

EXCLUSIVE
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I'VE dreamt of this moment since I was seven. I've written to Jim'll Fix It hundreds of times begging for it.

And now, finally, it's my chance to meet my first true love - Shakin' Stevens.

Back in the 80s, my devotion to the Cardiff-born rock'n'roller knew no bounds.

My jeans had Shaky patches on the pockets. My bedroom walls were plastered with his posters.

I combed my little brother's hair into a Shaky quiff. I fought my big sister over who was better, Shaky or Gary Numan. I begged my parents to move from Scotland to Surrey so I might glimpse him gliding by in his Rolls-Royce.

Scarily, after Shaky woke a girl from a coma by recording a special message, I hoped that every childhood cold would leave me comatose so I'd wake to find him at the foot of my hospital bed.

My love for him peaked when he sang his No.1 hit Oh Julie. No one could convince me he wasn't crooning it just for me.

OBSESSION
Weeks later, when I heard his next single, about some tart called Shirley, I was inconsolable.

But nothing could shake my love for Shaky. Even when I saw a picture of his wife and three kids in his annual. Even when I realised he was the same age as my dad. Even when everyone at the school disco laughed when I did his wobbly-kneed dance.

I thought I was over my Shaky obsession, until recently when I heard the first bar of Oh Julie on the car radio and screamed so loudly that my husband thought he'd run over someone. Shaky's a legend. An icon. My hero. And at the ripe old age of 60 he is now officially cool again as he plays at Glastonbury festival this weekend.

And I'm interviewing him for the Mirror! Just so he knows I'm no fair-weather fan, I've dug out my "I love Shaky" T-shirt and dusted off my ancient denim jacket.

In walks my dream man with his manager, Sue. He's unmistakable - all flicked-back dark hair, slim hips and rock-star shades. Unable to resist, I launch myself



80s icon Shakin' Stevens is back and he's throwing a wobbly

This ole louse

MIRROR'S JULIE MEETS HER TEEN IDOL.. AND HAS HER DREAMS DASHED

HEART-THROB Shakin' Stevens in his 80s prime



I'M YOUR NO.1 FAN But Shaky fails to warm to our Julie
Pictures: JAMES VELLACOTT



BEND IT LIKE SHAKY Doing that dance in his heyday

You're a nosy bloody parker! That's private. I'm not here to talk about that

I don't want to be pictured with THAT! You're taking the p*** with that T-shirt

at my idol, hug him tightly and don't let go - until he prises my fingers from his waist. Shaky doesn't look at all happy. Or flattered. In fact, he's mightily miffed. It seems he has taken offence to my T-shirt.

"You're taking the p*** with that," he says. "I don't want to be pictured with THAT. I would be endorsing what you look like."

Shocked, I stammer: "I don't mean to take the mickey. It's just that I really, really do love you."

"God!" he groans. "I'm so tired of all that teeny-bop stuff. It was years ago. So twee. I'm not into all that. Forget it all, all that rubbish."

Sue whispers that he recently played in front of a huge crowd in Hanover and someone turned up with a banner sporting his name and lots of love hearts.

That was touching, I say. Humiliating, she says. Shaky was furious. You see, these days he wants to be seen as a serious musician.

ANNOYED
Just to recap, he was the top-selling male singles artist of the 80s. His No.1s included This Ole House and Green Door, and Merry Christmas.

Everyone is the seventh most performed festive single of all time.

He still has a massive following, which saw him easily win the reality TV show Hit Me Baby

Memory a bit Shaky?

1968 Began his music career fronting Shakin' Stevens And The Sunsets

34 Number of his Top 40 hits in the UK

100,000 Number of fans who watched Shaky see in the Millennium, headlining at a concert in Cardiff

2 The number of years he was banned after being convicted for drink driving in 2002

12 months How long he waited to release his festive hit Merry Christmas Everyone, to avoid it clashing with the mega-selling Live Aid single

ago. People think I've been doing nothing for years, just sitting around playing with myself.

"But I've always been touring, performing, recording. I've moved on. I'm different, OK?"

Attempting another stab at friendliness, I compliment him on how he's hardly aged after all these years. Shaky's not amused.

He wants to point out just how much he has changed. "Look," he says, hoisting a foot high above the

table. "I don't wear white shoes any more. Haven't done in about 20 years."

"You obviously haven't come to one of my concerts. And you haven't listened to my new album. You were just a fan for a couple of years, was it?"

"If you were a really serious, dedicated fan you'd have gone to see the artist in concert. If you were a genuine fan you'd have

followed me through. But I don't want to argue with you. I respect you and you should respect me.

"You know, I took time out to come and see you today. I don't like to do interviews, to be honest. "I HATE interviews. I tell you for why. Because people write bulls***"

Yikes. I'm getting scared by Shaky's answers, which are either barked, huffy or

come out in a sarcastic high-pitched voice as he tries to impersonate me.

Will nothing soften him up and convince him I really do like and respect him and just want us to get on?

I move on to safer ground - his family. Shaky (real name Michael Barratt, the youngest of 13 children born

to a builder) married Carole in 1967, when his occupation was officially a milkman. They had two sons and a daughter.

Refusing to name them, he says his eldest son is waiting for a break in his music career, his youngest son is a sound engineer working for a top producer and his daughter is a qualified dancer who also sings and has just had a baby.

And how's Carole? "That's private," he snaps. "I'm not here to talk about that. You're a nosy bloody parker, aren't you?"

"If you must know, no, I'm not married no more. And that's it, OK? End of story. But

I suppose you'll be wanting to know who I'm with now? Well, it's this lady here."

He's pointing at Sue, who is sat next to me. Gasp! Sue has been my love rival the whole time.

DAMAGE
Sensing there's a bad atmosphere she attempts some damage limitation. "I've brought you a new T-shirt," she says, handing me a top bearing Shaky's tour dates... from 2005.

Then she gives Shaky a CD and says it would be nice if he signed it for me, which he obediently does.

But he refuses to give me a hug or kiss for the pictures, and, up close, I realise his hair is a badly-dyed mahogany, his teeth are very yellow and he has a rather big nose.

As I leave, Shaky grips my arm tightly and says: "Your story will be nice, won't it? If it is - great, we'll do something again. If it's not, I'll never talk to you again."

Broken-hearted, I open the CD to see Shaky's message: "To Julie. Great meeting you. Shaky x." It's clearly a lie, but nice all the same.

Then turning to the back page of the sleeve there's another message: "To Bruce and Betty. Enjoy. Shaky."

Humph! The CD wasn't even intended for me! That is IT, Shaky. You and me are officially O.V.E.R.

GAMBLING Bingo hall bandit bid

BINGO halls could be turned into mini casinos under government plans to revive the industry.

Owners will be able to install eight fruit machines with £500 jackpots to try to attract new customers.

The move follows record numbers of halls closing - 100 have shut since 2004. There are now 600.

Sports minister Gerry Sutcliffe said: "The machines will provide much needed help to struggling clubs. The clubs play a crucial role in many communities."

Bingo Association boss Paul Talboys welcomed the news.

He said: "Ministers have at last recognised the valuable role that bingo clubs play."

But opposition MPs criticised the move saying the government should offer clubs tax breaks instead.

RAMPAGE Laughing teen killer

A TEENAGE yob who laughed as he beat an Asian man to death was yesterday facing life in jail.

Daryl O'Connor, 19, killed Tarsen Nahar, 44, in an attack during a booze-fuelled rampage.

Only 17 at the time, he beat Mr Nahar to the ground and delivered a sickening kick to his head, the Old Bailey heard.

Weeks earlier, O'Connor and his friends had shouted at him: "We don't like n....rs in our park." They also stole his wallet and phone.

Mr Nahar managed to get to a friend's house after the attack in Grassy Meadow Park, Hayes, Middlesex. But he died later of brain damage.

O'Connor, of Perivale, West London, was found guilty of murder. He denied the charge. He will be sentenced next month.