

SMASH

HITS

**THE ASSOCIATES
ANNABELLA
THE CLASH**

**DURAN DURAN &
ELLE STARS** in colour

Hit Songs by **DONNA SUMMER**,
FUN BOY THREE, **TIGHT FIT** & many others
AUTOGRAPHED **DEXYS** ALBUMS TO BE WON!

LOVE is in CONTROL

(FINGER ON THE TRIGGER)

It's a feeling you can't describe, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,

It's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,

Chorus

It's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,

It's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,

It's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,

Repeat chorus twice

It's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,

It's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,

It's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,
it's a feeling that's so strong, it's a feeling
that's so strong, it's a feeling that's so
strong, it's a feeling that's so strong,

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Quincy Jones/Merrie
Rose/Rod Temperton
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On Warner Bros. Records



DONNA summer

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COVER THE ASSOCIATES BY JILL FURMANOVSKY

SYLVIA

and the
sapphires

first single

SHOPPING AROUND

BUY 154



THE ASSOCIATES

It's been a good year for the Associates, thus far. Since we last interviewed them in February, they've had a second hit single with "Club Country" and a hit album with "Sulk". A new single should hit the streets any minute: "18 Carat Love Affair".

And meanwhile they're preparing for a short British tour in late August, after which they take off for the USA and Canada. They're also busily re-mixing their first album "The Affectionate Punch" so that Fiction can re-market it with their blessing. Alan looks forward with glee to the chaos that'll ensue if all five of the companies they've been signed to begin re-releasing old records...

It was in the midst of this leverish activity that Dave Rimmer tracked them down. His mission: to separate Alan Rankine and Billy MacKenzie and present each half of the dynamic duo with an identical list of revealing questions. Alan tended to mull each one over carefully; Billy would answer without hesitation...

Which of these activities are you most likely to be found doing: (a) making a soufflé, (b) tinkering with a motorbike, (c) doing the ironing, (d) putting up shelves?

Alan: Making a soufflé.
Billy: None of them. I'm a disaster where that sort of thing is concerned. This is the sort of thing I do: instead of putting the bread under the toaster, I put the margarine!

Maybe if the motorbike was a toy one...

If you were called up to fight in a war, would you (a) join up, (b) plead insane, (c) emigrate, or (d) be a conscientious objector?

Alan: It depends what kind of war it was. If I was bored, I think I'd go. Because in spite of folk getting killed, it must be quite an adventure. Maybe that's a naive thing to say.

But if I wasn't bored, I'd definitely try to flee the country.

Billy: War's based round power and greed and it's an evil thing. I couldn't really stand doing away with somebody. I can't be bothered with the bravado.

Maybe I could get a sex change. No, you'd better not put that.

Who do you think is the silliest person in pop music?

Alan: In a nice way or a derogatory way? Some people are silly for six months and then realize it, so I wouldn't want to put anybody down. In a nice way, Marc Almond. He must have some brass neck to do what he does.

Billy: Probably me. I bet you loads of people say that, anyway.

Ever posed in front of a mirror pretending to be somebody?

Alan: No, I've never mimed in front of a mirror. I've looked into a mirror sometimes and said "who the hell are you?" because I didn't recognise myself.

Billy: All the time! I used to mimic everybody. Me and my

brothers used to do this thing at teatime called "Living Room Theatre". We'd get our father's false teeth, stick them in and put on board-squares. Then we'd do these daft things in front of the mirror: pull our lugs out and put on plastic noses and all that.

What are your ambitions?

Alan: To write better songs and to write music for films— James Bond-type films or science fiction ones because they always seem to have the best music. Also, to produce a few things. But mostly I'd just like to write better songs.
Billy: I'm not very ambitious really. I never worry about whether our next single is going to be number three or number 20. I don't care.

I suppose I'd like to have pretty

smart wrinkles when I'm 40, to be dead suave and wrinkly. Rock Hudson looks much better now that he's wrinkled.

Is there anything in life worse than going to the launderette?

Alan: No, I don't think so. I hate going to the launderette.

Billy: Giving in to temptation, to things that are no good for you (evil laugh).

Were you ever beaten up at school?

Alan: No, no I've never been in a fight in my life. Oh, hang on. Once in Primary Three I got my lip split. I was trying to fight fairly and he wasn't, but I can't remember why we were fighting

in the first place.

Billy: Luckily enough, I always got off with it. One of my friends stuck a pencil in my ear once and just about poked my brains out. hut, because I was quite big for my age I was able to push people about. I was a wee bit of a scallywag. I'd a wee bit of a vicious streak. Also, I come from a big family who were well known for taking care of each other, so nobody dared touch us.

Say you could change places with anyone in the world, who would you like to be?

Alan: (giggles) Orson Welles. I think he must have had a few laughs.

Billy: Anyone at the top of the tree in medicine. It's such a worthwhile thing. But music's a kind of therapeutic medicine too, although there has been some bad medicine. Like Led Zeppelin and all that stuff.

And who would you least like to change places with?

Alan: A roadie. I would hate to be a roadie.

Billy: A drug pusher. Or a sanitary expert.

If you were an animal, what kind would you be?

Alan: I think I'd probably be a dog. I don't know why. Bill, he'd probably be a fox-cum-chimpanzee, or one of those barrel organ monkeys or something.

Billy: A cheetah, although I've definitely got ape-like features. All my family have. Alan's a cross between a fox and an iguana.

What's the weirdest thing that's happened to you recently?

Alan: I was thrown out of a club for the first time a few weeks ago, and I was most miffed! I never thought it would happen to me!

Billy: I get really weird abstract dreams. They're brilliant! I get that excited about trying to get to sleep to dream that I keep myself



Q & A

awake. I'd probably get put inside if I told you some of the things I dream about.

If you had a hotline to Margaret Thatcher, what would you like to say to her?

Alan: I don't really know. I think politics is the height of boredom. I've never voted in my life.

Billy: Nothing. I think politicians come and go, they're all personalities, and she's just another media personality as far as I'm concerned. She's a lousy actress, too.

Your favourite radio DJ?

Alan: (laughs) I never used to listen to the radio until we got into the charts. I hate Dave Lee Travis, he's a bore! I haven't really got a favourite, though I don't mind David "Kid" Jenson and I don't mind Simon Bates. John Peel, he's OK, but I wish he wouldn't play so much reggae. **Billy:** John Peel.

What's the best thing about finally becoming successful?

Alan: Being recognised by young girls in the street, that's quite a laugh.

Alan: Also, the kind of controlled chaos that goes along with it all. You can make things chaotic for the record company and it keeps them on their toes. Everything's quite busy and fluttery all the time. Before, there used to be weeks of boredom.

Billy: It seems to make quite a lot of people happy, and that's good. It gives you a wee bit more confidence and that, but it's something you've got to handle. Sometimes I can't handle it too well.

And what's the worst thing about it?

Alan: Being put in a situation where I'm forced to let people down. Like somebody will ask me to produce a band, just do a single with them. I'll say, yes I want to do it. So you fix a date, and then all of a sudden you've got to go away and do a TV show or something. You want to help people and branch out and do other things. But I always have to leave people hanging and say, look, I will do it, honest. . .

Billy: Ignorant people. People who haven't got any respect for another person's space, man! A lot of people don't understand. There was somebody at a club going "you've really changed!

You used to be OK but now you're horrible, you're so aloof!"

It's a load of crap. It's them that feel like that, not me.

Do you have any phobias?

Alan: Och, just the usual things. Having a space helmet on with ten scorpions crawling around inside it (laughs). I suppose that would be pretty frightening. ?

Billy: I hate rats. Every time I see one I just want to kill it. And I hate slatations. Shopping — I hate supermarkets, and I can't stand shops like Woolworths or Marks and Spencers. If I walk past somewhere like Top Man or whatever, it genuinely makes me feel ill.

And I can't swim to save my life. I'm afraid water, especially deep water.

If you weren't a pop star, what would you like to be?

Alan: I'd like to be a tennis player, but I'm too small. I'd never get the ball over the net at 140 miles per hour anyway. Or I might be a barrack room lawyer, a real argumentative, stubborn one.

Billy: A vet. Or a sprinter.

What's the worst holiday you've ever had?

Alan: I haven't been on holiday for thirteen bloody years! My last holiday was Scarborough or Bournemouth or something when I was eight! I can't remember what holidays are like! **Billy:** It was berry-picking in Blairgowrie when I was about 14. I was being chased by this big fat girl with green clematis trousers. She had this passion for frogs and kept them for pets. She kept wanting me to do dirty things to her, so I had to do it in the end, but I was disgusted with myself.

How do you relax?

Alan: I usually just — what's the word? Impinge? Like go and say "Hi, you're recording, can I use your swimming pool and your tennis court? Just go and crash on the Simple Minds for five days or something. Or else I just sit at home and play the piano, or play tennis or a little bit of sport.

Billy: I usually bollock people and try and intimidate people. It takes the heat off yourself and puts it on someone else. It's called winding up (laughs). I wind people up and then I wind down.



ALAN RANKINE

Your most embarrassing moment?

Alan: I stole a Marathon bar out of RS MacColls, and I got caught. It was my first time, and I've never stolen anything since. That was pretty embarrassing. **Billy:** Well, I'm 5 foot 7 now, but I've never grown since I was 15. I was quite athletic at school, but I never had any shorts so I had to pinch my wee brother's, which were far too small for me.

So I was running about the hall in those, and everybody started laughing at me. The teacher says "MacKenzie, come here!" And what had happened was that my shorts had ripped right round under my back end and my private parts were all flying about in the gym!

What other acts, if any, would you regard as kindred spirits?

Alan: I don't know of anybody who approaches things the same way as us. We're not a band, we're a nucleus of Bill and me. Maybe that's wrong; OMD are a nucleus I suppose. But honestly, I don't really feel an affinity to anybody. It's not that I don't like anybody else. . .

Billy: The Human League. I think Phil Oakey's great. And Marc Almond, right enough.

Where would you most like to live?

Alan: I quite fancy Europe. Paris or somewhere like that. Not because it sounds exotic, but because it seems like a certain freshness over there. But then again, when you go into a club over there, you realise after half

an hour that they're imitating Britain. That's not doing them down, it's just the atmosphere. But I do like the freshness over there.

Billy: Canada seems to have a really weird feel to it. I love the sound of Toronto, it's got a magnificent ring to it. I like Scotland, where I'm staying just now, but I think I'd like Canada. It seems to have a fresh huynauancy to it.

What have you got in your pockets?

Alan: I've got some pain-killers for headaches, some banknotes, some loose change, lots of receipts, some hair setting gel, lots of air tickets, overdrawn cheque books and things like that.

Billy: Nothing. I gave the taxi driver my last pound.

What did you think of the other one when you first met him?

Alan: When I met Bill I had long hair, and I was sitting on a pavement playing an acoustic guitar. Bill got out of this taxi and he was wearing cowboy boots with his jeans tucked into 'em. I thought, he doesn't look like a singer. But within about two hours he and I just struck it right off, and we went round to my girlfriend's flat and we had a great laugh. From then on we've just proceeded to have more and more laughs.

Billy: (shakes his head) Weirdo. No, actually Alan's really quite placid. He just likes a good time. He takes a lot of abuse off me sometimes, but he warrants it.

I WANT CANDY

The Original Playlist of the #1 R&B Record of the Year

◀ BOW WOW WOW ▶

Featuring

I WANT CANDY

Cowboy

Louis Quatorze

MILE HIGH CLUB

WORK

(extended version)

BOW WOW WOW

Fools Rush In

I Want My Baby

- On Mars

Gold He Said

Sexy Eittel Towers

Radio G-String

☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺

Sun, Sea and Piracy

Uomo Sex Al Apache

Giant Sized Baby Thing

☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺



polydor



10 extended version also available

ORANGE JUICE



Here, snipped sipping beer at the stupendously trendy and apparently pretty fab WOMAD (that's World Of Music Arts and Dance) festival which took place in Shepton Mallet the other week, are Terry Hall and the woman who's closest to his heart. Well, closest to his wrist, certainly, which is where Terry's had her name tattooed. She is, of course, Jeanette who takes care of Fun Boy Business.

Look like something from the '60s, don't they? Sylvia And The Sapphires (below) is the name of this curly-fleeced vocal threesome. They're sisters, come from South London, and have a single out on Sire at the moment called "Shopping Around" which is something of a goodie. Sylvia herself is the one crouching down in the middle. On the right there's Ruby who, apart from exercising her tonsils with the Sapphires, is also a club DJ. The other one is called Vicki.





the PICTURES

Yep. No doubt about this one. It's **Motorhead** (left), isn't it? Looking as cute as ever too. That's old Lemmy in the middle, and there's Phil "Philly Animal" Taylor on the left and... hang on a mo, who's this geezer on the right with the tight trousers, hairy chest and "New Romantic" cosack tunic? Oh, it's Brian Robertson (ex-Thin Lizzy, Wild Horses) who's replaced the now departed Fast Eddie Clarke.

Look like a bunch of insurance company clerks, don't they? Actually of course it's **Paul McCartney and Friends** (below), specially clogged out in 50's gear for the "Take It Away" video. Left to right the motley crew are: Eric Stewart of 10cc, Linda McCartney, Steve Gadd, Ringo, Paul and producer George Martin. Incidentally, we hear that Martin is also twiddling the knobs on the next Ultravox LP.



Adrian Lee



The Magician

SOLO ALBUM
LIMITED EDITION "MAGIC" PICTURE DISC



Bit of an abrasive character, this Mark Hollis from Talk Talk. Hellwyne through our chat, I innocently mention that they're often compared with Duran Duran, the band that they supported on last year's tour.

"Look, I just want to say two things," he explodes. "First, I don't think it's a fair comparison. People who say that obviously haven't listened to us properly. Duran Duran's overall sound is just bass drum."

"Secondly, we've been compared to 11 different bands! It's got to the stage that I'm really wary of mentioning other bands in case our name gets associated with them."

And then, with disgust in his voice, he begins to list some of those names: Simple Minds, Echo and the Bunnymen, U2, Air Supply, Roxy Music, Drifters, Mirrors, Styx, The Jam... "and we haven't even got a guitar, you know what I mean?"

All right, all right. Point taken. Back to basics then. Mark left school half way through his A-levels ("I just, like, had a few hessles with things") and for a while did "just factory jobs". He ended up hawking some songs round Island Records, looking for a deal. His brother Ed was at the time doing some production work in Southend with bassist Paul Webb and drummer Lee Harris. He suggested they work with Mark and the three came together. Island was interested and forwarded some money for a publishing deal that financed some demos and rehearsals.

Keyboard player Simon Brenner was enlisted, and Talk Talk was born. They did five gigs in trendy London clubs, had a Kid Jensen session on the radio and — bingo! — a record deal from EMI.

Their first single in February this year, "Mirror Man" went largely unnoticed. Their second, "Talk Talk", itself got to number 52. That might not sound so impressive, but at the moment the record is a hit in France, Canada and Portugal, is threatening the charts in Australia and has been well-received in the US of A. Talk Talk are doing OK.

So who would Mark Hollis like to be compared with, I wonder, trying

TALK TALK

to calm him down a little!

"Well, in terms of singers: Dis Radding. He combines real power with tenderness. Songwriters: Becharech and David. They were so consistent over a long period of time. Arrangements: John Coltrane. As for contemporaries, I can't actually listen to things like the Numan League because they've been played to death. But I think they've made really good ground."

"Those are the people I admire."

He cites the Talk Talk philosophy as being "as diverse as possible while retaining an original sound." And the group's ambition is "to be able to feel that we've always got more to do."

Just now, they're about to go off to the USA. Part of the interest in "Talk Talk" is that it's going to be used in *Night Shift*, a film directed by Alan Ladd Jnr. (husband of Charlie's Angel Cheryl Ladd).

They're also going to support Elvis Costello on his next tour. Does that mean they're going to be compared with Elvis then?

"Yeah," ponders Hollis moodily. "That'll probably be another one for the list. It wouldn't surprise me." Meanwhile he's happy just working. "It's what I most enjoy. Otherwise I'd be really bored."

Deva Kimmer



PH: SIMON FRANKS/IFA

Behind bars: Paul Webb (bass). Up front (l-r): Mark Hollis (vocals), Simon Brenner (keyboards), Lee Harris (drums).

TODAY

Cover me with shades of disbelief
Happiness be someone else's dream
Numbers call to spell my name
Move about as values change
Catch me if you can but don't delay

Chorus:
Today today
It's a dream away
Today today
Just a dream away

Overruled by the tide in the wall
Condemn me to a life within a fool
Happiness can often bleed
Beggars lay among the sheep
Let me take the choice the sermon pleads

Repeat chorus

Visions in my crib begin to breed
Was everything a fact of what I'd read
Excuse me while I spell my name
Boat and ship could round the same
Catch me if you can but don't delay

Repeat chorus

Belle Mallesima, belle Mallesima,
Belle Mallesima, belle Mallesima

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Hollis/Brenner/Webb/Harris
Reproduced by permission Island Music Ltd
On EMI Records

TALK TALK

BITZ



Wham! Andrew Ridgeley suns himself, George Michael bares his gashers.

Chances are that a few weeks back you noticed Neil Tennant raving about a new group called **Wham!** and their witty and wonderful dance single, "Wham! Rap (Enjoy What You Do)". Wham! are Andrew Ridgeley (guitar) and George Michael (vocals), both aged 18 and both from Bushey, just outside London.

Musical life began for this dynamic duo in 1979, playing ska in a band called The Executive which split at the beginning of last year.

Last summer, Andrew and George finished school, and while half-heartedly looking for work, began writing songs together. They ended up with a four-track demo tape, and began looking for record companies at the beginning of this year.

As luck would have it, this eventually ended up on the desk of one Mark Don, another resident of Bushey, who'd just left Phonogram (where he'd been responsible for signing ABC and Soft Cell) to form his own label, Doan was impressed, and Wham! became Inner Vision Records' first signing.

"Wham! Rap" is an ironic look at unemployment that suggests

you might as well have a good time while the DMSS are paying for it. Andrew and Michael are quick to point out that though they might have a recording contract now, they were out of work when they wrote it. They're also quick to add that his on the dots wasn't a much fun as the song makes out.

"The summer was good though," recalls Andrew wistfully.

"Wham! Rap" has been "bubbling under", but hasn't had enough radio play to give it a leg up into charts. Andrew reckons that's because the subject matter is too sensitive for the programmers.

"We're very led up about it. Most people are able to see the lighter side of it, so why can't they?"

For the time being, an American re-mix of the single has been made available. It's a strategy that worked like a dream for Junior Giscombe, so why not?

Next up they're releasing a second single. This one'll be a similarly light look at the perils of teenage marriage. "Not a rap, says Andrew, "but hard-core funk. Whether they'll play that one, we don't know."

Fancy yourself as one of the great 60s clean-shaves? Well, if you do and you're female aged 18-24, then **Paul Weller's** *Smoggy Records* are looking for you. Just whip off a cassette of your singing, a list of your influences and a photograph to *Resound Records, 455/5 Sinclair Road, Farnham, W4. Three hours of waiting to foot of the mirror to old Dusty Springfield records could be over.*

As Bitz revealed last issue, an awful lot of groups are on holiday at the moment. And if they're not sunning themselves in some foreign clime, then they're probably locked up in a recording studio preparing their autumn releases.

That means it's the silly season, and all sorts of daff records begin creeping into the charts. Leading contender at the moment is "Chalk Dust" — The London Strikers Back" by **The Brat**, a sort of joke rap based on tennis star John McEnroe's frequent arguments with Wimbledon umpires.

The Brat is actually a comedian called Roger Kitter. Since being discovered on *Opportunity Knocks* 12 years ago, Kitter's been on several series of *Who Do You Do?* and *Punchlines*, had his own show on Radio 2, and appeared at the London Palladium with Percy Como and Diana Ross.

"Chalk Dust" was written by him in conjunction with bass-player Mo Foster, recently returned from a tour with Sheena Easton, and comedy script-writer Mike Walling.

Next novelty past the post will probably be this thing called "Postman Pat" by **Ken Barrie**.

Meanwhile, we notice that there are no less than 11 cover versions in the top 75 at the moment from the likes of **Japan**, **Captain Sensible**, **The Belle Stars**, **Jenn Jettt** and **Baw Waw Waw**. And that's not all. Covers of old songs have also just been released by (deep breath) **The Fun Boy Three**, **Tom Tom Club**, **Modern Romance** and **Sting**. Where will it all end?

ROXY TOUR

Roxy Music's first tour for two years that is, since they last had an album to promote) kicks off at London's Wembley Arena on September 23 and 24. This'll be followed by shows at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham (27); Brighton Centre (28); Apollo Theatre, Glasgow (30); and the Playhouse, Edinburgh (October 1).

Tickets for all concerts are by personal application at the relevant box office, except for the Birmingham show, where postal applications only is the rule. Tickets are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 and cheques or postal orders should be made payable to "NEC Ltd (Roxy Music)" and sent with an SAE to Roxy Music Concerts, NEC, Birmingham, B40 1NT.



PHILIP JAP'S
SOME
PHOTOS

This is one **Philip Jap**. That's right, it says so on his T-shirt, doesn't it? Well, as it

happens we've got 10 of these nasty Jap T-shirts to give away free. And not only that but 10 picture disc copies of Mr Jap's Trevor Horn-produced single "Save Me" too.

To get a matching shirt and record, all you have to do is scrawl the correct answer to the following question on the back of a postcard and despatch it to **Smash Hits Philip Jap Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.**

Which of the following groups has not worked with Trevor Horn? a) Spandau Ballet b) ABC c) Soft Cell d) Dollar?

Entries must arrive before August 19th.

ASSAULT AND

BATTERY

Fans of heavy rock will be well chuffed to learn that the new **Michael Schenker Group** line-up has been confirmed and that they'll have an album out in the autumn delicately titled "Assault Attack". Ted McKenna, formerly with Alex Harvey and Rory Gallagher, replaces the departing Cozy Powell. Ex-Rainbow vocalist Graham Bonnet joined back in March.

There's also been a change of line-up in the **Dr Feelgood** camp, with the old rhythm section of Sparks and The Big Figure being replaced by one Buzz Barwell (ex-Lewis and Wreckless Eric) on drums and Pat McMullin on bass.

This leaves only singer Lee Brilleaux out of the original Feelgood ensemble.

DONNA SUMMER.

Donna
Summer

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STRUMMERTIME and the living is easy

Well, easier than the last 18 months of Clash History. Topper's left, Terry's joined, Joe's disappeared, come back and had his hair cut . . . and despite it all they're actually making money! Pete Dinklage can't believe it either.

Joe Strummer is nothing if not an honest person. He was talking about what he called "the addiction of fame," the need to be recognized in the street, the love of — on they say — the roar of the gasp-point and the smell of the crowd. I asked him if he was only complete as a person when he was onstage.

"No, certainly not," he said back, almost offended and frustrated. "I'd like to be a person for myself, you know, maybe."

Much has been written about how The Clash consider 1982 to be their "Year Of The Boogie." Admittedly, Strummer has had to learn to know his own limitations as a musician. He's a great live performer, but he's not a studio musician. He's a great live performer, but he's not a studio musician. He's a great live performer, but he's not a studio musician. He's a great live performer, but he's not a studio musician.

After the "controversial suicide" of drummer Topper Headon, Strummer's band went through a period of uncertainty. They were a band that had been together for 18 years, and they were a band that had been together for 18 years. They were a band that had been together for 18 years, and they were a band that had been together for 18 years.

Over the last 18 months, they've learned that The Clash are actually quite happy. They're not just a band that's been together for 18 years, they're a band that's been together for 18 years.

But tonight's show is the perfect example of how they've learned to live with their limitations. They're not just a band that's been together for 18 years, they're a band that's been together for 18 years.

It's a great show, and it's a great show. It's a great show, and it's a great show. It's a great show, and it's a great show. It's a great show, and it's a great show.

his eventual return, the band parted company with Nicky Topper Headon, the drummer who'd been with them for five years, replacing him with Terry Chances, who did the honours on the first Clash album under the Strummer-inspired pseudonym of Tary Crises.

Strummer showed every sign of being happy for having been replaced, and he was still in great contact. As I talked to him behind show in Irvine, a Scottish new town, he waved me into the back of the van from the next row. "You'll see," he said, "I'll be back in the van with you." He was a great live performer, but he's not a studio musician. He's a great live performer, but he's not a studio musician.

I went to France, and I wanted to see if I could get a kick out of it. I was a fan of the band, and I wanted to see if I could get a kick out of it. I was a fan of the band, and I wanted to see if I could get a kick out of it.

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anybody. I mean fame is peculiar. It's definitely addictive. But it did feel good to be like a tourist. Well, a cross between a tourist and a wino. Mostly, I sat around looking at Sade's Coast with a bottle of wine in my hand.

"I was only recognised once but I talked my way out of it. I said that I was a Joe Strummer look-alike. I said I really wanted the photo, please. Strummer and I went out and bought the album. Before he saw a photo of me, he said, 'You're a phoney, you are.'"

Describing him as "a love affair with your own ego," he admitted that he'd been a little bit of a phoney. "I was a fan of the band, and I wanted to see if I could get a kick out of it. I was a fan of the band, and I wanted to see if I could get a kick out of it. I was a fan of the band, and I wanted to see if I could get a kick out of it."

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That night's Clash show was efficient in a way I'd never seen from them before.

While it was obviously not one of their greatest gigs — on the last night of the tour, they were replaced by the band's new drummer, Topper Headon, who'd been with them for 18 years — it was a great show, and it was a great show. It was a great show, and it was a great show. It was a great show, and it was a great show.

their very newest — "Should I Stay," "Rock The Casbah" — they no longer relied on passionate choosers to get their point across.

As the original punk band who've survived to the present day virtually intact, the Clash have incorporated a wide, varying body of songs without diluting their original sense of purpose. A real, recognizable achievement. All in all, they're a band that's been together for 18 years, and they're a band that's been together for 18 years.

Perhaps I felt there was a danger there. As a fan of the band, I was a fan of the band, and I wanted to see if I could get a kick out of it. I was a fan of the band, and I wanted to see if I could get a kick out of it. I was a fan of the band, and I wanted to see if I could get a kick out of it.

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The Clash (left-right): Mick Jones, Joe Strummer, Terry Chimes (standing) and Paul Simonon.

super-reliable Mi Chimes now backing the drums for them. Whether he's to become a permanent member of the band depends on wages, though he still declines.

"But let me tell you, it's really difficult to teach a drummer all your stuff when you've been

playing for a long time. When he knows some of it, you're not in a hurry to replace him. I can't tell you that. I don't want to have to do that all the bloody time. That's how you will live. It's a discipline in women's clothes for all I care.

As well as re-uniting with Chimes, the Clash have gone

back into partnership with their original manager, Bernie Rhodes, who they parted a few years ago, accusing him of being more than a bit house with their records.

"We couldn't find anyone to replace him, that's all," is Joe's

explanation.

But, after he'd ripped off your sneaky?

"That's what I think we've done. And the last few weeks, the Mosh on horses."

"I felt like looking stupid and angry, and I'm enjoying it."

Scruti Politti

Asylums in Jerusalem

Let him go 'cos he is rocking
He is sorry that he never changed
Let him go 'cos he is sorry
He's been talking in the tongues again
And he will worry, yeah
But please don't ever let him go
Don't you ever let him go at all
At all at all all all at all

Let him go let him go 'cos he is sorry
Let him never be the same again
Let him swing and let him worry
Wah it's Asylums in Jerusalem
Because they are worried yeah
But then please don't ever let him go
Don't you ever let him go at all
At all at all all all at all

Let him shake a little let him rock a little
Let him worry
He's in awe but he hates himself
Let him hip hop hippety hop now hurry
It's Asylums In Jerusalem
Don't let him worry
But then please don't ever let him go
Don't you ever ever let him go at all

Don't let that boy go

Don't let him go at all
Well I know that it rocks
And I know that it shakes
And I know it's got to fall because
It's made its last mistake
And he's a saint oh but there's so many
They built Asylums in Jerusalem
Let him shake a little let him rock a little
Let him worry
Let him never be the same again
Oh he will worry yeah
And then he wants to be above the law
But he doesn't know what he's fighting for at all
At all at all all all at all

Let him pop a little let him swing and be is sorry
'Cos there's something that he couldn't say at all
Let him shake a little let him step a little
Let him worry
'Cos it's Asylum in Jerusalem
Don't let him worry no
With his hammer and his popicle
They put him in the hospital for good
Don't let that boy godon't let him go at all — at all

Words and music by Green
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On Rough Trade Records



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICK HENNING

“TOO-RYE-AY”

KEVIN ROWLAND
&
DEXYS
MIDNIGHT
RUNNERS



FEATURING "PLAN B", "CELTIC SOUL BROTHERS", "LIARS A TO E", "COME ON EILEEN"
AND "JACKIE WILSON (SAID I'M IN HEAVEN WHEN YOU SMILE)"

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So we took old Kevin Rowland aside and we said: "Kev, old fruit, how would it be if you were to scribble your name on each of fifty copies of your new album, 'Too-Rye-Ay' and then actually — er, how can we put this? — give them to us? You know, actually free, gratis and for nothing. Then what we do is we take all fifty and we hand 'em over to the winners of this special Dexys competition. Now how does that sound? Kev? Kev? Put down that accordion and come back here . . ."

Anyway he agreed and all you have to do to own one of these prize objects is to answer the following simple question: the first Dexys single was "Dance Stance", but when it appeared on their first album it had been re-titled. What was its new name?

Get the answer on a postcard with your name and address and send it to **Smash Hits Dexys Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF** to arrive before August 19th. Get weaving . . .



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SINGLES

Reviewed by
Tim De Lisle



ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS: Man Out Of Time (F-Beat) Excellent, but so is everything Elvis does. What he needs is another "Oliver's Army" — a big hit that will become a standard — and this is not it. It has the strong melody, impeccable playing, witty lyrics, big production . . . but it lacks that commercial something extra, the ability to jump out of the radio and say Buy This Now. So take it from me — buy this now (and get the 12-inch if you can).



CAPTAIN SENSIBLE: Wet (A&M) The worst thing about having novelty hits is having to follow them (or feeling you have to follow them: the best follow-up is often no follow-up at all). "Wet" must be a contender for nastiest title of the year but it's not a bad song — a mildly funny parody of rap music with a strong bass-line, neat girly back-up vocals and a fair chance of making the Top 20.

STING: Spread A Little Happiness (A&M) Captain Sensible must have allowed himself a smug chuckle when this first came up on the in-house music system at A&M House. For his first solo single Sting has done a pretty straight version of a very old, Hollywood-musical-

type pre-pop song that exhorts us all to be happy. Poor old Sting. Can two of the things be massive hits in the same summer? I think they just could be, and Sting's is actually much the better record. It's classily done in every way. Sting's voice is better than ever (a million miles from the contorted bird-call of "So Lonely") and it should do a fine PR job for his film ("Brimstone and Treacle", out on 9 September).



ORANGE JUICE: Two Hearts Together (Polydor) Crisp, catchy, rhythmic — this has all the usual Orange Juice virtues, neither of the vices (being too cute or too sloppy), and one important extra: a dynamic production by Martin Hayles. Recommended.

ROSE ROYCE: Still In Love (Epic) The success of this lot has always baffled me. I never liked any of their hits and don't intend to start with this dreary, obvious disco cut.



BOW WOW WOW: Louis Quatorze (RCA) The original version of this was one reason why I didn't like "Your Cassette Pet". Every other reviewer thought it was wonderful so the fault was obviously mine. Now here it is again, "re-recorded", though I wouldn't have noticed. A hit, I suppose.

ASSOCIATES: 18 Caret Love Allieuz (Associates) Ignoring the string of possible hits on "Sail", Big Voice Billy and Arty Alan settle instead on its final track, a throwaway instrumental called "Nothing In Something Particular" which has one of the great synthesizer riffs of our time. They've redone the backing track, added some words, changed the title and ended up with a very presentable record — especially the 12-inch, which includes two strong

unreleased songs in "Love Hangover" and "Voluntary Wishes Swap It".

BAD MANNERS: My Girl Lollipop (Magnet) Buster Bloodvessel is getting beyond a joke. Two naff singles in a row, then he goes and makes an inferior version of one of the all-time great pop songs. Get the original ("My Boy Lollipop", by Millie Small) if you haven't already.

T REX: Children Of The Revolution / I Love To Boogie / Solid Gold Easy Action / London Boys (EMI) If anyone has had enough singles reissued, remixed and posthumously released it must be Marc Bolan. Brilliant as he was, this new series of four-track EPs seems pretty unnecessary — until you get to hear the opening bars of "I Love To Boogie" and realise that no excuse is needed to get this scotch of a dance track back in the shops, discos and hearts of the nation. (The other songs aren't bad either.)



NICOLE: Give Me More Time (CBS); CHARLENE: It Ain't Easy Comin' Down (Motown) In a bad year for number ones these two ladies were worse than most. It wasn't that their songs were so bad, they just belonged in the lower reaches of the chart. As far as I can hear each of the follow-ups is identical to its predecessor. If they get to number one too I shall emigrate.

CARLY SIMON: Why (Mirage) Let no one accuse Carly Simon of being overexposed. Her last Top 10 hit was in 1977 — the James Bond theme "Nobody Does It Better" — and the one before that in 1973 — the classic "You're So Vain". Now she's come up with a Bernard Edwards-Nile Rodgers composition/production/arrangement that's upbeat, tuneful, nicely sung, and should give her that elusive chart hot-trick.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: Refugee (MCA) Another oldie, from the 1979 album "Damn The Torpedoes", and another that deserves its second chance. "Refugee" was big in the States but not here, which goes to show that several million Americans can occasionally be right, and

that old-fashioned hard rock can be underestimated on this side of the Atlantic. Buy it if you can face the picture disc. (Memo to MCA: picture discs are A. very unhip and B. they don't sell records.)



TOM TOM CLUB: Under The Beardwalk (Island) This is the singles reviewer's nightmare — the 12-inch that plays at 33rpm. Fortunately the Weymouth sisters at 45 started hitting the kind of high notes most of us haven't heard since Kiri Te Kanawa sang at the Royal Wedding, so I spotted the mistake, slowed them down and heard a lightning fast funk track become an easy-going reggae-flavoured summery lilt with definite hit potential. Nice one!

CHINA CRISIS: Aircan and White (Inevitable Virgin) With characteristic understatement the much respected music writer Ian Crauna called this "easily the year's most addictive record". Without agreeing entirely — my vote would go to "The Model" or "Poison Arrow" or "Only You" — I can see what he means. Intelligent lyrics, an insistent hook and some clever drumming should put it in the mainstream as well as the independent chart.



KATE BUSH: The Dreaming (EMI) The oddball single to end all oddball singles. Slow, sparse, distinctly tribal and very bizarre. Sample lyric (one of the clearer ones): "Dangle Devils in a bottle and push them from the Pull of the Bush". Shepherd's Bush? Steve Bush? Kate herself? No dear, the Australian Bush. Oh, stilly me. Strictly for ahongines.

SCRITTI POLITTI: Asylums In Jerusalem (Rough Trade) Like China Crisis, Scritti are a cult band who get a lot of attention on evening radio and

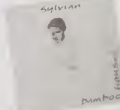
keep being tipped on the next medium-sized thing. This is another good single, not in the same league as "The Sweetest Girl" but any song that rhymes "popiele" with "hospital" is oil right by me.



FUN BOY THREE:

Summertime (Chrysalis)
Terry & co should have listened to the Tom Tom single before they made this. It's by Garshwin, a fine old song in its way, but not a great pop record and not a good vehicle for the boys' talents. They even sound bored themselves.

TIGHT FIT: Secret Heart (Jive)
And talking of boredom... Tight Fit go one better with the musical equivalent of a wet weekend in Bognor. No tune, no sense of enjoyment, no tiny spark of originality — just fourth rate Abba. Grim.



SYLVIAN SAKAMOTO: Bamboo Music/Bamboo Houses (Virgin)

An enterprising project, a stunning sleeve, two talented performers from interesting bands... this should have been a single of the fortnight. In fact it's disappointing, a double A-side that's really two slow and offbeat LP tracks. Perhaps like Japan's "Ghosts" it will creep up slowly and grab a lot of people; after five plays of the 12-inch it hasn't grabbed me.

DAVE EDMUNDS: From Small Things Big Things Come (Arista)
Springsteen fans who hemoon the lack of new product from the New Jersey Rocker could do worse than settle for this, the song written specially for Dave by Bruce. It's a big, very brisk traditional rock'n'roll track given a wall-of-sound production by Edmunds himself, complete with horns, crashing drums and tinkly piano. Tremendous.

ALBUMS



BOW WOW WOW: I Want Candy (EMI)
As detailed elsewhere, this second Bow Wow album is as much a result of financial wheeling and dealing as it is the happy product of artistic efforts. The generous sixteen tracks are split between the band's very first recordings from 1980 and 1981, their more recent hits and some recordings of their earlier stuff, notably their latest single, "Louise Quatorze". By mostly separating the new and the old on to separate sides, they've stopped it sounding at all like a mish-mash. It's a solid resume of their frivolous history from then till now; if only it runs in the reverse direction. Recommended for all parties, bar mitzvahs, weddings and christenings. (7 out of 10)
Peter Stiverton

THE DANCE: Soul Force (Stintik)
These "radical dance" groups one springing up all over the place. This lot come from New York, have all the right funky rhythms and bass lines, and even boast a singer who sounds like a B-52. Unfortunately, they insist on a uniform, unvarying arrangement which succeeds in boiling down everything — including a version of Stevie Wonder's "Do Yourself A Favour" — into a mush from which nothing stands out. Pity. (4 out of 10)
Dave Rimmer

ALLEX ALLEX: African Queen (Kamara)
A fresh-sounding six-piece from Belgium, Alex Alex display some of the

annoying "artiness" that bogs down so much music from that country. They sing in English and play in something between African, West Indian and American: a little funky, very percussive and generally quite lush. Depending on how you look at it, the title track (which is also their current single), is either an imitation of, or a tribute to, Grace Jones. Either way, they do it well. (8 out of 10)
Dave Rimmer



VARIOUS: The Indi-Pop Compilation Album (Virgin)
As you might guess from the "joke" in the title, this is a collection of music that might be called Indian. In effect it's a bizarre mixture of different things: English pop played on Eastern instruments (Monsoon), Dee Katrecha, Jhalib; Indians trying to sound like English pop (Mohammed Ramah) and more serious stuff (John Kollerbar, the excellent Dishaah). Like any compilation, it's good in parts, but whoever thought up "Snake Dance Raja" by Thika deserves to be put away. (5 out of 10)
Dave Rimmer

ROCKY SHARPE AND THE REPLAYS: Shout! Shout! (Chiswick)
Unfortunately there's more to rock'n'roll than gathering a disful of slightly lesser known '60s hits and giving them all identically insensitive and embarrassing treatments. One track swims handily into the next in this overcooked stew of rocking, doo-wop, blues and even gospel, "Shout! Shout!" (the old Enie Maresca hit of '58) makes the obvious single but lacks any delicacy or lightness as does Ricky Nelson's "Never Be Anyone Else But You". This is not rock'n'roll. Buy the originals and you'll agree. (2 out of 10)
Kimberley Leston



DENNIS BROWN: Love Has Found Its Way (A&M)
Love songs and harder religious and political invocations sit back to back on this album of international reggae. You may have heard the title-song, which was nearly a hit single; the rest of the album has the same friendly quality. Songs about love, war and poverty have equally strong melodies. The arrangements are rounded out with horns and a synthesizer providing the sound of sympathy rather than any urge to action. Love is the keynote and the warm-voiced Jamaican superstar will find his way to a mass audience with music like this, no doubt leaving disrad reggae fans disgruntled. (6 1/2 out of 10)
Neil Tennant

LARRY GRAHAM: Sooner Or Later (Warner Brothers)
There's little doubt that of Elgee, through his base-playing stints with Family Stone and Graham Central Station, has learnt to decorate a tasteless line in funk should the need ever arise. And so it proves on "Sooner Or Later", where our hero boppily hangs the bunting around more than a few reasonable riffs, tarting them up ready for admission to any high-leveldy disco. Less happier are the sepia swoon moments where Graham chooses to come on like Manlow on hormone pills. Gee-er-er-er though, there's more winking than winning. (6 out of 10)
Fred Dellar



DONNA SUMMER (Geffen)
Here's one of those painstakingly-crafted Hollywood albums. With more credits than an epic movie, it not only looks but sounds expensive and one track, the rousing "State Of Independence", features the likes of Stevie Wonder and Michael Jackson as backing singers! It's remarkable then that Donna (not the most distinctive of singers) is overcast neither by the heavyweight company nor the equally heavyweight Quincy Jones production and soars above it all through sheer vocal strength and conviction. Not quite a female "Oft The Wall", but it's a start... (7 1/2 out of 10)
David Hepworth



Cher

MURPHY'S LAW

I hate to tell you but I got a bit of bad news
I don't love you no more
You see life is like a circle
Everything you do comes back to you

Chorus

Got it all together don't you baby
Murphy's law
Sure out to get you
Got it all together don't you baby
Murphy's law
Sure out to get you

You know the car you missed the last payment
The finance company came and towed it away (how'd it away)
And the money that you owe to your best friend
You don't owe him no more
'Cause the ring that you bought me for my birthday
I cashed it in at the store

Repeat chorus

You know the girl that you been fooling around with
She got married today
What happened to your brand new car
Someone took it away

Repeat chorus twice

Hey what is Murphy's law?
I don't know
I think well let me see
I think whatever could go wrong will go wrong
That means we're in big trouble

Murphy's law
Sure out to get you
Murphy's law
Sure out to get you

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Gereldine Hunt/Daniel Joseph
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Tight Fit

SECRET HEART

NO OTHER LOVE HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME
CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW I'D FEEL IF YOU WERE MINE
THE WORDS I KNOW BUT IT'S NOT MAKE-BELIEVE
IT'S PLAIN TO SEE THAT YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING OVER ME

CHORUS

YOU HOLD THE KEY TO MY SECRET HEART
JUST TURN THE LOCK
AND WE COULD BE LOVERS AFTER DARK (SECRET HEART)
YOU HOLD THE KEY TO MY SECRET HEART
JUST TURN THE LOCK
AND WE COULD BE LOVERS AFTER DARK (SECRET HEART)

WITH OTHER GIRLS IT'S JUST BEEN PHYSICAL
SO MANY TIMES BEFORE I'VE NEVER CARED AT ALL
WITH YOU I REALISE WHAT LOVE CAN BE
AND I CAN FEEL THAT YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING OVER ME

CHORUS

YOU HOLD THE KEY TO MY SECRET HEART
JUST TURN THE LOCK
AND WE COULD BE LOVERS AFTER DARK (SECRET HEART)
YOU HOLD THE KEY TO MY SECRET HEART
JUST TURN THE LOCK
AND WE COULD BE LOVERS AFTER DARK (SECRET HEART)

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FAIRWEATHER/PAGE
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SMASH HITS



DURAN DURAN

MAN OUT OF TIME

SO THIS IS WHERE HE CAME TO HIDE
WHEN HE RAN FROM YOU
IN A PRIVATE DETECTIVE OVERCOAT
AND DIRTY DEAD MAN'S SHOES
THE PRETTY THINGS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE
LYING FOR A MINISTER OF STATE
IS A FAR CRY FROM THE NOD AND WINK
HERE AT TRAITOR'S GATE
'COS THE HIGH HEEL HE USED TO BE
HAS BEEN GROUND DOWN
AND HE LISTENS FOR THE FOOTSTEPS THAT WOULD
FOLLOW HIM AROUND

CHORUS
TO MURDER MY LOVE IS A CRIME
BUT WILL YOU STILL LOVE
A MAN OUT OF TIME

THERE'S A TUPPENNY HA'PENNY MILLIONAIRE
LOOKING FOR A FOURPENNY ONE
WITH A TIGHT GRIP ON THE SHORT HAIRS
OF THE PUBLIC IMAGINATION
BUT FOR HIS PRIVATE WIFE AND KIDS
REAL LIFE BECOMES A RUMOUR
DAYS OF DUTCH COURAGE
JUST THREE FRENCH LETTERS
AND A GERMAN SENSE OF HUMOUR
HE'S GOT A MIND LIKE A SEWER
AND A HEART LIKE A FRIDGE
HE STANDS TO BE INSULTED
AND HE PAYS FOR THE PRIVILEGE

REPEAT CHORUS

THE BIGGEST MESS OF ENDOURY
RUBRE SHAR AND SHIR
AND THE AFTER DINNER VIRTUE
A REMOYING BUT NOT A RHOUGHT
SOME BODY SCREEP AS TO KIDJIN
THERE'S A REPUTATION TO BE MADE
WHOSE NERVES ARE ALWAYS ON A KNIFE'S EDGE
WHO'S UP LATE AND WHO'S IN THE BLADE
LOVE IS ALWAYS A MESSING
OR A LOWERING OR FAWNING
WHO DRINK A OURSELF INSENSITIVE
AND HATE A OURSELF IN THE MORNING

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

elvis costello
and the associates



THE ASSOCIATES



18 Carat Love Affair

Woh I told you not to meet me here
I can't be seen with you whispering in my ear
I don't mind holding hands
But not in front of company
It's not the done thing round here baby

Next weekend I'll be on my own
We could spend the time together all alone
But if she knew what I was doing
She'd throw the ring back in my face
An 18 carat love affair
Would then be stamped "repair"
So we can't be seen in this place

Chorus
Love affair
An 18 carat love affair
I don't know which side I'm on
But my friend John said not to care
Love affair
An 18 carat love affair
She might write to Evelyn Home
If left alone and in despair

Oh please don't leave any clues around
The last time we
She found some lipstick on the ground
I said an Avon girl had called
Free samples on display
She left her card
But I threw it away

But if she knew what I was doing
She'd throw the ring back in my face
An 18 carat love affair
Would then be stamped "repair"
So we can't be seen in this place

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Rankine and MacKenzie
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Can you tell me what was written on those signs Chas of Madness were holding up during the live transmission of "House of Fun" from Japan on TOTP? Confused Fan, Surrey. Chas sent seven messages home from Japan and the following is just a selection: "Hallo Mums And Dads Everywhere", "Special Thanks To Harry And Liz, Wandsworth", "Fun" and "The World Will End In 1985".

Is the person who plays keyboards on Captain Sensible's "Heppy Talk" the same one who fronts New Musik? Andrea, Oldham. The keyboard player is Tony Mansfield, who produced the single and is currently producing the Captain's new album. Titled "Captain And Women First", it's due for release in September.

On the cover of "Pinky Blue" by Altered Images, it states: "Heppy Birthday and a special big hug for Chassey? Who is he? Huw, Wilmslow. Chassey merited a mention as he worked for the group as a tour manager this year, but alas he's no longer with them.



Claire mourns the loss of Chassey.

How did Buster Bloodvessel get

his nickname? D.B., Cheshire. Buster (real name Doug Trendal) acquired the name six years ago when Bad Manners bassist David Farren remarked that if he acted any loonier on stage, he'd surely bust a blood vessel.

Where can I get a "Fetish" t-shirt, like the one Marc Almond wore on TOTP? Have Soft Cell got a fan club? A Fan, Darlington.

The t-shirts, in black with silver writing, are priced at £4.30 (inc P+P) and available from: Fetish Mail Order, 10 Martello Street, London E8. The fanclub is now operating from: Cell Mates, 17 St Anne's Court, Wardour Street, London W1. Membership fee is £3.00 and entitles you to a poster, badge, membership card and quarterly news letters. The B-Move club is also based here but remember the golden rule: cheques postal orders only, never send cash.

When Adam And The Ants played their "Prince Charming Ravus" in London, I noticed a film crew in tow. Will the results ever be seen? Karen & Bella, London. A video cassette of the concert, titled "Live At The Dominion", is available in VHS/Betamax formats and it will set you back somewhere between £25 and £30.

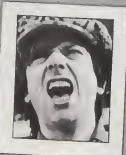
Any info on Elly Bop, who recently featured in a David Jensen session on radio? Donna Kifev & Simone Kruselwike. Elly Bop are made up of a flexible unit based around Jamie (vocals, lead guitar) and Mark (drums), both aged 21 and from Liverpool. Previous singles were "Hit The Moon" (Aug '81) and "Ringing" (Feb '82) both released on the indie Base Ideas label and still available, while a new 10" 3-track EP is pencilled in for September. Inspiration for their name came from an old Johnny Thunders interview, where he mentioned a Puerto Rican street gang based in New York who were known as Elly Bop.

Contact: 56 Blauvelt Lane, Huyton, Liverpool 36.

Do any of the members of Japan drive a car, as I think I've spotted them a couple of times? Robine Fiack, London W1. Between them, Japan all share what they call their "company car" and are chaffered about by one of the band's aides. The car is a grey Daimler Sovereign.

Can you tell me the make and approximate cost of Vince Clerks' synth, as featured in the back page pic of Yazoo (July 8th)? Theresa Pike, Hitchin. Vince, who took up playing when he was 19, has a Roland Jupiter 4, and this would set you back roughly £1,000.

What has happened to The Members and will they be playing any gigs soon? Stephen McCusker, Co. Antrim. The group, who have recently added two new horn players to their line-up, are currently recording the follow-up single to "Listen To The Radio" which barely missed the Top 100, plus an album. They're soon to do a tour of the USA, but meanwhile, they host a nightclub called "The Membership" in the Barracuda Club, Baker Street, London NW1, and this operates every Wednesday.



Nicky Tescro tries to attract some attention.

Where can I get an ABC "The Laxton Of Love" t-shirt, as worn by Peter Powell on "Get Set"? Phillipa Thompson, Rugby. These t-shirts were issued free to people in the music biz as part of a promotional campaign by the record company, but only 250 were produced and, unfortunately, they've all been distributed. I did try!

Can you tell me the correct address for the Haircut One Hundred fan club? A Fan, Hendon. After approximately four changes of address, I'm assured the permanent home is now at: The Haircut One Hundred Club, Concessions Ltd., 513 Fulham Road, London SW6 1HH. Membership here is set at £4.50 but for more details, write enclosing SAE.

COMPETITION WINNERS

ABC COMPETITION (Issue June 24), correct answers were: (1) a gold lamé suit and (2) Vice Versa. 50 autographed copies of "The Laxton Of Love" were won by: Katy Turner, Sainsbury; Judith Smith, Much Hadham; Michelle Langford, Brighouse; Hayley Snow, Middlesex; Christine Reeves, Saffron Walden; Hazel Black, Northwood; Sharon Fisher, Luton; Eugene Quinn, Bromley; Karen Boswell, Wuxol; The Occupier, Wigmore; Rebecca Haymes, Birmingham; Sara Robinson, Guisborough; Samantha Barrett, Leeds; Catherine Stevens, Harton Aycliffe; Sue Hulley, Stockport; Andrew Perry, Torquay; D. High, Peterborough; Graham Turner, Brighton; Alison Murphy, Co. Antrim; E. Lutz, London NW2; Janet Dunn, Leeds; Boleyn, York; Southampton; Marilyn Allapp, Sheffield; Andrew Mitchell, St. Albans; Heather Taylor, Reading; Jacqui Burdell, Southampton; Andrew Cook, Clifton; Rachana Sinker, Southend-on-Sea; Michelle Cooper, Dyfed; L. Parrington, Skipton; Gill McVittie, Northumberland; Jackie Park, Kendal; Tracie Rennie, Leeds; Cheryl Collins, Leamington; Louise Edley, Sheffield; David Lindsay, Glasgow; Sandra Garbutt, Middlesbrough; Beccy Harris, Cardiff; P. Flynn, Newcastle upon Tyne; Claire Mead, Bristol; Craig Wilson, Harwell; Julie Moses, East Didsbury; Daniela Sarva, London NE; Petra Williams, Bradford; Claire McCartney, Harrogate; Carol Drury, Essex; Paul Lewis, Essex; Gill Johnson, Warrington; Carl Hayward, Northolt; Lucy Elliott, Cornwall.

GARY HUMAN COMPETITION (Issue June 24), correct answer: (a) Cars. 10 gift packs of a video, plus 7 and 12 singles, were won by: Debbie Call, Leamington Spa; Joanne Weller, Whitstable; Gwen Castle, Abingdon; Martyn Weedon, Blackburn; Gary Sheehan, Dundee; Nicola Beaman, Dunstable; H. Gill, West Bromwich; Steven Agard, Folkestone; C. Young, Newhaven; S. Bennett, London E11.

COMPACT COMPETITION (Issue June 24), correct answer: (d) The Imaginations. 10 copies of "A Young Person's Guide To Compact" were won by: Eustice Young, Leeds; Sheila McKim, Thornton; Elizabeth Emma; Kate Best, Kent; Robert Deane, Co. Cork; Andrew Mitchell, St. Albans; Robert Noble, Borrow upon Humber; Petra Williams, Bradford; Margaret Bardin, London N7; Tracy Williams, London SE27; Lisa Pembert, Bushey Heath.

STAR TEASER



ABBA

The names listed are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the names are always in an unmirrored straight line, letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the 'as you find them. Solution on p. 40.

- ANGEL EYES
- ARRIVAL
- CHIQUITTA
- DANCING QUEEN
- ODES YOUR MOTHER KNOW
- EAGLE
- ELAINE
- FERNANOO
- GIMME GIMME GIMME
- HAPPY HAWAII
- HASTA MANANA
- HEAD OVER HEELS
- HEY HELEN
- HOLE IN YOUR SOUL
- I HAVE A DREAM
- I WONDER
- LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME
- LOVELIGHT
- MAMMA-MIA
- MONEY MONEY MONEY
- MOVE ON
- MY LOVE MY LIFE
- ONE OF US
- RING RING
- ROCK ME
- SO LONG
- S.O.S.
- SUMMER NIGHT CITY
- SUPER TROUPER
- TAKE A CHANCE ON ME
- THAT'S ME
- THE NAME OF THE GAME
- THE PIPER
- THE WINNER TAKES IT ALL
- TIGER
- VOULEZ-VOUS
- WATCH OUT
- WATERLOO

R I N Y T I C T H G I N R E M M U S
I G E E M N O E C N A H C A E K A T
I H N M M C S S I T E N M N G S V W
W E A O M O H O U F U M O A O O I T
G O M V L I N I S O A O N E D N H R
L R N K E O G E Q M V G H A V G I E
L A E K C A S E I U E Z N C I O M H
A D N L R O D A M L I C E L T A M E
T R A G G E R R E M I T E L G A M A
I U R N L A H Y E N I V I E U N W D
S Y T I C U E T G A O G H T O O F O
E I E I V S O Q O L M T E E A O V V
K I V N G A U S O M F O V M U E N E
A A H O O E L P R O R O A E M O O R
T W E O E M R S E U L U E M T I V H
R A I N L M Y M F R O R O N M A G E
E H N W M E A E U G T Y E Y I A W E
N Y O I O N R O N H N R N T S A M L
N P G E E N Y E N E I O I A E L S
I P F H A L D P M E M Y R U E W O E
W A T N L O U E H S O Y H G P L N D
E H D A V S W A R T T F E E N E O A
H O Y R E P I P E H T A U N L I R H
T A A N A M A T S A H S O E R A
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SEVEN NICH
12% - THE HEAVENS ARE CRYING (PART 1)
8% - THE HEAVENS ARE CRYING (PART 2)

MIND YOUR LANGUAGE

ARTHUR DALRY

(E's Alright)
By THE FIRM

Chorus

Alright my son, say no more, leave it out
No boover, as it happens it's your shout
Straight up, pull the other, in a right two and eight
Hang about, what's the damage chief, who's your mate
The geezer with the bunny in the trilby het
Reckons 'a's legit but 'a ain't all that
Arthur Dalry a little dodgy maybe
But underneath 'a's alright

Propping up the bar at the Winchester Club
A VAT on the sista please Dave
And Terry's still looking for a sub
Arthur's on to a nice little sarnar
Terry's getting ag and the chance of an 'ernia
Minding the disco down some boozier
Giving them a slap but 'e's on to a losar
Pound to a penny that 'a don't get paid
On account of the recession in the used-car motor trade

Repeat chorus

Terry's piling up the zeds
Been up on the job all night
Whan all of a sudden there's an 'orrible scream
And somebody switching on the light
It's Arthur, Y-fronts caught in his zip
Brahms and Liszt and 'e needs a piece to kip
Terry gets the 'ump with Arthur cause
'E won't go 'ome 'cos of 'ar indoors
She'd kill ma Terry, odds-on bet
I ain't got the bottle
'Ere, ain't you got the kattle on yat?

Repeat chorus

Checking out his stock in the lock-up
Arthur's 'aving a fit
'Ere where's them magazines with the 'erbarts in the leather
And the bird with the whip
Do what, says Terry, who rattled your cage
You ought to be ashamed, a man of your ege
Cheap jibe Terrence, try to do understand
Got a punter coming round gonna take 'em off ma hands
Gotta part-exchange claret from Japan
A vintage year and 'a does 'em in five gallon cans

Repeat chorus

'E's all right is Arthur, so 'a's got a couple of Nalson
Riddles going, who ain't? Don't make you a villain, do it?
And 'a sells the odd dodgy motor now 'an then, well it
ain't a crime, is it? Well, yeah it's a crime, yeah
technically, but it's a bit under the arm the way
the 8 stona sit on his dailly giving 'im GBH on the
aar 'ola all the time... I mean, just 'cos he 'appens to a' done a
bit of bird for petty whan 'a was a saucepan, 'e ought
to do 'em for information of character I reckon...
You know what Chisholm said? 'E said, I know how Arthur
Dalry'll die, I said, 'Ow's that?' 'E said, 'e'll fall
off the back of a lorry, Bit strong, Definitely out
of order. Know what I mean? 'E goes turnin' owar
'is drum looking for bent gear. Finding it, yeah.
But it ain't a crime. Well, yeah it's a crime,
I know...

Words and music by Lister O'Connor
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On Bark Records

In order to aid the uninitiated on their way through the East End jargon and Cockney rhyming slang that makes up this song the Smash Hits Language Laboratory, after exhaustive research, have compiled this at-a-glance guide to Minder-speak, with English translation.

'Alright my son"	"Very well old chap"
'Leave it out"	"Don't do that"
'It's your shout"	"It's your turn to buy the liquid refreshment"
'Pull the other"	"Tell me another hb"
'What's the damage"	"How much is that?"
'The geezer with the bunny"	"The talkative chap"
'Rackon's he's legit"	"Considers himself honest and above board"
'Propping up the bar"	"Having a small drink"
'A V.A.T. on the slate"	"A vodka and tonic to be paid for later"
'A sub"	"An advance against salary"
'Nice little sarnar"	"A paying job"
'Ag"	"Aggravation"
'Piling up the zeds"	"Sleeping"
'Up on the job"	"Entertaining a young lady"
'Brahms and Liszt"	"The worse for drink"
'Gets the 'ump"	"Becomes angry"
'Odds-on bet"	"Almost certainly"
'Ain't got the bottle"	"Lacking nerve"
'Who rattled your cage?"	"Who asked you?"
'Nelson Riddles"	"Riddles"
'A bit under the arm"	"Not quite on"
'The eight stona sit on his Dalry"	"The law (eight stone four) sit on his tail" (Dailly Mail)
'GBH"	"Gnaveous bodily harm"
'Bird"	"Prison sentence"
'Petty"	"Small crime"
'Saucepan"	"Young person" (Saucepan lid — kid)
'Drum"	"Home"
'Bent gear"	"Stolen property"



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BRASERHEAD	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		BLACK URURU	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
ENIGMA OF KASPER HAUSER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	2 HOUR	ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVERS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
STROCKE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	TAPE	IN THE DARK	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
FEMALE TROUBLE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		DEVO	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
MEPHISTO	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		THE ESSENTIAL OLOPFIELD	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
MULTIPLE MARIANES	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	3 HOUR	BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
AGUIRRE WRATH OF GOD	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	TAPE	ROCKERS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
AN UNSUITABLE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		KID CREOLE & THE COCKROACHS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
JOB FOR A WOMAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		MADNESS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
FITZCARRALDO	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		GARY NUMAN THE THUNDER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
THE BITTER TEARS OF	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Name _____ Telephone _____	PRINCIPLE 79	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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YOU WERE WORKING AS A WAITRESS IN A COCKTAIL BAR...

Or at least that's one way to get discovered. Dave Rimmer describes some historic encounters.

You will know how Joanne and Susanne of The House League were discovered by Phil Queen dancing at Sheffield's Crazy Daisy when don't you? You probably also read last week how Midnight Runner Kevin Rowland leapt into violinist Helen O'Hara at a Birmingham bus stop.

While this set us thinking, How did other famous line-ups come to meet? Were there other such historic chance meetings? We decided to conduct our own special investigation...

John and McCartney, it seems, met at Woolton Church hall in 1957. Paul had been watching John's band The Quarrymen, and afterwards went backstage, picked up a guitar and played "Twenty Flight Rock". John was impressed: Paul actually knew the words! Paul smelt alcohol on the 15-year-old singer's breath.

Mick Jagger and Keith Richards used to



Chris Difford: hopefully hanging around outside a newsagents



John Rotten: that's my boy!

hang around together when they were six. Richards moved and they lost contact for years. Then one morning in 1960, Richards got on a train and there was Jagger with a bunch of blues albums under his arm. Realising they both loved Chuck Berry, they became friends again.

Status Quo's Rick Parfitt was found by the rest of the band at — would you believe? — Bullin, Boss and the others were in a band called the Specimens. Parfitt, under the stage name of Ricky Harrison, was playing Billy Fury songs. That was in 1964.

School seems to be a favourite place for future stars to meet each other. Japan were all at school together. So were Nick, Les and Graham of Haircut One Hundred. The Jam all went to Sheerwater school in Woking, but didn't meet up until later. Bananarama became friends at school and college. David Byrne and Chris Frantz of Talking Heads bumped into each other at the Rhode Island School of Design in New England.

Those, however, are hardly the kind of encounters that myth are made of. Try this one. Adam Ant met Marco Pirroni in 1977 at Malcolm McLaren's "Seditionaries" shop in London's Kings Road. McLaren's wife Vivienne Westwood introduced them: "This is Adam. He's in a band." "Who the hell is in these days?" replied the waggish Marco. Later he remarked that Adam "seemed so enthusiastic and friendly I thought 'this must be an idiot'."

McLaren seems to do little else but discover people. Stories abound. It hardly matters whether they're true or not. You probably know he is supposed to have found Annabella singing along to her nanny in a day cleaners.

John Rotten reputedly wandered into McLaren's shop in 1976 wearing a ripped-up Pink Floyd T-shirt bearing the freshly-inked legend "I Hate". The ever-vigilant McLaren, then searching for the singer for The Sex Pistols, gleefully exclaimed "that's my boy!"

Even back in 1975 when the Pistols were but a gleam in the manager's eagle eye, McLaren on a trip to Glasgow spied a "rebellious" (i.e. short hair and no flares) youth coming out of a guitar shop. "Want to be in a band?" he enquired. "I'm in one already," replied the youth. It was Midge Ure, then of Slik.

Most unlikely of the lot is the story of McLaren's meeting with Eddie Tudor. Ed claims to have been "discovered" while up a

ladder painting Malcolm's house and singing all the while. McLaren supposedly stuck his head out of the bedroom window and made the armoured one an offer he couldn't refuse — a part in *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*.

Eddie Tudor was later to meet Bob Kingston over a dahlia bulb "while gardening in Tuppence Wells. Jobs often provide fortuitous occasions. David Grant first met Skech when the singer was working in a hairdressing parlour. Years later, he ran into him outside a tube station and followed him down the street asking, if he wanted to be in a group. "Yeah, all right," Skech replied, anxious to get rid of him.

Band members are often found through adverts. Andy Taylor was recruited into The Alan Duran this way. Vince of Yazoo found Alf by cheekily replying to her ad asking for "young blues musicians". As he arrived for the audition, they realised they'd met last year at a Basildon Saturday morning music school where Alf was learning the cello, and Vince was the violin.



Richards and Jagger, some day our train will come.

The song-writing partnership of Glen Filcock and Chris Difford was brought together through an ad in a South London newspaper. Difford was asking for a musician "into the Kinks, Lou Reed and Oliver Miller for a band with a recording contract." Filcock replied, to find out that not only was there no recording contract, there wasn't even a band. But Squeeze, after a meeting in a pub, were born.

Joe Strummer and Mick Jones bumped into each other in the Kings Rd. Jones had just seen Strummer in the 101 and told the manager that he'd liked him, but not his vocal. Strummer's reply was not recorded.

Cheri Grogan was "discovered" not three but twice while waitressing in Glasgow's *Spaghetti Factory*. She was spotted there by Bill Foreyth, director of *Gregory's Girl*. She was also chanced upon by the rest of Altan's lads as they fucked into their common-law one night.

Mewart Copeland first met Sting when he was taken to see his band Last Exit in Newcastle one night after playing in a Clary's Air concert, though they didn't actually get



Bananarama: dig those shoes... where's the phone?

together until later.

The rest of the original Human League met Adrian Wright when they were all renting studio space in the same Sheffield building. Adrian used to live in his bit, and the synths of the others used to keep him awake at night. After weeks of bumping into him in the corridor, Oakesy, Marsh and Ware asked him to come along and do some slides at a League concert.

Finally, what about The Fun Boy Three and Bananarama then? Terry Hall was apparently much taken with the girls' shoes (I ask you) when spying a picture in *The Face*. Getting promptly on the blower, he invited them along to work with the Fun Boys.

Only one lesson to be learnt from all this: if the little finger of Fate is going to point at you, well, it could happen anywhere.



Malcolm McLaren: just off to discover somebody

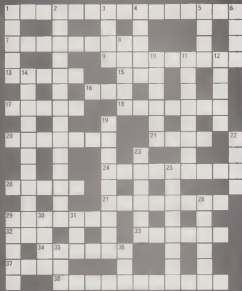
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

DOWN

- 1 'Happy Talk' mariner (7, 8)
 7 'Green Rot', it's a Midge hit (anag. 2, 7)
 9 Cole E Kerr turns into a Stray Cat (anag. 3, 6)
 13 'Only You' twosome
 15 Slang term for guitar
 16 '--- Duke' (Stevie Wonder)
 17 Colour of Shakey's Door
 18 Classix's resident shiny top (3, 4)
 20 *Janglee* star Hazel
 21 '--- Honour' (Pluto)
 24 Just the Haircuts' type of day
 26 *Smash Hits*' 'Out and About' freeloader
 27 Black vocal group with quiet voices?
 29 That Mercury man
 32 Hearing organ
 33 Memory Paige
 34 Natasha's flashback (3, 3)
 37 Erite Tim --- Is he a bit of a pudding?
 38 A Weller play --- Phil Lynott's oriental oyster (anag. 6, 6)

- 1 Wanted by BowWowWow?
 2 Dr Who melted Ron --- Jam single (anag. 3, 6, 5)
 3 Xmas Edmonds
 4 Countly in which to search for David?
 5 The ---- Of Love' (Echo And The Bunnymen)
 6 '---- So Lonely' (Monsoon)
 8 The Goochboy Dance Band shed seven
 10 '----- Saying Something' (Banarama and FB3)
 11 Kid Creole's palm tree pals
 12 Rocket man John
 14 Magic hit for Steve Miller
 19 Germany's robotic electro-rockers
 22 Jam man Buckler
 23 '----- Out' (Odyssey)
 25 What every band likes to hear
 28 'Dead ----- For Love' (Meat Loaf)
 29 'Party ----- Two' (Associates)
 30 Clapton or Wreckless
 31 Ronnie James --- of Rainbow and the Sabs
 35 Throw Away The ---- --- Linx
 36 Her other name is Yoko



Answers on Page 40

★
JOHN WAYNE IS BIG LEGGY
 ★
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ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES

In the dark

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TITLE: JULIA'S SONG

LABEL: DINDISC

YEAR: 1980

REQUESTED BY: JULIE GOLDING
ILFORD

JULIA'S SONG

The means to an end
A sinful distress
Writing down meaningless words
Vaguely off-hand so the rest of the band
Can learn from the bees and the birds

Concentrate businessman
You, you haven't got long
Planets are ruling your hearts
Stilletoes and thighs
May be burning your eyes
But it keeps you from falling apart

Heavy but generalised
Sordid and wet
Someone advised me to die
Blowing your mind
Because you know what you'll find
When you're looking for things in the sky

Under the influence
Rotting our nerves
Cutting us off at the mains
Nearing the end
With your grandmother's friend
Is something to do when it rains
Is something to do when it rains
Something to do when it rains

Words by Julia Kneale
Music by Humphreys/McCluskey
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ANABELLA

"A rock 'n' roll puppet in a band called Bow Wow Wow"
or a young woman with her own ideas?

Mark Steels reports.

Annabella Lwin picks up a copy of the "latest" Bow Wow Wow LP, a compilation called "I Want Candy". Put together by their previous record company EMI, it's a curious mixture: 1980 material like "C-30, C-60, C-90 Go!" rubs shoulders with recent RCA hit "I Want Candy" and their latest single "Louis Quatorze" because of contractual complications that would confuse even the most experienced showbiz lawyer. "Personally, I think it's a rip-off," she says.

I like Annabella. As yet still untouched by the Merry-Go-Round of pop music which has made manager Malcolm McLaren a cynic and the rest of the band a bunch of yobs, she talks about Bow Wow Wow with a degree of fresh-faced naivety and enthusiasm which is both endearing and informative, i.e. she answers the questions!

Bow Wow Wow have just returned from a bit of globe-trotting which saw them support Madness in Japan, Queen in Europe and The Police and The Pretenders in America. McLaren's had some wild and wonderful ideas in his time but teaming up his babes with Queen was obviously not one of them.

"It was really pathetic," opines Annabella. "It was like teaming up Blondie with Public Image. Malcolm thought, as an experiment, that it would be good for us to play to large audiences but it just didn't work with Queen. The audiences just stood and stared . . . and then they started throwing things. All they wanted to see was Freddie Mercury prancing about pretending he was God. We never even saw them apart from when they were on stage: they'd sort of appear out of the woodwork. The only one who seemed to be all right was Brian May."

So, what did your own fans think about you supporting Freddie and the boys? "Yeah, that

was the other thing that really got me. They'd come up and say, 'What on earth are you playing with them for?' We really didn't know what to say. We couldn't say we thought it might be a good idea, cos it wasn't. It was pathetic! A real let-down!"

After eight dates with Queen, things finally came to a head in Holland and Bow Wow Wow were off the tour. In Japan, however, it was quite a different story: "Japan was really terrific: the people out there were so polite and efficient. Every morning you'd get a typed list of everything you had to do that day — photographic sessions, interviews — and when you got to the gig you'd have your own hospitality room with all the food laid out. We didn't even have to use our own road crew as there was this super-efficient team that just did everything."

Whilst in Britain it is Annabella who is afforded all the drooling attention, in the land of the yen it's Matthew Ashman.

"Oh, God, it was really funny. All these Japanese girls were screaming their heads off: 'Matt-Hugh! Matt-Hugh!' I dunno whether it was because of his shaved head or his y'know . . . 'oi' persona, but after the gig they'd be trying to tear his clothes off. We just all cracked up!"

"They really do love British and American music out there and I found Tokyo to be very westernised — a bit like New York — but I couldn't get over them coming up and saying, 'You in Blitsh Lock band!'"

In America, Bow Wow Wow found themselves opening for two other British acts who over the last three years have caused something of a sensation over there — The Police and The Pretenders. As with Queen, Annabella found the Police to be on a totally different planet: "I don't think they knew we were even supporting them; they were all far too into the whole fame and



Annabella Lwin, Bow Wow Wow's lead singer, and her gig in Manhattan.

PHOTO: MARTIN MADDOLLA

glory bit — y'know, 'Ahm a big rarrck star, maaaaan'. They have a really rowdy audience out there and every time the lights went down before we went on, the whole place would go mad 'cos they thought we were the Police. The first two minutes of every show we did with them was great but I would have thought you couldn't mistake me for Sting . . ."

By contrast, Annabella thought The Pretenders were the tops. "They were easily the best band we've ever supported: down-to-earth people and really friendly. Y'know, me and Chrissie . . . me and Jimmy . . ."

(Annabella winks knowingly and gives a bit of a giggle). "We were all really shattered when we heard about Jimmy . . . such a great guy. He wrote all those . . . a lot . . . well, some of those fantastic songs. Er . . . sorry about that,

Chrissie!"

Add to that another unhappy affair in Albuquerque, New Mexico when the band were roped into supporting Joan Jett and the Blackhearts just because Bow Wow Wow producer-cum-Blackhearts manager, Kenny Laguna, had "hyped us up" and you can see that Bow Wow Wow have been no slouches when it comes to playing live. Annabella cannot quite understand why acts like ABC, Soft Cell and Visage pride themselves on not performing.

"You've got to see a band to really understand what they're about. As far as I am concerned, records are just something which you make in a small room and put on to a plastic sheet so that people can get a general idea of what a song's about — understand the lyrics and that; sometimes at a gig

continued over



the live sound is that bad that the audience misses a lot of the words. Despite what all those New Romantics think, you can't get a visual impact across without playing live. I never really liked Kid Creole and the Coconuts until I saw them in L.A. Their chart records were all right but they didn't make a lot of sense until I saw the visual interpretation of them."

Chatting away to Annabella, I noticed that the old shag-ed barnet was sprouting more than just a hint of five o'clock shadow. A new look? Ah... it's gonna be a surprise... no I dunno. Malcolm hasn't—we haven't quite decided yet. I just want to be me—a bit more grown up I suppose. I had the Mohican cut on impulse—had it done on a bus, but now it's a bit old hat. It really comes down to me wanting to be recognised as something more than just a haircut—an artist in my own right."

When Bow Wow Wow first hit the headlines a couple of years ago, Annabella was held up as a jaded puppet to McLaren's Svengali—seen as one of the most distasteful examples of child exploitation yet seen in the music industry. She huffed and puffed her way through "Sexy Eftel Towers" and "Louis Quatorze" innocently wondering why there was all the fuss about this sex business. But now, two years on,

"At fourteen I was made out to be something I wasn't... but now I want to start making the decisions that will affect my life."



PHOTO: JUSTIN THOMAS

she has become acutely aware of some of her business's more exploitative concerns.

"I know all that stuff with the 'Manet' picture and then the Sunday Mirror shot—which was a very nude-type shot—made me look like a real poser but I'm not into pornography at all and really object to people trying to exploit me just 'cos I'm the girl in the band."

Which wasn't what McLaren was trying to do at all, was it?

"Look, that's different. Malcolm was just trying to see if the world had changed that much over a

hundred years. The original painting—done in 1883, I think—caused a real ruck at the time for exactly the same reasons our picture did. I thought it was a very beautiful shot but because there was all this crap about me appearing without any clothes on at the age of fifteen all the newspapers and other people in the business just regarded me as some sort of nymphette. I'll never do anything like that again."

Just how much of this newly-found confidence will be allowed to affect the McLaren

Master Plan For World Domination remains to be seen but there can be no denying that this precocious teenager is now beginning to see the wood for the trees. With only a couple of songwriting credits on the last album, Annabella is quite determined to let rip with her own lyrics on any new material.

"Don't get me wrong. I love what the other guys come up with but I want to contribute, be a bit more creative. I'll probably have to fight bloody hard but I'm gonna make sure my lyrics appear on the next album! When I was first picked out of school and put in this band I didn't really know much about what was going on. I'd ask Malcolm a simple question and brrrrrrrrrr!, he'd come out with a lecture which went totally over my head. I'm not thick but Malcolm's a bit of an intellectual and he'd never give me a simple answer. At fourteen, I was made out to be something that I wasn't but now that I've grown into something I was supposed to be I want to start making the decisions that will affect my life."

Does Malcolm know about this? Or the rest of the band, whose collective misguided ego could sink the Task Force?

"Well, I don't get on with the rest of the band extremely well all the time, but they are great musicians and we're all totally dedicated to keeping one step ahead of everybody else. We don't use dancers any more 'cos everybody does; we'll change our look as soon as people start copying us. You can change so fast that you run out of ideas. Then again, I'm only sixteen so I've probably got a bit of time left. I want to go to Burma next..."



The famous 'Manet' picture which caused a real ruck at the time for exactly the same reasons our picture did. I thought it was a very beautiful shot but because there was all this crap about me appearing without any clothes on at the age of fifteen all the newspapers and other people in the business just regarded me as some sort of nymphette. I'll never do anything like that again."

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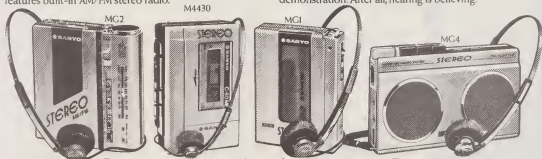


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STAR TEASER

ANSWER (FROM PAGE 30)

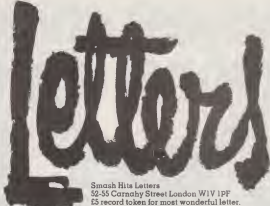


CROSSWORD

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 34)

ACROSS: 1 Captain (Semi); 2 'No
Regrets'; 3 Les Rocker; 13 Yacoo; 16 Awe;
18 'Er (Duke); 17 'Green (Door)'; 18 Bal
Solo; 20 (Hast) O'Connor; 21 'For
(Normal)'; 24 Fantastic (Day); 26 Berry;
27 Whispas; 29 Fredia (Mercury); 32 Er,
33 Elaine (Page); 34 'No for'; 37 (Tim)
Rise; 38 'Yellow (Per).

DOWN: 1 'I'll Want Candy'; 2 'The Modern
Worce'; 3 Koo; 4 (The) (L) (E) (S) (E); 5 (The)
Back (Of) (Love); 6 'Ever (So) (Lonely)'; 8
'Seven' Tears; 10 (Really) (Saying)
Something); 11 Conscience (I) (from
(John); 16 Abrasive (It); 18 (Soft) (Rock); 22
Rich (Back) (Up); 23 Inside (Dad); 25
Appearance; 28 (Dread) (Rings); 29 (Pony)
Ride; 30 (Pony) (Ride); 31 (Rovira) (James)
Die; 35 Key; 36 (Yoko) (Ono).



Smash Hits Letters
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Does Marc Almond talk so much that David Ball can't get a word in or is it just that Dave's late for his interviews so Marc does them for him before he arrives?

Y'see, so far you've done three Soft Cell interviews. Granted, the first one did have a bit of Dave in it, but not much. Then in April the promised "Soft Cell Q&A" turned out to be a "Marc Almond Q&A". Finally, in issue July 8 you've got Soft Cell written on the front and a picture of both of them. However, inside it's the same old story — a Marc Almond interview.

I don't want to offend anyone and I do like Soft Cell. But I would somebody please do a "Dave Ball Interview" 'cos I'd like to hear his views for once. *Caz, Mold.*

Actually, we've done four Soft Cell features and David Ball made an appearance in the first two. Since then, unfortunately, he's been too busy to take part in either of our recent chats with Soft Cell.

Having noticed your lack of nourishment recently (the disappearance of spam baps and Lucozade) I have a suggestion for you. After all, you've got to keep your strength up.

Well, how about — wait for it — chocolate raisins and hot Ribena?
Katy, Wallington.

We obviously haven't been keeping you abreast of the latest dietary fads at Britain's Brightest. Favourite scoll of the famous these days is a cream harn washed down with a cup of milky tea.

Why is it that AC/DC's "For Those About To Rock" is only given radio airplay when necessary (i.e. in chart rundowns)? And why, even on these rare occasions, is the actual canon

ending completely missed out? To rub salt into this point, when AC/DC appeared on TOTP we had about 1/3 of the actual record shown! I personally wouldn't have minded a bit more of this aforementioned hand.

Can I add this please? Is there anyone out there with the same taste as me. Believe me, I'm an AC/DC, OMD, Tchikovsky and Cockney Rejects fan. Expensive! (Hint, hint).
Dawn Farnigh, Torpoint.

Hi! I'm David Hepworth. The other morning I had to write a review for "Imperial Bedroom" but it being by Elvis Costello I knew it would be good and since I'm tone deaf (as are all *Smash Hits* reviewers) I did what I usually do and made it up without listening to the record.

Picking up my dictionary I chose randomly "majestic", "occulting" etc. added a few "ends" and then went to my edition of *The Smash Hits Reviewers' Book Of Musical Cliches* and sprinkled in some of those.

I re-read it. Yes, totally incomprehensible and meaningless. This is what they want, I called round at the office and actually got paid for it! This is the life.
Peter The Subtle, Stamford-le-Hope.

I've been working on it for weeks and I finally sussed it out. Y'see, after the release of "Ant Rap" all the Antpeople suddenly realised what a revolting, vain poseur Adam was (I don't like the tone of this — Ed.) and so they gave him a up and started to look for someone else to idolise instead.

Haircut One Hundred looked like a bunch of nice lads with a good sound so they all started to worship Nick Heyward instead. Now, the reason that Adam despises Nick so much is not because of what he said about Adam in that interview (issue April 28) but because Adam is losing all his fans to Haircut One

Hundred (order a bigger letter box — Ed.).

Adam could have been a great thing if only he hadn't become so commercialised. Walk into WH Smiths and what do you see? Adam staring at you from all directions. Posters, mags, records — you name it, he's on it. Even Adam rubbers and pencil-sharpener.

So take my advice Haircut One Hundred, Try not to get too commercialised otherwise everyone'll get sick of you like they did of Adam.
Kate, London SW13.

Please could you tell Matthew Ashman he's got a dead cat on his head?

A rubber person.



He'll be alright as long as he doesn't make any sudden movements.

I think you should have a little consideration y'know. A Government Health Warning on the front cover of your July 8 issue would, methinks, have been only right. Something along the lines of WARNING! THIS MAGAZINE CONTAINS PICTURES OF BANANARAMA WHICH CAN SERIOUSLY RAISE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE!

I mean, there was I, innocently glancing through a feature on The Bluebells and generally minding my own business when I turned the page and nearly choked on my Rice Krispies. The old pacemaker almost packed up on the spot and it was a lucky thing I had my oxygen mask close at hand.

I think the least you could do is send me the cute 'n' cuddly Keren (aigh!) to help in my recovery and, being the generous sort of chap I am, I might even pay the postage for you!
Dan Plymouth, Leeds.

This letter explains my feelings about Keren, Siobhan and Sarah of Bananarama. The three girls are cute-looking, have great hairstyles and lovely teeth (especially Siobhan when she smiles). They don't lack any fruits in life itself and I reckon they are a bunch of not-so-shy girls but outgoing and they will always be loved and cared for by

their loyal fans (meaning me).
M. Palmer, Bristol.

Boys! Sounds like the pair of you could do to stand on a piece of cold line for an hour or two.

It seems that in the past few months there have been hundreds of "real musicians" with real chips on their shoulders about synthesizer bands. They are criticised as not having any real talent and merely being able to press buttons in the right order.

Surely there is skill involved in writing the melodies that are played on the synthesizer. I know I would never write any sort of music even if I had multi-tracked computerised composing machines to do it on.

Perhaps the main problem is that people who have worked for years to master an instrument resent the way that groups such as Soft Cell and The Human League have achieved such great acclaim in such a short time.

I understand that it takes a lot of perseverance and skill to master a "real" instrument such as a guitar but being a skilful player does not guarantee that the music you play is anything new, original or exciting. In fact, unless you have some radical new sound it's all too easy for conventional bands to fall into well-trodden grooves.
Caroline, Cowes.

Rarely have truer words been spoken in this column. Take a £5 Record Token. No, no, we insist!

One day in a boring English lesson, I got me fah *Smash Hits* out and started reading it. Whilst doing this it was snatched off me by our grotty teacher (I hope she doesn't read this). She sat down with my precious mag and started to read it. She then said to me: "No wonder people who read this literature get a low mark in their exams" (Gosh!). Little did she know, I got the highest mark on the English exam with 57%. Anyway, thanks for the literature and everything else.
Monica, Birmingham.

P.S. This was written in an English lesson. Oh dear, here she comes...

Re: Michelle Webster's letter (July 8).

Contrary to popular belief, there is in fact intelligent life North of the Mersey! Believe it or not, Human Beings actually BUY RECORDS here!

Does that snivelling little foreigner Michelle (let's not be too abusive) realise that it is natural that Sting should play his only UK gig in his home town. Since:

1. Gateshead International Stadium is one of the largest in Britain.

2. Newcastle is midway between John O'Groats and Lands End, which surely makes it a more sensible venue than Wembley.

If Michelle's letter represents the feelings of the majority of southern Police fans then all we can say is: Don't bother to rejoin the Police fan club — they can do without fans like you!
Debbie & Sarah,
Northumbrianland.

In the last six months you have featured major articles on Adam, ABC, Soft Cell (twice), Duran Duran, Haircut One Hundred... Now don't stop reading this as soon as I mention his name, but what happened to Shaky? He has had five Top Ten hits in just over a year, including Three No. 1's and was voted best male singer at '81 in the Rock And Pop Awards.

I know many people immediately label him as a "great" or "teeny idol" but the same things are said, for instance, about Adam Ant and you print interviews with him.

You can't plead that *Smash Hits* readers aren't interested in Shaky because he came third in the poll last year; you can't be jealous of his looks ('cos you've got Mark Ellen, haven't you?) and his music can't be all that bad to be continuously charting. Fred Dellar even gave him a good review once. If there is a reason for mutually ignoring him, I'd be interested to hear it.
Anne Sutcliffe, Hatfield.

We'd love to talk to Shaky if only his management didn't insist on having a veto on the finished article. Nobody else does.

Regarding your letter from "Clare of Glasgow" who gallantly came to the defence of Nick Heyward in your July 8 issue: could this letter perhaps have been from the one and only Clare Grogan of Altered Images?

Her admiration for the Haircut One Hundred singer is well-known, the siarry eyes and deep sigh as she whispered his name on Pop Quiz just gave it away, while it is true that she resides in Glasgow. So, putting two and two together, maybe...
Mike, Sunderland.

... then the duck said to the kangaroo: "I don't want to, it makes my leathers go orange." (What do you mean you've lost the first page of my letter?)

Well, to the point. This is the customary (or slightly letter whereby IOTF gets a kick in the essentials). I mean, it's not the Hulk flexing to "Girl Crazy", it's a couple of Paul Daniels rejects, "amazing" the crowd with disappearing hunnies to the vibrations of "Abracadabra". I've heard of desperate but this is really pushing it.
Founder Member Of The "Why

Hasn't Barry Got A Face?" Corp.

You just count your blessings.

I've just had a thought. If I were a Cosmetic Representative and came across the Ferry's household, would I have to say "Avalon Calling!?"
Carol Hughes, Widnes.

No. You wouldn't have to.

After reading your letters page (July 22 issue) I was extremely annoyed at the letter from Diana Spencer's Left Earring. What makes this person think that only "normal" looking people should get the jobs that are going about?

I am a skinhead girl and so people tell me (who don't know me) I look very evil. But I work in a Day Nursery and have done for a year and a half. The children are aged between five weeks and two and a half years. I wear my Doc Martens and my hair is an eighth of an inch. My boss gave me the job because she doesn't believe in judging a book by its cover.

With letters like that from "Diana Spencer's Left Earring" and with so many people with that opinion it's no wonder that there are so many youths of today unemployed who are only trying to express their feelings by the way they dress and the music they like.
Tracey, Crayford.

Please could you print a pic of The B-2's and tell me which one's Cindy Wilson?
Mary Whitehouse's 24-hr girdle, Staines.



Cindy Wilson. Now there's a hair-do.

Good grief *Smash Hits*. Is it REALLY necessary to print:

"Shoop shoop aah
Shoop shoop aah
Shoop shoop aah" from
Bananarama's "Shy Boy" or even
"Streetwalkin", "streetwalkin",
streetwalkin, streetwalkin",
streetwalkin, streetwalkin",
streetwalkin", streetwalkin"
from "Streetwalkin'" by Shakatak.

Do you and the music publishers think we're all a load of moronic divvy himbos or

what?
Wallaby Chairleg, Tooting.

We like to give value for money, Wallaby.

Here is a warning to all readers of this magazine. Unless the Ed sends me a £5 Record Token within 2 weeks you may never see or hear from your beloved Barry again. Big money is being offered for his delivery to Chessington Zoo as his species is rapidly becoming extinct. You have been warned!
Jonathan Jackson, Kinross.

Think we'll call your bluff on this one.

Although not a fan of straight, non-nonsense unadulterated "pop", I do find myself quite able to tap fingers to, whistle along to, even work to the merry tunes of the likes of Failed Images, Depeche Commode, Haircut One Hundred et al. Any serious slugging-off of these people is really quite pointless, since they are self-appointed "fun" bands — and what good eggs they are for saying so! — we all need a little more "fun" during the present musical climate.

However, I must admit to deriving a lot of "fun" myself by taking the Michael out of their so-called lyrics, and the last issue of *Smash Hits* offered a great example — 1) turn to page 39 and cover up pic of dear Nicholas Heyward and friend; 2) sit oneself comfortably amidst times of the works of our late, great poets (purely for "atmosphere"); 3) proceed to read and enjoy the exquisite, subtle yet meaningful(?) poetry of Mr Heyward's "Marine Boy" and then; 4) after having marvelled at this literary masterpiece, remove mask to reveal the anguished, apologetic fizzle of our poet laureate himself!

Really, that pic. sums it all up for me!
The Frustrated Critic, Newport.

Giddy.

Well, about two months ago I was at my local newsagent and I saw a mag called *Smash Hits* and my curiosity made me look inside and after a quick browse I thought it and I have been buying it ever since.

So what, you may say? Well, the fact is that I am a dinkie dye Aussie. West Australian and I think that *Smash Hits* is bonza, rip snort — in other words fantastic.

So here we have it, a letter from a Western Australian so I advise you to treasure it 'cos I doubt my friends would bother writing so I have on their behalf. Oh well, must go. The emus are chasing the kangaroo around the house again.
Mon. Perth.

Actually, you're about the tenth this week. Nice to have you aboard, Bruce (or is it Sheila?)

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FEEL ME

Feel me now, feel the pain
Take the blame, feel the strain
Before a word was spoke
My heart was broken
Feel me now, feel the pain
Take the blame

Feel me now, feel the pain
Take the blame, feel the same
Before a word was spoke
My heart was broken
Feel me now, feel the pain
Take the blame

Feel me now, feel the pain
Take the blame, feel the same
Before a word was spoken
My heart was broken
Feel me now
Feel the pain
Oh take the blame
Feel me now

Feel the pain
Wait a minute, stop, stop
Here comes a love song
There goes the bannister

Feel me now
Fly on the plate glass window

Waiting for you eed you and you, you

Here comes a love song
And there goes the bannister
Fly on a plate glass window
Waiting for you

Feel me now, feel the pain
Take the blame, feel me now
Feel the pain, take the blame
Feel the strain

Before a word was spoken
My heart was broken
Feel me now, feel the pain
Take the blame

Feel me now, feel me now
Wait a minute I'm going to start again
One, two, three, four
Hands in the pocket, pocket of a friend
What do you feel, tell me now, tell me now
Before a word was spoke
My heart was broken
Wee't you feel me now
Won't you feel the pain
Here comes a love song
There goes the beeelster
Repeat and ed lo to fade

Words and music by Arthur & Luscombe
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Music
On London Records



BAD MANNERS

MY GIRL LOLLIPOP

My girl Lollipop
You made my heart go giddy up
You are as sweet as candy
You are my sugar dandy
Oh oh my girl Lollipop
Never ever leave me
Because it would grieve me
My heart told me so

Chorus

Flave you, I love you, I love you so
And that I want you to know
I need you, I need you, I need you so
And I'll never let you go

My girl Lollipop
You made my heart go giddy up
You set my world on fire
You are my one desire, yea
My girl Lollipop

Repeat chorus

My girl Lollipop
You made my heart go giddy up
You are as sweet as candy
You're my sugar dandy
My girl Lollipop

Repeat chorus

My girl Lollipop
You made my heart go giddy up
You set my world on fire
You are my one desire, yea
My girl Lollipop

My girl Lollipop

Repeat to fade

This is an essential 45 by U2 & Roberts
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R.S.V.P.

Looking for pen friends? Send a postcard with brief personal details to
RSVP, Smash Hits,
52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF
 and we'll do our best to help you.

● I'm Alison Sand and I am aged 14 I want to write to boys aged 14-18 and preferably taller than 5'5". I like funk, especially Level 42, Shakata, George Benson etc. Also, Duran Duran, Depeche Mode etc. All nice people, please write to: 28 Stanley Road North Hamptom, Essex RM13 8AX.

● In a lass? If so, start to write to me from all around the world... I'm a 16 year old girl and into 80's soul, Motown, Stax, rhythm 'n' blues and generally mo' types. If you love Vespas, bouffant hairstyles and more, I'd love to hear from you. Contact: Cass, 46 Heath Road, Bedworth, Nuneaton CV12 5AP.

● Two girls from down under seek two guys aged 16-19 and into Duran Duran, Depeche Mode, The Human

League and others. All nice people, start writing now to: Julie and Christina, 35 Petronella Avenue, Wheelers Hill 3130, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. Pics please!

● I'd like all Bouhous tracks and Japan fans, especially girls, to write soon. My other interests are Jay Division, Kraftwerk and Echo And The Bunnymen. Photo please to me, Bela, at: 14 Chancellor House, Greenbank, Wapping, London E1.

● I am aged 21 and a Law student. I like reading, music and photography. I'd love to write to as many people as possible. Contact me, Don Enfor, at: 419G Mbonu Ojike Hall, University of Nigeria, Enugu Campus, Anambra State, Nigeria.

● I would like to write to males aged 17 upwards who are mad on most pop

music, except punk. I am 16 and feel just a bit miserable and lonely.

● Hoping for replies! Write to: Alison Hudd, 25 Birchdale Road, Beagrove, Bristol BS14 9TW.

● My name is James Seelwood and I like all types of pop music. I'd like to write to a girl aged 15 or thereabouts. If interested, please send your pic to: 70 Freegrounds Road, Hedge End, Southampton, Hampshire.

● I am 13 and I like Japan, Haircut One Hundred and ABC. I also enjoy swimming and playing pool. Nice boys are welcome to write to: Michelle, 17 Rogers Gardens, Dagenham, Essex RM10 8LE.

● 18 year old male, whose likes include OMD, Madness, FB3 and Bananarama, seeks girls to write to, aged 16+. Contact: Rob Taylor, 166 Clayton Road, Farnham, Newcasht upon Tyne NE4 5LQ.

● These 16 year old girls want three boys of similar age to write to. We like The Jam, FB3, Duran Duran, Semtex and Topki. Our hobbies include skiing and boating fun. If interested, please send pic to: Jo, Hal & Roch, 8 Lamb Close, Oakworth, Keighley, West Yorks.

● Blue-eyed blond male requires girl to write to, I am 13. I'm into all trendy music, such as Duran Duran, Depeche Mode etc. I dislike heavy metal and all pretacts. Write to: Murray Shanks, 611 Cromes Oak Close, Poringland, Norwich, Norfolk.

● I'm a 15 year old girl and would like penpals aged 14-16. I like all ska music. Please write, with photo, to:

Paula, Amberwood, Boyber, Rockcory, Co Monaghan, Ireland.

● 16 year old German girl wants to write to lots of people. Fave groups are Haircut One Hundred, The Police, Soft Cell and The Human League. Hobbies: music, reading and swimming. Please write to: Brigitte Meierhol, In Der Marsch 40, 4470 Meppen, West Germany.

● I am aged 12 and my hobbies are reading, writing and listening to soul. My fave groups are Kool And The Gang, Shalamar, Evelyn King and Imagination, among others. If you'd like to write, send to: Nicola Cassidy, 70c Lyndhurst Way, Pockham, London SE15 5AP.

● 16 girls! Bored 17 year old would like to hear from any Duran, Clash, ABC and Madness followers. All nice girls are especially welcome. Contact: Andrew Kales, 74 Chapel Lane, Spendon, Derby DE2 7TW.

● Shy but mature 17 year old lad would like to write to shy girls aged 16+. Preferably within travelling distance and sharing some of my interests. They are: music, keeping fit, athletics and cinema. Write to: Dave, 89 Waitoa Avenue, Oakengetts, Telford, Shropshire.

● 19 year old girl, into The Police, ABC and Soft Cell, wants to hear from guys aged 18-20. Write to: Jay Howden, 5 Whisby Drive, Grimaby, South Humberside.

● I am 14 and would like male penpals. I like Soft Cell, Japan and Depeche Mode. Write to: Fay, 26 Furlong Road, Dearborough, Kettering, Northants NN14 2PZ.

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 get EXPLOITED and end up with
 other PRETENDERS on 10 CC'S
 down at the SAD CAFE.

But the cat with IMAGINATION
 who wants to know the ABC
 of NEW ORDER motorcycles,
 JETS down to a local
 newsagent, buys



NIGHTS OUT

STEVE MILLER London

OLD ROCK stars never die: they just get rich, slow down and gradually fade from view. Then just as the world has begun to forget who they are, back they come with a highly commercial single and abracadabra! They've sold out Hammersmith Odeon three nights running.

Last issue's Bits said rather gloomily that we could "expect a few algham coats and flared denims in the crowd" but if Steve Miller's fans had once been hippies they weren't going to advertise the fact. Marks and Spencer leisurewear was what they were into now, well-made checked shirts and nicely pressed straight-leg jeans that hadn't faded yet, respectable gear for respectable people. The average age must have been 28 at least

and to judge by the cheers of recognition that greeted the start of each song, they'd been listening to Steve Miller for a good few years.

This first concert had been announced before the runaway success of "Abracadabra," so Miller was playing to the converted, which was fine by him. (The other shows may have been rather different.) He and the band were relaxed, the audience enjoyed themselves in a restrained sort of way, and the whole evening had an air of cosy contentment.

This was inspired most of all by Steve Miller's appearance. Chubby and smiling and dressed in a very dodgy pair of black leather trousers, he looked like a straight cross between Mark



Steve Miller: a punter's eye-view

More Miller, a drummer's eye-view



Ellen and Meat Loaf.

His band are a bunch of six easy-going, easily forgotten, regular American guys, nudging middle age but still dedicated to the great American institution of Old Wave Rock. They played pretty well, though at times the rhythm section (surprisingly beely) and the three guitarists (decidedly spacey) seemed to be set on a collision course.

With no support, they were on stage for nearly two hours, which allowed time for tracks from the "Abracadabra" LPs as well as their two previous British hits ("The Joker" and "Rock 'n' Me"), many more American ones such as "Fly Like An Eagle", and a few cover versions of old blues tracks. Variety was the keynote. "Abracadabra" itself provided the best moment, and the music was never dull even if this punter

could have done with a few more familiar tunes.

At times the proceedings took on a faintly comic air. The guitarists were incapable of using the same instrument for more than five minutes, so the roadies had to rush about like caddies at the Open, with Stratocasters for golf clubs. Then for one especially boppy number the guitarists and bassist all lined up like groups on a Sixties TV show and did a little dance routine, eight rather portly legs swinging in approximate unison.

All this went down a treat with the audience. They didn't dance — though they were a bit old for that — but they clapped and cheered, and gave the band one encore and wanted another. They went away satisfied and so did I, though I won't be rushing out to buy all Steve Miller's records.

Tim de Lisle

Dates

Hell (17), Dundee Caird Hall (17), Carlisle Assembly Rooms (19), Blackpool Winter Gardens (20), Derby Assembly Rooms (21), Stratford Upon Avon, Royal Shakespeare Theatre (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Popple Arts Centre (25), Brighton Dome (26), Southampton Gaumont (27), Oxford New Theatre (28), Ipswich Gaumont (29), Mergate Winter Gardens (30), Manchester Palace (September 1), Sheffield City Hall (2), Reading Hexagon (3), Bristol

Hippodrome (4), Hammersmith Odeon (5, 6), Leeds Grand Theatre (7), Middlesbrough Town Hall (8).

Gary Moore: Chippenham Gold Diggers (August 24), London Marquee (25, 26), Reading Festival (28).

The Swinging Laureats: Canvey Island Goldmine (August 5), JB's, Dudley (7), Deptford Albany (27).

Tight Fit: Colne Hall, Colne

(August 5), Floral Pavilion, New Brighton (6), Queen Elizabeth Hall, Oldham (7), Frontier Club, Batley (8), Ice Rink, Inverness (10), Kelvin Hall, Glasgow (11), Fusion, Sunderland (12), Blenheim Arms, Billingham (13), Skogness Pavilion (15), Margate Winter Gardens (16), KingsCountry Club, Eastbourne (17), Middlesex and Herts Country Club (18), The Barn Worcester (19), Withall Farm, Bridgewater (20), Festival Hall, Basildon (22).

Check locally before stepping out. A David Hepworth production.

David Essex: Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (August 15), Newcastle City Hall (18), Edinburgh Usher

OUT & ABOUT WITH BARRY

Hello, readers. You see before you Part 21 in the unending struggle to seek out shocking things, gossip and generally v. naughty info in that scandalous world they're all calling The Pop Biz. The page, chums, that's expanding faster than Spandau's

hairsdresser's wallet (God I'm funny). Soon, mes amis, methinks Ye Olde Barrye Column will completely take over every ish of Britain's Brightest, such is it's fab popularity among my news-hungry and admiring public (you, fishface); viz — *Oh Barry!* mag incorporating *Smash Hits* featuring cracker songwords (by yours truly), hunky pics of musclebound mo' in latest new-fangled and v. trendy garb, comics like "Win A Weekend At Scooter Club with Rugged Rough-Rider Baz", etc. It would sell like crazy, I reckon.

Suggested the wizard scheme to Ed. Hepworth, with me as trendy person-in-charge. Fall about he did. Said I couldn't even a bath. Quite what that's got to do with anything, comrades, I haven't the foggiest.

But, hark! Ye trusty scribe feeleth a story approachyunge . . .

. . . indeed, fun-lovers, 'twas only a few days back that your fearless reporter aimed his trusty scooter in the direction of the very hip World Of Music Arts And Dance festival near Bath, there for to see Echo & The Bunnymen, The Beat, Pigbag plus weirdo jazz bashing Rip Rig & Panic and loads of tribal skin bashing and log thumping. Only trouble was, my v. boring Cousin Keith just had to tag along (how embarrassing).

Between you, me and the gatepost, chums, cousin Keith is a bit of a bozo and not as attuned to the fast-moving forefront of fashion as some (namely me). I call him "frog-features", and when I show you this wince-worthy snap (right) of him "getting down" at Scooter Club Bi-Annual Beano, pals, you'll no doubt see why.

Anyway, I digress. Cousin Keith (eek!) et moi spent a merry jour buying revolting veg burgers off hippy chaps with long hair (yeuk!), watching the fab *Burundi Drummers*, African tribe of brilliant rhythm merchants from whom Adem And The Arts and Bow Wow Wow nicked their dodgy "jungle" drum sound — (see? s'not just old waffle you get on the fact-packed Baz column), plus running into Very Famous Popstars (whereupon I pretended Keith was an escaped inmate from local loony asylum and nothing to do with me).

Saw Mac McCulloch of The Bunnymen. Said the best thing he'd experienced over the last three days was the Baked Potatoes. Another of these bonkers Eastern dance bands. I s'pose. Missed 'em, m. Didn't miss Julian Cape and cronies in a group called *Piece De Le Concorde*, though. Noticed Renkin' Roger and girlfriend rusing about in merry mood.

Bumped into Terry Hell and chum Jeanette (see *Pictures* for fab snap). Watcher Tel, said I playfully. Where you at, man (picking up hippy lingo, note). Said he was camping in a big tent with a banner up top saying "Superstars". Spent most of the afternoon

looking for it with no luck (as per usual). Got fed up with hippies by tea-time. Keep telling you to "search for peace with your inner consciousness". Wouldn't know an "inner consciousness" if it took to kipping in my cornflakes, me, and nor would Keith, so (loud raspberry noise) to them, frankly. No e ext . . .

Met me old mate Cap. Sensible l'other day. Told me a chucklesome tale about old four day Dave Vanian, warbler with The Damned. Dave gives the Cap a lift round town in his hearse (no Vespa for this ghoulish type, note). Anyway, Cap gets out. Says, "Wow, Dave that's the first time I've ever been in a hearse". To which evil Dave leers back. " . . . and it won't be the last!" Killed me, that. (Not literally, dumbol Getting as bad as that bird-brain Keith some of you lot.)

Here's a tale. Popped off to the local fleabit last week for a bit of an oggle at fab '60s "psychedelic" TV serial *The Prisoner* (and to get away from Keith). There's Baz, minding his own business, guzzling minty choc bars, chomping a bit of the old popcorn, etc. when — rather annoyed — loud American voice starts yacking in right ear. Awful racket, Baz spins round, he of the terrifying temper, to have cross words and — *hell's teeth!* If it isn't fab Pretenders songstress Chrissie Hynde and chum (some say hubbie) *Rey Davies* of The Kinks. Only just recovered, mates, turn to me left and — *stone me!* — it's Squeeze-bloke Glenn Tilbrook and girlfriend Jo plus old Squeeze keyboards-basher Jools Holland. Jools, I can reveal friends, is to have his own TV show when brill *Channel 4* comes out. Says Glenn, sleazy Squeeze song "When The Hangover Strikes" from their "Sweets From A Stranger" LP is in the running to be recorded by vintage crooner Frank Sinatra. Learn a lot from a trip to the pictures, sometimes.

Anyway, Baz settles back for more merry

munching and — *strike a light!* — if it ain't the Kemp Brothers — *Gez end Mart* — also watching said wonky flick and wearing brill ripped string vests to show off to best advantage their deep rich Mediterranean tans. Alright for some, eh? Stopped off on the way home to purchase trendy solar lamp and similar holey garments but — *sed to say*, amicos — Keith gets hold of it, thinks it's a bedside light and manages to set fire to his pillow. Got to go, that lad.

Is Baz excited about the spivvy new Granada series on the goggler this autumn? Certainly is! Called *Hold Tight*, as it happens, and will include old lightning-locks *Toyah*, *Bad Manners* and *Shekin'* "Rubber Legs" Stevens. Presented by *Pauline Black*, onetime songbird with *The Selector* who I reckon is a bit fab-looking if you really must know.

Want to know something really weird, fans? Everyone's getting into "media" activities, these days (except Keith, thank God). People like me, *Stewart Copeland of The Police*, the list is endless, chums . . . Remember that zonky movie *Apocalypse Now?* About this crackpot with warpaint on his fizegg who goes boating up the jungle and bumps into this tribe of nutters who chop off people's bonces for laughs. Very meaningful, apparently. Anyway, the director, *Francis Ford Coppola*, is making another Flick called "Rumble Fish" (not sure why) and *Stew* is doing the music. The theme is "time is running out", one we inky gossip scribblers know only too well, my worshippers, when the end of the page appears in sight. As it is doing now. Rather fast, actually.

Bon sport, pip-pip and wack-o the diddle-o, you lot. In other words . . .

Cheers!!
Barry



My Cousin Keith strutting his funky stuff. Look at the state of him, readers.



G

O.

G

O

'S

A
Smash
Summer
Single

Vacation

From the Go Go period new album



SMASH HITS

By Eric Watson

The
BELLE stars

