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WIN
Lunch with
Philip Schofield

SMASH HITS

bros

The Most Famous
Pop Group in The World?

DEBBIE GIBSON
ASWAD

DEREK B
TIFFANY
AZTEC CAMERA

HIT SONGWORDS BY
ERASURE
FIVE STAR
SAMANTHA FOX

BOY GEORGE
SCRITTI POLITTI
HOTHOUSE FLOWERS
MICHAEL JACKSON

FREE
INSIDE!



DOUBLE-SIDED
GIANT POSTER

SIDE 1
WET WET WET

SIDE 2
KYLIE MINOGUE

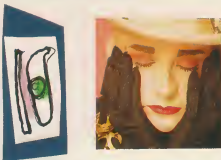


IN & OUT

- 4-7 BITZ:** Why has Madonna got an apple perched on her bonce? Why is Pebbles blithering on about sleeping with puppies? Why do footballers insist on making records? Because pop's a funny old business, that's why...
- 10-12 DEBBIE GIBSON:** What does the tender-year-old popstar get up to on a typical day? She locks her guitar player in a trunk and feeds her dog macaroni cheese, apparently...
- 15 CROSSWORD:** It's mind-blowing!
- 18 RSVP:** A pen pal to suit every taste.
- 20-21 MOTHOUSE FLOWERS:** They gut fish! They eat potatoes! They play "tin" whistles! By 'eck!
- 25 GET SMART:** Narada thinks Whitney Houston's his sister! Kim Wilde's made about a million singles! That bloke from New Order's named after a Flintstone! It's a rum old world!
- 26-27 PERSONAL FILE:** Tiffany
- 29 WIN PHILLIP SCHEFFELD:** Well, lunch with him anyway...
- 31-34 NICK KAMEN POSTER:** He's back!
- 32-33 DEREK B POSTER:** He's a "bad" young "brother".
- 38-41 BROS:** Out-faming everyone else at the Montreux Pop Festival, drowning each other in their hotel rooms and throwing their manager through the roof. What farksters they are!
- 45 LETTERS:** The readers "air" their "views". Black Type writes a load of codswallop...
- 47 SCRITTI POLITTI:** i.e. A mysterious bloke who calls himself "Green" for some reason.
- 50-56 REVIEW: Aswad** lend an ear to tons of new singles and declare them "quite good"! A peek at the groovy new Michael Jackson video! A recording studio that even an imbecile can use! Tons of films and videos!
- 61 STAR TEASER:** Not easy!!
- 63 MUTTERINGS:** Extraordinary tales about extraordinary pop folk!
- 64 AZTEC CAMERA:** i.e. "Roddy Frame".

SONGS

- 7 ENGLAND FOOTBALL TEAM:** All The Way
- 9 OFRA HAZA:** Im Nin' Aju
- 9 ERASURE:** Chains Of Love
- 16 FIVE STAR:** Another Weekend
- 17 MOTHOUSE FLOWERS:** Don't Go
- 17 STATUS QUO:** Who Gets The Love
- 23 BROS:** I Owe You Nothing
- 23 SAMANTHA FOX:** Naughty Girls (Need Love Too)
- 37 KIM WILDE:** Hey Mr Heartache
- 37 ASWAD:** Give A Little Love
- 47 LA MIX:** Check This Out
- 47 SCRITTI POLITTI:** Oh Patti! (Don't Feel Sorry For Loverboy)
- 59 TIFFANY:** I Saw Him Standing There



Primarily, it's just a good pop song and if people like it for that, great."

Boy George is talking about his new single, "No Clause 28", a song protesting against a section of the new Local Government Act which came into force last week and which makes it illegal for local authorities to "promote homosexuality" or to present it as "acceptable". Theoretically, this will not only discriminate against people who are gay or who find it "acceptable" but in practice may mean that your local council will be breaking the law if they grant certain licences (say, for concerts or for cinemas) or support in any way any works of art seen as contravening the Act - taken to extremes then perhaps The Communards, for example, could be stopped from playing live and libraries could be stripped of any books that mentioned homosexuality without condemning it (i.e. a rather huge amount of modern and "classical" literature). So...

"One of the main reasons for doing it," explains Boy George, "is that people don't really know about it and I think people should know. The government's playing on people's lack of concern about it. Like, I was just in a taxi and the driver said 'what are you doing?' and I said I was doing this record about Clause 28 and he laughed. He just didn't care. Most people don't care and people who do care are usually accused of being extremists, which I'm not, because I don't believe in extremists. I think Mrs Thatcher's policies are all about extremism and it frightens me the way England is changing. It frightens me that England is going to turn into America - I don't want to live in America."

"Most people think it's a stupid thing to do, to make a record about what they consider to be a political issue, but it's not really a political issue as far as I'm concerned. There's a really famous quote in Russia which says 'evil lies at the base of every society but art is its highest form of expression' and it's true. This clause is just unnecessary."

Not only is George concerned that people will think he's gone all

political, he also doesn't want people to think he's gone serious too.

"The main thing with this record is I'm trying to be funny. It's not hateful, because hate and equality don't go together. I'd hate anyone to miss the humour of the situation."

"It's really just making people aware of something because it's something I care about. It's not a good career move, I'm sure. It might be the biggest mistake I've ever made. (Laughs) Oh dear. I'll have to live in Moscow."

Except he won't, because, much to his disappointment he's just had to cancel a proposed trip there.

"I've been banned. They got cold feet. I think some people from the press called up the Russian Embassy and said 'do you realise he was a heroin addict and has got convictions and is still on probation?' It's really sad, but never mind."

Originally "No Clause 28" was just going to be a 12 inch single - "then I did a pop 7 inch and it was really good" - and it probably won't be on George's second solo LP, due out in the autumn. He's already recorded songs called "I Love You" ("that's really happy"), "She's Waiting For A Big Dark Man", "Don't Cry For Me" and "A Boy Called Alice".

"You can be too concerned trying to think what people like," he reflects, "and start thinking that just having his is special. Then Kylie Minogue gets to number one and blows that illusion right out of the window (laughs rather a lot). I had to say something nasty. I always do..."

"This clause," he says, finally, "would effect me in a creative way but not more than that because I've got money - I can always emigrate to Tinseltown - but these sort of things tend to effect people with less money and less opportunities. People should know about it."

He pauses. "This is going to be the last time I ever speak about it because I think the record says everything I need to say... probably a lot better than me saying it." ●



BOY GEORGE

POSTER



Shoes are very useful
You wear them on your feet
But because they're made of leather
They're not much cop to eat

BIRTHDAYS

June

- 1 Debbie Harry (43)
- 2 Tony Hadley of Spandau Ballet (26)
- 3 Dee C Lee (27)
- 4 Prince (28)
- 5 Paddy McAloon of The Pogues (26)
- 6 Mick Hucknall of Simply Red (28)
- 7 Doris Pearson of Fiv Star (22)
- 8 Michael 'A' Fox (27)
- 9 Denise Pearson of Fiv Star (20)
- 14 Boy George (27)



"Tan-tan-tan! Hello there viewers! We're 'Tribute', and we're a singing group from London, our first single, 'Tribute' is out now and a gloriously funky thing it is too! As well as having an enormous five strong lung capacity, we all have amazing elastic bodies, which means we can twist, twist, gallop and troll all at the same time. Thank you and goodnight!"



Yes indeed! Ten hugely fortunate Biz viewers can win a beautiful white "sweat" shirt boldly emblazoned with **Whitney's** personal "logo" for her Moment Of Truth world tour. Plus! A fetching grey Whitney t-shirt! Plus! A box of goodies comprising a special 3-track CD, a poster with all the words to the "Whitney" LP on it and a pair of cardboard folding binoculars!

For your chance of winning this splendid booty simply answer this easy(ish) Whitney puzzler: Whitney has two cuddly cats, one of which is called Misty, but what is the other one called? Is it: a) Marilyn; b) Maestro or c) Maran. Answers on some cat "litter" to **Smash Hits/Whitney Competition**, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF by June 14.



Has Madonna gone completely off her trolley???

What curious copers the rich and famous get up to in their "spare" time eh, readers? Take a peek, for example, of **Madonna**, doing a spot of "modelling" for *Harpers And Bazzors*, a snooty fashion magazine from across the "pond" (i.e. the "U" "S" of "A"). Note the rather silly apple perched a-top Madonna's bounce, a steal of only \$215 (i.e. £155 in real money), or the rather fetching armodillo (or something) she's sporting – a piffing \$1,970 (i.e. a good deal of "bob" in real money). **Biz** is for once at a loss for words...



THE JETS:

The astonishing tale of the fire-dancing family "troupe" who are pals with Tiffany and have ten German Shepherd dogs.



▲ The Jets: One of them is called Eddie, one's called Elizabeth, one's called Kate, one's called Rudy, one's called Moore, one's called Leroy and one's called Hani. But can you guess which is which?

What a fine looking bunch of gentlefolk these beings are! But who the bloomin' heck are they?!! Biz hears you splutter! Well, they're seven related persons who go by the surname of Wolfgramme (i.e. they're brothers and sisters!) and they call themselves The Jets. They had a quick whiff of success last year with a single called "Crush On You" and now they're back again! Swinging their way up the flingaway charts with their spanker of a ditty "Rocket 2 U"! It's quite spiffing and what's more...

Leroy: "Actually there are 15 of us altogether, that's eight sisters and seven brothers. I'm the oldest at 22 and the youngest is a baby girl of seven months. There are an awful lot of us, yes, but we have our family council meetings every Monday where we discuss all different things, like if someone has a grudge or isn't feeling too good about something."

● When they go home their family think they're a strange pop group!!

Leroy: "Because the others who aren't in the group are very young they stay at home and we have an aunt who looks after them. We are on tour ten months every year so they forget what we look like! They don't think of us as their brothers and sisters. When we walk through the door they go 'hey! Look, The Jets are here!' They ask for our autographs and everything! It usually sinks in after a couple of days though."

● They're pals with Tiffany!

Leroy: "She supported us on a major tour in America last year. We were all impressed with her but we were very shocked with the speed of her success. She's very nice to work with — just a typical 16 year old girl, so we related really well. She was a good warm up for our shows."

● One of them is a fire dancer! (???)

Leroy: "In Tonga, where we come from originally (an island off the coast of Tahiti), my brother Hani is a fire dancer. He's very good at it. You have to have a sword — it's a sword they used in war and it's covered on both sides with a material called asbestos which you then cover in kerosene (a highly inflammable liquid) and set fire to it. You then have to twirl it around in your hands like a baton! (Not a very sensible thing to do at home or anywhere else except Tonga, viewers — Ed.)

Yes, I guess it is a little dangerous, but in Tonga they have to do that to prove their manhood. Hani eats fire too — he puts it on his tongue and he puts it on his feet. In fact we're going to be putting those dances back onto our act again. Will we be wearing grass skirts? Well, yes we will be wearing the traditional Tongan costume. Which should be very, um, interesting!"

● They live next door to Prince!

Leroy: "We are based in Minneapolis. We've met Prince indirectly (???)... he's very short! He's way down there (i.e. very low down indeed!) He's even shorter than our sister Elizabeth and s/he's just 5'1!"

"Where we live we used to have ten German Shepherd dogs and two cats and one day my dad came home with a horse! It only stayed a day though because our yard (he means back garden) was too small and the neighbours complained about the smell! I don't blame them! It was terrible!"

What a "rum" family they are!

ATEC CAMERA IN "GIG" SENSATION

Yes, viewers, Ruddy Frame and his troupe of minstrels will be rocking the night away at the following venues:

Belfast Queen's University (June 9), Dublin Olympic Ballroom (10), Inverness Eden Court Theatre (12), Aberdeen Music Hall (13), Edinburgh Playhouse (14), Leeds University (16), Leicester De Montfort Hall (17), Sheffield University (18), Milton Keynes Bowl (19), Portsmouth Guildhall (20), Nottingham Rock City (21), Bristol Colston Hall (23), London Royal Albert Hall (24). Contact venues for ticket details.



Photo: Simon Fowler



● Because they're all going to be appearing at the special concert being held at Wembley Stadium on Saturday June 11 to commemorate the 70th birthday of Nelson Mandela (campaigner for black rights in South Africa who's been in prison for 26 years), And what's more the whole shebang is going to be televised live on BBC2 and Radio 1 and "beamed" by satellite all over the globe!! What a jolly pop jamboree it's aat to be!

THE BEASTIE BOYS ARE BACK!



▲ The Beastie Boys in the olden days. (Left to right) Kate, Adam (MCA), John and Michael (Mike O)

So, have they finally decided to come out of hiding and grace our "turn"-tables with another of their toe-tapping stompers? Alias, no. But a rather sprightly old chap from a record company has come up with the idea of re-issuing this record made in the days of yore when The Beastie Boys were an infant New York "punk" group consisting of MCA, Mike D, a girly drummerperson called Kate and a bloke called John. The disc is called, for reasons best known to itself, "Pollywog Stew EP". It boasts such inspired titles as "Holy Snappers", "Egg Raid On

Mojo", and, erm... "Beastie Boys" and is an unholly racket, it the truth be told.

It seems though as if time has wrought many changes, as a so-called spokesperson points out: "Ah, yes, in those days they were very well behaved, really nice, mild-mannered boys. They were quiet and extremely polite and there was none of this over the top obnoxious stuff that they're famous for these days. But then, one day, they were invited to tour with Madonna and after that they started to get cocky."

Let this be a lesson to us all, what?

BILLY BRAGG

This bloke has just had a No.1 record (except nobody noticed)



Oh feet they are a nifty pair
Especially when they "gasp" for air
Ten plump toes that twinkle with action
Especially if you're Michael Jackson?

CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q. What do Brocettes drink when they're not taking Joe well?
A. Liqueur Gross-ade.

Q. What's a shockingly bad joke eh, viewers? And it took me three most happening nights in New-castle-Upon-Tyne to think of that. If you've got a chuckle-free "line" of pop-business rip your sleeve who are send it to Crap Joke Corner, Smash Hits, 52-55 Cromwell Street, London W1V 7PP. We'll send you absolutely nothing in return!

What a swizzle is this thing called life.
Why, there you are a-nesting at the top of the swindleway hill "parade" and, just because you haven't got a gigantic grinsahoy lang, no-one in the universe takes a "blind" bit of notice of you!!!! Such is the predicament of "our" Sir Billiam Bragg - currently on the "flip" "side" of Wet Wet Wet's Beatles thing with his own Beatles thing "She's Leaving Home". Little is known about Sir Billiam except that:

- He's got an enormous hooter!
- He comes from a place in Essex called Barking!
- He is legendary for travelling o'er land and sea bearing nothing but a "frustry" guitar and an amplifier in his head!
- He sings like a brillo-pad



▲ Billy Bragg "Spurned by girls"

—mostly about how useless Maggie Fatcher is!

- When he's not singing like a brillo-pad about how useless Maggie is he sings like a brillo-pad about being spurned by girls.
- He once said "I'm not the only spotty, pale and unloved person in the world!"
- He is not a liar!

● WHEN SHE WAS A NIPPER HER SICKOLCHUMS USED TO GRAB HER HAIR!

"I had lovely long hair when I was at school. My looks caused me a lot of problems back then. Maybe that's because I'm a black person with white features. Quite often the other girls would grab me and pull my braids until I screamed. It was a very nasty experience. I was never very friendly with girls at that age - most of my friends were boys. I guess girls were kinda jealous of me hieh heh heh - I don't know why. Maybe it was because I was quite friendly with their boyfriends! I suppose I was always quite pretty when I was at school. Y'see I'm an image person. I like myself to be beautiful and I like everything and everyone around me to be beautiful."

● SHE USED TO WANT TO SLEEP WITH HER PUPPY!

"One of the first things I remember ever is having a little puppy when I was very, very young. I really wanted this puppy to sleep with me in my bed, but my mommy said: 'The doggy can't sleep with you because it might wet the bed!' I really don't think I cared at that age whether it did..."

● SHE USED TO SING TO A HAIRBRUSH!

"I started pretending to be a pop star when I was at high school. I used to pretend that a broom was a mike stand and I'd glue a hairbrush on top of it and sing along to records, pretending to be one of The Supremes (singing into from the olden days that Daria Ross was a member of). What a laugh I had..."

● SHE'S JUST HAD A HARROWING AEROPLANE ORDEAL!

"I'm absolutely terrified of airplanes. Recently my manager put me on this little fourteen-seater plane to fly from Amsterdam to Luxembourg and, honestly, the plane was so small that, at one point, it got lost off the radar! We were completely lost in the clouds without anything to guide us - we could have crashed into a mountain, we could have crashed into another plane... we could have died. The pilots themselves were turning beet red because they were so scared and they couldn't find the runway to land on. We eventually got forced to land at a military base in France. I was so upset about that, that I threw up afterwards. Not very nice..."

● SHE LIKES TO ACCOMPLISH THINGS IN THE BATH AND DREAM ABOUT MICHAEL JACKSON!

"I enjoy a nice long soak in the bath every night before I go to bed. I enjoy thinking about all the things I've done that day and also all the things I want to accomplish when I'm in the bath! (?) And I enjoy a good night's sleep too and I often have very vivid dreams. I dreamt about Michael Jackson one night, and I don't know why. I remember saying to him that I felt so bad about the way he's had to live his life. I feel so sorry for him, y'know. I think that's why I dreamt about him."

Will Mandy Smith Ever Be a Pop Star?

Well, actually viewers, she already is. For if you were a citizen of Germany or Italy or Spain it would be impossible to watch on one's "tranny" without hearing Mandy Smith trilling over the airwaves, for her singles sell like proverbial hot cakes in Europe...

"It's crazy in places like Italy," pipes the popstar. "I've got this big bruise all the way down my leg from the time when I was appearing at a club and I had my dress ripped all the way down the back after everybody rushed forward and started pulling me. It can get a bit frightening."

So will Mandy's new tune "Boys And Girls" propel her to the giddy heights of fame here too?

"Well I'm not really sure. People have a funny idea about what kind of person I am over here because they believe all the stories that have been written about me. But I'm not a monster and I've done nothing bad. I haven't taken my clothes off in front of anybody, I haven't done anything rude on TV - I'm not what people think. I'm just an ordinary girl."

And what does Mandy do when she's not trooping around lots of dingy nightclubs trying to interest folk in her frothy dance ditties? She goes roller skating that's what.

"I just love roller skating. It's the only thing I really do apart from working and washing my clothes and washing my hair when it's really dirty. When it's clean it's too floppy and limp, but after about three days it's just settled nicely."

How disgusting, eh viewers?





B B L E S

"CATCH" THE FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION "LIVE" "EXPERIENCE"!!!

Yes, viewers, The "Traction" are hitting the rock'n'roll highway and what a smashing event (well, quite a few events really if you think about it) it promises to be. The "dates" are as follows: Stratford Upon Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre (June 12); Birmingham Power House (14); Nottingham Rock City (15); Cambridge Corn Exchange (17); Guildford Civic Hall (18); Bournemouth Pavilion (19); Bristol, The Studio (21); Cardiff University (22); London Cambridge Theatre (24). Tickets are £6 and £6.50 for London and £5 everywhere else and are available from local box offices and agencies.



WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD OF POP???



▲ Are these "lads" the new Bananarama?

▲ Rock, stock, corns and fans of football: lads "bake" with the "rock"

Have you noticed something rum afoot in the world of pop? Take the day *Blitz* sauntered into the hallowed "portals" of the Stock Aitken and Waterperson recording studio "empire" to lend an ear to their latest sizzling pop concoction. Did *Blitz* bump into Rick Astley? Was the odd 'Ram or two pottering around? Was Kylie Minogue bellowing away in the recording "booth"? Not on your nelly, pal... the whole place was packed to the rafters with ripplesque footballer type persons larking around in a toy racing car and making a rather pathetic attempt to "sing" on a pop disc. Lord Peter of Waterperson, what the gubbins is going on?

Well we were asked to make a record with the England Football

Team for the European championships and to be honest we didn't even think twice about not doing it. Basically it was a good way of getting free tickets! No, seriously, we didn't want to write one of those "pass it down the middle jack" or "one for the head, Cyril" football songs so we decided to make a record that would appeal just as much to people in the clubs as it would to fans on the terraces.

"We came up with the title the day before and then we wrote the tune about an hour before the lads turned up at the studio."

Mmmmm. So are "the lads" much cop at singing then?

"Well, they're footballers, y'know..."

Mmmmm. Quite. It's a crazy mixed up world and no mistake.

England Football Team

All The Way

If we do it right
We're gonna get there
If we do it right right right
'Cos we feel inside
That we can make it
And the time is right right right

Because it's plain to see
When we're together
It's no fantasy
If we believe it's right
We're gonna do it
We won't be denied

We can face any stormy weather
Just as long as we can be together

CHORUS
All the way
We're going all the way
Going all the way
We're going all the way

We know we gotta fight
For what we believe in
'Cos we got our pride pride pride
People put us down
But we won't listen
We can show the world world world

We can face anything together
Just as long as we help each other

REPEAT CHORUS

Going all the way
Going all the way

REPEAT SIX TIMES

We can face any stormy weather
Just as long as we can be together
Help each other

REPEAT CHORUS THREE TIMES

· REMIXED AND REMODELLED · POSTER-BAG AND MEDLEYMIX ·



THE NEW 12" SINGLE
another weekend
(saturday night mix)

PRODUCED BY LEON SYLVERS III
FOR STUDIO 56 PRODUCTIONS MIXED BY TAWN MOTE



includes the five star hit mix:

CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER MINUTE - LET ME BE THE ONE
ALL FALL DOWN - WHENEVER YOU'RE READY - FIND
THE TIME - IF I SAY YES - R.S.V.P. - LOVE TAKE OVER
THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH

MIXED BY BARTINE FOR DISCO MIX CLUB



Ofra Haza

Im Nin' Alu

Im nin' alu daite I nedivim
Daite! I marom lo nin' alu

CHORUS

Im nin' alu-lu
Im nin' alu-lu
Lu-lu-lu
Ei hi ei hi

REPEAT CHORUS

Ei hi

Im ru I love you like no other
Like no other in my prayer
Hayot shehem ratzo yeshavim
Miyom bena nichlalu

REPEAT CHORUS

Ei hi

Im nin' alu
Take me away and give me your help
Somebody cries please give me the help
Oh my God I need your help
Hayot shehem ratzo yeshavim
Miyom bena nichlalu
Ei hi ei hi

REPEAT CHORUS

Ei hi

Im nin' alu
Daite!
Daite! I marom lo nin' alu

REPEAT CHORUS

Words and music by Shabtai Beza'eli-Alon
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On WEA Records

● A so called "expert" writes: "Unlike most penny
ha penny pop tunes, this is actually a profoundly religious
song: 'Where is no mercy left in the world, the doors of
heaven will never be barred,' sings Ofra Haza. The creator
reigns supreme," she informs us, "and is higher than the
angels," and goes onto argue: "By his nearness, His
life-giving breath flows through them and the glory of His
name." Further more, in the second verse she proclaims:
"The wheel in its circle thunders exclaiming His Holy name,
Clothed in the glory of His radiance, the six-winged cherubs
surround Him, whirling in His honour." Er, that's about it.
Thank you." (You're fired - Ed.)

erasure

chains of love

How can I explain
When there are few words I can choose
How can I explain
When words get broken

Do you remember
There was a time aha
When people on the street
Were walking hand in hand in hand
They used to talk about the weather
Making plans together
Days would last forever

Come to me cover me hold me
Together, we'll break these chains of love
Don't give up don't give up
Together with me and my baby
Break the chains of love

Do you remember
Once upon a time aha
When there were open doors
An invitation to the world
We were falling in and out with lovers
Looking out for others
Our sisters and our brothers

CHORUS

Come to me cover me hold me
Together we'll break these chains of love
Don't give up don't give up now
Together with me and my baby
Break the chains of love
Together we'll break these chains of love

How can I explain
When there are few words I can choose
And how can I explain
When words get broken
We used to talk about the weather
Making plans together
Days would last forever

REPEAT CHORUS

Don't give up don't give up
Together with me and my baby
Break the chains of love
Together we'll break these chains of love
Don't give up don't give up now
Together with me and my baby
Break the chains of love
Together we'll break these chains of love

Words and music by Clarke Bell ● Reproduced by permission
Sonet Musical Moments/Sonet ● On Mute Records



Photo: Paul Cox



Wakey Wakey

Come on Debbie, time to rise and "shine"! (snooooze. . .) Out from under the "duvet" with you, missus! (yawn!). . . Debbie Gibson tells Chris Heath about her daily "race" against time. . .

Waking Up

(And Drowning in Grey Coconut Shampoo)

"My alarm clocks' across the room and rings horribly – 'erhhhhhhh! erhhhhhhh!' – so the first thing I do is get up and stop it. If it was next to my bed I'd just hit it and go back to sleep. I'm usually not awake enough to think about anything so I float through the first half hour of the day. First I have a shower – I always have one because I have to wash my hair every morning. I use *Gil Ferrer* shampoo – it's made by the salon where I get my hair cut. It's a greishy colour and it smells kind of like coconut. Do I smell of coconut all day? Er, hold on while I smell it. (Carefully smells her hair.) No, not really. . ."

Breakfast

(And How To Obtain Useless Magnifying Glasses)

"I usually have breakfast alone because I start school earlier than anyone else, at 8 am. When I have a bowl of *Frisen Bran*. This morning I got these little frog stickers in the packet – little frogs in different poses. (Sounds a little puzzled.) I don't know why."

"The best thing I've ever had in a packet was a coupon for free candy bars – *Nestle Crunch* bars. That was cool. Also in *Crackerjacked* boxes – that's caramel covered popcorn with nuts in it – you get a toy surprise and they often have those little tattoos you wet and put on your skin and then wash off in a couple of days. Sometimes the gifts are just little magnifying glasses – those are really dumb."

"Would I get a real tattoo? Not in the next couple of years, no. I think it would look dreadful if I wanted to wear a nice dress. I don't know why people like them. I guess it's a sign of being a rebel. Am I a rebel? Er. . . I don't know. I'm not much into doing weird any more. I'm pretty much more of a normal person really. I did go through a period of dressing a little. . . strange. Once I wanted

to wear my jeans cut short with a blazer on the plane and my mum got really mad at me and we had about an hour's argument. She said that because my dad works for the airline you're a reflection on your father and you dress too weird." She ended up winning.

"Sometimes I have eggs instead of cereal but they're having a problem with eggs at the moment around here. Something about some disease, it's in all the newspapers. I don't really understand it but I'm not going to get paranoid about it anyway. . ."

Getting Ready For School

(And Girls Who Look A Bit Useless)

"After breakfast I'll brush my teeth and then go and put some make-up on. I don't put a lot of make-up on for school. Some girls – the kind of girls who are into heavy metal – wear a lot but that's kinda disgusting. There's also some people who like to make it look like they're tanned but I think it's funny because they think it looks cool to have a fake tan but I always overhear guys talking about how disgusting they think it is."

Going To School

(And Locking People In Boxes)

"The last couple of years I've had a really full schedule – one year I didn't even have a lunchbreak – so I got ahead of myself and now, since this is my last year, I don't have many classes and my day usually finishes at 11.15 in the morning. I don't think it's weird still going to school because going to school is what I've always done and music is what I've always done as well but a lot of people do find it weird. I find that weird – do they find it weird."

"A couple of times fans have turned up at school. Once this kid followed me into the hall and started talking to me and he was kind of creepy so I just ran in the other direction and lost him. I get a lot of fan mail sent to school as well. The ladies in the office find it



really funny; they say 'we should start charging you for handing it'. I don't read it in class. I pick it up at the end of the day. The other kids don't have to know about it."

"I've never done a concert at school but two years ago when I was 15 I was in the talent competition. I sung a song I wrote called 'Somebody Loves You' – I came third! I was beaten by the football team – they did a rap song – then second came two dancers – one of them was Buddy who dances with me now. I was seriously beaten. . . oh well."

"I know my lead guitarist, Tommy, from school too. When I was nine and he was 14 we were both in the same play, *The Sound Of Music*. I was the second youngest kid – my big line was 'I'm Marta and I'm going to be seen on Tuesday and I want a pink parasol for my birthday! Anyway, me and Tommy really hated each other – we both always wanted attention – and it was my birthday and so the director of the play bought me some balloons and he popped them all because he hated me."



Then he was playing around and he got in this chest and I locked it and put it on his side and sat on it. I was a little brat. I started kicking it. Everyone was weeping by saying 'have you seen Tommy?' and I'd say 'nope'. Finally I let him out."

Working Out

(And Listening To Records By Old Hippies)

"I work out for about an hour and a quarter at a gym. I have a coach there. First I do about 20 minutes of aerobics (i.e. go mad for a bit) to some music. Yesterday it was a tape by Yes (group of old hippies who make music totally unsuitable for doing aerobics to). Then I go on the exercise cycle and do jumping jacks, toe touches and climbing up and down onto a bench, and then I do weights on my arms. It's really fun. I don't want big muscles but I want to tone up – it's more for stamina than anything. Sometimes I don't want to do it but if I feel that way it's all the more reason to do it because if I'm on tour and I feel like that I still have to get up on stage."

"I'll finish that at about 1.30 pm and get to the studio at about 2.30. Between I might have a shower or a nice hot bath depending on how late I am and how gross I'm looking."

Going To The Studio

(And Where To Buy The Best Pizzas)

"I'll stay at the studio till about ten o'clock usually, sometimes till midnight or even three in the morning. I work with Fred (Fred Zarr) who does my arrangements. We both get prickly and will argue over one note for ages."

"Usually I'll order lunch and dinner in the studio, usually pizza, though yesterday I had spaghetti for dinner. There's a pizzeria nearby, *Galleria Pizzeria*, who make the best pizzas: great Sicilian pizza and calzone. It's making me hungry just talking about it. . ."



DEBBIE
GIBSON

POSTER

(And What To Do With Dogs Who Think They're People)

"We've a family dog called Sam – he's a dachshund, like a hot dog. When I've time I'll run around the garden with him. He's funny. He thinks he's a person. The other day I was eating eggs and toast and he was begging and I gave him some toast but he wouldn't take it until I dipped it in the egg – he wanted to make sure he was getting what I was getting. Like, he'll only eat macaroni if it's warm, like we eat it. He'll eat steak, macaroni, vegetables but he won't eat dog food. He hates dog food. Dog food is beneath him."



Talking On The Phone

(And Fancying Brian)

"Usually when I get home I'll talk on the phone until midnight. Usually I'll talk to Brian. That's who I'm going to the prom with. It's kinda hard to say anyone's a steady boyfriend at the moment because I'm so busy but he's sort of. And I've a friend called Christine who I gossip to as well.

"Brian has a busy schedule as well because he's an actor so I guess we kind of both understand the idea of busy schedules. He's very down to earth and a lot of fun. If he comes over we'll sit and listen to music for hours, our favourite songs. He's into Luther Vandross, that sort of thing. We can talk for hours and hours about nothing."

"I like listening to George Michael's 'Faith' album – my favourite song is 'Kissing A Fool'. I also listen to the Billy Joel 'Live In Russia' album a lot and I just listened to Wham's 'Make It Big' LP again the other day – that album is so good. I love bubblegum music. I've also got a tape of all my favourite songs – things like White Lion's 'Wait (???)', Billy Idol's 'Dancing With Myself', some Belinda Carlisle, some '50s songs like Paul Anka's 'Put Your Head On My Shoulder', Elton John's 'Crocodile Rock'. Actually, that's probably my all-time favourite song."

Thinking About The Cosmos

(And How To Survive Earthquakes)

"Once when a friend slept over we had this whole conversation – this is going to sound weird – but about how could space not end? How could it just go on and on and on? How did the earth get here? It's really weird when you think about it. Most of the time I don't think about things like that – I just take everything day by day and do normal things."

"Do I think about things like nuclear war? No, I don't really like to think about that either, though when we were in Los Angeles they had this earthquake and I suddenly thought, 'wow! I'm so unprepared for this.' I kept thinking 'what do they tell you to do in earthquakes?' They say, 'stand under the doorway' so I did that and thought 'now what?' I'm sitting there, shaking like an idiot, and the whole building is shaking and I'm on the eleventh floor."

Praying

(And A Family Secret That Can't Be Told)

"I pray before I go to sleep and I go to church on Sundays but I like to keep that kind of thing personal. It's important – I guess that's how we were raised. There, er, were certain things – something bad happened – and praying was an important thing so I have reasons to believe in it. Family reasons, which I don't want to go into."

Reading In Bed

(And Relating To Michael Jackson)

"I love to read before I go to sleep. A couple of weeks ago I finished *Elvis And Me* (by Priscilla Beaulieu) / *Presley, Elvis Presley's last wife* and I've just finished

Michael Jackson's autobiography *Moonwalk*. It was great. A lot of the things he said I could really relate to about being a perfectionist, about being really dedicated. Everyone always says he's a lot more sane than a lot of people in show business.

"He doesn't go to Hollywood parties and all things all the time. I have a lot of respect for him. He says 'some people think I'm wimpy but I'm really very strong' and that's kind of how I am. A lot of people think I don't know what I'm doing but if I have a decision to make or if something's not going right I'll be the one to call up the record company or whoever."

"I usually fall asleep reading and I'll wake up with the book open and the light on and the radio on. You can never fall asleep when you try to, it's just when you really don't try to."

Dreaming



(And Hanging Out With Michael Jackson)

"I don't usually remember my dreams but after I read *Moonwalk* I dreamt that I met Michael Jackson and we hung out. It was so funny. I did meet him briefly once – at the Grammy Awards (*American equivalent of the BPI Awards*). I went up to him and introduced myself and said that he did a great performance but there were so many people there and I didn't think he knew who I was. I don't remember much of what happened with him in the dream. I just remember walking along, talking. I think we got along well though . . ."

Watching TV

(And Pondering The Eternal Question "Is Andrew Ridgeley Useless?")

"I watch MTV when I can, and *Growing Pains* and *Family Ties*. Do I like Michael J. Fox? Yeah. My sister Michelle – she's 20 – always wanted to marry him but now he's got a serious girlfriend and she's got a boyfriend too so I think she's over that. I just made a collage of the actor River Phoenix. And I've got George Michael all over my walls. I've got one picture of Andrew Ridgeley too but I like George better. Actually, I think Andrew is better looking but I think George has a little bit more to him."



ELTON JOHN

I DON'T WANNA GO ON WITH YOU LIKE THAT

7" - 12" 'Shep Pettibone Remix' - CD Single

7" (EJS 16) 12" Remix (EJS 1612) CD Single (EJSCD 16)



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- 6 The Housemartins Now That's What I Call Quite Good
- 7 Fairground Attraction First Of A Million Kisses
- 8 Various Dirty Dancing
- 9 Wet Wet Wet Popped In
- 10 Erasure The Innocents

★ HOW TO ENTER

- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
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Peterborough PE2 0UF.**
- The first correct entry out of William Shaw's middle-of-a-hill painting kit gets HMV's top ten LPs (at the time of going to press).

● ACROSS

- 1 See photocube (7,6)
- 7 Boy droppers!
- 8 Mr Nola -- like actor **Brando** or one of the **Jacksons**? (anag)
- 9 "... Jesu" (**Sarah Brightman & Paul Miles-Kingston**)
- 10 & 12 Everything" (**Climie Fisher**) (4,7)
- 11 This **Grant** needed hope from Jo Anna
- 12 See 10 across
- 13 **Ozzy Osbourne's** bullet in the dark
- 15 This **Wylie** got sinful in '86
- 16 Three piece groups
- 17 He lived in Aladdin's lamp and provided a hit for the **B.B.&Q. Band**
- 21 Those relatives of **Mercy**
- 22 **George Michael's** record label
- 24 **Billy** who was hot in the city
- 25 Newsreader **Ford** and **Clannad**?
- 27 **Curiosity Killed The Cat's** was just ordinary
- 28 Small fanatic found in **Tiffany's** middle?
- 29 **Jonathan Butler's** untunings
- 30 See 19 down
- 31 **Cliff** and **The Young Ones** serenaded the living sort

● DOWN

- 1 Small stones with a "Griffind?"
- 2 Purely Scott's reel provides a **Bruce Willis** hit (anag 7,8)
- 3 **Roddy Frame's** Aztec snapshot taker
- 4 "Comin' On" (**Broken English**)
- 5 **Will Downing's** all-powerful romance (1,4,7)
- 6 Where to look for a **Fleetwood Mac** hit?
- 14 **Simon** who asked "Bass (How Low Can You Go)?"
- 18 "... .. Your Grifmend" (**Prince**) (2,1,3)
- 19 & 30 across Their family name is **Appleby** (3,3,3)
- 20 "It's" (**Pet Shop Boys**) (1,3)
- 23 The colour of **Natalie Cole's** Cadillac
- 26 "Let's ... Chant" (**Mick & Pat**)
- 27 Fed around for the **Leppard** (anag)



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ANOTHER WEEK

Woah another weekend
Another night's fun begins
I can't wait to be with you
Another heartache on the make
Another lover to shake
Gimme a break
I don't believe it's his
I never fail to let you know I'm not looking
A m-ybe this one's kind of right
I'm here for the dancing
But every move that's made just feels romantic
So I gotta keep telling myself it's just another line

Another weekend that's all
Another night's fun begins
Oh ho ho ho ho ho ho ho
Another heartache on the make
Another lover to shake
Gimme a break

So give me your number
I've gotta make sure I'm not caught up
In the wonder of it all
Huh can't take another fall
'Cause I start to lose it
When the DJ starts to pump up the music
It's like I'm hypnotized
I close my eyes
And when I count to ten

Another weekend is on me
Another night's fun begins
Like a fool I can't wait to be with you
I can't fake this feeling
Another heartache on the make
Another lover to shake gimme a break

Oh ooh ooh
What do I do when I look at you
My heart says ah baby take me home
But my mind says (leave it)
Just leave it alone leave it alone
I keep hearing the same old song

FIVE STAR

Another weekend
Another night's fun begins
An' I can't wait to be with you
I can't get serious
Another heartbreak on the make oh

Words and music by Leon Sylvers © Reproduced by

HOTHOUSE FLOWERS



Doh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
 Yeah the smell of fresh cut grass and it's filling up my senses
 And the sun is shining down on the blossoms on the avenue
 There's a buzzing fly hanging round the bluebells and the daisies
 There's a lot more leavin' left in this world

Chorus

Don't leave me now now now
 While the sun smiles
 Stick around and laugh a while yeah

And I'm lying warm on soft sandy beaches
 And my toes are submerged in the water and it feels good
 The children playing building castles on the shoreline
 Like a painting that we loved and Lord it feels so fine

Repeat chorus

Ah-hah ah-hah-oh

There's white horses and they're coming at me at a pace now
 And there's a blues scirocco blowing warm into my face
 And the sun is sparkling on the underside of the bridges
 And the cars going by with smiles in the windows
 There's a black cat lying in the shadow of a gatepost
 And the black cat keeps telling me that love is on its way

Words and music by O'Macneil/O'Toole/O'Brianan • Reproduced by permission Warner Bros. Music Ltd • On London Records



Yeah there's a black cat lying in the shadow of a gatepost
 And the black cat tells me that love is on its way

Repeat chorus

Stick around and laugh a while yeah
 Oh

Repeat chorus

Ah-hah ah-hah
 I can hear you coming down going round at me now
 Can't hear me you'll never leave now
 Don't go (don't go)
 Don't leave me now now now
 While the sun smiles
 Stick around and laugh a while yeah
 Yeah yeah yeah

Repeat chorus

Oh no
 Don't go (don't go)
 Don't leave me now now now
 While the sun smiles
 Stick around and laugh a while yeah



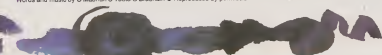
END

Another lover to shake gimme a break
 A shake shake it shakes it shakes it
 Chaka it c'mon ha ha ha ha ha
 Ooh ooh baby
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
 I need that attention
 One whole yeah nah
 Ha ha gimme ha ha gimme gimme uh
 Break down baby ah
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha
 Wooo baby wooo baby wooo
 A night on the town
 Gimme oh gimme baby give it
 But just leave it alone leave it alone

Another weekend another night's fun begins
 Ah! I can't wait ha ha ha ha ha
 I can't get serious
 Another heartbreak on the make oh
 Another lover to shake
 Oh gimme a break
 Another weekend ha oh ha ha
 Another night's fun begins
 Oh I can't wait ha ha ha ha ha
 I can't take this teasing

Another heartbreak on the make
 Another lover to shake a gimme a break
 Another weekend ha oh ha ha
 Another night's fun begins
 Ah! I can't wait ha ha ha ha ha
 I can't get serious
 Another heartbreak on the make a
 Another lover to shake
 Gimme a break

Another weekend ha oh ha ha
 Another night's fun begins
 I can't wait ha ha ha ha ha
 Can't take this teasing
 Another heartbreak on the make
 Another lover to shake gimme a break
 Another weekend ha oh ha ha
 Another night's fun begins
 I can't wait ha ha ha ha ha
 Another heartbreak on the make
 Another lover to shake



WHO GETS THE LOVE STATUS QUO

I've spent a lifetime running after you
 But listen woman everything must change
 It's time you found yourself some other fool
 You can blame
 You had me figured as the spineless one
 Who'd be there waiting when you'd had your fun
 But now's the time I feel I should be first
 What a shame (shame) what a shame (shame)

Chorus

Who gets the love that we no longer share
 Who gets to hold you close when I'm not there
 Whose heart is filling up I'm just asking you
 Who gets the love

So many times you said I made you cry
 That's not the truth it's just an alibi
 And I'm not planning to be number two
 Won't play your game
 I've often wondered after love has gone
 Where do we find the strength to carry on
 And where's that someone that our love supports
 And what's their name (shame) what a shame (shame)

Repeat chorus

Before we give it are we really sure
 We're giving love to we don't need no more
 There ain't a chance that we might get it together again
 No no

Repeat chorus twice

Words and music by P. Williams/J. Goodson
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RSVP

★ **Want someone to write to? Send a postcard with your name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS plus a few words about yourself to: RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.**

● **Hi, my name is Simon.** I'm 12 years old and if any of you 12-14 year olds are into A-ha, Madonna, George Michael, Moonlighting and Neighbours get writing now! Anybody from anywhere is welcome to write and I'll write to everyone! My address is: Simon, 11 Starbeck Drive, Little Sutton, L66 4TR

● **Hi, I'm Janice.** I'm 16 years old and I would like penpals from all over the world aged 14 to 17. I like Michael Jackson, Madonna, Five Star, Me & Kim and I'm mad about Rick Astley! If you'd like to write to me, my address is: 23 Eskdale Avenue, Cowpen Est. Byth, Northumberland NE24 5LY.

● **Hello, my name is Graham.** I like The Smiths, The Sugarcubes, The Cure. The Wedding Present and lots more. I'd like to hear from anyone who likes the above. Please write to: Graham, 266 Moorside Road, Swinton, Manchester M27 3PW

● **Hi! I'm Sam and I love the Pet Shop Boys, Bros, Rick Astley, Blue Mercedes, Terence Trent D'Arby, Jermaine Stewart and**

Johnny Mates Jazz. If you like them too and are between 13 and 17, then write to: Samantha, 144 Linnet Drive, Chelmsford, Essex CM2 8AQ

● **Hi, my name is Arthur and I'm 22 years old.** I'd like to hear from anybody aged between 20-23 who is interested in Rick Astley, Elvis Presley and Madonna. Please write to: Arthur, 5 Crayfield Road, Levenshulme M19 3RX

● **Hi, my name is Vik and I'm 17.** I'm into the Beastie Boys, Bon Jovi, Def Leppard, Whitesnake, T'Pau, Madonna and The Pet Shop Boys. I'd like penpals from anywhere and of any age. I will reply to all letters I receive. If you are interested please write to: Vik, 49 Fighfield Drive, South Shields, Tyne And Wear NE34 5JD

● **Hi! I'm 10½ and I'd like to write to someone aged between 10 and 12.** I like Rick Astley, Kylie Minogue, Five Star and The Pet Shop Boys. If you're interested, write to: Laura, 33 Glenburn Drive, Inverness, Scotland IV2 4NE

● **Hello to all the Madonna fans out there!** If you like

Madonna, Def Leppard, Bon Jovi and Whitney Houston and are aged 14-18, write to: Two girls who like a bit of Madonna at Field House, Loughborough, Leics

● **Hi, my name is Simon,** I'm 15 years old and I live on Merseyside. I'm into Tiffany, Kylie Minogue, The Housemartins and Madonna. I also like watching Neighbours and Moonlighting. I'd like to hear from anyone, anywhere aged 14+, if you're interested, write to: Simon, 42 Hampstead Road, Wallasey, Merseyside L44 9BL

● **Hello, my name is Tracey.** I'm 12 and I'm looking for a penpal between the ages of 11-13. I like Neighbours, Bros, Five Star and Kylie Minogue. So, if you want to be my penpal, write to: Tracey, 386 Grass St, Byker, Newcastle NE6 2RA

● **Do you think U2 are the most amazing band to ever walk the earth?** Do you also like The Mission, The Cure and loads and loads more? If you 60 and you're aged between 15 and 18, write to me: Daniel, 56 Greetwell Road, Lincoln, Lincs LN2 4AX

● **I totally love and am completely mad on The Human League!** I also like Devoche Mode, DMZ, Erasure, the Pet Shop Boys and New Order! If you do too and you're 15-20 years old, write to me! My address is: Franklin, 1136 Hampshire Street, San Francisco CA 94110, USA.

● **Hiya! My name's Rik,** I'm 14 and I'm into Janet Jackson, Five Star, Westworld and Black. If you like having fun and sound anything like me, why not write to: Rik, 5 South Waterfield Close, Lowry Hill, Carlisle, Cumbria CA3 0HD1

● **My name's Angela,** I'm 18 years old and I like Bruce Springsteen, InXS, Men At Work and most chart music. I spend my spare time drawing and keeping fit. So, if you want to write to: Angela, 37 Tanhouse Road, Flixton, Manchester M31 2RA

● **Hello there! I'm Lesmana and I'm 17.** I'm into The Pet Shop Boys, The Housemartins, The Christians and Wet Wet Wet. I'm looking for a penpal, any age and from anywhere in the world. Please write to: Lesmana, 891 Kanyaiak Park, Lane 6, 30300 Kuching, Sarawak, E Malaysia

● **Hi! I'm Lucy and I'm 11.** I like Kylie Minogue, T'Pau, Rick Astley and most other chart music. I enjoy watching EastEnders, Neighbours and Bread. I'd like a penpal, male or female, aged between 11 and 13. So write to: Lucy, 20 Tranby Gardens, Wolfaton, Nottingham NG8 2AB

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I O U
NOTHING

ATOM 4 • ATOM T4 • CD ATOM 4

Personal File



FULL NAME:

Um . . . well, I can only give you the name Tiffany. Sorry 'bout that hihihi! Um . . . just . . . that's the name I use. Even though people know what my second name is anyway? Yes! (i.e. it's Darwish). Hihihi! Uh . . . it's just because people always spell it wrong and pronounce it wrong, it's a hard name for the common reader.(?) So,

yeah, it's been snipped. I'd rather people just called me Tiff.

BORN: 10/2/71 in Norwalk, California. It's small — kind of the place I enjoy going back to because it's laid-back. Not like Modesto or anything but, y'know, people know I live there, they've grown up with me so it's not like 'Uuuuh! Tiffany!' or anything. I feel safe walking down the streets and no-one's going to crash into me or anything because they're so excited.

HEIGHT: Five foot six, I believe. That's what the doctors say when I go in to tell you the truth I've stood next to people who are five foot six and . . . uuuhh. But then again I'm not going to question it. That's fine by me.

COLOUR OF EYES: Brown.

COLOUR OF HAIR: Auburn. It's completely natural. I'm sure about this!

WEIGHT: I go between about a hundred and a hundred and five (pounds, i.e. around 7½ stone which is extremely flimsy indeed). I don't have that much of a weight problem although I eat constantly. It's those pizzas! I guess it's because I do so much on stage and I have a really, really high metabolism.

HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING INTERESTING ON YOUR

SIDEBOARD? Uh . . . What's a sideboard? Like a dresser? Um, let me think . . . I have a picture of my father when he was younger. Mr Macho himself! I think he thought he was a bit of a ladies' man, hihihi. Mr . . . Himself! It's sooo funny because he was like . . .

(adopts smouldersque muscle-man-type pose). Hihihi! He was very muscly in his younger days and I still rid him constantly about it 'Hey! Have you seen this picture?' And he's like (adopts deep 'n' sulky voice). 'Stop makin' fun of me . . .' I have a picture of him in a car as well and one which I carry around with me.

DID YOU OWN A WOODEN

PINOCCHIO PUPPET AS A CHILD? No, but I had a train-set because I was more of a tom-boy. I never really played with dolls or Barbies or anything like that. I wanted to play with cars, trains, anything that made loud noises was great to me. And I had a spear that had bells on, like an Indian spear and I

remember it was taken away from me by my grandfather! He was out in the lawn picking the weeds and I decided that I would start off running with my spear in the air hihih . . . 'here I come!' and boom! I speared him right in the backside hihihi! Ooh, boy, I'd never seen my grandfather mad at me . . . but, fuuoo . . . and I was just so shocked, y'know? (Mimes standing at her spear in disbelieve!) And see, I was always running to my grandmother if my mom yelled at me and if my grandmother yelled at me I'd go to my grandfather but now that my grandfather had yelled at me, I had nowhere to go! I can still remember the shock and the hurt . . . ooooh, I cried and cried . . . he forgave me, though, eventually.

DID YOU EVER DEVISE TORTURES FOR TEACHERS DURING BORING LESSONS AT SCHOOL?

Uuum . . . just appearing! I thought that was pretty bad — you must have done something wrong, I'm in your class! Um . . . I'm sure I did but I tended more to just sit there and think 'I am not going to say anything.' I tell you the worst thing and that was when we had to read aloud in class. I'm a pretty good reader but I just found it sooooo embarrassing. I mean I'm pretty much a shy person, who's not very outspoken until I get on stage but when the teacher called on me to read aloud I'd be, like, jumping my foot up and down and . . . ooooh and then I had this one English teacher who used to go up and down the rows . . . up and down every row.

"The other night I had lobster and it came in the shell and I'm sitting there thinking 'it's looking at me!' and I'm having a conversation with this lobster saying 'well, old buddy, it's been nice knowing you. Aaargh, I can't eat this!' Did I eventually? Uh . . . yeahhh!"

So every day I changed my seat! I'd figured that the class lasted for 40 minutes and she starts off here and she never ends up getting to there, so I changed my seat to the place she never got to every single day. So eventually she got wise and she started on the other side of the class! And I was the first one! I was like 'oooooh nooooo . . . can I change this class now . . .?' My registration teachers always had a hard time, too, because I knew that education was important and everything but that early in the morning? Sleep was more important! So I'd constantly be heard whining 'Aw, can't this wait 'til ten? What's the big deal?' So I was pretty much a big baby at that, too.

WHAT DO YOU THINK SOMEONE FROM PLUTO WOULD LOOK LIKE?

Uh . . . hopefully they wouldn't resemble someone like me. (?) Uh, I dunno, green, maybe. Strange, I mean, they *might* look like one of us! That would be very strange, maybe even to have someone who looks exactly like you, I mean, I've seen people who resemble myself — unfortunately for them — but it's real scary, y'know, you think 'there's two of me running around'. I think maybe

someone along the line we could all have a double. I remember once this guy wrote me a letter about his girlfriend who died and he sent me a picture and she looked exactly like me. Exactly like me. And he wrote me this whole big letter about how much he loved her and they were both 17 and they'd been together since they were 13 and they were planning to get married and then she died. That kind gave me the creeps but it was a real tear-jerker letter . . . it was a weird experience for me.

WHAT DO YOU THINK BEING OLD WILL BE LIKE?


Uuum. Uh. Oh brother, is this the last question? Don't leave me with this one! Uuum . . . I would say hopefully that I'll be able to look back over my life and really think that I enjoyed it all and got the most out of it as opposed to thinking 'dam, I should have done that'. And . . . I want to have grandchildren and . . . you know, the whole deal. I wanna be able to do the spoiling bit and then say 'back to mother!' and give them back, because that's what both my grandmothers did for me. Of course, I've gotta have my own children first but that's a different story because they'll be mine! But that'll come later on — with the right person. I like the idea of being married since I'm the same person for 80 years . . . kind of long-term, yes . . . I don't like to think I'd have the attitude: 'Hey! We'll get married and if it doesn't work out, well . . . y'know, the whole 'let's try this on a weekly basis' thing. It's long-term for me. But that's something that you never know, you just hope and, God-willing, it works out for the better.

DO YOUR EGGS MAKE A QUEER WHISTLING NOISE WHEN YOU FRY THEM?

That? Excuse me? No! Never! I've never heard an egg whistle! Do I feel sorry for the chicken? Oh, please, noooooo, if we talk about this I'll never eat again! I tell you, the other night I had lobster and it came in the shell and I'm sitting there thinking 'it's looking at me!' and I'm having a conversation with this lobster saying 'well, old buddy it's been nice knowing you. Aaargh, I can't eat this!' He's looking at me and we've gotten to know each other and I can't eat him! Did I eventually? Uh . . . yeah! Hihihi! But I had the waters crack the whole thing open for me.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE KIND OF TROPICAL FISH?

Uh . . . hihihi I can't believe this hihihi! Uh, I don't have any! I don't know any! Uh . . . I like goldfish but that's not too tropical! I like them best I think because they just swim around and they're no bother. I've had goldfish of my own before, except they fell down the drain. (?) Well, we were washing my fish-tank and we put the fish in a cup at the side of the sink which wasn't very smart! And I did it! My mother was washing the bowl and I accidentally bumped the cup with my arm and Emily and Eugene went bye-bye — straight down the drain! I wanted to bury them but, uh, well, we couldn't find them. I cried. And the most upsetting thing was that I kept thinking 'they're down there with all our garbage!' And then I wouldn't let mom turn on the garbage disposal! It was awful. (Adopts hysterical voice) 'Moom! Don't turn that on! It's bad enough that I threw them down there! A very upsetting part of my life . . .



"I want to have grandchildren and, you know, the whole deal. I like to think of being married to the same person for 60 years . . . king of long term, yes . . ."



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● The world of pop is full of peculiar puzzles, is it not? Where on earth does Tiffany buy her "remarkable" jumpers from? Does Matt from Bros really have a hamster called Cuthbert? We at **Get Smart!** are here to "put you right," so send your "query" to us at **Get Smart!, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.**



get smart!

BON JOVI

They're back!!! (soon)

Dear **Get Smart!**,

What on earth has happened to Bon Jovi? I've looked everywhere I can think of but there hasn't even been so much as a mention of them!

Julio, A very distressed fan indeed, Marlow, Bucks.



▲ Bon Jovi. They've got some "interesting" things up their sleeves.

● Righty oh then! Bon Jovi have been taking a well earned rest for the past few months but they're now back at work in a studio in New Jersey "laying down" some "tracks" (man) for their next LP as we "apeak". And, according to Jon, it's going to be a pretty crucial waxing: "We have some real interesting things ready to go for this album. We had a chance to test a few of them at soundchecks during the end of the last tour and everyone that heard them got really excited about them." The LP is due to be released some time in late autumn when Bon Jovi also plan to play a few concerts around England. So what can we expect when it all eventually happens? "I don't think there will be that many changes," Jon assures us, "I'm happy with the music we've made so far and I don't see any reason to change it." So there you have it!

narada:

Why does this bloke think that Whitney Houston's his sister?!



Dear **Get Smart!**,

Who is this bloke Narada who's been in the charts lately with the single "Divina Emotions"? How old is he? Where's he from? Has he any other hits? Is there anything else I should know? From a *desperado* who wants to know everything there is to know about Narada, Lanes.

● Here's some facts for you:

● His full name is Narada Michael Walden. He was dubbed Narada because it means "blessed musician" which he reckons is "very appropriate!"

● He was born in the spookily named town of Kalamazoo in 1952 which makes him a staggering 36-36!! - years old!

● He first graced the world of popular music as a singer back in the early 1980s when he had two top ten hits with "Shoulda Loved Ya" and "Tonight I'm Alright!"

● He's a bit of a legend in his own lifetime because not only has he had a few hits of his own but he's also "produced" tons of records for the likes of George Michael, Jermaine Stewart, Sister Sledge, Starship, Aretha Franklin, and Whitney Houston, who he la, hem hem, rather "fond" of, so to speak!

● Narada says: "Whitney is my younger sister... (i.e. "figuratively" speaking)... I care for her and she cares for me. She's so giving, she loves all people - if I weren't married she'd love me! Ho ho ho ho ho! I've produced four out of her seven number one hits. I remember once I gave her this teddy bear and you put a tape in its back and when you switched it on its mouth moved and everything. Anyway, I recorded all sorts of crazy, crazy things on this cassette. You know, saying how much I loved her and how much I cared for her. Of course when she turned it on and it was my voice she went crazy!! She loved it, just loved it!"

● They're definitely not having a rumpo-ish sort of "relationship", however, because, as Narada points out "I am a married man and she respects me for that."

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USA

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c/o Warner Bros Records
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Burbank
California 91510
USA

● When writing to fan clubs always enclose a stamped addressed envelope or an international Reply Coupon if it's abroad (you can buy them at post offices).

A cut out 'n' keep
Smash Hits collection

FACT

b o x

No. 11



Photo: LFI

"BARNEY" SUMNER (New Order)

Full name: Bernard Sumner
Date of birth: 4/4/56
Home: Salford
Eyes: Blue/green
Marital status: Married
Biggest selling single: "Blue Monday" which has so far sold 2,500,000 worldwide!
Hobbies: Skiing and sailing
Car: Mercedes Sports
● Bernard left school, illegally, at the age of 15 to work in an advertising company.
● When "Blue Monday" was first released in 1983, the group were paying themselves just £72.50 a week each.
● "Blue Monday" has now been released four times.
● He calls himself "Barney" after the character Barney Rubble in the TV show *The Flintstones*.
● Crazy name, crazy guy!

KIM WILDE:

Dear **Get Smart!**,

Could you see your way to listing all the records that Kim Wilde has made? I've got ten so far and want to complete my collection.
Mark Chessier, Dundee.

● Kim has so far released 16 singles (including her current single) and her sixth LP will be out in June. The singles are as follows: "Kids in America" (Jan 1981), "Chequered Love" (April 1981), "Water On Glass" (July 1981), "Cambodia" (Nov 1981), "View From A Bridge" (April 1982), "Child Come Away" (Oct

My, what a lot of "discs" she's made!

1982), "Love Blonde" (July 1983), "Dancing In The Dark" (Oct 1983), "The Second Time" (Sept 1984), "The Touch" (Dec 1984), "Rage To Love" (April 85), "You Keep Me Hanging On" (Oct 1986), "Another Step" (March 1987), "Say You Really Want Me" (July 1987), "Rockin' Round The Xmas Tree" (Dec 1987), "Hey Mr Heartache" (May 1988). And the LPs are: "Kim Wilde" (July 1981), "Select" (May 1982), "Catch As Catch Can" (Oct 1983), "Teases & Dares" (Sept 1984), "Another Step" (Oct 1986), "Close" (June 1988).



Photo: LFI

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Hothouse Flowers (l-r): Jerry Fehily, Fiachna O'Broonain, Liam O'Maonla, Leo Sarnock, Peter O'Toole.



- They live in Bono's garage!?
- They won the Eurovision Song Contest!?
- They're a "beetlin'" up the charts with the single "Don't Go"!
- "And they're full of tales about gutting fish and being sick on a sausage!!" reveals Tom "Our Man In Dublin" Doyle . . .

We have travelled, listeners, for "thousands" of miles, trundling over land and quivering our way through the air to the very "heart" of the so-called "Emerald" Isle, i.e. Ireland, only to end up in a gigantic warehous built on the banks of the River Liffey in Dublin. This rather peculiar building, as well as holding the very room in which U2 have been known to invent their "rits", seems to house an occasional garage for a large part of Bono's "wheel" collection. ("This here is one of Bono's cars, and this here is Bono's motorbike, and this here is etc. etc." our "guide" informs us.)

These days though, The Factory (as it is known to its regular clients), acts as the rehearsal rooms for Ireland's newest recruits to the giddy whirl known as the rock 'n' roll "fun park", the Hothouse Flowers, whose first single "Don't Go" is far scotching its way up the charts as we speak. But who are these Hothouse Flowers and where have they been hiding all these years? Well, we are in Dublin to find out, so let us now proceed . . .

"It's odd that I ever came to be involved in a rock band," pipes 22 year old Liam O'Maonla, the Flowers' vocalist and apparently a bit of a "looker" (i.e. lots of

girlies in Dublin go a bit wobbly when you mention his name), "because I was always fonder of Irish traditional music when I was younger. The tin whistle was the first instrument I learned to play. It's still very special to me. It's cheap to buy - only about £1.50 - and it fits into your pocket, so you can carry it anywhere with you."

"It's the first instrument that kids are taught in school, much like the recorder is in the UK," adds Fiachna (pronounced Faw'na) O'Broonain, also 22 and the tall one with the wide-brimmed hat and the unpronounceable name, "and of course it's very easy to learn to play, but to become a master of the tin whistle is an art in itself."

Indeed, Both Liam and Fiachna began "tite" at an all-Gaelic (the "native" Irish language) speaking school in Dublin, and aside from tin whistle classes, they found themselves indulging in all sorts of "peculiar" activities during the course of a school day . . .

"I sometimes played Gaelic football - it's like a cross between soccer and rugby" recalls Fiachna. "You have to kick the ball into your hands while you're running along - you can't just hold it and run, so it's quite difficult. Actually, I didn't really play it very often. I was never very co-ordinated as far as my feet were concerned. People never wanted to pick me for their team because I wasn't very good . . ."

Liam didn't "fare" much better at that thing they call "school".

"One of my most horrible memories was the day I started there. I can remember bawling my head off when I realised that my mother wasn't going to stay with me all day - but then I met up with some of the other kids who were pretending they were animals or something, so I joined in and everything was fine."

"The very first thing I remember though is

Liam: "The very first thing I can remember is on my fifth birthday looking at the fatty bits on my thighs. . ."

on my fifth birthday, looking at the fatty bits on my thighs when they were pressing down on the chair, and the way all this flesh suddenly reappeared when I lifted my leg up again and wondering where it had all gone to."

Oh. "I'm quite lucky in that I can remember some things quite vividly before I was even two years old," claims Fiachna. "I can remember eating peanut butter and thinking it was not very nice, but then seeing this picture of a big strong man on the jar and deciding that I'd force myself to eat this because then I'd grow up to look like this bloke!"

So what do you prefer in the so-called "much department" these days? Liam?

"Well my favourite item of food is the potato actually. With butter . . ."

"I'm fond of the old spud myself," concurs Fiachna.

"I don't eat meat now, but when I did, the little lumps of grisly fat often mad me feel sick," says Liam. "Also eggs used to make me retch, but I'm over the eggs now . . ."

"I can remember retching once on a sausage when I was about seven," says Fiachna with no apparent reason. I've

retched a few times changing my little brother's nappies actually as well. I used to help my mother out with him, basically because I was capable of doing it - but it's OK because he's six now and he doesn't need any help from me in that department these days haahaaha."

"The closest thing, I suppose, that I've done to changing a nappy is cleaning out a chicken coop," says Liam. (This is pre-troterous - Ed.)

"I used to enjoy doing fish actually, especially if I'd caught them myself," adds Fiachna. (I'm warning you - Ed.)

"Throwing up is actually quite like a celebration isn't it . . ." (snmp!)

Thankfully, The Flowers' tall manager bloke suddenly bursts into the room and explains to Liam and Fiachna that the rest of the group and their pals have

decided to have a bit of a "wager" as to where "Don't Go" will end up in the charts this week, as it is indeed Sunday again, and Bruno "Blink-And-You'll-Miss-It" Brookes is at this very moment gibbering his way through the "countdown". So the bets are duly placed, and off we venture into the other room to huddle around a crackling "wireless" - only to discover that their tune has far bombed its way into the Top 20, and The Flowers are now well and truly "genuine" pop types. A rousing yelp of "Waaaaaayyyyyyyyy!!!!!!!" is hurled into the air, as the group's press officer pockets the dosh with a triumphant wink.

"I think the fact that the video was featured on The Eurovision Song Contest must have helped bring it to people's attention," muses Fiachna, now in a slightly more sensible mood.

"But wasn't it dangerous to get involved with the Eurovision "thing" because it's normally (more than) a touch . . . em . . .naif?!"

"No! It's done us a lot of good!" yelps Fiachna. "Over 250 million people saw the TV show, but it's also bought by lots of other TV companies worldwide, so it'll end up being seen by 800,000 million people at the end of the day . . .! The only damage it's done to us is that people are always asking about the one no hellehehehe!"

Emm . . . well . . . in that case we shall have to wave goodbye to the Hothouse Flowers because we of course have to make our way back to "dear old Blighty" - but not before finally demanding of them if they firmly believe in the "concept" of Irish rock (ha ha) . . .?

"I think if you travel down to Southern Ireland and walk onto a stony beach, you'll no doubt discover the true "concept" of Irish rock hooohooohoo!!!" shrieks Liam.

Hothouse Flowers - crazy name, crazy guys . . .





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TRUE OR FALSE?

- Fact 1)** Phillip's dad is named Adam Atkinson
- Fact 2)** Phillip's first ever job was selling fizzy drinks on the beach
- Fact 3)** Phillip's first TV show was a pop show in New Zealand called Shazam
- Fact 4)** Phillip can play the guitar with his toes while standing on his head
- Fact 5)** Phillip once said "I won't eat unless I'm pretending I'm in a garage or something"
- Fact 6)** Phillip often sports disgusting sweaters which he appears on www.officialkeyfacts.co.uk

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Simply study the list of facts on this page and state whether they are true or big whopping lies by ticking the appropriate box. Then pop this coupon in the post, addressed to The Smash Hits/Keyfacts "Phillip, You've Spilt Asparagus Mousse All Over Your Spewgusting Sweater" Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF (to get there by June 14) and bob's your so-called "uncle"!

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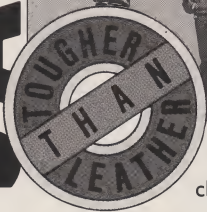


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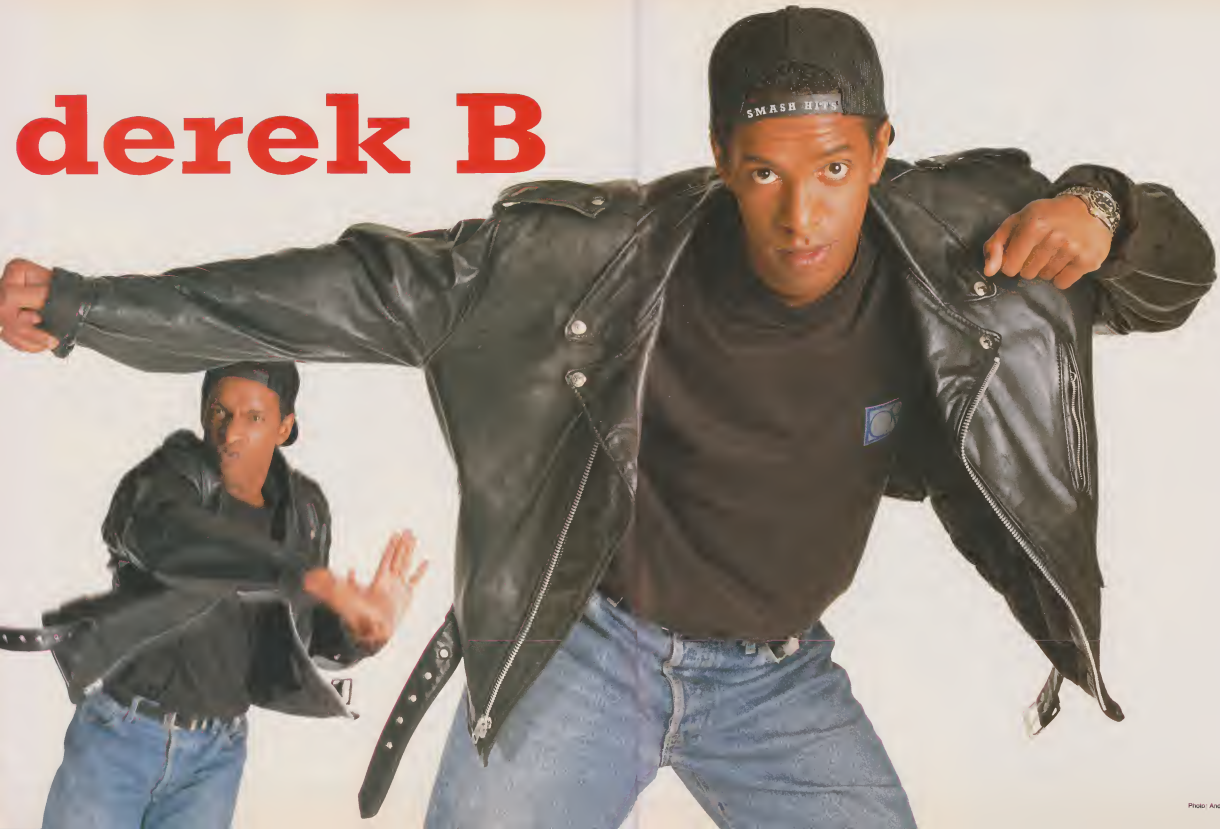
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Ooh darlin' don't you know I've had enough
Washing all my time darlin' put it on the line
'Cos I hear you lying time and time again
Ooh ooh and I don't want to any more
This is where our loving has to end
Darlin' now you know the score
So goodbye baby

CHORUS

Hey mister heartache how much can you fake
How many hearts break before you get enough oh oh oh
Hey mister heartache you don't give you just take
I hope for your sake you don't turn your back on love

Ooh darlin' I do know what you're looking for
But I'm not waitin' round to see
Darlin' I can't take any more
I still love you but I'm gonna set you free
Ooh ooh and that's the way it's got to be
'Cos I know I can't change you anyway
Darlin' there's nothing left to say
But goodbye baby

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

Ooh listen to me yeah so listen to me
(Oh no baby baby baby baby baby)
'Cos I was stupid to believe
You could give me what I need
You use anyone you can
Yet you call yourself a man
Well I've seen through your disguise (oh no)
And it's all that I despise (oh no)
Now you've just run out of time
Go before I change my mind

Hey mister heartache (I still love you baby)
Ooh hey mister heartache (I still love you baby)
I still love you but I'm gonna set you free
Ooh ooh and that's the way it's got to be
'Cos I know I can't change you anyway
Darlin' there's nothing left to say
But goodbye baby

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

Hey mister heartache
(Hey mister heartache how much can you fake)
Hey mister heartache
(How many hearts break before you get enough oh oh oh oh)
Ooh hey mister heartache
(Hey mister heartache heartache)

Words and music by K. Wilde ● Reproduced by permission Rickan Music
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ASWAD give a little Love

Oh yeah wuh-oh
Living in this crazy world
So caught up in the confusion
Nothing is a makin' sense
For me and you
But maybe you can find a way
There has got to be a solution
How to make a brighter day
What do we do

CHORUS

We got to give a little love
Have a little hope
Let's make this world a little better
Try a little more
Harder than before
Let's do what we can do together
Wuh wuh wuh wuh-oh (wuh-oh)
Only we can make it better
Wuh wuh-oh (wuh-oh)
Only if we try

Aah yeah wuh-oh
Got the worries on our minds
Got the troubles on our shoulders
Sometimes it just seems so much
What we go through
But maybe if we take the time
Time to understand each other
We can learn to make it right

What do we do

REPEAT CHORUS

Wuh wuh-oh (wuh-oh)
Only we can make it better wuh-oh I
Only if we try

If everybody look somebody by the hand
Then maybe everyone could learn to love and understand

We got to give a little love
Have a little hope
Let's make this world a little better
Try a little more
Harder than before
Let's do what we can do together

Repeat verse above

Wuh wuh wuh wuh-oh (wuh-oh)
Only we can really make it better
Wuh wuh-oh (wuh-oh)
Only if we try
Wuh wuh-oh (wuh-oh)
Only we can make it better wuh-oh I
Only if we try eah yeah
(Give a little love give a little love)
Wuh-oh I wuh I aye
(Give a little love give a little love give a little love)



Words and music by Warren Harmon ● Reproduced by permission Interlog Music Ltd/Engle Music Ltd ● On Island Records

the hills are alive !!

... with the sound of a runaway speedboat as BROS lead about a million "journalists" and photographers a "merry" "dance" at the Montreux Pop Festival. All except Sylvia Patterson, of course, who is "piped" aboard by the most famous pop group in the world. . .

Bonjour, listeners! Welcome to the lush, green pastures of Montreux in Switzerland: a twinkling townlet surrounded by the grand 'n' towering snow-capped Alps, a townlet filled with posh 'n' civilized beings swishing along in their Mercedes Benz automobiles, a townlet of harmonious swankery disturbed by nothing but the tonk of a distant cow-bell and the odd goat-herd yodelin' merrily on the hillsides . . .

But not this week. No "siree"! For Montreux has been invaded by every single pop "notable" in the entire cosmosphere, pop "notables" intent on dondering and swaying and blithering and being sick in their horn-pipes along the shore-side leafy pathways, "hotly" pursued by several billion "journalists" and photographers from every nation.

This, then, is the general view of The Montreux Pop Festival "Experience" – an event devised to bring together pop's glitteriest glitterati to mime along to a few of their pop tunes in a grim 'n' phewee Montreux night-club called The Casino. And the reason? Television. In a few weeks time, you see, these "performances" will be beamed onto the televisual screens of the entire globe in the name of "music television". Croiks. The Festival



▲ BROS being "cornered" by Sport Aid's photographer and not wearing the t-shirts because they're jessies. . .

"Experience" itself is, of course, a bubblin', sizzling cauldron of top pop "gossip" to be discovered or invented by the many "journalists" and photographers present and each year one group is deemed the victim for scrutiny by these press folk.

Two years ago Frankie Goes To Hollywood were the headline "makers", last year it was the Beastie

Boys and this year, it was to be those spring-cleaned Bros boys. And was the scandal "reported"? Of course!! The "news" papers said – gusple!! – their fan club wasn't very good!!! And that's about it, because, you see, the security surrounding Bros was completely astounding and not one unscrupulous press type got anywhere near them. Except, that is, for this very "publication" because it is cleverer and better-looking than any other publication in the universe, heh heh. So come with us, if you will, on a voyage of discovery with those Bros boys from the very word so-called "go" . . .



▲ "Yodeliteyheestogezasnogi!"

THURSDAY: THE DASTARDLY PLAN IS HATCHED!

It's 10 am and there's a sudden mini-rumpus by the entrance of the super-snoot Hyatt Hotel. The Bros boys' van careers into the car park and through the doors they belt, almost being hurled into the lifts by a "beefy" minder each and the entire galaxy explodes. Except it doesn't because none of the photographers could discover when they were arriving, haw haw. Up to their rooms they spring, out into a specially cordoned off "hospitality" suite for a late-night snack (cold "meat", piles of coleslaw with a walnut in it etc.). And they are very excited laddies indeed.

"We've registered ourselves as D. Rum, P. Ano and B. Ass!" guffaws a severely sun-tanned Luke who is completely enthralled by their manager's "Organiser" – a sort of computerised filofax that looks like a calculator.

"It's brilliant!" he froths. "Say if you had a meeting in a month's time, this thing will set an alarm off 15 minutes before the meeting! Unbelievable! I want one of them . . ."

Apart from gasping over this implement, though, the Bros boys are here to discuss a bit of a ploy to annoy the Fleet Street



bros



Photo: Simon Fowler

Bros

CONTINUED

photographers for a giggle. Fiona, their devious press-person (whom the Bros boys call "Fuss" for some reason) had decided their "photo-call" (the official time when the whole world can take as many photos as they want in the space of 10 minutes) will be held in a motor-boat underneath two stone jettys so the usual nasty photographers can't get anywhere near them to gouge their eyes out with "zoom" lenses etc. Not only this, though, but a second motor-boat will suddenly appear from the distance, hurtle towards the Bros boys' boat and be filled with four "nicer" photographers who will take closer-up and better photos than the other mob who will be very miffed indeed.

"Willikicked!" exclaims a delirious and also severely tanned Matt, "and we can pretend we don't know anything about it; jump in the boat and take off! Yeah! Yeeeah! I mean,



▲ Ver boys on the roof of their hotel. Luke: "And behind us the glorious hillsides..." Craig and Matt: "There's a strange white a-foot."

they could be trying to shoot us or anything hahahaah!"

And so it shall be. But not before a severely un-tanned Craig observes it is now two minutes past midnight and now officially Mark The Manager's birthday.

"Right!" he booms, "the bumps!!" And so the Bros boys leap around the table to pin a perplexed Mark to the floor and proceed to hurl him into the air and slooshie water all over him at the same time in a most unweedy fashion.

"Z (fuuiling!) ZB!"

"(Wheeeee!) "29!!"

"(AAARRRHGH!!)" and in goes a ceremonial boot up the "nether" regions from Luke. With this, the unfortunate Mark disappears through the ceiling i.e. the roof caves in, and, frankly, the place is a bit of a state.

"What a way to end the day!" peeps Luke, and off that troop to their "kips" for the night...



▲ Matt: "Wexay wexay!!" (?)

FRIDAY: THE GREAT ESCAPE! It's the dawn of the Bros press conference in which ver boys blether to one million European "journalists" for almost one whole hour. And it is miraculous to behold - ver boys are completely unflusterable. They blether about looking a complete sight with their long locks when they were 16 (Matt: "What d'you expect? I'd like to see a photograph of all the people here when they were 16..."), they blether about their fan club (hence the "news" paper bleatings the next day): "It's the fastest growing fan club in Britain. Since it was announced we've had 18,000 applications for memberships and when you think that the biggest fan club is Queen's with 21,000..."), they blether about comparisons with Wham! (Matt: "Of course we've got a teenage audience but so did George Michael and he's matured slowly and with respect which is what we want to do..."), and they leave with the final comment "We want to be as big as The Beatles". Yikes.

And off they march to be bundled into their waiting van to be taken to the scene of the "photo-call". The play works perfectly. The nasty photographers jeer and howl when they see where ver boys are positioned and jeer and holler and heckle at the "nice" photographers when they appear as if from oblivion. The Bros perform their acting debut, pretending to know



▲ Ver boys "amusingers" for the American TV cameras.



▲ Craig's room after their immense water-light which drowned the hotel.

nothing about these lunatics on the whizzing motor-boat and thus commences a high-speed chase across the wavering waters of the lake. Har har!

Back at ver boys' hotel, it's time for a bit of luncheon (chicken and chips with mayonnaise(?) and a laugh about their great escape.

"That was unbelievable!" chortles a much amused Matt, "they fell for it totally..."

"We've gotta do something else!" decides Luke, "something bigger and better! A bigger boat! A helicopter!"

But their press people mutter dark mumblings about "insurance" and that particular prank is thwarted. Oh well...

That night, Bros finally escape their interview prison and screech off in their van to a super-smoot dinner with their record company - returning at 1 am with the conclusion it was "boooooORING!!" Still, it's now time for them to venture forth into The Hyatt Bar. This "bar" is the only one that stays open for ever - hence, it's the one that turns into a heaving "den" of pop "notables", "journalists" and photographers tipping till they topple and, as such, is not a very good place to be unseen. Ver boys sneak in while it's still slightly quiet and scoff a few orange juices because "Matt is so fond of saying 'we don't drink'".

"Yeah!" says Craig sipping on a juice, "in fact I haven't been drunk for three weeks heheh..(?)

A mere 20 minutes later and some "journalists" have squirmed their way up to ver boys and are "accidentally" having a conversation with them.

"Right, er... we've got to go now actually..." bleeps Matt and they troop off to their kips once more. Not to slumber, however, but for a gigantic water-fight involving buckets of water, exploding an electric security blind (that ver boys have outside their windows just in



▲ Luke and Matt flinging their manager through the roof.

"case") and completely sinking Craig's bed.

"We just do it 'cause we're bored!" explains Matt, preparing to sneak up on an unsuspecting press person, "we've been cooped up all day, no fresh air, you've gotta go maaaaad!!"

Splaaaa! Oh dear. A press person is a trifle "damp" and the hotel nearby sets off to sea once more...

SATURDAY: THE MOST FAMOUS POP GROUP IN THE WORLD!

Today is "show day" and between rehearsals and fleeing off on another motor-boat for an interview with Gary Davies, ver boys are sauntering all over the roof of the Hyatt Hotel doing their final billion interviews for American TV. They are by now



▲ Ver boys' "blee-esque maroon popstar" van from which they've just "blown".

looking a smidgen withered. Matt's eyelashes are flickering with fatigue, Luke's vest is behaving in a most limp manner and Craig has ceased guffawing every second at his own "jokes".

Well, chaps, you've certainly managed to out-fame every other pop "sensation" here this week, haven't you?

Matt: "Whoo... I dunno... it's been crazy, innit? I don't think it's fair, really, I mean people like Sting... Stevie Winwood... (?) and it's just been incredible for us. I suppose we've managed to create a bit of an atmosphere for ourselves, haven't we? The way we go to

places and all that and I think it should be a bit like that. It is quite exciting . . .

Luke: "If it wasn't like that I think it'd be boring, don't you? I mean, we had that boat thing the other day an' that, that was quite a laugh, wasn't it? And last night we had the water-fight which was just a right laugh . . ."

Matt: "Tell you what's really annoyed me though, we did our press conference for the press yesterday and all they write about is our fen club, I mean, what is . . . what . . . what . . . I mean, are they real people, y'know? Are these people professionals? They might as well be writing for *The Beano*, y'know? We spend an hour talking to the press and they write about our fan club . . . it's unbelievable. It's the best fan club in Britain anyway, it's been voted that, and I can say here to a fact that we haven't made one penny out of it . . ."

Luke: "Let's have a look anyway (picks up nearby 'news' paper), '27 grand a week! Pthrrrrrr! Rippin' off our fans', that's . . . that's . . . that's really terrible, actually, and



▲ The "nix" photographers give "chase".



▲ "Wasshaassay!"



▲ Var boys and Jarmaine "Friend Of The Stars" Stewart having a kiss-up.

this is, like, the most read paper in the country. People are just being brainwashed by a load of shit.

Matt: "I just can't wait for the tour now, it's gonna be amazin'."

Luke: "We actually had to coincide the whole tour with the British police force, there's gonna be road-blocks at motorway exits and all that stuff . . . I mean, when you think that the entire tour was sold out in 40 minutes . . ."

Craig: "Already, though, wherever we go in Britain the police follow us, if they hear that we're going to be on a boat or something, you're guaranteed at least a few of them'll be there to check it out . . ."

Matt: "Fwooo . . . the fans . . . (starts to look a bit wibbly in the head) . . . I love 'em, I really love

'em, I love 'em soooooo much (carries on in this vein for several aeons) . . . I get a funny feeling in my belly. They take the mickey out of me, of course, but then everybody does all the time anyway . . . our manager, Luke and Craig . . . they call me Pampers . . ."

And why, pray?

Matt: "Er . . . heheheh!" (7)

Luke: "It's just 'cause he has to be looked after all the time! We'll need looking after but Matt takes twice as much looking after. It's like, he'll forget his glasses, he'll forget to pack his case . . ."

Craig: "But if you know what the most annoying thing is? When you're going 'Matt . . . Matt' and he's sitting two feet away from you and there's nothing else going on and you're starting to get a bit annoyed . . . Matt!"

Luke: "Maaaaaaatll! And you end up throwing ice at him end he's going (adopts weedy voice) 'What? What?'"

Matt: (looking a mite sheepish) "Uh . . . I tend to go off a little bit, I do actually go into my own world sometimes . . ."

"But (pointing to Luke), he's not much better! He can never decide which vest to wear hahaha!"

Luke: "I do like my vests, I must admit, only the ones with the high necks, though, like this one, I've actually got four of these now"

You haven't purchased any vests of the Swiss variety have you?

Luke: "Naaah, haven't bought a thing! It's a total rip-off, we had breakfast in our bedroom earlier on end it cost 120 quid! I only had cornflakes and a croissant and that's it! I had a bowl of cornflakes and that was 10 pounds, you get jam and milk an' that and it was 30 quid each for four of us . . ."

Craig: "Actually, I'd like to get a bar of white Toblerone. I'd totally forgotten about white Toblerone . . ."

Luke: "Oh God, that's started

him off, he had a Feast a minute ago . . ."

Matt: "He had a Boost phase for a while as well, four or five Boosts a day . . ."

Craig: "Yeah, well, I don't do any of that any more . . ."

But why ever not?

Craig: "Oh, y'know, I just don't do it . . . heheheh . . ."

Suddenly an almighty racket "breaks" out. "MAAAAAAAAAAT! LOOOOOO! CRAAAAAIIIG

AAAAARRHRRH!"

Jings. Yer boys have been spotted on the roof by some demented Swiss pop fans and so they must answer these curdlings with their wavings and hollers of "I love yoooooo!" etc. etc. until the lure of showtime swirls them away once again in their van to the not-very-pleasant Casino for the TV "happening".

Their performance is, of course, greeted with lunacy and faintings as they "throw" their spooky hand-shapes all over the "shop" and the stratosphere implodes into a black hole in infinity known as Bros "fever". It's all quite, quite incredible really . . .

SUNDAY: BACK TO "DEAR" OLD "BLIGHTY!"

The following morn' yer Bros boys take the aeroplane homewards, smelling like daffodils and looking completely unruined by the Montreux Pop Festival "Experience".

"Fwooooo . . ." sighs a wistful Luke as he strides through the customs "barrier", "it's been a laugh, innit? 120 quid again for breakfast this morning! Haah! Ridiculous! Oh! Did you see the papers this morning? We've got a really big article saying . . . something or other about us being the pop phenomenon of the '80s! Brilliant, innit? The whole of the '80s! Unbelievably brilliant . . . you know Bros, a phenomenon . . ."

You know, viewers, he is not wrong . . .



▲ "When will I be good at sewing" . . .

BROS: From girls' clothes to girl crazy!!

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This week we've got Bros: The Story So Far — check it out with Luke, Craig and Matt on 0898 22 25 14. Plus super style Berek B raps on 0898 22 25 10. Take a trip into the unknown with The Adventurers on 0898 22 25 12. And take a Star Turn on 0898 22 25 13. Ring that thing!

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CHECK THIS OUT

Skybird this is Drokick with a red dash
 Alpha message in two parts
 Red deah alpha standing by
 Romeo oscar november authentication
 Two zero four zero
 That's a valid message begin countdown
 it's just begun

This is a test this th-this this this
 Th-this is a test
 Ch-ch-ch-ch-check this out y'all

Jack the bass zap it on ma baby
 Jack jack j-jack the bass
 J-j-jack jack (my man slow it down)
 J-j-jack the bass b-b-burn this house down
 J-j-jack the bass
 Give it to them give it to them
 Give it to them yeah

CHORUS
 Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
 Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Check this out y'all
 You don't have to say anything
 And you don't have to do anything
 Or maybe just whistle
 You know how to whistle don't ya
 You just put your lips together and blow hit me

Bom bom bobadam ah bom bom bom bobadam
 Bom bom bobadam ah bom bom bom bobadam
 Yeah

REPEAT CHORUS

Check this out y'all
 This is a journey into aound oh not again
 Pump up the volume pump up the volume
 Pump up the volume get off

Ch-ch-ch-ch-check ch-check ch-check check
 Ch-ch-ch-ch-check ch-ch-check this out y'all
 Check ch-ch-check ch-check check
 Ch-ch-ch-ch-check ch-check ch-ch-check ch-ch-check
 Check this out y'all

Burn this house down
 B-b-burn this house down yeah

REPEAT CHORUS

Roll the drums
 How about playing something different
 Right away
 Woah yeah woah yeah woah yeah woah yeah
 Check this out y'all

REPEAT CHORUS

Woah yeah woah yeah
 A distinctively different sound
 Wh-wh-wh-whoa there's a fantastic
 I think we've got a hit record
 You'd better believe it
 Don't give me that balony
 D-d-d-don't give me that balony

They're creepy and they're kooky
 Mysterious and spooky
 They're altogether zooky
 The Adams family
 Ah thank you very much

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WIN TICKETS TO MICHAEL JACKSON

AT WEMBLEY STADIUM



Live

JULY 25TH 1988

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My dearest Black Type,

Help! I'm ever so confused. Let me begin.

Last weekend I was flicking through a so-called "serious" "news" paper (in an attempt to impress my granny), and couldn't help but notice how much Michael Jackson has changed in recent months. Personally, I reckon his costly "surgery" has gone drastically wrong, and as for voting for The Liberal Party... oh hum. Yours forever, A Woodhouse, Newbury.



Mr Michael Jackson
I read your Liberator 1975 issue and was shocked to see you had written about me. I am a doctor and I am not a doctor.

Poor chap. But do you know, he now shares an uncanny likeness with a bloke I often chance upon in Mister Bumblebrow's Ancient, Rare And Completely Useless Tome Emporium. He shuffles his way through the "Pottery For No-Hoppers" section and is a

wrinkly old soul who's quite clearly demented, especially if the rumours are true that he lost his gums in a tragic Pan Drop demolishing championship in a public bar in the winter of 1938. But to think! This Jackson fellow has paid millions for the pleasure of a soggy bottom and a serious history of lumbago. An odd "fish" indeed.

Cher Blague "Type",

Why, oh why, oh why does anyone refer to my good chum Prince as a bubblesque genius of the highest order when really he's just a nice boy who grows horses in his fridge like any other self-respecting student might?

You disagree? Well, my pop chums and chumsters, the proof is in the pudding, is it not? I mean, he isn't incapable of inventing the odd joustingly naff rhyming "couplet" read rumpo or the like, he's blatantly ripped off those old clangers Stans Quo's one and only "da da da-da, da da da-da" tune in his new single "Alphabet Street", and his new LP cover features him in a rather cllobberless state. (I know that loads of people

Letters

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

have performed this "act" before him, but they were however all so perceptive I've forgotten their names, and anyway, none were so ashamed of the natural look to have carefully lifted one of their legs rather nifty-like to cover their "modesty"!!)

The damned man can't even discriminate "to", "too", "two", and "2", or "be" "bee" and "B", or "for", "four" and "4", or even "you" and "U"! Quite clearly, the man is demented and quite possibly a sandwich short of a full picnic, but a genius? Ha! Haha! On your bike! Hugs and kisses, Prince's Newly Rounded Belly-Button, Tyne & Wear.

Dear Black Type,

Please will you and the rest of the Smash Hits staff do me a favour and stop taking the micc out of Rick Astley's accent. I come from Wigan, which isn't very far from where Rick lives, and we both talk in exactly the same way (except his voice is quite a bit deeper obviously). It seems that every time you mention him in your otherwise groovy mag, you always go a bit O.T.T. about the way he talks.

There's nothing wrong with the way that anyone from Wigan or even Newton-Le-Willows talks. I happen to think that Rick is ace and anyone who doesn't needs their head tested. And by the way, if you print a reply to my letter, then don't write something like:

"Tar very much for ya letta these sent me a bit ago. It were dead interesting ya know, like. Maybe we should get together some time and talk black puddings or summat, like?"

Much obliged, A Flaming Rick Fan From Wigan.

Perish the thought, "chuck"!

Dearest Wacko Black!o!

Sorry to be so boring "n' all that, but you'll never guess what?!? Wet Wet Wet are flamin' well at it again. "At what"? you may well ask. Nicking other people's lyrics, of course. I am, you understand, referring to their latest hit, "With A Little Help From My Friends" (the proceeds of which are going to a very worthy cause, if I may say so). But SHOCK! HORROR! and several other words of disgust - this time, not only have Yer Wee nicked the entire lyric from some '60s Beatles ditty, but they've gone and nicked the ruddy tune too!!!!

A Bottle Of Compound W Who's Tired Of Being Pinned At The Bottom Of The Letters Page, Reading.

Pal! That Marti Pillow's a pillager if ever one traipsed the pop universe. Snaffle a token 'n' towel for your "keen" observation if you will, while I ponder the thought that if there are thousands of invisible mites thriving in one's (We'd rather you didn't actually - Ed.) Pal!

Dear Black Type,

They're in cahoots, I'm sure of it. Who? Those Panini sticker people and the Pet Shop Boys of course! Why do I think this? Why, it's simple. If you take the name "Panini" and erase the last "i" and replace it with the letters "aro", you get the name of the song about sandwiches on the "Disco" LP. Perhaps this is why there are seven Pet Shop Boys stickers in the collection. Not that I mind. The Pet Shop Boy, Melksham.

Dear Black Type,

The other day, while flicking

through a magazine, listening to my Mequith LP, trimming my split ends with a pair of nail-clippers, blowing up my fancy new silver fish-free rubber mattress with a billowing gust from the general direction of my lungs, having 18 baits a day etc. etc. I happened to notice that before "embarking" on his career as a Scouse "belter" with not-very-long-flowing locks (unlike me), Garry Christian had a part in that ancient thug-flick, The Warriors (except that he didn't really, it was just someone who looked like him). Wow! H.G. Babylon, Highgate. P.S. By the way, I'm in a band myself. We're called The Woo - (Snailp!!! - Ed.)

Silver fish? The most quiverbrewing species known from the thousands (multiply by several million if you're Uncle Disgusting) of the microscopic varmits who dwell unseen in the average chap's bedding. Fair gives one the creeps, does it not? But as for a "combo" called The Woo - (snailp!!!!) A hopeless moniker if you don't mind me saying so. And now, as they say, I'm off, "pal". Byecccccccc!!!



▲ Garry Christian



▲ Some Thug

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Scrritti Politti



Oh Patti

Oh Patti don't lead the life that I left you

I had a dream of us together
in a world where we knew what was true
Oh Patti don't lead the life that I left you
it's been such a long time and I know

We tried together to discover
Why we failed the test of our time
Oh Patti don't lead the life that they made for you
I'll be gone a long while and you'll know

And don't feel sorry for loverboy
You know he wants the world to love him
And then he goes and spoils it all
Don't feel sorry for loverboy
He wants the world to love him

Then he goes and spoils it all for love

There's no one out here you can listen to
And certainly never yourself
Oh Patti don't lead the life that I left you
Listen to the cars call in the rain

I got so tired of concluding
That there's nothing for us to conclude
Oh Patti don't look for certainty in your life
I've gone where a lost cause can be found

Then he goes and spoils it all for love
(Do do do) all for love (do do do) little girl
(Do do do) all for love little girl (do do do for love)
(Do do do do do)

Oh Patti don't

Don't feel sorry for love
He wants the world to love him
Oh and don't feel sorry for loverboy
He wants the world to love him
And then goes and spoils it all
Don't feel sorry for loverboy
He wants the world to love him
And then he goes and spoils it all for love

Words and music by Gartside/Gamson
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On Virgin Records

"I agree it's a funny name for a pop group" says Green Gartside of Scrritti Politti to Richard Lowe

I've never actually known a woman called Patti, muses Green Gartside from Scrritti Politti, "so this song isn't about a specific person at all. I suppose on the surface it's about the end of a relationship but really it's to do with faith—faith in the world in a way, faith in the sense of knowing the truth about the world, be it in a political way or in a religious way or in any other way. That all sounds terribly pompous, doesn't it?"

Do you get the impression that this bloke called Green, the man who basically is Scrritti Politti, is a bit of an intellectual type, viewers? Well he is, a bit, anyway. One minuta he's raving about the new Tiffany single and asking lots of questions about her ("What's she really like? Is she happy? Is she a bright girl?") and the next he's rattling on about his favourite painter, some bloke called Marcal Duchamp ("a cool dude—he was a very radical artist in the 20s, then one day he just decided to give it up, ha though" 'sod this, I'd rather play chess

all day' so that's what he did.") Aye, he is an odd fish and no mistake. But who is he? Where did he spring from? And why the devil is he called Green? Well...

● He was born in South Wales 31 years ago and one day when he was 16 he decided he was a bit bored of his "very ordinary" christian name (which he refuses to "reveal") and so he called himself "Green" instead. "I was on a train somewhere and I decided that the first thing that came into my head would be my name. So I was looking out of this train window in the middle of summer and everything was totally green and so that was it. It's a ridiculous name isn't it?"

● After being Green for a couple more years in South Wales he trooped off to Leeds Polytechnic to study "the philosophy of art history" and became a punk rocker. "I was completely into being a punk—it was my life. I lived in a squat, went to gigs every night, wore bondage trousers with red, green and

gold stripes down them, the lot.
● He then formed his own punk group called Scrritti Politti: "The name of the group came from a book I was reading at the time called Politician Writing by an Italian communist called Antonio Gramsci and the title was written in Italian on the inside page Scrritti Polittico. I decided to take the 'ci' off the end so it was Scrritti Politti, a bit like that old song 'Tutti Frutti'. So really the name means 'political writing' which I agree is a funny name for a pop group."
● After being a punk for a couple more years he decided it would be much nicer to make proper pop records instead so he started inventing tunes like "The Sweetest Girl", "Wood Beez" and "The World Girl" and became a pop star!
● He's not very happy at the moment because he's completely penniless and the hot water isn't working in his house so he has to boil it in pans of water to have a bath.
● And there you have it.

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REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY ASWAD

**BOY GEORGE: No
Clause 28 (Virgin)**

Brinsley: I like music that has some substance in it and, whether I agree with this or not, he's singing about a reality (i.e. this is a song protesting about the government act that will make it illegal for local authorities to present homosexuality as in any way "acceptable"). That's a reality to a certain amount of people. I respect the song for the fact he's dealing with a certain situation. Whether you agree with the actual topic or not — we're not getting into that — it's wrong for people's rights to be taken away. Like any song that's about something the music gets you first.

Drummie: It's good dance music. I can hear a lot of influences in there — I can hear a lot of reggae which he always has in his music and there's rapping, which is funky.

Brinsley: He's going for street-cred, isn't he?



**THE TIMELOARDS:
Doctorin' Me (KLF)**

Tony: To me this is the same as "Pump Up The Volume" or "Bass (How Low Can You Go)". There's nothing there for me to relate to.

Brinsley: The "ll" appeal to millions of people. It's probably be a smash bloody hit. It's one of those disco things — it'll play forever at parties. There's a bit of everything — mostly the Dr Who theme tune.

Drummie: If this came on at a party I'd go and find a drink.

Brinsley: (going mad and putting on a silly voice) "The Daleks are coming! The Daleks are coming! The Daleks are coming. Externemote. Externemote!" It's absolute and utter crap. How can you have a Doctor Who record without the Daleks? Crap!

**ALEXANDER O'NEAL:
The Lovers (Epic)**

Brinsley: This is O'Neal, isn't it? I like him but his last few records don't seem to have much thought to them. Like "Critics", the song seemed to fall short. This one, too. I want him to stretch himself more. This is

just another single, another song, "here it goes, we've got a nice groove, we've got a few nice words, bang, let's put it out". He could be a lot better. It just sounds like he's churning them out.

**DANNY WILSON:
Davy (Virgin)**

Drummie: He's a good singer. I don't know if it's as catchy as "Mary's Prayer"; I've only heard it once but "Mary's Prayer" got me the first time I heard it. That was released three times? I didn't know that. I thought they were a brand new band — just like people think we're a brand new band.

Brinsley: People just want to hear good tunes like this... and Playground Attraction.

Drummie: Fairground Attraction.

Brinsley: Yeah. **Drummie:** This is real music, as opposed to drum machines...

**SISTERS OF MERCY:
Lacretia (WEA)**

Drummie: Are they sisters? Only joking (?) I wouldn't say it's my personal cup of tea but it sounds like a hit. It's the honesty I like, and it's the honesty that gets to the people.

Brinsley: As for the way they look, it's like us. We've been going for 14 years and it's only been this year that a lot of people have said "you're only ordinary."

Drummie: They'd look at us and say "I'm not going to talk to those guys." Honestly. People would cross a road or leave a disco or think — "these guys are going to make trouble because of the way they looked."

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

**MAXI PRIEST: Wild
World (Virgin/10)**

Drummie: It's a hit single. **Brinsley:** Yeah. I always said he should have put this out before the one before (i.e. "How Can We Ease The Pain"). It doesn't matter that it's a cover version. "Wet Wet Wet" are having their first number one with a cover. We're a band who has always written our own material and now we've had a number one with a song

written by someone else. **Drummie:** Everyone knows this tune. It's a good song, written by Cat Stevens. It lends itself to reggae perfectly.

Brinsley: We're biased but we do think it'll be the biggest hit.



**THE COMMUNARDS:
There's More To Love
Than Boy Meets Girl
(London)**

Drummie: A lot of people like The Communards but they sound very samey to me. It's not my personal cup of tea.

Brinsley: I don't like it. They've had quite a few number ones haven't they? The idea "there's more to love than boy meets girl" ... as with the Boy George single, it's not whether I agree with it or not, it's dealing with part of some people's reality. It's wrong for me to condemn...

**MORRISSEY: Every
Day Is Like Sunday
(His Master's Voice)**

Drummie: Morrissey! He used to be in the Stray Cats, didn't he? Just joking (?)

Brinsley: I don't like the monotonous sound. There's hardly any melody in his voice. It doesn't move me. **Tony:** It doesn't sit on my street. (?)

Drummie: The Smiths did that "Jean Jean Jean take a bow", didn't they? (He means "Shello Takes A Bow", actually — Ed.) Yeah. That was my favourite Smiths song. To me the raw talent in the Smiths was the guitarist; I can't remember his name. (Johnny Marr, actually — Ed.) What do people like about things like



Drummie: "Everywhere Bros go they've got screaming girls. Are we jealous? Nah! We've got screaming old women after us."

this! I don't know. Maybe they like sleeping in the middle of the afternoon, ha ha!

Brinsley: Yeah I think you've said it brilliantly. I think the people who like him like him because they get fed up with really perfect singers and then they hear him and think "this sounds like me... brilliant." They can sing along to it.

Drummie: The guy next door.

**BROS: I Owe You
Nothing (CBS)**

Drummie: (in a high pitched voice) ARRRGGGGGGGGH I LOVE 'EM.

Tony: (in a similar high pitched voice) ARRRHHHHH! MATT! OH LUKE! OH CRAIG!!! He really does sound like Michael Jackson.

Drummie: I think he's a really good singer. A lot of the press said he couldn't sing but we know he can sing and I think he's really talented.

Brinsley: We know them personally — they're very big friends. They're Aswad fans, aren't they? They told someone from a German magazine that Aswad were their favourite group. Nice one, Luke, Matt and Craig.

Drummie: Everywhere they go they've got screaming girls. Are we jealous? Nah! We've got screaming old women after us. It was unfortunate that we stopped them getting to number one ("Don't Turn Around" was number one while "Drop The Boy" was number two).

Brinsley: I don't know about this one though. To me this isn't as good as the previous two.

**BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN:
Tougher Than The
Rest (CBS)**

Tony: I think Bruce Springsteen caters for a generation that's grown up with him... trucks... it's the American way of life, isn't it?

Drummie: Yankee bars. **Tony:** It's a slow, rock pace, this.

SADE: Paradise (Epic)

Brinsley: This is better than her last single ("Love Is Stranger Than Pride") — I didn't like that. She's on the borderline of being very down. She needs to just perk up that little bit. She's a great singer but... **Tony:** She's a bit lazy.





Tony: "This Morrissey single doesn't sit on my street."



Brinsley: "How can you have a Dr Who record without the Daleks! Crap!"

TONY

BRINSLEY

WIN A WONDROUS VIDEO

MICHAEL JACKSON: The Legend Continues (The Video Collection, £9.99)

This is quite possibly the most magical video ever to have been created! It's Michael Jackson's life story from his humble beginnings in Gary, Indiana to the present day and it's fascinating from start to finish. One gets the impression that almost everything Michael Jackson has ever done has been recorded on film and in this video you get to see a fair bit of it. There's some brilliant vintage 'footage' of Michael as most crumbles will remember him, trilling alongside his brothers in The Jackson 5 and rocking "out" with such show "biz" megablings as Diana Ross and Cher. There's even some rare old home movies made by dad (Joe Jackson) before The 5 became hugely famous. The whole "bag",

in fact, is a truly star-studded event and includes his toff pals like Elizabeth Taylor, Fred Astaire, Sophia Loren, Fred Lauper and Michael's brother Marlon, who all wax a bit lyrical about the supreme brilliance of His Mad Moccasin. (Except for actress Liz Taylor who appears to be having a turn of some sort and wobbles something about Michael being like litmus paper.) There are billions of songs too: some old ones like "I Want You Back", "Never Can Say Goodbye", "I'll Be There" and the weepsome one about a rat called "Ben", and some newer ones including "Thriller", "Billy Jean" and "Beat It". It's all very carefully put together and really quite touching. Here are just a few of the "highlights"...

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▲ Michael - stars staring starker!



▲ Michael on something called The Jim Nabors star in 1970.



▲ Michael - stars staring bankers! (New face!!!)



▲ The Jackson 5, i.e. Michael and his brothers Marlon, Jermaine, Tito and Jackie, became a regular "happening" on The Ed Sullivan Show during 1969



▲ The phenomenon that was The Jackson 5 appearing on their own American TV show



▲ Janet Jackson as a mere pop above - writer's "Cool" etc



▲ Lizzy T - I think Michael is like litmus paper - O'Quill

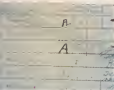
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VIDEO COMPETITION

ABOUT MICHAEL JACKSON!



▲ Michael on big cheese fully featured Ed Sullivan's show in 1969.



▲ Michael's 'growing' school quite remarkable, really



▲ Michael and Dana, piping the strains of 'We Are The World' - they raised millions of bob for charity!



▲ Michael (left) and his relative "cousin" Jermaine



▲ The Jackson 5 even had their own cartoon show every Saturday morning!

Photos: Julian Burton

COUPON

To celebrate the most momentous occasion in the history of pop music... (i.e. the release of Michael Jackson... *The Legend Continues* video) Review has 50! - 50! - of these highly coveted items to give away! All you have to do to be in with a shout of winning one is unravel the load of old nonsense below and make them into six Jackson 5 or Michael Jackson song titles and write them in the space opposite!

1. ONWTYBAIAUCK
2. EBODSNVERCANEAYGOY
3. LJYINBALE
4. REAIMOMNHIRNTR
5. EKUEFTWYEHEALYOMAEM
6. CUATJNSOLSTTTPOINOVYGU

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REVIEW VIDEOS



WISH YOU WERE HERE (15)

However much of an enigmatic brat Emily Lloyd may seem on catwalks, she is hilariously funny in *Wish You Were Here*. She plays Linda, a brassy

boastful teenager growing up in cozy Clacton in the '40s (where, for some reason, it seems to be summer all year round), and she finds life there so desperately boring that she makes a deliberate push to flour conventions at a time when girls were most definitely supposed to behave like girls. Her shouts of "Up yer bum!" her flouting and knicker-flaunting escapades are the despair of her father, but mixed in with the comedy is a very sad story of a confused girl overlooked by her family who embarks on a disastrous and seedy affair with a pervy cinema projectionist. It's all so cringe-makingly real that it's almost hard to watch, and indeed *Wish You Were Here* is an occasionally disturbing, though quite brilliant film. **(8½ out of 10)**

Lola Borg



BIG TOWN (15)

Matt Dillon, the "swifty" American actor who in his spare time appears in *Pogues* videos, seems to be making a career out of playing cocky, over-

actually-*quite-mane-and-ince-deep-down-inside* types. In *Big Town* he's a cocky, over-confident etc. bloke who goes to Chicago (i.e. *The Big Town*) to try his luck at making lots of money gambling with dice. (A game which takes up great chunks of the film and which would be rather more interesting if the rules were explained so you knew which "throws" to get excited about.) Once he's arrived just about everything happens that you'd expect to happen: he does some clever things, he does some stupid things, he falls in love, he's a bit rotten to people, he wins lots of money, he starts "mysteriously" falling off and so on. Not exactly engrossing but quite convincing really. **(6 out of 10)**

Chris Heath



THE WOO WOO KID (PG)

This is the true story of one Elsworth "Sonny" Wiscarver (impressively "portrayed" by Patrick

Dempsey), a dapper young chappie, who, in his "her" day caused a considerable stir when he developed a taste for older, married women. Not very scandalous by today's standards, admittedly, but in America in the 1940s (when all this happened) such shenanigans were totally unacceptable. As a consequence, 15-year old Sonny finds himself in more than just the occasional spot of bother: i.e. he gets arrested quite a bit and finds that his clothes fall off frequently. And that's really all there is to this video. It's a mild mannered and rather misanthropic account of Sonny's adventures during those years, well acted, well directed and helped greatly by the dry humour and quite hilarious narration of Patrick Dempsey. Well worth a look... **(8 out of 10)**

Alex Kodis



▲ Chris: "labeled with a pig of a job."

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY (18)

Oh dear. Instead of the jolly accommodating boy-next-door-type who'll scale a wall just to get you a soft drink, Michael "J." Fox has foolishly decided to tackle something more "serious". Here he plays Jamie, a man with problems. His wife has left him, he hates his job checking facts on a snoot-magazine, and, to top it all, he's got a permanent hangover and wakes up every morning flaccid as limp as a lettuce. He not very sensibly ignores these irritations and plunges into v. v. dodgy night time escapades with his best pal, the slimy, ferret-faced Tad (brilliantly played by Kiefer Sutherland). As the film winds on interminably through a week in Jamie's squalid life it becomes blindingly obvious that Kiefer would have done much better in the main role and while Michael does make a valiant effort to look cool and tortured and all that he just doesn't quite pull it off. Sadly, the film isn't nearly enthralling enough to recover from what was a serious mistake in the casting.

Nythan Rybog



▲ Michael J. Fox: "lootah"



BEVERLY HILLS COP II (15)

Of course this is not quite as good as *Beverly Hills Cop*, but it's still a jolly good way of whiling away a couple of hours. Axel Foley (Eddie Murphy), the flash smooth-talking Forche-driving undercover agent, spins a load of codswallop to his boss, does a bunk from Chicago, and jets off to the rescue of his old police mate in L.A. (man) who have been taken off the so called "alphabet murders" case and demoted to traffic wardens. The plot is fast and funny, Eddie is rather fab throughout and so is Brigitte Nielsen as a glamorous gun-toting baddie. **(6 out of 10)**

Lola Borg



INNER SPACE (PG)

This film is a brilliantly witty and remarkably well-executed poke at the usual run of the "mill space-race type films and jolly good it is too! The whole thing centres around Tack Pendleton (Deon Cox), an irrevocable space hero who, in the name of science, is reduced to the size of an atom and "inadvertently" injected into the botchy of Jack Putner (Martin Short) — a man who's a dead loss on all counts.

The real fun starts when Jack teams up with Tack's spunky goddess Lydia (Meg Ryan) and they set out to retrieve the stolen microchip which will zap Pendleton back to life size again. This leads them into all sorts of zaps and capers and there's many a billing session with cool-looking villainous types! Brilliant! **(9 out of 10)**

Alex Kodis

COMPETITION

PS! We have got ten — yes ten! — free copies of *Beverly Hills Cop II* to give away to ten lucky viewers who can answer this simple question: Which swank American football jackets does Eddie wear in *Beverly Hills Cop II* (i.e. a) the Houston Oilers b) the Detroit Lions or c) the Albuquerque Anesters? Answers on a postcard to **Smash Hits/Beverly Hills Cop II Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF** by June 14.

COMPETITION

PS! We have got ten — yes ten! — copies of *Inner Space* to give away. To be in with a chance of copying one just tell us where you'd find your microchip! (Would it be in a) your nose; b) your elbow or c) your hand? Answers to **Smash Hits/Inner Space Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF** by June 14.



HIS MY GIRL (15)

You know things aren't going too well in *His My Girl* when the "hero", a bloke called Bryan (David Hallyday), starts playing quite possibly the worst song you've ever heard (called, rather typically, "Church Of The Poisoned Spider"). Bryan is (supposedly) a budding pop star who wins a competition to meet a decrepit old rock "legend" in Los Angeles with a friend. The organizers say he has to bring a girl with him, he wants to bring his manager and best friend Reggie (T.K. Carter) and so Reggie dresses up in high-heels, wig and a dress and becomes Regina. From then on the film splits into two utterly predictable

storylines — first, lots of corny gender confusion and palaver because Reggie Regina is a different sex every second minute, secondly the nail-biting question as to whether Bryan really will become a rock 'n' roll star. It's all a bit weirdly — a state of affairs which is hardly helped in the second half of the film when we are required to get concerned about a song the decrepit rock star steals off Bryan — but to be honest, the song is so bad that even Reg "Reg" Snipston & His Useless Toddoots would think twice about using it as a b-side... **(3 out of 10)**

Chris Heath



FILMS

SUSPECT (15)

It's Christmas time in Washington and Kathleen Riley (Cher) is an overworked defence lawyer who gets landed with a pig of a job — she's ordered to defend a rather smelly old tramp who's on a murder charge. He claims he's innocent, she believes him — the only trouble being that it looks virtually impossible to prove. In steps a member of the jury — the not entirely unattractive Dennis Quaid, who for some reason decides to help her out. Of course — in true thriller fashion — what is unearthed is far more serious than either of them imagined. The plot, admittedly, does sound hideously clichéd but truly it's not in the slightest. Although *Suspect* is a straightforward film, with no particular message or "meaning", it's well acted by both stars, almost indecently gripping and guaranteed to have your eyeballs superglued to the screen.

Lola Borg



▲ The rather brilliant Keifer Sutherland (left) with Michael J. Fox.



▲ "Barman": A part of your finest Ur-Bongo!



▲ "Hangover story" (!)

Her life hasn't been the same since her death.

OBITUARIES

Housewife chokes on giant chicken ball

Lucy Chadman, average housewife and mother, died at Kew-Forest Hospital Friday evening, from choking on what experts described as "a Giant South Korean Chicken Ball."

Sure, up by chicks, husbands and husband Jason, first son Danny, went sister Zinda, dutiful-but-worthless dog Flippy, and the tenacious-but-bitter Giant South Korean Chicken Ball.

Borned Turn-of-the-Century, Reformation, Jennifer. One-fifthing the growing husband of the greatest com-mony wing spread, relax one and family friends, most prominent a Mrs. Kim Lacey, who was uttered in a revealingly number but late-fully plumping sequenced quick-late and "oh Halston" dress when mashing verbal hat, Guter shrew-tail pattern.

Familis regularly that in lieu of flowers, someone provide a good home for Flippy and the Giant South Korean Chicken Ball.



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How to turn your living room/bedroom/ "shed" into a recording studio



Do you ever contemplate becoming a top record producer/mixer/DJ/songster/guitar whizz etc. etc? Well, this sizeable chunk of equipment bristling with knobs and microphones and dials might be just the very thing to set you on the way. It's called the *Amstrad Studio 100* and it's an utterly wonderful concept. What it is is a so-called four track recording studio: in other words, unlike most ordinary tape recorders which can only record one track at a time, you can record four separate chunks of music and mix them together just like pop stars and producers do in recording studios. Not only that but it's got speakers, a twin cassette deck and a turntable built in so you can either use it as a "normal" stereo or you can "scratch" records and play bits of tape to use as part of your four track recording. It's also got four microphones and "inputs" so you can record your voice/guitar/drum machine/keyboard/kazoo/cat/male voice choir/perny whistie and so on and so forth. By using a special technique known as "bouncing" you can actually end up with about nine different recordings "mixed" on to one tape. Though it's all a bit baffling to use at first, it's actually miles simpler than most of the portable four track studios on the market and it sells for the preposterously "cheap" price of just under £300.

The drawbacks? 1) £300 is still quite a lot; 2) the sound quality is one zillion miles away from professional standards; 3) it's quite cheaply made, so unless it's handled with care it'll fall apart; 4) you've got to remember that it is only a four track recorder - most real pop groups use 32 or 64 track studios, and 5) it won't actually write your own song for you - you've got to do that bit yourself.

All the same, it's a completely brilliant invention and if you've got tunes/songs that you want to record it'll teach you a lot about how to go about it, and give you quite a good-ish stereo tape as the end result...

VARIOUS: More Dirty Dancing (RCA) Those who haven't sampled the "delights" of the original *Dirty Dancing* film or its "soundtrack" will probably be somewhat

confused by this curious collection of eight "golden" oldies, mostly obscure but still rather fine '60s soul hits ("Do You Love Me?" by The Contours, "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?" by The Shirelles etc.) plus a couple of wacky pop hits ("Wipeout" by The Surfaris, "Big Girls Don't Cry" by The Four Seasons). These, however, are padded out with an equal number of orchestral ballroom bits (to which Patrick Switz does his "thing" in the original film, an instrumental version of "The Time Of My Life" plus the truly sick-making "Kellerman's Anthem" (thank you so much, the Emile Bergstein Chorale). It will doubtless sell by the shedful, but for those of you who have seen *Dirty Dancing* and enjoyed it - do you really want this halfbacked hotpotch as a souvenir? **(4 out of 10)**
Ian Grano

STATUS QUO: Ain't Complaining (Phonogram/Vertigo)

This is the 311th LP (or thereabouts) from "Ver Quo" and includes their recent hit "I Ain't Complaining" and the current single, the slightly blubbery "Who Gets The Love". These also happen to be the best tunes on the LP and are good examples of their attempt to throw aside their heavy "no nonsense" reputation for pastures new. Indeed, on "One For The Money" which features chugging bass and sprinkling keyboards, "Cross That Bridge" with its cajun-style fiddle and "Magic", a nod in the direction of their old style sound, they almost succeed in being interesting. Overall though "Ain't Complaining" is a very ordinary affair... **(4 out of 10)**

Graeme Kay

HOTHOUSE FLOWERS: People (London) What an extraordinary tale this is! Bloke gets "discovered" by Bono, forms group, they release two singles, go on Eurovision Song Contest, get zero points, become pop stars and release LP which goes straight to the top of the Irish charts. But is it any good? Yes it is, actually, particularly the two songs written by vocalist Liam O'Meara (along with his mate who died ("Don't Go" and "If You Go") while the others all stomp along in a pleasant enough way (particularly "Feet On The Ground"), even if it does get a bit dull now and then ("Ballad Of Katie", "I'm Sorry"). So - gung! - are they the next U2? Er, no, probably not...

(7 1/2 out of 10)
Barry McIlheney

THE MADNESS: The

Madness (Virgin) The Madness are four members of what used to be pain old Madness, the group responsible for such nutty boy hits as "House Of Fun", "Our House" and "Baggy Trousers". This is their first LP as The Madness and it's something of a hit and miss affair. Good points: "Nail Down The Days" is a somewhat splendid slice of white boy soul; "What's That" is a pleasantly sad sort of tune and "Beat The Bride" treats us to some loose-limbed reggae which flops about all over the shop. Unfortunately the rest of the LP tries too hard to be clever and ends up in a bit of a pickle. Not a great LP by any means, but not bad. **(6 out of 10)**

Graeme Kay

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The logo for the brand 'Rainbow' is positioned at the top left. It features the word 'rainbow' in a lowercase, sans-serif font. Each letter is a different color, following the spectrum of a rainbow: 'r' is red, 'a' is orange, 'i' is yellow, 'n' is green, 'b' is blue, 'o' is purple, and 'w' is pink.

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New Captivation

I saw him standing there there there there
There there there there
I saw him standing there there there there
There there there there
He was just seventeen way beyond compare

Well he was just seventeen
And you know what I mean
And the way he looked
Was way beyond compare
I'll never dance with another woo
When I saw him standing there

Well he looked at me and I could see
That before too long I'd fall in love with him
And he'd never dance with another woo
When I saw him standing there

Well my heart went boom
As I crossed the room
And I held his hand in mine

Woah we danced through the night
We held each other tight
And before too long I fell in love with him
He'd never dance with another woo
When I saw him standing there

Well my heart went boom
As I crossed the room
And I held his hand in mine

Woah we danced through the night
We held each other tight
And before too long I fell in love with him
He'd never dance with another oh
When I saw him standing there
I saw him standing there
Well since I saw him standing there

Oh I saw you standing there
I saw you standing there
You were just seventeen
Way beyond compare
I saw you standing there
I saw you standing there
Don't ever dance
Don't ever dance with another
Nobody nobody nobody

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I
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I saw

standing

there

there



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

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 GIELCTIRRIINELEFIUDN
 QKBSSSIIIEILBFRDSAT
 ATSLBTIOUOCEEQIIT
 REARALULTRNRIEIDSHL
 SNAWESAIAEFOONTSGE
 DGAEAHPNVSNEIYOUVN
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 AMTNCUOIOLEKNSRA
 WCKEMOHFRYBHEACCO
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 FPANODNOLSMYIBEMOS

Adjust your eyes to the right for the answers!

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- MANGO
- MANHATTAN
- MERCURY
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- PARLOPHONE
- PICKWICK
- POLYGRAM
- PRECIOUS
- RCA
- REFERENCE
- RHYTHM KING
- ROUGH TRADE
- SERIOUS
- SIREN
- SOME BIZZARE
- STRANGER FRUIT
- TELSTAR
- VIRGIDIO
- WARNER BROTHERS

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PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No. 56 (4 May)
 ● The winner is G. Cox from
 Chester
 No. 57 (18 May)
 ● The winner will be announced in the
 next issue, meanwhile the answers in
 are standing below

CROSSWORD ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 Heart Dean, 7 (10) Isla
 (Bontal), 8 Andy (Ball), 9 Eddy Grant
 10 T'Law, 11 'In Too Deep', 12 Brian
 (Tasley), 13 'Car 1' Play (Win
 Madness), 14 'I) (d)dn' (Mean: To
 Turn You On)', 15 (Cousley) Klaus
 The Cat, 16 Net Cole, 18 Mike, 20
 (Harb) Albert, 21 ' (World 9) Lie (To
 You)', 22 'Lew (Bubble Tears)' 23
 'Papa Don't Preach'

DOWN: 1 'Heart', 2 Zodiac
 Mindwarp, 3 London, 4 'Easy
 Lover', 5 'No Detour', 6 Blankety
 Blank, 11 'I'm Not Scared', 12
 (Bar)' (Bad) (ce), 15 'Tell It To My
 Heart', 17 WAGB, 18 (Kama Chai)
 Mai (eon)', 19 Eric (3)



The "ooh gosh, I wonder what's in Just Seventeen this week" quiz QUESTIONS

1. CELEBRITY INTERVIEW Do we have in-depth interviews with:



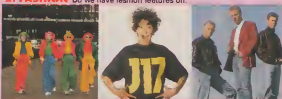
a) Debbie Gibson? b) Bill and Ben the flowerpot men (flobble flobble lob)? c) Les Dawson?

3. PIN-UPS Who's in the centre pages this week? Is it:



a) Harry Cross? b) Terry Wogan (Not very foawrgh -- the entire coosverse)? c) Charlie Sheen?

2. FASHION Do we have fashion features on:



a) Summer brights? b) The Just Seventeen T-shirt offer (at £3.99 a veritable bargain etc etc)? c) How to dress like Bros?

4. FEATURES Are there studiously researched features on:



a) Young people living in China -- what they eat, drink wear? b) My life with a heart-throb by Herman B Munster? c) The A-Z of vegetables?

ANSWER To find out you'll have a bloomin' well go and buy it. Hah!

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