

SMASH HITS



ANDY BELL: "Odd!"

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY:
Bonkers!

DAVID BOWIE: Chatty!

POSTERS
WET WET WET &
PEPSI AND SHIRLIE

**FREE
BADGE**

GET FOUR MORE
-SEE PAGE 13!

**CURIOSITY
KILLED THE CAT**

U2 x ABC x SIMPLE MINDS x SAMANTHA FOX x BEASTIE BOYS



ABC • MARK WHITE and MARTIN FRY • EST. 1981

ABC

Just in case it's Martin Fry — the man who wears the smoothest suits in the world — with his chum Mark White and he's telling us in a rather haughty voice all about this group that they're in called ABC:

"ABC are a group with a chequered history which reaches back to the beginning of the 1980's and stretches forward to the year 2000," he boasts. "To cut a long story short our first LP was called 'The Lexicon Of Love' and in the summer of 1982 we had a number of hit records in the United Kingdom, amongst them 'Poison Arrow', 'The Look Of Love' and 'All Of My Heart'..."

Yes indeed, Martin Fry and his group were hugely famous several years ago and had millions of hit records. However, after that initial burst of success things went a bit wonky and for the last four years they've hardly made a dent in the charts. People left ABC. People joined ABC. They tried lots of "image" changes. But nothing went quite right until — PRESTO! — they slimmed down to just the two of them and released a rollicking new tune called "When Smokey Sings," which is Martin's tribute to soul "veteran" Smokey Robinson.

"Smokey Robinson And The Miracles were a group that for me represent the spirit of Tamia Motown, the American record label that was set up in the '60s," says Martin. "Along with people like Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, The Supremes, The Temptations and The Jackson 5, Smokey forged the sounds that excited young America. The Tamia Motown sound," proponds Mr Fry, "has been a very strong influence on a number of contemporary groups. Without Tamia Motown there would have been no Wham!. The world would have been a duller place."

And what, pray, does Mr Robinson think of a young whippersnapper like Martin writing a song about him?

"I met him last week actually," says Martin. "He's just enjoying a smash hit record in the states. We met him on this TV show in Holland: when we got to the show there was a star on one door that said 'ABC' and a star on the door next to it that said 'Smokey Robinson'."

How exciting.
"Mmm. He listened to our record and seemed to be genuinely pleased by the fact that someone had written a song about him because he's a true gentleman."

Much like Martin Fry who is a bit of a "sharp" dressed tot himself?

"Yes, at present my wardrobe is full of very sharp suits. Actually I've only got four suits at the moment, but they're very high quality. A good suit should last you for a hundred years..."

Yes I am a posh person. Perhaps posh isn't the word. Really I'm just smart...urbane. I'm a cosmopolitan dude."

Blimey!

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Photo: Paul Rider



Photo: Julian Barton



Photo: Andy Catlin



Photo: Paul Rider



Photo: Deris O'Regan

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FAMILY FUN PART 6: THE BURNS

GREAT INVENTIONS OF OUR TIME NUMBER 1:
Tape cassettes which weigh less than a planet



It's a little known fact that in "medieval" times, teams of monks used to record music by chiselling giant grooves into discarded millstones, thus pre-dating the so-called "compact" disc by several centuries. Life was indeed grim, oh toffettes de pop, in those dark days: You needed several oxen to drag even a measly seven-foot single home. Imagine, then, the joy of the world when someone quite clever invented magnetic tape! You could buy tape recorders which were smaller than a house! Ghetto blasters which were smaller than a planet! Headphones which were smaller (a bit) than the universal Hurrh!

And so to celebrate this "historic" innovation, *Maxell* have donated 50-50! - pairs of miniature headphones (smaller than an atom) to *Bitz*, which you can win by answering this "poser": Is there really anything smaller than an atom? Answers on a planet to *Smash Hits An Atom's Quite Small Akchelo Competition*, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by June 30.

Yes, that's right, yet another in *Bitz's* long series of the wacky'n'happy pop family quiz game! This week it's the lucky turn of the Burns' household. First *Bitz* better introduce the four team members:

Lynne Burns: Met Pete in the Liverpool hairdresser's where she worked in when she was 15, looks after their two cats and sings "like Hilda Ogden".
Likes: Pete Burns, dressing up Wayne Hussey.

Pete Burns: Pop star chappie who used to always wear an eye patch, also used to be very good mate of Morrissey's and send him premiums (or something).
Likes: Nose jobs, cosmetics, dressing up Wayne Hussey.

Photo: Paul Cox

Eva Burns, 76: Born in Austria, used to keep son Pete in airing cupboard at lunchtime, wore coloured macaroni neckties that he made for her, used to have to mark the walls of Liverpool with chalk when she first came to England to help her find her way.
Likes: Beauty creams, 6600 rings.

Frank Burns, quite oddish: Met wife Eva in Vienna, Austria, after fighting in war for England - they "courted" in French because it was the only language they both knew, watches their dog Boxer running up the wall.
Likes: Imitating Billy Idol at the local Bingo ball (*Are you sure?* - Ed.).

And now for the first question. Ready? What, pray, is the common variety of Madagascan antelope that can be made by rearranging the letters 'ubfordis'? ... I'm in a hurry. (*That's quite enough 'Family Fun', thank you - Ed.*)

STUPID SPORTS OF THE WORLD No 113: TENNIS

- Tennis is a very stupid sport for six very good reasons:

 1. The ball is made out of fluff and the bat (or racket) to give it its full title has lots of holes in and looks like a snow shoe
 2. The scoring system makes absolutely no sense and you have to use gobbledegook words like "love" and "deuce"
 3. Everyone always gets very bad tempered when they're playing it and throws their snow shoe at the umpire.
 4. Everyone has to drink gallons of Robinson's Barley Water and wear headbands on their wrists.
 5. Lord Frederick Lucan of Mercury plays it - as you can clearly see (see fig 1.)
 6. Though not very well - as you can clearly see (figs 2, 3 and 4)

photos: UFP



▲ Fig. 1 Anyone for tennis?



▲ Fig. 2. You cannot be serious!



▲ Fig. 3 Advantage Lord Frederick!

Suzanne Vega

PHOTO: ANDREW CHAPMAN

Who is she, precisely, this slight, shy, waif-like wistrel who sings songs of melancholy upon her acoustic guitar? She is, of course, Suzanne Vega, New York "poetess" currently swooping into the charts with "Luka" and sweeping the nation tornado-wise on a tour of pastel-like beauty. Ah me – what can one say about this gentle, dainty Goddess of le chanson? There seems to me resort at times like this – the heavenly Bätz hotline. Ding dong! At the other end – the early morning tones of Ms Vega who is rubbing the sleep from her eyes after a wearying "gig" last night in Glasgow.

"Hello, Bätz pipes." So, is the place crawling with drunken Scotsperans?
"I don't think so," says Suzanne.
And there we have it!
(Could we possibly have a bit more re this one? – Ed)

Oh, alright...
What were you like as a child, Suzanne?
"Probably very similar to the way I am now. I like to read books and I guess I did then too, and I'm sort of stubborn and thoughtful and slightly flirtatious."

So did you have lots of awful boyfriends?
"I was always interested in boys but I was very shy so I'd spend a lot of time figuring how to go over and say something."

What was the first song you ever wrote on your teeny weeny guitar?
"It was called 'Brother Mine' about my younger brother and how he needed snakers. I wrote it when I was 14."
Sounds grand. Could you, perchance, give us a snatch?

"I prefer not to sing it. When I sing it people make terrible fun of me."
Are you a small blue thing? (NB: This might sound like a really stupid question but actually it's quite "perceptive" because Suzanne has a song called "Small Blue Thing".)

"Maybe three years ago I would have described myself as maybe smaller and bluer than I feel at the moment."
And there we have it!
(More please – Ed)

Ah... Suzanne, are you or are you not, as legend would have it, a small, waif-like poetess of enormous sensitivity?

"Oh that gets on my nerves. Of course it does. Look at me – I am very small and waif-like so there's no getting around that. But if I were built more solidly, then people would describe me some other way, wouldn't they? They'd say something else and as for my songs, they have a lot of toughness to them if you listen to the lyrics."

So do you get up to tough and outrageous pranks on yer road?
"Well, not yet. Lately I've been just trying to figure out how to keep my strength and my sense of humour so I'm not up to any pranks much."
You don't push TVs out of the window?

"Not so far. I'm not that cranky yet."
You don't put kippers down the bellyflop's trousers?

"What! Not! Not much. Ha ha."
Have you ever thought of becoming a famous film personage?

"Well, I made a documentary when I was in college. I directed and edited it and it was about this poison that's found in the Hudson River and it was a kind of pro-con documentary kind of thing. That's something I'd like to go back to. What else would I like to do? I'd like to live in London for a while because the buildings are much more human-sized than the buildings in New York. Buildings in New York are just kind of big pieces of concrete."

Is it true that you bought a pair of Doc Marten boots the other day?

"Yes, it is. How did you know that?"
We read it in a "news" paper.

"Oh, really! I haven't read that but yes I did. But they're not boots – they're shoes. Everything else I've bought here is mainly personal items – shampoo and that kind of thing and you're not very interested in that, are you?"

We jolly well certainly are!
"You are!"
Indeed.

"Ha ha. Oh, my!"
And there we have it!
(Yes, let's leave it there – Ed)

GREAT INVENTIONS OF OUR "TIME" NUMBER 2: A spookwatch

Fig 1: A vintage prehistoric spookwatch



Fig 2: A brilliant modern spookwatch

The wrist-watch is a v. useful thing, but what if your arms are tied behind your back or immersed in a black hole etc? A wrist-watch is absolutely no ruddy use whatsoever! This very thought occurred to Neanderthal cavepersons, who were so worried that their hands would be bitten off by hairy mammoths, thus making them late for tea (pterodactyl soup – yum!), that they clipped wrist-watches to their garments with clothes-pegs, which was all very well except it looked crap (see Fig. 1).

But now this ancient item has emerged from the mists of time as a fashion accessory par excellence: namely Le Clip, a super-swank Swiss watch on a clip (see Fig. 2), which affixes anywhere except your wrist (e.g. your nose, your flapaway "lapel", your bottom etc.). They're available for £25 from most department stores and jewellers, but Bätz has 15 gaily decorated examples to give away "scot" free! The question which of these is not descended from the hairy mammoth? Is it: a) a sea-cucumber; b) an elephant; c) Dame David Bowie; d) the abominable snowman or e) an amoeba? Answers in a bowl of pterodactyl soup to Smash Hits Sorry I'm Late For Tea a Million My Hands Fell Into A Black Hole Competition, £2-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get here by June 30.

CRAP JOKE "CORNER"

Thanks this fortnight to The Mystery Joke Cracker from Thames Ditton. Her utterly anticlimactic "joke" boxes: Q: What do you call a pop star with a biscuit on his head?

A: Lionel Rich-Ten. (How so he, oh reader? If you have a joke that is totally bereft of any humour whatsoever send it "primo" to: Smash Hits Crap Joke Corner, 22-25 Canalside, London W1V 1PF. To return you will receive not a postage!)

SO ARE THESE THE NEW

Erm, probably not actually, but they do have a rather brilliant single out now and one of them is a birrova George Michael fanatic. They're brothers Gregory and Patrick Kane from Scotland, the name of their group is Hue And Cry and the single's called "Lahour Of Love". And Gregory's the one who is quite happy to drool over George "The Legend that is" Michael in an almost fanatical manner...

"I met him once at a nightclub," she swoons, coming over all peculiar. "I was playing a gig and he was there! I was sat in the VIP lounge and I just turned around and he looked at me! I didn't know how to react. I just felt like a fan - really intimidated. I don't fancy him or anything but I do respect his musical ability. The guy's a genius! He rips off everything so well! There's a big gap in the music business which was left when Wham! split up and I'm hoping that we can fill it. Suddenly George is appealing to an older market, he's becoming like Tom Jones (*What a bloody liberty - Tom 'The Hung Tank Is' Jones*). He'll be doing the bingo circuit now. Actually I'd love him to produce a single for us. I'd just like to be with him in the studio..."

And what pray is the great appeal of "laying" down a few tracks with tomorrow's Tom Jones? "Well, I suppose I'm a big fan of the whole idea of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." (???) Gregory murmurs romantically, with a glint in his eye. "Being brothers, me and Pat have that special bond although we squabble a lot. Pat has a great voice - he sounds just like Frank Sinatra. Do you know that we get 50 year olds coming to our concerts to hear the ballads we do? You ask him to do his impersonation - it's brilliant!" "Ooooh Frank Sinatra," coos brother Patrick. "Now he's a man dear to my heart. That I owe to my father. He used to sing like Sinatra before we had a fight. Now every time I hear one of Frank's records, it reminds me of my Dad." Shucks.

GREAT INVENTIONS OF OUR TIME NUMBER 3: A bit of plastic which talks

It's true: this bizarre gadget is an electronic "message pad" i.e. you talk into it, then leave it on the fridge so that the next person who comes in can pick it up and hear your utterly pathetic excuse for not doing the washing up or something. It's emblazoned with the name of **Radio Earth**, a new group whose swirlesque and grand first single, "Distant Land (Ba Doo Bomb Bomb)", is just out. And Baz - who prefers to scribble messages in the dust on the side-board, thank you - has got one "mazin plastic thing and 25 - 25!! - 12" copies of the single up for "grabs". The question: who invented the radio? Was it a) John Logie Baird; b) Marconi; c) some bloke who nobody can remember or d) a sponge? Answers on a microwave oven to **Smash Hits "Time Is A Never-Ending Vortex" Competition, £2-55 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PF** to get here before Armageddon (i.e. June 30).



STUPID POP FESTIVALS OF THE WORLD No 1: Ibiza '92

The **Ibiza '92 Rock And Pop Festival**, which took place the other day on the tiny Mediterranean island of Ibiza (hence the name), was a very stupid pop festival for eight very good reasons:

1. It was called Ibiza '92 to "commemorate" Spain's hosting of the Olympic Games in 1992 (see *Stupid Sports Of The Wor* 4).
2. It featured lots of Spanish -ype pop groups who no one's ever heard of, i.e. **Gal Cosia** and **El Puma**.
3. Lord **Frederick Lucan of Mercury** was there with a somewhat portly opera singer called **Montserrat Caballe** - crazy name, crazy lady! (See Fig. 1)
4. Duran Duran were there and Salty Simon had a kiss up with a girl who wasn't his wife! (Fig. 2).
5. **Spandau Ballet** were there only Martin Kemp forgot to bring a shirt and wore some groolicious Bermuda shorts with leaves on instead. (Fig. 3)
6. Marillion were there and **Fish** had a drink with international singing artiste **Chris Rea** (Fig. 4).
7. Duran Duran were there and Salty Simon showed off the exhilarating gyratory techniques and dress sense that the world has grown to know, love, cherish and, above all, respect (Figs. 5 and 6).
8. Y Viva Ibiza!! (?)



▲ Fig. 1



▲ Fig. 2



▲ Fig. 3



▲ Fig. 4



▲ Fig. 5



▲ Fig. 6

Photos: M1

"MAZIN"
● Soul "legend" **Ben E. King** (who came back with a 20-year-old song "Stand By Me") has gone and re-recorded an even older song of his called "Save The Last Dance For Me" which he used to sing when he was in the vocal group The Drifters. And this new version is positively a-brim with pop legends! Like Mick Jones from Foreigner, who produced this new version! Like Mark Knopfler who played his legendary guitar on it! Like Tom Balley of the once-legendary Thompson Twins and Ruby Turner who both sang it, like, one big family of rock, man.

TWO BLOKES WHAM?!

So which one of you is the token snoot-intellectual?

"I suppose you lot at *Smash Hits* would call me something of a snoot-intellectual," confesses Patrick. "I must admit at times I've been very pretentious - writing book reviews for the *New Musical Express* and the like. Even our name has got a bit of history to it, coming from an ancient English phrase meaning "a loud public commotion and noise". So I thought that fitted us quite well. Greg's the musical hue and I'm the cry!"

Greg's been saying terribly nice things about your singing.

"What!" he gasps. "Greg told me I was a crap singer until I joined his band and then I was OK. But being brothers we do tend to argue constantly. We had an extraordinary bust-up recently over, well, various things... I have ideals that I extend to the band like, well (starts to speak in hushed tones) pornographic magazines. I just can't have them around. Horrible things!"

"Greg's quite rock and roll, you know. He's a whisky and kebab man. (??) I'm more of a beansprout salad man myself and I'm definitely an anti-lad. I can't stand men who treat women as things. I think it's the love of a good woman that's done it."

Hurrah! That, and the love of disgusting "sweet" things. "Did you know that Scotland consumes more chocolate per head than any other country?" quizzes Patrick. "Amazing, eh? I once wrote an article on the politics of sweetie wrappers for the *NME* and that's what started me off. I'm hooked on them now. Eating sweets is like consuming pop music, it's like that instant thrill of sugar or rhythm. You can say ah... that record sounds just like a *Wispis* bar..."

And what kind of sweetie might Hue And Cry's music sound like?

"Hhmm. We could be a *Cote D'Or*, which is a posh French exotic chocolate with a fondant soft centre. Then again, we could quite easily be a *Fry's Chocolate Cream* but I think I'll plump for a *Boost* bar. Now that really sums us up."

Yum! (??)

▲ Hue And Cry (left to right), Gregory Kane, Patrick Kane.

PRINCE "HAPPENINGS" HAPPENING!!!



Yes! It's true! His royal Totternegness, His Regal Avant-Purpleness, His Monarchic Midgeness, His Imperial Bonkersness, His Aristocratic Tinyness, His (that's quite enough stupid names for Prince, thank you - Ed.) is playing two concerts in London v soon (see "Happenings" for more information and depressing details about how they've probably sold out already). And if you are lucky enough to have a ticket, Prince has officially asked all those attending to wear "something peach or black". Of course. (111111)

WHAT AN
INGENIOUS
WAY
TO
PACKAGE
A
RECORD!



This very "peachy" thing is actually the new single by a group called *Blasphemy*, who are one of those new "Rock Rock" groups who play loud music and who wear around every other no name t-shirt. Not that do you get a rather "fetching" set (and) cups of their song "Crucially Inmate" but if you slip the chain around your bones it may mean this very "sweet" crank record.

SPORK FACT! *Blasphemy* are actually very good mates of the Beatnik Boys and in fact one of them appears in the Beatnik's new "No Sleep Till Brooklyn" video. Pretty amazed by that, are you not? (No! *Blasphemy* means: gutter-mouth)

Bitz

THE A to Z of BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



- A** is for **anchovy**, a fish nobody likes – unlike Bruce Springsteen records which everyone loves!!
- B** is for **bottom**, an item often seen on Bruce Springsteen LP sleeves
- C** is for **corp**, another make of fish (see **anchovy**)
- D** is for **Dominic Craft** – Bruce's real name (hem hem)
- E** is for **electric eel** (see **anchovy**)
- F** is for **fuzzy felt**, something you might like to play with whilst listening to your Bruce Springsteen records on compact disc
- G** is for **garage mechanic**, i.e. a bloke that mends cars, i.e. things that Bruce Springsteen is always singing about for some peculiar reason
- H** is for **hubcaps**, i.e. things that often fall off motor cars and have to be put back on by garage mechanics (see **garage mechanic**)
- I** is for **idiot**, i.e. someone who likes anchovies (see **anchovy**)
- J** is for **jellyfish** (see **anchovy**)
- K** is for **kettering** where several of Bruce Springsteen's fans come from
- L** is for **lie** (see **Dominic Craft**)
- M** is for **motorway** – or "highway" to give it its full American name – i.e. something that Bruce Springsteen can often be found "rockin' down all night long"
- N** is for **nuclear submarine**, a thing that often bumps into fish (see **anchovy**)
- O** is for **ouije board**, a thing that you'd have to use to get in touch with Bruce Springsteen if he was dead
- P** is for **petroleum**, a thing that you have to put into motor cars otherwise they won't go (see **garage mechanic**)
- Q** is for **quite a lot**, i.e. how many records Bruce Springsteen has sold "worldwide"
- R** is for **rock 'n' roll**, something that Bruce Springsteen is a prisoner of, apparently
- S** is for **shirt**, a thing Bruce Springsteen wears on the upper portion of his body
- T** is for **trousers**, things Bruce Springsteen wears on the lower portion of his body
- U** is for **underpants**, things Bruce Springsteen wears beneath his trousers
- V** is for **vest**, a thing Bruce Spr... (Oh, shut UPI – Ed.)

GREAT INVENTIONS OF OUR TIME

NUMBER 4: Snoot-Pens!



Here we have a packet of very swanky indeed "designer"-type pens. They're embossed with the dates of **Genesis'** current "Invisible Touch" tour, which includes four consecutive nights at London's Wembley Stadium, the longest any group has ever played there. Only trouble is this "information isn't much use after July 4 when the tour ends – unless, that is, you live in an ever-repeating time warp, in which case it's useful *all* the time! Anyway, Bitz has got 10 – 10! – of these time-defying pen sets to give away, plus 25 – 25! – copies of the "Invisible Touch" LP, if you can answer this: Who invented the seed drill? Was it **a)** Jethro Tull; **b)** Uriah Heep; **c)** Spinning Jenny or **d)** Black & Decker? Answers on a time machine to **Smash Hits** What's **A Seed Drill Got To Do With Genesis Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1Y 1PF**, by June 30.

GREAT INVENTIONS OF OUR TIME

NUMBER 5: Clothes!

Imagine life without clothes! It'd be freezing cold, you'd have to look at people's horrible knobby kneecaps and all the embarrassing "lumpy" bits of your so-called "physique" would be on public display. And if you'd have no chance whatsoever of winning some of the spifficious **Housemartins** togs shown here, namely 10 – 10! – t-shirts, 5 – 5! – baseball caps, 5 – 5! – mugs, one – one! – supersnoot Fuma shirt and 25 – 25! – 12" copies of "Five Get Over Excited!" Here's the quiz: who invented Wellington boots? Was it **a)** Some old Duke Of Wellington; **b)** Billy Connolly; **c)** Princess Anne or **d)** Stan of the Housemartins' great-great-grandfather? Answers on a fig-leaf to: **Smash Hits You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That!! Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1Y 1PF** by June 30.



"WHY I LIED TO SMASH HITS"

JOHNNY HATES



Photo: Julian Savarin
▲ Calvin Hayes: not telling the truth
▼ Mickie Most: not wrestling



"My dad's a professional wrestler... a tag wrestler. His performing title is Red Devil. He's a 'gookie'..."

That is what Calvin Hayes of **Johnny Hates Jazz** told **Smash Hits** about his daddy last issue but it turns out he was telling a great big whopping fib. The rotter!

"Sorry..."
Bitz should jolly well think so. And his father is actually...?

"Mickie Most."
What? The producer type bloke who made lots of quite good records in the '60s with hippie types like Donovan, Jeff Beck and Rod Stewart, who made lots of tacky pop records in the '70s with ghostly types like Kenny, Suzi Quatro and – eek! – even Smokie? The bloke with the perm who used to appear on gashly "talent" show **New Faces** every week?

"Yes, we used to call it **Long Faces** at home because it was so duff."
Indeed. So where did all this wrestling guff come from?

"It came to me in a flash. He thinks

FAN CLUBS

(Remember to enclose an S.A.S. or an international reply coupon)

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ABC
Charlie Club
P.O. Box 92
Sheffield S11 1LP

A-HA**KILLED BY GIGANTIC PICNIC TABLE HORROR!**

Photo © J.A. Corcoran

Sad but true. Last week the Nordic trio **A-ha** were savagely – and fatally – assaulted by a large table of the picnic variety. This tragedy follows *(Stop talking complete guff. A-ha are actually alive and well and just having a lark about – Er!)* Oh. In that case all these hi-jinks must be because they're finally to release their James Bond film tune "The Living Daylights" on June 22. It'll be "available" as a strangely normal 7", a gatetold 7", a larger 12" and a 12" picture disc with a free picnic for two in Vladivostok (not strictly true that last bit).

mirage

Jal Jal Jal Ooh Jal Jal Jack Yo boddeeeeee! Jal Jal Diddle! Piddle! Diddle! Hello viewers! Just diddlin' 'n' piddlin' to the "Jack Mix II" thingie by some persons called **Mirage** seeing as no one peeples on the *Blitz* blower much these days... *Pring! Pring!* Geerks! It's the cobweb-covered "blower" even as we speak! Hello! Who are you?
 "I'm Kim Billa! Er... hee hee! I'm the lead singer in Mirage – we're a group!"
 Crivvens! *Blitz* heard Mirage wasn't a real group at all but a "concept" invented by some bloke called Nigel Wright, who spends his life nicking bits of other people's tunes and getting "session" people to croon on them, and called it "Mirage" 'cos it didn't really exist!"
 "Oh! Er... it was like that but then he decided to have a proper group to go with the name. So me and the other two guys are Mirage now. Nigel just produces it. We are the Mirage, the group. Hee hee!
 Our next song is one of our own!"
 So... er, how come you lot got to be the Mirage, then?

"Well, I was out clubbing it one night and this bloke came up to me and asked me if I wanted to be a dancer on *Solid Soul*, the soul programme, 'cos hee liked the way I looked and then I was spotted on that and asked if I wanted to be in a group – I was *discovered* hee hee! It was so embarrassing – they asked me to do a voice test! Hee hee! And they liked my voice so I joined the two boys and the next I was a pop star!"
 Huh! So who are the two blokes?
 "They're Carlos and Nickos."
 Pithpith!
 "It's true! They're brothers! Hee hee!
 They were asked to join Mirage from

being on *Solid Soul* as well. They're only 18 and 19 and I'm 20. They come from London, whereas I'm from Cheshire. I was on the dole before this, you know! I came to London looking for a job 'cos I was really bored staying at home. I just used to go out for lunch all the time hee hee!"
 Eh? And where, pray, did you get the money from?

"I had nice friends hee hee! They were very generous and I had a semi-rich boyfriend hee hee! He owned a club in Blackpool. That sounds a bit seedy? Er... yeah!"
 He must be out of the window now you're a pop star?

"Out of the window? Well... we still phone each other up but that's about as far as it goes. It didn't come to a sorry end or anything! Hee hee!"

So, er, are you going to be pop stars for the rest of your lives, then?
 "Depends if we're successful or not hee hee! But at least we've got good faith that we'll hit it off. Well, it only takes a day to get to know someone really well, doesn't it hee hee! We have a scream, we do – they treat me like a sister. Do they put fish down my back? Hee hee! No."

Are you rich yet?
 "Oh noooo! But we went out for a leisurely lunch today and sat and drank the whole day hee hee! That's the way to be! I had steak and chips!"
 That's not very exotic for a pop star!
 "Oh, it is! It was good enough for me! I hadn't had a decent meal since all this started, y'know! Too busy! Never become a pop star because you'll starve! Hee hee!"
 Well!!

By Calvin Hayes

TES JAZZ)

it's hilarious."
 Himmm. But why not tell the truth, you cad?
 "Well... I didn't want people to think the record had been a hit just because of my dad. Everyone you pick up the papers there's some son or daughter trying to make a name in the same business as their parents."
 Oh. So did you grow up surrounded by a sea of famous pop stars?
 "Yeah, I did meet a lot of people. The most famous? Well, I vaguely remember Paul McCartney coming round when he was in the Beatles and my grandmother making him eggs and chips. Things like that."
 Golly. And so what does Dad think of young Cal's new career?
 "He's very pleased now, though he didn't think "Shattered Dreams" would be a hit. He said one night after dinner that if it reached the Top Ten we'd see him naked in *Selfridges* window. He hasn't gone through with it yet. In fact he's keeping very quiet..."

Wet Wet Wet
 c/o Precious Organisation
 Pet Sound Studios
 24 Garbaird Avenue
 Maryhill
 Glasgow G20 1XX

Beastie Boys
 c/o Rush Productions
 238 Elizabeth Street
 New York NY 10012
 USA

Bruce Willis
 c/o Moonlighting
 20th Century Fox TV
 P.O. Box 900
 Beverly Hills
 CA 90215
 USA

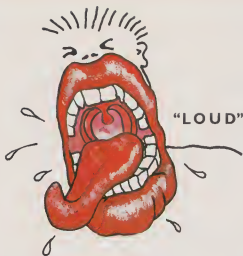
Terence "Trent" D'Arby
 The Hardline Society (nom him)
 P.O. Box 11 9AC
 London NW11 9AC



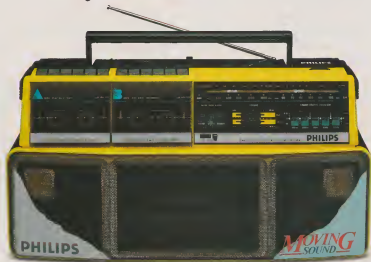
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& 'KEEP ME IN MIND'

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3. Send the two coupons and a stamped addressed envelope to an address we'll give you in the next issue.
4. Bong!



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(i.e. they're FREE!)

ANOTHER CHANCE TO GET THE BEST T-SHIRT EVER INVENTED!!!

Even though we've completely run out of t-shirt tokens, here – out of the kindness of our good hearts – is yet another chance to get a *Smash Hits* "Likin' The Way You Look And Lookin' The Way You Like" t-shirt. To get it – it's the one that comes in a single giant size, is printed on both sides and stops people dead in the streets – simply follow these instructions:

1. Fill in your name and address on the coupon below.
2. Make out a cheque or postal order to *Smash Hits T-Shirt Offer* for just £4.99 per t-shirt.
3. Send both to: *Smash Hits T-Shirt Offer*, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF.
4. Wait 28 days.
5. Er...
6. ...that's it!

● If you don't want to cut up your *Smash Hits*, just write your name and address clearly on a separate piece of paper and enclose it with your cheque.



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Terence Trent D'Arby



Madman or Genius?

**"Em, both probably"
pipes
Sylvia
Patterson...**

My tunes," states Terence Trent D'Arby, "are the kind that would inspire Dr Daniel Webster, you know Webster's Dictionary, to sit down and write another dictionary — simply because he would have to find some new words to describe exactly how monumentally brilliant my LP is going to be. Words like... muncherilliant! Brutegriffic!

"You will never hear a crap song from me, because if I write a crap song, which I have, you would never ever ever get to hear it — I would have to be convinced of its merits before I would let it be worthy of my time. I'm special. And if people think that's arrogant why should I let that bother me? I'm not gonna give anybody the power to be able to spoil my day."

Terence Trent D'Arby is not remotely bothered that he is, in fact, the least modest person on the planet Earth. Nor is he remotely bothered that he is, in fact, the least normal person on the planet Earth.

"ET came down and told me that he thinks my tunes are really happenin'."

"I do genuinely suspect that I am slightly off my rocker, but then I don't yet know what being on your rocker means. How do I know that I'm not sane and you're not insane? I may say a lot of strange and incomprehensible things as far as other people are concerned, but then that is the way of all brilliance."

So, "Terence", you are, in fact, a genius?

"Exactly."

Well!!!? This is the man whose "genius" is currently grizzling all over the universe in the form of his truly brilliant new tune "Wishing Well". A man with the most spectacularly leg-flingin', hair-swishing "dance" ever



grooved — "that comes from dancing on ant beds when I was growing up". A man who suddenly woke up one day and I could sing. I already had an ability to write and went to a university of journalism, so when I discovered my new talent everything suddenly made sense". A man with the swoonsomest peepers in pop — "that's because they come from Spain. I have Spanish blood in my family as well as Cherokee and Navajo Indian." A man who never travels on the right-hand side of a car "because I'm a right-hand side of the brain person". A man who speaks in a grainy mixture of American and Rastafarian accents, not to mention mesmerizingly rambling and convoluted sentences while staring smirklessly straight into one's own eyes (most unnerving, actually). And a man who is, in fact, a compulsive liar.

"ET came down and visited me last night," he lies, "and he told me that he thinks my tunes are really happenin'. I'm sure only the best stuff gets to his planet — in fact his radio station is probably the hippest in the entire galaxy. And I know, I know that they play stuff like T-Rex,

"I admit I am arrogant — but not that arrogant. My arrogance is cool."

The Monkees. The Partridge Family. The Jackson 5. they play... um, Bobby Womack, Sam Cooke, early Rod Stewart before he went to Hollywood and became a complete bum, and they play Terence Trent D'Arby. Manivelous.

These gigantic fibs, of course, arise from Terence's gigantic imagination — an imagination which makes it nigh impossible to fathom whether anything he says is a) true or b) his real opinion.

"I believe," he croons, picking up a naked, wooden, one-legged spook-doll from the nearby shelf, "that this doll is somehow a living thing in this mutation. A tree is a living thing so therefore this must be a living thing... wonder what happened to his leg? I wonder if, in his own inanimate world, he is considered handicapped and therefore discriminated against because of it? I wonder if he's in pain? I wonder what his political allegiances are? I wonder if he disagrees with other dolls in the way that a Fir tree and a Douglas tree might disagree? Aaaaah... he's brilliant. The expression on his face is so... oh! Oh! Oh this life! Oh this universe is more than I can bear! Aah, I'd like to keep this. I'm gonna nick him." (And he does.)

Quadruple spook, to say the least. Let's try a "normal" question, shall we? How does it feel to "hallel" by billions as the latest megastar?

"Well," considers Terence, his peepers rolling skywards so widely that they quite literally and very horribly look like they're going to fall out, "I'm not

Terence Trent D'Arby

a magastar. But I will be shortly. "Wishing Well" will definitely ensura me into the ranks of favourite Smash Hits boys of the moment - Curious Killed The Cat. Soon, who knows, with a lot of patience and hard work, I could be as famous as Ben from Curiosity. As Ben, y'know? That is my ultimate ambition - to be as famous as Ben. I look up to him, he's my hero, my idol. He has the art of swoonability so I can only learn from that guy."

Er... are you being sarcastic or something?

"Certainly not! I've met the guy - I like him. We used to share the same rehearsal rooms when they were only slightly famous and I was completely unfamous. I remember talking to Julian in the canteen one day about how we were both going to be magastars. So, y'know, it's kinda happened. Or rather, for me, it's definitely gonna happen. I'm not gonna allow it not to happen."

Would you say you had "slightly" more talent than Ben?
"Talent is a very objective thing. For me to say I've got more talent than Ben is to be utterly utterly more arrogant than I care to admit. I admit I am arrogant - but not that arrogant. My arrogance is cool."

"I'm young - what am I supposed to think about except music and art and sex?"

So tell us, Terence, why are you, in fact, the thinnest man on the planet Earth?

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" lies Terence, a hint of a smirk, fluttering round his "gills". "I'm thin, but I'm not sort of... non-happin' thin. I still have a shape to my body which is OK."

Shape? Those legs look very "shapely" to me!

Yes, my legs are very very thin, but then I need that to support the elasticity of my movements. And, basically, most of the great great great, absolutely fabulously great rock performers have been thin. Now why is that? I think that the more angular the body is, the more exciting it looks when it's in action. Yeah! I just worked that one out! I was actually very very fat before "If You Let Me Stay" came out and I thought, "No way! I need to be thin!" So I went on a macrobiotic diet for three months on instruction from my homeopath."

What does that consist of, then?
"Brown rice."

Blee. That doesn't sound very "tasty".

"Ah, but it gets better-tasting after a while - once your taste buds get rid of all the rubbish that's gone before. I lost half a stone in the first ten days but that was too fast for my build so I just stuck to a balanced diet. No

red meat, no junk-food, definitely no sugar because sugar is the heroin of the food world - just vegetables, nuts, fruit, tuna, dandelion, and... er, now! Because that way you will never get ill - disease is just a matter of excess, the excess coming through your body in a tangible form."

So now you "know".
"I think..." begins Terence and suddenly stops. He extends his arm forward in a grand, monumentally theatrical pose and pretends to swoon...
"... as Samson [aid his head onto Dalilah's lap," he quotes in woeeful tones, "so women will be my downfall. Sex will be my downfall. I love... I love... I love women."

Terence, you look like you actually mean that.

"Oh, lo. It's just... well I'm an absolute sucker for very charming women. And what I like about women isn't so much... well, I'm not a beauty freak or anything like that, but they have to be sensual and they have to be intelligent and they have to have a good sense of humour. Well, after all, I'm young - so what am I supposed to think about except music and art and sex? And maybe nuclear disarmament and South Africa - and I care passionately about South Africa - but I'd be lying if I said I cared more about South Africa than I do about my art and sex."

Do you have millions of girlfriends, then?

"Pray tell what is this question?" snips Terence, attempting in vain to conceal a smirk. "I have always been very withdrawn and most of the time I do prefer my own company to anyone else's. But when I do prefer the company of someone else it is usually the company of women. Whether we choose to sit there and talk about... about... heh! I dunno! Uh... (coughs politely and composes himself) the state for the world or the poetry of Dylan Thomas or Keats because I love great poetry... or... or, ar, whether we don't. Huh! heh... what I am saying is that most friends I have are women friends - even when sex has nothing to do with it."

Hmmm. Might there be any particular reason for this?

"The reason... snips Terence who's turned a mite gloomy all of a sudden, "is that I've always been ostracised by men. When I was a child growing up I didn't conform, I didn't fit in. I was always the smallest, weediest kid in the class and also I was always too light-skinned for a lot of the black kids to identify with me. And also I was in a class of older kids all through school because I was supposed to be bright and... (actually looks embarrassed...) and look what happened ha ha!"

"So, maybe it was because the

girls in the class were older or something. I dunno, I just found them far more sensitive and understanding and I could far more easily identify with them. Consequently, that's the side of me I've had a chance to develop because I never had a chance to be one of the guys. Ha! I can see it now - Terence Trent D'Arby says he is a woman!"

Oh dear me, no.

"God, the last thing I would want to be seen as," he trundles on, "is one of those fey, woeful glamour boys that record companies are always signing up. That's utterly boring. For some reason in the West there is a mythification of black and male sexuality which causes people problems so you have to become completely safe. God that I am a man, I have a penis, what am I supposed to do? I am a man. I AM A MAN!!!"

"And another thing!" he booms. "Sheep! People are sheep! Most people are absolutely terrified of taking one step forward from the flock and being seen to be different - well, I am different and I'm not scared of being seen to be. Why should one group of people have the say in what is 'right' anyway just because they happen to be the majority? It's like... morals! What are morals?"

"I mean, I'm reading a book called *The Gospel According To Women* at the moment which is very feminist and utterly brilliantly fascinating - all about how Christianity has been responsible for the suppression of women - and I couldn't agree with the book more and yet, at the same time, I bought *Playboy* four days ago. So what does that make me? Does agreeing with that book make me feminist and looking at *Playboy* make me

sexist? It makes me neither! It just makes me human. Because all I am is interested."

Terence suddenly ceases his rantings and looks apologetic.

"But anyway... onto the lighter side of things. My favourite colour is black even though it's not actually a colour as such because..." (Sniffs)

So tell us, Terence, what do you actually do with your time?

"Well... I sit in my very plain flat in Kaitiath Town in London and read books and listen to music and practise being an enigma ha ha! And I also work very very very hard on my album because it's the only one I'll ever make. Well, probably the only one. Making pop music is just something I had to get out of my system and I think that very soon I'd like to finish with all... this."

"Singing is just something I can do and really I want to direct films. I'm not talking about box office crap like *Fastlane* but films... I really want to direct a film about Malcolm X, an American Civil Rights leader, and a film about religious manipulation. I have good vision - I know how something should look and how it should be and that's what I really want to do."

"Also, I really like the idea of there only ever being one Terence Trent D'Arby LP. Imagine going to some archive record store and there's 27 Batters LPs, 56 Elvis LPs and one Terence Trent D'Arby LP. And then, ladies and gentlemen, he went on to something else!"
"Hey! Whatever happened to Terence Trent D'Arby?" "Oh, he lives in the mountains in a cabin and cultivates exotic plants. And parsnips!"





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Pet Shop Boys "It's a sin," (Seven inch, twelve inch and cassette single on Parlophone.)

COMPETITION WINNERS

Fleetwood Mac (May 6)

Correct answers: a) Cold Wet Flame and c) Lo Del Cool Meet.
 ● Twenty winners of a jigsaw, LP, single and shirt are: **J. Hack, Rogers**, Horfield; **Barbara Marshall**, Eastfield; **J.C. Goble**, Middle Barton; **Simon McGorman**, Radcot; **C. Sargent**, Chessington; **J. Livingston**, Newry; **Kerry Hambleton**, Wainey Island; **Kara Brydson**, Dumfries; **Hayley Wisheire**, Peterborough; **Antonietta Marignetti**, Peterborough; **Jacky Bowyer**, Edgman; **Lynde Mitchell**, Peterhead; **D. Cunningham**, Outflow; **Nelle Pheent**, Davyhuime; **James Goddard**, Enfield; **Lynn Ducle**, Edinburgh; **Big Mac**, Beeford; **Philip Sugden**, Mickleover.

Madonna (May 6)

Correct answer: d) The Great Wall Of China.
 ● Ten winners of a Shanghai Surprise video are: **Elizabeth Gaughan**, Denton Burn; **Caroline Friend**, Goucourt; **Lisa Burdell**, Derby; **Les Trussler**, Wigston Harcourt; **Nicola Irvine**, Haxtonthorpe; **Dawn Carpenter**, Castle Cary; **Verity Smith**, Bowthorpe; **Robert Tishaw**, Bury St. Edmunds; **Cleire Daniels**, Shirley; **Suzanne Rostron**, Ramham.

Eiton John (May 6)

Correct answer: d) a candleabra.
 ● Ten winners of a video featuring Eiton and his group are: **Karen Wadsworth**, Mutton; **Mark Kennedy**, Gorton; **Margo Lewis**, Barrow-in-Furness; **Maria**

McLaughlin, Jarrow; **Elizabeth Holden**, Liverpool; **Jackie Bourke**, Ballinard; **Bev Heem**, Padham; **Lee Nowson**, Birchwood Estate; **Viv**, Harwich; **James Bowley**, Colpit Heath.
 ● Ten winners of a video featuring Eiton and The Melbourne Symphony Orchestra are: **Phil Redstone**, Fleet; **Mark Loft**, Driffield; **Ad Turner**, Ringwood; **Kenneth Murray**, Shawhead; **J. Davies**, Newport; **Keith Robertson**, Kinorth; **Janelle Couper**, Voe; **Helen Gregory**, Winchester; **James Moroney**, Kilaake; **Timothy Heris**, Grove Park.

Glenn And Chris (April 22)

Correct answer: a) Newcastle United.
 ● The winner of the football signed by "Spurs", a poster and a single is **Adrian Cutler** from Wickwood.
 ● The next 24 win the poster and the single: **Paul Radcliffe**, Danbury; **Bruised Shins**, Beaford; **Rachel Rogers**, Desford; **Robert Peacock**, Hayes; **Toby Ghisnall**, Lower End; **Janet Morton**, Southport; **Robert Leach**, Exbury; **William White**, New Milton; **Nicole Giles**, Otley; **St. Mary**; **Rhian Llewellyn**, Swansea; **Mark Braund**, Bridgwater; **Andrew Wyive**, Trenham; **Stephen Thompsatt**, Paddock Wood; **Stuart Morris**, Andover; **Marie Shepherd**, Thirk; **Alison Hazeldine**, Barton; **A. Straker**, South Molton; **A. Eilery**, Sletty Park; **Rachel Carter**, Middlesway; **Gary Sichert**, Mutton; **Sharon Cross**, Letcombe Regis; **Diane Frank**, Thame; **Sarah Harris**, Sneythorpe; **Darren Winder**, Lancaster.

● The next 25 win the single: **Claire Grundy**, Thurgate; **Bonnie Barnes**, Lincoln; **Tina Melton**, Bardon; **Jennifer Gagen**, Birchwood; **Tracey Anstlin**, Broompark; **Gavin Agus**, Eland; **Karen Hewitt**, Keshley; **A. Rowan**, Langley; **Tina Frost**, Akrington; **Paul Little**, Clayton Brook; **Daniel Kelly**, Orton Westow; **Rachel Beale**, Aldridge; **S. Archer**, Tamworth; **Joyne Lupton**, Thornaby; **Amende Seawall**, Mount Sorel; **Lindsay Mount**, Walmer Deal; **L. Slack**, Backburn; **Mark Thomas**, Liansmayle; **Kalvy Lytton**, North End; **Claire Kelly**, Orton Westow; **Jackie Hall**, Drighlington; **B. Heaney**, Evesham; **Claire Flack**, Dromore; **K. Breisby**, Bacton; **Hazel Welch**, High Wycombe.

UB40 (May 20)

Correct answer: d) da
 ● Ten winners of a shirt and video are: **Mrs Gebuchops**, Slains; **Margaret Bell**, Tettenhall Wood; **Judith McColgan**, Glasgow G14; **Anne Burke**, Perry Barr; **Gary Lee**, Birley; **Elsie Rumbo**, Heywood; **D. S. Dawn**, Dartford; **T.A. Barnett**, Foleshill; **S. Birrell**, Garston; **Daniel Williams**, Chelsea.

Falco (May 20)

Correct answer: b) Soup de la jour.
 ● The winner of the jacket and a 7" is **Christian Jackson** from Hartlepool.
 ● Twenty four runners-up each receive a 7" S. **Kimmins**, Kings Lynn; **Marcia Evans**, Blincook; **Emily Wall**, Cuddesley; **The Orange Smartie**, Bury St.

Edmunds, Katherine Bell, Richchester; **U. Petrie**, London; **Simon Warr**, Colchester; **Claire Davies**, Beercombler; **N.O. Name**, Spourdbone; **D.L. Hessey**, HMS Birmingham; **Stephen Davies**, Trenham; **Steve Low**, Bradford; **Alexandra Warr**, Corwen; **Claire Legington**, Chapel Oving; **E. Hughes**, Haxford; **Adrian Pickering**, Birmingham; **Claire Murray**, Cowes; **Jeonette Wells**, Isle of Wight; **Rachel Robinson**, Alverston; **N. Wiley**, Preston; **Allison Hughes**, Lorton; **A. McDermott**, Halifax; **Stephanie Clompton**, Calcot; **Jeckie**, Dunirk.

Tina Turner (May 20)

Correct answer: d) Kaffan.
 ● The winner of the shoes, signed programme and book is **E. Langford** from Tolladine.
 ● The next 24 win the book, S. **Venny**, Liversedge; **Allyson Craig**, Forest Hill; **D. Whiteker**, Pudsey; **J. Boiley**, Farnington; **David Threasher**, Winscombe; **R. Cuthbertson**, Trenham; **Ashley Peckham**, Sidcup; **A. Taban**, Westcliff-on-Sea; **Terence Duckworth**, Urmsdon; **Sophie Schneiderman**, Shoscombe; **Susanne Harvey**, Cornham; **Susan Perry**, West Dulwich; **Stephanie Fuller**, Bush Hill Park; **Robert Owusu Jr.**, Streamham; **Paul Elgy**, Chester-le-Street; **Leanne Tottersall**, Orton; **S. Marchant**, Patcham; **Rebecca Sweetman**, Grendon; **Joanne Robinson**, Aylesstone; **Collette Smith**, Baco; **Ceryl Wilkinson**, Bluton; **Brian Chesworth**, Whitchurch; **Mark Spivick**, Kenton; **Michael Glendinning**, Ewhurst

hey now, hey now

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The new chart-busting single from

WIDED HOUSE CROWDED HOUSE CROWDED HOUSE CROWDED HOUSE CROWDED HO



OUT NOW ON 7" AND 12"



Throwing it all away

Need I say I love you
Need I say I care
Need I say that emotion's
Something we don't share
I don't want to be sitting here
Trying to deceive you
'Cause you know I know baby
That I don't wanna go

We cannot live together
We cannot live apart
That's the situation
I've known it from the start
Every time that I look at you
I can't see the future
'Cause you know I know baby
That I don't wanna go

Just throwing it all away
Throwing it all away
Is there nothing that I can say
To make you change your mind
I wish the world go round and round
And see mine turning upside down
Throwing it all away

Now who will light up the darkness
And who will hold your hand
Who will find you the answers
When you don't understand
Why should I have to be the one
Who has to convince you
'Cause you know I know baby
That I don't wanna go

Someday you'll be sorry
Someday when you're free
Memories will remind you
That our love was meant to be
But late at night when you call my name
The only sound you'll hear
Is the sound of your voice calling
Calling after me

Just throwing it all away
Throwing it all away
There's nothing that I can say
We're throwing it all away
Just throwing it all away
Just throwing it all away

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Records



GENESIS



Wishing Well

Kissing like a bandit stealing time
Underneath a sycamore tree
Cupid by the hour sends valentines
To my sweet lover and me
Slowly but surely
Your appetite is more than I knew
Sweetly softly
I'm falling in love with you

CHORUS

Wish me love a wishing well
To kiss and tell
A wishing well of butterfly tears
Wish me love a wishing well
To kiss and tell
A wishing well of crocodile cheers
Sing make it funky now boys

Hugging like a monkey see monkey do
Right beside a riverboat gambler
Erotic images float through my head
Say I wanna be your midnight rambler
Quickly but quickly
The blood races through my veins
Quickly loudly
I wanna hear those sugar bells ring

REPEAT CHORUS

Get up now on the beat now uh come on

REPEAT CHORUS

(Wish me love a wishing well to kiss and tell)
Hey I feel like going on
I feel like going on come on come on
Erotic images floating through my head
Your midnight rambler baby ooh
(Wish me love a wishing well to kiss and tell)
Yeah ooh dig it
For you anywhere
I don't know 'cause I don't care
But all I know is
I gotta be your midnight rambler baby ooh

TERENCE
TRENT D'ARBY



Words and music by Trent D'Arby/Oliver. Reproduced
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If I Was Your Girlfriend

Ooh ooh uh ooh ooh ooh ah
Yeah ooh ooh

If I was your girlfriend would u remember
2 tell me all the things u forget when I was your man
Hey hey when I was your man

If I was your best friend would u let me take care of u
And do all the things that only u best friend can
Oh only best friends can ooh

(If I was your girlfriend) ooh ooh ooh
(If I was your girlfriend)

If I was your girlfriend would u let me dress u
I mean help u pick out your clothes before we go out
But that you're helpless but sometimes sometimes
These are the things that boys' in love's about

If I was your one and only friend
Would u run 2 me if somebody hurt u
Even if that somebody was me yeah ooh
Sometimes I trip on how happy we could be please

(If I was your girlfriend) ooh oh ooh ooh ooh

If I was your girlfriend would u let me wash your hair
Could I mass u a break fast sometime
Or could we just hang out I mean
Could we go 2 a movie and cry together
'Cause 2 me baby that would be so love ooh

(If I was your girlfriend)

Baby can I dress u
I mean help u pick out your clothes before we go out
(If I was your girlfriend)
Listen girl I ain't saying you're helpless
But sometimes sometimes these are the things
That boys' in love's about

Super do u know what I'm saying 2 u this evening
Maybe u think I'm being a little self-centred
But I said I want 2 be all of the things
U are 2 me

Surely surely u can see

Is it really necessary for me 2 go out of the room
Just because you woman unfree
We don't have to make children to make love

Words and music by Prince
Reproduced by permission Warner Brothers Music Ltd
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BSWP

★ **Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with your name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS plus a few words about yourself to: RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.**

Hi, I'm Dom and I'm 17. I'm desperate to hear from anyone who is into Heart, Berlin, Loveboy, Lee Aaron and Pat Benatar. If it sounds like you then don't hesitate to write to: Dom Gaynor, 161 Park Avenue, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria LA13 9BN

My name is Nicole Kelly and I'm 12 years old. I'd like penpals from anywhere in the world who are around my age. I'm into Madonna, Nick Kamen, Bron Jovi, Europe, Five Star and A-Ha. If you're interested please write to: 45 Dickons Road, The Scotland, Wolverhampton WV10 9RU

Hello, my name is Matthew and I like all chert music including Madonna, Mel And Kim and Five Star. I would like to hear from anyone aged 15-19 so please write to: Matthew Howard, 21 George Road, Guildford, Surrey GU1 4NP

Anyone, anywhere in London get writing. I am a mega music freak. My main groups being the Fat Shop Boys and now, Living In A Box. But you can be any music freak if you want to write to me. Spax, Strawhill College, Colchester, Wighoe, Cumbria CA7 6RH

Hi, my name is Mike and I am a 14 year old boy who would like to hear from girls who are 14 - 17. I like Madonna Five Star, Moonlighting and Smash Hits. If you are interested please write to: Miss Parker, 5 Newdowns Road, Bangor, Co. Down, Northern Ireland BT20 4BX

Any Madness fans out there? Whatever your age, shape or sex, as long as you're a Madness fan I promise to write back to you. Call Smythe's lookalikes especially welcome. Write to: the Donna Warren, 66 Horsenden Lane South, Penarth, Midxtr UB8 6AD

Hi, I'm 16, from Scotland and heavily into Simple Minds, U2, The Big Dish, Hipwax, INXS, The Mission and Curiosity. So if you're 16+ and preferably continental or North American get writing to: Mark, 19 Waterford Drive, Newport, Shropshire TF10 7UG

I am a 20 year old Japanese girl looking for penpals from anywhere. I like The Blow Monkeys D. Lee, Swing Out Sister etc. Please write to: Yuki Nakamura, 1-32-22 Hagiya, Hagiya-muraaya-shi, Tokyo, Japan

Attention all schizophrenics as both of me are looking for people to write to. We are TB and into Billy Joel, Springfield, Eurythmics etc. So why not brighten up our day and write to: Chris Campbell, 55 Marina Street, Killybegs, Co. Down N. Ireland BT23 6PN

Hi, my name is Lisa and I'm 13 years old. I'm into Five Star, A-Ha, The Jets, Pepsi and Shihad and Backstreet. If you would like to write to me then the address is: 12 Park Ridge Drive, Halesowen, West Midlands

Hi there, we're two 18 year old lads called Ant and Stu who are urgently seeking anyone from anywhere to write to. Our interests are A-Ha, The Fat Shop Boys, Madonna, Frankie and lots more. If you are interested get writing to: 88 Ransom Ave, Bath Road, Worcester WR5 3AW

I am a 20 year old male and I like Madonna, The Smiths and most other chert music. If you are aged 1-20, drop a line to me, Michael Hollywood, 655 Beech Hill, Y-D-C Hydbarn Wood, Hospital Road, Belfast BT8 9NA

Hi, I'm Tammy and I'm 14. I would love to hear from anyone aged 14-17. I'm into Madonna, Bron Jovi, The Fat Shop Boys and lots more. I also love dancing, reading and playing hockey so if you are interested please write to: Tammy B Lamy, 23 Marlborough Close, Darnleybrook, Douglas, Cork, Ireland

Hi, I'm Louise and I'm 12 years old. My interests are Blue Straitz and Michael J. Fox so if you share the same likes please write to 21 Kingsley Avenue, Sandal, Wakefield, West Yorks WF2 2ZA

Fancy writing to a Jon Bon Jovi lookalike? Nah, you'd be better off writing to me. I'm interested in football, going to the pictures and good music especially Tears For Fears, The Housemartins, Peter Dinklage, The Fat Shop Boys and Paul Simon. Hobbies include Nick Kamen, The Jets, Doug E Fresh, Sam Fox, TOP, "Jack-the-lads", animal abuse, Fleet Street and exams. So if you are 18 and also adore Garfield, if you're a guy or a girl aged between 13-17 please write to me, Tracy at Toulou Farm, Bridge Dr War, Rethelshire PA11 3SH

Hi, I'm a cool, fun-loving, slightly crazy 14 year old female. I'm into Bron Jovi, Dire Straits, S.M.I.S.S. Minds, having a good time and also adore Garfield. If you're a guy or a girl aged between 13-17 please write to me, Tracy at Toulou Farm, Bridge Dr War, Rethelshire PA11 3SH

Are you bored with Madonna? Are you sick of Nick Kamen? Do you wear black clothes? Are you strictly male? Do you want to write to somebody with REAL taste in music? If you're in luck Norm Spencer, 13 Slacksborough Road, Reigate, Surrey RH2 7BS

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MICHAEL J. FOX



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THE COUNTRY

JIM
KERR



Photo: Sheila Rock

SIMPLE MINDS



● Jim Kerr is a bit of an old softie really. He's hiding behind a screen out of the sight of peeking eyes whilst a make-up artist subjects him to that most terrifying instrument of torture... the eyelash curler. In fact, he's rather a reluctant mega-star altogether despite the fact that his group, Simple Minds, are one of the biggest bunch of musical big-wigs in popdom. And even though he's got a brand new single out called "Promised You A Miracle" (an old tune recorded "live"), he can't wait to scarpie back to his home in Scotland. So, two suitcases packed and swatting (the smaller one full of dirty washing, the jumbo-sized one full of his and Chrissie Hynde's kids' clothes that they've grown out of and he's saved to pass on to the localippers), the v.soft and v.famous one sits down for a while to reveal that...

● HE THINKS THAT CAMELS STINK. . .

"Since the last album 'Once Upon A Time' we've been doing one of the biggest tours that's ever been. It went on for 15 months but it seemed like years. Was immensely enjoyable - that's why we do tours so much. We prefer that to the other things like making records or having your picture taken. But 15 months is a long time and we were shattered by the end. And, once the tour's been completed, you really have to spend a lot of time working on friends and family because, although we do this as a profession, it begins to strike me that it's a wee bit irresponsible. You go on tour and leave everything behind. So I took a long holiday in Africa and took my dad with me. I didn't take my mum 'cos she went to Spain with my auntie ha ha ha. She said 'Africa, huh, spiders and creepy crawlies, it was more the desert and camels. Did I nide a camel? Nah, 'cos of the smell of them.'"

● HE THINKS HE SHOULD BE CALLED "THE WALKER" . . .

"Africa was excellent for walking. I love to walk and I'd walk for maybe six hours a day. I get a sort of spiritual lift from nature. I've bought this house in Scotland which is my dream in that it's on the sea and I get an amazing calmness there. I get a sense of priorities. Things that seemed dead important just seem trash there. Nature gives me a lack of ego. So what do I do on a rainy day when I can't go out for a walk? I like to walk in the rain ha ha ha. You should call me 'The Walker.'"

● HE DOESN'T WEAR LLAMAS (?). . .

"Do I think I'm really an old hippie? Not a hippie as in someone who burns incense sticks and wears llamas no, but a hippie as in reactionary people who can't help get America out of Vietnam yeah. (??) I think I'm a rebel 'cos there's a total revolution going on inside me just now. The way we are as a band as well is totally rebellious. We must be 'cos we keep getting all these crap reviews ha ha. (?) No, really what I would like the

SSS!!!

Jim Kerr of Simple Minds finally reveals his darkest secrets to the world.

Derrin Schlesinger boldly leads the way...

band to stand for is an appreciation of life and the idea of living."

● **HE LEFT HOME AT 16 TO SEE THE SEX PISTOLS...**

"When I left school I didn't have a clue what I was going to do. I left home between 16 and 17 and the idea was to hitch-hike to see The Sex Pistols play in a pub in London. We found ourselves in a train station in Milan in Italy two weeks later. We just stuck out our thumbs and we were getting lifts in E-type Jags... it was fantastic, I'd encourage anyone to do that. In Britain we think of Big Ben and News At Ten and we have this image, even though we know the empire is long gone, that the world circles round Britain but I'm afraid it doesn't. Did I go crazy because of my new-found freedom? Nah, I was from a pretty avant-garde housing scheme."

● **HE ONCE THREW AN LP AT HIS GUITARIST'S HEAD (OR SOMETHING)...**

"Charlie Burchill (*Simple Minds* guitarist) lived in the same street as me when we were young. One night I went mad and threw all these records out of the window of the multi-storey block that we lived in ha ha. I just skated them out across the clouds from the 11th floor. About six years later I was sitting with the band in this dressing room just talking about all these old bands. And someone said 'I had this record by a German group called Faust' and I said 'Yeah, I had that' and Charlie went 'I've got that. It was weird how I got it, but I was walking down the street and this album fell out of the sky.' So I asked if he'd ever played it and he hadn't so I said 'When you go back home see if there's anything written on it 'cos I used to write my name on all my LPs, and he went home and looked and there it was - 'Jim Kerr' ha ha ha.' (!!!!)

● **HE FELL OVER AND BECAME A POP STAR...**

"A lot of people come up to me and say 'I wanna be in a band. What do you think?' And I end up saying 'the very fact that you're asking me probably means you won't do it, 'cos if you're going to do it, you do it.' It's just like I was running and I fell over and I ended up in this place. I've no idea how this thing happened. I certainly wasn't brought up in a musical family. My dad only had two country and western records that he detested them ha ha. And I certainly used to be a drastic introvert but I've ended up going on stage in front of 50,000 people being this out and out exhibitionist."

● **HE NEVER TRIED TO LOOK LIKE A PIXIE...**

"I'm very concerned about myself - not my image but myself. I have to exercise before I go on tour otherwise I'd be the dying Scotsman after three songs! But mentally inside I feel strong. And how I look just now is how I feel. It's psychological how you dress. So when I

used to wear black tights and a floppy hat I didn't think 'oh I'll try and look like a pixie' ha ha. I just thought I used to look like a nervous wee guy."

● **HE'S A CRAP FOOTBALLER...**

"I'd like to be a football player. Am I any good? Nah, but I like scoring goals - just hammering them in the net. I play for the band - it's embarrassing. Who do we play against? Hopefully Bananarama ha ha or Tina Turner! Well no, we just play amongst ourselves. I think I have such presence that I intimidate their defence to crumble but I never actually score one myself ha ha... I'm crap. Am I a dribbler? Certainly not. Come on, I'm a singer, not a centre-forward."

● **HE'D LIKE TO SEE HIS KIDS MORE...**

"It's tough because their mother (i.e. Chrissie Hynde, lead singer with The Pretenders and Jim Kerr's wife) is very much based in London and it seems they've got to be with her just now more than me. I only got the house in Scotland at Christmas and Chrissie's been out since then so she hasn't been there. Yeah, I find it hard being an absentee father and husband. It's the only real difficulty in my life - everything else is sheer pleasure. It's hard dealing with the guilt I feel for not being there."

● **HE THINKS SIMPLE MINDS ARE A BRILLIANT LIVE BAND...**

"We released this new double live album because we're a brilliant live band. Great live bands should have an attempt at capturing some of that atmosphere. Of course, you're not going to get it all, you haven't got the lights and all that, but it's a sort of souvenir."

● **HIS MUSIC DOES A LOT OF "SPIRALLING" ABOUT THE PLACE...**

"People should come and watch us live because the music is amazing. It isn't me that's making it - it just happens and on a good night there's a fantastic feeling that I know you can't get at most concerts. It's a sort of overwhelming thing - it's something that comes through us but it isn't us. It's magical and intangible. I spent years trying to work out where it was coming from and to put a statement out about it but you get into all sorts of states putting out these manifestos. So I don't even try to understand it any more, I'm just overjoyed that it is there. Only the great bands have it. Do I think we're a great band? Yup. No question or doubt about it. There is a force you know. You're doing this thing and you sort of send signals into the air, and with some music, I think the lones or the feel of the music or the players feel right, then it just spirals up. Then there's other music that spirals down and there's other music that spirals sideways. Now you think I'm mad don't you?"

● **HE KNOWS THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE THINK HE'S BONKERS...**

"Lately I've been asking people if they think I'm mad. And half the people say 'yeah'."

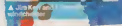


Photo: Robert Matheu

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HOW TO ENTER

All you have to do is complete the Network Chart Show record titles, fill in your name, age and address below and make sure your entry arrives by first post on September 1st 1987. Post your entry to PO Box 125, Uckfield, East Sussex TN22 5UZ marked Nescafé Top 30 Competition.

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2. SAISHO COLOUR TV



3

3. TOP TEN RECORDS



4

4. CASIO SK-1 SAMPLING KEYBOARD

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First correct entries drawn will be the winners. No cash in lieu of prizes. No entrant will win more than one prize. No responsibility accepted for lost, damaged or illegible entries.

COMPETITION RULES

No correspondence entered into. Closing date 1st September 1987. Applications on plain paper or photocopies accepted. Winners will be notified by post 1st October 1987.

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2. WITH OR WITHOUT
3. EVERYTHING I

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DISCO DATES

David Jensen, The Network Chart Show and Nescafé are on the road right now!

But if you don't hurry you'll miss them. If you get your skates on you can catch the tour in Bury St. Edmunds at Rollerbury Roller-Disco on Friday 26th June or at Tiffany's night club in Great Yarmouth on the 27th June.

If you want a fun packed evening with masses of giveaways . . .

See you there!

DAVID JENSEN'S

Pop Trivia

DID YOU KNOW

- 100,000 people once signed a petition to persuade Duran Duran to appear in New Zealand . . .
- Mark King from Level 42 has a recording studio in his south London home . . .
- Curiosity Killed the Cat made one of their first club appearances on the Nescafé Chart Show Disco-tour last year . . .

THEY TELL ME

- Mags from A-Ha would like to write a song as good as the Beatles' 'Yesterday' . . .
- During his 1986 lay-off David Bowie read 18 books a week . . .
- The Pet Shop Boys took their name from a friend's pet shop in Ealing, London . . .

IT'S A FACT

- Eurythmics' Dave Stewart has bought a house next to Michael Jackson's in Los Angeles . . .
- On holiday, Carinne from Swing Out Sister likes reading books, swimming, and sunbathing. Don't we all!

THIS WEEK'S COOL CUT

The best way to drink coffee this summer is Nescafé Frappé, it's cool, refreshing and easy to make . . .

- ◆ Take two generous teaspoons of Nescafé and two of sugar, plus half a pint of cold water (or equal quantities of milk and water).
- ◆ Shake it all about.
- ◆ Pour into a tall glass with tons of ice.

You have just made . . . Nescafé Frappé.



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They're both great for summer and tremendous value at just £3.99 for the pair including post and packing. Demand is bound to be heavy so we must limit this offer to one pair per applicant!

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Allow 28 days for delivery; only one pair of T-shirts per applicant/coupon.



Photos: Julian Barton



Curiosity Killed the Cat

CONQUER THE WORLD!

Or a teensy-weensy bit of Germany anyway. Though, as William Shaw discovers, this wild life of disintegrating jackets, late late nights, heavy metal clubs and disgusting aeroplane trifle is all becoming rather too much. . .

Rarely – if ever – in the history of pop has a group looked so completely tucked out as Curiosity Killed the Cat do this afternoon. Their clothes are crumpled, their chins are unshaven, their heads are propped on their hands and, about every quarter-second one of them yawns. In a grim concrete hall somewhere in Munich they've just completed their "soundcheck" for tonight's concert, the last of a short tour of Germany. In 24 hours they'll be back in London.

Of all the group Nick looks the worst for wear. His eyes are small slits, the dark jacket he seems to have been wearing continually for the last few months is a shabby remnant of its former self and his beige trousers are covered in what appear to be coffee stains. "I'm a complete mess," he laughs. "We're all a mess. Well, we've been on the road for two months

night. A reasonable guess puts it around 5 am. The night's frolics had included a certain amount of larking about at the hotel where, for some reason Ben was to be found enacting with a dustbin a scene from the "Ordinary Day" video on the roof.

In spite of their exhaustion, the show turns out to be a jolly affair. By the time they've played all the songs from the "Keep Your Distance" LP they've got the audience jiggling about like nobody's business, which is something of an achievement because although they're rather famous in Britain, hardly anybody in Europe's heard of them yet.

After the show, the audience file off home to bed, though for Curiosity the night is still young.

Back at the hotel the group convene in a rather horrid bar called "Le Pub" which is full of Germans singing horrid drinking songs. That's definitely not the thing so everybody jumps into taxis and scoots off to a club which turns out to be rather horrid too, packed full of German youths listening to heavy metal, which isn't exactly Curiosity's cup of tea either, so they're off again in their taxis to club number two. This is a far trendier place so here Curiosity pass the hours until well after dawn has broken. With the birds trilling loudly outside their hotel room windows, they all go to bed. Oddly, not one of them makes it downstairs next morning for the hotel breakfast of salami, cheese, pickles and sausages. . .



▲ The Curiosity teach Bavaria how to rock out like real mean musiks.



▲ Nick eating "breakfast"

NICK'S STORY

Around 1pm Curiosity eat a McDonald's breakfast.

They're much put out by the fact that you can't get Egg MacMuffins in Germany so they have to put up with burgers and milkshakes instead. Now, an hour or so later Nick sits in a small leafy square in the city, blinking in the sunlight and smiling constantly because of a cold he's picked up.

"Do we all get on each other's nerves on tour? Well," says Nick, "we've all lived together at certain stages over the last five years so we all know about everyone else's worst habits by now. When Migi and I first started playing together I used to live at Migi's mum's house; I didn't have anywhere else to live at the time. Then after that Migi shared my flat for a while and then he lived with Ben, and he's stayed with Ju."

Nick grew up an only child in Sunbury-on-Thames and left school early. "I played my first proper gig at school with some friends and I thought, well, this is what I want to do, so I went to the headmaster the next day and said 'Listen, man, I'm leaving and I'm not coming back.' My parents were very open-minded.

"After I left school I went to live in Ibiza for a while, working in a restaurant there. This was like six years ago: there was really quite a special vibe there. It was just like artists, hippies, musicians, a lot of wild people."

Then, he says, after that there was the time when he nipped off to try living in Amsterdam, but that wasn't much cop so he came back to London.

Migi and Nick became chums: they used to nip around to pop festivals, earning a bit of cash by doing "silk screen" prints together for the trendy London clothes shop, Boy – something they learnt from Nick's father, a textile designer. (His mother's an ex-model who was, Nick says, very successful in her time.) "I used to have one of those little Suzuki vans, and me and Migi used to drive round everywhere and go and cause trouble in parks and things, and drive off to pop festivals. Actually, driving is something that I really enjoy."

But however much he might enjoy it he doesn't have much luck with it: Nick suffers from a bad back injury which he's got from being in lots of car crashes. "Yeah, I've written off a lot of cars," he admits chirpily. "It's never been my fault. It's always people going into the back of me, which gives you those "whiplash" injuries. A couple of Christmases ago I had to wear one of those spid braces around my neck 'cause of an accident – I've got quite a bad spine here at the top and down at the bottom just from being in numerous crashes – I've had about six of them. In fact one of the first things I've got to do when we go back to London is go to an osteopath. . ."

The plane back to London leaves later on this evening: the group have got a few hours to kill first. There's a couple of German magazines I've got to do then everybody decides to hop it to a place called the "English Garden" – which is the Germans' idea of a British park. . .



▲ Swapping style tips with the locals

and all our clothes have pretty much died a death. We're pretty burned out."

"We're always like this on tour," explains Migi. "We don't do a lot of clothes washing. . ."

"We live out of barrel bags and we're always rummaging in them to get our clothes out so stuff gets messed up quickly," says Ben.

There is, however, another reason for the group's decrepit appearance: they simply never seem to get to bed at a decent hour. Nobody seems too sure what time they got to bed last

Curiosity Killed the Cat



▲ "Like... I'm a pinball wizard, OK?"

MIGI'S STORY

Migi looks decidedly worn out from last night's revelry. He plunks himself down on a patch of grass in the middle of the park with a huge great litre of German lager in front of him.

"Yeah, I suppose I am quite pleased to be going back to London. This tour has been really good fun though. The only thing is you just can't relax. I went through a phase where it was all doing me in but I've kind of passed that and now I'm not really worrying about anything any more.

Getting back to London will mean going to see his mum whom he's living with until he manages to buy the flat that he's looking for at the moment.

"When I'm in London I stay between there and my girlfriend's. When you're on tour you only get a couple of days in London so I'm usually back and forth doing my washing or whatever."

It seems though that Migi's relationship with his girlfriend is coming to an end. Is this because of the pressures of the "wild" rock lifestyle?

"Yeah... well... it is difficult and we're trying to come to an agreement. We're kind of splitting up, I suppose... It's not just because of that. It was getting difficult anyway," he confesses. "You know in this business you have to devote all your time to it, and there's a hell of a lot of work for the next two years at least, so..."

That sounds a bit depressing. "No, it's not really, because the band itself is going so well." Which it is indeed: the group's done so well in the last six months that all four of them are in the process of looking for houses or flats to buy with the money that will be coming in.



▲ Mig demonstrating the meaningful synthesis of artistic expression, subculture and rebellion (??? - Ed.)

"It'll be good when we first off places because we're all just living out of suitcases at the moment and that really doesn't help."

This new found wealth is a bit of a change from a couple of years ago when they first got a management deal on the strength of one rough demo of the first song that Curiosity Killed The Cat had written together called "Curiosity Killed The Cat". "We got £25 a week and we were living off that for a year, and er... that wasn't a great deal of money, but it was enough for Ben to be able to stop doing the little bit of modelling that he did do."

Before that, Migi had been earning money by selling Rubik cubes in Carnaby Street and by working in an advertising agency for a year. He had tried a bash at art college for a year too before teaming up with Nick. "I'd still like to do art. I liked it. I designed that t-shirt, you know? The one with that face thing made out of the word Curiosity..."

The sun is out and the birds are twittering and there's a very scenic German horse and cart ambling round the park, but it's time to ask that rather important question. Ahem. Has it been a profound affect on Ben. Coming here has convinced him to turn vegetarian. "I've just given up meat," he announces, "because the way they use meat in Germany is really ugly. Couldn't handle it, coming down to breakfast they've got every kind of meat you could imagine on the table - ugh! I think it's Germany that made me think about it. I've considered it before. Well... a lot of time in the past I haven't been able to eat meat in restaurants. Not that it's not a natural thing - but to me it's morally wrong. I just had a nice salad in the English Garden... it really does you good."

Suddenly Ben leaps up in his seat and points at a large vintage car hurtling in the opposite direction. "Bloody great car, man! Oh my God!" he hollers, giving utterly mad over the vehicle in question for the next couple of minutes.

"Are we rich now?" he settles down again. "I think we feel more comfortable financially. Before I just had money in dribs and drabs. Not that money's particularly important. I spend money quickly, there's nothing really I want to buy. I want to get a flat, I want to get a car one day as well... that's basically it. I don't really spend money, except on clothes."

"What's that? Do I read books or anything when I'm on tour? Not as much as I should do. Instead of getting drunk on the journey or whatever I should probably read or something, but I can't. I feel as if I want to have a really good time or just use it for sleeping to gain more energy... but maybe now that we're travelling a lot more I'll be able to get used to it a bit more..."

▲ "Please! No photos till I've got my Boots No7 blusher on, man"

BEN'S STORY

"Apparently, I'm going to get chucked out of the band," says Ben, referring to the same Mandy Smith stories while tucked into the back of a taxi that's now winging him to Munich airport in time to catch the flight back to London.

"They're going to get Mandy in instead," he chuckles. "And Sam Fox is going to be the backing vocalist? No, she's going to be on percussion."

When the group get back to London they've got one more engagement - the Prince's Trust concert - then, after that, they're on holiday for two weeks. Oddly enough, rather than all heading

off in their own separate directions they've all decided to go off to the same place - a certain island "discovered" island where they're all going to lie on beaches and get to look healthy again.

But surely they're all heartily sick of each other's company by now - so how come they're going on holiday together?

"Well, it's what we all really need - some time together without the pressure. It's good to have that chance to relax together, and we all tend to go off and do our own things anyway."

"What do I want to do? I really want to go fishing. I went a couple of times when I was younger and just today when I was walking around the park I saw the trout runs through it and it just looked so peaceful. I'm dying to spend a day somewhere just relaxing in the sun and fishing - I just find that really nice because it's peaceful and at the same time it's really exciting."

The taxi's passing through a particularly smelly bit of Munich; Ben wrinkles his nose and comments in his own individual way "Stink-bomb style-eee!"

Actually, Germany's had a profound affect on Ben. Coming here has convinced him to turn vegetarian. "I've just given up meat," he announces, "because the way they use meat in Germany is really ugly. Couldn't handle it, coming down to breakfast they've got every kind of meat you could imagine on the table - ugh! I think it's Germany that made me think about it. I've considered it before. Well... a lot of time in the past I haven't been able to eat meat in restaurants. Not that it's not a natural thing - but to me it's morally wrong. I just had a nice salad in the English Garden... it really does you good."

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"What's that? Do I read books or anything when I'm on tour? Not as much as I should do. Instead of getting drunk on the journey or whatever I should probably read or something, but I can't. I feel as if I want to have a really good time or just use it for sleeping to gain more energy... but maybe now that we're travelling a lot more I'll be able to get used to it a bit more..."



▲ "OK," asks a German interviewer, "weech one von you is Mandy Smith?"

JULIAN'S STORY

Several thousand feet above Europe, Ju is going mad, offering people his sunglasses to look through.

"Take a look at those clouds down there! They're like jewels! They're like the sea!" he points.

The group are at last on their way home, and a hostess has just plunked their airline meal in front of them. Ju is in particularly chatty mood. "Here we have a typical airline meal; the undrinkable bottle of wine for one, the trifle that looks like a vast splotch of custard in a plastic container... and then we have the cold meat platter..."

Julian is in a very happy mood. He talks about how he'd like to have a go at flying a glider, how he used to be mad about skateboarding when he was younger, how he likes to listen to jazz, or classical music by Debussy. He talks about how when he was a bit older he used to go to Charing Cross Road in London where all the music shops are.

"That was my favourite thing, going there and looking at the guitars. I was a bit shy about my playing so I used to go in and try out the guitars as quietly as possible so no one could hear me."

After Ju left public school at the age of 16, he got a job working on a market stall selling vegetables. "This mate of mine would pick me up at four o'clock in the morning and we'd drive to Covent Garden and load the lorry. Then we'd drive to High Wycombe and set up the stall. I was going out at night and coming back at two in the morning and just crashing out in the seat in the sitting room and waiting for him to come and pick me up at four o'clock."

And then he talks about how, one day after his lorry group that he'd been playing in with an old school friend had split up, he got a phone message one day saying, "Nick needs a guitar player." "I thought I don't know anyone around here called Nick." But I phoned up and it was Migi's house which is about a mile down the road and sussed out that that it was Nick I'd known years ago, and they said look we've got a gig in two days time, so I went round for a jam."

And the rest - of course - is carved deep into the annals of pop history...

GOLDEN GORDON TALKABOUT



IN THE FINAL OF THE TALKABOUT TROPHY, RINGHAM ROVERS ARE ON THE RECEIVING END OF A DRUBBING AGAINST THEIR LOCAL RIVALS GRIMLEY TOWN. THE HALF-TIME WHISTLE HAS JUST BONE - RINGHAM 0 GRIMLEY 3



WILL GORDON'S HALF-TIME CALL TO TALKABOUT RESTORE HIS CONFIDENCE AND SAVE THE DAY FOR THE ROVERS?

ROVERS MANAGER TERRY FONE TAKES GORDON TO ONE SIDE



GORDON, YOU'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE BOX, GET ON THE LINE AND PUT YOURSELF THROUGH. JUST GET OUT THERE AND ENJOY YOURSELF!

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IT'S THERE! GORDON'S SCORED!

AS THE REF LOOKS AT HIS WATCH...

60000AAL!



PICK THAT ONE OUT OF THE NET GRUMLEY!

3-3

2-3

RINGHAM EQUALISE! WELL DONE, GORDON!



THANKS TO GORDON THE ROVERS ARE WINNERS AND NOT LOSING!

THE GOLDEN BOY'S DONE IT!

4-3!

GORDON LIFTS THE TROPHY FOR THE ROVERS!

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PRINCE

THE SINGLE
If I was your GIRLFRIEND
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THE CONCERT
WEMBLEY STADIUM
THURS JUNE 25 ▾ FRI JUNE 26

"HAPPENINGS"



ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION:

Bradford St George's Hall (June 26), Dunstable
Queensway Hall (27), Norwich
University of East Anglia (28),
Leicester Polytechnic (29),
Liverpool Royal Court (30),
Cardiff Ritz (July 1), London
Town And Country Club (2).

● Tickets are available now from the box offices and usual agents. Please enquire at venues for prices.

TERENCE TRENT

D'ARBY: Glasgow
Barrowlands (July 19),
Birmingham Powerhouse (20),
Bristol Studio (21), London
Hammersmith Odeon (22).

● Tickets are £5 for all dates (except London at £5 and £8) and are available from the box offices and usual agents.



PRIMAL SCREAM:

Brighton Pavilion Theatre
(June 22), Birmingham
Burberry's (23), Nottingham
Old Vic (25), University Of
London Union (26),
Manchester International (27),
Northampton Old Five Bells
(28), Bristol Harpers
Underground (29).

● Please contact venues for ticket prices.



FOUR DECADES OF POPULAR MUSIC:

The Scala Cinema, London (July 4/11/18/25)

● This is part of the Capital Music Festival, sponsored by Le Clip. It's a series of so-called "all-nighters"

featuring pop music and films from the last four decades - '50s on the 4th, '60s on the 11th, '70s on the 18th and '80s on the 25th. Each event starts at 11.30pm (i.e. quite late) and ends at 8.00am the next morning, and tickets will be available on the door for £5 (or phone 01 278 0051 for details). The organisers urge people to come in "the hippest gear" (hem hem).

SMALLTOWN

ELEPHANTS: London
Hammersmith Palais (June 17), Cardiff Ritz (18), Bristol Studio (19), Birmingham Powerhouse (20), Coventry Busters (21), Carlisle Frontpage (22), Newcastle Studio (23), Glasgow Plaza (24), Leeds Ritz (25), Liverpool Grafton Rooms (26), Southampton Mayfair (27).

● Please contact venues for ticket prices.



PRINCE:

London Wembley Stadium (June 25/26)
● Please note that there is a very good chance that both of these dates could have sold out already but if there are any tickets left (all priced £15.50) you will be able to get them from the Wembley Stadium box office, usual agents, the Wembley Arena box office, and Tower Records, Piccadilly Circus, London (personal callers only). In addition tickets are also available from the Prince Box Office, P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Applicants should enclose a SAE with cheques/postal orders made payable to Prince Box Office, adding a 50p booking fee per ticket. A credit card "hot" line has also been set up on 01-748 1414 which is also subject to a booking fee.

● Prince has requested that all those attending should wear something peach or black (hem hem).



Genesis

Throwing it all away



The new single available now in two versions

- 7" Throwing it all away (from the album Invisible Touch)
- + I'd rather be you (previously unavailable)
- 12" Throwing it all away (live version - previously unavailable)
- + I'd rather be you (previously unavailable)
- + Invisible Touch (live version - previously unavailable)

The Invisible Touch Tour
26th June Glasgow-Hampden Park
28th June Leeds Roundhay Park
1st July London Wembley Stadium
2nd July London Wembley Stadium
3rd July London Wembley Stadium
4th July London Wembley Stadium

The album Invisible Touch is available on Compact Disc, Cassette, LP Record

It's Not Unusual



It's not unusual to be loved by anyone
It's not unusual to have fun with anyone
But when I see you hanging about with anyone
It's not unusual to see me cry
I weeps die

It's not unusual to go out of any time
But when I see you out and about it's such a crime
If you should ever wanna be loved by anyone
It's not unusual it happens every day
No matter what you say
You'll find it happens all the time
Love will never do what you want it to
Why can't this crazy love be mine

It's not unusual to be mad with anyone
It's not unusual to be sad with anyone
But I ever find that you've changed at any time
It's not unusual to find that I'm in love with you
We oh oh oh oh oh weh oh oh oh
Weh oh oh oh oh
Weh oh oh weh oh

Words and music by Miss/Royal
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On Decca/London Records

Let's Dance



When you sing of the joy only love can bring
Heaven knows it's in my heart and my soul
Caught in a world full of tears
So many bad times and fears
So while there's a chance and you're near

Let's dance
Yeah yeah um

There's a world far away from the one we see
There's a dream I will never let go
One thing is certainly true
The moment's for me and for you
So while there's not a thing that we can do

Then let's dance yeah yeah
Let's dance um
Let's dance
Yeah yeah yeah
Let's dance
Let's dance
Let's dance
Let's dance ah

Words and music by Chris Rea
Reproduced by permission Magnet Music Ltd
On Magnet Records

CHRIS REA

PERSONAL

"The dead terrapin? Well, to be honest it's a boring animal - now it's dead"

NAME: Samantha Karen Fox. I chose the Karen for a middle name - we could pick our own when we were about five. I've also got a confirmation name - Patricia - named after St Patrick, but it's never really used. **BORN:** 15/4/66. I was born with really dark brown hair, brown eyes and really dark skin - I didn't look like my parents at all - but then when I was about one my hair went blonde and my eyes went green. When I was a baby my mum says I was asleep all the time. She actually took me to the doctors because she was so worried about it. **FIRST RECORD BOUGHT:** Donna Summer's "Love To Love You Baby". It influenced me musically - the harmonies at the beginning of "Touch Me" are similar, you see. **FIRST CRUSH:** What, on a boy? A grape? (Geddit! ??? - Ed). No, it was on a skinhead at school called Michael.

At the time skinheads were really in - if you went out with a skinhead it was really good because they were the toughest. I was a mod, you see. I was about 13. We went to the pictures, went up Petticoat Lane on Sundays together, that sort of thing. **DID YOU KNOW THAT THE BEASTIE BOY WANT TO HANG YOU UPSIDE DOWN OUT OF A WINDOW?** know they said I was def (i.e. a good sort - Ed). It thought they meant I was 'dead' at first. I know they didn't do those things that was written about them in the paper though. I phoned The Sun up because I was there when they were with the kids and they came in and they were great - signed autographs and had photos taken. So I phoned The Sun up and said it was a load of rubbish so they came down and did a story but it never went in.

Unfortunately people don't want to read how nice they are. I like them as people but as I've said before, I don't like their music and I don't like their attitude on stage. Spitting in faces, hitting people - I don't like that. When I spoke to them they were quite shy. I'd like to see them try to hang me out of a window. **HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF BEING A BUOYHIST?** No. Is it the 'in-thing' to be? I'm not into 'in-things'. **WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE SMITHS RECORD?** None of them. To be honest I can't even remember a title. I really don't know anything about them. **IS IT TRUE YOU APPLIED TO BE THE NEW ORUMMER OF THE HOUSEMARTINS?** No! Where do you hear all these silly rumours from?

They're all dirty jeans and Dr Martens and though I can understand kids liking that I don't think it'd suit me. **DO YOU THINK GEORGE MICHAEL'S RECORD SHOULD HAVE BEEN BANNED?** I haven't heard it but Nessie (her sister Vanessa) thinks it's good and if she thinks it's good then it is good because Nessie's the record-buying public. I was speaking to Jonathan King yesterday and he thinks it's stupid that it's banned. He says he doesn't know what the world is coming to. What's in a song? What's a song going to make someone do? I think people take these things too seriously.

HOW DO YOU GET THROBLESOME STAINS OFF THE CARPET? I've never had a troublesome stain on my carpet. I wouldn't know. Water, I suppose, and then scrub it. If I ever come across one I'll look in a book of handy hints or ask my father - he's a carpenter so he should know things like that. (???) Anyway, I'd probably throw it away and get a new one, knowing me. I don't think I was put in this world to scrub carpets.

HAVE YOU ANY PETS? Yes, two dogs, a monkey and a terrapin which just died when I was in Montreux. The dogs are Diana, a Bichon Frise and Lucy's a miniature Yorkshire Terrier. Diana's a very rare pedigree, the sort what you leave outside a shop and someone would whip it. I wouldn't enter them in shows though. A dog's a dog, innit? Can you see me walking Lucy around in a circle? People made that sort of thing have got nothing better to do - I've got so many other things to do.

The dead terrapin? Well, to be honest it was such a boring animal - now it's dead boring ha ha - and when I came back from Montreux it was floating on its back with the shell curled up. Did I give it a decent burial? Er... down the loo! (Groo! - Everyone ever born.) We gave a proper burial to my parrot Bill which died last year - he's outside the kitchen in the garden. The other day Vanessa was weeding for my mum and dug him up and had him on a shovel and was saying 'say hello to Bill' and there he was, feathers and all. He had no head. But I did like Bill. He was really funny.

The monkey? I've always wanted one and my mum and dad bought me one for my 21st. His name's Norman. No, not after Norman from the Housemartins though he looks like him ha ha. I just find it a very funny name - it was either going to be Malcolm or Norman, or Ethel if it was a

nest it was such a boring ha ha!"

girl. Michael Jackson's got one, has he? Perhaps I'm going wacko. Do you think they'll be calling me Sam Wacko soon? (No - Ed.) Actually he's only a cotton marmoset - very tiny. It looks a bit like a Gremlin.

QID YOU USED TO GOB AT PUNK CONCERTS? No gob, no. I wasn't really what you call an out-and-out punk with safety pins in me nose. I just used to wear leather jackets and buy the music. My boyfriend used to wear bondage trousers tied together round his feet and my dad used to shake his head but then they used to play chess with each other. (???)

WHO OF THE FOLLOWING WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO FLY INTO THE KREMLIN ON A LIGHT AIRCRAFT WITH?

WITH? a) Keren from Bananarama; b) The Jesus And Mary Chain; c) Aneka Rice or d) Jon Bon Jovi? Well, it'd be Bon. . . Bon Jon. . . (bursts into giggles).

. . . that's what I called him when I first met him! Bon! It's such a mouthful. His name. He's a nice guy, very down to earth, very talented. We talked about everything - from palm trees to bananas to pop music - things which normal people talk about. I wouldn't go with any of the others because I don't know them and there's far more people than those I'd like to meet. I don't mind them but I'd rather go with Jon ha ha. I'd do a loop the loop into the Kremlin - I've done it with a display team and I loved it. I flew an aeroplane in my new video too. I must say I do admire that boy who flew into Moscow - I think it's the best thing that's happened all year. Even if he gets sent to jail! Well, maybe he should make a record and the record company can demand he's got to do promotion. (???)



UNDER THE BOARDWALK

Hey Bruno
 Say what's up fellas
 You hanging out down here
 With us under the boardwalk
 Let's throw down

Oh when the sun beats down
 And melts the tar up on the roof
 And the streets get so hot
 You wish your tired feet were fireproof
 Under the boardwalk
 Down by the sea yeah
 On a blanket with my baby
 Is where I'll be

Chorus
 Under the boardwalk
 Out of the sun
 Under the boardwalk
 We'll be having some fun
 Under the boardwalk
 People walking above
 Under the boardwalk
 We'll be falling in love
 Under the boardwalk boardwalk

Now from the sand you hear
 The happy sounds of a carousel
 Ooh you can almost taste the hotdogs
 And french fries they sell
 Under the boardwalk
 Down by the sea yeah
 On a blanket with my baby
 Is where I'll be

Repeat chorus

Under the boardwalk
 Down by the sea yeah
 On a blanket with my baby
 Is where I'll be

Repeat chorus

Words and music by A. Rosack/K. Young
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 On Motown Records



PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE

simple

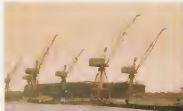
(Ooh there's only one love
 Ooh only one love
 Ooh I've only one love
 Ooh ooh yeah there's only one love)

I promised you a miracle
 Belief is a beauty thing
 Promises promises
 As golden days break wondering

Chance as love takes a train
 Summer breeze and brilliant lights
 Only love she sees she controls her love
 Love sails to a new life

And chance reflects on them a while
 Love screams so quietly
 Slipping back on golden times
 You're slipping back and you slip away yeah

Chorus
 I promised you a miracle



minds

Oh belief is the only thing
 Oh promises promises
 As golden days break wondering oh oh

Repeat chorus

Repeat third verse

Chance reflects on them a while
 Take care of family
 Only aches for love
 Love waits for fame
 In chance in chance they'll see

Repeat chorus

Everything is possible
 Everything is possible

Words and music by Ken/Forbes/McNeill/Burchill
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 On Virgin Records

PEPSI AND SHIRLIE
SMASH HITS





Photo: James Edwards

SMASH
HITS

ADVERTISEMENT



Lucozade
REPLACE & LOSE WEIGHT
CLICKS ENERGY
TABLETS

KEEP TAKING THE TABLETS DALEY

when smokey sings

(Ooh ooh ooh ooh)
(Ooh ooh ooh ooh)
Ooh de bonair lullabies in melodies revealed
In deep despair on lonely nights
He knows just how you feel
The shyest rhymes die sharpest suits
In miracles made real

Like a bird in flight on a hot sweet night
You know you're right just to hold her tight
He soothes it right makes it outta sight
And everything's good in the world tonight

When Smokey sings I hear violins
When Smokey sings I forget everything
As she's packing her things
As she's spreading her wings
The front door might slam
But the back door it rings
And Smokey sings he sings

Elegance in eloquence for sale or rent or hire
Should I say yes I match his best
Then I would be a liar
Symphonies that soothe the rage
When lovers' hearts catch fire

Repeat second verse

When Smokey sings I hear violins
When Smokey sings I forget everything yeah
As she's packing her things
As she's spreading her wings
Smashing the hell
With the heaven she brings
Then Smokey sings he sings

Would it be true to say I need you so bad
I need you so bad today
Would it be true to say I need you so bad
I need you so bad okay

When Smokey sings I hear violins
When Smokey sings I forget everything
And she's packing her things (ooh ooh)
And she's spreading her wings (ooh ooh)
She threw back the ring (ooh ooh)
When Smokey sings
Smokey sings Smokey sings

Words and music by Marsh Johnson and Mark White
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On Neutron Records



MINT-COOL
STOPS YOUR MOUTH
FEELING LIKE A...



"Oooh," says Erasure singer Andy Bell doubtfully, smiling at a pair of red tights which he's just fished out of the oven. "These are still a bit smelly..."

Hello, pop veyours! Here we are in the North London basement flat that Andy Bell shares with his boyfriend, Paul, and we're about to investigate Andy's famous perv-wardrobe. Only trouble is that Erasure have just come back from a mini-tour of America and Andy's stage clothes are all somewhat, er, used and still in various suitcases. There's a minor panic when the red ringmaster's jacket is discovered to be missing – it eventually turns up at Vince Clarke's – and while it's being sent over Andy tries a quick spot of hand washing in the sink, followed by a quick dry with the assistance of the cooker.

The main surprise, however, is just how small Andy's selection of perv-gear still is.

"I've only just started," he explains in his modest, untheatrical way. "But even when I was little I remember I used to be a diva at home and the Danny La Rue Show (showbiz female impersonator v. popular with mums) was on TV and I thought it was really good. I thought 'oh that's really easy to do', so I borrowed my sister's long party dress and her parasol, put on some make-up and went out in the street in it!"

"Also, we used to get the Scots Guards coming round, playing bagpipes down the street, and I used to love their kilts and everything. So I remember once I got my mum's curtain and wrapped it round me like a kilt and then followed them all round the streets to the town centre! That's as far as my early dressing up goes, but I'm interested in all sorts of things like that.

And what, pray, did young Andy's family think of all this?

"They don't even know," he shrugs. "I don't consider myself to be a transvestite (i.e. a man who tries to pass himself off as a woman) or anything like that. Because I'm not – it's just fun. Just a fantasy thing. And I love seeing women in stockings and tights – it's like you want to exude the same glamour but you can't, because you're a bloke – unless you go the whole hog and go completely in drag with a wig and all the make-up."

o what exactly is the appeal of all this to Andy?

"The reason why I've ever got involved in anything," he answers slowly, "is because at first I was frightened by it. Also while I was at school – I think that's the whole thing

about being gay anyway, before you experiment and stuff – it's all intriguing. Because you're always told that it's all sordid and I think that makes you want to get to know it even more, because it's something that you're not allowed to do.

"But while I was still at school I had the same sort of gut feeling about the Forces. I really believed I wanted to go and join the Navy! I went for a two weeks careers course for joining the Navy at Rosyth (big Naval base in Fife) but when I got there, it was too close – too real. It didn't fit in with my fantasies at all. Apart from when some of these sailors broke into the barracks where we were sleeping and started climbing on top of these boys and taking their clothes off and stuff!" he laughs.

"But then I thought 'oh no – I can't do this', because the submarines were too claustrophobic. It was all too much for me. There were lots of nude bodies but there was too much fighting and stuff like that for me. We did rifle range and I was way off target and things like that – I was a real wimp! But I don't know – I think all these things have been underlined since I was really small."

So what were Erasure's first stage shows like?

"Well, I was a bit of a chicken at first," confides Andy. "The first gig we did I dressed all in black and I thought, 'well, I've got enough personality without having to dress up and stuff like that.' Also we hadn't had time and I couldn't be bothered to work anything out for the stage. But then there were all these reviews saying I was no comparison at all to Alison Moyet (Vince Clarke's previous singing partner in Yazoo), that I couldn't possibly fill her shoes, that I hadn't got the personality of a Fergal Sharkey (Vince Clarke's singing partner in The Assembly) and stuff like that. So I was feeling pretty rejected, so I thought 'what can I do?' And that was it.

"I mean, I do see myself as a show person, and perhaps I learnt quite a valuable lesson from doing that in the first place."

And that's when the experiments in dressing up started.

"I looked at a hat one time when I started," admits Andy cheerfully. "I don't think I really looked at what I was wearing and decided whether it suited me or not. I just wore whatever I felt like wearing."

What was that?
"Right at the beginning, it was that powder blue top, and then with maroon tights and brown lace-up Doctor Martens. I was really into

e and my wardrobe



Ringmaster's coat and bowler hat

the bowler hat and the umbrella are very New Avengers. That's what I thought of, and also how they use walking canes in shows and all the clichéd things to do with that. The red coat was something we – me and Paul – picked up when we were looking for stuff to wear for the tour, like that we thought was circus-y and that I'd like wearing.

"The rubber leotard is something we saw in Kensington Market when rushing around before the tour. I wanted to get something that was more like a corset that would hold itself up like a Roman breastplate but they didn't have anything like that. But we're getting one made. They're all split now – when we're doing 'Gimme Gimme Gimme A Man After Midnight' I go like that (splits chest) with the costume because they're only made out of rubber, and it's just goes down... But that's part of the act now as well – the audience shouting 'Get them off!'

"I know that rubber has a pervy side but I'm not into that aspect really – I just think it looks good. It reflects all the lights and everything – I quite like things that are sparkly. It's for the impact as well live – you just take your coat off and there you are in four tights and this rubber leotard. It looks menacing, and that's what I like as well.

"The tights is all down to like the thing I said before about glamorous women and the whole saucy element to it, you know? The black shoes with the bows on are from the same shop as the jacket, Hacketts – a sort of snooty riding shop. They do all dresswear and college ball stuff."

**Erasure singer
Andy Bell
displays his amazing
collection of rubber
leotards (?), ruby
slippers (??) and
petticoats (???)!
to Ian Cranna**

Debbie Harry and she used to wear anything, and because she looks so gorgeous she can get away with it, and I just thought I could do the same thing! I thought all I would need to do was grow my hair long and bleach it white! But it didn't work! But I think when you look back on anyone's career - David Bowie or anyone - when you see how they started out, you think 'what a state!' But there were some good bits as well."

One of the main surprises about Andy Bell is the contrast between the hip-thrusting, extrovert figure on stage and the quiet, demure person he is in the security of his own home.

"I am shy," he agrees. "I'm a dreadfully shy person. But what else can I do? I can't go on stage and be all shy! It's like you either do it on stage or you go out and do it in a club, and I don't get on tremendously with club people - I always feel very intimidated. But when you're on stage you're supposed to be the Master Of Ceremonies, you know? So that's the place for me."

So it's like an exaggeration of one part of you?

"I think so - just all that tacky Hollywood glamour and stuff like that. I always tried to put across in the gigs - I'd be more sort of like camp than I really am, just so that people know I'm gay. Sort of like a political stance, you know?"

Does he get much flak from gays for all this?

"Not really. People might think I'm being really stereotypical, sort of saying 'oh here's John Inman' (actor who plays v. camp Mr. Humphreys in *Are You Being Served?*) sort of thing, but I think that's typical of any sort of political scene really - you're always going to get people who don't agree with what you're doing, whatever it is, so it doesn't really bother me."

And what does Vince Clarke think of all this dressing-up?

"He likes it... apart from when it gets too close to the bone. Like we did this gig in Germany and I went onto the stage in just my black underpants in the end, and he's going (covers eyes, whispers) 'oh no, don't' - he was really serious - 'oh no don't', you don't know who's going to be there in the audience or anything', like press and stuff like that he was worried about. But I think it's good to do things like that now and again! The music business is so hypocritical anyway and this is just like saying 'up yours', you know?"

Frilly underwear and straw boater



"I've always been fascinated by underwear, like French underwear, like Victorian, like they used to wear underneath can-can skirts. One of my ambitions is to have a costume made which is all white cotton frills, starting basically with something like this."

"I think it's a Victorian sort of petticoat or nightgown thing. Paul bought it at Oxford. And the hat goes with it, I think. I went on stage with big white shorts, sailor's top and that hat, and that was me as the boy in *Death in Venice* (v. 'intense' film about a man's obsession with an angelic boy). So that's that, and it's lying by the fire, ready for bed."

"I suppose there is a strong gay element in the way I dress on stage. I really love that homo-erotic thing about clothing. To me it's a really powerful plaything, really. It's something you can use to get it across to other people. I mean, I'm a real flirt! I wouldn't say that it's obvious though - it's quite subtle. I think even straight men are into homo-erotic stuff, you know? And the cross-dressing bit, although they wouldn't admit it. Women are as well."

"This is a first! I haven't actually worn this on stage yet but I'd like to!"

Powder blue top and baseball hat

"That's just me posing about, doing my fashion thing, with the sparkly Lurex top and the hat. I was always told, 'never wear a hat on TV or on stage or anything, because it looks like you're hiding' so I don't wear them very often. And they're not good for your hair anyway - they make your hair fall out. I'm going to go bald when I get older."

"This is a bit sort of posey clubland, but the top is the very first thing I wore when we started touring. I got it in Kensington Market. This is like a real plug for Kensington Market! I think the place is a dump but you can always find something there if you're lost. I don't really like the top now - I suppose it's because we got lots of pias taken out of us when I was doing it - but I'm really into things that don't do anything for you: it's the Debbie Harry thing again. Just go out and do what you like and don't give a toss what anyone thinks. I think it's a good attitude to have."



Me and my wardrobe



Black leotard and ruby slippers

This is a mixture of Judy Garland (*Liza Minelli's* mum) and Liza Minelli (*em, Judy Garland's* daughter) and the shoes are a tribute to the film, *Wizard Of Oz*. The ruby slippers – I just think that's really a magical thing, like it's a really good idea. But I think the shoes are really sort of grown up, you know? They're really sort of like – not a tartly woman, um, not sort of sophisticated but that whole sort of thing of somebody who's in command. I think the only person who would wear those shoes live – like on stage – is someone that really sort of like had command over the audience.

"I bought the shoes for like drag purposes, and then we did a video for 'Heavenly Action' and I wanted to do it all in like cami-knickers and suspenders and tights and the Judy Garland slippers. So they said they'd make me a Judy outfit and it was really awful – it was like panto. They made it so ridiculous that I wouldn't want to wear it – they put big hearts on the socks and things like that, a big gingham sticking out dress. And there's like all these little kids on the video taking the piss out of me when I was trying it on, so I couldn't wear it! So then the only other thing that was left was a Captain Scarlet suit with a hat, so I wore the Captain Scarlet suit. Which was just as bad! I

wore the Captain Scarlet suit, with a hat and the shoes – the ruby red slippers! (laughs).

"I actually got the shoes from Shelly's shoe shop in the Seven Sisters Road in North London when I was still living in this "hard-to-let" house in Islington. I saw them outside – I wanted black ones but they only had them in my size in red, so I had to have red. The sequins were stuck on for the video. At first I tried glitter – glueing them and dipping them in glitter – but it didn't work. It didn't have the right effect. The video people put the sequins on – it's a long line of sequins and it's really badly done but they look good from a distance. And this is the lights again – which is a showbiz thing.

"And there's the black leotard, which is the very first one that I started out with. I was living with this girl and she loves drag queens and she was really encouraging me to get into it, grow my hair long and stuff like that. I didn't want to get into it that much, but she gave me the leotard. And the white gloves are just an extra thing but they're too big – you need them really tight fitting. And lying on top of the piano is just like a Cabaret thing ("decadent" film about Berlin in the '30s). I'd really love to do cabaret now – I see myself when I get to 40 just being an ageing cabaret person end doing that."

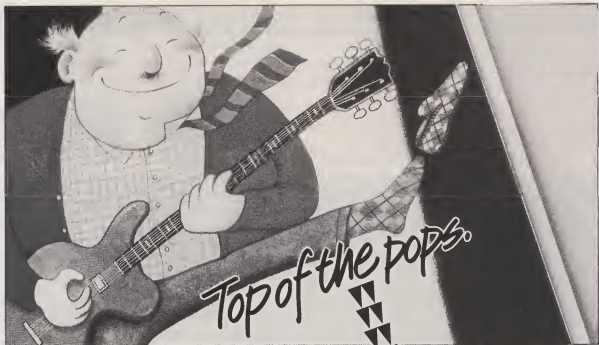
Cycling shorts and "skinhead" t-shirt



"hat's supposed to be my homo-erotic pose. It's the cycling shorts which we bought for the last tour before the "Circus" tour. Very trendy! I wore them with a black corset and a big black belt and my bowver boots as well. And just a t-shirt I bought on the day, with two skinheads on it and some tennis braces and that's it."



PICTURES:
ANDY
CATLIN



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**"HEY! YO!
THIS IS MY GOD DAMN
KINDA PLACE MAN!!"**

(except for Ad-Rock, that is, who's a weed. . .)

● Words: Sylvia Patterson ● Photos: Paul Rider

▲ A Brighton hat in which to be a...

The taxi "tiffs"!

"Yo! Look at that, man! Quick! I gotta get a picture of that! — that's the coolest! Hey! Quick! Ho!" Mike D and Ad-Rock of the Beastie Boys are in the back of a taxi trundling along the Brighton sea "front" and they are mightily impressed. Mike pokes at Ad-Rock to take a photograph of everything in sight while Ad-Rock seems more content to hang out of the window whistling the loudest whistle ever peeped. The taxi-driver, however, is not so impressed and pulls his taxi into the kerb.

"I can't drive properly with you carrying on like that," he grumbles. "Uh... you can't?" pipes a bemused Mike.

"No I can't. I suggest you put the window up."

"Aw, but he just wants to take some pictures of the sights. Y'know? We're just laughin', y'know?"

"I suggest," he repeats even more grimly, "you put... the... window... UP!"

"Hey!" shrieks a well-miffed Ad-Rock. "You don't have to tell me twice — I understood the first time. Don't worry about it, I won't scream, I promise."

"What you do on stage," snorts the driver, "is your business. What you do in my taxi, is mine."

"Jeez," whispers a subdued Ad-Rock, "we're gonna come back and hang in this town..."

"Pthphtpht!" splutters Mike, much amused by this comment, and thus commences several minutes of not-very-stifled sniggering.

"Hey!" shrieks Mike all of a sudden,



▲ Ad-Rock (The Weed) and Mike D being sick on a taxi-driver (or something)

ignoring the stony glare of the driver, "there's a rock shop! Is that all that Brighton rock stuff, the candy rock? That's so cooooo! Hey, y'know, this is my kinda town. You ever been to Coney Island in Brooklyn? Well, it's just like this — a wild, crazy place! Y'know... when I get old and retire from life I'm gonna be a bartender on Coney Island. And I'll get myself a little apartment facing the sea even though it's cold all year round. Well, I suppose it gets hot in summer. Uh... (?)"

Ad-Rock, on the other hand, has other things on his "mind." "Did you see any girls back at the venue with big tits?"

Ahem, can't say I noticed, actually (blush).

"I haven't seen one girl with big big tits in Brighton. Or big big fat asses... or... uh, oh, oh sorry I'll shut up now."

"Hey! Yo! Yo! Bus stop comin' up!" booms Mike. "Bus stop with girls hangin' on them end you know what they say about them? (?)

"Hey baby!" gurgles Ad-Rock, hanging not-very-appealingly out of the window to address two bewildered foxresses. "Wanna hang out with some real men? Ha haah! Hey! Y'know I'm gonna be 21 soon so I really will be a real man!" he continues slyly, more realistically, "and my birthday's on

Halloween so that means I'm a wizard with a big funny pointy hat." "I got my beard comin' in!" announces Mike proudly. "I really think I'm gonna start shaving soon!"

"Michael!" gasps Ad-Rock, putting his arm around him, "you are a 21 year old man! You're of-age, bitch! You're an of-age bitch, Mike! And you're the most handsome one in the band. I, of course, am the most... hunky, though. Macho."

"Hmmm," ponders Mike, "you're the most loveable and I'm the most debonair."

"I'm manly," decides Ad-Rock. "I think you know what I'm saying here, right? I've got a rocket between my legs."

"Gott!" shrinks Mike, thankfully, spotting a distant golf-course. "SHSHSHSHSHSH!" hisses Ad-Rock even more loudly, pointing at the smouldering driver and giggling like a lunatic.

"But it's golf, man!" continues Mike — not for one second having this "greet" discovery dampened. "Aw, man! I could really play a game of golf right now! I only ever played it twice before but I love it. Aw, yo man! Hey! This is my goddamn kinda place!"

Does your mother play golf? "Uh... naah, she doesn't do any of that fool stuff."

"She plays slick-ball!" retorts Ad-Rock who's obviously "in the know" on such topics.

"Slick ball?" quizzes Mike. "Y'know, you're absolutely right. She does play slick-ball and she's in a League! Hey! Aw yo! Yeah! Look at that ciff, man! It's like the time we went to Niagra Falls!"

"Y'know, Molly can't say the word Niagra," mumbles Ad-Rock of his girlfriend Molly (as in Molly Ringwald, the actress, fact fans). "She says Nagra. That's cute, though."

Aw! And on and on they burble about how "the sea is the great dividing force" and on about their "crazily intelligent" pees back home and on about how they're really in Holland because they've spotted a windmill end on about how we are, in fact, completely lost.

"And, I knew it..." sighs Mike, "It was when he (huffed taxi-driver) stopped to reprimand us we didn't follow the others. We've messed up..."

But! With a quick swirl and a screech in the opposite direction "the others" are spotted hovering by a mini fun-fair halfway along the "front!"

"Hey!" bellows Mike for the billionth time, "they got a little choo-choo train!"

"That's the stupidest thing I ever seen!" replies Ad-Rock, obviously most disgusted with Mike's goofiness. "Imagine gon' on a beach en' ridin' on a bunch of those. That sucks. Aw, I don't think I wanna lay down on those goddamn rocks, man! He continues, obviously unimpressed with the pebble beach.

Out of the car we jaunt, to be met by the scruffified MCA, the "tour photographer," Ricky and The Other Beesf Minder.

"Hey!" shrieks Ad-Rock as he begins "dancing" to a not-very-good heavy metal "tune" thrashing in the background, "AC/DC! Do you like AC/DC? You gotta like AC/DC! Yeah!" and off he grooves to have a look at the children's ledbird train thingie. . .

▲ Some Brighton rock with which to be a...

2. The frolics on the "things":



▲ MCA pretending to be Sven?!

"C'mon, this is coooool!" flaps MCA leaping into the seat of one of the rides. "I am not goin' on that ride, man!" protests Ad-Rock. "No way. I'll throw up, man, I will throw up!"

"Aw you're soft, man, soft!" jeers MCA, as the others join in a general attack on of Ad-Rock's "manly" character. "OK! I'm soft! Soft soft soft! I still ain't ridin' on that thing!"

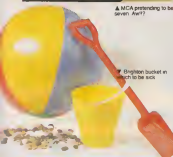
The Super Twister begins to twist and the various faces on "board" begin to look as if Ad-Rock had the right idea all along. "I tell you," he sighs, wearily watching the others, "I went on a Roller Coaster when I was nine and I was real sick. I mean sick. I ate 16 Zeplise (pieces of fried dough—bleese) and then threw up all over the ride and everybody on it. It went right round three times like this (swirls hand all over the place) and that was it."

"And in my neighbourhood there's this thing every year called The San Anthony Feast and you get sausages and sugar stuff and there's all balloon races and a Ferris Wheel and rides like this and it's right outside the school for three blocks and... well, I threw up all over those three blocks. I once went on Space Mountain in Disneyland and I threw up on that too. I tell you, you don't want me on those things man! In fact, I'll go on the ladybug ride... I'm gettin' sick watchin' that thing..."

"Maaaaan that was the best ride!" gasps Mike fumbling off the Twister, dropping his money all over the place and looking mightily green around the "gills." "We gotta do that one more time!"

"Do you mind?" sniffs a woman's voice from a pay-booth, none-too-chuffed that MCA has now seated himself, rather happily on a ladybird. "That's for children—not you. You're too big!"

"OK!" he grins, whisking himself off the seat, "sorry maaaaan!"



▼ Brighton bucket in fact to be seen



▲ Mike D "Hey! Yo! Oh dear, I've just been sick"

▼ MCA "Hey! Yo! So here I!"



▲ Ad-Rock being pathetic at the side "Hey! Yo! I haven't been sick, cos I'm a weevil!"

3. The weediness of Ad-Rock!



▲ Ad-Rock being a weed on the doggies

"Thumper cars!" beams Mike, bounding up to the Dodgems.

"Hey! I heard that in England you really try and avoid the other cars—is that true? In America, you try and hit each other. You people are all insane..."

And off they all spring into the cars and try to hit each other—except for Ad-Rock The Weed, of course, who seems to be finding the effort of steering something of a strain.

Over the road in a shop two faces are peering out at the antics before them—obviously waiting for some great misdemeanour to take place, hopefully involving the death of the Beastie Boys. One of the faces is that of the miffed taxi driver, the other a perplexed shop keeper.

"Ooooooooh! You're not with these boys over there, are you?" she wimples. "Ooooooh! They're naughty boys, aren't they? Well, so the papers say anyway! You're not with them, are you?" she gasps at the taxi driver.

"Me?" he beams, most horrified at the thought. "You must be joking! I'm only driving 'em... hmphthm..."

Jings!

The grappling in the, ahern, balls!

Back over the road, a netted play-pen thingie filled with balls has been gleefully discovered as one by one Ver "Beasts" leap in for a frolic.

"Ahhoooooo!" wimpers Ad-Rock The Weed, leaping straight back out again. "They're hard, man! Harol Jeez, this sucks, man—I thought you said they were soft balls? No way! You can't even bounce on the god-damn stuff! And off he limps into the distance—much to the glee of the others—muttering "this whole park sucks, man..." and generally being in the huff.

"Hands up who likes me!" smirks MCA all of a sudden pretending to be Rick in The Young Ones. He is thoroughly ignored. "Hands up who likes MEEEEEE!" he bawls, finally inciting the "hands on the ground" reaction which everyone finds hugely hysterical. How extraordinary...



▲ MCA and Mike D get in 'so they're not they're frolicking in the 'balls'



▲ MCA sitting on Mike D who seems to have drunk somewhat. Er?



▲ Mike D "What's happening, man? I'm going to blur now cos I'm almost as big a weed as Ad-Rock!"

5 The bike pinching!

"Hey! Yo! Yo! Yo! YOYOYO!"

bellows MCA, suddenly spotting an outcouple a parking along the street on motorbike.

"Hey! Gimme a go! Yo! YOYOYO!" he persists, printing off down a side-road with a perplexed Jeely Minder in pursuit. Seconds later he comes semi-screaming round the corner – going the wrong way up a one-way street without a crash-helmet on.

"Get outta the god-damn waaaay!" he screams, eventually piffing to a halt in disgust. "It's crap, man!" he concludes. "You call that speed? Huh!"



▲ MCA "Hey! Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo!" A peepshow on the "5" job, actually. ▲ MCA "Too late! Sweepeer." ▲ MCA breaking several rules of the "Highway." A peepshow on the "5" job, actually.

6

The scoffing of the "goodies"!

The bike is returned to its rather relieved owners and all concerned decide to purchase an ice-cream and escape to the beach.

"Aw! What's with these rocks, man?" grumbles Ad-Rock The Weed. "Everything's so too god-damn hard in this place!"

MCA, however, fearlessly sits on the pebbles to finish his ice-cream. Hmnm. Let's venture a question shall we? Tell us, Adam, why do you all clutch your groins so much on stage?

"Well, it's just something to do. . . I don't think it symbolises any particular desirableness – it just sort of. . . how should I put this, it's to display one's male prowess, as it were."

Um, tell us, Adam, what do you think it really is that made you lot The New Sensation That's Sweeping The Nation?

"Y'know, I don't think I do really know! I guess it's because we don't have the same attitude that most rock 'n' roll bands have these days – y'know, a serious attitude. We just wanna have a laugh and. . . well, it seems that no one wants to let us have that laugh. But. . . we're gonna go right ahead and have that laugh anyway, for sure!"



▲ Ad-Rock. "Can we have some ice-cream with us? With the ice-cream please!" ▲ A waitress/salesperson. "Certainly and!"

7

The beach jinks!



▲ MCA D' skimming a stone. Ad-Rock can't do it because he's a weed.

And with that MCA's up and stomping down the beach.

"Y'know, my grandfather was Scottish!" he heeplaps on the way back to the story-faced taxi driver. "His name was George and he married my grandmother after my real grandfather died. He was the best, y'know. He used to stand on the tables with a glass of Scotch in his hand and, even though no one knew what the hell he was saying, he'd go 'it's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht the night!' and then he'd take ma aside and explain what it all meant and all about 'bonnie lasses' and all that. . . and so on for several thousand decades. . ."

. . . And I'll tell you the best thing about George and that was that he laughed a lot, y'know? He was a laughor and every time there was a family party or sometimes we'd always be in the corner together laughing. Hey, maybe I'll follow in his footsteps and when I'm old I'll be getting up on the tables and rappin' when I was young I was no good! Ha haaa! Aw, he just died a year back too, which was too bad – real sad for me. Oh George, you were the best.

Oh dearie me (blubl).

8

The whistling of the fans!

Outside The Brighton Conference Centre, one hundred million be-capped, be-t-shirted, be-Budweiser-in-hand-ed, be-whistle-in-gobbed (?) Beastie Boys fans are blooowing those whistles! Brandishing those cans! Shrieking obscenities! as their "heroes" zwing back into the venue. There, 20 minutes later, ver "Beasts" transform themselves into the most monumentally sexist, beer-flinging, foul-mouthed hoodlums in the history of popular legend.



▲ Some Beastie Boys fans being sick in their whistles.

9

The quite-good "gig"!

Glimmering orange and red lights beam onto the "Gill Pringle Sucks!" banner being displayed proudly by a fan at the back.

(Gill Pringle being the Mirror "reporter" responsible for the "stories" about crippled young persons), while MCA stalks to the stage front and bawls, "We just been on the dogdags, maaan!"

The excruciatingly sexist "dancers" do their "thing" in their cage (i.e. take their clothes off) are joined by Ricky who does his "famous" "On dear all my clothes have just fallen off!" routine, the gigantic 21 foot willy hovers skywards from its box, the seething crowds ara doused in Budweiser – which seems much more preferable to The Boys than actually drinking it – and most of all they leap, bound, shriek, hoarse, bend over double and screesam the words of their pop songs like "men" demanted. Never before has anything quite so simple, idiotic, definitely embarrassing and certainly different, been so utterly brilliant.

What an extraordinary group. . .



▲ MCA and Ad-Rock being sick in their microphones.



QUARTZ FOR SPORTS

They're slim, light and cleanly styled, with a unique click-fix catch and a tough fabric strap.

They're superbly accurate, water-resistant and pressure tested to a depth of 50 metres.

Available in a choice of 6 colour combinations for around £25 from all good watch retailers and sports shops.



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Whatever summer throws at you rely on Aller•eze



When you suffer hayfever, you know only too well the misery it can bring. Those all-too-familiar 'summer cold' symptoms result from breathing in tiny airborne particles (usually pollen) that cause an allergic reaction. And now is the peak time for grass pollens - the most irritating pollens of all

Itchy, watery eyes, runny nose, sneezing

Hayfever affects different people in different ways. Many endure the discomfort of 'streaming' hayfever. That's itchy, watery eyes, runny nose and sneezing. However, many people suffer the extra misery of 'congested' hayfever which is caused by a build up of catarrh and painful nasal congestion.

Avoid pollen risks whenever possible. But no matter when you get hayfever, you'll be relieved to know you can obtain effective relief without a doctor's prescription.

Aller•eze For 'streaming' hayfever

You can trust Aller•eze to bring fast-acting, long-lasting relief because its formula has been clinically proven for 10 years with thousands of hayfever sufferers. A single tablet works for up to 12 hours. And Aller•eze does not cause drowsiness for 90% of users. (Even when drowsiness does occur, it is usually mild and temporary).

Unfortunately, many children also suffer hayfever. Choosing an effective treatment can be difficult. But now there is Aller•eze Elixir. This pleasant-tasting, sugar-free syrup is especially for children of 3-12 years and makes precise dosing really easy.



Aller•eze

Fast-acting, long-lasting allergy relief

is this love

I should have known better
Than to let you go alone
It's times like these
I can't make it on my own
Wasted days and sleepless nights
And I can't wait to see you again

I find I spend my time waiting on your call
How can I tell you babe
My back's against the wall
I need you by my side to tell me it's alright
'Cause I don't think I can take any more

Chorus

Is this love that I'm feeling
Is this love that I've been searching for
Is this love or am I dreaming
This must be love

'Cause it's really got a hold on me
A hold on me

I can't stop the feeling
I've been this way before
But with you I've found the key
To opening doors
I can feel my love for you
Growing stronger day by day
And I can't wait to see you again
So I can hold you in my arms

Repeat chorus

Is this love that I'm feeling
Is this love that I've been searching for

Is this love (is this love)

Or am I dreaming

Is this love that I've been searching for
Repeat last two lines to fade

Lyrics and music by Don Covay
Produced by Norman Whitfield
© 1971 Atlantic Music Co. Warner Brothers Music Ltd
GB 3311



Whitesnake

Sensitive child you keep running wild
In a confined space
But you're not to blame
'Cause you're not the same
Get on the case

Crazy sheep now the odd one out
Crazy sheep let them know
What you're all about

Chorus

Misfit freak that's on the street
Well I can see sorrow in your eyes
How long (how long) how low (how low)
How high can you go (can you go)
There'll be a bind for every kind you'll see

So sensitive child your threat is so mild
It worries me yeah
So build yourself some protection
To avoid the injection
Then you can be happy

Crazy sheep now the odd one out
Now crazy sheep let them know
What you're all about

Repeat chorus

Set your mood to motion
A secret position designed to satisfy your soul
And underneath your broken dreams
You need to satisfy (your soul)

Misfit (misfit) misfit
(Freak that's on the street)
How I can see sorrow in your eyes
How long (how long) how low (how low)
How high can you go (can you go)
There'll be a bind for every kind
Too fat (too fat) too thin (too thin)
You lose or you win
This may come as some surprise
Too tall (too tall) too short (too short)
Too loose or too tight
They'll be a bind for every kind

Repeat above

(Satisfy your soul)
You got to satisfy your soul
And underneath your broken dreams
You need to satisfy your soul (satisfy)

Words and music by Gary Wright
Reproduced by permission Curio Sounds/Chester Music/Warner Brothers Music Ltd/De Meeuw Records

Curiosity Killed the Cat



Misfit

AT LAST A MAGAZINE THAT ASKS SOME IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR FUTURE.

Packed with information and advice about finance, education and careers, Issues is the magazine every 16 to 19 year old should have.

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Only if you're under the supervision of your parents, and then you have to be in a hotel or restaurant.

This month we look at how the law affects 16 to 21 year olds and how absurd it is in some areas.



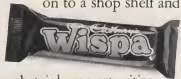
'Great balls of fire: If it happens are you covered?

Your record player might be insured, but what about your record collection?

Three readers tell how they discovered insurance really is the best policy.

Is the road to success paved with chocolate?

Norman Hart, director of an advertising agency and author of several books on marketing lets us in on how a product finds its way on to a shop shelf and



what job opportunities there are for young people in this thriving industry.

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BARCLAYS

SH17/06

Dear Black Type,

What on earth has happened? It can only be described as "weird". I am referring (of course) to Network 7 which started gracing our TV screens on Channel 4 a few weeks back. I mean, does anybody really want to hear Cleo "Rocos" talking scientifically about bras? - weird. And what's this? Some people talking about knickers - that's weird too.

Maybe the "programme" did have some good points that I missed because at the time I was consuming a box of Cadbury's Roses which may have swayed my attention (especially the purple ones). Also, would anybody out there care to tell me if David Coleman is "human" or not. He tends to "squeak" like Bonnie Langford (a dancer who used to be a singer) but not why and why, why, why can't Michael Parkinson go back to Australia?

Talking about scary people, why can't "Bob Monkhouse" (what a funny name - ha ha) stop waving his hands about like a horse? Beats me. Mark "I Think I Need A Psychiatrist", Cardiff.

Your Very Off Whiteness, (B.T.),

After mourning the sad demise of our Tube (sniff, sob, parg), I set out to see what had replaced the said programme of utter stupidness. What I saw was Network 7. URRGH!!!! Words cannot express the disgust I felt. Firstly, there was a typically Channel 4-ish display of cameramen uselessness (i.e. I could spot them all over the place!)

Secondly, there seemed to be quite a number of dangerously unability people as presenters. (But, what a minor, what's so different about this, compared to The Tube?) The answer: a pleb-presenter called Sebastian! The afore mentioned (and I quote) appeared, bedecked in a proustian style "quilt" of which the "broeks" were too tight (a la Rod "Uncle-Disgusting Stewart") AND the battery thingie for his mike was tucked into the back of them (displaying, due to its weight, a vast expanse of lower bare back) - so...

So... I utter the cry... come back jools, Paula and Muriel - ALL IS FORGIVEN!!!! A "Sybil" Paterson "admirer", Aberdeenshire.

What is this Network 7? And what on earth has it got to do with Cleo Rocos (?), David Coleman (?), Bonnie "Langford" (?) or some tuff called Sebastian (???)... Answer me those and you'll be a better man than I am, Mr Perkins. (???????)

Dear Tom Hibbert (and Blackie), Haven't you got any respect for David Bowie (Hear, hear - Squillions of people?) He writes you a better letter than only thought but imagination behind him. He has brought joy to thousands of generations. (?? - The entire universe including David Bowie.)

I bet that people who couldn't give a toss for David Bowie have never not taken into consideration that our Dave inspired Duran Duran, Simple

Minds, and the Sex Pistols to name just a few. And all you can do is slag him off. Dave has done wonders for modern society (Hear, hear - Princess D), releasing absolutely brilliant albums and singles, being bill in films with loads of spook monsters and had a quick say about AIDS. More people have probably listened to him than anyone else.

And Dave does NOT sing 'I'd like to blow on your horn/I'd like to feel your tum' but, 'I'd like to blow on your horn/I'd like to BEAT on your DRUM'. (re Smash Hits review of Dave's LP, 8 April)

I think I have made my point clear. I don't care if people have a different point of view (as so many will), we are all entitled to one but Dave isn't really treated like most other people in Smash Hits. And for people who think I'm being stupid, well how would they feel if their idol was treated this way. Just think Blackie, Red Box could have been treated this way. Au revoir, A Glass Spider.

Dear Sir Blacky Blackford of Blackinghamshire,

You constantly criticise every film David Bowie so much as sets foot in. Not content with that, Tom Hibbert moaned (and I quote) "If Dame David Bowie is such a bleeding chameleon, why pray, can't he change into something more exciting than the skin of an ageing rock plodder?"

Well, (a) David Bowie is a "bleeding chameleon" he's gone through the states of Ziggy Stardust, Aladdin Sane, The Thin White Duke (to name a few) and this just happens to be another stage, even if it isn't his best, and (b) he was 40 in january so he is getting on a bit, therefore you can hardly expect him to sound as lively as a spring chicken. And surely the lyric "Zi Duang province of an eastern country" is better than "I can call you Betty and you can call me Al," "system addic" or "Ba-Na-Na-Bam-Boo.

Write me Hussey's Sunglasses, Norfolk.

Dear David, Dear dear dear David. A chameleon. A man of wisdom. A veritable paragon of (smilings), Sorry about that, came over all "fanny". Please turn to page 72 for yet more gripping debate on the man they call "Bowie".

Dear Black Type, Be reading your page for ages. Been thinking about it. Been sick. Yours hatefully, Norman Tebbit.

P.S. Been wondering if this page has contributed to the speedy decline of the country - can't be all my fault, can it?

A Publisher Writes: Take a letter Miss Pringle. To the R. Hon Norman Tebbit MP.

Dear Mr Tebbit, I must say how sorry I was to read your comment about the page of Smash Hits which I believe is called Black Type. Let me assure you that it was not the intention of whoever the idiot it is that pens such nonsense to make you ill. Allow me to donate £300,000 to your party's funds by way of recompense. I say, Miss Pringle, that is a pretty blue rossette you are wearing today. May I just come a little closer and (off with you Uncle disgust! - B.T.)

Dear Black Type,

Why is it that the saggy old cloth cat - I speak, of course, of the wonderful of unique creature, "Bagpuss" - has never received so much as a nomination for an "Oscar"?

Surely no other "actor" has such a delightful yarn, or is, indeed, perceptive enough to know that you cannot make chocolate biscuits from bread-crumbs and butter beans!

And why, oh why, is it that Nick Kamen's Deputy Dawg hat is constantly making the headlines, and not Bagpuss' thinking cap - which as we all know is used so that he can tell us beautiful, but educational, stories?

Perhaps he is the victim of discrimination! Just because he is "a bit loose around the seams" I ask you - what has Tom Cruise got that Bagpuss hasn't?

I rest my case. From Someone Who Would Vote Labour In The June Election. But In My Old Enthusiasm I Very Sad That Hugh Has Left The Housemartins.

Excuse Me, Mr So-Called-Type! Forget Dame Una, Sir Clifford, Sir William, Ben thim-thim etc. What about that "quilt" to the masses, that "preacher" to the people, that "sex object" to the women! Need I say more? You mean you don't know who I'm talking about!!! Why he's the friend to the mice on the mouse on the mouse, and all you!

Bring back Bagpuss... Lest we forget our God! A Bagpuss Disciple

Ah Bagpuss, Bagpuss. A "bit loose around the seams" indeed. But with the trousers, what a vision, what a disgrace that he has not yet received that elusive Oscar.

Let's raise our glasses to the king of fur - ladies and gentlemen, I give you Bagpuss. (???)

Dear Black Type,

Quite frankly I thought Thursday 28th May's Play School was the best I've seen for quite some time. A Bore.

Dear Mr B. Type (Esq.),

I am miffed. Oh yes! And why? I'll tell you why, you con-ment! On the cover of your mag (May 28 - June 2) I saw - yes! - the swingloitant POSTMAN PAT!! I opened my Smash Hits eagerly to page 10 and found horror of horrors - PEPS! AND SHIRLIE!! And in reading the "best" article I found that Peps was a compulsive gambler! By the way - I am privileged to a snippet of information of great importance to the welfare of the world AND His Royal Highness Bagpuss - Shirlie's jumper features the actual Blue Peter ship! (maybe had Sarah Greene in her socks???)

Avast! The Lady In The Post Office Who Gives Postman Pat The Letters.

Dearest Black Type (R.I.P.??, K.G.B.??)

Your "SO CALLED FAMOUS ASTROLOGER" got absolutely every prediction wrong in his latest effort (June 3-7), and so I include the predictions for the beginning of June.

SAGITTARIUS (London 0 - Hull 4)

The Moon is in your back-ground, making it extremely difficult if you want to mow the lawn. So instead of getting bored, watch "Why Don't You" and spot the mega contradiction when it says "Turn off your telly and go and do something less boring", and takes you back to square one.

CAPRICORN (Tumbak 3 - Vostok 1)

If you wear a wig it may blow off when a bloke is standing next to you. Your luck may be in when a particle of Ben Vol-A-Vent Parrotwhateverianism's beret falls into your hands.

So, Chinese astrologer, you now have some competition!!!!!!

Yours Me

A Famous So-Called-Chinese-So-Called-Astrologer Writes:

Taurus (Police 5x - August 11) Careful when washing the cat on Friday. Make time to meet a man selling pots. Lucky colour: Liverpool.

Bagpuss (Wun Tun Soup - Very Tasty)

If it's your birthday you're getting older! Wrap up warm and try not to sweat so much. Lucky drink: large coffee with four sugars.

Dear Black Type,

While quite innocently watching Crocodiles last week, I noticed Roy "I still fancy Anne Marie" Lambert pick up a copy of Smash Hits which had Howard Woodford (alias Mark Rogers) on the cover. My memory flashed back to last "summer".

LETTERS

when I had saved up to buy this very copy, which was out between July 30 and August 1st SPOOK!! As if this wasn't bad enough, Beverly 'I've got a jolly peculiar surname to go with my unusual accent' Orieo was reading a copy of another pop magazine. PAH! AVANTO! I rest my case! - (So do I, mate - Boris Becker).
Bagpuss - The Straggy Saviour.

Dear Black Type,

I was planning to throw a party. So I thought "what a great idea to offer some *Um Bongo They Drink it In The Congo*". The only problem was that I didn't know how to prepare it.

I frantically consulted my former Smash Hits issues. No clues whatsoever. My "One Zillion and One Drinkers of the Entire Universe" mentioned nothing about *Um Bongo*. Nor did the 35-volume Encyclopaedia Congolica kindly sent to me by a Congolese friend of mine to prove that no such drink existed anywhere in The Congo.

I'm anxiously waiting for the ingredients of *Um Bongo*, or else my guests will have to settle for yoghurt and goat's milk instead. Most of them are A-ha fans you see. *The Small Circle On Pal Waaktaar's First Name*.

Fret no more, small circle, fret no more.

Ingredients for *Um Bongo*:
(They Drink It In The Congo (And Just One Sip Can Make You Very Wongo))

3 tins of blue-oll
1 bucket herrings
5 get over excited
holty toly tuck in a bowl
Str mixture well.
Put in oven.
Leave it there.
Bong! (?)

Dear Black Type,

Why should Radio One ban George Michael's "I Want Your Sex"? G'mon guys, lighten up! Just 'cos you're a bunch of middle aged cronies, well past it, this doesn't give you the divine right to ban a record and not let people make up their own minds. OK, so the song is a little daring and not the "safe" stodge that clutters up the charts, but that doesn't mean that everyone under 25 is going to bonk with any Tom, Dick or Sally. We're not all a bunch of yobs, though my Mum would probably disagree.
From Someone Who Wants A Flip Top Head

Dearest Black Type,

Am I the only person who finds it disturbing that Labs Siffre is making money out of people's distaste for the South African government? I am sure that everyone loathes apartheid, but releasing crappy

protest records about it isn't going to benefit anyone (except Labs Siffre and his bank manager). If you want to do something useful about the situation then don't buy Siffre's record. Instead, use the money to send protest letters to our government urging them to impose trade sanctions on Botha and his minions.

And another thing. Why are U2 so over-rated? I cannot take seriously some geezer called "Bono" who can't sing, and some other geezer who calls himself "The Edge". Childish nick-names are INCREDIBLY stupid. Jimmy Greaves is far too old to be called "Greavesy". What a turkey.
*Yours,
Glosson Lavis' Beer-Belly.*

My Dearest Black Type,

I feel that it is my duty as a total and utter boffin at Le Francois, to point out that "Me" who wrote a spycosme letter to you in *Smash Hits* (May 6-'89) had an incorrect spelling! Yeh, she or it spelt "n'est ce pas" 'ne c'est pas', but "n'est ce pas" isn't spelt "ne c'est pas", it's spelt "NEEST CE PAS!! ne'est ce pas?"

Got the point?
*Ar Revoir Mon Ami,
Mademoiselle Simone*

No. Or should that be "non!"

Whatever, according to the *Collins-Bear-Vol-En-Vent-Spanish-Greek-Dictionary* the correct spelling for the phrase meaning "is it not?" in French is "mou aussy je suis un goat". Let's hope that's cleared that one up Doris. (??)

Dear Bog Toon Of Regency,

I write to you in sheer desperation concerning Agatha Christie. Dear we mention her name for fear of the big carving knife that is life piercing us to the soul?

Anyway,
Agatha Christie,
You're so misty
Misty,
Misty,
Mysterious,
Or Wot?
Yours Sincerely,
*The Incredible Grandiloquent
Baskindos.*

Ode To Agatha Christie:

Oh Agatha Christie
Let's hope we can mention your name for fear of the big carving knife that is life piercing us to the soul.

Agatha Christie!
Well, nothing's happened so far.

Fin.

Dear Mr Type,

Are you all imbeciles and morons in the *Smash Hits* office? How can you claim the *Smash Hits* sticker collection 1987 is an 'A to Z of pop', I don't know. While looking through the S Section I noticed the absence of the most important personage in the history of pop. Yes, Paul Simon is not in the book! I suggest you apologise immediately or Betty might come and sort you out.
Love from Paul Simon's outraged glasses.

Dear Black Type,

Has George Michael gone completely bonkers? Just a couple of years ago, he was one half of the world's greatest pop band, now he sounds like a poor version of Prince and rambles on in his interview (Smash Hits, 3-7/June) about sex, sex and more sex. Who cares? He should stick to writing a few more pop classics in the same vein as "A Different Corner" and "Everything She Wants" and leave the perving to his Royal Purpleness who does this sort of thing with much more conviction. As for the BBC ban, well, that sort of thing never did anyone too much harm in the past so I'm sure George's accountant won't be losing too much sleep over the possible repercussions. Anyway, my money's on the Andrew Ridgeley comeback being the event of 1987. So there. Thank you and goodnight.
Wham! Fan, Leicester

Dear Black Type,

The people at the BBC who banned George Michael's new single are a bunch of hypocrites. I turn on your radio any day of the week and you are subjected to a mish-mash of smut, double entendres, dirty (hem hem) jokes and sexist crap. And who is responsible for this filth? Why those jolly Radio One DJs, that's who. Touché!
*George Michael's Stubble,
Lancolnshire.*

Dear Black Type,

I'm disgusted at George Michael. I don't think you should put things like "I Want Your Sex" in *Smash Hits*. I get your magazine to read about pop music, not the latest thing in sex. I think George Michael should have all his fingers chopped off. I hope that you think again before you print something like that.
Yours, Jennie Simmons, An Ever Faithful A-Ha Fan.

Dear Black Type,

Why do pop stars always have to sing about sex? Personally I think it is disgusting! Even though I haven't heard George Michael's new single the words published in June 3rd *Smash Hits* made me want to be sick. And Chris Heath ought to be shot for interviewing him. Good old BBC! I don't want to listen to crap by a hairy muth. Is Kathy Joeng mad?
A Disapustingly Cross Smash Hits Fan.

Dear Black Type,

When oh when is *Smash Hits* going to do the long-awaited Johnny Logan story? Then we can THRILL! to the gripping account of how young Johnny first walked out with the Eurovision crown all those years ago, WEEPI! at his steady slide into pop's glorious dumper in the mid '80s and GO DAF! at his return to glory on that fateful night in Brussels just a few weeks back. Three cheers for J.L! Arise the king of the white suits! (?)
Johnny Logan, Dublin

Be off with you, Logan, don't you know that this part of the world is

the natural home of the Gar(y)l Lux international movement? "Zero pwan" may well have been zinging in Gar(y)'s i.e. Il Papa's ears for most of that fateful night, but does this mean we are about to desert our hero in his hour of need? Yes, probably.

Dear Black Type,

Here is an ode to Terence "Trenn" D'Arby, the man with the swonsoonest peepers in pop.
Oh Terence "Trenn" D'Arby You have the swonsoonest peepers in pop
And I suspect you might just be
A little bit Bonkers
Fin.
The People's Poet, Cardiff

Very nice too. Why, so good in fact that it's feel one coming on myself. Ahem
Oh to Terence "Trenn" D'Arby: Oh Terence "Trenn" D'Arby It would seem as if you are just a touch Bonkers
Well, close inspection of your "Interviews" and "Your 'lyrics'"
Would certainly suggest that is the case
Yes?
Fin.

Ey Up, Black Type,

Because you've had so many North v South letters adorning the hallowed pages, I decided to write in some North-South translations.
SECTION ONE

1. Pigg off yer greyt eggwag - you are a fool, please go away.
2. Ee wuddn't g' the 'tream offpicee - that man is mean.
3. Yurrah big tah - tah - you are somewhat effeminate
4. Thart thik as pigmkak - you seem to have a very low IQ.
SECTION TWO
Fighting talk:
1. On yer bike - despatch yourself hence.
2. Ah! parr thi yed in - I intend to cave in your cranium.
3. Set cleavnt thi huggole - I am aiming for your ear.
4. Ah! mollycrush thi - I will totally annihilate you.
5. Choose thi winder - I am giving you the opportunity of picking the window you wish me to throw you through.

And just in case you think that everyone "up north" is totally violent then here are a few affectionate terms (only to be used with the one you love).
1. Owd buggers!
2. Owd sparrer butty
3. Owd sparrer
4. Shimbi
5. Cocker
6. Fettle!

Until next time
Ah! keep onin' wi' 'yed deawn (ie. I will go on living life).
Terra!
From Prof. Doolittle, Manchester

Please accept a token 'n' towel for this super lesson in t' vocabulary of the land they call "oop north". Ah! see thee!
Terra! chunky egg! It were a better!!!?????????

★ WIN HMV'S TOP TEN ALBUMS



- 1 **Whitney Houston** Whitney
- 2 **Simply Minds** Live
- 3 **Suzanne Vega** Solitude Standing
- 4 **Swing Out Sister** It's Better To Travel
- 5 **U2** The Joshua Tree
- 6 **Curology** Keep Your Distance
- 7 **Fleetwood Mac** Tango In The Night
- 8 **Basista** Boys Licensed To Ill
- 9 **Level 42** Running In The Family
- 10 **Go West** Dancing On The Couch

★ HOW TO ENTER

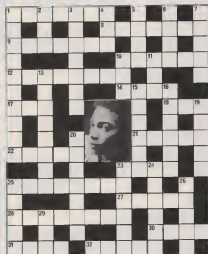
- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
- Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by June 30):
Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 33, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.
- The first correct entry out of Sylvia Peterson's "baseball" cap gets HMV's top ten albums (at the time of going to "press").

● ACROSS

- 1 and 1 down See photocue (7,5,5)
- 2 Mrs **John Lennon** (4,3)
- 9 Rare use for a band that doesn't have to be (enag)
- 10 **Phyllis** whose column's in Trafalgar Square? (7)
- 12 Leading Heartbreaker (3,5)
- 14 and 3 down They suggested that you leant on them (4,7)
- 17 See 26 down
- 18 Number that every band hopes to reach
- 21 **Police** cheer!
- 22 Youthful, like those **Fina Cannibals**
- 23 Relative that **Madonna** asked not to preach
- 25 and 4 down ----- On Me" (**Harb Alpert**) (4,4,3)
- 27 **John Lydon's** was of the public sort
- 28 They were let go-go by **The Rainmakers** (2,6)
- 30 Listeners!
- 31 Tons that becomes another part of music (anag)
- 32 **Gabriel, Murphy or Blue?**

● DOWN

- 1 See 1 down
- 2 **The Blow Monkeys'** record label (1,1,1)
- 3 See 14 across
- 4 See 25 across
- 5 Keys strung around for **Des and Rogar's** boat song home (anag)
- 6 **Diana**, the musical princess
- 7 Den on for the first part of **Summer** (enag)
- 10 In short, New York City (1,1,1)
- 11 Could be **Read**, could be **Grant**
- 13 **Emu Ridge** provides a singing **Scott** (enag 5,3)
- 15 and 16 across Lisa Boatner provides **Madonna's** latin hit (anag 2,4,6)
- 19 Just the sort of bird **Glenn Frey** used to be
- 20 He's a real wild child - but an ageing one! (4,3)
- 23 **Judas**: religious other half
- 24 Was the one **Bon Jovi** were livin' on saved by **Duran?**
- 25 Nick name
- 26 and 17 across Superstar "Let It Be" group (5,3)
- 29 Auf Wiedersehen to the **Shop Boys?**



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



10 IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO ON JULY 1st



1. Jog down to your newsagent's and feast your eyes on the dizzy selection of magazines displayed therein.
2. Decide that all of them aren't much cop at all except for Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine, **Smash Hits**.



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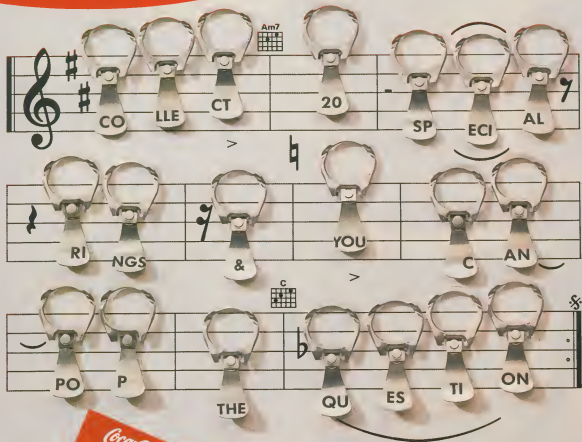
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REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY TOM HIBBERT

A-HA: The Living Daylights (Warner Bros)

Following in the footsteps of Shirley Bassey, Paul "Ft Macca Wacky Thumbs Aloft" McCartney, Duran Duran and little Sheena Easton, our Nordic foragers come to tackle the James Bond Movie Theme — that's the bit they play over those dated silhouettes of grrrls with not very many clothes on and blokes in suits with great big pistols. Unfortunately, James Bond films aren't really much cop and neither, usually, are these James Bond Movie Theme things. And this particular example is no exception. Oh, it's unmistakably A-ha: Morten's voice starts out smoky and sneery and then goes into a piping falsetto at the first available opportunity as per usual and there's piles of "dramatic" tension and everything. But is there a proper tune? No. Can you yell that? No. You jolly well cannot. In fact, it's all fearfully Duran Duran before they went good.



THE CHRISTIANS: Hooverville (Island)

Quite Interesting (But Not Very) Pop Fact Of Our Time: I went to school with Henry Priestman, the only member of The Christians quartet whose surname isn't Christian though his middle name is and the chap who wrote this song, and if I remember right, he was rather "into" Jimi Hendrix (loopy and quite brilliant soulaway '60s guitarist). Which is quite interesting (but not very) because there's a bit in this song which goes "row upon row of castles in Spain" and Jimi Hendrix once had a song called, "Castles in Spain". Gosh. But let us not beat about the bush — The Christians are nothing like Jimi Hendrix. They sing much better, they don't set guitars on fire, and this song is an understated, pleasant "souful" thing about unemployment and homelessness or some such. Quite nice if you like that sort of thing.

BOB GELDOF: I Cry Too (Hercury)

He's a genius at feeding the world. He is more than adept at flogging disposable razors on our television sets. But when it comes to "cutting" it as a popstar, Bob Geldof is, I fear, hopeless. "I Cry Too" is a gruesome weeper featuring lavish strings and studded Bob's usual phoney phrasing. This is the same puffed up vein as "I Don't Like Mondays", the biggest hit Bob ever had with his old group The Boomtown Rats. It's terrible.

PET SHOP BOYS: It's A Sin (Parlophone)

An enormous clap of thunder, horns winking in the distance and then an absolutely huge slab of European disco drama in which Neil Tennant, sounding oddly like Princess Stephanie (and there's nothing wrong with that), sings "When I look back upon my life's always with a sense of shame". The tune is possibly grand but, um, haven't we heard it somewhere before? We have. It's Cat Stevens antiquated "chestnut" "Wild World" almost to the note — and a very nice tune that was too. This is going to be such a massive hit — an undoubted Number One in at least 500 European countries — that it might well blow your hat off.

CLIFF RICHARD: My Pretty One (EMI)

And so Cliff shuffles from the stage of the top "musical" Time, pausing only to hand on his hair extensions to David Cassidy, and returns to grapple once more with the hit parade. And it's Queen Bess preparing to utter the immortal words "Arise, Sir Clifford"? Let us hope so — but if he hears this first, all might be lost. Cliff sings as beautifully as ever — the trademark breathy quaver is in fine fettle — but the song

with its pipings and flutings and general overwhelming prettiness seems more suited to some foreign airline commercial than to the towering talent that is Richard. The B-side, incidentally, is called "Love Ya". Off with his head.



THE CURE: Catch (Polydor)

Crumbs, as Sir Clifford might say. One fears that Robert Smith has been at the sauce. Why else should his "doo-be-dos", which introduce this dainty and utterly dreamy record, be quite so out of tune and, as they say, out out loud? Why else should he invent a raddled gypsy violin player to contribute some untoward scrapings? Indeed! The man must be drunk. Sottized! This sways sleepily and trippingly along with acoustic guitars burbling akimbo whilst Robert tells the tale of this girl he once knew who was always falling over. And when she fell over, says Fat Bob, "I'd use to sometimes catch her/But I never even caught her name". Not a very good pun, is it, viewers? But it's rather a good record. Stupid and ultimately touching.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: A Little Boogie Woogie (In The Back of My Mind) (Epic)

Goodness gracious and mercy Me! Has Shaky gone stark, staring bonkers? Yes he has. Absolutely his rock'n'roll good way "roots" he goes for a

cross-cultural hotch potch of possible genius in which he becomes half Alpine goat, scampering and yodeling around the mountain tops, and half over-attentive waiter in a boozey holiday disco. "You know I can find a little boogie woogie in the back of my mind" he assures us whilst a sobbing operatic Luciano blubs and wails in the background and it's rumbas a-go-go. Quite demented and just possibly the single of the century.

THAT PETROL EMOTION: Swamp (Polydor)

The only people from Ireland who don't think U2 are the bees whiskers. That Petrol Emotion follow up their delectable pop-almost-hit "Big Decision" with a rampant blur of guitars-all-over-the-shop that's enough to uproot a silly old Joshua Tree any day of the week. Raw power harnessed around a pair of spluttering chords and drawing stuff about cold winds and festering swamps. This is highly "atmospheric" and it fair does your head in.



ERIC CLAPTON WITH TINA TURNER: Tearing Us Apart (Duck Records)

Scarcely a week goes by without pop's most glamorous granny even though she isn't a granny i.e. Tina Turner turning up on a duet with someone or other. This one's not too bad. It

doesn't have much of a tune to speak of but it wheezes along in a blawzy, old-fashioned manner while "Eric", wizened guitar legend of yesteryear, spankies his "plank" engangry and sings like he's being sick in a biscuit tin. Then on whisks is along in a blawzy, old-fashioned manner while, er, usual hyperactive way. And, er, that's it.



JANET JACKSON: The Pleasure Principle (A&M)

What can one say about Janet Jackson without swooning into a dead faint, hitting one's head on a lamp stand and going to hospital for a very long time indeed? Not a lot. She is just IT! Those cheeks, that voice, those grapes tumbling from the window. She is pop perfection in a breath and the way she pronounces "serious" as 'sair-see-us' is enough to turn one's torso to jelly. Alright, this is the sixth — count 'em single to be taken from the "Control" LP and the spurious "remix" is a bit too chock-full of tricks and larks and it isn't really a proper song — just Miss Jackson gasping a bit over stuttering electro wheezes — but it's Janet and so it can do no harm. I want to marry her.

FLEETWOOD MAC: Seven Wonders (Warner Bros)

Poor old Fleetwood Mac. Their private lives are so much more fascinating than their public works (i.e. their music). They are forever high-boo-happily in and out of each other's "boudoirs", getting married on tennis courts to their best friends' ex-spouses, getting divorced again 10 seconds later etc. etc. It's enough to make a Dynasty scriptwriter blub. But once in the recording studio the old times go all boring. Singer Stevie Nicks sounds like a chipmunk in a cheese grater and the song itself is an utter zuzz. She croaks about beauty and rainbows, the rest of the group clunk about a bit and join in reluctantly on the so-called chorus. Not much else happens. It's a very sad.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



IGGY POP: Isolation (A&M)

Rumbling and dark, slow and brooding, a lot of other evocative "things"... this is a chanson of quite epic and majestic proportions. It was produced, mixed and co-written by Iggy's skilful instructor i.e. Dame David Bowie, which is jolly odd in itself. Why is this so wonderful when everything on Bowie's own LP is so useless? Probably because Iggy isn't a chameleon — he's just a bloke who can out boom and out croon anyone on the planet including Mick Hucknall even though he's approximately four million years old. This sloping and slipping heart-thrummer is all about how nobody loves Iggy. Fortunately this is not true. Bravo winky!

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REVIEW **CONCERT**

U2

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Bono from U2 is mad. Mad. Mad. He's standing about six feet away, doubled over in one of his occasional fits and suddenly, for no apparent reason, he stops singing the words to "Bullet The Blue Sky" and instead launches into this crazy rant... "and Margaret Thatcher comes up to me and says... and President Ray-gun comes up to me and says..." Says what? Don't know actually, because Bono then leaps across the stage, runs up the little hill on either side, lies down, pulls his hat over his face, gets up again, kisses his guitarist, runs right round the back of the stage, borrows a bloke's cap, throws it away and then starts singing again. And all that was within the space of about 30 seconds. Multiply this extraordinary activity by about 392 and you've got some idea of the little ball of energy at the centre of U2's breathtaking performance.

But... first things first... The last few lines of Ben E. King's "Stand By Me" fade out of the loudspeakers, all the lights go off, and about 7,000 people go completely bonkers. The lights come back on stage and there they are - well, three of them anyway - The Edge, still looking like the bloke who sat next to you in school even though he's since turned into a cowboy, Adam Clayton looking exactly like Dustin Hoffman in *Papillon* (i.e. not very nice) and Larry Mullen "Jr" looking like, er, Larry Mullen "Jr". And then - bonkers part two - this wee bloke with his hair in a "pony" tail and with a sheriff's hat on comes strolling onto the stage, looks pretty pleased with himself and starts singing the opening lines to "Where The Streets Have No Name". The first thing you notice, apart from the fact that the volume level makes Zodiac Mindwarp sound like



FILM



▲ "Hello! I'm a sex-mad loveliness and I want rumpo, right now!"

**THE SECRET OF MY
SUCCESS
(PG, 110 mins)**

There's a lot of snogging, not to mention bonking, in the new Michael "J" Fox film. He has rumpo in a swimming pool and

a bed with one woman, in a bush, a boat, a lift and about one million other places with another girlie, and even ends up in bed with a man at one point.

There is a plot amidst all this bonking, of course, although often it's just a trifle flimsy. The story starts when MJ, moves to New York from the country and gets a lowly job in the post room of his horrid uncle's mega-ginormous company. Eager for success, he discovers an empty office and - unknown to his uncle - starts living a double life, pretending to be an executive part of the time, and fitting in his post-boy work as well (thereby spending most of the film undressed, since he has to keep on changing clothes).

Then the rumpo comes in: no sooner has he been seduced by his uncle's foxtressy wife (who thinks he's a post-boy), than he falls in lurve with a snooty, cardboard-



▲ "Hello! I'm a snooty Princess Di lookalike with cardio!"



Photo: Paul How

▲ Adam "looks like Dustin Hoffman in *Papillon*"

Suzanne Vega, is that U2 have stopped pretending to be "slightly" moody and "precious" and have instead decided to own up to being a very very loud, very very disciplined, very very very good, ahem, rock band. Sounds horrendous, but it actually works – sort of Status Quo with brilliant tunes – and with a few exceptions, it's all fast and furious and perfect for going deaf to.

So they finish "Where The Streets Have No Name". The Edge starts playing "Pride (In The Name Of Love)" and within a few seconds you can hardly hear Bono above the community singing. They quickly run through most of the songs from "The Unforgettable Fire" LP and most of "The Joshua Tree" and then Larry Mullen walks to the front of the stage and starts beating a single drum – which is the signal for the beginning of U2's version of an old Bob Dylan song called "Maggie's Farm". This is introduced by Bono strutting on about how Britain is just as divided as Ireland and how the election's coming up and

how "I'm not going to tell you how to vote, but you will be voting, won't you?" Just to rub it in, the song itself is interspersed with taped speeches from President Reagan ("Boo!!"), Mrs Thatcher ("Hiss!!") and Neil Kinnock ("Boo/hurrah!!"). Mmmm.

Perhaps sensing that things are getting just a touch serious here, Bono suddenly asks a bloke in the front row if he can borrow his leather jacket to wear while he sings the old "classic" "C'mon Everybody". Then it's more antics, a final blast of "Gloria", a few snippets of "Love Will Tear Us Apart" and "Ruby Tuesday" and the usual farewells of "Party Girl" and "40" and, er, that's it.

If you're lucky enough to have a ticket for any of these U2 shows you can now go off and be sick with excitement (or something). If you tried to get one and you couldn't, you can be forgiven for leaving the country. And if you didn't even try, well... you're a bit of a goat.

Barry McIlhenny

U2 have decided to own up to being a very very loud, very very disciplined, very very very good, ahem, rock band."

▲ Bono: "looks pretty pleased with himself"



and I went rumo right now!"

haired Princess Di lookalike (who thinks he's a whizz-kid executive). To add to his problems, she's also having an affair with his uncle (who thinks he's a post-boy and a complete bimbo to boot).

The company, meanwhile, is rapidly swivelling down the dumper and Michael's the only one who can save it. The characters are a bit weedy and the storyline is completely unbelievable, but nevertheless there are some very funny moments, e.g. a party where some guests think M. J.'s a toff and some think he's an underling, and both women try to sneak into his bedroom at the same time.

You don't have to fancy Michael J. Fox to enjoy the film, either; he really is a good comic actor and, although this simply isn't in the same league as the brilliant *Back To The Future*, it's still a pretty entertaining couple of hours.

Vici MacDonald



▲ "Hello! My Name Is" Fox and I'm feeling a bit pissed at the moment, ackchees.

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REVIEW THING

The New Sensation That's Sweeping The Nation Part 126: SKATEBOARDING



▲ Tommy has banged his knee quite hard and Eddy is about to bang his head, proving that skateboarding is not only a very stupid sport but a dangerous one too. The clorf!

Skateboarding was a massive "cult" activity about 10 years ago when you couldn't step out of your house without some lunatic "whipper-snapper" a-hurling towards you at a frightening speed!

It was, however, a fad that died out as quickly as it began, but – PRESTO! – now it's back BACK etc and this time it's supposedly here to stay what with various skate-boarding "parks" springling up all over the place including – soon! – a new one in London which is being "hailed" as The Biggest 'n' The Best in Europe. We'll!

Things have gone a bit further this time, though, because skateboarders don't just "skate" any more – they play "music" as well. What's more, it's very loud music known as "hard-core thrash" (i.e. a right ruddy racket), which originates from maniacal American punk groups who are also known to dabble in this "sport".

One group in particular is responsible for sparking off the skateboarding craze in Britain and that's the v. intelligently-titled Stupids from Ipswich. How they manage to skate and pluck out a few brain-coddling "riffs" on a guitar at the same time remains very much a mystery, but The Stupids reckon it's got to be an art, "a form of self-expression, man". And so – triple hurrah! – Review "proudly" presents...



▲ A stupid Eddy (left) and stupid Tommy. Aren't they stupid?

PART TWO: WHAT THE STUPIDS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT SKATEBOARDING

Tommy: "Skateboarding is thrashy! It's hardcore! It's mean! It's even more energetic than sex!"

Eddy: "It's easier than sex too! You don't have to chat up a skateboard."

Tommy: "It doesn't matter if you're good or bad at skating, it's a challenge. I got a black eye the other day."

Eddy: "It's amazing what it can do... it can turn wimps into... erm... well, people with... drivel! It's just you and nothing else! It's poetic!"

Tommy: "People compare us to the Beastie Boys but it really annoys us. We were doing this ages before they were ever thought of. Anyway they can't skate. I bet they can't even stand up on a board. They just wobble a bit and pose."

Eddy: "Mind you, we're not very good ourselves. But we're exciting!"

PART THREE: LEARNING SKATEBOARDING "LINGO"

"mahommo" (ma-home-oh) – "this could be an insult like calling

someone "idiot". It could also be used to call someone over, like you're saying, "hey man!". If you went cruising out of here without your coat I'd go "mahommo!"

"rad" (rad) – "this is easy, it means radical or good."

"choda" (cho-der) – "this is used for anything that looks like a log or a lump. For instance your bag is a choda. Tommy's wallet is the original choda because it's full of hot women's phone numbers."

"killer" (kill-er) – "another easy one. It just means frightfully good."

"dude" (doo-d) – "this is what we call each other most of the time. Well, it's the only printable thing."

"bitchin" (bitch-en) – "this means that someone's skating really well."

"siam" (si-am) – "this is when the inevitable happens – you fall off and hurt yourself. Sometimes we say we've slammed... sometimes we say something else..."

Tommy: "Most of the stuff is surf talk... it's what West Coast Americans say to each other but we don't use it that much. We make up quite a lot of words for our own use. I say 'Walter Matthau' a lot."
Eddy: "Walter Matthau" (Wal-



▲ Oh, dear. Eddy has gone flying several miles into the air. Don't try this at home without asking mum's permission, readers!



▲ Eddy has banged his bottom so hard that he might have to go to hospital for a very long time indeed. The boofion!

car Mat-how) means that someone's got a nice nose and is godly and incredible. **Schnozz!** Oh yeah – that's our very own personal word taken from the Jewish term for nose. We're obsessed with people with big noses. They are hilarious. When we see people in the street, we give them grief for having big noses. We laugh at them but in a nice way."

Tommy: "We once had a band called 'Schnozzer' because the drummer had an obsessively large konk."

PART FOUR: THE STUPIDS GUIDE TO LOOKING GOOD AND FEELING FIT

Tommy: "We've been dressing like this for years. I've actually worn this t-shirt for 10 years. It's just the mainstream American way to dress – sloppy!"

Eddy: "It's just a down-market look. Because the Beastie Boys are wearing stuff like this people accuse us of copying them. We've got a rap song that takes the mickey out of the Beasties."

Tommy: "We wear comfortable clothes and baseball caps. They're just easy things to climb into in the morning. I never wear high-heeled shoes – they play havoc with the ankles."

PART FIVE: THE STUPIDS "LIVE"

Tommy: "People say that our live shows are bad and that we take weird substances and sneer at the audience. They think we're evil but we're not at all."

Eddy: "No – but if the Devil's got a big nose we're going to worship him." **Tommy:** "People question our honesty. We're not as bad as everyone thinks. We entertain people at our gigs. We insult them all the time but they love it. When the dicks in the crowd chant "faster" etc. we pick on them and say things like "Have you got a girlfriend? No? Well, that's because your nose is too big. We like amusing people."

Eddy: "He and Tommy have the most fun because the other two are so quiet. When the guitarist goes into a solo we hold up a card with "WHAT A MORON!" written on it and then climb through his legs. We do all sorts of fun things."

Tommy: "Our ambition is to skateboard on Top Of The Pops, be drooled after by loads of gurls, be mobbed on our skateboards and be on the cover of Smash Hits. Please!" (Not on your nelly. E.J.)

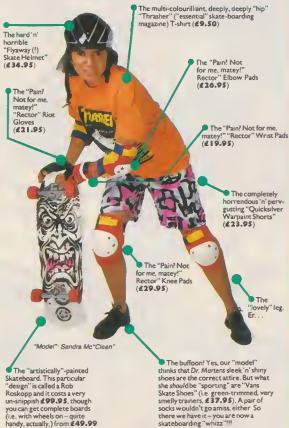
So now you "know"!!!

Ro Newton



▲ Tommy attempts to defy gravity but it was all in vain. The fool! ▲ Lewis' Renew strongly suggests you take up something nice like past the parrot.

How To Look Like A Very Brilliant, Clever 'N' Good-Looking Skateboarding Person (and become very very skint in the process)



(P.S. All the above "items" come from "SLAM CITY SKATES" – the most brilliant skate-boarding shop in London and indeed the entire universe.)

MARILLION: Clutching At Straws (EMI) "Clutching At Straws" is the tale of a fish and a bottle. Although he still swears verbose and absurdly "lyrical", singing of "lonely arcade moonbeams and strange romantic misadventures", almost every song contains references to alcohol (and pulling away at gaspers) and on "Torch Song" – a rather good, straightforward pop ballad, there's this doctor who says "My advice is if you maintain this lifestyle, you won't reach 30". As which fish? (digusted) as a character called Howie splutters "Christ" and promptly reaches for his foaming beaker. The Marillion musicians, meanwhile, have, thankfully, learnt the art of brevity: there are 10 whole songs here and they are strangely unplayed by endless guitar solos (though there's still that "progressive" tendency to change key and time "signatures" just for the sake of it). This is the most "accessible" Marillion LP ever. But keep off the sauce, me gookettes. (8½ out of 10) Reg "Reg" Supton

BOY GEORGE: Solid (Virgin) If you're expecting lots of cute, cutesy, middle-of-the-road ballads like Boy George's last two singles you'd be very mistaken. There are a few ballads – mostly rather good – but there are also some very odd fish indeed. For more than half of side two George sings in a cheeky low gravelly voice over songs which either sound like old Motown stompers ("Just Ain't Enough") or '60s group T. Rex ("Next Time"). Almost as odd is the title track on which George half-talks, half-sings – ostensibly about South Africa but by the end, when George is saying "I'm not a factory about to be shut down", it sounds as if it's more about him and his recent troubles than anything else. (In fact there seem to be references to both that and Jon Moss all over the place). Not a brilliant album – there are too many songs that are simply average – but many, many times better than the last two Culture Club LPs. (7½ out of 10) Chris Heath

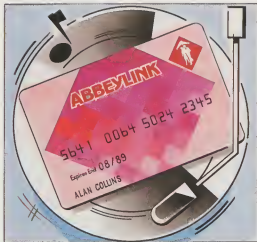
WHITNEY HOUSTON: Whitney (Arista) If you like "I Wanna Dance With Somebody" then you're going to love this LP. It, on the other hand, you think it's the most forgettable No. 1 single since – well, I forget actually – then you'll find this collection of tuneless, uninspired, "meaningful" laudate songs (a Diana Ross (i.e. all smoothaway strings and tonkiesome electric piano) a real effort to plough through. There are a couple of brighter, livelier moments (usually "Love Is A Contact Sport") and Whitney does attempt to give it her best shot, but in this dull company even her duet with her man Casey on "I Know Him So Well" emerges as a roaring success. (You'll be glad to know her cats get a thank you in the six mile long credit list, however) Not so much for her "I'm a Possessively boring one. Shame. (4 out of 10) Ian Croxall

STAN CAMPBELL: Stan Campbell (WEA) Stan Campbell is the outrageously handsome man who sang on the Special AKA's "Freeze Frame/Models" and now here (finally) is his first solo LP. It's "interesting" rather than especially "good" – his own songs are fairly slight affairs and his clustered-in arrangements don't show them off to the best advantage, while his voice has more character than technique. However, Stan's choice of "real" musicians (i.e. acoustic guitars, bongos, piano and organ) instead of the usual synthesizers, the tasteful influence of old fashioned blues and jazz (plus a smattering of African) together with the modestness of his voice give this a very powerful, intimate atmosphere, especially on the slower songs. Deliriously different and deserving of your attention. (7 out of 10) Ian Croxall

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THE MOST PREPOSTEROUS

DAVID BOWIE INTERVIEW EVER!!

- Tina Turner's banging on the window.
- Dame David's going on and on about drug addiction, alcoholism and how he's really a chauvinist pig.
- "Yes," says Tom Hibbert, "but did you really teach Iggy Pop how to ski? . . ."

The huge television studio in Amsterdam is full of so much billowing smoke that one can hardly make out the two figures in the distance scampering about the big, red, shiny fire cogging. But then the scampering stops and the two figures emerge from the clouds. One is Tina Turner. The other is a wheezing David Bowie.

"Coo," says Dame David in his smoky creaker accent. "I hate that bloody smoke stuff. It really gets in my eyes." He has another wheeze and lights up a cigarette. "Coo, it's a bit tiring, this."

"This" is the shooting of a *Pepsi Cola* commercial, a thing that the chameleon of legend has agreed to do in order to help pay for his forthcoming million date world tour. "Money is the only reason anyone would want to do a commercial, don't you think so?" he says dismissively.

Here we are, me and the Dame, wending our way through the corridors of TV land to a conference room where David will take a 20 minute break from the promotion of carbonated beverages to discuss art and life with me. And my goodness! he looks chipper - ridiculously well-preserved for 40 (though this may be make-up assisted) with his lovely hair standing sprucely to attention.

"You are looking well, David." I observe.

"Thank you, I feel tremendous. It's a bit tiring, though, phaww . . ."

"They haven't set your hair on fire yet?" I quip.

"No. No, no, no, no, just Michael (Jackson) I think had to go through

that."

We sit down at the end of an enormous wooden table and I encounter the first Difficult Thing About Interviewing David Bowie, i.e. the eyes. One is light blue, the other (wonky) one, pitch black - much more so than in photographs. It's hard to know which eye to look at when you're talking to him in a "face in face" "situation".

And what's the second Difficult Thing About Interviewing David Bowie? Tina Turner, that's what. The walls of this conference room are made of glass and every minute or so up larks tiny Tina to wave through at us, do a silly jig, pull a face and engage in various other off-putting manoeuvres. A bit disconcerting, really, when you're trying to be rather serious and discover the hidden secret truths of the Dame and ask the age old popular question "It must be a bit funny being David Bowie, mustn't it?" But ask it I shall. Regardless . . .

It must be a bit funny being David Bowie with all these books about you being a chameleon and all that, mustn't it?

Well, I distance myself from all that. Very much so. I read those books when they started coming out in around 1973 but after a couple of years I stopped reading them. There were already five other 1976 and now it's up to 37 or 38, I think. There comes a point when you don't take any notice of them. They have no effect on my life whatsoever, I have absolutely no interest. None at all. Not even the merest hint of interest.

So are you a bit of a chameleon? Erm, ha ha, an entertainer, I'm an entertainer, if that's what you mean.

Do you take all the public reverence towards you at all seriously? I don't notice much reverence towards me these days, frankly. I see just people, you know, I used to get a lot of that loopy stuff - "we know what you're really saying, you've got a third eye" and all that kind of stuff - in the middle '70s, but these days it's pretty straightforward either affirmative or negative critique.

Do you feel that you have a particular "message" for the world? I feel more of an *illustrator* than a *message*. It's not really my forte giving messages, I don't think. I'm more concerned with just creating atmospheric kinds of music and atmospheric kinds of shows. I've always seen everything I do in terms of a painting. You just paint what you feel and a lot of it is inexplicable and unexplainable. It becomes impressionistic. I think you've got to be a pretty *loopy* painter to want to paint messages.

Aren't you pretty loopy? No, not now. But I was pretty disturbed in the middle '70s. I did have my stereotyped drug period for four years and that was not very pleasant to live through. Looking back on it, it does seem pretty awful. I didn't enjoy that vortex of melancholy and depression.

How did you pull out of it? Well, it takes a long time, you

● CHAMELEON FACTS:

- Chameleons don't just turn the same colour as their surroundings, but according to the light, their body temperature and whether they're in a good mood or not.
- Unlike other lizards, chameleons have a sort of thumb amongst their toes which lets them hang onto twigs when hunting.
- Chameleons have a hollow tongue with a sticky blob on the end which can gobble insects over half a meter away. Yum.
- These lizards have eyes which can wiggle and look at two separate things at once, which is quite spooky because "Bowie's" eyes are a bit wonky too.



Photos: Denis O'Regan/Idols

DAVID BOWIE CONTINUED

know, because I became an alcoholic after that. It was really terrifying because I knew I had to pull away from that drug addiction but what the body does is it lets itself open for any other kind of addiction. You replace one with another and in my case, I went straight to whisky and brandy and stuff like that. You think 'well, I kicked the drugs', but you are quite as loony as you were before.

Unfortunately with a lot of entertainers, there are other people around them, fans or whatever, who want them to be pulled into that abyss. People who wouldn't want to take the dangers themselves expect you to do it for them. That's not really fair. Well, *stuff 'em*. Let them go and screw their own lives up because I don't think I want to do it any more. There comes a point in a guy's life when he thinks 'man, I don't want to be this close to the edge all the time because if I stay this close then I know I'm going over'. That's when you claw your way back.

Do you have any vices these days? That really is it [points to his packet of cigarettes]. I don't do any drugs and I don't drink any more. But I expect I've got a lot of mental vices.

Like what?

Well, one has lapses – always. Not with drugs with me but with alcohol. It's more deceptive than other drugs because it's so socially acceptable and if you do have an addiction to it, it makes it very hard socially to say no.

Let's go down the hoover.
Ha ha ha. No, let's not.

Is it true that you taught Iggy Pop to ski? Unfortunately, yes. We thought 'ooh, let's do healthy things'. My son started me off skiing because ever since he was five or six he's been an avid skier – most kids who grow up in Switzerland in the mountains are – and I felt a bit left out so I started learning and I enjoyed it a lot and I knew Jim – Iggy – would too because Jim is incredibly athletic. So we used to go up in the mountains and I taught him to ski. He's a very good skier.

Better than you?

No. Absolutely not. But he has an interesting style – lots of bravado and no fear.

Have you played golf with him?

No, he's never tempted me that way. I guess reading is the only other thing I do. When I'm actually really having a holiday, I guess I – what do I do? Oh, Oh, I learnt to swim last year. I couldn't swim a stroke until last year. Everybody thrashes about in the

water and I fell such a dick sitting there in the sand saying 'oh, you carry on'. I got fed up with that so now I can do a couple of lengths of the pool.

Doggy paddle?

No, proper. I do a bit of breast stroke and a moderate crawl. Oh, Oh, and I learnt scuba diving (i.e. descending sheer rock faces by rope) this year.

Bloody hell.

Yeah, absolutely. And I'm going to do for parachuting next year.

But I thought you were frightened of aeroplanes.

Terrified! I'm terrified of flying but I really don't mind heights. I don't mind being high in a plane, it's just the question of coming down and parachuting is something I've always wanted to do. I've always been fascinated by the idea of freedom. So I'm going for it next year. Jumping for dollars. Probably turn it into a charity event.

Don't you ever do anything normal? Well, that is normal. What's wrong with that? It is normal. Please!

I meant "normal" as in slumping in front of the telly . . .

Oh, no, I can't stand that. I really loathe it. I like news programmes and a couple of American shows but the English ones I really find very hard to watch. In media coverage generally one feels that mediocrity rules supreme at the moment in England. This sounds very pompous but when you travel a lot, coming back to England and seeing the papers there, it all looks kind of quaint and idiosyncratic. And you think 'my god, they've got a problem here'. The media in England has got such a smorgasbord of exploitation and scandal. The only way they can keep their figures going is by tit and spanking. And my objection to the tits especially is what they surround the tits with. I mean, I love a pair of tits to look at . . .

But I thought you were gay, David.

Ha ha. You shouldn't believe everything you read. No, I love a pair of tits. Very nice too, I'm completely chauvinist about that. But it's what's surrounding the photographs that is actually the perverse part of it. The rape stories and always the immundo of violence against sex laid side by side and that I find unbelievably offensive when it's done in such a titillating manner. Because juxtaposition is what the modern 20th century is all about. Juxtaposition of images – we read that as a vocabulary now and we certainly take those messages in . . . Um. Where were we?

Is there anything in your career that you regret?

No. No regrets. Not really. It just looks like a bloke's career. It's just *stuff* I've done. A lot of it was silly and a lot of it wasn't.

Don't you want to weep with embarrassment when you hear "The Laughing Gnome"?

Oh, no. I find that as equally amusing as anybody else does. No, if there is anything I regret, I go back to what I was saying before – taking drugs. I think that's the one major thing I would have changed had I known where that would have gone. And I would seriously advise anybody considering doing it not to even think about it. It's a waste of life. It's tight-rope walking. It's the circus. And as I was saying, a lot of entertainers feel that they have to be pulled into that abyss to be valid. That happened a lot with me and it happened a lot with Jim – Iggy. We have very parallel existences in that way and I think we were thrown together, initially, through our drug taking. I seem to get on well with and be attracted to those kinds of guys – guys like Jim and Mickey Rourke – who are ostensibly full of bravado and like motorcycles and filling of things.

Why?
Because it's an aspect of me that doesn't really exist. I mean, Mickey

really goes for it. He was in Los Angeles making *Barfly* which is a film about this real old reprobate drunken bum and Mickey had his teeth chipped, broken, and he put on a gut and he stinks to high heaven and he's drinking like a fish. I can't imagine ever getting that much into a role. I never work that bloody hard on a part, I tell you.

You're not a very good actor, are you?
Well, thank you. Um, I tend to just get up there and say my lines ha ha ha.

Are there any acting parts you'd particularly like to "tackle"?
(Pats on theatrical laurels) *Oliver-type plum voice* I was thinking of Hamlet. . . . ha ha ha. No. Do you know a pop star's just got the part I wanted? Well, he's not really a pop star, is he, John Travolta? Robert Altman has just filmed Harold Pinter's *The Dumb Waiter* and he used John Travolta. And I wanted to do that. I adore Pinter. But Travolta's done it. Boo boo.

Oh, look, that's Tina Turner. Again.
It is. It is Tina-aaaa. Oh, well, looks like I've got to get back and groove with Tina. Mon plaiser. (???)



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Mutterings has made a decision. Mutterings is going to turn its hand to writing about some different things i.e. for starters, the animal kingdom and the domestic pet in general... **Pets 1**: Dogs are usually quite big and have four legs... **Pets 2**: Cats are a bit smaller but also have (this is no good at all... Can't you squeeze in just a line but about pop stars? - Ed.) Oh, alright then... **Pets 3**: Snakes are long and have no legs (I'm warning you *Er!*) AND something **Donna Allen** has a box constrictor called Trousers which we'll mess on a recent flight between New York and Miami. The plane made an emergency landing before the offending reptile was discovered snoozing in a luggage rack. "I tried to explain that all his poison and teeth had been removed," wittered Donna. "He has never tried to strangle anyone - though he's sometimes eaten other people's hamsters for breakfast..." **Pets 4**: Foodies are dogs with four legs and silly names and **Elaire Drewery** - Corinne from **Swing Out Sister** - Corinne - mum - used to have one called Charbon, rather more important to her by all accounts than Corinne. When Charbon died Elaire nearly had a nervous breakdown, wrote a book about her, painted her and, she says, "I even wanted to look like her..." "How would you feel," says Corinne, "if your mum wanted you to be a poodle?"... **Pets 5**: Spiders are very small with eight legs and, says Elaire Drewery, "Corinne would do the cleaning but I'd get annoyed. Once she cleaned all the cobwebs and made the spiders homeless. And I'd always led them saucers of milk..." **Pets 6**: **Housemartins** are small birds with wings and are also a pop group who **Simon le Ben** doesn't like very much "they write crap songs, they're substantial"... Sally The Sheepshee Seaman does rather "blow his case" though by which he prefers awful old "punk" groups like **Eater 999**, **The Adverts** and **The Cortinas**... **Pets 7**: Neapolitan Mastiffs are doggies dogs with four legs and **Rubin Campbell** of **UB40** "fame" wants one. "The thing I like most about them is their ugliness," he quips. "They're so ugly they're beautiful." Quite... **Pets 8**: Elephants are very large and have four legs and are different from the famous freak The Elephant Man whose remains are preserved in Britain and for which **Michael Jackson** has offered £50,000, 'tis rumored... **Pets 9**: Corgis

Mutterings

are small silly dogs with four legs much lauded by **The Queen** - who, in turn, is much lauded by **Tom Jones** "I admire women with her strength of character," swears Tom. "It also happen to think she dresses with supreme style and I've noticed that she has a great pair of legs" - Cor-bloody-ikey!... **Pets 10**: Reindeer are big animals with antlers and four legs found in Norway where... "spook!" **Morten Harket** from **A-ha** also "hails" from. And it has been rumored that singer **Helena Springs** is dating Morten and has "quiet dinners out of the public eye with him" though she's denied it... **Pets 11**: Dolphins are mammals with no legs but are very clever and know lots of facts (e.g. a)

Whitney Houston has never been on a date! b) **Suzanne Vega** is looking for a partner from Liverpool who gave her his scarf at a summer camp in America in 1979. c) **Ad-Rock** - the **Beastie Boy** who has been put on bail of £10,000 awaiting trial in July for alleged "previous bodily harm" has got engaged to actress **Molly Pate** in **Pink Ringwald**. d) **Jon Moss** who apparently met **Boy George** in their record company the other day (they both muttered feeble "hello"s) is rumored to have "screen-tested" opposite **Joan Collins** for a part in **Dynasty** as **Alexis** English nephew. e) **Genesis** have just spent £300,000 crossing the Atlantic - supposedly the most

expensive crossing ever - by hiring Concorde for themselves and a Jumbo jet for their souvenirs, handbags, equipment etc. f) **Prince**'s next film will be called **Dream Factory** - it's also now been revealed that he and **Michael Jackson** had a secret meeting in 1986 "they're so competitive with each other," said an observer. "they kind of sat there, checking each other out but said very little. **There's a surprise!** g) **Ben Jovi's Dave Bryan** used to be called David Raabbaum (he changed it because it was 'too ethnic, maan') and 'now he's called Dave Bryan he keeps getting stopped at airports because there's a bloke wanted for armed robbery under the same name. Crispe! h) **Philip**

Michael Thomas Tubbs in Miami Vice - has opened a cinema in Miami with a lighted pyramid over it ("to give special power to film fans") and serving just tall-free crisps and hot dogs made of chicken. **Spy-pool** (**Run DMC** have supposedly spent £3,000 on small solid golden envelopes on chains to hold their gold American Express cards. The tolls!) **Huey Lewis** is spending £450,000 on a 10,000cc Formula 1 car - it's called (bleurgh!) the **Heart Of Rock n' Roll Special**... **Pets 12**: Cougars are very big cat-type animals most famous for "hanging out" with **Madonna**, the dopy darsel of pop who supposedly a) is now going to appear on **Dynasty** for 50,000 dollars an episode. b) has dropped **Felix** "I'm the little annoying animal on **The Tube**" **Howard** from her live show after ringing up his Fulham home and "begging him to appear". Felix's pop reckons it's because **Sean Penn** is to be arrested again for a fight on a film set and **Madonna** didn't want Felix to see the bus. c) will never play "live" again after her forthcoming tour which features a hundred foot revolving stage and sudy lassies. d) when she met **Rupert Everett** in a club he "fell completely in love with her". Calling her someone with a "small curvy body with sexy eyes who lets you know instantly she's in control", **Rupe** says: "I didn't expect her to be so tiny. I happen to be rather tall and as I stood there looking down at her I thought 'wouldn't it be wonderful if I could pick you up and put you in my pocket?'" Be it with you, scamp... **Pets 13**: Kangaroos are stupid Australian boarding mammals and have got no apparent connection with **Bruce Willis** at all. Which is why Mutterings is giving up this natural history David Attenborough there-we-are-in-a-Peruvian-cave-covered-in-bat-s-pooch" talk right now **Gossip Scandal!** Aaaaahh that feels better! **Bruce Willis!** Yippe! (?) So who is he going out with? **Singer Vesta Williams** who says "we've been crazy about each other for months" he's bought me some amazing presents including a diamond necklace??" **Across Janet Jones** who has apparently just moved into his Beverly Hills mansion? his "longtime" girlfriend **Sherry Rivera**? Actually Mutterings hasn't the foggiest. Oh well... at least Mutterings does know everything there is to be known about the Prince's Trust concert at Wembley Arena a few days ago. Such as



▲ The stars of yesterday! **George Harrison!** **Eric Clapton!**



▲ The crazy fashions of today! **Tony Hadley!** A broken compact disc!



▲ The crazy fashions of today (pt 2)! **Midge Ure!** The bakery van driver look!



▲ The cast of thousands! **Tony Hadley!** **Boy George!** **Midge Ure!** **Ben E. King!** **Ringo Starr!** **Elton John!** **Jackie Jayne!** **Edmund Brayan Adams!**



▲ **Red Box** make a surprise appearance! (Are you quite sure about this one? - Ed.)

● It was the night of a thousand stars! Well, quite a lot anyway. As **Prince Charles** stood there and **Princess** Bugged about, ate popcorn and was miraculously saved from a stray mouse (?) by a brave policeman, the squillions of pop persons turned up for this year's two Prince's Trust concerts. **Carsley** **Killed The Cat**, **Alice Heyet**, **Bryan Adams** and **Labi Siffers** all did 'sets' of their own and then the "supergroup" came on whizzing through "If I Was" (with **Midge Ure**), "Stand By Me" (with **Ben E. King**, **Boy George** and many others)... Through The

Barricades (with **Gary Kemp** and **Tony Hadley**), and **Elton John** songs (with, **shem**, **Elton John**). "Don't Look Down" (with **Ge West**), "With A Little Help From My Friends" (with ex-Beatle **Ringo Starr**), some Eric Clapton songs (with **Eric Clapton**), some **George Harrison** songs (with ex-Beatle **George Harrison**), and so on and so on. On the second night **Paul Collins** and **Paul Young** also turned up, dueling on "You've Lost That Loving Feeling". At the party afterwards: **Ben Voltinгаминг** offered Diana his hat.

▲ **Rupert Everett** in a club he "fell completely in love with her". Calling her someone with a "small curvy body with sexy eyes who lets you know instantly she's in control", **Rupe** says: "I didn't expect her to be so tiny. I happen to be rather tall and as I stood there looking down at her I thought 'wouldn't it be wonderful if I could pick you up and put you in my pocket?'" Be it with you, scamp... **Pets 13**: Kangaroos are stupid Australian boarding mammals and have got no apparent connection with **Bruce Willis** at all. Which is why Mutterings is giving up this natural history David Attenborough there-we-are-in-a-Peruvian-cave-covered-in-bat-s-pooch" talk right now **Gossip Scandal!** Aaaaahh that feels better! **Bruce Willis!** Yippe! (?) So who is he going out with? **Singer Vesta Williams** who says "we've been crazy about each other for months" he's bought me some amazing presents including a diamond necklace??" **Across Janet Jones** who has apparently just moved into his Beverly Hills mansion? his "longtime" girlfriend **Sherry Rivera**? Actually Mutterings hasn't the foggiest. Oh well... at least Mutterings does know everything there is to be known about the Prince's Trust concert at Wembley Arena a few days ago. Such as

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