

WIN
£35,000
WORTH OF CINEMA TICKETS!

SMASH HITS

POSTERS:
BROS
TIFFANY
CLIMIE FISHER

TRANSVISION VAMP
EVERYTHING
BUT THE GIRL
GLENN MEDEIROS
KIM WILDE
EIGHTH WONDER

MICHAEL JACKSON
What did he really get
up to in London?!

Corky O'Riley -

IT'S KYLIE!!!

See Pages 42-44

HIT SONGWORDS BY
Five Star + Belinda Carlisle
+ Def Leppard





THE SMASH HITS T-SHIRT It Fair Blows Your Knees Off!!

● Why does Nathan from Brother Beyond quite obviously have ants in his pants? What gives him that elusive "bees in his breeks" quality? Why is he the cheeriest chap in the entire cosmiglobe what with all those glameresque gnashers and smirks around his "gllils"? Because he is toggged out in a garment that "counts" – the exclusive *Smash Hits* T-shirt 1988 featuring some brilliant words and a dog and a bee that speaks which together can be summed up in the word "cookin'". (?) And you, too, can be as delirious with mirth as Nathan by carrying out the following simple-"pimple" instructions:

1. Fill in your name and address and the number of T-shirts you want on the coupon below.
2. "Bung" it in an envelope with a cheque or postal order (made out to the *Smash Hits* T-Shirt Offer) for £3.99 per shirt (a snip!!).
3. Address your envelope with the words "The *Smash Hits* T-Shirt Offer, P.O. Box 136, Peterborough PE2 0XW."
4. Seal your envelope with some "spittle". This will probably not taste very nice.
5. "Lob" your envelope in the nearest post "box".
6. Go home for "28" days and jump up and down in preparation for having "bees in your breeks".
7. Do several somersaults towards your doorway as your T-shirt makes a noise on the carpet a bit like this... "thmpmnpnh".
8. Put in on your "back" and career around your living-room like a baboon because you now have ants in your pants!!

Photos: Simon Fowler



COUPON

● Please send me _____ t-shirts at £3.99 each. Ta.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



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Vol. 10 No. 15 Cover Photo: Andrew Catlin



POSTER

NATHAN (BROTHER BEYOND)

WIN A FRIDGE THAT'S AS A PAPERCLIP (OR



Oh! Man it's happening if it's weird it's neat! Skipping through the flowers and not eating meat! Pursuing the vines and the moon! Hello sun hello clouds I think I'm a spoon (man)!

(?)
(The Boney Dog (Shoobie Band) Extracts from "that difficult third demo")

SEVEN ASTONISHING FACTS YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT JOE ELLIOT OF DEF "LEPPARD"



things – there's a mirror on the wardrobe door but that's about it!

1. He collects rubbish! "I've got tons and tons of t-shirts under my bed. I've got no room for them in my wardrobe. They're all sorts of rubbish. I've collected from radio stations, other bands, so many I can't even remember!"
2. He's got a mirror on his wardrobe! "My bedroom isn't great at the moment. It's adequate, it's got a bed in it and a wardrobe and that's about it. I'm not very vain. I don't go for having big mirrors and
3. His grandad was a fire extinguisher! "My dad's father was a very, very good footballer and he turned down playing for Sheffield Wednesday, Sheffield Utd, Manchester Utd and Arsenal because he paid more money as a trefman! His name was William Elliot."
4. He hasn't got any Chinese relatives! "I've got Chinese-ish eyes but that's about it really. I got them from me mum, she's got kind of Oriental eyes. I used to hate mine as a kid but now people say that they, you know, give me a lot of character."
5. He never has any dreams! "I don't remember having had any dreams for ages. I go to sleep and I wake up and that's it. I think a lot of dreams are caused by alcohol and so I don't really have them any more because I've given up the bev."
6. Er
7. There we have it

In the middle ages it wasn't much fun at all when you were fasting a little prickish. Why? Because nobody had invented the refrigerator yet which meant you had to cover your Sunday roast with mountains of salt to stop it from going off! (unless you were an Eskimo). And even the old salt ruse didn't always work properly so you ended up with food poisoning which is probably why no one from the middle ages (i.e. Henry VIII and others) is alive today. Fortunately for us all, somebody did finally invent the marvelous contraption we call a 'fridge' – and thus we are giving away 10 (!!) smart fridges that, cunningly enough, aren't fridges at all – they're crafty stationary cupboard! They contain such delights as a tape measure that looks like a cake, a moaner that looks like a steak,

a stapler that looks like half a pineapple, a pen that looks like a stick of celery and a pair of scissors that looks like a pair of scissors!!!!!! Plus it's got "Crawded Home" written on the front which just happens to be the name of a sort of pop group who have a new single out called "Beiter Be Home Saon". What more do you want? So to stand a chance of winning one of these simply glorious "fridges", just save this "chilly" riddle, what do you call an Eskimo's boot? Is it a) a skiff, b) a junk, c) a kayak or d) H.M.S. Beagle!

Answers on an ice berg to **Smash Hits What's in The Crisper Competition Today Mum Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough, PE2 0UF** by August 9.

THIS MAN IS

(i.e. this is his name, although he's not really a fruitcake as such. Apart



▲ "Weird" pretending to be Michael Jackson. Now with that "mouth mouse", eh readers?

Word Al! Yankovic is a rum old American bloke with a "lunny" record out called "Fat" which is, supposedly, a "clever" pun on Michael Jackson's "Bad". In the video, "Weird Al" imitates to an enormous "grith" and sings "I'm fat, I'm fat" and writes an about being a wobbling lower of blubber. Sounds hilarious, does it not? But what does His Mad Moccasin think of all this buffoonery? "Oh Michael thinks it's a real scream," quips the "lunny-man". "He not only carries a copy of the video on the road with him but I hear that he's giving out copies to his friends and that's flattening Oh. So you know him then?" "Yeah, I know Michael," spouts "Weird" "I mean, we're not close friends or anything, but I've met him in person and we've had to deal with him a lot. He's an extremely nice guy, with a really good sense of humour. He obviously doesn't have to let me do the things I'm doing

And not only did he let me do the song in the first place, he also lent me the set that we shot the video in (i.e. the same set that "Bad" was filmed on) - So with all this cunningness with Michael is there any prospect of you actually writing a serious ditty with him? "Oh yeah, sure. You know, anytime Michael wants to work with me I'll be here! Anyway, some people think we do already because in the lyrics for "Fat" it says "written by Jackson/Yankovic", because he wrote the music and I wrote the words, but it sounds like we're in the same room together going, "Uh, I don't know, Michael, what do you think of this word here? Should we change this around?" But surely not everyone thinks that "Weird Al's" jolly japes are side-splittingly heezy? "Well, no. There's this short guy in Minnesota who likes to pose naked on his album covers (this, viewers, is

BITZ



WIN REG'S "BOATER"!!!!

Carking wheeze, this boating lark, viewers! Perched atop a "pun" in the midst of Lake Windermere's glass-like expanse, consuming champagne by the "magnum" and strawberries by the "punnet". And what's the very attire to be seen as quacking with? Yes! One of **Ellan Reg's "John's boating habill"** Perfect for bailing out your sinking craft when you've "holed" it on the bank! Ideal for using as a lifeclip when you fall to bail your craft sufficiently! Quite nice on your head actually.

And Bitez has 15 – 15! – of these articles of headwear for lucky listeners to set at a jaunty angle! Plus! 15 – 15! – copies of "Reg Strikes Back", Ellan John's new LP are also up for "grab". For a chance of winning the said straw item, just answer this question: What side of a ship is "starboard"? Is it a) left, b) right, c) a "side" or d) lamb or d) Fatty Ken's? Answers on an oar to: **Berleceel It's A Chippy Ride Today Cap'n Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough, PE2 0UF** by August 9.



PHOTOS: L.F.A.

**"DISGUISED"
SOMETHING)**



"WEIRD"

from his "moustache", which is quite odd)



▲ "Weird" with his gooly "bore" pretending to be Michael Jackson at the beginning of the "Bad" video.



▲ "Weird" grooving his gyth, as it were.

"Weird" is "amusing" description of his Purple Plurivesce. Prince? Yeah, Prince didn't really like the idea of me making fun of his music. And I only wanted to make fun of him, really...!!)

"But usually no one takes offence. I have to get permission from people before I actually go ahead and do the song and generally people get the joke. I just come out with an idea, maybe a couple of example lyrics, and see if they have a sense of humour.

So in "Fat" an attack on people who are perhaps a little over-weight?

"Gee no!" Blubs "Weird" "I thought of 'Fat' the first or second time I heard 'Bad'. But then I thought well maybe that's a little in bad taste and people might be offended. But so far very few obese people have attacked me in the street, so maybe it's OK."

But wouldn't it have been mere "apt" to call the song "Mad"?

"Well, I... at (cough cough)... I'm not sure Michael would have been too keen on that one Ha ha!"

RICK ASTLEY IN "VIMTO IS 'GOOD' FOR YOU" SENSATION!!!!!!



▲ Rick searching for inner peace after 18 cans of Vimto (???)

It will not have escaped the notice of our more observant viewers that popstars these days seem to be very keen to tell the "punters" what brand of fizzy drink they rot their teeth with. Indeed, witness



Bros slurping many cansful of Pepsi before their British tour. Or, for that matter, His Mad Moccasiness' somewhat cumbersome inflatable Pepsi cans at his



live experiences. Or, for instance, Five Star, who got the whole "ball" rolling a couple of years ago, by "endorsing" Crunchie, then some toothpaste, and now appear to be, quite by themselves, walking adverts



for useless hairdressers. And now Vimto [red and sort of fizzy and makes you rather dizzy]! Yes, that "mystical" mix of fruit juices and "carbonated" water has entered the "fray" by sponsoring none other than our very "town"... Rick Astley!!! Sir Rick will be "embarking" upon his first ever British tour and Vimto will be paying him vast amounts of nicker to "brandish" cans of it. List at the venues listed opposite in December:

RICK'S DECEMBER "VIMTO" TOUR (?)

- 7th: Caird Hall, DUNDEE
- 8th: Playhouse, EDINBURGH
- 10th: City Hall, NEWCASTLE
- 12th: Apollo, MANCHESTER
- 14th: Wembley Arena, LONDON
- 17th: N.E.C., BIRMINGHAM
- 20th: I.C.C., BOURNEMOUTH

Tickets - at a rather snifty price of £9 and £10 - went on sale from the venues and usual ticket agencies from July 13 but it's still worth checking to see if there are any left. Containers of sparkling Vimto can also be secured at retail outlets across Britain and ("Soft" drinks series discontinued - Ed.)



Photo: Pozzani Press

Photo: Syndication International

THE MISSION



A "Live" "Experience" "Opportunity!"

Ver Miah! They're back! "Fresh" from being sick in their neckerchiefs in ver "studio" (where they've been inventing new following hair-wingers), they're exulting out on a bit of a "tour." And here it is in its full "glory" (Birmingham NEC (November 26), Edinburgh Playhouse (26), Newcastle City Hall (28) and Wembley Arena (December 2). Tickets are available from ver venue box offices right this very second. Binzoozi! (?)

Oh I bet it's like with a yellow-eyed imbricator on the tip of the nose of a fresh-man! He's wakin' "off" on the streets so he was a goon, meet! I kept on my finger buds and he started to giggle. He let down a hole and found Terry Wogan's wig
 ("Ode From A Ladies Happy Festival in 1987" - Emma Smeaton (Great Uncle of Pige)



CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q. What do you call a rock star who's round and sticky inside and goes about screaming: "Wooh! We're halfway there! Wo-Hoh! Live on a prayer!"
 A. Jam Bun Jowl

Pedantic really, isn't it, listeners? This feeble, comical "slap" comes from *The Future Rockers Of Old Trowbridge Town* (?). And it just shows how easy it is to read, absolutely no checks whatsoever. If you fancy yourself at being equally unamusing then send your crap joke to: Crap Joke Corner, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 6PE. And we'll send you nothing at all for your troubles!

ZIGGY

Doing Something



▲ "Ziggy" thinking about what he can do next for ver people.



▲ "Music is like a tree. A bit like this one."

FIVE STAR: THE "PLOT" THICKENS!?



★ Five Star Rock my world

You don't get mad
 You just get evan
 For something I didn't mean to do
 It happens
 It happens to be true
 But don't be sad
 Don't even get angry
 I get believe that we can see it through
 Just don't forget
 Everything you give you get
 And in a while it all comes back to you

CHORUS
 You wanna rock my world
 'Cause I'm rocking yours
 I would play those odds every time
 You've got to know how to dance
 Before you come to the floor
 And now that's the bottom line

But baby don't let that guy
 Start making you jealous
 He knows by now
 Why I'm not free
 And baby I bet my heart
 When you go out with the fellas yeah
 That you would do the same for me

You wanna rock my world
 'Cause I'm rocking yours
 I would pay those odds every time
 If I didn't know how to dance
 You couldn't get me on the floor
 Ah baby that's about it man, ah ah

You wanna rock my world
 'Cause I'm rocking yours ah ah
 That's all I would hope for
 Just stay in love with love
 And I'll keep an open door
 That's all I ask

So don't keep seeing ah
 Just rock it hulk ah-hulk ah hn
 New rock city world rock my world
 Huh uh ooh ooh

Everybody needs someone
 They can feel love from
 And I'm glad I'm feeling it from you
 When it's life or love I feel no reason
 Why we can't continue
 As long as you want ah

REPEAT CHORUS

You wanna rock my world
 'Cause I'm rocking yours
 That's all I could hope for
 Just stay in love with love
 And I'll keep an open door
 That's all I ask
 So don't keep seeing

C'mon rock my world (rock my world)
 'Cause I'm rocking yours hey-eh
 You've got to know how to dance
 Before you come to the floor
 Baby that's the bottom line
 You wanna rock my world
 (Rocking yours) uh c'mon
 That's all I would hope for
 You've got to know how to dance
 Before you come to the floor
 Now that's the bottom line

You wanna rock (rock my world)
 My world
 (Rocking yours) that's all
 You've got to know how to dance
 Before you come to the floor
 Remember remember the night is young
 (Rock my world) you wanna rock a
 'Cause I'm rocking yours eh
 That's all it could hope for

"Hello, We're five goths on holiday in Wales, Um, That's not quite right, We're five Michael Jackson lookalikes. Quite good, aren't we? Fmr fmr! 'Fooled' you! We're really Five Star 'disguised' as five people who are quite clearly demantled!! We're making a video for our new tune 'Rock My World' on the bottom of a quarry because we've finally flipped our 'wigs'! Ho ho there's a white van on the horizon with a funny red cross on it, hee hee, look Destroy there's a mirage of a lake with carp in it and... (Your employment is hereby 'tendered' - Ed.) Bah!!"



BITZ



Some People Making



Exhibit A: The goons pretending to be Stock, Aitken & Waterman! Hair how!

▲ Look at these goons. If you will. They're that mob called Morris Minor And The Majors who did a "hysterical" version of *Ver Beastie Boys* "No Sleep 'Til Brooklyn" except it was called "No Sleep 'Til Bedtime" except it was also called "Stutter Rap". Now they're back with something called "This Is The Chorus" in which they pretend to be Stock, Aitken & Waterman and some of their "inventions". Mmm...

Words and music by L. Sylvers ● Reproduced by permission SBK Songs Ltd ● On RCA Records



For The People"!!!

The most famous ever reggae personage in the history of everything was Bob Marley. He had rather long hair – in the “dread”/“lock” tradition – and made records like “No Woman No Cry” and “Buffalo Soldier” which became deeply revered by his billions of admirers and Rastafarians (a Rastafarian is someone who thinks Haile Selassie, deceased Ethiopian Emperor, was a pretty decent sort) the world over. Sadly, however, Bob Marley died of cancer in 1981 and the world was left an emptier place. But now Bob’s youngest son, David – known as “Ziggy” for some peculiar reason possibly connected with Dame David Bowie who used to prance about calling himself Ziggy Stardust (but possibly not) – is following in his father’s footsteps and has a piping hot chart hit, called “Tomorrow People”, all of his own. Remarkable, for Ziggy is but 19 years of age. And what else, you ask, is known about this intriguing Jamaican? The facts are these:

- Ziggy Marley is “doing something for the people” (hence the headline). “I’m confident in myself and my music,” he confides. “The reason I’m confident is that I’m doing something for the people.”
- When he was ten, Ziggy started to play the drums. “The first thing I learned was the drums,” he imparts. “I had a Mickey Mouse drum set with Mickey on the bass drum – with the ears and everything.”
- Bob Marley used to teach Ziggy to sing out of his navel (?). “He sometimes would say ‘Sing from your belly!’” Ziggy reveals.
- Ziggy Marley thinks that reggae music is like a tree (?). “It’s like a tree,” he explains. “You plant the seed and it grows and bears fruit. The tree is the music but the fruit is the people.” (???)
- Ziggy Marley is not like Michael Jackson. “I’m not like Michael Jackson,” he protests. “A snooty journalist once asked Ziggy Marley ‘Are you doing anything for the people?’ ‘Yes,” replied Sir Ziggywh, a smile playing around his youthful lips...
- And there we have it.

DEBBIE GIBSON'S GRADUATION DAY!!!



● It's the proudest day in an American school-person's life. In return for putting on a funny hat they give you a rolled up bit of paper which means you are a swot and tell you not to bother coming back.



● Debbie: "I'm so proud that I'd like to dedicate a special song to the man who invented popular music as we know it today, Billy Joel. 'Doonn't gooo changingg to tryyyy to pleasee me'..."



● Debbie with her sisters, celebrating her graduation. Haven't they got nice teeth?



● Debbie Gibson at home with her family celebrating her graduation. Haven't they got nice teeth?



● Still more wild graduation parties, starring Debbie and her "hearthrob" Brian Bloom who is an actor and who Debbie says can chat with her for hours and hours about absolutely nothing.

COMPETITION



★ Indeed, the Gibson family molars are high glorious to be "hold" and that's why we're giving away 50 – 50!!! – highly "exclusive" globular picture-discs of her blubalong new tune "Foolish Beat". To be in with a chance merely answer us this: Which celebrated

"comedy" trio recorded the seminal tune "The Funky Gibbon"? Was it: a) Stock Aiken & Waterman; b) The Bee Gees or c) The Goodies? Answers on a tooth-pick to Smash Hits/The "Gibbs SR" Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 6UF to get here by August 9.

Fools Of Themselves



Exhibit B: The goons pretending to be three Rick Astleys. Har har har!!!



Exhibit C: The goons pretending to be Bananarama. Oh dear. The real Stock, Aiken & Waterman, apparently, reckon this single is "a right bloomin' corker!" Fear their... (for theirabouts).

● Haven't they got nice teeth?

THE MAC BAND: AN "EXPLANATION"



▲ The Mac Band: Can you see where they're coming from?

"**R**oses are red" trundle **The Mac Band** on our television screens and how right they are. They're four blokes called Berrick, Charlie, Ray and Kelvin McCampbell who are brothers, and there's also four other blokes who aren't. They "hail" from the US of "A" where they've spent their considerable years winning billions of talent competitions and raking in piles of "bob" as prize money and now they're about to become famous (a bit). And *Bitz* is, this very instant, on the blower to Charlie McCampbell!

So, Charlie, what's all this "Roses are red, violets are blue" business about then? "Ho ho ho! Well, let me put it this way. It was written by our producer because he understood where we were coming from. (?) From a lyrical point of view, we want to sing good, wholesome lyrics that aren't derogatory and that song was very well suited to us."

How right you are. "Wait till you see the video! It's a treasure. (?) And by the way, when you see it I'm the only one wearing the hat. (?) I'm Charlie McCampbell, the leader of the band, and I'm the only one wearing a hat. (?)? Am I wearing it for any particular reason? Er, no. Just for style. I like to wear brims. Goodness! "gracious".

Photo: Rex Features and Pascal Press

People in Pop Who Come From Weedy Little Islands

(a geological "survey" that is quite appalling, really)

● **Glenn Medeiros** is quite a phenomenon, really. Why, not only has he chucked up a staggering string of enormous hits (well, just the one to be entirely accurate), but he also comes from Hawaii which is a pretty rum place for a pop star to come from when you think about it. Hawaii, you see, is a group of weedy islands in the middle of the sea (hence the name) and it's full of people falling off surf boards and quaffing quite big drinks with palm trees stuck in them.

And when you go to Hawaii all these girls come scampering out at you and put a posy round your neck shouting "Aloha", which is Hawaiian for "Can you spare some coppers for a cup of Rosie Lee, gov'nor?" or something. It is all most curious. But, strangely enough, although Glenn Medeiros is the first ever pop star to "hail" from Hawaii, he is not the first to come from an odd island. Why, the history of popular music is riddled with island mystique and intrigue...

● **Mark King** (of Level 42): He comes from an island. It is called the Isle of Wight and it's a bit of earth that fell off the bottom of England some years ago. It is full of people in yachting caps.

● **The Jets**: They come from an island. It is called Fiji or Tonga or something. No one can ever remember quite which.

● **Nick Rhodes**: He comes from Birmingham. Birmingham is not an island. All the more peculiar then that he should choose to name himself after an island in Greece.

● **Isla St. Clair** (i.e. daft girl on the telly): She comes from Scotland which is not an island per se. But her christian name is exactly the same as "Island" with the end lopped off - as you can clearly see.

● **William Shakespeare**: "No man is an island," said the "Bards" of Avon, and now right he was. You'd need a very stout pair of waterwings. (?????) (I think you'll find this phrase was actually uttered by a snoot-poet called John Donne - Ed.)

● **Staten Isles**: Do not come from an island. However... (Appalling series discontinued - Ed.)



▲ Glenn Medeiros: "drunked up a staggering string of enormous hits"



▲ The Jets: "they come from an island"



▲ Isla St. Clair: "daft lassie on the telly"



▲ William Shakespeare: "you need a very stout pair of waterwings" (?)



Do the old games and riddles from your primary school days. Even if you're a bit of a duffer, you'll get no time to pass out. (I've got no time to pass out. I've got no time to pass out. I've got no time to pass out.)

BELINDA CARLISLE:

Why is she looking so breezy?



Photo: del Corral

Because she's just released a brand new pop pinger called "Mad About You" and what's more it's a stoster. Except it's not a new pop pinger at all but a re-release of her first ever solo "effort" from 1986 when her cheekbones were not quite so marvellous and she was addicted to *Rolo*s or whatever it was and she was on a weeny record "label" and no one had ever heard of her. And now the weeny record "label" are foisting this tune on the chartways and Belinda herself is "delighted". It's one of the best songs I've ever written. "Bravo "missus".

BITZ

SHAKE IN YOUR SHOES, READERS! IT'S PREFAB SPROUT IN

Night descends on the city as Paddy MacAlon stalks the deserted streets...



Photo: Juan Barban

"Gosh, it's really eerie here in the deserted city streets. I expect something quite frightening will happen in a moment."

"Yikes! I appear to have fallen over the edge of a skyscraper. What an infernal nuisance!"



For what seems ages, Paddy tumbles and spirals downwards. It is as if he is being whisked into a bottomless pit or something.



"It is as-if I am being whisked into a bottomless pit or something..."

Finally he lands in a strange and dark cavern where to his horror...



"Crumba!! What's that upon my hat?"

ANOTHER "RAP" GROUP FULL OF GIRLIES

They're the Wee Papa Girl Rappers and they're currently laying the pop parade asunder (or something) with a stomping new rap sort of thing called "Heat It Up!" They consist of two sisters, Sandra, 23, and Timmy (except that isn't really her name at all), 19, although they prefer to be called by their rapping names, Total S and TY Tim for some strange reason. They're been rapping for "donkey's" years and more to the point...

● They wear some rather snappy "threads"

Total S: "I like to think we're snappy dressers. We buy our clothes from *What She Wants*, *Best Sellers*, *Chelsea Girl*..." (continues to list the names of various clothing emporiums for several centuries) Anywhere that's cheap because we're not very rich."

TY Tim: "Dressing right is one of the most important things for us. It takes me about an hour to get ready when I go out. I have to look perfect. Why am I named after the dog out of the Famous Five?!! Hahahahaha!!!! Nooooo!!! I like to think of myself as not so much of a dog, but I quite admire the Famous Five!! I'm called 'TY' because I'm so tiny for my age (??). I'm 5'2". My boyfriend calls me Dinky."

● They live 30 billion feet above London!!

Total S: "We live really high up on the 17th floor of a tower block with my mum and my two kids, Lee who's four and Thea who's eight months. Lee knows all our raps, y'know! It's funny but just the other day I was listening to the two of them laughing and I decided that it was the best sound I'd ever heard in my life and... (carrns on being "maternal" for a few months.)"

TY Tim: "I was stuck in the lift once!! It was really embarrassing. I had to sit there for about 20 minutes and I was going 'Don't panic, it's the worst thing you can do!' so I got out all my magazines and started to read and I pressed the bell and all the fire

brigade had to come along. I was so embarrassed 'cause the next day I got in the lift and people were going 'Did you hear that someone got stuck in the lift last night hee hee!' I went, 'Oh yeah, so I heard!'"

● They "adore" Salt 'n' Pepa!!

Total S: "Why are we exactly like Salt 'n' Pepa? Well, that's a really nice compliment because we adore them."

TY Tim: "I don't think because we are the same as them - for a start we're British and we rap in British accents. I wear what I wanna wear and we don't try to be anyone else."

● They once posed with their noses in their armpits!!

Total S: "We did do a cover version of George Michael's 'Faith', yes, but erm, we didn't go quite that far! (i.e. take mood lessons etc.) The only thing we did do that was a George Michael classic was... you know how on his album he's got his arm up like he's sniffing his armpit? (*Berbeeuch?*) We've done some photos looking like that."

● They think Luke from Bros is a bit of "stupid!"

Total S: "I fancy that Bros drummer but I wouldn't buy any of their records. I think 'When Will I Be Famous?' is really catchy but that's all."

TY Tim: "I mean, who *doesn't* fancy Bros?!! Yeah, the drummer is hunky, though I can't tell the difference between him and his brother. There is a man in my life, but, you know, you gotta lick your lips when you see them." (!!!!)

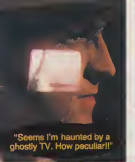


▲ The Wee Papa Girl Rappers - left to right, Total S and TY Tim (them them). They're "snappy", as you can clearly see

Photo: L.H. Brown/Kon Hoogen

A DEEPLY SCARY ADVENTURE YARN!! (Certificate: PG)

Paddy summons assistance by issuing one of his trusty owl calls.



"Seems I'm haunted by a ghostly TV. How peculiar!!"



"Hoot hoot!"

After Paddy has "hissed" appears the grim and grisly visage of an old crony (i.e. Wendy Smith, the "Trout from ver Sprout")



"Hallo, I am a witchy old crone and I have come to save you from this predicament."

The crony leads Paddy to a waiting motor car and together they speed off into the sunset (??)



"Cool You're a sight for sore eyes!"

"Hmmm. Not very frightening this, is it?"



● A boring person writes: The above account of Paddy Sprout's glidered "doings" is not entirely accurate. These are actually "scenes" from their preposterously "ony" video for their new tune "Hey Wankstun" in which lots of people get eaten by televised screens with the Statue of Liberty on (or something). How rem...

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Anyway, here are the next (and final) steps that you must follow to get your four – four! – free badges (of Tiffany, Bros, Michael Jackson and the Pet Shop Boys, no less)

1. Cut out Token No.2 from this very page.
2. "Pluck" Token No.1 from the mantelpiece.
3. Tuck both of them snugly into an envelope.
4. Fill in the coupon below and put it in the envelope with the tokens.
5. Post the whole thing off to **Smash Hits Badge Offer, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE1 0UF.**
6. Go and sit in your favourite armchair for 28 days.
7. Trumpet "that'll be the badges then" when a fargelish packet plops through the letterbox.
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No.2

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Dear Smash Hits person,
Here are the two tokens from on top of my
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CHILD

He's just spent 20 – 20!! – hours on a “jet” so that he can come to London and tell *Smash Hits* all about the scrapes and japes he got up to in Hawaii before he became a pop star. “Erm, I watched a lot of TV” he “reveals” to Tom Doyle . . .

Glenn Medeiros is completely exhausted. He arrived in London just minutes ago after flying for 20 hours all the way from Hawaii just to yap to “Ver” *Hits!* Actually, that’s not exactly true. He’s also here to sing “live” on *Top Of The Pops* and do a number of incredibly interesting things because he is indeed rather big news in the swizzaway charts of “dear old” “Blighters” with his super “snog” pop tune, “Charlie’s Gonna Change My Love For You”.

So who exactly is this bloke with the ‘mazin’ conch shell and the hairy chest who won a talent contest in America and then became really famous in Japan, Sweden, France, Germany and lots of other wonderful foreign places? Let us embark upon a historical guide of his past life from the lips of the tanned-chap whose eyes are rolling skywards every three seconds and who’s yawning every two and who looks as if he’s going to “take out” in about one . . .

● Tell us about your days as a nipper, Glenn. Were you a weedy, sensitive sort?

“Yes, I was very bashful when I was very young, so when I first joined school I found it difficult to make friends with people. I was extremely bashful actually. I was even scared to show the teachers any of my work in the beginning, I was so timid.”

● Were you always being bullied by bigger lads?

“Oh no. No one ever tried to push me around. I practised martial arts for three years from when I was about nine, so everyone in the school knew not to push me around. I never had to use it really. Everyone laid off me because they knew I could defend myself.”

● So you’ve never had the need to “clock” someone? “Uh, no. Never.”

● Do you cringe when you see old photos of yourself dressed up in lots of disgusting gear that your parents made you wear when you were too young to know any better?

“No, I was quite lucky I suppose. My parents used to dress me really nicely when I was a little kid. Y’know, because I was growing up in the early ‘70s, a lot of colours from the ‘60s were still in, so I used to wear very bright red, green, blue, purple colours. Flares? No, I wore shorts a lot. Psychedelic ones? Haha . . . yeah, I guess so.”

● Hmmmm. Does that mean your mother and father were old hippies then?

“Oh no! My father’s a tour bus driver – most people in Hawaii mom just stays home most of the time. She was always the strict one when I was growing up

because my dad was always too tired to be strict! He used to come home every night and fall asleep haha. Mom looked after me and Robert, my older brother, and Sylvia and Sherrt, my sisters. What do they think of my success? They think it’s great! They’re really behind me all the way. No, they’re not jealous at all. I don’t know what it is, but I was born with something that my brother and sisters didn’t have – the talent to sing and dance. I suppose.

● When did you discover you were “gifted”?

“Well, I’ve known all my life that I could sing and dance. But I think one of the main reasons I began performing in public was to impress girls. Y’know, girls used to like me and think that I was cool and everything, but girls really used to like me when I got on stage to sing. You’re the king when you’re on the stage, y’know haha haha urkukr haha.”

● And were you a big “hit” with the girls after that?

“Uh huh. A bit maybe. I can remember it helped to impress this girl who was the most beautiful girl I’d ever seen in my life. I mean she was, uh, incredible, and I’ve seen a lot of girls she’s like, uh – wow – in fact she still is. I dated her for a while, but we were both too young, only about 14. I still see her around in Kauai these days, but I’d rather not say her name.”

● What about weekends? Did you play video games and smoke and drink cider in derelict houses like untoward “youngsters” do hers?

“I don’t drink at all and I don’t smoke. I never have and I don’t reckon I ever will. At the weekends, when other kids were beginning to get into drinking and smoking and riding around in

cars, I’d go shopping with my mom or go to the movies or go walking on the beach with my friends. I’d rather play *Pictionary* with my friends or watch TV than get drunk.”

● Is it safe to say you weren’t a bit of a “weibel” during your school days then?

“I never got punished when I was at school, if that’s what you’re saying. We weren’t given the belt or the cane in Kauai, just things like detention where, instead of most schools where you had to sit in a class and do written work for punishment, in Kauai High School you had to help clean the school, washing the floors and things. I never had to do that though, because I never misbehaved myself. I never played truant, no.”

● What’s your “gaff” back in Kauai like then?

“My room at home’s really clean. Really plain and simple with just a couple of nice posters on the walls – one of Michael Jackson and one of Whitney Houston. I try to keep it as neat as possible, and also my mom helps me keep it tidy too. She makes my bed every morning for me . . . she likes to do it a special way . . .”

● Aw. What about the “noble” art of surfing?

There must be a fair bit of that goes on in Hawaii what with all those big beaches. “A lot of people surf but no, I never got into it. If you’re a surfer in Hawaii, there’s a lot of competition around and it takes up so much of your time, practising and getting better. Surfers always have lots of scars all over their bodies because it’s just so dangerous, and anyway, I’m scared of sharks.”

● So apart from not surfing in Hawaii, what else do you “do” of an idle afternoon? “I watch TV a lot.”

● Oh.

“In Hawaii they show lots of Japanese TV shows with English voices dubbed on top of them. The one I remember most was one called *Ultra-Seven*, which was all about this man who used to change into a giant robot. It was really, really good. He had all sorts of weapons like an axe on his head that used to shoot off and chop people’s heads off, and he would fire killer laser beams out of his arms, y’know. It was really neat. He once came to visit Kauai, but since in the TV show

he’s a man who turns into *Ultra-Seven* who grows and then turns into a robot, he turned up in his man-size that day, haha haha.”

● Have you ever thought that the world was just a little croton floating in God’s milestone Cup-A-Soup?

“Uh, that’s a neat way to think about it. I’m actually very religious. I go to church each week I can, and I pray to God every night to help me do my best.”

● Er . . . would you ever be tempted to kill your “mom” in the name of rock ‘n’ roll?!

“Oh no, hehheh urkukr hahh! Oh gosh. I never got into rock ‘n’ roll. (?) I mean, I know what you’re saying. (?) I really love my mom though.”

● So! Tell us, if you will, what it’s like surviving millions of girls chasing after you all the time, trying to touch your bottom etc.?! “Er, well I have been mobbed quite a few times in Europe. It’s kinda scary, yes, but I’ve always got guards around me so that girls can’t touch me. I try to keep away from my fans because I think it could get a bit dangerous in situations like that. I can’t understand why or how they want to touch me because I don’t think I’m very good-looking. I don’t think I’m horrible, but I’m not special. It’s really nice when I get fans writing to me though. Most of the time they just say how much they like my song, but sometimes they ask me to marry them, haha. I just write back most times saying ‘Thanks for your letter. Maybe one day if I meet you, and if by chance we fall in love. . .”

● Hmmmmmmmmmm. I see you have a hairy chest . . . “Yeah, huhuh urkukr haha. I started getting hair on my chest when I’d just turned 17. I can remember when I was 15, saying to my mom I want to look like the actor Tom Selleck in that TV show *Magnum PI*. Do I think I look like him? Uh, well I’ve got a hairy chest. . .”

● Indeed you have. And that’s quite a hair “do” perched atop your head.

“Gee thanks! How would I describe it? Uh, I suppose it’s kinda like Michael Jackson had during his ‘Thriller’ days . . .”

● Mmmm. We thought you reminded us of someone . . . (erk)


EIROS



DEAN TWE

Photo: Anne Collins





After four years of shampooing, washing and grooming, Jennifer Saunders was ready to come to NatWest.

As a young girl, Jennifer Saunders loved to spend her time with shaggy, smelly creatures with a passion for apples and carrots.

Vegetarian Hells Angels?

No, Jennifer loved ponies. And as she slept at night beneath her signed poster of David Broome, she dreamed that one day she'd have a horse of her own.

Curry combs, numnahs, martingales and cruppers aren't cheap, however, so Jennifer had to get a job.

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- 4 **Billy Idol** 11 Of The Best
- 5 **Bros** Push
- 6 **Pat Benatar** Wide Awake In Dreamland
- 7 **Glen Goldsmith** What You See Is What You Get
- 8 **UB40** UB40
- 9 **Steve Winwood** Roll With It
- 10 **Elton John** Reg Strikes Back

HOW TO ENTER

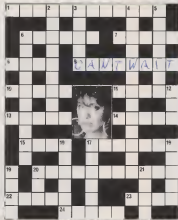
- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
 - Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by August 9)
- Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 62, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0UF.**
- The first correct entry out of William Shaw's "dashing" new mackintosh gets HMV a top ten LPs (at the time of going to press).

ACROSS

- 1 Mr Tide's hotel hides those Tardis doctors (anag 3,9)
- 6 **Hothouse Flowers'** request that you stay (4,2)
- 7 **Sylvester Stallone's** ever-battling "superman" (8,20 & 22 Tiff's bit of male observation (1,3,3,8,5)
- 9 "---- Another Minute" (**Five Star**)
- 10 Just the colour for that **Scritti Politti** man
- 11 **Bandy Crawford** hit amid calm Aztec Camera?
- 13 **The Beasties** had none till Brooklyn
- 14 Neighbours character played by **Jason Donovan**
- 15 17 across placed a circle in it
- 17 Dial Ben for **Carlisle** (anag)
- 20 See 8 across
- 22 See 8 across
- 23 It usually follows rock
- 24 Dr Bay attended **Terence Trent** (anag)

DOWN

- 2 **Talking Heads'** road led there (2,7)
- 3 **Queen** had one kind
- 4 **Iggy Pop's** wayward infant (4,4,5)
- 5 See photocue
- 6 Sir Des Lee becomes a hitmaker (anag)
- 12 Record label famed for those **Frankie hits** (1,1,1)
- 16 Mad Den forms a group (anag)
- 17 This **Jonathan** is known for his lies
- 18 **Madonna's** heavenly hit
- 19 Teak built **Bush?** (anag)
- 20 -- **And Cry**
- 21 **Billy's** in the lido (anag)



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(INCLUDES BONUS TRACK 'OH L'AMOUR')



Ziggy Marley

AND THE
MELODY
MAKERS

tomorrow people



Oh Lord oh Lord hey
Tomorrow people where is your past
Tomorrow people how long will you last
Tomorrow people where is your past
Tomorrow people how long will you last

Today you say you deyah (today you're here)
Tomorrow you say you're gone
But you're gone so long
If there is no love in your heart so sorry
Then there is no hope for you true true

Tomorrow people where is your past
Tomorrow people how long will you last come on
Tomorrow people where is your past (where is your past)
Tomorrow people how long will you last ten years

So you're in the air
But you still don't have a thing to spare

You're flying high
While we're on the low-o-oh

Tomorrow people where is your past
Tomorrow people how long will you last tell me now
Tomorrow people where is your past nowhere
Tomorrow people how long will you last ten years

Stop telling me the same story
Today you say deyah (today you're here)
Tomorrow you say you're gone and you're not coming back
If there is no love in your heart oh how
There will never be hope for you (no hope for you)

Tomorrow people where is your past
Tomorrow people how long will you last ten years
Tomorrow people where is your past
Tomorrow people how long will you last come on
Tomorrow tomorrow people come on

Tomorrow tomorrow people come on yeah
Tomorrow tomorrow people
Tomorrow tomorrow soon come yeah y'all
Tomorrow tomorrow soon come today is here

Don't know your past you don't know your future everyone
Y'don't know your past y'don't know your future everyone
Don't know your past y'don't know your future come on
Y'don't know your past y'don't know your future yeah

How many people did that one catch
How many nations did that one catch yeah
Don't know y'past y'don't know your future don't say

Don't know your past y'don't know your future
How many people did that one catch
How many nations did that one catch
C'mon c'mon
Tomorrow tomorrow people

Words and music by Ziggy Marley ● Reproduced by permission Screen Gems/EMI Music Ltd ● On Virgin Records

Pat benatar



Living with my eyes closed
Going dey to day
I never knew the difference
I never cared either way

Looking for a reason
Searching for a sign
Reaching out with both hands
Gotta feel the kick inside

All fired up
Now I believe there comes a time
All fired up
When everything just falls in line
All fired up
We live and learn from our mistakes
All fired up
Fired up
Fired up hey

Ain't nobody living
In a perfect world
Everybody's out there
Crying to be heard

ALL FIRED UP

Now I got a new fire
Burning in my eyes
Lighting up the darkness
Moving like a meteorite

CHORUS
All fired up
Now I believe there comes a time
All fired up
When everything just falls in line
All fired up
We live end learn from our mistakes
All fired up
The deepest cuts are healed by faith

Now I believe there comes a time
When everything just falls in line
We live end learn from our mistakes
The deepest cuts are healed by faith
REPEAT THREE TIMES

Now I believe

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

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Patsy KENSIT

eighth wonder

Full name: Patricia Jude Francis Kensit. Why do I still call myself Kensit rather than Donovan?

(Patsy recently wed Dan Donovan from the pop group Big Audio Dynamite.) I was quite into calling myself Donovan but it didn't go down very well with anyone, especially in the group. Patsy Kensit is my stage name, he ha.

Born: 4/3/68 in Waterloo, South London.

Height: 5'5"

Brothers and sisters: One brother, Jamie, who's in the group.

Pets: I've got six cats, but they all live at my mum's house, and two dogs. The cats are called Buggy, Solitaire, Fat 'n' Ugly, Marmalade, Sarah and Bones, and the dogs are called Dennis and Stuffy. I can't really have the cats in my flat, it's first floor and there's no garden and it wouldn't be fair, I'm afraid I'm one of those people who let the cats sleep under the covers with me.

First crush: The first boy I went out with was called Darren Stone: he's become a hairdresser now I've heard, I was very keen on him because he looked like Nick Heyward (bloke who used to be a pop star with his group Haircut 100).

Where do you live now? In the new flat we've bought in Notting Hill. There hasn't been much to do to it because the kitchen was all fitted and stuff, so it was just like buying furniture. I've just bought this antique dining table which is polished wood. It's beautiful. I got a settee from Harrods which isn't anything special but I got a beautiful scrubbed wood coffee table which is another antique, something you can keep forever.

What's the first thing you do in the morning? I crawl out of bed and I generally have a can of Coca-Cola. You think that's disgusting? Well, I've got no vices, I don't smoke and I very rarely drink, but I love a can of Coke and a slice of toast. The sugar gives me this enormous surge of energy and keeps me going all day. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone else.

What's the worst accident you've ever had involving a horse? My pony, Feller, threw me one day and then trampled over me. I was concussioned and I fractured a finger. He was a bit mental that pony, and I had to have a couple of days off school because I kept blacking out. Concussion is awful. I was in a terrible state. Another time Feller rammed me into a

tree. He just bolted and knocked me into this tree and I was bruised all over.

Do you have a stick-on Garfield in your car? Oh no! I don't have anything in my car windows apart from my tax disc. I can't stand that sort of thing. I hate people who have those stupid dogs that nod and those hands that wave. What car have I got? A Fiat Panda with two dents in either side which weren't caused by me, I have to say. I'm not into cars or status symbols.

What have you got in your fridge? Let me look. I've got some apples, some Hellman's mayonnaise, a family pack of Maltasers, some strawberrones, some double cream from Marks & Spencers, these mini Baby Bel cheeses, some bacon, some eggs and 12 cans of Coke. I love Maltasers and Toffee Crisps are my favourite food.

"I always have a new word for the week. This week I had a wonderful one... 'nebulous'..."

Which side of the bed do you sleep on? I sleep nearest to the window which is the... er, right hand side because the phone's there and generally the calls that come at 8.30 in the morning are for me so to save Dan from having to answer them I sleep on that side. **Which of you takes up more space in the wardrobe?** Oh me! I've got a whole room with my clothes in it. I keep everything in case it comes back into fashion.

Did you catch the Bros live "experience"? I didn't, no, but I heard it was very good. I actually saw Neil and Chris of the Pet Shop Boys the other day. I bumped into them on my way to the premiere of *Heirspray* (new "cult" film starring late pop star Divine), they were on their way there and they couldn't wait to get down to see it. Actually it's been really bad because there have been all these people saying how Neil and Chris hate me now and there were a few things about the record they did with me (i.e. "I'm Not Scared") that they weren't happy about but... you know... when you hear all this you begin to think "Oh no, I've done something out of order". Anyway I walked into this bar and who should be sitting there but Neil

Personal FILE

and Chris and they threw their arms around me and screamed and I was so pleased that everything was still cool with them because they're such brilliant people.

Have you ever had a dream like Clark Gable's one about being chased across a field by giant bananas? No, I'm always

dreaming that my teeth are falling out which is meant to mean something. It's meant to mean I'm afraid of growing old? Really? But I'm not worried about growing old. I can't wait to be 30.

Have you ever had your fortune told? I've been to clairvoyants, but I've never been to a gypsy on the end of a pier and that sort of stuff. A really funny thing happened to me though. I was at my hairdresser's and this guy came in when I was getting my highlights done and as he was leaving he put a bit of paper in front of me and he'd written down 12 things that were going to happen to me this year. He said your mother's going to have two operations this year, but she'll be fine, and she did and she is fine. He told me I'd be married by the end of the year. He told me that "I'm Not Scared" would be a hit and that I'd break it big in the music industry and then I'd go and live in America. There were all these things that were going on in my life and, honestly, he got them right. It's very weird. It put my mind at rest about my mother because I was really worried about her. I've never seen this guy again. I wish I knew who he was.

What is your first baby going to be called? If it's a boy it's going to be called Daniel, if it's a girl, Daisy. **How much do you pay to get your hair cut?** Well, er, I get my hair done for nothing at Vidal Sassoon. Do you know who else goes to Vidal Sassoon? Sarah and Jaquie from Bananarama, Kim Wilde ... they're hairdressers to the stars. I've met them all in there.

Where do all the missing pens in the world go? You've never got one when you want one, have you? I think there's probably some creature that eats them. Have you ever read that book called *The Borrowers*? All these tiny people come and steal everything like that. It's got to be true.

How do you spell "onomatopoeia"? O-N-A-M-A-T-A-P-I-A. No? If I write words down I can tell whether I've spelled them right or not. I carry a dictionary around with me in my handbag because I'm always looking up words in it. I always have a new word for the week. This week I had a wonderful one; "nebulous". Everything was nebulous... "God, I'm in such a nebulous mood this week"...



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

● **Hi there!** My name's **Matthew** and I'm 13. I like listening to **Kylie Minogue, Michael Jackson** and I love watching **Neighbours!** Write to me now! My address is: 31 Westway, Carsholton, Surrey SM5 4EN

● **Hello, my name is Evonna** and I'm looking for penpals from all over the world who are about 14. I'm into **Def Leppard, Poison** and I also like **Madonna** and **Kylie Minogue**. Please write soon to: 21 Walton Drive, Dingleington, Bradford, West Yorkshire B011 1JN

● **Hi, I'm David.** I'm 15 and I'm looking for loads of penfriends from anywhere! I like **T'Pau, Bros, Kylie Minogue** and lots more chart music. Please write now to: 43 Orchard Street, Oswestry, Shropshire SY11 1QZ

● **Hi! My name is Ann-Maria.** I'm 14 and I like **U2, Simple Minds** and the **Beatles**. So if you are interested, please write to: 21 High Street, Caeffaris, Dowias, Merthyr Tydfil, Mid Glamorgan, South Wales CF48 3PH

● **Hi, my name is Kim.** I'm looking for a penpal, male or female, from anywhere. I like **Level 42, T'Pau, the Fat Shop Boys, Madonna** and **Rick Astley**. I also like watching **Dallas** and **EastEnders**. If you're interested please write to: 41 St. Cuthberts Road, Lestock Hill, Preston, Lancs PR5 5TH

● **Hi I'm Mat** and I'm 14. I love **Me! & Km, Kylie Minogue** and **Belinda Carlisle**. I also like **Madonna** and the **Pet Shop Boys**. If you're 14-17 then please write to: 4 Goldsmith Walk, Offmore Farm, Kidderminster, Worcs DY10 3YP

● **Hi I'm a ten year old fan of the Pat Shop Boys, Wet Wat Wat, Madonna, Bananarama and Gordon The Geophaer!** I like swimming, tennis, ice skating and all kinds of sports. I'm looking for 9-12 year old penpals. Please write to: Kate, 7 Eastfield Rise, Helton-in-Clay, Lincolnshire DN36 5AU.

● **Hi! My name's Clara.** I'm 12 years old and I'd like to hear from 11-13 year olds who like **Madonna, Tiffany** and the **Pet Shop Boys**. I also enjoy watching **Neighbours**

So, if you're bored, why not write to me?! Write to: 4B Amside Road, Bestwood Estate, Nottingham N65 5NE

● **Hi! I'm a 14 year old Irish chap** who's into **Whitney Houston, Tiffany, Five Star, Michael Jackson, Jermaine Stewart** and **Sabrina**. I like swimming and most other sports and I also like going to the cinema and parties! I'll reply to all letters so please write to: Patrick, 20 Glenbarrin, Kilmaley Road, Bray, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.

● **Salutations! I'm Elsa** and I'm looking for loads of penpals! They can be male or female but must like **The Sweet, The Cure, Julian Cope, Dime Dime** and lots of others! I'll reply to every letter I get so write now to: 2 Bellevue Park, Lenwick, Shefflad ZE1 0BA

● **Hi! My name is Phillip.** I'm 14 years old. I'd like to hear from anybody aged 14-16 who likes **Madonna, The Housemartins, Belinda Carlisle** and **Neighbours**. If you're interested, write to: 56 Harewood Grove, Clayhills, Ilford, Essex IG5 0PH

● **Hi! I'm Ian.** I'm 16 and I'm a rock freak! I like **Bruce Springsteen, Bryan Adams, Whitesnake** and **Iron Maiden**. I also quite like most Motown music, watching **Neighbours**, running and weight training. If you want to write, send your letters to: 11 Abbeystead Road, Wavertree, Liverpool L15 7JE

● **Hello my name's Anthony** and I'm 18. I like **Bros, Tiffany, Rick Astley** and **Kylie Minogue**. I'd like to hear from anyone aged 16+. If you're interested write to: Anthony, 359 Belle Isle Rd, Leeds LS10 3PG.

● **Yo! I'm a cool 15 year old female** that likes **Def Leppard**. I'm also into **Whitesnake, Iron Maiden** and **Poison**. I like discos, parties and having fun! Write to: Tracey, Trout Farm, Ende Of Wer, Renfrewshire PA11 3SN

● **Hi! I'm Allison,** I'm 14 years old and I would like to write to anybody! My interests are football, tennis and karate. I also like rock and roll, especially **Buddy Holly** and **Elvis**. If you're interested, please write to me at: 12 Newbury Avenue, Clonsheugh, Dublin 17, Ireland.

● **Hello! I am a 13 year old Pat Shop Boys fan called Paul.** I also like **Bros, The Commanders** and **Erasure**. If you do 100 and are aged between 12 and 14, male or female, why not write to: Paul, 52 Hornbeam Drive, Gillingham, North Humberside HU16 4RU.

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BELINDA
CARLISLE

mad
about
you

I'm mad about you

You're mad about me babe
A couple of fools run wild aren't we
Pushing the day into the night-time
Somewhere between the two
We start to see

CHORUS

Mad about you (mad about you)
Lost in your eyes (reason aside)
Mad about love (mad about you)
You and I

Something 'bout you
Right here beside me
Touches the touched part of me
Like I can't believe
Pushing the night into the daytime
Watching the sky's first light
While the city sleeps

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

I'm mad about you
You're mad about me babe
A couple of fools run wild aren't we

REPEAT CHORUS

We're mad about you (mad about you)
Lost in your eyes (reason aside)
Mad about love (mad about you)
You and I
I'm mad about you (mad about you)
Lost in your eyes (reason aside)
Mad about love (mad about you)
You and I

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KIM
WILDE

Someone I know is staring at me
And when I look into her eyes
I see a girl that I used to be
I hardly recognise

'Cause in the space of a year
I've watched the old me disappear
All of the things I once had precious
Just don't mean anything any more
Cause suddenly

CHORUS

You came and changed the way I feel
No one could love you more
Because you came and turned my life around
No one could take your place

I've never felt good with permanent things
Now I don't want anything to change
You can't imagine the joy you bring
My life won't be the same

And I'll be there when you call
I'll pick you up if you should fall
'Cause I have never felt such inspiration
Nobody else ever gave me more because

REPEAT CHORUS

You came
You came and turned my life around
No one could take your place

I watch you sleep in the still of the night
You look so pretty when you dream
So many people just go through life
Holding back they don't say what they mean
But it's easy for me
Since you came
No one could love you more
Because you came and turned my life around
No one could take your place

REPEAT CHORUS

You came

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YOU
CAME

LOVE

BITES

(If you've got love in your sighte)
(Watch out love bitee)

When you meke love do you look in your mirror
Who do you think of doee he look like me
Do you tell lee end say that it's forever
Do you think twice or jest touth and see
Ooh bebe oh yeah

When you ere alone do you let go
Are you wild end willing or is it jest for show

I don't wenne touch you too much baby
'Ceuee making love to you might drive me crazy
I know you think that love is the way you make it
So I don't wenne be there when you decide to break it
No

Chorus

Love bitee love bleede it's bringing me to my knee
Love livee love diee it's no surpree
Love bege love pleede it's what I need

When I'm with you are you somewhere else
Am I getting through or do you pleasee yourself
When you wake up will you throw it about
It can't be love if you throw it about
Ooh bebe

I don't wenne touch you too much baby
'Ceuee making love to you might drive me crazy oh

Repeat chorus

Oh yeah I don't wenne touch you too much baby
'Cause meking love to you might drive me crazy
I know you think that love lee the way you make it
So I don't wenne be there when you decide to break it
No

Love bitee love bleeds it's bringing me to my knees
Love livee love diee
Love love love bitee love bleeds it's bringing me to my knee
Love livee love diee it's no surprise
Love begs love pleede it's whet I need

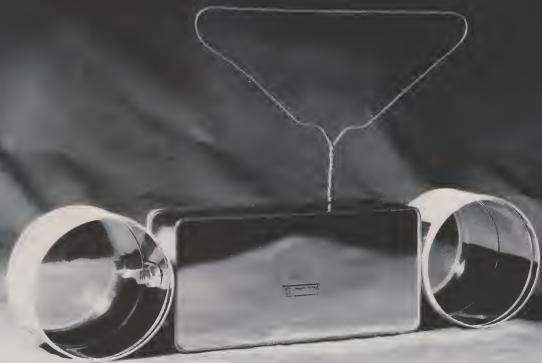
(If you've got love in your sighte)
(Watch out love bites)

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DEF LEPPARD



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Easy Jeans (May 18)

© 150 winners of a denim jacket are: **Paul Curran**, Liverpool; **James Moffat**, Shroshire; **Jamie Wells**, York; **Austin Taylor**, Newbury; **Chantal Jason**, Streatham; **T.S. Winn**, York; **Helen Ingram**, Wigston; **Marti Prosser**, Devon; **Chris Kelly**, Bishopslee; **Richard Evans**, Birmingham; **Stuart Machissack**, Glasgow; **Andrew Trainor**, Belfast; **Richard Hardaker**, West Yorks; **Satwinder Sanohu**, Warwickshire; **Ian Nield**, Surrey; **C. Levin**, Barking; **S. Ali-Presley**, Northolt; **K. Luggs**, Marham; **E. Newman**, Manshead; **L. Lloyd**, Walsall; **Jennie Patey**, Herts; **J. Mack**, Preston; **Carla Jones**, Murlfield; **Sharon Reed**, Hastings; **Elaine Grant**, Birmingham; **Avril Mason**, Droghda; **L. Weir**, Hyde; **S. Jennings**, Maryport; **A. Ford**, Glasgow; **L. Costello**, Co Roscommon; **A. Middleton**, Chesterfield; **C. Brunger**, Hastings; **Sharon Vickers**, Houston; **F. Bowen**, Dyfed; **Hancock**, Staffs; **K. O'Brien**, Seacroft; **A. Hartley**, Sheffield; **K. Brown**, Glasgow; **Lee Slater**, Southampton; **M. Watts**, Mid Glamorgan; **J.M. Toyn**, Grimsby; **B. Laidler**, Sandown; **G. Abill**, Camberley; **D. Smith**, Leicester; **S. Dahman**, South Norwood; **K. Marshall**, Sutton; **L. Whittaker**, Farnby; **V. Lawrence**, Lincs; **S. Bonnar**, Scarborough; **B. Walker**, Herts; **Sally Hampson**, Lincs; **Wilma McCormack**, Cumbernauld; **K. Hackwood**, Stoke-on-Trent; **S. Lewis**, Birmingham; **Amy**

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MICHAEL CAINE
SALLY FIELD STEVE GUTTENBERG



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▼ "Mike" blowing it his brother. ("Fancy a quick blower with Ver Hiss, old 'bear'?" "Bish & some!" — Frank Dileo, expatriate manager with a cigar in his tooth that he never lights.)

▼ "Mike" blowing a kiss-up to his fans at Heathrow. ("Not in the mood for a chat with Ver Hiss?" "On yer bias, ornerr!" — Frank Dileo, expatriate manager with a cigar in his fingers that he never lights.)

Photo: Syndication International

Photo: Rex USA/Getty

FOLLOW THA

Photo: Duncan Raban

Photo: Duncan Raban

▲ "Mike" with a scarf up his "nose" escaping from his hotel. ("Toohoo, 'buddy! Anytime you fancy a glibber with Ver Hiss...?" "Not on your nelly, 'missus it' — Frank Dileo, expatriate manager with a cigar somewhere round his nasal region that he never lights.)

▲ "Mike" with a scarf up his "nose" escaping into his swank-mob. ("Wooorrrr! (cough) Not up for chewing the 'fat' with Ver Hiss, then, old chum?" "Hop it, goon-foaf!" — Frank Dileo, expatriate manager getting ready for a cigar that he never lights.)

Michael Jackson has been in Britain for two weeks now, dodging "photographers" and "journalists" every time he leaves his snoot-hole to go off to play a concert or go on a shopping "spree". "It's a quite extraordinary tale of madness and mayhem!" reports Tom "Scoop" Doyle as he follows Michael from the moment his plane touched down on British "soil" . . .

"If he even raises his hand, we're gonna nick him hah heh!"

It's a dismal Monday morning at Heathrow Airport, West London, and Michael Jackson is at this moment several thousand feet in the air, propped up in his seat on a plane flying from Germany to Britain. No doubt he is completely unaware that there are a troupe of "rozzers" chucking at the thought that they might have to whisk him away to the "clink" if he does so much as even try to step onto the tarmac at Heathrow to say hello to his fans. The airport staff have warned Michael's manager Frank Dileo that it may cause a few problems in the crowd if the pop chap even waves to the hundreds waiting at Terminal Two's viewing area today. So the plan is that as soon as Michael's plane lands, he'll be hurried through customs into a toff-mobile (i.e. a limousine) and then rushed away to a "secret" hotel in the West End where he'll be staying for

him who've all been buying dodgy T-shirts and scarves and flags from an unsavoury sales-bloke who's just been "collared" by a couple of members of the "Plod" who've just been interviewed by one of the so-called "reporters" from one of the so-called "news" papers etc. etc. It's all just a bit ridiculous.

But then! Everyone suddenly becomes disinterested in this mindless tomfoolery because a *Lufthansa* jet has just arrived on the tarmac and they've suddenly all become far more interested in it than each other. The landing crew rush to it. A large cluster of people get off. They start "striding" towards us. Everyone starts yelping and going completely mental. A skinny chap in "shades" wearing a dark navy suit with red shoulder pads jogs up a set of aircraft steps. He raises both his hands. The crowd flips its "wig". He gets into a yellow mini-bus. It starts to pull away. He's still waving. The mad fans are chasing out onto the road trying to follow where he's going.

Michael Jackson has finally arrived in Britain. . . and even the coppers are cheering.

The Mayfair Intercontinental Hotel's staff are used to all the "hassle" that comes with having a huge star staying there. They were the hotel who "allowed" Madonna to take a suite there last year after a few others in London had turned her down because they claimed that all the fuss would annoy their other



▲ "Mike" and his chum Jimmy Sambuck (the wee chap from the Pepsi ad) on the aeroplane "bound" for Britain. Aye (sniffle. . .)

the British "leg" of his "Bad" World Tour.

For over two hours the scene at Heathrow has been completely mad. There are people from "news" papers interviewing Michael's fans who've just been interviewed by TV crews who've just been interviewing the perv-photographers from the "news" papers who're snapping away at everything including a decidedly un-lofty Michael locallike who's frugging around doing his idol's dancesteps for the benefit of the fans crowded round

▲ "Mike" outside his hotel about to get in his swank-mobile. ("Cooee! Up for a cran-wag with Ver ribs at the end?" "Get knotted, pal!" - Frank Dileo, expatriate manager with a cigar that he never lights.)

T CAR!!!



▲ "Mike" obviously thinking he's still on the Jackson 5 "Victory" Tour (hah hah), ("You're desperate for a bit with Ver Ribz, eh, eh?" "I am going to bribe you in a pilsy!" - Frank Dileo, expatriate manager with . . .) ("I wish we get the picture - you're tired" - Ed.) Oh. . .





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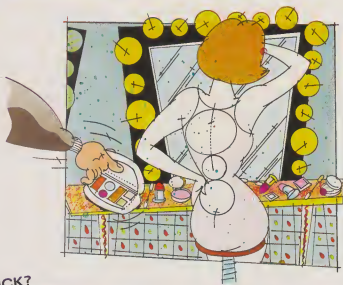
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WHO'S D. DICK?



WHO HAD A PET GOLDFISH CALLED

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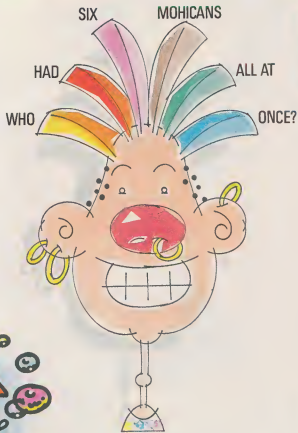


R

S
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CURIOSITY
KILLED THE CAT.

U
40



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kylie
minogue
editor

toothpaste, thunderbirds and a chocolate sandwich? !!!



... And pandas, the planet Pluto and about a million other spook-objects. What do they all have in "common"? They're just *some* of the things that make Kylie Minogue go a bit wibbly with excitement. "Tell us more, why don't you?" says Chris Heath . . .

Kylie Minogue looks just a *little* bit weary. It's hardly surprising, really, since she's been up since six o'clock this morning to appear on *TVAm* and has been working all day, stopping only for a quick nibble of spinach salad ("her favourite" according to her press officer). Nevertheless, such is the energy and determination of the girl they call Bruiser (or is it Boomerang?) that she manages to remain extremely chirpy, all things considered. She's just been having her photo taken in the rather fetching red jacket you see her wearing on these very pages, merrily smiling away. Nics, isn't it?

"It's uncomfortable," she answers as diplomatically as possible. "It's difficult to do anything in it without knocking yourself out."

Oh dear. Doesn't she like her new rock 'n' roll image?

"It looks . . . good," she fibs hopelessly, adding more honestly. "I don't think I'd buy it."

Oh. Luckily she likes the rest of the clothes *Smash Hits* have so "generously" provided. Apart from, er, the shoes.

"The shoes," she explains, "are a bit 'ar out'. They're very hard to walk in. The platforms don't bend at all." She hands one over to demonstrate and, indeed, she has a point. "When platforms were 'in,'" she continues with worrying authority, "they were curved at the top so you could roll along on them, but these aren't."

True. But how, ahem, does Kylie know all about one of the most disastrous pieces of footwear ever to have been called 'fashion' i.e. the platform shoe?

"I wanted a pair when I was in grade five," she explains. "I wasn't allowed." This, she now realises, was perfectly reasonable. "I wouldn't let my kids have them."

She still managed to make some ghostly "fashion statements" of her own however.

"When I was about four I had my favourite outfit. My mum threw it out and I've never forgiven her. It was this blue and yellow vinyl thing . . . sort of with shorts and a bib thing . . . the Germans wear them, I think."

Leiderhosen, perhaps?

"That sounds about right," she agrees. "Let me show you." With which Kylie grabs a biro and quickly sketches the relevant item of clothing (see fig. 1).

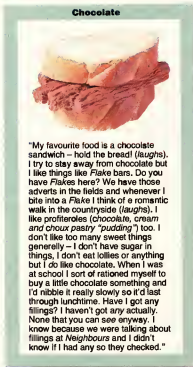
Finished, she looks up beaming which is rather surprising, considering the day's events. She doesn't like the jacket, the shoes won't bend, she's tired and her mum's heartlessly binned her blue and yellow leiderhosen. But not to worry, for, thank goodness, she decides that at least she does like the jeans she's wearing.

"I prefer more comfortable things like this. It's funny," she suddenly muses, quite obviously struck with a rather "weird" thought, "to think that there were somebody's - some man's - before."

Mmmm. So does she feel haunted by her jess's past life?

"No," she says. "I'd just be interested to see who had them."

Oh. And with this rather spooksome comment, let us "press" on and find out more about the sort of things that make Kylie Minogue pipe "no, they're not too crap at all, actually. . ."



"My favourite food is a chocolate sandwich - hold the bread! (laughs). I try to stay away from chocolate but I like things like *Flake* bars. Do you have *Flakes* here? We have those adverts in the fields and whenever I bite into a *Flake* I think of a romantic walk in the countryside (laughs). I like profiteroles (chocolate, cream and *choux* pastry 'pudding') too. I don't like too many sweet things generally - I don't have sugar in things, I don't eat lollies or anything but I do like chocolate. When I was at school I sort of rationed myself to buy a little chocolate something and I'd nibble it really slowly so it'd last through lunchtime. Have I got any fillings? I haven't got any actually. None that you can see anyway. I know because we were talking about fillings at *Neighbours* and I didn't know if I had any so they checked."



"I was going to say multi-coloured gel but then I thought white. Actually the one I've got at the moment is red gel but as a kid I remember we always used to get blue and we wanted white - there's probably no difference at all but we used to say 'white's better, we want it!' Mum still bought blue - it was probably cheaper (rattles on in this manner for several centuries). Now I can have any colour I want . . . (thinks) . . . I'll have pink with yellow dots. Toothpaste is very important - my bag was lost at the airport in Madrid and I had to get a toothbrush and toothpaste at the hotel and that was grey! I hate to not clean my teeth."



"Well, I wasn't going to pick Uranus, was I? It sounds too bad. (???) I just like the name of Pluto because of Pluto the dog. Would I like to visit it? Er . . . no, I'm quite happy here. But I think there's life in other parts of the universe. I believe there's powers of the mind and there's a lot more than we hear. I don't know much about it but I'm sure that there's more than just this life. What would an alien think of here? Er . . . it'd probably think it's madness here. It's a pretty mad world, isn't it?"





Eyes



"I like them because they're really expressive and you look at people's eyes all the time. I like all colours. I guess the eyes have it, as they say. (???) I like meeting people. I've got the gift of the gab. I can talk my way into most things and that's the first contact you have, with your eyes."

Thunderbird car



"Yup! I saw one in America and I just stared at it. Prince has one on stage? (looks very jealous). Gees... They're just a great design. There's nothing like them these days. I like antiques and things like that, you see. Besides being expensive it would be impractical for me to have a car like that because everyone stares at those cars anyway so then I'll be recognised and I don't like being recognised when I'm driving. People already stare when I drive and I have to pretend to look for something on the floor. I have a normal four door hatchback car and I don't need anything more. Being famous has its drawbacks but you take the good with the bad. It's good I can afford a Thunderbird, it's bad that there's reasons I shouldn't get one."

Horses and pandas



"We had the pandas in Australia and I missed them! Xie Xie and Pau Pau or whatever their names are. I'd like to see them because there's hardly any of them left, and just to see them play and roll around – they're gorgeous. They're just very rare and beautiful. I've always liked horses. I've never had a horse and I've never ridden as much as I'd like to. I'd love to be able to ride a lot better end learn to look after a horse. Do I ever fall off? Yeah. Does it hurt? Yeah!"

Terms of Endearment

"It's a good film because you laugh for the first half end then cry for the second. The daughter is Deborah Winger end the mother is Shirley Maclaine and they have a really bad mother-daughter relationship. Anyway, the daughter gets married to this guy and goes away and the mother still doesn't want to talk to her and she has kids and kids and kids but doesn't have much money and the mum's getting really frustrated and then the daughter develops cancer and it's very emotional and tearful. It's really touching. I like all sorts of films, comedies... something classic from the '30s end '40s. But I would find any film role a challenge at the moment – I wouldn't be picky right now. Anything with a start and a finish would be great."



Melbourne

"I'm a real Melbourne supporter because there's this sort of unspoken rivalry between Melbourne and Sydney. I'm a real Melbourne girl, born end bred. The video for 'Got To Be Certain' has got a few Melbourne sights in it. It certainly isn't as scenic as Sydney. Sydney has the harbour and is also more hilly. Melbourne is pretty flat and has a nice river that runs through it, dirty as it may be. The weather isn't too good but Melbourne's got the best night life in the country and... it's home, I guess. That's the main reason."

The Lion, The Witch And The Wardrobe by C.S. Lewis



"It's the first book I ever read twice. I've had the other ones in the series given to me but I haven't read them yet. It's fantasy. What happens?"

Well... you see, I have a terrible memory. I forget just about everything. I'll talk to my friends about things we've done and they'll say 'remember when we went to that place and you did this?' and I'll say 'no...'. That book I just remember as a real fantasy book. I remember it was a really beautiful story. It takes you away. I don't read many books, I read magazines. The books I like are self-improvement and psychological books. I was given a book called *The Road Less Traveled* by N. Scott Peck – it's not like a self-help book, it's just about life. It's just good to read, especially if you're going through a bit of a hard time – it gives you a bit more confidence."

"Sexual Healing" by Marvin Gaye



"I don't know why I like that – it's just great. I love it end every time I hear it I just feel I have to dance. It's the same with 'Celebrate' by Kool & The Gang. You can't hold me down while that's on. 'Sexual Healing' is a bit raunchy, a bit bluesy... it just attracts me, I suppose. I like Prince, which is pretty much the same. A question I'm normally asked is who do you idolise end all that end there's no one person in particular – even as a kid I never had pin-ups on the wall or any of that – but the one person I really liked was Prince in the *Purple Rain* days. I used to scream at the movie – I don't know how many times I saw it. I like his look. He's very individual... I just really like the music. It's got a really funny feel to it. Half the world thinks he's repulsive, yes, but I think he's sexy in his own way."

Thunderbirds



"(Screams) Thunderbirds are Go! It was just a weird TV programme. There was nothing else like it. They were people who walked funny. (???) It was these puppets end they're flying these ships around end they all looked really funny end there's one with really big fat glasses and that's about all I know. The other shows I grew up with were ones like *The Flintstones*, *The Brady Bunch*, *Get Smart*. *Get Smart's* American – you know *Get Smart?* Agent 86 and 99? (Er... no... Ed) *KAOS?* (Er... no... Ed) You missed out on *Get Smart!* Oh no. There's one thing I know about and you don't know what I'm talking about..."

Mauve

"Mauve is synonymous with flowers. (???) I don't have as many mauve things now as I used to – I used to have lots of mauve clothes... like a mauve mohair cardigan."



- Photo: Catherine Kelly
- Photo: Andrew Eccles
- Photo: Mark
- Photo: Michael O'Connell
- Photo: Sydney
- All clips: John Barrett
- Photo: Thomas

THE MINERS

LIP SERVICE

PAINTINGS BY JOHANNE RYDER IN *MINI'S* MAKE UP



SWEET SIXTEEN



I was born. Then got bored and went to sleep.

Sixteen years later I woke up. The alarm hadn't gone off. Still, it wasn't all bad, I'd missed maths!

Suddenly, I landed a job and needed a place to stash my cash. **FAST!**

"Why should I open an account with you?!" I snarled at a Royal Bank of Scotland Bank Manager.

"Lady! We've got **CASH MACHINES!**" he screamed horrifically. "And plenty of 'em!"

"**YOINKS!**" I gasped. "Can't you do better than that?!" He was breathing. We both were. With our lungs. I saw his eyes. With mine. Somewhere a bus passed, a dog barked, a disco opened.

"**HA-HAH!**" he barked back. "**NO PROBLEM!** We'll give you fifteen quid!"*

"That's a LOT!" I shot.

"Yup!" he went, economically.

Quickly, I opened the account and scooped the loot.

"Try your luck with our free competition," he added enthusiastically.

"**I'LL DO IT!**" I did. **I WON!**

Next! I wake up in a European City! A big one! It was full of foreigners.

GOOD!!!

The End



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Did you know that Clark Datchler is really a Bavarian nobelperson descended from the little King Otto of Greece? Or that Craig Logan always keeps a mole's foot in his right hand pocket as a preventative cure for cramp? No? Not surprising, really, because both these "facts" are complete lies. **Get Smart!** does, however, know absolutely every other real pop fact invented! So seal all your pop perplexities to **Get Smart!**, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

 **get smart!**

Exactly Who Are INXS?

Dear **Get Smart!**,

Do us a favour and tell me everything there is to know about INXS, especially Michael Hutchence as I think he's rather groovy. From *A Little Devil Inside*, London.



▲ Back row: Jon Farriss, Garry Gary Beers. Middle row: Jon Farriss, Andrew Farriss, Kirk Pengilly. Front row: Michael Hutchence and his rhapsodic limited vocal range.

● Apart from the "rather groovy" Michael Hutchence who is 28 and sings, INXS consist of Garry "Gary" Beers aged 31 (bass), Kirk Pengilly aged 30 (saxophone and guitars) and the Farriss brothers Tim aged 31 (guitars), Andrew aged 29 (keyboards and guitars) and drummer John aged a "mere" 27. They are "halt" from Sydney in Australia, although when he isn't trotting across the globe in the name of rock and roll Michael actually lives in Hong Kong. The singles they have released in Britain so far are "Need You Tonight", "New Sensation", "Devil Inside" and "Never Tear Us Apart". The LPs "INXS" and "Underneath the Colours" were only released in "Oz" and America, although you can get them here on import. The ones released in Britain are "Shabooh ShooBah", "Dekadence" (a mini LP), "The Swing", "Listen Like Thieves" and "Kick".



▲ Michael Hutchence and his rhapsodic perversities at halt so-called "rapt".

IS MATT GOSS A BINSO FOUR-EYES?!!

Dear **Get Smart!**,

I'm rather stumped at the moment. Although I've never actually seen Matt Goss wearing glasses, during a Bros interview in *Smash Hits* (1-14 June) Luke, whilst commenting on Matt's forgetfulness said, "He's always forgetting his glasses... So what did he mean? Can it be that Matt is secretly a binso four-eyes? From *Matt's Girlfriend* Although I Should Know, Essex.



● No! Matt isn't at all short-sighted. In fact, he has 20/20 vision (ie his eyesight is almost perfect). In the interview you mention, Luke was actually referring to Matt's Rayban "shades" (v. trendy American sunglasses that cost about £50 a pair). Matt, you see, being a bit absentminded, loses them all the time and has to buy new pairs constantly, whereupon he promptly finds the old ones again, the clot!

SIMPLE MINDS

Have They Disappeared Off The Face Of The Earth?!

Dear **Get Smart!**,

I wonder if you can help. I'm completely at a loss! Where on earth have Simple Minds gone? And more to the point, when will they be back again? A Simple Minds Fan Who is Quite Worried Actually, London.

● No need to fret your bonce off any longer, "Quite Worried". The "Minds" recently performed live at Nelson Mandela's 70th Birthday Tribute alongside a host of other pop toffs and notables and that isn't the last you'll be hearing of them either. They are, as we "converse", in "the studio" recording some tunes for their next LP. They haven't got any plans for a title yet but they do expect to be able to release it sometime in September. They're back! (sort of).

Photo: Simon Fowler

What The Juggins Is

Marti Pellow's

Real Surname?



Dear **Get Smart!**,

Please please please can you help me out on a couple of queries that have been driving me completely bonkers? When is Marti Pellow's birthday and what is the true spelling of his real surname? I have read various things in both cases, so what do you say? A Very Confused Wet Wet Wet Fan, Middlesex.

● Marti "Pellow" is an Aries and his birthday falls on March 23 (he was 22 this year). As for his true surname, although you may have seen it spelt a number of ways (e.g. McLoughlin), it has, apparently, never been spelt correctly in print! Therefore, **Get Smart!** can exclusively reveal that the proper version is **McLachlan** (hence the name(?)).

FAN CLUBS

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(Temporary address - please fan club soon)

● When writing to fan clubs always enclose a stamped addressed envelope so if it's direct an International Reply Coupon which you can get from the Post Office.

...studying. (?) It's strange because being a pop star is the one profession where you don't need any qualifications or brains at all!

So, were you a girle swot at school then?

"Yes, I really enjoyed it. I was quite aware of being a swot though so I tried hard not to be. I didn't want to be a creepsy girl so I used to try and do things that wouldn't make me look so creepsy! Education is good for you, kids! No, don't write that, I sound like a real old fogey! I'm a horrible bookworm, though. It drives Ben mad!"

And is there anything about Ben that drives you batty about the bonce?

"Well, the first time I met him I felt comfortable with him. We immediately formed an alliance which involved taking the micky out of everyone else we saw! Especially other students who used to wear horrible clothes and dirty trainers! What about the bits in him I don't like? Well, I have to say it, he's either the life and soul of the party or he's Mr Missy! Teehehehe!! He's also got a very violent temper, but not towards me thankfully! Is he romantic? Yes, he is. Once we were lying on this park bench being romantic and he gazed up into the clouds and this wisp fell straight into his eyeball!! Haha!! It's completely true that!"

Indeed, it must be, viewers, because Ben is now looking a trifle red around the gills! So who does the washing and the ironing and all the other horrible chores about the house?

"Well, I usually load up the washing machine but it's Ben who does everything else! He's the tidy one - I make all the mess..."



SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

PEEK



I was born. The
Sixteen years I
I'd missed maths
Suddenly, I lan
"Why should
Scotland Bank M
"Lady! We've
'em!"

"YOINKS!" I
both were. With
dog barked, a dis
"HA-HAH!" he
quid!"**

"That's a LOT!"
"Yup!" he went
Quickly, I open
"Try your luck"
"I'LL DO IT!" I
Next! I wake u
GOOD!!!

BOO



TOUR

- SEPTEMBER 12 NEWCASTLE/CITY HALL
- BRISTOL/COULSTON HALL
- 17 ST AUSTELL/OLUSEUM
- 18 MANCHESTER/APOLLO THEATRE
- 19 PORTSMOUTH/GUILD HALL
- 20 LONDON/ROYAL ALBERT HALL
- 21 LEICESTER/DE MONTFORT HALL

- 22 GATEFOLD POP UP
- 23 LIMITED, NUMBERED
- 24 LIMITED, NUMBERED
- 25 LIMITED, NUMBERED
- 26 LIMITED, NUMBERED
- 27 LIMITED, NUMBERED
- 28 LIMITED, NUMBERED
- 29 LIMITED, NUMBERED
- 30 LIMITED, NUMBERED
- 31 LIMITED, NUMBERED



"We hate each other!!"

other!!"

Oo-er. Ben Watt and Tracey Thorn (i.e. Everything But The Girl) are supposed to be in a kiss-up situation to celebrate their first big hit "I Don't Want To Talk About It". Instead, as Alex Kadis discovers, they're far too busy throwing dishes at each other to enjoy such domestic "bliss". . .



What a funny old world it is and no mistake. Just four years ago two penniless university students, Ben Watt and Tracey Thorn, otherwise known as Everything But The Girl, were "winging" their way up the hit parade with a rather spiffing tune called "Each And Everyone". But! Instead of becoming world renowned pop people and having a string of chart "busting" songs they threw in the "towel" and decided to - quintuple splutter!!!! - finish their degrees at university! Still, all is now well again and they're back in the charts, crooning, for some reason, a tune called "I Don't Want To Talk About It", originally made famous by wrinkled old pop duffer Rod Stewart. And here they are leaping about (well, almost) in a "photographer's" studio having their picture taken and telling Ver Hils about how they like to smash crockery and recorda and the "like". . .

*Offer subject to availability



"I was always a talker! I talked really early. I was a lazy baby – I didn't bother to walk for ages but I used to yak all the time! It was really strange because there'd be this little baby being wheeled around in this pram going 'Oh, morning! It's a very nice day!!'"

Mmmm. Tracey Thorn is the singing half of Everything But the Girl and she has just shocked the pop world at large with the earth shatteringly swotty announcement that she's about to give up the life of rockstar stardom for the second time to go to university again!! "I'm not really allowed to talk about this," she pipes, glancing at Ben who is at this precise moment in time giving our Tracey a baleful glare of disapproval. "I'm, er, going to be a part-time swot and a part-time pop star! I've always liked studying. (?) It's strange because being a pop star is the one profession where you don't need any qualifications or brains at all!"

So, were you a girly swot at school then?

"Yes. I really enjoyed it. I was quite aware of being a swot though so I tried hard not to be. I didn't want to be a creepy girl so I used to try and do things that wouldn't make me look so creepy! Education is good for you, kids!! No, don't write that, I sound like a real old fogey!! I'm a horrible bookworm, though. It drives Ben mad!"

And is there anything about Ben that drives you batty about the boyce?

"Well, the first time I met him I felt comfortable with him. We immediately formed an alliance which involved taking the mickey out of everyone else we saw! Especially other students who used to wear horrible clothes and dirty trainers! What about the bits in him I don't like? Well, I have to say it, he's either the life and soul of the party or he's Mr Miserly! Teehehehe!! He's also got a very even temper, but not towards me thankfully! Is he romantic? Yes, he is. Once we were lying on this park bench being romantic and he gazed up into the clouds and this wisp fell straight into his eyeball! Haha!! It's completely true that!"

Indeed, it must be, wewers, because Ben is now looking a trifle red around the gills! So who does the washing and the ironing and all the other horrible chores about the house?

"Well, I usually load up the washing machine but it's Ben who does everything else! He's the tidy one – I make all the mess. . ."

ben

My dad used to be in a big jazz band so I grew up singing along to those records. There was this big speaker in our house, bigger than me, and my dad used to come home after a session and wake me up at about three in the morning and stand me in front of it and say 'check this out Ben'. I was only about three so my mum used to go up the wall! I used to think it was fun! Is my dad a tad untinged? Well... yeees. . . I s'pose he is a bit on the eccentric side really."

Ben Watt, borrower, is Everything But The Girl's axeman (i.e. he plays the guitar) and, after a childhood spent getting his ear drums blown to bits by his dad's "speaker" and being a rotter at school, he grew up and became, erm, a gardener. . .

"I did a series of jobs before I settled at university. I was a groundsman at a posh sports

centre. I used to draw the lines on tennis courts and drive this huge great lawn mower."

Meanwhile, something very spooky was occurring. At the very same time, you see, Ben was also being a sort of pop star on a minuscule scale for a record company called Cherry Red and so was a certain Tracey Thorn! It wasn't long, however, before Ben decided that trimming privet hedges for a living and being a v. minor pop star wasn't much cop and he fizzled off to Hull University where, lo! and behold! Tracey had fizzled to as well!!

"I'd heard of her before, through our record company, but we'd never spoken, and someone told me that she was going to the same place as me purely by coincidence. Anyway, what happened was, the first day I was at Hull I went to the Student Union Building and I put a message over the tannoy and said 'Hi Tracey Thorn of The Marine Girls (the name of Tracey's 'group' at the time har

har) is in the building could she please come to reception' and she came!"

And bing! That was it! The twosome fell in love and lived happily ever after!

"Er, no, I doubt it was that simple actually. We didn't fancy each other at first sight! We just grew together. I think we hate each other as much as we like each other! The crockery hits the wall as much as it does in every other house!"

So what, then, do the twingling twosome do to amuse themselves when they're not having 'mazin' snog-ups or swinging crockery at the walls.

"Well, we have this traditional ceremony in our house. It's called 'The Breaking Of The Records Ceremony'. We go out and buy all the new releases and we put them all on and if there's anything we don't like at first listen we break it over our knees and throw it in the dustbin! Yes it is a little expensive but it's a laugh!! Hahaaaaaaahaaa!!!"



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WELLA





S-EXPRESS

SUPERFLY GUY

Michéle: Superfly guy superfly guy

CHORUS

Michéle: Superfly guy gonna take you higher
Superfly guy gonna take you high

REPEAT CHORUS

Steam: He is bad he is smooth
He's the man that'll make you move
REPEAT ABOVE THREE LINES

Steam: Get on the right track
Yeah yeah yeah yeah superfly
Get on the right track
Yeah yeah yeah yeah superfly express
(Woo woo)

Michéle: Gonna take you higher
Gonna take you high
Superfly guy

Steam: Like a train

Michéle: Superfly guy
(OK weirdos)
(Ain't this a mother)
REPEAT THREE TIMES

Michéle: Superfly guy gonna take you higher

Adrian: Yeah yeah get on the right track

Michéle: Superfly guy gonna take you high

Adrian: Express yourself oh oh

Michéle: Superfly guy
Gonna take you higher

Adrian: Superfly express

Michéle: Superfly guy
Gonna take you high

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

(Hey you what you say come on)
(Let's play)

REPEAT THREE TIMES
REPEAT THIRD VERSE

(Woo woo)
REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

Words and music by M. Moore/P. Gabriel
Reproduced by permission Rhythm King Music
On Rhythm King Records

PRINCE

This thing we got it's alive
It seems to transcend the physical
One touch and I'm satisfied
Must be a dream it's so magical

Chorus

Glam slam thank you miam
You really made my day
Glam slam thank you miam
I pray you'll always stay

I know I hold you too tight (too tight)
But I just can't seem to get close enough
(I want to hold you)
I want to hold you every night
I'm so horny and you're the stuff

Repeat chorus

Ha ha ha this thing we got it's alive (alive)
It seems to transcend the physical
One touch and I'm satisfied
Must be a dream it's so magical

Repeat chorus

Glam slam
You will always stay you will always stay
Alright it's OK
(Baah) ow-ah

Words and music by Prince
Reproduced by permission Warner Bros. Music Ltd
On Paisley Park Records



GLAM SLAM

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*So put your piggy bank
into retirement by opening a
BarclayPlus account, at your*

nearest Barclays branch, now.



Dear Black Type,

Seeing as Su "Oh Gawd We Need Some More 'Leol' Roll" Pollard used to work for Neil "How's About A Spot Of Rumpo?" Tennant's Uncle Dickie in a "rubber" company, and I deduce that as Sir Neilford has brown "locks" and a cute friend called Spike "Lowe", then he must in fact be Ted "Hovis" Boyce, ergo I have discovered the secretions of the university! Ergo Patsy "Muscles" Kenst must be Yellow Sylvia! Ergo Dusty "Springer" Mopfield must be Jeffrey "Fabrothers" I'm off (my rocker)!

From Someone Who'd Like A Long Lingerest Look At Neil Tennant's Chest "Wig", Rly!

Dear Typographical Blackness,

I'm writing to you about the l-l-l-l-lyrics in your magazine.

"Woh Woh Woh Woh Woh Yeah
Woh Woh Woh Woh Woh Yeah
Woh Woh Woh Woh Woh Yeah
Woh Woh Woh Woh Woh Yeah
Huh Huh Huh Hoo Hoo Ha
Huh Huh Huh Hoo Hoo Ha
Woh Woh Woh Woh Woh Yeah"
Some songs are a bit repetitive, aren't they? (Not to mention meaningless.) (Repeat 12 times.) And it gets rather boring (Does it not?) (Repeat 51382987471 times.)

"Shooby Dooby Dooby Wow Ow
Shooby Dooby Dooby Wow Ow
Shooby Dooby Dooby Wow Ow
Shooby Dooby Dooby Wow Ow"
Why print them?
The S3rd Huh On The Left,
Cambridge

Simply more true for your shilling, I'll wager!

Dear Blackest of Black Type,

I'm writing to you to say how shocked, yes shocked and angry I am at the way *Smash Hits* (29 June - 12 July) had the cheek to call gorgeous Eric Clapton a "crumbly old guitar hero" when he's only 43! And then you said that "Wonderful Tonight" was a "rather dreary song", when of course it is beautiful and romantic. Then, of course, you completely horrified me by cutting his face out of the picture of him and Mark Knopfler, only showing the back part of his head.

Letters

● WRITE TO: *Smash Hits*, 32-33 Carnaby 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)

If you were only to just think about it, you would realise that it's people like Eric Clapton who are the real professional musicians in this country and not pathetic teeny bopper bands like Curioety Killed The Cat, who have two or three hits and then are never heard of again. Frankly, I'm upset. And if you don't print my letter, I will come into your offices and hold you all hostage. Eric Clapton's No. 1 Fan, Rachael Lambert, Portsmouth.

Dear Blacker Than Ever Type,

Did you know that if you turn to page 15 of *Smash Hits* (1-14 June), you will discover Rod Stewart grinning in a gruesome fashion from his bonce at you. Then if you dig out a Sainsburys Freezer Marker and scribble out his mouth, he still has an evil grin on his face. Then if you cross out his eyes, he still looks as if he's thinking "nice" thoughts. Amazing really. He must have a laughing nose!
Sherlock's Magnifying Glass,
Sheffield.

Aah! Rod The "Mod", namesake of Rod Rod The Conker Rod (Oddest Man In The World) who funnily enough possesses smirking kneecaps. Quickly sobered by a sharp tap with a mallet on most occasions. Laugh? I could have done, I suppose.

My Dearest Chum Black Type,

I have written to you today to ask a most simple question - why are people constantly writing to

yourself complaining about various different types of music not being to their taste?!! Vulgar creatures. It seems to be an awful waste of ink and paper because in this wonderful world of ours, we can all live in total harmony if only we become more tolerant of others. For instance, I would prefer to sit in (on one of my spare evenings from the Ladies' Flower-Arranging Society) and listen to Hadyn's Concerto For Trumpet In E# Minor, but I know and accept that there are some who would prefer to listen to Iron "Lady" and sip their alcoholic beverages until they become quite, quite sick - but I can live with them.
Lady Prudence Commonsense

I honestly wish I had such a high level of tolerance. I myself live side by side (well, downstairs and upstairs) from a rather unsavoury chap who keeps ferrets under his kitchen sink and often causes my ceiling to shudder whilst "jiggling" to Chas "N" Dave's "Unholy Knees-Up Dance Party Megamix Cor Blimey Guv'nor Gordon Bennett" horrid LP, and I find it really quite unwavering.

Dear Black Type,

May I just take this moment to say how wonderful it is to see a nice Hawaiian chap like Glenn Meideiros in the charts? I honestly don't think there are nearly enough foreign people in the hit parade and I really haven't had half as much fun as watching Glenn,

"sporting" a medallion, swinging from a palm tree and parping on a conch sea-shell during his performance on *Top Of The Pops* since The Kids From Fame last brightened up our otherwise dreary National Top 40. It's thoroughly pleasant.
(Sir) Cuthberty Winkle-Plonker, Father Of Nine, Ramsgate.

Dear Lord Black Of Typesville,

Whilst tracing ancient distant relatives to complete my family tree, I came across a bloke called Mr Reginald Type. "Golly," I thought, "I wonder if he's in some way related to our good friend Black Type?"

Reggie (as he was known) made square wheels in the 14th century, and then went on to invent the triangular wheel, which he discovered eliminated one bump (haw haw).

Is he your great great great grandfather or something? I hope so. Then I can add **Black Type** to my long list of "famous" relatives which, incidentally includes such "house"hold names as Bubbles the chimp, J. R. Hartley, the mysterious fifth member of the Wets and the furry green thing that is often to be seen "chirping" merrily on Keith Harris' knee (i.e. Orville!)
Carl Bouis (The Good-Looking One), Bridgwater.

Gracious. Old Reg Type! A charming fellow and, of course, namesake of Snipston. Indeed. After his days as a wheelsmith, he became a seafaring mariner type who was so completely useless at clambering up the "rigging" that he was confined to the galley, where he in fact invented the rum traffic. This, sadly, was the poor chap's downfall. For one night after he'd had a "few", he keeled over the side of the vessel. It's rumored he was mistaken by a conger eel for a Chicken McNugget. Spooky, is it not? No relation of mine of course, which means neither are you. But, blub not. Console yourself with a token "n" towel as I bid "Avanti!!!" Ho ho!

EMPIRE

my imagination

as seen on tour with bros

PARLOPHONE



WORLD KIM

She's back as a popstrel with her single "You Came", she's on tour with Michael Jackson, and, she tells a "perplexed" Mike Soutar, she once robbed her next door neighbour's milk bottles (or something)...

It's not often, listeners, that one gets to travel into the heart of England's green and "pleasant" land in the search for all that is happening in this world we call "pop". Yet here we are today, whizzing a'er hill and vale to a place called Knebworth, a charming little village that is sometimes the scene of large pop gatherings but which today is very very quiet and, er, rural. We are heading for a "glush" swank-studio where singing popstrel Kim Wilde is taking a breather in between her nightly performances as "support" act on the Michael Jackson World Tour Live Experience. And—"lo!"—there she is, her feet-a-dangle in a bowl of warm Fairy Liquid, admitting that she is indeed "rather whocked" after the first "leg" of the tour.

Kim Wilde is obviously putting her roots down in this charming spot as she announces that she's just bought a 400 year old barn in the middle of a field round these parts. She also declares, for no apparent reason, that she is "very interested" in interior design, wants to "double" in "wall murals" and thinks the new tune she's invented, "You Came", is "the most mature thing I've ever done". But this is not all she has to say about her long "career" as a popstrel. For instance...

SHE WON'T HEAR A BAD WORD SAID ABOUT HER NEW CHUM MICHAEL!

"I just get really upset when I read all this crap in the newspapers

about me being snubbed by Michael Jackson. I love met him and he's really sweet. We haven't sat and had an in-depth conversation or anything, but I hope that I'll get to see a bit more of him during the rest of the tour.

"I really won't hear a bad word said about him. The adverse press I read about him I find personally very repulsive. All I can say is that the person I met was very sane, very normal, very sweet and very lovely. He had a gorgeous smile and you can tell a lot about a person by the way they smile."



SHE CAN'T WORK OUT HOW HE DOES HIS "FAMED" 'MAZIN' TENT TRICK THING!

"Watching Michael's show from the wings is fantastical! It's just a completely different experience. Watching from the front you get the full blast of all the effects and dances and stuff and it looks really effortless. But from the side you can see the work that goes into it. It's beyond me how he does the effects. I mean, I was really trying to look because he gets into a sort of a tent and then next second he's at the other side of the stage. I mean, I was sitting right on the side of the stage and I still don't know how it was done!"

SHE SPURNS RUMOURS OF TRUE LOVE WITH CALVIN FROM JOHNNY HATES "JAZZ"!!

"Me and Calvin Hayes??? Hihihihihihihihihih! Well Calvin and I, I don't know if you know, have been friends since the beginning of my career. He used to drum for me in my first band. We go out sometimes and just recently the papers have cottoned onto it, but we've been doing this for years. But then I've been romantically linked with loads of other pop stars in the past. Going right back, there was a story that me and Steve Strange [ancient speak-blake who was a "New Romantic" and wore piles of make-up] were going to get married, and then a load of stuff about me and Adam Ant [another ancient blake who

used to pretend to be a pirate and made girls blub]. Apparently Rick Astley was supposed to be madly in love with me... I read about this stuff and, I mean, I know these people. It's really embarrassing."



SHE THINKS SHE WAS PROBABLY JOAN OF ARC IN A "PREVIOUS LIFE"

"Sometimes I really believe that people have had previous lives, because you can meet an eight year old child and they're wiser than an 80 year old man and you can't help thinking that the wisdom comes from somewhere. I've always had a feeling that I've had quite painful previous lives, which is why everything's so comfortable and lovely now. I think I went through considerable pain and I also reckon I was something quite heroic, maybe Joan Of Arc, that quite appeals to me. [Joan of Arc was a French woman who ended up getting burnt at the stake which isn't very nice when you think about it—Ed.] I don't think I was ever a man though, for some reason."

SHE DREAMS ABOUT TOOTH DECAY!

"I have one recurrent dream where all my teeth fall out! Suddenly my mouth is full of teeth and have to spit them out and my whole mouth is kind of like decaying and... it's quite gross really. I read a really good book about dreams, because I think if you understand your dreams then you can solve your problems. From what I can make out from the book I have the dream when I don't feel in control of my life, when it all runs away from me..."

"Funny enough though, I'm not scared of going to the dentist. I have about six or seven fillings."

SHE USED TO MAKE HER NEIGHBOURS' LIVES A MISERY!

"I'm not that much of a prankster, but I did make a crank phone call once to a blake I was going out with which was a bit of

a disaster. I pretended to be this other girl but she seemed a bit too pleased to hear her voice! I didn't go out with him for long.

"Most of the pranks that I pulled weren't on the phone, though. My best friend and I cut out a subscription coupon from Playboy (perv "men"s magazine) once and got a year's supply sent to my next door neighbour! We doctored their milk bill once and altered it to quite a lot of money, but just enough so that it was still within the realms of possibility. They had complete hysterics!"



SHE USED TO "PRUNE" CARNATIONS FOR A LIVING!

"I had two really awful jobs before I became a pop star. One was cleaning a hospital, which included doing the loos and whatever else may be lurking there. The other was dis-budding carnations, which was monumentally boring. What happens is that they grow to about six feet and they're held up by a network of strings. The purpose of dis-budding is to nip off every flower except the one at the top so that it gets all the goodness. I did it every Saturday for a long long time. I don't much care for carnations any more actually."

SHE EATS CHEESE AND JAM SANDWICHES!!

"I absolutely love baked beans, they're my favourite thing in the whole world. They're very good for you too, plenty of fibre and no preservatives. And I like Japanese sushi [raw fish—berlee] and capaccio which is very thinly sliced beef, and gaspaccio which is very spicy cold soup."

"I do like cheese and jam sandwiches, especially first thing in the morning! I always have them if I'm in Europe, because all the continental breakfasts have like loads of cheese and jam in them and because I don't normally have much time I tend to eat them both together! It's very nice. It's like deep fried camembert with raspberry sauce. Yum! [Triple spacer-yoo].."

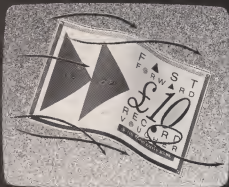


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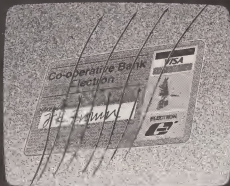
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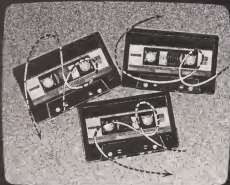
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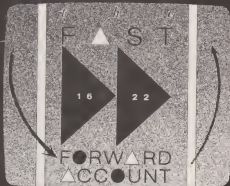
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REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY GRAEME KAY

THE BLOW MONKEYS: This Is Your Life (RCA)
The Blow Monkeys haven't had a hit for rather a long time and you might be forgiven for thinking they'd disappeared off the face of the earth. This single, however, should prove to be just the trick as far as comebackers are concerned. A hugely danceable piece of funk, it will have anyone with half a leg hurling themselves about the "floor" murderously. The bass guitar drives along like a thing possessed while saxophones and synthesizers swirl about all over the shop. On top of all this Dr Robert croons on about "survival of the fittest" in quite a brilliant fashion. They're back! Etc!



ELECTRA: Jibaro (London)

Apparently "Jibaro" is what people in nightclubs on the holiday side of Ibiza shout when they've gotten a bit steamed up and think that the DJ has just put on a stonking good record. And apparently "Balearc Beat" is a new sensation which is going to take the nation's dancefloors by proverbial storm. However, if this is an example of "Balearc Beat" then all I can say is "blimey what's all the fuss about" 'cause it's all most cop at all and sounds like nothing more than a pale imitation of Jellybean's recent hit "Jingo".

STATUS QUO: Running All Over The World (Vertigo)

This is the official "theme" tune for this year's Sport Aid event and of course it's just that spiffing old Quo classic "Rockin' All Over The World" (except they've put "Running" where "rockin'" used to be. Cumming stuff, n'est-ce pas?) and as such it's rather ruddy marvellous 'cause it features one of those thundering good time boogie, er, riffs for which ver Quo are renowned. So if you haven't got "Rockin' All Over The World" you could nip out, buy this, feel virtuous (as it's all for a good cause) and have a cracking good rocker of a single to "boot".

SCARLET FANTASTIC: Stay (Arista)

Oh dear. It seems like the bespangled twosome have come over all moody since their last proper hit. "No Memory" fizzed out of the charts. On this sad little smoocher Dame Maggie Demonde gets all emotional about her true "luurve" going off for a while and willies her way through some cosmic lyrics of the "the world is a planet we could explore" school. Actually it's not that bad, though it does sound a bit like something Sir Christopher Hynde might have chucked out with the "ham 'burgers".

FIVE STAR: Rock My World (Tent/RCA)

In keeping with their ever so tough-looking new image Five Star are now producing pretty beefy pieces of disco bump and grind which make their previous efforts look fairly puny. It's a bit of a pity that, now they seem to be slipping somewhat down into the dumper, they're putting out records that really aren't that bad at all.



JANE WIEDLIN: Rush Hour (EMI)

Jane Wiedlin used to be in the Go-Gos - an American all-girl group who never got to be too

famous in Britain, but who included someone called Belinda Carlisle who's since become a rather well known pop star. Now Jane's out to become famous too, so she pipes on about how her bloke "sends" her when he's "at the wheel". It's actually quite a catchy little pop tune which, with its jaunty chug along-ness and Jane's cutesy-girl vocals (not dissimilar to Patsy Kensit or Tracey Tracey of the Primitives) could well be a bit of a hit.



SCRITTI POLITTI: First Boy In Town (Virgin)

My, what a sultry soulster! Green Gartside has become since the days when he had dreadlocks and used to make cranky old "indie" records. This is the follow up to "Oh Patxi" and it's much better. A spunky bass is swanged funkily, synths snap, bells jingle, someone clicks their fingers in a very "groovy" way while Green does his usual breathy warbling... Most infectious, Green - methinks you've got another hit on your hands.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD: Angel (China)

Yikes! Another new group from Ireland, this time a duo who, judging by this effort, could soon be the next U2,

etc. etc. A gently rocking acoustic guitar type thing, this swings and twangs along very pleasantly while the singer spouts on in a slightly raspy way not unlike the bloke from the Hothouse Flowers. A real "toe" "tapper".

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE: Other 99 (CBS)

What the heck's happened to Big Audio Dynamite! Not so long ago they were knocking out brilliantly inventive songs like "E=MC²" and "Medicine Show" but their last single "Play That Music" wasn't very good at all and now this. It seems like they've dropped all their reggae bits and sampling for a more straight ahead rock approach and the result is very disappointing.

GEORGE BENSON: Let's Do It Again (WEA)

No surprises here. George Benson - old smoothie crooner and guitar twiddler - turns out another of those smooth late night tunes which are so popular as background music in wine bars. "Do do do do doo doo do" twiddles George jazzily while crooning about some foxy chick who he wants to "do it again" with. In short, it sounds much the same as all the other dreary things he's done.

NICK KAMEN: Give Me Your Heart (WEA)

In our man from the laundrette's continuing search for pop superstardom this song should prove more of a help than a hindrance. Nick begs his girlie not to leave him in an angst-ridden tale of jealousy during which a piano plonks

merrily, percussive thing clank and some other piece of electronic gadgetry makes fearful elephant noises. (?) Very hummable.

ELTON JOHN: Town Of Plenty (Rocket)

This is another track plucked from the "Rock Strikes Back" LP and it must be said that it's much more the ticket than his last single "I Don't Want To Go On With You Like That" which, for a gent with such a fearsome reputation for turning out classy pop, was slightly on the average side. "Town Of Plenty" features an infuriatingly "hooky" organ "riff" around which "Reg" constructs a rather enigmatic song about a place where "only art survived" and "we had no media". It's all very meaning "ful".

ROD STEWART: Forever Young (WEA)

In which the old croaker dusts himself down and follows up the so-called rocker "I'm Lost In You" with one of those slower affairs which he's well known for. All very tastefully done with a bit of honky-tonkish piano and all the right "raunchy" guitar bits from ex-Duran Duran guitarist Andy Taylor, it plods along until, er, stops. Prolific, predictable and quite frankly as dull as yе olde dishwater.



THE GODFATHERS: Cause I Said So (Epic)

The Godfathers (half of whom used to be in a group called The Sid Presley Experience) look like the sort of blokes who'd give you a right good thumping if you so much as looked at them, let alone suggested that one of their waxings might be a bit dodgy. So it's just as well that this is a rather excellent rip-snorting "rock" thing on which a screeching guitar gets mercilessly tortured while the drummer thrashes his "kit" and the singer tells us we'd better believe him because he "said so". Great for a bit of guitar posing with the old tennis racket.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

RUN DMC: Mary Mary (London)

In which those sturdy old New York rappers Run DMC pinch a very ancient and obscure song from those merry '60s pranksters The Monkees, nick some of the old jingly guitar bits and some snatches of the chorus, mess about with it all, add a load of thunderously heavy drumming and then strut about quite a lot demanding "Mary Mary who y'buggn'?" Why indeed? Who knows? Who cares! This is a completely brilliant single which is refreshingly free of all that guff that rappers usually go on about, i.e. "Look how tough, wonderful and fabulously rich I am." Simply splendid!



BEETLEJUICE (15)

“Ordinary” is not the first word that springs into the head when describing Beetlejuice, for it’s a bizarre, but rattlingly good spoof-horror that is quite, quite unlike any other so-called horror film – and that’s because it’s infinitely more entertaining and not at all likely to make you want to throw up. Two awfully nice yuppie ghosts, Adam and Barbara, are confined to roam the idyllic country house they owned when alive which they tastefully decorated with nice Laura Ashley wallpaper. They become dreadfully upset when the house is sold to a brash, nerve-frazzled and frankly barking mad New York family, The Deetzes, who shriek in alarm – not at the ghosts (who are weedily hiding in the attic) but at the decorations. So to

get the Deetzes out and stop their years of lovingly done DIY being ditched for some kind of modern interior-design nightmare, Adam and Barbara decide to haunt their own house. But – alas! – their initial efforts (scuttling around walling in the night with designer sheets draped over their heads) are so totally pathetic that, in desperation, they enlist the help of “freelance bio-exorcist” Mr Beetlejuice, and the kind of eye-popping capers that ensue are not what anyone (least of all the viewer) expects. Beetlejuice boasts some gapping special effects, (stairses turning into snakes, prawn cocktails to monster’s hands etc etc) and a cast of endearingly spooksome characters all weaved in with pots of ghoulish malarkey and it’s even better when you can see it for nought pence...

Lola Barg



▲ Adam and Barbara – who’ve turned into ghosts – meet a few of their fellow ghouls.



▲ “A cast of endearingly spooksome characters...”



▲ Adam and Barbara haunting their own house.



▲ Mr Beetlejuice himself. A thoroughly bad egg.



▲ “Pots of ghoulish malarkey...”



▲ Strike a light! (Am I supposed to laugh? – Ed.)



▲ The vile Deetzes get haunted.



▲ From left: Craig, Matt, Luke (You’re dead – Ed.)

BEETLEJUICE!!! WE’RE GIVING AWAY 12 THOUSAND – YES THAT’S 12,000!! – FREE TICKETS!!!!!

Smash Hits brings you a unique “cinematic offer” (or something like that) whereby you and a chum of your choice can witness the spectacle that is Beetlejuice in the very, very first week it hits our cinema screens (thus instantly transforming you into a Barry Norman-film-boffin-type) and all for absolutely nought pence!!

HOW TO GET YOUR TWO FREE BEETLEJUICE TICKETS

- On **Thursday August 4** go along to any one of the 22 cinemas listed below during normal box office hours with this copy of *Smash Hits*.
- Go up to the nice lady or man in the kiosk, wave said copy of *Smash Hits* and say “Hello Nice Lady (or Nice Man). I am a *Smash Hits* viewer and may I have my two free tickets to see *Beetlejuice* pur-lease!”
- That very nice person will give you two ghostly *Beetlejuice* masks (which by a miracle of modern science are – spook! – also your tickets) which you should take home and put in a very



▲ Wear a *Beetlejuice* mask and see the film absolutely free!!!!

safe place (or you could wear them round the house and give the milkman the horrors).

- Go back to the same cinema on **Sunday August 14 at 10.30am** wearing your free *Beetlejuice* mask (try not to frighten any small children or little furry animals on the way). Remember, you’ve got to wear your *Beetlejuice* mask as you go into the cinema or you won’t get in (haw haw).
- Saunter into the cinema, sit back and enjoy the screening of *Beetlejuice*

(which will start at 11 o’clock “prompt”) and have many more thrills and spills than is quite normal on a spooky Sunday morning.

- The free *Beetlejuice* screenings take place only at the cinemas listed below so get there very very sharpish on August 4. There are only enough seats to fill each cinema once, although there are 12,000 tickets (which is quite a lot, we think you’ll agree) so only the first people there at the kiosk on August 4 will be in with a “chance”.

Here are those cinemas in “full”:
CANNON – BOURNEMOUTH
CANNON – BELFAST
CANNON – BIRMINGHAM
CANON – BRIGHTON
CANNON – BRISTOL
CANNON – CARDIFF
CANNON – DERBY
CARLTON CINEMA – DUBLIN
CANNON – EDINBURGH
CANNON – GLASGOW
CANNON – IPSWICH
CANNON – LEEDS
CANNON – LEICESTER
CANNON – LIVERPOOL
CANNON – MANCHESTER
AMC THE POINT – MILTON KEYNES *
CANNON – NEWCASTLE SHOWCASE CINEMA – NOTTINGHAM
CANNON – PLYMOUTH
CANNON – SHEFFIELD
CANNON – SOUTHAMPTON
WARNER WEST END – LONDON

* Please note that the screening at AMC Point, Milton Keynes, will be at 12.15 on Sunday August 14, not 11am like everywhere else, so those viewers in Milton Keynes get a longer Sunday morning lie-in. Carambull!



MAGNUM: On The Wings Of Heaven
(Polygram Music Video £14.99)

This is a "live" recording of Magnum's March 1988 concert at Hammersmith Odeon, and in you'll find singer Bob Catley strutting about striking the odd heroic pose in between saying rock 'n' roll things like "Awright!!!" and "How ya doin'?" etc. He also croons his way through 15 of Magnum's "finest" moments including "Start Talking Love", "Days Of No Trust" and "It Must Have Been Love" from the "Wings Of Heaven" LP, plus a load of other stuff too.

The problem is as a "live" experience Magnum look much like any other heavy metal "live" experience. Not much copy unless you are totally off your rocker when it comes to the Magnum vibe...
(3 out of 10)

Greame Kay

THE HOUSE MARTINS: Now That's What I Call Quite Good



THE HOUSEMARTINS

...and end up looking like just another pop star in a video. The Housemartins, on the other hand, spend next to nothing on their videos. Their videos are full of brilliant scenes of them larking about in fields, doing their famous leg wiggling dances, pretending to be drunken oafs and generally making you think 'my waz a nice bunch of people' and how much more sensible they were than other groups for not pretending that they were the coolest, most handsome group in the universe. Which they weren't. All in all, this is probably the best video compilation ever made.
(11 out of 10)

William Show

SALT 'N' PEPA: A Salt With A Deadly Peppa (London)

Rap's a bit like heavy "metal" in that you either think it's the most completely bounce-bangingly brilliant "happening" ever or that it's all exactly the same - entirely soulless and really rather dull. Salt 'n' Peppa's LP is the perfect example of this. It's a-choo with scratching and bits of old records and yelps and Salt 'n' Peppa "chirps" on the "mike" and all the other things that you find on good rap records, and while it's neither as funny as a "Boyz" disc nor as "hard'n' def" as Run DMC, it'll still be received by rap "aficionados" (whatever that means). But really there isn't much here to be too much into. Push it as a pop single and you'd be because there are very few tracks on the LP and so it's a bit unlikely that this... their second LP will win Salt 'n' Peppa any new converts.
(6 out of 10)

Mike Suster

ELTON JOHN: Reg Strikes Back (Rocket Records/Phonogram)

His ballad is our 'Eh'. He is also the undeniable master of ridiculous headwear and foolish spectacles and tatteresque platform boots as we can clearly see from the "gastrolid" sleeve which sports the spillage from his previous wardrobe that he's just gotten and sold. Huh! Sold because he's turned all normal on us as we couldn't remember he used to be a bloke called Reg Dwight (prrrrrrrr) etc. "Reg" is also the undeniable master of the "blubbong" because all those ones he used to do several centuries ago but nowadays, it seems, he's "forgotten" how to be a genius. Surtle, Surtle, Surtle, he seems "content" to be the nicest bald bloke in pop who makes LPs like this with one or two reasonable pop breakers that aren't very remarkably really and everything else is either a not-very-tuneful rockabilly belter or a hand-wringin' debilitator where "fluge" "fluge" horns on. Blub blub what a "sucker"!!!
(7 out of 10)

Sylvia Patterson

UB40: UB40 (Dep International)

UB40 aren't quite like any other group, they're 1) They aren't the remotest bit trendy. 2) They don't live in trendy swank beds in London because they've never moved out of Birmingham. What's more, they've never once done an "acid house" mix of a song because they're quite happy plugging away with their gentle reggae and having hit after hit without the slightest bit of fuss. In consequence, this LP is, as usual, very much what you'd expect: there are one or two of the "social comment" songs that made them famous in the first 18 months: the sometimes chirpy, sometimes sad love songs that they're so good at now. It doesn't exactly grab you by the throat, nor does it push back the boundaries of rock and roll, but it is a classy, hummable, danceable and rather clever LP from eight Brunettes who are 100% into their group these days as an institution.
(7 out of 10)

William Show

EIGHTH WONDER: Fearless (CBS)

When you shock An Eighth Wonder LP after all these years! It's full of the sprightly pips of young Papa Popers as she squeaks her way through a never-ending list of

pop songs. Strangely enough, "Stay With Me", (Eighty Wonder's "1st single") isn't actually included although you do get the recently released "Cross My Heart" and the saucy Pet Shops "I'm Not Scared". The trouble is Eighth Wonder seem to be sounding more and more like a not very good imitation of Madonna, with the exception of "When The Phone Stops Ringing" which sounds uncannily like a speedy version of Blondie's "Heart Of Glass". Unfortunately, this has to be the pop world's answer to fast food, i.e. in one ear and out the other. Oh dear!
(4 out of 10)

Josephine Collins

TRANSVISION VAMP: Pop Art (MCA)

Oh dear. Why, why must the Vamp's songstress Wendy James keep going on and on about the future and computers and revolutions and the 21st Century and so on when it's so old hat and simple and when the 21st Century is only round the corner anyway and of no visible interest to anyone whatsoever? The trouble with Transvision Vamp is you can't quite decide what they are, so on their first LP, you get a bit of punk, a smattering of glam rock, some bits nixed from the 70s legends like Marc Bolan and even Dame David Bowie, and goodness knows what else all lumped together to create the most tragically pathetic racket ever... "Pop Art" does include the Vamp's three singles, "Revolution", "I'll Tell Your Love" which Ma James croaks with unequalled gusto, but even her little whine and whoops can't save the day. Poor Transvision Vamp, they promised so much and they could come up with this. What a let down! Soodies they are.
(3 out of 10)

Alan Kods

PUBLIC ENEMY: It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back (Def Jam/CBS)

Cut-over and a half! Public Enemy are serious "dudes" and no mistake. This, their second LP (featuring 16 "cuts" and lasting for more than an hour) begins with a 16-minute dance demanded gathering at London's Hammersmith Odeon hallering their heads off, before we're whisked "back into the studio" to listen to the "bans" raring on about how "bad" and "raw" and thoroughly controversial they are. After a while though, as the screaming and whistling and thumping sounds that appear very loud on almost all of their "songs" begin to drive you to a bewilderment which is exactly the idea of course. If you're a rap fan, you'll no doubt find it "harder than the rest" and never stop playing it. But if you're not, it'll probably just send your neighbours barmy. Very entertaining.
(7 out of 10)

Tom Dayle

JOHNNY HATES JAZZ: The Video

Blazing! Virgin Music Video £7.99

Johnny Hates Jazz know exactly how they want to make videos. All six of these filmsets of the group's five hit singles (you get two versions of "I Don't Want To Be A Hero") have a bit of a visual theme which consists of them floating around in the background looking as moody as they possibly can into the camera while Clark Datchler smokes away, always wearing one of those rather odd jackets he so loves. That, basically, is the essence of the Johnny Hates Jazz video. Sometimes you wish that one of them would at least crack a smile as a foxtroop saunters across the video set, but not so much as a smirk. As with everything the jazz do it's very professional, and suits their music right down to the so-called ground.

BOOKS



THE HOUSEMARTINS: Now That's What I Call Quite Good (by Nick Swift, Tales From Humberstone, £5.95)

Not only is there a video out about The Housemartins called Now That's What I Call Quite Good (see Videos) but there's this really quite good book too, written by a chum of theirs from Hull. It tells the tale of how an ex-moed called Paul met a birdwatcher called Ian who changed his name to Stan i.e. the story of how the Housemartins were born. The tale is a stirring one about a group who decided to do more or less everything in the least trendy way imaginable and who still got to number one: they wore the wrong clothes, talked about politics rather a lot, even mentioned religion once or twice, they forgot to use "samplers" and do "Acid House" mixes of their songs...

Because the book is written by a bloke who's known them all along, it's got loads of true little tales in it told with the rampant enthusiasm of a mad fan, right up to the point where they decide to chuck it all in because they think they'll only become boring old pop stars if they carry on. There's loads of good black and white photos of Housemartin frolics too. Highly recommended.

A

autumn



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Peek a boo



Siouxsie and the Banshees

Creeping up the back stairs
Sinking into dark stalls
Shapeless and slumped in bath chairs
Furtive eyes peep out of holes
She has many guises
She'll do what you want her to
Playing dead and sweet submission
Cracks the whip and deadpan on cue

Peek a boo peek a boo
Peek a boo peek a boo

Reeking like a pigsty
Peeling back and gagging free
Flaccid ego in your hand
Clocks on dry tears can you understand
She's jeering at the shadows
Sneering behind a smile
Lunge and thrust to pout and pucker
Into the face of the beguiled

CHORUS

Peek a boo peek a boo
Golly jeepers
Where'd you get those peepers
Peepshow creepshow

Words and music by Siouxsie And The Banshees
Reproduced by permission Dreamhouse/Warner Chappell
On Polygram Records

Siouxsie's "critical" appreciation of the words to "Peek-A-Boo"

"The lyrics are written from the point of view of someone who works in a peep show. It's really a song about my disgust at the amount of soft pornography, things like Pepsi Three gets and perky ads on TV, that are being forced on people at the moment. Some of the words in the chorus are taken from a song by Louis Armstrong called 'Golly Jeepers' but we've changed them a bit. He sang it to a cow in a film, if I remember correctly." (?)

Where did you get those eyes

Strobe lights pump and flutter
Dry lips crack out for more
Come bite on this rag doll baby
That's right now hit the floor
They're sneaking out the back door
She gets up from all fours
Rhinestone fools and silver daffs
Curdie into bitter tears

Peek a boo peek a boo
Peek a boo peek a boo
Golly jeepers
Where'd you get those weepers
Peepshow creepshow
Where did you get those eyes











REPEAT CHORUS

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An "at-a-glance" guide to the next issue of **SMASH HITS!!**

FRONT COVER

A rather splendid photograph of an incredibly well-known pop star of some description, plus quite a lot of words about what else is inside the "magazine". The words **SMASH HITS** in large letters at the top will make it more easily identifiable alongside much less desirable publications nearby.

PAGES 2-71(ish)

A "colourful" "blend" of probing interviews, sizzling colour posters, sensational song words, plus quite a number of references to parsnips, together with some crap jokes and drawings of wildlife (probably).

Page 72 (or thereabouts)

BACK COVER
Similar to the front cover in the sense that both are on the outside of the magazine, but (You're fired - Ed)...

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"The fruitbat goes from strength to strength"

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F R E E

in this week's **JUST SEVENTEEN GIANT** (and we're talking **MEGA** here) double sided poster of **CHRISTIAN BALE** and five not-very-ugly lads

POP

● The **WEE PAPA GIRL RAPPERS'** guide to style ● **PAUL WELLER** talks the wind legs off a donkey (*This is not strictly true!* - Ed)

TRANSVISION VAMP Celebrity

FASHION with **CINDY** from *EastEnders*

MICHAEL JACKSON CENTRESPREAD

PLUS SPY at his Wembley gig (man!)

● *Chatback* asks: should the death penalty be brought back? Four readers debate

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ERIC S



"SMASH HITS IS POLLUTION OF THE MIND!"

Ouch! Wendy James of Transvision Vamp is not at all happy. She's not a big fan of Britain's Brightest Pop Magazine, she's not too fond of Kylie Minogue and she hates Messrs. Stock, Aitken & Waterman. "Cheer up grumpybags!" chirps Tom Hibbert. . .

Wendy James, the singer in new pop sensation Transvision Vamp, is striding about the photographer's studio, a vision of loveliness all in pink. Pink shorts of the cycling variety, pink "shirt" that appears to be constructed out of her grandmother's old doyleys, and pink bonnet-poseses in her hair. For some unaccountable reason she reminds me hugely of Therese Bazaar of the renowned singing troupe Dollar. She is talking about tea.

"Oh, bloody fascinating, that, isn't it?" she gapes sarcastically. "What tea do I drink?" Somebody has suggested that Wendy tell a Fleet Street "news" paper all about her fascinating private world - including her favoured brand of tea. Wendy doesn't seem to think this is a very useful idea. "We're not going to sell very many LPs by telling Fleet Street what tea I drink, are we?" she spouts. "Oh, I dunno," quips drummer Tex Axile (geddit? tax exile... tax axle ho ho). "I always buy records depending on what tea the group drink." Tex is the "wag" of the band (hence the name). I have just seen his bottom. His jeans are excessively ripped at the back and he does not appear to be wearing underpants. It is indeed a gruesome spectacle. "Bloody Fleet Street..." burbles Wendy rather crossly. Oh dear. This foxtrass has only been a "star" for about three seconds and already she is on her high horse.

Transvision Vamp (formed in 1984 by Wendy and

this guitarist bloke Nick Christian Sayer and now including Mr Axile and a couple of other punky types i.e. Dave Parsons and Pol Burton) go on a lot about things like "The Megasonic Groove" and "Funk Art Beatbox Stamp" (whatever they might be) and about "making music for the '90s" (hem hem) which tends to remind one somewhat of the Sique "Sique" Sputnik "manifesto", does it not?



They also go on about "honesty" and "integrity" which are jolly good things really but sound a bit like what ver punk rockers used to say. So are Transvision Vamp completely useless? We shall see . . .

Wendy James sits tidily beside me to conduct an interview. I frame my opening question. "So tell me, how is your singing partner Mr David Van Day?" Oh, no that's not quite right. "So tell me, old fellow me lad, what 'fired' you to enter this pop game in the first place?" Wendy informs me that music is a great release and an inspiration and that it "can be such a pure form of communication to young, untainted minds because there is so much dodgy conditioning throughout the education system that when I was growing up and school finished for the day the only way I could actually think what I wanted to think was by turning on the record player. It's so natural for us to try and be as good as our heroes. . ."

Who are your heroes?
"Above anyone else, Bob Dylan."
Other "heroes" include the punk rockers and the Sex Pistols (because of "the attitude and the rebelliousness and everything that music has desperately lacked in the last ten years") and Wendy left school with a safety pin in her nose. Though she wasn't that much of a "weibel" at school, I learn. . .

"I used to write embarrassing poetry at school. No, I will not recite you any of my verses. They were about life and the right to survive. I was a real clarinet-and-drama-class-and-wind-orchestra-and-hockey-team girl. When they needed to beat the local school at something like hockey they wheeled me out but they didn't like me."

After leaving school Wendy never had a job because she went whirling straight away into the giddy ferment of pop and now she finds herself working in "probably one of the most disgusting industries going (i.e. the music 'biz') but then I haven't worked in Woolworths so I wouldn't know. Woolworths is probably just as bad the way they force you to buy things on their counters. It's the

same thing. There's no difference, really, between Woolworths and Stock, Aitken & Waterman."

Wendy James, viewers, has little regard for the pop process in general and for Stock, Aitken & Waterman in particular.

"I despise Stock, Aitken & Waterman so much because they are just taking away the whole fun and adventurous spontaneity of music. Every single Stock, Aitken & Waterman song is the same and the kids rush out and buy it and Pete Waterman rushes out and buys his seventeenth Porsche."

So you aren't a big Kylie Minogue enthusiast?

"No, I am not. I think the attitudes she is portraying in her songs are really dangerous. The lyrics in those songs are tainted with the ideas of 'I really need a man to look after me' and 'I should be so lucky if you fall in love with me'. I really don't think in 1988 that girls should even be thinking about that because they've got so many years to find a boyfriend and get married if they want to. Those teenage years are the creative years. They're the energy years and the last thing you want to do is to be told by Kylie that the way to be happy is to settle down or to have a pop star boyfriend and live in a hot country. The things Kylie is telling us we need and the things magazines and fashion are telling us we need - it's all pollution of the mind."

Yikes! So is Britain's brightest pop magazine, *Smash Hits*, also "pollution of the mind"?

"Of course it is."

Oo-er. Heh he. So, tell me "Therese", if you were not saving the "dire" charts from ruin with your enticing brand of popular music, what would you be doing then?

"Oh. . . This is going to sound really precocious (??) and you've probably heard it a million times before but if I wasn't in music I think I'd probably, oh, no, I can't say that. . . oh, alright, I'd work with animals. I'd work for the preservation of this planet. I think I'd go off on long safaris with thermometers because if we don't take care of the world pretty soon, none of us will exist. A lot of people are going to be dead in 30 years time just because we're abusing this planet. I don't use aerosols. No aerosols. And when I buy *Spud-U-Like* I never crush the carton. And, yes, I'm a vegetarian."

And yet all the blokes in your so-called group are wearing jackets made out of bits of old cow hair. Hah! Get out of that one, Miss "Bazaar"!!

"Hmmm. Yes, and my boots for that matter are leather too. And your shoes. We can't all be perfect, can we?"
Indeed. . .



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CUT OUT & KEEP



Mutterings

● Summer time, eh? Fair does your head in what with all the buzzy bumbe-bess and going all wozzly with sun "stroke" and blowing the "hay fever from one's nostrils etc. Phil! Pop stars, however, reckon summer is ruddy marvelous for example, **Belinda Carlisle**.

"I used to skip a lot of school in summer," froths Belinda, "to go to the beach with my surfer boyfriend. Now I like the evenings, going out at night in a convertible (i.e. a car with no roof), it makes me real happy."

And **L.L. "Cool" J**...

"Summer's def 'cause there ain't no school and all you do is cool (?) he bikin' small, her hests all (??), she showed me a beach, gave me a peach and pulled out the suntan lotion. (???) She was looking for a real good time, I said 'Close your eyes, I got a surprise,' and ran away with the bottle of wine." (???) Ahim...

● Good "grief". He's been at "it" again. **Terence Trent D'Arby** ("Just call me The Trout") is up to his usual old mutterings. This time he's been telling the world and his "wife" all about the time before he was grasped within the clutches of swankdom and infancy and was in a useless group called Touch, and how all the other members were a tad jealous of The Trout and didn't like him very much anyway because he was an oaf.

"There was a lot of jealousy in the band," he blunders. "I was the frontman and to be honest I just wanted to be a star—I wanted a fast car and fast women." And about why he wanted to be in a band in the first place... "I wanted attention. I wanted to pose. And then when asked about why he's such a pompous buffoon: "Actually, I do have bit of a chip of my shoulder. After all, rock and roll was founded by people who had chips on their shoulders." Indeed it was (hem hem)...

● And what, pray, did ver **Bres** boys get up to whilst twizzling about on their recent visit to Japan? Seems they got a little fed up with having nothing else to do except scold dollops of raw swank fish and swig green tea and watch portly sumo wrestling blokes in nappies slap each other or whatever else it is that one does when one is in Japan. So, to cheer themselves up, **Matt, Luke** and **Craig** went on a "wicksid" spending spree of "happenn" Japanese toy shops. And, by all accounts it turned into a bit of a fiasco with ver lads dashing from one toy emporium to the next scooping up all manner of

Kylie Minogue, eh? Wornaboomerang (?) And to prove it she punted along for a spree at Alton Towers "Furr" Fair the other day and officially opened a new "fun" roller-coaster thing called The Mouse (collecting a tidy 10,000 "nickers" for her "efforts" and was sick on her size 1½ psychodelic sling-backs. Um, no she wasn't, she said The Mouse was "wonderful" and that she'd had a "g'dial" (i.e. a good day! Gaddi!?!). (Oh do "button" it – Ed)



▲ Kylie arriving at Alton Towers in a white helicopter and preparing to be Princess Oona



▲ Kylie and "chum" thinking about The Mouse "Dinks, chum! Feeding a bit dubious at the 'est"



▲ Kylie and some Big "Wig" embracing on their boat "I believe my capricious sea tossing"



▲ Whorewound! Ooo-ee."



▲ Parody me with a am sick on my size 1½ psychodelic sling-backs.



▲ Garpick, bursler! P! (Silly Photographic evidence) discontinued - Ed.



Climie Fisher (hence the name) were arrested after a woman mistook their "singing" for an act of murder and called the "cops"...

odd little gadgets like a robot and a noodle cutter and a rice slasher. Matt, however, wasn't so much dashing as hobbling on account of his "gummy" leg. Unfortunately, while the group were on stage one of Matt's usually perfect, gravity defying jass-de-dour (whatever they may be) ended up going somewhat askew. He landed the wrong way up and copped himself a swollen ankle to "boof" Driven's And also... Ta ta ta ta... aaaaaaa!!!!!! A "Trings" live experience: announcement: the first Bros "gig" ever to be on the "air", so to speak, is being broadcast on independent Radio in a jiffy. The London "broadcast" (which consists of recordings taken from ver boys' recent British tour) can be heard on Capital Radio on Saturday August 6th, and on billions of other independent radio stations throughout the land on either Saturday 6th or Sunday 7th August, whereupon half the nation will have gigantic kiss-ups with their "brammes" which is jolly unhygienic if you ask Trings' Hippch.

● What a nice place the South of France is, eh? A veritable sweet "shop" it is, and the very place to take a break in, with all the sun and frog "souff" they have there etc. But not apparently the most choice spot for **All About Eve** to make a "vid" for their new happy "hello trees hello sun" tune (i.e. "Martha's Harbour") because it was there that Andy and Mark night met their "end" in a speed-boat, churling around said harbour, when it collided with a "jetty" wall. The speedboat was completely ruined but the two Eves cheated late by jumping off into the sparkling "briney". How "fishy" (raw haw). (?) Byeoooo!!!

● What capers these pop goats get up to, eh, viewers? **Tap Climie** "Berlmy" **Fisher**, for instance, and their recent "brush" with the New York Police Department. There they were, yodding away at their vocal scales in a hotel room, when some spook woman in the room next door deduced from the tormented "strains" that they were obviously murdering someone and called in the razzers. The "bobbes" promptly battered through the door brandishing water cannons and the "like" and placed the hapless "harmony" duo under arrest. But the "day" was saved—hurray!—when the boys in blue found no evidence of the ghostly crime and set the Rob and Simon (hence the name) free. Oh "good"...

CLIMIE

FISHER
smash hits



Photo: DID Croze