

SMASH

HITS

POP/ROCK/HEAVY

30p May 15-28 1980

Words to the
TOP SINGLES

including

In The City

This World Of Water

Hold On To My Love

KATE BUSH

PHIL LYNOTT

ROCK ON TV

UNDERTONES

TOYAH

in colour

Albums to be won

Their very existence menaced
by a strange civilization.



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May 15-28 1980 Vol. 2 No. 10

TERRIBLE, INNIT? I mean, how could they do it? How could they cause so much suffering among the innocent? No more *Tiswas* till September... But we must be brave and carry on. Actually, you can read what Tony Parsons (he of the *Sax Pistols* article fame) thinks of *Tiswas* and other music programmes in this issue's special feature on rock on TV on pages 12-14. Other goodies in this issue are a Request Spot Special with the first three Jam singles now back in the lower reaches of the chart (Thanks to Paul Weller for lending us his vintage photos), an extra song, another chance to win a mini-TV on page 18, a competition with a difference on page 28, plus the last of our badge tokens and our blinder offer on page 35. We can but hope these offerings will go some way to filling the gap left in our lives by the absence of *Spit The Dog*, *Compost Corner*, *David Belfemy*...



Managing Editor
Nick Logan

Editor
Ian Cranna

Features Editor
David Hepworth

Design Editor
Steve Bush

Design Assistant
Andy Ingamells

Editorial Assistant
Bev Hillier

Contributors
Cliff White
Robin Katz
Red Starr
Fred Dollar
Mike Stand
Kelly Pike
Jill Furmanovsky

Advertisement Manager
Rod Sopp
Tel: 01-439 8801

Publisher
Peter Strong

Editorial and Advertising address: *Smash Hits*, Lisa House, 52-55 Carney Street, London W1V 1PF. This magazine is published by EMAP National Publications Ltd, Peterborough, and is printed by East Midland Litho Printers, Peterborough. Copyright exists on all songs appearing in *Smash Hits*. They must not be reproduced without the consent of the copyright holders.

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FRONT COVER PIC:
BRIAN ARIS



NEXT ISSUE ON SALE

MAY 29

REQUEST SPOT
SPECIAL



IN THE CITY

By The Jam on Polydor Records

In the city there's a thousand things I wanna say to you
But whenever I approach you, you make me look a fool
I wanna say, I wanna tell you
About the young ideas
But you turn them into fears

In the city there's a thousand faces all shining bright
And those golden faces are under twenty five
They wanna say, they're gonna tell you
About the young ideas
You better listen now you've said your bit

And I, I don't know what you're thinking
You still think I am crap
But you'd better listen man
Because the kids know where it's at

In the city there's a thousand men in uniforms
And I've heard they now have the right to kill a man
We wanna say, we're gonna tell you
About the young ideas
And if it don't work at least we say we tried

In the city, in the city
In the city, in the city
In the city there's a thousand things I wanna say to you

Words and music by Paul Weller
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Requested by: Steve F, Manchester; John Irick, Taunton
M. J. J. & Kim, Kirby, Northants; Gillian Martin, Liverpool
Ezekiel Martin, Farnham, Kent; John J. & John, Liverpool
Chris, Joanne & Alan, Jersey; Jeremy, Ipswich; Tom
Mansfield, Kent; John A. & John, Sutton Coldfield; Andy
Wells, Rotherham

ALL AROUND THE WORLD

By The Jam on Polydor Records

All over the country (we want a new direction)
All over the city (we need a reaction)
Well, there should be a youth explosion
(initiate creation)
But something we can command

What's the point in saying destroy?
I want a new life for everywhere

We want a direction (all over the country)
I want a reaction (all over this land)
I said, I want a reaction (all over this land)
You've got to get up and be there (a youth explosion)
You've got to get up and be there (a youth explosion)
Because this is your last chance

Can't dismiss what has gone before
But there's foundations for us to explore

I said,
All around the world
I've been looking for a new
All around the world
I've been looking for a new

Youth explosion
Ooh-ooh a new direction
Ooh-ooh we want a reaction
Ooh-ooh initiate creation
Nothing from you

All around the world
I've been looking for a new
Repeat to fade

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Widow Super Mart, D. J. & James, Gloucestershire; Mike, Jan,
Phil, Manchester; Anna E. & John, Ipswich; Tom
Northampton; Stough Spurvey, Liphams, Wilt; Craig
Jennings, Ayr



LARGE PICTURE: RON CHEN

THE MODERN WORLD

By The Jam on Polydor Records

This is a modern world
This is the modern world

What kind of fool do you think I am?
You think I know nothing of the modern world
All my life has been the same
I've learned to live by hate and pain
It's my inspiration drive

I've learned more than you'll ever know
Even in school I felt quite sure
That one day I would be on top
And I'd look down upon the map
The teachers who said I'd be a failure

Chorus
This is the modern world, that I've learnt about
This is the modern world, we don't need no one
To tell us what's right or wrong

This is the modern world
Say what you like, 'cause I don't care
I know where I am and going to
It's somewhere I won't preview
Don't have to explain myself to you
I don't give a damn about your review

Repeat chorus
This modern world this is, this is, this is, this is,
this is, this is, this is
Hey, we don't need no one to tell us what's right or wrong

This is a modern world, this is the modern world

Words and music by Paul Weller
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Requested by: J. Frazee, Tooting, London; Sharon O'Leary,
Hayes, M.55



MOSSDAVEY (JAM); JENNY SHALCOM (JAM)

THE MEASUREMENTS

Kate Bush lets Deanne Pearson in on her secrets.

IS THAT really Kate Bush walking across the cafeteria of EMI's Abbey Road Studios? I have to look twice to make sure. She's much smaller than I imagined and dressed casually in jeans, colourful blouse and cardigan. Wearing little make-up, she looks about 14 years old but moves with all the grace and confidence of a trained dancer and experienced performer—which of course she is.

Smiling warmly, she sits down with an orange juice and lemonade. She rarely drinks alcohol she tells me, and thinks most people who do just lack confidence. I put down my larger and order a coke.

THE ABBEY ROAD Studios are famous in connection with the Beatles, in particular their "Abbey Road" album. In the foyer a large picture of Paul McCartney welcomes visitors. Next to it, and just as prominent, is a picture of Kate Bush.

The studios are like a second home to Kate at the moment. She's been working virtually non-stop here for the last few months—apart from some session work with Peter Gabriel and Roy Harper (for his album "The Unknowing Soldier"). Kate is working on her third album which is now scheduled for end of June release. When asked about it, however, she is understandably hesitant.

"It's difficult to talk about the album without you actually hearing it," she explains, in a voice so quiet I worry the tape recorder won't pick it up. "I suppose it's more like the first album, 'The Kick Inside', though, than the second, 'Lionheart', in that the songs are telling stories.

"I like to see things with a positive direction, because it makes it so much easier to communicate with the audience or listener. When you see people actually listening to the songs and getting into them, it makes

you realise how important it is that they should actually be saying something."

The lyrics on her two previous albums are mainly concerned with love, sex, and relationships. Simple and common subject matter, I suggest, safe and uncontroversial.

Kate rightly points out, however, that her lyrics do go into the psychology of the relationships, and analyse what lies under that superficial banner of "love", which—no matter how common a theme—is still very important to a lot of people.

Her new album, however, is exploring different avenues. "There are a lot of different songs," she says. "There's no specific theme, but they're saying a lot about freedom, which is very important to me."

Which is why Kate is also producing the album herself this time, helped by John Kelly who produced "The Kick Inside" and "Lionheart".

"It means I have more control over my album, which is going to make it more rounded, more complete, more me, I hope."

Her latest, fifth, single, is very different from anything Kate has done before, and different to anything on the album, she says.

"Breathing" is a dramatic statement about the very real dangers of a possible nuclear disaster in our world. "It's about a baby still in the mother's womb at the time of nuclear fallout, but it's more of a spiritual being," Kate explains, premeditating with her hands, drawing a picture in the air to demonstrate.

"It has all its senses: sight, smell, touch, taste and hearing, and it knows what is going on outside the mother's womb, and why she wants desperately to carry on living, as we all do of course."

"Nuclear fallout is something we're all aware of, and worried about happening in our lives, and it's something we should all take time to think about. We're all innocent, none of us deserve to be blown up."

The hopelessness and pointlessness of nuclear fallout is conveyed also in the haunting, ominous melody which swirls pitifully around Kate's familiar crying vocals. The lyrics are short but to the point, while in the background an officious-sounding broadcast instructs its nation what to do.

IT SEEMS strange to hear Kate singing about politics, something I associate more with

fighting, militant bands such as the Clash and the Stranglers.

Kate is slight and demure, an extremely artistic person whose aims seem more concerned with entertaining people by taking them away from the outside world and its problems, even if only for an hour or two.

Her seems a comfortable, almost faintly successful story. Discovered by EMI Records at the age of 16, she was sponsored for a couple of years writing, during which time she continued learning to dance, perform and project herself.

There she was launched into the world of record, music and entertainment business, with its accompanying bright lights and glamour. And here she is, still in EMI's safe, protective cocoon.

Kate laughs at this picture of herself.

"I think from the outside it does look as if it's been very easy for me—if you believe what the media say. But in fact it hasn't. Everyone thinks—

knows, because it's true—that you need that lucky break, but what really counts is the determination that has to be there in the beginning.

"Basically it all comes down to personality, you have to be very strong to get where you want in this business. I mean some people have been going ages, like Elkie Brooks, she's amazing" (it's the only time in an hour's conversation that Kate uses that word).

"Elkie's been knocked down so many times, and yet she always gets up again and fights back. It's the same with me. Because I want to keep going, I can. I don't deny that I've been lucky though."

The determination, just as important as the talent, has always been there, probably even before Kate learnt to play the piano at the age of eight.

"Instead of going out to play with other children I used to play the piano—it was my way of talking of expressing myself."

Kate admits she was a fairly solitary child who didn't have many friends, and I wonder if she still is a bit of a loner. It seems rather an odd question when picturing the self-assured performer onstage—but what about offstage, away from it all? Is she much of a socialiser?

"No, I don't go to parties much, the last one must have been, oh, Christmas I suppose. When I get home I tend to sleep, especially at the moment because I've been working so

hard or I clean up, wash-up and Hoover. I find that very therapeutic. When I've got a lot on my mind I like to get away to something totally non-daxing.

"I see friends whenever possible too, and watch television, because that's something you can just switch off when you've had enough."

She laughs at having to relate such run of the mill things to prove she's "normal".

"I'm not a star," she says adamantly. "My name is, but not me. I'm still just me."

KATE HAS been criticised for being too pretentious onstage—for not being herself. Politely she explains what she thinks the critics have missed.

"When I am onstage, I'm performing, yes, and I'm projecting. And to do these things well, I have to be big" (she stretches her small, slender, frame upright to demonstrate) "and bold, and full of confidence. And I am, but" (and she plumps down in her seat again), "it's still little inside."

Her performance, she says, is not contrived, it's just how she feels at that time.

"I mean, you can't go onstage and simper, and be timid and shy," she continues. "You've got to be big and strong and give your audience everything you've got, reveal your emotions, be romantic, transport them into another world, so they're in tune with you."

"That requires an awful lot of hard work, and an almost calculated force I suppose, in that you know what you're doing. But it does come naturally."

"Sands that do nothing, that just go out and perform their basic function, play their latest album, or sing it, or whatever and then just walk off, are boring. You have to keep your audience's attention all the way—to be a success."

Which is why Kate Bush is a success. Her onstage performance is an extension of her songs. Through her movements she expresses the mood of her songs. They can be fast and lively, or angry perhaps, slow and sad, or maybe romantic.

Because she is so involved, her audience become involved and her show becomes an art form in itself. A logical extension to this, Kate feels, would be to make a concept album and a show to go with it, so the whole thing becomes a concept in one.

But that's very much in the future at the moment. As we walk out of the studios after the interview she links in the sunlight and looks round in mock amazement at what is left of the day. Working in the studios till two or three most mornings has been going on a bit too long she feels.

The first thing Kate Bush would like to do after completing the album is take a holiday.



BREATHING

Outside gets inside, through her skin I've been out before, but this time it's much safer in Last night in the sky, such a bright light My radar sends me danger But my instincts tell me to keep

Chorus
Breathing, breathing, breathing my mother in
Breathing my beloved in
Breathing breathing her nicotine
Breathing, breathing the fall-out-in-out-in-out-in...

We've lost our chance, we're the first and last
After the blast
Chips of plutonium are twinkling in every lung
I love my beloved, all and everywhere
Only the fools blew it
You and me know life itself is

Repeat chorus

What are we going to do without
Ad lib and repeat to fade

By Kate Bush on EMI Records
Words and music by Kate Bush
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PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL LINDENBERG

NEW MUSIK

THIS WORLD OF WATER

On GTO records

These waters have frozen
Can't break the ice no more
It's raining so hard now
Can't seem to find a shore

Chorus

World of water
Where you swim for the other side
World of water
But you're swimming against the tide

This all goes so much deeper
Than some would like to say
Soaked in this world of water
Until it's washed away

Repeat chorus

World of water
You can drown but you still survive

No colour, no feelings
No time to sit around
No living, no dying
No one here to be found
No entry, no exit
I like to be beside the sea

The tide comes in once more but
I'm safe on higher ground
The water here still rising
It's come to drag me down

Repeat chorus

World of water
You can drown but you still survive

Repeat chorus

World of water
You can drown but you still survive

Repeat chorus

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NUMAN IN NASSAU

GARY NUMAN is helping out Robert Palmer with his new album being recorded at Compass Point studios in Nassau, Bahamas. Gary plays keyboards on four tracks. Robert first betrayed an interest in Gary's work last year when he incorporated "Cars" and "Me I Disconnect From You" in his live act, but whether there will be a Numan song on the album isn't yet clear.

RODNEY FRANKLIN, the man responsible for "The Groove", is well versed in the disciplines of jazz piano. He attended a special school near his Northern California home where young children were encouraged to study music, jazz in particular. After winning various distinctions for his playing he started to play professionally with artists like Freddie Hubbard.

"The Groove", which comes from his first solo album, "You'll Never Know", is, according to his record company, starting a new dance craze called "The Freeze", this being what the dancers do when the music stops and starts. (Hasn't Gary Numan been doing this for years?)



THE RETURN OF THE SPUD BOYS

DEVO RETURN to the U.K. in June to promote their third album, "Freedom Of Choice". The band had a tour scheduled for last autumn which they were forced to cancel because the halls they had decided to play couldn't accommodate their current stage spectacular.

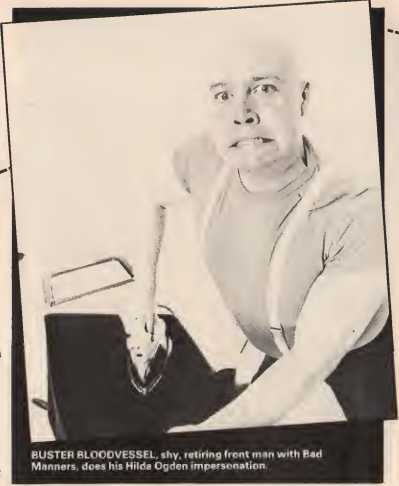
Dates are as follows: Glasgow Apollo (June 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Newcastle City Hall (5), Sheffield City Hall (6), Manchester Apollo (7), London Rainbow (8) and Southampton Gaumont (9). Tickets are priced at £3.50, £3.00 and £2.50 except at the Rainbow where £4.00 seats are also available.

In the week beginning May 17th Virgin Stores in each of the towns on the itinerary (with the exception of Glasgow) will be showing a brand new 45 minutes Devo film at least once a day. In London the film will be on show at The Megastore, Marble Arch and Kensington High Street.

BEAT ON THE STREET

THE BEAT, whose first album, "I Just Can't Stop It", is released this week on their own Go-Fest label, set out on a major tour in May and June.

Dates are as follows: Aylesbury Friars (May 24), Brighton Top Rank (25), Sheffield Top Rank (27), Newcastle Mayfair (28), Derby Assembly Rooms (29), Cambridge Corn Exchange (30), Norwich University (31), Poole Arts Centre (June 2), Coventry Tiffans (3), Stoke Hanley Victoria Hall (6), Cardiff Top Rank (8), Swindon Brunel Rooms (9), Malvern Winter Gardens (10), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (12), Wakefield Unity Hall (13), Leicester University (14), Bristol Locarno (15), Portsmouth Locarno (17), Blackburn King Georges Hall (19), Middleton Civic Hall (20), Manchester Russell Club (21), London Hammersmith Palais (24), Birmingham Top Rank (25).



BUSTER BLOODVESSEL, shy, retiring front man with Bad Manners, does his Hilda Ogden impersonation.



PH. CHRIS GARRIN

BOWIE BUREAU

HARD CORE Bowie fanatics will doubtless already know all about the regular bulletins from The Bowie Bureau in the Isle Of Wight. Others may not. Currently on its thirty sixth issue the bulletin offers gossip, the odd picture, some old reviews and numerous transcripts of TV and radio interviews old and new. Best of all it's absolutely free. Just send SAE to Bowie Bureau, 11 Gloucester Road, Ventnor, Isle of Wight for your copy.

FACTS AND RUMOURS

GRAHAM PARKER'S sixth album, "The Up Escalator", will be released at the end of the month on Stiff Records. Parker, who has been unhappy for some time with his previous label, Phonogram, thus joins his band, The Rumour, on the label owned by his manager, Dave Robinson.

The Rumour, now without keyboard player Bob Andrews who has gone into full time production, also have their own third album ready for release.

IDENTITY CRISIS

YOU WOULDN'T believe the things I've done. Been to number five with a speeded up version of a Russian classical tune, written a few songs for David Essex in "Sterdust", produced an album for Shakin Stevens, taken an Elvis Costello song into the charts and spent more time in the company of Nick Lowe than can be consistent with good sense. Whisk down to the foot of page 11 and let us get intimate.

CARRY ON — MORE PRODUCT

"THE GREAT Rock'n'Roll Swindle" opens in London on May 15th at The Classic, Oxford Street, and The London Pavilion. Later in May it will also be shown at The Screen On The Green, Islington (London) and it's likely that some sort of national release will be arranged for June.

Virgin are also releasing a single album of music from the soundtrack called (surprise!) "The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle" in early June. It's not yet known exactly what this will contain. There is also to be a book of the film, written by respected fantasy novelist Michael Moorcock, and presented in the format of a newspaper.



RAINBOW FAN CLUB

THE FIRST officially authorised fan club for Rainbow has now been established and the organisers plan to provide members with news, information and various special offers as well as opening up channels for enthusiasts to write to the band personally. For details, send an SAE to Rainbow Fan Club, PO Box 7, Prescott, Merseyside L35 4PP.

THE B-22s have now completed their second album, provisionally entitled "Urgentissimo", and expect to release it in the summer.

PICTURE THIS

THE LAMBRETTAS follow up their success with "Poison Ivy" with an original composition called "D-a-a-ance". This 45 will initially be available as a full colour picture disc in a clear vinyl sleeve.

GENO — THE HONEST TRUTH



GENO WASHINGTON, the hero of Dexy's No. 1 hit, was an American serviceman stationed in Britain in the Sixties who took up soul singing after being demobbed.

Bringing together various young musicians into his Ram Jam Band, he swiftly became one of the hottest live attractions in the country. His slick, energetic revue style presentation went down a treat with the multitudes of soul fans who were particularly strong in the North and Midlands.

Although Geno never managed a major hit single, his live albums, glorying in such titles as "Handlappin' Footstompin' Funky Butt Live!" and "Hipsters Flistera Fingerpoppin' Daddies", made their mark on the long playing charts. His career waned at the end of the Sixties and various comeback attempts throughout the last few years have failed to get off the ground.

At least Geno can comfort himself with having inspired a number one record fifteen years



Paul Simon and Mikey Dread compare profiles and hatch plots.

VINYL FROM VINYL

KOSMO VINYL, press agent, advisor and general right hand man for Ian Dury and The Clash, is hoping to set the independent label scene back on the track by forming his own group of alternative companies. Disillusioned with the increasingly predictable approach of the bigger independents and the snobby obscurity of most of the others, he's planning a series of singles and albums from artists working outside the pop mainstream.

Starting with working capital of 66p, Kosmo has launched Dread At The Controls, a label which will specialise in reggae, black and white. The first release is "Rockers Delight" by Mikey Dread, the Jamaican who toured recently with The Clash. Mikey also produced The Clash single, "Bank Robber", which CBS are unwilling to release, and is currently working with the band at Channel One Studios in Jamaica on tracks for a fourth Clash album.

Kosmo plans to start a number of labels catering for country, jazz and blues artists whose records would otherwise not be released, in future he hopes to be able to sell records mail order at prices well below normal retail level. Any inquiries (or tapes) should be sent to Dread At The Controls, 32, Alexander Street, London W2. If he likes it, he might just put it out. No fortune hunters, please.

after starting off. Dexy's have gone into print calling him "the greatest soul singer that ever lived". Frankly, this is nonsense. Sentimental nonsense. He was way too reclusive and lacking originality to stand next to Otis Redding or Ben E King.

But, well, he was ours if you see what I mean.

FOUNDTRACK

THE SOUNDTRACK album of the new film, "Americathon", features one previously unreleased Elvis Costello track called "Crawling To The USA". Costello is briefly featured in the film playing the above song. It's not yet known when it will open here.

ALL TIME TOP TEN

Phil Lynott

1. THE SPECIAL AKA: Too Much Too Young (2 Tone)
2. JUNIOR MURVIN: Police And Thieves (Island)
3. THE DOOBIE BROTHERS: What A Fool Believes (Warner Bros.)
4. PHILIP LYNOTT: Solo In Soho (Vertigo)
5. THIN LIZZY: Do Anything You Wanna Do (Vertigo)
6. JACKSON BROWNE: The Pretender (Asylum)
7. KRAFTWERK: Trans Europe Express (Capitol)
8. ZZ TOP: La Grange (London)
9. THE ROLLING STONES: Shattered (Rolling Stones)
10. SEX PISTOLS: Bodies (Virgin)

SCENE SPEAK IN WARDOUR STREET

FOR ANYBODY who read the lyrics of "I'm The Face" by The High Numbers last issue but couldn't make head nor tail of the jargon, here's a swift introduction to modpeak 1985 style.

A "licket" was a mod who didn't quite make it, strictly an amateur. The scene's most popular club in London's Wardour Street and an "Ivy Reggae" jacket was a very sharp, thin lapelled, three buttoned item of clothing modelled on the style favoured by students of the more exclusive American Universities.

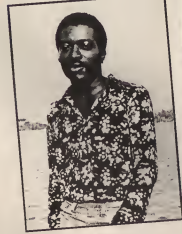
Sadly, Peter Meaden, the original king mod and early manager of The High Numbers before they became The Who, died a couple of years ago without seeing his song make the charts fifteen years after its original release. Wonder what he'd have made of "Quadrophonia"?

ELTON ALBUM

ELTON JOHN has a new album, called "21 at 33", released on Rocket in mid-May. Produced by Elton with Cliv Franks it features songs co-written with Bernie Taupin, Gary Osborne, Tom Robinson and Judy Tzuke as well as the current single, "Little Jeannie".

JUNIOR MADE IT HAPPEN

JUNIOR MURVIN, the man who has taken the reggae class "Police And Thieves" into the charts on re-release, comes from Port Antonio, a fishing town in the north of Jamaica. He was discovered doing small hotel gigs (virtually the only type of live music venue on the island) by ace reggae producer Lee Perry, who



took him into his Black Ark studio in Kingston to record "Police And Thieves" in early '76.

Most people have come to know the song through The Clash's cover version, but the original album is still available on Island, though Murvin has had nothing released in this country for a couple of years now.



TOYAH'S TEMPEST

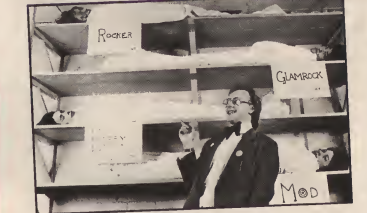
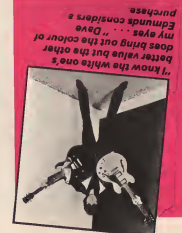
TOYAH WILCOX has her first UK album, "The Blue Meaning", released on Safari at the end of May and will be touring with her four piece band.

Dates are as follows: Glasgow Tiffans (May 25), Edinburgh Tiffans (26), Aberdeen Ruffies (27), Goldford Civic Hall (29), Brighton-Jenkinsons (June 1), Sheffield Top Rank (5), Newcastle Mayfair (6), Wakefield Unity Hall (6), Manchester Russell Club (7), Bristol Locarno

(9), Cardiff Top Rank (10), Exeter Routes (11), Dunstable Civic Hall (13), West Runtun Pavilion (14) and London Lyceum (15).

The band also have a new single from the album, entitled "Lava/Helium Song", released before the long player.

A new film of Shakespeare's "The Tempest" in which Toyah plays Miranda has just opened in London to favourable reviews and should be seen elsewhere in summer.



HOW TO succeed in the music business: Part 43. Meet The Sussed, a Birmingham band whose new single, "I've Got Me Parka", is just out on the Graduate label. The gezer at the front, name of Oscar, is the

guiding spirit behind this major new artistic force and he claims to have put the band together, Doctor Frankenstein style, from spare part musicians left over from previous waves. Here he is inspecting the raw material.

TUUCH THAT DAL!



In the Smash Hits Readers Poll, only five out of your Top Ten TV programmes were music shows. Tony Parsons takes the lid off the musical box.

SOME PEOPLE think that the way music is presented on television is a cause for concern, but I think it's hilarious. The case for the defence follows...

THE OLD GREY WHISTLE TEST is the Crossroads of the "Clapton is God" set, as indispensable to the lives of every one of us as a notheater pair of Stars and Stripes loon pants.

Presenter Anna Nightingale resembles the runner up in a Glamorous Grandmother competition and sounds like a sprightly senior citizen with a plum in her dentures. Despite the old folk's desire that the jolly

japes should keep on coming — all that puerile "Gosh, aren't I've having a spiffing great, simply marvie, awfully young rave-up tonight, chaps!" stuff — the ancient, everlasting curse of TOGWT is that it is so sombre that if Little and Large were on it they would come over like Schoenberg and Sartre.

Wizened, whispering wimp Bob Harris gets to gaze and gab with the stars, who are usually Yanks as TOGWT slobbers and drools over any piece of garbage that floats over from America. Bob's probing line of questioning usually consists of enquiring after the studio's (great love for a rap in here, man) assistant engineer's lumbago.

TOGWT has the unerring gift of making the great seem glib and the mediocre seem unbearable. Even when Bruce "The Last Hero" Springsteen was on he seemed lack-lustre. It's the curse I told you. The programme ignored punk until the arty-farty sops moved in — anything bald and boring, like Magazine — as though we were all wearing

kaftans and grovelling around in the mud at an Isle of Wight festival, getting our freaks out to some Hendrix solo. Their idea of "raw" is The Damned and their ilk — my idea of "crap".

And — goodness! — who could get through the week without the great-new-album-track-accompanied-by-cartoon regular feature? Wow, man, dig that crazy animation! Draw the curtains! Roll the weekly joint! What sign are you and can you dig it? I'd like to dig a big hole and bury those cartoons.

If TOGWT is a cup of Horlicks for the long-hairs, then GET IT TOGETHER is another kettle of crud altogether.

Whereas TOGWT goes out around the witching hour and is aimed at "with-it" teenagers in their twenties and thirties, GIT goes out so early that to catch it you'd either have to be someone who ran all the way home from primary school or someone who doesn't have to work for a living. The GIT theme tune gets sung twice, at the start and at the end

of every show. Come on everybody, sing along! GIT: "Get It Together. Altogether now, let's have a good time. Put your hand together with mine. We got rock. We got soul. We got old. We got new. But we ain't got a thing without you. So!" (Repeat endlessly until you die of old age and fade).

Actually, GIT ain't got soul — in fact, not one black person has ever been seen within a two mile radius of the GIT studio. What GIT got is two co-hosts called Roy North and Linda Fletcher — the oddest couple.

Roy is a cross between Peter "Herman's Hermit" Noone and a basket weaver who is acting agreeable so the nice young men in their clean white coats will let him out of his strait jacket. Roy looks as though there's not a bad bone in his body nor a brain cell in his head. You can't help but like him.

Roy sings one solo a show, usually something like "Spilih,



TV PICS: PAUL SALTERY

Spilih, I Was Taking A Bath" (with mime and bath tub) or a hit by Olivia Newton-John. He does these in his own immitable fashion. Roy's as weird as Gary Numan wants to be, but isn't. Linda Fletcher is porky and permed and probably has pictures of Jenis Joplin all over her locker. Linda sings like Maggie Bell with all her sweat

ducts filled in with Polyfilla. She gets her weekly solo ping, showing a clear preference for any song that has "Music" or "Rock And Roll" in the title (e.g. "I Love Rock And Roll", "Good Old Rock And Roll", "I Think Rock And Roll is Just Great And I Hope You All Think So, Too", "Rock And Roll", etc).

A big rave with Linda is Kiki Dee's "I've Got The Music In Me". She resists the temptation to re-name the ditty, "I've Got The Music In My Rock And Roll". Roy and Linda read out kiddies' requests and birthday greetings every week, and so does Mike Moran, who is sort of a sub-host

on GIT. Roy looks as though he loves every moment of this little chore, of course, but Auntie Linda and Uncle Mike — well! They act all sullen and resentful, grimacing and drawing back their lips as if the words tasted of something you put down to kill rats.

Mike Moran plays keyboards and Roy does vocals. He looks like Ian Hunter with an invisible skunk grafted onto his upper lip. Sometimes he gets to sing an awful rock standard by one of those tawdry, tinny old tunesmiths like Chuck Berry or Jerry Lee Lewis.

Mike's finest moment was when he sang a bluesy duet with Linda on Blue Mink's "Melting Pot" (surely the best case for segregation the world of music has ever offered). The rest of the time he does back-up work on the show, looking very pissed off in the most petty way imaginable.

GIT also features two new tenth-rate bands every week, bands who are on the first rung of the showbiz ladder but too dumb to realise that this will be the high point of their careers.

Resident dance troupe, the arthritic-limbed TSD's, get to dance twice on every GIT. They will use one of these spots to caper around dressed in furry ears and woolly tails, interfering with one of the tenth-rate bands. Their dancing consists of waving their arms in the air and grinning mindlessly. They steadfastly refuse to take off their furry ears and woolly tails, even if the band is crooning some romantic tear-jerker. Perverts.

GIT is like going to a party thrown by an amiable buffoon (Roy) who you really like when all the other guests are vile, horrible, slob (the rest) who deliberately spill drinks and stub their cigarettes out on his nice new carpet.

IN CONCERT is just that, a live gig with no interference from the network, and the programme is only over as good as the act in showcases. Joe Jackson was great — usually IC doesn't feature articles of his calibre, and this is when it stinks.

THE KENNY EVERETT VIDEO SHOW revolves around the person with the worst case of hackney in the history of mankind.

There's something both pitiful and irritating about someone who wants to turn back the clock as badly as Everett does. Of course, the time that he yearns for is when he was the celebrated rebel, thrown off the BBC for upsetting too many starched shirts. This was in the sixties and the Sixties were twenty years ago.

In the interim period, Everett has become well-liked — doing more jingles and more advertising companies than even Penelope

CONTINUES OVER...

Keith — and well old — a good way into his thirties, if not out the other side.

But he still loons about making a toerg of himself, trying to create an uproarious, spontaneous scene, the very epitome of the parent you wish would go out when you're having a party. He dresses up to make fun of punks and Mary Whitehouse with lines so lame that the average fat, Northern comedian with dicky-bow and cigar wouldn't use them.

The videos on TKEVS have all been enjoyed elsewhere. My five month old son is already too intelligent to watch Captain Krammen cartoons. Hot Gossip, though, are the best dance group in town because they know enough to chuck out the dancing and prancing and stick to the CLOTHES and the POSE. (Daring, debauched, decadent — it's ironic the brains behind Hot Gossip didn't feel safe enough to include a white man and black girl in the outfit.)

One final point — Everett luxuriates in the part of the show where he is humiliated or ignored by his star guests. He obviously thinks he's scum. I'm inclined to agree with him.

TKEVS thinks it's so clever and modern and free, but it still looks like a stale, trite slouch to me — especially when compared to THE MULTI-COLOURED SWAP

SHOP. This employs every facet of the technology that the old cathode ray tube has to offer — outside broadcast, video, phone-in interviews and barter, studio guests, film, cartoons, the works.

TMCS is so long it makes *War* and *Pease* look like the joke in the Christmas cracker. Naturally enough, its quality fluctuates from the dire to the dull to the wonderful, but that's okay — just because you've got the TV on, that don't mean you have to watch it, it's fine to let it ramble on while you're doing what you're doing and just pick it up when you feel like it.

The best Saturday morning show ever was Bill Oddie's SATURDAY BANANA. Oddie's a bit of a "head" and the show was truly anarchic — games, guests, good bands (it discovered New Wave about eighteen months before TOGWT did), debates with the kids about subjects that mattered (corporal punishment in schools, race, education, politics, hunting).

They were always trying to do outside broadcast stuff, too, but they could never quite pull it off. Mikes conked out, link-ups broke down, cameras went on the blink. But Oddy show through and so did those kids. It was shoddy, all right, but it was brilliant. It got taken off because Southern, who made it, didn't have enough money to continue

making it.

ATV make *Tiswas*, *TMCS*'s competition on a Saturday morning, because ATV have got more money than Southern will ever have. Southern may have the talent, verve, taste and panache, and the imagination may be bankrupt, but ATV are the ones with the money.

TISWAS is produced and presented by Chris Tarrant, an overweight slob who is never without his smug smirk, rugby shirts and denim. Tarrant has the air of a leaped hippy who decided that if he was going to go commercial and really take this job with that advertising company, then he'd go all the way and become totally cynical. He thinks he's smart but he's just a sad old tart.

Tiswas bases its musical fare around acts that have had hit records in the past, but who are either out of ideas or out of time now (Squeeze and The Barron Knights have been featured recently).

But most of all *Tiswas* consists of runchy, paunchy Tarrant fluffing his lines and breaking down into hysterical giggles along with his raucous chums off camera while the bored, baffled children who are herded into the studio are either ignored or insulted. These kids are given signs to carry with private jokes written on them to amuse Tarrant and his pals.

Tiswas is amateurish, offensive refuse — I'm a celn, rational, level-headed sort of person but I feel like throwing Tarrant and his team a bouquet of sulphuric acid.

It's also well worth mentioning that it won't be long before Tarrant — and all the other presenters mentioned in this piece — hobbles along to his local post office, pension book in hand. Senile barks, the lot of them, all old enough to be your parent.

Why do you have to wait until mind and body decay are set in before you're allowed to present a music and/or youth oriented programme? How can these people dance to the music with one foot in the grave?

THE SOUTH BANK SHOW and ARENA both feature musical items once in a while but the subject has to be either po-faced or passé (preferably both) before it can even be considered for inclusion.

Then it must be presented in the most patronising way possible — condescending crap, *Tiswas* for adults — by a sociologist who once went to a Clash concert because he wanted to find out what this new fangled punky thing was about but he didn't want to risk the Pistols.

Their attitude is, "Here's our little bit of rock for the month" — dead art, it should be hanging in some museum and not on the TV

screen where the people will see it.

OH, BOY is full of Duck's Ass imbeciles doing Elvis sneers, picking their boogies and trying to recreate the Fifties as they never were, the fetuous fools. Appropriately enough, it's on immediately before *Happy Days* — faked nostalgia presented in a trite, tiresome fashion.

If you're going to do this kind of things, than at least do it properly. The *Oh, Boy* team should have their blue suede feet nailed to the floor and be forced to watch *Grease* fifty times before they're allowed near a television studio again.

TOP OF THE POPS is by far the best music programme on TV because it is content to see its role as a reflection of the charts and nothing more, and so *TOTP* works well right now because the charts are in a remarkably healthy state at the moment, healthier than they have been for years.

The Ska bands, Police, Pretenders, Jo Jackson, Jam, most of the records created by the Chic organisation's Rodgers and Edwards, The Regents . . . every influence, fad and fashion of the last ten years soaked up, assimilated, restyled into something fresh, flash and fun, stoking the hit machine . . .

I know there's rubbish around like Lena Martell, Pink Floyd and Elvis Costello, but a few one hit wonders can't spoil it for us, can they?

God knows the concoction of youth, dance and music frequently jer, grate and grind with each other on *TOTP* — but, still, nobody does it better, not in this country. *TOTP* should be moving towards where *SOUL TRAIN* (a show for black music in America) is already.

It's slick, polished, sharp, the live acts are good and the young people dancing in the studio don't look as though they are supervised (herded around like cattle so they don't get in the way of camera three or so that Ken Dodd's got an audience) — on the contrary, they look as though they're having a good time, and they act like the programme belongs to them. *TOTP* heading in this direction would be the promise of perfection — a multi-racial pop slot.

Despite the undoubted popularity of black music in this country, *TOTP* is the only — that's ONLY — programme to regularly feature black music. When hep cats in the rock press and their ilk talk about improving the state of music on TV, they invariably drone on about devoting airtime to more white, left field and experimental rock acts. But the thing is only going to get better than it is now by doing EXACTLY the opposite.

The defence will now rest its case and eyes.

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album - waiting for the man"

OVER

By Roxy Music on Polydor Records

YOU



Oh, baby, this is nowhere
Wish I was somewhere, over you
Your sweet lips tell me there's no chance
No more romance over you

Oh, baby, how can I go on
Crying so long, over you
We're strangers looking for new love
I'm so lost in love over you

Someday, yes, it might come babe
When I'll be, babe, over you
And always up to that moment
I will try to say I'm over you

Words and music by Ferry/Manzanera
Reproduced by permission EG Music Ltd.

STIFFS

THE NEW SINGLE
INSIDE OUT 73

Independent BITZ

singles

We'll start with those you needn't waste your time on. TV21 (**Powbeat**) are pleasant and professional, but their low profile jangling Searchers sound (produced by Troy Tate of Shake) and good sleeve are let down by interesting and awful lyrics. The sleeve and design are also the best part of **The Decorators (New Hormones)** offering, the music being solid but unimaginative and unremarkable stuff. **The Versatile News (Shanghai)** and **John Duart & The Bedrooms Of Europe (Dresden)** both feature great names and great sleeves, but to judge by the latter's mainstream rock, punk might never have happened, while by the latter's very brief and badly recorded one man guitar riff, 1977 might never have left us. Even with the assistance of divinely inspired Swell Maps Nikki and Epic, **Metrophase (Neolondon)** is only mildly interesting at best — two sides of overlong and underdeveloped earnest futurism. **Embryo (Rampant)** rattle along brashly in matey Sham 69 style, all lowest common denominator stuff with dreadful lyrics and a chorus I seem to have heard somewhere before.

Finally, **Lord Rockingham's Revenge (Testament)** is terrible indeed, inflicting upon us **The Shrouds** and their self-indulgent, unfinished ideas about building anew, and worse still, **Bob Saffron & The Postal Bargains** whose embarrassingly inept

"folk" songs I'd be ashamed to own up to, never mind put on record. Meanwhile, over in the Medium To Average Department, we find **Goo-Q's "I Am A Computer" (Rising Star)**, which boasts Pete Thomas of The Attractions on drums but little else in its run of the mill synthetic pop that might raise an eyebrow elsewhere. Similarly **The Accidents (Hook Line & Sinker)** have a professional, likeable sound of brisky paced jangly guitars and harmonies, but nothing truly outstanding. **The Thunderboys (Recent)** bring a welcome change and a smile with their bouncy Art School rock. Pity about the wooden rhythm section — with its hilarious vocals it could have gone places.

The Freeze (A1) could also go far if they tried. They represent the heavier, mainstream side of the new wave, leaning heavily on the Hawkwind but with reasonable restrained songs. Potential is spoiled by dire lyrics (about "my mind" etc) and quite appalling pressing quality.

The Amber Squad from Leicestershire should please a lot of people with mod leanings with their tight, well performed, r'n'b influenced outing "Put My Finger On You" (S+T). Ace label design with pork-pie hat wearing and perka clad person on a scooter with a flat tyre. Promising outfit. (Contact: SAE to 28 Gopsall Street, Highfields, Leicester.) **Yob Records** bring us a four track EP, with two interesting and likeable songs from **Positive Signals**, whose energetic approach and busy rhythms remind me of The Beat. One of the few records also that I wanted to hear again, unlike **The Strand** on the other side who sound like a modest version of Sham 69 with electronic interference. Includes Xeroxed magazine. (Contact: SAE to Ashton, 15 **Hawkworth Point, Rainhill Way, Bow, London E4.**) All this relentlessly average stuff doesn't half make you appreciate the quality control at Rough

independent singles top 30

TWO WEEKS AGO	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	FOOD FOR THOUGHT UB40	Greduite
2	YOU/ANTICIPATION Delta 5	Rough Trade
3	WHERE THERE'S A WILL... Sins/Pep Group	Y (Rough Trade)
4	TREASON (IT'S JUST A STORY) The Teardrop Explodes	Zoo
5	7 HERE'S CAPTAIN KIRK Spizz Energy	Rough Trade
6	FEEDING OF THE 5,000 Crass	Small Wonder
7	YOU CAN BE YOU Honey Bene	Crass
8	REALITIES OF WAR Discharge	Clay
9	WARM GIRLS Girls At Our Best	Record
10	ARAUCO Robert Wyatt	Rough Trade
11	DEATH AND DESTINY Mytha	Guardian
12	BETTER SCREAM WHI Heat	Inevitable
13	S.Y.S.L.F.F.M. (THE LETTER SONG) O. Tips	Shitgun
14	SOLDIER SOLDIER Spizz Energy	Rough Trade
15	NAME RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER Fat	Neat
16	WARDANCE Killing-Jobs	Melicious Damage
17	ALTERNATIVE ULSTER Ben Little Fingers	Rough Trade
18	TRANSMISSION Joy Division	Factory
19	NANTUCKET SLEIGHRIE Quartz	Reddington's
20	BICKEY'S HAND Fed Gadget	Mute
21	SLEDGEHAMMER Sledgehammer	Valent
22	CARTOONHEAD Adam And The Ants	Do It
23	MOTORHEAD Motorhead	Big Beat
24	FEVER Crepus	Illegal
25	IF I WERE KING Verdis	Castle
26	SUNDAY GIRLS Family Fodder & Friends	Fresh/Parlo
27	WHITE MICE Mo-Dames	Mute
28	GIVE 'EM HELL Witchfynde	Randlett
29	THREE MANTRAS Cabaret Voltaire	Rough Trade
30	YOU BETTER MOVE ON Boys	Saten

independent albums top 10

TWO WEEKS AGO	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL
1	THE FALL LIVE The Fall	Rough Trade
2	STATIONS OF THE CROSS Crass	Crass
3	FOR HOW MUCH LONGER Pop Group	Y (Rough Trade)
4	BOOTLEG RETROSPECTIVE Site	Rough Trade
5	COLOSSAL YOUTH Young Marble Giants	Rough Trade
6	HICKS FROM THE STICKS Various	Rockburgh
7	COUNT DRACULA AND OTHER LOVE SONGS Quartz	Reddington's
8	INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL Spit Little Fingers	Rough Trade
9	SONGS THE LORD TAUGHT US Cramps	Illegal
10	PRINCE BUSTER'S GREATEST HITS Prince Buster	Melodic

Compiled by Record Business from a nationwide panel of specialist shops. Only titles not connected with major record companies are eligible.

Trade, where a small explosion brings us two newies from Swell Maps' **Rather Records**.

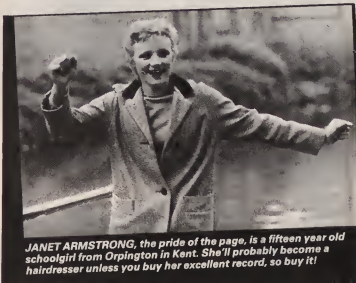
Phones B. Sportsman is a part time Swell Map and this light hearted but well executed garage lunacy will be appreciated by Map readers everywhere. With the current boom in Heavy Metal, his enjoyable "Get Down, Get With It" hard rock spoof could even be a hit!

The Cult Figures are more Map friends but an actual band, probably the only ones who can skate nearer the brink of chaos and make it work than the Maps themselves. They can also write very good songs, as this neatly played and surprisingly together EP shows. Three very likeable and tuneful tracks (including a 60's Shadows style instrumental updated) show that The Cult Figures' generous sense of humour doesn't mean they're a joke band. Well worth your money. (Contact for **Rather: SAE to Scott at Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11.**)

For sheer overall genuine appeal

and charm, however, this issue's real gem must be **Janet Armstrong (Silent Records)**. "Two Hearts In Pain" and "Exploitation" are two supremely catchy and danceable slices of reggae-styled pop with a great spontaneous, raw feel to them, plus excellent lyrics and Janet warbling away beautifully somewhere in the middle. Written by her brother Kenny, this has all the makings of a superb huge summer hit. A great record — make sure you get to hear it! (Contact: SAE to 118 **Talbot Road, London W11.**)

Red Starr



JANET ARMSTRONG, the pride of the page, is a fifteen year old schoolgirl from Orpington in Kent. She'll probably become a hairdresser unless you buy her excellent record, so buy it!



WIN A MINI-TV!



That's right — another chance coming up to win yourself that mini-TV with 5 inch screen and radio combined. That's the prize that will be going out to the lucky winner of our crossword competition, along with a copy of "Hypnotised", the very wonderful new album by the equally wonderful Undertones. You know the deal: the first correct entry opened after the closing date (May 28) gets the mini-TV and the "Hypnotised" album. The next 25 correct entries opened will each receive a copy of The Undertones album, right? And now on to the next bit . . .

How to enter

Simply solve our crossword puzzle, writing the answers in ink, pen or ballpoint. Complete the coupon with your own full name and address then cut it out and post it in a sealed envelope to: SMASH HITS (Crossword No. 38), 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. Make sure it arrives not later than May 28, 1980, the closing date. Sender of the first correct entry checked after the closing date will win the mini-TV. Senders of the next 25 correct entries will each receive a copy of the Undertones album. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to the competition will be final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into. The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Eire, Channel Isles and the Isle of Man, excluding employees (and their families) of Smash Hits and East Midland Allied Press.

ACROSS:

- 5 Tasty, Fruity band!
- 7 McCartney single (6,2)
- 8 Half an expensive car, half an American soul group!
- 10 Dr Frankenstein's hiding a member of Blondie!
- 11 Jobson of the Skids, or it is the Lionheart?
- 12 First name of Rockpile guv'nor
- 14 Your guide to the "Life Of Brian"?
- 16 Blondie chart-topper
- 17 Type of music
- 18 ELO take a funny turn and become someone else!
- 20 The English Monks (4,5)
- 22 Kate Bush single !!!
- 24 Smash hit LP: sounds like the wine to drink at Henley! (7,2,5)
- 26 Drummer with "Tusk" group (4,9)
- 27 "Tocatta" outfit

DOWN:

- 1 Nolans' hit: now come on, you all know this one! (4,4,5)
- 2 Costello single (2,8)
- 3 Starred Phil Daniels and some bloke called . . . er . . . Sting
- 4 Sad Cafe hit (2,2,2)
- 5 Model who was Bryan Ferry's girlfriend 'til she ran off with Mick Jagger (5,4)
- 6 Could keep the rain off 26 across
- 9 Judas Priest LP (7,5)
- 12 One turns round and becomes Brian's other half!
- 15 We'll up Lear (ansg, 4, 6)
- 19 Mod's son rearranged as US teenybop group
- 21 By Wings, or Sir Freddie Laker!
- 23 Like the beach of the recent hit
- 25 Numan's mob

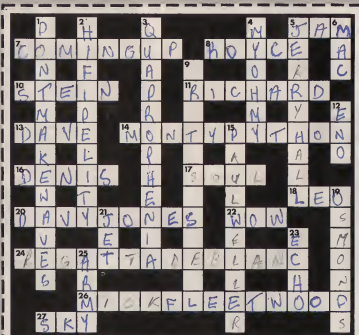
ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD No. 38

ACROSS: 1 The Regents; 5 Judas Priest; 8 Stage; 9 Lou (Reed); 10 Robert Plant; 11 Mod; 12 Alana; 14 Madness; 15 "Heart Of Glass"; 16 Sex (Pistols); 19 "Heart Of Glass"; 21 Ian Page; 23 Pete Shelley; 25 (Two) Tone; 26 Rich (Kids); 28 (Billy) Preston; 29 "Stay"; 32 "Rat Trap"; 33 Two (Tone); 34 (Sex) Pistols; 35 Muppets.

DOWN: 1 "The Prince"; 2 "Echo Beach"; 3 "Get It On"; "Making Plans For Nigel"; 5 Jilted John; 6 Drummers; 7 Swedes; 13 Attractions; 14 (Martha & The Muffins); 17 Eagles; 18 Floaters; 20 Supertramp; 22 Police; 24 "Hurry Up Harry"; 27 (Judas) Priest; 30 Amps; 31 Flop; 32 Tom (Robinson).

CROSSWORD No. 36 WINNERS

TV WINNER: Simon Thompson, Cheshunt, Herts.
 ALBUM WINNERS: Margo Nicholls, Clwyd; Alan Walters, Langport, Somerset; Judith Balshaw, Scote; Andy Wild, Stockport; Julie King, Rhonda, Glamorgan; Gery Barton, Kidderminster, Worcs; Carol Johnson, Ely, Cambs; Jane Morgan, Yeovil; Tabbitha Rout, Brighton; Ruth Wilson, Penshaw, Tyne and Wear; Elizabeth Twentyman, Carlisle; Samantha Armstrong, Egham, Surrey; Joanne Herbert, Stercross, Devon; David Parkes, Bristol; John King, Rochdale; Kay Duke, South Shields; Shaun Lyons, Dudley; Mark Hobson, Barnsley; John Morton, Penrith; Anthony Knight, Bantry, County Cork; Anthony Barlow, Rochdale; Nigel Stones, Southouse; June Kinsella, Runcorn, Cheshire; Jane Emery, Portsmouth; Paul Jones, Hebden Bridge, W. Yorkshire.



No. 38

NAME B

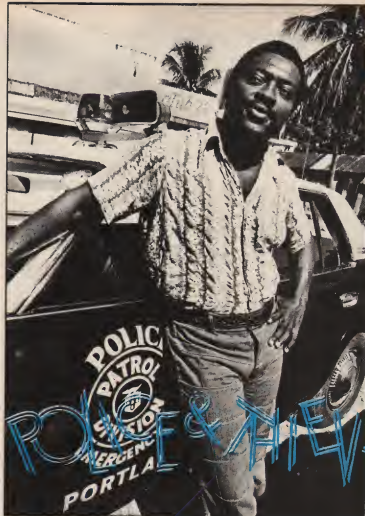
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ENGLAND AGAIN?

Who'll win the Home International Championship? Don't miss the big build-up in the 17th and 24th May issue.



match
 WEEKLY
 THE MAGAZINE THE PLAYERS READ



By Junior Murvin on Island Records

Chorus
 Police and thieves in the street, oh yeah
 Fight in the nation with their guns and ammunitions
 Police and thieves in the street, oh yeah
 Scaring the nation with their guns and ammunitions

From Genesis to Revelations, yeah
 The next generation will be, hear me
 All the crimes committed, day by day
 No one tried to stop it, in any way
 All the peace makers turn war officers
 Hear what I say, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Repeat chorus

All the crimes committed, day by day
 No one tried to stop it, in any way
 All the peace makers turn war officers
 Hear what I say, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Repeat chorus

Police and thieves, police, police and thieves
 Police and thieves, police, police and thieves, oh yeah

Words and music by Murvin/Perry
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I JUST CAN'T STOP IT



FIRST L.P.
 FROM

THE
BEAT

Includes the single
 'MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM'

BEAT 001

Also available on cassette: TCRT 1401





SMASH HITS
THE UNDERTONES

TOP 40

WEEK	TITLE/ARTIST	LAST WEEK	WEEKS ON CHART
1	1 THE GROOVE (D) REY FRANKLIN	ATLANTIC	112
2	6 I SHOULD HAVE TALKED TO A NURSE (A) MICHAEL WALTERS	CAPITOL	123
3	7 JUST CAN'T GET YOU UP (M) MYSTIC MAFLEN	EPIC	130
4	3 CHECK OUT THE GROOVE (R) BERRY THURSTON	20TH CENTURY	114
5	5 DON'T PEEK IT (L) IN HAWAII (C)	PINK PONYTHM	124
6	NEW KEEP IN TOUCH (P) BEEZ	MOTOWN	117
7	10 LET'S GET SERIOUS (R) JERMAINE JACKSON	RSO	129
8	25 HOLD ON TO MY LOVE (M) JIMMY RUFFIN	RCA	126
9	23 LET'S GO ROUND AGAIN (A) VERONICA WHITE (S) JANE	DE LITE	115
10	7 YOU GAVE ME LOVE (C) WENDY HIGHTS (P) JEFFIN	RAM	120
11	9 IN THE THICK OF IT (W) A. & B. RUSSELL	ATLANTIC	128
12	NEW BODY LANGUAGE (L) TRITON (S) HENKERS	CHRYSLER	124
13	4 CALL ME (L) NINE	POLYGRAM	125
14	39 THE SEDUCTION (M) JAMES LAST (S) BANI	RAM	127
15	21 OVERNIGHT SENSATION (M) JERRY KNIGHT	EPIC	124
16	10 SHE'S OUT OF MY LIFE (M) MICHAEL JACKSON	CASABLANCA	125
17	NEW FUNKY TOWN (P) S. INC.	ISLAND	125
18	14 POLICE (L) THREE (S) JONAS MEYHIN	BUCKLE	122
19	10 LOVE YOU FOREVER (M) LUNNY MAXX	CAULDRON	VAR
20	26 CALISTO (C) TWO VERBOS	MOTOWN	VAR
21	22 CALISTO (M) WEDLEY (M) A. & B. & THE SHIPWRECK	A&M	121
22	NEW STOMP (S) BRITNERS (S) JHENSEN	M. T. W. WIN	118
23	NEW BEHIND THE GROOVE (M) TEENA MARIE	ATLANTIC	126
24	NEW ELUSE (L) YOU ALLEN	ATLANTIC	126
25	NEW SHANTE MASS (L) INNOVATION	ARISTA	126
26	NEW TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME (M) JAY Z	CRS	124
27	15 GO FOR IT (M) HERMIE HINDOCK	SAULTER	118
28	NEW BUMPER TO BUMPER (A) VENUS (S) BLOOM (S) DAN	PYRUS	121
29	11 DANCE YOURSELF DOZZY (L) DANCE ARTISTS	UNITED	121
30	NEW EVERY GENERATION (M) JAMES LANE	MICROTON	116
31	28 (M) S. UPSIDE YOUR HEAD (M) GAB PANCY	ATLANTIC	123
32	6 WORKING MY WAY (M) BETTEK BEMINERS	ARIELA HINDA	124
33	72 IF YOU COULD READ MY MIND (M) VILLA WILLS	RCA (IMP)	121
34	NEW USE IT UP (M) WEAR IT OUT (M) SASSY	SUE	121
35	NEW HARBIN (M) SHUFFLE (M) BUB & EARL	WILHELMUS	122
36	NEW 14 SEX DANCER (M) BINGS	MCA	121
37	27 INTIMATION (M) STEPH	SHARL	124
38	NEW NIGHT IN THE SACKET (M) MIKI S. MALAMON	WISNOWER (S)	122
39	NEW ELUDOS (M) CHAKA KHAN	S&W (IMP)	122
40	NEW JUST HOW SWEET IS YOUR LOVE (M) NICE	S&W (IMP)	122

COMPILED BY RECORD BUSINESS FROM SALES AT SPECIALTY SHOPS.
IMP = IMPRINT. BPM = BEATS PER MINUTE.



Dexy's Midnight Runners meet Jimmy Ruffin (one of their inspirations) backstage at Top Of The Pops.

PHOTO: PAUL SLATTERY

Hold On To My Love

By Jimmy Ruffin on RSO Records

Today, you came by
To tell me you are leaving me
And to say that the love
And all that we knew had just drifted away
And I look in your eyes
And I couldn't bear the pain
I felt inside of my heart
To think that I'm gonna be lonely again
And if ever you go
Then I know at a glance
That I won't stand a chance

Chorus
(So) Hold on to my love, I'm nothing
And I can't get along without you
You're the light of my life
There's no living without your love

It's so hard, to believe
That your going away could make me feel so
down
Cause I know that from this moment on
I won't have you around
And if ever you go
Then I know at a glance
That I won't stand a chance

Repeat chorus
Oh oh baby
Nobody's taking your place
But for you, but for me
Our love will live on for the whole world to see

Repeat chorus ad lib to fade
Words and music by R. Gibb/B. Weaver
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Rob Jones' Disco Pick

The Quick "Ship To Shore" (Epic)
The Quick are remnants of a couple of bands who they would rather not mention. They had a single out called "Sharks Are Cool Jets Are Hot" and it was a crime that it wasn't a hit. "Ship To Shore" is a real summer sound and you will be singing this one as you go down to the beach.



As you probably know, Bank Holiday Monday (May 26) sees the first National Soul Day at Knebworth Park, Herts. GG whose hits include "Disco Nights (Rock Freak)", and "Make My Dream A Reality" (Arista) headline the bill. (They also have a new single out titled "Go Down".) This event is the largest of its kind in Europe and has a capacity of 15,000, and it's from 12 noon to 11 p.m. Tickets are priced at £8 and are available from usual ticket agents. Hopefully if everything is okay, a great time should be had by all. I hear that the two Caster Weekenders held recently went smoothly and with very little trouble and damage.

In the last issue I mentioned Rodney Franklin's single "The Groove" (CBS). I forgot to mention that it's also created its own dance craze "The Freeze" because of the intermittent breaks where the dancers freeze. Rodney Franklin has also just released an album, title "You'll Never Know" (CBS) which (dare I say it) I found quite boring in places. Best track was the single "The Groove". Crown Heights Affair are back with a double 'A': "You Gave Me Love" and "Use Your Body And Soul" (De-Lite Records). I reckon they've changed slightly from their "Galaxy" days of yesterday. "You Gave Me Love" has plenty of the catchy,

Michael Zeger 'wooh wooh's', whereas the other side is more of a "Rapper's Delight". The Jacksons seem to be doing well enough at the moment, with Michael riding high with "She's Out Of My Lie" (Epic) and Jermaine creeping up with "Let's Get Serious" (Motown) which is a great track and my tip for the top. Other singles that are climbing steadily and popular in most clubs are "Sexy Dancer" by Prince (WEA), "Hard Rock And Disco" by The Trammps (WEA) which is very catchy (but you can't stop yourself clapping along), and "Just Love" by Two Tons Of Fun (Fantasy).

There's also a 12inch single out titled "Cafira Cuts" (Pye) which contains roughly about twenty tracks that are really very good, e.g., "Que Tal America", "Rapper's Delight" and "Ain't No Stopping Us Now", the only snag being that you only get to hear about five seconds of each one which is pretty stupid really as it never quite gets off the ground. That's it for this issue. **Bv.** P.S. For all you dub-wise readers, "Beas Culture" (Island) by Linton Kwesi Johnson is highly recommended, great sound, great lyrics.

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THERE'S A standing joke among music journalists that by the time you've written your third Thin Lizzy article, it's time to let someone else take over.

You see, there's not a great deal that hasn't been said already about Thin Lizzy and Phil Lynott (in particular, in his time he's had everything thrown at him, good and bad, yet he just keeps smiling on, to all the world the hearty old man of rock. But despite his tough, take-it-as-it-comes image, it's difficult not to harbour a soft spot for the chap; call it the old Irish charm, but he's infinitely likeable.

STUMBLING IN for an interview at midday, it's obvious Phil is suffering from the ravages of the night before. He hides his bleary eyes behind his shades and gets down to business, talking as if to an old acquaintance rather than to a stranger invading one of his rare days of rest.

The prime topic, of course, is his long-promised solo album, *Solo in Soho*. "It's been in the offing for three years now, and had just about reached

pie-in-the-sky status—so just when did it take so long to appear?"

"Basically it was just a matter of getting some time," draws Phil. "I'd got all the material together and some money from the record company, but we had so many problems with guitarists in Lizzy that I had to forget the idea completely."

It was only when we found Snowy (White, Lizzy's replacement for Gary Moore) that I got the chance. Lizzy were unable to do anything until Snowy had finished a US tour with Pink Floyd so we were ahead with my album instead."

The album features contributions by the best of Thin Lizzy as well as Midge Ure and Dire Straits Mark Knopfer, amongst others, and took altogether two and a half months to record. Why was it so important to Phil to make a solo album anyway?

"It's something I've always wanted to do, and I made up of songs that I've written that are either too out of style for the band, or that I've played to the boys and they haven't liked."

"People always say that I'm the leader of Lizzy but it's as a group policy guys, as far as the majority that rules," he says, sounding like an injured innocent. "This album has just let me be totally self-indulgent."

"There's a only one song that sounds like a Lizzy song," Phil confesses. "The rest are a complete bag. It isn't one of the albums that usually spring to mind when people go solo, I'm certainly not singing love ballads over a string crescendo of strings. There's a calypso number, reggae, and

WHAT'S BLACK AND IRISH WITH A BIG HEAD?



ANSWER: GUINNESS

Meanwhile, back at the Features Desk, Ryan Kelly talks to modest Phil Lynott . . .

quite a bit of electronic stuff—whatever I felt like at the time."

Now does he feel the album will go down with hardcore Lizzy fans?

"I reckon some of them will like it, but it'll be too off for the wall for a lot of the fans," he muses, adding philosophically, "but on

the other hand, I think it should pick up interest from some people who wouldn't give Thin Lizzy the time of day."

"Although I've had all my own way, I think I've maintained the integrity of what I'm doing. I definitely haven't gone for a particular market and then

written a song with the idea 'Ah, this will give me a hit!'"

LIZZY'S LAST hit was "Sarah", written by Phil for his baby daughter Sarah. Though it scaled the charts successfully, the change in style to a simple ballad is not a step that Phil is

considering repeating.

"When we recorded the song it was great. The atmosphere in a recording studio is conducive to being reflective—you can sing 'I love you' and really get into it."

The differences came when we went on Top Of The Pops—there I was, standing in my skin tight leather looking all set to go mad and crooning this love song! There were loads of girls standing there staring up at me and I was just cringing—no, though luckily," he adds with a grin. "I don't go red."

"I was all done up and thinking 'Are you kidding?'—trying to concentrate and getting through the number as fast as I could. After that I swore I'd never sing a slow song again—it's just too embarrassing."

Admittedly, to see this legendary superstar turned overnight into a dotting father is a bit like seeing Santa tuck into venison—disconcerting to say the least. But then the subject of images to Phil is decidedly cagey about.

"D'father be depicted as a womaniser than a home-loving boy," he admits (although the strength of this is put under strain when he later remarks that the band's Christmas show in Manchester was a good excuse to see his Mum who lives in the area). But then it's all down to what the people in the press decide to write about you.

"I feel I've succeeded if I manage to keep anything a secret for more than two days," and he mutters: "The music press can be cruel, but at least they hit you where it hurts most—about the music, not if you believe what the national papers say. I'm just a cruel blackman out to seduce little white girls."

"I don't know why they should have picked on me, but I don't feel I can do anything without big brother looking down on me. If you're modest about the attention you get everyone says 'Come off it, you love it all.' But then if you're extrovert people say you're a jerk because you love to see your name in print."

It's all the grilling about his wife and daughter that really annoy Phil though.

"If the national press think there's a story to be had, they'll sit with their cameras all set up right on my doorstep, ready to nab anyone who comes out. They say the people have the right to know," he finishes morosely, "but sometimes I wonder."

ONE THING Phil is only too anxious to publicise is that the recording of his solo album is in no way going to jeopardise the future of Thin Lizzy as a band. It was holidayed all round when they finally found Snowy and the band are currently on a nationwide tour and preparing

for the release of their next album, tentatively called "Clonstown".

Lizzy did however use some of their recent enforced free time to get themselves a hit, in company with Steve Jones and Paul Cook, with the Christmas refrain, "Merry Jingles." Can Phil see them joining forces as The Greedies again?

"I don't know really, it depends how broke we are . . . he hesitates. "I think we were all embarrassed by it just."

"We had recorded it in just three-quarters of an hour as a bit of fun, and although the kids were buying it, we couldn't believe how many people, especially the papers, were taking it seriously. They were all so shocked and crying 'Is this what the Pistols have come to?' that it ruined the fun that we got out of it."

"If we do anything else it will probably be a bit more serious next time."

One of Phil's personal passions is video. He's been singing its praises for years now, and along with a couple of other bands, particularly Irish cohorts the Bloomtown Riots, Lizzy have been making when he later remarks that other groups had even heard of the idea.

"Altogether I've spent most of my money on videos—while other people have been spending it on flash cars."

"I know how it is when you pick up on some thing first, a group or anything, then go off and tell everyone how great they are? Well, slowly but surely others catch on until they start coming out for you and saying how marvellous the discovery is? That's how it was with video," he announces, with more than a trace of pride in his voice.

"Recently," he adds, as if to prove his point, "I went into the record company and they showed them the solo single 'Dear Miss Lonely Hearts.' They've got some new executive with a big star and while he was listening, he suddenly turned round and said 'You know, Phil—what we need is to get you into videos . . . I was seething!'"

It has also been suggested that Phil should try his hand at writing, this by folk totally unaware that Phil has already had two books published, and has just produced a third, an amalgam of the first two, illustrated and featuring new material, entitled *A Collected Works Of Phil Lynott*.

"I'm quite pleased with it—even though it has been taken over such a length of time that recording of his solo album is in no way going to jeopardise the future of Thin Lizzy as a band. It was holidayed all round when they finally found Snowy and the band are currently on a nationwide tour and preparing



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TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BABY



By Smokie on Rak Records

My tears are falling
'Cause you've taken her away
And though it really hurts me so
There's something that I gotta say

Take good care of my baby
Please don't ever make her blue
Just tell her that you love her
Make sure you're thinking of her
In everything you say and do

Oh take good care of my baby
Now don't you ever make her cry
Just let your love surround her
Make a rainbow all around her
Don't let her see the cloudy sky

Oh once upon a time
That little girl was mine
If I'd been true
I know she'd never be with you

Take good care of my baby
Be just as kind as you can be
And if you should discover
That you don't really love her
Just send my baby back home to me
Repeat last verse to fade

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The Chords

No Doubt About It

By Hot Chocolate on RAK Records

If someone tells you there's no other form of life
And you believe in that too
I'm gonna tell you about the other night
I swear that it's true
A cloud of white and green and flying ships I've never seen
Came into my view

Was I frightened, was I scared, was I thrown into confusion?
As they glided down so silently, it wasn't an illusion, oh no
No doubt about it, oh no, no, no doubt about it

What kind of magnetism kept me in this place?
Was it out of control? What was this ship from out of space?
What was this creature that appeared before my eyes?
Was it good, was it evil on this ship from other skies?
I was frightened, I was scared, I was thrown into confusion
As they stood right there in front of me, it wasn't an illusion, oh no

No doubt about it, oh no, no, no doubt about it

As they stood right there in front of me
What can they be? No illusion, no

No doubt about it, oh no, no, no doubt about it
Oh no, no doubt about it
Oh no, no doubt about it
No, no, no, no, no doubt about it
Ain't no doubt, no, no

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What Will Mother Say?

the FLYS



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




















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 150c Sting	 155c Judex Priest	 154c Rainbow	 152c Blondie	 58c Beatles	 128c Police
 140c Macorhead	 131c Jam	 134c Police	 128c Sting/Police	 88c Jam	 141c Madness
 132c Sex Pistols	 140c Madness	 139c Sting	 153c Rush	 151c Cliff Richard	 137c Madness
 139c Sting	 153c Rush	<p>Also available at most good record stores</p> <p>Please rush me the following: I enclose Cheque/P.O. £ _____ for total amount of purchases (which includes 25p p&h)</p> <p>Subject: _____ Name: _____ Address: _____ Post: _____</p> <p><small>I would gladly, please, receive promotional offers, should any one subject be out of stock.</small></p> <p><small>Print by: ANABAS PRODUCTS LIMITED, Chesham Close, Cedar Road, Bedford, Beds MK43 7JL (ENGLAND) (0527 850)</small></p>			

STAR TEASER

The names listed are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the names are always in an uninterrupted straight line, letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them. Solution on page 35.

ABBA
ADAM AND THE ANTS
ANGELIC UPSTARTS
ARETHA FRANKLIN
AXE
BET LYNCH'S LEGS
BLONDIE
BOBBY THURSTON
CHAS AND DAVE
CHILD
CHORDS
COLIN BLUNSTONE
CONTORSIONS
CRISTINA
DANA
DESMOND DEKKER
FOGHAT
GEDDY LEE
GILLIAN
HOT GOSSIP
JIMMY PURSEY
JOAN BAEZ
JONA LEWIE
KINKS
MADNESS
MYSTIC MERLIN
NOLANS
OTIS REDDING
PINK FLOYD
PRETENDERS
SKATALITES
SLAUGHTER
SLAVE
SLITS
SMOKIE
SUPREMES
UTOPIA
VAN HALEN
WHO
ZZ TOP

D	E	S	M	O	F	O	G	N	E	L	A	H	N	A	V	A	C	
F	O	E	N	O	T	S	N	U	L	B	N	I	L	O	C	E	O	
I	D	S	G	E	L	S	H	C	N	Y	L	T	E	B	I	E	L	
L	E	H	C	W	D	Y	O	L	F	K	N	I	P	D	E	U	I	
E	A	S	H	P	S	K	A	T	N	B	G	C	N	L	G	T	N	
T	O	P	R	G	I	L	L	A	E	E	E	O	Y	I	N	P	B	
C	R	T	O	G	U	E	S	R	T	B	I	L	D	L	C	I	E	L
R	N	T	U	T	P	F	S	D	K	B	D	L	O	N	D	L	N	L
I	O	Z	C	D	A	Y	M	O	C	E	A	S	K	O	D	S	O	
P	C	Z	E	H	V	P	M	Y	G	N	E	F	L	E	E	T	T	
T	R	H	T	A	A	S	K	M	R	T	L	B	S	C	R	N	S	
E	O	E	N	R	B	S	S	P	I	N	O	M	P	U	S	A	R	
X	R	H	T	E	S	N	A	L	A	J	O	H	W	C	I	E	U	
A	A	O	G	E	D	D	A	N	A	N	Y	B	O	B	T	H	H	
L	E	T	N	E	N	T	A	O	D	V	O	N	A	H	O	T	T	
S	V	D	A	D	A	D	M	D	J	D	T	L	G	H	O	D	Y	
E	A	B	E	K	A	I	E	O	H	O	A	U	A	O	C	N	B	
M	L	R	S	N	J	K	N	R	R	U	A	V	T	N	A	A	B	
E	S	K	N	I	K	A	S	T	S	L	U	T	E	N	S	M	O	
R	V	A	I	E	L	R	I	D	S	A	V	A	I	O	E	A	B	
P	A	T	R	E	U	O	G	I	R	C	I	T	C	H	R	D	A	
U	O	A	W	P	N	T	S	Y	M	O	S	P	C	H	R	P	A	L
S	T	I	L	S	O	R	D	D	L	I	H	C	O	U	A	L	S	
V	E	H	C	H	O	N	I	L	R	E	M	C	I	T	S	Y	M	
S	T	R	A	T	S	P	U	C	I	L	E	G	N	A	U	I	K	

PUT THE BOOT IN!

A RATHER different kind of competition this time around, courtesy of leading Independents Fast Product. To draw attention to their latest protégés, the

rabble-rousing dancers Boots For Dancing (motto: "I like to dance but I don't like disco"), their Pop Aural label is donating as first prize — wait for it — a brand new pair of Doc Martens beetle crushing boots! (Or if the girls don't fancy that, a pair of boots to the value of £25.)

On top of that, the winner will also be receiving a more traditional vinyl prize in the form of the Boots For Dancing 12inch single, the new Flowers EP and the Fast Product Compilation LP featuring The Human League, Gang Of Four, Mekons etc. There will also be 25 runners up prizes of the above vinyl collection.

Yes, we hear you say cautiously, but what do we have to do to get our hands and/or feet on one of these weird but wonderful prizes? Well, true to form, difficult funsters Fast Product are asking you to summon up all your reserves of skill and cunning to place a cross on the foot in the picture below which, in your considered opinion, is the one most likely to dance!

They also say they would like to hear from anyone which bright ideas for a new dance craze.

(It's a bit strange, we know, but we have to humour these people — something to do with the Street Credibility Act of 1977.) It's got to be worth a try anyway!

Entries (not forgetting your name and full address), ideas, cries of "I don't understand", abuse and general wingeing should be sent to arrive by May 29 to:

Boots For Dancing Competition, Fast Product, 3/4 East Norton Place, EDINBURGH EH7 5DR.





Call Me

By Blondie on Chrysalis Records

Colour me your colour, baby
Colour me your ear
Colour me your colour, darling
I know who you are
Come up off your colour chart
I know where you're coming from

Call me (call me) on the line
Call me, call me any, anytime
Call me (call me) oh love
You can call me any day or night
Call me

Cover me with kisses baby
Cover me with love
Roll me in designer sheets
I'll never get enough
Emotions come, I don't know why
Cover up love's alibi

Call me (call me) on the line
Call me, call me any, anytime
Call me (call me) oh love
When you're ready we can share the wine
Call me

Ooo... he speaks the languages of love
Ooo... amore chiamami, chiamami
Ooo... appelle moi, mon chérie, appelle moi

Anytime, anyplace, anywhere, anyway
Anytime, anyplace, anywhere, anyway

Call me (call me) on my line
Call me, call me any, anytime
Call me (call me) for a ride
Call me, call me for some over time
Call me (call me) on my line
Call me, call me and a sweet design
Call me, (call me) call me for your lover's lover's
alibi

Call me (call me)
Rehear last verse to fade

Words and music by Marvin Hamlisch
Reproduced by permission, Ramack Chappin
EMI Music Publishing Ltd

EMMA

SINGLES

By Mrs Esmé Sprigg of Housé



ILLUSTRATION: MARK GAGSTO

THE DISTRACTIONS: Boys Cry (Island). Hands up anybody who's really soft: Anyone whose eyes mist over watching old James Stewart movies, anyone who ever secretly read a truly soppy romantic novel, anyone whose heart turns to melted caramel when confronted by a juvenile animal?

Boy, do I got a record for you! An Eden Kane hit from 1964, all melancholy lyrics and tear jerking tune, handled with just the right proportion of vulnerable humour by the band that make The Buzzcocks sound like vicious bullies. Pass the Kleenex.

THE PHOTOS: E.P. (Epic). Forc'd, rarer colourless stuff from a band who would be blonde if they had more flair and better songs.

THE MOTORS: That's What John Said (Virgin). What have we got here? We've got a production so big it has to be circumnavigated, plenty of racy, beefy vocals and a song which sways from side to side and just begs to be adapted for the purpose of abusing football referees.

DEVO: Girl You Want (Virgin). The usual fidgety disco sound, the usual stops and starts and detours, the usual clownish, mildly inquisitive vocals, the usual vaguely sinister playground music. Would you believe I love it? Well, sort of.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: Hey Mae (Epic). Shakin' continues to capitalise on the temporary absence of Rockpile with an engaging old Louisiana tune that rolls and tumbles around Albert Lee's stuttering, death defying guitar. Never underestimate the importance of a well placed hiccup.

SPLIT RIVIT: Soul Limbo (Red Lightnin'). Fans of BBC 2's "Test Match Special" will recognise this old Booker T. tune as the programme's theme music. Fans of blazing harmonicas, swaggering arrangements and maximum r&b will recognise this new version as an honourable and fiery effort and a thoroughly worthwhile piece of plastic.

COMSAT ANGELS: Total War (Polydor). Somewhere between XTC, The Flying Lizards and The Beatles lie Comsat Angels with a mildly disturbing love letter song stripped down to the bare bones of bass and drums, getting comfortably under the skin. Hear.

BIG DEN AND THE RANDOM BAND: Working In A Coal Mine (Magnet). The former Dart Mr Hegerty tinkers with Led Zorras's classic with the aid of Kevin Godley and Lo Creem. Full of bonks and clunks. Quite fetching but unlikely to replace music.

MATCHBOX: Midnight Dynamos (Magnet). In which the boy(s?) wear away from rockability towards "yee-ha!" music. ("Yee-ha!" music involves a lot of knee slapping, plenty of twanged braces and much flinging of the

opposite ear over the shoulders. Simultaneous chewing of tobacco is also said to help.)

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK: Messages (DinDisc). Re-recorded song from their lovely debut album shows off their gentle touch and mastery restraint to maximum advantage. Interlocking melodic ideas, plaintive vocal, generally haunting stuff. While all the competition are slapping posterpaint everywhere, OMTD work with watercolours. More power to them. Good sleeve, too.

ELLEN FOLEY: Sad Song (Epic). Now this is just the stuff to feel sorry for yourself to. Mighty production, stately song, perfectly sultry vocal. Foley's best shot so far.



THE ONLY ONES: Fools (CBS). Old country duets require a little conviction and bags of corn. Peter Perrett and Pauline Penetration don't give it much of either. A good idea that art out of steam before getting to vinyl. Very short too.

SQUEEZE: Pulling Mussels (From The Shell) (A&M). Just what were Difford and Tilbrook doing behind the chafes? Where does the Harold Robbins paperback fit in and what on earth does this all have to do with pulling mussels from the shell? The original rude boys return with trousers rolled up to the knees and knotted handkerchiefs on their heads. (Clue: This record means a lot more to you experiment with different spellings of Maid Marian).

GRAHAM PARKER: Stupefaction (Instill). One of the handful of genuinely huge talents in rock and roll. The tune is nothing new but there's enough stinging perception in the lyrics to fill multiple albums. "They stare at billboards/As if for guidance." They do indeed.

TAMLINS: Baltimore (Taxi). Sophisticated, smoky reggae reworking of Randy Newman's brilliant song about decaying cities. Works respectably well.

ROCKY BURNETTE: Fallin' In Love (Bain' Friends) (EMI). I give up. This is this man's third attempt to put some ozone in the charts and it'll probably go the way of the other two. Which is nothing in particular. Which is a crying shame.



ALBUMS

JERMAINE JACKSON: Let's Get Serious (Motown). Despite five reasonable solo albums, Jermaine Jackson was washed into obscurity for his loyalty to Motown. Still, they seem to have pulled out all the stops on this one, for as well as assistance from more famous brothers, this album was co-produced by Stevie Wonder who also wrote half the tracks as well as singing and playing. It's not startlingly original, but it's easy listening and certainly his best to date (7½ out of 10).

Bev Hillier

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: Go All The Way (Epic). The six tracks here aren't as instant as most Isley's songs but are still strong enough to become memorable as like enough to merit good hearings. Not their best album or their worst — very much just the average Isley sound of busy, chunky funk with biting guitar and wailing vocals. Not even their flashy clothes can hide that this non-classic album is really just for fans only. (5 out of 10).

Bev Hillier

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Travelogue (Virgin). Sluggish production and fuzzy over-arrangements mean that several spins are needed to reveal its true glory, but this is a very odd album. Strong tunes abound, the lyrics are excellent, varying from the humdrum to the disturbing to the simply brilliant (check out "Radio WXJL Tonight" on the sleeve), plus you get one of rock's unique singers and the added dimension of an accomplished all synthesizer line-up. Great band, great future — buy now. (8 out of 10).

Red Starr

THE MONOCHROME SET: Strange Boutique (DinDisc). Strange indeed. Virtually impossible to pigeonhole, this consists of bits of arty rock, and neatly arranged clever guitar work — plus strong poppy melodies and danceable rhythms — into a lighthearted, almost

music odd style. The lyrics are an equally odd mixture of amusing fantasy and sudden seriousness, with titles like "Martin Stroll" and "Puerto Rican Fence Climber". Light, modern and attractive, but difficult to take too seriously. Try to hear it. (8 out of 10).

Red Starr

MINK DE VILLE: Le Chat Bleu (Capitol). Willy DeVille still sings like an angel who's fallen on hard times and for that I can forgive him much. On this third album the soul balladry and chooglin' rockers are placed next to the odd excursion into Latin dance music and some outright schmaltz. It's patchier than anything he's done before but the delights are nothing if not delightful. (7 out of 10).

David Hawthorn

INTERVIEW: Snakes And Lovers (Virgin). As a purveyor of witty, sophisticated pop, Interview have few equals in this country; their nearest relations are Steely Dan. It's always been so. Interview sometimes their polish is just polished. But a good half of this release can boast stylish, biting and fluent playing and thoughtful, tuneful songs that positively seethe beneath their surface. "Crossing Border" is a suitable piece to begin. (7 out of 10).

David Hawthorn

MAGAZINE: The Correct Use Of Soap (Virgin). Magazine should have quit after that magnificent debut album — that way they could have become the most untouchable legend Mr Devoto so clearly wants to be. This only underlines their subsequent decline, as only the ace "Song From Under The Floorboards" comes anywhere near that standard. Despite the fine musicianship going off its best to sound busy and imposing, this thoroughly forgettable set lacks depth, conviction and most of all, decent songs! (5 out of 10).

Red Starr

hard rock is Peter Perrett's obscure, vaguely ominous vocals. The songs toy with sinister themes, the arrangements are tony but predictable and the melodies limited. This third album fails to solve their central problem: their music merges into the background too easily. They've made this album before, though not necessarily in this order. (5 out of 10).

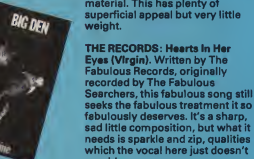
David Hawthorn

JUDIE TUCKER: Sports Car (Routledge). This time Judie sweeps strings for a harder, more aggressive band approach to her personal sketches. With frailer melodies and more complex lyrics, this collection isn't so immediately moving or memorable as last year's stunning debut, but thanks to inner sleeve lyrics and that marvelous vocal, it gets stronger with every play with "Sports Car" the best I've done since since "You're So Vain". Great sleeve too — well worth seeking out. (7½ out of 10).

Ian Cranne

PHILLY LYNNOTT: Solo in Solo (Vertigo). A gifted man illustrates perfectly why solo projects are so often of more interest to the public who make them than to those receiving them. Within Thin Lizzy Phil's cockiness is contained; here it runs wild as he leans towards softer tones and rhythms (guitars take a back seat). All the good bits should have been kept. Thin Lizzy, the rest dumped. Not a bad album so much as an album too many. (5 out of 10).

David Hawthorn



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Rock 'n' Roll

By The Human League on Virgin Records

Rock 'n' roll rock, rock 'n' roll
Rock 'n' roll rock

Do you still recall in the juke-box hall
When the music played
And the world spun around
To a brand new sound of those far off days
In their blue suede shoes
They would scream and shout
When they sing the blues
Let it all hang out

Chorus
Rock 'n' roll, hey, rock 'n' roll
Rock 'n' roll, hey, rock 'n' roll
Rock 'n' roll, hey, rock 'n' roll
Rock 'n' roll, rock, rock 'n' roll
Rock 'n' roll, rock, rock 'n' roll
Rock 'n' roll

Little Queenie hop to the high school hop
Dancing to the beat
With her U.S. Male and her pony tail
Well, she looked so sweet
Times are changing fast
But we won't forget
About ages past
We'll be rocking yet

Repeat chorus

Do you still recall in the juke-box hall
When the music played
And the world spun around
To a brand new sound of those far off days
Times are changing fast
But we won't forget
About ages past
We'll be rocking yet

Repeat chorus to fade
Words and music by Glitter/Laender
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HUMAN LEAGUE

PH: ALAN DE LA MATA

WE ARE GLASS

TROIS GYMNOPEDIES



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She's Out Of My Life

By Michael Jackson on Epic Records

She's out of my life
 She's out of my life
 And I don't know whether to laugh or cry
 I don't know whether to live or die
 And it cuts like a knife
 She's out of my life

It's out of my hands
 It's out of my hands
 To think for two years she was here
 And I took it for granted, I was so cavalier
 Now the way that it stands
 She's out of my hands

So I've learned that love's not possession
 And I've learned that love won't wait
 But I've learned that love needs expression
 Now I've learned too late
 And she's out of my life
 She's out of my life
 Damned indecision and cursed pride
 Kept my love for her locked deep inside
 And it cuts like a knife
 She's out of my life

Words and music by T. Bahler
 Reproduced by permission Sunbury Music Ltd.

CLIGHT

Compiled by Bev Hillier



David Essex making life difficult for Smash Hits caption writers

PICTURE: PAUL GANTY/LEA

Remember to check locally before setting out in case of late cancellations.

Friday, May 16
Average White Band Leeds University
Thin Lizzy Brighton Conference Centre
Human League Edinburgh George Square Theatre
Undertones Bath Pavilion
Iron Maiden Newcastle Mayfair
Judie Tzuke York University
UK Subs Cambridge Corn Exchange
Chords Uxbridge Brunel University
UB 40 Newton Abbot Saale Hayne College

Saturday, May 17
Average White Band Bridlington Spa Pavilion
10cc Manchester Apollo
Thin Lizzy Coventry Theatre
Mike Oldfield Edinburgh Usher Hall
Human League Fife St. Andrews University
Undertones Malvern Winter Gardens
Members Newcastle University
UK Subs Hitchin N. Harts College
UB 40 Torquay Arts Club

Sunday, May 18
Average White Band Liverpool Empire
10cc Manchester Apollo
Thin Lizzy Leicester De Montfort Hall
Mike Oldfield Edinburgh Usher Hall
Human League Glasgow Tiffanys
Undertones Cardiff Top Rank
Iron Maiden Ayr Pavilion
UK Subs Bristol Colston Hall
Members Paisley Bungalow Bar
Suzi Quatro London Hammersmith Odeon

Monday, May 19
Mike Oldfield Glasgow Apollo
Iron Maiden Aberdeen Music Hall
10cc Manchester Apollo
UK Subs St. Austell Carrian Bay

Tuesday, May 20
10cc Birmingham Odeon
Thin Lizzy Southampton Gaumont
Mike Oldfield Glasgow Apollo
Human League Sheffield Top Rank
Undertones London Hammersmith Palais
Iron Maiden Carlisle Market Hall
UK Subs Cardiff Top Rank

Wednesday, May 21
Leyton Buzzards London Marquee
Average White Band Aberdeen Capitol
10cc Birmingham Odeon
Human League Derby Assembly Rooms

Iron Maiden Bradford St. Georges Hall
UK Subs Exeter Routes
Joe Jackson Band Liverpool University
Chords Plymouth Top Rank
UB 40 Loughborough University
Suzi Quatro Edinburgh Odeon

Thursday, May 22
Average White Band Edinburgh Odeon
10cc Brighton Centre
Mike Oldfield Newcastle City Hall
Human League Coventry Tiffanys
Iron Maiden Withernsea Grand Pavilion
Members Belfast Queens University
UK Subs Barnstable Chequers
UB 40 Shrewsbury Music Hall
Suzi Quatro Redcar Cotham Bowl

Friday, May 23
10cc Brighton Centre
Mike Oldfield Preston Guildhall
Average White Band Edinburgh Odeon
Human League Hull City Hall
Iron Maiden Cambridge Corn Exchange
Members Dublin Trinity College
UK Subs Northampton Paddock
Joe Jackson Band Leicester De Montfort Hall
Chords Sheffield Polytechnic
UK 40 Walsell Town Hall
Saxon Bristol Colston Hall
Matchbox Faltham Assembly Hall

Saturday, May 24
Average White Band Glasgow Apollo
10cc Ipswich Gaumont
Thin Lizzy Bristol Colston Hall
Mike Oldfield Sheffield City Hall
Human League Southampton Gaumont
Members Cork Arcadia
UK Subs Derby Ajanta
Joe Jackson Band Norwich East Anglia University
Chords London Electric Ballroom
UB 40 Coventry Lancaster Polytechnic
Suzi Quatro Manchester Apollo
Matchbox Leicester De Montfort Hall
The Beat Aylesbury Friars

Sunday, May 25
Thin Lizzy Manchester Apollo
Mike Oldfield Bristol Colston Hall
Joan Armatrading Poole Arts Centre
Human League Bristol Locarno
Iron Maiden Dunstable Queensway Hall
UB 40 Wakefield Unity Hall
Saxon Southampton Gaumont

Suzi Quatro Blackburn King George's Hall
The Beat Brighton Top Rank

Monday, May 26
Average White Band Newcastle City Hall
10cc Wembley Arena
Thin Lizzy Manchester Apollo
Mike Oldfield Southampton Gaumont
David Essex Glasgow Apollo
Saxon St. Austell New Cornish Riviera
Suzi Quatro Birmingham Odeon
Matchbox Wigan Tiffanys

Tuesday, May 27
Average White Band Birmingham Odeon
10cc Wembley Arena
Joan Armatrading Leicester De Montfort Hall
Human League London Hammersmith Palais
Iron Maiden Blackburn King Georges Hall
David Essex Edinburgh Usher Hall
UB 40 Manchester Middleton Civic Hall
Saxon Torquay Town Hall
Suzi Quatro Bristol Colston Hall
The Beat Sheffield Top Rank

Wednesday, May 28
Thin Lizzy London Hammersmith Odeon
Mike Oldfield Wembley Arena
Joan Armatrading Southport Theatre
Human League Hanley Victoria Hall
Undertones Sheffield Top Rank
Iron Maiden Wolverhampton Civic Hall
Average White Band Birmingham Odeon
David Essex Newcastle City Hall
UK Subs Wakefield Unity Hall
Joe Jackson Band Brighton Top Rank
UK 40 Keele University
Saxon Cardiff Top Rank
The Beat Newcastle Mayfair

Thursday, May 29
Average White Band Manchester Apollo
Thin Lizzy London Hammersmith Odeon
Mike Oldfield London Wembley Arena
Joan Armatrading Birmingham Odeon
Human League Wakefield Unity Hall
Undertones Carlisle Market Hall
Iron Maiden Hanley Victoria Hall
David Essex Middlesbrough Town Hall
10cc Dublin Simmons Court Centre
UK Subs Coventry Tiffanys
Saxon Leicester De Montfort Hall
Matchbox Bournemouth Winter Gardens
The Beat Derby Assembly Rooms

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Leaving Here

By Motorhead on Bronze Records

Hey fellas, have you heard the news?
These girls are tired of being misused
Seen it all in a dream last night
Girls leaving this town cause they don't feel right

Chorus
I'm leaving, leaving here
I'm leaving, leaving here

Hey fellas, you better change your ways
Or they'll be leaving this town in a matter of days
They're saying everything's so true
We fellas move around with someone new

Repeat chorus

Yeah, 1 by 1
Yeah, 2 by 2
Yeah, 3 by 3
Yeah, 4 by 4

Loving a woman is a wonderful thing
And the way you treat them is a crying shame
One day one day and it won't be long
I said all them fine chicks will be gone

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

*Words and music by Holland/Dozier/Holland
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Fool For Your Loving

By Whitesnake on United Artists Records

I was born under a bad sign
Left out in the cold
I'm a lonely man who knows
Just what it means to lose control
But I took all the heartache
And turned it to shame
Now I'm moving, moving on
And I sin't taking the blame

Don't come running to me
I know I've done all I can
A hard loving woman like you
Just makes a hard loving man

Chorus
So I can say it to you babe
I'll be a fool for your loving no more
A fool for your loving no more
I'm so tired of trying
I always end up crying
Fool for your loving no more
I'll be a fool for your loving no more

I'm tired of hiding my feelings
You left me lonely too long
I gave my heart and you tore me apart
Oh baby, you done me wrong

Don't come running to me
I know I've done all I can
A hard loving woman like you
Just makes a hard loving man

Repeat chorus

I'll be a fool for your loving no more, no more,
no more

Repeat chorus ad lib to fade

*Words and music by Coverdale/Marsden/Moody
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