
I hope that when this issue's gone
I'll see you when your clothes are on
Take your car, yes we will
We'll take your car and drive it
We'll take it to a motel room
And take em off in private
A part of me has just been ripped
The pages from my mind are stripped
Oh no, I can't deny it
Oh yeah, I guess I gotta buy it

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Seth Justman
Reproduced by permission Center City Music
On EMI America Records



ADAM & THE ANTS

DEUTSCHER GIRLS



EG SINGLE AVAILABLE NOW

MARI

They call her The Neasden Queen of Soul. She currently holds the title "Miss Beehive 1981", as awarded to her by a London disco. We'll just settle for plain old Mari Wilson.

And let's not forget The Imaginations. All eleven of them. They break down into three interlocking sections. First there's the six man backing band (white jackets and polo macks obligatory). Then we move on to take in the lovely Marionettas (Priscilla and Candide) and Hank, Wilbur and Curt, collectively known as The Marines. Quite a line-up. Imagine that lot squabbling over the one dressing room mirror!

The Mari Wilson Show (and this is a show) is currently on a 60 date tour of the UK, all set to treat your feet to a beat somewhat sixties in character. If you've ever had a thing about the original Avengers, classic Motown, Twiggy in shocking pink or Sean Connery in James Bond movies, then there's something here for you. If you also go for good tunes and a persuasive dance beat then all the better.

Mari & The Imaginations are under the wing of The Compact

Organisation, one of London's wittier young labels. Named after a 60s soap opera, it's also the home of Vima Lindt and Shake Shaka, but it's been Mari's two singles, "Dance Card" and the current "Beat The Beat", that have pricked up most ears.

A Mari Wilson show comes over like Motown on a shoestring; tacky but heartwarming. The opening introductions, which go on for ages, are the work of Mari's personal compers, Hank B. Hive, and each number has been arranged and choreographed to allow the maximum opportunities for finger-poppin' and back-chat.

Anticipating further success, Mari has said goodbye to the removals firm where she used to work as Sales Co-ordinator and turned professional. Her stated ambition is to become the most famous diabetetic in the world. But that doesn't mean that she's giving up the title "Miss Beehive 1981" without a fight. She's in the finals again this year, and anybody who reckons they can do better must be wielding a pretty mean comb.

David Hapworth

Mari at home in Neasden with Mum and Dad.



WILSON & THE IMAGINATIONS

Mark Wilson (standing) and The Imaginations (back row) Ca. J. Fiksel, 2000 Barry, Gwy, Larry, Imbelle
and Phillip, Hank, Whinn, Community Members
Picture taken in The Frigate, 50a Briston Road, London SW 6



PC 201/10/1980/10/10

BEAT *the* BEAT

If you're very tired
And you can't get to sleep
Then all you have to do
Is beat the beat
Cos you're hyperactive, so attractive
You can beat the beating beat

If you're nervous and you can't sit still
And the only thing you've got's a little pill
Then you're counting sheep
The lambs won't bleat
Come here and beat the beating beat

Afternoons in the local zoo
Doing things that the monkeys do
Ever where you meet
Beat the beating beat

You've got a bingo voice
I hope you call my number
If you do then I will come right over
You're so protective, my detective
You can beat the beating beat

Hyperactive, so attractive
You can beat the beating beat
In my sector, my detector
You can beat the beating beat

Beat the beating beat
If you're very tired
And you can't get to sleep
All you have to do
Is beat the beat

Words and music by Teddy Johns. Reproduced by permission Blackhill Music Ltd. On Compact Records

OLIVE

VINYL FRONTIER

The winter thaw has finally set in and the flood of new singles is well under way once more.

Bechus release a four track EP called — delightfully — "The Kick In The Eye EP" (Beggars Banquet). The songs are "Earwax", "In Fear Of Dub", "Harry" and "Searching For Satori" (a remixed version of their previous "Kick In The Eye" 45).

Talking of fun, Deutch Amerikanische Freundschaft (or **DAF**) teed out their third single "Sex Under Wasser" (or "Sex Under Water") on Virgin which is siphoned off their "Gold Und Liebe" (or "Gold And Love") LP. No doubt, it's a very meaningful experience.

To tie in with his live shows, Adam's hero **Alice Cooper** is slipping out a live single called "Seven And Seven Is" (an old number originally recorded by cult '60s band, Lovel) on Warner Brothers.

Tempto Tador return to the fray with "Let The Four Winds Blow" (Stiff), another new window dressing for the title track of their last LP.

No sooner has **Nick Lowe** a new record out (see Albums Page) than his veteran sparring partner **Dave Edmunds** follows suit. As a taster for an album Edmunds has the single "Warm Over Kisses" (Arista).

From the same label comes "Business As Usual", the new album from the long dormant **Secret Affair**.

MILLION DARES

Very loud cheering was heard all over the South of England last week, most of it emanating from Virgin Records. The cause of this merriment was the news that both **The Human League's** "Dare" LP and the single "Don't You Want Me" had gone platinum* (as we say in the business). Loosely translated, this means the pair have now sold in excess of a million copies each, a rare feat indeed.

So rare, in fact, that only 16 singles have gone platinum since 1974. The League have now outstripped both Adam and The Police (neither of whom have topped the million mark) and have joined the hallowed ranks of such folk as Gary Glitter ("I Love You Love Me Love" — 74), Queen ("Bohemian Rhapsody" — 75), Boney M ("Mary's Boy Child" — 78), Art Garfunkel ("Bright Eyes" — 79), and Slade ("Merry Christmas Everybody" — 80).

Believe it or not, **The Big Time!**

It's the return of Fascinating Faced! Did you know that the B-side of the new **Madness** single, "In The City" by name, is being used in an advert for Honda motorbikes in Japan? Thought not.

We were going to serve up a story with a headline something like: "**Spandau Ballet** To Tour — A Nation Gasps!", but now they've cancelled the projected dates. The boys will, however, be on the road sometime around the end of March/early April. Don't hold your breath.

As you've no doubt heard, support for **Freddie Laker** — or "the man who fell to earth", as the papers call him — has not been in short supply.

The latest to join the crowd of well-wishers is none other than **Police** manager Miles Copeland, who claimed in the Sunday Mirror that he'd like his boys to put on a benefit concert to help bail out the grounded airline baron. The band are, of course, no strangers to cut-price travel. All their early trips to the States were by Laker.



Hall and Oates seem like nice guys.

It's nice to be reminded that America can produce more than bland-out mega-bands and Ronald Reagan. **Darryl Hall** (the tall blond one) and **John Oates** (the small dark one) represent the more intelligent side of the country. Educated and articulate, the pair share a sense of humour and distaste for '70s-style music, and are pleasingly modest about their own achievements. And — best of all — they never say "mann".

Both Hall and Oates grew up in the Philadelphia area of America's East (i.e. non laid-back coast, actually meeting in a service lift to escape a gang fight at a dance where both were playing in different bands) Soul and street-corner doo-wop were their major musical influences — the duo were even signed to soul producers Gamble & Huff's Arct Records for a while — and it's something that definitely shows in the partnership's catchy but intricate music.

Something else that shows is their desire to instill some depth and quality into the American charts. "I feel that's the main thing that makes us different from Christopher Cross and all those other bosos," says Hall. "Our music has meaning — it's not just floating around there."

Recording for both Hall and Oates began with local labels in the mid-'60s before making three albums for Atlantic, including

the marvellous "Abandoned Luncheonette". Hall says he sees a direct link between the honesty of that album and their current revitalised work. For, despite considerable commercial success in America with six further albums and several other hits on their current label RCA, Hall and Oates were not happy men.

"We were always transplanted," Hall recalls with pain. "We write the songs and live in New York and we'd suddenly be in California. And we don't get along with Californians."

Filtered by producers and cluttered by session musicians, they found their ideas were losing their urgency en route to vinyl. The upshot was that the pair eventually took the initiative by stepping down, finding a regular band and then recording with them amid the vicinity of New York. The result was a huge improvement with the "Voices" and now "Private Eyes" albums and what the duo see almost as a second career. Success on their own terms.

"We're finally getting it right now," says Hall with relief amid satisfaction. "Both of these albums have been the first where everything came together. We really got the soul in our music together and we got the honesty and directness on vinyl."

And not a moment too soon. Welcome back, guys.

Jan Chandra



Final proof that **Angelle Upstart's** music burns the heath! — bassist Glyn Warren is going deaf. So deaf, in fact, that his Doc has ordered him to pack his bags and leave. He's to be replaced by the fearless Tony Feedback who'll be assisting the Upstarts in the making of a new LP and a February/March tour.

Fresh from The Rolling Stones' big budget tour of the States, **Bill Wyman** has just dived into a studio and appeared a mere 19 days later with a solo LP. Craftily titled "Bill Wyman", it'll be out on March 26 with a single as a taster on March 5 called "New Fashion".

In between all this Bill's been producing tracks for The Stray Cats new LP.

LIST WE FORGET

Listomania's back! Now that the world's fully recovered from last summer's legendary "Smash Hits Book Of Pop Lists" (apart from those still trying to assemble it), there's now a choice of two with which to while away the hours.

Actually "The Illustrated Book Of Rock Records" (Virgin, £1.95) is a hit on the dull side. Odd scraps of hard fact are diverting — like the ten best-selling UK LPs in the '60s: "The Sound Of Music", "West Side Story" and eight by the Beatles.

A far better bet is Rolling Stone Magazine's "The Book Of Rock Lists" (though a little more pricey — £4.95). This contains endless trivia — like all the famous Stiff sayings (e.g. "We came, we saw, we left") — which, if committed to memory and recited at parties, are bound to impress lesser mortals. Investigate.

Also on 18 month albums, **Graham Parker** makes a return back into order with a new single, LP and UK's first first volume since "The 13th Anniversary" (the LP entitled "Another Grey Area" according to New York and out on March 29). "Temporary Beauty" the single, will be out in the first week of May, and Parker, along with a new backing band, should be making his double in the first two weeks of April.

SCARY MONSTERS

Film offers for **David Bowie** have apparently been flooding in from all corners. Exactly which he's accepted, nobody's entirely sure.

One thing's certain: Bowie's BBC TV drama debut will be screened on March 2. "Baal", as it's titled, is a play by Brecht in which he plays the part of a travelling minstrel. There'll be an EP put out featuring four songs from the play, all performed by Bowie, on February 26.

Also certain is that Bowie called begins shooting a movie called "The Hunger" on March 3. Based on a novel by Whitley Strieber it's to be directed by Tony Scott (who's the brother of Ridley Scott, who directed "The Alien"). He shares his brother's penchant for Very Ghoulish Events, then gaud knows what'll happen to Bowie and Catherine Deneuve, two vampire lovers in present-day New York who give passers-by an unpleasant time by "draining their energy". We can hardly wait.

Thirdly, Bowie's currently said to be editing and remixing the long-awaited documentary film of Ziggy Stardust. Ziggy's final live performance, in the summer of '73, was recorded and should hopefully appear around Christmas '82.

Stories about Bowie being offered a part in a movie called "The Frank Sinatra Story" are still firmly in the "rumour" file.



Spizz is a leading light

SPIZZNESS AS USUAL

Spizz is the sort of hoke that's described as "irrepressible". This means that whenever the going gets rough, he changes the name of his band.

'77 he kicked off as Spizz 77. Then followed Spizz Oil. Next, Spizz Energi, who released a single for Rough Trade entitled "Where's Captain Kirk?" that's been the label's biggest seller to date after shifting 76,000 copies. After that, Athletico Spizz '80, then The Spizzles. Confusing

isn't it?

Now he's become Spizz Energi 2, along with such former sidekicks as Jim Solar, Pete Petrol, Brian Benzine and C. S. Gasp, and has a single out for Rough Trade called "Work".

Rough Trade are also releasing a compilation LP called "Spizz History" featuring various of the man's better known works. Seems like a good place to start if you haven't already.

SHAK FACTS

"Easier Said Than Done" is not just Shakatak's first major hit. It seems to be the story of their career as well. Imagine what it must feel like to release five singles, watch all of them slowly float to the edge of the Top Fifty and then slip away again.

"Easier Said Than Done" was released back in November and followed the same pattern as the band's previous outings. But then Radio One picked up on it, the group appeared on TOPP and — wham! — the chart tells you the rest.

"I'm delighted to have a hit," sighs keyboard-player Nigel Wright. "But I'm a little disappointed, too. I don't know how to describe it. This was the least expected hit of all the songs we released. It was written by our keyboard player Bill Sharpe (who's a BBC studio manager) and we released it only because we had nothing else ready in time. Originally the song was going to be called "Hide Your Love And Run" but there was already a Hollies song by that title. So we changed it." (Actually, "Easier Said Than

Done" was the title of a '63 hit by a band called The Essex).

Shakatak have been together for just two years. They are the result of a merger between a heavy jazz-rock outfit called Triaks and an Earth Wind And Fire-styled group called Northern Lights.

The band have already released one album, "Drivin' Hard", and are rushing hard to finish a second "Nightbirds", which will include their current hit.

And they've all set for a 45-date nationwide tour. Their sound may be sophisticated but they're certainly not snobs. They're happy to sip-sop between chicken-in-the-basket shows at Bailey's, Watford, and the ultra-groovy La Rox club in Winchester Hill.

"Our success has taken us by surprise," concludes Wright. "A couple of members of the band have only just turned full-time musicians. I have Earth Wind And Fire but now I know from first-hand that you don't have to be American to be credible with this sound."

Robin Katz



Shakatak (left-right): George Anderson, Keith Winter, Roger Odell, Bill Sharpe and Nigel Wright.

1 TAZ 'N PIECES

TOP 40

ALL-TIME TOP 10

TONI BASIL

1. **JAMES BROWN: Hot Pants (Polydor).** For its funk
2. **BO DIDDLEY: Head Line (Chess).** For its rhythm
3. **OTIS REDDING: Satisfaction (Atlantic).** For its drive
4. **DEVO: Satisfaction (Virgin).** For its interpretation
5. **BRIAN ENO: King's Lead Hat (EG).** For its musicality
6. **THE ROLLING STONES: 2120 South Michigan Avenue (Decca).** For Brian Jones' harmonica solo
7. **PETER GABRIEL: I Don't Remember (Charisma).** For its drama
8. **TALKING HEADS: Cross-Eyed And Painless (Sire).** For the dramatic quality

9. BOB DYLAN: Subterranean Homesick Blues (CBS). For its lyrics

10. THE DOORS: The End (Elektra). For the theatrics of Jim Morrison's vocal performance



THIS WEEK'S NO. 1	LAST WEEK'S NO. 1	WEEKS ON CHART	LABEL
1	1	10	Epic
2	2	10	Mercury
3	3	10	Mercury
4	4	10	Mercury
5	5	10	Mercury
6	6	10	Mercury
7	7	10	Mercury
8	8	10	Mercury
9	9	10	Mercury
10	10	10	Mercury
11	11	10	Mercury
12	12	10	Mercury
13	13	10	Mercury
14	14	10	Mercury
15	15	10	Mercury
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26	26	10	Mercury
27	27	10	Mercury
28	28	10	Mercury
29	29	10	Mercury
30	30	10	Mercury
31	31	10	Mercury
32	32	10	Mercury
33	33	10	Mercury
34	34	10	Mercury
35	35	10	Mercury
36	36	10	Mercury
37	37	10	Mercury
38	38	10	Mercury
39	39	10	Mercury
40	40	10	Mercury

INDEPENDENT SINGLES TOP 30

THIS WEEK'S NO. 1	LAST WEEK'S NO. 1	WEEKS ON CHART	LABEL
1	1	10	Mercury
2	2	10	Mercury
3	3	10	Mercury
4	4	10	Mercury
5	5	10	Mercury
6	6	10	Mercury
7	7	10	Mercury
8	8	10	Mercury
9	9	10	Mercury
10	10	10	Mercury
11	11	10	Mercury
12	12	10	Mercury
13	13	10	Mercury
14	14	10	Mercury
15	15	10	Mercury
16	16	10	Mercury
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20	20	10	Mercury
21	21	10	Mercury
22	22	10	Mercury
23	23	10	Mercury
24	24	10	Mercury
25	25	10	Mercury
26	26	10	Mercury
27	27	10	Mercury
28	28	10	Mercury
29	29	10	Mercury
30	30	10	Mercury

TAKE 5

The current listening pleasure of a Smash Hits scribe. This issue, **Bev Hillier**.

1. **HAMILTON BOHANNON: Let's Start To Dance Again (London)**
2. **D. TRAIN: You're The One For Me (Epic)**
3. **J. GELLS BAND: Centerfold (EMI America)**
4. **ABBA: Soldiers (Epic)**
5. **BOWWOWOW: Go Wild In The Country (RCA)**

FAN CLUBS

Strangers' Info
32 Studios Road
Shepperton Studio Centre
Shepperton
Middlesex TW17 0QJ

Shakin' Stevens
Bull Hill Cottage
Hawstead
Nr. Bury St Edmunds
Suffolk

XTC
Allaydore Ltd
85 Priory Green
Highworth
Swindon
Wilt

PERSONAL FILE

KIRK BRANDON

(of Theatre Of Hate)

Name: Kirk Brandon
BORN: 3/8/56
EDUCATED: St Teresa's, Torbay, Devon
FAVOURITE TEACHER: Sister Calice
FIRST CRUSH: Shirley Bossey
JOBS: Smithfield Market First; record; "Voodoo Chile" by Jimi Hendrix
FIRST CONCERT: Roxy Music


MOST PRIZED POSSESSION: Gibson violin (bass) (1968)
GIRL FRIEND: None
FAVOURITE CARTOON CHARACTER: Ronald Reagan
HERO: Rocky Marciano
HEROINE: Bette Davis
WEAKNESSES: Champagne, cabs & crab
AMBITION: To play a gig for the Afghan Rebels
FAVOURITE FOOD: Sea food

WHAT I'D DO WITH A MILLION QUID: Spend it on medical research
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "You're wacked"
MOST HATED EXPRESSION: "You've got the job!"
HAPPINESS IS: Playing live concerts
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW? Somewhere over the rainbow



INDEPENDENT ALBUMS TOP 10

THIS WEEK'S NO. 1	LAST WEEK'S NO. 1	WEEKS ON CHART	LABEL
1	1	10	Mercury
2	2	10	Mercury
3	3	10	Mercury
4	4	10	Mercury
5	5	10	Mercury
6	6	10	Mercury
7	7	10	Mercury
8	8	10	Mercury
9	9	10	Mercury
10	10	10	Mercury



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PH: Andy Chan



★ **madness** ★

CARDIAC ARREST

Papers in the morning, bowler hat on head
Walking to the bus stop, he's longing for his bed
Waiting with his neighbours in the rush-hour queue
Got to get the first bus, so much for him to do
He's got to hurry, got to get his seat
Can't miss his place, got to rest his feet

Ten more minutes 'til he gets there
The crossword's nearly done
It's getting so hard these days
Not nearly so much fun
His mind wanders to the office
His telephone desk and chair
He's been happy with the company
They've treated him real fair

Think of seven letters, begin and end in C
Like a big American car but misspelt with a D

I wish this bus'd get a move on driver's taking his time
I just don't know I'll be late, oh dear what will the boss say
Pull yourself together now, don't get in a state
Don't you worry there's no hurry
It's a lovely day, could all be going your way
Take the doc's advice, let up enjoy your life
Listen to what they say, it's not a game they play

He'll never get there at this rate
He's caught up in a jam
There's a meeting this morning
It's just his luck, oh damn
His hand dives in his pocket
For his handkerchief
Pearls of sweat on his collar
His pulse-beat seems so brief
Eyes fall on his wristwatch
The seconds pass real slow
Gasping for the hot air
But the chest pain it won't go

Tried to ask for help but can't seem to speak a word
Words are whispered frantically but don't seem to be heard
What about the wife and kids, they all depend on me
We're so sorry, we told you not to hurry
Now it's just too late, you've got a certain date
We thought we made it clear, we all voiced our inner fears
We left it up to you, there's nothing we can do

Don't you worry there's no hurry
It's a lovely day, could all be going your way
Take the doc's advice, let up enjoy your life
Listen to what they say, it's not a game they play

Words and music by C. Smash/C. Foreman
Reproduced by permission Nutty Sounds/Warner Bros. Music Ltd.
On Stiff Records

UB40

I WON'T CLOSE MY EYES

I won't close my eyes
To the sufferer's plight
In a world full of sadness
I won't turn off my light
Our cries for justice are shots in the dark
But our strength's in our bite
And not in our bark
It's time to stand
Face the oncoming crime
And the louder we scream
The sweeter the sound

I won't close my eyes
When I know that I'm right
When I'm drowning in tears
I won't turn off my light
We're shown no respect
But that can't break our pride
I'm our backs to the wall
We won't run and we won't hide
It's time to stand and shout it out loud
Because the louder we scream
The sweeter the sound

I won't close my eyes
When the future don't look bright
Though the road seems too long
I won't turn off my light
In a world full of darkness
I won't turn off my light
I won't turn off my light
I won't turn off my light

Words and music by UB40
Reproduced by permission New Claims/ATV Music Ltd.
On DEP International



ABC



POISON · ARROW

If I were to say to you, can you keep a secret?
Would you know just what to do, or where to keep it?
Then I say I love you, foul the situation
Hey girl I thought we were the right combination

Who broke my heart? You did, you did
Bow to the target, blame Cupid, Cupid
You think you're smart, stupid, stupid

Chorus
Shoot that poison arrow
To my heart
Shoot that poison arrow
Shoot that poison arrow
To my heart
Shoot that poison arrow

No rhythm in cymbals, no tempo in drums
Love on arrival, she comes when she comes
Right on the target but wide of the mark
What I thought was fire was only the spark
The sweetest melody is an unheard refrain

So lower your sights yeah, but raise your aim
Raise your aim

Who broke my heart? You did, you did
Bow to the target, blame Cupid, Cupid
You think you're smart, stupid, stupid

Repeat chorus

I thought you loved me but it seems you don't care
I care enough to know I can never love you

Who broke my heart? You did, you did
Bow to the target, blame Cupid
You think you're smart, that's stupid
Right from the start when you knew we would part

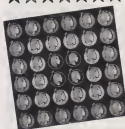
Repeat chorus to fade

**Words and music by ABC
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On Neutron Records**

S

SINGLES

Reviewed by
Red Starr



PINK INDUSTRY: Forty Five (Zulu) A four track 12 inch EP from former Pink Military frontperson Jayne and new playmate Amrose. (Amrose?) "Don't Let Go" is the killer here — a deferential nod to "Walk On The Wild Side" with Jayne crooning her haunting line over a hypnotically insistent bass and gently sighing synths. Fabulous. The other three tracks are also fine adventurous stuff — more of this sort of thing please.



THOMAS DOLBY: Airwaves (Venice In Peril/EMI) Runner-up of the week — a strong, atmospheric performance of a catchy ballad with arresting imagery but a curious choice as a single given the odd subject matter. Excellent 'B' side too — a powerful near-instrumental about a plane crash. Mark this man down as a star of the future.

THE UNDERTONES: Beautiful Friend (Ardeck) Another fine record that's not an obvious single. Difficult to shake after a few plays but possibly too subtle for its own good, this has Feargal warbling gently over a neat synth riff, good bass and nice guitar colouring with strong

Teardrop influence from producer Dave Ballie. Fingers crossed for the charts.



THE REVILLOS: Bongo Brain (Superville) Nother goodie (huzzed? mo?) that's their best for ages — a witty but hitty song about a rather mixed-up young man at a dance that starts well but loses direction halfway through. The record that is, not the dance. The "Hip City" 'B' side is much more like it — a great pop song with the band at full throttle.

JONA LEWIE: I Think I'll Get My Hair Cut (S&H) Love it. Another one of the man's wonderful demented shuffles with ultra-catchy piano hits and hooks where you least expect them. Jona's still having trouble with the opposite sex but this time he decides the barnet's to blame. Relax and enjoy.

KRAFTWERK: Showroom Dummies (EMI) Things are going suspiciously well here — six great singles in a row and not a Hazel O'Connor record in sight. This is great: five years old and still ahead of the crowd — the synthesizers having the last laugh over their critics in superb style. Another belated hit.

PAMELA STEPHENSON: Unusual Treatment (Mercury) The trouble with P. S. is that she never knows where to draw the line. This is a distinctly dodgy double pack batched with Landseer's Richard Burgess and Spandan Wallies' Gary Kemp — difficult to tell what's serious and what's a send-up. Not a successful transition to vinyl.

ABBA: Head Over Heels (Epic) Oh God — number one for weeks and weeks. It's a singalongatango time for mums and dads with a record that's not particularly good for Abba but still strong enough to sound like you've known it for ages.

JOELS HOLLAND & HIS MILLIONAIRES: Pineapple Chunk (A&M) A talented chap on the wrong track, alas. This is the best track from a disappointingly thin LP and is mainly notable for one of Chris Difford's literate lyrics. I mean, who else do you know would

rhyme "pineapple chunk" with "elephant's trunk"?

PIG BAG: Getting Up (V) Big, brassy and fashionably loose-limbed instrumental with plenty of energy but no noticeable melody. Of interest only on the dancefloor.

TALK TALK: Mirror Man (EMI) Ah ha — talent. Highly promising stuff from a new group that blends tune, interesting lyrics and contemporary feel in a manner that suggests they know what they're doing and doing it right. Difficult to pigeonhole, easy to like.

THE WAITRESSES: I Know What Boys Like (Polydor) A favourite of Our Leader (everybody stand), this has been out in America on Ze for ages. A smart, distressingly brain-bugging chanted tease from an Eighties girl group who know what they're talking about — and it's not retransposing.

STAR SOUND: Stars On Stevie Medley (CBS) Personally really like Star Sound. Unlike the spineless groverobbing of Tight Fit, Gidea Park etc, it's neat, well done, extremely danceable and has no pretensions. (Don't recall the same narrow-minded carping about disco a few years back?) Anyway, if you lot out there can't come up with anything better than nostalgia, you deserve all you get. So there. Having said all that, the swine let me down by going for someone with too much character to fit easily into slick medleys and the result sounds like a hasty cobbling job. And they've dropped the great "Stars On 45" intro. Boo.



STEVIE WONDER: That Girl (Motown) On the other hand, if this half-hearted plodder is the best the real thing can produce, maybe I'll have it back thank you. The harmonica from "Isn't She Lovely" makes a comeback halfway through but everyone's lost interest by then.

MADNESS: Cardiac Arrest (SHI) Disappointingly weak effort by Madness standards — a lyric on the tired old subject of strain on businessmen set to what sounds like a hunch of Madness musical trademarks

cobbled together and performed with more gusto than real conviction.

IRON MAIDEN: Run To The Hills (EMI) Don't think I wasn't tempted.

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK: Klaceto Vee Sedsteln (Virgin) I have the uncomfortable feeling I'm on the receiving end of somebody's private joke. As I expect, do Virgin by now. So thin it threatens to disintegrate under the stylus, this is the sort of shallow Latinised drivel that sends gullible trendies into a frenzy of posing and bores everybody else rigid. As a musician, Chris Sullivan makes a good clothes horse. Now stop wasting my time.



HEAVEN 17: Height 01 The Fighting (Ho-La-Hu) (BEF/Virgin) Pointless rehash of an album track in a truly dreadful cover. The sooner BEF give up this dead-end synthetic funk and turn their talents back to writing classic stuff like "Dreams Of Leaving" and "Radio WXII" from "Travelogue" the better. (Er, you did write those songs, didn't you lads? Lads? Aw, lads...)

BLACK SABBATH: Turn On The Night (Vertigo) Strange. This appears to be a soundtrack of World War two noises — the droning of bombers, the yells of the dying and wounded etc — but the label insists it's Black Sabbath. Didn't they go out with the ark? Oh well, next...

TROY TATE: Lilielle (Why-Fi) A big disappointment after the excellent "Thomas" — one of last year's better singles. This sounds half-baked — poorly thought out experimentation over an uninteresting riff resulting in a formless bore. Back to real songs please, Troy.

SIMPLE MINDS: I Travel (Arista) Straightforward cash-in job from the company who held this highly talented band back for two years and only let them go when they threatened to break up. Still, as living history goes, it's a very good — an extended version of the classic track from their excellent "Empire And Dance" LP with a brace of live tracks on the flip. Cheap trick but great music.

ALBUMS

THEATRE OF HATE:

Westworld (Burning Rome/Still) Some people who should know better are championing TOH as The Next Big Thing largely because Kirk Brandon is not as stupid as the next neo-punk. But what is a brain without good tunes? This is music for those of you still playing "Give 'Em Enough Rope". The sound is dated and ugly; the singing poor; Mick Jones' production pompous and heavy; and the lyrics incoherent. In company like this, the "Westworld" single is outstanding. No fun. **[2 out of 10]**

Tim de Lisle

DIANA ROSS: Diana's Duets

(Motown) Although this might seem like a cash-in from her former record company, any release from an artist like Ms. R. is welcome. Despite the title, most of the songs here aren't strictly speaking duets. Nevertheless, they do feature such stars as the Temptations, The Supremes, Smokey Robinson and Stevie Wonder. While some of the material is hardly earth-shattering, songs like "I Second That Emotion" and "Uptight (Everything's Alright)" more than compensate. **[7 out of 10]**

Beverly Hillier

UFO: Mechanix (Chrysalis)

In the Heavy Metal stratosphere UFO have never quite possessed the manic purity of Motorhead or the guerdiness of Van Halen. They've always been willing to throw the unexpected influence into their musical stew. Here marching guitars and parading synthesizers are mixed and matched with female singers, an exceptionally aggressive version of Eddie Cochran's "Something Else" and a couple of H.M. ballads which recall REO Speedwagon, but — thankfully — without the American's calculated cynicism. This particular UFO just about steers clear of being a close encounter of the 'nurd' kind. **[5 out of 10]**

Pete Silverton

PANTHER BURNS: Behind The Magnolia Curtain (Rough Trade) Sometimes I wonder about Rough Trade. The cover features a gent who looks like a cross between Willy de Villa and a Stray Cat. The record features sleazy ramshackle versions of rockabilly standards that sound like The Cramps-meeting-the-Polecats-and-nobody-winning. This lot may be entertaining live but on vinyl the novelty of repetitive clodhopping wears off very quickly. Surely Rough Trade can find something more worthwhile than this American drive? **[3 out of 10]**

Red Star

ORANGE JUICE: You Can't Hide Your Love Forever

(Polydar) The second best pop group in Scotland came up with the best pop album of '82 so far. This debut LP combines '60s crispness and guitar patterns with an '80s mentality and wry words (like "I need you more or less, you need me more and more"). The thirteen tracks start and end brilliantly and if one or two sag in the middle, the neat chord changes, twanging guitar and strong melodies more than make up for it. One minor quibble: Edwyn Collins's unusual vocals get tiring after a while. **[8 out of 10]**

Tim de Lisle



NICK LOWE: Nick The Knife

(F.Best) Nick Lowe's "pure pop for now people" blueprint is plonked on the table but will to-day's "now people" pick it up? Nick's still leading them just and clean rock'n'roll songs like his new single "Burnin'" and lab McCartney-ish ballads like "Heart". The words are witty and the songs are played by the best musicians friendship can buy (and that's the best!) Try Martin Belmont (once with The Rumour) and Steve Nieve of the Attractions for instance. It goes without saying that the production is the brightest and clearest in town. So what will to-day's "now people" think? Uh-oh, they're all shaking their heads and dancing to Haircut One Hundred and Altered Images because . . . that's to-day's "pure pop for now people". **[7 out of 10]**

Neil Tennant

MATHEMATIQUES MODERNES: Les Visiteurs Du Seir (Celluloid) ELLI

AND JACO: Tent Va Sauter (Celluloid) With help from Rusty Egan's Metropolis Records, ultra-hip French label Celluloid has secured British distribution through Island. Now read on . . . Both groups consist of a girl, a boy and a synthesizer. Jaco's minimal, jerky rhythms are charmingly danceable but Elli's voice grates a bit, making all the tracks sound alike. Jaco's solo release, due in March, might be better. Set to other hand, *Mathematiques Modernes* has panache, savoir faire and je ne sais quel by the humorous. It grooves and mesmerizes, especially when augmented by their superb funky horn section and interweaving strings. Chic, unique and magnifique. **[8 & 4 out of 10]**

Johnny Black



DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES: Private Eyes

(RCA) An appealing mixture of white soul, clever vocal arrangements and intelligent, understated rock from an established American duo now approaching a new peak after discarding Californian session men in favour of the energy and urgency of their native East Coast. Still a mile away from British tastes perhaps but there's loads of good songs and potential hits (like the superb cover "Some Men"). But why do American superstars have such uninspired album sleeves? **[7½ out of 10]**

Ian Craze

THE B-52's: Mesopotamia

(Island) Until last week, The B-52's had spun two LPs and a compilation out of eighteen frothy pop tunes mostly written between '78 and '79. Prolific they are not. Here's the fourth — an extremely trendy \$3.98 six-track album, drily produced by David Byrne, which makes it abundantly clear that the song-pool has run bone-dry. They call it "spontaneous dance music" which — roughly translated — means "people mucking about in a studio thinking they're creative and feeling rather pleased with themselves". Gone is the humour, the freshness, the bonkers lines in lyrics and — worst of all — the tunes. The sole foot-warmer is "Throw That Beat In The Garbage Can", which, for the rest, seems pretty sound advice. Avoid. **[4 out of 10]**

Mark Ellen

THE J. GELLS BAND: Freeze-Frame (EMI America) Frankly, I never thought I'd live long enough to see The J. Gells Band with an American number one and a UK hit as well. Still, if they had the patience to wait until their thirteenth album then there's no reason why I shouldn't. Old fans will be glad to hear that they show no signs of growing up; still they prefer to sing of scantily-clad maidens and all night pooteries. This is old-fashioned, guitar-driven, harmonica-aided rock and roll — ill-mannered, flabby and more than a little calculated. Not for those with delicate tastes. Personally I like it. **[7½ out of 10]**

David Hepworth

IPPUDO: Radio Fantasy

(Alla) YUKIHIRO TAKAHASHI: Neuroomatic (Alla) SUSAN: The Girl Can't Help It (Alla) Word must have reached Epic that Japanese music is becoming hip. They've started by licensing the above three from Japan's Alla label. Sadly, they do little more than create second-rate versions of British electronic bands. Japan Do at least sound like a different group on every track. Takahashi (normally drummer with Yellow Magic Orchestra), on the other hand, plus his hopes on becoming Japan's answer to Roxy Music, (as it that Japan? — Ed.) He's even persuaded Roxy's Phil Mansueta and Andy Mackay to be part of the project. But the result is just another pointless tribute. Although Susan has an interesting combination of styles (Ameba vocals over Hawaiian lounge backing tracks), the songwriting's shoddy. **[In order: 3, 3 & 4 out of 10]**

David Boatock

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Your Serious' Sole With Us

(Stath) 18 new Northern bands have recorded 20 new songs for this double LP as part of compiler Nigel Burnham's bright idea to show what's happening in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Teesdale. What is happening is that a lot of bands are playing synthesizers while some have acquired ally clothes and names (Hi, Celestial Fireworks). The music lies somewhere between New Order and U2 in an area littered with buzzing synthesizers and echoing guitars. The Vets play an infectious electro-pop "World in Action"; Trashi stand out with the light funk of "Time Will Tell"; Makaton Chat give New Order a run for their money while Indiana In Moscow is the name of a band and a song — I liked them both. The two LPs are glossily and informatively packaged. Darn good value! **[7 out of 10]**

Neil Tennant

STAR TEASER

EURO-BUREAU

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.

ABBA
AMON OULU
BIMBO JET
BURNIN' RED IVANHOE
CAN
CERRONE
CLUSTER
OEMIS ROUSSOS
EDGAR PREGISE
FOCUS
GEOIRGHE ZAMFIR
GIORGIO MORODER
JAMES LAST
JANE

JEAN LUC PONTY
JULIO IGLESIAS
KLAUS SCHULZE
KRAFTWERK
LA BELLE EPOQUE
LAKE
MICHAEL SCHENKER
NEU
NINA HAGEN
OTTAWAN
PASSPORT
PATRICK JUVET
PLACIDO DOMINGO
PLASTIC BERTRAND

PUSSYCAT
SACHA DISTEL
SCORPIONS
SOLUTION
SYLVIA
TANGERINE DREAM
VANGELIS
VICKY LEANDROS
TANNIS MARKOPPOULOS
YELLOW

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

HOW TO GET 4½ HOURS' MUSIC OUT OF 2½ NOTES

You can do it at Woolworth. We've got triple packs of Philips Ferro C90 cassettes — a total of 4½ hours' playing time — for only 2½ quid. (£2.59 to be exact, but what's a few coppers when you're saving this much on 3 single tapes?)

Plus the chance to win a Renegade Jeep

(see pack for details)*. What's more, we're up to our ears in lots more famous-name tapes — all at surprisingly low prices.

So fast forward to Woolworth. We'll prove that making the most of your music needn't take a lot of notes.

*Competition closing date May 25th 1982

WOOLWORTH
And Woolco

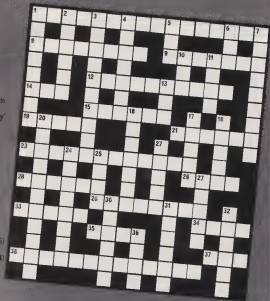
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 Jon and Vangelis latest joint effort (3,4,2,3,4)
- 2 Seems they've taken over the asylum (8)
- 3 Hazel or Des? (7)
- 4 Proclaimed by Barbara Gaskin (3,2,5)
- 14 Dury's first and Janis' last (3)
- 15 Lizzy's Phil (6)
- 18 & 35 Syrup Gary-jazz funksters of "Morning Dance" fame (5,4 anagram)
- 21 Simply Sheena (6)
- 22 Stagger events into a Visage mammas (5,7 anagram)
- 26 Like the Cell? (4)
- 28 School on the hill (6)
- 29 & 32 down She's Sybil in "Fawcett Towers" (8,6)
- 30 Sunny label for The Whispers (5)
- 31 Village People's biggest (1,1,1,1)
- 32 See 19
- 33 Jeff Lynne and co (1,1,1,1)
- 36 Leading Squeezer (5,6)

DOWN

- 1 Julio who? (8)
- 2 John the great (6)
- 3 A top 10 item for Bob Marley in '78 (2,4,4)
- 4 Barbara of 'January, February' fame (7)
- 5 Pete Townshend's group (3)
- 6 My --- Way/Duran Duran (3)
- 7 ----- And Fire (5,4)
- 10 U.S. government department for whom Stuart Copeland's dad once worked (1,1,1)
- 11 '--- Klub/Specials (4)
- 13 Benatar or butter? (3)
- 16 A winner for Roxy Music (4,3)
- 17 Rod's old band (5)
- 18 Rigid record label (5)
- 20 Radio One DJ (5,6)
- 22 Both the Stones and Helen Reddy have sung about her (5)
- 24 U.S. heavies (3,5)
- 25 One --- Beyond/Madness (4)
- 27 Philly soul group of 'Backstabbers' fame (5)
- 30 Rio Day becomes the 'Jack And Jill' hitmakers (anag.)
- 31 Famous record label named after a capital city (6)
- 36 Rock Swedes! (4)



SOLUTION ON PAGE 32



BLUE RONDO A LA TURK KLACTO VEE SEDSTEIN

stereo



KLACTO VEE SEDSTEIN

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK

**NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW**

SPECIAL CLUB MIX - AVAILABLE ONLY ON 12"

Stevie Wonder

THAT GIRL

That girl thinks that she's so fine
 That soon she'll have my mind
 That girl thinks that she's so smart
 That soon she'll have my heart
 She thinks in no time flat
 That she'll be free and clear to start
 With her amotional rescued love
 That you'll leave torn apart

That girl thinks that she's so bad
 She'll change my tears to joy from sad
 She says she keeps the upper hand
 'Cos she can please her man
 She doesn't use her love to make him weak
 She uses love to keep him strong
 And inside me there's no room for doubt
 That it won't be too long

Before I tell her that I love her
 That I want her
 And my mind and soul and body needs her
 Tell her that I'd love to
 That I want to
 That I need to do all that I have to
 To win her love

I've been hurting for a long time
 You've been playing for a long time
 You know it's true
 I've been holding for a long time
 And you've been running for a long time
 It's time to do

Oh what we've got to do
 I'm talking 'bout that girl, that girl
 That girl knows every single man
 Would ask her for her hand
 But she says her love is much too deep
 For them to understand
 She says her love has been crying out
 But her lover hasn't heard
 What she doesn't realise is that
 I've listened to every word

That's why I know I'll tell her that I love her
 And I want her
 And my mind and soul and body needs her
 Tell her that I'd love to
 And I want to
 That I need to do all that I have to
 To be in her love

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Stevie Wonder
 Reproduced by permission Jobeta Music (UK) Ltd./Black Bull Music
 On Motown Records



AC/DC

LET'S GET IT UP

My, my, my

Loose lips, sink ships
 So come aboard for a pleasure trip
 It's high tide so let's ride
 The moon is rising and so am I
 I'm gonna get it up
 Never gonna let it up
 Cruisin' on the seven seas
 A pirate of my lovin' needs
 I'll never go down
 Never go down
 So let's get it up

Let's get it up, get right on
 Let's get it up right to the top
 Let's get it up right now

Loose wires, cause fires
 Getting tangled in my desires
 So screw 'em up and plug 'em in
 Then switch it on and start all over again
 I'm gonna get it up
 Never gonna let it up
 Ticking like a time bomb, oh yeah
 Blowing out the fuse box
 I'll never go down
 Never go down

So let's get it up, let's get it up, get it up
 Let's get it up, right to the top
 Let's get it up right now

Get it up, come on then

Let's get it up, come on
 Let's get it up
 Let's get it up switch it on, start it
 Let's get it up, come on
 Let's get it up
 Let's get it up
 Let's get it up
 Let's get it up
 Let's get it up
 Get it up, get it up, right up

Words and music by Young/Young/Johnson
 Reproduced by permission Chappell Music Ltd.
 On Atlantic Records



XTC



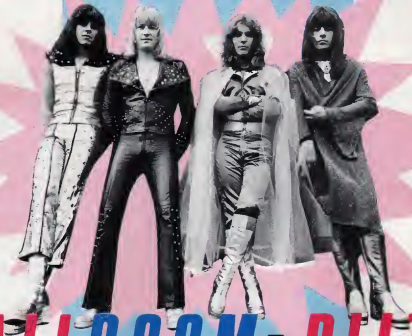
English Settlement

15 new songs on two discs

virgin records limited

THE SWEET

REQUEST SPOT ARTIST: The Sweet TITLE: Ballroom Blitz LABEL: RCA YEAR: 1973 REQUESTED BY: Jonathan Molton, Chatteris, Cambs.



BALLROOM - BLITZ

Are you ready Steve? Uh huh
Andy? Yeah
Mick? Okay
Alright fellas, let's go

It's been getting so hard
Living with the things you do to me
My dreams are getting so strange
I'd like to tell you everything I see
Oh, I see a man at the back as a matter of fact
His eyes are as red as the sun
And a girl in the corner, let no one ignore her
Cos she thinks she's the passionate one

Oh yeah it was like lightning
Everybody was frightening
And the music was soothing
And they all started grooving

Chorus

Then the man at the back
Said everyone attack
And it turned into a ballroom blitz
And the girl in the corner
Said boy I wanna warn ya
It'll turn into a ballroom blitz
Ballroom blitz, ballroom blitz

Ballroom blitz, ballroom blitz
I'm reaching out for something
Touching nothing's all I ever do
Oh I softly call you over
When you appear there's nothing left of you
Now the man at the back is ready to creak
As he raises his hands to the sky
And the girl in the corner is everyone's mourner
She could kill you with a wink of her eye

Oh yeah, it was electric
So perfectly hectic
And the band started leaving
'Cause they all stopped breathing

Repeat chorus

Oh yeah, it was like lightning
Everybody was frightening
And the music was soothing
And they all started grooving

Repeat chorus

It's it's a ballroom blitz
It's it's a ballroom blitz
It's it's a ballroom blitz
Yeah it's a ballroom blitz

Words and music by M. Chapman/N. Chinn. Reproduced by permission Chinnichap Ltd./RAK Pub. Ltd. On RCA Records.

Featuring your choice of golden oldies, album track or obscure classic. For your own personal song page send a postcard to Request Spot, Smash Hits, 52-55 Canally Street, London, W1V 1PF

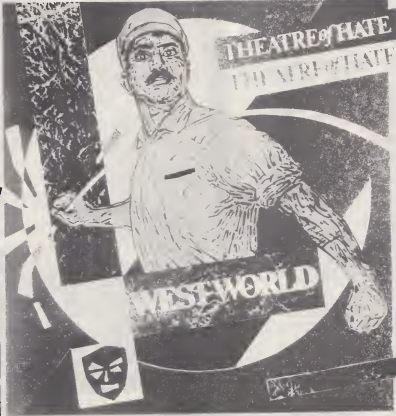


NEW LP. 
WEST WORLD

TOHT CASSETTE VERSION ZTOHT

TOHT

BURNING ROME RECORDS



-LIVE-

- FEBRUARY**
- 20 BRAYSOND Woodville Hall
 - 23 BRIGHTON Top Rank
 - 24 KEEL University
 - 24 NEWCASTLE Moughy
 - 25 GLASGOW Mike Haves
 - 26 EDINBURGH Mike Club
 - 27 SHEFFLD Polytechnic
 - 28 LEEDS Tiffany's

- MARCH**
- 1 PRESTON Polytechnic
 - 2 COLWYN BAY Pier
 - 3 BULL Tower Ballroom
 - 3 WEST RUNTON Pavilion
 - 4 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
 - 7 CARDIFF Top Rank
 - 8 BRISTOL Lacarne
 - 10 DUBLIN McGaughey
 - 11 DUBLIN McGaughey
 - 13 LEICESTER DeWalters Hall
 - 14 LONDON Lycium
 - 16 PORTSMOUTH Lacarne Ballroom
 - 17 BIRMINGHAM Lacarne



NEW SINGLE + 5 TRACK 12" VERSION:
'DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WEST WORLD'

THEATRE OF HATE 

INSIDE

MARK ELLEN AND IAN BIRCH SPEND SOME TIME BEHIND THE SCENES AT BRITAIN'S ALL-POWERFUL POP STATION.

ALL PICTURES BY VIRGINIA TURBETT

With the sound of Tony Blackburn introducing The Move's hit, "Flowers in the Rain", Radio One was launched as the BBC's first real pop music station on Saturday, September 30th, 1967. This move had been forced upon the BBC and the Government by the dramatic success of a number of illegal "pirate" stations which were broadcasting solid pop from ships anchored outside British territorial waters. Changes in the law forced the pirates out of business. Changes at the BBC resulted in the scrapping of the old Light Programme (the only legal outlet for pop at the time) and the foundation of Radios One and Two.

One was intended as a substitute for the pirates (and was staffed almost entirely by people like Tony Blackburn, John Peel and Kenny Everett, deejays who'd learned their trade on floating stations like Caroline) while Radio Two provided a home for ex-Light Programme presenters like Jimmy Young and Patsy Murray.

Fifteen years and numerous deejays later, Radio One dominates the airwaves still, its influence on national tastes unaffected by the coming of commercial radio. Because it doesn't rely on advertising for its revenue (like all BBC institutions it's financed through the TV licence) Radio One can cater for differing tastes in music and entertainment.

Consequently its style varies, from the fizzy, pally approach of daytime presenters like Mike Read (whose breakfast slot has the biggest weekday audience)

to John Peel, whose late night listening audience is tiny in comparison but much more dedicated.

Sunday's Top Forty show is listened to by more people than any other British radio programme, with around 10,000,000 tuning in for the last half hour; Noel Edmonds' morning show on the same day occupies second place in popularity.

A record that receives consistent Radio One play is almost guaranteed to chart purely because of the number of people listening in. One Mike Read play reaches more people than a band could reach by playing Hammermith Odeon every night for four and a half years!

Each show has its own producer whose job it is to choose what records will be played and when. In order to promote their wares the record companies employ people known as pluggers, who attempt to persuade producers to include their records on the daytime "strip" shows.

Up until recently most of the music played in the daytime was dictated by a playlist, compiled weekly by a panel of producers. Nowadays producers and deejays enjoy more freedom of choice, but because everyone wants to play the hits much of the material will be the same as it was in playlist days.

Unlike commercial stations, which are furnished with plush carpets and potted palms, Radio One is housed in tatty and overcrowded offices in Egton House, across the road from the



London W1A 4WW. Broadcasting House, the home of BBC radio. Egton House, where Radio One is based, is the smaller building (right). The two are connected by an underground passageway.

main Broadcasting House. Here work the staff: The Controller, The Chief Assistant, three Executive Producers, eighteen producers, twenty two secretaries and one messenger. The deejays and presenters, most of whom are employed on short term contracts, don't have offices and only spend a limited amount of time in the building. Few of them are particularly

well-paid but the power of Radio One is such that they can turn their household name status into extra income via guest appearances at discos, newspaper columns, voice-overs for commercials etc.

What follows is compiled from interviews with just some of the many people who earn their living from Radio One, either on the air or behind the scenes.

275/285



The spots on the dial. Certain programmes at weekends and in the evenings are broadcast in stereo. However in certain areas like Liverpool, even medium wave reception is sub-standard.

radio one

DEREK CHINNERY CONTROLLER

Derek Chinnery is the Controller of Radio One; "the Boss". A dapper man in his 50's, he's worked in radio since leaving school and still uses the expression "Gramophone records".

The job is an enormous responsibility: the image, quality and finance of Radio One are all — ultimately — in his hands.

Organizing the station involves a maze of complications. Firstly, the public performance of any record in the UK requires a licence from Phonographic Performances Limited (PPL). This ensures that everyone involved — from musicians to song-writers and record company — gets paid. A licence for a jukebox costs about £10 a year. For the BBC it's approximately £24 million per year. This means paying the PPL about £12 every time they play a record. Any record.

The PPL also restrict the amount of time that records can be played on the air. Originally it was thought that "over-exposure" on the radio stopped people buying records; now it's thought that

over-exposure encourages home-taping (which amounts to the same thing). This restriction is known as "needletime", and the BBC balance this with music from specially recorded sessions.

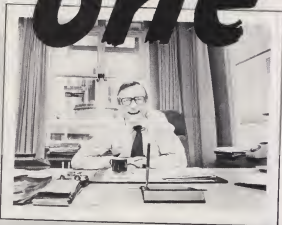
And then there are the deejays. Derek describes Radio One as a "personality station" and it's up to him to find the right personalities to suit the various programme times.

"Everyone knows that the style of Radio One is very Top Forty-orientated during the day. Peter Powell starts shifting that in to something more adventurous. Kid Jensen more so, and John Peel takes it right up the sharp end."

A common criticism is that Radio One is too conservative but, as Derek points out, when your audience spans such a wide age range, you have to be cautious.

"How many people — young or old — actually know what they want to hear? The most successful thing you can do on radio is play people their favourite record next. And after that, their next favourite. And so on. Then you reach a point where you think perhaps they'd like to hear something new."

For this reason he's decided that — except in very exceptional



Derek Chinnery, Controller of Radio One, the man responsible for major policy decisions: "The most successful thing you can do on radio is play people their favourite record next. And after that, their next favourite"

circumstances — a record can only be played once every four hours.

Then there's the tricky business of "banned" records. The guidelines here have changed over the years. Any record mentioning a commercial product — like Coca-Cola or Kleenex — used to be banned because it was considered to be advertising, but nowadays the rules are much more relaxed.

Much more difficult to handle are controversial issues. "The Boiler" by Rhoda Dakar being a recent case in point. It has to date only had two plays on Radio One.

Derek sees it this way: "If you believe that the record has some value as a warning, then it has no meaning unless you leave all that screaming in. And if you leave that in then it's bloody unpleasant to listen to."

TREVOR DANN PRODUCER

At 30, the affable **Trevor Dann** is Radio One's youngest producer. He left BBC Radio Nottingham for Radio One three years ago and has since produced DLT, Rock On and 25 Years Of Rock. He currently works on Roundtable

and The Noel Edmonds Show.

Like all producers, he's responsible for the records played and the panellists used (usually agreed with the deejay or presenter) and the timing and mixing of the sound into the final live broadcast.

The Noel Edmonds Show, he says, is "the more demanding of the two because it's three hours

of blank air time in which I can play absolutely anything". Being on a Sunday morning it has a family audience which demands a broad taste and as much audience participation as possible. Hence their regular "themes": lately this has meant 'train' stories read by Sir John Gielgud, coupled with 'train' requests from listeners.

Everything from new pop to old rock standards are featured, but — strangely enough — it's the old Genesis/Yes/Led Zeppelin brigade who keep the mailbag stocked.

"It's a fact of life," he says. "That the 'dinosaur' bands are immensely popular even though they're not often played on the radio. Even a new Thin Lizzy single is not automatically played, whereas a new Soft Cell single is, and yet I have a feeling that there are probably more people in the world who like Thin Lizzy than Soft Cell."

Roundtable is very different. To a certain extent, because it's a new releases programme, the records pick themselves. He tends to select the panellists for one of two reasons: firstly, if they're "good talkers though not terrifically popular, like Robert Palmer"; or, secondly, if they're "a spokesman for modern youth, like David Sylvian, whose opinions are going to be interesting if he can express them. Oddly," he adds, "we've had more mail for Sylvian than anyone else in the last five months."



Roundtable about to go on the air. Producer Trevor Dann (left) looks on as his (left to right) presenter Richard Skinner and guests David Jensen, Robert Palmer and David Sylvian. (Note shape of the table.)

SONNY RAE PLUGGER

Producers like Trevor get all their records free. These are supplied by "pluggers" like **Sonny Rae**. In her own words: "a plugger is somebody who works for a record company in the promotional department and is responsible for getting as much coverage for their bands on radio and television as possible. Basically, you've got to make it a hit. I suppose I'm like an encyclopaedia salesman really!"

Sonny started out with The Acme Plug Company (pushing records by David Bowie, T. Rex and Wings), then moved on to two small labels, Good Ear and Sonet. In the late '70s she joined Stiff Records and now works with

the likes of Madness, Tenpole Tudor and — more recently — Theatre Of Hate.

In plugging, personal contacts are crucial. The more a producer likes a plugger, the more likely he is to trust his or her judgement. The whole plugging process takes about six weeks: ten days before release date Sonny mails copies of the new Stiff single to all the producers (both on Radio One and commercial stations). A couple of days later she phones or visits the producers to gauge their reactions. If they like a record, she'll try and encourage them to see the band live and arrange a session for their programme. If they don't, she'll try and convince them they're wrong. And if, after six weeks, the record's still not making any headway in the

charts, then the plugging stops.

Sonny's biggest battle has been the building up of "label credibility". In the mid-'70s Radio One was very wary about punk and loath to play punk records on daytime shows. Stiff helped break down that barrier with the help of an outrageous image and various promotional gimmicks and paved the way for the new Independent Labels like Mute (Depeche Mode), Safari (Toyah) and Graduate (UB40). "Now," says Sonny, "Radio One are very keen and listen to everything."

Stiff still pull the occasional stunt these days, though they don't always come off. Recently they tried to get Eddie Tenpole to ride an elephant down Oxford Street. The RSPCA apparently put a stop to that.



Pluggger Sonny Rae

JOHN PEEL DJ

The plugger having supplied the producer with records, the deejay now plays them. **John Peel** isn't so much a deejay as a national institution. Now 42, with a wife and three children, Peel first appeared with his dry wit and adventurous taste on American radio in his early 20's. After a spell on Radio London, he became one of the original Radio One deejays in '67.

He's always championed "underground" music. In the late '60s this meant hippy poetry and acoustic doodling from mystics like Marc Bolan; in the early '70s it was European electronic music and refined American rock; in the mid-'70s he switched dramatically to punk; and today — oddly enough — he's back with European experimental music and home-grown independents.

As his producer, Chris Lycett, admits: "It's a very different kettle of fish to the daytime programmes. I see Peel as 'The Radio Three Of Pop', in that we shouldn't have to worry about our



John Peel: "I hate Toyah records and they go whizzing into the charts, and I love The Cravats and play all their records and nobody buys them. Whenever I start to feel important, I think 'well, I never did much for The Cravats and I didn't stop Toyah'."

guidance figures. I see the show far more as a service than as part of pop radio."

And it's a service that's badly needed. The 50 home-made cassettes and 400 letters they receive every week are proof enough. Peel has a mound of tapes in the office laughingly known as "The Berlin Wall", quite apart from the 2½ thousand cassettes at home still waiting to

be heard. It's not just his personality his listeners want, it's also his help. "I can't send them signed photos of myself," he shrugs. "If I did, they'd only send them back."

The programme's put together like this. Peel listens to as many records as he can and then draws up a list of tracks he'd like played. Lycett works from this list, splicing in three sessions

per show — "two will be new names and the other a big name to keep the balance".

The age-old complaint about the Peel Show is that these new names are "boring". Peel's used to this: "I'd sooner put bands on that people haven't heard. If it's a choice between Joy Division and some Australian band that sound like Joy Division but aren't quite as good, I'll play the Australian band 'cos that's more interesting."

Peel's ability to predict success is well-known. A lot of today's big names — such as The Human League, Siouxsie And The Banshees and Altered Images — got their very first radio exposure on The Peel Show. It's a shame they don't always return his loyalty.

"When they get successful, they tend to turn their backs on you. They associate you with the bad times. Like Siouxsie And The Banshees. They did two sessions for the programme before they had a recording contract and now Siouxsie says her favourite deejay's Kid Jensen. When Altered Images do that, that's when I jump out the window."



Just some of the mountain of mail sent to John Peel by young hopefuls. Letters arrive at the rate of 400 a week.



John Peel and his producer Chris Lycett share one very cramped office, overflowing with records, tapes and correspondence.



All Jiminis are placed on short cartridges and stored in racks like the one above. Even Arnold, Tony Blackburn's dog, lives in one of these.



Peter Powell on the air. Most live shows go out from Continuity in Broadcasting House. Here, behind locked doors, are the studios of all four BBC stations. Powell puts records on himself, following the order from a script and keeping a close eye on the clock to ensure smooth running into news bulletins etc.

PETER POWELL

DJ

The most prominent figure to have emerged recently from Radio One is Peter Powell. Sport aside, his main teenage obsession was music and he was "under the bedclothes listening to Tony Blackburn" on the day the station opened in '67. He ditched plans to become a merchant banker and ended up selling pig-farming equipment ("I was a salesman then, I'm a salesman now").

Eventually he joined the BBC

in 1977 but says he "only really came of age with the New Romantic music", being the first to try to play Spandau Ballet and Duran Duran on the radio, before either had secured a recording contract.

"My image has changed," he admits. "Before, I was concentrating very heavily on trying to build a personality, which was probably a mistake. In the last couple of years I've suddenly grown up with the music. The tea-time show has been great for me because at last people started to take my

musical taste seriously. I now feel totally at home mixing personality and musical knowledge."

Like nearly all deejays, Powell has a variety of outside activities. He's involved with National Youth Clubs, Radio Lollipop (a Children's Hospital Station), his own disco roadshow and his summer TV programme. Some of these activities are sponsored by firms and his personal appearances are all backed by Bulmer's Cider. He drew the line at being sponsored by Strongbow Cider because, he

says, "that's a heavy alcoholic drink and I would not be involved with it. Woodpecker, however, is a fizzy drink which most kids drink and enjoy fairly harmlessly".

Out of all his activities, he still considers his radio show to be the 'top priority', and sums up his current success like this: "We are not here to direct or teach or preach. We're here to reflect, and we have to do our homework. We have to read the papers, read the magazines, meet the kids, see the bands. And if you do your homework right, you can't go wrong."



Sue Foster (above), otherwise known as "Brian", is programme secretary for the John Peel show. She keeps track of all the records and sessions and ensures that all the right people get paid.

SUE FOSTER SECRETARY

Each deejay and producer share a secretary, and Sue Foster works for Peel and Lysett. She's 28 and, after a one-year secretarial course at Bromley Tech., joined the engineering section of the BBC seven years ago.

This is what her job involves. Once Peel and Lysett have agreed a running order, she types up the list. The following morning she checks it to ensure that all the tracks were actually played (Peel tends to change his mind mid-programme).

Then she prepares a "P As B" (Programme As Broadcast) which details the band's name, record label, catalogue number, publisher, song-writer and

length of track. This is sent to Data Control, the department that pays everyone concerned. Often hands forget to include all this information. Sometimes they don't even know they have to.

She does the same for the Peel sessions, for which all the musicians get a flat rate of £59 each "even if they're Rod Stewart or The Police".

When Peel's in the office, life tends to get "unbearable". "The phone never stops. Everyone wants to talk to him; fans, bands, producers, record companies."

This aside, she loves the job. She's not impressed with being surrounded by famous people all the time, though meeting Joe Strummer was "quite a thrill".

For some strange reason, Peel and Lysett called her 'Brian'. "Well, the girl before me was called 'Trevor'!"

WOOLWORTH

And Woolco

Whether it's records or tapes, Woolworth Record Blitz gives you a big choice at a small price.

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LP OR TAPE
£3.99

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LP OR TAPE
£4.79
(USCULE ALBUM)

Jane and Perry from Crantham, Lincs, both take a great interest in clothes. They enjoy tennis, swimming and dancing, and buy their music from Woolworth.

BLITZ PRICE
LP OR TAPE

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HUMAN LEAGUE Dare	£4.49
OMD Architecture & Morality	£4.29
POLICE Ghost in the Machine	£3.99
SOFT CELL Non Stop Erotic Cabaret	£3.99

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It's Merch 3rd, Smash Hits day. You leg it down the newsagent to grapple with the goods. And what do you find?

Glinting at you from the cover is a round, metallic object bearing the name and enticingly designed image of one of the following four acts: The Human League, Siouxsie & The Banshees, Ultravox or Altered Images. Bedges we call 'em, but then again we're old-fashioned.

And inside the aforesaid issue will be details of how you can get the full set — for free! There are five of them in all because we've created an additional bonus badge — more details in the next issue.

ONLY AVAILABLE WITH SMASH HITS
ON SALE MARCH 3rd



NEW SOUNDS NEW STYLES

FREE Double-A FLEXIDISC
Animal MAGNET/Pete SHELLEY
A special dub remix of "Qu'est ce que
C'est Que Ça" (5:40) by Pete Shelley c/w
"Amor" by Animal Magnet. Plus features
on Shelley and Magnet and The World's
First Flexibag.

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Blame's Giant Jewels (Bristol) and These
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... MUSIC ...

Depeche Mode, UB 40, Conversations
Takota, Buzz, The Decorators, Ankle
Star, Elms On Jazz and the...

... And STYLE

Harry Cool, Edinburgh nightstyle, Film
Video, Exhibitions, Photogallery by Iain
McKell, Russian Constructivists (who?)
and Peter Godwin at home.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ISSUE #

EARTH WIND & FIRE

I'VE HAD ENOUGH

Getting down there's a party in motion
Everybody's on the scene
And I can hear the sound like the roar of an ocean
As it rushes to the stream
Live it up don't you hear people screaming
Gotta do it all the way
Until they burn it up
And the light's nowhere gleaming
What a price you have to pay
Why do we feel we have to feed the fire
We're only caught up in our own desire

Chorus

Oh, oh I've had enough, it's just ~~too~~ tough
To keep it up so I'm calling out to you
To lift us up, the world is rough
I'm so tired and I've had enough

Spinning round in perpetual motion

Like a crystal ball of dreams
And moving in the crowd
There's a hint of a notion
That you never will be seen
Slow it down feel some emotion
'Cause there's nothing in between
Reaching that higher ground
But your faith and devotion
To be on the winning team
Why do we feel we have to feed the fire
We're only caught up in our own desire

Repeat chorus

Yes I've had enough
Stop, I've had enough
Help, I've had enough

Why do we feel we have to feed the fire
We're only caught up in our own desire

Repeat chorus

Words and music by P. Bailey/G. Philligane/B. Russell
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On CBS Records



DIANA

ROSS

MIRROR MIRROR

Mirror mirror on the wall

You said you had the answer to it all
You never told me I'd take a fall
Mirror mirror on the wall

You, you turned my life into a paperback novel
Words have come to life inside your little melodrama
Chapter one when I was young I came to you with my problems
Chapter two you promised me love and anything that I desired

Chorus

Tell me mirror, mirror, mirror on the wall
Thought you said you had the answer to it all
You never told me I was gonna take a fall
Tell me mirror, mirror, mirror on the wall

You have nailed my heart upon the wall for your pleasure
You have cast a spell that cannot ever be broken
And now my eyes grow tired
I watch my picture getting older
But remain the same
Trapped in this mirror forever

Repeat chorus

Talk to you each night
And I follow your advice
You led me wrong
What's the price I have to pay
For this scary tale thing called love
Let me go

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Sembello/Matkowsky
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On Capitol Records

golden brown



GOLDEN BROWN, TEXTURE LIKE SUN
LAYS ME DOWN WITH MY MIND SHE RUNS
THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, NO NEED TO FIGHT
NEVER A FROWN WITH GOLDEN BROWN

EVERY TIME JUST LIKE THE LAST
ON HER SHIP TIED TO THE MAST
TO DISTANT LANDS TAKES BOTH MY HANDS
NEVER A FROWN WITH GOLDEN BROWN

GOLDEN BROWN, FINER TEMPTRESS
THROUGH THE AGES SHE'S HEADING WEST
FROM FAR AWAY, STAYS FOR A DAY
NEVER A FROWN WITH GOLDEN BROWN

NEVER A FROWN WITH GOLDEN BROWN
NEVER A FROWN WITH GOLDEN BROWN
REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THE STRANGLERS
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION EMI MUSIC
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ON LIBERTY RECORDS

The STRANGLERS

Outside the Mute Records office it's chucking it down pussies and woofers. Inside it's hardly less dry, 'cos the water pipes have sprung a leak and the plumber's not yet arrived.

"Frank's gonna get caught in this lot," says the Mute press lady, watching ballstones bounce off the window-pane. "Poor little cocker."

The Frank we're waiting for is Frank Tovey, better known to the vinyl trade as Fad Gadget, the East End of London's gift to do-it-yourself music-making. On arrival he apologises politely, warms himself with the aid of some steaming coffee and then begins relating just how much of a musical failure he was at the ripe old age of 14.

"I tried to learn guitar but never got beyond two or three chords. I just couldn't play as well as many others could play and I couldn't sing as well as I'd like to either. I just didn't have much confidence in my voice. It was then that I began experimenting with tape loops and things — out of pure necessity. But I gave it all up when I was 16, at which time I discovered the art of mime and ways of expressing myself without using my voice. I went to art school because I thought art might provide the only sort of job I could get involved in — I thought I'd just do painting there. However, at one point I did a photo session with someone which involved me in a performance type of thing. I showed the results to the tutors and they liked them so much that they encouraged me to carry on with my performances. After that, I didn't paint any more pictures."

From art school, Fed Frank moved on to Leeds Polytechnic (Marc Almond was in the year below me!) where he was once more encouraged to get involved with performance and mime, eventually gaining a good degree for his efforts. Indulging in a re-think of his career, he decided that maybe he could use his theatrical approach as a way of edging into the music scene. Once more he began experimenting with sounds that didn't demand too much in the way of technical skills.

"When I returned to London, I set myself up in this small cupboard within a council flat. A lot of us shared the flat, so the only spare space I could find was inside the cupboard, where I had a cheap electric piano, a little drum machine and a cassette recorder. There I began making music by just playing two or three notes over and over again. I realised that if I could sing a further three notes then I had something roughly resembling a song."

After working his way through numerous C-80s, Frank emerged with one that impressed Daniel Miller, who ran Mute Records. The result was "Back To Nature", the first Fad Gadget single. His next, "Ricky's Hand", a bizarre tale decked out in decidedly danceworthy electronic guise, became something of a turntable hit, proving to Mute that they could well be involved with something destined to make tills jangle. At which point Frank Tovey, edging such unlikely instruments as electric shavers, metal chairs and ashtrays to his armoury, went into the studio with drummer Nick Cash and engineer Eric Radcliffe to make "Fireside Favourites", a remarkable debut album which, more recently, he's followed with "Incontinent", a slightly

more ambitious affair which features a cover shot of Frank decked out as Mr Punch. Both albums have contained samples of the Tovey sweet-and-sour approach to songwriting. On "Fireside Favourites", his synths are heard providing a 40s style big band sound as he tells of flesh melting after some nuclear holocaust, while on "Incontinent" he sweeps into a melodic Spanish waltz to provide a backing for "Saturday Night Special", a song which contains lyrics about men's right to kill.

All part of the mild Frank Tovey/wild Fad Gadget split personality?

Frank nods. "I like the idea of making songs sound sweet and sugary but being slightly deviant at the same time. The Punch character is a bit like that. He's supposed to be a fun character, beloved by kids, but in reality he's a very evil person who kills everyone he meets."

Could Frank possibly be a Gemini subject, born with two sides to his character? "No, I'm a Virgo — it's my wife Barbara who's the Gemini. In fact, 'Saturday Night Special' is something that I wrote with Barbara — we did half each." Mention of Barbara brings up the subject of Frank's next starring role — as father of a soon-to-be-born baby. The question is posed — does he want a son or a daughter?

"Oh, it doesn't matter as long as the baby's healthy — and human! The obvious thing is for me to want a boy and for Barbara to want a girl. I think it's all something to do with immortality — man want sons who will take over where they left off. 'Saturday Night Special' is all about that. I feel that there's a kind of an American mecho cowboy image, which also exists here, whereby a man has three kinds of rights in his life. One is having the right to defend himself — which raises the question of whether he is entitled to kill others in order to defend himself. Next, a lot of men think they have the right to take a wife and feel they can choose any woman they want, just to use for their own ends. Finally, there's the right to raise a son — which brings the

whole thing around again, the son being raised with the same attitudes, resulting in the tradition being carried on."

Self defence is one thing that has been more on Frank's mind since he toured with Toyah and met mass hysteria face to face for the very first time.

"Everybody would be screaming for Toyah while we were on. It was ramblers' wrath. In England it was okay, but in Ireland it got really violent, with people throwing chains and coins and spitting all over us. In Llistar I jumped into the audience and got beaten up by the crowd. They ripped my shirt and I later crawled out with just one shoe on!"

Frank's been working with a band for around a year now. Originally he worked solo using back-up tapes — a play which sometimes left him feeling uncomfortable. "I tried playing live just using the tape machine to provide a rhythm track. I used to play electric piano and sing over the top but I then discovered that I couldn't play keyboard without looking at the machine all the time — I could never look at the audience at all! Nowadays, I tend to move around the stage a lot and damage equipment. I break one of these every night! — He brandishes a lengthy and lethal-looking black stick — "They're normally about twice as long and are nothing more than hollow pipes with plastic padding cut makes fired inside. The idea is that when I hit the stick, it sends a signal to a synthesiser and a crashing sound is registered." Not for nothing has he earned the name Fad Gadget.

But sometimes his use of gadgetry backfires on Frank, or so it seems. "My father, who's always worked in London's Fish Market, will play one of my records to his friends. But he doesn't say 'That's my son singing'. He just waits until he gets to a part where I've used one of his tools to get a certain sound and then he tells 'em 'That's my electric drill you can hear! Sometimes you just can't win!'"

IT'S

FAD FAD FAD world

By days he's
mild-mannered Frank
Tovey. But at night he dons
disguise and becomes the
fearsome Fad Gadget.
Fred Delia talks to both.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE HARRISON

Get SMART!

Don't get left in the dark! Maybe Linda can answer your musical questions. Try writing to Get Smart, South Hill, 22-24 Cranley Street, London W11 1FF.



What is John Taylor's (Duran Duran) date of birth, and what does he look for most in a girl? *Michelle Crawford, Birmingham.* Born 20-6-60, John goes for "legs, face, personality and bank account—in no particular order".

Are Marc Almond and David Ball interested in sport, and what football teams do they follow? *Sharon Wilson, Hornchurch.* I'm afraid neither of them have any interest in sport, have never supported any teams and don't like football!

What has happened to "Sattar Scraam", "Screaming Secrets" and "Suffocate"—three songs by The Teardrop Explodes which they have played live and on a Radio One session? *Jane, Ipswich.*

"Screaming Secrets" is an old "Drop ditty which is still sometimes used as an encore. "Better Scram" is a Wahi Heat number which Julian & Co. might record in the future. "Suffocate" appeared on the American version of the "Kilimanjaro" LP. It might even be a single over at some stage.

Who is the person playing drums behind the screen in Phil Lynott's "Yellow Pearl" video? *A Fan.*

Mystery man is Midge Ure, who also co-wrote and produced the song.

What's the name of the group who sing "Just One Espresso"? *B. Tatham, Enfield.*

It's actually called "Just One Cornetto" and is the new single from Pookiesnacknaburger, who specialise in taking original songs and giving them the loony Pookie treatment. From Brighton, they've just set out on a nationwide tour of Shopping Centres, and are: John Heiner (gtr/vls), Paul Clark (accordion/vcls), Sue Bradley

(violin/vcls), Luke Cresswell (percussion/vcls), Steve McNicholas (violin/vcls) and Nick Dwyer (sax/vcls).

Who is the "Anna" that Nick Hayward sings about on "Lova Plus One", and do they have a fan club? *N. McMahon, Southall.* Nick is making more than one girl happy, it seems, by singing to both his girlfriend (Mary-Anna) and to his Mum (Anna). Although no proper fan club exists, any Haircut One Hundred mail may be sent to: Karl Adams, Nomis Studios, 45/53 Sinclair Road, London W14.

Pookiesnacknaburger



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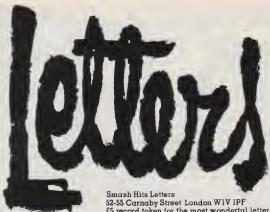
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STARTEASER ANSWER (FROM PAGE 20)



CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 "I'd Find My Way Home"; 9 (The) Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum?; 9 (Hazel) O'Connor; 12 "It's My Party"; 13 Ian (Gary); 15 (Phil) Lynott; 18 & 35 Spyrro Gyra; 21 (Shenell) Easton; 23 Steve Strange; 28 (Gloria) Gaynor; 28 (George) O'Hara; 29 & 32 down Prunella Scales; 33 Soler; 34 "YMCA"; 37 ELO; 38 Glenn Tilbrook.
DOWN: 1 (Aldo) Agnieszka; 2 (John) Lennon; 3 "Is This Love?"; 4 (Barbara) D'Alessio; 5 Who?; 6 "(My) Own (Way)"; 7 Earth, Wind and Fire; 8 G.A.; 11 "Kiss (Kiss)"; 13 Pat (Denner); 18 "Over You"; 17 Faces; 18 (Sue); 20 Peter Powell; 22 "Angie"; 24 Van Halen; 25 (The) Sexp (Band); 27 O'Jays; 30 Baylis; 31 London; 35 Abba



Smash Hits Letters
52-55 Carnaby Street London W1V 1PF
£5 record token for the most wonderful letter

I am sick and tired of looking at Smash Hits and finding no Heavy Metal in it. Do you despise Heavy Metal or something? If you don't, do something about your mag you're gonna lose a reader, so get interviewing AC/DC or Gillan for instance.

Angry Heavy Metal Fan, London.

For the complete Gillan story and interview, you should have been with us on November 12th, 1981.

Please could you tell me who the hell Marquax Hemingway, the beloved of my beloved Simon Le Bon, is?
Jane, Northwich.

Ms Hemingway, the asset of Mr Le Bon's long distance admiration, is the granddaughter of American novelist Ernest Hemingway. She's recently carved out an acting career for herself through appearances in films like "Lipstick" and "Manhattan" and is probably unaware of Simon's crush on her.

It's typical — Ray Folkard says it all when referring to the ban on the Spandau Ballet video — "with a little more display of the song and a few more showings of the video, it may have got higher in the charts". No way. What the hell can the video do for a song if it hasn't got any musical content in it in the first place? It seems the competition is no longer for the best songs but for the most expensive, brainwashing videos. They have got to be hypnotic to take your mind off the song. Janet Hutchinson, Nuneaton.

I'm glad "Being Boiled" was re-released.
Now we all know who wrote "Fade To Grey".
Hushma, Newbury.

Back in the knife box!

I wonder if you, the wonderful people at Smash Hits (grovel, grovel) could solve this tiny problem I have (sounds nasty). I was sure that Winter began with a W but apparently not according to Jon and Vangelis because in their song "Find My Way Home" it says (and here I quote) "All seasons begin with U". How do you spell Uman?
Lillibet, Rowlands Castle.

Please send a picture of intrepid lenswoman Virginia Turbett so we can see what she looks like and how old she is.
Lenny, Worcester.

O.K., it's "came clean" time. As the picture demonstrates, the actual Turbett photography is done by Tulse H Turbett (foreground with camera), Virginia herself acts as his agent.



What does that berk David Bostock think he's rabbiting on about? I was at the New Order gig he reviewed, his first and my fifth, and I'd just like to put a few things straight! Their last song was not "Everything's Gone Green" but a new song that no one I know knows the title of.
A group like New Order does not have to explain why they were late even if they were. Three quarters of an hour is not a

long time to wait. Is it just because David Bostock has no patience?
David Skinner, London.

"Scoller" Bostock is deeply apologetic about getting the song title wrong, but what's so special about New Order that makes it permissible for them to treat the paying public in this way? Are certain groups exempt from basic good manners?

While watching TOTP as usual this week, I took a critical look at the various artists on my screen and was disgusted at their appearance. For heavens sake, some of these so-called stars must have loads of money, yet they seem unable to afford a hairbrush (Gillan)! It is really lack of money — or is it lack of imagination and originality that forces Foreigner and Status Quo to appear in worn jeans and T-shirts?

OK, the music is more important (and don't get me wrong — I've got nothing against their music) but surely more of them could make an effort to look decent, especially on stage and TV in front of so many people. I'm not asking everyone to be Adam Ants or Duran Durans but if they want to appeal to their fans, why don't they appeal to them on more than one level and bring in the visual aspect too.

Nicola Shaw, Midlothian.

Best argued letter of the fortnight. Takes this £3 Record Token firmly in your hand.

Thank you for the article on videos; it was disinforming and entertaining. Perhaps you could follow it up with one about the powers that be who get upset about such trivia as The Nolans throwing litter.

I found it quite incredible that these people should make such nonsensical bans whilst there are documentaries showing much more influential material such as "Bulldog" magazine and Ian Paisley speeches etc.

Who are these people and what qualifications do they have to make these decisions? They certainly must be a headache for the producers; after all, film isn't exactly cheap and they could be a little more reasonable when "protecting our interests". Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea if the producers submitted plans to the censors before starting filming.
Gaynor, Cheltenham.

I understand you have in your employ a certain person of the male species going by the alias of Mark Ellen.

We know this man to be a dangerous lunatic and advise you to hand him over to us

immediately to be subjected to the constant playing of Japan records until he has recovered fully enough to write decent record reviews.

The FBI, CID and Scotland Yard.

What has happened to Spandau Ballet? First of all we had to put up with "Paint Me Down", their rubbishy single, and then the smart lellas start wearing tarzan-like clothes.

I thought your calendar was sooper-dooper(?) and the Spandau picture even better! However, my mum thought it was slightly revealing (to say the least) and she's decided that as soon as July comes and the calendar's turned over, she'll cover it up with a picture of Julio Iglesias... yeah, him!

Now look what you've done to me! Six months of Julio staring at me. Ugh!!
Duran Duran Fan, Cardiff.

Please to forgive me. I have committed a most wicked and dishonourable crime. Whilst in a moment of unforgivable frenzy, I defiled many of my editions of Smash Hits in search of relics and memorabilia of the highly revered god, David Sylvian.

I am most unworthy of your kindness and leniency O great ones, but I beg your forgiveness, and my shame behoves me to tear myself away from

worshipping those four "Japanese" gods ever since I became one of their disciples when I saw them at my local shrine, the Odeon. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go and do penance in front of my record player.

Gail James, Birmingham.
P.S. My friend Jayne quite likes Japan too.

I'm writing this letter for those people who are too young or too knackered to stay up till 12 o'clock at night to see good Rock programmes like Old Grey Whistle Test.

I have a paper round and I am unable to see OGW because I get up at 6.30am, so I really think it's unfair that the BBC should put on good programmes like this so late because after all a lot of the hands aim their music at young people. You may say the simple answer is to give up the paper round, but then I wouldn't be able to buy many records of the bands I want to see in the first place.

Vince Woodward, Merseyside.

When I got my Club Zoo membership card I also got a piece of paper which told me I could become the proud owner of a "Wildier" carrier bag in genuine simulated plastic. It costs 35p. I know he reads your mag so I'd just like to ask a question:

"Julian, is THIS Art?"
Boxhead's secret lover, Walton, Merseyside.

I bet you a £5 Record Token that you couldn't print a VERY LARGE pic of Kevin Rowland smiling.
Smug.



Kev enjoys a good giggle.

Whatever has happened to your letters page? It used to be up to three pages long; now we're lucky if we get one whole page. Please make it longer. Surely you're not getting less people writing in? Is that why you're giving away £5 record tokens? You must print this letter cos I'm sure that tons of people agree with me. I know that you won't want to print this letter but you'd better or else I'll get my boyfriend to beat you up — and you should see him!

Sally, Grantham (most boring town — home of the Grantham Botty-Wobble).

We only have a limited amount of space in each issue and so we try to devote as much as we can to features, songs and reviews. Therefore the letters page sometimes suffers. This way we give you more to write letters about.

Any truth in the rumour that Gary Numan is Mark Thatcher's aerial navigator?
Ray Burke, London.

Have you got something against Elm Park? My friends and I always enter your comps (and others from Elm Park also) and have never even come runner-up in one!
Michele Bailey, Elm Park, Hornchurch.

A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z... there, 26 wonderful letters... er, ummm that makes 26 x £5; you now owe me a £130 record token.

Ian (who thinks Depeche Mode should have won the most promising act for 1982... incidental stimulating information... I'm from Widnes... where?)

Young Design Editor of Britain's brightest pop mag requires flat in St. Albans. Must have hot and cold running.

Get on with your work, Steve.

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Competition", 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. The first 50 correct cards that leap to hand on March 4 will find something Very Rewarding in the post.

Question One: The Haircuts' first single concerned an article of clothing. Was it: a) Zoot Suits; b) Shirts; c) Woolly socks; d) Wind-cheeters with furry hoods?

Question Two: Which of the following is not a real haircut: The Crew-Cut; b) The Beahive; The Grimsby Ear-Grazer; d) The Mohican?



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NIGHTS OUT

DEAD OR ALIVE Liverpool

There's quite a gathering of the masses at Pickwick's club tonight — skinheads, mohicans, fancy dressers, punks, even a parka or two (I thought they were extinct) and some who look (gasp) positively normal. They, along with half the musicians in Liverpool, are here to see the first gig with their revised line-up of the city's most underrated band — Dead Or Alive.

The band themselves are a pretty varied visual assortment as well, not the least of whom is the unmistakable figure of vocalist Pete Burns.

Unfortunately, however, when it comes to writing about the band most critics seem content with scoring a few cheap points at the expense of his startling appearance rather than bothering themselves to notice that not only does Burns leave most of his better known Liverpoolian contemporaries standing when it comes to singing but he's also a talented writer. He'll be even better at both when he finally twigs that you get best results when you sing about something that really matters to you.

Meanwhile the band are doing quite well for starters. It's a big, expansive sound that Dead Or Live create — one with no



Dead Or Alive: (Dead, I reckon — Barry) (Wrong page — Ed.)

obvious comparisons or tribal connections. Hard working drummer Joey Maskeo pushes them on from the core with new bass player Mike Percy contributing some snappy lines. New guitarist Wayne Hussey (formerly of The Gits) and keyboard player Marty Healey fill out the dark but energised sound with Burns' powerful vocals completing the picture.

Best songs are the doomy melodies of the two singles so far, 'I'm Falling' and 'Number Eleven', the exhilarating drive of the superb new single 'It's Been Hours Now' and the closer 'Flowers' when the band really pull it all together. Seeing the

blatant figure of Pete Burns in full flight pleading "What's wrong with this world?" can be an unnerving — even moving — experience.

The new members have brought a big improvement but Dead Or Alive's main problem at the moment must be to prune the arranging, especially in the guitar and keyboard departments where they fail to get behind Burns and push the songs properly. Once they get that and a disappointingly punchless PA sorted out, I can see very little to stop Dead Or Alive becoming very, very popular.

Ian Cunniff



Pete Burns: the return of the Bay City Roller trouser.

'Silent Witness' and a particularly energetic rendering of the instrumental 'Dr. X' followed smartly on its heels.

The band tried out a couple of new numbers: 'The Piper Calls The Tunes' with its haunting piano melody and 'Love Is All Is

Alright' which had the group silhouetted against a lime green backlight.

Balloons with 'Legalise Cannabis' were unleashed during 'Lamb's Bread' and chaos reigned as everyone tripped over each other to reach them.

After enquiring with 'Little By Little', a heartrending version of 'Burdens Of Shame' (accompanied by a fake flame effect) and a poignant 'Tyler' the house lights went on and Grace Jones blasted out of the speakers.

As I left I saw somebody wearing a 'UB40 and I'll Be Very Happy' badge — I think everyone was.

Jill Sinclair



Ali Campbell: Okay, yes put your third finger on me for this one.



SMASH HITS

XTC

