

SHITTY DRIVE LATER VIA THE HAPPY VOMITER AND WE HIT CAMBRIDGE. WHAT A PLACE! THERE MUST BE MORE CYCLISTS HERE THAN THE REST OF THE COUNTRY PUT TOGETHER-THEY EVEN HAVE THEIR OWN RUSH HOUR. THE ONE-WAY SYSTEM MUST HAVE BEEN DESIGNED BY A NINE YEAR-OLD SCHIZOPHRENIC MONKEY ON A

ZX81 COMPUTER. YOU ARE NOT EVEN ALLOWED TO PARK ANYWHERE. AT THE CORN EXCHANGE ITSELF WE RECKON THAT THE BOUNCERS MUST BE VERY TOUGH AS THEY ARE ABOUT SEVENTY YEARS-OLD. JESUS JONES ARE ON TOP FORM TONIGHT ALTHOUGH I AM SURE THAT BARRY D IS NOT TOO IMPRESSED

WITH HIS KEYBOARD TOTALLY BREAKING DOWN ON HIM AND SETTING HIM BACK 300 QUID. THE TRIADS ONCE MORE COME LOOKING FOR RICHIE D. THIS TIME WITH A HUGE KNIFE BUT ONCE MORE THE EMF DISGUISE PAYS DIVIDENDS.

I STAY THE NIGHT IN NEWMARKET WITH RUSS (WHO IS A "NEW"

FOLLOWER) BECAUSE I WANT TO LOOK AT THE HORSES. PAUL AND RICHIE D FALL ASLEEP ON THE MOTORWAY HALFWAY HOME.OKAY, SO IT WAS AT A SERVICE STATION

BUT THAT DOESN'T SOUND SO ROCK'N'ROLL, DOES IT?

Phil, Paul, A Tony, ion'(!!??) to:-ARF I K The Modge beast, hahahah

feb 21 DAY FOURTEEN

I STOP OFF IN NORTHAMPTON TO SCROUNGE SOME LUNCH OFF MY AUNT BEFORE HEADING OFF TO THAT SHITHOLE THAT THEY CALL MANCHESTER. WHEN I iien t! ARRIVE AT THE ACADEMY I FIND PAUL IN TEARS BECAUSE HE HAS BEEN KICKED OUT OF THE VENUE AND THEREFORE CANNOT GET TO SEE SOHO. AT THE SAME TIME spear I FIND OUT THAT I AM SUPPOSED TO BE PICKING UP RICHIE D.IT WOULD OF HELPED IF HE HAD OF MENTIONED IT BEFORE HAND. PRETTY SOON RICHARD TURNS UP IN HIS KINKY SCHOOL UNIFORM g be

AND A FEW OF HIS CHUMS. SO DOES DORNELIUS AND RICHIE D, WHO HAS GOT IT SORTED.WE SIT AROUND FOR A LITTLE WHILE TESTING DORNELIUS' PSYCHIC

POWERS, WHICH ARE IMPRESSIVE TO SAY THE LEAST.

THE GIG IS ALSO IMPRESSIVE AND NOTHING WHAT SO EVER WENT

brinc

WRONG (AS FAR AS I COULD MAKE OUT ANY WAY). RICHARD OFFERS TWO CRAP PEOPLE A LIFT HOME IN THE MILKFLOAT BUT THEY DO NOT SEEM OVERLY KEEN TO TRAVEL IN MY INFAMOUS ILLUSTRIOUS Jurs CRUISING MACHINE AND SO THEY THOUGHTFULLY DECLINE THE OFFER (WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID?). SO IT IS BACK TO CONGLETON FOR A NICE SLEEP ONLY TO BE WOKEN BY BUILDERS BANGING AT SOME UNGODLY HOUR. is Jays

IT IS A DAY OFF SO I NIP OVER TO BOLTON TO GET DRUNK WITH feb 22 DAY FIFTEEN

A FEW MEMBERS OF BOOGA'S TREE HOUSE CLUB.

SIXTEEN

phincteric

IT IS A LOVELY DAY WITH GALEFORCE WINDS AND TORRENTIAL DOWNPOURS. ST RIGHT FOR DRIVING ACROSS SNAKE PASS.I ARRIVE AT THE VENUE (THE OCTOGON SHEFFIELD) EARLY ONLY TO BE KICKED OUT LESS THAN 35 SECONDS LATER BY PROMOTER.NIKKI (THE GREEN BEAN SEX GODDESS) TURNS UP WITH A FEW FRIENDS A NICE YELLOW METRO WITH FLUFFY DICE AND SO WE SIT AND TALK FOR A WHILE L PAUL ARRIVES WITH DORNELIUS AND RICHARD IL PAUL ARRIVES WITH DORNELIUS AND RICHARD

RNS UP AND SO WE ALL SIT IN THE MILKFLOAT AND SLAG OFF MR TRAINEE ETENTIOUS ROCK JOURNO SOME MORE. A LITTLE LATER AND WE ARE BORED OF THAT D SO ENDEAVOUR TO FIND THE BAR. ONCE FOUND, WE DECIDE TO TAKE FULL VANTAGE OF THE SPLENDID FACILITIES AVAILIABLE TO US (ie WE GOT PISSED UP). SOMEHOW WE ALL MANAGE TO GET IN SAFELY AND SEE AN EXCELLENT SHOW. IERE ARE A THOUSAND-ODD PEOPLE HERE TONIGHT AND YET WE STILL CANNOT FIND PLACE TO STAY FOR THE NIGHT. I DECIDE THAT I NEED A PACKET OF CIGARETTES ND SO DRAG EVERYONE ELSE ALONG IN MY SEARCH FOR NICOTINE AT SOME TIME AST MIDNIGHT. WE STOP OFF AT A NICE CHIPPY BECAUSE WE FANCY A CHANGE ROM OUR USUAL FOODSTUFFS. EVEN THOUGH RICHIE D ISN'T WITH US THE TRIADS

RE STILL BEHIND US EVERY STEP OF THE WAY. RICHARD TELLS THE TRAINEE PRETENTIOUS ROCK JOURNO TO GO AWAY EVERAL TIMES (POLITELY, OF COURSE) BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO GET THE MESSAGE. VENTUALLY HE DOES GO, BACK TO LEICESTER (WHERE HE LIVES), AND WE MAKE OUR AY BACK TO THE MILKFLOAT. WE DECIDE THAT WE MIGHT AS WELL SLEEP IN IT HERE IT IS.WE THEN DECIDE THAT WE MIGHT AS WELL SLEEP IN THE CAR AT A SERVICE STATION INSTEAD. WE THEN DECIDE THAT WE WOULD RATHER SLEEP AT RICHARD'S HOUSE INSTEAD. SO WE DRIVE TO DORNELIUS' HOUSE IN MANCHESTER AND STAY THE NIGHT THERE. FOR SOME REASON, HER PSYCHIC POWERS ARE NOT WORKING TOO WELL AND SO SHE GETS US LOST 2 MINUTES FROM HER OWN HOUSE.OUR PSYCHIC POWERS ARE MUCH BETTER THOUGH, WE COULD HAVE PREDICTED THIS TOTALLY. DORNELIUS AND NIKKI TRY TO EMBARRESS POUR INNOCENT RICHARD BY TALKING ABOUT SEX ALOT. THIS FAILS ABYSMALLY ALTHOUGH SOME OF IT IS RATHER RUDE AND CANNOT BE PRINTED JUST INCASE YOUR MOTHER IS READING THIS.

DAY SEVENTEEN

WE WAKE UP VERY LATE AND NIP OVER TO CONGLETON TO DROP RICHARD OFF BECAUSE HE IS UNABLE TO DO ANY MORE DATES.AFTER WE HAVE SOME COFFEE AND BISCUITS AND AFTER PAUL HAS WATCHED THE FIRST HALF OF THE FOOTBALL MATCH (HE WANTED TO WATCH THE REST BUT WE WOULDN'T LET HIM) WE LEAVE FOR LEICESTER, HOME OF CRAZYHEAD, AND THE UNIVERSITY. LEICESTER IS ALSO HOME OF MR TRAINEE PRETENTIOUS ROCK JOURNO-I DON'T KNOW IF I MENTIONED THAT.WE NOTICE THAT THE TRIADS ARE STANDING AROUND ON STREET CORNERS WATCHING US INTENSLY EVEN THOUGH RICHIE D ISN'T ACTUALLY WITH US-HE'S AT HOME NOT

WE ARRIVE VERY LATE AFTER NOT GETTING LOST ONCE (STANGE BUT TRUE) AND BECAUSE WE ARE SO LATE WE DON'T KNOW IF ANY OF US ARE ON THE GUEST LIST DRINKING HIS BUDWEISER. OR NOT. ONCE AGAIN, THOUGH, GIMPO SAVES DAY (HE HAS TURNED INTO A VERY NICE

YOUNG MAN INDEED) AND EVERYTHING IS SORTED. AN ODDS AND SODS ASSORTMENT OF PEOPLE THAT WE KNOW TURN UP-INCLUDING RUSS AND FRIEND WITH THEIR FREAKO LEGHORN FLAG, SARAH (OUR HOSTES NIN NOTTINGHAM), THE TRAINEE PRETENTIOUS ROCK JOURNO (HE LIVES IN LEICESTER

BY THE WAY), VARIOUS NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN FOLLOWERS, AND PORKBEAST FROM

THE GIG IS EXTREMELY HOT'N'SWEATY (0898.."Lets talk"-Dornelius) CRAZYHEAD!!WOW!! BUT EXCELLENT NONTHELESS. PAUL AND NIKKI STAY THE NIGHT IN LEICESTER WITH DAVE NEDS FOLLOWER WHILE DORNELIUS, SARAH AND I DRIVE TO MY HOUSE IN BEAUTIFUL BERKSHIRE BECAUSE THE MILKFLOAT NEEDS A NEW SET OF BRAKES AND I NEED SOME MORE MONEY. SARAH WASHES HER CLOTHES IN THE SINK, DORNELIUS BREAKS THE TOILET (SEVERAL TIMES) AND I BUSY MYSELF BY WATCHING BUTTON MOO feb 25

DAY EIGHTEEN

I AWAKE EARLY SO I CAN TREAT THE MILKFLOAT TO SOME NEW BRAKES BUT IT IS STARTING TO SHOW ITS AGE BY REFUSING TO START. INSTEAD, WE HAVE TO RESORT TO CRUISING ACROSS TO CARDIFF IN A BRAND NEW CONVETTIBLE.WE SPOT SOHO IN A SERVICE STATION (NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME) BUT THEY RUN AWAY BEFORE WE CAN TALK TO THEM.

WE GET TOTALLY LOST IN CARDIFF, EVEN IWAS IMPRESSED BY HOW LOST ACTUALLY WERE, WE WERE THAT LOST. STILL, WE GET THERE IN THE END EVEN IF DOES TAKE US LONGER TO FIND THE UNI THAN IT TAKES TO GET FROM MY HOUSE PAYING (WE ARE PRETTY SKINT BY THIS STAGE IN THE 100K). UNITE, THAT BEING NOT VERY GIMPISH AT ALL HANDS OUT PASSES TO ALL OF US AND SO WINS THE HERO OF THE DAY AWARD. JESUS JONES PUT ON A VERY GOOD SHOW TONIGHT ALTOUGH I THINK THAT MIKE GETS A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY (HE CERTAINLY DOES SEEM TO RELISH ALL THAT ATTENTION). THE LAST REMAINING COPIES OF THE FANZINE ARE SOLD VERY QUICKLY, INDEED, THERE IS EVEN A FIGHT FOR THE LAST ONE. IT IS THEN OFF TO LOU'S HOUSE IN MUMBLES (SURF CITY!) WHICH IS JUST PAST THE GIANT APPLE, THE GIANT CORGI AND THE NOT VERY CRASHING WAVES. AFTER A SMALL FIGHT FOR BEDS AND HOT WATER BOTTLES WE SETTLE DOWN FOR THE greeting. NIGHT. WE HAVE THE STANDARD TOUR BREAKFAST OF TEA AND TOAST BEFORE AY NINETEEN SETTING OFF FOR LONDON AND THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB. WE STOP OFF AT MY HOUSE TO RECOVER FROM THE PRICE OF THE SEVERN BRIDGE TOLL (A POOND) WE ARRIVE IN LONDON AND SIT AROUND FOR THE SOUNDCHECK. WE DO AND TO STOCK UP ON CAFFEINE. NOT GET KICKED OUT OF THE VENUE BECAUSE WE LEAVE VOLUNTARILY TO GET SOME FOOD, MUCH TO PAUL'S ANNOYANCE AS ONCE MORE HE MISSES SOHO. WE SIT IN THE BULL AND GATE (THAT MOST FAMOUS OF PUBS) WHERE WE BEGIN TO WONDER ABOUT HOW WE ARE ACTUALLY GOING TO GET INTO THE GIG WITH A GUEST LIST THAT IS FULL, NO CHANCE OF GETTING A PASS AND TOUTS WHO THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUNNY TO CHARGE OVER TWENTY QUID FOR A TICKET. NO PROBLEM, WE THINK, WE DID IT LAST TIME (AND THE TIME BEFORE THAT). AND WE CAN DO IT IT AGAIN. THINK POSITIVE! IT STARTS TO GET LATE AND WE START TO WORRY JUST A LITTLE. DESPARATE TIMES CALLS FOR DESPARATE MEASURES AND SO AS A LAST RESORT WE DECIDE TO RUB THE ANCIENT LUCKY FRUTINI SPOON (... "Oh no! Not the ancient lucky Frutini spoon!") WE RUB THE SPOON VERY HARD INDEED. TWO MINUTES LATER WHO SHOULD WALK IN BUT SIR GIMPO WITH TWO GUEST LIST PLACES AND A COUPLE OF PASSES. WE THANK THE GUARDIAN OF THE LUCKY SPOON WITH A CEREMONIAL SACRIFICE (WE WANTED TO SACRIFICE DORNELIUS BUT SHE WOULDN'T LET US) OF A FEW ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES. WE MEET UP WITH QUITE A FEW PEOPLE THAT : they no WE HAVE MET SOMEWHERE BEFORE BUT THEIR NAMES ESCAPE ME AND WE WALK is spea to say THE GIG IS GOOD ALTHOUGH THE CROWD SEEM A LITTLE TAME, AT esusia LEAST FROM WHERE I AM STANDING AND THE TEE-SHIRTS ARE ONCE MORE SOLD THE FEW YARDS TO THE GIG. 100 pe A FEW PASS SWOPS LATER AND WE ARE AT THE PARTY UPSTAIRS. IN HIGH NUMBERS AT EXTORTINATE PRICES. THE FREE BEER DOESN'T LAST FOR LONG (LATER IT TRANSPIRES THAT THE FREE STUFF WAS FOR THE CREW ONLY, THE REST WERE SUPPOSED TO PAY. SORRY!) BUT IT DOES MEAN WE CAN PUT OFF WORRYING WHERE WE ARE GOING TO GO FOR THE bring ile cl THE BOUNCERS POLITELY KICK US ALL OUT AND BECAUSE WE HAVE urs NIGHT FOR A LITTLE BIT LONGER. NOWHERE ELSE TO SLEEP WE DRIVE BACK TO MY HOUSE WHERE I REMEMBER THAT BECAUSE MY PARENTS WERE NOT EXPECTING ME HOME THIS NIGHT THEY HAVE LOCKED THE DOOR. AFTER FIVE MINUTES UNSUCCESSFUL KNOCKING WE DECIDE TO DRIVE BACK TO THE SERVICE STATION AND SLEEP THERE. PAUL, BEING A FAIRLY BIG BLOKE, IS A LITTLE CRAMPED IN THE BACK AND WANDERS AIMLESSLY AROUND THE SERVICE STATION FOR MOST OF THE NIGHT, DORNELIUS, HOWEVER, SEEMS FAIRLY COMFORTABLE AS SHE TRIES TO TAKE UP BOTH FRONT SEATS WHICH LEAVES ME WONDERING HOW I CAN KICK HER BACK TO HER OWN SIDE WITHOUT WAKING HER. ADRIAN SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO SLEEP ANYWHERE AND SARAH IS DRUNK ENOUGH TO JUST CRASH OUT. THE COMME Take L AIN! WE ALL DRIVE BACK TO MY HOUSE FOR A QUICK WASH, OR IN THE CASE feb 27 DAY TWENTY 'OF DORNELIUS, A LONG WASH AND PLENTIFUL SUPPLIES OF CAFFEINE. THE FOLLOWING ALSO GET TO MEET MY GRANDPARENTS WHICH WAS QUITE AN EXPERIENCE FOR THEM (THE FOLLOWERS) AND THEN IT IS TIME TO HEAD BACK TO LONDON FOR THE VERY LAST DATE OF THE TOUR.

THE PUB WHERE WE FIND OUT THAT THE GULF WAR HAS ALL BUT ENDED AND SARAH FINDS OUT THAT HER CAT MAY HAVE DIED. NIKKI AND DORNELIUS DECIDE TO BE RATHER SILLY (AGAIN), THIS INVOLVES THE INSIDE OF ADRIAN'S THIGH QUITE ALOT. DORNELIUS ACCUSES ME OF BEING IN A BAL MOOD WHEN IN FACT I AM PERFECTLY HAPPY OR AT LEAST I WAS UNTIL SHE STARTED ANNOYING ME BY SAYING CHEER UP EVERY FIVE MINUTES. ADRIAN MEANWHILE IS LOVING ALL OF THE ATTENTION LAVISHED UPON HIM BY NIKKI AND DORNELIUS. FAIRLY SHORTLY IN WALKS CHRISTINA WHO WAS OUR HOST IN DUBLIN WHICH IS A NICE SUPRISE FOLLOWED SHORTLY BY GIMPO AND A COUPLE OF PASSES AND SO WE ALL BUY HIM A DRINK (WELL, PAUL DOES ANYWAY). THIS IS WHERE WE FIND OUT THAT THIS WILL BE GIMPO'S LAST TOUR WHICH IS A BIT OF A SHAME SEEING AS HE HAS JUST TURNED INTO A NICER SORT OF CHAP, WELL, NICER THAN WHAT HE WAS AT ANY RATE. AND SO, TO THE LAST DATE OF THE BRITISH TOUR WHICH HAS TRULY BEEN A LAUGH AND A HALF. THE GIG IS EXCELLENT AND IT IS A BIT OF A DOWNER (MAN) THAT THERE IS TO BE NO MORE FOR A LITTLE WHILE. BLISSED COMES AND GOES AND LEAVES ME, WELL, BLISSED AND THEN THE HARD WORK BEGINS, ie, TRYING TO GET INTO THE BY INVITATION ONLY PARTY. WITH SOME EXPERT LIGGING AND A LITTLE BIT OF HELP FROM THE TRAINEE PRETENTIOUS ROCK JOURNO WE ARE ALL THERE MINGLING WITH THE STARS, WELL, OTHER LIGGERS AT LEAST. ALL THAT IS EXCEPT FOR ADRIAN WHO SAYS HE DOESN'T REALLY MIND AND SRARTS HITCHING HOME. EVEN MORE FREE BEER! ONCE MORE THOUGH I MISS OUT ON GETTING TOTALLY HAMMERED AS I AM GOING TO DRIVE TONIGHT, WHERE WE DO NOT KNOW IT WILL BE SOMEWHERE. STEVE MACK IS THERE, WHICH IS UNUSUAL, BUT I STILL CANNOT THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY TO HIM. WHAT CAN YOU SAY TO YOUR BIGGEST ROCK HERO ? THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOME MORE FAMOUS PEOPLE BUT I DIDN'T SARAH IS VERY DRUNK AND STARTS ANNOYING AND/OR EMBARASSING RECOGNISE ANY. PEOPLE. DORNELIUS AND NIKKI AREN'T QUITE THAT DRUNK BUT ARE GETTING THERE, PAUL ISN'T TOO FAR OFF EITHER. SOHO THANK US FOR OUR SUPPORT OVER THE TOUR AND IT IS NICE TO KNOE THAT WE ARE APPRECIATED. JESUS JONES GET THEIR GOLD AND SILVER DISCS AND SOON IT IS TIME TO GO. GIMPO OFFERS TO PUT US FOR THE NIGHT AND SO BEGINS A JOURNEY INTO HELL. THE DIRECTIONS ARE WRITTEN ONTO DORNELIUS' ARM, THEY ARE ALSO CRAP AND ALMOST UNINTELLIBLE. SARAH IS ANNOYING THE FUCK OUT OF NIKKI BECAUSE SHE WILL NOT SHUT UP. WE STOP A FEW TIMES TO LET VARIOUS PEOPLI THROW UP AND AFTER KNOCKING ON A COUPLE OF WRONG DOORS IN THE WRONG PA OF LONDON WE FINALLY MAKE IT TO GIMPO'S AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE SEVERAL BACK FROM The Dead? DAYS NON-STOP DRIVING. feb 28 DAY TWENTY-ONE IN THE MORNING I WAKE UP WITH A VERY BAD HANGOVER WITHOUT ACTUALLY DRINKING THE NIGHT BEFORE. SO IT'S BACK TO THE T+C SO PAUL CAN PICK UP HIS CAR. WE MANAGE TO GET VERY LOST. AGAIN. THIS WAS OF COURSE THE FAULT OF DORNELIUS-SHE GOT THE DIRECTIONS RIGHT BUT BECAUSE THIS IS UNPRECEDENTED (REMEMBER SHE GOT US LOST TWO MINUTES FROM HER OWN HOUSE) I DIDN'T BELIEVE HER AND WENT IN THE COMPLETELY OPPOSITE WE FINALLY MANAGE TO GET THERE AND WE VISIT THE CAFE WHERE DIRECTION. THE BULL+GATE'S GLASS COLLECTOR WORKS DURING THE DAY SO PAUL CAN SPILI HIS TEA AND I CAN NOT MANAGE TO EAT ALL OF MY FOOD. WE SAY OUR SAD FAREWELLS WITH A PROMISE OF A PARTY IN TWO DAYS TIME. PAUL TAKES NIKK AND DORNELIUS (WHO HAS DECIDED TO GIVE UP SMOKING-HA HA!) HOME AND I TAKE SARAH TO THE COACH STATION. AND SO I DRIVE SLOWLY HOME TO RE-JOI THE REAL WORLD WITH NO MONEY, A LARGE POLL TAX BILL, A BROKEN DOWN MILKFLOAT AND A LOAN TO PAY OFF. WAS IT WORTH THAT? DEFINITELY! Macconalco + Bayare Thank you very much Turning the page or the one who calls

lwith my tongue



がしい場所でチューニングする場合は、騒音も内蔵マイクで集音しますので測定 こくい場合があります。楽器をできるだけ内蔵マイクに近づけてお使い下さい。 村日光や湿度の高い場所・湿気やほこりの多い場所・振動のはげしい場所でのご 用や保管は遊けて下さい。

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取扱設明書

取扱説明書

各部の名称

megt winston

Finally available! The 'official' Jesus Jones bootleg tape cassette, containing otherwise unavailable demos, rough mixes and sessions, as well as selected live recordings - 28 tracks of previously unreleased material spanning 'Liquidizer' and 'Doubt' on chrome tape in a full colour inlay, all for a piffling £5!!! Now available by mail from:

Er. Buznard 42 Great Pulteney Street Bath Avon BA2 4DR

Please make cheques or postal orders payable to: Pierre Engels. Cash accepted if securely sent, but no responsibility can be taken if it gets nicked. Please allow two to three weeks for delivery.

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WHISKER AWAY FROM NEW WORLD RECORD



GOOSEBERRY king Albert Dingle is giving away no secrets about his chances of breaking his own world record when Cheshire's top growers battle it out later this month.

Albert, 85, from Siddington near Congleton, plans to improve on the bigger-than-a-golf-ball berry that won a place in the Guinness Book of Records in 1978.

Mildew

He has since been awarded the Mid-Cheshire Gooseberry Show's Association Cup three times and is the reigning champion.

The veteran grower of more than 60 years gave no hints on this year's challenges at Lower Withington village hall on July 27.

"It is a bit of an odd season. I have been pestered by mildew," said the canny champion, pictured left. FORSKIN



THE BEST OF A GOOD BUNCH



PHOTOFIT

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

If so, you're a lying get because

have you got big bits?

I've got to say enormous, because as soon as you become a rock star your bits swell up. I suppose people think that when you are a pop star you turn into this incredible sex God type figure, it's not really like that, well except in my case.

Was it worth it?

The whole thing was always worth it, if everything wasn't worth it then you might as well stick your head in an oven. So everything is worth it, but to varying degrees, but I think being in a band is always more worth it than anything else. Every now and again, if your on the road and your getting pissed off and you think 'oh God, another soundcheck, another gig, another this, another that,' you have to turn round and almost tap yourself on the shoulder and go, 'listen, there are thousands of other bands out there who would sell their grannies to be where we are now.' So it's definitely worth it.

What does your mum think to all this?

My mum wishes I had become an Accountant, and she warns me about groupies and drugs and that sort of thing. All mothers around the world are always like that, you know, 'ooh, you mind out for them drugs, and those groupies, and those glue sniffers.' You name it, mothers are all the same.

What's your favourite skateboard trick?

I love Fakey Ollie's onto the lip at Meanwhile, because you land on the lip with a satisfying thwack. I used to really, really enjoy it. Yeah, Meanwhile two, that was a

skateboard park. So Fakey Ollie's onto the lip at Meanwhile two,

I hear you do a bit of D.Jing on the side, would you like to tell me about it?

Definitely, Loo a lot of D. Jing, I'm a irrepressible D.J. I feel so enthusiastic about music that where ever lego in think people should be listening to what I like. There is a strange thing about D.J's, they believe they have a better taste in music than anyone else. They believe they know what's good, and wether it is or isn't is a matter for debate, but you do really believe that your onto something good. So where ever I go I always bring the tapes that get played in between the sets, because its ramble my latest house and hip hop tracks and throw them onto a cassette. So it's like 'oh, yeah, everybody's got to be listening to this,' so everybody listens to my songs in between

the gigs, which is a D.J's thing. We went to a party the other day, and they had a little

guy with a few records, and after about an hour I was up there spinning away, it was

great because I was pissed and I was mixing really well. I'm an irrepressible D.J. you

can't hold me down when it comes to D.Jing.

What's the name of your local?

The Victory, in Pinner. Hello Jim and Rick, my two drinking buddles at my local. 'Awight, awight,' as they say, there a bit ladish, but good guys.

What depresses you most?

On a global level I get depressed at the obvious things, you know, AIDS, wars, global warming, that sort of shit, that's depressing. On a personal level though any Indie bands, you know the Stone Roses, the Charlatans, They piss me off so intensely, especially the way the Stone Roses fans are all in the Charlatans camp, because the Stone Roses aren't doing anything, and the way they have seemed to switched allegiance reminds me of the way when Rick Astley came out, and he was a massive hit, and then he had a little period off when he was recording his second album, Jason Donnovan came out, when Rick Astley came back, all his fans were stuck with Jason Donnovan. That's an important lesson, I think it's one the Stone Roses should be wary of because there's a common denominator between Rick Astley and Jason Donnovan, they both fulfil the same things, there out there, good looking young guys in suits, being flashy, smooth, debonair not brilliantly talented, nice catchy songs, there's a common denominator which makes it easier for the fans to switch across. I think with a lot of these Indie bands that same common denominator is there, and they like to think that it's this fresh startling approach, the way that there doing things, it's young it's enthusiastic. However, if it's the same common denominator which is going to make it all too easy for your fans to transfer, from one camp to another, and if this boom in Indie music, all these bands exactly the same carries on, because there are hundreds, and they all sound the same, if it just carries on then what's going to happen is, about eighteen months ago in the charts, people are saying Big Fun and Jason Donnovan and Kylie Minogue all sound the same, Bananarama, all those Stock, Aitken and Waterman things, they all sounded pretty much the same, it was all the same approach, they were saying the charts are crap, now in eighteen months, we have a whole load of bands who are signed to Creation, bands like Ride, and bands along Ride type lines. In eighteen months you get a whole load of bands like that in the charts then they will become the benchmark for bad music, people will say 'God, I wish there were more of the Stock, Aitken and Waterman bands in the charts.' There has always got to be diversity, and I think that any move towards bands unifying themselves is a really bad thing. I think everybody should sound completely different, there's room for everyone to sound completely different, and I think it's a big shame when they don't. It is an important thing that people don't realise, they like to think that these Indie bands have got credibility, and they think there doing something different. However, if they all start doing the same thing, that difference no longer becomes different. Well there you go, that's the longest answer to a small question.

Is there anything you would like to confess?

Not really, no.

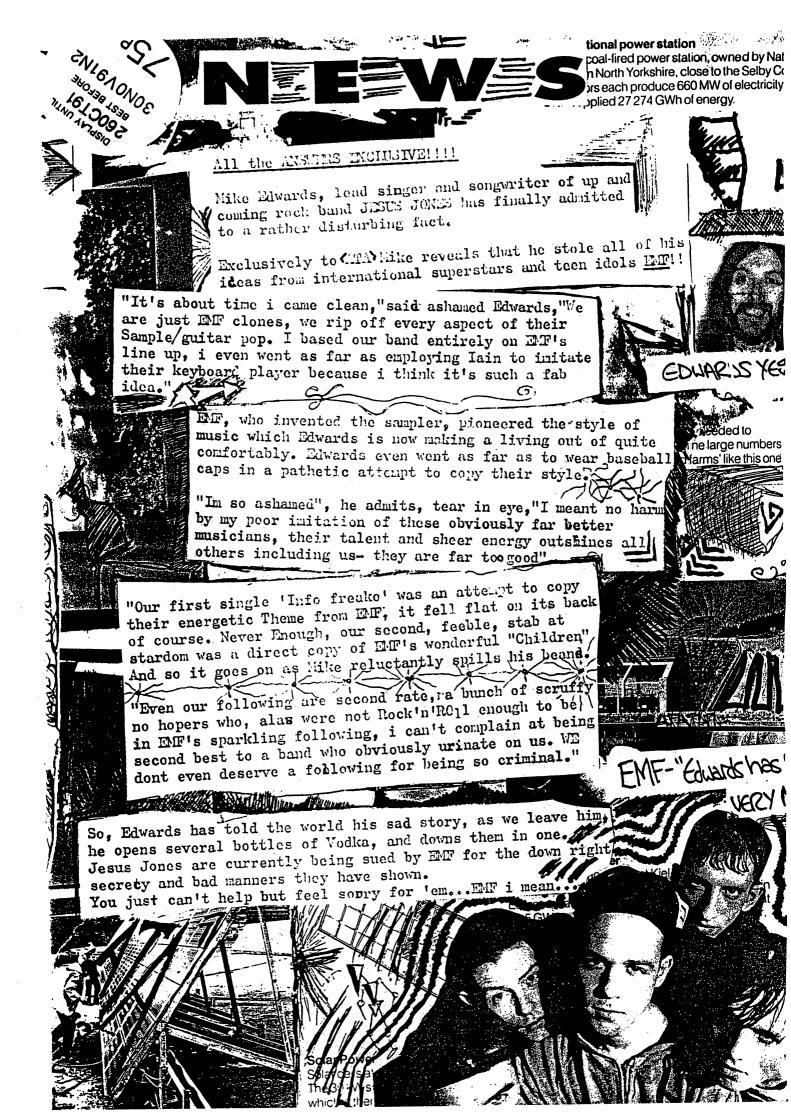
How would you like to die?

I would like to die incredibly old, after an enormous meal, yeah, happy, contented, full up and incredibly old, and Id like to know about it. All that stuff about dying in your sleep, I think that's really bad, because you go to bed expecting to wake up, and you don't, I think the one thing that everyone's got to do in their life is die, so therefore that moment when everyone's due, is that moment when you know your going to die. Life is a circle, it starts it ends, it rounds off, Otherwise you wouldn't know about it would you? I think it would be much nicer, If I was going to die in my sleep, just at the right point when I was about to, someone would wake me up and say, 'hoy, your just about to die!' I think that would be nice.

Why don't you just f**k off?

We were saying that to people out of the van window today, why don't you just f**k off? I like it, it's a good phrase.







We want Frankie









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