

SMASH HITS

17 hit songs including:

Loaf's amoney
Wet Wet Wet
New Order

"Blimey!
It's Climie!!!"

Climie Fisher have a "Picnic"

MADONNA:
Is her new play
any good?

See
pages
34-36

BROS
TON MAYO
PREFAB SPROUT
WHITNEY HOUSTON
THE CHRISTIANS
AZTEC CAMERA
ERASURE
PRINCE

BELINDA
CARLISE

POSTERS:

Kylie Minogue ● A-ha ● Five Star ● Patrick Swayze

POSTER

NICK
kamen



c o n t e n t s

could be seen a perfect stitch in rock's rich tapestry (?) — a young bloke

whips his breaks off in a laundrette, becomes a bit famous, makes a record with Madonna, becomes even more famous etc. . . etc.

But then, of course, it all went horribly wrong for Nick Kamen and he released a couple of singles that scarcely troubled the top forty — but now — hey! — he's back with a new tune called "Tell Me".

Surely he must be a bit nervous about "re-launching" his "career" after having dangled by a sine wave above the jaws of the dumpster?

"No, not at all. Um. . . it's um. . . it's um. . . it's um, just the beginning, y'know? I had a lot of success last year, and the fact that things didn't go quite so well at the end of the year has actually spurred me on to do better things now — to work even harder. It did me good in fact."

Nick Kamen, viewers, is rattling away to us on the other end of a transatlantic phone line, for he is, in fact, in L.A. (man) "cutting" some tracks for his second LP.

"I've been out here on and off for about three months since Christmas. It's great! I really like the people here and the amount of enthusiasm they have for work. It also gives me a chance to get away from big cities and stuff because L.A. is so spread out. Have I been sunbathing a lot? Yeah, I've got a serious tan, so I guess I'm looking a bit Mexican at the moment."

Mexican-looking or not, it hasn't put Nick's famous pals off him. "Tell Me" is co-written by Madonna's producer bloke, Pat Leonard, and on the 12" of this vinyl bonanza, you can clearly hear the glamoursmith herself tweeting merrily away in the background.

"Madonna had been recording with Pat too, so when it came to 'Tell Me' I just asked her if she wanted to do some backing vocals, and she was up for it."

So how are you and Madonna getting on, Nick? Do you still quite fancy her?

"I never fancied Madonna. Just because we were friends, it doesn't mean there was anything between us."

Not even a little bit?
"Not even a little bit."

Fair enough. So what else have you been up to then?

"I've just shot the video for the single out here in a desert near this place called Green Acres. The story that I arrive in this ghost town when my car breaks down, and I begin to have a fixation with this picture of a girl (?), but I don't know where she's from or anything about her — and then I meet a dog who tries to help me find her (?), but what I don't know about her is that she's in fact a 50 foot giant (?), and then I discover the girl and the dog connects with her and the dog becomes a 50 foot giant and *(burbles on like this for several weeks until)* . . ."

So! Do you know if Boy George still fancies you then?

"I've no idea. . ."

Do you have a special message for him all the way from L.A. (man)?

"George? Yeah! I've always got a message for George! He was about 'You can use my boat anytime, George'. . . (???????)"

Nick Kamen — worralad, eh?

4-9 BITZ: The return of **Five Star** and their incredible exploding frightwigs! **Derek B's** guide to life (don't try this one at home, viewers!!!) Plus!!!! **Patrick Swizzle** with a gibbon on his head. . .(???)

14-15 BELINDA CARLISE: Is she a woman of "morals"? Would she eat her pet pig to save the universe???

17 CROSSWORD: It'll belt your bonce off!

20 RSVP: It'll belt your bonce off!! (Part Two)

22-23 PRINCE: Why on earth does he get called Skipper? Why does he dwell in a purple galaxy?! Because he's "possibly" a tad unhinged that's why. . .

24 COMPETITION WINNERS: It'll belt your bonce off! (Part Three)

27 GET SMART: Mags of A-ha being a "spook" bloke! **Bros** splitting up (except they haven't!)

28-29 AZTEC CAMERA: Roddy Frame! His guitar is a spaceship! He wants to meet a deadly cream cracker!

31 THE SMASH HITS SHOP: "Happening!!" (?)

34-36 CLIMIE FISHER: Come with us, if you will, on a picnic with the dynamic "duo" who once knew a sheep that thought it was a dog and who're not very good at staying flame-free. . .(?????)

38-43 POSTERS: Morten Harket from A-ha, **Five Star** and their incredible frightwigs and **Kylie Minogue**. . .

45 COMPETITION: Win £5000 worth of "denim"!

48-49 PERSONAL FILE: **Garry Christian** (The Christians)

50 LETTERS: **Black Type** — worratube!/?

54 POISON: They're rock 'n' roll rebels and they'll tipple 'til they topple!

59 PREFAB SPROUT: Something about The Sprout, jumping frogs, hot dogs and figrolls (berbee!)

63-70 REVIEW: **Danny Wilson** "scrutinise" Steve Martin's new "lick"! **Erasure** perform some pervings — **Whitney Houston** doesn't. **Madonna** trends the boards in her new play. Plus! New singles by "thousands" of people. . .

75 STAR TEASER: It'll belt yer bonce off! (Part Four)

76-77 SIMON MAYO: One, two, three or more eggs, sir!/?

79 MUTTERINGS: Ah, the giddy world that is pop. . .

80 PATRICK SWAYZE POSTER: He's a birrova "looker" is our Swizzle. . .

s o n g s

8 NEW ORDER: Blue Monday

13 HARRY ENFIELD: Loadsamoney (Don' Up The House)

13 THE PRIMITIVES: Out Of Reach

18 MAGNUM: Start Talking Love

18 MICA PARIS: My One Temptation

19 CLIMIE FISHER: This Is Me

33 BILLY OCEAN: Calypso Crazy

33 PRINCE: Alphabet Street

41 KYLIE MINOGUE: Got To Be Certain

47 AZTEC CAMERA: Somewhere In My Heart

47 DEREK B: Bad Young Brother

52 STAR TURN ON 45 PINTS: Pump Up The Bitter

54 POISON: Nothin' But A Good Time

55 HEART: What About Love

55 NARADA: Divine Emotions

59 PREFAB SPROUT: The King Of Rock 'N Roll

73 WET WET WET: With A Little Help From My Friends

Vol.10 No.10 Cover photo: Andrew Catlin



Photo: Paul Ross

Aztec Camera



Photo: Simon Fowler

Simon Mayo



Climie Fisher



Photo: Andy Catlin

Prince



Photo: J.P.

bitz

● The "geetar" drums its merry twing twangin' away like anything! (?)
Twangin' a tune so oily and keen
Unless, of course, you're Bruce Springsteen

Helo viewers
My name is
Mark Holly except
a lot of people
think I'm called
Mark Bianco
because that's the
name of my group
which makes it all
terribly confusing
Anyway I've just
invented a new
tune called 'Don't
Blame It On The
Guit' and it's rather
good. If truth be
told



BIRTHDAYS

MAY

- 18 The Pope
- 20 Mark "Nasher" Nash (Frankie Goes to Hollywood) 25
- 21 Tim Lever (Dead or Alive) 27
- 22 Marissey 39
- 23 Joan Collins 52
- 24 Bob Dylan (croaky old folkie) 47
- 25 Paul Weller (The Style Council) 30
- 25 Wayne Hinesy (The Mission) 39
- 27 Siouxsie Sioux (i.e. of The Banshees) 31
- 28 Roland Gift (Fine Young Cannibals) 25
- 29 Larry Blackmon (Cameo) 32
- 30 Mel Gayner (Simple Minds) 26
- Francis Rossi (Status Duo) 39
- 30 Stephen "Tea Towel" Duffy 25
- 31 Wendy Smith (Pretet Sprout) 25

Curiosity Killed The Cat in video sensation!!!

Yes viewers it's true. The momentous event which the world of pop has been waiting for with "bated" breath has finally come to pass i.e. Curiosity Killed The Cat are releasing a video!!! It's called "Running The Distance" and it consists of the videos for all four Curiosity singles - "Down To Earth", "Ordinary Day", "Misfit" and "Freak". And the first 25 viewers to state which member of the group designed the Curiosity "logo" can win a copy! Answers on a postcard to: We Don't Want To Be We Competition, Smash Hits, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF by May 31.



DEREK B's "GRADE"



HOME

"At the moment I'm living in Soho in the middle of London's West End. It's just a rented place, so it's not exactly the way I'd like it to be. Ideally, I'd like to have a warehouse place - not one of those quarter million moody Docklands loads rubbish jobs though. I'd like one where I could drive my car into a lift, take it up one floor and drive straight into my living area. I saw something like that in a film once. It was del!"



FOOD AND DRINK

"My favourite drink is Jack Daniels whiskey. I can't drink pints of beer any longer. I think it's incredible how people can drink seven or eight pints. If I do that, I spend the whole night in the toilet. No fun.

"Foodwise, I love pasta and Chinese food - anything my mum makes for me. Do I ever cook for myself? Sure! I make myself Trinidadian omelettes - three layers stuffed with onions, tomatoes, sausages... the business.

"I hate seafood. Sushi? Aaargh!!!! Leave me alone. What about lobster, eh? Have you ever tried eating a lobster? It's more hassle than it's worth. You only get a little bit of meat, and you have to pick at it for ages to even get at that! It's a poser's bit of food. People don't smile when they eat that stuff..."



CARS

"I like big, fast motors. At the moment, I haven't got a car actually. But that's because I kept on getting pulled up in this Porsche that I had. I think it was just because they couldn't believe that this young black guy could afford to drive a Porsche, y'know? I used to want them up and say things like 'I bet you're Stansky and you're Hulth!'."

"I love the adrenalin rush of driving a car really fast. Have I ever had any nasty accidents? Yeah, one. It was about three o'clock in the morning when I was flying along behind this huge lorry, and the guy behind the wheel of it must have been asleep! He slowed right down, so I accelerated and the lorry knocked me right into a barrier. I was lucky I wasn't killed that time..."

NIGHTS OUT

"I like a good party night out. I like to rave. I don't dance that often - I just wop non-stop to the beat 'til I drop. (?) I like going to all the poshy places to show all the posers how to rave!"

TOGS

"I like training gear mostly. Now and then I'll wear a nice suit but I feel most comfortable in jogging bottoms, jogging top and a pair of Adidas trainers. I was born wearing a gold chain and Adidas trainers, but I had to take the chain off 'cos it was too heavy for a baby..."

Photo: Pictorial Press

Bros have split up!!!



Except they haven't really. But the picture on their LP sleeve has been made into a jigsaw so you can while away many a happy hour snipping off Craig's ear and popping it next to Matt's foot and turning Luke into a two-headed monster. And what's more *Blitz* has 50 – yes 50! – of these cherished items to give away!!!

For your chance of winning one simply tell us which is the oldest member of Bros. Answers on a postcard to: **Craigy Mc's A Jungle Out There Competition, Smash Hits, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF** by May 31.

TO "LIFE"

GIRLS

"I love girls! I went through a stage of liking blonde girls, and then I went through a stage of liking half-caste girls. I like women of all sorts really! I shouldn't be saying that really, because I've had a girlfriend for about a year now – but in the bad old days, I was a bad little boy... Of course, I've grown up now heh heh heh heh heh!!!!"

MONEY

"Do I like money? Love it! Love it!! Love money, me!!! I've got more money than Loadsamoney – I've got a six-figure bank account."

What do I want to do with it? I want to buy an island so that I can sit around all day.

"If I hadn't decided to make records this year, I was going to go to Tobago to sell coconuts on the beach and live in a little shack. Not competing with the Western world any longer – opting out. I've spoken to people who do that. Their only worry is if a hurricane comes! They don't watch telly, go to bed at about nine o'clock – that's some life, eh?"



Photo: Personal Photos



Photo: Personal Photos

HEROES

"Superman... err... James Bond – he's the ultimate. He's so cool, and he's brilliant with women. All he would have to do would be to break into a rap and he'd be the manman. Worragey!!"



▲ Mica Paris: She's got a peach coloured lampshade!

She's nineteen years old, she's got a brilliant jacket, she's just released her first single which is called "You're My One Temptation" and is piping "hot" and she's about to become monumentally famous. And who was it that first propelled her into the giddy whirl of pop? Why her grandmother of course! "It all started one day when my gran pushed me in front of a load of people in church and made me sing this song," explains Mica (pronounced Meeeha). I was really worried I can't tell you but I did it and the congregation went bonkers over it. I didn't stop to look back after that.

▲ Are you a church-going type then?

Mica: "No, not at all. I still believe in God but I don't go to church anymore. I left the church when I was fifteen and started to do sessions for other people... it is, she sang backing vocals and some of the difficult bits for loads of famous pop persons. I do I know any famous people? Yeah! I know loads! I've got Will Downing on my album, He's such a lovely bloke. It's a lot easier nowadays, however, because in the old days I used to have to lie about my age because I wasn't really old enough to work as a session singer!"

▲ So you were a bit of a rebel, were you?

Mica: "I suppose I was really, I was still at school at the time. And yes it did cause a bit of trouble! I was always bunking off to do sessions! I loved school but I say that and yet I was terrible there. I gave my teachers some bad headaches I can tell you! I should have been expelled hundreds of times but I wasn't. The teachers used to love me, though. I was always a very charismatic person, and they knew that I sung so I got away with a lot. What was my school report like? I'll tell you it always said the same thing, 'Mica is very easily distracted but she is a very bright person! bish bish blah! I was always chatting at the back of the class and getting told off! I was brilliant at art, though. I was soooo artistic! I used to fantasise about becoming a great artist or a designer. What was it I used to say? I remember, I used to say 'Mica Paris, Fashion Extraordinaire!' (?) I was sooo good at art that I actually passed my O Level!"

▲ So how do your parents feel about you giving it all up to become a popstar?

Mica: "They're great. They're behind me all the way now. In fact they both keep a scrap book and they're having a race to see who can collect the most pictures of me! I also have two brothers and three sisters who are great. My youngest brother is five and he's in my video – he's the one driving the car!"

MEET MICA PARIS:

She's Ever So Groovy

● Did you always want to become a singer?

Mica: "No, I really was into my art, but when I was very little, about three years old, I used to sing to Rupert the Bear and the *Watch With Mother* theme as well!"

● Do you seem to be a rather, er, forthright person. Were you the bossy sister at home?

Mica: "Ha! DO you think I sound bossy? Oh, well I suppose I am very domineering! I did like my family to listen to me when I spoke – I guess it's because I'm a Taurus." (????)

● Any favourite toys as a young 'un?

Mica: "No! I hated toys!! Yeuch! The only present I ever liked was my Baby Alive. It was a doll and when you fed it, it used to weep! It had a nappy and everything. To me that was the greatest gift on earth!" But I never had loads of toys in my bedroom.

● So what's your bedroom like now?

Mica: "No! I hated toys!! Yeuch! The only present I ever liked was my Baby Alive. It was a doll and when you fed it, it used to weep! It had a nappy and everything. To me that was the greatest gift on earth!" But I never had loads of toys in my bedroom.

● So tell us about your own rather soulful sounding ditty.

Mica: "Yes, it's a true story! Honest !!! (?) It's basically about this bloke that I used to be really in love with, and he never knew... (Ah... sniffle.)"

"Yeah, and you know how it goes, we were mates as we grew up he went his way and I mine. And we split apart. Then one day, I saw him again and I fell straight back in love with him and he still didn't realise! (The cloth!) "Anyway, I never told him and his friends took him away again." (Sniff sniff.) "Yes, it's true. Anyway, I thought that was it and one day I was working in the studio and there was this knock on the door and guess who it was? HIM!!!" (Hurrry!!)

● So did it result in a snog up of astounding proportions then?

Mica: "Well, yes there was a lot of kissing but he explained that the reason he hadn't told me how he felt before was because he had his mates and was too busy. You know how boys are!"

● *Blitz* is quite overcome. Are you still going out with him now?

Mica: "Actually, no! Well, I'm a bit busy these days!"

Bah! Ah well, the course of true love never did run smooth and no mistake!

FIVE STAR

LOOK AT THE OF FIVE STAR!

● The trumpet parps a hearty trill
Buggin' up and o'er the hill
Peppin' lead its knowsworn tune
Called "Kenny G? The Man A Goo?" (?)



Golly, isn't Kim Wilde a busy little foxitress these days? Not only has she got a "brand new tune out called 'Hey Mr. Heartache' but she's also going to be supporting Michael Jackson on his summer tour of the "UK". Well, shiver me timbers!

DANNY WILSON

■ The address for the Danny Wilson Appreciation Society is as follows:
7 Walnut Road, Yew Tree Estate,
Walsall, West Midlands W55 4HT and
not "Warner Road," as was printed in
the last issue. Isn't "Walnut Road" a
strange name, eh viewers?

Some astonishing facts about the group they're all calling "Magnum"



- They're the new sensation that's storming the rock 'n' roll barricades with their "anthemic" rock "workout" called "Stop Talking Love"
- They consist of five blokes called Tony Clarke (bearded gent in the picture), Bob Calley (other bloke in the picture), Mark Stanway, Wally Lowe and Micky Baker who are all a bit long in the tooth.
- They've been going for centuries. "Myself, Tony Clarke and Wally Lowe the bass player started the band in 1976 - a long, long time ago," explains Bob the singer. "And we've been going since then making a decent living from touring and our LPs. We are rock 'n' roll nomads I suppose, yes. We live out of suitcases and when we're not living out of suitcases we live in Birmingham."
- They've shared a beaker of beer with Fish from Marillion. "We know lots of pop stars yes," says Bob. "Roger Taylor from Queen, David Coverdale from Whitesnake, Fish from Marillion. He likes his beer does Fish, likes his pop."
- That's about it really.



▲ Deniece

It's a queer old thing, this business we call "show". Why, it seems several decades since the charts were last boogled asunder by pop's very own royal family i.e. Five Star. And yet, now they're back, it seems like they were never away at all! Even though we've re-invented ourselves with a brand new "look" featuring the gigantic tress eruption that is Deniece's billowing "hair-do"! So what "japes" have you been up to during your sons out of the "lime" light?

Deniece: "Well, we've been recording our LP which we've just finished and before that we were writing songs for it."

Jings: Anything else?

Deniece: "Oh we just enjoyed ourselves at home and went out a bit..."

You went out??

Lorraine: "Yeah! We went to the zoo and looked at the animals."

Deniece: "We went to this place and looked at the reptiles which was really smelly, wasn't it? And we saw this great big fish like a shark..."

Lorraine: "I'm learning how to fly a plane! (?) I can drive now so the next thing is to learn how to fly a plane. And Delroy's learning how to ride a motorbike. We're going to do *Death Davidson*!" (?)

Delroy (slightly miffed): "I can ride a motorbike."

Lorraine: "Oh he can, sorry."

So how are the flying lessons going?

Lorraine: "On fire. I've been in lots of little planes."

Crivens. Aren't you scared?

Lorraine: "No, it's quite easy, really - I thought it would be really hard seeing all those buttons and things but it isn't really."

Aren't you scared of being in the air?

Lorraine: "Oh, I haven't taken off yet!"

Swindle!

Lorraine: "Hiiiih hiiiih! I know! I have taken hold of the controls on my own, though, but still on the ground."

What about your bike-riding, "Del"?

Delroy: "Oh I've ridden a few motorbikes since I was young. I haven't got one yet, though. I'll wait a few years yet. I'd like a scrambler and maybe a *Harley Davidson*."

Oooer. You'll need a leather jacket to go with that, har har.

Delroy: "Ahhh. No, not really."

Deniece: "He's just enjoying his Lamborghini at the moment (i.e. monumentally expensive swank-mobile). I've been enjoying my Lamborghini, too, which Daddy bought me. It's brilliant. We go for little country jaunts. It's a beautiful, beautiful car."

Oh. So, what's the "idea" of the new "look"?

Deniece: "Weeeell... we just wanted to look... better. Different but better." That's quite a "hair-do" you've got there.

Deniece: "Uh? My hair? Yeah... yeah."

You must have the fastest growing hair in pop! (them henn)

Lorraine: "She's been torturing it. Hair on a rock hihihihihih!" (?)

Deniece: "Um... I'm just feeling a bit creative these past few weeks so I change it all the time. I'm just experimenting, actually. I might go back to my original... sort of like... style."

You haven't sneaked any extensions in there, have you?

Deniece: "No, I just put some fertiliser on it hihihihihih! No, eh, there is... a bit of hair



▲ Stedman

STATE

Blimey. Eight months in the "wilderness" and *The Star* have gone completely doolally, as you can clearly see...

extension in there but, as I say, I might change it. I'm just a bit... sort of crazy at the moment."

And you, Doris, look rather a lot like Dame Diana Ross!

Doris: "Beautiful. Hihihihihih!"

Delroy: "Hmmmmp."

Doris: "Well, I'll take that as a compliment."

Deniece: "Just because she's got all her pictures on her wall doesn't mean... hihihih!"

Doris: "This is just the way I look."

Lorraine: "Beautiful. Hihihihihih!"

You must be getting very excited at the prospect of seeing Michael Jackson?

Deniece: "Actually, we won't be seeing him because we'll be busy, doing our own work."

Doris: "We'll be abroad."

Or not? Aren't you sickened?

Doris: "No, not really..."

Deniece: "FTHFTHF... just a little bit..."

What are your "health 'n beauty" routines like these days?

Lorraine: "Well, I've got more beautiful, I know that! Hihihih!"

Deniece: "I'm watching my weight at the moment - we all have to really, doing what we do. Not a diet or anything because we're all quite fit, really. I just eat..."

Lorraine: "Spoons and cups..." (?)

Deniece: "Mummy cooks us a lot of vegetables. I cook a lot myself, though. Sometimes I'll cook Sunday lunch, curried rice and chicken. Er... curried chicken and rice."

Lorraine: "And sometimes she'll cook a speciality of cream cakes and fairy cakes..."

Deniece: "Oh yes! I make fairy cakes but not with icing - mine are with a cherry on top."

Lorraine (pointing to her unamused brothers): "They burn toast - can you believe that? Hihihih!"

Ur... you haven't ventured into any new sporting areas, have you?

Deniece: "I've taken up sign language."

Yeah, we met this deaf and dumb girl on tour last year and I thought it would be nice if we could speak their language."

So how good are you so far?

Lorraine: "I haven't started yet."

Urm... don't suppose any of you have taken up croquet or anything?

Lorraine: "Hmmm. I'd like to play... golf. I like the shoes..." (?)

Stedman: "Golf is a very relaxing game. You can get away from everything and breathe the fresh air."

Have any of you taken to the fairways yet?

Lorraine: "Hmmm... no. But I'm going to buy a high-jump and start high-jumping! (?) Hihihihih! I ate a horse yesterday! Hihihihihihih! (???)

Deniece: "Lorraine! Stop it!"

Have you caught any carp recently, "Del"?

Delroy: "No."

Ooer. You haven't given it up, have you?

Delroy: "No, I haven't given it up, I just don't have the time. Never mind, I think the season starts in June."

What's your new LP going to be called?

Doris: "Wait a minute - I'll just ask Daddy... it flounces off to consult a nearby "Daddy". It's called "Rock The World."

Blimey! You've turned into Iron Maiden!

Lorraine: "Yes, actually I've got this great big metal guitar... hihihihihih..."

The Star, eh? Worra rum bunch...



▲ Lorraine



▲ Delroy



▲ Doris

HEART: The truth about the Canadian lovelettes (and uglettes too!)



▲ Heart. (left to right) Denry Carmassi, Ann Wilson, Mark Andes, Howard Leese and Nancy Wilson

Sturning! Ravishing! Towering! Not as good as Papa and Shirley! Yes! These are just some of the things they've been saying about the Wilson sisters, Ann and Nancy, better known as the Canadian lovelettes who "spearhead" the rock phenomenon that is Heart.

By now, of course, the whole world knows everything about the lovelettes - i.e. the fact that Ann Wilson's middle name is Dustin, as in Dustin Hoffman, diminutive American acting person who is forever dressing up as ladies, and that she (Ann) used to work in a *Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken* shop because it was so finger lokin' good (hem hem), and that she's got a dog called Lucky or something, and that she's always blubbing about not being in love.

Nancy Wilson's middle name is Lamoreaux which is a bit like the French for "The Lovers" but not quite and that she (Nancy) used to be an algebra teacher and that she is quite often to be found guzzling gallons of revolting American so-called "beer", and that she thinks U2 are quite groovy for some peculiar reason.

But what of the trio of backing goats - the uglettes, to give them their correct title? Not much is known about these three mysterious minstrels of melody. But wait - *Bitz* can now "exclusively" reveal for the first time ever the inner secrets of the men they call "those blokes out of Heart".

One of them is called Howard Leese. He plays the guitar and he's got four - four! - Porsche so he must be quite rich. He has never been to Vienna and is not entirely good looking.

One of them is called Mark Andes. He plays the bass guitar and he used to be an assistant vet just like that bloke in that useless programme *All Creatures Great And Small* who turned into Doctor Who. He (Mark) likes "hosa grooves" (whatever that may mean) and is not what you might describe as a "dreamboat".

One of them is called Dennis Carmassi. He plays the drums and is really boring. He once got the sack from a soda fountain (*American place where they sell ice cream and pretend Coca Cola*) because a sticking plaster fell off his finger into the whipped cream.

Rock 'n' roll - it's a crazy world," quips Mark Andes. What do you think, viewers?

CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q: What do you call an singing pop group covered in green goo?
A: Slime Fisher

Q: Blimey! This wasn't very funny, was it viewers? We have a person called "Black Adder's codger" to thank for that miserable bit of "humour". If you can think of a pun (or that's a pun!) more punny, why not send it to: *Stinky Hat Crap Joke Corner*, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

The curious tale of a group called New Order and a song called "Blue Monday"

● The victim so snoot and prim
Can not be played by persons dim
For it was invented by Stradivarius
Some bloke who probably wasn't very hilarious

YUM! YUM! YUM! PUT BITZ IN YOUR TUM!



Sweeties, eh subscribers? Without them we would have no ads on the telly with persons halted abruptly in supermarket aisles perking up a hazel in every bite!™ and other such "nutritious" observations. There would be no more afternoons pondering over the "Pick n' Mix n' Don't Spare The Mouth Utens. Matsy" selection. There would be no mumps adorning the "mouth" of Shane MacGowan of The Pogues (except there would). And there would certainly be no more of that most elegantly entitled "refreshment" the bar they call Bitz, the inspiration for which is plainly obvious as it not? (??) And that's why Bitz has 1000 – 1000!!!!!!! – of these bars they call Bitz to give away. To be on with a "shot" at winning one, merely answer us this. Wayne Hussey from The Mission is not very young. Somewhere, hidden among this issue's pages of Bitz, is Wayne's exact age. And you, dear subscriber, must find it. Answers on a meter card to Smash Hits "Blimey Mum, My Teeth Have Turned To Wallpaper Paste" Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF to get here by May 31

OH DEAR!



▲ Star Turn "Hampton", "Albert Charlton", "Steve". Calm down, gals, they're spoken for.

Not very handsome are they, viewers? But these people, believe it or not, are pop stars! Well, sort of anyway. They're the so-called **Star Turn On 45 Pints** whose "song" "Pump Up The Bitter" is ambling about the charts as we "speak". And the "concert chairman" i.e. a bloke who calls himself Albert Charlton is belowing down the Bitz ear trumpet – from a phone box atop an oil-rig in the middle of the North Sea. **Albert:** "Hello. I'm phoning from an oil rig in the North Sea." **Bitz:** Ah, I see. And what's it like up there? **Albert:** "Well, the weather's not too bad but the sea's pretty choppy and there's lots of men walking around with funny helmets on and there's a helicopter just coming in to land which I'll probably be on in two days time. I'm 70 miles south of

Aberdeen at the moment." **Bitz:** I see. And where do the other two work then? **Albert:** "Well, Hampton the singer and Steve the organist work on the ferries so they've been picketing for a while now." **Bitz:** I see. So could you tell us something about this recording "venture" of yours? **Albert:** "Well, the three of us have been very good friends up in the north of England for the past 15 years and we thought that music was getting so bad with songs like "Pump Up The Volume" that we had to do something about it. We're putting some class back into charts. And if being a pop star doesn't make me any money, I'll stick with the oil rigs. Anyway I have to go now – the money's running out and they're all shouting and I've got to go back to work. Byeese." **Bitz:** I see. Byeese.



▲ New Order – the cheapest folk in pop (L-R) Steven Morris, Barney "Summer", Peter Hook, Gillian Gilbert

Once upon a time there was a particularly "cult" group called Joy Division, who had one big hit called "Love Will Tear Us Apart" and were just about to become massively popular when the singer Ian Curtis committed suicide. ● The remaining members of the group – Peter Hook, Steven Morris and Bernard Sumner changed their name to **New Order** after that and roped in a Manchester lass called Gillian Gilbert to help out on "keyboards". The combo soon earned themselves a bit of a reputation for being slightly "awkward" – they refused to play "anchors" ever and when their fans shouted out the names of tunes at gigs, they were sworn at by the group! Not very friendly eh, viewers? ● To save their audiences the bother of clapping in between songs, the group kept the sound of a huge crowd applauding on one of their fancy "sampling" keyboards and used it at the end of every tune they played. ● For some reason (probably because he's a touch batty about the brain), singer Bernard "Summer" started calling himself Bernard "Albrecht" for a while. And then he went completely bonkers and told everyone his name was Barney!!!!!!(?)

● Steven and Gillian are so fond of each other that, outside of the work they do with the "beat group", they also share a house and often indulge in gigantic kiss-up situations. ● With all the dosh they made from being New Order, the group bought a nightclub, The Hacienda, in Manchester, which is a rather groovy establishment to "behold". ● The Pet Shop Boys have always named New Order as their favourite group ever, and even Lord Peter Waterman lists "Blue Monday" as one of the most "inspirational" records he's heard. ● "Blue Monday" – New Order's most famous single – was first released in 1983, and was only available as a 12" single. It spent 222 weeks in the Top 200 (i.e. on and off for over four years) and became the biggest-selling 12" ever in the history of the cosmos – selling 900,000 in the UK alone and 2 million worldwide! ● The record was recently remixed and re-released for the "sole" reason that folk in America had only had the chance to hear it if they bought the record on import from the UK. Michael Jackson's producer, Quincy Jones, took it upon himself to remix it and add a few diddy bits, and what do you know – it became a hit all over again! It's quite amazing really.

BLUE MONDAY ● NEW ORDER

How does it feel
To treat me like you do
When you've laid your hands upon me
And told me who you are
I thought I was mistaken
I thought I heard your words
Tell me how do I feel
Tell me now how should I feel

Those who came before me
Lived through their vocations
From the past until completion
They'll turn away no more
I still find so hard
To say what I need to say
But I'm quite sure that you'll tell me
Just how I should feel today

I see a ship in the harbour
I can't and shall obey
But it's wasn't I for your mistortunes
I'd be a heavenly person today
And I thought I was mistaken
And I thought I heard you speak
Tell me how do I feel
Tell me now how should I feel
Now I stand here waiting

I thought I told you to leave me
While I walk down to the beach
Tell me how does it feel
When your heart grows cold

BROS "HIT" THE ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGHWAY!!!



● Bros are going on tour! They've so far announced 11 "dates" which are as follows: Sheffield City Hall (June 25), Newcastle City Hall (24), Edinburgh Playhouse (26), Manchester Apollo (27), Newport Centre (28), London Hammersmith Odeon (July 1 and 2), Nottingham Royal Centre (4), Southampton Mayflower (5), Brighton Ome (6).

● Tickets have been on sale for a week now and they will have all sold out but it's worth trying local ticket agencies. There are also two "matinee" shows at Edinburgh (June 26) and London Hammersmith Odeon (July 2) which start at 3.00pm. The tickets cost £7.50 and £6.50 except for the London shows which cost £2.50 and £7.50 (matinee shows are £1 cheaper).

● And what's more, Bros turned down the chance to support Michael Jackson at his British shows this summer. Says Craig: "We were very flattered but we thought it would be better for us to do our own tour. We want to do our own show with our own stage set and our own lighting, plus it's our first tour and we want it to be very personal as well. It's not going to be a massive show - it's going to be totally live and we don't want people to think we're hiding behind lights or anything. The most important thing is to get the music across and prove that we can play live... honestly."

ARE THIS BUNCH THE NEW U2?

● This combo, viewers, are the **Hothouse Flowers**, which is rather creepy when you think about it, because while investigating "the known facts" about them, the word "hot" seemed to crop up quite a lot. For instance, . . .

Their records are currently selling in "hot poop" proportions in their "naïve" land of Ireland. In fact, the group's fans recently jammed the streets of Dublin when they made a personal appearance at an HMV Shop to sign copies of their very first LP, "People" - which just goes to prove that Bono was absolutely right when he spoke those immortal words, "Rock 'n' roll stops traffic".

Talking of whom, it was the very same esteemed Irish croaker who in fact invented The "Hot" House Flowers in the first place. Bono spotted The Flowers' singer, Liam O'Maonia, trugging furiously along to a James Brown record. So impressed by his "hot" footwork was he that he decided the man was surely a star and released a single for them on U2's



▲ The Flowers (L-R): Leo Barnes, Jerry Fenny, Liam O'Maonia, Pádraig O'Toole, Fiachna O'Braonain.

Mother label, thus helping them take their first steps on the rock 'n' roll highway.

Before becoming the would-be rock "giants" that they are today, Liam and group pal Fiachna O'Braonain used to busk in the streets, calling themselves The Incomparable Benzini Brothers. "They were a birrova 'hot outfit', remembers one passer-by

who chucked 2p into their so-called "hat".

If you watched this year's Eurovision Song Contest, you will have no doubt realised that it wasn't too "hot" - except for the bit where The "Hot" House Flowers' video for their new single, "Don't Go" was shown to an estimated audience of 200 million telly-watchers all over Europe. Hot or what?!!!!

How to look like some internationally "renowned" pop stars when you're fed up looking like a poncy "dancer" and your name is Patrick Swizzle



● Nimblely leap into a Maizey-filled bath-tub and - presto!!! - you have captured the "sartorial" "elegance" of Sir Stanley Housemartin!!!!



● Affix one's spiky fright-wig, contort one's upper "lip" and - banzai!!! - you are as "rockin'" "in 'hairy" as Billy Gibbons from ZZ Top!!!!????? Er... no you're not - you're two gibbons!!!!????? Er... except they're really orang-utans!!!!



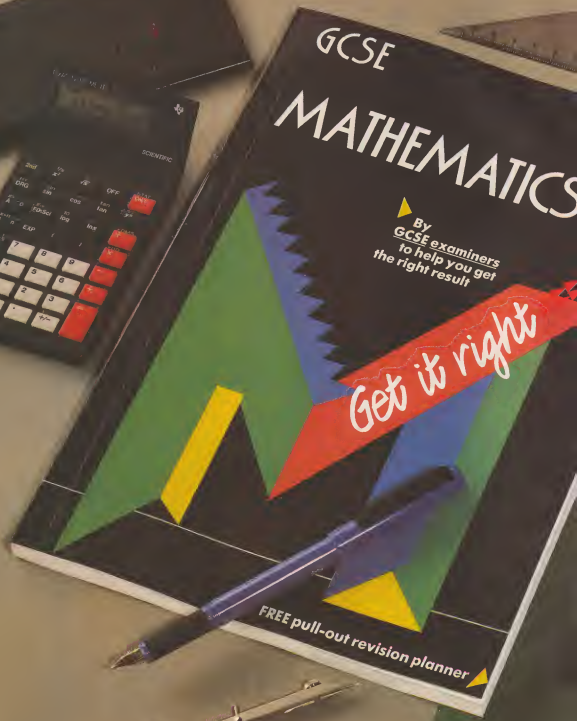
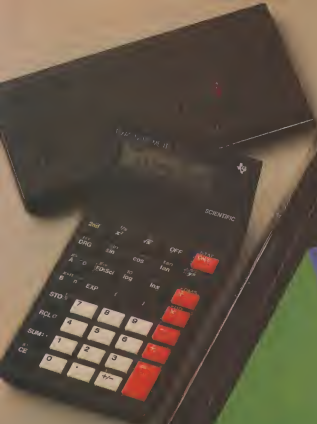
● Stand on a bit of rock and wield one's "weapon" and - ping!!! - you are as "mean" and "hunkin'" as Bruce Dickinson from Iron Maiden!!!!????



● Don one's ripply bicep-exposing "vest" and danglesque perv-belt and - yo!!! - you have the "smouldering" "grace" of Martin Gore from Depeche Mode!!!!????



● A boning person writes. Ackchelei, Patrick Swizzle is trying to be "lough" "in 'hairy" for a film he "starred" in called Steel Dawn which is only available on video and it's a bit like Mad Max and he kills lot of people in it and meditates on his head and has a few kiss-ups with a blonde floozie who is actually his wife in "real" life Jings! Long live The Swizz!!



GCSE

MATHEMATICS

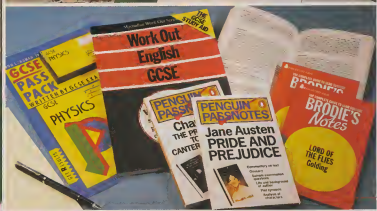
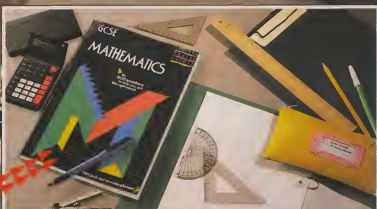
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NICK KAMEN



TELL ME

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U289

Loadsamoney

doin'
UP the
house

Harry
Enfield



Of you shut your mouth and look at my wad
Loadsamoney
(This is a journey into money loads of money)
My name my name is loadsamoney probably
Made a right load of perishing lolly this week
Alright leda wads out for the ladz
Loadsa loadsa loadsa (money money money)
Loadsa loadsa loadsa (money money money)
Hey wop it out wallop loadsamoney
Wop it out wa loadsamoney wallop loadsamoney
(Good evening and welcome to loads of money)
D-d-doing up the house is my bread and butter
My bird's page three and my car's a nutter
L-I-loadsamoney is the about I utter
As I wave my wad at the geezars in the gutter
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
This is this is an this is this is an this is an
This is an th-this is an insult to our intelligence

Shut your mouth
(Nurse come and attend to loadsamoney he's got too much money)
(The ransom demand is one million dollars)
That's nothing I earn more than that in a day probably
I earn more money than Stock Alikan and Dennis Waterman put together
(Do up the house)
(Money makes the world go around)
(Money makes the world go around)
A-A-All this screechin's making me rich
(Money makes the world go around)
A-A-All this screechin's making me rich
(Money makes the world go around)
Are you reedy (yash) are you reedy (yash)
Right let's do up the house

Bosh bosh shum shum wallop doah
(Bosh bosh shum shum wallop doah)
Repeat three times
Wop your wad wop your wad wop your wad on the counter
Repeat twice

(These boys certainly know how to do up the house)
(And they're taking home a pretty tidy pay packet too)
Shut your mouth
(So the final score Manchester United nil)
(Loadsamoney United loads)
(And that's the final score there)
Pump up the football pump up the football
(Hey check this out)
Sorry mate don't take cheques ah just loadsamoney
Sing a song a sixpence a pocket full of doah
Dibble dibble dibble dibble bosh bosh bosh
Loadsamoney
Sing a song a sixpence a pocket full of doah
Dibble dibble dibble dibble bosh bosh bosh
Loadsamoney loadsamoney
Loadsamoney loadsamoney

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THE PRIMITIVES

OUT OF reach

I just had the strangest dream
Walking barefoot on the beach
Sun field valley and grass so green
But the sky and the sea were out of reach
Out of reach out of reach
Out of reach out of reach

Chorus
Someone said we were all dead
And life's worth nothing at all
But that's not true I'm here with you
And I've been here before

Then I found a four leaf clover
In the field where I lay
Fear of dying passed right over
Hope they get it right some day
I want to stay I want to stay
I want to stay I want to stay

Repeat chorus

I just had the strangest dream
No more thunder only peace
Sun field valley and grass so green
But the sky and the sea still out of reach
Out of reach out of reach
Out of reach out of reach

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Excuse me missus, wo

● That's just *one* of the incredibly "difficult" questions we "threw" at **Belinda Carlisle** as she celebrates her latest hit "Circle In The Sand". "And here's a few more to make you sit up and think," barks Chris Heath. . .

● **If you were dining at a friend's and found a dead cockroach in your salad, what would you do?** Well, if it was a restaurant, I'd call the waiter over and tell him there was a cockroach in the salad and hope they would offer to pay for everybody's dinner. And if I was found somebody's house I would tell them too. I'm a pretty honest person and I don't really beat around the bush for anybody. I tell it like it is. I would just say "there's a cockroach in my salad" and I'd suggest that maybe they ought to check everybody else's salad. I'm sure they would be pretty embarrassed but I'd still say it.

It's never happened to me at a friend's house but I've had it happen to me at a restaurant before and I've called attention to it and I've been offered food on the house. I suppose I *could* bring my own cockroaches along – that would save me a lot of money. Do I eat the rest of the salad? Er, no. I eat the new salad, but I'm sure they check that one pretty carefully.

● **If you were offered £100,000 not to wash or brush your teeth or use deodorant for three months, would you accept the challenge?**

No. That's too disgusting. It wouldn't be worth it to me. If I miss brushing my teeth for just one night I have nightmares that my teeth are falling out so I think that not brushing my teeth for three months would be pretty horrendous. If I had no money? I might think differently, I don't know. In my situation at the moment there's no way in the world and it's not that I'm real rich, I just can't even fathom not being clean.

In the past I could, yes. When I was growing up I hated taking baths. I was a real tom boy. My mother would fill up the bathtub



and you eat your pet?

and say 'hey, now, take a bath' and I'd close the door behind me and I'd swish around the water with my hand and then I'd walk out of the bathroom. It was just a splash. I went to the gym, I didn't really care about that sort of thing then. Now I'm almost obsessive about showers and baths. Good as Prince is scared of hotel bathrooms! Well, I can understand that. I wouldn't take a bath in a hotel room. You never really get the tub actually clean. I'd take a shower but never sit myself down.

• Fortune teller told you you were going to get run over by a bus this week, would you stay at home the whole week?
I have a tendency to be superstitious and stuff – I don't think I'd stay in but I would take precautions and be extra careful about where I am and where I go. I was once told to be careful because I was going to get in a car accident and I *did* get in a car accident. It was on the freeway, I wasn't looking and I smashed into the back of somebody's car. It wasn't bad but I thought it was kind of spooky. Also, there's been a couple of times when I've had an intuition that I shouldn't be doing something today and something has happened. I've learned through all that to follow my own intuition about things.

I go to a psychic in Hollywood twice a year. It's sort of personal but she's very accurate about certain things. I wanted to buy this house by the ocean and I walked in and she said 'forget about it – you don't want to live down there' – I didn't even tell her. She said 'you're not going to end up by the beach, you're going to end up in the hills'. The house fell through that day and six months later I ended up in my house in the hills. It never really surprises me because I think there's something to all that, it intrigues me and amazes me but it never really scares me.

• If by having all your teeth pulled out you could save the Blue Whale, would you do so?
I probably would. I'm active in a lot of animal rights groups in the States and I'm real sympathetic to Greenpeace so I probably would. I'd probably be in pain but it was saving the Blue Whale. I think that I would feel great about it, that I'd been personally involved in helping save that particular breed. It wouldn't ruin my life – I'd get false ones. I could live with that; plenty of people do.

• If you were on an aeroplane with your favourite pet and the plane crashed in the Bolivian rain forest, would you eat it?
No. I could never do that. I don't

eat meat anyway. If I was starving I would eat grass or leaves or something. I could never eat my own pet. Would I eat lamb chops? I don't know. Maybe I would if it was the last resort, but I'd eat leaves off an entire tree before I ate that.

• If you were in a little boat with your best friend and the boat sank and you had one life jacket, would you give it to them?
Yeah, I probably would and I'd probably hang on. (Stop cheating – Ed.) Oh, Well, it'd be tough for both of us. If only one of us could live I don't really know what I'd do. My best friend would actually probably be my husband and if it was my husband I'd probably give him the lifejacket because I'd rather be dead than have to live without him. That sounds really corny but it's true. My only,



he'd probably insist on giving it to me, so we'd both drown.

• If a close relative died and left ten million dollars to his pig and nothing to you, would you contest the will?

To his pig? Yes, probably. I think anybody would. Can a pig enjoy ten million dollars? Maybe I'd wait till the pig died and make sure the pig left the money to me. (?????) Though if it was the relative's wish then you should probably adhere to the wish though it seems senseless. If the relative was such an animal lover though, just think what you could do with all that money for animal groups.

• If you could kill someone by just willing it, and he or she would die of natural causes and no one would ever suspect you, would you do it?

No, I could never do that. I'd feel too guilty. I have a few people who I really, really don't like but I

couldn't live with myself. However much I hated them, I've said before 'I wish they'd just curl up and die' but if that ever happened I'd feel awful. I know at school I made an excuse by saying a relative died and I always feared that actually happening. I'd say 'my grandfather died' – I think my grandfather died five or six times.

• If you could end starvation in the Third World for all time simply by walking backwards for the rest of your life, would you do it?
Yeah, as long as I could sit down once in a while. It would be pretty annoying, especially when I had to jog, and it'd be really horrible. Having to walk into restaurants and not knowing who's sitting there in case I wanted to avoid anybody would

cut-downs and a really baggy t-shirt and sloppy tennis shoes and socks on stage – everyone was horrified I wore that. I said it was comfortable – I know it looks horrible – but I was glad people told me I don't wear it anymore.

• Some friends are coming round to your 'pad' for dinner and you plan to cook a tasty dish of pork but at the last minute your friends tell you they're also bringing someone you hate who happens to be vegetarian. Do you prepare a special vegetarian dish for your unwanted guest?

Well, I wouldn't cook pork but anyway if it was someone I really hated I wouldn't let them bring them into my house. Why put myself under that kind of strain and pressure? I don't do anything that I don't want to do. If my friends were bringing somebody I didn't like I would say I preferred them not coming.

• You bet this bloke one thousand dollars that you're beat him at golf but you're losing badly. Do you kick your ball out of the bunker while he's not watching?

No, I don't think so. I don't know. Maybe I'd cheat. I'd really be pissed off and really frustrated but I don't think I'd do that. I'm really competitive – I always have been. I don't think I would anymore, though I used to. I used to play on the girls' basketball team at high school and I know that when we'd lose I'd let it ruin my whole day.

• You're walking down the street and you see Jon Bon Jovi on top of a building screaming 'I can't take it any more'. Do you encourage him to jump or do you try to talk him down?

I'd encourage him to jump. I personally don't care for him too much. (I think a bit!) I wouldn't really – I just said that off the top of my head – I wouldn't want to see anybody jump. I'd ask him 'why?' He might have a reason. He puts himself under a lot of pressure with the success he's had.

In my darkest hours of success I've had pretty dark thoughts. Sometimes you feel you don't deserve it and you feel guilty for having it and you look around you and see a lot of people resenting you and you can feel real terrible. The first time I had success with the Go-Gos (Beinda's old group) I didn't handle it well at all so I sabotaged my success, my happiness, everything about myself. Now, if I feel that I deserve it, I don't take it for granted and I'm enjoying it. I learnt the hard way and I don't plan to repeat the mistakes.

be annoying. And people could talk behind your back pretty easily, couldn't they? And it'd be pretty hard running across stage backwards. Though maybe that would add a little bit. . . (7)

• A friend comes around wearing a quite disgusting jacket what makes him or her look very stupid but he or she is very proud of it and has spent lots of money on it. The friend asks you what you think of it. What do you say?

I'd say it looks terrible on them. I would expect someone to tell me. I'm honest; I don't like to see my friends looking like jerks. I know people are sensitive but I've always been honest, maybe even sometimes to the point of being hurtful, only because I care about that person. I would say it nicely though.

I wore something this weekend that friends told me they didn't think I should have worn. It was just oversized huge



Tiffany

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- 8 Tina Turner Rio 88
- 9 OMD The Best Of OMD
- 10 The Who Who's Better Who's Best

★ HOW TO ENTER

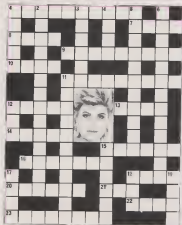
- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
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- The first correct entry out of Naomi Davies' Tiger Balm! (1) gets HMV's top ten videos (at the time of going to press).

● ACROSS

- 1 See photo clue (6,4)
- 7 "La ——— Bonita" (**Madonna**)
- 8 Could be **Bell**, could be **Taylor**
- 9 He asked Jo'Anna to give him hope (4,5)
- 10 **Carol Decker** is the singer with this group
- 11 Why **Genesis** drowned in the swimming pool (2,3,4)
- 12 He's Gail's hubby in *Coronation Street*
- 13 What **Iron Maiden** wanted to do with Madness?
- 14 "I ——— Meen To Turn You On" (**Robert Palmer**)
- 15 Feline killed by **Curiosity**? (3,3)
- 16 Turn Leo C Ant into **Natalie**'s dad (anag 3,4)
- 18 Microphone in brief
- 20 This Herb suggested you kept an eye on him
- 21 "Would I ——— To You" (**Eurythmics**)
- 22 **Stubbs** whose tears prompted a **Billy Bragg** hit
- 23 "——— Preach" (**Madonna**) (4,4)

● DOWN

- 1 It's the **Pet Shop Boys'** big tucker 1
- 2 Zap Dr Ian Mc'Wod for this weirdo rock star (anag 6,8)
- 3 **Bananarama**'s record label
- 4 Not difficult, like **Phil Collins** and **Philip Bailey**'s lover
- 5 Those explosive "Let's Get Brutal" hitmakers (5,6)
- 6 Dim-witted TV game-show hosted by Les Dawson (8,5)
- 11 **Eighth Wonder**'s brave remark (2,3,7)
- 12 Can you find **Michael Jackson**'s LP in Barbados?
- 15 "——— To My Heart" (**Taylor Dayne**) (4,2)
- 17 Swap around for this stinging group (anag 1,1,1,1)
- 18 **Kim**'s sister amid "Karma Chameleon"?
- 19 Could be **Clapton**, **B** or **Carmen**



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MAGNUM

Just another broken heart
Any fool can see
Though we're living worlds apart
Oh you're still next to me

God I'm never gonna give you up
Never wanna make you cry
Never gonna give you up
Never gonna say goodbye
Never say goodbye
Don't wanna say goodbye

Just another lonely night
I'm missing you again
Nothing ever turns out right
So when's it gonna end

I said I'm never gonna give you up
Oh never wanna make you cry
Never gonna give you up
Oh I'm never gonna say goodbye

When you start talking love
You know I'd run through the night
To be with you

Talk about love
It's a walk from the dark to the light
To be with you
Start talking love
Talk about love

Girl you left me with a broken heart
Any fool can see
Now we're living worlds apart
Guess it was meant to be

I said I'm never gonna give you up
Oh no I never wanna make you cry
Never gonna give you up
Oh I'm never gonna say goodbye

C'mon when you start talking love
Oh you know that I'd run through the night
To be with you

Talk about love
It's a walk through the dark to the light
To be with you

Start talking love
You know that I'd run through the night
To be with you
Start talking love
Talk about love

To be with you I wanna be with you
Mm mm mm mm oh woi-oh
To be with you
Mm mm mm mm

When you start talking love
Oh you know that I'd run through the night
To be with you

Talk about love
It's a walk through the dark to the light
To be with you
Start talking love

You know that I'd run through the night
To be with you

Words and music by Tony Clarkin
Reproduced by permission: Three Songs Ltd
On Polydor Records

Start Talking Love



Photo: J.P.T.



MY ONE TEMPTATION

Life is tough if you find
You got it all and you're not satisfied
People try to lead you astray
But I ain't gonna fall for the games that they play
I know all the dangers of foolin' with strangers

You you are my one temptation
You you are the one I've no resistance to
Yeah honey it's you you are my one temptation
You give me the thrill that I'm addicted to
Oh you're my one temptation

You can look you can touch
Nothing is free if you pay too much
When there's talk on the street
And the pressure is hot

To want more than you got
Don't hear what they're saying day out and day in

You you are my one temptation
Ooh you are the one I've no resistance to
Nobody knows (you) you are my one temptation
Woo-oooh give me the thrill that I'm addicted to
You're my one temptation
Ah-oo-oh

Nothing ever happens 'til you show your face around
My love lines grow and get too strong to say no
The only one who can lead me on ooh yeah
You're the one you're the only one

You (you are my one temptation)
Ooh you are the one I've no resistance to
Yeah honey it's you ooh (you are my one temptation)
You-oooh give me the thrill oh baby
You (you) you are my one temptation you're mine oh yeah

Words and music by Lessem/Vale/Milnes
Reproduced by permission Atlantic Publishers/Chappell Music Ltd/On Island Records

Climie Fisher

This Is Me

This is me I don't wear a disguise
I know you'd see right through it
Oh what you see with your naked eyes
is the heart of me that's what I am
I will not be chained to your side
What I say is what I mean

CHORUS

This is me so don't try and change it
This is me so don't re-arrange it

And don't hold a gun to my heart
Not unless you're ready to use it
If you think you can tear me apart
Take a shot I won't refuse it

REPEAT CHORUS

This is me find someone else
Oh I've been mean ooh ooh aah aah
This is me woo woo so don't try and change it

What you see with your naked eyes
is the heart of me that's what I am
I will not compromise I don't like living lies
What I say is what I mean

This is me woo woo woo ooh don't try and change it
This is me don't try and change it find someone else
This is me don't try and change it

Words and music by Clive Fisher
Reproduced by permission Chrysalis Music Ltd. / Roadie Music (144) Ltd
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★ **Want someone to write to?**
Send a postcard with your name and address in **BLOCK CAPITALS** plus a few words about yourself to: **RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.** And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. **This won't be published.**

● **Hi! Do you like Sinitte, Wet Wet Wet and Madonna?** Are you aged between 10 and 12? Do you like writing letters and having fun? If you do then why not write to me?!! My address is: Natalie, 77 Carnationgrove Drive, Donagreese, Dublin 13, Eire

● **Hello, my name's Clere and I would like to hear from any 10 to 15 year olds from anywhere in the world.** I like Wet Wet Wet, Five Star, Tiffany and Michael J. Fox. Write to me now at 125 Elizabeth Road, Waterlooville, Hampshire PD7 7LX.

● **Hi I'm a German boy who likes Depeche Mode, The Communards and the Pet Shop Boys.** If you do too why not write to me?!! My address is: Heiko Zahn, Paul-Lincke-STR37, 7000 Stuttgart 1, BRD - West Germany.

● **My name's Beth, I like Then Jerico, U2 and Johnny Hates Jazz.** If you're between 13 and 15 and like 'em too, then why not write to me? Write to: Beth, Barbony Cottage, Great Cantlebe, Dunmow, Essex CM16 1JZ

● **Hello! Do you like soul music?** I do! My favourites are Janet Jackson and Whitney Houston. I like just about all other good soul music too, so if you're interested, write to: Paul, 15 Dutchfield Road, Irlams O' The Height, Salford M6 7RE.

● **Hi my name is Melin and I'm a 15 year old Swedish girl.** I like lots of pop but my favourites are Duran Duran, Prince and Madonna. I'd like to hear from anyone around the world aged about 15. Please write soon, my address is: Karlsgatatan 42, 75239 Uppsala, Sweden

● **Hi I'm Del and I'm 15.** I'd like people's names anywhere, male or female who are into Madonna, George Michael, Whitney Houston and loads more. I love going to the cinema and I'm wildy into Andrew McCarthy and Philip Schofield. So, if you want to write and you're aged between 14 and 16, please write to: Delvone, 76 Lynnhem, Lockers Lane Estate, Whiston, Merseyside L35 3TH

● **Hello, my name is Adrian! I'm from Holland and I would like to hear from anyone, anywhere, who likes Curiosity Killed The Cat, Tiffany, Madonna and Johnny Hates Jazz.** I'm hoping to hear from 16 to 17 year olds so write soon! Write to: Adrian, Wingerstraat 56, 1783 HK, Den Heider, Holland.

● **Hello, I'm Andrew. I like Whitney Houston, Felice and Hue And Cry.** I'm also partial to some pop music in the charts. So, if you're pushed for something to do, write to me! Write to: Andrew, 23 The Crescent, Ilkley, W. Yorks LS29 6LX

● **Hello! My name's Bianca. I like loads of disco and I love to dance!** I like listening to Abba, Bananarama, Sylvester and just about any dance music. My heroes are Donna and Pete Burns. Get writing now to: Bianca, 27 Fairview Drive, Westcliff-On-Sea, Essex.

● **Hi! I'm Sam, and I'm 17 year old girl who'd like to hear from boys or girls who like U2, George Michael, Madonna and Erosure.** Write to me at: 21 Greenwood Avenue, West Ponthewy, Cumbrian, Gwent NP44 5JF

● **Hi! I'm Tamer from Egypt. I like U2, The Cure, Simple Minds and many others.** I'd like to write to anyone with similar musical tastes, aged about 18. Why not drop me a line? Tamer, 23 Mostafa Abdel, Razek, Fiat 3, Zizina, Alexandria, Egypt

● **My name is Rebecca and I like Bros, Rick Astley and lots of pop.** I'm also Mad (with a capital M) on Phillip Schofield and dogs! If you're around 14 years old and in the mood for writing, put pen to paper and get writing to me - Rebecca, 40 Gasimere Road, Dewsbury, West Yorks WF12 7FG

● **Hi! My name's Rihem, I'm 15 and I'm into Madonna.** I also like the Pet Shop Boys, A-ha, Cunniffy and most other chart groups. I'm looking for penpals from anywhere in the world who are about 14 years old. If you are interested please write to: Rihem, 26 Hussein Chafe El Masri, St. Helipolice, Cairo, Egypt

● **Hello, my name's Pearl.** I'm 12 and I would like to hear from anyone aged between 11 and 14. I like all kinds of music but my favourites are Madonna, Wet Wet Wet and Bruce Willis. I also like A-ha. If you're interested write to: Pearl, 6 St. Olivers Estate, Goshill, Tullamore

● **Hello, my name is Andy, I'm a fan of most chart music and I'd like to hear from any other 15 year olds who are too!** Please write to Andy, 14 Jasmim Croft, Kings Heath, Birmingham B14 5AX.

Whitney

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O'NEAL**

THE LOVERS
SPECIAL REMIX SEVEN, TWELVE



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HEARSAY
includes
**FAKE, CRITICIZE,
NEVER KNEW LOVE LIKE THIS**

Alexander O'Neal on tour in Britain

24-25 May – Manchester Appollo · 26-27-28-30 May – Wembley Arena
31 May – Birmingham NEC



▲ The *Lovestory* LP cover. On track 11, Prince searches for love in all of Prince's "very very stupid".



▲ Prince looks a good job despite...



● Prince denies that he wears high heels because he's so tiny. "I wear high heels because women like 'em," he insists.



● He explains the inspiration for his songs thus: "When you're called, you're called. I hear things in my sleep and when I walk around or go into the bathroom to brush my teeth the toothbrush starts vibrating. That's groove and you have to go with it. That means drop the toothbrush and get down to the studio or get to a bass guitar quick. I don't know, but my best things have come out like that. To me, making a song is like a new girl walking into a room; you never know what's going to happen till all the things come together. And there she stands and she says 'hi'. You want to take a bite of this orange, you bite it, it's cool and I send it to you. You know?" Clear enough?



▲ Prince in 1982, at the age of 22, looking like a hot shit.

The astonishing tale of Prince

★ He likes to play basketball!

★ He spends a lot of time in his bathroom!

● Prince was born on June 7, 1958; his parents, Matt and Love, named him Prince. In fact, Prince's father, Matt, was a basketball player until she married.

● Prince was nicknamed Skipper by his mum, partly "because he was so small and cute" but also because when he was a lot he used to hate the name Prince and would throw a wobbler whenever anyone called him it. "They used to call me Prince charming, because this Prince that he later complained.

● Despite his tiny size, Prince has always been a good basketball player and still enjoys a good game.

● His parents divorced when he was 13. His mother remarried a man called Hayward Baker who Prince hated. Hayward would sometimes punish Prince's misdemeanours by making him weed dandelions.

● Prince's first love affair, when he was 16, was with a girl called Central. It was a failed affair. Cyndee, from the local soul singer, got the girl. Prince's first love affair was with a girl called Wendy (and also, it is rumoured, with Wetley).

● As a teenager Prince ran away from his mother and moved in with his father, only to fall out when she was found him with a girl in his room. He then moved in with André's mum.

● Prince has nine brothers and sisters of one sort or another. There's Duane, an older half-brother from his Dad's relationship before he married Matt; he one true sister, Tyka, whom he released her first single "Marc Anthony's Tune" to; a younger half-brother, Omar (aka Matt's second marriage) and six other siblings, from his parents' first marriage and, finally, his mum's step or half siblings, from his father's second marriage.

● When he was young he used to make his bed every day and be immaculately tidy.

● By the time he was 20, Prince, who used to sneak uninvited into school music lessons for different instruments and pick them up in a flash, could play more than 20 instruments. On his first LP, "For You", he plays 27 in all.

● At some Prince even changed his parents' names. He would usually drink and was usually drunk. He was usually wasn't really drunk.

● After a while Prince changed their names to Christopher, their drummer was replaced by a bloke called Morris Day (later the singer in Prince's spin-off group The New Power Generation) and people started taking some notice of him.

● Prince always used to turn up to an event in these days with a double date in his hand.

● Prince's first love affair was with a girl called Central. It was a failed affair. Cyndee, from the local soul singer, got the girl. Prince's first love affair was with a girl called Wendy (and also, it is rumoured, with Wetley).



▲ Top: Prince in Purple Rain. One more and his mum... Prince playing to his under The Cherry... Prince playing to his under The Cherry...

● He has made three films: 1984's *Purple Rain* (the story of a boy - The Kid - played by Prince who wants to be a rock star; rumoured to be semi-autobiographical), 1986's *Under The Cherry Moon* (a black and white farce about a bloke called Christopher Tracy, played by Prince, who gets up to all sorts of japes and *Sign Of The Times*, which opens in London on July 8 (a concert film of his last tour interspersed with fantasy sequences mainly acted out by him and his lookalike dancer Cat). One of his most famous whims occurred on the set of *Under The Cherry Moon* when, even though the film was being shot in black and white, he refused to continue until a Rolls Royce that appears in one scene was found in his favourite colour, purple.

● Storyteller

COMPETITION WINNERS

The Fall (Feb 10)

● Correct answer: b) "Esk! The seeds in this strawberry jam are getting under my falsers and getting me ratfy!" and c) "Who are the Fall anyway?"
 ● Twenty-five winners of a box set are: **E. Hill**, Penarth; **S. Richardson**, Arguborth; **R. Saunders**, Birmingham; **Karen Stripe**, Harrow; **Jeckie Bryan**, Newport; **Pageff**; **Stephene Seddon**, East Ham; **Tina Holliday**, Borough Green; **L. Panter**, Sheffield; **Ruth Cherry**, West Sussex; **E. Taylor**, Cardiff; **Justina Loughlin**, Chorley; **Helen Meech**, Hastings; **Angele Fielding**, Bradford; **Julie Ballantyne**, Fife; **Cathy Underwood**, Barnmouth; **Terry Westhead**, Chesterfield; **Nigel Edwards**, Exeter; **Chris Hill**, Oxford; **Stephen Deen**, Teddington; **Graham Ridge**, Hendon; **Andy Gerner**, Newton; **Simon Wood**, Coltshah; **Ian Fawdon**, Sunderland; **Simon Brain**, Alcester; **Todd Fowler**, Salisbury.

The Cure Book (Feb 10)

● Correct answers: a) *Sixouse And The Banchees*; b) *Pop!*; c) 1979.
 ● Ten winners are: **Tom Marshall**, Sutton-in-Ashfield; **Adam Fowler**, Barnham; **A. Peterson**, Crawley; **Elaine Barnes**, Chesterfield; **Charlotte Grist**, Preston; **Linda Anwyll**, Merseyside; **Caroline Seguro**, Painswick; **Rosslyn Herria**, Bideford; **Cathy Roper**, Chesterfield; **K. Wilson**, Audestshaw

Smallest TV (Feb 10)

● Correct answer, a) black.
 ● Ten winners of the smallest TV are: **Steve Rook**, Gmstaby; **Liz Clerk**,

Coventry; **Shaun Shudwick**, Essex; **Sara Martin**, Kent; **Faye Todkill**, South Noranton; **A. Weightman**, Haris; **S. Coleman**, Ipswich; **Jayne Hart**, Nottingham; **J. Wood**, Coltshah; **Carol Davis**, Bristol.

AC/DC (Feb 10)

● Correct answer: Angus Young
 ● Fifteen winners of a satchel, the Beano, Hubba Bubba, a Cadbury's Creme Egg, an exercise book, a pencil (with a sharpener) and an LP are: **Catherine Smith**, Devon; **Martin Beck**, Berkshire; **Peter Pollack**, South Brent; **Ivor Dewson**, Stockport; **Paul Kearney**, Iford; **Helan Clough**, Renfrewshire; **A. Thornton**, Sleaford; **Joe Mason**, Grantham; **M. Brabin**, Fleet; **Tony Pops**, Erith; **Karen Verrill**, West Midlands; **Yvonne Turner**, Glemsford; **Craig Huggans**, Bradford; **Stephanie Apps**, Tonbridge; **John Phillipson**, Bucks

The Chart Show (Feb 24)

● Correct answer: The Smiths "I Started Something I Couldn't Finish"
 ● Ten winners of the video compilation are: **Rob Hill**, Teignmouth; **Matt Ferguson**, Barnwood; **Jeson Knight**, St Helens; **A. Randhawa**, Leamington Spa; **Adam Boydon**, Palmers Green; **Denise Dale**, Reading; **Liz Hubbard**, West Wokingham; **Glenn Auld**, Ayr; **S. Gilligan**, Warley; **Teri Stevenson**, Lenton.
 ● The next ten winners of a sweatshirt are: **Alan Pike**, Essex; **John Peterson**, Maidstone; **Rachel Doyle**, Camdange; **Emme Martin**, York; **David MacDonald**, Exeter; **Michelle Cavill**, Chawick; **Tony Ward**, Horley; **Jene**

Clarke, Colchester; **V. Woods**, Gillingham; **S. Scott**, Halstead.

Famous Faces Jigsaw (Mar 3)

● Correct answer: c) Samantha Fox
 ● Fifty winners of a jigsaw are: **Sharon Tong**, Mauderhead; **Halcy Bowen**, Dorset; **Clare Simms**, Leamington Spa; **Kate Tompkins**, Reading; **John Jackson**, Leeds; **Lucy Rowland**, Surrey; **Cathy Jones**, Ammanford; **Elizabeth Hilton**, Draycott; **Sarah Comiskey**, Kilronney; **M. Logan**, Lancashire; **S. Benton**, Slurton; **Caroline Rae**, Essex; **Keren Tate**, Newbury; **E. Dewber**, Wiglan; **Bex Roberts**, Reading; **Belinda Greenfield**, Reading; **James Nixon**, Spalding; **Clare McBrearty**, Exing; **Kirstin MacCormick**, Scotland; **Grace Rowdens**, Mid Glamorgan; **A. Clarke**, Rugby; **L. Thompson**, Essex; **Timothy Davies**, Churchtown; **Zechery Pearce**, London; **James Young**, Essex; **Claire Hodge**, Maccles; **Claire Marshall**, Beverley; **Michelle Blakie**, Stafford; **Elizabeth O'Hera**, Statts; **Jennifer Newton**, Bristol; **Lynsey Beswick**, Edmonton; **Emma Jordan**, Bristol; **C. Allen**, Rushden; **Adrian Hiedman**, Hendon; **Kelly Hampton**, Heris; **Heidi Ford**, Hordesdon; **Roy Breilsford**, Derby; **D. Buckley**, Mapperley; **R. Goldthorpe**, Menzieside; **Darsha Buxeni**, Edgbaston; **Melanie Prentice**, Redditch; **R. Groues**, Swindon; **Gianine Molloy**, Leitrim; **Sarah Bullock**, Chislehurst; **Michelle Phillips**, Guernsey; **H. Cleye**, Walsall; **Ferida Bobat**, Forestgate; **Nichole Cristie**, Leeds; **Rahunder Heer**, Coventry; **Frances Fairhurst**, Glasgow.

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CASSETTES

Does Luke from Bros possess a *Hemlock Fuzzaway*? Do Saint "n" Greavsie own matching bidets? Does Bubbles do his own washing or employ a lady to "do" for him? Does the thought of not knowing the answers to any of the above send you utterly bonkers? Send your "queries" to **Get Smart! Smash Hits**, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

Some Astonishing Facts About Fleetwood Mac!

Dear **Get Smart!**,

Could you please enlighten me about the group Fleetwood Mac? Who are they and what records have they had out? Could you please print a picture too if possible?
John Sweeney, Woodford Green.

● We most certainly could! The Mac are one of rock's true dinosaurs, as it were. They started "life" as a hippy quartet in August 1967 and there have been quite a few "personnel" changes along the way. The group are now "standards" consists of Christine McVie, John McVie, Mick Fleetwood, Stevie Nicks and two newcomers, Billy Burnette and Rick Vito. Among the more recent of their LPs are such "nuggets" as "Rumours".



▲ The old Mac i.e. a bit of a state



▲ The current Mac (l-r): Stevie Nicks, Mick Fleetwood, Rick Vito, Christine McVie, John McVie, Billy Burnette

"Lusk", "Mirage" and their new LP "Tango In The Night" which is, er, dead good!

get smart!

DURAN DURAN: Do They Still Exist?



Dear **Get Smart!**,

What on earth has happened to Duran Duran? I have been patiently waiting for the new LP for ages now! Have they gone forever down the dumper, as you say, or are they bringing out a new LP as promised? Please put me out of my misery before I expire!
A worn out copy of "Notorious", Elton, Nr Chester.

● Fret no more, "pal" for the Duran will be back in a jiffy! Simon, Nick and John have swanked off to Paris where they are completing their new LP in the studio (man). They're not promising when it'll be in the shops but it will definitely be, erm, some time this year! They're back!

BROS TO SPLIT SHOCK!



Photo: Simon Fowler

Dear **Get Smart!**,

Put me out of my misery and tell me it's not true that Bros are splitting up! I read in the *News Of The World* that Matt has been ordered by his producers to dump Luke and Craig so that they can make him into the new George Michael.
Rena Pata, a very worried Bros fan, Walsall.

● As is so often the case with these so-called "news" paper "exclusive" stories it turns out to be a load of complete and utter tosh, indeed, it couldn't be further from the truth which **Get Smart!** will now "reveal". Far from splitting up, Bros have a new single out on May 31 called "I Owe You Nothing" and will be doing some concerts around the country at the end of June thus proving themselves to be a thriving and very much "together" young pop trio! Triple hurrah, what?!

KK: THEY'RE THE NEW SENSATION THAT'S SWEEPING THE NATION! (Part 71)

Dear **Get Smart!**,

As you know absolutely everything there is to know about pop music, can you please tell me absolutely everything there is to know about the band KIK who supported A-ha on their last tour? From someone who thinks that KIK's keyboard player is a potential threat.

● KIK are Andy McArron (who sings) and Paul Taylor (who sings a bit and plonks away on the "keyboards"). They come from Glasgow, they're both 21 years old and they plan to release their first single in the near future. Anyone wishing to find out more should write to Dee Whelan at John Reid Enterprises, 51 Holland Street, London W8.

FAN CLUBS

Profile: Andrew McArron	Address: 111, Woodside Road, Glasgow G11 7JG	Telephone: 041 876 1111	Details: Steven (Boy 489) Memphis	Post Box: 477, Glasgow G1 1YR
Occupation: Musician	Age: 21	Address: 604 New York, Glasgow G1 1BB	Details: Margaret	Post Box: 477, Glasgow G1 1YR

● P.S. When writing to fan clubs please provide a stamped addressed envelope or (if the address is correct) an International Reply Coupon (check you can get from the Post Office).

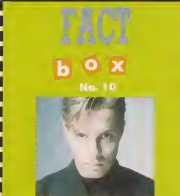
IS MAGS A BIT OF A SPOOK BLOKE?



Dear **Get Smart!**
Recently, I read in a magazine that Mags from A-ha has turned to voodoo for relaxation and that he's been studying Red Indian literature, staring into fires and wearing a magic belt. What do you say?
Baffled A-ha fan, Birmingham.

● It all sounds highly dubious to **Get Smart!** but there is an "element" of truth in the story. He said these things as a "joke" which has now been slightly misinterpreted. Mags has been known, however, to dabble in the odd bit of spook bookwormery and is currently swotting over a pile of books by some philosopher bloke called Nietzsche. Oh dear. . .

A cut out 'n' keep Smash Hits Collection



FACT BOX
No. 10
FACT BOX
(Johnny Marr's Jazz)
Full Name: John Marr
Birthdate: 1953
Birthplace: Salford, Surrey
Height: 5' 10"
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Marital status: Single
Hobbies: Playing guitar

First hit: ...
Biggest hit: ...
Car: ...
● ...
● ...
● ...
● ...
● ...



AZTEC

Roddy Frame is the bloke behind Aztec Camera
is flinging its way up the charts. And, he tells



Many hundreds of thousands of moons ago in 1980, a tiny wee lad called Roddy Frame from a tiny wee place called East Kilbride near Glasgow donned out of his school gate for the very last time. He was 15, had not one "qualification" to his name and reckoned "school was crap". One year later he invented a pop group called Aztec Camera and within one zillionth of a second they were a gigantically popular "indie" group and Roddy Frame was hailed as a "child genius" for his tweetingly sobful love songs and the blustering splendour of his jangly guitar. By 1983 they had invented one enormous hit called "Oblivious", a "hum"-dinger of a brilliant LP "High Land Hard Rain" and Roddy had *single-handedly* invented suede fringe jackets, floppy-fringed giant hair-dos, boot-lace ties and saying lots of sentences with the words "serious musician" in them etc. By 1984 they'd invented a second LP called "Knitte" which was slightly good except it went on a bit due to being "produced" by Mark "Horrible Headband" Knopfler from Dire Straits. Then they fell into a large black hole in infinity (or something) and disappeared until this very year where by all "accounts" they are most certainly back. Nowadays, Aztec Camera are an eight-piece "extravaganza", Roddy Frame owns "eight or nine" guitars and quite a few wrinkles due to being a "crumbler" of 24 but apart from that he's still a tiny wee lad with a bootlace tie on and an East Kilbride "burr" and he's having a blithering whilst having several glasses of swank red wine and several "tags".

● So. Were you really a "child genius"?

"No. Naaaaah! I think that's nonsense! I just practised a lot and if you practise you get quite good. It's as simple as that."

● Did you start playing the guitar when you were about two?

"I was four! Weel, maybe not playing but I remember when I was four asking Santa Claus in an apartment store if I could have an electric guitar and an amplifier."

● Pthrrrrt!

"It's true! I knew what it was from the telly!"

● Why didn't you want a train-set like "normal" people?

"I dunno. I just never had the urge. I'd just become totally infatuated with music 'cos my sisters who were 10, 11 years older than me played stuff like The Beatles and Herman's Hermits and David Bowie was just coming along... I was totally infatuated with David Bowie until I was about 13."

● Did you ever pinch your mum's make-up and dress up like him?

"I used to dress up as him for Halloween! Loads of make-up all over the place and horrible long wigs and all that. I looked horrible."

● But did you get the guitar and amp?

"No! I got a little guitar, though. But I



AMEA

ra, whose new single "Somewhere In My Heart"
Sylvia Patterson, "I owe it all to Santa Claus" (?) . . .

ended up using it as a spaceship for
ma action man - I took out all the
strings and stuck him in the hole.
Great. I got a proper guitar when I was
nine and started to learn some chords
with ma Bert Weedon Songbook. (Bert
Weedon being an ancient guitar geezer
famed for not very much except his
timbo-proof instruction manuals) and
I've never looked back!"

● What was the first song you ever
wrote?

"I used to try to write punk songs. . .
uh, the first one I ever wrote was in
1977 and it was called 'Town Planners'
heheh. That was when I was really into
The Clash and The Pistols (i.e. the Sex
Pistols). The lyrics were totally
useless, like most punk bands whose
lyrics were totally useless."
Any particular "couplet" that you can
recall?

"Eh. . . something about
'contemplating suicide/while you're
living in the countryside' heheh! Years
before Morrissey I was a manic
depressive punk!"

● Didn't you ever yearn to be a
milkman or anything?

"Naah. Mmmm.
When I first left
school, though, I
thought that maybe I
could be a postman
'cos I liked wandering
round anyway and I
wouldn't have minded
being paid for it."

● What, would you
say, has been your
most "stylish" hairdo
so far?

"The most stylish of
my hairdos to date? I
think the one that was most *unstylish*
was probably the most stylish. I had
long hair before a lot of people started
growing theirs long. Mine was long
(indicates "collar bone"). And it
was all bunched up on top in a big sort
of heaped mess."

● Did you used to blub furiously in
your bedroom when you were 15?

"Yeah, yeah, weasel! I wouldn't say
I was blubbing in my bedroom as such
but I was quite. . .er, sensitive,
reading lots of Colin Wilson ("cute"
author i.e. hardly anyone's ever read
one of his books) and all that but I
think that's quite usual. Oh yeah, I'm
sure all those Smiths fans are like
that."

● How much blubbing do you do
these days?

"Not much. Nah, can't remember the
last time."

● Why do you live in a shack in the
middle of nowhere?

"I don't! Naahah, I've lived in a flat in
London for the past five years. No, the
shack is something I bought with ma
first publishing advance - just a wee
place in the middle of a field outside
Manchester. I just go there for quiet
weekends an' that. I lie on the roof
when it's sunny and think about
absolutely nothing! My days of
contemplating the universe are well
over. When you get older you come to
realise that (knocks v. firmly on the
wooden table) things are what they

are. Life's hard and then you die, sort
of thing." (?)

● Have you got a big spongy settee
in your flat?

"Actually I've got a great big settee in
my flat and a great big TV as well and
the flat's tiny heheh. The two of them
take up the entire living-room. My
ambition when I get really rich is to
have a flat with a table in it 'cos I've
never had that yet. I want something I
can put ma jogs under. (?) I wouldn't
mind a microwave, either, for heating
up cold curries."

● Why is your settee so big?

"I like it! It's handy for when people
want to stay the night. It's not one of
those fold-out things either, you don't
need to fold it out!

● Jings! Is it about four feet wide or
something?

"Maybe bigger! On aye, it's ridiculous
but I like it. I've also got loooooads of
records. About two walls full. So
basically if you sit on the big settee all
you see is records. It's good."

● What would you do if you were
presented with a Jacobs' cream

cracker with the
dreaded E 123 in it,
the E that causes
instant death (or
something)?

"I'd eat it! My
favourite kind of foods
are the ones with the
E numbers! They
seem to taste better.

Monosodium
glutamate, it makes
things taste better.
Crisps and all that. I
mean, if you were
cooking at home and

you, er, just got out some potatoes
and sliced them really thin and tried
them up in a pan or whatever they
wouldn't taste as good as Smokey
Bacon, would they? Or Prawn Cocktail.
Or Worcester Sauce. I think these
flavourings are a great invention."

● Why are you so thin and wee?

"I don't know! I drink and eat as much
as everyone else. I eat anything,
whatever's there. I'm not anorexic or
anything, if that's what you're
wondering! (?) As for exercise I
occasionally jog round to the
newsagents to get some fags. Yes, I
know smoking's a disgusting habit, but
I'm afraid I enjoy it. . ."

● Are you a Bros fan?

"Not a fan particularly but I like their
records, I think their records are good
and I think he's a good singer, it
doesn't offend me when I hear it on the
radio. A lot of people probably are
offended by them but they're probably
the hipper-than-thou sorts and they
offend me far more than Bros do. I've
done all that hipper-than-thou bit
myself when I was about 13 and it's
just really childish. I just like what I
like. I quite liked 'Joe Le Taxi', I like
Whitney Houston, Anta Bsker and I
love love music."

● You're obsessed by music, aren't
you?

"Totally. Totally. Totally obsessed by
music." ("Fancy that!" - Absolutely
no-one. . .)



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ADDRESS _____

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ALPHABET STREET

No uh uh I'm going down to alphabet street
I'm gonna crown the first girl that I meet
I'm gonna talk so sexy she'll want me from my head to my feet

Yeah yeah yeah
Yes she will
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah uh

I'm gonna drive my daddy's Thunderbird
A white rod ride sixty six (sixty seven) so glam it's absurd
I'm gonna put her in the backseat and drive her to Tennessee

Yeah yeah yeah uh mm mm
Yeah yeah yeah Tennessee
Yeah yeah yeah drive her mm

Excuse me baby I don't mean to be rude
I guess tonight I'm not I'm just not in the mood
So if you don't mind I would like to watch

Yeah yeah yeah ow can I
Yeah yeah yeah oh oh ow
Yeah yeah yeah can I can I can I can I can I

We're going down down down if that's the only way
To make this cruel cruel world hear what we've got to say
Put the right letters together and make a better day

Oh yeah yeah yeah better days
Yeah yeah yeah it's O-O-Oh
Yeah yeah yeah
Maybe it's the only way

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Words and music by Prince
Reproduced by permission Warner Chappell Music Ltd
On Paisley Park Records/WEA Records



CALYPSO (CRAZY) BILLY OCEAN

What yeah what yeah what what yeah what yeah
(Ah eh ah ah ah ah ah)
(Ah ah ah ah ah ah)
What yeah what yeah yeah yeah

Mmm sing out
Mmm yeah calypso lady
Oh baby come on
(People dancin' everywhere) yeah
(Calypso music in the air)
Ooh ya know ooh ooh
Lady you're driving me crazy
All right I need your lovin' mmm
All you do is tease me
But that ain't right

Oh c'mon
(People dancin' everywhere) yeah
(Calypso music in the air)
Ooh you're driving me wild
Calypso lady (come on)
(People dancin' all around) yeah
(Calypso lady shake it down)
Ooh when you're driving me wild
Calypso crazy
Lady ooh come on out to party
And make it right I'd love to touch you
Yeah and feel you close beside me
I wanna hold you tight

C'mon
(People dancin' everywhere) yeah
(Calypso music in the air)
Ooh woman you're driving me wild
Calypso lady (come on)
(People dancin' all around)

(Calypso lady shake it down)
Oh you're driving me wild
Calypso lady
Yeah yeah (people dancin' everywhere)
C'mon oh c'mon
(Calypso music in the air) yeah



(Ooh you're driving me wild)
Ooh ooh calypso lady yeah

And if you should ask me now
What I feel
Ooh I'd tell you that you're the one I love
So if you wanna take a chance with me
One day and you will see ooh let it be
Let it be oh yeah
Oh set it off (come on)
Come on come on come on
Oh oh h-h-h-h-hey (people dancin' everywhere)
(Calypso music in the air) alright
Oh yeah calypso lady calypso
I wanna dance with you
What what (yeah) what what yeah what yeah yeah
(Oh you keep driving me wild)
Ooh bringing me back
I wanna dance with you
(People dancin' all around) yeah
Wooh wooh wooh wooh
(Oh you keep drivin' me wild)
Ooh ooh I wanna dance with you baby
I wann I wanna oh yeah
(People dancin' everywhere) !!!!!
(Calypso music in the air) oh oh wooh-oh
Oh oh oh-oh-oh oh lady
(People dancin' all around) c'mon
(Calypso lady shake it down) ooh
And you're driving me wild

Repeat three times

Calypso lady
Baby baby baby baby

Words and music by R.J. Lange/B. Ocean
Reproduced by permission Zomba Music Publishers
Ltd./Aqua Music Ltd./On Live Records



Climie Fisher



POSTER

● Photos: Andy Catlin

Oh dear. Summer will soon be upon us, the sun will be “splitting” the trees, and nobody at *Smash Hits* has a *clue* about how to organise a proper picnic. “Sounds like a job for those country ‘boys’ Climie Fisher,” suggests Tom “Bumpkin” Doyle. . .

It's 11 o'clock on a Sunday morning in a decidedly snoot area of North London, and the rain is fair belting down from the heavens. You, viewers, are probably tucked up nice and cosy in your kip, but it's cheeing us off no end because it is today of all days that we've decided to go for a bit of a serious picnic with those pop luminaries*, Climie Fisher. Simon Climie and Rob Fisher (hence the name) aren't exactly looking too cheery either.

“We haven't eaten for two days in preparation for this!” On dear. Ver lads are naturally a bit “deckish”.

“I find it awkward having picnics on days like these. The sandwichs always tend to get a big soggy. . .” pipes Rob in “hilarious” fashion, not daring to whip his “shades” off since it is still clearly a bit early in the morning for pop stars.

“That's a con, actually,” billows Simon. “We often have to get up very early in the morning to do this or that, especially if we have to travel somewhere.”

Alarm clocks ahoy!

“Yes, I have a ‘snooze’ button on mine and I use it quite a lot,” chips in Rob. “I press my ‘snooze’ button and it gives me another nine minutes sleep before the alarm goes off again. I think the record number of times I've pressed it is ten in a row – an extra hour and a half, which isn't bad I suppose.”

“I can get mine to last for an hour and a half,” adds Simon, “which is a *serious* ‘snooze’ button. I didn't use it this morning, no. But maybe I should have. This is one of those days where I seem to spend the first few hours walking around half-asleep anyway.”

“Rob's *incredibly* lazy,” agrees Simon. “He worked on this gadget for his coffee-machine where a timer would switch it on five minutes before he got out of bed, so that as soon as he crawls out, there's a cup of coffee waiting for him in the kitchen – so he can run through, have a quick two or three cups, put on his trousers and then dash out of the door. He's still usually very late though.”

“My timekeeping's not bad these days, but when I was at school, I was always the last one in on time. I lived three or four miles away 'y'see, so I had to catch the school bus – and if I missed that, I had to get a lift from the milkman. And obviously because a milk-float travels so slowly, I would often arrive there just in time for lunch! At the time, I can remember thinking ‘This is the life for me. . .!’”

Still, this idle “banter” may be all fine and well, but the day is still looking as if it might be picnic-free. That is, of course, unless we have one indoors.

“An indoor picnic?” squeals Simon. “That's a very good idea actually. I've heard they're all the rage now – haven't you? No? Well, even if they aren't, we may start a trend.”

And who better than Simon Climie and Rob Fisher, both country boys at heart and old “hands” at this “game”, to tell us the essential requirements of a successful picnic. . .

1 DON'T FORGET THE SARNIES, MATEY!



Simon: “I used to have picnics quite often when I was young and lived near Hastings. My parents had a little farm about quarter of a mile from the main road, so I often went down to a nearby river with my friends, all of us carrying bags of *Marmite* sandwiches. Mind you, my favourites were always honey and peanut butter ones. People always go ‘Yeeeuurrrgh!!!’ but they're very tasty in fact. You get a lot of energy from honey and peanut butter sandwiches. So if I'm ever feeling a bit tired after not having had enough ‘snooze’ buttons, I always eat one to perk me up.

“I remember being really shocked at one picnic. We'd gone down to the river and my sister had come along with a boyfriend. She was about 14 at the time, so I must have only been about nine. Anyway, she wandered off with him and soon after, I spotted them through the trees and they were kissing. I was horrified! I can remember thinking ‘Eugh! I think I'll stick to the sandwiches. . .!’”

2 TRY NOT TO EAT TOO MANY FLIES!?



Rob: “We had quite a bit of land where we lived. It must have been a bit bigger than Simon's family's place, but it wasn't really a farm – it was a market garden. That's where you grow flowers and potted plants, and then you sell them. (Thanks Rob – Ed.) So we used to eat out on our lawn there quite a lot. But the proper picnics we had were always when we went to the seaside I suppose. It was a bit horrible really because you'd always end up with sand in your food, all gritty and stuff. It was just as bad in the countryside though, what with all the flies you used to get surrounded by. I was always a bit paranoid about getting flies in my cucumber sandwiches actually. Did I ever swallow any? Well, I never consciously tried to swallow a fly, but I suppose I must have swallowed tons in my time.”

3 BE A "CROCODILE" DUNDEE TYPE AND, LIKE, BEFRIEND THE ANIMALS (MAN)!



▲ahoy!!(?)

Simon: "My biggest problem was always ants. I often ended up sitting on an ant hill, and it's really disgusting! They take over! They go up your shorts and you get all these painful bites. I still have nightmares about ants actually, but I suppose they're not as bad as bulls. And even worse than bulls are cows that've just given birth to calves, because they're so protective at that time. There I was once having a picnic in a field with my friends, and I turned around and spotted a herd of about 50 cows stampeding towards us. There was a local farmer passing at the time, so he ran over and said, 'Don't run away from them – just stand in front of them when your arms stretched wide, start walking towards them and they'll stop.' So of course, we didn't believe him, but he did it and it worked. It was one of the most amazing things I've ever seen in my life, er, I think."

"And sheep are really mad as well. My family were once given a sheep by another local farmer. He was going to have it put down

because it had a dodgy leg or something, so we took it to the vet and had it seen to, and while it was recovering, it lived at the bottom of our garden, tied to a pole. It was mad! It used to go around in circles and mow the grass for us. It would start about 25 yards away and then walk round and round in circles until it came to the centre – just eating all the time. It thought it was a dog though. Its best friend was our dog y'see, so it eventually tried to bark and things, but of course all manner of hideous noises would come out. It became quite friendly with us too. Because it thought it was a dog, it would often chase after you and jump up at you, which I can tell you was no fun at all, because by this time it was completely huge after having munched all our grass.

"Eventually we put it back in the field with all the other sheep. But it still thought it was a dog though. It would chase after the rest of the sheep and try to round them up and jump on them, which is a bit of a shame really. I mean, sheep never look in the mirror, do they? {??!!??!!}

4 GO OFF ON A "RAMBLE" AND BUILD A NEW HOUSE! (?)



▲sploosh!.....

Simon: "After your picnic, people should go off on a ramble and build a bivouac or something. A bivouac? It's a shelter made out of a willow tree, mainly because they're nice and bendy. You dig the ends of the tree into the ground and then weave it with nettles and dock leaves, and then you've got yourself an igloo sort-of-thing in which you can have junior discos or build a

roller-skating rink or whatever tssssssss heh heh. No, but you can use it as a place to sit when you're on a fishing trip if it starts to rain. I love fishing too – just fill a can with worms for bait and off you go. The only problem is that you might take it home and then a couple of weeks later think to yourself, 'Oooh, wonder what's in that can over there and then – spewh!!! It's bleedin' horrible!!!'

5 SET FIRE TO YOUR LOCAL BARN! (Not very advisable, actually – Ed.)



▲ perch!..... hover!

Simon: "Apart from going on picnics all the time, I used to set fire to our barn! I used to go in there quite a lot and build little hideaways for myself. One time I carried a paraffin lamp in with me, and I must have been shaking it around a lot because when I tried to light it, it went up in flames. So I dropped it instantly and the barn caught fire. The worst thing was I tried to lie about it and went and sat in my parents' front room. But I'm a terrible liar, so as soon as they saw my face, they realised something was wrong, looked out the window and spotted the barn on fire! The fire brigade were called and it worked out fine in the end, but I was a bit shattered actually because I thought it might have gone out itself. . ."

"This is real grub!" shrieks Simon. "Not like some of the weird stuff we have to eat sometimes. Rob seems to have terrible luck when we go out to a restaurant. *Anything* he orders makes me want to throw up as well actually," chews Rob. "Restaurants in Japan are the worst. I remember being served this one thing that was like a white semi-circle with a green blob in the middle and these tentacle sort-of-things sticking out all around it. We took a photo of it actually. I tried to eat a bit but bleeeeearrgh!!!! I've still no idea what on earth it was."

Sporyoou. And with that, the pair of them get well and truly "stuck in" while we finally traipse outside. Only to realise that the rain has popped its "clogs" and the sun has got his "hats" again. Isn't that nice? (See/he. . .)

Rob: "I had a bad experience with fire when I was younger too. I had this cart and I wanted to power it, so I thought I'd got an engine for it. I stole a gallon of petrol from somewhere, fixed it onto the back of my car, knocked a hole in it and held a match to it. I thought that the flames would come out so fast, it would propel itself along the grass, but instead I nearly blew myself to bits! That's the good thing about being brought up in the country – you've got tons of space to go completely mad and try to kill yourself!!!"

Well, that's enough of all this, eh viewers? Let's go back to North London on a wet Sunday morning to see how our two picnic "experts" are adapting to our new trend-setting indoor version.

On the table underneath the red picnic parasol lies a veritable "feast" of munch-material including strawberries, grapes, apples, pork pies and a big pot of tea – the "works" in fact. It's a nosh-city indeed and Climie Fisher dives at it.



▲ BOOOOOO!!!!!!

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Smash Hits



Photo: Paul Little

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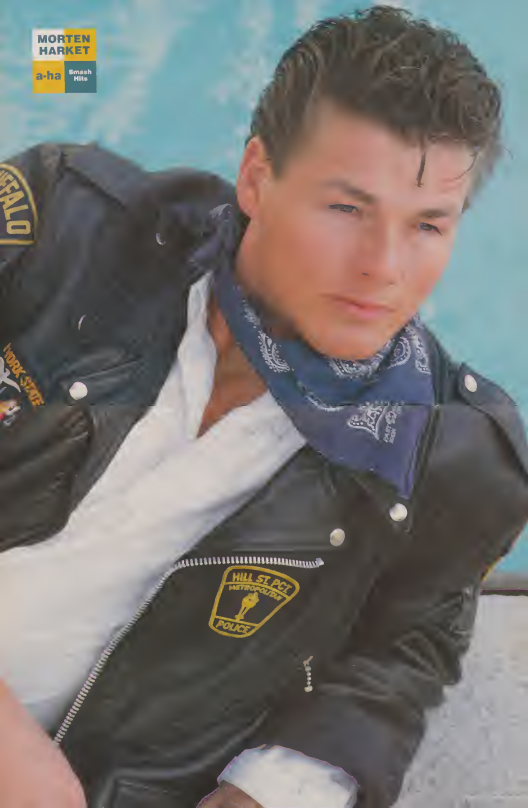
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So people say your hair looks great.
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of rich body and bounce, which makes it
pretty good for the ego too.
So let it go to your head, why not?

Which One's Your Type?

SPOT THE RUDDY DIFFERENCE!

(and win 160 - 160! - Easy Denim Jackets, plus 40 - 40! - t-shirts while you're at it, "pal!")

Why, it's a real fun way to while away the day! Yes, it's *The Smash Hits/Easy Spot The Ruddy Difference Competition!* And we're giving away 160 - 160! completely brilliant *Easy* denim jackets worth £34.99 each as prizes. Put one on and - presto! - you'll be the snappiest dresser on your block! What's more - what's more!! - we've got 40 - 40!! - *Easy* t-shirts for the lucky, lucky runners up! It's quite preposterous!

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE CONTEST

Examine these two photographs of models wearing snappy *Easy* denim jackets if you will. They're supposed to be the same, but the two clots have got into a bit of a muddle and got a bit mixed up about who was supposed to be wearing and holding what. Can you unmix their mix-up by spotting the eight differences between the two pictures? If you can, ring the differences on picture number two with a pen and then have a go at the tie-breaker caption competition.



Picture one



Picture two

Photos: Paul Rice

TIEBREAKER CAPTION COMPETITION

Look at these two persons wearing their snappy *Easy* denim jackets. What chirpy smirks they wear on their faces! But what could they possibly be saying that makes them so jolly? Are they perhaps sharing the latest "joke" by Jimmy "Jimmy" Tarbuck? Write what you think they're saying on the dotted line under the photo. The 160 - 160!! - wittiest captions which accompany a correct "Spot The Ruddy Difference" picture will win a snappy *Easy* jacket! Boom boom! (?)



RUNNERS UP PRIZES



● Win one of these three incredibly stylish t-shirts!

How to enter

One: First ring the eight differences on the photo.

Two: Complete the tie breaker caption.

Three: Fill in your name and address at the bottom of the page.

Four: Tick box indicating what size of jacket you want.

Five: Cut out the page and pop the whole lot in an envelope and send it to **Smash Hits Spot The Ruddy Difference Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF,** by May 31.

Name: _____

Address: _____

SIZE MALE MALE FEMALE FEMALE

SMALL

MEDIUM

LARGE

SMALL

MEDIUM

Coca-Cola



Coke is it!



*Coca-Cola and Coke are registered trademarks which identify a some product of The Coca-Cola Company.

GARRY CHRISTIAN

Name: Gary Alexander Christian.

Born: I don't like giving out my date of birth...it's like a mystery. I want people to guess it. I was born in Wiston, though a nice little place just outside Liverpool.

Have you got any brothers and sisters? I've got six brothers and four sisters, loads of them. From the youngest their names are Jennifer, Mark, Kevin, Peter, Russell, then there's me, then Janet, Victor, Christina, Roger, Pamela and of course there's Marmosuke the family cat - well he used to be the family cat until he got run over by a double decker bus.

Did you have a favourite toy when you were a nipper?

I did actually. It was passed down between us brothers - it was a *Homby* engine from a train set. We had a track for it, it was great.



It's the type of toy you could keep forever, but my younger brother got it in the end and he took it to a pawn shop and pawned it, much to my distress.

What was your nickname at school? Nigger. No...it was just Gaz I suppose.

"When I shave my head I use those Gillette double edged razors and loads of shaving foam. I'd hate to think what I'd look like if somebody walked in halfway through me doing it..."

What was the first concert you went to? I think it was The Temptations (rather old '70s soul group) way back in 1971. It's very strange because I saw them at the Empire in Liverpool and now The Christians are playing up there. Incredible.

What's the worst job you've ever done? I had loads of jobs - the most horrible was when I worked in Liverpool abattoir. I could only stand it for two or three weeks, and that was only because my father insisted. I worked in the chute and you used to pull the dead cows down and drag the hide off them. It was revolting. It puts you off eating meat - I'm a vegetarian now. I prefer a good old spud.

Where do you live? At the moment I'm living in Paisie Wylie's house in Liverpool. I'm looking for a flat of my own and he's letting me stay in his so I'm very, very grateful. He's got a dog called Blanche and I kind of like it for walks. It's got fleas at the moment - I have scratching myself when I'm there.

Do you iron your own shirts? I don't - I just put them on - as you can see. I don't iron anything. Except for my socks.

What's the last book you read? I like books like *The Age Of Reason* by Jean-Paul Satra (French philosopher who wrote rather depressing novels and who invented a theory called "existentialism" which no-one understands). Didn't find the book a bit heavy on it? No, it's alright once you get into it.

What do you shave your head with? I use those Gillette double edged razors and loads of shaving foam. I'd hate to think what I'd look like if somebody walked in half way through me doing it.


Do you believe in God? Yeah. I suppose that I mean I'd never say there wasn't a God, and I believe in some sort of force, but I couldn't tell you exactly what it is. It's all a big mystery.

Are you quite a shy sort of bloke? Yeah, I am shy. It's been said that most singers are shy, and they change when they get on stage. Er yeah, I am shy.

What would you do if you were Prime Minister for a day? Only a day? It's a big question. There's so many things I'd want to do. I'd open up the banks and the financial institutions and let lots and lots of money flood up north and maybe create a more equal society that way, by releasing some of the money that's locked away in London. That's enough for one day isn't it?

How much money do you spend a month on clothes? I don't really spend anything. I'm not really a clothes person. The most expensive thing I've ever bought was this jacket I am wearing which I got in a shop in the King's Road in London. I just put it on and felt really comfortable and I haven't had it off my back since.

Do you ever buy flowers? Yeah. I love flowers. It's nice to have them in the house. I love nature, and the beauty of flowers. I think my favourite flower is the



"I think my favourite flower is the daffodil. Yeah, I do love flowers...there's nothing wrong with that is there?"

daffodil. Yeah, I do love flowers...there's nothing wrong with that is there? I love getting out into the country and just relaxing, slowing down, but I never get much time.

When did you last cry? Last week when I was listening to the soundtrack of the film *Betty Blue* (extremely blubby French film). Some music does that to me.

What purchase did you most regret afterwards? I suppose a house. I bought this house but it was in an area that I didn't like in Liverpool. The neighbours weren't very nice... That's why I'm homeless now. I've sold it now, which is good news.

Who's your best friend? I've got a hell of a lot of acquaintances, but I don't have one best friend because he died on me in 1978. Barry Slaughter he was called. What a name! He changed it actually to Jackson. But he died in a car crash. You know like you have a best friend, the one, and you know what they're thinking and that. Well that was him, and I've never really had a close friend since he died. Acquaintances yes, close friends no.

Do you wear sunglasses when you're watching the television? No, but I wear these glasses. They're tinted because my eyes are sensitive to light. I tend to close my eyes when people are taking flash photos of me - it's quite painful sometimes. It's my left eye that's weak.

What's the meaning of life? I don't know... What are you asking me that for? It's a bit heavy isn't it. The meaning of life is to be happy and to try to make other people happy. That's life: you're born, you die and there's all this in between. So you've got to try and be happy when quite a short space of time when you think about it. What's gone is gone, don't think about it. What's in the future is in the future, don't think about it...now is the thing. Enjoy yourself. Because tomorrow you may be dead.

LOOK!

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& Study
Correction
Pen

It works really well and looks good. The fluid flows smoothly, dries quickly and there's a nice handy clip too!

THE BEST
CORRECTION PEN
IN THE WORLD



Dearest Type,

I'm a little bit miffed. Why? Well, because of The Bros Front – the band's official fan club. I got a letter from them with an application form enclosed and price details.

Worraswift!!! I quote from their blurb: "Bros are very concerned that their fans are treated fairly, honestly and correctly. You believe that Bros are something special – and they believe that you deserve something special in return." And here's the best bit – Bros have sat down and worked out three levels of membership: Bronze (£3), Silver (£5) and Gold (£8). This is the bit that has me most miffed. I'm 19 and have a time job, but I'll be hard pushed to come up with nine quid for the fan club membership, and since I would imagine that the vast majority of Brosettes are still at school, I don't suppose many of them will be able to afford a Gold membership either.

OK, you do get your money's worth whichever membership you apply for, but I'm sure this system is going to cause a lot of aggro amongst Bros fans i.e. "I'm a Gold member of The Bros Front and you're only a Bronze!" I'm a far more loyal fan than you are. Yeeewuccchh!!!

Surely it would be fairer to have one level of membership at a reduced price, instead of this stupid kind of class system that encourages elitism. Anyway, 'nuff said. **Rei. A 19 Year Old Brosette With A Conscience.**

Dear Black Type,

I was pondering the mysteries of the اسپریتس and I have just discovered a clue to the secret of Chris Lowe's identity. My trouble began when I saw him on the B.P.I. Awards and noticed that his outfit was very similar to that of an elephant mucker-outer. I thought that's more of this until I listened to the "discs" my copy of their dirty, "Heart", and realised that the beginning sounds almost exactly (well, at least a bit) like parts of the theme tune to the *Animal Magic* programme of yesteryear (which was all about axes and stuff and usually a bit dull). Unfortunately, both my brain cells worked at the same time and I reached the conclusion that Chris Lowe is none other than that show's crumbling old "presenter", Johnny Morris!!!! Please, please help me – I'm being watched... Someone *Who Remembers Johnny Morris, Smoreset.*

You're a head-the-ball, pal, and no mistake...

Dear B.T.,

Have you, your Black Tripeness, not noticed the resemblance between many pop people of today and rather famous people of ruddy yonks ago? For example, doesn't Sir Stanley Housemarton look rather like Walter Prince Of The Softies from Dennis The Menace? Doesn't the sorry – The Hedge of the "Z" look a trifle like Sney from The Sooty Show? Does not Sir Magnus Of Furmoflack (or summat) look like the King of the crap joke, Jim Davidson? (Well, OK he doesn't.) Does not an oversized pudding basin resemble Sir Lawrence



● WRITE TO Smash Hit, 58 St Carmay Street, London W1V 1PF

The most splendid letter gets a £10 token and a Black Type tin (a towel). Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge)

Mullen Jnr's blue-hair in 1980 (yum?) Doesn't Sir Huckle! The Red look like a "potted" elf? Doesn't Dame Tina Turner bear more than a passing resemblance to Sir Billiam Idol? (I'm telling you, mate!). Doesn't Taja Seville look like she got her hair out of a packet of Super Noodles? Am I mad? Probably, but meanwhile I will leave you to ponder over these "wondrous" "discoveries"! Air reet?!! See yers!
A Run? Young Goat And No Mistakin' (?) Manchester.

Mmm. Doesn't the inside of your house resemble a ping-pong ball? Ha!

time of 63 min 14 sec
Then with wife & 3 Scottish cross country champions Neri Trezzani, who has a half marathon time of 63 min 03 sec, sat back comfortably under his belt

Dear Black Type,

What a busy fellow Neil Tennant must be. Not only is he jolly good at writing rather fine pop tunes with "gorgeous" Chris Lowe, but he's also the Scottish Cross-Country Champion. Crkey? Do his talents know no end? What a lark it is to be a pop star and no mistake. **"Love, Someone Who Fancies Chris Lowe – Even When He Doesn't Smile.**

P.S. I wonder how Neil manages to keep his "brill" time of 63 min. 05 sec. tucked under his belt "comfortably"?

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
Possibly with a system of ropes and pulleys I'll wager ... or, maybe he simply jerks up his braces, causing the prize collection of rare nettle leaves he stuffs into the back pocket of his jogging "trews" to prick his nether regions and send him galloping 'er hill and vale at an ankle-creaking pace. But possibly not.

Dearest darling Blackiekins!

I would just like to thank your lovely "mag" for making all of us sporty people out here in Viewerland v. happy indeed. And how? By showing us all what that "sucky" American poutieite Belinda Carlisle looks like first thing in the morning!!! Yes! There she was in your centrepiece (Smash Hits, 20 April 3 May) bags beneath the eyes, shiny face, red nose and all! What happened to her completely "Furrowed" brows then hem? Perhaps the make-up artist was seized by a fit of jealousy at Belinda's extreme good-lookingness (?) and sabotaged her

face completely? Or was it perhaps just the results of another wild rock 'n' paasay?

Plausible theories, you will agree. But I know the truth! It was you Type! Insanely jealous of Belinda's perfect features, you searched the photo reject bin and smuggled this "revealing" picture into yer mag. It's no use denying it – I've got all the evidence. However, if the proper "incentive" is sent, no-one else need ever know. I shall "take a token 'n' towel" would suffice.
Lots Of Love From Someone Who Really Should Be Revising Physics At The 'Mo', Edinburgh.

Bah! "Nabbed", as they say (except I'm nothing of the sort). But you deserve the token 'n' towel. If only to keep your mind off the thought of any further "investigations" ...

Yo! Lord B. Type!

Here is my prediction for the Top Ten singles of 1988 ...
1/ "We Don't Want You, Girls, We Fancy Ourselves" – Bros Matt: "I guess that's good. We just want to write a song about our own feelings?!"
2/ "Mary's Prayer (8th mix)" – Danny Wilson
3/ "On My Own" – Jellybean featuring Pete Waterman, S.I. Jellybean: "I'm very surprised. I wanted an up 'n' coming singer called Matt Aiken to do it, but there you go. By the way, does anyone like my funky dance routine? (No – The universe)
4/ "Mummy, Can I Come Home?" – Stedman Pearson
Stedman: "Who is this guy?"
5/ "House It Goin'?" – Krush Rulpho: "That's great! Considering we didn't want to put this ill-in 'child' record out and we split up ten years ago ..."
6/ "Free" – Curiosity Killed The Cat Nick: "Hahahaha!!! Second time lucky, eh? Heh! Heh! Heh!"
7/ "Scream" – Bon Jovi
Jon Bon Jovi: "Who are Krush? They play house music? Oh yeah – they're the ones that can't mime on Top Of The Pops! Bilmey – are they crap? No, no, they're useless."
8/ "We're notmeowndersandwe knowit" – Del Leppard
Joe Elliot: "Hi! This is an advert. Del Leppard's new album is called 'Brosarecompleteidiotsonthouaagree'! End of advert."
9/ "Wimpy Song" – Whitney Houston
Houston: "Where am I?"
10/ "Smile, Chris, Smile" – Pet Shop Boys
Chris: "This makes me really depressed..."
Graham Christie, Glasgow.

Dear Sir Type,

Hello! My name is Henry "Lovely" Kelly and being a fluffy-fudge young 'un, I've been given a crappy old game show by stupid old idiotic Terence Vole. It's called "Going For Gold" and today we have Sir Sig Swanson, Rolf Richtenowen, I mean and Nick "Howdy Chum!" Rhodes, the famous Italian pig farmer as our "International" guests. The first quadrant is as follows – Uncle Disputing has offered you to part in his latest porv-flick. And if you refuse, he has threatened to expose your shady past as Vince "Winny" Clarke's live-in fishmonger. Do you: a) Give him a hefty boot in the region of his ... Director yells "CUT! I give up, Fank. Take off that fringed-bear and join me down the booser for a slurp or two of Lemon Tizer, if you will ..."
Mr. Happy, Glos.

Frankly, I'm speechless.

Dearest "so-called" Black Type,

It has come to my attention over the last few "so-called" "readings" of your particularly groovy mag that instead of using your "real" name, Black Type, at the top of the letters on your page, some people have begun to write such things as "Dearest Blacko", "Dear Blacky", "Blackford of Blackinghamshire" (?) and other such ominous expressions.

Before you think that I'm going to just complain for the rest of this letter, think again. For I am about to offer a few suggestions to add to the list – "Dear Sir Type person who is even blacker when wearing a bin-liner on his head" ... erm ... um ... "Dear person with dark(ish) Type appearance" ... um ... that's about it. Not very original is it? **Norma Normality, Coonsville.**

Dearest Blackoi?!

I'm going off my head with anger! Aren't some people a complete pain in the wick? Maybe I attract them or something, but no matter where I am, I always seem to get stuck talking to someone who's a complete wriggling nutjob!!

For example, I'll be standing at a bus-stop, minding my own business trying to pick the news off the sleeve of my donkey jacket and along comes Mrs Narkychops with her ugly little pomeranian gasping away behind her with a manky old piece of Christmas wrapping paper seltaine across its chest. I'm pretending to be a collar and oh the burbles about how her son's doing really well in his turf accountant firm and the price of cheese and how her rheumatism is playing absolute havoc with her aerobic classes and then she'll scoot, leaping from puddle to puddle, completely ruining her pink, fluffy Roland Et slipper in the process. It's all too much for me, I'm afraid – what can I do? **Daphne Bonkers, No Fixed Abode.**

Humph! Well ...

- 1) Give your donkey jacket back to the hapless male, for heaven's sake.
- 2) Scribble "Xmas Pollard Is Completely 'Useful' on your forehead with a felt 'tip' pen.
- 3) Admit you're mad.
- 4) I'm off, "chuck"!.
- 5) Byeeeeeee!!!!



HOW QUICK CAN YOU GET
AT YOUR SAVINGS WITH A
BARCLAYPLUS CARD?

star turn on

45

Pints



This is a journey into space (woo)
The names have been changed to protect the committee
So knock the wa'doon
Bring the drums in
Let's have a party (yeah)

Pump up the bitter
Sh testin'
Pump up the bitter
Hey Georgia has the star turn scratchers arrived yay
Hey watch the record player bonnie lad
Pump up the bitter
Pump up the bitter
Howay turn
Give us some of your housey housey music man
(Yeah) star turn
A boo-boo-boo
Boo-boo-ba-doo
Boo-boo-booby-dobby-doo-boo-boo
Who-who-boo-b-boo
Scooby-doby-doby-doby-dup-bup-boo
Bo-be-bappy-be-be-bap
Doo-bup-buppy-babby-dap-dap
Scooby-boob-did-daby-doo-bab-bow
Put the needle on the record
Put the needle on the record
Put the needle on the record
And the spoons they go like this yeah

(Shake yer spoons mon)
Yenyabenyabadaasayeyeyaaaiieoo
Waaahoebaadeeoccaaiiheeaaiaaialioo
Maaieeooeiiisaaihaieeaaiaii

Can somebody help Mrs Patel out
Sha'a having one of her funny turns
Thank you Georgie ara you Gungadin
(OK gang whadya think is this a load of garbage)

A crata of brown to go and bomb the bass
Hold it hold the turn hold it hold the turn
Go evrybody on the street
Get down get down to your funky beat

Housa in the bar (house calling)
(Let's boogie house calling)
Hoo-a-ie-he-who-a-who-oo-oo
Yodle-le-he-who-a-who-hi-who

Keep the bar clear please thank you
Shh order come 'ere now
Settle down settle down
Can we have the pork scratches

Pump up the bitter
Pump up the bitter
Pump up the bitter
Braw it brew it

Doo-doo-dobby-dobby-doo
A-bup-bup-ave-bup-bup-bup
Bup-bup-a-doo-ana-bup-bup-bup
Pump up the bitter

(Jack you body jack your jacksie)
Can you hear me at the back
(Jack your body jack your jacksie)
Pump up the bitter
(Whip crack away whip crack away)
(Whip crack away)
(You drink sixteen pints and what do ya get)
(Waka up in the morning and your bed is wet)

Alright girls the male stripper's arrived
(OK gang whadya think is this a load of garbage)
He's not affiliated
A-bupe-bupe-bup-bupbup
Pump up the bitter (pump it up)

Jack you jackale a jack a jack
(Pump it up)
(Jack you jacksie a jack a jack a jack)
(Pump it up)
(A jacksie a jackle a jackle a jackle a jacksie)
(Jack jack jack jack a jack a jackie)
(Pump it up)
(OK gang whadya think is this a load of garbage)
(Pump it up)
(Whip crack away whip crack away whip crack away)

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POISON

Poison (left to right) Bobby Dall, Bret Michaels, C.C. DeVille, and Rikki Rockett

The spirit of rock'n'roll is alive and "kicking" (?) with Bobby Dall, C.C. DeVille, Rikki Rockett and Brett Michaels. . .

We're the kind of people who throw parties where we take all the chairs out of the room so you can't sit down. You're going to dance, party, get drunk and have a good time. . .

Rock 'n' roll, eh viewers??! It's a full-bellied chuckle and no mistake. But what with all this "paartying" and suchlike, it's a wonder that Yankee rock "troupe" Poison ever have time to make records at all.

However, they do. Much like the almighty racket known as "Nothin' But A Good Time", which has fair bombed its way (a bit) up the charts.

But don't they worry at all that their rock 'n' roll "lifestyle" will leave them. . . erm. . . slightly less than healthy?

"My whole thing is that if you're healthy then that's the slowest way to die!" pipes Rikki "Rockett".

Sounds like "fun".
"Yeah!! We're in this band to have a blast!" squawks Rikki. You hear about it so many bands and how tired and miserable they are on the road. It's like, "Man, give me your tour bus

— you on the highway!"
"You want to know how we get our frustrations out?" he barks. "Sometimes if we've had a long day, Brett and I will go to the back of the tour bus and whip out a piece of paper, number it from 1 to 100 and start a hit list of people we hate. . ."

Charming. So do you hate quite a few people then?

"Sure. I hate all vegetarians who say 'Don't smoke cigarettes', and then they turn around and get in a car that burns alcohol (?). Or these folk who will not smoke, won't eat meat, but then they'll go use an aerosol can of spray, messing up the ions in our atmosphere. It pisses me off. I say 'Get the hell out of here and straighten that out. Straighten the ionosphere out!'"

So you see, they are (quite) a considerate bunch. What's the nastiest thing anyone's ever said about the band, Brett?

"You're a bunch of nice guys. . .!"

Mmmm. But surely you must be at least a bit nice sometimes? Do none of you

ever indulge in particularly weedy activities like gardening or train-spotting?

"Well, I do a spot of hairdressing," admits Rikki. I love it when C.C., five minutes before the show, runs around and goes "So who's gonna do my hair then?". I'm the only one who can do it, so it's just a scam. . ."

It's obviously a tough life being a rock 'n' roll rebel then but surely the thought of all the lovely dosh you're earning must keep a big smirgle on your "chops"?

"But we're not in a great financial situation. Hopefully it'll get a bit better soon though."

And then you'll turn into a snobby bunch of rock toffs, no doubt?

"Naaaah!!!" billows Brett. "I'd say we'll be like *The Beverly Hillbillies* (ancient old American TV series about poor folk who're a bit thick who come into a lot of money). Basically we're just a good time, fun rock 'n' roll band!"

More power to your elbow, missus!??!

NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME

Woo mmm yeah
Ha ha ooh yow
Woo ha ha ha yeah

Now listen not a came I can't pay my rent
I can barely make it through the week
Saturday night I'd like to make my girl
But right now I can't make my ends meet no

I'm always workin' stavin' every day
Gotta get a break from that same old same old
I need a chance just to get away
If you could hear me think this is what I'd say

Chorus
Don't need nothin' but a good time
How can I resist
Am't looking for nothin' but a good time
And it don't get better than this

They say I spend my money on women and wine
But I couldn't tell ya where I spent last night
I'm real sorry 'bout the shape I'm in
I just like my fun every now and then

I'm always workin' stavin' every day
Gotta get a break from that same old same old
I need a chance just to get away
If you could hear me think this is what I'd say

Repeat chorus

You see I raise a toast to all of us
Who are breakin' our backs every day
If warrin' the good life is such a crime
Lord then put me away yeah
Here's to ya
Mmm guitar

Repeat chorus twice

Don't get better than this

Words and music by B Dall/C C DeVille/B Michaels/
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HEART

What About Love

I've been lonely
I've been waiting for you
I'm pretending
And that's all I can do
The love I'm sending
Ain't making it through to your heart

You've been hiding never letting it show
Always trying to keep it under control
You got it down and you're well on your way to the top
But there's something that you forgot

Chorus
What about love
Don't you want someone to care about you
What about love
Don't let it slip away
What about love
I only want to share it with you

You might need it someday yeah

I can't tell you what you're feeling inside
I can't tell you what you don't want to buy
Something's missing you got to look back on your life
You know something here just ain't right

Repeat chorus twice

Oh no oh-oh oh-oh
What about love love
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
What about love love love love
What about it what about love
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

Words and music by S Altan/B Altan/J Valance
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Divine
Emotions

NARADA

Ooh little baby sweet darling
(He's calling he's calling)
I wanna tell you
Ooh I seem to be falling
(He's calling and falling)
Yes I do (he's more than curious)
(He really needs the stuff)
I look at you and I go
Boring boring boring
(He hasn't had his touch)
(A word can mean so much)
It's more than just a passing fancy

Divine emotions come over me
When you smile
Ooh when you smile baby
A higher notion of ecstasy
Drives me wild
C'mon and d-drive me wild

Ooh I'm drowning this time
(He's sinking he's sinking)
Since I got the taste of
Oh your lips on my mind
(He's sinking and thinking)
Ha ha ha ha
(She thinks the boy is nuts)
(Somebody she can trust)
I try to speak and I go ding dong ding
(He makes it sound so nice)
(The girl's not made of ice)
Toto look I think she's melting yeah

Divine emotions come over me
When you smile ooh when you smile
A higher notion of ecstasy
Drives me wild c'mon drive me wild
Drive me wild

Divine emotions come over me
When you smile
Say I love the way you love me girl
A higher notion of ecstasy drives me wild
C'mon down baby down baby
Ow ow ow ow ow ow ow ow
Divine emotions
Divine emotions hey baby baby
Divine emotions come over me
When you smile tee hee hee
Ooh the way you smile at me baby
A higher notion of ecstasy in the morning
Drives me wild ooh ooh baby love yeah
Ow yeah yeah divine emotions
C'mon in and close the door hi
Divine emotions
We could be a serious love thing
You understand what I'm saying
Divine emotions ow ooh
C'mon baby c'mon baby
Divine emotions
C'mon baby yeah c'mon baby

Words and music by N M Walden/J Cohen
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obliged and top o' the morning to
you!

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Plus



BROS: What did they really get up to in Montreux?

"Not" to mention... *Helen*... *Calvin Fisher*... *Yves* (worra tiddler!)...
The *Com*... *Danny*... *Tim*... (worra band!)... *er*,... (again) and
every other pop "notable" in the entire stratosphere yodelling atop the mountains of Switzerland
at the *Montreux* "op fes" ya "jamboree"!!!! It's a "the hills are alive" special!?



PICK THE BEST MAGAZINE THIS WEEK

(◀ This boy nose what he wants!)

MASSIVE BROS POSTER

JASON DONOVAN in colour **Pop Quiz** We
nosey on down into the minds of **KYLIE MINO-**
GUE ROBBIE COLTRANE DEREK B JON CRYER (DUCKY
FROM PRETTY IN PINK) FEATURES dig deep about First
Dates, Pregnancy, Obscene Phone Calls Failing Your Exams
And **Spy** - that's me up here on the left - pulls an 'orrible
face.

OUT NOW... MAY 18

It's **50p**, the pick of the crop... erm, so good we get up everyone else's nose (Oh do shut up! - Ed)
Plus coming next week May 25... **The Grove, Just Seventeen's** new soap opera (sings)
Get into The Grove, boy you've gat to prove (snip!)





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*Men just can't help acting
on impulse.*



New Captivation



And What Is All This "Jumping Frog" Nonsense All About? . . .

"I wrote it in 20 minutes," declares Paddy McAloon about Prefab Sprout's new single, "The King Of Rock And Roll," the song with the daffiest chorus in the history of popular song (i.e. "Hot dog, jumping frog, Albuquerque").

"I got off the bus one day, picked the guitar up and wrote it. I thought it was so funny that I couldn't play it to anyone. It was so ridiculous that I thought we couldn't record it so I was going to send it to David Bowie but then I thought he'd think I was being very cheeky because it refers to someone who is ageing and is singing the boyhood chorus that made him famous at 19."

But what does it all mean?
 "It means nothing. What's happened is that he's grown older, everybody's left him, his contemporaries have got jobs and so he turns to his 'old lady' — he doesn't call her a wife; those hippies always say 'my old lady' — and says 'I'm the king of rock and roll.' It's a horrible joke, really. The opening line just popped out: 'All my lazy teenage boasts / are now high precision ghosts / and they're coming round the track / to haunt me.' I just liked the idea of his teenage boasts coming round on a track, this ghost train from the past coming to plough you down because your face has fallen and you're fat around the middle. Later on in the song he's 'high kicking dandy' because he's kicking up to the roof in his sequinned suit, splitting his pants. . . ."

So, viewers, now we "know" . . .

But who, the world wonders, are Prefab Sprout? The following facts are all true (apart from the fourth one, which is totally made up).

● There are four of them — Paddy, his brother Martin, Wendy Smith and Neil Conti —

and though Paddy used to pretend he got their rather silly name from mishearing a song that went "we got married in a fever / hotter than a peppered sprout" because it was a good story to tell on the radio he actually thought of it when he was 14 because he thought all groups had to have "heavyweight names that meant nothing."

● Paddy's quite annoyed that their last single "Cars And Girls" wasn't a hit. "I'm f'vid. If I had my way, heads would roll. . . it makes me wonder why I should friggin' bother, to be honest. . . you've got to get angry about it. . . white anger."

● He's 30 and still lives with his parents, except he doesn't really. "I understand the impression people have got — the cockish songwriter: 'mamma, I'm upstairs writing. . . mamma one day I'm going to London and we're all gonna be alright'. It's not like that. I still live at home but it's a funny way round. Everyone presumes that I live with my parents whereas it just could be that my parents live with me. You have your responsibilities."

● He is hopelessly addicted to fig rolls.
 ● A few Prefab Sprout fans are a little bit deranged. "You do get them. You get some who won't let you go if they meet you after a gig and they won't let you go because they think you have the key to the universe and they know what you meant in a particular song — they say it was a message to them and they got it."

● He used to fancy one of dodgy terribly dressed two-times British Eurovision Song Contest entrants The New Seekers. "Yes I used to have a crush on Lyn Paul out of the New Seekers. I suppose it's the same thing with Kylie Minogue. There'll be someone out there who'll die for her, and that's all that matters. . . ."

THE KING OF ROCK AND ROLL

La la la la la la la la la la
 La la la la la la la la la la . . .

All my lazy teenage boasts are now high precision ghosts
 And they're comm' round the track to haunt me
 When she looks at me and laughs I remind her of the facts
 I'm the king of rock and roll completely
 Up from suede shoes my baby blues (h-hot dog)

Chorus

Hot dog jumping frog Albuquerque
 Hot dog jumping frog Albuquerque

The dream helps you forget you ain't never danced a step
 You were never fazed of foot hippy
 All the gaiters you can keep for the children in the street
 For the vision I have had is sweeping
 New broom this room sweep it clean (hot dog)

Repeat chorus

Sing that boy
 High kickin' dandy fine figure fine cut a fine figure fine oh
 Long legged candy fine figure fine cut a fine figure fine oh
 Yeah

Now my rhythm ain't so hot but it's the only friend I've got
 I'm the king of rock and roll completely
 All the pretty birds have flown now I'm dancing on my own
 I'm the king of rock and roll completely
 Heaven up from suede shoes to my baby blues (hot dog)

Hot dog jumping frog Albuquerque (baby baby)
 Hot dog jumping frog Albuquerque sing it boy
 Hot dog jumping frog Albuquerque king of rock and roll
 Hot dog jumping frog Albuquerque yeah
 Hot dog jumping frog (Albuquerque) Albuquerque
 The king of rock and roll
 Hot dog jumping frog (Albuquerque)

Words and melody by P McAloon
 Produced by Peter Dinklage & Stuart M. Wall / New Seeker Songs Ltd.
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"Text": Christopher Heath.



"I thought it had gone away."

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*TRADE MARK

FACE TOMORROW

REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY RICHARD LOWE

ELTON JOHN: I Don't Wanna Go On With You Like That (Rocket)

What a magnificent asset Elton John has been to the world of pop over the years. Tons of smashing singles, hundreds of hideous "oufits", dozens of silly pairs of spectacles, everything you could possibly want from a pop star in fact. His new tune's not much cop though. It's a lacklustre ditty that he probably knocked out one lazy afternoon and its only saving grace is the rather extraordinary popping noise that runs all the way through. Must be one of these new-fangled electric drums. Quite odd.



THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS: The Men Responsible (Cold Harbour)

Who are The Company She Keeps when they're at home? Well, they're a not very famous group who once made a video with Rick Mayall which was quite a hoot and this is their second single and jolly good it is too, if a tad old fashioned. The chorus is so catchy that a) you'll have sworn you've heard it before, and b) Gary Davies has already turned it into one of his "jingles". I wonder if they made the verse bits really boring on purpose so we wouldn't get too excited.



ROD STEWART: I'm Lost In You (WEA)
Blimey, now here's a "turn-up" for the "book". Rod Stewart, gravel-throated singer noted mainly for frolicking about in L.A. (man)

with a succession of "leggy" "blondes", singing the appalling song "Sailing" and having the most unruly mop in the history of pop has chosen to team up with none other than Andy Taylor, the boring one in Duran Duran who left just before they turned into a good group. And the result? A terrific "rock" record that sounds a teeny weeny bit U2-ish if the truth be told.

NICK KAMEN: Tell Me (WEA)

Nick Kamen is quite good record sensation!!! Yes, viewers, it's true. The new Nick Kamen single is actually "quite good". Not, it must be said, because Nick's talent has blossomed to unforeseen proportions over the last year, but more likely because he's roped in a bloke called Pat Leonard (who co-writes lots of Madonna tunes) to help him out. It's quite a nice song which Nick sings quite well and it could quite possibly be quite a big hit. (Don't be sticking your neck out or anything - Ed.)

TIFFANY: I Saw Him Standing There (MCA)
Oh dear. Anyone who's not familiar with the original Beatles version of this song may be forgiven for thinking this is an amiable, snappy little pop tune. But anyone who has heard the "proper" version will consider this an affront to taste and decency and will visibly cringe every time they hear that nasty little "synth" "riff". A truly shocking record which is a shame because Tiffany is such a sweetie.



STATUS QUO: Who Gets The Love (Phonogram)

Ah, the Quo. The veterans of "hard rock" back to sort out all these upstarts who've been threatening their crown as the kings of poppy "metal". So does their new tune have the pomp and splendour of a Bon Jovi song? Does it boast one of those "demon" guitar "licks" that grace the works of AC/DC? Or one of those grand choruses that The Lepps are so good at? Or even the chug-a-long charm of that old song of their's that they kept relishing through the '70s? Er, no it doesn't. It's a timid, polite affair and it's fearfully dull.

A-HA: The Blood That Moves The Body (WEA)

Are A-ha teetering on the brink of the dumpster? Well "Stay On These Roads", a work of unparalleled genius, only managed to make it to number five in the charts which was an absolute outrage and this I fear will fare worse. It's a typically spooky and dramatic affair of course but unfortunately there's not much of a tune to speak of. The mental stability of Pål must be called into

question at this point too. For let's face it, lines such as "red stains on eyes of a blue dog/mr pains fade as interiors fog" are not the work of an altogether sane man.

FIVE STAR: Another Weekend (Tent)

My, there's been some change afoot in the Five Star "camp". Gone for instance are the spangly jumpsuits and not-very-nice-at-all "sweaters" that the singing siblings used to favour. Gone is any hint of normalism in the hair "do" department. And gone too, it seems, are tunes as magnificently weedy as "Rain Or Shine". For the Star's latest work is a splendidly tough, funky affair that sounds a bit like Michael Jackson (or is it Janet?). Why, it's even got grunting bits in it!



CLIMIE FISHER: This Is Me (Virgin)

An unremarkable "classy" pop single. The tune's all present and correct, there's a dinky little piano bit that runs all the way through it and a hugely whistleable "hook", and it's bound to be a very big hit. It's not very exciting though...



MANDY SMITH: Boys And Girls (PWL) SABRINA: Boys (Bixia)

Poor "old" Mandy Smith. Folks aren't too fond of her really. Partly because she so brazenly invented herself as a celebrity simply by coverting with a seriously aged "rock" "star" when she was barely out of primary school and partly because her records so far have been dreadful. This one's an absolute corker however. The A side is a marvellously trashy disco tune and the B side is a Stock, Aitken and Waterman song so piping hot that it wouldn't disgrace the repertoire of the greatest group in the land i.e. Bananarama. As for the Sabrina tune. Well, it's another brilliantly tragic disco record and if it's not a bit this summer after spurning millions of people to make buffoons of themselves in discos while on "vacation" I'll eat my hat.

THE STYLE COUNCIL: Life At A Top People's Health Farm (Polydor)

This record, readers, is quite remarkable. But can you guess why? It is a) because it's the latest "outgoing" from noted tunesmith Paul Weller, a gifted chap who's "penned" many a fine pop tune in his day (except this one plods along rather aimlessly and he's forgotten to bung in a chorus); b) because the "lyric" souches upon such aspects with the sound of a lavatory being flushed! (Clue: the answer isn't a) or b) even if they're both true.)

WHITNEY HOUSTON: Love Will Save The Day (Arista)

Did you know that Whitney Houston has now had seven - yes seven - consecutive number ones in a row in her "native" America. And this'll no doubt be the eighth. Thankfully, however, it's not one of those sickly pushing ballads that sound like Pepsi commercials, which she tends to trot out every couple of months, but a perky dance tune "produced" by pop tiddler Jellybean. And it's infuriatingly catchy.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

KYLIE MINOGUE: Got To Be Certain (PWL)

And so the debate rages on across the land. Approximately 50% of the nation at "large" will absolutely detest this record and will blether on endlessly about how Kylie is a talentless puppet in the hands of the evil Stock, Aitken and Waterman triumvirate, whose records all sound the same and it's all a sinister plot to undermine the true spirit of rock'n'roll and take over the world or something. Meanwhile the other 50% of the nation at "large" will consider the rather-goodness of the tune, titter for a moment at the ludicrousness of the show she's sporting on the sleeve and pop out to snap up a copy. Hence it'll be number one for about a decade. And quite right too.



Photo: L&L

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REVIEW

FILM

DANNY WILSON REVIEW STEVE MARTIN

Because Ged, Kit and Gary of Danny Wilson are such cinema buffs (they even named their group after a famous old film) *Review* decided to see what they made of the new comedy *Trains, Planes and Automobiles* (15) . . .



KIT:

What happens in *Trains, Planes and Automobiles*? Well, a man – Steve Martin (comic famed for juggling cats and for starring in *Roxanne* and *The Man With Two Brains*) – tries to get to Chicago and two days later he arrives after a catalogue of disasters, only two of which are funny. That sort of disaster farce always annoys me, but I don't want to criticise it too hard because there were some bits of that that were classy. Rather than being a bad film it was an almost good film.

Actually, I used to be a real film fanatic. At my gran's ruby wedding they bought her a Super-8 cine camera. I borrowed it and set up my Action Man and tried to do an animated film with it by moving his arms and legs around. I was about ten. Then I won a Lena May Award – it's a Scottish film award – when I was 13. The film was called um . . . *Sunshine And Snow*, (looks a trifle sheepish) but I gave up making films when I gave my camera to Dundee Amateur Film Society and they blew it up. That was my film career over. I could go to a film preview every week: we've just decided that we're going to be the Barry Norman of Pop – any interviews that get sent our way or anytime we get asked to do stuff about hats, we're now going to say: "Sorry, we preview films actually."

GARY:

The film was frustrating all the way through, but it's supposed to be like that. I shouldn't be too severe because it was actually a good film – it just wasn't a great film and you were expecting that from Steve Martin because of the amount of things you've heard about him. He just tried to cover too many different types of humour. The bit that really got me because it happened to me was the bit on the plane when he fell asleep and everyone falls asleep all over him, only it happened to me on the bus from London to Dundee and (goes into long story about a "a great enormous fat Marine"; a coat, and a "lump of saliva").

Steve Martin's character is sooo well dressed. That coat! I wanted that coat so much! His hat was good as well, but I've got a hat dead like it. Also, I thought he was dead handsome. What age is he? When he was in the shower I thought he had a nice body for a man of my age – let alone his age. What do you mean, "Yes, even though he's hairy"? What's wrong with hairy chests????

"We've decided we're going to be the Barry Norman of pop".

GED:

My initial impression – which was why I enjoyed the first 30 minutes was – God! I've been in that situation!

It's the old travel thing when one thing goes wrong and it ends up being a total disaster and going on and on and on . . . We've had the same experience – we've just been on tour in America, and the bus broke down when we were in Canada and we had to get three thousand miles in two days and we just didn't know how we were going to do it, so we just got stuck in the middle of nowhere.

I only enjoyed bits of the film because it was trying too hard to be clever. I thought it just didn't quite work but it had funny bits and also offensive bits . . . the swearing bit was totally unnecessary. It was there just for shock value and it made me cringe.

His co-star and the man he ends up travelling with though, whatever his name is, (John Candy – Ed) was brilliant. If you've ever done the London to Scotland train trip – he's like like the guy who sits next to you, who flops over your seat and slavers on your coat.

We haven't been to see a film for ages because we've been so busy and it really annoys me. I like films that stay with you but this one is really forgettable. I won't still be thinking about it next week. I just basically didn't find it very funny. . . .

MARTIN'S NEW FILM!



▲ Steve Martin (left) playing the laff executive and John Carrey playing the uncouth loudmouth.



▲ Steve 'n' John...



▲ and a boss!



▲ K.C. 'It was an almost good film.'



▲ Gee! 'It had funny bits and also offensive bits.'

CONCERT

ERASURE

Hammersmith O-Arena, London



▲ Andy Bell and Dharma Austin.



A black bowler hat, a black sequenced suit, black tights and motorcycle boots. Would you, dear reader, go out for a night on the town dressed in such garb? Would you perchance slip on a tee-through ballet skirt half way through the evening, or maybe don a flowery little Spanish number? You wouldn't? /No, we wouldn't. Quite a lot of people actually.

Well Andy Bell of Erasure, would and indeed he has been doing so on every night of the group's British tour. Backstage he's quiet and shy, but once he's on the boards he becomes a mad extrovert, a few songs into the set he's parading across the set in his twirly ballet skirt doing high kicks with his two backing singers, and he's obviously having the time of his life.

As for Vince Clarke, the quiet man of pop, well, in contrast to Andy he always seems like a bit of a grump on stage, just standing there and plonking away at his keyboards, but tonight even he can muster a smile when he dons his guitar and launches into "Who Needs Love Like That".

The thing about Erasure is that though no-one ever thinks they're the most famous group in the universe and despite the fact that you don't get millions of girls screaming at them like you would at, say, Bros., when you see them live you realise they've actually had loads of hits. They play them all tonight, so soon the whole place is singing along to "The Circus", "Sometimes", "Oh L'Amour" (which wasn't actually a hit but should have been), "It Doesn't Have To Be This Way" and "Ship Of Fools", and hearing them together makes you realise what truly brilliant songs they are.

"I've laddered my tights again," yells Andy in a weird, put-on squeaky voice, though considering the way he hops around the stage, rousing his perry tights is somewhat inevitable. What an odd chap he seems to be - not that any of the audience give a hoot. They stamp and cheer until the "foul" notes die away, cheer them back on for an encore or two and generally go completely bonkers. And why ever not? Quite moving really.

Reg 'Reg' Smitton

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MARK MOORE S-EXPRESSES HIMSELF

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ROLL UP FOR FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION

0898 22 25 14

DANNY WILSON (AND FRIENDS)

BIG INTERVIEW

0898 22 25 12

HOUSEMARTINS BREAK UP SOB SOB
FRANK'N' FEARLESS STAN CULTRIP
(THE MAN WHO WANTS TO TAKE THE
POD OUT OF POP) EXPLAINS WHY THE
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 - 81... HOUSEMARTINS - THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME
 - 82... PRIMITIVES - OUT OF REACH
 - 83... OJ EZ ROCK - IT TAKES TWO
 - 84... PATRICK SWAYZE - SHE'S LIKE THE WIND
 - 85... FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION - PERFECT
 - 86... GEORGE MICHAEL - ONE MORE TRY
 - 87... BANANARAMA - I WANT YOU BACK
 - 88... HAZEL DEAN - WHO'S LEAVING WHO?
 - 89... S-EXPRESS - THEME FROM S-EXPRESS
- FOR THE CHART-TOPPERS, RING 0898 12 13 AND THE NUMBER ...
- 01..... NUMBER 1 SINGLE
 - 02..... NUMBER 2 SINGLE
 - 03..... NUMBER 3 SINGLE
 - 04..... NUMBER 4 SINGLE
 - 05..... NUMBER 5 SINGLE

IS MADONNA'S NEW PLAY ANY GOOD?

Review nips over to New York to sit through her performance in *Speed-The-Plow* – a play about making movies. . .

It's 8.05 pm and the lights in Broadway's Royale Theater are dimming. Packed in the plush red seats are more than a few Madonna look-alikes squirming with excitement at the thought of seeing their favourite star in her very first Broadway play. In fact, *Speed-The-Plow* ("Plow" being the American way of spelling "plough") is one of the hardest tickets to get on Broadway even though the seats are fairly expensive (\$35.00 each i.e. about £20 in real money), especially considering this is just a three-character drama. But where else are most of her fans ever going to get a chance to see Madonna this close and in person?

Suddenly the curtain goes up, and the entire audience becomes still with anticipation. What will she look like? Will she sing? The play has begun with two male actors. One plays a movie producer and the other the head of a movie studio. But where on earth is Madonna? The audience waits. And waits. Finally, after 15 minutes and a lot of chatter about Hollywood movie-making Madonna appears!

You can feel a shock all through the theatre. Madonna is sporting horn-rimmed glasses and long brown hair and a rather unattractive navy blue business suit. She's playing a part totally devoid of glamour – a secretary named Karen who works for the head of the studio. Throughout the audience Madonna fans slump visibly in their seats as it becomes clear

that Madonna is going to spend a great deal of time offstage and is definitely not the star of *Speed-The-Plow*.

During the first act Karen brings coffee to the men and starts asking questions about movie-making. When the producer tells her that all movies are junk, she asks, "Why should it all be garbage?" This, of course – makes the audience chuckle a bit as they recall Madonna's film flops *Shanghai Surprise* and *Who's That Girl*. In the second act, Karen reads a weighty book about nuclear radiation called *The Bridge Or Radiation And The Whiffle Or Society*, and tries to convince her boss that it would make a splendid film. Unknown to her, though, the producer has bet \$500 that Karen will go to bed with the studio boss that night. The plot eventually boils down to this dilemma: will Karen convince the head of the studio to produce an "important" film on a serious theme or will he decide to churn out yet another "major motion picture" with a megastar that's sure to make a zillion dollars!

Needless to say, this sort of plot line offers Madonna a precious few opportunities to strut about in a corset or even sing a single note. In

fact, it's pretty common knowledge that Madonna wasn't even the first choice for the part of Karen. An actress called Elizabeth Perkins had already been cast in the part, but she dropped out in January, and Madonna asked for the opportunity to audition. The play's director, Gregory Mosher, emphasised he was sure she was right for the part after her first audition and has said, "She's wonderful! She rehearses the changes we make during the day and the play's on every night. . . it's working fine."

Madonna's co-stars also have nothing but praise for their co-worker. Ron Silver (he plays the producer) said, "She's funny, feisty and the first one to know her lines." And Joe Mantegna (he plays the studio boss) added, "This girl does not lack confidence. She's strong, one of eight kids and grew up in Detroit."

Speed-The-Plow was originally going to play for a few days in a tiny theatre in New York but a "spokesperson" says, "The minute the cast was announced, it was automatically sold out. There were literally no tickets." So they decided to move the play to a larger 1,000-seat theatre on New York's Broadway so that everyone

would have a chance to buy tickets.

But when *Speed-The-Plow* officially opened on May 5, although the play itself and the two male actors

received rave reviews, Madonna's notices were decidedly "mixed" (i.e. some "good" and most "lousy").

"Madonna Slows Down This Plow" was the headline of one newspaper review, and a TV critic said, "Her ineptitude is scandalously thorough. She moves . . . as if she were operated by a remote control unit several cities away." The critic for *New York Magazine* noted peevishly, "She can afford to pay for a few acting lessons," and *The New York Post* added, "She's not ready to light up the lamps of Broadway." The all-powerful critic for *The New York Times*, whose opinion can make or break plays, was much kinder: "It's a relief to report that this rock star's performance is safely moved from her Hollywood persona. Madonna serves Mr. Plamet's play much as she did the Susan Seidelman film *Desperately Seeking Susan* with intelligent, scrupulously disciplined comic acting."

And the public's verdict? The morning after the play's opening, there was a huge throng of people stretched around the block waiting to buy tickets, and the play's sold out for the next two months. . .

Steve Korte



▲ Madonna and actors Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver taking a curtain call.



▲ Unlike most actor-types Madonna arrives and leave the theatre flanked by bodyguards.

BOOKS

ROCKSTAR by Jackie Collins (Heinemann, £10.95)



Jackie Collins, younger sister of Dynasty soap star Josh, has apparently got rather bored writing steamy Hollywood exposés and has turned her attention to the world of rock 'n' roll, which she claims is far more glamorous (though quite how she can say after apparently going on the road with a heavy metal band for the purpose of "research" is a mystery, frankly) and this is the result.

Jackie Collins is awesomely clever. She has very deftly avoided a letterbox full of lawsuits by not modelling her characters on any one real pop person - they're each made up of bits from one pop star and bits from another.

Half the fun is guessing who's who and it's not awfully difficult. What is impossible to believe is that any pop star - be it Whitney Houston, Jon Bon Jovi or any of the others who seem to be the types this book is modelled on, ever say things like "Babe, when they made me they threw away my mother", have such completely stupid names (have you ever met anyone called Buzz, Speed or Flower?) or allow their clothes to fall off with such startling regularity (at least every four pages).

Rockstar is hopelessly badly written, positively chock full of clichés but although it is complete crap from the first page to the last it is utterly, utterly gripping crap.

Lola Borg

IRON MAIDEN: A Photographic History by Ross Halfin (Zomba £8.95)



Photographer Ross Halfin is a bit of a big cheese in heavy metal circles and has spent half his life swanking it with The Maiden.

This book's introduction rattles on for centuries about how his name and Iron Maiden have been symbolically and professionally linked since before time began and other such cosmic "issues", while the rest of the book (i.e. most of it) features all the pictures he's taken whilst going on the road with rock's top metal muthas, w/e Maiden.

This book is, therefore, only for people who are so bonkers about the group that they want to pay a rather swizzling nine quid for 128 pages crammed full of pictures of chaps in pervy breeks executing limbs akimbo style poses in front of exploding stage sets.

Alex Keads

ALBUMS



PEBBLES: Pebbles (MCA)
It's when Pebbles isn't pretending she's Janet Jackson that she's at her best. Unfortunately, however, that's not quite how "Pebbles" spends most of her time. Even clumps like Cherelle and Suedah Garret (who sang the hit "I Just Can't Stop Loving You" with Michael Jackson) don't help much, except when they get to grips with a couple of the smoochier bits. It's all typical sort of stuff about love and general relationship turmoil, and the best songs are "Girlfriend" and her new single "Mercedes Boy" which sounds a bit like "Girlfriend". Apart from that it's go straight to the back of the class and write out "I am not James Jackson" fifty squillion times. **(4 out of 10)**

Lisa Anthony



SADE: Stronger Than Pride (Epic) In 1984 and 1985 you couldn't get away from Sade, the group named after their lead singer Sade Adu. Their first LP sold millions, they had loads of hits, but then Sade herself burst into tears on stage and pffft! They suddenly disappeared off the face of the planet. When the group finally decided to come back earlier this year it seemed like - fickle world - everybody had forgotten them, because their big comeback single "Love Is Stronger Than Pride" flopped diamally. But listening to this LP it seems unlikely that they're finished, because it's actually miles simpler and more direct than their first LP "Smooth Operator". And it's quite good, if you like the sort of music that people tend to stick on when they're cracking out the After Eights and putting their feet up. It's all very slick stuff, a bass guitar hums away, keyboards tinkie tastefully, bongoes flap hither and thither, while Sade croons about "love" and "pride" and similar concepts. They're cottoned on to something here... **(7 out of 10)**

William Shaw



Ronald is making an investment in his senior year. He's hiring the prettiest cheerleader in school to be his girlfriend.

MONEY CAN BUY POPULARITY BUT IT...

CAN'T BUY ME LOVE^{PG}

TOUCHSTONE PICTURES PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH SILVER SCREEN PARTNERS III A FILM FROM APOLLO PICTURES A MOUNT COMPANY PRODUCTION "CAN'T BUY ME LOVE" STARRING PATRICK DEMPSEY AMANDA PETERSON AND DENNIS DUGAN FILM EDITOR JEFF GOURSON DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY PETER COLLISTER CO-PRODUCED BY MARK BURG EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JERE HENSHAW AND RON BECKMAN WRITTEN BY MICHAEL SHWERDLICK PRODUCED BY THOM MOUNT DIRECTED BY STEVE RASCH PRINTS BY DELUXE[®] © 1997 TOUCHSTONE PICTURES

IN THE WEST END AND AT SELECTED CINEMAS ACROSS THE COUNTRY FROM FRIDAY MAY 27

PRINCE: *Lovesexy*

(Paisley Park) On first glance Prince has turned into a bit of a perv, if you like, sat absolutely starkers on the cover singing songs full of delicate love poetry e.g. "U jerk your body like a horny pony would". On second glance it's a bit more complicated than that. The one thing he is wearing on the cover is a crucifix on a chain, on the inner sleeve "Lovesexy" is defined as "The feeling I get when I fall in love not with a girl or a boy but with the heavens above" and lots of the songs seem to be just as much about loving God as making love to other people (though he seems quite partial to both). However, most of the songs are splendid. The general "style" this time round is more or less a mixture of everything he's ever done. Some people might find the few routine not-very-tuneful funky ones a bit dull but a very long version of "Alphabet Street", a swoony ballad called "When U R In Love", and two very odd but quite wonderful things called "Anna Stesia" and "Glam Slam" show that, as bonkers or as pervy he may be, he's still a bit of a genius. **(9 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

VARIOUS: *Best of House Megamix Vol 2 (Serious); House Hits (2)*

There's an awful lot of very average records around these days claiming to be "house" music, and a lot of them are on these two compilations. The "Megamix" record consists of two very long jingles of mostly American records (though oddly including Bomb The Bass). Few of the records are any good (apart from Bam Bam's "Give It To Me") nor is the mix very well done, merely blurring the parts into one monotonous whole, though the "acid" mix on side two does at least have some feeling to it. The TV advertised double LP "House Hits" isn't much better - a very odd and incomplete ragbag of hits (Housemaster Boyz, Darryl Pandy) and half-hits (Nitro Deluxe, Bam Bam) on one record, with a very short second record of two tracks and a quickie "mega" mix. The package is disgracefully shoddy with mistake-ridden sleeve notes and ancient photos. If you want a good House compilation, try any of the collections on London or Indigo Records. **(1½ out of 10; 3½ out of 10)**

Ian Craano

Now that's what I call quite good



The Housemartins

THE HOUSEMARTINS: *Now That's What I Call Quite Good (CD Discs)*

They came, they saw, they thought "Pffhrrrrr I'm off," and they left. (Sniffle.) But not before they left us this - a double LP of The Housemartins' twinkling minutes: 24 thunders, trotting, sobful 'n' toe-trundling tuneful pop songs. Hollar to 9 - 9!!! - on their sizeable hit singles (apart from the storming "Flag Day" which reached the "prestigious" number 126 spot), teeter to several more tunes off their two quite brilliant LPs. I'll over some moodily b-side off the "odd" 12 inch guff at the sleeve-notes written by The Hoosers themselves ("This song was hotly tipped as a single until we discovered no one liked it" - "The Light is Always Green"), and think to oneself as the last twang fades. "Ah, The Housemartins, they were Britain's Brightest Pop Band and I loved them dearly (especially Stan because he sang green in a hippopotamus...)" **(9½ out of 10)**

Sylvia Patterson

FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION: *The First Of A Million Kisses (RCA)*

It would have been easy to have come up with ten or so imitations of the rather excellent "Perfect", but there's only one song on this album ("Moon Is Mine"), which sounds anything like it. What you get instead is a very mixed bag of tracks. There's an Italian style ditty with lots of twiddly mandolin bits ("Moon On The Rain"), a Latin American rumba ("Find My Love"), a jazzy/bluesy number ("Claire") and there's even a waltz. Strangely enough, it's only on their namesake track, "Fairground Attraction", which sounds like something from "Fiddler On The Roof", that things tend to go a bit buffy and boring. Apart from that, it's all jolly melodious and proves that Eddie Reader has quite the smoothest voice in Christendom! **(8½ out of 10)**

Alex Kaldi

REVIEW

WHITNEY HOUSTON,
NEC Arena, Birmingham

"Whitney! Whitney!"

Good heavens viewers, this is a noisy bunch! Several thousand eager folk have assembled in Birmingham tonight to see one of pop's most elusive persons and to witness the event

that is called "The Whitney Houston Moment Of Truth Tour", but who are these people? Well the first ten or so rows of the audience are "tittered" with smoochsome couples who swoon and quiver over every romantic song she sings. (i.e. they are kept extremely busy as almost every song Whitney sings is either about finding the perfect love or losing him again). The rest of this "arena" is filled with "older" fans, many of whom are blokes who quaff "ale" in copious amounts in between making "amorous" suggestions to Whitney - which Whitney obviously finds quite tasteless.

Dame Whitney herself is in fine fettle - though from the moment she steps on stage there are two very grim looking bodyguards waiting by the "wings" in case any members of the audience try to get too close to her. She immediately launches into a succession of blistering belters like "All At Once", "Love Will Save The Day", "Didn't We Almost Have It All" and "So Emotional". To add to the showbiz splendour of it all she is soon joined on stage by some

"She tells us what good pals she is with all her dancers, then points at one of them and says: 'This is Franz.' Except it isn't. He's actually called Raymonde"...

dancing dollybirds and two blokes who wink and pout and frig their bonces off whilst The Dame pipes out several more "hits" with that amazing verve and gusto. You wonder quite how she does it, so loud and long are some of the notes.

This whole song and dance routine is, of course, all hugely entertaining and, despite the fact that it is obvious to all and sundry that Whitney is a bit of an awkward and quite hopeless dancer... she never once actually puts a foot wrong or fluffs her



▲ Whitney, Raymond and Franz.

carefully rehearsed lines, until, that is, two rather queer things happen.

The first occurs during some rather meaningful chatter about God. Just as she's spouting a few heartfelt lines about her strong religious beliefs she suddenly spies an object crawling across the floor. "Euch! Is that a bug?" she squeals, and runs after it, catches it and squashes it underfoot! Then she sees another and before long is hopping about dementedly trying to rid the stage of an insect invasion! How very odd! The second strange moment in tonight's show occurs when the songstress decides it's time to introduce her band and dancers. She tells us what good pals she is with all her dancers, then points at one of them and says: "This is Franz." Except he isn't. He's actually called Raymonde, so he looks a bit miffed by her blunder. Whitney, however is "tickled pink" by this little mishap and it seems like forever before she manages to collect all her marbles together and continues with the show.

After some slightly boring gospel songs and some ancient Aretha Franklin (ageing "Queen Of Soul"), Whitney tunes the whole thing winds up with an amazing rock and roll workout to "I Wanna Dance With Somebody". This includes an extravagant routine in which the whole of the band rock out atop the "pianoforte" and Whitney and all the dancers go completely bonkers with various high-kicks and other such legs akimbo movements!

It turns out to be the longest version of the song ever and in fact starts to sound remarkably like Status Quo with about twice as much zurliton "trick" endings. But, finally, the "event" is over and Whitney disappears through the crowd as niftily as she arrived just over an hour ago, flanked once again by her mean-faced bodyguards, leaving everyone to contemplate over one of the most glistening of spectacles you're ever likely to see...



▲ It's obvious to all and sundry that Whitney is a bit of a hopeless dancer...

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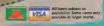
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WOOLWORTHS

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 is

With a little help from my friends



Wet wet wet



What would you think if I sang out of tune
Would you stand up and walk out on me
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song
And I'll try not to sing out of key

CHORUS

Ooh I'll get by with a little help from my friends
Ooh I'll get high with a little help from my friends
Ooh I'll get by with a little help from my friends

My friends

What do you do when our love is away
Does it worry you to be alone
How does it feel by the end of the day
Are you sad because you're on your own

REPEAT CHORUS

Do you need anybody I need somebody to love
Could it be anybody I need somebody to love (to love to love)

Would you believe in a love at first sight
Yes I'm certain that it happens all the time
What do you see when you turn out the lights
I can't tell you but I know that it's mine

REPEAT CHORUS

Do you need anybody I need somebody to love
Could it be anybody I need somebody to love

Ooh I get by with a little help from my friends

REPEAT CHORUS

With a little help from my friends
My friends my friends my friends my friends
My friends my friends my friends my friends

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star teaser



All the memes 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.

- AIN'T COMPLAINING
- A LOVE SUPREME
- ARMAGEDDON IT
- CAN I PLAY WITH MADNESS
- COULD'VE BEEN
- CROSS MY BROKEN HEART
- DON'T TURN AROUND
- DROP THE BOY
- EVERYWHERE
- GET LUCKY
- GIRLFRIEND
- HEART
- I GET WEAK
- I'M NOT SCARED
- I NEED A MAN
- I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY
- I WANT HER
- I WANT YOU BACK
- JOE LE TAXI
- JUST A MIRAGE
- LET'S ALL CHANT
- MARY'S PRAYER
- PIANO IN THE DARK
- PINK CADILLAC
- RECKLESS
- SEX TALK
- SIDEWALKING
- STAY ON THESE ROADS
- SUEDEHEAD
- THEME FROM S-EXPRESSION
- WHO'S LEAVING WHO

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

► Eyes right for the answers!

SMASH HITS

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Circulation

EMAP Frontline, 1 Lincoln Court, Lincoln
Road, Peterborough PE1 2RT

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Sovereign Valley Press, Camphill, Organizational by Creative
Printers Ltd, London W1. Colours separated by Colours
Planners, London W1. Songs must not be reproduced
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PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No. 55 (20 April)

● The winner is Alex Taylor from
Astoncote.

No. 56 (4 May)

● The winner will be announced in the
next issue, meanwhile the
answers are following below.

ACROSS: 4 Taps Sevetlev, 6 ("Don't
Turn) Around", 7 ("Barbra) Claus Is
(Coming To Town)", 8 "System
Addict", 10 "Ahhhh", 12 ("Little) Red
(Convertible)", 13 "I Love F) Alan (in
Love)", 14 (Desperately) Seeking)
Susan, 15 & 16 down "Walk Of Life",
17 "You) Deep", 20 Mer (C) Gary; 21
& 2 down "Stay On These Roads", 24
& 25 "Shake You Down"

DOWN: 1 Vanessa Paradis, 3 Annie
Lennox, 4 "Teardrops", 5 "My Baby)
Just Came For Me", 7 "Doo) (am), 9 &
15 "I Don't Want To (Be A Hero)", 11
("V)om Of Love", 16 Gino
(Modigli), 19 "Some (G)uy) Have A
The Luck", 22 Anna, 23 (Brook) Set
(#)

STAR TEASER



more!

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need a polish?

The electric
contrasopffive —
whatever oast?

A taste of flowers

Wery Overt —
wason or industry?

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The Simon Mayo guide

The Traditional "Slap-Up" Breakfast

"This is a good solid proper meal. The trouble is if you eat food like this all the time you'll probably die early because it's absolutely full of cholesterol and everything you're not supposed to eat. Actually the BBC cartoon does a great version of this meal - sausages, bacon, bright orange baked beans and fried bread that's absolutely full of fat. Ideal if you're particularly hungry."



"Continental" breakfast

"Mmmm. This is much more like it. Croissants are really nice - hot with lots of butter and marmalade and a nice pot of coffee. I quite like coffee but I never drink tea - tea is totally disgusting. I like the idea of being in a swank continental café too but perhaps not for breakfast. I'd rather be there for lunch or dinner. I prefer to be a bit scruffy and lousy first thing in the morning."

Rugged "Scottish" Breakfast

"Ah yes - I can remember having porridge when I was little and I always used to insist on having golden syrup with it. It was quite nice actually - really hot porridge and tons of golden syrup and I'd spend ages making little patterns in the porridge with the syrup before eating it. The trouble with porridge is that no matter how much you try to disguise it it does look far too much like vomit to be very appetising."



● Photos:
Paul Rider
● "Styling":
Naomi

Snoot Breakfast

"Now this is a much more sensible meal - something light and tasty. I'm not really a muesli ("health" food cereals) type of person though; in fact I haven't eaten cereals for years. I think it was because whenever I was hungry as a kid I wanted to eat a Mars bar or something my dad used to say 'well, you can have some cereal instead' and so I've always thought cereals were really boring."

And I can't imagine ever looking as swanky as this first thing in the morning. I do have a dressing gown actually - a towelling Radio 1 dressing gown - but I don't look anything like this. I'm too much of a slob."

Side to Breakfast!

Simon Mayo is the new "host" of Radio One's Breakfast Show and somehow he manages to survive it on a "diet" of coke, chocolate and crisps. "Pass the bacon and egg, pal" pipes a horrified Richard Lowe...

On Monday May 23, viewers, the great British nation will undergo a major transformation. For on that day – hurrah! (?) – the familiar sound of "Mike" Smith as he embarks on a lengthy resumé of the latest motor racing meeting at Silverstone will be absent from the airwaves.

Instead it'll be the job of a chap called Simon Mayo to lull us gently from our slumbers and prepare us for the rigours of the day. And so *Smash Hits* decided to treat Mr. Mayo to a selection of tasty breakfast dishes and solicit his professional opinion on that all-important morning meal. But what's this?

"I'm not really a breakfast man at all," insists Simon. "In fact, the most traditional breakfast I'd ever have would be a couple of slices of toast with peanut butter and *Marmite* – you put a lot of peanut butter on first and then some *Marmite* on top. In fact it's a lot tastier if you use *Sainsbury's Yeast Extract Instead of Marmite*. As a rule though I'll stick to a packet of crisps, a bar of chocolate and a can of coke for my breakfast. I'm seriously into junk food."

"Mmmph. So who, you may be wondering, is this mysterious figure with such unorthodox views on the subject of breakfast and where did he spring from?..."

● He was an "absolutely appalling" child

"I was born in Southgate, North London, 23 years ago and I was an absolutely appalling child – I didn't let my parents have a good night's sleep for at least two and a half years.

"I was always crying in the night and kicking up a fuss especially when it came to my *Milky Bar* badge. They used to have an offer with *Milky Bars* whereby you sent off about a million wrappers and got back this badge that was illuminated so if you held it up against the lamp it would light up and glow on your pillow. I used to love it and I still absolutely adore white chocolate."

● He once bought his teacher a box of chocolates

"Yes, I'm afraid it's true. When I was about eight or nine I did once buy a box of chocolates for a teacher called Miss Rathbone on her birthday. I waited until the rest of the class had gone home and then handed them over, hoping that she'd open them here and then have them for me one, but she said she'd save them till later.

"It was an absolutely pathetic thing to do, I admit. But teachers have always hated me ever since. One time I had a Maths teacher who used to have one of those great big blackboard compasses which he'd hit people with. The head of R.E. – or 'Divinity' as we called it – was the worst though. He used to get you by the little bits of hair by your ears, twist them round and then lift you up. Very painful."

● He once jumped through a plate glass window

"When I was about four or five I was trying to show off to my parents by jumping down four stairs at once, which I thought was a brilliant thing to be able to do. The trouble was I went straight through the plate glass window by the front door. My dad just picked me up, turned on the tap and shoved me under. I had to have stitches and I've still got the scar just above my nose.

"Apart from that little incident I had an unadventurous childhood – totally and utterly normal."

● He made his first radio show when he was a mere eight years old

"My dad was a headmaster and during the school holidays he used to bring home the school tape recorder as headmasters always do. Anyway, I decided to make my own radio programme. I called myself Simon Stevens because I thought Mayo was a really stupid name and my sister did a few jingles on her xylophone. We did a complete show, with dedications and requests and everything and at one point I read out a whole chapter on Bobby Charlton from my football annual which

lasted about 10 minutes – very tedious. We found the tape a few months ago and I must admit it's very embarrassing.

● He used to compose songs about dead people

"I've never been in a band but I remember when I was at secondary school, a group of my mates formed a band called *Eyeball 7* and I volunteered to write all the songs. We had a strange English teacher at the time called Mr. Curran who used to do a folk programme on the radio and he used to get us to write songs in English lessons.

"I remember reading the words to a song called 'Strange Kind Of Woman' by *Deep Purple*, a great song all about chasing after this particular woman and when he eventually gets her she dies. The last line goes something like 'I won my woman just before she died'. I thought this was a great idea for a song so I used to write all these songs about women dying. I'd sit there for hours trying to find a word that rhymed with corpse. It's the kind of thing you do at school isn't it?" (Not really, no – Quite a few people.)

● He used to be a car-park attendant

"I went to University at Warwick and after that I went to Worthing where my parents lived and I worked as a car-park attendant. I was what's called a 'mobile patrolman' – I had a uniform like a policeman's and I'd go round checking that everyone had a ticket and if they didn't I'd have to book them. Multi-storey car parks really are the worst places in the world. They're freezing cold, even in the summer, and people do some very disgusting things in multi-storey car parks like emptying ash trays and emptying nappies and tramps go to the toilet in them. And of course I used to have to clear up all this mess. I started doing some work for the local radio station at this stage and eventually got a job at Radio Nottingham and then moved to Radio 1. It's a lot more fun than picking up soiled nappies in a car park I must admit..."



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8	0898 700 8 08	8
9	0898 700 8 09	9
10	0898 700 8 10	10
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FINAL VOUCHER
6



● Apparently **Keren** from **Bananarama** has been caught in the middle of a right old "rumpus" in her lovelife recently. According to a certain so-called "news" paper, the "Ram lass has been "flirt" between two lads for the past six months - a bloke called Scott Evans who Keren's tot Thomas calls "Dad", and an ex-pop star by the name of **Pete Wyllie** who used to be in a group called Wah! It seems that Keren got a bit fed-up with this Scott chap and found herself caught up in a snog situation with this Wyllie bloke, and then it all ended up in tears with a big "scrap" in a swanky nightclub between the two fellows, before Keren and Scott sailed off into the so-called "sunset" mit in mit. Aw! We suppose it's just a load of old g'boots, but a thoroughly "gripping" yarn nevertheless, eh? . . .

● Ah, dearest moi, a popstar's life is not a happy one - not at any rate if the poster concerned is **Rick Astley** who must be, at this precise moment in time, the unluckiest bloke in the entire Western Cosmiverse!

Remember a while back when Rick fancied treating himself to a BMW swank mobile? The poor chap didn't even get as far as a test drive on account of the fact that the snoot showroom person refused to believe that our Rick was a well-to-do pop type with enough dough to buy an expensive swank mobile and sent him packing with a flea in his ear! And now Rick's been having a few problems on his attempt to purchase a house! In fact he has been "gazumped" no less than three times! (i.e. every time he's about to "clinch" a deal someone with even more buckets of cash nips in at the last minute and steals the "pad" from under his nose!) The last offer Rick made was a moderately staggering £140,000 for a "luxury home" in Rawtenstall, Lancashire, but he'er a joggle in the jacuzzi was to be had - "gazumped" again! Poor Rick.

● A spot of domestic trouble for **Michael Jackson** too! He's been forced to sell up his "princ" in Encino L.A. (mani) after his neighbours won a court order to boot his Mad Moccasin-ness out. It seems they were all a bit stinky because of the rather "rich" aroma that was constantly wafting out of his personal zoo! So was Michael left roaming the streets? Was he hock! He promptly forked out a paltry fifteen million pounds on a 42 roomed ranch in the

Mutterings

Bros in AIDS "benefit" rumpus!!

● My oh my, what a hoo-ha there was when **Bros** played a special benefit concert for Action Against Aids last week. There was bubbling, screaming and bawling a-plenty and Matt, Luke and Craig were showered with roses and cuddly toys as they skipped through live tunes (including their new single "I Dwe You Nothing" - out May 31, fact fans) and raised tons and tons of money for a worthy cause in the process. Bravo, "chaps"!



▲ A bubbling, bawling, screaming "benefit" looking the way she likes and liking the way she looks.



▲ Teddy bears ahoy as Matt, Luke and Craig go their bit for Action Against Aids at last week's London concert.



▲ Luke: "Feeling a trifle warm ere we, Matt?"
Matt: "Er not really, well perhaps a bit. . . (sne)"



▲ "Oh, what about some roses for me then?"

exceedingly posh resort known as Sycamore Valley in California. The humble abode boasts 2,700 acres of land, 10 bedrooms, a football pitch, a four acre lake and waterfall, a 75 feet swimming pool and two six bedroom guest houses in the back garden! And Michael is also planning a few minor "alterations" i.e. he's cutting down a whole forest of trees so that he can build a Disneyworld style "fun" bar, demolishing a huge barn and installing in its place a recording studio where he'll work on the follow up to the "Bad LP", and "converting" a master bedroom into a massive oxygen tank.

● **Bros** eh? Not a very ugly group by any so-called "stretch" of the imagination are they? But which of the trilling trio is the most drowsome? Well, in a recent "sopran" poll, **Matt** was voted chief swan and walked away with a mega-staggering 60% of the total votes! **Craig** came second with 25% and poor old **Luke** came last with a mere 15%. Mutterings demands a rebuttal!

● **Terence "Trout" D'Arby** has been up to no end of outrageous shenanigans of late. Seems the sparrow-legged one was so overcome upon learning that his waning was perched about in the American charts that he went stark staring bonkers and celebrated by "trashing" his hotel room! After partaking of the legendary rock and roll ritual of tearing down the curtains, ripping lights from their sockets, billing some furniture about and tossing the odd telly out of the windows "The Trout" - as he's been fondly dubbed by his millions of admirers throughout the universe - and his pals were politely informed by a deadily miffed hotel manager that the Ploot was on their way! For fear of spending the rest of his nights in the slammer, "The Trout" coughed up for the damage and beat a hasty retreat. . .

● And what did the pint sized perv of pop, **Prince**, supposedly get up to whilst soaking up some culture (man) in Holland recently? Well, it seems that his Not-Very-Talness became rather "fond" of some windmills. In fact, so besotted was he with one particularly fine specimen, that he whizzed home and, so it is "reported", without further "a do" arranged for an exact replica to be erected in the vast grounds of his super snoot mansion in Minneapolis complete with a surrounding lake and tulip field. . .

Photos: Duncan Rainan



Prince was so impressed with his recent visit to Holland that he has apparently had a windmill and lots of tulips delivered to his house. . .



Patrick Swayze

smash hits