

IN SEARCH OF

NIGHTWAY TO JEWEL

JESUS JESUS

JESUS JONES

March 1994





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UNITED KINGDOM*

Hello!

As this is our first newsletter of '94 I wish you all "a prosperous year", even though a quarter of it has passed already!

Just to re-cap for new readers, Jesus Jones are currently working on their fourth album which is why there have been no material releases or concerts/tours recently. Although, at present, there is no confirmed release date for the album, it is hoped a date will be scheduled world-wide for late in 1994. This will coincide with the start of a world tour.

In Decembers issue I asked you if you had any ideas for an album title as the band didn't (and still don't). I think my favourite one so far is "Liquefying The Doubt In Perverse Minds". Yes, a bit of a mouthful that one - keep sending your suggestions in.

In between working on the album the band have been enjoying their leisure time through large amounts of clubbing (essential research for album writing I'm told), Laser Questing along with a number of side projects. Mike has been presenting a Radio programme in the UK on Radio 3 called "Byte The Music". The programme looked at the impact of digital technology on music (from pop to classical) and has received enthusiastic reviews. He has also turned his hand to producing again. Iain can sometimes be seen DJing at the London club "Knowledge", Gen behind the drum kit of a friends band and as for Alan....Well Alan has found the time to shave all his hair off!! Probably due to the climate in Chicago, 'The Windy City' is not the best place to live if you wear a wig!

The British film "Shopping", the soundtrack to which Jesus Jones have contributed, is not to be released until the 24th June, even though it has already been premiered. The soundtrack will feature unreleased JJ tracks along with contributions from EMF and The Utah Saints.

Thank you Val Maione from Cutchogue, NY, USA for this issues front cover, which incorporates a copy of her car License Plates. Mad!! Please send me more designs.

Until next time,

Bean.

"HOT COFFEE"

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

Part Two

BRAZIL-Rio

On Friday morning I do a wake up interview then we all leave for a boy-racer flight to Rio, approaching the runway so low that for a moment I believe we will crash into the sea. Just before I stand up screaming we hit the runway and slam on the brakes, crunching me up against the toilet wall in front of my seat - but what the hell, I'm still alive after at least 40 flights this year. Rio at last - sun, blue sea, summer temperatures even in winter and huge, bare mountains sticking straight up out of the Atlantic. The hotel has it's own beach which you have to get up early for before the giant sugarloaf mountain behind blots out the sun. However, this is the sort of paradisiacal luxury we had hoped for in wangling this little trip of ours. Another great freeloading success.

Checking into the hotel, we find rooms allocated to Jenny De Bong and Jane Matthews. Interesting.

The reason we're here is to play on a kids TV show hosted by a blonde famous for entering the public eye first as Pele's then Ayrton Senna's girlfriend. We sit in the van waiting for the studio gates to open and the crowd start banging on the windows for attention. Some sort of human being is gesticulating at Jerry. It is young with a face of a boy, the make up of a girl and the breasts of something in between, which it shows Jerry while offering him a blow job. Voyeur that he is, Jerry takes a snapshot instead.

We wait two hours before getting onto the stage where the playback starts before we get anywhere near the instruments. Unknown to us it is the long version of "Devil", catching us completely by surprise as we sit or stand around while the song plays on without us. Unconcerned, the audience raves on, singing, shouting, waving their hands in the air, the girls obligingly thrusting their chests forward for the shameless cameramen. Perhaps it's the coffee. While the tape rewinds to the beginning so that we can have the joy of repeating the first few bars, I get the usual bland interview that seldom gets tougher than "Hello, how are you?". "Good, thank you". (Massive applause).

Sao Paulo

The same evening, Iain and I fly back to Sao Paulo to appear at a night-club - in other words, grip and grin, get flashlight blindness, sign a few albums, drink free beer and get kissed on the cheek a lot. All goes well apart from the landing at Sao Paulo domestic airport which entails flying in at about 200 feet above the tower blocks. Well, music sounds better with a little adrenaline coursing through the veins.

I wake up on Saturday morning to find my health has deteriorated considerably - sore throat, cough, headache and the sensation that suggests that 15 hours sleep could be beneficial.

Rio-again!!

Once again, we fly into the domestic flights airport in Rio, coming in along the beaches, the mountains and the tower blocks. The airport was designed for small propeller planes and we are in a medium sized jet. The descent over the sea into the airport is such that I can reveal to you now that fishermen of Rio use worms for bait and eat cheese sandwiches (no Mayonnaise). The instant we hit the tarmac (still in one piece) the brakes go on leaving half the passengers wondering if this is a crash. The plane stops about 50 feet from the end of the runway - 50 feet from plunging into the sea.

At the hotel I sleep for a couple of hours. What a wonderful feeling. At eleven that night Gen, Al, tour manager Laurie, myself and our two guides/bodyguards (very necessary here, we're told)/drivers go out. After a drive of half an hour we get to the first recommendation, a swish bar. People are dressed in that expensive, casual way that proves that money doesn't necessarily buy taste. There's a half-hearted attempt at a dance floor where bored couples dance half-heartedly to all those Soul 2 Soul style slow breakbeat records that bunged up the UK charts two and a half years ago. The atmosphere improves when the DJ plays a few hideous records sung in Portuguese, a sort of dated Brazilian version of Black Laces greatest hits (remember "Agadoo"?). After a few free beers to try to improve matters, we return to Rio central and another night-club, this time 40 floors up a tower block. Astonishingly, the music here is worse; all those disco and high energy hits you hoped you'd never have to hear again. As I'm giving Alan the dubious benefits of my cynicism on this matter, a well intentioned girl seeing the look on my face informs me that no-one here in Rio is unhappy. I reply that the bad music has turned everyones brains to mush and that subsequently they are unable to feel any emotion other than idiot jollity. Luckily she doesn't understand so I attempt brevity by pointing at the DJ and saying "It's 1993" in a pained way. There is hope yet - she understands. Neither of us manage to mention that for the slum dwellers (the favelados) in the hills here, life is desperately grim and trends in music are of bugger all concern. To finish the evening which has long been morning we are invited to see the clubs notable asset, the view. To quote Alan "the fog looks so much better up here". From now on I decide to stay in and hit the beach early in the morning instead of going out all night.

On Sunday morning the sound of the surf, the heat and the sunlight through the curtains conspire to wake me after four hours sleep. I eat half of the entire breakfast buffet and go out on the terrace to write postcards and bask in the sun. Also basking are Iain and Jerry, involved in that deeply unfashionable past time of burning their skins to a garish red hue. I go to lunch and once again eat a substantial percentage of Brazil's annual agricultural produce. In the afternoon there are a few interviews, all at the hotel and not memorable, meaning the questions were all along the lines of "Tell us about the history of Jesus Jones", "How did you get the name", "Could you take your hands off my throat?" and that all time classic "What do you think of Brazil/Brazilian girls?".

Sleep. I haven't had a decent stretch of it since Mexico, a week ago. I feel and look awful. As the rest of the band go out I fall asleep at the speed of light and am oblivious for ten and a half hours.

I fumble for the alarm, wince at the sunlight and sleepwalk to the breakfast room on Monday morning. Outside it's Winter - a cloudless, 30 degree Winter. I write a couple of postcards, go back to my room and cannot help but fall asleep again waking just in time to be at a lunch for

competition winners (Jesus Jones - watch them eat, drink and stare moodily into space. Now you too can witness the full drunken horror of Alan and Jerry still in the grasp of the night before. As if that were not enough, Gen will be ineffably polite to you whilst Iain's bottom entertains all and sundry).

Next, interviews; "What do you think of Brazil?", "When will you come and play here again?", "What are your influences?", "Please stop, that hurts".

Not all the interviews and interviewers are this predictable. One newspaper woman tells me about the alleged police method of removing orphaned or abandoned street children from the view of tourists - execution. Last month eight bodies were discovered. It's today that the news of another massacre breaks; recently, four traffic policemen were shot dead by drug pushers in a routine check. In revenge, someone went into one of the favella slums and shot dead 21 men, women and children. Whilst in the news no-one will say categorically that it was the police, in person no-one doubts who was responsible. There is effectively an unofficial war going on in Rio between the authorities and the anarchic, autonomous states of the favellas that the authorities, by such a horrific display of discriminate force, show no chance of winning.

That night the others go out and dull their senses with alcohol and bad music, I stay in and dull my senses with alcohol and good music. Having had little chance or will to go on to the beach so far I take this occasion to have a drink and stare at the sea, the moon and the lights of the Copacabana whilst in the grip of a powerful new Lebanese recording I bought before coming out here. All was bliss for half an hour until a freak mini tidal wave swept up the beach and swamped me and my CD player. I surrendered to the forces of nature and went to bed.

Tuesday, our last full day in Brazil, today even hotter than the other. I have a few radio interviews after lunch, return to the hotel and pack. We have a final dinner with the record company and get on to the beach for a party, alcohol and the Brazilian soft drink Guarana courtesy of our hotel room mini bars, music supplied by me with my DAT player (CD R.I.P.) and a pair of tiny portable speakers. At around midnight I complete the Rio experience by standing in the waves at the edge of the beach.

URUGUAY

Six hours later, on Wednesday morning we're off. The flight to Montevideo, Uruguay is only a couple of hours but when we get there it's a world away from the sun of Rio.

The rain is pouring down, the sky is dark and the temperatures are lower than we have been used to for weeks. Nowhere looks better in the rain to my eyes and my first impressions of Montevideo are not the exciting ones I had hoped for. The Rio de la Plata, a huge estuary that divides Uruguay from Argentina is a muddy, desolate sea. If it weren't for the palm trees, the seashore would remind me of one of the more depressing southern English seaside resorts. An Argentinean journalist described Montevideo for me as being "like Buenos Aires but smaller and sadder" and I can see what he means. An air of dilapidation hangs over the city. Most of the buildings are made of grey concrete and painters and decorators must be unemployed for decades at a time. There are some impressive buildings; the House of Parliament, The Town Hall, the university, all in the familiar Spanish colonial style. The European element dominates Montevideo as it does Buenos Aires. Some of the cars date from the forties, imported from the US and Europe. Often it is like driving through a vintage car collectors meeting.

The first event, soon after we arrive is a TV show, miming six songs (half from Doubt, half from Perverse) in an empty studio. It's tough going on with this little sleep but the coffee here still verges on the illegal and helps a bit. The rest of the band go to the hotel for some sleep and I do a TV interview before following their example.

At 10 pm we do another mimed TV, same songs, different studio, similar atmosphere. By the time we finish with "Real Real Real" we're tired and sick to death of that three and a half year old song. Between takes the band stand around talking about which songs we never want to play again if we are going to keep enjoying what we do and which songs will fit in with the changes for Jesus Jones that we have planned.

Only Laurie our tour manager, Gen and I make it for a midnight meal with the record company. The restaurant is a beautiful old Spanish style bar. Gen and I quiz the locals about their country and find out that a ten year dictatorship ending a decade ago halted the cultural growth of the country and forced a large percentage of the population abroad so that now as many Uruguayans live abroad as in the country - 3 million. Uruguay makes cattle - that's it. Not a problem for tonight's steak eaters.

Hotel, bed, too few hours sleep. Now that the end of this tour is upon us and I am getting plenty of questions about the future for Jesus Jones, it has started to play on my mind and invade my dreams. At the press conference and TV interview the next day, I'm constantly thinking about the music I'm listening to, the experiences we've had in clubs at home and on tour around the world and the attitude and questions from both fans and journalists.

The weather and light in Montevideo are preparing me for the oncoming Winter in England. We all go our separate ways at the hotel, some home, some to America for Alan's wedding. I sit on the flight home above the clouds, above South America with the sun setting behind us and think,
What next?



Questions, Questions

Give me some answers!

1) WAS JESUS JONES THE FIRST BAND YOU PLAYED WITH?

GEN

No - I started playing in bands at school - the first band I was in was with Mike and we've been together ever since. (Ah!)

MIKE

CERTAINLY NOT. AND CERTAINLY NONE YOU'D EVER HAVE HEARD OF. OH YES, SORRY, I WAS THE SIXTH (OR WAS IT EIGHTH?) BEATLE.

ALAN

NO. IT WAS THE JUBILEE JAZZMEN - A SWINGING BEARDED AND BEERGOTTED SEXTET FROM THE WEST COUNTRY WHO'S ENIGMATIC VERSION OF 'RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER' WAS NARROWLY PIPPED TO THE CHRISTMAS NO. 1 BY PINK FLOYD.

JERRY

I was in a few bands throughout the 80's, one band I started with Carl from Renegade - Soundwave - that was called Acid Test, I was in a Punk band once called Scum from The Bum. There's others, they all amounted to not very much.

IAIN

YES. Although with my best mate Nick Speight I was in some "figment of the imagination" type bands - "The Violet Wardrobe" and "PSYCHE 69" Nick played guitar, I played bass and feedback.

2) WHEN FILMING "THE DEVIL YOU KNOW" VIDEO, DID IT GET ANYMORE 'PERVERSE' SO THAT IT DIDN'T MAKE THE FINAL VERSION?

MIKE Yes.

IAIN

The "perverse" stuff happened on the second day of shooting - we'd been in the pub all afternoon and so everyone was up for anything. Gen loved it 'cos he's got muscles, Alan was just nattering about - strangely enough Jerry left his boxer shorts on this resulted in the odd situation where the film crew are the only persons in the entire western world who haven't seen his will.

JERRY

Yeh, there was all sorts going on, because a lot of the people in the video were authentic i.e. the football hooligans actually had a fight in catering (I kid you not) "are you staring at my Pudding" etc - other deviants having various parts of their bodies painted, shaved, highlighted or perhaps just showing off a piercing or two, it all made for a very strange couple of days. Alan walking around naked covered in yellow paint oblivious to the cast & crew around him. Cynthia Paine would've felt at home.

ALAN I THINK JERRY WORKED WITH THE DIRECTOR ON SOME SCENES THAT DIDN'T EVEN MAKE THE ROUGH VERSION.

3) ANY IDEAS FOR THE TITLE OF THE NEW ALBUM?

MIKE

ONLY UTTERLY TERRIBLE ONES LIKE, "ROCK 'N' ROLL". ARCHLY IRONIC, THAT, AS I HOPE YOU WILL FIND OUT.

IAIN "FUCK ROCK 'N' ROLL"
"WERE BACK - DEAL WITH IT"
"MODERN LIFE IS ACE"
"TECHNOTECHNOTECHNOTECHNO"

GEN

Probably, possibly, maybe, perhaps. (I don't know either yet.)

4) OF ALL THE WORK YOU'VE DONE SO FAR WHAT ARE YOU MOST PROUD OF AND FEEL IS YOUR GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT?

GEN

Gias - Romania 1990
(Tours) USA 1991
Brazil 1992

Recording - Right Here, Right Now
Imp Freaks
Zeros + Ones (Prodigy Remix)
Stripped
Tongue Tied
Kill Today

IAIN

All the B-Sides - Broken Bones Maryland
Dead Peoples lives etc...

Actually i was looking at the original "Right here Right now" EP the other day and lets face it - its a better. Four killer songs! Move me
Move me MOOOOOOVE MEEEEEE!! (etc!)

MIKE

- 1) HAVING RANKLED THE EDITOR OF THE N.M.E (A CYNICAL, BITTER MAN) SO MUCH THAT HE USED THE FINANCIAL CLOUT OF HIS PUBLISHER TO BAN US FROM GLASTONBURY '93.
- 2) PERVERSE - EVIDENCE THAT I MIGHT HAVE STARTED GETTING IT RIGHT. OCCASIONALLY.
- 3) SCRATCHED - THE JAPAN. - ONLY PARTIES + RE-MIX ALBUM THAT SHOWS OUR HEARTS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE RIGHT PLACE.

ALAN THE TWO BEDROOM FLOORS I SANDED AND VARNISHED FOR MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

JERRY

The work I did on the M62 orbital Road North east of Rotherham - lovely bit of guderling, wonderful memories.

5) IF YOU COULD CHANGE ONE THING ABOUT YOURSELF WHAT WOULD IT BE?

ALAN

THE FOAMY STUFF THAT COLLECTS AROUND THE CORNERS OF MY MOUTH WHEN I'M DRUNK.

MIKE

PROPENSITY FOR GLOOM. AND OF COURSE, ABOMINABLE HAND-WRITING. EVERY TIME I PICK UP A PEN I ENVISAGE BEAUTIFUL CALLIGRAPHY ACROSS THE PAGE BUT INSTEAD, THIS! THANK THE COMPUTER FOR WORD PROCESSING.

IAIN

my bent Balance? Maybe my skinny arms (see previous questionnaires)

JERRY

This damned foul.

6) WHAT IS THE MOST ROMANTIC THING YOU'VE EVER DONE FOR SOMEONE?

IAIN

Well i don't want to be too specific but i'll give you a brief synopsis:
Flowers, candles, bath, champagne
I fall in love a lot so i'm always doing impulsive romantic things

ALAN

I SHAVED MY HEAD FOR MY WIFE BUT LOVE FELL ON STONY
GROUND AND SHE THREW THAT DAMN HAIR BACK IN MY FACE.

JERRY

Wore a Conclom.

7) HIGHLIGHTS OF 1993?

MIKE

NO JERRY, NOT THE HAIR DRESSING REFERENCE, PLEASE!

PORCUPINE RIM, UTAH, SOLO ON A BICYCLE, THE RELEASE OF
'PERVERSE' (AT LAST!), BIRTH OF HANA, RETURN TO SOUTH AMERICA.

LIVING THROUGH COUNTLESS FLIGHTS AND THE DISCOVERY OF
CHOCOLATE CHILLI CAKE + ENCHILADAS DE MOLE.

AND OF COURSE 'T.B RESUSCITATION' BY HARD FLOOR, WHICH NO
HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT.

JERRY

⁽⁹²⁾
Gen, Mike, & my brother all having kids
(their spouses did anyway)

The Fashanu brothers. ARSENAL

Rhubarb & custards.

Prep' H. (annus horribilis)

My own private toiletho.

The taking of Fort SPAN (The Goons)

Doughnut the Dog (bridesmaid at Al's wedding
Complex B.

A modicum of decorum

GEN

Japanese Tour in June

Brazilian Promotional Trip (Argentina and Uruguay too)
in September

Alan and Leslies Wedding

IAIN

Alans wedding was an amazing experience - starting with sitting behind the Pilot on the 747-136 on the landing onto Runway 22R Chicago O'hare and ending with me arriving back at Heathrow 10 days later in need of immediate detoxification. Inbetween was some of the most serious partying known to man. I love Chicago - standing in the sunshine on North Damen brought a tear to my eye.

All the flights - DC 9 from Uruguay MD-11 to Sao Paulo. ETC ETC! From being terrified of flying a couple of years ago i now treat it like a rollercoaster and I love it!

Seeing All my friends from around the world Again. My Life Lesson from 1993 - I bought some large piece of furniture from IKEA which came in a monster cardboard box. This i left outside my front door to be taken away.

Upon Leaving my flat later that day

the Notorious Perry Twins (Jason + Adam, members of my exclusive inner circle of

friends, saw the box and said
"ACE! A CARDBOARD BOX!" Got in it
and proceeded to surf, at breakneck
speed, down two flights of stairs.
Learning that there is undiscovered joy
in the most unlikely places was the
most important thing i learnt in 1993
i thank you.

8) IF YOU COULD GO BACK IN TIME WHICH PERIOD WOULD YOU
CHOOSE AND WHY

GEN

No I'd much rather go forwards - we know what's
gone before and the future is much more interesting -
i.e. space flight, computer advancements, teleportation etc. etc.

MIKE

ROME, 0 A.D TO SEE THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE AT IT'S PEAK
AND TO HEAR THE MOST INFLUENTIAL WESTERN LANGUAGE WHEN IT
WAS STILL ALIVE.

IAIN

Why would i go back in Time? I'd miss
out on Punk, Acid House, Video Games
Cable TV etc etc etc. Modern life is
Ace and i'm happy where i am thanks very
much.

9) DARE WE ASK WHAT THE NEW ALBUM WILL SOUND LIKE?

MIKE

YES, BUT BEING IN THE MIDDLE OF IT I DON'T HAVE MUCH IDEA MYSELF. SO FAR IT SEEMS SLOWER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE, MORE DIVERSE, LESS ABOUT PRINCIPLES AND MORE ABOUT FUN. IT'S NOISY, TOO, BUT IT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY TO GET US ANY INTERVIEWS IN GUITAR PLAYER MAGAZINE.

IAIN

The first song to be totally finished sounded like the Shangri las "Past Present and Future" played by a group of Lebanese jazz musicians (p.s. i liked it!)

10) IS JERRY AS SICK AS HE APPEARS TO BE OR WHAT?

ALAN

NO, HE JUST HAS A NASTY SNIFGLE

MIKE

"DAMN IT, JIM, I'M A DOCTOR, NOT A DOCT.... OH YEAH, I'LL GET ON IT RIGHT AWAY"

IAIN

Jerry is a Ketchup with his chips, bread and butter with his food, newspaper while on the bog sensible sort of a Guy. Now the Duft - that's a different kettle of kippers.

JERRY oy!

I'm perfectly normal

11) DO YOU WASH AND GO? - huh!

MIKE Yes, of course. You think I'd wash and stay?

IAIN

No, Never. I always use conditioner (sainsburgys honey and almond Fact fans) I've got one of those huge roll top baths thats big enough to swim lengths in - so the longer i spend luxuriating the better (FNAR FNAR!)

JERRY

We keep telling Alan to go & wash.

ALAN

I JUST PREFER TO GO.

Well, That's All Folks!

If you have a question or a whole heap of questions for the band (Deep Joy), no matter how trivial, ridiculous or even serious, sensible please speed them to me immediately!!

ALAN AND PONI'S WEDDING

The closing chapter...

Off to the venue for Zorn and the setting is a Nightclub called Kaboom. There was a huge courtyard with an outside bar and champagne and 'nibbles' were being served to the 300 or so guests - who are all these people?

At last we go in. The club has been beautifully arranged - on the stage there is a sort of veiled canopy draped with flowers and there are other huge bouquets everywhere. In the main hall there are chairs set up forming an aisle up the middle. We all sit and listen to the organist (an electric organ) playing the appropriate wedding type sounds. The wedding party arrive and proceed up the aisle to await Leslie's appearance but where is Terry? Best man Jerry? He bypasses the walk up the aisle altogether and leaps out from behind a curtain right by the stage and takes his place much to our amusement. Leslie appears all in white, complete with white Doc Martens and takes her place by Alan.



Hang on

We've only
been marrie
5 minutes!!

After a short, pleasant ceremony they turn and walk back down the aisle and we all get ready with our cameras but are beaten off the mark by the professionals; a barrage of press leap forward, flash bulbs ablazing - it's amazing and rather frustrating to say the least but we get our chance once we're all outside!

After photos e.t.c. it's food time (YAHOO!) and then more alcohol and loud music. We all dance to the excellent Mexican dance band and goot around on the dance floor - it doesn't matter because looking around, everyone else is doing the same.

Come 10pm it starts winding down and most of us are eager to hit the town again. (oh no! not the Hounds Tooth 3 nights running, PLEASE! I don't have a cuddly toy and I've forgotten the secret handshake). Thankfully we are spared and end up at another club dancing the night away, Leslie still in her wedding dress and some of the boys in their tails.

Next day is wet and miserable but a barbecue has been arranged for that afternoon at 'Jerry's' place - most of the cooking is done inside and it's a lot of fun. Nice and relaxing after the mayhem of the last couple of days (and nights).

And that's about it - some of us finally got round to some sightseeing on our last day but again it was raining and we couldn't do too much.

It was a fantastic week and a great wedding - we all made alot of friends and I can see why Alan wants to stay there (he's still there, too!) It is a fun city but I don't think I could stand the pace.

See you next time,

Gen



SWAG!

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. Remember to add postage and packing:

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