

SMASH
HITS

HITS



BANANARAMA

HIT SONGS BY ROXY MUSIC, MOTORHEAD, KIM WILDE & MANY MORE
DAVID SYLVIAN, CLASSIX NOUVEAUX & MONSOON IN COLOUR

★★★ MEAT LOAF · SQUEEZE · BARDO ★★★



ROXY MUSIC

MORE THAN THIS

I could feel though at the time
There was no way of knowing
Fallen leaves in the night
Who can say where they're blowing
As free as the wind
Hopefully learning
Why the sea on the tide
Has no way of turning

More than this
You know there's nothing
More than this
Tell me one thing
More than this
There's nothing

It was fun for a while
There was no way of knowing
Like a dream in the night
Who can say where we're going
No care in the world
Maybe I'm learning
Why the sea on the tide
Has no way of turning

More than this
You know there's nothing
More than this
Tell me one thing
More than this
No there's nothing

More than this
Nothing
More than this
More than this
Nothing

Words and music by Farry
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On Polydor Records



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COVER: BANANARAMA BY SHEILA ROCK

WEA y **eternal** PRESENTA

Uno:
I would hate to think you'd lose your passion when you
leave the drink.

Uno:
If there's only one 'no more stinky eyes'... I wouldn't take so long to realize...
Just
I don't know, but I've been told... you don't know nothing 'til you're in... cold
set the bells ring out with a warning chime... don't trust the position 'til the test of time!

Uno:
you think you've got it all worked out...
but things you've never thought about can change your mind...
31/01
... now we know, we're steady, steady, set to go



We could
not remember...
—because we were
too far and
could not
remember..

REMEMBER

NEW SINGLE DI

SHAMBEKO! SAY WAH!

7 + A CRACK IS A CRACK
12 + A CRACK IS A CRACK
& CATWALK CRACK

UNA PRODUZIONE CLIVE LANGER
IN ASSOCIAZIONE CON LA ALAN WINSTANLEY
MUSICA DI PETE WYLIE Y WASHINGTON
DESIGNATORE BOB WAKELIN

eternal

ZAZU 1

Meat Loaf

IN



“RAGING BULL”

Full supporting cast includes Mark Ellen as The Reporter, Leslie as Mrs Loaf, Uncle Freddie as The Minder and The Sheriff as himself.

Shot entirely on location on the Loaf Ranch, Connecticut, U.S.A.

Let's face it: America was never a place for subtlety. If you want to make an impression, you've got to be louder, grosser, crazier, weirder, more of a caricature than the rest of them. The more basic, the more larger than life, the better.

Snap on a New York TV set and you get a fair idea of the teenage staple diet. Cartoons. One after another. Thundarr the Barbarian battles for peace and justice. Bug-breeding mad entomologist, Dr. Nat Crawley, destroys the human race. Lovable arach gun-slinger, Sheik Yerbouti, "gets all the oil in the world for our beloved *Yew Ess of Aacy!*"

Then there's the "educational" programmes — also cartoons — introduced by a caped crusader named Schoolhouse Rock, a firm believer that "knowledge is power". And Planet Janet, "the galaxy girl", with whom we zoom from Venus to Mars to Jupiter as she relays vital facts and figures via a series of song and dance routines.

And then there's the adverts. More cartoons. Wacky folk like Count Chocula, a vendor of munchy breakfast cereal. Or the Cookie Crook, a biscuit-bearer. Or a rather peculiar frog that eats peanut butter. There's even

a "Create-A-Monster Comp." with one brand of cereal. Dream up some superhuman sloh and "you might just win a day's trip to Hollywood!"

Is it any wonder that the consumers of the States have bought over 5 million Meat Loaf albums?

Meat is insured for three million. That works out at about £75,000 per pound ...

Such were the thoughts, dear reader, that ran through your reporter's mind as he watched the Connecticut countryside brush silently past the windscreen. Beside him is our man from CBS Records, New York, spinning the wheel of a vast, barge-like motor car and telling him that in America — where, if you're not selling a million copies per album, you're not really in the race at all — an act like Meat Loaf on your roster is "like having a licence to print money".

We're en route for a World Exclusive. The first interview ever to be conducted. Chez Meat.

Since marrying some three years back, and becoming a Dad, our hero has, I'm told, retired to relative seclusion in his pricey retreat — and generally ceased being the hell-raising hulk that first made him a household name. A life, in short, of domestic bliss and contentment. This I had to see.

The leafy woodlands are studded with luxurious cedar cabins and roads with names like "Deepwood Eagle Drive". Jan Hunter lives around here. So do various Manhattan politicians and big businessmen.

Suddenly we slide between two stone gateposts and surr quietly to rest upon a large gravel driveway scattered with cars and pick-up trucks. Before us is a palatial two-storey abode, its gleaming paintwork and polished fittings winking in the noontday sun. The door slides open and reveals Mrs. Loaf, or Leslie, with two sun-kissed blonde kids, Pearl and Amanda. So far, perfect.

The Loaf Lodge is every pop star's dream: a swimming-pool scooped out of the patio; a pine-wood sunhouse, complete with barbecue; a vast library of video movies; an Asteroids machine, Kiss pinball and

around 65 TV video games which Meat plays so much he gets sore thumbs though he's rarely — if ever — beaten. The walls are hung with countless gold discs. The grand piano is decorated with a cut-glass Tiffany ornament presented to Meat by CBS for shipping 5 million copies of the "Bat Out Of Hell" LP outside of the United States.

And sprawled on the sofa is the man himself, feverishly stabbing at the console of a TV Ice-Hockey game. He leaps up, pumps my hand, marches upstairs and plumps himself down in his office. Leslie and our man from CBS follow behind and perch somewhat anxiously in the corner. He sinks onto the cushions, nursing a glass of iced ginger ale and fixes your reporter with a weary eye.

Does everyone call him Meat, I wonder.

"Everyone," he bellows, as if addressing Wembley Arena. "The name's Meat Loaf!"

Fine. First, a few facts. He's 30, he says, wears flared jeans with a 42" waist, weighs 20 stone, tries occasionally to slim but ends up eating six times the required diet ration and has also sold 10 million copies of "Bat" worldwide and 3 million of its

successor, "Dead Ringer".

He must be, I suggest, a valuable man. A walking goldmine. Is he insured?

"Yeah. Probably for about three million bucks."

Three million! Imagine it. This particular brand of Meat Loaf works out at about £75,000 per pound.

What if he lost weight? What would happen then?

"Nothing. I'd probably get offered better film parts."

Wouldn't being thin destroy the whole idea of Meat Loaf?

"No, 'cos I'll never be little. I'm big. I can be little."

"Tell him your joke, Meat." Leslie pipes up. "You know how people always say that inside every fat person there's a skinny person trying to get out? I say inside me there's an even fatter person trying to get out!"

He doesn't seem much like the superhero on both the LP covers. "I'm not him," declares Meat. "That's just an image for the record. There's images for the live show too — King Kong, Godzilla, The Incredible Hulk. I'm a monster, that's my idea of

who I am. But I'm not like that off stage. I'm down in the living-room playing video games, playing Ice Hockey like a

People relate to me ... I don't look like Rod Stewart ...

nine-year-old. I always said if I took the person onstage offstage he would kill somebody!"

He doesn't go out much anymore, he says, especially since the recent death of his old mate John Belushi. They met about ten years back working on National Lampoon's satirical review and Belushi (star of "Animal House") has just died of excessive living.

Every time he walked into a room, everybody expected him to be this guy who ate cardboard boxes and jumped out of windows and lived this fast life and ate a lot and made everybody in the room laugh. Same with me. I'm obliged to be Meat Loaf. So I cooled it. I reacted pretty good. I'm still alive," he points out, "which is more than I can say for some people."

So why's he been successful? What's the attraction?

"People relate to me as if they could be me. I'm just another person. I don't look like Rod Stewart, or Robert Plant or

Freddie Mercury."

Yet he's always surrounded by extremely attractive women on stage . . .

"Right. I always sing with great-looking girls. So it's like: 'Wow, if he can do it, I can do it'. That's what I'm trying to give people. That there's hope for everyone to do what they want to do. But it's not going to be handed to ya on a plate. You gotta work your ass off for it!"

Some people think it's just a big joke.

"Me?" he thunders.

You, I quake. You the macho hike-rider, the crooning Casanova, the rock star . . .

"A lot of it is tongue-in-cheek but if they want to take the overall thing as joke," he decides, "then they can't think much of themselves as a person. People only make fun of you and make jokes if they're not very confident in themselves."

What about the theory that his song-writer, Jim Steinman, simply wrote the material and then created Meat, like a Frankenstein's monster, to be the front man?

"That's the line I used with Steinman. Steinman's solo album came out with a sticker saying: 'By the creator of 'Bat Out Of Hell''. And I picked up the phone and I proceeded to call him and said: 'Look, you ain't no Doctor Frankenstein and I ain't no monster, Jack, 'cos that ain't

how it works. 'Cos I'm not anybody's monster. Not anybody's creation!'

Five minutes back he'd said he was a monster. Proud of it, too. He means, I guess, that he's nobody's monster but his own.

But it soon transpires that he isn't. This three million dollars worth of prime public property is currently immersed in various legal wrangles that make your average Crown Court sitting seem like a parking fine.

Evidently when both Meat and Steinman set forth together, they signed a joint management contract. The unsuspecting Meat must have failed to read the small print because, when the cash started rolling in, not much if it seemed to roll in his direction. Now he's trapped: if he

"I'm not anybody's monster!"

sticks with his manager he gets a very small cut of the earnings; if he breaks the contract, he'll have to pay loads of legal fees. Every which way he loses.

Meat chose the latter. Steinman the former, so the Loaf is now left with neither manager nor song-writer and is still shelling out cash to cover the costs.

"I don't have any money," he insists. "Are you kidding? My money . . ." he indicates the





MUSIC OF QUALITY AND DISTINCTION

VOLUME ONE

TINA TURNER BALL OF CONFUSION
BILLY MACKENZIE THE SECRET LIFE OF ARABIA
PAUL JONES THERE'S A GHOST IN MY HOUSE
PAULA YATES THESE BOOTS
ARE MADE FOR WALKING
GARY GLITTER SUSPICIOUS MINDS

BERNIE NOLAN YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON
GLENN GREGORY WICHITA LINEMAN
SANDIE SHAW ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART
GLENN GREGORY PERFECT DAY
BILLY MACKENZIE IT'S OVER



AVAILABLE AS A LONG
PLAYING RECORD, A CASSETTE AND



AS A SPECIAL COLLECTORS EDITION
BOXED SET OF 5 DOUBLE A SIDE SINGLES

SINGLE CURRENTLY AVAILABLE

B.E.F. PRESENTS



ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART FEATURING SANDIE SHAW



Meat the wife, Leslie.

house. "... you're sitting in it!" He then begins a detailed run down of lack of earnings, leaving our man from CBS looking faintly uncomfortable.

"In 1978," moans Meat, "Bat Out Of Hell" grossed for the record company 64 million dollars. Now let's break that down, okay? Let's say CBS get 75%. That leaves me 25%. But out of my 25% along comes... yer manageeerr! Heeey! He gets 20%. Then along comes... yer ageent! He gets 10%. Oh, and then your business manageeerr! And he gets 5%. And then you get your legal fees, and they get a quarter of a million dollars. Alright, then the Government comes along and says: 'right, give us our 50%.' And out of the 64 million dollars, you got a huck and a half!"

And with that he dives off for a shower.

Readers, as he wandered back below and resumed his game of TV Skalom Skiing, your reporter felt more than a twinge of sympathy for the maltreated Meat. Here was a man being hounded on all sides by legal moguls, all demanding their slice of the pie and — hy the sounds of things — very little of this pie remained. Apart from his highly desirable residence, the weighty warbler had been milked of practically every

penny he'd earned.

I said apart from the house. That was before the Sheriff arrived. In he wanders, possibly armed, leaving a large convertible cooling outside. He's carrying papers. Legal papers.

Leslie gives him a frosty reception, grabs the papers and calls up the showering Meat on the internal phone. Your reporter and our CBS friend exchange anxious looks.

"I always said if I took the person on-stage off-stage he would kill somebody!"

Leslie proceeds to read an extract in a shrill, quavering voice. Enough to make it uncomfortably clear to all and sundry that this is a final demand from Meat's ex-manager requesting he hand over the house as well. Every last cent of it.

The Sheriff already legged it, incidentally. Hopped in the motor, nipped down the drive and off. No fool, this man.

There's a painful silence broken a full five seconds later by a muffled roar from upstairs. The roar develops into a high-pitched howling and this — as it nears the top of the stairs — soon resembles the sound of a large herd of drunken buffalo on

a cross-country run.

It is, of course, Meat Loaf, and he's none too happy. He thunders down the stairs — about ten at a time — and with the immortal words: "I'm gonna get that sucker. Ahm gonna not his ass to the floor!" disappears into a nearby store-room.

Seconds later, he's come charging out wielding a three-foot baseball bat and claiming that he intends to do something rather painful with it to the Sheriff.

Leslie's hysterical. She's back on the phone, this time to Meat's all-purpose minder and right-hand man, "Uncle Freddie". Freddie "looks after" Meat, and if ever he was needed the time would appear to be now.

"Freddie," she wails, "get over here right away, you hear me? Meat is... ah... a little upset. He's got a baseball bat... he's getting in the car... he's driving awaaaay. I'm afraid Meat is goin' to do something he might well regret. FREDDIE I THINK HE'S GONNA GO OUT THERE AND KILL SOMEBODDY!"

And she may have a point. The lumbering Loaf has leapt into a parked Mercedes and spun out of the drive spraying his freshly-laid turf with gravel. The baseball bat is clearly visible propped beside him in the passenger seat. With his wet hair flopping out behind him, I'm not sure he hasn't started to steam.

This is embarrassing for our man from CBS. Very embarrassing. "Ah, Mark, ah, I tend to think this is not the, ah, ideal time to be here with Meat. I, ah, suggest we pull out." Good thinking, this. He obviously values his life.

We sidle softly to the door, mutter our goodbyes to the

"Meat is... ah... a little upset. He's got a baseball bat... I think he's gonna go out there and kill somebody!"

sohking Leslie and tip-toe in the direction of the car. Leslie, we hear, has just despatched Uncle Freddie to scour the countryside for a 280-pound madman driving a Merc, waving a baseball bat and assaulting every Sheriff in sight. As we spring into the motor, something answering this description comes belting through the gates and screeches to a halt, ejecting bat and Loaf straight through the open door which is then promptly slammed. We drive nervously away with renewed cries of "Ah! I get that sucker's ass!" ringing in our ears. Neither of us dares look at each other 'til we're at least ten miles clear.

Meat Loaf — the reformed rocker? The peace-loving father of two? The alert young businessman in control of his own destiny?

Not on Fridays, that's for sure.



SPANDAU BALLET

instinction

Stealing cake to eat the moon

Cheap bed in the red
Sleep the words out of your head
Cold floor nice and raw
Eat the meat that's on the floor
High tide some disguise
Loving makes the cream taste nice
New shore final score
Fresh demand I'm wanting more

This might not last too long
So always take it
This might not last too long
So take it

Chorus

Reasons, reasons were here from the start
It's my instinction, it's my instinction
Reasons, reasons were part of the art
It's my instinction, it's my instinction

You cry justify
But deep beneath the feelings lie
Photo looking old
Memory makes the day feel cold
They've gone sing your song
Walk the flow ah, too slow
Post boom second doom
Stealing cake to eat the moon

This might not last too long
So always take it
This might not last too long
So take it

Repeat chorus

It's my instinction
Cheap bed in the red
You cry justify
Post boom second doom
Stealing cake to eat the moon

Repeat chorus

It's my instinction
Stealing cake to eat the moon

Words and music by G. Kemp

Reproduced by permission Reformation Publishing Co. Ltd.
On Reformation Records



AMOUR AMOUR

THE

MOBILES

A kind of fascination
Take me by surprise
A mirror duplication
Make me twist, despise
Your demonstrations, impulse love

I may be like a brother
I may be like a wife
Flash and blood has made me
Your daughter now for life
Despite your demonstrations, impulse love
Despite your demonstrations, amour amour

Chorus

Amour, amour
Amour, amour
Amour, amour
Amour, amour

In this world of illusions
I thought I had a friend
My only real conclusion
is always had to end
Despite your demonstrations, impulse love
Despite your demonstrations, amour amour


Repeat chorus

You have taken, forced your way inside
Penetrating what's left of my pride

A kind of fascination
Take me by surprise
A mirror duplication
Make me twist, despise
Your demonstrations, impulse love

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Madge/Blundell/Smithson/Lynton
Reproduced by permission Servecity Ltd./Leasong Ltd.
On Rialto Records



Kim Wilde

VIEW FROM a BRIDGE

Chorus
View from a bridge
Can't take any more
View from a bridge
Can't take any more

I guess it all began about a year ago
Like a cheap love magazine
You know the kind you read about and have to laugh
At the pages in between
Now I can't believe that fool inside is me
Cause I just can't face the world I've grown to see

Repeat chorus

I saw you kissing her
I saw you making her
In the soft sheets in between
But when you turned around I saw your eyes were fire
And you crashed out all my dreams
And like a fool I just stood there and let it go
I should have fought right back
And let my feelings show

Repeat chorus

You sure as hell knew how to make a fool outta me
Well you cut me down for the things you want
And now it's killing me

I'll lay it on the line now
We're running outta time now

But then a voice said jump
And I just let go
And I'm floating out in space
But then I feel your arms and I turn around
To a ghost without a face
And I just don't know what's fact or fantasy
Cause when I look below the bridge
I see it's me

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by R. Wilde/M. Wilde
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Rickim Music Ltd./Rak Publ. Ltd.
On Rak Records.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS



monsoon

ever so lonely

Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely without you
Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely without you
Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely without you

Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely without you
Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely without you

Be my friend
Be my friend
Be my friend tonight

Hath mae
Hath mae
Hath mila kay

Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely without you
Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely without you
Be my friend
Be my friend
Be my friend tonight

You know you are the only one
You know you are the only one

Be my friend
You know you are the only one
Be my friend
You know you are the only one yeah

Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely without you
Ever so lonely
Ever so lonely without you
Ever so lonely
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Steve Coe
Reproduced by permission Indipop Music/Virgin Music Ltd.
On The Mobile Suit Corporation



HORACE STORY

The Special AKA as duo following the departure of bassist Horace Gentleman whose increasing involvement suggests a particularly odd "personal improvement" tended to make it difficult for the rest of the band, Jerry Dammers and drummer Brad, to relate to.

Since Terry (yaval and Nevz) flew the coop and found happiness as The Fun Boy Three, The Specials have been pretty much inoperative: their only vinyl excursions being a couple of back-up stints with Rico and Rhoda Dakar. Roddy Radiation handed in his cards recently to devote more time to his Teenagers and now Horace Gentleman leaves only Brad to back us Dommers.

Hardly a fully equipped line-up.



Horace Gentleman

As you read this, Gary Numan will be in Los Angeles house hunting. The Pale And Interesting One has left Britain for at least a year for tax reasons and also because he wants to have a serious crack at the American market. A new album is already in the can (as they say) and should be released in three months time, preceded by a single at the beginning of May.

Gary, who has taken his parents with him, plans to put together a new band using some of the musicians who've accompanied him on previous occasions and hopes to tour America in the near future. No British dates are scheduled in the foreseeable future.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

- 15th April: **Dave Edmunds** (38)
- 21st April: **Iggy Pop** (35), **Mike Barson** (24)
- 25th April: **Roger Taylor of Duran Duran** (22)
- 27th April: **Marco Pirroni** (23), **Sheena Easton** (23)



THE VINYL FRONTIER

If it's read, digest and prepare to shell out time. Here we are again with news of the record companies latest hunch of new releases.

Number one is the new single from **Bad Manners**, revealingly entitled "Got No Brains". It's due for release on April 16 and will be available in a picture bag designed by bass player David Farren. Next up is the **Split Enz**

album, called "Time And Tide" (A&M), released on April 19 with a single, "Six Months In A Leaky Boat", preceding it by a matter of days.

Fans of the late and (some say) lamented **Swell Maps** will be pleased to hear that Rough Trade are putting out a 15 track compilation album on April 16 for a mere £3.

The **Comsat Angels** unleash their third album, "It's History", at the end of April. Any change in style will be down to Peter Wilson (The Jam's producer) who's masterminded their latest effort.

The **Clash**, who have spent the better part of the last year in foreign parts, come up with a new single on April 23 under the title of "Know Your Rights" (also the billing for their late April concerts).

And finally **Kid Creole**, the trendiest name of the last year if not exactly the most bankable, is celebrating his first British tour with an album called "Tropical Gangsters" and a 45, "Wonderful Thing", both coming your way on April 19.

Joe Jackson is back -- but without the trumpets, trombones and saxophones of his Jumpin' Jive era. Together with his old bass player, Graham Maby, and his drummer Larry Tollfree, he's formed a new band, and is currently recording an album in New York. The new single and album are due to be released on June 25, and a live gig at the London Dominion (June 29) has been planned to launch his new material.

And there was a pushing and a shoving and a popping of flashcubes down the Oxford Street HMV store the other week when **Haircut One Hundred** did what's known in the Biz as an "In Store Appearance". Many happy hours were spent scribbling their signatures on records, articles of clothing, shoes, etc., while a queue stretched out the front and half-way round the side of the shop.

With the UK tour now behind them, the Haircuts are taking a well-earned rest. Nick Heyward has just flown to Greece to sun up on some forsaken beach

stead, presumably pondering upon the latest band venture. The Haircut One Hundred TV Show. Plans for this -- vague as they may be -- are most definitely in the pipeline. Nick's been sketching out a few scripts along with comedian Chris Langham, who's to be seen on engaging form in the recently released "Secret Policeman's Other Ball". Whatever the outcome, it ought to be screened in the autumn and is rumoured to be along the same lines as "The Monkees" shows of which Nick is a great admirer. You haven't heard the last!



The sextet suffer a bad attack of writer's cramp. (l-r) Phil, Nick, Mark, Graham, Blair, Les

SMASH HITS
badge
OFFER
TOKEN

Anybody out there not got the three tokens required to secure your set of five free badges? Here's the promised bonus token. Send all three together with a stamped addressed envelope to Smash Hits Badge Offer No. 6, Checkmate Ltd, PO Box 50, Market Harborough, Leics and you will in due course become the lucky owner of badges featuring **The Human League**, **Ultravox**, **Siouxsie & The Banshees** and **Smash Hits!** Start snipping!



YOUR
NAME
HERE

DESIGN A SLEEVE

and get yourself a brand new PIGBAG kit.

Yes friends, you too can become just like the young lady on the left (unless your name's Graham or something); the fully-equipped Pigbag fan, complete with autographed copy of the "Doctor Heckle And Mister Jive" album, a meriting poster and, most exclusive and enviable of all, a beautifully designed full-colour Pigbag tee-shirt with (wait for it) your own name printed in the top left-hand corner! How's that for one-upmanship?

All you have to do to be in with a chance of one of the twenty such sets we're offering is to show off your artistic skills and all-round originality by producing an illustration suitable for the sleeve of the reissued single, "Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag".

It could be a wacky cartoon, a portrait of the band, or Papa, or the pigbag itself, or just an out-and-out abstract which you feel matches the wild and woolly appeal of the tune. You can use pen and ink, crayon, paints; anything you like but please, not pencil. Send your effort to **Pigbag Competitions, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to arrive on or before April 28th. On that day we'll be calling in Pigbag to pick the winners.

Don't forget to put your full name and address on the back of your entry, plus your tee shirt size (small, medium or large); and if you want your piece of work returned then you must enclose a stamped addressed envelope suitable for despatching it back in your direction.

NEW SINGLE

REALLY SAYING SOMETHING

Available on 7" and 12"



BANANARAMA & FUN BOY THREE



CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Dollar's current record label (1,1,1).
- Minutes --- Stranglers
- Clare's sort of images
- Rhythmic statement by Vicky D (4,4,2,4)
- Down n' Vexa marry --- the
Just When I Needed You Most
hit-maker (5,9 anag)
- Successful disc
- Maiden's metal
- Drum --- Japan album
- Rockpile mainman (4,7)
- He's known as loopy Lou
- They went top 10 with
'Babydon's Burning
- Mickey-making Beal
- Liverpool label with a
Tear-drop connection
- It's 23 ----- (6)
- Sweet as Ms Bane
- Resilient songstress who's
been around since the '60s
(4,3)
- Girl group that included
Cherie Currie and Joan Jet
- and Dolls --- the group
that spawned Dollar
- They had a higgie with
Toccata'

DOWN

- 'Polican ----' --- Haircut's
album
- Vain Biza guard --- that
'Classic' provider (5,7 anag)
- Terry, Neville and Lynval
(3,3,5)
- Her first name is Sheena
- Marsden --- Whitesnake
axeman
- TV home for the Bucketeers
- Record-shaped
- 'Beat The Beat' Wilson
- A hit-parading Club
- Browns, the 'Money in
My Pocket' man
- Shaky's damp hit (3,7)
- '--- Upon A Time --- Siouxsie
album
- Bubbly family group from
Essex
- Cliff, the ever-young one
- '--- Guys Have All The Luck'
--- Robert Palmer
- The punky Frauline Hagen
- Fucker up for these U.S.
beavies
- Weller's wonders



ANSWERS ON PAGE 40

R.S.V.P.

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

- A gorgeous lad wanted for a girl into The Human League, Duran Duran and Haircut One Hundred. Must be aged between 13-14, as I am 13. I enjoy sport and going to discos. My dislikes are heavy metal and homework. Write to Dawn at 97 Kings Drive, Lily, Warral, Murrumbidgee L81 9QA.
- I'm we're three loopy girls. Our names are Louise, Hilary and Julie. We like ABC, Haircut One Hundred, Duran Duran etc. We dislike (very much) heavy metal and Adam And The Ants. Contact us at: Julie Smythe, 24 York Road, Watford Fields, Watford, Herts.
- 15-year-old Australian girl would like to hear from anyone and anything over 15. You must like Adam, Classic

Nouveau, Depeche Mode etc. Write to me, Lisa Jeffries at: 155 Birkett Street, Diamella 6662, Perth W. A., Australia.

- Female futurist (15) seeks a male counterpart. I like Japan, Depeche Mode, OMD, etc. Dislikes: punk, heavy metal and (Shy). I'm interested, write to Elaine at: 31 Lucerne Road, Redcar, Cleveland. Pics appreciated!
- I am a tall, handsome 16-year-old male who likes The Human League, The Jam, SLF, UB40 and more. All nice girls are welcome to write to me. Contact: Andy Mayne, Mount Seiborough, Racton, Mogherressey, Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh, N. Ireland.
- We're two females (15) both looking

for boys, and tons of 'em. Fave groups are Haircut One Hundred, Depeche Mode and OMD. Kirk Hayward lookalikes are very welcome. Please send pics if possible to: Sofia n' Avril, 5 Peppy Close, Northfleet, Kent DA11 5ER.

- Red-haired 17-year-old girl from Thailand wants to write to someone, as I will be visiting this Summer and would like to have some friends. I like David Bowie, Japan, jazz and boys and girls with good taste. Write to me: Heidi Layman, at: Metta Saitiansakul 17, 53820 LPR 92, Finland.
- I am 14 and completely dotty about Duran Duran, especially Roger Taylor. I also like The Human League, Japan and more. I would like to swap things with other fans. Contact: Nadia Ordunana, 44 Burnham Court, Brent Street, Hendon, London NW4 2RF.
- 13-year-old female pacifist anarchist punk would like to hear from any other punks, especially those living in Gloucester. I like most punk groups, but mainly listen to Genesis. Write to George at: Park Springs Farm, Heatham Road, Gainsborough, Lincs DN21 1PT.
- My name is Deb and I'm 17, I am a UB40, Steel Pulse and Hansi O'Connor fan. I think that Cyrille Regis should've been playing for England ever since he's first learnt to kick a ball. If you agree, send your pic to: Deb, 5 Lincoln Hill, Anstey, Nr. Buntingford, Herts.
- 15-year-old male, with great taste in make-up and hair colours,

- obsessed with Gary Numan and even looks like him, dresses as a gangster or like an extra from 'Star Wars', requires people. Dedicated Human fans very welcome. Must be crazy. Write to me, Paul Graham, at: 23 Lochalsh Drive, Foxbar, Paisley PA2 9BL.
- 14-year-old male heavy metal fan: Jeff Iron Maiden, Quo, AC/DC and the old Sabbath, wishes to write to girls aged 13-15. Please write to Pecker at: 50 Upper Carr Lane, Cotswold, Fudsey, W. Yorks. Thanks a bunch.
- My name is Peter Clarke. I am 15, tall, dark and handsome. I am also very modest. I like Duran Duran, Japan etc. I seek a female aged 13-15. Contact me at: Jeffrey Peace, Park Lane, Sharnbrook, Beds.
- My name is Lisa, penpal aged 12-14 wanted. Anyone from Timbucto to Pluto is welcome to write. I like Toyah, the Haircuts and The League. Pick up your pen and contact: Lisa, 145 Mitcham Court, Crowdon, Surrey CR8 3BE.
- Hi, we're two gorgeous females who want to write to any nice males aged 14. We're into all heavy music. We like going to discos, but dislike Shaky. Please send pics and info to: Catherine and Nicola, 15 Bryneclyu, Nelson, Mid. Glam.
- I am 15, like Madness, Fun Boy Three, OMD and Salt Cell. I want all males aged 14-17 to write to me, please. Contact me, Anna Prosser, at: Willy Green, Fox Withington, Nr. Harlow, HRT1 1NQ.

the PICTURES

When Madness planned a major TV advertising blitz for their upcoming "Complete Madness" greatest hits album, they picked an experienced salesman to do the voice-over for the commercials, namely Arthur Dalry (George Cole) of "Minder" fame. It's Arthur's persuasive tones you'll hear from April 23rd onwards and he's pictured (right) giving Bedders, Lee and Woody the benefit of his vast marketing experience. But the really exciting news for nutty folk with video machines is that Stiff are also putting out a "Complete Madness" video cassette featuring the cream of their brilliant promotional mini-movies.



PH: PAUL SIBBERY



PH: ORIGINAL VISION

Let us present (from left to right) **Angie Bowie** in toothache bandage, **Steve "Sharp Shadax" Jansan**, **David Sylvian** without his foundation and **Mick Kern** in pegsod-shaped sports jacket. The occasion? The opening of Mick's second exhibition of his very own sculptures. The place? Hamilton's Gallery in Carlos Place, London W.1. (Alias, unless there is massive public demand, the exhibition closes on April 14). The prices? They range from £350 to a mere £2,750 an item. The one above? It's called "Satis Verborum". Now don't be silly and ask us what that means.

Operating on the "if you've got it — flaunt it" principle, **Josie** of Leeds duo **Vicious Pink Phenomena** (left) shows off most of her 36" legs (longer than our Features Editor's and he's 6' 3")! **Josie** and partner **Robert Reeval** have just unleashed their David Ball-produced vinyl debut, "My Private Tokyo", after cutting their musical teeth singing back-ups for their old pals **Soft Cell** on "Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret". Other interesting **Josie** facts; she originally wanted to be an air-hostess, her hobbies are "boys and leather" and close friend call her **Fifi**. Suits her.

RAINBOW

RAINBOW

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THE NEW ALBUM
'STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES'
INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLE
'STONE COLD'

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PRODUCED BY ROGER GLOVER.



mixed

DOUBLES

Bardo, clear Eurovision favourites, tell their story to **Ian Birch**, who really likes their record (no fooling!).

The lady at Epic Records took some time to convince. Yes, we do like "One Step Further" by Bardo. It's a fun-charged hip-swiveller in the grand tradition of Dollar and Bucks Fizz. Yes, we know it's the British entry for the Eurovision Song Contest this month, but why should that matter?

The big problem here is that the competition has such a gritty reputation. Because groups are created to fit the song, the assumption is that the group has to be nauseating.

But this isn't always the case. Look at Abba, who first leapt into the limelight back in '74 with their Euro-winner "Waterloo".

The same applies to Bucks Fizz, who scored first prize last year with "Making Your Mind Up".

Unlike Abba, Bucks Fizz were manufactured by a production company for the occasion but then went on to prove that such bands could develop their own identity and sound. Bardo could easily follow in these footsteps.

The secret is experience. Like Bucks Fizz, Bardo have spent years hoofing around the showbiz circuit. Sally-Ann Tripietti (20) started at the tender age of three when she took up dancing lessons. After school she spent two years studying "musical theatre" which led to a wide range of bizarre activities.

She joined a circus and rode an elephant. "I was petrified for the first two weeks. Elephants are so hairy. Mine certainly was. It was also really lazy so at least I didn't

get thrown around too much."

She played a summer season in Cannes and got a sun-tan. She was the Swing Girl (a sort of general understudy) in the London musical, "The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas". Here she kicked a leg alongside Tight Fit's Stephen Grant. She also helped present "Crackerjack" every week on telly.

Oddly enough she had her first run at the Big Competition in 1980 as a member of Prima Donna who sang Britain's entry that year, "Love Enough For Two". It came third.

Despite this healthy success, the record company Ariola weren't interested in the band. They half-heartedly put out a second single which instantly disappeared. With it went the band.

"I think," laughed Sally-Ann, "it was probably played on the radio about twice. I didn't even sing on it. I was in France at the time."

Stephen Fischer (24) was schooled in music. At ten he won a scholarship to the Redbridge School Of Music in Ilford and variously gobbled up piano, violin and bassoon. After this came a succession of bands with names like Madras, Orange and Red Hot.

Red Hot managed to release one single, "Laxy Days", on



Phonogram but it did "miserably". Disillusioned, he took a job in the City and slowly became interested in amateur theatricals. He tried his talents in hardy perennials like "Hair", "Grease" and "West Side Story". He even landed a walk-on part in "Rumpole" where he played a "punk with pink-and-green spiky hair".

Then last year he auditioned — believe it or not — for Bucks Fizz, and got the job! However, he had to decline the offer because he was already booked to play Jesus in "Godspell". After that it was pantomime in Cambridge and this is where he met Sally-Ann. Are you ready for this? Stephen played The Prince to Sally-Ann's Sleeping Beauty. Aaah!

Come 1982, Big Note Productions, who look after Bucks Fizz, asked Stephen if he'd like to audition for "One Step Further". He agreed and for moral support took Sally-Ann along. When the company spied Sally-Ann, they signed her up as well.

Suddenly everything snowballed. Epic offered them a recording contract which *didn't* depend on how well they did in the Eurovision knees-up. Stephen explained the strategy: "If we lose, Epic will put out a second single anyway but they'll delay it so that it won't be too

closely associated with the Song For Europe." Smart thinking.

The strategy doesn't finish here. Having decided to go for a 'fun' image ("Both our hair," quipped Stephen, "is brown, not blond!"), they worked out a special dance routine with choreographer Chrissie Wickham, who used to be in the infamous troupe, Hot Gossip. They wanted something as 'memorable' as the Bucks Fizz 'skirt rip'.

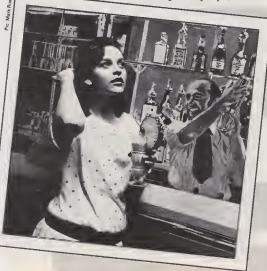
Over to Sally-Ann: "We start off on the floor with our backs to the audience. Then we turn round and do a rude-ish step!"

Big Note Productions turns out to be a very tightly knit operation. It's run by Nicola Martin, the 'artistic director', and Andy Hill, the producer and song-writer. They're a prolific pair.

They not only attend to Bucks Fizz but also make up one half of another band called Paris who recently released "Have You Ever Been In Love?"

Does the song ring a bell? We thought it might. Andy originally wrote it for last year's Eurovision contest. Since then it's been in hibernation until last month when Paris reactivated their version and Leo Sayer came up with another rendition. Because Leo Sayer is the more famous, he has the hit.

Shame.



PC: MARY RICHES

NEW
SOUNDS
NEW
STYLES

featuring . . .
CLOTHES . . .

The Foundry, Dressing Down and Getting Out in London

. . . **MUSIC . . .**

Spandau's Gary Kemp, The Associates, Haysi Fantayzee, Pigbag, African Pop, Thompson Twins, Peter Ogi, Flight One Nine, Two Two, BowWowWow, Weapon Of Peace, Brother 2

. . . **AND STYLE**

Antenna's Bobtails, Bananarama Look, Oscar winners Vangelis and James Bond, Elms on Brando, the Wide Boy Awake lifestyle, Peter Phillips Paintings



■ MAY issue at your newsagent APRIL 17th

Dress
DOWN

Leo Sayer

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE

In the morning light half awake and half asleep
Have you ever laid there thinking was it all in a dream
But you reach out and she's there
Every moment everywhere
Have you ever been in love

Have you ever felt how far a heart can fall
Have you ever stayed up waiting for a telephone call
Just to hear her say hello
Cause you miss each other so
Have you ever been in love

Chorus

Have there been times to laugh
And times you really wanna cry
Finding reasons to believe her
Cause you'd die a little if she lied
And when in times of doubt
Have you ever tried to work it out
But still she leaves you wondering
What it's all about

When she's far away have you ever felt the need to stray
And tried and then discovered it just doesn't pay

And with her you can be true
For with her you can be you
Have you ever been in love

Repeat chorus

And when in times of doubt
Have you ever tried to work it out
But still she leaves you wondering
What it's all about

And when the night comes down
Can you call this house a home
Do you dream you're still together
And wake up alone
Have you ever been in love
The way that I'm in love
Have you ever been in love

Words and music by Hill/Sinfield/Danter
Reproduced by permission Paper Music Ltd.
On Chrysalis Records





Shalamar

I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD

Are you the kind that puts your heart on the line
 On those days I don't reach
 'Cos unlike other guys I won't waste your time
 I just wanna practice what I preach
 'Cos love can be such a challenge
 A game where there can be two winners
 Unlike any sport
 It depends on the prize
 And knowing there the real thing lies
 To make a long story short

Chorus

Baby I can make you feel good
 I can make you feel good
 Let me lay this good love on ya
 Baby I can make you feel good
 I can make you feel good
 You can see I really want ya
 (Oh so)

There's guys that offer you diamonds and pearls

Those are the ones that got the needs

Other guys say that they can give you the world
 But the world of love is what you get from me

There goes those very old days

Meant more to me before the day I found ya

Now I truly believe

All the money in the world

Can't comfort you the way I've got my arms around ya
 And I'll always be there

Repeat chorus

Let me make you feel good
 I can make you feel good
 I can make you feel
 I can make you feel good
 Oh so good, oh baby
 Oh so good

Let me make you feel good
 I can make you feel good

Repeat first verse

Baby I can make you feel good
 I can make you feel good
 So forget about what he did wrong
 Baby I can make you feel good
 I can make you feel good
 A love that is oh so strong
 I can make you feel good

Words and music by Shelby/Hewett/Jackson
 Reproduced by permission Chappell Music Ltd. On Solar Records

BAD MANNERS



Got No Brains

B/W

'Psychedelic Eric'
 & 'Only Funkin''

BAD MANNERS

NEW SINGLE OUT NOW

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MAG 216

Japan

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includes

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TAKING ISLANDS IN AFRICA



TIN DRUM

includes

GHOSTS · VISIONS OF CHINA
THE ART OF PARTIES

Japan's two newest albums

ON RECORD AND CASSETTE

Virgin



GIRLSCHOOL

DON'T CALL IT LOVE

You know I've seen this all before
And I know what you're waiting for
But I won't be fooled again
By someone like you
I knew right from the start
That you could break my heart

Don't call it love
Don't call it love
Don't call it love
Don't call it
Don't call it love

And now you seem so far away
And for me just another day
You know the good times go so fast
They never last
And it would take some time
For you to change my mind

Don't call it love
Don't call it love
Don't call it love
Don't call it
Don't call it love

Don't call it love
Don't call it love
Don't call it love
Don't call it
Don't call it love
Repeat to fade

Words and music by McAuliffe/Johnson
Reproduced by permission Acton Green Music Ltd
(Licensing). On Bronze Records



PH: DICKIE ROSE

motorhead

IRON FIST

Dark night nothing to see
Invisible hand in front of me
Scared to death there's someone near
Scared to move but you can't stay here

You know me, evil eye
You know me, prepare to die
You know me, the snakebite kiss
Devil's grip, the iron fist

Flying horse don't make a sound
Flying hooves don't touch the ground
Walk in circle lose your track
Can't go on but you can't go back

You know me, evil eye
You know me, prepare to die
You know me, you can't resist
Devil's grip, the iron fist

Moon eclipse and you know why
Ghost rider in the sky
Beast of evil, devil's hound
Tooth and claw they pull you down

You know me, evil eye
You know me, prepare to die
You know me, the snakebite kiss
Devil's grip, the iron fist

Words and music by Kilmister/Clerke/Taylor
Reproduced by permission Motor Music Ltd./Warner Bros Music Ltd.
On Bronze Records

Get SMART!

Don't get left in the dark! Maybe Linda can answer your musical questions. Try writing to Get Smart, Seven Hill, 50-55 Crosby Street, London W1V 3JF.



When was Nick Heyward born and is that his real name? Also, what are his hobbies and what does he look for in a girl? Devoted Fan.

Nicholas Pierre Heyward was born on May 20th, 1961. In his leisure time he likes collecting chocolate wafers and swimming but has lately been spending much of his time taking antibiotics to cure a bout of the flu. His ideal girl will have a tremendous, lively personality, plenty of freckles (though that's not vital) and certainly should have pudgy bits here and there!

Is it true that tennis champion John McEnroe is recording a

song written for him by Elton John? Dawn, Midthurst. Apparently John's first love (after tennis) has always been rock and roll; he's been seen at Springsteen and Elton John concerts and recently played bass guitar on stage at a New York club. Elton John's label, Rocket Records, have approached him with the idea of recording a single some time in the summer.

How many films has Cliff Richard made? Sarah Martin, Oxford. Including musicals and evangelical films, Cliff has so far

starred in twelve movies. They are: "Serious Charge" (1959); "Expresso Bongo" (1960); "The Young Ones" (1961); "Summer Holiday" (1963); "Wonderful Life" (1964); "Finders Keepers" (1966); "His Land" (1970); "Why Should The Devil Have All The Good Music?" (1972); "Take Me High" (1973); "Let's Join Together" (1973); "Cliff — Flipside" (1980) and "Greenbelt Live" (1980). For further info, consult Fred Dellars' "NME Guide To Rock Cinema" (£1.50).

Could you tell me if the Madness film "Take It Or Leave It" will ever come to Newcastle? Jane Dixon, Newcastle.

I'm afraid you may have missed it. The film went on national release last November and was in fact shown in Newcastle at the end of that month. It's now due to appear in Middlesbrough, York and Doncaster, amongst other places, over Easter. If you're really eager, a polite letter to your local fleapig may prove worthwhile in securing a second run.

I've heard that John Foxx has written a book called "The Quiet Men". Has it been published yet? John, Birmingham.

An extract from "The Quiet Man" has already been issued (as a limited edition) with Foxx's last album, "The Garden". At present John is dividing his time between finishing off the book and recording new material. but

publishers Virgin Books hope to launch "The Quiet Man" in its entirety during July.

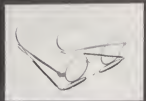
How does Berry get his information on pop stars and how does he get to meet them? C.B.S., Hillingdon.

We asked the man himself and here's what he said: "Hello C.B.S., Baz here. What I usually do is go to lots of Pop Biz 'do's, loaf about munching twiglets for a while and then dazzle any pop persons who happen to be available with my witty patter and rib-tickling rposters (I think that's how you spell it). They usually find me so charming that they confide in me. Simple, really."

This man likes girls with "pudgy bits".



THOMAS DOLBY



RADIO SILENCE

NEW SINGLE VIPS 102

Vence
In
Peril movie

A DAY ON THE TOWN WITH

Bananarama

A potted history of the band's wild arms last summer. The trio leapt up and danced to some backing tapes at a party and enjoyed themselves so much they decided to make a career out of it. Kerin — a classically-trained pianist — packed in her journalism course. Sarah and Siobhan

... as the haystack — heired threesome in *The Face* magazine, liked the shoes and set out to discover if their owners ... indeed, they did, to the tune of The Fun Boy Three's second outing, "T'Ain't What You Do . . .". FB3 have now ... the girls on their second single, a soft-shoe shuffle entitled "Reilly Saying Something", filched from the '80s ... The Velvelettes.

Then Smash Hits stepped in. What better, we thought — being a basically generous bunch — then to give them all A Dey Out? Y'know the whole works: chauffeur-driven limo, door-to-door service and all the ice-cream you can eat. The sky's the limit . . .

At the crack of 10 a.m., the gleaming black Mercedes arrived chez Bananarama, an 11th floor flat they still share in Holborn, and headed off to all points famous with frequent stops at the bank along the way. Virginia Turbatt took the pics; Mark Eilan paid the bills.

First stop: The Zoo. Hop in . . .



10.15: Sarah (left), Kerin (middle) and Siobhan getting their £3.50's worth. After surviving the monkey house, sea-lions, goats galora, a troop of mangy reindeer and a gaggle of young autograph-hunters, our fearless friends get a not-so-warm welcome.



11.30: Weary of the Wildlife we press boldly onward, arriving at the foot of The Monument. From the top the trio get a breath-taking view of The City spread below. *Extra-mo-ly* breath-taking: you have to climb 311 steps to get there. "Makes your bowels churn," observes Siobhan delicately. "Almost as bad as our place when the lift's bust," adds Sarah.



12.30: Appetites sharpened by the ascent, the cry goes out for "Burgers!" Three of them — two of them triple-deckers, one a puny double — and each with a generous mound of salad and blue cheese dressing. Orders being taken (above), but will they all fit on one piece of paper?



1.15: Next stop, "Ebony" in South Molton Street, outfitters to the world-famous and wealthy. David Bowie, Roxy Music, Cliff, Elton John, various ex-Beatles, Duran Duran — they all get togged up within. Even Sue-Ellen of "Dallas" popped in yesterday. John Kaye, the manager, offers the girls a few modest off-the-peg numbers.



Sibhen models a tasty sheer silk taffeta two-piece. A snip at £345. A Kraftwerk roadie loafis about in the background.



Sarah dons a grossgrain hand-dyed suit (a mere £395), Keren leaps into a Bryen Ferry-type black cirk job (no cheaper), and the trio attempt to sneak off to the waiting limo. Note the cash-conscious Kaye herd on their heels. Where next? Climb aboard and flip the page . . .

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So much more to value

Bananarama

the continued adventures



2.15: Kneckered by their sudden dip into the world of fashion, the girls demand a half hour's kip. And what place better than "The Sanctuary" in Covent Garden? Here — amid lush foliage, tepid pools and steam baths — well-off women-of-leisure drift about "topping up their tans". "Bit half-baked," comments Siobhan. "Not very jungly. I've seen Tarzan The Ape-man so I ought to know!"



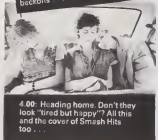
2.45: After a little lounging, the idea of more nosh seems rather attractive. As if by magic the steering-wheel spins in the direction of Fortnum & Mason's, the last bastion of The Great British Tea. It's straight in the deep-end: scones and cream (60p a throw), buttered shrimp sammies (£1.30) and lashings of chocolate gâteau (and more cream) (75p a slice). Oh that's Miriam, by the way. The one with the cake trolley. Service with a smile and all that . . .



3.30: They've been all over, they've seen all over, but they refuse to go home 'til they've met some Real Live Celebrities. Thus it was that our trusty Merc purred down Pall Mall to Buckingham Palace where — it just so happened — Chuck and Di were enjoying a mid-afternoon stroll.* The 'Narns can't believe it. Nor can a coach-load of Japanese tourists who go totally barmy on thinking they've unearthed some genuine Royals. No corgis, but you can't have everything . . .



3.50: Time has fairly flown by for our touselled tourists. More, to the point, they've completely drained the office wallet. Anyway, the back seat beckons



4.00: Heading home. Don't they look "tired but happy"? All this and the cover of Smash Hits too . . .

S

SINGLES

Reviewed by
Ian Birch



KIM WILDE: View From A Bridge (Rak) The Wilde family come up trumps again. Dad's written a spy story. Ricki (why this sully new spelling?) has peppered his production with some Trevor Horn tactics while Kim supplies those wonderfully subdued and smookey vocals. Have you ever noticed how clever the Wilde intros are? This is one of the best yet. Put that needle back to the start...



SPANDAU BALLET: Instinction (Reformation) Or how wizard producer Trevor Horn saved the Spans from the dumper. The band's last few singles were justifiable flops. They junked toe-tapping tunes in favour of self-conscious whimpers. But Horn has put them back on course. He's turned this

track (originally on the "Diamond" LP) inside out and added all those magical ingredients like synthesised drum cracks and chattering percussion. The real follow-up to "Chant No. 1".



RHYTHM OF LIFE: Uncle Sam Portrait Of Heart (Rational) One of those loose set-ups created by former Josef K man, Paul Haig, in which he can pursue whatever takes his fancy. These two songs are fashionably funny, have touches of David Byrne in the vocals and not a lot else.

DAVID BOWIE: Cat People (Putting Out Fire) (MCA) The title song from a new artful horror movie — just the type of torrid stuff you'd expect our Davie to be associated with. Donna Summer's old producer, Giorgio Moroder, wrote the music while Mr. B. contributed the typically bizarre words (like "putting out fire with gasoline"). A great chorus and a chipper backbeat mean this will be a hit.

CHAS JANKEL: Glad To Know You (A&M) A round of applause for Chas. He's number one in the American disco charts... and deservedly so. Chas might not have the most powerful larynx but he more than compensates with fiendishly tight dance rhythms and salty words courtesy of Ian Dury.

ALTON EDWARDS: Strange Woman (Streetwave) Not as immediate as his last contender but efficient enough to nudge into the lower half of the charts.

TWINKLE: I'm A Believer (EMI) What is going on? All the '80s girls are hurtling back. Sandie Shaw is singing with B.E.F., Jane Asher, once Paul McCartney's girl friend, is never off the telly; and now comes Twinkle, who once released a truly epic dirge about a motorcycle madman called "Terry". She's back with a third-rate re-make of the old Monkees' song. Give me "Terry" any day.

TALK TALK: Talk Talk (EMI) They're a mite too close to Duran Duran for comfort. They share the same label and the same producer (Colin Thurston) who has given them a similarly smooth and well-sprung sound. Try again, boys. Try again, hoys.

DAVID ESSEX: Sweetheart (Mercury) A sweetheart from the early '70s, the early '80s find Mr. E. in a sorry state. This is a dull thump of a song which recycles every lyrical cliché in the canon. Pass quickly.

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES: Private Eyes (RCA) It says on the cover that this is number one in the USA and that it has been remixed for the UK. Why the special treatment? Are D&J keen to be mega-stars here as well? A lean production and a smart song make this infuriatingly catchy.

THOMAS DOLBY: Radio Silence (Venice In Peril) A perky performance that tramples on elastic drums, huddling synthesizers (Depeche Mode's producer Daniel Miller lends a hand here) and some extra vocals from Akiko Yano (everyone has to have a Japanese on their record at the moment). Tasty!



PAUL McCARTNEY: Ebony And Ivory (Parlophone) Paul is joined by Stevie Wonder on a slip of a song which certainly means well (the black and white piano keys are compared to black and white skins). Pure corn but graceful corn, nonetheless.



FAD GADGET: King Of The Flies (Mute) With luck this could slip into the charts by a side entrance. It has a sturdy melody, confident vocals and plenty of mystery and imagination in the words. Clever lad, our Fad.

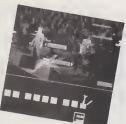
EURYTHMICS: This Is The House (RCA) The sooner the Eurythmics realise that a sharp song is worth a million clever affects, the sooner they'll stop being an 'interesting' and start being a 'good' band. This

crochets obscure words with slices from Bowie and Grace Jones. Interested? Didn't think so.



JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS: I Love Rock 'n' Roll (Epic) Aww! Joan was once in the Runaways, who had a certain cult charm. Now she's a huge star in America. Quite why is hard to fathom. This is a lumbering elk of a number — Suzi Quatro on a slow turntable.

ALVIN STARDUST: Weekend (Still) Al takes Eddie Cochran's antique anthem from the '50s and gives it an overhaul — much like Dave Stewart did with "It's My Party". But here the arrangement's annoyingly fussy and only the tub-thumping drums will keep you on the dance floor.



ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTONS: I'm Your Toy (F. Beat) The first item to emerge from El's live experiment with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra this January in the Royal Albert Hall. It's suitably measured, mature and meticulous with sweeping strings and ornate piano but it's also strictly for the converted. P.S. The flip side has two new songs that El recorded in Nashville during the "Almost Built" sessions.

BARDO: One Step Further (Epic) BowWowWow meets Dollar and with a nod from Bucks Fizz scamper off to Harrogate for the Eurovision Song Contest. It will win. No problem.

SIMPLE MINDS: Promised You A Miracle (Virgin) The one that might just break the Minds. It's a hazy performance with Jim Kerr in formidable form, a hip-swivelling dance beat and a jumbo helping of 'atmosphere'.

Could Jim go where David Sylvian is going and Phil Oakey's already been?

SHAMBEKO! SAY WAHI: Remember (Eternal) Everyone's doing it. The cult chops of yesteryear are now leech-frogging over each other to get into the charts. The Beaks stand a good chance. The song is instantly likeable and producer Clive Langer has topped it up with an extra zing.



THE J. GEILS BAND: Freeze Frame (EMI America) Solid, thigh-slapping stuff but without the sparkle that turned "Centerfold" into a number one.

SQUEEZE: Black Coffee in Bed (A&M) Squeeze write fantastic songs but not fantastic singles. There's a big difference. This is another highly polished shuffle but it's too tidy, too well-beeled for chart action.



OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: Make A Move On Me (EMI) Livvy slips off the dolphin to make a slinky, singalong sizzler. Another monster hit. By the way, does she ever wear dry clothes nowadays?

PABLO: Bo Mbunda (Island) Steamed off the tearfully trendy "Sound D'Afrique" compilation, this hails from Zaire and is the authentic sound of Saturday Night here. It's terrific: light, nimble, happy and a hit weird!

THE MEMBERS: Radio (Genetic) The borrowboy mob returns from a long hibernation with a spanking new song, producer (Martin Rushent) and label (Genetic). This is the stuff — bold, brassy funk which is decidedly modern and quintly English at the same time.



ALBUMS

CLASSIX NOUVEAU: Le Verité (Liberty) Is this the next Ultravox? Classix have come up with a sound that is just as sleek, hi-tech and atmospheric as the "Vox. Unfortunately, even though their lead singer is bald and wears funny leather clothes, you still get the feeling that they take themselves a bit too seriously. Aside from that, "Le Verité" proves that Classix can stand out from the rest of the synthies, and "In It A Dream" is great. (7 out of 10).



THE NOLANS: Portrait (Epic) More sugar-coated stuff, made to match the kind of plush, comfy decr they tend to favour in Berni Inca. Mind you, I rather like Berni Inca, and I'm not averse to The Nolans' style. At their best the girls trill timelessly about hope and heartbreak to a fairly durable disco base, never failing to rhyme "money" with "honey" and "higher" with "higher". Be warned though, converts, much of the LP's woefully thin and quite painfully soppy — especially when the solos arrive. They should stick to being a quartet, and you should stick to the singles. (4 out of 10).

MORRISEY MULLEN: Life On The Wire (Beggars Banquet) At times their music comes a mite too neat and clean-cut. But there's little doubt that Of Sex and Captain Axe are still moving up the Jazz-funk escalator they mounted many years ago. This time, extra impetus is provided by the delicious vocals of Carol Kenyon,

a singer who wouldn't suffer if comparisons with Randy Crawford were to be made. (7 out of 10).

Fred Dellar

KILLING JOKE: III (E.G.) At their best Killing Joke forge a bewitching mixture of direct rhythms and harsh, neurotic guitars and vocals. Memorably, "Wardance" sounded like... a wardrobe. But, as the songs themselves have sounded increasingly desperate so the rhythms have become fractured, upsetting the balance of the music. "III" has the intensity of the uncertain. Not a feeling to be sniffed at, but neither is it one likely to attract new listeners. Somewhere buried very deep is a powerful piece of music struggling to free itself from the band's overwhelming indecision. (6 out of 10).

Pete Silvertown

A FLOCK OF SEAGULS (Jive) Yet another band to too-creatively use modern musical technology to explore modern romance, living in this modern computer world, etc. Even the song titles say it all: "Modern Love Is Automatic", "Space Age Love Song", "Man Minder", "Telecommunication". When they're not so self-consciously modern, as in the current single "I Ran", everything works wonderfully. And technically the album sounds great. But if they will ultimately be anything but just another synth-pop post-Kraftwerk band remains to be seen. (5 out of 10).

Karen Schlosberg

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Rap Tracks (Virgin); Genius of Rap (Island) Two budget rap compilations. "Rap Tracks" should cost around £3 and in the form of two 12" 45s contains six raps and two funk-rap instrumentals. "Genius" costs about a quid more, contains six raps on an ordinary album plus a 12" of two backing tracks for the purpose of home-tapping. Although in Frankie Smith's "Double Dutch Bus", the Virgin album has the best single track of the two. It's "Genius" that gets my vote with a better groove, better groove notes, and trashier talk from the likes of Twennynine, Grandmaster Flash, T/Ski Valley and Afrika Bambaataa And The Jazzy 5. The rap starts here! (6 and 7½ out of 10).

Dave Rimmer

THE NECESSARIES: Event Horizon (Sire) Not the kind of album to grab you at first listen, this is uncomplicated but subtle American pop with a touch of menace. After the formal introductions are over, however, it could quickly become a close friend. Direct rhythms, simple melodies and interwoven vocal parts delivered in a thin but effective voice, conjuring up American cities at dusk, cruising the streets, boys and girls and young love. It would be easy to

dismiss as bland and lightweight, but there's more here if you dig a little deeper. (6 out of 10).

Johny Black

BILL WYMAN (A&M) For twenty years Wyman has been the least-known member of The Rolling Stones; bass-player, solid presence and little more. This is scarcely a remarkable album; his hand is too heavy to give the light, frothy pop he writes the delicate touch it needs. Even a pair of Stray Cats are incapable of removing the plod from "Ride On Baby". What is remarkable is that Wyman has survived these twenty years as an independent spirit with his own view of how records should sound. Full marks for strength of character (less half for what he's done with this admirable purpose). (5 out of 10).

Pete Silvertown



TALKING HEADS: The Name of This Band Is... (Sire) With Tina and Chris off Tom-Tom Clubbing while Byrne and Harrison get their solo efforts off their chests, the record company obviously decided the time was right for The Live Double Album. Maybe they should have thought again. Although it's a useful opportunity to compare the sparse early Heads sound (taped in 1977) with their recently expanded line-up's forays into Afro-funk, the fact remains that they're not the kind of group whose live performances add anything significant to their studio sound. Harmless but pointless. (5 out of 10).

David Hepworth

ROBYN HITCHCOCK: Groovy Decay (Chick) This is Hitchcock's first solo outing, a salty batch of witty, mildly disturbing tunes propelled by a spacious and tuneful rock backbeat. Newcomers are warned! It's positively sober stuff compared to his first three (recorded with former cult companions, the marvellous Soft Boys). All six sides are infested with deeply unlovable creatures that also lend the real world an air of heavy sarcasm and demented fun. Jump in the shallow end with "Groovy Decay". You can always paddle a little deeper later. (7 out of 10).

Mark Ellen

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SQUEEZE

Den Engelska Popgruppen

"... which means 'The English Pop Group'" claims **Neil Tennant** (left-tip and phrase-book) as the Deptford tour bus arrives in Sweden. "Holm, Stock Holm!" chimes **Eric Watson** (and then takes a few photos).

By day, **Squeeze** is a busy city blinking to bright, festive light. The new part about "This Is the Modern World!" while the old just murmurs over tea and a large sticky cake.

"At night there's not a lot to do. The shadows of ice float down the river in the evening flow and a cold wind fills the park—turbulent outside the restaurants. There's snow, it's about 50 degrees below zero, it's too cold to sleep, I like to go to bed early," as the manager, the Brotwurst, explains with a smile. "Only the young people want to stay out late."

Outside the Ritz Club at eight an extra-long queue stretches down the street, noisy with young excitement because it's Saturday night, the club's open 'til three, and den engelska popgruppen Squeeze are playing tonight!

"Every time you had planned to tour Sweden you had cancelled because your keyboard player has just left the band. Is this because you were coming to Sweden?"

"Yeah. . ." Chris Difford gives one of his throaty chuckles at the previous day's meet-the-press session and the Swedish journalist seems uncertain if the eccentric English songsmith is joking or not.

Whatever, Squeeze have finally made it to Sweden, complete with keyboard player Don Snow, for a couple of gigs prior to a tour of Canada and the USA (which will see them headlining at New York's 20,000-seater Madison Square

Garden). The packed audience seem suitably chuffed, looking like the hippest people in Stockholm even though the gig is the equivalent of £2.60 a pop.

They began with "I Wanna Love" and "Puttin' Mussels (From The Beach)", exactly to the new wave — although "I Wanna Love" gets an bouzouki accompaniment and they together to "Ladies With Love."

The rock-influenced break from live shows doesn't seem to have done Squeeze any harm. Glenn Tilbrook is the voice and plays elegant electric guitar. John Bentley (on bass) walks up and down poking his head forward like an energetic tortoise, while big Gilson Lewis dwarfs his drum kit, bashing out the beat that puts the bounce into the Ritz crowd. Don Snow fits in like he's always been there and Chris Difford proudly swings his new custom-built black guitar. His dry and dirty voice is the perfect companion to Glenn's clean and tempting singing on songs like "In Quintessence" and the new "Out Of Touch". The set moves so fast and is so enjoyable that only a hard core of fans at the front notice, after two encores, that they didn't get "Cool For Cats".

Although "East Side Story" is the latest news in Sweden, the next day Glenn, Chris and Gilson tell me about the new Squeeze LP, "Sweet's From A Stranger", due for release in the UK at the beginning of May.

Everyone's been for a peer round Abba's studio outside

the studio, where Neil Collins is mentioned several times with love (and a little bit of love). The studio's tiled with Swedish wood and floored with marble, very contemporary.

"I don't fancy making an album here," mutters Chris. "It'd be a bit like recording in an ideal home. Exhibit A."

The producers seem like a far cry from the over-the-hill of Ramport Studios in Antwerp — reputedly haunted — where "Sweet's From A Stranger" was

recorded.

"I think — musically — this album has more attack than we've had on our other albums, which is down to John and Gilson, our rhythm section, who've been brought to the fore. It's a bigger sound with more attack, which is the way we've been playing live."

Gilson is particularly proud of his drumming.

"On the first couple of albums it was almost embarrassingly bad, really, in retrospect, though the songs and the playing held



from previous pages — them together so they were good albums. But I really enjoy listening to the new album — it sends shivers up me back. I sound like a drummer at least. I'm starting to feel like a professional musician now . . ."

Squeeze co-produced the album with Phil MacDonald — famous for engineering several Beatles' LPs, "Abbey Road" for instance — but Beatle comparisons are no longer appropriate; Squeezes have their own sound. From the opening electric bits of "Out Of Touch" (which grabs everyone on first hearing), through the pure pop of "I've Returned" to the haunting "Elephant Side", the new LP is a journey through mood, melody and rhythm.

"When The Hangover Strikes", which closes Side One, is something of a departure for Squeeze with its bluesy jazz melody and late night/early morning mood accentuated by a subtle string arrangement.

"It was a very scary song to write because it's very autobiographical, really. I've always wasted lyrically to match 'One For My Baby And One For The Road', one of those great, great bar songs. One of the good things about the way we write songs is that — although I may have had that in mind with the words — it could easily have ended up as something different. But it didn't." Chris is pleased.

"It just so happens that when I wrote the tune to it," explains Glenn. "I'd been out to a club until some ridiculous hour in the morning, having consumed a few jabs. When I got back to my flat and picked up a guitar, I already had a hangover so that's exactly what I felt like."

"Del Newman did the string arrangement. He did the stuff on 'East Side Story' and 'Argybargy' — he's excellent. On certain songs I think that strings can add another dimension. The trick with using any kind of orchestral arrangement is not to fall into the trap of making it like musical wallpaper. It's got to play an important part of its own, rather than just fill up a hole."

The LP shows Glenn and Chris's songwriting to be better than ever, its range extended; it's well worthy of the respect that writers such as Paul McCartney and Elvis Costello hold for them. They're writing slow and more now, according to Chris.

"For this album we had about forty songs to choose from. Some of them were obviously not going to work and some of them were. It was just a process of elimination. We drew the line at twenty which we recorded in one form or another, and in the end we finished mixing about fifteen or sixteen of them. Then we made a choice of twelve because they wouldn't all have fitted on the same album. We always have a large choice, which is healthy, I believe."

The tracks that have been left over are going to be put on an EP — in between four and six tracks — as an added bonus for our audience. You've got to flout it while you've got it."

Chris is also planning to flout it in print, revealing that two Squeeze coffee-table books are being planned.

"One of them will have lyrics and a biography and pieces written by the group and photographs you've never seen before. Then the second book will have all the music to the songs — the melody lines — with the lyrics. There'll only be selected lyrics in the first one, which I'll choose."

While we're on the subject of the printed word, I ask Chris if he's ever branched into poetry. Just by the way he flexes his hands (many in fingerless woollen mittens, by the way, a bit like the ones Albert Steptoe used to wear), I can anticipate his answer.

"No, I used to before I met Glenn, about ten years ago, but I don't see much point in it now. If you're going to make a statement, I should imagine a book of poetry is quite a good way of doing it, but I always think that books of poetry from people associated with song writing have the tendency to be a bit depressing. If you've got a record, you put it on and it can be a fantastic event in your head, whereas with books of poetry I immediately think of Leonard Cohen (though 'We Animate'). I've got too much of a stutter to recite it aloud but I wouldn't mind having a go at some human stuff. The books I used to enjoy when I was learning to read were Little Pot Boiler and the Spike Milligan books. What an education."

It doesn't sound as though we'll find Mr. Diford performing at the next Poetry Olympics but we may eventually witness a musical play penned by Alan Watts. It always be either projects in the years to come. If we get the opportunity we may branch out into, say, doing a musical of some sort or a play of some kind that had music involved in it. I don't mean like *The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner*, not that kind of play. More a satire or something."

There's obviously lots of different areas of writing that we haven't explored yet," adds Glenn. "We're exploring different areas with the band but another way, a completely different approach — would be to write a musical, which has a different sort of discipline involved. At the moment we haven't got the time, but there'll be plenty of time to do that sort of thing — years."

The next evening finds Squeeze in the banqueting hall of Stockholm's posh Grand Hotel, here where a Swedish TV pop programme is broadcast. The hall was built — for some reason — to look like the courtyard of an

Italian castle and would be an appropriate setting for *The Travellers Of The Shores*.

Instead, Squeezes knock out five songs, old and new, while cameramen focus on Glenn's guitar and Don Snow's keyboard-fingering.

Don joined Squeezes last year after Paul Carrack's sudden departure, which itself came not long after Jools Holland's exit.

"We spent about three or four weeks conditioning keyboard players," Chris remembers, "which we need in its every year, and Don was the best-looking. He could play well, he had all the right parts — the right physical parts, that is, like five fingers on each hand. He had it all there, really."

Don also had a playing pedigree which included stints with The Vibrators and The Sinceros. His work is right in the fore on "Sweets From A Stranger" and, personally, he seems to fit in well with the group's outgoing style.

A good-natured sense of humour is evident within the group.

"Do you ever get one of those days when you can't get a name out of your head — like a tune you can't stop singing? Well I can't get Joshua Rifkin out of my head," declares Chris, referring to the famous ragtime pianist.

"Yeah," nods John Bentley. "I kept thinking of Spunky Partridge . . ."

Spooky Partridge? She was this piano teacher who lived down the road from us. Actually her real name was S. Partridge, but I always called her Spunky. She's probably still teaching the piano."

Glenn reveals that one of his spare-time hobbies is collecting postcards of Piccadilly Circus. Just when I think he's having me on, he says he's got about forty at the moment and that he's recently expanded the collection to include pens and models of Eric . . .

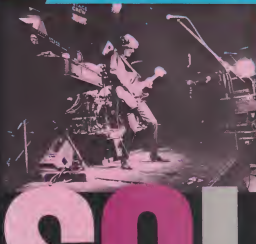
Do you listen to much music at home?

"I haven't been listening to much recently 'cause all I've had time for are the mixes we've been doing. But I like Frank Sinatra, The Monkees, David Byrne's 'Catherine Wheel' solo album, The Human League . . ."

"He listens to The Human League and reads Smash Hits," mutters Chris. "I stick their posters on my walls."

How about you, Chris? "In a bit of a laboratory case when I get home, much to my wife's upset. Working with the band takes it out of me. I enjoy my daughter. She's growing up. And my ducks . . ."

What, plaster ducks? "No. Two ducks flew into our back garden and they seem to have taken a fancy to it 'cause they haven't left yet. I don't think we'll be having a Duck A L'Orange in the near future . . ."





Having Big Fun in Stockholm: (left to right) John Bentley, Don Snow, Gilson Lavis, Chris Dittford & Glenn Tilbrook.



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Want a little sneak preview of the track listing? There's Japan's "European Son", Haircut One Hundred's "Favourite Shirts", OMD's "Maid Of Orleans", Human League's "Don't You Want Me", Kim Wilde's "Cambodia", Teardrop Explodes' "Passionate Friend", Ultravox' "The Voice", XTC's "Sensas Working Overtime", Shakin' Stevens' "It's Raining" and Gary Numan and Dramatis with "Love Needs No Disguise".

And that's just the tip of the iceberg. There's also stuff from Phil Lynott, Foreigner, Status Quo, Bad Manners, SLF and loads more. 34 tempting tracks in all.

Those requiring this never-to-be-repeated offer should rustle up some writing irons and then wrestle with this Tricky Quiz. Both questions, incidentally, feature the names of artists on the K-Tel LPs.

Each of these sets of names have something in common. What is it? A) Pretenders, Dollar, Mobles, Bucks Fizz. B) Foreigner, Alton Edwards, Daryl Hall & John Oates, Abba.

Got your answers on a postcard (for the back of an envelope) and send them with all speed to Smash Hits K-Tel Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 6UF. The first 50 correct ones to be hoisted from the heap on April 28 will find a pleasant present on the doorstep.

Now, hurry!



STAR TEASER

JAMTRAX

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 40.

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS
ALL MOO CONS
ART SCHOOL
BILLY HURT
BOY ABOUT TOWN
CARNABY STREET
CARNATION
CIRCUS
DAVID WATTS
DREAM TIME
FLY
FUNERAL PYRE

GHOSTS
GIRL ON THE PHONE
GOING UNDERGROUND
HEAT WAVE
IN THE CITY
IN THE CROWD
IT'S TOO BAD
MAN IN THE CORNER SHOP
MONDAY
MR CLEAN
PRETTY GREEN

SCRAPE AWAY
SLOW DOWN
STANDARDS
STRANGE TOWN
START
TAKIN' MY LOVE
THE ETON RIFLES
THE MODERN WORLD
TONIGHT AT NOON
TOWN CALLED MALICE
WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

DCTNEERGYTTTERPDBST
AADREAMTMEBWMVIROS
BWATTSIDDMOYOLEWTT
OCNAWCEROYCRLLNNRHE
OMOOHELACCYNCDVEG
TMRHOAEBFEIALMAMN
SOTNFNONHIGROWDAW
TNWAOUTTYEROCTNOLO
IDTNTINABOWNAUETBT
MATTCTITETNEOGSSIE
OYORNATARHHRITCALG
DWOAAULENAGREREYLN
NHRLLTDLLRLIAYPEYA
GTROGOSLEOAPNLODHR
SISNMMDNDECYOMUUT
GBIETONTSAMRDRTONS
AOHSDUHDWTEACLERTG
GTOCGERANVNLIORAF
AHONPAYEUITNOILSAC
GNIHDFHFDETOATCABC
SOONSLOWDOWNWEEEMA
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STARTEASER

ANSWER (FROM PAGE 39)

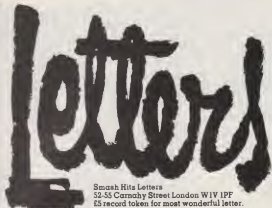


CROSSWORD

SOLUTION (FROM PAGE 16)

ACROSS: 1 WRA; 2 Five (Misused); 3 Altered Images; 4 'This Used to Be Mine'; 5 Randy Yarrowater; 11 He; 14 Iron (Misused); 16 The (Misused); 17 Dave; 18 Emerald; 19 Soul (Used); 20 Rats; 22 Tom (Used); 23 Zoo; 24 (23) Skatoo; 25 Honey (Used); 27 Kid Dee; 28 Runaway; 29 Garys Kind Code; 31 Sky.

DOWN: 1 I (Used); 2 Adrian Gurney; 3 Fox Boy Three; 4 (Misused); 5 Berni (Misused); 7 Towers; 8 (Used); 10 Man (Used); 12 Tom Tom (Used); 13 Doves (Used); 14 It's (Used); 15 One (Used); 16 Time; 17 Quakey; 18 Cliff Richard; 21 Some; 24 Guys Have All The Luck; 26 Nina Hagen; 27 Kiss; 28 Jim.



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I just thought I'd tell you that I think Phil Oakey is gorgeous.
Michelle Turner, Suffolk.

Whatever happened to carving messages in trees?

I'm having a really nice time here in Greece. The weather is really nice. Today I went for a swim which was really nice. My suntan is also really nice. Wish you were here.
Conversion Rule, Bastidon (Greece).

Cheer up.

Having just watched the "Battle Of The Bands" on BBC, Saturday 27th March, I feel compelled to vent my feelings in your periodical. Being a rational sort of person, I sat through five bands who exhibited no signs of talent, expertise or professionalism. Thin End Of The Wedge, Andy Pandemonium, Shoot The Moon, Private ID and The Crack would, in a just world, stand no chance whatsoever, even with a superb producer, radical image change or music lessons, of breaking into stardom, least of all the winners The Crack, a scruffy, yobhish hunch of skinheads who thrashed their way through a boring song with repetitive and moronic lyrics and couldn't even say thank you for the undeserved reward — just stood there and larked around.

The judges, a clapped-out hunch of has-beens and nobodies, were blind to true talent and voted Mansfield's Mezzoforte into last place. This was the only vaguely original band to rehearse, had actually bothered to rehearse, hruah their hair and dress up for the occasion (all except for the drummer — but you can't get decent clothes in his size).

Another laughable programme from the Beeb?
Somathia Hughes, Grantham.

P. S. Don't let anyone tell you Grantham isn't boring.

We are appalled. How can anybody say they like The Gloomhay Dance mob? Why do our ears have to be tortured by a fire-eating pensioner?

We are disgusted that after only three weeks in the charts this record claims to be No. 1, when groups such as Haircut 100, Adam And The Ants, Depeche Mode and Soft Cell release brilliant singles and still only get as far as No. 3 or 4 after trying their hardest.
Joanna and Debra, Sheffield.

After hearing from my friend that the lyrics of "Deutscher Girls" would be in Smash Hits (March 18) I rushed round to our local newsgents to buy it, thinking on the way how lovely a picture of my ever gorgeous Adam would look on my little patch of white wall that I'd reserved specially.

When I found the page my jaw dropped. "Who's that four-eyed git with the National Health glasses?" But on closer examination . . . oha . . . isn't that Adam's ever-gorgeous Pure Sex tattoo on his ever-gorgeous left arm? Nay, nay, it isn't. Yea, yea, it is! And on further observation I recognised the ever-gorgeous brown hair, the ever-gorgeous lips and the ever-gorgeous eyes (eliminating the National Health glasses).

Really, this picture of the ever gorgeous Adam hardly does the lad justice, does it? It's your duty as honest people to get pictures and articles for the likes of me.
David Sylvian's hroces, Pulborough.

The picture was picked because it was taken at the time that "Deutscher Girls" was recorded. Makes sense, eh?

I don't care if Billy Mackenzie of The Associates is a pain in the arse. I think he is great and if he cares to send me his address I will forward his first piece of fan mail since his rise to stardom and appearance on TOTP! I don't mind hearing about the time he

used to sell second-hand records . . . I like Dusty Springfield . . . and like chocolate digestives . . . The Mamas and Papas are absolutely brill . . . I am 18 . . . I bought "Party Fears Two" as soon as it came out . . . I'm a pain in the arse too!
Tracey Wright, Stockport.

On the front page of the last issue was a picture of Clare Grogan. Well, I drew some glasses on her, gave her a beard, a moustache and finally spots and black teeth, but found it absolutely impossible to make the damn girl look ugly!
Debs, Sheffield.

Calm down girls. We've all got to learn to live together. (Maybe I could have put that better.)

I used to love Adam Ant (still do, but don't spread it around), then there was Bryan Ferry, Nick Heyward, David Sylvian — and now — Barry!

Apart from his brilliant style of writing, lighting up the Smash Hits pages, he said the first thing about Adam Ant that wasn't poisonous and critical. Okay — he may have been a bit sarcastic, but then it just depends on how you interpret it. And I thought that Smash Hits had forgotten what kindness was. Well, with Barry, who am I to complain? Anon.

Did you know the pages of your wonderful mag have a wonderful smell?

Go on, have a whiff! Aaaaah, isn't it wonderful?
John, Gravesend.

I thought I would send you a list of my top ten groups, as by reading every letter on your letters page I do not see anyone saying about what groups and artists they like.

Anyhow, here are they. Kim Wilde, Linx, Depeche Mode, Haircut One Hundred, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Altered Images, Imagination, Blondie, Spandau Ballet, Human League.

Also I would like to send a little message to Kim Wilde and Clare Grogan.

I LOVE YOU BOTH.
Chris Watts, London N16.

Bill late for the Reader's Poll, aren't we?

I have been scouring my Human League information and I've sussed out that a certain blonde-haired lady out of the group has three different ways of spelling her name.

Suzanne Suley, Suzanne Sulley and Suzanne Sulley. Which is the correct spelling, or can't she make her mind up?
Adrian Wright's Synthesiser, Liverpool.

Suzanne Sulley is the correct form (I think).

Those who are always complaining about Tony Hadley's singing should listen to the new Spandau Ballet album, "Diamond", and see how wrong they are. His vocal part provides variety, depth and strength for the already excellent music. I dare say his voice is one of the finest instruments you can find in the world of pop today. If it really sounds like a foghorn, let me be lost in the fog forever.
Chas. Hong Kong.



"Foggers" reflects upon his new-found fan.

If I had a synthesiser and Martin Rubash, d'you reckon I'd be as popular as The Human League? I mean, they haven't got a lot else, have they?
Cath. Cardiff.

P.S. Anything on those brilliant music makers Queen coming up? Or a poster of that gorgeous drummer of theirs, Roger Taylor. No, not that posing idiot from Duran Duran — the original Roger Taylor. I'm a BIG fan, see.

"Mark Ellen, you stand here in the dock of the Old Bailey accused of committing the crime of stating in the Jan 21 reviews column that BowWowWow's "Go Wild in The Country" wouldn't be a hit because it's too cluttered to sound convincing on the radio. We now find it placed No. 7 in the charts. Do you plead innocent or guilty!"

"Er, um, guilty."
"Right, now the sentence. Five hours of non-stop listening to BowWowWow in a padded cell, a big centrespread pic and a feature on BWW and a £5 record token to the writer of the letter in this case. Take him away."
Matthew Ashman's Favourite Guitar String. Crawley.

When reading your March 18 issue I saw that two irate readers were complaining about Haircut One Hundred's video for "Love Plus One" when Nick Heyward came swinging across the screen in nothing but his loincloth (censor!) after Spandau's "Paint Me Down" video had been banned.

Even after what everyone says I think that he looks lovely in his loincloth and wouldn't mind if he swang into my bedroom anytime.
G. C., Steyning.

Swang? SWANG?

Did you know that every member of Spandau Ballet, except John Keeble, has a dimple in their chin?

See, you learn something new

every day!
Soft Cell Fan, Preston.

Dear
Hander-Out-Of-Record-Tokens,
Has anyone ever told you what a beautiful sense of humour your answers display? I imagine you as about Phil Oakey's height, with David Sylvian hair, Jam Burden looks, the dress sense of Haircut One Hundred and the personality of Kenny Everett. Am I close to the truth?
Yours (I) get a record token,
Maria Crisp, Peterborough.

The looks are pretty accurate but I'm not so sure about the personality bit.

Why has the chart been messed about with? I mean, you don't know where your favourite group is. Take Gillan for example. One week they're a new entry, then they go straight out the next week. Then they re-enter twice. The same goes for Olivia Newton-John, Diana Ross, Elkie Brooks and Black Sabbath. Haircut 100 stayed at No. 35 for two weeks before jumping 24 places to No. 12. This is ridiculous. Kraftwerk went down one place before jumping to 1 with "The Model". I have heard that the BPI, who pay for the charts, asked the chart return shops to post their sales figures to the BMRB each week instead of sending them by courier service. It means that records actually go down the chart after being sent on TOTP and then go up a week later. Why don't the BPI return to the original? I'm sure many chart enthusiasts would agree with me.

Adrian Goston, Coventry.

We don't know exactly why they messed about with the old system but we have it on good authority that they're currently making plans to revert to the traditional way of doing things.

Dear Paul Weller,
Just who do you think you are? The way you were rabbiting on in the Daily Mirror interview anyone who read it would think The Jam were the only good group around. I am of course referring to the comments you made about the pop scene, mentioning such groups as Depeche Mode — "Most pop music is drive!". Surely any group born out of the punk era — when a lot of real drivel was released — ought to keep quiet about today's music.

So you've reached number one in both singles and albums charts. Big deal. That doesn't give you the divine right to criticise today's music. In case you haven't noticed, there are some excellent groups around now. Just because the music doesn't have some sort of meaning or message doesn't automatically mean that the song is "drivel" or "crap".

I must take this opportunity to congratulate you on your modesty. You gave the following comment while listening to your new album, "The Gift". "When I see some of the rubbish on TOTP it makes me think if it's even more important that we keep going so that among all this crap there's still some kind of intelligence."

Does this comment mean that The Jam are the only band with "some kind of intelligence"? Admitted I agreed wholeheartedly with some of your comments, such as those about violence and young people having a sense of responsibility. You obviously have some sense? But to get back to the earlier comments, even the dullest person realises that it takes all sorts to make a world and it everyone produced the same kind of records as The Jam — i.e. with constant references to the current situation in the country — then the music scene would be very boring. The public don't want meaningfulness in their music but variety.

The Daily Mirror described you as "a very angry young man". Angry you may be, but you should learn to keep your sarcastic comments to yourself or one day you will say the wrong thing in the wrong place to the wrong people and with nasty consequences.
Janet Smith, Abergan.

£5 Record Token Winner.

WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE?:

- A poke in the eye with a cricket bat?
- A week's holiday in Milton Keynes?
- A very large bowl of lumpy tapioca?
- A dream-date with The Goombey Dance Band?
- Two weeks' holiday in Milton Keynes?

A NICK HEYWARD FEATURE?

FREE AUTOGRAPHED ALTERED IMAGES ALBUMS?

Well, keep your fingers crossed as THREE of the above will be appearing in the next bulging, beautiful issue of SMASH HITS.

Out April 29 . . .

Here is a poem.
Smash Hits is the greatest,
Smash Hits is the best,
I know I am a crawler,
But please send me a record token so I can buy a John Fox LP.
(Oh well, I never could write poems).
Alison Moore, Glasgow.

After reading your Altered Images feature (March 18) I was very angry. Clare Grogan said that the council has let in the "dregs of society" to Roby Dame High School along with all the snooty girls. I am a pupil at this school and I am not all snooty and I am certainly not the dregs of society.

If she was that much of a Miss Norm she wouldn't think herself better than anyone else.
Caroline Smith, Glasgow.

Please find enclosed an invisible £10 note (very rare!) as a bribe for you to send me a visible £5 record token.
Steve Shadow, Paignton.

Gosh, thanks!

Dear Phil Oakey,
You were right — that hairstyle didn't do anything for you. Love and a wet mackerel.
Julie, Stafford.

Fish! Why is it always fish?



A SOFT CELL READERS' Q&A?





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THAT'S LIFE



HAZEL O'CONNOR

NEW SINGLE
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SQUEEZE

black coffee in bed

There's a stain on my notebook
Where your coffee-cup was
And there's ash in the pages
How I've got my feet hot
I was smoking in bed
That my feelings tonight
Are a stain on my notebook
That rings your goodbye!

Chorus

Oh now she's gone
And I'm back on the beat
A stain on my notebook
Says nothing to me
Oh now she's gone (now she's gone)
And I'm out with a friend (out with a friend)
With lips full of passion
And coffee in bed

With the way that you left me
I can hardly contain (he's got me in)
The hurt and the anger and the joy of the pain
(I live in the pain)
Now knowing I am single there'll be fire in my eyes
(Fire in my eyes)
And a stain on my notebook
For his eyes were following (now, love tonight)

Repeat chorus

Oh now she's gone
And I'm out with a friend (out with a friend)
With lips full of passion
And coffee in bed

From lips without passion
To the lips with a kiss
That's nothing as you move
That I'll ever miss
The stain on my notebook
Remains all that's left
Of the memory of late nights
And coffee in bed
Of the memory of late nights
And coffee in bed

Repeat chorus

Now she's gone
I'm back on the beat
A stain on my notebook
Says nothing to me
Now she's gone
I'm back on the beat
A stain on my notebook
Says nothing to me
Oh, oh, coffee in bed
Black coffee in bed
Black coffee in bed

Repeat to fade

Words and music by G. Tibbalt/C. Dillford
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On a Bill Records



Photo: Peter

BANANARAMA

REALLY SAYING SOMETHING

(Hey, yeah, yeah)

I was walking down the street (doo waddy wah)
When this boy started following me (oh yeah)
Now I ignored all the things he said (doo waddy wah)
He moved me in every way
With his collar unbuttoned
On my side he was struttin'

Chorus

He was really saying something (saying something)
Really saying something (saying something)
Bop, bop shoo-be-doo-wah
Bop, bop shoo-be-doo-wah

He flirted every step of the way (doo waddy wah)
I could hear every word he'd say (oh yeah)
My resistance was getting low (doo waddy wah)
And my feelings started to show
My heart started thumping
Blood pressure jumping

Repeat chorus

He walked me to my door (do waddy wah)
I agreed to see him once more (oh yeah)
Lady-like it may not be (doo waddy wah)
But he moved me tremendously
Although he was bold
My heart he stole

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by N. Whitfield/E. Holland/W. Stevenson
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NIGHTS OUT

MOTORHEAD London

Walking into the Hammersmith Odeon just after Motorhead went on stage was like stepping into an oven at Gas Mark 9.

The heat was overpowering but the volume was worse. Not content with two gargantuan banks of speakers on either side of them, Motorhead had also lined up another row along the front of the stage.

Add to this a hefty helping of headbanging and you have an outrageously demented audience. Lemmy wasn't happy though. He complained that everyone was "standing like a row of hollyhocks" when he had hoped we would be storming the stage, blocking up the aisles and creating chaos.

But everyone was far too busy doing their guitar hero imitations to pay much attention to the greasy one. Well, it was either that or they were all deaf and couldn't hear his constant complaints that we weren't misbehaving enough.

The volume was so ear-splitting that it became impossible to distinguish between songs. But then they mostly . . . are the same. They start at breakneck speed



The Greasy One: is this man asleep?

and then slowly sag. Lemmy's the first to slow down. He's followed by guitarist Fast Eddie Clarke and finally drummer Philthy Animal Taylor, who often looked in danger of finishing a number before the other two.

The hit singles stood out only

because the lighting went berserk and there were the customary magnesium flares. Apart from that there were no special effects, no theatrics and nothing much to recommend being there at all.

I'd hoped Motorhead were a

band with a sense of humour but they don't appear to be. They seem to take themselves deadly seriously.

My advice? See them only at your peril.

Jill Sinclair

Dates

Check locally before stepping out. A Bev Hillier production.

Boomtown Rats: Derby Assembly Rooms (Apr 16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Aberdeen Capitol (19), Liverpool Empire (22), Lancaster Uni. (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (25), Norwich East Anglia Uni. (26), Ipswich Gaumont (27), Manchester Apollo (29), Leeds Uni. (30), Birmingham Odeon (May 1), Bradford St. Georges Hall (2), Sheffield City Hall (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Oxford Apollo (6), Brighton Top Rank (7), Southampton Gaumont (8), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Cardiff Top Rank (12), Stoke Kings Hall (13), Hemei

Hempstead Pavilion (15), Guildford Civic Hall (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (19) **Bucks Fizz:** Limerick Savoy (April 16), Cork Savoy (17), Galway Leisureland (18), Dublin Stadium (19, 20), Thurles Premier Ballroom (21).

Clesh: Inverness Ice Rink (April 27), Edinburgh Pleyhouse (28, 29), Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre (May 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (3), Newcastle City Hall (5, 6), Birmingham Bingley Hall (8), Hanley Victoria Hall (9), Leeds Uni. (10), Bradford St. Georges Hall (11), Stoke Mandeville Stadium (13), Poole Arts Centre (14), Portsmouth Guildhall (15), Bristol Locarno (17, 18), Brighton Centre (19), London Brixton Fair Deal (22, 23).

Classix Nouveaux: West Runton Pavilion (April 16), London Dominion (17), London Lyceum (18), Birmingham Locarno (20), Wakefield Unity Hall (21), Liverpool Royal Court (22),

Dundee Uni. (23), Glasgow Strathclyde Uni. (24), Manchester Ritz Ballroom (26).

Kid Creole & The Coconuts: Leeds Uni. (May 15), Sheffield Poly. (16), London Dominion (17), Nottingham Rock City (20), Brighton Top Rank (21), Norwich East Anglia Uni. (22), Bristol Locarno (23), London Lyceum (June 8), Manchester Apollo (10), Birmingham Odeon (11), Aylesbury Friars (12), Fashion: London Lyceum (April 15).

Foreigner: Edinburgh Playhouse (May 5), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (7), London Wembley Arena (9).

Huang Chung: Leeds Warehouse (April 15), Norwich Gala Rooms (16).

Hi-Tension: Guildford The Royal (April 17), London The Venue (24).

Joe Jackson: London Dominion (June 29).

Queen: Leeds United Eiland Road (May 29, 4pm), Edinburgh Ingliston Royal Highland

Exhibition Hall (June 1, 7.30pm).

Diens Ross: London Wembley Arena (June 2, 3, 4, 8), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (8, 9).

Thin Lizzy: Oxford Apollo (April 22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Manchester Apollo (24), Sheffield City Hall (26), Newcastle City Hall (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), London Dominion (30, May 1).

Toyah: Sheffield City Hall (June 18), London Hammersmith Odeon (July 17, 18).

Waitresses: Glasgow Night Moves (April 15), Edinburgh Nite Club (16), Brighton Jenkinsons (18), London The Venue (21).

Whispers: Birmingham Odeon (May 5), London Dominion (6).

XTC: Hanley Victoria Hall (May 21), Sheffield Poly. (23), Manchester Apollo (24), Newcastle City Hall (25), Edinburgh Playhouse (26), Birmingham Odeon (29), Southampton Gaumont (June 6), London Hammersmith Odeon (7), London Hammersmith Palais (8).

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS I RAN



I walk along the avenue
I never thought I'd meet a girl like you (meet a girl like you)
With Auburn hair and tawny eyes
The kind of eyes that hypnotise me through (hypnotise me through)

Chorus
And I ran

I ran so far away
I just ran, I ran all night and day
I couldn't get away

A cloud appears above your head
A beam of light come shining down on you (shining down on you)
The cloud is moving nearer still
Aurora-borealis comes in view (aurora comes in view)

Repeat chorus

Reached out a hand to touch your face
You're slowly disappearing from my view (disappearing from my view)
Reached out a hand to try again
I'm floating in a beam of light with you (a beam of light with you).

Repeat chorus to fade

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On Jive Records

FASHION STREETPLAYER

What is your name?
Everything is making me
What is your name
Everything is making me

Repeat above

I need a street player, street player
I need a time, no-one to shoot me in the eye
I don't need no-one to clock me on the eye
I don't need no-one to show me the way
I don't need no-one to tell me to stay

Chorus

I'm a street player
I'm a street player
I'm a street player
I'm a street player

What is your name
Everything is making me
What is your name
Everything is making me

Repeat above

I don't need no-one to tell me my name
I don't need no-one to tell me my name
I don't need no-one to give me a hand
I don't need no-one who can't understand

Repeat chorus

Street player
Street street, player player
Street player
Street street, player player

I don't need no-one to tell me my name
I don't need no-one to stare into my eyes
I don't need no-one to show me the way
I don't need no-one to tell me to stay

Repeat chorus to fade

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CLASSIX
NOUVEAUX



smash hits