

Smash HITS

JIMMY THE HOOVER

THE ALARM · ADAM · GARY NUMAN · CLIFF · THE CURE

FREE
DOUBLE-SIDED
POSTER



A SIDE
**SPANDAU
BALLET**
B SIDE
**EVERYONE
ELSE**

HIT SONGS BY DURAN DURAN, LOTUS EATERS, UB40 & PAUL McCARTNEY

DURAN DURAN



THE UNION OF THE SNAKE

TELEGRAM FORCE AND READY
I KNEW THIS WAS A BIG MISTAKE
THERE'S A FINE LINE DRAWING MY SENSES TOGETHER
AND I THINK IT'S ABOUT TO BREAK

CHORUS
IF I LISTEN CLOSE I CAN HEAR THEM SINGERS OH HO HO
VOICES IN YOUR BODY COMING THROUGH ON THE RADIO HO HO
THE UNION OF THE SNAKE IS ON THE CLIMB
MOVING UP IT'S GONNA RACE GONNA BREAK
THROUGH THE BORDERLINE

NIGHT SHADES ON A WARNING
GIVE ME STRENGTH AT LEAST GIVE ME A LIGHT
GIVE ME ANYTHING EVEN SYMPATHY
THERE'S A CHANCE YOU COULD BE RIGHT

REPEAT CHORUS

THE UNION OF THE SNAKE IS ON THE CLIMB
MOVING UP IT'S GONNA RACE GONNA BREAK
THROUGH THE BORDERLINE

REPEAT CHORUS

THE UNION OF THE SNAKE IS ON THE CLIMB
IT'S GONNA RACE GONNA BREAK
IT'S GONNA MOVE UP TO THE BORDERLINE
THE UNION OF THE SNAKE IS ON THE CLIMB
MOVING UP IT'S GONNA RACE IT'S GONNA BREAK
THROUGH THE BORDERLINE
THE UNION OF THE SNAKE IS ON THE CLIMB
IT'S GONNA RACE IT'S GONNA BREAK
IT'S GONNA MOVE UP TO THE BORDERLINE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY DURAN DURAN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION TRITEC MUSIC/ PETERMAN CARLIN MUSIC
ON EMI/RECORDS

Smash HITS

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Welcome to the biggest ever issue of *Smash Hits*. And by that we don't just mean that it comes fully equipped with its very own massive double-sided poster featuring a grand total of 53 different colour photos (though that helps). Nor are we simply referring to the fact that somewhere, nestling snugly inside the plastic

folder, you should have found an entirely free preview edition of a new magazine, *Just Seventeen*, that should appeal to the female half of the readers. No, we mean it's the biggest because this copy of *Smash Hits* is a colossal 72 pages long. And a bit on the colourful side as well. Have a look below and see what's in store. And have fun.

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Numbers'

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If you buy Culture Club's latest release, 'Colour by Numbers' from W. H. Smith on either record or cassette, you'll get a free entry into our exclusive competition.

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WHSMITH



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THE ROCK STEADY CREW

(HEY YOU) THE ROCK STEADY CREW

ROCK STEADY
ARE YOU READY
DIGITAL (ROCK STEADY MANS) DIGITAL
CHORUS
HEY YOU THE ROCK STEADY CREW
SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU DO
MAKE A BREAK MAKE A MOVE
HEY YOU THE ROCK STEADY CREW!
B-BOYS, BREAKERS, ELECTRIC BOOGALOO!

REPEAT CHORUS
THERE'S A NEW HEADLINE
THERE'S A NEW SENSATION (DIGITAL)
EVERYBODY'S TALKING
ABOUT THE SITUATION (DIGITAL)
BODIES IN EMPOWERSION
FOR MUSIC INSPIRATION
TELL US WHEN YOU FEEL IT
'CAUSE WE'RE GONNA ROCK THE NATION

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE
ELECTRICITY JUST RINGS THROUGH ME
DIGITAL WITH A CAPITAL D
I SAID SYNCHRONISE YOUR FEET
GET DOWN ON THE RHYTHM
HOT ON THE BEAT

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE
THERE'S A NEW HEADLINE
THERE'S A NEW SENSATION
EVERYBODY'S TALKING
ABOUT THE SITUATION
WE KNOW YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT
WE KNOW YOU'RE GONNA MAKE IT
BE EVERYBODY READY
'CAUSE HERE'S ROCK STEADY
RE-BA CHORUS TWICE

HEY!
ELECTRICITY JUST RINGS THROUGH ME
DIGITAL WITH A CAPITAL D
I SAID SYNCHRONISE YOUR FEET
GET DOWN ON THE RHYTHM
HOT ON THE BEAT
I SAID SYNCHRONISE YOUR FEET
GET DOWN ON THE RHYTHM
HOT ON THE BEAT

I SAID SYNCHRONISE YOUR FEET
I SAID SYNCHRONISE YOUR FEET
I SAID SYNCHRONISE YOUR FEET
I SAID SYNCHRONISE YOUR FEET

WORDS AND MUSIC BY B. SOLDNER & B. L. BLUM. PRODUCED BY PHILIP LINDEN
THE CHARISMA MUSIC PUB. CO. LTD. CHARPPELL MUSIC ON CHARISMA RECORDS



Photo: Paul Eber



Photo: Linda McCartney

PAUL McCARTNEY MICHAEL JACKSON

SAY SAY SAY

SAY SAY SAY WHAT YOU WANT
BUT DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH MY AFFECTION
TAKE TAKE TAKE WHAT YOU NEED
BUT DON'T LEAVE ME WITH NO DIRECTION

ALL ALONE I SIT AT HOME BY THE PHONE
WAITING FOR YOU BABY (BABY)
THROUGH THE YEARS HOW CAN YOU STAND TO HEAR
MY PLEADING FOR YOU DEAR YOU KNOW I'M CRYING
OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH
YEAR YEAR

NOW GO GO GO WHERE YOU WANT
BUT DON'T LEAVE ME HERE FOREVER
YOU YOU YOU STAY AWAY
SO LONG GIRL I SEE YOU NEVER

WHAT CAN I DO GIRL TO GET THROUGH TO YOU
'CAUSE I LOVE YOU BABY (BABY)
STANDING HERE BAPTISED IN ALL MY TEARS
BABY THROUGH THE YEARS
YOU KNOW I'M CRYING
OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH

YOU'VE GOT TO SAY SAY SAY
YOU'VE GOT TO SAY SAY SAY

YOU NEVER EVER WORRY AND YOU NEVER SHED A TEAR
YOU'RE SAYING THAT MY LOVE AIN'T REAL
JUST LOOK AT MY FACE THOSE TEARS AIN'T DRYING

YOU YOU YOU CAN NEVER SAY
THAT I'M NOT THE ONE WHO REALLY LOVES YOU
I PRAY PRAY PRAY EVERY DAY
THAT YOU'LL SEE THINGS GIRL LIKE I DO

WHAT CAN I DO GIRL TO GET THROUGH TO YOU
'CAUSE I LOVE YOU (LOVE YOU BABY (BABY)
STANDING HERE BAPTISED IN ALL MY TEARS
BABY THROUGH THE YEARS YOU KNOW I'M CRYING
OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH
OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH
SAY SAY SAY
OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH
SAY SAY SAY

OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH

OOH OOH OOH
SAY SAY SAY

REPEAT TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC McCARTNEY JACKSON
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ON PARLOPHONE RECORDS

PERSONAL FILE



DAVID GRANT

NAME David Grant
BORN August 8, 1956
NICKNAME Davy
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SPECIAL Got them up for the first time. Actually used to be a professional pianist. At the time I had a ham in my pocket. So when I started to play, I got a bad reaction. I was sick and I had to leave the stage. I was a professional pianist.

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT Highway 69, a 60-minute live album by ZZ Top. I bought one because I like ZZ Top and I like ZZ Top's music.

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HAVE YOU SEEN SKETCH RECENTLY? Not for a couple of years. I saw it once when I was in London. I saw it once when I was in London.

projects in me with a very strong sense of humor. I think he's in the process of becoming a comedian at the moment.

FIRST CONCERT ATTENDED: The Supremes and the Four Tops. It was a great experience. I was 12 and I loved it. I was very young. We were dancing.

FIRST CONCERT ATTENDED: The Supremes and the Four Tops. It was a great experience. I was 12 and I loved it. I was very young. We were dancing.

FIRST MEMORY: I remember I must have been 10 or 11. I was in the house. I was sitting on the floor. I was watching a movie. I was watching a movie.

FIRST MEMORY: I remember I must have been 10 or 11. I was in the house. I was sitting on the floor. I was watching a movie. I was watching a movie.

FIRST MEMORY: I remember I must have been 10 or 11. I was in the house. I was sitting on the floor. I was watching a movie. I was watching a movie.

FIRST SONG WRITTEN: Was Not Enough. A song I wrote for a friend. It was a love song. It was a love song.

FIRST SONG WRITTEN: Was Not Enough. A song I wrote for a friend. It was a love song. It was a love song.

WHAT DO YOU DREAM ABOUT? The last dress I had featured on the magazine. I was in the magazine. I was in the magazine.

WHAT DO YOU DREAM ABOUT? The last dress I had featured on the magazine. I was in the magazine. I was in the magazine.

PETS: A dog named Bobby. I love Bobby. Bobby is my dog. Bobby is my dog.

PETS: A dog named Bobby. I love Bobby. Bobby is my dog. Bobby is my dog.

HOBBIES: Reading, listening to music, and playing guitar. I love reading. I love listening to music. I love playing guitar.

HOBBIES: Reading, listening to music, and playing guitar. I love reading. I love listening to music. I love playing guitar.

MOST ANNOYING THING ABOUT BEING FAMOUS: Mistake for her people. I was mistaken for her. I was mistaken for her.

MOST ANNOYING THING ABOUT BEING FAMOUS: Mistake for her people. I was mistaken for her. I was mistaken for her.

DESCRIBE YOUR NEW LOOK. Skinny with spats. I'm wearing spats. I'm wearing spats.

DESCRIBE YOUR NEW LOOK. Skinny with spats. I'm wearing spats. I'm wearing spats.



Cameras go crazy at Holloway Sanatorium. Why? Well they're shooting the new Bucks Fizz video for "London Town", but what the location of an ex-mental home has got to do with London, or Bucks Fizz for that matter, is anybody's guess. Top we see Jay (being made up), Mike (standing, studying some old medical records), Bobby (sitting and trying to get Cheryl's attention) and Cheryl (also perusing the records). Middle right we see Bobby in flight, hotly pursued by a runaway cameraman. Middle left, Cheryl watching some fascinating TV programme. And bottom Jay gets viciously attacked by an extra (name of Lance Aston — her brother actually).

Photo: Andrew Duffin

Ooh, the pain. And just before you indulge in all those old gags like "oh bandage up yours", be warned that this is the famous finger responsible for cancelling Culture Club's tour. Hereby hangs the tale: the band's coach was on its way to Sheffield, lurched suddenly across the road and caused the drummer to glance off the back of a seat damaging said digit. So much for all those muscle-building days in the boxing ring. "I tried to play", winced Moss, manfully, "but it was too painful. I get all the bad luck." Browns were beaten in disbelief, people in Virgin Records got rather worried but — rest assured — the whole tour's being rescheduled for December. So hold onto your tickets and check with your local box office for the new dates.

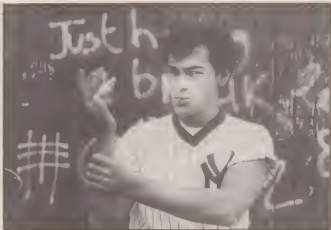


Photo: J&K Inc.



It's a frame up (waeill, you've got to say it, haven't you?). Indulging in what appears to be some strange form of square-dancing here are **The Assembly**. The crop-headed character on the right should be familiar. It's Vince Clarke, once of Depeche Mode and Yazoo and infamous for a range of gravity-defying haircuts. On the left's his partner, one E.C. Radcliffe, best known for co-producing Yazoo. The pair have teamed up to "make music with other musicians" and the first project involves former Understones' singer, Feargal Sharkey. The single doesn't have a title as yet but it should be out in late October. An album will follow later.

Oh you pretty things. Pictured here are a couple of Ziggy types, hanging out at the recent **Bowie World Convention '83** that took place in the Cunard International Hotel in London. The organisers had promised the largest collection of Bowie videos ever assembled, 14,000 square feet of indoor market with all conceivable Bowie merchandise and an amazing computer-assisted laser disco. The £3 two day ticket bought rather less. "It's utter rubbish," moaned one unhappy customer. "and everything is going on at once so you can't enjoy any of it." Most fun appeared to be had at the "Bowie Brain Of Britain" Contest. Note the three contestants (far right) frantically scribbling and loving every minute(!).



Photo: Virgin/Turkey

S T A R T

Frëëz.



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THE LOTUS EATERS

YOU DON'T NEED SOMEONE NEW

YOU THINK YOU'RE SOMEONE SPECIAL
EGO ENOUGH FOR TWO
WELL I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU
WILL BURN LIKE THE TRUTH
MY HEART IS FULL OF HUNGER FOR MY FRIENDS
MY HEART IS FULL OF FEELING FOR PEOPLE WHO CARE

I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONE LOSING LOVE
I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONE LOSING LOVE

YOU THINK YOU'RE SOMEONE PRECIOUS
PRECIOUS TO ME
I WISH YOU HAD NO CONTROL OVER ME
THE NIGHT WE MEASURED OUR LUST MISSING TOUCH
THE DEATH OF YOUR SOUL KEPT US STILL STILL APART

I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONE LOSING LOVE
I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S IN CONTROL
YOU DON'T NEED SOMEONE NEW
HEAVEN SENT YOU SAD TRUTHS
YOU DON'T NEED SOMEONE NEW HEAVEN SENT YOU

YOU THINK YOU'RE SOMEONE SPECIAL
EGO ENOUGH FOR TWO
MY HEART IS FULL OF FEELING FOR PEOPLE WHO CARE

I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONE LOSING LOVE
I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S IN CONTROL
I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONE LOSING LOVE
I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S IN CONTROL

YOU DON'T NEED SOMEONE NEW
HEAVEN SENT YOU SAD TRUTHS
REPEAT FIVE TIMES

WORDS AND MUSIC BY COYLE KELLY QUINN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
ZOO MUSIC/WARNER BROS MUSIC/ZOMBA MUSIC PUB. LTD.
ON ARISTA RECORDS

J

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Tim de Lisle rolls out the red carpet.

It can be hard to take Jimmy The Hoover seriously. The name is taken from a comic character who's never got into print, and the people behind the name seem just as comic and just as unreal. The girl is called Carle and she's a dead ringer for the cartoon Carle who's Captain Kremmen's assistant on *The Kenny Everett Television Show*, rolling big eyes and all. The man, standing in CBS/Epic's press office, looks as if they failed the audition for the Village People.

Appearances, of course, can be deceptive. As we get talking — there's a comment from each of them in the balloons down

below — I can't help but wonder if Jimmy The Hoover are really so 'wacky'. How serious are they?

"We're completely serious," says Simon, who has a subdued mohican, plays keyboards and writes the words. "But we're part of the entertainment business."

Here Derek, who has longish hair tied back in a pony-tail and sings and writes some of the music, interrupts. "Deadly serious. You should listen carefully to the new single and actually think about the event (nuclear war) happening. A lot of our music is serious but we're not taking seriousness to the extent that some people would. Everyone here has got a personality and that comes

through."

Flinto, who has a moustache, plays bass and percussion and writes the rest of the music, is a man of few words. Carle, who has dreadlocks and plays the rest of the percussion is still asleep at 12 noon.

Simon takes over from Derek: "If we all put our New Order black trousers and white shirts on and sang 'ban the bomb', no one would be interested.

"There's a serious side to nearly every song," he continues. "What we're trying to do is bring back entertainment. I would never call what we're doing 'wacky'; that's your choice of word. But pop music is show business: we felt everyone was taking themselves too seriously.

That's why we chose the name. When people first hear it they smile, afterwards the joke wears thin, but we still like the name because it represents us."

And that was just the first question. The verbal torrent doesn't stop there but the subject changes so we can take a break. Sometimes when you interview pop stars, especially up-and-coming ones, it's a struggle getting them to talk. Sometimes when you interview groups all the talking is done by one person. Neither of these things applies to Jimmy The Hoover. They deliberately aim to be different, not just musically — that's obvious from the first 10 seconds of "Tantalse" — but in

DEREK

I LIKE THE QUEEN MUM - WE HAVE A LOT IN COMMON

FLINTO

I LIKE SCULPTING, BENNY HILL, "THE ZAMBIAN TIMES" AND PINEAPPLE JUICE

Y

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their general approach.

As Simon says: "We're trying to turn the idea of what is stylish upside down instead of having to wear Anthony Price clothes. I mean to me that's not style — it's a style but the people doing it take it so seriously that they think nothing else is stylish. But I see lots of punks and teddy boys doing it with style."

In other words, it ain't what you wear, it's the way that you wear it.

"We felt," he reflects, "that the New Romantics destroyed a lot of what had gone before by making it all so soft and wimpy and not tough. Pop music should be slightly rebellious. It should get away with little things that other businesses shouldn't. If

you look at the charts I'd imagine my Mum would like everything in them which isn't healthy. I remember when I was a kid my Mum told me to pull down that Alice Cooper poster or a David Bowie poster. Whereas now pop music's become swamped by respectability."

And back to Derek: "I don't think it has a lot to do with television either. I was looking at myself on *Razzmatazz* yesterday and I was amazed at the sexuality in my dancing. It was very very close to the line. There were 11-year-old kids there and they didn't cut any of it."

As you may have noticed the original Hoover quintet has now shrunk to a foursome. Guitarist

Mark is the one who's departed. "A mutual decision", apparently.

"This African guitarist called Lucky agreed to play on the album," explains Derek, "and on next year's tour. Mark could have stayed on as a second guitarist but he didn't want to. He's a good guitarist; in five or six years he could be brilliant. The trouble is," he says, "Jimmy The Hoover can't wait five or six years."

Derek has this habit of using the group's name instead of "we" or "us", as if persuading it to be more than the sum of its parts.

At this point, the last of its parts bounces in, flashing her teeth and full of apologies. The others give her some stick and start cracking one-track jokes as

to why she might have got up so late. She's not bothered.

Time to talk about the excellent new single, "Kill Me Kwik". What's it about? "It's up to the listener to decide but basically there's three things: it's anti-nuclear, pro-making love, and then there's the two things together, 'cause I'm sure if everybody thought the bomb was going to be dropped tomorrow they'd lose all their inhibitions."

Sounds like it'll make an interesting video.

"Yeah," says Simon, "we're getting Malcolm McLaren to direct it. But that doesn't mean it'll be X-artificiate!"

Somehow I don't entirely believe him.

Photos: Eric Metzner/Contrasto; Ron Taylor



PAUL
MICHAEL

MICHAEL
JACKSON



Say
Say

S · a · y

SINGLE

Say-Say-Say

B SIDE

Ode To A Koala Bear

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B40 PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME CRY

YOU SAY YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE ME
I'M BEGGING YOU TO STAY
MY BABY I CAN'T GET THROUGH ANYWAY
NO I CAN'T
AND WHEN I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING
YOU ARE GOING
LITTLE PRETTY THING YOU KNOW I'LL BE YOUR LOVE
YOU'LL HEAR ME CRYING (MMM)

CHORUS
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME CRY (MMM)
'CAUSE I CAN'T SAY GOODBYE (MMM)
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME CRY
BECAUSE I KNOW THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT FOR ME

ALL OF THE GOOD TIMES WE SPENT TOGETHER
YOU SAID IT WAS ME AND NO OTHER YEAH
AND NOW YOU WANT TO MAKE ME BE PAIN INSIDE
DARLING I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME CRY
YOU'LL HEAR ME CRYING (MMM)

REPEAT CHORUS

ALL THIS PAIN I CAN'T STAND IT
YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE
THIS POOR MAN ON HIS OWN YES YOU ARE (MMM)

REPEAT CHORUS

ALL THIS PAIN I CAN'T STAND IT
YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE
YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE
THIS POOR MAN ON HIS OWN YES YOU ARE
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME CRY
BABY I'M BLEEDING
OH OH OH OH

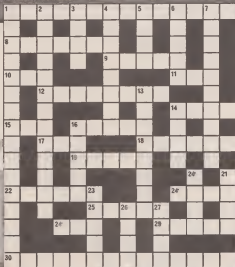
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MUSIC-INTERSONG LTD
ON DEP INTERNATIONAL



CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 Did it change colour for Culture Club? (5,9)
- 8 Lamh lady
- 9 ----- In Silence' — Depeche Mode
- 10 Heavy band — at the end of the radio
- 11 Robert Plant had a big one
- 12 It exploded for Julian Cope
- 14 Structure built by Pink Floyd
- 15 Survivor's tiger optic
- 16 Leo
- 17 Nick Heyward's is blue
- 18 Add 17 for an angelic outfit
- 19 They were upstairs at Eric's
- 22 Colour of David Essex's dream racer
- 24 Turn the coat for this 'Puttin' On The Ritz' kid (anag)
- 25 Now -----
- 28 Stuart Adamson's sort of Country
- 29 Tudor man
- 30 and 21 down Simpler to talk about, according to Shakata! (6,4,4,4)



DOWN

- 1 and 20 They recently told you to give it up (1,1,3,3,6,4)
- 2 A dash for higher ground by Iron Maiden? (3,2,3,5)
- 3 Their last No. 1 was 'Super Trouper'
- 4 Add this to go Roman into the charts!
- 5 Relative close to Genesis
- 6 It precedes 42 — though often top 20
- 7 How the Quo regard their faded jeans? (2,3,5)
- 19 Madness residence (3,5)
- 14 Recent inmates of the Clash 'Tropicana
- 16 Air of fashion possessed by Weller's Council
- 20 See 1 down
- 21 See 30 across
- 23 Duran Duran Taylor — the jolly one?
- 26 Irish songstress
- 27 This Sharon would Never Give You Up

Answers On Page 63



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Can you please tell me where I could get my hands on some early Skids records, the "Sweet Suburbia" (even brilliant) and "Charles" EP (single brilliant). I would also like to get The Skids' "Scared To Dance" LP as my other copy has worn out. *Nell Who Loves Angela, New Cumnock.*

● On Neil, that's so nice! Luckily, "Sweet Suburbia" is still on the Virgin catalogue (number VS27) as is the "Scared" LP (V2116) but the "Charles" EP, first issued on Not Bad Records in '79, has long been deleted. You may have to search the small ads pages, or advertise yourself, I'm afraid.

Could you tell me where Serah of Bananarama got her white pullover from (es worn on the back page of your August 4 issue)? If she knitted it herself, where can I get the pattern? *Sally Halm, Derby.*

● It was indeed created by her own fair hands and, she modestly admits, "it's really easy to do". It's made of a heavy string cotton thread and is, basically, just two squares. When you join them up, it apparently "just falls into perfect shape". Something to fill the hours now that the long winter nights are upon us (I'm sure).



Serah plus sisters (centre), worth the effort

Whatever happened to Echo & The Bunnymen's "No Hands" which they did on a John Peel Show session last year, but which has yet to surface on record? I'd like to know. *Paul Gallagher, Bishopbriggs.*

● The answer is that it never actually was a song, more "a riff with improvised lyrics". When playing live, they use it as the intro to "With A Hip" (on their "Heaven Up Here" LP).

I collect unusual names and, as they don't come much more unusual than Toyah, I was

wondering whether her brother end sister had odd names. I would also like to know their ages. Also, I would like to know whether it's Toyah's sister who writes to the Fan Club members, and how much it costs to join. *L. Wood, London and Toyah Fan, Newcastle.*

● Toyah's parents must have been in a frivolous frame of mind when they had Toyah, as both her sister and brother have had to go through life with names that could only be described as pretty normal: her 33-year-old sister's called Nicola Jane and her brother, aged 28, is Russell Kimberley. It isn't Nicola who runs the Fan Club but, rather, a girl called Linda (now that's a grand name). To join, send a cheque or postal order for £350 to: Toyah Fan Club, Safari Records, 44 Seymour Place, London W1. For your money, you get six news letters a year, membership badge and several black and white photos.

I'd like to contact the members of Pink Floyd, who decided to call it a day recently. I'm sad and surprised that nobody seems to have noticed. Floyd fans should listen to "The Well" more closely. You know it's aired at you. *Glynis Gray, Enfield.*

● Sorry but had to stop you there... Their record company EMI hasn't heard anything of them breaking up so, therefore, not much has changed in the Floyd camp since keyboards player Rick Wright left some years back (see page 22 for his current activity). However, rumours abound that they may "take to the road" (i.e. tour) in the New Year. Anyway, you could try writing to Gilmour, Mason and Waters, c/o EMI Records, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

Could you tell me what time Glenn Gregory (of H17) did the London-Paris-London air race in, as featured on *The Late Late Breakfast Show*. Also, any chance of asking him what he felt like at the finish? *H17 Fan, Kilmorock.*

● Glenn completed the trek in 43 minutes 7 seconds, 3 minutes 30 seconds ahead of co-runner Leo Sayer. He didn't quite create a new world record — David Boyle did in 38 minutes 58 seconds but nevertheless, says he will "never forget it". The stunt

required that he be strapped into a live ejector seat in a proper military training aircraft ("a very hair-raising experience" says the BBC). Suffice to say that, having completed the task, he wasn't able to speak until he'd washed down two bottles of bubbly. That's called "wetting one's whistle", I believe.



Robert Girl of The Mystery Girls, wide-eyed and neckless

A group called The Mystery Girls appeared on *Riverdance* the other week and played a couple of songs, neither of which are available in my local record shop. Can you find out where I could get anything by them, and tell me all you know. *Andy Chamberlain, London N21.*

● They haven't actually released any records as yet but as they're presently "on the brink of a deal with a major record company", that situation should change very shortly. From London, they've been touring constantly over the last six months and are made up of vocalist Robert, guitarist Simon and sax player Zog (a bit on the tall side at 6'8"). Although the name The Mystery Girls comes from a song by theatrical punk band New York Dolls, Robert says "It's somewhat deceptive in describing our music, as Zog (that's only a nickname) likes swing and Glenn Miller, Simon is into heavy metal, while I like rockabilly and electro-pop". They play London's The Fridge on October 21.

In your last December issue, you stated that The Pele Fontaine were set to record an album. Almost one year later, still no sign of it. So what's going on? *T. Downing, Birkenhead.*

● It's actually scheduled for release by Virgin sometime in November though it's, of course, as yet untitled. They've spent this

past year trying out different producers (including Bananarama's man, Barry Blue) but finally plumped for an engineer instead, preferring to look after production themselves.

On the radio the other day I heard the 7" version of New Order's "Confusion". I have tried nearly everywhere to get it but without success, so can you help? *Paul Sanders, Devon.*

● Once again, you heard the specially edited version made for radio, lasting only 3 minutes 50 seconds and distributed to 800 DJs world wide. They had planned initially to make the single in both 7" and 12" forms but keeping true to form, followed in "Blue Monday"'s footsteps and stayed with the multi-minute version.

Could you please tell me if Paul Weller is the hippie on the advert for British Lamb? It looks exactly like him.

Melanie Davies, Dyfed.

Melanie, how could you! The official answer is "most definitely not".

"I'm being followed by a moon shadow/Moon shadow, moon shadow" — name the tune! *Small Person, Small World.*

● Easy. "Moon Shadow" by early '70s pop idol Cat Stevens, a Top Thirty hit for him in August '71. You'll find it on his "Greatest Hits" album, on Island Records (catalogue no. 9310). Anything else?

Could you please supply some details on the new Bob Merley book as mentioned by D. Hepworth on the *Rock Around The Clock* merethon? And also tell me where I can get a copy of Thomas Dolby's "Airwaves", as I've searched everywhere. *Sally Gordon, N. Ireland.*

● The recommended book is simply titled *Bob Merley* (by Stephen Avis, £5.95) although equally worthwhile is the newly published *Catch A Fire* (by Timothy White, £6.95); both are available by mail order from Musique Boutique, 70 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1A 1PJ (adding 75p for post and packaging). Sad to say, the "Airwaves" single (by the man they're all calling Thomas "Dimples" Dolby) has been deleted but you'll find it on his LP, "The Golden Age Of Wireless" (catalogue no. VIP 1001).

NEW SINGLE

WHITE MANS•HUT

IT'S IMMATERIAL • BY

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RSVP

10 Hendre Farm Drive, Ringland Estate, Newport, Gwent. Bye now!

■ I'm a 14 year old mook looking for a modette into The Jam, The Kinks and so on. If interested, write to Steven McCormack, 132 Woodside Street, Kirkwood, Coatbridge, Strathclyde ML5 5NS

■ I'm 17 and a wonderfully insane female. Into AC/DC, The Stones, slow rock and, more importantly, Bowie. If you've a Bowie looklike for neat enough, get in touch with me. Anji, at 3 The Retreat, Gold Street, Tiverton, Devon

■ 18 year old trendy wants someone who writes to Likes all modern music. Dislikes heavy rock and metal. Contact Paul Clark, 5 Westbridge Road, Portsmouth, Southampton.

■ We are Monica and Johanna and into Japan, Duran, Madness, Heaven 17 and more. We'd especially like to hear from males aged 17+. Write to Johanna and Monica Jansson, Ringnagard 15, 19431 Upplândia, Udaby, Sweden.

■ Extremely respectable (escaped) 17 year old male loose in the boozed due to recent move of house and resulting loss of mates. Dislikes anything involving excessive movement and enjoys deep meaningful conversation (honest). Any females aged 0-80, please write to Depatch 2, 3 Ery-site Park, Letchworth, Herts SG1 5XR.

■ 4 year old female wants any nice males to write to her. Interests include writing letters, watching TV and generally having a good time at discos, etc. My favourite groups are Wham!, FRS, R17 and Duran. Send pics to Julie Bennett, Mountain Ash, Horton, Clipping Sodbury, Bristol BS17 6QH

■ Is there anyone out there? I hope so. I'm a 13 year old male who's into Duran Duran, Culture Club, Yazoo, Depeche Mode and such. Letters from females of similar interests are welcome. Write to me, Mike, at 52 Cise Crescent, Grimsby, South Humberside DN3 8LZ.

■ Hi! We are two 15 year old girls seeking male lilties (seeking what? Ed.) into Japan, U2, Bowie, Tears For Fears, etc. No 'beovies' or 'hippies'. Write to Louise Bell and Hearene Skidmore at The Mount, Dalba Terrace, York YO2 4DD.

■ Quiet male (15) seeks female into Joy Division, New Order, Teardrops, Echo, early Japan, Talking Heads and more. Write to Alan, 75 White Horse Street, Hereford HR4 0EB.

■ I'm aged 18, female and bored. I like Yazoo, Eurythmics, Joy Division, Scatles and many more. Also into wearing studded belts. Contact me at Julie Cairnie, 46 Lawson Street, Darlington, Co Durham.

■ I like AC/DC, Iron Maiden, Madness, Toyah and lots more. I would like someone aged between 18 and 19 to write to me. Location Collins, at 45 Birchill Gardens, Hartlepool, Cleveland.

■ If you're between 12 and 15 and heavily into Duran Duran, write! Please have legible writing! Contact Ingrid Gilman, 3 Norton Terrace, Edinburgh EH9 2DE.

■ My name is Roo Osborne and I would like anybody to write to me, as long as they're 16 or over. Into Culture Club, Bimble, Yazoo and Kim Wilde. Contact me at 132 Church Road, Leyton, London E10 5HG.

■ I'm Martin Levene and interested in corresponding with guys and dolls aged around 18. Into Wham!, Sponday Bolal, Bucks Fizz and lots more. Write to me via PO Box 64005, Highlands North, T V 1, South Africa, 2192.

■ 16 year old female would like nice males to write to her. Must be into Japan, Siouxsie, Bauhaus, etc and exciting lives. Send letters with photo to Claire, 9 Denison Street, Seaton Nottingham NG9 1AT.

■ My name is Richard and I'm looking for female pen pushers aged 14+. I'm into Depeche Mode, Thompson Twins, The Police and many others. Start scribbling to Richard Rogers Palace.

■ I'm 14 (15 in November) and interested in hearing from anybody at all. I like most types of music especially Bucks Fizz and Wham!, but like Duran and heavy metal. Other interests include sport, especially Grand Prix and athletics. Write to Ann, 32 Peasea Park, Camborne, Cornwall TR14 8PF.

■ Lonely 13½ year old Chinese girl would like anybody to write to her. I'm into Duran Duran, Wham!, KayoGooGoo and lots more. Start writing now to Fay Chan, 40 Kingsdale Gardens, Kennoway, Fife, Scotland KY8 5LH.

■ My name is Paul and I'm 14 into The Police, Lee Leitch, Michael Jackson, Musical Youth, Culture Club, Depeche Mode, etc. I like coloured hair, sport, art, reading, listening to records, horror films and dancing. I'm hoping to become a comedian in the entertainment world. Write to Paul Crowderell, 115 Ardley Drive, Chelmsley Wood, Birmingham B37 5HW.

■ Hi world! I'm a country gal into The Formers Boys, Big Country, Malicoin McLaren, Hank and checked shirts! Interested? Then contact Mod Morcia at 2 Booth Close, Rowlands Mill, Leicester LE3 4EY.

■ Male, 18, wants to hear from girls aged 14/18, especially those living in the Midlands or near London's West Ham football ground. Music includes Rory, Sponday, Bucks Fizz and The Police. Dislikes big-headed people and anybody who runs down Bucks Fizz. So if you look remotely like Joy Aston (or even if you don't), write to Steve, 194 Fivers Road, Coventry CV2 2JL.

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

BLACK PLAGUE

SUPER TEAM

ONE TWO ONE TWO THREE GO

CLAP YOUR HANDS, SLEEP
WAVE YOUR HANDS, HITCH A RIDE
SNEEZE, GO FOR A WALK
LET'S SEE YOU SWIM, NOW SKI
SPRAY, MACHO MAN
SOUND YOUR HORN, RING THE BELL
OK, KISS

COMB YOUR HAIR, WAVE YOUR HANDS
COME ON WAVE YOUR HANDS
SUPERMAN
WOOOOAH

CLAP YOUR HANDS
NOW YOU'RE LOOKING REALLY GOOD
NOW YOU'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT
WE'RE GONNA TRY IT ONE MORE TIME
WE'RE GONNA DO IT AGAIN
OK

SLEEP
WAVE YOUR HANDS, HITCH A RIDE
SNEEZE, GO FOR A WALK
LET'S SEE YOU SWIM, AND SKI
SPRAY, MACHO MAN
SOUND YOUR HORN, NOW RING THE BELL
OK, KISS
COMB YOUR HAIR, WAVE
WAVE YOUR HANDS
SUPERMAN
WOOOOAH

OK CLAP YOUR HANDS
LITTLE BIT LOUDER
NOW CLAP YOUR HANDS AND
BEND YOUR KNEES WITH THE MUSIC

RIGHT WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO NOW
NOW YOU'VE REALLY GOT THE HANG OF THIS
WE'RE GONNA TRY IT
ONE MORE TIME BUT A LITTLE BIT FASTER OK

SLEEP, WAVE
HITCH A RIDE, SNEEZE
WALK, SWIM
SKI, SPRAY
MACHO, BLOW YOUR HORN
RING THE BELL, OK
KISS, COMB YOUR HAIR
WAVE
GIVE 'EM A WAVE
SUPERMAN
WOOOOAH

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BIZ

Talking of free gifts being given away with singles (and who isn't after our feature about this very subject last issue?), **Elton John's** new single, "Kiss The Bride", comes with a free single containing two of his old hits, "Song For Guy" and "Ego".

In this the ultimate remix? A new single "Wildstyle" by **Time Zone** was originally recorded in Germany by Rusty Egan, then "remade" in New York by Afrika Bambaataa with two rappers and a scratch DJ, Grand Mixer... S.T. (who scratched over Herbie Hancock's "Rockit"). The whole cassette was then remixed by dub mixer "Groucho" and disco producer Fyngalo Kevonkin. After all that, is it any good? Biz, unfortunately gives us a thumbs-down.

Madness have a new single out at the end of October called "Sun And The Rain". Expect a new LP in early '84.



Gary Tibbs used to be one of the Ants and before that was in Rory Music. Now he's in a new group with the rather silly name **Zu Zu Sharks**. A debut single, "Love Tumbles Down", has just been released.

Cliff Richard has just released his 46th album and it's called "Silver". You can buy it either as a solo LP or as part of a special presentation box, also called "Silver" and selling for under £3. The bumper bundle includes a second album, "Rock 'N' Roll Silver", which features Cliff's versions of 10 well-loved rock 'n' roll classics. There's even a four-page booklet full of glossy pictures taken by very famous photographers. But for the full Cliff story, leaf over to pages 58 and 59.

MUTTERINGS

Take **Duran Duran**, a pack of tigers and Sydney harbour bridge and what you've got is just one possible cover shot for "Seven And The Ragged Tiger", the next Duran Duran LP. **Julian Cope** has more down to earth aspirations. The cover for his first solo LP features Jules bedecked in thermal underwear, sleeveless sheepskin jacket and hobnail boots. Out in November it's rumoured to be called "Stop The World I Want To Get Back On". Oh really? ... **Bowie** asked for **Suggs'** autograph for his son Joe (previously **Zowie**) backstage during one of the Madness support gigs on his American tour. ... **U2** live LP and Video. Currently in the studio with **Bruce Springsteen's** producer remixing their Californian concert, as seen on *A Midsummer Night's Tube* ... **King Skirt!** **King Kurt!** to play night at **Brixton Fringe** where the audience are only allowed in wearing Skirts. And that's just the hicks. ... **Gary Numan's** bass player, **Joe Hubbard** taught **Nick Bagg** the "sapping bass" technique. Sounds painful ... More pain. **Jeremiah Fantazise** has shaved off his dreadlocks ... **The Lotus Eaters'** "First Picture Of You" is the most played record on Radio 1 ever, being aired 24 times in one week ... **John Lennon's** son, **Julian Lennon** has been signed to Chrysanema ... Ex-Clasher **Mick Jones** to join **Dave Wakeling** and **Hankin** **Roger's** new band **General Public?** ... **The Cure's** Robert Smith on their new single "The Lovecats" — "It's the final instalment of a trio of fantasy singles born out of one of my cat jazz parties on Brighton pier." Thought as much.

Cliff Richard (10/18, October 19)
Thomas Dolby (25) on October 14
Colin Hodgkinson of **Whitesnake** (38) on October 14
Tito Jackson of the **Jacksons** (37) on October 15
Gary Kemp (34) on October 16
Bernie Nolan (23) on October 17
Chick Berry (52) on October 18
Peter Tosh (39) on October 19
Woody from Madness (33) on October 19
Julian Cope (26) on October 21
Bill Wyman (47) on October 24
Simon Le Bon (23) on October 27

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Imagination's new single is called "New Dimension" and is released on October 21. It comes from their new LP, "Somelicious", which will roll into record shops a week later. They've also extended their UK tour. Details on *Dance page 67*.



Word scenes in *Waitrose* in the video for "They Don't Know"

Tracey Ullman's in the middle of settling a domestic crisis. "I won't be a second I'm just sorting out my washing machine. Her plumber's been all to pot. Apparently her boyfriend's father met a man in the pub who said he'd fix it for them. "He said he'd do a fantastic job — really cheap — and now we're having to pay double to have it all done again. Never talks on anyone you meet in a pub. I've got so much washing to do." As ever, she's leading a very busy life with *Three Of A Kind* on telly every Saturday night, a new single out, a film on the way, a stage play in rehearsal and a new TV series to plan.

Three Of A Kind: This is the last series. We've just done so much of it now and I want to go out with it being good. I don't want to do any more, neither does **Lenny (Henry)**, nor does the producer. But I've been very pleased with this series."

The film: "It's *Say Goodbye To Broad Street*, **Paul McCartney's** film. The plot's incredibly complicated. All I know is I get in and out of vans a lot and I never stop crying from the start of the movie 'til the end of it and I look absolutely dreadful as usual. I play this bird who can't stop crying. It's not a big part or anything but I enjoyed it and I get to know the *Continents* quite well. Paul's excellent in it — he's a really good actor actually. When I was doing my video I sang him up and said "What are you doing tomorrow? and he said 'I don't really know' so I asked him to do a bit in the video and he did which was really kind of him."

The play: "I've just started rehearsals for *The Grass Widow* by **Snoo Wilson**, I play a junkie — it's a serious play. It'll be on at the *Royal Court Theatre* in London 'til Christmas. I love going back to the *Royal Court* because they don't care what you've been doing. If you've been on *Blankety Blank* for four series they'll still have you back to do something pretty serious."

Lenny Henry's not-very-flattering review of her single in the last issue of Smash Hits: "He never likes my singing. He says I sound like **Minnie Mouse**. Anyway, I wasn't that enamoured with the *OK Song*. **Lesl** He was once doing a spoof of 'Breakaway' at rehearsals and I said 'What number did "The OK Song" get to?' and he goes 'Noooo, don't talk about it!' So I can get him back."

Carmel's new single is a re-make of "Willow Weep For Me", a sultry jazz classic made famous by the legendary **Billie Holiday**. It's out October 21.

At last, a new **ABC** single and it's called "That Was Then But This Is Now".

Hot Chocolate are playing an absolutely massive tour of the UK throughout November and December. See page 67 for the full list of dates. Fascinating fact: **Hot Chocolate** have had at least one hit single every year since 1970.

ONCE MORE (WITH FELINE)

AFTER A YEAR IN AMERICA, FRANCE AND SWEDEN, ADAM'S BACK WITH A NEW SINGLE, "PUSS 'N' BOOTS". IAN BIRCH LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

Adam has every right to feel knackered. He's just flown overnight from New York or Sweden and didn't get much sleep.

He had to finish the sketches for the storyline behind the video he'll soon be making for his new single, "Puss 'N' Boots".

What's more he was trapped beside a Texan oil man who insisted on chatting. To make matters worse, the Texan took off his shoes and, as Adam trembles, "that was no joke".

But Adam's a professional and when he appears, there are no tell-tale signs of wear and tear. Everything's immaculate — from the fresh-eyed face to the black pirate bow on his pigtail, the crisp white shirt and grey-blue Malcolm McLaren-styled suit.

Adam has spent much of 1983 in America, playing a massive 100-date tour there in the early part of the year. The idea was to play everywhere rather than just the glossy venues in prestige towns like New York or Los Angeles.

He even ventured into a place called Normal in Illinois where they played in a military college. It was rather an odd experience.

"Everyone was dressed in the standard American way — closely cropped hair,

slacks, white socks and sneakers. But the head boy stood at the front and no-one — but no-one — crossed that line. Other places, of course, were complete and utter bedlam."

One such place was in Indiana where someone threw an American flag onstage. Adam picked it up, waved it around and then put it at the back of the stage. It was then that various grisly events began to happen.

"Two Vietnam veteran cops kicked the door down, pulled their guns and said I was insulting the flag and they wanted to 'bust my ass'. It was a real heavy number. What I hadn't done — which I didn't know — was to fold the flag into its proper ceremonial shape."

And the tour itself ground to a halt for a month when he tore a cartilage in his knee while singing "Goody Two Shoes" in Cleveland. The injury demanded micro-surgery which "brought tears to my eyes, honestly".

Ten days after his release from hospital he was booked to appear on a live TV spectacular called *Motown 25-Yesterday, Today And Forever*. The programme (which should be screened here later this year) was a celebration of Tamia Motown's music and all the label's stars were there — from Diana Ross to Stevie Wonder and his old mate Michael Jackson. "I was absolutely honoured," roars Adam.

He sang "Where Did Our Love Go" (the old Supremes' song) and, as he was performing, who should sneak on stage but the ex-Supreme herself, Ms Ross.

"I didn't know she was coming. Cross my heart. By that time, I was trying to remember the words and telling my leg to do me a favour and move."

And what about Mr Jackson?
"It was the first time I'd properly met him. He's really fabulous. He did some dancing and I'm still trying to work out how he did it. It was five minutes of magic."

The American tour over, Adam and long-standing workmate Marco went to Paris to write the material that they then recorded in Abba's Polar Studios in Stockholm.

The first producer was Phil Collins who worked on the single and the album's title track, "Strip". "Phil's mad. Round the twist. He plays spoons on his forehead. Seriously, working with him was like a gift."

Phil had to leave to tour with Robert

Plant and in stepped another drummer, Richard Burgess, once Spandau's house producer. Once again the chemistry was spot on, as the album reveals.

Adam has kept the best parts from his past and developed a more sophisticated, open-ended sound. The single will inevitably be compared to Old Adam and many will dismiss it as an easy sequel to "Prince Charming", but he's ready for the charge.

"It's not fair to say it's a sequel. It stems from an idea put to me by some people who asked me to write a pantomime for TV. I'm still fascinated by the simplicity of fairy-tales but, to use your word, this one is more grown-up. It's a year later and it has a lot more experience of knowing what works and what people find exciting."

"I don't see the need to forget totally where you've been as long as you don't cash in on it. I use the Burundi Beat on a new song, "Navel To Neck", but it doesn't sound like before. And, after all, I made that sound popular. It's like a vocabulary. You want to revisit it and do it even better."

This also explains the new look on the opposite page. It's a scaled down version of his previous more lavish images.

So scaled down in fact that he's actually shed rather a lot of clothes. This might give you a clue about the subject matter of "Strip". As Adam candidly reveals, "it's a celebration of sex".

And the puss? She's called Chablis (after the wine no doubt), is owned by Adam's manager and is the mother of Adam's own cat, Nobby.

Just thought you'd like to know.





GO APE CRAZY



Space Monkey chirps with everything

"I'm not telling you. Oh, go on."

"No."
Why not?
"I don't think age is important. Why does it matter how old I am?"

Luckily, his age is the only thing **Space Monkey** is keeping quiet about. His stamping new single, "Can't Stop Running", has been crashing out of the radio rather frequently of late and looks set to be the latest hit for Innervision Records, home of Wham! and Jimmy The Hoover.

Paul Goodchild is the man behind Space Monkey which he describes as "a fairly flexible line-up". Paul lives in Brighton and has played in several groups there over the last few years, including The Singles and The Return ("Mod without the Parkas"). The highlight of the Mod revival was him chancing upon a scene from *Quadrophonia* being filmed in Brighton, and he got chatting to Sting. A few minutes later he found himself

running through the streets in the scene being filmed. Sting made sure he got paid for his brief film appearance and that is the sum total of his film career so far.

Much of the years since then were spent making demos in a small recording studio and then this year he played them to Mark Dean of Innervision who went up. After recording two different versions of "Can't Stop Running", Paul's first single as Space Monkey was released. Why that name?

"I wanted a name that no-one else would choose. When I was in The Singles we were always hearing about other groups with the same name which caused us problems. I didn't think anyone else was likely to come up with this one."

A new single is already being recorded for release in November with an LP set for Spring. Space Monkey's ambitions?

"Longevity. I want to be around for a long time. And I want to travel."

Who does he?

Back in 1981 **Kirsty MacColl** wrote and released a single called "They Don't Know". Nothing much happened. Two years later Tracey Ullman has turned it into a hit with Kirsty on backing vocals. Now Kirsty's back with her own single on Stiff called "Terry", a song written about Marlon Brando in the film *On The Waterfront*. And Tracey of course will be in the video.

The Spacemen, who specialise in a ghoulish brand of Glam Rock, release a single this week on London. It has rather an attractive title: "The Beauty Of Poison".

GHOULS' TALK

A "Monster Halloween Ball". That's what'll be happening at London's *Lyceum Ballroom* on October 31. Monsters in attendance will be **Lords Of The New Church**, **Beast**, **Flesh For Luna**, and **Crown Of Thorns** amongst others. You'll probably go to hell for just reading this.

"Winter Surprise" is the new single from **Gary Numan**, released October 14.

"Electro" is the latest compilation from the **Street Sounds** empire. There are eight 'specially mixed full length versions' of such dancefloor disbusters as "Jam On Revenge" by Newcleus and "Feel The Force" by G-Force. Not bad for under a tiver.

MY TOP TEN



PETER HOOK (NEW ORDER)

- 1. SEX PISTOLS: Anarchy In The UK (EMI)** I first heard this when they played it on the *CNN* TV show. *Unbearable!* made a really deep impression on me.
- 2. THE BAKES: Street Justice (Streetwise)** It's what life's all about, I suppose. I don't quite like it, but I like the rap records, especially *Dea & Wish* soundtrack. Very apt.
- 3. NICO: Le Petit Chavalier (WEA)** A sack of shit her "Dese Shit" is, and a sack of shit the rest of her work is. A real kid's gig (I hear, but I don't) and a very exciting but really quite sort of way.

Strange but true. **Dee Harris** (ex-singer *Bios Fashion*) is working on a "total venture" with one-time Pink Floyd keyboard prodler **Nick Wright**. A recording deal is rumoured with EMI.

Sex Gang Children have just released the single "Mauritia Moya" on Clwy records. On October 20 they set out on a major UK tour; dates are being finalised.

"Overwhelming ticket demand" has forced **The Alamo** to play a second night at London's *Savoy Ballroom* on October 19. They've also added a date at *Norwich University Of East Anglia* on October 17.

The Truth have added another three more dates — *Bournemouth Dorset Institute* (October 19), *Norwich UEA* (28) and *Aylesbury Friars* (29).

4. COCKNEY REBEL: Sebastian (EMI) I heard this on holiday in Rhyl when I was 15 or so. It was raining all the time and they kept playing it on Radio 1 every hour. It was the first song I ever heard that made a musical impression on me. It wasn't just another pop song. Something was happening.

5. STOCKHOLM MONSTERS: Miss Moonlight (Factory Benelux) A love song. I didn't like it when I first heard it but it turned out really well. Good keyboard.

6. LOU REED: How Do You Speak To An Angel (Arista) This is a great song on his *Grownup* pop & Pubes LP. He's got a really weird, beautiful female woman, especially here. A couple, direct love message.

7. JOHN CALE: Paris 1919 (Reprise) he world's most perfect pop song. Not trash, but classy bawls. We should have been a bit better just did.

8. RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDIGIDS: Blank Generation (Sire) A good statement. When came everyone was in a sexual generation, not-wise, a even more. It's a little bit like a total y bank.

9. IGGY & THE STOOGES: Nick Bitch (Slydog) The world's most sexist record. A really clichéd statement about women (the women) amusing and powerful.

10. THE FALL: The N.W.R.A. (Rough Trade) One of the best songs I ever heard. I use the kazoo. All about the North W. Rise

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Sutton
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“

Where I come from, London's Canning Town, is one of the main training centres for British boxers. My school was also strong at boxing and I even boxed a bit.

So I've always found the image of a boxer interesting. They usually come from poor backgrounds and move into boxing not only because they enjoy it but also because it's a way of escaping their environment. And because they get beaten around so much there are a lot of casualties and many end up as tragic figures. And parallel to the tragedy in boxing is the courage and selflessness of all the training you have to do.

I think this song sums all this up. The best lyrics are always fairly abstract. They're like a good painting — everything is in the eye of the beholder. It's like a personal symbolism, if you know what I mean. I always hate explaining my own lyrics because they're basically just shapes and images. They mean lots of different things to different people.

Paul Simon, who wrote the song, is one of our greatest lyricists. I know he lived in London's East End some time during the '60s so maybe that influenced this song.

The line I always remember is the one that goes 'And he cried out in his anger and his pain'. It sums up the torment of wanting to win at all costs. The song is also all about pride.

I first heard it in the early '70s. I think I was playing with a blues band called Mood Indigo. There were nine of us and I played with them for three years. We played places like the Bear Club in Germany and lived out of a Thames 1500 crew van. Just like every band did then.

We played gigs side by side with someone called David Jones (who became David Bowie) and we used to alternate who'd be top of the bill. I don't remember an awful lot from that period but I do remember laughing a lot! Once Mood Indigo folded, I went

STAR CHOICE

DAVID ESSEX



into the theatre. My first production was called *Fantasticks*, a musical where the actors became the set. Actually, it's still running in New York.

It was like a forerunner to *Godspell*. The actors rather than the set created the atmosphere. It was about two families and I played the son of one — he was quite cheeky. Still, everything ended happily in the end.

”



SIMON AND GARFUNKEL

I AM JUST A POOR BOY
THOUGH MY STORY'S SELDOM TOLD
I HAVE SQUANDERED MY RESISTANCE
FOR A POCKETFUL OF MUMBLES
SUCH ARE PROMISES
ALL LIES AND JEST
STILL A MAN HEARS WHAT HE WANTS TO HEAR
AND DISREGARDS THE REST

WHEN I LEFT MY HOME AND MY FAMILY
I WAS NO MORE THAN A BOY
IN THE COMPANY OF STRANGERS
IN THE QUIET OF A RAILWAY STATION
RUNNING SCARED
LAYING LOW
SEEKING OUT THE POORER QUARTERS
WHERE THE RAGGED PEOPLE GO
LOOKING FOR THE PLACES ONLY THEY WOULD KNOW

CHORUS
LIE LA LIE LIE LA LIE LA LIE LA LIE
LIE LA LIE LIE LA LIE LA LA LA LIE
LIE LA LA LA LIE

ASKING ONLY WORKMAN'S WAGES
I COME LOOKING FOR A JOB
BUT I GET NO OFFERS
JUST A COME-ON FROM THE WHORES
ON SEVENTH AVENUE
I DO DECLARE THERE WERE TIMES
WHEN I WAS SO LONESOME I TOOK SOME COMFORT
THERE

REPEAT CHORUS

THEN I'M LAYING OUT MY WINTER CLOTHES
AND WISHING I WAS GONE GOING HOME
WHERE THE NEW YORK CITY WINTERS
AREN'T BLEEDING ME
LEADING ME GOING HOME

IN THE CLEARING STANDS A BOXER
AND A FIGHTER BY HIS TRADE
AND HE CARRIES THE REMINDERS
OF EVERY GLOVE THAT LAID HIM DOWN
OR CUT HIM 'TIL HE CRIED OUT
IN HIS ANGER AND HIS SHAME
I AM LEAVING I AM LEAVING
BUT THE FIGHTER STILL REMAINS

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL SIMON
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION PATTERN MUSIC LTD
ON CBS RECORDS

Art Garfunkel (left) and Paul Simon in May 69 (when 'The Boxer' reached Number 6 in the UK Singles Chart)

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BARRY

GOES COMPLETELY BARMY OVER

BLACK LACE'S "SUPERMAN"

AND CAN ACTUALLY UNDERSTAND THE LYRICS!

Hello, readers. Barry here. Incredibly on-the-case reporter upon the crazy ever-changing chemistion-like world of pop timeswaine, ah! Not for much longer, though. Not if the latest sensational Baz scheme goes according to plan. No friends, it'll be *The Late Late Breakfast Show*. Russell Harty, letting off to sunny climates to make stralling seaside videos, fame, fortune, and no war huiuing to rioten to rowdy herbarts singing big echant pop songs (like take talk) that's for sure. A fully fledged pop star, that's what yours truly is about to become. Gather round, mee anks, and I'll let you know. Let me lift the curtain, mates. In a drizzly Thursday eve not three weeks back. Lumber into my local hostelry for a bit of a night out — use the chocolate machine, glass of lemonade, some peanuts, that kind of thing — and can't help but notice everyone clapping and cheering.

Sit embarrassed at first but then I've used to it. Being the world-famous reporter for Britain's brightest magazine has its drawbacks, believe me. Get recognized on buses, postered for autographs, newspapers always trying to dig up some story about how you were once a nut or a member of The Dooleys or something awful. Anyway, not to worry. It's not actually Baz that the fuss is all about.

Through all the chanting, clapping, smoke, flames, etc. your reporter can dimly detect a voice. "Clap your hands! It says (loud clapping). "And sleep! (loud clapping). "And wave yer hands! (much loony behaviour). "Hit a ride! (stumble aloft). "And sneeze! (sudden outbreak — "Aa). "Go for a walk! (marching out sadface). "Let's see ya swim! (foggy paddle, etc). "And ski! (knees bend, bum out). "Spray! (sneez squinting of invisible deadface). "And macho man!" (everyone looks really butch and muscley, etc).

By this time, mates, Baz is clawing his way past sweating limbs to see who's on stage and whipping the mob into such a crazy wiggled-out state. Is it Beaz? 1007 (hopefully not), is it the entire Man U Footy Team? (not very likely actually), is it?

Actually, mates, it's a telly set showing, by all accounts, *Top Of The Pops*. "Who," pants yours truly, "who is THAT MAN?" Two women are jiggling about dangerously close to your reporter (they're a bit out of time and look as though they're

wrapping eleanor on a stinking hitch-hiker). They mumble something in Baz's general direction. "Paper Lace?" "No, mates, they insist, Black Lace. The song "Superman" was a big hit in Italy, luv and vis gaezer heard it, changed it into English and it's really yer know, caught on. And with this they carry on dancing (what looks to me like someone was treating on a muscular swimmer with a cold).

The feet, mates, did not touch

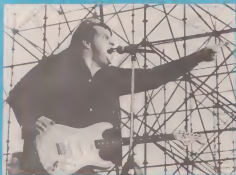


Black Kent "When I track down this Black Lace guy — gonna zap him in with my argon-statted — And I'll doest work, — "Hi — qu' a hard — the nose"

the old pavement on the way back to Barrington Mansions. Seconds later Baz was prodding at his Cello (IS quid, Woolies) and scribbling "Yikes" on the back of the gas bill. It had struck me, friends, that the time was ripe for Baz The Pop Star! And why? Look at it this way, friends — Baz can't sing (e fact), can't dance (to save fe vial, can't play any instruments, has got about as much "natural rhythm" as a combine harvester, wouldn't know a tune if it moved into the spare room and hasn't, mates, got a snowball's chance in hell of even getting the Ryan Paris Award For Lyric-Writing, but then THIS BLACK LACE BLOKE IS EXACTLY THE SAME! And look what's happened to him!

Wish me luck, mee mates. Today page 28, tomorrow the cover . . .

heers!
Barry



MEAT LOAF

MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND

HEY RICKY NOW MINE IS EMPTY
 HOW ABOUT ONE FOR YOU
 WE COULD SIT IT OUT TOGETHER
 SEEMS TOMORROW'S OVERDUE
 CAPTAIN VIDEO DONE WENT HOME
 ONE PILOT LAID TO REST
 AND DRAGON LADIES THAT TALK THAT TALK
 ABOUT WHO LOVES WHO WHO LOVES BEST

CHORUS

SILVER BULLETS IN THE JUKE BOX
 SPIN ANOTHER ROUND
 EVERYBODY AT THE BACK OF THE LINE
 IT'S MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND
 MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND
 LOST SOULS IN THE HUNTING GROUND
 REMEDY FOR ALL YOUR ILLS
 AT THE LOST AND FOUND
 MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND
 MIDNIGHT

HAVE A DOUBLE IT'S GETTING LATE
 YOU'LL GET HOME JUST RELY ON FATE
 PLACE JUST FINALLY CAME ALIVE
 GOOD OLD BOYS JUST ARRIVED
 STOOLS KEEP CHANGING PLACES
 AND THE NIGHT JUST SLIPS AWAY
 AND LIKE A LONG DISTANCE LOVE AFFAIR
 SOON YOU'VE GOTTA PAY

REPEAT CHORUS

HANGING ON BARELY HITCH A RIDE AWAY
 BELLY UP AND BURY BOY
 ALL THE HURT YOU FEEL TODAY
 HANGING ON BARELY HITCH A RIDE AWAY
 BELLY UP AND BURY BOY
 ALL THE HURT YOU FEEL TODAY

SILVER BULLETS IN THE JUKE BOX
 SPIN ANOTHER ROUND
 EVERYBODY GET BACK IN LINE
 LAST CALL FOR THE LOST AND FOUND
 MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND
 LOST SOULS IN A HUNTING GROUND
 A REMEDY FOR ALL YOUR ILLS
 AT THE LOST AND

MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND
 LOST SOULS IN A HUNTING GROUND
 A REMEDY FOR ALL YOUR ILLS
 AT THE LOST AND

REPEAT LAST VERSE

MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND
 LOST SOULS IN A HUNTING GROUND
 A REMEDY FOR ALL YOUR ILLS
 AT THE LOST AND

MIDNIGHT LOST AND FOUND (AT THE LOST AND FOUND)
 MIDNIGHT LOST AND FOUND

(LOST SOULS IN THE HUNTING GROUND)

MIDNIGHT LOST AND FOUND (AT THE LOST AND FOUND)
 MIDNIGHT LOST AND FOUND

(LOST SOULS IN THE HUNTING GROUND)

REPEAT AND AD LIB TO FADE

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YOUNG GUNS

THE ALARM HAVE NOW GOT SUCCESS IN THEIR SIGHTS PETER MARTIN FILES & LOUIE REPORT

"We've been through a lot of hard times and a lot of great times. Today is probably one of the greatest moments of our lives." Singer, Mike Peters — he of tiger-like mane — smiles from ear to ear.

So what's so special about today you might ask? Well, it's The Alarm's first ever UK TV appearance. The show is called *Top Of The Pops*. It means, in many ways, that they've finally made it.

I meet up with the group at the BBC bar where all manner of Zoo dancers, mega-stars and sweaty behind-the-scenes men are waiting for that all-important call — 'You're on the air' in the midst of all this glamour. The Alarm look like a bunch of extras from a punk episode of *Bonanza*.

Mike is best described as intense, but not in a negative way. He's just serious about his music and he retains a likeable, dry sense of humour.

The drummer, Twist — or Nigel Twist to give him his full title — looks and sounds like the Mancunian bard John Cooper-Clarke. He has "hidden resources of energy" and — unusual for a drummer — he takes an active part in the decision-making process.

Eddie MacDonald is the "idealistic". And like the others he has an intense attitude to his music, balanced out by a genuinely friendly manner.

The fourth, isn't too well today. Though he retains his "natural cool" the rigours of their current US tour have taken their toll. The band have been without sleep for three nights. In fact, as you may have heard on *Top of the Pops*, a highway cop had to stop them mid-journey between Buffalo and Boston with an urgent message... "Call England immediately. You're on *Top of the Pops*."

So they did, and here they are. "This might be the last chance we ever get to be on *Top Of The Pops*. You don't know what could happen tomorrow," explains guitarist Eddie. "So we made sure we got back from America to do it. We owe it to those people who actually went out and bought the record. When money's so scarce, for people to do that for us... well it's completely overwhelming."

Integrity is stamped over everything The Alarm do or say. Commitment, honesty and passion are also high on their list of priorities. They're a new breed, similar in attitude to bands like Big Country and U2 but they believe they're as different in sound as, say, Duran Duran are to the Brighthouse & Rystick Brass Band.

Personally, they remind me a lot of The Clash but Mike disagrees. "I used to sing Joe Strummer and talk Johnny Rotten.

SIXTY EIGHT GUNS

AND NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO TAKE
MY LIFE AWAY
FOREVER YOUNG I CANNOT STAY HEY
ON EVERY CORNER I CAN SEE THEM THERE
THEY DON'T KNOW MY NAME
THEY DON'T KNOW MY KIND
THEY'RE AFTER YOU WITH THEIR PROMISES
(PROMISES SO WRONG!)
THEY'RE AFTER YOU TO SIGN YOUR LIFE AWAY

CHORUS
YEA YEOW
SIXTY EIGHT GUNS WILL NEVER DIE
SIXTY EIGHT GUNS OUR BATTLE CRY
SIXTY EIGHT GUNS WILL REVEAL US
SIXTY EIGHT GUNS OUR BATTLE CRY
SIXTY EIGHT GUNS SIXTY EIGHT GUNS
SIXTY EIGHT GUNS!

LIVING IN THE BACKSTREETS
THAT'S OUR HOME FROM HOME
THE PAINTED WALLS
ARE ALL WE EVER KNOW
"THE GUNS FOREVER!"
THAT'S OUR BATTLE CRY
IT IS THE FLAG THAT WE FLY SO HIGH
FOR EVERY DAY
THEY'LL TRY AND DRAG US DOWN
(DRAG US DOWN AND DOWN)
I FIGHT WITH ANGER I HAVE DONE NO CRIME

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

© 1982 BY MCDONALD & PETERS
REPRODUCED BY THE ALARM

But no more. They inspired the likes of us but I've seen so many bands with a lot of promise and a lot of promises to make and I've been led on by those promises. But I've been let down. Now I've got the chance to come through with the goods."

The four who make up The Alarm have total faith in themselves. They've "paid their dues" and the idea of failure is not on their agenda. But they haven't always been so confident. Four years ago they used to be called 17 and were in a bit of a state.

"We jumped on every bandwagon. We used to change style to match our haircuts," laments Mike. Their ambition was material gain and they had nothing to say. "It was a selling-your-soul job."

They saw the light after a meeting with the man who made the word 'passion' a cliché, Kevin Rowland. They supported Dexys at *Huddersfield Poly* on the first date of their tour. If they played well they would have been allowed to do the whole tour — a major break. Rowland told them to forget it. "He was being cruel to be kind. We were no good and he knew it... and so did we. We split up soon after."

It was a step in the right direction. The

lads all went back to their hometown of Rhyl, Wales. "It's not a big place, so we kept bumping into each other." Two years ago they decided to learn from their mistakes and start again, as The Alarm.

Above all The Alarm is based on friendship. "We're like four brothers really." Mike met Eddie as a child. They lived next door to each other in Rhyl. Twist and Sharpy also met a long time ago, when they were seven. But they were brought up in Manchester, moving to Rhyl after they left school.

They started out as a completely acoustic line-up, with three guitars and drums. To earn enough money to make a single, the band got jobs "behind bars and driving vans". In September '81 they recorded "Unsafe Building". It sold all 2000 copies pressed. They went from strength to strength, being asked to support U2 around Christmas time. "It was brilliant. After that we knew we're on the right tracks. We knew we had it in us to build an honest human relationship between us and the audience. We could love, cry, laugh and hate together."

Nevertheless, they did undergo a distinct change in strategy. Electric guitar and bass was added to their weaponry. "Now we had clarity and power."

In Autumn '82 they became more realistic, dropping their over-idealistic "hyper sceptical" view of record companies, to sign to Milas Copeland's I.R.S. label. In October they released their second single, "Marching On". All the time they were building up a loyal hard-core following through constant touring.

"This April they released 'The Stand'. It was a minor hit. But that wasn't important. The Alarm were living up to their ideals. Bono of U2 appreciated this, and asked them to be support on their US tour. They did the last 20 dates to much acclaim, further proving to themselves that they could make it solely on their own merits as a band."

"68 Guns" confirms this belief: it's selling without the aid of free videos and baseball caps, fitting for a band who "don't want to be hyped into the charts". The single, they say, is "about an imaginary gang who existed around the time of John Kennedy's assassination in 1968. They were being torn apart by the events around them," he explains. "But really, that gang is us and we're doing our best to win against all the odds. Above all, that's what our music represents, proving that you can go out and find all the answers to your own questions and make something of your life."

OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLOR
N OF THE JUNGLE SAYS LOOK AT
BER THIS I LOVE AS I'D BELIEVED
OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY
TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT BUT NOT
TAKING BACK WITH TAKING AN



IT'S STILL THE BEST



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ELTON JOHN

KISS THE BRIDE

Well she looked a peach
In the dress she made
When she was still
Her mama's little girl
And when she walked down the aisle
Everybody smiled
At her innocence and curls

And when the preacher said
Is there anyone here
Gotta reason why they shouldn't wed
I should have stuck up my hand
I should have got up to stand
And this is what I should have said

Chorus

I wanna kiss the bride yeah
I wanna kiss the bride yeah
Long before she met him
She was mine mine mine
Don't say I do say bye bye
And let me kiss the bride yeah

I wanna kiss the bride yeah

Underneath her veil I could see a tear
Trickling down her pretty face
And when he slipped on the ring
I knew everything would
Never be the same again
But if the groom would have known

He'd have had a fit
About his wife and the things we did
And what I planned to say
Yeah on her wedding day
Well I thought it but I kept it hid

I wanna kiss the bride yeah
I wanna kiss the bride yeah

Repeat chorus

I wanna kiss the bride yeah
I wanna kiss the bride yeah
I wanna kiss the bride yeah

Words and music by Elton John, Bernie Taupin
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On Rock-A-Rama

JIMMY THE HOOVER KILL ME KWIK

QUICK TO REACT TO SHOW EMOTION
TO LET THE SUPERLY
AND SHOOT ON OUR SIDE (OTHER SIDE)
I'VE GOT THE WEAPON
GOT ME A RIGHT HAND MAN
CAN YOU UNDERSTAND IN A CROWD
AND WITHOUT WARNING
WITHOUT THE DANGER SIGNS
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH

CHORUS

TIME OUT NO NEVER AGAIN
TURN THE LIGHTS UP
'CAUSE YOU REALLY KILL ME KWIK YEAH
WATCH OUT THERE'S NO-ONE AROUND
TURN THE LIGHTS UP 'CAUSE YOU REALLY
KILL ME KWIK YEAH LIGHTS OUT
ALL OVER AND THEN WELL'D LIKE TO
BUT YOU'D ONLY KILL ME KWIK

YEAH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH

SEE FOR YOURSELF

I'M LIKE A NEUTRON
AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY
I'M UP IN A FLASH CALABASH
THE SOUND OF HEAVEN
THIS ATMOSPHERE'S ALIVE
COUNT HOW TO SURVIVE
I AM ALIVE
BUT ANY SECOND NO BUT ANY SECOND NOW
THERE'S GONNA BE

HERE AT CHORUS

YOU WOULD ONLY KILL ME KWIK
YOU WOULD ONLY KILL ME

OOOO YOU WOULD ONLY KILL ME
YEAH

SON OF A GUN

YOU KILL ME QUICKLY
YOU MAKE THE THINGS DEEP DOWN
KEEP TURNING AROUND
ON YOUR BACK (ON YOUR BACK)
YOUR NEW POSITION
TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO
GET ON WITH THE SHOW (OOOH)
THE WAY I'M FEELING
I GOT THE URGE INSIDE
WITH JUST ENOUGH
TIME OUT NO NEVER AGAIN
TURN THE LIGHTS UP
KILL ME KWIK

YEAH WATCH OUT THERE'S NO-ONE AROUND

TURN THE LIGHTS UP

KILL ME KWIK

YEAH TIME OUT NO NEVER AGAIN

TURN THE LIGHTS UP

'CAUSE YOU REALLY KILL ME KWIK

YEAH WATCH OUT THERE'S NO-ONE AROUND

TURN THE LIGHTS UP

'CAUSE YOU REALLY KILL ME KWIK

YEAH LIGHTS OUT ALL OVER

AND THEN WELL'D LIKE TO BUT YOU'D ONLY

KILL ME QUICK

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THE BEST FOR LESS

GEORGE BENSON



IN YOUR EYES

I THINK I FINALLY KNOW YOU
I CAN SEE BEYOND YOUR SMILE
I THINK THAT I CAN SHOW YOU
THAT WHAT WE HAVE IS STILL WORTHWHILE
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT LOVE'S JUST LIKE A THREAD
THAT KEEPS UNRAVELLING BUT THEN
IT TIES US BACK TOGETHER IN THE END

CHORUS
IN YOUR EYES
I CAN SEE MY DREAM'S REFLECTIONS
IN YOUR EYES
FOUND THE ANSWERS TO MY QUESTIONS
IN YOUR EYES
I CAN SEE THE REASONS WHY OUR LOVE'S ALIVE
IN YOUR EYES
WE'RE DRIFTING SAFELY BACK TO SHORE
(AND) I THINK I'VE FINALLY LEARNED TO LOVE YOU MORE

YOU WARNED ME THAT LIFE CHANGES
THAT NO ONE REALLY KNOWS
WHETHER TIME WOULD MAKE US STRANGERS
OR WHETHER TIME WOULD MAKE US GROW
EVEN THOUGH THE WINDS OF TIME WILL CHANGE
IN A WORLD WHERE NOTHING STAYS THE SAME
THROUGH IT ALL OUR LOVE WILL STILL REMAIN

REPEAT CHORUS

IN YOUR EYES
I CAN SEE THE REASONS WHY OUR LOVE'S ALIVE
YOU AND I WE'RE DRIFTING SAFELY BACK TO SHORE
I THINK I'VE FINALLY LEARNED TO LOVE YOU MORE

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INTO BATTLE WITH ART OF NOISE

(ZTS 100)

featuring

the brave BEAT BOX

the moody MOMENTS IN LOVE

the wounded THE ARMY NOW

the bloody FLESH IN ARMOUR

ART of NOISE visit the city



WARNING! the art of noise
are perfectly capable of intelligent conversation

THE THINGS

IF YOU THINK TODAY'S HIP PHRASES ARE A BIT OF A JOKE, THE STUFF THAT CAME

1950s

Boys started sprouting quiffs and slapping on the Brylcreem. Girls leapt into party dresses and shoes that dug holes in the carpet. Ballroom dancing was given the boot in favour of rock 'n' roll and jazz. And this is the kind of rubbish people talked ...

Are out: to travel somewhere

Bogus: bogus, rather unconvincing

Bob: extremely fashionable, jolly trendy

Bug-rake: a comb

Cat: very trendy mala person

Cat out: depart, leg it

Cheese: absolutely terrific

Cleenhead: a person with no hair

Crazy: wildly exciting

Cubeseville: old-fashioned, boring

Cut a rug: to dance with abandon

Daddio: see 'Cat'

Dig: to appreciate

Dig the cat: to chatter aimlessly, rabbit on

Dude: see 'Daddio'

Flip your cork: to go completely bonkers

Hep: see 'Bob'

L Seven: very untrendy person, a square

Now City: very modern, not at all 'Cubeseville'

Put on the dog: to behave snootily

Real gona: see 'Crazy'

Roof paint: hair dye

Wild: see 'real gone'

SOME EXAMPLES OF '50s TALK

1. At The Concert.

"Say, dig that cheese beat, bop doll, and come cut a rug, like crazy!" (Translation: Excuse me, miss, would you care to dance to this marvellous music?). "Cut out, cleanhead" (Push off, baldy).

2. At The Headdress.

"I know that Elvis dude really flips my cork with that boogie roof paint!" (I cannot understand why Elvis Presley wants to change his natural hair colour). "Quit digging the cat, daddio, and hit me with the bug-rake!" (Stop gibbering, my good man, and kindly comb my hair).



'50s Teddy Boys about to 'flip their corks'

1960s



Photo: Tommaso Saraceni

'60s Flower Children discuss fab trouser wear

Exit rock 'n' roll and enter pop. And, hot on its heels, the mod movement. Loads of scooter-powered smartly dressed types that spent their time dancing frantically to groups like The Who or else trying to dig up obscure soul music (see special Mod Talk section below). And when '67 rolled around, it was psychedelic pop and flower power. Boys took to garish patterned shirts, tight trousers, boots and beads. Girls went for mini skirts and dahlias in their hair. Needless to say, a fair amount of drivel was talked. This sort of thing ...

Cut out: to depart

Crunchy hunk: a rather attractive male

Fave-reve: favourite

Fleming end: absolutely the most fantastic

Flip your wig: to go a bit mental

Frug: to dance with abandon

Frer: fashionable clothing

Ginchy: exceptionally fab

Ghosty: spina-tingling, remarkably superb

Grot: rubbish, nonsense

Grub-ped: a kitchen

Heed-feking: highly thrilling

Kinky boots: thigh-high leather footwear

Orb: to look at

Reve-up: boisterous social gathering, party

Roost: to sit down

Shoval City: very modern and brilliant

Strey cat: an unsocial person

Swinging, pops! a greeting — like 'Hi, guys!'

Zingy: super, jolly good

Zip it: to stop talking, to shut up

Zankers: insane, barmy, loopy

SOME EXAMPLES OF '60s TALK

1. At The Beech Party Barbecue.

"Swinging, pops! Frugging in the dunes with one's fave-rave hunky crunch is just the ginchiest, no?" (Hello. I really enjoy dancing on the sand with someone I really fancy, don't you?). "It's the flaming end" (Damn, I've burnt the sausages).

2. At The Boutique.

"I'm off to a fab head-faking rave-up tonight so I need some really zingy new gear!" (I wish to purchase a startling outfit to wear at tonight's party). "Well, just orb these kinky boots. Don't they just flip your wig?" (Perhaps I might interest you in some rather flashy footwear?). "Shovel City! (I'll take them!)."

3. Watching Top Of The Pops.

"Ugh, not Cilla Black. She drives ma zonkers!" (Cilla Black makes me sick). "Cut out and roost in the grub-pad. Cilla's a ghosty!" (Well go and sit in the kitchen, then, because I think Cilla's jolly good). "Zip it with a grot!" (Please be quiet. You're talking a load of rubbish).

MOD TALK

Deck: to poke fun at, to mock

Down on: to dislike strongly, to despise

Faca: highly-respected top-notch male mod

Fleshkick: an exhilarating experience

Geb up: to dress, to put on special clothing

Gogy: a foggy, a blundering old fool

Jump through: to inflict bodily harm upon

Number: embarrassingly hopeless male mod

Seven And Six: mod who buys cheapskate clothes

Sneep: to understand

Twist: a joke

AN EXAMPLE OF MOD TALK

"I'm down on numbers so, snap this twist, I gabbed up as a gink and when the Seven And Sixes started decking ma, I jumped through them. What a fleshkick! They don't call me a Faca for nothing."



Two heavily 'gabbled up' Mods

Photo: Eyezone

Photo: Rex Features

PEOPLE SAID

BEFORE WAS EVEN WORSE! TOM HIBBERT PRESENTS THIRTY YEARS OF TRENDY TALK.

1970s



Photo: Raymond

Early '70s hippies model new low-budget clothing

Flower power gets the elbow and the hippies move in. Some of them veer into Heavy Metal territory, cease using soap, acquire large and noisy motorbikes and are only really happy when being inflicted with hour-long guitar solos (see special Heavy Metal talk section below). For the rest, though, it's all outdoor festivals, sitting around meditating, eating lentils, that kind of thing. And did people say daft things? Just read on...

Bad karma: anaeking suspicion that someone's not terribly 'groovy'

Bad scene: an unpleasant situation

Bag: some activity you're really keen on

Blissed out: totally excellent in every way

Bread: money, cash

Burn: to swindle

Cement-head: very dense and irritating person

Cool it: to calm down a bit

Cop: to obtain possession of, to get

Far out: superlativa, generally rather amazing

Fat cat: a person who wants lots of money

Frabble: to dribble in an unpleasant fashion

Frama: a container

Freaky: disturbing, frighteningly good

Front: to lend

Groovy: see 'far out'

Handle: to cope with

Hassle: lots of aggravation

Heavy scene: extremely unpleasant goings-on

Info: involved with, excited by, absorbed by

Joss: joss-sticks, pungent incense-producers

Juice: alcohol

Lay on: to present an idea, to give or sell

Loons: massively flared trousers

Man: way of addressing virtually anybody

Mallow: relaxed, free from aggravation

Munchies: hunger

Paranoia: rather bad nervous problems

Peace: form of greeting — 'Peace, man'

Ralata to: to understand, to appreciate

Rip-off: theft, something that's a bit pricey

Score: to purchase

Tetsy: unaware, completely stupid

Unscramble your lids: open your eyes, wake up

Uplight: neurotic, tense, funny in the head

Vibe: atmosphere, mood, feeling

Zed-out: something excruciatingly boring

Zip it: to stop talking, to shut up

SOME EXAMPLES OF '70s TALK

1. At The Hippie Shop.

"Peace, brother. Lay some blissed out joss on me" (Good day. I would like to purchase some quality incense). "Yeah, right. 95" (That'll be 95 pence, please). "95 for a pack of Uncle Freaky's Tibetan Stinko's? What kind of fat cat burn bag are you into, man?" (I say, that seems rather pricey). "Hey, cool it with them upright rip-off paranoia vibes and cop a freebie!" (Now don't be hasty, sir. With each packet of Uncle Freaky's you get a piece of lentil-and-soya quiche absolutely free!). "Far out!" (Oh, that's all right then!)



Photo: Aesthetics

Extremely 'far out' hippie: he's actually knitting!



Photo: Rex Features

'70s Heavy Metal fan: plus the usual two cans

2. At The Pub.

"Front me the bread for a frame of juice, man" (Lend me some money for a pint of beer, there's a good fellow). "Think I'm tetsy? Score your own, cement-head!" (Leave it out, John).

3. At The Concert.

"Bad scene I can't really relate to The Eagles. They're a total zed-out, right? (Aren't The Eagles dull?)." ("Oh yeah, freaky, Mellow" (They are a little unsettling aren't they? I think I'll try and get some kip). "Hey, unscramble the lids, man! You're frabbling on my loons!" (Wake up! You're making a terrible mess of my rather trendy flare trouser-wear).

HEAVY METAL TALK

Axemanship: guitar-playing

Blitzkrieg: fantastically loud

Box-blasting: brain-destroyingly wonderful

Damon: awe-inspiring

Headbang: ferocious head-shaking dance routine

Riffola: exhilarating pattern of notes

Stoater: unbelievably great musical stunt.

EXAMPLE OF HEAVY METAL TALK

"What a stoater! I could headbang all night to the blitzkrieg attack of Led Zepplin's demon axemanship and box-blasting riffola."

JAM LPs, RESPOND LPs DAVID BOWIE LPs & POSTERS ALL TO BE WON!



if we told you we had three huge piles of LPs and a mound of colour posters to give away, you might be quite interested.

And if we told you these LPs were by The Jam, everyone at Respond Records and David Bowie (it's him on the poster too), you might well think we were making it all up.

But we're not. They're here and they're all desperate to be won in this issue's Big Competition.

The Jam LP's called "Snap!". It's a double album (plus an extra live EP) that starts at "In The City", ends at "Beat Surrender" and steps off at 27 other classic tracks along the way. If you want the entire works of The Jam in one sleeve, here it is.

The Respond compilation features stuff by The Questions, Tracie, Vaughn Toulouse and a new signing called A Craze. In all, an 11-track special.

And the Bowie album? It's entitled "Ziggy 'Live'", it comes entirely from his legendary Ziggy Stardust period back in '73 — it

includes all the great tracks, "Starman" "Life On Mars" etc — plus you get a big glossy colour poster of Bowie in '73 tucked in as an extra. What's known as "the goods" around these parts.

And we've got 99 of everything. And this is how to get on the receiving end of a very attractive parcel. Below is a (very tricky) question; scribble the answer on a postcard (or the back of an envelope), aim it in the direction of Smash Hits Jam/Bowie/Respond Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UP. The first 50 right answers to be pulled from the pile on October 26, each get a Jam LP, a Respond LP and a Bowie LP plus the Bowie poster.

Here's the (very tricky) question: what's the name of David Bowie's current world tour? Is it — a) "Serious Moonlight"; b) "Serious Drinking"; c) "Trans-Global Express"; or d) "Modern Love"?
Right. They're all yours.

COMPETITION WINNERS

CULTURE CLUB COMPETITION (September 15), correct answer: d) The Sixties. Autographed copies of the Culture Club book *When Cartrina Got Crazy* were won by: Bonita Everett, Pinnerwick; J. Taylor, Okeay; Karen Aczibach, Harmer; Philip Watts, Hemingate; S. Ballard, Molepark Park; Julia Foster, Stone; Kevin Summers, Motton; V. Giergielous, London SE15; Alan Turker, Walton-on-Naze; Joanna Davies, Furwater; Kathryn Ward, Southwell; Julia Rae, Sharnburn; S. Limer, Julian Rousch, Penrhay; Karen Price, Lebatle; Karen Pacey, St George.

MAJOR 30s COMPETITION (September 15), correct answer: d) 16. Ten singles, videos, badges, T-shirts and giant posters go to the following: Kathryn Griffin, Franchise; Michelle Roberts, Gloucester; Scott Murray, Kempstone; Kevin Draper, Clebury Northway; Chris Rock, Newport; Phil Spurrier, Siffy Oak; Helen Robson, Ryeleigh; Charlotte Corner, Biddymouth; Ian Pearce, Batherton; Lynn Eweden, Roston.

NEW ORDER COMPETITION (September 15), correct answer: d) Colin Thunston. Copies of New Order's "Confusion" were won by: Ian Halsey, Farnes; Stephen Brown, Biddulph; Stephen Dani, Ashington; Susanna Cockerill, Felfield; Steven Brown, Strefford; S. Clarke, Kings Norton; Rosalyn Harris, Bilfold; Ian Adey, Mickleover; James Craven, Harden Near Bingley; Andy Smith, Baltham; Gary Rendell, Gorton; P. Balaban, Burnfield; Tony Williams, Halesowen; Nigel Howells, Lutterham; Bruce Wayne, Fishguard; Paul Crow, Crasman; Mark Tennison, Stroughton; Mark Furness, Onslowwood; J. Mathews,

Margaret; S. Jackson, Pibson; Nicola Hamilton, Northampton; Tim Graves, Southmead; Ian Taylor, Westcliffe; Michael Robson, Newton Aycliffe; Stephen Ashburn, Winton.

NUMAN HEYWARD JAM COMPETITION (September 15), correct answer: d) Mad Max 2. 50 Autographed Gary Numan albums, 50 signed copies of "Bliss Hit For A Blue Day" by Nick Heyward, plus some 50 copies of autographed Jam book "The Jam: A Best Concert" will be distributed to the following: Wendy Jones, Dwyd; Samantha Claridge, Tricklefield; Colin Warren, Exeter; Pamela Jones, Liverpool L21; Paula James, Heston; David Barker, Wigan; Lesley Army, Canary Island; Lara Gallagher, London SE1; Belinda Heslop, Hutton; M. Jones, Audenshaw; Glen Moody, Donkey; V. Loader, Beunhams; Andrea New, Huntington; Sarah Gillies, Sactonham; G. Ian Hall, Pemberton; Diane Clarke, Winstonia; Brian Tucker, Newcastle upon Tyne; Julie Haywood, Birmingham B45; Alison Gibbs, Sandstead; Linda Robson, Great Yarmouth; Sam Powell, Thetford; Mark Cox, Romford; Dawn Ineson, Camberley; Alison Nicolls, Wallasey; Jeannette Watkins, Warrham; Karen Willard, Peterborough; Diane James, Chardesover; Hayley Mitchell, Eastbourne; L. Owen, Birtley; Mandy Hancock, Putney Rd; Jane Hanson, Essex; E. Gentry, Redport; A. Arlin, Redding; Julia Smith, Craswell; Helen Thomas, Rochdale; Paul Lewis, Rockley; J. Spencer, Colne; E. Lahrle, London W7; Lisa Fryer, Bradford-on-Avon; Andrea Fernandez, Wembley; Alan Hogg, Birmingham; Tracy Rufford, Birkbeck; Claire Woods, Whitley Bay; R. Bowen, Dagenham; S. Hill, Chatham; Linda Wilson, Hockley; S. Cowley, Banham; Sue Downing, Azobiti; J. Rees, Dubliner; Nigel Daly, Lighton Buzzard.

duran duran



union of the snake



*new single out now 7" + 12"
taken from the forthcoming album*

EMI

EMI 5429

THE CURE ■ THE LOVECATS

WE MOVE LIKE GINGER TOBACCO
 ON WE COULDN'T GET CLOSER THAN THIS
 THE WAY WE WALK THE WAY WE TALK
 THE WAY WE STALK THE WAY WE KISS
 WE SLIP THROUGH THE STREETS
 WHILE EVERYONE SLEEPS
 GETTING BIGGER AND SLEEKER
 AND WIDER AND BRIGHTER
 WE BITE AND SCRATCH
 AND SCREAM ALL NIGHT
 LET'S GO AND THROW
 ALL THE SONGS WE KNOW

CHORUS

INTO THE SEA YOU AND ME
 ALL THESE YEARS AND NO ONE HEARD
 I'LL SHOW YOU IN SPRING
 IT'S A TREACHEROUS THING
 WE MISSED YOU HISSED THE LOVECATS
 WE MISSED YOU HISSED THE LOVECATS

WE'RE SO WONDERFULLY WONDERFULLY
 WONDERFULLY WONDERFULLY PRETTY HA HA
 OH YOU KNOW
 THAT I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU
 WE SHOULD HAVE EACH OTHER TO TEA-HUN
 WE SHOULD HAVE EACH OTHER WITH CREAM
 THEN CURL UP IN THE FIRE
 AND SLEEP FOR A WHILE
 IT'S THE GROOVEST THING
 IT'S THE PERFECT DREAM

CHORUS

WE MISSED YOU HISSED THE LOVECATS
 WE MISSED YOU HISSED THE LOVECATS

WE'RE SO WONDERFULLY WONDERFULLY
 WONDERFULLY WONDERFULLY PRETTY
 YOU KNOW THAT I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU
 WE SHOULD HAVE EACH OTHER TO DINNER
 WE SHOULD HAVE EACH OTHER WITH CREAM
 THEN CURL UP IN THE FIRE
 GET UP FOR A WHILE
 IT'S THE GROOVEST THING
 IT'S THE PERFECT DREAM

HAND IN HAND IS THE ONLY WAY TO LAND
 AND ALWAYS THE RIGHT WAY ROUND
 NOT BROKEN INTO PIECES
 LIKE HATED LITTLE MICECES
 HOW COULD WE MISS
 SOMEONE AS DUMB AS THIS
 HOW COULD WE MISS
 SOMEONE AS DUMB AS THIS

WE MISSED YOU HISSED THE LOVECATS
 WE MISSED YOU HISSED THE LOVECATS
 WE MISSED YOU

I LOVE YOU

LET'S GO
 OH SOLO GONE (NEVER NEVER NEVER
 NEVER NEVER NEVER NO NEVER)
 LOVECATS
 HOW COULD WE, HOW COULD WE, HOW
 COULD WE
 LOVE, LOVE
 HOW COULD WE
 HOW COULD WE MISS SOMEONE AS DUMB
 (MISS SOMEONE AS DUMB AS THIS)

AS THIS
 WE MISSED YOU HISSED THE LOVECATS
 WE MISSED YOU HISSED THE LOVECATS
 LOVECATS LOVECATS LOVECATS
 HA HA LOVECATS

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28th SWINDON Oasis
29th POOLE Arts Centre
31st NEWCASTLE Eldon Square
Recreation Centre

NOVEMBER

1st MIDDLESBOROUGH Town Hall
2nd SUNDERLAND Mayfair

MCA RECORDS

SINGLES

catch your breath. With luck (and Rodio 1 willing), o hit.

ELTON JOHN: Kiss The Bride (The Rocket Record Company) Elton plays fifted John, standing in the pews rather than in the aisle before the vicar. Undaunted (but with a tear in his eye), he muscled his way through a big beasty production and emerges fighting fit. Top Ten, for sure.

LEO SAYER: Till You Come Back To Me (Chrysalis) Leo first heard Aretha Franklin sing this back in the '80s. He all ways wanted to do it himself and now he has. Naturally it will chart but there's nothing special to report — a rubbery rhythm, back-up vocals straight out of a Saturday Night TV Special and Leo's squeaky yelp. Very ordinary.

AGNETHA FÄLTSKOG: Can't Shake Loose (Epic) On paper the partnership looks perfect — Agnetha from Abba with whizz producer Mike Chapman. But on the turntable it's a different matter. The song (which isn't too bad) is emaciated by a dull bass-and-drum production while Agnetha's idea of variety is switching from a shout to a croaky whisper.



HAIRCUT ONE HUNDRED: So Tired (Polydor) A doctor writes: the problem here is acute desperation. The band want a hit so badly (look how well Nick Heyward is doing) that they've become rather agitated. The guitar isn't so much funky as frantic; the arrangement's far too fussy; the words a string of silly phrases about breaking legs and wardrobes being left open. A possible cure: rest and a re-think.

HEY! ELASTICA: Party Games (Virgin) An odd one. The foursome have siphoned snippets from all sorts of places (like Pete Shelley, The Human League, '80s guitar work and funk-jazzy vocals) but they've also come up with an impressive hybrid. The double-decker vocals are sharp and there's always something interesting going on in the background — thanks partly to producer Martin Rushent. I like it more and more.

KILLING JOKE: Me Or You? (EG Records) What's happened? Where's the anger

and what's happened to all those nasty unmentionable things they used to get up to? This is an everyday tub-thumper that sounds like warmed-up Giam Rock from the early '70s. It's not me but maybe it's you.



SHALAMAR: Over And Over (Soler) It's been said before but let's say it again. Shalamar's album, "The Look", ranks as one of '83's finest, packed with meaty melodies, seductive singing and just the right blend of pop and disco. This is no exception, though I must admit to liking their previous single, "Disappearing Act", more.

SHAKATAK: Out Of This World (Polydor) Hot on the heels of "If You Could See Me Now", the formula's exactly the same. Doused in piano and harmonica (the new trendy instrument), it bubbles out of the speakers and promptly vanishes into thin air. Gone.

THE LOTUS EATERS: You Don't Need Someone New (Arista) More of those light swirling textures that are gradually giving the group their own sound. The song's not terribly strong but producer Alan Tarney (who's worked a lot with Cliff) keeps everything bright, buoyant and commercial.

ANTENA: Be-Pop (Les Disques Du Crépuscule) Currently on tour with label-mate Paul Haig, this Belgian band weave a foxy mixture of light jazz and gentle vocals. It reminds me of the opening music (roll the credits) for one of those Swinging Sixties films where the blokes all wear velvet and frilly shirts while the girls bounce around in dry-glo mini-skirts.

DAVID J: Joe Orton's Wedding (Situation Two) Talking of the Sixties, Joe Orton was a cult writer during that period and David J., once a member of Bauhaus, is obviously a fan. This is all yearning vocals with arty references, a hardy-gurdy fairground rhythm and the odd touch of psychedelia. It's meant to be provocative but it isn't, I fear.

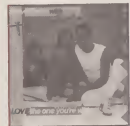
PAUL McCARTNEY & MICHAEL JACKSON: Say Say Say (Parlophone) On a recent Round Table Marc Almond and Anabel Lamb were less than flattering about this meeting of the titans. I think they're wrong. It's a sturdy pop song. George Martin's production is perfectly poised and the duo avoid that sticky sentimentality they sometimes encourage in each other. Watch out Culture Club.

CHINA CRISIS: Working With Fire And Steel (Virgin) Marc and Anabel weren't too impressed with this one either and I'd have to agree. Polished but unimpressive.

PASSION PUPPETS: Voices (Stiff) This plods along, never achieving that sense of drama it (presumably) wanted to have. Do I detect snatches of Birmingham's favourite band...?

DURAN DURAN: The Union Of The Snake (EMI) Here it is and the news is decidedly mixed. Pieced together in everywhere from the South of France to Montserrat and Sydney, it's a case of too many cooks (in too many places) complicating the recipe. The idea is to make a glossy, international, funk-drenched dance number but the result is a clutter of effects that drown out the song. And what's that? Someone's singing "Let's Dance" to the music. The rotter.

A CERTAIN RATIO: I Need Someone Tonight/Den't You Worry Bout A Thing (Fectory) If you still see ACR as a grizzly 'experimental' outfit, this should change your opinion. "Tonight" is a pleasant if uneventful dance work-out but "Thing", an old Steve Wonder song, delivers the goods. Smooth, streamlined but still exciting, it bristles with class. Very stinky.



STEVE GRANT WITH TIGHT FIT: Love The One You're With (Jive) Hunky Steve re-enters an early '70s number first recorded by Steve Stills (still a member of arch hippies, Crosby, Stills & Nash). To say it's dull is a bit like putting The Tweets in the same class as David Bowie. Over and out.



Reviewed by
Ian Birch

THE CURE: The Lovecats (Polydor) From the opening clatter of sprightly piano, finger-licking bass and a sound that reminds me of clanking milk bottles, this never looks back. Robert Smith and crew are obviously having a good time. Robert sings the daff words with relish while the music leaps and prowls around his voice. Watch this pounce into the Top Five. It's solid — but solid — gone, man. You will be too.

UB40: Please Don't Make Me Cry (DEP International) Eased off their excellent album "Labour Of Love", this is much better than "Red Red Wine". It glides along on a crystal-clear vocal, modest bass line and loads of elbow room. No fancy packaging; just old-fashioned quality through and through. Almost single of the fortnight.



CRUELLA DE VILLE: Gypsy Girl (EMI) Remember seeing them on the Tube not so long ago? They performed this during a lecture on Northern Ireland (the group come from Belfast) and looked uncommonly professional. It's a real showstopper — barked vocals, Cossack chanting, med violin and barely a moment to

Please Don't Make Me Cry

UB40

7" single on **DEP** INTERNATIONAL – DEP 8
from the album **LABOUR OF LOVE**



C/w **SUFFERIN'** featurin' **Nya** and **Natty**

released **DEP** through Virgin Records

ALBUMS

CULTURE CLUB: Colour By Numbers (Virgin) This is simply one of the most enjoyable records I've ever heard. All 10 songs are completely irresistible. There's bright and infectious disco numbers like "Miss Me" — with a superb "Get It" styled guitar solo from Roy — rubbing shoulders with more soulful songs like the smouldering ballad "Victims" (the Christmas single). The icing on the cake is the inclusion of this year's finest singles, "Karma Chameleon" and "Church Of The Poison Mind". Uplifting music that offers hope. A classic.

(10 out of 10)
Peter Martin



ROMAN HOLLIDAY: Cookin' On The Heat (Live) A selection of rockin' light-hearted songs about the joys of midnight bus rides, being broke, being jilted and mending Cadillacs. Loads of enthusiastic melodies interwound with a boppy bass and very clever vocal harmonies. Why — dare I say it? — they ever seem to be enjoying themselves. Should be a winner. (9 out of 10)

Lisa Anthony

GENESIS: Genesis (Cherisma/Virgin) Don't be put off by the cover which looks like a blasted bundle of building blocks. Inside are nice new songs which combine tingling atmosphere, sturdy songwriting, nice sharp production and gritty musicianship. Try the steamy tropics of the single, "Mama" the jaunty power of "That's All" and the drum-driven "Home By The Sea". Occasionally the music gets lost but that's a quibble. The next step is that Genesis will become trendy. (8 out of 10)

Jan Birch

PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED: Live In Tokyo (Virgin) Two 12" 45s consisting of 45 minutes of horrendously bitter-sweet rantings from the king of epics,

John Lydon. The fire in his soul has cooled but don't panic! And the noise still retains a gritty and crusty edge. A dark brooding rock-funk bass combines with wistfully guitar and dense drums to make dark but moving dramatic music. And the Japanese loved it. (7 out of 10)

John Lydon



FORREST: Forrest (CBS) When the multi-minute version of "Rock The Boat" was released this summer, it became the most played record in court-legal disco-texs from Mykelti to the Algorve. And deservedly so. A surprise, then, that this collection didn't also play well and keep revamping early '70s soul classics instead of featuring a bunch of new songs that sound exactly as though they've been lifted straight out of that era. And it's high-tech, high quality disco. (8 out of 10)

David A. ...

SHEENA EASTON: The Best Kept Secret (EMI) Sheena's talent is glossily packaged, beautifully produced and slickly finished. The only trouble is this collection of divine melodies leaves an absolute blank on the brain. It tinkles away innocently in the background like a soothing Radio 2. The sort of music that won't disturb your concentration. (4 out of 10)

John ...



JOHN FOX: The Golden Section (Metabent) The sometimes Ultravox singer's third LP retains that vital spark that made the first synthesiser music so exciting. The songs are poppy without being trite and are delivered with real warmth and passion. (8½ out of 10)

Jo-Anne Smith

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- 29 October Secretary Dublin
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- 31 October Madison Club, Walthamstow
- 1 November Accrington, Manchester
- 2 November University Warwick
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- 4 November Phoenix Theatre London
- 5 November Gateway Hall, Sunderland
- 7 November Linn Hall, Falkirk
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respond

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

ANSWERS ON PAGE 68

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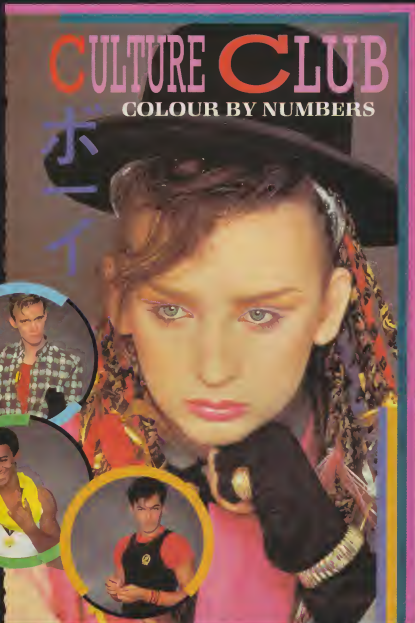
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THE MAD MAX FACTOR



Everything from black eyeliner to Mad Max 2.

This can only mean one thing — Gary Numan is back on the road for the first time since Spring '81.

And there's two extra passengers — Peter Martin (words) and Steve Rapport (photos).

"Fasten Your Seat Belts!" The light flashes urgently. I don't need telling twice. The jet engines roar into action. My heart misses a beat. Can I use the expression "petrified"? 750 miles per hour rushes into 500 miles per hour in the blink of an eye. My stomach is left churning on the runway. Yikes, I want my mum!

I glance nervously up the aisle. There in the cockpit is a dimly lit figure hunched over the controls. Please no, I say to myself, it can't be! Beads of sweat are popping from my brow. Surely it's not... Slowly the pilot turns around. I'm white with fear. I can't look. Is it? Is it? ...

Oh, it isn't. It's not Gary Numan. Thank God for that! I thought for one awful moment this was going to have to be another of those "I Flew With Gary Numan And Lived To Tell The Tale" interviews. Phew! A nation sighs with relief.

Instead I can do a "How I Spent Two Days With Gary Numan And Never Left the Ground Once" story. As our plane touches down in Edinburgh, the Numan entourage is already preparing for tonight's concert at the nearby Playhouse. Tomorrow it's Sheffield, and after that there's about 35 more dates around the UK.

But first things first. What's the new show like? Some of the Scottish fans I spoke to thought it wasn't as good as his previous concerts. They all thought the "post-apocalyptic" stage-set was impressive but most felt the songs went on for too long with the bass and drums overpowering the beloved synthesizers.

"That was the thing we first went for, that and the image, and now it's not the same. But we're loyal. We'll stick with him. We just hope he plays more of his old stuff." So says one young Glaswegian Numanoid, accurately summing up the feelings of the older fans.

As for the new ones, it's probably their first taste of the 'spectacular'. A rare event in today's economy-conscious world of pop where you're lucky to see a few coloured lightbulbs brightening up an excuse for a stage-set.

Still, even Gary's decided to leave his neon pyramid and computer-controlled cars back in his £250,000 mansion in Virginia Water. Instead he's gone for a bare stage that is backed by a decaying vision of the future — a half demolished house each side containing one synth player plus benches of equipment. In between is a huge drum riser over which towers a cut-out cityscape.

"It's one idea of how life could be like after the war," explains Gary. "Resplices" was another idea. Then the machines took over completely. But this is more



Gary tackles a few mechanical problems during the *Mad Max 2* video



One man and his Doc Martens



Before changing: (l-r) Chris Payne, John Webb, Mad Max, Joe Hubbard, Ced Sharpley, Russell Bell ...



... and after: it is a bit more imposing than the knitwear isn't it?



Just count the studded leather wristbands



The 'cityscape' state set during a night time scene

straightforward, centred away from machines. "Warriors" is just about people fighting to stay alive."

Even though he just sees the show as "entertainment pure and simple, a straight acting role", the image seems to strike a chord inside the man. "It would be interesting to see what I'd be like in that situation," he says with a glint in his eye. "I'd like to know if I'd be able to adapt as easy as I think I would."

On first meeting Gary I was surprised to see how normal he was. None of this Mad Max 2 stuff, just jeans and sweatshirt. And besides that, there was no moodiness or mystery surrounding his personality. All in all a fairly ordinary bloke. Or so I thought. During the coach trip to Sheffield the next day he came out with some remarkable comments that seemed at odds with his nature and more in keeping with his image.

For instance: "People like me just sing and make lots of money. But the real heroes are soldiers. They risk their lives for us. You should have posters of people like fighter pilots on your wall rather than people like me."

Basically he's just got some strong beliefs — patriotism being one of them — and he feels no shame in airing them. As long as they're not in his songs. "My songs don't mean anything — there's no messages in them. They're just escapism, hopefully."

Also he's not averse to making strong statements about his own career. "I was sick to death of touring. I've only been famous for four years and for three of those years I've been off the road. I was young and I had to learn in public. It was difficult and I had to get out. But now I'm experienced," he says confidently.

The first gig on this tour — again at Glasgow Apollo — was also a bit nerve-racking.

"Warriors" has to re-establish my career and re-confirm what I am as a person. I still get choked up when I think of the last night at Wembley. We really thought that would be the last time we'd ever play together. One of the band actually cried. But this time in Glasgow it was brilliant — as though we'd never been away."

This conversation has been going on at the back of the human tour coach during the knocking six hour journey to Sheffield. There's no music and the video's just broken down. We were watching the film *Mad Max 2* at the time — (from which a lot of the ideas for "Warriors" came). Well at least most of us were. Gary fell asleep in the middle of it.

As did everyone else somewhere along the way. Also on board were the Numan band and family — mum Beryl, dad

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THE MAD MAX FACTOR

CONTINUED

Tony and 18-year-old brother John, who's now a fully fledged member of the band — a driver, a tour manager and two girls ("iggers") they picked up on the way.

The previous night, Beryl was hard at it washing all the bands' clothes. Last tour they were all in white — "It was a nightmare. Could you imagine what it was like keeping all those things clean?" This time it's leather. In the dressing room after the show, the air is fleetingly doused in sweat. The combination of a zillion burning hot lights, layers of skin hugging leather and a one and a half hour

it's got to affect something. Concerts are an expensive business. £4 for a ticket, £4 for a t-shirt and a few quid for travelling. If they had more money they'd be here.

Tony still hopes that his son just might break even this tour. Last tour he lost £400,000.

At about 7pm we reach Sheffield City Hall. The band soundcheck for about three-quarters of an hour. All the stage-set was already prepared — the roadies take four to five hours to load and unload, so they had to leave straight after the show last night and sleep in the back of the van.

I went outside to chat to more fans. They seem much livelier than last night's. And less rowdy. They also seem better dressed — loads of Talakon leather jumpsuits for the boys and leather jackets for the girls. And it's nearly sold out. Proof that there must be more money in the south.

One person I spoke to had seen Gazza 10 times, "hitch-hiking to



Five Numan fans still stuck in the "Telekon" period

computerised Autocast light rig eats the show.

Gary's latest stunt is to talk to the lights. He gives them orders — "Shine on me! Shine on them!" — whereupon some bloke up in the gallery operates a computer to get them to point whichever way he wants.

Tonight the computer broke down. His mum consoled him with thought that he'd be able to talk to the lights tomorrow.

Overall the show is hard, fast, massively impressive. Booming bass synths swamp the piercing swirling string sounds and the familiar shimmery electric piano's still there, as is the choppy Heavy Metallich guitar.

What's different is the use of bass and drums, which now form a concrete hard platform for the new rhythmic Numan sound. I mean you could actually dance to "Are Friends Electric?". Whatever, the show goes down a storm.

When we get back to the hotel

we discover a stowaway in the boot of the coach. "I only wanted an autograph," he pleaded. Old Numanoids dia hard.

"I haven't had a record out for a year, but last week I pulled 3000 people down to a personal appearance in a record shop in Oxford Street. The street had to be closed. That's amazing. Those people deserve respect."

And so to the future. What does it hold for the man in black? "Eventually I'll get out of music again and go back to flying. But at the moment I'm really enjoying this. I don't prefer one thing from the other. But with music you're only risking your career. With flying you're risking your life. Even though if your career crashed your life would be in a wreck. I only do things that are challenging and the music business doesn't stretch you at all. But for now, I'm enjoying it more than ever. I wouldn't change my position for the world."



Backstage after the Sheffield concert: strange, there don't seem to be too many blokes around

gruelling set to perform certainly takes its toll.

And to add to her problems they've only got one outfit per man. "It took Gary so long to decide what image to have, we only had time to make up one complete outfit each. Gary wears one of his old bomber jackets ripped up. And over that he has lots of straps and belts. I had to get them for him from a sex shop in London," explains Beryl.

Another duty includes bleaching his hair every four days. Sounds a bit dangerous to me.

Tony on the other hand looks after the business side of the things. Totally realistic, he was worried by the below average ticket sales. 50% for Edinburgh; 40% for Dundee.

"With three million people out of work and most of them kids,

Paris and going to all the last nights at Wembley."

He's 29 and a mechanic and claims to be the proud possessor of five or six Numan outfits — black canvas for "Replicas", jumpsuits for "Telekon", suit for "Dance" ("The Buggy rifleone look" as it was called), and of course the latest — "The Mad Max 2 look". Tonight he's sporting a flying outfit. The total cost for the lot, £800. "It was worth every penny."

Inside the City Hall, anticipation is in the air. People mill about aimlessly like expectant fathers on the big day.

The lights dim. STAMPEDE. The curtains open to reveal a huge expanse of dark. Flashguns give sharp glimpses of what's to follow, and suddenly the band crack into motion and the lights zap into action. The £12,000



(Left) The one with £800's worth of Numan clothes



Gary goes for the real health food experience (the milk that is)

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EVERBODY SING EVERYBODY DANCE
LOSE YOURSELF IN WILD ROMANCE

WE'RE GOING TO PARTY KARAMU! FESTA FOREVER
COME ON AND SING ALONG
WE GOING TO PARTY KARAMU! FESTA FOREVER
COME ON AND SING ALONG

ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
WOOAH YEAH (ALL NIGHT)

PEOPLE DANCING ALL IN THE STREET
SEE THE RHYTHM ALL IN THEIR FEET
LIFE IS GOOD WILD AND SWEET
LET THE MUSIC PLAY ON (PLAY ON PLAY ON PLAY ON)
FEEL IT IN YOUR HEART AND FEEL IT IN YOUR SOUL
LET THE MUSIC TAKE CONTROL

WE'RE GONNA TO PARTY LIMING FESTA FOREVER
COME ON AND SING MY SONG
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
WOOAH (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
YEAH (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
YEAH (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
(ALL NIGHT) YEAH

ONCE YOU GET STARTED YOU CAN'T STOP
COME JOIN THE FUN IT'S A MERRY-GO-ROUND
EVERYONE'S DANCING THEIR TROUBLES AWAY
COME JOIN OUR PARTY GET HOW WE PLAY
TOM BO LOUD SAY DE MOI YA
YEAH JAMBO JUMBO
WAY TO PARTY O WE GOIN'
OH JAMRALL

TOM BO LOUD SAY DE MOI YA
YEAH JUMBO JUMBO
WOOAH YEAH WE'RE GONNA HAVE A PARTY
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
(ALL NIGHT) YEAH

EVERYONE YOU MEET (ALL NIGHT)
THEY'RE JAMMING IN THE STREET (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
YEAH SAID (ALL NIGHT)
EVERYONE YOU MEET (ALL NIGHT)
THEY'RE JAMMING IN THE STREET (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT LONG (ALL NIGHT)
ALL NIGHT (ALL NIGHT)
FEEL GOOD FEEL GOOD
ALL NIGHT ALL NIGHT ALL NIGHT

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PAUL HAIG

"I just want to write classic pop songs, that's all."

Paul Haig's ambition is a common one among today's breed of aspiring pop writers, particularly those from Scotland for some reason.

Paul, 23, comes from Edinburgh and used to be the lynchpin of a fashionably scratchy group called Josef K. Like Orange Juice and Aztec Camera, they cut their first records on the independent Postcard label in '81 — "it was fun" — and then broke up with Paul signing to the rather artistic Belgian label Las Disques Du Crepuscule (i.e. Twilight Records) to record his own songs. Top American producer Alex Sadkin (who's worked with Grace Jones, Thompson Twins and Duran Duran) was called in and one LP, "Rhythm Of Life", and three sophisticated electronic dance singles have been the fruits of their collaboration since.

The latest is "Justice" and, listening to his deep sultry vocal style, it's no great surprise to learn he's a fan of aging crooner Frank Sinatra, along with Lou Reed and cult American singer Alan Vega.

His first tour in two years has just begun with a band including Malcolm Ross and David McClymont of Orange Juice (guitars), ex-Associate Alan Rankine (keyboards) and Toby Phillips (non-Scots, drums) from Pate Shelley's band.

"It's difficult to describe a classic pop song," he says, "but you can tell when you hear one."

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THE CLIFF RICHARD

STORY

Cliff Richard was born Harry Rodger Webb in Lucknow, India, on October 14th, 1940. The son of Dorothy and Rodger — an area manager for a large catering firm — Harry spent his childhood eating curries, riding his tricycle, flying kites and chasing bees with badminton rackets ("I was pretty vicious with animals when I was young," Cliff has confessed).

With India violently edging towards independence, the Webbs decided to return to England to raise their family and, in September 1948, they arrived in Garsholton, Surrey. Rodger Webb was now unemployed and, following his comparatively affluent infancy, young Harry tasted poverty, sharing one seedy room with his parents and three sisters.

Eventually, Mr Webb landed a clerical job and, in 1954, the family moved to a council house in Cheshunt. It was here that Harry first became interested in music when his father had a modest win on the football pools, splashed out on a record player and began to bring home 78s by booming ballad singers like Rosamary Clooney and Tarass Szwager. These somewhat staid contemporary pop sounds inspired Harry to form a vocal group, The Galtstones, with four school friends; then, after leaving school at 16 and entering his father's firm as a filing clerk, he joined the Dick Teague Skiffle Group, strumming a battered second-hand guitar and singing in maturing tones.

Pioneered by Lonnie Donegan and others, skiffle music — chirpy American folk tunes performed on washboards, tea-chest basses and assorted DIY instruments — was all the rage. Except with Harry Webb: "If there was one thing I didn't dig, it was skiffle."

For by now, Harry had discovered Elvis Presley and was hooked on American rock'n'roll. Behind closed doors, he formulated his Elvis impersonation — "I practised curving my lip the way he did" — and in public, with Dick Teague's drummer Terry Smart and rhythm guitarist Norman Mitham in tow, he began to break into London's tiny rock'n'roll circuit which was centred around Soho's Two's coffee bar.

By 1958, Harry had mastered the rock'n'roll lark: he had acquired an electric backing group, The Drifters (soon to be The Shadows), a pink jacket, tight trousers, a "mean'n'moody" electric guitar, and even a new name — Cliff Richard. And — gee whizz! — the man could sing!

In August that year, a demo tape led to a contract with Columbia records and Cliff and the Sheds' first single, "Schoolboy Crush" was released. DJs at Radio Luxembourg didn't think much of this rather ineffectual Elvis copy — but they loved the B-side, the hard-driving, high-energy rock of "Move It". The station played it regularly and it began to sell. On September 13th, Cliff made his TV debut on a show called *Oh Boy!*; days later, "Move It" was Number Two in the charts. In a few short weeks, Cliff Richard had taken over from Tommy Steele as Britain's number one heart-throb and chief threat to

He was a rebel rocker in the '50s, a film star in the '60s, a polished modern pop singer in the '70s, and he's still having hits in the '80s. Tom Hibbert looks back on Cliff's 25 years at the top.



Cliff as Britain's answer to Elvis Presley in 1959. The music papers reckoned he was "too sexy for television".

the nation's morals. "Is This Boy Too Sexy For Television?" asked newspapers, shocked at Cliff's small screen posturing and pouting. "His violent hip-swinging is revolting," declared the *New Musical Express*. "Hardly the kind of performance any parent could wish their children to witness!"

Naturally, the outrage only helped to fan the flames of popularity and throughout 1958 and '59 the hits — "High Class Baby", "Livin' Doll", "Mean Streak", "Navar Mind" — kept on coming. But at the same time, Cliff was already beginning to tone down the rabal rocker image.

In 1959, he gained a small part in the film *Serious Charge*, singing "Livin' Doll", an inoffensive, hummable thing which gave him his first Number 1. That same year, he and The Shadows appeared in pantio, doing *Babes In The Wood* for all the family. In 1960, he played surly singer Bongo Herbert in *Expresso Bongo*, a would-be satire on the coffee bar rock scene, guested on Christian American crooner Pat Boone's TV show and was presented to royalty at the *Albert Hall*. By 1961, with his own film, *The Young Ones*, Cliff Richard had become an established part of British showbiz — an "all-round entertainer".

The Young Ones gave Cliff a chance to show off all his singing/acting/dancing talents in glorious Technicolor. It was a "happy-go-lucky" musical romp in which Nicky Black (Cliff), his girlfriend Toni (Carola Gray) and their pals (The Shadows) try to save the Simpkins Youth Club from being demolished

by an unscrupulous property developer (Robert Morley) who is, in fact, Nicky's dad! After a number of dreamy "scraps", the chaps put on a rock'n'roll bazaar in the club and — would you credit it! — the grumpy old timer realises that "pop" music is "great fun" after all, so everything ends on a merry note. The film broke box-office records and further Cliff movies in similar jaunty vein followed — *Summer Holiday* (1963), *Wonderful Life* (1964), and *Finders Keepers* (1966). Meanwhile, Cliff kept his pop stock high with a barrage of hits: between March 1960 and March 1965, he made the British Top Ten no less than 22 times.

In June 1965, however, it became clear just how far Cliff had departed from his rocking roots when he appeared at Earl's Court with the American evangelist Billy Graham and declared his new-found faith in Jesus. While most British '50s popsters had fallen by the wayside when The Beatles had brought a rawer beat to the scene, Cliff had survived. But now, his Gospalling fervour threatened to dampen his career. Although his popularity with the older generation remained intact, for the rest he became something of a figure of fun as he donned newsreader's specs to appear on shows like *Songs Of Praise* and made worthy (and distinctly unfashionable) pronouncements on drugs and sex before marriage. In 1968, Cliff slipped into a frilly white shirt to sing "Congratulations", England's bouncy Eurovision Song Contest entry. This gave Cliff another Number 1 hit — but it was to be his last chart-topper for 11 years.

The early '70s saw Cliff becoming increasingly involved with religion and his mission to spread The Gospel. TV kept him in the public eye but his records became ever more lacklustre: the first five years of the decade brought a mere two Top Ten hits — "Goodbye Sam Hello Samantha" and "Power To All Our Friends" (this 1973 Eurovision attempt, "I almost lost interest because I was stuck in such an incredible middle-of-the-road bag," he later admitted).

But then in 1975, Shadow Bruce Welch, dismayed at the direction Cliff's singing career had taken, took charge, choosing strong contemporary material and producing a new album for his old colleague. "I'm Nearly Famous" included the beautiful ballad "Miss You Nights" and the compulsively catchy "Gassy Woman" and — gee whizz! — Cliff was back!

And in 1979, he was Number 1 once more with "Wa Don't Talk Anymore". He had shaken off his "square" image: he was still a believer but he was no longer afraid to rock; he was still clean and wholesome — but not tiresomely so. "I'm not whiter than white," he said. "At best I'm rather a dirty gray."

Now it's 1983 and Cliff Richard has been in the game for 25 years. His voice is as expressive and persuasive as ever and he looks younger than yesterday. How does he do it? All he will say is: "Rock'n'roll transcends age — it keeps you young."

Remember that when you're 64.

— THE —
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Dear People,
As citizens of this great nation,
I abhor your dislike of Zoo
(famous dancing persons on
TOTP). You should wonder and
glory at these dexterously daring
gyrators.

Why, when I sit myself
devant la TV set every Thursday
to glance at these marvellous
beings, to me the artists are
immaterial, the music
profoundly condescending, the
lyrics grotesque. Man peepholes
are permanently fixed upon Zoo.
I praise them, worship them,
wear the same clothes as them
(can get a bit chilly at times).

So, people, take a new look at
Zoo. Convert yourself. I did and
now I gaze upon them, not with
contempt, but with love.

Peace be with you all.
Michael Foot's Left Spectacle
Lens, New Moston, Manchester.

Come back when you're better.

Can I make a little suggestion? I
don't know if anyone else has
noticed it, but the whole of
Britain seems to hate Zoo. Why, I
wonder, can't the whole of
Britain gape up on the Beeb,
send off polite little letters
demanding they be put out of
their misery. If everyone wrote
off in the next two weeks, I don't
think they could possibly ignore
us.

So please, let's try and get rid of
them instead of just sitting
around moaning.
A Very Distracted Hobbit,
London N4.

It's a well-known fact that if
you mention the word "Zoo"
to 99.9% of all sane human
beings they either burst into
tears, scream for mercy or
emigrate (or, on occasions,
all three). The only person
in living memory to say
anything nice about Zoo
was K. Adams (September
15), and look where it got
her.

Dear K. Adams,

You're a pillock, dear. You may
like scantily-clad types wobbling
about on the telly every Thursday
but think what it's like for the
groups.

The Lotus Eaters are a perfect
example. Last month they made
their debut appearance on TOTP.
Now, I know it wasn't exactly
spectacular — Peter Coyne kept
screwing his fists up and the
ferri bloke stood so still it looked
as though rigor mortis had set in
— but they were obviously
nervous. The point is, try to
imagine what they felt like with
all those prats prancing about in
front of them. It was obvious that
the bloke in charge thought their
act was boring and in need of a
little 'excitement'. And it must
have been obvious to The Lotus
Eaters too. That ego has
boosted their muscles and filled
them with confidence no end.



Write to: Smash Hits Letters, 52-55 Carnaby Street,
London W1V 1PF. The best letter gets a £10 Record Token.

If you think Zoo are good, get
some therapy!
Megalee, Steyning, Sussex.

As a devout fan of Smash Hits,
I've read countless letters about
the TOTP dancers. Well, I'd like
to tell you that you're not alone
in your suffering. Here, in America,
we are cursed by an awful "pop"
music program called — ahem —
Solid Gold. ("Hello and welcome
to *Solid Gold*! This week our
guests are Barry Manilow,
Waylon Jennings, Quarterflash
PLUS a special appearance by
the Beach Boys!").

The *Solid Gold* dancers are a
bunch of hairy macho-men and
big boobed women who write
around (supposedly dancing)
dressed in satin or spandex
glitter jockstraps or little bikini
things. The average dancer's
thigh is about the size of a tower
block.

Look at it this way: at least
TOTP has good music!
Ellen, Seattle, Washington.

No, No, please. I can't take
it. Not spandex jockstraps.
Not on those legs. I can see it
now... those acres — whole
acres! — of quivering hairy
flesh and, on top of all that
... BARRY MANILOW
singing! No, Acaragh.
HEEEELP... I Hello, Ed,
speaking. Sorry about this. Our
friend's gone to have a little
lie-down. Gets like this
sometimes. Highly strung
apparently. In the meantime,
here's an extract from the debate
that's been shifting stamps by
the lorryload.

Dear Carmel of Birmingham
(September 15).

What does it matter whether
Paul Weller and Mick Talbot are
gay or not? It's got nothing to do
with you whatsoever. Also, if you
had any intelligence, you would
realise that they were trying to
recreate *Brideshead Revisited* in
their video for 'Long Hot
Summer'.

Anyway, Paul is right. French

boys are among the most
beautiful in the world. If you
weren't so narrow-minded you
would realise that it's possible
for one man to admire another
man's beauty without being gay.
It's a free country and I respect
Paul Weller for saying what he
believes and not what so-called
fans (like yourself) want to hear.

It's people's music you're
meant to be interested in, not
their sex lives.

A Bad Boy.

Why can't you see that what Paul
Weller did was completely
harmless? Him saying "French
boys are beautiful" is just like a
girl saying "French girls are
really pretty". He was also
probably saying he admired
them; or that, he liked their style.

As for two Pebbles From A
Performed Garden (September
15), when Paul Weller says he
"envises happy homosexuals", he
probably means he envies them
because they're not ashamed to
be what they are and are happy
with themselves.

He only fondled Mick Talbot's
ear because he thought it was
"pretentious" and would wind
people up. It looks like he
succeeded with you!
The Duck On The River Cam,
Royston, Cambridge.

**A Spectacle Lens, A Hobbit,
A Duck . . . these are my
kind of people. I'm
definitely feeling better
now. Sorry, where were we?**

I don't really care whether Paul
Weller is bisexual or not. He is,
however, now finding out about
some of life's harsher realities —
ie narrow-minded people who
think that their morals are so
much better than anyone else's.

All I can say is "grow up". After
all, this is the modern world.
Mick's Ear, N. Yorks.

**. . . That the lot? Just waiting
for the dust to settle.
Thanks, to all the others**

who wrote in but there's just
not room to print any more.

Typical Tony Blackburn

phone-call—

TB: Hello, is that Barbara

Glencross on Line 5?

Caller: Hello . . .

TB: Hi there, Barbara. How are
you?

Caller: It's Anthea, actually.
Anthea Stewart.

TB: Oh sorry, Julie. It says
Eileen here.

Caller: It's Anthea . . .

TB: Well, Ruth. What do you
like doing?

Caller: I like collecting stamps.

TB: How many do you have?

Caller: 23.

TB: Fine. Right, Elaine, are you
ready for the question?

Caller: Yes.

TB: Okay, what's got hands
and a face but can't talk?

Caller: I don't know. Is it a bus?

TB: Er, not really (*stifled*)

giggles from Maggie and Keith).

Here's a clue. Meryl, it ticks.

Caller: My Mum says "a tape
recorder".

TB: No, you're not trying are
you? Here's another clue: it
starts with C, ends in K, and has
LOC in the middle.

Caller: Is it a clock?

TB: Yes! (*insane whistling from
all three*). Well I'll send you your
prize of a six-piece jigsaw. Okay,
Leslie? Choeo.

Caller: Tony, can I just say . . .
(*click, burrrrr*).

Lisa Patrino, Dunfermline.

**I, The Black Type. —
envelope-opener and writer
of sassy comments on the
Letters page — am a bit of a
fan of Tony Blackburn's.
No, really, I know he's not that
great at phone-ins but
some of the stuff on his
weekend programmes
makes me fall about. Like
the new regular feature,
Looking At The Sunday
Papers — "Well, that one
looks nice, And so does that.
And the one over there
looks quite nice too, etc".
Okay, so I'm amused.**

Thought you might be interested
to know that "Karma
Chameleon" means Well,
according to my dictionary—

"The ethical causation of
determining future existence,
especially the cumulative
consequence of a person's acts in
one stage of existence as
controlling his destiny in the
next . . . of lizard having the
power of changing colour
(formerly labelled to live on air)".

And don't tell me you already
knew that.
Sarah, Cowbridge, South Wales.

I already knew that.

Q: What do you call a gorilla
with a banana in each ear?
(How about Gerald — Ed.)

LETTERS

From previous page . . .

A: Anything, 'cos he can't hear ya.

Wesell, it's better than listening to Duran Duran, isn't it? *An Even Bigger Madness Fan, Reading.*

The door's over there.

Isn't it just great that however tough or outrageous a pop star's image may appear, it melts instantly as soon as their Mum is mentioned. Nearly all of them (e.g. Boy George in *Sunday* magazine and the Sun a few weeks back) still seem to have a real soft spot for their mothers, even if it's just telling us how much they like their cooking.

Of course it works the other way too, with all the Mums telling us how proud they are of little George or Mari and how they always knew they'd be famous some day. *Sue (Hello, Mum!), Southall.*

Fascinating Fact: Dennis Greaves (in the interview September 29) says he wants Mums to like his music! Jimmy The Hoover (page 10) says that Mums liking stuff in the charts is unhealthy. Just thought I'd mention it.

All right, so Stuart Adamson was "bored stiff" at a Led Zeppelin concert (Personal File, September 15). I'm not disputing his right to voice his opinions but I am one of the many who never had a chance to see Led Zeppelin and have always regretted it. A lot of people loved that group, and would have given anything to see them 'live'. I was 12 when they broke up and only 11 when they last played in Britain and I consider anyone who did get the chance to see them during their 12 year career very privileged.

Also, anyone who can put down Bonzo Bonham's drumming has gotta be sick. *Melanie Branton, Chris's Hospital, Herts.*

I unwittingly got hold of this thing you call a "magazine" today. Actually the piece on Leppard (September 15) wasn't had and it was great to see Status Quo getting a column with "O! Rag Blues", but the review of that single was absolutely diabolical. Who does the creep who wrote it think he is, slagging off the Boys In Denim?

"It's the same chunky chunky sound," proves this pratt hasn't even bothered to listen to it

because it's totally different from anything else they've done. How this guy can slag off a group in their 20th year with 15 years at the top amazes me.

One thing's for sure, after Boy (I forgot my lipstick!) George and the rest of these so-called musicians with computers and synths have gone. Quo will still be hitting the top of the charts every year. *Brian Henderson, Ayr, Scotland.*

Dear "Fed Up, Peterborough" (September 29).

So you think you've got problems? Well, I live in a town that hasn't got a cinema and the only famous people who came here were Pat Jennings and Elisha Somebody (about 100 years ago) who composed "The London-derry Air".

I've only seen one group — Saxon (and they were 20 miles away). Contrary to popular belief, Bill Wyford doesn't wear V-kneed velvet flares. It was a really good gig, even if I did nearly get squashed to death in the crush. *Donna, Limavady, Co Londonderry.*

I like it. Letters keep rolling in from people who reckon the place they live is either a) even more boring than Peterborough; b) even more trendy than London (not difficult); or c) full of strange new species of human beings. Keep them coming.

Last Saturday, out of sheer boredom, I decided to go down to Cromwells in Stevenage (posers' paradise). Everyone was wearing Pringle, Nike and Lacoste stuff and thinking they were well casual and talking about, you know, how Andrew from Wham! has got Fila socks.

All of us went into that yonks ogo. We've all had enough and are starting to wear C&A rodoo t-shirts and are going back to Adidas. They'll copy us soon; see if I'm wrong. *Larry Seem, (Ex Fila Boy).*

Where I live we've had trends for years, except we all call them "becks". They all hang around the stations and Wimpy Bars of the outlying suburbs — e.g. Edwate, Golders Green, etc. They all wear faded/bleached jeans, pastel tops and suede boots and are either fantastically into Duran, Wham! or KajaGooGoo, or Bauhaus and Mod music.

Also, they all stand around in a group and whenever anybody new comes along — regardless of sex — they get kissed on the cheek.

So now you know. *Sara Shaw, Mill Hill, London.*

In answer to Tom Bailey's Round Glasses from Stevenage (September 15).

The Walk is not the way we get

around in Chingford. The really ultra-trendy mode of transport is The Swagger. Here's how —

1) Put your left foot forward. At the same time swing your right arm and shoulder slightly inwards and forward as if to meet an imaginary pole rising out of the middle of your left foot.

2) Repeat with right foot and left shoulder.

Numbers 1 and 2 should then alternate until you've got to where you set out from. N.B. The Swagger should be carried out in a naturally rhythmic way and with a slight bounce to the step. *Shornsbard, Chingford.*

Hey, guess what? Yes, the Wolverhampton Odeon is being turned into a Bingo Hall. I mean, Wolverhampton really needs another Bingo Hall.

I'm really sick of ignorant, pig-headed people who are always complaining about "youth" and then agree to really stupid plans like converting the Odeon into a Bingo Hall. They're the ones who are so bothered about the number of kids wandering around in gangs and suchlike. Why couldn't they make it a Nightclub/Disco then have, say, one night a week when no alcohol is served and all us under-18s could go. It would be somewhere to go; something to look forward to. Perhaps they could even get bands to play there? *Catherine Thompson, Wolverhampton.*

I sympathise. There is actually nothing in the entire world more boring than Bingo. I'd rather go on tour with Ryan Parry (he of the recent hit "Dodgy Features") for a whole year than go within 100 yards of a Bingo Hall. Keep well clear. And take this £10 Record Token while you're about it.

I totally sympathise with Liz Of Bristol (September 15). Don't groups like Wham! realise that probably 70% of their fans are under the age of 18. I went to see Duran Duran at Aston Villa and almost all the fans looked as though they were under 18.

Give a thought to us younger ones: if we're old enough to buy merchandise, show us you're grateful. *John Taylor's Hat, Doncaster.*

To Alyson Jones (September 15). Who the hell do you think you are? Limahl's bodyguard or something? KajaGooGoo have used Limahl, have they? *Actually, Limahl has used them.*

Many years ago in the same year, in fact, that Bucks Fizz won the Eurovision Song Contest and before Limahl changed his name to Limahl — he did a stint of modelling for Blue jeans and released a single called "Angel". It was really awful and got absolutely nowhere despite the

fact that Blue jeans ran a competition with it as a prize (probably the only way they could get rid of it).

As for saying Nick and Co. will be begging on the street in a year's time, that's highly unlikely if the success of their single "Big Apple" is anything to go by. *Stuart Adamson's Check Shirts, Abbey Wood, London.*

While we're on the subject of shirts, have a squirt at the pale blue one below (£3.95) and the blue red and navy cardigan from Jones (£29.50). And who's wearing them.

Reading through some old 19 magazines, I came across this from February '81. Is it Gary Kemp? *Samantha Wright, Leicester.*



No question. Derek Dunbar, Limahl, Gary Kemp . . . notice anything here? Anyone who appears in a fashion mag dressed in some fearful cardy starts having hit records about two years later. Do they know something we don't?

My mate Wendy fancies Rowan "The Black Addy" Atkinson. *Commer, Colwyn Bay.*

They're called glasses.

A few Cricketing Hits: "Whoever I Lay My Bar", "It's Over", "It's A Century", "Wicket To Ride", "True Glove Ways", "Fad Boys", and "Garden Party" by Pavilion. *Judith A., Finchley.*

My life's a shamlike. Nothing ever goes the way I planned. Here's a few reasons why: 1) I can't do maths; 2) I've got mousey hair; 3) I've got to wear a brace until 18; 4) I never win your competitions; 5) Wham! aren't coming to Portsmouth. *M. Hodgett, Citanfield.*

But how many people get on the Letters page? Answer me that.

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SHOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES LONDON

The lights darken. Clouds of billowing dry ice engulf the stage. The classical soundtrack sounds like the start of *Close Encounters*. Up in the gods, strange egg-shaped objects hover in silence, buffeting the sound back down to ground. An air of mystery prevails.

Onstage, four solitary figures calmly take position. The Glove (Robert Smith and Steve Severin) to the flanks. The Creatures (Siouxsie and Budgie) to the centre. The scene is set. And we wait...

"Halloween" roars in out of nowhere. The crowd are knocked off their axis. Manic dancing breaks out all round. Straight from the start, Siouxsie & The Banshees take the proceedings by the scruff of the neck and never let go. The audience of assorted punks — of the glam, mohican and skinhead variety — are sucked into a world of dark, brooding evil veiled by a cloak of eerie beauty. This is Siouxsie's domain.

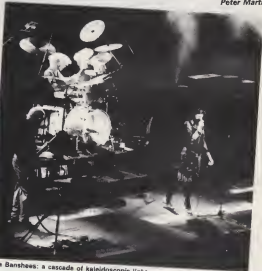
Remorselessly the Banshees pile on the pressure. "The Scream" (the first LP) and "Ju Ju" are heavily featured, highlighting the more sinister aspects of their music. The singles, "Arbelen Knights" and "Heppy House" in particular, show their less intense, more ironic side. And the leavies "Deer Prudence": the natural progression from a mystical form of punk seems to be Psychedelic, reflected here by a whirlpool of shimmering echo and a cascade of kaleidoscopic light. The effect is hypnotic.

As is Siouxsie's seductive aphonia-like stage presence. Barefoot and in black see-through silk, she indulges in some form of 'dence of the seven veils'. She weaves a wicked web over her legions of admirers, half of whom went to be her, while the other half went to be considerably closer to her! (I.e. lots of outstretched hands). And her voice sounds stronger than ever, soaring and dipping with aggression and grace. She is the perfect focus of attention, allowing Severin and Smith to stand motionless, in severe concentration, intricately scratching away at their guitars for all their life's worth.

In the background, Budgie — possibly the best drummer I've ever seen — flexes his muscles to give his extensive kit a fantastically precise battering. His rhythmic versatility matched with elerming speed and power keep the Banshees momentum surging ahead.

The most remarkable thing about Siouxsie & The Banshees is the way they balance a fantastic aggression with an overpowering mystery and grace. Tonight they were magnificent.

Peter Martin



The Banshees: a cascade of kaleidoscopic light



Paul Young: that familiar plaintive moan

PAUL YOUNG LIVERPOOL

The Royal Court waits for the Royal Family (Paul Young's backing band) with impatience and screams. The packed audience — as large a cross-section as you can imagine — must be wondering just what sort of show they'll be getting from a solo singer who's finally shot to fame after a long apprenticeship.

But Paul's not alone. His four musicians keep a low profile and their impeccable playing speaks for itself.

And then there are the two girl back-up singers, known (for some reason) as The Fabulous Wealthy Terts. They deserve a medal for stermine end talent, dencing in clockwork unison while supplying sophisticated vocals that contrast with Paul's rougher, bluesy tone.

The whole shebang is certainly spectacular. But though there's plenty of showmanship, it never slips into slickness. There's room for the unpredictable — even if it's trying to guess where Paul will appear next on the stage.

And while most groups save their hits to the end, this outfit put them where they'll be most effective. "Come Back And Stay" is the third song in the set and even "Wherever I Lay My Hat" pops up half-way through.

This creates a dramatic pause in the action. The stage empties and in the darkness comes that familiar, plaintive moan. Paul appears through the smoke and pours everything into the song. Even some ill-edvised attempts from the audience to singalong don't destroy the magic.

Paul Young obviously cares about his audience and his songs. That's what makes it such an experience.

Penny Kiley

THE ROCK STEADY CREW LONDON

It's approaching 12 midnight and the massive Camden Palace machine is oiling its way into action (how embarrassing — it's that place again!). The thud of electro-disco and New Order 12" singles have come to be expected dance fare and the clientele fail to surprise you anymore; Boy George and Marilyn clones, Jeffrey Deniel lookalikes, would-be Benaroma members plus the ever-increasing number of unisex Siouxsie types (there were a lot of boys wearing fishnet tights). Plus, of course, a sprinkling of pop idols past and present, who float by unnoticed or ignored.

The guest act tonight, The Rock Steady Crew, are special for a number of reasons. They're five boys and one girl from New York, all aged between 15 and 18, over here to promote their new single "(Hey You) The Rock Steady Crew". It's only their second appearance in this country. But the main reason they're so special, as Jeffrey Deniel points out, is they're simply "the best breakers". That means that the way they spin around on the tops of their heads, balance on one hand while their legs are whirling five feet above, dive towards the floor as if it were a swimming-pool and perform other such feats of acrobatic finesse is, basically, unbeatable.

Though Jeffrey is here as an admirer, other well-known folk don't seem quite so clued up about this phenomenally fashionable dance troupe. Richard Jobson of The Armoury Show is "really just here to celebrate a friend's 21st birthday". Woody from Madness doesn't mind whether anyone is guesting or not. "It's actually my first time here," he enthuses, "and the place looks like an old glorified bar." His wife Jene Mo-Dette doesn't reckon she'd be into break-dancing either. "Once when I wiggled my big toe," she claims, "it fell off."

Club host and wearer of deft hats, Steve Strange, appears similarly mystified. "I must admit I haven't listened to their single

yet. I've been so busy moving into my new flat. Where are those naughty boys, anyway?"

Time is getting on. They were due on stage at 12.30 and it's almost 1 o'clock. "Bloody pop stars," mutters Strange. "Prime doesnes the lot of them!"

At 1.30am house DJ Rusty Egan hands over the turntable to New York scratch master Afrika Islam and the six Rock Steady Crew bounce on stage looking ever-sporty in orange and black t-shirts, black or white track-suit trousers and white trainers.

Ken I just mention their names? Doze, he tells me later, is so named as he's "always dozing off in class"; Buck Four? — "Buck means luck, and four's my lucky number"; Baby Love? — "I've had the name two years but I don't know why"; Prince Ken Swift? — "Prince 'cos I'm real good. Ken is my proper name and swift is how fast I am on the floor"; Crazy Legs? — "a name given to me by God"; and Kuriaki? — "I don't know. I just want to go home".

They spend two minutes clearing the dance floor then leap down from the stage to do a solo spot. Once on the floor, they become human spinning tops, moving with such speed it's nigh impossible to even detect what kind of steps they're doing. Their legs are so flexible they look like ropes, lashing against their arms or wrapped around each other. They spin 20 rounds a go, on the back of the neck, on the stomach, completely upside down on the head. It's the ultimate in acrobatics but with the elegance of a ballet dancer. And very exciting.

Pity there wasn't more of it. After an intensive 10 minutes — that's all! — they're off, leaving really only one number to perform, and somehow I'm left thinking "is that the lot?"

I don't think I'm alone in this. The place empties in seconds.

Linde Duff



Doze (left) and Prince Ken Swift clear the decks



Ken and Crazy Legs: are these people mad?



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NIGHTS OUT DATES

Check locally before stepping out. A Lisa Anthony production.

Backs Fire: London Apollo Theatre Victoria (December 27/31)

The Farmer's Boys: Glasgow Henry Afrika's (October 18), Edinburgh The Dance Factory (16), Stirling University (20), Dundee University (21), Aberdeen University (22)



The Farmer's Boys

Hanoi Rocks: Sunderland Polytechnic (October 14), Glasgow Strathclyde University (15), Manchester Metro (16), Nottingham Palas (17), Leeds Tiffanis (18), Bristol Granary (19), Birmingham Tower Ballroom (20), Colchester Woods Leisure Centre (21), St Albans City Hall (22), Brighton Escape Ballroom (23).

Haircut 100: Guildford Surrey University (October 13), London Goldsmiths College (14), Birmingham University (15), London Streatham Cats. Whiskers (16 — under 16 only), Durham Power House (18).

Hot Chocolate: Cornwall St Austell Coliseum (November 3/4), Chappenhall Goldiggers (5/6), Portsmouth Guildhall (7), Brighton Dome (8), Guildford Civic Hall (10), Ashford Leisure Centre (11), Coventry Apollo (12), Oxford Apollo (14), Ipswich Gaumont (15), Great Yarmouth ABC Theatre (16), Sheffield City Hall (17), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (18), Middlesbrough City Hall (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Dundee Card Hall (22), Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (23), Edinburgh Playhouse (24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Blackpool Opera House (26), Leeds Grand Theatre (27), Harrogate Conference Centre (29), Southport Southport Theatre (30 December 1), Landudno Astra Theatre (2), Warrington Spectrum Arena (3), Hanley Victoria Halls (4), Reading Hexagon (5), Birmingham

Odeon (7/8), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (11), London Dominion Theatre (12/13), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (17), Bristol Hippodrome (18), Northampton Deangate Theatre (19), Poole Arts Centre (20/21), Cardiff St David's (22).

KC & The Sunshine Band: Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (October 13), Hitchin Regal (14), Chippenham Goldiggers (15), Stockport Davenport Theatre (16), Watford Beliefs (17/22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Batley Frontier (24), Cardiff St David's Hall (25), London The Venue (26), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (27), Great Yarmouth Marine Centre (28), USAF Mildenhall Galaxy Club (29), Boston Haven Cinema (31), Blackpool Opera House (November 1).

Musical Youth: Portsmouth Guildhall (October 16), Gloucester Laisure Centre (21), Exeter University Great Hall (22), Blackburn King George's Hall (23), Henley Victoria Hall (24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Birmingham Hummingbird (27), Swindon Oasis (28), Poole Arts Centre (29), Newcastle Eldon Square Recreation Centre (31), Middlesbrough Town Hall (November 1), Sunderland Mayfair (2).



Musical Youth

Cliff Richard: Edinburgh Playhouse (October 14/15), Manchester Apollo (16/22), Birmingham Odeon (26/29), London Apollo Theatre Victoria (November 3/December 10 except Sundays).

Paul Young: Winsford Civic Centre (October 23), Chesterfield Shoulder of Mutton (24), Leeds University (25), Chippenham Goldiggers (26), St Austell Coliseum (28), Southampton Gaumont (29), London Hammersmith Odeon (30).

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ANSWERS (FROM PAGE 13)

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See you next issue.

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TO THAT SAME OLD SONG
AND THE HOOK OF LOVE IS ALL I HEAR

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AND I'VE YET TO FIND SOMEONE THAT GOES CLOSE TO YOU
OVER AND OVER YOU'RE MY WHOLE WORLD

HEY GIRL I LIKE THE WAY YOU COVER LOVE'S GROUND
IT SHOWS YOU'VE GOT STABILITY
AND THOSE FRIENDS' BENEFIT'S BABY
KEEP ME FROM SPEAKING OUT
GOT TO HELP EACH OTHER FIGHT TEMPTATION

AND YOU NEVER KNOW THIS
THE GAMES THAT PEOPLE PLAY
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WITHOUT GETTING INVOLVED GIRL

LET'S TAKE IT FURTHER I'M TALKING ALL THE WAY
AND I'LL SHOW YOU LOVE
THROUGH UPS AND DOWNS IN AND OUTS

AND BABY
OVER AND OVER NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES A DAY
I'LL NEVER GET ENOUGH OF YOUR LOVE
OVER AND OVER I'LL TELL YOU
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN

OH BABY (OVER AND OVER)
I LOVE YOU GIRL
AND I KNOW NOW WHAT IT MEANS
TO SPEAK THOSE WORDS
OVER AND OVER (OVER AND OVER)
I TELL YOU GIRL

OVER AND OVER
OVER AND OVER
YOU'RE MY WHOLE WORLD
I NEED NO MORE CONVINING
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED
YOU'RE ALL THE WOMAN I WILL EVER NEED
WHEN LOVE'S THIS GOOD
I COULD GO ON TALKING FOREVER
BUT FOREVER'S JUST NOT ENOUGH TIME
TO TELL YOU OVER AND OVER
OH I NEED YOU BABY I LOVE YOU

OVER AND OVER
NOBODY DOES WHAT YOU DO TO ME
OVER AND OVER (OVER AND OVER)
NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES A DAY
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OVER AND OVER
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