

TRUE ROMANCE



BIG TIME sent Byker Grove's Brigid and Grange Hill's Dudley, on a date with a difference! Little did they know they'd be

spending St Valentine's Day in the gruesome London Dungeon!

Towering tall at six foot five inches, Grange Hill's Steven Hammett got offered a job playing Frankenstein when he arrived for his date at the London Dungeon! He was more than a match for Joanne McIntosh (alias Brigid in Byker Grove) - she's only five foot two!

As the two toured the terrifying caverns of the London Dungeon, they spilled the beans about the characters they play, and the soppy subject of love.

Dudley would do anything to get a girlfriend,' Steven told **BIG TIME**. 'He advertised himself as the class

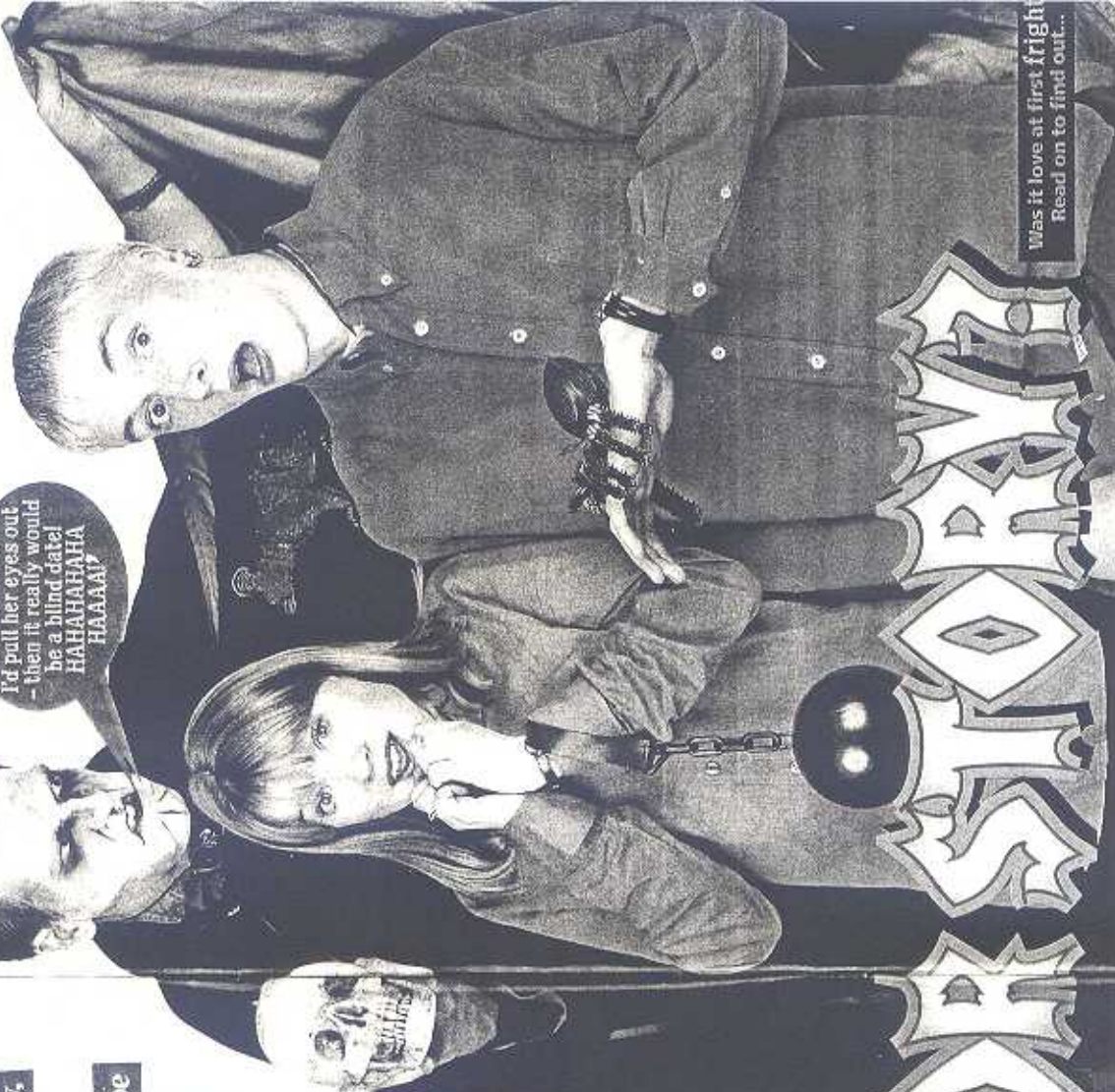


How about the football?

heartthrob and when that didn't work he followed another girl around thinking she'd find it attractive, but it just scared her to death! Finally he pretended he was really into environmental issues and he nearly got knocked down by a bulldozer!

Meanwhile, 'Brigid' went to even more drastic measures to get a boyfriend,' Joanne laughs, 'she broke up her sister's marriage!'

'If I were you, I'd pull her eyes out - then it really would be a blind date! HAHHAHAHA HAAAAA!'



Was it love at first fright? Read on to find out...

HORROR

Intoxicated, infectious, one, two: Dr. Haigatt unloads to the soothing sounds of Anal Solvent



"Cliff" must be a vampire; this is how he retains such infernal youth. — Frazer Lee

DM: I see myself smothering the female backing vocalist in honey and then being inside a hive of bees.

WM: If it hasn't got a beat, I'm not interested, and this hasn't got a beat.

F: If it hasn't got a beat, he can't hear it. He needs to hear the woo-woo drums of the apocalypse.

WM: (Gestures disconcertingly)

F: You know that film *Nightmare On Elm Street*, where all the teenagers get slaughtered because they stay at home? That's what's going to happen.

DM: Just give us the address of their home and we'll pay them a visit.

WM: Then they'll wish they weren't 'Spring At Home'.

ASH
Angel Interceptor
(Interlocutor)

Are sticking follow-up to the chart-topping 'Cliff From Mars'? There are the boys with the big bad voice, and The Sid can't get enough.

F: After 100 years, I'll take more than three little boys from Ireland to coast me out of my coffin.

DM: They sound utterly vile.

F: Whoever signed this band should have their ears removed.

WM: What, again? They should have their hands removed so that they can never sign anything ever again.

F: They might just about have the energy to scribble 'I'm sorry' with their bloodied stumps.

UB40
(Virgins)

We prepare for the traditional Mand reggae splurge. Inconspicuously, we've been sagittated with a blood type (Cliff?)

F: They sound better than they've ever sounded before, they really do.

WM: (Shoulders slightly moaning)

F: UB40 release three minutes of science for fullness that is probably the best thing they've never done.

WM: Hopefully they'll remain silent until their dying day.

CATHERINE WHEEL WITH TANYA DONNELLY
Judy Staring At The Sun
(Proseless)

A grandiose Old Newton revolution. The wheel returns with a pseudo-psychotic guitarist, a pocket-sized Tanya Bely punklike soloist. The cover doesn't match found form suspended in a black of ice.

DM: This cover is quite appealing.

F: 'Judy Staring At The Sun' but she's not, is she? She's staring at her arse. There's Tanya! She should have stayed at home.

The cover shows her out to be a little

The Black Monk dispenses instant justice to the stiffed fan train



ANAL SOLVENT
Dung Sling
(Tim Kean)

Present, aerie, aerie, hip hop courtesy of Portland's premier multimedia conglomerate. It says it helps and it rots per socks. You can't say finer than that...

DM: [Sounding like a devilish Ah, finally, the sound of the woo-woo drums. Pass me a chicken, I feel a sacrifice coming on.]

F: This initial beat is having a profound effect on our man from Haiti. He'll be crying out for the limbo pole to be lowered, at any moment.

DM: I am compulsively taken by Anal Solvent. It conjures up beautiful imagery. Anal, rectum, Magdalene.

WM: Rectum... yes

WM: This is my kind of music. It reminds me of *Cliff And The Endless Snow*.

F: 'She's suffering?' Not as much as us.

DM: She doesn't know the meaning of suffering, so let her down.

F: We've got a belly torture for Liana, actually. We shall force-feed her gallons of water until her belly is near exploding.

CLIFF RICHARD
A Misunderstood Man
(EMI)

Stick, syrupy stuff from Sir Cliff. After Farner and Sir Tim Rice have written a musical version of *Wuthering Heights*. They've called it *Heathcliff* and our Cliff is the title role. Who will play Kathy? Dave Vera. Cynic?

F: Cliff is a vampire; this is how he creates each infernal youth.

WM: (Muzzles) Oh, no, he's one of ours.

DM: In certain modes: indeed, they would test your faith by boiling your fingers. Perhaps Sir Cliff should grace us with a similar display of his piety.

F: It is crucial to imagine Cliff as Heathcliff — perhaps a no-hat poker in the eye would persuade them to cast a younger man. Here at the diaphragm, we particularly fond of *Wuthering*.

DM: This is simply wretched. I'd rather listen to the sound of the messengers as they chew through my coffin.

ALANIS MORISSETTE
Stand in My Pocket
(Maverick)

Woo-woo-woo-like, sprawling singer/songwriter fare. This is the aural equivalent of loomback, and it's no Madonna's *Mercurio* label.

F: Madonna has a lot in common with Countess Elizabeth. Both, who bobbed in the blood of virgins to retain her eternal youth. Madonna sucks on the formal of others in a vain effort to retain eternal virgility.

DM: She is little more than a haughty, back will be punished.

DM: Perhaps this particular young lady should be suspended by her ankles and gently roamed over an open fire.

WM: That'll teach her to muddle with mediocrity.

THE STONE ROSES
Begging You
(MCA)

A some grooves from *Mare*, workaholic and VDU cover star. The bases it's been avoided from the *Zynthetic*. Second Coming and rocks like an obese intergalactic with always a fool.

F: There will always be a place for the Roses here at *The Dingum*... beneath the gulliforme blade.

DM: Perhaps we should inflict a pressing on these people — it would be quite apt, wouldn't it? Spread-people them, and slowly apply the pressure of massive stones to their puny frames, until they finally confess to their crimes against rock.

WM: (With blood-curdling passion) Confused

WM: They will burn in the pit of hell... With any luck.



THE NEW SINGLE
like a rolling stone

CD & CASSETTE ALSO FEATURE NEW VERSIONS OF "FALL DOWN THE LINE" — "BLACK LINDSEY"

THE TWENTY-SEVEN POINTS
(Capricorn) (L.A. - New York - London - Glasgow - N.Y.C. - N.Y.C.)

The Twenty Seven Points
New DM Double CD & cassette

available at **RECARDED** our price