



INFO SERVICE, c/o ANDY

NOVEMBER 1990

MARCH 1991 UPDATE

Whoops, sorry about the huge delay between Info sheets but life at Jones Central has been more than hectic since you last heard from here, with mail from all over the world coming in in ever increasing quantities. Also, the tight knit nature of the bands associates mean that someone is always needed to do something other than write the news letter!

Most of the time has been taken up with touring - Reading and Glastonbury Festivals and the accompanying warm-ups in the summer, the U.S.A. in September and Britain in October.

None of the band really enjoyed Glastonbury but celebrated Mike's birthday in considerable style, while Reading was generally reckoned to be a great gig, despite the diversion of the tour manager pulling Gen's brother Andy's shorts down as he video-d the show in front of 50,000 people!

The first tour of the States was a huge success, taking in a large part of the country and playing to anything from 300 to 8,500 people. High/low lights of the tour were the sold out shows in Chicago and New York, a 40 hour drive across the desert, the ensuing lack of personal hygiene, an over-enthusiastic fan accidentally force feeding Mike his microphone, playing a baseball stadium in 90 degrees heat and being asked if Jesus Jones were 'from Manchester, England'!

The British tour was notable for Iain destroying one keyboard stand per night. The bands favourite dates were Bristol, Nottingham and the second Town and Country. The positive reactions to the new material were a huge encouragement everywhere though.

RECORDS! There IS a new album coming out, at last! Called 'Doubt' it should be in the shops on January the 21st (all over the world). The reason for the long delay was due to finding a suitable release time for all the EMIs around the world, as well as SBK (USA) and Capitol (Canada).

Here is the running order :

- 1) Trust Me
- 2) Who? Where? Why?
- 3) International Bright Young Thing
- 4) I'm Burning
- 5) Right Here, Right Now
- 6) Nothing To Hold Me

- 1) Real, Real, Real
- 2) Welcome Back Victoria
- 3) Two and Two
- 4) Stripped
- 5) Blissed

All the songs were written (with a little help with the lyrics by Iain on 'Nothing To Hold Me') and produced (except for 'Right Here, Right Now' and 'I'm Burning') by Mike - phew! Many of the songs have been played live already, particularly in Britain. And, speaking of Britain, there'll be a single out ('International Bright Young Thing') on December the 31st and while the band are trying to keep the number of formats limited, there are a couple of B-sides as well as the added bonus of two band-made 12 inch remixes (now there's an unusual thing in this day and age) that have been allocated to it.

TOURS! Next year should see the band playing somewhere near you, wherever you are. It all starts off in February with a long overdue trip to Ireland, playing Belfast and Dublin on the 8th and 9th before spending the rest of the month on the mainland (not just England). March will be spent in Europe, starting in Sweden on the 5th followed by Denmark, Germany, France and Holland but hopefully including Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Belgium. The return to the U.S and Canada is in April, getting to Japan and possibly Australia in May/June.

As it is virtually impossible to give accurate information about towns, dates and venues this far in advance, look out for further info sheets or in the music press.

CLOTHING! The following T-shirts can be obtained from Jesus Jones T-Shirts, c/o Gailforce Management Limited, 25 Ives Street, London SW3 2ND:

Real, Real, Real with May U.K. dates on back - Black - Size Medium - £8.00

Real, Real, Real - Black - Size Extra Large - £8.00

Real, Real, Real - White hooded long sleeve, plain back - size Extra Large - £14.00

Right Here, Right Now with October U.K. dates on back - Black - Size Large - £10.00

PLEASE REMEMBER TO ADD POSTAGE AND PACKING: £1.00 for U.K.
£2.00 for Europe
£5.00 for outside Europe

All correspondence is welcome and is always read by the band (although they can't promise to reply to everyone) but PLEASE include a stamped addressed envelope if you want a reply from this service and four international postal vouchers plus addressed envelope for overseas mail.

Finally, please note: we cannot supply records by mail order. Records are only available through the usual retail outlets.

That's all this time but we'll be back with more exclusive Jesus Jones Info soon!

JESUS JONES

U P D A T E

March 1991

The UK tour was a great success , with everyone in the band and crew saying how much they enjoyed it .

The support band SOHO were excellent and both bands got on really well .

With the exception of Dublin , every night of the tour was sold out and sales of JJ merchandise broke all previous records . At the time this newsletter went to print , JESUS JONES held the record at the Town & Country Club , London , for the most merchandise (T shirts , badges etc.) sold in any one night by any band .

One of the high points of the UK leg of the tour was the last night at the T & C . After the gig , the head of EMI presented the band and their management company with framed gold and silver discs for album sales .

"LIQUIDIZER" , the first JESUS JONES album has gone silver (60,000 sales) , and "DOUBT" which was only released in January , has already gone gold (100,000 sales) .

Following the presentation and photos , there was an end of tour party with drinks on the house (thanks EMI !!) which went on into the early hours .

On the morning of March 2 1991 , JESUS JONES and their road crew (12 bods in all) , left London for the next leg of the world tour .

The now confirmed European dates are as follows :

- March 5 - Norway (Oslo) The Rockerfeller Music Hall .
- 6 - Sweden (Gothenburg) Magasinet .
- 7 - Sweden (Stockholm) New Melody .
- 9 - Denmark (Copenhagan) Pumpehuset .
- 10 - Germany (Berlin) Loft .
- 11 - Germany (Hamburg) Logo .
- 13 - Germany (Cologne) Luxor .
- 14 - Germany (Frankfurt) Batschkapp .
- 15 - Germany (Munich) Nachtwerk .
- 16 - Austria (Vienna) Club U - 4 .
- 18 - Italy (Milan) Sorpasso .
- 19 - Switzerland (Winterthur) Albani .

At this point there is a brief visit to America to do some interviews and promo work for TV and radio , in preparation for the American leg . (Details not yet available in full).

- April 4 - France (Lyon) Le Transbordeur .
- 5 - France (Paris) L'Espace Ornano .
- 6 - France (Lille) Aeronef .
- 7 - Belgium (Brussels) Ancienne Belgique .
- 9 - Holland (Den Haag) Paard .
- 10 - Holland (Amsterdam) De Melkweg .

JESUS JONES
TALES OF
FUJORDINARY

MADNESS



● **Diary of a sicko! Struck down by tonsillitis and besieged by interviewers, MIKE EDWARDS takes time out to document the exclusive on-the-road japes of JESUS JONES' Scandinavian tour**

After our UK tour, we have all had just enough time to check our homes have not been burgled, burnt, re-possessed or cut off, and that we still have living relatives. The comparatively easy part of the world tour over, the hardest part for us is now, when Jesus Jones voyage into the Dead Zone, Europe.

It's not much of a surprise that the mainland hasn't paid much attention to us in two years, as we haven't paid much attention to it. The total sum of our European touring to date comprises of four one-off dates and a support slot to The Cramps last year when the audience spent most of our set shouting "Go boil yer head" in five different languages. We get more recognition crossing the Atlantic or the Pacific than we do crossing the Baltic or the English Channel. Time for things to change.

SATURDAY

BY MIDDAY the five band members and UK crew are leaving London in our small penis, immense tour bus (the bigger the transport, the smaller the genitals, old rock 'n' roll folklore). The monster is our transport and hotel, and frankly the room service is crap.

There are two lounges, the top one where you can be poisoned-gassed by smokers, the bottom one where, because the driver has not replaced the cap correctly, you can turn blue from diesel fumes. The beds offer a parody of sleep; you lie down and close your eyes for eight hours and wait for sleep to mug you, but in vain.

The on-board toilet has a notice on the door laying "Loggøn Verboten". It has another notice saying "Jesus Jones Dressing Room". Ho ho, crew humour. To get into the toilet you have to be a midget contortionist.

We reach Dover, where I am feeling strange. I attribute it (wrongly, it transpires) to diesel and only having eight hours sleep in the previous two nights.

Dover. As we wait to board the ferry, DJ Steamin' Norman Hines, our support for this tour, challenges me to a game of video football and while in the process of thrashing him, a gaggle of school kids ask to take my photo. As I'm winning and thus looking

haughty and full of bravado, I agree. I also agree because two miles south-east, no one has a bloody clue who I am.

On the ferry, Iain Baker the keyboard breaker buys anything reduced in price, Gen and I get lashed by salt water, Al and Jerry head straight for the bar and David, our Australian sound man, gets into conversation with some schoolgirls. Pretending to be a member of AC/DC's crew, he asks them what English bands are happening at the moment. 808 State do well.

"What about the Jesus bunch then?"

"Oh, Jesus Jones, yeah, well they're pretty successful but it's all long hair, we love-ourselves sort of stuff." Things are looking brighter!

SUNDAY/GERMANY

THE INHABITANTS of Bremen are shocked to see 11 aliens exiting a large yellow vehicle. They must be aliens as none of them have proper eyes, just huge swollen eyelids contained in deep, dark recesses either side of their noses. We aliens are here en route to Norway, and it works out cheaper for us to drive through France, Belgium, Germany, Denmark and Sweden than to ferry direct to Oslo.

During the night we crossed two borders. Customs officials are duty bound to remove everything from the coach to check that our proffered gear list is accurate. This is where the bribery comes in. Usually a couple of T-shirts will do, but the French are very straightforward about it. "Have you got something for us to drink?"

Our tour manager Gimpo (immortalised by Ted and Eddy Kennedy on *Going Live* as "that Gimpy from Jesus Jones") makes up a special cocktail of his own.

Foot down driver! Back in Bremen the aliens are hungry, so we use the golden rule of communication abroad: speak just one or two phrases of the native language badly and it becomes obvious that you are the British abroad, a cue to be pitied and plied with help and sympathy.

Driving to Denmark, it's leisure time on the coach. *The Naked Gun* on video, Jerry sleeping, Iain saving the world with his Gameboy, while I review some singles for a Japanese magazine. There are offerings from the Dream Warriors, Deep Purple, Morrissey, Living Colour, 808 State, Jesus Loves You, Throwing Muses and Ned's Atomic Dustbin amongst others.

They range from total crap to very good, although none of them

will change my world. I learn some Swedish and play computer chess, a fiendish device bought two days earlier that beats me continually. I don't let it bother me - after all, who buys the batteries, pal?

On Scandinavian ferries we witness the traditional alcoholic migration, with the price of drink prohibitive in Norway and Sweden, each weekend sees a

flood of drinkers from the expensive countries to the cheaper ones. Late on Sunday night they return in full swing. Whatever your language, it's imperative to shout at full volume while stuffing your face with Frankfurters and holding on to your crate of Elephant Beer.

MANDAG (MONDAY)/GOTEBERG

THE ALIENS are back! The spaceship drives out of town and stops for breakfast at the first truck stop. The crew collapse with lust at the sight of our waitress, a Scandinavian beauty with cheekbones as long as the Swedish border; the sight of the female customs officer prompted the crew to volunteer for strip-searching.

Lust is ever present. Gaynor, our T-shirt girl, relates with horror how she woke in the small hours to the unmistakable sound of someone (as she enthusiastically puts it) 'tugging'. Strangely, ten of us suspect the same person. Life is grim and tough on the road kids!

We drive towards Norway. I listen to Curve, Massive, Napalm Death, Lush, Fluke and some Bulgarian voices. I think about the Vikings who originated from here. "Berserk" is a viking word that means blood lust, but then if you'd ferried across the Baltic out of your head on hallucinogenics,



mead and the chief's urine you'd probably want to stretch your legs a bit too.

No one we meet in Oslo seems concerned about us being British lager louts. At six I walk around the city centre attempting to get any meal for under £10. Prices in Norway really define the word 'expensive'. Of course, there's always McDonalds, the modern empire on which the sun never sets.

I've been feeling terrible for two days now. Splitting headaches, agonising throat and cold symptoms, so I'm not feeling excited about doing interviews tonight. One interviewer asks if EMF are only supporting us for the British Tour (?). At ten, feeling like death, I crawl into bed. Four hours later I am still staring at the ceiling sucking throat pastilles.

TISDAG (TUESDAY)/OSLO
I HAVE tonsillitis.

Back at the hotel, there is a press conference for us. The Norwegians are indeed shy, no one says a word. "Well then," I say, "who wants to know about the name?"

I'm interviewed by an entrant for the Most Typical Scandinavian Woman competition. She shows me the King's palace. It has no perimeter fence and just two guards. Presumably there is no word for "terrorism" here. MTV

interview me. I try to seem human despite feeling and looking awful. I think about cancelling the gig, and fall asleep for an hour before waking up covered in sweat and on soaking sheets.

In the dressing room I try every voice preserving trick in the book (the promoter is alarmed to see me hanging from the ceiling drinking sloth urine from a hollowed out yam) while Jerry argues with Gimpo that we must cancel the gig. Gimpo, aware of the sizeable crowd that have already showed up and the MTV film crew, tries every dirty lactic in the book (the promoter is alarmed to see me shoving dirty socks down Jerry's throat).

The atmosphere changes when a Viking woman of my own (ie the missus) arrives fresh from Madrid. Although I'm probably just an excuse for her to see her friends at home again, it makes me feel a little better.

When we finally get on stage I feel like enjoying myself. I turn my guitar up and it cuts like a huge shot of adrenalin. I forget the headache, the fever. I forget about MTV. I don't feel the pain of Alan smacking me with his guitar. I can hardly get a note out of my larynx but I feel better than a tonsillitic James Brown. The Norwegians get the idea and do some serious leaping around of their own.

After the gig I can hardly speak but I feel fine. I even manage to fall asleep on the coach.

ODIN'S DAY/GOTEBORG IGEN

THE PATTERN of the tour is now established: Travel overnight, up for lunch, interviews until soundcheck, eat, then play. We've had half a ton of good news - tonight's gig has sold out and back at home the album is going back up the charts and has sold 140,000 copies. In America it remains at Number One on all the alternative rock charts.

At the gig Stormin' Norman is treating the audience to an English taste in Home Music. The club we are playing tonight is reminiscent of the Borderline in London and is well known for playing House and hip-hop. Norm gets lots of questions about which records he's playing but all his answers mystify the Swedish ravers.

The dressing room graffiti shows that bands come from all over the world to Goteborg. Bands like the Sabri Brothers from Pakistan who, with three separate bits of graffiti, have misspelt 'Sabri', 'Brothers' and 'Pakistan'. Hope their set was good.

When we get on stage, the audience is crammed up against the monitors and screaming loud Swedish things (possibly "Get me off these monitors"). Midway through the first song, 'Never Enough', we know tonight is going to be good. Again, it takes maximum effort to sing the easiest stuff, but this is what I've been waiting all day for. The stage is tiny and any movement results in another band member being smacked with limb, guitar or keyboard, but in the heat of the moment you don't feel the pain, you just want to keep the feeling going!

There is no chance of us not doing an encore, despite the fact that my voice is so shagged I can only manage an off-key Minnie Mouse impersonation. Someone at the front is yelling for something called 'Info Freako'. "You sing it, I'll play it," I say, both parties comply.

THOR'S DAY/STOCKHOLM

WE WAKE up in Stockholm. There is a strong body of opinion, mine included, that Stockholm is the most beautiful city in Europe. The old part of the city is particularly inspiring.

A friend of my wife takes Gen sightseeing later and, as well as showing him the sights, tells him what it's like to be conscripted (National Service is mandatory here). Guarding the King's palace in sub-zero temperatures is not for Gen, though.

The afternoon interviews are enlivened by a hotel waiter from Fawty Towers. Just as I'm getting deep and meaningful for a couple



Info sicko . . . as a dog

of journalists and photographers, a crazed idiot bursts into the room saying "Why didn't you want Room 620? I made it up specially for you. This room is too small, look at you all. Here is your coffee but you should have it in 620, I told them, but they said no. Why did they say no?"

Each time I try to restart the interview, Manuel pipes up again until eventually I ask him if he would like to do the interview. He leaves me with the open-mouthed journalists, tape recorders still running. Ten minutes later he does exactly the same thing.

The venue is a little like a brighter, cleaner Marquee, but heavy metal bands might have difficulty putting their feet on the monitors as the monitors are on the ceiling. Jokingly, Dodge, our guitar roadie, puts the set list on the monitors. Jokingly, we fire him.

Happy Mondays are touring many of the same venues as us, and there's a message from them for The Shamen on the dressing room wall (we kept in contact with The Wordier Stuff in America last year by similar means until eventually meeting up in New York.)

On stage, the set changes for the third time on this tour, partly because we are finding out which songs people know and partly because my voice is in such bad shape that we have to play a truncated set. The presences of fans, friends, media and record company means that we are going to make sure people remember tonight.

I speak Swedish to either appreciation at the effort or laughter at the results, but the gig is one of those where everything goes our way. I even try to put my food on the monitor.

According to Hotti, our record company man, one of the high spots for the media was when, to demonstrate the falsity of one of their colleague's live reviews which accused us of using tapes, I walked around the stage demonstrating that there are no tapes when we play live. "Jesus Jones, one nil" was the comment. Even at home people still don't understand this simple low technology.

I am asleep on the coach as Stormin' Norman finishes his second set. Gimpo grabs the coach microphone and yells to everyone that a McDonalds is coming up on the left and it's open!! It is 4am.

FRIDAG/KOBNHAVN

MIDDAY: "GIMPO! Wake up, we're in Copenhagen and a McDonalds might be open. Wake up Gimpo NOW!" Revenge is sweet.

One of the afternoon interviewers actually asks me twice how we got the name. Had I been more awake I would have given him two conflicting answers.

Today is a day off, which means LAUNDERETTE. The search for a launderette allows Gen and I to get our first impressions on Copenhagen. There are a lot of bronze statues everywhere, most of them seem to involve war or men or animals fighting. The trains, another typically European thing, add an extra spice of danger to crossing the road.

One of the benefits of travelling from one country to another is that you can almost survive on record company dinners - another country, another meal ticket! Having eaten myself stupid I feel exhausted, return to the hotel, disconnect the phone, hang up the Do Not Disturb sign and fall asleep for 14 hours straight.

LORDAG/STILL KOBNHAVN

NOTHING TO do until soundcheck so I get the video camera out and set out to log Copenhagen. I make a mental note to add this to my list of desirable places to live.

The gig is far from sold out. A bit of a come-down after the Swedish shows, but we still have a few autograph hunters. A couple of girls have seen some of the Oslo show on MTV, including 'International Bright Young Thing' with me singing like a dog. Thanks MTV.

This is another show we start flat out and stay there. The Danish realise that if we can make fools of ourselves on stage, they can do it in the audience and are behind us for every song. I make it to the end all right.

Afterwards, Olaf the Monitor Man says he doesn't often see shows this good. Every gig so far has been good - good audiences, good reviews. As we drive from Copenhagen to Berlin, I lie in bed thinking that, despite the disadvantages we're doing what we'd hoped to.

One day soon, all this will be ours.