

Hit Songs By  
Culture Club  
Cliff Richard  
Gary Numan  
Big Country  
and loads more

# Smash HITS

- ◆ Madness
- ◆ The Lotus Eaters
- ◆ The Police
  - ◆ Simple Minds
  - ◆ U2
  - ◆ Eurythmics



# GARY NUMAN

## WARRIORS

I Fall  
Down  
No control somehow  
No help  
Now  
My favour slides  
No-one comes  
Here  
Now I'm feeding strangers  
Thin air  
Like cold death  
Like cold death  
Like cold death  
Here in my heart

I fell for so long for you, so long  
I fell for so long for you  
I fell for so long for you

Come in  
I'm the ghost  
Of the white faced clown  
She's gone  
Gone — I won't look back  
She's gone  
I'm old  
So old  
This infection of time  
My skin  
Age shows no kindness, no kindness,  
No kindness to me

I fell for so long for you, so long  
I fell for so long for you  
I fell for so long for you

Words and music G. Numan  
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On *Begger's Benquet*.



## Smash HITS

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# PERSONAL FILE



## SHIRLEY (WHAM!)

**NAME:** Shirley Pauline Hollman  
**BORN:** April 18 1962 in Watford  
**NICKNAMES:** None

**FIRST RECORD:** I can't remember who sang it but it was called "Dance By The Light Of The Moon". I got it when I was about seven and it had a bit in it that went "dance with a doily with a hole in her stocking". It was quite trendy at the time.

**WHERE DO YOU LIVE?** In North London, Finsbury Park. I share a flat with Gail Lawson. She's Steve Norman's girlfriend.

**AND WHO ARE YOU GOING OUT WITH?** Martin Kemp, although I noticed he put "no comment" in your O&A.

**FIRST CONCERT:** I think it was the Sex Pistols in the 100 Club in 1976 or '77. It wasn't much of a concert. There was hardly anybody there, just a few punks going mad by the stage. I was a punk later, but at that time I really hated it.

**LAST BOOK READ:** I never, ever read books. I'm too fidgety. This is a big fault of mine.

**JOBS:** I've had quite a few. The one I kept the longest was training to be a riding instructor. I did it after I left school for about four years. I've also done waitressing and been a labourer

on a building site for my father. He's a self-employed builder.  
**HOW DID YOU MEET WHAM!** Well I met Andrew in a pub when I was 18 and quite fancied him. Then we went out together for a dormy two years. He and George were in The Executive then. I drove them around because I was the only one with a car. I was their roadie, though I wouldn't pick anything heavy up.

**MOST TREASURED POSSESSION** My car. It's a Capri. And I've had a Swiss Christmas. It was a present from one of the boys in the band. I'm not going to say which.

**DID YOU LIKE IBIZA?** I hated it. There weren't enough good-looking men around. It was just noisy and full of loud pub boys. The house we stayed in was nice though.

**WHO WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO BE CAST AWAY ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH?** The actor Mel Gibson (*Mad Max*). I've said this before and I'm still waiting.

**IDEAL EVENING OUT:** I haven't had an evening out for so long. My best one ever was when Spandau hired a club in Bourne mouth for a party. It wasn't too crowded and nobody was stoned. George was there with me and we both ended up drunk and really dancing.

**DO YOU GET RECOGNIZED IN THE STREET?** Not much, although instantly when I'm with the boys. When I do get recognized it's mostly by women.

**FAVOURITE PASTIME:** Shopping. I love shopping. I haven't got a favourite shop. I go all over the place. I don't want to get too famous because then it would have to stop. I do go to Top Shop a lot and that's often where I get recognized.

**WHAT TV PROGRAMME DO YOU ALWAYS TURN OFF?** I don't often watch TV. *Hot For Dogs*? It's not all that bad. I always used to hate Ted Rogers in 3-2-1.

**WHAT KEEPS YOU AWAKE AT NIGHT WORRYING?** My sneezing. I think I'm allergic to beds and I sneeze in them all the time. About six every morning I wake for a sneezing session. At least it means I never sleep in.  
**WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING IF YOU WEREN'T IN WHAM!?** I'd be a fully qualified and very happy riding instructor or a show jumper. I'd be earning more too. Most of my friends have horses so I still go riding.

**HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO TO THE CAMDEN PALACE?** Not often. I went last night and the week before, but that was the first time for months. I can't really afford it.

**WHAT RECORDS DO YOU LOOK OUT FOR ON JUKE-BOXES?** I'm not often near them but I always check to see if ours are on.  
**ARE YOU TRENDY?** I wouldn't say so, no. I always like to dress to suit the occasion.



Take two girls and one pop star. Stick them in front of a camera, shove the whole shebang in a plane and what have you got? The prize in *Smash Hits* truly wonderful Switch competition (July 7 issue) in which we offered the chance to be on TV with the pop star of your choice. Tina Clamp from Birmingham (left, wiggly haircut) was the winner and along with her friend Jean (right, worried expression) they chose to go flying with Gary "Biggles" Norrie (too busy piloting to pose, that's his headphone and right arm). They flew around Surrey for about 15 minutes and the whole thing was filmed for Switch this Friday (September 2).



If you thought *JoBoxers* were tough, just take a shufti at the character in the kipper tie. It's Frank Bruno, who at 21 is the heavyweight champ of Great Britain. He recently starred in the Tetley Tealoks' video for "Johnny Friendly". It's based on the classic late 50's Marlon Brando film, *On The Waterfront*, and it's really very good.

**These are the breaks.** You've heard about break dancing, caught glimpses of it even. Now you'll be able to see it in all its death-defying glory as a whole bonanza of Hip Hop things hits Britain. First off, there's *Wildstyle!*, the film from which these pictures were taken. Everything that Flashdance wasn't, it's the story of a young New York graffiti artist and features dance sequences from the Rock Steady Crew, countless rappers and a demonstration of scratching by Grandmaster Flash himself. It opens at London's JCA on September 8, should be getting wider distribution soon and comes with the Start seal of approval. On September 9, Chrysalis release "Wildstyle Theme Rap" by the Cold Crush Brothers, a rap crew featured in the film, and the Rock Steady Crew have a single out too. That's called "(Hey You) The Rock Steady Crew", comes out on September 12 with a fine video to back it, and sounds a bit like New Edition with scratching noises added. Finally, in the flesh, the Rock Steady Crew plus Hip Hop DJ Afrika Islam and a Double Dutch team will be doing a staggering seven shows a day between September 12-25 for the Home Entertainments Fair at the Kensington Olympia. Don't say we didn't warn you.



# START

# A DAY AT THE RACECOURSE



A long hot emotional day it was too. Dublin's *Phoenix Park* throws open its gates to U2, Simple Minds, Eurythmics, Big Country and about 20,000 others. It's almost too much for Dave Rimmer (notebook, kleenex) and Paul Rider (camera, more kleenex).

It's midday. The sky is clear, the sun is hot and the crowds are filtering into the *Phoenix Park* racecourse on the outskirts of Dublin.

On stage, *Perfect Crime* are already in full swing. You'll be hearing more of this lot. They're a young bend from Aghedowey in Northern Ireland, play a wide range of choppy, inventive pop and rock and are fronted by a manic, bouncy chap called Gregory Gray. By the end of their stint, the atmosphere is tingling, the crowd are roering and Gregory Gray is shaking his head in misty-eyed amazement: "I've never, ever had a day like this in my life!"

And that was only the beginning.

Lately there's been a lot of talk about 'emotion', 'passion' and 'positive spirit' in music. All too often the music fails to match up. But here at least was one day when it did. An emotional and exuberant day when six bands gave all they had and a crowd of 20,000 left feeling exhilarated and optimistic, strengthened by the experience. A day on which, twice, I was nearly moved to tears.

Why so emotional? Largely because this was U2's first concert in their home town for over six months, a period in which their success has soared all over the world. That U2 always return to Dublin despite this is important to an audience for whom they've become both a symbol of national pride and a mouthpiece for their problems. Pride in a young nation; problems in a troubled one where the young care passionately about peace, where

50% of the population is under 25 and youth unemployment is bad and getting much, much, worse.

Also, something happened aairiar in the week that put an extra edge on the event. Thomas Railly — brother of ax-Stiff Little Fingers drummer Jim, Bananarama's road manager and a well-known and liked figure on the Irish music scene — was shot by a British soldier in Belfast.

This, and the disturbances in the North that followed it, were at the back of many people's minds in Phoenix Park that day.

By one o'clock, Birmingham's best-known reggae group, Steel Pulse, are on stage and the crowd



Dave and Mrs Stewart: 'mum is the word.'

It's getting hot and extremely jostly down the front by the time Big Country take the stage. The atmosphere is heating up again too. On paper, and sometimes even on record, Big Country music can sound daft. I mean, gaelic guitars?

But their big beat and authentically Scottish sound is a definite crowd pleaser. As their set reaches its climax, Stuart Adamson leans over and embraces people at the front, tears streaming down his cheeks — a result both of the effort he's put in and the joyous reaction he's got back.

"We always put a lot into our songs," he shrugs afterwards. "Music can make you feel in many different ways and it's



Gregory Doy signs autographs.



Stuart Adamson demonstrates Scottish country dancing.



Steel Pulse: a view from the wings.

are bobbing about in the sun. Reggae seems to be very popular in Ireland and it's certainly perfect music for the weather.

Meanwhile, the backstage area is beginning to fill up. Jimmy Reilly and Siobhan of Bananarama wander round chatting to people. There are so many relatives of the musicians coming today that a special marquee has been set up for them. Eurythmic Dave Stewart ambles about taking photos and staring up into the sky. "I haven't," he enthuses, "seen a sky like that — that blue, that clear — for about ten years." He pauses outside the dressing rooms to watch a Double Dutch game that's begun.

important to share that with people."

It's becoming a day of extremes, occasionally unpleasant ones. A bloke who sneaks in over the back fence is beaten with sticks by security guards. "You have to do it," we're told, "otherwise they'd all be in here." The bouncers at the front are more human — rescuing, distributing cups of water and sometimes even taking photos for those caught in the crush on the barriers.

So bad is the crush getting now that people risk their necks gating up on the roofs of the stands, but when told they must get down before Eurythmics will play, they do so.



Stuart Adamson tries to hug 20,000 people at once.

Annie Lannox tells me that the previous night, while others had been carousing in the hotel bar, she'd had an attack of nerves.

"Sometimes it just gets to me. I was thinking '20,000 people, God!' But I feel all right now."

At least she does until, two songs into their set, a bunch near the front begin chanting "English bastards!" and throwing firecrackers on stage. Annie stops the song and makes an impassioned speech: "It's hot and people have hot tamperaments. Be kind to each other. Remember that we're all human beings. I'm doing this because I believe in the human spirit, in positive thinking and in peace and love. I can't play to

faces full of hatred." Annie's lip quivers and the crowd cheers. Has she taken it too far? Dave wanders up to her and whispers "Let's just play." So they do: the band working twice as hard; Annie dancing, smiling, singing, bobbing, ducking and scowling as she conquers her nervousness and turns a potential disaster into resounding victory. It's a moving performance. For me, the musical highspot of the day.

The backstage area is crammed now. The free Guinness ran out hours ago and relatives mill about everywhere. There, Jim

Kerr's father and two of his friends all in Simple Minds T-shirts. Here, Dave Stewart's mum. How does she feel when she sees him on stage?

"Well, I'm proud of him and I enjoy it, but let's say it's his trip, not mine."

The optimistic mood escalates still further as Simple Minds take the stage. Jim Kerr is in fine, graceful form — sliding and leaping, reaching out to the back and leaning down to the front. This is so far their only gig in the British Isles this year and fans have come from far and wide. The atmosphere is joyful and celebratory. Two guys perched precariously on the roof opposite get carried away end

# THE SPECIAL AKA

**RACIST FRIEND**

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**

NEW 12 AND 7 INCH SINGLE



**2**  
TONE  
RECORDS





Jim Kerr: *"I know he's got in tears, begin to dance. I can't look, but they don't fall. During "I Promised You A Miracle", as Jim sings "everything is possible" over and over again, you begin to believe that it's true.*



U2: *trying the flag. Co" he climbs up the side-scaffolding and leaves the flag there, singing "send in the crowd>this is my home town" to the tune of Frank Sinatra's "Send In The Clowns". Then, more calmly, he sings "I Fell Down"!"*

And then, as the sky begins to



ing Country meet Steve Pulse backstage.

darken, there's U2. Musically, for me, the least interesting part of the day and by all accounts — including Bono's — not one of their best performances. But it's impossible not to be carried along by the crowd. As Bono struts, strides and stalks about — nothing if not master of the dramatic gesture — and the band run through some of their best known songs, 20,000 people let go completely: clapping, cheering, dancing and singing along.

Bono will say afterwards that most of the show belonged to that crowd, the band's performance being almost irrelevant except for one section where he felt they made their point.

It begins with Bono asking that an Irish flag in the audience be passed forward to the stage. As this is done the crowd chant "Ireland! Ireland!" Bono ties it to a pole with one of the band's own white flags before singing "Sunday Bloody Sunday" ("not a rebel song"). During "Electric



Bono comes over all dramatic,

sung about trying and maybe failing"), dedicating it to Jimmy Reilly. Later, Reilly, will clasp his hand, muttering "Bono, you've given me strength."

For the final encore, Bono is joined by Annie Lennox to sing another anti-war song, "40". The entire audience take up the refrain — "How long, how long must we sing this song?" —

carrying on even after the band have finished and they all drift slowly home.

Backstage, as everyone winds down, I ask Bono how he feels.

"What can I say after an event like that? Something happened today that I will never, ever forget for the rest of my life."

Me neither.



The crowd wring out a few Kleenex.

# Paul Young

New Single  
**COME BACK AND STAY**  
Single Remix Version



## U.K. Tour

### SEPTEMBER

- 24th GUILDFORD, Civic Hall
- 25th POOLE, Arts Centre
- 26th BRIGHTON Dome
- 27th SOUTHEND, Westcliff Pavilion
- 28th NOTTINGHAM, Rock City
- 30th OXFORD, Apollo

### OCTOBER

- 2nd BRISTOL, Studio
- 3rd LIVERPOOL, Royal Court
- 4th WARWICK University
- 6th SLOUGH, Lakram Theatre
- 7th CARDIFF University
- 8th LOUGHBOROUGH University
- 9th REDCAR, Coatham Bowl
- 10th NEWCASTLE, City Hall
- 11th GLASGOW, Filani's
- 13th YORK University
- 14th LANCASTER University
- 15th MANCHESTER, Apollo
- 16th BOSTON, Haven Theatre
- 17th LONDON, Lyceum
- 18th NORWICH, University of East Anglia
- 19th BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
- 20th SHEFFIELD, City Hall
- 21st DUNSTABLE, Queensway Hall
- 22nd NORTHAMPTON, Derrigate Theatre

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12" CONTAINS EXTENDED CLUB MIX VERSIONS





# The Glove Like An Animal

One mile in the air that's where she lives  
Her body looks so thin and pink and small  
Dropping eggs from nervous shaking heads  
And swallowing her fingers as they fall

Two people dance on the edge  
Three of us push them away  
There's nowhere to go we're all in this  
But nothing can hurt us at all

First I was a murderer  
Then I was a saint  
Now I live on stolen time  
Twist and reel like paint  
Like an animal

One mile in the air that's where she lives  
Her body looks so thin and pink and small  
Dropping eggs from nervous shaking heads  
And swallowing her fingers as they fall

Fight her all you want you'll never win  
Couldn't we just once leave her in bed  
Let the dry air cut her happy throat  
Hide her heart and lose her happy head

Tuesday in the sun nothing could be worse  
Not now not ever not anymore  
Like an animal  
Just like an animal  
Like an animal  
An animal  
Like an animal

Words and music by Severn-Smith  
Reproduced by permission Dreamhouse/Chappell/APJ Music Ltd.  
On Wonderland Records

# HEAVEN 17

## crushed by the wheels of industry

CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS (WOAH WOAH)  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY, WORK NOW (HA)

BREAKING IN THE FUTURE JUST BEFORE THE WEEK IS UP  
THEY CAN DO IT BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME MONEY  
HAVE WHAT YOU DESIRE IF AND WHEN YOU SEE THE FACT  
THEY WILL LEAD US TO THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY  
WORK ALL DAY OR WORK ALL NIGHT IT'S ALL THE SAME  
IF YOU WANT THE PAY (BUT DO YOU REALLY WANT THE PAY?)  
SOME DRIVE TANKERS, SOME ARE BANKERS  
SOME ARE WORKERS, SOME ARE NOT  
IT IS TIME FOR A PARTY  
DESTINATION FOR THE NATION NOW

CHORUS  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS (WOAH WOAH)  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY  
CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY, WORK NOW (HA)

CALL ME IN THE MORNING JUST BEFORE THE BREAKFAST SHOW  
WE'LL WATCH TV AND ANALYSE THE WEATHER  
BEFORE WE GO TO WORK WE'LL HAVE PLANNED A DAY AHEAD  
WE'LL WHILE AWAY THE WORKING DAY TOGETHER  
(WHILE AWAY THE WORKING DAY TOGETHER)  
WORK ALL DAY OR WORK ALL NIGHT IT'S ALL THE SAME  
(WORK ALL DAY) IF YOU WANT TO PLAY  
SOME ARE NURSES, SOME STEAL PURSES  
SOME ARE WORKERS, SOME ARE NOT  
IT IS TIME FOR A PARTY  
LIBERATION FOR THE NATION NOW

COME COME COME, WORK  
GO GO, WORK

REPEAT CHORUS

THERE'S A PARTY GOING ON THAT'S GOING TO CHANGE  
THE WAY WE LIVE  
BUT NOW DO WE KNOW WE'VE BEEN INVITED  
NOW THE INVITATION'S WAITING AND THE TABLE IS RESERVED  
SO JUST PLAY IT COOL AND DON'T GET EXCITED  
WORK ALL DAY OR WORK ALL NIGHT IT'S ALL THE SAME  
(WORK ALL DAY) WILL WE EVER CHANGE  
IT'S VACATION OR VACATION  
SOME ARE WORKERS, SOME ARE NOT  
IT IS TIME FOR A PARTY  
SYNCPATION FOR THE NATION NOW

REPEAT CHORUS

WORK (HA)  
REPEAT SIX TIMES

WORK NOW (HA)

WORK WORK WORK (HA)  
WORK (HA), WORK (HA)  
WORK (HA)  
WORK WORK WORK (HA)  
WORK (HA), WORK (HA)  
WORK NOW (HA)

REPEAT AND AD LIB TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GREGORY MARSH WARE  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION VIRGIN MUSIC PUBLISHERS  
LTD./SOUND DIAGRAMS WARNER BROS MUSIC LTD.  
ON VIRGIN RECORDS

Why was Glenn Gregory smashing windows? What's this about platform boots with five inch heels? Who or what are The Underpants? We dare you to read THE TERRIBLE TRUTH about

# HEAVEN 17

It seemed like a good idea at the time.

"Let's do the interview at a quiet spot down by the river," said Ian Craig Marsh, meek and mild electronic debbler with Heaven 17. The sun was bright, the water sparkled and the ducks quacked as we settled on a riverside bench almost in the shadow of Putney Bridge.

I was half way through my first question, "How did you three . . ." when, suddenly, fzzzzzzzzVAROOmmmmmmmm, Concorde roared overhead. Eventually songwriter Martyn Ware's voice broke through the sonic assault. "Nice quiet spot this, Ian," he said. Ian lapsed into a spongy silence which he maintained for most of the afternoon.

The next vital question was drowned by the unlikely combination of a peeing peedboot, a train trundling noisily over the bridge, singer Glenn Gregory crunching a packet of crisps and, just audible in the distance, an ambulance siren. After five minutes or so, we became accustomed to this new kind of peace end quiet and, between the plane and boots end trains, I uncovered a few intriguing facts.

According to Glenn, the road to Heaven 17 was paved with broken glass. "I used to go to this arty drama project called Meetwhistle in Sheffield. I remember going upstairs and smashing windows."

"What for?" demanded Martyn in disbelief. "Didn't know any better then," said Glenn defensively. "That was where I met Ian. He was weird, even then. He had a long, very odd fringe that sort of curled at the front, and he was totally unreliable, but he did have a synthesiser that he built from a kit. It was useless."

A flicker of a smile seemed to flit across Ian's silent lips, but it was Martyn who took up the story.

"I'd been working as trainee manager at Sheffield end Eckershall Co-op, when a friend took me down to Meetwhistle. I walked in wearing white flares, white t-shirt, silver platform boots with five inch heels and a diemante cat collar. We're talking heavy Kiss now, that was the image. Gary Glitter, T-Rax."

Glenn stifled a snigger. "Ah yes," he said, "I remember it vividly. I knew immediately we'd get along well. I was wearing jeans with 24 inch bottom end gold baseball shoes . . ."

It seems almost logical, now, that he and Ian should have soon formed a group, Musical Vomit, who found themselves on stage at the

Beth Arts Festival, performing such ditties as "Denim Mind" end "Whip King Of Mers" in front of an audience of distraught hippies.

History students will, no doubt, already know that Poly Styrene of early punk band X-Ray Spax once declared Musical Vomit to have been the first punk band ever. "Remember, this was 1972," Martyn pointed out.

"So anyway, we leeted ell of two minutes before the hippies started showering us with bottles end cans," recalled Glenn before nostalgically running through a list of other early ventures on Heaven 17. "There was The Underpente, Dick Velcro And The Space Kidettes, VDK And The Studs, Dead Daughters, The Hari Willey Krishna Band, Arthur Creven's Tent Band. There was even one which included members of Coberet Voltaire end Clock DVA. All of these played at least once, usually on Sundays, round in a little room called Simon Scott's Kit Ket Club."

This outfit eventually became The Future and, joined by a led ceiled Phil Oakey, they leunched on an event-grade electronic career as The Humer League. No group with so many diverse talents could expect to leet long end in late 1980 they perted company amid bitter words. Martyn insists, however, that there's no rivalry between the two factions.

"It was like the end of a love affair. The magic that brought us together just wore off after a while. But there's room for ell of us, we can ell be successful."

Out of the ashes of their split from the League, Ian end Martyn formed a creative organisation they called British Electric Foundation, while simultaneously putting together Heaven 17 with Glenn as front man. So, what's the difference? In Martyn's words, "Heaven 17 is a 100% serious attempt to be incredibly popular, whereas BEF is no more serious but it tends to be involved with more experimental projects."

And on the Heaven 17 front, once the new single "Crushed By The Wheels Of Industry" has peaked, the group will feed discreetly from view until after the New Year, busily writing new songs.

"There's no point getting tied up in the Christmas rush," explained Martyn. "We're also considering acquiring a bigger computer to enable us to keep track instantly of our sales figures all over the world, so we can ell which territories need most work."

Martyn, once a computer operator, now owns his own BBC Micro B home computer. "I

play with that more than I watch TV these days," he laughed, "which drives my wife Karen up the wall."

At this point, I began to become concerned at Ian's lengthy silence. "How do I get him to talk?" I asked the others.

"When you meet quiet people like Ian," said Glenn, "when they finally say something, it's usually really worth hearing. With Ian, it's generally a load of old rubbish I'm afraid."

I changed the subject, as tactfully as I could, back to television. "I love Jack Chertlon's fishing programme, *Rod And Line*, especially at the end when the fish are ell wriggling about, trying to get out of the net. It's so relaxing," said Glenn.

Martyn's taste, when not playing computer games, is equally pestorial. "I like the sheep dog trials, *One Man And His Dog*, but I can't bear it when they find the dog guilty. They have such sad eyes, collies."

I thought I heard a groan escape from Ian, but by the time I looked, he was a straight-faced ee ever. His moment came, however, a minute later, when a stockily built character, not the sort I'd like to meet in a derk alley, emerged from the elegant block of flats behind us. It seemed that the bench on which we were quaffing our cans of lager was on private property. "Do you lot live here?" he demanded gruffly.

Without betting an eyelid, Ian jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Number 54," he lied. The gorilla mumbled an apology end ambled off.

"You don't live here, do you?" I asked, impressed.

"No, I've bought a house in Twickenham, but I don't live in it either because it's a total wreck," he replied enigmatically. "I live in a rented flat just along the road, where I can keep an eye on it."

"Told you it would be a load of rubbish," commented Glenn who, like Martyn, resides in Notting Hill Gate, several miles from Ian. "We rarely see each other these days, except for work."

Martyn is quick to point out that this doesn't mean they dislike each other. "Beer in mind that to promote our last album we spent three months travelling round the world, in each other's company all day, every day. You just get sick of the sight of each other."

Ian broke his silence just once more. "I think your cassette tape is about to run out," he predicted. And it did.

Johnny Bleck

Heaven 17 in a slightly more sober mood; (left) Ian Craig Marsh, (front) Glenn Gregory and (right) Martyn Ware



# BIZ

## THE ART OF FALLING APART



A Marc Almond "Superfan"

Four more outside Some Bizzare

"Too long a wish to sing," was **Marc Almond's** recent shock announcement. It looked as though Soft Cell and the Mambos would no longer exist. Could this be true? Well, not quite, as *Blitz* found out when we talked to the main man.

Though a little worried by the upset it caused his fans, Marc sticks by his decision to make the announcement. "To look a great weight off my shoulders. The pressure was just getting on me. I was at a bursting point. If I'd carried on the way I was, it would have gone mad, been no use to anyone."

And as if that pressure, from working on too many projects at once, wasn't enough, Marc has also come in for what he felt was excessively personal criticism by sections of the press.

Another factor leading to the announcement was an actual physical assault on Marc. It seems that some permanently "superfans" banging around outside the Some Bizzare office, and usually he makes time to chat with them, but one night some of these fans found Marc's last refuge, his Soho flat. They kept ringing the bell and banging away. Marc, who was getting no sleep at all, eventually caught up with them and promised her records if they'd leave him alone. A passer-by, misread the situation and smashed him in the face.

Shocked and terribly upset, Marc saw this as the last straw and in the heat of the moment announced his "retirement". After cooling down a little, he realised that he couldn't just give it all up, but equally couldn't carry on the way he was going.

So it seems Marc will still be singing after all and the new Soft Cell LP will go ahead. A new single "Soul Inside" will come out on September 9 with an accompanying video. He won't appear on *TOTP*.

And although Soft Cell and the Mambos will never exist, Marc explained: "This doesn't mean I won't continue to work with Dave and the others in future, under various guises."

As for the "Superfans" army of whom he has been outside the office for six hours a day for the last four months:

"We were shocked and very upset when we read about it in *The Sun*, so we came up and asked him what's going on. Once he explained, we realised it wasn't as bad as we expected."

Budding new pop groups take note. The TDK Battle Of The Bands want to hear from you. They're selecting a total of 128 bands to appear at 21 gigs around the country in the autumn. The six finalists will appear on TV in April and the winner will get £10,000 and a recording contract. Send your tape to TDK Battle Of The Bands, PO Box 1DU, London W1A 1DU. Incidentally, there'll also be an international battle, involving last year's winners Sugar Ray Five, in September.

**A Flock Of Seagulls** have a new single out. It's called "It's Not Me" (Talkin') and has been produced by Bill Wilson. Oddly enough their album, which they're making later this year, will be produced by our man in the Bahamas, **Robert Palmer**.

There's a new **Duran Duran** book out. Called the **Duran Duran Scrapbook** it's not official, but very good and certainly not recommended.

Of late, nights out have become something of a sweaty business. But don't worry. As usual we have your best interests at heart. Welcome to this issue's *Blitz* competition: 20 pairs of colourful, super-absorbent **Twisted Sister** wristbands, suitable for soaking up perspiration at even the hottest of gigs. And that's not all, to go with them we have 20 copies of the Sister's current single, "You Can't Stop Rock 'N' Roll". Twenty 12" copies, upon which the band have lovingly inscribed their signatures.

Here's a question. Match up the following four acts with the following award song titles. (a) The Style Council, (b) Agnetha, (c) Donna Summer, (d) Simple Minds. (1) "Hot Stuff", (2) "Long Hot Summer", (3) "Sweet In A Bullet", (4) "The Heat Is On".

Answers on a postcard or **Smash Hits Twisted Sister Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1P 1PF to arrive no later than September 14. No sweat.

**Planet Patrol** and **The Bunchies** will be playing the **Roxy** (Aberdeen) on September 30 and **October 1**, their only scheduled **Blitz** dates this year. Tickets priced £5 will be on sale at all major agencies. Meanwhile, we need that 12" copy of "You Can't Stop Rock 'N' Roll" and a copy of the new **Twisted Sister** single. Write to: **Blitz**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1P 1PF.

Sorry folks. The **Level 42** lyric last issue should have been jointly credited to **ATV Music** and **Island Music**.

Also the final score fell off the **How Trendy Are You?** Quiz, making it a bit tricky to work out your exact hipness rating. For those still worried, the answer to Question 12 was A—15; B—5; C—10, D—0.

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- Billy Currie** of *U2* (sax) (28) on September 1
- Mark White** of *ABC* (22) on September 1
- Marvin Gaye** (44) on September 2
- Karen Woodward** of *Bananarama* (22) on September 2
- John Oates** of *Hall & Oates* (33) on September 3
- Agnetha Fältskog** (33) on September 3
- Gaila Ferguson** of *H<sub>2</sub>O* (22) on September 6
- Neville Staples** (28) on September 11
- Stuart Adamson** of *Big Country* (25) on September 11
- Herbie Hancock** (43) on September 12
- Ritchie Blackmore** of *Rainbow* (38) on September 14

New York isn't noted for reggae still. **Manyleak's** "Go Duh Yaks", just out on **Polydor**, is a disco-reggae track from that very city and a very fine disc indeed.

There's a new **The B** single out called "This Is The Day". Being on **Some Bizzare**, it comes in all different shapes and sizes: an ordinary 7", a 7" double single with two extra tracks, and a 12" with two other extra tracks.

Cast your mind back to the June 26 issue. Remember young **Respond** signing a **Craze** advertising in *Blitz* for a drummer? Well, they've found one. He's 18-year-old **Mark Chester** from Birmingham (and will be playing with **A Craze** when they tour in the autumn. Also on the **Respond Package Tour** (that's what it'll be called) are **Tracie And Her Soul Squad**, **Vaughn Toulouse** and **The Main-T-Wave And The Questions**. See *Nightsout* for details.

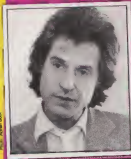
The hit movie **War Games**, in which a young computer buff accidentally sets off the US defence system, has spawned a game. Called **Computer War**, it allows you to destroy "at least two continents" in the privacy of your own home. Fun, eh?



Planet Patrol, treacherous eh?

Hip Hop time. There's a new **Planet Patrol** single out called "Cheap Thrills". Like **New Order's** new single "Confusion", **Freeez's** "IOU" and a host of other disco hits, it's been produced by **Arthur Baker** and **John Robie**. Meanwhile, **John "Jellybean" Benitez**, DJ at New York's **Funhouse** (the Hip Hop club where **Baker** tests all his stuff out—he apparently tried no less than 40 mixes at "Confusion" before he was happy with it) has been re-mixing everything in scratch. He worked on **Freeez**, "Confusion", and **Irene Cara's** "Flashdance", to name but three. Recently he's done the new **Europeans** single, "Recognition" and "Body Talk" by **Hot Streak** which'll probably be another big disco hit.

## MISSING THE KINK



KC Lookalike Ray Davies

never been so successful. In America, where the "Englishness" of Ray Davies' songs has always gone down a storm, their last two albums have all gone gold.

Davies splits his time between "modest flats" in London and New York, where he lives with Pretender Chrissie Hynde and their 6½ month old child Natalie. On a typical day he rises at 8.00 and goes for a run, then comes back to do some copy-writing. When recording he'll go to the studio around 1.00 or 2.00, then have a break before going home and listening to what they've done and doing yet more writing. It's a long day but Davies says: "I'm never happier than when I'm working." What times aren't too busy, he and Chrissie go to the cinema a lot. Meanwhile Davies is working on a musical play for Channel 4 which should be premiered early next year. It's not the first he's done: his Soap Opera was shown on TV in the early '70s. The play is a natural follow-on from Davies' songs, which have often been stories about people. "Come Dancing", for example, was inspired by his sister's scrapbook of the days when she used to go ballroom dancing. Otherwise, Davies likes to watch.

"I went to Waterloo station the other day and spent an hour watching people get out of trains. I just wonder who they are and where they're going."

The Kinks' "Come Dancing" marks a welcome return to the charts for a group who've been on the go for nineteen years. They had a number of hits in the late '60s and early '70s with classics like "Sunny Afternoon" and "Lola". Since then they've influenced all sorts of people, particularly The Jam, but haven't had a proper hit since 1973.

"I can't feel anything," says Kink singer and songwriter Ray Davies who cackled about the effect of 20 years in a group. "It feels like ten minutes to me. It's only when I hear my old songs that I realise."

Despite their low profile here, The Kinks internationally have

It should be stressed that in the Duran Duran article (August 4), Nick Rhodes' opinion of the *Air Studio* in Montserrat was a purely personal one. Since '79 such recording artists as Paul McCartney, Sielwe Wonder, The Stray Cats, Status Quo, Ultravox and The Police have worked there, the studio is more than adequately equipped and its reputation is unparalied.

Also, *Air's* owner, George Martin, contacted us to point out that, while in Montserrat, Nick Rhodes was diagnosed to have blood poisoning and not food poisoning.

Remember that band with a silly squiggle for a name? Well, for their second single, "Riders in the Night," they've decided just to be called *Freer* instead.

## FAN CLUBS

(Always enclose a SAE)

### The Police

Quadrant Fan Club  
164 Kensington Park Road  
London: W11

### PO Box 48

London: W11 5RU

### Atco Records

Ridgely House  
2 Blenheim Crescent  
London: W11 1BN

**Becker Newbury III** has a new single out on September 16. It's called "Teddy Bear".

Disco compilations are coming out all over. The latest is the oddily titled "Come With Club", which features **Keel** & **The Camp**, **Central Line**, **Becker Newbury III** and a host of others (including the incredibly trendy (and deservedly so) Brazilian jam session **Tania Maria**). All this at the handsome price of £2.99.

Soon your local bookers will be positively crammed with new rock books. Scheduled are new volumes on **The Beatles**, **Jimmy Page**, **The Velvet Underground** and **AC/DC** (to tie in with their new "Kick Of The Switch" LP). Best of the bunch would seem to be Paolo Hewitt's **The Jam: A Beat Concerto** (Orion/bis, £4.95). Vivien Goldman's **Kid Creole: Indiscreet** (Zomba, £3.95) and Rockport's **(Om)ibus**, £2.95) by this issue's rather heavy singles reviewer, Tom Hibbert. It's a dictionary of words like "rubber-necking", "xinger", "snow-blind" and other curious phrases apparently spoken by pop folk. Orion/bis are also publishing an **Essential Guide To Rock Records** by Barry Lazell and our own Fred Dellar. Phew! In fact, they've even brought out a guide to rock books (themselves.

The next **Bele Stars** single, "The Entertainer," should be out at the end of September. It's been produced by **Anne Dudley**, a graduate of the Royal College Of Music and currently a very busy woman indeed. A colleague of Trevor Horn's, she's worked with him on ABC (who did the "The Lexicon Of Love" string arrangements), Spandau Ballet ("Institution"), Dollar and Melonin Melman's "Duck Rock". Since then she did the brass parts on Wham's "Bad Boys" and with the Belle Stars is making her debut as a producer. Definitely a name to watch.

Guesting on the **Gary Numan** tour will be robot dancers **Tik & Tok**. In their half-hour slot they'll apparently be "premiering new innovative movements", as well as appearing with **Goza** himself.

The news you've all been waiting for: a new **Duran Duran** single should be out later this month. Called "Union Of The Snake", it was recorded in Montserrat and Sydney and was produced by Alex Sadkin and Ian Little (who worked on Roxy Music's "Avalon" album).

The **Saturday Show** returns to ITV on September 3 for a second live season. Hosted by the bubbly Isla St Clair and Tommy Boyd, it will feature such delights as "Dream Come True" (a bit like our *Switch* competition, really) and "Talented Teacher '83".

## MUTTERINGS

Teach yourself. **Captain Sensible** spotted in *Foyles* bookshop buying a *How To Play Synthesizer* book. **Paul Simon** (as in & Garfunkel) has just got wed to *Star Wars* princess **Carrie Fisher**... **Farmyard** One. **Tis** muttered that **David Jay**, late of *Bauhaus*, is playing in a trio called **The**

**Sinister Ducks**. **Farmyard** Two. **Steve Falaris** of **The Technos**: wandering around hypnotizing chickens. At least it might stop them making records... While making their new video, **Twisted Sister** were fleeing in a van from the Good Taste Squad when **Dee** took a corner too sharply, the petrol tank came off, and the band had to run for it before the thing exploded. What's going on with **Wham!**?

**Dee**, who was never in the band in the first place, has left but although this might be on the tour (or might not) and is doing solo stuff but then so is George who is still in the group. Oh forget it. She might be joining **The Style Council** for all we know... **The Rolling Stones'** flower bud-shaped stage and one of **Keith Richards'** cars are to be auctioned at *Sotbary's* for charity... Finally, **Mark Ellen** of this parish and his lady wife **Clara** have just had a bouncing £1500 boy called **Tam**.

## MY TOP TEN



## HARRY CASEY

(KC & The Sunshine Band)

- DIANA ROSS: Ain't No Mountain High Enough (Tamla Motown)** I just like it for the lyrics: "If you need me, call me. No matter where you are."
- THE DRIFTERS: Under The Boardwalk (Atlantic)** It's a description of good times in America. That's why I like it. The melodic line is great too.
- PROCLAMATION: A Whiter Shade Of Pale (Deream)** I love the production and the lyrics. This came out when I was growing up and somehow I just really identified with it.
- SIMON & GARFUNKEL: Bridge Over Troubled Water (CBS)** I like it because of the

message in it. It always makes me feel good. If I've been down it cheers me up. It means if you've got trouble, I can help you out, that you can cross the bridge and be onis although the water underneath is troubled. I love it.

- STEPHEN STILLS: Love The One You're With (Atlantic)** Because I like to love the one I'm with instead of being with someone and loving somebody else. Is that cool?
- MARVIN GAYE: Let's Get It On (Tamla Motown)** It's the very first line which says: "I'm really trying", I like the bluntness of it.
- THE SUPREMES: Someday We'll Be Together (Tamla Motown)** I truly believe that someday we will all be together, and that's what this means to me.
- STEVIE WONDER: For Once In My Life (Tamla Motown)** This helps me feel that for once you've gotten over a barrier, past all the stops that are in your way.
- SLY & THE FAMILY STONE: Dance To The Music (Epic)** For the joy that it brings. It makes you feel good and happy inside. Terrific, a classic dance track.
- THE HUMAN LEAGUE: (Keep Feeling) Fascination (Virgin)** I like the positive statement that it's making; to keep feeling fascination and to keep feeling good, not to let it go. It's optimistic.

# CLIFF RICHARD



## Never Say Die (Give A Little Bit More)

YOU LOOK SO SAD LIKE YOU LOST YOUR ONLY FRIEND  
DON'T FEEL SO BAD, YOU CAN ALWAYS TRY AGAIN

CHORUS

SO DON'T HIDE DON'T SEEK, DON'T LET THE GRASS GROW UNDER YOUR FEET  
GET OUT GET UP GET ON GET MOVING OUT  
DON'T SURRENDER — DON'T GIVE UP THE FIGHT

YOU GIVE A LITTLE BIT MORE IF YOU WANT HER BACK IT'S A FULL ATTACK  
YOU GIVE A LITTLE BIT MORE IF YOU WANT TO WIN DON'T GIVE IN  
YOU GIVE A LITTLE BIT MORE WHEN YOU THINK IT THROUGH WHAT YOU GOT TO DO  
IS GIVE A LITTLE BIT MORE

SHE SAID GOODBYE SO YOU TELL YOURSELF IT'S ALL  
(IT'S ALL SHE'S GONE)  
BUT YOUR HANDS AIN'T TIED WHILE YOU MAKE YOURSELF SO SMALL  
(YOURSELF SO SMALL)

REPEAT CHORUS

DON'T GIVE UP THE FIGHT, GOTTA KEEP ON GOING WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT  
TRY HARD DON'T STOP, GOTTA KEEP ON GIVING IT'S ALL YOU GOT  
NEVER GIVE UP NEVER GIVE UP NEVER SAY DIE  
BELIEVE THAT I CAN REACH THE TOP  
GOTTA GIVE IT A SHOT DON'T SAY NO  
GOTTA GET IN THE FLOW

SO DON'T HIDE DON'T SEEK, DON'T GO AWAY GET BACK ON YOUR FEET  
GET OUT GET UP GET ON GET MOVING OUT  
AND DON'T SURRENDER DON'T GIVE UP THE FIGHT  
YOU GIVE A LITTLE BIT MORE, AND IF YOU WANT HER BACK IT'S A FULL ATTACK  
YOU GIVE A LITTLE BIT MORE AND IF YOU WANT TO WIN DON'T GIVE IN  
GIVE A LITTLE BIT MORE WHEN YOU THINK YOU'RE THROUGH WHAT YOU GOT TO DO  
IS GIVE A LITTLE BIT MORE

REPEAT AND AD LIB TO FINISH

WORDS AND MUSIC T. BRITTEN/S. SHIFRIN  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION CHAPPELL MUSIC  
ON EMI RECORDS

# CLASSIX NOUVEAUX

## FOR EVER AND A DAY

I know I know I know I know  
When I need you you will be  
There in the spirit  
Thou' to the world  
You won't return it seems

Chorus

And even the fine words you say  
Increase in meaning  
Over again and again  
I'll keep repeating  
For ever ever a day  
The words you say  
For ever and a day  
(For ever and a day)  
For ever and a day  
Oh oh  
For ever and a day  
(For ever and a day)  
For ever and a day  
Woh oh oh

I know I know I know I know  
Even in my darkest hour  
I only need remember you  
To renew my strength, my power

Repeat chorus twice

For ever and a day  
(For ever and a day)  
For ever and a day  
Oh oh  
For ever and a day  
(For ever and a day)  
For ever and a day  
Oh oh oh

Oh oh oh

Repeat five times

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# GET SMART

Got a question about absolutely anyone or anything to do with music? Linda will get you the answer (well, try). Write on a postcard to: *Get Smart, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.*



I think Gary Wallis (him of the fantastic Truth) is quite nice so I'd love any information about him.

**Pernete.**  
● Born in London on June 10 '64, he would describe himself as being "athletic and of good nature". Specially asked for you, the qualities he looks for most in a girl include "having a good personality. And long legs". Still like him?



The Truth's Gary Wallis: self-confessed athlete

Please could you tell me where Ian McCulloch of the Bunnymen got his ballet-type shoes from as I can't get them anywhere. Also will the film of their *Royal Albert Hall* concert ever be shown on TV?  
**Macks and Wrighty, Thatchem.**  
● He bought them some months back for £14.95 from a branch of the "theatre and ballet fashion specialists", Anello & Davide Ltd. There's one branch in London's Oxford Street. He takes a size nine but, for some reason, prefers to tell people it's a size eight. Incidentally, the shoes are original Scotch dancing poms but with an extra sole added for "street wear". As regards the concert footage, WEA own the rights to it but haven't quite decided exactly what to do with it as yet.

On holiday I met a bloke who reckoned his cousin was John Taylor of Duran Duran. His name's William Taylor, he's 26 and lives in Salford. Bill (as he's known) told me his mother's sister married a brummie and the rest of the story to prove his case. Well, was he pulling my leg or is it the truth?  
**Anxious Fan, Blackburn.**  
● It appears you were easy prey for a fisherman's yarn. But I wouldn't shed any tears over it. I

mean (sigh) man like him just aren't worth the trouble...

I was watching a film on Sunday night (July 31, BBC 1, 7.25pm) called *Love Story* and really liked the piece of music which was played most of the time. Could you tell me what it is called and where I could locate it?  
**Sarah Barron, Portsmouth.**  
● Sung (with feeling) by crooner Andy Williams, it's called "Where Do I Begin Love Story" and was a Number Four hit for him around March '71. No longer available as a single, you'll find it on his albums "Reflections" which also includes "Can't Get Used To Losing You" (recently covered by The Best), "Andy Williams Wedding And Anniversary Album" and "Greatest Hits Volume Two".

While listening to the *David Jensen Show* on Radio One a short time ago I heard an interview with a Howard Jones. He said his first single would be out in July so where is it?  
**J. C. Smalley, Merlow.**

● Produced by Duran Duran craftsman Colin Thurston, it's just been released on both '7 and '12" and is titled "New Song". Recent support on the China Crisis tour, he started out as a "one man synth act" but his new stage show features the talents of dance experimenter Jed Hollis who, apparently, "illustrates various aspects of the songs with highly individual actions and costumes".



Howard Jones, another Mac McCulloch haircut

Could you find out what type of bass guitar Tony Butler of Big Country uses and, also, what does the word "Porromwan" mean, from the title of one of their songs?  
**Nick Strickland, Reeding.**

● Tony is sponsored by Aria Guitars so his Aria SB 1000 was a gift, but it normally sells at around £310-£340. Regarding the title "Porromwan" it came from *The Pan Book Of Stories* and describes a person who practices voodoo.

I recently bought a signed photo of Paul Waller in Carnaby Street but have no way of knowing if it is genuine. Could you possibly print his signature?  
**Mendi, Haywards Heath.**  
● For you, anything, Waller was "happy as a king" to oblige (sorry about the spelling though) and hopes you did purchase the real thing, although he doesn't necessarily approve of that practice. Still, the original document is at present holding pride of place on the Get Smart desk, only awaiting details of your full address...

*To Mandy  
I love you  
Paul Waller*

Photo: UT



Paper Lace in '74: relax, girls, they're all married!

We urgently need to know where Roman Holliday got their sailor hats from, as we can't find them anywhere.  
**Beki, Kettering and a Fan, Hebburn.**  
● They picked them up from the Laurence Corner surplus store, 62 Hampstead Road, London NW1. Available in white only, sizes are large or extra-large and asking price is £4.48. These "doughboy caps", as they're known, are also available mail order from the same address, adding 70p for postage.

Please find out the following: 1) Artist title, highest chart position and year of entry for a song which goes "I know my friend it's hard to die/When all the birds are singing in the sky/And when the bees are in the air..."; 2) some info on the following two songs: "Billy don't be a hero/Come back and make me your wife" and another one that goes: "Is this the start of the breakdown/can't understand it..."; 3) The length of time "Vienna" (by Ultravox) stayed in the charts. (Pleasura)  
**Kete Dunkley, Southampton.**

Could you please confirm to my Mum, Terry (who's 34 in September) that the Fridge Freezer adverts are not sung by Annie Lennox of the Eurythmics, as she seems to think it might be true? Also, can you tell me the meaning of the words at the beginning and middle of the track called "This Is The House", from their album. They sound like "Iste lacassa, iste sale seno, iste lahoricia, saiko tiki".  
**Duran Fan, Buckden and John Taylor's Smile, Gwent.**

● Annie has confirmed ("Np!") that it's not her voice heard promoting the Fridge adverts. And, although I didn't do Spanish at school, I've reason to believe that what she sings is merely the Spanish translation of the verse previous, which goes "This is the story/This is the hill/This is the story/It's a little thing".

Carol Moore (August 4) can have a copy of The Young & Moody Band's single from me — Mick Cotts, 285 Hucknall Lane, Bulwell Hill Estate, Nottingham. I've got two.



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# SINGLES

spots on the Paul Daniels Magic Show from now 'til eternity.

**CULTURE CLUB:** *Karma Chameleon* (Virgin) Three minor problems as regards this one. 1) The tempo is much speedier than our boy is used to being almost as bad a dancer as Jay of Bucks Fizz, how's he going to cope when he does it on telly? 2) The mouth organ player (on the run from countless Western soundtracks) seems to be getting in the way rather a lot. And 3) The use of "karma" in title; the last popular singer to use this word was The Beatles' George Harrison who turned "odd" soon afterwards. Otherwise, it's fine — the irresistible chirpiness and George's (as always) assured vocal performance make this a good record.



Reviewed by  
**Tom Hibbert**



**BIG COUNTRY:** *Chance* (Mercury) Stuart Adamson owes more than a little to New Jersey's own Bruce Springsteen, but this time he borrows voice, harmonies and tune. But where Springsteen would muck it all up with a surfeit of sax frenzy and over-enthusiastic vocals, Stuart and friends, with their clanking guitars, remain persuasively restrained, saving a power chord-driven chorus for a final track, *Single Of The Fortnight*.



**BONNIE TYLER:** *Straight From The Heart* (CBS) Apart from the flimsy gospel choir and a squeaky American guitar, this record has no distinguishing characteristics at all. As ever, Tyler's forced croak lacks passion and many other qualities possessed by Alf Moyet, Boy George, Phil Oakey and suchlike.



**JUNIOR:** *Hunnin'* (Mercury) With his blazer and boater and plodding harmless material like this Junior comes across as a genial jovial type bound for the penguinery of all-round-entertainment. He should toughen up his image — adopt a supremely confident strut like Michael Jackson perhaps — otherwise it's guest



**BARRY MANILOW:** *You're Lookin' Hot Tonight* (Arista) In theory, the man with the largest collection of unspeakable trousers in the US of A has nothing going for him. It is a medically established FACT that he can't sing for toffee and, in tests, nine out of ten people described his face as "oddy designed" and his personality as "repugnant". But who gives a hoot about the crockpot theories? Of course, Barry's new single is the usual load of disposable tripe — so what? Who cares? Not our Barry, that's for sure.

**SHAKATAK:** *If You Could See Me Now* (Polydor) More of their unmistakable blend of convenience-jazz, comely vocals, tonking piano, patient funk and words tailor-made to suit any mood.

**PAUL YOUNG:** *Come Back And Stay* (CBS) On "Whenever I Lay My Hat", this gleaming new addition to the ranks of British white 'soul' performers followed all the rules — he wobbled his jaw and he took three times as long to sing a syllable as any normal person. Here, he's a little less mannered — but this may be because the loopy backing vocal and the incessant predictable 'ploopp! ploopp!' of a fretless bass are distracting him. A hit!

**DEF LEPPARD:** *Rock Of Ages* (Vertigo); **RAINBOW:** *Street Of Dreams* (Polydor) Heavy metal without ridiculously prolonged displays of sprouting axemanship is like Marmite soldiers without Marmite.

makes a sense and it doesn't work. Def Leppard have two (count 'em!) guitarists but do they "trade tasty licks"? Do they "cook"? Not a bit of it. All that happens is that, after singer Joe Elliott has growled "raw'uh'n'raww!", ("rock and roll" enough times, one of them goes "sprong!"); the other goes "squiggly-wikk-a-squee" and that's it. Old campaigner Ritchie Blackmore's effort on the Rainbow single is even weedier. "Spring! Squawk-twidlydiddly-spam". Probably drive a few folk demented. I say.

**HEAVEN 17:** *Crushed By The Wheels Of Industry* (Virgin) Highly entertaining pop funk with sardonic 'woo-woos' and a cynical jab at society in general. Witty dance music with gormless backing chants and a piano that is everything that Shakatak's isn't.

**GARY NUMAN:** *Warriors* (Beggars Banquet) Poor old Gaz. Remember when he thought he was something not very nice from outer space? Remember when he thought he was auditioning for Buzzy Malone? Remember when he thought he was Mike Oldfield? Well now he thinks he's some futuristic Mad Max-orientated street "warrior". Dear oh dear! At least his records remain the same.

**JOHN FOXX:** *Your Dress* (Metal Head/Virgin) A potentially endearing arrangement melts into a blur of slush as the singer transforms himself disgustingly into Bryan Ferry and a batty, hysterical woman starts to make gruesome wailing noises for no apparent reason. A half-witted production. A squandered talent.



**A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS:** *If It's Not Me Talking* (Ive) Cliche-ridden electronic rocker with no tune or dynamics. Just a message to the effect that "we all come from outer space and we are all mad". The only thing Mike Score has on his mind (apart from the keetle) nesting on his head) is a fleet of pesky little space ships coming from "another time, another place, another galaxy, another planet". Duff.

**JULIO IGLESIAS:** *Hum And Ceca-Ceca* (CBS) I find it hard to believe that the dapper European drinks such an un-savoury sort of concoction. I

remember girls swigging it at school dances and turning white. Sadly, I may never learn the secret of the mysterious crooner's drinking habits because, on this summer Caribbean outing, he sings entirely in some foreign tongue.



**MEN AT WORK:** *Dr Heckyl & Mr Jive* (Epic) The terrible pun suggests we're in for something quirky, jaunty and maybe a little average. And we are.

**ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA:** *Secret Messages* (Jet) Last time out, Jeff Lynne was reduced to stalling the fourth-hand ideas of Showaddywaddy of all people! Here, he is found nicking the intro to Pink Floyd's "Astronomy Domine" (from '68) along with a v. ancient Shadows guitar solo. The rest is fluff, as per usual, from The Beatles. By some strange quirk of fate, it all seems to fit together, resulting in the least terrible ELO record in living memory.

**CLIFF RICHARD:** *Never Say Die* (Give A Little Bit More) (EMI) It's Cliff with his squillionth single release and a knighthood just around the corner. Does one detect a hint of grey around Sir Clifford's temples? No one jolly well does not! Does one detect a not terribly good record with nothing but formula disco horns and aimless synchopation? Yes, I'm afraid one does.

**THE SHADOWS:** *Diamonds* (Polydor) On which the Shads defile the memory of their original bass player, Jet Harris. In 1963, Jet, with drummer Tony Meehan, played "Diamonds" with boundless sincerity and bravado. Twenty years on, his ex-cohorts give it a shabby and obvious electronic treatment. Jet was Britain's first "instrumental-punk" (check leather and sneers in the Cliff Richard film *The Young Ones*) and worthy of the utmost respect. A disgrace.

**NEW ORDER:** *Confusion* (Factory) Elusive grim intense ex-purveyors of industrial gloom music try to make a dance-floor hit. Not that they sound "happy" or anything as un-Factory-credible as that. But the synthetic hip-hop rhythm is vaguely toe-tapping.

# ALBUMS

## DEPECHE MODE:

**Construction Time Again (Mute)** Basilidon boys who sing pretty electropop songs about love. Right? Wrong. Now they've grown up, love is not enough and attention is turned outward to the world (and all its problems). Russian, European and Oriental influences are all apparent in the music. The songs are still electronically based, but the brilliantly melodic and bouncy edge is contrasted by a brooding "Tin Drum"-type sparseness. A brave departure. **(7 out of 10)**

Peter Martin



**LEVEL 42: Standing in the Light (Polygram)** The magic touch of Earth Wind & Fire's Larry Dunn and Verdine White in the production hot-seat has added a much-needed touch of professionalism to Level 42's overall sound. The current single "The Sun Goes Down" — their best yet — is on here which, together with "The Micro Kid", has managed to renew my faith in jazz-funk-disco. **(7 out of 10)**

Jo-Anne Smith

## STRAY CATS: Rant And

**Rave With The Stray Cats (Arista)** First time I saw this lot, in a tiny Hammersmith pub, they had such style and power I nearly fell over and success in the US hasn't changed that. They may be derivative, but Superquill Setzer writes the most inspired modern rockabilly available, and the band's energy level makes Shaky sound flaky. **(8 out of 10)**

Johnny Black

## RYUICHI SAKAMOTO:

**Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence (Virgin)** This is the instrumental soundtrack for the World War 2 epic film that stars David Bowie, Tom Conti and Mr Sakamoto himself (who's a teenage titan in Japan). It doesn't matter if you haven't seen the movie. The music is a seductive blend of East and West — lots of

oriental percussion, exotic atmospheres, telling silences and one vocal from David Sylvian on the title track. Great for ironing to. **(6 out of 10)**

Ian Birch

**ASIA: Alpha (Geffen)** Put one Buggie and three bods from three of the early 70s' most pompous progressive bands (Yes, ELP and King Crimson) together and you should have a recipe for terminal nausea. Fortunately, this is not the case as Messrs Downes, Howe, Peñner and Wetton have honed down their considerable talents into an impressive and surprisingly tight combination. This is their second album and if its sentiments are somewhat gooey, at least they are bolstered by some beautiful melodies and dazzling musicianship of the type which sends millions of Americans completely barmy. **(7 1/2 out of 10)**

Mark Steels

## DUET EMMO: Or So It Seems

**(Mute)** Daniel Miller, the boss of Mute Records and producer of Depeche Mode, has got together with two former members of Wire to make an album of "organised sympathetic noise". Chunks of tense electronic noises and thrashing and one dreamy song sound like the soundtrack for a suspense film. It's "experimental" stuff and why not? **(5 out of 10)**

Neil Tennant

## AC/DC: Flick Of The Switch

**(Atlantic)** With singer Brian Johnson sounding throughout as though he's sat on something red-hot and rather pointed, and the Young Bros rifting away with awesome power, this is heavy metal at its obnoxious best — it to poop any party, send mods scottering for their lives and cause preachers to curse, yet again, "the devil's music". And, with titles like "Bedlam in Belgium" and, especially, "Brain Shake", this thoroughly deserves a rousing **(8 out of 10)**

Mark Steels

## VIRGINIA ASTLEY: From Gardens Where We Feel Secure (Happy Valley Records)

This instrumental LP is a diary of sounds. It evokes a perfect child-mood well spent in the heart of a green and pleasant land. Side One starts at dawn. Cascading glassy piano melodies intertwine with airy pastoral sounds (birds twittering, church bells peeling) in a dreamy swirl. Side Two ends at dusk. The mood is distinctly eerie. The LP recaptures the purity of innocence and is sheer bliss. **(8 1/2 out of 10)**

Peter Martin

**NEW EDITION: Candy Girl (London)** A blend of New York electro-funk with fantastic melodies, produced by Arthur "Soul Sauter" Finko's Baker. A winner. **(8 out of 10)**

Jo-Anne Smith

**THE TRUTH**

SECOND SINGLE  
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# Matt · FRETTON

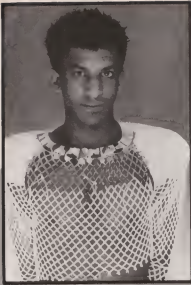


see  
MATT  
on tour with  
DEPECHE  
MODE

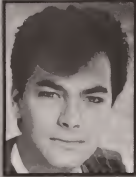
## 'DANCE IT UP'

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# CULTURE CLUB



# KARMA CHAMELEON

DESERT LOVING IN YOUR EYES ALL THE WAY  
 IF I LISTEN TO YOUR LIES WOULD YOU SAY  
 I'M A MAN (A MAN) WITHOUT CONVICTION  
 I'M A MAN (A MAN) WHO DOESN'T KNOW  
 HOW TO SELL (TO SELL) A CONTRADICTION  
 YOU COME AND GO, YOU COME AND GO

CHORUS

KARMA, KARMA, KARMA,  
 KARMA, KARMA CHAMELEON  
 YOU COME AND GO, YOU COME AND GO  
 LOVING WOULD BE EASY IF YOUR COLOURS  
 WERE LIKE MY DREAM  
 RED, GOLD AND GREEN, RED, GOLD AND GREEN

DIDN'T HEAR YOUR WICKED WORDS EVERY DAY  
 AND YOU USED TO BE SO SWEET I HEARD YOU SAY  
 THAT MY LOVE (MY LOVE) WAS AN ADDICTION  
 WHEN WE CLING (WE CLING) OUR LOVE IS STRONG

WHEN YOU GO (YOU GO) YOU'RE GONE FOREVER  
 YOU STRING ALONG, YOU STRING ALONG

REPEAT CHORUS

EVERY DAY IS LIKE SURVIVAL (SURVIVAL)  
 YOU'RE MY LOVER (MY LOVER) NOT MY RIVAL  
 EVERY DAY IS LIKE SURVIVAL (SURVIVAL)  
 YOU'RE MY LOVER (MY LOVER) NOT MY RIVAL

I'M A MAN (A MAN) WITHOUT CONVICTION  
 I'M A MAN (A MAN) WHO DOESN'T KNOW  
 HOW TO SELL (TO SELL) A CONTRADICTION  
 YOU COME AND GO, YOU COME AND GO

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

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Construction Time Again**



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13th Sept. BRIGHTON - The Dome  
14th Sept. SOUTHAMPTON - Gaumont

16th Sept. COVENTRY - Apollo 16th Sept.  
SHEFFIELD - City Hall 18th Sept.  
ABERDEEN - The Capitol 19th Sept.

EDENBURGH - The Playhouse 20th Sept.  
GLASGOW - Tiffanys

21st Sept. NEWCASTLE - City Hall 23rd Sept.  
LIVERPOOL - Empire

24th Sept. MANCHESTER - Apollo 25th Sept.  
NOTTINGHAM - Royal

Court 26th Sept.  
HANLEY - Victoria Hall  
28th Sept. BIRMINGHAM

Odeon 30th Sept.  
CARDIFF - St Davids Hall

1st Oct. OXFORD - New Theatre 3rd Oct.

PORTSMOUTH - Guildhall 6th, 7th and  
8th Oct. LONDON - Hammersmith Odeon

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## THE VERY SPECIAL SONG SPOT

SELECTED  
THIS TIME BY

## CURT SMITH



Photo: Virginia Tucker

“I didn’t like *The Teardrop*—Explodes until I heard ‘Wildar’. I was shocked that they could do something so good. I wasn’t very impressed with ‘Kilimanjaro’, but the songs on ‘Wildar’ were brilliant—‘Tiny Children’ and of course ‘The Great Dominions’, but the LP rates amongst my top five—‘Scary Monsters’, ‘Tin Drum’, ‘Remain in Light’, by Talking Heads and my favourite ‘Gabrial III’—but the difference is that those albums all influenced Tears For Fears as regards content and songwriting. ‘Wildar’ influenced us more in production.”

‘The Great Dominions’ is the best track on the album. I don’t really understand it though. God knows where Julian’s head was when he wrote it. There’s lines like ‘here I am in a pickle jar on a paper carpet’. The overall meaning seems to reflect a feeling of loneliness and disillusionment. I’m probably totally wrong and Julian will ring in with what it really means, but that’s what I think.

My favourite line is ‘Mummy I’ve been fighting again’. It’s obviously related to childhood experience, but I can’t honestly say it does for me. It’d be closer

to ‘mummy I’ve been beaten up again’!

Anyway, I don’t think the words are the most important thing—it’s the way he sings them. His delivery transcends the meaning.

I think he’s got a great voice. But during one part of the song it starts to break up... it obviously shows what sort of state he was in when he made the LP.

I’ve got mixed feelings about the *Teardrop* split. I’m sad about it, but it seems they just weren’t getting on so I suppose it was for the best. Julian doesn’t appear to be concerned with being

commercial anymore—he’s more bothered being a cult hero. He’s taken so long working on his solo LP he must be enjoying what he’s doing, so I suppose the split was the right decision for Julian.”

## THE TEARDROP EXPLODES

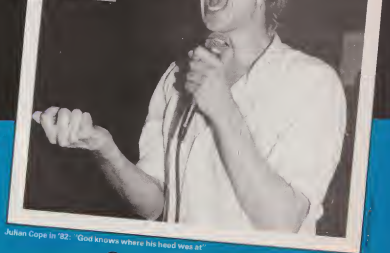
## THE GREAT DOMINIONS

Suddenly I came to my senses  
A night on fire put out  
All traces of feeling  
I’m only concerned  
With looking concerned  
I don’t want to get  
My faces burned

We talked for hours  
Except for the fainting  
We seemed so enchanted  
But now my expression is changing  
See see for yourself  
I’m run down by a train  
I stand back from a shark attack  
And it’s all the same  
Mummy I’ve been fighting again  
(repeat three times)

I should have known  
You’d seek my opinion  
From all over the country  
And out to the Great Dominions  
Careful some of the blunders of history  
Have been made that way  
I’m still stuck in this pickle-jar  
On a paper carpet  
Mummy I’ve been fighting again  
(repeat seven times)  
Fight fight fight, fighting again  
(repeat five times)

Words and music by Julian Cope  
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On Mercury



Julian Cope in '82: "God knows where his head was at"

# SIGNED JOBOXERS AND KID CREOLE LPs TO BE WON

KID CREOLE



Record collection looking a bit sparse? Fed up with playing the same old albums over and over again? Well, we know just how you feel.

And so, for your edification and delight, we have arranged for large quantities of exciting new pop albums to be given away to needy readers. To wit:

No less than 50 spanking new copies of the Joboxers' rather entertaining debut album "I Like Gangbusters". Also, 50 big copies of the new and, we feel, rather desirable Kid Creole & The Coconuts LP "Doppelgänger". And that's not all. Each and every copy of these two discs has been signed by the members of

the band in question.

And speaking of questions, here comes one now. What is Kid Creole's real name: a) David Jones, b) Declan McManus, c) John Creole or d) August Darnell?

Write the answer on a postcard or the back of an envelope and bung it off pronto to Smash Hits Kid Creole/Joboxers Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. It should arrive no later than September 14.

First 50 out of the sack get 2 albums each. Good luck.

Owen, Beaverton; Helene Shaw, St. Leonards-on-Sea; C. Merrin, Sidcup; Edward Davies, Chester; M. Armstrong, Walkergate; Linda Delming, Wotton; Anne Granger, Wrexham; P. Martin, Acomb; L. Moore, Basildon; Andrew Bromley, Selby; Keith Dowling, Ipswich; Carol Vickerton, Hull; P. Davery, Ascot; Andrew Turpin, Scarborough; James Timms, Lamington Spa; Robert Tong, Clevedon; Steve Felton, Edinburgh; Michelle Rickford, St Leonards. **ABC COMPETITION (Issue Aug 4)**, correct answer, d) Miek Lickley. Ten copies of the Menztrap video were won by: Jeremy Cocks, Truro; M. Holmes, Skipton; S. Prior, Ensbury Park; Andrew Pickup, Harrogate; Phil Quilbers, Withernsea; Dolma White, Stanwell; Rosalyn Harris, Bedford; Sewakis Evangelou, Hornsey; Diane Carter, Yeasdon; Jane Harrison, Mytholm.

**DOUBLE DUTCH COMPETITION (Issue Aug 4)**, correct answers: a) The Clash ("Give 'Em Enough Rope"); b) Aretha Franklin ("Jump To It"); c) XTC ("Life Begins At The Hop"). Ten Double Dutch kits were won by: Peter J. Westbury, Cannock; Philippe Capes, Hull; Vincent Turnbull, Brampton; Jane White, Enfield; Nanette Seyers, Westwood; Sue Jackson, Hove; Kirsty Young, Whiteknights; Michael Duffell, Gillingham; Steve Clark, Penrh; Amy Stimpson, London SW12

# MATT FRETTON

## DANCE IT UP

Chorus

Deace it up, shaks it down  
Deace it up, shaks it down  
Deace it up, shaks it down  
Deace it up, shaks it dowe

Dancing, as the sun goes down  
Shaking, hot with rhythm now  
Dancing, though the specs is tight  
Shaking, fit it is just aics

Repeat chorus

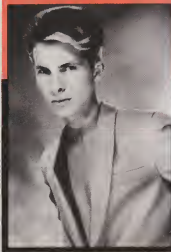
Deacing, twist os to the floor  
Shaking, shaks it round some mors  
Deacing, sliding with bass  
Shaking, washing is my sass

Repeat chorus

You sad I, we'll dance the night leag  
Cems down with me and dance on my song

Repeat chorus twice

Words and music: Matt Fretton  
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## COMPETITION WINNERS

**SHALAMAR TV CUBE CDMPTITION (Issue Aug 4)**, correct answer: d) Vertical Hold. Winner of a Philips TV Cube, Shetlar album and poster plus ten tapes is Liam Walsh of Crumpsall, Manchester. Runners-up prizes of albums, posters and tapes go to: Jeannette Wovles, Gwentonbury; Caroline Lowry, Leeds; Julie McKinnis, Hamilton; Annalie Hall, New Milton; E. Jones, Rhondda; M. Woodcock, Bournemouth; Fergus Grant, Falmouth; Kirstie Berridge, Spalding; John Spear, Fudsey. Finally, consolation prizes of Shalamar albums go to: Yvonne Vesilou, Plymouth; Vicky Wolstenzroft, Bradford; A. Harrison, London SW16; Christopher Webb, Canterbury; G. Richardson, Teddington; Andy Shergie, London SW2; Richard Brunton, Merlow; Linda Jeffs, Ilford; D. Thomas, Birmingham; K. Kotcha, London E14; J. Algie, Chilton; Jane Lightfoot, Whitley Bay; Stephen Bury, Castelford; P. Panesar, Beeston; Lorraine Richardson, St. Helens; Dianne Webb, Grentham; Graham Granger, Stoke-on-Trent; D. Chilton, Long Eaton; Sue Banks, Bottle; Elizabeth Lawes, Crediton; V. Bhaskia, Burnage; Gunter Green, Harwich; I.

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# BARRY

GETS

## FESTIVAL FEVER

(and fails to find a cure)

Hello readers. Barry here. Have you noticed, chums, what a tearful issue this is? Couldn't believe it myself. Glanced over "Chilly T" Tennant's Police thing on page 44 only to find Sting weeping away by the end of it. Then read Dave Rimmer's Dublin/U2 effort. Crispel Grown men in floods of tears all over the shop. Emotional stuff.

Quite honestly didn't understand this at first, but soon a job came my way which set even the normally stiff Baz upper lip quivering away rather sadly. Draw closer, pals, and listen to my tale of woe...

Began in the office, as usual, where I was lounging round and telling old Ian Birch about all the fab things that go on in Wapping laundrette when suddenly, clearly impressed by my powers of description, he rose to his feet, hampered the desk with his fist and thundered: "I've heard enough! I'm sending you to Castle Donington Monsters of Rock Festival".

Next thing you know I was on my scooter, beeping up the motorway to report on the headbanging throng. The only festival I'd ever been to was the St Albans Festival Of Folk Songs And Lots Of Old Men In Aran Sweaters Drinking Pints Of Real Ale, so I wasn't sure what to expect. Made sure I packed a few bottles of Lucozade and wore a sturdy pair of wellies in case of mud.

All to no avail, friends. After queuing for about three hours two burly houncers confiscated my Lucozades. What a more no mud, so the wellies were a waste of time. In fact so dry was it that as I gazed over the heads of 70,000 folk with long hair and covered in badges, a huge mushroom cloud of dust was rising as people jumped about in excitement. Couldn't tell what band was on and so decided to work my way towards the stage, about ten miles away by the look of it.

No sooner set off through the

crowd, though, when — BONK! Something heavy hit me on the back of the head and your prince of the pencil was out like a proverbial light. Found out later that these festival folk think it's a good wheeze to fling half-full plastic bottles of beer up in the air so they spin round splattering everyone and then fall on some unsuspecting victim's head — Le. mo! — but at the time had no idea what hit me.

Head hurt and felt a bit thirsty when I woke up, so set off in search of refreshment. Queued for about an hour to get a cup of lemonade, was charged 95p for it, and then some rather wobbly ZZ Top fan staggered into me and spit it all over the place. Then went in search of food. Queued another hour before being allowed to pay £1.50 for something called a "chick pea falefel" which, frankly, tasted like a lump of turf with bread crumbs on top.

Back to work then. Had intended to go down the front, but was a little dismayed to view a hell of missiles landing on the stage in the distance, thrown by over-excited fans. Didn't dera go up there and still couldn't tell who was on (told later it was Twisted Sister). Heard someone on the stage shout: "ARE THERE ANY SICK MUTHAS OUT THERE? I MEAN RILLY SICK MUTHAS!" All around me shouted "YEEEEAAAAH", and if the truth be known was feeling a little sick

myself. Decided to go to the job, an experience I can't bear to recount in all its rather disgusting detail. Suffice it to say, mee amis, that it took me about two hours and by the time I got back there was yet another band that I couldn't see. All around me were folks shouting "ROCKANDROLL!" playing imaginary guitars and throwing their hands up in the air. By now I knew just what Rimmer and Tennant were on about. I was practically in tears myself.

Didn't dera go near the stage, couldn't see anything where I was, couldn't face the idea of queuing up for anything and was rapidly being deafened by a speaker tower near my right ear. I hopped on my scooter and headed off back to peaceful Wapping.

Funny thing about these large concerts is that some people actually seem to like them! As for old Baz, the entire Stepney Green Chapter Hell's Angels, even when Cherry's with them, couldn't drag me back again.

Cheers!!  
Barry

# KID CREOLE COCONUTS

THERE'S SOMETHING  
WRONG IN PARADISE

★ ON TOUR NOW ★



# RSVP

■ I am writing to you to see if you can find me a boyfriend who's between 11 and 13. I am 11%. I like The Creatures, The Police, The Specials and The Jam. This is urgent so write fast. If you're not living far away to: 13 Beatty Ave., Gillingham, Kent ME7 2BZ.

■ 16 year old male into punk, especially Cross. Exploited, GBH and Sham 69. I would love to hear from Punkettes aged 15 to 17. Contact: Neil, 58 Ryeheld Road, Eastfield Estate, Scarborough, N. Yorks.

■ Drawing in a stagnant pool of American music! You don't have to possess any redeeming or special qualities to write to this busy 18 year old student. You just have to be really into The Police and Culture Club. Write, if you want, to: Hope Martin, 2455 Wilson Avenue, Bellmore, Long Island, New York 11710, USA.

■ Two cool Southend modettes would like to hear from mods or scooter boys who like '60s and soul music. We are 13 and 14 and are called Sue and Mac. Send a picture as well to: 65 Beedell Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

■ I'm one of 10 people who get Smash Hits regularly here in Oman and I'd like other readers to write to me. I'm a 24 year old guy into all types of music so get that ink flowing to Donald Collins, c/o Ruler Hotel, PO Box 5195, Ruwi, Muscat, Sultanate of Oman.

■ The Bloomsbury Set are great and my favourite group are Duran Duran. Any female or male who likes music and legs should write to: Sara (16), 22 Larchwood Glnidy, Camberley, Surrey GU15 3JW.

■ My name is Patricia Mutale and I am 15 years old. My hobbies are swimming, tennis, volleyball, reading *Milla & Ecosa* and jogging. I would like a female pen-pal between the ages of 15 and 18. Contact: c/o Mrs. Mutale, P.O. Box 32554, Lusaka, Zambia.

■ Two charming witty intelligent trendy girls would like to hear from two charming handsome cuddly boys over 13. Our interests include horse riding, disco dancing and our favourite groups are Duran Duran, Bonanrama, Michael Jackson and Shakara. Drop us a line at: Justice and Beckie, 19 Midsummer Meadow, Inkberrow, Worcestershire WR7 4HD.

■ Female (18) wants to write to males (especially punks). Hates Duran Duran and the Vice Squad. Write to: Kay, 45 Pengram Road, Ystrad Myrarch, Hengoed, Mid Glamorgan, S. Wales.

■ Hi, I'm a 13 year old mod, into The Jam, The Kinks, Secret Affair, The Who and all the rest. I hope to hear from male or female mods from all over the place as long as they're roughly the same age. Send picture and I'll try to answer all letters. Write to: Martin Bouda, 40 New Road, Llansell, Dyfed, S. Wales SA15 3DR.

■ If you write to me I'll explode with appreciation! I like any type of music except heavy and Duran (if you can call that music). I especially like Paul Young so if you look like him, quickly put pen to paper and write to: Lesley, 117 Westbrook, Ilkham, Chippenham, Wiltshire.

■ If you're into The Bluebelles, Aztec Camera, The Pale Fountains, Jobbers or Altered Images, who just drop a line to: Heather Redmond (17), 52 Forrest Walk, Uphall, W. Lothian, Scotland EH25 5PN.

■ Male transducer (16) wants to write to all trendy girls. Into Duran Duran, KajaGooGoo, Spandau Ballet, Wham!, fashion, night clubbing and more. Write to: Pete Searle, 84 Roseham Lane, Peasenhayton, Exeter, Devon.

■ Two fan lovin' girls. Into Spandau, Wham!, Galaxy and loads more would like to write to any lunka out there with a good personality. Strictly no beavers. Write to Tracey (15½) and Sarah (12½) at: 19 Wrexhill Road, Yeovil, Somerset BA20 2JZ.

■ Help! Who will help me to learn better English? Write (in English) to 21 year old girl, Tara Majum. My hobbies are dancing, reading, drawing, etc. Contact: Arvojanita, H2100, Jamaica, Finland.

■ If your name is Marc Almond or Robert Smith I'd love to hear from you. If not, anyone who likes Heaven 17 and Soft Cell will do. I am 15 and would like to see at: Pam Finck, 10 Martindale Avenue, Fleetwood, Lancs.

■ My name is Paul, I'm 13 years old and would like to write to any 12 to 15 year old juke from Fame lookalikes. I'm into Shakin' STC & The Sunshine Band, Kool & The Gang, Bonanrama and The Kids From Fame. Interested? Then write to me at: 36 Aurstich Close, Crutche Cross, Redditch, Worcs.

Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with a few words about yourself so people can get in touch. All cards to: RSVP, Smash Hits, 52/55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.

## Great New Single!

# Status Quo



Initial Quantities Available In Blue Vinyl!

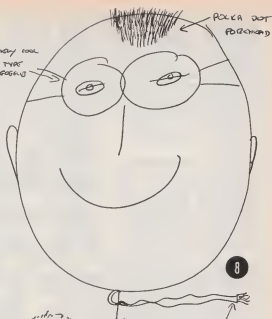
## OL' RAG BLUES

  
VERGINO  
Quo B-11

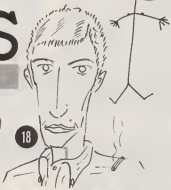




What do they think they look like? 21 well-known people did us a five minute sketch. Find out who's who over the page.



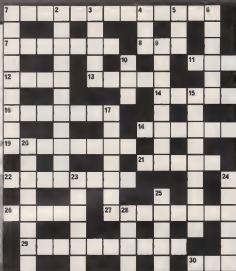
# PORTRAITS



# CROSSWORD

## ACROSS

- 1 Wham! claim the drinks are free there (4,3)
- 7 This Dave was singing the blues in '81
- 8 Midge man
- 11 and 28 down That Funkmaster fave (3,4)
- 12 A mixed-up item from Culture Club (anag.)
- 13 Paul or Tracie?
- 14 Just our sort of League
- 16 Reform moaners into an American rock outfit (anag.)
- 18 Adam's ghetto charters (3,3)
- 19 Their first hit was 'Tainted Love' (4,4)
- 21 '..... Survive' (Gloria Gaynor) (1,4)
- 22 See 6 down
- 26 Mark Knopfler's type of screen hero
- 27 '..... Days Are Gone' (Bucks Fizz) (3,5)
- 29 Once shed by the Goombay Dance Band (5,5)
- 30 This Martin found it simple as ABC



## DOWN

- 1 One of them is a budgie!
- 2 The provider of a freak hit? (5,6)
- 3 Astec Frame
- 4 Freezer's debt (1,1,1)
- 5 A part of Slade produces King Sunny
- 6 and 22 across Thank lean friar, then switch to find The Queen of Soul (anag. 6,8)
- 9 Current hit from 1 down (5,3)
- 10 It goes down for both Level 42 and Thin Lizzy
- 15 Aylesbury's Fish-led favourites
- 17 Sakroto's sidekick
- 20 Madness abode (3,5)
- 23 Sort of Queen that provided Mercury and Co with a hit
- 24 Brotherly act, Don and Phil
- 25 A Jam favourite that once got you going
- 28 See 11 across

ANSWERS ON PAGE 53

# Intaferon

12"  
At 7" Price  
Includes  
radio  
mix

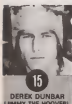
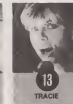
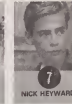


# GET OUT OF LONDON

Chrysalis

Intacontinental ballistic mix

# SELF PORTRAITS ANSWERS



check this  
flock of Jocks...



# THE QUESTIONS

TEAR SOUP

respond  
records



NEW 7" AND 12"  
SINGLE

# Junior

 A  
 ARIOLA


## RUNNIN'

NEW 3 TRACK 12" AND 7" SINGLE AVAILABLE NOW

# STAR TEASER

## MOVIE MELODIES

- REN (Michael Jackson)
- BRIGHT EYES (Art Garfunkel)
- CALL ME (Wendell)
- CAR WASH (Rose Royce)
- CAT PEOPLE (David Bowie)
- CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Vangelis)
- DOCTOR DETROIT (Devo)
- EASE ON DOWN THE ROAD (Michael Jackson and Diane Ross)
- EIGHTH DAY (Hazel O'Connor)
- ENDLESS LOVE (Diana Ross and Lionel Richie)
- EVERGREEN (Barbra Streisand)
- EYE OF THE TIGER (Survivor)
- EVERYBODY'S TALKIN' (Nilsson)
- FAME (Irene Cara)
- FLASH (Queen)
- FORBIDDEN COLOURS (Sylvain and Salem)
- GREASE (Frankie Valli)
- HELP (The Beatles)
- IT'S MY TURN (Diana Ross)
- JAILHOUSE ROCK (Elvis Presley)
- LAST DANCE (Donna Summer)
- LIVE AND LET DIE (Wings)
- MEMO TO TURNER (Mick Jagger)
- NIGHT FEVER (Boyz n the Bays)
- NO SEE NO CRY (Chaka Khan)
- PARTY PARTY (Chips and Dale)
- SILVER DREAM MACHINE (David Essex)
- SOUP FOR ONE (Cher)
- STAYIN' ALIVE (Bee Gees)
- SUMMER HOLIDAY (Cliff Richard)
- SUMMER NIGHTS (John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John)
- SUNSHINE (Braham Gouldman)
- THEME FROM LOCAL HERO (Mark Knopfler)
- THEME FROM SHAFT (Isaac Hayes)
- WITH YOU I'M ROAN AGAIN (Billy Preston and Syreeta)

The song titles above are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the titles are always in an uninterrupted straight line with the 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.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 53

THE BEAT VIDEO ALBUM

down the doors of

THE BEAT

VIDEO ALBUM

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Ten of their greatest hits plus interviews with the band — on video now.

To rent or buy the BEAT video album, BEAT down the doors of your video or record shop now. If they won't see yours, just send a cheque/£10 for £19.95 + £1 p.p.h. together with your name and address and the format of your machine to: Palace & Virgin Distribution Ltd., Dept. 3 N, 275-277 Pennine Rd., London W1. Allow 28 days for delivery.

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 NNUOUTYDLEEEYOYUJS  
 EIERRPSDDFVURRTAUS  
 ETNRATNTREIEEGIUIO  
 SGHRIAEOAMNHFLRLRE  
 OTTEEFMDBYTCHTVEVN  
 NYHVMSFORNIOEHEEC  
 SRIGHEROWOUNRLRGHN  
 ELEAINEOSSTDAYOAIU  
 SMFNANDNRETROCBLRSN  
 ETLGRNRRDEOOCIISRL  
 LSALOUOEAALDIYDEVAS  
 DIOEACTMMYEARYMSEE  
 NMSUKCMOSMDSEATAHL  
 EAVRPARTTHUTSDHSFP  
 EEAECEFAHTOHSALACEO  
 PHEHELOHSGMNMWORSE  
 CLIMKMGRJACEREVOVAP  
 ONEIAIOROELAMMHFET  
 EHNHEFBRENCFNURTRA  
 TFYADILOHREMMUSSGC



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# ROBERT PLANT

## LIFE

**Ten years ago Robert Plant was the figurehead of Heavy Metal — piercing vocals and hair about three feet long. Peter Martin finds he's mellowed a little since then.**

It's noon in Dallas, Texas, and Robert Plant is sizzling poolside in the ridiculous 104 degree heat.

He's relaxing in preparation for a grueling "26 detes in 36 days" which will take him across the length and breadth of America. Then it's back to frosty old Britain (throughout November and December) to start all over again.

The man is positively brimming with excitement. This is his first "official" outing since his days with Led Zeppelin who, without any exaggeration, were the giants of heavy metal during the '70s.

Some people even believe that this four-piece created heavy metal when they released their first LP, called "Led Zeppelin (One)", back in 1969.

They went on to make nine more LPs and spawned a million imitators. And the figures that surround the band are staggering. There were over 400,000 advance orders in America alone for their second LP, "Led Zeppelin 2", in 1969. In 1973 their manager Peter Grant told the *Financial Times* that their earnings worldwide would be at least 30 million dollars. At the Knabworth Festival in '79 they used over 100,000 watts of sound and 800,000 watts of light. They weren't so much a band as an industry.

So how would Robert like Led Zeppelin to be remembered?

"As innovators. It was the combination of our self-out passion for music. The right guy with the right passion meeting in the right drive-in," he says, seriously.

"We were always considered to be marauding hard rockers. People only remember us for songs like "Whole Lotta Love" but they missed out on a lot of our stuff."

And 10 years on, Robert has a monster hit in "Big Log", a track sneaked off his last LP, The

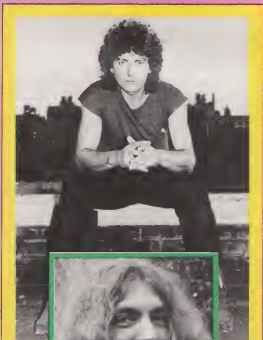


Photo: LIT

Photo: Rex Features

**Two faces of Robert Plant: (top) the clean shaven "rock balladeer" of 1983; (above) the extremely hairy hell-raiser with Led Zeppelin back in 1971.**

Principle Of Moments" (which was released in July).

The song was a deliberate attempt to make his music more accessible, as he himself admits.

"I'm quite happy to get across to a wider audience. I don't wanna be stuck on *The Friday Rock Show*. I belong there as much as I do *The Camden Palace*. I really belong everywhere!"

"Big Log" also got Robert on to *Top Of The Pops* — incredibly, his first ever appearance — where he rubbed shoulders with the likes of Bananarama and The Lotus Eaters.

Where does he see himself in today's music? "I'm like a thoroughbred horse that's been sired from good blood," he says earnestly. Come again?

"Well, my treck record is good. But, really, I like a lot of new people like Bill Nelson and the Cocteau Twins. I can see similarities between us in mood. But that wouldn't be evident to the record buyer," he adds.

After so long away, what's he looking forward to most on the tour?

"I'll be really interested to see what fans I'll attract. Some are bound to be people who've followed my career but they've got to understand that I'll never play Led Zep songs. I don't want a Perry Como 'Golden Greats' situation!"

If that's the case, what is the real difference between the new and the old way of working?

"Well, it's like the way Japen moved one way and then split and now Mick Karn is working with Midge Ure. It's almost like a workshop job. You should be able to play any sort of music you like with any musicians you like. Led Zep was a truly wonderful thing but really, now, I'm no part of it."

And the future?

"Oh, I'm sure I'll be able to chug along for a few more years."



# BIG COUNTRY

# CHANCE



## GENESIS MAMA

I can't see you mama but I can hardly wait  
Oh to touch and to feel you mama  
Oh I just can't keep away  
In the heat in the steam of the city  
Oh it's got me running and I just can't brake  
So say you'll help me mama  
'Cause it's getting so hard oh

Now I can't keep you mama  
But I know you're always there  
You listen you teach me mama  
And I know inside you care  
So get down down here beside me  
Oh oh ah you ain't going nowhere  
No I won't hurt you mama  
But it's getting so hard oh

Ha ha ha  
(repeat three times)

Can't you see me here mama  
Mama mama mama please  
Can't you feel my heart, can't you feel my heart  
Can't you feel my heart oh  
Now listen to me mama mama mama  
You're taking away my last chance  
Don't take it away  
Can't you feel my heart

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, oh

It's hot too hot for me mama but I can hardly wait  
My eyes they're burning mama  
And I can feel my body shake  
Don't stop don't stop me mama  
Oh make the pain make it go away boy  
No I won't hurt you mama  
But it's getting so hard oh

Now I can't see you mama  
But I know you're always there  
You teach you teach me mama  
But I never never never can keep away  
It's the heat and the steam of the city  
Oh oh got me running and I just can't brake  
So stay don't leave me mama  
'Cause it's getting so hard oh  
Don't go  
No no don't go, no no no don't go.

Ad lib to fade

Words and music Banks/Collins/Rutherford  
Reproduced by permission Anthony Garcia Ltd./  
Philip Collins Ltd./Michael Rutherford Ltd.  
Air & Run Music (Publishing) Ltd.  
On Virgin/Chrysalis

All the rain came down  
On a cold new town  
As he carried you away  
From your father's hand  
That always seemed like a fist  
Reaching out to make you pay

He came like a hero from the factory floor  
With the sun and moon as gifts  
But the only son you ever saw  
Were the two he left you with

Chorus  
Oh Lord where did the feeling go  
Oh Lord I never felt so low

Now the skirts hang on heavy  
Around your head  
That you never know you were young  
Because you played chance  
With a lifetime's remorse  
And the price was far too long

Repeat chorus four times

Oh Lord where did the feeling go

Words and music Big Country  
Reproduced by permission Big Country/  
Virgin Music Ltd.  
On Mercury Records





# PAUL YOUNG COME BACK AND STAY

SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE I SHUT MY EYES AND FANTASISE  
THAT YOU'RE HERE WITH ME  
WILL YOU EVER RETURN, I WON'T BE SATISFIED 'TIL YOU'RE BY MY SIDE  
DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER, COME BACK  
WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK, PLEASE HURRY  
WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK, PLEASE HURRY

CHORUS  
COME BACK AND STAY FOR GOOD THIS TIME  
(DID YOU WRITE THE BOOK OF LOVE)  
COME BACK AND STAY FOR GOOD THIS TIME  
(EGO, ENVY, LUST)

WHEN YOU SAID GOODBYE I WAS TRYING TO HIDE WHAT I FELT INSIDE  
'TIL IT PASSED ME BY  
YOU SAID YOU'D RETURN, YOU SAID THAT YOU'D BE MINE 'TIL THE END OF TIME  
BUT DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER

WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK, PLEASE HURRY  
WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK, PLEASE HURRY

REPEAT CHORUS

OH, SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE I OPEN MY EYES AND I REALISE  
WHAT WE HAD TOGETHER  
WILL YOU EVER RETURN  
OR HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND, IF YOU WANT TO STAY MINE  
JUST LOVE ME FOREVER, LOVE ME FOREVER

WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK, PLEASE HURRY  
WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK, PLEASE HURRY  
WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK, PLEASE HURRY  
WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK, PLEASE HURRY  
JUST COME BACK AND STAY FOR GOOD THIS TIME  
(DID YOU WRITE THE BOOK OF LOVE)  
COME BACK AND STAY FOR GOOD THIS TIME  
(EGO, ENVY, LUST)  
COME BACK AND STAY FOR GOOD THIS TIME  
COME BACK AND STAY FOR GOOD THIS TIME

WORDS AND MUSIC JACK LEE  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION CHRYSALIS MUSIC  
ON CBS RECORDS

# Annabel LAMB

## RIDERS ON THE STORM

Riders on the storm  
Riders, riders  
Riders on the storm  
Riders

Riders on the storm  
Riders on the storm  
Into this house we're born  
Into this world we're thrown  
Like a dog without a bone  
An actor out on loan  
Riders on the storm

There's a killer on the road  
His brain is squirmling like a toad  
Take a long holiday, let your children play  
If you give this man a ride  
Sweet family will die  
Killer on the road, yeah

Girl you gotta love your man  
Girl you gotta love your man  
Take him by the hand, make him understand  
The world on you depends  
Our life will never end  
Gotta love your man

Storm, storm, storm  
Storm, storm, storm  
Riders on the storm  
Riders on the storm  
Into this house we're born  
Into this world we're thrown  
Like a dog without a bone  
An actor out on loan  
Riders on the storm  
Yeah

Riders on the storm  
Riders on the storm  
Riders on the storm

Words and music Jim Morrison & The Doors  
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Rondor Music (London) Ltd.  
On A&M Records



**A**PPROACHING it from New York in a big black car, Shea Stadium looks like the spaceship that lands at the end of *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*. It's almost round and completely bathed in light; a warm halo glowing against the night sky. Driving closer, an atmosphere of intense excitement and activity is evident. 67,000 people have bought tickets to see The Police play here tonight. Thousands more have been disappointed.

"Don't show up if you haven't got tickets," warns the Channel 7 TV reporter. "Police are keeping all non-ticket-holders away from the stadium."

Nevertheless crowds have gathered around the stadium in the hope of hearing the group from outside and mounted police brutally move them on. At the gate leading backstage you can't even get in if you've got a pass and there's a lot of pushing and shoving.

The Police are so hot in America at the moment that everyone at the stadium seems to want to get closer to them. Kids with tickets for the top levels of



All photos: Mike Putland

# BY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU

When The Police played New York's Shea Stadium it looked like something from outer space. 67,000 people were in the audience. One of them was Neil Tennant.

the stadium want to get to the lower levels. Kids on the lower levels want to be on the pitch. Kids on the pitch want to get in front of the stage and a lot of kids want to get backstage. People who've got backstage want to stand beside the stage just to see Sting, Stewart and Andy going on while the hairgers-on beside the stage actually want to stand on the stage while the band play. That's close.

"They're gonna be great!" a fan interviewed on TV shouts. "They're gonna ROCK THE HOUSE! THEY'RE NUMBER ONE!"

All day over New York City the brooding melody of "Every Breath You Take" can be heard spilling out of radios, cars and shop doorways. On the day of the concert it has been Number One single in America for seven weeks while "Synchronicity" is at the top of the album charts. The concert in New York sold out in a matter of hours and even bigger concerts in Philadelphia and Los Angeles will follow it as part of The Police's 30-date tour. Today it seems that The Police are the biggest group in America, just as on another day it might seem like The Rolling Stones or The Who.



Stewart, Andy and Sting head out across the ramps

"It all seems to have happened step by step," says Sting, "and this time everything fell into place. We've got the biggest album, the biggest single, the biggest video, the biggest concert tour. It's the result of hard work—we've done about nine or ten tours here. It's just a logical progression. It really is." He smiles.

The problems and personal pain that fame has brought Sting

have been endlessly chronicled by the press (and Sting himself in songs like "Every Breath You Take" which refers to the recent split with his wife). There's even rumours that The Police are about to break up. An American music paper reports that they recorded "Synchronicity" without really communicating to each other, going into the studio to record their individual parts separately.

"THAT'S RUBBISH!" splutters Sting. "We've realised what our strengths are and what our weaknesses are. In a sense we must get on terribly well to be onstage together. We still work as a group, our records are better than they've ever been. Something somewhere works, man, and it's worth the difficulties, it's worth the problems."

In spite of these problems he's remained charming and lively. In conversation his North-Eastern roots are still obvious; the way he says "man" in a sentence is pure Geordie, as in "howay, man" rather than the "hey, man" drivel of the music business insider. And while he's ambitious and determined he retains a bit of an "it's better than working for a living" attitude towards his career.

"It could be a car-walker, you know. I could be a coalminer. No, life is wonderful."

He returned from Mexico a few weeks ago, having completed his role in the film *Dune*. "They're still filming it but my bits are done" and now rates himself as "a promising apprentice" in acting. But it's not his long-term ambition.

"I have ideas to express and

the only way to express them is to be the director or the producer but certainly not a bloody actor. It's a foot in the door as far as I'm concerned."

What other ambitions has he left?

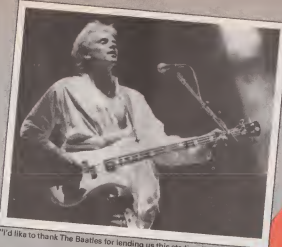
"I'd like to climb a mountain in the Himalayas."

I laugh.  
"Seriously."

Selling out a concert at Shea Stadium has a significance for many people far beyond mere crowd statistics. In 1964 and 1965 The Beatles played here, attracting 55,000 people, at that time the biggest audiences ever gathered to hear pop music.

"It means a lot to me," admits Sting. "If you look at the reasons why I'm a musician, I'm a musician because of The Beatles. There's no doubt about it. My life was changed by The Beatles and so to do what they did, to stand up there onstage and think, well, Lennon stood here, is very emotional for me — almost unbearable."

Backstage the arrival of The Police is preceded by the road crew indulging in some last-minute tearing-around while round the ramp that leads to the stage a crowd gathers, mainly composed of young women in short skirts and long, black hair (in America the "rock 'n' roll chick" is still a thriving species). Wives and girlfriends and nannies holding children are the first to march up the ramp. Then Miles Copeland, the group's manager stomps up, followed by a roadie carrying a red guitar. Suddenly Sting is striding up, looking both nervous and rather



"I'd like to thank The Beatles for lending us this stadium"



Andy faces 67,000 people



Stewart faces a lone cameraman

cocky. Stewart Copeland and Andy Summers aren't far behind. Sting dances a few dislocated steps, wiggles his index finger at Stewart and Andy, and the three run onstage.

It's a triumphant concert. After a dull start with three songs from "Synchronicity", Sting leads the community singing of "Message in A Bottle" and a rapport with the huge audience has somehow been forged.

Above the stage hang three big video screens, transmitting moving images of The Police to the entire stadium. As the opening chords of "Wrapped Around Your Finger" shimmer, the screens display Sting's face. He's lightly running on the spot, as he often does while playing his bass. A light breeze ruffles his blond hair and his sharp, bony face and gleaming eyes are brought into focus. For a moment he looks too good to be true, almost unreal, like a beautiful alien. And then the moment passes and soon the crowd are joining in with the wuh-ohs that crop up in numerous Police songs, the call and response like the dialogue between the synthesizer and the spaceship at the end of *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*.

"I'd like to thank The Beatles for lending us this stadium," he jokes before encores of "Roxanne" and "Can't Stand Losing You" and then it's pandemonium and all over.

"You know," he says to me at the party afterwards in the stadium's bar. "I'm an old man. I can play in front of a hundred thousand people and not bat an eyelid but tonight I was close to crying."



Coming offstage: "Tonight I was close to crying"



Backstage party: absolutely everybody in the entire world is here.

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SH 1/9

## Dear Black Type,

Have you noticed that nearly all the letters in *Smash Hits* are either slagging people off, slagging people off for slagging people off, or making stupid comments?

Jane Hannon, Woking.

## Never.

Never before in the history of Gossip Columns have such intimate details been revealed! Yes I — Biscuit Jake Bottelli — will reveal them to all the readers of your magazine.

Gasp! No it can't be! you say. Not Jake Bottelli, one half of that world-famous singing duo Lincoln & Bottelli?

But yes it is! And here are some of my greatest, most well-guarded secrets:

1) I listen to Neil Sedaka LPs, 2) I ate the last Toffinop in the house; 3) I sit in my room wearing Buddy Holly glasses and make faces in the mirror; 4) my Dad is a Gary Glitter fan and wears silver platform boots; 5) I got 55% for my maths exam; and 6) even though I am incredibly famous, my hand-bearded manager won't give me any money. *Art Garfunkel's Receding Hairline, Combusting.*

**Please, someone, tell me it's all a dream.**

As you lot are so ignorant, I've decided to fill you in on the meaning of the word "ligotage" (*Start*, August 4). As anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of French knows, it's derived from the verb "ligoter" meaning "to bind, to tie up lightly". I would have thought this would be fairly obvious taking into account Bici Bondage's, er, preferences.

As a matter of interest, "Ligotage" also happens to be the name of an excellent early Anis song about bondage and sadomasochism but I don't expect any of you tasteless lot to know that.

*A Rubber Person, Hampshire.*

**As it happens, Rubber Person, my French cousin is down here at the mo — L'écriture Noire as he's known — and he says you're absolutely right. He has a job writing sassy comments in a French pop magazine and is occasionally allowed out to interview The Style Council who, he says, are "merveilleux et très fab et groovy".**

Dear The Late Sid Victorious Greatest Admirer! (August 4).

Since when have you been able to buy official Style Council merchandise including key rings and playing cards? Jam merchandise, maybe, but not Style Council.



Any way The Jam certainly do have a right to take money from their fans in merchandising because they've given us far more in return than just useless lyrics such as "you're about as easy as a nuclear war". And as for saying that every band is out to make money, that's maybe quite true, but Paul Weller's proved that he's not just out to make money by leaving The Jam when he could have just gone on making millions of pounds just like The Rolling Stones have done.

Got the point?  
Teresa Minister, Bungay,  
Suffolk.

**Ah oui, c'est vrai men petit vol-au-vent. Le Style Council il est très chic, ses chansons sont fantastiques, le soleil brille, les oiseaux chateinent, etc... Funny little fellow, isn't he? He's also here to net as Fashion Consultant. Help sort out The How To Be Trendy letters, that sort of thing.**

Dear TSL (August 4).

In addition to your very helpful hints on how to become a very trendy guy, I thought I'd better add some vital bits you missed:

1) El Trendero must be called Nigel, Andy, Martin or some other ultra-trendy name; 2) hair must be permed; 3) must wear a chain bracelet; 4) must go to disco regularly and be fans of Shakatak etc; 5) must dance funny and wear slip-on shoes; 6) must use trendy expressions — e.g. "what's yer poison?" "alright darlin'", "triffic, nifty, dodgy, etc."; 7) their tape/radio thingy is often carried by means of a handsome embroidery-style strap; 8) burgundy leather jackets, slip overs, ski-jumpers, and moccasins are all very trendy too. *A Little Girl Who's In Love With Peter Murphy, England.*

More trendy news! There are three types of trendy person at my school.

Firstly, the really v. trendy

trendies who talk non-stop of "Bowie and Barabas" and have no end of fashionable clothes from *Miss Selbridge* and no end of boyfriends from a certain school nearby (the name of which I dare not mention).

Secondly, the normal trendies (that's me) — the D\*\*\*\* D\*\*\*\* fanatics who chant "I love J\*\*\*\* T\*\*\*\*, N\*\*\*\* R\*\*\*\*, etc". These people are really, great fun, perfect!

Thirdly, the not very trendy trendies who are down and out polyester wearers into The Jam, Style Council. Who and other useless mod groups. These trendies think they're really "hard" but they're not. *A Trendy From Worcester*

**Style Council fans aren't hard, eh? Down and out a Paris is it? You've just made my cousin rather unhappy.**

Here's a list of a few more trendy things: 1) Saying the following — a) "okay", b) "er yabl", c) "mam", or d) all three; 2) shopping at the following places in London — Covent Garden, Laurence Corner, Flip, or any shop in the Kings Road; 3) talking about someone famous as if you know them soooo well you call them by their first names; 4) shortening words — i.e. Laurence Corner becomes Laurie Corner, Kings Road becomes The Road, Camden Palace becomes The Palace; 5) eating natural yoghurt, brown rice or lentils; 6) going to open art CND gigs; and 7) writing letters with a gold, silver or bronze pen. *Synth, London N7.*

**Sue, it's just the yoghurt and the rice? Okay, maybe not.**

TSL of Bethnal Green said "bau must blind one eye" but this is only half of the story.

To be really trendy you must be able to flick your fringe so that it lands over one ear and slides slowly back. I know this for a fact, because, in an attempt to become really trendy, I got the

haircut, the bean-bag, the unknown Australian records (in 12" of course), but the flick was not for me. I practised for hours on end, but after walking into about four lamp posts, two walls and getting lost on the bus, I gave up. *Sue, West Mensor, Colchester.*

**Know the story. Poor old Ian Birch has been doing The Flick so much lately he gets dreadful giddy spells and has apparently dislocated a shoulder. Ah me, the demands of fashion.**

Listen, you lot, I don't reckon all these trendy people should get away with it. You're forgetting, the anti-trendies, the people who are in wait for the revolution to come.

You must have seen them about. The main protagonists (good, eh?) of an anti-trendy era are as follows: — 1) they like The Bee Gees, John Travolta, Gary Glitter and Mud; 2) they have very loud flowery or polka-dot shirts with thick kipper ties (or perhaps open-necked with a gold medallion); 3) they wear shoes with Cuban heels which they got in Oxford Street in '73; 4) they have Times watches or, if they are rich, they have those massive great things with divers' calibrations and lots of shiny little buttons — you know, so high they just about break your wrist when you put them on; 5) they have bushy 'zapata' moustaches because they think the foreign look is still in; 6) they eat muesli for breakfast and have breakfast cereal; 7) they stay like this because they think everything goes in circles and they will eventually become fashionable again. *The Loose Screw Of An Anglepoise Lamp, Wiltshire.* P.S. Going back to trendies, why do they always say they got "paralytic" last night instead of drunk or plastered?

**They're not always paralytic. Sometimes they're "essentially", "well squiffy" or "absolutely leaping". So I'm told anyway.**

Okay, let's just relax about what's trendy and what's not. It's trendy to be untrendy and untrendy to be trendy.

Take string vests for example. One person wears a string vest; someone else thinks they, ultra-trendy, n'ost ce pos? and goes and gets one too. Soon everyone's wearing string vests so it's not trendy anymore.

Take Prefab Sprout (Yes, please take them — Ed). They're a pretentiously named relatively unknown group. One person likes them, then David Jensen plays them on his radio show

# LETTERS

From previous page . . .

and quite a few people get to like them so they're just about still trendy. Then one day they get famous and everyone likes them. Thus the trendy few who liked them at the start will become untrendy.

Perhaps, one day, it'll be considered trendy to like D\*\*\*\* D\*\*\*\* 'cos nobody else does. Comprens?

Rachel Belsham, Witham, Essex.

Q: What's the difference between D\*\*\*\* D\*\*\*\* and a row of milk bottles?

A: You can get a tune out of a row of milk bottles.  
Mark Eiken's (Last) Good Looks, Tottenham.

**Lock the door, somebody.**

I was puzzled to hear a cryptic remark made by Tony Hadley on the radio yesterday. When asked why Spandau Ballet had released four singles from their album instead of coming up with something new, Tony's

"considerate" reply was that some kids couldn't afford to buy albums and so Spandau were providing them with the opportunity to buy singles instead.

All very well, until you realise that by the time you've bought four singles at £1.30 each, you've spent £5.20 and you may as well have bought the album.

If Mr Hadley has to make excuses for his lack of original material, why not make them feasible?

Paul Walker's *Brykcreem*.

If record companies can afford to produce double-pack singles at the normal price, then why oh why can't they cut the price of a single by half?

Andy McClusky's *Little Red Tie With White Diamonds On It*, Hamilton.

**Presumably they can but they won't. Life can be cruel.**

That's it, I've had enough! I'm sick of all the complaints and criticism from the 'older generation' (as it were) on the music that's around at the moment.

Turn that racket down! God, cats could do better! Are you sure you're playing that at the right speed? This is just a taste of what our young music lovers have to put up with. At least you'd think they'd appreciate that our 'kids' are at least at home — happily

listening away to our records, minding our own business — rather than out on the streets doing the things we're supposed to do like chucking bricks through windows.

I just wish they'd understand; to most of us, music means everything and keeps us happy when we're down. Isn't there any justice?

I might be taking this a little on the serious side but I'm sure that I won't be thinking like that in 20 years time. Oh, well, I'd better turn the stereo down 'cos the older generation's just walked in through the front door.

A Big Bowie Fan, Middlesbrough.

**If it's any consolation, whenever I — the Black Type — creep ever to the office record player, wind it up and stick on a Marc Almond record, it's greeted with cries of "heaven't we just had those speakers mended?" and "is there somebody in this room strangling a waterbullaie?", etc. Very funny. They really know how to wound.**

So "oldies" to Alison Kent (August 4) refers to any record made before 1981 or thereabouts. We therefore dismiss "old fogies" like Bowie, early Police, Ultravox, and as for The Beatles, the Stones, The Who, The Clash, Sex Pistols, Roxy Music, Boh

Marley and Elvis, I mean who's heard of them?

Maybe they were in your great grandmother's time, Alison? Maybe any music before '81 should be played after you've gone to bed.  
G. A. Fulham, Upminster.

I'm sure most of us would agree that the charts are going through a poor phase at the moment. The same old faces like ELO, Rod Stewart, Elton John churning out the same old "pop".

There's lots of fresh original music being released by new artists but few people get a chance to actually hear it. Even if you do hear a record you like, it's often very difficult to actually purchase it as most shops only stock the Top 40 in the first place. I've tried every shop in my town to buy "It's A Fine Day" by Jane on Cherry Red; none of them have even heard of it and only one was willing to "try and order it".

Seems to be a classic case of Catch 22 so let's stop complaining about all the rubbish in the charts at the moment and try and do something about it.  
David Lea, Tupsley, Hereford.

I dunno about other Radio 1 listeners but I am absolutely FED UP TO THE TEETH with DJs telling me what a "great video" some band has made. They churn out endless rubbishy chart records all day and expect us to

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THE LIFTING SKY  
ANNEX

12" VS 615-32  
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## YOUR DRESS

Imagine some fantastic video to make them sound a bit more interesting.

Things have gone far enough. Some of these videos are terrible. They squander a lot of money that could be used to bring down the price of the record on a video that only ends up looking cheap and nasty.

I don't like being told by Andy Peebles "what a great video Elton John has" when I think it's bloody awful, or "what a fantastic record Depeche Mode have made, especially after seeing the video last night" by Mike Read, or Simon Grates telling me how I "must see The Kinks video to 'Come Dancing' because it's great", or — to top it all — Lenny Henry telling me how he thought "Wrapped Around Your Finger" was "incredibly dull but people might like the video".

Two or three years ago, if they showed a video on TOPF, it meant you were going to see something really special — like Adam And The Ants' "Stand And Deliver" or Visage's "Fade To Grey". Nowadays bands seem to churn out any old rubbish on video and half the time I wish they wouldn't bother.

Angela Lewis, Parley, Surrey.

**Know what you mean.**  
People say the same sort of things about records sometimes — you know, how they're "much easier to buy when you've got a £10

**Record Taken". But you have.**

In your August 4 issue, I was reading the *When I'm Sixty Four* page and Neil Arthur of *Blancmange* says: "Assuming we're all around on July 22 2032", obviously implying he'll be 64 then.

I did a little calculating and, if that's the date when he'll be 64, then he's only 15 now. It puzzles me... he looks older. *KajoGooGoo Fan, Dundee.*

**It's easy to be deceived by looks. Look what happened to Peter Martin.**

I'm a devoted fan of HM and think a lot of Whitesnake, Motörhead and Thin Lizzy. The guy who did the *Singles* (August 4) obviously doesn't like HM and looks a typical guy who likes the type of music where drummers play so-called "drums" and the guy who plays the keyboards only needs one hand.

*An Annoyed HMer, Who Hates "Gay" Record Reviews, Greenock, Scotland.*

**Fear old Peter. Little did he know what fate lay in store for him. To think we took him in, gave him food and a place to type, let him play his Bunnymen records, stuck his photo on the *Singles* page, and all**

**fer your benefit and this — this! — is the kind of thing we find in the mailbox.**

Dear Peter Martin,

You're a wally! What is it you hate about summer and the records groups put out? Why don't you go and knit something for the winter you're so looking forward to and leave the record reviewing to those who know what they're talking about.

I'm talking about your gormless comments about Wham!, Level 42, H<sub>2</sub>O and the rest.

Wham!: "the boys have obviously got a bad case of sunstroke". Is this because you've been shut up in an asylum for so long you've failed to get a tan?

H<sub>2</sub>O: "this makes KajoGooGoo sound classy." Are you mad? Everyone knows KajoGooGoo could never sound classy. This should bring a load of letters supporting KajoGooGoo but I think we can handle three people.

And Level 42: "fairly pleasant". Are you deaf as well as mad? This is utter brilliance. Unlike your reviews, I might add. They were complete "E&G%+!"  
*Phil and Jim, Two Bad Boys From Slough.*

**Then again, there's the odd exception... (Very odd — Ed.)**

I've fallen passionately in love with Peter Martin. I can't help it — his reviews were so compelling. His vivacious assertive style left me breathless. I marvelled at his wit and wisdom.

Yet, to love this man, I must live as a social outcast as nobody else will understand his preternatural genius.

Love, kisses and more love, *Fluffy Bunny, Darkest Walverhampton.*

**What is preternatural genius? A rare foreign language? A particularly trendy brand of trousers? Some kind of health food? Where can I get some?**

Here's our *Motorist's Top Ten*: 1) "Mull Of Flat Tyre"; 2) "Being Oiled"; 3) "Double Clutch"; 4) "Seven Gears"; 5) "The House That Fan Belt"; 6) "Bohemian Taxis"; 7) "Brake That Situation"; 8) "Come On Windscreens"; 9) "Layby Day"; 10) "Hooster Be Ah".  
*Gwenbo & Paz.*

Just wrote this note to prove to my little sisters (Pamela and Sharon Morgan) that I could get a letter printed in your fab magazine.

*Paul.*  
P.S. Please print it.

**Heart of gold, me.**

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# STRAY CATS

(She's) Sexy  
And 17

Hey men, I don't feel like going to school no more  
Me neither  
You can't make me go  
No way Daddy O, can't

I ain't going to school it starts too early for me  
Listen man I ain't going to school no more  
It starts much much too early for me  
I don't care about reading, writing, arithmetic or history

I'm gonna walk up to the corner to meet my little Marie  
I'm gonna walk up to the corner to meet my little Marie  
Well she's the only girl in this whole world who understands me

Chorus

Well she's sexy and seventeen, my little rock 'n' roll queen  
Acts a little bit obscene, gotta let off a little steam  
Dig that sound and shake it, you're mine, mine (all mine)

Johnny and Eddie and me and Jimmy and Jack  
Are gonna do a little number on the teacher when she turns her back  
We're going to cut outa class, meet the girl by the railroad tracks

Well every Friday night there's a band that you gotta hear  
Just a dollar to get in and twenty five cents a beer  
They play rock 'n' roll music like it hasn't been rocked for years

Repeat chorus

Alright  
Come on baby, yesh

Well baby when I hear that rocking beat, I can't sit still up outa my seat  
C'mon baby shuffle round your feet, can't learn nothing in school  
They don't teach you on the street

Wooah baby I like your style, wooah baby I like your style  
You don't care what the other kids say you go real wild

Well you're sexy and seventeen, my little rock 'n' roll queen  
Acts a little bit obscene, gotta let off a little steam  
Dig that sound and shake it around you're mine, mine, mine, mine  
Dig that sound and shake it around you're mine, mine, mine, mine  
Dig that sound and shake it around you're mine, mine, mine

Words and music by Setzer

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Anate Records

# GET IT ALL (IN THE NEXT ISSUE)

BY

## Everybody in The Office

GIT UP GIT DOWN GIT IN GIT OUT  
TO THE NEWSAGENTS (YEAH) AN' JUMP AN' SHOW!  
'CAUSE THE VERY NEXT ISSUE IS GONNA BE GREAT  
QUITE FRANKLY, BABY, I CAN'T WAIT

CHORUS

SAY WOAH (WOAH)  
LET'S PARTY DOWN (HEY PARTY YEAH)

THERE'S BITZ THERE'S START (GET UP AN' GET SMART)  
THINGS ON DEF LEPPARD TOO  
THE STRAY CATS, NUMAN, STUFF IN THE CHART  
AND KAJAGOOG00 (OOH)

REPEAT CHORUS

THERE'S ROMAN HOLLIDAY (HEY) AS WELL  
AND SOME INCREDIBLY INTERESTING FEATURES  
KID CREOLE AND A SONG FROM SOFT CELL  
AND NOT A GREAT DEAL ON THE CREATURES

SO GIT UP GIT DOWN GIT ON THE SCENE  
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AND IF YOU DON'T WANT A COPY YOU MUST BE SOFT IN THE HEAD

SAY WOAH (WOAH)

SAY WOAH AGAIN (WOAH AGAIN)  
LET'S PARTY DOWN (DOWN DOWN)  
GIT IN THE GROOVE (GROOVE YEAH)  
YOU'RE INDESTRUCTABLE! (ALWAYS BELIEVE IN)  
COOL, COOL, COOL, COOL  
COOL, COOL, COOL, COOL (YEAH)  
REPEAT AND AD LIB TO FADE

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