

*Smash*

# HITS

35p USA \$1.75  
8-21 January 1981

**THE POLICE**  
*in America -*  
**EXCLUSIVE!**

**EDDY GRANT**

*Hit lyrics*  
*including*  
**CLUBLAND**  
**LIES**  
**FADE TO GREY**

**DAVID BOWIE**  
**GEN X**  
*in colour*

**THE SPECIALS**





"Hi there, allow me to introduce myself. I'm the new editor. Rover's the name. You've probably seen me around. Four legs, a cold nose, a smooth coat and a tail (telling over and playing dead a specialty). On behalf of all the other chaps and chapsesses down here in the kennels, I'd like to welcome you to the first entirely canine edition of your favourite music mag. For less than the price of a packet of Bonio we're offering you all the latest songwords, pin ups, news, reviews and hot info from the world of vinyl. Specifically, this means an on the spot report on The Police's tour of America, an update on Coventry's finest, Les Specials (a group containing no dogs) and a peek at The World Of Eddy Grant, one of the music scene's foremost mavericks (also the owner of a rather comely Afghan named Kate, but I mustn't bore you with my love life). Plus a special molto-fab David Bowie competition. Every page guaranteed absolutely cat-free. Beats running after sticks any day of the week."

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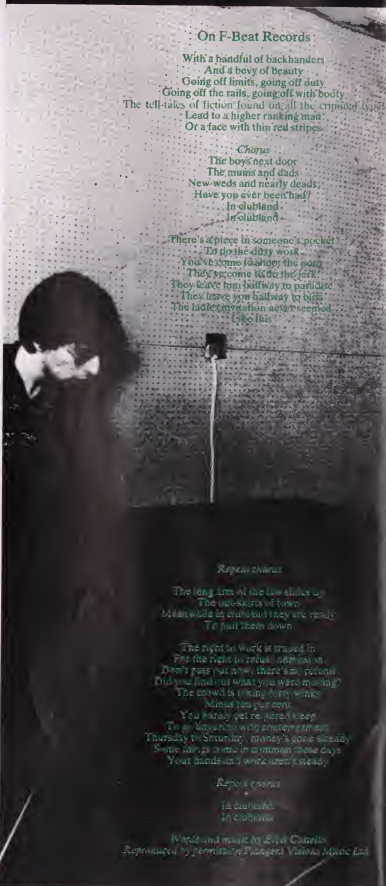
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Special thanks this issue to Michelle Mortimer (design) and Mark Ellen (editorial).

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# CLUBLAND



## On F-Beat Records

With a handful of backhanders  
And a boy of beauty  
Going off limits, going off duty  
Going off the rails, going off with body  
The tell-tails of fiction found on all the criminal lists  
Lead to a higher ranking man  
Or a face with thin red stripes.

### Chorus

The boys next door  
The muses and dads  
New-woods and nearly dead  
Have you ever been had?  
In clubland  
In clubland  
There's a piece in someone's pocket  
To do the dirty work  
You've seen it atop the soap  
They become kids the folk  
They leave you half way to paradise  
They leave you half way to hell  
The lady companion and peasant  
Go this

### Repetitive chorus

The long arm of the law strikes us  
The weakness of love  
Meanwhile in clubland they are ready  
To put them down

The night we work is traced in  
The night we're laid out  
Don't pass this up, there's no return  
Did you know what you were missing?  
The crowd is thickly packed while  
Nights get soon  
You know you're never happy  
To go anywhere with your friends  
Thursday or Saturday, Friday's gone already  
Some nights it's in on common sense days  
You know you're never seen Friday

### Repetitive chorus

In clubland  
In clubland

Words and music by Elvis Costello  
Reproduced by permission of Polygram/Virgin Music Ltd

# ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS



**T**HE POLICE? The rock band? Sure. I heard of those guys!"

As if he wasn't fully enough occupied negotiating his mobile junkheap of a yellow cab through New York's rush hour traffic, our driver finds time to show off his comprehensive knowledge of The Police catalogue by bawling a hastily improvised "Roxanne" out of the window, with rhythm improvised by beating the dashboard with his free hand.

"ROCKS — ANNE! You don't gotta put on the red light... ROCKS — ANNE! You don't have to put... say, whaddya call that stuff? ... you call it reggay, ain't that right?"

Um. Well, maybe we do. A little further down Park Avenue, where the traffic seizes up altogether, Radio Station WNEW interrupts an otherwise endless stream of Foreigner and ELO to play "De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da", the first American 45

takings and handshakes all round. "Hey, nice to see you guys. You just got here from the airport? You shoulda told me. I would have sent limos." (Please note the plural. In the American big league it is considered perfectly normal for a band to be driven around individually.)

PHILADELPHIA IS flat, sprawling and heavily industrial. It's a hundred miles south of New York. Just up the road in American terms.

We're trying to keep warm in the Tower Theatre, a musty old vaudeville venue on the sleazy side of town, waiting for the band to arrive from Canada. In order to make the most of their time off they've stayed over to do a little skiing, hiring a private jet to whisk them down to Philadelphia at the last minute.

Minutes after the road crew have completed their exhaustive checks of the equipment, the three of them scurry in from the foyer, well bundled up against the biting wind, travel bags with small but significant "Concorde" luggage labels attached slung over shoulders, followed closely by the watchful and massive figure of Larry, an American employed to "mind" them, Sting in particular. Larry is a quiet, friendly character who looks as if he could win an argument with a tank.

After a brief hello, Sting, Stewart and Andy are straight on stage, pumping out the intro to "Walking On The Moon" before they've even shed their outdoor clothing. Ten minutes later they're back in the dressing room, soundcheck completed. You realise you're looking at rock and roll's most efficient users of time.

Over a pre-gig dinner in the restaurant across the street, Andy prods a sàlaad and emphasises the difference between this tour and their first forays.

"It was a big blast for us to come from London, where we couldn't get any gigs, and then be this big novelty group, playing around the East Coast of America. But of course now we're big and heavy and we're selling lots of records. But it's fun in a different way now. It wasn't all misery the first time.

**"As long as it feels natural and right and dignified, then we'll carry on."**

"But the pressures are different and more insidious now; to keep coming up with the goods, to be always great, to be wonderful in interviews, to always be original and interesting at every moment.



# THE POLICE

Philadelphia to be specific, where they're found them looking

People seem to really expect that of you."

These pressures seem to have left their most significant mark on Sting. Maybe he hasn't actually changed, but there are signs that he's growing a second skin in order to fend off the constant attention. He seems to regard every approach as a challenge, adopting a rather aggressive attitude (until he's satisfied that there is no real threat).

Everybody wants a piece of his time. "Could you sign this, Sting? Picture, Sting? Interview? There's somebody over here who'd really

love to say hello."

The restaurant has been specially filled with important people, powerful radio programmers and TV producers. The man from A&M approaches Kim Turner with the suggestion that "the boys" should circulate a little, say "hi", shake a few influential hands.

Kim gently broaches the subject with Sting. The response is emphatic. "No!" As soon as his meal is finished he departs, running the gauntlet of the girls at the stage door to get back to the dressing room and a little privacy.

**"I'm being stuck on more and more American walls every day... It's bloody painful, I'll tell you..."**

from "Zenyatta Mondatta", and also top ten and rising.

The DJ, owner of a toilet tissue voice (soft but oh so strong), can just about be heard above the din of warring car horns; "Alright people, that's The Police. I don't know what you'd call that kind of music. Maybe you'd call it reggay. Whatever, it's Supertramp time on WNEW..." Click.

Interestingly enough, "De Do Do Do" is the first Police 45 to taste American chart success since our cab driver's favourite two years ago. Back then they arrived at Kennedy Airport on the cheapest flight available with a road crew comprising Kim Turner, no real record deal to speak of and not the foggiest idea how The Land Of The Free would react to them.

These days they're all smiles in the A&M offices high above Madison Avenue. Anything the boys want the boys get. It's not, however, advisable to bring up the subject of "Message In A Bottle," The Police single that topped charts all over the world but failed to get off the ground in the States. That one still ranks more than a bit.

But these days everyone's talking platinum and making plans for a January concert at the 20,000 seater Madison Square Garden. Big business.

The gent who's promoting tonight's concert in Philadelphia greets Sting and Andy with a smile as big as his box office



up with a lot of crap, but eventually you win through, just through grit."

The problem is — and it's the problem that The Police are slowly having to face — a balance has to be maintained between Making Music and Making It. "Zenyatta", despite its obvious highlights, suggested that The Police are paying the price for spending so long on the road. Whereas previously they have been their own sternest critics, the quality control was not as stringent as it might have been.

Andy is aware of the danger zone:

"With us, the last two years have been like ten years compressed into two, in terms of what most bands achieve. We've spent very little time recording, most of the time on the road trying to live up to everybody's expectations. In the next year we'd like to redress the balance considerably and come off the road for six months or nine months and spend a lot more time writing and recording."

Sting may laugh when I enquire whether it's getting harder to come up with new material and reply, "I keep writing the old ones again. It's a real drag," but I'm sure he is uneasy about the situation.

Andy, the most experienced of the three, tends to have the best perspective:

"Record company and audience alike want us to keep coming up with number ones because we're having our fifteen minutes and everybody likes it. But it isn't easy to keep coming up with stuff. It's painful. We have to produce music that's up to the standards of the group — something original and something that sounds like The Police."

"You could say that anything we do is commercial, purely because we do it. But we want stuff that can stand on its own whether we do it or not."

It's very tempting to make records that sound like the kind of thing likely to sell. Sting stresses the pitfalls of pure calculation.

"What we once thought of as commercial may not turn out to be commercial. It's a very fickle world. And I'm the first person to admit that we've been bloody lucky."

**AMERICAN AUDIENCES** are a breed apart. Not only do they dress like people about to embark on a walking tour of The Lake District — windcheaters are de rigueur — they're also so conditioned to expect "showmanship", that they sit tight through the first few numbers, obviously wondering what's happened to the dry ice and lasers.

It's not long, however, before there's a mass of dancing bodies down at the front. By the time Sting has embarked on his first

swoop down to the front performing that strange loose-limbed jogging dance of his, they're ready to shed a little sweat.

The band wind up with a clutch of encores, the entire house up on its feet, bathed in the white light of the huge spotlights that Andy is wont to describe as "the punter-blinders". Chalk up another one for rock and roll. The recolonisation of America moves on.

After the show, queues of kids attempt to talk their way backstage. As I'm hustled through the door, a girl grabs my arm. "Tell them I'm your girlfriend. Please!" I apologise and keep moving.

Sting is stuffing his clothes into a bag preparatory to driving back to New York. Thinking about the paying customers outside who are pleading for admittance, I wonder if the contact with fans is something he misses.

This is evidently a matter he's considered before. "I'm twenty eight years old. Our fans are probably on average about eighteen. The initial contact was actually never that close. The contact I relish is actually the physical contact with an audience. You can actually touch 'em, or you can hear them shouting at you."

"As far as being part of their generation, I'm not. I was a schoolteacher. I was something else. So it's not as if I'm suddenly estranged from people I had close personal contact with."

"We spend all our time on aeroplanes, in hotels and on stage, and you don't actually meet people. And we're making

**"I'd like to be doing something else when I'm irrelevant. I don't think I'm irrelevant at the moment, but I could be."**

music for people, music to be played on the factory floor, in offices, in schools, and we're never there. So there is a danger of becoming so isolated that you don't know what's going to go down. I find that very disconcerting."

He trusts that all this success and attention hasn't turned his head to the extent that he won't know when it's time to quit.

"It's not as if we're going to need the money or the ego boost. I'd like to be doing something else when I'm irrelevant. I don't think I'm irrelevant at the moment but I could be. It could happen in five years, two years, ten years, one. As long as it feels natural and right and dignified, then we'll carry on doing it. If not, let's knock it on the head."

"Because of our position, we have a useful viewpoint of the world. We see it and can bring

# EGO WEST

**More popular than cream cheese. David Hepworth forward to their hols.**

"I'm being stuck on more and more American walls every day," he grins later. "It's bloody painful, I'll tell you."

ONE of those wielding the drawing pins is doubtless the girl who cornered me back at the hotel and, in hysterical tones, accused me of lying when I assured her that the band were not staying here.

No doubt she'd also come over a little unnecessary if she could see Sting now, conducting an interview dressed in nothing more than a white towel. Eyeing his torso from the other side of the tape machine, I decide to

send off for the chest expander after all.

"It's taken us three years to break this country," he says, while shaving at the same time.

"It's no good coming here on your first tour expecting to take this country over. One name band which I won't name got very upset when they didn't happen straightaway and they've never come back. That sort of attitude is a little silly, because the country is so immense.

"There's a lot of conservatism. If you really want to crack it — and if we do — you have to spend a long time here, you have to put

from previous page

back a view of it that most people don't have. So to that extent it's useful. But when we start getting into mysticism and private drugs and all that, then forget us. Don't buy the records any more."  
He slings on the expensive

leather coat with the fur collar. Larry escorts him out of the stage door, up the alley, past the security fence and into the bus. As he climbs aboard, looking forward no doubt to the anonymity of its dark interior, a

girl's voice pleads. "Sting! I love you!"

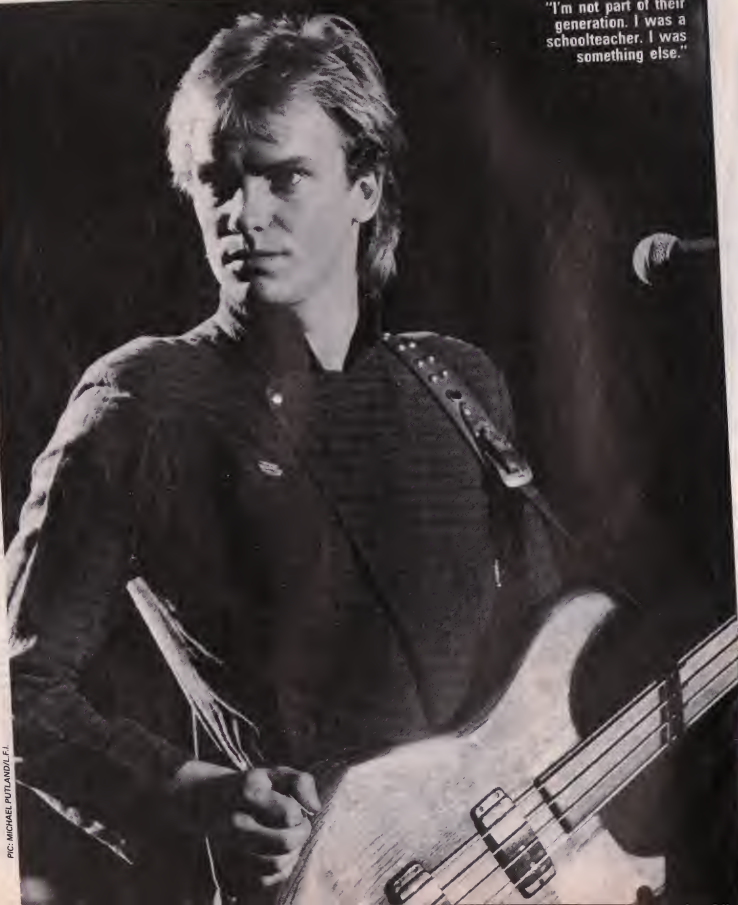
STEWART IS still in the dressing room, saying goodbye to a few associates, looking at the disgraceful state of his sneakers,

and wondering why he only owns two pairs of shoes.

"Hey, I thought I was supposed to be worth millions. Why do I never have the time to buy shoes?"

Next year, lads. Next year.

"I'm not part of their generation. I was a schoolteacher. I was something else."



# TIMES SQUARE

AA

"GOSLEAZE!"  
...IN  
TIMES SQUARE



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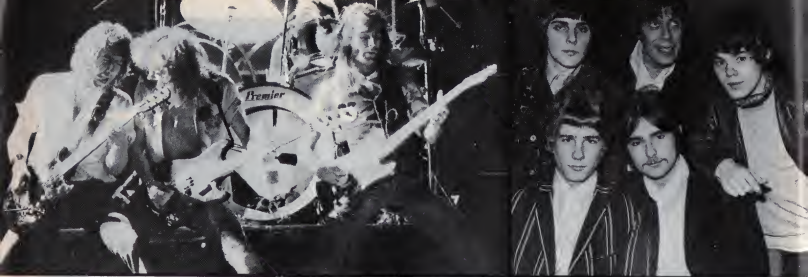
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PIC: CHRIS HORLER

## LIES BY STATUS QUO ON VERTIGO RECORDS

I had another drink after another drink  
 And then I tried to crawl to the door  
 I had another smoke after another joke  
 And then I couldn't take any more  
 It didn't change a thing, not any single thing  
 When someone tried to tell me for sure  
 I heard another voice that said I wasn't in a dream  
 I read a word or two about everything  
 I never knew the way that it ought to have been  
 They never told me a thing about it  
 I never did know a thing about it

*Repeat chorus*

And the lies in the eyes of a thousand eyes  
 They won't go away  
 And the times that I've tried  
 Are the times that I find they don't show today  
 But you make me feel so good

I woke up after four still lying on the floor  
 Waiting to be carried away  
 I woke up once again a little after ten  
 Will things be any better today?  
 It doesn't change you see, it only changes me  
 Will someone try to tell me I'm sure  
 I'm gonna hear a voice and know it isn't in a dream  
 I'm gonna read the lines again and look between  
 I never knew the way that it ought to have been  
 They never told me a thing about it  
 I never did know a thing about it

*Repeat chorus*

I'm going back to school, I'm gonna check the rules  
 And see if I get carried away  
 I'm going back again, I'm gonna try again  
 Don't listen what the people might say  
 It doesn't change a thing, not any single thing  
 Will someone try to tell me I'm sure  
 I'm gonna hear a voice and know it isn't in a dream  
 I'm gonna read the lines again and look between  
 I never knew the way that it ought to have been  
 They never told me a thing about it  
 I never did know a thing about it

*Repeat chorus*

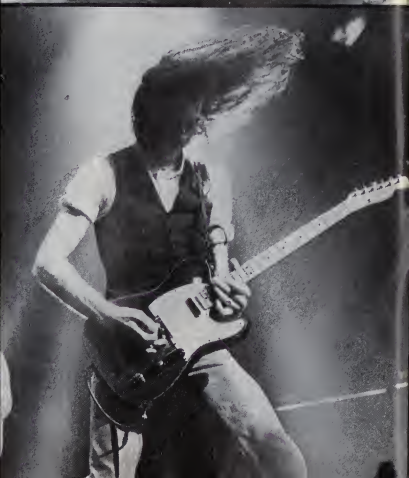
I'm gonna hear a voice and know it isn't in a dream  
 I'm gonna read the lines again and look between  
 I never knew the way that it ought to have been  
 They never told me a thing about it  
 I never did know a thing about it

*Repeat chorus*

Words and music by Rossi/Frost  
 Reproduced by permission Dump Music Ltd./Eaton Music Ltd.



PIC: FIN COSTELLO



PIC: CHRIS HORLER

# Over The Rainbow/ You Belong To Me

By Matchbox on Magnet Records

Somewhere over the rainbow way up high  
There's a land that I've heard of once in a lullaby  
Somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue  
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true

Someday I'll wish upon a star  
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me  
Where troubles melt like lemon drops  
Away above the chimney tops  
That's where you'll find me

See the pyramids along the Nile  
Watch the sunrise on the tropic isle  
Just remember, darling, all the while  
You belong to me

Someday I'll wish upon a star  
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me  
Where troubles melt like lemon drops  
Away above the chimney tops  
That's where you'll find me

Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly  
Birds fly over the rainbow  
Why, then, oh why can't I?  
Birds fly over the rainbow  
Why, then, oh why can't I?

Words and music by E. Harburg & H. Arlen/King/Price & Stewart  
Reproduced by permission Big 3 Music Ltd./Chappell Music Ltd.

# MATCHBOX



PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMON FOWLER

# Blue Moon

By Showaddywaddy on Arista  
Records

Blue moon, you saw me standing alone  
Without a dream in my heart  
Without a love of my own

Blue moon, you knew just what I was there for  
You heard me saying a prayer for  
Someone I really could care for

And then there suddenly appeared before me  
Someone my heart could never hope to hold  
I heard somebody whisper "Please adore me"  
And when I looked the moon had turned to gold

Blue moon, now I'm no longer alone  
Without a dream in my heart  
Without a love of my own

Words and music by Rogers/Hart  
Reproduced by permission Big 3 Music









VISAGE

**FADE TO GREY**  
on Polydor Records

Devenir en gris

Devenir en gris

One man on a lonely platform  
One case sitting by his side  
Two eyes staring cold and silent  
Shows fear as he turns to hide

Aaah, we fade to grey (fade to grey)  
Aaah, we fade to grey (fade to grey)

Un homme dans une gare isolée  
Une valise à ses côtés  
Des yeux fixes et froids  
Montrent de la peur lorsqu'il  
Se tourne pour se cacher

Aaah, we fade to grey (fade to grey)  
Aaah, we fade to grey (fade to grey)

Sent la pluie comme un été Anglais  
Attend les notes d'une chanson lointaine  
Sortant de derrière un poster  
Espérant que la vie n'était si longue

Aaah, we fade to grey (fade to grey)  
Aaah, we fade to grey (fade to grey)

Feel the rain like an English summer  
Hear the notes from a distant song  
Stepping out from a backdrop poster  
Wishing life wouldn't be so long

Devenir en gris  
Aaah, we fade to grey (fade to grey)  
Repeat to fade

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*Ultravox*  
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TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM 'VIENNA'



EDDY GRANT is a self-made man, independent and totally immersed in his music — which is his business, his leisure, his life. He has his own record label, Ice Records, writes all his own material, sings and plays all the instruments on his records, records, engineers and arranges in his own 24-track studio which sits in Stamford Hill, North London.

Until recently he even pressed the records himself, and had to sell the pressing plant because it was losing too much money. "Other people were using it," he explains, "mostly friends, small local bands who just didn't have the money to pay for it."

Also when he bought it some 18 months ago there were a lot of small independent labels who made use of the plant, but these are now gradually being bought up by major companies with their own facilities, or else folding altogether.

"It's very difficult being independent in a country like England with these corporations who want to hog all the industry," Eddy says resignedly, "and if you don't go along with them you become an outsider, and being an outsider in this world is tough, you know?"

IT ALL started in the sixties, when Eddy was at school and formed a band called The Equals who went on to have considerable chart success.

"That was my first lucky break," Eddy says. "Everyone needs that initial lucky break, especially in the music business."

He had come to England from Guyana, in South America, with his parents and five brothers in 1960, and it was in 1967 that the Equals had their initial success on the continent. In 1968 they had their first British hit, "Baby Come Back," but after a further successful four years, Eddy decided he wanted to work on his own and left the band, although he went back and completed a couple of albums with them a few years later.

With the money he made from the Equals Eddy bought property and set up Ice Records with offices in London, Canada and the Caribbean, and until recently Nigeria. (A disagreement with his partner there, involving heavy financial loss, curtailed that however.) He built his studio, with his brothers' help, in London.

"It was hard work," Eddy impresses upon me. "You don't get nothing without hard work — that's more important than money. You know we shifted 28 skiploads of dirt and rubble out of this part of the studio alone."

He indicates with a wave of his hand the small but compact and immaculately clean recording and mixing area. A notice, "No Eating Or Drinking In The Studio At Any Time," hanging imposingly just inside the door. You just

# DREAMS AT THE CONTROLS

Deanne Pearson visits Ice Records and talks to The Boss (Eddy Grant), The Leading Artist (Eddy Grant), The Band (Eddy Grant), The Chief Engineer (Eddy Grant) . . .



know he worked hard for this because of the way he is so proud and careful of his property and belongings. The few people he allows to use his studio are friends he can trust not to damage or steal things.

"This is also one of the reasons he keeps his business a family concern, with the whole family of eight on his payroll. Two brothers, Alpine and Rudolph, are more directly involved and working in the studio, with the others handling business matters from the office and home. (They all live together.) Eddy's house

in Islington, bar Alpine and Rudolph, who have just moved out to live above the studio.)

"It was necessary to use family at first," Eddy outlines, "for economical reasons, keep overheads down, etcetera, and everyone was prepared to put in long hours. What's a more important now though is that I can trust the people I work with, wholly, because they're my family, I've known them all my life."

THESE ARE in fact only two outsiders involved in the whole

concern. Frank, an engineer, and Stanley Blackburn — local councillor who handles Eddy's accounts and the only white man in the business.

It didn't seem such a good idea to me to have almost solely family working with him. They might be less critical of his work, with a complacent atmosphere therefore perhaps developing. But Eddy is so sure, so confident of himself and his music, that he dismisses this as irrelevant.

"Nobody — well, I mean anybody, can criticise my work, but they must keep their criticisms to themselves. I've spent all my life making music and I don't need someone telling me how to do it. And that's in no way being egotistical, it's just being factual about how I feel."

This is exactly why he writes, sings, plays and records everything himself, starting initially because he was sick of people outsiders, letting him down or not doing things properly.

"I was at a recording session once, and I was expecting a guy to turn up to play, and when I phoned after a few hours waiting at £30 per hour he just said 'oh, I can't make it tonight man — just do what you gotta do.' — you know, that sort of thing."

"And I thought, well that's the end of it. I'm not going to be sitting waiting on people any more. I'm like that — I don't like to be hung up by people, or depend on them to the degree where it upsets me."

Eddy's own musical education began by playing the trumpet first, followed by classical music at school, then guitar, doing Chuck Berry and Rolling Stones numbers, progressing on to other instruments, from there through curiosity, an interest in learning, and a desire for self-sufficiency.

The only thing he cannot do, obviously, is play everything himself live, for which he uses a regular 9-piece band. I wondered if they didn't sometimes wish to be involved in the recording as well — but I should have guessed the answer from a man so sure about himself, his strengths and his weaknesses.

"They may," he says, "but that side of it really has got nothing to do with them. I like to make my music how I want it — I don't want somebody else's point of view, anybody's else's statements watering down whatever it is I'm saying and thinking about."

If, however, he wanted to incorporate a particularly intricate piano piece, for example, as a song, he would probably get a more practised pianist than himself to play it, he adds.

TO DATE Eddy Grant has made four albums ("Message Man", "Love In Ecstasy", "Walking On Sunshine" and a new one due for release in the New Year, as yet untitled) in the seven years since

obviously, is play everything

he left The Equals. He's also had two hit singles, "Living On The Frontline" and "Do You Feel My Love."

"It's not much," Eddy says honestly. "Most people would have done about 14 albums in that time. But like it this way, you don't get over-exposed."

He likes to take his time over songwriting — he has never made an album in less than a year for a start — "but it's the way in which I work that takes the time, because I play most of the instruments myself. It's the physical act of putting instrument after instrument on, instead of five people playing together. And there's so many other things to do too."

His time, trouble and



dedication have paid off, however, as proven by worldwide record sales. He has had two gold records in Nigeria, countless chart records in the Caribbean and Jamaica, hundreds of thousands of sales in America, and is now becoming big in places as far-flung as Japan, Yugoslavia, France, Spain and Italy.

"My records sell everywhere — apart from England," he says, grinning ruefully. "And that's mostly due to the fact that I have never had an effective record selling operation working for me in England. It's as simple as that. In other countries they have a good, solid distribution set-up, who are geared to sell my music."

Of course it also has to do with the lack of airplay, which is so important in any country. In the Caribbean, Eddy says, his records are played all the time, on an equal par with everyone else, and financed by an outside company and will be on general release as a B film, also in the New Year. Eddy financed the album and therefore retains the rights to it.

His next move? Well, it could be to the Caribbean, because although Eddy has lived in England for 20 years, is settled, at home, and has lots of roots here now — as well as actually taking the place — he just can't stand the cold.

And in the Caribbean the sun always shines.

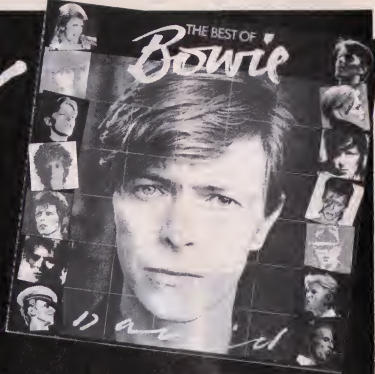
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And in the Caribbean the sun always shines.



# David Bowie



EVERY ONCE in a while somebody comes up with a really good bargain. This time it's K-Tel who, in association with RCA Records, have brought out a Best Of Bowie compilation. The album features no less than sixteen tracks, from "Space Oddity" to "Boys Keep Swinging", spanning ten years and almost as many musical changes in David Bowie's career.

So pleased were the folks at K-Tel with this brilliant idea that in a carefree and irresponsible moment they actually agreed to give away thirty copies for this special competition.

You don't get owt for nowt though, so to justify our existence at the Smash Hits

Institute for Music Research we've had our computers buzzing to come up with some tricky questions for you to answer. All you do to be in with a chance is write your answers, numbered 1-5, on a postcard with your name and full address and send it to SMASH HITS BOWIE COMPETITION, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, PETERBOROUGH PE2 0UF to arrive no later than January 22 (the closing date).

If yours is among the first thirty correct entries to be picked out of the hat on that day, a copy of this album will soon be winging its way towards you. So collect your pencils and sharpen your wits; here are the questions.

1. "Fame" was co-written by David Bowie, Carlos Alomar and someone who died last year. Who?
2. What is David Bowie's real name?
3. Name the former member of Roxy Music who has co-produced the last few Bowie albums.
4. David Bowie has appeared in "Virgin Soldiers", "Just A Gigolo" and one other feature film. Name it.
5. David Bowie had NO hand in writing one of the following songs from the album. Which one? "Starman", "Sorrow", "Breaking Glass", "Young Americans", "Sound And Vision".

**The KENNY DALGLISH Story**

KENNY FIRST SUPPORTED RANGERS WHEN HE WATCHED THEM IN EUROPEAN CUP MATCHES AT BROWN UNDER FLOODLIGHTS.

BUT KENNY DIDN'T WANT TO JOIN RANGERS BECAUSE HE HATED THE CLUB'S STRIP. HE WANTED TO PLAY FOR THE REDS.

GOOD KID, KENNY!

THAT COULD BE YOU ONE DAY, SON. YOU WOULD MAKE A GOOD ONE FOR US.

YES, DAD! I WANT TO GO TO PLAY UNDER FLOODLIGHTS.

ONE YEAR HE WAS PICKED UP BY ST. JOHN'S CLUB FOR IDENTICAL GOALS AS ONE POINT SEVEN DAYS AFTER HIS BIRTH. KENNY'S DISTRICT TEAM HAD A SCOTLAND ITALIAN CLUB INTERESTED IN SIGNING HIM. HE WOULD HAVE TO GO TO THE U.S. TO JOIN THEM.

BUT THIS WAS A LETTER THAT KENNY FIRST SENT TO MILTON BANK. HE WANTED TO JOIN THEM TO BEAT CHANCE TO GET TO SEATTLE TO BEAT CHANCE TO GO ON AN ASH COVERED ISLAND.

HOW WAS HE PERFORMING IN SCOTLAND? HE WAS PLAYING LIKE A GOD. HE WAS CALLED 'THE SCOTLAND STAR' BY THE TEAM TO MATCHES.

YES, HE'S OUR BIGGEST STAR.

IT'S GREAT HAVING YOU IN THE TEAM, KENNY.

GOOD LUCK!

**EXCLUSIVE!**

**The KENNY DALGLISH Story**

Don't miss this exciting new comic strip series in ...

**match**

Weekly  
At newsagents — THIS WEDNESDAY

**HAZEL O'CONNOR**

**'TIME'**

b/w "SUFFRAGETTE CITY" & "AIN'T IT FUNNY" (Live)

New single available in 12" LIMITED EDITION

**ALBION RECORDS**



# I AM THE BEAT By THE LOOK

ON MCA RECORDS

Girls are dancing all around and just for me  
And the party wouldn't swing if not for me  
I made your hearts jump  
I caused the heat (heat)  
I'm in demand, I am the beat  
(I am the beat)

I've turned a girl into a heaving senseless wreck  
I made the captain of the ship dance off his deck  
I've made the old man  
Jump to his feet (feet)  
I'm in demand, I am the beat  
(I am the beat)

All round the world the people learn my name  
In heaven and hell they know me too  
Across the world the people love me now  
I am the beat and I know you, you

You always listen to me on your radio  
I gave to Buddy all he really needs to know  
And who kept the lawman  
Down on the street?  
I'm in demand, I am the beat  
(I am the beat)

All round the world the people learn my name  
In heaven and hell they know me too  
Across the world the people love me now  
I am the beat and I know you, you

When the Martian came to earth I made him dance  
And Mr Krupa had to thank me for his chance  
And who made the zombies  
All tap their feet (feet)

I'm in demand, I'm in demand  
I'm in demand, I am the beat (I am the beat)  
I'm in demand, I'm in demand  
I'm in demand, I am the, I am the beat  
Beat, beat, beat, beat, beat, beat, beat

Words and music by *Whitstone/Bass*  
Reproduced by permission *Big Brother Music/Stop*  
And Listen



PH: PAUL CANTY

## Rabbit By Chas & Dave

ON ROCKNEY RECORDS

Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit, rabbit

You've got a beautiful chin  
You've got a beautiful skin  
You've got a beautiful face  
You've got taste  
You've got beautiful eyes  
You've got beautiful thighs  
You've got a lot without a doubt  
But I'm thinking about blowing you out

Chorus

'Cos (No) you won't stop talking  
Why don't you give it a rest?  
You've got more rabbit than Sainsburys  
It's time you got it off your chest  
Now you was just the kind of girl to break my heart in two  
I knew right off when I first clapped my eyes on you  
But how was I to know you'd bend my earholes too  
With your incessant talking — you're becoming a pest

Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit, rabbit

Now you're a wonderful girl  
You've got a wonderful smell  
You've got wonderful arms  
You've got charm  
You've got wonderful hair  
We make a wonderful pair  
Now I don't mind having a chat  
But you have to keep giving it that

Repeat chorus

Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit, rabbit

Words and music by *Hodges/Pearson*  
Reproduced by permission *Chas-Dave Music Ltd.*



# RUNAROUND SUE

BY RACEY ON RAK RECORDS

Here's my story, it's sad but true  
It's about a girl that I once knew  
She took my love then ran around  
With every single guy in town

I should have known it from the very start  
This girl would leave me with a broken heart  
Listen people, what I'm telling you  
Keep away from Runaround Sue

I miss her lips and the smile on her face  
The touch of her hand and this girl's warm embrace  
So if you don't wanna cry like I do  
Keep away from Runaround Sue

She likes to travel around, yeah  
She'll love ya and she'll put you down  
Now people, let me put you wise  
Sue goes out with other guys

Here's the moral and the story from the guy who knows  
I fell in love and my love still grows  
Ask any fool that she ever knew  
They'll say keep away from Runaround Sue

Said I gotta  
Gotta keep away from this girl  
I don't know what she'll do  
Keep away from Sue

She likes to travel around, yeah  
She'll love ya and she'll put you down  
Now people, let me put you wise  
Sue goes out with other guys

Here's the moral and the story from the guy who knows  
I fell in love and my love still grows



Ask any fool that she ever knew  
They'll say keep away from Runaround Sue

Said, I gotta  
Yeah, keep away from this girl  
I don't know what she'll do  
Keep away from Sue

Repeat and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Dimucci/E. Maresca  
Reproduced by permission Dominion Music Ltd.



J.D. Nicholas  
GT 285



William Jones  
GT 285



Keith Harrison  
GT 285



Calvin Duke  
GT 285



Keith Wilder  
GT 285



Derek Bramble  
GT 285



Johnnie Wilder Jr.  
GT 285



Ernest 'Billbo' Berger  
GT 285

## Gangsters Of The Groove



'Gangsters Of The Groove' is the new single from Heatwave. It's out now, so shoot out and get it before these gangsters get a contract out on you.

NEW SINGLE FROM

# HEATWAVE

Taken from the forthcoming album, 'Candles'



Talk about love staff! Here I am back slaving over a hot typewriter, whilst still feeling the effects of that one drink, pooh too many. I'm sure you all had a wonderful Christmas, but it's out with the old, in with the new and headfirst into disco '81 style.

"Cruisin' J-Town/Wonders" by Hiroshime (Arista) starts off as a lively instrumental that changes to a more danceable number

featuring female vocalists. "Don't Stop The Music" by Yarbrough & Peoples (Mercury) is a slow, funky, above average little number, sounding not a little like Stevie Wonder (and not at all like The Village People!). One realisation that won't be generally available for a while is a double A' sided disc featuring High Inergy with "Hold On to My Love" on one side, and "Shake It Up" by The Dazz Band on the other. Motown have only released it for promotional purposes at the moment, in the hope that it will prove popular in the clubs. Both sides seem good to me and it wouldn't surprise me to see them on sale soon.

"Throw It Down" by Cameo (Casablanca) is all that I hate in Ottonian-style disco, the best advice being in the title.

Jamaica Jackson's latest single, a beautiful ballad called "Little Girl Don't You Worry" (Motown), is taken from his latest album "Jamaica" (sorry about the review, J.). It's not really the side of the man's music that appeals the most. Still, there's a nice picture of his nearest and dearest here to cheer him up.

Finally if you're wondering what to do with Great Aunt Dolly's record token, here are a few new album releases: "Invitation To Love" — The Dazz Band (Motown) "Golden Touch" — Rose Royce (WEA) "Worth The Wait" — Peaches & Herb

(Polygram), "One In A Million" — Larry Graham (Warner Bros), "I'm Yours" — Linda Clifford (RSO). Right, that's your lot for now, I'll be back with a normal length column (please???) in the next issue.

Beverly

## HEARTBREAK HOTEL BY THE JACKSONS ON EPIC RECORDS



Live and sin  
Ten years ago on this day, my heart was yearning  
I promised I would never ever be returning  
Where my baby broke my heart and left me yearning

As we walked into the room, there were faces  
Staring, glaring, frowning through me  
Someone said welcome to your doom  
Then they smiled with eyes that looked as if they knew me  
This is scaring me

We walked up the stairs concealing gloom  
There were two girls sitting in my room  
She walked up to my face  
Said this is the place  
You said meet you right here at noon

Chorus  
And this is Heartbreak Hotel  
Welcome to Heartbreak Hotel  
So this is Heartbreak Hotel  
This place is Heartbreak Hotel

Hope is dead  
She thought that I had cheated for another lover  
I turn my back to see that I am a liar cover  
Now I can't convince this girl there ain't no other

Someone's evil to hurt my soul  
Every smile's a bait thought in beguile to hurt me  
This is scaring me  
Then the man next door had told  
He's been here in tears for fifteen years  
This is scaring me

We came to this place where the vicious dwell  
And found that wicked woman run this strange hotel  
There was Sufa and Sue  
Every girl that I know  
And my baby said love is through

Repeat Chorus and 4th line 1st time

Words and music by Michael Jackson  
Reproduced by permission Capitol Music Ltd

## disco top 40

TWO WEEKS AND	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL	BPM
1	3 DON'T STOP THE MUSIC Yarbrough & Peoples	Mercury	96
1	DO YOU FEEL MY LOVE Eddy Grant	Ensign	124
2	5 BURN RUBBER ON ME Gap Band	Mercury	117
4	2 CELEBRATION Kool & The Gang	De-Lite	122
5	7 NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP Patrice Rushen	Elektra	119
6	6 WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES Aretha Franklin	Arista	125
7	8 BOOM BOOM Black Slate	Ensign	119
8	4 I LIKE (WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME) Young & Co	Escalator	112
9	10 STRETCH B.T. Express	De-Lite	126
10	9 SLIP AND OIP Coffey	WMDT	118
11	13 DOUBLE DUTCH Frankie Smith	Ensign	121
12	12 I SHOT THE SHERIFF Light Of The World	Epic	
13	16 HEARTBREAK HOTEL Jacksons	Champegna	114
14	15 WILLY WONKA Billy Eriqer & Friends	Motown	
15	2 I AIN'T GONNA STAND FOR IT Stevie Wonder	Motown	112
16	11 THE COMING OUT Diane Ross	WEA	108
17	20 ZERO ONE/EIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES Surface Noise	Mercury	
18	24 THROUGHOUT YOUR YEARS Kurts Blow	Pavillion	121
19	15 YOU'RE TOO LATE Fantasy	TK	96
20	16 GROOVE ON Willie "Beaver" Hale	Tama	
21	23 LOVE MONEY Funk Masters	ABM/GB	121
22	22 EVERYBODY GET UP U.K. Players	20th Century	114
23	14 NEVER KNEW LOVE LIKE THIS BEFORE Stephanie Mills	CJM	116
24	21 IF YOU WALK OUT THAT DOOR Jerome	Elektra	109
25	30 LET IT FLOW Grover Washington Jr	Arista	131
26	NEW CRUISIN' J-TOWN Hiroshime	TK	116
27	27 RAPP PAYBACK James Brown	Ultra	123
28	NEW [YOU KNOW YOU CAN DO IT] Central Line	Carrera	125
29	26 YOU'RE ON Otisware	Prelude	116
30	28 ALL MY LOVE L.A.X.	Elektra	115
31	27 JUST HOLD ON Ernie Watts	Samba	121
32	32 STEP ON/SEXY DANCER Harry Mosco	Solar	119
33	21 FULL OF FIRE Shlammer	EMI/Groove	85
34	*34 STRAWBERRY LEMON 23 Bunny Brown	RCA	113
35	29 MISS CHERYL Banda Black Rio	Chrysalis	114
36	26 RISE AND SHINE Linx	Prelude	113
37	NEW I HEAR MUSIC IN THE STREETS Unlimited Touch	Epic	113
38	33 GANGSTERS OF THE GROOVE Heatwave	Scorpio	127
39	NEW JAMMIN' Demo Cetas	Casablanca	
40	NEW THROW IT DOWN Cameo		





**Smash Hits**  
**David Bowie**



HOT CHOCOLATE

LOVE ME TO SLEEP  
BY HOT CHOCOLATE ON RAK RECORDS

Long nights, those everything wrong nights  
I used to lie awake and pray for morning to come  
Seems like years before my tears dried in the sun  
'Cos you had gone

Chorus

So love me to sleep tonight  
Kiss away the pain of all those memories one by one  
And show me the river still runs strong and deep  
Tonight my love, love me to sleep  
Slow now, we can't let it go now  
Here in my arms you've got the perfect place to hide  
If you've got doubts, why don't we let the night decide?  
Just let it ride

Repeat chorus

Just close your eyes  
And we can let the night decide  
Just let it ride

Repeat chorus

Love me to sleep

Words and music by G. Stephens  
Reproduced by permission Cookaway Music Ltd., (D.J.M.)

PICTURE: PAUL JOO

PICTURE: ANDRECSILLAG

## Who's Gonna Rock You By The Nolans

ON EPIC RECORDS

Ooh tonight, I'll be holding you tight  
Making out that everything is fine  
To the crowd we'll be laughing out loud  
But they won't know the heartache on my mind

I'll wear a smile and keep on dancing  
Honey, when the night is over I'll be asking  
Darling, who's gonna rock  
Gonna rock you now?

Who's gonna put out your fire (fire)?

Who's gonna rock (gonna rock)

Gonna rock you now?

Who's gonna fill your desire? Well...

All around, moving up, getting down  
Party people freaking in their groove  
They can't see what is happening to me  
Thinking about the love I'm gonna lose

I'll wear a smile and keep on dancing  
Honey, when the night is over I'll be asking  
Darling, who's gonna rock (gonna rock)

Gonna rock you now?

Who's gonna put out your fire (fire)?

Who's gonna rock (gonna rock)

Gonna rock you now?

Who's gonna fill your desire? Well...

Can you tell me who?

I'll wear a smile and keep on dancing  
Honey, when the night is over I'll be asking  
Darling (darling), who's gonna rock (gonna rock)

Gonna rock you now?

Who's gonna put out your fire?

Who's gonna rock (gonna rock)

Gonna rock you now?

Who's gonna fill your desire? Well...

Repeat last verse to fade

Words and music by Billy Ocean / Ken Gold.  
Reproduced by permission April Music Ltd./Aqua  
Music Ltd./Screen Gems EMI Music Ltd.



# CROSSWORD

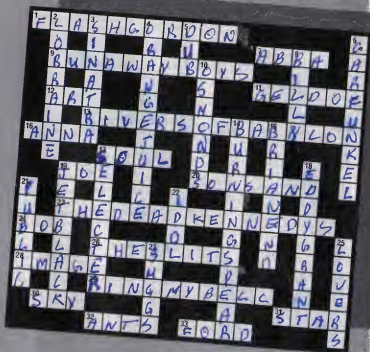
## ACROSS

- 1 New sci-fi movie for which Queen wrote the music (5,6)
- 2 Swedish bit of "Gabba Gabba Hey!"
- 3 Stray Cats song — about truancy? (7,4)
- 4 See 24
- 5 & 6 He had a '70s No 1 with a song about rabbits
- 7 Boney M hit originally by The Melodians (6,2,7)
- 8 & 33 A TV personality (real one)
- 9 Kind of music claimed by certain young rebels
- 10 Jackson, or Gormley?
- 11 & 25 "Azel O'Connor" album (4,3,6)
- 12 US punk band recently featured in these pages (3,4,8)
- 13 & 11 Paula's intended
- 14 Ari up's band (3,5)
- 15 See 21
- 16 '70s No 1 disco hit for Anita Ward (4,2,4)
- 17 Starsky and Hutch find a group!
- 18 Rats turn around to get famous!
- 19 Adam's are in the elephants!
- 20 See 16

## DOWN

- 1 Follow-up to "Special Brew"
- 2 Francis Albert, veteran crooner
- 3 Red Starr-rated Scottish band on Postcard Records (5,5)
- 4 Kind of reggae
- 5 See 12
- 6 & 22 Punk pin-up, real name William Broad
- 7 When The Jacksons started out these were their white teeny rivals
- 8 Reggae star whose real name is Winston Rodney (7,5)
- 9 Former Roxy star who worked with David Byrne on Current Talking Heads LP (5,3)
- 10 Re-elects in a different sequence!
- 11 "Living On The Front Line" was his big hit (4,5)
- 12 Stranglers drummer (3, 5)
- 13 & 28 I bag mum ice (anag. 6,5)
- 14 See 8
- 15 See 20
- 16 Leading nutter

ANSWERS ON PAGE 26



# "It's top of the league."

"The Grundig RR220 is one of the finest radio recorders around.

It costs about £66, and for that you get a superb 4-band radio with a cassette recorder that includes Grundig Intermix and record mute facilities.

The powerful 2½w output gives the RR220 its great sound. And if that's not enough, it looks good as well.

You're onto a winner with Grundig!

**GRUNDIG**  
Precisely Grundig. Precisely right.



# ALBUMS

## singles

By Mark Ellen

**ADAM AND THE ANTS:** Young Parisians (Decca). Remember the silly Ants in '78 as a kind of token "punk" act. "Young Parisians" was their way-out, decadent, sexually ambiguous hunk of Cafe Society sleaze that can move from a gravelly dub and sank like a ton of bricks. Two years later and — *hoo!* — the souped-up Apache mode is launched again; the now notorious Adam to be hailed (rightly) as a Big Cheese in the fashion/pop interface. If you didn't buy it, then don't bother now. It's just the memory of a band once facing out in a record company still cashing in. Avoid like the plague.

**BUZZCOCKS: Running Free (UA).** Buzzcocks just better all the time. They don't sell any records. After living consistently to notch up The Big One, nobody expects them to be commercial anymore. Apart from a computerised chorus, Steve Diggle's 'A' side is pretty typical of the slightly scintillating flattened vocals spread over a backing that can't decide if it's going to be fluid or lumbering, and somehow manages to sound like both at once. Pete Shelley's "What Do You Know?" is a young, vibrant, and noisy punched with a brass section and topped off with a sensuous black vocal. It's excellent.

**STEVE WONDER: Ain't Gonna Stop Now (A&M).** More tastefully assembled disco funk from the man who made it fashionable to wear a beret like a party curtain. The chorus is just an inferior version of the "Masterblaster" formula. The verse is truly a joy, as Steve grows insidiously in the vocal basement to the usual smattering of strings, tinkled ivories and chortling guitars. Cheap but doing-stead.

**LINCOLN THOMPSON AND THE RAISES:** Spacship (UA). Connections between Rastafari and the *Star Trek* fantasy setting tend to get a little strained here but "Spacship" is a beautiful song. Prince Lincoln Thompson proves yet again that he can move from a funk/dub music with techniques, melodies and ideas outside of the usual Jamaican repertoire. He's also blessed with one of the finest voices to be undervalued in England. World's worst cover, but don't let that put you off.

**ON THE AIR: Another Planet (WEA).** No keeping this too letter. Simon Townshend and friends speed spaced, gripping about nuclear wars and factories, with the intent of populating a more hospitable globe. Just them and the enormous stack of Jam albums from which every note of this song has been so transparently filched. Good, but too familiar for comfort.

**THE GAP BAND: Burn Rubber On Me (Why You Wanna Hurt Me) (Mercury).** With an incoherent chin-wagging along the lines of "Opps Upside Your Head", The Gap Band fall disarmingly on the life more tolerable. They should have either kept this sparse and simple or else chucked in every sound effect known to electronics; then at least it might have turned out "unusual". As it is, "Burn Rubber" wiggles its hips aimlessly between the two. All synthesised bass lines and stream-of-music cynicism. Keep taking those tablets, boys.

**TELEX: Soul Waves (Virgin); PHIL COLLINS: In The Air (Virgin).** Oh, the endless inroads into the synthesised world Moogs for the young and old. Telex are Belgians and Caracal's "Soul Waves" is a far cry from their amusingly phrased "Looking For St. Tropez" about a 78 rpm. Not good. Rick Wakeman, now his own Yes-man, knocks apologetically on the door with his preposterously multi-layered pump number intended, in part, by an electronic insect. Worse.

**GODLEY & CREME: Submarine (Polydor); JACKSON BROWNE: Disco Apocalypse (A&M).** Old keyboard players make good. Well... yes, actually. Former 10c persons, Godley & Creme, mercifully dump their fearful "Disco" "guitar" sound. Quite pleasant, I'm ashamed to say.

**MUSIC FOR PLEASURE: The Human Factor (Rage).** A brisk mix of OMD's embryoid and Devo's vocals and leaning towards idiot dance rhythm twists. All with a hook. It's a great, beautiful, uneventful to me but then it's the first time I've heard the pressing.

**NEON: Making Waves (3D).** Imagine "Revolver"-period London interpreted by electronic keyboards and a human drum machine. You'll be getting a lot warmer than they are.

**THE CARPETTES: The Last One (Mercury).** No keeping this too letter. Simon Townshend and friends speed spaced, gripping about nuclear wars and factories, with the intent of populating a more hospitable globe. Just them and the enormous stack of Jam albums from which every note of this song has been so transparently filched. Good, but too familiar for comfort.

**THE CARPETTES: The Last One Ranger (Beggars Banquet).** Rule One: never write a pop song with a chorus the same as the verse unless you are (a) stunningly original, (b) deeply meaningful, or (c) already internationally famous. The down-trodden Carpettes are none of the above, though articulate and economical in a Jam/Poole mould and produced to sparkling dimensions. One of Beggars' better investments with the Numan cash.

**KEITH EMERSON: Taxi Ride (Rome) (Atlantic); RICK WAKEMAN: Splinter (WEA).** Old keyboard players make good? Not really. Keith Emerson (once of him, Lake and Palmer) comes back with his old trademark. An exercise in technical virtuosity accomplished but completely vague pump that sounds like it's playing at 78 rpm. Not good. Rick Wakeman, now his own Yes-man, knocks apologetically on the door with his preposterously multi-layered pump number intended, in part, by an electronic insect. Worse.

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for a straight instrumental. **PEARL HARBOR: The Pearl Harbour (Mercury).** Like Hank Marvin playing an early James Brown theme backed by a reggaed rhythm section and at least six horn players. Beautiful. Jackson Browns sounds like a mid-'70s slightly precious balladeer. No opportunity to update. Exactly what he is, in fact. Mentholated disco fare, shared among a repertoire of electronic keyboards and a human drum machine. You'll be getting a lot warmer than they are.

**METAL MICKY: Metal Micky Mike (Giccyepop); MARINA DEL REY: Love A Shark (Hannibal); MAX SPODGE: Bicycle Seat (Dartm). OK, brace yourselves. Three kitsch classics for those with money to burn. Metal Micky is unappealing triple. Computer-banked chirping backed by what sounds horribly like St. Winifred's School Choir. With tonalists. "Love A Shark" is a loose disco romp in which Marina delivers an unhealthy accusation for this ocean-going beach-crusher "It fins get a bit out of hand. Every note a steal from King Zapp's "Overtone Sensation". Spodge checks in with what is, without doubt, the most unappealing record of the entire history of civilisation. About the best producer: too, Matumbo's Dennis Bovell. In fact, all the ideal ingredients to be hit. 1981 can only improve.**

**UFO: Lonely Heart (Chrysalis).** I may be wrong, but with that knot of unkempt locks and wide-brimmed hat, the image that Mankind knows as Phil Mogg, I suspect there lurks a sensitive soul. You know, the type that you'd envy, and doesn't actually get vicious when it hears a Billy Joel album.

**MORE: The Reveals (Mercury).** A scrupulously sentimental, fragile piano breaks and a clever sense of timing. He just isn't good, but the wrong crowd when he was young, that's all.

**PEARL HARBOR: Fujiyama Mama (WEA); JANE KENNAWAY & STRANGE BEHAVIOUR: IOU (DRO).** Two tough minimalist releases. Pearl Harbour — late of The ExploSIONs — serves up this (apparently) volcanic cocktail of diaphanous rockabilly and bubble banishes hiccoughs. She sawks about boogie 'n' "baccy" and "baccy". I'm just about to blow my top" and doesn't appear to be



Mark Ellen

joking. If Janis Joplin had ever met The Cramps, this would have been the album.

**Strange Behaviour** deliver tastefully restrained guitar riffs as if their world revolved around Keith Richard. "IOU" is riddled with appalling puns about Jane's credit bank balance but deserves to make her a bob or two.

**JOE JACKSON BAND: Best Crazy (ASB).** It's wise to ignore Joe's caustic jibes about the slaves of fashion and just succumb to the forceful regga-boned attack. It's hard to tell if he's serious anyway. It's worth shelling out for the flip-side alone, a drastic re-working of "Is She Really Going Out With Me" including tones of the rhythm section doing their best to impersonate The Nolans. A classic of its kind.

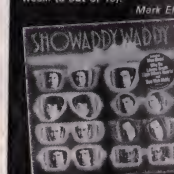
**DAVID BESSEX: Heart On My Sleeve (Mercury).** Another deluge of soap-suds. David's latest assault on the heart-strings and tear ducts is at least convincingly constructed even if it does harvest corn from the battlefield. Talk about getting your metaphors in a twist: "I wore my heart on my sleeve and my jacket got torn / And I just don't think I can wear it any more." Beware warbles. But to whom? His tailor, his doctor, the bloke at the dry-cleaners...?

**DONNA SUMMER: Cold Love (Geffen); HEAVY D: Gangsters Of The Groove (GTP).** Two ways to kick-start your limbs when you're undrugged by a galaxy of neon strip-lights. "Cold Love" is infinitely the better. Brilliant lyrics leashed onto one of those lavish, pulsating disco raves plus the compulsory bicuit-tin sound.

**Heavie** invents a ridiculously funny Mafia Men-streets-type melody in order to ladle yet more mediocre funk fare from the bottomless disco cash-dragon. It's not exactly the stuff of which charts are made but in a week like this, who knows.

## Albums

**ROCKY SHARPE & THE REPLAYS: Rock It To Mars (Chwick).** Do-or-wash'n't revived — it just never went away. The Replays step into Duran's shoes and re-live those gothic, glamorized, greater-packed '50s with endless well-toiled vocal routines and occasional flair. This doesn't match their last album "I Romo Lomo" (I being mainly sarcas) up to modern standards married by frankly atrocious ballad covers like "Dream Lover". Can't be long before they exhaust the whole catalogue. Not a patch on the originals but they stomp all over Showaddywaddy any day of the week. (6 out of 10).



Mark Ellen

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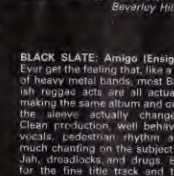
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has left a lasting impression on Mr. Jackson, he's now forsaken the more up-tempo funny numbers in favour of slower, more soulful ballads. The album is here reminiscent of "Let's Get Serious" is the opening track "The Pieces Fit" — an obvious next single choice. Although this is competent and highly polished (aren't they all?), I definitely can't see "Jerm" in a partying mood. (6 out of 10).

**THE CLASH: Sandinista! (CBS).** In their efforts to broaden their scope, fit the hat to the various influences that have affected their thinking of late and generally come on like a process proven rock band. The Clash not only exceed two many of their weak-points but also play down a disturbing proportion of their strengths.

**SHOWADDYWADDY: Bright Lights (Arista).** By constantly churning out rehashed versions of '50s or early '60s hits Showaddywaddy have made themselves a small fortune. The fact that they aren't even very good at it doesn't seem to make much difference. What you get here are more singles, another four cover versions, and five sold garage tracks. It's the same old watered down rock 'n' roll that has served them well so far, and will probably continue to do so. "Doc Wally Diddy Diddy" sounds their next smash hit. (5 out of 10).



Mark Ellen

**BLACK SLATE: Amigo (Ensign).** Ever get the feeling that, like a lot of heavy metal bands, most British reggae acts are all actually making the same album and only the sleeve actually changes?

**DOLLAR: The Paris Collection (WEA).** With that superficial fashion model image, the under-rated Dollars are their own worst enemies. Nor have they helped their musical cause by dropping the electronics that made their last album so likable (a wealth of more ordinary arrangements and trying to hit harder. Sometimes this works — "Radio" deserves to be huge — but mostly it just makes their neat boy/girl pop-pops less memorable, and the smothering breathy, baby doll vocals lessen the impact still further. This is surely OK — but they're capable of much better. (6 out of 10).

**QUEEN: Flash Gordon (EMI).** The soundtrack of the film of the same name, but not even the most devoted Queen fan could possibly call this a square ball. There's one — literally one approximation of the real Queen but all their obvious glory and that's the single "Scandalous" remaining 17 tracks comprise snatches of dialogue, whirling guitars, last five. Queen-composed electronic swooshes, warbling planetary chorus line and a few strings. It's a shame. (2 out of 10).

Still, at least we should be grateful that they're last down by omission. Anything's better than the sour, sentimental, and stymied most of the rest of the class of '77. (5½ out of 10).

**LINTON KWESI JOHNSON: LKJ In Dub (Island).** In which earlier heading tracks get re-worked into technically immaculate studio dubs. LKJ only appears briefly on one track, but the superb production like the addition of brass — and expands the music into a vast echo chamber of sound and terms. If you prefer the politics and lyrics to the framework, then avoid this. Otherwise, like all other albums, it's very abstract but still accessible. For reggae converts only. (7 out of 10).

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# STAR teaser

The names listed are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the names are always in an uninterrupted straight line, letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them. Solution on page 38.

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| ALTHIA AND DONNA<br>ASWAD<br>BOB AND MARCIA<br>BOB MARLEY<br>BORIS GARDNER<br>BRUCE RUFFIN<br>DANDY<br>DAVE AND ANSIL COLLINS<br>DENNIS BROWN<br>DERRICK MORGAN<br>DESMOND DEKKER<br>ERROLL KUNLEY<br>ETHIOPIANS<br>FREDDIE NOTES | GREYHOUND<br>HARRY J<br>HEPTONES<br>HORACE FAITH<br>INNER CIRCLE<br>JIMMY CLIFF<br>JOHN MOLT<br>KEN BOOTHE<br>MAYTALS<br>MELODIANS<br>MILLIE<br>NICKY THOMAS<br>PETER TOSH<br>PIONEERS | PLUTO SHERVINGTON<br>PRINCE BUSTER<br>PYRAMIDS<br>RASSES<br>SHEILA HYLTON<br>SKATALITES<br>STEEL PULSE<br>THIRD WORLD<br>TONY TUFF<br>UPSETTERS<br>WALLERS<br>NICKY THOMAS<br>ZAP POW |
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DOWN: 2 'Durrell'; 3 Sinatra; 4 Orange Juice; 5 Duke; 6 Gotham; 8 Billy; 10 Carmine; 14 Burning Spear; 15 Brian Aug; 17 Salvador (any of re-enacts); 18 Eddy Grant; 19 Jet Black; 21 Puffin; 22 Nick; 25 'Sons And Lovers'; 27 Swags.

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# FACTS...

JUST ABOUT everybody, at some time in their lives, has been landed with a faulty record. Mary Ingoldby of Epping Forest is no exception. What can you do about it, she enquires, and have you any official rights?

Like any other situation involving the exchange of money, you are protected by the law. The legal jargon covering the shop's position is that they must sell goods of "merchantable quality and fit for the purpose". In plain English this means they're obliged to market only records that are in flawless and playable condition — i.e. no scratches, warps etc.

If you receive a flawed copy then you're legally entitled to get all your money refunded. If you accept a replacement instead, then you're entitled to your money back if this replacement proves faulty (or, indeed, another replacement). This can go on until you actually get a copy which you're satisfied meets the proper requirements.

Where things tend to get confused is when — instead of offering you cash in return — the shop offers you a credit note. Credit notes can only be exchanged for merchandise and only at the shop (or chain of shops) at which they're issued. Once you've accepted a credit note, as opposed to money, then the shop in question isn't legally obliged to refund your cash. If in doubt, always ask for cash instead of a credit note.

If, however, you buy a record and decide that you don't like it after all, some shops may actually agree to exchange it for another new one (or a credit note). The situation here is different as they're not obliged to replace your record because there isn't actually anything wrong with it (apart from the fact you don't like it).

In that situation it's best to accept a credit note because, in playing the album you bought in the first place, you've obviously decreased its value.

Now some shops may refuse to refund the full price because "you've been playing it". This is absolute rubbish. You had to play it to discover its faults. Don't be thrown off by tactics of this kind. Insist on your legal rights.

David Hepworth (who used to work in a record shop) offers some further useful advice:

1. Treat records with care (particularly new ones). Don't put them back to the cover in fingerprints and dog hairs and expect them to sympathise with your problem.

2. Keep anything which proves that you purchased it at the shop in question: receipts, carrier bags, price stickers etc. Always ask for a receipt when buying.

3. If you're buying from a shop far from your home base (which is ill-advised at the best of times), ask to check the disc first for warps, obvious scratches, correct placing of spindle hole etc.

4. If the assistant tries to fob you off, don't scream abuse. Ask politely and firmly to see the manager and persist till you get satisfaction.

If you still don't get anywhere with the shop, then seek advice at your local Consumer Protection office.



NOT SURPRISINGLY, we've had a few enquiries about the lesser known works of **The Beatles**, prompted by the tragic death of John Lennon. Nick Seyers of Coventry says he's got all the original albums but has since heard of a couple of compilations and wonders if they're worthy of his hard-earned cash.

The first came out almost a year ago and is called "Rarities", though it consists of material that's already been made available to the public; the selling point is that some tracks haven't been easy to find. Items of interest on this one include some of their earliest (and best) Merseybeat — "This Boy", "Yes It Is", a classic example of Lennon's experimental use of the "B" side — "You Know My Name" — and a brace of truly hilarious German versions of "She Loves You" and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand". There's also the original acoustic version of "Across The Universe" (from a Nature Conservation LP) including sound effects of birds splashing around in ponds.

The other album (also on EMI) is called "Ballads" which is a collection of The Beatles' softer moments (mostly McCartney's). Again great stuff but nothing new.



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Actually I hear tell by those that know about these things that Australia is going to be this year's Scotland. This presumably means the music press seizing on the talented new bands and making life next to impossible for them by giving them far too much to live up to far too soon — though there may be other connections concerning drink and violence, come to think of it. (You're fired — *Scotch Ed.*)

Where was I? Oh yes — fear, trembling and Australians. As it turns out, "I Need Two Heads" by The Go-Betweens (Postcard) is really very good indeed. With a brief nod to American psych — at, er, weirdo sixties rock, this is a plaintive, stripped down, tuneful song employing the spartan, rhythmic energy of The Cure and the warm, melodic instinct of Teardrop Explodes. The 'B' side, "Stop Before You Say It" is more of the same, emphasising their use of strange imagery. Very promising and recommended. (Contact: SAE to Postcard Records, 185 West Princes Street, Glasgow.)

Moving down the Clyde, we come to Greenock where The Cuban Heels are long overdue some success. "Walk On Water" (Cuba Libre) might just provide it. This is modern, clean rock-funk — rather too close to Talking Heads and Simple Minds at times for comfort, but also boisterous and energetic with a hook that bites slowly but surely. The 'B' side, "Take A Look" shows more of their R'n'B roots. Worth acquiring. (No contact address; try Rough Trade Mail Order — SAE to 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W11.)

Edinburgh's Fire Engines are loud, noisy, attractively energetic but not too good at writing songs. The result is quite acceptable if you just want a raw, noisy beat to dance to or whatever but otherwise will probably grate on you delicate sensibilities. "Get Up And Use Me" certainly did on mine, though "Everything's Roses" (Codex Communications) is certainly invigorating stuff and pretty damn good all round, in fact. More to come on Pop:Aural. (Contact: SAE to 124/5 Alnwickhill Road, Edingburgh.)

Finally, Another Pretty Face are hardly new arrivals but "Heaven Gets Closer Every Day" (Only Heroes Live Forever) is the first on their own Chicken Jazz label and easily their best effort to date. Both sides are very American influenced, with "Heaven" (a neatly double-edged song about impending war in the West) sailing dangerously close to Springsteen and "Heroes" sounding like a pacier version of early Lou Reed mirroring his "street" characters. Not very original but very listenable. Try it — the band deserve a break. (Contact: SAE to 1st Flat, 16 Cadzow Place, Abbeyhill, Edingburgh.)

Red Starr

## singles

Over in the electronics department, we find Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft who have a new offering — "Der Rauber Und Der Prinz"/"Tanz Mit Mir"/"The Robber And The Prince"/"Dance With Me" (Mute). "Der Rauber" is simple, light and catchy (good contrast with the lyrics) while "Tanz" shows DAF at their more aggressive and threatening, with conventional band instruments adding extra scope and power to the electronics. A three language lyrical translation is included. Good package.

Still with Mute, Robert Rental has his first single out in quite a while. Mr. Rental was among the very first with both independent singles and synthesizers and thus clearly has a lot to answer for. "Double Heart", however, is excellent stuff. Simple and danceable, it builds nicely and also uses other non-electronic instruments, notably Thomas Leer with a catchy piano hook and what sounds like a banjo. The whole thing sounds rather mournful but is in fact attractively positive and has a haunting, addictive melody. Much more mournful is "On Location" which has a lot less tune but a lot more early Roxy Music. Good Record. (Contact for Mute: SAE to 16 Decoy Avenue, London NW11.)

## EXCITING RECORDS FROM TRENDY PLACES

I was severely taken to task last week by Postcard Records of Glasgow for hinting that Orange Juice's "Breakfast Time" was less than brilliant (they think it's the best thing OJ have done — sorry but I still don't see it) so I approached their latest release with some caution, not least because it's by an Australian band.

## independent singles top 30

WEEK	ARTIST	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	1	GARTHRIAN Adam & The Aars	Tr 4
2	2	SEVEN AGAIN & The Aids	Tr 4
3	3	IT'S ONLY LOVE/IT'S ONLY LOVE	Meridian
4	4	THE CARIN (THE SCREAMING FREAK A LE GUE)	Blackjack
5	5	ELICHER/ELICHER	Meridian
6	6	RABBIT CHAS A-Long	Meridian
7	7	SIMPLY THRILLED/MEWIEY (reworked)	Postcard
8	8	BE BE DRINKING AND HILL RAINERS (EPIC/London)	Big Beat
9	9	QUALITY Heavy Glass	Tr 4
10	10	TELEVISION TEAM TELEVISION	FAC
11	11	SANGRO Typewriter	Meridian
12	12	FRY COOK'S	Blackjack
13	13	BLOODY REVOLUTION/SPINNING UNKNOWN (Postcard/Union)	Blackjack
14	14	PULP/IT'S FASHION Girls At Our Best	Record/A, High Tracks
15	15	SEVEN MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT (Black) Heat	Meridian
16	16	AN ACUTE ANXIETY Case	Blackjack
17	17	THE PAINT (Black) Heat	Meridian
18	18	ANIMAL SPACE Zoo	Meridian
19	19	KILL THE PIGS (Black) Heat	Blackjack
20	20	FEEDING OF THE LAMB (SECOND SIGHTING) Case	Blackjack
21	21	WHEEL IN LAMBS TEAR (J&J Records) Zoo	Blackjack
22	22	EXPLODED BARRY ARMY Explosives	Meridian
23	23	EMERALD (Black) Heat	Meridian
24	24	7/24 (SEVEN POINTS) (EPIC/London)	Meridian
25	25	SEVENTH THE LAKE (Carnegie) Meridian	Blackjack/Tr 4
26	26	ORGANISM (Black) Heat	Tr 4
27	27	WITCHAMINUM (WOM'S THE) Zoo	Tr 4
28	28	WITCHAMINUM (WOM'S THE) Zoo	Witchaminum/Blackjack
29	29	THE BURNING (Black) Heat	Meridian
30	30	CALIFORNIA UNDER ALLIES (Black) Xerox/Sun	Blackjack

## independent albums top 10

WEEK	ARTIST	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	1	SHOUBING (The) (Black) Heat	Blackjack
2	2	URS WARD WHITE SIDE A&B The Aids	Tr 4
3	3	TEVIAN TEVIAN TEVIAN (Black) Heat	Selmer
4	4	SEVEN AND UNDER (POSTCARD) Case	Blackjack
5	5	CATFISH (AFTER THE SHAMING) Zoo	Blackjack
6	6	UNDER THE SKIN (THE) (POSTCARD) Case X Records	Blackjack
7	7	STAYING IN THE CLASS (Case)	Blackjack
8	8	CHAPPAQUICK BRIDGE (Meridian) Zoo	Blackjack
9	9	IN THE FLAT (Black) Heat	Blackjack
10	10	GLISER (Joy Division)	Meridian

## VIRGIN ON THE RIDICULOUS

IF the radio stations would only play real records by people who cared instead of the appalling slop they dish up at present, then Chris Sievey would already be a star. He's the man behind Manchester band The Freshies who make some of the most refreshing tuneful pop you ought to be able to hear.

In what seems something of a breakthrough, their eighth and latest single, "I'm In Love With the Girl On The Manchester Virgin Megastore Checkout Desk" (Razz), has actually been played on the radio — though only after "Virgin" had been changed to "a certain". (What a triumph for the guardians of our airwaves.)

If you haven't already heard the disc in question, this is typically neat, innocently cheerful and well turned out pop, and even encloses its own lyric sheet. As usual the 'B' side is also worth catching — a wittily presented backing track so you can use your lyric sheet! This man is a genius — buy his records.

(Contact: SAE to Razz Records, 3 Moorside House, Oakleigh Court, Timperley, Cheshire.)



Chris Sievey in love with the girl on the Manchester etc. etc.

# THE GOLDING OF 2 TONE

2 Tone begins 1981 as it began life — as a one band business. Lynval Golding and Jon Swift look back on recent events and forward to the future.

**I**F THEY ever make roulette illegal, Find The Pop Star In The BBC Television Centre would make a perfect substitute. You go up as they go down. They're in the bar while you're in the dressing room. When I finally corner our elusive interviewees, he simply smiles, knowing I've been chasing him all over. "Where you bin? I bin waitin' here for you."

IT'S VERY much Lynval Golding's day. For the first time he's at the Top Of The Pops studio to play a song he's written. "Do Nothing", The Specials' sixth straight hit in fifteen months, is a lovely mixture of happy-go-lucky music and wary lyrics. Originally a track from "More Specials", the single version has been given the added tackiness of The Ice Rink String Sounds.

Lynval himself is dressed like a bookie calling the odds at a race course: a checked cheese-cutter jacket, the heavy hand-knitted sweater which seems to be The Specials' latest contribution to fashion (Lynval's being white with red reindeer chasing each other across his chest), sharply creased trousers in a sudden grey and white check, plus black brothel creepers.

Lynval is The Specials' that everyone notices — ducking and weaving across the stage with his rhythm guitar — but the one that often gets neglected in print. From his friendly and bouncy manner, you'd scarcely believe he's twenty-eight. His chuckle is like tomato soup bubbling on a hot plate.

The previous day wasn't so much fun, however. He'd spent the morning in court as his ex-wife was demanding more money for support. Lynval felt a little cheated.

"It's the usual thing. The ex-wife thinks I'm a millionaire now I'm a pop star and is trying to get as much money out of me as possible. I don't refuse to look after our child because I love her — she's great. I volunteered to pay money already but they obviously think I can afford to give more."

The case, which has been going on for months, was postponed yet again. Lynval shrugs — just another piece of pressure, something that The Specials have become well used to.

As 1980 wore on from the early 2 Tone mania, it became clear

that what The Specials had started in good faith, with all the optimism of true believers, had turned sour. 2 Tone had become predictable, at one time looking in danger of becoming little more than pretty tunes in black and white sleeves.

In the summer The Specials changed all that by turning their music on its head with "More Specials". Not the muzak that had been expected but certainly not "Rude Boys Outta Jail" times ten. But shortly after The Selector split from 2 Tone to sign direct to Chrysalis for more money and more control, and finally the only other bands still on 2 Tone — The Swinging Cats and The Bodysnatchers — dissolved into chaos. The end of an era.

"The idea behind 2 Tone to start with," explains Lynval, "was to have a certain sort of music that would be identified with the label, like Motown. Now, it's like the end of that phase one. It didn't work the way I think it should have worked."

"The Selector wanted more control. They think to themselves that we were ignoring them. Both bands were so busy, we had to think about things and things got put to one side for a bit."

"The trouble is, Jerry [Dammers, The Specials' benevolent dictator] doesn't trust no one."

Not even you?

"Not even me. He doesn't trust anybody. If Jerry doesn't do it himself, it's never done right as far as he's concerned. He just took too many things on. When someone takes so much on, some things are gonna have to get put to one side."

THIS PRESSURE on Jerry pushed him into corners. He'd never relished the idea of being a pop star but the disillusionment with the way 2 Tone was going, the strain of touring and the need to write a new album pushed Jerry closer and closer to the brink.

On the last tour there were stories of painful rows with





lively and the pressure was  
 them a further twist by the  
 break up with his girl friend of  
 many years. When Jerry returned  
 from the grind of the American  
 tour, he informed Jerry that she  
 could no longer handle Jerry's  
 bamboo, pop star against his  
 will. She packed her bags and  
 left.

"She was great," Lynam sighs.  
 "It affected him badly. He'd been  
 with her one girl for years. One  
 of the things is that he hates any  
 kind of violence. The National  
 Front and that. And he gives up  
 everything to fight for that cause.  
 I'm not saying they split up  
 because of that but the left  
 because she couldn't stand the  
 strain and pressure, I suppose."  
 "It's a lot better now. But it  
 was a strain for him. Especially as  
 he was doing the album at the  
 same time."

Then came the split with the  
 Selector, with Jerry's old friend  
 Neal Davis going his own way.  
 "We didn't do anything bad.  
 They had the freedom to do  
 anything they wanted to do. But  
 the actual timing on the label got  
 completely out of hand. A lot of  
 things that should have been  
 looked at, weren't."

One reason The Selects  
 departed for Chryselite was that it  
 wasn't doing money, wasn't it?  
 "Yeah—they got a better deal  
 than us."

But then The Selector promptly  
 split in two.

"The other two—Charley and  
 Bloomberg—and my best friends  
 but I think none of them was  
 right. Instead of sitting down to  
 talk it out, they just said, 'Well,  
 that's it.'"

"Now they've got their own  
 bands together with Silverton, the  
 Top Informer we had, and Chris,  
 the guy who used to be our guitar  
 reader. I think they're called The  
 Power."

And then finally, both The  
 Badnatchers and The Swinging  
 Cats threw in the towel.  
 "It was like this. Take The  
 Specials—we went through the  
 whole lot. We went from  
 standing with bands for a support

spot, we went the whole road.  
 We didn't turn the band one  
 month and suddenly we were a  
 hot."

"With The Badnatchers and  
 The Swinging Cats—they didn't  
 have to go through that really. To  
 me, I think the Swinging Cats  
 were just lazy anyway."

The Selector, though, was  
 different because some of them  
 have been playing in bands  
 together for years. It's not like  
 learning to play guitar and six  
 months later you're a success.  
 We've been doing it for years."

In the circumstances it's almost  
 surprising that The Specials  
 themselves have stayed together.  
 "I think now we're more  
 political in our songs. We've got  
 an aim to put across. The band's  
 got an aim." Earlier this year,  
 Lynam was arrested and thrown  
 outside a club while on a visit to  
 London.

"They were National Front  
 guys. I've never said it before but  
 they were. I've got this saying  
 about it—'Why?' I just had any  
 party who preach that you should  
 hate each other—the National  
 Front, The British Movement, The  
 Black Power Movement. I just  
 hate all that!"

Working with Brad Terry,  
 lively and semi-session  
 roudie, Lynam has been in the  
 studio to record the song plus a  
 few others. His first solo venture,  
 it might perhaps end up on a  
 Specials record the way Brad's  
 solo "Sack It To Em-Jee" was  
 snapped up for "More Specials".  
 "Oh, Jerry really likes it."  
 Lynam agrees. "He's been telling  
 me how much he likes it."

The tomato soup chockle  
 bubbles away again.

THE END of an era (it might be,  
 but 2 Tone is still there—just  
 undergoing a rethink for stage  
 two). The flip of "Do Nothing", a  
 timely version of Dylan's  
 "Maggie's Farm", has a  
 shimmering, rhythmic feel that  
 might be an indication of the way  
 The Specials must be going.

There's also a Rico album on  
 the way, and the 2 Tone film



"Dance Craze" (featuring The  
 Specials, Marlon, The Selector,  
 The Beat and The Boyznatchers)  
 will be released with a  
 soundtrack album in February.

right on the half-term holiday.  
 Lynam himself is still bubbling  
 with enthusiasm about the last  
 time The Specials played  
 together—in London's Haze &

Anchor. A tiny pub gig for the first  
 time in over a year.  
 "I think one thing we're going  
 to do a lot more in the future is  
 they small clubs. Because big

venues... you can't get across  
 to the audience as well as you  
 can in a small place."  
 Lynam should worry. That  
 while could bridge any gap.



PHILIP BALLARD

**DO NOTHING  
 BY THE SPECIALS**  
 ON 2 TONE RECORDS  
 Today I'll walk along this lonely street  
 Trying to find, find a future  
 New pair of shoes are on my feet  
 'Cos fashion is my only culture

**Chorus**  
 Nothing ever change  
 Oh no  
 Nothing ever change

People say to me just be yourself  
 It makes no sense to follow fashion  
 How can I be anybody else?  
 I don't try, I've got no reason 'cos

**Repeat chorus**  
 I'm just living in a life without meaning  
 I walk and walk, do nothing  
 I'm just living in a life without meaning  
 I talk and talk, say nothing

**Repeat chorus**  
 Walk along the same old lonely street  
 Still trying to find, find a reason  
 Policemen come and smack me in the teeth  
 I don't complain, it's not my function

**Repeat chorus**  
 They're just living in a life without meaning  
 I walk and walk, do nothing  
 They're just playing in a life without thinking  
 They talk and talk, say nothing

I'm just living in a life without meaning  
 I walk and walk, I'm dreaming  
 I'm just living in a life without meaning  
 I talk and talk, say nothing

**Words and music by Golding/Dammers  
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REQUEST  
TOP

# SHE'S SO MODERN

ARTIST: THE BOOMTOWN RATS

TITLE: SHE'S SO MODERN

YEAR: 1978 LABEL: ENSIGN

REQUESTED BY: DEBRA MAYHEW, OADBY,  
LEICESTER

Ga ga ga ga

La la la le . . .

*Chorus*

She's so 20th Century  
She's so 1970's  
She knows the right things to say  
She's got the right clothes to wear  
'Cos she's a modern girl, oh yeah  
A modern girl, yeah  
Ga ga ga ga  
A modern girl now, oh yeah  
(She's so modern)

And Suzie is a jewel  
She flashes when she smiles  
She's cunning and she's clever  
She's got the low-down in her files  
Magenta's the best  
You know she really makes me laugh

She's always trying her impressions  
She wants to be a photograph

I gotta say it now

*Repeat chorus*

La, la, la, la, le . . .

And Jean confided to me  
She's Mone Lisa's biggest fan  
She drew a moustache on her face  
She's always seen her as a man  
And Charlie ain't no Nazi  
She likes to wear her leather boots  
'Cos it's exciting for the veterans  
And it's the tonic for the troops

*Repeat chorus to fade*

Words and music by Geldof/Fingers  
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# BIRO buddies

Maies (2 mods, 1 heavy freak) wish to get in touch with good looking females of same musical interests (dislike punks). Also, we don't like Emmaerdale Farm, Hilda Ogden. Likes: parties and gigs. Aged 14-16. Send pics to: Adrian (Ade), Andrew (Doyley) and Andrew (White-mc), 8 Duncan Avenue, Revenshead, Notts.

Keen mod fan after male or female panel! (13-15), must be interested in all sports (hockey especially). Few groups: Bad Manners, Specials, Madness. Interested in writing letters and wearing bright colours. A.L.A. Apply to: Denise Crusty, 17 Tarporley Walk, Colshaw Farm, Wilmstown, Cheshire.

A good looking female (16-19) wanted. Reward: 2 good looking girls aged 16. Interests include football, all types of music (apart from Omadoms). Photos appreciated. Write to: Di, Jan, Lise and Karen, 26 Mynterne Court, Victoria Drive, Wimbeldon SW19 6BN.

Nicole Francis (15) requires male ted, must be into Elvis and Eddie Cochran, Dikalsk Jam, Specials and skin. Must have good collection of records and bridges for swapping. Aged 14-16. Please send photo to: 195 Wellington Place, Mullavington, Chippenham, Wilts.

Hi, I'm Dawn Woods, aged 14, and would like girl or boy panel aged 14-17. I like punks, skinheads and The Police. Please send photo to: The Woodman Inn, Clist, Hagley, Bromsgrove Road, W. Midlands.

Sensitive, intelligent (and modest) female wishes to converse in long satirical letters with humorous male (15). Preferred likes: Police, Floyd, Genesis and most types of music. Also must be into teddybears, furry sex, tight jeans and late nights. Write to: Alison Suda, c/o Two Tone Teddy, 57 Ockhill Road, Horsham, W. Sussex.

Anarchist punk wants punkette, nice looking, colourful, to write interesting letters about themselves. Send pic to: Ivan the Terrible, c/o Go Deal With The Plastics Club, 114 Riverside Road, Gloucester, GL4 9RY.

A blurred girl wishes to exchange computer recordings with machmen 16+ (earth years). Write to: Paul O'Hare, 31 Gentwood Road, Herton, Merseyside L36 2JH. Please send photograph.

Wanted: Maie, 18/20 (Colchester or Ipswich area) into Kraftwerk, Adam and the Ants, Human League, O.M.D., to converse with blitzy type girl. (Pic please). Romance is a must. Write to: Shez, 38 Dove Crescent, Dovercourt, Essex, CO21 4QY.

My name is Larry Watts (18) and I'm a soldier. I would like to write to any female (my age) with the same interests as myself. I like all sports, especially skiing, and my musical tastes cover everything from funk to classical, but do not punk. Send pic to: Gnr I Watts, O Bty, 2nd Field Regt RA, Larkhill Bks, Wilts.

We are three boys who want female panels, and our interests are football, having a laugh and mucking about. We all like The Police, Undertones and so on. Aged 14-16. Hope we get offers. Please send photos to: Pickles, Elvis and Keegan, 137 Gorwadd Road, Goverton, Swanssea, West Glam., Wales.

Sixteen-year-old, pretty ugly, and totally uninteresting female does not require good looking male. 16-19, does like art, Beatles, Genesis, Police, football, but not disco, heavy, punk, mod, bright colours, people. Don't write to Julie Kebrick, 41 Sidigate Avenue, Ipswich, Suffolk, on whom "Wuthering Heights" (TV level) has had an adverse effect.

My name is Sue, and I'm almost 16. I like all types of music except Beatoven, Straus, etc. My favourite group is The Police. I'm looking for good looking guys who are into tight jeans, motorbikes and Mers bars. My main hobby is enjoying myself. Send pic to: 9 Millfield Road, Newport, Isle of Wight, PO26 8RH.

Two 14-year-old mods require two pretty 14-15-year-old modette/trandy girls. Musical interest is wide but mostly into The Jam, Who, O.M.D., Secret Affair and more Jam. Also discos, swearing at teachers, irking posers, and girls. All letters answered. Please send pics to: Russell and Paul, 69 Hudson Road, Southsea, Hampshire.

Electronic warriors (14) into Joy Division, Cabaret Voltaire, Skids, Killing Joke, Public Image Ltd., and Human League wants panel with similar interests and/or is in a band or would like to form one. To swap ideas (pic if possible), write to: Neil Campbell, 54 Miller's Park, Wellingborough, Northants. Please send S.A.E. for reply!

Good looking girl wants a good looking male panelist, aged 16+. Likes most kinds of music especially Police, disco, parties, football (esp. Liverpool F.C.). Write to: Carole-An Underwood, 46 Symonds Avenue, Manor Farm Estate, Rommarsh, Rotherham, S. Yorks.

Thirteen-year-old girl would like to write letters and receive letters from handsome skinheads, aged 14+. Interests are ice-skating, discos, fashion, Madness, Selector and Specials. Especially The Police. Please send a photo if possible to: Mendy, 75 Lathmere Lane, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

I'm 18, like my music, football, writing and sport. Female panels wanted, and I will reply to all letters. Aged 15+, and please include photo if possible. Cheers: Keith Barrow, 245 Jarvis Walk, Bewick, Manchester.

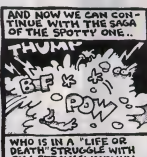
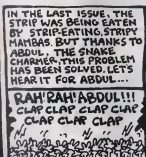
I like Madness, Specials and The Beat, but I hate heavy metal, rock 'n' roll and Numan. My hobbies are fishing, football and playing the trombone. Please write to: Stephen Wallace (12), 11 Ashcroft Road, Stoppely, Luton, Beds.

I'm called Angela but like to be called Angie. I'm looking for a 13-15-year-old male or female panelist. If you like listening to loud music, like Hazel O'Connor, The Jam and The Clash, and like discos, write to: Angie Bitheway, 8 Wessell Drive, Wribbenhall, Bewdley, Worces.

I am looking for a few nice boys to write to. I'm really mad about skinheads. My best hobbies are discos and writing to boys. I like listening to reggae and funk. Write to: Susan Fawcett (15), 37 Linthouse Lane, Wednesfield, Wolverhampton, W. Midlands.

Girl (18) into skins, wants to write/meet skinhead 16+. Interests include drinking, going to gigs when I can afford it, but mostly having a good time and a laugh. Write to: Claire Ward, 39 Wearside Road, Sherwood, Nottingham NG5 1DD.

Sixteen-year-old girl requires boys and girls into Numan, O.M.D. and Ultravox. Must have good sense of humour. I dislike heavy metal, rock 'n' roll and spem (food). Aged 16+. Write to: Heather Crocock, 15 Collinson Avenue, Souththorpe, S. Humberside.



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# LETTERS



Smash Hits Letters  
52-55 Carnaby Street  
London W1V 1PF

I WAS shattered, nay, heartbroken to hear that a small group of pseudo-headshrinkers have claimed possession of Mr. David Bowie and placed him in the dreaded "Kracpot Home For Aged Rock Stars". What an awful fate for one of the most influential men in the world of pop/rock. I am of course referring to Ms. Pauli Gill's rather pathetic epistle in issue November 27.

To clear up the remark about Mr. Bowie dressing up as a clown: he is quoted as saying, "I'm the last person to pretend that I'm a radio. I'd rather go out and be a colour television set." After all, he has been (and still is) a mime artist, a student at an arts lab, an actor, an artist—the list is endless.

So before you criticise Mr. Bowie's colourful world, Ms. Gill, take a look at your own black and white boring existence. *Graham Newton, Dunblane, Scotland.*

DEAR PAULI Gill and The Spiders From Mars,

I totally agree with you on the subject of Mr. Bowie's sanity, but you must agree that he makes very good music. I'm sure if we locked the idiot up in a straight jacket, and threw him into a concrete cell with a tape recorder, he'd still continue to turn out good music. And there'd be two advantages: the public wouldn't have to see his teeth, and he could dress up how he liked and carry on pretending to be an elephant. Hold on, that's three advantages.

*A stupid yellow bird who does corny TV ads and pretends that telephones don't cost much.*

I WOULD like to have a word with Pauli Gill and her maggots from Jupiter.

Firstly, Bowie is not senile. Secondly, he has his own teeth. Thirdly, he did not die a burger-stuffed person like Elvis. Sorry, Elvis fans, but I'm just making the point that Bowie has survived fifteen years of the rock business. Sorry if I'm seeming to take it all too seriously, but while I don't mind honest criticism, that was just mindless slagging of a great man.

Now I'll say something that will cause much argument in all music circles. I think David Hepworth is absolutely gorgeous! He can't review records for peanuts but he sure looks good. Yours evilly, *Sheela The Mad Irish Punk.*

DEAR SMASH HITS,

You said that we got our money's worth with Smash Hits after saying that the Japanese words in "This Wreckage" mean "I'm leaving now". Well, on Swap Shop, Gary said they mean "I leave you" and I'm sure Gary knows what he's talking about *Numanoid By The Park, London.*

Well, we did our checking with the Japanese Embassy and we're pretty sure they know what they're talking about! Call it a draw?

THERE ARE two questions in particular I would like to ask. Firstly, is Teardrop Explodes' Julian Cope married? Secondly, who is the gorgeous looking guy in the middle of the picture of The Cure (issue December 11)? Also a poster of Echo & The Bunnymen would be really appreciated. *A Bunnymen Fan From Bolton.*

The bad news for would-be Cope catchers is that Julian is already married, to a lady by the name of Kath. The other gentleman under scrutiny answers to the name of Simon Gallup and he's The Cure's new bass player. The Cure's first bassist, Michael Dempsey, can now be found in The Associates who recently released the much acclaimed "Affectionate Punch" LP. This gives us an excuse to print a picture of The Associates . . .



The Associates (left to right): Michael Dempsey (bass), John Murphy (drums), Alan Rankine (guitar) and Billy McKenzie (vocals).

IF MAWIS The Microchip is worried about the state of the country (issue November 27), I suggest she starts attacking Thatcher and not kids who write on walls to show their feelings. *Fred, Oxford.*

TO THE two Hazel O'Connor fans somewhere deep in Devon.

Browsin' throo me Smash Hits (issue December 11), I noticed a nasty comment you wrote about Toyah Wilcox,

saying that she was jealous because of not gettin' chosen for the part in "Breaking Glass".

Well, let me tell you, Toyah was not jealous 'cos she didn't get the part. It's just she could of dun a much better job of it. There's nothing wrong airin' your views about someone who can't act or sing. So stick that in your Hazel O'Connor momentums and smoke it.

*Sally, A Toyah, OMD, Bowie and Spandau Ballet Fan, sitting on a Canvey Island gas terminal.*

wearing make-up. But then again, they're all cowards down here.

Personally, I'm sick of the sight of blokes who look as though they could sandpaper a wall with their chins, or "rugged" Roger Moore types reeking of aftershave. And I'm sick of silly females teetering along on high-heels and stinking of cheap scent. None of these boring stereotypes are attractive. Thank goodness for people like David Bowie, David Sylvian and Dave Vanian of The Damned.

And yes, J.E., girls are jealous. Boys do look better in make-up than they do. Boys in make-up seem to have a tough, hard-edged glamour which looks enticingly, excitingly, sleazily, sificantly erotic. If you don't believe me, just get an eyeful of that singer and lead guitarist in that underpublicised group Bauhaus. *Vampire "Glam" Fan.*

Agreed, everyone? (Takes cover, expecting barrage of abusive replies)

IN ISSUE December 11, someone wanted a penfriend "who supports Liverpool" . . . "dislikes sport" and "must have a sense of humour". Well, it all follows, doesn't it?

*Annelise, who supports such people as The Jam, Springsteen and Parker.*

DEAR GIANNINA Cinilli (issue December 11),

The answers are (1) Definitely not on Sundays; (2) Famous Russian spy who uses all three names but is really Richard Jobson. *Another Elektrik Apricot.*

P.S. If I win, could you send the prize to the Home For Mentally Unstable Residents.

A COUPLE of months ago, a fellow Australian wrote in complaining about how Britons slag off the Yanks. What can this idiot expect when a Yank shoots John Lennon for no reason? I'm not saying that all Yanks are berks, only most of them. I don't think that all Pommies and Aussies are good, but the Yanks seem to be a very violent nation. Yours disgustedly, *Punky Rude Girl, Ewell, Surrey.*

Continues over

# LETTERS

From previous page

IF CHAPMAN gets away using the excuse that he was mentally disturbed and he didn't know what he was doing when he shot John Lennon, then America are a bigger bunch of idiots than I thought.

*Sam Slade, Birmingham.*  
P.S. Chapman must be turned over to Lennon fans for execution. It's the least America could do.

WE HAVE tragically lost a great man by a senseless, gruesome murder. Peace be with you forever, John Lennon. You were special. May you always be remembered for the fun and happiness you brought us through your music.

*Valerie Collins, an American (though not very proud of it at the moment) Beatles fan, Miami, Florida.*

## MOD — What Was It For?

We ruse like lions.  
To the sound of Secret Affair  
Yet we died like sheep  
To the next fashion  
Heroes we were  
In our two tone tonik suits  
Corner of the street we waited  
With our hair nice'n neat  
Along they came, our little  
moddies  
Proud'n'all they were  
Yet us "MODE" the big heroes  
Gave it all up  
So please somebody tell me  
MOD — what was it for?

*Disillusioned Ex-Mod.*

AHA! I DO declare I know the reason behind your recent price increase! My peepers have noticed that in the left-hand

corner of your front page you have printed "USA \$1.75"!

Don't tell me that you're making us pay extra for the benefit of the Yanks! If they get involved, we'll be invaded by Kiss, Leif Garrett and Ronald Reagan (and his Grecian 2000!) Spare a thought for us poor British mortals!  
*The Only NUFC Fan Left In Northumberland.*

Relax — the price increase was simply to cover inflation! The dollar price tag is totally separate and is just there to help any American newsgents who may stock Smash Hits! Don't you use exclamation marks a lot!

WHO IS this creep Mark Ellen who calls that great song "Banana Republic" by The Boomtown Rats, "a drab tedious calypso shuffle"? It has reached the Top 10 already, so who do you think is right — Mark Ellen or the hundreds of thousands of people who have already bought it?

*A Very Irritated Rats Fan, South Wales.*

Mark Ellen, of course.

WHO IS this smurf Mark Ellen? Is he another disco kid in disguise? His review of The Stranglers was total rubbish! Please would you ask him why he says "Dave Greenfield needs servicing — and soon" because the single "Tomorrow Was The Hereafter" was recorded even before their first single "Grip"! James & His Bunnymen, Brighton.

IS IT possible to print a photograph of Mark Ellen? Then I would be able to take it up the

garden and shoot it with my 1.77 rifle.  
*A Very Very Annoyed Blondie Fan From Sheffield.*

Your wish is granted . . .



PIC-A BOOTH

Mark Ellen sporting his most shootable critic's smirk.

EVERY WEEK I ask myself the same question: why do you employ morons like David Hewporth? His review of The Jam's "Sound Effects" was enough to make any blue-blooded human puke. He was meant to be reviewing the album, not trying to analyse the group or tell the great Paul Weller he "tries too hard". Come back Red Star — all is forgiven.  
*Chairperson, The "We Hate David Hewporth" Society, Croydon.*

Be fair — you can hardly review an album without analysing the group to some extent, now can you?

AT LAST somebody has the right idea concerning The Clash. I didn't think anybody had the

nerve to put them down. You must remember that they were originally PUNKS! Only three years ago they were producing classic cuts like "Remote Control" and "Tommy Gun", and now they churn out this — aptly named — "Egyptian Reggae". So please, less Clash and more Ronnie Gurr!  
*Jim R, A Villa Supporter And Damned Fan, Solihull.*

JUST WHO does Ronnie Gurr think he is? I suppose every Clash record has to be an other version of "White Riot" for you to like it. Comparing Joe Strummer to Barry Manilow is like comparing Chrissie Hynde to Cilla Black. If I was Joe, I'd smack Gurr in the teeth.

As for "failure creeps", Gurr doesn't know what he's talking about. The Clash have always stuck by what they said. In future why not stick to reviewing The Nolans? It's just about your league.

*One Angry Clash Fan.*

These have been two excerpts from our controversial new serial, "Ronnie Gurr — Birdbrain Or Punters' Pal?" To be continued . . .

THOUGH I am a Boomtown Rats fan (maybe that should be "was"), I can't help having a sneaking suspicion that "Banana Republic" is all a big joke on the part of Bob Geldof.

It will never cease to amaze me how "Banana Republic" actually manage to get into the Top 40, in spite of the fact that it is the work of a very popular and (normally) very talented group.  
*A Very Disillusioned And Dissatisfied Person.*

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# MY GIRL

By Rod Stewart on Riva Records

*Miss you babe, miss you babe*

She's everywhere I go  
She's everything I know  
And now I think she's finally touched my soul  
She's heaven here on earth  
Much more than I deserve  
And I don't wanna ever let her go

I'm getting used to all her ways  
Everything she says  
Her smiles, her frowns, her ups and all her downs  
She's every move that I make  
She's every breath I take  
She's gotta hold on me that I don't wanna break

I mean my girl (my girl, my girl) bring her home to me  
My girl (my girl, my girl) can't wait for you to see  
My girl (my girl, my girl) means everything to me  
My girl (my girl, my girl) my girl

My friends keep coming round  
Saying, "Come out on the town  
What's wrong? You ain't the guy we used to know"  
And I tell 'em, I say, "Without her by my side  
I'm only half alive"  
I love her so bad and I don't care if it shows

I mean my girl (my girl, my girl) bring her home to me  
My girl (my girl, my girl) means everything to me  
My girl (my girl) can't wait for you to see  
My girl, my girl, my girl, my girl

At least my heart has found a home  
This time I know where I belong  
I mean my girl (my girl, my girl) bring her home to me  
My girl (my girl, my girl) can't wait for you to see  
My girl (my girl, my girl) means everything to me  
My girl (my girl, my girl) I just wanna see  
My girl, my girl, my girl, my girl

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## LOVE ON THE ROCKS

By Neil Diamond on Capitol Records

*Love on the rocks, ain't no surprise  
Just pour me a drink and I'll tell you some lies  
Got nothing to lose so you just sing the blues  
All the time*

*Gave you my heart, gave you my soul  
You left me alone here with nothing to hold  
Yesterday's gone, now all I want is a smile*

*Chorus  
First they say they want you  
Hey, how they really need you  
Suddenly you find you're out there  
Walking in a storm  
And when they know they have you  
Then they really have you  
Nothing you can do or say  
You've got to leave, just get away  
We all know the song*

*You need what you need  
You can say what you want  
Not much you can do  
When the feeling is gone  
May be blue skies above  
But it's cold when your love's on the rocks*

*Repeat chorus  
Love on the rocks, ain't no big surprise  
Just pour me a drink and I'll tell you no lies  
Yesterday's gone, now all I want is a smile*

*Words and music by N. Diamond/G. Becard  
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**SMASH HITS**  
GEN X