

Smash HITS

SONGS · FEATURES · COLOUR

BAUHAUS



HAYSI FANTAYZEE
WHAM! · ADAM · JAPAN
SCARLET PARTY · AC/DC

VOTE IN THE READERS' POLL

Japan

LIFE IN TOKYO

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING LEFT INSIDE HERE
I'VE REALLY NOTHING MUCH TO LOSE
IT SEEMS SO SENTIMENTAL
BUT SHOULD I CARE

CHORUS
OH OH OH LIFE CAN BE CRUEL
LIFE IN TOKYO
OH OH OH LIFE CAN BE CRUEL
LIFE IN TOKYO

ANOTHER SINGLE HEADS FOR SUNSET
NO OTHER PROVISIONS WILL DO
THEY'RE ONLY FARMING AND HOUSES
WHY SHOULD I CARE

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

LIFE IN TOKYO

LIFE IN TOKYO

LIFE IN TOKYO

REPEAT CHORUS WITH LINE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
DAVID SYLVIAN/GIORGIO MORODER
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION NOMIS MUSIC LTD.
ON HANSA RECORDS



Smash HITS

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NEW SINGLE

Wishing

(If I had a Photograph of You)

A Flock • of Seagulls



TOUR

NOVEMBER

7 Tom Kaul, Cambridge
8 Odette Birmingham
9 Rock City Nottingham
10 Liverpool
11 Ipswich
12 Top Town Brighton

15 LONDON Lyceum
16 EAST ANGLIA University of
19 STRATHCLYDE University
20 LIVERPOOL Royal Court
21 SHEFFIELD Lyceum

7th JIVE 25 12th JIVE 25

A Flock of Seagulls
12 - Expanded version of single track
Both in 12" format. Produced by Mike Howarth

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

PERSONAL FILE

TONY HADLEY



NAME: Antony Patrick Hadley
BORN: June 2, 1960, in Liverpool
ROYAL FREE MATERNITY HOSPITAL, North London.

FIRST CONCERT: I can't remember exactly. Probably on-down at The Roxy (punk club). I used to go to a lot of concerts during those days when I was about 15. It was probably some rubbishy punk band. It was a friendly atmosphere, no fighting, but it got blown up out of all proportion by the press and when anything gets too big you always get violent elements. It's a shame because it was good.

FIRST RECORD: "Double Barrel" by Dave and Ansil Collins. A cousin of mine used to play it all the time and I thought it was great so I rushed out and bought it.

BIGGEST THRILL AS A CHILD: Getting a bike when I was 7 or 8. We came home from holiday and there in the passage was this gleaming, 24-inch bike. My cousin Robert gave it to me.

BACK OR FRONT OF THE CLASS? Depended where the teacher put me. Anywhere, I wasn't really bothered.

LAST BOOK READ: *The Brain* by Robin Cook. Terrific.

LAST FILM SEEN: *Blade Runner*. I like science fiction films.

FAVOURITE FOOD: Indian. I really like Chicken Pasanda. And I like my mum's Sunday dinners.

FAVOURITE ITEM OF CLOTHING: At the moment the Herria Tweed suit I've had made. I wanted a real country outfit.

DAFTEST ITEM OF CLOTHING: These pair of trousers that were

really embarrassing. They had a kind of pouch which looped over across to the waist. Every time I sat down there was this gaping hole at the crotch, and it looked as though I was revealing all, even though there was material underneath.

JOB: I've worked in a dairy, in a hardware store, in the market, for a hotel as a maintenance man, then as a warehouseman for a printers, then as a classified ads salesman. I packed up work about a month before we signed up so I've never been unemployed.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "As it happens..."

MOST HATED EXPRESSION: Things like "Fiddlesticks"

MOST FAMOUS FRIEND: Steve Strange

FAVOURITE TIME OF DAY: Anytime when things are going well. I do enjoy the freshness of morning.

COLOUR OF BEDROOM WALL: Sort of Carmel.

FIRST MEMORY: Pulling a lot of crockery out of the cupboard shelves and smashing it when I was about 3 or 4.

IDEAL HOLIDAY: I haven't had a proper holiday for about 3 years. I'd like to go riding horses at a friend's farm near Pisa in Italy. I love riding — it's one of my greatest interests outside the group.

FAVOURITE MODE OF TRANSPORT: Car. I love driving. I've got an old 1968 Sunbeam Repier Coupe. I think it's on its last legs.

HERO: I've never idolised anyone but I admire John Hurt; he's one of the best actors to have come out of this country in years.

FIRST DATE: A girl called Julie when we were both 11. We'd both just started Secondary School. She used to send me letters and I used to think "This is silly." So I told her I didn't want to go out with her anymore.

PASTIMES: Riding, football.

FAVOURITE COUNTRY: England.

WHAT DO YOU KEEP IN YOUR LITTLE BAG? Waller, cigarette case, two combs, receipts for tax purposes, driving licence, keys, cheque books. It weighs a ton — I must clear it out. It's handy for keeping all the odds and ends in, and saves my pockets getting bulked out.

HAVE YOU SEEN E.T.? No.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LINDA SHERWOOD

Kisses were for sale. But only three of them from Sting when he turned up at an Oxfam charity fair the other weekend. The event was billed as the "World's Largest Fate" and was held in Battersea Park, London. Lots of young girls got very excited when they heard that Sting was selling kisses in aid of a good cause but at the end of the day, he only managed three of them. Shame.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LINDA SHERWOOD

After Cross & Blackwell and Marks & Spencer came two new partnerships. Above, Midge Ure

identity crisis

I've no longer got any imaginations but I have got a hit and a hair-do. Who am I? (Answer on page 15.)



This is the new line-up of Fashion. From left to right: Mulligan (keyboards), Troy Tate (guitar and vocals), Al Darby (guitar), Dick Davis (drums) and Martin Ricci (bass). Troy Tate and Darby (as he likes to be known) are the new additions. Troy used to be in The Teardrop Explodes while Darby has had a varied career. He's played with Cado Belle, Cafe Jacques, Kokomo and Cockney Rebel and wrote the music for the film, Gregory's Girl. The new boys are busy being broken in on a nationwide tour.

Start!



(with more than one belt) and Mick Karn (with only one belt) hatch a mystery; project together.

Below, Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney hum a few bars of their new duet, "The Girl Is Mine".



Ph. Jim Haggart

The gent in the warpaint is Ian Gillan. On his current tour he's getting different girls at each gig to dance on stage in silly togs and masks as "an added attraction". He calls them *The Cucumbers*. But what can you expect from a chap who's just bought Reading Football Club?



Ph. David McCarty

The course of true love never runs smooth but it's good material for songs dept: Ten years ago, David Grant from Linx (in the perky bow tie) met Gillian Henry (in the tvars) at their local night spot. The path of true love did not run straight and they separated . . . until a year ago when they accidentally met and wondered why they'd ever parted. They recently plighted their troth at St Scolasticus Church in Clepton, London.



Ph. Steve Rappart

debut
album

BLU
ROND
ALA
TURK

NEW SINGLE

Carioca

VERSIONS ON
SEVEN & TWELVE INCH
TWELVE INCH INCLUDES REMIX OF COCO



ON TOUR NOW

WING
TWE
FAT

Wing

BLUE ZOO

CRY BOY CRY

THIS DISTRACTION TURNS ME SIDEWAYS
 OUT OF TUNE STUCK HALFWAY THERE
 SQUEEZE BETWEEN THEM
 NEW FACE EMERGING
 PUSHING INWARD TAKE MY HAND

CHORUS

CRY BOY CRY (CRY)
 THE TEARS ARE A TOUCHING SIGHT
 CRY BOY CRY (CRY)

THE FEARS THAT HAUNT YOU ON A LONELY NIGHT
 HE'S HIDING AWAY
 CRY BOY CRY
 HE'S HIDING AWAY

NEW SURROUNDINGS THEY WILL FRESHEN
 GET TOGETHER INTO ONE
 FLICK SWITCH TO OFF
 CLOSE THE VACUUM
 WATCH IT TRY TO SUCK YOU IN

REPEAT CHORUS

CRY BOY CRY

CRY BOY CRY (CRY)
 THE TEARS ARE A TOUCHING SIGHT
 CRY BOY CRY (CRY)

THE FEARS THAT HAUNT YOU ON A LONELY NIGHT
 CRY BOY CRY (CRY)
 ON YOUR OWN IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE
 CRY BOY CRY (CRY)
 FROM THE HEART GET A NEW START
 HE'S HIDING AWAY

CRY BOY CRY

HE'S HIDING AWAY
 CRY BOY CRY

CRY BOY CRY
 ON YOUR OWN IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE
 CRY BOY CRY (CRY)
 IT'S YOUR HEART
 IT'S YOUR HEART
 CRY BOY CRY
 GET YOUR TEARS
 GET YOUR TEARS
 CRY BOY CRY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY A NOY & TIM PARRY
 REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION MAGNET MUSIC LTD.
 SBN MAGNET RECORDS



SQUEEZE

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

SHE GOES FOR HER MEDICAL
 SHE'S PASSED IT'S A MIRACLE
 SHE'S UP OVER THE MOON
 SHE WHISTLES NONSENSE TUNES
 SHE WANTS DRUGS FOR EVERYONE
 SHE'S FOUND A CHORD THAT SHE CAN STRUM
 EMOTIONS LEAKING OUT
 HER PAINTS ALL OVER TOWN

WHAT'S THAT SHE'S PLAYING
 ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
 WHAT'S THAT SHE'S TAKING
 THE SONG HAS TO BE SING
 SHE'S GONE ELECTRIC
 ANNIE WIPE THEM OUT
 THAT'S UNEXPECTED
 STRUM THAT THING AND SHOUT

DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER
 ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
 DON'T SHOOT THAT SINGER
 YOU'RE SHOOTING NUMBER ONE, NUMBER ONE

HE'S NOT INTO MIRACLES...
 SEES LIFE ALL TOO CYNICAL
 THE CAT HAS GOT HIS TONGUE
 NOW SHE BANGS ON HIS DRUM
 HE SAYS PULL THE OTHER ONE
 BELLS RING LOOK WHAT YOU HAVE DONE
 EMOTIONS LEAKING OUT
 HER PAINTS ALL OVER TOWN

WHAT'S THAT SHE'S PLAYING
 ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
 WHAT'S THAT SHE'S TAKING
 THE SONG HAS TO BE SING
 SHE'S GONE ELECTRIC
 ANNIE WIPE THEM OUT
 THAT'S UNEXPECTED
 STRUM THAT THING AND SHOUT

DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER
 ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
 DON'T SHOOT THAT SINGER
 YOU'RE SHOOTING NUMBER ONE

GET YOUR GUN, GET YOUR GUN
 SHE'S GONE ELECTRIC
 ANNIE WIPE THEM OUT
 THAT'S UNEXPECTED
 STRUM THAT THING AND SHOUT
 DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER
 ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
 DON'T SHOOT THAT SINGER
 ANNIE, ANNIE, ANNIE, ANNIE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY DIFFORD/TILBROOK
 REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION RONCOOR MUSIC (LONDON) LTD.
 ON A&M RECORDS



"It's the usual music business thing," stony-faced Bauhaus guitarist Daniel Ash is saying. "The guy at the front is picked out, which is fair enough if that is the guy who's actually doing everything, but with us it's always been an equal thing."

Today, Bauhaus are very keen to stress that they're A Group. Not Peter Murphy and a backing band. Not Ziggy and the Spiders From Mars. But a group. At the beginning of the photo session before the interview, they make it plain that they want only group shots, no individual ones. Later, they change their minds.

"I think a face can be used though." This is singer Peter Murphy talking now. "You can use that sort of press to open doors. None of us see that as a problem."

"But if because of the visual focus all the credit is given to one person," chips in bassist David Jay, "it can lead to internal frustrations." "You can consciously harbour..." Peter is probably about to say "jealousies," but his voice is drowned out as the others agree loudly. For all this amicable talk, certain tensions can be detected underneath the Bauhaus surface. Clearly, as soon as Bauhaus are no longer identified solely with Peter, the happier they'll be.

But has presenting Peter been part of a deliberate publicity strategy in the past? David: "No, not really..." Peter: "Yes it has!" David: "Well..." Peter: "The TV ad was a real conscious move to draw attention..."

Ah yes, the TV ad. Along with the continuing success of "Bela Lugosi's Dead," their first single which three years after its release still puts in the odd appearance in the independent charts, the fact that Peter Murphy was in a Maxell tape ad is probably the most commonly known fact about Bauhaus. Until "Ziggy Stardust," that is.

The job came Murphy's way through one of those happy showbiz accidents. Having been through a load of ectors and found none suitable, the frustrated ad director asks an assistant of the Virgin Magstore for suggestions. David Sylvian was approached initially, but he couldn't do it. The director had also been shown a photo of Peter on stage cled in naught but a jock-strap, so he phoned him up.

"It was really funny doing it. It was like being Marilyn Monroe for three days." As for "Bela Lugosi's," the final version of that song was recorded as a demo (along with their second single, "Dark Entries") just three weeks after the group's formation in Northampton in 1978.

Peter and Daniel had known each other at school. Peter went on to work in a printers, Daniel to the local art college, where he found David and drummer Kevin Haskins (brothers, actually) experimenting with groups called The Croze and, later, Jack Plug and the Sockets. Peter went to see them and "wasn't at all interested".

Still, when Daniel called him up a few months later and eskod him if he'd come to a rehearsal for a new band, he showed up. Kevin was later invited to add some drums, and David called in at short notice when their original

bassist departed. A debut gig at the Cromwell pub in Wellingborough, Peter's local, apparently "went down a storm". Bauhaus was born.

Not that they were called Bauhaus originally. Various awful names were tried out. The Drugs, for example, end Freaz, coincidentally later to be the name of a funk band. David, noting certain similarities of approach to the '20s German art movement best remembered for making tubular steel chairs, suggested Bauhaus 1919. Wisely, they later dropped the test bit.

Since "Bala", a nine-minute gothic reggae single given a helping hand by plenty of Peel plays, their popularity has steadily been increasing over two albums and several singles for the independent 4AD label. Although it's "Ziggy" that's finely bumped them into the upper reaches of the chart, all of their last few singles have threatened to do the trick.

Bauhaus have mixed feelings about this. Daniel gives the impression he'd have been happier breaking through with one of his own songs. Peter, who explains they'd initially tried it out as an encore and, after it had proved popular, recorded it, leaps to the defence:



Man at the front with microphone gets star treatment. Are Bauhaus heading the same way as The Spiders From Mars or is this just the beginning? Dave Rimmer investigates.

"There's a lot of us in that song, which is the main point."

"Nearly everybody who hears it says it's just the same as the original," adds David. "But if you go back and listen to the original, it's very different."

Still, it's ironic that their first hit should be a Bowie song, given that Bauhaus have always suffered from unflattering comparisons with the man. Daniel claims this was part of the reason for doing the song.

"The critics were really slegging us off at one point, so we thought we'd do the opposite of what they'd expect."

"It's not like 'admitting to the crime,'" adds Peter. "It's very tongue-in-cheek." But he goes on to acknowledge that Bowie influenced each member of the group in different ways when

they were younger. His angular, theatrical stage movements, for example, were "sprinkled off" by photos he saw of Bowie in the early '70s. He claims not to have seen Bowie until later, when he'd changed his style.

For a group whose performances are so violent and aggressive — on more than one occasion, when he doesn't feel the audience reaction matches up to the passion they feel on stage, Peter has been known to kick members of the audience — Bauhaus are very quiet, relaxed people. Kevin, for example, speaks so quietly that I can't hear him, not that he says very much at all. Daniel, in a subdued way, is the most assertive of the four. Peter, presumably through having had more practice, is more of the relaxed, professional interviewee. Which leaves David, with his discussions of the Bauhaus movement end — another arty bunch — the Surrealists, as the intellectual Bauhaus person.

Perhaps it's just that they work out all their frustrations on stage. Certainly, they set a lot by the quality of their live performances.

Regarding Peter's occasional attacks on the front row, I wonder whether you can really blame an audience for their reaction.

"Yeah," replies David simply, "you can." "We're not selling ourselves as a commodity or product," asserts Peter. "We go on stage and every gig is as important to us as the last. We're only as good as our last gig. We just really, really work hard at putting across... what we want to put across."

Which is? A confused discussion ensues. Daniel reckons people should take away from their music "what they want to". David reckons they provide "stimulation" — both a physical end intellectual stimulation.

"Without being arty-ferty," adds Peter, hurriedly.

David describes their stage performance as "taking the audience on a journey. Like leading them up various alleyways end..."

Peter: "Leaving them strended." David: "Sometimes. Or presenting them with something they wouldn't expect to find in that particular area, that part of town..."

If none of this makes any sense to you, then probably the only thing to do is witness one of their concerts in person. If you don't enjoy it, mind, you'd better keep out of Peter's way.

For their part, Bauhaus are determined to keep on trying to surprise people. And if that means playing something soft and mellow when everyone's expecting a violent rant, then that's just what they'll do.

"We don't ever want to do something that's predictable," says Daniel. "Whereas a successful band will go on tour and just do all the numbers everyone wants to hear, we just don't want to have anything to do with that."

Breve words, if else possibly a recipe for commercial disaster. In part, this attitude has already led to a slight change of direction on their new album. Peter explains:

"A lot of our stuff has been really, really anguished. But there's a couple of tracks on our new album which are... beautiful."

He chuckles: "Almost."

On the opposite page: (left right) Daniel Ash, Kevin Haskins, Peter Murphy, David Jay



THE FOURTH ANNUAL

Smash HITS

READERS POLL

U2 Duran Duran Bluebells Clash Iron Maiden Kool & The Gang Exploited Genesis Psychodelic Furs Belle Stars Pale Fountaina Sexon Madness Junior Association Fun Boy Three Toyah Talk Talk Shalamar CaVa CaVa Gary Numan Rip Rig & Panic Fashion Survivor OMD Vice Squad Duran Duran Bananas Visage Joan Jett & The Blackhearts Depeche Mode Baltimora Wilson Fenne Dollar Shabazz Musical Youth Top Of The Pops Wham! Yazoo Boney Music Scritti Politti Bananarama Grandmaster Flash Tight Fit Spondan Ballet Minder Captain Sensible Shakin' Stevens Orange Juice Dolly Mixture Dexys New Order Hayati Fantayzee Human League Piranhas Old Grey Whistle Test Imagination Simple Minds Kid Creole & The Coconuts Bucks Ram Kim Wilde Ultravox Boyzone Woe Peter Gabriel Gillan ABC UB40 Farmer's Boys Hot Chocolate Rozzanna Japan Tynes Of Fun Tanq Adam Anti-Nobrows League Cities Pop Quiz Soft Cell Playbo Echo & The Bunnymen The Jam Skunkie And The Bananess White & Torch AC/DC Thomas Dolby Sexon Harecut One Hundred Discharge Carmel Heaven 17 Superstare Culture Club Weekend Phat Collins Olysaney Rockers Biervege Stoneage The Machines Tokyo Coolio Teardrop Explosive Gains For A Laugh OK Live Flay Of Conveionance Tears For Fears Riverside Blue Zoo Black Uhuru Sepones Something Else Lovel-42 Beat Kim Wilde Dallas Fashion Asia Blondie Stargazers Laurie Anderson The Lato Lato Breakfast Show Swinging Laurals Meat Loaf Sexon David Essex Joe Jackson Defunkt Talking Heads Tempole Fudr Batu DC A Flack Of Secapilla Elvis Costello And The Attractions J. Weller Nigro & The Loose Joints Motorhead Modera Romance Collet Endgames Pantheon Second Jeagae Coast To Coast Altered Images Hi-Tension King Trigger Funkapolition China Christis Cabaret Voltaire Nick Lowe Queen Status Quo Classix Nouveaux Boomtown Rats Foreigner Boo Speedwagon Thin Lizzy Waitresses Diana Ross XTC Tina Turner The Fall The Face Graham Parker Bad Manners Rockiesrackenburger The Cure Girtschool Peter Shelley Theatre Of Hate Killing Joke A Certain Ratio Au Peirs Earth Wind & Fire The Look Stranglers Fad Gadget Rolling Stones Bertalar John Peel Show Billy Idol David Jensen Show Paul McCartney Disc Stratts Nazusa Peter Frowell Show Gillan Carly Simon Cliff Richard Gary Numan Frida Boys Town Gang Pink Floyd Donna Summer Rock On The Firm Irene Cara Chas & Dave Paris Linn Charles - The Mood Monsoon Smoke Robinson Tomi Best J. Girls Band Daryl Hall & John Oates Melba Moore The Mobiles Spondan Ballet Vicky D' Plato Starsound Visage Adrian Gurvitz The Nolans Robert Palmer Bruce Springsteen The Jets Stevie Wonder Joan Armatrading Stuff Little Fingers ELO George Benson Klatweck Hazel O'Connor Abba

It's that time again... when you can even the score with those biased reviews all back at the hate mail and generally sort out all those people who are just plain wrong by placing your vote where it matters. The Annual Smash Hits Readers Poll.

Don't rush it; you've only got one vote for each section so make sure it's directed towards the person, group or programme that really deserves it!

If you need a few ideas, the list on the left features some of the names who've appeared in these pages over the last year. And don't forget, we're only concerned with 1982 here, not before. Votes for The Human League in the Most Promising New Act section won't be treated too seriously.

Fill in the form and post it as soon as possible to The Poll, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. It's got to arrive by November 11 in order to pass through the Poll Process Dept. in time for the Christmas issue. That clear? Right, go.

- 1 **BEST GROUP** Japan
- 2 **BEST FEMALE SINGER** Toyah
- 3 **BEST MALE SINGER** David silyvan
- 4 **BEST ALBUM** Changeling
- 5 **BEST SINGLE** So Shooo I don't WANNA DANCE
- 6 **BEST TV PROGRAMME** Fame
- 7 **BEST RADIO SHOW** ANYONE BY SHAKIN STEVENS
- 8 **MOST ANNOYING RECORD** OR Bucks Fizz
- 9 **MOST PROMISING ACT FOR 1983**
- 10 **MOST FANCIBLE HUMAN BEING** ~~Andrew Lloyd Webber~~ G.C

I hereby promise not to write stacks of rude and complaining letters if all the people I've voted for don't win:

NAME Sharon Man AGE 12

ADDRESS 122 Blake Hill rd, Erdington

Send completed form to The Poll, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.





YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT)

Hey sucker (what the hell's got into you)
 Hey sucker (now there's nothing you can do)
 Well I haven't seen your face around town a while
 So I greeted you with a knowing smile
 When I saw that girl upon your arm
 I knew she'd went your heart
 With her lalal charm

I said soul boy let's hit the town
 I said hey boy what's with the frown
 But in return all you could say
 Was hi George meet my friend

Chorus

Young guns having some fun
 Crazy ladies keep them on the run
 Wiseguy realise there's danger in emotional ties
 Solve me single and free
 No fears no tears what I want to be
 One two teke a look at you
 Death by matrimony

Hey sucker (what the hell's got into you)
 Hey sucker (now there's nothing you can do)

A married man you're out of your head
 Sleepless nights on an H.P. bed
 A daddy by the time you're twenty one
 If you're happy with a mappy then you're in for fun

But you're here and you're there
 These guys like you just everywhere
 Looking back on the good old days
 Well this young gun says caution says

Repeat chorus

I remember when we had such fun and everything was fine
 I remember when we used to have a good time

Partners in crime

Tell me that's all in the past
 And I will gladly walk away
 Tell me that you're happy now
 Turning my back, nothing to say

Hey tell this jerk to take a hike
 There's something 'bout that boy I don't like

Well sugar he don't mean the things he said
 Just get him out of my way 'cause I'm seeing red

We get plans to make
 We get things to buy
 And you're wasting time on some creepy guy

Hey shut up chick that's a friend of mine
 Just wash your mouth babe you're out of mine

Get back, hands off, go for it, get back hands off
 Get back, hands off, go for it, get back hands off

Get back, hands off, go for it, get back hands off
 Get back, hands off, go for it, get back hands off

Repeat chorus twice

Words and music by George Michael
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 On Innershield Records

TWO 19-YEAR-OLDS FROM BUSHEY, HERTS, WHO PLAY ALL-BRITISH RAP AND FUNK? I MEET ALL SORTS IN THIS JOB, CLAIMS NEIL TENNANT,

"I've known since I was about seven that I wanted to be a pop star but I never really thought about how I was going to do it."

George Michael of Wham! is a very confident young man. When he and his co-star, Andrew Ridgeley, talk about their career — past, present and future — their conversation is littered with words like "fantastic", "brilliant", and "great", all, of course, being applied to their particular talents.

The two are old school mates who met in the second year at Bushey Meeds Comprehensive in Hertfordshire.

"I didn't really have time to go to know anybody else," says George, "because he decided that I was going to get to know him and that was that."

When Andrew quit school at 16 to go to college, he decided that they might as well form a band. It was then that George realised this was how you set about becoming a pop star. They sat down one night and wrote their first song, "Rude Boy". Needless to say, it was "incredible".

"If it had been done by professionals, it could have been a hit," claims George. Unfortunately none of their group, The Excitatives, could play like professionals. Their finest moment came when they played at the local scout hut. Andrew got very excited at the memory of it and reckons it was "absolutely brilliant".

"All our mates came along, everybody was jumping about. There was such a good atmosphere — we probably won't get that again even with an established band."

Having peaked in the scout hut, The Excitatives fell apart and George and Andrew started to get back into their first love, funk. One day, while listening to a Level 42 LP, George had a bright idea.

"I thought it'd be really good to take a funk formula riff and put a really un-disco lyric to it and do a rap. So I made up this lyric about unemployment, played it to Andy and we took it from there."

Andy in fact took a tape of the song down the road to Mark Deen, a fellow

resident of Bushey, Herts. He promptly signed them to his new Innershield label and put them in a studio with Junior's backing band.

You might think that two inexperienced 19-year-olds might be a little nervous about playing with a bunch of experienced musicians. You'd be wrong. They went ahead and made "Wham Rap", one of the most striking dance records of the year.

"Basically we've both got such strong ideas," says George. "With all this new pop stuff — Deller, Backs Fizz — pop music is all starting to be run by older people again, whereas from 1976 onwards it started to be run by kids. We're reacting to that, in the studio at any rate, because by the way, the recording is controlled by us. But so many producers won't accept that two 19-year-olds might know what other 19-year-olds might want to listen to. It's ridiculous."

George actually co-produced their current single, "Young Guns (Go For It)" and went to New York with Andrew to re-mix "Wham Rap" with a famous American disco producer. They didn't think much of him.

"We aren't what he was doing, so we sacked him," says Andrew with a grin. "George did the re-mix while I fell asleep."

The third Wham! single will soon be recorded. Apparently the song's "a killer". "We've got some conventional songs concentrating more on really good melodies that we know are going to be bigger hits than the ones we've released," says George with certainty. They'd never intended to do two raps in a row, anyway, but they don't think it's a mistake.

"We wanted to get our attitude across first. With rap, if you're trying to make a point in the lyric or say something, Lanny, it comes across much better — people listen to the words a lot more."

"The two things we've got going for us are, one, that we're so young and, two, that we're not singing about ordinary disco stuff."

So now you know.

Pic: George (left) and Andrew.



The "Shipbuilding" single mentioned in *Take 5* positively bristles with celebrities. Written for Robert Wyatt by Elvis Costello, it lectures Elvis himself, Steve Nieve (his keyboard-player), Clive Langer and Bedders from Madness in some form or other.

After only one British date so far this year (supporting The Police at Gateshead), U2 are set for six UK shows before Christmas. See *Nightsout* for details. They're also putting the finishing touches to a new LP, "War", due in the New Year with a single out in November.

HIGHER GRANT



Eddy Grant, living in the sunbaths.

All's been quiet on the frontline for 18 months. This might be connected with the fact that **Eddy Grant**, author of the current 45 "I Don't Wanna Dance", has decided to uproot and move to the Caribbean, his worldly goods including a wife, four children and a large and expensively-stocked recording studio. "Quite an arduous task," he says, understandably.

Eddy's contribution to the area of multi-racial dance music has been quiet but enormously influential. Starting out in a late '60s bubblegum outfit, The Equals — "the first band to really dress up, the others had been very conservative" — he formed his own Ice Records in '74 and then opened The Coach House, the first black-owned recording studio in Europe.

Around summer '79 he struck gold with the LP *Living On The Frontline* — a then-revolutionary cocktail of bass-heavy reggae and electronic rhodod. By '80, he'd followed up with a brace of wonderful dance-floor and chart hits, "Can't Get Enough Of You" and "Do You Feel My Love" and recently his "Walking On Sunshine" reappeared in the Top Five in the hands of Rockets Revenge.

It's no great surprise he listens to an unlikely phoning from his Barbados home. He conjures up a vivid picture of an island where the frogs croak all night and the sun beats down all day. "Quite English really, with place names like Brighton, Harrow and Highgate."

Between recording he listens to an unlikely sector of the current radio play. "I have very Catholic taste," he says. "I like Survivor. And I like Chicago. There's a case where talent will out! They've had a pretty rough run, then some life was injected, some belief — and probably some money — and they've come right back again."

The word "catholic" usually suggests an ear tuned to the silken but persuasive production techniques that manage to secure plays on the all-conquering American radio. And Eddy is certainly no exception.

"Who in America has got such a diverse background? Who's got what I've got in terms of all the different cultures I've incorporated into my music?"

So does he expect to make it in the States?

"I don't think they've got anyone like me, and as long as they don't there's a possibility."

FAN CLUBS

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Birmingham B1 3EE

Haircut One Hundred
Concessions Ltd
513 Fulham Road
London SW6 1TH

AC/DC
18 Watson Close
Bury St Edmunds
Suffolk

Barry Manilow
513 Fulham Road
London SW6 1TH

ANT ERROR

Be warned. One of the **Adam Ant** tour dates given in an advertisement in our last issue was wrong. **Adam** will not be playing Cardiff St David's Hall on November 1, he'll be playing the Glasgow Apollo. All the other dates given in the ad were correct.

Captain Sensible has had to cancel his December tour due to "commitments in Europe and the USA". If you've already bought a ticket, your money will be refunded by the theatre from which you bought it — the Edinburgh Playhouse. Manchester Apollo, Birmingham Odeon or London Dominion. The tour is being rescheduled for the New Year.



Marc Almond and assorted **Mambas** will be playing a special concert on December 5 at the posh Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, London. They'll be performing songs from the "Untitled" LP amongst others and it is stressed that this is *not* a **Solt Cell** concert. If you're a "Cell Mate" you can get tickets from the fan club at a reduced price, otherwise by the theatre box office or a ticket agent. **Solt Cell**, meanwhile, have set a new record for being in the American singles charts for 43 consecutive weeks with "Tainted Love", beating Bill Haley whose "Rock Around The Clock" was in the charts for 42 weeks.

Born To Boogie (Bel Pic. £4.95) and **Electric Warrior** (Omnibus, £3.95) are biographies of Marc Bolan, the early '70s teen idol who died five years ago. Despite annoying details (like no info under the pictures), both are worthy of your attention.

MY TOP TEN



CURT SMITH (Tears for Fears)

- PETER GABRIEL: Family Snapshots** (Charisma). I like the mood and the words.
- THE TEARDROP EXPLODES: The Great Dominions** (Mercury). The mood suits the song. They couldn't have done it any better.

Despite rumours of a break-up **The Jam** are pressing ahead with their winter tour plans. They are playing **People Arts Centre** on November 27, **St Austell Coliseum** (28), **Asan Lido**, **Port Talbot** (29), **Wembley Arena** (December 1, 2), **Bridlington Spa** (6), **Manchester Apollo** (7) and **Birmingham Engleby Hall** (8). A single entitled "Beat Surrender" backed with "Shopping" should be out in late November and, as we indicated recently, a live album is planned for December release. More details as we get them.

3. DALEK I: The Kiss (Back Door) Totally different and very original. I love their album, "Company".

4. ALICE COOPER: Steven (Warner Brothers) I like the nightmarishness of it. It's the best track on his "Welcome To My Nightmare" album.

5. TALKING HEADS: Once In a Lifetime (Sire) I fell in love with this after seeing the brilliant video.

6. THE ELECTRIC GUITARS: Continental Shelf (Fried Egg) I bought it after one of their excellent live performances. A really good song.

7. THE CAKE: Go Away Big Dog (Conscious Effort) I like it for the conscious effort involved.

8. WHITE NOISE: Here Come The Fleas (Island) Very funny and very original.

9. DAVID BOWIE: Teenage Wildlife (RCA) That's the way I felt when I was a teenager.

10. SLOW TWITCH FIBRES: Let's Face The Music (Rialto) It's an old song and I like the production.

LOOK BACK

That's Angus Young, the man who made the school uniform fashionable. Mark Steels looks at the chequered career of AC/DC.

You might expect it of Steve Strange or Boy George but certainly not the lead guitarist of the world's most successful

heavy rock band. I mean, aren't these sort of chaps supposed to have hair down to their navels and be decked out in tight leather

and studded wrist-bands? Thought so. So, just why is Angus Young — demonic axeman with AC/DC —

duck-walking a la Chuck Berry across the stage togged up in a red velvet schoolboy's uniform with short trows and a satchel??



WITH ANGUS

And where are those yards of unconditioned hair? Where's the dye ice? What happened to the lasars?

Truth of the matter is, AC/DC have never really needed any of the props one normally associates with their brand of music and, as their past record proves, it hasn't done them an awful lot of harm.

Formed seven years ago by Angus — who's remarkably only 23 — and his older brother Malcolm, they've released no fewer than eight albums (most of which have gone platinum), have sold out just about every concert hell of note in the world and even survived the death of a lead singer, Bon Scott, who died two years ago.

Much of Angus's ability to ignore current trends probably stems from the fact that although born in Glasgow, he spent much of his life amongst the jolly swagmen in Australia — hardly renowned for its wealth of internationally famous pop groups.

Backstage at Glasgow's Apollo, he seems in quite a reflective mood.

"Certainly you didn't get too many of those limousines back home and if you ever saw a Rolls-Royce, you nearly died of shock. The whole fame and glory bit is an American obsession while all the trends and fashions seem to come out of England. In Australia, you don't get affected by all that and I suppose it's helped me keep my feet on the ground. When you come from Australia, you don't get no delusions of grandeur."

Because they are so successful, there won't be too many people shedding tears over AC/DC's hard slog to the top. With very few TV appearances, a largely hostile press and precious little radio play, they did it the hard way — touring incessantly, taking their raw, uncompromising music out to just about anyone who would listen. Most who saw them were immediately fans for life and, as their reputation as a hot live act began to grow, so the records started selling. As Angus points out, they could have done the TV shows and made albums which would have got radio play, but that would have been totally contrary to the band's ideals.

"All that stuff really frightened us, you know? Managers, record companies — they all tried to get us to do it but we said we just wanted to remain exciting. As soon as you get on a programme like *Top Of The Pops* you're competing for the audience's attention with everyone else. Who wants to compete with the

Des O'Connors and the Benny Hills anyway?

"We've done *Top Of The Pops* a couple of times but they always chop it about and I don't think we're at our best when we've got cameras stuck right up our noses. But I tell ya somethin' — and this'll remind you of Elvis Presley in '56 — when we did it the last time, this director came up to me and says: 'you can jump up and down all ya want but the camera's not going past your waist.' Can you believe that? Bad influence on the kids, eh?"

With traditional hard rock LP titles like "Highway To Hell" and "Back In Black", they were considered a pretty "bad influence" in America too. Some even called them "Satanists". Shortly after Bon Scott's death (from alcohol poisoning, in fact), people actually staged demonstrations outside some of their US shows, handing out leaflets and suggesting the band should be locked up. They even claimed the band's music was the cause of Scott's death, that he'd "lived by the devil and died by the devil". The band found it sickening.

In Britain it's just Angus's X-rated legs that get people's backs up. Which brings us to that outfit.

"The school suit? It was an idea of my sister's. She knew absolutely nothing about rock music outside The Beatles and the Stones and she said, 'why not?' It's never been done before and as you're so short you need something to get yourself noticed!" At first I thought it was stupid but I soon agreed with her. It couldn't be a nice schoolboy though. It had to be one of those nasty kids who used to terrify you in the playground and do all sorts of unspeakable things...

"At the time, all rock bands were trying to be ultra-cool — people like Bad Company who used to breeze in in their Stetsons once in a blue moon. I hated all that and so I decided to be exactly the opposite."

On stage, Angus is something of a mover. In fact, if you stuck two wet fingers into an electricity socket, your reactions would be lethargic by comparison. Who needs special effects when you've got Angus buzzing around here like a demented Dennis The Menace?

The two effects which they do use, however, are pretty awesome. First there's the massive one-ton bell — specially cast by the makers of the Westminster Abbey changers for a cool £15,000 — which singer Brian Johnson bongs a few times to start the set. And there are the cannons, huge monsters unseen



A rare snap of the current line-up with five pairs of long trousers: (left-right) Cliff Williams (bass), Malcolm Young (guitar), Brian Johnson (vocals), Angus Young (guitar) and Phil Rudd (drums).

since the American Civil War which fire a salute to the audience during the appropriate bits of "For Those About To Rock".

"The bell just adds a bit of mystery and the cannons are our way of saying thank-you to the kids." [No bunches of roses and autographed postcards from this lot.] "It's the music which is important — you can't put effects onto records."

And what of his own record collection? As you might imagine sensitive works like "The Lexicon Of Love" don't seem to feature too highly.

"There's too many bands over here that sound the same," says Angus. "You know, one band gets a hit and then everyone copies their style: it might be a drum sound, a particular producer or the clothes they wear. And how people can find synthesizers exciting, I don't know. We've never been influenced by other bands in that way. Just because I play heavy rock guitar I'm supposed to be into Ritchie Blackmore and Led Zepplin

whereas I always preferred Chuck Berry and the Small Faces".

Talking of Led Zepplin, there is a school of thought which believes that AC/DC have now assumed the role of the Kings Of Heavy Metal.

Their show at Glasgow Apollo which I saw was indeed an experience I shall never forget. I wondered whether Angus felt there was anything left for AC/DC to achieve?

"Well, we've been asked to do the big summer festivals but we're not interested as they cheat the kids. Oh, I know when you've reached a certain status you're supposed to play once a year to 100,000 people but when you get hold of that guitar and you see the looks on the faces of all those people who've paid good money to see you, you lose all those delusions about having a "rock star".

So, he feels responsible? "Responsible? I get so nervous before I go on stage, I start shaking like a leaf."

And there was me thinking it was those short trousers...

SHARON REDD

Never Give You Up



Chorus
 I'll never give you up
 No I'll never stop
 Keep your body, just keep coming for more
 I'll never give you up
 No I'll never stop
 Keep your body, just keep coming for more

Your heart has touched me
 It was so funny when I laid eyes on you
 Your kiss just thrills me
 And your loving kills me
 I don't know what to do

I just want our love
 That feeling, that feeling keeps me cool
 Just put your trust in me
 And I'll keep my trust in you
 So come on baby let's do what we want to do

Repeat chorus

There must be something special
 About our love baby (ohh)
 It excites me and it ignites me
 I'll never give you up

Repeat chorus
 I wanna hold you
 I wanna touch you
 I wanna love you
 I want to be with you
 Give it to me, give it to me more
 Let me in, let me in, let me in
 Never wanna give you up
 Never wanna give you up
 Never gonna give you up
 Never gonna give you up

Let me catch you deep down in
 The heart inside of you
 Let me in, let me in
 (Never gonna give you up)
 You can't give it to me
 You can't let me help you
 I'll never give you up
 (Never gonna give you up)
 Never give you up

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I'll always be true
So please love me do
Wo ho love me do*

*Love, love me do
You know I love you
I'll always be true
So please love me do
Wo ho love me do*

*Someone to love
Somebody new
Someone to love
Someone like you*

*Love, love me do
You know I love you
I'll always be true
So please love me do
Wo ho love me do*

*Love, love me do
You know I love you
I'll always be true
So please love me do
Wo ho love me do
Yeah love me do
Wo ho love me do*

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45's
and under

THEIR GREATEST HITS

SINGLES



CHINA CRISIS: (No More Blue Horizons / Fool For Feel) (Virgin) The appeal of China Crisis is a little beyond me, I'm afraid. The guitars do their work on tiptoe which is a good job, because if they were any bolder they'd scare the living daylight out of what passes for a song. This record probably arrives with a note from its mother.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: (Wishing I Had A Photograph Of You) (Jive) For all their accuse electronic credentials, A Flock Of Seagulls remind me of nothing so much as a younger Sad Cafe — tuneful, melancholy and as wet as a script for *Fame*. Maybe that's why the colonials go for them in such a big way.

TOTO COELO: Dracula's Tange (Sucker For Your Love) (Radiochoice) If any more of these singles turn out to have brackets (in their titles) I shall go (apare). This is more (or less) what you'd expect from the people who brought you 'I Eat Cannibals'. Cosacovs-ko-disco rhythm and lusty tone swiped clean off Boney M's 'Rasputin' ('Russia's greatest love machine' — now there was a lyric!) and glimicks this time supplied by music hall vampire gags. Much talk of 'necking'. geddit?

MODERN ROMANCE: The Best Years Of Our Lives (WEA) Despite their change of singers, Modern Romance continue to plunder the Latin sound but this time the seams don't show at all and the result seems less like cash register contrivance and more like natural exuberance. It swings, it shuffles and chances are it'll stick. Already the boutique owners of Carnaby Street are hush transferring it on to a tape loop.



HEAVEN 17: Let Me Go (Virgin) On first play this doesn't get through, giving the impression that someone's read a book about dance music and decided to give it a whirl. But after a while a subtle insistence is revealed (this is beginning to sound like the very best), at its most potent on the twelve inch version where the interplay between Glen Gregory's grave baritone and a nifty bass line starts to strike sparks. (Please ignore the above pretentious rubbish and give it a listen.)

THE BLUEBELLS: Forevermore (London) Rather than get out of from a refreshingly likeable new group, not helped by a production that seems content to root them somewhere in the Swinging Sixties. Elvis Costello's handling of the B-side, 'Am In Life', is a better example of what they can do. He just leaves the song to do the work. Anyway, at the time of writing you can't buy this record because of a court case being fought over their right to use the name Bluebells. So that solves that problem.

SQUEEZE: Annie Get Your Gun (A&M) The soon-to-be-late Squeeze always knew how to make great pop singles; it's just that sometimes they couldn't quite put their theories into practice, partly through a reluctance to go for what Martin Fry would call the 'wide screen' hit. This suffers from the same dilemma. Great song, though.

GIRLS CAN'T HELP IT: Baby Doll (Virgin) This arrived with some soft-focus colour pics of three rather attractive models wearing very few clothes and sultry expressions. One of them was holding a teddy bear. Do I really have to tell you anything about the record?

THE ALARM: Marching On (Illegal) Spurred first effort from a young band generating much favourable comment on the live circuit, a band who use vigorously punched acoustic guitars to very good effect. If this was a Jam record, it would probably go to number one. Mind you, it would also be better produced.

DONNA SUMMER: State Of Independence (Geffen) The highlight of Donna's recent LP makes its inevitable appearance as a single. It's a Jon and Vangelis number given a surging, rousing treatment: the final chorus, where Donna is joined by Stevie Wonder, Michael Jackson, Lionel Richie and just about every big name in the music business is truly awesome.

MARVIN GAYE: (Sexual Healing) (CBS) Embarrassing (title), great (recording). Marvin recaptures the flirt that made him the bed-sit romeo's best bet

back in the 70s. Ripping across arrangement, perfect pacing and a voice that makes just about every other vocalist mentioned in this column pale into trifling insignificance.

BILLY MACKENZIE: Ice Cream Factory (WEA) Some say that Billy Mackenzie's voice has to be kept on a tight rein lest it indulges itself in falsetto flights of whimsy. I say it should be locked up altogether.

THE UNDERTONES: The Love Parade (Ardeck) Two years ago this would have sounded fine. For 1982, however, it's neither crude enough nor polished enough to make the required impression. The Undertones need to find a style that suits the fact that they're fast becoming adults and this uneasy compromise isn't it.

BLANCMANGE: Living On The Ceiling (London) Blancmange once more come up with an interesting rhythmic idea and throw it away on an indifferent song.

FRIDA: To Turn The Stone (Epic) The much-trumpeted solo career of this Abba person isn't quite getting off to the flying start anticipated in some quarters. Maybe this fairly likeable folkie-type effort will change things. Maybe.



NICK STRAKER BAND: Straight Ahead (Firebird) As recommended by Bev "have expenses, will travel" Hillier in her recent despatch from the dancefloor, this is a clean, forceful sound with economical synthesizer flourishes and a splendid sax solo. The Hip, which dispenses with the vocal altogether, is even better.

MONSOON: Tomorrow Never Knows (The Mobile Suit Corporation) Competent revival of the great set piece of The Beatles' Tandoori Festival. There's a real witty line somewhere here but I'm damned if I can come up with it. Something about Coals and Newcastle, I think. I'll get back to you...

SINGLES

Reviewed by
David Hepworth



LISA STANFIELD: The Only Way (Devil) Nominating this as star single isn't going to win me any credibility points. It's the kind of obvious, blatantly commercial number that everyone sneers at until it makes the top five and then some vaguely apologetic voice pipes up with: 'actually, I quite like this'. The producer, who also wrote the thing and, for all we know, knitted Lisa's rather fetching string vest for her as well, has hoodied her little girl voice until it's just this side of glass-shattering, schooled the drummer in the ABC clutter and compressed every element right down so that, on replay, everything springs out like the contents of an overstuffed suitcase. A contender.



DISCHARGE: State Violence/State Control (Clay) Unlike most contemporary punk outfits, Discharge (cute name, eh?) have a drummer who can punch out the obligatory demented pace, a bassist who can just about keep up with him and a guitarist who has condensed the entire recorded works of Deep Purple into one screeching solo. The singing isn't exactly melodious but if you come home full of frustrations this is the kind of record you'd put on to banish them with.

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20 ALBUMS

ULTRAVOX, Quartet (Chrysalis) Now George "Beetles" Martin is producing. I suppose we'll start having to call them the new *Job Four*. Midge Usher wails away in pretty grand style throughout whilst the other lads prove that beneath all that machinery lurk three excellent musicians. A lot less influenced by Kraftwerk than their last two albums, this is Vox at their most polished with "Hymn", "Visions In Blue" and "We Came To Dance" as good as anything they've ever done. (8 out of 10)
Deborah Steele

THE DANSE SOCIETY: Seduction (Sire) The band's influences are all too obvious. The rolling Bomba-bee beat, chiming Cure guitar and Bauhaus melodrama leaves them somewhere between New Order's atmosphere and Killing Joke's chugging rhythm. But although the lyrics, production and vocals lack character and power, all six tracks are so suggestive enough to suggest that The Danse Society could pounce any day... now. (7 out of 10)
Jim Shelley

DAZZ BAND: Keep It Live (Motown) Very popular in the States, this bunch and it's hardly surprising: mega-production soul which takes in irresistible finger-poppers such as "Let It Whip" and the title track together with dreamy, late-night smoochers like "Just Can't Wait Till The Night" and the very lovely "Just Believe In Love". Tasty arrangements, great vocals from Skip Taylor but a bit too much like EWET for my liking. (7 1/2 out of 10)
Mark Steele

CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR: Think Positive (DeLite) Crown Heights take their own advice and play pop funk with flair, enjoyment and the occasional nod to the shot silk world of black cabaret. (6 out of 10)
Pete Silverton

ORANGE JUICE: Rip It Up (Polyder) No one can accuse them of being twee anymore. Orange Juice have grown up, revealing a new confidence and inventiveness. This outstanding bunch of songs have been excellently arranged with horns

and a variety of keyboards added to the basic line-up. New drummer, Zeki Murray, proves to be both a rhythmic and a vocal asset, singing lead on two tracks. Overall, a big step forward which they can be proud of and you can enjoy. (8 out of 10)
Neil Tennant



GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE: The Message (Sugar Hill) In fifty years time when your grandchildren return from their Late Twentieth Century Popular Music class at school, they'll probably cluster round your armchair and ask, "Grandad, what was Rap?" Flipping on this LP you'll be at a loss to explain why the Grand Master of Rap actually sings a bunch of substandard disco songs. By the time they've waded through those and got to the three classic singles included, they'll have lost interest. (5 out of 10)
Neil Tennant

THE SOUND: All Fall Down (WEA) From the evidence of this third album, The Sound are stuck somewhere between jangly Teardrop pop and the trembly tearfulness of Joy Division at their most engaged. The beaty sound keeps edging towards dissonance, the calm English vocals always border on hysteria. It's a combination that might work but for their squirmingly clever lyrics and a tendency to stretch out ideas well beyond breaking point. (4 out of 10)
Dave Rimmer

GARY MOORE: Corridors Of Power (Virgin) ... in which a broken-hearted Gary rocks every night 'til the end of the world. The music is full of heavy, heavy riffs and guitar breaks; the lyrics bristle with empty posturing, apart from "End Of The World" in which he trots out a few clichés about the Eastern threat. At least the words rhyme even if they don't make sense. (2 out of 10)
Peter Stockton

DIANA ROSS: Silk Electric (Capitol) There are times when Diana Ross stands revealed as being all class and no taste. This is one of them. With the exception of "Muscles" these are as lamentably dull a bunch of

songs as ever scurried past a major artist's quality control. She may be proud of the fact that she can, at a pinch, master heavy metal, but I don't wish to know that. Kindly leave the stage. (4 out of 10)
David Hepworth

JUNIOR MURVIN: Bad Man Posse (Rough Trade) Enticing stuff from the man best known for the timeless reggae street song "Police And Thieves", brought to the fore on the "Clash" album in '77, his sound is now steeper, more soulful and so pin-sharp that this is the kind of album they should use for demonstrating the quality of hi-fi systems. Exquisite. (8 out of 10)
Mark Ellen

TOT TAYLOR AND HIS ORCHESTRA: Playtime (Easy Listeners) From the brains behind Compact and the writer of Mari Wilson's lascious melodies comes a disappointingly patchy LP. The filmy, 60s mood is here — night club pianos, trumpet solos and B movie lyrics. But Tot needs something more epic for his ideas. What about a cast-of-thousands musical hovering somewhere between *High Society* and *Expresso Song*? Now that I'd like to see. (5 out of 10)
Kimberley Leston

OK JIVE: Life At The Blue Chenjo Sky Day & Night Club (Frenzy) Personally, I don't believe African pop — with its circular songs, soft liquid basslines, and endless chiming guitars — will ever really appeal to British taste in a big way. It just doesn't have enough substance. And, despite three vividly colourful opening tracks, nor does this LP. OK Jive sound about as authentic as an Afro/Anglo pop group could hope to and are produced with the kind of delicacy and detail that sharpens all the instruments and makes the slightly 'folky' female vocal sound a little less by comparison. Borrow before buying. (5 out of 10)
Mark Ellen

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK: Chewing The Fat (Duke) Virgin's answer to The Rich Kids come good at last. Despite the great rhythm section the Rondos have always suffered through their inability to write a hit single and the utter uselessness of their two singers, Chris Sullivan and Charlotte Talera. This posed a problem as the former wrote most of the material and the latter looked pretty sharp. So they've dragged in Mike Chapman, Godley and Creme, Langer and Winstanley and Pete Winfield as producers and have put their Latin express back on the rails. Now all they need is that elusive hit. (7 1/2 out of 10)
Deborah Steele



DOLLAR: The Dollar Album (WEA) The nearest the dynamic duo will ever get to a Greatest Hits LP, it includes their last four smashes plus "Give Me Some Kinda Manic". The rest, written and produced by Thelma and David, are really only inferior versions of the singles. The ideal Christmas stocking filler. (7 out of 10)
Beverly Hillier

MAXIMUM JOY: Station M.X.I.V. (V) With a name like Maximum Joy I expected something a lot stronger than this. It kicks off with three strong songs — choppy guitars, sultry vocals and jungly atmospheres. But after these it's downhill all the way: flat, disjointed and long-winded funk songs. (4 out of 10)
Peter Stockton

BAUHAUS: The Sky's Gone Out (Beggars Banquet) I've always found Bauhaus's amateur theatricals and hysterical hustler ticsome, pompous and miserably average. "Sky" (like the accompanying live LP) is a tuneless stodge made from screeching glam guitar and Masell Murphy's hollow gothic images. Side two's three epics are pretentious, sprawling and even psychedelic. Avoid. (3 1/2 out of 10)
Jim Shelley



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ORANGE JUICE I CAN'T HELP MYSELF

I always thought I could
Fall from a height, land on my feet
Now I'm considering
Throwing in the towel, admitting defeat

Chorus
Just like the Four Tops
I can't help myself
I can't help myself
I can't help myself
I can't help myself

Nothing worth finding
Is easily found, try as one might
That was supposed to sound
Very profound, it probably sounds trite

Repeat chorus twice

I can't help myself
I can't help myself

I thought I had to tell the world
(Tell the world)
About you (about you)
I thought I had to tell the world
(Tell the world)
About you (about you)
Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by E. Collins/D. McClymont
Reproduced by permission Orange Juice
On Polydor Records

PIRANHAS

Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh

Well if I have a whim
I either sink or swim
It never really seems
To matter either way
And if a bill comes in
Just throw it in the bin
Because I'm sure to get some more
Another day

Chorus
Zembazi, Zembazi, Zembazi
Zem I'm on me way
Zembazi, Zembazi, Zembazi, Zem

I ought to face
Life's complications
But I haven't got
The inclination and
I never learnt the hang
Of facing my responsibilities

So when the belliff comes
Explain to him
I haven't got a thing
To give him
But if he wants
To come round visiting
This is where I'll be

Repeat chorus

Well if my benk should phone
Tell them I ain't at home
Just say I pecked me plestic bag
And went away
As for the lendlord's rent
I spent it on a tent
So if he's asking questions
You'll know what to say

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by
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Photo: Peter

BAUHAUS.



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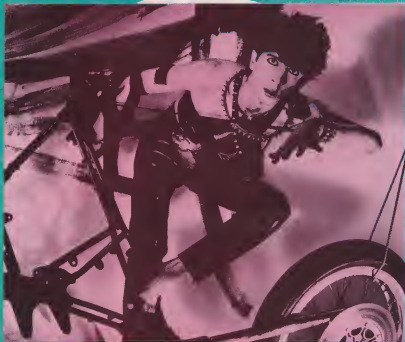
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TITLE Fun City
LABEL Some Bizzare
YEAR 1982
REQUESTED BY Maxine Hullock, Leeds

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MARC and THE MAMBAS



fun city

I LEFT MY TOWN WITH A PAIN IN MY HEART
NOT A WORD TO GODBYE TO THE ONES THAT I LOVED
TAKING A TRAIN AWAY FROM THE RAIN
TO THE LIGHTS OF THE SMOKE, SO TO FIND MY OWN WAY NOW
FUN CITY, FUN CITY TO LONDON EXPERIENCE
FUN CITY, FUN CITY TO LONDON EXPERIENCE
BACKWARDS, FORWARDS, WEARING OUT THE CORNERS
FUN CITY, FUN CITY HERE'S MY INEXPERIENCE

CHORUS
HAVE NO FEELINGS
HAVE NO SEX
WONDER WHO TO RIP OFF NEXT
PLAYLAND, SCANDAL, POCKET WEIGHS YOU DOWN
PLAYLAND, SCANDAL MACHINE HANDLE GOES DOWN
LOSE ALL MY MONEY, TRY TO MAKE A KILLING
CAN'T EVEN MAKE MY FARE BACK HOME
SO THIS IS FUN CITY

REPEAT CHORUS

I TRIED TO MAKE FRIENDS, I TRIED TO MAKE AMENDS
I CUNN SO LOW THAT IT'S HARD TO CLIMB OUT
I'VE NOWHERE TO LIVE, THOUGH I'VE SO MUCH TO GIVE
I FOUND THE HARD WAY WHAT LIFE'S ALL ABOUT

REPEAT CHORUS

FUN CITY
I'M ALL ALONE, AND I'M LOST IN THIS CITY
FEELING DEGRADED, BEING PARADED
I WANT TO LOVE AND I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE WAY
BUT I'M ONLY YOUNG AND I'M OFTEN WRONG

REPEAT CHORUS

HAVE NO MORALS
HAVE NO INNOCENTS
I'M OUIE STRAIGHT JUST PLAYING FOR RENT

ADAM

Pic: Eric Watson

SMASH HITS



Diana Ross

MUSCLES

She said she wants a man
To always understand
But that's alright for her
Still it ain't enough for me

She said she wants a guy
To keep her satisfied
But that's alright for her
But it ain't enough for me

Chorus

Still I don't care if he's young or old
(Just make him beautiful)
I just want someone I can hold onto
I want muscles, all, all over his body
Make him strong enough from his head down to his toes
I want muscles, all, all over his body
Make him strong enough from his head down to his toes

They say they have to see
His real personality
But that's alright for them
Still it ain't enough for me
I need what the eyes can see, ah,
His anatomy, if that's alright for them
Still it ain't enough for me

Repeat chorus

Muscle man I want to love you
Hey muscle, or help your body
Come with me I am the cascade
Man this man we've got this thing made
Ah sexy, I am the dancer
Stay with me, you won't regret it
Take this love so deep to swim in
Come to me, and let my love in

She said she wants a man
To always understand
But that's alright for her
Still it ain't enough for me

Repeat chorus

I want all I can get
All over him, all over him, all over him
I want muscles, muscles, muscles, muscles
Muscles, muscles, muscles, muscles

Words and music by Michael Jackson
Reproduced by permission Carlin Music
On Capitol Records



EDDY GRANT

I Don't Wanna Dance

Chorus

(But) oh I don't wanna dance
Dance with you baby no more
I'll never do something to hurt you though
Oh but the feeling is bad
The feeling is bad

I love your personality
Oh but I don't want our love on show
Sometimes I think it's insanity
Girl the way you go

With all of the guys on the corner
Oh baby you're the latest trick
Oh, you seem to have their number
Look they're dancing still

Repeat chorus three times

Baby now the party's over
For us so I'll be on my way
Now that the things which moved me
Are standing still

I know it's only superstition
Baby but I won't look back
Even though I feel your muscle
Baby that is that

Repeat chorus twice

I don't wanna dance
Don't wanna dance
I don't wanna dance
Don't wanna dance
Don't wanna dance
Don't wanna dance
Don't wanna dance

Repeat chorus

Words and music by E. Grant
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On Ice Records

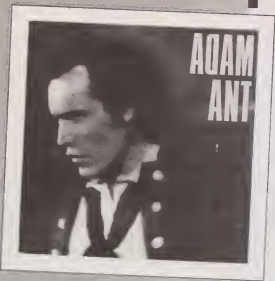
SMASH HITS
STAR
PRIZES

50 AUTOGRAPHED ADAM ALBUMS TO BE WON!

Strange thing happened the other morning. Postman arrives, big square-shaped box in his hands. We open it up and discover no less than 50 copies of **Adam Ant's** excellent solo LP, "Friend Or Foe", plus a little note from those terribly generous people at CBS Records saying: "distribute these among your deserving readers. Note — they've all been signed."

Indeed they have, and we will. Anyone requiring one of these priceless collector's items needs only to solve this strenuous riddle and send the answer on a postcard (or the back of an envelope) to **Smash Hits Adam Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF to arrive before November 11. The first 50 right answers get free autographed LPs. Can you beat it?

Here's the question: what's the name of Adam's new group? a) Adam Ant And The Friends; b) Adam And The Foes; c) Adam's Midnight Runners; d) Adam Ant And The Men.



**THE
MOOD**

[passion in dark rooms]
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RCA

SCARLET PARTY

The music's East End Beat and the drinks are on Mark Ellen

There was a time, many moons ago, when bands started concocting extremely rich and exotic-sounding names. This managed to create the impression that, in listening to their music, you were obviously about to undergo some profound and rather mystical experience.

It's a period of pop history that's fondly recalled by Graham Dye, singer with the East End quartet Scarlet Party.

"They all had colours in their names then — Frank Floyd, Blue Oyster Cult, Tangerine Dream, Deep Purple — and we decided we wanted one too. An atmospheric name."

Combining the title of one of Batman's impressive array of

sidekicks — Captain Scarlet, "the indestructible man" — and the name of an ancient Peter Sellers movie, *The Party*, Graham set up shop in the field of cleverly-wrought, guitar-driven pop.

Not his first band, mind. Back in '74 together with brother Steve, various assorted school friends, and several old Skids numbers he leaved as many local pubs as would actually admit 15-year-old musicians under the name. A band he said "and, mercifully — failed to be 'Britain's answer to The Osmonds'."

From there on in their course has run so closely in the wake of The Beatles as to be downright uncanny. The group played a grueling round of German Bierkeller clubs, among them *The Star Club* in Hamburg (where the mop-tops had a residency) and later — as Scarlet Party — signed to EMI releasing their single, the unforgettable-titled "101-Dam-Nations", on the Parlophone label (same as The Beatles), a song written a couple of days after the tragic death of Graham's long-time hero John

Lennon almost two years back. In fact they even met Paul McCartney while recording at the Abbey Road studios who declined to comment on their music but did apparently applaud their trousers.

Graham doesn't waste words on the obvious similarities. "A lot of people play us off for sounding like The Beatles," he says, "but nobody has a go at Shakin' Stevens for sounding exactly like Elvis Presley."

The song in question — immensely likable and accompanied by a distinctly psychedelic video — makes its point in wonderfully economic fashion. "It's about the problems that you have in relation to the greatest wishes that we going on in the world."

And what of the band? "We're not actually out to rule the world, just to have fun. And if anyone happens to like the music," he adds, "they can have fun too."

101-Dam-Nations

THERE'S SOMETHING CALLING ME
THAT I CAN'T TOUCH OR SEE
I FEEL IT IN THE AIR
I HEAR IT EVERYWHERE
AND RARY IT'S A CRAZY DAY

WHAT AM I COMING TO
WHAT AM I GONNA DO
ALL THE THINGS THAT YOU SAID
ARE HINDING THROUGH MY HEAD
AND BABY IT'S A CRAZY DAY
AND BABY IT'S A CRAZY DAY

AND I SEE

CHORUS

101-DAM NATIONS
MARCHING OFF TO FIND A WAR
WHAT HAPPENED TO RACE RELATIONS?
EVERYONE IS FREE
AND NOTHING TO KILL OR DIE FOR

I DON'T SMOKE A BIG CIGAR
I DON'T DRIVE A BIG FLASH CAR
BUT IT DON'T MAKE ME SAD
I THINK I'M GOING MAD
AND RARY IT'S A CRAZY DAY ON

WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR
AND HOW CAN I BE SURE
WHEN ALL THINGS SEEM SO RIGHT
WHY I CAN'T STOP AT NIGHT
AND BABY IT'S A CRAZY DAY ON
AND BABY IT'S A CRAZY DAY

AND STILL I SEE

REPEAT CHORUS

ANYMORE
EVERYONE IS FREE
AND NOTHING TO KILL OR DIE FOR
WORDS AND MUSIC BY GRAHAM
DYE/STEVEN OYE
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ON PARLOPHONE RECORDS



Scarlet Party turn on the red light: (left-right) Sean Heaphy (drummer), Steven Dye (bassboards), Graham Dye (guitar) and Mark Gilmour (guitar)

Shogun announce the exciting

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Got a musical question? No matter how major, no matter how slight, Linda should be able to dig up the answer. Write to: Get Smart!, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

Get SMART!



Can you tell me who or what the "satori" is that Bowie and Bauhaus keep singing about? Adrian, Pinner. Satori is a Japanese phrase meaning "sudden enlightenment" and is a common term in the Buddhist religion. The word crops up in Bowie's "Memory Of A Free Festival" in the line "Satori must be something quite the same". Always wanted to know that!

I recently bought "Jackie Wilson Said" by Dexys and on the cover it states that the b-side is "Let's Make This Precious" but the inside label reads "Howard's Not At Home". Why the confusion? Claire Fawcog & Neal Dirrey. The explanation, it would seem, is that I bought it'd be quite a joke to send out a quantity of singles with incorrect titles, just to see how many people would notice...

Where can I get a Muta Records t-shirt, as shown in your Sept 30th issue? Dave Gahan's Nose Earring, Oxford. Muta have a limited quantity available from their offices at 102 Seymour Place, London W1. If you'd like to buy one (price: £4), don't send any money as yet but write to them and they'll supply all details.

Could you explain about the new "digital" recording Cliff Richard is using on his next album? Katy Mallet, Suffolk. Very basically, when music is recorded in a studio, instead of the sounds going straight onto tape, they are now fed into an

"analogue to digital converter". This changes the sound into a digital code. Then, when this code is played back, it will only pick up its own signals and thus eliminates any tape noise or hiss, giving the production a much cleaner, crisper sound.



Mark Fox, helping out with The Beat

On The Beat's LP "Special Beat Service" it says: "Mark Fox on percussion". Is he the one from HC100? G. Gorgie, Edinburgh. He certainly is; the collaboration came about due to the fact that the two groups share not only the same producer in Bob Sargeant, but both have also recorded in The Roundhouse Studios.

Can you tell me if "The Specials Illustrated Songbook" is still available? Albion, Atherstone. Containing lyrics to all the songs from The Specials' two albums, the book also features guitar chords and illustrations and is still on sale at Music Sales Ltd., 78 Newman Street, London

W1. Inclusive of postage and packing, the mail order price is set at £4.55 (cheques and P.O.s only).

Any details as to where I could get one of those Union Jack blazers as worn by Pete Townshend in issue Sept 30th? Mark, Sunderland. The very same jackets are on sale in every second shop along London's Carnaby Street, at a price tag of £24.99. We're somewhat reluctant to name a mail order firm because we can't guarantee the proper service — personal shopping advised!

What does "D.N.A." mean? It's the title of a track on the LP by A Flock Of Seagulls. Ruth Murden, Norwich. DNA — literally, Deoxyribonucleic Acid — is the chemical compound in human genes through which characteristics are inherited. In other words the information that you'll grow up with your mother's nose and your father's eyes is determined by your parents' DNA. Simple, ah?

Can you tell me what has happened to The Polecats and are there any plans for a new single? Michael Jenkins, Belfast. They've spent much of this year writing songs and rehearsing material, but a new single, titled "Make A Circuit With Me", is due for release next January. We're told it has a slightly less rockably sound, with a slightly less rockably image to match...

Are the rumours about Pete Burns (of Dead Or Alive) and Marli Wilson making a single together in any way true? I've also heard they've been emotionally linked. Dead Or Alive Fan, Liverpool.

Marli's record company assure us that the notion of this pair cutting a single together is "totally absurd". "Emotionally linked"? It appears they've never even met!



Pete Burns. Absolutely nothing to do with Marli Wilson.

I recently heard a song which goes "Ba-ba-ba bumba/Ba bebada bumba" with some Spanish in it as well. Any hints as to who originally recorded it? Hopeful Dancer, Skene. New boy Nail Ferrant was able to sing this for me! The song is called "La Bamba" and it was first recorded in 1958 by American vocalist Ritchie Valens.

Please note: we've just been turned wise to the fact that Japan have recorded two Motown songs in their career (and not one, as previously reported to us by the Japan office). They are "Ain't That Peculiar" (Marvin Gaye) and "I Second That Emotion" (Smotey Robinson And The Miracles). Catharine Pringle — does this mean you've lost that bet?!

8 BADGES FOR FREE!

Here it is. The token you need to complete your set of three, the three that qualify you for a free set of badges featuring Dexys, Duran Duran, Yazoo, ABC, Japan, Soft Cell, Bananarama and Haircut One Hundred.

This is what you do: take the three tokens that you've collected from the last few issues, put them in an envelope along with a stamped addressed envelope and send them to **Smash Hits Button Badge Offer, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Seouthgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF.**

And please don't forget the stamped addressed envelope. If we don't know where you are, we can't despatch your goods. Surely for the benefit of anyone who's missed out on an earlier token, we'll be printing an extra one in the next issue. We're all heart, we really are.



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- THE BEATLES** *1963-1969*
- INKA KOLA** *The Party's Over*
- THE CLASSICS OF BACH**

EMI

TAPES MEASURE COMPETITION

● Males 18+ I like Baulou, leather, Dance Society, Studs, Fad Gadget, black suede Chelsea boots, The Cuss, white socks, TOH, The Cramps, faded jeans and dyed hair. I dislike Culture Club, plastic purses and yuppies. Please write to Kelly at 18 Valley Road, Harrogate. Photos please! All letters answered.

● We're two 13 year olds seeking two boys aged 14-16 to write to. Must be into Madness, Dexys, Depeche Mode and The Jam. Can't stand heavy metal and flares. Write to (with pics), Suzanne, 501 Babcockcombe Road, Torquay, Devon. And Suzanne, 21 Shirley Court, Torwood Gardens Road, Torquay, Devon. Mods and skins especially welcome.

● Two 16 year old Numanettes want contact with male female 'friends'. 16+ please. Send S.A.E. and telephone number to Ange and I die you Die, 112 Fairfield Terrace, Bramley, Leeds 13, 30Q West Yorks.

● I'm 19 and would like male and female penpals aged 19-21. My music interest is Japan. I promise to answer every letter. So if you feel like making somebody happy then drop a line to Catherine Pringle, 85 Brass Avenue, Whitebrook, Clydebank, Scotland, 681 1DN.

● Hi, I'm Pete, aged 17 and very depressed. What I need is a nice young lady to write and cheer me up. I am into Soft Cell, Duran Duran, Japan, swimming and table tennis. Photos if possible to: Peter Day, 23 Clarendon Green, St Pauls Gray, Orpington, Kent BR5 2NW.

● My name is Paul Rouse and I am 18 I'm looking for a penfriend in Scotland or Wales. I am into Police, Dexys, Duran, Rainbow, Galtichool, Rata, Rod Mammars, Ultravox, E.L.O., Roxanne, Fame and The Beat. Write to: I Donnelly Road, Tuckton, Bournemouth, Dorset.

● Hi I am a 21 year old male and I am looking for a female aged 17-25. I like most music especially Duran Rosa (yum-yum!) so write to me soon. Photo please. Roy Brownlow, 18 Burke Drive, Somerscote, Derbyshire, DE55 4TG.

● Two 14 year old girls would like to write to anyone in Europe, aged 14-16. Beverley likes Duran Duran, Police and Depeche Mode. Lisa likes Spandau Ballet, Duran Duran, ABC, Police and Adam Ant. Write to us at: 114 Boyne Road, Sheldon, Birmingham, B26 2JG.

● My name is Kerry and I like Salsamari, Evelyn King, Fat Ray's Band, Imagination and all types of soul and funk. I also like fashion and dancing, so hurry if you people out there and get writing to: Miss Kerry Mills, 44 Ringwood Avenue, West Croydon, Surrey.

● I am 15 and love Simon le Bon, Duran Duran, ABC, Spandau Ballet, Teen For Fears. Want to be in pop business, would like boys from Brun or anywhere. Will try to answer all letters. Write to: Beatha Woods, 15 Mead way Hough Green, Widsnes, Cheshire.

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. Please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This will not be published.

RSVP

● If you're willing to spend some time, then girls 14-16 send me a line, I like to rap and be smooth, dance and prance in the groove, you don't have to be good lookin', blonde and lean, I don't mind about the colour 'cause I'm not mean, I'm into the Sugarhill Gang and the Furious Five, or jazz-funk keeps the soul alive. Contact Terry Knowles (The Lone Grover) Berwick Park, Yeovil, Somerset

● Two girls aged 16 would like to contact 2 boys aged 16-18 who like jazz funk, especially Level 42, Imagination and Shalamar etc. J.F.M. listeners welcome. Contact with pic if possible! Angela, 15 Taylor Road, Hitcham, Surrey, Or Box, 21 Carlingford Road, Morden, Surrey, SM4 4NY.

● I am a fifteen year old female called Cathy. I would like any boys to reply with pics. Nick Rhodes, Simon le Bon or Alan Wilder, lookalikes are very acceptable. 15-19 if possible. I'm into Japan, Duran Duran, Hanoi 100, Depeche Mode and Culture Club and lots more. No Bucks Fizz or heavy metal fans please. Write to: Cathy Moore, 50 Rydens Road, Plumstead, London SE18 1QA.

● Hey! Do you really want a penpal? 'Cause if you do, then we have something in common. My names Lizze, I'm 15 and I like Duran Duran, Boyz n the Band and also great Oz bands like Moving Picture and Australian Crawl. I reckon I'll answer all letters, so if you're between 14 and 17 and you'd like to write to me, then address letters to: Lizze Woolough, P.O. Box 25, Lewiston, Q1d 4501, Australia.

● Hi I'm 19, male, and looking for penpals into Eurythmics, Altered Images, Simple Minds, Scuzzies, Visage, Japan, ABC, Au Pair, soul, reggae, football (QPR), travelling and reading. I'm doing my military service at the moment so I could do with some letters to cheer me up. If you have a good sense of humour, write to: Germi Isacson, P1 326 Norr Naur, S-761 00 Norrtälje, Sweden.

● Any loyal Duran Duran fans (must be boys aged 13-14 and Nick Rhodes lookalikes), write to me. I'm 13, Christine Ruse, 88 Douglas Road, Maidstone, Kent, ME16 5EJ.

● Duran Duran fanatic aged 16 would like to write to a guy aged 16-18. Also likes Spandau Ballet and Simple Minds. Duran Duran lookalikes and new romantics welcome. Get writing to: Anita Huttler, 24 Shaw Street, Petersham 2049 N.W., Australia.

MELBA * MOORE Love's Coming At Ya

Love's comin' at ya
My love's comin' at ya

I couldn't get over the first time I saw your face
I knew I had to have you
My heart said there is no time to waste
I want your love (want your)
Give it to me baby
I need your love
Everyday I've got to have it

Chorus
Love's comin' at ya
My love's comin' at ya
Straight on and full speed ahead
Love's comin' at ya
My love's comin' at ya
Gonna make you mine all mine

I keep remembering the nights we made sweet sweet love

Oh can't stand the waiting
I have to go with what I'm dreaming of
Think out for me
Cause I'm heading for you baby
I hate to please
Take all night getting ready for you

Sweetest dreams and all 'til it fade.

Words and Music by Peter Dinklage Johnson
Arranged by Christopher YOUNG
On EMI America Records



Shakatak



STRANGER c/w SOL FUEGO

TWO BRAND NEW TRACKS
OUT NOW ON 7" POSP 530
AND 12" POSPX 530

ON TOUR AT

28th Oct New Theatre, Southport
29th Oct Apollo Theatre, Manchester
1st Nov The Dome, Brighton
2nd Nov Gaumont Theatre, Ipswich
3rd Nov Fulcrum, Slough
4th Nov Central Halls, Chatham
5th Nov Cliffs Pavillion, Southend



The Beatles chose their name as a tribute to Buddy Holly's band, the Crickets. Pink Floyd were inspired by two bluesmen, Pink Anderson and Floyd Council. Alice Cooper believed he was a re-incarnation of a witch of that name.

So then, what of Haysi Fantayzee? Is it in honour of the Nigerian patron saint of the undead? Is it taken from the brand name of an American patent bubble bath? Or is it just a case of willfully bad spelling? Well, Jeremiah?

"Actually, I just invented it. No particular moral reason for it."

"He was in the back of the van," said Kate. "And sudden inspiration just struck him on the back of the head and Haysi Fantayzee came out."

"But what I didn't realise," added Jeremiah, his braided locks twitching in irritation, "was that people would try and make it into English. They keep calling it Hazy Fantaze and horrible things like that." A shudder of disgust ran through him, from his poor boy cap to his Doctor Martens.

Kate Garner was a couple of hours late. She'd damaged her left eye with a wayward contact

lens and had to come via the hospital. She arrived wearing a charming black satin eye patch. She's 27, the daughter of a Wigan factory worker of Scottish/French descent and an Irish mother. "My dad's got two left feet but she's very musical."

Jeremiah's the younger partner of the business, a 29-year-old son of the no-man's land between Woolwich and Eltham, two South London suburbs with the timeless charm of a week of incessant drizzle. His real name's Jeremy Healey.

"How did I grow up? I just got taller." Which is quite tall indeed.

Like Kate he was brought up as a Catholic. At the age of 11 he was sent to a Catholic brothers grammar school, an experience that cut very deep. "It was absurd, like something out of the nineteenth century. They used to beat the hell out of everyone and they were all drunkards."

"When I was fourteen, I dyed my hair and they called me 'The Son Of The Devil' and they meant it, it was very painful. Some teacher you think is supposed to be telling you the right way decides — just because you've dyed your hair — that you're the anti-Christ. And all the little kids at the school

believed them. I only did it because we used to wear these really bright green blazers and they were racist. So I dyed my hair the same colour."

Both Kate and Jeremy's bitterness towards the world of organised religion has taken concrete form in their new single, "Holy Joe", a soothing pop song, influenced by African High Life music, with an undoubted moral tug beneath the sweet dreams of its surface. As "John Wayne" was an "attack on the American power system", so "Holy Joe" points a finger at the way religion gets "sold" commercially, particularly on American TV. (Both of them are great fans of New York, which they've visited twice.) "TV prime time is a very fine time to sell you glory lines" runs the song's crucial phrase.

"Obviously," said Jeremy, "because of our backgrounds, we feel really strongly about religion and what it does to people. But, if you just wrote a song saying 'God is dead, God is dead', you'd just be preaching to the converted. It's just about people like Jim Jones (the black American preacher who organised a mass 'suicide' in

at all. But it's better than sitting at home in Wigan, I can tell you."

Kate and Jeremy met in a derelict house known as "The Blitz Kids Squat" in London's Warren Street. Kate kicked down the door and discovered the place was full of extremely trendy film-makers and hat-makers and in one room was Jeremiah slumped in a wheel-chair he used to roam around in for several months (simply because he liked it).

Kate had wanted to be a singer and she showed some lyrics to Jeremy. He dismissed them out of hand but agreed to rewrite them and go into the studio with Kate and her boyfriend, Paul, then with Animal Magnet but now the member of Haysi Fantayzee who declines to appear in their photographs or public appearances.

Both frankly admit that the way they look has been just as — if not more — important for their success than anything in the grooves.

Kate's tiny, very un-English frame was hidden beneath a four colour check shirt, a loosely-woven dark grey and white wrap, a pale orange wrap, a

What's in a NAME?

Quite a lot in the case of Haysi Fantayzee. Kate and Jeremiah give lessons in good clothes and bad spelling. Pete Silverton takes notes.



A rare glimpse of all three members of Haysi Fantayzee: (l-r) Paul Caplin, Jeremiah Hesley, Kate Garner.

Guyana). And the way they sell religion.

"We've just put it as tritely as possible to reach as many people as possible."

"It's like with 'John Wayne'. It was only when it got to Number 11 that we started telling people what it was about. Up till then, people were accusing us of writing nonsense lyrics. And they're not. I think they're great. They're not nonsense lyrics."

As teenagers, both Jeremy and Kate reacted strongly against their upbringing. He fled into London's nightlife, she ran away from home.

After living for a year in a "factory of commune thing" in a kind of Bowie's home town of Bromley, Kate went travelling with a woman friend twelve years her senior. "Ten pounds, that's what we set off with in our hot little hands — between us that is. We lasted a year. People were very kind to us." She giggled. "Two charming English people."

Stranded in India, she phoned her parents for the return air fare. But not before she'd been through a more than fair share of unpleasantness. "I tend to remember the bad things. Like not having any food. And being attacked by bandits in Afghanistan. It wasn't wonderful

thick khaki army belt, two grey and one pale blue skimpy leg warmers and a pair of scuffed tan boots with the lumps wrapped lightly around her shin.

Jeremy, who cites as inspiration the two most gloriously anarchic figures in Western literature, Huckleberry Finn and the Artful Dodger, was buried somewhere below a mound of garments that would provide the stock for a modest chain of costumiers. Vast camel cap. Flecked grey-brown Raglan sleeved overcoat. Dark brown elephant cord trousers, size 72 waist; they once belonged to a clown. "I've had them two years and I've worn them all the time." A too-large candy-striped shirt — turquoise, brown, tan, silver grey, black and lilac. A garment which my tailor, without hesitation, would have described as "a trifle sudden". The finishing details were the flourish of a thick brown leather belt and a brown, reversed waistcoat which, every now and then, peaked out like a startled rabbit.

"We don't do it to look different. It's us. It's not like the people who go to the Camden Palace on Thursdays." It would've taken a crow bar to wipe the sneer from his lips.

"With others, it's fashion. With us, it's style."

HOLY Joe

They come in search of paradise

Preacher man him a wild plen
is to get you in his gang
Holy Joe, holy Joe
T.V. prima time is a very fina time
To sell you glory lines
Holy Joe, holy Joe

Chorus
Woah, woah, holy Joe
Woah, woah, holy Joe

Good guys tell bad lies holy Joe
Bad guys tell good lies holy Joe

Repeat chorus twice

Preacher men with a
shakey shakey hand
He'll tell you of the promised land
Holy Joe, holy Joe
Him beedy aya his book it lies
Him satan in disguise
Holy Joe, holy Joe

Repeat chorus
and ad lib to fade

Words and music by
Caplin/Garner/Realy
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Carlin Music Ltd.
On Regard Records



Speaks w



Think of the Philips Sound Machine as a sound factory.

On its shop floor is a pre-amp and power supply module capable of producing twenty watts of wideangle spatial stereo sound.

Raw material is fed via a four-band tuner

which has an automatic frequency control to ensure razor sharp FM stereo reception.

Other data is channelled through a microprocessor and servo controlled stereo cassette deck with a three-motor drive unit.

Wow and flutter is a mere 0.09 WRMS.



volumes.



The Signal-to-noise ratio is better than 60 dB.
Production control of recording levels
for each channel is through LED VU meters.
As it is for tuning and battery levels.

However, if you visit your local Philips
stockist for a demonstration, it is only fair to
warn you.

You might well need to stand outside.

The 20 watt Sound Machine. **PHILIPS**

Courtesy of Baz Home-Made Loops Ink

OUT & ABOUT WITH THE BINARY

Set of a mass made by hand drawn by the day

ancient runs when they decide to stop off for a brimming bowlful of ye local delicacy (probably curried camel or goat kebab or some such graly noth). No sooner have our chums got on the old plane back to Blighty than they start to develop what we doctors call a touch of the 'Atec Two-Sies' (ie gippy fun). So severe was this bout of the old Cairo Cake Walk* that one of them was forced to stop over at a £10-a-night hotel en route back from Heathrow airport so's to be near a 'convenience' (should he need one at v short notice, chums. Case of Blancmange getting just desserts, I reckon (ahhkes of laughter)

No sun baked hot-spots for **Depeche Mode**, mind Off to Birmingham for the playing of a packed-out concert hall. All going great guns, all three in the morning when hotel persons are rudely snatched from their slumbers by v loud sounds resembling a bunch of raving lions hammering rather had on bedroom doors. Appears this rowdy mob of Depeche followers are attempting to discover the whereabouts of the annoying Modes by trying every room in the place. Baz's verdict: shoot the lot of 'em and make the whole world a better place

Can we talk insurance for a mo, mates? Good Ever heard of a pop person insuring their hair? Thought not. The only entry in Baz's book of bankable barrets, chums, is that of old volcano bance **Mari Luce**. Apparently she's arranged some v suspect deal where if her high-rise hair do collapses on stage she gets 100,000 cranky green pound pounds

Even as I write, woshoppers, news arrms popping hot of an even more wonky example of pop stars misandring of hot. Here's the scene, the sultry **Siouxie** (old folie features) takes a lesson from dancing lessons for current youngsters (you'll need to make a trusty video tape of a sudden needs a false eyelash for the placement of one of her peepers. Does she struggle for the local dance for to purchase said item? She does not. Despite the perchance, drive down the road. Or take a bus to the train? No. She dispatches it tax all the way - the old and back for one false eyelash! Live like that, eh? Tomorrow these people eh? Neatly as Baz's friend **Paul McCartney** hired a cab for the transporting of two chickens from London Airport

the Mul of Kirsty. Not cheap, that the vet of this man!

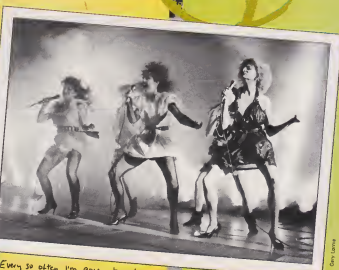
Mark back gentfolk, to the days of yore when striping chest vest salesmen **Imagination** sued **Delinquence**. **Man Wilson** (ahh, he's also out of You Her group). He **Imaginations** were meant to be 'licking their hands. Date of course. Well it happened again. A mortal blow was I knowe cruelly dealt chums: a tracker - cots pop songsters **The Bluebells** by leggy all girl dancing troupe **The Bluebells Of Paris**, who've been transported to donkey's years and aren't nearly as good as **Bazzer** (current rave pop m'ems). **Little Quin** (**Tate Cole** to you and me). **El M** (**French Frags** are trying to stop the permit v' videe tads from using said non-accidental yams generally a bit of a bit all round. Not surprised, me

Here's a tale: there's this girl in the pub in Leeds, mates, hating away to me old pal **Marc Almond**. Anyway starts getting a bit of yinnance. Apparently, and generally being in the pub and stuff so guess what? - old **Moskito**. Mar goes and lands her eye on the pub. Publishers right in the old skin in the. More of a man than I've ever be (ugh)

Fascinating Facts: O what does **Nick Heyward** want for Christmas? A. A big bag of wot's in. Let me explain, mates: it's all about a new LP put out end of November and he's got lots of strings on

Fascinating Facts: O what does the **Culture Club** just get in? O.P.A. as **Simon Stevens** dropped out of the last me old Club about 13 in at the time two mus' subsided at the time of the market legs there wouldn't be a chance of a market. About the place with banners that look like a raggedy animal in a bus. I'm not sure if it got ever with it, mate

Cheers!!
Bazzy



PH: Gary Latham

Every so often I'm going to put a really amazing "pin-up" pic on my page. You know - people who are pretty bill-looking and rather useful on the old dancefloor and stuff. Anyway, here's my current favee - Toto Cocoli!!

view readers don't mind me. Just finishing a little bit of sketching actually. Fine by relaxing (wot's wrong with being actually fine reporting for the good of me that's a window to the world) wot's wrong with the bit off the legends and go away with the very famous persons the whole world's got to know with fear at the very mention of it. I've got a mild 'balpout' (Bazza, the man, the man, the man) about the sweetboard to the Stars (wot's wrong with being anyway)

Best mates, I trouble. You're all wot's wrong with me, mates. solves you wonder a bit. I've got the ultra-buff on of any doo'ing' done. I've got the bits of wisdom. A Rembrandt. I've got the chance? A Stubbs? Wrong on the whole. I'm a coffee lover. For you read in your magazine, turn a page from the legendary sketch book of the stars truly, dab **John Singer** and owner of a large pot of 'Cow Goo' (wot's wrong with that?) Green going to having classic. See. **Uddis** of the kinds type like me all heavily into **The Pinkies** and **Chicago** and most of them fully paid up members of the local **Potters Bar Happy Wanderers** Rambling Club. Only been there two years and already finished my tree bill entry for the end of term exhibition. V exciting portrait of a pound of brooking apples, two bananas and a small bunch of other mouldily grapes all sitting in a veg dish. The rest of the class reckon it's my Pre Raffle (ie Pre-Raffle I don't sell they're going to raffle it. Anyway, mates, fancy another saucy sortie into the world of after shocking showbiz scandals? Well, stop this way.

From Numero Uno gals, concerns the group that you'll humble slobber reckons is poss by the most 'saurer' sounding combo in the entire history of music and as we know it today (sorry going a bit over the top there). In a word, **The Human League** (more like three words, actually, but not to worry). So mentioned are the folks at **Virgin Records** of evil disc jockeys and pop press persons getting their wicked jaws on the League's (probably deeply foul) new single, "Mirror Man", that they've got every body safely under lock and key. **Makes Fort Knox** look a bit like a sell service counter round there at the mo. Plus when **Virgin Records** staff were played said that they were all checked to make sure there was in the key service (or general undercover docty practice going on. Talk about a big build up, eh?

Postcards, mates, tend to get around a bit. Breakfast in Boston, lunch in Lagos and a spot of supper in somewhere beginning with 'S' and all that sort of stuff. Take **Spandau Ballet** (keep 'em too, according to that **Ivri Tennant**). Off to the Bahamas (in three weeks to record LP number three. As old unred Adonis and bass plucking person **Martin Kemp** told your roaming reporter, "Here's the plan: one week recording and two weeks loing about trying to get that tanned Branlian footballer look (Brien with envy, me)

And **Blancmange** Off to Cairo, Egypt, just to make a video. A fact, mates? But here's a funny thing: no sooner had the pudding-like par set off to eat sweet (godd?) for a bit of a romp round the

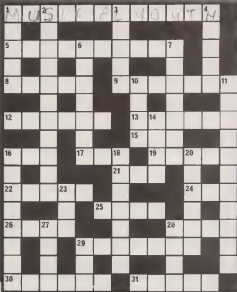
Crossword

across

- Young reggaists who 'Pass The Dutchie' (7,5)
- and 4 Down. What Shaké wants you to do tonight (4,2,4,5)
- Anarchic group who supplied 'Christ — The Album'
- Brazilian instrumental group of 'Jazz Carnival' fame
- Sling suggests you do this with a little happiness
- 'My ---' (Duran Duran) (3,3)
- Fleetwood rainwear
- Question posed by Carly Simon
- Just the label for Talk Talk (1,1,1)
- 42 is the one to check for hits
- Classix's Solo man
- That Fat Bandleader
- O'Connor — but not Hazel
- Sound of The Bunnyman
- Exclaimed by Soft Cell
- Mickey's Basil
- Irish ones are stiff and little
- Demand switches to a popular punk outfit (anag)
- Those Midnight Runners

down

- Touch possessed by Odyssey
- Religious plea made by Simon Le Bon and Co (4,1,6)
- Derek And The Dominoes' two-time hit
- See 3 Across
- Did Grandmaster Flash send his in a bottle?
- This Modern sort comes Cherry Pink
- Hit noise made by 22 Across
- Elsie, a yacht can be turned into a new Scottish band (anag, 3,8)
- Structure built by those well-known bricks, The Floyd?
- Reaped by Ultravox
- That Emotion' (1,6)
- Filmed performances for TV screening
- Rodent drummer
- Yes, it's that Antiperson again!
- Bolan's band (1,3)
- Charge asked for by The Tubes Waybill?



ANSWERS ON PAGE 49

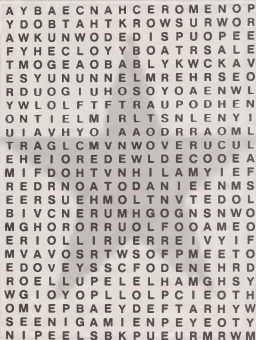
star teaser



DIANA ROSS

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

- AFTER YOU
- ALL FOR ONE
- ALL OF MY LIFE
- BABY LOVE
- EASY ON DOWN THE ROAD
- ENDLESS LOVE
- GIVE UP
- HAVE FUN
- I'M COMING OUT
- I'M STILL WAITING
- IMAGINE
- IT'S MY TURN
- KEEP AN EYE
- LOVE CHILD
- LOVE HANGOVER
- LOVE ME
- MIRROR MIRROR
- MY PLACE
- MY OLD PIANO
- ONE MORE CHANCE
- POPS WE LOVE YOU
- REACH OUT AND TOUCH
- REFLECTIONS
- REMEMBER ME
- SLEEPING
- SMILE
- SPARKLE
- SURRENDER
- THE BOSS
- THEME FROM MAHOGANNY
- UPSIDE DOWN
- UPTIGHT
- WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO
- WHY DO FOGOL'S FALL IN LOVE
- WORK THAT BODY
- YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE
- YOU GOT IT



ANSWER ON PAGE 49

**THE ONLY
OFFICIAL**

Fame

**Monthly
MAGAZINE**
Featuring all the
stars from the
smash-hit T.V. series



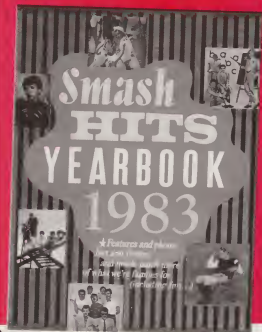
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- Just what was **MARTIN FRY** doing with a pile of cheap romantic novels?
- And why was **MARTIN GORE** modelling wool-ware?
- And what does **PHIL OAKEY** really hate?
- And when was **KEVIN ROWLAND** a Cortina-driving salesman?
- And why does **CAPTAIN SENSIBLE** have this thing about small furry animals?
- And is that a naked leg **NICK HEYWARD** sees before him?

Find out this and **MUCH MUCH** more in the
**SMASH HITS YEARBOOK
1983**

Loads of very famous pop persons have done daft things, thrown open their front doors or put pen to paper to make this the outright leader of the bedside readers. Fact, fiction, fun and photos plus a 1983 day-by-day diary. Sight and sound the whole year round for only £2.25. It's in your newsagents now!



Dear Marjorie,

I have recently come out in green and lilac spots all over my face. It's making my life a misery. I have no friends and everyone laughs at me. What can I do to get rid of them?

Sheena Easton's Boyfriend,
Clayland.

P.S. I have got the right address, haven't I?

Cut! Rewind. Take 2 . . .

We're writing to complain about the RSVP page.

1. "My hobbies include wildlife, pop, motorscooters, etc." What is "etc" in this case?

2. Someone called Cox Shryana (what a name!) wrote in stating her fave groups: "Motorhead, The Nolans and the ultra-trendy Val Doonican." This isn't humanly possible.

3. Is there anyone on your RSVP page who doesn't mention HC 100?

4. At least half your readers live in Zimbabwe, Japan or Gwent.

5. How many "hunks" (?) do you know into Tight Fit and string vests?

Either this is a joke or you ought to start a Problems Page. *The Two Duran Fans of Naïssa (Ali and B)*. P.S. What's the definition of a curry puff? Marc Almond in a turban.

That hurt.

I am writing to complain about today's lyrics. Most songs are utter rubbish.

Natasha is raving on about some "neon shadows in a boom-boom room". Musical Youth sing about passing "a dutchie on the left-hand side" and Dexys spoil their songs with lyrics like "toodle langa langa, toodle langa langa". I think it's disgraceful to have lyrics like "bang bong biddle-dee bong biddle-dee bang" at Number One.

Robert Curtis, Leeds.

Ever heard of the word "over-exposure"? You have? Good. Then I'll begin.

The amount of media coverage given to Musical Youth was disgusting. OK, so they deserve it because they had the "with a" new sound, but in the past week they've been on the telly more times than I would care to remember. And it's not only TV either, the papers are just as bad. And *Wannabe Radio One* — being very hard to be "with a" — invited Michael Grant to review this week's new releases on *Roundtable* whereupon he repeated himself more times than the records usually do.

I do believe in giving bands a chance but this lot are in danger of becoming too famous too quickly and people will soon tire of them.

Hazel Hulme, Birmingham.

LETTERS



Last Wednesday I went to see *Top Of The Pops* being recorded. "Lucky devil!" I hear you say. Well that's only a matter of opinion because I had a really lousy time and I'm sure I wasn't the only one.

For a start, any ideas about being able to "wave to Mum" etc., were very short-lived because, as soon as the groups came on, God knows how many cheer-leaders began to push their way to the front saying their hold positions there. The "audience" has to be content to watch from the back. As most of these cheer-leaders are on every week, I don't think it would hurt them much to move out of the way just once and let the people who actually buy the records get a look-in. After all, what's the point in having a "studio audience" if the only people you ever get to see are cheer-leaders?

Another thing that annoyed me was the rudeness of the cameramen. They gave no warnings when they decided to move, so when we finally did get to get near the stage and started bopping about, we suddenly found ten-ton cameras up our backsides with their

operators yelling obscenities at us.

Like everybody else, I assumed I would be able to get autographs once I was there. Fat chance. All the deejays were these that day and only about two of them agreed to sign, some being very impolite. It made me wonder why they wanted to be famous in the first place.

On the ticket it said "Prize For The Best Costume", and I could tell that most of the audience had really made an effort to dress up for the occasion, some outfits being very original. What a surprise, then, when Tik and Tok appeared to claim said prize and then disappeared just as quickly. It was just an unfair publicity stunt.

When it was all over we were just told to leave. Not even so much as a "goodbye" or a "thanks for coming". Of course there will be those who genuinely enjoyed themselves despite being treated like fools, but, no matter how many party hats and streamers were given to me to create a "party atmosphere", I couldn't pretend to be happy when I wasn't. I waited a year for my ticket, and I came a long way to be there. I'd never do it again.
Louise, Slough.

Most intriguing. By rights you should be receiving a much sought-after £5 Record Token for your valuable contribution to a long-running survey being carried out on the *Letters page* known as *TOTP: The Truth*. Next time, don't forget your address. Incidentally, the main areas for debate recently have been — *Jonathan King: is this man a prat?*; *Toto Coelo — is death tax good for them?*; and *What's worse — being imprisoned for three weeks with The Pinkies or a dream date with Barry Manilow?* Now you know.

Do you realise that in the days of modern technology and computer science — where grammes are taking over from pounds and metres from yards — the good old seven inch single will become 17.8cm?

Imagine going into the local Woolies and asking for a certain record.

Shop assistant: Which size do you want?

You: Oh, the 17.8cm please.

Shop Assistant: You sure you don't want the 30.5cm?

You: No, the 17.8cm's fine.

Thanks.

An underprivileged kangaroo, Newbury.

Frankly I'm surprised you kangaroos get served at all.

Dear Mr Weller,

Hoorty! At last there's someone who hates HC 100! I really loved the way you slugged them off in your Q&A. Great stuff!

Actually you may think this is a letter written in your praise, but you're totally wrong, Sunshine. I, too, detest Nick and Co., but your sarcastic comments about ABC really made me seethe.

If they are that bad then why did you try to copy their "All Of My Heart" video? Come off it, you were wearing a raincoat just like Martin Fry's in your "Bitterest Filth" video. And you were walking down a shadowy street just like Fry did. One thing that was original was the way you managed to kiss that girl and carry on singing. Truly remarkable.

After reading that you named your dog Martin I can only hope that Mark names his tortoise as whatever "coconut bone" after you.

Martin Fry's Guardian Angel, hovering somewhere above Sheffield City Centre.

You know just how to wound, don't you?

About three-quarters of the way through the *Weller Q&A* it suddenly struck me what a great sense of humour he has. He was also straight-forward and human

(and apart from the sarcasm) and he didn't try and put on an image or anything to try and impress. I like ABC and can put up with Haircut One Hundred but I think Weller is only saying what a lot of people are saying behind their backs. He's not half as bad as everyone makes out and he talks a lot more sense than Nick Heyward.

Peter Murphy's blue hair dye, Craydon.

Come off it, Weller. I know where your group's name — The Jam — originates from and I suspect you do too. In the '60s people were shouting the slogan "Kick Out The Jams" and a US group called the MCS made a record with that title. The JAMs were subversive

LETTERS

From previous page...

infiltrators of the secret society known as the "Illuminati" and the head of the Illuminati (which is called the "Grandmaster" [which is where Grandmaster Flash gets his name from — the experience of being illuminated in a flash of light]).
Alison Albrighton, Plymouth.

So, what else is new?

A little query: is it common knowledge that the lead chanteuse of the wonderful Culture Club is in fact a man?

Forgive me if I taste the obvious, it's just that the four incalculable New Romantics I watched *TOTP* with last week were quite taken aback when I screamed hysterically, 'My God! It's a man!'

Are there any other famous popstars who are not quite what they seem at first sight (apart from Captain Sensible, who's an ape)? If these are, I might give up *Radio Three* for good.
Dolly, Earl's Court.

Not nice to epe, that.

Saturday, October 2nd. 500 others and myself were waiting for The Teardrop Explodes at Manchester Union. The back-up group stayed and, after them, in a cloud of smog, Julian Cope (alias Jim Morrison) appeared on a platform ten feet above the stage dressed in tight leather trousers, loose white shirt (half undone) and black boots. Plus, of course, long messy hair.

The first few songs were new (and rubbish), sung by a bad-tempered Cope who draped himself over the mike-stand. At last some older songs — 'Seven Views Of Jerusalem' and 'Tiny Children'. Then some more junk which nobody wanted.

Then, as Julian was introducing a new song the back-up tapes for "Culture Bunker" started. Half-way through the song — with the tapes completely out of time — Julian threw up his arms and tapes plus band stopped. Inevitably, leaving started.

Another attempt at "Culture Bunker" started. It turned out even worse. Julian, now in a really bad mood, threw the mike down, kicked the mike stand off stage, threw a tambourine and towel down, then took off his shirt and loosened his boots and then began demolishing the stage while tapes, drums and synths carried on playing oblivious to oil. Julian then jumped off stage and disappeared, followed by the "band".

500 mad and angry people very

neary turned the hall inside out. For £3.25, an hour of this crap was too much, all ruined because Julian Cope was in a bad mood" — the explanation offered by the guys who were putting the tapes on. Why should his feelings be taken out on his (now) ex-fans? What a waste.
Mark J. Bateman, Ambleside.



A penitent Cope begs for forgiveness

To whom it may concern (i.e. — the cretin that writes sarky comments at the bottom of every letter).

After delving through some back issues, we came to the conclusion that you were lacking in some vital element associated with the human race. So (being our generous selves), we decided we'd give you a chance to really prove yourself. Ready? You have 0.333 seconds to answer the

following. Bonus marks will be added for originality.

1. Bake a cake. Into it I put 3 eggs, 2oz butter and 6oz flour. I put it in the oven for 3 weeks at 320 degrees F. How long will it take to eat using chopsticks if the milkman hasn't delivered for 3 days?
2. John plants 2 rows of carrots in a garden, 1 metre apart. If it takes him 2 hours to do this, how long will it take the Ed. to walk from London to Manchester with 7 of them tied around his neck?
Zoe and Friend, Harrogate.

Very occasionally, readers, we get a letter from a person (or persons) whose obscurity lost their marbles. Can't find 'em anywhere. Totally nuts. In this instance we sometimes award a Senity Voucher, exchangeable for a long-playing record that, with luck, will bring said persons to their senses. Take this £5 Record Token, you two. If you aren't back to normal in a week, see a Doctor.

I've just seen David Jensen interviewing the lead singer of CaVa CaVa on my local TV station. All I can say is: come back Marc! Monday, all is forgiven.
Nora Barry.

That bad?

Why the hell can't you try and drop the grudge you have against Ultravox? You rabbit on

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about how pretentious and pompous they are without realising that the whole music business is sheer theatre and a group must have an act. Their music is far from standardised, in fact they don't sound like anyone else at all. Unlike the other synth groups you rave about — e.g. Soft Cell and Depeche Mode who are all the "plink-plink" tape machine-type affairs who love the "trendy noises" you can make with a synth.

A "New European" whose "name has slipped my mind again," East Finchley.

I think Masi Wilson should have a cycle lamp on her helmet. Leanda Jackson, Hoddesdon.

Thanks for telling us.

I think the beginning of "Straight To Hell" by The Clash sounds much like the beginning of "Kung Fu Fighting" which was a hit in 1975 (can't remember who by). Keren The Chameleon, Billingshurst.

I think the other side, "Should I Stay Or Should I Go", sounds as though it's being sung by a mongoose with tonsillitis. Just thought I'd tell you.

I've never written before, so if you ignore me I'll beat you up. An itchy finger.

Come here and say that.

Knowing that Smash Hits is an educational, fact-filled, cool rag (grovel, grovel) — £5 record token?, I decided to inform you of some FACTS that you probably don't know.

Every fortnight I eagerly turn to the Biz pages to find some rock-person's ALL TIME TOP TEN. So I have made a list of the artists who crop up most as someone's favourites over the last year.

12 picks — THE BEATLES
10 picks — DAVID BOWIE
6 picks — ROXY MUSIC
5 picks — ELVIS COSTELLO
4 picks — DIANA ROSS
4 picks — BRIAN ENO
4 picks — KATE BUSH
4 picks — TALKING HEADS
Halloween Club, Suffragette City, Amazona.

Dear J. McGrath.

Of course Kevin Rowland has heard of soap and water and he knows how to use them as well. He isn't thick, is he? (Don't answer that!)

On my poster of Dexys I notice that Kevin doesn't need a wash or a bath, but a pair of new dungarees. And also I have a picture of him smuggled up to Helen O'Hara (who needs to wash that silly smirk off her face!) and he looks quite clean.

Anyway, when you're dirty you go a funny, musty black colour and I notice that Kevin is a brown tanned colour which is his SUNTAN. They do get quite a lot of sun in Birmingham you know. Marie, York.

Question: Why does Kevin Rowland wear Jesus sandals?
Answer: Because he thinks he's God!
Fiona and Wendy, Dundee.

Dear Lee Kavanagh (who... blagh... blagh... blagh in "The Bitterest Pill")

You are the most beautiful person I have ever seen and I wish to marry you immediately! If at first you dismiss this as an adolescent joke then think again. Don't rush your decision because a mistake could ruin your life. Let me know by Saturday the thirtieth. If you decide to reject this once in a lifetime decision please bear in mind that:-
a) I'm a real hunk
b) I don't have a Cortina with furry dice
c) I've got a superhly developed body
d) I'm filthy rich!!!

If you say "no" I think I'll buy a Spkain Stevens record and die listening to it!
Please say "Yes". I am madly in love with you and can't bear to live without you for one more day. Tal Frank, Southall.

I just wanna say how really bad it made me feel when the country's so-called most popular music mag had the nerve to actually not feature The Beatles on the anniversary of their first single release, "Love Me Do" on October 4th, 1962. A moment never to be forgotten. After all,

they are the world's most famous and successful group ever in my opinion and millions of other people's. How many groups of today could manage eighteen number ones? Not even Adam, Haircut One Hundred or Duran Duran, who you seem to give so much praise to, could manage that!

So why forget about the best thing to happen to music ever? I will admit that you didn't totally ignore them because you gave a whole twenty seven lines to them in Biz. Yep, that much! Sioux, Walsall.

I think it's really disgusting that The Beatles have got into the charts with their really pathetic song, "Love Me Do", and, to make it worse, they've come in at number fourteen. What I'm trying to say is it's such a fix. You can't tell me that all of a sudden a whole load of insane people have just gone out and bought the record. I'm sure a few people will agree with me.

I mean, who wants to see pudding-basin freaks jumping about on our televisions, making complete fools of themselves nearly every day? I think they should let other groups have a chance to end not keep pushing out great groups like Spandau Ballet, Dexys, ABC and Imagination. It wouldn't surprise me if they went straight to number one. Anyway, I think I'd better stop now before I have a heart attack.

Julie Gianville, Woodford Green.

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Question one: Mick Karn of Japan recently held an exhibition. What of? a) Watercolour paintings, b) sculptures, c) vintage motorcycles, d) hair-driers.

Question two: David Sylvan recently released a jointly-recorded single. Also involved was — a) Bryan Ferry, b) Phil Spector, c) Max Spilodge, d) Ruach Sakamoto.

On November 11 a small Sylvan Ceremony will be held at which the magic hand will select a card from the mail-bag. Assuming it has the right answers, its sender will win the signed original painting of David Sylvan. The next 50 cards to be picked will win 12" singles. OK?

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ANSWER (FROM PAGE 43)



crossword

ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 43)

ACROSS: 1 Musical Youth; 5 and 4 Down 'Giv Me Your Heart (Tonight)'; 8 Cross; 9 Azimuth; 12 Spread (A Little Hippiness); 13 (My) Own Way; 15 (Pinewood) Mac; 16 'Why?'; 17 EMI; 19 Lionel (2); 21 Sal (Solo); 22 Fat Larry; 24 Des (O'Connor); 25 Echo (And The Runnymede); 26 'What?'; 28 Tony (Blew); 29 (Stiff Little) Fingers; 30 Darned; 31 Dicky's (Midnight Runners).

DOWN: 1 'Magic Touch'; 2 'Save A Prayer'; 3 Layla; 5 (The) Message; 7 Modern Romance; 10 'Zoom'; 11 Hey! Elastica; 16 (The) Wall; 16 (Rag) Tag (Wibbly); 18 2 Second (That Emolten); 20 Videos; 22 Rex (5 spins); 27 Adam (Ant); 28 T. Rex; 29 Fee-Whyp!!!

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PSYCHEDELIC FURS

London

I always used to wonder who Steve Wright's *Horrible Voice* was. Now I know — it's Psychedelic Furs' vocalist Richard Butler. If it's not then it's a very good impression: far better than his efforts at David Bowie, Johnny Rotten and Mick Jagger (whose stage antics he's made a point of trying to copy).

I'm sure Mr. Butler is a very well-meaning soul but until he stops gargling with drawing pins and pretending to be someone he's not the Furs will remain just another tedious post-punk band.

Having had the luxury of Todd Rundgren (who made a packet out of twiddling the knobs on Meat Loaf's *'Bat Out Of Hell'*) to produce their latest LP, *The Psychedelic Furs* obviously think they're about to conquer the world... They're not — not if their show at Hammersmith Odeon is anything to go by.

Kicking off with 'President Gar' it quickly became apparent to the nearly-hull house that the Furs have an awful lot to learn about making their

neatly-recorded songs work in a live performance. Guitarist John Ashton buzzed away like a dentist's drill, bassist Tim Butler plonked away with not a little aplomb and drummer Vince Ely gave us a healthy reminder of what percussion sounded like before the synth came along.

Unfortunately, their collective efforts sounded lacklustre thanks to a horrendous sound system and only a lively 'Pretty In Pink' and a bubbly 'Sleep Comes Down' came anywhere near reclaiming their potential. And amidst the din, there was the Horrible Voice...

In a blue suit straight from the cover of Bowie's first live LP, Richard Butler miserably failed in his hour of glory. His voice was dull and incomprehensible and what he lacked in vocal technique he made worse by unnecessarily playing with his hair, chain-smoking and generally playing *Guess The Pop Star* charades. In the end, it was a game which nobody won.

Deborah Steels

Richard Butler about to go over the top.



nights OUT

MARI WILSON

Liverpool

At the back of the stage is a curtain in the most tasteless shades of pink imaginable, proclaiming in bold letters: *The Hank B Hive Show Starring Mari Wilson*. It sums up the whole evening.

There's something for everyone here: spectacle, witty banter, dance routines and sparkling music.

Hank himself leads the twelve performers through the show. This multi-talented Master Of Ceremonies juggles, plays the yo-yo, tells jokes, insults everyone in sight and "fixes up the rest of the band" with dates from among the audience. He has the wicked flair of a door-to-door salesman.

The other two Marians, Kurt and W. (who display some ferocious foot work), are a perfect contrast to Hank — one is vulnerable, the other protective. If they don't tickle your fancy, there are always the six backing musicians — Harry, Larry, Gary, Barry, Cary and Jim. For the men of course, there are the two Mariannes plus Mari. Despite the beehive and lures



Mari Wilson sheds a page with her Master Of Ceremonies, Hank B. Hive.

addresses, she has a decidedly homely appearance. The whole show's like that. Half the fun lies in the way it tries to be fantastically sophisticated and always falls short.

Back to that curtain. "It should have said 'Starring Mari Wilson And The Sensational Wilsons'," explains Hank. "but

that would have been another 26 letters and I ran out of money for the glitter."

The music might send up the 60s but it's more than just nostalgia. Only two songs are cover versions (a rare economy these days) while the group have their own sound which is as modern in its own way as anyone's.

Mari's voice is so endearing when she does songs that are famous by Dionne Warwick. I wish I lived London, her versions are just as spine-tingling.

Typically, after crooning a classy ballad like Julie London's "Cry Me A River", she takes a drink from Hank and casually drops "it makes you hurr though, Coke, doesn't it?"

Penny Kite

dates

Check locally before stepping out. A Bev Hillier production.

A Flock Of Songbirds: Cardiff Top Rank (November 7), Birmingham Odson 88, Nottingham Rock City 91, Manchester Salford Uni. 133, Brighton Top Rank 141, London Lysons 151, Norwich East Anglia Uni. 154, Strathclyde Uni. 158, Liverpool Royal Court Theatre 170, Sheffield Lysons 211.

Bad Manners: Manchester Uni. (November 5), Herts The Regal 10, Cheltenham Golddiggers 10, Salisbury City Hall 11, Gillingham King Charles Road 11, London Hammermith Palais 11, Exeter Uni. 148, Great Yarmouth Tiffenys 150.

Diamond Head: Manchester Apollo (October 26), Newcastle City Hall 22, Glasgow Apollo 31, Middleborough Town Hall 31, London Hammermith Odson (November 1), Sheffield City Hall 23, Ipswich Gaumont 33, Derby

Assembly Rowers 16, Odson Apollo 16, Norwich East Anglia Uni. 25, Bradford St. George's Hall 27, Bristol Colston Hall 33, Birmingham Odson 68, Portsmouth Guild Hall 100.

Days Unlimited: London The Venue (December 26, 27)

Pat Larry's Band: Southgate Pink Elephant (October 28), Preston Cloaks 28, Warrington Spectrum 30, Reading Top Rank 23, Puch Arts Centre (November 1), Gillingham The King Charles 16, Southend Zoo 6 16, Ashton-under-Lyne Music Centre 7, Sheffield Victoria 10, Hitchin Regent Rooms 11, Purfleet Ocean Tavern 11, 13, Southampton Top Rank 11, 9.

Robert Gray Hubbard: Galway Loughisland (November 27), Cork City Hall 28, Dublin Sweeney 29, Liverpool Empire (December 2), Edinburgh Playhouse 3, Glasgow Apollo 4, Newcastle City Hall 6, Southampton Futura Theatre 7, Manchester Apollo 12, Coventry Apollo 16, Brighton Centre 15, Puch Arts Theatre 16, Birmingham Odson 17, 13, Nottingham Royal Concert Hall 19, Bristol Colston Hall

11, Stoke Victoria 16 28, London Lysons 27, 29, Cornwall St. Andrew College 29, 30, Leiston Hammermith Odson 33.

Roaming The Walls: Newcastle Poly. (November 17), Manchester Uni. 198, Birmingham Poly. 195, Sheffield Uni. 222, Ipswich Woodhouse 249, Oxford Poly. 287, Norwich Uni. 198.

Shed 4: Newcastle University (October), Mary's College (November 8), Norwich Arts 31, Newcastle Colston Club 110, Liverpool Empire (December 7)

Silly Winks: Doncaster Odson 26, 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Silly Puppets: Ipswich 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110.

Speedy Single: Norwich City Hall (October 30), Colchester Woodville

30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Stargate: Ipswich 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110.

The Three Musketeers: Ipswich 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110.

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