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# SMASH HITS

Good Morning Britain!!?  
It's **PEPSI** and **SHIRLIE** !!

+

CURIOSITY LIVE!

**POSTERS:**

JOEY TEMPEST  
TERENCE TRENT DARBY  
ZODIAC MINDWARE

**SONGWORDS BY**

BEASTIE BOYS  
WHITNEY HOUSTON  
ROBBIE NEVIL

**HOUSEMARTINS** **WET WET WET** **THE FALL** **MARILLION**  
**JOHNNY HATES JAZZ** **SLY & ROBBIE** **RUPERT EVERETT**

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Photo: Julian Burton

▲ PAGES 18-19



Photo: Johnny Rozsa

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Photo: Russell Young

▲ PAGES 38-39



Photo: Paul Rider

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# JOHNNY HATES

Faugh! It is! Sporting the brand new Guaranteed-Never-To-Go-Out-Of-Fashion *Smash Hits* t-shirt (for how to get your very own t-shirt see page 17) it's Clark Datchler, singer with Johnny Hates Jazz! Crkey! And he wants to tell us something about his pop combo! Like... "There's three of them: Clark (23, sings, writes the songs, likes unbelting), Calvin Hayes (24, plays lots of instruments, likes going to restaurants, is not overweight "by any means") and Mike Nocito (26, a "Europeanised American", used to be a recording engineer for people like Duran Duran and the Thompson Twins, is "very curly")! Clark has released a few records before: a duet with Working Week's Julie Roberts when he was 16, a couple more under his own name and then the first Johnny Hates Jazz single "Me And My Foolish Heart" 18 months ago - a song Calvin (who worked at Clark's record company) was sent! Jings!

Princess DI has "endorsed" their current hit, "Shattered Dreams"!

"We were going to see a film - *The Fourth Protocol* - and she was walking into the cinema. We just acted on instinct, rushed over and said 'excuse me, we know your brother (????) Prince Edward is going to be reviewing our single on *Saturday Superstore* - could you put in a good word for us?' Then when it came on he said 'I've been informed by a very reliable source that this is a great band!'"

"Their name means...? "Nothing. It's just I've got a friend - he's a farmer in Suffolk - and he's called Johnny and he hates jazz. That's it!"

Clark likes Michael McDonald, Steely Dan, Stevie Wonder and "if I was going to be fashionable, Go West." He hates the Jesus And Mary Chain, The Cult and The Smiths - "I think it's mindless". He reads "lots of horror books"! What??? Those horrible books where people's fingers always fall off?

"I don't think I've read a story like that," he insists. Bah! People's fingers always fall off...

"That is a misconception," he claims. "Take the average Stephen King (*Tremor* horror author) - the horror is second to the story. I mean, if you buy a book called *Killer Slugs* you'd expect things to drop off left, right and centre but not in his books. Actually, I must say I did read one by him about a surgeon stranded on a desert island who has to eat himself in order to survive. He ate both legs and he got up to his elbow."

Then you're a fibber! He did lose his fingers! "Er... yes."

ES JAZZ

## SHATTERED DREAMS

So much for your promises  
They died the day you let me go  
Caught up in a web of lies  
But it was just too late to know  
I thought it was you  
Who would stand by my side

Chorus  
And now you've given me given me  
Nothing but shattered dreams shattered dreams  
Feel like I could run away run away  
From this empty heart

You said you'd die for me

Woke up to reality  
And found the future not so bright  
I dreamt the impossible  
That maybe things could work out right  
I thought it was you  
Who would do me no wrong

Repeat chorus twice

From this empty heart

I thought it was you  
Who said they'd die for love

Repeat chorus twice

Oh no no no no  
You said you'd die for me  
Oh oh die for me  
So much for your promises  
So much for your promises

Words and music by Clark Datchler  
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Dix Virgin Records



**Q. WHAT DO YOU CALL A POP GROUP THAT PROTECTS FRUIT?**  
**A. BANANA-ARMOUR.**

*Has-a-hot-not-very-hot-at-all, Adrian "C." Bratford of Crosby supplied that crap joke. If you have a mediocre piece of humour of your own, send it to Smash Hits Crap Joke Corner, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.*

## COMPETITION JAMBOREE!!!

● Yes, it's all true! We have a pair of Tina Turner's very own high-heels, Falco's very own jacket and 10 pairs of "Radio Head" Talking Heads headphones to give away in three separate swingalong competitions.

### Swingalong Competition Number One:



#### TINA TURNER

After a hard night's work a-groovin' and a-grumpin' on the rock stages of the globe, the petite 'n' bouancy soul grinder Ms Turner likes nothing better than a spot of . . . shoe signing! Yes, the "glamorous grannie," as she has been dubbed by the "news" papers of a nation even though she isn't a grannie, slips a pair of stilettos off her dainty feet, autographs them and gives them to *fitz* as a consolation prize!

**PRIZES:** One pair of shoes signed by Tina Turner. Twenty-five copies of the "I Tina" biography not signed by Tina Turner.

One copy of the Tina Turner tour programme signed by Tina Turner.  
**Question:** Which of the following is not a shoe? (a) a) brogue; b) espadrille; c) wrinkle-picker or djalkhat?

### Swingalong Competition Number Two:



#### FALCO

After a hard day's work yodelling and pre-tending to be Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart in his fabulous videos, the madcap Austrian likes nothing better than a spot of . . . jacket removal. Yes, the European hunkie slips off his favourite trend-setting jacket and gives it to *fitz* as a competition prize!

**PRIZES:** One miraculous jacket as worn by Falco. Twenty-five copies of Falco's "Emotional" single.

**Question:** Which of the following is not a jacket? (a) a) blazer; b) soup de la joar; c) rector or d) deuhle-breasted.

### Swingalong Competition Number Three:

#### DAVID BYRNE

After a hard morning's work being a creative genius and the leader of top pop combo Talking Heads, the mischievous American likes nothing better than . . . taking his own head off! But as this is quite a tricky manoeuvre, he opts instead for slipping off his headphones (rather amazing ones with a radio built in) and giving them to *fitz* as a competition prize!

**PRIZES:** Ten technologically sound Talking Heads radio headphones.

Twenty-five copies of Talking Heads' "Radio Head" single.

**Question:** Which of the following is not a "head"? (a) a) master; b) board; c) bucket or d) line?

● Separate entries on separate tickets to **Swingalong Competition One, Two or Three, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by June 2.



1) 12:17pm "New York, they say, is a city that never sleeps - so I usually arise with the lark ready to face the rigours of another day. (Oh, look, readers! Blue Bonny's fallen out of bed!")



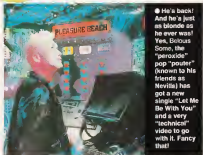
2) 12:21pm "When one is an international rock 'n' roll star like me, one always takes a little time and care first thing on selecting the wardrobe for the day. (What do you make of this Billie e-Shirt, readers? No, not very nice is it?)"



3) 12:27pm "Having spread myself up for the day's glitzy round of creative activity, I like to engage in a few moments' relaxation with a jolly good book."



4) 12:37pm "The interesting volume about Elvis Presley is a current favourite of mine. (This came to rock 'n' roll, you know, readers . . . just like me! What a coincidence!")"



● He's back! And he's just as lively as he ever was! Yes, Gaius Sorus, the "nerdoid" pop "poster" (known to his friends as Morris) has got a new single, "Let Me Be With You" and a very "technique" video to go with it. Fancy that!



▲ The shoes (as worn by Tina!) The book (as written by Tina!) The tour programme (as signed by Tina!)



▲ Falco's style ridden jacket and his super single!



▲ Those brilliant AM/FM stereo wear them on your brain! Talking Heads' headphones plus the "Radio Head" 12"

● A snake speaks: "Good day! Do you recall a group called The Ward / Brotherhoods? Do you remember the seastairans of their hit "Crosses That Bridge"?

Did you know they were re-releasing a follow up called "I Trussasted You"? You did? On, stasssd (Stassssmp - Ed)





5) 12:35pm "Around this time of day, I normally start to feel a bit peckish and so I retire to the Idol kitchen for much-needed victuals and amusement. (My refrigerator is well stocked at all times with life's little luxuries – such as, um, Coca Cola in bottles and, um, um, Coca Cola in tins!)"



6) 12:43pm "Renewed and refreshed, I begin to put my nose to the grandsons of musical creativity. Rock 'n' roll, you see, is my lifeblood. (What a racket, eh, readers?)"



7) 1:15 Approx. "And so at the end of a taxing but fulfilling day, I plug level but happy into bed. I turn out the lights. Blue Banana. I'm knackered."

## BIRTHDAYS

### MAY

- 22 Steven "Undiscussable" Morrissey of The Smiths (28)
- 24 Bob Dylan (46)
- 25 Paul Weller of The Style "Council (29)
- 26 Wayne Hussey of The Mission (28)
- 27 Siouxsie of The Banshees (30)
- 28 Roland Gift of The Fine "Young Cannibals (25)
- 29 Mel Gaynor of Simple Minds (27)
- Francis Rossi of Status Quo (38)

### JUNE

- 1 Alan "Wild"er of Depeche Mode (28)
- Lionel Richie (38)
- Ron Wood of Ver Rolling Stones (40)
- Mike Joyce of The Smiths (24)
- 2 Charlie Watts of Ver Stones (46)

## POP STARS WEARING T-SHIRTS THAT REALLY MEAN SOMETHING PART 1: E.T.

No it's not! It's Terence Trent "D"Arby, the man with the swoonsome peepers in pop, sporting a t-shirt which pipes "Don't Buy Apartheid" – bravo ma'am! (?) And this is because Artists Against Apartheid have invented six – sorry – "designer" t-shirts for the sweltering summer (or not), all displaying a variation on ver theme "bah to apartheid – it's completely useless". And if the entire wibblyverse buys one for \$9.99 (a snap?), Artists Against

Apartheid and The International Anti-Apartheid Movement will have quite a few "bob" with which to bring equality to this hapless universe for ever and ever in an "ideal" world except such a thing doesn't exist, does it viewers? And to prove it we've got a photo of the Communards wearing their t-shirts on the end of their noses which isn't "ideal" and not very hygienic either, if you ask Blitz. Oh well... (For mail order information call 01-739 5339.)



Terence in a t-shirt



Those cheeky Communards!



Baby Tummy Snuggles on to Terence!

## POP STARS WEARING T-SHIRTS THAT REALLY MEAN SOMETHING PART 2: A FOOTBALL CALLED BEN VINTO-PERRIER

No it's not! It's Ben Vinto-Perrier hiding behind a football "cos it's got his 'hat' on and he's come all shy all of a sudden. The goon!! Still, Ben and his "chums" Ver Killed's (or whatever it is) are actually doing something quite sensible at the same time – swooning around in this year's "Sport Aid 1000" t-shirts. And this is because every single school in the country has been asked to run a 1000m – hence the name!! – race at the end of their summer term to raise money for UNICEF, the Red Cross and the Children In Need fund. Hurrah! The race will be between those persons under 14 years of age in each school (around 9 million persons – population-fact fans) and is the first "event" of zillions being held between then and September '88 for those very charities. Quipped Ben Vinto-Perrier moodsofely, "Last year's race was fantastic – a really good vibe. (?) Sport Aid '88 needs all the support it can get so buy a T-shirt and get out and run. We can all change the world if we want." (!!!)



From left, Julian, a chap with a face like a football, Nick and Migl.



Goosh! It's not a football after all, it's er... what's name?

## WHAT THE POP STARS DO ON THEIR HOLIDAYS PART ONE: A-ha



**THIS MAN IS A HOTEL PORTER.  
HE'S JUST TAKEN FOUR WEEKS "OFF"  
TO BECOME A POP STAR. FANCY THAT!**



**A** Carey Johnson sniffing a golden "wonder". The goon!

**A**m I surprised that my record is doing so well in England? Yes, I'm very surprised," says Mr Carey Johnson about his jolly waxing "Real Fashion Reggae Style". Well, not dashed surprising, is it? Only a few days ago he was working shifts as a porter in the Hotel Pegasus in Jamaica when suddenly... PING! He discovers he has a top ten hit in England and has to take a month's holiday to come over and be a pop star! It's all a bit much really for a man who's 53, started off singing gospel songs in church, had loads of hits in Jamaica and then didn't (his last was in 1973). He then ended up working as a house painter and finally as a porter by day, occasionally warbling in the evenings "trying to make some sounds but I had a lot of problems, you know?"

But then! His luck changed! On the way to the Hotel Pegasus Christmas party, Carey had this idea for a song. "I came out of a cab and I heard someone say (sings) 'Are you ready?' As I was just about to go through the door of the hotel and I heard someone else shout, 'You got to start the show!' Those two things just rang a bell in my head, you know?" (???) And so - PRESTO! - "Real Fashion" was born!!

Are you a very fashionable person yourself, Mr Johnson?  
"Well, yes, I am," he admits.

Oh good... Anyway, he's having a high old time being a pop star rather than a porter, although he's quite resigned to going back to his old career.

"I'll just take it easy and it will be like it usually be," he says.

But do you like being in England?

"I like it very much. It's sunny, like Jamaica. (???????)

Perhaps that's why I do like it, you know?"

Er, no.



**A** Brrr! A-ha being frost-bitten on the snowcapped slopes. The goon!! Inset: Morten being a pop star again. Curses!

**W**hat did A-ha do when they finished that mammoth world tour? They went on their holidays, that's what. After a brief frolic in the Norwegian snows (see fig. 1), Pål jetted off to sizzling Sri Lanka, Morten sped off to sizzling Antigua and Mags... er, well, he stayed at home in Norway which probably wasn't very sizzling at all. And after a few short days, that was ruddy well that and they had to go back to work again i.e.

playing lots of swank music festivals in places like Rome and Milan and Montreux (see fig. 2). Apart from having a new single out in June called "The Living Daylights", they've got a new LP to record this summer and they're also supplying some music for the new James Bond "movie" so they're probably thinking what a busy life it is being famous Norwegians and how life isn't much of a "holiday" at all, actually.

## WHAT THE POP STARS DO ON THEIR HOLIDAYS PART TWO: "Saucy" Samuel and Jon "Boo" Jovi



**I** Sam "Coooo, bleedin' ol' Jon, you're so big 'n' hanky I'm gonna shove you out of this photograph so I can get my sparkaway granbers all"  
Jon: Hee! Awwhh! Woahh?!



**I** Sam "Coooo, bleedin' ol' gary, you're so big 'n' hanky I'm gonna strum you a tune on my twangsting banjo"  
Some blinks... "What is this woman?"



**I** Sam "Coooo, bleedin' ol' Jon, you're so big 'n' hanky I'm gonna give you a big 'leg' round the 'sp'"  
Jon: "Coooo! Sam, you're just so frank 'n' rounnssss!! Knowwerrrrrr!!" (Coooo being so horribly shy means, Blitz, and tell the viewers that these "lumpy insas" of Samanthra and Jonathan were taken in Nepal, Jamaica where they happened, farsouth, to meet each other because they were both on their holidays there at the same time" - Ed: Curses! Rumblick...)

● P.S. (whatever that means) "Saucy" Samuel! Jon's new single "Nothing Gonna Stop Me Now" is out now at a holiday resort near you.

Photo: Duncan Fisher  
Photo: D.I.D.

Photo: D.I.D.

**IDENTICAL TWINS  
INVENTED BY STAN OF  
THE HOUSEMARTINS  
SHOCK!!**



- These two rather similar looking blokes are in fact identical twins Charlie and Craig Reid, otherwise known as The Proclaimers!
- The only way to tell them apart is that Charlie (left) wears brown-framed glasses and Craig opts for black! They come from a place called Auchtermuchty in Fife, Scotland!
- They were "discovered" by Stan Cullimore of The Housemartins who was so impressed by a tape they sent him that he went on radio begging them to get back in touch!
- Their first LP "This Is The Story" is rather brilliant!
- The first single "Throw The 'R' Away" is a birrowa "dig" at anyone who makes fun of their accents!
- The chorus goes "Stan Cullimore, so much to answer for!"
- That last bit's pure fiction!

**DRAMA!**

- "Happenings" is very red-faced! The Suzanne Vega "dates" it was mistakenly given last issue were actually from last November! But almost as if to compensate — "our" Suzanne has announced some extra dates in most of the same places. They are: Bristol Colston Hall (25 May), Birmingham Odeon (28 May — two shows in the evening, one early, one late) Glasgow Pavilion (June 2, two shows), Cardiff St Davids Hall (June 5, two shows), London Regents Park Amphitheatre (June 7, two shows), Dublin Olympia (June 9-13), and Belfast Ulster Hall (June 14). "Happenings" has taken a fortnight's break to recover from the embarrassment of it all.

**DORIS DAY: PORTRAIT OF A LEGEND**



Photo: Robert Caldecott

▲ A sophisticated vision of the world's greatest living human — Dame Doris Day. A nation swoons...

**D**oris Day — idol of the silver screen, woman of consummate beauty, Goddess of the velveteen voice — is back! Her re-released wonder, "Move Over Darling" (a hit in 1964), hovers somewhere just outside the "charts" and a nation weaned on such timeless cinematic rubies as *Calamity Jane* and *Young At Heart*, cries "Hallelujah!" But who is she, exactly, this glistening pearl of myth and magic? *Bitz* bit the infamous blow-cr, dialled Doris's personal number in Carmel, California and — lo! — there she was...

- She was born in 1924 and her real name is Doris Kappelhoff.
- She wanted to be a dancer but when she was 13 she got run over by a train and was nearly crippled for life.
- At 16 she started singing in big bands and married a trombone player called Al Jordan who turned out to be a

psychopathic sadist and beat her up a lot. "That was terrible," says D.D. "The minute you mentioned him, I think of the bad times I had with him and it just rolls before my eyes. I've had a lot of bad times in my life but I'm not a jillyfish." (??)

- She's never heard of Paula Yates (who pretends to be Doris in the "Move Over Darling" video). "Oh is that right? Ha. I haven't heard of her, Bob Geldof? Who is that? Live Aid? Oh, er, I see."
- She has a pet foundation. "What we do is we collect money so we can spy and neuter animals free of charge for the people who can't afford it. You see, I love all animals. You just watch them and be quiet and study what they do and you'll learn from them. And at home I have lots of dogs and lots of cats but I can't tell you how many. I really can't. My dogs — one's called Biggest and there's Lovey



▲ A "foxstress" called Paula Yates pretending to be Dame Doris. Sacrilege!



▲ Double sacrilege!!



▲ Triple sacrilege!!!

Lovey Lovey and Elkie and Scruffy and Liza and Barney and Autumn and Trixie and I'm not going to tell you any more because then you'd know the number. (?) And my cats — I have Polly Cat and Tabitha and Pyewackett and Baby Kitty and Miss Kitty and Smokey and that's all I'm going to tell you. And I must tell you, I have a lot of members in my pet foundation from England but I would like to have some more so I want you to please give them my pet foundation address if you will. Shall I give it to you? It's The Doris Day Pet Foundation, PO Box 8259, University City, California 91608, USA. So you tell everyone I'll be expecting to hear from them."

- She's not a Goody Two Shoes. "Everyone thinks I'm a Goody Two Shoes but really I'm not."
- Bravo ma'am!!

**The Housemartins**  
173 Newland Avenue  
Hull  
HU8 2EP

**Europe Fan Club**  
Box 22036  
S-10422 Stockholm  
Sweden

**Terence Trent D'Arby**  
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London NW1 9AQ

**A-ha Information Service**  
P.O. Box 263  
Waford  
WD1 3YA

(N.B. pop swots! When making an inquiry about world music, just enclose an s.d.c. or an international reply coupon)

**IS THIS JAPAN'S ANSWER TO MADONNA?**



▲ A woman called Honda

**Y**ol! Meet the woman they're "all" calling the Japanese Madonna! Her real name is **Minako Honda** (!) and she is rather famous to a large degree in Japan, even if nobody has ever heard of her outside the Far East. Now, though, the Japanese Madonna (a title which Minako herself isn't too keen on) is hoping all that will change with the release of her new single "Golden Days" which doesn't sound too like the American Madonna if you ask *Bitz*. (And nobody did — Ed.) BUT! — it was "produced" by Queen guitarist Brian May (The Most Interesting Man In Pop) and it's one of those "tasteful" ballad things that are becoming more and more popular, yea, even as we speak. Three cheers for Minako Honda! (as they say in Japan.)

**COUPON**

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● This swanky Bitz Badge can be yours for absolutely zero pennies. Simply collect three Bitz Badge coupons (we've printed four already and this one on the right is the very last one to be printed) then fill in your name and address and send them with a stamped addressed envelope to **Smash Hits, Free Bitz Badge Operations Nerve Centre, 14 Holkham Rd, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 6UF**, by June 12th



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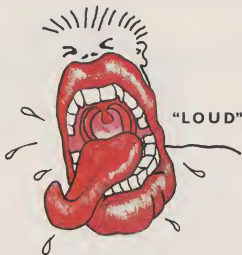


THE NEW PHILIPS  
MOVING SOUND RANGE.  
"WEIRD" THOUGHT TONY.



**PHILIPS**





"LOUD" THOUGHT CARL.



TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.





# crazy places, crazy people!

"Show us your favourite 'haunts,'" we barked at Pepsi and Shirlie. So they did! But little did we know just how downright *odd* they would turn out to be. And Pepsi and Shirlie aren't exactly the most "sensible" pair of popstrels in the world either, as Tom Hibbert discovered . . .



At a quarter to eleven this morning Pepsi and Shirlie are sitting on sofas in their record company offices watching their new video on a very large screen. They squeak with delight as they see themselves bouncing gaily hither and thither in their extravagantly bouffant and hugely girly dresses; Pepsi reclines on a sumptuous bed; a red rose wafts downwards; she has a bit of a snog up with a bloke in slow motion. "Ooo, he looks like Nick Kamen from the back," squeals the real life Pepsi on the "settee".

Shirlie has just returned from holiday in Spain and is looking healthily tanned. Pepsi hasn't been on holiday and is feeling decidedly hungry. "I'm hungry," she whines. "I want a Japanese." The video reaches its dreamy conclusion and the girls decide it's quite good. "I'm hungry," whispers Pepsi . . .

Just another day in the life of a pair of rising popstrels, you might think. But no! For soon Pepsi and Shirlie are to be whisked off on a voyage of "discovery" and "revelation" – a rattle around London to visit their favourite haunts and most secret astounding places. What excitement. We'll laugh a little. We'll cry a little. Etc.



## The Sanctuary, Covent Garden

"This is where I always retreat to when I want to hide away from people can't find me," says Pepsi. "It's good because they don't allow horrible blokes in hahaha." They don't allow nice blokes like me in either, and so we have to go instead to The Fitness Centre next door where Shirlie buys a "lovely" swimsuit and Pepsi marches briskly to the cafeteria and gets stuck into a bulging tuna fish sandwich. "I wanted to go to The Sanctuary," she says snifflily. "It's great because what you do is you pay your money, you go in, sit in the jacuzzi, you go in the sauna,



▲ "Pumping" some "iron" in the gym (no, not angrily conversing). © G. Vojtisek



▲ The dollies of pop outside The Sanctuary (right on place that's definitely non-pop; no Uncle Disgustos allowed)

you eat lots of food and it's very relaxing because it's only women. That's the big bonus because you can walk around in the nude hahaha. I usually go on the sunbed, though I'm told that I don't need it, and you can get your legs waxed. I've never had my legs waxed, actually."

Shirlie joins us having made her purchase – "Shirlie the Shopper, that's me," she litters. "I was born to shop." And the two decide to avail themselves of The Fitness Centre's facilities by having a "work out" in the gymnasium. Hem bloody hem. What a couple of weeds. A few tugs on a weight pulley thingie and they're completely fagged out. The musclebound, tattooed instructor eyes them suspiciously and tells me, with some sarcasm, that if they bothered to "work out" properly, their diaphragms would expand and "then maybe they'd be able to sing better, know what I mean?" Cheeky blighter!

## The Covent Garden Pet Centre, Covent Garden (hence the name)



▲ Shirlie hugs a pathetic puppy that looks like a "baby"; Pepsi snugs an even more pathetic puppy that looks like a "Gremlin". Doesn't this photo just make you burmblub, readers?



"When I retire, do you know what I want to do?" asks Shirlie. No, Shirlie, what do you want to do? "I want to open an animal sanctuary and have horses and donkeys and dogs. No cats, though. I'm not particularly fond of cats." The Persian cat purring madly at my feet darts Shirlie an imperious look and scuttles back to his cage. What, pray, are we doing in a pet shop? Well, this is a special kind of pet shop: it's the snootiest pet shop in the world – everything is "pedigree" and costs about a million pounds. And we're here to look at the puppies. But of course! "Dogs are like babies, aren't they?" says Shirlie. Absolutely. A pair of extremely posh-looking parrots shift uneasily on their perch, not sure about the two pop stars who are peering into a puppy's cage going "Oo, isn't he

sweet? I'm going to cry!" The little fellow in question looks a bit pathetic to me, but Shirlie scoops him tenderly from his tiny home and cradles him lovingly in her arms. "Oh, I do miss Emma Peel," she coos mysteriously. "She's in Bushey." Emma Peel, it turns out, is Shirlie's pet Doberman.

"Look at that one," says Pepsi, pointing to a wizened, scrappy specimen of puppyhood snuffing about in its cage. "It looks like a Muppet. No, it looks like a Gremlin!" Affronted by this observation, the shop owner extols the virtues of the "Gremlin". Pepsi remains unimpressed. "Don't like it," she says. Shirlie, meanwhile, has almost been tempted into coughing up £35 – a snip! – for her puppy but at the last minute dashes out of the shop shouting "Let's go! I can't stand it any more." It's all too touch – the puppies are breaking her heart. Bye bye, puss! Bye bye, polly!

# crazy places,



**1pm** **Mysteries, Monmouth Street**

"I don't know if I believe in this stuff or not," says Shirlie. "But I'm definitely wavering. My boyfriend (i.e. Spandau Ballet's Martin Kemp) read my Tarot cards and it was uncanny because he said about me and Pepsi 'there are two of you and your strength is your friendship. As long as you are strong friends, you will succeed.' "Uncanny!" And I suppose I'm friends with the dusky one, hahaha, but I do wish she'd watch her weight, hahaha!"

Mysteries, readers, is a mega-spook "occult" establishment which boasts a baffling stock of crystal balls, pendulums (as used by Howard Jones for determining the sex of babies), aura goggles (whatever they are), zodiac oils (whatever they are) and pyramid energetic cassettes (whatever the jiggles they are). There are books about alchemy, astral projection, earth mysteries and prosperity consciousness (?) and the place is bathed in a hippie "scent". Pepsi and Shirlie have come here to have their fortunes read by a "clairvoyant" called Norman who lurks in a back room shuffling his Tarot cards. Norman charges £20 for a half hour's consultation and the twin popettes have coughed up willingly. Any moment now they will be beckoned into



▲ Peering into the spook-ball of mystery, Pepsi and Shirlie learn that they're about to have one million babies each!

Norman's inner sanctum.

"Hey, my heart's pounding seconds before I walk into the room. Who knows what lies ahead? Destiny is the only answer," says Shirlie.

"Is it fate at last or are we doomed?" says Pepsi.

And in they go.

Norman, a Cockney who would seem completely down to earth if he didn't have such a spook-upon-spook job, deals out the Tarot cards — you know, the ones with creepy symbols of skeletons and people falling off mountains and such like.

"Now," Norman begins, "I know what you do already because I've been told so there's no cheating. Good luck to you. You could have found an easier way of making a living but it's your choice." (??) The girls laugh politely.

"Now, the first thing I see is whatever money you make, watch it because you've got someone falling on you from a great height and it looks like the tax people."

And only this morning Shirlie had a letter from the Inland Revenue! How peculiar!!

"Now, look dear — when I say 'dear', I mean both of you — look dear, do be careful who you align yourselves with

because there's a couple of blokes here and quite frankly it will not work. Do not enlarge yourselves because suddenly you've generated that sweet perfume of success and these two blokes here are going to want to push in on a permanent basis."

Crikey! Could this be the return of G. Michael and A. Ridgeley?

"Now, there's a load of recording here. You're going to be asked to make records. Records, records, records. Coo, you been to Australia yet?

That's Australia up the top there. With the cards, you see, they mention Australia and you've got two major visits to Australia to come.

"Shirlie loves Australia," says Pepsi.

"Yes, I've got some pretty busy cards here, dear; movement, movement, movement... Now, on a less pleasant level, which of you has had someone in the family not very well?"

"Me," says Shirlie. "My auntie."

"How old is your auntie?"

"She died," says Shirlie.

"Oh... Yes, it was down the bottom. It didn't come as any surprise when you said that because this can mean the past."

"Two aunties died, actually," adds Shirlie.

"Well, we can't do anything about that..."

And so it goes on...

Pepsi and Shirlie emerge from the room of clairvoyance well pleased with their consultation. "Apparently, we're going to be 'regal' bleats Pepsi... And, apparently, Shirlie is going to have four babies and Pepsi's going to have twins.

What do you make of it, readers? A supernatural experience or a load of old mumbo jumbo? Perhaps we shall never know.

**2.15pm** **Some dodgy bar, somewhere**

Breaking for light refreshments, Pepsi and Shirlie chatter about the morning's events and the meaning of life in general with particular reference to Buddhism. They are both, it transpires, throwing further spoons amongst the pigeons, Buddhists although Shirlie isn't a particularly amazing Buddhist because she doesn't chant or

**2.50pm** **Joe Coral Bookmakers, Tottenham Court Road**

"This is great, eh?" says Shirlie. "A day in the life of Pepsi And Shirlie sitting in the bloody bookies."

Actually, I love horses but I must say this — I hate the Grand National. It's a horrific to make horses go through that and break their necks. So I prefer Bingo. It's the best fun in the world."

We've stepped inside a smoky "turf accountants" to have a little flutter following the more "cerebral" entertainments of the Tarot cards. Pepsi, it seems, has never placed a bet before but glancing down the form card in her copy of *Racing And Football Outlook* she selects a nag called Bronze Opal in the three o'clock at Newton Abbot. "Oh, but I haven't got any money." I lend her £1 and she places 50p on the chosen horse. Why has she chosen Bronze Opal? Is it because the horse won last time out in heavy going? Is it because she reckons the Guy "Balding" stable is in spectacular form at the moment? "No, it's because I'm sort of 'bronze', aren't I?" Makes perfect sense.

They're off at Newton Abbot and the voice over the crackling tannoy describes Bronze Opal's progress. "This is really exciting, isn't it?" says Pepsi, listening intently to the commentary. "Oh,



▲ Bronze Opal stomps home at 15 to 8. Our heroine goes curmudgeonsawzeeeeee!



▲ Peering 'further' into the crystal orbzle, I gets worse... Dear! I think that's enough peering for one day actually. ... Two million babies each! Dear, oh.

anything, Pepsi, however, is vehement about the religion's powers. "With karma it's like the mess you sweep under the carpet. (?) Well, you can't sweep it under the carpet, you've got to clear it up and sort it out and then you can get onto the next stage of your life. . . . And if there's somebody you really hate, you can chant about it and after a while you'll see that all that hate was pointless and just messing you up. And you can chant for the person you hate; you chant for him and his attitude will change. . . ."

"Or else you can shoot him," suggests Shirlie.

Pepsi seems unamused.



▲ The "gals" swoon over a back page colour poster of Lester Piggott!! (They're "studying" the "form", actually - Ed.)

my God, oh no it's winning!!" And it is. "Bronze Opal quickens by two lengths," says the tannoy. "Bronze Opal from Jimmy Lorenzo second and Adamstown in third. . . . And as they approach the line Bronze Opal is hanging on to win. . . . And at the line, Bronze Opal the winner. . . ."

"Hurrah!" yelps Pepsi leaping from her stool in triumph. "I've never won on a horse before. I'm useless. Oh, why didn't I put more money on? It's your fault. You should have given me more money."

Charming. Pepsi collects her winnings - a princely £2 and four pence. One wonders if Norman the clairvoyant gave her the tip.



3.30pm

Janet Fitch, Clothes And Jewellery, Percy Street



"Ooh, Mel And Kim eat your little hearts out!" cries Shirlie as she and Pepsi try on a pair of remarkably "stylish" hats, not entirely dissimilar to those worn by those nice people who always have a smile for you down McDonalds way. But what, pray, are we doing here in this multi-swanky costumiers? We are indulging the whims of Shirlie the Shopper who honestly believes that this refined and pricey store is "the best place we've been all day". She and her chum shuffle about trying on bits and bobs and saying "Ooh, isn't this pretty?" rather a lot while everybody else (i.e. me) gets remarkably bored. "Shirlie the Shopper, that's me!" announces Shirlie once more, having bought a lovely top to go (or not!) with her lovely swimsuit. "Actually, though, my new nickname's Bumble. You must put that in, you know. My new name is Bumble. Pepsi and Bumble. Rather good, don't you think?" (???)

4.10pm

Regents Park



▲ The heat begins to take its toll: P & S act quite stupid.



▲ Tee . . .

▲ hie (Ain't this a skylark)

"I'm an Earth Mother!" declares Shirlie leaping across the grass. "I'm a bit of a hippie. I'm communing with nature. Let's race! The last one to the top of the hill is a stupid idiot!"

And here we are larking about the park just for the hell of it and because Shirlie's "favourite thing in the whole world is taking my dog for a walk in the park" and even though she hasn't got her dog with her "perhaps I can borrow somebody else's."

"Toilets! Toilets!" cries Pepsi spying a public "convenience". She is dying to "relieve" herself. "Ice lollies! Ice lollies!" cries Shirlie spying an ice lollie kiosk. "What are Zooms? Are they like Strawberry Spits? I think I'll have a cornet." And she does.

What a nice sunny day it is.

"When I was in Florida, I was nearly eaten alive by white flies," says Shirlie. Oh? "You know what my favourite thing in the whole world is? Fishing in Australia."

I fear the heat is going to her head.



▲ Pepsi and Shirlie reckon they look like Mel and Kim but actually resemble a couple of McDonalds short order chefs

4.45pm

Chinatown, Soho



▲ A raddled Shirlie easing a hedgehog (??) Time for bed.

"What the hell are we doing here?" asks Pepsi a trifle peevishly. No one seems to know. No one can even recall whose idea it was to come to the scuttling neighbourhood of Chinatown, where they sell not-very-nice-looking food things in baskets and every window has oily dead ducks hanging up in them. Now we're here, hot and tired and getting grumpy, we don't know what to do. Perhaps we should re-enact scenes from Wham's exciting tour of China (on which, of course, Pepsi And Shirlie starred as backing go-gettes), I suggest. Nobody seems to think this is very funny.

"Oh, look at this," says Pepsi, fishing a strange vegetable out of a basket on the pavement. "It looks like a hedgehog. Eurgh!" "Haven't we had a jolly nice day?!" says Shirlie. "But can we go now? This isn't like China at all. In China they have all the food laid out on the road."

"How do you eat these hedgehogs, anyway?" Pepsi wonders. And she reminds her of something.

"I'm hungry," that reminds her. "I want a Japanese. . . ."

"Yes, I'm hungry too, now," says Shirlie. "But we have had a jolly nice day, haven't we gang?"

Whitney

THE NEW SINGLE

*I  
Wanna  
Dance  
With  
Somebody  
(Who  
Loves  
Me)*



ARISTA

# Carey Johnson



I hear somebody from the outside saying I'm ready  
 I hear somebody from the inside saying  
 He has to start a show he has to start a show  
 I'm gonna drink little wine until midnight  
 Gonna check a little spout and get in the mood  
 And rock some of this real fashion reggae style  
 Oh run down a yard and tell Janey something a go on  
 Run down a yard and tell Doreen something a go on  
 And let them tell mama and tell papa  
 And tell sisters and tell brothers  
 And let them come out and enjoy them independency

### Chorus

Right now let us have a nice time  
 Right now let us have a nice time  
 For even once in my life I want to have a happy time  
 I need a nice child who can suit any style  
 And can rock some of this real fashion reggae style  
 Rock it with me shake it with me  
 Rock it with me shake it with me now  
 Rock it with me shake it with me  
 Rock it with me shake it with me now  
 Oh I'm gonna feel alright  
 Just find yourself a lonesome lover  
 And somehow arrange to feel alright

### Repeat chorus

Repeat verse to fade

Words and music by Carey Johnson  
 Reproduced by permission Oval Music/  
 Cameron Music/On 10 Records

**REAL FASHION  
 REGGAE STYLE**

## THE HOUSEMARTINS



FIVE

GET



OVER

EXCITED

Fun fun fun fun fun fun  
 Fun fun fun fun fun fun

James Dean posters on their wall  
 (Five killed in a car crash)  
 What a sad little end to it all  
 (Five killed in a car crash)  
 Last seen having lots of fun  
 (Five dumped in a river)  
 Barefoot and on the run  
 (Five dumped in a river)

I am mad from Scandinavia  
 I want a guy in the London area  
 He must be crazy and Sagittarius  
 'Cause I am Leo and I'm hilarious  
 Which gives me

### Chorus

Fun fun fun for Jeremy  
 Fun fun fun Fifi  
 Fun fun fun Jeremy  
 Fun fun fun

Last seen drinking Daddy's own beer  
 (Five poisoned over dinner)  
 Singing Abba's "Mamma Mia"  
 (Five poisoned over dinner)  
 Drop dead watching Thunderbirds fly  
 (Five get over excited)  
 Poster on their wall says why  
 (Five get over excited)

I am Guy from Camden Town  
 My hair is curly but I get it down  
 My clothes are black but my bread is brown  
 I'm really into early Motown  
 Which gives me

### Repeat chorus

Figning concern  
 A Conservative pastime  
 Makes you feel doubtful  
 Right from the start  
 The expression she puts  
 is exactly like last time  
 You've got to conclude  
 She just hasn't a heart

### Repeat chorus

Words and music by Heaton/Culmore  
 Reproduced by permission Go! Discs Music  
 Or Go! Discs Records

# The Brilliant Smash Hits "Likin' The Way You Look And Lookin' The Way You Like" T-Shirt!

Fashion, eh? One moment you're wearing pink velvet pery-breaks, hi-heeled platform wellies, a swoonsome Merk "God"-Knopfler flannel headband and a "super" A Flock Of Seagulls 1983 World Tour t-shirt and people simply flock up to you in the street, ask for your autograph and remark upon your grooviness; the next – ping! – times have changed, fashions have moved on and people cross the street to avoid you. Well, to guard against this very horrible experience ever happening again, here at *Smash Hits* we've invented the first ever Guaranteed-Never-To-Go-Out-Of-Fashion t-shirt. And there – beautifully pictured both on the right and "modelled" on page 3 by Clerk from Johnny Hates Jazz – it is! With the following incredibly stylish features:

- Incredible pictorial guide to the myriad wonders of *Smash Hits* on the front!
- Amazing "Likin' The Way You Look And Lookin' The Way You Like" "motto" on the back!
- Amazing highest quality white material of whatever they make t-shirts out of!
- Utterly giant one-size-fits-all extra large size.
- Preposterously cheap price of £4.50!



▲ Front

▲ Back

● To get your brilliant t-shirt, just follow these simple 6-step instructions:

1. Cut out n' keep the coupon below.
2. Cut out n' keep the coupon in the next issue of *Smash Hits*.
3. Put both coupons in an envelope along with a cheque or postal order (made out to *Smash Hits* T-shirt Offer) for £4.50.
4. Send the whole shebang to an address we'll give you next issue.
5. Wait 28 days.
6. Hey presto!



# MARILLION

New Single ■  
**INCOMMUNICADO**

produced by Chris Kimsey

7" - collectors B side

12" - alternative mix

Ltd. edition C.D. single

12" - picture disc **OUT NOW!**





# The Cure



Kiss Me Kiss Me  
Kiss Me

Double Album

Cassette

Single  
Compact  
Disc

fiction  
never more  
needed

# TEN "PIN" BOWLING

FEATURING

# WET WET WET



▲ Left to right: [unreadable]



They used to be "punk" "rockers" with horrible hair but now they're four "nice" lads who love their parents and take their washing home with them!?? "Come ten-pin bowling, why don't you?" parps Sylvia Patterson. . .

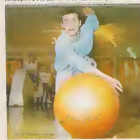
**A** w come on – somebody's got to hit it!" "Wooohoooo! Happenin' happenin'!" "Huh! Have you done this before?" "I've never done this in ma life! I haven't!"

Græme, Neil, Marti and Tommy are four blokes from Clydebank in Scotland called Wet Wet Wet. They're a bit buffed with the universe today because their first ever single "Wishing I Was Lucky" is springing up the charts. Lots of housewives have been flailing their handbags (or something) to their moodlesque soul thing as the support persons to Lionel Richie's not-very-cheap-and-horrible-looking Wembley concerts and wherever they venture these days, voices are piping "you're quite good!" Yarool And what better way to celebrate than a nice game of bowling in a swank bowling alley in Lewisham, South London? Except, that is, that they're not really much "cop" at it.

"It's just look this, isn't it?" decides Tommy who thunders the balls down the "lane" like a man demented. "Get out ma road you!" booms Græme who attempts to look like he's concentrating and fails miserably. "Do you really want to huuuurrt meeessse!" chimes Marti pretending to be Boy George (????) and attempting a bowling "style" which involves bending his knees and striking arms-aloft, ballet-dancer-in-mid-flight-type poses.

"Eeeeuurgh . . ." grimbles Neil as he leechily plips the ball straight into the grooves at the side of the "lane." "But I am gettin' better!" he retorts at the mention of his uselessness, "Marti's definitely worse than me. Huh!" It's true. Just as well, then, that these four 21 year old chaps are actually extremely "good pals" – as they "explain" in between guffawing at

▼ Another "wet" being useless at bowling! (except it's the same "wet" here hair)



each other's more dismal shots, scoffing numerous portions of cheeseburger and chips, wearing skittles on their heads and tweetering into a whistleaway rendition of the Match Of The Day theme tune.

"You know at school when you get the playtime?" asks Tommy, the politest, most mid-mannered and thoroughly pleasant person who ever existed, "and all the smokers who go to a secret place and have their fix of cigarettes? Well, that was us when we



▲ A "wet" preparing for being completely useless at bowling!

were about 13. And those two were mad punk rockers! (points to Græme and Neil) Moicians an' that!"

"I got expelled for having green hair!" beams Græme proudly. "I was at that phase where you hate everything in life and then punk rock happened and I thought – that's for me. So I got ma mate to put some blue in ma hair but . . . er, he wasn't very good at it so it turned green and was a right state. I was sent to the headmaster's office and there he was writing at his desk until he looked up an' went (mimes splatting in disbelief) Fhthttt. . . er, ahn, now, an aheeh um. . . now Græme, I'm a fairly liberal kind of man. . . Ha haah! 'But I can't have this in the school' so I got expelled. And I had a great time! I spent all day sneaking into 'Over 18' films."

"I was fairly quiet at school, wasn't I?" ponders Tommy, "even though we'd spend all day screechin' away to these punk rock songs. That's the first time we noticed this guy Marti – he'd be in the corner singing all these Michael Jackson songs, we all thought he was a weirdo! But he had a really great voice – the best singer in the school."

"Er. . . well, I don't know about the best but I was certainly the loudest!" states Marti – an extremely "animated" bloke who waves his arms around all over the place and smirks constantly.

"I just burst into song in the class – for a laugh, for something to do – for a song!"

And Neil in the meantime was being . . . er, small. Very small.

"Er. . . mumbles Neil shyly at the mention of his smallness. "But he's cute though!" parps Tommy defensively. "Aren't you, . . . Neil?"

"Heh heh," titters Neil. "Well, most people don't know I'm this wee 'cos when we got our picture taken they make me stand on boxes. It's good though – people feel obliged to look after me."

**B** luh! And so by the time they were 15 they'd all left school, invented a few "kiddy-on bands with the pits o' the earth down heavy metal stuff all o'er our songs! (????), became a not-very-good punk rock-style" group ("I only had three strings on my bass when we started," peeps Græme. "I was one of these people who went up to their mates and went 'Guess what this is!' Pring! And it was completely shite. That was me!"), until they remembered Marti's quite good classroom croonings. They got him to join the group when they were 17 and – swirl – Ver We's were here. Thus they were "signed up" by a record company and now – PRESTO! – they are mobbed in the street and have their breeks hauled off.

"Not quite!" stumbles a mortified Marti. "Er, well, yeah, we do get recognised a bit now. It's nice. y'know, it's novel at the moment. I mean, we're a young band so obviously we're going to get a bit of that – but it's something that we've wanted for years so you knock it when you get it. Er. . . if we ever do! It's great y'know 'He Græme – I just got recognised! Did you? Hahahahaha!' an' we have a laugh about it (mimes having a great big huge chuffed grin because he's just been recognised)."

With that Marti takes an extra big chunk out of his cheeseburger. Ahehm, that's not a very healthy diet for someone who's supposed to be a "sex symbol" is it?

Er. . . without this cheeseburger I wouldn't be able to keep ma street credibility with ma acne!"

You haven't got any acne!

"I have! Er. . . once I've eaten this I will have anyway!"

You should be eating yoghurts and



▲ A "wet" "bring a bottle instead of a ball" The goon!

working out in the gym and making sure your eyes are all sparkly etc.

"Er. . . I'm just livin' ma life! And, as it happens, I'm addicted to cheeseburgers and junk food in general. But I do work out maasin' I go running!"

So you've got muscles then? "No."

"Er. . . we all play snooker!" offers Græme "helpfully," and pool. It comes from a mis-spent youth skiving off school to go an' play in the snooker halls in Glasgow. Are they seedy an' horrible? Yeah! They're funky! So we're funky kids, right!"

"Pool's brilliant!" announces Tommy, "fresh" from yet another winning fling down the "lane," "and we're all pretty good at it! And football. Mind you, y'know how football's meant to be the national sport an' that? Well, I don't think it is any more – it's women. (?) I'm convinced of it! The new national sport's gonna be gettin' drunk and findin' yourself a woman. I've never thought about it like that though."

"That's 'cos you're the first one that's gonna go off and get married!" bawls Græme flied with mirth at the very thought.

"Rubbish! Rubbish!" cringes Tommy, utterly horrified by this remark.

"Aw come on, Tam! Come on! You've got a girlfriend called Elaine and you love her very very much . . ."

"I'm not going to talk about it! (blush) She s. . . just a very nice girl in Scotland with her feet firmly on the ground which keeps ma feel on the ground."

Neil. "Aaahh, that's nice. . ."

Græme: "That's lovely. Aw. . ."

Tommy: "I hate you. Bastards. . ."

"I'm not in love," concludes Græme. "I like to play the field. Go and print that so all the girls who read it will see me and think 'Aw there's



▲ A "wet" just about to prove how useless he is at bowling.

Græme he needs lovin'!"

"And I get lovin' from ma ma' an' da!" peeps Marti most proudly, "and that's the reason we all still stay with our parents. I mean, ma parents really look after me, y'know? And I know a good thing when I know it. Ma washin's always done! They're always here to greet me with a smile! I get the freedom o' the hoose an' I love stayin' w' them!"

Haven't they ever turted you out?

"Er. . . well, we've had our ups and downs y'know! Growin' up, being an angry young teenager – I mean I had all o'er the place w' a great big pole-cats quiff which was absolutely horrible, disgusting – it wasn't me and that really offended ma mother!"

"And now they've got a child with a song in the charts! And they're confused an' I'm buffed to see me chuffed and they're chuffed to see me chuffed and everybody's chuffed!"

Especially Tommy – 'cos he slaughtered them all at bowls har. . .

● Photos: Julian Barton

A boring sports correspondent writes: The "game" of ten-pin bowling is played thus: you strike a "meen" pose with a big ball in hand, squint "purposefully" down the lane (long bit of wooden floor), fling ball in vague direction of skittles, assume triumphant mid-er arms slop pose and about "strike", hoping that no one will notice that you've missed completely because you're a br-blo.

# THE SMASH HITS PRIZE CROSSWORD

★ WIN HMV'S TOP TEN ALBUMS



- 1 **Curiosity** Keep Your Distance
- 2 **Swing Out Sister** It's Better To Travel
- 3 **Suzanne Vega** Solitude Standing
- 4 **U2** The Joshua Tree
- 5 **Level 42** Running In The Family
- 6 **Janet Jackson** Control
- 7 **Fleetwood Mac** Tango In The Night
- 8 **Alison Moyet** Rainsancing
- 9 **Mot & Kim F.L.M.**
- 10 **David Bowie** Never Let Me Down

## ★ HOW TO ENTER

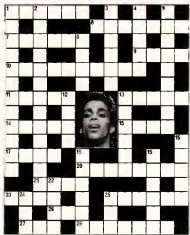
- Complete the crossword grid and fill in your name and address.
  - Snip out the coupon (including the crossword grid), stick it in an envelope and send it to the following address (to arrive by June 2):
- Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 31,**  
**14 Halkham Road,**  
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**Peterborough PE2 0YJ.**
- The first correct entry out of Sylvia Patterson's fridge-they-jacked get HMV's top ten LPs (at the time of going to press).

## ● ACROSS

- 1 See photobooth
- 6 and 20 across — Just a bit of advice from **Bruce Willis** (7,8)
- 7 **John, Roger or Andy?**
- 9 You can do it on me, reckon **Club Nouveau**
- 10 **The Smiths'** record label (5,5)
- 11 **Herold Faltermeyer's** *Beverly Hills Cop* theme (4,1)
- 13 See 25 down
- 14 Italian sort of Holiday that once got into the charts
- 15 "You — Thing" (**Hot Chocolate**)
- 17 The sort of lover once known to **Phil Collins** and 25 across
- 20 See 6 across
- 21 and 25 — **Dan A. Mat** becomes a pop star (enag 4,3)
- 23 The late, great **Marvin**
- 25 **Philip** rather than Old (as in law courts)
- 26 See 21 across
- 27 See 18 down
- 28 Sort of thing that **UB40** wanted to sing (3,4)

## ● DOWN

- 1 Currently he's into the big time (5,7)
- 2 **Fay Mettley's** IOU brings a hit for **Terence Trent D'Arby** (enag 2,3,3,2,4)
- 3 Nutty as anything?
- 4 **Al Ego** provides a fruity record label (enag)
- 5 **Paul**, but not **King, Simon or Young**
- 8 **David Lee** —
- 12 Enthusiasts that help a star stay cool?
- 13 "— Said That Done" (**Shakatak**)
- 16 She loved her radio
- 18 and 27 across **Pretenders** tribute that sounds just a bit religious? (4,2,3)
- 19 City that takes your breath away?
- 22 — **Prudence** (**Sleazie And The Benshess**)
- 24 **Leslie** who's most definitely a girl
- 25 and 13 across — He requested that you stand by him, preferably in your 501's (3,1,4)



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

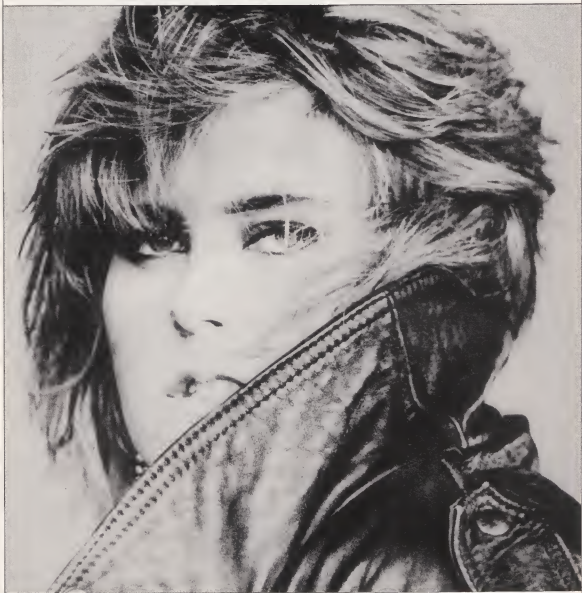


VICTIM of LOVE

remix

new single taken from 'the circus' album remixed by mister mixmaster phil harding

**alison moyet ordinary girl**



**the new single out now on 7" and 12" remix**  
produced by jimmy iovine • CBS Moyet 3 • Moyet T3

**CBS**

# I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEBODY (WHO LOVES ME)

WHITNEY HOUSTON



Photo: Steve

Oh  
Yeah won  
Hey yeah ah ooh yeah ah ha  
Yeah I want to dance

Click strikes upon the hour  
And the sun begins to fade  
There's still enough time to figure out  
How to chase my blues away  
I've done alright up 'til now  
It's the light of day that shows me how  
And when the night falls  
Loneliness calls

#### CHORUS

Oh I wanna dance with somebody  
I wanna feel the heat with somebody  
Yeah I wanna dance with somebody  
With somebody who loves me

#### REPEAT CHORUS

I've been in love and lost my senses  
Sprinting through the towns  
Sooner or later the fever ends  
And I wind up feeling down  
I need a man who'll take a chance  
On a love that burns hot enough to last  
So when the night falls  
My lonely heart calls

#### REPEAT CHORUS

Oh I wanna dance with somebody

I wanna feel the heat  
Yeah I wanna dance with somebody  
With somebody who loves me

(Somebody ooh somebody ooh)  
Somebody who loves me yeah  
(Somebody ooh somebody ooh)  
To hold me in his arms oh

I need a man who'll take a chance  
On a love that burns hot enough to last  
So when the night falls  
My lonely heart calls

#### REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

Ooh ooh (dance)  
Come on baby (dance)  
Ooh yeah (dance) let me get to this woh  
Don't you wanna dance (dance) with me baby  
Hey don't you wanna dance (dance) with me baby  
Don't you wanna dance (dance) with me baby  
With somebody who loves me  
Don't you wanna dance  
Say you wanna dance  
Don't you wanna dance (dance)  
Don't you wanna dance  
Say you wanna dance  
Don't you wanna dance (dance)  
Don't you wanna dance  
Say you wanna dance ah ha (dance)  
With somebody who loves me  
Ooh (dance) ooh ooh (dance)  
Ooh ooh ooh (dance) hey baby

BEASTIE  
BOYS



## NO SLEEP 'TIL BROOKLYN

No sleep 'til Brooklyn

Foot on the pedal never ever false medal  
Engine running hotter than a boiling kettle  
My job ain't a job it's a damn good time  
City to city I'm r-r-running my rhyme

On location touring round the outside  
Beastie Boys always on vacation  
Itohy trigger finger but a stable turntable  
I do what I do best because I'm dill' and able  
Ain't no faking your money I'm taking  
Going coast to coast and watch all the girls shaking

While you're at the job working man it live  
The Beastie Boys are at the garden cold locking it live

No sleep 'til

Another plane another train

Another bottle in the brain

Another girl another fight

Another drive all night

Our manager's crazy he always smokes dust

He's got his own room at the back of the bus

Tour around the world you rock around the clock

Plane to hotel girls on the jock

We're trashing hotels like K's going out of style

Getting paid along the way 'cause it's worth your while

Four on the floor Ad-Rock's at the door

MCA's in the back 'cause he's skeezin' with a whore

We got a safe in the trunk with money in a stack

With dice in the front and Brooklyn's in the back

No sleep 'til

No sleep 'til Brooklyn

No sleep 'til Brooklyn

Ain't seen the light since we started this band

MCA got on the mike my man

Born and bred in Brooklyn USA

They call me Adam Yauch but I'm MCA

And like a lemon to a lime a lime to a lemon

I sip the Def ale with all the fly women

Lime's arena and TV shows

Autographed pictures and classy hos

Step off home get out of my way

Ten little girls from a here to L.A.

Waking up before I get to sleep

'Cause I'll be rockin' this party eight days a week

No sleep 'til

No sleep 'til Brooklyn

No sleep 'til Brooklyn

No (no) sleep (sleep) 'til Brooklyn (Brooklyn)

No (no) sleep (sleep) 'til Brooklyn (yeah)

No (no) sleep (sleep)

'Til Brooklyn (Brooklyn)

Repeat five times



Words and music by M. Diamond/A. Yauch and The Kmg ● Reproduced by permission Island Music Ltd ● On Def Jam Records



She left on Sunday afternoon  
It is the only way for everyone concerned she said  
And I could only ask her why  
But she just smiled and told me one day I would learn

### CHORUS

Don't you worry this will all make sense tomorrow  
Don't be sorry that everything we shared will fade away  
There's so much more to see in each new day  
They'd never understand I'm not an ordinary girl

She took nothing but her clothes  
Taking more would just remind her of her past she said  
I thought I'd never laugh again  
On the day I said goodbye to my best friend

### REPEAT CHORUS

Don't you worry this will all make sense tomorrow  
Don't be sorry that everything we shared will fade away  
There's so much more to see in each new day  
And now I understand she's just an ordinary girl



Alison Moyet

ordinary girl

Words and music by Alison Moyet/Basley/Driscoll  
Reproduced by permission Virgin Music (Publishers) Ltd  
On CBS Records



(CELEBRATE)  
THE  
DAY

# BON JOVI THE MONKEYS WITH CURTIS MAYFIELD

AFTER  
YOU



7" · 12" · Compact Disc

rcs



# Dominoes

Steam was rising in the Asian quarter  
When she stepped out in the street  
Voices dropped and every eye was on her  
As she leaved the midnight heat

Soldiers of fortune surrender like children  
And follow wherever she leads  
And they all fall down  
It's one more night of

## CHORUS

(Dominoes dominoes)  
Every heart is falling  
But something else is calling  
Her into the night  
Can't you hear me  
(Dominoes dominoes)  
I'm coming back to find you  
Don't let the shadows blind you from love  
When it's mine

To eyes that stared she never shared emotion  
It's a secret that she keeps  
And no one sees the tears that I see falling  
Urgent whispers calling me

Conquering heroes have soon fallen prey to that  
Far away look in her eyes  
And they all fall down  
It's one more night of

## REPEAT CHORUS

And they all fall down  
And they all fall down  
Can't you hear me

## REPEAT CHORUS TO FADE

*Words and music by Robbie Nevil/Dick Eastman; Bobby Hart  
Reproduced by permission MCA Music Ltd  
On Manhattan Records*

# Robbie Nevil



**FIVE  
GET  
OVER  
EXCITED**

# THE HOUSEMARTINS

THE 1ST SINGLE OF THE NEW SEASON. AVAILABLE ON 7" AND 4 TRACK 12"

# Does the world really need another singing actor?



**Nick Berry, Don Johnson, David Cassidy, David Soul (??), "Telly" Savalas (???)... they've all tried, and all been very embarrassing. But Rupert Everett – star of lots of "trendy" films and rather swoonsome bloke in general – reckons he's a bit different.**

**Vici MacDonald agrees...  
Photos: Johnny Rosza**



Rupert Everett is chanting. He's crouching in front of a dinky Buddhist port-a-shrine, engulfed in a cloud of fragrant incense, and he's chanting: "Nam-myoh-enge-kyo" (or something like that). He is also giggling quite a lot. On either side of his lanky form perch a photographer and a TV producer, and they are chanting too. They, however, are not giggling. The photographer has been a Buddhist for four years. The TV producer has been a Buddhist for four years. And Rupert Everett? He's been a Buddhist for precisely... 10 minutes.

This bizarre scene is taking place not in a Buddhist temple, but in the photographer's studio. The photographer in question, clad in a horrendously lurid pair of breeks, is preparing to take Rupert's picture. The TV producer, who's from satellite pop station *Music Box*, is in charge of a camera-crew who are waiting to film Rupert having his photo taken. A make-up artist and photographer's assistant are dancing in attendance. A *Smash Hits* "reporter" is covering in the corner. And through it all stalks the haughty figure of Rupert Everett himself, resplendent in a pair of dark glasses even though it's barely 10 o'clock in the morning and he's indoors. There is really just one question which needs to be asked: who on earth is the man at the centre of all this attention?



Rupert Everett is an actor. He's best known in Britain for his parts in the films *Another Country* (in which he plays a homosexual 1930s public schoolboy-turned-teacher) and *Dance With A Stranger*, based on the true story of Ruth Ellis, who shot her callous lover and became the last woman in Britain to be hanged (Rupert plays the callous lover). When they were made, a couple of years ago, he was all set to become a very famous actor indeed – except he didn't, of which more later.

Anyway, now he's back with about 15 films all at once, and a new ambition too: for, like Nick Berry, Don Johnson, David Cassidy, David Soul, Telly Savalas and about one zurzwilion others, Rupert Everett doesn't just want to be an actor – he wants to be a pop star. And, since he's not even remotely ugly, this may well be possible...

As we slip behind the shrine for a chat (it's the only quiet place amidst all the hooahh), Rupert explains that he's not really a Buddhist but a Catholic (lapsed), and with a very low opinion of the present Pope). Then he leans

back and, in a quiet, languid, undeniably posh voice, unfolds the tale of success and shattered confidence that has led him to become an actor-turned-pop singer.

He was born on May 29th – "a Gemini with a bit of a split personality" – and claims to be 26, though he looks a little older. Since his father was in the army, the family moved around a lot; he lived in Malta and Cyprus before he was five, then in various parts of Southern England. At the age of eight he had a "mystical experience", he saw Cliff Richard in the seminal pop film *Summer Holiday* and – bong! – realised he wanted to be an actor. Nothing to do with Sir Clifford, mind you; it was just that, since Rupert's family didn't possess a telly, it was the first time he'd been really aware of moving pictures.

"The whole thing was a major experience for me," he reminisces. "It was so weird and dark and smelt of cigarettes and those velvet seats. Without wanting to sound too pompous about it, it was really magic. Am I a Cliff Richard fan? Erm, no... I haven't really listened to many of his records. I prefer The Smiths."

Rupert's parents weren't too keen on the idea of him being an actor: they wanted him to be a concert pianist. "It was quite good at playing the piano, but I don't think I was good enough to be successful. It's a difficult thing to be... and it was very boring."

In fact, it necessitated practising for five hours a day when he'd rather have been doing more exciting things, so when he was 13 he gave up. This didn't go down too well with his parents, who were even more upset when, two years and 10 O Levels later, he left his expensive public school (Ampleforth, a Roman Catholic monastery in Yorkshire) and took a series of menial jobs in the theatre.

At the same time he immersed himself in the cinema, especially steamy '50s melodramas like *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Giant*, *On The Waterfront* and *A Place In The Sun* – "that was a revolutionary film – it was the first one that had a really big close-up of a screen kiss!" Inspired by the stars of these films – moody "method" actors like James Dean, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift – Rupert applied to London's swanky Central School Of Speech And Drama. Out of 5,000 applicants that year only 28 got a place there – and Rupert was one of them, an experience which he says "starts you off in a complete frenzy of paranoia for the rest of your career."

Then – horrors! – two years into his three-year course he got chucked out. "They said I was



RUPERT  
EVERETT



**RUPERT  
EVERETT**

weird. The weirdest thing about it is that I really can't remember why I had to leave. I was a bit better about it, it was like finishing before you'd begun. I went into deep freeze for about a week after."

From then on began his first crisis of confidence, and three years of being "intensely angry". After falling around on the dole for a while and staying in bed a lot, he managed to get a job in a Glasgow theatre. He rose through the ranks, got bit parts in the slushy TV miniseries *The Far Pavilions* and *Princess Daisy*, and eventually landed the starring role in the hugely successful film *Another Country*. *Dance With A Stranger* followed, and everything was going ultra-swimmingly when – more



▲ Orson Welles  
"legendary and  
extremely portly"

▲ Rupert Everett.  
"tall and very  
short-sighted"

horrors! – disaster struck again. Rupert was asked by Orson Welles (legendary and extremely portly film director, now dead) to play his younger self in a filmed autobiography, but the whole idea fell through due to lack of funds. Trouble was Rupert had already spent all the money he'd expected to receive, and was left in Hollywood with no job, teetering on the edge of bankruptcy.

Another crisis of confidence then followed and he went a bit wibbly, "contemplating suicide, scrounging off friends and feeling like so much excess baggage" (his friends, incidentally, include Sean Penn and Madonna; he claims she's never given him any advice on how to be a pop star, and says he wouldn't want her to write a song for him as she did for Nick Kamen.)

After 18 months with no work the film offers started trickling in again, and in the last year he's done absolutely loads: the parts he's played include an Italian Jew in *The Gold Glasses*, a South American explorer in *Chronicle Of Death*, Foratold and a Welsh rock singer in *Hearts Of Fire*, which also stars that ancient groaning folkie Bob Dylan – "a very nice person" with whom Rupert claims, mysteriously, to have written an album. And then, of course, there's Rupert's very own record to be getting on with...



Rupert's single is called "Generation Of Loneliness", a song which he describes, quite accurately, as being "American-sounding guitar music". It is not – hurrah! – a cover version, but something he's written himself, in collaboration with snoot-producer Bruce Woolley. Rupert plays keyboards on the record (the legacy of those piano lessons), sings pleasantly and is, of course, extremely handsome. But the question has to be asked: in an age when the charts are already stuffed to the gills with warbling theatricals, models, footballers and God knows what else, does the world really need another singing actor? Is he, in short, the new Nick Berry?

It's an accusation Rupert is already heartily sick of, and he's immediately even more on the defensive than usual (which is very defensive indeed).

"The most difficult thing about England," he says wearily, "is that you're categorised. When you try and do something else people are reluctant to accept it. I'm sure it's true a lot of people won't be able to take me seriously: that's very depressing, and it's a whole area of snobbery that I find hard to accept. Nick Berry did cover versions (he appears to be thinking of *Nick Kamen*), whereas I'm absolutely serious."

He goes on to point out that he's been writing songs since he was 16, already has an LP's worth of material, and has been trying to be a singer for ages, except no one would give him a record deal until now (apparently working with Bob Dylan did the trick). Not only that, but his somewhat embarrassingly-titled



▲ Rupert "snoos" a snoot blazer for his performance in *Another Snoot Blazer* (I think you'll find it's Another Country – Ed.)

single has a social "message". "It's about loneliness... well, it's not – it's about not feeling alone when you feel alone. (? There's a lot of people in the world feeling alone and defeated and it's about not feeling defeated." He gets incredibly narky at the suggestion that people might be a trifle suspicious of a rich, toffy actor telling them not to feel defeated: "It's based on personal experience!" he storms. "I've felt very alone. It's valid, because I've felt it. And it cannot be invalidated!" (??)

But what if the record's a giant flop? After all, Rupert has already suffered two depressions, and admits that his confidence is "really easily shattered". He's adamant that he can cope with failure this time, though: "Obviously I'd be hurt, but I don't think I'd get depressed. I don't necessarily want to be a huge star, I just want to sing. Failure is a terrifying thing, but it's more terrifying beforehand than when it actually happens. But yeah, I am quite scared..."



It's time for Rupert to be filmed and the TV producer comes to drag him away. Before she does, Rupert, who's been

extremely wary and unforthcoming until now, suddenly unbands and imparts a little personal information: how it's horrid being so tall (around 6'2") and very shortsighted – "It really freaks me out, I have to peer down at people to see their faces. It makes me feel like a giraffe!" how he likes drawing (he's hand-tinted the photo on his single sleeve); that he'll either vote Labour or SDP in the election; and that he's had his fortune told a few times (although he won't reveal whether it came true).

"The thing is," he confides as he prepares to face the cameras, "when you're tall, people always assume that you're really confident. But it doesn't mean you are..."



▲ Rupert dances with a stranger in *Dance With A Stranger*

He certainly looks confident enough as he prems and poses for the TV crew, happily cracking jokes about how he wants to make an "apocalyptic" video in which he plays a priest. Then, all of a sudden, the merriment stops: his hands fly defensively to his face and he stops posing. "I can't deal with all this," he says quietly, walking off the set. "Can you stop filming? It's freaking me out." He sits down and stares at the floor, looking embarrassed. "The thing is," he mutters to no one in particular, "I'm just really... really... nervous."

For someone who wants to be a pop star, Rupert Everett has fragile confidence indeed; for his own sake, let's just hope he's successful...





# *cry before dawn*



GONE FOREVER



PRODUCED BY PAUL STAVELEY O DUFFY

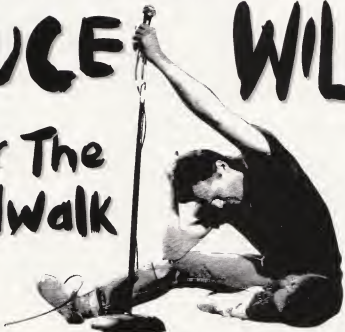
GONE I *Epic* GONE II

STEREO  
7

STEREO  
12

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JOEY TEMPEST  
Smash hit 5









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1. What year was "Under Pressure" by Queen and David Bowie No. 1?  
 1980  1981  1982
2. Who had a hit with "Tainted Love" in 1981?  
 Human League  Duran Duran  Soft Cell
3. What John Lennon song made No 1 five years after its release?  
 Give Peace a Chance  Starting Over  Imagine
4. UB40 had a massive hit with "Red Red Wine" — who wrote it?  
 Neil Diamond  Bob Dylan  Bruce Springsteen
5. Who played drums on "Ballad of John and Yoko" by the Beatles?  
 Ringo Starr  Paul McCartney  Ian Stewart
6. Which band did the lead singer of The Communards leave?  
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# Mannequin

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GONNA STOP  
US NOW'

GLADDEN ENTERTAINMENT A ASSOCIATION WITH CANNON SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS ANDREW MCCARTHY • KIM CATTRALL • MICHAEL GOTTLIB IN MANNEQUIN  
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CANNON



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**AT CINEMAS ACROSS LONDON**  
**AND SELECTED CINEMAS IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND**

# PERSONAL FILE

## Mark E. Smith (the Fall) 2

**Name:** Mark Edward Smith. I usually just use Mark E. Smith.  
**Born:** 5/3/57 in Salford, I was Bibs. My mother told me. She also told me that when I arrived the song playing on the radio was "Stranger in Paradise".

**First record:** It was either "Ride A White Swan" by T Rex or "Paranoid" by Black Sabbath - I can't remember which. The first LP I ever bought was "Sleazy Finger" by the Rolling Stones. I didn't really start until I was about 14. Did I dress in disgusting purple trousers like Marc Bolan? No I didn't actually. I used to wear Co-Op jeans - they were my style. I got into two-tones after that, and I very badly black pants. I've always been in looking pretty straight - it keeps people off your back. These days I reckon we're smart. I reckon we're beyond fashion. The Fall have been going about nine years and people have tried to copy us but I think they find it hard. When I wore raincoats and had fairly long hair people used to copy that but I got fed up with it. Fashion dates too fast for my liking, though I'm opposed to deliberate scruffiness. The way I was brought up you put a clean shirt on and have a wash before you go out for a drink. And I find if you have short hair old women at bus stops will talk to you which I find very interesting, especially for my work, 'cos I'm a writer. If you dress as a raving goth people steer clear of you.

**Who would you most like to assassinate?** Nobody really, to be quite honest. I don't believe in assassination. I was very tempted to shoot the Pope in 1982 but I grew out of it. He came to my area and trashed my favourite park - knocked all the gates down and I had Jesuit guards in my garden with machine guns. The best thing you can do to hurt people though is to totally ignore them, be totally indifferent to them. You know, the knife behind the smile.

**What's your favourite Mel & Kim record?** I like them all, especially the one that was number one. I liked it because it was hard and there was a hard sort of message in it. I liked it when it goes "take take take take... - it's quite ominous. It's fairly sort of futuristic. I think it's good. In the way they march in time. I'm, er, a total original dancer so I couldn't do that.

**Who's your most famous friend?** Well, I haven't seen him for ages but Gavin of the Virgin Prunes is one. And Michael Clark (early dance person) is a good mate. As for famous pop stars we're more courted than we court. They think it's cool, every one of them for the last six or seven years. You name them, I know them. George Michael? I've met him yeah - he was slight. Duran Duran? I've met them. They walked in while we were recording "Mr Pharmacist". I told them to get out. I thought it was very insolent of them to walk in. **When did you last have a singing lesson?** I've never had one. I think if you start thinking about it you lose your voice. I believe in 20 fags a day

and all that, if you don't think about it it won't happen. A lot of people think my voice is good.

**Are you religious?** No. But I'm interested in it. Very interested. People get comfort and inspiration out of it. I know. I've been there. I was a Methodist. They don't believe in churches so it was a bit weird, going to a Methodist church when the basic message is "God is everywhere". Do I ever pray? Yeah. I wish for things. I will things. What I don't like is dishonest religion. I don't agree with U2 rewriting the Bible for their last LP. That really made me... (gets all lost for words).

**Which would you rather wear:** a) Nick Kamen's Deputy Dawg hat, b) Ben from Curiosity's backwards Greek Fisherman's hat, c) Bono's preacher hat or d) Stan from the Housemartins glasses? Ha ha ha. Deputy Dawg hat? That sounds cool.

I don't know who Nick Kamen is. Out of the jeans advert? I thought he'd just done one song. He's got an album out? Oh wow, I must get it. Ben's hat? I don't know - it reminds me of Norman Wisdom. I know their records - they're the Steely Dan ones. I think the music's diabolical but I think they've been unfairly persecuted by the press - total Gestapo. Bono's? Sod that. That's "born again" crap. Stan's glasses? Come on! I don't need glasses. I've got good eyes. I find it really hard to wear shades, let alone glasses.

**When you proposed to Brit, did you get down on one knee?** No. It was on the corner of Lincoln and Clark (two streets in Chicago) where the St. Valentine's Massacre was. It was just where the van was picking us up. I just said "we'd make a good married couple" and she just said "yeah, it'd be really cool". We got married in a registry office - I was absolutely skint at the time. '83, was it? I'm glad it was like that though, having been to a few weddings since - I can't stand people who can't hold their drink.

**"The way I was brought up you put a clean shirt on and have a wash before you go out for a drink."**



# Samantha Fox

new single

## Nothing's gonna stop me now



Written & Produced by Stock, Aitken & Waterman

Released 18th May

From her forthcoming album  
SALAMANTHA FOX

7" (FOXY 5)  
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Plus 2 Extra Tracks





# “DO YOU



● Fish of Marillion doesn't like Mel & Kim, hair transplants, "fashion" or anyone who thinks Marillion are pretentious and boring. And he's not too keen on nose-y parker "journalists" like Chris Heath either. . .

**I**nterviews!" Fish exclaims huffily. He doesn't like them much. And he's sure he'll like this one even less when he reads it. "We'll talk about loads of important things," he groans. "and then it'll come out: He races his *Scalextric!* He has a German Shepherd dog! He lives in a house in South Bucks! He's really boring! And he gets really aggressive in interviews!"

Oh dear. Fish does seem to have a bit of a chip on his shoulder, doesn't he? But then he does believe very strongly that he and his group Marillion have "never really been understood." Marillion are, as he'll explain at great length, different from most groups. Most groups, you see, are *pop* groups — they make happy little pop songs, cover themselves in make-up, go to nightclubs a lot and don't really matter. At least that's what Fish thinks. And Marillion are a *rock* group — they make serious musical albums (they do release singles but only as sort of adverts for the albums), wouldn't *dream* of wearing make-up (except sometimes on stage but apparently this is then "theatrical" and therefore OK), never go to nightclubs ("except after all the pubs are shut") and matter an awful, awful lot. At least that's what Fish thinks.

**F**ish gets very very serious talking about his music. He explains all about their new LP — how they wrote it once, decided it was too much like the last one, scrapped it and wrote it again — as if Marillion were just about the only group in the world to take what they do seriously. Certainly he has very little respect for most records in the chart. "I hate it at the moment," he

# DO YOU WANT A SMACK IN THE FACE?"

grows. "A lot of stuff is just shit against the wall. Like Mel & Kim." From the daggered look he gives me when I ask him why he doesn't like Mel & Kim it's clear he doesn't like that much respect for people who don't think it's obvious.

"It's about 75% to 80% image," he scowls. "It's just a straight rhythm and it's got no lyrics. There's so much shit thrown against the walls these days and, along with marketing techniques and the rest of it, people are being convinced that shit is wallpaper."

And that, apparently, is why Fish has spent the last year or so - apart from "getting visibly fatter" - making sure that their new LP (being finished rather loudly in the next door studio as we speak) is as good as possible. He explains earnestly that it's another "concept" album - this time about "drug and alcohol abuse": It's

describes in television commentator style a close scrape with extinction this very morning as he had a puncture going down a local hill at 40 miles an hour. He looks a bit embarrassed though when I ask him if he does this every morning.

"Well," he mutters, "I only bought the bike yesterday." Oh. So does he wear those dinky blue satin cycling shorts then? This, it turns out, is the sort of question that Fish is not very fond of. He perks towards me and screams in his thick Scottish accent. "Do you want a smack in the face?" Oo-er.

Luckily at this moment one of Marillion's entourage chances upon us. "Tell him Mark," Fish barks. "He said I wear dinky blue shorts." "You do," says Mark quietly. "You had a pair on yesterday. This isn't the right answer."

"They were grey," protests Fish, beginning to calm down, "not blue".

One of the few things people always say about Marillion that Fish would heartily agree with is that they're not very fashionable. "I'm not bothered with it," he insists. "We don't need that to sell albums. I'm not interested in getting the Phil Collins appeal. I don't give a shit. I'm not going to pretend to be something I'm not. I'm not interested in wandering about in tuxes (i.e. tuxedos swank dinner jackets) and hitting the clubs and getting my photograph taken - that cultivation of image is alien to me."

"As for how he does look he just says 'I make jokes about it more than anything. I'm not sensitive - I'm realistic about it. This thing about losing weight is for the tour but I'm not about to get pad jobs in my head and I know I'm going bald. But if I'm going to go bald I'll go bald. I don't care what Gary Numan does - I'm not interested in transplants. I don't want to look like a coconut mat! This is me. I make no excuses for it. A lot of people like me just as I am. My mum loves me."

"Personally, I feel really sorry for a lot of those good looking pop stars. They must wake up in the morning and they've had their photo taken so many times that they have to spend hours getting

made up and getting their hair exactly right. I feel sorry for them."

Quite. Fish moves onto the subject of the 120 foot long *Scalextric* track which fills up the barn of the Buckinghamshire house which he shares with a German Shepherd dog and his German girlfriend Tamara whom he's marrying later this year. Apparently Fish and the band's drummer, Ian Mosley, sit up at night racing each other. "It's really serious. You know - you must have used *Scalextric*."

Er... sally, no. He looks at me with a mixture of contempt and pity. "You don't know what you're missing. It's well therapeutic. Sometimes you just sit and run the car round the track and forget about everything."

Fish takes another sip of his orange juice and looks a bit sulky. He only really perks up when he gets a chance to talk about what he thinks really matters: Marillion's records. And, in particular, Fish's lyrics. He's immensely proud of them, wants people to think of them as poetry and has referred to himself before now as "a poet who chronicles the '80s". I ask him to give an example of exactly what he's so proud of. "Listen to this one," he says. "*Teenage girls like gaudy moths are classroom shabby butterfly flirts in the glow of stranded telephone boxes: planning white laced weddings/ from smeared hearts and stolen proclamations rolled from stolen lipstick across the razored webs of glass/ sharing cigarettes with experience with a giggling jealous confidence...*"

And so on for quite a lot longer. A lot of people, I suggest, will think it all sounds a bit pretentious?

"Bollocks," shouts Fish, predictably getting into a bit of a fit. "That's not pretentious. That's the way I saw it. I was sitting in a pub in Scotland looking out of the window. It's very simple. People who don't understand it haven't the willingness to understand it. I just feel sorry for their really."

He's even less impressed by people who "try to preach" with pop music. "I hate dog collars," he huffs. The very mention of people like The Style Council, Billy Bragg

and The Housemartins gets his hackles rising.

"It's like people complain about the National Front handing out leaflets outside schools," he explodes, "and Red Wedge is the same thing. They're dictating to people certain beliefs when those people haven't found their own political feet yet."

The only sort of politics he says he'll get involved in is things like CND (Marillion have played the Glastonbury festival which raises money for CND). But even then he gets very very miffed at the suggestion that that means he necessarily supports CND - "you haven't asked us why we played it," he taunts.

Well why then? "Because we wanted to play a lot of people - to sell albums and do a bit of old enjoy."

Oh. Now Fish seems to have quietly calmed down from his tantrums just a few minutes ago. It's quite odd, really. One minute he's like a rabid werewolf, the next he's like a rather nice *Blue Peter* presenter. He agrees. "I go from being the kind of guy you can take home to your mother and talk quite calmly about gardening, or you could take me to a dockland bar and I can go with the best of them. You're probably going to say that I'm an aggressive bastard," he sighs. "And I agree I can be "Most people know anyway," he says suddenly, narrowing his eyes, "not to wind me up."

Oh. And what, pray, causes these bad-tempered aggressive fits? "Fish leans over and hisses. "Journalists."



about a writer called Howie who's trying to follow up a successful book - "the parallels with me are obvious." Big guys - and who travels through bars and hotels, seeing a lot of people very like him, who are trying to escape through drugs, alcohol, sex, TV, anything to avoid confronting their problems.

Drinking in particular is something that Fish knows all about, though he insists that he's nowhere near as bad as "the press have made out". He's had to give that (and bacon sandwiches) up in preparation for going on tour - "the last thing I want to do is have a heart attack in the first two weeks." He's also taken up all sorts of exercise ("once I start I'm an extremist in everything") - table tennis, jogging, weight training and, er, cycling. "That's proving very dangerous," he grins, and

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# ZODIAC MINDWARP



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Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Well I love TV and I love T-Rex  
I can even see through your skirt  
I've got X-ray eyes  
I came from the sky like a 747  
I'm a bad boy baby I fell out of heaven  
See future baby I'm a love dictator  
Blitzkrieg romance I'm a cool dominator

Prime prime mover  
Baby you're mine I'm the groover  
Yeah

Well I'm Christ in shades I'm the napalm and  
Your lipstick flickers round my lightning rod  
You fever pitch bitch you love to boss  
Well I'm a hot dog daddy up on your knees  
See future baby I'm a love dictator  
Blitzkrieg romance I'm a living detonator

I'm a prime prime mover  
Baby you're mine I'm the groover  
Yeah

I'm the sex futurist baby I'm a love dictator  
You're a dirty reptile a funky ellipsator

Prime prime mover  
Baby you're mine I'm the groover  
You see

Prime prime mover  
Baby you're mine I'm the groover  
Prime prime mover

Baby you're mine I'm the groover  
Yeah

Prime prime mover  
Baby you're mine I'm the groover  
Yeah yeah

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### PRIME MOVER

# Victim of Love Erasure

Woh oh oh oh hey eeh yeah  
Hah hah hah hah hah

Chorus  
I don't wanna look like some kind of fool  
I don't wanna break my heart over you  
I'm building a wall everyday it's getting higher  
This time I won't end up another victim of love

You say that I could show some emotion  
That I've been keeping secrets from you  
But I can see through all your sweet talk  
And all of your affection untrue  
I'm gonna find you out if you scream and I shout  
You won't break down my protection

Repeat chorus

I'm gonna lock up what I'm feeling inside  
Ain't no way you can break down the door  
'Cause this time I've learnt my lesson  
You can take this declaration of war  
Step right back put on your coat and your hat  
Gonna avoid all complication

Repeat chorus to fade

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**Hi, my name is Jenny.** I am 12 years old and into Madonna, A-ha, Five Star, Grange Hill, EastEnders and hobbies such as swimming and ice skating. If you are interested please write to Jenny Papworth at: 17 George Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts NG17 2HJ.

**Karate mad, that's me.** I'm into A-ha, U2, Chris de Burgh and Irish music. I'd love to hear from any female from Europe or Japan who is "different". So why not write to Jeffrey Rudd (aged 16) at: 23 Riverview, Mell, Drogheda, County Louth, Ireland.

**I am 16 and would like a female penpal from anywhere in Britain aged between 15 and 17.** I am into heavy metal and rock music especially Gary Moore, Ozzy, Europe, Cinderella, Iron Maiden, Anthrax, FM and loads more. Write to Andrew Norman at: 7 Blaengmasted Road, Llangunno, Carmarthens, Dyfed SA31 2LF.

**Hello, my name is Nik and I'm 16 and madly into the Pet Shop Boys, Kate Bush and Peter Gabriel.** I like most other types of music too. Interested? Then scribble to Nik Washe at: 2 Ragnall, Wotton-Under-Edge, Glos GL12 7HU.

**Calling all you Americans!** If you are an American male or female about my age (which is 14) and you like Five Star and real pop music, write to Jason Leach at: 4 Thurlmere Drive, Middleton, Manchester M24 3NU.

**Hi, I'm Rachel, a 16 year old fun loving girl!** I am looking for penpals with a good sense of humour particularly lads aged between 16 and 25. I like Simple Minds, Level 42 and Big Country. Write to me at: 104 Heath Road, Penketh, Warrington, Cheshire WA5 2BY.

**Hi, my name is Dave.** I am 14 and would like to write to any girls aged between 14-16, who are interested in EastEnders, Five Star, Nick Kamen, Europe and A-ha but hate heavy metal. Also I like going to discos and having a laugh. Write to Dave at: 309 Stourbridge Road, Holy Hall, Dudley, West Midlands DY1 2EF.

**Hi, I am a 17 year old female looking for a male penpal from Liverpool aged 17-21.** I am crazy about F.G.T.H., but I also like U2, Paul Young, Simply Red and others. Please send a letter to Bernadette Browne at: 9 West Vale Grove, Thyrburgh, Rotherham, South Yorks S65 4JB.

**I am a lonely female Smiths fan, crying out for all Morrissey look-alikes, or any male Smiths fans from anywhere.** If this describes you and you are 16 plus get scribbling to: Wendy Cole, 9 Trafalgar Road, Eaton Ford, St Neots, Hunts, Cambs PE19 3NA.

**My name is Frank.** I am 17 years old. I like all chart music and the groups A-ha, Queen, The Bangles and Europe. I would like to hear from anybody. Please write to Frank Lawler at: 14 Greenhill Terrace, Wheatley Hill, Co. Durham DH6 3JR.

**Hi! Do you look like George Michael, Phillip Schofield, Ralph Macchio, Michael J. Fox or Jason Bateman?** If so and you feel it every time you hear the words Morton Market mentioned, then write to Jenny Hill at: 64 Priest Fields, Rochester, Kent ME1 3AB.

**My name is Wayne Russell and I would like to correspond with any 16-19 year old females who live in Britain.** I like The Bangles, Five Star, Dire Straits and The Eurythmics. I am 18 years old so if you are interested please send a letter to: 18 Chillingtong Way, Denton, Tameside, Manchester M34 1JR.

**I am 11 years old and I am seeking female penpals from all over the world.** I am into A-ha, Madonna and Five Star so if you are interested please write to: Jennifer Pounce, 51 Coniston Terrace, Dundee DD3 0AH.

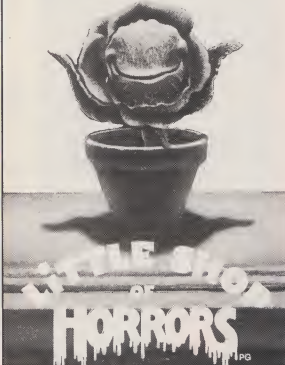
**Hello, my name is Rachel and I am 16 years old.** I like all kinds of music and going out to discos. So if there is anybody out there write to me at: 9 Denville Road, Greston, New Romney, Kent TN28 8SX.

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# REVIEW SINGLES



REVIEWED BY BARRY McILHENEY

## CLUB NOUVEAU: Jealousy (Warner Bros)

Nothing at all like the smash "Lean On Me" but, funnily enough, very similar to a hit from last year, "Rumours", by the Temex Social Club. Which - zings! - is not too surprising when you learn that Jay King, the man behind Club Nouveau, was formerly the man behind Temex Social Club... The squabbling between the two camps appears to be carried on in "Jealousy" which sounds like a bit of a dig from Mr King at his old partners and all of this will no doubt become even more public when this follows "Lean On Me" into the flingway charts. Gentlemen j-love!

## THE HOUSEMARTINS: Five Get Over Excited (Go Discs)

Gusp! It's The Hoosies, minus old rubber-face Hugh and introducing new boy Dave Hemingway. Thankfully, it looks as if nothing else has changed as Ver Martins (?) bounce their way through a ridiculously catchy little ditty which features such memorable lines as "I am mad from Scandinavia, I want a guy in the London area, he must be crazy and Sogitimus," ("as I am Leo and I'm hilarious.") (f)

hear a lot more of Elton than you do from his partner and it will all be worth it just to see the pair of them together on Top Df The Paps.

## WANG CHUNG: Let's Go (Geffen)

Did you know that Tom Jones now includes Wang Chung's "Everybody Have Fun Tonight" in his performances? Strange but true. There is, however, little chance of The Greatest Living Welshman ever bothering to sing "Let's Go" because a) one Wang Chung song is enough for anyone to have to deal with and b) it's not much bloody cop at all!



## TOM JONES: It's Not Unusual (Epic)

"Bloody" Jones and the re-release of his greatest ever hit "It's Not Unusual" Anyone who witnessed the Welsh Wizard doing this on The Last Resort a few weeks ago will know exactly why it ought to go straight to number one, but for those who may have missed that stunning performance, let's just say that this is one of the greatest pop songs ever written and it's sung by one of the greatest singers in the world. Bloody brilliant!

## CLARE GROGAN: Love Bomb (London)

Clare Grogan used to be the rather famous singer with Scottish band Altered Images who had a few hits yonks ago including "I Could Be Happy" and "Happy Birthday" and then they split up and Clare "starred" in the film Gregory's Girl and then she disappeared and now she's back with "Love Bomb". And, funnily enough, she sounds exactly the same as she always did, with that strange but appealing breathless baby voice, although the song itself sounds a lot less innocent and more grown-up than Clare's previous efforts.

## ABC: When Smokey Sings (Phonogram)

Remember ABC's Sheffield group with a spotty singer called Martin, had some hits a while back with "The Look Of Love", "Poison Arrow" and "Tears Are Not Enough"? No! Well, anyway, now they're back back etc, except they're not really because a couple of them have left since and this isn't half as good as any of their older stuff. The "Smokey" in question is v. airy and v. brilliant soul "legend" Smokey Robinson, who, if he's going to be mentioned at all, deserves a lot better than this.

## SAMANTHA FOX: Nothing's Going To Stop Me Now (Jive)

A very suitable track at this latest snatch of typically catchy pop/disco shows Sir Samuel set for yet another successful chapter in her quite extraordinary career. "My mind's made up to leave

the past behind" sings Sammy, which is bad news for perverts everywhere (and good news for everyone else) if it means she has finally decided to ditch her act, modelling "skills". This is, actually, remarkably similar to any Mel & Kim song you'd care to name, which is hardly surprising as the same team of people are responsible for writing all these tunes. The only difference though is that Mel & Kim do it a lot better.

## TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR F.C. CUP FINAL SQUAD WITH CHAS AND DAVE: Hot Shots Tottenham (Rainbow)



Football records, doncha just love 'em! "Hot Shot Tottenham" is actually a bit of a classic of its kind, featuring all the essential ingredients, such as the roll-call of all the players' names (helped greatly here by the natural rhyme of Hoddie and Waddie), the references to the beloved manager ("now in '87, with David Pleat's eleven") and the inevitable presence of Chas 'N' Dave, those

"lovable" cockneys who can always be guaranteed to throw a good knees-up. gvnor. Come back Glen and Chris, all is almost forgiven.

## RUPERT EVERETT: Generation Of Loneliness (Chrysalis)

Crispel Posh actor makes rather splendid single sensation! Rupert Everett sings like Dame David of Bowie, the song is like something the Psychedelic Furs used to come up with before they turned all wibbly and he even makes a line like "don't get away when you can't see an law in distress" when it's just a load of old guff. Good on yer, Rupe! (f!)

## SUZANNE VEGA: Luka (A&M)

"Luka" is the sad tale of a young woman living in an apartment block who is being beaten up, probably by her husband, on a fairly regular basis, but who doesn't want the neighbours to get involved, and it will probably go on forever and it's all v. tragic and that's about it. The perfect Suzanne Vega single, in other words...



## HEARTBEAT UK: Jump To It (Virgin)

Interesting pop fact one: Heartbeat UK are a new group formed by Jon Moss, formerly best friend of Boy George and drummer with Culture Club. Interesting pop fact two: "Jump To It" by Heartbeat UK is pleasure enough on its own, a lot "funkier and harder" than anything Jon Moss has put his name to before, but when you compare it with any one of Culture Club's greatest hits, it suddenly sounds just a little bit dull.

## AGE OF CHANCE: Big Bad Noise (Virgin)

Age Of Chance are those peculiar characters from Leeds who wear Tar De France cycling tops. Here, they defiantly ask "who's afraid of the big bad noise?", and it's certainly not them by the sound of it as they thrash merrily away in the background with lots of "buzzzaw" guitars and mad thumping sounds all over the place. They then go on to humbly suggest that you "free your mind and your body will follow". (f) Gee, thanks for the advice!

## SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT

### GEORGE MICHAEL: I Want Your Sex (Epic)

Good grief! What on earth has happened to George Michael? After the slow seductive brilliance of "Careless Whisper" and "A Different Corner", it was fairly likely that he would try something a bit different for the next stage in his solo career, but this is just worlds apart. It sounds like anything else at all, it's Prince, with lots of the grunting and funk rhythms so favoured by the King Perv, but George Michael, as always, throws in a great pop tune with a v. spookified bass bouncing around in the background. The words are quite rude, all about how George "wants your sex" (hence the name) and how we should all be doing "it" because it's such a wonderful thing. Really the only thing it has in common with George Michael's previous stuff is that it's completely brilliant as well.



Photo: Richard Press



## WHITNEY HOUSTON: I Wanna Dance With Somebody (Who Loves Me) (Arista)

No surprises here as the Great Whitney Houston announces her return from a long lay-off with her usual brilliant singing and a tune that is less immediately gripping than "How Will I Know" but which gets better with every play. Welcome back, ma'am!

## JENNIFER RUSH: Flowers of Paradise (CBS)

Anyone expecting "The Power Of Love" Pt Two is in for a big surprise as Jennifer Rush drops the big tear-jerking solo ballad in favour of this unlikely up-tempo duet with none other than Elton John. It actually works quite well, perhaps because you

Photo: D.O.A.



▲ "Hello, is it me you're looking for?"



▲ "Well, it's certainly not us, matey."



▲ "Did you see that bloke from Wet Wet Wet trying to dance?"

### LIONEL RICHIE/WET WET WET London Wembley Arena

"This is our current hit single called 'Wishing I Was Lucky,' squawks Wet Wet Wet's singer Marti Pellow to 7,000 people at Wembley Arena. The poor boy is obviously hoping for a bit of a loud cheer at this point but instead a rather embarrassingly tiny ripple of applause shows that not too many people here tonight have ever heard of Wet Wet Wet's singer Marti Pellow's razor-wire single. Still, Marti and the rest of the "Wets" (?) don't let this lack of interest put them off as they gallantly leap around the stage, trying hard to enjoy themselves. After about 45 minutes of rather good pop songs, they make way for Lionel but not before Marti says that he'd "like to thank Mr Richie for having us on his tour". Mmmm...

After a short break, everything suddenly goes dark and then – quadruple spook! – a piano starts spinning around the stage and – look mum, no hands! – begins to play itself (i.e. the "keys" go up and down but there is nobody actually touching it). Then the different bits of the stage start zooming around all over the place and this voice from nowhere pipes up "Hello, is it me you're looking for?" Well, yes actually, for it is indeed Lionel Richie – rising up from the ground, waving at everyone with everyone waving back. Phew!

After this things calm down a bit as Lionel sings all his hits including the brilliant "All Night Long", "Truly" ("for all you lovers and lovelovers out there!) and the completely swooning "Three Times A Lady", during which noses were blown all around the arena.

The best bit, however, comes right at the end with a spectacular version of "Dancing On The Ceiling" during which rapazee-type things come down from the roof and various members of the band fly through the air just like those people who are always on the telly right after the Queen's speech on Christmas Day. And where is Lionel Richie during all this? Em, standing on the stage actually, looking rather worried about the whole thing. Hmph.

Barry McIlheney

### DORIS DAY: The Best Of

**Doris Day (CBS)** Ah, Me. That girly-girl voice of yesteryear. Those twinkling tones. Those freckles. Was there ever a more lovely, a more relaxed yet impassioned songbird than Ms Doris Day? I think not. And here, spread across 30 years of recorded history and 16 veteran gems, are all her finest moments. Listen to her as she booms from the hit-tops on "Secret Love" (an Oscar-winning song from 1953, fact fans). Hear her as she whistles the cowbirds into an frenzy of thigh-slapping activity on "The Deadwood Stage" ("whip crack-whip whip crack-whip whip crack-whoooo") barked Distie (Winnie the Pooh) engagement. Witness the jaunty gasp of "Hernando's Hideaway", the heart-charming star spangs of "Sentimental Journey". Not a dry eye in the house and if you don't like it, try your dolly will. Good bless yer, ma'am! (**9 1/2 out of 10**)

Tom Hibbert

**DEACON BLUE: Raintown** (CBS) Deacon Blue are a group of young persons from Glasgow and this, their first ever LP, is actually... quite good! And considering their main songwriter, Ricky Ross, sounds like the most depressed being who ever lived, it's positively astounding "Raintown" contains not one catchy pop tune – but! – instead there are some damn memorably beautiful linking guitar things – especially "Spencer Tracey" and "Loaded" which certainly stilly the rumours that Deacon Blue are about to become extremely rich and famous very shortly (or something). (**8 out of 10**)

Gary Laboff



### SLY AND ROBBIE:

**Rhythm Killers (Island)** Once upon a time, ancient reggae musicians Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare were famous for playing for the "stars" but never being "stars" themselves. Then one day pop music went a bit squally and people started "blin" all over the place (whatever that means). So Sly and Robbie decided it was time to get into "trouble" funk and hip-hop and other new and trendy things. And – hooray! – this is the result: one brilliant and totally original spanning new LP of six – six! – tunes which are an unlikely mixture of reggae, rap, funk, hip-hop, funk, whistling (!) and even some fuzzy HM guitar noises – all running into each other in a sort of flowing/jazzy blur. Which all goes to make this a whizzingly danceable LP and should make Messrs Sly and Robbie into first class pop toffs in a... (**8 out of 10**)

Dennis Schlesinger

## VIDEO COMPETITION

### VIDEO COMPETITION

**UB40 CCCP: £9.99, 60 mins (Virgin)**

Here we have it, then, UB40's "documentation" of their cowering on their Russian tour last year – and it truly is quite splendid. GASPI as the group saunter through the streets of Moscow and Leningrad with fluffy cushions on their heads (except they're really Russian hats), GAZE! over the visions of bemused Russian persons wondering who these "weirdos" are, SMOOTHIE! to the one zillion tunes. "The 40" (?) play on stage, including such monuments of reggaeified popdom as "Food For Thought", "Red Red Wine", "Cherry Oh Baby" and quite a few others, BOO! at the bimbo of an "interpreter" who tells the audience that "UB40 are a dance band" when Ali Campbell has in fact just said "You can get up and dance if you want!", and GUFFAW! at the most useless Russian "group" ever who do a "jam session" in a perusingly cave one night.

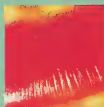
Then SHRIEK "GEEKS! YUS PLEASE!!" as we reveal we have 10 – 10! – of these magnificent items to give away – give away!!! – not to mention 10 slinking black UB40 CCCP "embossed" t-shirts to wear.

The question: What is Russian for "yes"? Is



▲ An interpreter "This rather brilliant artist bears the logo 'UB40 CCCP' (i.e. Russian) 'The Video Mix' I thank you."

(i) a) oui, monsieur; b) yus; c) o'ay; d) da; e) geeks; or f) vidnrsknskrntskrry? Answers on a Cassick "has" the "Smash Hits" **There's Reds Under The Bed Mately Competition, £2-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** to get here by June 2.



### THE CURE: Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me (Fiction)

"Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me" is a bit like the new Prince LP, really. They're both double albums, they both wander through several squillion musical styles, they're both made by people who most certainly have "spooks in their brains", they're both clock-a-block with some very weird lyrics and they're both utterly, utterly brilliant. It sounds as if The Cure's whole universe has suddenly gone completely loopy – one moment there's growling, distorted guitars and funeral-paced doominess, the next, puny dance tunes and exotic instruments twanging, and the next, some beautifully uncluttered pop songs. And one song in particular, "Catch", quite possibly the dreamiest song ever. It's all quite wonderful. (**9 out of 10**)

Chris Heath

### TOM JONES: The Tom Jones Album (Decca)

It is He – King Tom "bloody" Jones, blasters!, thrust in a giggle over 14 – 14! – glimmering cabaret stunners on the re-released splendid greatest hits LP. Sign. Who could possibly still their finest to the colorfully ancient, big, bold bugley brass blazes of "Is Not Unusual" (who could possibly cease their slub to the tempostrat, orchestral epics of "Green Green Grass Of Home" and "Furry Furrier Forgotten Feelings"? And who could possibly stifle their guffaws at the monumentally melodramatic bletherings of "Delilah" – not to mention the hilarious "sploggers" where he pretends to be a lonesome American sobbing "oh ya' wanna go home to me too today... it's unfortunately heroic, no less. (**9 out of 10**)

Sylvia Patterson

### LL COOL J: Bigger And Better (Def Jam) LL Cool J is

the bloke who's famous for wearing his hat, brim down, with about as much panache as Benny Hott from Crossroads. He's been described as "the best rapper ever" by one of Run DMC, and "LL" is obviously of the same opinion, as modestly (but one of his most striking qualities. His attitude to women isn't very inspiring either – there are positively oceans of double lyrics here and if they are based on experience then he's certainly "loved" and "loved" a lot in his 18 years in New York, or else (considering he lives with his grandmother) he's lying. These major irritations aside, this is an alluringly energetic, infectious, scratching and rapping. In other words, perfect for a manic dancing session and... er, come on, people, at anything else. (**5 out of 10**)

Lola Borg



Ben: "I bet if I force my hat someone will keep over!" A fainted female: "You were right. Eowwww..."



A: The Bouncers sweat the next fainted female



A: Ben: "Who wants my horrible hat then?" A million fourresses: "He! He! He! Please!" Ben: "Only eating! I'll be here!"



A: "Sorry about this but I've just keeled"



A: Administering the baby-boo (Or something)

**CURIOSITY  
KILLED  
THE CAT**  
Leeds University

Curiosity Killed The Cat fans are daftoids! Er... no they're not, they're billions of demented girles or blokes, but they are being sprayed lavishly with water from some mighty large plant-sprays this evening – administered gleefully to the first few sweltering rows by that catfish breed of persons known as The Roadies. And this, viewers, is to keep them "cool" (man) – to stop them keeling over, consumed by The Big Swoon as they await the presence of their heroes.

**"And how Ben wibbles those knees! Wibble to the left! Screeeech! Wibble to the right! Thweweeeee! Wibble in the middle! Swoooooon!"**

But wait! What's that a-shuffling on the right? It's THEM! Quadruple jngs!! The gigantic squeal that splinters forth as the "lads" smirkingly breeze on stage (especially Nick – the man with the biggest smirk in pop) is quite the most curdlingly ecstatic, monumental scream ever heard anywhere in the entire swooniverse.

"Yeah!" crumbles Ben in his huskily gruffed tone, "It's hot in here tonight! So keep your distance mid-summer 'cos Curiosity Killed The Cat!"

And they're off, straight into "Shallow Memory" with Ben immediately slinking about all over the place. And how he wibbles those knees!

Wibble to the left! Screeeech!! Wibble to the right! Thweweeeee! Wibble in the middle! Swoooooe! And there goes the first fainted female – carried off in a most ungrainly "fashion" by A Roadie with a "this-is-my-lot-in-life" expression on his face. And there's young Nick, hovering near the front of the stage, unflustered by the chaos, still sporting the world's most gigantic smirk, slappin' "n flappin' his thumb rather well all over his "goatar" – causing much roaring with the merest twitch of a nostril. And there's Julian on the other side, smouldering broodsomely and

PLEASE **THE BØLSHØI**

NEW 7" AND 12" SINGLE

REGGAE & GARROTT

PLEASE

the "concentrating" on his "riffs" (man, while spinning his toes now and again to the groovesque "thing"). And there's... er, well, there's a drum-kit with a rather handsome set of eyebrows-a-peeking over the top as Migi flings to the jauntyway "beat".

It's true – these "lads" are actually quite a bit talented. But never mind all that – it's Ben's knees we've come to see! And they've sprung into a super-wobble as "Mistif" is entirely swooned by

## "Swoon! There goes another fainted female... What on earth is this!"

the shrillings and... Swoooooon! There goes another fainted female... and Ben ventures coyly onto the "catwalk" thing separating, rather sensibly, the grapping females from the stage. "Are you satisfied!" he bellows after a bowed, hand-on-hat pose (which ends most of the songs), before crooning into "Free" – their moody Sade-"style" song and... Swoooooon! There goes another one... and another one... as the band's favourite tune "Mile High" wafts along in the hazy, stifling heat. What an astonishing vision this is.

And there goes another one... and so the delirium continues – the "lads" racing through the tunes on their "straight-in-at-number-one!!!" LP, the crowd leaping and shouting and swooning (saving a super-swoon for the utterly magnificent "smoother" that is "Red Light"), bawling rather



▲ "Which one of you lot have snuffed my hand!" (barbar)

horribly – every single word – especially horrendously to "Ordinary Day" before – casually – they're off. And then they're on again! With a final bluster of "Down To Earth" – Ben demanding the crowd screech "all the waaaaay dooooo!" in the chorus bit and... fling! Roses on to the stage! Fling! A bin on to the stage! Perv! Ben shows in his pocket! Swoooooon!! There goes the twenty-third fainted female of the evening. And then off at last the "lads" finally spring, soaked and dishevelled, smiling and waving and obviously thoroughly thoroughly chuffed. Which is as it should be – for not only do they look completely brilliant, they sound completely brilliant too. Who'd have believed it, eh? Sigh...

## "I think they'd have made it even if they looked like The Housemartins."

Outside the "secret" exit from whence the tour bus will eventually escape, quite a few devoted fans are waiting in the hope of a hand-shake or even the merest glimpse of ver "Cats". All of them are between 14 and 18, they're far too delirious to say what their names are, and this is what they piped...

**A bloke:** "I think they're a brilliant band. I really do – they've got soul. Ben's got an amazing voice. Amazingly good."

**Another bloke:** "I think their LP is the best LP I've ever heard. Really!"

**A mini-foxtress:** "I think they've got more talent than good looks myself. Pigi's good-looking but the rest of them are really normal. I think they'd have made it even if they looked like The Housemartins." (???)

**Another foxtress:** (indignantly) "I like The Housemartins!"

And – lol – the band zwing from the doorway, the crowd surround them bawling for Ben's hat, thrusting roses upon them, shaking their heads and waving them off into pop's lost high street.

"Look at Nick!" exclaims yet another bloke as Nick gives an extra large smirk from the bus window. "He's always smiling 'him, mmm? You know something. I think they're too young for all this... I don't think they really know what they're doing."

## "I JUST THINK NICK'S SO... GORGEOUS!"



▲ Gail and Emma go all crimson in the "presence" of ver "Cats"

"We're going to get killed..." whispers Emma (15) and Gail (16) from Liverpool, covering in a corner "backstage". And no wonder – they've "run away from home to meet Nick and Migi" – and not only are the "lads" nowhere in sight, but Emma and Gail have got nowhere to stay this evening either. Not a very good idea. Luckily, the girls are discovered by Curiosity's concerned press "officer" who agrees to let them actually meet their heroes. Jings! "I'm so nervous!" splutters Gail. "I just think Nick's so... gorgeous!"

"Nobody else at my school fancies Migi so... I just felt sorry for him!" explains Emma. "And Gail says I've got the same nose as him!"

Gail: "And Emma says I've got the same personality as Nick! And I love Nick's eyes... and his lips and his nose and... oh... I don't want to think about it..."

And just before yet another swoon occurs, they're whisked off to meet all of the band. The girls, crimson with shyness, giggle nervously and are absolutely speechless. Five minutes later they're whisked to the local police-station to await the wrath of their dads – though they still reckon "it was worth it – I can't believe it. They're the best band in the world..."



▲ Fans and their "spies" part 867 (including the "kustroon" "track-listing" being held aloft). This mob reckon "Can we really have made it even if they looked like The Housemartins?" (??)



▲ "Swooooo!" (blat!) Ver fans waving off their heroes. A bloke exclaims: "Looks at Nick! He's always smiling 'emee! You know something. I think they're too young for all this... I don't think they really know what they're doing."



▲ These two have just shaken these very heads with Nick's very hand. "Incredible" but true.

Photos: Julian Barton



Warts have an annoying habit of popping up when least expected usually on the hands, knees and feet

But beware! Warts are very contagious and if you pick, bite or scratch them they may spread

So try Compound W! It dissolves warts quickly and painlessly, without cutting or cauterizing. Just apply one drop to the wart each day...

...and after a few days the wart will begin to dissolve. The last few traces will gradually disappear as you wash

Before long your skin will be soft and smooth again. So if warts suddenly pay you a visit, call on your chemist for Compound W

® Trade Mark





## WISHING I WAS LUCKY

He would swear by his mouth almighty

I was living in a world of make believe  
When my best friend wrote and told me  
That there may be a job in the city  
I was living in a world of make believe  
When my best friend wrote and told me  
That there may be a job in the city  
(And you never told me)  
People dream about another scheme  
About another sordid hall of dreams  
About a man about an industry  
He would swear by his mouth almighty  
He would buy the best  
But never something new  
(And he never told me)

### CHORUS

I like kicking in the gutter  
And wishing I was lucky  
Wishing I was lucky wishing I was lucky  
Oh I like kicking in the gutter  
Wishing I was lucky  
Wishing I was lucky

Here's the only life I know  
Lie lie lie is all you ever do  
To make me want to push on through  
Cry cry cry is all I ever do  
Say you want to make me push on through

### REPEAT CHORUS

I was wishing I was lucky  
Kicking in the gutter  
Wishing I was lucky wishing I was lucky

It's the only life I've known  
My best friend wrote and told me so  
He said that there may be  
A job in the city  
Yeah yeah yeah oh baby

I like kicking in the gutter  
And wishing I was lucky  
Wishing I was lucky wishing I was lucky  
Oh I like kicking in the gutter  
Wishing I was lucky  
I was wishing I was lucky  
Kicking in the gutter  
Wishing I was lucky wishing I was lucky  
(Hey son go hey son go to the city)

### REPEAT AND AD LIB TO FADE

Words and music by Clark/Cunningham/  
Mitchell/Peluso  
Reproduced by permission Chrysalis Music/  
Pavane Music Company/Clo Mercury Records

## WET WET WET



Photo: Julian Burton

# THE FALL



## THERE'S A GHOST IN MY HOUSE

There's a ghost in my house  
The ghost of your memory  
The ghost of the love that was took from me

Our love used to be  
Only shadows of the past I see  
Times can't seem to erase  
The visions of your smiling face  
Dead flowers I sent thee  
I can't get over ye

There's a ghost in my house I can't hide  
From the ghost of your love that's inside  
It keeps on haunting me  
Just keeps on calling me

Down in my tea cup  
I see your face looking up  
Sitting in my easy chair  
I feel your fingers running through my hair  
Though we are apart  
Your spectre's in my heart

There's a ghost in my house I can't hide  
From the ghost of your love that's inside  
It keeps on haunting me  
Still just a part of me

Now the way I hang my head  
You can see I'm afraid  
Though my heart knows you're gone  
My mind keeps holding on

There's a ghost in my house I can't hide

Words and music by Holland/Daizer/Holland/Taylor  
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On Beggars Banquet Records



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a range.**

# CHANGE



Where value is  
always in fashion.

# THE "GOLLY I WONDER WHAT'S IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH HITS?" QUIZ

- 1** Will **GEORGE MICHAEL** be featured:
- in an utterly stupendous interview all about his new solo career
  - showing you how to "lay" carpets without getting those useless bumps that make you fall downstairs
  - "doling" out handy haircare hints?

- 2** Will **JON MOSS** be:
- telling everything about Boy George, Culture Club and his new group Hearbeat UK
  - giving a lecture on the birth of the steam-driven spinning wheel
  - listing his 10 favourite drum "solos" of the '80s?

- 3** Will several squillion pop stars – including **A-HA**, **BOY GEORGE** and **WHITNEY HOUSTON** – be:
- a-spooking-round the Montreux pop "festival"
  - going off in a rocket to populate Mars
  - playing musical chairs together?

- 4** Will **JIM KERR** of **SIMPLE MINDS** be:
- doing the Hoovering
  - answering lots of very nosy questions
  - showing how to make a cheese'n'pickle sarnie with one hand?

- Will **ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN** be:
- explaining why one of them went bonkers and another one wants to cut people's arms off (???)
  - yawning as usual
  - trying to build the largest ever aeroplane made out of sellotape?

- 6** Are **DAVID BOWIE**, **ERASURE** and **MADONNA**:
- also going to be in *Smash Hits*
  - going to form a "super" group
  - going to go ping! and evaporate into nothingness?

- 7** Are **YOU** going to:
- cut out the second and final coupon for the *Smash Hits* t-shirt and send off for this "mazing fashion" item?
  - be jolly thrilled by the wonderfulness of it all
  - walk around saying "crikey! It's so swingonilliant!"

## ANSWERS

- 1 a) 1 a) (we hope); 2 a) (and probably); 3 a) (and probably); 4 b) (we hope); 5 c) (only if you're very

## SMASH HITS out on June 3

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8 DAYS A WEEK'

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THE NEW SINGLE ON 7" + 4 TRACK 12"

FROM THE ALBUM 'LICENSED TO ILL'  
PRODUCED BY RICK RUBIN

BEAST 1

**BEAST**  
**BO**

### Passats, Black Type!

Listen to what I have to say very carefully. I speak to you from an unknown destination where I am held prisoner. You know how Dame Una Nescafe has mysteriously been replaced by Sarah Greene? Well, she was kidnapped and is here with me. This nearly happened to you, **Black Type**. Remember how you were attacked by a picnic table? Well, that was all a plot to replace you with Katie Boyle. But (hurray!) you proved too tough for them, so they sent you back telling you it was all a dream.

But, worse than that they are now planning on replacing Sir Clifford Richard!!! This has already begun. Notice that David Casady has his part in Time. If all goes well he will be permanently replaced by Mike "Pop Quiz" Read!

And most dastardly of all is their plan to kidnap the wonderful Sir WILLIAM IDOL!!!! Oh yes! And replace him with Martin "The Singing Feather Duster" Devcville!!! So, you have been warned. S.P.Y. (some pervy youth), *Destination Unknown*.

**Mnum.** You say that Dame Una is a prisoner too? Well, please tell her from me! that she is not forgotten and will hopefully be back to shake those beans before Christmas at the very latest (a mere 104 shopping days to go, you know). As for Sir Clifford and Sir William - PAH - who do these fiends think they are? To quote whoever it was that said it, "when Sir Clifford and Sir William go, then so shall this great kingdom - yo!" And there we have it.

**Dear Thingmagig** (only jesting),

Why don't you become a PCP STAR? Release the theme tune to Bullseye, give Jim Bowen £5 to keep him quiet and you've made me of cock sparrow.

I want 40% of takings. You will have to think of a stage name. **Doctor Spock. Liverpool.**

**A Publisher Writes:** Take a letter, Miss Pringle. "To **Black Type**, Smash Hits. *Dear Mr Type*, I have thought for some time now that your talents would be better exercised if you were to become a very famous pop star. I would like you to start tomorrow and I will be pocketing 100% of all takings. You

# LETTERS

WRITE TO: Smash Hits, c/o The Embassy Station, London W1V 1PT  
 The email address is [smashhits@bt.com](mailto:smashhits@bt.com) or a 10p a second letter and a **Black Type**  
 The second. If you're not a commissioner, please let us a postcard.

will have to think of a stage name'. I say, Miss Pringle, that Smash Hits T-Shirt you are wearing is most... (Clear off, perv-merchant! - B.T.)

**Dear Sharon Willis**, (Letters, 22 April 5 May)

Oh dearie dearie me! What a poor, naive, misguided little nute you are! Firstly, the UK is not "overpopulated". According to "Economic and Social Geography" by Knowles and Wareing, "The UK is probably close to the Optimum Population Level. (That is the size of population enabling maximum per capita output and highest possible living standards - the ideal population for the country.)"

Secondly, this "baby boom of the '60s". There was a considerable peak in the birth rate in 1964 (the highest since 1947), but it dropped dramatically over the following years. With the smallest mathematical knowledge it is possible to work out that the people born at that time were actually too old to participate in the YTS scheme, even at its introduction.

Those who were the right age were born at the time when the birth rate was equal to that of the late 1940s and early '50s, who reached school-leaving age in the mid '60s - a period of very high unemployment. Therefore, as this is not the case now, a shortage of jobs can be the only cause of the high level of unemployment.

Thirdly, there are not "too many young people". Any population increase in recent years is due to the drop in the death rate, because as I have said before, the birth rate is declining. In other words, there are "too many old people". Quite a difference you'll agree.

Fourthly, the "explanation" solves everything, doesn't it? There's not

enough jobs for too many people so maybe we should be killing all the unemployed instead of creating new jobs. So much easier.

Fifthly, you're alright. You've got a job out of your YTS (and living in the affluent South has nothing to do with it I'm sure). But how many people just end up with a useless piece of paper? A damn right more than are in your situation, that's for sure. You're happy to "hump it"? I'm not, and I don't see why I should be expected to, I'm afraid "duty to the country" is not a good enough reason, as I'm not a right wing div who cares about that sort of thing. It's the country which has a duty to give me a choice.

"Love",  
*The Lone Shambler.*

**Bonjour Monsieur Black Type,**

I have written to you to further your already vast knowledge of the entire universe. Have you read the "Why Do We Say This?" section on the back of Walkers crisp packets? No. Thought not. Well you're missing out on such great snippets of information such as why we say "Bless you" after a sneeze.

If you want to find out why we say "Bless you" and "cash on the nail", buy a packet of Walkers crisps NOW.

**Yours, Ben Volauwhatsmajig's Black cap (Managing Director Walkers Crisps).**

P.S. Why hasn't your famous Chinese astrologer done a prediction for Aquarius? (yet)

**A Famous So-Called-Chinese-So-Called-Astrologer Writes.**  
**Your Stars**

**Aquarius (12 - Legs Eleven).**

Take extra care when outdoors feeding the cat as a giant elephant is likely to have moved

instead. Lucky colour:

**Thursday.**

**Walkers Crisps (Ahchoo -**

**Bless You)**

**Beware of anyone called Jeremy as he is likely to make off with your packed lunch. If it's your birthday this week: Congratulations. Take great (Snitp!)**

**Dear Black Type,**

I just felt I must write in response to a letter you published from "Gay Byrne's No. 1 Fan And Late Late Show Viewer, Northern Ireland" (Letters 22 April - 5 May).

The article was masterly written and very funny. I couldn't stop laughing, and your own parliamentary report was very well thought out. However, I thought your readers should know of the vast following Eurovision has in the UK, quite apart from the rest of Europe.

I think it should be also be pointed out that Karen in Yorkshire won't take too well to people mocking Gary Lux. She is the editor of "Lux Lines" - the Gary Lux Appreciation Fanzine for the UK. Heidi in Austria wouldn't like it either. She runs the Gary Lux Fan Club. And whilst on the subject of clubs, there's also Liz in Dublin who runs the Johnny Logan Fan Club.

Finally, Plastic Bertrand sang for Luxembourg this year and joining Gary and Johnny in Bruxelles was Alexra for Cyprus. She was in the group (Island) who sang Cyprus' debut entry in Dublin in 1981. Other "old hats" were Wind for Germany (also 1985) and Lotta Pederson Engberg for Sweden (she was a backing singer for Kikki Dannebergsson also in 1985) and for Turkey, Seyrel Tanner who came 2nd to Klips Ve Ontap in 1986.

**Yours in Eurovision,**  
**Ann Murrell, Europa UK (The Unofficial Fan Club Of The Eurovision Song Contest).**

And didn't the old hat to end all old hats Johnny Logan do wonderfully well on the night?!! Yes indeed! As for Il Papa Gar(r)y Lux, Lady Luck yet again shone some distance away from his personage! And full marks too for Turkey who took their disappointing tally ("La Turque, zero points") with such style and dignity! Twas indeed a night to remember! Yours in Eurovision,  
**Aye!, Arrivederci Bruxelles!!!!!!!**



CBS

## KICKIN' IT LIVE - IN MAY

- |    |                                |    |                              |
|----|--------------------------------|----|------------------------------|
| 23 | BRIXTON ACADEMY WITH RUN DMC   | 27 | BRIGHTON CENTRE WITH RUN DMC |
| 24 | BRIXTON ACADEMY WITH RUN DMC   | 28 | BRIXTON ACADEMY              |
| 25 | MANCHESTER APOLLO WITH RUN DMC | 29 | GLASGOW BARROWLANDS          |
| 26 | BIRMINGHAM ODEON WITH RUN DMC  | 30 | LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT        |

# ★ 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.

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

● Peek rightwards for the answers

- ALISON MOYET
- ANITA BAKER
- ANITA GOSSON
- ANITA FRANKLIN
- ANDREW NEE
- CARLY SIMON
- CHER
- DEE C LEE
- DIANA ROSS
- ELKE BRONKS
- GRACE JONES
- DWEN GUTHRIE
- HAYWOOD
- JAKI GRAHAM
- JAMET JACKSON
- JOAN ARMATRADING
- JOAN JETT
- KATE BUSH
- KATYNA
- KIM WILDE
- LAURA BRANIGAN
- LULU
- MADONNA
- MEL AND NIM
- PAT BENATAR
- PATTI BUSTIN
- PEPSI
- NANCY CRAWFORD
- RUBY TURNER
- SADI
- SAMANTHA FOX
- SARAH BRIGHTMAN
- SHELLE
- SHIRLIE
- SHIRITA
- SIOUXSIE
- SOPHIA GEORGE
- SU POLLARD
- TAFY
- THE BANGLES
- TERRI NUNN
- TINA TURNER
- TOYAH

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## PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No. 29 (22 April)

● The winner is Donna  
Wainman from Hull.

No. 30 (6 May)

● The winner will be announced  
next issue; meanwhile the  
answers are stumbling below:

**ACROSS:** 1. Alison; 2. Sal Solo; 3.  
"Marlene (On The Wall)"; 9. "Dust La  
(Via)"; 10. ZZ Top; 13. Lammy; 14.  
Andy; 15. "Some Like It Hot"; 17.  
"I Can't Lay My"; 19. "Down To  
Earth"; 20. "Roses"; 21. (Lolita) Cape;  
24. "Lessons In Love"; 28 EMJ; 29  
(Alicia) Iglesias; 30 "Angel"

**DOWN:** 1. "Almaz"; 2. Sal Solo; 3.  
Name (Mouskouris); 8. "Luan" On Ma;  
5. EastEnders; 7. "Laird's Girl Crazy"; 9.  
"Ory (Walt)"; 11. ZTT; 12. Pat Shop  
Boys; 15. "Ring Of Lies"; 16. (Paul)  
Hercules; 17. Viper; 18. "New Ma";  
22. Eke (Brook); 23. Tom; 25. Stan  
(Hedgey); 26. "Luan (On Ma)"; 27.  
(Mazzy) Vice

## STAR TEASER



# RAINFALLERS

7" MER 246  
DOWNSTREAM  
CARPENTER'S SON

LIMITED EDITION 4 TRACK E.P.  
DOWNSTREAM • CARPENTER'S SON  
LET MY PEOPLE GO • GOVERNMENT CHEESE  
IN THE SHOPS NOW



12" MERX 246  
DOWNSTREAM  
CARPENTER'S SON  
DRINKING ON THE JOB

THE NEW SINGLE  
DOWNSTREAM



# SLY AND ROBBIE



## BOOPS (HERE TO GO)

Fun first fire first  
The latest controversy in the Caribbean ladies and gentlemen  
Undoubtedly and indubitably spells BOOPS  
B-double O-P-S

BOOPS (HERE TO GO) my mind there's only two things I can think  
I want you beside and that's to dance until you're  
burn into your eyes there's only two things I can think  
I want you beside and that's to dance until you're

### BOOPS by definition

BOOPS are who's come to love give anybody a chance I'm and  
the other poor slab you know we're gonna use  
Because Boopsy always lays and he always says  
He's got no rage

He's got to lay friends  
Spends all the love chips in relationships  
And the females take him for a mistake

They see face looking face makes away  
And they're full of it they crack him blow the week's  
He thinks he's got class they think he's an  
Behind his back they've got the love laugh

BOOPS (HERE TO GO) my mind there's only two things I can think  
I want you beside and that's to dance until you're

### BOOPS the local frontier

Spending big and talking loud

Looks like he's to be done with the girl crowd  
It leaves the taxi to pick up the cheater  
But still yet he don't get no respect

So use BOOPS deh that boy slob

BOOPS deh girls prefer me than all  
BOOPS deh with his ass open wide  
See BOOPS deh girls take him for a ride

### Fun

BOOPS deh with his ass open wide  
BOOPS deh girls like him for a ride

### Fun

I want you beside and that's to dance until you're  
burn into your eyes there's only two things I can think  
I want you beside and that's to dance until you're

### BOOPS the local frontier

I want you beside and that's to dance until you're  
burn into your eyes there's only two things I can think  
I want you beside and that's to dance until you're

Photo: Andrew Cunn

They've played with Curiosity Killed The Cat, Cyndi Lauper, Grace Jones and now they've got their own hit single with "Boops (Here To Go)". "You must be very rich indeed," gripes William Shaw. . .

Who are Sly and Robbie?" ponders the cheery figure of Sly Dunbar, who's just nipped out of a rehearsal studio with his colleague Robbie Shakespeare. "Well... Sly is the drummer, and Robbie is the bass player and like... well, we've been together for over 10 years now and we've played with artists like Bob Dylan, Grace Jones, Cyndi Lauper, Carly Simon, The Rolling Stones, Joan Armatrading, Ian Dury, Curiosity Killed The Cat, Herbie Hancock... we've played with all the singers that have come out of Jamaica, we worked with Gwen Guthrie, next we're recording with Afrika Bambaataa and..."

In other words, Sly and Robbie, apart from mastering "Boops (Here To Go)" are probably the most

popular rhythm section (i.e. bass and drums) in the world today.

So what was I like contributing to The "Curies" number one LP?

"Curiosity are great," says Robbie. "Ben - he's a very good singer, you know. He's very relaxed in the studio. We worked with them for about two weeks and we laid down... How many tracks did we do with them, Sly? Yeah, four tracks."

So are you actually the greatest "rhythm section" in popular music?

"Ha ha ha ha," they chuckle. "Some people say that," admits Sly. "Who knows? We're into what we're doing. If you started singing right now we can come up with something that sounds exactly right for it straight away, and something that the public would really enjoy too."

What, if I started singing right now???

"Yes, straight away. We've got the feel, you know?"

Golly, So, anyway, what exactly is this "boops" phenomenon of which you sing?

"A boops is like a sugar daddy," explains Robbie. "It's a Jamaican word which means a person who is always busy thinking about taking out some young girl, a girl who doesn't really love him but who will go out with him as long as he takes care of her financially. He can be a teenager or he can be 110, it doesn't matter. It's like (girlie voice) 'Oh boops honey, can you please give me a diamond ring?' (Deep voice) 'Sure thing, honey, sure thing.' Ha ha ha! He's the sort of man who the girls only love for his money. He tries

to use his money to take advantage of the girls and they're trying to use their looks to take advantage of him. It's a worldwide thing. You can find a boops every place you go."

How shocking. And have either of you by any chance found yourself being a bit of a boops?

"No!" they protest. "Never! We're too poor to be a boops. It's too expensive for us," they laugh.

Surely this must be a bit of a fib. After all these years working with very famous pop stars aren't you billionaires by now?

"No, we're rich up here, you know?" says Sly philosophically. "We're rich in rhythm. We'll always be multi multi millionaires in that respect and that's what's important. No one can ever take that away from us."

# The Housemartins

For the first time ever we lift the "lid" on the sizzling, steamy world of The Housemartins and reveal the terrifying truth!! Like... um...

- One of them's got a Mr Happy wind-up train!
- One of them's got a cat (except it's dead)!!
- One of them's got a... calculator!!!
- One of them wants a "donkey" jacket!!!!
- And one of them's got a lovely white ribbon in her hair (Oh, sorry, that one's our "reporter" Derrin Schlesinger)...

PAUL



"I'd drop my harmonicas to fight in South Africa"

- Name: Paul David Heaton.
- Born: Birkenhead, Merseyside on 9/5/1962.

● Favourite childhood photo: Ha ha, this is a cracker! I was on holiday when I was about 14 at one of those camps and you get Wombles coming round and you have your photo taken with them. I'm just trying to see what crabs they are. I collect crisp wrappers you see. I can't quite remember where it was - *Badlins* or *Pontins*, but it was probably something else-ins.



STAN



"I have a rather funny belly button"

- Name: Sir Lord Clive Douglas Stanley Batholomew Matthew David et... Peter Wilkinson Pilkington Callimore Smith Brown. Actually, it's Stan Callimore. Peter's my middle name. On my birth certificate it says Ian but I never use that myself very much. So if you want my full name it should be Stan Ian Peter Callimore. Actually, spell it S-T-A-N-L-E-L-G-H. Why? Oh, just basically to spread lies...

● Born: In my parents' hed in Stapleford, just south of Cambridge. My father didn't watch but he was around. He told my mum she couldn't have breakfast until I was born so I was very fast. Apparently the midwife had to catch me as I shot towards the window. I was so fast. Also I have a rather funny belly button (reveals rather knobby looking belly button). Look! That is a home-birth belly button.

● Favourite childhood photo: I haven't got one. This is my whole problem, I don't keep things from the past.

DAVID



"I'm a dribbler, as you can see"

- Name: David Robert Hemingway.
- Born: In Hull on 20/9/1960.



● Favourite childhood photo: Course it's me. Why am I wearing such snooty clothes? That's my mum I'm afraid - she had ideas above her station.

NORMAN



"I'd like to see a video of the Queen on the toilet"

- Name: I'm not telling. Everyone knows what my Christian name was (i.e. *Quentin*) but no one knows what my middle name is. The reason I changed my first name was because after 21 years of being introduced to someone and having the pass taken I thought I was going to be meeting lots of people and I couldn't stick hearing it any more. But there's a reason for my middle name. I'm named after something!
- Born: In Bromley, Kent on 31/7/1963.



● Favourite childhood photo: I was about 13. I've no idea what the hanky was doing on my head.





● **Most "fashionable" item of clothing:** Do you remember the disaster at Heysel Stadium (*European Cup Final 1985 when 39 football fans were killed after a wall collapsed*)? Well, after that there were a lot of attempts made by Liverpool Football Club and Juventus Football

Club to restrict up the wounds. And basically lots of Liverpool supporters got hold of Juventus hats and it became fashionable to wear them, I suppose as a sign of peace and regret. I'm going to wear mine on the next tour.

● **Favourite souvenir:** I got given this by a Catholic girl in Ireland. I think crosses can look a bit naff but this is good. I just think it's a little bit more powerful than anything else in Ireland.



● **Hobby:** During the miners' strike I went picketing on numerous occasions, usually at Hatfield, and somebody gave me this strike badge. I've got a massive collection of miners' strike badges. I'd like to get an NCB (*National Coal Board*) donkey jacket to wear them all on. I've been trying to get one for ages - I hope someone might send me one now.



● **Favourite childhood item:** It's Teddy Dinty. Dinty was the whole family of teddy bears I had. My brother had a separate family but they were pathetic compared to mine. We used to have competitions to see who had the most and I mean he used to include china ornaments. Pathetic. But Teddy Dinty's brilliant. I love the way his eyes are wonky and it doesn't matter how many times you hit him he's still smiling. Why did I hit him? I think it was because I watched too many war films. I hit Mummy Dinty worse. She's got a massive rip in her neck. Actually this has made me realise just how much I feel for him. I know exactly what he's thinking. He'll enjoy having his picture taken. I just hope he gets on the front cover one day.

PAUL



● **Most "fashionable" item of clothing:**



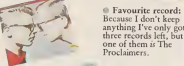
It's one of these Housemartins t-shirts we've just brought out. We've just started this company doing our own merchandising. I think we're really bad at being self publicity seeking but I do like them. Anyway will you say it's the most fashionable item possible so everyone goes out and buys one? Good



● **Most disgusting item of clothing:** These noon boots are absolutely horrendous. I was going on holiday and I thought it was going to be really cold and snowy but it wasn't. I'd like to throw them away. In fact, do you want to keep them?

● **Favourite souvenir:** It's a kazoo my brother got me in a market in Bristol. I didn't get it on my travels because basically I don't collect things. If people come round to my house I try to give them things to take away. They leave with armfuls of my possessions.

● **Hobby:** I have a calculator 'cos basically I really like maths. I'm really into figures and business. Do I actually use it? No.



STAN

● Photos: Paul Rider

● **Most "fashionable" item of clothing:** The rest of the band don't agree with me here. I got them from my mate 'cos he didn't want them any more but they're pretty knackered now and the zip's gone and they don't fit me, but I still wore them in the video. They're probably not fashionable to anyone else, they just are to me. Well, I like 'em and that's what counts, right?



● **Most disgusting item of clothing:** I know you think it's those trousers but it's this - real *Man at C&A*. I've never worn this and I never will, but my mum bought me it and she thinks I like it. I wouldn't recommend it for anybody but I can't throw it out because of my mum.

● **Favourite souvenir:** I haven't been on tour with the band which is why my souvenir from my travels is my bus pass from school. I was in the same class at school as Hugh (*i.e. the Housemartins' ex-drummer*). Me and Hugh had always been in local bands so when he didn't want to do it any more he recommended me. I didn't have to audition. Hugh's gone away to music college but there was no animosity - as the other papers would have you believe.

● **Hobby:** I haven't really got one apart from football I suppose but I used to play badminton a lot at school. I never get the time now. At one time I used to want to be a footballer. I played football once against Scanthorpe United but they were so big-headed. They play in the Fourth Division but they were all full of themselves, total egomaniacs. That put me off. I still play twice a week though. I don't score goals. I'm more a creator of the half-chance. I'm a dribbler, as you can see.

● **Favourite thing from childhood:** It's a Mr Happy wind-up train. To be honest Mr Men happened after my childhood but it came into my possession and it's one of the things I would like to have had. It's an adulthood toy. It keeps me happy when I'm down.



DAVID

● **"fashionable" item of clothing:** The rest of them hate it because it's too fashionable for the band. I like to wear a cap because it's so easy when your hair's a bit of a mess and you can just chuck it on to go out. I wouldn't have to stop wearing it is though because it is a bit too fashionable.



● **Most disgusting item of clothing:** The rest of the band hate this jacket the most. It's just a very large denim jacket and it's not trendy faded. Yeah, it just looks a bit too big hahaha.



● **Favourite souvenir:** Everywhere we go I try and put stickers on my bass case. My favourite sticker that I like to see stuck everywhere is "*Don't Buy The Sun*". The dodgiest stickers are the hotel ones.



● **Hobby:** It's spraying graffiti on walls. I'm not very good at it but it's a lark. No, I've never been caught but I don't care if I am. It's only crappy dirty old walls and now they look really colourful.

● **Favourite childhood item:** Well, that's my cat but unfortunately it died about three weeks ago! I phoned my mum up about these photos and she was asking what else I had to get and she said "well, you can't say the cat because the cat's dead". They hadn't got round to telling me.

NORMAN



## PAUL

● **Favourite record:** Al Green's "Greatest Hits". No it doesn't cheer me up, it makes me worse. But it's like medicine – it makes you worse before you get better.

● **First crush:** It was probably Andrea Slater or Linda Parkes. I remember my first kiss. My brother and Rachael Skelton sat in the bushes and timed it. I think it was 16 seconds.

● **Meanest trick the others have ever played on you:** I don't think they've played any on me. It could be because I've been a bad temper. I don't think I'm very popular within the band. In later years it will be said of me "He was the bastard".

● **Favourite book:** I like this one about the Spanish Civil War. Would I have fought for the cause? If there was a firm welcome I'd definitely do it. Like with South Africa, and Nicaragua, if there was a call for arms against the white South African fascists I'd definitely go. I wouldn't worry about my career, I'd drop my harmonicas to

fight in South Africa. Am I afraid of getting hurt? The thought of killing the people who cause so much misery in South Africa excites me more than the possibility of being killed.

● **What makes you cry?** I think my coldness and heartlessness more than anything and my inadequacy of emotions. Either the rest of the world is making it up or I haven't got it. Also, just being in the music business and being an over-dog. I used to be a loser and it was never meant to be like this. That makes me cry.

**How rich are you?** I refuse to acknowledge any record sales as personal income. The money is in the bank and it can be considered that every record we've sold is a charity record. We're going to do something with it for a worthy cause, we just have to pay the tax on it first. We do get paid a weekly wage through of £300 a month and a tanner for each gig when we're on tour.

● **Ambition:** I'd like to satisfy my thirst for music whilst also informing the nation without ever appearing to be hypocritical.

● **Paul's self portrait:**



## STAN

● **First crush:** It was a girl called Vicky and she was the first girl I kissed. I remember we went up to her bedroom once and closed the door and kissed. It felt like I was breaking the law. I can't remember the kiss. All I remember is the fear.

● **Meanest trick the others have ever played on you:** When we go off stage at the end I've nipped to the toilet and they've gone back on before I've come out. So you arrive back in the dressing room doing your flies up and there's one there. Once they told the audience where I was and got everyone chanting about it and it was really embarrassing to come back on and to have everyone in the audience know what I'd been doing.



● **Favourite book:** I'm really into biographies and I found this one about George Orwell (*strange old book famous for Animal Farm and 1984 – Literary Ed.*) and it was really fascinating. I'd like to write books. What type? Er... smutty ones hahaha. (fff)

● **What makes you cry?** Being in the band has made me cry more than I did. When we'd finished mixing the first single, which was a really bad single, at the end of it I was really upset. I had a little cry to myself because I was really disappointed.

● **How rich are you?** The band as a business has quite a lot of money but as individuals we pay ourselves an average wage of £300 a month and we still sometimes buy second hand clothing.

● **Ambition:** In the short term it's for "Five Get Over Excited" to do well. I'd like personally to be married and have kids and learn to drive. Politically I've got lots of ambitions but I'm not sure if I'm strong enough to put them into operation. It just annoys me that the system that's coming in is that if you've got money you can afford to pay for things like services – but if you haven't then you don't matter. So my political ambition would be to live in a country that's got a better balance.

Stan's self portrait:



## DAVID

● **Favourite record:** It's "Strawberry Fields Forever". I'll get a lot of stick for this as well. I'm so hip aren't I? This was a big Beatles fan and even though I don't really like them any more I've got a lot of respect for that record.

● **First crush:** Ummm. She was about six foot six and I was four foot three which could have been interesting actually but at the time it wasn't. That was me first kiss. How did I reach her? With a ladder hahaha.

● **Meanest trick the others have ever played on you:** I haven't been in the band long so they haven't had much chance but when I was making the video obviously I was quite keyed up about it since it was my first one. The others were playing with Hugh musing and I had to climb up this rope and join the band. As I did, they nicked me drum sticks and I was looking round thinking "where's me drum sticks. I'm ruining the video". That didn't help my nerves.

● **Favourite book:** I'm not a great reader. I mean I'm not a great reader, but I ain't got the patience for it. I've read very few books but in the studio once I read this. It is a pervy book, yeah. But it's one of the few books I've got so I'm not really pervy, honest. It's a very sordid tale and I'm ashamed that I've read it and there's nothing to recommend it whatsoever. In fact don't do it, it's wrong!

● **What makes you cry?** My brother died a couple of years ago. I sometimes cry about that.

● **How rich are you?** I'm not rich. I took a wage cut from my last job working in an office. I do think I'll become rich – they're not that sort of a band. They give a lot of money away to charities. They're a socialist band. Am I? Yeah, I am. I'm not active politically, but I'm a Tory hater. I've always been a Labour voter because coming from the working class part of Hull I couldn't be anything else.

● **Ambition:** My two immediate ambitions are to go on *Top Of The Pops* and to get a gold disc.

● **Dave's self portrait:**



## NORMAN

● **Favourite records:** Bill Withers' "Greatest Hits". I've actually bored myself to death with it though!



● **First crush:** I think it was Hannah Gordon when she used to do *Play School*. In those days at school it was like you had a list and there were 20 people on your list who you fancied. They used to change so you'd come up and say "who's number one on yours?". There was no one particularly special though. I was a bit of a floozy basically.

● **Meanest trick the others have ever played on you:** It was at a gig in Brighton and my mum and everyone was there. It was singing and I turned away from the mike. While I was looking the other way, Paul took my mike off the mike stand. I was being really cool and I turned round and sang into where the mike should have been (*acts really 'cool' singing face*) and everyone in the audience was laughing at me.

● **Favourite book:** It's a Martin Luther King book called *Strength Of Life*. I don't go for the religion in it very much, but as a social politician he was a really sound bloke. It's the sort of thing you read on the toilet to give you a bit of inspiration.

● **What makes you cry?** I haven't cried for years. I don't get very upset and if I do it only lasts about a minute. I just lead a happy-go-lucky life!

● **How rich are you?** Personally, I've got a 100 quid overdraft. No, this month's cheque has just gone in so I've got about 200 quid.

● **Ambition:** I've got an ambition to write a really good tune that gets played in *McDonald's*. If someone granted me one wish though I'd like to see a video of The Queen on the toilet. She must do it. She'd look like anyone else on the toilet but it would be such an outrage hahaha.

● **Norman's self portrait:**



THE HUSBANDMANS



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Oh dear. It always starts happening at this time of year. One little ray of God's sunshine flutters down onto the back lawn of their swank mansions and pop stars get just that little bit more souly in the head. **Michael Jackson**. He's planning his world tour and has decided a) that he needs to learn to levitate on stage for a bit of a whizz? (7), b) that he wants to come onstage on an elephant which he then wants to change into a pony (??) and then into a camel (???) and c) that he wants to introduce the band by pulling them out of a huge Pepsi can like magicians pull bunny rabbits from a hat. Er, yes, of course. - **Sean Penn**, Madonna's husband, is not much better either. Not only is he supposed to have dyed his hair blond but he's apparently been wearing **Madonna** back after recent "troublers" by bombarding her with phone calls, flowers and love letters. Nothing that odd about that, maybe, but just what did he give her when she is rumored to have locked him out for being "late" for dinner? A couple of drooping carnations? A half pound box of M&M Tray with the lidges taken out? No, he left a \$60,000 Mercedes in the driveway with a big bow round it and a note saying "I'm sorry." The plot in the **Starship** "camp" is it's been even worse. First their old guitarist and **Grace Slick**'s ex-husband **Paul Kantner** has been popping round their San Francisco offices "poking the eyes out of the band's photos" ("I think I drove him round the twist," explains Ms Slick charitably.) But what's this? "My voice is just terrible," she coos. "It's just so embarrassing for me whenever I sing. I just regard myself as an old bike that's racing to keep up with last sports cars." Bit odd, eh, all this honesty (even if **Starship** have just been given £1 million they've been owned by their former manager for 27 years...). But it's catching. When asked about **Prince**'s awful-ish **Under The Cherry Moon** film **Dave Bowie** said "I'm not going to say a thing, I mean, I've had so many of those myself I wouldn't even dream. It'd be the pot calling the kettle black." Rather "Frank," don't you think? As usual the **Beastie Boys** have been continuing their normal all-year-round misdeemeanours. **Like?** - **Beastie Boys**: In New Haven, Connecticut one fan was so inspired by their music that he not only bit off a policeman's finger but swallowed it. Yeahhhhh!!! **Beastie**

**Boys 2:** In the southern states of America, where the conservative "authorities" like them not-very-much-at-all and had aimed police in waiting, they went on stage chanting "prison, prison! let me go to prison 're on a mission" (???) **Beastie Boys 3:** They've also visited **Elvis Presley**'s old home, Graceland - the bit they liked best was when the guards revealed that Elvis sat at the side, not the head, of his dining table so he could watch TV as he ate - a revelation that they greeted with a round of applause. **Beastie Boys 4:** They claim to be buying a building into which they're going to put an apartment for each of them, a recording studio, a swimming pool, a hair salon (a huge long half-cylinder to skateboard on), a Willie Bull Stadium (whatever that is) and a disco. **Beastie Boys 5:** They've now and then on their American tour they have also been playing in disguise under the name of Trip Hammer as a heavy metal support act with their mate Tom Cushman **Beastie**

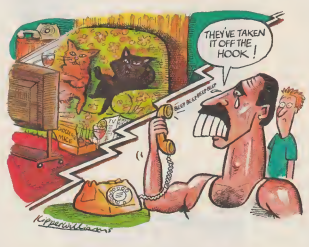
**Boys 6:** MCA has been shrugging off the criticism that they're deeply irresponsible by claiming "everything on our records is joking around. How's it gonna seem. It we suddenly sang 'drink a lot of beer... but don't drink if you're gonna drive 'cause you might get in an accident and die?'". Himmmm - **Beastie Boys 7:** Their odd roadie-person **Dave Sciltan** has proudly stood up and denied rumours that success has turned the **Beastie Boys** bad. "They've never been really nice guys," he claims. "So it's not like they're famous now all of a sudden they're dicks. They've always been dicks... More madsummer (??) madness: Is it really true that a girl who "told all" about **Curiosity Killed The Cat**'s "wild holiday" in Rhodes, Greece three years back says that her friend - a keen "feller" of "men" - gave **Ben Thuringmy Thingummy** just "one out of ten" for his "atheism"? Is it really true that **The Smiths** were spotted the other day by one eagle-eyed **Smash Hits**

reader buying £50 worth of old **Rolling Stones** records? Is it really true that poor old (i.e. young) **Princes Harry and William** will now have to toddle round the Royal "Quartiers" in some rather spurious personalised brown leather zip up bomber jackets that **Lionel Richie** recently presented to Princess Di and also listen to the "groo" - complete set of **Lionel's** records that came too? Is it really true that **Madonna** is going to star in the film **Life And Loves Of A She-Devil**? Is it really true that **Met & Kim** have had their office robbed of £15,000 worth of stuff including gold records, nude photos of **LP**, the master tape of their Mel and the hats they wore to perform "Showing Out"? Is it really true that the new **George Michael** single "I Want Your Sex" is about "a stubborn lover who refused to go to bed with him" and that he says "this record is dedicated to my hopeless conquest"? Is it really true that **Prince** playing a secret half hour warm-up concert in Stockholm simply because

he was so excited after seeing the "proper" headline band - **Latin Quarter** - play? (???) Is it really true that **Paul Young** has bought a £50,000 Sussex pub and is building a £250,000 recording studio in Surrey? Is it really true that the new LP by soul songstress **Nona Hendryx** not only features **Peter Gabriel** (on a song called "Winds Of Change") but also **Prince** (under the pseudonym J. Coco) who masterminded a song called "Baby Go-Go"? And is it really true that the very same avant-purplé J. Coco is behind the forthcoming single "Telepathy" by country star **Willie Nelson**'s over-70-on's-5-ever-hard-of **Deborah Allen**? Is it really true that **Cyndi Lauper**'s first major film part is to be opposite **Jeff Goldblum** (the bloke with the bulging eyes in **Spook-um** **The Fly** in a film called "ek - ek - Wides") Is it really true that **Sylvester Stallone** has refused to shoot **Rambo III** in Mexico because - quadruple diddums - he's scared of caribou? Is it really true that **Andrew Ridgeley** - currently playing his solo music career - has bought a £400,000 Hollywood home with **Dionne**? Is it really true that the **Genesis** video "Anything She Does" will "feature" - per **of** **Prats** - **Benny Hill**? Is it really true that the people at the studio where **Tenore Trent D'Arby** is recording his new album have only bed up of making excuses for "Teli" as he juggles three different girlfriends, including **Patsy** so called **Kensit**? And are any of these facts true about **Simply Red**'s **Mick Hucknall**? That a) his house has blue walls, a bright green ceiling and crimson carpets (spee-yoooh), b) the main part of "Holding Back The Years" was just the second thing he ever wrote, c) he was to have an accreditation but never played it, d) that he heard from his mother for the first time in many years last year and told her he didn't really want to see her, e) that he gets autographs of people like **Don Johnson** for his Aunt Nellie or f) that he first performed **Beasties** songs aged five at a family wedding buffet? Who could possibly tell? What is true? What is false? Where is the Marilyn on the breakfast? What it... (I refer to inform you that **Mutterings** has reached rather "poorly" to this rol "spee" and has been sent straight off to bed with some frozen pink elephant igh things on its head. In the meantime here is some "music" - Ed) ?????

# Mutterings

According to his ex-personal assistant, when **Freddie Mercury** used to go on tour he'd miss his cats, **Oscar** and **Tiffany**, so much that he'd phone them up and talk to them!!!!?





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Photo: Paul Rider