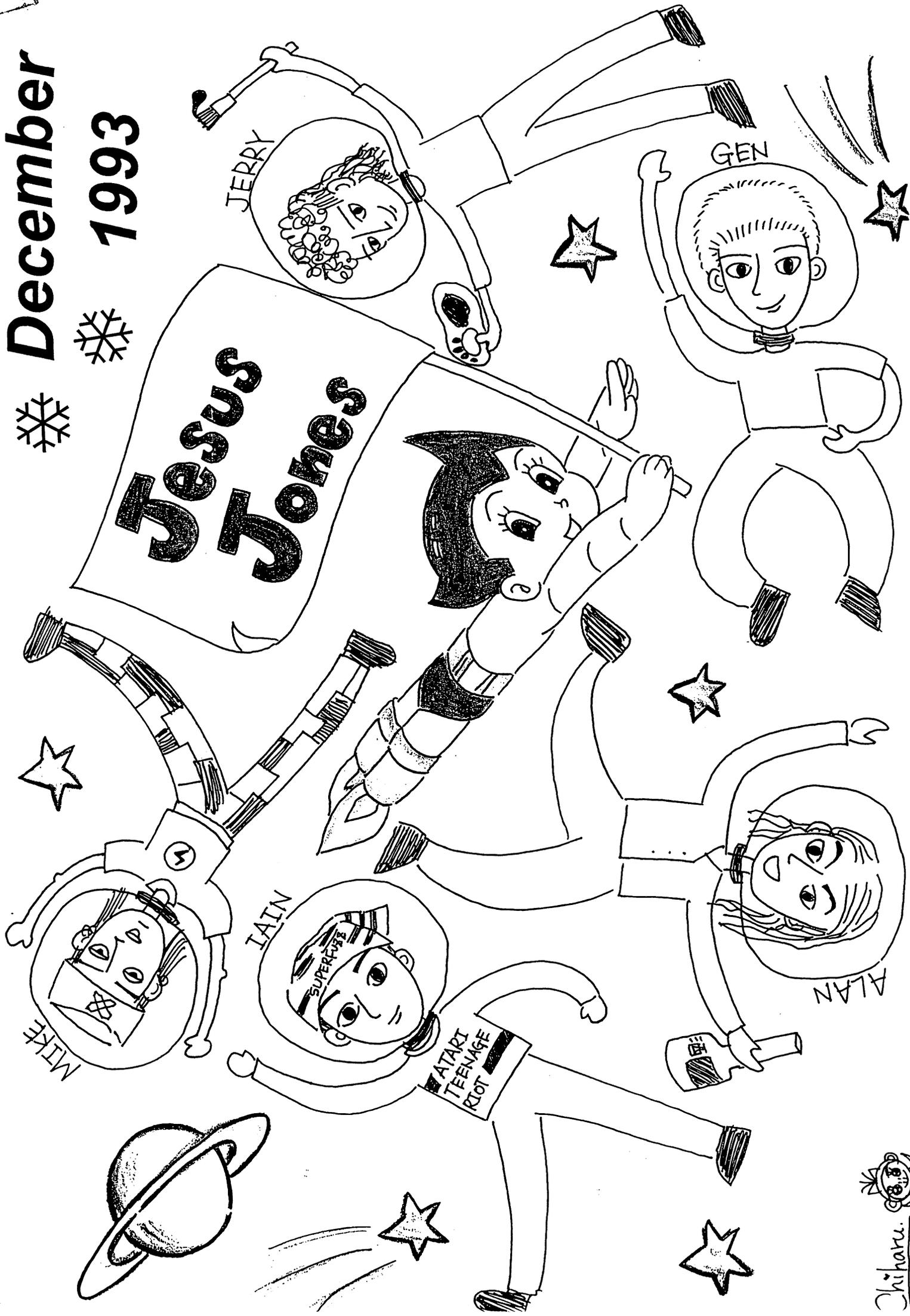


December 1993



Chiharu.



INFO SERVICE C/O BEAN,
PO BOX 1475,
LONDON SW3 2NP.
UNITED KINGDOM



Seasonal Salutations!!

Although the band have been 'out of the public eye' recently, much has still been occurring in the lives of those they call Jesus Jones. As I reported in Septembers issue , in August and September the band undertook a promotional tour of South America. This involved visits to Mexico, Brazil and Uruguay. Mike has supplied us with a detailed diary of the tour, so detailed in fact, that the second half will be published in the March '94 issue!

After South America two of the band had rather important and exciting dates looming up in their diaries. Firstly, on the 21st September Alan was married to Poni (also known as Leslie) in Chicago - insiders report to follow. All the band were in attendance apart from Mike who was patiently awaiting fatherhood. Over the next couple of weeks, forever doing research for the next album (and to calm his nerves we reckon) Mike could be spotted in various Techno clubs in London sporting a pager which would relay the news that his wife had gone into labour. How long it took Mike to realise that the unrelenting beeping sound was not the latest Techno release, but in fact his pager, is unknown. However, he was home in plenty of time for the birth of his daughter. Hana (which means flower in Japanese incidentally) was eventually born on October 1st - Phoebes birthday! So congratulations Mike and jolly well done Fia!

With all the excitement of births and marriages over with work has now begun on the next album - hence no tour dates for a while. It's too early to guess at a release date yet, so as a source of amusement I thought 'you lot out there' could send me some suggestions for the new album title (and your reasoning behind it). All suggestions will get passed on to the band and the funniest, most off the wall printed in March's issue.

All that remains is to thank Chiharu Ishida from Kyoto, Japan for the cover illustration - I'm running low on future covers, so come on all those with artistic leanings, create something for me!!

Enjoy Christmas and New Year, and I'll hear from you all in '94

Bean.

-|-



"HOT COFFEE"

*A Portrait Of South America As Seen Through The Eyes Of
Mike Edwards.*

Part One

MEXICO

Mexico City : from the air it's enormous, from the ground even bigger - approximately 22 million people and an enormous amount of concrete and chaos. Spread across a reclaimed marshland valley (not that reclaimed, several of the major civic buildings in the centre are sinking) on an old Aztec city, surrounded by mountains and during our stay, constantly shrouded in cloud/fog/pollution (local opinion differs as to which).

Iain and I arrive jet lagged to death, sleep for two hours and then go out to a club to watch a Mexican pop band who harbour very strong memories of 1985... Bed.

Tuesday - interviews. A few "What do you think of Mexico/Mexican girls?", a frenetic, shouting, over hyped DJ (I asked him which brand of coffee he drinks for future reference) and a few horrified looks as we display just how opinionated Iain and I can be (subject irrelevant).

Great evening interview - fans had rung in with questions. I pick the best of them, we ring the authors up, answer them and get to go to dinner with them. Example of the questions picked; "Have you ever needed the bathroom whilst on stage?", "If Jesus Jones were a supermarket product what would it be?", "Why are you doing this kind of music?" - was that some kind of complaint? And some of those not picked; "Would you like a blow job given by me?", "What advice would you give to the youth to solve actual world problems?", "Do you feel guilty about the effects of music on an audience?", "How did you get the name?" (Aaaaaaaaaaargh!!). By coincidence, 90% of the questions were from women.

The company at dinner is excellent. So too is dinner; Mexican speciality - enchiladas de mole, flour pancakes covered with dark chocolate and filled with chillies - unlikely sounding but heavenly tasting. I have an out of body experience with the aid of a jalapeno pepper - no stranger to hot foods, two bites of this, served with an appetiser, send me into teary eyed, sweating, agonised, speechless exile in the toilet for twenty minutes. Jalapeno peppers are still legal in Mexico.

Driving around the city between interviews the temperature is like London is in Summer. London has homeless people solo, but Mexico City has entire families; some just beg while others sell lighters, breath fresheners or tissues and some perform feats ranging from crap harmonica playing to fire breathing. Traffic here is in a constant high speed state of imminent collision. Chaos theory may help to explain why impact never occurs but the jams here are physical representations of chaos theory.

On our last full day in Mexico City, we finish interviews early and get guided/protected around downtown for some electrical shopping. Down one market street sandwiched between Spanish colonial buildings we see all the bargains that consumers dream about and corporation accountants have nightmares over - I have never seen so many shrink wrapped video cameras

minus boxes. Iain buys a Gameboy for the price of a game. Jurassic Park videos are available. Bootleg Nintendo consoles too. I ask if this street gets police attention and get the same relaxed reply as for traffic violations, drug laws and seemingly any rule breaking in Mexico - "It's no problem. You just need a little money".

Last night celebrations - more Mexican food (Aztec chicken with cactus) and on to a night-club. Previously, Mexico seemed admirably racially mixed, the features of the Aztecs and Mayans very apparent everywhere throughout society but in this club with spirits at around £25/\$40 a shot and an entrance fee that had you counting the zeros to be sure what you'd read was correct, we might just have well been in Madrid or Barcelona. Iain described the music as "kitsch" but he was being generous. Pop metal is big in Mexico. Personally, I enjoy the first 20 seconds of AC/DC's Big Gun (before the squealing starts) but after watching an hour or so of Mexico City's brightest, most beautiful and richest howling along to every word of songs by Metallica, Guns n Roses, The Black Crowes, Lenny Kravitz, Aerosmith, Pearl Jam, Nirvana etc., etc., I'd had enough.

Hell flight to Argentina from Mexico City via Miami overnight (meaning no sleep for me) and a lightning storm that lit up the inside of the plane for half an hour (definitely no sleep for me).

ARGENTINA

It's Sunday when Iain and I meet up with the rest of the band at Buenos Aires airport for our second visit to Argentina in 18 months. This time it is Winter and the light at 10.am is like the light on a November morning in Britain - as though the sky has been put through the wash too often. At the hotel, I'm asleep before I fall onto the bed, awake an hour later with a call from the Argentine rep for Anarchic Adjustment, a company whose uncanny knack for finding us anywhere in the world leads me to believe there must be some sort of CIA connection involved. Thankfully they give us clothes rather than try to de-stabilise our nation.

Another hour later my alarm goes off, time to start the interviews. Coffee in reservoir-like quantities is still legal in Argentina, to my great benefit.

The promotions here are a treat - live mime on TV. European and US audiences would find the sight of us playing in a TV studio with scantily clad female dancers parading around the set and a near hysterical audience somewhat surreal, but veterans that we are, we endure it. For "The Right Decision", Jerry gets the entire dance troupe standing next to him while inexplicably his mic remains on during the mime.

After the obligatory and greatly appreciated record company feed we invade a night-club where the music is significantly better than in Mexico. Our presence causes a minor stir in the club and much handshaking, photo taking and kissing of beautiful women takes place (it's a local custom, we were only doing it to be polite).

More interviews all the next day with a fair amount of driving around the city. Buenos Aires reminded me so much of Madrid - the look of the city in particular, that at first I was slightly disappointed. With enough contact with the people, a little more knowledge of the history and culture as well as the thrill of just being here changed that quickly.

Another record company dinner in the evening, tough trying times for us all. Jerry is back at the hotel suffering from a nothing-to-do-all-day sponsored hangover. Alan doesn't remember falling asleep but awoke naked on his bed with the 'do not disturb' sign on the door and the room tidied around him by the maid.

By now I'm losing all concept of time. I have to keep looking at the schedule to find out what day it is and what I have done, where I have been. The press interviews are good, often causing me to think and expand on the usual themes, developing ideas for the next album. The radio interviews are a different matter. It's the same all over the world; I'm just a handshaking, small talking piece of photographable scenery.

All day Tuesday I do interviews mostly at the hotel but occasionally driving around Buenos Aires to radio stations. In one of them is a map dated 1989 which shows a group of islands 200 miles off the Argentine coast that are termed Las Malvinas and are described and colour coordinated as being part of Argentina. The main town is called Puerto Argentino. It seems to me that whatever your political beliefs, this method of reclaiming sovereignty over the Falkland Islands (as we term them) is preferable to sending 20 years olds there to kill each other.

One last Argentine TV show in the evening. This evenings idiosyncrasy is the nubile young male and female dance troupe who prance about in denims with their Calvin Klein underwear conspicuous about the top of their jeans. When we finish "Right Here, Right Now" the shows theme tune starts up and the dancers go nuclear, jumping all over the band and inviting us to make complete idiots of ourselves by cavorting along with them. Jerry and I take the surly "don't even try it" approach, Iain and Gen are accommodatingly silly and Al, with his hair that constantly inspires awe of fear in Latin Americans, is avoided anyway. For the finale balloons drop from the ceiling and this time no-one restrains themselves; the nation of Argentine views these Inglese grongos revelling in an orgy of balloon popping!

BRAZIL-Sao Paulo

Next day at noon we leave for Sao Paulo, Brazil. Not one of the most beautiful cities in the world but the sun is out, it's warm and we're on our holidays. After some afternoon interviews and photo sessions it's time to see if Brazilian TV can match the awesome strangeness of it's Argentine counterparts. Little did we suspect that the highlight of our career was about to follow...

As kids TV shows go, this was pretty wacky. The small set was coloured and decorated in violent psychedelia, with gangs of cruel, ruthless seven year olds massed in stands around the stage. The pretty blonde presenter and the female support cast were dressed in revealing majorette style uniforms (in Brazil, like everywhere on this tour, sexism is still legal and institutionalised). The tour de force came midway through the mimed playback of "The Devil You Know". Facing the crowd, I glanced into a TV monitor to see that behind me Jerry was engaged in mortal combat with a three foot midget dressed up in a crocodile suit, holding a miniature electric guitar. Tears streaming down our faces, we made it through to the end of the song before being incapacitated with laughter. And of course my video was back in the hotel room...

In Sao Paulo it started getting tough for me. I still hadn't caught up with my sleep and was staying awake only with the aid of terrifyingly strong Brazilian coffee, so potent that it is only served in thimble sized cups. The schedule finished just too late and started again just too early for any decent rest, then went on all day with many brain and soul destroying radio station visits. I looked like death on a bad day (Brazil has the photos to prove it) and with the advent of a cold, felt even worse. If I could just stay alive until Rio.

QUESTIONS

&

ANSWERS

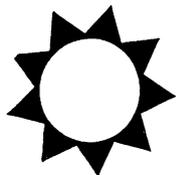
1) What did you all get up to on the South American tour?

GEN

For most of us it was a bloody great holiday!
It was our second visit - the first was in January '92
to play some concerts with EMF, SEAL, SKID ROW & EXTREME.
We did not see that much as we only went to Sao Paulo
and Rio in Brazil, Buenos Aires in Argentina and Montevideo
in Uruguay but we were only there for 12 hours. The schedule
of press things constantly changed too so it was pretty
difficult to plan around it. We spent a lot of time sitting
around in T.V. studios - one of the best memories was of
us miming on a kids T.V. show and of Jerry mack fighting
with a dwarf in a crocodile suit.

JERRY

Lots of sunbathing.
NO SEX
& lots of television.



IAIN

As usual - a List will suffice

Mexico

- 1) Corrupt Police.
- 2) Bread filled with cheese.
- 3) Hotel on the Flight path (duck!)
- 4) Metallica in the Nightclubs.

Argentina

- 1) Boca Juniors Stadium
- 2) Me'n' Peta driving round Buenos Aires.
- 3) Steaks the size of Suitcases.
- 4) Nearly Dying of exhaustion after a TV Show

Brazil

- 1) Midnight Express.
- 2) Flying Every day (and surviving!)
- 3) The gorgeous women and the friendly fans
- 4) The Poverty and the Pride.

Uruguay.

- 1) The Bumpiest roads in the known Universe

Things that made South America Possible:

Zelda on my Game Boy / "The Void" ESOTERIX / "Ghost at Number One" - Jellyfish / Terry Farley (Hottum!) / RAY / NAOMI / TENCHU / PETA / CHARLY ALBERTI - El hombre!!

MIKE

COMING SOON TO AN INFO. SERVICE NEAR YOU - "NANA GOES TO RIO". READ IT. "THERE'S ONE'S FOR A LITTLE GIRL I KNOW"



2) So what's the deal with posing for Penthouse magazine?

IAIN

They asked us we accepted - so long as there was no naked women. The red-blooded interviewer was very suspicious of the fact that "we could have seen all those tits" but didn't want to. Look you moron - all of us have "done it" and it's all old hat. NUFF SAID.

We got shit for it from the music press - but hey at the moment if we acted like mother teresa we'd get shit for it.

GEN

Penthouse wanted some would be 'DRACULAS' and someone thought that we would fit the bill. Spent an afternoon swanning around in capes, top hats and fangs biting young ladies necks and occasionally each others. All quite ridiculous and now that you mention it, I haven't seen the finished result - I think Jerry has added it to his collection.

MIKE

WHEN THE PENTHOUSE THING WAS SUGGESTED, I DIDN'T HAVE MY POLITICALLY CORRECT RADAR GOING. IT SEEMED HARMLESS TO ME AND NONE OF THE WOMEN I DESCRIBED THE PROPOSED PHOTO SESSION ^{TO} THOUGHT IT WAS ANY BIG DEAL.

SINCE WE DID IT, I KNOW WE'VE BEEN SLAGGED IN THE PRESS AND I'VE HAD SOME (MARR) FRIENDS GIVE ME SOME STICK ABOUT IT BUT I CAN'T SEE ANY MAJOR PROBLEM. PERHAPS THE THOUGHT OF 'PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE', PROVOKES A KNEE JERK REACTION. OH NO! BAD PUN OPPORTUNITY!

3) What would your reaction be to someone mimicking you on "Stars In Their Eyes" and which track would you like to see them attempt?

GEN

Amusement and surprise.
'Spirals'

JERRY

I'd be physically sick

MIKE

I'D BE SURPRISED THAT WE REACHED THAT DEEP INTO SOCIETY. I WOULD LOVE TO (NO, I CHALLENGE ANYONE) SEE SOMEONE TRY 'STRIPPED', MY MOST AMUSICAL WORK THUS FAR!!
REALLY, ANYONE COVERING ANY OF OUR SONGS WOULD BE FLATTERING ABOUT MY SONGWRITING.

IAIN

Go for it! Though - don't try and make a living out of it - you should make your own way in this world doing your own thing not someone else's.

- 4) For that matter, who would you choose to impersonate and which number would you perform?

MIKE

THERE ARE THOSE AMONGST THE BAND WHO SUGGEST I HAVE A NATURAL TALENT FOR IMPERSONATING NANA MUSKOURI (HOW DO YOU SPELL HER NAME?). THAT, I FEEL, WOULD BE MY CALLING.

IAIN

Jimmy Rushing - id sing (!) "Sent for you yesterday Here you come today" Why? Because my father did it once and i have the greatest respect for my father.

JERRY

Barry from Catford.

Barry hasn't actually ever sung a song, so I'd do anything by Wizard.

GEN

I think we'd make a great Jackson 5 !?*

After all, "Don't blame it on the sunshine, don't blame it on the moonlight, blame it on the boogie!"

5) Your ideal car?

IAIN A TVR Griffith. (or a Homer!)

JERRY

My ideal car would be a hybrid, it would be the front of a mini & the back of a Mini, but 2 different minis

GEN

The last of the U-8 Interceptors (Mad Max 2)



MIKE

PAH! WHY BOTHER WITH A CAR AT ALL, JUST GO THE WHOLE HOG AND GET A STAR TREK STYLE TRANSPORTER (SUBTLY DIFFERENT TO A STAR TREK TRANSPOTTER).

IF I WAS TOO SCARED OF ENDING UP AS MOLECULAR SOUP ON THE TRANSPORTER HOT PLATE (DID YOU SEE THAT EPISODE?) THEN I'D GO FOR A VEHICLE WITH A NON HYDRO-CARBON BURNING ENGINE. COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THE STYLE THOUGH.

6) Who would be your ultimate support band?

GEN

Someone who didn't slag us off in the press the moment the tour finished!

MIKE

SURELY YOU MEAN 'SUPPORT BANDAGE'!

NO? WELL THEN, SOMEONE WHOM WE ALL GOT ON WELL ENOUGH TO SPEND DAYS OFF WITH, SOMEONE TOO GOOD FOR OUR OWN GOOD, SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T SLAG US OFF AT THE END OF THE TOUR. THERE, THAT SUMS UP SUNSCREEN.

JERRY

The Wonderstuff

IAIN

The Wonder Stuff

7) Are you interested in Astrology? Are you like your sign?

MIKE

NO. IS A STROLOGY LIKE A TRILOGY? IS THIS JERRY'S ANSWER OR MINE? I THINK THE TEAM OF EXPERTS WHO WRITE THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONAIRES HAVE MIXED UP THE REPLY CARDS. MY STAR SIGN SAYS I'M A LYING GIT PRONE TO FABRICATING STORIES. THE ANSWER MUST BE YES.

GEN

Not particularly, but more so since we had our charts done by an "expert" who'd never met us and was pretty accurate.

IAIN

Yes - ish I'm a total Libra - i'm Libra with Libra rising and i'm a textbook case. I like reading my stars - theres so little obvious direction in our lives that a small amount of explanation sometimes helps a great deal.

8) Describe the most embarrassing photo of you ever taken?

MIKE

PHOTOS, PHOTOS EVERYWHERE AND NOT A GOOD ONE TO CHOOSE FROM. SELF PITY ASIDE, IN 1989, WE DID A 'SOUNDS' MAGAZINE SHOOT AND IN BETWEEN SHOTS I PULLED A REALLY STUPID ^{SURPRISE!} FACE, OUT OF BOREDOM. ONLY IT WASN'T BETWEEN SHOTS AND THE RESULTING PRINT GOT TURNED INTO THE MOST COMMONLY AVAILABLE POSTCARD, POSTER AND T-SHIRT THAT WE NEVER AUTHORISED. AND IT STILL TURNS UP IN LARGE NUMBERS AT EVERY RECORD SIGNING WE DO.

IAIN

Anything where i'm in a short-sleeved shirt i've got the skinniest arms in the world and i hate them.

JERRY

for some reason I was flashing a certain part of my anatomy.

9) What is the worst psychological torture you can imagine suffering?

IAIN

Someone constantly calling my name and not being able to answer back.

MIKE

I'M DEVELOPING SEVERAL RIGHT NOW BUT I HAVEN'T ^{FOUND} THAT EXPOUNDING ON THE JOYS OF MY LATEST OBSESSION HAS A DRAMATIC AFFECT ON THOSE AROUND ME.

NOT BEING ALLOWED TO SLEEP SEEMS PRETTY BAD TO ME.

GEN

Being subjected to nonstop Phil Collins.

10) What do you think about whilst on stage?

MIKE

THE LAUNDRY, SHOPPING LISTS, WHERE DID I LEAVE THOSE KEYS, DID LIVERPOOL WIN THE F.A. CUP IN '71 OR '72, WHAT'S THE CORRECT SPELLING OF 'MUSKOURI', IF ALIENS EXIST WHAT SIDE OF THE ROAD DO THEY DRIVE ON, IS MADONNA A REPLICANT, MORE LIES FOR THE QUESTIONNAIRE. BUT ONLY AFTER THINKING ABOUT THE AUDIENCE THAT I CAN SEE (WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE, WHAT THEY SAY), HOW IS MY VOICE DOING, WHAT THE HELL IS THE FIRST LINE OF THE NEXT SONG, HOW WELL DOES THIS SET WORK, COULD IT BE BETTER, WHAT SORT OF NEW SONGS WOULD WORK BETTER ETC.

IAIN

First three songs :- "Come on Come on Come on
Come on Come on!" Hyping myself up.
After that - trying not to Fuck up, Sex
("Blissed" especially)

11) Are you interested in sport? I don't suppose you actually play any?

JERRY

Yes. I do, tennis actually.

GEN

Yes - the ones I do are weight training, circuits, tennis, motorcycling

I don't support any football team.

I'd like to see a live baseball game and basketball. I like boxing and motorsports on T.V.

MIKE

NO. SKATEBOARDING AND MOUNTAIN BIKING AREN'T SPORTS BUT I'D CERTAINLY SEE THEM LIVE OR ON T.V. HOWEVER, ONLY IF I WASN'T ACTUALLY DOING THEM.

IAIN

I HATE SPORT (see "Skinny Arms") I support Chelsea as it's the easiest way to avoid getting beaten up around here.

I have Eurosport on my cable TV and I've never watched it.

12) And, in a seasonal vein, were you ever in the school Nativity Play and which part did you play?

GEN

No.



IAIN

Yes - A shepherd one year; then Joseph.

JERRY

I was Aladdin.

MIKE

I WAS A ROMAN CENTURION WALKING ABOUT THE STAGE MURMURING
AND DELIVERING AN IMPROMPTU, SEASONAL NANA MUSKOURI IMPERSONATION.
THAT WAS MY SEASONAL VANITY.

13) If you were to meet Jesus face-to-face what questions would you ask him?

MIKE

DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH? NO? WELL THAT'S THAT THEN.

IAIN

"So Big J, whats with this entropy thing?"

"If you're beheaded, are you still headless in Heaven?"

"Is Neanderthal man in Heaven too?"

GEN

Challenge him to a game of Streetfighter II Turbo!

JERRY

oh yeh how about that water
into wine trick.

ALAN & PONI'S WEDDING

Full Story And Pics!!



Alan's wedding couldn't have come at a better time for me - just 10 days after our promotional trip to South America. Instead of returning to London for those 10 days, I flew to New York to stay with some friends and, basically, continued partying before going on to Chicago for the Big Day. On arrival at Chicago's O'Hare Airport I was met by Iain, his girlfriend Chris, and Alan's soon to be wife Leslie - they'd had a very hectic time, Leslie in particular, trying to find accommodation for everyone coming over from England (15 of us in all). Her mother's flat was centre of operations: people in and out and the phone ringing constantly. I got to stay at Leslie's brother Mike's house which it turns out is not far off being a building site - he's just bought it and is doing it up: in fact, the water only got connected the day before my arrival! But at least I got a mattress and bedding and it was to be home for the next week along with 4 others and, joy of joys, a Nintendo. It was decided that most of the boys should stay at Mike's, most of the girls at Leslie's and everyone else at a hotel down the road

which Leslie had got at a bargain rate, except Alan, Jerry and friend Nick who stayed at a friend's flat.

Let the Party begin! No sooner were people off planes and into town it started and in some cases before getting off the plane.

There was a massive stag night arranged at the Metro (for those of you who have the Jesus Jones Live CD, that's the place it was recorded in September 1990 - pop fans). And it turned out to be quite a night; the stag night that is, not the gig! It was complete mayhem involving large amounts of alcohol, some topless waitresses who, as the night went on did not just remain topless (I don't think I should say too much more ahem!) and a stripogram for Alan which I can only say that you really had to be there to believe! You'll have to ask Alan for all the details.

At about 4am we were all kicked out of the Metro and found ourselves at an all night drinking establishment called the Hounds Tooth. To get there involved being led quietly down a dark alley, into a basement, through a kitchen, a special knock on the door, a secret handshake and a small cuddly toy and we were in! And who should we find? - all the girls at the tail end of their hen night. I think we crawled out at about 7am into daylight AARGH!

Fortunately we had a recovery day before the wedding (NOT!). That evening a meal was arranged for the families of the bride and groom and the Brits to all get together at a fantastic Mexican restaurant - it was a great evening and as it went on, everyone decided to go out again and sure enough we all ended up at the Hounds Tooth, all except the one who forgot the caddy to get in.

At last, Wedding Day. I spent the morning charging around town as I'd left my wedding attire at Leslie's mother's flat. On my way back to Mike's house I dropped in to see how Alan and Jerry were getting on - they were both dressed and ready and remarkably composed in complete contrast to the chaos at the girl's place - most unlike Alan I thought and left them to it to dash back to Mike's to get ready myself.

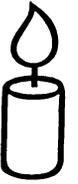
To Be Continued....

GEN





MERCHANDISE



For T-shirt information send a SAE to:
GIANT, 180 North Daisy. Pasadena. CA. 91107 USA

Unfortunately Giant UK have run out of JJ T-shirts at the moment and have no plans to sell more until the next tour!!

However, the following back-catalogue shirts are available from Jesus Jones T-shirts c/o Gailforce Management, 30 Ives Street, London, SW3 2ND.

"Real, Real, Real" May UK tour with dates on the back - Black - size medium - £8.00/\$16.00

Please do not send cash or foreign cheques. Gailforce will accept British cheques, postal orders and International Money orders, made payable to JESUS JONES in either pounds sterling or US dollars.

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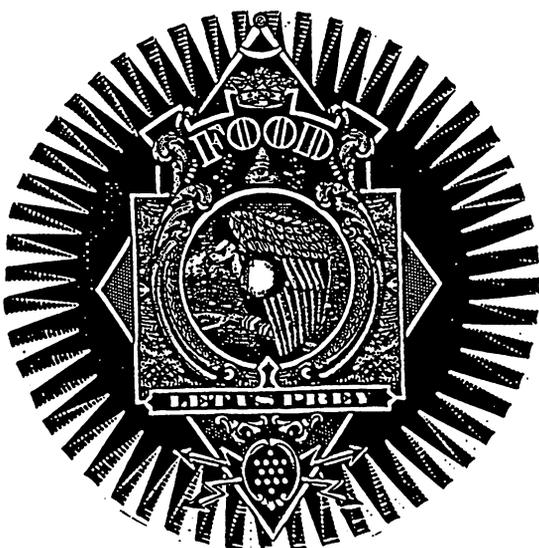
UK - £1.00 per T-shirt

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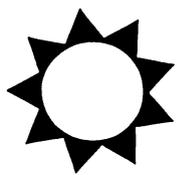
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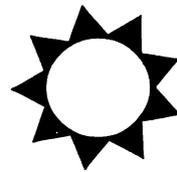
Three different designs are on offer. For further information write to Food Records, 172A Arlington Road, London NW17HL UK.



TO OWN THE ABOVE 10" x 8" BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO AUTOGRAPHED BY THE BAND SEND £2/\$4 WITH THE ORDER FORM ON THE BACK PAGE.



ORDER FORM



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