

Morrissey
Interview Inside

SMASH HITS

MADONNA IN CONCERT

● JOHNNY HATES JAZZ

● PET SHOP BOYS

● JESUS & MARY CHAIN

● BON JOVI

● ABC



FIVE STAR!

HIT SONGWORDS BY RICK ASTLEY U2 WHITNEY HOUSTON

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We're as good as the Pet Shop Boys! We're younger, too. . .
 Gasp! Who can this be blowing his "bugle" so confidently when no one's ever heard of him? He's a cockney bloke called **Mat Goswami** - lead singer with a brand, pingling new group called **Bros** who are all a mere 19 years of age - and that's him on the left sporting the crispy white shirt with the abysmal "collar". He is, you will note, not very ugly. Neither is the bloke standing next to him because that's his identical twin brother **Luke**. The other bloke looks nothing like them and that's because he comes from Scotland, he used to be a bit of a metal "muso" and he's called **Graig Logan**. They've been attempting to become pop stars since they were 12 except they weren't very good at it: "Our first group was called **Carvier**", peeps **Mat** having the decency to sound embarrassed, "and we wanted to be a mushy soul band and we were very mushy. We wrote songs about girls and 'alhouettes in gold sand' his haah! We weren't very good. . ."

They spent their school days skiving off to practices ("we'd all come down with a mysterious illness on exactly the same day") and then doing useless jobs. "We'd clean cars for money and do a bit of plastering."
 And now they've released their first ever disc-*ish* stuff (tine called "I Owe You Nothing") - and they have the same manager as the Pet Shop Boys, hence the "comparison!"

"People think we're completely contrived," sniffs **Mat**, possibly quite correctly. "It's like. . . we have to apologise for our age! We have to apologise for the fact we look alright, too! People see you look quite good and think 'what a bunch of wankers!' what can we do?"

Oh dear. And all this grief for a pop staling who nearly didn't exist in the first place!?

"When my mum was pregnant," rumbles **Mat**, "she thought that there was only one of us 'cos the doctors could only hear one heartbeat. So **Luke** popped out and they cut the umbilical cord! I was left wondering what was going on - I was drowning! It was my dad who said 'eh, thought there might be another one' or I might never have been born. We were only four pounds each and I was so lovely shade of blue."
 Berleel And, being twins, they have the "odds" spook-predictions.

"I remember once I had a belly-ache for no reason and phoned home because I had this worrying feeling for **Luke**. I said 'is **Luke** OK?' and he'd fallen off his bike and hurt his stomach. That often happens, just a little *feeling* - there's something there."

Bros would also like to confess they are "looking for a girlfriend", are quite keen on being healthy: "we love running, athletics and water-skiing. It's only a fever for 10 tews! A fever for getting your arms wrenched out of their sockets - brilliant!" and they'd like to be as mad as **Michael Jackson**. "I love **Michael Jackson**!" coos **Mat**. "I'd love to sing with him one day. I think you have to be mad to do this anyway. I wouldn't mind a llama but I'd rather have a lion or a black panther to take for walks. I wouldn't have the plastic surgery, though - my shaving line would go up and I'd end up shaving my forehead."
Michael Jackson writes: "I feel quite sane all of a sudden. . ."

bras





▲ For all its 6 metre length the Stegosaurus was really a bit of a weed: it was a vegetarian and had Dairyfree cheese triangles on its back to prove it.

FIVE STAR IN BANK HOLIDAY RADIO "SPECIAL"



▲ Five Star and Mike Read in the hottest swank place you've ever seen.

● At last! A glimpse of "The Star" relaxing in the opulent surroundings of their swank new abode. Nestling in the county of Berkshire, the Pearson's new homestead is a veritable palace, as befits pop's very own "royal family". And look at the priceless collection of furnishings they've gathered: the elaborately embroidered curtains, the lovingly carved and plushly upholstered chairs, the glistening chandelier, the lush carpet, the hand-painted antique vase, the bespectacled antique disc "jockey".

Actually the DJ specimen known as "Mike Read" is but a temporary adornment to the Five Star home.

He is there to record a Radio 1 "Five Star Special" to be aired on Bank Holiday Monday (August 31st) between the hours of 12.35 and 2.00 pm, in which "The Star" relate the story of their meteoric rise from humble origins to the towering status they enjoy today.

They'll also be treating us to a selection of their favourite records and offering a "sneak" preview of their new LP.

The long-awaited third LP will bear the title "Read Between The Lines" and is released in September. It is named after Mike Read. That last bit is complete and utter codswallop.

A BITZ LOOK-ALIKE SPECIAL

● Isn't it rum how pop stars sometimes look like each other? For instance...



Photo: Adrian Green

● Joe Elliot of Def Leppard ...



...and saucy Samuel Fox



Photo: Paul Fisher

● Johnny Logan and ...



...er ... um ... Simon le Bon



Photo: Tim Budge

● Terence "Trout" D'Arby ...



...and Jody Watley



● Shakin' Stevens and ...



...er ... Shakin' Stevens



Photo: Paul Fraser

● Morten Harket and ...



... Mark Shaw from Then Jerico

Photo: LFI

Photo: Simon Fowler

THE GROUP WHO INVENTED SO-CALLED THRASH METAL



▲ Metallica acting the good. From left, James Hetfield, Jason Newsted, Lars Ulrich. Not named.

- They are in fact those renowned *Monsters Of Rock*, **Metallica**, of whom the known facts are as follows.
- They formed in 1981 and set out to rebel against "soft rock" and such weedy musical attributes as "vocal harmonies" and "tasteful melodies".
- Their music, played at "blazing speed" and with "ferocious intensity" was intended not so much to entertain as to tear the listener's head off, yet they soon established a large "cult"

following and were the first band to earn the now familiar "thrash-speed metal" tag

- Their first LP bore the charming title "Kill 'Em All"
- Guitarist James Hetfield is always falling off his skateboard and has so far broken his wrist and has arm both times in the middle of important tours.
- Treedy struck the band on their Scandinavian tour last September, when their tour bus crashed into a ditch, killing bass player Cliff Burton instantly.
- They gave up using a swank rehearsal studio and instead converted Laz Ulinch's garage into a suitable venue to practice because they "were used to jamming in dumps".
- Their new EP is called "The 55 58 EP—Garage Days Revisited" because \$5.58 is the sum at which the single retails in the US and because it was the first recorded in a garage it includes some of Metallica's versions of their favourite songs such as "Crash Course in Brass" (originally recorded by ancient rock group Budgie) which is a tender ballad (except if not).

"Are we a bit long in the tooth to be pop stars?"



▲ Graham Gouldman and Andrew Wax. "Curiosity Killed The Cat we say."

● Thus ponders Graham Gouldman of **Wax**, the pop duo with the combined age of 78 who are romping up the charts with that "Bridge To Your Heart" ditty. "Yes, I suppose we are really I'm 41 and Andrew's 37 so it is rather impertinent of us to tarry on making records. But what else am I supposed to do? I'm just a humble songwriter."

● A humble songwriter with, nevertheless, an impressive pop history. For Graham was a member of 10CC, a group "discovered" by Jonathan King who had a string of monster hits in the 1970s (including, incidentally, "I'm Not In Love" which is currently being "revised" by Johnny Logan). His partner Andrew Gold is something of a veteran too. He had a hit in 1978 with the dreamy "Never Let Her Slip Away" and also sang "That's What Friends Are For", the theme tune to the American comedy series *Golden Girls*.

● "I may be knocking on a bit," continues Gouldman, "but mentally I'm still the same as I was when I first started writing songs when I

was 19. Being in an exciting business keeps you young. And I still get excited by pop music and great songwriters, people like Prince and George Michael. And my kids, of course, keep me young. I've got two kids, a boy Louis who's 11 and Sarah who's 13 and a big Five Star fan. They were the ones who chose "Bridge To Your Heart" as our next single.

● And how does it feel to be gracing the charts again after all these years?

● "Well, it's satisfying, of course, but we really had a hit last year with our new single "Right Between The Eyes." It only reached #1 here but it was number one for nine weeks in Spain, something about a holiday smash."

● I don't know about howling the girls on *Top Of The Pops* though. I am, of course, the same size as the more mature ladies I always was, but Comstock Killed The Cat we ain't. So Comstock killed go for the more mature ladies, though. Pops may well bring maturity back into fashion!"

"I SUPPOSE I'VE GOT TO PUT UP WITH BEING A POP STAR"



▲ Rick Astley, quite fond of golf

● So—strangely enough—says **Rick Astley**, the 21-year-old singer who's just bounded up into the charts with his debut single "Gonna Give You Up". He seems to be quite a serious sort of chap, not particularly enamoured with the idea of being a famous pop star all of a sudden, which amazes *Bitz* somewhat. Doesn't he want loads of fans camping out on his doorstep?

● "Well," he ruminates, "I suppose it would make a change. I'm not really into that side of it though. My ambitions are more to improve my songwriting and my singing," answers Rick. "I'm a closet music fan (i.e. an obsessive musician) — I'm not a real music buff because I'm not proficient enough playing-wise," he says joshingly.

● Rick hails from the quietude named town of Newton-Le-Willows outside Manchester and was playing in a local group after he left school when he was

"spotted" by one Pete Waterman, of Stock/Aitken/Waterman fame (the chappies who write and produce songs for just about every pop star ever invented) who noticed what an extraordinary voice Rick had.

● "You think I sound like Billy Ocean???" Well, I can think of nicer comparisons than that. But quite a few people have been talking about me and saying 'he looks white and he sounds black'," comments Rick.

● And so, even if he doesn't particularly want to be a pop star, Stock, Aitken and Waterman have nevertheless launched him into that dizzy orbit. But what does Rick do these days apart from being a muso?

● "Actually I'm getting into sports. I'm really keen on sixing and I had a go at golf the other day. At first I thought 'What a boring game, really naïf', but then I had a go and it's really good. It gets you into the countryside and keeps your mind off being a pop star."

CRAP JOKE CORNER

▲ Boy George

"This 'joke' was invented by Stan from Stoke-On-Trent and is pretty crap. If you think you could score higher on the crap-anometer with your own 'Pop-funny', why not send it to *Smash Hits* Crap Joke Corner, 52-55 Crosswalk Street, London, W1W 1PP? We can guarantee you'll have a lively netherward nor noogie for your 'effort'."

Q. What do you call a pop star whose size of a light snack is half a dozen Big Macs, four portions of Chicken McNuggets, a Space Burger, three packets of Cheesy Wotsits and a family pack of Fun Star Tuna bars?

A. What do you call a pop star whose size of a light snack is half a dozen Big Macs, four portions of Chicken McNuggets, a Space Burger, three packets of Cheesy Wotsits and a family pack of Fun Star Tuna bars?

WIN 25 LPs, SCRIBBLED ON BY
A REAL POP STAR!



Photo: Sheila Brock

Let us consider for a moment the case of **Jody Watley**. Is she not one of the greatest temptresses ever? Has she not recorded a duet with George Michael called "Learn To Say No" which can be heard on her sparkling new LP called "Jody Watley"? And has she not personally signed 25 copies of the aforementioned LP and, together with 25 ginormous posters of herself, offered them free of charge to 25 lucky Blitz readers? Is she not, therefore, a bit of a tot?

Well, Blitz certainly thinks so. To win this fabulous booty simply by telling us the name of the rather splendid group Jody Watley used to be in before she became simply Jody Watley and dispatch the answer (worthful to **Smash Hits Jody Watley LP Competition, 53-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF**. Entries received later than September 8 will be studiously ignored.



Or is he in fact telling fibs?

THIS MAN W

With his gleaming white teeth, sporting cap and grinning brothers, Donny Osmond was once the most famous child on the planet. The record speaks for itself: between 1972 (when Sir Donald was just 14) and 1976, the twirling tot performed on 21 chart hits, either as lead singer of The Osmonds, duetting with his glaucous sister Marie or as a solo swiftnet. Who could ever forget the towering wonders of "Puppy Love" featuring the innocent chirpings of our tiny hero? Who could ever forget the squeals of a trillion girles every time Donny and his trouping family arrived at Heathrow for another whirlwind tour? Who could ever forget that thing they called "Osmondmania"? But then things went horribly wrong, i.e. Donny and his Mormon brothers went spiralling down the tunnellike vortex they call the dump. Still in his teens, Donny Osmond was, to all intents and purposes, a "has been".

It is now 1987 and Donny Osmond, nearly 30, has grown up. He has three little boys of his own to prove it. And he is back with a new single called "In It For Love" and an LP to follow. Blitz found Donny Osmond an older and wiser man, the scars of push chair fame still on his shoulders.

So was it very hard being famous so young, Donny? Indeed it was:

"Yeah, it was. One thing that really comes to mind is that it's been very difficult for me to relate to my peers. I never had friends - no pals, no buddies, whatever. I just had business associates. Emotionally it can really do some damage being a child star and even now it's difficult for me to relate to somebody in a friendship way."

That's not very nice. Was Donny pushed into an entertainment career, we wonder?

"At first, no, but then I was. The way it happened was my four brothers were performing on *The Andy Williams Show* and I was four years old and I said 'Oh, mom, that's great. I want to do that' and I would set up the stereo and try and sing like Andy Williams. Then I started making appearances with my brothers on TV and everyone would go 'Oh, we gotta see this little Donny kid!' At seven they made me a full fledged member of The Osmonds group and I didn't know how much work was involved until it was too late. I remember we were in Sweden when I was seven and I spent a lot of time crying in secret and writing home to my letters saying 'Oh, please let me come home, father!' I was seven years old and I just wanted out of the business..."

That's not very nice either but it gets worse. The Osmonds are Donny in particular, soon became internationally famous. And that's something Donny finds hard to live down.

▲ Oh look - it's Paul King. No it's not, it's a *Pteranodon* - the most gigantic of all the flying reptiles with a wingspan of 7.4 metres. It too, however, was a complete weed - its ironing board-sized beak (used for scooping innocent goldfish etc out of the water) contained absolutely no teeth whatsoever!

Acutely Embarrassing Pictures of Pop Stars in Their "Younger" Days. No. 1: Terence "Trent" D'Arby.

Yes, those neatly knotted braids were once a wild curly mess. Those preeners (the swooniest in pop, no less) were once hidden from the world behind a pair of "shades". And that impeccable dress sense was at the time very peccable indeed. This delightful portrait of Terence was taken in Munich in 1984 on the opening day of a new record shop, and discovered in an old German pop magazine. There he was, not even a mile famous yet, just an ordinary shopper. Asked by the magazine what sort of music he liked, Terence replied: "Für gewöhnlich hier ich am liebsten Funk, Soul und guten Rock" (which means "usually I listen to Funk, Soul and good Rock"). Blamey! When asked his age he announced "24", which strikes Blitz as a wee bit



▲ Terence a bit of a state really.

fishy since this was three years ago and he now claims to be a mere 25. Is Terence such a superhuman entity that he operates on a different time scale from us mere mortals? Or is he in fact telling fibs?

WHO (OR WHAT) IS T'PAU?



▲ Carol Decker: "I like a bopps"

- T'Pau is the name of a group who "hail" from the sleepy hamlet (well, quite large town actually) of Shrewsbury in the county of Shropshire, and whose "Heart And Soul" single is traipsing merrily up the charts, yea, even as we speak.
- The name T'Pau is also the name of the Vulcan high priestess in *Star Trek*. Mr. Spock's mother no less. When they were in America a chap came to interview them wearing a pair of Mr. Spock ears, which irked them a bit because they're not particularly interested in *Star Trek* at all.
- The band is "fronted" by Carol Decker, something of a wild woman of rock who describes herself as both "a good-time girl" and "very very much one of the boys".
- The rest of the group consists of Carol's sweetheart Ronnie Rogers (with whom she invents their tunes) and four other blokes who are, er, not particularly pretty.
- Carol has such a helting voice that when she was in her school choir she used to drown out all the other girls. Her choir mistress Miss Morris used to say "Decker, shut up".

- She doesn't like being compared with other female singers and reckons she's got more in common with Jon Bon Jovi!
- She went to "a very proper girls grammar school" then went to art college before working as a barmaid, a waitress, and a life-guard.
- "I like a tippie," says Carol, "and when I go on a bender I get absolutely bloody legless."



▲ From left: Tim Burgess, Paul Jackson, Dean Howard, Ronnie Rogers and Carol Decker

- After one spirited "bender" in Chicago she vomited with such force that her rather expensive earrings fell off. "They were in there with the tomato skins and diced carrots," she recalls. Bleee!
- What a shocking lass!

AS ONCE THE BIGGEST HEART THROB IN THE UNIVERSE

● Donny Osmond tells the saddest story ever told . . .



▲ Was '70s swoon star Sir Donald Osmond just a mere puppet of the pop machine???

"Time freezes in people's minds," he says. "I had this goody goody image, this homely, conservative, all-American type image, and the press picked up on that and drove it into the ground and that drove me crazy. Because kids grow up and it became like they'd be embarrassed to admit they ever liked Donny Osmond. Hey, don't get me wrong, we made some great records but some of the stuff I've done I listen to and I get the dee-dees from it. It makes me cringe because it's so sweet, you know. And after I got married all that Donny Osmond goody goody stuff, it really messed me up. It just confused me and I didn't know who I was and I thought I'd end up like all the other child stars — Michael Jackson is the exception, though he has problems too — who just can't break away from that mould. I was scared. . . ."

Donny Osmond ceased to be famous in Britain in 1976 but he continued to be a star in America for a while thanks to *The Donny And Marie Show*, a long-running variety TV thing featuring the lad and his glorious sister who was a sumptuous vision of

loveliness. ("Hey, stay away from her!" snaps Donny.)

"I sometimes call that the *Dummy And Marie Show* because I was always having to be this cheesy little dummy. It catered to a cabaret audience and I always got a pie in the face because I was the fall guy and Marie was sophisticated and some of that whole thing makes me cringe. But *The Donny And Marie Show* was



▲ The Osmonds. Sings about that sweet relation.

real successful. Because of that I was asked to perform at Reagan's inauguration ceremony in 1981. I sang "Ronnie B. Goode" and I got ripped to pieces for that one.

People thought it was disrespectful but Ronnie was having a great time and so was old Nancy. . . . It's a funny old business. . . .

It is. And it's not very nice. But at last Donny Osmond feels able to come out and perform for the world once again. He could eke a comfortable living in Las Vegas, trading on past fame, but he wants to be a proper pop star all over again. Goodness knows why. Even he doesn't know why.

"I don't know why. But the timing's right. It's okay to be a Donny Osmond fan again, I think. But you know my little boy came home from school the other day and he said, 'Daddy, do you remember a song that goes (sings) *'And they called it puppy love'?* And I said 'wherever do you hear that?' And he said 'everyone at school is laughing and saying you used to sing that song.' And I just looked at him and thought 'hey, I hope you become something ordinary — like an accountant. . . . Let this be a warning to us all.



▲ The Osmonds. Clockwise from left: Marie, Alan, Mr Osmond, Merril, Wayne, Jay, "Little" Jimmy, Donny and Mrs Osmond



▲ The astounding musical legacy left by The Osmond brood



▲ Donny Osmond: Every inch a star



▲ And they called it Puppy Love



▲ The show that made a nation go "Eeeeeeeek!"



▲ Spot the famous Donny Osmond floppy hat. Yum!

Photo: Julian Brown

Photo: Pictorial Press

Photo: Pictorial Press

Photo: Pictorial Press

▼ The *stycoceraurus* was a particularly savage beastie. Four and a half metres long, it had spiky bits all over the place and if you'd poked it in the ear you'd have had to go to hospital for a very long time indeed i.e. forever.



Acutely Embarrassing Pictures Of Pop Stars In Their Younger Days. No 2: Ben Volpellers-Pierrot



▲ Brought to Ben Volpellers-Pierrot sailing through the air today wearing it all with a couple of years to go, he's able to stop him, she'll be a beautiful show and he'll be a pop star; young Ben posed for five photos in 1984 for a leaflet advertising clothes by New. The closest

PRINCE'S PERY PALS (Part 8, 964)



You have doubtless perused the video of Prince's latest song "U Got The Look"? And you will have seen his latest singing partner **Sheena Easton** a-pouting and a-wiggling all over the shop? Such is the perviness of Prince's pals. But Sheena wasn't always such a foxy temptress. Indeed, there was a time many years ago when she was the sweetest, most innocent young thing who ever graced the charts. Back in 1980 the formidably straight-laced Sheena was trilling such thoroughly wholesome songs as "Modern Girl" and "One Man Woman", and telling *Smash Hits* how much she liked "sweetsies, tuna fish and brown bread sandwiches, apricot jam and toast" and how she hated "lumpy custards". How very innocent she was back then. But then she disappeared to America for five years until she cropped up again as one of Prince's pals. Now look at her – up there with all those pervs! Whatever next?

AUGUST
26 **Jai Black**
of The Stranglers (49)
28 **Hugh Cornwell**
also of The Stranglers (38)
29 **Michael Jackson** (29)

SEPTEMBER
5 **Lord Frederick of Marbury**
of Queen (41)
6 **Pal Wanktarr of A-Ha** (28)
7 **Christina Nyanda**
of The Pretenders (36)



THREE BLOKES CALLED DANNY WILSON

That's the name of their group, you see. They are the inventors of the swingingly fine chart ruffler "Mary's Prayer". They come from Dundee. They're named after a "character" in one of Frank Sinatra's moody old films. They're musical boffins who can play over 20 musical devices each and they might become very rich and famous in a jiffy because...

- One of them's extremely tall and is called Ged Grimes!
- One of them's extremely small and is called Kit Clark except his real name's Richard!
- One of them's neither tall nor small but he's not bothered because he's the lead singer called Gary Clark!
- Gary and "Kit" are brothers!
- Gary got booted out of his church choir when he was a nipper "for drinking the wine"!
- When "Kit" was three he gave all his sweets to an invisible otter!
- "Kit" passed his audition for RADA (the Royal Academy for Dramatic Arts i.e. he wanted to become an "actor") by performing a scene from Julius Caesar in a broad Dundee accent (which is rather horrible and no mistake)!
- Ged and Gary – both 24 – are old school chums. They both went to art school and, after that, they both moved to London for a spot and lived in a rather disgusting flat together in Battersea. After a few months they realised that London was horrible so they returned to Dundee.
- The Dannies used to be a busking band called Spenser Tracey (after the demented American actor famous for snogging with Katherine Hepburn) but some legal types in America didn't think this was very funny and made them change it, to the stinkers!
- They were almost going to be called The Very Important Men in which case they would have been known as The Vim!
- They all like hats!

“Hello, viewers, I’m Jools Holland and unless you’re completely ungroovy you’ll remember me from my role as the host of that late lamented rock show, *The Tube*. What you may be wondering though is what I’m doing with these five rather wrinkly gentlemen.

“Well, let me tell you a little story. Once upon a time there was a group called *Squeeze* for whom I used to play a rather fine piano. We had a few hits like ‘Cool For Cats’ and ‘Up The Junction’ before I left to go solo (and sell no records at all). Then, in 1982 the whole band left and I became a TV ‘personality’. In 1985, however, most of the band decided to reform and we started to make records again such as our new single ‘Hourglass’ which is probably tooting out of your wireless this very minute. Thank you and goodbye.”

THE NEW LATE NIGHT TV SHOWS: Will they be any good?

What square-eyed goggle-box fiends we’re all about to become! From August 28 onwards a new TV service called **Night Network** will be operating from one o.e.m. until the wee small hours of the morning and some of us will not get any sleep at all. But hold on! It’s all a bit of a swizz actually. Indeed, if you live outside the ITV regions ‘served’ by Channel, Anglia, TVS and London Weekend i.e. most of the country, you have every reason to cry ‘ruddy heck!’ because your local ITV station won’t be showing *Night Network* until they’ve found out how popular the whole shebang is. For those of you who can view this “broadcasting phenomenon” however, the goodies on offer are as follows:

Friday and Saturday Nights (i.e., Saturday and Sunday mornings to be precise)

- **The Gong Video Show.** Reviews of new video releases.
- **Pillow Talk.** In which foxtress Emma Freud climbs into bed with pyjama-clad “celebrities” and asks them lots of perky questions.
- **The Sunkar Show.** In which guests have to choose which five “celebrities” and which five videos they’d scarper to the bunker with should nuclear war break out.
- **Live From L.A.** Exclusive interviews with lots of stars from “downtown” Los Angeles (man).
- **Charts UK.** Featuring lots of Top Tens, from records and t-shirts to car badges and other tremblingly exciting things.
- **Alphabets.** Silly quiz involving Nicholas Parsons and questions on things like politicians’ pets and the Royal Family’s favourite snacks.
- **Cult Classics.** Extracts from lots of old cult TV series like *Batman* and *Captain Scarlet*.

Sunday Nights (or rather, Monday mornings if you see what we mean)

- Reels and reels of concert footage of artists such as *Crosby Killed The Cat*, *Peter Collins*, *The Police*, *Sir Clifford Richard* and his loyal troop of *Shadows*, “Eric” *Clapton*, *David Cassidy* and so forth.

All sounds rather wild, does it not?

“MICHAEL JACKSON? Weird? He’s one of the most normal people I’ve ever worked with.”



▲ Thus speaks “Wacko Jacko”’s singing chum **Seidah** (pronounced Si-ee-dah) **Garrett**, and when you consider that she’s actually worked with quite a few people including someone called *Madonna*, it makes you wonder whether Michael really is the crackpot that he’s made out to be, or whether he’s actually a perfectly ordinary, un-bonkers bloke without any marbles missing at all.

“I first met him on the day we did the background vocals for a song I wrote on Michael’s LP, ‘Bad Man In A Mirror,’” remembers Seidah. “He was great... What do you mean, was he strange?”

Well, according to certain “news” paper reports, Michael Jackson swans around in an oxygen tent so he doesn’t have to breathe dirty molecules (or something).

“Well, he certainly didn’t bring the oxygen tent into the studio; he never brought any of that weirdness with him if that’s what you mean. He was very cool, very professional. He’s a very normal guy. It’s the other people who treat him like some untouchable. I just treated him like a regular guy. I didn’t go like ‘Ooooh it’s Michael Jackson!!!’ And now I think if famous people do get strange it’s because of people acting like that around them.”

Did he play any practical jokes? “No... He did do little things, like if he wanted to get my attention he’d throw these raisins and grapes that he was eating in my direction. I’d be talking to someone and this fruit would come flying across the room. What did I do? I just threw it back, ha ha ha!”

Seidah Garrett began her career back in the 1970’s. At the age of 14 she started doing backing vocals for lots of groups in Los Angeles where her mother lived; between then and now she’s worked on dozens of records. Only the other day she was



▲ Michael Jackson



▲ Madonna

in the charts with Dennis Edwards singing “Don’t Look Any Further” and if you look closely at the sleeve notes to Madonna’s “True Blue” LP you’ll see that Seidah sang on about half the songs on that...

“What was Madonna like? Easy going? Are you kidding??? Madonna, easy going? No, she’s real fun, she’s a trip. But she knows what she wants and she gets what she wants from whoever she works with.”

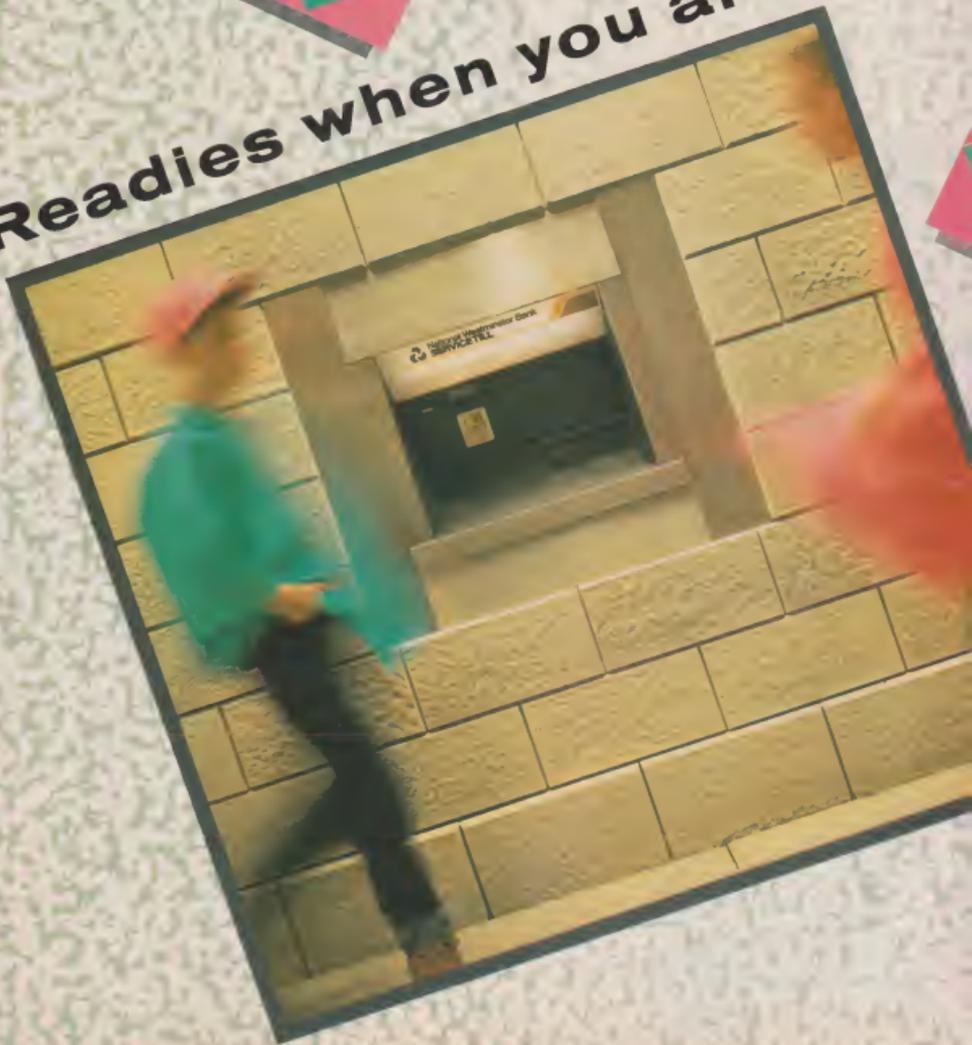
And now Seidah is working on her own LP. “At the moment I’m having to listen to endless bass drum tracks, endless synth parts so I just sit in the studio and make sweaters.”

Sweaters??? In swelteringly warm Los Angeles??

“Yeah, ha ha ha. Wearing them’s a bit of a problem here, but I make them anyway. I crochet them. Have I made one for Michael? Oh no, I don’t expect my sweaters are really his style.”

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**What the jiggins is happening to The Smiths?
Why does Morrissey want to teach sparrows how to type! (?)
Why did he send the Queen Mum a load of vegetables on her birthday?
And why on earth does he ask *Smash Hits* "reporter" Chris Heath
about his caravan!!!! . . .**

What a nice surprise. From what you read you could be forgiven for thinking that Morrissey, singer with The Smiths, is a rather gruff and unapproachable sod but this afternoon in his publicist's office he seems absolutely charming.

Admittedly he does give me the dodgy chair ("I'll sit on the one that doesn't sway") and I have had to promise not to ask about why The Smiths guitarist Johnny Marr has just left the group and admittedly he does take great delight in saying as many catty things about me as he can during the interview ("you wouldn't know, you're a *journalist*!") but apart from all that he's extremely friendly.

He just sips his tea, investigates thoroughly a cream puff that he's brought along, gets a little peeved when I don't realise that his rather scruffy jacket with long sleeves is actually from a very swank designer ("well over a hundred pounds") and rattles on in his peculiar swooping, rather affected voice. For some strange reason he seems to say most of his sentences twice (perhaps because he likes them so much the first time) and every now and then he starts laughing and going very bashful indeed. He also keeps tripping over his words, something that he's clearly a bit disappointed with himself for.

"I had a bad morning," he says by way of explanation. "I woke up and felt very dazed. I just had great difficulty in getting dressed. I tripped over everything. Twice."

His mood probably wasn't helped by his taxi this morning bringing him past Buckingham Palace.

"There were crowds of people – all dressed in pink – because it's the old bat's (i.e. The Queen Mother's) 85th birthday today. . ."

You obviously keep in touch with these things.

Well yes. I do. I have a diary of Royal events I like to follow.

Did you send her anything?

Yes, a large bouquet of vegetables. I couldn't believe the number of people. If the woman had died there would have been less.

But you'd have been there then.

Yes. I'd have been hammering the nails in the coffin to make sure she was in there.

You rotter. You've been on holiday recently, haven't you?

Well, I've been away. I've been away. It wasn't really much of a holiday.

Where did you go?

I went to Los Angeles, which is in America. It was a silent holiday, a completely silent holiday. I went to a hotel, the hotel was empty. I never saw any people. It was like convalescing. I thought it would be exciting . . . Hollywood . . . all those famous stars.

It sounds like the dullist holiday ever.

Well, maybe you could match it. How was your caravan this year?

I don't have a caravan, thank you. But

you used to go to America before The Smiths started, didn't you?

Yes, how did you know that? I have relatives in America. I saved up the money when I was much younger – 17 – and went for the first time. I took this awful sickening job in this horrendous office in Manchester to save up the money. It was an Inland Revenue office – I was just filing and excising things like that.

So do you have an Auntie Joan or something in America?

Yes, though her name isn't Joan. She's called Mary.

Auntie Mary.

Yes. You make it sound so glamorous! Now she lives in Colorado but then she lived in New York. She has a lot of children and she was originally from Manchester.

So you've got lots of cousins!

Yes. I get on with them quite well. I can manage courteous responses to their questions.

And what do they think of cousin Stephen?

They think he's a very "interesting" person. They listen to the records, they have the pictures. But I think they're a bit sceptical. I'm not sure.

Are your own parents living apart?

Yes. They're separated.

Are you still in touch with your father's side of the family?

Yes. Less so, shall we say.

Do you still see your father?

Constantly.

What does he do?

He works in a hospital. But he isn't a brain surgeon. He's a porter which isn't quite on the same scale.

What does he think of you?

Oh, a great deal. He has pictures all over his walls and he has t-shirts and cassettes.

People have always hinted that you're abnormally close to your mother.

Would that be right?

Yes. I think it's good. It doesn't affect me in a dangerous way, not at all.

Not very rebellious of you though, is it?

I am 28, you know.

If not more.

(Looks very sheepish and laughs nervously.)
Aaaaarghhhhhh! Never mind.(!?)

Do you talk to your mum every day on the phone?

Yes, always once, generally late in the day. She does a lot of business for me – a lot of people phone her up because they don't have access to me and she takes messages and things like that. I'll call her and she'll tell me about those things amongst other things. She deals with people like accountants and lawyers.

That's weird.

Queer! (Goes bright red.) Oh . . . weird I thought you said queer.(!?)

Does she say "Now, Stephen, have you been drinking lots of orange juice?"

Yes, she does say that kind of thing and she asks me what I've been eating and if I've been out, if I've seen anybody. Typical mother questions, really.

Do you tell her everything?

No! Of course not. Of course not.

You don't confide your greatest misdemeanours!

No, good heavens, no. I simply write about them.

So there are great misdemeanours!

Yes, there are.

A long time ago when asked what the biggest lie you'd ever told was you said you couldn't say because it was still working to good effect.

A great answer.

So what were you talking about?

I'm completely stumped.

What about you always saying you're celibate (i.e. not having sex with anyone)?

That's just the machinations of a suspicious mind. I think.

So can you put your hand on your heart and say "I'm celibate"?

Yes I can, hand on heart (puts his hand on his knee).

So if that's true is it a happy thing or a sad thing?

It's occasionally happy and frequently I just eat at a pillow. Eat a cushion with frustration.

Could you bear being with someone?

Sharing yoghurt and things, you mean? No. I don't like to share really.

Are you selfish?

I'm selfish in a positive way. Self preservation and all that. Sharing is a funny word. I do send off money to the Blue Cross – animal refugees, things like that.

MORRISSEY



Don't you worry you'll end up 55 and all alone!

Yes, but it seems unavoidable really. It seems totally unavoidable.

George Michael said when "I Want Your Sex" was out . . .

I heard that quite recently in the car. I wasn't deeply impressed, no. I thought it sounded like Pence. I mean, Prince.

. . . he said he thought you were a complete fibber about not having sex and that if you weren't he felt very sorry for you.

And when he said that did he laugh or did he have a straight face? I don't know how to answer that really. What can I say? How does George Michael know — he's only ever met me once. If he feels sorry for me, he does. I think he probably has a bit more fun than I do, put it that way. I'm not George Michael, to begin with, I'm not George Michael or all! If he can live that way (shrugs) . . .

There are quite a lot of people who don't like The Smiths . . .

You do surprise me. I hadn't noticed.

And the main reason seems to be . . .

is that they like The Smiths but hate the singer?

. . . no, that they think you're always whining and miserable.

I can totally understand that and it's generally said by lesser individuals, to my mind. It's generally people with a very clumpish intellectual state. It's never people who are vastly intelligent. I find — it's always very unthinking, unfeeling people. So I don't really mind that much.

"I really like 3.30 in the afternoon when the sky is overcast and there's thunder and there's rain and you're watching the Monday Matinee and you've got a nice big solid piece of toast in front of you. That to me is life lived to its fullest."

Are you saying The Smiths only make music for clever clogs?

Not at all but there is a certain, shall we say, social standing that you have to take in to consume. The Smiths without any degree of ruffled feather. I think you have to be, er, "with it".

"With it"!!!

You have to be awake. You have to be . . . up early.

Please stop using silly expressions and say what you mean. Do you mean you have to be a clever clogs?

Yes. You have to be "with it", really. I can't believe I've said that twice.

A lot of people — a lot more than buy Smiths records — are very happy . . .

Oh we'll soon change that — give me a few more minutes . . .

. . . listening to wonderful records by Mel & Kim, or Madonna or Curiosity Killed The Cat. What do you think about that?

It'll pass, believe me. It's a phase. It's like spots really. As for happiness, that's no excuse. Happiness doesn't bring you peace of mind.

Well, unhappiness hasn't brought you peace of mind, has it?
Oh, it has. I've never said I was unhappy anyway.

You've said it millions of times before. I've always paraphrased it. I've never actually said the word.

Hmmm. You're in a bit of a hopeless position, aren't you?

No I'm not, I'm just thinking what I'm going to have to tea tonight.

And?

Something very dry but exotic, I think.

What like?

I'm pondering.

Can I help?

Yes, you probably can really. As you know I don't eat anything that has burped or ran or swam so it has to be something really quite dry and lifeless and exotic. Rather like me.

What are the choices?

They're not varied. Generally it centres around cheese, bread, yoghurt, fruit, tea.

I think you should have a nice piece of cheese and two peaches.

I'll definitely do that. Peaches and cheese.

Glad we've got that sorted out. Can we carry on now?

Yes.

Do you ever burst into tears?

Yes I do. About once a year I burst into tears and I just can't stop. I get the impression that I should do it more often but because I don't everything seems to come out at once.

What sort of things trigger it off?

Perhaps just a very empty experience. Once, in 1984, it was a very horrendous plane journey and lots of . . . er . . . what do you call it?

Turbulence.

Yes. For some reason the floodgates just opened — as they say — and didn't stop for the rest of the day. On the plane, in the airport, in the hotel, at the soundcheck . . . I just couldn't stop.

Were you terrifically embarrassed?

Initially I was, yes. People tend to just look the other way.

What did the rest of the band think?

They didn't say much.

They didn't go up to you and say

"Morrissey a cry baby"!

No! They wouldn't do that. They just put their Walkmans on and got out their in-flight magazines.

You don't like Walkmans, do you?

I love Walkmans. I have a really good Walkman.

What's in it for the moment!

Shirley Bassey . . . which brings me to, to a very sore point. I've just heard that record she's made with Yello and I'm really really distressed because I've written to her so many times and sent her tapes and she's never even replied. And now she's made a record with Yello!

Do you have any friends?

Yes, I have a friend. No, I have one or two.

What are they like?

Me.

What's that like!

Well . . . Hmmm . . . ha ha ha ha . . . (looks very embarrassed) . . . spluttering all over your rather quiet tape recorder. That's the hardest question. This isn't fair. I think you can guess.

Who are your friends?

Nobody you'd know. I've got two friends who I've had for years who make records but are not dramatically famous and I have one friend who makes records and a dramatically famous and I have a friend who made records and was quite famous but isn't making records at the moment.

So who are they?

One of them is called Howard Devoto (who used to be singer in a band called Magazine), one of them is called Pete Burns (i.e. of Dead Or Alive) and the other two probably wouldn't know are called Linder (from a Manchester band called Ludus) and James (from a band called Raymade). James and I have been friends for ten years.

Do you feel after that which-I'm-not-allowed-to-talk-about (i.e. Johnny Marr's departure) as a loose end?

Well, not really, because this situation I felt was brewing for a long time. It wasn't simply an overnight occurrence. So I was prepared, I suppose. I don't feel at a loss or confused at all. I'm very confident about the future.

Does it not disappoint you all these things happening to The Smiths? Doesn't it spoil the point of it all?

I don't believe so. There's certain things I don't have any specific control over and I really can't stop them happening, like Johnny's departure. The few people who've stepped forward for the job have been very good, very interesting and certainly possible so it's just a matter of making a slight mathematical calculation . . .

Are you the sort of person who's embarrassed to walk into the local grocer's to buy loo paper?

I get very embarrassed, I don't know why. I just go quite specifically to one shop and they always speak to me and they're always very nice and I start bumbling and they ask me very easy questions and I can never answer them. Yesterday she said to me "you like the rain, don't you?". I couldn't answer, I really couldn't answer her.



Morrissey's four pals. Clockwise from left to right: James, Pete Burns, Howard Devoto, Linder.

But you do love it!

Yes, I love weather like this (there's thunder and lightning outside).

Just to make other people as unhappy as you!

Yes (laughs). I really like 3.30 in the afternoon when the sky is overcast and there's thunder and there's rain and you're watching the Monday Matinee and you've got a nice big solid piece of toast in front of you. That to me is life lived to its fullest.

What do you have on the toast?

If it isn't marmalade I'll have plum preserve.

Does your mum make it?

No she doesn't. I buy it. It's 72p.

Have you told many fibs today?

I lie a lot — it's really useful — but everything I've said today has been the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So help me . . . er . . . Trevor . . .

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KIM WILDE



Say You Really Want Me

Why you always got to be so cool
And why I always got to play your fool
You don't really know what life's about oh oh
So baby come and let your feelings out wooh

Chorus
Say you really want me
Don't keep it to yourself
Say you really need me
Just me and no one else
Say you really love me
Ooh let me know it's true
Say you really want me
The way that I want you

Tonight (oh)

You don't know a thing about romance
Deep inside you're scared to take a chance

(Take a chance)
'Cause love like this may never come again oh no
So make your move or I'll be in the wind hey

Repeat chorus

I need somebody
Through the thick and thin
'Cause I know
The problems of today
The time is over now
For playing those games
Let's take it all the way

Repeat chorus

Say you really want me
Say you want me
Say you really need me
Do you need me
Say you really love me
Say you love me
Say you really want me
The way that I want you
Say you want me

Do you need me
Say you love me
The way that I want you yeah
Say you want me really need me

Words and music by D. Sembello/D. Spencer Jr.
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Rick Astley never gonna give you up

We're no strangers to love
You know the rules and so do I
A full commitment's what I'm thinking of
You wouldn't get this from any other guy
I just wanna tell you how I'm feeling
Gotta make you understand

Chorus
Never gonna give you up
Never gonna let you down
Never gonna run around and desert you
Never gonna make you cry
Never gonna say goodbye
Never gonna tell a lie and hurt you

We've known each other for so long
Your heart's been aching
But you're too shy to say it
Inside we both know what's been going on
We know the game and we're gonna play it

And if you ask me how I'm feeling
Don't tell me you're too blind to see

Repeat chorus twice

(Ooh give you up ooh give you up ooh)
Never gonna give never gonna give
(Give you up ooh)
Never gonna give never gonna give
(Give you up)

Repeat second verse

I just wanna tell you how I'm feeling
Gotta make you understand

Repeat chorus to fade

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- 3 **Various** Sixties Mix
- 4 **Whitney Houston** Whitney
- 5 **Soundtrack** Who's That Girl?
- 6 **U2** The Joshua Tree
- 7 **Haart** Bed Animals
- 8 **Genesis** Invisible Touch
- 9 **Catapult** Keep Your Distance
- 10 **Mai And Kim** F.L.M.

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Peterborough PE2 0YJ.
- The first correct entry out of the Editor's "sun-lightened" orange hair gets HMV's top ten LPs (at the time of going to press).

● ACROSS

- 1 See photocue (5, 1)
- 4 **Stock**, — and **Wetmen**
- 7 Wriggly fish in '71: **Fee Love**
- 8 and 11 down **Phyllis Nelson's** invitation to huddle up (4,6)
- 9 This **Jackie** takes you higher and higher
- 10 **Openie** song hidden by **Boyz n the Badd**?
- 11 Just **Lisa Lisa's** sort of jam
- 12 and 16 down **Pat Shop Gays** second number one hit (3, 1, 3)
- 14 See 3 down
- 17 An **insect** hit for **26** across? (1, 1, 1)
- 20 **Desperately** Seeking —
- 19 **Black** is what the **swiss** eat
- 21 Mostly **brandy** for **Ms Crawford**
- 24 Who's that girl?
- 26 and 1 down **Dim Kan Lam** forms a hit duo (anag 3, 3, 3)
- 26 Record label amid **Cagney And Lacey?**
- 23 and 9 down Hip chat from **Google Sex High** (4, 6)
- 25 Those alphabetical **Smakay** lens (1, 1, 1)
- 32 Where you get a drink in musical terms?
- 33 "Jack The Groove" act — just part of a craze?
- 35 **Jody** who went looking for a new love
- 34 **Nellie The Elephant's** Dollie.

● DOWN

- 1 See 26 across
- 2 Cast to vie, it's **Rabbie**
- 3 and 14 across **Bobber** for singing guttamen (anag 6, 6)
- 4 Will this be an **Atlantic Star** hit forever?
- 5 See 26 across
- 6 Take part of **Sananaram** for **Ms Mouskouri**
- 11 See 6 across
- 13 **Solo** singer
- 14 Woolly-hatted **Crossroads** character
- 15 "Upside Your Head" (**Gap** Band)
- 16 See 12 across
- 17 **Claire** had lots of them when she was 6½
- 20 Rear Sue to find **Vince Clark's** band (anag)
- 22 "This Is Not ——" (**David Bowie** & **Pet Dinkley**)
- 23 **Quintet** **Eddy** who had hit with **Art Of Noise**
- 25 Playing card called by **Faergal Sharky?** (1, 5)
- 27 Sounds something like a race for **Terence Trent**
- 31 **Hue** And —



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"IS £1,000 TOO MUCH TO PAY

Cripes! Mark White of ABC doesn't think so anyway! And his partner "Lend me 10p for a sandwich" pipes Richard Lowe . . .

"We're one of the most stylish groups around," states Martin Fry, the lanky blond singer with ABC. "It must be stressed, however, that style is not just about wearing clothes. It's about being extreme and unique, and letting your character shine through."

"And the way we dress is just a natural extension of that style," explains Martin's partner Mark White, carefully adjusting a mischievous strand of hair that has strayed out of place.

"Really, what we're trying to do is to set a good example to people like Princess Di and the rest of the Royals, people who have unlimited amounts of money and still look a bit dicky," adds Martin. "Still, I find it very satisfying that people who are so wealthy and privileged can look terrible. Anyway, it's quite possible to achieve our look for £100, or even £10."

Mmm. Let's see. . .

Martin Fry

1 HAIR

My hair's reverted back to a style I've always had ever since I was a wee lad which is 50% soul boy wedge and 50% surfer head. (?) Last time we were releasing an LP I had my hair pretty long. And the public never saw my perm. In 1984 I had a perm which looked like Daryl Hall for a week and then like someone from Mötley Crüe. The trouble is we couldn't bring a record out until I got my hair fixed, which is why there were no ABC records in 1984. These days I'm back to the solid cosmopolitan short back and sides."

2 FACE

My face is all mine. None of it's plastic surgery. I like it. In your teenage years you always want to change your appearance but I'm happy with my face now. I've always been able to get served in bars ever since I was about 13, so I suppose I've always had an old face, as opposed to that guy in New Order who'll always look 16, which also has its advantages."

3 SHIRT

This is a Paul Smith (v. snoot designer) shirt which is lemon roses on a black background and I must admit it's one I enjoy wearing. People come up to me and offer to spray me down with bug-killer. It's certainly a loud shirt, which I like. This shirt is very romantic and 1987 is a very romantic period. Romance is coming back in a big way; intimacy between people, friendship, love. Those are the things that the boys are striving for."

4 JACKET

This is a Jean Paul Gaultier (snoot ahoy!) double-breasted black jacket. Black is a great colour to wear in a city, because if you wore a cream suit it would soon get pretty dirty. And black is a good anchor in your wardrobe – you can team it with bright colours. This jacket was probably about £300. It's a great cut and it's got big pockets for all my money."

5 "THE MONA LISA"

"The Mona Lisa" by Leonardo Da Vinci is a very exclusive painting. There's only one of it in the whole wide world and we've got it. Oh alright then, it's a T-shirt. I bought it in a sale in this hotel in London of stuff that nobody wanted to own. I got stopped in the street once when I was wearing it by this guy who wanted to buy it off me. He offered me about £60 for it. I think you should wear your art – who the canvas out of your garage and put it on your back. If Leonardo was around today he'd be a graffiti artist. A lot of art is just for toffs, the upper echelons of society, when it should be for everyone's entertainment."

6 TROUSERS

These are Jean Paul Gaultier ribbed black trousers. I wear them all the time and I'd have 15 pairs if I could. What do you mean they're made of crimplene! No way! I'll check the label. (Martin proceeds to remove his trousers, revealing a rather fetching pair of lemon boxer shorts.) Ah yes, they are made of crimplene – you won't tell anyone will you?"

7 BELT

This is a handsome black leather belt from Paul Smith, that is not only keeps my trousers up but is also very beautiful to look at."

8 SHOES

These shoes are black suede Gucci loafers. I bought them simply because they're made by Gucci. But they look as if they're either very, very expensive or very, very cheap. It's difficult to decide which. They're the perfect thing for knocking around city streets. I've left the price tag on the sole. (A mere £135, fact fans.) That's another fashion detail."

9 THE BOOK SPY CATCHER

This is something of a style accessory because it's hot off the press and you can't buy it over here because it's banned. I bought it on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles and it's a damn good read. It's all about M15, all the dirt and the low-down on how inept that organisation is. When I bought it I didn't even realise it had been banned. If I'd known that I'd have bought 100 and sold them. If it wasn't against the law of course . . ."

● Photos: Russell Young



FOR A GREAT PAIR OF LEGS?"

Martin Fry doesn't bat an eyelid when his shoes cost a mere £135!

MARK WHITE

1 HAIR

"It's a cross between Robert De Niro (grumpy American actor) and Elvis Presley in his army period. I don't use Brylcreem or anything to grease it down; I prefer to use wallpaper paste. That usually does the trick. I apply it in the morning on the first day of the month, and that usually sees me through until the last day."

2 SWANK SHADES

"They're from a shop in Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles (man). I think they make me look like William Defoe in *The Loveless*, which is one of my favourite films. I only really wear them in aeroplanes, so people don't start stupid conversations with you."

3 WHITE "TOP"

"It's just a *Katherine Hamnett* (v. snoot designer Part 136) version of a Marks And Spencer classic. They last for years and years. They cost more too. It's my label hoarding I suppose, but it is genuine quality. To get simple things really right is very hard. Like doing a really good short back and sides. Only the very best barbers can do it properly."

4 JACKET

"This is a *Richmond Cornejo* (yet another Yves, thank you - Ed.) jacket. I like this particular one because it's a tailored jacket but with an element of bondage to it. A businessman could wear it, without realising he was paying homage to the Sex Pistols."

5 WATCH

"This cost 75p from Portobello Market (London second-hand market) but it's much better than a Rolex. I've got another watch with the 12 heads of Jesus and the apostles, which is my religious watch. John's on it twice to make up the numbers because Judas isn't on it."

6 BRACELETS

"These four pieces of jewellery are all part of a Mr. T collection, although I got them at different times. One has POW! written on it, one cost 50p from Carnaby Street, one was a present from Martin, and, em, I'm not too sure about the other one."

7 FLICK-KNIFE (EXCEPT IT'S REALLY A COMB)

"This is a comb that's disguised as a flick-knife. Instead of a blade, a comb flicks out. It was given to me by our engineer who thought it was strange that I should go into the studio in full suit, clean-shaven and with impeccable hair. Other people dress for dinner and we dress for the studio. It's a useful gadget thus, I use it to threaten people who come too close with bad haircuts."

8 RED LIPS BADGE AND COMPASS

"This is by Thom Binnes, a guy who makes jewellery. It's red plastic with loads of rusty nails embedded in it which represent the bitter side of love, as indeed does 'The Night You Murdered Love', our brand new single! The compass is by a Belgian designer called Ronnie Devylder (yet another snoot) and if I had a fiver for everybody who'd come up to me and asked to buy this I'd be a very wealthy man. It's just an ordinary compass attached to a kill pin, so it's not particularly exclusive."

9 TROUSERS

"These trousers, like Martin's, are by Jean Paul Gaultier. Yes, I suppose they do look like ordinary trousers that you could buy in C&A. They're more expensive definitely, but is £1,000 too much to pay for a great pair of legs?" (//)

10 BOOTS

"I stole these actually. They're *Richmond Cornejo* square-toed leather boots and I modelled them and ran away with them after the show. I like them because they've got a Prince-esque high heel that gives me those extra inches that we all need."

11 BASEBALL CAP

"I wear this in honour of Farley Jackmaster Funk who I met in New York and who's a hero of mine. I met him at a party there and he offered to produce ABC but he got it the wrong way round - we should be producing him. The B-side of 'White Smoke' (Sings) called 'Chicago' is a tribute to Chicago House music, and this baseball cap is also a tribute to that style of music."



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PHILIPS



black

Here I go out in sun again
The sunshine fills my hair
And dreams haze in the air
Balls in the sky and in my blue eye
You haven't come on hair
There's music everywhere
Look at me standing
Here on my own again
Up straight in the sunshine

Chorus

No need to run and hide
It's a wonderful wonderful life
No need to laugh and cry
It's a wonderful wonderful life

The sun's in your eyes the heat is in your hair
They seem to hate you
Because you're there
And I need a friend oh I need a friend
To make me happy
Not stand here on my own
Look at me standing
Here on my own again
Up straight in the sunshine

Bridge

I need a friend oh I need a friend
To make me happy
Not to alone
Look at me here
Here on my own again
Up straight in the sunshine

Final Chorus

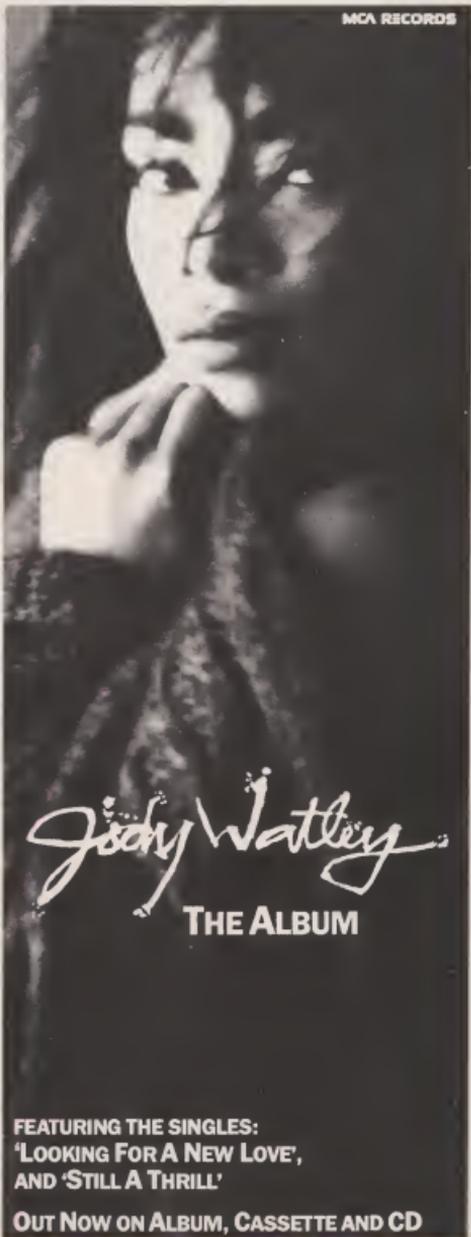
No need to run and hide
It's a wonderful wonderful life
No need to run and hide
It's a wonderful wonderful life
Wonderful life
It's a wonderful life

Words and Music by Carly Simon

Produced by David Byrne © 1984 MCA Records



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Jody Watley

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'LOOKING FOR A NEW LOVE',
AND 'STILL A THRILL'

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WHITNEY

HOUSTON



Photo: Rex

DIDN'T WE ALMOST HAVE IT ALL

Remember when we held on in the rain
 The nights we almost lost it once again
 We can take the night into tomorrow
 Living on feelings
 Touching you I feel it all again

Didn't we almost have it all
 When love was all we had worth giving
 The ride with you was worth the fall my friend
 Loving you makes life worth living
 Didn't we almost have it all

The nights we held on till the morning
 You say you'll never love lost way again
 Didn't we almost have it all

The way you used to touch me till so fine
 We kept our hearts together down the line
 A moment in the hand can last forever
 Remember and keep us

Help me bring the feeling back again

Repeat chorus

Didn't we have the best of times
 When love was young and new
 Couldn't we reach inside and find
 That world of me and you
 We'll never lose it again
 Cause once you know what love is
 You never let it end

Didn't we almost have it all
 The nights we held on till the morning
 You know you'll never love that way again
 Didn't we almost have it all
 Didn't we almost have it all

Words and music by Mackavich/Mulligan
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 Ladd On Airline Records



One two one two
 One two three four
 Hold it
 Now

You hoo hoo
 You've been gone for so long
 I'm lost! I sleep
 Look at what you're doing
 And I'll see I know that I was wrong
 But I couldn't see
 See what I was losing

Come back now baby
 Little run around
 Little run around
 Little lost and found
 Little lost and found yeah
 Don't make me crazy
 Just bring your body back home
 Right here where you belong

Who building a bridge to your heart yeah
 Who let's make a new start
 Build a bridge to your heart

I don't know what the future's gonna be
 Good or bad (good or bad)
 Time won't be your saviour
 And I can't give you no written guarantee
 I won't make you sad
 (I won't make you sad)
 But I'll be on my best behaviour

Look what you're doing
 When you put me down
 When you put me down
 Made me the clown
 Made me the clown yeah
 Look what you're doing
 Just come on over and see
 Just how much loving's in me yeah

Chorus
 Who building a bridge to your heart
 Gonna build a bridge
 Gonna build a bridge yeah
 Who let's make a new start
 Build a bridge to your heart

Listen
 I'll take you any way I can tonight
 Come back and satisfy my appetite
 You gotta know
 You mean that much to me
 To get you back you know I'll do anything
 Horn

Come back now baby baby
 Just bring your body back home
 Here now baby where you belong

Repeat chorus

Yeah
 Who building a bridge to your heart
 Come on come back now come on
 Who let's make a new start
 Build a bridge to your heart
 Repeat to fade

Words and music by Bold/Goodman
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 Annex Music Ltd/On RICA Records

WAX



P.I.L.
seattle

Don't like the look of this old town
What goes up must come down
Character is lost and found
On unfamiliar playing ground
Get out of my world
(What is the world)

Shoveled around the rifts range
Have all your functions rearranged
Your mind and body gagged and bound
On a new familiar playing ground
The ordinary will ignore whatever they cannot explain
As if nothing ever happened
And everything remained the same again

(What is the world)
What is the world
(What is the world)
Get out of my world
(What is the world)
Get out of my world
(What is the world)

Get up get up get out get out
Get out of my world

Repeat these things
Open your mouth now

Scimit signs hammering hooks
These sunny days will cook their hooks
Happy to take the misery
This mortal life can bring to me
Don't like the look of this
What goes up must come down
Character is lost and found
On unfamiliar playing ground

(What is the world)
What is my world
(What is the world)
(What is the world)
What is get out get out
Get out of my world
(What is the world)

Falcons falcons barricades barricades
Threats threats need promises need promises

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COULD YOU COPE WITH BEING

Well, it certainly has its drawbacks. Potter down to the shops, for instance, and you're likely to be hounded by hordes of fans who gawp at you when you're buying your underwear. You have to stay in taking cissy dancing lessons when you could be playing football or riding your bike. You have no time for boyfriends, girlfriends or any friends at all. And sometimes you look a bit green in photos.

On the other hand you live in a swank mansion in the snooty stockbroker town of Sunningdale. Your drive is littered with expensive cars and you spend the whole time doing what you've always wanted to do i.e. being in a group with the rest of your family.

So do you think you could handle being one of Five Star? Deniece, Doris, Lorraine, Stedman and Delroy tell us what it's really like being a member of the Pearson family...



DENIECE



I always wanted to be in the music business. I used to play my guitar and I remember watching a girl who won the Eurovision Song Contest called Nicole who had a song called "A Song For Peace" or something and I thought I could be like her. Daddy had his record label then and I said to him he'd better sign me, get me a deal or something or I'd go and sign for somebody else because I was determined to be a musician. It was mostly me who was really into music. When I was in the infants class I used to play the recorder and was very good at it. But I didn't really follow pop music that much. I didn't watch pop programmes much - I was just into it for myself. When we were doing our first song I did all the harmony arrangements. It became my job to say "you sing that key and you sing that key". Nobody picked me to be lead singer, it just came about. Our first record "Problematic" was like a Bananarama type song with us all singing together. There was one little tiny solo part which they said I could sing and then on the next record I sang the lead and since then I've been the lead singer.

I never realised that our first three records weren't very successful. I didn't follow the charts then and I didn't even know about things like Top Of The Pops. I just thought "we've got a record out and I want

DENIECE

STEDMAN

LORRAINE



BEING A MEMBER OF FIVE STAR?

to be famous".

Before the group started getting in the charts and we got really busy we used to sit in Doris' room and talk about going to America and being famous. And we all got really chubby then. We used to go out to the shops and buy lots of chocolate and eat it.

We've all matured a lot since the group began, especially Delroy. He was only 12 when we started and you



STEDMAN



Everybody thought I was a very strange child at school. I don't think the boys liked me a lot. In fact they didn't like me at all, let's put it that way. Since the age of five I've only met one friend and we've been friends since. The rest of the guys just gave me a hard time.

I was a very, very quiet person. When I went to school I always wanted to go straight home. I never liked school because I wanted to be with my mum all the

time. I wanted to look after my mum because my dad was a musician and he was travelling all over the world and she was on her own.

Girls took to me but the boys didn't like me at all. When you're at an early age boys are horrible to girls but I would never do that. I would never raise my hand to a girl or play kiss chase and all that. I was happy enough as a child but I never wanted to meet people. I think I was too shy to meet people and to get along with them and not many people understood that.

When the group first started I was at college in Epsom. When I was down there living on my own people used to say I was very insecure and I never used to admit to that but eventually I did.

When I was at college I thought of my family a lot and I wanted to go home a lot. And I'm even worse now. When I go away I always think about the family and I always worry about what might be happening at home. If ever I get this gut feeling that I should go home I just turn round wherever I am and go home just like that.

I'm very protective over the others, when we were younger

and just as much now. When we used to go to school I always waited for my sisters and walked them safely home.

I've always got my eyes on my sisters. I like to be aware of who's looking at them and who's going to make a move to touch them. Sometimes you get fellas who come up and put their arms around them as if they'd known them for years and things like that annoy me. They're welcome to

"I was too shy to meet people and to get along with them and not many people understood that."

look but not to touch. That's the way I am about them.

I can see myself moving away from the family eventually though. I'd like to get married and have a family of my own one day. I'd love to be a father and have four, five, six children around me. I could meet someone in two days time and fall in love and want to get married.

I just hope that if it does happen that way she'll understand that I'm in a pop group, that my life isn't normal, and that everything else has to fit in around that.

DELROY



DORIS



CONTINUED

LORRAINE



"The others used to tease me about being skinny. They used to gang up on me and beat me up for some reason."

I was the black sheep of the family when I was younger. I was the middle child and I was very quiet. If all seven of us sat down to talk I wouldn't say anything, just sit there and listen. And I used to stay in my room a lot by myself doing handstands against the wall. I hated being teased and the others used to tease me about being skinny. They used to all gang up on me and beat me up for some reason. I was very skinny and never used to eat a lot and they would tease me about it and call me names. They called me "Scabberjab". We all had names. I think Stedman was called "Skinny Marble Head" and Dai used to be called "Buildog" because he looked like one when he was little. He was so chubby! He had so many layers of fat on him he looked ridiculous.

But we were all close really. At school we used to go round with each other all the time. Our friends used to say "why don't you come round with us and leave your sister behind" and none of us were really willing to do that so we ended up sticking together.

When I left school I went to college for a while to do business studies because I was going to help my dad in the business with the record company and things like that. Doris did business studies as well she used to help my dad so I went to work for a while in a factory place. I used to put together those little green boards you get in the back of trolleys and things that the wires go into. I did that for about six weeks. I was just a temporary and I was ill so I left there and stayed at home for a while. From then

on we just took the group more seriously and started doing loads of Personal Appearances and things. After that the group just gradually got more and more successful.

Apart from working with the group I'm really into writing at the moment and my ambition is to become a writer – a story writer. I write a lot of fiction. I've given a book that I've completed to an editor to read and look through. It's a short story about a girl whose mother's died and she has to put up with a lot from her father because her father is very close to her mother and she's not very close to her father at the time and she ends up leaving school early, looking after her father and seeing most of the world by herself.

It's got 102 pages, so it's quite long and I quite enjoy it to read. And I'm writing another book at the moment about upper class people and I have to buy so many dictionaries and other books to see how they used to speak and things. I'm doing quite a bit of research but I haven't got very far with it so I can't really tell you what that one's about.

At this new house I can look at the garden and imagine people walking round and hearing tea and doing all those other posh things. It's like an adventure this house – exploring everywhere and finding out about the history of the house. When we first arrived we were so excited; we were running around screaming all over the place. It's a brilliant place.

DELROY



I was very well looked after when I was young; the others were very protective over me. But I was quite mischievous. I used to go out to play sometimes and stay out all day and really enjoy myself and not tell my parents when I was coming home and they used to come out looking for me.

When the group first started I wasn't all that keen on dancing and singing at all. I was just interested in playing football and riding my bike. I was only 12. There were a few neighbours who were my age and I always used to see them outside riding their bikes and I felt a bit weird because that's what I wanted to do but I had to stay in... dancing. And I was afraid that my friends would think it was all a bit girlish. But now I realise that it's my

job and it's my duty and I enjoy it.

When I was at school I got round fairly quickly that I was in a group and had been on TV and the teachers all wanted to know everything about it and used to ask me all about it in lessons. Near the end it just got a bit too much. English lessons weren't my thing. I did that for about five Star. Now I just want to get better at all aspects of the business, things like writing songs and producing records.

I don't have time to play football any more. I think I'd have

"I always used to see the neighbours outside riding their bikes and I felt a bit weird because that's what I wanted to do but I had to stay in... dancing."

been a footballer if the group hadn't taken off. I gave up the chance to play for West Ham Juniors because of the group. I still watch football on the TV and like watching boxing. I still go fishing too. There's some great lakes round here. I don't throw rock around now. I just fish.



DORIS



I was very much by myself as a child, very private, so my parents tell me. Apart from that I think the jokers of the family have always been myself and Delroy. We'd always clown around and play silly pranks on the others – we still do actually.

At school I was very quiet. I didn't really stick around with other people. I was always into pop music when I was younger. Gary Glitter and The Bay City Rollers – I had a school bag with them on it. And we all used to like The Jacksons of course.

I was a big pop fan so when the group started it was just a dream come true for me and all of us. All I ever wanted to do was be with

my brothers and sisters and be in a group.

Performing in front of the Queen was definitely one of the highlights and winning the best group award at the BPI awards. I

"At night sometimes we come out and walk around in our pyjamas on. That makes us sound a bit weird, doesn't it?"

think we really deserved it last year. I wouldn't go as far as saying we're the best group in the world or anything but I think at what we do we are the best and our singles are the best. And now we've moved we've got all the facilities we need. We're quite athletic and we've got a tennis court, a dance studio and we're having a swimming pool built at the back. We've got a little recording studio here too. And it's such a beautiful place. At night sometimes we come out and walk around in the front garden with our pyjamas on. That makes us sound a bit weird doesn't it? Don't you think that's an ugly picture of me on our new single? I wasn't very well on the day it was taken – I had flu. But I look green on the picture. I wasn't that ill.

BROS



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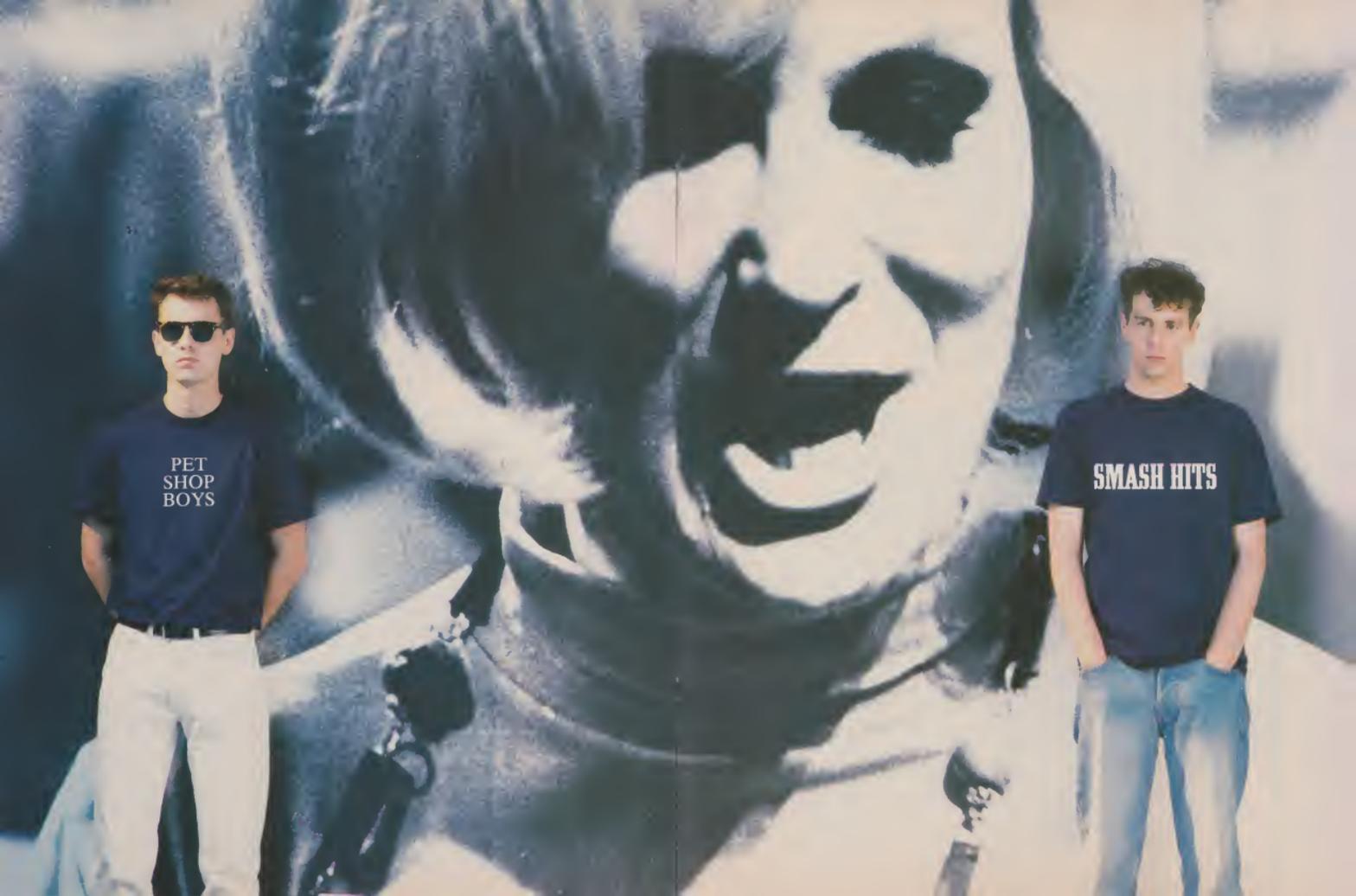
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Following the success of
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"You may break the skin, but you can't kill the soul..."



Is there something about the strange world of pop that puzzles you? Does it get you down when you can't remember whether the spot on Madonna's lip is real or not? Do you get in a fluster when you can't remember if Bone really does put industrial grease in his hair before going on stage? Grieve no longer – just simply pop your query onto a postcard or the back of an envelope and post it today to **GET SMART!, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.**

get smart!

A-HA TO TOUR!

Dear **Get Smart!**,

In a recent interview on TV I heard Morten say that A-ha would be doing some dates in Britain around Christmas? Is this true? And what are they doing now? Probably A-ha's biggest fan, Chesterfield.



Yes, A-ha will be playing some concerts at the end of this year – in December and January. The dates – all over Great Britain – should be announced fairly soon. They'll also have a brand new single out, probably in November and their third LP is scheduled for January. They haven't started recording anything yet though because last month they were touring in Japan and earlier this month they were playing some big festivals in France.



Dear **Get Smart!**,

Is there a soundtrack LP to accompany the Michael J. Fox film *The Secret Of My Success*? And who sang and recorded the piece of music towards the end of the film where they are "creeping" in and out of each other's rooms with "oooh yeeh" sound in the background? Deeco, Norhents.

Oddly enough **Get Smart!** has been receiving rather a lot of letters about this. There is a soundtrack LP out (on MCA Records) but the song you were talking about – "On Yeeh" by Swiss group Yello – isn't actually on the album for some strange reason. The song was originally on an LP called "Stella" and was then reissued in a new version on an album called "Yello 1980-85 – The New Mix In One Go". The new version has also just been released as a single in America where it is "shooting up the charts" and may now possibly be released over here. And it is also fact friends, included in the film *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, in the bit where Ferris and his mates are deciding whether or not to "borrow" a Ferrari.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

PART ONE: FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

Dear **Get Smart!**,

Please please please can you find out what's happening with Frankie Goes To Hollywood? Will they get back together to record the third LP ez ZTT said they would? Also, are there any plans for any live stuff to be released? Mark O'Toole's *Hair Bleach*.

Frankie Goes To Hollywood won't ever be getting back together, according to a "spokesperson" at their management office. Mark, Ped and Nasher have narrowed the shortlist of singers they've been auditioning down to five – all apparently fairly unknown – and are going to work with all of them for a month before deciding who they prefer. They've also started writing songs which are apparently more "in a rock direction". Like Bon Jovi? "It could be – I suppose that's close," explained the spokesperson. They hope to have a single out early next year.

Holly Johnson meanwhile is in court trying to get off ZTT Records and will be writing songs soon for his solo career. Paul Rutherford is also going solo – he has, **Get Smart!** is assured, a "very good voice" and is looking for songs to record.

As for live recordings, yes, they do have a lot of concerts recorded and they probably will release some of them eventually, but not for a year or so. There is also apparently a Greatest Hits LP being released before Christmas – presumably without the group's consent as the management "spokesperson" confessed he knew "nothing about it".



Dear **Get Smart!**,

Can you please tell me what Nathan of Brother Beyond's surname is? Carl Fysh's divvy nose, Wolverhampton.

Well, last issue we said it was Nathaniel Marcellus but we weren't quite right – (You're tired – Ed) – Marcellus is actually his middle name. It turns out that his last name is quite a mystery but after a bit of erm-twisting **Get Smart!** was told it was... Moore. Bit of weedy name to keep secret, isn't viewers? Why, we wonder, has it been such a mystery? Is he really the son of astronomer Patrick Moore? Or the brother of actor Roger Moore? Or the father of toolbeater Bobby Moore? Or perhaps even (Oh do shut up – Ed).

HAS NEIL LEFT THE PET SHOP BOYS?!

Dear **Get Smart!**,

I was surprised, nay amazed, to notice that on buying *Smash Hits* (July 29-August 11) and turning to page 53, there before my very eyes under the heading "Special Thanks This Issue: Editorial" was the name Neil Tennant! What can this mean? Has Neil been fired from the music business? Couldn't *Smash Hits* cope without him?

Also, could you tell me whether it really is Mr Tennant in the *Im Ru* solo drinks ad? I swear that men gets everywhere. W. Russell, Brighton.

No, Neil hasn't been "fired" or anything. What happened was that he popped in to the *Smash Hits* "Office" and offered to do a spot of work since everyone else was out shopping as usual. So, fact friends, all the photo captions on the Madonna piece that issue were actually written by him.

As for the *Im Ru* ed. no, it's not Neil, actually.



Neil Tennant thinks about the Madonna captions while the *Smash Hits* staff go shopping.

CLIFF RICHARD

SOME PEOPLE

Some people they tease one another
Take pride in themselves
Keeping the other one down
Well I'm not like that at all

Some people they hurt one another
They love to see
Hurt in the other one's eyes
Well I'm not like that at all

Chorus

Some people are born for each other
They love to walk
Holding the other one's hand
They always understand
Some people cry
Some people know why

Oh ah ah
Some people they use one another
So aimlessly
Not like lovers do
Well I'm not like that at all

Some people they long for each other

They love to talk
Holding the other one's hand
They always understand
Some people cry
Some people know why

With a word unspoken
With a voice unheard
When a thought is broken
By a tender word
When a heart is moved
When a heart is thrown
The silence tells you
You're not alone

Repeat chorus

(Some people are born for each other)
They love to walk holding the other one
(Some people they long for each other)
They love to talk holding the other one
(Some people are born for each other)
They love to walk holding the other one
Holding the other one
Holding each other



*Words and music by Alan Tarney
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Produced by Paul Steveley O' Duffy

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Full name: As in "Full name?" (?) Er... James (coughs a lot) Reid. I'm not going to tell you my middle name. It's not horrible, I just don't want it to go down for posterity.

Born: (pause) I don't want to answer that either, because I don't like the idea of people knowing my birthday. It's more mysterious if they don't know – people will think I just came from the skies.

First crush: First what? Oh, I thought you said first crush. My first crush was just before my first crush. I used to have really really filthy obscene thoughts about this teacher when I was five. I used to stare at her knickers as soon as she bent down. I always thought that maybe I was a little ahead of my time because everybody else was like building model aeroplanes and stuff.

Nickname at school: This is really boring, because I didn't even have a nickname at school. No one ever talked to me so they never even bothered to give me a nickname.

First concert: Oh dear. It was an unknown group. The something something – it was in East Kilbride scout hall and fun was had by all who attended. It was the local stars. They were total rubbish.

Worst thing that William ever did to you: He used kind of Japanese-prisoner-of-war-camp tactics all through my childhood to torture me. He used to kind of slap me about for being a fat bastard and things like that, and I wasn't even really fat. He used to really play on all my weaknesses.

What's the best thing about William? I've got to say that he's probably the most honest person I know. He never lies... he just never lies. He's like George Washington. Was it George Washington? The bloke who didn't lie.

Last book read: Let me think. I'll try and come up with something that sounds good because I'm definitely not going to tell you the real book I just read – I don't want to sound too pretentious. Let me see. The last book I read was *The Music Garden Of Stanley Sweet*. It's a sort of trashy psychedelic novel set in the '60s about a guy who takes loads of drugs.

Are you going to see Madonna? I want to go to the party but we haven't been invited. I don't want to see the concert. I might go but if I do it'll be for the freek show side of it. If somebody brought a man with five legs into the country end put him on at Wembley the place could be pecked and I'd be there.

Are you really happy when it rains? To be honest I'm not. I can't stand the rain.

If you were on *Starstruck*, what would your specialist subject be? The films of Orson Welles it would have to be, but I probably wouldn't get any of the questions right. It's the only thing I can say that I'm really, truly

interested in outside of music. I think Orson Welles is wonderful.

When was the last time you cried? When my dog died a few months ago. I grew up with that dog... I had that dog most of my life and it died. I was really heartbroken. It lived with my family in East Kilbride and it had a heart attack and died. He was called Patch, which is a real boring name. It actually survived the heart attack but it was in agony and we had to put him down.

Can you change a plug? God almighty! Yeah I can change plugs. I can do crosswords as well.

What do you eat for breakfast? Nothing. I don't normally eat breakfast – I just never have. I can never eat food in the mornings – I just save it all for later and then have a big pig out.

What do you keep in your fridge? Nothing. My fridge is really bare. I keep some milk for my coffee, a bit of butter, probably a few cans of beer. I eat out all the time.

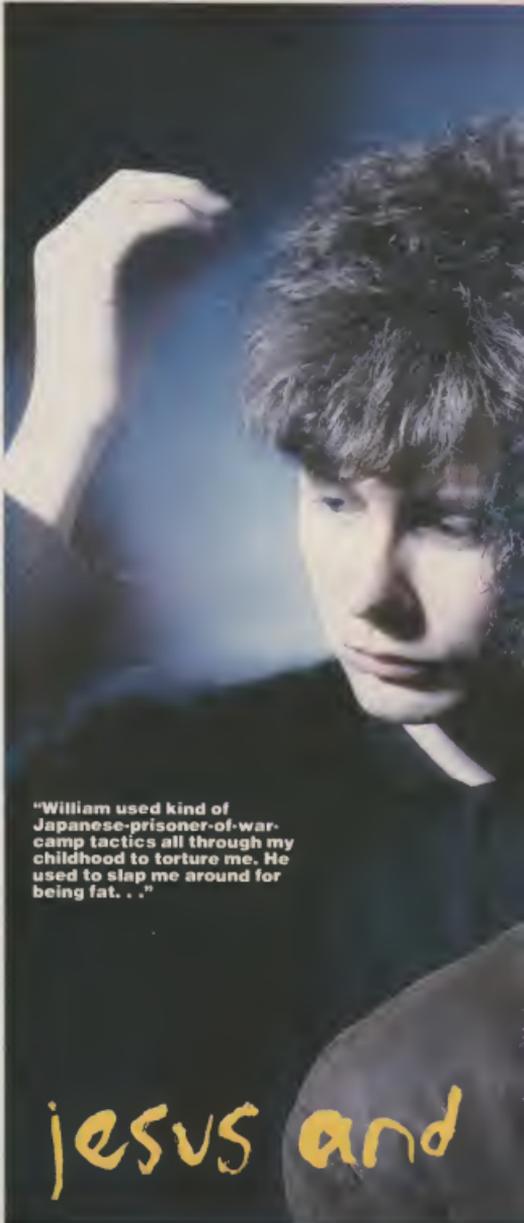
What would you have engraved on your gravestone? Who thinks these questions up? What would I have engraved on my grave stone? "This man was a bastard but he had fun."

What sort of things do you have on your walls? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I've got one framed drawing that I actually haven't bothered to hang up yet. It's a drawing of Gertie Shiele by Egon Shiele (pervy German artist). Gertie's his sister and he used to have a relationship with her. I live in a one bedroom flat in quite a nice part of London which I share with my girlfriend.

What's your ideal holiday? These questions are really beginning to get to me, to be honest. I don't like holidays. I haven't been on holiday for years. The last holiday I went on was to Morecambe when I was 14 with my parents and my dad set on the beach with a hankie on his head and his trousers rolled up. I can't stand going on holiday. I don't really see the point. I mean, even when I worked and somebody said "Would you like to go away for a while?". . . Why? To me just having the two or three weeks off work was having a holiday. I don't really see the point of going somewhere else and anyway we do so much travelling these days that we see plenty of places.

Do you use disposable razors? Now that's a very interesting question. I might do when I get old enough to shave, when the time comes. . .

What's your favourite Bananarama record? God. That's a really horrible question. What's my favourite Bananarama record? Is this my last question? I don't think I can take much more of this. I don't know. Anything. "Really Saying Something". Is that it?



"William used kind of Japanese-prisoner-of-war-camp tactics all through my childhood to torture me. He used to slap me around for being fat. . ."

jesus and



william

Full name: I don't want to give away too much here. I'm just going to say William Reed. I don't want to say my middle name.

Born: 20/10... er... '65. That's what I'll say. Of course it's not true.

First crush: That's hard! I don't think I ever had a crush in that sense, certainly not when I was young, and when you're older you don't really have crushes on people — you tend to lust after them.

Nickname at school: I always got round having a nickname. If anyone ever called me anything other than William I'd make up a really cruel name for them. I was too tough to be given a nickname.

First concert: The Stranglers at Glasgow Apollo in 1977. I suppose they were OK. The concert was quite good fun because it gave me a chance to spike my hair up. I was one of these weekend punks. I'd go along and see my mates play — they were called The Sinister Turkeys. I made up that name for them.

Worst thing that Jim ever did to you: I suppose it was when he tried to stab me when he was about four years old. I always used to torture him and torment him all the time. The knife was just an ordinary food knife — it wasn't sharpened but it could have easily been a sharper knife, a breadknife or something. I was incredibly mean to him, pouring boiling water on his back when he was in the bath. Young children are incredibly vicious. It was something to do. I didn't regret it until I was about 22. I suppose if I was born in 1965 I'd be 22 now, wouldn't I?

What's the best thing about Jim? That's a weird question. I suppose the best thing about Jim is that he's my brother.

Last book read: I think it was *Elvis* by Albert Goldman — it's where he brings all Elvis' dirty laundry out into the open. Whether or not it's true I don't know. I liked it because it outraged so many Elvis fans. I liked it because even if only a tiny bit of it was true he was still totally depraved. I read it all on a tour of America.

Are you going to see Madonna? If I can get in for free, aye. I wouldn't pay to see Madonna because I don't really like her. In fact I don't think I'll go. I'll go to the party afterwards.

Are you really happy when it rains? The truth is I am, especially in summer when it rains and you're in a car driving down the road and you're listening to the radio...

If you were on Mastermind what would your specialist subject be? Bob Dylan but I'd probably fail, because even though I'm really into his music up to a certain period, I'm not that obsessed with it. I don't really have any specialist knowledge.

When was the last time you cried? That's a very very personal question indeed. I couldn't tell *Smash Hits* that in a hundred years. Crying is

like being sick, do you know what I mean? You get pissed and then you want to be sick and it's horrible doing it but after you've been sick there's a great sense of release. When I cried it was good to get it out but I couldn't tell you why I cried.

Can you change a plug? Brown on the right, green up at the top and blue on the left — is that right? (Correct — Ed.) Yeah, I can change a plug.

What did you have for breakfast? Brown bread toast, St Jvel Gold margarine, a glass of orange juice and a cup of tea.

What do you keep in your fridge? What a stupid question. It's like "What do you keep in your shoes?" Your feet. OK then: 12 cans of Budweiser beer which I never drink but I have there in case Jim or my dad comes round, tons of frozen fresh food like burgers and fish fingers and oven chips... and then half a kilo of vegetarian stuff. I eat the trash food and my girlfriend's a vegetarian. And then there's some catfood. I've got two cats — they're called William and Jim. Jim's a moaning little bastard and William's the nice one. I chose the name after I'd had them a couple of days so I could work out what names would be appropriate... so that I could work out which was the cutest. William's easily approachable and Jim keeps his distance. He's very, very unfriendly and he's incredibly timid. I love to torment him the way I used to torment Jim when he was a kid. Jim makes a brilliant noise, squealing. It's a brilliant noise. I'm thinking of making a tape loop of it.

What would you have engraved on your gravestone? Erm. You should give me 24 hours notice for these questions. "Here lies a dead man." I don't know. "Dead."

What sort of things do you have on your walls? Nothing. When I moved in there was this horrible wood chip paper and we're in the process of ripping it off. So what I've got on my walls now is bits of torn wallpaper. It's been like that since we moved in last October. It's really embarrassing because when people come to see me in November I had a good excuse for it being so piggy. I could just say "Oh we're decorating" but now they come back in August and it's still the same. The reason we haven't decorated it is... well... laziness really. I was going to give some excuse but, no. Laziness.

What's your ideal holiday? It would be on a deserted island with a five star hotel and satellite TV.

Do you use disposable razors? No, I use an electric shaver. If I use razors my face comes up in spots.

What's your favourite Bananarama record? "I Heard a Rumour". What do you mean "God" that's our fans gone, Jim? I think it's really good. I'm afraid I have to say I really like it.

● Photos: Paul Rider

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"MEGA MIX"

Whoever You or Lady
Stay Out of My Life
Let Me Be the One
Rhythm of Silence

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WILD FLOWER

Hey you you're a wild honey child
I'm out of control
Every time you are near me
I'm a wolf child baby
And I'm howlin' for you
My heart beats faster
Hey hey I'm overpowered

Chorus

I'm a wolf child girl
Howlin' for you
Wild flower star of my dreams
The most beautiful thing yeah

Yeah you sweet salvation of a nation
Oh my soul you're a perfect creation
You're an angel baby
Aah I'm cryin' for you
My heart beats faster hey hey and overpowers

Repeat chorus

Wild flower I love you every hour
Wild flower
Burning down the night set the world alight yeah

Wild flower
I'm a wolf child girl
Howlin' for you
Wild flower
You're the star of my dreams
Most beautiful thing
Wild flower I love you every hour
Wild flower I love you every hour
Crazy 'bout you yeah crazy 'bout you girl
Crazy 'bout you yeah crazy 'bout
Crazy 'bout you yeah

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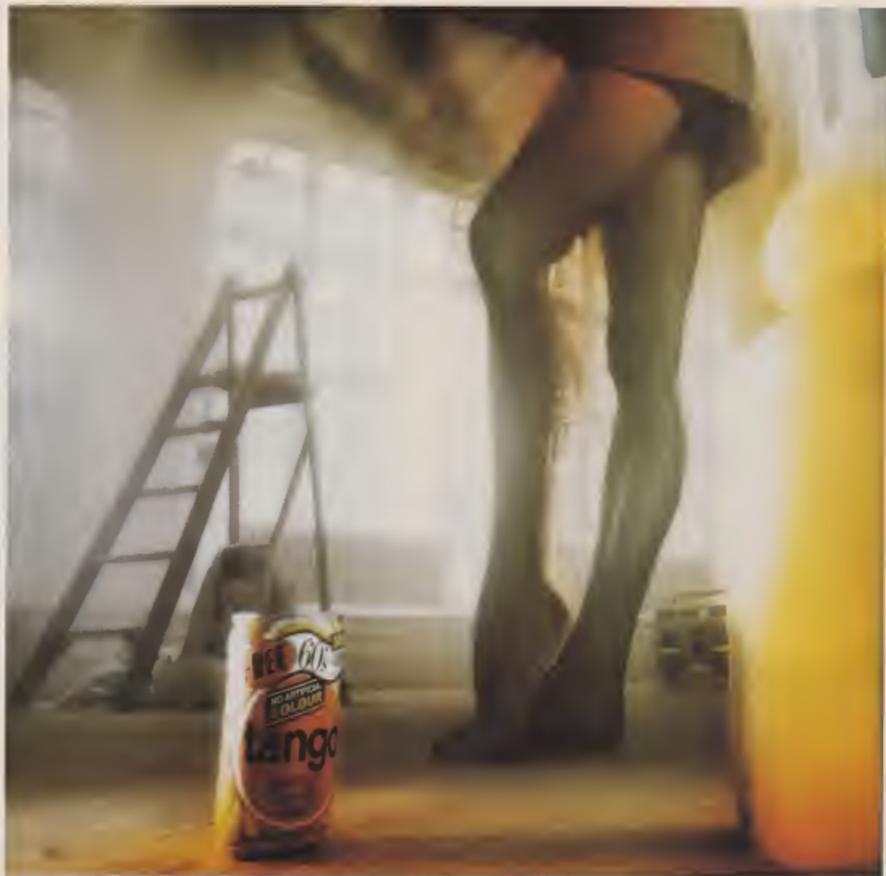
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 BRENTON WOOD - 'Gimme A Hot Sign'
 DOBBIE GRAY - 'The In Crowd'
 BOCKERT & THE M O's - 'Time To Tighten'
 THE DKMS - 'Hey Girl Don't Bother Me'
 THE CHA-LIE'S - 'Have You Seen Her?'
 ROBERT FROBER - 'Banquet'
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 You make me nervous when you're in your seat,
 Take off your shoes and,
 Tap your feet,
 We're doing a dance that can't be beat.
 We're barefootin'....*

*The music dissolved into the background
 She'd already removed her shoes; the music from
 the Tango Soul Tape had made her.
 Raising the ice cold can she took a deep breath
 The lipstick stain on the frosted metal
 was evidence enough....*



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PET SHOP BOYS

WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS

You always wanted a lover
I only wanted a job
I've always worked for a living
How am I gonna get through
How am I gonna get through

I come here looking for money (got to have it)
And end up leaving with love (woh oh)
Now you've left me with nothing (can't take it)
How am I gonna get through
How am I gonna get through

I bought you drinks I brought you flowers
I read your books and talked for hours
Every day so many drinks such pratty flowers
So tell me

Chorus

What have I what have I what have I done to deserve this
What have I what have I what have I done to deserve this
What have I what have I what have I

Since you went away I've been hanging around
I've been wondering why I'm feeling down
You went away it should make me feel better
But I don't know why
How I'm gonna get through
How I'm gonna get through

You always wanted me to
Be something I wasn't
You always wanted too much oh oh
Now I can do what I wanted to forever
How am I gonna get through
How am I gonna get through

At night the people come and go
They talk too fast and walk too slow
Chasing time from hour to hour
I pour the drinks and crush the flowers

Repeat chorus

Repeat fourth verse

How I'm gonna get through
How I'm gonna get through

Uh huh huh
How I'm gonna get through
How I'm gonna get through

What have I what have I what have I done to deserve this
Repeat above line to fade

How I'm gonna get through
We don't have to follow paths we don't have to fight
We don't need to go to hell and back every night
We could make a we could make a deal uh huh
We don't have to follow paths we don't have to fight
We don't need to go to hell and back every night ooh baby

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Photo: Andy Gatten



trou

HEART AND SOUL

Something in the moonlight catches my eye
The shadow of a lover goes dancing by
Looking for a little bit of love to grow
So give me love give me heart and soul
You never let me cross to the other side now
I'm tied to the hope that you will somehow
Herd on the heels of something more
But I lost your love heart and soul

The tear in my heart as you walk on by (more than an ocean)
I feel so low when your head is high
Everything you do convince me more (keeps us apart)
Please give me love give me heart and soul ooh
Looking to the day when I saw your face (I feel a tearing)
I wasn't in the running I wasn't in the race (in hell of my heart)
You moved in a way that I'd known before
Now I want your love heart and soul

Leaving you ain't easy now
But loving you's the harder part
You never want me for myself
And I've needed you right from the very start
Oh won't you even try to

Chorus

Give a little bit of heart and soul
Give a little bit of love to grow
Give a little bit of heart and soul
And don't you make me beg for more
Give a sign I need to know
Oh a little bit of heart and soul

Walking on the water walking on the air (a walk on the water)
That was the heart of the love we shared
Do you keep a secret left untold (is all that I need)
So you can't give love heart and soul
I used to have a lover with the Midas touch (but miracles are not happening)
I turned to gold but he turned to dust
Left me for another I turned to stone
Now give me love heart and soul

Living in a tansy
There's never any room to breathe
Hoping every waking hour
You'll turn around and say that we can start
Oh won't you even try to

Repeat chorus

Somehow I lost my way
Looking to see something in your eye
But love will never compromise
Now this is the politics of life yeah

Repeat chorus to fade

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"...and always remember to chill the pastry, darling..."

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JOHNNY HATES JAZZ SPEND

They're there until dawn, fiddling with millions of buttons, with nothing to eat but pizzas, and when they finally get it right the tape breaks and they have to spend thousands of pounds doing it all over again. And to cap it all, along comes William Shaw. . .

In the middle of London, two minutes walk from Regents Park there's an old Methodist chapel that's been converted into a recording studio. Perched on the steps outside are a gaggle of fans who've been hanging around to catch a peek of a pop group who've just polished off a song called "I Don't Want To Be A Hero" within these very walls and right this very second they're in there "laying down tracks" for their first LP. So let us enter these mighty parlours and nip up the stairs into one of the control rooms where Calvin, Clark and Mike of Johnny Hates Jazz are liddling about with this huge great desk that's simply littered with monstrously complicated knobs. . .

The three of them are no strangers to this rather gloomy, small room. They've all spent many long hours of their life in here. In fact it's actually this very studio which brought the group together in the first place. Before he joined Johnny Hates Jazz Mike Nicolo actually used to be the head studio engineer for this building



▲ The infamous tape machine which broke down twice in one day, destroying vital tracks at a cost of thousands

(in other words he was in charge of all the technical bits of machinery), Clark Datchler used to make records here before the group formed and as for Calvin Hayes - well, his father actually owns the whole place.

But even if one of your parents actually owns the place, using a recording studio like this is still rather a pricey business. "This one costs us around £1,000 a day to hire," they explain. "So recording a song like 'I Don't Want To Be A Hero' is going to cost us about £10,000. So when you're recording an LP you'll be fairly happy if it comes in at around £100,000."

Not a very cheap business, is it? And that's why groups tend to get just a wee bit anxious whether their songs are hits or not. Says Clark: "All of us have spent years working on records which have never had one play on the radio - nobody's ever heard them. So when you've finished working on a record like our single you feel, 'Oh no, is this one going to do as well as the last one?'"

"Yeah," smiles Mike, "I won't tell you how paranoid we get about it."

When 'Shattered Dreams' came out there was a time when we all thought, 'Oh no, so way is this going to be a hit.'"

And not only is there all the money to worry about, but it can take a group hundreds of hours to get a song right. And even then something might go horribly wrong. Just two days before this the studio's tape machine had broken the tape of a song not once, but twice, wiping out hours of work up to a stroke. "It was disastrous," they quip. "You should have seen us, we were so depressed. We had to re-record all this work."

And, in the time honoured fashion, groups like Johnny Hates Jazz seem to end up working late into the night. "For some reason," says Clark, "we seem to work well late at night. When we recorded 'Shattered Dreams' it took us weeks. Every time we stopped working I'd walk outside and the sun would be coming up and the birds would be starting singing. That's really horrible."

"If *Smash Hits* readers could have seen us then," chuckles Mike, "they would have absolutely creased up. The grief we went through . . ."

About half way through recording," explains Calvin, "we decided it was total rubbish. At six o'clock in the morning you can get really paranoid."

Finally there's the other essential part of being in a recording studio - the unhealthy take away food. "There's a cake shop over the road which we nip out to during the day. In the evening we'll go out for a pizza or something," says Calvin.

"If I eat another pizza I think I'll die," says Clark. "And hamburgers and chips. Ugh."

Such, readers, are the trials and tribulations of life in the recording studio. . .

▼ Clark Datchler listening to the "playback" (i.e. the background music) in his right ear, about to burst forth into song. "I've been brought up singing in a studio, so it's not too alien to me. The only stimulus you have is coming through the headphones and Calvin and Mike are miles away behind the mixing desk, so sometimes it's difficult to get the emotion right."



Photos: Paul Rider

"We tend to think of this as Johnny Hates Jazz's studio. So we've got all our pictures on the walls. We've well and truly taken it over. We've got the last *Smash Hits* singles review page stuck on the wall somewhere. [The review calls 'I Don't Want To Be A Hero' "blendily anonymous"]. It wasn't very good, was it? At least it said it was going to be a hit."

"These are just the remote controls for the tape machine, so you don't have to walk over to the tape every time you want to turn it on (i.e. just like the controls on a telly)."

14 HOURS HERE EVERY DAY



"We hate this one. It's the tape machine. It's just like any other tape recorder, but it's a lot bigger. One reel of tape will cost you £100. Last weekend one spool decided to go one way, and the other spool decided to go the other way and it just ripped right through in the middle of this chorus that Clark had been singing. He'd sung the same part over about 15 times to make it a big chorus and it had taken a whole day, then the tape shattered. Twice. We couldn't believe it. So we wasted a whole day and then had to spend another two days getting it right. It cost us thousands. And you know you'll never be able to get that bit of singing exactly as you wanted it again."

"You have all these speakers so you can try out what you've recorded on different systems to see what it would sound like. These little ones are supposed to let you hear what it would sound like on a small radio."

"The TV: we just have it on with the sound turned down in case anything comes on."

"This bass just looks good. It actually sounds terrible. I just thought it would look better in the photo than one of the modern ones."



"This is Clark's synthesiser. It only cost about £700 which is really cheap. There's a lot more expensive ones which we use—like Emulators, keyboards which can reproduce any sound and which you just put in a floppy disc and they'll play like an orchestra or anything. You can easily spend an extra £300 a day just hiring equipment like that. The cost is just phenomenal."

"This is the centre of the recording studio—the mixing desk. It's basically a way of getting sounds onto a tape in an organised fashion. It looks really complicated but the basic idea is quite simple: you plug in the instruments or microphones and you just have a fader, which is a volume control, and then you have all these bass and treble knobs (just like on an ordinary stereo). This one's a 32 track desk: it's a really old one—about 10 years old. How much does it cost? Well, this cost about £80,000 about 10 years ago. A new, state of the art mixing desk would cost you £200,000. We can spend hours all hunched over it just trying to get something to sound exactly right."

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Dear **Black Type**

In reply to Granny Basher (*Smash Hits* July 15-28), he or she just doesn't know what they are talking about. I have been a fan of Cliff since the 60's (I wasn't quite old enough in the 80's), and I am very happy to say that he has survived from the 50's right through to the 80's, so he can hardly be said to be making a comeback. He has always been around. I'd like to see some of the so-called youngsters who are trying to get into the pop world lasting as he has done. He's often spoken in interviews about the "new" talent and he does recognize someone good when he sees them. He doesn't need to be an old cronies or pensioners chart. He's probably fatter than anyone *half* his age.

Cliff has been doing gospel concerts and tours for Tear Fund for the past 18 years and given up his spare time for the starving and needy. These concerts, like his music, are completely brilliant! The man is simply magic!

I rest my case
Thank you
(Mrs) Patricia Jackson

Dear **Black Type**

I couldn't agree more with Granny Basher (*Smash Hits* July 15-28) old age pensioners of pop like Cliff Richard, Tina Turner and David Bowie should just bog off and leave the field open to the likes of Ten Jence, Wet Wet Wet and Curiosity Killed The Cat. The only exciting pop music there has ever been has always been made by youngsters - Elvis, The Beatles, The Sex Pistols, Duran, etc. - and the only time it gets really embarrassing when old buggers are let loose on the charts. Well said Granny Basher! If you're over 20, you're too old. Face!
Young Easton, Liverpool

Dear **Black Type**

Granny Basher (*Smash Hits* July 15-18) is absolutely right. Old cronies should get out of the way and make room for new talent. And in coming acts are the lifeblood of the pop world and more people should follow the example of The Jam who split up when they felt they were getting too old. Pack it in wrackles!
A juvenile delinquent, Leeds

Dear Sir **Blackford of Type land**,

In this man old world, there appears to be a mounting number of strange coincidences, not least the following:
1) Samuel 'Fox' and 'Star' Ship both release singles with remarkably similar titles ('Nothing's Going To Stop Us Now' and 'Nothing's Going To Stop Me Now'). How odd! What a coincidence then that the two songs don't even sound the same!
2) This leads us very neatly to Sammy's new single 'I Surrender'. Quite a few years ago that 'pop' combo Rainbow recorded a track with this very same title. What a coincidence!
3) Of course, you can't mention Rainbow without mentioning Sir Bagguss. Sir Bagguss!
Toodle Pip,
Tom Bailey's Pkg Tail!

Extraordinary, quite extraordinary, and if I may be so

HITPERS

WRITE TO: *Smash Hits*, 53-55 Canaby Street, London W1V 1PF.
The most splendid letter gets a £10 record token and a **Black Type** tea-spoon. Everyone else gets a commemorative pendant (i.e. a badge).

bold as to continue in the same vein:

- 1) **Sinita and The Jesus And Mary Chain** both release singles with remarkably different titles ("Toy Boy" and "Happy When It Rains"). How odd. What a coincidence then that the two songs don't even sound the same!
- 2) **This leads us rather neatly on to the man in the Halifax Building Society ad** (??) who hasn't got any money on a Sunday morning but goes out and gets some from a hole in the wall so that he can feed his cat. Just a week ago I did the very same thing. What a coincidence!
- 3) **Of course, you can't mention a cat without mentioning Sir Bagguss.** And so did you! What a coincidence!

Dear **Black Type**

I am writing to say how strongly I feel about magazines comparing Madonna to Marilyn Monroe. This is like comparing baked beans to caviar. Marilyn Monroe was one of a kind and there will never be another, so it's about time Madonna woke up and tried to be herself instead of someone she will never be.
An angry Marilyn Monroe Fan

Dear Mr **Type**

Here we have the latest weapons Novel from Mills and Bono, world famous publishers of Slobbery Lurve 'Stories' 'Weep! As our beautiful heroine Elizabeth goes to Southern California to visit her recently widowed sister. Gasp! As all the other relatives arrive and proceed to be thoroughly 'beasty' too! As the complete horrorsness of the next door neighbour, Nicholas Balkenryne! Blub! As Elizabeth falls in love with a rather buck bloke called Dack SWOON! The world gets nubbled by a giant moth (or something).

And you thought 'The Joshua Tree' was a U2 LP! Tsk! Tsk!
A Granny



Cheer! As Bono hits "Mullen" over the head with a sticked Bolo As The Edge doesn't wash his

hair for a month! Call a doctor! As Adam finally gets completely bonkers! HURRAH! Accept a token 'n' towel, why don't you missus?

Dear **Black Type**

After your amazing composition, 'ode to J R Hartley', I felt compelled to write a sequel!
Ode to J R Hartley (Part 2)
Ahem
Oh J R Hartley
The one in the Yellow Pages ad
Why oh why
Don't you look
In the British Museum
You're even daffier old goat
And why
If you wrote it
Don't you have a copy
Anyway
Fin
Yours sincerely,
The Yellow Pumpkin.

Why, this J.R. Hartley bloke seems to be rather famous and worthy of at least another ode in his honour. And so...

Ode to J.R. Hartley (Part 3)
Ahem
Oh J.R. Hartley
Daff old goat in the Yellow Pages ad
You're really are quite famous now
So maybe you should write
Another book
And call it "Any luck, dad?"
Yes?
Fin

Dear "Sweetest Smile" **Type**

I fear both Get Smart and Neil Tennant have got it wrong
According to my Collins - English - Latin - Turkish Delight (yum) dictionary, what Neil Tennant actually says at the beginning of 'It's A Sin' is as follows: 'Tngst lngst this trngpo bnglo lart great fun and there's still a super episode of 'Think Again' to watch on TV.'
Ha! Bet you didn't know that!
'It's no wonder it got to number one' - Owen Paul (???)
A Spook Person. Humault

Dearest **Type**

Heh! Never mind the saggy old cloth cat that's a bit loose at the seams. I think you should be paying more attention to the masters of song and dance, those legends in their own lifetimes I am, of course, Freddy of Rod, Jane and Freddy
Ode to Rod, Jane and Freddy
Ahem
Oh Rod, Jane and Freddy
You can't sing
In fact I wish someone would
Stick an elephant in
Your mouth
There used to be another geezer
Who used to
Sing with you

I think his name was Roger
But Rod, Jane and Roger doesn't sound as good as Rod, Jane and Freddy

Fin
Love and cuddles,
Ben's ears.

Dear **Black Type**

Some words of advice,
a) Save £10, do not spend it on a Record Token
b) Put bomb with money
c) Buy bomb in crap joke corner
d) Set bomb off
From the Smiths Gladiah

Some words in reply:

- a) Buy a sandwich
- b) Add some pickle
- c) Eat the lot
- d) There you go! Strike a light 'gunner. End of story! (?)

Dear **Black Type**

I really think it's about time a public apology was given by Smash Hits to Alan 'Wild'er' (Depeche Mode). You constantly refer to him as 'the most boring man in pop', whereas I know for a fact that this is simply not true.

Why, Alan has been spotted walking for miles looking for 'wet paint' signs. Once he has found one, he will stand for hours on end just watching the stuff dry.

Another fascinating hobby of Alan's is collecting used tea bags, of which he has a very large collection indeed, ranging from Tesco's Economy right through to Sainsbury's premium. So you see, all this rubbish about him being 'boring' is just a myth.

For more interesting facts on this 'Wild Man of Pop' send a record token to me and all will be revealed.
Love from Black Type II

A record token? A public flogging would be more apt for such cruel wit. Let's hear it for Alan 'Wild'er' - crazy name, crazy guy!

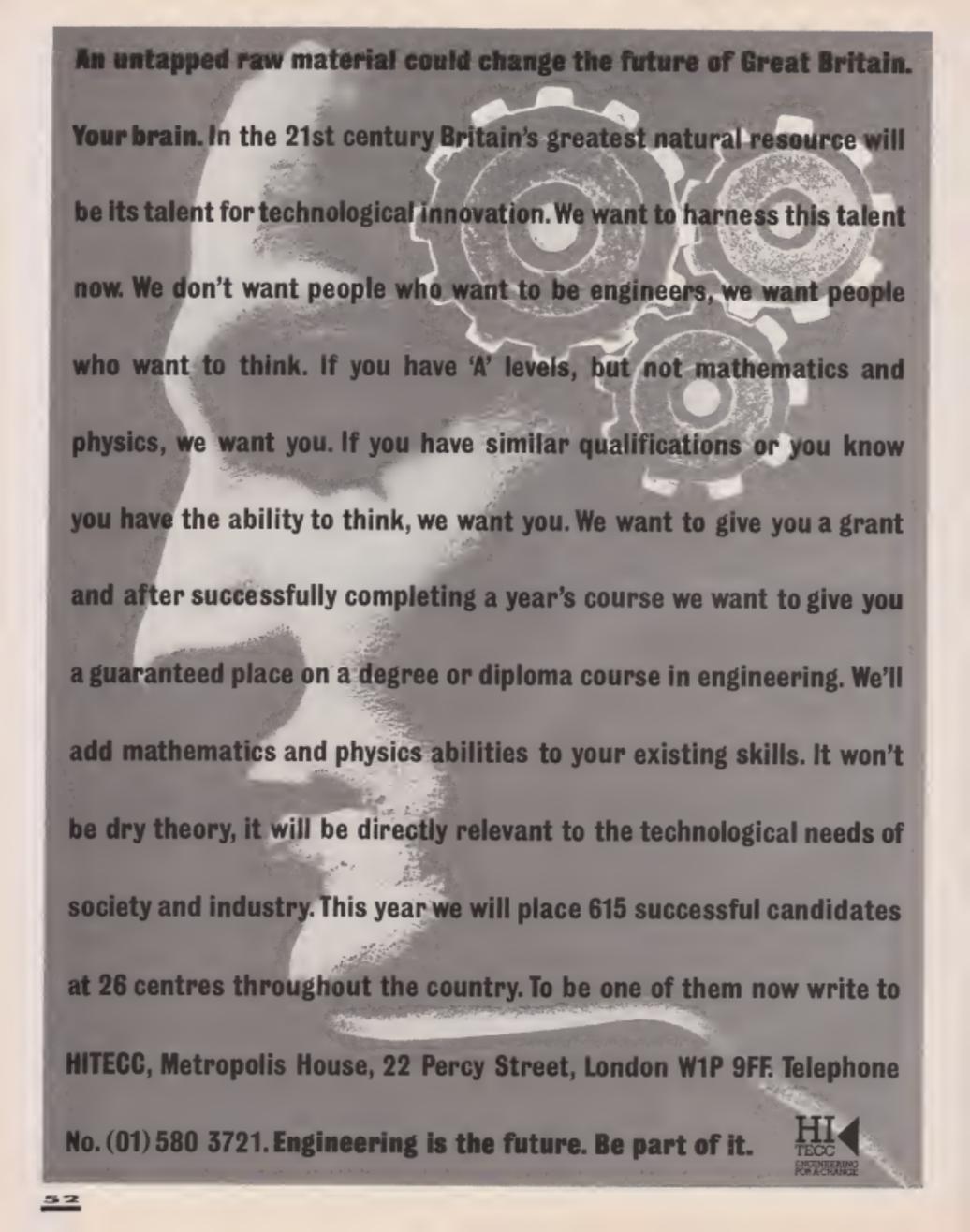
Dear **Black Type**

An ode to Radio 1's DJ 1e Mr Michael Smith, the British Broadcasting Corporation's resident 'popular' music 'disc jockey'.

Oh Mr Michael Smith, the British Broadcasting Corporation's resident 'popular' music 'disc jockey'!
What a fancy title you have
And what a snooty toust suit
And what an idiotic facial Expression
Oh Mr Michael Smith, the British Broadcasting (stunnnny)
You're a goon!
Fin

The cat with the drill who says the Newcastle is in the garage (or something).

A Publisher writes. Dear **Black Type** it seems to me that this ode business is getting just a touch out of hand. Back in my day, the Letters page was free from such intrusions and I think it's about time you called a halt! Failing that, you will be dismissed from your position and fined £30,000. Yours sincerely, I say Miss Pringle, you are looking splendid! I have two tickets for the opening night of that little play I mentioned to you earlier and I was wondering if perhaps you would (Salt! salt! - stop this at once, perv - merchant - B.T.)



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"APPEALS"

SQUEEZE: London Astoria Theatre (September 17), Aylesbury Civic Hall (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (19), Manchester Apollo (20), Birmingham Powerhouse (22), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (23), Oxford Apollo Theatre (24).

Liverpool Royal Court (25), Glasgow Pavilion (27), Edinburgh Queen's Theatre (28), London Hammersmith Odeon (30), Poole Arts Centre (October 1), Cardiff University (2), Norwich University of East Anglia (9), Loughborough University (10), Bristol Studio (11), Brighton Top Rank (12), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (13), Leeds University (15), Sheffield University (17), Guildford Civic Hall (19), Cheltenham Town Hall (20), Portsmouth Guild Hall (22), Hanley Victoria Hall (24), Newcastle Mayfair (25).

● Tickets are available from box offices and usual agents. Tickets cost from £5 to £15 but check with venues for exact prices.



PHIL: Newcastle City Hall (September 13), Sheffield City Hall (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (16), Leicester De Montfort Hall (17), Dunstable Civic Hall (18), Chippenhams Goldiggers (20), Poole Arts Centre (21), London Astoria (22), Edinburgh Playhouse (24), Manchester Apollo (25), London Astoria (28).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents. Please check venues for prices.

NEW MODEL ARMY: Newcastle Riverside (September 3), Glasgow Q.M.U. (4), Aberdeen The Venue (5), Birmingham Powerhouse (21), Manchester International 2 (23), Chippenhams Goldiggers (24), Bradford St. George's Hall (26), London Town And Country Club (27).

● Tickets are available from box offices and usual agents; prices not more than £4.50 outside London and maximum of £5.50 and £3 in advance in London.



THAT PETROL EMOTION: Leicester Polytechnic (September 26), Sheffield Leadmill (27), Newcastle Mayfair (28), Birmingham Polytechnic (29), Leeds Polytechnic (October 1), Norwich UEA (2), Bristol Studio (4), Cardiff University (5), London National Ballroom (6), Liverpool University (8), Manchester International (9).

● All tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents. London tickets are £5. Please contact relevant venues for all other prices.

THE HOUSEMARTINS: Aberdeen Capitol (September 19), Glasgow SEC (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Liverpool Royal Court (23), London Brixton Academy (26), Cardiff Ritzy (27), Portsmouth Guildhall (28), Nottingham Royal Centre (30), Burlington Spa (October 1), Dublin SFX (3/4), Belfast Ulster Hall (5).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents. Please contact venues for prices. There is also a Birmingham date to be confirmed for September 24.

CHRIS REA: Edinburgh Playhouse (October 20), Glasgow SEC (26), Birmingham NEC (28), London Wembley Arena (31), Brighton Centre (November 2).

● Tickets are available from Keith Prowse, Star Green, Premier and all other agents. Phone us on 02 50 for Edinburgh and Glasgow, 08 and 07 for Birmingham and Brighton, and 03 and 09 for London.



WHITESNAKE (RESCHEDULED DATES): Nottingham Royal Centre (December 26), London Wembley Arena (30), Birmingham NEC (January 2), Newcastle City Hall (3/4), Edinburgh Playhouse (7).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents and are £9 and £10.

★ **Want someone to write to? Send in a postcard with your name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS plus a few words about yourself to: RSVP, Smash Hits, 52-55 Cornhill Street, London E1V 1PR. And please enclose a phone number where we can contact you. This won't be published.**

● **Hi, I'm 16, Swedish and like The Smiths, Pat Shop Boys, Sings, U2, Curiosity and lots more.** Now I want to know about you! Please write to: Annika Swenson, Laxtorpvej 43, S-40 06 GRA B0, Sweden.

● **Listen up! I'm nearly 15 years old and I like nearly everything.** I'm totally wacky and completely wacky but very original. Why not get in touch with me and send me a totally outrageous letter. Michael, Windy Hollow, 26 Kilm Road, Fareham, Hants PO15 7UB.

● **Hi, my name is Paulitta and I'm looking for lots of penpals.** I love Boy George and would like to write to anyone from anywhere of any age. Please write to me as soon as possible: Paulitta, 9 Avenue Jean Moulin, 93148 Bondy, France.

● **Hi, my name is Jon and I like Simple Minds, U2, Level 42 and Big Country.** I also support Everton so if you would like to write to me: Jonathan, 38 Essex Road, Birkdale, Southport, Merseyside PR8 4LZ.

● **Hi, I'm Elaine and I'm 13.** I'm mad about Madonna and A-ha and I also like most chart music so if you are interested please write to: 7 Anger Street, New Cross, London SE14 6LX.

● **Hi, I'm a 17 year old Norwegian male searching for female penfriends aged 15-19.** I'm into The Smiths, U2 and The Cure. Please write to: Dag Rindal, Hogvoll, 5018 Ålesund, Norway.

● **Hi, my name is Louise.** I'd like penpals from all over the world, lads and gals aged between 14 and 17. I'm into Whitney Houston, The Cure and Tenacious D/B'z. Get writing to: Louise Harvey, 121 Wharf Road, Puxton, Notts NG16 6LH.

● **Hi, my name's Gavin, I'm 16 and I love wind surfing, swimming, athletics and of course pop music.** I also like most soul artists including Five Star, Luther Vandross, Michael Jackson, Madonna and the Beastie Boys. Write to me if you are aged between 14 and 17, male or female: Gavin, 9 Birch Terrace, Boney Hay, Walsall, W. Midlands WS7 8BH.

● **Hi, my name's Bryn, I'm 14 years old and I like any good music.** I would like to write to anyone in the world so if you are interested please write to: Bryn, 46 Lonsdale Road, Bilson, Wolverhampton WV14 7AF.

● **Hi, I'm Jenny and I'm 18** and I like most groups especially Genesis and Mel And Kim and I also like a lot of sports. I'm 10m and I would like to hear from people from all over the world so if you are aged 17-19 please write to: 6 Red Lion Close, Westmoreland Road, London SE17 2BQ.

● **Hi people, we are four lads who are well into Madonna, Genesis, Queen, Erasure and most of other groups.** We are looking for people between the ages of 14 and 16 so get pen to paper and write to: Paul, Greg, John and Chris, "Theeways", Baydon Road, Great Wenham, Colchester, Essex CO7 6QE.

● **I am a fan loving 17 year old Gothic female into Balam And The Angel, The Church, SLEP, The Weather Prophets, Dead Kennedys and more.** I would like to write to people preferably from the US or Norway as so if you are 17+ and have similar tastes get writing to: Kirsty, 4 Ha penny Field, Holbrook, Ipswich, Suffolk IP9 2TS.

● **Hi, I'm 10 years old and like Pepsi And Shirlie and Mel And Kim.** If you are 11-19 years old and have the same musical interests as me get writing to: Samantha, Bear House, Franklin Road, North Farnbridge, Essex CM3 6NF.

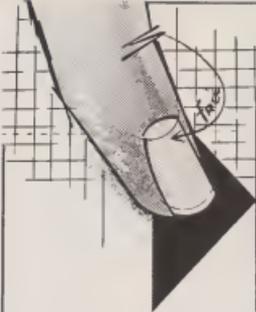
● **Hi, my name is Alan.** I'm 12 years old and I like all pop music so please get in touch with me at 24 Buckland End, Sharn End, Birmingham.

● **Any Smiths fans aged 17+, still reeling from the news of Johnny Marr's departure and in need of mutual support in this hour of need,** but who also like Bragg, JAMC, Sunnymoon, Cure, New Order. The etc though not pop stars or HM, please write to: Mark, 33 Deans Road, Swinton, Manchester M27 3JA.

● **Hi, we are two 14 year old girls called Debba and Etalina.** We love Simple Minds, U2, Curiosity Killed The Cat, skiing and pizzas. If you're aged between 14 and 16 please write to: 11 Aukman Road, Greenacres, Motherwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland ML1 3BT.

● **Hi, my name is Julie and I'm 15 years old.** I'm into U2, Simple Minds, Bon Jovi and Madonna. I'd love to hear from anyone aged 14-16 especially if they live in Liverpool. So if you enjoy writing letters and having fun write to: 45 Mervies Park Ave, Giffnock, Glasgow, Scotland G46 8HR.

● **Hi, my name's Edward and I'm 15 years old.** I would like to write to anybody and my likes are most chart music, cycling, Smash Hits and helping all sorts of charities. My dislikes are Heavy Metal, school and chicken pies so if you're interested drop me a line at 346 Wood Lane, Partington, Manchester M31 4HS.



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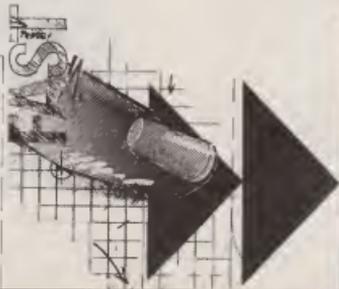
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REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY SYLVIA PATTERSON

HUE AND CRY: Strength To Strength (Circa)

There's far too much keyboard plinking in the guise of "soft" music dribbling round the planet these days (especially from Scottish persons for some reason) but at least The Hues' plinkings aren't flimsy. This isn't quite as manic as the corking "Labour Of Love" but it's a proper pop song nonetheless: bumping all over the place with trumpeting brass bits and swaying violins while Patrick Kane sings very beltingly well — almost sounding like his hero Frank Sinatra!

U2: Where The Streets Have No Name (Island)
Pthrhrh. U2 used to make brilliant dance records for careering round the floor of one's favourite nightie with arms a-flail and lungs a-kimbo. Even then they were horrifically "important" records but at least they had life. These days U2's efforts all sound exactly the same as this one: someone does a mean impression of Mrs. Biggins "Your Friendly Church Organist" at the beginning, in spirals the "legendary" guitar bit, in thumps a bit of drumming and then nothing whatsoever happens. Except, of course, "Bono" doing a bit of tortured blethering about being in the desert where the streets aren't called anything — not that there's any streets in a desert in the first place, the goon. Quadruple snooze. U2 are self-indulgent, self-important, overblown pompous blips and the only good thing about them is Larry Mullen "Jnr"'s extreme handsomeness.

trilling "You can break the skin but you can't kill the soul! I've had all I can take" which is either about some horrible bloke who used to beat him up or how useless Maggie Thatcher is. Whatever, it's about to get to number... three.

DONNY OSMOND: In It For Love (Virgin)
Ah, Donald. So often did your glowing luscious "gills" beam down from the walls of my big sister's bedroom. You were God-like in your weediness... The is the person who used to be the most swooned upon American sibling the world has ever seen (see Biz) and now he's back. Which is a pity because he's no longer the very essence of innocent boyhood charm, but a man. And thus he's grown up and gone all serious on us, creating a song that's a monstrous drip of a thing about leaving his heart on a sand-dune which doesn't sound at all healthy. What a shame.



LOVE TOO HOTTOBURN

BROS: I Owe You Nothing (CBS)
Bros are three 18-year-old sprites, "featuring" two identical twin brothers who've got the same manager as the Pet Shop

Boys and their tunes are "mixed" by production "genius" Shep Pettibone. This means that a) someone, somewhere has twerked out rather a lot of money because they think Bros are about to become extremely famous and b) the song is a very smart 'n' speedy disco fazzler and it's quite good for that sort of thing. Their lead singer is trying desperately to sound like Michael Jackson gargling a tadpole. What's more, he's succeeded!

LEVEL 42: It's Over (Polydor)
What! No Mark King's thumb stappin' 'n' flappin' all over his bass like a diver deranged? No indeed. For this is a moodier — all lilting twangy noises, fluffy organ bits and some guffings about "feeling the tears". Quite nice if you're in the mood for being pathetic.

ABC: The Night You Murdered Love (Phonogram)
January, February, March and April, May/June, July sees you go 'yell' tee love walk away." Dearie me. Hardly adds to one's understanding of the trials of being scorned, does it? No it doesn't. Because it's a desperately dreary, flimsily insincere, half-hearted puff of a record that makes you want to be intently sick on Martin Fry's expensive brecks.

BAD NEWS: Bohemian Rhapsody (EMI)
This is The Young Ones mob "disguised" as a useless heavy metal combo and they've decided to invent a cover version of the worst song ever written, namely Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody." This

would be quite amusing were it not for the fact that this version consists of nothing but wailings, screechings, a lot of physically powerful loud noises as well as some "rude" ones which is quite funny for the first two seconds until it becomes an unbearable abomination (even more so than it was in the first place). It's so unlistenable you could sing it equally horrendously yourself though you'd be much better off doing something useful with your time like looking at a pipe-cleaner for three minutes.



DEPECHE MODE: Never Let Me Down Again (Mute)
So often The Mode thump out the same old synthesized ploddings but this one's definitely more memorable because it's... well, it's creepy. Shiver your spinal "colium" to the hollow, juggy and sinister toots, shake in your sandals at the eerie 'n' horrible choir-sound-a-searing over the top of it all, and then ponder the sentence "Promise me I'm as safe as houses/a' long as I remember who's wearing the trousers". The b-side of this is quite a good disco better too.

HERB ALPERT: Making Love In The Rain (A&M)
Here it comes — a song about catching pneumonia when it's not at all necessary. There's Herb's bugle trumpeting and there's a husky vixen called Lisa Keith pretending to be Janet Jackson without the passion and definitely without the Irish cuteness or the wail that have appeared on the record sleeve instead of "Herb's" horrible old perv-coast. Jazzzy, professionally pleasant and completely bleak.

DAVID BOWIE: Never Let Me Down (EMI)
Can anything rescue The Game from the hovering gums of the ever-approaching Dumper? Certainly not this snoozeque pop wimping with some mouth-organ hoops in it for no reason whatsoever other than the fact they had to make something happen. Certainly not by turning into Whistling Roger Whittaker at the end, which he does. And certainly not by placing paper-clips up his nostrils, which he's done. Poor old David — he used to be brilliant and now he isn't.

DEACON BLUE: When Will You (Make My Telephone Ring) (CBS)
Semifine! This song is sooooo monumentally brilliant in its swoonfulness that if fair turns your mirrors to a melted Rolo in one second "flac". Deacon Blue are some Scottish people and this joyful creation comes from their spectacular LP "Raindown". "When Will You" contains the wheezy grizzlings of a magical singer called Ricky Ross grazing over a winking piano, some very grand 'n' gospelly backing singers, a large orchestral thronging and sensible non-lyricized lyrics about that most perplexing of human "emotions" — staring gooly-eyed at a silent telephone. Ahoosoooo! (Blurb) It's enough to turn the likes of Atlantic Starr to a shrivelled dandelion stem with embarrasment at their wimpiness and if this isn't a lie, I'm going to kill myself. Well, I'll be slightly annoyed, at least.

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

THE HOUSEMARTINS: Me And The Farmer (Go! Discs)

I love The Hooses! They're Britain's Brightest Pop Group and this is their greatest blustering pop wheeze since "Happy Hour" except it's even better. This one's something to do with God not being very chuffed with a farmer for growing parsnips in his gumboot. No it's not, it's about something far more significant (though I haven't quite worked out what yet) and it sounds exactly like something else (though I haven't quite worked out what yet. Probably another Hooses song. Oh well...)

This single proves — once and for all — that The Housemartins have wit, intelligence, brevity, humour and the sparkliest, nippy pop tunes ever created.

P.S. And Stan is extremely good-looking in my "opinion". A bit.



THE COMMUNARDS: Tomorrow (London)

The 'Nards, eh? Who could make such blustering disco stompers as they? Not, maybe. This is an absolute thumper — complete with gigantic orchestral bellowsings, demented fizzy violins and Jimmy Somerville — pop's most cheerful potato —



HERB ALPERT

MADONNA

● She was here! Yaroo! And then she left. Serniff. . . And in the fleeting milli-seconds of her presence, Madonna demonstrated just what to do when you're about to play your first ever concert in the British "Isles" and you are, in fact, the most rich and famous and good-looking person on the planet Earth. Like. . .



Photo: Duncan Rabbin

1 Step off the aeroplane, view the thronging "masses" and think "Geerist! I'd much rather be out jogging!"



Photo: LFI

2 Listen to your Beely Minder who's whispering "Never fear, bow! You'll soon be out jogging!"



Photo: Duncan Rabbin

3 Escape in the waning swank mobile and sigh "Pheryew! Not long now 'till I'm out /HEAR!"



Photo: Duncan Rabbin

4 Snoop around the "eggs" of London for a bit and jape to "The Beely Minder" "Get my jogging tags ready, matey!"



Photo: Duncan Rabbin

5 Spring out for a jog with Another Beely Minder and try to ignore the persi-photographers "disguised" as joggers! "puh...whoo! wheeze . . ."



Photo: Duncan Rabbin

6 " . . . whizzle . . . pant . . . whoogh gap . . ."



Photo: Duncan Rabbin

7 " . . . whistle . . . hgh . . . psheurc . . ."



Photo: Duncan Rabbin

8 " . . . whizzle . . . mumph . . . saarrngh . . ."



Photo: Rex Features

9 Jog past the "merchandise" which will bring you even more money " . . . gap . . . puh . . . it's worth it! . . ."



Photo: Rex Features

10 Jog onto the stage in Leeds and collapse "Swizzle" - Ehroy! Doodand fars, Er... that's not quite right. . ."

REVIEW CONCERT



Photo: LFI

MADONNA Roundhay Park, Leeds

Madonna: "Wanna dance with me?"
Thousands of blokes: "Yes."
Madonna (peering over edge of stage): "Aren't there any girls left down there at all?"
Two girls: "Squeak!"

It's the end of the show, and Madonna's ardent male admirers have been thronging to the front of the stage so forcefully that the poor girls who started the evening there have either fainted or been pushed further back into the seething crowd. There's more ungentlemanly behaviour to come: for, having disposed of the female competition, Madonna embarks on some serious flirting. "Oooh, my hair's such a mess," she squeals coquettishly. "Has anyone got a comb?" One thousand dirty combs arched skyward, and, after rejecting a couple for being "too greasy", Madonna... combs her hair. Never before has a mere hair-combing unleashed such male frenzy: "Pwwoooooaaahhh!" "Pheeyooooowwwooooarrghh!" roar the blokes, while the air is rent with the most lust-laden wolf-whistling ever heard and an extremely rude football-style chant. Madonna can't work out the words at first, though judging from their laughter the rest of the crowd can - for the "song" goes "get yer tits out for the lads." Eventually Madonna twigs: "You're going to make me blush!" she fibs gleefully. "Forget about my tits, they belong to me!

You're the dirtiest men in the universe... Judging from their reaction, the lads consider this the finest compliment available to mankind...

This is not the kind of behaviour usually seen in Roundhay Park's 600 rolling green acres. Normally it's the sodate heart of a leafy Leeds snoot-suburb; today it's a battlefield. Miles of corrugated iron fencing partitions off the concert area, whilst a vile muck of sodden junk-food surrounds the gates, discarded by fans who've queued for up to 20 hours in order to get a good view. Inside, too, the spirit of the Blitz reigns. 80,000 people are encamped up windy hill and down damp dale, wrapped in bin liners, huddled on plastic sheets and surrounded by picnic debris. Everyone's very good natured and cheerful, though, and for once in the history of mega-gigs their patience is justly rewarded.

The Madonna show is pure spectacle - twirling dancers, excellent musicians, a costume change practically every other song, an amusing ironic slide-show projected onto the stage surround, spectacular lighting, imaginative scenery, even a conveyor belt onstage - and yet Madonna dominates it all with ease. Though she's one million miles away from most of the audience, her body language and dance routines bridge the distance perfectly; and the video screens close up show that she's acting out the nuances of every song, right down to the last pout and bat of an eyelash. Her singing is note-perfect and surprisingly powerful - so impressive, in fact, that until her voice began to crack with tiredness at the end of the 100 minute performance, I'd suspected she was miming (she wasn't, though it's perfectly possible at such a distance.) The sound quality is equally high; there's something thrilling about hearing hi-fi-quality discs pumped out at such a vast volume rather than the plodding rock you normally get at stadium events.

None of this grandeur can upstage Madonna, though (not even "the brat" Christopher, who dances superbly and has a pretty good try). She's totally in her element, wrapped up snugly in the adulation of the crowd. By the end of the concert she's like the last girl at the disco, utterly exhausted but dancing on, completely lost in a world of her own...

Vici MacDonold

THE SONGS SHE SANG AND THE CLOTHES SHE WORE

- 1) "Open Your Heart"**
● Madonna dances with the brat (entrancing) and warns the audience "Don't touch the person next to you, or I'll be jealous. Keep me warm, not them!"
- 2) "Lucky Star"**
● A glitterball twirls above the stage and Madonna, erm, "wiggles" on the floor a bit.
- 3) "True Blue"**
● After an ultra-quick change into a frilly '50s dress, Madonna gets the entire universe clapping along.



- 4) "Papa Don't Preach"**
● Madonna stocks a leather jacket over her dress and a weird animated video is projected behind her.
- 5) "White Heat"**
● Madonna changes into a glittery black and gold trouser suit and hat and she has a "gunfight" with some dancers.
- 6) "Causing A Commotion"**
● Madonna: "Is this Leeds?" One squall-priest: "Pwwooooahhh!" Madonna: "If you all talk at once I can't hear a sh*ttn' thing!"



- 7) "The Look Of Love"**
● Madonna removes her jacket and huns "This for all she's worth"
- 8) "Dress You Up"**
● Madonna emerges from a red telephone box sporting gaudy beawing socks and pink party frock.
- 9) "Material Girl"**
● Madonna takes her knickers off! Two dancers scatter "money" around!
- 10) "Like A Virgin"**
● Madonna wiggles out of her dress, revealing a leotard and dances with a top hat 'n' talk type. The song has a few verses of The Four Tops "I Can't Help Myself" in the middle.

- 11) "Where's The Party?"**
● Madonna dons her black trows again, plus a feather boa and some '50s specs.
- 12) "Live To Tell"**
● This is another sraghforward "hardly" number, since Madonna needs a bit of rest. At the end she crumples dramatically to the floor with "distress". So do quite a lot of blokes.



- 13) "Into The Groove"**
● "I want to see you dance your asses off!" screams Madonna, now wearing a madador-style bolero jacket. The entire cast stork out (or something), then it's "Thank you and goodnight!" Not ruddy likely, matey...



- 14) "La Isla Bonita"**
● It's the first encore and Madonna twirls and whirls in a red flowing dress partnered by a madador in a cape. This song's brilliant, and lasts for ages.
- 15) "Who's That Girl?"**
● Everyone sings along, and on the last echoey line, the lights go out again. Then, just as one million people starting tramping home, the floodlights beam on again.



- 16) "Holiday"**
● The second encore and Madonna skinks on in red brexsis and a sequenced top. At this point she requests a comb, instating the perv-chanting incident. The entire population of the park wigs out totally. Madonna says "Thank you and goodbye", the universe explodes and it's really the end of the concert...



MADONNA

THIS BOY KISSES MADONNA EVERY SINGLE NIGHT!!



Photo: Tom Mullen

Chris Finch is a 13 year old from Anaheim, California who has previously been in commercials, children's videos, musical and dancing shows.

"I auditioned on a Thursday in April - there were about 200 people altogether. About ten of us were in a group and the choreographer and one of the dancers started dancing with me and then Madonna came over and we were all dancing in a little circle. It was pretty sure I'd got it because she called everyone else out of the room and asked me to stay. She asked me if I wanted to go on tour and told me what I'd have to do - to get my hair cut like this. Before I just had a regular part boy's haircut. Soon after, I went over to her house. We got our hair done together and we watched movies and had dinner.

"My friends think it's real neat. We did a show in my hometown and all my friends were at the show and during the show Madonna kisses me but it's usually just a little peck. At that show she gave me this long kiss and we both messed up the rest of the number. I was embarrassed but she knew my friends were there so she had to do something to make me mess up, to make it special.

"Me and Madonna are real good friends so I usually see her every day on tour - I go to her hotel room or I work out with her. She runs eight miles every day, does 31 flights of stairs every day then she rides her life cycle machine for 12 minutes and then she starts to work out. She does exercises and weightlifting - she has a trainer, Rob Potter, with her. She never misses, never. Yesterday it was at 3:30.

"She's also a vegetarian. I don't usually eat the vegetarian stuff. It's very 'different' stuff - these soups that are all vegetarian and a lot of soya and soya curd and garlic and ginger.

"We talk about different things. I ask how Sean is - and Sean are good friends. We've played tennis together and when we

were in New York we went lingerie shopping for Madonna. We got matching bras and underwear for her - they had leopards on them. Sean chose them. I wouldn't carry the bag.

"Sean's not like the papers say. He's real nice. He's just a regular guy - he just doesn't like photographers. He's trying real hard but the photographers do stuff to bug him on purpose to make him mad.

"We had a private plane around America. They called it 'The Pastry Tube In The Sky', because it was like going to a restaurant. They had TVs, a bar, two stewardesses, three pilots, a whole kitchen - it was a bit like being in a hotel.

"We call Madonna 'Mo', or Miss Madonna. I don't know if she likes it - I don't think it bothers her. She always calls me 'Brat'. I don't mind, because I know she's joking. She better be. She also tells me that if I ever mess up during one of the songs she's going to trip me up. I have a really serious part in 'Live To Tell' and she makes faces at me and I have to keep a straight face and not laugh.

"She's really great. She's got a lot of determination. She gives 135% and she expects everyone else to give that too. I think she misses not being able to go out in public and walk around without being bothered but she still does a lot. When she arrived at the airport here she thought it was really neat that everybody turned up but I think she was a little scared because she could have got crushed and smothered because they didn't have any security. They ripped the buttons off the tour manager's shirt - Madonna and everyone were really shook up.

"Doing this is a dream - it's a dream come true. When I'm onstage I represent every kid who's a Madonna fan. When the tour's over it probably will be an anticlimax but hopefully we'll stay in touch."

ALBUMS

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN: Darklands (blanco y negro) Since their first LP "Psychocandy", the Jesus And Mary Chain have changed quite a lot. They still don't smile in photographs and still grumble about the world, of course, but they've taken away the rather fetching layer of squealing feedback they used to cover their songs with. The only real difference that makes it that now it's much easier to hear what very good songs they are - either snappy angling ones like the last two singles "April Skies" and "Happy When It Rains" or deathly-slow ones (mainly sung for a change by William Reid, not Jim) like "On The Wall". **(8½ out of 10)**

Chris Heath



DEF LEPPARD: Hysteria (Phonogram) Def Leppard's hit single

"Animal" is one of the best surprises of the year - look mum, a rock band with a tune! - but unfortunately the rest of their "Hysteria" LP is all too predictable. Predictably laddish on "Women", predictably silly on "Pour Some Sugar On Me" and, apart from "Animal" and the equally brilliant "Love Bites", predictably gruesome throughout. If you like getting your so-called rocks off, you will no doubt doubt be able to do quite nicely with this LP as the background noise. If, however, you prefer a quiet night in with a good book, you will probably find this LP just a touch dreadful. **(1 out of 10 if you're the quiet type) (9 out of 10 if you're a mean metal "mutha")**

Barry McIlhenny

BANANARAMA: Wow! (London) These days Bananarama seem determined to be a "proper" group.

They've learned to dance, they've got horrid male backing dancers and they seem very serious about being pop songwriters. It all means that they're not quite as charming as they used to be but they still make some wonderful trashy disco records. On this album (co-written by them and Stock/Aitken/Waterman) there are four rather brilliant songs - "I Heard A Rumour" (probably

the best record ever made), "Bad For Me" (suspiciously like Madonna's "Holiday"), "Dance In A Lifetime" and "Love In The First Degree". The rest isn't bad either though there are a few bits where they still sound completely useless. Thank goodness for that. **(8 out of 10)**

Chris Heath

WESTWORLD: Reckulator (RCA) For a group who've only had one proper hit (and that sounding like Sigis Sigis Sputnik),

Westworld have an annoyingly high opinion of themselves. More annoying still, it's to a certain extent justified, for somewhere on this record lurks a bit of a guitar genius (presumably Derwood, who used to be in Generation X). There are layers and layers of the things; bright and trebly strumming, deep 'n' fuzzy "riffing" (man), lyrical acoustic jangling and loads of Billy Idol-type squalling and zooming, all driven along by Nick Burton's compelling rockabilly beat and Elizabeth Westwood's strong, stirring voice. The "Tyrics", however, are useless and they've only got a couple of actual tunes between 12 songs but it's such an energetic and "feisty" album that you can't help but enjoy. **(7 - but 9½ for the guitarist - out of 10)**

Vici MacDonald



ELVIS PRESLEY: The All-Time Greatest Hits (RCA) Elvis, of course, had the loc: sinful good-lookingness, the uniquely stunning voice of smouldering supremacy and simple, shiveringly brilliant tunes. He was sexy, a charmer, a "buddy", a hero - and, with his blathering hips and tweakable sneer, he invented the musical galaxy as we know it and "The People" loved him. This is a double LP containing 45 of "Elvis's" most successful ever records - including 17 - 17! - number ones.

Throughout the "ages" the glory of "Elvis" was that he could turn an ordinary tune with ridiculous "yrrics" into a musical miracle at the twirl of a tonzil. Play these records and you will instantly turn into a wretched idiot of a dementedness, you will weep with the mention of it all and you will think to yourself "what a bloody genius!" You will not be wrong. **(9½ out of ten)**

Sylvia Patterson

COMPETITION

- And finally, some stunning Madonna "tixps" to be won:
 - 10 "Interview Discs" containing the sound of Madonna being interviewed by a British "journalist" just before her second LP!
 - 25 Madonna "True Blue" tixps!
 - 100 gigantic Madonna posters featuring the "look" from her pervideo "A Certain Jealousie".
- The questions? What is Madonna's middle name? (a) Lilly, b) Louise, c) Hank, d) Susan? Or on something like to **Smash! Hits! Madonna Competition, 23-25 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by September 8.



He came to town
looking for luck...
looking for love.
If he's lucky, he'll leave
with his life.

 THE RANK ORGANISATION presents
A MARTIN RANSHOFF production A BEN BOLT FILM

THE BIG TOWN

15



"THE BIG TOWN" MATT DILLON DIANE LANE TOMMY LEE JONES
BRUCE DERN · TOM SKERRITT · LEE GRANT · SUZY AMIS

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Based on a novel entitled "The Arm" by CLARK HOWARD Screenplay by ROBERT ROY POOL

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STAR TEASER

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

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

The so-called "solution" is on the right!

SMASH HITS

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PUZZLE ANSWERS [29 CROSSWORD]

No. 36 (29 July)
● The winner is **Sandra Clark** from Meresiole in Blackpool.
No. 37 (12 August)
● The winner will be announced next issue; meanwhile the answers are "reading" below:

ACROSS: 1 "Star Trekker"; 7 (M) One; 8 (Everybody Wants To) Rule The World; 9 No Place; 11 "Everything I Own"; 12 Time; 13 Sign (Of The Times); 14 "99 Problems (The Brooklyn); 17 "Angel"; 18 Kate (Bush); 20 Gu (Guo); 21 "Sweetwood Mac"; 22 Don; 23 Dianne (Warwick); 25 "What's Love Got To Do With It"; 26 CND; 28 Perry; 29 (Or) Echo (es); 31 (Tony) Hadley; 32 (The) Sweeney

DOWN: 1 "Beauz"; 2 (F) Allen; 3 "Run (To You)"; 4 "Kymé"; 5 and 10 "Nothing's Gonna Stop Me Now"; 6 Johnny Logan; 14 David (Lester); 15 "Luca"; 19 ACCD; 21 Madonna; 24 "Tou (To) Earth"; 26 Cyril (Lauper); 27 Daw (Straw); 28 "Sweet Love"; 29 "Five (Get Over-Excited)"

STAR TEASER

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I wanna run
I want to hide
I wanna tear down the walls
That hold me inside
I wanna reach out
And touch the flame
Where the streets have no name

I I I I want to feel sunlight on my face
I see the dust cloud disappear without a trace
I wanna take shelter from the poison rain
Where the streets have no name oh ah

Chorus

Where the streets have no name
Where the streets have no name
We're still building then burning down love
Burning down love
And when I go there I go there with you
It's all I can do

The city's a flood
And our love turns to rust
We're beaten and blown by the wind
Trampled in dust
I'll show you a place
High on a desert plain
Where the streets have no name ah ah

Repeat chorus

Our love turns to rust
We're beaten and blown by the wind
Blown by the wind
Oh in a sea of love
Sea of love turns to rust
Oh we're beaten and blown by the wind
Blown by the wind
Oh when I go there
I go there with you
It's all I can do

Words and music by G. Z.
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Shrimps! ahoy! Unfurled the sails! Raise the anchor! Splice the mainbrace! It's time to set sail on the good ship *Mutterings* for another stomach churning voyage. Let us start with the Mutterings Award For Miserly Stinginess In The Extreme (M.A.M.S.I.T.E.)

Prince likes his musicians to wear only clothes he's approved, so when percussionist **Sheila E** turned up in Antwerp wearing a turtleneck that Prince hadn't seen before the diminutive one was hopping mad and fined her \$100 for not wearing the right costume. Check! You wouldn't find **Johnny Rotten** of Public Image Limited being such a penny pinching meanie.

Oh no. After all didn't he just tip Arian Soh £100 for doing his hair the other day? Whatever came over the man who invented punk rock? Somebody else who seems to have been spending money like water is **U2's Larry Mullen**, who according to reports in the

"news" papers has just bought himself a nifty great yacht to swank around the Mediterranean in. Young Larry - somewhat put out by these tales of opulence - has been protesting that it's not a yacht at all, it's a sea washer which he's bought to go fishing in the North Sea with and that's not half as swank as a yacht now is. So that's OK... Now let's hear it for all the Radio One DJs who are going on a sponsored fast for Oxfam. **Simon Bates**, **Adrian John**, **Adrian Juste**, **Steve Wright**, **Gary Davies**, **Bruno Brookes** and **Janice Long** are all giving up eating on October 30th for three days. Jolly well done which isn't what **Janice Long's** "love-child" is he thinking ("Too right, mate - I'm starving" - *Janice Long's* "love-child") Yusi! Janice is five months pregnant to her photographer boyfriend Paul and marriage, apparently, is planned. Aw. Fair makes yer bubble, dunkin'. Not half as much, though, as the fact that **Terence "Trent" D'Arby's** supposed

obsession with **Kim Wilde** is causing him many indentations in his gigantic ego because she doesn't think he's much cop. Even blinging several billion yellow roses in her lap and posing love-love letters of undying devotion have left The Pout completely unimpressed. Quadruple platinum! Which is probably why **Sir Bill Clinton** said when he was stung recently by a jelly-fish in Boro Boro (wherever that is) and probably what **Jon Bon Jovi** said when he heard the "rumour" that he was "going

bold" and that his natural cascading twirls were fumed up for hair extensions! And probably what the plastic surgeon said to **Nikki Sixx** from heavy metal pen-group **Mötley Crüe** when he asked for plastic surgery "to make his face look thinner!" But let us abandon these poor writhings to the one whose pop writhings this week are bigger, better and more prosperous than anybody else's. **Impassible Madonna**

"**Madonna** "Rumour" 1 The reason Madonna is so smitten with **Sean Penn** is a spook-psychological "syndrome" known as "repetition compulsion". This means that people like to team up with a "partner" that reminds them of someone in their family. And because Madonna's brothers were so beastly to her when she was little ("they'd hang me on the clothes-line by my underpants, put me to the ground and spit in my mouth!") she has, according to one "news" paper, been "strung out" on being treated real rough. That's why she's crazy for the wildest bad boy she knows - her slapaholic hubby **Sean Penn**.

Impassible Madonna "Rumour" 2 Apparently Madonna is "turous" with **Sean Penn** because he insists that she has an AIDS test after an old flame of hers, **Martin Burgoyne**, died of AIDS! **Impassible Madonna** "Rumour" 3

Madonna was so lemmied off someone trying to assassinate her that she had a bullet-proof bra especially made. This "bra" was revealed by one of Madonna's "460 strong private army". The reason she is so worried is, according to her former manager **Camille Barbone**, because "Elvis Presley died on her birthday and he was the King of Rock. Now she is reaching that sort of pinnacle herself she is getting more and more worried."

Impassible Madonna "Rumour" that could actually be true! 4 Her first ever boyfriend **Colei McGregor** revealed how they used to dash off to the swamp (??? - Ed) every lunchtime when they were at school for snogging sessions. I guess schoolgirl Madonna on her very first date, he recalled

"My knees trembled at our swamp romps!" **Impassible Madonna** "Rumour" 5 Her former manager **Camille Barbone** (who's writing a book about her days with Madonna) revealed all about "my gay affair with the queen of rock!" Apparently Madonna used to "come off stage, rip her clothes off and order me to lower her down... She went on to reveal how Madonna would go to Tina Turner concerts and "stand near the stage so she could look up Tina's legs" and how Madonna would snog in the back of **Camille's** car with her old school chum **Janice!** **Impassible Madonna** "Rumour" 6:

According to one story Madonna was overheard at her birthday bash on Sunday saying "marriage to Sean is like banging your head against a brick wall. It's not worth saving." Which is just the sort of thing you say very loud at a party on 't' viewers! **Impassible Madonna** "Rumour" 7:

After this, I want a baby," she "confessed", "then get back to work again." **Impassible**

Madonna "Rumour" 8. "Hundreds of copy-cat Madonnas are throwing off their imitations and pulling on skin-hugging bodices and black, lacy basques in an attempt to look like their idol," piped a "spooksperson" for Royal Cosmetics (Y Riky & Pelter of Knightsbridge). "We've sold one month's supply in one week. Her figure is on everyone's mind." Probably a lie. **Impassible Madonna** "Rumour" 9:

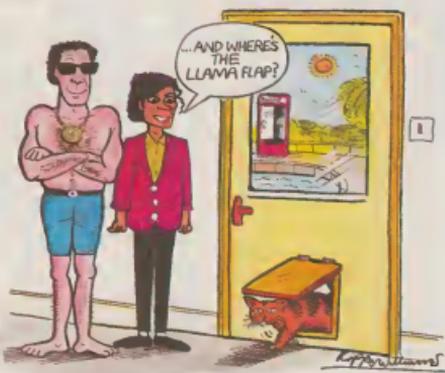
"Top London hotels like the Savoy, The Ritz and Claridges," it was "revealed", "are so afraid of being besieged by fans that they've refused to accept Madonna and her 80-strong entourage." And yet! She stayed perfectly unexpectidly at London's swank Madraf Hotel "Fancy" that!

Impassible Madonna "Rumour" 10. "Madonna went on an amazing spending spree - strictly out of her own pocket - and bought a £600 jacket with matching sweater and scarf and was heard to say 'I wish she were here now - I really miss him.'" **Coke** "storky".

Impassible Madonna "Rumour" 11. Millions of people in Leeds went to jail for a very long time! 50 people were arrested; apparently, and 5 whisked off to hospital because a beer can had fallen on their heads. "40 fans were stretched away after a huge crushing surge," too, and there were many unpleasant "incidents" with a load of 300 football fans! Phhrfff... **Impassible Madonna** "Rumour" 12:

She's having numpo with the entire population including baby. "Rupert Everett", ex-American president "John F. Kennedy's son" and is desperate to have a child with perv-DJ "Man Parrish". At the same time she is "pregnant" about to appear in "eight episodes of *Dynasty*" and attempting to purchase "AIDS-victim Rock Hudson's house." What complete drivellling! What isn't a drivelling, however, is prim old prunerster Mary Whitehouse's outrage at her phanderings. "Madonna would be well-advised to think about the changing moral climate in this country," she prompted. "There are many young people in this country who will take exception to her act. They are all rather tired of permissiveness." Well, are they? Did they? Will she? Is anything that's "revealed" about Her Royal Votnessness a wholesome and "upright" thing? It's like a near-closing vortex? Is it like a hub-cap in the parking-lot of existence? Is... (Shriimpf)

Mutterings



Michael Jackson was apparently most impressed with Tom Jones' house in Los Angeles which Tom has turned into "an English home". His latest buy is an old British phone box which he keeps by the pool. . .

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