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RICK ASTLEY:  
"I was swizzed!"

# SMASH HITS

HIT SONGWORDS BY: Morrissey • Vanessa Paradis • Eddy Grant

SISTERS  
OF MERCY

BILLY  
OCEAN

BOY GEORGE

MEL + KIM

BOMB  
THE BASS

COMMUNARDS

JOHNNY HATES JAZZ

"JE SUIS UN WEIRDO!!"

POSTERS: Kylie Minogue Pet Shop Boys Curiosity Killed The Cat

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Vol. 10 No. 4 Cover Photo: Paul Rider

"He was a close friend of both of us and my best friend - the first friend of ours to die of AIDS and it really thumped us, really brought it all home. I suppose this is a way of getting it off our chests."

Jimmy Somerville is talking about **Ver Commuads'** new lolly-lipped single "For A Friend" - a bit of a heart-wobbler all about their chum **Mark Ashton** who died from AIDS on February 11 last year. It's a grim tale, listeners, but **The Nards** are not pop doomsters and remember their pal with a flourish. "He was a mental queezer," blurts **Richard Coles**. "He was a barman... well, he was a *barmaid*, actually..."

"Yeah, he used to work behind the bar in the British Legion," winks Jimmy. "and he was really into '50s drag. Was he flamboyant? Frhhrrr! He had a massive blonde bee-hive and wore polka-dot shirts. The two of us used to rua around in drag for a laugh - we were the two most notorious queezes in London! We used to get into some much trouble and get duffed up in demonstrations. We were just so mouthy!"

Richard: "You misced everything except your words ha ha!"

Jimmy: "Once we were sitting outside this gay pub and this policeman walked by with a lattee of a naked woman on his arm and Mark told him he thought it was offensive and that he was breaking the law. The policeman thought this was outrageous and arrested him for being drunk and disorderly. The judge dismissed the case and told the policeman off because he thought it was a total farce, which it was."

"The Mark went to Bangladesh and his life completely changed. He came back and turned up on my doorstep wearing one of those orange things... y'know, those orange things that Buddhists wear or hibidus or something. And he'd had his head shaved - what a shame! He got involved in politics and became the general secretary of the Young Communists."

Richard: "He was totally devoted to women's politics and gay politics... he was still a mad queez, though! He was *brilliant*, actually..."

All proceeds from "For A Friend" are going to The Mark Ashton Trust, "a sort of memorial because he was such an intellectual person" which is raising money for AIDS victims all over the nation.

"Dealing with people's attitudes after Mark died was probably the hardest bit," states Richard. "It's still seen as the 'gay plague' so it's a bit hard to do with anybody else... the whole AIDS campaign missed the point, really."

"Maybe people will listen to our record," ponders Jimmy, "and learn to be a little bit more tolerant and a little bit more compassionate and realise that he wasn't just another queer who died of AIDS. A person has died, not just a statistic, and this person died of a disease just like anybody else who dies of a disease."

"Whoaaa..." sighs Richard, "a little perplexed," "this is depressing, isn't it? I can show you a great card trick if you like!"

POSTER



the communards



## BIRTHDAYS

FEBRUARY	
25	Mike Peters of The Alarm (29)
	George Harrison (45)
27	Garry Christian of The Christians (33)
28	Phil Gould (Level 42) (31)
MARCH	
1	"Roo"er Galtrey of The Who (43)
2	Jon Bon Jovi (26)
4	Boon Gould (Level 42) (33)
5	Shakin' Stevens (40)
	Patsy Kensit (20)
5	Eddy Grant (40)
	Ped Gill of Franche Goes To Hollywood (26)
	Colin Numan (30)

## FAITH NO MORE: SOME DISTURBING FACTS



▲ Faith No More (from left) Jim Martin, Billy Gould, Roddy Bottum, Chuck Mosley, Mike Bordin.

**T**his, viewers, is Faith No More, an oddball bunch of rawk 'n' roll "muthas" who seem to have a birrova hit on their hands with that corking heavy metal hip-hop thingle called "We Care A Lot." What's more, as their singer Chuck Mosley reveals:

### ● THEY HAVE A PET RAT WHO FRIGHTENS GIRLIES!

"We found him 'hanging out' on the stage at our gig in Sheffield. We decided that he must have had a good rawk 'n' roll attitude if he'd been living on a stage, so he's been with us ever since! He scared a couple of lady fans of ours who'd come along to meet us, which was weird because they'd said they weren't scared of hamsters..."

### ● CHUCK'S QUITE "INTO" SKATEBOARDING BUT HE'S NOT VERY GOOD AT IT!

"A couple of times when I was younger I fell off my skateboard. This was before they'd begun making safety pads to protect your knees and elbows, so I got banged up pretty bad. These days I just try to stay on it..."

### ● HE'S GOT A TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY (ISH) "HAIRDO"

"I got the idea for my hairdo from

a book about primitive tribes I've had it for about five years now. People laugh at me in the streets and stuff, but I couldn't care less. There's this guy over here called Terence Trent D'Arby who I guess must have ripped off my hairdo. What do I think of him? I think he must have hair-extensions... heh! heh! heh!"

### ● HE WORRIES ABOUT GOING DEAF!

"Do I worry that playing so loud will damage my hearing? Yeah, I do, but there's not much I can do about it. If I put ear-plugs in, I can't hear myself sing, so I go out of tune. Mind you, I sing pretty badly out of tune as it is..."

### ● THEY'VE GOT A FEW "PERVY" FANS!

"At one of our gigs over here there was this girl who came onto the stage to lick my back in-between songs as a form of massage..."

### ● THEY CARE A LOT!

"We care about a lot of things - most of them are quite political. Do I care about my teeth? Yeah! But I'm too scared to visit the dentist. I do care a lot about them, but I probably won't really worry until they've all fallen out..."

Faith No More - worrband, eh?

## THE PRIMITIVES ▶

● They're the new pop sensation that's sweeping the nation (well sort of anyway). ● They've just invented a piping hot single called "Crash". ● They consist (mainly) of a giraffe called Tracy Spencer and a bike called Paul Court, about whom the Facts are as follows:

### TRACY SPENCER

● Looks like a Barbie doll. "People are always saying I look like her. I've been called a 'Thunderbirds' puppet as well. And June Whitfield (crumbly old 'actress' from the Terry And June set 'oom'), I'm actually named after the American actor Spencer Tracy - my name's Tracy Tracy Spencer." (//)

● Has a toy cat which she thinks is real. "I've got five cats called Tiger, Capitan Pugwash, India, Prince and Jet, and Jemima who's not actually real, but is really... (???) She's a stuffed toy cat and she miaows when you turn her upside down. I used to have a skatboo called Freddie - he was bald

and he used to swear a lot. But he escaped from his cage and flew away."

● Isn't very fond of kangaroo pie. "I lived in Australia for a while and they actually eat kangaroo pie there. You get it in this little dish with mushy peas around it. It's called meat floater! Apparently kangaroo tastes like mince-meat. I would never touch it myself."

● Sleeps in the bottom of a chest of drawers. Says Paul. "She does it because she likes to come across as some little Victorian child in a Dickens novel. Usually, it's when she's drunk and can't find the bed."

## HOW TO CAPTURE A PANTHER IF FAMOUS NORWEGIAN TRIO

PART ONE: A-HA



▲ 1. Say "Where's the panther then, matey?" and look a bit of a goofer as you fondle some golden Smurf gnomes you've weeded out of Uncle Herman's ornamental tiddler rockery in a moment of restlessness.



▲ 2. Fling yourself to the ground as your golden Smurf gnomes turn into one gigantic plastic Smurf gnome which is trying to kill you.



▲ 4. Seize the panther by the shoulder blade and plow your nose on it.



▲ 5. Seize the panther by the "gills", sit on it and pretend to be a tea-pot.

# MEET AGNETHA—SHE USED TO BE ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS POP STARS IN THE UNIVERSE!!!



▲ The Primitives—Good lord, don't they look tough!

## PAUL COURT

■ Wears three foot wide flared! It's a crushed velvet suit actually. It's got short arms because it's too small with wide lapels and three foot flared pants. I only wear it in the house because I'd be too embarrassed to wear it outside. I like it because I don't have to worry about looking good—I know I look awful.

## YOU'RE A VERY CALLED A-HA



▲ 3. Gape with astonishment as the gigantic Smurf gnome peeples "Hello! I am not trying to kill you because I am Gubbins The Goblin, Panther Pooper extraordinaire, here to assist you in your mission. In fact, there goes a panther now!"



▲ 6. Pose for your official "We Captured A Panther Even Though We're Norwegian" photograph. . . (Sweep!) I think you'll find Norwegian pop group A-ha are merely in a bit of a saphish mood because their new single "Stay On These Roads" is out in early March and it's a blubby ballad so they're trying to cheer themselves up or something—A Norwegian "musical" boffin!

What larksters, eh, listeners?



▲ Agnetha as she is today

**A** bba. Now there was a group, eh viewers?

"My my at Waterloo Napoleon deed surrendair. . ." Indeed. Who could ever forget the golden and sumptuous strains of Swedish dynamo Abba who in 1974 swept the globe asunder by winning the Eurovision Song Contest dressed only in hideous satin pantaloons and sparkling jumbo boots? How can we ever underestimate the glory of these Scandinavian trouperers who over the next seven years would "notch up" a startling 19 top ten hits and nine number ones. . . "Knowing Me, Knowing You", "Dancing Queen", "Fernando", "Super Trouper" and billions of others? What impensable majesty these golden-locked beamsters brought to the international galaxy of mirth and melody! But then they broke up and were never heard of again. So. Whatever happened to the utterly fabulous four? Well, Anni-Frid (the "brunette" girle) made an LP with Phil Collins, poor thing, which wasn't much good at all and so she vanished completely. Bjorn and Benny, the oft bearded blokes, wrote a snooty "musical" with Tim Rice, poor things, which was called *Chess* and wasn't much good either but it made pots of money anyway. And Agnetha—the "blonde" girle)? Well, Agnetha—or Aggie as she is known to her countless admirers—is back with a baffling new "album" called "I Stand Alone" (which was produced, if anyone's interested, by that old goat out of the group Chicago, Pete Cetera).

**A** gnetha is scared of flying but nonetheless she has braved the perils of international travel by voyaging, via motor car and ferry, from Sweden to England just so that Biz can engage her in intimate conversation.

"So, Aggie," ventures Biz, embarking on the question on everyone's lips, "whatever happened to all those lofty platform booties you used to wear?"

"Oh, they have a little museum somewhere in Stockholm for all Abba's clothes and gold records but I haven't been there. When I look at old stuff of Abba it looks a little

funny. I think we sounded better than we looked. The blue hat I wore at the Eurovision Song Contest, that was not so nice.

Indeed it was not. So, did it do your head in being the most successful and richest group in the pop firmament?

"No. It was a little pressure sometimes but I am just so grateful. It is very good to have reached the top. We were quite big. When people talk about Sweden they mention Volvo and Ingmar Bergman and Bjorn Borg and often they mention Abba. It is quite fun."

So. You must be quite rich. Why haven't you moved to LA (man) or somewhere?

"Oh, I feel so Swedish I have my roots. So many people are leaving Sweden just because of money and I think that's too bad. Europe, you see, do you know them? They did quite well but already they have moved. It is too bad."

Quite. But don't you get recognised at home rather a lot?

"Well, the press write a lot of things about me. They wonder how I am and I am too normal for them. I'm a normal human being and the Swedish press is doing some bad writings. They have been writing that I am more or less hiding in my house like a Greta Garbo and it's not that way at all. I go out every day with my dog for long walks."

And how are the "kiddies"? (Agnetha has two children from her marriage to Bjorn which two children ended in divorce.)

"They make very good noises and my daughter likes horses and my son plays tennis and hopefully is the next Bjorn Borg."

**A** nd, finally, what's your new "album" like?

"The wibes are very good. (Think she means "vibes" here, viewers.) But the promotion side I don't like so much. Television is very nervous making. I am going to do this Terry Wogan and there is so much pressure on you to say something clever and it is so easily done not to find the right words."

And there we have it! Bravo Fraulen (or whatever the Swedish is for "ma'am". . .)



▲ Agnetha, Bjorn, Benny and Anni-Frid hence the name (?)



▲ The "not so nice" cap that won Eurovision



▲ The inebriate style of Aggie (part 93)



▲ 'The hills are alive!!!'



▲ Agnetha: "a normal human being"

## What A Handsome Devil, Eh Viewers?!?!?



▲ Richard Marx. He's here to rock n' roll!

Well perhaps not, but Richard Marx (for it is he) has certainly been responsible for a good deal of squealing and squibbling in his "native" US of "A" where he's a bit of a superstar these days thanks to gigantic hits like "Don't Mean Nothing" and "Should've Known Better". And now he's hoping to be a bit of a sensation over here too.

Rockin' Richard began his musical career at the tender age of five when he started singing on advertising jingles that his dad used to make for a living. "I moved to L.A. (man) when I was 15 and I've been there ever since, writing songs for loads of people and singing backing vocals for artists like Lionel Richie and Whitney Houston. I did that to make money but what I really enjoy is playing rock n' roll. I love rock n' roll. I can't stand disco - that mindless dance groove bullshit. But I do like that new English group Living In A Box. That guy sings like a man, not like a wimp."

Mmmm, quite. Apart from being a bit of a rock n' roll superstar on the sly, young Richard favours the simple life: "I live in a very modest house in Hollywood and spend my time writing songs. I'm also into photography, I play softball and racketball and I go to movies and comedy clubs when I can."

## "THE TOFF" S OFF!!!

It was in 1984 - as predicted in George Orwell's book of the same name - that Chris "Toff" Heath first bristled through the portals of Carnaby Street carrying only a selection of quite disgusting "jumpers" and a soiled photograph of his erstwhile hero Martin Fry (out of hopeless pop combo ABC). Who exactly was he, the tubby Heath youngster with the impressive "designer" stubble. The known facts were thin indeed. The son of a doorknob collector and an Australian socialite, Chris would soon be staggering the globe with his pop reports. . . Who could ever forget his extremely interesting interview with Depeche Mode or his wine-voucher winning George Michael "expose" or, er, um, all those other bits and bobs he wrote in his impeccably accurate typing, um, typing, ahem typixings, erm, typyfnid. . . t-y-p-i-n-g "style"? The man's genius knew no bounds. But now he is dead. Oh, no, that's not quite right, is it? All that's happened is his left ver hits. Not that anyone will notice because we could never hear a word the mumbling one said anyway, haw haw.

So. Let us raise our "glasses" to this remarkable legend of the written word (even if he wasn't much good at standing up) and wish him luck in his future career as a man who skulks around in a dreadful overcoat with a dreadful "handbag" slung over his shoulder (containing the collected works of The Smiths) murmuring interesting things about The Pale Fontians. (Actually, I think you'll find Chris is going to remain a "journalist" and will continue to file super articles for Smash Hits in his own "imitable" "style" in a "freelance" "capacity" - Ed.) It's all very sad. . .



Photo: Adam Stanton  
▲ "The Toff". Not much good at standing up or at using Bananaramas.

"Hello viewers, My name's Sabrina Salerno and I'm the foxtruss who sings that song called 'Boys' which is all about frolicking in the sun with the chaps - a bit silly given the current 'climate' but there you go. I'm 19 years old and before becoming a pop star I used to present a TV pop show in Italy (where I 'hail' from) called *The Sandra/Raimonda Show* (which is a silly name for a pop show, isn't it but there you go)."



## Win a staggeringly brilliant video compilation!!!

The Chart Show. Rather good is it not, what with all those videos they show and the distinct lack of goonish "presenter" types tarnishing the proceedings. And what's more, because they're such utter toffs they've compiled a special video for the benefit of 10 highly fortunate *Bitz* viewers containing, amongst others, the following piping hot pop promos. . .

- T'Pau "China In Your Hand"
  - Madonna "Who's That Girl"
  - Michael Jackson "Bad"
  - A-ha "The Living Daylights"
  - Pet Shop Boys "Always On My Mind"
  - Debbie Gibson "Shake Your Love"
  - New Order "True Faith"
  - U2 "With Or Without You"
  - The Pogues "Fairytale Of New York"
  - George Michael "Faith"
  - The Smiths "I Started Something I Couldn't Finish"
  - Bananarama "Love In The First Degree"
- Plus 10 runners-up will become the proud owners of a rather smart Chart Show sweat shirt.



▲ Madonna. Where's the cougar then, matey?



▲ Bruce Willis. Where's your hair gone then, pal?

For your chance of winning simply tell us which of the aforementioned videos features lots of people riding around on bicycles. Answers on a flat tyre to **The Chart Show Competition, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by March 8.

## Mel & Kim: What is going on?

It's all been very confusing, not to say distressing has it not viewers? One minute **Mel & Kim** are gadding about on *Top Of The Pops* jiggling away to their perky pop tunes in their daff hats and then the next minute they've disappeared – amidst some rather horrific stories in the “news” papers about how Mel was in hospital suffering from cancer and was in serious danger of dying. Now, of course, they're back. Well, partly anyway. Their new single “That's The Way It Is” is whizzing up the charts smartly enough but Mel is still not fit to perform on *Top Of The Pops* or in the video. So what exactly is the matter with her, and when is she going to get better?

“Well basically what's happened to me,” explains Mel, “is this. I've crushed a couple of vertebrae, a couple of discs in my back. It's basically something to do with my spine and I've had to have an operation to repair it and I've had to have complete rest for the last few months. It happened when we were at the Montreux festival last year. We were in this restaurant and I got up to go to the

toilet, slipped and fell over. I landed in a funny way – all bent I suppose, and I must have done some serious damage then.

“The reason it's taken so long to get better is that the spine is so delicate – it's something that just doesn't heal quickly. If you damage your spine you don't just get up and start walking about again straight away – it doesn't work like that. I'm on my feet again now but I can't get up and start dancing around yet. I'm hopping I will be in a couple of months time though.

“I don't want to pretend that it's not serious or anything. I mean if you damage your spine badly it means you can't walk. So that's why I'm having a complete rest – making sure I don't make it worse or stop it from getting better. Most of the time now I'm walking about. I'm out of hospital – I only have to go in occasionally for a check-up – and most of the time I'm walking about. If my back starts hurting I sit down. I'm being careful and taking it easy.”

And so what has Kim been up to while Mel's been recovering?

“Well I've been busy planning a lot of things for our new LP. We're recording it at the moment and this time we want to be more involved in the music and everything. We're also going to change a bit musically – but don't worry – we're not going to turn into a heavy metal band or anything.

“But it's great to be back with this new single because it's something that was good for us mentally and good for everyone who follows us so that they could see that Mel's situation wasn't as drastic as the papers had made out. We were bored and feeling a bit out of touch and what with all those stories about Mel being a write-off and only having six months to live we just had to do it.

“We'll be back properly soon though, when the next single and the LP come out. We're changing our image too but I'm not going to spoil the surprise about that. But there'll definitely be no more hats. They make you sweat and the dye runs and leaves lines round your head. The hats served us well but we've had enough of them now...”



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# COMPETITION WINNERS

## Black Signed LP (Oct 21)

© Fifty winners are: **Kris Philip**, Cosleay; **Clerc Tomes**, Warley; **Marlin Daly**, Kirusah; **Alex Kaung**, Winchester; **Fiona Lesson**, Banfshire; **D. Allibone**, Davenport; **Catharine Swan**, Bath; **Jason Loydall**, Carlton; **Adrian Abbro**, Finsbury Park; **Gillian Carroll**, St. Helens; **Lisa Watkins**, Kingswood; **Lisa Chung**, Norwich; **N. Briggs**, Gifford; **Coreen Ferguson**, West Bromwich; **Louise Robens**, Gwemafeld; **G. Pope**, Headington; **Isha Bandara**, Mitcham; **Patrick Oliver**, Moseley; **S. Hunt**, Gloucester; **G. Farrugia**, Shipley; **Nancy Cheng**, Spots; **Keren Gezard**, Thornbury; **Kieron Burke**, Leyton; **Sarah Collins**, Tettenhall; **Sandy Kaur**, Leicester; **S. Hadley**, Romford; **P. Radford**, Wilburton; **Annebell Duffy**, Finsbury Park; **Mark Hunter**, Thorford; **Joanne Williamson**, Cowes; **P. Buxton**, Heaton; **Avril Pontin**, Bristol; **Craig Beddwell**, South Shields; **Heather Gilmour**, Luton; **Anne Russell**, Leicester; **Stephen MacDonald**, Cumbernauld; **Delyth Williams**, Prestatyn; **Nichola Long**, Braintree; **James Gilmour**, Ivins; **Wendy Evans**, Milton; **Alexander Ashby**, Ramsgate; **Tiffany Truscott**, Cornwall; **Kevin Knox**, Lancaster; **Smash Hits Reader**, Hove; **Tanya Musgrave**, Redland; **Rosanne Meachado**, Essex; **Paul Wood**, Stockport; **Nicki Dew**, Moseley; **M. Siddall**, Doncaster; **Joanne Pownall**, Cheshire.

## Five Star Signed LP (Oct 21)

© Fifty winners are: **Adam Boyden**, Palmers Green; **Anne O'Brien**, Killester; **K. Reynolds**, West Wokham; **Dawn Harris**, Chelmsford; **Neal Henson**, Enderby; **S. Burton**, Surwell; **Stephen Morris**, Chippenham; **Kathy Cheesman**, Stevenage; **J. Simas**, Aylesbury; **Lisa Fernandes**, Hayes; **S. Spencer**, Northolt; **Julia Hollis**, Chesham; **Liz Cook**, Littlehampton; **Stephen Lewis**, Thornton Heath; **Sara Gwent**, Llandelo; **Kenneth Kilduff**, Gorey; **J. Martin**, Cressington; **P. Mansfield**, Dale Camp; **Sharon Jolliffe**, Bodmin; **S. Corrigan**, Gimsby; **Lee Reynolds**, Leicester; **Neal Henson**, Enderby; **Maria Ray**, High Wycombe; **Margaret Morgan**, Goring; **Semantha Nixon**, Crayford; **Nicky Smith**, Bockenham; **Laura Shennings**, Sudbury; **Rebecca Ord**, Barmwood; **Sally Bayley**, Brighton; **Lucy Gilliam**, Ipswich; **Josephine**, Willesden; **Elizabeth Needs**, Handsworth; **M. Griffiths**, Longsight; **Aron Brewis**, Chester-le-Street; **Lynne King**, Cowplain; **Sarah Andrews**, Needham; **Jason Loydall**, Carlton; **Tricia Saunders**, Eynsham; **Yvonne Kincaid**, Larkyall; **Tracey Hollingsworth**, Newcastle; **Tara Yusufali**, Clifton; **Emma Kelsa**, Hayes; **A. Roberts**, Bury St. Edmunds; **Lorraine Brickell**, Gravesend; **Donna Waters**, Spelthorpe; **Carl Dorey**, Camberley; **Susan McDade**, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; **Peter Mould**, Chesham; **Lesley Blackwell**, Luton; **Luilgine Acton**, West Heath

## Bananarama Signed LP (Oct 21)

© Fifty winners are: **Mary-Anne Squires**, Heather; **Nicolas Overy**, Great Yarmouth; **Peter Loraine**, Hove; **Gill Henderson**, Eagleham; **M. Ashton**, Romford; **N. Smith**, Abbey Wood; **Emma Burton**, Burwell; **S. Khehra**, Darthon; **Donna McMaster**, Perth; **Suzi, Romsey**; **Sally Barakza**, Sutton; **Monika Kuhlari**, Enfield; **Khine Kyaw**, Coulsdon; **Helen Bates**, Burn-On-Trent; **A. Gunter**, Wakefield; **Sonia Howden**, Backwell; **J. Box**, Bath; **Vanessa Cormack**, Pontypool; **Lisa Davies**, Chirk; **K. Hui**, South Barfield; **Sheene MacMillan**, Rossire; **Jeremy Scott**, Washington; **K. Ames**, London SW9; **Tahir Hussain**, Birmingham; **Caroline Smith**, Duxington; **Maria Bertoz**, Reading; **Carl Dorey**, Camberley; **Lee Raworth**, Gmsby; **Colin Miller**, Kirkcaldy; **Julie Arrowsmith**, Dersdale; **Clare Nicholas**, Cornwall; **Lorraine Reynolds**, Maltby; **Narayan Peralt**, Chessington; **Julie Parnon**, Edgware; **Paul Dunn**, Abndon; **S. Pope**, Headington; **Victoria Hopson**, Ripley; **Smash Hits Reader**, Bodmin; **Lisa Gulliford**, Kirdesley; **Ewan Lindsay**, Fife; **Claire Sproutes**, Houghton-le-Spring; **Ellen Festa**, High Wycombe; **Marcus Bell**, Langkote; **Laura Sinclair**, Barming; **N. Dixon**, Ponteland; **Esme Schroeder**, Pimlico; **Peter McKeown**, Middlebrought; **Vincent Lewis**, Gabaiba; **Eleanor Foster**, Welwyn; **Andrew Surtees**, Durham.

## Then Jerico Signed LP (Oct 21)

© Fifty winners are: **L.S. Wheeler**, Gosport; **Kristy Lugg**, East Grinstead; **Candice Inias**, Leyton; **Lorne Cox**, Reading; **L. Chaplin**, Bude; **Fiona Donald**, Newton Masans; **J. Page**, Leicester; **Beverley Howbray**, Hants; **Karen Tyson**, Hanham; **Peter Culyer**, Wakefield; **Carolyn Young**, Sussex; **Sharon Shaw**, Oxley; **Rebecca White**, Milton Malsor; **Louise Turner**, Loughborough; **Rebecca Chorley**, Cromock; **Smash Hits Reader**, Wood Green; **Gayle Owen**, Stevenage; **Melanie Simpson**, Bethnal Green; **K. Collins**, Reading; **Karl Harris**, Dagenham; **M. Mirza**, Wood Green; **Paul Fenwick**, Garton; **Dean Rockett**, Denmark; **Samantha Borkett**, Alvington; **Helen Greginos**, Royston; **Julia O'Neill**, Chigwell; **Angela Baker**, Chapel Brampton; **Rachel Lander**, Carmarthen; **K. Verley**, Gwenton; **J. Newington**, Lindfield; **Aaron Javed**, Exmouth; **Cathy Sanders**, Neather Poppelton; **Joanne Cane**, Jostel; **Sennder**, Fleet; **Julie Hyde**, Dnfield; **Chris Waring**, Belfast; **Tina Larmar**, Langford; **Vickie Judge**, Urmon; **R. Jackson**, Crosscates; **A. Crane**, Bochester; **K. Gazard**, Lower Monon; **E. Davey**, Harpenden; **S.E. Gilias**, Chesham; **S. Ormsby**, London; **J. Gilbert**, Pontypridd; **Helen Gregorius**, Royston; **C. Gibbon**, Scoffern; **N. Plunkett**, Derby; **N. Wilde**, Shrewsbury; **B. Millsan**, Rochester.

The Cover



The Back Of The Cover

# "I'M GOING TO DISAPPEAR"

Oh dear. Rick Astley *does* sound a bit fed up, viewers. First he gets swizzed out of his BPI award and then he has to spend 17 hours making the video for his new single "Together Forever". We decided to cheer him up and sent Sue Dando along with a little surprise...

"I felt like going onstage and stripping off in front of The Who!"

Rick Astley's standing in the middle of the South London video set for his new single, "Together Forever", reflecting on the amazing BPI Awards pop tiff which took place just the night before. (See pages 38-41.) As billions of TV viewers around the world waited for Rick to receive his Best Single Of The Year Award for "Never Gonna Give You Up" they were instead "treated" to a special performance by old wrinkles The Who, who had reform ed especially for the occasion and who were suddenly wheeled on because the show was running out of time. Blah! Rick, unbelievably, was left standing on his own and eventually had to scamper off without his award.

"I just stood at the edge of the stage waiting for someone to beckon me into the spotlight and present it to me," says Rick. "And I was just left hanging there, looking like a lemon. Noel Edmonds said 'And here we have... The Who' and I thought 'Oh! Fine.' I'd decided my speech was only going to be 'Well, who'd've thought, eh?'... after which I'd walk off anyway, so instead I stood at the side of the stage in the dark, gave this little sarcastic bow to everyone and naffed off."

**"If I could go back and make changes I really would change almost all of it!"**

Contrary to the following day's "news" paper "Rick Flees In Tears" type headlines though, he wasn't that upset by the unfortunate incident.

"Obviously it was embarrassing and humiliating to a certain extent, and I was a bit annoyed because someone could've had the decency to tell me not to bother going down to get it, but the only really hurtful thing about it was the press stories — all untrue — because now half the country probably thinks I'm a right wimp for supposedly 'crying'."



▲ Gary: "Congratulations Rick, on behalf of the BPI." Rick: "God that matey, where's me Ruddy Big Pie award!"

The end result of this utter shambles is that Radio One DJ Gary Davies is now interrupting today's video "shoot" to present Rick with his BPI Britannia statuette in an attempt to make up for the previous night's embarrassment. Rick accepts the award graciously and gamely tries to answer "Gary's" enquiries with as much vim as possible — no mean feat.



Photo: Patrick Quigley

▲ "What have I done to deserve this?" ponders a hapless Rick, as several scheming beauties sink their teeth into the poor laddey.



▲ Tonight's contestants in Curve Dancing are...



▲ Girls to Rick: "You put your left foot in, your left foot out..." Rick: "Shuffa... shuffa... shuffe!"

# IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS"

considering the not very thrilling "so-what-are-you-up-to-at-the-moment-then-Rick?" line of questioning. After this rignarole has been repeated five times (so the TV cameras which are filming the historic event for *Top Of The Pops* can get their various "angles" and sound right) the video is now set to continue.

Except that it doesn't. Because this now seems an opportune time for Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine to present its own special award to Rick The Smash Hits Ruddy Big Pig '11 Was Swizzle" Award comes out of its crumpled plastic bag and is formally



▲ The Smash Hits Ruddy Big Pig Award and Rick's BBC Sports Personality Trophy (7) handed over to him Rick – guspl – is completely bowled over!

"Oh God, it's brill, really brill! I'm dead chuffed. This is sooo much better than the BPI one, *much superior*. It's going on the mantelpiece – right in front of that other one (poes at his Britannia "rinker") No, actually it has to go in the video. Definitely."

Rick Astley, you are indeed a pop tot of the highest order



▲ Tension "Trot" D'Arby Jaags onto the "set" to proclaim his British nationality.

By now though, the director is getting a bit shirty with all these hold-ups, so he ushers Rick away to explain the video's concept (man). Apparently, it's all about Rick meeting this good-looking girl in the street, persuading her to part with her phone number and then plucking up the courage to give her a tinkle later on, after which the pair presumably have a gigantic kiss-up and live happily ever after. Adored to this are bits of Rick a-singin' an-

shufflin', and various modelette couples shily-shallying their skimpy bits all over the place in the background. This, though, is only part one...

"I's a bit swanky, isn't it?" Rick is surveying the snoot-abode of producer Pete Waterman (of Stock, Arken & Waterman "Iame"), the place where he sometimes kips on the sofa-bed and where part two of this marathonic video is to be shot. And, viewers, Mr Waterman's flat is rather posh, as you may expect from a bloke who has co-written and co-produced 372 hits in the last three days (or something like that). The vast expanse of "sitting" room is dominated by two ruddy great 400 year old palm tree thingumes (they're Californian yuccas and cost £7,000 for the pair, actually – Lord Peter Of Waterman) at one end. In the middle of a grossly thick carpet (you have to take your shoes off before you're allowed to grace its shagpile) sits a 2½-ton marble occasional baw. A

**"The Ruddy Big Pig Award is sooo much better than the BPI one, *much superior*."**

book *Flatten Your Stomach – For Men Over Forty* that had lies on a bookshelf stuffed with tomes about various musical forms, and Lord Pete himself nonchalantly informs the awe-struck masses that unfortunately the Formula One racing car which normally resides in the "sitting" room has been casted off for a quick wash.

While the director gets ready to film Rick making that important call from his "sitting" room, and "gritlind" Lauren, accepting that important call in her bedroom upstairs (don't worry viewers, we're all pretending she's in a completely different house) an extremely knackered Rick Astley, who has now been filming for 17 hours, takes time to consider the craziest six months of his life...

"I wouldn't swap places with anybody," he ponders in somewhat solemn and un-Rick like manner.

"But if I could go back and make changes I really would change almost all of it. Time has been far too short, at the moment. I don't have much to do with this sort of thing – the videos or the TVs – because there isn't time. I'm caught up in this whirlwind snowball that just keeps going, carrying me along with it, and if I step back and stop it, it's liable to end."

"I don't want to be a moaning git but, I think I'm now going through a phase of asking 'what's it all about?' It's all happened too quickly for me to analyse what the hell's happening to me. The only time I really sat down and thought about it was at Christmas and I'm already doing things for myself a lot more."

"Even so, I'm going to disappear in the next few months – just for a while – because I really do need a break from all this..."

Luckily, these rather sombre thoughts are suddenly interrupted by the director who's now ready to "roll" and it's back to work for a few more hours. Still, at least Rick has now got two awards to take home with him tonight...



▲ Rick takes a nap in Lord Peter Of Waterman's 'unblee abode.



▲ At the third stroke, the time will be...

# RICHARD MARX

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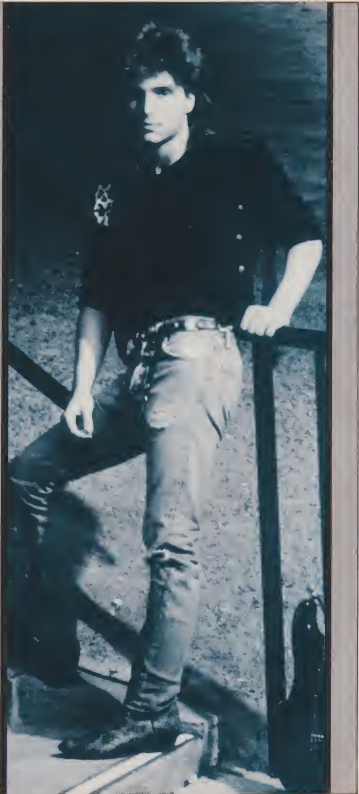
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# THE SMASH HITS PRIZE CROSSWORD

## ★ WIN HMV'S TOP TEN VIDEOS



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- 4 **U2** Rattle and Hum
- 5 **Bon Jovi** Slippery When Wet
- 6 **Alexander O'Neal** The Voice On Video
- 7 **Madonna** The Virgin Tour
- 8 **Various** Now Video 10
- 9 **Pet Shop Boys** Television
- 10 **Kate Bush** The Hair Of The Hound

## ★ HOW TO ENTER

Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.

Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by March 8).

**Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 51, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.**

The first correct entry out of Chris Heath's empty desk gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

## ● ACROSS

- 1 See photoclue (5,8)
- 7 Dr Sue Hooka provides a hit for **The Beatmasters** (anag 3,2,5)
- 9 They brought you a "New Sensation" from Australia
- 11 **Five Star's** was as strong as **Liberal David**
- 12 "..... Mean To Turn You On" (**Robert Palmer**) (1,5)
- 13 Pine for DJ **Janice**
- 14 **Curiously Killed The Cat** were down to it
- 16 Some of them have all the luck, reckons **Maxi Priest**
- 17 and 20 down ..... Ian B Tomcat forms this group (anag 4,5)
- 19 **Bananarama's** goddess of love
- 21 **Simple Minds** promised it to you (1,7)
- 23 Moment that **Climie Fisher** rose to
- 24 Just the nasty part of **Robbie Nevil**
- 26 ..... **Mac**

## ● DOWN

- 1 **Belinda's** Northern city
- 2 Sika twists into a **Smiths** hit (anag)
- 3 Hank swings about for **Chaka** (anag)
- 4 "Love Can't Turn ....." (**Farley Jackmaster Funk**)
- 5 Popwise, it usually precedes **Cry**
- 6 Set tree for **Springsteen's** band (anag 1,6)
- 8 Relative who swings out for **Corinne Drewery & Co**
- 10 **Terence Trent D'Arby** would like you to do this on a blank cheque (4,4,4)
- 15 Ear flaps for **Chris** (anag)
- 16 **Guthrie** who had nothin' goin' on but the rent
- 17 Air gen provides these Jack mixers (anag)
- 19 **Madonna's** brand from Oxford or Cambridge? (4,4)
- 20 See 17 across
- 21 - .... To A Kill (James Bond film) (1,4)
- 22 Animal that **A-ha** wanted you to cry about
- 25 Provide a vehicle for **Helen**

Never tired of always giving  
Faceless men pay for the pleasure  
And the nights go on and on

Chorus

Walking the streets  
For a handful of money  
Love don't come cheap  
With a heart of gold  
She's indiscreet  
But to me girl it's funny  
That they pay for the love  
Of a girl with a pure heart of gold

She ain't hungry for a lover  
And when it's over there's another  
Loneliness won't be a problem  
When the nights go on and on

Repeat chorus

But something about her makes me cry  
The light is fading from her eyes  
Memories of girlish purity  
Where love surrenders

(And the nights go on and on)

Repeat chorus

When they pay for the love  
Of a girl with a pure heart of gold  
No  
Heart of gold  
No

Repeat last five lines to fade

Words and music by Clark Daehler  
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On Virgin Records



THE FOLLOWS-UP TO HER SENSATIONAL HIT 'HE WEAK' IS A PLACE ON EARTH FROM

**BELINDA**  
Carlisle

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I g e  
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SMASH HITS PRIZE CROSSWORD

VS 1987 VIRGIN RECORDS

that's the

Mel and  
Kim

RICHARD  
MARK



But still you don't believe it can happen anyway

And you can see that you change your lover  
We will believe you can't trust another  
That's how it is when the feeling is gone  
Take our advice keep on looking after number one

Chorus

That's the way it is  
Keep on looking after number one  
That's just the way it is  
Keep on lookin' after number one  
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh  
Keep on looking after number one  
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh  
Keep on looking after number one yeah  
That's the way it is  
Keep on looking after number one  
That's the way it is  
Keep on looking after number one

That's how it is  
Keep on looking after number one

Repeat second verse

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Steve/Anken/Watman ● Reproduced by permission All Boys Music Ltd ● On Supreme Records

Ooh an ah yeah I'm a spy in the house of love  
(Spy in the house of love)  
I don't know what I'm gonna do this evening  
(Spy in the house of love)

The air was filled with suspicion  
She poured us love drinks  
And tried to guess my mission  
I pretended to know nothing especially indiscretion  
But she turned those floodlit eyes on me  
And demanded a confession  
I told her

Chorus  
I am a spy in the house of love  
Gathering clues to be used in the war of the affections  
I am a spy in the house of love  
I won't be refused I'm waiting for your heart's defection

(Spy) oh oh yeah (in the house of love)  
Look a here

I saw yes I did everything that pleased her  
I recorded every movement and plotted how to seize her  
I used a tiny camera I thought I'd Japanese her  
I made a voodoo doll of her and sat around and squeezed her  
I told her

Repeat chorus

I'll read your mail (I'll read your mail)  
I'll tap your phone (I'll tap your phone)  
I'm on your trail you're never alone  
One day you'll slip up  
And leave a lip print on a coffee cup  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

I'm a spy yeah but I just can't help myself  
(Spy in the house of love)  
(Spy) oh baby (in the house of love)  
I used a tiny camera I thought I'd Japanese her  
I made a voodoo doll of her and sat around and squeezed her

Repeat chorus and ad lib to fade

Words and music by Don and David Wise ● Reproduced by permission  
MCA Music Ltd ● On Fontana/Phonogram Records

## SPY in the house of love





# HEART OF GOLD: JOHNNY HATES JAZZ

She's a girl who likes her living  
Never tired of always giving  
Faceless men pay for the pleasure  
And the nights go on and on

*Chorus*

Walking the streets  
For a handful of money  
Love don't come cheap  
With a heart of gold  
She's indiscreet  
But to me girl it's funny  
That they pay for the love  
Of a girl with a pure heart of gold

She ain't hungry for a lover  
And when it's over there's another  
Loneliness won't be a problem  
When the nights go on and on

*Repeat chorus*

But something about her makes me cry  
The light is fading from her eyes  
Memories of girlish purity  
Where love surrenders

(And the nights go on and on)

*Repeat chorus*

When they pay for the love  
Of a girl with a pure heart of gold  
No  
Heart of gold  
No

*Repeat last five lines to fade*

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# Tiffany

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**I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW**  
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# EIGHTH

Take these dogs away from me

Your life's a mystery  
Mine is an open book  
If I could read your mind  
I think I'd take a look  
I'm not scared  
Baby I don't care

What have you got to hide  
What do you need to prove  
You're always telling lies  
And that's the only truth  
I don't care  
Baby I'm not scared

Tonight the streets are full of actors  
I don't know why  
Oh take these dogs away from me  
Before they bite

What have you got to say  
Of shadows in your past  
I thought that if you paid  
You'd keep them off our backs  
Where do we have to be  
So I can laugh and you'll be free  
I'd go anywhere  
Baby I don't care

I'm  
not  
scared

# WONDER

I'm not scared I'm not scared

Tonight the streets are full of actors  
I don't know why  
Oh débarrassez-moi de ces chiens  
Avant qu'ils mordent avant qu'ils mordent  
Tonight I thought and made my mind up  
I know it's right  
I know these dogs still snap around me  
But I can I can fight

If I was you if I was you  
I wouldn't treat me the way you do  
If I was you if I was you  
I wouldn't treat me the way you do  
If I was you if I was you  
I wouldn't treat me the way you do  
If I was you if I was you  
I wouldn't treat me the way you do  
I'm not scared  
Baby I don't care  
I'd go anywhere  
Baby I'm not scared  
J'ai pas peur  
J'ai pas peur  
I'm not scared

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# DOMINION

## THE SISTERS OF MERCY



7 inch, 12 inch &  
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**Michael Jackson, eh listeners? He's a bit of a rum dude who never talks to anybody in his weeny, whisperish "voice". Except, that is, to his chimpanzee. Not just any chimpanzee – but the most famous chimpanzee in the history of pop music ever and so, for the first time anywhere in the known stratosphere, we present. . .**

# T BUBBLES STORY!

He's travelled the world, he's best mates with Michael Jackson, he's shorter than Prince, he's hairier than George Michael, he's prettier than Fish, he's more famous than Chris de Burgh, he's knelt in prayer with Janet Jackson (?). . . in fact if Bubbles wasn't a chimp he'd be pretty ruddy impressive. But, truth to tell, he is. So where did this celebrated simian, quite simply the most famous chimpanzee ever in pop music, emerge from?

Well, he was born about three and a half years ago and, almost immediately, recognised for the tremendous talent he is. In fact, by 1985 he appeared in a very successful American film comedy called *Back To School* and it was there that Michael Jackson first saw Bubbles and recognised him as the star he is today. Accounts differ at this point – some say Michael simply bought Bubbles straightaway, others say that he was put into an animal welfare centre after *Back To School* and Michael, hearing about this terrible plight, "rescued him" – but pretty soon he was enjoying the good life at Michael's swank home in Encino, California. But what is he actually like? Which of the rumours about him (see right) are true? Is Michael Jackson a little bit off his trolley spending lots of time with, er, a chimpanzee?

"I don't think it's so eccentric," says Michael's producer Quincy Jones. "It's a little off the wall but it could be drugs, you know. I mean, Bubbles is a funny little guy, fun to be around. He's got a great sense of humour, he's very polite, he's got great table manners, he's really fun. If you're in the studio you get really desperate for entertainment and if I had one I'd bring him in every day."

"When you deal with an animal you don't have to go through any games. . . the same with children. I think he frustrates children and animals more than adults."

Crisps. How very odd. . . according to Michael's manager, Frank Dileo, Bubbles and Michael's friendship is much over-exaggerated. "Bubbles doesn't come with him everywhere. Bubbles is a pet. It's not like he's his best friend in the whole world. I hope I'm his best friend. I go with him everywhere – I don't sleep with him but I go with him. Bubbles is a pet and occasionally he brings him out because he likes to have him do things with kids. I mean, what a great break! Imagine you could afford to keep a monkey. I think everyone in the world would like to own one."

Indeed. And that, viewers, is as much as is known for sure about Bubbles (the most famous chimpanzee ever in pop music). Is he really – as the cuddly toy version in the *Michael's Pets* range named after him states – a chimp who "has an effervescent personality. He's jolly, easy-going and a bit carefree. He loves to frolic, joy ride and jet set with his playful pals, Michael Jackson's pets. Michael Jackson likes to carry this pet, for holding Bubbles is as lucky as you can get."? Or is there more – something more profound, sinister even – beneath that quizzical smile and furrowed brow. Only time will tell. . .

## The rumours! The "facts"! The complete lies!



● In 1986 it was reported that Bubbles had started attending Encino kindergarten school from 10am to 3pm each day wearing the regulation uniform – blue overalls and kickers – and that he joined in painting, music and sports classes.

● In 1986 it was also reported that Michael Jackson (presumably helped out by the kindergarten classes) had taught Bubbles to beat time to Michael's songs and an impressed observer was quoted as saying "it's only taken him two years. . ."

● Michael apparently buys Bubbles various clothes to wear – he has been reported as spending E400 on kiddysized jeans, pyjamas and a dinner suit on one spree and another time logging him out in Nike trackslit trousers and Lacoste shirts.

● Bubbles is reputed to grab at people when allowed to wander about – his favourite target, apparently, is women's tops.

● When Bubbles arrived in Japan he did so by flying in his own first class seat from Los Angeles – he was apparently wearing a candy striped suit.

● It has been said that he sleeps at the bottom of Michael's bed.

● It was reported that when Michael and Bubbles went to meet Yasushi Oshima, Mayor of Osaka in Japan, Bubbles quietly sipped green

tea. (Probably a half tib, this – there is a photo of Bubbles with a tea cup but chimps aren't believed to be partial to green tea (quite right, too, as it's a bit splurgusting.)

● Last year it was rumoured that Michael was dating a girl called Karen Faye; a couple of months later it was also rumoured to be over and she was supposed to have said "Michael just wanted to stay in with the animals. Playing second fiddle to a chimp isn't my idea of fun."

● Bubbles is believed to have been taught to go the toilet like real human pop stars do. An observer (quite obviously a pervert, if you think about it) has been quoted as saying "he's just like a real person. He locks the bathroom door, unzips his trousers and then pulls the chain."

● Under the guidance of his trainer Bob Dunn he has apparently been taught to:

- a) smile
- b) rollerskate
- c) ride a horse
- d) moonwalk
- e) give a high five (American greeting in which two people slap hands, at which everyone starts chortling)
- There was a story that Michael was having an ice rink built at his home so that he and Bubbles could learn to ice skate. This has been officially denied.
- Like Michael, Bubbles exists on a strict vegetarian diet. (This isn't true of all of Michael's pets – when his

pythion Crusher gets a bit peckish he apparently has to be fed freshly killed white mice – bleeeeeeee!)

● Janet Jackson was once quoted as saying about the most famous chimpanzee ever in pop music: "Just like the three wise monkeys, Bubbles is being taught to hear no evil, speak no evil and see no evil. He is also learning to kneel down and say his prayers."

● Recently it has been suggested that Michael has been trying to learn chimp language so that he and Bubbles can have a good natter. This has also been officially denied.

● Michael Jackson – a man famous for wearing disguises – once apparently wore an ape mask, (presumably out of solidarity with Bubbles) while walking through an airport. The only problem was, the story goes, that his vision was somewhat impaired and so he walked into a sand-filled ashtray and tumbled legs akimbo.

● Bubbles and his trainer were once spotted in a New York hotel lift. When asked what they were doing the trainer explained that they'd stopped off at the hotel on a long trip so that Bubbles could have a rest and the two of them were just going down for breakfast.

● When Michael Jackson played Japan it was said that Bubbles was "waiting in the wings" wearing a kimono (one of those Japanese things that's like a large handkerchief wrapped round yourself). He was 11 though.

● Bubbles has recently been in the studio recording an album of duets with his favourite singers – so far numbers have been recorded with Bruce Willis, Jermaine "The Chin That Is" Stewart, Stan from The Housemartins, Paul King, Spagna and Stephen "Tea Towel" Duffy. The album, to be entitled (this "rumour" is quite clearly being fabricated at this very moment, isn't it? – Ed). Er. . . yes.



▲ "When ona is a legendary chimpanzee ona often finds oneself a trifle parched by the poolside due to the unrelenting Californian sunshina (hic) . . ."



▲ "When one is a legendary chimp one often climbs trees . . ."



▲ "When ona is a legendary chimpanzee one often has to feed Muscles . . ."



▲ "When one is a legendary chimpanzee ona often has to also feed Jarbar the Giraffe when he gets a mite peckish . . ."



▲ "When one is a legendary chimpanzee ona often has to help ona's master out with his super pop tunas. (plink plinkle . . .)"



▲ "When one is a legendary chimpanzee one often drasses in designer jim-jams for a kip. Goodnight viewers! Even legendary chimps must snoozle . . ."



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Do you ever lie awake at night wondering whatever happened to The Thompson Twins (the band that time forgot)? Does the fact that you don't know Adam Clayton's middle name make you feel a bit of a "tub"? If the answer to these questions is "yes, missus," then get writing to **Get Smart!**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF for the answers to all your pop problems...

## A NEW "SENSATION" CALLED THE THIEVES



▲ The Thieves - left to right: Gerald Wylie, Trevor Price, T.J. McGarrigle and Mark Price

### Dear **Get Smart!**,

Please could you tell me all you can about the Glaswegian group, The Thieves, who appeared a few weeks ago on Channel 4's *Famous For Fifteen Minutes*. Have they got a record deal yet? Also is there an address I can write to for further information? Tufty's chum, Clywd.

● Certainly, "chum". The Thieves are four blokes from Cumbernauld (a "wee" place near Glasgow): Trevor Price (drummer, 17), Mark Price

(Trevor's big brother and guitarist, 21), Tom "T.J." McGarrigle (bass player, 21) and Danny Wylie (lead singer, 23, who's actually from Glasgow). They've been The Thieves for nearly two years and they were chosen to play on *Famous For Fifteen Minutes* after answering an ad for demo tapes in the Scottish "news" paper the *Daily Record*.

"After the TV show," gurgles Danny, "Jim Kerr from Simple Minds asked us if we'd support them at the Barrowlands in Glasgow 'cos he thought we were so good. He came up to me and said 'How y'doin'? I see you on TV and you were really good.' I felt like it should have been me saying that to him!"

So far The Thieves have had just one single out, "Talk Your Head Off", but there were only 1000 copies printed so there probably aren't any left in the shops. Still, anyone wishing to send a "pennage" to the group should write to: THE THIEVES INFORMATION SERVICE, P.O. BOX 999, GLASGOW G12 0SX.

### Dear **Get Smart!**,

Can you please tell me the name of the groovyish dude in the white t-shirt who appears in the vid for Terence Trent D'Arby's "Sign Your Name", and give me some info about him, as the mere thought of him sends me utterly squibbly... "Me", Lanco.

● Squibbly, eh? Well, after many long, hard hours on the blower trying to track down the name of "said" chappie, we discovered that he is Greg Ross, a model on the books of The Z Agency in London. He has been modelling for a mere seven months, stands 5' 11" tall, is 21 years of age and boasts a pair of peepers that are a spooky shade of black. Black? "Well, they're very dark indeed," quips Greg. He has also appeared in *Dead Or Alive* and *Dee Lewis* videos and explains he was given the chance of the "Sign Your Name" part because he knew Terence's ex-girlfriend and model, Kelly. On being the focus of such "swoon" attention, Greg pipes, "It's a real compliment. Ta very much..." Blimey!



▲ shoulder moulder curious posing 109585...



▲ Bros "We are innocent" (but only a trifle)

▲ Dee Lewis, "I wuz robbed" (but only a bit)

## BROS: ARE THEY SWIZZLERS?

### Dear **Get Smart!**,

Is it true that Bros didn't sing on their "When Will I Be Famous?" single and it's really some Dee Lewis person's lost lipstick, *Whitby*.

● Er, Matt from Bros most certainly did sing on "When Will I Be Famous?". But he didn't sing it all, and the story is thus... After we'd all seen Matt "sing" the song on *Top Of The Pops* etc., a slightly miffed session singer called Dee Lewis (who currently has her own single out, "Don't Make Me Wait") materialised from nowhere claiming that it was her own voice on said pop disc. Certain "news" papers printed her claims but, as usual, didn't print the exact truth.

"I am singing on it," peeples Dee Lewis on the **Get Smart!** hot-line, "about 40% of the lead vocals. When I saw Bros on TV for the first time I was in fits of laughter watching Matt mime to my voice. The plot of the song is to have a girl (i.e. Dee) asking a boy (i.e. Matt) when he will be famous - so the whole idea was to have a girl in it. Because they're a teeny-bop band, they just wanted to be seen by themselves. It's all a bit petty though."

Meanwhile, Bros' record company "spokesperson" billows "they have never denied she was singing on the record" and since it's never been terribly unusual to have backing singers on one's records it does all seem to be a bit of a fuss over nothing...

# get smart!

## HAS SINEAD O'CONNOR EVER "DABBLED" WITH U2?



▲ The "Hedge" with something ridiculous on his head.

▲ Sinead O'Connor with something even more ridiculous on her head (i.e. "trash" art).

### Dear **Get Smart!**,

Can you please settle an argument between two U2 fans. I heard that Sinead O'Connor has worked with Bono and Co. in the past. Is this true? My friend reckons not. Bono's *Left Armist*, Glasgow.

● Well, you're a little bit right. Sinead O'Connor, who like "the 2" "hails" from Dublin, has worked with one quarter of U2 - guitarist "The Edge". He wrote the soundtrack for a 1986 film called *The Captive* and, having seen her play live, asked Sinead to sing on one track "Heroline". This can be heard on the resulting LP, called "Music From The Film *The Captive*" (released by Virgin Records in 1986). There are no plans for any more joint efforts.

## A cut out 'n' keep Smash Hits Collection

FACT  
b o x  
No. 5



## NEIL TENNANT

Full name: Neil Francis Tennant  
Date Of Birth: 10/7/54  
Birthplace: Newcastle-upon-Tyne

Height: 5' 11"

Colour of eyes: Blue

Hair: Brown

Marital status: Single  
First Hit "West End Girls" by the Pet Shop Boys - No 1, January 1986

Biggest selling single: "It's A Sin" (almost 2 million sales worldwide). Biggest selling UK single - "West End Girls" (600,000 sales in UK, 1 1/4 million sales worldwide).

● He worked as a "journalist" at *Smash Hits* from Spring 1983 to Spring 1985!

● He has just purchased the flat above his own flat because he's not very stout these days!

● The living-room in his London flat consists of nothing but 160 year old furniture because he likes antiques!

● He has a friend who owns a Fionny Osmond puppet and a friend who owns a Marie Osmond puppet and he once put them "together" for a date!



POSTER



# Johnny Hates Jazz!

That's what Johnny Hates Jazz are called in France which *might* explain why they're not famous there yet. Still, according to Clark Datchler, that's the *only* place left where they *aren't* incredibly popular. "Let's go to Paris and sort this out," suggests Chris Heath...

"France," says Clark Datchler earnestly as we drive swiftly through the early morning Paris traffic, "is the only place we have had a hit yet. The excuse is that people can't understand the name here. They say 'Johnny Deteste Le Jazz'. Virgin France even did a survey here with a video camera to show people didn't understand. They suggested we changed it to— we thought of *J&J*, or our old favourite, The Disciples Of Rock (the worst name we could think of) or all of us covered in sparkle and called Sparkie, but in the end I wasn't prepared to change it."

Clark Datchler is chatting away, several million to the dozen, in the back of a taxi and immediately three things are quite obvious. Firstly, that he is in Paris. Johnny Hates Jazz are here for some TV appearances. Secondly, that Johnny Hates Jazz aren't huge stars here. Thirdly, that Johnny Hates Jazz are huge stars just about everywhere else — "one of the very few acts that has reached its fingers into the markets of the world" — and that Clark is very proud and very conscious of the fact, so much so that his entire conversation is littered with references to their international success.

He's only been down from his hotel room for about ten minutes when he suddenly announces, "We've done really well all over Europe and would you believe we're the biggest selling Virgin artist ever in the Far East?" and then it's "I know I'm personally — not meaning to sound immodest — I'm very popular in Japan," or "I'm Young Businessman Of The Year — no, just joking" and then "here I'll sound totally arrogant if you don't mind but we're more successful worldwide than all of the other bands... Wet Wet Wet, Curiosity and so on... the only two others who've been as successful are Swing Out Sister and Rick Astley."

And so it goes on. Eventually the conversation changes back to France. He seems quite pleased to be here and fairly keen to try out his falset 'D' level French.

"Oui," he says, showing off his skills. "Je suis *ou* weirdo."

Quite. We drive on, Paris still oblivious to this "weirdo" in its midst, while Clark explains that he's happy to discuss anything (particularly Johnny Hates Jazz's multinational success) so long as he doesn't have to rabbit on about his personal life. "Privacy is precious," he says firmly, after a long speech about how he must keep all that to himself and returns to talking about languages. "I like languages," he says "though I don't really want to be able to speak French. I can speak Swedish though." I grew up living next door to Swedish people. "He pauses. "We do very well in Sweden, by the way."

Thought you might.

"Do you want to come with me?" Dh dear, Clark Datchler's "privacy-is-precious policy" seems to have gone horribly wrong. When we arrive at the photographic studio to take Clark's picture for the cover of *Smash Hits* he's met by his girlfriend (who, after much palaver, is finally introduced as Simone) and she has just excited to come along with his interview, not by answering his question

directly but by giving him a great big kiss. "I can't really lie now can I?" he chuckles quietly, indeed not.

"I'd just like to wander to a café round the corner. As Simone buys some coffees, and a hot chocolate for Clark, he explains that he's emigrating. For ages he won't say where to (though predictably he does mention that "Turn Back The Clock" — the single — "is at the moment live here at the moment"); he eventually confesses it's Holland.

"I'm moving there for a couple of reasons," he says, "One, because I actually like the country. And because it will give me time to write songs, which is *incredibly* important to me. I haven't been able to write for a year. There are personal reasons as well," he adds quietly, "which you must have guessed out by now."

He reckons he'll miss his family, Wimbledon where he lives now, his friends, England "on a hot summer's day" and, especially, the family black Labrador, Cass, though he quite clearly won't miss the attentions of British "news" papers.

"I was away recently in Antigua and the papers said I'd had a nervous breakdown," he explains. "It said 'Clark goes barney — Johnny Hates Jazz star quits Britain after a nervous breakdown.' Basically I cancelled a few things because I'd been very overworked and..." He's interrupted by Simone.

"Is he supposed to tell the truth here?" she asks.

Er... yes.

"Dh," she says, as Clark looks intently at her. "I shut up."

"I was advised to go," he admits, "because I was getting to the stage... the phrase 'burnt out' comes to mind. I was most worried about it affecting my songwriting. I went away for a couple of weeks and if I hadn't maybe I wouldn't be here today doing this interview."

So did he spend two weeks as a drooling, completely-off-his-trolley madman? Clark tries to pretend that he did, rolling his eyes (already frighteningly large) in a most insane fashion. "It's not quite the truth."

"He was the most laid back person I've ever seen," says Simone.

"Swimming... sunbathing... a jeep through the jungle..."

Sounds very horrible, doesn't it?

Are you insinuating that my image wasn't tough before?" demands Clark loudly. "Are you saying that it was clean cut?" He's pretending to be annoyed because he's just been asked why he's started sporting the George Michael "simshaven" look. He tries to say that it's simply because "my shaver broke" but the true answer is insinuating to his left, grinning at the slight embarrassment he's showing.

"I actually didn't shave one weekend," he eventually explains, "and I was advised by, er... someone... that it looked good so, er... I kept it."

...I to prove the point that she's slightly rejoiced Clark's idea of how he should look Simone starts quietly picking a few crumbs off his jacket; meanwhile he explains the most annoying things about his partners in Johnny Hates Jazz.

"Mike's very indecisive. He can't make a

decision to save his life. He says he thinks things through but most people don't spend a year.

And Calvin?  
"Probably that he plays Mr Experience a bit. The other day we were getting on a plane and he says 'you know, in my experience it's always best to wait 'til last to get on a plane.' Thanks."

And himself?  
"If they had to pick a fault in me they'd probably say I was a little bit too big for my boots. And I'm a terrible time keeper. I'm getting better though."

This last comment is greeted with a quiet but clearly audible grunt of disagreement from his left.

"A vote of confidence there," he laughs.  
"The main thing," says Simone, "is that you're doing your best and I respect that. The worst thing is that I'm getting the same attitude."

"I affect the people that I mentally touch," says Clark, purely, it seems, for the sake of saying something posterosus.

"Guru Datchler!" sniggers Simone. Quite. So does he have any more "teachings"?

"Yes," he says, leaning at the idea. "Smiles means sales! (????) That's the way I look at things. What else? Er... if you get in a taxi and the driver loses his way would he blame you?"

This is apparently a typical Clark Datchler "joke".

"You know the first joke he told me?" pipes Simone suddenly. "What do you call a girl on a strapless dress? A goat in an off-the-shoulder number?"

Have'n't the foggiest.

"The answer was 'available'. I thought it was pathetic."

"I told that joke on *Comic Relief* too," says Clark, refusing to be embarrassed. "I won't get a laugh, actually."

I wonder why, eh listeners? Anyway, there's more.

"What do you call a swan with a pink scarf around its neck?"

Have'n't a clue.

"Ducky!"

Ahem. Yes. Quite.

"I make quite a lot of my jokes up," says Clark. "As you can see that's why they're terribly unfunny."

Yes. Clark now attempts to make up jokes for our entertainment but either fails completely or comes up with jokes too wacky and pathetic to repeat. Eventually his face flushes with excitement.

"I've thought of something else. 'What do you say to someone who gives you a hot chocolate with poison in it?'"

Yes?  
"Drink that, I should Coco"... "Don't you understand it?"

Er... no.  
"I should Coco" — it's an expression meaning "I wouldn't do it if I were you." Dh.

"I think they're all pathetic," sniggers Simone. "Where's your usual gemusiasm?" Where indeed? Perhaps Clark's next batch of jokes will be the most wonderfully rib-tickling, splutteringly funny lot ever. But viewers, I don't really think they're worth waiting around for, do you?...



Photos : Paul Rider



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# WOOLWORTHS

# VANESSA PARADIS

Just who is this Monsieur Joe Le Taxi? The 15 year old French songbird does her best to explain. . .

Yes, um, it's the story of a man, a taxi driver, but he doesn't think that he is - he lives in another world. He thinks about music and, er, the Amazon; yes, and his problems get out and he's fine with rumba and mambo. Rumba and mambo are types of music sung by very, very old singers like Xavier Cugat and Yma Sumac. No, it's not French music - it's Spanish or Italian or something (it's West Indian dance music actually - Ed). I don't know, but Joe likes it. In the song he doesn't drink soda - it's a way to say he's a strong man, he's er, very, yes very strong. He prefers whisky.

"I've never met anyone like him before - he's an imaginary person, but he can exist I think. Are French taxi drivers as grumpy as they are in England? Er, . . . taxi drivers are not angry with me when I go in the car in France. They don't recognise me, . . . they never even talk to me. "I'm on holidays from my school

near Paris at the moment - I'm 15. My real friends are very happy for me that I'm a pop star, but I've lost friends because they are jealous of me. But they were not my real friends, but just people I see at school. I'm not very extroverted, . . . er, yes extrovert, I'm very timid so I don't say what I do. I tell my two best friends but not the other people.

"I didn't write 'Joe Le Taxi' but I will write songs in the future. Not the music, it's very difficult, but the words. I don't know what I'll write about, . . . not other taxi drivers hihhi English people think pop music in France is useless? Yes, I know English people don't really like French music. I don't know why, . . . maybe it's because English singers are much advanced, . . . we are late I think.

"What do we think of the English? The reputation of the English in France is that they are very serious and the food is er, . . . horrible hihhi.

## Joe Le Taxi

ENGLISH

FRENCH

Joe le taxi  
He doesn't go anywhere  
He doesn't run on soda  
His yellow saxophone  
Knows all the streets by heart  
All the little bars  
All the black corners  
And the Seine  
And all its sparkling bridges  
In his motor  
Joe's music  
Is the rumba  
The old mambo rock

Joe le taxi  
It's his life  
The mambo rum  
Traffic jams  
He's like that  
Rum and mambo  
Joe Joe Joe  
In his motor  
Joe's music resounds  
It's the rumba  
The old trashy mambo rock  
Go on Joe go on Joe  
Go for it  
In the night towards the Amazon

Joe le taxi  
And Xavier Cugat  
Joe le taxi  
And Yma Sumac  
Joe Joe Joe

Joe le taxi  
It's his life  
The mambo rum  
Traffic jams  
Joe le taxi  
And the Mariachis  
Joe le taxi  
And the cha cha chi  
Joe le taxi  
And the cha cha chi  
Go on Joe  
Go for it  
In the night towards the Amazon  
Joe le taxi  
And the cha cha chi

Joe le taxi  
Y va pas partout  
Y marche pas on soda  
Son saxo jaune  
Connait toutes les rues par coeur  
Tous les d'lis bars  
Tous les coins noirs  
Et la Seine  
Et ses ponts qui brillent  
Dans sa caisse  
La musique à Joe  
C'est là rumba  
Le vieux rock au mambo

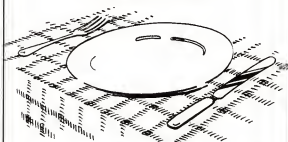
Joe le taxi  
C'est sa vie  
Le rhum au mambo  
Embouteillage  
Il est comme ça  
Rhum et mambo  
Joe Joe Joe  
Dans sa caisse  
La musique à Joe resonne  
C'est la rumba  
Le vieux rock au mambo biiii  
Vas-y Joe vas-y Joe  
Vas-y fonce  
Dans la nuit vers l'Amazone

Joe le taxi  
Et Xavier Cugat  
Joe le taxi  
Et Yma Sumac  
Joe Joe Joe

Joe le taxi  
C'est sa vie  
Le rhum au mambo  
Embouteillage  
Joe le taxi  
Et les Mariachis  
Joe le taxi  
Et le cha cha chi  
Joe le taxi  
Et le cha cha chi  
Vas-y Joe  
Vas-y fonce  
Dans la nuit vers l'Amazone  
Joe le taxi  
Et la cha cha chi

# ON MARCH 12

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MQ002

# 'SUEDEHEAD'

THE SINGLE



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# Deacon Blue Dignity



There's a man I meet walks up our street  
He's a worker for the council  
Has been twenty years  
And he takes no lip off nobody  
And litter off the gutter  
Puts it in a bag and never thinks to mutter  
And he pucks his lunch in a Sablest bag  
The children call him Bogie  
He never lets on but I know  
'Cause he once told me  
He let me know a secret  
About the money in his kitty  
He's gonna buy a dinky  
Gonna call her Dignity

And I'll sail her up the west coast  
Through villages and towns  
I'll be on my holidays  
They'll be doing their rounds  
They'll ask me how I got her  
I'll say I saved my money  
They'll say ain't she pretty  
That ship called Dignity

And I'm telling this story in a far away scene  
Sipping down Raki and reading Maynard Keynes  
And I'm thinking about home  
And all that that means  
And a place in the winter for Dignity

And I'm thinking about home (home)  
And I'm thinking about faith  
And I'm thinking about work (work work work)  
And I'm thinking how good it would be  
To be here some day  
On a ship called Dignity  
A ship called Dignity  
That ship  
On a ship called Dignity  
(A ship called Dignity) (Repeat 3 times)  
On a ship called Dignity  
A ship called Dignity (Repeat 4 times)

▲ Deacon Blue (left to right) Ricky Ross, Dougie Vipond, Graeme Kelling, Ewan Venn, James Prime; (front) Lorraine McIntosh

**Ricky Ross of Deacon Blue:** "This song is basically a story song so it should explain itself. I suppose it's a song about work – a situation that for a lot of people is oppressive and something they want to escape from. A lot of people find themselves working for an organisation or a person or a group of people who dominate what they do and the way they live, and they want to get away from that. The story of the song isn't an escapist fantasy though. It's about the idea that people should take control of their lives and do their own thing rather than living within a set system. It's about keeping your own identity – there has to be some kind of individuality in life. . . ."

Words and music by Ricky Ross ● Reproduced by permission ATV Music ● On CBS Records

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# NOBODY'S TWISTING YOUR ARM



# THE BPI AWARDS

It's the swankiest pop event of the year, when everyone (well, almost everyone) turns up to see if they have won an award. Barry McIlheney went along in a snoot "dinner" jacket to see what happened. . .

Hello Bono!

What are you doing here? Oh I know, you're pretending to be a journalist I suppose. Bit like me pretending to be a pop star, ha ha! Bye!!!

Ah, me, such is the merry banter viewers that is an essential ingredient of the big party held immediately after the BPI awards ceremony. There are about 800 pop toffs and a few "select" "journalists" sitting about ten to a table here in the swank Grosvenor House Hotel and we're all merrily munching our way through vast amounts of free food (green vegetable soup, avocado with salad, salmon with boiled "tatties, profiteroles with cream, coffee and mints - yum!), washed down with plenty of champagne, wine or sparkling mineral water. Everyone appears to be in a so-called party mood and it looks like it is going to be a very long and very interesting night. . .



▲ "Hi, I'm Terence Trent D'Arby and I'm a really happenin' dude. . . Morten Harket "Who is this bloke?"

The BPI awards are voted for by one representative from each of Britain's 130 record companies, large and small. The 130 "delegates" have to draw up five nominations for each category and then the artist who gets the most votes out of these five wins the award. The letters BPI actually mean British Phonographic Industry which is really just a funny way of saying

the British Record Industry and indeed within the "business" the awards are actually called "The British Record Industry Awards". The first awards ceremony was in 1982 and the first televised show was in 1985 when Prince turned up and acted rather oddly. The following year saw the then Conservative Party Chairman Norman Tebbit as guest of honour and last year Boy George made one of his first public appearances after his



▲ "And we'd like to thank Matt's brother, the orange. . ." [2]

treatment for drug problems.

This year, however, was different. This was the year of the Great Rick Astley Swizz, one of the most remarkable pop tiffs in the history of the world.

After being announced as the winner of "Best Single Of The Year" Award for "Never Gonna Give You Up", the spotlight beamed down on Rick's private "box", a foxress escorted him down onto the stage and then. . . this bloke called Rob Dickens, chairman of the BPI, suddenly popped up, said he was accepting Rick's award for him and introduced The Who. "The Who" turned out to be four wrinklies who were getting an award for their "special contribution" to the "business"

and who proceeded to play a very loud and very tune-free song rather aptly called "Who Are You?" during which the bloke who says "do you know me?" in the *American Express* TV ad where he's dressed as a fisherman, started throwing his microphone around like a wild man of rock 'n' roll. How very peculiar. Poor Rick meanwhile had to stand there like a lemon before he realised what had happened and dashed off back to his seat. Honestly, it was the most embarrassing thing ever. . .

It's now just after nine o'clock and the party is only beginning at the Grosvenor House Hotel in London's tree-lined snoot Park Lane. Gusp! There's Larry Mullen "Jnr" at the bar, talking to Tommy Cunningham of the Wets about great "snare" sounds, there's the Neil Tennant looking rather pleased with himself, and - hey! - there's Bono, "chomping" on a cigar and generally acting the goat. It's all very swanky and lots of pop types congratulating one another and generally being very pleasant until - SPLAAAT! - an enormous piece of cream and chocolate sauce suddenly lands on Mags from A-ha's rather



▲ "Hi, I'm Terence Trent D'Arby and I'm really. . ." The Bangles: "What did he say his name was?"

It's now just after midnight and everyone appears to be disappearing off into different "suites" upstairs in the hotel for even more free food and drinks. A quick investigation reveals that the Pet Shop Boys are hosting a little soiree in room 85 and as the historic moment has now come for Chris Lowe to be presented with his prestigious *Smash Hits*/BPI Crap Joke Award (see right), we go up to find Neil and Chris and not very many other people standing around in Room 85 having a very civilised chat, mainly about The Great Rick Astley Swizz.



▲ Sting and Carol Decker receive. . . (Are you sure about this? - Ed)

Suddenly, a lot of very loud people arrive and it's time to go off yet again, this time in a car to Bananarama's party in a night club in Covent Garden. But! - surprise surprise - by the time we arrive the only people left are Belouis Some and Gary Davies. Even Neil and Chris decide it is time for bed and get up to disappear off in their "limo".

Blimey! It's nearly four o'clock in the morning viewers, and the Editor of Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine is about to be left stranded in a horrible nightclub and then be expected to edit yet another brilliant issue of *Smash Hits* in just a few hours time. Triple oo-er. Er, Neil, before you go, do you remember last year when you came in to the *Smash Hits* office after the BPI awards and "edited" to issue? Well, I have to do up an important "snoot" conference and. . .

"I'm sorry, I know that traditionally I edit the issue immediately after the BPI awards but we have to go to Yugoslavia next week to do the video for our new single ("Heart") so I won't be able to do it. Sorry!" Oh dear oh dear oh dear. . .

**BEST BRITISH MALE**  
ARTIST: George Michael

**BEST BRITISH FEMALE**  
ARTIST: Alison Moyet

**BEST BRITISH GROUP:** Pet Shop Boys

**BEST INTERNATIONAL GROUP:** U2

**BEST BRITISH NEWCOMER:** Wet Wet Wet (voted for by Radio One listeners)

**BEST INTERNATIONAL NEWCOMER AWARD:** Terence Trent D'Arby

**BEST INTERNATIONAL SOLO ARTIST:** Michael Jackson

**BEST BRITISH SINGLE:** Rick Astley "Never Gonna Give You Up"

**BEST BRITISH LP:** Sting "Nothing Like The Sun"

## WHO WON WHAT?

**BEST BRITISH PRODUCER:** Stock/Aitken/Watman

**BEST MUSIC VIDEO:** New Order "True Faith"

**SPECIAL AWARD:** The Who (for 25 years "service")

**SMASH HITS/BPI CRAP JOKE AWARD:** Chris Lowe (Pet Shop Boys)

## THE GREAT RICK ASTLEY SWIZZ: WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?



▲ In 1987, Rick Astley and I'm about to be swizzed.

**M**iffed? I'd have been more than a bit miffed. I'd probably have stormed up on to the stage and kicked The Who's drumkit over if it had happened to us."

Double oo-er. Pet Shop Boy Chris Lowe is not a happy man. Like a lot of other pop types here tonight, he can't believe what happened to Rick Astley. Neil Tennant is just as flabbergasted.

"It was terrible. 1987 was partly Rick Astley's year and it was very very embarrassing, the sort of thing that should never happen to anyone. In fact, we left at that point, it was so awful..."

So whose fault was it? Clearly not Rick's, who was already on his way down to get his Best Single Award when suddenly the chairman of the BPI appeared and accepted it "on Rick's behalf". Although Rick says he was more upset by the "news" papers' account of the snub than the actual snub itself, his mentors and producers of the year, Stock, Aitken and Waterman, are far from happy.

"We were upset on what should have been Rick's greatest night of his life so far," says Pete

Waterman. "It was so poorly handled by the people behind the scenes, with a total lack of thought for anyone's feelings, particularly a guy who in six months has become one of the biggest pop stars in the world."

**T**hese "people behind the scenes" are the BPI, who organise the whole event and the BBC, who televises it and who refused to let the show run one second longer than scheduled. Rob Dickens, chairman of the BPI, and the bloke who accepted Rick's award, clearly feels that the BBC are to blame.

"It was the BBC's decision to put The Who on. The BPI provided the whole package for the show, including the various taped inserts like John Peel's bit about independent bands, and it was up to the BBC to use these or to drop them when necessary. At 8.15 pm, Noel Edmonds told Mike Smith to hurry it up because the show was running seven minutes late but even after this, three of the five taped inserts were still included."

Mmmm. So it's all the BBC's fault. Except it isn't... "The programme was actually produced by the BPI," insists a BBC "spokesperson". "The main problem arose with the people who had won awards making lengthy speeches and anyway the BPI had a contract with The Who which (blethers on about this for a v. long time)..."

Surely the world would not have stopped if the programme had been a few minutes longer than planned? Apparently, it would.

"Some programmes such as football and snooker are allowed to overrun because they are near the end of the day but this was just before the *Nine O'clock News* and we can never delay a news bulletin" barks the BBC person.

What a total shambles...



▲ "A ruddy big pig came down our street" 720 million viewers. 1992

## THE SMASH HITS/BPI CRAP JOKE AWARD



▲ Chris Lowe "smiles" as he gets his Smash Hits/BPI Crap Joke Award.

**CHRIS LOWE** (Pet Shop Boys): "This Red Indian goes to see the psychiatrist and he says 'doctor doctor, I don't know if I'm a wigwam or a teepee' and the doctor says 'relax, you're two tents'!!!!!"

Crap Joke Rating: ★★★★★★★

**I** think Chris is a lot happier with that one than with the BPI award," laughs Neil Tennant as Chris Lowe actually smiles for the camera when being presented with his prestigious *Smash Hits/BPI Crap Joke Award*.

And why ever not? In the BPI Best British Group Award, Chris and Neil had only to beat off the not very strong challenge of The Bee Gees, Def Leppard, Level 42 and Whitesnake, whereas in this special category there was intense competition for

the prize (a rather fetching trophy with a bunny rabbit perched on top). Chris Lowe himself declared that he would proudly show off the award on his mantelpiece at home, although he was a trifle worried about what to do with it when his mum comes round for a visit.

"What's she going to think when she sees that with the word 'crap' on it as well?"

What indeed? Still, Chris was seen to be still clutching his award, long after his BPI bauble had been forgotten about...

## NOMINATIONS

**MARTI FELLOW** (Wet Wet Wet): "This bloke goes to see the doctor and he says 'doctor doctor, my brother thinks he's an orange' and the doctor says 'well why didn't you bring your brother with you then?' and the bloke says 'I did'!!!!" (Marti puts his hand into his pocket as he delivers the "punchline" i.e. as if to produce an orange i.e. his brother.)

Crap Joke Rating: ★★



▲ Mags: This man sucks fishbones

**MAGS** (A-ha): "What is the difference between brussel sprouts and bogies? You can't get children to eat brussel sprouts!"

Crap Joke Rating: ★

## ▶ THE SMASH HITS/BPI CRAP JOKE AWARD



▲ The Edge: "Did you hear the one about the bloke who?"

**THE EDGE (U2):** "What's white and 12 inches long? Nothing!" (??)

Crap Joke Rating: ★★



▲ Carol Decker: "Boom boom!" (??)

**CAROL DECKER (T'Pau):** "This bloke goes into an army surplus store and he says to the assistant 'can I have a camouflage jacket please?' and the assistant says 'I'm sorry but I can't find any!'"

Crap Joke Rating: ★★★★★



▲ "Hi, I'm Terence Trent D'Arby and... Bono" (???)

**BONO (U2):** "These two nuns are driving down the road and suddenly their car runs out of petrol so they go to the boot where they have some petrol in a container but the only thing they have to put the petrol into the car in is bedpans so they start pouring the petrol in with bedpans and then the Reverend Ian Paisley drives past and he shouts 'Sisters, I detest your religion but I greatly admire your faith!!!' (?????)"

Crap Joke Rating: ★★★



▲ Siobhan and Roiff, not a crap joke between 'em

**SIOBHAN (Bananarama):** "I'm sorry, ever since I was pregnant I've had this dreadful amnesia when it comes to telling jokes. Er... (turns to Dave, "Roiff" Stewart who is standing with her)... no, he doesn't know any either. Sorry."



▲ Neil Tennant, "Geddit?" Quite a few people: "No"

**NEIL TENNANT (Pet Shop Boys):** "What's the fastest food in the world? Scone!!"

Crap Joke Rating: ★★½

**ADAM CLAYTON (U2):** "Bono and The Edge know all the jokes. Now clear off."

## THE BPI AWARDS:



▲ The Rams: "The password's 'Bananas'" (??)

### SIOBHAN (Bananarama)

**How the devil are you?** Great. A bit looser (??) but fine.

**Why aren't you wearing a ballgown?** Because you can't really do my routine in a ballgown, that's why. Do I think there will be lots of complaints about our performance (which featured lots of perv-blokes writhing around the floor while the "Rams" did their thing)? Certainly not. I should think there will be a lot of letters of thanks from people for brightening up what was otherwise a very

ordinary evening.

**Are you taking a hansom cab home tonight?** Well, I came in a car but apparently the others have gone off in it so I don't know how I'll be travelling. I'm going to our party afterwards. You're very welcome if you'd like to come and the password is "Bananas". Please don't spread it around though.

**How would you describe the bouquet of the wine?** I didn't have any wine tonight. I drank lots of Heineken instead to refresh those parts that other blokes just can't reach. Bit like those blokes dancing earlier actually.

### ADAM CLAYTON (U2)

**How the devil are you?** I'm happy enough. It was nice getting the award, yeah, but it's the people who like the band that should get the credit. I suppose the people who are into the band influence the showbiz public and therefore we end up getting an award.

**Don't you wish you had worn a dinner jacket?** I have absolutely no desire to wear one of those things. Listen, rock and roll is not about dressing up in a stupid suit and turning up for prize givings, you know?

**How would you describe the bouquet of the wine?** I drink what I drink so long as it's wet. (??) **Who's the best dressed person here tonight?** I have absolutely no idea. I tell you man, I am just not concerned with how people dress. They just turn up and do their thing and I'm not concerned with what they look like or what they're wearing, okay?



▲ Adam "Clear Gilt" Clayton: "I drink what I drink"

# WHAT THE "STARS" SAID



▲ "Oo-er, perhaps I shouldn't have had these ice creams after all..."

## MAGS (A-ha)

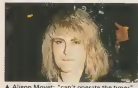
**How the devil are you?** I feel great, actually. We've been working very hard in the studio but I can now see the bright light at the end of the tunnel. I just hope it's not another train, ha!

**How would you describe the bouquet of the wine?** I'm not really a connoisseur. I do like wine but in moderation. Well, not to any great degree. Well, I do like it quite a lot, yes.

**Who's the best dressed person here tonight?** They all look the same, don't they? Some ladies have caught my attention though, but not necessarily for their dresses ha ha!

**Have you ever been sick in a fingerbowl?** What do you mean by "sick"? Oh, vbmrt. When I was three years old I ate 18 bars of ice cream in one day and I wasn't sick then so I don't think I ever will be. Norwegians are bred on fish bones you see. We suck 'em to death!!! (?)

**Are you taking a hansom cab home tonight?** It's pretty handsome, yeah, ha ha! No, we've got a driver and he'll be taking us back to the studio.



▲ Alison Moyet: "can't operate the timer"

## ALISON MOYET

**Why aren't you dressed in a ballgown?** Because I look naff in a ballgown, that's why.

**How would you describe the bouquet of the wine?** I didn't drink any wine tonight, as it happens. I like getting drunk, but I don't like the taste of alcohol.

**Who's the best dressed person here tonight?** Alison Moyet.

**Have you ever been sick in a fingerbowl?** A fingerbowl, no. A toilet bowl yes, on many occasions.

**Did you remember to set your video to record the show?** I wanted to, but I can't operate the timer. I just can't work out how to do it. Of course I can work it while I'm actually there, you just press play/record don't you?

**Are you taking a hansom cab home tonight?** I'm going home in a limo. A massive limo, matey.



▲ "And Chris is particularly pleased to have won this prestigious award..."

## CHRIS LOWE (Pet Shop Boys)

**How the devil are you?** Alright. I didn't look happy during the ceremony? Rubbish! I smiled once! Dusty got a smile out of me. I think she was determined to do it and she succeeded. Why don't I smile more often? Because I think a smile is usually a very false gesture, that's why. I don't think I look grumpy, I think I look natural. I just look like I'm feeling... Is that Larry Mullen over there? He doesn't look as grumpy as in his photos. He looks far too normal.

**Don't you wish you had worn a dinner jacket?** Certainly not! You would never get me in one of those. I wore one on our LP sleeve? Er... in that case, viewers, er... well that wasn't for this, was it? The secret is not to wear whatever you're meant to wear. Like at school, not to wear school uniform or whatever. Be non-conformist. That makes me a wild rock and roll rebel! That just about sums me up, actually.

**How would you describe the bouquet of the wine?** We had champagne tonight actually. We keep getting sent champagne by the record company at Christmas and birthdays and anything else so I've got a fridge full of it and I just drink it like water now. I suppose that does sound a bit rock and roll, yes.

**Who's the best dressed person here tonight?** Apart from me? Neil Tennant.

**Did you remember to set your video to record the show?** Well, I rented this video about a couple of weeks ago and they didn't give me an instructions manual with it so I can't work the timer. I can record alright when I'm there because then it's just like a tape recorder but I'm baffled by the timer. That's odd because I'm a bit of a keyboard wizard? Yes, I suppose that's true, but I'm useless if I don't have the instructions manual for something. You know how some people can just fiddle around for hours on end and get things to work? I can't be bothered with all that, I just like to get the manual, work out what you do, set it and then say "yes, it works".

**Are you getting a hansom cab home tonight?** We've got a driver tonight but I don't really like being driven around in cars much actually. I take the train a lot.

## NEIL TENNANT (Pet Shop Boys)

**How the devil are you?** I'm fine. We didn't look too happy during the awards? Well, that's Chris Lowe for you, although Dusty did make a determined effort to get a smile out of him.

**Don't you wish you had worn a dinner jacket?** Certainly not. We're a pop group, we can do what we like. Bono said wearing a dinner jacket would be too radical for him? Well, he wore a tie, didn't he? Would you like to know my personal highlights of

the night? Well, the fact that Larry Mullen spoke, that was brilliant, I was very excited about that because he normally never says anything, does he? The fabulous New Order, they were another highlight, and it was just brilliant to see them there, though Hooky (I think he means bass player Peter Hook - Ed.) didn't turn up because he's a bit of a rock and roll rebel.

**Who's the best dressed person here tonight?** Chris Lowe, it must be the outfit of the night. I think when people think of pop music in 1988 they will think of Chris Lowe's outfit at the BPI awards. He looked like one of Bill and Ben? Well yes, that has been said by someone else... It was difficult buying clothes for tonight, because there's nothing good in the shops, no new clothes after all the sales. But Chris' outfit was very eye catching. I hope there was a gasp when he first appeared.

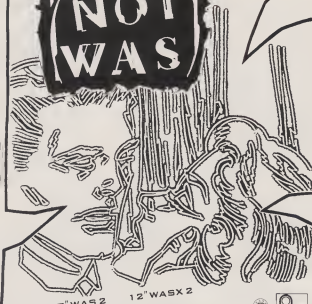
**How would you describe the bouquet of the wine?** EMI supplied champagne all night so that was rather nice. Apart from the Rick Astley swizz, the only really horrible moment was when this horrible girl came up to me and started annoying me. She said "why are you here?" and I said "well, I've got to be, we've won an award" and she said "oh, so you were forced to come" and I said "no, of course I wasn't forced to come." Eventually I hit her over the head with my rolled up napkin and told her to clear off...

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AND  
STREETS -  
AHEAD  
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I'm so sorry I'm so sorry  
Why do you come here  
When you know it makes  
Things hard for me  
When you know oh  
Why do you come  
Why do you telephone  
And why send me silly notes  
I'm so sorry I'm so sorry  
Why do you come here  
When you know it makes  
Things hard for me  
When you know oh  
Why do you come  
You had to sneak into my room  
Just to read my diary  
It was just to see just to see all the things  
You knew I'd written about you  
Oh so many illustrations oh but  
I'm so very sickened  
Oh I am so sickened now

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# SINEAD O'CONNOR

## MANDINKA

I'm thumping like a siren wailing  
Went you to pick up my aarti  
See how the black moon fades  
Soon I can give you my heart  
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh  
I don't know no shame I feel no pain  
I can't see the flame

### Chorus

But I do know Mandinka  
I do know Mandinka  
I do know Mandinka  
I do ooh

They're throwing it all this way  
Dragging it back to the start  
And they say see how the glass is raised  
I have refused to take part  
I told them bring something new  
Please let me put something through  
I don't know no shame I feel no pain  
I don't know no shame I feel no pain  
I can't

### Repeat chorus

I do ooh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
I do ooh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
I said I do  
(Soon I can give you my heart)  
I said I do  
(Soon I can give you my heart)  
I do Mandinka  
(Soon I can give you my heart)  
(Soon I can give you my heart)



# POP THE BASS

## HOW TO HAVE A HIT SINGLE BY PINCHING OTHER PEOPLE'S RECORDS

Until two weeks ago 19 year old Tim Simenon was a fairly normal bloke. He spent his time working in a Japanese restaurant in Covent Garden in London, attending a course in studio engineering (i.e. twiddling knobs and things to make records) at night school and, on Saturday nights, working as a DJ at The Wag Club, a popular nightclub amongst London's more "fashionable" folk.

Now, of course, he's a bit of a pop star. The record, "Beast Dis", which he made last autumn to get a bit of experience "in the studio" and practise all the knob-twiddling he'd picked up on his "engineering" course, has suddenly popped up at number five in the charts.

It's all very rum. And rumour still if you consider that unlike most pop-star types, Tim doesn't really play on his single - he just sort of records lots of bits of other people's tunes and mixes them all together. And his group Bomb The Bass isn't really a group at all. It consists of him, a graffiti "artist" bloke called "The Artful Dodger" who sprays paintings onstage during rap concerts, and a "scratch" DJ called "Master Mix" who doesn't have anything to do with the record but is a bit of a crony of Tim's anyway.

But what exactly is a "scratch" DJ when it's at home? How do you make a hit record by mixing up lots of different tunes? And what is this graffiti stuff about? I think we should let them explain...

### HOW TO HAVE A TOP FIVE HIT WITHOUT WRITING ANY SONGS



TIM SIMENON

#### 1) Get All Your Favourite Records Together And "Sample" Them

"Basically my record is lots of different records put together. Before I made the single I compiled a sort of top 20 list of all my favourite records - a sort of dancefloor chart really of all the records that went down really well at the Wag club where I'm a DJ. Basically I just used these 20 records and turned them into a six minute song.

"I suppose you could say that I don't do anything on the record except put lots of other records together but it's not really as simple as that. First of all you've got to have a structure so I worked out a constant beat that fitted all the records and then added a suitable bass line. Then I just added everything else on top of that.

"And I haven't just recorded other records onto ours. What you actually do is "sample" one note by recording it onto a sampling keyboard, and then reconstruct it. So what you hear on my record isn't the same as the sound on the record I took it from. There's a few other bits apart from sounds from other records - like the bit of talking from *Thunderbirds*, that line "this is a journey into sound" which is taken from a record that came out years ago to demonstrate

stereo sound when it first started and so on."

#### 2) Get A Pal To Pay For Your Record To Be Made

"It cost me about £300 in studio time to make 'Beast Dis'. I had this contact in America and he agreed to finance it for me because he thought it was a good record and would appeal to people who are really into that underground club music, so I thought 'great I can make a few bob here'. About 1,000 copies were made in America and 500 came over here to be sold in specialist shops like *Groove Records* in London. It sold out in a week so I thought 'hang about this is a bit strong isn't it?' and I went round to the record company Rhythim King and said 'look, I've made this record and I've just sold 500 copies of it in a few days - it's going to be massive.' So they agreed to release it and now it is a massive hit."

#### 3) Become Incredibly Rich And Famous And Go Off To India To "Chill Out"

"It's a bit of a joke really to be going off to India. The Pops and things like that because I only made this thing as part of my engineering course in a way. I never really intended to be an artist, a pop star heh heh. I just wanted to be a producer.

"I've had to give up my job in the restaurant now because I'm spending a lot of time doing things to promote the record. They were very nice about it - they said 'if you ever want your job again you're welcome to come back.' And it would be nice to make some money. I've always wanted to travel. I'd love to go to the Far East, somewhere exotic like India and chill out there for a while."

● Words: Richard Lowe

### HOW TO BE A "SCRATCH" DJ



MASTER MIX

#### 1) Have Two Record Players

"Basically what scratching is about is making a record sound better by adding bits onto it, either from another record or from a copy of the same record, to make it sound better. You have two decks - you have your record playing on one deck and you use the other deck to add to that record.

"Most of the time you're using two copies of the same record and you choose a certain part of that record that you want to scratch onto and you just start messing about, go to town with it."

#### 2) Er, Scratch Your Records A Bit

"Inbetween the two turntables you have a mixer with what's called a "cross-feed" switch that goes from side to side - when you push it to the left, the left deck plays and when you push it to the right, the right deck plays and when it's in the middle they're both playing.

"What you do when you're scratching is let go of the record that you're holding with your hand and move the switch to the middle and you keep doing that motion, making different rhythms out of it.

"It does wear your records out a bit - they start to hiss in the bits where you've been scratching them backwards and forwards, but if you keep wiping them they don't get too mashed up."

#### 3) Annoy The Neighbours

"Most of the time I scratch at home because then I can really concentrate on what I'm doing. I'm quiet and I'm by myself and I can really get loose on the decks and everything just comes out sweet. The neighbours certainly know there's something going on but they don't really complain that much, they just say 'turn it down a little bit.' But sometimes when it gets late they do get a bit moody."

● Photos: Adrian Green

### HOW TO BE A "GRAFFITI" ARTIST



THE ARTFUL DODGER

#### 1) Spray Your "Tag" All Over The Place

"Every graffiti artist has a tag. No one uses their real name because when you're painting graffiti you're taking on a role of someone else who you really want to be. It's like people who have CB radios have a "handle", that's the same as a tag. And you spray that all over to get yourself known."

#### 2) Spray Lots Of "Artistic" Pieces

"There's two different sides to graffiti - there's "tagging", spraying your tag everywhere to get yourself known and recognised and "piecing" which is more a form of expression and that's the artistic side to it. I did one piece saying "Love Is A Prison Without Bars". What does that mean? Well, exactly what it says. (??)

"But I've stopped doing the illegal stuff - spraying on walls - now, the way I see it you should just write your head as far as the authorities are concerned. I used to get a thrill out of the danger of getting caught, but I've got into the commercial side now. I've been on *Surprise Surprise*, *Network 7* and *The Tube* doing pieces and I did that *Weatbix* advert - a billboard poster that went on billboards all over the country."

#### 3) Get Asked To Spray Bros' Jeep

"My favourite is a piece I did down the Old Kent Road in London, a shop front for the Committee Against Drug Abuse who wanted to brighten up the outside of their building so that more people would go in. When I was finishing it off these three guys in a jeep pulled up and said they liked it and that maybe I could spray their jeep for them. That was Bros in September last year when they had a record out called 'I Owe You Nothing' [their flop single just before 'When Will I Be Famous', *cat fiends*]. They never got in touch again though - I'll still spray it for them if they're interested..."



▲ (Left to right): "The Artful Dodger", Tim Simonyan and "Master Mia".

POSTER

# BLUE ZONE

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## Personal FILE

**Full Name:** Leslie Sebastian Charles. I changed my name to Billy Ocean because most of the music I listened to when I was younger was calypso music, and those artists all used to have names like Mighty Sparrow (?), so I thought Billy Ocean was, er, a calypsoish type of name.

**Born:** 21/1/50 in Trinidad, West Indies. I've four sisters who are all secretaries and a brother who's a carpenter. Has he ever made me anything? He's made a door for me that he's supposed to be putting in my house, so I'm hoping he'll do it soon because it's getting a bit cold. Hopefully he'll have done it by next winter. . . .

**What was the first record you ever bought?** I think it was "Everyone's Gone To The Moon" by Jonathan King. What do I think of him these days? Well I'm surprised he's lasted for so long! Heh! Heh! Heh! I've met him a couple of times - at the Montreux Festival and, of course, when I appeared on *Entertainment USA*. I suppose he can come across as a bit of a big-head on TV, but when you meet him he's actually a very nice bloke.

**Do you have any pets?** I don't actually, but I'd love to have a dog. Just a mongrel, like the one I had when I was a kid. He was called Federation because he was born on the day that the West Indian Federation was formed (i.e. when all the islands came together in 1956), so if I had a dog these days, I'd call him Federation too.

**What's your bedroom like?** It's got a bed in it. What else do you want me to say? Well, it's a "kingsize" bed and it's got a thick mattress on it, so it's very comfortable. I think it's very important to get a good night's sleep.

**Where do you live now?** I have a four-bedroomed house in Ascot, Berkshire where I live with my wife, Judy, and my three children - Cherie, Rachael and Anthony. It has about one and a half acres of ground with it and a very nice garden which I enjoy pottering around in. I'm a keen gardener, but time doesn't allow me to be as keen as I'd like to be. I enjoy keeping it tidy though, and it's very therapeutic as well.

**Are there any gnomes in your garden?** No. I dunno why. I suppose it's because I've never fancied a gnome. That sounds a bit funny, doesn't it? Haw! Haw! Haw! (??)

**With a name like "Ocean" are you fond of the sea?** Yes, I love it. Especially in the West Indies where the sea is a lovely clean, rich blue. I'm not a great swimmer, I suppose because I taught myself, so I can only do the "frog". That's where you just push through the water with your hands and wiggle your feet a bit. (I think he means the doggy-paddle, viewers - Ed.)



**What makes you want to chug up?** Chug up? Oh, you mean "huglie" or "ralph"!

I remember once I was at a punk gig where a lot of the audience were all spitting on the band, and I spotted a long globule of spittle trailing from the neck of one of the guy's guitars. . . Eeeeuurrghhh!!!

**How long have you had a beard?** I've had a beard for a good while. It used to be bigger - from cadburn to sideburn, but I had to snip it because it started going grey. My hair's been going grey since I was about 30, so these days I dye it with some stuff my barber gave me.

**What's the scariest thing that's ever happened to you?** There was one time when I was shooting a video and the director had decided he wanted to use a tiger in it. The plan was I had to walk over to the tiger, stroke it on the head, give it a little hug and then start to sing. Just before we did the "take", there was lots of smoke billowing around that was being used for the scene and it

"I always lie with my feet below the taps in the bath because it's nice to leave the cold tap trickling onto my big toe. . ."

didn't seem to agree with the tiger at all, who had pricked its ears up and didn't look very happy at all. Anyway, I walked over, miming away to the song, went to put my hand on the tiger's head, when all of a sudden it moved down and took my whole leg in its mouth! I just thought "I'll stay-calm-I'll stay-calm", and then the second later it took my leg out of its mouth and walked away, leaving dirty grey tiger's teeth-prints in my poo! leg! I don't get scared very easily, but that was pretty scary. . .

**How often do you take a bath?** At least once a day. If I'm in the West Indies or whatever, I might have as many as three a day because you tend to sweat so much there. I always lie with my feet below the taps in the bath, because if it's hot it's nice to leave the cold tap trickling onto my big toe. . .

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## Dear Black Type

How long has it been a crime to be fat or balding? To what do I refer? Your attitude to Marillion, especially Fish. All these so-called jokes about him in recent issues - "Would he win 'Most Fanciable Male' in the Smash Hits readers' poll?" "Would Madonna marry him?" "Ho ho, hysterical. And how funny you thought it was when he got married last summer! Most offensive of all was when Matheridge declared he had taken a severe beating with the stick they call ugliness at an early age" (Smash Hits, 2-15 December). Who are these Gods and Goddesses at Smash Hits who can decree which pop stars are attractive and which aren't? Presumably the Smash Hits staff are all models, none are fat nor bald. Better looking than, than your old boss Neil Tennant who, like Fish, is no picture but nonetheless a success. To be honest if I were stranded on a desert island with Fish, Rick Astley, Marti Pellow and Ben from Curiosity, I know whose Girl Friday I'd be! The real MAN with the bald patch and other human failings - not the dressed-up, pouping BOYS.

## Dear Black Type

After reading the letter from Jo Hodder (Smash Hits 13-26 January) I don't think I'll ever take the views of a 14 year old girl seriously ever again. More may shout and argue in the House of Commons (the term Parliament includes the House of Lords which is very civilised actually), but they achieve more than the average bunch of snivelling school-kids ever did and their arguments do not end in brawls as it usually does in the classroom. Besides that, what did she expect the Conservative Central Office to say? "Oh no! How upsetting that the country's population of trendy teenagers think that Mrs Thatcher is the second 'Most Horrible Thing!' We'd better get a bill rushed through to cut VAT on bubble-gum immediately!"? Maybe if Miss Hodder takes the trouble to attend a session in the Commons one day, she'll realise that there is more to running a country than buying bombs, that running a country is a bloody hard job and think before putting pen to paper next time. Yours sincerely, David Owen's In-Pot, Westminster.

# TENNANTS

WRITE TO Smash Hits, 81-85 Canary Street, London W1V 1PP.  
The most up-to-date issue gets a 150 record table and a Black Type tea-sovel. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

## Dear Black Type

Like many other people, I am writing about the comments made from Conservative Central Office (Smash Hits 16-29 December). I would most certainly take the views of a 14 year old girl seriously. Or a 13 year old or an 11 year old child for that matter. A brain is not something you miraculously acquire on reaching the "right" age (obviously, or that spokesperson would have received one by now). There are many people such as Ruth Lawrence, who already had an honours degree in Maths from Oxford University by the time she was 14. I myself passed O-level Chemistry at the age of nine and have grade A's in A-level Chemistry and O-level Maths and I'm only 14! If the spokesperson would like one, I could send him a copy of my paper on "The Non-Occurrence Of NMR Signals In Y Ba<sub>2</sub> Cu<sub>3</sub>O<sub>7-x</sub> Super-Conductors". But then I doubt he would take my views seriously (unless, of course, 14 year old boys are supposed to be branded different from 14 year old girls). Every single teenager has a brain. Every single teenager has views. And most of the people who are 14 now will be 18 before the next election. And maybe the spokesperson will still be around to repeat his comments - unless, of course, he's made trying to live his daughters' lives a full-time job. Yours, slightly muffled, Nigel Whatley.

## Dear Black Type

I'm annoyed! In Smash Hits (13-26 January) you linked the brilliant Bryan Adams with Stock, Aitken & Waterman in a most unfunny manner. Anybody with any musical taste knows that Mr Adams is the most fantastic "musical person" in the whole world ever. S.A.W. have

only made decent music with Princess and Kylie Minogue - usually they produce complete rubbish (e.g. Bazooka - aren't we useless! - rama, Mel & Kim and Rick Glastley). Not only do artists like Bryan Adams, INXS, T'Pau etc. sound great on record, they also sound rather brilliant live. How many S.A.W. productions do tours of the nation/world? Not many because they're incapable! I rest my case. A Bryan Adams, Glass Tiger, Rush, Whitesnake, Cutting Crew, Crowded House, INXS And T'Pau Fan, O.P.B., Mr Oakey, West Yorkshire.

## Dearest Blackie,

I don't know if you'll be able to help me or not, but seeing as you used to work where "He" used to... Is it true that when "God" created man he was into experimentation and in the early '50s made a baby (with his plaster cast kit) and instead of using a proper kit he placed the mould against a fat wall and this explains why (when babe grew to man) Neil Tennant had no bottom? ("Neil Tennant shall hath no bottom" is the 83rd commandment). Mary.

What can you possibly mean? (Flick flick leaf leaf...) Bottom-lowest part or point. Neil Tennant has no feet? Hence his incredible billowing costumerie "drapes" and motion-free "dance" routine, mayhap? (flick rattle...) Bottom, part on which things rest. Neil Tennant has no "occasional" tray? (thumb ruffle...) Bottom: Furthest point eg. bottom of the garden. Neil Tennant has no herbaceous borders? You, Mary, are clearly a dander-head of monumental proportions.

## How's It Goin' Black Type?

- Now that Comic Relief's over you'll all be wondering what to do with your red noses. Here are a few ideas (?? - Ed) ideas.
1. Stick it on the budgie's head so it can use it as a crash helmet when it flies into the window.
  2. Use it as a bogey catcher when you get a cold.
  3. Use it as scraper for those nasty plocks that hide in the dark, dark corners of your nose.
  4. Use it as a deterrent for when you feel tempted to pick your nose in public.
  5. Hard boil an egg, paint a face on it, place in plastic (nose and wool)! You have a weebie (and it doesn't fall down).
  6. Place it on a slug's back and you have an instant home-made mail. (ain't Dromat's Baggy Shorts (yee ha!), Uddington).

- Oh, dear. Never-never-in all my years have I heard six such unenticing suggestions as to what to do with a left-over red nose. You are hardly business school "material", Baggy, if you don't mind me saying so. Why here are just 25 internationally-approved wheezes for turning your seemingly use-free parker into a right old money "spinner".
1. Pretend it is a delicious radish and sell it to a Greek shipping "tycoon" for several thousand "drachmas" (Greek for "money").
  2. Pretend it is a strange fossil from Peru and sell it to the British Museum for a great deal of "loot".
  3. Pretend it is an antique billiard ball and sell it to Steve Davis for an undisciplined sum.
  4. Pop into the greengrocer's and purchase half a pound of tomatoes, then slip nose inside bag, pull it out again and declare "It! This is a tomato! I am a moon man and if you don't give me a million, I'll report you to the health authorities and you will go to prison for ever!"
  5. Pretend it is a thimble and sell it to your mum. (Not terribly money "spinning" this one, actually, but it's better than nothing.)
  6. Pretend it is a nuclear submarine and... (That's quite enough things to do with an old red nose - Ed).
- Carry on with a token 'n' towel instead! Byeeeeeee!!!!

CONTINUING THE SAGA ABOUT THE ANKLES...

I'M CALLING UP RENOVATORS

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# REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY BOY GEORGE

## MEL & KIM: That's The Way It Is (Supreme)

Interesting fact: Did you know that Pete Waterman (of Stock Aitken & Waterman, who produced and wrote this record) has two £7,000 palm trees in his huge living room, along with a Ferrari that had to be towed in there with the help of a crane? (Yes, because it's in the Rick Astley article on pages 12-13 - Quite a lot of people.) "So what?" I hear you spit. Well, that fact is far more interesting than this record which incidentally sounds a lot like another record by them. Stock Aitken & Waterman will not disappear simply because you desire them to. They're all part of a plot by the government who are trying to suffocate and confuse us all by feeding us hideous amounts of heterosexual fodder. Stock Aitken & Waterman are heavily involved in it. Off with their heads. (P.S. They do occasionally make a brilliant pop record.)



## MAXI PRIEST: How Can We Ease The Pain (10 Records)

Don't worry, Maxi, you've already eased my pain. But before you delude yourself, this is not a great record. It's what I would call a pleasant starter, but we've been waiting a mighty long time for the main course. Maxi Priest is another one of these under-rated reggae artists in need of a killer tune. His voice is simply superb and this is a carefully crafted lover's rock production. It's one of the few records here I'd want to take home.

## INXS: Devil Inside (Phonogram)

Inxs are a truly wonderful groovy mega-group and it's the way Michael Hutchence moves that makes all the girls drool. The music - though slightly rockist - is slightly more subtle than your average rock band and nice and spooky round the edges, but this does sound a bit like all the other records they've ever made. Oh yes; and I think the drummer is much funkier than Michael Hutchence.

## ROGER DALTRY: Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me (10 Records)

While listening to this I became comatose and woke up suddenly only when the nice young chap from Smash Hits walloped me with a trout. (P.S.) Hearing this it's hard to imagine that a nubile Boy George trotted off back in 1973 to Charlton Athletic Football Ground wearing split-kneed loins (preposterous low-waisted flares popular in early '70s) to see this rock Adonis, Roger Daltrey, when he was lead singer with The Who. Remember them? Well they were truly fabulous, but one could hardly use that word when describing this truly naff piece of plastic. Elton John (who wrote the song yours ogo) might be rock's answer to Sir Alastair Burnet (old bloke who reads the TV news) but he never sounded this bad.

## SIMPLY RED: I Won't Feel Bad (WEA)

To be honest I would feel worse than bad if I woke up looking like Mick Hucknall, but it has to be said that all the world's greatest voices come out of gargoyles-like faces. Look at yours truly. Mick Hucknall is one of those people who will offer you a glass of wine and then stab you in the back (Mick Hucknall was once rather rude about Boy George in an interview) but he can belt out a good song and sadly this ain't one of them. This time Mick sounds like he's a great singer auditioning at a local talent show.



## TAJA SEVELLE: Love Is Contagious (Paisley Park)

Love is contagious but then so is measles. This record's familiar because I've heard it before in a petrol station in St John's Wood. Yeah, I mean you'd be interested in that little fact. It's slightly reminiscent of "Hurts So Good" (by unknown songstress Susan Codgan) and it's another fat little pee with Prince's greasy grin in it. But it's my runner-up single of the fortnight and she ain't bad looking either.

## KISS: Turn On The Night (Phonogram)

Kiss are a rock and roll tragedy and this record is about as exciting as piles.

## VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE: I Walk The Earth (London)

Voice Of The Beehive are fronted by two dippy yankee girls and their single sounds like '60s ditty "You Really Got Me" by The Kinks. "So what?" I hear you spit, "Rick Astley sounds like Max Bygraves (ancient crooner much loved by gronnes)." And which of these two facts is the most hideous? I'll opt for the latter. The Beehives do

not move me. They sound rather like Kirsty McColl mud-wrestling with The Bangles. Still, they do seem to have included some heavy talent into their group with the wondrous Woody who used to be the drummer for Madness, so I expect something mega from them real soon.

## GLEN GOLDSMITH: Dreaming (RCA)

A touch of Marvin Gaye's "Sexual Healing" here, with slight reggae overtones which is alright in my book. The only thing that annoys me about this kind of music is that the lyrics are always so dull. Why does it always have to be "boy meets girl"? Why can't it be "boy meets traffic warden"? Or "Girlfriend in a Corn"?

## MORRIS DAY: Fishnet (WEA)

Having rushed straight from my yoga class I review the singles for Smash Hits this year rather hoping to find a groovy dance tune to practise my pretzel position to, and just when I'd given up all hope they popped on "Fishnet". On first hearing, it sounds like any other dance record: good groove, sexist lyrics - but it soon was you over and you almost immediately forgive the impish Mr Day for being a scrawny little heterosexual. "Fishnet, block panty hose." I ask you. What's going on in the world? Morris Day knows Prance and that's quite obvious from the first play, but this tune is guaranteed to get you grooving. Buy it now, listeners.

## BOY GEORGE: Live My Life (Virgin)

Fat, opinionated biechy drag queen attempts another comeback from the fat farm of insignificance. This record is truly awful and I advise all sane-minded people to avoid buying it. Boy George may be misunderstood, but he has no one to blame... apart from Fleet Street. This is so bad it could pass as an "art statement". Perhaps you should buy it after all, just to be different. (P.S. You wouldn't know he was fat from hearing him sing.)

## THIS WAY UP: Louise (Virgin)

When I left Culture Club I hoped that the rest of the band would end up as down and outs, so you can imagine my horror when that fat nouveau riche pig Roy Hay (Culture Club's guitarist) actually went and made a fabulous LP. It was livid. Well, from that long player comes another single called "Louise" which is well sung and very well produced. This Way Up are a very classy pop group and I've loved all their singles - this is no exception. You'll probably never hear it on Radio One, but if you buy it you won't be sorry.



## BREAKFAST CLUB: Never Be The Same (MCA)

Before I even got to listen to this record I was surrounded by a bunch of people squealing on about how handsome the group's songwriter, Steve Bray, is. Apparently he was once a boyfriend of the humble Madonna - the singer who's best known for dating Spanish dwarfs. This is an American pop record and I'm sure it will receive daytime play on the radio. It's bland, poppy, quite addictive but what the hell do I know! After all I met Mick Hucknall once and was convinced he liked me.

## WHITNEY HOUSTON: Where Do Broken Hearts Go! (Arista)

Bring back the Voice Of The Beehive before I gag.

## SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

### AGE OF CHANCE: Take It (Virgin)

This ballsy little record is probably the only attempt at originality on this page. It's the Beastie Boys with a social conscience, plus a snatch of an old Bowie song thrown in. Age of Chance make colourful videos, they wear decent clothes (they could double as Belshazzars on zebra crossings if they never make the charts), and they don't look the slightest bit conceited which makes a major change. I like the sampling on this record too because - after all - that's the future of popular music. (A boring person writes: "Sampling" is the technique where sounds - either real or from another record - are mixed, jiggled about a bit in a digital micro-chip thingy and then played back on a synthesiser. Why don't ya "take it" right to your hearts?")





ROY GEORGE

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CCUT 2

"SORRY, BUT



It's not often you get the chance to stuff your fingers into the back of your favourite pop star's bonce (if indeed ever), which is the sole reason why these corking new foam "replica" puppets are so incredibly remarkable! These ones (in case you can't guess, since they don't look very much like the "real" pop stars) are squishy versions of Mick Jagger, Stevie Wonder, Phil Collins and Madonna. Ponder for a sec on the hours of endless fun you can have with one!

You can have a rubbery-faced Madonna warbling "Into The Groove" in the comfort of your own home! You can squash your favourite pop star's face completely and make them look utterly hideous! You can even experiment by adding your own moustaches, moles etc. to a pop star's mooth with a felt-tip pen! Available now at your local bendy toy emporium for "around" £3.75!

▲ Two boys, a victim and a small person with a metal chicken on her head.

### A NIGHT ON THE TOWN (PG, 102 mins)

These days, every cinema in the land seems to show nothing but so-called "zany" comedy films in which one million totally ridiculous and unbelievable events befall the hapless stars during the course of one frantic night before it all ends happily ever after with a gigantic kiss-up. *A Night On The Town* is just such a film, but with one major difference; namely, that it is entirely brilliant.

Basically, it's about the oddest night of babysitting in the universe. Chris Parker, a reluctant 17 year old babysitter (played by Elisabeth Shue of *The Karate Kid*) is in charge of bratty young Sarah, her quite "cute" teenage brother Brad and his creepy mate Daryl, who's a mix of over-fond of cycling perry-mags. Since both the lads fancy Chris, all three kids tag along when she ventures from their safe suburb into the city to rescue her bonkers



▲ "When I'm calling pooooohooooo..." (!!)

mate from a bus station full of maniacs. But their car bursts a tyre en route. Chris discovers she's forgotten her purse, they get hijacked in a stolen car and end up in a den of thieves — and that's just the start of their problems.

To give more away would ruin the whole film, but suffice to say that they spend the rest of the night being pursued by some noxy-friendly characters who are desperate to retrieve a pervy-mag

▲ An old "wifty" and a window-cleaver "disgusted" as a small person with a metal chicken on her head.



▲ "Would you like some rice?" "Yes please!" — the dove.

full of incriminating notes which dodgy Daryl has nicked from their "lads" and it's all very hair-raising indeed. What makes it so much better than all the other recent films of this type, is that because the characters are so believable, their unlikely adventures are utterly gripping and the film itself is genuinely funny and touching — you can't help but feel sorry for the plight of 15 year old Brad, who's totally besotted with Chris but has to endure her falling in love with other hunky geezers because she thinks he's just a child. Blub! But at least it all ends happily ever after with a gigantic (well, smallish actually) kiss-up. Highly recommended, as they say.

Vici MacDonald

### THE COURIER (15, 88 mins)



▲ Someone calls "Mark" with gigantic papers and blackboards for eyebrows.



▲ Someone called "Mark" with his personal Adam's "apple" scratcher. (???)



▲ Curtis O'Riordan (ex-Pogues) trying to be a poutser.

This is one of the first films to be made in Ireland by Irish film makers and that's probably the reason why Ireland's most famous group i.e. U2 give one of their songs "Walk To The Water" (originally the B-side of "With Or Without You") for the film's soundtrack.

It's a thriller: a story about Mark, a motorcycle messenger in Dublin, who one day discovers that he is being used to transport heroin around the city. Mark's girlfriend Colette is played by Caitlín O'Riordan who used to be in The Pogues until she went off

and married Elvis Costello — the pop star famous in the late '70s for singing "meaningful" songs.

And, curiously enough, Elvis Costello too has provided a lot of tunes for the film and they're all available on a soundtrack LP with U2's song and others by lesser known Irish groups like Cry Before Dawn, Astan and Hothouse Flowers. And if you want to see a tough but touching film about somewhere that for once isn't "downtown", New York or "streetwise", London, you should go and see *The Courier*.

Reg "Reg" McSweeney

## THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS (CIC Video, PG, £75.00)

If you cast your minds back, viewers, through the swirly mists of time to last year (not very long ago at all really), you'll no doubt remember this dinky little "flick" which starred Helen "Supergirl" Slater and of course, Michael J. Fox. The storyline of the film centred around Brantley Foster (played by M.J. Fox) moving from a small farm in Kansas to New York in search of a job working for his Uncle Howard, who's the chief executive of the Pembrose Corporation, a company which manufactures everything from dog food to missile guidance systems!!

Anyway! Brantley goes to see Uncle Howe, gets a job working in the mailing room, discovers by reading some secret papers that the company's finances are in disarray, plunks himself into the seat in an empty executive's office, and starts making piles and piles of "dosh" for himself. . .

If you missed this summer of a "flick" when it visited your local fleaip (or perhaps you didn't), *The Secret Of My Success* has just been released on video



▲ Someone after a "kiss-up" with Michael J. Fox who reckons her American "art" digits are jolly magnificent.

and what's more, we've got 15 - 15!! - "VHS" copies to chuck in the general direction of 15 - 15!! - lucky readers. All you have to do for a chance of winning is answer this not too difficult question: What is the name of the American television show that brought Michael J. Fox fame and fortune in real life!

Send your answer with your name and address on something vaguely postable to **The Secret Of My Success Video Competition, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by March 8 and the first 15 correct entries out of the so-called hat will be sent a copy of this splendid vid. Bong!



▲ Michael J. Fox contemplating the magnificence of American "art" digits.

## BOOK

### PETER GABRIEL: An Authorised Biography (by Spencer Bright, Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95)

As the sober title suggests, this is a typical example of a "serious" "rock" biography - well researched, thorough . . . and a little bit dull. There's absolutely oodles here to help you appreciate

Peter Gabriel as a sensitive artist and person - lots about his songs and their "meaning", lots of delicately handled information about his marriage problems (and his wife Jill, fact fans, once had a pillow fight on the roof of their cottage), lots of meticulous family detail (his sister-in-law, fact fans, once shared a flat with Chris Davison, now better known as - ta da! - Chris "Never Hurry A Moment" de Burgh), and quite a bit about studio

recording techniques e.g. on his third LP he pioneered a modification of the "gated reverb" drum sound that (Zzzzzzzzzzzzz - Ed).

Quite. Anyway, if you want to know the true story of how a prince New England schoolboy danced with Princess Anne at Balmoral, joined a group called Genesis who used to quarrel furiously over Green Shield stamps, let's Genesis, issuing a statement that said (amongst other things) "I could not expect the band to tie in their schedules with my bondage to cabbages" (???) , named his first daughter Anna Marie by asking the first person he met in the street, a nun as it happened, what to call her, and made lots of thoughtful records, then it's all here in the minutest detail. It's a shame though that it's all presented so matter of factly, that the dull bits are deadly and even the interesting bits are a touch on the snoozy side. . .

Chris Heath

### DEBBIE GIBSON: Out Of The Blue (Atlantic)

This was originally released last year but then Debbie Gibson was completely unfamiliar so nobody took any notice of it. Now it's been resurrected, however, and rather good it is too. Once you get past the rather worrying warning on the sleeve - "I would like to thank Billy Joel whom I have never met, but remains an inspiration to me always" - the songs (all written by Debbie Gibson) are more like Madonna than anything else. About half of them don't really work at all, though, like those forgettable disco songs with banal lyrics and titles like "Red Hot" that you get in those adverts full of people jumping round in bright clothes that are supposed to be "young" and "lively". There are, luckily, a few exceptions (four, to be precise): two good dance-y things, the hit "Shake Your Love" and "Only In My Dreams", the rather cheery but effective "Luv-a" song "Out Of The Blue" and the best ballad "Foolish Beat" which incidentally is absolutely nothing like "Careless Whisper" (apart from the words and, er, the tune and, er, the saxophone at the beginning. ) (7 out of 10)

Chris Heath

famous etherial wail of yore. It's OK, even though it's the kind of thing best appreciated by people with the collected works of Dire Straits resting beside their compact disc players. (8½ out of 10)

Vic MacDonold

### EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL: Idlewild (blanco y negro)

There is something rather snooty about mournful duo Ben Watt and Tracey Thorn. They always seem to be trying to be so "adult"; so "sophisticated" and so "very deeply meaningful" a mean, how on earth can Tracey sing such a weedly pretentious couplet as "So here we are in Italy/Vich a sonnet and a dictionary" with such a so-far-faced voice? How can anyone love all those tinkling jazzy piano and whirling saxophones when they're all trying to be so careful all the time! And yet! And yet! There are moments where it all falls into place. At their rare best they are capable of moments of greatness which make it all worthwhile. Listen to the sublime country and westernish "These Early Days" or the blue-sounding "Take Over Town" and you can forgive them their dual snootiness. (7½ out of 10)

Willem Show

### Debbie Gibson *Out of the Blue*

### VARIOUS: Move - The Rhythm Kingdom LP (Rhythm King)

If all those dance records in the charts full of rapping, talking, sparse rhythms and odd noises make you feel quite queasy then you won't like this LP very much at all! It's a collection of trendy-ish dance music on the independent dance label Rhythm King and, in between the odd straight rap or Hi-NRG song there's an awful lot of that sort of thing. Only a few songs really stand out - particularly King Sun D Mox's rap ballad "Hey Love" and The Beatmasters & The Cookies Crew's recent hit, "Rock Da House" and it's also a shame that there's no sign of the label's other two huge hits - Talley's "I Love My Radio" (her follow up, the almost-a-good "Step By Step" is included instead) and Bomb The Bass' "Beat Da" (which is too recent). (6½ out of 10)

Chris Heath

### THE MISSION: Children (Phonogram)

The second LP from gothic pranksters The Mission holds fewer surprises than was rumoured. Produced by John Jones of ancient 70s synth-pop outfit Led Zepplin (whom the "Mish" are currently modelling themselves on) it includes several "stomper"s which go "dum-pa-thunk-dum-pa-thunk" at various speeds, and will incite gothsters to jump onto one another's shoulders and frantically punch their fists into the air at future Mission concerts. Then there are the "rousers" that begin with subdued drum thumpings and acoustic guitar plonkings and then build into awe-inspiring rock "anthems" (as in the current single "Tower Of Strength"). And finally, there are the "space" songs in "Breath" and "Black Mountain Miss" which are very snooty indeed, and should fare well with the cosmically-inclined. All in all, it's an impressive package that Mission fans will simply love. Faar-ou-ut!! (8 out of 10)

Tam McGinty

### ZODIAC HINDWRAP: Tattooed Beat Messiah (Phonogram)

I speak to you of the science of mythology / I speak of matters destined / I speak of zodiacal fore-commands!! Har har - what a waz old Zode is, eh listeners! This is the first of my "speeches" spluttering all over the place. Zodiac's incredible gurning 'todd' voice - though, he is, in fact, "speaking" to us of absolutely nothing except his incredible "rood" (hem quantele him) and how he could show the world's "briches" a thing or two about rumpo Zodiac-spluttering etc etc. How one like! Zodiac is, after all, just mild-mannered Mark Manning and he's having a bit of a giggle and this is actually a mere rock LP that's one LP invented by "mushas" who really can play their . . . erm "instruments" and it's all very one million miles an hour away from the rumpo rock of gawp-gawp-gawp version of their hit "Prime Mover" which was quite a squallin' belter and it's much better than any "metal" smothering the likes of Kiss and all those odd crumblers and Zodiac: a extremely good-looking and the whole thing is an absolute merdful stomper, gawp-gawp-gawp have believed it!! (8½ out of 10)

Sylvia Patterson

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**STEVE'S TIPS FOR THE TOP**

21 **Metro Dishes**  
Let's get brutal

22 **Was That Was?** Spy in the House of Love

23 **Eddy Grant** Gimme Hope Jo Anna

24 **Sleazeb 0' Career**  
Monsieur

25 **Billy Ocean** Get Outta My Dreams

26 **T-Pain** Valentine

**PHONE... STEVE WRIGHT**

**31 TRUE STORIES**  
'a giant jellyfish ate my family...'

**32 FASCINATING FACTS**  
'bulls manure make your hair grow...'

**33 SHOWBIZ GOSSIP**  
'sparks fly between Captain Kirk and Mr Spock...'

**THIS WEEK'S TOP 10**

01 No.1 single

02 No.2 single

03 No.3 single

04 No.4 single

05 No.5 single

06 No.6 single

07 No.7 single

08 No.8 single

09 No.9 single

10 No.10 single

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## I GET WEAK



BELINDA • CARLISLE

Words and music by Diane Warren • Reproduced by permission Copyright Control • On Virgin Records

When I'm with you I shake inside  
My heart's all tangled up  
My tongue is tied  
It's crazy  
Can't walk can't talk can't eat can't sleep  
Oh I'm in love oh I'm in deep  
'Cause baby with a kiss you can stop me defenceless  
With a touch I completely lose control  
All that's left of my strength is a memory  
Woh woh oh woh oh woh

**Chorus**  
I get weak when I look at you  
Weak when we touch  
I can't speak when I look in your eyes  
I get weak when you're next to me  
Weak from this love  
I'm in deep when I look in your eyes  
I get weak I get weak

Convincing eyes persuasive lips  
The helpless heart just can't resist their power  
You know you've got a hold over me  
You know you've got me where I want to be  
'Cause lover like a wave you keep pulling me under  
How I'll ever get out of this I don't know  
I just know there's just no way to fight it  
Woh woh oh woh oh woh

**Repeat chorus**  
I get weak  
Woh woh oh woh oh woh oh woh oh  
I get weak when I look at you  
Weak when we touch  
I can't speak when I look in your eyes  
I'll get weak when you're next to me  
Weak from this love  
I can't speak when I look in your eyes I I eyes

## Gimme hope Joanna

Well Jo'anna she runs a country  
She runs in Durban and the Transvaal  
She makes a few of her people happy oh  
She don't care about the rest at all

She got a system they call apartheid  
It keeps a brother in a subjection  
But maybe pressure will make Jo'anna see  
How anybody could live as one oh

Gimme hope Jo'anna hope Jo'anna  
Gimme hope Jo'anna fore the mourning come  
Gimme hope Jo'anna hope Jo'anna  
Hope before the mourning come

I hear she make all the golden money  
To buy new weapons in the shape of guns  
While every mother in a black Soweto  
Fears the killing of another son

Snakin' across all the neighbours' borders  
Now and again having a little fun  
She doesn't care if the fun end games she play  
Is dangerous to everyone oh

**Chorus**  
Gimme hope Jo'anna gimme hope Jo'anna  
Gimme hope Jo'anna fore the mourning come  
Gimme hope Jo'anna gimme hope Jo'anna  
Hope before the mourning come

She got supporters in high up places  
Who turn their heads to the city sun  
Jo'anna give them the fancy money oh  
To tempt anyone who'd come

She even knows how to swing opinion  
In every magazine and the journals  
For every bad move that this Jo'anna make  
They got a good explanation oh

**Repeat chorus**

Even the preacher who works for Jesus  
The Archbishop who's a peaceful man  
Together say that the freedom fighters will  
Overcome the vary strong

I wanna know if you're blind Jo'anna  
If you wanna hear the sound of drum  
Can't you see that the tide is turning oh  
Don't make me wait till the mourning come oh

**Repeat chorus to fade**

Words and music by Eddy Grant  
Reproduced by permission Greenheart Music/Intersong  
On Ice Records



# How To Make A Video Using Only 60 Camels, 37 Horses, A Helicopter And An Ancient Pink "City:"

**It's a hard life being in The Sisters Of Mercy. First you have to fly to the Middle East to make the video for your new single "Dominion", then you have to put up with the desert heat, and then, to "cap" it all, along comes *Smash Hits* "reporter" Derrin Schlesinger to ask "what on earth is going on?!" . . .**

**I**t's 1800 hours aboard Royal Jordanian Airlines flight number 114 and a smartly dressed Arab businessman is covering in the aisle looking peaky in the extreme. This, dear viewers, is not a reaction to an imminent mid-air collision or even a spot of bothersome turbulence; but, no, said quivering guest has just caught sight of the lowering stature of Patricia Morrison, bass player with The Sisters Of Mercy. And fair ruffled him up it has too.

"My mother warned me when I was a boy to beware the coming of a lady in black," he quavers in explanation as to why his feet have become welded to a point three feet in front of Patricia.

"That's me," she smiles naughtily.

"That's why I'm frightened," he whispers.

"So you should be." And with that she sweeps past the poor bewildered Arab and disappears down the aisle triumphantly.

"That's it, I'll scare the shit out of them!"

And as it turns out this is no idle threat, for that oddest of couples, that scariest of pairs, The Sisters Of Mercy, have come all the way to the Hashemite kingdom of Jordan to show a motley assortment of Bedouins, passing tourists, horses, camels and a helicopter lighter pilot what happens when you make a pop video in the desert . . .

**T**he whole idea for the video to The Sisters Of Mercy's new single, "Dominion", is a bit of an odd one. For a mere £50,000 (i.e. less than it took to film The Sisters' last video in the comfort of a London studio) a video is going to be made thousands of miles away across the oceans which the record company, at least, boasts will be "the greatest video ever made!" In order to do this the film company who are to shoot the video have spent four and a half months working out how to get 15 people together (along with stacks of camera, sound and lighting equipment) for two days filming in February in the ancient city of Petra in the middle of the Jordanian desert. And rumour has it that Petra, with its massive old buildings hewn out of the pink desert rock, is a bit of a "mazin" so-called "wonder" of the world! Only problem is that Jordan is in the Middle East and the Middle East is in a rather large pickle as

far as having wars is concerned. Nothing to worry about, the record company had consoled one and all, it's a whole day's tank drive from the nearest war!

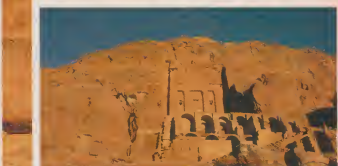
However, as it turns out, no one seems too concerned about all that. Other things though are troubling our heroic duo. "The nearer we get, the more worried I get," Patricia explains on the plane. "I mean how do they treat their women folk? Yikes!" The other member of The Sisters Of Mercy, Count Andrew von Eidntch, has worries of the four legged variety it seems. "Andrew's petrified of horses and apparently you have to ride one to get to where we're filming. I can't wait to see him fall off one hahahaha."

On top of all this though there's another small problem. After filming the video for their last single, "This Corrosion", in torrential rain, slime and acres of billowing steam, Andrew Eidntch has decided there's no better antidote than a couple of days basking in the boiling heat of the desert this time. The only trouble is there's been a slight fuke in the weather conditions over Jordan and it's er, snowing! The Count, however, has been tipped off as to the high snow chill factor and has been out and purchased a pair of best thermal under "garments" (at £32 - a snip), and is thus looking thoroughly snug 'n' satisfied under his newly cultivated grisly beard.

**T**he day of the filming arrives and every last fluke of snow has disappeared. The film crew and the group are standing around bleary-eyed awaiting sunrise at the very un-quick'n'roll hour of 5.30 am so that the shooting can commence. A local Bedouin (who incidentally is a bit of an old pro at this filming lark having been in famous old desert film Lawrence Of Arabia and a Taiwanese version of *Ali Baba*) saunters up to watch the action. "They bring luck with them," he announces mysteriously. "We've had 10 days in a row of bad weather, but now they've come the weather will be good." Spook upon spook. For the next two days The Sisters Of Mercy will ask life and limb jumping in and out of helicopters, running up and down rocks, leaping on and off horseback and pretending to sing to their new tune, all under the glare of the desert sun. . .



Photos: Paul Ripon



## STEP 1: FIND LOCATION

**V**oid'n'crumbly ancient city tinted a nice shade of pink. **ANDREW:** "I'm impressed by the scale of this place. Why did I choose the desert? Well, it's certainly true that after the last video I wanted somewhere warm and dry. I'm more at home in the city than the desert but these days I'm not so sure I couldn't cope with a Bedouin lifestyle here - they lead quite an aesthetic life. But I don't like the elements I like to be close to the elements but not subject to them."

## STEP 2: FIND EXTRAS

**60** camels, 37 horses and quite a lot of Bedouins to ride about on top of them. . . (NB Allow two days travelling time for Bedouins to ride from all over Jordan to get to location, allow plenty of bottles of best colic as extras get v. thirsty v. quickly, filming must stop twice daily for extras to drive down onto their knees for morning and afternoon prayers, try and cover up the fact that Bedouins nowadays sport v. desert-like trainers, allow £1000 to pay them all for their troubles.)

**PATRICIA:** "The Bedouins are so helpful and co-operative. When we filmed 'This Corrosion' all the extras were old Sisters Of Mercy fans we rounded up from Kensington market (gloomy London shopping haunt for Goths). All they did was complain. One girl told me how much she hated Andrew and that I should go back to my old group."



# PART 1: THE SISTERS OF MERCY

## STEP 3: FIND COSTUMES



● Whiter-than-white suit worn with authentic Bedouin-style tea towel covering newly dyed eyebrows (!), beard and hair.

**PATRICIA:** "I told Andrew to get that white suit. He thought that he looked like a waiter but I told him it glowed like a God so he said 'oh good and got it.'"

**ANDREW:** "The white suit reflects the inner me. I almost wore my old school tie but I thought it would be too much. I'm wearing this suit to a party in San Francisco next week so I'm wearing it in—the dirtier and more crumpled it looks the better."



● Cream suit worn with spiky black stilettoes and newly dyed black Ingh-nog architecturally constructed with hairspray.

**PATRICIA:** "The costumes were really hard to get. I had one made for me originally. It cost £90 and it made me look like Wonder Woman. I made this myself in the end using whalebone. How did I get the bone? You kill someone heheheh. Nah, it's plastic. It's hard to climb rocks in these heels! No. They're not as high as the ones I climbed Mount Vesuvius in Italy in. Everyone else was sliding around, but I was OK—I had traction."

## STEP 4: FIND PROPS

● The sword (a close mate of Stanley the stick and Andrew the Court), v. useful for waving about when standing on a big rock miming to one's new single

**ANDREW:** "Stanley the stick started in the last video. He got replaced by the sword, but he's still a mate and I brought him over here with me. [True fact. The Court has insisted on bringing a metal stick held together with Sellotape all the way to Jordan.] I named him because he's my friend. Doktor Avatanche The Drum Machine is my friend, a good length of steel tubing is always my friend. The sword is a friend but it's not mine, it's rented, so if it's not going to be called anything."



## STEP 5: FIND HELICOPTER



● Free swank helicopter (worth 8.5 million pounds and usually costing £20,000 per day to hire) lent by v. nice Jordanian artorer. Useful for taking pop stars to top of very high rocks in very high winds (i.e. "14 knots" (whatever that means) as la Annetta Rice

**ANDREW:** "There's a monastery up on the ridge which you can't actually get up to so the helicopter dropped us off and we climbed the rest of the way up the rocks to the top. It was about three miles above the ground with the wind blowing. I wasn't scared in the helicopter—it was great. I'm very much into helicopters. I am scared of



heights yes, if I'm too close to the edge. But it's different in a helicopter because I trust the machinery. In the end I just sat up there on the rock. Patnoia, of course saunters up and dances around the edge and saunters back down. It took me two hours to stop shaking after that. I've never been so frightened in my entire life.

**PATRICIA:** "I'm not impressed by the helicopter. I mean it's great we've got it for the video but I'm not 'wow! I must go in it.' It's a boy's thing. Now, if it were a pair of shoes it would be different. It would be 'I've got to have that pair of shoes and my life will be wonderful!'"

## STEP 6: FIND HORSES

● Horses, v. useful for chasing Bedouins on over sharp n' pointy stones.

**ANDREW:** "I was scared of them at first, in fact I was petrified—they're too smart."

**PATRICIA:** "Has Andrew learnt to ride yet? No, he can't ride, he can just sit on it. He said to me 'Patnoia, what does it mean when it snorts?' I told him 'It doesn't mean anything, it's just got something up its nose'."



## STEP 7: FIND TIME FOR "TEA"

● The Court popping in for a quick cuppa at the local Greasy Joe's tea emporium

**ANDREW:** "I don't like conversation. I mean how many people want to talk about deconstruction in post war German drama?"

**BEDOUIN:** "?????"



## STEP 8: FIND "STORYLINE"



**ANDREW:** "The video is halfway between a road movie and a Greek tragedy. It's about monumental power and the futility of it. The man who arrives by car in the white suit at the beginning of the video and the mad dictator on top of the rock are one and the same. It's the story of Ozymandias (bloke in poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley who was a brilliant but occasionally bonkers poet). He's a derelict waste of a person very much like myself. He's an intellectual boy turned bad. What would I do if I had that sort of power? I'd take my helicopter and obliterate France. No, I wouldn't have to obliterate it, but I'd certainly void it of the French."

**PATRICIA:** "There is no story. When I was acting I didn't know what feeling I was meant to be showing because I didn't know what was going on. I just looked confused. It's great because when people watch it they're meant to be confused too."



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● 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.

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TPUNALPPRRCPHRRGAZ  
BPAOSHEAOAEENTY  
DMSIDINTIUGTTYRURA  
MLSRLEAILRSMYOOIWL  
COECCENENLIBEEMPCYCS  
NLOIEMILSNAASTLKK  
AODIFCIRLEOUGIPURC  
LRTOHCOEACELCRSAEI  
RPUOFTHLABNLPEPLR  
RPLPNPLCYCRAAIATLT  
TARIOBAASKOULTLELA  
SSOEUWTUYPRLRIEWP  
SPHPTESLSIIPWTPLY  
YECESETRINCLOLATUO  
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SESSELTALEWOTEPS  
TYPHISENAOHCENIRP  
EHPHFNORAEFLIHP  
PPPEELTSACDRAHLUAP

● The answers are standing on their head to the right!

- PAT BENATAR
- PATRICE HUSHEH
- PATRICK SWATZE
- PATSY KENST
- PATTI LABELLE
- PAULA YATES
- PAUL HARRICASTLE
- PAUL MOGAN
- PAUL MCCARTNEY
- PAUL MCGRAW
- PAUL NICHOLAS
- PAUL SIMON
- PAUL WELLER
- PAUL YOUNG
- PEPSI AND SHIRLIE
- PETER GABRIEL
- PETER POWELL
- PETE MYLIE
- PETE SHOP BOYS
- PHIL COLLINS
- PHIL COOL
- PHIL FEARON
- PHILIP SCHOFIELD
- P.I.L.
- PODIGES
- POINTER SISTERS
- POISON
- POLICE
- POWER STATION
- PRETENDERS
- PRICE
- PROCLAIMERS
- PSEUDO ECHO
- PSYCHEDELIC FURS
- PUBLIC ENEMY

# SMASH HITS

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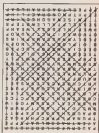
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# PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No. 45 (27 January)  
● The winner is Tracy Hill from Colchester  
No. 50 (10 February)  
● The winner will be announced in the next issue; meanwhile the answers are twirling below.

**ACROSS:** 1 Clime Fisher; 7 Tho. 8 "Roadblock"; 11 Wax; 12 "West End (Gang); 13 "Vito"; 14 RCA; 15 M.A.S.F.; 17 "I'll Fly For You"; 21 "Rain In The Summertime"; 23 "Whenever You Need Somebody"; 27 Living (In A Box); 28 image; 29 Sun (Rabbit).  
**DOWN:** 1 Cher; 2 "Ideal World"; 3 (Living) In A Box; 4 Icie (Works); 5 H.E. "Rain In The Summertime"; 9 "William It Was (Really) Nothing"; 10 "You Win Again"; 15 Abba; 16 "Got My Mind Set On You"; 19 Mel (And Kim); 20 "This) Wheel's (On Fire)"; 22 (Sue) Rowe; 24 Dave; 25 Magic; 26 Yogi (Bear).

# STAR TEASER



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Awards so-called ceremonies, eh listeners? Pihtrihtrih! There was **Mutterings**, sat-a-front its television screen in brilliant anticipation – complete with a packet of crisps, n' onion Tubes – waiting for the scandal! The rumours! The punch-ups twd rival posters! And what happened? **Nothing**, that's what!

**Marti Pellow** from **Wet Wet Wet** dtd? accidentally drop his telephone number down the not-very-large crack of the wigglin' temptress who "helped" him down the stairway (Wee, not that **Mutterings** saw anyway) Not even anyone laughed at **Mike Smith's** preposterous beard!! **It's That's not so nicely true** – Several **Housand BP** awards attendees plus a number of entire nations across the globe! In no indeed – all that happened was **Chris de Bieoughe** caused several billion viewers to be

irritably sick in their "remote" control fringes **"Come come now make!** Luave is the most intimate beautiful... Cease those dribblings you Celtic crumbler!! And then, of course, there was the slightly swaying of the ruddy-faced quaverer that is **Sir Rick Astley** – spurred for the creaky twingings of some ancient doozies, called **The Who** that no one's ever heard of. An outrage!! And so this brings us to **Mutterings**, very own, far more revered, "That Was The Year That Was Whaliver That Means" Awards for 1988.

**The Two Fingers** To The **BP** **Marty Drown** With **Dodderers I Wuz Robbed** Award to **Sir Rick Astley** for selling more records than the "mighty" **Madonna** in Britain last year. Instead, for every 1,354 single discs "Big" Rick sold, Madonna sold a paltry 1,102. A resounding pihtrihtrih!! to the **BP!**

**The We're Innocent Giv' Couldn't** See **The Yellow Lines Day** To **Indulgence Of The Bum Truffles** Award to **The Bee Gees** who grasped their way out of the Royal Albert Hall having received not so much as a commemorative tooth-pick – to find their imitative had been clamped... **The "We'd Be Well Insulted If It Wasn't For Our Blatant Disregard Of The System 'Cos We're So Radical Man"** Award to...

**New Order** who primly received their award for Best Video only to discover it had been engraved "True Face" instead of "True Faith" and then bits started falling off the "Troughy" anus Df dear **The "I'm Such A Larister**

# Mutterings

And A Happening Dade And **My Eyes Are Like Plates** Award to **Terece**

**"Trotu' O'Arby"** who apparently skulked into the glicies of rival record company **WEA**, spandled into the "lavatories", turned all the taps on and ganged out again – causing a swilly flood of their snoot-reception area. What a lye! Terece, meanwhile, has stated "Well, it wasn't me maan". **Pihtr!** **The Deane Me Your Jaw Is Made From Girders** Award to **Boy George** who came to the "rescue" of his wee sister, **Sobhan**, the other week at a family "do". Said wee sister had a drink slopped over her nice hand by a wayward waitress for some reason and the "Boy" responded by billing a not-very-Jessie-like bouncer and crushing his flowery little fingers in the process. **Aw (ahem) 6** The "Never Judge A Man Until You've Sailed Three Leagues In His Cosmetic Purse" to **Michael Jackson** who, rumour has it as usual, has had his lips "latosed" a delicate hue of rose-bud so he doesn't have to wear lip-stick any

more. The man is either a) a skintint of the highest "order", b) the laziest "man" who ever existed or c) clearly demented. (Can you guess which one, listeners?) **The Blimey Mum There's A Fainted Fortress On The Blower!** Award to **Bros!** who are causing several flusterings in their hometown due to their "biggers", at times who've been calling up all the numbers in the phone book under the names **Goss** and **Logan**. These innocent townstake are planning to demand that the group "do something" about this or they will kill them. (Well, they may give them a bit of a dirty look at least.) **Craig**'s drinks you is also a mile perplexed, snorting "We got lots of calls too! There's really nothing we can do about it. I'm just as unhappy about all the misery this has called." And that, listeners, is what you get for having spiky cheekbones. **The "Uncle Disgusting Fwoooooo" Dies** About A Birrova Kiss-Up Even Though You're Drily **4 1/2"** Award to **David Van Day** of **Dollar!** who's gone all goggly round the

gills at the "prospect" of **Tiffany** and recently sent her a bunch of red roses, his telephone number, a photograph of himself and a note declaring "To my number one girl! All my love, David!" **"Spandize In All Things Herp Underquady Herp"** Award to "leaky" flame-head **Carol Decker!** who's attempting to preserve her explosive tonsils by not quaffing her favourite lipgips – wine and champagne. "They're bad for my throat," she drings you. "So when I'm on tour I try to stick to beer and then perhaps a little brandy before bed. (A liver writes I am suffering from an immensely complex) **To The "Intrinsic Values Of Emotional Expression, Despair and Undiscussableness"** Award to **Morrissey!** who is about to make his acting debut in **Brookside's** so-called spin-off programme with a useless name, **South Morrissey**, takes a deep and

"caustic" breath, rolls his eyebrows skywards, clasps his hands a-front his sparrow-like "chest" and declares his performance "compulsive non-viewing, essentially kettle-on-lime". **Mutterings** thinks he's trying to say "it's going to be a bit dull, actually." **17** The "Crivens My Incessant Tongue Has Mollied The Telephone Receiver" Award to **Robbie Gibbons!** who's the "threes" of a bit of a lift with her mum because she won't get off the blower of an eve. "She threatened to leave the phone out!!!!" moans Debbie on the **Mutterings** hot-line! "That really freaked me out, I only chat on the phone for a couple of hours every night, but my mum reckons that's far too much. So what I plan to do is... I've had a barruloo so she'll soon have enough lull to buy her very own telephone box at the bottom of the road which will only take "phonecards" or 999 calls only or won't work unless it's a "phonecard" or (SHUT UP! – Ed) **12** The "Hello, Do You Know Me?" Award to **Julian Brookhouse** of **Cursivity Killed The Cat!** who's just bought his first ever house after years of "living in a horrible" council flat. His new abode resides in a swank area of London and cost him – guppie – a quarter of a million "pounds" even though they haven't had a hit tune out for several million decades!!! How very "odd"...

**13** The "How Dare You Sully My Name Even Though I Will Insist On Making Videos With Persecutes Whose Clothes Always 'Accidentally' Fall Off It's All To Do With The Irony Of Success Being A Doubled-Edged Sword" Award to **George Michael!** who is currently planning to sue an American perv-"magazine" for featuring a caricature of himself "together" with two postresses with no clothes on in a "comic" strip!! How thoroughly unscrupulous! Pop stars, eh? Phuhhhwah! Be off the lot of you and take your awards, one gilt embossed cheese n' onion Tube each from **Mutterings**' very last packet – an honour indeed considering the way they melt in one's mouth with that lullful sensation not unlike... (Snick) Sometimes I despair of you **Mutterings**, I really do. Just bid the viewers farewell and clear off! – Ed) Byeoooo!!!!!!!



Residents of South London with the surname Goss or Logan are getting v. annoyed as they keep getting rung up at home by people wanting to speak to Bros. . .

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This is a gigantic double-sided poster. Rather good, don't you think?



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This is a packet of five stickers to start off your collection. They've all got a picture of a pop star on one side and some sticky stuff on the other (hence the name). They're ever so fab.



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