

SMASH HITS

PET SHOP BOYS
ANITA DOBSON & BRIAN MAY
JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

WET WET WET
LOS LOBOS
HUE AND CRY
BEASTIE BOYS
JOHNNY LOGAN



MADONNA:

THE TOUR! THE FILM! THE RECORD! THE TRAUMAS!
THE HUBBY! THE COUGAR! THE DOG CALLED HANK! (?)...

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Oh Shop Records

Just why are the Pet Shop Boys 'loitering here'? It was they'd like to tell us about their new single, a duet with rather fabulous '60s singer Patsy Springfield called 'What Have I Done To Deserve This?' [Yes - Ed.] Thought so. Well then?

"We started off ages ago just with the title back when I was still working at Smash Hits," explains Neil Tennant, "and then after we wrote the song with Allee Willis, an American songwriter and performer who co-wrote Earth Wind & Fire's 'Boogie Wonderland'. We were sitting there thinking who could do it as a duet and someone suggested Patsy Springfield because they knew we both liked her. It seemed such an outrageous thing to do so we asked her. The first time we were turned down - she says she never heard the tape - but then she said 'yes'."

"It's quite funny," says Chris Lowe. "She said 'do you think it'll get to number one?' and I said 'I don't know' and she said 'because you know I've only ever had one number one'. I assumed every record she'd done had been number one. So I just said 'oh really, we've had two actually' and she gave a smug smile. It didn't take it as a joke." Good. The single is released on August 10 as a 7", 12", and cassette single (with a compact disc single "to follow"). The 12" has an extended version and a "totally different" disco remix by dance person Shop Pettibone; all of them have a song called "A New Life" on the b-side which they co-wrote with Melissa Springs (who sang on "West End Girls").

They also appear on an Elvis Presley special in early August made by Central TV (along with Boy George, Robert Plant and others) doing their own version of a chosen Elvis Presley song - in their case a hi-energy version of "Always On My Mind". And then finally, on September 7, their new LP "Actually" appears.

"It's called that because we do say 'actually' quite a lot as Shop Pettibone pointed out," explains Neil.

"We'd come into the studio in the morning and say 'it sounds quite good actually' - of course 'quite good' is actually our highest praise - and he was annoyed we didn't say 'it sounds brilliant'. He'd go (shouts) 'actually actually ACTUALLY. . .'. We also like it because, like 'Piece', it's quite English sounding."

"And it's funny," pipes Chris, "and it's not arrogant like some people's album titles."
"No," says Neil. "It's not 'The Hardline According To The Pet Shop Boys'. It's more like 'The Softline. . .'"

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Photo: Andy Gatten



STAGE DOOR



A Dusty Springfield as she was then.

Photo: LFI

SPRINKLER
STORAGE
INSIDE

THIS MAN WANTS TO BECOME A POP STAR!



Oh look, it's **Gary Wilmot** – wibbly-faced impressionist who goes on about people's blustery engring and the like in his "comedy" show *Cue Gary*. But! Did you know he's about to become the world's most rich 'n' famous pop star? No? Well, that's because he isn't! But he might become a bit of a pop star with his first ever pop tune "Don't Fight Destiny". Which might have something to do with the fact that...

- He's ancient! (i.e. 33)
- He's the son of Harold Wilmot – grizzly old crooner who had a hit in the '50s with legendary pop milestone "I Am A Mole And I Live In A Hole"
- He used to be a waiter in a horrible nighterie in Spain where he'd do impressions – and if the customers laughed I got bigger tips!
- He was "discovered" on crusty "talent" programme *New Faces*
- He's got a wife called Carol and two nippers called Katie and Georgia and up until he started making *Cue Gary* the longest he'd ever been away from them was two whole nights!
- His most prized possession is an embroidered table-cloth handed down to him by his dad!
- What a cry-baby he is!

CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q. What is Dracula's favourite song?
A. "Living In A Box"

● That so-called joke (hern bami) was sent in by Two Spotty Aliens Who Live On Mars it says here. If you've got a monthly stream of puns of humour please send it to Smash Hits Crap Joke Corner, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

**Q. WHO PRACTICALLY INVENTED MEL AND KIM?
A. STOCK, AITKEN AND WATERMAN!**
**Q. WHO'S BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR OVER 50 HITS?
A. STOCK, AITKEN AND WATERMAN!**
**Q. WHO'S PROBABLY THE MOST SUCCESSFUL POP
TRIO IN THE WORLD?**



▲ From left, Aitken, Waterman and Stock



▲ *Dear Ol' Olive* – successful pop tune after Stock, Aitken And Waterman produced "You Spin Me Round" and "Brand New Lover"



▲ *Ferry Aid* arranged and produced by Mike Stock, Matt Aitken and Pete Waterman.



▲ Not only did Stock, Aitken And Waterman write and produce all but one song on Princess' debut LP, including her three hits, they also wrote sleazy Samuel Fox's chart topper "Nothing's Gonna Stop Me Now". What a more the records have just written and produced Mandy Smith's next single!



▲ Bananarama: pulled out of the dumper by our three heroes with hits such as "Trixie Of The Night", "I Heard A Rumour" and "Venus"



▲ Mel And Kim: Stock, Aitken and Waterman have written and produced every single one of their hits.

Er... **Stock, Aitken And Waterman**, that's who – and not only have they been responsible for three number ones, but only a month ago they had 14 records in the top 100 all at the same time! So how come you've never heard of them? Well, mes amis, that's because they are record producers i.e. they're talented at writing songs for other people and making their records sound good (Bananarama, Mel & Kim, Sam "Fox", Princess, Debbie Harry and ABC owe them quite a lot of thanks for starters) but they reckon they're far too ancient (total age 105) and unswonable to come out from behind their "mixing" desk. What they've done now therefore is resort to a little skulduggery – i.e. they've made their own single, "Roadblock", which sounds remarkably like a "rare groove" record. "Rare groove" is a kind of early '70s American funk which is incredibly popular in clubs at the moment, basically, the more obscure and difficult to get hold of a record is, the more trendy and "cool" it becomes. So Stock, Aitken and Waterman initially pressed only 500 copies of "Roadblock", had the sleeves flown in from America (so they were made of the right kind of card), designed their own ultra-tacky label and included no information except for their lawyer's New York telephone number.

Within 24 hours he'd been deluged with calls from funk fans trying to find out who the record was by; some DJs were even claiming to have the "original" '70s version (which, of course, didn't exist). By the time all the important soul DJs had worked out the truth, everyone liked the record so much they carried on playing it anyway. The rest, as they say, is "history": for "Roadblock" is ferwizzing up the spinwaky charts even as *Bitz* speaks. And now ver SAWs (as *Bitz* likes to call them) have got another problem: rather than spending "22 hours a day in the studio" as they claim normally to do, they've got to appear in public in all their unwholesome "glory". So, will they wear masks like those other not-very-shadesome record producers The Art Of Noise? Apparently not. "They won't be pretending to be spammers, but there's no way they'll be boning either," pipes an optimistic spokesperson. "In fact, they're working on their image at this very moment. Their ages alone make them different – they're totally perfect non-pop stars. They've got absolutely nothing to do with credibility..."

How very true.

LUTHER VANDROSS – THE KNOWN “FACTS”



- He started his career as a “session” musician, singing adverts for people like Coca-Cola
- His first big so-called break came when Carrie Davidson spotted him and asked him to sing backing vocals on his “Young Americans” LP
- He used to be a bit of an over-eater, but then he got so fed up with being stout that he lost an amazing nine stone in 18 months, spreading rumours that he was actually dying of a terrible wasting disease
- His favourite hobby is watching soap operas and his favourite colour is pink
- He is so rich now, even though “I Didn’t Really Mean It” is his first British single hit, that he thinks nothing of spending £300 on a shirt and he also owns a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes
- Blame what a swart!

THIS MAN’S NAME IS KENNY G AND HE LOVES SKIPPING



Things! It’s moodying bugley bloke Kenny G who looks just like a mazin’ axe-hero except he’s nothing of the sort, he’s really a highly renowned jazz swank-saxophonist of some “note”!!

And even as we speak the entire

swooniverse is canoodling in its current instrumental chart dribbler “Songbird”. Sniffle. The “G” stands for Gorelick, he’s a 27 year old Gemini from Seattle, Washington, he’s a fanatical lookin’ good ‘n’ feelin’ fit type who eats no meat, no cheese, no milk, no eggs, no fish... not very much at all ackchole! – hence the sparrow-like “chest”!! And his favourite form of exercise is skipping! In fact Kenneth spends a lot of time skipping around shrieking “this is gonna be the latest craze, man” to which the surrounding galaxy sniffsle “What a grry...” (That last bit’s not entirely true.)

WIN AN EXTREMELY SMALL SINGLE!

(It’s only a minuscule 5 1/2" across)



Consider the humble record, a round black thing with a hole in the middle. We are accustomed to these fun packed objects coming in two sizes,

12" wide for LPs and dance singles, 7" wide for ordinary singles. Imagine Biz’s surprise then when we discovered those wacky Westworld people were issuing a special edition of their latest single “Where The Action Is” in a very small version indeed – only 5 1/2" across! Immediately we sent out for 50 copies of the object to examine this phenomenon, and we were indeed amazed at the diminutive nature of the sweet little thing. Now, dear reader, we can pass these wondrously small objects on to you. If you want a tiny version of this song by the thrilling threesome Westworld as you have to do with which of the following pop stars is actually the most minuscule (i.e. the shortest): a) Al Wilsey Houston, b) Nick Rhodes of Duran Duran, c) Robert Smith of The Cure or d) David Bowie? Answers on something very big indeed to: **Smash Hits Size Is All Relative Really Isn’t It Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PP by August 11.



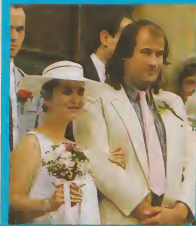
PRINCE’S PERY PALS No. 78: Jill Jones

64 I thought he was really arrogant when Al first met him,” quips 23 year old Jill Jones, songstress and pal of Prince – “we were too much alike. It’s quite scary when you meet someone who’s a lot like you, who’s very naive and a bit of a little sploit brat to be perfectly honest. I misinterpreted his shyness as arrogance. It’s like me, I can come on really cold if you don’t know me.” Young Jill first met Prince when she was a teenager singing backing vocals for the support act on his “Dirty Mind” tour (“I didn’t really have much idea who he was at the time, to be perfectly frank”). But no matter, they became chums and he kept in touch with her which is how he ended up singing on his records and joining Prince’s pery group Vanity 6: “I used to go on stage wearing just underwear and a bra... we really liked to wear lingerie.” And now she’s got her own solo single out called “Mia Bocca” which means “my mouth”. It’s just a way of saying “Kiss Me... Do you want my mouth?” explains Jill.

Strewth. What a perv.

APOLITICIAN MUST NOT NEVER WRITE MINORITIES, PLEASE READ! But we did miss a bit of a copy in the last issue. We can offer the lyrics to “Sold” by Boy George were reproduced by permission of Disc James Music Ltd. We were wrong. The actual publishers are Guinness Limited. We’re sorry, you’re not responsible for being tripped at you read this.

POP STARS GETTING MARRIED PART 412: FISH



Goon. Isn’t there a lot of matrimony around these days? First there’s Paul Weller and songstress Debbie Goon who are supposed to have got spliced, then there’s Siobhan from Bananarama and Dave Stewart of The Eurythmics who are getting wed any second now, and now look at this! Fish of Manikion is doing the decent thing and slipping the ring on the true love’s finger. “Ah, you cry, but that’s just a photo from the video of Manikion’s single “Sugar Mice” in which he pretends to get married. Indeed it is. But, spookily enough, Fish is actually getting wed in real life to his girlfriend Tammy in a few weeks time. What a son of a gun? What japes! Just think of all the completely useless wedding gifts, just think of all the millions of toasters they’ll get! Just think of all those very handy yoghurt makers etc. etc. Biz wishes the “happy couple” all the very best. Ahem, pray silence for the bride and groom!!



▲ Pseudo Echo (from left: Pharr Gifford, James Leigh, Brian Carlinham, Vince Leigh).

PSEUDO ECHO:

“WE’RE ALL SHORT AND FAT”

- They’re four swoonsome hunks who have been topping the charts in their native Australia where they’re thought to be “rather good looking”, although they maintain that “we’re all short and fat”.
- Their name comes from a sound effect pedal on a synthesiser!
- Their single is a cover version of the disco “classic”, “Funkytown”!
- “Funkytown” was first recorded by an American group, Lups Inc., who rocketed to the number two “spot” in 1980 then promptly disappeared completely off the face of the earth!
- Pseudo Echo claim they’re “taking a good song and making it into a great rock’n’roll record” – others would disagree!

BITZ

BIRTHDAYS

JULY

30 **Kate Bush** (29)
31 **Norman Cook** of The Housemartins (24)

AUGUST

1 **Joe Elliott** of Def Leppard (27)
3 **Kia Baddeley** of Sade Of Destiny (31)
5 **Pete Burns** of Dead Or Alive (28)
Robert Frederick Zemon Galsford (i.e. Sir Bob Geldof) (33)
7 **Bruce Dickinson** of Iron Maiden (28)
8 **Lorraine Pearson** of Five Star (32)
The Edge (i.e. David Evans of U2) (28)
9 **Whitney Houston** (24)

Q: What have these two people got in common?



▲ Millie, the 14 year old songbird whose "My Boy Lollipop" launched a record company.

Photo: LBJ

▲ Buster Bloodvessel, the party pop performer with the group Bad Manners, who took Millie's song back into the charts 18 years after it was first released. Buster is also "remembered" for his rather risqué rendition of "The Can Can" and for wearing a dress on Top Of The Pops.

A: Not a lot, how haw. But they do share one distinction – they both had a hit with a bubbly little song called "My Boy Lollipop" and thereafter became rapidly less famous. The one with the tongue and the perv-shorts is **Buster Bloodvessel**, whose group Bad Manners had a hit with it in 1982, although they changed the name to "My Girl Lollipop". The one with the teeth and the hair is **Millie**, who had the original hit in 1964, when she was a mere 14 year old. It was the first ever "ska" (an early type of reggae) record to become really popular, reaching number two in the charts, but unfortunately Millie's fame was to be short-lived. In 1965 her last hit – "Bloodshot Eyes" – just scraped to number 50, then swirled right down the dumper and young Millie followed straight behind. But now – NOW! – to celebrate the 25th birthday of her record label, Island Records, her original version of "My Boy Lollipop" has just been re-released since it was the company's first ever hit. She is, in a word (or three), back back Black!!! Bravo, ma'am (wherever you are).

A BITZ 'ISN'T THAT OLD WHAT'S HIS NAME BEFORE HE BECAME FAMOUS?' QUIZ



1. For 10 points name the soon-to-be-famous person on the right with the funny white hat on.
2. For 50 points name the about-to-be-famous woman who he's grappling with and say which famous shipmate she's married to now.

ANSWERS

1. It is of course none other than Nick Katt, joining in a bit later than in 1990 when he was modelling for jeans. The chap, when the chap was modelling for jeans, later went on to become actor. He wears a hat? Not a hat, but a wig!

2. It's Kimble Pearson, who went on from her modelling career to become Simon Le Gall's "Woman in White" who won't do!

COMPETITION



... boing! ... boing! ... boing! ... boing! ... boing! ... boing! ... ah, viewers, wouldn't you utterly wheezing if you were a kangaroo? No more clambering over parkland fences escaping from ruddy-nosed "parkies" demanding one relinquish one's newly pilfered daisy-chains. Just think – with one tightly boing! one could thwart the smugness of the very tall 'n' non-seeforable persons who always stand at the front at waltzeresque pop concerts. And one could carry one's thrupenny raspberry 'n' egg cheese, several bendy pipe-cleaners, one tin of Polyfilla Extra-Spongy Wallpaper Paste and two cans of bubbling im-Wm™ in

one non-flapable pouch all at the same time!! Ah, 'tis the life of a kangaroo for Bitz. And, as we all know, the best way to become a kangaroo is to "sport" a fifty pair of foamerilant trainers with built-in superboing! Just like these Adidas ones here, come to think of it.

So, Bitz, wishing all its viewers to experience this most springing of...erm, experiences is going to give away 10 pairs to you. And there's 10 Adidas t-shirt, 10 Adidas sweat-shirts and 10 umbrellas! Thus turning one instantly into the best-dressed, wrinkle-free kangaroo in the "bush". All any self-respecting kangaroo needs after that is some inspirational superboing music with which to aid those weary kipper-paws – for example the twinkling "Soul Searching" LP, containing therein songs by Ruby Turner, The Real Thing, Billy Ocean and Precious Wilson. And there are 25 of these to be had!

So to the question: "Jump To The Beat" was a big disco hit for Stacey Lattislaw, and "Jumpin' Jack Flash" was a so-called, classic Rolling Stones song. Which song by Van Halen similarly describes a kangaroo's favourite activity? Answers on a marsupial to **Smash Hits Soul Kangaroo Competition, 52-55 Camaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by August 11. Bin'g!

V. TRENDY BUT OBSCURE RECORD "NEWS"

● These ten unapologetically strong digipops are (very briefly and briefly) Beehive – the sisters who front 'Voice Of The Beehives' (a new group which includes Moody and Godson from Madness); Voice Of The Beehive appear on a new compilation LP, which is supposed to include the "cream of Britain's so-called indie groups. It's authority rises on the dotted line (check!) and includes lots of other "indie" type groups with silly names such as Crazyhead, Heads Of A Viper, Head Of David, North Of Greenwich, The Devil's Corners and The Doves. Extraordinary. Also included are songs by Crowe Four, the Valves (like the valence, however), Dave Howard Sings Fun Puro, The Wonderstuff and Galt, Jay!



● Stupendous put-them-on-take-them-off shirts!

● A terrific LP packed with sweetlymergny steamy soul songs!

● Unbelievably useful Adidas "trainers"!

● A marvellous put-it-up-take-it-down umbrella!

HOW TO DANCE THE SO-CALLED ROWING DANCE TO THE TUNE OF THE GAP BAND'S "OOPS UPSIDE YOUR HEAD"

It's the sensation that's sweeping the nation!

Exactly seven years ago something rather weird began to happen in the nation's discotheques. Instead of standing up and wiggling on the dance floors like people were supposed to do they started sitting down and wiggling about! This was all part of something called *The Rowing Dance* and it was always performed to the tune

of *The Gap Band's* "Oops Upside Your Head". And now it (i.e. the tune) is BACK! So *Britz* thought it should clear up any of the confusion that surrounds this elegant dance by telling you exactly how to do it... First everybody has to sit down on the floor in a sort of conga line between the legs of the person behind you. And then...



▲ **STEP ONE:** Tip to the right.



▲ **STEP TWO:** Tip to the left.



▲ **STEP THREE:** Push the cars forward.



▲ **STEP FOUR:** Heave the so-called cars back



▲ **STEP FIVE:** Clap your hands on the right.



▲ **STEP SIX:** Clap your hands on the left.



▲ **STEP SEVEN:** Repeat the first six steps – to the tune of "Oops Upside Your Head" – until... er... you sort of fall into a hopeless muddle on the floor. Why it's as easy as ABC!



▲ **The Gap Band** (from left Ronnie, Robert and Charlie Wilson (they're all brothers you see)) whose peculiar "Oops Upside Your Head" inspired *The Rowing Dance*.

ERROL BROWN

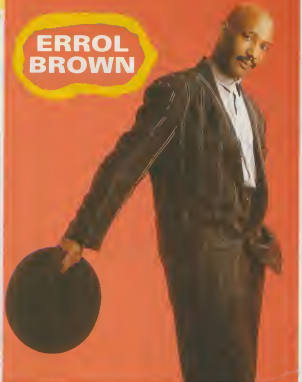


Photo: Andy Cullen

▲ Twenty-two hits and not a hair on his head! (Except for his moustache that is.)

Did you know that shiny-headed **Errol Brown** is one of the most successful pop stars ever? Did you know he owns his own racehorse? Did you know he owns a Roll Roycel (with a personalised number plate), as well as an E-Type Jaguar, a Porsche and a Mercedes? Did you know that in spite of being so v.v. rich he's still a keen Manchester United football fan and nips along to the terraces to see them whenever he can? Did...

"The terraces???" splutters Errol in horror. "Are you joking? I didn't get where I am today by going to the terraces? He squawks with laughter at the mere thought. "No, no, no! I sit in the directors' box."

And why ever not? For Errol Brown was once the singer with Hot Chocolate – a group so phenomenally successful in the '70s that they had at least one (but usually two or three) hits for 15 consecutive years. If you can imagine the Pet Shop Boys or A-ha going at the rate they are now for the next 10 years then you may have some idea of just how successful Hot Chocolate were.

Errol came to England at the age of 10 from his native Jamaica, leaving behind his dad whom he has not seen since. During a short spell in his first job at the Treasury Office in London's Whitehall ("I used to walk along with a broly and suit and a paper under my arm!") he suddenly – SHAZAM! – found that he had a natural ability to write songs. "It was amazing," he says. "It was like finding out you could be a great painter without ever knowing it."

Errol immediately formed Hot Chocolate with some friends and

after an initial flop in 1969 with a reggae version of John Lennon's "Give Peace A Chance" on the Beatless' own Apple label, Hot Chocolate started their incredible stream of hits with "Love Is Life" in 1970. From then on they kept on and on and on and on having hits all written by Errol; songs such as the touching "Emily" (written about the death of his mother), "So You Win Again" and the divinely jaunty "You Sexy Thing", which was all about falling in love with his wife-to-be.

But then, after 22 top 30 hits, Hot Chocolate suddenly split up. Why? "People get stale with each other," says Errol.

"It's the same as making love to someone for many years – in the end you're struggling! Ha, ha, ha!" (?)

Still, Errol did make rather a lot of money from his days with the group. "I made a lot and I spent a lot," he laughs. "I still own a racehorse which is an extremely exciting thing to have in your life. If you can ever own a little racehorse," he enthuses, "it is fabulous."

And now he's starting his solo career with the single "Personality Touch" and is, he confesses, as nervous as he was when he released his very first Hot Chocolate single all those years ago. So is it these worries of staying at the top that have sent him back as a "cool"? Apparently not. Errol's hair began to recede even before he was a pop star, so, *whhhhh!*, he shaved the lot of it to make himself look "hip". "I was always aware of looking hip," quips Errol.

Errol Brown – you're a hip old baldie and no mistake.

A Competition called Sport

BITZ

That's just one of the words people would say to YOU in the street if you were to sport any of the monumentally toffing t-shirts displayed on these very pages!! It's true! From far flung corner shoppes o'er the nation's pathways, you'll be spotted and filled with pride 'n' puffiness as you bask in such envious pipings as "Pntprhrtrhrp! You are brilliant!" and "I hate you. You're much more clever 'n' good-looking than me." Why, it's the seasonal clothing sensation that's sweeping the nation! And now you can win all these t-shirts for **Bitz** has 20! - 20!! of each of these 20 - 20!! dazzling, utterly official t-shirts with quite brilliant pop persons' names on to give away FREE.

So! Simply answer us this for a chance of winning a complete set of all 20 "designs": why is a t-shirt called a t-shirt? Is it: **a)** because it's in the shape of a "t" (if you wave your arms about a bit); **b)** it was first worn by Captain James "T" Kirk of the Starship Enterprise; **c)** "tea" planters in the Gobi desert (the least populated place on Earth where it never rains) first started wearing them because it was a trifle warm or **d)** if you put one in a spin-dryer for three hours it emerges as a rather handy "tea"-towel? Answers on a golf-"tee" to **Smash Hits/That's**

Quite A Spontogwingsplingeruddyllylant T-Shirt You've Got There, Mate!
Competition 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by August 11.

● All the t-shirts on this page are actually "official" t-shirts, i.e. they're approved by the groups involved. They are all (except the **Smash Hits** shirt) produced by **Mobile** and are available from major record "outlets" i.e. HMV, Virgin, Woolworths, Our Price, Music Market etc.

● To get your **Smash Hits "Lookin' The Way You Like and Likin' The Way You Look T-Shirt"** simply follow these instructions. **Step one:** Fill in your name and address on the coupon below. **Step two:** Make out a cheque or postal order to **Smash Hits T-Shirt Offer** for just £4.99 per shirt. **Step three:** Send both to **Smash Hits T-Shirt Offer**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF. **Step four:** Wait 28 days for your marvellous garment to plop through the letter box.



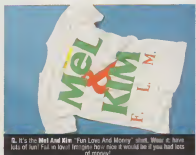
A. Designed by **Mep** or **Catnality Killed The Cat**, it's the (f)ruit-look-alike (w)avey-signals (c)atnality, if you look-tilt, it's either way & looks like a T-shirt



B. Smothered in drawings of men and women, it's, er, the **Simply Red - Man And Women** shirt.



F. It's the completely brilliant **Camo** sort of scaggy folk art special shirt!



G. It's the **Mel And Kim - Fun Love And Money** shirt. **Woe!** It's here! Lots of fun! Fun is great! (It's great! You see it would be if you had lots of money.)



K. For "intellectual" types, it's the **Billy Bragg - Back To Basics** shirt



L. It's the other **Catnality** shirt, featuring a swirly picture of Ben, Miki, Nick and Joe. To be worn with back-to-front hat

T-SHIRT COUPON

Please send me _____ **Smash Hits** t-shirts at £4.99 each.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

To: **Smash Hits T-Shirt Offer**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF.



P. It's the **Don Strate** shirt for folk who take their music seriously-like and just leave Mark Knopfler's incredible singer leading the pack!



Q. It's the special **Heavy Metal** shirt. Must be worn under lady denim jacket. This little number stars from Maiden's "Eddie" mascot

gotwingsPlingeruddyilliant!!!



C. Featuring pictures of the best of all people, it's the marvelous "Piv-Gut Over Exalted" Housemartins shirt.



D. It's the Level 42 (Rinôçérôse, the Party, Gagner) shirt. Put it on, Piv-Gut! You'll be a black fly!



E. It's Nick Katz! Next to your chest! What a thought!



K. It's an... the Notorious B.I.G. "Notorious" shirt.



I. It's the Zodiac Mindbender "Let's Get Romantic" shirt. Put it on, then don't wash it for months on end, just like Mr. Z. Mindbender himself!



J. It's the Micky Mouse special "Rock the Mouse" shirt. What! As featured by so-called hip hop fans. Very chise, don't you know?



M. It's the "official" Five Star shirt, as proud when as their ultra-herb! scribbled look!



K. It's the ultra Mel And Kim shirt, emblazoned with... (unreadable) picture of the best of all time!



O. It's USSR's Russian beer shirt, the writing actually means "USSR USSR" in Russian!



Like the... (unreadable) & a lot!



N. It's the Bob Dylan shirt, just the thing for those who think he's the best of all time!



E. It's the Smash Hits "Rockin' The Way You Live" shirt. What more can... (unreadable) be said about... (unreadable) than you... (unreadable) - GGK!

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MADONNA

Who's That Girl



THE NEW ALBUM



Includes the hit single

'WHO'S THAT GIRL'

and three more brand new MADONNA tracks
plus new music from SCRITTI POLITTI,
CLUB NOUVEAU, COATI MUNDI
...and more!

MADONNA — LIVE IN THE UK!

London WEMBLEY STADIUM
August 18/19/20



DISTRIBUTED BY **WEA** RECORDS LTD. A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS CO.

I was flicking through the channels on the TV
On a Sunday in Milwaukee in the rain
Trying to piece together conversations
Trying to find out where to lay the blame

But when it comes right down to it
There's no use trying to pretend
For when it gets right down to it
There's no one here that's left to blame
Blame it on me you can blame it on me
We're just sugar mice in the rain

I heard Sinatra calling me down through the floorboards
Where you take a quarter for a partnership in rhyme
To the jukebox crying in the corner
While the waitress is counting out the time

For when it gets right down to it
There's no use trying to pretend
For when it gets right down to it
There's no one really left to blame
Blame it on me oh you can blame it on me
We're just sugar mice in the rain

'Cause I know what I feel know what I want
I know what I am daddy took a raincheck



SUGAR MICE
MARRILLION

'Cause I know what I want know what I feel
I know what I need daddy took a raincheck
Your daddy took a raincheck
Ain't no one in here that's left to blame but me
Blame it on me blame it on me

Well the toughest thing that I ever did
Was talk to the kids on the phone
When I heard them asking questions
I knew that you were all alone
Can't you understand that the government
Left me out of work
I just couldn't stand the looks on the faces saying
What a jerk

So if you want my address
It's number one at the end of the bar
Where I sit with the broken angels clutching at straws
And nursing our scars
Blame it on me blame it on me
Sugar mice in the rain
Your daddy took a raincheck
Your daddy took a raincheck

Words and music by Marillion/Reproduced by permission Chrysalis
Music Publishing Co. Ltd./OnEMI Records

(Oh hey hey hey hey)
(A little boogie woogie) uh hah
(A little boogie woogie) oh yeah
(A little boogie woogie) alright
(hey hey hey)

Alright tonight's the night
Tonight I make my mind up
It's time to get it right just like we did before
Tonight's the night alright and though I know
You ain't quite sure you're getting more excited
'Cause you don't know what's in store

So what you gotta do is keep our little secret
Do what I tell you to and leave the rest to me
I'm guaranteeing you when I got in this kind of mood
I've got a little something I can introduce to you.

(A little boogie woogie) uh hah
(A little boogie woogie) oh yeah
(A little boogie woogie) alright
(hey hey)

CHORUS

'Cause when I'm inclined I usually find
A little boogie woogie in the back of my mind
'Cause when I'm inclined I know I can find
A little boogie woogie in the back of my mind

Hey today's the day I'll lay it on the line
The way to make you stay and keep me company
It's time to get my way 'cause night time is the right time
And when I'm feelin' fine I like my action guaranteed

Alright tonight's the night I can't wait any longer
I'm turning out the light and looking up that door
You might put up a fight but you'll be crying out for more
When you've been given what you really came here looking for

(A little boogie woogie) uh hah
(A little boogie woogie) oh yeah
(A little boogie woogie) alright
(Ooh ah)

REPEAT CHORUS

Oh

Alright tonight's the night I can't wait any longer
I'm turning out the light and looking up that door
You might put up a fight but you'll be crying out for more
When you've been given what you really came here looking for

A little boogie woogie
A little boogie woogie
A little boogie woogie
Keep it right every night

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

A little boogie woogie woogie woogie
A little boogie woogie in the back of my mind

REPEAT TO FADE

Words and music by Leadon/Dempsey/Sillier
Reproduced by permission MCA Music/Parade
On Epic Records

SHARIN' STEVENS

A Little Boogie Woogie

(In The Back Of My Mind)



THE "SECRET" LIFE

Who are these four Scottish scamps currently racing up the charts with "Sweet Little Mystery" while still living at home with their mummies?...

NEIL: "I'm the shy one of the group"

"I'm the quietest one..." says Neil quietly. "I'm very sort of shy and withdrawn. I don't usually talk very much. I think that's basically it..."

"What's the most horrible thing about being in Wet Wet Wet? It's just a pain sometimes.

Sometimes you just want to disappear for a day or whatever. It's just not what I thought it would be like, being in a band."

Neil takes a gulp from his drink: "It's been great fun too, though. It's been strange because when we were at number six in the charts with 'Wishing...' we were locked away in a studio recording our LP and we didn't really know anything about it. Then we played Manchester the other night and there were lots of screaming girls there. Usually Marti gets all the attention because he's the handsome one but they actually shouted my name, and I waved back. I've never experienced that before..." he tails off in wonderment.

When Neil left school he didn't have a clue what he was going to do. He used to earn a bit of money helping his dad out with his joinery business driving the van: "I didn't have a job though. I didn't know what to do. I think I settled on the group because there wasn't anything else to do.

"In the early days, it was just me, Tommy and Graeme playing all the time at Graeme's house. We all of us had a go at singing but we couldn't do it, so we got Marti because we remembered him singing at school. We didn't know it would turn out like this though. It's like a fairy story or something..."

Neil's voice trails off again. Tonight Tommy and Marti will end up staying up half the night with some Glaswegian mates of theirs, but Neil's just about to slink up to his bed to get an early night before the morning's flight up to Glasgow.

"Do I have any obsessions? Ah... I just like to be clean," he answers. "I like to have a shower twice a day. I just like to have nice hair and I like to present myself as clean as I can be."

How very refreshing.



NEIL

GRAEME

MARTI

OF WET WET WET

● GRAEME: "I'm the serious one of the group"

"I suppose," ponders Graeme seriously, "I'm the serious one of the group. I'm the organiser, the one who gets everyone in order. When it comes to interviews Marti's like the joker, the funny one. I suppose that I'm the one you have a serious conversation with – not too many jokes and stuff. That's the way I like it."

Graeme takes a sip from his drink: "The first time I met Marti," he recalls, "was when we were 11 year old kids playing in the same football team. We were really bad football players. I remember we always used to be the substitutes and we used to stand on the sidelines and chant. I remember one time we were coming back from a place called Dumbarton and the two of us didn't get a game all day and the

football manager came up to us and said: 'The two of you have got really good potential but I don't think the club will be needing you any longer.' At the time it was a real ego dent. That was a really hard thing for an 11 year old," he says morosely.

"Then when I was about 14 I went to see my first band – The Ramones. That's what first turned me on to it. I'd never seen anything like it in my whole life. I became a punk. I remember going round to see Tommy because I knew he played the drums and I had this bass with three strings on it. He'd been playing for a couple of years longer than I had and he was saying, 'look at that bass! It's only got three strings!'"

"I never really wanted a job – but I was a petrol pump attendant

for two nights, that was enough – it's the worst job in the world, and I worked in a Chinese restaurant washing dishes and that was quite good actually. It was a laugh. But that was a terrible stage of my life. We were coming down to London on the sleeper trying to get people to listen to tapes of the group."

But now a former pop star and tomorrow morning he's heading back northwards to stay with his mum. "Yeah, I still stay with my mother which is good because you get your washing done... well, I'm not saying that's all my mum's good for or anything like that."

"I suppose," he ponders, "they'll think I'm a trendy so-and-so at home now, just because they didn't expect us to get anywhere..."

● MARTI: "I'm the one girls throw themselves at"

"It's the 'in' joke of the band that I'm the one the girls throw themselves at. I laugh at it," says Marti, grinning broadly as he sits in the bar of the hotel where the group have been staying for the last few weeks since they became rather famous. "But I think that if someone's taken the trouble to pin a picture of me on the wall then I'm flattered. I was lucky to be given a nice smile 'n' all that. You know, I'm not The Elephant Man," he smirks.

Tomorrow Marti and the rest of ver Wets fly home to Glasgow, a city he still pines for.

"I miss home," sighs Marti. "We haven't been home for months except for the odd 10 seconds when I get back and pass my mum in the hallway. I still stay with my mother and father – I know a good thing when I see it. They let me do my own thing, and I show them a bit of

respect. I don't like to come in at all hours with millions of loud obnoxious women or anything like that."

Marti was the last Wet to join the group: at the time he was unemployed, and there he was, quietly going bonkers, without anything to do, when he got this phone call from Graeme, an old school mate. "He said, 'Hey, Marti, why don't you come down and give us a wee blast', and I said, 'Ooh, I don't know if I can do it, I'm not cut out for it.' But I went and had a go and that was me! I said 'Hell, I'm going to be a pop star!'"

And so, much to the dismay of his dad, Marti set out to become a pop star. "We played our first gig in Glasgow and suddenly everything went mental! Pffffff! We had people from record companies flying from Los Angeles to see us in their private

jets. We were so naive. I mean, I'd never even flown before and here was a record company saying we'll fly the band down to London to meet the company!!! There was another company which I'd have signed to straight away just because the man there bought me a pint of lager. I thought, 'He's alright!'. That's how naive we were."

And so, BINGO, they became pop stars in the end. And are they all still the four good school mates that they used to be? "Oh yeah, we all get on. We do have fights now and again, and I'll end up with a black eye – honestly, yeah! I mean friends will be friends. If you were with your best mate every hour of the day then some stupid thing's going to get on your nerves. But it's never got to the point of one of us saying 'I'm leaving.' I'm..."

Thank heavens...

● TOMMY: "I'm the least fanciable guy in the band"

"I'm the one with the worst haircut," announces Tommy brightly. Surety not.

"Oh come on! How many pop stars do you know with red hair and a side shed?"
A side shed?

"That's Scottish for a side parting... No, the trendy side of it doesn't bother me – I couldn't care about having an image. When I see a band with an image it bothers me. As for being fancied, I'm the least fanciable guy in the band, but it still happens purely because I'm in a band. That's a joke – I've got a girlfriend up the road so I'm not interested in all that nonsense."

Tommy first decided he wanted to become a pop star when he

was listening to a Status Quo live LP. "It's true!!! I couldn't believe it. If I listen to anything live it makes my hair stand up. So anyway, when they came to me at school and asked me what I wanted to do I said 'I want to be a pop star'."

"The first memory I have of Graeme and Neil was that they were punk rockers – I was in the year above them. Marti, he was a 'New Romantic'. He was this young guy who was so handsome and all the girls loved him but he was so shy he didn't realise that all the girls loved him and so they look it the wrong way and thought he must be dead big headed. He used to dress up as a 'New Romantic'... he had a side shed at that time as well, dyed

burgundy, and he loved Spandau Ballet, ha ha!

"I tried job offering for six months, earning £25 a week. It was terrible – having holes in your shoes all the time and being a horrible guy because you've got no money because you've spent it all buying a drum kit and at the same time trying to tell your parents, 'Look! This is what I'm trying to do.' They thought I was off my head, I'm sure."

But all that changed at a stroke when Wet Wet Wet finally became rather famous and had a top 10 hit with "Wishing I Was Lucky". And now? "I was nervous about us being one hit wonders?" blurt the genial Tommy. "Achhhh! Petrified!!!"



AWAY!



MICHAEL JACKSON

I JUST
CAN'T
STOP
LOVING
YOU

THE SMASH HITS



PRIZE CROSSWORD

WIN HMV'S
TOP TEN LPs



- 1 Whitney Houston Whitney
- 2 U2 The Joshua Tree
- 3 Genesis Invisible Touch
- 4 Echo & The Bunnymen
- 5 Bruce Willis Return Of Bruno
- 6 Curiosity Killed The Cat Keep Your Distance
- 7 Simple Minds The City Of Light
- 8 Janet Jackson Control
- 9 Verious The Island Story
- 10 Various Atlantic Soul Classics

HOW TO ENTER

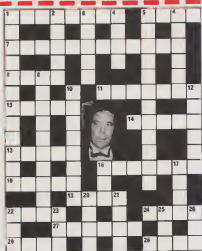
- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
- Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by August 11):
Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 36,
14 Holkham Road,
Orton Southgate,
Peterborough PE2 0YJ.
- The first correct entry out of Chris Heath's "savior" top gets HMV's top ten LPs (at the time of going to press).

ACROSS

- 1 See photo clue (3,5)
- 5 "— It" (Michael Jackson)
- 7 Duran Duran wanted you to meet him (2,10)
- 8 Chris de Burgh knew one who was clad in red
- 11 "----- I Love" (Shakin' Stevens)
- 13 Noddy, Close or Frey?
- 14 Just the job for soul singer Anita
- 15 Land that The Bangles' walkers came from
- 16 "Keep Your ----" (Herb Alpert) (3,2,2)
- 18 See 1 down
- 19 Mixed rice for Clepton (anag)
- 22 Top Of The ----
- 24 and 21 down The Bronskis' "encouraging" hit (4,4)
- 27 Eurythmical Anita
- 28 An award like Spandau's Hedley?
- 29 A puff for Kurtis and those Monkeys

DOWN

- 1 and 18 across Five Star's gentle finger movement (3,9,5)
- 2 Tom's cheese-eating cartoon opponent
- 3 Not nice this Janet Jackson hit
- 4 Singer amid The Crusaders
- 5 Abbe boom, Anna? This might bring a hit for Westworld (enag)
- 6 Dynasty character played by Joan Collins
- 9 Madonna's attempt to make someone look snazzy? (5,3,2)
- 10 and 20 "Ain't Nothing Going -- -- --" (Gwen Guthrie) (2,3,3,4)
- 12 Continental "Carne" admirers
- 16 Record label (1,1,1)
- 17 Not stereo
- 20 See 10 down
- 21 See 24 across
- 22 A bit of butter for Metheny?
- 23 Robbie's crafty chum
- 25 And Kim's respectable partner
- 26 Contemporary, like Order and Edition



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



SPEAR of
DESTINY
NEW SINGLE
WAS THAT YOU?



12" INCLUDES 3 LIVE TRACKS
recorded at THE HAMMERSMITH ODEON
on THURSDAY 30TH APRIL 1987



You do you recall about seven years ago
 Now you said that you were so tough
 And I loved it ooh
 Loved you for putting me down in a totally new way
 Down with the bad old sad old days
 Get away now
 But now you're too much pain for too little gain
 And I feel like I'm gonna fight back right now

Gonna withdraw my labour of love
 Gonna strike for the right to get into your heart
 Withdraw my labour of love
 Gonna strike for the right to get into your cold heart
 Ain't gonna work for you no more
 Ain't gonna work for you no more

Ha easy I know that you said it never was gonna be easy
 But not this hard
 You're so cold so cold
 The romance goes when the promises break
 My mistake was to love you a little too much

Gonna withdraw my labour of love
 Gonna strike for the right to get into your heart
 Withdraw my labour of love
 Gonna strike for the right to get into your heart
 Baby now withdraw my labour of love
 Gonna strike for the right to get into your heart
 Withdraw my labour of love
 Gonna strike for the right to get into your cold heart
 Ain't gonna work for you no more
 Ain't gonna work for you no more

I can't stand it I said I just don't want it
 I'm never gonna need it no way yeah
 I can't stand it said I just don't want it
 I'm never gonna need it anyway
 I don't want you I don't need you
 I don't need your tricks and treats
 Don't need your ministration your bad determination
 Had enough of you and your super bad crew
 I don't need your don't need your pseudo satisfaction baby

I can't stand it I said I just don't want it
 I'm never gonna need it anyway yeah
 I can't stand it I don't want it
 I don't need your pseudo satisfaction baby

Withdraw my labour of love
 Gonna strike for the right to get into your heart

Repeat twice

Withdraw my labour of love
 Gonna strike for the right to get into your cold heart
 Ain't gonna work for you no more

Words and music by P. Kane/G. Kane
 Reproduced by permission Chappell Music Ltd. On Circa/Virgin Records

HUE + CRY



Photos: Paul Fisher



TOMMY

MARTY

Photos: Paul Fisher

WET WET WET

Baby baby baby yeah
 Mr Union Man send me a telegram

My love has taken a tumble
 Ooh but I'm still standing
 You're such a natural
 Sing 'cause that's what you are
 Say I wouldn't steer you wrong now baby
 I wouldn't steer you wrong

It's just that sweet little mystery
 That makes me try try try
 It makes me try
 Sweet little mystery
 That makes me try try try

Didn't come to give you a sense of wonder
 Didn't I come to lift this heavy yonder
 Didn't I come to give you a sense of wonder
 To your life
 Say I wouldn't steer you wrong now baby
 I wouldn't steer you wrong

It's just that sweet little mystery
 That makes me try try try
 It's just that sweet little mystery
 That makes me try try try
 Sweet little mystery
 That makes me try try try
 It makes me try
 Sweet little mystery
 That makes me try
 It makes me try try try

And oh just think of the magic
 Ooh don't think that it's tragic hey hey hey
 Just stick of the magic
 C'mon listen my love has taken a tumble
 My love has taken a tumble
 C'mon listen my love has taken a tumble
 But I'm still standing

If you would only only only only only
 Only love me like you used to do
 Ooh ooh ooh it's just that sweet little mystery
 That makes me try try try try
 C'mon listen my love has taken a tumble
 Try try try try try try

My love has taken a tumble
 Come on come on come on now

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Wet Wet Wet
 Reproduced by permission Chrysalis Music Ltd/Precious
 Music Ltd. On Phonogram Records

SWEET LITTLE MYSTERY



NEIL

GRAEME

LABOUR OF LOVE

DOOPS UPSIDE YOUR HEAD



GAP BAND

Say ooops upside your head say ooops upside your head
 Repeat eight times throughout next verse

Pay attention
 Shut up there
 Pay attention
 He did I get you again
 Pay attention W.G.A.P.
 Now I want all you gappers and finger snappers
 You toe tappers and you love lappers
 I want you all to say this with me say it

Say ooops upside your head say ooops upside your head
 Repeat three times

I dig this groove groove on
 Ho just because you don't believe that I wanna dance
 Don't mean that I don't want to
 Just because you don't believe that I wanna dance
 Don't mean that I don't want to

Ho
 I don't believe that you wanna get up and dance
 Repeat four times

Ho it's alright
 Watch out I think I like that groove
 Can you sing it
 Ho it's lovely it's lovely it's lovely it's lovely
 I mean it oh

Say ooops upside your head say ooops upside your head
 Repeat to fade

Just because you don't believe that I wanna dance
 Repeat end of 4b to fade

Words and music by R. Taylor, Smokey R. Wilson/C. Wilson/R. Wilson
 Reproduced by permission MCA Music Limited. On Club/Phonogram Records



Echo and the Bunnymen

LIPS LIKE SUGAR

She floats like a swan
Grace on the water
Lips like sugar
Lips like sugar
Just when you think you've caught her
She glides across the water
She calls for you tonight
To share this moonlight

You'll slow down her river
But you'll never give her
Lips like sugar (sugar)
Sugar kisses (kisses)
Lips like sugar (sugar)
Sugar kisses (kisses)

She knows what she knows
I knew what she's thinking
Sugar kisses
Sugar kisses
Just when you think she's yours
She's down to other shores
To laugh at how you break
And melt into this lake

You'll slow down her river
But you'll never give her
Lips like sugar (sugar)
Sugar kisses (kisses)
Lips like sugar (sugar)
Sugar kisses (kisses) yeah

She'll be my mirror
Reflect what I am
A lover and a warrior
The King of Siam
And my Siamese twin
Alone on the river
Mirror kisses
Mirror kisses
Lips like sugar (sugar)
Sugar kisses (kisses)

Ripal to fade

When you're with me
I'm the only one
Who's got your heart
In his hands



SIMPLY RED



MAYBE SOMEDAY...

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12" INCLUDES PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED TRACK - "BROKEN MAN" - PRODUCED BY ELLIS HUCKNALL

W088

S

● **Yo!** We are two well wicked lads, Jason and Phil, looking for people to write to. We're both into Genesis, Level 42, Phil Collins, Beastie Boys, the Pet Shop Boys and U2. So get fresh and write to us at: 72 Castleveale Gardens, Redbridge, Ilford, Essex IG1 3QE.

● **Hi,** I'm a 15 year old Pet Shop Boys fan who is also into most other music as well. I also enjoy most sports and having a laugh so if you're 15 - please write to: Natalie, 19 Mayfield Grove, Ruppby, Warwickshire CV22 6DB.

● **Hi there.** Are there any European kids out there aged 13-15 who love Medonna, like Europe or are into Bon Jovi? Well if there are please write to: Stephen, 11B Woodland Avenue, Hutton, Brentwood, Essex CM13 1HW.

● **Is there anyone else out there who's interested in A-ha, Medonna and Kate Bush?** My name's Becky and I will try to reply to all letters. So get your pens out, pals, and get writing to: Becky, 10 Belgrave Close, Avenue Road, Acton, London W3 8QA.

P

● **Hi,** we are two 15 year old guys called Den and Met. We are into Simple Minds, Curiosity Killed The Cat, Level 42 and all other good groups. We will write back to anyone aged 14-16 who'd like to write to us: Matthew and Daniel, 17 Thornbury Wood, Chandlers Ford, Eastleigh, Hants SO5 1DP.

● **Hi,** my name's Louise and I'm 14 years old. I would like to write to anyone between the ages of 14-16. So if you have a good sense of humour and enjoy most music please write to: Louise, 50 Broad Oak Drive, Lancaster, Durham DH7 0DA.

● **Is there anyone out there who wants to write to a British guy living in West Germany?** Well, drop me a line if you're into fun, good music and more fun! I'm 23 but I don't really mind how old you are so please write to: Martyr Evans, Wiesenweg 68, 5144 Wegberg-Merbeck, West Germany.

● **Hi,** I'm Hayley and if you're aged 11-14 drop me a line. You must be American and also be mad on Huey Lewis and Michael J. Fox. If you're interested please write to: Hayley, 34 Spencer Road, Belper, Derbyshire DE5 1JY.

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 am a 16 year old bloke who is mad on Medonna. I also like most chart music, Neighbours and EastEnders. I would like to hear from anyone aged 15-20 so if you are interested write to: Jeremy, 4 Daiseybank Drive, Sandbach, Cheshire CW11 0JR.

● **Hi,** I'm 11 years old and like Owen Peul and Five Star etc. If you share the same interests as me get writing to: Emily, 36 Rochill Wood, New Ash Green, Dartford, Kent DA3 8DP.

● **Wow!** Are you deft enough to write to a complete stranger who likes It Bites, The The and Queen? If so write to: Stuart, 13 Longhill Gardens, Dalry Bay, Fife, Scotland.

● **Do you like Whemi, A-ha, Five Star, Europe or Heavy Metal?** Do you?? I'm don't bother writing to me! I'm a slightly demented girl who loves almost everything in life apart from school, the above groups and nasty people. My main loves include art, black, cheese, guys who wear Greek ish herman's caps backwards, going to concerts, Glasgow, Curiosity, Wet Wet Wet, The Communards, Suzanne Vega, Rose

Veia, Then Jerico, Swing Out Sister, The Waterboys, Black, The Bible, The The and Hipsway. If you're aged between 15-20 then write to: mc Elaine, 14 Breachac, Borthill, Alexandria, Dunbartonshire, Scotland G63 9NB.

● **Hi to everyone out there!** My name is Ronald and I'm 15 years old. I like all pop singers especially Madonna and Duran Duran. I also play a lot of games and sport. I would like penpals of any age or sex from all over the globe. If you are interested get writing to: 25 Jalan Her Hook Lung, Pasir Putih, 31650 Ipoh, Perak, West Malaysia.

● **Hi,** I'm a 14 year old Chinese girl and I'd like to write to anyone from anywhere in the world aged 14-18. I'm into Madonna, Mei 8 Kim, Nicki Kamen, River Phoenix and Whitney Houston. Please write to: Pui-Yuen Kan, 70 Maybridge Crescent, Homchurch, Essex RH11 1EL.

Bonjour! I'm almost 15 and I'm not French but I like Spendeu Ballet, Curiosity and nearly all modern music including some from the '60s. Any young people around 15 or 16 from anywhere in the universe please write to: mr Geoff, Saebig, 23 Tower Street, Heathfield, East Sussex TN21 8PB.

● **Hi,** my name is Jackie and I'm 13. I like Bon Jovi, A-ha and Queen. If you're 13-15 and have the same interests write to: 10 Longridge, Bromley Cross, Bolton BL7 9NP.

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MADONNA IN AMERICA

● In three weeks time Madonna finally plays her first-ever concerts in Britain. Who can wait? Well, we couldn't for starters, so we summoned Ian Cranna and flew him straight to Philadelphia. And this is what he saw. . .

One million and one tents!" Excuse me? "One million and one tents, hee hee hee! Look!" squeals Benedict the West Indian cab driver as we drive into the centre of Philadelphia from the airport. Sure enough, over to the left of the freeway are two giant stadiums and all around them, taking advantage of the glorious summer weather, are literally hundreds of fans camping out in small tents. There's also a huge traffic jam at the exit off the freeway leading to the stadiums, even though it's still only mid-afternoon, and the Madonna concert won't even be starting for at least another 30 hours. It's ruddy Madonna mania!

Except it isn't. These people are



▲ The "official" tour programme and a pair of tickets.

actually here for tonight's concert by Bob Dylan and the Grateful Dead (grizzled old hippy group from the '60s). For this is America, where not only has good ole "rawk n' roll" never died, but it's now actually staging something of a comeback. Madonna (who is playing tomorrow night) is a big star in America of course - she's on the cover of both *Cosmopolitan* (which is boasting the beauty and vegetarian diet secrets which have turned her into the exact opposite of her former pop-corn-eating, floozy self) and the scurrilous *National Enquirer*, which carries a truly touching story about Madonna's supposed latest reconciliation with Sean Penn. "Will you take me back as your husband? I'll love you and honour you forever!" Sean is quoted as pleading, down on his knees on a plane flight to Miami for the opening night of Madonna's tour. According to the *Enquirer*, "Madonna took both his hands in hers and replied lovingly 'I will!' (Shucks!)"

The next day the tents and the lines of traffic have all gone. Surprisingly, for someone who has sold more records (30 million) in America than anyone since Elvis Presley in the '50s and The Beatles in the '60s, Madonna's concert has not sold out. Not remotely sold out, in fact - some 6,000 seats (about an eighth of the capacity) remain unsold. Clearly there are limits to Madonna's superstar popularity, even amongst her own record buying fans. Hmmmm . . .



Photo: Retina

WHAT'S WHO'S THAT GIRL ALL ABOUT?



▲ Madonna and that cougar

As revealed by *Blitz* a couple of issues back the basic story involves Nikki Finn (Madonna) running round trying to find out who framed her for murder, being very cheeky and being followed by a pet cougar. We can now also reveal . . .

- In one scene she gets into a car by Loudon Trott (Griffin Dunne), sees a cougar on the back seat and says "oh, neat".
- On the set they actually had four cougars (guarded by four armed guards with rifles) used in rotation. They acted the best when they were hungry which was also when they were most dangerous - after a scene one cougar would be fed, go all lazy and the next one would be led on. When they were in a bad mood they bit chunks out of the back seat of the film's Rolls Royce.
- Madonna made the producers rewrite the film "several times" before she agreed to take part.
- She liked the film because she was "really excited about doing a real physical screenplay comedy."

The Veterans Stadium (where the American Live Aid was staged exactly two years ago to the day, fact fans!) is one huge arena. Normally it holds 62,700 people but tonight its capacity is cut to a "mere" 51,600 because of the staging which has been constructed at one end. In fact, the word "staging" scarcely does justice to the massive construction of 375 tons of equipment which takes no less than three days to put up at each venue. This means that for the whole Madonna tour there have to be three separate sets of staging overlapping each other around America, each requiring 23 semi-articulated trucks to transport it. The finished product, it has to be said, is very impressive. The front of the staging has been constructed to look like the front of a theatre and has been painted white. At either side stands a massive stack of speakers, discreetly screened behind black netting and beside them are two huge elevated video screens which will be used to relay close-ups of what's happening on stage. The actual stage area itself has been designed to look like an old-fashioned show setting - with several sets of steps, platforms and even a moving conveyor belt. There are also several sets of curtains and screens which are moved about as required.


The whole floor of the stadium (normally a baseball pitch) has been covered with plastic sheeting and in addition to the thousands of seats in tiers around the stadium, thousands more stacking chairs have been clipped together into rows on the plastic sheeting - a task that must have taken hundreds of hours. Dotted around the stadium are several large refreshment and merchandising stalls and it becomes apparent at once that an awful lot of money is changing hands tonight. A large Coke, for example, will set you back \$2.25 (£1.50) and a "regular" one \$1.75 (£1.25) although admittedly the American sizes are much larger than you'd get at a British show, even if they're also full of ice.

Meanwhile, over on the merchandising stall, a sweatshirt will cost you a mere \$27.00 (£18.00) or a t-shirt \$16.00 (£11.00). Too expensive? Well, a

▼ The Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia with no one in it.



Photo: Retina

A photograph of Madonna performing on stage. She is wearing a large, elaborate hat with a pink feather and a cluster of white flowers and yellow beads. Her outfit is a black spaghetti-strap top covered in a dense array of colorful, small objects like buttons, beads, and sequins, with a voluminous, ruffled pink skirt. She is holding a microphone to her mouth and wearing large, black, cat-like glasses. The background is dark.

**"I want you to know I have a
bad reputation — and that
everything they say is true."
— Madonna, Philadelphia,
July 13, 1987.**



MADONNA IN AMERICA

poster is a snip at \$5.00 (£3.50) or how about a button badge for just \$2.00 (£1.50)? A positive bargain at \$10 (£7.00) is the big tour programme and even with its poor layout and slim editorial content it's the best of a poor bunch. The clothing items are extremely disappointing both in quality and design for an artist of Madonna's status – it's a pity that the obvious effort put into the equipment construction hasn't been extended to the goods the fans are expected to buy as well.

Then, at last, after the rather amusing sight of a musclebound stage "hand" in a vest hovering the stage, at 9pm on a hot and sticky Philadelphia summer night, the stadium lights go down and a great roar goes up from the audience. Onto the stage (backwards) strolls "the kid" (as played by the brat Felix in the "Open Your Heart" video), pretending to be gazing up at all the equipment around him. He turns, sees the audience and dashes off in mock terror. This piece of pure Hollywood hokum sets the tone for what's to follow as Madonna, with the help of 17 songs, three backing singers, three dancers (including Shabbas Doo from the film *Breakin'*), seven musicians led by her "True Blue" LP co-producer Pat Leonard and four changes of costume, puts on a truly spectacular show that pays tribute to all those old Broadway-style musicals like *42nd Street* and *Singing In The Rain*, while bringing the idea right up to date.

Right after the kid has dashed off, up flashes a painting of a women's naked body onto a screen in the middle of the stage, followed by another painting in an older, almost medieval style of a fully dressed woman clutching a lyre or some such old fashioned string instrument. This too disappears and – GASP! – at the top of the stairs appears Madonna herself, clothed only in her famous blue pervy-corset. As she struts off her long gloves and proceeds to dance down the stairs, the screens rise to reveal the backing musicians and together they launch into a perfect "Open Your Heart". The sound quality is beautifully clear and the volume absolutely right, despite a bass sound which you can actually feel pumping up from the field beneath your feet. The video screens feature excellent close-up camera work and spot-on synchronisation. It's all very, very impressive.

"I was in Philadelphia two years



Photo: LPT

▲ "Are you ready to party?" Woocoooooh!

SO WHAT'S GOING ON WITH MADONNA AND SEAN PENN?

No one's got the foggiest idea though in recent months she has revealed the following "things"...

● They were introduced at the "Material Girl" video (the director was a friend of Sean's). "I looked down and noticed this guy in a leather jacket and sunglasses kind of standing in the corner looking at me. And I realised it was Sean Penn and I immediately had this fantasy that we were going to meet and fall in love and get married. Which is exactly what happened." All she did then was say "hi" "very coldly" and yet he still waited for hours until after dark to talk to her. "Who was just throwing questions at each other and being really provocative. I had given flowers to everyone in the cast and the crew of the video and I had just one left. So when Sean was leaving I said 'wait, I have something for you'. And I ran and I got this rose for him."

● All the media attention has been a bit of an unwelcome shock for Sean. "I've been dealing with the media since the very beginning of my career and Sean never really had to. I wanted it and I was sort of ready to deal with it and he wasn't. That's all there is to it."

● She says marriage is "a roller coaster."

● Apparently they've both changed each other. "I'm an impulsive person and he thinks about things for a long time. And he broods, and he's very suspicious in a lot of ways and I'm trusting and gullible. He's made me more tolerant. I think I've helped him to be funny."

● She reckons that "he has the most captivating intelligent look



▲ Mad and Mr. Penn. Their marriage, apparently, is "a rollercoaster."

in his eyes. He seemed to know so much about me, we liked so many of the same things I felt he was family already."

● She recently bought him a dog – half wolf, half Akita – that they've christened Hank. Madonna had always hated dogs and had always said to Sean (who wanted one) "no, it's too much responsibility, they get pes in the house and they get dog hair on your clothes" but changed her mind when offered a puppy by her co-star's hairdresser on the set of *Who's That Girl*. "I brought it home to him and said 'come outside, there's somebody out here wants to meet you'. When he saw this dog he looked like he was going to start crying. It was just like I'd had a baby and Sean saw it and just like died over it. He took it everywhere with him, he wanted to sleep with it. I was like, 'uh, what have I done?'"

ago and I definitely do not remember it being this hot," announces Madonna in her perv-corset as "Open Your Heart" closes. "With all these clothes on, I hope you won't be offended if I take a few more off... Are you ready to party?" Woocoooooh!

You could fill a large book just explaining what happens in the next extraordinary hour and a half. Most of the hits are here for starters: "Lucky Star", "True Blue", "Papa Don't Preach", "Dress You Up", "Material Girl", "Like A Virgin", "Love To Tell" and "Into The Groove", along with some of her better LP tracks, like "White Heat", and "Where's The Party?", plus "Causing A Commotion" and "The Look Of Love" off her new LP, "Who's That Girl".

Then there's all the costume changes, which are actually very well executed. There's the simple dress donned for "Lucky Star" and the sparkly gold and black suit for the mock shooting and knockabout fighting in the James Bond send-up during "White Heat". Then there's the more than noticeable riot of a bad taste costume in loud pink and glitter (à la Dame Edna Everage) for "Dress You Up" as Madonna emerges from a British red telephone box on the conveyor belt and finally the Spanish outfits for the encores of "La Isla Bonita", "Who's That Girl" and, last of all, "Holiday".

Most spectacular of all, however, is the use of slides and films. The lighting is absolutely first class, using different colours and shapes on the various screens and backgrounds to match the mood of the songs. But more than that, everything, including the white theatrical stage front itself, is also used as a screen for the projection of different images to tie in with each particular song – such as Hollywood scenes for "Material Girl" or a "Wanted" poster for "White Heat". Like the other encores – the telephone box for "Dress You Up" or giant shooting gallery-type cutouts of gunmen ("White Heat" again), it's used sparingly and with spot-on accuracy, thus making it doubly effective.

And all the while Madonna herself is leading the action – dancing and throwing herself about, up and down stage, sometimes play-acting with the other dancers, other times involving herself in routines with the backing girls (who can turn in a pretty mean dance routine themselves). As a show, it's absolutely brilliant and must have cost a fortune to produce and taken weeks of rehearsals to get it exactly right. And yet...

And yet there are times when you feel that it's all just a show – with nothing more behind it than a TV spectacular, coming from a girl whose sole motivation is simply to be famous. Also, some of her remarks to the audience don't quite ring true, such as the "I want you to know I have a bad reputation – and that everything they say is true" introduction to "Causing A Commotion".

At other times, however, Madonna can be very funny – like when she says "stop throwing your underwear up here – I don't wear it!" or looking up her backing girls' dresses during "Like A Virgin" and making "pull the other one" type faces (clearly highlighted on the video screen).



WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH MADONNA'S ACTING CAREER?

As well as her new film *Who's That Girl* she:

- Acted in a play at the Lincoln Center last August called *Goose and Tomtom*.
- Has formed her own "film development company" called Siren films which is looking into adapting two French melodramas (one is called *Cleo From 5 To 7* by someone called Agnes Varda) into films for her to star in. Both are apparently about "women who act on the courage of their affections in a morally inscrutable world".
- Was supposed to star in *Blind Date* and refused to co-star with Bruce Willis: "I was supposed to have approval of the leading man and they didn't tell me they'd already hired Bruce Willis. That... just didn't work out."
- Is still fed up about *Shanghai Surprise*. "It was as different as I could get from *Desperately Seeking Susan* and a truly miserable experience." She now reckons trying to be a prim'n'proper missionary may have been a mistake. "... It's deadly when you second-guess public opinion. Your best bet is to stay true to yourself."
- She's turned down the film version of *Evita*.
- "I had several meetings and read tons of literature on it but they insisted on doing an operetta kind of thing and the only way that doing *Evita* would interest me is as a drama so it didn't work."
- She turned down another film *Siesta*, by someone called Mary Lambert because it involved her romping around with no clothes on. "I loved the script but I couldn't deal with all the nudity. I'm at a stage in my career when any kind of nudity would be an incredible distraction."
- She refuses to make violent films. "I think it's really difficult for Americans to express passion and desire in movies. Something bad always has to happen — violence, or the relationship doesn't last. I'm attracted to roles where women are strong and aren't victimised. Everything I do has to be some kind of celebration of life."
- She's also mentioned another film she's "developing", featuring "a mother who does everything for the sake of her child."



▲ Bruce Willis: "didn't work out."



▲ *Shanghai Surprise* "a truly miserable experience."

▲ The "official" Madonna tee shirt

And when her real character does peep through, like on "Papa Don't Preach", it suddenly seems brilliantly adventurous. Following the blue sky projected at the start of the song, there come ominous black thunder clouds followed by slides of a massive cathedral and then "Papa" himself, the Pope. As the song goes on Madonna slips quietly to the side of the stage and "falls asleep" on a chair. Then follows a nightmare sequence of film — partly screened images like a masked surgeon looming up under operating theatre lights (to take away the baby) and partly an animated cartoon sequence involving everything from gravestones to runaway stagecoaches to crowds cheering "Ronald Reagan!" Eventually though the film resolves itself happily with pictures of smiling kids and lots of all in giant letters, the words SAFE SEX.

Well, Gawd bless yer, Ma'am! (In fact, a couple of days later Madonna played a benefit show for AIDS in New York stinging the wealthy for \$100.00 a ticket.)

Eventually, after the massed fun dancing of song number 17 "Holiday", Madonna makes her final exit and at 10.27pm it's all over. There are no people cherishing themselves hoarse, no chanting or community singing — just quiet, orderly dispersal as if in a way we have all been watching a TV show. And yet the merchandising men have been totally cleaned out again and another 45,000 people have seen the remarkable Ma Madonna. The 375 tons of equipment are loaded up, the 23 trucks get ready to go and in just three weeks time they'll all be driving towards London's Wembley Arena. Well, can you wait?...

▼ Some American "kids" who like Madonna and look a bit of a state.



Photo: Reuters

SOME OTHER MADONNA SPOOK FACTS:

- When she was eating recently in a New York hotel she only agreed to give the head waiter an autograph in return for lots of "those really thin water cookies".
- She says she's a workaholic: "I hate taking breaks — people come back lethargic, the energy's down. I mean, I bring my soya milk and my apple and my rice chips to the studio and I just want to keep working straight through."
- She reckons she gets scared a lot. "The truth scares me. Being alone scares me. Failure scares me. Dying scares me. I don't think in that sense I'm any different from anybody else."
- She tries to live as normal a life as possible. "I don't go around in limousines, I don't have bodyguards, I like to be pretty low key. When I'm shopping and people in the stores say 'can I have your autograph?' I give them autographs. If I had a bodyguard the bodyguard would get rid of them, but then he'd follow me everywhere."
- Her Spanish-style villa in Malibu, California is in a canyon surrounded by 50 acres of "It's wonderful! We have a big gate so it's pretty private and we have a view of the ocean and great mountains in the back yard."
- When she's there she misses New York "so I come back and get a taste of it, get everything stolen, get my nerves racked, get splashed by taxi cabs and then I go back to the nice weather."
- Madonna has a cleaning lady who comes in twice a week but she still likes washing the dishes herself. "I have this cleaning impulse sometimes. I think I got it from my stepmother who cleaned everything in sight all the time."
- Her lawyer is fed up that she's got so thin. "He's like 'you've lost weight— my daughter's going to be so upset. You finally gave girls who are voluptuous a new lease on life, don't get any skinnier, OK?'"
- The other week she had a sapphire bracelet stolen from her New York hotel room — at the previous hotel she'd visited, her engagement ring had been pinched.
- Sean bought her a white-and-coral '56 convertible Thunderbird car for her 27th birthday but she crashed it: "I ran into something while I was on the phone."
- In other words while she was on her car phone. "Yeah," she admits, "kind of disgusting."



'A-WHAM-BAM-A-LAMB-BAM-A-



PHILIPS

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▲ "I know. It's like a... by the... face. Here's me try... and spinner if you would please..."



▲ "Wow... it's... a... am I just... a...?"



Bigger than the big bike who lives next door but one! A whole lot bigger than a so-called Big Mac! And possessed of more than enough inches to snuff this rather "cute" but quite obviously mad bike who'd have to climb up a ladder to try to get it open. The clot! For all you have to do to reveal the inner secrets of this quite extraordinary object is say the magic words "Look, I'm getting a bit tired of all this spanner talk and I really would like a drink please" and **GLUG!** the door opens to reveal a spanking Sony hi-fi system consisting of a turntable, cassette deck, CD, tuner, amplifier and equaliser (whatever that is). Keep it in the fridge! Try to carry it up the stairs! Charge people money to hang-glide off the top of it! In fact, do just whatever you want to do with it, if your name is the first correct entry out of the "hat" because we're giving it away! Oh yes! And we're giving away 100 copies of the new Coca-Cola music trivia game **PLUS!** 100 Coca-Cola t-shirts to runners-up. The question: What is the tallest type of animal in the world? Is it: a) the giraffe; b) the Empire State Building; c) Big Country or d) the elephant with its trunk in the air?

Answers on a tape measure to Smash Hits/ Coca-Cola Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orion Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF by August 11.



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Personal

JOHN

FULL NAME: Sean Patrick Michael Sherrard. I changed it to Johnny Logan about nine years ago because this Italian bloke who was managing me reckoned that I would never make any money singing under my real name. The funny thing is that his name was Roberto Monte Cristo ha ha ha! And my father changed his name as well. He was born Charles Alphonsus Sherrard but he was a singer too so he changed his to Patrick O'Hagan. All my family and all the band still call me Sean.

BORN: 13/5/54 in a place called Frankstown near Malbourn in Australia. I left there when I was three when the whole family moved to London. Both my brothers were born in London and my sister was born in Scotland. We had to move around, you see, because my dad was singing in these different countries. We were all born on the road. (?) I was the Australian tour obviously, my brothers Mick and Eamonn were the English dates and my sister Fiona was the Scottish tour. Mick's in my band now and Eamonn runs this industrial cleaning firm in a place called Surfairs Paradise back in Australia. Does he surf? Not unless you can surf into a pub ha ha! Fiona's out there as well, running an entertainment complex and chasing after all the men in Australia. My mum has a full-time job tormenting my father. Everyone calls her "the mother of sorrows" 'cos she's always sorry about something! A real typical Irish mum.

FIRST CRUSH: I had two actually. One was a girl called Jean who was born on the same

"Maybe my kids will turn out as journalists and work for *Smash Hits!*"

day as me and who I really fancied but I didn't get anywhere. Not even me! The other one was Diana Rigg in *The Avengers* — she used to wear these really tight leather outfits which were quite something for me sitting there watching in my sea-scout's uniform! Yeah! Really gets you going when you're about 11!

FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: An LP called "Ace Of Clubs" which featured all these old blues singers like John Mayall and Sonny Boy Williamson. I was never really a fan for the singles because the people I liked were Led Zep (that's *Led Zeppelin* — Ed) and Thin Lizzy and they were mainly "albums" bands.

FIRST CONCERT: Led Zep at the National Stadium in Dublin in

NY LOGAN

about 1970. I was living in Drogheda at the time and there was a bus strike on so I tried to hitch down there but I couldn't get a lift and I ended up walking 36 miles to see them! I slept in a doorway in Dublin overnight and hitched back the next day.

WHAT OTHER JOBS DID YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU BECAME A SINGER? I was an electrician and for a while I worked as a bouncer on the door of a Dublin nightclub. That's where I put my karate into action he ha!

WHERE DO YOU LIVE NOW? I'm in a very normal house in a village called Ashbourne which is just outside Dublin. It's got four bedrooms and I wish I could say they're all done out in red silk but I haven't been able to do anything like that because I'm just never there. In fact, all there is in it is a big bed that I occasionally get to sleep in.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY PETS? A cocker speniel called Ciuaşa which is Irish for "ears". No cats, just a menager ha ha ha!

WHAT WAS THE WORST YEAR OF YOUR LIFE? 1986 without any shadow of a doubt. It was really bad in both my professional career and my personal life. I was living in London end things were just going all wrong. Like I was still married then but I feel single now if you know what I mean. Let's say my status is "moving". I don't even know what my wife does any more because the only time I ever talk to her is on the phone.

At least I've got two boys - Adam who is seven and Fionn who's three. Fionn means "the fair". Fionn The Fair. I don't mind what they do when they grow up so long as they don't want to be singers. Maybe they'll turn out as journalists and work for *Smash Hits!*

WHAT'S THE CLOSEST YOU'VE EVER BEEN TO DYING? I've been there four or five times, usually in car crashes. The closest though was when I was on this plane which got caught in the middle of a dreadful storm about 18 months ago. It was a 52-seater going from Holland to Gatwick and suddenly we hit this storm and the cockpit door flew open and you could see the pilot really fighting to stay in control. We dropped about 200 feet and this woman beside me started crying and everything. It was terrible. Was I frightened? Let's say it cured my constipation he ha!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BROKEN YOUR NOSE? Just the twice actually. Once when I was in a bar and I was talking when I should have been

listening, you know? I was teaching karate at the time so I thought I could look after myself but I just walked into something I should have stayed well away from. The other time was when I was in goal in my local Gaelic football team and I didn't see the forward coming towards me and WALLOP! The amazing thing is that I didn't break anything in any

"Are there any black sheep in the family? I'm the black sheep, ha ha!"

of the car crashes I've had because a couple of them were really bad. In one of them I apparently rescued two people from the car but all I can remember is wearing this white suit and going to mop my brow because I was too hot and when I looked at my hand it wasn't sweat but my own blood. Then I woke up in hospital!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN LEPRECHAUNS? Of course I do! In fact I know a few personally. I see them every night in a club and they're always telling me it's time to go home!

WHO DO YOU MOST LIKE TO MAKE UP A GOLFING FOURSOME WITH? Sean Connery (*the original James Bond*) to start with because I've always been a big fan of his, Kathleen Turner, (*actress in films like Jewel Of The Nile* and *Peggy Sue Got Married*, whether she can golf or not and... Maggie Thatcher to organise us.

WHY DO YOU LOOK LIKE SIMON LE BON? He looks like me! Actually, I can see the resemblance because we're both pretty big blokes - I'm 6' 11" and he's about the same - but I don't think we're that alike. I met him when I was in the studio a couple of years ago. I was sitting watching the telly in between "takes" and he popped in for a few words. Nice bloke.

HAVE YOU ANY FAMOUS ANCESTORS? My great-great-grandfather was Lord Wilkinson who was a well-known politician in England during a time of great reform. And, er... that's about it really. I'm afraid. Are there any black sheep in the family? I'm the black sheep, ha ha!

WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE U2 MEMBER? I like all four of them a lot. I suppose Adam's the one I know best because I used to bump into him about three in the morning in some Dublin nightclub.

WHAT WOULD BE YOUR DYING WORDS? "I told you I was sick" har har!

CHENKO (tenka~io) r e m i x



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WHO IS THAT FOXTRESS CANOODLING WITH TERENCE?!!



▲ Terence Trent D'Arby: "Hey foxtress, lency some narry?"

Dear Get Smart!,
Could you please tell me who the lucky foxtress is canoodling with Terence Trent D'Arby in his "Wishing Well" video? She's not his girlfriend or anything is she? If she is, I fear life so I knew it has just ended. If not, could you find out how she managed to wheedle her way into such an envious position? Thank you very much.
Alison Stewart,
Aberdeen.

The canoodler in question is 19 year old London fashion model Kelly Brennan who's been modelling for two years, been on the cover of countless girly cry-baby magazines and she was the girl with the pointy black hat on in Curiosity Killed The Cat's "Ordinary Day" video!

"I'm very lucky!" pipes Kelly quite correctly. "With Terence's video my agency just phoned me up and said 'you have to go for a video casting, the video company just want you and no one else from the agency.' I don't know why! So when I got to the studio they asked me would I mind taking off my clothes - so I thought 'Ooooh! Should I shouldn't?' And I decided I'd never get a chance to do something like this again so why not? I'd already seen Terence play live before and I thought... he was incredible. Brilliant! I was very nervous when I first met him but he was very pleasant, quite quiet, really. I know he has a reputation for being arrogant but he was very nice towards me anyway."

But what was The Big Kiss like?!! "I have never been so... nervous! Ever, in my whole career! We just didn't know how to start. I think he was even more nervous than me! So I took my clothes off under the sheets and threw them out - I still had my jeans on though! So we just... did it and got it over and done with and I was just so nervous I couldn't feel anything. It took about three quarters of an hour to get it right and I just wanted to be over as quickly as possible

but then... I didn't at the same time!

"I really like him a lot - I think he's great and he's very beautiful. I think he's the nicest-looking man I've ever seen. I suppose I could quite easily... fall in love with him."

Well! So did he ask you out for another date or anything then? "No. He bought me a bunch of roses, though! And he sent me a poetry book - the same one that he's reading in the bed in the video (produces the very book - Love Poems - out of her handbag). I take it everywhere with me! It's a lovely book (goes all misty for some time). Did he write a message in it? Yes, he did but I'm not telling you what it says! Not it's personal! It's just very nice... He wrote me a letter too and I'm not telling you what's in that either!

"It's terrible really, you know, I can't stop looking at rastafarian men now - everytime I see someone who looks like that in the street I'm 'Oooohh!'. He probably wouldn't even recognise me if I met him again, though, he's such a massive star now."

And what was he blathering on about when you were on the bench in the video?

"Well, he had to keep talking to me, you see, and I was trying really hard not to laugh, then when he had to make me laugh I couldn't do it. So he told me a really old joke that I knew from when I was about five: 'Have you heard the one about the paper cowboy? He got caught rustling.' Ha ha ha! Ancient! But I laughed."

"It was definitely the best thing that's ever happened to me in this job so far - I was walking around in a daze for days afterwards. And he is so intelligent, he is just so clever. I just felt so stupid next to him, a real div. But what a nice guy - honestly. I really hope to meet him again - maybe one day..."

So what happens when you watch the video now - much wibbling and fainting?

"Oooohhh, well, I'll admit to using the pause button!"

WHY DOES BEASTIE BOY MIKE D WEAR A CAR ROUND HIS NECK (OR SOMETHING)?

Dear Get Smart!,
Please could you ask Mike D from the Beastie Boys where he got the Volkswagen sign he wears round his neck and where I can get one? Also could you find out where Ad-Rock got that finger ring with his name on? Wayne Hussery's Spurgusting Legs, Uttoxeter.

Mike D says that he got his Volkswagen sign "on one fateful night" while he was walking down Hudson Street in New York (where he lives) at a bit of a stop on his way home from "Neil's or some other fashionable night spot for drinking". Apparently he "was in a bit of a bad mood" and so "just ripped it off a Volkswagen". The scamp! As for where you can get one, a lot of people are following Mike D's example and swiping them from cars in the road - not a very good idea as you can be arrested for theft (even if Mike D insists that it was OK him nicking his, because Volkswagen actually means "people's wagon" (hem hem)).

A much better idea is to buy them from Volkswagen spare



▲ Ad-Rock and Mike D show off their "spols"

parts dealers - having noticed the sudden demand, Volkswagen are planning to make them much more readily available over the next few weeks.

Get Smart! did also ask Ad-Rock about his ring, though he wasn't quite so helpful. He claims to have got it "on Canal Street, downtown in Manhattan (central New York). They had big bins of these things all with Ad-Rock on, selling for \$4.95. It was just a crazy coincidence that it also happens to be my name."

Or in other words Ad-Rock is a useless fibber...

PET SHOP BOYS: THE MYSTERY "THICKENS"!!



▲ Chris Lowe - there's always a common in the trousers?

Dear Get Smart!,
I am sure that a brainbox like yourself speaks Latin so maybe you can do some interpreting for me. At the end of "It is a Sin" by the Pet Shop Boys Neil Tennant says a lot of words which sound like part of a Latin Mess (or something). What is he saying and what on earth does it mean?

Mad Pet Shop Boys Fan,
Liverpool.

Dear Get Smart!,
When the Pet Shop Boys were on Top Of The Pops last week Chris Lowe was wearing a brilliant pair of trousers with some strange writing on the leg. Can you find out where he got the trousers from and what this writing means? Pur-lease! Isabel Moore, Cardiff.

Of course Get Smart! speaks Latin! But, even so, we asked Neil himself what it was he was saying. He isn't too sure and he says he just picked some words out of a prayer book because he thought they fitted in well at the end of the song. Get Smart!, however, managed to get its hands in the Collins Super Sundry Missal end - PRESTO! - there it is as part of the penitential rite still used in the Latin Mass. Neil actually says: "Confiteor Deo omnipotenti et vobis, fratres, qui peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo, opere at omissione, meo culpa, meo culpa, mea maxima culpa." Ahem. Translated into English, this means "I confess to almighty God, and to you, my brothers and sisters, that I have sinned through my own fault in my thoughts and in the words, in what I have done and in what I have failed to do: I am in blame, I am to blame, through my very great fault."

As for the mystery of Chris' trousers, they were made by v. smart "designer" Jean-Paul Gaultier (pronounced Goet-ee-ay) and the funny writing is actually the words "Jean-Paul Gaultier" - but in Arabic. Chris bought them from a shop called Brown's in London's South Molton Street for a decidedly unatopical £75 and they proved so popular that the entire stock has since completely sold out. What's more Mr Gaultier is not making any more so they are now officially extinct!

The short, bespectacled, wide-eyed Patrick Kane grips a copy of *The Tatler* swank-magazine, leans forward and bellows most assuredly in his Glaswegian tring. "I've a thirst for information! I need information! I'm a pimp for ideas! I get boozed on ideas! Intoxicated on ideas! I'm ideologically obsessed! I hate not to be up on any latest hot poop! Be it political, pop, fashion, whatever! I'm a sucker for hot poop! That sounds disgustin', doesn't it?"

It certainly does. Patrick Kane is a 23 year old ex-political/music "journalist" who used to write for such publications as the *MME*, *Jamming* and *New Socialist*. He's a university graduate, "that's where most of my ideas come from - university forces you to be full of ideas" and he likes reading quite a lot. "In fact, if somebody gave me a reasonable wage just to spend all my time surrounded by books, I'd do it - be like the artist in his garret or the monk in the monastery."

Patrick is not a monk, however - he is instead the singer and lyric writer in the pop group Hue And Cry. a) because he was a useless "journalist" . . . I wasn't very successful because I was too intellectually precious. I once interviewed Neil Tennant of the Pet Shop Boys and he's since revealed in a magazine that the worst interview he ever had was with this little cock from Jamming, who did nothing but ask him about the political significance of the lyrics on his b-side that he'd written in 10 minutes on his way into the studio. So I'd be sittin' there sayin' "Don't you think that's an inherently Norman Tebbit-esque couplet? Don't you think that line endorses private enterprise?" and he'd written it on the *bag* or somethin', you know? I was a total Marxist red. I've since pinkened a bit."

And b) because he quite likes the idea of communicating to the universe (or something) . . . "Pop music is brilliant - the way it can enter so many people's lives, the way a love song can also be a political song. Like 'Labour Of Love' is a love song and it's also about Margaret Thatcher being an enormous whip-wielding nanny. Hue And Cry records have to be consumed in an intelligent way because a lot of intelligence has gone into them. Hue And Cry constantly espouse intelligent thinking. So that's why I'm not in an academic situation studyin' for my Ph.D. Besides, I love performing! Who wouldn't? Who wouldn't love singing brilliant lyrics and feelin' all their talents were being used to the full? And if all you have to do to get into the charts is wriggle about a bit on *Top Of The Pops* - nae problem! N.A.E. problem! Hent!"

Well!!? Today Patrick has brought along several million of the magazines and "news" papers he "devours" - "trash like *Celebrity* to gain an insight into the triviality of people's minds, the disgusting *Sun* basically because so many people buy it - it'd be unintelligent to be ignorant of the popular mentality. I've actually stolen quite a few copies of *The Sun* -

couldn't bear to give them my money. I've pinched *The Tatler* as well because it's an utterly amoral, aristocratic representation of what the brass rubbers of tomorrow are thinkin'. Disgustin'. I actually give the swank, glossy, I've-got-the-right-trouser-length magazines like *The Face* my money because I'm scared to think I'm missing out on something.

"I think men's fashion magazines are brilliant - they're finally forcing men to be a bit less secure about their self-image and if there's a softening of them on the outside perhaps they'll eventually be softened to the core and they'll think 'how could I ever buy pornography, how could I ever rape a woman?' - that, of course, is the ideal world" and so on and on and on to the end of time as we know it.

In fact, Patrick likes magazines so much he reads them "on buses, in the bath, in the lift, before I go on stage - often with a thermos flask of hot milk and honey to soothe my voice - and because my fiancé, Joan, is a journalist and likes magazines too, we sit in bed till three in the morning with very inky fingers talking about the morality of whatever publication, I read anything that's mature, intelligent and rational. In fact, I think our next single will be called *M.I.R.* (*begins very useless impersonation of Mel And Kim*) *Mature! Intelligent! And Raationaaaa!* That's a nice ring to that."

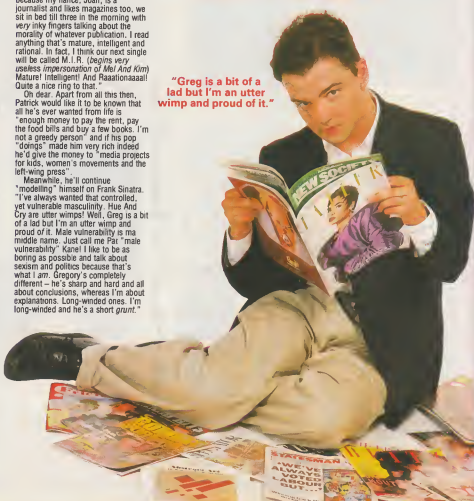
Oh dear. Apart from all this then, Patrick would like it to be known that all he's ever wanted from life is "enough money to pay the rent, pay the food bills and buy a few books. I'm not a greedy person" and if his pop "doings" made him very rich indeed he'd give the money to "media projects for kids, women's movements and the left-wing press".

Meanwhile, he'll continue "modelling" himself on Frank Sinatra. "I've always wanted that controlled, yet vulnerable masculinity. Hue And Cry are utter wimps! Well, Greg is a bit of a lad but I'm an utter wimp and proud of it. Male vulnerability is my middle name. Just call me Pat 'male vulnerability' Kane! I like to be as strong as possible and talk about sexism and politics because that's what I am. Gregory's completely different - he's sharp and hard and all about conclusions, whereas I'm about explanations. Long-winded ones. I'm long-winded and he's a short grunt."

Gregory Kane thinks that his brother Patrick thinks that Gregory is a "short g" "What ever happened to brotherly love"



"Greg is a bit of a lad but I'm an utter wimp and proud of it."



and GARY

Gregory Kane

rick is a "selfish pig".

unt".(?)

" pipes Sylvia Patterson. . .

"I've got 56 pairs of boxer shorts. . . I like being extravagant, it's fun."



Photos: Paul Rider

The blond, besotted, twinkly-eyed Gregory Kane tweaks down his bottom lip to reveal the remains of a bottom front tooth.

"That was Patrick," he states flatly. "He's an aggressive so-and-so. This particular fight happened about a year ago over a drum pattern I'd programmed in for a song. A straight punch, even with my mother standing in between us trying to hold us back. Happens all the time. I've still got a sprained thumb from our last fight and we've been throwing beer all over each other today. We get on for a week and then we hate each other for a month. We used to get banned from recording studios in Glasgow for fighting."

He thinks I don't have any opinions worth bothering about 'cos he is the opinion of the band. If I have an opinion, I'm wrong. If he has an opinion, because he's better with words than I am, he argues it out, up and down and round about until he's proved he's right. He claims to be a pacifist - against war and all that and yet he's a very very aggressive person. He's massively insecure - a massively insecure Scotsman trying to cover it up with aggression. That's Pat Kane.

"He only really cares for two people - himself and his fiancé. What about me? No way. And he's so tight. When the band was skint and I had some money I used to take them out for an Indian to cheer them up, have a laugh - fifty quid, what the hell! Pat would never do that. He's a socialist, right, so I say to him 'Pat, you're a socialist and yet you're the most selfish man I know' - because he is a selfish pig - and somehow he manages to get out of it with words.

"He says I'm a lad and that really pisses me off - a lad goes down the disco and discusses who's the easiest lay with his horrible mates - I'm not a lad! He knows I say these things about him and somehow we can deal with it because, as brothers, we do love each other, but the only time we ever learn what we really think is in print because we don't really talk to each other for more than about five seconds."

Crumbles, how can this be?

Twenty year old Gregory Kane writes all the tunes for the pop group Hus And Cry; his brother Patrick writes all the words and yet they obviously can't stand one another!

"It's weird," sighs Gregory, "I never thought the band could work because we don't get on. But, get me a piano, get him singing and you'll never find a happier, classier couple of people. He's not musical in any way, but he's a beautiful singer. Sometimes when he sings. . . I cry. There's a ballad on the b-side of our first single called "First To Last" which he wrote about this 23 year old guy who his mother nursed to the day he died of cancer. And when he sang it in the studio we did it in one take and he just broke down and *cried* and stormed out of the studio. I thought 'what's goin' on here? What's with the heroics?' and everyone was just sitting there bubbin' and crying. It was incredible. He's going to be the best soul singer in Britain very soon."

Well! Yet another difference between the two brothers is that Gregory likes

to spend his money as swiftly as possible on the latest "fashionable" fogs. "I like getting a lot of money, going into an expensive clothes shop and buying all the clothes! And being expensive, no matter what, they'll look good. I feel great in expensive clothes. And even if the suit looks like a Marks 'n' Spencer's job, it doesn't matter - you feel different, you feel brilliant. I once bought a brief-case as a present for my girlfriend which cost over £200 and it wasn't even leather! Ha ha ha! Done!

"I've also got 56 pairs of boxer shorts! They're brilliant, you feel really good in them - they don't stick up your bum and if I got knocked down and got the trousers ripped off I'd be able to look the nurse straight in the eye! I like being extravagant, it's fun. I mean, I could quite easily get run over by a bus tomorrow so I'm going to enjoy myself. Life is to be enjoyed, I'm going to buy a Ferrari soon, too! Do you know anything about cars? No?? Aw.

Gregory is rather fond of fast cars, despite the fact his life was nearly "snipped" in one when he was 18.

"For years I'd looked at my mother's car sittin' in the driveway and then I finally got to drive it, not only did I get banned for 18 months but I smashed it to smithereens as well. I was that close to death - I've seen The Big D! It was coming back from a gig in Edinburgh and had had too much to drink, basically, and he slipped at the wheel. I woke up sittin' glass and realised I'd crashed straight into a bus-stop, the car had rolled over and I'd just missed a row of houses. And the last thing I remembered was Steve Wonder's song 'Don't Drive Drunk' playing on late-night radio. Nobody believes that, but it's true. It's weird, since that day my life just took off. I'm a very religious person and seriously believe that something's going on upstairs."

He jests not - in fact he's so religious he trained to be a priest for a year when he was 12.

"I was just there to find out more about somethin' I was very interested in, but it just. . . didn't happen. It was like the army. I was tortured, it was all wrong. I'm not really very comfortable talking about this. This is dead close to me, don't force me to talk about it any more."

Jings. Gregory also believes that "God is our conscience, our awareness and our guilt and if we didn't have our conscience we'd all be psychopaths" and he also believes in reincarnation.

"I believe that's the end of the cycle. And I believe that the world is messed up because the people who messed it up in the first place keep coming back again. President Reagan for example was probably a mad wild dog with no sense before and now he's back. So I believe that on your actual death-bed you'll see all those past lives flash by and it'll be the most amazing thing. I can't wait!"



KIM WILDE *Say You Really Want Me*



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I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN IT



Chorus
I told my girl bye bye (bye)
But I really didn't mean it
I said I met somebody oww so fine (fine)
But I really didn't mean it

Out of my heart to say the things I said
I didn't mean a word
I think jealousy just took a hold on me
I hope she'll ignore the things she heard
(No doubt about it) my heart is in her hands
(Every moment) I'm waiting for my second chance
(Maybe an angel) will come and help her see
I can't face the world if she don't love me

Repeat chorus

Dear one for me take my apology
I need you back
I promised I know to never let you go
Is there a chance to see you baby
(And talk about all the love that we still share
(Full of emotion) I really miss your hugs) and your
(Kiss in the morning) the way it used to be
I know it's true but I don't believe

Repeat chorus

When I walked away I cried (cried)
'Cause I really didn't mean it
So she took me back 'cause she knew I (I)
That I really didn't mean it

(I went you back)
It can't be any other way
I want you back)
And I'm waiting for the day
(I want you back)
I'm gonna be a little smarter
(I want you back)
I've got to try a little harder
She's good she's fine
And always on my mind (mind)
I know our love
Will stand the test of time
She's my girl and my best friend (friend)
And I really didn't mean it
Her love is love
So fine and so for real (line)
I want the world to know the way I feel
She's my girl and my best friend (line)
And I really didn't mean it yash ooh ooh ooh

Repeat chorus

When I walked away I cried (cried)
'Cause I really didn't mean it
So she took me back 'cause she knew I (I)
That I really didn't mean it

Yeah (bye bye) ooh ooh ooh yeah (so fine)

Words and music by L. Vandross/M. Miller
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LOS LOBOS (left to right): (standing) David Hidalgo, Cesar Rosas, (sitting) Louie Perez, Steve Berlin, Conrad Lozano.

● They've been playing together for 13 years and now they've got their first ever hit with a song which most people do the conga to at silly parties. "Yariba yariba!" screams Richard Lowe. . .

"La Bamba" is an old traditional song from the gulf coast region of Mexico," explains David Hidalgo, one of the rather portly pair of singers from Los Lobos.

"I should think it's probably centuries old. It's like a party dance song where people can just improvise verses that could go on for ever. The words basically just mean 'come along and dance'."

And why ever not? David and his friend Cesar Rosas formed Los Lobos (it means The Wolves) 13 years ago in the Mexican community of Los Angeles and soon roped in a few other local pals, including Conrad Lozano.

"We got him in when we found out his dad had just bought him a bass and an amplifier," says David. "It's funny because we'd beaten him up in class a few weeks earlier for not picking up one of our pencils."

And now, after a long time playing at "weddings, baptisms and parades" while working in various part-time jobs, Los Lobos have a hit. But why that old party favourite "La Bamba"?

"We've been playing it for as long as we've been going, but the reason it's been released now is to go with the film *La Bamba* about Ritchie Valens, who was the first person to have a hit with

the song. He was one of the first Mexican American performers to get national attention and he was basically just a very talented kid whose recording career only lasted about 18 months before he was killed in a plane crash (along with Buddy Holly - y' ancient Ed) when he was 17. A great loss."

Despite "La Bamba" being their first ever British hit, Los Lobos have been rather famous in America since 1984 when they were voted Best Group by American music magazine *Rolling Stone*. And now they're hurtling up the charts over here.

"I'm really happy about it," admits David. "Everybody wants to be successful in what they do, especially when you've been going as long as we have."

Well done wrinkles!



▲ Ritchie Valens, the single teenage performer who practically invented "La Bamba".



BOS

La Bamba

Para bailar la Bamba
Para bailar la Bamba se necesita
Una poca de gracia para mi para
Yariba yariba
Yariba yariba por ti aere
Por ti aere por ti aere
Yo no soy marinero soy capitán
Soy capitán soy capitán

Bamba Bamba
Bamba Bamba
Bamba Bamba
Bamba

Para bailar la Bamba
Para bailar la Bamba se necesita
Una poca de gracia para mi para
Yariba yariba

REPEAT LAST FIVE LINES

Yariba yariba por ti aere
Por ti aere por ti aere

Bamba Bamba
Bamba Bamba
Bamba Bamba
Bamba

Words and music by R. Valenz
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"LA BAMBA" OR "THE GOAT"

A Translation by *The Smash Hits*
Department of Wacky Foreign Languages

To dance the goat,
To dance the goat,
You need to have a little gracefulness.
A little gracefulness for me.
For Jings! Jings! Jings! Jings!
(Are you sure about this? - Ed.)
(Yes - A Translator.)

For you it will be,
For you it will be,
For you it will be,

I'm not a sailor, I'm not a sailor,
I am a captain, I am a captain.
Goat, goat, goat.
(How very odd - Ed.)
(Yes, it is rather odd, isn't it? - A Translator.)

BOOGIE BOX HIGH

(i.e. George Michael and some of his chums)

IS IT ALL A BIG CON?

(i.e. a good way of getting lots of free publicity)

I was all supposed to be very mysterious indeed, out of nowhere came this cover version of the old Bee Gees song "Jive Talkin'" by a completely unheard of group called Boogie Box High. All these rumours flew about the shop saying that George Michael and millions of other famous people were behind it, like Paul Weller and Mick Talbot of The Style Council, like Nick Heyward, like Green from Scritti Politti. The only person though who will actually admit that he is on the record is George Michael's cousin Andros Georgiou, who is now claiming that it was him who invented all these rumours just to publicise the release of "Jive Talkin'".

"Everything was planned," boasts Andros to *Smash Hits*. "Even the rumours? Yeah, every thing. I don't want it to be seen as a cheap trick which I'm sure a lot of people will say it is, but it was never meant like that. The whole point was to get Boogie Box High known in a small space of time without having to spend hundreds of thousands of pounds on advertising."

So is George Michael on the record?

"Er... I can't confirm that," replies Andros.

Well, actually, George Michael was involved in making the record - though he probably won't be quite so closely involved in the next Boogie Box High single. The problem is both he and Andros aren't supposed to admit that they were on the record because of "contractual difficulties" in other words because George is actually signed to Epic records and BING! here he is recording another record for an entirely separate company (the scamp!)

Still, Andros is being a bit mysterious about the whole thing; he claims that there are in fact yet another couple of famous people on the record that no one's guessed yet and those names will only be revealed when the next Boogie Box High single is released towards the end of August.

So is the other mysterious person perhaps Mick Talbot of The Style Council?

"I can't confirm that," says Andros. And could the other one perhaps be Nick Heyward, bubbly ex-front man to Haircut 100?

"I can't confirm that," says Andros. Or even someone else entirely, like Paul Weller or maybe even Green of Scritti Politti?

"I can't confirm that," replies Andros.

What a bore. Still, Andros promises us that he will tell us who it is at a later date. In the meantime, we are still left wondering: is it all just a big con? Or not? ...



Photo: Johnathan

JIVE TALKIN'

BOOGIE BOX HIGH

It's just your jive talkin' you're tellin' me lies yeah yeah
Jive talkin' you wear a disguise
Jive talkin' so misunderstood
Jive talkin' you're really no good

Oh my child (my child) you'll never know
Just what you mean to me
On my child you got so much
You're gonna take away my energy with all your

Jive talkin' you're tellin' me lies yeah
Good lovin' still gets in my eyes
There's nobody believe what you say
It's just your jive talkin' that gets in the way yeah

Oh my child you are so good
Treating me so cruel
There you go with your fancy lies
Leavin' me lookin' like a dumb struck fool
With all your

Jive talkin' oh yeah oh yeah
Your jive talkin' jive talkin'
It's just your jive jive talkin'
You just ain't no good it's just your

Love talkin' is all very fine yeah
And jive talkin' just ain't a crime
If there's some somebody you'll love till you die
Then at that jive talkin' just gets in your eye yeah

REPEAT

Oh yeah love talkin' is all very fine
And jive talkin' just ain't a crime
If there's some somebody you'll love till you die
It's just your jive talkin' that gets in your eyes

No way
Don't give me that jive

REPEAT TO FADE

Words and music by B. R. M. Gibb
Reproduced by permission Carlin Music Ltd
On Hardback Records



IRN-BRU. MADE IN SCOTLAND FROM GIRDERS.

BARR
SOFT DRINKS

Dear Black Type.

I went to see U2 on June 13 at Wembley. I couldn't see their faces from where I stood, but the music was more than enough compensation. U2 set my heart on fire with the sheer excitement I felt. This was my very first concert.

I am a female black teenager from North London. I was so overwhelmed by the concert that I wanted to tell all my friends, but after telling them the name of the group I received no other comments from them. Am I perhaps less black because I like music that isn't typecast as "black" music?

Why is there such typecasting in music? Music is supposed to be one of the few things in this world that can bridge the gaps between people. Remember Love Aid? I think it's a name that I and many other people, regardless of race, have to like what's acceptable to our own cultures. I like crossing that bridge. I like some soul, rock, classical, vintage jazz, reggae, folk etc. . . . What is everyone afraid of?

Everyone is entitled to their choice of music but many people reject other forms of music as if they risk losing touch with their culture. No one can lose touch. Everyone's culture is in their soul. I'm not asking people to change their musical tastes but just to spare a thought for people like me who are unjustly treated for being more open minded. Incidentally we haven't just arrived from Mars and we're not betraying any culture. *Where the streets have no name, London.*

Lieber Shwarz Type.

The Phantom Green Fly Eater may have received a free squashed greenfly (*Smash Hits* July 1-14) but I have just discovered the tastiest morsel in the world. (*What? - Every word over born*.) Well, on the letters page (June 17-30) I found a dead money spider. I must say the *Smash Hits* badge (tasty as it was) wasn't a patch on the spider, which I washed down with a glass of *Um Bongo* (they drink it in the Congo and just one sip can make you go *Smoope! - Me!*).

An extremely swotty person who got full marks in last week's German exam, Sheffield.

LETTERS

WRITE TO: *Smash Hits*, 52-55 Canaby Street, London W1V 1PF.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a *Black Type* tea-towel. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

Dear Black Type,

As you made it possible for the Phantom Greenfly Eater to have a squashed greenfly on the *Review* page, could you please send me a portion of dead woodlice next to the *Crap Joke Corner*, so that I can eat them while I read the joke. *A Tree Who Wants Revenge, Brecknell.*

Greenfly, spiders and woodlice.

Triple yum! May I just say that while washing under the arms last week, I too spotted a so-called money spider a-strimbling along the bath? Isn't nature a wonderful thing and no mistake?

Dear Black Type,

After reading your pages in *ver Hits* (17-30 June), I fell into a trance and produced an ode to *Bagpuss*. *Ahem.*

Ode to *Bagpuss*
Bagpuss, Bagpuss, Bagpuss
What a fuss
To make over a puss
Who is just a shabby, old cloth cat
Having said that
That shabby, old cloth cat
With his thinking hat
Is better than that prat
Terence "Trent" D'Arby.

Fin.
Yours,
Someone who thinks that Terence "Trent" D'Arby hasn't got the swoonsomest peepers in pop.

Dearest Blacketh Type,

Here is an ode to my most unfavourite pop "singer", Tom Jones (who sweats so much it's disgusting).

Oh Tom Jones (who sweats so much it's disgusting)
Why do you sweat so much? It's disgusting.

And why are you my most unfavourite pop "singer"?
Is it because you can't sing or is it because you are old enough to be my great great great great (etc.) grandfather (i.e. very old)
Or is it both?

Oh Tom Jones (who sweats so much it's disgusting)
This is an ode to you.
Ver end.

A fan of the Flumps, especially Footie.

Oh, I say, two wonderful odes. Fair brings a tear to the eye, and yes, I do believe I feel one coming on. *Ahem.*

Ode to Terence "Trent" D'Arby
And Tom Jones (Who Sweats So Much It's Disgusting):
Oh Terence "Trent" D'Arby, and Tom Jones (Who Sweats So Much It's Disgusting)
One of you has the swoonsomest peepers in pop
And one of you hasn't.
Not much of a bloody ode that, is it?
Fin.

Dear Black Type,

Would it be possible for you to include some photos of Miss Pringle in your magazine, preferably with as few clothes on as possible.

Mr Peep (i.e. a perv), Birmingham

A Publisher writes: Dear Mr Peep, Birmingham: I am writing to say how thoroughly disgusted I was

with your comments regarding my loyal and trusted secretary, Miss Gloria Pringle. Your shameful suggestion has caused her much upset and she has had to lie down for an hour to recover. Speaking man to man, however, I wonder how much you would be prepared to pay for such photographs. Shall we say something in the region of (off with your perv-head! - B.T.)

Dear Black Type,

This is my ode to the man on the *Babywipes* adverts who says "someone's not using baby wet ones".

Ode to the man on the *Babywipes* adverts who says "someone's not using baby wet ones".

You clot.
Fin.
A maniac, Birmingham.

Dear Black Type,

If I were to say "it's a strange old world and that's no mistake" would I be:

a) completely bonkers
b) just finished saying "It's a strange old world and that's no mistake"

or c) quite true?
Answer = c) (and a bit of b) if you're going to be that particular).

And why? Firstly, in the matter of a day everyone in *Neighbours* gets a different hairstyle, the Robinsons' house gets re-decorated - gladly not by Helen's painting talents - and Fern's car changes colour without anyone even noticing. Secondly, the somewhat irksome "beep, beep, beep" tones of my alarm clock can be heard if you listen carefully to "Hooverville" by The Christians. Thirdly, my mouth seems a trifle lacerated after that cottage cheese mother bought from *Safeway* on her recent shopping jaunt to Edinburgh.

Yours (but let's not get possessive right?)

The man being sick, Aberdeen.

Charming, I must say. But wait! If I were to say "accept a token 'n' towel, why don't you?", would I be: a) v. generous? or b) just finished saying "accept a token 'n' towel, why don't you?"
Answer = a) (and a bit of b) if you're a fussypt). Easy on the cheese Buster!?? Bye!!!!

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SOLD

THE ODD COUPLE



TALKING OF LOVE

Anita Dobson

I should know better I've even it all before
As a woman I guess I've always been my own version
I should be leaving I should have the nerve to say
Such a pleasant evening thank you see you again someday
But then my problem should guess I'd like to know
How it might really feel to be stuck with you

Baby I know where this road leads but I'm walking
Walking
Baby I know what my poor heart needs but I'm talking
You know I'm talking of love

I should know better what am I walking for
If I lose my heart I'll only have myself to blame
But if you leave me now (if you leave me now)
You know I'll never know how to fall in love again

Baby I know where this road leads but I'm walking
Walking down it
Baby I know what my poor heart needs but I'm talking
You know I'm talking of love
You know I'm talking of love

You're talking business we're talking business

And I need you so
Forget your business some of your business
I got the feeling you know what I'm talking about

Baby I know where this road leads but I'm walking
Walking down it anyway
Baby I know what my poor heart needs but I'm talking
You know I'm talking of love

Baby I know where this road leads but I'm talking
Talking
You know what I'm talking of love

What is Queen's guitarist Brian May up to making a new single for Anita Dobson from *EastEnders*? Does he want a job in Albert Square or is it just that she's "a very rock 'n' roll person"? Chris Heath finds out . . .



Went by accident," says Queen guitarist Brian May, explaining how he first became involved with Anita Dobson, otherwise known as barmaid Angie Watts in the BBC soap opera *EastEnders*. It was at the premiere of the film *Down And Out In Beverly Hills*. Apparently, Anita Dobson had settled down, the lights had gone off and the film was just about to start when two latecomers — Brian and his wife Chrissie — started squeezing along the row.

"I said 'excuse me I think you're wonderful,'" remembers Brian, "and asked if she'd like to come to our concert at Wembley. She said 'er... thank you very much.' " "I didn't know who he was," admits Anita. "It was dark and he's very tall and I'm quite short and anyway Freddie and I are in Queen that really comes into your consciousness because he does all the jumping around. Then I was told and so I walked down the aisle, so as not to seem impolite."

The rest, of course, is history. They met again outside, Anita asked if Brian really meant it about the tickets, she came to both Wembley shows last year and gradually became good mates with Brian (they'd chat on the phone quite a lot) and Lord Frederick of the bank of go rounds for Sunday lunch: "he has a lovely house".

"On one of their many phone conversations, when Brian was in Stockholm, he announced that he'd written a song "with Anita in mind — I'd just lotted a few words down on the back of a cigarette packet", and proceeded to sing it down the phone. It was "Talking Of Love" and he asked her if she'd record it. "I fell over, ran round the room, jumped up and down and then said very calmly 'I'd love to'. It was just such a shock that I became as famous as him, to my mind, would want to write a song for me."

But he did and — hey presto! — now it's a zinging-up the charts. "Yes, it's an odd pairing," admits Brian, "but I think it's going to work..."

Anita Dobson says she's not really surprised by all these extraordinary events. She decided very early on that "I liked living my life and one thing would lead to another" and she didn't even want to be an actress for ages. When she was young she was very outgoing and precocious and all her parents' friends would say "put her on the stage — she's a natural". Anita was not impressed by these whippersnappers.

"I didn't want to be pushed into anything so I went to my mum and said 'Mum, I want to be ordinary, I want to be an ordinary person.' And she said 'alright darling, fine.' And it was — for a while. " "I left grammar school, worked in

different jobs for four years, got myself engaged and had a very normal ordinary life."

And then she changed her mind. "Somewhere along the line, bells started ringing and I went back to my mum and said 'Mum, I want to be extraordinary now'. And she said 'alright darling, fine'."

And it was — she joined an amateur drama group, went to drama school, did bits in theatres around the country, did musicals and "my avant garde bits and pieces" and then got the part of Angie on *EastEnders*.

"It was a real pop star she says she never even thought of that. In fact, despite going rather wibbly when she saw the Beatles in her teens ("I didn't cry but I did an awful lot of screaming"), she was never that interested in pop music. In fact, believing in Freddie rather odd on TV in the early '70s. "Yeah," she laughs, "I remember seeing the boys all with long hair and light suits — Freddie in his make-up days."

In other words, back when they looked a bit of a state? "I don't know," she shrugs. "I thought they looked wonderful." It turns out that Anita was really rather keen on the fashions back then. "I used to have these triangular wedge shoes and I can remember shoes with a sole fitted in to make you look taller. And flared trousers. And catsuits. And those crochet dresses — you must remember them."

Em, thankfully, no. "By the time Brian and Anita met up, the Queen guitarist was already pretty keen on *EastEnders* and Angie Watts in particular even if it was against his better instincts.

"My wife watches a lot of TV," he explains, "and she was very keen on *EastEnders* for a while and she said 'you've got to watch this'. I said 'I'm not interested in soap operas' but she said this was different so I did. And I became involved in it quite quickly and I can remember the barmaid looking over the bar and getting very animated — I thought she was exceptional. It was in the days of Den and her breaking up. " "You've been through a lot of divorced relationships, you see, and a lot of it rang true. I can see why people get drawn in; there's something of everybody's life in what they're doing — the hurt, the double taking."

But, keen as he is on *EastEnders*, Brian was determined that if they made a record together

it shouldn't be something which sounded like Angie from *EastEnders* like "Anyone Can Fall In Love" actually recorded after they first started talking, which neither of them are that fond of) but like Anita Dobson. "I could hear all this anger and emotion in her speaking voice," gushes Brian, "and that's what I wanted to record." And he reckons it's worked.

"She's really what I suspected all along — a very rock'n'roll person. She's come up the same way that



Queen have come up — she's fought every inch of the way. She's on her own and she's had nothing but her own belief for 20 years. She has that balls. That upbringing makes you want to scream and shout a bit and make a noise.

"This record is me," agrees Anita. "It's much stronger than 'Anyone Can Fall In Love' but then obviously I'm much stronger than Angie. Her weakness is Denis Watts ha ha ha and I don't have him in my life I'm very glad to say!" So, ahem, what will Brian do if he comes and acts in *EastEnders*?

"Er, well I suppose you could have all the boys walking in off the street," giggles Anita, "and then get thrown out again because they're the wrong type of person."

Oh. But would Queen go to the so-called Queen Vic anyway? "Depends what the beer's like," chirps Brian.

"Knowing Den," whispers Anita, "it's probably watered down."

"Nothing wrong with the barmaids though," mutters Brian. "Hmmm. So are the other members of Queen going to help out with Anita's records in the future?"

"I've already asked John (John Deacon, Queen's bass player) to play on one song," says Brian, "but you have to draw the line somewhere."

"I don't want to be a mascot for Queen, do I?" chuckles Anita.

"No," says Brian, firmly. "Although," laughs Anita, reconsidering, "I'd love it! I could appear at all the gigs like a small bunny rabbit at the side of the stage. Yeah!"

Hmmm. Possibly not a very good idea especially as the "news" papers are already full of stories about how the two of you are supposed to be having an affair.

"We just laughed at them," says Anita dismissively.

It was such an obvious thing for them to say, shrugs Brian, "that we expected it. We heard rumours ages ago that they were looking for something and were going to do a piece on it. There was this guy sneaking about Los Angeles for a whole week when we were there and he would ring up my number in the house and say 'it's Anita's brother — I urgently need her'... " "I don't even have a brother," laughs Anita. "I've never even rented one. But I think you have to look at it with a sense of humour."

They were already a pretty steamy randi affair. I'm supposed to have had which didn't happen. It's not the end of the world. Anyway that photo of us together they took — I looked like I'd had my head shaved!

It was in fact she has lots of photos curly hair — a bit like Brian May as it happens. Surely this isn't just a coincidence?

"No," replies Brian, "it was planned at birth."

Oh. Brian pops off to get a beer for the two of them and they natter and natter and natter away: "We're both good at that." Brian says Queen will think about doing something "at the end of the year probably" and reminisce about the days when "it was very sexy — we hated each other."

He then chatters on "but how pleased he is with their next single together, a version of a '60s song he won't reveal "in case someone else does it first ha ha", and Anita's reminiscing about her first appearance on *Top Of The Pops*: "I felt I was 10 years too late, like what am I doing here, an aged old creature? Ha ha ha! Des O'Connor said he felt the same when I talked to him about it!"

And now they're chatting about whether the single will be played on the jukebox at the *Old Vic* ("I don't think so — Angie can sing, and I think she'd hate it anyway," is Anita's opinion) and Anita's explaining how much she likes *Curocity Killed The Cat*...

I think they're wonderful. The lead singer's great — he's doing his own thing, he's different, slightly oddball, he's got a terrific voice."

Brian nods politely. "I like 'em," he says diplomatically, "but my heart is in the heavy end. I put my money on the next *Del Leppard* single. And I really like *Bon Jovi*. That's what I like about music — making a noise, making a noise that moves your bowels."

Oh I say!

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REVIEW CONCERT



TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY, Barrowian

Six hundred mightily-miffed persons were turned away from the gigantic warehouse that is the Glasgow Barrowlands this evening – Sir Terence's very first headlining concert in Britain. Eight hundred people more than the 2000 maximum have been "accidentally" let in and the general opinion is that he will walk on stage, perform several million acrobatic miracles, change the face of popular music as we know it and re-invent the galaxy as an encore. And that's exactly what he does!! Well, a bit...

A billion decibel roar of screechings, hollerings and thurperings greets the bird-like figure of Sir Terence as he flits on stage, straps a mosaic gleam-toothed smirk, grips the microphone and bellows in the world's loudest, most perfectly-pitched shriek, "If you aaaaaaawaaahaaaw! get to heavaaaah!" Gasp. What a truly heart-wobbling sound.

Perched on a stage under glimmering red and white lights, Sir Terence "Trent" D'Arby quite simply does not look like he comes from the planet Earth. He looks like a glowing, one-foot tall wobbly-headed children's puppet. Most odd. He also looks about six years old – with a hip-width of around two inches and the more you look at him the more he turns into some demented inventor's creation of the perfect doll. Even more odd. Strange it is, then, that out of this filmmy vision comes a voice of such monumental power and uncanny beauty – enough to render several universes speechless for at least a fortnight.

"That was 'If You All Get To Heaven' from my amazingly brilliant LP!" pipes Terence, quip correctly, in his high-pitched American tring. The crowd squeals in delirious agreement. Terence picks up his shiny white tambourine, trribbles it all over the place, twinkles his toes very nicely across the stage and blusters straight into the next tune from his "amazingly brilliant LP". The leg-flinging begins, the hair swishes up and down like a bobbing, jingly curtain, he

twirls, flings the mike-stand onto his ankle, flaps it back up again, patters in teeny steps across the stage, jitters his knees, does a Charlie Chaplin-style wobbly-walk and all the time he's singing utterly perfectly through "Rain", "Never Turn My Back On You" and two new funkling tunes called "Wicky Wacky" (!), and "Total Power". Suddenly he runs from the back of the stage, spreads his arms wide open and leeescaaps 14,000 feet in the air, does the splits mid-flight, descends, swirls around and slumps, head-bowed to the ground with legs akimbo. Triple pheryew! These, then, are the ongoing antics of the most dangerously flamboyant person in pop – and not only that. Sir Terence is a persistent between-song bletherer... "Something tells me..." he starts, the beginnings of the cheekiest smirk ever witnessed a-fluttering round his gills,

himself across the stage causing many palpitations and general eye-waterings all around.

He begins one song, then stops. Goes to the far-right of the stage (shriek!), goes to the far-left of the stage (shriek!), has a discussion with his seven-piece and very very brilliant group and decides to saunter into "Wishing Well". And it looks just like the video – with hand poses, the hair flingings and the back-to-the-audience wiggle-behind bit causing much bawlings and whistlings. Terence merely looks over his shoulder and smirks and the entire audience self-destructs. Except it doesn't, it carries on bowling through an acapella beginning to "If You Let Me Stay" which mysteriously turn into the misty old leechster "The First Cut Is The Deepest". And then it changes back again with the group crunching into an almighty explosion of tunefulness...



▲ The amazing water-skin dancing legs of he they call Terence Trent D'Arby.

"that somebody out there wants to bonk!"

Well, I have a theory that this next song makes it better. Now, that I don't know if this works, but tonight, when you go home, I want you to put this song on and if you're with someone I want you to try it and then maybe you'll let me know!! Er... this is the "introduction" to the tinkling swooner "Sign Your Name" which Terence interrupts with the comment, "Eat your heart out, Stevie Wonder!" – then moodifies off into the even more glistening swooner "Let's Go Forward" – wherein he commences waltzing with

"I think I wanna kiss myself!" states Terence leaping up from another floor-exercise, kissing the back of his very own hand and sniggering dafily. Jingles. I do believe he's taking the "mickey" out of himself. Introductions to the "members" of his group are sung, "Ooh, there's Dave on tambourine!! He's short 'n' funky! Short 'n' fuunkier!" etc. before he launches into another new tune "Greasy Chicken" (!), twirling hither and yon in robotic mode, stopping, starting, twirling some more and then hurtingling himself at the microphone to belowl "Get up outta your rockin' chair grandma!!" ("Cersinly, Sir!" – two impressed Glaswegian grandmothers) which is the opening pipe of what will be his new single "Dance Little Sister".

The entire crowd is by now engaged in a competition as to who can belowl the loudest – them or Terence (he wins), at the end of which he says something very rude and unprintable before whispering, "I'd like to get serious here for a moment. Sometimes when all I can do is sing a song about what it's like to be hurt real bad and I come out night after night and sing

Suddenly he runs from the back of the stage, spreads his arms wide, splits in mid-flight, descends, swirls around and slumps, head bowed

ds, Glasgow.

about it, all I want is to be able to say 'Well, I sung the hell out of that song.' And maybe it won't be tonight – but I'm going to give it a damn good try."

Sernifile. And thus he commences his paralyzingly spell-binding version of Smokey Robinson's soul melter "Who's Loving You?". A nation (i.e. Glasgow) swoons. He finishes, spreads out his arms

A brief pause and a rather loud voice shrieks "Terence! Ah love yee!" He smiles, looks like he's about to begin to giggle . . .

and in a gigantic flourish of spindly digits, blows the audience a kiss and flounces off stage. Roars! He returns, stalking on with his hands behind his back and just looks, smirkingly, at the scene. More roars! More stares. More roars! "This song means a lot to me . . ." he begins before explaining that the acapella toe-witherer that is "As Y't 'Untrited'" is about the massacre of his ancestors (i.e. Red Indians). This song needs absolute silence to be appreciated and, of course, Terence gets nothing of the sort. A brief pause after one verse and a rather loud voice from the distance shrieks "Terence! Ah love yee!" He smiles, looks almost about to begin giggling, but instead, carries on with as much dignity and bravery as can be mustered when ripples of sniggerings are the background to the most serious, sad song ever written. But! – by jove! – he does it. The thunderings begin and a awesome guitar begins twanging the beginnings of Sam Cooke's "Wonderful World" – one of the greatest soul tunes ever written and sung astoundingly here by Sir Terence – one of the greatest soul singers of all time.

"Well, what did you think of that matey?" I pipe to the bearded gentleman next to me as Sir Terence evaporates into the evening's oblivion.

"Aw . . ." he sighs, rump dumbfounded, "he's brilliant."

Correct. Excuse me while I faint . . .

Sylvia Patterson

WHAT THE VIEWERS SAID



A Sasha and Donna.
Sasha: "He was really good, I really like him. He's beautiful!"

Donna: "We saw Curiosity here a while ago and they were rubbish compared to him. He's a proper singer, y'know!"

Sasha: "His mum's here, y'know, she likes him as well. What an embarrassment."



A Jim and Cathy.
Jim: "The guy's brilliant, he really is. He's got a beautiful voice and that's all there is to it. Excellent."

Cathy: "I first saw him on Jonathan Ross' show [The Last Resort] and couldn't believe it. He sounds much better when he's just singing on his own too, without all those musicians butting in all over the place. He should get rid of them and just do covers of Sam Cooke songs on his own I think."



A Margaret.
"That was one of the best things I've ever seen in my life. Not as good as 'The Cult, though.'" (?)



A Muriel.
"It was wonderful! He's gorgeous! He's a Pices and so am I! I could've got my astrology book here!

(produces note-book thing). It says 'you have a keen appreciation of music and literature and would make a good critic of both. Although you are frank, brutally honest and straightforward you like personal attention and your friendships are likely to be steadfast and your love lasting.' That's Terence – that's why I love him! Aw, he's superb, he really is. He's meant to be an ignoramus though, isn't he. (?)



A Lorraine and Kim.
Lorraine: "Absolutely brilliant. We went down to Camden ('Town' in London) to try to find him 'cos he lives there. We didn't find him!"

Kim: "He's sooooo gorgeous, he's beautiful. When he sang 'Wonderful World' I decided I was in love."

Lorraine: "It's terrible, I've just got to meet him, I feel like a groupie or something – I've never been like this about a singer in my life! I love him even though he hasn't got a bum."

Kim: "I think it's brilliant that he says he's brilliant. Quite right. He says he's a genius and he is a genius."

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to the ground with legs akimbo. Triplepheryew!

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REVIEW FILM

**"THERE'S A LOT OF
JOKES IN IT"**

says Bruce Willis of his first
ever proper film

BLIND DATE (15)

Until *Moonlighting* came along, no one had ever heard of Bruce Willis. He's been in films but only with titchy acting parts. Now though, at the age of 32, he's finally starring in his own film, and it's a bit of a treat for Bruce Willis fans, since he's barely off the screen all the way through it. He plays Walter, a hardworking but somewhat harassed financial executive whose life rapidly falls to pieces throughout the course of one frenzied evening. It all starts innocently enough; he needs an escort to take to an important business dinner, so his brother sets him up with a blind date (hence the name) – a girl called Nadia (played by Kim Basinger). Walter's v. happy indeed, since Nadia is a demure but extremely pouticious foxtress whose "dress" is so tight it appears to have been sprayed on. There is a sign, of course (otherwise it would be an extremely short film, haw haw): Nadia goes completely bonkers after a couple of drinks, and wrecks the dinner party. At which point snag number two appears – her ex-flanée, David, a large and insularly jealous lawyer who spends the rest of the night trying to bump Walter off. By the next morning poor old Walter has lost his job, had his car destroyed, been mugged by female punks, been beaten up in a disco, practically been raped by the drunken Nadia (rather dangerous when you're hurtling along in your car being chased by a madman at the same time) and, finally, been arrested for trying to shoot David (understandable in the circumstances).

By now he and Nadia are in love, but – horrors – Nadia promises to marry David (otherwise he'll send Walter to prison for a very long time). The rest of the film concentrates on Walter's attempts to sabotage the wedding, and it's not giving too much away to say that there's a happy (if slightly corny) ending. It might sound like a horror film, but it isn't; it's what's known as a "zany" comedy, and has some very funny moments indeed. In fact the only horrific thing about it is the dreadful American rock music which crops up throughout, and Nadia, who is completely dreadful. The best thing about it, though, is Bruce Willis, who acts very well and – hurrah! – doesn't sing a note!

Vici MacDonald



▲ Bruce Willis wearing a "fashionable" shirt and not singing a single note.

BRUCE WILLIS ON BLIND DATE

I play this quiet guy called Walter Davis. He works in the financial business. He used to work for an investment corporation that handles people's money. He used to play guitar... he used to play rock and roll guitar with a band but he gave it up to lead a straight and narrow life. And he likes that and he's a very kind of easy going guy... And he goes on a blind date. And that changes all that.

"Have I ever been on a blind date? I was thinking about that. I think I may have been, but the mind blocks out bad memories and pain and I kind of think it was like something that happened that was too hideous to remember. I don't know. With Walter all these bad things start happening. It's just non-stop and one of the hardest things I had to do on this show was to keep from laughing during the takes. There were at least three or four times when we just broke. I think it's a funny film, I think there's a lot of good jokes in it."



▲ "Hello! Walter here. I'm about to meet a woman called Nadia and get into a terrible pickle."



▲ Bruce wearing a "fashionable" shirt and Nadeau, his blind date, whose "dress" is just about to fall off



▲ Nadeau's mad ex-dance wearing a "fashionable" shirt and the most pathetic toupee



▲ Bruce being arrested for wearing a dirty "fashionable" shirt.



▲ Bruce forgetting to take his "fashionable" shirt off



▲ Nadeau goes completely bonkers after a couple of drinks...

ALBUMS

JOHNNY LOGAN: Hold Me Now (Epic) Winning the Eurovision Song Contest once and promptly disappearing without trace is fair enough, it could happen to any of us. But winning it for a second time and making a return trip to the dumper would be just plain careless. Johnny Logan, must therefore be pretty determined that his career is going to be a long and fruitful one. The fact though that he's seen fit to do a cover version of 10 CC's "I'm Not In Love", and roped in Paul Hardcastle to perform a rather lame "production job" on it is a good example of the underlying naifness of this whole project. There's drippy ballads aplenty (including of course "Hold Me Now" and "What's Another Year") and even a few bouncy poppy numbers. But, on the whole, it's all a bit dull and uninspired. Tunesome enough, but yawnsome with it. **(3 out of 10)**

Richard Lowe

THE O'JAYS: Let Me Touch You (Philadelphia)

Earnest fans of '70s soul music will tell you that the O'Jays gave us two of the most brilliant pop songs ever recorded and soul know-alls like Paul Weller and Mick Hucknall tend to go all trembly when talking about brilliant songs like "Love Train" and "Backstabbers". But those tunes came out 15 years ago — are the O'Jays much cop these days? At first it sounds like they are: all the wonderful wobbly-making soul voices are still there, but the songs... Oh dear. They're all a bit nothing really — messy and ungainly things that have nothing of the magnificence of their former glories. What a swizz. **(4 out of 10)**

William Shaw



SAMANTHA FOX: Samantha Fox (Jive)

Consider the remarkable story of Sir Samuel Fox. Realising at an early stage that she "wasn't put on this earth to scrub floors", she simply peeled off her vest for the "news" papers, then — PRESTO! — she turned into a pop star instead. And now — still only 21 — she's made her second LP.

"Samantha Fox": The song titles are a perky's delight, particularly "I Can't Get No Satisfaction", "I Surrender" and "Naughty Girls (Need Love Too)", while the famous Fox arrogance is well represented by the brilliant "Nothing's Gonna Stop Me Now" and the dreadful "The Best Is Yet To Come", all of them set to that familiar infectious disco beat. This LP will sell millions of copies, our Sammy will marry the boy next door and there'll always be an England. Ain't life grand? **(6 out of 10)**

Barry McIlhenny

CAMEO: She's Strange (Phonogram)

"Cricket" it's the steaming new Cameo LP... except that it isn't. It's an old one in fact, recorded in 1984 so it isn't very "new" at all really, is it? Oh dear. Still, it does have the boys' jiggling fine single, "She's Strange", as a title track; and it isn't the usual endless bump'n'grind you might expect from this sort of funky dance outfit. Instead you get groovy-smoothie dance numbers, ballads and even a bit of reggae. V. Interesting. **(7 out of 10)**

Sue Dando

MADONNA and others: Who's That Girl (Sire) it's getting hard not to suspect that these days Madonna devotes rather more time making films and changing her hairstyle than making new

records. For this soundtrack to her next film, she's come up with just four new songs (the rest of the LP is filled with unremarkable bits and pieces by the likes of Scritti Politti and Club Nouveau). And, to be honest, even those four aren't really much cop. Apart from "Who's That Girl" itself — hardly her best song — there's two jaunty efforts ("Causing A Commotion" and "Can't Stop") which are desperately in need of a good tune, and a tasteless sultry ballad, "The Look Of Love", which is remarkably like "Live To Tell" but not half as good. Madonna's still a complete genius, of course, but it's time she pulled her socks up and proved it. **(6 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

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STAR TEASER

● All the names on the right are hidden in the diagram. They could run horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Some run backwards. But remember that the words are all in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run.

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

● Eyes rightwards for the answers

- ALONE
- ALWAYS
- BIG LOVE
- BIG TIME
- CARRIE
- CATCH
- COMIN' ON STRONG
- DIAMONDS
- DON'T DREAM IT'S OVER
- HOLD ME NOW
- HONOLULU
- I NEED A MAN
- IT'S LOVE
- IT'S A SIN
- IT'S NOT UNUSUAL
- IT'S TRICKY
- I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEBODY
- I WANT YOUR SEX
- JACK MIX II
- LET'S DANCE
- LUKE
- MISFIT
- MOTOR TOWN
- MY PRETTY ONE
- RIGHT ON TRACK
- SERIOUS
- SONGBIRD
- STAR TREKKIN'
- SWEETEST SMILE
- SWEET SIXTEEN
- THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS
- TIME WILL CRAWL
- UNDER THE BOARDWALK
- VICTIM OF LOVE
- WHEN SMOKEY SINGS
- I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEBODY
- YOU'RE THE VOICE

JUST DON'T WANT TO BE LONELY

I don't mind when they say that you're going away
I just don't want to be lonely
And I don't care if we share only moments a day
I just don't want to be lonely

CHORUS

I'd rather be loved needed
Depended on to give a love I can give
When you're gone when you're gone
Just don't want to be lonely

I don't mind when the time sets the sun to the moon
I just don't want to be lonely
Let the stairs find you there at the end of the room
I just don't want to be lonely

REPEAT CHORUS

Just don't want to be lonely

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT THIRD VERSE

REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

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PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

- No. 34 (1 July)
● The winner is **Lesley Mitchell** from Hilton in Inverness.
- No. 35 (15 July)
● The winner will be announced next issue; meanwhile the answers are flipping about below:

ACROSS

- 1 and 3 John Farnham; 8 Cunnory (Killed The Cat); 10 Opera; 11 Island; 12 Aretha (Franklin); 14 Eve (Fallen In Love); 16 (David) Essex; 17 (Chris) Rea; 18 'Last (Kiss)'; 21 (B) All (Carnegie); 22 'You Can't Call Me AF'; 23 (Miami) Vice; 24 'The Sun Always Shines On TV'; 25 Doree (Wenlock); 26 'Deer Prudence'

DOWN

- 1 'Jack Mia'; 2 'You Can't Hurry Love'; 4 Anita (Baker); 5 (Herb) Alpert; 6 (Johnny) Logan; 7 Diana (Ross); 9 'I'll Wait'; 10 'Your See'; 13 'Head Over Heels'; 14 'For Am'; Erica; 15 'Easy Lover'; 16 'Love' On (A Prayer); 19 '(Sort In) The Sky'; 20 Dred (D) (Amen); 21 (Mick) Almond; 22 (The) Crowd

STAR TEASER

1. K L A W D R A O E B T H R E D N U W
 2. S W E K C A R T N O T H G I R X H M
 3. Y A N E G E I R R A C I O O H E Y D
 4. D R W L I N T W H G I R F C N P Y S
 5. O C C I S T O I O T S B O S R X O T
 6. B I T T E L S R A I M E I H E H
 7. E L R S M I L T T G E O T T G M W G
 8. M I O T I J X E L S K M S B B T O I
 9. O W T S T T A O W E N T D O X R L L
 10. S E O E G E V C Y G R O O L I I F Y
 11. H M M T I E C S K I N V N N O S O A
 12. T I I E B S I I C M E I E T H M D
 13. I T T E Z N Y K O R I M E I S I G
 14. W N S W G M Y H V V D X R S O O T
 15. E E N S S O Y I I A E T I N I L C I
 16. C E O S N G L P M S R H G I E W I V
 17. N T Y B L S A R E L B T T X D V I
 18. A X U A E T N U K E I O S E I P I L D
 19. I N W I S O K T O R N O V A R T E E
 20. A S U L A Y I C O D I A T M E S I U H G
 21. N T S A T N D T A N R O Y A C L O T
 22. N E U N E L N S C T N E S O U T A
 23. A E A S O O I E H D C I S K N A A Y
 24. W L W H D W N I S A N H A I D E M C
 25. I S R E V O S T I M A E R D T N O D

"Whatever next?" What a useful phrase that is. What a fine riposte! In fact over the next five columns of *Mutterings* you will see what a handy exclamation it really is, because during the following 1000 or so words "Whatever next?" will be used with reckless abandon! Amazing! Just watch. . . And he's begin with **Prince**. Not only did the bouncer cancel his Wembley concerts, but we now learn that Prince is actually in league with the devil! Yes! At least that's what Pastor Ian Nicholson of the Eilm Pentecostal Church says. This bloke reckons that His Imperial Princessness is actually trying to brainwash his fans by putting hidden messages into his songs which will worm their way into your subconscious minds. Whatever next? While on the subject of Prince one must admit the man does sound just a wee bit demented. Now, we're quite used to the shortest man in pop inventing all sorts of names for himself: for while he called himself **Christopher Tracey**, and before that he used to sign himself **Alexander Nevermind**. More recently he's been writing songs for veteran country and western star **Kenny Rogers** under the name of **Joey Coco**, which is all fair and good though perhaps a little odd and if you look at the credits to his last LP "Sign O' The Times" you might spot the name **Camille**. And who is Camille? Correct! What's more, if you listen to any of the songs "sung" by Camille you'll hear that it's actually Prince's own voice speeded up. Whatever next? The man's patently off his chump. . . And talking of people who've gone completely off their rocker, **Shakin' Stevens**. Quite. The nation has been up in arms ever since the man appeared on *Top Of The Pops* with those strangely dressed dancers. Whatever next? The man's "sold out" Oar old Shakey used to be one of the rock 'n' roll greats! What went wrong? Even the Houses Of Parliament are in uproar about his song "A Little Boogie Woogie" "The song's a bit near the knuckle!" froths **Geoffrey Dickens MP**, the words are "suggestive" he burbles. No one has a clue what you mean, but we're sure you're right, Sir. Whatever next? . . .

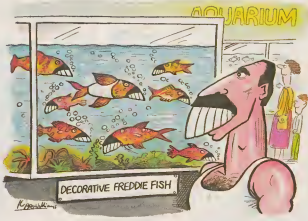
Mutterings

Has anybody seen the video to **Kim Wilde's** new single "Say You Really Want Me"? Whatever next? . . . James Bond actor **Timothy Dalton** is currently making a new film written by pop legend **Barry Gibb** of **The Bee Gees**, the group who originally wrote the song "I've Taki'n". And if that hasn't knocked your socks off, the film's music is being penned by axe legend "**Eric Clapton**" Whatever next? . . . Did you know that **Michael "A. Fax"** received an astonishing 20,000 birthday cards the other day. Whatever next? Quite depressing really for those of us who only get the usual three cards every year, isn't it? . . . When **Madame Madonna** of Ciccone pops over here shortly to play her concerts she might well be popping into **Madame Tussauds** because the famous waxwork museum has asked her to pose for one of their famous "lifelike gues who this one's supposed to be?" effigies. Will she accept the invitation? Who knows? . . . Old anyone

see those photos of **Simon le Bon** wearing that quite burgusting mong thing, sunbathing with a pair of togless "lovelies" and showing off his bottom? Simon is deeply mortified about the photographs but defended his obscene beach wear, telling *Mutterings*: "I like to get a brown bum! I think pale bottoms are very unattractive so I either sunbathe totally naked or wear something that exposes as much of me to the sun as possible." Oo-er. "It must have been done by some bloke with a telephoto lens half a mile away," continues Salty, "I suppose it's quite flattering. It means that I'm in the same league as **Jackie Onassis** and **Princess Caroline of Monaco!**" Whatever next? . . . **LIONEL RITCHIE KILLED BY PIANO!** That was the headline that wasn't, but only just. Soul "great" Lionel Ritchie cheated death by a hair's breadth the other day when a piano almost fell on him! What happened was young Lionel had

designed a special "electronic" robot piano gimmick thing for his new stage act, and the piano was supposed to follow him around the stage as if by magic! What a ho! Of course the ruddy thing went mad, shot off the edge of the stage one day and almost killed the unfortunate Lionel who was standing just below it at the time. Had not Lionel leapt out of the way in time he would have been squashed! Whatever next? . . . And here's another **Madonna Muttering** to be going on with: she's just been paid a mere £500,000 for appearing in an advert for **Mitsubishi Electronics**. What a paltry sum! Why, **Tina Turner** got about four times that amount for appearing in a new set of **Pepsi-Cola** adverts which have just been filmed. And this time she didn't just appear on her own, she roped in **Dame David Bowie** too, and you can bet he got paid a couple of bob for appearing on that! . . . Of course that's nothing compared to what **Michael Jackson** got when he did his adverts

for **Pepsi**. They gave him 10 million quid and now they've decided that they might never show the adverts because they think that **Michael's** plastic surgery makes him look a little too weird. Whatever next? . . . And talking of **Michael Jackson** it appears that he's been getting into a spot of bother with his local lending library. The hooligan. A few weeks back, much to the surprise of the staff, **Michael Jackson** and a bodyguard strolled into his local library for a browse and borrowed two books. But then when the "return by" date came up, where were the books? So the library sent **Michael** a note to tell him to get the books over and **BING!** the next day in walked a bodyguard saying could **Michael** buy the books because he hadn't finished reading them yet? Whatever next? "Certainly not!" paged the librarian, "this isn't a bookshop!" Cheek! . . . What's the connection between **Tom Cruise** and **Andrew Ridgeley**? "Well, they're both not very good racing car drivers, that's what. Tom has been taking racing driving lessons for a whole year but he still managed to crash in his first professional race in America the other day. . . Still, that's miles better than **Boy George**. he's trying to learn to drive but he is still so titanically awful that he can't find any more instructors willing to teach him. Whatever next? **Dame David of Bowie** is reputed to be famous because **Top Of The Pops** haven't used the special effect of film he made to go with his last single "Time Will Crawl" after the single didn't get any higher than 29 in the charts. . . And another chap who's finding what a fiddle old world it is **Nick Kamen**, because the readers of a certain "news" paper have just declared that his is the most over-rated male body in the world. Oh dear. Whatever next??? . . . And if you're currently "holidaying" in Sknegness or some such place, you won't bump into **Sting**. "The English seaside is flooding freezing," says the blonde one. "The beaches are full of all these old guys walking round with their trousers rolled up. Whatever next? (Next you go to bed and stop saying "Whatever next?" - Ed.)



Lord Frederick Lucan of Mercury (i.e. Freddie Mercury) has just splashed out £20,000 buying some rare Japanese Koi Carp fish for his home aquarium. . .

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HAPPY when it rains

Step back and watch the sweet thing
Breaking everything she sees
She can take my darkest feeling
Tear it up till I'm on my knees
Plug into her electric cool
Where things bend and break
And shake to the rules

Talking fast couldn't tell me something
I would shed my skin for you
Talking fast on the edge of nothing
I would break my back for you
Don't know why don't know why
Things vapourise and rise to the sky

And we tried so hard and we looked so good
And we lived our lives in black
But something about you felt like pain
You were my sunny day rain
You were the clouds in the sky
You were the darkest sky
But your lips spoke gold and honey
That's why I'm happy when it rains
I'm happy when it pours

Look at me enjoying something
That feels like feels like pain to my brain
And if I tell you something
You take me back to nothing
I'm on the edge of something
You take me back
And I'm happy when it rains
And I'm happy with you
And I'm happy now
Oh I'm happy now
Oh I'm happy when it rains

Words and music by Jim and William Reid
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