

# SMASH HITS

HIT SONGWORDS BY MADONNA FAT BOYS CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

IT'S...  
**THEN  
JERICO!**

**FREE  
INSIDE!**

**DOUBLE-SIDED  
GIANT POSTER**

**SIDE 1 U2**



**SIDE 2 GAME**



**BLACK  
PET SHOP BOYS  
DANNY WILSON  
MICHAEL JACKSON**

**RICK ASTLEY  
BON JOVI  
WET WET WET  
HOUSEMARTINS**

**MOTO GUZZI**



WET WET WET

**L**ook! It's Wet Wet Wet! Having a ripping good time it seems too, playing the rather brilliant *Smash Hits Game* which is tucked away in the middle of this very issue on the back of that giant "moody" U2 poster. To play the game you become one of the four pop stars at each corner of the board: Madonna, Curiosity Killed The Cat, Terence Trent D'Arby or Bon Jovi, and you then romp around the board picking up fan cards, a record contract and a gold disc, or alternatively losing them all. The winner is the first one to collect all the necessary cards, get safely round the great wheel of pop fame and - PRESTO! - achieve that supreme accolade of pop stardom: being chosen as the *Smash Hits* cover star! So look, it's see how Wet Wet Wet are getting on...

**Madonna:** "I'm not going to be Madonna. I'll be Curiosity Killed The Cat because they're our label-mates. Where have I landed? Janice Long asks me to record a session for her show Mmmph. She never did. What do I get then? A fan card, great."

**Graeme:** "If you're Curiosity you get a girlie. I've got a record contract. Brilliant! I suppose I'd better get into character as I'm Terence Trent D'Arby. I'm magic, man. I'm absolutely wonderfully brilliant." Go on Neil, it's your turn. You're Madonna, you should be miles ahead."

**Neil:** "The man from Snoot Records likes my crazy image so I get a record contract. Well, I suppose she has got a crazy image, hasn't she? Can I be Madonna instead - he's a brilliant football player?"

**Tommy:** "I've got to play an imaginary guitar solo with suitable heavy metal grinning." That's easy. I'm Bon Jovi aren't I? "Woowoooo, woowoooo living on a grassyater, woowoooo, woowoooo" is that enough?"

And so the great quest for pop stardom continues. Will Madonna record a duet with Morrissey called "Multi-Storey Car Park Gloom" and win lots more fans? Will Bon Jovi forget the words to his song on the Wogan show and go hurtling into the dumper? Wet Wet Wet ever be on the cover of *Smash Hits* in so-called real life? "It's about time we were," says Marti. Just you wait your turn, young man...

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Photo: Paul Rider

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## CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q. Which pop star saves you money on various purchases and can even be exchanged for a spot of "luncheon"?  
A. Judy Voucher  
(From Mathew Demming)

● Not very chortlesome, eh viewers? If you have an unsniggerworthy snippet of humour that you think deserves a wider audience it will be warmly received at Smash Hits' Crap Joke Corner, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

## THE M

Yes, pop ghouls, the bloke opposite is none other than Andrew Eldritch – creator of the world's most famed "gothic" group the Sisters Of Mercy: a group whose legend was built on a swathe of dry-ice-cannalised, demented pop performances, gloomful, burling guitar spangles and most of all the deep 'n' angst-ridden garglings of Count Eldritch himself. The Sisters of Mercy "died" two years ago when their guitar person Wayne Hussey and Craig Adams moodied off to invent The Mission and become quite rich and famous – declaring Count Eldritch to be a bit of bimbo in the process, while he declared they were even bigger bimboes. This began a tormented tale of pop butchery about who had the "right" to call themselves the Sisters Of Mercy, Count Eldritch naming himself The Sisterhood for a while and releasing a very strange LP called "The Wake", but eventually he rose and now – creep upon creeps – the Sisters Of Mercy are back: with a new burling guitar spangle called "This Corrosion" (featuring a twittering choir) and a new guitarist, Patricia, who used to be in another quite good gloom group called The Gun Club. She wears rubber pants-dresses, several zilli-tones of make-up and hairspray and she's standing next to The Count looking very grim indeed. So's *His*, come to think of it, because it's been granted an "audience" with Count Eldritch who has pinned an innocent *Hit* to the wall with the most creepified, stony stare and is telling as that...

HE ISN'T A "GOTH" AT ALL

"I was never gothic! The Sisters' stuff was different – we always wrote tunes, had a song – because I have a great respect for songs – and I don't think any of those that you would call gothic bands ever did. They were just a noise with a few chains and a bit of black fat. I don't look gloomy! I look like a groovy guy." (7)

HE DOESN'T LIKE PEOPLE

"I don't like people apart from individuals very much. Crowds make me nervous, basically. One of the reasons is that outside of a song I really don't have a way of projecting myself so I feel incoherent a lot of the time. Particularly in conversation (stony stare). I loathe conversation. I'm totally incapable of small talk."

THEIR NEW SINGLE IS 11-MINUTES AND 8 SECONDS LONG! "It was only 7½ minutes when we started it – a snip! And then I just couldn't stop. We've done a four minute version, too, but we were seriously thinking about not doing one because I hate laughing about with things. People will buy the 11 minute-

## HOW TO DO THE HOUSEWORK THE COMMUNARDS WAY



One: Doing the ironing. "Er... we're not very good at doing the ironing."



Two: "Where's the Hoover then matey?"



Three: Cleaning out the grate.



Four: Polishing the table. "ZZZZZZZ."

Photos: Daniela Scaramuzza

## The Last Resort is Back!

▷ From Friday September 18 on Channel 4 we can chortle once more at the antics of the assorted clumps and celebrities that make up the show's "guests", thrill to the sound of the new house band Steve Nieve (of Chris Castello And The Attractions "Jama") And The Playboys, and of course swoon over the host with the nattiest suits, the oiliest charm and the most celebrated speech impediment on TV, Mr Jonathan Ross. How jolly splendid.



Photo: LPI



● Hello. My name's Roddy Frame, of the group Aztec Camera. I play a pretty nifty guitar, pen moody sensitive lyrics and sing a bit too. In fact I was something of a pop sensation when my single "Oblivious" thundered into the charts about four years ago. "I haven't had a record out for yonks because I've been busy hibernating in my cottage near Stockport and inventing new songs, one of which is the new Aztec Camera single called "Deep, Wide And Tall". This means, of course, that I am back! Back!! Etc!!! Thank you!"

## BIRTHDAYS

SEPTEMBER

9 Leo Williams of Big Audio Dynamite  
10 Siobhan Falyon/"Stawart"  
of Bananamara (30)

11 Jon Moss

of Culture Club and Heartbeat UK (30)  
Nani X of Sique/"Sique" Spinik (27)  
Mick Talbot of Ver Style Council (29)

14 Mortan Market (28)

20 Dava Hemingway

of The Housemartins (27)

22 David Covardale of Whitesnake (36)

## AN WHO INVENTED "GOTHIC"!

(EXCEPT HE DENIES IT COMPLETELY AND WHO CAN BLAME HIM?)

version, of course - hell! - they don't have to play more than the first four minutes, do they? The choir is on it because I'm not very good at the soprano bits, to be honest *hah hih*. And it's more ironic with a choir. More ludicrous and more *stupid*. It's a very *cruel* song. We've started again where we left off and there's the same knife stuck in but I've just twisted it a bit more."

**IS STILL I DOESN'T THINK WAYNE HUSSEY IS MUCH OF A!** "I think very little about him, actually. He's really . . . not a part of my universe. I don't know anything about The Mission - I've got no information to base an opinion on. I've heard two singles and I looked at their album cover but I didn't play it. The other thing, of course, is that I've never had a record player in my life *hah hih*."

**HE'S READY IS NOT AT ALL. THE ASIAN!** "I've got baby-oil on my face and in my hair because it makes me feel *comfortable*, more like *me*. When my body feels too pleasant it doesn't really feel like mine."

**HIS EIGHT EYE-BROW JIGGLERS UP AND DOWN ALWAYS HE TALKES!** "I make my points much better with my eyes. If I had my specs on you'd be concentrating on what I was saying and I don't think I could make my point that way - I can say much more in the movement of an eyebrow (*jiggles right eyebrow up and down*). And I always look people straight in the eye because I was never taught *not* to look directly at people when I'm talking to them - I also want to see what *happens* (*stony stare*). A lot of people find that sinister and frightening which is understandable."

**HE THINKS THE END OF THE WORLD WILL BE "AMAZING".** "I'm *desperately serious*. About *everything*. I have a very intense sense of leisure. I was in Hamare one time and I was woken at 10 o'clock one morning by the sound of sirens going off all over the city (*stony stare*). 'Ah', I thought, 'I know what that means: a nuclear attack'. It turned out the Germans just like to *practise* nuclear alerts. And once I'd discovered this, I thought *one has* to take one's leisure time very seriously - it's not going to last very long. It's all very well to think 'oh my God! The world's going to blow up - how *awful!*' but it's perfectly possible to think at the same time 'the world's going to blow up - that's going to look *amazing!*'. There's no point in standing there being sad about it because that won't change anything. And I don't find that sinister or depressing. I find that a perfectly natural reaction to the modern world."

# Popitz

## THINGS IN POP CALLED COAL

Coal is a rum old substance, is it not? It's millions of years old and it lives in the ground and it's made out of trees and what usually happens is someone digs it up and you burn it on the fire and – presto! – you have one of the greatest natural fuel sources known to man. It is little wonder, then, that almost everyone in pop is named after it!!!! Take, for instance...



▲ **Natalie Cole** This extraordinary swingstroler from the USA is, even as we speak, trumpeting up the charts with the single "Jump Start"!!

● **Nat King Cole** Deceased hitmaker of yesteryear, his silver tones graced many a classic, i.e. "Pretend" and "Smile" and millions more. Strangely enough, Nat was the father of Natalie (hence the name).



▲ **Lloyd Cole** You remember him. Well, he's about to be back with his group, The Commotions, and they've got a new single called "My Bag" which will be released on September 21.

● **Richard Cole** Gooly looking one in The Communards.

● **Cole Porter** Deceased composer of drillions of years ago. He wrote "Smoking Girls in Your Eyes" after banging too much coal on his fire.

● **Cozy Cole** Who is he? Nobody knows but apparently he had a hit in 1953 with something awful called "Tootsy".

● **Arthur Scargill** Famous coalman. Not much good at pop.

● **Newcastle** Many people often say "it's like taking coals to Newcastle". No one quite knows what this means but one thing's for sure – Sting and Neil Tennent and Bryan Ferry all come from Newcastle.

● **Pepel Cole** A make of drink. Often causes Michael Jackson's hair to explode.

● **Colley** A make of fish. Possibly once eaten by a pop star.

● **David Colamen** The larus (Series discontinued-Ed.)



▲ Clockwise from top: Mark Anders, Ann Wilson, Howard Leeds, Nancy Wilson, Derry Carmessy.

They're v. famous in America, they're fronted by the rockin' Wilson sisters Nancy and Ann, they've just had a hit with a song called "Alone", but did you know that...

They're all mad about animals – Ann owns millions of springer spaniels and guitarist Howard has a Great Dane, six cats and a parrot?

Ann used to work in a Col Sandare Kentucky Fried Chicken shop but she hated it so much that she ended up getting the sack?

Darryl the drummer used to serve at a fast food joint but got the sack when a striking pleaser from his finger turned up in a customer's ice cream?

They've got a brand new single out now called "Who Will You Run To?", and a rockin' good thing it is too?



Yus! In commemoration of the release of **Michael Jackson's** first LP in ages, "Bad" (see Review for details), this special pin-on badge has been minted bearing the witty slogan "Bad is Good". And, what's more, a rather trendy "Bad" sweatshirt has also been designed after the style of Michael's latest "look", resplendent in its blackness and adorned with zip fasteners and the like. And if you put the sweatshirt on and then pin the badge into it you will surely be the trendiest person on the block. Yes, and young Michael's kindly given us 25 – 25! – of each to give away to our revered readers...

## HOW TO ENTER

● Michael Jackson – as we all know – has a veritable menagerie of animals back at his house. But what are their names? On the left you'll see a list of his pets, and on the right there's a list of their names. All you have to do is match the names to the pets (i.e. if you think the llama's called Bubbles write A) is a) etc. It's a doddle!

- A. Llama a) Bubbles  
B. Python b) Louis  
C. Chimpanzee c) Muscles

Then send your answers on a postcard to **Smash Hits Michael Jackson Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by September 22.

## THIS BICYCLE – AS SAT UPON BY A POP

▶ See the girlie on the bicycle! See the wheels go round and round!

Whoosh! What is the girlie's name?

The girlie's name is Dee Lewis! Pedal, Dee, Pedal! What is the girlie doing here?

She's riding her bicycle! Puff, Dec, puff! And she's telling us all about her super new pop single called "Stuck On Love"

and how she's a very important "session" singer who has warbled on hits by Curiosity Killed The Cat amongst others and that her sister is Linda Lewis who used to be quite a famous

popstar with many hits like "Rock-A-Doodle-Dee" and that she (Dee) can be seen atop her super bike in the video for her super pop single and that... Brake, Dee, brake! Oh, dear! Calamity, ...and that she is jolly well fed up with riding about on her bike and would really rather be in a helicopter à la Annette Rice and so she is going to give it (the bike) away to one lucky viewer in a simply swinging competition. Thanks, Dee, thanks!



▲ Dee Lewis pedalling that bicycle in her "Stuck On Love" video.

Features include:

▶ **HANDLEBARS:** Proper handlebars, not pvery underneath handlebars that make your bottom stick in the air.

◀ **GEARS:** Three.

◀ **BASKET:** On the front for carrying things in.

▼ **PUMP:** Yes.

▶ **WHEELS:** Two

▲ **PEDALS:** One pair.

● **OTHER FINE THINGS:** Many.

# THE FATTEST POP STARS IN THE WORLD!



▲ The Fat Boys (from left) "Kool Rock" Wimbley, "Human Beatbox" Robinson, "Prince Markie Dee" Morales.



▲ Polo tricks for The Fats in their forthcoming film *Disorderlies*.

**T**hey're called the Fat Boys (hence the name) and between them they weigh a total of almost 1,000 pounds (which is about 71.5 stone, which makes them rather tubby). They've got a film out called *Disorderlies* in which they play "the three worst orderlies in the history of nursing care" which is currently sweeping the nation "across the pond" (i.e. in America) and which will be released over here in a few months. Their single, recorded with '60s pop group The Beach Boys, "Wipeout" is cruising up the charts this very second! And, to cap it all, one of the Fat Boys, Damon "Kool Rock" Wimbley, is on the *Blitz* blower this very second!

So – Kool, how did your collaboration with the veteran surf miscreants The Beach Boys come about?

"Well, what happened was we met them in Boston when we were staying in the same hotel one time and we got talking to them. They ended up taking a little cameo part in our movie *Disorderlies* and any time we took a break in filming *The Human Beatbox* (one of the Fat Boys) and Mike Love (the lead singer of *The Beach Boys*) would go over and start humming the tune to "Wipeout" (an old song by a '60s group called *The Surfers*). Negotiations got started and we ended up doing the record."

So are you keen surfers then?  
"No, we don't surf because we don't know how to swim. I think we're too fat really."

Ah, yes, you are rather tubby

aren't you? You must be rather fond of the cornish?

"Yeah, we eat a lot! Our average lunch is probably three large cheeseburgers, two onion rings, two large cokes. Then for dinner we have something like a large plateful of lasagne, a big slice of meatloaf on the side, some other stuff maybe and a large glass of *Kool Aid*. Do you have that in England? We have snacks in-between meals too. Sweets, sodas... stuff that makes your teeth hurt."

Gosh, that's not a very healthy "diet" is it?

"Well no, but we're not too worried about getting heart trouble or anything like that. We're too young and too active."

What, you take lots of exercise?

"Well, we do a lot of touring, a lot of stage work. We have to eat a lot on tour to keep our energy up. When we went to Switzerland, we thought the hotel breakfast was for free so we used to go upstairs and come down again and order extra breakfast sides of ham and bacon. We had to pay for it though. At the end of the week the bill for extra breakfast was something like \$300." (Around £180 – A banker.)

So, after The Beach Boys, who will you be teaming up with next?

"There's a couple of English groups I wouldn't mind doing something with, like *Slimy Red* and *U2*. That *U2* song, "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For", that's a cool song. We could do that."

What a curious idea.

## STAR – COULD BE YOURS!

And for runners up we have 10 – 10!! – very trendy bicycling shirts. All you have to do to enter is answer the following questions:

1. What is a bicycle with one wheel called? 2. What is a bicycle with three wheels called? 3. What is a bicycle with two saddles and two sets of pedals called? 4. Knock knock. Who's there? Isobel. Isobel who? Isobel necessary on a bicycle? Ha ha! That last one's a crap "joke" and not a question at all.

Send your answers on a puncture repair kit to *Smash Hits Foolish Bicycle Competition*, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by September 22.

◀ SADDLE:  
For additional riding comfort.



▼ SPOKES: Lots.



## A VERY SHORT HISTORY OF THE TEMPTATIONS



▲ The Tempts as they were then, wearing the latest *Star Trek* fashions...

▲ ...and the grooviest overalls you've ever seen, daddy-o.

**The Temptations** – was there ever such a powerful punch packed by a bunch of smoothie soulsters? No indeed. For although "Papa Was A Rolling Stone" may "boast" a brand new modern dance *kick*, the song (with the very same vocals) was first a hit way back in 1973! In fact, The Temptations – five brilliant singers also famous for their twirlsome dance routines – have been together longer than most of us have been born – i.e. 27 years i.e. a very long time indeed.

Their real "heyday" was in the late '60s and early '70s when they had a whole string of magnificent swirly'n'thoughtful soul hits, including the original "Wherever I Lay My Hat, That's My Home" later to be made famous by Paul "Young"! And even if they did do that truly awful "Treat Her Like A Lady" a couple of years back, a mere peek at any collection of their finest "moments" is still guaranteed to have people keeling over in admiration. Bravo – wrinkles!

# bitz



## WEIRD FILM CO

● *Bitz* has got 15 copies of Talking Heads' exceptionally weird film *True Stories* hailed by some as the best film ever made by a pop star – and we're giving them away!!! It's the film that features Talking Heads' weird lead singer David Byrne travelling around in a weird big red car musing on how weird everything is in America, to the sound of songs from the Talking Heads LP "True Stories". Anyway, if you wish to attempt to win one, answer this question.

What does the term "talking head" (from which Talking Heads took their name) actually mean? Is it: a) a headmaster at a school of elocution; b) a spooky ghostly phenomenon accompanied by a headless figure or c) a term used in the "media" to describe a TV presenter who is filmed from the chest up? Answers on something weird to **Smash Hits Talking Heads Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by September 22.

## WIN THIS UNIQUE "DESIGNER" OUTFIT – AS FEATURED IN NEW ORDER'S "TRUE FAITH" VIDEO. . .

**B**itz, being something of a fashion "guru", has acquired this fabulous outfit, the very same one you saw in that extremely odd **New Order** video. It is, of course, the unique creation of a team of top Parisian designers, and *Bitz* is offering it to one lucky reader. Tipped to take the world of fashion by storm and sweep the nation this autumn, the outfit is comprised of the following:

- A medieval-"style" helmet fashioned from top quality PVC.
- A pair of exquisitely tailored unisex dungaree-type thingies made from padded cotton.
- A pair of pixie-"style" lace-up ankle boots moulded from the same rich brown PVC as the helmet.

Teamed with accessories of your choice this fine ensemble forms an outfit to suit any occasion. Wow your pals at the local disco! Be the envy of the beach as your handy headgear protects you from the hot sun, your boots prevent that irritating sand-between-the-toes syndrome and your dungaree-type-thingie doubles up as a life-jacket! Or why not spice up those formal occasions such as school prize-givings or job interviews by sporting this offbeat but smart outfit?

What's more, 10 runners-up can win a rather fine New Order t-shirt which is white with a blue blob on it.

To enter simply answer the following pop puzzler.

Which of the following is the name of New Order's singer? Is it: a) Bernard Matthews; b) Barne Albran; c) Bernard Abrecht; d) Bernie Downthedeeco; e) Barney Rubble or f) Bernard Manning?

Answers on something deeply "meaningful" to **The Smash Hits My What A Rippling Rig-Out That Is Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by September 22.



Photo: Paul Rickard

## TEN "PERSONAL" RADIO CASSETTE PLAYERS TO BE WON (plus something quite good to put in them)



**G**olly Gosh. Crapes. Heck. Blimey. Crumbs. Heavens. Cor... These are but a few of the words the 10 lucky winners of this fine competition will exclaim when the postie delivers to their door a **Ferguson Escort Radio Cassette** player accompanied by a special cassette compiled by the makers of *Twix* which includes brilliant songs by people like **Ran DMC, Level 42, The Communards, The Style Council, Swing Out Sister, Wet Wet Wet** and loads of other top groups. (This cassette is normally only available to people who've eaten

lots of *Twix* bars and sent in the special cassette offer wrappers to claim a free cassette.)

To enter, just answer this little poser. The following phrase is an anagram of the name of one of the singers from a group included on the *Twix* cassette: **1 SMELLY JIVER MOM**.

If you can unscramble the name and tell us which group he or she's in then write it on a postcard, with your name, your address and a self-portrait of yourself to **Smash Hits Sanelly Jiver Competition**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by September 22.







▲ David Byrne (left) in the wild but brilliant True Stoves.

**Win a rather rare  
Wet Wet Wet  
single that is  
in fact wet!!!**



It's a first! It's a wet record! The Scottish scamps have gone and released their "Sweet Little Mystery" in a transparent liquid sleeve and donated 25 of them for *Bitz* to give away.

This "four track wet pack" is a special 12" only release which includes the original

version of "Sweet Little Mystery", which is completely different from the hit version. Also included is The Wets' rendition of a Stevie Wonder song "Heaven Help Us All", plus a live version of "May You Never" - an old hippy song by a bloke called John Martyn. Plus, *Bitz* has 25 copies of the normal version of "Sweet Little Mystery" in a fetching "W" shaped picture disc format. To win these Wet oddities simply try answering the following brain-teaser: what is the chemical "formula" for water? Is it: a) CO<sub>2</sub>; b) H<sub>2</sub>O; c) U2 or d) UB40?

Answers on something involving liquid to **Smash Hits Wet Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by September 22.



## SHERLOCK BITZ PRESENTS: MISSING! THE WET'S MASCOT!

**Horrors.** During a recent appearance on *Top Of The Pops*, one of Wet Wet Wet's fans stole the group's mascot, "ET". The group were inconsolable. But wisely they asked *Bitz* to track the thing down and get it returned to them instantaneously, so whoever sends the missing item to *Smash Hits* will receive two tickets for one of their concerts and be able to mix backstage to be thanked earnestly by the group. Only the real "ET" mascot will be accepted. Please send it to *Bitz Department of Special Investigations, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF* as quick as you noddily well can.

## ONE OF THESE SWANK ABC SKATEBOARDS COULD BE YOURS!



▲ The ABC skateboard, owned by a demented woman: "No, you can't win it, it's mine."

**H**ave you heard the new single "The Night You Murdered Love" by those posh swanksters ABC? More to the point have you seen the video, in which the pair of them swan around all the trendy spots of Paris, pursued by a mad damsel on a skateboard? You have? And you have doubtless thought, "I wish I had a swanky ABC skateboard like she has." Well, what a curious twist of fate, because now's your chance to get one! We've got 10 of these brilliant swizzalong boards and we're giving them away to the lucky winners of this great competition! Simply answer this question correctly and one of them could be yours!

What does the word "slam" mean when used in skateboarding circles? Is it: a) to skateboard on your head; b) to forget to bring your skateboard with you or c) to fall off your skateboard with a bit of a bump? Write your answer with your name and address on something really "rad" to **Smash Hits Shut Up And Skate Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by September 22.



▲ Martin Fry (left) and Mark White larking around in front of the Eiffel Tower.



▲ ABC, what a pair of totals!



▲ Pop stars trying to look smouldering in their latest video (Plan 5,999) ABC



▲ The loathess trying to "reuder love" with a catapult in ABC's new video.

*Wouldn't a free £100 overdraft be*

*"...now son,  
about girls..."*



# more useful when starting college?



This year, Midland's student service includes a free £100 overdraft.

Unlike a lot of things students leave home with, it should come in rather handy, because it means you can go £100 into the red without being charged a penny.

Admittedly, it's not automatic.

But it can easily be arranged after a brief chat with your local branch.

The other parts of our package, all listed below, should be just as useful.

And if you're heading north of the border, you'll find an almost identical deal available from our Clydesdale Bank branches.

▶ **Wide network of convenient cash tills.**

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**WOOLWORTHS**

# DANNY WILSON



## MARY'S PRAYER

Everything is wonderful  
Being here is heavenly  
Every single day she sends  
Everything is true  
I used to be so careless  
As if I couldn't care less  
Did I have to make this mess  
When I was Mary's prayer

Suddenly the heavens roared  
Suddenly the rain came down  
Suddenly was washed away  
The Mary that I know  
So when you find somebody to keep  
Think of me and celebrate  
I made such a big mistake  
When I was Mary's prayer  
So if I say

Chorus  
Save me save me  
Be the light in my eyes  
And if I say ten Hail Marys  
Leave a light on in heaven

For me  
Blessed is the one who shares  
Your power and your heavy Mary  
Blessed is the millionaire  
Who shares your wedding day

So when you find somebody to keep  
Think of me and celebrate  
I made such a big mistake  
When I was Mary's prayer  
So if I say

Repeat chorus twice

For me

If you want the fruit to fall  
You have to give the tree a shake  
And if you shake the tree too hard  
The branch is going to break  
And if I can't reach the top of the tree  
Then Mary you can pull me up there  
When I wouldn't give to be  
When I was Mary's prayer  
So if I say

Repeat chorus twice

Save me save me  
Be the light in my eyes  
What I wouldn't give to be  
When I was Mary's prayer  
What I wouldn't give to be  
When I was Mary's prayer  
What I wouldn't (save me) give to be  
When I was Mary's prayer

Words and music: Gary Clark  
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# CAUSING A COMMOTION

Chorus

I've got the moves baby you've got the motion  
If we got together we'd be causing a commotion  
I've got the moves baby you've got the motion  
If we got together we'd be causing a commotion

You met your match when you met me  
I know you will disagree it's crazy  
But opposites attract you'll see  
And I won't let you get away so easy  
The love you save may be your own  
Can't fight this feeling aren't you tired of being alone  
You won't admit it but you know it's true  
It's not a secret how I feel when I attend next to you

Repeat chorus

Some day you'll see my point of view  
You can't keep wishing on the stars baby  
What works for me can work for you  
You got to make a compromise and maybe  
Then we can keep our love alive  
And when it falls we won't let it die  
It doesn't matter if you win or lose  
It's how you play the game so get into the groove

Repeat chorus

Causing a commotion causing a commotion  
Causing a commotion causing a commotion  
I hope you find what you're looking for  
le it mine walk through that door  
We're sweating time make up your mind  
And get into the groove

Then we can keep our love alive  
And when it falls we won't let it die  
It doesn't matter if you win or lose  
It's how you play the game so get into the groove

I hope you find what you're looking for  
le it mine walk through that door  
We're sweating time make up your mind  
And get into the groove

Repeat chorus

Causing a commotion causing a commotion  
Causing a commotion causing a commotion

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Madonna/Stephen Bray  
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On Sire Records

# MADONNA



# at home with

Paul, Stan, Norman and Dave open their front doors to nosy Richard Lowe

Photos: Paul Rider

It's a quiet Wednesday afternoon in Hull but inside The Housemartins' office (the so-called "House Of Strangeness"), the place is fairly bustling. Paul's making a few very serious phone calls about The Housemartins' forthcoming tour. Norman's chatting to one of his chums about the startling new developments in the



▲ The aptly-named House Of Strangeness.

demanding a guided tour of The Housemartins' homes and favourite "haunts" in their home town of Hull.

"Well, where do you want to go?" asks Stan. "We don't really go anywhere except the office and our houses and the shop around the corner. Will that be



▲ "Hello, Winnie! I'll be going away for a while. Don't forget the plants. Love, Paul"

Brookside plot that they've just got wind of from their "moles" inside the show. Stan's pottering around gibbering about this and that in his familiar "fashion", and Dave's just sort of sitting there.

Not for long though, because some nosy people from *Smash Hits* have just arrived

▼ McLeish's Home Bakery's suppliers of good food to The Housemartins



▲ "Hello, could I have a ton of breakfast cereals please?"

exciting enough for you?" Lead on, Sir Stanley.

"Well, McLeish's is a very important landmark for us in Hull, because it's where we buy our sandwiches and cakes," witters Stan as we all troop off down the road.

"That's my road on the right and Paul's road is just opposite. Shall we get some food and then go off to my house?"

What a fine idea. . .



▲ Stan's bathroom. "I spend the whole evening in here".

## STAN'S HOUSE

Stan lives in a little end terrace about two streets away from The House Of Strangeness which is very neat and tidy but which is plagued by damp.

"I don't really know what to do about it" pipes a rather miffed Stan. "It just keeps getting worse. I've just finished re-decorating the bedroom and it's been ruined by the damp. Shall I show you the bathroom instead? The bathroom's definitely my favourite room in the house and I seem to spend a lot of my time in here. I always used to slag Norman off for spending hours in the toilet reading, but recently I've found that it's the only way to get a bit of peace. When I'm really tired after coming back from a tour



▲ Stan and Paul: neighbours and they never even knew it.

or something I often spend the whole evening in here. I come in, lock the door, either bring the phone in with me or leave it downstairs - I've got one of those cordless phones, you see - and sit in here reading the paper or a book. It's brilliant. Then I have a

bath afterwards. I tend to have a big, deep bubble bath. I put my Walkman on the chair and just lie in the bath listening to it for ages.

"My kitchen's very tidy because I hardly ever use it. I don't cook very much, in fact I don't cook at all. I get my friends to come round and cook for me or I go out to the local chip shop, Indian or Chinese.

"I've got a really clean cooker



▲ Stan washes up after a hearty feast of beans and soup.

which is always being commented upon but it's not because I'm particularly tidy, it's because I only ever use it to make toast under the grill. I sometimes heat up soup or beans in a saucepan but that doesn't really count as cooking does it? As you can see the only food I've got in at the moment is cereals. Have you tried this new Team stuff? I've got Crunchy Nut



▲ Norman at the piano Paul thinks it's "snobby".

# The Housemartins

and introduce him to the strange and secret world of The Housemartins. . .

**PAUL'S HOUSE  
(EXCEPT IT ISN'T,  
IT'S HIS NEIGHBOURS')**

I don't really like the idea of people seeing inside my house because it's the only private thing I've got left now. You can come and have a look if you like but it's not very interesting. I've just had the decorators in and it's really bare.

Indeed it is pretty boring, so instead we pop next door to Paul's chums Mac and Winnie's house.

"Mac and Winnie help me out a lot," explains Paul. "I've got no one living in my house so it's difficult to organise things when you're away as much as we are. They look after the house for me when I'm away, keeping an eye out for burglars."

"We do what we can," says Winnie. "He needs a bit of looking after sometimes and we do a bit of washing for him."

"I've known these lads for about two and a half years now, before they were famous," adds Mac.

"They're good lads. They sponsor the football team team which used to be called Dame Villa Boys but it's now called Housemartins Boys. But even if I wasn't involved in football with them, I'd still be good friends with them. What are they like at football? Well Stan's a load of bloody rubbish! He'll never make a football player, but Paul's very good. He could be a professional. He'd do well in a fourth division or even the third. A very good player."

"I like their records too. I'm not much of a pop fan but I can't help hearing it all the time because I've got two daughters who are into pop



▲ Paul and Stan in front of a wall "painted" by Norman

music and Ian, he's into all sorts – the Beastie Boys and God knows what. Honestly there's some right rubbish going around now, some terrible groups. But speaking truthfully and not because I'm friends of theirs I think The Housemartins' music is very good."

Paul's getting a bit embarrassed by all these compliments so we troop off outside with Mac and Winnie's son Ian to inspect Norman's graffiti which decorates the wall just round the corner from Paul's house.

"I've known Paul for about four or five years now," explains Ian. "We used to go round their house all the time when Paul lived down the road. They're good lads but they're a bit mad. Totally crazy in fact. They go out to spray graffiti when it's pitch black and they can't

even see what they're doing."

"I don't really do that much graffiti though," says Paul. "It's Norman who's the main man. He used to do hip-hop DJing and all that and he's been doing graffiti for a while now. His logo's 'Sporty'."

"When I first moved up to Hull I lived in this house down the road and Stan used to live next door. I didn't know him then though. He was a student and you know what students are like, they never stay in the same place for more than a couple of months and they don't drink in the local boozer and stuff so I didn't know him at all. That was the time when I was trying to set up a local newspaper. It was going to be very political and satirical but nothing ever came of it. It was one of my many projects. I'm a man of many projects."



Comfiakes as well but I find them a bit too sweet so I mix the two up. I've always done this ever since childhood. When you go to these bed and breakfast places or hotels you always get those little packets of cereals, Variety Packs, and they ask you whether you want Rice Krispies or Corn Flakes and I say 'well can I have half of each and a bit of All-Bran and then oats, or muesli or whatever it's called.'"

"This is my music room. Well, it's got a piano in it anyway so that's the piano corner. The other corner's the football corner which is where I keep my football kit. Paul thinks it's a bit snobby to have a piano in the front room but I like playing it."



▲ Stan: This man uses a cordless phone.



▲ Paul with neighbours Winnie and Mac. They claim Paul "needs looking after"

# at home with the Housemartins



## NORMAN'S "HOUSE"

Actually, Norman hasn't got a house. He's something of a nomad who lives out of his car and various bags and rests his weary head wherever he can find an available floor. When in Hull he lives in the House Of Strangeness in a room that looks as if a bomb's been dropped in it.

"Er, I'm sorry about the mess," he mumbles, "but I've just got back from a weekend away and I've been moved up to this room."

"I got evicted from the room I used to have downstairs because we decided it was safer to store all the merchandise stock and all the instruments in there. I've never really had a chance to settle in up here because I used to live in Brighton and when I came up here to join the band we had to go on tour two days later."

"I don't really mind where I live though. I'm not a very houseproud person and as long as I've got a record player a TV and a few books I'm perfectly happy. When I first came up here I stayed with Paul for a bit and shared a flat with Stan but they both complained about me smoking which is fair enough because it is a very antisocial habit."

"It may look very untidy here but it's quite organised really because I have this bag system to organise all my stuff. I've got a football bag with all my football stuff in, a day-to-day living bag with clothes and washing stuff in it, there's two letters bags - an urgent-letters-to-be-answered bag and a not-so-



▲ Norman at home. "I'm not a very houseproud person."

urgent-letters-to-be-answered bag - and finally there's the business bag. Actually all the business bag's in the day-to-day living bag now because I've been away."

"Then there's a lot of my stuff still in Brighton where I still live... sort of. My girlfriend, who's a nurse, lives there and I go and see her whenever I can and my stuff is dumped in various mates' houses down there. I've got thousands of records and my record decks there."

"I might move up here if my girlfriend could get work. But she's



▲ Norman and Dave rock out at Stan's

got a steady job and it would be unfair if she had to move and I went off on tour leaving her sat here miles from her family and friends."

"I like it though. When we're up here we're usually working during the day, either rehearsing or doing interviews and things, then at six o'clock everyone goes home and I take over. I mean there's a telly in there and you can make cups of coffee. It's got everything I need really. I just watch telly, read books, listen to records or go out. It's a line place to live."



## DAVID'S HOUSE

Dave is the only Housemartin who lives more than about 200 yards away from The House Of Strangeness, so we scuttle round there in his girlfriend Kate's car while Paul and Norman slink off to the second hand record shop and Stan goes off to watch his dingo patches growing.

"I live here with my mum," says



▲ Dave's bedroom wall. "Nothing very exciting."

Dave. "I did live away from home for a while but I'm back here and now and it suits me fine. My mum cooks my tea and I get my washing done. I'm not here that much though really, because we're away so much either touring or recording or whatever. My mum used to be a barmaid which is why we've got this bar in here and all these drinks. We don't really drink much at all - it's just for visitors really. She's the best barmaid in Hull. She

was nominated for the *Daily Mirror* barmaid of the year about 10 years ago but she didn't actually win it."

"We've got all cocktail things here but I shouldn't think she gets much call for that sort of thing where she works. It's all pints of bitter. Have I ever worked in a pub? Oh no, I don't think I'd fancy it. Mind you I worked in an office before I joined the band and that was really boring. I was really chuffed when I was asked to join The Housemartins. I was in a group before called The Velvetones but obviously when I was asked to join I left them. They



▲ Dave's collection of football trophies. Stan is unlikely to win quite so many.



▲ Dave's home bar. "It's just for visitors really."

didn't mind - they weren't going to stand in my way."

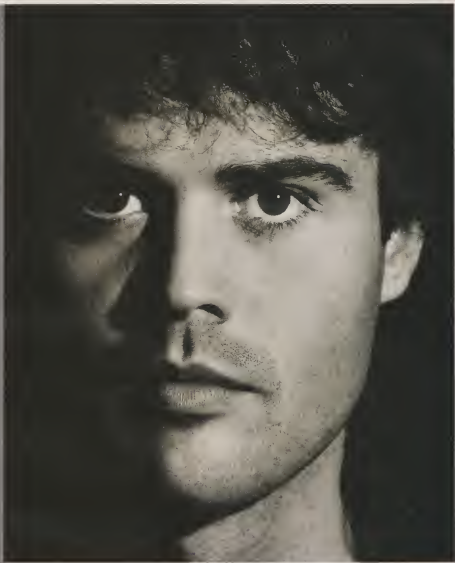
"I remember the night when he had to go and see Paul and Stan for the first time," recalls Kate. "We were meant to be going to the pictures and I didn't believe him when he said why he couldn't come. I thought he was making it up."

"I was making it up," quips Dave. "I used that excuse the next time as well."

"Do you want to come and see my bedroom now? It's not usually this tidy but Kate tidied it up for me last night. These are all my football trophies and on the wall over there are loads of posters from when I was in The Velvetones. There's nothing very exciting here, except for the signed pictures of Amanda Burton (who used to be Heather in *Brooks/De*) which I keep by my bed because I fancy her. I've never met her though. I had to send off for it."



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## NEVER LET ME DOWN AGAIN

I'm taking a ride with my best friend  
I hope he never lets me down again  
He knows where he's taking me  
Taking me where I want to be  
I'm taking a ride with my best friend

**Chorus**  
We're flying high  
We're watching the world pass us by  
Never want to come down  
Never want to put my feet back  
Down on the ground

I'm taking a ride with my best friend  
I hope he never lets me down again  
Promises me I'm as safe as houses  
As long as I remember  
Who's wearing the trousers  
I hope he never lets me down again

Repeat chorus twice

**Never let me down**  
Repeat last line to fade

See the stars they're shining bright  
Everything's alright tonight  
Repeat last two lines to fade

Words and Music by Martin Cole  
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On Mute Records



# ABC



## THE NIGHT YOU MURDERED LOVE

**Chorus**  
It's cold outside the night love died  
On the night you murdered love  
It's cold outside the night love died  
On the night you murdered love

From an early age  
I was taught to respect  
That a broken heart girl  
Ain't a thing you collect  
Close your eyes and say  
Nothing lasts a day  
You're wasting my time  
Yet I love to love you  
Close your eyes and say  
Nothing lasts a day  
You're wasting my time  
Yet I love to love you

Repeat chorus

January February March and April May  
June July sees you go by  
I see love walk away

Didn't use a knife  
A bullet or a gun  
You poisoned the moonlight  
When you put out the sun  
Close your eyes and say  
Nothing lasts a day  
You're wasting my time  
Yet I love to love you  
Close your eyes and say  
Nothing lasts a day  
You're wasting my time  
Yet I love to love you

Repeat chorus

January February March and April May  
June July sees you go by  
I see love walk away

(Love to love you)

Close your eyes and say  
Nothing lasts a day  
You're wasting my time  
Yet I love to love you

Repeat chorus

It's cold outside the night love died  
On the night you murdered love  
That you murdered love  
And you murdered love  
Yes you murdered love  
And you murdered love  
Yes you murdered love  
Yes you murdered love  
Yes you murdered love  
Yes you murdered love

Words and Music by Martin Cole  
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On Mute Records



## IT'S OVER

I won't be here when you come home  
I'm sorry if you don't understand  
Forgive me if you can  
But I can see another road  
And I ain't coming back

Don't look for me around the town  
'Cause I will be so far away  
You'll never find me anywhere  
And I won't take no souvenirs  
No perfumed picture promises  
Because it's over  
And I ain't coming back

You gave me everything  
And now I'm breaking your heart  
You know that I don't mean  
To tear your world apart

I would never leave  
If I thought you couldn't stand the pain  
The letter in the hall  
Is written on the wall  
The letter with no words of love at all  
Because it's over (because it's over)  
And I ain't coming back

And as I close the door  
I know I'm breaking your heart  
Yeah yeah I should have loved you more  
Instead I've torn your world apart

And as I walk into the lonely afternoon  
I feel sad enough  
I feel sad enough  
And all the times  
When you are lonely where you are  
Please don't hate me then  
I just could not pretend oh no

(Feel the tears)  
(I can feel the tears)  
(Running through the years)  
(Tears)  
Repeat last four lines to fade

Words and music by M. Knapp, Rodolfo R. Gould  
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On Polygram Records

# Level

# 42

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- 9 **Madonna**
- 10 **U2** Under A Blood Red Sky

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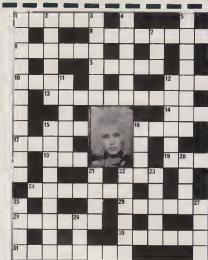
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## ● ACROSS

- 1 See photocube
- 2 The **Beasties** didn't kip till they got there
- 3 Heard by **Benoneme**?
- 3 LP
- 10 Anne spins for **Ms Mouskouri** (anag)
- 12 Initially, adult oriented rock (1,1,1)
- 13 Rudy Spouse provides **Madonne** hit (anag 5,3,2)
- 14 **Rabbie**'s crafty partner
- 15 It's tricky if you add **DMC**
- 16 Stringed instrument contained in flute?
- 17 Adam and Eve's place **Big Country** were east of
- 18 Most of **Sade** for Young One **Edmondson**
- 19 & **23** down - Nig owes to find some contemporary background music (anag 3,3)
- 22 **Stubs** into buns?
- 24 No odds against The Saint for **Shekey**
- 25 See 22 down
- 26 **Def Leppard** for instance?
- 30 **Jennifer Rush**'s great power (2,4)
- 31 Reggae **Freddie**

## ● DOWN

- 1 Dusty part of the new **Pet Shop Boys**' single
- 2 Don Lam switches for nutty **Mere** (anag)
- 3 **Colonel** who got trapped
- 4 Lad who's a wind-up for **Sinitte**? (3,3)
- 5 "Let - - - Go-Go" (**The Reinmakers**) (2,6)
- 7 **Appleby** into skimmed milk?
- 11 "Coming - - - Again" (**Carly Simon**)
- 12 Just the car for **Fatti**
- 15 They couldn't get by without you (4,5)
- 16 **Marilyn**'s big cat
- 20 **Clepton** rather than Heffer
- 21 2 down had a soft one
- 22 & **26** across - America's all-star famine relief group (1,1,3,5)
- 23 **The Jesus And Mary Chain**'s sky month
- 25 Emmerdale, for instance
- 27 Dale lums for that **Jones** tod (anag)
- 29 See 19 across



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"Look! It's  
Whatsisname!!"



**RICK ASTLEY**

**Poor Rick Astley. He's had a number one single and still nobody can remember his name. "Come on, Mick, let's go to Belfast and see if it's any different over there," suggests Lola Borg. . .**

Oooh look! It's him! It's that what'sisname over there! The passengers on the 2.30pm London to Belfast flight are in a fair old state of excitement. Unfortunately, however, it is not Rick Astley – at this moment snuggled into seat 3B – that they are flapping about. No, it's Dickie Davies the ITV sports commentator who happens to be on the same flight and who is now fairly basking in this glow of recognition.

Still, this is the sort of thing that seems to happen to the man whose first single "Never Gonna Give You Up" fairly rocketed to the top of the so-called charts. Nobody gets his name right (he is constantly addressed as "Nick" or "Dick"), let alone recognises him. In fact so many people get his name wrong that he has referred to himself as "Dick Spatsley". According to Rick (or Dick), Pete Waterman (who produced his single) says that Pete "always seems to end up working with artists who sound like they own a pickle factory – like Rick Astley." In true fashion, when we arrive at the Europa Hotel in Belfast poor Rick has even been booked in under the name of "Dick Axeman".

None of this seems to ruffle Rick in the slightest. "I hate to say this," he grimaces, "but I really am level-headed as far as being a 'pop-star' goes. Sensible even."

Indeed he is. But then how many 21 year old pop stars with a number one record live with their grandmother Elsie in Newton-Le-Willow, a little backwater half-way between Liverpool and Manchester? There Rick left school with not one single O-level, sold his leather jacket to buy a set of drums and drove a delivery van for his father's garden centre – until a happy coincidence (Pete Waterman's girlfriend living in the very same village) led him a year ago to being taken under the wing of Stock Aitken and Waterman, the trio responsible for turning the world and his dog into pop stars. Hence his number one single. . .

And now here he is in Belfast to make a personal appearance for the local radio station. First though, we decide to take some photos of "Dick" – on the roof of the hotel and are spotted half-way through by a hovering police helicopter. Apparently, some military headquarters are quite nearby and suddenly rather a lot of policemen arrive on the scene to check we're not engaged in some illegal spying mission. We assure them we are in fact here

▼ They came in their thousands to see him . . . and they don't even know his name.



▲ The man they call Dick Spatsley.



▲ It's wonderful to have you here in Belfast, er, Darer.

to take photographs of pop star Mick Hadley and everything is all right again.

After this strange incident, it is time for a radio broadcast from a temporary stage set up on the main thoroughfare, Royal Avenue. Rick decides to walk there – very un-pop star behaviour this – and is somewhat shocked to discover that half the population of Belfast appears to have turned up to greet him. In spite of the fact that a pipe band go down the street and start blasting away the moment Rick begins miming, totally drowning him out, he goes down a storm and is immediately mobbed by the thronging crowds, including one 50 year old woman who tries to crash the barrier to get near him. "Now lots of people have been saying that it couldn't possibly be you singing on your record," says our comper, local DJ John Daly to Rick. "But ladies and gentlemen, you heard him didn't you?" Considering that Rick was quite clearly miming, this is all rather odd.

Rick himself looks stupefied by the wholly unexpected reaction but not half as much as he is five minutes later when, whilst attempting to do a TV interview round the back, he is all but mobbed by now-found fans. He retreats to the safety of the Outside Broadcast Unit (a caravan) looking quite terrified and aghast at the clamouring fans outside knocking on the door demanding photographs.

It is agreed that the only way of getting out alive is for a decoy to hand out signed photos of Rick from one end of the caravan while Rick slips away from the other and down the backstreets to the hotel with a couple of hefty blokes to protect him.

Safely back at the hotel, after having tucked into his dinner (prawn cocktail, scampi and chips, apple pie with ice-cream – yum!) Rick relaxes over a couple of beers. He still looks a bit shaken, muttering about



▲ Dick on his hotel roof seconds before he was nearly arrested and locked up forever.

how "rock and roll" it all was. "Rock and roll" is something that Rick Astley seems to mutter about a lot, which is very odd considering you would be hard pushed to find anyone who is less "rock and roll".

"I know what you mean," he says, "it's a big laugh I have. It's just taking the mickey out of all those people who throw tellies out of windows and have to consume 15 pints a night. Well, I do like to consume as much beer as possible every now and again. It's very high on my list of priorities. But all that 'where's-the-cadillac?' and 'I'm-the-big-star'-stuff just cracks me up. I'm just too sensible for all that. But then 'sensible' is a very dangerous label to have, isn't it?"

Well, a very apt one in his case. "Actually," he continues, "I wouldn't say I was sensible but just that I try to have a lot of respect for people who put up with pop stars – everyone from the tea boy in the studio, which I've done (when he was first taken under the wing of Pete Waterman) to the hotel receptionist."

How very refreshing! Still, today was Rick's first real taste of being a proper pop star, being recognised by droves of fans and, he admits, the first time he has ever been seriously mobbed.

"It was crazy," he mumbles still looking slightly horrified. "Like Beatlemania. And it did scare me. I can never relate to it. I was never like that as a youngster. I don't think I could ever ask anyone for an autograph even. It's very odd, considering I can walk down Oxford Street and no one will bat an eyelid, no one will even begin to recognise me. I could go up to someone and say 'Who am I then?' and they'd say 'Ooh, not a clue! Surely not?'"

"Actually, someone did come up to me the other night at the Madonna concert. They said 'You're Black, aren't you?' I felt like saying, 'No, I'm the other one, Rick Astley,' but I thought it was far too pop-star-like to do that."

Indeed, it's a strange prospect then being Dick Spatsley, getting mobbed in the streets of Belfast and with a string of similar appearances lined up in the next few days. But the real Rick Astley – sensible to the last – just shrugs his shoulders, has a few more beers and potters off to bed. . .

▼ A piece of scampi, some whisky (groo!) and quite a few beers.

▼ Look! He can be a proper "rock and roller" (except) . . . needs two people to help him.



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# BOB

★ **Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with your name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS plus a few words about yourself to: RSVF, 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 to all you guys between 11 and 14.** I'm called Karen and I like Five Star, A-ha and Madonna. I like sport and I'm also interested in fashion if you would like to write to me the address is: Karen, 13 Peain Gardens, Higher Compton, Plymouth, Devon.

**Hi, my name is Marc and I'm 11 years old.** I would like to write to anyone over 11 and I like Madonna and Eric Burdon so if you're interested please write to: 39 Yardley, Latchworth, Herts SG6 2ST.

**Hi, I'm Andras and I'm 15.** I'd like to hear from anyone over 13 from anywhere. I like most chart music especially Five Star, Lionel Richie, Bon Jovi, Europe and many more. I also like tennis, swimming, squash, basketball and I love animals so if you're interested please write to: 20 Parkland Ave, Winstons, Blaydon on Tyne NE21 6NA

**Hi, I'm looking for female penpals who are aged about 14.** I'm into A-ha, Queen, Huey Lewis, Spagna and many more but I hate Curiosity and Teniece Trent D'Arny. I also enjoy most sports so if you're interested please write to: Barry, 1 Fairway Drive, Pontardawe, Swansea, West Glamorgan SA6 4NT.

**Are you mad on the Baastia Boys and Michael Jackson?** Are you aged 14+ and from America? If so then please write to: Paula, 18 Carroll Cres, Omskirik, Lancashire England L39 1PZ.

**Hallo, I'm a 20 year old Singaporean guy looking for penpals from anywhere in the world.** I like Boy George and David Bowie and my hobbies are swimming and reading. Please write to: James Ali, Bix 515, Jurong West, St 52, #67-03, Singapore 2294.

**Hi there is there anybody out there who wants to write to a 14 year old girl who is totally crazy about the Beastie Boys and who also likes most other chart music?** If there is, drop a few lines to: Jackie, 70 Station Road, Eastington Colliery, Peterlee, Co Durham SR8 3SD.

**Calling all Dapuche Mode fans who live in London or Basildon.** I'm 15 and absolutely mad on Dapuche Mode. If you're interested and aged between 1 and 101 get writing to: Ian Jnr, 12 Mine Ave, Auchinleck, Ayrshire KA18 2DR, Scotland.

**Calling all Americans.** If you're aged between 13 and 15 and you're into Dead Or Alive, Mel & Kim, Madonna and disco music then write to me, David, at: 50 Merfield Grove, Marfleet Lane, Hall, N. Humberstone, England H69 4QR.

**Hi, I'm Dave and I'm 17.** I like U2, Simple Minds, black clothes and rock concerts. If you're around my age get writing to: Dave, 38 Beechwood Drive, Greystones, Limerick, Eire

**Hi, I'm a 14 year old girl who's looking for penpals from all over the world aged 14-16.** I'm into modern music but Mel & Kim are my favourites. If interested please write to: Helen, 62 Trafalgar Road, Lancaster LA1 4DA.

**Hallo, I'm a 12 year old girl who is absolutely crazy about Frankie and the Beatle Boys as well as being madly in love with Holly Johnson and Paul Rutherford.** If there are any other girls out there who have the same likes then please write to: Angela, 26A Chestnut Walk, Dakinands, Weylyn, Herts AL6 6SD.

**Hi there, my name's Paul and I'm a 16 year old nut looking for penpals from all over the world.** I'm into Duran, A-ha, Curiosity, "Star Trekkin'" and most other chart music. If you're interested please write to: Paul, 5 Maple Avenue, Church Meadows Estate, South Humberstone, Gimsby DN34 4LH.

**Hi, my name's Danny, I'm 17 and I would like penpals from anywhere in the world who are about my age.** I like U2, Simple Minds, Tears For Fears, Dire Straits, Bon Jovi, Run DMC, Beastie Boys, The Housemartins and UB40. I also like going to the pictures, discos, the beach and most sports. Please write straight away to: Danny, 1 Woodruff Close, Norwich, Norfolk NR6 6JL.

**Is there anyone out there who wants to write to a 14 year old girl who's in love with Curiosity Killed The Cat?** I also like most other groups and having a good time. It doesn't matter how old you are so get writing to: Emma, 10 Foxley Gardens, Purley, Surrey CR2 2DU.

**Hi, I'm 11 years old and would like penpals from anywhere except England.** I like most pop music especially Mel & Kim, Five Star and A-ha. If you would like to write to me get scribbling to: Sophie, 36 Redhill Wood, New Ash Green, Dartford, Kent DA3 8DP.

**Hello, I'm a 18 year old Chinese Malaysian boy called Nicky Loke.** I'm into Bowe, Bauhaus, U2, Simple Minds, A-ha and more. I would like to hear from anyone aged 16-18 so if you're interested please write to: No 21, RD 15 Duessean Union Garden, Kuala Lumpur, West Malaysia

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**PAPA  
WAS  
A  
ROLLING  
STONE**



It was the third of September  
That day I'll always remember yes I will  
'Cause that was the day that my daddy died  
I never got a chance to see him  
Never heard nothing but bad things about him  
Mama I'm depending on you tell me the truth  
Mama just hung her head and said son

**Chorus**  
Papa was a rolling stone  
Whenever he had his hat was his home  
And when he died  
All he left us was alone

Oh Mama is it true what they say  
That Papa never worked a day in his life  
And Mama there's some bad talk  
Going around town  
Saying that Papa had three  
Outside children and another wife  
And that ain't right!  
Hey heard some talk about Papa  
Doing some store-front preaching  
Talking about saving souls  
And all the time teaching  
Dealing in dirt and stealing  
In the name of the Lord  
Mama just hung her head and said

*Repeat chorus*

*Repeat chorus to fade*

*Words and music by Norman Whitfield/Burton  
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On Motown Records*

**THE TEMPTATIONS**

**Free**  
**Curiosity Killed The Cat**

All we want is our lives to be free  
If we can't be free  
Then we don't want to be we  
All we want is our lives to be free  
If we can't be free  
Then we don't want to be we

Do you travel alone  
In what you do or say or any other way  
Your views are welded in by stone  
And you seem to live in another day  
You cast a shadow down onto all your passers by  
I see your future nowhere  
You rant and rave about the things that make you wanna sigh  
Problems we can share

All we want is our lives to be free yeah yeah  
If we can't be free we don't want to be we  
Shubba dubba dub bab bab doobie wosh  
Shubba dubba dub bab bab doobie wosh  
Shubba dubba dub bab bab doobie wosh  
Shubba dubba dub

Haven't you seen or been shown  
That we can live as one and hit freedom  
Your neighbours still flesh and bone  
So be linked together 'cause you never know when you'll need them  
In an attempt to break free from all your misery  
You'll find you're losing your style  
Look to the full moon and cry out you don't wanna be  
One that doesn't smile

All we want is our lives to be free yeah  
If we can't be free we don't want to be we  
Shubba dubba dub bab bab doobie wosh  
Shubba dubba dub bab bab doobie wosh  
Shubba dubba dub bab bab doobie wosh  
Set me free now  
Just set me free now wosh

Shubba dubba bab bab

*Words and music by Curiosity/Anderson  
Reproduced by permission Curio Music/Chobon Music/Warner Brothers Music  
On Mercury Records*



# THEN JERICO

Then Jerico's singer Mark Shaw has not had a very happy life. He went to 14 different schools, lived in 15 different houses and got the sack from 30 different jobs, all by the time he was 21. Now, however, he suddenly has a hit record with "The Motive" and he spends his time jetting first-class between London and New York. "Things always turn out nicely in the end," pipes William Shaw. . .



"Ohmigod! Is that the time?" pipes the anxious voice of one of Then Jerico's assistants. "We better get a move on. The plane leaves at quarter to two."

"The taxi's outside," announces the group's manager, handing a sheet of paper over to the group's singer Mark Shaw. "Here's a list of the flight times."

"Bye!" burble a bustling assortment of people — there's a hasty pecking of cheeks and then Mark jogs out to the awaiting cab.

Dearie me! It's all a bit of a rush today, and all because Mark Shaw is trying desperately to get away from London back to New York to have a bit of a holiday. Last week he had been there only two days with his girlfriend staying at her apartment when he began getting all these phone calls from his record company telling him that, after two years of trying, Then Jerico finally had a hit record with "The Motive" and could he pop over to London to appear on *Top Of The Pops* and *The Roxy*? So he did, and now he's flying back first-class to America to enjoy what little is left of his hols before he has to swish back over to the UK again. What a glamorous life young Mark leads these days!

Still, things weren't always so rosy. As a youth Mark was a bit of an academic non-starter; he ended up leaving home to live in squalid circumstances with a pregnant girlfriend; he couldn't hold down a job without getting sacked and it was only after a string of fogs that he finally became a pop star with "The Motive". Mark relates this sorry tale as the car zooms through the London traffic to Heathrow Airport. . .

Mark Shaw was born in Derbyshire on June 10 1961, though until he moved to London 18 years later he never ended up staying in one place for very long. His father worked for Esso and consequently was always being sent around the country, so Mark, his elder brother Richard and his mother had to traipse all over the place with him. "I never know what to say when people ask me where I come from," says Mark. "I've lived in Nottinghamshire, Glasgow, Newcastle, Croydon, Sussex. . . I went to 14 different schools, I lived in about 15 different houses and about five hotels."

"I've seen a lot of the country, which is good, but I haven't got any friends that I've known longer than two years and my education suffered, which is a real shame. I went to a grammar school when I was about 11 and after

that I went to a string of comprehensives. It got worse and worse and worse. . ."

It must have been upsetting.

"Upsetting? Yeah, it was. At the time I thought moving about everywhere was quite exciting but you come home from school and you go up to a hotel room and there's just nothing to do and nowhere to go. And I was always the new boy wherever I went."

By the time he was 15 Mark's parents had split up: he found himself living with his mum in Croydon, going to the local school. Again, things were not going too well. . .

"On my first day there the other kids said 'You coming out then?' and I said 'No, I've got to go home and do my homework.' They said 'Homework? No one does homework here.' They didn't give a toss at that school — I completely hated it. I'd been doing different courses at every school and I'd get there and they'd be doing German, which I never done, so they just said 'you sit down and read a book then!' I wasn't getting anywhere. . . I was getting into fights and stuff."

"I left when I was 15 in the end. They said 'Look, there's just no point in you staying here.' What happened was that I got caught taking bets. I had all the Grand National odds written up on one of those two-sided blackboards and the teacher came in and opened it and saw all the bets written on it. I used to take bets on anything — two flies crawling up a wall. I lost fortunes. . . that was definitely the reason they kicked me out. But I wasn't sad to leave. I didn't have many friends at school — it was just a nightmare. . ."

With school behind him, Mark set about trying to earn an honest crust. But for the most part, he wasn't much cop at

jobs either. His first job was working Saturdays at a petrol station ("absolutely horrible"), then he was offered a job working at a boutique in Croydon.

"I started out working there for a week filling in and ended up staying there and I discovered that I really liked clothes. I've worked in a few clothes shops but I always got fired for



"I didn't have many friends at school — it was just a nightmare."

## THEN JERICO CONTINUED. . .



one reason or another. All I really wanted to do was get the hell out of Croydon."

Young Mark was also a bit of a pop sweet. He claims to have bought his first single at the age of four ("It was 'Reach Out' by The Four Tops,") and by his teenage years had turned into something of a David Bowie fan, so when he heard of this club in

London called Billy's, which was choc-a-bloc with people who liked to dress up as Dame David Bowie, he thought he'd nip down there to see what was going on.

"I used to go down there because I didn't have any friends in Croydon and this club was really great. You could just go there wearing whatever you wanted and I thought that was brilliant in comparison with Croydon where everyone was into being a skinhead.

"So one night I met this girl there called Jene, took her back to my place and shackled up with her, then basically we had a row with my mum and that's how I ended up moving to London. . ."

But this too turned out to be yet another not very happy phase in Mark's life.

"It was terrible. . . awful. I got her pregnant and ended up living in a hostel in Queensgate in a room with six people, one of whom was my pregnant girlfriend. I had to sell everything I had, it was a nightmare. I ended up selling all my original Bowie and Led Zeppelin albums and all the things I really liked just to get the money to live. It was a really heavy period. Everything I did just turned to shit.

"London was so hard. I remember one day that was classic, I'd just tried to sign on the dole and when you first sign on it takes weeks to get the money through. My girlfriend had this necklace so we pawned it and all the bastards would give us was £20! We starved for a week and we just used to go to the supermarket and eat food as we walked around so we wouldn't have to pay for it."

Mark found a job working in a clothes shop called Teke Six in Oxford Street, then he got some jobs doing window dressing for trendy clothes shops; he sold advertising for a music magazine called *ZigZag*; he washed dishes; he worked as a waiter in London's Embassy Club; he got sacked from them all.

Eventually, Mark decided that he was getting fed up with all this and maybe he should try to be a pop star instead.

"I was 21 years old and I'd been fired for the 30th time and I thought 'what the hell am I going to do?'. I thought 'Well, f'd probably like to be in a band.' This musician friend of mine had heard me singing along to a Bowie song one day and he said 'You could do it. If you really tried you could do it. So I said 'How?' and he said 'You just sit down and you start writing songs.' And that's what I did. I put an ad in some of the music papers for musicians and it all started from there. . ."

After a long time searching for the perfect companions, Mark settled on the current Then Jerico line-up and got the sack for the last time from a clothes shop in Covent Garden. He's still quite keen on swank togs though. "I do care about my appearances. The other day I spent £500 on a jacket. If I see something I like I have to buy it. . ."

The taxi is now swishing into Heathrow Airport in time for Mark to jump aboard his plane. Off he zips to New York to meet his girlfriend Lisa for a few days holiday before he swishes back into the swanky world of pop.

Ah me. What a tale of rags to riches. . .

**"London was so hard. . . We used to go to the supermarket and eat food as we walked around so we wouldn't have to pay for it."**



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**D**o you remember that splendid film *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*? No? Well, what happened was that this bloke Ferris Bueller decided he didn't very much want to go to school one day so he borrowed his friend's dad's super red Ferrari motor car and went whizzing around doing things like going to posh restaurants and art galleries and jacuzzis and street carnivals (where he got hold of a microphone and sang "Twist And Shout" and got everybody a-jiggin'), which was a much better wheeze than going to school in the first place, wasn't it? And in memory of that historic filmatic occasion, we thought it would be a twinkling idea if one of you had a similar adventure in foggy old London, i.e. you take the day off, come to London with a friend and do whatever you please for an entire day and we pay for it. Doesn't that sound trim?

All you have to do to enter is write an "essay" of no more than 250 words describing exactly how you would spend your day off in London. Don't worry about the expense - though we're not looking for the most expensive idea - just the most "inventive" and "original".



To help you on your way, here are just a few of the marvellous things that may be found in London. . . .

● **A RIVER.** The Thames wends its "scenic" way through the heart of the bustling metropolis. Perhaps you would like to spend your day drinking it (and then go to hospital for a very long time).

● **STREETS.** In London there are many streets containing a variety of things to look at i.e. old Twix wrappers. Perhaps you would like to spend your day tidying them up.

● **SHOPS.** In London there are many shops which sell anything from nail scissors to parsnips. Many shop assistants are quite polite. Perhaps you would like to spend your day engaging them in conversation.

● **CINEMAS.** In London there are many cinemas but, sadly, none of them are showing *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* at the moment. But never mind, for we have 20 copies of this cinematic feast on video to give away to the runners-up in this quite magnificent contest.

● **MUSEUMS.** In London there are many museums. Perhaps you would like to spend your day looking at a lot of bones and things.

● **RESTAURANTS.** In London there are many restaurants. Perhaps you would like to spend your day savouring the "fare" at Uncle Disgusting's Bistro (fish is off).



● So. Ignore all of the above suggestions and write a brilliant thing about how you would spend your day off and send it to **Smash Hits Thrilling Day Off Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough, PE2 0UF.** The best entry wins the day off of their choice and a Ferris "vid"; the next 20 get the "vid". Banzi!

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# Lavert

## Casanova

### Lavert Casanova

#### Chorus

I ain't much on Casanova  
Ma and Romao ain't never been friends  
Can't you see how much I really love you  
Gonna sing it to you time and time again  
Oh Casanova Casanova

Every man deserves a good woman  
And I want you to be my wife

Time is so much better spent baby  
With a woman just like you in my life  
So let me love you fill you up inside

I want to hold you baby so let me squeeze you  
Don't you know that I'll get down on my knees for you baby  
You see

#### Repeat chorus

Oh Casanova Casanova

Every time I wanna see you  
I can't find the words to tell you so  
But I love I love I love I love you baby  
And I just got to let you know  
How much I need you  
Show you what you mean to me each day baby  
So let me hold you keep you safe and warm  
(I'll be your sweetheart baby baby baby baby)

And when I told you girl I'm an average guy  
You seem to know just how I really feel  
'Causa I can't let you go  
I need and want you to stay right here with me  
Baby I never know love until you come along

Oh Casanova tell me what to say  
Casanova I can't let her get away  
Oh Casanova tell me what to do  
I know Casanova I just wanna be with you  
Listen baby (I wanna hold I wanna squeeze you too)  
I wanna make sweet love with you (Casanova)  
I wanna be there when you're feeling low  
Never let you go no  
Casanova

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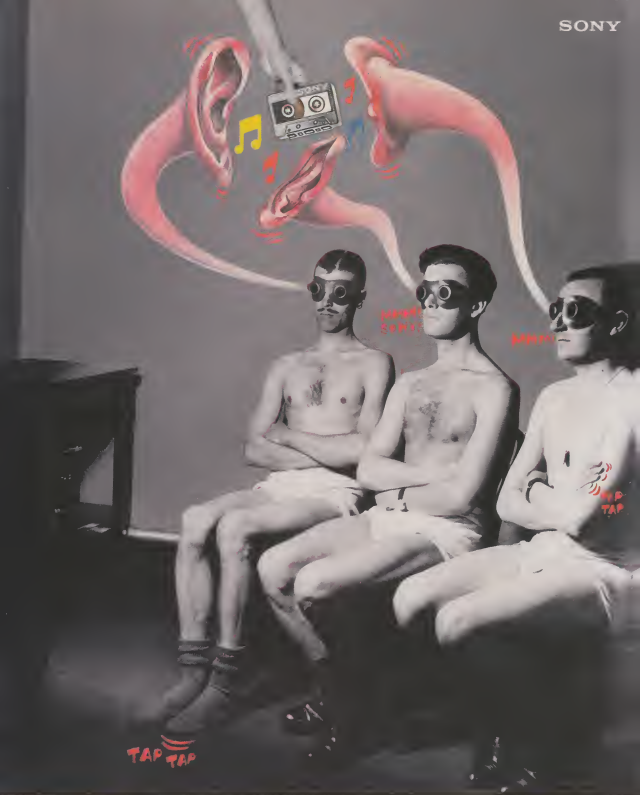
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**get smart!**



**Dear Get Smart!**

I have one very simple question. Please could you tell me everything there is to know about U2's drummer Larry Mullen Jr?  
Kerry Dolan, Manchester.

● Larry Mullen "Jnr" was born on October 31, 1961 in Dublin, Ireland. He shares his birthday with, ahem, *Ac-Rock* of the Beastie Boys (1966) and his star sign (Scorpio) with such notables as Nick from Curiosity and Simon le Bon from Duran Duran. Larry grew up in the north Dublin suburb of Artane and soon showed his musical talents as a drummer with the Artane Boys' Band, whose finest hour came when they supported "veteran" singer Neil Diamond at Dublin's Croke Park. At the age of 15, Larry pinned a notice to his classroom wall in Mount Temple Comprehensive School, asking for anyone interested in forming a group to get in touch with him. Schoolmates Paul Hewson (Bono) and David Evans (The Edge) did so, hence Bono's claim years later that "it's all Larry fault, he started it." It was only when Adam Clayton arrived at the school, having been expelled from his first one, that U2 were formed. Larry is notoriously shy and once received a standing ovation from the rest of the group when he actually spoke for more than 10 seconds at a New York press conference. He is very keen on self-defence and is also an avid motorcycle enthusiast. Larry Mullen "Jnr" is an only child and he is not very ugly at all.

**WHERE ARE THEY NOW?  
PART TWO: ANDREW RIDGELEY**

**Dear Get Smart!**

Where is Andrew Ridgeley? I haven't heard anything about him since he left Wham!. Is he dead? Is he making a solo LP? Please tell me.  
Lorraine B.

● After "leaving" Wham!, Andrew indulged himself for a few months in his favourite pastime – motor-racing, but, deciding that this was rather risky, he then moved from his base in the South of France to Los Angeles where he has been working on his first solo LP. He is writing songs with guitarist Hugh Burns, the man who played on all of Wham!'s hit singles and also with long-time buddy David Austin. A single is due in February 1987 with the LP to follow shortly after. A spokesperson confirmed that there are no plans for George Michael and Andrew to work together in the near future. . .

**WHAT'S THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE PET SHOP BOYS AND A SANDWICH?**

**Dear Get Smart!**

Please help me! WHAT DOES "PANINARO" MEAN??? It is on the Pet Shop Boys "Disco" LP and it is absolutely brilliant. But I must know what it means – I can't sleep until I do. I'm relying on you! Pet Shop Boys fanatic, Stoke-on-Trent.

● "Paninaro" is the name given to trendy young Italians who dress in v. expensive designer togs (Timberland shoes, snoot-trousers, sunglasses etc) and who spend most of their time hanging around outside sandwich bars. The Italian word for sandwich is "panina", hence the name! Neil and Chris from the Pet Shop Boys first noticed the Paninaro a few years ago when they were doing a TV show in Italy and decided to write the song "Paninaro" about them. Since then the Paninaro have adopted the Pet Shop Boys as one of their favourite groups – along with Patsy Kensit's Eighth Wonder and Duran Duran!



**IS ONE OF THE COMMUNARDS REALLY A DRIVING INSTRUCTOR?!!**



**Dear Get Smart!**

Is it true that Richard Coles from The Communards once appeared in the video box on Channel Four's *Right To Reply* programme? I am sure it was him, only he claimed to be a driving instructor which is why I am rather confused. It was about six months ago, and whoever it was was talking about the work of film director Derek Jarman. But was it Richard? And if so, was he ever a driving instructor?  
A Notoriously Nosey Learner Driver.

● Believe it or not, Nosey, it was Richard Coles from The Communards and yes, he did say he was a driving instructor. "A driving instructor from Kettering" to be precise. A rather embarrassed

**DOES JIM KERR SELL BEER ON THE TELLY?!**

**Dear Get Smart!**

I wonder if you can settle an argument between me and my friend. I say that the person singing on the McEwans Lager advert on TV is Jim Kerr from Simple Minds and my friend says it isn't. Who is right?  
Jim Kerr's Barer, Oldham.



● I'm sorry to say that you're wrong and your friend is right on this one. There are in fact two McEwans Lager TV ads on at the moment and both of them do feature pop personages of some "note" but neither of them is Jim Kerr. The rather spooky one where the people are throwing boulders all over the place features the music of quite good but not very famous Scottish group Win, playing the song "You've Got The Power" off their "Unit...Tears Baby" LP while the other one features another Scottish group, Hipsyway (playing "Tinder"), who once had a hit with "The Honey Thief". A helpful person at McEwans said that there were no plans to include Jim Kerr in any forthcoming TV ad. "We're not Pepsi Cola, you know," she added.  
Hoity toity!

spokesperson for The Communards explained that Richard was so annoyed at a TV programme made by film director Alan Parker attacking the work of Mr Jarman (who made the video for the Pet Shop Boys "It's A Sin" and the Smiths' "Panic" amongst many others) that he stormed into Channel Four's video box in London's Charlotte Street and demanded his right to reply. So why did he claim to be a driving instructor from Kettering?  
"Err, when the cameras came on he was overcome by nerves and he just blurted it out because he couldn't really say 'I'm Richard Coles from The Communards, could he?', "explained" the spokesperson.  
Why ever not?

"Well, he must have thought it would sound a bit daft, I suppose."  
And was Richard ever a driving instructor? "No, in fact he can't even drive." What an extraordinary tale.

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## THE FAT BOYS

with The Beach Boys



WIPEOUT

### Wipeout

#### CHORUS

Work it up wipeout work it up wipeout  
Work it up wipeout work it up wipeout  
Work it up wipeout work it up wipeout

#### Hey wach out

Here we go here we go  
Work it up wipeout

For three years straight we toured the nation  
When we got through we needed a vacation  
We wanted to party and get a little rest  
So we packed our things and headed out west  
We got the surfboards took the beachball out  
Jumped in a limousine ready to wipeout

#### Are we ready to go

Here we go here we go  
Part part two part two  
Hit it Dee here we go

We got to California I said headed for the beach  
There were girls galore all within our reach  
There was sand and sun and lots of fun  
But when we got there the fun really begun  
So we turned on the box and started to shout  
It was the Beach Boys rocking huh huh the wipeout

Wah ah ah ah wop wop wah ooh ooh  
Wah ah ah ah wop wop wah ooh ooh  
Doot-it dit dit dit-dit dit-dit dit-dit-dit-dit  
Hit it Dee

The sun went down and the night began  
We was rappin' for the peepie cool chillin' my man  
Just partyin' hard making lots of noise  
When around the corner came the real Beach Boys  
So we all jumped up and started to shout  
Let's all sing a song called the wipeout

#### REPEAT CHORUS

Hey wach out  
Break it down y'all  
Break it down y'all

#### REPEAT CHORUS

Hey wach out  
Work it up wipeout

Words and music by The Barfans  
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On Urban Polydor Records

### Pepsi And Shirlee

(July 1)

- Correct answer: b) Shirlee.
- Ten winners of a Pepsi And Shirlee collection dress are: **Teresa Broderick**, Moyane; **Samantha Pearce**, London E16; **Lise Robinson**, Kidminster; **Susan Scott**, Tulse Hill; **Bev Batey**, Shildon; **Carol Oliver**, Loughton; **Susan Pike**, Blandford; **Kerri Duncan**, Colton; **Lise Blinnin**, Chobham; **K.R. Walton**, Little Lever.

### Moving Sound

(July 1)

- Correct answers: a) "Yellow Yellow Wine" and c) "That's Why They Call It The Yellows"
- The three winners of a boom box are: **G. Delfico**, Chesterfield; **Rachael Smith**, Four Marks; **Jill Padley**, Shrogreen
- The next three won a cassette deck: **Carol Miller**, Hazelmere; **Lynn Rennie**, Turrit; **K.K. Tell**, Little Kingshill.
- The next five won the roller cassette deck: **Neil Bazeley**, Hounslow; **Susan Feehly**, Leyton; **Helen Mitchell**, Weylyn; **Philip Phillips**, Glasgow; **Emma Baldock**, Leyton
- The next 10 won the personal stereo with radio: **Daniel Lett**, Sidcup; **Sophie Gillard**, Loughborough; **Julie Tee**, Petworth; **S. Birrell**, Garston; **Jessica Luk**, Borehamwood; **Anna Kiddle**, Thrapston; **Sien Cox**, Kingfish; **Jane Muirhead**, Muswell Hill; **Campbell Purvis**, North Berwick; **John Hayward**, Royston.
- The next 10 won the personal stereo: **K.J. Lodge**, Bamsley; **L. Campbell**, Kibbarchan; **Jane Hollingworth**, Thurcroft; **Tine Gibbons**, Ingworth; **Ali Sheffield**, Hemond; **Janice Smith**, Kings Norton; **Niv Lindsay**, Farnsworth; **Heather Clark**, Banchory; **E.W. Thomas**, West Crofton; **Jenny Hawkins**, Warley
- The next 10 won the wedge: **Ravinder Kaur**, Handsworth; **Karen Evans**, Sireford; **Justine Rigby**, Pendlebury; **Richard Cooper**, Leighton Buzzard; **L. Telfer**, Denton Holme; **Nicola Hockhem**, Reading; **Jenny Anopp**, Lowestoft; **Paula Hammond**, Upton Wirral; **Austin Feaney**, Cambridge; **April Barnes**, Salford

### George Michael

(July 1)

- Correct answer: c) make-up artist
- Fifty winners of a poster and video are: **Jan Williams**, Asendean; **Joe Rogers**, Horfield; **M. Deans**, Bow; **T. Thomas**, Walsall; **Georgina Hayes**, Longsight; **Christina Mououorou**, Southgate; **Jenny Grewer**, Tooting; **Tracy Sparrow**, Hordley; **Patrick Woodhead**, Pirbright; **Mark Fellows**, Bliston; **P. Cheriery**, Wavertree; **Karen Robertson**, Castlepark; **Debbie Hudson**, Garth; **Mel Hunter**, Manchester; **Elaire Nelson**, Dunblane; **K. Ayre**, Spalding; **Tine McGrodder**, London SE8; **T. Psella**, Little Lever; **Deb**, Queens Park; **Suzie Sewell**, Leitchworth; **Lynne Barrett**, Hythe; **Kate Harris**, Intake; **Kathleen Barker**, Oldham; **Gine Slade**, Myketh; **Terese Coulson**, Hardway; **Nelle Chetnr**, France; **Lorne Hutchings**, Sedbury; **K. Plummer**, Alington; **Andrew**, Caledon; **Cheryl Smith**, Caledon.

- **Wailon**, **Sien James**, North Wootton; **Z. Mitchell**, Warringham; **Greene Room**, Kilmarnock; **M.A. Blingham**, Gosport; **Kirsteen Hickford**, Gravesend; **Andrew Ridgeley**, Dublin 6; **Russell Poynter**, West Malting; **Jeanette Adair**, Binchill; **Chris Roe**, Addiscombe; **Heather Ross**, Farnhill Heath; **Jason Beresford**, Frinton-on-Sea; **Michelle Bennett**, Kirkdale; **Yvonne Blundell**, Southport; **Beverley Dorrell**, Steyning; **Peter Finch**, Chelmsford; **Mel Lal**, Swanton; **Alger Stephens**, Cresswell; **Christin Molin**, Sweden; **Mandy Queen**, Cranhill; **Helen Cox**, Kingswood.

### Curiosity Killed The Cat

(July 1)

- Correct answer: c) Rubik cubes.
- Fifty winners of a limited edition single are: **Michelle Dunne**, Calan; **Samantha Jazel**, Poole; **Emma Payne**, Sapcote; **Michelle Cross**, Dicot; **Gillian Garrity**, Garowhill; **Melanie Speller**, Hertford; **Pip**, Newcastle; **Simon Iwasaki**, Malahide; **Celine Ward**, Corry; **Ruth Sykes**, Harde Edge; **Debbie Whattford**, Piton; **Gillian Buckley**, Delph; **Sharon Crump**, Bramcote Hills; **Keth Currie**, Bilyency; **Joanne Livingstone**, Killyth; **Mandy Fittos**, Tant; **Michelle Gordon**, Moreton; **Kogs Bahi**, Meanwood; **R.L. Trevett**, Marlinstown; **J. Saw**, Ramham; **Tanya Rowlands**, Ponteland; **Allison**, Great Wyrley; **Kelly King**, Eltham; **Russell Trunk**, Chandlers Cross; **Mareth Young**, Ayrshire; **P. Ross**, Chelsea; **Amanda Morrison**, Redditch; **Joanne Jones**, Sheffield; **Fiona Young**, Andover; **Sharon Acorn**, G. Kirk, Swinton; **Carrie Smith**, Stratton-on-the-Fosse; **Glen Wood**, Corby; **Emma Ross**, Kent; **Kirsty Jones**, Sloneycroft; **V. Burden**, Dorchester; **Martin Bardgett**, Chaddesden; **Diane Lee**, Plynton; **Amanda Thompson**, Hollingworth; **Tina Martin**, Shoeburyness; **Mario Foy**, Princess Park; **Karen Wagstaff**, Litherland; **Sarah Warrell**, Hansall; **Kathryn Snell**, Wainslow; **Heidi Quarmby**, Brent Pelham; **Venessa Herman**, Chelmsford; **Mazine Skaffe**, Droylders; **Jennie Fox**, Dawlish; **Terry Edwards**, Plumstead; **Top Cat**, Crawley.

### Sammy Hagar

(July 1)

- Correct answers: a) "Beat It", b) "Amen", c) "Deep Purple", d) a bit true and a bit false so we didn't count it.
- The winner of the guitar and the LP is **Frances Sour** from Bampton.
- The next 24 won the LP: **M.H. Mellor**, Wetherby; **Aaron O'Brien**, London; **John King**, Holywell; **Fiona Hamilton**, Arford; **Paul Newton**, North Brook; **C. Mellowes**, Strang; **Stephen Pegg**, Armington; **David Francis**, Malahide; **M. Askwith**, Crook; **Nicholas Green**, Sandwell; **Steen McCoolby**, Emsworth; **Sereh Cerlyle**, Bagillt; **V.R. Symons**, Bamstable; **Alison Werran**, Farnborough; **Steven Felce**, Blyth; **David Ingram**, Bramham; **Rohan Roberts**, Colton; **Denise Gerrish**, Bath; **D.A. Wood**, Harpurhey; **John Hayward**, Royston; **Nicholas Sawyer**, Esher; **Simon Sperring**, Brighton; **Neil Pearson**, The Summit; **John Pinper**, Doncaster.



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(b) l a e K



**Full name:** Colin Vearncombe.  
**Born:** 25/6/62 in West Derby, Liverpool.  
**Earliest memory:** A very messy playroom, I suppose. I was never big on jigsaws — it was always bricks and things to hit. I used to make drums out of Quality Street tins and stuff. I also liked to read but it was a problem then because my middle brother always wanted to fight — he's never been into reading so I was a great disappointment to him.  
**First crush:** It was a girl I was going out with when I was five and we had the record for the longest kiss on the block — until my brother took the title away from me with the same girl. He was three!  
**First concert:** Er, Duen, at the Liverpool Empire. I must confess I did own the first five Queen albums. Am I still a fan? Far from it. No, I think Freddie's definitely after Liberace's vacant throne!  
**Previous jobs:** I've only ever done holiday jobs. There was one painting trailers for a couple of weeks. I did a day strawberry picking — it was awful. Er, delivering Christmas hampers, and I did actually go busking not last Christmas but the one before. It was an experiment and I hated it. It was with Roy who plays bass for me — I didn't have the bottle to do it on my own! — and we did 'Sds songs, some Elvis songs and a rockably version of 'You Are My Sunshine'. We went to Southport because I didn't fancy the idea of half of Liverpool's musical elite wandering past and of course the first person who walked past was Les Pattinson from the Bunnymen! I just stood there going 'Oh God — I'm never going to do this again!'!  
**Hobbies:** I like to keep up my running. I started it to stop feeling guilty about smoking and drinking — the only problem is I feel so good after I've had a run and a bath that I need to go out. Because if you go for a run — far from making you tired — it makes you really active, far more than I normally am! I'm intrinsically lazy!  
**What are your best and worst points?** Er, I suppose my best point is that I'm fairly easy going —

hardly ever lose my temper but when I do it's... pretty horrible. And I suppose my worst point must be that I'm quite selfish, or I can be — what's mine is mine, that kind of thing. I can get a bit possessive when was the last time you cried? It was a song — it just caught me at one of those moments when you really do think that the person who's singing is talking about you, and I must admit to a weeping.  
**What makes you angry?** Waste — particularly people who waste what they've got or those who don't appreciate the value of anything. It's not necessarily a financial value — talented people who mess it all up.  
**Have you ever been in hospital?** Yeah. I had an eye infection when I was about nine or ten and I stayed in for a week or two. I didn't like it very much. I was very shy when I was younger so just asking for something was always a problem. After two days I eventually asked where the toilet was! I was very strong-willed as well as shy!  
**Have you ever seen a ghost?** No — I've been quite disappointed about that. I thought I had once, when I was lying in bed. It was actually very calm, looking at this ghost, and I think I plucked up the nerve to say hello. And then I sat up in bed and realised it was a trick of the light — the curtain had just made this shape! I felt rather foolish and then went back to sleep.  
**Are there any embarrassing mistakes in your wardrobe?** (Laughs) I think they've all gone now! I was never allowed platform boots — my father thought they were instruments of the devil or something! — which I'm quite grateful for now. I did have a pair of Birmingham bags but the delights of the three star jumper were denied me! Do you not remember them? They were always two colours — something like brown but they'd have yellow collars and T V necks and three stars on the front in yellow as well. Everyone had them — the Bay City Rollers had them as well.  
**Do you talk to yourself?** Yeah, quite often actually. I never shut up, you see, and I'm always wandering around either thinking or talking, or I have some impressions which I work on. Like I do Clio from *Star Wars* and the Screaming Scull from *Star Trek* — those are my latest acquisitions!  
**What would surprise people most about the real Colin Vearncombe?** Erm (long pause) — probably that I can be a very unhappy lion very happy within the space of about five minutes. I'm a bit of an emotional yo-yo. Small things tip me over the edge very quickly and I just go. That's why I've never got on very well with politics. I get far too emotional to be able to argue logically and that makes me even more frustrated!

**7 DAYS A WEEK PIZZAS, RIBS BURGERS**  
 HOW YOU LIKE THEM  
**I'VE NEVER HAD A BLACK RUSSIAN**  
**VIDEOS HI!**  
**COCKTAILS**  
**SALADS**  
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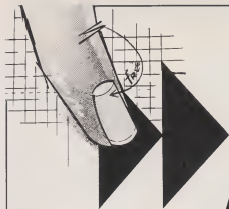
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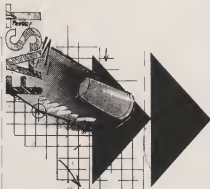
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# CHRIS REA: Loving You Again



It's been so long now  
Since we first met  
But the time and place  
I will never forget  
Darling never

Through good and had  
We stood the test of time  
You say I'm yours and darling  
You're still mine forever

So smile for me  
'Cause it's there for all to see

#### Chorus

After all this time  
Through the rain and tears  
After all this time  
After all these years

I'm only loving you again  
I'm only loving you again  
I'm only loving you again

And I'll keep holding on  
Girl I won't let go  
I want you near me wherever I go  
Please say forever  
Oh I give thanks for what you've given me  
And in my heart girl  
There'll always be a light  
That shines through the darkest night

#### Repeat chorus

Yeah  
I'm only loving you again  
I'm only loving you again yeah  
Oh smile for me

'Cause it's there for all to see  
After after all this time  
Through the rain and tears  
After all this time  
After all these years yeah  
I'm only loving you again  
Through the rain and tears  
(I'm only loving you again) oh yeah  
I'm only loving you again  
Till the sun dries up the sea  
Woah baby  
(I'm only loving you again)  
Till the rivers they run dry  
I'm gonau he  
(I'm only loving you again)

Words and music by Chris Rea  
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# "AND A RATHER"

So say the **Pet Shop Boys** as they take Tom Hibbert on a track

## SIDE ONE

### "ONE MORE CHANCE"

**Neil:** This is a song we wrote with Bobby O ('legendary' American producer) a couple of years ago. It was originally on the b-side of 'West End Girls' in America. And the original version was actually released as a single in Germany.

**Chris:** There were several German remixes of it, as well.

**Neil:** Several very very horrible German remixes, actually. They had girl singers coming out of it and it sounded like James Last.

**Chris:** There was one where they put Duran Duran's 'Wild Boys' on the top of it. That was the peak of the German remixes, really.

**Neil:** This version though has some rather fabulous 'eee eee' noises on it. We always liked those sounds and so we said to the producer 'will you just sort of put an 'eee eee' sound on this?' and he said 'well, how do you do that?' I said 'well, you just go 'eee eee' into the microphone' and he was very doubtful about this so I got the microphone and went 'eee eee'. It's a bit like a cartoon character, isn't it? It's really Woody Woodpecker. The words are about someone walking around the city, I always imagine it's in New York on one of those horrible cold December nights with the wind whistling out of the river... it's got sleighbells on it, too, rather unusually.

**Chris:** And they're not in time, either.

**Neil:** There's not much else to say about this song. Apart from 'it's rather good'.

### "WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS"

**Neil:** We wrote it at *Smash Hits* when we were still in this. Interestingly enough, I wrote the little spoken bits - 'I bought you drinks, I bought you flowers' - on the bus going home from *Smash Hits* one day. We wrote the song with Alise Willis whose great claim to fame is that she co-wrote 'Boogie Wonderland' with Earth Wind & Fire. And she's also written songs with Bob Dylan but Bob, as is his wont, didn't release them. She tried to teach Bob Dylan how to use synthesisers.

**Chris:** What was it she caught him playing?

**Neil:** Oh, yes - she came in one day and he was trying to work out how to play 'When Doves Cry' by Prince, hahaha. Anyway, we wrote the song when that and that's why it's a duet because she sang it and I sang it and then we spent ages thinking of who to get to record their part. Someone suggested Tina

Turner but she hasn't got the right kind of voice, really. And then someone in our office suggested Dusty Springfield and finally she agreed to do it. Anything to say about Dusty Springfield, Chris?

**Chris:** Well, she sounds like Dusty Springfield.

**Neil:** Dusty Springfield sounds right because her voice has got that world-weary quality. The song is about two people who are not young people. Really, it's about two middle-aged professionals and the woman is the more powerful person. The idea of the song was that the man in the song goes to work for the woman - it's a bit like a film. I think it's set in America and the bloke arrives on a building site and half an hour into the film coming out of the Fortakabin you see the woman who owns the building company. They've split up by this point and both of them are miserable. They are not happy and they're both whinging separately 'what have I done to deserve this?' So it's a useful cheerful lyrical idea of the Pet Shop Boys.

### "SHOPPING"

**Chris:** The idea for this was... we were probably shopping at the time and thought it would be a good idea to have a song called 'Shopping'. Bobby O used to have quite a few songs where you just had a word and then you spelled it out like 'P-A-S-S-I-N-G - Passion'.

**Neil:** That's not a very good spelling of 'passion', Chris...  
**Chris:**... so it was like 'S-H-O-P-P-I-N-G - Shopping' and I'd be singing that walking along the street doing the shopping before we even wrote the song and that became the basis of the whole chorus. The whole song sounds quite abandoned.

**Neil:** Anyway, having decided to write a song called 'Shopping' I thought that rather than have it as a sort of 'Gucci, Fucci, Fiorucci' shopping sort of song I'd write things about the nationalised industries being sold off because there was all this 'Tell Sid' at the time. Have you seen the *BP* shares advertisement on television? It's so patronising it makes 'Tell Sid' look like T.S. Eliot. They have this white light flashing on people and it's like this amazing thing is happening in their lives. I think the whole thing is totally obscene. The idea is to get people to buy their way into Mrs Thatcher's Britain. I think it's all pathetic and I hate the whole idea of the City - these vile, non-productive yuppie Sloane Ranger types buying and selling shares. So in the song it is the people in the City singing it - about shopping for shares and currencies and whatever - it's not Neil Francis Tennant singing it, clear, it makes me sound like I'm trying to be the Style Council - not that there's anything wrong with that, hahaha...

### "RENT"

**Neil:** Is this our what? Is this our mercenary love song? Oh, that's a good way of describing it. Can I use that quote, please? 'Well,' says Neil, 'it's a kind of mercenary love song, copyright Tom Hibbert 1987,' hahaha. It's about someone who's given up their life fundamentally for the pleasure of another person in return for security and they're wondering at the end of the day whether it was such a good idea. I think in a lot of marriages people exchange a lot of what they could have had for security and financial rewards and holidays abroad and going to the annual dinner at the Dorchester Hotel. It's all rather depressing, really, isn't it?

### "HIT MUSIC"

**Neil:** The beginning of this sounds like *Batman*.

**Chris:** Actually, it sounds like that programme that's on at the moment - *I Spy*.

**Neil:** I like some of those '80s kind of things. Also, it's morose, isn't it? It would sound very good played in Los Angeles because it's got that morose sort of hot rod sound. And the song itself, the words are about... hit music. When it starts off it's very banal, it's just about listening to pop songs on the radio but then as it goes through it's about how and why you listen to pop music on the radio and then it's got a really nice ending... And that's the end of Side One.

## SIDE TWO

### "IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE"

**Neil:** I think this is probably the highlight of the album. It's got some brilliant chord changes which were actually written by keyboard wizard Chris Lowe, 27. The song is about how commonplace people can be, thinking that various things could never happen to them. In Britain, for instance, I don't think people would have expected there to be the change in attitudes there's been in the last 10 years in terms of politics and sexual morality. The idea that's held Britain together since the Second World War of people helping each other has been entirely thrown out of the window. It's quite a melodramatic song, really. A lot of people will think it's a bit soppy, but...  
**Chris:** Tough bananas.

### "IT'S A SIN"

**Neil:** Is there anything more that needs to be said about this song - except that when we were recording it, we said it would be Number One in Germany and it's

been Number One in Germany for six weeks? Far more interesting, actually, is the St Cuthbert's Grammar School thing. This is unbelievable, actually - St Cuthbert's Grammar School, the school I attended, took it upon themselves to give quotes to the newspapers saying that I gave a very unfair picture of the school in 'It's A Sin'. I was on the front page of the *Evening Chronicle* in Newcastle, which was quite embarrassing for my parents. It was really cowardly because an unnamed spokesman gave quotes and discussed what I was like at school and then they said 'it's somebody I'd supposedly known at school saying "he was a poser then and he's a poser now" - and it was somebody who was three years younger than me so he wasn't even in my year at school and I'd never even heard of him.

For a school to lash out at a former pupil and not even have the courage to name who was saying it... Who was it? Was it the headmaster?  
**Chris:** Was it the caretaker?

**Neil:** It's amazing, really. All I said in the song was 'at school they taught me how to be so sure in thought and word and deed they didn't quite succeed'. Now, why should a school dispute that fact? Didn't they try to do that? Didn't they try to teach me how to be so pure in thought and word and deed? And if not, why didn't they? I do not know but I think we should be told. People have actually preached sermons about the song now, and the week before last it was the front page story in *The War Cry*, the Salvation Army's paper; they were saying 'it's interesting that someone's raised the concept of sin in our modern life again'. So the Salvation Army are all in favour of the song but the Catholic Church is divided on it. It's a funny old world. So that's the 'It's A Sin' story...

### "I WANT TO WAKE UP"

**Neil:** In this song I'm listening to the radio...

**Chris:** That's when you're doing the washing up, isn't it?

**Neil:** Yes. I think this is the best couplet on the whole LP: 'I stood at the kitchen sink my radio played songs like 'Tainted Love' and 'Love Is Strange'... I think it's brilliant, that. It's a very, very sad lyric. It's the idea that being in love with someone can be almost like a nightmare and you want to wake up from it. I think my voice sounds quite good on it one, actually, readers, and I hope you agree.



# GOOD LP IT IS TOO!"

by track excursion through their new LP "Actually" . . .

## "HEART"

**Neil:** We wrote this song while we were recording "Please". We were going to give this to Hazel Dean for a single because we think she's got a good voice – and then, in true George Michael "I Want Your Sex" fashion, we decided to keep it for ourselves, hahaha, and it's the closest thing to a pure pop song on the album. You can almost imagine Madonna singing it. "Heart" does have, for musicologists, the most brilliant middle bit.

## "KING'S CROSS"

**Neil:** We were driving past King's Cross and it just crossed my mind what a good title for a song "King's Cross" would be, and a friend of ours called Steve was burbling away in the back of the car and he said "someone told me Monday, someone told me Saturday, man" and I thought "what is Steve burbling on about?" And then I thought "oh, that's a good line – someone told me Monday, someone told me Saturday" and I put it in the song. So, anyway, it's quite interesting because King's Cross is the station where you come down from the North-East and also it's become, over the years, a more and more degenerate part of London.

**Chris:** It's where I live.

**Neil:** It's where Chris lives. If you want to see something depressing, readers, pop round to Chris' flat.

**Chris:** It's very handy. King's Cross. King's Cross has got the most underground lines.

**Neil:** "20 Things You Never Knew About King's Cross" – a bizarre exclusive. Anyway, this song's another one with a bit of a political lyric, I suppose. It's a bit about, ahem, urban decay. . .

**Chris:** Ur hur hurl!

**Neil:** Actually, it's not about urban decay – it's about people waiting. Everyone's waiting. Waiting for things to get better. Waiting in the dole office.

**Chris:** Waiting for a job.

**Neil:** Waiting for a train. Waiting to get their hip replacement operation. And will it ever happen? It's a very depressing song, I'm afraid, readers. It's good though when the trains go across at the end. That's how the album ends. It's very Pet Shop Boys at the end – trains hooting in the distance.

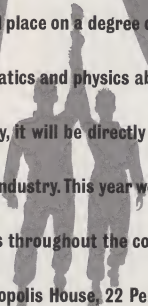
**Chris:** It's our obsession with transportation.

**Neil:** It's funny because basically the sound of a train you think of is really the sound of a steam train. You expect it to go "hoot hoot". And of course, they don't any more, unfortunately. They haven't for about 25 years. There is still a sort of "hoot" thing they do but it isn't the same. It's all very sad, really. So . . . that is the end of the album. And a rather good LP it is, too!



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# HOURLASS

I feel like I'm pounding on a big door  
 No one can hear me knocking  
 I feel like I'm falling flat to the floor  
 No one can catch me from falling

The hourglass has no more grains of sand  
 My watch has stopped no more turning hands  
 The crew have abandoned the ship  
 The lights are on but no one is in

#### Chorus

Take it to the bridge throw it overboard  
 See if it can swim back up to the shore  
 No one's in the house everyone is out  
 All the lights are on and the blinds are down  
 Take it to the bridge throw it overboard  
 See if it can swim back up to the shore  
 No one's in the house everyone is out  
 All the lights are on and the blinds are down

I feel like I'm calling on a telephone  
 No one can hear the ringing  
 I feel like I'm running up a steep hill  
 No one can stop me from turning

The hourglass has no more grains of sand  
 My watch has stopped no more turning hands  
 The little hand shakes its fist  
 The face is hanging out on a spring

#### Repeat chorus twice

The hourglass has no more grains of sand  
 Little red grains of sand  
 My watch has stopped no more turning hands  
 Little green neon hands

#### Repeat chorus

Feel like I'm calling back to the shore  
 No one can hear me calling  
 Feel like I'm falling flat to the floor  
 No one can catch me from falling

#### Repeat chorus to fade

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SQUEEZE



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# SECRET AGENT MAN/



Me and the farmer get on line  
 Through stormy weather on bottles of wine  
 If I pull my weight he'll treat me well  
 But if I'm late he'll give me hell

And though it's all hard work no play  
 Farmer is a happy crook  
 But Jesus hates him every day  
 'Cause Jesus gave and the farmer took took

Chorus  
 (Won't he let you go) probably no  
 (Won't he let you go) probably no  
 (Why does he treat you so)  
 I just don't know  
 (Why does he treat you so)  
 I just don't know

Me and the farmer like brother like sister  
 Getting on like hand and blister  
 Me and the farmer

He's chopped down sheep planted trees  
 And helped the countryside to breathe  
 Ripped up fields bulled flocks  
 And worked his workers right around the clock

It may seem strange but he'd admit  
 Intentions are exactly true  
 And though God loves his wife a bit  
 He hates the farmer through and through through

Repeat chorus  
 Me and the farmer like brother like sister  
 Getting on like hand and blister  
 Me and the farmer

Me and the farmer like brother like sister  
 Getting on like hand and blister  
 Me and the farmer

# JAMES BOND IS BACK



Me and the farmer get on line  
 Through stormy weather on bottles of wine  
 If I pull my weight he'll treat me well  
 But if I'm late he'll give me hell

And though it's all hard work no play  
 Farmer is a happy crook  
 But Jesus hates him every day  
 'Cause Jesus gave and the farmer took

He's chopped down sheep planted trees  
 And helped the countryside to breathe  
 Ripped up fields bulled flocks  
 And worked his workers right around the clock

It may seem strange but he'd admit  
 Intentions are exactly true  
 And though God loves his wife a bit  
 He hates the farmer through and through through

Chorus  
 (Won't he let you go) probably no  
 (Won't he let you go) probably no  
 (Why does he treat you so)  
 I just don't know  
 (Why does he treat you so)  
 I just don't know

Me and the farmer like brother like sister  
 Getting on like hand and blister  
 Me and the farmer

Repeat chorus  
 All things bright and beautiful  
 All creatures great and small  
 All we've got is London Zoo  
 'Cause farmer owns them all

Repeat chorus  
 Me and the farmer me and the farmer

Words and music by Heaton/Cullimore/Reproduced by permission Gof Discs Music  
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EMI

# MEE

They got their name from a Frank  
Yugoslav

**D**id you know there's someone called Danny Wilson who sells fruit in Camden Town?" pipes Kit Clark of Dundee pop trio Danny Wilson.

Now there's a thing, Danny Wilson (brothers Kit and Gary Clark, and Ged Grimes) are bursting with curious snippets of information, like how they got their rather peculiar name.

"Up to a couple of months ago we were called Spencer Tracey (a "moody" American actor - Ed.)," continues Kit, "but we had to change it because his lawyers were threatening to sue us for lots of money. At first we were stumped for a new name until one night my Dad was reeling around drunk and ranting about his favourite Frank Sinatra film, *Meet Danny Wilson*. We suddenly thought, "that's perfect!" My Dad wasn't too chuffed though, when we went on the radio telling everyone how he came up with the name when he was three sheets to the wind.

Indeed. So who are these three gentlemen called Danny Wilson and what other bizarre tales do they have to tell? . . .



**GARY CLARK**

I always knew I was going to be a singer. I could sing before I could speak. Ma granny's got tapes of me singing at New Year's Eve parties in a squeaky voice when I was a wee nipper. I was never allowed to do music at school because I was too smart. If you pass all your academic subjects, they think you're too clever to do music. I was always really cocky. I knew that I didn't need school to get on. I just wanted to be Frank Sinatra - he was my ultimate hero.

"I was always more mischievous than naughty when I was little. The only time I ever got into a rumpus was at primary school, when all the lads were rampaging through the playground tearing off the girls' clothes. I can't remember what brought it on, but I got six of the best for being involved.

"I didn't really hang around with Kit much when I was at school. He's five years younger than me and we didn't

get together musically until about three years ago. I've got a twin brother Scott who's the opposite to identical - he's nothing like me, much shorter and fatter. It's only since the band that Kit and I have become real mates, although we argue a lot and talk about each other wherever one of us leaves the room. Kit's always seeing weird things like flying saucers and I'm always waiting for something weird to happen.

"The other two indulge in strenuous things like cycling and cooking but my favourite pastime is collecting hats. I've got loads of them. I try to wear a different one for each photo session and video we do. I've got this brilliant Russian one with flaps that come down over my ears and I've got some soft hats that you can just bash into any shape. I'm quite besotted by hats - in fact, I'm thinking of having a head transplant so I can wear more than one at once."

# T DANNY WILSON

Sinatra film, one of them once saw a ghost in a kilt, one of them used to sell chocolates and the other one, er, collects hats. . .



## GED GRIMES

"I've always been a bit of a Jack The Lad and I even got expelled from school once. I didn't get on with the French teacher very well and one day he came rushing into the classroom to catch me finishing off a rather unflattering sketch of him in my jotter. He told me to get out of school and not ever come back. I didn't know what to do. I went home and next day plucked up the courage to go back to school. Unfortunately the same teacher clocked me and marched me off to the headmaster's office. There was this big fuss and I had to stand up in front of class and apologise. It was most embarrassing.

"I was a pretty good businessman when I was at school. My dad used to have a stall in the local market and I'd take his goods into school and sell them. Mostly he had these dodgy secondhand chocolates from Yugoslavia. The box was beautiful but the chocs were foul. I'd take orders from the teachers and kids - it was quite a lucrative business. I also made a fair bit of money from being in the Scottish Country Dance Band - we'd play weddings and birthday parties, and it was all very tacky. I even had a folk band with my brothers and sisters. You wouldn't believe how musical I was. Mind you, not everyone thought that.

"I reckon if I hadn't been in the band, I might have ended up a chef. I love cooking - I do all that cordon bleu stuff. The funny thing is, I couldn't boil

an egg to save my life but I could rustle you up a Steak Diane no problem.

"Up until now we've always been broke. Before the band got together Gary and I spent three horrible years living in this crummy flat in Battersea. It was the only house in the whole street that was falling down, and we had a right dodgy landlord. In all the time we were there, we played three gigs. We kept reading about all these budding Dundee bands in the music press who were doing wonders. We'd come to London to seek our fame and fortune and it was all happening back home! We spent most of our time playing fnsbees in Battersea Park.

"When Spencer Tracey got off the ground we made a few bob out of busking. The best thing we pulled off had to be this free trip to New York for the band. We wanted to go out and work with this jazz producer we'd met but we couldn't afford the air fare. We struck up this deal with Virgin Atlantic that we would get a free trip in return for providing in-flight entertainment. The only problem was they wouldn't let my tea-chest bass onto the plane because it would block the aisle, so I had to construct one out of the metal food trolley and a piece of string. We ended up playing all these Sinatra songs which sounded pretty d'ne but the passengers didn't seem to mind - they started clapping and getting stuck into their duty fress. It was probably the best gig we've ever done."

## KIT CLARK

"Everybody calls me Kit but my real name's Christopher. Me mam christened me Christopher because she didn't think the name Kit would go down well in church. I can't remember anyone ever calling me by my proper name.

"When I was a nipper I was always in a wee dream world. I think I must've annoyed a lot of people, especially the teachers, who couldn't get any sense out of me. Mind you, I was always good at the sums and English. Most of the time I was only bothered with the idea of becoming an actor or joining a band.

"I remember really making a fool of meself in front of me mates. I come from a Catholic family and the priest used to try and frighten us into being religious. He used to say 'God is watching over everything you do.' Well, one day me mates wanted to go playing in a place where our mams wouldn't allow us to go. Like the obedient boy I was, I hung back and me mate said 'Ah, c'mon, our mams'll never know', and I replied 'Aye, but God'll know. God knows everything!' Me mates started taking the mickey really bad and I ran off crying. I was

such a sensitive soul! Still am.

"I've always been a big believer in the supernatural. When I was 14 I saw a ghost in this house I used to visit with me friends. We always reckoned it was haunted because sometimes you could hear bagpipes being played but it was probably some bloke who was into Scottish music and having a jig. Anyway, I'd been for a wee when I saw this thing floating down the stairs. It was a big burly man with a beard. His face was all hazy and green, and he was wearing a kilt! I couldn't move off the spot. I was truly terrified.

"Still, that wasn't as bad as what happened to the band on our way back home from Denmark. We were on this plane, Gary was asleep and Ged and I were nattering when suddenly the engines failed and we plummeted several thousand feet. I've never pood my pants as much in my life. There was a huge drop - Ged and I were clinging on to each other for dear life. As we fell I started praying and thinking how unfair it was of God not to let us finish our LP. Then the engines crashed back into life and we were saved. Funny the things that happen to you. . ."



Wards: **Po Newton**

Photo: **Shaile Rock**



**BAREFOOTIN'**

*'Everybody get on your feet,*

*You make me nervous when you're in your seat,*

*Take off your shoes and,*

*Tap your feet,*

*We're doing a dance that can't be beat.*

*We're barefootin'...*

*The music dissolved into the background  
She'd already removed her shoes; the music from  
the Tango Soul Tape had made her.  
Raising the ice cold can she took a deep breath  
The lipstick stain on the frosted metal  
was evidence enough...*

JACKIE WILSON - 'I Got The Sweetest Feeling'  
MEL & TIM - 'Touchdown in Moscow'  
BOB & EARL - 'The Way You Duet'  
JUDY CLAYTON/LIAM BELL - 'Private Number'  
LEE DORSEY - 'Working In The Coalmine'  
BRANTON WOOD - 'Gimme Little Sign'  
DORIS GRAY - 'The Ice Cream'  
BOBBER T & THE M O'S - 'Time Is Tight'  
THE TAMES - 'Hey Girl Don't Bother Me'  
THE CR-ALTES - 'How You Seen Me?'  
ROBERT PARCER - 'Barefootin'  
THE CARTELES - 'Cool Jack'

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# Heart

who  
will  
you  
run  
to



You're not sure what you want to do with your life  
But you sure don't want me in it  
Yeah you're sure the life you're living with me  
Can't go on one single minute  
And there's a new one waiting outside this door  
And now it's time to begin it

You found a new world and you wanna taste it  
But that world can turn cold and you better face it

*Chorus*  
Who will you run to when it all falls down  
Who's gonna pick your world up off the ground  
Who's gonna take away the tears you cry  
Who's gonna love you baby as good as I

You don't know what it's like to live on your own

You've always had me there beside you  
You think it's easy finding someone out there  
Who's gonna care as much as I do  
What's gonna happen baby when you find out  
There's no one there to cry to

You can tell the whole world  
How you're gonna make it  
You can follow your heart  
What you do when someone breaks it

*Repeat chorus*

You found a new world and you wanna taste it  
But that world can turn cold and you better face it

*Repeat chorus twice*

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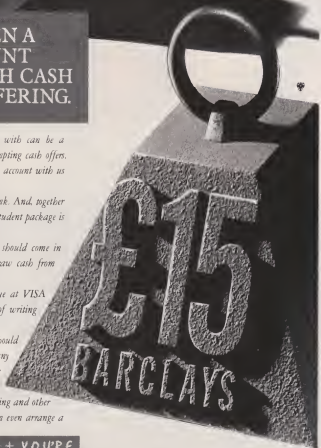
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## Dear Black Type,

I am not sure if the lyrics and the respective translation of the song "La Bamba" (Smash Hits, July 29-August 11) were a joke or not, but if they were done in all seriousness, I am afraid there is a very big misunderstanding, because neither the Spanish lyrics nor the translation are accurate. As my mother tongue is Spanish, I think I have the authority to give you the correct lyrics:

*"Para bailar la Bamba  
Para bailar la Bamba se necesita  
Una poca de gracia  
Una poca de gracia pa'mi, pa'ti,  
Ay arriba y arriba  
Ay arriba y arriba por ti seré, por ti seré, por ti seré,  
Yo no soy marinero, yo no soy marinero, soy capitán  
Soy capitán, soy capitán.  
Bamba, bamba  
Bamba, bamba... etc..."*

The term "goat" which you used does not make any sense, as "La Bamba" is the term used for a specific kind of rhythm or dance in Spanish; it does not have an equivalent word in English, so the translation, roughly, would be as follows:

*"To dance La Bamba  
To dance La Bamba you need to have a little gracefulness  
A little gracefulness for you and me  
Come on let's go, come on let's go"  
(Or something like that, it does not make sense in Spanish and it does not have to in English. However, it is an expression meaning "be happy, have a good time, come and dance...". Literally it means "and up and up" or "and above and above" or "high and high")*

Anyway, to continue:

*"For you I will be...  
For you I will be... (the rest is OK)*

If you ever need some assistance with songs written in Spanish, do not hesitate to contact me. I will help you with pleasure.  
Yours faithfully, Jubi Garcia, Latin American Spanish Service, BBC.

Many thanks Julo for that "interesting" piece of information, many thanks indeed. And for your sterling efforts, accept a token 'n' towel! Arrriba!

## Dear Black Type,

I refer to your article in *Biz* regarding Shirley Bassey and your reference to Tom Jones (Smash Hits, August 12-25).

Your article states quite categorically that Shirley Bassey has sung two songs for James Bond films. I am unsure who or whatever scrawled their way through this piece of writing, but if the lunatic took an interest in his/her work, then they would realise that Ms Bassey sang three themes to Bond movies, the last called *Moonraker*.

Regarding both Ms Bassey and Mr Jones, I find their article irrelevant, if one can entertain in a professional manner with power, it does not mean that they are ancient! My aunt Ms Bassey is far from old. She is a very young woman for 50 years, and has more ability to convey a song the way it should be performed.

Maybe someone wrote the article but not my aunt (Shirley Bassey) and how young she is, but anyway, despite looks she is a true professional not like whoever wrote

# LETTERS

WRITE TO: Smash Hits, 22-35 Canary Street, London W1V 1PP.

The most splendid letter gets a £10 reward token and a Black Type tea-serviette. Everyone else gets a commemorative postcard (p. 1 a badge).

the article in your magazine.

This country has two great international stars (Tom Jones and Shirley Bassey). It's very unfortunate that the young journalists of today cannot find anything to do but knock them without even being accurate. So, to sum things up, Ms Bassey has a quality so rare that fools like yourself are too ignorant to even comprehend it. Please don't call today's artists entertaining; they're nothing but CRAP.

Mr B. Davies, 23 years old, NOT 30.

Dear Black "Black" of Typhensness, After many months of dictionary searching I am finally in a position to reveal to the world my discovery of immense social and economic importance. I thought it fitting to put it into poem form.

Ode to an orange.  
Oh orange, orange, orange  
You orange and shiny fruit  
Why is it that no word  
In the English language  
Rhymes with you?  
Fin.

The Raw Fishinger Ester, Bristol.

Not very good, eh viewers?  
Certainly not on a par with the great Sir Clifford of Richard's legendary rhyming of "steak and kidney" with "Sydney" on his recent Australian tour. Talking of which, when will Her Majesty do the decent thing and matter those immortal words "arise Sir Clifford, arise"? I swear I feel a petition coming on, yes?

Dear Black Type,

Ode to Batman:  
POW!  
ZAP!  
FIN  
Aunt Harriet, Gotham City.

Much more like it, I must say.  
And yes, I do believe I feel one coming on myself. Ahem.

Ode to The Ridder  
Ridder!  
Diddler!  
Dum  
Fin.

Dear Black Type,  
Tell Kim Wilde to rescue those Schwarz Spice 'n' Easy Chill Mix packs from the waste bin (Smash Hits, August 12-25). She appeared to think that those items were full of "chemical additives and preservatives" when in actual fact these products are totally free of such blosseme "flavours". Perhaps the next time she comes across a packet she could send it in my direction.

Yours in anticipation, A Spice 'N' Easy Fan.

Dear Black Type,

As a parent of two teenagers I have, over the last few years, become increasingly frustrated and often angry about what is widely called "the pop scene". Having passed the stage of having pop music inflicted on my unwilling ears by the neighbours I then had to begin coming to terms with my own children's involvement. My complaint is not so much having to put up with Shakin' Stevens, Adam Ant, Kim Wilde, Prince and The Housemartins etc. pounding away at various strengths through adjacent walls (in my own home I can at least exercise some control over the volume levels), but about the way in which these pop idols treat their fans without whose avid devotion they would be NOTHING.

Let's take just two examples. When my eldest son was 15 he obtained a ticket to a Eric Wilder concert in Manchester. On the day I travelled with him to make sure that he got some suitable overnight accommodation since it was to finish too late for him to travel back that night. However, on reaching the theatre, we found that the concert had been cancelled on the very day his ticket was posted out with no subsequent notification. My sole recollection of Manchester is one of oppressive heat and endless escalators. Having taken the trip during a period at which I was suffering a large dose of ill health it was a supreme effort to try to alleviate the immense disappointment my son felt at the time.

More recently, my youngest son, now just 17 and an ardent admirer of Prince, obtained a ticket to his idol's recent planned concert at Wembley Stadium. This was to have been the most fantastic spectacle ever (more like a fantastic price but I'm contradicted on that one). However, having got geared up to the experience of Wembley he was then disappointed to find that the event, for some reason, was being transferred to Earls Court, and on a different date. Still, it was better than nothing; at least it was until, again for no apparent reason, the great star, who is supposed to care more for his art than money, disappeared back home in a huff. I'd trailed in and out of shops for miles around seeking paisley and purple and peach scarves. Fortunately this latest fiasco cost little more than a pair of peach socks, but what if he had been a girl...?

Use unfortunately, it seems that Prince is an idol who will be hard to pull down, no matter how badly he behaves to his fans and how

much disappointment and anger is endangered. He and others like him set themselves up as gods, seeking money, devotion and a boost for their own egos, but what, by their failure to humbly honour their commitments and their successful efforts to keep aloof from ordinary mortals, do they give that is lasting in return?

I would be interested in finding out what your younger readers have to say on this matter.  
Yours faithfully, A Doctor and A Concerned Parent, Kent.

Dear Sir,

I am writing to protest at the photograph on page 21 of *Smash Hits* August 29-September 5. This depicts a pop star, Mark White by name (I must confess I have never heard of him) clutching a flick knife and trying to be ever so cool. Okay, so it turns out that the flick knife is really a comb but it looks like a knife and this White person is holding it in a threatening manner. In case you didn't know, flick knives have but one purpose - to maim or kill an adversary in combat. Did you know that over 900 people have been killed in the last five years with flick knives in New York alone? No, I suppose not. In Britain these offensive (extremely) weapons have been banned since the early '60s - and quite right too. The despectious in your pages of such an instrument is a disgrace - particularly in the wake of the Hungerford massacre which once again called into question the "right" of anyone to bear arms. You should be truly ashamed of yourselves. What can you get it through your heads that violence is not, repeat NOT, trendy?  
Amanda Rillington, Kettering, Northants.

Dear Black Type,

An ode to "Doctor" David Owen, leader of the so-called SDP only he's not any more.  
Oh "Doctor" David Owen, leader of the so-called SDP only you're not any more.

Thank goodness for that. Someone who thinks "Doctor" David Owen is too shifty by half, Enderby, Staffs.

A Publisher writes: *Hmm. Take a letter, would you, Miss Pringle. To Dr. David Owen. "Dear David, I have long been thinking it was time that my respected self mounted the podium of British politics in order to make pots more money... ahem, I mean to do something for the good of my country whatever the self-sacrifice involved. To this end, I hereby suggest that you and I form a new party, with myself as "elected" leader and treasurer and you doing all the work... ahem, I mean with you presenting a trustworthy public face to the British electorate. In return I guarantee that Smash Hits magazine will entirely back the party in the manifesto and ideology of our party (featuring many full-colour pin-ups of your lovely wile - phew, what a scorcher!)... "Um, I say Miss Pringle would you care to stand in the next by-election? With those rather fetching hairdos of yours, I fully expect the you'd manage quite an impression on the (Sniff!) - You go too far, perv fuhrer!!! - B.T.)*

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# REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY TOM HIBBERT

## MICK JAGGER: Let's Work (CBS)

Why, you might well ask, is Sir Michaelford running around on the cover with a lot of African gentlemen dressed only in their underpants? Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that, on the record, Mick is trying to be all junglesque and ethnic and to annex some Zulu-type rhythms all for his very own. Perhaps not. He doesn't succeed, anyway, because this is more like a Glitter Band relic than a third world masterpiece and the chorus goes "la la la la la la la" and Mick sings like he's got an upturned bucket of yoghurt on his head (and isn't very pleased about it) as per usual. This isn't much cop, is it, old timer? Poor old Mike.



## CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT: Free (Mercury)

An entirely tune-free, hobbling "jazz" thing that sounds like it's left over from some snoozy Sade "session" and which contains the following snippet of philosophical insights: "All we want is our lives to be free! If we can't be free then we don't want to be..." Hmmm. That sounds rather like one of those slogans mad Americans are so fond of sticking on the back of their motor cars... "Live Free Or Die", "Better Dead Than Red" etc. Anyway, in the middle of this, boring Ben makes a foolish and hopeless attempt at some "scat" singing - "shub-a-dub de-bop diddy-dee whoop" - or "words" to that effect. Only the bear in Jungle Book should be allowed to try such things.

## AZTEC CAMERA: Deep And Wide And True (WEA)

With a host of bright and sprightly lady-type persons cooing and ooh-ing sunnily in the background, Roddy Frame, the frail and oft-weedy man from Scotland returns on a very "nice" pop song that sort of beams and bubbles along like a canoe and a bottle of cider. It's terrifically sweet and tidy and... a bit boring, actually.

## GARY MOORE: The Loner (10 Records)

A "haunting" guitar "lament" that moves one to the edge of pathetic whimpering with its forlorn imitation of a dying bumble bee. Boo hoo. It also sounds like the theme music to some ancient French film in which a staggeringly handsome racing car driver gets killed at Le Mans and his fiancée goes down to the sea and smokes about \$0,000 Gitanes with her elegant fingers and then takes most of her clothes off and lies in the waves and has a bit of a weep and a blubber and it's all very sad. Gary does not sing on this pop disc which is probably just as well.

## SHAKIN' STEVENS: Come See About Me (Epic)

Once more Shaky's sanity is called into question. His last hit, "A Little Boogie Woogie In The Back Of My Mind" hovered dangerously twist genius and madness; here the Welsh enigma abandons his rockin'-good-way roots altogether and plunders, of all things, the Motown archives. This song, a hit for The Supremes in 1964, is quite, quite marvellous, but Shaky singing soul!... Can such things be? Mind you, he does rather sound like Diana Ross. In fact, he sounds frightfully like Diana Ross. Most perplexing.

## TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY: Dance Little Sister (CBS)

He may look like a bushbaby but he sings like a cement mixer, grinding out those "hooos" and "huhs", his tongue skimbos. The song is hardy thrilling (in fact, without Terence's busy, historic efforts it would be practically nonexistent) but he gives it his "all". "Hurr",

"whoop", growl, growl, growl. What a fust! What a hoop! A Doctor writes: If Mr D'Arby does not "cool it", as they say, in his vocal exertions he may well find himself with throat problems not unlike those of our lovely Elton John.



## CAMEO: She's Mine (Club/Phonogram)

"Excuse me, sir," grumbles Larry Blackmon at the beginning, "but I do believe the lady arrived with me." Co-er. It wouldn't do to argue with Larry because he is so fearfully macho as we can clearly see by his untoward trouser-wear. This is another solid Cameo man, more gentle, perhaps, than the brilliant "Word Up!" but still knocking a hole into your head, particularly when a very odd guitar solo comes along, and it's all about a girl who "eats guys like you for lunch". Co-er! And "she's mine" warns Sir Larold through gritted teeth. Disagree and you'll probably go to hospital for a very long time indeed.

## DEF LEPPARD: Pour Some Sugar On Me (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)

This has got what heavy metal folk might call a "demon riff". And it's got lots of choruses about sugar. So

one would like to suggest that it's a diatribe about those awful, haughty health conscious type people who tut tut and shake their heads in superior fashion whenever they catch you putting three heaped teaspoons of Tate and taking a swig of Orangeta and a little bit of Orangeta (yum!) but I fear it's just about "lurve" because the singer keeps going "demolition woman (whatever that means) can I be your man?" Um. Quite good if you like this sort of thing.

## DONNA SUMMER: Dinner With Gershwin (WEA)

The one time sex goddess who used to do heavy breathing on her records has found a friend in Jesus now and makes jolly songs like this instead. It has a hip-hoppy rhythm and a quirky tune and Woody Woodpecker type noises all over the shop and words about how Donna wants to have some tuck with George Gershwin (ancient popular composer) and to have a bit of a chat with Madame Curie (ancient scientific person who discovered radium) and to go up in an aeroplane with Amelia Earhart (ancient flying personage). But that's "impossible, I guess" says Donna, fortlority. And how right she is - because they're all dead. What a very odd record.

## PEPSI AND SHIRLIE: If You Can't Give Me Love (Polydor)

Who's your favourite, viewers? Is it Pepsi or is it Shirлие! I am of the Shirлие persuasion, myself, but many people say Pepsi is the one. Anyway, this is another light and bright and entirely frothy

thing which is frightfully well suited to the team's girly skirtie swishing manoeuvres and bobbing up and down again in those fetchingilly-white gym shoes, and which, although it borrows something from Van Halen's "Jump", still manages to make Mel and Kim sound like Metallica. Well!

## BEASTIE BOYS: She's Crafty (Def Jam)

Further objectionable pages from the so-called "beasty". Beasties all about a girl who's not very well behaved at all. In fact, she's an utter scamp - which is why the so-called "beasty" Beasties are so taken with her (of course). A magnificent dissertation on social mores with a completely stupid heavy metal guitar "riff" running throughout. Hal! Kerry King's "axe" work is toweringly wonderful but the best bit's when the so-called "beasty" Beasties put on their nose pegs and go "she's craftieeee" just like Mr Punch. Terribly good. They can come round and be sick in my coal scuttle any day...



## CARLY SIMON: The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of (Arista)

Sleepy old hippie beddster song about shooting stars and Malibu and fairytale horses, and... what a pipingly healthy tone! Carly has! I bet she's never been sick in her slippers. (Correct!)

## BRUCE WILLIS: Secret Agent Man (Motown)

This is a simply splendid old song - but that never stopped Bruce before, now, did it? Yet again the brusing US TV celebrity gets hold of a "golden classic" - this was a hit for Johnny Rivers in 1966 when James Bond and The Man From U.N.C.L.E. and espionage fantasy in general were all the rage - and makes it not one jot as good as it was in the first place. His rather insubstantial voice just cannot cope with the overblown production of honking saxophones but his talent seems negligible and once more poor Cybill Shepherd must be turning in her scented boudoir.

## SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



## HEART: Who Will You Run to (Capitol)

Ah, me, they are resolutely unfashionable, these two elderly Canadian "lovelies", Ann and Nancy Wilson, and their three "rugged" backing blokes (each with his own personal ugliness problem) but I'm afraid I cannot resist their dubious charms. Perhaps it is the fact that their last hit "Alone" was the closest thing to an Abba weepie since the disgraceful demise of the scintillating Swedes. Perhaps it is the fact that Ann (or was it Nancy?) looked so wan and unconvincing on a horse in the "Alone" video. Perhaps it is the fact that Nancy (or was it Ann?) looked such a "rock'n'roll animal" when she "spanked her plank" in said vid. Perhaps it's just that they are, er, quite good. This is an "up tempo" thing which goes chug chug with squealy guitars and lots of corny guff about tears and it has this really grand chorus and when Ann (or is it Nancy?) does her fantastically "rock'n'roll" scream at the end, I pass away into a dead faint. P.S. Ann's (or is it Nancy?) hair is simply splendid.

# COMPETITION: THE RETURN OF BRUNO

(MSD VIDEO, £9.99)



This is the famed Bruce Willis video in which he pretends to be a legendary rock bloke called "Bruno". It takes the form of one of those creepily useless TV documentaries

wherein lots of famous people drool and burble on about how they were extremely good mates of a certain musical "guru" and how they once shared a cup of Earl "Grey" tea together and what an influence they were on life as we know it etc., etc.

It's a "spoof", then, it's surprisingly authentic and... gisp!... it's actually quite mirthful. On to your television set slinks a smoothly 'n' sincere presenter who introduces the programme *Rock Heroes* which is a tribute to "Bruno". There then follows various very famous people pretending to be "Bruno's" chums and saying what a very fine chap he is - and what's more they're completely believable! Elton John goes severely wimby, Jon Bon Jovi titters whilst recalling the time

"Bruno" snaffed his amplifiers. Phil Collins is nigh overcome. Ringo Starr reveals that "without Bruno there would have been no Beatles" and Michael J. Fox almost begins blubbing - but then he would, being a bit of a weed. All of the speeches are shown in between pretend "live footage" of "Bruno's" beginnings in the 1960's and '70s.

This, of course, gives us the chance to see Bruce Willis looking a complete goon with a Beatles-type bowl hair-do, with a hippie limp-wig and perv-moustache akimbo, and with a spangly '70's disco outfit. After the smoothly presenter completes "Bruno's" story, Michael J. Fox



▲ "Yoo-hoo! I'm a living legend called Bruno and I've only got one arm!"

appears once more and decides to play an old video of "Bruno" because he's over-come with nostalgia and the rest of the video turns into a Bruce Willis concert video (in the guise of "Bruno" of course). We see him springing, giggling and groovin' and it all looks exactly the same as his video for "Under The Boardwalk" i.e. there's a lot of perspiring and Bruce Willis looks like a cheeky chappy. Aw... (aherm).

Anyway Review has 50 - 50!!!! - Return Of Bruno videos, as seen on the telly last week, to give away and you might just get one if you solve the following puzzle: What is Bruce Willis' favourite form of exercise? Is it: a) pole-vaulting; b) speed-walking; c) swimming; d) jogging or e) blow football? Answers on Bruno "Brooks" to **Smash Hits/Bruce Willis Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by September 22.



▲ "Fooled you!"



▲ Bruce pretending to be Bruno in the '50s with The Temptations and a nightmare on his chest.



▲ Bruce pretending to be Bruno in the '50s with an armadillo on his lap.

# CONCERT

## BON JOVI DONINGTON PARK

"I know it's been a long day," draws a bearded Jon Bon Jovi, "but have you enjoyed yourself?!" A resounding "Yeeeeeeaaaahhhhh!" is the response from the crowd. This means they are either a) not of sound mind or b) of the opinion that you must suffer to have a nice time because when Bon Jovi appear on stage amidst a blaze of fireworks at 8.30 in the evening, most of the crowd here have been knee-deep in a quagmire of mud since the doors opened at midday.



▲ Donington Park: millions of metal nutcases and several pernicked gaffers (?)

The Donington "Monsters Of Rock" Festival is held every year and last year it rained as well. Today it pours - reducing the area to nothing more than a vast mud flat - all the more annoying as only yesterday the weather was blistering hot. It would seem that the sun never shines on heavy metal festivals.

Some 80,000 foolhardy - in fact, frankly mad - rock fans have paid £16 for the privilege of squelching around on this vast bog underneath their plastic sheets or umbrellas (and those are the lucky ones) at Donington '87. Coachloads of beer-swalling, mud-spattered fans are slipping and sliding about - some even indulge in a bout of mud-wrestling for pleasure - as the damp denim and leather-clad hordes strain to get a glimpse of the groups. And, unbelievably enough, they seem to have a nice time.

First off are Cinderella (bad luck boys - it pours all the way through) then come filthy perv-rockers W.A.S.P. (still not much better). Tanned, bearded, jolly and currently very "hip" thrash band Anthrax (it shines a bit for them) come next, followed by furious headbangers with locks a-flying Metallica (still shining), then Dio with their diminutive and rather ancient singer Ronnie Dio. Not only is the "enjoyment" seriously diminished by the mud-flats and the rain but by the fact that the bands are all a speck on the horizon - to get nearer means risking life amongst wall-to-wall shaggy-permed heads furiously nodding and actually playing imaginary guitars and also the hurtling torrents of huge, beer-filled containers. Well, it might be larger but there are a few other nastier rumours circulating (sperry/blee/excuse me). And since there are no Olympic-standard hurlers in the throng, the containers miss the stage by at least a mile, thus spraying the already sodden audience and clonking a couple of hapless spectators on the head.

But, being mad, they bravely put up with it and actually give the impression it's all been worth it when, a mere eight and a half hours into the "merriments", Jon Bon Jovi prances on stage. Wearing a particularly glistingly spangly duster coat, he enters arms aloft against a backdrop of fireworks fizzing and popping.

"Hi there Daninnin-ntaaan!!" he shouts (managing to look very handsome in spite of horrible Bjorn Borg-style facial growth) and

Photo: Bob Manno

Photo: Zhyru Kozak

▲ A fan not getting a very good seat.



Photo: Tom Mehan

▲ Rinnie Zamora: "a positive threat to taste and decency"

the group launch straight into some serious Rock'n'Rawl. By this time a lot of girls have abandoned their boyfriends and squeezed to the front to start fainting, as if on cue.

**B**on Jovi are rather odd. Unlike the rest of the groups at Donington they are more of a pop group than anything else – not that there's anything wrong with that but earlier the mere mention of their name produces coos and grunts from the more die-hard metal "muthas". Also Jon Bon Jovi – and this is a compliment – always reminds me of a male Madonna: he flirts just as much (his occasional Elvis-style hip swaggle causing the casualty toll in the front three rows to rise dramatically), dances as well as the does and has possibly even met the costume designer. His sense of "style", though, is infinitely more dubious. A lurex headband, indeed!

The rest of the band are worse if anything – resembling a bunch of pomp rockers resplendent in outfits that wouldn't disgrace Freddy Mercury's perv wardrobe, while guitarist Richie Zambora's dubious star-spangled lycra leggings are a positive affront to taste and decency.

But do the audience care? Certainly not! And by this time they've all got a good view as there are two massive videoscreens on each side of the stage – which, frankly, should have been used all day long.

Jon Bon Jovi is a bit of a between-song rambler, too. In fact he draws on about how pleased he is to top Donington etc. etc. in between a whole pile of hits – "You Give Love A Bad Name", (he's slipped into a T-shirt for this), "Never Say Goodbye" (arm-waving aloy from the crowds), "Livin' On A Prayer" (more singing along while Jon has changed into a leather jacket with interestingly, a CND logo on the back) and "Runaway" (now a denim jacket) – occasionally with more explosives behind and the infinitely nimble Jon gambolling around temptingly at the front of the stage and on top of the scaffolding. The group also, unfortunately, attempt some dodgier numbers such as the ancient Rolling Stones dirge "Not Fade Away" – but overall they are so desperately entertaining it is almost possible to temporarily forget the earlier miseries of the day.

After a line-up and a bow, they cavort off-stage to return beaming for "Wanted Dead Or Alive". Then Jon introduces some of his "mates" and out billow the shimmering blonde locks of Twisted Sister's Dee Snyder and the toss-some brunnette curls of Kiss's Paul Stanley, plus Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson with a pair of Union Jack boxer shorts worn modishly over his jeans. Mmm mmmmm. The stage is a mass of tumbling, over-permed locks a-twirling as they creak through "I'm An American Band" except the bloke from Iron Maiden isn't American but never mind.

At the very, very, very end come yet more spluttering fireworks of bonfire night proportions – all very dazzling but forcing the poor audience to endure firework-fallout as well as everything else that has fallen from the skies and dumped on them today.

**B**on Jovi look rightly chuffed, collect their girlfriends (lined up in a row side-stage), quaff "a few" celebratory drinks, pick up a couple of silver discs and are then whisked high above the hollidays back to London in a helicopter. How very swanky. L, on the other hand, go home to ease my mud-encrusted feet out of shoes that are so caked they have to be instantly deposited in the bin. All 79,999 of the rest of the audience tramp off through the sludge – some without any transport and having to sleep under plastic sheets at the side of the M1. All this on top of having to pay £16 for 12 hours of being rained on in a marsh in the name of "entertainment" . . .

Lolo Borg



▲ A fan searching for her/his face



▲ The public "convenience": Several billion whiffs and numerous diseases writhe "Coone"



## THE BIG TOWN

(PG, 109 minutes)

After watching *The Big Town* you will be slumped in the cinema aisles, a spent of tears, wracked of heart and completely blindered with frustration. All of which has nothing whatsoever to do with the actual film, but the mesmerising vision of Matt Dillon who is, in fact, the most handsome man that ever walked the planet Earth. This won't be everyone's reaction of course ("Too right, mate!" – Several million male viewers and two "fussy" females) which is a smidgen unfortunate, really, because his smoulderesque "chogs" are by far the most riveting thing about the entire film. Not that it's horrendous, just a bit too cornily serious.

Matt Dillon plays an American country bumpkin called Cully in the mid 1950s who's rather brilliant at gambling with dice. He decides to give up being a brilliant gambling bumpkin and sinks off to Chicago ("the big town") to become a brilliant gambling city person – working for a stern n' snippy underground "financial sponsor" called Ferguson Edwards (Lee Grant) and her blind husband, "Mr" Edwards (Bruce Dern). Off he goes, then, showing off his brilliant dice-diddling all over Chicago, slaughtering everybody in the casinos, winning piles and piles of money with which to buy top-togs to look very handsome in, taking them off to have rumpo with a "nice" girl called Aggie (Suzi Amis) and look even more handsome, taking them off again to have rumpo with a pervstress called Lorry Dane (Diane Lane) who's a stripper in a horrible sleaze-nighterise casino – and who is also the wife of the casino owner and generally dangerous person George Cole (Tommy Lee Jones). This, of course, isn't a very good idea – especially since the two of them are already gambling "enemies", though Cully doesn't care because he thinks he might be "in love" with the pervstress.

This begins Cully's disillusionment with this sordid universe: he is accused by the whole city of cheating in a game when he did nothing of the sort and everyone decides not to like him any more, his best mate and gambling teacher from back home dies, he accidentally befriends the bloke who blinded "Mr" Edwards 18 years previously which doesn't go down too well with "Mr" Edwards who's been trying to kill him for 18 years and eventually Cully decides the whole thing is useless and goes back to being a country bumpkin again.

This, then, is the "moral" of the story and it's not a very enlightening one, to say the least. Matt Dillon plays the only really likeable character in the film, being outspokenly honest in his youthfulness – everyone else is either ruthless, grim and untrustworthy or somewhat pathetic and a bit dim. There's also scene after scene of the dice-game being played by snidey blokes in bleakly-lit smoky rooms which is colourless and uninspiring to watch. Still, if you're only going to watch Matt Dillon's amazing bristling eye-brows in action, it's a work of complete brilliance which you'd quite happily sit through 17 times without being remotely bored. You might, however, be dead – due to palpitations from an overdose of good-lookingness. Excuse me while I keel...

Sylvia Patterson



# THE REVIEW "SAUCEPOT" SPECIAL

● Win Samuel Fox videos and SIGNED copies of her official book – and get 50p off the self-same book if you're a bit nimble with a pair of scissors!

## THE OFFICIAL BOOK!

### Samantha Fox: Making Music (Zomba Books, £4.95)

● Swizzling Samuel "put this book together" her very own self and it's the story of her entire life so far from the exact second she was born on April 15, 1966. Not surprisingly, then, it's not a very long book (66 pages) and it's a multi-colourific, pictorial guide to Samuel's various "stages". Thankfully there is not one photograph of her bare "bosoms" (though there is a particularly gruesome David Cassidy picture disc shown, on which she is entwined most pervily with the '70s droolster). Instead we have "cute" photographs of Sam when she was four, Sam with her school chums, Sam with her mum, Sam posing goofily, Sam recording a song, Sam with a football, Sam making a video and Sam with her favourite "personalities" (Lemmy from Motorhead, Jonathan King and even – gusp! – the Pet Shop Boys). The book is extremely weedly written by one bloke who keeps going on about

how successful, talented and good-looking she is and throughout the bletherings are Samuel's very own twitters such as: "I love football", "I fell on all these kids... they went home saying 'Samantha Fox fell on my head!'", "I think I'm a horse in the Chinese calendar" etc. There's also Samuel's list of her top male and female singers, favourite songs, a discography, the printed lyrics to her hit tunes and also a free poster of Sam in a billowy perv-dress. So, if you think Sam is a fairly dandy individual you'll probably rather like this book – which is why Review is giving you 50p off it. And all you have to do is put your name and address on the coupon below together with a postal order/cheque for £4.45 (including postage and "packaging") made out to Zomba Books and send it to this address: **Smash Hits/Samantha Fox Book Offer, Zomba Books, 165-167 High Road, Willesden, London NW10 2SG.** The first 50 coupons received will also have their copy SIGNED by Samuel herself!



▲ "Jing! This bloke thinks I'm so handsome he's just fainted!"



▲ "Hello, nice girl. Would you like to see how handsome my nose is close-up?"



▲ "Oh gods – a mirror! No it's not – it's a board with photos of pervsresses on. Curses..."



▲ "Hello chaps! Fancy a game of 'Spot The Handsome Person?'"



▲ Samuel: Even at four her taste in jerseys was astounding...



▲ Samuel and a chum when she was 13: Oh dear.



▲ Samuel and two chums when she was six. What happened?!



▲ Samuel and the Pet Shop Boys: Quoth she: "I like listening to 'West End Girls!'"



▲ Samuel and Sir Cliff Richard: (Sir Cliff writes: Crumbs!)



▲ Samuel and her amazing fright-wig: Quoth she: "I use it as a disguise."

## THE VIDEO!

### Samantha Fox: Making Music (Virgin Vision, £9.99)

● This is a 40-minute video compilation of all five – five!! – of Samuel's extremely successful hit songs in which she grunts, whoozles and shivers her shoulder blades in various horrible musical establishments, in a cafe, on a boat, on some expensive bed'n'ens etc. There's also three "unknown" songs here but they're not much cop really and are all set in a rather boring-looking studio with Samuel just posin' 'in spoutin' from behind a microphone – snoozes! What's much more entertaining is watching Radio One DJ Peter Powell conducting lengthy between-song interviews with Samuel. She speaks in her famed loveable codoney peep of... her ripped perv-breast! Snogging! Looking "like a wally"! Not knowing what "sex symbol" meant! Ah, Samuel, what a filmy saucerer you are! So. To win a peek at Sam's doings, try answering the following poser: What a Samuel's mother called! Is it: a) Deliah, b) Carole, c) Willy, d) The Creator or e) Miss! Answers on a saucerpan to **Smash Hits/Samantha Fox Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by September 22.

## COUPON

Dear Book People,  
I think Samuel Fox is a fairly dandy individual and hereby claim my copy of *Samantha Fox: Making Music* for the reduced price of £4.45. I enclose my postal order/cheque payable to Zomba Books and await said publication with a great deal of "relax", so to speak.



My name is \_\_\_\_\_

My address is \_\_\_\_\_

To: **Smash Hits/Samantha Fox Book Offer, Zomba Books, 165-167 High Road, Willesden, London NW10 2SG.**

# REVIEW CONCERT



PHOTO: Julian Rappoport

## STEVIE WONDER London, Wembley Arena

There can be no doubt that if ever the much overused term "musical genius" were to be accurately applied, it would refer to Stevie Wonder." (Stevie Wonder 1987 Tour Programme)

By jove, they're not far wrong! For what else can you call a man who has been blind since birth and yet has gone on to make 27 - 27! - LPs, at least half of them brilliant, and release singles like "Superstition", "Higher Ground", "I Wish" and "Master Blaster (Jammin')", which still sound as good as anything you'll ever hear down ver disco? Add to all of this Stevie Wonder's active support for a wide range of civil rights issues in the last 20 years, and even a clot will surely see that there is a lot more to the man than his rather sickly hits of recent years like "I Just Called to Say I Love You".

It was a tad unfortunate then that for the first of his six sell-out London shows, the "musical genius" chose to concentrate on his lesser-known, more introspective songs, and chucked all his

most brilliant ones together into a "Stars On 45" style "medley" right at the end. It was also unfortunate that he decided to appear on a continually revolving stage which caused extreme dizziness to this viewer at least and gave the whole show something of a fairground atmosphere.

Still, Stevie did sing brilliantly and he did do a quite magnificent version of "I Was Made To Love Her" and there were plenty of other selected highlights in a marathon three-hour show. The funniest bit came at the end though, when Stevie introduced the nine-piece band in a suitably spooky fashion - "born in New York City, under the sign of Pisces, born in Los Angeles, under the sign of Leo" and so on, and then he sort of rabbit-hopped off the stage, stopping briefly to throw his towel into the crowd. Then Stevie Wonder, "musical genius", born in Michigan under the sign of Taurus, hopped back into a world of his own.

Berry McInerney

## ALBUMS

**ELTON JOHN: Live In Australia With The Melbourne Symphony Orchestra (Rocket)** This individually numbered - very special limited edition - double LP captures Elton John's "historic" performance with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra in Sydney, Australia on December 14, 1986, Elton's last performance before his throat operation, which certainly sounds overdue whenever he attempts to "hit" the higher notes. Oddly enough, rather than a greatest hits collection, the 14 songs here are mainly fairly obscure '70s blemishes with only "Sorry Seems To Be The Hardest Word", "Your Song", "Candle In The Wind" and the brilliant "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me" plucked from his vast catalogue of hits. These four apart, it's all a bit dull and will only really be of interest to committed fans and people who like "classy" sleeve designs, hysterical sleeve notes and pictures of Elton dressed as Mozart. **(5 out of 10)**

Berry McInerney



**JONATHAN BUTLER: Jonathan Butler (Jive)** Jonathan Butler would like to make love, laurie, laurie, tonight, tomorrow and so on until the end of time - a "desire" proved on this double LP which is all about the lovin' and lovies' of some foxy lady. This avianlike of a song is interrupted every now and again by something even more unavailing, the instrumental ballads - on which Jonathan's nimble fingers strum that funky guitar with fluttering abandon. There are a couple of supremely catchy numbers, however, including his most recent sparkling chart success, "Lies", which tend to bound round your head incessantly and drive you utterly goofy with the tunefulness of it all. So if you really enjoy listening to a full four sides of "woah wooo ooh baby, you're my everything ooh no no no", this could be the LP you're looking for and you're probably a bit off your head. **(4 out of 10)**

Josephine Collins

**SQUEEZE: Babylon And On (A&M)** Squeeze songs are a bit like mini-episodes of *EastEnders* - the teard the teard the best! This LP is actually their simplest and poppiest thing in ages, though also their most bland and American-sounding. Beneath the polished, bouncy surface, however, lurk the Squeeze specialities: human dramas, the non-glamorous squats at relationships in striking detail (a sheepish husband drifting back home "like someone's lost bottom" etc.) - although it's less musically depressive and more philosophical than before. Squeeze may be hopelessly unfashionable but they know how to write real songs about real life and Side One is outstanding stuff - even if it does contain a song about a telephone answering machine. **(8 out of 10)**

Am Cramo

**BLACKS: Wonderful Life (A&M)** Colin Vearncombe has a ridiculous name, a miserably endearing voice and, on the, his first ever LP, some of the most wispily brilliant romantic pop songs with sensible lyrics ever written. Hence... the chinking toe-entwiner "Wonderful Life", the softball, melodious pull-ball "Sweetest Smile", the thundering, synth whizzlers "Sometimes For The Asking" and "Everything's Coming Up Roses" (Black's only non-hit single which is a universal injustice) and the billowing westfulness of "Paradise". Everything else is spiky, sparse, void of a nice tune and ruffled by flimsily demoted backing singers. Still, what's brilliant is magical so - which just goes to show that Colin is a bit of a "chameleon" (or thereabouts). **(7 1/2 out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

**MICHAEL JACKSON: Bad (Epic)** Four hundred years in the making. Five million musicians, stylists and associates created "Michael Jackson's heartbeats" recorded by Dr. Eric Clapton in the Synclavier. No expense spared. But is it any good? Well, get beyond all that twink, impressive production tricks and the impressive arrangements, and the songs are not always entirely wonderful. Michael sings his heart's heart out, of course, and does his own trademark, burgle at least one million times, but much of the time the effort seems hardly worth it. "Speed Demon", "The Way You Make Me Feel", "Another Part Of Me" and "Just



Good Friends" (it does with Steve Wonder) are all, if the truth be told, rather zowie, half-baked tunes. But let's talk about the good bits, the rumpo-

**CLIFF RICHARD: Always Guaranteed (EMI)** You sometimes to joggle at the pop career of Cliff it goes on and on, sometimes never-endingly. Now the well-seasoned old entertainer has yet another LP for us to weigh up and after his quarter century at the top it's difficult to know what standards one can use to judge this new oeuvre... Let's just say the singles "Some People" and "My Pretty One" give a fairly good indication of the direction that Cliff is taking these days: it's an LP full of the crisp plinky plinky sounds of the modern studio, with Cliff's fast and easy voice gliding charmingly over a selection of nice, maddening to average songs - none of them a masterpiece, but none of them besmirching the reputation of one of Britain's most respected old masters. **(6 out of 10)**

William Shaw



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# WHAT TO DO IF A POP S

It can be so embarrassing.

There you are lounging around in your *Basil Brush* slippers, watching *Countdown* and eating a bowl of *Scotts Porage Oats* when suddenly the doorbell rings and your favourite rock person pops in for a "cuppa".

Oh, the shame of it!

But never fear – just follow this simple *Smash Hits* step-by-step guide to home entertaining and you need never blush again. . .



## What to do if MADONNA pops in for tea

- **DO** place lots of egg boxes on the walls to keep noise levels down – otherwise the local council may pop in and put a stop to your fun.
- **DO** have lots of proper Madonna-styled snacks on offer – some rice cakes (blee), some lentil soup (double blee) and some steamed spinach (blee to the power of infinity!) should suffice.
- **DO** have an adequate supply of pop corn for "alters" – but **DON'T** prepare it beforehand as Madonna likes to "pop" her own.
- **DO** get Dad to get out his *Black And Decker Workmate* and whip up a quick exercise bike – you never know when Madonna might fancy a little pedal.
- **DO** get Dad to get out his *Black And Decker Workmate* again and knock up a sturdy, reinforced chair for Clay Tave, Madonna's "beefy" minder to sit in.
- **DON'T** pipe "You know, I didn't think *Shanghai Surprise* was all that bad" – Madonna thinks the film was "a hellish nightmare".
- **Whist!** Madonna is fucking into your lovely home made fruit cake, **DON'T** let awful Uncle Reg trundle in barking "Whoops-a-daisy, girly, you've got a raisin stuck on your lip."
- **DO** have a good supply of knickers to hand – in case Madonna discards hers and throws them out the window at a passer-by (i.e. awful Uncle Reg).
- **DON'T** let dad puff on his pipe full of *Old Uncle Crusty's Shag* – Madonna doesn't think tobacco is nice.
- **DON'T** let your brother come home from the Photography Club clutching his Kodak Brownie or he may well get beaten up.
- **DO** have a nice gang home present ready: a can of vegetarian Happy Dog for Hank and a slice in a cake for Sean should do.



## What to do if MORRISSEY pops in for tea

- **DO** shut the curtains so it's really dark and if by chance it isn't raining outside set the garden sprinkler going on the window.
- **DON'T** be tempted to discuss Band Aid as "Band Aid is the undiscussable" according to Morrissey.
- **DON'T** insist on watching *Name That Tune* white Brookside is on the other channel – Morrissey never likes to miss an episode of this everyday tale of Liverpool folk.
- **DON'T** say "I'm afraid I didn't quite have time to prepare any luck so I've sent out for *Kentucky Fried Chicken* take-away instead" – Morrissey doesn't think meat is very nice at all.
- **DO** keep a slim volume of the poems and epigrams of Oscar Wilde close at hand in case the conversation wanes.
- **DON'T** let your dad bond in wearing his Samantha Fox t-shirt, chirping "touch me touch me I want to feel your body" etc. etc. – Morrissey doesn't think Samantha Fox is very nice at all.
- **DO** have a good supply of *Carry On* films and things with James Dean in for Morrissey to watch on the video.
- **DO** have a nice sticky cream cake to hand – Morrissey has a weakness for them.
- **DON'T** let awful Uncle Reg pick up Tufty the cat by his ears as per usual and toss him out of the window – Morrissey believes in kindness to animals.
- **DON'T** read out that poem your brother wrote at school last week which goes "Ode To Johnny Marr: Oh Johnny Marr/How crap The Smiths are/Without you."
- **DO** send Mum into the garden to pick lots of nice gladioli to decorate the room.
- **DO** have a nice going home present ready: a tub of yoghurt, some bath salts and a new guitarist should do.



# TAR DROPS IN FOR TEA



Photo: Picnic Press

## What to do if THE BEASTIE BOYS pop in for tea

● DO tell all your neighbours to hide their Volkswagens.

● DO cover the living room floor with groundsheets and put all valuables into storage (and pray).

● DON'T let the Beastie Boys meet awful Uncle Reg as they'll get on like a house on fire (literally).

● DON'T prepare any nosh that's the slightest bit healthy – a hint of banana cake and the Beastie Boys will go berserk. Instead, offer pasties, sausage rolls, bacon lettuce and tomato sandwiches (without the lettuce and tomato) etc. etc.

● DON'T let Mandy the school wixtress come round or there'll be trouble.

● DO send Dad down to the off licence to buy up their entire stock of Budweiser beer for the "Beasties" to drink, throw about etc. etc.

● DO prepare the rules for lots of super party games such as Throwing Tufty The Cat Out Of The Window, Blowing Up Dad's Greenhouse, Letting All The Water Out Of Mum's Washing Machine etc. etc.

● DON'T be tempted to pipe up "I'm a member of the Daily Mirror pop club."

● DO practise your Beastie Boy type phrases, such as "chill out", "I'm illin'", "That's really def", "Awful Uncle Reg is so fly", etc. etc.

● DO arrange an alibi for when the police come round next day and arrest you for disturbing the peace – i.e. "But, officer, I was at Grrl Guides all afternoon." (NB: If you're a bloke, this alibi tends to be a bit useless.)

● DO have some nice going home presents ready: a full set of Young Ones videos, a plumbing manual (for dismantling hotel showers) and a good lawyer should do.



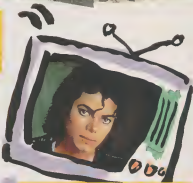
## What to do if PRINCE pops in for tea

- DO put sellotape over Tufty's cat flap in case Prince thinks it's the door.
- DO place lots of plump cushions on a chair so that Prince can reach the table.
- DON'T let mum pop in and see him in one of his perv-outfits or she'll say "Oh dear, lovely, you must be parky – why don't you borrow my cosy Marks And Sparks yellow and pink cardie?"
- DON'T let awful Uncle Reg stumble in, pat Prince on the head and say "Hello, little leew, what are you going to be when you grow up?"
- DON'T let your dad open one of his disgusting bottles of home-made elderflower wine – Prince doesn't think alcohol is very nice.
- DO keep a pack of cards (to play patience) or a good book handy just in case Prince goes into one of his usual half hour silences.
- DON'T be surprised if Prince doesn't eat any of your lovely tuck – he'll probably think it's been laced with poison.



Illustration: Kepar Williams

- DO get Dad to get out his Black And Decker Workmate and whip up a quick altar in case Prince feels like saying some prayers.
- DO cover up all "your Michael Jackson Is God" posters – Prince has no truck with Michael.
- DO get Mum to change the curtains for some nice purple ones and paint the walls a nice shade of peach and black to make Prince feel at home.
- DO have a nice going home present ready – a pair of slits, a Stead And Simpson gift voucher (to buy a pair of decent shoes) and a box of perfumed soap should do.



## What to do if MICHAEL JACKSON pops in for tea

- DO get Dad to get out the Black And Decker Workmate and knock up a quick oxygen chamber in case Michael feels homesick.
- DO hide Tufty the cat upstairs or else he might get trampled on by Louis the llama or thrown out of the window by Bubbles the chimpanzee.
- DO have a fire extinguisher handy in case Michael's hair bursts into flames while you're drinking your Pepsi.
- DO clear a space on the living room floor in case Michael wants to lay down his portable dance floor and throw a few shapes.
- DO have a top team of plastic surgeons on hand in case Michael gimpos his face in the mirror and sees something he doesn't like.
- DO leave a note pad by the telephone in case Michael wants to doodle while he's on the phone to Diana Ross.
- DO take down the chandelier in case Michael bangs his head on it while he's levitating.
- DON'T let awful Uncle Reg come in and say to Michael "Hello, sonny, has anyone ever said you look a bit like Steedman from Five Star?"
- DO keep gallons of carrot juice on tap – Michael thinks it's simply delicious.
- DO have a good supply of Charlie Chaplin films plus copies of ET and Close Encounters Of The Third Kind for Michael to watch on your video should he get a bit bored.
- DO get Dad to get out the Black And Decker Workmate again and whip up a quick replica of Disneyland in the back garden.
- DO get Dad to put a carpet on the roof of his car in case Michael chooses to practise a few dance steps on his way in.
- DO have a nice going home present ready: a Paul Daniels pop-up book, an Elizabeth Taylor biography and some horrible bits and pieces awful Uncle Reg dug up that look a bit like the remnants of the Elephant Man should do.





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**JOHNNY  
HATES  
JAZZ**

**I don't want to be a hero**

Oh send me off to war with a gun in my hand  
But I won't pull the trigger  
Our destiny is here 'neath the red white and blue  
So lead me to the slaughter

Now don't be afraid come and join the parade  
For the ultimate in sacrifice  
It's an old fashioned story of hope and of glory  
A ticket for taking a life

**CHORUS**

I don't want to be a hero,  
I don't want to die for you  
I don't want to be a hero no

Oh send me off to wait in a far away land  
(Far away land) I never knew existed  
Subject me to the truth to the horror and pain  
Until my mind is twisted

And what if I fail will you put me in jail  
For a murder I will not commit  
'Cause you don't understand till there's blood on your hands  
That it's time to forget and forgive

**REPEAT CHORUS**

Oh no no no no  
Oh no (oh no)

And those who return come back only to learn  
That they're hailed by those who they love  
'Cause you're not satisfied till a thousand have died  
And your anger is paid for in blood

**REPEAT CHORUS AND AD LIB TO FADE**

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**FOR THE BEST  
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WEEK 12 of 12 - 1968 to 1974 - 100 Best Singles

Rank	Artist	Title	Label
1	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
2	Elvis Presley	It's a Wonderful Life	Mercury
3	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
4	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
5	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
6	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
7	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
8	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
9	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
10	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol

Rank	Artist	Title	Label
11	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
12	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
13	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
14	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
15	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
16	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
17	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
18	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
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26	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
27	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
28	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
29	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol
30	Frank Sinatra	My Way	Capitol



*I'm leaving tomorrow*

Like the knife of a thief that's held close to the throat  
I'm threatened by you and the cruel way you don't  
You once turned me on now it all seems so early to

You broke me in pieces you cherished each blow  
The harder you hit me the stronger I grow  
I'll leave you tomorrow take my pride and I'll go

You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
I'm leaving tomorrow  
I'm leaving tomorrow  
I'm leaving I've had all I can take

Don't tell me you love me your tears are too late  
Your trap was deception and I took the bait  
The animal in you you can't keep at bay

I'm not your possession to treat as you wish  
Your silence will slowly destroy you each day  
I'm leaving tomorrow my love for life is great

You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
I'm leaving tomorrow  
I'm leaving tomorrow  
I'm leaving yes I'm leaving

*Repeat second verse*

You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take

*I'm leaving tomorrow  
Repeat to fade*

You may break the skin but you can't kill the soul  
I've had all I can take  
*Repeat last two lines to fade*

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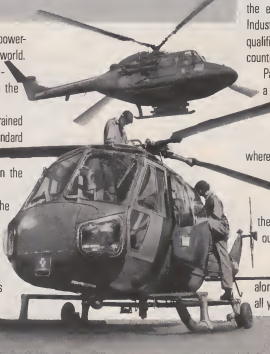
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# STAR TEASER

● 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.

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

● The so-called "solution" is on the right!

- AUGUST
- BAD ANIMALS
- BAD THINGS IN ARMS
- CLUTCHING AT STRAWS
- DISCO
- ELECTRIC
- FONE
- GREGG
- GIVE ME THE HEADON
- GRACELAND
- HEAT
- HITS NEVILL
- INTRODUCING THE HANDLINE
- INVISIBLE TOUCH
- IT'S BETTER TO TRAVEL
- LICENSED TO ILL
- LIVE IN THE CITY OF LIGHT
- LIVE MAGIC
- MATADON
- MEN AND WOMEN
- PICTURE BOOK
- PLEASE
- RAINBOWING
- RAINBOWS
- SAMANTHA FOX
- SIGN D THE TIMES
- SILK AND STEEL
- SOLD
- SOLITUDE STANDING
- TANGO IN THE NIGHT
- THE CIRCUS
- THE SAND STROY
- THE JOSHUA TREE
- THE WHOLE STORY
- THINLIES
- TRUE BLUE
- WAX
- WHITNEY HOUSTON
- WIND UP

## SMASH HITS

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## PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No. 37 (12 August)  
● The winner is **Rebecca Kitchen** from Denton, Manchester  
No. 36 (26 August)  
● The winner will be "announced" next issue; meanwhile the answers are releasing below:

**ACROSS:** 1 Kerry; 2 Aiken; 7 Est; 8 Move (Closer); 9 Walkin; 10 Anis; 11 Cui; 12 It's (A Sm); 14 George (Benson); 17 P.M.; 18 Susan; 19 Smie; 21 Randy; 24 Madonna; 26 Mei And; 28 Acs; 29 Jive (Talking); 30 ABC; 32 Bar; 33 Reax; 34 Waley; 35 Tom.  
**DOWN:** 1 Kim; 2 Nevil; 3 George; Benson; 4 Always; 5 Talking; 6 Nana; 11 (Move) Closer; 13 Sue; 14 Benny; 15 Oups; 16 It's A Sm; 17 Friends; 20 Essence; 22 America; 23 Duane; 25 A Heart; 27 D Arby; 31 Cry

### STAR TEASER

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It's Tuesday, it's 11.46pm. The *Mutterings* office is a-buzz with activity. Tomorrow morning *Mutterings*, the last page but one in Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine, must "hit the streets", hundreds of office staff writers are toiling over

typewriters thumping out the stories that make the nation go "Golly!" In their quest for pop news no stone is left unturned, no story too momentarily trivial to be ignored... After all, *Mutterings* is the only pop page printed to carry an exclusive interview with **Andrew Ridgeley's** nose. Yes, the local apprentice that suffered so terribly when Andrew was bitted in the face by a Brazilian gentleman who thought that Andy was trying to steal his girlfriend spoke to *Mutterings* about the horror of the incident. "Well," said Andy's nose, "I was just standing there in the usual place minding my own business and wondering to myself about the advisability of the after shave which Andrew had chosen tonight and then BANG! When I came to, I was a completely different shape. And this isn't the first time this has happened to me either!" Deane me. How truthful...

Let us turn to a far jollier topic of conversation the multi-talented **Patsy Kensit** For years now young Patsy Kensit has squeaked away in search of that elusive hit record but the world is not a fair place and her efforts have been unrewarded. Now though, it seems she's going to be plucked out of the dumper and mounted on lame's lofty pedestal by the **Pet Shop Boys**. Neil Tennant has been telling all and sundry about what a tragedy it is that she's never had the success she deserved and that he is going to record a special disc with young "Cheesy Whottil" as he affectionately calls her. Does he mean it? Er... Possibly not, actually...

Remember Hank? That dog which **Madonna** bought for **Sean Penn** which was so sweet that it made the hardened ruffian blub like a child? Well, it seems that she's gone a bit dog mad these days because during her UK visit she went and bought a Yorkshire Terrier. And she's called it Freddie. Doubtless as a tribute to the genius of **Lord Freddie Mercury**. It is now time to present the *Mutterings* award for the most ludicrous rumour of the fortnight about **Michael Jackson**. This goes to the "news" paper that invented the story about how "Wacko" Jacko was planning to build himself a replica of Buckingham Palace to live in

and that he'd written personally to the Queen to ask her if his architects could look around the place. Congratulations! We trust the award will look very nice on the mantelpiece... Let us move on to the topic of cinematography **Mick Jagger** and **David Bowie** have teamed up to make a film called *Rocker Man* in which they play two rival night club owners. It probably won't be much cop because none of the times they're in ever are. David Bowie's top screen moment so far has been playing an alien with no nipples, and Mick Jagger's most successful role was when he acted a villain with a basket on his head called Ned Kelly. Perhaps this time though, their luck will change...

Time to give the "gentlemen" of the press a bit of a kicking off for their disgraceful behaviour towards **Rick Astley's** shop-girl girlfriend Jackie Prince. She turned up to watch him sing at a London club and was so

hounded by so-called "journalists" asking about their relationship that she burst into tears and fled the place... **Don Johnson** has been a bit upside the law. He didn't mind being thrashed soundly at tennis by **Martina Navratilova** at a US charity match, but he's been hopping mad about all the fans who have discovered the secret island which he bought so that he and his son Jesse could "get away from it all". It seems the estate agent who sold the island to him let the cat out of the bag about who was buying it, so now Don's having to sell it to get a bit of peace and quiet. Tsk.

... And now... only *Uncle Disputing* and his unsavoury cohorts need read the next few *Mutterings* because they're all truly revolting and come under the general heading *Hello Little Girlie Would You Like To See My Puppies Pervs Ahoy Corner*... *Hello Little Girlie Would You Like To See My Puppies Pervs Ahoy Corner* 2. The so-called "beastly" **Beastie Boys** are led up

1. **Pepsi**, of world famous singing troupe **Pepe & Kim** or whatever they're called, has been offered £200,000 to pose nude in *Playboy* magazine. Brrrrr. Fact: £200,000 is so much money that it's even more than "bip" alternative" disc "jockey" **Andy Kershaw** got for taking part in those *Cleaver*s ads. Bllmeey! Anyway, **Pepsi** thought that this was quite a good wheeze - i.e. getting loads and loads of dosh just for letting her clothes fall off in a so-called gentleman's magazine - but her boyfriend **Mark Morgan** didn't think it was quite a good wheeze and put his foot down. Sounds like an awfully sensible chap. *Mutterings* wouldn't pose nude for *Playboy* or anybody else for all the tea in China though 40p and a pair of Luncheon Vouchers would come in very handy in these difficult times)... *Hello Little Girlie Would You Like To See My Puppies Pervs Ahoy Corner* 2. The so-called "beastly" **Beastie Boys** are led up

with their gigantic inflatable "wily" thungyboob because it has caused such a "turor" across the known universe and so they are selling it for the princely sum of £10,000. Serious pervs only need apply... *Hello Little Girlie Would You Like To See My Puppies Pervs Ahoy Corner* 3. **Mick Jagger**. Hmmm. What, you cry, has Uncle Mike to do with perving?

Well, he does play in a rock combo with **Bill Wyman**, the *Uncle Disputing* of pop doesn't he? Apart from that, Mick seems reasonably unsatisfied these days - even if he is a bit horrible about **Madonna** saying things like "Someone said that Madonna was a thumbnail of talent thrown in a sea of ambition and I don't think I'd argue too much with that...". Back in the kitchen drawer, **Miss Sharp**... *Hello Little Girlie Etc Etc Corner* 4. **Billy Bragg** Well, he definitely shouldn't be in *Hello Etc Etc Pervs Etc Corner*. Quite the opposite, in fact, for it seems that the big nosed boy is getting spliced (i.e. married) to his long time girlfriend **Mary**. **Bing Bong** **Bing Bong** (the weeping chime of wedding bells in the distance - a nation brushes away a tear or two... etc etc...) *Hello Etc Etc Perv Thingy Corner* 5. This isn't particularly pervy either (sorry Uncle) but **John Lydon** - **Johnny Rotten** that was - got kicked off TV's sapper soap *Get Fresh* the other day for making rude signs with his fingers. The scamp! Punk rock lives (except it doesn't)... *Hello Etc Etc Perv Thingy Corner* 6. This one is actually quite pervy. It seems that French Prime Minister **Jacques Chirac** has developed a bit of a "thing" about **Madonna**. Despite being an eminent statesperson his head has been quite turned by her charms. First he personally intervened when one of her French concerts was going to be banned, insisting that it went ahead. Then he invited her to a big meal and told her how much all these French people adored her. Then he was photographed giving her a great big snog. Perv... And here we have it... the end of another day in the *Mutterings* Office. Dawn is breaking quietly through the cracked panes of glass. The stories are written. The galleying typewriters are silent now. The printers are hastily assembling their John Bull printing kits so that all the news that is pop news will make it into the newsgazette the next morning. The first cuckoo of (*Mutterings* discontinued - Ed).

# Mutterings



Morrissey is "rumoured" to be appearing on *Brookside* soon, playing a prospective buyer of Harry Cross's house...

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