

SMASH HITS

WHITNEY HOUSTON
SPEAKS!

a-ha

THE GREAT TRAIN
"ADVENTURE"!!?

See Pages 36-48

CLIMIE FISHER
ASWAD
DEBBIE GIBSON
IRON MAIDEN
PATRICK SWAYZE

Hit Songwords
Jellybean
George Michael
Bananarama

HEART
AC/DC
THE MISSION

FREE
ENORMOUS
DOUBLE-SIDED =



POSTER
OF
BROS
AND
TIFFANY!!

CONTENTS

FEATURES

- 4-9 BITZ:** The **Pet Shop Boys** in their new film! **Batman**, his side "kick" **Robin** and their evil adversaries! **The Clash** and the "punk" "rock" phenomenon! **Clark Datchler** scoffing cream cakes! Lots of sweets to be won! **Migi, Mark Shaw** and **Andy Bell** looking silly in swank clothes!
- 14-15 BROS:** Curver in admiration as **Bros** reveal how marvelous their new LP is.
- 17 CROSSWORD:** It's a rocking humdinger.
- 20-21 ASWAD:** They've been "going" for 14 centuries – and at last they're pop stars!
- 23 RSVP:** Penpals a-plenty to "correspond" with!
- 26-28 A-HA:** An in-depth analysis of the **A-ha** live experience plus lots of gooting about on a train.
- 32-33 DEBBIE GIBSON POSTER:** It's very nice.
- 35 SIMON HARRIS:** He's the world yo-yo champion! And a top pop sensation to "boot"!
- 36-37 IRON MAIDEN:** Life in the rock 'n' roll fast lane i.e. fishing, fencing, football, flying and archery.(??)
- 39 THE SMASH HITS SHOP:** The only shop in the world that fits into half a page!!
- 40-41 WHITNEY HOUSTON:** Rattling on about pigtails and boyfriends, while her dad reveals all about his girl! "Nippy".
- 43 GET SMART:** Has **Madonna** made a film with **Matt Dillon**? Does **Vince Clarke** really like weight training? And who was that girl with **A-ha** at the BPI awards?
- 44-45 CLIMIE FISHER:** Two blokes who used to have corrugated heads and are quite good at playing the piano.
- 48 LETTERS:** **The Who** (?) debate rages on and **Black Type** goes bananas.
- 53-58 REVIEW:** Scratch DJ-ing – what is it all about? **The Mission**, **AC/DC** and **Heart** – do they cut it live? Is the new **George Michael** single any cop?
- 61 STAR TEASER:** The pop puzzle that's guaranteed to blow your mind.
- 63 MUTTERINGS:** A feast of anecdotes about daft pop stars!
- 64 THE SMASH HITS TRANSFER GIVEAWAY:** How to rub **Phillip Schofield** onto the red booty of your mother's prize garden gnome (?????)



▲ A-HA, 26-28



▲ BROS 14-15



▲ IRON MAIDEN: 36-37

Photo: Paul Pezer

SONGS

- 9 THE CLASH:** I Fought The Law
- 13 IRON MAIDEN:** Can I Play With Madness
- 13 PEBBLES:** Girlfriend
- 18 STATUS QUO:** Ain't Complaining
- 18 GLEN GOLDSMITH:** Dreaming
- 19 GEORGE MICHAEL:** One More Try
- 24 DEF LEPPARD:** Armageddon II
- 24 TAYLOR DAYNE:** Prove Your Love
- 30 SADE:** Love Is Stronger Than Pride
- 35 SIMON HARRIS:** Bass (How Low Can You Go)
- 46 BANANARAMA:** I Want You Back
- 46 JELLYBEAN (FEATURING ADELE BERTEI):** Just A Mirage

Photo: Paul Pezer



▲ ASWAD: 20-21

PATRICK SWAYZE "SPEAKS"!!

On being considered "a pansy" at school...
 "I got beaten up regularly as a kid. My mother was a choreographer, so naturally I danced, which meant everyone thought I was a pansy. When I was 13, I decided to cut out all the things other people couldn't understand or identify with, like dancing, and I thought I'd be left alone. I grew my hair long, took up martial arts and more or less dared anyone to mess with me. I had a big chip on my shoulder and I started to become the type of person I'd despised. Of course, it didn't work, people *didn't* leave me alone so I thought, 'what the hell!' and carried on as before."

On starting a career as a ballet dancer...
 "I went to New York and joined a ballet company. I knew I wasn't going to be a ballet dancer for the rest of my life because I injured my knee playing football. Even though I had five operations on it, I still carried on dancing, so filming *Dirty Dancing* was really difficult – agonising."

On trying to become an actor turned rock star...
 "I'm very heavily into music, but I hate videos. I'm singing and writing music now but...I mean, at some point in their lives, I think all of us dream of being Mr Rock Star. Now suddenly every door is open to me. But if I walked through all those doors, it will be suicide. Though I could sign a deal to do an album right now, I won't. I've seen too many actors do that and be torn apart. And I don't want to be shoved down anyone's throat."

On having 450 leg operations...
 "Because my knee got smashed up when I was younger, I had to spend over a year in a plaster cast. Since then I've had to have it drained over 450 times and eventually I may just have to have it replaced. A bad leg's not going to stop me going for what I want, though. I'll make movies with one leg if it's necessary!"

PATRICK SWAYZE
featuring Wendy Fraser

SHE'S LIKE THE WIND

She's like the wind through my tree
She rides the night next to me
She leads me through moonlight
Only to burn me with the sun
She's taken my heart
But she doesn't know what she's done

Chorus

I feel her breath on my face
Her body close to me
Can't look in her eyes
She's out of my league
Just a fool to believe
I have anything she needs
She's like the wind

I look in the mirror and all I see
Is a young old man with only a dream
Am I just fooling myself
That she'll stop the pain
Living without her
I'd go insane

Repeat chorus

I feel your breath on my face
Your body close to me
Can't look in your eyes
You're out of my league
Just a fool to believe
(Just a fool to believe)
She's like the wind
(Just a fool to believe)
Just a fool to believe
(She's like the wind)
Just a fool to believe
(Just a fool to believe)
She's like the wind
(Just a fool to believe)
She's like the wind
(Just a fool)
(She's like the wind)
(She's like the wind)
(Just a fool)
(She's like the wind)
(Just a fool)

Words and music by P. Swayze/S. Wisetz
Reproduced by permission BMG Music
On RCA Records



BIRTHDAYS

April

- 6 Sir Stanley Haugomartin (25)
 9 Julian Lennon (25)
 9 Mark Kelly (Married) (27)
 11 Stuart Kennedy (Big Country) (30)
 11 Rodney Panton (Free State) (30)
 12 "Fish" Wainman (30)
 12 Will Sergeant (Echo Am, The New Viewers) (30)
 12 Tony James (Clique) (30) (Singer, Spazink) (34)
 15 S' masta Faa (30)
 15 Gramma Clara (V.I. Wild) (32)
 16 "Wick" "Berry" (i.e. Wolfgang) (32) (Singer, DJ)
 16 Shirie Hoffman (of Pepsi Ann) (35)

Yep! The green-fingered pop sensation will be neglecting his herbeaceous borders for a few weeks and putting on a song and dance routine for his "public" in the following "venues": Sheffield City Hall (May 5), Manchester Apollo (6), Edinburgh Playhouse (8), Newcastle City Hall (9), Nottingham Royal Centre (10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12), St. Austell Coliseum (14), Birmingham Hippodrome (15), Brighton Centre (17), London Hammerman Odeon (18-20), Harrogate Conference Centre (24), Liverpool Empire (25), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Bournemouth International Centre (28).

● Tickets are available from the box offices and usual agents priced £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 except for London where they are £9.50, £8.50 and £7.50. Happenin'!

A Pop Star Called "PEBBLES"



"I was my uncle who first called me Pebbles. When I was younger, my favourite TV show was *The Flintstones*, and because I was constantly glued to the set whenever it came on, he gave me the name Pebbles – and since then it's stuck. It's kinda cute, I suppose. What's my real name? Aaaaah, that's a secret. . ."

Crises! Pebbles is a shady piece of work and no mistake. Recently, the pop charmer with the unusual "name" has been traipsing the globe, promoting her corking new ditty, "Girlfriend" – a Princey-sounding "funky" affair. But, according to Pebs, things aren't always completely rinky-dinky in her jolly cosmopolitan pop life. . .

"The worst thing about having to travel all over the world doing TV shows and interviews is that because you're constantly shifting to different climates all the time, you tend to suffer from fevers and colds because of that. So I always make sure I keep a tissue handy so that I don't have to keep on snuffing when I'm miming to my songs or talking to people like you. . ."

"And then of course, there's always the chance that something embarrassing will happen to you because you're doing so many different things in such a short space of time.

"Probably the most embarrassing thing that's happened to me was one time when I was over in Holland appearing on a pop show called *Countdown*. My half-way through my number, I realised that the top was slowly slipping down, and I wasn't wearing anything underneath. Luckily I had my jacket lying nearby so I slunk offstage, slipped it on, and performed the rest of the number holding my jacket closed. . ."

"Crivens! But Pebs isn't completely fresh to the ups and downs of being a v. famous pop-type. Surely she's been given the odd tip or two from disco star Cherelle?"

"Yes, it's true that I'm Cherelle's cousin, so it has helped me to see how she handled the trappings of stardom. Do I have any other famous relatives? No, but I do have a few famous friends. Living in Los Angeles, you tend to meet lots of famous people at parties and so on. I'm quite friendly with Sister Sledge and Eddie Murphy – people like that. But no, I'm not prepared to tell you any secrets about them.

"Bah! Worra stick-in-the-mud!" So what does a 23 year old popstrol do when she's not singing, writing songs and producing her own records?"

"She throws wild beautician parties, that's what!" quips Pebs. "I like to get all my friends to come around and I do their hair, manicure their nails etc. Isn't that a bit boring? No! Not at all! If I hadn't become a singer, I'm sure I would have made a great beautician!"

Well! Knock me down with a stick of celery.



Alphabetical lettering. It is not the very life-blood of the universe, listeners? Why, without alphabetical Jennings we would have no written word with which to employ such observations as "Your thumb looks like my grandad". We would have none of that marvellous poetry by Mike "Mike" Read all about eating cheese 'n' cucumber sandwiches on the 8.46 from Rochester. We would have none of those inspirational social comments to be found upon the walls of Ernie Gumpston's Tea 'n' Score Patisserie such as "Punk's Not Dead". And we wouldn't have any of the world's greatest sweeties with a coloured pat on the outside and a chocolate bit on the inside called M&M's.

In fact, such is the magnificence of this particularly fine confectionery that Biz has 200 – 200!!!!!! – packets of the gum-curdlin' M&M's to give away for absolutely nothing. Oh, and there's a size some non-

edible items such as: radio hats that you can wear and look like a geek whilst listening to *Pipe-Cleaner's Choice* on Radio 3 (or something), 25 sweatshirts that you can wear and look like a geek and "boil" in, 25 pairs of "boxer" shorts that you can wear and look like a geek and be "breezy" in, 25 beakers with some plastic M&M's floating about in them that you can wear and look like a geek especially if worn upon your head, 25 puzzle things that you can wear and look like a geek especially if worn upon the glass which is already upon your head. How preposterous.

And to be in with a chance of winning some of this fab booty, merely tell us what you think M&M stands for. The most "imaginative" suggestions win a prize. Answers on a postcard to Smash Hits! The "Blimey" World's My Gums Are Half Way Out The Door" 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PP to get here by April 19.

SOME FACTS ABOUT LOUIS ARMSTRONG



- He's the gravel-voiced old boss who sings just rather nice "What A Wonderful World".
- He was born in 1900 and one day, when he was 12, he fired a gun into the air and was sent to a place called the Coloured Waik. Home where he learned to play the trumpet.
- He became a bit of a super trumpet player and jazz bend leader and was a bit of a legend in his day.
- He had big cheeks because he smiled playing the trumpet so much.
- He was a jolly, amiable chap and when he died in 1971 he had a big grin across his face.
- What a sweetie.

The Pet Shop Boys Film: It's still "happening"



A. Chris and Dusty Springfield discuss their performance at the BFI "awards". (Actually that isn't Dusty at all, it's an old actress person called Barbara Windsor).



A. Chris and Neil sitting on a bench waiting for the world to end (????).

What on earth, *Blitz* wonders, has happened to the Pet Shop Boys film, the one featuring Barbara Windsor, Gareth Hunt and Joss Ackland which you could see bits of in the "Always On My Mind" video? And why didn't it appear in February like it was supposed to?

"What happened," explains Neil Tennant rather technically, "is that it was finished in December and you have to get what's called a window (i.e. a gap in the busy schedule for releasing films) in March which we missed and there's now one in June so it should come out then. Originally we were going to try to have it screened in a different place every night, like a tour—in fact we're still trying to fit that idea in." The title, he says, will still probably be *If I Could It Happen Here*, though in America they're under pressure to change it to *Always On My Mind*. "I don't think we're going to have that."

So does it show them off as wonderfully good actors? "Chris is good in it," claims Neil. "I think Chris is a better actor than me because I always look like I'm acting; Chris manages to look natural."

"That," says Chris, "is because I'm not acting. We just do what we normally do in videos—walk around, me a few paces behind Neil."

"Look moody... lip sync..." adds Neil. "There's a bit of spoken stuff—Neil has a voice-over where he's reading out what he's written on a postcard: 'Dear mum... that kind of thing."

"Chris," says Neil, "gets chased by a gang of Hell's Angels." "Real Hell's Angels," Chris points out. "I'm running down this promenade in Croydon and the director Jack Bond is saying 'faster faster' and I've got these massive boots on which are a size two big for me, a leather coat, a hat and these bikers... the front wheels are literally next to me and I've got a few behind me as well and if I fall I'm obviously going to get run over because there's no way that they could possibly avoid me. I was absolutely scared stiff."

So, erm what is the film actually about? "It's a film about England," Neil explains, "about how England seemed when you were a child and what it's like now and how your childhood image of England has sort of changed and gone to pieces... something like that."

What actually happens? "The film starts off with what we're escaping from—a seaside suburban background. You see us as children doing 'It's A SKIN'. Then it's funny, and then the whole thing turns kind of nightmarish during the 'King's Cross' sequence—there's all these lines by Milton (17th century poet who wrote *Paradise Lost*) which makes sense when you see it—and we get really slagged off by this chauffeur. And then there's a world war right at the end and then we sing 'One More Chance' and er, that's it."

"There's this great bit at the end," adds Chris, "when the world's ended and then the credits come up with 'Wake Up' on. It's a dead good moment, actually."

So is it going to make them famous film stars? "Not really," says Neil. "It's not really a commercial film."

"I don't think we're going to get offers flooding in," Chris says. "Anyway, making films is very time consuming. You spend a lot of time hanging around in caravans. You get up at about five o'clock in the morning." He grins. "It's not very rock'n'roll."

Chris says, "Anyway, making films is very time consuming. You spend a lot of time hanging around in caravans. You get up at about five o'clock in the morning." He grins. "It's not very rock'n'roll."

A. A priest strolling alongside the thundering waves. This is, after all, a Pet Shop Boys film.

ARE THESE FOXTRESSES THE NEW BANGLES?

No, not really. But they are Big Trouble, a quartet of girlycore individuals who were chosen from over five hundred "hopefuls" who auditioned for a place in the group that some big-shot TV exec. in LA (mann!) was putting together for a TV show (that never actually happened, but there you go). Singer Bobbi Eakes has been singing for...ooh... "donkey's" years and is a birrowa dollybird who won the title of Miss Georgia via back in '83. Keysperson Rebecca Ryan is a real "snoot" muso-type who's also quite a

chantreuse. Julia Farry is the bass-player who's apparently played in both country and punk bands, and "skin-thumper" Suzy Zarrow is rather good and has quite big muscles too! They've just released a corking little splonker by the name of "When Love Is Good", and they claim: "We don't go all out to look sexy. If you come to see us play live, I'm sure you'll think we look attractive, but you'll probably be more impressed by how well we can sing and play our instruments." But of course!



A. Big Trouble (l-r): Julia Farry, Bobbi Eakes, Suzy Zarrow, Rebecca Ryan.

How to have tea round at CLARK DATCHLER'S

You will need: One sou'wester and matching fluorescent yellow plastic mac (borrowed from friendly "workie" down the road, if needs be) and one "rumble-tum" empty stomach. Then, donning your necessary garb, jaunt along to Clark's (whilst piping to occasional pedestrians "Geerks! I do believe I am a trifle peckish, in fact my gums are under water!!!!?").



MEET ANDREW ROACHFORD

He's 22, he's the singer with a happening new group called, erm, Roachford, who he reckons are going to be massively famous throughout the entire globe sphere quite soon on account of the spanking new ditty they've just invented called "Family Man". And what's more:

HE'S GOT 32 CATS!

"I must confess to being a bit of a cat lover, yes. I started with one cat called Suzie, but there were a lot of rando Toms in our garden and she had kittens and then one day I went out there to count them and there were 32! I didn't have to clean up much cat 'do' though because I trained them to do it in my next door neighbour's garden. I didn't have a very good relationship with him after that but his roses grew big! Hahaha! I don't have the cats any more though, because they went to California to live with my cousin." (????)

HIS UNCLE'S IN THE KRONENBERG AD!

"All my family are musical. They've all been in or are in bands. I got recruited into my uncle's band - we played in wine bars and I used to have to wear a bow tie. Have you seen the *Kronenberg* advert? The one where there's a guy teaching another guy to play the saxophone? Well, that is he - my uncle Bill Roachford. He's definitely a bit strange but I know where he's coming from!"

HE'S A BIT OF A REBEL!

"I once wrecked all the instruments in my music school. But it wasn't me on my own, it was a joint effort between me and the other guys in the band. We were arguing over who should play which instrument and it got a bit out of hand. I blame the college, actually, 'cause there wasn't enough equipment to go round. Anyway, they banned rock 'n' roll there after that incident."

HE USED TO BE A "TALENT SPOTTER!"

"I worked for a record company. It was a good way of chatting up the chicks. I used to say to 'em, 'come down to the studio, the bright lights, check it out, you could be a star tomorrow!' It helped 'cause I had a really happening car. Was it a Porsche? No. It was a Ford Cortina actually... with furry dice."

HE'S A PAL OF TERENCE "TROUT" D'ARBYS!

"We supported him on his UK tour last December. We got on really well. He knows where I'm coming from musically and I know where he's coming from. He is a bit bossy though. He's American so he's got that attitude, 'I'm the boss around here and I ain't gonna take no shit from no one!' I'm a lot more down to earth than that and loved by everyone. We had some laughs, though. We used to have these great water fights! It started with one water pistol, but then wherever we went we'd go to the nearest toy shop and buy loads more! By the end of the tour it had progressed to fire extinguishers and buckets of water! On the last night everyone got completely soaked, including the man himself."

HE'S INTO FEET?

"If I wasn't doing this I'd definitely be a chiropractor. I'm info teef. I'm interested in corns and varoukas and things. Have I got any myself? No way, man! I look after my teef."



● "Gingerly" open Clark's door where you will find him already at the "tea" position with his hands behind his head - do not be alarmed, famous people usually have "quaint" little eccentricities.



● Listen to Clark as he peeps in an exceedingly merry fashion, "I do believe I'm going to be sick in this long-flying microphone!!!"



● Say "cream doughnuts mmm mmm my fave!!!" as you view the eve's speciality - 750 "fresh" cream cakes artistically displayed in a Sunblest bread basket.



● Feel decidedly relieved as he does absolutely nothing of the sort and asks for a second helping instead!



● Scoff your fate.

● You have just read what we in ver' "business" call "a load of blathers". This is actually the "sight" of Clark Datchler, the celebrated singer with the pop group Johnny Hates Jazz at The Trocadero Shopping Centre in London recently where he attempted to break the world record for eating several billion cream doughnuts in one "sitting" but being a bit flimsy round the large mistleal region (or something) he did nothing of the sort. Said Clark of his defeat, "... sickbags aghy..." (or something).

CRAP JOKE CORNER

Q. What do you call a pop star with a stiff neck?
A. Crack Astley.

● Ho ho not very ho we think. That monstrously unchortstone poke at "humour" was sent in by John Crawford from Romford. If you can come up with an even more mirthlessly wimpstone pop "jest" we'd be jolly delighted! So send them to the Smash Bits Crap Joke Corner, 33-35 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PP.

SALT'N'PEPA:

The New Sensation That's Sweeping The Nation

They're two girlie rappers whose real names are Cheryl James (Salt) and Sandy Denton (Pepe)! They met when they went to nursing college together and used to work in a department store until they decided it would be more fun to become rap stars instead! And now they're hurling up the charts with a tune called "Push It"! But not many people know that:

They get lots of hassle from jealous girlies!

Salt: "A lot of girls who're really big fans of ours often don't know how to approach us. They get all shy and sometimes get a bit snobby because of that. One time at a photo session, there were all these girls walked in off the street to see what we were doing. We didn't mind, but then they began making all these bitchy comments, and one of them just said the wrong thing at the wrong time, and then - pow! - Salt 'N' Pepe were in the middle of a full-scale fight! Most of our fans are girls, and most of them aren't jealous of us. But it's like some of them think 'Hey, why do all the guys watch them? They ain't that cute!'"

Salt was a real skiver at school!

Salt: "School isn't the right thing for everybody. I suppose, so I really hated it! I never did my lessons and I used to skip classes a lot. That's why my grades were always really bad. It ain't because I was dumb or anything..."

Pepe once made up a rap about cabbages!

Pepe: "When we first started rapping, we used to forget the words all the time, so we used to have to make up words. One time I forgot the rap so bad that I started rapping about training shoes, candy-floss, telephones, cabbages..."

Pepe likes to watch movies that either make her shriek or blub!

Pepe: "I like going to see really scary horror movies. I just sit in the front row, sneaking my head off. My

favourites have been *Nightmare On Elm Street* and *The Evil Dead*. Do I ever cry when I go to see a movie? Oh yeah! That's me. I cry at absolutely anything that's sad. I want to see that movie *Mack* with Cher in it. Did you see that? Yeah, I cried my heart out at that movie. I do get embarrassed though, so I try to hold it in for as long as possible."

Salt once completely lost her memory!

Salt: "One time I was trying to teach someone how to ice-skate, and they kinda put their foot behind mine, so the next thing I knew I was right over on my head! When I woke up, I was in hospital, and I couldn't remember anything at all - what had happened to me, what I'd had for my breakfast. It only lasted for a couple of hours, but it was real scary. And I got a real nasty bump on the back of my head that still hasn't gone away."

Pepe has a bit too much belly for her liking!

Pepe: "Oop! Got me wrong, I'm not a mass of blubber, but sometimes I feel like one. When I wear something that's supposed to be tight and revealing, I feel as if there are 10 tons of fat sticking out in front of me making me look like I'm pregnant or something. I'd like to lose some weight if I can."

Salt wishes she could bite people's arms off!

Salt: "If all my teeth fell out tomorrow, I'd get a set of false ones that were pure gold with diamonds studded into them so that I could bite through iron bars and big pieces of wood and also maybe people's arms..."

▼ (Left to right) Pepe, DJ Spinderella, Salt

WHY IS MIKI FROM CURIOSITY
KILLED THE CAT STANDING IN
A DUSTBIN?



For the same reason that Andy Bell from Erasure is wearing a brick on his head (i.e. because they're "posing" for the snooty fashion magazine *Vogue* who got lots of pop stars to dress up in swank clothes and look a bit daft in their latest (March) issue. Miki is wearing a pastel blue "safari" jacket which costs a mere £505 (a snip!) and a silly moustache, while Then Jerico's Mark Shaw's "outfit" cost a grand total of £715. Do you think they look swanky, viewers, or do they look proper "charities"?





SOME MAD FOLK FROM ICELAND CALLED THE SUGARCUBES



▲ Björk and Einar "not weird though"

The Sugarcubes are the most incredibly magical group ever from Iceland with a minuscule singer called Björk who warbles and quavers like a yodelling bluebird. There are also four blokes called Einar, Thor, Bragi and (cough) Sigtryggur – they've all been pals for six years, played in lots of grim 'rock and roll punk bands', invented The Sugarcubes in August 1986 and their new single "Deus" is a twinklerling moonstone in the dust-blown quarry of pop (i.e. it's quite good). And they're on the *Bitz* blower "explaining" their existence in the queerest "gutteral" accents you ever did hear.

Hello, er, Einar. Tell us about this delightful group of yours, then.

"Well, we were a bit bored so we decided to form The Sugarcubes as a fun thing to do, which it has proven to be."

You're quite famous in Britain these days, you know!
 "When we come to England all hell breaks loose because people think we will be eskimos and live in igloos. But we don't, we've got warm houses, me and my wife and Björk and her son all live in one old flat which is warm with wooden floors – no carpets, it is much nicer this way, polished and everything. There is two feet of snow here but we are warm. I will get Björk for you now" (distant shuffling noises).

"Hello, I'm Björk." So what are your "hobbies" then?
 "I collect insects, yes real ones that I have bought abroad because insects in Iceland are very small. They are stuffed insects (beries). They are not alive because I just can't deal with them, I can't communicate with insects. I have their bodies when they are dead and then I have them to watch because they would be bored if they had to live with me. And you have to keep them in boxes so they don't get rotten."

Er... (????????????????) Iceland is a bit "different" from most places, isn't it?
 "Geologically it is very young. The mountains, all the nature it is like it was just born so to some people it looks like the moon. It has deep valleys and high mountains and very little what you call flowers and trees. There is a joke about what to do if you get lost in a forest in Iceland. You stand up (?). They are very small and everything is very raw and very powerful and energetic and there are huge areas with only black lava and hot springs and glaciers and volcanoes. Iceland is an island so you have four types of weather each day and this puts its mark on the Icelandic characters – they are very very happy and very sad in a few hours.
 "We're not weird though. I think the rest of the world is weird compared to Iceland."

Quite right "missus"! *Bitz* salutes you.

● "Hi y'all, Tiff here, and while you're a swoonin' and a-croppin' over my latest smoochin' snog single 'Could've Been', you might just like to win yourself a copy of my LP signed – signed!!! – by my own fair hand. It's called erm, 'Tiffery' and there are 25 to be had. If you can answer the following question correctly you might just 'cop' one: What town do I 'hair' from? Is it a) Newcastle; b) New York; c) Carlisle or d) Norwalk? Answers on a tube of red hair dye to *Smash Hits* Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF by April 19. Hey!"



Now That's What I Call "Booty"!!!



● Jeezy peeps! Haven't these "Now That's What I Call Music" LPs been selling to "hot pop" proportions for many an aeon and no mistake? To celebrate the waxen festooned with such charity toe-tappers as the Pet Shop Boys' "Always On My Mind", Kylie Minogue's "I Should Be So Lucky", Bomb The Bass' "Beat Dis" plus quite a few more, *Bitz* has "got together" a rather groovy competition so that someone will win all 16 – 16!!! – "Now" LPs that have ever existed in the history of the entire cosmiversal! These include "Now" 1 to 11, "Now Dance" 1 and 2, "Now Christmas", "Now Summer" and, of course, the "legendary" "Now Smash Hits" (blub!!! And what's more 50 – yes 50!!! – likely viewers will win one of the copies of "Now 11".

To be in with a chance of winning some of this extraordinary tuck simply guess which of Johnny Hates Jazz's mould-brewing singles appears on "Now 11". Answers on a postcard to **Now That's What I Call "Booty", Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF** by April 19.

The Bitz



▲ Suave Bruce Wayne and decking young Dick Grayson (Robin in disguise!).



▲ Robin prepares to beat up so-called "super" criminal The Riddler.



▲ Commissioner Gordon, "sneaks"



▲ Batgirl, weedy

● Photos: Pictorial Press and The Official Batman Book Co., Tim Booth.

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danny wilson

MARY'S PRAYER

(The Paul Staveley O'Duffy Remix)



Ged Grimes



Gazy Clark



Kit Clark

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* SOLD OUT



IRON MAIDEN

CAN I PLAY WITH MADNESS

Can I play with madness
Give me the sense to wonder
To wonder if I'm free
Give me a sense of wonder
To know I can be me
Give me the strength to hold my head up
Spit back in their face
Don't need no key to unlock this door
Gonna break down the walls
Break out of this bad place

Can I play with madness the prophet stared at his crystal ball
Can I play with madness there's no vision there at all
Can I play with madness the prophet looked and he laughed at me huh he said
Can I play with madness he said you're blind too blind to see
Oh said you're too blind to see

I screamed aloud to the old man
I said don't lie don't say you don't know
I say you'll pay for this mischief
In this world or the next
Oh and then he fixed me with a freezing glance
And the hell fires roared in his eyes
He said do you want to know the truth son
I'll tell you the truth
Your soul's gonna burn in the lake of fire

Can I play with madness the prophet stared at his crystal ball
Can I play with madness there's no vision there at all
Can I play with madness the prophet looked and he laughed at me ho ha he said
Can I play with madness he said you're blind too blind to see
Oh listen to me said the prophet

Can I play with madness the prophet stared at his crystal ball
Can I play with madness there's no vision there at all
Can I play with madness the prophet looked and he laughed at me
Can I play with madness he said you're blind too blind to see
Can I play with madness

Words and music by Smith/Dickinson/Harris
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On EMI Records

Iron Maiden are the coolest "musulas" under the troposphere, don't you agree? And that's why Smash Hits has several trillion signed copies of their newest tune "Can I Play With Madness" to give away to you for absolutely nothing. There's 12 - 12!!! - "exclusive" picture disc singles, 12 - 12!!! - extremely expensive compact disc singles, 12 - 12!!! - "normal" 7" singles, and 12 - 12!!! - 12" singles. SO! For a chance of winning this luxuriant swag answer us this simple "poser", exactly what is Iron Maiden's mascot that is called Eddie? Is a, a) a domed blind ski-jumper with a lunny chin who is a buzzard; b) a robot; c) a bendy E.T. or d) a bloke who soars over lots of old buses on a motor bike and wears quite "nice" jeans? Answer on Jack Nicholson (the man with the axe) to Smash Hits/The "Unhand Me You Variot Or I Shall Skewer You With My Lance" Competition, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF to get there by April 19. Please state which version of the single you would rather win

Girlfriend

Girl you make a list
Go out and find yourself a new plaything
Girl you need a trip
'Cause he's not worth the misery and pain
Just remember how he would tell you lies
And then pretend that everything is so sweet
Why should you sacrifice if you're not satisfied
He's just a canine running round in heat (heal)

Girlfriend how could you let him treat you so bad oh
Girlfriend you know you were the best he'd ever had
Oh oh oh-oh-oh
Girlfriend how could you let him treat you so bad
Treat you treat you oh-oh
Girlfriend you know you were the best he'd ever had
Oh oh oh-oh-oh

Girl you must resist
Don't let him squirm his way into your heart
No girl I must insist
You've got to stop the foot before he starts
Just remember how he was so untrue
And all the tacky things he did to you
No need to sigh 'cause he's not worth your time
You need to find someone that's true to you ooh

Girlfriend how could you let him treat you so bad oh
Girlfriend you know you were the best he'd ever had
Oh oh oh-oh
Girlfriend how could you let him treat you so bad
Treat you baby don't be sad no
Girlfriend you know you were the best he'd ever had
Oh oh oh-oh

To believe or not to believe that is the question
It just takes the street degree
You've lied your last lie
And I've cried my last cry I'm out the door babe
There's other fish in the sea

Yeah yeah yeah
Cute cute cute
Hey Nell say it to believe or not to believe
That is the question it just takes the street degree
You've lied your last lie and I've cried my last cry
I'm out the door babe there's other fish in the sea

Girlfriend how could you let him treat you so bad oh
Girlfriend you know you were the best he'd ever had
Oh oh oh-oh-oh
Girlfriend how could you let him treat you so bad
Treat you baby don't be sad no
Girlfriend

Words and music by L.A. Red/Baby Face/R. Edwards
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On MCA Records



Pebbles



"We're The *Only* Group Who

Matt, Luke and Craig from Bros tell William Shaw



LUKE:
"You've got to look at it literally as a jungle out there."

MATT: "When someone two-times you at school you just can't believe it."

Write About Our Generation[™]

about the songs on their first-ever LP "Push"...

Matt: Why's the LP called "Push"? Well, when we were in the studio recording it, if one of us was really, like, going for it we'd say, "Right, man, that's really pushing it." It's a word we all latched on to, and Nicky latched on to it too (that's *Nicky Graham* — the bloke who more or less discovered Bros and who produced the LP). We'd all be going, "Is that pushing it? Yeah, that's push." So the album couldn't really be called anything else...

SIDE ONE

(or as it's called on the LP, "Push Side")

"WHEN WILL I BE FAMOUS?"

Craig: We'd recorded the whole LP, and we were going to pull it out with just nine tracks, but then we decided to record one more song, "When Will I Be Famous?". It was like, let's do one more song...

Matt: ...And we wanted to make it a 10 track album, because Jackson's albums (that's *Michael Jackson* — Ed) are always 10 tracks. We knew "When Will I Be Famous?" was a very clever title for a single. When you're not famous, "Famous" is a word that comes up a lot. You say things like Jackson (that's

career. So when will I be famous is basically "When will I be as famous as her?")

"DROP THE BOY"

Matt: This is a song about our generation. "I get down to dry my hair with a little touch of gel/I read all the newspapers but my mother still reads my mail...No more bikes or plastic models and brocs on a Dino and to live out of my reach."

It's really what our age-group want to do — have a good time. If you think about it I bet you can't name one song that's about our generation. There isn't one. We're the only group who write songs about our generation. If we write about love we write about it in the way young people think about it. We can't sing songs that say (puts on Alexander O'Neal-ish voice) "Hey listen baby, I've been through all this before and I don't want to go through it again." People at our age are just going through everything for the first time, and that's what this song's about. I really love this song. Some people said when they heard this first that they just prefer our poppier songs, but that's just people hycasting us. If we were like Rick Astley where every song sounds the same...

"10 OUT OF 10"

Matt: It's basically about society. You can either be rich and have no love or be poor and have love. There's no 10 out of 10 situation. But it's a lot deeper than that. Because we're a pop band and we're very light-hearted, people think we're not very deep...

Craig: It's just that we don't like to ram it down people's throats.

"LIAR"

Matt: This is something from school. When someone two-times you at school you just can't believe it... Has it ever happened to me? Yeah. It's

different when you're grown up, but when you're at school and someone double-crasses you it's like the end of the world...

Luke: (who's been reading the special Bros pull-out in the last issue of *Smash Hits* while Matt's been talking). Oh my God! I can't believe you put that in! (reads out of *Smash Hits*): "My mum used to take us to the swimming pool and chuck us in and say 'Swim you bastards.'" Ha ha ha!

Craig: (dissolving into hysterics): You're joking?

Luke: You quoted exactly what I said. You bastards! Ha!

"LOVE TO HATE YOU"

Matt: This one's about a relationship too — where she's a bitch, but you can't help loving her. You just love to hate her. I sing deep in this one. When we were in the studio you'd get all these people coming in and saying "where's the singer?" Because my voice is so high they didn't think it could be me. So the guys said "I think it's time you used a bit of a lower range"...

Craig: Me and Luke were sitting in the studio and Matt suddenly began singing this and it just freaked us out. All the other songs were right up there, screeching...

Matt: Screeching? Thanks mate.

SIDE TWO

(or as it's called on the LP, "Pull Side")

"I LOVE YOU NOTHING"

Matt: This was the first single. We were disappointed it wasn't a hit! No way. I was glad that it wasn't a hit because I think that if it was we'd have all become pretentious little idiots. Everything would have gone right for us.

Luke: It gave us a smack in the chin basically. It made us think that we've got to work hard if we want to make it.

Matt: It's going to be our next single — but we've re-recorded it. There's no point in just re-releasing the old one.

"IQUIT"

Matt: It's just so cool. It's that thing where you say I've had 2

night up to here and I quit I really felt that song.

"IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE"

Matt: Well, it is a jungle out there. This is another song about our generation. "Younger generation you've got to beware" is a line in the song. It's about that feeling of claustrophobia of what are we going to do? We'll be successful, and what are we going to do if we're not? Do you know what I meant? What happens after you leave school? School is such a beautiful place, believe me, 'cause you've got a roof over your head and you can get away with murder, you've got people who'll say "Oh don't worry about it, they're kids." I used to love it. But when you're out of school, you've got no roof over you.

Luke: You've got to look at it literally as a jungle out there.

"SHOCKED"

Matt: It's about AIDS. You can see it as a love story if you want, but it's also about AIDS, 'cause we feel that this is seriously, seriously affecting our generation. It's taken a lot of fun away from our generation, and it's a killing love and romance and our generation is missing out on a lot, and we just want our generation to be so careful, because it is there, don't say it's not going to happen to you.

"CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS"

Matt: You've got to admit, our titles aren't "I Want To Be With You Forever Baby" are they? This is about something we've been through, I don't want to say more than that. It's quite a heavy track.



Luke: What do you think of the cover of the LP? It's good isn't it? It's a bit like an old Beatles cover, don't you think?

Matt: It's a good LP. There's nothing in it we don't think is good. It's solid...

Michael Jackson again — Ed) is so famous. So you want to know "When will I be famous?" But actually we wrote the song about relationships. Luke's been in a relationship with a girl (Shirley Lewis, the backing singer) where they're both doing the same sort of thing, the same sort of work, do you know what I mean? And if one of you's doing better than the other there's a lot of rivalry there, so you have to keep it in your mind that you're in a relationship and forget your



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THE NEW SINGLE ON 7"/12"/CD

Limited Edition 10" includes MEGAMIX featuring "BAD FOR ME
LOVE IN THE FIRST DEGREE / I HEARD A RUMOUR / I CAN'T HELP IT / SOME GIRLS"
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- 4 **OMD** The Best Of OMD
- 5 **Terence Trent D'Arby** Introducing the Hardline
- 6 **Alexander O'Neal** Hearsay
- 7 **Billy Ocean** Tear Down These Walls
- 8 **Various** Classic Love Songs
- 9 **Rick Astley** Whenever You Need Somebody
- 10 **Wet Wet Wet** Popped In . . .

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 April 19):

Smash Hits Prize Crossword Competition Number 54, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.

The first correct entry out of Tom Doyle's spiky-spring-free new chart gets HMV's top ten LPs (at the time of going to press).

ACROSS

- 1 See photo clue (5,4)
- 8 Eight piece group
- 9 **Morris Minor**'s sort of rap
- 10 **Kylie Minogue** should be so
- 11 Not frivolous, like that **Donna Allen** hit
- 12 & 14 down Thin Tich Toye supplies a **Billy Idol** hit (anag 3,2,3,4)
- 15 Miami's TV crime
- 16 Like the **Eurythmics**' dream and **Anita Baker**'s love
- 17 See 6 down
- 18 That amazing Ms Jones
- 20 **Freddie Mercury** was a great one
- 23 **Kate Bush**'s dogs of love
- 24 Sky tea for ruddy **Rick**
- 25 The ---- **And Mary Chain**
- 26 Wanted by **George Michael**? (4,3)

DOWN

- 2 **Hove**'s Dr Stan Url becomes a soul superstar (anag 6,8)
- 3 Deluxe group who suggested getting brutal (5,6)
- 4 "Sing--Own Song" (**UB40**)
- 5 Leon swings around for TV's **Edmonds** (anag)
- 6 & 17 across **Lionel Richie**'s adhesive situation? (5,2,3)
- 7 "If You Let Me ----" (**Terence Trent D'Arby**)
- 13 **The Mission**'s has strength
- 14 See 12 across
- 18 Just the hill for Robbie's school
- 19 "Heart---- ----" (**T'Pau**) (3,4)
- 21 Al Troy spins around for singing **Dayne** (anag)
- 22 Two piece combo
- 23 It's used to promote dodgy records



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



MARILYN MARTIN

THE NEW SINGLE

POSSESSIVE LOVE

ON 7" AND EXTENDED REMIX 3-TRACK 12"

WRITTEN BY MADONNA AND PATRICK LEONARD



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ain't complaining



Status Quo

There's nothing left there's nothing right
There's nothing left there's nothing right
There's nothing left right left right
Up down up down up down up down

All right all right
You wind me up you bring me down
Your reputation is all over the town
So long as you come home to me
I ain't complaining
You fool around we scream and fight
The way you're treating me you know it ain't right
But when you're making out with me
I ain't complaining

Chorus
It ain't no use in playing it loose
And thinking it don't matter to me
It ain't fair at all you only have to call my name
And I'll come running to you

All right all right all right all right
You're out all night you sleep all day
When I get home you're going out to play
Oh woman give me some time and everything's fine
I ain't complaining

You just don't care we're in a mess
And the company you keep ain't the best
But when you're lying there with me
I ain't complaining

Repeat chorus

But when the chips are down
A man can only take so much loolin' around
And if you don't come home to me
I'll be complaining

All right
There's nothing left there's nothing right
Our situation ain't looking too bright
Cause I've taken off I'm gonna take
Without complaining

Repeat chorus

But when the chips are down
A man can only take so much loolin' around
And if you don't come home to you
You'll be complaining

All right all right all right all right
All right all right

Lyrics and music by Patto Williams
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I want your heart
I need to feel you near me
(Ooh I can't resist)
Your love
You make me feel
That we have something special
(Ooh it's in the kiss)
But I just can't believe it

I don't know I don't know
I don't know just what to do
I don't know I don't know
Tell me is it really you
When we're apart I long to hold you closer
(Say you'll always stay)
Don't you feel the same way
Keep telling me that you're really here darling
Help me to bury my fears

Chorus

Girl am I dreaming I must be dreaming
Lying here right by my side you're next to me
(My head is reeling) say I'm not dreaming
Tell me that it's love I feel my dream is real

You touch my heart
With your burning fire
(Ooh can't be true)
True love
You touch my soul
With a deep desire
(All I need is you)
But I just can't believe it

I don't know I don't know
I don't know just what to do
I don't know I don't know
Tell me is it really you

When we're apart I long to hold you closer
(Say you'll always stay)
Don't you feel the same way
Keep telling me that you're really here darling
Help me to bury my fears

Repeat chorus

(Girl am I dreaming) I must be dreaming
Lying here right by my side you're next to me
(My head is reeling) say I'm not dreaming
Tell me that it's love I feel my dream is real yeah

Repeat chorus

(Girl am I dreaming) I must be dreaming
Lying here right by my side you're next to me
(My head is reeling) say I'm not dreaming
Tell me that it's love I feel my dream is real yeah

(Girl am I dreaming) oh baby
(I must be dreaming) oh baby oh

Words and music by Jolley/Harris/Jolley
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Rondor Music/On RCA Records

glen goldsmith

DREAMING



GEORGE MICHAEL

one more try

I've had enough of danger
And people on the streets
I'm looking out for angels
Just trying to find some peace
Now I think it's time
That you let me know
So if you love me
Say you love me
But if you don't
Just let me go

'Cos teacher

There are things that I don't want to learn
And the last one I had
Made me cry
So I don't want to learn to
Hold you touch you
Think that you're mine
Because it ain't no joy
For an uptown boy
Whose teacher has told him
Goodbye goodbye goodbye

When you were just a stranger

And I was at your feet
I didn't feel the danger
Now I feel the heat
That look in your eyes
Telling me no
So you think that you love me
Know that you need me
I wrote the song I know it's wrong
Just let me go

And teacher

There are things
That I don't want to learn
Oh the last one I had
Made me cry
So I don't want to learn to

Hold you touch you
Think that you're mine
Because it ain't no joy
For an uptown boy
Whose teacher has told him
Goodbye goodbye goodbye

So when you say that you need me
That you'll never leave me
I know you're wrong you're not that strong
Let me go

And teacher

There are things
That I still have to learn
But the one thing I have is my pride
Oh so I don't want to learn to
Hold you touch you
Think that you're mine
Because there ain't no joy
For an uptown boy
Who just ain't willing to try
I'm so cold
Inside

Maybe just one more try

Words and music by George Michael
Reproduced by permission Motown/Leashy Music
On Epic Records

POSTER



ASWAD

Who are these three blokes who've rocketed to the top of the charts with their single "Don't Turn Around" after 14 long years of trying?

"WICK-ED! WICKED! WICK-ED!!!" It's five o'clock on a drizzly Sunday afternoon and the three normally painfully polite members of Aswad are leaping through the air grinning from ear to ear, hollering "WICKED!!!" and "CRUCIAL!!!" and "THAT IS BAD!" and kissing any cheek they can lay their lips to. What is the reason for this extraordinary behaviour? Well, they have just this moment had a call from their record company and discovered that they are top of the British charts. There are cries of "Move over Kylie Minogue!" from bass guitarist Tony Gad, while singer and guitarist Brinsley Forde is wiggling around the studio chirpily singing the words of the current Mel & Kim single "You're looking at the number one" and pointing at himself.

It's little wonder though that reggae group Aswad are so chuffed. They formed a phenomenal 14 years ago — "We've been together for longer than U2," points out singer and drummer Drummie Zeb — and until "Don't Turn Around" they have never had so much as a sniff at the top 40. But enough of all this merriment; the question on quite a few people's lips is "who exactly are these blokes they call Aswad?" ...

BRINSLEY FORDE

Brinsley Forde is a bit of a fibber. "I'm older than 20 and younger than 21," he states when asked his age, which means that he must have formed Aswad when he was six years old. He also doesn't seem too keen on owning up to the fact that he was a bit of a child actor type, appearing in the "cult" TV show *Double Deckers* in which Brinsley played a character called Brains and lived in a bus (!), as well as series like *Please Sir*, *Z Cars* and... "um, quite a few other things."

However, in "about 1976" (he's equally vague on actual dates) Brinsley finally had to decide between being an actor and a musician and "Music won. My parents thought I was loopy," he says. "I started to dread up then (i.e. grow his 'dreadlocks'), the unique hairstyle of Rastafarians, people who follow dead Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie as their leader and believe that one day they will all live together in Africa), although if you ask me when I first became a Rastafarian I would have to say since birth."

Now, after 14 years of touring around the world and releasing a whole series of flop singles, Aswad

"We don't just go out with other reggae stars. We know people like Ben from Curiosity."

(which means "black" in the Arabic language) are actually having a hit and a rather large one at that. Most pop stars would be a bit sniffy when after 14 years no one had ever heard of them but not Brinsley.

Anyway, squillions of very famous people have actually known about them for some time. George Michael for example, actually asked to produce one of the tracks on their LP — but eventually couldn't because he was too busy. "Actually the first time I met George," explains Brinsley, "he rushed over to me and said 'Congratulations!' because we were number one in the Capital Hit Line (a phone-in radio chart) and he was number two. It was really great. Anyway, it's changed now," he continues. "At first people used to say 'Aswad? Aswad? I think I've heard of them'. Now they say 'Oh As-wad' and start singing (and he does) 'Don't Turn Around'..."



BRINSLEY

DRUMMIE

Aswad whilst he was still at school, after answering an advert for a drummer in a record shop. He's also done "session" work with everyone from Johnny Hates Jazz (he played on their first single) to Mark King from Level 42, and when he was 17 he did a session for every reggae person's hero, the late Bob Marley. "That was amazing, I was overwhelmed just to be in the same room as him."

The group also hang out with a pile of reggae stars: "Smiley Culture's a good friend of ours. And Maxi Priest. And... (goes on

in this fashion for several aeons) ... But we don't just go out with other reggae stars. I mean we know people like Ben from Curiosity. We met him when we played the Action Against Aids show at Wembley. He walked into our dressing room and he just didn't leave."
Although Drumme's now number one in the pop charts he's still going round to his mum's for lunch. "It's typical Caribbean food, just rice and peas. Do I cook it myself? Well, not so much the peas but the rice. The peas are difficult!"

TONY GAD

Tony Gad has got a whopping great gold-embossed lion medallion jingling around his neck. "It's a Lion Of Judah," (a Rastafarian symbol) he explains, "And our logo is actually a lion. I suppose you see this and say 'why do you live in a council flat?' Ha ha ha!"

Indeed. Despite the chunky gold jewellery Tony lives on the fourteenth floor of a "nice and tidy" council flat in Ladbroke Grove, West London. But he was born and brought up in the far less glamorous Neasden where he and Brinsley went to school. His dad played guitar at church and young Tony always wanted to be a musician. But his mum was determined he should become a doctor, much to Tony's alarm. "I couldn't stand the sight of blood! I still can't if I see it..."

So, as a compromise, Tony worked as a clerk in a solicitor's firm when he left school. After six months he'd had quite enough of this, thank you very much, so he joined Aswad when he met up with Brinsley again (who was then working in a record shop) and moved to Ladbroke Grove which proved more exciting than suburban Neasden.

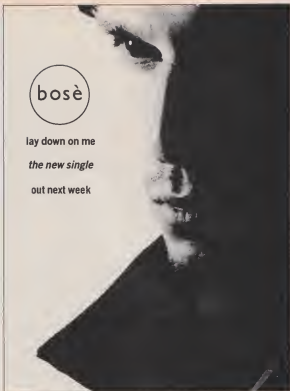
"In the early days it was hard," remembers Tony. "Me and Brinsley had to live in squats. I actually did get a flat in Ladbroke Grove but I had no money and the bailiffs came and turfed me out. Ha ha ha! It was very rough."

Not so much now, although he says that the fact he's at number one "hasn't really sunk in yet". He also seems a mite perturbed at having beaten Bros to the top spot. "Oh we met Bros when we were doing *The Roxy*. It was just good vibes. We got on very well. On *Top Of The Pops* we were out there laughing and joking... Actually what was great for us the other day was when we went to the BPI awards. It was the first time we'd ever been there. It was an honour. We were there amongst all these pop artists who have sold millions of records and here comes little Aswad. And it was like 'Who's Aswad?' Ha ha ha."

● Interview: Lola Borg



TONY



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

● **Hi! I'm Martin, I'm 15 years old and I'm looking for penpals from anywhere in the world.** I'm interested in Five Star, Michael Jackson, Wet Wet Wet and Beinda Carlisle. I also like Neighbours. If you're aged 15+ and like any of the above, get writing to: Martin, 6 Northfield Close, Stogursey Waer, Bridgwater, Somerset TA5 1QY.

● **Hi my name is Ian. I'm 16 and I'm into Run DMC, The Beastie Boys and most breakdance music.** I also like U2, The Pet Shop Boys and Bon Jovi. I would like anyone from 16-20 years old to write to me. So please write now! Write to: Ian, 10 Watkin Crescent, Murton, Seaham County, Durham SR7 9QA.

● **Hello, my name's Ian. I like U2, Iron Maiden, The Smiths, The Cure, Def Leppard and The Bangles (among lots of others).** I'm 16 and I'm prepared to write to anyone of any age, anywhere. Stop reading and start writing now! Write to: Ian, Calaghane, Grantstown, Waterford, Eire.

● **Hallo, my name is Louise. I like T'Pau, Laval 42 and The Pat Shop Boys.** I'm 10 and would like to hear from anybody who's aged between 11 and 13. Write to: 134 Station Road, Kiveton Park, Sheffield S31 8QQ.

● **Hi, I'm Emma and I'm 14. I'm looking for penpals from anywhere aged 13-15.** I like Queen, Def Leppard and U2. If you're interested, write to: Emma, 2 South Rise, North Walsham, Norfolk NR28 0EE.

● **Hallo, my name is Sharine. I'm 16, I like George Michael, Madonna, Michael Jackson, U2 and Bon Jovi** and I will write to anyone anywhere. My address is: 10 Eimanasra Street, Wabour El Naya, Alexandria, Egypt.

● **Hi! I'm Graham and I'm 10. I'm into A-ha and The Pet Shop Boys.** I also like lots of other chart music. If you do too, and you're between 10 and 13, get writing to me now at: 6 Barholm Close, Lower Earley, Reading, Berks RG6 3TQ.

● **Hi my name is Ann-Marie. I am 12 years old.** I love Dollar, Madonna, U2 and lots of other pop music. I also like watching Neighbours and EastEnders. I would like to hear from everybody from absolutely anywhere, so put pen to paper and get writing to: Ann-Marie, 7 Elmfield Park, Glengormley, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland BT36 6EA.

● **Hallo! My name is Arshaluse. I'm 14 years old and I'm crazy about Bros.** I also like Rick Astley, Terence Trent D'Arby and The Pet Shop Boys. I love going to discos and watching Neighbours on TV. If you like having fun and writing letters, write to: Arshaluse, Ashley Villa, Jubilee Lane, Marton Moss, Blackpool.

● **Hello, I'm Carolina and I'm 15. I'm into The Housemartins, The Christians, All About Eve and most chart music.** I will write to anyone of any age, anywhere. So if you have a good sense of humour, get writing to: 10 Repton Close, Washingtonborough, Lincoln, LN4 1TS.

● **Hi avaryona who's looking for a penpal! My name's James and I'm 12.** I'm looking for penfriends aged between 12 and 13 years of age. I like T'Pau, Wet Wet Wet, UB40, Rick Astley and lots of chart music. I also like Broad, 773 and most soaps. Write to me if you like laughing! Write to: James, 19 Wintirth Road, Galeacre, Liverpool L25 3QP, Merseyside.

● **Hi we're two boys from Manchester.** We're both 15 years old and are both into The Pet Shop Boys, Pepsi and Shirlie and The Communards. So if you'd like to write to us, our address is: Darren and Richard, 1 Shirley Avenue, Eccles, Manchester M30 7AW.

● **Hello! I'm a 15 year old boy from Denmark.** I am looking for penfriends of any age from anywhere. I'm into Depeche Mode, Erasure, OMD, Clime Fisher, Rick Astley and The Eurythmics. Please write to: Mike, Solbakken 2a, 9500 Hovbro, Denmark.

● **Help! I'm thava anybody out thara who loves InXS?** I'm just dying to write to anyone who's remotely near to being an InXS maniac (I am!!). Other than InXS I like U2, Whitesnake, Bon Jovi and Madonna. I'll write to anyone, any country, any age and either sex. I don't mind! Please write to: Clare, 8 Napper Street, Linthorpe, M'Bro, Cleveland TS5 6AQ.

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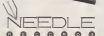
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armageddon it

Y better come inside when you're ready to
But no chance if you don't werrre dance
You like four letter words when you're ready
But then you won't 'cos you know that you can

You got it but are you gettin' it

You say that love is won when you get some
But then your finger won't trigger the gun

Y know you can't stop it so don't rock it y' know you got it

Chorus

Hey but are you gettin' it really gettin' it oh
Come get it from me
Gimme all of your lovin' every little bit
Gimme all that you got every bit of it
Every bit of your lovin' oh c'mon and live a bit
Never want it to stop
Hey but are you gettin' it Armageddon it
Really gettin' it yes Armageddon it c'mon get it
Oh oh do doo oh oh

You try comin' on when you need some
But then you don't 'cos you already did
Yeah you jangle your jewels while y' shakin' ya
And drive the pretty boys outta their heads

You got it but are you gettin' it

You flash your bedroom eyes like a jumpin' jack
Then play it pretty with a pet on the back

Y know you can't stop it so don't rock it y' know you got it

Repeat chorus

C'mon Steve take it huh

Take it take it take it from me
I got an itchy finger followin' me
Pull it pull it c'mon trigger the gun
'Cos the best is yet to come I say
'Cos the best is yet to come

Are you gettin' it really gettin' it
Yes are you gettin' it really gettin' it
Oh come get it from me

Gimme all of your lovin' every little bit
Gimme all that you got every bit of it
Every bit of your lovin' oh c'mon and live a bit
Never want it to stop oh are you gettin' it
Gimme all your lovin' ooh really gettin' it
Gimme all that you got oh are you gettin' it
Gimme all of your lovin' oh live a bit
Gimme all that you got woinn live a bit
You got to live it gimme all your lovin'
Oh baby live it gimme all that you got
C'mon and give it every bit of your lovin'
Oh c'mon and give it never want it to stop
Oh are you gettin' it gimme all of your lovin'
Ooh really gettin' it gimme all that you got
Oh are you gettin' it every bit of your lovin'
Oh live a bit never want it to stop

Words and music by Clark Cohen/Elton/Lange/Savoy
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On Phonogram Records

def leppard



Prove your Love

Prove your love

Got to prove your love ooh yeah
I've heard all about what you can do
But I've got to know is it true
You're telling me to trust what should I believe
You promise so much but talk is cheap

You told me that you're serious
But I've got to know for sure
You say how much you want me
But I've heard it all before

Chorus

Prove your love gotta prove your love
If you want to be with me tonight
Show your stuff
'Cause words are not enough
I wanna hear your body talk to mine

Boy I can feel love's on the rise
A message revealed in your eyes
You know I can't wait to know your passion
It's not too late to take some action

'Cause you say that when you're through
I'll know what love is all about
Wait baby I've been patient now I'm ready to find out

Repeat chorus

Repeat second verse

Prove your love got to prove your love
If you want to be with me tonight
Show your stuff 'cos words are not enough
I wanna hear your body

Repeat chorus to fade

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POSTER



A-HA EXPRESS

Why are lots of "journalists" and "jugglers" waiting to get on a train to go and see A-ha playing live? Sylvia Patterson "investigates"...

● Photos: Andy Catlin

Morten Harket from A-ha is lying on a spongy settle in the top-floor office of a swank record company. Tomorrow, he and his pop pals Mags and Pål will be the cause of a gigantic publicity train called the "A-ha Express": a specially laid-out ramp that will take themselves, quite a few big-wigs from their record company and 250 "journalists" and "photographers" from all around the globe to Birmingham, chosen for this prestigious honour because of its panoramic architectural beauty. Er... no it's not, it's because A-ha have just begun a year-long world tour and are doing their "thing" tomorrow evening on stage at the Birmingham National Exhibition Centre.

Today, however, is an official A-ha day off. Except it's nothing of the sort because they're spending a bit of it with the nice people in *Smash Hits* – or at least two of them are. Mags is in his kip, flummoxed by the sniveller they call The Flu. Or is it?

"He's just come back from Australia," reveals Pål, "and I don't know what he was doing there but he has a very strange disease heh heh..."

A-ha, viewers, are not being very... um, sensible. They're not very fond of the interview "experience" and even less fond of letting you know anything about themselves whatsoever, but – they are high experts at dodging the issue with a ludicrous "guy". They've just spent six months in her studio (man) inventing their new LP "Stay On These Roads" and are a trifle peeved, so to speak. So what would they normally do on a "precious" day off such as today? A spot of the stars' favourite, perhaps (i.e. golf)?

"Uuuuh," ponders Morten, the beginnings of a smirk teetering round his "chops". "On our days off, no – that sort of thing may happen when we are on tour because that is when we relax and enjoy ourselves."

How about a touch of "light" gardening then?

"Eh, I have a cactus!" peeps Pål "helpfully".

"Morten gave it to me."

"Ah, as a token of friendship!"

Morten: "Ah, but in Norway if you give someone a cactus it means you think they are a bastard! But it was given to him in England. But with Norwegian sentiments huuuh huuuh! The nearest I have to a garden is my hair. (?) Actually, truthfully if this was a normal day off it would be... (Morten thrusts his head back and pretends to snore.) Yes, I would be spending the day having a kip. We all need it – we haven't slept for six months! It's true! Fwooh... we're

not going to be the young-looking band for very much longer... er, though I suppose we're not already. It's a different mask altogether when you are way behind in your sleep. It makes you... yes, it has made me a bit funny in the head. I am! I am always a bit dizzy but that will now sort itself out on tour because touring is a breeze."

How can this be? People usually indulge in a bit of "rock 'n' roll baby!" (whatever that means) on tour.

"Well, we don't drink!" beams Morten. "Well, Mags does sometimes... um, but usually the fact that we don't drink is our saviour on tour. We sleep properly, we eat properly and people don't bother us any parties because they know what we like to do."

Pål: "People phone us from parties..."

How "sad". There is, however, something very close to the "hearts" of these Norwegian scamps: cakes, listeners, billions of them.

"I have a very adventurous nature when it comes to cakes," froths Morten earnestly. "I have no favourite, they're all close to me. Wholemeal cheese scones versus Black Forest gateaux... hmmm, I don't like Black Forest cake because normally they're very badly made – the chocolate on top is very... unreal. I could make a better one myself and I've never even made one! (?) I am a cook, actually. Well, more of a baker, really – I don't have a chef's hat but my hair doesn't fall out because it's too greasy. (?) What's my speciality? Chatting up female journalists huhuh."

Excuse me...

"Apart from that it would probably be breads, proper Norwegian loafs... pfwoos six pounders. You don't have to push them down in the toaster, they plunge down huhuh! I am actually very good at baking bread – I used to provide my family with bread at home and that was seven people – I was the family baker! I used to make... ooooh, for us it would be five, ten breads per two weeks and in addition three or four sponge cakes. I never made the bread just with the normal plain white flour – I'd always have some mustard in it or some natural flavourings and with the grainy one I'd use wholemeal flour... er, grains."

Pål: "When we first came to Britain we had so little money that I used to bake bread that instead of having cheese and stuff on top of it, I'd bake everything into the bread and

CONTINUED



▲ The "boys" being besieged on Platform 16 by our 250 "journalists"



▲ "I've had 17 helpings of the Tiger buffet, please!"



▲ Certainly, sir!

A-HA EXPRESS

revolutionise the whole thing. I'd bake cabbage bread." (?)

So when was the last time you had a salt 'n' pepper sandwich (i.e. legend) has it that when A-ha were famous they were so skint they lived on salt 'n' pepper sarnies)?

"Ah! blurts Morten jubilantly, "but they weren't sandwiches! No, no they were pancakes! But there were no eggs in them. Or milk. There was flour and water. And salt and pepper on top."

Pthrrrrr! That makes not-very-tasty glue!

"No, no really if you try it properly and with margarine and everything it works."

Pai: "Not to be eaten though."

Morten: "That's right, it was all about imagination - you got the lovely flavour of something steaming, y'know, (sniffs a gigantic sniff in the air)... something summery and actually the only way you could taste anything was if you got some dandruff in it while you were cooking."

Um... (???)... So is it true then that Mags is mad?

"Uh, I would say he was a bit on that, yes!" says Morten. "He is very... um, energetic. He is insured? Oh yes! We couldn't afford the insurance for us but Mags is insured for a lot of money - I don't know exactly how much but it's a percentage of what we earn. Which is how much? Huhuhuhuh! Uh, we have to go now really."

So, what are you doing tonight then, "boys"?

Morten: "Bed at eight..."



▲ "Wouldn't you like a chicken drum?"

Congratulations... (parp)... and jubilations... (parp)... (parp)... jing! Here we are on Platform 16 at Euston station in London. It's 1.30 in the afternoon and all is decidedly demented as the platform is strewn with a brass band called The Frey Meux (for some reason) who are parping out such "classics" as Sir Clifford's "Congratulations" and "Frank Sinatra's 'New York New York'". There are also some odd circus persons who are twirling around on unicycles and "eating" fire, there are huge archways of red-white and blue balloons bobbing all over the place and several hundred "journalists" and "photographers" are standing around wondering what, exactly, it's all about.

And lol from around the corner of this underground platform sits this gigantic black swank-mobility bearing today's "heroes" behind



▲ The "boys" trying to board last-very-own express: "A finer masher gruffs... one million and you shall wear my 'see round your lug' ties."

blackened windows. Out they lurk and on them pounce one million "photographers", swaying and leaping and shunting and slaving. How thoroughly insavoury. Seconds later the "boys" are



▲ "Stirum sarnie... out... the runaway train came over the hill and she breeee! She breeeeee!"

bundled onto the train (made up entirely of first class snoot carriages) and the "press" slump carriage) and the "press" slump carriage) and after them - not, of course, that anyone is permitted within bawling distance of the "stars". They have their own "private" carriage (although later on you can see Morten bathed in sunlight munching on a chicken "drum" through the key-hole haw haw).

"Good morning. Er... good afternoon," blithers the guardsman when we're all seated "n' comfortable". "Welcome aboard this A-ha - Birmingham Express. This train will be driving through many interesting places including Leamington Spa and Coventry." (???????)

And then we're off... round comes the "linger buffet" (chicken "drums", prawn "vol-au-vents" (quadruple beefeese), sarnies etc.) and the announcement is made that there will be no alcohol served on this train. Several hundred "journalists" and "photographers" expire on the spot. No they don't really but they do look decidedly miffed as they can't exactly leap off the train now.

Suddenly there appears a

number of odd individuals in top hats and funny broeks who begin balancing plates on their elbows and saying "A-ha! A-ha!!" every one second (though they are later forgiven for knocking over a particularly surly waiter's tray of prawn "vol-au-vents"). And the nice people from Smash Hits? We play a game of Hangman...

One and a half hours later Birmingham is in "sight". Out leap the "boys" to be greeted by a quite good steel band playing some very odd versions of "Take On Me" and "The Living Daylights" and the rest of us are led to a restaurant where

peeped to A-ha who look a smidge edgy throughout.

"Are you glad you're still a pop star rather than a priest?" asks a "spirited" person from Celebrity magazine.

"Was I before?" huffs Morten amidst guffaws and titters.

"Well at one point you wanted to become a priest?" ventures the person. "Ah, you were reading your own magazine," retorts Morten to cheers and clappings. Mags says "No sex is safe sex" at one stage which causes some rufflings but apart from that the "press" "conference" is unanimously considered to be "not much use" (and other such descriptions). Then the group disappears behind their screens to have their photo taken yet again by the "photographers".

Finally, at long last, after dinner (spinach "moray" - mmmn mmm) the "cream" of the world's press trundle off to the National Exhibition Centre Arena for it is indeed time for the live "experience". Thirty thousand people ranging from around the age of six to, erm, 20 "odd" are looking delicious with expectation as a voice from beyond booms

"Morten Pål! Mags! A-ha! A-Ha!!". The entire city implodes with screamings (or something) and the "boys" leap onto the honeycomb-shaped platform in their famed jeans, "rugby" shirts, cut-off denim thongies and the howls of "Cry Woodooooo!" swirl from the figure of Morten whose voice is truly wonder to behold. The hits are bellowed ("Aaargh!!"), three new songs are shouted ("Yeeeergh!") they spring around and leap and beam - but alas, gone are the days of Mags' across-the-stage-upside-down-on-a-skateboard routine (probably due to the insurance premium hee hee) but nonetheless as the last shriek quavers to a halt after an encore of "Stay On These Roads" (magnificently toe-curdin' actually) we must face the facts of the matter: A-ha are really quite good.

And, as the world's press "corps" board their very own train back to London (and several hundred "journalists" and "photographers" do a cartwheel each down the aisle at the vision of some "beer" on their tables) we must think to ourselves: "I've been to some rum dos in my time but this one takes the so-called 'bisquit', matey..."

"Why didn't Georgio Moroder produce the album?" and other such "burning" questions are



▲ The "boys" posing for the gigantic swairy of their glowing technician.



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1

Join-the-dots to reveal the name of an exciting monthly pop "publication" (Tough one, this.)



2



Can you find the title of an incredibly interesting rock-style mag cunningly concealed in this super-tricky **Word Square**? (No cheating, now.)

3

Anagram Fun! Re-arrange the following to spell a superlatively, internationally, pan-galactically—in fact, very—famous music "journal" thing. (Again, no conferring.)

"Q"

(anag. 1)

4



Cryptic Crossword

1 Across Without this, Freddie Mercury's supergroup would be called UEEN (and pretty ruddy ridiculous if it would sound too, poppings, n est-ce pas, etc.)

1 Down Letter found between "P" and "R" in the so-called "alphabet"

Answers: Yes, you've guessed it! It's M Magazine. . . No, it isn't. . . It's, er. . . It's. . . on the tip of my. . . Ruddy flip! Had it a minute ago, it's. . . aaah. . . memory like a drain, me. . . or is it a sieve? . . . one or the other. . . J Magazine. No? Close, though. . .



Q
MAGAZINE
New issue out
APRIL 10

Love is stronger than pride

I won't pretend that I intend to stop living
I won't pretend I'm good at forgiving
But I can't hate you
Although I have tried I

Chorus

I still really really love you
Love is stronger than pride
I still really really love you mmm

I won't pretend that I intend to stop living
I won't pretend I'm good at forgiving
But I can't hate you
Although I have tried ooh I

Repeat chorus

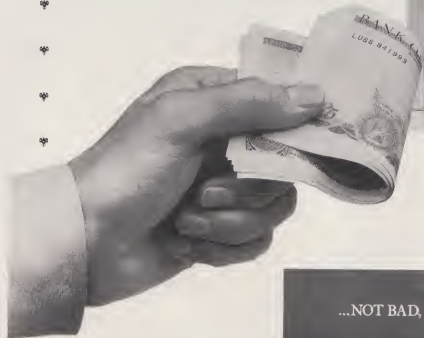
Sitting here wasting my time
Would be like
Waiting for the sun to rise
It's all too clear yeah things come and go
Sitting here waiting for you
Would be like waiting for winter
It's gonna be cold
There may even be snow

I still really really love you
Love is stronger than pride
I still really really love you
Love is stronger
I still really love you
Love is stronger than pride yeah

Words and music by Ade/Hale/Matthewman
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SADE



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P R E S S F O R A C T I O N 

simon harris

Bass bass bass bass
(Don't stop rockin') (repeat five times)
Bass play! Bass beat
Turn it up

Bass how low can you go
Bass how low can you go
Ba-bass
How low can you go (repeat twice)
Ba-bass how low can you go
Bass how low can you go

Bass respect stops you fallin' like rain
Oh bass
Get this into place
Oh bass out on the dance floor
Oh bass
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha oh
Bass turn it up
Bass

Bass (don't stop rockin') (repeat three times)
Bass the bass has arrived
Here we go again

Bass how low can you go
Bass how low can you go turn it up
Ba-bass
How low can you go (repeat twice)
Ba-bass how low can you go
Bass how low can you go

Bass
Bass hit it
Bass
Bass hit it
Bass turn it up
Bass that's the man going down hit it

Bass play that beat play it take it
Bass (don't stop rockin') (repeat three times)
Here we go again

Bass how low can you go
Bass how low can you go
Ba-bass
How low can you go (repeat twice)
Ba-bass how low can you go
Bass how low can you go

Bass don't feel it
I don't care if the floor is hot
Bass don't feel it
I don't know what you mean
Bass strictly rockin'
Bass don't feel it
Nothing would be the same
Bass (don't stop rockin') (repeat three times)
Oh turn it up
Bass
Bass (don't stop rockin') (repeat three times)
Bass how shall I rock you
Take it from me one time
Here we go again

Bass how low can you go
Bass how low can you go
Ba-bass
How low can you go (repeat twice)
Ba-bass how low can you go
Bass how low can you go (repeat twice)
Ba-bass

Words and music by Simon Harris
Reproduced by permission Music Of Life
On F/R Records

So what's all this "bass how low can you go?" business about? Simon Harris explains...

"**B**ass, how low can you go" is the first line from a Public Enemy single called "Bring The Noise". Originally the line was going to be "Black race, how low can you go?" So it has political overtones with South Africa and so on. It was a slight protest record but it's been expanded since then to make it a bit more accessible and the fact that it's in the charts is even better.

"When I first heard that line, I thought it was really good. And Public Enemy gave permission to use it and helped out in the final mix too. We're trying to make things look really hard, we don't want it to come across with everyone smiling and happy because if it's not that sort of thing, it's basic street music. We're doing what is probably the first militant Roxy and Top Of The Pops - lots of guys standing around looking

miserable."

And when his days of super stardom and global phenomenon come to an end, not-so-simple Simon has another whesee up his sleeve, literally...

"I'm the world yo-yo champion. I still do it now in my spare time. At school I yo-yoed all the time - under the desk in the playground. To win the championships I did the twist loop the loops. You have to throw it out in front of you and spin it round. Can I Walk The Dog? I can indeed, that's one of the more boring tricks though. Some good ones are Rock The Baby; you make a little sort of cradle. There's also The Tightrope where you make it walk across the string and Spaghetti where all the string goes in a mess. And there's the... (That's enough yo-yo tricks for now, thanks - Ed.)

bass (how low can you go)



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it's... Whitney Houston!

Can we make this quick please fellers?"

Whitney Houston lowers her exceptionally beautiful presence rather gracefully into a chair in the foyer of London's swanky Dorchester Hotel, and makes it immediately clear that she is not looking forward to having her photo taken by about three billion photographers (well, quite a few) who are screaming for her attention.

"Gimme a break, will you?" grumbles Whitney, but, like a true "pro", she keeps smiling, almost mechanically turning her head from left to right and back again. It's a routine that Whitney Houston, international recording star, is obviously quite accustomed to.

She's breezed into Britain for precisely 36 hours, during which time she'll appear on Wogan and subject herself to this afternoon's confrontation with a "select" section of the European "media".

Several billion flashbulbs later, and Whitney decides that's quite enough, so she rises from her seat and moves into a separate room to have a natter with ver Hits . . .

What's your earliest childhood memory?

Uh . . . I think it would have to be when my parents allowed us to have a puppy hahaha(?). I must have been about four or five at the time, and he was a German Shepherd dog that we named Thor after a cartoon character on TV. And oh maan . . . my brother and I . . . we were so excited about it, that we fed him on milk and cookies and we got in trouble for it because he couldn't eat milk and cookies - they didn't er, agree with him heheheh.

Were you a cry baby girlie or a tomboy when you were younger?

"Weee! I had lots of dolls to play with, but I was definitely a tomboy! I was always climbing trees and falling off high walls getting dirty knees, which made Mom real mad, and because I was the only girl with two brothers, they'd beat me up and I'd go screaming to Mom . . . Mom, they're being horrible to meeee Mommmy heheheh. And she'd tell them off and then tell me off just the same for snatching on them. Were they always spiteful towards me? Oh no, actually they were really protective most of the time. They'd always make sure I got home OK and look after me even though I was a bit of a tearaway. I had this big mouth and I always had something to say for myself whatever situation I was put in.

Were you a bit of a sweet at school? "I had an opinion about everything and . . . uh, I think all I can say about school is that I was glad to get out. Because by the time I was 15 years old I already knew exactly what I wanted to



▲ Whitney Houston: She had a crush on her Dad. (??)

do with my life - be a singer - and school was holding me back. I got some good grades, some not good." What did you look like when you were 14? "I was just a regular girl with pigtails. I don't like to think of myself as 'Oh, am I pretty or am I a geek?' I don't find that kind of analysis particularly productive, actually. Who was your first crush? (Adopts earnest gaze). "I would say yes, that my first crush was on my Dad, yeah. He was the person I looked up to, the person I would go to for help with homework, the person I most

admired and respected" (carries on in this "manner" for several billion years). How should a would-be "suitor" approach you? "Oh (runs her fingers through her hair and shakes her head). Um, I'd just want him to be himself. I wouldn't like him to try and impress me, that wouldn't work at all, I'd see through that kind of attitude straight away. If he was a lot like my dad - that would be nice. Oo I have a boyfriend? Uh, yeess, and no I am not prepared to say anything more about him than that. Next question."

What would you do if you were invisible for a day? "Ohhwow, heheheh I'd go into the homes of other entertainers, just to see if they do the same things I do; wash dishes, be a little bit sloppy, whatever. I'd like to see what they're like when they're not seen by the outside world." What would you do if you had to get a proper job? "I'd really like to be a teacher at kindergarten (school for very young children). I love children so much. I intend having lots of them when I get a little older. Then I'd be really happy (sigh)."

it's... Whitney Houston's DAD!



▲ Mr Dad Houston: He thinks she had an enormous gob

Hello, I'm John Houston, Whitney's father."
Well! Whitney's mum Cissy usually accompanies her daughter on her various trips around the world, while dad John normally prefers to stay at home, but – gusp! – here he is, ready and “willing” to tell us all he can remember about Whitney when she was a mere “stripling”...

So was Whitney a bit of a horror as a child then?
“Except for her big mouth, no (/). Actually, the first time I knew she had a great voice was when she’d start hollerin’ and screaming at me to come and play baseball with her hihhi. But no, she wasn’t a horror at all. She was very articulate – when she wanted to be – and she had an opinion about everything right out from the start. We had a nickname for her, Nippy, because she was so active. I remember looking at her in her perambulator and saying, “Nippy, so often wrong.” (???) It was a catchphrase from a TV programme and it really summed her up, so it just stuck.

Did she ever get bad grades at school?
“I’d be lying if I said she had straight A’s all the time, more usually it was B’s and C’s. But she was way above average. Her mind was too fast, too quick for the average student. I think she was usually one of the noisier students in class. She went to school because someone – me – said “You will go!”, but she was always going to parties and dinners and movies with friends and boyfriends so her mind tended to wander. I think...”

So who was the first boyfriend she brought home for you to meet?
“Whitney had so many boyfriends coming in and out of the house, her mother Cissy and I never knew who she’d be bringing home next nehheheh. I couldn’t stand her having boyfriends! She was still my baby see.”

I guess she was about 16 when she had her first romance, and I must admit I wasn’t crazy about him. He was a cute little dude. I suppose, but I don’t exactly know who he was or where he was from. (??) The difference between that first one and the latest one she has now was – *Whooooee (stretches his arms out as wide as they’ll go).* The one she’s dating now is much different; he’s extremely handsome and I like him a lot. When she was little I always said to her: “Baby, when you get your first boyfriend and your second and your third... just remember, you must expect any man to treat you the same way as I would.” If I bought Cissy flowers, I would buy Whitney flowers just the same.

She said her ideal man would be someone like me? (Jocks quite horrified). Oh no, I wouldn’t

recommend me. There is a lot about me that she doesn’t know of (Whitney’s parents split up when she was 15). However, people are always accusing me of trying to clone this current boyfriend into someone like myself, but that’s because I like to keep him on his toes, make sure he treats her right.”

Do you have any famous friends?
“Uh, yes, I suppose we mix with what you might call celebrity people. We know Michael Jackson very well. He’s a delightful young man, a sweetheart, friendly, funny, super intelligent, and he works like a mule. If people are good to him, then he treats them well back. You want to know if the stories about surgery and lightning his colouring are true? Heyy, if that’s what he wants to do, then it’s his business. It doesn’t change how he is as a person, does it?”

Were you outraged when Whitney announced she wanted to be a singer?

“Her mother was an entertainer (she was in a group called *Sweet Inspirations* and is generally considered a bit of a “legend” in gospel music circles) and that rubbed off on Whitney, until she became emphatic about what she wanted to do – be a singer. When I realised this, she must have been about 12 at the time, I had no feelings of outrage – I’d seen it all with her mother, and I knew that with her advice and support there would be no problems. When Whitney was a kid she used to go down to the basement of the house wearing her mother’s stage outfits and start singing, and her mother would be doing the dishes in the kitchen and shouting down to Whitney, “You’re not hitting the notes, come on, a little higher. That’s it, that’s the one baby.” **Has fame not turned her into a megalomaniac monster?**

“Whitney has not changed one little bit. If anything, it’s the people around her whose attitudes towards her have changed, some may have become resentful because of her success. The press has had to invent stories about Whitney because there really aren’t any skeletons in the cupboard. She really does lead a quiet life, preferring to spend more time at home or with close friends and family rather than leading a high profile existence. I sometimes think she really isn’t impressed by the pop star life at all. What you see with Whitney is what you get. When she gets up toward and she thanks God and her parents, that’s the way she means – it’s straight from the heart.”

● Interviews: Sue Dando

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get smart!

▼ HAVE MADONNA AND MATT DILLON "TEAMED UP"?

Dear **Get Smart!**,
I have heard that Madonna is supposed to be making a film with Matt Dillon. Is this true, what do you know about it?
Angelo Plesses, Greece.

● Yes, Madonna and Matt Dillon have made a film together, along with Jennifer Grey (of *Dirty Dancing* fame) and Randy Quaid (older brother of Dennis). It's called *Bloodhounds Of Broadway*, is a gangster comedy set in the 1920s, and Madonna plays a chorus girl. Apparently it's a low budget film; according to director Blood Bruckner "everybody's dressing rooms were separated by a shower curtain which had their names scrawled on in magic marker." As yet, no release date for the film has been set.



▲ Madonna

▲ Matt Dillon

Photo: L.F.I.

● BONG!

This is a "news" flash. To everyone who has written to **Get Smart!** wanting to know whether Kylie-Minogue is really Rick Astley's voice (spoiled up on the single "I Should Be So Lucky"), let it be known that it most definitely is **not**. The popular misconception arose after certain Radio One "DJ's" kidded about with the speed of Kylie's single and suggested it was really Rick for a bit more (how ruddy haw). Unfortunately, rather a lot of viewers, listeners etc believed them. Task task. End of "news" flash.

Who's "that woman" with Mags?



Dear **Get Smart!**,
Could you tell me who that woman was pictured next to Mags of A-ha at the BPI Awards (24 Feb - 9 March issue). Was it his girlfriend, what do you know about her, and also, who did the others go with?
Caroline, Manchester.

● The rather beautiful foxtress in question was actually Morten's guest, his younger sister Ingund (pronounced Ingin). Apparently, she lives in London with Morten and is a painter by profession (in the artistic sense rather than house decorating). Mags went to the awards on his own, while Pal didn't go at all - he was busy in the studio finishing off their new LP.

Why are they called U2 anyway?

Dear **Get Smart!**,
Please could you tell me how U2 got their name? Somebody who couldn't care less if U2 were all five-legged zombies from outer space because at least they can sing and play decent music (and that's what counts), Chesterfield.

● Hokay-doke! According to the nice woman in U2's "official" office in Dublin, the group chose their moniker from the American spy plane of the same name - so there you have it!



Photo: L.F.I.

BROS: JUST HOW BIG IS THE GOSS "FAMILY"?

Dear **Get Smart!**,
Please could you tell me something about Luke and Matt from Bros' step-brother and step-sister. What are their names and what do they do etc.? Luke's *Girlfriend*, Surrey.

● Luke and Matt's stepdad is a plumber/carpenter called Tony. He has two children from his first marriage - Adam, who's 15, and Carolyn (nicknamed Caz), aged 16, and they're both still at school. They live with their mother, Tony's former wife. All right?



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FACT box

No. 8



VINCE CLARKE (Erasure)

Full name: Vincent John Clarke
Birthdate: 3/7/61
Birthplace: Basildon, Essex
Height: 5' 7"
Eyes: Blue
Home: Bayswater, London
Marital status: Single, but lives with his girlfriend Anne.
First hit: "New Life" with Depeche Mode which reached No. 11 in June 1981
Biggest hits: "Only You" with Yazoo, which sold 460,000 copies for Vince and Alison Moyet
● Vince's guitar only has four strings because he can't play the other two!
● On stage Vince and his computer are responsible for all the music. The band use no other musicians or tapes.
● His favourite artist is Paul Simon!
● Vince is into weight training and considered releasing an "Aerobics" instrumental remix of their LP "The Circus".

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● P.S. Would you like to see your favourite pop person peering out from the Fact Box? If so, scribble your suggestion on a postcard and send it to the address above marked **Get Smart!** Fact Box! Ta's!

MIE FISHER

CRAZY ME, CRAZY DAYS!!

Climie's got a corrugated head, Fisher's an ex-manure shoveller (?), and now they're pop stars with a hit single, "Love Changes (Everything)". "Crivvens!!?" squawks Sylvia Patterson. . .

simon

"Twenty seven" year old Simon Climie was born in Fulham in London but moved to Brighton when he was two where he promptly tried to do his head in.

"I was just unbelievably accident-prone," trundles Simon. "I cut my head open three times and half my eye twice. I was just rolling around making a fool of myself or climbing up the side of the house, which isn't a very good idea when you're two. I've got a slight scar under one eye and a corrugated head."

Thankfully, these antics ceased when Simon's family moved to a farm in Sussex where they stayed until he was 11.

"I milked the cows, fed the chickens, built things... built shelves and Wendy houses and was quite a talented carpenter. I'd probably be a carpenter now if I wasn't a musician."

"When I was about seven or eight my mum went out to get a book for my dad because he had thousands of books (and was, in fact, a "comedy writer" for TV, supplying the "jokes" for *The Two Ronnies*, *Dave Allen* and lots of other "classic" *British "funsters"*) and she saw a piano while she was out. She thought "wouldn't it be great if Simon could play the piano?" so she brought one back and, sure enough, I could play it! Almost straight away! So my parents thought this was brilliant and whenever they came back from the pub at night they'd bring all their friends back to be entertained. I used to be woken up in the middle of the night by a drunken mob screaming for "Danny Boy". I eventually thought "this is a bit boring - I think I'll play the trumpet! And I could play that almost right away. My parents were beginning to think I was possessed or something by then."

Soon the Climies decided to move to London and Simon began playing in billions of "pathetic bands playing horrible music". He left school and started doing "session work" for

everyone on the surface of the globe.

"I became known as a useful guy to have around," quips Simon, usefully. But unfortunately, people didn't think he was that good.

"Nobody would give me a record deal," he huffs, "and that's what I really wanted. Eventually someone said 'we don't need any more artists, we've got millions, but they all need songs and that one you've just written sounds just right for so-and-so...' So I wrote one for Leo Sayer (old '70s crooner) one afternoon after I'd been told he needed a song with 'heart' in it because he was doing an LP of songs with the word 'heart' in the title! I had a copy of five or six, they said 'that'll do', rushed around to his studio and before I knew it I was a song-writer and was being sent to Nashville and put in 10 foot square rooms with people I'd never seen before with guitars. They'd say 'Come on then, what have you got?' and I'd be thinking 'what on earth's he talking about?' I've only written two songs!"

But in a jiffy Simon was writing songs for the likes of Smokey Robinson, Pat Benatar, Rod Stewart, Jermaine Stewart and his most famous penname "I Knew You Were Waiting For Me" for George Michael and Aretha Franklin. These days Simon keeps most of his songs for himself, and he is currently content to live alone in his flat in Chiswick, West London ("I've got a bit of a musician's home - a 16-track studio for a living-room. I know..."), and says he has "not met the right girl yet" although he confesses "I've got more girlfriends than I should have!"

He also thinks the music "business" is a bit of a lark, really.

"When we're doing the lyrics the rhyming can make you come up with the rudest things. There's one on the album, er, it goes 'mystery masking the candle that flickers/why don't you let me into your secret, ha haah!' We did it as a joke and no one noticed so we left it on the LP! He was a big influence, that Benny Hill(?). . ."

rob

"Twenty nine" year old Rob Fisher was born in Gloucestershire where his mum owned a small farm and where he almost had his foot done in.

"I used to cut the grass and things and nearly got a pitchfork through my foot one day when we were pitch-forking manure. After that I just thought, 'no'. So instead I used to play the piano when I was five or six. My grandmother used to have a piano so whenever we used to visit her in Birmingham I'd get so bored I'd go into the next room and plink away and make up little tunes. The first one I wrote with a guy at school when I was ten was called 'How I Love You So' so I had a deep understanding of the human relationship from an early age. I don't think."

At 11 Rob was sent to boarding school.

"I don't recommend it to anyone. Ours was the old type of boarding school and in the first form you always got bossed around by the second form and got kicked out of your seat in front of the telly. It was a horrible broken-down place with the paint peeling off the walls and smelly urinals."

By the time he got into the fifth form though Rob was fumbling around in his first ever "band".

"It was called Cirrus. Er... it's just the name of a cloud (guffaw). Well, it sounded alright at the time! I played the organ then, too. Actually, in the sixth form I had a part-time job as the church organist! They couldn't find a blind old Mrs Gibbins (? so they had to make do with me."

After school and Cirrus, "young" Rob disappeared off to university. . .

"That seemed to be how you became a musician. (? I thought up a subject I could do and because I'd built an amp I did electronics."

And so, "armed" with a swank-degree in electronics, Rob got a job as, er, a sick sweeper-upper.

"I was an assistant steward on Channel Ferries

and basically if it was very rough your job was to spend the whole trip mopping up sick."

Meanwhile, Rob was playing in lots of "lousy" bands until he met a bloke called Peter Byrne and the two of them wrote songs. "We got a publishing deal straight away - we thought it was dead easy! We were given five thousand pounds and thought we were rich and so we celebrated for three months. We blew the lot. On champagne, mostly."

Two and a half years later - and after having Curt Smith and Roland Orzabal i.e. Tears For Fears, in their group for a bit - they got a proper recording contract, had a couple of hits in America and became slightly famous. Then Pete decided to get married and swirled off to live in the "States" and Rob was left all alone in the universe. And then he met Simon Climie and started to become famous all over again. Now he lives in a house in Richmond (posh area of boarding school and in the local paper!) which he shares with his girlfriend of six whole years.

And apart from all that, he's actually been famous since he was 11 because he is, in fact, a bit of a "hero". "I was in the local paper!" he beams. "My dad was in the Merchant Navy, but he was a terrible sailor. He had this fishing boat that he used for sailing trips and one time he took me out and the engine failed and we were being pushed right onto these huge rocks. Someone sent for the lifeguard and suddenly a helicopter appeared and tried to haul me up. But I refused! So we each had an oar and were trying to row ourselves off the rocks and the press took loads of snaps from the beach. Eventually the life-boat towed us away but the headline was '11 Year-Old Hero!' I can't remember what I said to the reporter but they printed it as 'my arms were aching but I knew I had to keep going' which was a total exaggeration! That was my first experience of the press. Er...nothing personal. . ."

simon rob
climie fisher



Simon Climie (left) and Rob Fisher (hence the name)
Photo: Simon Fowler

POSTER

I want you back

The room has suddenly gone cold
And outside in the street it's raining
You packed your bags and said goodbye ooh
You took my heart without explaining
How could you go how could you go ooh

We had a love most people never know
Ooh stop ah before you break my heart

Chorus
I want you back don't care what I have to do
I want you back
I want you back gotta get it through to you
I want you back

If I can make you see
Only you can fill the need in me
If you walk away
You'll regret it some day
Please stay

This room is full of memories and
Shadows of the past remind me
Of all the love I gave in vain and
All the hurt I feel inside me



BANANARAMA

I want you back
I want you back ooh
We had a love most people never know ooh
Stop ah before you break my heart

Repeat chorus

Ooh I want you back
I want you back
Ooh I want you back
I want you I want you back
Ooh ooh ooh ooh

We had a love most people never know
Ooh stop ah before you break my heart

Repeat chorus twice to fade

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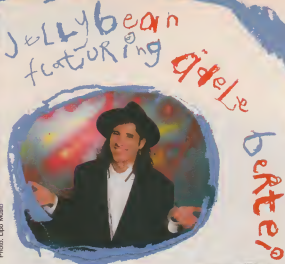


Photo: Lipo Muzio

SOME INTERESTING "DETAILS" ABOUT ADELE BERTEL...

- She's not very tall...
"When I was younger my friends used to call me 'Little Bit.' That was because I was a 'little bit small' I suppose... he he he"
- She used to play in a punk band called The Castorians who were a bunch of thugs...
"That band was pretty wild. Our singer, James, was notorious for jumping into the audience, picking on the biggest guy he could see, and then getting into a fist-fight right in front of the stage. I would have to jump off stage, get involved in the brawl and then jump back onstage and carry on playing!"
- She was born and raised in Cleveland, but now lives in New York...

"Living in New York can be quite dangerous if you don't understand the city. One night a huge, mean-looking man walked up to me and pulled a screwdriver out of his pocket. At the time, I was completely panicky, so I just burst out laughing! He just shrugged his shoulders and walked away."

● She insists that Jellybean is very useful...
"I've known Jellybean since the days when I used to hang out at The Danceteria nightclub in New York. When it came to him recording his new album, he called me up to ask me if I'd write some songs for him and mix the tape a couple. What does he actually do? Well, he's very useful in the studio. Has he ever told me any good jokes? Um, er... he told me one, once, er... what was it again?"

Just a mirage

Love is alive or is it just a passing fantasy
Make me believe that you will not deceive my eyes
Will it begin in an illusion where the truth gets burned
Lesson to learn inside a desert heart tonight

Is this emotion in a lover's camouflage or is it
Just a mirage we move so close and yet so far away
Just a mirage the fascination of a flame

Don't give it away if two can play you know I'll find you there
Looking for you I go where angels fear to tread
Mystery knows it comes and goes all through the heart of you
Telling me lies I should have known that you would hide

Do you hide the fear inside a lover's camouflage or is it
Just a mirage in this romance is there a ghost of a chance
Just a mirage and though I concentrate on you
Just a mirage we move so close and yet so far away
Just a mirage the fascination of a flame

The candle burns at both ends
And summer heat can make you restless as the wind
So wild and free but seasons change where will you be
When summer ends

Just a mirage we move so close and yet so far away
Just a mirage the fascination of a flame
Just a mirage in the romance is there a chance
Just a mirage and though I concentrate on you
Just a mirage

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INTERCITY 125.



OUTER LIMITS 125.



AR125: Road Sports. Some 125's are difficult to ride because their engines produce too little power in some parts of the rev range, and too much in others. The Kawasaki, however, delivers power effortlessly, from low down right up to maximum speed. As Performance Bikes magazine wrote when comparing all the 125's "The Kawasaki is in a different class performance-wise. No matter what gear you're in, just twist the throttle and it always responds, better than any other 125".

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But Kawasaki performance is much more than speed. It is the ideal balance between handling, braking, economy and power. Super Bike summed it up as a "perfect learner two-stroke... handles brilliantly... brakes stop the bike on a sixpence...unconditionally recommended".

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Dirt Bike Rider magazine rated the KMX "the trickiest 125 on street or trail". Which is fair comment since the KMX is as brilliant on-road as it is off-road.

The Kawasaki Launch Pad Package. If you buy any new learner-legal Kawasaki, maintain it correctly, and return it in good condition in a year, you'll get your money back (less taxes) against the cost of your next new Kawasaki. To qualify, you have to agree to take proper training. And, if you do, you'll get special discount vouchers on safe riding gear like gloves, boots and jacket.

If you would like a brochure and the name of a Kawasaki Launch Pad dealer near you, send your name, age, and address to, Dept H52, Kawasaki Motors UK Ltd, 748 Deal Avenue, Slough, Berkshire, SL1 4RZ.

WHO CAN CATCH A KAWASAKI?

Dear Black Type.

I've decided to write to you, as over the last few weeks that "monumental" rock pillar, The Who, have taken a considerable amount of "stuck" over the fact that some people are holding them responsible for Rick Astley not getting his bloody award etc. etc. I also read in your page (Smash Hits, 9-22 March) that one uneducated Rick Astley "fan" has stated that Rick is "the future of rock 'n' roll, and The Who were never that in the past". The only word to describe this statement is **COSPIFFLE!**

Anyone with any basic knowledge of the music industry will know that The Who, along with the help of a few others, have modelled the face of rock 'n' roll. For instance, The Who were one of the first groups to use synthesizers in rock music. They were also one of the first bands to use feedback and autodestructive pop art in their songs. The Who were the first band to write a rock opera (Tommy) and two members of the group have helped a lot in the development of the instruments they play e.g. John Entwistle has designed various bass guitars. Get my drift now, Astleyphiles?

And furthermore... think about that The Who have lasted for 25 years, but I seriously doubt whether Rick Astley will still be frugging around in his swanky loafers in the year 2013!!!
Tommy, The Pinball "Wizard".

Dear Black Type.

What a bunch of utter nutjobs are often to be spotted writing letters to you! First of all, they actually like Rick "Max" Astley! Then they go on about writing a bunch of prize turkeys The Who are! What a pile of crap! Then the so-called Smash Hits "writers" AGREE with them and call Rog and his chums "screeching prais"! "Odd doersners" Why can't you realise that instead of listening to doxy Stock, Aitken & Waterman sewing-machine sound-alike "music", you could be whittling away many a dreary hour screeching merrily along to such timeless toe-tapping as "Screechob" "Substitute" and "Won't Get Fooled Again"! Off with your bonces, all those who disagree!!!
Yours, Doris Fran Acton.

AAah! The great "Who" debate. Such an amount of interest in a bunch of old "goosties" is quite alarming really. It's quite enough to send old Rog "Rog" Daltrey to the point of "slinging his hook" away from the direction of his fish farm and back into the heady world of that which is known as the rock 'n' roll "circus". But in my educated opinion, if The "Who" are to survive the rigours of the jolly pop world of 1988, may I be so bold as to suggest that the aforementioned "beat combo" could do with a certain amount of "styling" to help them to "get with it"? May I even have as much "front" as to suggest a candidate for such a daunting task? None other than Leese "Boogie-Breakee" John, a master of the inside leg measurement and no mistake. Rog's "comeback" will not be a resonating success with a great deal of "voomph"

unless he is befitted with a pair of "Leesee-styled" gold lame bikini briefs and nowt else. **How exciting!** (??)

Dear Black Type.

I would like to draw your attention (and "that" of your readers) to a matter of extreme gravity. Not many people seem to have noticed this (in fact, it only came to me whilst I was watching a very underdog songstress on Top Of The Pops only minutes ago), but there seems to be a distressing abundance of school being casually "missed" at this particular point in time.

Take, pour example, Vanessa Paradis (for it was she to whom I referred). She's about 18, right? Right? So how on earth did she come to be sniffing her footies on Top Of The Pops when she's at the age where most of us are forced to ponder the (not inconsiderable) wonders of the Van Der Graaf Generator? I presume 15 year old girls do occasionally visit school in France? It's a disgrace and frankly I'm shocked.

Then there's Debbie Gibson. She came all the way from the USA to perform on our shores, do a couple of gigs, the "oddy" interview and was then promptly whisked back Stateside in time for double geography. I mean, what does the poor girl's mother write in her excuse notes? Something like "Please excuse Deborah's absence from school for the past three months as she has been 'on the road' in The Far East, but promises that she will try her best to catch up" surely wouldn't "cut much ice"?

Why they all can't just finish their studies before setting out on a jolly pop life is far beyond me. Where will it all end? I'm sure it won't be

long before Gary Davies is on Top Of The Pops introducing the latest popster "who skipped the last 20 minutes of her playgroup so she could make it to the studio on time". There ought to be a law against it. In fact, I'm sure there is a law against it. It's all part of a plot, y'know. They're trying to bring down the education system - you tell me they're not!! Right, I'm off...

A Concerned Observer Of All That Is Pop, Kent.

Dear Blackfish Mac! Type.

It has come to my attention that quite "often" there's a certain wart advert underneath your rather splendid page. Could it possibly be that my long-imagined visions of your utterly defect-free bod are not exactly accurate? And that you in fact have "cauliflower" warts? Mick Hucknall's *Flip-Away Fringe*, *Chick*.

Oo-er! It's been a while, but...

Oo To The Wart Ad

Oh, Wart Ad!

Oh Wart Ad, Wart Ad

You appear to be even more unsteady than

The girl in the Eddie Cochran jeans ad

Who looks as if, when she slips on

Her "apparel"

That she is in fact ready to

Paint the kitchen ceiling

Instead of frug her

Bounce off

Oh, Wart Ad!

Wart Ad, Wart Ad

Come back! (again)

We always knew that you were

Particularly groovy

Huckn' all!

Amuse yourself with a taken 'n'

teawful, if you will...



My darling of darlings (i.e. Black Type).

Dearie me! Imagine my shocked and stunned reaction when, whilst glancing through a super-hero comic mag full of thrills, spills, aliens and buckets of gore (not that I do this very often, you understand), I happened to notice that amidst all the mayhem and brouhaha, my darling luv "beat combo" in perhaps the entire cosmeverse, The Primitives, had upset the balance of Jebby's small, lightweight craft with all their furious jiggling! Crapes! I thought you'd best be informed so that you can take the necessary precautions...
Love And Kisses, Loverly Sweet Darline, South Croydon.

Dear Black Type.

May I be so bold as to comment how pishy your codes normally are. I mean, most of the time they don't rhyme or anything and often make precious little sense. Can I give you a lesson on how to pen a rather enlightening and "poignant" ode?

Ode To Neil Tennant

You may not be Matt Goss or Marti Pellow,

But by "gosh" Neil, you're my kind of fellow,

Oh Neil, oh Neil, when you showed us your chest,

I wished you'd ubstern and show us the rest,

Someone Who Likes Neil Quite A Lot, Coventry.

Dear Black Type.

Why are fire engines always called Dennis? Why on earth are so many keyboards called Roland? Good heavens, we're being having rotary clothes driers called Thelma next!

Someone With Pretty Cosmic Notepaper, Swindon.

Good heavens, we're being having pop stars called "Swizzle" next!

Dearest Blacko,

I have a complaint. I'm sick and tired of you referring to the chanter of that fine waxing, "She's Like The Wind" as Patrick "Swizzle" Laster. He isn't as weird as you lot think he is! And he's a big strappin' dude, so I'm sure that if you continue to call him silly names, he'll shoot round to Carnaby Street pronto and fill the lot of you in Patrick "Bloody Swizzle". I ask you? And he's not nearly as sweaty as he looks in most of his piccies! Em... well, maybe it's fake sweat! Irm... well, I bet that even if he sweats, it never ever smells! Well... im... mmm... I'll bet it's a nice smell! Well, quite a nice smell anyway... ahem... Patrick... er... humph... Anon.

Yo! Black Type.

I was sad to read that *Sons And Daughters* has been voted Worst TV programme in your Australian poll - a programme to which I have been devoted for years so mercifully "shunned". Why? It offers everything but Neighbours doesn't - full scale death and destruction, people in wild panic situations, downright villainy... I suppose it is a bit overdone, but I'm quite sure a few killings-oft would spice up the plot of *Ver Boreers*. Bring back the Salmon Mousse! **Wulgar Command, Leicester.**

Dear beloved Black(er than yer average common or garden) **Type.**

As a regular purchaser of Britain's brightest pop tome (ie *Ver' Hits*), it has been brought to my attention that the pop industry of today is interlute to the latitude of the lithotropic misenthyeme and the prometheantry of some regions of the monadelphous ureoleum to the relative quantity that is opposite to the demerovment releases the major quasipentamery. And it chesee me off!!
Yours interstinally,
Matthew (I can't think of a mildly amusing name at the "mo")
Medland, Essex.

Push off "Bam" Ver Gascoigne!
Byecccc!!!

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REVIEW SINGLES

REVIEWED BY TOM DOYLE

JAMES BROWN: *The Payback Mix (Part One)* (Polydor)

"We gonna do a song that you never heard befo'" announces James Brown, then a quick jamp of brass and a swish of violins lead us into a house music "groove"—and before you know it we're slap bang in the middle of that hoary old James Brown '70s disco hit "Sex Machine." Yes indeed, the man whose tunes have been widely pinched on all sorts of house records is back in a big way! This remix was masteredmind by Coldcut's Jonathan Moore and Matt Black, approved by The Godfather Of Soul (i.e. Mr Brown) himself, and is surely the perfect cure for those prone to itchy feet... (!)



LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS: *From The Hip* (Polydor)

I must say that I'm utterly utterly biased when it comes to Lloyd Cole because, even though that rap he has in his voice tends to get on my wick on occasions, I do think he's rather good. This is a very clever ditty and even though it's one of the better tracks on his LP "Manstream" it's really more of an LP "cut" than a hit single. But since this is a four track EP with three quite good brand new songs included, there'll no doubt be a lot of fans who'll rush out to discover what "happening" in Mr Cole's tuncful bonce.

SID HAYWOOD: *Boogie Oogie Oogie* (CBS)

Dame Sidney Haywoode, possibly the skinniest foxtress this side of Kylie Minogue is back too. You will recall she had a "disco" hit a couple of years ago with a song called "Roses"; now, to relaunch her career, she's decided to warble that seminal '70s classic, "Boogie Oogie Oogie" originally shrieked by long-forgotten "desco" combo A Taste Of Honey. It really doesn't sound at all different to the original, but those who haven't heard it before may consider it a

genuine Eurodisco-ish "toe-tapper". And of course, the words just say it all really.

PAUL HARDCASTLE: *Walk In The Night* (Chrysalis)

Oh dear. I think studio wizard Paul Hardcastle has been sitting in his record studio a bit too long and has finally gone loopy. It seems that these days he's far more keen on fiddling around with the fancy "gear" he bought with all the money he made from his 1985 hit "19" than actually writing good tunes. This is just one long saxophone solo from beginning to end with a few twiddly bits added and some foxtress or other twesting "Walk In The Night" a few times. Not very exciting at all.

GEORGE MICHAEL: *One More Try* (Epic)

This is exactly the same as the version on his LP "Faith" except he's plunked a sax solo in the middle. It's George doing his best Barry Manilow impersonation, blubbing all over the shop in this piano ballad as he croons "There ain't no joy for an uptown boy whose teacher has told him goodbye". Quite.

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN: *In The Meantime* (Virgin)

This particular "best combo" "hall" from Wigan—by no means the thriving musical metropolis of "Great Britain" but there you go. They used to be an infamous "indie" group but now they've signed to a big

record company, and although the gettars go chink-chink-chink in an annoyingly American "trawk" band fashion, singer Gary Newby does a nice line in drawl drawing. Altogether it's a pleasant enough pop song (even if it doesn't go anywhere in particular).



DEF LEPPARD: *Armaggeddon II* (Phonogram)

As usual Def Leppard find themselves holding onto the more commercial end of heavy metal's proverbial "stick" with this swing-along rock "riff". Joe Elliot gets down on his knees and pleads "Give me all yer love!", which is a rather heavy metal thing to do I suppose, but there you go. Awwwwright!

THE MISSION: *Beyond The Pale* (Phonogram)

Wayne Hussey once again plunders his "Tome Of Cosmic Descriptions" to come up with another Mission stomper full of "fable" and... erm... "lore". "Beyond The Pale" isn't nearly as rousing as "Tower Of Strength", but it's still quite a good stomping pop tune to behold.

THE CHRISTIANS: *Born Again* (Island)

Isn't Garry Christian a rather good singer? At the beginning of this record he husks from the bottom of his boots like there's no tomorrow, and before you know it, we're up in a swoop, along with The Christians' trademark soul harmonies. All very rum—and there's a rather groovy harmonica bit in the middle too. It's not as good as "Hooverville", but it still blows the girls off half the records on this page.

SCARLET FANTASTIC: *Film Star Kiss* (Arista)

"No Memory" was a pretty good record, but it's rapidly becoming clear that the most interesting things about Scarlet Fantastic are their over-loud togs and their cosmic lyrics. "Destiny is like a big wheel horse", breathes singer Maggie DeMondo seductively. What is she on about?

BIG TROUBLE: *When The Love Is Good* (Epic)

If you can imagine four girlyies who are prone to togging themselves up in Bangles' cast-offs, who (probably) for years chirped away into their hairbrushes along to old Motown soul records, and if you were chosen from a cast thousands to be in a "super" group, then you've got Big Trouble down to a "tee". This record plods away as an annoyingly catchy rate, and is actually a quite inspired slowish soul thing. Sure to be a hit—girlyies will want to copy their hair, and the boys will fancy them.



HABIT: *Lucy* (Virgin)

Habit are a new pop trio with a whole wardrobe full of weird swank clobber and a rather interesting club-ish pop tune about someone called Lucy who the singer bloke doesn't seem to be very keen on. It does however have a rather "infectious" groove which should have you twitching in your loafers in next to no time. Rumour has it they have lots of better songs too...

TRANSVISION VAMP: *Tell That Girl To Shut Up* (MCA)

"You better tell that girl to shut up! You better tell that girl I'm gonna beat her up!"—jeez popster putting Wendy James. Is Maybe it's because her last record "Revolution Baby" flopped without even a whimper. This time around The Vamp have plumped for a Primitives-ish bopaling ditty which was apparently first released by a little known '70s "outfit" called Holly And The Italians. So, this is the best record ever made! (It's not really, but I just don't fancy the idea of Ms James thumping me too...)



THOMAS DOLBY: *Thomas* (Manhattan)

"Fun that biggie off!" shouted various members of the Smash Hits so-called "staff" when confronted by this tune by the musical boffin who produced Prefab Sprout's LP and who played the keyboards on Def Leppard's "Hysteria". Personally, I'm rather glad to see the return of the chap and although it isn't one of his better warblings, this is still a clever effort. Tom rants on about how some floogie he's been hanging around with is a few sticks short of the full bundle and then ends up feeling all guilty about it. You get the "picture"?

SINGLE OF THE FORTNIGHT



THE LOVER SPEAKS: *No More "I Love You's"* (A&M)

This is a classic "waxing" and no mistake. Originally released donkey's years ago, it unfortunately flopped without dignity, but at least The Lover Speaks had the rather good sense to realise that this record deserves to be top five and that nothing less will do. You're sure to recognize it, and whimper and blub at the tale of lurve gone mouldy which unfolds. The only problem with singer David A. Freeman is that he thinks he's a birrova "smoot" intellectual (he has just published a book of his "poetry"), but no harm done, because if he continues to write tunes like this, he can convince everyone he's a moon man for all I care. Spend your dosh on this record and nowt else beforehand.

At the 1988 World Mixing Championship a young chap called Cash Money was declared to be the most brilliant DJ in the cosmos. Vici MacDonald discovers the secret of his disc-spinning success. . .

THE TECHNICS/DISCO MIX CLUB 1988 WORLD DJ MIXING CHAMPIONSHIPS (Royal Albert Hall, London)

The raff title of these championships might suggest a horde of sweetly beaming Gary Davies clones competing to see who can make the most useless "link", but actually this is quite an important event – last year's UK champion was C. J. McIntosh who went on to be part of M/A/R/R/S. The auditorium is packed with excited and very fashionable young disco types, whilst record company toffs in search of new "talent" throb the snoot-balcony above. Everyone's here to witness 10 champion scratch DJs from different countries do their stuff for seven minutes each, before being judged by a panel of backroom production boffins including Mantronix, Matt Aitken of Stock, Aitken & Waterman, and someone from the Beastie Boys' record label Def Jam. Each competitor whips in front of a pair of turntables, frantically wibbling the records back and forth to make new concoctions – the aim is to keep a dancing beat whilst scratching as fast and trickily as possible, though in lesser hands the effect is boring and tune-free.

Judging by the intense concentration of the audience, there are a lot of dedicated bedroom disco-mixers here, and when they like somebody they blow their disco-whistles furiously (everyone has a whistle). They don't like it at all when, half-way through, Boy George comes onstage to present an award to M/A/R/R/S, and start chucking beer and coins at him. "I've already got plenty of money, thanks," he flosses crossly. They like it even less when Pete Waterman receives a string of awards for the likes of Bananarama and Sinitta, the audience boozing so ferociously that he's moved to "queue" subtly. "I hope your needles get stuck up your arseholes."

Things look up when a stream of genuinely popular rap and soul people such as Jellybean, Run DMC, Alexander O'Neal and Public Enemy troop on, but hero of the evening is one-million-year-old "godfather of soul" James Brown, who gets a clock and five-minute standing ovation simply for existing for so long. Star of the show is undoubtedly American DJ Cash Money, who whirrs and twirls and uses his feet, nose and elbows to scratch with. The judges are impressed too, and after a couple of live songs from Taja Sevelle and Keith Sweat, return their verdict: Cash Money is the winner. Like most DJ mixers he'd like to end up making and producing records, and has already released a single called "Play It Kool", though whether it will be as successful as M/A/R/R/S, Bomb The Bass and all the other mix 'n' scratch records in the charts at the moment is anyone's guess. Still, here he is with a few handy "tips" . . .

(As modelled by



▲ Run DMC wiggling out.



▲ Public Enemy "chills" out.



▲ Taja Sevelle "freaking" out.



▲ Keith Sweat flopping out.



▲ DJ Cash Money and something nice for the mantlepiece.

● **AN MC:** Otherwise known as a rapper, i.e. a person who harangues the audience in a rhythmic and generally rather big-headed fashion (preferably in time to the DJ's scratching). Marvellous modestly explains "I'm called Marvellous because I am marvellous. It's different from the usual names like Mixmaster and Cutmaster – you run out of 'Masters' after a while I try to rap about everyday experiences – it takes two or three days to work out a good one. And I never run out of things to rap about."

● **A DECK:** Not the kind of deck salty sea-dogs swab down, but a glittering array of audio equipment in a metal suitcase thingy. Cash Money: "This is a small deck, but you're talking a good £750 here. I'd prefer it to be green with lights on – so when I came onstage, everyone would go 'Oh my gaaahh!'"

● **A MIXER:** Not a labour-saving device you make fairy cakes in, but a fiddish box of tricks whose main control, the "cross-fader" (often worked with the DJ's foot, bottom, nose etc.), determines which turntable the audience actually hears. A v. important piece of equipment: "If you can't call yourself a DJ until you've learnt to mix two records together, so you have to buy a mixer, even if you start with a real cheap one. . ."



THE TOPS AT DJ MIXING

SERIES FOR THE ASPIRING DJ

Cash Money and his MC, Marvellous)

● **SOME HEADPHONES:** So you can hear one turntable while the other's playing, and make sure the spook-stylus is in the right place for scratching.

● **SOME NICE CLOTHES:** "Adidas is still fashionable — they have the best sweatshirts. And I love Nike sneakers. Most rappers still wear all the gold, but I'm too conservative for that. Back home the girls wear skirts and high-heeled shoes, but I really couldn't get into the British girls because they wear thicker soles than my sneakers have got! You call them Doc Martens? We call them Gumbly shoes! But, hey, that's the style here, you've got people wearing their hair and clothes every which way. Maybe they think I'm weird..."

● **A BOTTOM:** Yet another part of the anatomy which can be employed by the agile DJ. "Every part of my body I can scratch with. My mouth, my elbow, my behind, my arm, well you know. Everything."

● **A SPOOK-STYLUS:** I.e. one which doesn't protest when you push records backwards. "The ones I use now are the best in the world, they don't wear out with scratching — I only have to change them once a year. The ones I used to use lasted so much they made the records sound like you were cooking bacon!"

● **A CHAIR:** For standing on while scratching with the foot. Not v. impressive if you fall off.

● **SOME RECORDS WITH ARROWS DRAWN ON:** "The arrow shows me where to start scratching — the records have to have the same beat or you can't mix them. I've got about 2000 altogether, seven years' worth. What do you mean, these are all scratched? I take good care of them! (This is patently untrue — he flings them about mercilessly.) Do I worry about compact discs coming in? Well, I just won me a compact disc player, so I'm going to scratch with it if I have to take the thing apart!"

● **A FOOT:** For those tricky scratching manoeuvres. "I'll use a different bit of my body it's like having three hands instead of two, so I can do more things. Usually I have the mazer in the middle, so if I work it with my foot I can have both hands on the records."

● **SOME TURNTABLES:** For wibbling records back and forth upon. Needn't be hi-tech: Cash Money claims you could even use a couple of rusty old music centres to start with. "People usually have two — I have used four, but you have to run between them really fast."



THE DISCO DUFFER'S CONCISE GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSE (by Prof. C. Money)

● **SCRATCHING:** "It's putting your hand on the record and scratching it back and forth so it gets jigger-jigger-jigger... making records talk. If someone's doing it badly it won't be on beat. You should be able to dance to it without stopping."

● **MIXING:** "That's just blending two records together. One record plays then you gradually bring in another one, so there's no gap in between."

● **RAPPING:** "You need a rapper to make it more interesting. Marvellous has a special style, he goes backwards and forwards almost like a scratch. These days though it's not so much what you say, but how you say it. I don't think people are really listening to the messages people like Public Enemy are trying to put across."

● **HIP-HOPHOUSE MUSIC:** "People try to say hip-hop all sounds the same, but that's only when it's done badly. To me, house music all sounds the same. It's as popular as hip-hop, but it's a faster pace, more instrumental, it's got a different beat. Hip-hop is like bmmmm bmmmm bmmmm bmmmm—house is boop de-deop de-deop de-deop. You don't understand? Erm, how can I explain! Hip-hop's more aggressive, it commands you to dance. House music can make you, ah, a bit bored."

● **HOME BOYHOME GIRL:** "It just means your friend, your buddy. That's it really..."

HEART, WEMBLEY
ARENA, LONDON

Photos: Steve Haggart

▲ Ann "Hollerin' Tensiti" Wilson "rocks out".



▲ Howard and Nancy's frightwigs "rock out" (while having "mazin' rumpo").

As far as loud, hairy, guitar-thrashing bands go, Heart are actually quite good. Sisters Ann and Nancy Wilson are a couple of true rock 'n' roll types who both possess hollerin' tonsils with which to belt out rock "anthems" like "Alone", "Who Will You Run To", "These Dreams" and a song called "Rock And Roll", a thing originally "done" by Led Zepplin (ancient metal types who now get copied by people like The Mission). With the help of three male members of the group (Donny Carmassi, Mark Andes and Howard Leese) they frug and traipse about the stage, guitarist Nancy and some other bloke's instruments spending the entire concert entwined in a strange lurve making rock 'n' roll ritual, while Ann grasps her invisible guitar in that tradition much beloved by metal nutbars.

Apart from the truly hellish and ear-drum splitting, gear-as solos which appear with alarming regularity accompanied by compulsory splayed legs and lips pursed "seductively", plus the fact that a lot of the songs tend to hurtle into each other and are sometimes a bit



▲ A couple of rock 'n' roll checks or, "rock out".

similar in their rock 'n' roll epicness. Heart are jolly entertaining. And the rock and roll types who turn up (most of them male, and many of them constantly making v. rude suggestions about what Ann 'n' Nancy should do with their clothing) seem to find them quite smashing.

Sue Dando

AC/DC, WEMBLEY ARENA, LONDON

There are five blokes in AC/DC: Brian Johnson, an amiable old chap who sings and wears a cap and wouldn't look out of place carting a hod of bricks about on a building site; there's a drummer who pounds away like billy-o, there's two guitarist blokes who stand there making a racket. And then there's Angus Young. And it's Angus Young who the hordes of AC/DC devotees have come to pay homage to. "Angus, Angus, Angus" they yell and when the band take the stage there's a lot of Angus Youngs about – ten in fact, lined up on a platform at the back of the stage dressed in school uniforms and thrashing away at cardboard guitars. Then, a glass capsule rises up from the floor, the real Angus emerges and the madness begins.

Angus Young, you see, is completely off his tree. For two hours he tears around the stage in his green velvet school uniform like a man possessed by demons – he struts around, knobby knees a-falling, head rocking back and forth, eyes blazing and pints of sweat pouring off his body. At one point he teases the audience for a while before removing his trousers and showing off his bottom; in the

middle of one "song" he plays a 20 minute guitar solo which involves him stripping off his blazer, shirt and tie, clambering about the various platforms and walkways that make up the stage "set", falling onto the floor and playing away with his legs kicking in the air, and even strolling about amongst the audience.

It's all hugely entertaining, of course. The songs are brilliant (loud, raucous, dumb singalong things like "Heatseeker", "Who Made Who", "You Shook Me All Night Long"), the stage show "effects" are stupid but brilliant (a giant bell emerges at the back of the stage when they play "Hell's Bells"; Angus rises up from a hole in the floor with horns strapped to his brow for "Highway To Hell"; two gigantic cannons somehow appear and are fired off during "For Those About To Rock", that sort of thing) and Angus Young is the maddest "performer" you ever did see. A remarkable evening.

Richard Lowe

▲ Angus Young: "completely off his tree".



▲ Brian Johnson: "wears a cap".



Photo: Duncan Rabban

▶ Beating!

THE MISSION, MANCHESTER APOLLO



Photos: Tom Shihabian

▲ A chirpy Wayne, prior to his Gigantic Gothic Huff.

Tonight turns out to be The Night Of The Gigantic Gothic Huff... but that comes later. At the start of the evening the dry-ice puffs and whiffles in an energized purple haze, a shimmering explosion of "lightning" frizzles one's eyeballs and there — with three guitars at a jaunty angle, in true "muthas" tradition — are Ver Mission. Drum blurt the loudest thumping drums you ever did hear and from the very depths of Wayne Hussey's sparrow-like "chest" comes the deep "gurgly quaverings of 'Cold still waters running deepooh!'" — the opening "lyrics" of "Beyond The Pale" from their stoating new LP "Children". The audience of persons with "funny" hairdos and black toggles make some highly preposterous arms-akimbo movements and the whole thing sounds entirely brilliant. Um... and that's about it because Ver Mission don't actually do anything except play their sparky pop twirlers in the glow of one billion fluorescent "N" multi-colourful swooping spotlights. They play some rip-roar'n', lung-

explodin' cover versions i.e. "Dream On" by metal deities Aerosmith and "1969" by Iggy Pop's old group The Stooges and, er, then they're off.

So you want some more, do you? Well, Wayne on their speedy return, careering dejectedly into a spalling rendition of fossilised hippy beaus Free's "Wishing Well" — causing a particularly zessful fan down ver front to attempt a one-man stage "invasion". And this is where things go a trifle odd because the fan is buffed off the stage by the beefy bouncers. Wayne is thoroughly outraged, immediately goes into a Gigantic Gothic Huff, whisks said fan out of the audience and lets him have a bit of a boogie until he is "escorted" right off the stage by the still lurking beefy bouncers. Wayne, by now in a supremely Gigantic Gothic Huff, flings down his microphone and stalks off in search of the fan — leaving his band bewildered and silenced mid-riff. So they blaster off stage themselves, in a Gigantic Gothic Huff with Wayne.

Five minutes and several slow-hand claps from the audience later Wayne appears — with fan — and is dumfounded to discover his band have "legged" it.

"So!" he booms haughtily, "the rest of the band're buggered off, 'ave they? Right, who's the one guitar!" He nimbley seizes the nearby guitar, sits cross-legged on the stage, beckons to some fans at the front to sit beside him and strums the blubby "Love Me To Death". The song ends, Wayne decodes he'd better seek out his pals, and for 10 acutely embarrassing minutes the stage is absolutely barren.

"Guess what?" hollers Wayne, eventually reappearing with the band who still look a mite miffed. "I found the band! And they're alright..." Hinnn. And off they boom into a delirious version of "Shelter From The Storm", and they end by billowing out "Stay With Me" as the crowd leap and sway, while pondering, no doubt, on this most... erm, "bamboozing" of evenings...

Sylvia Patterson

FEARGAL SHARKEY: With (Virgin) Poor old Feargal. The best track on this LP is the single "More Love" and with a horrible coincidence it's almost the only one he didn't have a hand in writing. The rest are slow, pale imitations of it with an unhappy Feargal — wibbly-voiced as ever — soul searching about "love", "pain" and stuff. The tragedy is that Feargal has got a very lovely voice indeed and it's wasted on these plodding over-orchestrated and unexciting croons and if he'd just stuck to other people's songs and buy some tight trousers he could become the Rod Stewart of the 80s. **(4 out of 10)** *Lolo Borg*

VARIOUS: Best Of House Volume 4 (Serious) There's only one thing that's anything like a song on this latest house music compilation i.e. The Bestmasters featuring The Sookie Crew's recent hit "Rock Da House". The other seven pieces of music follow what seems to be the current house music vogue of the other hit single on this LP, Bomb The Bass' "Beat Da..." — very, very sparse instrumentals often with little more than a bassline, some clattering percussion and a few bits of talking borrowed from some old record. It's not, therefore, the ideal thing to listen to while drinking your elixirs. But if you want to, er, "jack", your, er, "body", then it'll probably do very nicely. **(7 out of 10)** *Chris Heath*

VARIOUS: The Chart Show - Rock The Nation (Dover) There are, roughly speaking, two kinds of "rock" music. On the one hand there's the over the top, rather brutal "we're-gonna-rock-ya-till-your-head-explodes" shenanigans of people like AC/DC or Iron Maiden. On the other hand there's the quieter, more polite and melodic sort, as played by people like Bon Jovi, Europe and Whitesnake. By and large it's the second variety that this double LP is filled with alongside songs by people like The Cars, Steve Winwood and Icehouse which are so winpy lots of people won't think they're "rock" music at all. ● The full list of songs is: Kiss "Crazy Crazy Nights", Robert Palmer "Addicted To Love", Billy Idol "Horny Boy", Marillion "Accommodate Me", "Loren Like Thoresen", Bon Jovi "Wanted Dead Or Alive", Whitesnake "In This Love", Steve Winwood "Wildone", Gary Nye And The Crows "The Power Of Love", The Floozies "Smile", The Cars "Li Devil", Monkey Crew "Girls, Girls, Girls", Pat Benatar "Lips A Battering Ram", Status Quo "In The Army Now", Georga Sarantini "Bastardo Chani", Broken English "Comin' On Strong", Icehouse "Crazy", Protostar "You To Know What Love Is", Europe "The Final Countdown", John Parr "So Into A Fire", The Runners "Let My People Go", Paul Carrack "Don't Shed A Tear", Jethro Tull "Sad She Was A Dreamer" and The Cars "Drive". **(7 out of 10)** *Chris Heath*

EDDIE COCHRAN The Early Years (Ace/Capitol) Everybody's got their first of these LPs is really only much cop if you're so besotted with Eddie Cochran that you want to hear lots of his early songs (most of which are a bit boring, really). "C'mon Everybody" however is a collection of Eddie's biggest hits and a superbly brilliant, Strappy "rock'n'roll" tunes like "Summertime Blues", "Cut Across Shorty" and the title track sound as fundamentally groovy now as they must have done when they were made about 20 years ago. This man was clearly a complete genius. **(2 out of 10) & (9 out of 10)** *Richard Lowe*

ALBUMS

WAS (NOT WAS): What Up, Dog? (Phonogram)

This is quite the oddest mish-mash of musical gubbins I ever did hear. First you've got the three singles, "Walk The Dinosaur", "Spy In The House Of Love", and "Boy's Gone Crazy", which are all quite chugga-chugga and pleasantly poppish. Then, the rest of the LP is like, completely biffy. There's something which sounds like The Stylistics' "Love Can Be Bad Luck", "Shadow And Jimmy", which I'm utterly convinced is just

ASWAD: Distant Thunder (Island)

Fourteen years back Aswad used to be quite a lot of blokes who played 365 (ish) live dates per year round the far flung corners of this isle and were ignored by the entire non-reggae populace and his dog. Nowadays they've got a number one hit and have become in a trice much more hip 'n' trendy and have turned into not very many blokes instead (i.e. three). So on this their eighth LP, they've combined the traditional reggae protest songs of yore (about apartheid, unemployment etc.) with lots of light and poppy love songs (like their single "Don't Turn Around") thereby pleasing all their fans, both old and new. Spiffing things to watch out for are a backing rhythm on the splendid "The Message" which appears to be played on a domestic washing machine and jolly tongue tripping lyrics like "skooibidiabiodooostop" (!). One not so nice thing to avoid is the alarming Roger Whittaker-esque whistling on "International Melody". A jolly, mixed "bag" of an LP.

(7 out of 10)

Derrin Schlesinger

SAXON: Destiny (EMI)

In 1979 something quite extraordinary happened. Suddenly three brilliant British heavy metal groups sprouted out of nowhere: Def Leppard, Iron Maiden and Saxon. Of the three of them — though Saxon have always been the least famous and if you listen to this LP you can understand why. It's not that there's anything wrong with it — they're just not as distinctive as the other two. They're not as rock-ish as Iron Maiden and they don't write real pop tunes like Def Leppard. What they do play are some very competent but not fantastically American-sounding rock tunes like the single "Ride Like The Wind", or "I Can't Wait Any More", or the anthemic "Song For Emma". And the other half of the LP is full of familiar argn-doom-apocalypse tunes with titles like "Cain Before The Storm" and "Red Alert" (which is about the nuclear disaster at Chernobyl). Could do better.

(6 out of 10)

William Shaw



THE PRIMITIVES:

Lovely (Lamb) The Tves are one of those rare groups who seem to have quite successfully made the upward move from being a simple "with it" indie "beat combo" to suddenly becoming a pop band. But there are problems because "Lovely" is more likely to appeal to fans of the group who were heavily "into" them before they had a zippy pop hit because, apart from the very melodiously rockish "Nothing Left To Say", there aren't really any tunes on their first LP to match the complete corking brilliance of "Crash". There are some nice attempts though — in the form of the spacey ballad "Ocean Blue", "Run Baby Run" and the "60s-sounding-complete-with-Indian-style-drum-thumpings" "Thru The Flowers". By no means a classic, but still a breath of fresh air in a world running short of decent groups...

(7 out of 10)

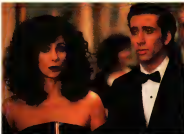
Tom Doyle

REVIEW

FILMS



▲ Some broke with a hairy body slaps his lasses wailing to an unemployed Chef.



▲ "Hope you remembered that extra shed load for Mrs Smith at No. 23..."

MOONSTRUCK (PG)

In this film you get to see a lot of Nicholas Cage's bare body, and horribly hairy it is too. Not that there are any rum goings-on 'twixt the sheets in this tasteful romance; it's just that he plays a sweaty baker with no shirt and a wooden hand (having rather clumsily lopped off his real one into a packet of extra-nutritious sliced bread). He's bitter and lonely until Cher, a so-called "dowdy" (except she's not) widow, comes to his shop. Bing! — they fall madly in love, which is a bit dodgy seeing as Cher is already engaged to Mr Cage's useless elder brother. The rest of her big Italian-American family are having various marital problems too, and what follows is a gentle, amusing meander through their lives and moral dilemmas. It's pleasant and sharply observed, but not exactly action-packed; nearly everyone's really old, and the most exciting thing that happens is a moonlit trip to the opera. One for extremely "sensitive" types (and fans of hairy bodies).

Vici McDonalot



▲ "A basic leave triangle"



▲ "Boo! This is the News At Ten with Alistair Burness (...)"



▲ "Hi! I'm a handsome bimbo."

BROADCAST NEWS (15)

This film is up for about ten squillion so-called "Oscars" and it's not difficult to see why. Basically it's just about a "luurve" triangle, but it's set in the high-faluting world of Washington TV News so there are all manner of career dilemmas thrown in as well and lots of anxious and quite exciting will-they-won't-they-make-it-in-time! moments. Jane (Holly Hunter) is a snooty, know-it-all and completely crack-pot TV News Producer who has the perfect friendship with hardened, workaholic news hack Aaron. But along comes new-boy News Reader, Tom (William Hurt) and he's

everything poor Aaron (and Alistair Burness) isn't: panned, handsome (well, some think so, I believe), utterly charming but a birrova bimbo and, although he follows Jane around like a pet dog and "wants to get inside her head" (herm herm) — his two associates are utterly beastly to him. Of course, the inevitable happens — but not as you'd expect, which makes it quite entertaining, and by the way Jack Nicholson is wondrous as the lechy old eyebrows-skimbo top-dog News Reader.

Vici McDonalot

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● Answers eby on the right!



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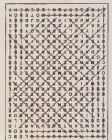
PUZZLE ANSWERS PRIZE CROSSWORD

No 52 (9 March)
● The winner is Andrew Hall from Bedford
No 53 (23 March)
● The winner will be announced in the next issue, meanwhile the answers are meandering below.

ACROSS: 1 & 17 down: Billy Ocean; 3 (The Mission); 7: Monseigneur; 9: Hot (In The City); 10: Cole Cuz; 13: The 9 (Mudra Know-It-All); 14: (Answers Of The Lost) Arc; 15 plus 6 & 12 down: Was Not Was; 16 & 10 (Under A) Blood Red (Sky); 18 (SI Arc) by Keach; 21 (Wayne) Sleep; 23 (Anarchy (In The UK)); 25 (True) Blue; 26 & 28 down: David Lee (Roz); 27: Lionel (Piche); 29 (Bibi) Iot; 30: Mags

DOWN: 1: Bomb; The Bass; 2: Lynco; 3: Mags; 4: (Say) It Again; 5 & 11 across: I Think We're Alone Now; 8: Island; 20: One (Strait); 22: (Vanessa) Paradis; 23 (The) Alarm; 24: Veko

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1	0898 700 8 01	1
2	0898 700 8 02	2
3	0898 700 8 03	3
4	0898 700 8 04	4
5	0898 700 8 05	5
6	0898 700 8 06	6
7	0898 700 8 07	7
8	0898 700 8 08	8
9	0898 700 8 09	9
10	0898 700 8 10	10
11	0898 700 8 11	11
12	0898 700 8 12	12
13	0898 700 8 13	13
14	0898 700 8 14	14
15	0898 700 8 15	15
16	0898 700 8 16	16
17	0898 700 8 17	17
18	0898 700 8 18	18
19	0898 700 8 19	19
20	0898 700 8 20	20

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VOUCHER
3



THE TRUTH ABOUT MEL'S ILLNESS

● **Mel Appleby** of **Mel & Kim** has finally admitted that she has in fact been suffering from cancer of the spine. Mel had previously denied the rumours that her mysterious back injury was in fact cancer.

"because," says Mel "we didn't want people to buy our records out of sympathy or anything like that." However she decided to reveal the truth when Kim's ex-boyfriend, a rick called

Wayne Smith, tried to sell a so-called "news" paper some pictures taken of Mel when she was bald and bloated just at the end of last year. At the moment Mel has no hair (the result of an anti-cancer treatment called chemotherapy) and is rather plump (because she's been taking steroids to keep her strength up while being treated). "When I first came out of hospital I looked like a cabbage patch doll," says Mel. "I had big bloated cheeks but I'm down to 10 stone now. I have to wear a wig at the moment but in about three months time I should have a bit of spiky hair and then a proper head of hair by the summer. I'm not in any pain any more and I should definitely make a full recovery as long as I take things easy." Get well soon, Mel...



Photo: Picture Press

● In America recently there was a rather swanky stag-up "do" held in honour of **Michael Jackson** by the United Negro College Fund For Underprivileged Black Children which was attended by simply tons of stars, including **Whitney Houston** and **Elizabeth Taylor**. Before that, Michael had given the proceeds of a special charity "gig" of his at Madison Square Gardens to the fund (a not-to-be-scotched-at-\$600,000, so the "big-cheeses" at Fisk University presented Michael with an Honorary Doctor Of Humanity Degree...

● Golfers in Bristol were shocked recently when **Wayne Hussey** was joined

onstage at a Mission gig by his granny, who no doubt rocked out a bit and then made a hasty exit...

● Seems that **Rick Astley** found himself in a rather uncomfortable "spot" recently when a gub full of Scottish fans tried to corner him for an earful of the poor lad's lutelei chup. "Rick" was taking a breather from his jolly pop life with a sat-ing holiday up in a "sunny" Glenshee north of the so-called border when he happened to interrupt a cosy sing-song in a "hosiery" called The Blackwater Inn. Luckily, Rick managed to escape without having to pipe even the slightest note...

● Poor old **George Michael**! First of all, at a party "thrown" by a band of Australian types to celebrate the beginning of The Legend That Is four down under, the highlight of which was George's name appearing in a blaze of technolabre as part of an elaborate fireworks display. George happened to notice that the antipodean guests had spelt his name wrong! Secondly, "GM" has also been struck down with a rather nasty throat bug which has forced him to cancel a concert. Oh dear...

● And have those **Curiosity** chaps (man) really disappeared from the face of the globe? It seems not! Ver Cats are currently "cutting some tracks" in Italy Kenti to be part of their new LP due out rather soon. They're also planning to appear at an Amnesty International Festival at the Milton Keynes Bowl on June 18/19 along with **Wet "Wet" Wet**, **Then Jervis, Aswad**, and lots of other pop types... Full details in *Blitz* "as they come in" (or something)...

● Eek! The addition of a new member to **Banamarama** must be sending them decidedly loopy & seems that the Rams are finally taking the "plunge" and are planning a bit of a major live experience. Let's a "tour". Mutterings can "scarescapy" wait...

Mutterings

Photos: Jukes Barton



MORRISSEY IN SOAP SCREEN DEBUT "NOT MUCH COP" SHOCK!

● There Mutterings was sat, **Cheesy Wotsits** and **Jim Bongo** in our sweaty mits, waiting for **Morrissey's** appearance in the *Brookside* spin-off, *South*. Much snoodlings into the "plot", **Tracy Gorkhill** trapes into a local radio station for one reason or another, and happens to chance upon none other than **Morrissey**...

Tracey: — "Ere, I know you you arell!"

Morrissey: — "(willy) "So do I."

Tracey: — "You're Morrissey!"

Morrissey: — "I know"

Tracey: — "You used to be with The Smiths!! What are you doing here?"

Morrissey: — "I've come to do an interview."

Tracey: — "Great!"

Morrissey: — "What are you doing here?"

Tracey: — "Nuthink Why?"

"Spook" radio "official" — "We're ready for you now."

Morrissey: — "Right. Got to go now. Nice meeting you."

Tracey: — "Yes."

Well, well! Listeners, bit of a let down, I suppose, but still rather good, don't you think? (No, not really — Quite a few people.)

BROS: THE "WAY" WE WERE...

● While **Bros** were flicking through their family albums during their recent TV show, *The Story So Far*, they managed to dig up this particularly "interesting" picture of themselves. Isn't it a corker, wavers, and no mistake? It was taken just over a year ago when Bros were but a fledgling pop "combo" bedecked in these incredibly "stylish" togs. According to Matt, "It was real trendy to look like that at the time." But, of course...

● **Shriek! Matt** from **Bros** nearly scared himself for life early last week halfway through an interview with **Smash Hits**. Apparently, Matt was becoming decidedly cheesed off with the rather stuffy conditions in Bros' record company **BLU**, so he decided to open one of the windows, which he discovered to be very stiff indeed. Much miffed, the disgruntled "chanter" gave one pane of glass such a hefty thump that he put his hand straight through it. "Aaaaarrrghhh!!!" quipped Matt at the time, just before being swiftly rushed away to hospital to have five stitches in his palm and eight stitches in the back of his hand...



Tiffany very nearly had the pleasure of being introduced to the **Duchess of York** after "Fergie" apparently said she'd like to meet the **American songstress** at a recent film "premiere" in London. "Unfortunately" Tiff had to stay in and iron her sweaters that night...

FREE: It's The Rather Corking Smash Hits Transfer Giveaway!

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