



INFO. SERVICE, C/O ANDY & BEAN
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Well...bon été everyone!! Yes, summer is upon us again - FAB. But what of those Jones Boys? They do seem to have been rather quiet of late don't they. Well, I can assure you they haven't been sitting around with their feet up watching T.V. all the time! Indeed not.

In May the boys took a quick jaunt over to the states to play three gigs, at which they premiered some of their new material. This was really well received and all three shows were a huge success. They were supported by the U.S. band Concrete Blonde and played one night in New York at The Academy and two in Texas - Six Flags in Arlington to an audience of 10,000 and The Southern Star Amphitheatre in Houston to 17,000. Both of the gigs in Texas were situated in massive theme parks so the lads spent most of the day before the shows hunting out the scariest roller-coaster rides and thrilling themselves senseless. In Houston, it turned out that Genesis were playing on the same night across the road. so, after performing some of Jesus Jones nipped over to catch the end of the Genesis show and afterwards got a police escort with Genesis back to their hotel. Playing with the big boys now eh!!

The rest of the bands time has been spent in the studio, hard at it, hammering away on the next album. Practically every letter we receive at the moment asks when Jesus Jones will release the third album and when they will be touring again, so, to put an end to rumour and speculation...At present it is envisaged the album will not be released until sometime in the first quarter of 1993 and this will coincide with the start of a world tour. However, it is hoped that later in the year there will be some single releases (though nothing has been confirmed as yet). For those of you who can't wait Jesus Jones will be contributing a track to the NME's 40th anniversary album which is to raise money for charity. All tracks by the various artists are exclusive cover versions of their favourite number one singles. The Jones' have recorded a unique version of the Jimi Hendrix song "Voodoo Chile". At first the album will only be available by mail order from the NME, though the NME are hoping to release it in the shops at a later date.

More imminently however, in the U.K, Jesus Jones are to headline the all day Slough Festival on the 25th of July which takes place at Upton Court Park, where they will be playing new material from the forthcoming album for the first time in the U.K. Other acts on the bill so far include, The Senseless things, The Frank And Walters, Eat and Sensitize. 12,000 tickets are on sale priced at £10.00 which are available we are told, from the usual agents and also by post from: The Slough Music Festival PO Box 2820 London W6 0OG. Cheques and postal orders for £10.50 (inc. booking fee) should be made payable to - SLOUGH MUSIC FESTIVAL AND SAE's enclosed with each order. A credit card hotline is also operating on 071 734 8932.

On a lighter note, Mike has recently moved house, though remains in London. He threw a storming house warming party where SEAL was to be seen strumming Mikes acoustic guitar. Also, in his back garden Mike has had a skate bowl built, probably much to the annoyance of his neighbours who have to suffer the sounds of his ball bearings rolling at all hours of the night!!

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We have heard that some of you strange folk out there are practising cruelty to animals. That is, Gen has had a Goldfish named after him and another reader bought a Mouse that reminded her so much of Iain (because it was hyperactive) that she's named it BARRY D. The said mouse has recently had babies so I guess its appropriate to say congratulations Barry D you're a father/mother?? Erm yes.....

Well, all that remains to be said is thanks to Tracy in Rugby, U.K. for the front cover - most unusual and have a great summer everyone. So until september,

ADIOS!!!

Andy & Bean.

A LETTER FROM MIKE EDWARDS.

I know what you might be thinking; when I read the letters people write to me via the info. service or record company, I see that many of the writers have the impression that an anonymous clerk in a huge organization reads a letter addressed to me and sends a standard reply letter, leaving me none the wiser.

What has actually happened to your letter is that Andy or Bean have put it with the others for me, dropped it round to my house and I have read it, probably in the studio where we are now recording the new album.

Yes, this is a standard reply letter, but if I tried to reply personally to each writer, very few people would ever hear anything back at all, and, given the effort you have gone to in writing to me, that would be unfair. Occaisionally I do reply personally, hopefully to you someday.

Thanks for writing and I hope this won't put you off writing again.



MIKE EDWARDS

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AN INEXCUSABLE WEEK OF NAME DROPPING, STAR SPOTTING AND ROCK 'N' ROLL
EXCESS IN A COUNTRY UNDERGOING CRISIS or, less wordily, MIKES DIARY OF A
WEEK IN AMERICA, MAY 92

Being anxious about playing new songs for the first time, even playing again for the first time in months was one thing, but to be doing it in a country that seemed to be having riots in most major cities brought the world into perspective.

Whilst the band saw nothing (apart from relentless news coverage) of the riots, some of our crew had been working in Los Angeles when the Rodney King verdict was announced. In the aftermath, with a gun at her head, our drum tech, came within a trigger pull of ending her life in a rental van somewhere in Inglewood. Not the sort of way I'd want to go.

We arrived late on a Saturday afternoon in 83 degree heat, Iain and I congratulating each other on having survived another flight and the attentions of half a plane load of autograph seeking exchange students. Newark Airport did not appear to be in the grip of anarchy. As it became clear during the next day or so that we were not going to have to storm the barricades to get to the gigs, I got the growing feeling of silliness coming to play pop music in a land where unnecessary police violence against minorities had just been made legal and legitimate.

Our hotel in New Jersey had a fantastic view of Manhattan across the Hudson River. I spent most of Sunday morning looking at it while listening to Ofra Haza's latest. Conveniently, the rehearsal room we used was around the corner from the hotel and so our first afternoon in sunny New Jersey was spent in a dark, hot room explaining to our new sound man that yes, those sounds do in fact emanate from Iain's sampler. In the evening we were marooned in New Jersey, no ferry running into Manhattan on a weekend and a prohibitively expensive taxi fare. There was little choice but the hotel bar where most of us sat until jet lag crept up and rendered us semi-conscious.

Leaping from my bed on Monday morning, I attacked Manhattan—a lightning raid on SBK Records offices to get the Arrested Development CD, a gadget stock up (including the Star Trek Game Boy game) in Times Square and the purchase of a bright red guitar, all bought rather than looted (conservative that I am) and it was back for rehearsal. On this afternoon we show the new sound man that that really loud noise comes from all of us, not just Iain. He surrenders, we move to a hotel in Manhattan. It's a sort of Irish theme hotel—the Irish Times is available in the foyer, most of the staff are Irish (genuinely, not Americanly) and forced to wear green uniforms, Guinness is served in pints in the bar and the foyer clocks show the time in New York, London and therefore gratuitously, in Dublin. For reasons of difficult in-jokeness, it is immediately referred to as the Two Lighters Hotel.

SBK have an interesting evening for us. They are holding a party for one of their rap acts, Arrested Development, in a soul food restaurant in Harlem. Having never been to Harlem, with no idea of what soul food was but liking the sound of the 'food' part, we were up for it. The ride into Harlem was a little tense for five British white boys in times of racial tension but no-one paid us any attention at all. We discovered what soul food was, liked it, ate it, drank a lot, had our pictures taken and returned to the Two Lighters in a tired and emotional state.

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Tuesday. Gig day. Why haven't I slept? Why have I stared at the ceiling for eight hours wondering if I'll remember to start singing in the right place during International B.L.T? Resignedly I get up at 9, breakfast in Greenwich Village and spend an entire morning looking for a pair of trousers to wear onstage tonight. None of the shops seem to open until 1 in the afternoon by which time I had planned to be back in the hotel, sleeping. New York, the city that sleeps into the early afternoon - not such a catchy slogan, is it? Eventually I find some trousers (or 'pants' as everyone insists on calling them) with some sort of inane hippy philosophy graffitied down one leg and go for strange dreams back at the hotel.

Soundcheck at the Academy, by now a regular haunt, gets me so hyped up that I can't sleep in the few hours before the show. Instead I go down to the venue and watch Arrested Development play. When Concrete Blonde are on I'm warming up for the show. Tonight, I am resplendent in an orange camouflage jacket which matches Iain's orange camouflage trousers (both courtesy of our friends at Anarchic Adjustment) - walking on to the stage we look like a divorced top and bottom. The biggest cheer of the night is surely for Iain's hat; it looks like two gloves on top of his head. Not only do I remember to sing in the right place but the four new songs - Idiot Stare, Zeroes and Ones, Your Crusade and Tongue Tied go down really well. People are talking about them after the show in a way which makes me very optimistic about the new album. It's a good gig but typical of a first night in that we go on, enjoy ourselves and walk off feeling like old men.

After the gig, the traditional celebration takes place. The band and friends make for the Limelight. I know it's going to be a big night when everybody starts to write the address of the hotel on their hands. This is to avoid falling into taxis at 5 in the morning and saying 'take me to the Two Lighters, up near that restaurant that does big breakfasts'. The music isn't much to our taste in the Limelight on this night but the company's good. Two Lighters - Five A.M.

On Wednesday I see the film 'the Player' and go to the hotel bar. That's it, another great day in rock. The rest of the band are thinking of going out with James and Derry from EMF but whether they did or not becomes part of the memory loss - that was this Wednesday.

Thursdays Gala Dinner, put on by EMI was the reason for us staying on in New York for so long after the gig. During the day I'd been out to buy CDs (Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy and on a whim, Revolver by the Beatles) and made arrangements for later that night.

The dinner itself is classic U.S record company; limos, stars, police cordons, photographers, fans. What are we doing here? This is a question I've learned to avoid in order to make the most of the food, drink and hospitality while it lasts. In the before dinner cocktails I meet lots of famous people, some of whom I really didn't want to meet and quite a few pleasant surprises. I also meet a delegation of record company execs from South East Asia and am desperately imploring them to get us to tour there when dinner is served. Seated at our tables, the band have been split up (who tipped EMI off?). I'm at a table with Billy Idol, Chyna Phillips and Pat Benatar. Alan is with the Pet Shop Boys. Iain is with EMF. Gen seems to be getting on great with Iron Maiden. Luckily the food and drink take my mind off the speeches - all apart from a glorious moment when after a mention of MC Hammer from onstage, Sinéad O'Connor shouts out 'SHITE'. This, the two songs she sings later a capella and the fact

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that she spends the whole night speaking with a Spanish accent make her woman of the evening in my mind.

Later, already tired and emotional I am delivering a garbled speech about Public Enemy to some poor sod from Capitol records when I find it is time to go. Now my arrangements come into action. Somewhere in downtown Manhattan we get into a club and proceed in a disorderly fashion. After Martika tells me her life story (there's a good film in that) I leave. It's 2 AM at the Two Lighters and I need food. So tired and emotional am I that I completely miss the 24 hour deli across the road from the hotel and wander the streets for an hour before I find somewhere to eat. Meanwhile the rest of the band are discovering an equally happy Billy Idol and raiding more clubs. Somehow Alan and Iain end up at Martika's place and are still talking about it on the plane to Dallas the next day.

Some of us have slept and some are hoping to when we walk into bright (and hot) Texas sunshine on Friday. We go straight to the soundcheck and sit in the sun. We are playing in a stadium that is part of a huge theme park. After soundcheck, rather than drive back in to Dallas to the Hotel, we stay on to ride the huge rollercoaster that is behind the stadium. This brings out interesting elements of our personalities; Jerry gives up after one run, looking pale and tense. Iain wants to stay on until he is sick. Although terrified of flying, I laugh all the way round although partly at our tour manager making pathetic whimpering noises.

We play a good show in front of a big crowd. Few things in life are better than this. Again the new songs go down well, particularly Idiot Stare. After last night's excesses, the after show party is indefinitely postponed.

Rather than fly to Houston on Saturday, I decide to drive with a friend. It takes four hours but it's a good journey, talking about the future of America in the wake of the riots, listening to very loud Techno and searching for a Dennys, that temple of American restaurants.

Once again hyped up by the soundcheck, I put on my favourite bit of Techno, Didgeridoo by The Aphex Twin over the enormous sound system. It is, to use the local jargon, an awesome moment. Today there will be no rollercoaster rides, although the show is at a very similar situation.

We get through these three dates without playing a bad one. We wind down in the hotel after the show and then try to find a good club somewhere. After today, I'm really set on trying to find a place that will repeat that post soundcheck experience but instead we end up hearing a grunge band as the wave of Nirvana copyists rolls on. When in doubt, you can always rely on food! SAM finds me and some friends at a takeaway Mexican food place. Back at the hotel, a song is forming in my mind. By the following afternoon, sat on the plane back to London, that song has grown into something, I can't wait to get on with the album.

Mike Edwards

JESUS JONES

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QUESTIONNAIRE CITY!

THANKS TO VARIOUS SOURCES FOR THIS ISSUES QUESTIONS.

APOLOGIES FOR THERE BEING NO RESPONSES FROM ALAN, AS HE'S CURRENTLY OVERSEAS - THE LUCKY BOY.

WE ARE IN URGENT NEED OF MORE QUESTIONS FROM YOU LOT OUT THERE - SO CONSTRUCT YOUR OWN QUESTIONNAIRE AND SEND IT IN TO US AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS. TA ?

- 1) DID IT IN ANY WAY BOTHER YOU THAT BY THE TIME "RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW" BECAME 'BIG' IN AMERICA IT HAD ALREADY DATED SOMEWHAT (AS YOU SAID IT WOULD) WOULD YOU HAVE PREFERRED IT TO HAVE BEEN RELEASED NEARER THE TIME IT WAS WRITTEN AND DO YOU FEEL THE GULF WAR PLAYED ANY PART IN THE SONGS SUCCESS?

GEN: The answer to the first part of the question is no. The song wasn't that dated as it could be applied to many situations going on in the world. It was written primarily about the changes going on in Europe. So as regards the effect the Gulf war had on the songs success, I can't really comment. I think that basically people latched on to it because it was a good song.

MIKE: I'D ALWAYS PREFER SONGS TO BE RELEASED NEARER THE TIME THEY WERE WRITTEN BUT THAT'S A DIFFERENT MATTER.

IT DID BOTHER ME THAT THE SONG WAS USED OUT OF CONTEXT (APPARENTLY AS A BACKING TRACK TO CAMERA SHOTS OF TROOPS ARRIVING IN SAUDI ARABIA) BUT MY EXPERIENCES OF TOURING NEAR THAT TIME SHOWED ME THAT PEOPLE INTERPRET THE WORDS OF SONGS IN THEIR OWN STYLE WHICH IS PREFERABLE TO HAVING A SINGLE, DEFINITE MEANING FOR EACH SONG.

JERRY: No, No & Probably

JERALD JONES

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IAIN:

- ① Not really, its a song about optimism that isn't strictly applicable to one particular time, rather to a process of change which has its ups and downs
- ② Does it really bother me
- ③ I suppose so. You can't really stop that sort of thing happening radio stations can play what they like when they like - at least it wasn't a "Yeah we kicked some butt" type of thing I talked to some soldiers in the states who had it dedicated to them by their wives when they were coming home from the gulf and it just made them feel happier. I could never deny somebodys happiness.

2) DO YOU ALL READ MUSIC? HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING YOUR INSTRUMENTS AND CAN YOU PLAY ANYTHING ELSE?

MIKE: I CAN STILL READ MUSIC BUT VERY, VERY BADLY. I'VE PLAYED GUITAR FOR..... 15 YEARS! AND STILL AREN'T MUCH GOOD. I CAN PLAY COMPUTERS THOUGH (CERTAIN PROGRAMS) WHICH IS PREFERABLE.

IAIN:

Not sure about everybody else. I can, but im lazy and tend to play by ear. I played piano for about five years when i was 10 years old then gave up and had to learn it all again 3 years ago I can play the saxophone and bang out about 3 or 4 chords on a guitar. If pushed i can play old UK subs basslines as well.

⑦

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JERRY: I used to read music many years ago, but not any more.
I've been playing since I was 8,
I also play football & Frongampton.

GEN: I do not read music - I've been playing drums for 12 years
and I used to play piano when I was younger - not any more
though.

3) WHAT WAS YOUR MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT AS POPSTARS?

IAIN: Having my trousers pulled down onstage in Toronto. (see previous info. service newsletter...)

MIKE: MIMING ON ARGENTINIAN T.V TO A DIVIDED AUDIENCE OF
BORED MOTORHEAD FANS AND TEENAGE BIKINI CONTEST ENTRANTS.
GREAT PLACE, THOUGH.

JERRY: Falling flat on my face in front of 60,000
people at Reading
The worst thing was that all the other bands
watching from the sides of the stage
had the best view.



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GEN: Probably the most unusual was a practical joke played on me in America during the last guy I played before flying home for the birth of my daughter. The crew decided to make it a memorable occasion and once they started crawling around the stage in a net and when we came out for the encore my drumsticks were covered in baby oil and the drums themselves had powder all over them - the final thing was that everyone attacked me with spray string during the last number - it was like having spiderwebs all over the place. Good fun!

4) WHAT (A) SCARES AND (B) AMAZES JESUS JONES?

JERRY:

A) Psopathic murderers

B) WOMEN

MIKE:

A) FLYING, BAD KISS, BAD THREAT

B) ALWAYS BITE TOE, VARIOUS LANDSCAPES AROUND THE WORLD, THE SCALE OF OUR SUCCESS.

GEN: A)

The record company reps who drive us about in America - its an experience!

B)

The driving of the record company reps in America!

WIN: A)

for me + mike - flying

for all of us - failure! suppose

B) Somewhat obviously success and appreciation.



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5) I READ SOMEWHERE THAT YOU WERE 'NOT YET' THE BEST GROUP IN THE WORLD, SO WHO IS?

RAIN: Nobody.

Nobody is doing anything exactly right. If they were we wouldn't be necessary. thankfully we are !!

MIKE: THERE ARE ONLY BETTER GROUPS - THE IDEA FOR ME IS TO USE THEIR GOOD BITS AND ERADICATE THEIR BAD BITS TO BECOME THE BEST BAND IN THE WORLD. GOOD PLACES TO START ARE THE SHAMEN, L.F.O, KRAFTWERK, DISPOSABLE HEROES, SONIC YOUTH, THE APHEX TWIN, ALTERN8.

TERRY: The Beatles

'Coz they've sold 600,000,000,000 records

JEN: I think we are the best group in the world - it's just that not quite everyone knows it yet!

6) HAVING TRAVELLED SO MUCH SO SOON, AND HAVING EXPERIENCED WHAT YOU HAVE, HOW HAS YOUR PERSPECTIVE ON LIFE CHANGED OVER THE PAST TWO OR THREE YEARS?

MIKE: IT'S MADE ME SEE THINGS ON A WIDER SCALE BUT ALSO MADE ME GLOOMY ABOUT THE STATE OF THE WORLD. TERRIFYINGLY, REALLY, AS I WAS PRETTY MISERABLE TO START WITH.

JEN: It has made me see the world as a much smaller place than I had originally thought. It only takes a matter of hours to get anywhere and when you do get there, people are pretty much the same, doing the same sort of things. I also have made friends all over the world; something that I probably would never have done otherwise.

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JERRY: Quite a lot actually, basically I feel more experienced,
It would take ages to explain, good question though.

IAIN: I need more stability and happiness in my life now, I relish my relationships more and I get on with my parents a lot better. Initially you drift a long way away from a normal life and it takes so long to get back that you vow to keep just that little bit nearer to normality.

7) FAVE COMEDIANS?

GEN: Woody Allen, Rowan Atkinson, Ben Elton, Hugh Laurie & Stephen Fry, Gerry Sussitz, Monty Python, The Comic Strip

IAIN: Peter Cook

JERRY: Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan, John Cleese
Robin Williams, Color Me Badd.
Steven Wright (USA) quite like Harry Enfield

MIKE: MOSTLY THOSE SPECIALISING IN BLACK HUMOUR: MARGARET THATCHER, SADAM HUSSEIN ETC. THE LESS DOUR - ROBIN WILLIAMS, STEVE MARTIN AND SOME OF THE NEW PEOPLE WHOSE NAMES YOU NEVER CATCH WHEN YOU WATCH MTV.



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8) HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE MUSIC INDUSTRY AND WHY?

IAIN: It stinks. Its just an enormous bank with savage charges. How would you feel if you put your £200 weekly pay packet into the bank and had to pay £150 in bank charges? Pissed off? I thought so.

JERRY:

It's something that has always amazed me, it's evil & wonderful, & basically I love it

MIKE:

IT'S LIKE ANY OTHER INDUSTRY; IT ADVERTISES, MAKES PRODUCT AND MONEY. FREQUENTLY I OBJECT TO BEING A PRODUCT BUT THANKFULLY AM NOT OFTEN TREATED LIKE ONE. ULTIMATELY THE MUSIC INDUSTRY IS NEITHER GOOD NOR EVIL DESPITE BEING PORTRAYED AS THE LATTER, IT ONLY SERVES THOSE WHO WANT TO USE IT.

GEN: The music industry like all BIG BUSINESS is about making money and there are elements within it that abuse it and elements that don't. They need bands / musicians and vice versa and you may not see eye to eye on everything but one cannot exist without the other. As far as Jesus Jones goes we're pretty happy at the moment.

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9) IF YOU COULD GO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD TO RELAX WHERE WOULD YOU GO TO AND WHY?

IAIN:

To my buckled mateys Nick + Charlies flat in San Francisco. But idont think id end up doing much relaxing.

GEN:

To get right away from everything and have clean air, clean water and plenty of open space it would have to be New Zealand. A lovely place for all the above.

JERRY:

New Orleans, the weather's always good, it's laid back, it's the place so far I found most attractive, & I didn't really get to see that much, I can't wait to ^{get} back there (as it's quite a dangerous place as well).

MIKE:

QUIET PLACES WITH FEW PEOPLE AND WHERE I COULD RIDE BY BIKE INTO EVEN REMOTE SPOTS; ARCTIC NORWAY, SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, COLORADO, UTAH, ARIZONA, ZIMBABWE, BOTSWANA.

BUSY PLACES TO GET EXCITED IN AND FEEL PART OF THE WORLD;
LONDON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, TOKYO, BERLIN.

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10) IF YOU HAD YOUR OWN CHAT SHOW WHO WOULD YOU INTERVIEW AND WHY?

MIKE:

SPINE MULLIGAN
DR TIMOTHY LEARY
THE SINGER FROM RIGHT SAID FRED
ROBIN WILLIAMS EMILY PANKHURST
NORMAN TEBBIT
BOY GEORGE CHRISIE HYND

SO THAT I COULD BASK LAZILY IN THE WEALTH OF
OTHER PEOPLES TALENT.

IAIN:

Bob Mould - why are you so talented and
so underrated

Robert Smith - why is your image a cynical
rip off of ~~it~~ adolescence, when
you're just a tired old businessman.

Holly Hunter - will you marry me

GEN:

At this time probably Brent Spiner (Commander Data from
STAR TREK - Next Generation). He does very few interviews, if any at
all and I'd like to know a bit about him. Actually it would
probably be interesting to interview the character, Data about
the 24th century.

JERRY:

I donno someone like Salvador Dali,
or Oscar Wilde - w'd be a laugh.

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11) FAVOURITE STAR TREK CHARACTER (ORIGINAL OR NEXT GENERATION)?

GEN: I like all the original series cast - no particular favourite.
In the Next Generation, the characters that really make it are Captain Picard (FAB!),
Lieutenant Worf and Commander Data (inspired character).

IAIN: Star trek's just not that important to me, sorry.

MIKE: DATA/Spock

JERRY: Harry Mudd

12) IF THE CHIPPENDALES ASKED YOU TO JOIN THEM WOULD YOU GO AND WHY?

MIKE: WITH A BODY LIKE THIS?

JERRY: Ha ha! no I bloody wouldn't, they're a bunch of wankers.

GEN: Nah - I wouldn't like to show them up!

IAIN: No. They look foolish.

13) FAVOURITE KIND OF SANDWHICH?

JERRY: Chicken Tikka, salad, coleslaw & mint sauce on white bread with ketchup.

GEN: The one I'm eating at the moment - Peanut Butter

MIKE: THE SEAFOOD IN ORANGE BREAD THAT THE PLACE ACROSS FROM FOOD RECORDS DOES.

(15)

IAIN: Bread sauce.

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Banger Racing



ALAN LOOKING A BIT NERVOUS BEFORE HIS FIRST RACE ??

Its one of those things you'd never expect to do and it came as a total surprise when we were asked to do it. Basically, it was arranged as a big charity event at Wimbledon Stadium with Radio One doing most of the promoting of it and so there were a lot of celebrities taking part: some from bands, some from T.V. shows, etc. We were offered a car to drive at the last minute: - Iron Maiden (believe it or not) had entered a car but could not make it to the event and their management contacted ours and when we heard about it, Alan and I jumped at the chance which wasn't quite what our manager wanted. She had visions of us being laid up in hospital and all that stuff and did call us a couple of times after we'd said yes to it to see if we intended to carry it through.

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Anyway, the big day arrived - 15th March 1992 and we all met up in Wimbledon, myself, Alan, Andy (my brother), Norma from the management office and Alan's girlfriend Leslie and headed off to the stadium.

We got there in time to check in and then went out into the car park to find our car - it was a bit of a shock to find that Iron Maiden, those heavy metal mothers and supposedly real men whom you would have expected to have entered something really big and nasty, could only manage to enter a Datsun Cherry! Our hearts sank but only briefly. Looking around the car park, most of the other cars were pretty rotten old bangers anyway and despite the fact that ours was a Datsun it actually looked like quite a new car. We set about it with some cans of spray paint that Norma had acquired that morning and scrubbed much better about things. Incidentally, all the cars had had virtually everything taken off and out of them i.e. the windows, lights, all the seats except the drivers, and all the trim so you end up driving a basic metal box with an engine.

After spraying the car, all the drivers were called in to a briefing room and told the do's and don'ts of banger racing and it was a chance to see the opposition! The KLF were there in yet another American Police car and a massive armoured personnel carrier/Tank which they wanted to race but thankfully were turned down - just as well really because as events were to turn out they wrecked enough havoc in the police car so who knows what might have happened if they'd been let loose in the tank.

And so yet the racing commence! -----

As well as us amateurs in the bangers, there were also the professionals in some pretty serious looking cars.

One of the mechanics told me that these guys spend about £30,000 a year doing this. PHEW! Anyway, the day started with these chaps bombing around the track and although they were very fast, there wasn't really a lot of action and it got pretty boring. Towards the end of this race I leaved it out to the car park and got into the car. After the track had been cleared in we went for the first banger race. There's no order on the starting grid - first come first served and after what seemed like an age, we were off and bang was I reverse. All of a sudden all hell breaks loose and there are cars spinning in front

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of you, ramming into you, hitting the sides and you sometimes have to steer clear of the carriage unless of course you want to get stuck into it but you run the risk of knocking your car. For the most part I tried to stay out of trouble, after all, I wanted to try and give Alan the next race and we wanted to get through to the Demolition Derby at the end of the day but there was one moment when I thought we'd blown it. Two cars ahead of me collided and a third spun right in front of me - there was nothing else for it - ah well, ramming speed and CRUNCH! straight into the side of this Morris Marina - what a great feeling, but the car stopped and for a few tense moments in would not start and I was in a rather perilous position. Fortunately no one else collided with me and the car sprang to life one more and we set off, rather bent at the front, to find our next victim. I managed to get through the race and at the finish pulled up alongside a grinning John Peel who had to get out of his car through the windscreen due to a rather large dent in his door. The next race had the KLF ramming everything in sight, going around the track the wrong way and almost ramming the Radio One van. It really was electrifying stuff.

Alan drove a mean machine in the next heat and had a great race. After one particular collision he drove passed our position with his front bumper sticking out at 90° from the front of the car and I'm sure he was grinning from ear to ear. He managed to finish the race in one piece but sadly we did not qualify for the final. However you'll all be pleased to hear that he did crunch Tony Hadlee from Spandan Bullet into the wall forcing his retirement from the event - pity we can't do that with the rest of the band. Ha!

After all that excitement we managed to get a bite to eat and set down to watch the final few races before the Demolition Derby. Any car still running can enter it and both Alan and I wanted to drive in it. It all came down to the toss of a coin and Alan, the jammy git, won.

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It was quite a race! Some of the cars were in a pretty beaten up state already and some were only just about mobile and from the word go it was total chaos. There were cars all over the place; the ones that had been hit hard at the front were reversing into people; others would lie in wait among some cars that had given up and then pounce on unsuspecting passers by and ram them in the sides - it really was amazing! There were cars somehow managing to crawl along still trying to hit things. Alan was in amongst it all some where and we lost sight of him for a while around the opposite side of the track but he reappeared after about 10 minutes or so and limped around the track, only to come to a stop against the barrier - the clutch had failed!

In the end the overall winner was a car put in by the T.V. programme 'The Bill'.

What a fantastic day it had been, and one of the highlights of the day was seeing a couple of Madness and 2 of the Farm running across the track at the start of a race and turning over the Sun Newspaper's car and leaving it and its driver on its side.

Can't wait to do it all again!
My turn in the demolition Derby next time Alan!

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