

Teen Scene Confidential!

Gossip, news, views . . . all that's happening in your world today

ALICE...

Mad, Bad and Dangerous!

ALICE COOPER, rock Prince of Darkness is now on tour in the U.S.A. And Alice has a new gimmick in his already pretty scary act. He gets guillotined every night. No kidding! Having worked his way through ripping apart baby dolls (ugghh!), caressing his lovable snakes on stage and being generally thoroughly nasty all round, his newest act is more frightening than anything even Alice's strange imagination has managed to come up with before. What happens is this . . . to a tense, excited audience already keyed up to expect anything from this Master of the Macabre, Alice ascends a platform to his ghastly guillotine, pops his head on the block . . . and wham, a suitably gory model of Alice's head gets held aloft for inspection by the audience! We know it's only an act but what happens one night if anything goes *wrong* is anyone's guess!



'THAT'LL BE 'THE DAY' - rude but fun!

THAT film starring Ringo and David Essex should have reached your local cinema by now. And no doubt Mum's been tut-tutting about letting you go to see it, and your kid brother's madly saving his pocket money so's he and his mates can go and snigger over 'the good bits'. There are a few sexy scenes in the film, and the odd rude word, but nothing you won't have heard before or learned about in biology. So get your big sister to take you along; it would be a pity if you missed seeing what the music

scene was like in the Fifties. And if you notice a sneaky smile creeping across your sister's face, it's cos she remembers those days of vintage rock 'n' roll, those dates she had at your local dance hall, those flouncy net petticoats and wavy hairstyles. You won't remember of course, so you won't be smiling - you'll be doubled up in your seat trying not to laugh out loud. It's a funny film, with both Ringo and David Essex doing their acting bit beautifully. And with real-live 50's stars like Billy Fury doing their stuff, it's a film you really can't afford to miss.

many late nights and are *not* looking, feeling or sounding their best and greet us with a sullen look or mumbled "... well, only ten minutes then..."

Ahem . . . we know we should be used to it but even so there's never any excuse for plain rudeness in a very lot of cases. We . . . ll, we've had enough and for the first time ever we're giving a bit of a ticking off to those who deserve it.



DAVID ESSEX things I love, things I hate

DAVID ESSEX, superstar of Godspell and That'll be the Day, is a young man with some very definite opinions - specially on things that make him smile and things that make him scowl!

David loves . . .

Quiet girls, Indian curry, motor-bikes, the Marx Brothers, Monty Python, honey, tap

dancing, his cat called Ted, his fans (he tries hard to answer every one of their letters), staying in to cook (his fave foods are scrambled eggs, fried eggs, chips and sausages), his chocolate brown Mercedes car with white seats, and his five foot electric clown, brought back from America by a friend.

David hates . . .

Smoking, discotheques, opera, bad manners, girls with too much make-up, short hair - and stage fright (he still gets it and says it's 'cos you never know quite what's going to happen on stage).

MELANIE'S SOUR APPLE AWARDS...

IT'S all right for you readers out there demanding that we come up with constant barrages of fresh and juicy titbits on your faves but spare a thought for us poor writers who have to be at the mercy of harassed record companies, busy fan club secretaries, tetchy pop stars who've had one too



Sour Apple Awards to . . . Most concert promoters - tickets are both too dear and too scarce to come by. How come the Liza Minnelli concert was such a disgrace in that ticket touts were touring the disappointed queues of hopeful buyers offering wads of tickets at inflated prices when the Box Office said all seats had gone?

The B.B.C. for their attitude towards teenagers. And no use complaining in person either at the Television Centre. Friends of ours got an incredibly rude reception a few months ago when protesting about non-showing of Partridge Family. . . .

"Heavy" rock writers. We don't like your music either but we don't lash out in print and criticise *your* idols. Lay off, eh?

Certain up-and-coming young teen stars who are already comparing themselves to David Cassidy or the Osmonds but are hoping to be *better*. Isn't it *better* to wait a bit before saying silly things like that to the newspapers. . . .?

Pop stars who invite us to meet them at press receptions and then expect writers to *fight* (yes, we've got bruises to prove it!) for a spot where we can hear what's being said.