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SMASH HITS

POSTERS: Bros
George Michael
Wet Wet Wet

THE FAT BOYS ▲



"Cripes! I'm on the cover of Smash Hits!"

"Buzz off, matey, I am!!"

T'PAU

MATT BIANCO
COMMUNARDS
JOHNNY HATES JAZZ

HAZEL DEAN
PET SHOP BOYS
PASADENAS

✦ HIT SONGWORDS INCLUDING
MICHAEL JACKSON • SALT 'N' PEPA
UB40 & CHRISSIE HYNDE

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Vol.10 No.13 Cover photo: Paul Rider

The Jazz! They're back! What torture it's been without them, eh pop pals? But the world of popular music is now a sunnier place, for Johnny Hates Jazz have just released a brand new single (except it isn't that new really because it's a song called "Don't Say It's Love" from the "Turn Back The Clock" LP) although, insists Calvin Hayes, the Jazz's bass player, this "version" is rather different.

"We've toughened it up a good deal," he insists, "and basically I think it's a lot stronger than the old version."

Oh good. So what else have the Jazz been up to lately apart from "toughening up" tunes from their LP.

"Well, Mike and I have been in LA (man) for the past few weeks. We came over here to make the video and Mike and I have stayed over to do some business - we don't have a manager you see so we look after all the business ourselves. And Clark is in Holland at the moment writing some new songs for our second LP."

And apart from that? Well, they've been busy jetting around the globe getting themselves arrested.

"We were in Japan a few weeks ago and I must say we didn't enjoy it. The country's quite nice I suppose, but the food is disgusting - really foul and really expensive. Mike and I got so sick of all the raw fish and stuff that we went for a McDonald's - £14 for a quarter pounder with cheese, chips and a Coke.

"And then we ended up getting arrested. We were sitting on this tatty piece of grass outside the Boudakan (massive "stadium" in Japan) when suddenly 15 policemen came over and started yelling at us.

"Apparently it was some sort of sacred ground - but it was only a bit of mangy grass with a few withering plants in a flowerbed. We couldn't understand what all the fuss was about."

Blimey! So did the Jazz (known throughout the world of pop for their keen sense of humour) pick up any new jokes on their travels?

"I'll tell you the best one I've heard," offers Calvin excitedly. "What did the Mexican fireman call his two sons?"

Gosh, no idea. What did the Mexican fireman call his two sons? "Hose A and Hose B - ha ha ha. Don't you get it? He's a fireman and he's Mexican and Mexicans say..."

Oh dear.





johnny hates jazz



BIRTHDAYS

JUNE

- 29 **Shedden Pearson** (Five Star) (24)
- 30 **Ardian Wright** (Human League) (32)

JULY

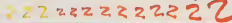
- 1 "Out" **Levity** (Princess B) (27)
- 2 **Mich Lager** (Irene Monique) (37)
- 3 **Tom Cruise** (26)
- Vince Clarke** (Suzanne) (27)
- 4 **Kim Peasley** (1053) (30)
- 5 **Heavy Lewis** (38)
- 6 **John Keeble** (Spartan Ballet) (26)
- Sylvester Stallone** (67)
- 7 Give "The Doctor" **Jackson** (Dr & The Medics) (28)
- 8 **Andy Fletcher** (Dance Model) (27)
- Russell Christian** (The Christians) (43)*
- 9 **Jim Kerr** (Simple Minds) (26)
- 10 **Ned Treadwell** (Pat Shop Boys) (34)
- 11 **Scavene Vega** (26)
- Mel Appleby** (Mid & Kim) (28)

*Not strictly true this one because Russell won't reveal his true age. He's no spring chicken though.



Oh! Bees have hives instead of tents. Which smell of honey unlike a "genia" (?) The lumpers they wear are striped and fluffy. A bit like Tiffany's but not half as guffy (???)

■ Many people like each year from how bad things have been weeks before!

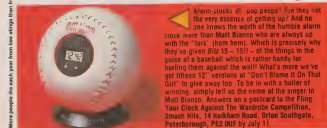


Who is that girlie on the Morrissey video?

It's a curious game this thing they call "life". Take, if you will, the case of **Lucette Henderson**. Until a few weeks ago the lassie was to be seen going about her business just like any other 17 year old **Morrissey** fan, only to find herself suddenly swept to fame's giddy heights by the very man himself (i.e. **Morrissey**)! The brilliant and rather touching story goes thus: **Lucette** was one of the persons riding a bicycle in **The Smiths** "I Started Something I Couldn't Finish" video. When **Morrissey** eventually watched the video, he rather took to **Lucette** and

after watching her about fifty billion times decided that in his next video he would have **Lucette** and no one else as his star! The next "instant" she was swanning up the very horrible Southend esplanade wearing the t-shirt of **Morrissey's** own back!

"I still feel really dazed," pipes **Lucy**. "When the filming had all been finished, I was told there was a surprise for me at the end. When I saw it (i.e. **Morrissey** appears through the lens of a telescope, sporting a t-shirt with her face emblazoned on it) I couldn't believe it! It was just amazing."

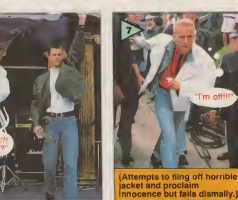


⚠️ **Alarm clocks of pop peeps!** For they not the very essence of getting up? And no one knows the worth of the humble alarm clock more than **Matt Bianco** who are always up with the "bark" (hem hem). Which is precisely why they've given **BITZ** 15 - 1511 - of the things in the guise of a baseball which is rather handy for hurling them against the wall! What's more we've got those 12 "versions of "Don't Blame It On That Gut" to give away too. To be in with a better of winning, simply tell us the name of the singer in **Matt Bianco**. Answers on a postcard to the **Fling Your Clock Against The Wasteful Competition**, Smash Hits, 14 Southham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough, PE2 0UF by July 1!

The day Matt Goss got



1 Somewhere in deepest London three nimble fellows called **Matt**, **Luke** and **Craig** are tonking on their instruments in a shed because they're fed up with lots of girlies hiding in their wardrobes and touching their bottoms etc. But one of them is "hiding" a dark and foreboding secret. He is blatantly committing one of the gravest and most dastardly crimes in the history of the entire popisphere, with no shame or concern for others, with not a conscience nor a care - he is (gasp!!) wearing a horrible jacket!!!



"Coo-ee boys in blue! He's over here!!!"

"Buddies? Chums??"

"I'm off!!!"

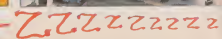
(Attempts to fling off horrible jacket and proclaim innocence but fails dismally.)

8 And so **Matt Goss** was found guilty of wearing the most horrible jacket in the history of pop, had it whisked off his back by the "bobbies" and was sentenced to six months on a small farm wearing nothing but a turnip-crate and a pair of rubber waders.

"In the van, sonny!!!"

"But but... it was only a smidgen horrible."

● Photos: Duncan Rabson

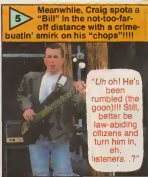
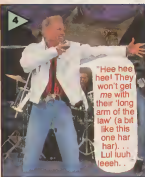


"Hello viewers, we're a happening new duo called Cousin Rachel (which is a silly name really, seeing as neither of us are called Rachel and we're not cousins). In fact one of us is called 'Herbie' Mensah and used to be a gardener and the other one is called 'Marve' Davis and is a secretary. Anyway, we've just made a record called 'Boogie Nights' which is a version of an old disco tune from years ago and is really brilliant and, er, that's about it, really."



She was born in Cleveland, Ohio (a not fantastically nice industrial city "Slateside") and the first thing she remembers is "swinging on my next door neighbour's swing and looking up at the sky making pictures out of the clouds. You know how the clouds take on shapes; they look like animals." Her family were so poor that when she was 11 or 12 her mother had to get rid of her "best friend", her dog Candy, because they couldn't afford to keep it. She went to Boston to study Anthropology (the comparative study of different cultures and their cultural institutions, as it were) and started playing guitar in funk clubs because she was a bit of a hippy on the sly. Her first single, "Fast Car", is sweeping up the charts as we "speak". She says that there's a growing cynicism in '80s culture and that she feels she's "against the tide": "I think a lot about my life and the world and I care about what happens to people."

"nicked"...



Meanwhile, Craig Spota a "Bill" in the not-too-far-off distance with a crime-buatin' smirk on his "chops"!!!!



And so the promising career of the boys called Bros was ended. Matt went bonkers on the small farm and refused to emerge from a sheep-dip for 18 years. Luke joined a group called The Lightbulb That Was Made Out Of A Pipecleaner (who nobody ever heard of) and Craig emigrated to Kentucky where he spent a life dressed up as an enormous chicken "drum" called Mr. Mmmmm Mnnnnn. (Weren't you tired last issue? - Ed.)

S-Express star in "I'm a floozy" sensation



Photo: UP

▲ Michelle The Floozy, before she was chopped in half

"I'm a floozy! The chief told! A pimp's right hand woman!!!!" "Floozyes"?! "Tarts"?! Has Michelle, **S-Express** pop performer swooned completely off her trolley?!? Not really, no. She's talking about S-Express' rather humorous video to their new single "Superfly", which features her Express cavorting about disguised as some very horrid criminals. "What happens is Mark (i.e. Mark Moore, the lanky bloke who "writes" S-Express' songs)" plays the part of a pimp and I'm his "right hand woman". We're becoming more like a real group now and as I'm doing the singing, I'd like people to know that I can actually speak and I do have a brain."

It's no word of a lie, viewers; there's more to this tuxtail than meets the eye, for example...

● Her mum's a famous TV star!!!

"My mum's a newscaster on Nigerian telly! It's true! She's also got her own keep-fit programme. She's Nigeria's version of Mad Lizzie! And my dad's a magistrate! I have to keep my nose clean all the time! Hahaha!!!!" (??)

● Her grandad was a tribal "chief"!!!!

"I've had a couple of grandfathers and great grandfathers who were tribal chiefs but that was before I was born so I didn't really know much about it... and

anyway, it's not much help when you're on the dole, even though I did try to tell the DHSS I was a princess!!"

● She's partial to dancing on tabletops!

"I met Mark at The Mud Club (i.e. a trendy night spot where DJs and the like hang out and invent "House" music). Afterwards we used to go to this pizza place which stayed open late and get erm... very drunk. I used to get up on the table and sing Supremes' songs (antiquated popstars who Diana Ross used to sing with)! Mark said, 'She's got a big mouth but she can sing! Let's do something with her!'"

● She's been chopped in half!! (??)

"I have! We went to see this cabaret in New York and there was this funny little magician at the end. He got out this saw that was so obviously made of cardboard and asked for a volunteer to saw in half! I jumped across the tables and onto the stage and he got this ruddy great chain saw out! I just stood there shaking. Anyway he sawed me in half and I didn't feel a thing and I was really disappointed and I want my money back! Seriously, though, I can't explain how he did it. It was weird though; I'm sure they took something out of my middle..."

There's now! so queer as "folk"...

* Apparently magazine photos which illustrate articles which are similar to this one have been known to strike up trouble in the courts of justice

IS PATSY KENSIT THE GREEDIEST PIG IN POP?



Oh, bees they are a greedy thing,
Except for when they're busy stinging.
And when with flowers they can't have rumour,
They mooch around and get quite grumpy (7)

CRAP JOKE CORNER

- Q. When pop star can take you to France and back?
- A. Bryan Ferry.
- Q. Good Lord - what a poor "joke," eh viewers? This pathetic portion of "humour" was invented by Emma Jones from Bromley, Kent. If you can think of a comey joke about a pop type person, why not send it into Crap Joke Corner, Smash Hits, 92-95 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. Your name, you'll get absolutely nothing at return except ridicule from all your friends!

These Two Blokes Will Soon Be Joining Bros



▲ Empire: ● Mark Kemp and John Linnell

● Actually that's a complete lie, sort of. Because these two persons go by the name of Empire and they're the group who'll be trundling down Bro's lost highway with the Bros boys, or to put a finer "edge" on matters, they'll be supporting Bros on their tour of Britain, which makes them very fortunate b'lighters indeed! But who are this spook duo whose corking new ditty, "This Is My Word", is flinging about the cosmosphere as we speak? Well, here are some "interesting" facts:

- They both come from Liverpool.
- One is called Mark Kemp. He's 26, has bellows for lungs and, like Des "O'Connor, is rather fond of a round of golf.
- The other one calls himself John Linnell. He's 22 and not much cop at golf but he is partial to poking out on a portion of the great British culinary tradition known as Fish & Chips.
- Although they're the best of pals, they'll be the first to tell you that they're like the proverbial "chalk" and "cheese". In fact, they're apt to have the occasional rock 'n' roll tiff because they're both bookers about football but Mark supports Liverpool and John supports Everton!



Patsy: She doesn't just sing - she also makes "brilliant" stroganoff!



Patsy: She's anyone's for a salmon roll with seaweed wrapping.

"I absolutely love food!" squills a chipper Patsy Kensit, wolfing down a cheese 'n' pickle sarnie despite the fact that she looks like a sprig of parsley would "do" her for an entire fortnight. "Ooooh, it's one of my favourite subjects! I'll tell you what I eat in an average day, shall I?"

"Well... this is going to be appalling! Um... I wake up, go downstairs and have a can of Coke with ice, then I'll have two bits of toast and maybe a mato. That's like a big cracker - it's Jewish, unleavened bread. Then... well, this morning I also had two gherkins from a Kosher shop. I love Kosher food (i.e. Jewish food), salt beef sandwiches, anything like that - my father was really into that cooking - so I had two of them, chopped up, sally ones.

"Then I went to get my dry-cleaning and bought a packet of Treets and then I had an apple and now I'm having a cheese 'n' pickle sandwich with about half a jar of Branston pickle on, which is a bit dodgy to be honest.

"And I'll be having dinner this evening because I'm staying at the Holiday Inn in Birmingham, so



I'll probably have some French nouvelle crap which I hate. I'd much prefer a big lump of steak with chips! Or Japanese food. (Raw fish? Berleee!) Oh, it's not all raw fish! No no - when I go, the only fish I have is these little salmon rolls with the tiniest little salmon with rice round it and sea-weed wrapping which is delicious, and they have steak which is just an absolute dream and oh God!

"I used to be a vegetarian for about two years, believe it or not. But I got so ill through it - I wasn't doing it properly. I was eating but it's very difficult to get good fish in England - well, London anyway - so I was just going home and having a bowl of Uncle Ben's rice or just a salad and it wasn't enough. I went all spotty and white and didn't look healthy at all.

"I'm quite a good cook, I suppose. I make a brilliant sirlogonoff and Hungarian goulash as well. I'm forever doing bits in the kitchen - my mum's a brilliant cook and she taught me. I once made bread at school, though, and honesty it was like cement - my poor dad ate half the loaf just to please me. Mind you, I did make a Victoria sponge at school and that was delicious I must say and... (Siiiiiiiiip!)"

"Morning listeners, we're five devilishly good-looking chaps from Ilford in Essex who are also a bit of a pop group called Babakoto. You may remember our tune called 'Just To Get By' which was on the radio for about 24 hours a day a few months ago and which a lot of people thought was rather dandy. Indeed you may even be keen to learn that we have a brand new single out called 'Migic Potion'. It's a jolly good."



Oh honey it's such a marvelous jam
But if it cures you a "pucker" smirks a quarter of span (lip — a smelt)
Swipe at the bees and your skin they will clamp
Then squeak as you squish their with one lumpy stamp
(all behave — double as applicable)



THIS GIRLIE HAD
A No. 1 RECORD LAST
YEAR.
CAN YOU REMEMBER
HER NAME?

BITZ

11 Mind Boggling Facts About

PHIL COLLINS



In The Air Tonight

I can feel it in the air tonight on Lord
And I've been waiting for this moment
For all of my life oh Lord
Can you feel it coming in the air tonight
Oh Lord oh Lord

Well if you told me you were drowning
I would not send a hand
I've seen your face before my friend
But I don't know if you know who I am
Well I was there and I saw what you did
I saw with my own two eyes
So you can wipe off that grin
I know where you've been
It's all been a pack of lies

And I can feel it coming in the air tonight oh Lord
Well I've been waiting for this moment
For all of my life oh Lord
I can feel it coming in the air tonight oh Lord
And I've been waiting for this moment all of my life
Oh Lord oh Lord

Well I remember I remember don't worry
How could I ever forget
It's the first time the last time we ever met
But I know the reason why you keep your silence up
No you don't I feel me
The hurt doesn't show but the pain still grows
It's no stranger to you and me

And I can feel it coming in the air tonight oh Lord
Well I've been waiting for this moment
For all of my life oh Lord
I can feel it in the air tonight oh Lord oh Lord
Well I've been waiting for this moment all my life oh Lord
And I've been waiting for this moment
For all of my life oh Lord

I can feel it in the air tonight oh Lord oh Lord oh Lord
Well I've been waiting for this moment all my life
Oh Lord oh Lord
I can feel it coming in the air tonight

Words and music by Phil Collins
Reproduced by permission EMI/Worldwide Hit & Run Music (Publ.)
De Virgin Records

- She's called **Siedah Garrett** and she's the popstar who sang with Michael Jackson on "I Just Can't Stop Loving You" and who also invented the rather brilliant "Man In The Mirror" on the "Bad" LP.
- Now she's decided to become an actual popstar herself so she's invented another tune called "K.I.S.S.I.N.G." which, as you can imagine, is all about snogging and is actually quite a corker.
- She's sick of being asked loads of nosey questions about Michael Jackson because she doesn't really know him very well (even though the so-called "news" papers reckon they're about to get married). "He laughed when I told him that—I said 'Michael, haven't you heard we're getting married? Where's my ring and my white dress?'"
- Siedah's favourite pastime is... crocheting! "It's so embarrassing," she trills. "All the little old ladies in the yarn shops know me really well now and my boyfriend thinks I'm mad sitting there in my rocking chair crocheting away. I love it though; I can't wait to come over to England—I've been told there's some great yarn shops over there."



That "lovable" goon in the hullow, Richard Branson has gone and invented a new radio service called... ahem... "Radio Radio", which is going to be "syndicated" (i.e. dogged) to your local independent station starting from July 1. It'll feature people like Ruby Wax, Jonathan Ross, Harry Enfield, Nino Fretto and Janice Long yapping to their people and "spinning" discs early in the evening (well, from about 10pm "til the "small" hours), and then a bunch of hairy old buffoons will arrive to play some "adult music" (i.e. boring bippy tunes). Apart from that, it sounds quite good...



A Fragrant Five Strips:
"It's not all fun and games being a topsey flare, viewers, especially when one is beset with a gaudy disc-jockey platform 'hoop' and David Van Day from Dollar (whose equally tiny girl and Thomas Reezar's girlybird 'hoops' are even more starling). Their raw tarts 'It's Nature a Way (The Problem)' is 'it's' most apperently."



Photo: Jeff Crook/Starline

- When he was tiny his Uncle Reg and Uncle Len made him a drum kit!
- As a tot he played Buttons In *Cinderella*, Humpty Dumpty (in whatever you play *Humpty Dumpty* in), tiny parts in the films *A Hard Day's Night* and *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* and, most famously, the Artful Dodger in the stage musical *Oliver!*
- He first fell in love at the age of 11 with a girl called Lynda but, as so often happens with that bittersweet merry-go-round we call love, it ended in tears: "Lynda wasn't in love with me."
- In Genesis he used to play the drums on songs about people being decapitated during games of croquet.
- He once walked up to a *Smash Hits* journalist and said "Hello, I'm Phil Collins." And he was right!
- He doesn't think his house is haunted, though he has noticed "a strange odour that used to follow you around from room to room."
- He once asked snooker player Steve Davis for his autograph and was a bit annoyed that the charismatic cue-man (hem hem) didn't recognise him.
- He once confessed to *Smash Hits* that he didn't know anyone called Turquoise: "I'd own up if I did."
- He once met Randy Jackson, one of Michael's brothers, and, thinking it was the bonkers one himself, shouted out "Hello, Michael!" "I don't think he thought it was very funny."
- He's just made a film called *Buster* in which he plays one of the notorious criminal gang, The Great Train Robbers.
- He recently endorsed an American literacy campaign (i.e. an attempt to get Americans to stop eating so many triple cheese and bacon burgers with lots of relish while watching *draft games like American football* which no one understands and to read books instead) by wearing a ridiculous beaver hat type thing and pretending to be the American "literary figure" Davy Crockett. That's about it "then".

Bitz America there are half a million bees to every one person.



● Hello viewers, Prince here, reporting from the cuff of this rather fetching "sweet" shirt. It can be found in black or white, has some pervy writing on the sleeves and it comes in normal persons' sizes which is why I'm a tad "swamped", so to speak, and you can't actually see me. Anyway, a dander piece of "goods" you'll be hard pushed to find so I'm giving away 150 - 151 - of each colour. To be in with a chance of nabbing one, just name four of my waxings which have numbers in the titles. Answers on a postcard to Prince's Perv Gear Giveaway, Smash Hits, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF by July 12! It's as easy as so-called "pie"!!

● Not only am I giving away all my clothes but I'm also coming over to Britain rather "short"ly (goddit?) to play 8 - 81 - concerts at Wembley Arena. The dates are: July 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, August 1, 2 and 3. Tickets cost £16.50 and £14.50 from the box office and usual agents and are worth every penny because it's all going to be - sensationally groovy. Byeooooo!!!!!!



Why does this bloke call himself The Joan Collins Fan Club?



▲ The Joan Collins Fan Club, Fanny the Wonderdog and a motorcycle - it's all very strange, viewers.

Because he's a barking mad stand-up comedian type person and because he likes Joan Collins: "I think the glint in her eyes speaks volumes," he drools, "but unfortunately I don't think she's ever heard of me. She's far too busy flying around, appearing at places, smiling, getting divorced and all that sort of thing."

As well as being a barking mad stand-up comedian (famous for... er, telling jokes, having a canine "sidekick" called Fanny The Wonderdog and performing highly acclaimed impersonations of "Fergie" and the ballet dancer Wayne Sleep) he's also now a bit of a pop star on account of his moving rendition of weepy old "chestnut" "Leader Of The Pack".

"It's such a lovely song," simpers Mr. Fan Club (real name Julian Clary). "It's a simple tale of love and death. The rebel in it gets killed in a

motorbike accident with a dirty great lorry, so let that be a lesson to us all. For my next single I'm thinking of doing a version of Status Quo's song 'Down Down Deeper And Down' - that'll be fun, won't it?"

By golly, yes.

"I'm not sure about being a pop star though; I don't like many pop stars. I'm very fond of Roger Whittaker though (hairly old "folksy" type who perches on a stool to sing and who's popular with grandmothers). He's immensely talented; a marvellous singer, a stunning whistler and of course his image is superb - that beard, that safari jacket, those spectacles, the way they catch the light..."

"I'm not too sure about these young pop stars though. Tiffany looks a bit tartly to me - the kind of girl you'd find smogging in a bus shelter. I suppose."

Oh I say!

WHO ARE THE WEE PAPA GIRL RAPPERS WHEN THEY'RE AT HOME?



▼ The Wee Papa Girl Rappers (i.e. "Timmy" and Sandra) looking at each other and laughing.

● Well, they're two girl rappers known as Total-S and T.Y. Tim (even though their pals call them by their real names - Sandra and Timmy).

● They've just made a record called "Heat It Up" all about "getting down and having a party", which they invented when they were rapping in a park one fine Sunday afternoon.

● Apparently it was their dad who first "coined" the phrase "wee papa" when he'd lost money on a horse at the betting shop(???)

● Sandra, who's 23, used to work in McDonald's selling "ham" burgers.

● Timmy, who's 19, used to enjoy cycling, but then she left her bike out on her balcony for a while and "the pigeons took a liking to it", which is a bit odd since you don't

often see a pigeon riding a bike (haw haw).

■ There's a type of bee called the carpenter bee which isn't very clever and is so fond of rumo that it even makes "advances" towards garden seats, birds and serapenas.

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WE GOT A LITTLE FAT

Pthprhpt! Would you have noticed any difference on the lard front, listeners? Possibly not, but The Fat Boys are all "on diets right now". "So how come you're scoffing jellyfish sarnies??" speryooooo Sylvia Patterson. . .



Move your butt, fatty! Hey, get outta ma goddam space! Shift it or I'll bust your ass! I'll bust it with one arm!

Heilo, voyeurs. Here we are in a gigantic white photographic studio that looks like an aircraft "hangar" with these New York fellows, The Fat Boys, who are not afraid to billow the "odd" objection to each other's "butts". They're having their photograph taken with a magnificent scarlet sash-mobile i.e. an antique American car called a 1957 Thunderbird.

"That's a nice car!" purrle the stout ones in their grizzly New York dreads and they are not wrong. The Fat Boys are, mind you, rather used to cars of this magnitude of swankdom — Cadillac, they're already own a Buelliac, a Mercedes and a Lincoln: "We have giant cars because we're giant people!" for they are, you see, one of the most famous groups in the popisphere.

"Sure we're famous!" they beam, "famous all over! Coca-Cola did a survey in America for the most noticeable entertainer and we came second behind Michael Jackson!"

They're best pals with a million pop notables in the "rap" universe ("Run DMC, Grandmaster Flash, Heavy D, the Salt and the Peppers, but not LL Cool J — can't stand the guy's guts (?).") And they're forever having bilious sailing records with ancient pop types from ver '60s: in this case "The Twist" with Chubby Checker because "we wanted to bring the song back 'cos it's brilliant."

The Fat Boys are neither svelte nor sophisticated: they are, in fact, supremely loud, completely incapable of saying one syllable without an accompanying guffaw of "laughter" and do not stand or sit still for more than one micro-second. They are the following:

Marks: 20 year old demented bloke who laughs like a rattlesnake not unlike Shane McGowan from Ver Pogueus.

Cool Rock: 21 year old demented bloke who laughs like a woodpecker not unlike Duke Harry Secombe.

Buffy: 21 year old demented bloke (the one with the most expanded "girth" of them all) who laughs like a kitchen plunger not unlike several walruses as found in the parky polar regions.

These, then, are the "facts" — but what do we know of their actual lives? (Apart from the fact that they're fond of a "trifle" grub.) Now, Come with us, then, as we attempt to engage them in "conversation" . . .

Well, lads, seeing as you're all so loaded, what do you spend your money on?

Marks: "We spend our money on girls! Ckckckckckck! Girls, cars and houses. We've got very large houses 'cos we're very large. I got a house with five bedrooms! I need all those bedrooms for my family. We all live with our families, see, we bought the houses and they live in them with us."

And are your families as 'well' proportioned as you?

Buffy: "My family's slim! Yeah! I guess I was just the greedy one hehah."

Did you get extra helpings when you were a 'growing' lad?

Buffy: "Oh no, I just liked to sneak back to the pot when everyone was asleep!"

Cool Rock: "And he'd be sneakin' for a mighty long time!"

Have you got extremely snoot-bedrooms?

Buffy: "I got a water-bed! And he's got a jel-bed — made out of jelly, right?"

Marks: "Yeah, it's made of water and a powder which turns it into a jelly so it's not as movable as a water-bed, it feels firmer. It's for when you're makin' love to a woman ckckckckck!"

Cool Rock: "I can't afford a bed — I sleep in a crate. (?). Well, that's what it feels like! And like a woman with a big butt. (?). The bigger the butt the better. I like butts. There's this one girl I know called Bertha Butt and it's about . . . (indicates a gigantic "butt") the biggest butt in the world. I also like a dumb girl 'cos you can trick 'em out of a lot of things. But smart girls trick you out of a lot of things!" (?)

Buffy: "My bed is super king size! Sngngngngngng (snort snort snort and more snorts for the next several millenium)"

Marks: "I also got a very big TV — about that big! (extends arms to indicate TV about 3 feet by 3 feet i.e. very large indeed) Why? 'Cos I like TV! (?). I like video! I like Dallas, Rocky and Friday The Thirteenth. I like being scared but it's hard to scare me. Very hard. What does scare me?"

Cool Rock: "His girlfriend hiihiihiihii! (?)"

Marks: "Social diseases! Ckckckckckckck! Snakes? Naah, we've had a picture done with a big python! Yeah, it was

called Big Ben. We picked it up and tried to choke it! It wrapped itself around Buff. But just the once! Ckckckckck! Am I scared of going in the sea? Oh I can't swim! I stay away from the bay."

Why do you never learn?

Marks: "Because I'm scared of the water!"

Are you scared of anything in the water?

Marks: "No, I'm not scared of sharks. (?). Ckckckckck! Jellyfish? Naah, if I found a jellyfish in the sea I'd put it in a sandwich with peanut butter and eat it!"

Ooo. Tell us, do where you got your incredible clothing from.

Buffy: "All our costumes are made by our designer who's sitting over there! (points to American semi-tortress who is sitting across the way with ver Boys' manager) We say what we want and she makes 'em."

And what is your favourite party outfit?

Buffy: "All our clothes are party outfits!"

Marks: "My birthday suit is my favourite outfit! Ckckckckck!"

Cool Rock: "Have you ever heard of Whitecastle? It's a hamburger place. They sell these little hamburgers for 25 cents American money (i.e. 14p) and the other week saw this real big guy go up to the counter and say 'Gimme 25! 25 hamburgers for himself! And two sodas and a milkshake! And that's true! Hiihiihiihii! (?????)"

Er . . . tell us, Buffy, about your amazing teeth (i.e. his entire top and bottom set of front teeth are entirely gold, and studded with genuine diamonds).

Buffy: "Those are real diamonds in gold oh yeah."

Is your mouth insured?

Buffy: "Sure! I's insured for \$15,000. It's the style for rappers in New York. I got the most gold teeth out of any of the New York rappers. I had to have all the teeth pulled first and that hurt! They . . . (begins miming having his teeth pulled out by an

apparently very savage dentist seeing as his legs are in the air etc.). . . Aaaaahaaaaah! like that. But it was worth it! There's about 10 thousand dollars of gold in them teeth. Then they drilled the diamonds in. . . (begins miming having diamonds drilled in his teeth by the same dentist!). . . Bzzzzzzzz! like that. He's imp! Gngngngngngng (snort snort)." Does it impair one's eating potential at all?

Marks: "Ckckck! We're all on diets right now! (?????????????) Yeah, Buffy was even a vegetarian for a little while. We're on tour right now and we need to get in shape — we got a little fat over the vacation ckckckckck!"

But you can't get thin!

Buffy: "Aw, we're not gonna be thin, just knock off a couple of pounds. Well, one (snort). So we're eating salads, lettuce and carrots and stuff — weeseel, regular food, but we're just gonna have one meal a day now. Instead of . . . 17! Hahahaha!"

Jings. Aren't you depressed?

Marks: "Naaah, we can handle it, we got will-power. Honest!"

Um. So how's that a Smash hits "rap" then chaps?

"OK!"



A Buffy and his pals' diamond-studded and teeth. Would you like the \$15,000 mouth? (Um, . . . no. — 72 billion viewers.)

OVER THE VACATION"

The Fat Boys' Smash Hits Rap!

"One! Two! Three! Four! Prrrr! Prrrr!"
(This, viewers, is actually the sound of
Buffy doing his "Human Beal Box" thing)
"Pthrr! Pthrr! Hrr! We're the Fat Boys!
Pthrr! Chllin' on Smash Hits! Pthrr!
Smashin'!! Pthrr! Pthrr! What is
Smash Hits? Pthrr! Cold chillin'!"
Aw, shucks!!!!!!????

▲ The Fat Boys! Left to right: Mark, Cool Rock and Buffy - so "well" built there's room in a gigantic American swish-mobile for... er, one and um... three-letta. (A wheezy car "supersation" writer Creek...)

Photos: Simon Fowler

● Thanks to Hayden Place Studios

CAR WASH

Rose Royce

Woo woo
You might not ever get rich
But let me tell ya
It's better than diggin' a ditch
There ain't no tellin'
Who ya might meet
A movie star
Or maybe even an indian chief

(Workin' at the car wash
Workin' at the car wash yeah
Come on and sing it with me
Car wash get with the feelin' y'all
Car wash yeah

Woo come summer
The work gets kinds hard
An' this ain't no place to be
If ya planned on being a star
Let me tell you
It's always cool
And the boss don't mind somatmaa
If ya act a fool

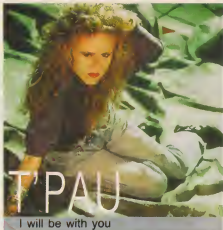
At the car wash
Woh-oh woh-oh woh-oh woh-oh
Talkin' about the car wash yeah
C'mon y'all and sing it for me
Car wash woo-oh-oh
Car wash yeah

(Work and work)
Well those cars never seem to stop comin'
(Work and work)
Keep those rsgs and machinas hummin'
(Work and work)
My fingers to the bona
(Work)
At five I can't wait 'til it's time to go home
(Hey get your car washed today)
Fill up and you don't have to pay
Come on and give us a play
Gat a wash right away

(At the car wash)
Talkin' about the car wash
Car wash yeah
C'mon y'all and sing it with me
Car wash
Sing it with feeling y'all
Car wash yeah

Woh-oh woh-oh woh-oh woh
(Car wash) those cars never seem
To stop comin' (is what I say)
Keep those rsgs and machinas hummin'
(Car wash) let me tell you it's always cool
(Car wash yeah)
And the boss don't mind sometimes
If you set the fool at the car wash
Workin' at the car wash yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Words and music by Norman Whitfield
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I will be with you

Aah ah ah ooh aah ah oh ooh
I have this fantasy
You come back and you forgive me
Oh I'm so sorry now I hear this melody
Our tryst in rhapsody and I am listening

I-I never thought I'd see the day when you and me
We'd be so far apart and I miss you so much now
Yet I know there's no way back to yesterday

CHORUS

I will be with you
You're here in my heart
But if you never come back again
We'll never be far apart
I miss you so much
Wherever you are
But if you never come back again
We'll never be far apart

Here in my deepest dream
Running through another scene
I win your love again
And no it doesn't bother me
The time I spend in imagery well it's how I live
You see I don't believe that we tried
Everything before our love died
And I just can't forget
Oh is the one chance all we get

REPEAT CHORUS

Oh oh oh oh oh oh ooh ho ho ho
And I have such memories
But I don't like to resurrect them
Oh you know they hurt me so much now
And I know there's no way
You'll be coming home

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

Ooh ooh ooh

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wea

Personal
FILE

hazel
dean



FULL NAME: Hazel Dean Poole. I don't particularly like the Poole, though - it's a very Essex name. The Hazell had only one "l" originally, but I had it changed by a numerologist. I don't actually know that much about it but at one stage I wasn't having a lot of luck and I wanted to find out why and among other people I went to see a numerologist. So this guy added up the letters of my name, whatever strange way they do it, and the numbers added up to be an unlucky number. And it turned out that just by adding an extra "l" on the Hazel it made the number luckier. And straight after that I had a hit with "Searching"! I'm a bit sceptical about it but, well, it seemed to work!

DATE OF BIRTH: October 27, 1956. So I'm 32? I'm 31, actually.

BORN: I was born in Chelmsford in Essex. I grew up on a council estate in the middle of a field and it was quite lovely and now it's soooo industrial, which is sad, really. I mean, my father used to have a little allotment out the back and there were parks for playing in and now... it's quite staggering.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE NOW? Now I live just outside Surrey in a little Victorian house. It was built in 1891, I think, and inside there's a lot of stripped pine, there's a tiny living room and the biggest room in the house is actually the kitchen. I love the kitchen because I love cooking. I'm back to cooking meat again at the moment. I actually didn't eat meat for four years but at the beginning of this year I suddenly found I had loads of allergies which were to do with my diet. I had to go to a specialist because my skin broke out - I looked like I'd got burn marks round my eyes and stuff. So I discovered my diet was totally out of balance and this specialist said to me that human beings basically need to eat meat - not everyday of their lives, but certainly to have a healthy balanced diet. So now I've discovered I'm allergic to wheat - so I can't eat pasta

or bread - and the wheat was also making me depressed - I was waking up in the morning crying and things. I'm allergic to eggs as well... (carries on in this "fashion" for several years). **FIRST CRUSH:** Oh God, Um... it was when I was about 13 or 14 and his name was Jeff Amrose... ooh, I've gone a bit funny at the thought, can you tell? Haahah! He took me to one of those Saturday morning cinema things with *Batman* showing. I always remember he went out with a cousin of mine and finished with her for me, then I went on holiday and when I came back he was back out with her and I was ever so upset. I was a bit besotted, I must admit. Do I remember the first succulent kiss?

HaaaaHAHAHAH! Er... vaguely. I don't think it was that succulent, though! Poor old Gary... (??)... er, I mean Jeff! HAHAHA! Gary was his brother who played the guitar in the school group I was in. I didn't fancy Gary, honest.

DID YOU SIT NEXT TO ANYONE IN SCHOOL THAT HAD AN ODDOR PROBLEM? Um... nooooo... but I remember in infant school there was... oh no, this is awful!... this girl in the class called Stephanie who was rather large and I always remember... oh this is terrible! It wasn't just me or anything but... er, the toilets haahHAHAH! (??) Um... we always used to make her oo in the end toilet! (??) Just because she was big! That's so rotten. Kids are awful!

WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE MEMBER OF BROS? Oooooo, em, who's the singer? Matt. Yes, *him*. I don't know the guys but him being the singer and that, I think he's cute. Kind of cheeky. They are cute, aren't they?

DO YOU PUT DISPRIN IN YOUR HOUSEPLANTS WHEN THEY'RE LOOKING A BIT PEAKISH? No, I've never thought of that actually. It works? Well, I wish I'd known that because I spend a lot on houseplants and they always die. Sugar works as well? Well, I never! I use that *Baby Bio* stuff. I do believe that gardening soothes the human brow. I'm quite often to be found by the shrubbery doing a spot of weeding.

CAN YOU BEAT A BIT OF BULLY? Bully? Ha! Are you talking about that TV series *Bully*? Hah hah! Can I bear a bit of it? You most definitely cannot beat a bit of bully. I quite like *Bully*, it's really funny. My parents are big Jim Bowen fans, actually.

DID YOU KNOW THAT THE WORLD'S LONGEST PARSNIP WAS NEARLY 12 FEET LONG? No, I did not know that! Haah hah! And to be quite honest I'm not that bothered! What kind of a question's that? It's a fascinating fact? Is that right? You lot are a bit strange at *Smash Hits*, aren't you? I'm supposed to be impressed? Pthrrrrrr! Well, I'm not. You didn't grow it, did you?

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- 5 **Scritti Politti** Provision
- 6 **Fatal Attraction** First Of A Million Kisses
- 7 **Sade** Stronger Than Pride
- 8 **Wet Wet Wet** Popped In Souled Out
- 9 **Prince** Lovecity
- 10 **Bob Dylan** Down In The Groove

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● The first correct entry out of Sylvia Patterson's new burn-free aatchel gets HMV's top ten LPs (at the time of going to press).

● ACROSS

- 1 See photoclué (5,5)
- 6 Moggie killed by **Curiosity?**
- 7 "Don't ---- - This Way" (**The Communards**) (5,2)
- 8 Just the sort of turn found on 45 pints
- 9 What the **Beasties** had before Brooklyn (2,5)
- 10 "The Colonel" got "Trapped" in '85
- 11 **Randy Crawford** hit discovered amid calm Aztec Camera
- 12 "---- The Groove" (**Madonna**)
- 13 & 18 Down Swan 'n' Lion provide a singer for **Heart** (anag 3,6)
- 16 See 12 down
- 16 "Wherever I ---- - ----" (**Paul Young**) (3,2,3)
- 19 Vehicle owned by **Vanessa Paradis** Joe
- 20 We prefer **Prefab** to the Brussels variety
- 22 **Depeche Mode** s were of the blasphemous sort
- 23 See 14 down
- 24 --- **DMC**

● DOWN

- 1 Delia 'n' Bill score that "Circle In The Sand" hitmaker (anag 7,3)
- 2 Was it needed by **Harry Enfield** for doin' up the house?
- 3 **Grace Jones** pulled up to it
- 4 & 6 **Kylie** s "positive" success (3,2,2,7)
- 5 "Nothing's Gonna ---- - ----" (**Starship**) (4,2,3)
- 6 See 4 down
- 12 & 15 across Hit title shared by **Bananarama** and **Michael Jackson** (1,4,3,4)
- 14 & 23 across **Terence Trent D'Arby** s request for a hotel booking? (2,3,3,2,4)
- 17 Ballerina's skirt - as worn by **Morrissey** s vicar?
- 18 See 13 across
- 21 Group at the end of dance craze?
- 22 **Parker Jr.** or snooker man **Reardon?**



NAME _____

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“HI! WE’RE T

“Oh no! Where’s the hairspray?!”

“What! No hairspray?!”
Oh dear. The Pasadenas are in a fair old dither! It seems that some rather absent-minded individual (i.e. all of them, if the truth be known) has forgotten to bring along the main ingredient for today’s events, the *Silvikrin!* And by all accounts it is a crisis, because The Pasadenas are more than a little concerned when it comes to their “crowning glory”!

But, hair problems aside, the real question at hand is who exactly are these all singing, all dancing Pasadena persons who are flinging their way up the hit parade with “Tribute”?

Well, The Pasadenas are five blokes who were all born and bred in London’s “rain” city. Two of them, Mike and Dave, are twins and they are, at present, frugging deliciously amongst the furniture practising their limbs-akimbo dance moves.

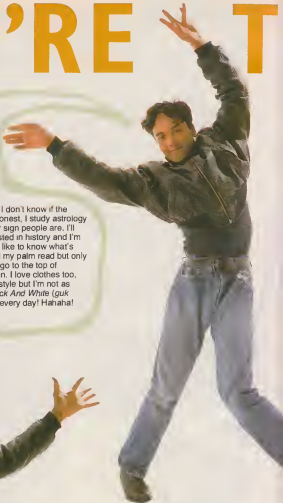
Then there’s “Rockin’ Jeff”, the twins’ younger brother, who is currently having about 393 (or thereabouts) nervous breakdowns because he has just discovered that approximately .02 of one hair is out of place and he’s just about to have his picture taken!

Then there’s Andrew who is politely explaining a) how The Pasadenas used to be a dance



“HI! MY NAME’S HAMISH AND I’M A LEO. . .

Is that bad? Phew! Leos are friendly. It doesn’t matter what they do, whether they’re stinking filthy rich or really poor. I always like to see two sides to a point which is a Leo characteristic. Leos like to be King Of The Jungle but I don’t think I’m like that – I don’t know if the others would agree though! To be quite honest, I study astrology quite a bit and I can usually tell which star sign people are. I’ll tell you something now – I’m really interested in history and I’m very interested in the future but I wouldn’t like to know what’s going to happen to me next year. I’ve had my palm read but only very lightly. I’ve got a long life line and I’ll go to the top of whatever I do, even if I’m a shoe salesman. I love clothes too, and like the rest of the guys I’m crazy on style but I’m not as bad as Jeff is! He uses about a ton of *Black And White* (guk used to slick one’s barnet into shape) every day! Hahaha! Oh well. . .”



“HI! MY NAME’S ANDREW AND I’M A SAGITTARIUS. . .

We’re easy-going people and we’re always putting our foot in it! That’s me! Heh! I believe in the stars very much but I’ve never had my fortune told. Why? (Looks a *trifle* grave. . .) I’d rather not know. I’m a style fanatic too. It’s not just a fashion for us, it’s a way of life. I like Indian food. Once I went into a curry house and on the menu it said “Vindaloo (i.e. a *curry* designed specifically for blowing yer head off!) – very hot” and I thought, naaah – that means hot for English people, I can take it. Anyway, when it arrived I took this massive mouthful and thought I’d exploded!!! I love collecting comics, mostly DC and Marvel, (i.e. American comics featuring such heroes of our time as *Spiderman* and *The Incredible Hulk*). And I live with my dad who never ever smiles. If he does smile, then you know he must be really happy. Does he smile about The Pasadenas? Of course he does. . . I think!!!”

troupe until they got fed up and decided to become a prancing, crooning fivesome and b) how he met Rockin’ Jeff because the two of them were always late for school and used to pass each other everyday on the street.

And, finally, there’s Hamish who has set about demolishing the not altogether huge mound of food that has been laid on for the “occasion” and is chirping away merrily about how The Pasadenas spend every spare zwilfsecond practising their agile high kicks and such like!

Together, they’ve braved this rather grizzly Saturday morning to throw some crazy “shapes” and tell the viewers all about themselves. . .

THE PASADENAS"

"HI! MY NAME'S ROCKIN' JEFF AND I'M A SAGITTARIUS..."



A Sagittarius likes to travel and can adapt

to any situation. That's like me... a bit, but it's who you are that counts. I buy all my clothes from second hand shops, American Classics and Johnsons. I spend hours every day perfecting my hairstyle. To be honest with you, if my hair's not right I get in a really bad mood and I won't talk to anyone or go out or nothing! 'Cause once the Glory looks right, then I can walk the street and look proud! (Note: the "Glory" is actually "Mount Glory", Jeff's name for his monumentally teetering hair "do".) First of all I have to relax my hair. So I put this cream on it which is like putting fire on your head, but that's the way to get it straight. The way I see it, no pain - no gain! If it don't hurt, it don't work!!! That's the way I see life..."



"HI! MY NAME'S DAVE AND I'M AN AQUARIUS..."

An Aquarius is supposed to be greatly imaginative and good for friendship. An Aquarian!! have all types of friends... weird friends! Are my friends weird? Heh heh! I can't say that can I!? It wouldn't look right would it?! Hahaha! Mike and I do have a lot of friends who date back. My favourite thing of all is eating. Yes! When I was on the dole I used to spend the whole lot on eating! I'll eat anything, especially Oriental food. I'm lucky, because I don't really put on that much weight. (Indeed, he's a rippesque sliver of a lad, viewers.) My worst thing is getting up in the morning! I'm so bad at it. I'm so laid back - I'm just better off doing things in my own time. The trouble is I'm a last minute person and everything takes me ages to do! It drives our manager, Raymond, mad! I must admit, we're all a bit bonkers about our hair. I had a perm and then had it dyed the other week and got a bad case of 'falling out'. I was worried then, I can tell you! Still, I'm not as bad as Jeff...!"



"HI! MY NAME'S MIKE AND I'M AN AQUARIUS..."

We're supposed to be outgoing, like to be the centre of attention heh heh! Am I like that? Sometimes... I can be quite shy too, though. I definitely believe in my stars - too many coincidences have happened. I once had my palm read - our mum told me, Dave and Jeff to do it; she's into all that stuff! Anyway, what the palmist told me has happened exactly. She even said I would be involved in music and dancing too. I love the '50s too - everyone had a good time whatever their age. Times are too serious these days. Am I as bonkers about my hair as Jeff? Naaaah! I do usually make an effort but I was too tired this morning so I just put this stupid scarf on instead! I buy all my clothes from second hand shops. The cheaper the better - that's my motto!"



maybe (we should
call it a day)
hazell dean

Please don't let's talk any more
We say the same things every time
We've been through this whole thing before
Now we must make up our minds

You can't keep me hanging around
While you're out there having fun
Oh what is our love built upon
If I'm not your only one

And though it hurts me to say
I really can't go on this way

- Chorus

Maybe (maybe) we should call it a day
Maybe (maybe) ooh ooh ooh
I said maybe (maybe)
We should go our separate ways

You have to give so much more
If you're asking me to stay
Maybe you don't know the score
But I'll tell you anyway

I don't really want you to go
But I can't carry on no no

Repeat chorus twice

Ooh maybe ooh ooh ooh maybe yeah-eah

And though it hurts me to say
I really can't go on this way

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Stock Aitken Waterman
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ON RECORD, CASSETTE AND COMPACT DISC. AVAILABLE NOW

KIM
W
I
L
D
E
CLOSE



Whod bee* Carol Decker



- Your house is infested with ghosts!
- You have to make “small” talk with Prince Charles and Princess “Di”!
- You’re always flying out of your bedroom window when you’re asleep!
- And you’re forced to sit in draughty warehouses all day talking to the likes of Tom Doyle. . .

Imagine how thoroughly exciting it is! Imagine belting through busy London streets in the back of a swank car on your way to witness the making of the T’Pau video for their new cross-over wisp of a tune, “I Will Be With You”! Imagine how you will soon be engaging yourself in banter with a plethora of famous types for hours on end! Imagine the wondrous sight of couples of dancing girls and the visions of glamour and sparkly bits that are the very heartblood of every pop video that you, yourself will be “privy” to in a jiffy!

As you can probably imagine, this is *not* in fact the complete picture, viewers. As we saunter into a huge, dingy and decidedly parky warehouse in South London at 9.30 on a dismal Friday morning, it becomes apparent with the “vision” that greets our eyes – i.e. sweaty building-site type chaps hammering away at various bits of a film set – that making pop videos isn’t half as glamorous as you might have thought.

Through the door with “band room” written on it, we chance upon the blokes from T’Pau, no doubt pondering the finer details of the “concept” of this particular vid. . .

“It’s going to be a bit arty really,” explains Ronnie Rogers, the rather large bloke who strums the guitar and helps write T’Pau’s songs with his “beau” Dame Carol Decker. “That construction out there is supposed to be, like, a passage which Carol’s going to walk down, and we’re going to be appearing in the windows. Sounds great, dunni? Haroochooohoo!”

Do I get the “faint” impression that making videos chews T’Pau off no end?

“You could say that, yeah! Harharharoo!” shrieks Ron. “Making videos is about that interesting [indicates a space with two fingers that isn’t very big at all really]. They’d be quite good fun if we could get more involved in the making of them, rather than just turning up and performing, but we’re always far too busy. In fact, I’ll have to get back to you on that question no ho.”

Ineed, listeners. And it seems that the T’Pau chaps are more concerned about what they slip from the so-called top department onto their hairy

shoulders for their visual “extravaganzas” . . .

“It was bad enough that I had to get my long hair cut to join this band, without having to wear all this pony designer gear as well,” moans guitarist Dean Howard. “I come from the heavy metal scene, y’see.”

“Listen to him, eh!” shrieks drums person Tim Burgess. “There isn’t a particular T’Pau image, so the stylist girl just brings in clothes that we’ve never been filmed in before, otherwise it would be really boring, wouldn’t it?”



▲ Would “Madam” care for a drip more hair spray?

So what’s the song about then?
“It’s all about, er. . . ha ha. Well it’s just a slow one, isn’t it?” burles Ronnie knowingly. “Mmmmm, why don’t you ask Carol about it? She wrote the words. . .”

Indeed. Why not? But at the moment, “Madam” Carol (known to the rest of the band as “The Moo”) is “on location” in the awesome grey tunnel, twirling in a mimelf fashion, gazing meaningfully into space and on the whole shaking her “booty” for the benefit of the film cameras to what she describes as “just a simple love song”. In between “takes”, Carol keeps nipping off into a little side room to repowder her nose (as it were) or to play around with her hairdo, which gives us the perfect chance to catch up with her for a swift yap. She’s in a chirpy mood and doesn’t show any signs of being even half as “cheesed” off as the chaps in the band are. . .

“It’s always less boring for me because I’m usually more involved in

our videos than they are. Things tend to rotate around me. We had a fiasco this morning with the clothes. The stylists went out and brought back some stuff for me to wear. They bought me back a turquoise frock, but it didn’t fit – mainly because I’m a skinny wee lassie – so it’s been temporarily taken in, but I’m still having to stick out my chest when I stand up to try to fill out the bust in it. Things never usually go to plan on a video shoot.”

But it’s important that T’Pau complete the filming today, since they have to travel back to Holland tomorrow, where they’ll continue the hard graft that will become their second LP, and especially since the original video for “I Will Be With You”, shot in Vienna, was completely mangled up during the processing stage. So there’s a lot of pressure on them – and they’re already four hours behind schedule.

“We’ll be here until midnight at least, and it’s a very tiring process. When we’re filming, because of all the lighting and stuff, I always have to wear a lot more make-up than I normally would, or else I’d just look like a dog hah heh. Obviously it has to be constantly touched up, especially since I’m plagued with allergies, and for some strange reason the make-up on my right eye tends to keep on running which gets to be a pain after a while. Thankfully, we’ve done all the close-ups now, so I can stop worrying a little bit about how I look. And later on, we’ll get a couple of bottles of wine in, have a few beers. . .”

Indeed, I forgot. Carol Decker – Queen of the “quaff”! But won’t the video look a bit dodgy if you’re “slightly” stewed?!

“Well I’m miming, aren’t I? So people won’t realise I’ve had a tippie. Anyway, you can’t expect me to hang around on a film set for 18 hours without having a drink, now can you?”

And off again she “pops” . . .

While Carol’s carrying on filming the “master shot” (i.e. the main bit in which all the other things in the video will be slotted

buzz over!





in and around), it's time to check out what yer lads are up to. It turns out that they've decided to kill their boredom with a nice game of cards (all except Dean who's already "conked out"), but when we poke our heads around the door, they begin to show us T'Pau's "Amazing" Heatseeking Card Trick. What happens is, the cards are laid face-down on the table, then one of the band goes outside while we have to press down on one of the cards, and when he comes back in, he's able to tell which card you'd chosen just from feeling the heat left on the card you touched. It works! (In fact, it *is*!) But it's probably a downright swifty and anyway, it's 2pm and the crew have just demanded another tea-break (their third of the day, not counting lunch), so it seems like an appropriate point in the proceedings to catch up once again with Dame Carol.

So what, er, do you think of bees, Carol? "Bees? Oh... em, well when I was doing the *Smash Hits* cover session while everyone else was having their lunch, I spent a long time trying to stop a cardboard one hanging on a piece of string from turning around the wrong way, so that was a bit of a pest. But real bees, I love. The busy bumble bee. I think it conjures up a pleasant image, whereas a wasp doesn't because they're usually bad-tempered and skinny."

"No, I've never been stung by a bee, but I was once stung by a wasp on the foot – maybe that's why I don't like them. What would I do if a bee stung me? I'd flatten it! But I wouldn't hold it against its colleagues hohohoho..."

Has anyone ever mistaken you for a bee by any chance? Em, because of your long red hair of course...

"Frequently. Especially when I'm wearing my black and orange stry jersey. They just walk up to me in the street, and swat me over the head with a rolled-up newspaper teeheshee."

She's obviously gone berking mad

has "our" Carol. Most probably because T'Pau have been "on the road" for over 15 months now.

"Talking of bees actually, I remember we once got a massive great fluffy, stuffed bee thrown at us one time when we were onstage. It was homemade, orange and black, and had dangly beige legs that didn't go with it at all. I can't remember what happened to it though..."

"People are always chucking gifts at the stage and shouting things at us, and I can take my fair share of wolf whistles. But I remember one time when we were playing an army base in Germany, and there was this squaddie shouting totally obscene things at me all through the show. So eventually I got so annoyed that I jumped off the stage and bashed him on the head with my microphone! The crowd all started cheering me. It was terrible."

Certainly not the type of thing one does when one is performing at The Prince's Trust "do" in front of Princess Di and "Dame" Charles themselves, as T'Pau did recently.

"We were given a chance to be introduced to them before the show and I was really terrified, pacing up and down before they arrived. Diana was really nice though – she asked me about the acoustics in the Royal Albert Hall, which of course I know lots about ho ho, and about how it felt to be the first group onstage. Charles didn't know who the hell I was though and said 'Are you singing here tonight?' What a poor chap. I don't think he was very comfortable about the whole thing."

All very rum you might think – catching big fluffy bees, bashing perv bikes on the head with microphones and having snoot-chats with royal types. But you do have to pity the poor girl. Being away from home so often is bound to invite spooks into your brain. The spook connection doesn't end there though, for while the group have been jaunting around the universe, the house that they've bought recently – by Carol's accounts a Victorian "job" with revolting lino and disgusting wallpaper that she and Ron haven't yet had a chance to decorate – has become a stomping ground for ghosts...

"We've got a feeling it's haunted because there's a door that keeps opening on its own, and the hood-thing on the old-fashioned fireplace always seems to have lifted itself up again every time we've left it down. But that's OK because we had ghosts in our last house too. We lived above a boating

club in a building that was over 100 years old, and some of the other people there have seen the ghosts of oarsmen dressed in traditional costume – y'know, long-leggins, sideburns and a little cap. I've never seen them myself, but I've felt their presence. I've often been alone and felt as if I wasn't alone, and sometimes I've thought I've heard someone whisper my name in my ear. It's not very scary though... I'm far more scared of rats."

Mrrmmmm, rats eh? Did you know that a bee can cruise for four million miles on a single gallon of nectar?

"What a load of rubbish! Did you just make that up? I'm not falling for that one! Buzz off! Hahhaha... buzz off... heh heh..."

Have you ever felt that you could fly after a spot of the old amber "nectar"? (snicker).

"No, but I have travelled through astral planes. No seriously, I've had an outer body experience twice, but the best time was when I floated out of my bedroom window while I was fast asleep, and floated all over the River Severn, then floated back through my window, saw myself lying asleep in my bed and floated back into my body again..."

"How many bees do I reckon there are in America for each person? Oh! There's nothing like changing the subject quickly, is there? For each person? Um... let's say a million bees per person. There's actually 500 million per person, are there? Wow! Where do I reckon they go? Oh, Washington 'Bee' C, probably hohhohoho heh heh heh!!!"

Ho ho ho!

By now, it's time for the chaps themselves to get togged up and do their acting bits – one has to carefully pour wine into a glass, another has to casually open a fridge full of red shoes (?) etc. etc.

Carol watches on as her "tancy man" Ron, struts his stuff with a guitar and sings along in front of the cameras. My, he is a big chap is "our" Ron...

"I'd prefer to describe him as rugged myself," chortles Carol. "I like rugged men – people like Mel Gibson or Bob Geldof. Do I fancy Bros? Not really. The one who plays the drums... he's probably the one I'd go for if I had to make a choice. But he'd never go for me since I'm probably about 12 years older than him hohhohoho. They're a bit too perfect-looking for me actually. I like a bit of rough, y'know. Well, Ronnie's a bit of rough, innit? Heh heh heh."

Time to go, methinks. Bzzzzzzz...



▲ A flytrap assistant prepares a part of T'Pau's bees



▲ It's a 30-second video making take!



▲ The "blokes" in T'Pau discussing the linear points of the video's overall concept (hem hem)



▲ Ronnie Rogers and Tim Burgess take a break from the video making. It's a hungry work day clearly see.



▲ Carol in a freezing cold warehouse. It's a glamorous business this video making life



▲ Ronnie trying to sit on the wall. It's a rum game, this video making life!



▲ Mike Chetwood sparking his plank (except it's a piano)

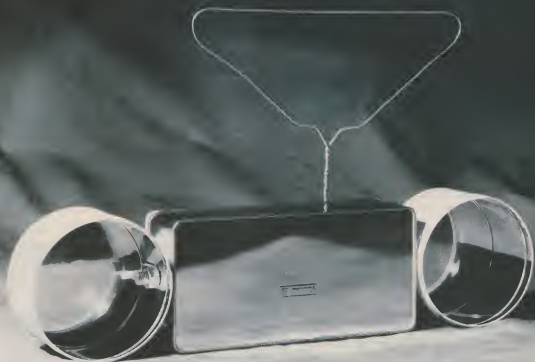


▲ Dame Carol Decker and her "bit of rough". As you can clearly see.

● Video photos: Frank Griffin

● Photos: Paul Rider

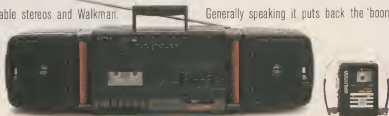
NEXT TO A SONY WITH MEGABASS, HOW DO OTHER PORTABLE STEREOS SOUND?



For years people have put up with portable stereos that have been light on bass. Listening to soul music without a soul and heavy rock without much weight behind it. Now, thanks to a new system from Sony, that's all out of the window. It's called Megabass and it comes on a range of portable stereos and Walkman. Generally speaking it puts back the 'boom booms' to give you music the way it was meant to sound.

Megabass, unique to Sony. Not just a tinpot idea.

SONY



Monkey.

Produced by GEORGE MICHAEL/JIMMY JAM/TERRY LEWIS



Epic

competition winners

Mind Boggling Competition

(April 24)

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● Five winners of Bros cut-outs are **Jill Burton**, Durham; **S. Morris**, Carlton; **Beverly Page**, Sussex; **John Lugg**, Wakefield; **Simon Howden**, Leicester

● Twenty-five winners of signed Bros LPs are **H. Squires**, Camberley; **Lorraine Lewis**, Exeter; **K. Shaw**, Fleet; **Fiona McMaster**, Dagenham; **Stephen Wood**, Doncaster; **Anne Buxton**, Hamham; **Emma Burton**, Rosshire; **Steve Wright**, Bristol; **Vincent Duffy**, Luton; **Alexander Oliver**, Lancaster; **David Brown**, Enfield; **R. Johnson**, Birmingham; **P. Briggs**, Middlesbrough; **Carol Peters**, Gloucester; **Paul Lander**, Rye; **Colin Dunn**, Reading; **K. Harris**, Surrey; **Emily Pope**, Ipswich; **G. King**, Liverpool; **Sally Hunt**, Sussex; **Peggy Young**, Grantham; **Samantha Wells**, Hants; **Victoria Owen**, Wood Green; **L. White**, Belfast; **C. Simpson**, Langford

● Ten winners of Heart umbrellas are **James Dobson**, Southborough; **Clive Winston**, Herts; **Brenda Wood**, Canterbury; **G. Doyle**, Cranbrook; **Brian Miles**, Kersington; **Lorna Davies**, Wales; **Paula Stevens**, Cardiff; **T. Smith**, Sleaford; **Ivon Phillipson**, Berkshire; **Craig Turner**, Bucks

● Ten winners of an Inks CD, badge, postcard pack and single are **Catherine Beck**, Devon; **Zoe Apps**, Tonbridge; **A. Kearney**, Erith; **Peter Thornton**, South Brent; **Mary Dawson**, West Midlands; **S. MacDonald**, East Croydon; **Hell Porter**, Woking; **Gray-Anne George**, Halstead; **T.A. Williams**, Ashford; **Ian Franklin**, Warrley

● Five winners of a Deacon Blue poster, 12" and singles box are **Debbie Devison**, Plymouth; **C.R. Brown**, Norwich; **David**

Morris, Chapel Park; **Daniel McElroy**, Edinburgh; **Marie Adams**, Stockport

● Twenty winners of a Deacon Blue 12" are **Jennifer Griffen**, Evesham; **E. Barrett**, Hockney; **Simon Blore**, Ayrshire; **Roz Bell**, Richmond; **Jene Clarke**, Helburn; **Robert Andrews**, Brackley; **Dave Mitcham**, Dartford; **Terry James**, Leicester; **Mark McLaren**, Milfield; **R. Linkston**, Welling; **Time Crowther**, Walton; **Gillian Winter**, Elmork; **Adam Murphy**, Wallasey; **Chris Scott**, Lincoln; **Louise John**, Clifton; **Tara Lamb**, Norwich; **Clare Holden**, Milton; **Z. Fitzmaurice**, Worcester; **M. Dickson**, Fenhill; **Kerry O'Hare**, Chisleholme

● Five winners of a Habit radio are **Andrew Weston**, Krotin; **Lorraine Parker**, Guildford; **Peter Howarth**, Epsom; **Melissa Nixon**, Southsea; **Lind Brackley**, Fenhill

● Ten winners of a Habit video are **Jim Joyce**, Barbourne; **Teri Peterson**, York; **G.H. Hartley**, Kent; **Glenn Collins**, Chiswick; **Liz Barter**, St. Helens; **Barry Kent**, Leamington Spa; **Jackie Nigh**, Cambridge; **Rose Ferguson**, Palmers Green; **Jane Norman**, Gillingham; **S. Scott**, Lewis

● Ten winners of an Aswad tracksuit are **Denise Cevill**, Manchester; **Rod Hill**, Essex; **Peter Knight**, Lenton; **L. Hubbard**, Warrley; **J. Wilson**, Kettering; **Jackie Cox**, Finchley; **Karen Hopson**, Gosport; **Brian Johns**, West Heath; **Stewart Morgan**, Bradford; **Cheryl Thompson**, Thames

● Ten winners of a Mission LP and t-shirt are **J. Gorman**, Argyll; **Bryony Tamplin**, Bothwell; **Helen Sharkey**, Rogate; **Joseph Jacobs**, Norfolk; **Julie Sells**, Hayfield; **Olivia Thompson**, Hamel Hemstead; **B. Briggs**, Hillfields; **G. Hamilton**, Dublin; **Jemie Roberts**, Darlington; **Mark Petch**, West Heath

● Fifteen winners of a Primitives LP and t-shirt are **Sharon Lloyd**, Stalham; **L.A. Forster**, Loxwood; **J. Carton**, East Didsbury; **Lisa**

Hornsey, East Hunsbury; **Craig Brown**, Southall; **Jason Hill**, Exeter; **M. Bewick**, Mersley-side; **Frances Clay**, Draycott; **M. Lloyd**, Scotland; **Linda High**, Mapperley; **Julie Cox**, Southampton; **David Arnold**, Highgate; **Richard Miles**, Oxford; **G. Strong**, Rochester; **Michelle Wood**, Edinburgh

● Twenty-five winners of an Iron Maiden LP are: **Adrian Hedman**, Glasgow; **Kelly Breitford**, Leeds; **Haley Rowland**, Llanarkshire; **A. Nixon**, Newbury; **Cath Peul**, Gurnsey; **Tom Roberts**, Steffs; **R. Prentice**, Wigam; **Caroline Sharp**, Spalding; **Molly Chalmers**, Rugby; **Karen Bruce**, Westham; **Adrian Hand**, Berkshire; **Kevin Hobbs**, Chorley; **Philip Barter**, Maidstone; **Andrew Martley**, Leeds; **Kenny Williams**, Dorset; **H. Harris**, Kiersey; **E. Hill**, Surrey; **D. Goldthorpe**, Bnton; **Elsaine Bullock**, Maidenhead; **Heidi Christie**, Coventry; **Frances Logan**, Churchtown; **Richard Duroo**, Berth; **Jo Price**, Bromley; **Isabel Welson**, Dagenham; **Andy Green**, Winchester

● Fifteen winners of a George Michael CD are **Maggie George**, Middlewich; **Andree Ford**, Brighton; **Susan Shan**, Marchwood; **Jeff Home**, Iver; **Rick West**, Hull; **Jane Oekey**, Shelton; **J. Carr**, Beeston; **Julie Waterman**, Wirra; **Richard Proctor**, Camberly; **Jackie Antony**, Chichester; **Paulette Fisher**, Harrogate; **Michelle Taring**, Lordswood; **Amanda Riley**, Kirby; **Gebi Jackson**, Cleveland; **P. Murphy**, Ewerth

● Fifteen winners of a Luther Vandross LP are: **Hick Scott**, Bolton; **Mandy Oliver**, Strling; **Susan Lee**, St. Albans; **Robert Cook**, Buckingham; **Pete Barter**, Brighton; **Glaire Townsend**, Plaxton; **P.B. Graham**, Charlton; **Yvonne Fryer**, Greenwich; **Mark White**, Brey; **Wendy Simpson**, London; **Gary Plumpton**, St. Johns; **Michael Johns**, Ashfield; **Emma Keighly**, Bromley; **Kevin Collins**, Huccallin; **S. Carpenter**, Liverpool



STREPZ LOGIC

Strepzil logic features the new single "Davy," "Aberdeen (the way it should've been)," completely re-recorded, two previously unavailable tracks, "Kathleen" a new song by **Kieran Wilson**, "Living to learn" which could've been a single.

"In a 12" sleeve and 12" in special clear plastic sleeve while stocks last.

Also available on 4 track CD single, ("Aberdeen" and "Kathleen" not on 7" version.)

VS105/VST105/VSCD105

DANNY WILSON

are

Gary Clark

Ged Grimes

Kit Clark

CARL WAS STILL LISTENING TO CONTINUOUS PLAY.



MOVING
SOUND

PHILIPS



Sade Paradise

I'd wash the sand off the shore
Give you the world if it was mine
Blow you right to my door
Mm mmn teats line

Chorus:
Feels like you're mine
Feels right so fine
I'm yours you're mine
Like paradise

I'd give you the world
if it was mine
Mmm mmn teats line

Feels like you're mine
I'm yours so fine
Like paradise

Repeat first verse

Interlude:

Ooh-oooh what a life
(Repeat four times)

I wanna share my life
Wanna share my life with you
Wanna share my life
(Repeat above three lines)

I wanna share my life
Wanna share my life with you
Ooh-oooh what a life
Wanna share my life

Wanna share my life with you
Paradise
Wanna share my life
Wanna share my life with you
Wanna share my life
Wanna share my life with you

Words and music by Ade Hise Mathewman Derrin • Reproduced by permission Angel Music Ltd • On Epic Records



UB40 WITH CHRISSIE HYNDE breakfast in bed



Chrissie: You've been crying your face is a mess
Come in baby you can dry the tears on my dress
She's hurt you again I can tell
Oh I know that look so well

All: Don't be shy we've been here before
Pull your shoes and lie down
And I will lock the door
And no one has to know I've come here again
Knowing it will be like it's always been before

CHORUS

All and Chrissie: Breakfast in bed

Kiesee for me

You don't have to say you love me
Breakfast in bed love can make you sing

Chrissie: What's your hurry please don't hit and run

We can't let her well my darling it's been so long

All: Since you've had me here I've returned again

Darling it will be like it's always been before

REPEAT CHORUS

Chrissie: Hey All

All and Chrissie: Breakfast in bed kiesee for me eeh

You don't have to say you love me

Breakfast in bed (breakfast in bed) kiesee for me

You don't have to say you love me

Breakfast in bed (breakfast in bed)

Kiesee for me eeh

You don't have to say you love me

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Crowded House

THE GREAT NEW SINGLE

better be home soon

OUT NOW 7" • 12" • CD





Morrissey

Everyday
is like
Sunday

Trudging slowly over wet sand
Back to the bench
Where your clothes were stolen
This is the coastal town
That they forgot to close down
Armageddon come armageddon
Come armageddon come

CHORUS

Everyday is like Sunday
Everyday is silent and grey

Hole on the promenade
Etch a postcard
How I dearly wish I was not here
In the seaside town
That they forgot to bomb
Come some zorra nuclear bomb

REPEAT CHORUS

Trudging back over pebbles and sand
And a strange dust
Lands on your hands
And on your face
On your face
On your face on your face

Everyday is like Sunday
Win yourself a cheap fry
Share some greased tea with me
Everyday is silent and grey

Words and music by Morrissey/Grease
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On EMI Records



**the WEE
PAPA GIRL
RAPPERS**

Featuring 2 men and 4 drum machines

heat it up

(What we're doing is absolutely against the law)
(If we're caught we're for it anybody worried nah)

Twenty thousand tons of mix mix I'm displaying
Roughing up the rhythm while my rap is just playing
Up and up and never gonna stop
Drop the bass beater while the DJ cuts
The rhyme and beat is flowing
Two wee papa girl rappers are knowing
Twenty thousand tons of mix
Is never too much if you can't drop it acid
Then you've been outta touch suckers
Rough rugged is the rhymes I comply
It's the one and only only one MC TY
Of wee papa girl rappers into tracking the house
Twenty thousand tons is just let out

LISTEN
It's like that what
It's like that it's like that

REPEAT: I WANT I WANT I WANT

(I want you I want you)

Never putting you down
But you're calling our name
You're the only ones playing slag match games
Dummies creating the tension
Feeling bad or else you wouldn't mention it
Shocking wee papa with lies you tell
How can you say them
When you don't even know us well
Still you have the nerve to do it
You won't rest 'til you've been all through it
You see days are hard enough
Without everyone coming on tough
Love peace was raps main arm
But now it's got into an attitude fame
Dig dig dive so socialise
This was the rap to make us open our eyes
Instead of acting on one
Because our house weighs a ton
We just keep on with the beat
Until the music is done

REPEAT: CORNELL POWERS FINISH

(Right boys this is it get some sleep tonight you're gonna need it)

(Night guys)

(Goodnight goodnight goodnight goodnight)

Words and music by S. Lawrence S. Lawrence D. Steele ● Reproduced by permission Zomba Music Publishers Ltd, Virgin Music ● On Live Records

**TOUGHER
than the rest**

Well it's Saturday night
You're all dressed up in blue
I been watching you a while
Maybe you been watching me too
So somebody ran out
Left somebody's heart in a mess
Well if you're looking for love
Honey I'm tougher than the rest

Some girls they want a handsome Den
Or some good lookin' Joe
On their arm
Some girls like a sweet talkin' Romeo
Well round here baby
I learned you get what you can get
So if you're rough enough for love
Honey I'm tougher than the rest

The road is dark
And it's a thin thin line
But I want you to know
I'll walk it for you anytime

Maybe your other boyfriends
Couldn't pass the test
Well if you're rough and ready for love
Honey I'm tougher than the rest

Well it ain't no secret
I've been around a time or two
Well I don't know baby
Maybe you've been around too
Well there's another dance
All you gotta do is say yes
And if you're rough and ready for love
Honey I'm tougher than the rest
If you're rough enough for love
Baby I'm tougher than the rest

Words and music by B. Springsteen
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bruce springsteen





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what you see is what you get

glen
goldsmith

Ooh ooh baby yeah

Lh-huh ah yeah

Whenever you want my love
I'll give you all of me
You're the one who holds the key
Y'got to believe it's true
I'm gonna toe the line
I've just got to make you mine
You can put your trust in me
Cause I know how to make you happy

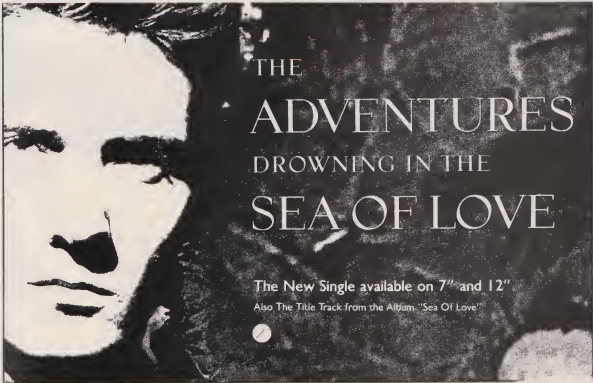
What you see is what you get
I know you won't regret it
I'm not gonna let you down
Take the time and you'll find out
I won't let you forget it
I'm not gonna let you down

If ever you doubt my love
And seem to be unsure
I can make you feel secure
Any time that you call
I'll be right by your side
You will never be denied
I fall deeper every day in love
You're such a special lady

I fall deeper every day in love
You're such a special lady

(What you see) lady
(What you get) baby oh oh oh oh
(Take the time) take the time
(You'll find out)
Take it easy baby oh oh
(What you see what you get) baby
What you see is what you get
(Take the time)
(You'll find out) you'll find
You'll find out
(What you see what you get)

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SOFT DRINKS

Can it really be true that Marti Pellow came second in the City of Glasgow knitting finals when he was a lad? Or that Roddy Frame was once a traffic warden? No, probably not. Still, trouble yourselves no longer 'cause **Get Smart!** knows the answer to every other pop "trickier" in the entire cosmos. Just send your queries to **Get Smart!**, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF, cuck as you like!

get smart!

THE MYSTERIOUS FIFTH MEMBER OF

**WET
WET
WET**



Dear **Get Smart!**,

Can you tell me about this Graeme Duffin chap who appeared on *Top Of The Pops* with Wet Wet Wet? Why is it that he tours with them but doesn't appear in their videos and isn't a member of Wet Wet Wet?

From *An Extremely Confused Wet Wet Fan*, Hull.

● It isn't actually as complicated as it looks. Actually, Graeme is what is known in the so-called "business" as a session musician which means that he isn't a member of the group but is employed by them to play extra instruments in the studio and when they tour. He's quite a bit older than the rest of the Wets and they asked him to work for them after they heard him playing in a recording studio. Most groups change their session musicians quite frequently but the Wets are so fond of Graeme and his guitar playing that they refuse to use anyone else and try to rope him into pictures and interviews whenever they can.

So there you go!

RICK ASTLEY! HE'S BACK! (soon)

Dear **Get Smart!**,

My friend recently told me that Rick Astley smokes. Does he? Also, where is he? I haven't heard anything about him for a while.

Rick's Tie, St. Albans.

● Well! It seems like every single pop person is in ver studio inventing an LP and Rick's a no exception! There's no date for its release yet but there's a strong possibility of a single in August. Right now he's off to America where "Together For Ever" recently got to number two in the charts. As for smoking, Rick'll have nothing to do with it, and he's even given up drinking alcohol in order to get into shape for his tour. The tour isn't confirmed but will probably begin at the end of this year.



Photo: Simon Fowler

Have EUROPE disappeared off the face of the earth?

Dear **Get Smart!**,

Where on earth are Europe? I haven't heard anything about them or the wonderful Joey Tempest for ages. Are they gone forever or will they be making another album soon?

One Of The Rips In Morten Harket's Jeans, Newcastle.



Photo: Photofest Press

▲ Europe: Eager to rock the world all over again!

● Europe will indeed be making another LP. In fact, they are in a studio in London inventing one as we speak. As long as everything goes according to plan they should have it finished by the end of June (i.e. soon) and it'll be in the shops in August. A brand new single called "Superstitious" will be out on July 11 and, what's more, they'll be touring either later this year or early next year. So there you have it!

BONG

"I Owe You Nothing" was Bong's first single. It first came out in August 1987 but only got to No. 79 in the charts. That version is the one that appears on the "Push" LP, but the version that's in the charts now is a completely different recording.

A cut out 'n' keep Smash Hits collection

**FACT
BOX**

No. 13



MADONNA

Full name: Madonna Louise Ciccone
Birthdate: 16/8/58
Birthplace: Bay City, Michigan
Height: 5' 4"
Eyes: Green
Weight: 8½ stone
Favorite colour: Turquoise (which is why she likes to wear the turquoise rosary her grandmother gave her)
Home: An apartment in New York and a house in Malibu, California.
Marital status: Married to Sean Penn
First hit: "Holiday" (1984)
Biggest hit: "Like A Virgin" (785,000 copies sold)

- Her mother died of cancer when she was eight years old.
- She's a strict vegetarian and goes jogging every day.
- Her nickname at school was "little Nonni".

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Coke is it!



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Salt-n-Pepa

Photo: Retna

PUSH IT

Aah push it aah push it (that's it)
 Ooh baby baby baby baby
 Ooh baby baby ba-baby baby
 Pick up on this
 Aah push it (heh)
 Pick up on this aah push it
 Pick up on this aah
 Ooh baby
 Salt-n-Pepa's here
 Salt Salt Salt Salt-n-Pepa's here
 Salt Salt Salt Salt-n-Pepa's here
 Salt-n-Pepa Salt-n-Pepa Salt-n-Pepa's here
 Salt Salt Salt Salt-n-Pepa's here
 (Now wait a minute y'all)
 (This dance ain't for everybody)
 (Only the sexy people)
 (So all you fly mothers out there)
 (Get on out there and dance)
 (Dance I say)
 Salt-n-Pepa's here and we're in effect
 Want you to push it back
 Cooling by day
 And at night working up a sweat
 Come on girls let's go
 Show the guys that we know



How to become number one in a hot body show
 Now push it
 Aah push it push it good
 Aah push it push it real good
 Aah push it push it good
 Aah push it pu-push it real good (pow) ow
 Ooh baby baby baby baby
 Ooh baby baby ba-aby baby
 Yo so so so baby pop
 Yeah you come here gimme a kiss
 Better make it fast or else I'm gonna get pissed
 Can't you hear the music pumping hard
 Like I wish you would
 Now push it push it good pu-push it real good
 Aah push it pick up on this
 (Aah) pick up on this (aah) pick up on this
 (Take it) boy you really got me goin'
 You got me so I don't know what I'm doin'
 Aah push it aah push it
 Boy you really got me grin'
 You got me so I don't know what I'm doin'
 Aah push it aah push it aah push it
 Push push push push it push
 Words and music by AZEO • Reproduced by permission
 Interscope • On London Records

TRACY CHAPMAN: fast car

You got a fast car
 I want a ticket to anywhere
 Maybe we can make a deal
 Maybe together we can get somewhere
 Any place is better
 Starting from zero got nothing to lose
 Maybe we'll make something
 Me myself I got nothing to prove

You got a fast car
 I got a plan to get us out of here
 I been working at the convenience store
 Managed to save just a little bit of money
 Won't have to drink too far
 Just cross the border and into the city
 You and I can both get jobs
 And finally see what it means to be living

See my old man's got a problem
 He lives with the bottle that's the way it is
 He says his body's too old for working
 His body's too young to look like his
 My mama went off and left him
 She wanted more from life
 Than he could give
 I said somebody's got to take care of him
 So I quit school and that's what I did

You got a fast car
 Is it fast enough so we can fly away
 We gotta make a decision
 You leave tonight or live and die this way

Chorus
 So remember when we were driving driving in your car
 Speed so fast I felt like I was drunk
 City lights lay out before us
 And your arm felt nice wrapped round my shoulder
 And I'd had a feeling that I belonged
 I-I had a feeling I could be someone
 Be someone be someone

You got a fast car
 We go cruising entertain ourselves
 You still ain't got a job
 And I'll work in a market as a checkout girl
 I know things will get better
 You'll find work and I'll get promoted
 We'll move out of the shelter
 Buy a bigger house and live in the suburbs

Repeat chorus

You got a fast car
 I got a job that guys all our bills
 You stay out drinking late at the bar
 See more of your friends than you do of your kids
 I'd always hoped for better
 Thought maybe together you and me'd find it
 I got no plans I ain't going nowhere
 So take your fast car and keep on driving
 You got a fast car
 But is it fast enough so you can fly away
 You gotta make a decision
 You leave tonight or live and die this way



Words and music by Tracy Chapman. Reproduced by permission SBK Songs Ltd./On London Records

EMPIRE

running with BROS in the following towns

23rd june - sheffield
 24th june - newcastle
 26th june - edinburgh
 27th june - manchester

28th june - newport
 30th july - london
 1st july - london
 2nd july - london

4th july - nottingham
 5th july - southampton
 6th july - brighton

new single "my imagination"



*everythmics
you have placed
a chill in my heart*

CHORUS

Oh-ah oh ah
Ooh ooh ooh ooh
You have placed a chill in my heart
Oh-ah oh oh oh
You have placed a chill in my heart

Take me to the desert
Where there's got to be
A whole heap of nothing
For you end me
Take me to the desert
Take me to the sand
Show me the colour of your right hand

REPEAT CHORUS

Love is a temple
Love is a shrine
Buy some love at the five and dime
A little bit of love
From the counter store
Get it on credit if you need some more
I'll be the figure of your disgrace
A criss-cross pattern upon your face
A women's just too tired to think
About the dirty old dishes in the kitchen sink

I wish I was invisible
So I could climb through the telephone
When it hurts my ear

And it hurts my brain
And it makes me feel too much
Too much too much too much
Don't cut me down
When I'm talking to you
'Cause I'm much too tall
To feel that small yeah

Love is a temple love is a shrine
Love is pure and love is blind
Love is a religious sign
I'm gonna leave this love behind
Love is hot and love is cold
I've been bought and I've been sold
Love is rock end love is roll
I just want someone to hold
Hold me now now
Hold me now baby
Come on yeah

You have placed a chill in my heart
Makes me feel it come on now
You have placed a chill in my heart
Woo-oo-oh ooh yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
You have placed a chill in my heart
Hu-huh hu-huh hu-huh hu-huh
Oh yeah yeah yeah wooh

Give me two times give me two times
Give me two times give me two times
You have placed a chill in my heart

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Photo: Syndication International Ltd

BROS TALK EXCLUSIVELY!!

The Boys Swap Secrets About...

60 The Tour **61** The Brosettes **62** Love!

...and reveal all about themselves!

63 Matt **64** Luke **65** Craig

And there's more...!!

20 Goss Giveaway - Win signed Bros boxer shorts!

21 Bros Bonanza - L.P.s signed and sealed with a kiss!

22 Goss Gossip **23** Brosettes Banter

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So whether you are a CD lover or just a music lover be in style with a Sony Discman and enter the KP Discos competition.

HOW TO ENTER

Study carefully the names of the Top Ten lists below and identify the artist or group who first took the track into the Top Ten.

Simply write your answers on the entry form and then complete the 5p-offer question.

- | | | |
|----------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Thriller | 3. Papa Don't Preach | 5. Faith |
| 2. Respectable | 4. All You Need is Love | 6. West End Girls |

Each entry must be accompanied by any 3 empty KP Discos packs from the range of Ready Sailed, Beef, Salt and Vinegar and NEW CHEESE AND ONION FLAVOUR.

Send your entry form plus 3 empty KP Discos packs to: KP Discos Competition, PO Box 100, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs DE12 7LQ. CLOSING DATE FOR RECEIPT OF ENTRIES IS 30/9/88

COMPETITION RULES

- The competition is open to all UK residents except employees of KP Foods, EMAP Metro Publications and their immediate relatives, or anyone connected with the administration of the competition.
- No responsibility can be accepted for lost or damaged entries.
- Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.
- Judges' decisions will be final and binding.
- Prizes will be awarded to those entries who have correctly, or most nearly correctly, identified the artist/group who first took the six tracks into the Top Ten. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be awarded to those artists who, in the opinion of the judges, have completed the tie-breaking question in the most original way.
- No correspondence will be entered into.
- No artist may win more than one prize.
- Entries under the age of 16 must obtain the signature of a parent or guardian.
- Winners will be notified by post within 4 weeks of the closing date. This includes a list of prize-winners and the assistance thereafter by sending a e.s. to the competition address.
- All entries become the property of KP Foods. No entries will be returned.
- No cash alternative will be offered in lieu of prizes.

Prize: 3 Sony Discs, 57 Come Here, Newcastle, Newcastle, Newcastle TW2 6QA.

ENTRY FORM

In my opinion the names of the six artists/groups who first took the six tracks into the Top Ten are:

- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. _____ | 3. _____ | 5. _____ |
| 2. _____ | 4. _____ | 6. _____ |

The-breaker:

Complete this sentence in the most apt and original way using no more than 15 words

I think KP Discos are a 'Big Hit' because _____

NAME _____ (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

ADDRESS _____

Signature of parent or guardian, if entrant is under the age of 16 _____ POSTCODE _____

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0898 100 795

Dear Black Type,

Over the past few months I have read and been totally disgusted by some of the things the so-called "news" papers write about pop stars. In a recent issue of your magazine (*Smash Hits* 4-17 May), a devoted Bros fan wrote about the funeral at which Luke supposedly swore. That fan was absolutely right, the press should not have been present at the funeral.

What annoys me most of all though are all the rumours about Michael Jackson. The press accuse him of all sorts of weird and wonderful things, none of which I - or probably the majority of his loyal fans - believe. The "news" papers tend to forget that this particular pop genius has been in the charts since he was 11, and has to grow up in full public view. Most of the stories about his plastic surgery are, I suspect, complete nonsense. The press should read Michael's book *Moonwalk*, and then begin writing some facts for a change, not fairy tales.

Michael Jackson's Chicken Pot Scar On His Left Cheek, Cheshire.

Dear Black Type,

I read a story in a certain "news" paper one Sunday recently about how "apparently" a fan had given Madonna a bunch of flowers on a New York street corner and she'd thrown them back in his face, screaming obscenities at him. What a load of crap! Why, for no apparent mentioned reasons, would she become foal-wounded at her fans whom she adores? I also noticed there were no "exclusive" photographs to go along with this so-called "story".

Maybe this "paper" is just getting back at Madonna since (apparently) they once sent her a birthday cake (to prove that they're such a "caring", "kind" paper), and she told them to stick it. Good for her, because that certain "news" paper has never had a good thing to say. It's almost as unbelievable as their story about Matt Leaven Bros. Will it ever end? *Madonna's Beauty Spot, Jarrow.*

Dear Black Type,

In writing to say how disgusted I am with the way people make fun of Michael Jackson. It's not fair. So what if he's had a nose job and a cleft added to his chin? Cher had face lifts and cosmetic surgery all over her body to change one thing or another. So what if he talks to Bubbles? People talk to their cats and budgies, and no-one says they're mad! Terence Trent D'Arby thinks that he was brought up by the wolves and was found on the doorstep by his mam! I mean, he even collected the fluff from underneath his bed!!! Alice Cooper bites snakes' heads off and almost hung himself on stage once. Ozzy Osbourne bites birds' heads off, but no-one attacks him, do they?

So leave Michael Jackson alone! *Sarah Fairbrother And Kirsten Whittle, Brosettes And Michael Jackson Fans, Liverpool.*

Dear Black Type,

As chairman of the SCCUW (Society For Comfort of Creatures Under Water), I felt the need to write to you and complain about the quality of your magazine. I don't

mean the actual contents of it, but other things instead. Yes, if you try to read "Ver" Hits under water, you may find that:-

- 1) The pages get all soggy and easily tear apart.
- 2) The ink washes away.
- 3) The pages don't light up (v. handy if you're a few miles under sea level because it's very dark indeed).
- 4) The transfers don't work very well.
- 5) The stickers don't stick.
- 6) The badges go all rusty.

So, if you don't improve the quality of your "magazine" pretty sharply, I'll have to send my special representative (who is actually quite famous for playing the villain in *Jaws* films) around to Carnaby Street to do something about the Loch Ness Monster.

I agree, it is indeed a hopeless predicament. However...

An agency "aunt" experienced in dealing with matters of a "sensitive" nature slavers: "Many young 'folk' these days experience strange and often uncontrollable feelings towards activities of a snorkelling nature, however I must admit that your overwhelming desire to wash your feet in your granny's tropical fish tank troubles me somewhat..."

Dearest Type,

What is the average snout-length of a fully-grown Hispaniolan tree frog?

Someone Who Knows:

An agency "aunt" experienced in etc. etc. "pises": "I give in, hen!"

Dear B.T.

I'm afraid I have to disagree with your viewer who wrote in objecting to the way the Bros Front works (*Smash Hits*, May 18-31). I think the three levels of membership of the Bros Front are a very good idea. Bros obviously thought of this to give their fans a chance of being able to afford a membership, no matter how much money they have. If there was a set price, say of £6,000, and some Broettes couldn't afford it, then they wouldn't be able to become a member - and if any Broettes consider themselves more loyal to the group because they've paid the £6,000 to become a Gold member, then they're obviously not true fans.

I'll bet Matt, Luke and Craig wouldn't like the idea of Gold members thinking they're better than everyone else, and that's coming from someone who's about to apply for a Gold membership.

No matter what level of membership you have, it doesn't really matter, but I think that the whole system shows that Bros care for their fans enough to understand that they don't all have pots of money.

Matt's Left Earring, Jarrow.

Dearest Lord Black Type,

The other night while watching telly and sipping my One-Cel orangeade (at only 65p per two litre bottle - a snip!), I thought up this utterly chucklesome ode, so I felt compelled to let you hear it. So here goes:-

Ode To The Man In The Halifax Cardcash Advert Who Is Easy Like Sunday Morning.

Oh! Man In The Halifax Cardcash Advert Who Is Easy Like Sunday Morning

I don't think the man under the bridge selling newspapers is going to be too pleased when you hand him a crisp new tenner as he probably won't have much change at that time on a Sunday morning.

So why not go and do something useful instead like decorate your humble abode (i.e. your warehouse)?

Tata for now.
Euan, (Probably) The One And Only Remaining Housemartins Fan In The Cosmiverse, Kirkcaldy.

Dearest Black Type,

Whilst having a good old look for something around my parents' bedroom, I happened to notice something lying on the bed. After having had a closer look, I discovered that - shock! horror! - it was none other than... wait for it... a Remington Fuzzaway. Was I flabbergasted or what?!!

For your information, you may like to know that I have now disowned my father, who used to go around bashing snails with a baseball bat and posting them through people's letterboxes (also the owner of a Remington Fuzzaway - as seen on TV).

Very Extremely Fuzzy Piece Of Fluff Which A Certain Person Had A Lot Of Trouble Getting Off Their Balacava With A Remington Fuzzaway!!!

A Remington "Fuzz" away?!!

Very handy for whipping the "boobles" off one's donkey jacket, I would have thought, so it's not at all something to be discussed in sheepish tones, if you don't mind me saying so, young lady. However, it's no doubt embarrassing if hopeless at "shaving" hairy mould off a lump of three week old cheese, but you could always chance your "mitt" as it were...

Dear Black Type,

Am I right in saying that Bros were named after a bar of chocolate? You see, my dad works in Holland most of the time, and when he's home, he always brings me a pressie back, and last time it was a rather gum-drenching bar of chocolate by the name of Bros. I've enclosed the wrapper but I'm afraid I ate all the chocolate while writing this letter - "hurr" - sorry...
A Bros Fan Called Tiffany (No Relation), Southam.

Aah yes! Bros? A pint and a half in every third bubble, if memory serves me well. (?)

Dear Blacky,

I thought I'd best write to you to tell you that "Pierman" and myself think that "ches" "harr" is indescribably apewusting. I mean, who wants dandruff on their "chests"?!!

While pondering this notion, my mind went numb through exertion and a question was burnt (ouch) into my brain. Does Black Type have a hairy chest? If this is even remotely true, then please "step into the blue" with your *Gillette Blue Two* razor and shave 'em off!
An Old "Wives" 'Tall, Worcester.

Are you in any way suggesting that I suffer from a most definitely unhealthy dose of chest "lice" - tribes of parasitic insects with purple-pink flewers found in marshes or wet fields (if my dictionary is accurate)?!!????!! As for a *Gillette Blue Two*, I'll have you know that a Remington "Fuzzaway" is multi-functional, so if you'd please "leg it" with a token 'n' towel, I'll not have a chance to probe you with a few personal queries (as it were)!

Dear Blacko,

Did you know that Neighbours grows during the day? No? Well, at 1.30 it lasts for 20 minutes, and then in the evening, it lasts for 25. Strange, isn't it? Also, on the subject of the world's most "thrilling" soap, did you know that the pay isn't particularly brilliant either? Take Kylie Minogue for example - she has had to resort to "singing" to raise enough cash for the rant. Paul Robinson is listed as a dancer with The Russ Abbot "Show", and Elaine Smith (who is Daphne) is a make-up artist for EastEnders.

The Gap In Morden Harker's Teeth (i.e. Joanna Waymark), Swansea.

It must have something to do with the time difference between here and "down" "under", I would have thought (Are you completely sure about that one? - Ed)

Byeeeeee!!!!

● WHITE TO *Smash Hits*, 52-53 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1FF
The most up-to-date letter gets a £10 record tote and a Black Type tea-towel! Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge)



Who is this glamorous foxtress slinking about the pages of this week's

Just Seventeen?



It's Mandy Smith no less and she will be joined by...

- **ASWAD** who adopt a Just Seventeen reader for the day
- **GLEN GOLDSMITH** who takes his clothes off (hooray) – and then puts them back on again (boo)
- **GARY HAILES (BARRY FROM EASTENDERS)** Lets us take a peek at his diary
- Plus
- **AM I NORMAL?** 20 personal questions about your body answered
- **OTHER PEOPLE'S BEDROOMS** We have a good old nose around
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- Fashion, Advice, Beauty, Fiction and quite a lot more actually

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BROS: Success, haircuts and sprained ankles!!

**LIVE
WIRE**
0898 12 13 14

0898 22 25 17



This week we've got Bros! The Story So Far check it out with Luke, Craig and Matt on 0898 22 25 17. Plus Ireland's newest and best hot house Flowers on 0898 22 25 11. Get on the groove with Glen Goldsmith on 0898 22 25 12. Or check your heartbeats on 0898 22 25 10.



BIG STORY

"WHEN WILL I BE FAMOUS!" LUKE, CRAIG AND MATT TELL THEIR STORY SO FAR - USE YOUR DIGIT TO DIG IT.

TOP 5 SINGLES	NUMBER 1 SINGLE	0898 12 13 01
	NUMBER 2 SINGLE	0898 12 13 02
	NUMBER 3 SINGLE	0898 12 13 03
	NUMBER 4 SINGLE	0898 12 13 04
	NUMBER 5 SINGLE	0898 12 13 05

ARIES	0898 22 22 41	LIRA	0898 22 22 41
Taurus	0898 22 22 42	Scorpio	0898 22 22 48
GEMINI	0898 22 22 43	SAGITTARIUS	0898 22 22 49
CANCER	0898 22 22 44	CAPRICORN	0898 22 22 50
LEO	0898 22 22 45	AQUARIUS	0898 22 22 51
VIRGO	0898 22 22 46	PISCES	0898 22 22 52

BROS COMPETITION

WIN THEIR LATEST SINGLE
I DOWE YOU NOTHING
IN THREE DIFFERENT
PIC BEGINS - PLUS
12 MORES AND THEIR
NEW ALBUM 0898 22 25 16.

HELP PHIL COLLINS HELP SAVE THE CHILDREN

RING
CHARITY
LINE
0898 12 17 46



Phil Collins has written and recorded a new album for the charity 'Help Save the Children'. The album is called 'The Phil Collins Album' and features 12 tracks. It is available on CD and cassette. The album is a collection of songs that Phil has written and recorded over the years. It is a tribute to the children of the world and the need for help and support. The album is available on CD and cassette. The album is a collection of songs that Phil has written and recorded over the years. It is a tribute to the children of the world and the need for help and support. The album is available on CD and cassette.

WIN THIS
FABBBB LIVEWIRE
T-SHIRT



0898 22 24 24

0898 22 25 10
THROB A MINUTE WITH HEART
0898 22 25 11
DON'T GO WITH NODHOUSE FLOWERS
0898 22 25 12
GROOVIN' WITH GLEN GOLDSMITH



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rate.
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out with the
people who do.
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DIARY

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- RADIO ONE'S
NUMBER 1 SINGLE
0898 12 13 01
- TOP TEN'S
SINGLES
0898 12 13 01 THRU TO 10
- TOP TWENTY RUNDOWN
0898 12 13 11
- CHAT BACK
RING IN YOUR VIEWS
YOU COULD BE ON THE
LINE NEXT WEEK
0898 12 13 80
- BROS: I DOWE YOU NOTHING
(ORIGINAL VERSION)
0898 12 13 80
- POP GOSSIP +
NEW RELEASES
0898 12 13 12

star teaser



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

- ALL THE WAY
- A LOVE SUPREME
- ALPHABET ST
- ANFIELD RAP
- BAG YOUNG BROTHER
- BLUE MONDAY
- BOYS
- BROKEN LAND
- CHECK THIS OUT
- DIRTY DIANA
- DIVINE EMOTIONS
- DON'T GO
- DROP THE BOY
- EVERYWHERE
- GET LUCKY
- GOT TO BE CERTAIN
- HM 'N' 'ALD
- I WANT YOU BACK
- LET'S ALL CHANT
- LOADSAMONEY
- MARY'S PRAYER
- OH PATTY
- ONE MORE TRY
- OUT OF THE BLUE
- PERFECT
- PIANO IN THE DARK
- PINK CAULLAC
- RUN'S HOUSE
- SHE'S LEAVING HOME
- TELL ME
- THE KING OF ROCK 'N' ROLL
- THEME FROM S-EXPRESS
- THIS IS ME
- WALK AWAY
- WHAT ABOUT LOVE
- WHO'S LEAVING WHO

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

● The answers are away over there on the right!

SMASH HITS

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PUZZLE ANSWERS

PRIZE CROSSWORD

No.58 (1 June)
● The winner is Lucy Gallivan from Gillingham
No.59 (15 June)
● The winner will be announced in the next issue, meanwhile the answers are "happening" below:

ACROSS: 1 'Mary's Prayer', 7 Mia (m Sound Machine), 8 Two Men, A Drum Machine And A Trumpet, 9 The Smiths, 10 'Perfect', 11 Aisle (Stent), 12 'Don't Leave Me This Way', 15 'Let's All Chant', 16 (Stock) Adren, Walfman, 18 M A R S, 20&25 Alexander O'Neal, 22 Slave (Martin), 24 (Rise To The Occasion)
DOWN: 1 Mark Pellow, 2 'I Heard A Rumour', 3 'Shattered Dreams', 4 Robert (De Niro), 5 (stary) Entled, 6 'I Should (Be So Lucky)', 11 AC/DC, 13&21 'Some Gyps Have All The Luck', 14 'Came', 17 'Searching High And Low', 18 (Mk And) Mrs 'Jones', 19 'Strong As Steel', 23 Ten

STAR TEASER

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



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REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY THE COMMUNARDS

JOHNNY HATES JAZZ: Don't Say It's Love (Virgin)
Jimmy: Fährts... this is boring. Who is it? Johnny Hates Jazz? Oh! It's really



nice! They're actually really sweet. I liked the last one, "Heart Of Gold" – that was fab. Naahh, this is dull, they're only famous because people like dull music. This is the weakest they've done yet. **Richards:** I quite like it, because I know it's quite dull but I quite like boring records. Sometimes that's all you want to hear, isn't it? It's true!

Jimmy: Fff... Richards's being extremely diplomatic because he doesn't want to offend any pop stars and get a slap in the face.

Richard: I admit it. I'm nambypamby. I only listen to opera.

OFRA HAZA: Galibli (WEA)

Jimmy: I like her LP, actually. It's all Yemenite music set to disco – disco religion, sickeroonies or what? I loved the last song and I think it's brilliant that things like this get in the charts 'cos the British public don't exactly appreciate other cultures, do they? This is fab. **Richard:** It's not as catchy as the last one, though, the last one was really hypnotic and gorgeous.

Richard: I think it's better! It's a lovely voice. And I like records like this where you have an interesting clash of musical cultures. **Jimmy:** Oh for Christ's sake! I don't think this'll get in the charts, though, and I'm quite glad 'cos it's all bible-thumpin' and preachin' isn't it?

SHAKIN' STEVENS: Feel The Need (Epic)

Richard: ShaakAAAAY!!! **Jimmy:** Oh nooooo!!! He's murdered it! (i.e. this is a cover version of a rather brilliant 'n' ancient disco song) That's absolutely dreadful. **Richard:** Well, I'm going to say something about this because I'm afraid I've liked

Shakin' Stevens, er, Shakin' Stevens for a long long time and I think with this he's recapturing the form he reached with "Behind The Green Door" – I enjoyed that.

Jimmy: Oh, tack-kee... **Richard:** No, no, seriously I've always liked Shaky and his cover versions.

Jimmy: Aw, no, on that one, though! Have you never heard the version by the Detroit Emeralds? Aw, try and find that – it's so beautiful, it's ace... **Richard:** Well, I've never heard the original or anything. D'you know why I like Shaky? Because he's Welsh. And there aren't many bands from Wales. The Alarm, Bonnie Tyler, I like her as well...

Jimmy: Aw sick! Sick! SICK! BELLECKOONIE! Can we have the next record pleaseeee!!!

EIGHTH WONDER: Cross My Heart (CBS)

Jimmy: Pthrrrt! Is this a Stock Aitken & Waterman song? That are they like, eh? Running out of steam or what? It isn't! Well, it just sounds like watered down Stock Aitken & Waterman. It's just like that: Sinitta song, isn't it? This is alright, really. I'd probably hear it in three times in a disco and buy it. We saw Eighth Wonder in Newcastle when we were doing *The Roxy* and they were floating about in a big limousine... pthrrrt! Can you believe that? This is a fab record, actually, I love it.

Richard: I don't like this as

much as their last one. Though I must say... **Jimmy:** Her voice is better on this one, it's stronger. **Richard:** Doesn't know anything about pop anyway? **Richard:** Well, I don't like this one much, anyway. It just doesn't grab me. I do think Patsy's quite talented, though. It's a real shame that just because a girl singer is very pretty and likes to be glamorous people automatically think she's a bimbo which is very unfair in Patsy's case, I think.



JAKI GRAHAM: No More Tears (EMI)

Jimmy: Is this Bros? Five Star? Jaki Graham? Poor woman! What's happened to her? "Say I'm Your Number One" was fab! (Er... actually that was *Princess - Ed*). She really sounds like the guy from Bros, y'know, I love them. They're never off in my house – "I Owe You Nothing" is brilliant and they're fab, especially the drummer, he's nice. **Richards:** Hmm. Don't like this much, not much of a tune, not much of an anything. Next!

THE SPECIAL A.K.A. (FEATURING NDONDA KHUZE & JONAS GWENGWE) Free Nelson Mandela (2-Tone)

Jimmy: Is this the re-mix? The guy that's singing must be the guy who sang it at the Nelson Mandela Concert. This is a bit strange, isn't it? Dead weird. I like all the weird noises but they're kind of lost the chorus, haven't they?

Richard: Ooooh! I don't like this nearly as much as the original – they should have just rereleased it. I'm not sure this'll even get in the charts, though it'd be great if it was there. Oh dear, this is bizarre. I mean, there's not much point in this – if the single's good, why not just leave it alone?

Jimmy: Remixes are fab! **Richard:** Occasionally they are but sometimes you just don't need it. I'd advise the readers to go out and buy the original.

Jimmy: Did you see Whitney Houston at the concert? She was gorg. (i.e. gorgeous) She was sooooo gorg. I thought the whole thing was brilliant – it was much more political than I thought it was gonna be which was good.

Richard: It was very distressing, though, to hear Whitney Houston saying that she didn't think it was a political thing. They even took down all the banners behind the stage when she was on which was a bit pathetic. She's someone who could have a lot of influence

in the matter and I just get the impression that someone's told her what to say. I'd like to know what she really thinks about it, if she thinks at all.

LUTHER VANDROSS: There's Nothing Better Than Love (Epic)

Jimmy: Fiff... get that off! There's nothing worse than straight men squealin' about how they want to be loved – it gets on my wick. **Richard:** I thought that was a brave stand but a heap of piffle. Boring drive!

MICHAEL JACKSON: Dirty Diana (Epic)

Jimmy: Oh pleaseeee, nooo. It's dreadful. He should concentrate on the plastic surgery.

Richard: To be quite honest, I've never known what all the fuss is about with Michael Jackson. I love "Billie Jean", that was a lovely record, but I do think he's over-rated.

Jimmy: This has even got a screamin' guitar solo in it! **Richard:** I do feel sorry for him because he does seem nerdy as a frutacke. I mean, if you're that rich and that famous it does put you in a minority of one which is the definition of madness. That's a bit profound, isn't it? **Jimmy:** I told me that Janet Jackson was Michael Jackson in drag and I believed him! For a whole week! Anyway, you can't listen to a Michael Jackson record without a record any more – you just think about him having chips as friends. **Jimmy:** Maybe he's got a chipmunk called Diana who's got a hygiene problem and that's what the song's about!

DEBBIE GIBSON: Foolish Beat (Atlantic)

Jimmy: Take it off! Take it ooooooeeeeeeeee!!! Off! Off! Off! Off! (They begin chanting in unison.) Off! Off! Oooooo!!! Ooooooeeeeeee!!! Pleaseeeee take this OOOOOOO!!! That's dreadful! It's a dirge! It should be melted into a plant-pot! Listen to that naaaaf saxophone!

Richard: Oh dear. I suppose this is a song that's meant for fourteen-year-olds who have been spurned, is it? Well, when I was fourteen and I was in love I'm afraid I listened to Puccini (ancient classical composer who's dead). And I'd recommend any fourteen-year-old in love not to listen to this but Puccini instead.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

RICHARD'S

PREFAB SPROUT: Hello Manhattan (Columbia)

Richard: Prefab Sprout! I love this already. **Jimmy:** "Cars And Girls" was brilliant. Hated that Alberquinky thing though. **Richard:** Ooooooh. I think this is marvellous. I think they're a very talented bunch of people. People may say they're nambypamby but I love them! **Jimmy:** This sounds like something Barry White would do! Unlimited orchestral! Next!

Richard: No, I think they've all done very very well. And it's ridiculous to have to choose a winner but choose a winner we must. And so I say that I think Prefab Sprout piped everyone to the post, but we'd like to thank everyone else for taking part and we wish them all the very very best with their futures.



JIMMY'S

BOMB THE

SASS! Make Me

Walt (Rhythm King)

Jimmy: Ah, this is more like it! A great dance record. Fab. I'll be up to this in the clubs. It's fab to dance to and dance records are the only records I really listen to anyway. I like dance records and... say, Tracy Chapman – I think her LP is the best LP this year – no jokes, it's absolutely gorgeous. But this is just my kind of music, so it's my favourite.



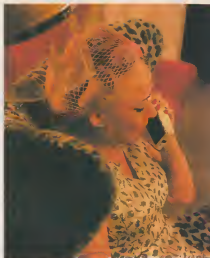




▲ Neil Tennant looking "awkward" on a bicycle.



▲ Garth Hunt plays a prank on the hapless vicar.



▲ Barbara Windsor "sings" to Neil down her cordless telephone.



▲ Garth Hunt and his coffee bean rattling chum (?)



▲ Neil buys a gift from Uncle Digging.



▲ Chris Lowe, actually.

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE (15)

They've never even played a proper concert but now the Pet Shop Boys have gone and made a full-length "feature" film. It's a brave move — but is it a triumph or is it a ghastly mistake?

Well, if you were expecting a rip-roaring yarn with a genuine "plot" in which Neil Tennant and Chris Lowe reveal a rare gift for thespian antics (i.e. acting), then you were wrong. *It Couldn't Happen Here* has no "story" whatsoever: what happens is Neil (in evening dress and a lovely bow-tie) and Chris (in leather jacket and that wool hat) cruise on foot and by motor car through various parts of England. They never ever talk to each other because they are too busy meeting a gallery of English eccentrics, many of them played by Gareth

Hunt of coffee-bean rattling fame.

There's an Uncle Digging-type postcard seller who spies upon girls with no clothes on through his binoculars at the seaside. There's Uncle Dredge, a dreadful fellow in a guest house who gets up to many an exploding cigarette and squirting button-hole posy prank. There's a guzzling ventriloquist who evidently thinks he's "Lord" Laurence Olivier and whose dummy insists upon lecturing about existentialism (a "philosophy" which involves discussions on the meaning of recaps) in a cafe. There's the guest house landlady (played by Barbara Windsor who has the butt of all the big bosom "jokes" in *Carry On* films) who is so boring that surly Chris hurls his gigantic breakfast fry-up in her face.

There's a World War II fighter pilot who is completely

mad and shouts rather a lot. There's a blind priest and a psychotic hitch-hiker with a collection of sharp instruments and awful quips. There are skinhead vandals, spiv used-car salesmen, pervy nuns in stilettoes and even pervier dancers ("choreographed" by Ariane Phillips of *Hot Gossip* dance troupe notoriety) Etcetera. Occasionally Neil has a "thought" — i.e. "Ever since I was a child, the comic and the hostile seemed to go hand in hand" — and one thinks "Gosh, that is quite pretentious". Occasionally there is a strange visual occurrence — i.e. a zebra being led along by two men whose faces are covered in zebra stripes, or a bloke putting up a poster of a brick wall on a brick wall — and one thinks "Hmmm. I wonder if that is 'symbolic'?" And occasionally — i.e. when Neil is looking awkward on a bicycle or singing "King's Cross" in his usual

dead-pan style whilst a boa constrictor snake slithers around his neck, or when Chris is being pursued by a bunch of exceedingly dodgy-looking Hell's Angels — one has a bit of a hoot. But most of the time one is thinking "This is most bizarre. What can it all mean?" And really it doesn't mean anything at all — because *It Couldn't Happen Here* is just one huge and lavish and glossy Pet Shop Boys stunt. And, needless to say, the music — "West End Girls", "Opportunities", "Rene", "It Couldn't Happen Here", "You Were Always On My Mind", "What Have I Done To Deserve This?" (which is portrayed as a telephone conversation between Barbara Windsor and Neil in a telephone box where he bumps his head and gets blood all over his nice silk scarf for some peculiar reason) — is ravishing. . .

Tom Hibbert

FILM ANY GOOD?



▲ A blind priest and a load of schoolboys. Very mysterious (them hem).



▲ Bobs and Gareth enjoy a spot of slap 'n' tickle.



▲ This is a mad fighter pilot.



▲ This is a mad ventriloquist's dummy.



▲ This is a zebra getting on a train.

WIN! SOME VERY EXCLUSIVE PET SHOP BOYS FILM THINGIES!



▲ The Pet Shop Boys things: a lovely poster and a lovely cassette.

And why ever not? In order to re-live jolly memories of watching the Pet Shop Boys film we have some rather exclusive bits and bobs to give away absolutely free – free! There are 20 – 20!! – completely exclusive-never-to-be-released-in-the-shops-and-very-limited-edition cassettes of the soundtrack of *It Couldn't Happen Here* featuring lots of songs from the Pet Shop Boys, all re-juggled and re-jogged. And we also have 20 – yes 20! – posters from the film personally signed by Neil – Tennant!!! – and Chris – Lowe!! – themselves.

For a chance of winning this highly exclusive cassette and this jolly artistic poster all you have to do is answer a rather triflingly easy question: How old do you have to be to buy a pet in Britain? It is: a) three years old; b) 12 years old or c) 20 years old!

Answers on a postcard to the **Smash-Hits-Crikey-Would-You-Believe-There-Are-12-Million-Pet-Tropical-Fish-In-Britain-Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF to arrive not later than July 12. Shazam!

A HISTORY OF POP STARS IN FILMS



BILL HALEY: The portly gent who invented rock'n'roll (well, he didn't, actually, but he was the first person to have a rock'n'roll hit – "Shake Rattle and Roll" in 1954) was the first pop person ever to appear in a film. This was *Rock Around The Clock* in 1954.



ELTON JOHN: The balding maestro made a bit of a monkey of himself many years ago when he appeared in the "rock opera" *Tommy* in jumbo platform boots, stupid specs and an intoward "cap" while pretending to play a pinball machine. Tina Turner was in it as well.

▲ Elton John in *Tommy* "jumbo platform boots".



▲ Cliff and his chums (featuring Dame Lina Aisacall on the right) putting on a crazy pop show in fuddy-duddy old Greece!

CLIFF RICHARD: Sir Clifford first starred in an all singing, all prancing romp as long ago as 1961. The film in question was called *The Young Ones* and what happened was Cliff and his chums were members of a "swinging" youth club only it was about to be demolished by a fuddy-duddy property developer so Cliff and his chums said "Gee, whiz! Let's put on a swinging pop show right here in fuddy-duddy old Greece!"



▲ The "Fab" "Tops", aka The Beatles, doing something interesting in *Help!*

THE BEATLES: The so-called Fab Four appeared in two major motion pictures. The first was in black and white and it was called *A Hard Day's Night* and what that happened was The Beatles went on a train and sang some songs. The second was in colour and was called *Help!* and what happened was The Beatles all shrank and fell into a teacup or something.



▲ Dame David pretending to be an alien in *The Man Who Fell To Earth* (Burr! Shake in your shoes, rodents).

DAME DAVID BOWIE: What a chameleon! For his performances in films as diverse as *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, *Absolute Beginners*, *Just A Gigolo* and *Labyrinth*, Dame David has received the enviable accolade of "that singing bloke who's in all those dud films."



▲ Elvis goes larking with his girlie pals in *Girls Girls Girls*. (Once he's sacked a mackerel or two, it'll be time for a spot of frugging on the beach!)

ELVIS PRESLEY: The so-called King of Rock'n'Roll made about 72B "motion" pictures during his splendid career. Many of them were called things like *Elvis Has A Kiss-Up In Hawaii* and *Elvis Says It's Swinging*, Pops.



▲ Sting attempts a screen kiss in *The Brute* (Not much cop, is he, viewers?)

STING: What can one say about the blond towering intellectual giant who has traced the silver screen with his stately presence in such epics as *Quadrophenia*, *The Bride*, *Plenty* and *Dune!* Something like "don't give up your day job, 'pal'."



▲ Michael Jackson being rather crappy in *The Wiz*.

MICHAEL JACKSON: Ten years ago they made an all-black version of *The Wizard of Oz* starring Diana Ross and called *The Wiz*. They chose little Michael to play the part of The Scarecrow i.e. the one with straw for brains. How "peculiar"...

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**REVIEW
FILMS**



▲ The Pert Pouting one pouting party!

PRINCE: SIGN "O" THE TIMES (15)

It's quite amazing how Prince can get away with things that would make other, lesser pop stars look incredibly stupid. In this case, he has the audacity to write, star in and even direct a live version of his last tour. Imagine how indescribably dull this concept would be in the hands of the Tiffanys or even the Wet Wet Wets of this world. In fact, the reason Prince has succeeded in making this film so enjoyable is that it's not very "live" at all — thank goodness. Instead it's a series of carefully staged renditions of some rather fine songs performed of course by the Pert Pouting one, with help from Sheila E, Sheena Easton and a bevy of gambolling foxtresses, including one new saucy "protégé", Cat, who is so scantily clad she is in serious danger of being arrested. The film never has a chance to get boring as the set changes almost as many times as Prince's revolting peek-a-boo outfits (each one more perty than the last), and there's hip-swingings and athletic carvortings a-plenty. Even if you loathe Prince this is worth seeing — if only for one truly magnificent moment when he slides the full length of the stage on his knees, skids between Cat's legs, and rips off her skirt (or what there is of it) with his teeth. Quite wonderful. ●



Lola Borg

▲ "You put your left leg in, you put your left leg out"

HAIRSPRAY (PG)

This is quite a jolly little caper set in the swinging '60s about two gals, Tracy Turnblad and her friend Penny Pingleton, both of whom dream of having hair that's higher than your average lamp-post and appearing on the *Corny Collins Show*. To our Tracy's surprise, she appears on the show and becomes an overnight megastar, winning the heart of the show's resident hunk, Link Larkin, to boot. Amber Von Tussle, Link's ex-girlfriend and ex-star of her show, isn't very chuffed with Tracy as you may imagine. Lots of guffsome happenings ensue and there's even a moral angle to the story for good measure. It's all very silly and over the top with some quite brilliant lines; what's more it has Divine as Tracy's Mum and the gorgeous Debbie Harry in it too! It's full of "groovy" dances, "funky" tunes and loads of simply amazing beehive hairdos. A choriste! ●

Lola Borg



▲ "Eire Trace, have you heard the one about the Mexican freeman?"

▼ Some genre show contestants looking despondently for a missing Dusty boy



HAIRSPRAY COMPETITION

● And you can win a *Hairspray* soundtrack full of '60s "sounds"! All you have to do for a chance of winning an LP is answer this easy-peasy question! How many hairs does the average person have on their heads? Is it a) one hundred and fifty; b) one hundred and fifty thousand; or c) five million two hundred and twenty six billion and three? Write your answer on a postcard and send it to **Smash Hits-Lordy-Lordy! There's-A-Bee-In-My-Barnet™ Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough, PE2 0UF by July 12.



COSY CORNER

(A snooty reviewer actually, this is a round up of current cinematic releases with less than 10-in-depth reviews due to pressures of space. It's a unique readers' service...)

THE MONSTER SQUAD (15)

The main problem with *The Monster Squad* is that it tries to be far too many things at once. Some of the time it is a young adventure film about some "kids" who believe in monsters and, when some real ones turn up, form an organisation (The Monster Squad oddly enough) to defeat them (a bit weedy). Sometimes it is supposed to be funny (not very). Sometimes it is supposed to be a little "racy" i.e. there are a few weedy risqué jokes. (A touch pathetic.) And sometimes it's one of those Stephen Spielberg-type fantasy horror films, except that they've even overdone that, throwing in every famous monster-type (Dracula, Frankenstein's monster, a werewolf etc. etc.) for good measure. Occasionally it works at its best it's like *Ghostbusters* acted by "youngsters" — and there's some quite touching sappy bits, but other than that it's distinctly unwonderful.

Chris Heath

DEADLY PURSUIT (15)

This film is basically one long, nail-biting chase starring Sidney Poitier as Warren, a "strawwide" FBI agent in pursuit of a psychotic mass-murderer who's hiding out in America's North West mountains. The killer kidnaps a female trail guide, and Warren is forced to team up with a moody mountaineering expert (Tom Berenger). Things get more and more nerve-wracking as they meet plunging ravines, raging rivers, mighty glaciers, weedy rope bridges held up by one piece of frayed cotton etc., always one step behind their evil quarry. If you're not on your seat by the end of the film it'll be because you've already fallen off — it's that gripping.

Vici MacDonald

POLICE ACADEMY FIVE - ASSIGNMENT MIAMI BEACH (PG)

Yet another *Police Academy* film and you don't need the brain of a Plastermird winner to work out it's going to have almost exactly the same formula as One, Two, Three and Four — i.e. a gaggle of pathetically incompetent trainee police officers lark about a lot and botch up a lot. There's a knockabout comedy as plenty as the plot this time involves a bag of stolen diamonds which gets mixed up at the airport with a bag containing the police chief's goldfish bowl. Kidnappings, chases through Miami's alligator-riddled swamps and a good deal of malarkey on the foxtress-infested beaches follow. Sadly, though, Mahoney (played by Steve Guttenberg) is in the other *Police Academy's* is missing in this one which is a tragic shame.

Notion Rybog

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MADONNA: Ciao Italia (Live From Italy)

Apart from some talking and a little sing song in Italian (Madonna is, after all, of Italian descent) and a few shots of Madonna "sound checking" at the beginning, this is simply a live video of the

"Who's That Girl" tour last year. In other words she's got very short blonde hair, she does lots of rather impressive dancing, she changes her clothes in awful lot and she sings most of her hits. Some moments are quite wonderful, especially a very blubby "Live To Tell" and splendidly exciting "Holiday" and "Into The Groove" but, sadly, it hasn't been brilliantly filmed and in the cold light of day Madonna's voice is slightly rosy, it's not useless, but it's not nearly as good as seeing her in the flesh or hearing her records.

Chris Heath



Photo: Syndication International

COMPETITION
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In the *Smash Hits* shed at this very moment are 20 copies of this splendid video and 20 utterly splendid five foot tall Madonna posters. The question: What are the three colours on the Italian flag? Answers to **Smash Hits Italia Competition, 14 Holkam Rd, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF** by July 12.



5ft


**WET WET WET
Glasgow Scottish
Exhibition Centre**

Here we are at the first Wet Wet Wet concert of their "Temptation" tour and blow me down if there aren't people keeling over wherever you look. All over the shop. Faint, faint, faint, they go. And there, swishing nobly in amongst the crowd are the St John's Ambulance Johnnies whisking out the limp bodies who've come over all feeble. What's going on? Is the dazzling gleam from Marti's grin just too much for any human to bear? Er...no. Not really. The fact of the matter is that Glasgow is in the middle of a heatwave and it's so ruddy hot in the SEC hall that after just a couple of songs Marti Pellow is positively awash with sweat and so are the several hundred people who've crowded down the front. The crowd of 10,000 who've turned up - mostly girls - to dance and scream and generally have a jolly good time nearly all have extremely reddish faces from the week's sun. As Tommy comments, peering out from behind his drum kit, "I think some people in the audience have got better tans than the group."

The whole event is a bit of a homecoming for Wet Wet Wet and all the group's mums and friends and relatives have popped along so see them. "It's great to be back in a place where people can understand my accent," booms Marti from the stage. But it's also a chance for the group to try out some of their new songs on a crowd. And it's a chance for *Smash Hits* to work out whether their first LP "Popped In Souled Out" was just a total fluke or whether they've actually got loads more hit tunes for the next one.

Well, they do seem to have more hit tunes and though Tommy is chatty enough, for most of the show he disappears behind monstrous great clouds of dry ice, so it's left to Marti to carry the show, and even he turns a bit daffy from time to time, stopping the show to croon an ancient Elvis song like some old gent in a pub. It's only really on their very last song, when Marti finally goes into a complete ecstasy of grins, bounds up and down and drops down to sing on his back, that he really looks confident enough to carry it off in front of any crowd. But this was only their first night - doubtless by the end of the tour they'll be a lot more relaxed and, er, "raring" to go...

William Shaw



▲ Marti taking it to the max.



▲ Marti telling us that he wasn't always this tall.



▲ Marti telling us the wide mouth frog joke.

ALBUMS

MATT BIANCO: Indigo (WEA) For viewers, "summer" is here! (school) and the time might just be right for lots of bouncy, bongos-ahoy Latin-type shuffles, but one wouldn't have thought a few decent tunes would have been too much to ask into the bargain. True, there is "Don't Blame It On That Girl" but only a couple of others at most ("Jack of Clubs" could be another hit) because most of this LP simply isn't as good as Matt Bianco's older stuff — a couple of catchy bits here and there and rather too much instrumental showing off and lots of flimsy "tropical" twittersings. These polished dance rhythms doubtless go down a treat with a beaker of Um Bongo in swank'n' posy nightclubs but they make hopelessly unmemorable pop songs in the "real" world. **(4 out of 10)**

Ian Cranro

KEVIN ROWLAND OF DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: The Wanderer (Mercury) Kevin Rowland has always been a bit of an odd "fish". In the last eight years he's worn quite a few silly costumes and had two number one hits ("Geno" and "Come On Eileen") and now he's back etc., minus his old group Dexys Midnight Runners, and minus a few of the "habits" that used to make him so annoying i.e. on this LP he doesn't shout "Big

jimmy" every three seconds and he's given up talking a load of odd guff in the middle of all his tunes. He's also stopped grumbling all the time and now sounds much happier, especially when he's singing about "lurve" which he does rather a lot here ("Heartaches By The Number" and "Walk Away"). He'll probably never be a pop star again but at least he's never boring... **(6 out of 10)**

Tom Doyle

THE STYLE COUNCIL: Confessions Of A Pop Group (Polydor) This LP is divided into two parts. The first side is rather grandly titled "The Piano Paintings". It boasts a good deal of "classical" style music (i.e. slow with violins all over the shop) some pretty piano bits and one corker of a song called "Changing The Guard". The second side is more standard Style Council fare — i.e. a bunch of rather earnest "funky" tunes. One of these is as good as anything Paul Weller has ever invented (i.e. extremely) called "She Threw It All Away" but most of them are as dull as the single "Life At A Top People's Health Farm". It's what we've come to expect from The Style Council really — some rather pious, mannered "soul" style music, a good deal of (tongue-in-cheek) pretentious bits and of course the odd classic song. **(6½ out of 10)**

Richard Lowe

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CONCERT

BRENDAN CROKER AND THE FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOWS (and some blokes called Dire Straits)
London Hammersmith Odeon

Tonight is a spook event to end all other spook events. Outside a few people are supposedly queuing to see some unknown beat combo called Brendan Croker And The Five O'Clock Shadows. Inside it turns out to be a different story entirely. Because Brendan Croker is simply the support act to six blokes in suits who turn out to be — gasp! — none other than Mark "Headband" Knopfler and Dire Straits!!

Tonight they're having a bit of a secret gig situation and to add further to the sheer "momentousness" of the occasion, they've roped in crumbly old guitar "hero" Eric Clapton. And that's about it really because Dire Straits don't actually do anything much at all apart from stand still and play a choice selection of their remarkable rock epics (i.e. "Walk Of Life", "Sultans Of Swing" and "Romeo And Juliet" etc.) all of which last a very long time on account of the fact they are all accompanied by excruciatingly



▲ Knopfler, A rare glimpse of the legend without his headband

lengthy guitar "solos". But, judging by the look of the concentration on the faces of their devoted fans, this is just the ticket! Finally, they play a rendition of "Wonderful Tonight" (i.e. rather dreary song which Eric Clapton had a hit with several years ago) which, predictably sends everyone quite borkers and that's it! Quite a, erm, historic evening all in all but, sad to say, not very exciting at all.

Alex Kads

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● **Hello, my name's Aurore and I'm a 15 year old French girl.** I like Madonna, Tiffany, Whitney Houston and many others! I'm looking for penpals from anywhere aged about 15. Please write soon to: Aurore, 24 Bis Avenue des Pyrenees 11100 Narbonne (Aude), France

● **Hi, I'm a 19 year old guy looking for any male or female penpals.** I like Bros, Rick Astley and Boy George. If you're interested, write to: Razali, Block 450, Tampines, st. 42, #04-10B, Singapore (1852).

● **Hi! I'm Nisha and I'm a 13 year old girl.** I like Neighbours, EastEnders, Madonna, Kylie Minogue, Jason Donovan, Philip Schofield and lots more. I'd like to hear from anyone aged between 12 and 15 from all over the world. If you're interested write to Nisha, 38 Wychurst Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham B17 6JE

● **Hi! We're two 13 year old boys.** We're looking for anyone to write to, male or female, from anywhere! We're into Terence Trent D'Arby, Wet Wet Wet and Johnny Hates Jazz. So if you've got a good sense of

humour why not write?! If you're 11-15, please write to: Greg and Paul, 123 Leyfield Road, West Derby, Liverpool L12 9E2

● **Hi! I'm a Nepalese guy aged 18 and I simply lurve Dead or Alive!** I also like The Cure, Depeche Mode, The Communards and loads more! So if you have the same 'skin's' start writing! Write to: Ian, Apt Bk1 701, Yishun Ave 5, #02-302, Singapore 2776

● **Hi! I'm a 16 year old boy and I'm looking for penpals between 16 and 18.** I love listening to Madonna, George Michael, A-ha and Mei & Kim. I also like dancing, badminton and volleyball. Interested? Then please write to: Mohammed, House 1054, Road 614, Block 306, Flat 12, Manama, Bahrain.

● **Hello, my name is Simoni** I'm 14 and I'm looking for penpals who're 14 to 16 years old. It doesn't matter where you're from as long as you love The Cure, Bread, O'Jays, The Smiths or the Rocky Horror Picture Show! Hope to hear from you soon! Write to Simoni, 20 Chippendale Rise, Bradford 8, West Yorkshire BD6 0ND

● **Hello, I'm Eddie!** I'm 14 years old and I'm looking for penpals from all over the world aged 13 to 15. I like Bros, Belinda Carlisle, T'Pau, Rick Astley and Kylie Minogue. If you're interested start writing to: Eddie, 43 High Street, Denbigh, Clwyd, North Wales, LL16 3SD

● **Hello, I'm Trudie!** I like sport, most music and having fun! I like the Pet Shop Boys, Sinitta and Madonna. I also like watching The Cosby Show and Moonlighting. I'm 14 and would like to hear from anyone around my age. Please write to: Trudie, 117 Fankhurst Crescent, Stevenage, Herts SG7 0DL

● **Hi, my name is Gloria and I'm 17.** I'm looking for penpals from all over the world aged 17 and over. I like New Order, Joy Division, Jesus and Mary Chain and Echo & The Bunnymen. Please write to: Gloria, 2 Rue Roger Verlemme, 76003 Paris, France

● **Hi, my name's Hung!** I'm 16 and I like Elvis Presley, Bahararama and Madonna. I would like to hear from anyone from anywhere. If you're between 15-18, please write to: Hung, 23 Caspian Street, Camberwell, London SE5 7NG

● **Hi, I'm Jodie and I love Bros.** I also like Bahararama and Fairground Attraction. I'm eight and I'd like to hear from anyone aged between eight and ten. Please write to me at: 121 Pearscroft Road, London SW6 2BS

● **Hello, I'm a 16 year old Chinese boy called Justin.** I'd like to hear from anyone who likes Bros, Depeche Mode, Bon Jovi, Whitesnake, INXS and U2. My address is: Bk 504, #10-110, Bctok North St 3, Singapore 1646, Republic of Singapore.

● **Hello! My name is Mark and I'm 14.** I like Madonna, the Pet Shop Boys and T'Pau. If you're around 14 or 15, write to me! My address is: 21 Giebe Road, Wargno, Hull, North Humberside HU7 5XR.

● **Hi! I am a 15 year old Japanese girl.** I'd like to correspond with fans of Madonna, A-ha and Samantha Fox. Please write! My name and address is: Tomomi, 10-10 Yokogawa Shinmachi Nishi-Ku, Hiroshima 733, Japan

● **Hello! My name is Mandie.** I'm aged 14 and I love the Pet Shop Boys, Billy Idol, The Christians, Johnny Hates Jazz and Def Leppard. I also like watching Neighbours. Write to me at: 83 Marlborough Road, Langley, Slough, Berks SL3 7JS.

● **Hi! My name is Vicky and I'm 16.** I'm into Madonna, the Pet Shop Boys, UB40 and Wet Wet Wet. I'd like penpals aged between 15 and 25. Write to: Vicky, 112 Griston Crescent, Whitfield, Dundee DD4 0ND.



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"Mines A Monkfish 'n' Perrier 'Garçon'"

MARK REILLY from Matt Bianco's a bit of a swank bloke is he not? "No he isn't, he used to pinch basketballs from toilets for a living, actually," rhymes Chris Heath

Mark Reilly shuffles nervously in his chair. He's sitting down in the posh London Café Italien for a spot of lunch (monkfish, red cabbage and potatoes) in order to talk about his life. There are only two problems. Firstly he quite obviously isn't too keen on nosy interviewers. "I don't like to give too much away," he explains. "I'm not that open. I think people like Boy George have ruined their image by letting people know too much about them."

Secondly, the past is something of a mystery to him. "I can't remember anything," he confesses sadly. This, it turns out, is true to a certain extent. Nevertheless he eventually manages, in between mouthfuls of monkfish and slurps of Perrier water, to snatch back the odd memory or two from that vortex they call "time".

"I was born," he reveals, "in High Wycombe...". The home, viewers may remember, of slightly down the jumper pop star Howard Jones. "Yeah," says Mark, going a little misty as a part of his past floods back. "It's funny because Howard Jones' father was my Maths teacher at school. He was a lot smaller than Howard here heh heh (??). His nickname was Stump. Because he was small, I suppose. He was quite a nice teacher. I was quite keen on Maths - I got my 'O' level so he can't have been that bad."

Mark and his brother Sean (five years younger) were brought up in the rather nice house that their dad built. "He's almost like an Arthur Daley figure," says Mark. "He gets things cheap and it ends up costing him more at the end." The house, however, was quite a success, apart from the eccentric positioning of the toilet.

"The toilet was straight ahead of you when you came in the front door and I'll tell you what we used to do," bitters Mark. "He'd be in there for hours reading the paper and he never used to lock the door. So when the local coupon man used to come on Thursdays we'd say 'Oh, I'll just get dad' and would open the door and he'd just be sitting there. We were always teasing him. Smash Hits readers should try it on their fathers."

Perhaps not. Anyway, when not embarrassing his father the young Mark Reilly would go running round the woods in the National Trust property next door, "building camps and things". Or he'd scamper up a tree with his mates and peep behind down on unsuspecting cars. Or he'd go conking. "Or scrumping," he adds.

Scrumping?
"That," he explains knowledgeably, "is going into people's houses and nicking the fruit off their trees. Apples and pears mainly. You eat some of them but it's just the dare, isn't it?" Quite. Scrumping, it turns out, wasn't his only youthful misdemeanour. "Once we broke into school and nicked some basketballs," he confesses gleefully. Then there was his

shameful behaviour in the cubs. The attraction for him plainly wasn't just walking round wearing one of those odd neckscarves going "dib dib dib Akela".

"I remember doing bob-a-job," he says a touch guiltily (bob-a-job being where you saunter round the neighbouring houses offering to do some weedy job like sweep their path for which they give you money for charity). "I used to have two forms. I'd have a token free on one form and I'd hand that money in and then I'd have most of them on the other form and I'd keep that money."

The rotter. Amidst all these evil deeds pop music began to seem like a good jape.

"We used to have a pretend pop group at infant school when I was about six," he recalls. "We made a drum kit out of old paint cans. I just remember skipping round the school with some mates singing Beatles songs."

That soon petered out though and, apart from being a mad fan of terribly dressed but rather wonderful early '70s group T. Rex, Mark

while I had to collect my ego." Instead he decided that girls were pretty useless and not worth talking to anyway. "I didn't think they were very cool," he explains. "I was more into male company - going to clubs and talking about old soul records."

By this time he'd decided that he was going to be a musician and had started joining a selection of quite terrible local bands. He stubbornly claims to remember nothing at all about any of them but eventually he lets slip a few details - one was called The Cathedralists who were "a bit like Talking Heads" and there was a punk one called The Xtroverts who met an untimely end "because the singer stabbed someone and was sent to jail and that was the end of that ha ha".

Occasionally he also did the odd bit of work. He even had a job every day after school, £2 an hour cleaning the toilets in a local steel factory. "I was promoted to," he claims. "I was cleaning offices before that. I was saving up for a moped." At 16 he left school with his four 'O' levels (in Maths, English, Commerce and Technical Drawing - "I didn't turn up for the rest... the weather was brilliant that summer") and went on the dole for a year, then "helped his dad building and then started doing upholstery, making handstitched chair coverings, "the proper stuff... coconut fibre... horse hair," he mumbles. He's not keen to elaborate too much: "If I do people will start saying 'put a button on my settee'."

That all finished when he was 19 and he got a phone call asking him to come and join a group called Blue Rondo A La Turk who dressed up in swanky clothes and played Latin American music. He did, they were heralded as the future of rock'n'roll etc. etc., flopped completely. ("We were shattered") he left, formed Matt Bianco and - shazam! - here he is today eating monkfish (whatever that is) and trying to remember about his life.

And what about now? He lives in a large London flat, he can't remember what he dreams about, he's never thought he was a bus stop ("no"), he can't tell me what he keeps on his mantelpiece because "I don't have a mantelpiece" but he will confess that the last time he was at one with nature was "four weeks ago".

"I went horse-riding in the New Forest. I'm not that good - I've had a few lessons," he explains, adding a few choice comments about "the rising trot" and "going for a hack".

He claims to be not particularly interested in personal fame. "I'm not into being a pop star. I'm more into the music and the production - that's what really excites me. Being a pop star is just part of the job."

So, would he or would he not kill his mother for rock'n'roll? "Would I kill my mother for rock'n'roll???? He looks perplexed. "That's an odd thing to say. I don't think so, no. I like my mum..."



forgot about music and started getting interested in girls...

"That was when I went to a boys' grammar school, the one where Howard Jones' dad was the Maths teacher..."

"Stump", as we now call him.
"Oh God. If I ever meet him he's not going to be too pleased, is he?" says Mark. He looks a little worried but eventually returns to the subject of his girls. His lot didn't used to be a happy one. "I got packed in most of the time," he laughs sadly. "It must be my charms."

The worst time, he remembers, was when he was 15. "I had two girlfriends and they both got their friends to phone me and packed me in at the same time." Quite possibly, I suggest, it served him right if he had two girlfriends.

"Mmmmm," he muses. "It put me off for a

POSTER

MARK REILLY
(MATT BIANCO)



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For more great sounds and star news on Bros and many more check out the Livewire Advertisement on page 54. There are thousands of Livewire T-shirts to be won call 0898 22 2424 for details. For all readers who sent off for a Livewire binder they will be with you by the end of July.



It's an outrage! Mutterings refers, of course, to the "news" that those Bros boys have been spumed – spumed!!! – from a "plush" London gym because – although – they've refused to be seen in public with their shorts on since "apparently" their legs are so scintillating and purly hot hot! (?) "They asked for private sessions and individual body-building teachers, but I just think they didn't want any other members seeing them in their shorts," snortles a gym instructor. "We told them if they couldn't settle for the same treatment as everyone else there was no point in them joining." **Samantha Fox** uses the gym as the bme and you never hear her asking for special treatment – even though she's been a star for a lot longer than they have. "Crivens!

At last!! "Conferlation", if ever there was any, that **Madonna** is a tad unhinged! (i.e. mad). There she was the other day in Ver "States" peeping forth in yet another playlet, this time on the fifth-line subject of nuclear war, when – goshie!! – she began guttawing heartily in a loud and hysterical "fashion". Her co-star was much bemused and buried his chin in his hands in disgust. A member of the audience frothed: "We don't know what the hell was wrong with her! She was halfway through this very serious speech when she broke into helpless laughter. She looked like a lunatic." Hal: Things always suspected as much. And, as if that wasn't "proof" enough, she has also just put up for sale at a charity auction her "legendary" golden bra!! A "spokesperson" at Sotheby's in America said the item of "hosiery" is expected to raise at least £1,500! And what, pray, is wrong with Madras? Sponsor (the world's finest "hose" emporium) all of a sudden? (??) Hmnn...

Despite the fact that they've both said that they don't fancy each other even in the slightest, those pillars of "truth" and "decency" (hem quintuple hem), the so-called "news" papers are insisting that **Kylie Minogue** and **Jason Donovan** are involved in slightly more than a mere kiss-up situation (i.e. a life of rumpo and the like), with the latest "news" being that the pair of them planned to buy a Victorian terraced – cough – love "nest" together in Melbourne, but discovered when the price reached £18,000 that they were far too skint to bid for it any longer. Baitney or what? But

Mutterings



Debbie Gibson: A Natural Wonder

DEBBIE GIBSON: "I LIKE BUNCHY SOCKS" (?)

Pate Pup stars! A trifle rich are they not. And what do they do when they're not inventing their "char" "hopping" twosters and converting them into "boob" by the dozen? They earn even more piles of "nicker" by doing "promotions" of one sort or another. Take, for example, **Debbie Gibson**, who's been doing a spot of "modelling", recently in a swash "journal" team across the "pond" called *Mademoiselle* (which, when translated into Ver Queen's English means "Young

Missus" or something). Not only does she promote some temptly fancy cosmetics called *Natural Wonder* but she also peeps some rather "interesting" facts such as what she thinks about "songwriting". "I like to write songs that everyone can relate to – but that everyone will interpret in a different way." And "fashion". "Some days I like blue jeans and a tee-shirt – other days I like a mini skirt, leggings, bunchedy socks (?) and a hat. I like clothes that show innocence."

a yarn that may have more than a mere strifler of truth about it is the fact that **Lord Peter Di Waterlank** blew down "under" recently to convince **Kylie** that he could help make her become bigger than Madonna, and the poor lass was completely taken in by it all and has now chucked in *Neighbours* Megaboo!! No more evenings curled up all comfy in front of the telly, copping an earful of trail fireless theme tune, smirking uncontrollably as "Charlene" shrieks "Strewth! Scott!" before sticking her head into a petrol tank or something equally motor-mechanical(ish) and then the whole cast suddenly pop their drogs because they've all been scotling **Mrs. Mangie**'s spewgusting salmon mousse (or something like that).

And now rumpo "scoop" of the forning!! **Kim Wilde** is exopting **Michael "Moccassins Jackson"** (berfo!!! Um... that's not quite right, either. ("The truth, please" – Ed.) Um Michael Jackson and Kim Wilde apparently "fancy" each other after their many hours of togetherness on *The Moccassin's* current tour – Michael, however, is "too shy" to tell her and Kim doesn't want to "embarrass" The Moccassin by telling him and instead has spent the last two months – two months!! – writing and quavering on her bed-linen in tormented pre-draws about him. Double better. All sounds mighty unhygenic if you ask Tringts...

That "celebrated" winkle-free rock god, **Sir Clifford Richard** (who in his youth starred in a film called *Summer Holiday* about a dozen plooksome teenagers who always seem to be "twisting" and piping and men buy a bus and drive it over a "cliff" (heh haw)), is going to be making a record with a famous hit-making trio, but can you guess which one, viewers? Could it be a) M.C. Reg "Reg", b) J. Toadstool and their pal; b) the Pet Shop Boys and Neil Tennant's mother's cat or c) a certain famous hit-making trio whose names rhyme with "Clock", "Yasi-Pan" and "Pollyann"? A partly chap by the name of Pete (who admits to having blown out 41 candles on his last birthday cake) blows – "I'll bet if you play Cliff's new LP at 45rpm, he'll sound just like Kylie ho ho." In other words, Sir Clifford is making a record with **Stock, Aitken & Waterman!** (You're Aired – Ed.) Byebee!!!



Clark Datchler of Johnny Hates Jazz "apparently" has nightmares in which he is chased across a field by a bunch of bananas. . .



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