



ジェロニモ
JERRO

舞馬
MIKE

亜礼
A

慈炎
JEN

IAIN 威石

JESUS JONES
SEPTEMBER '93



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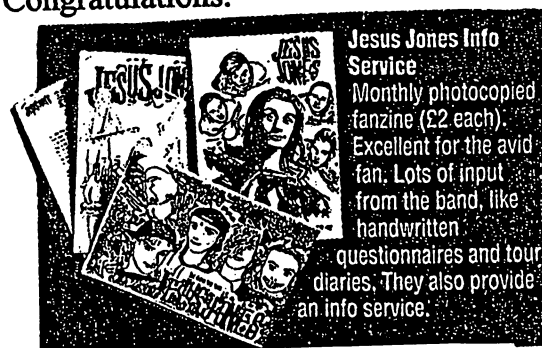
Hello intrepid followers!!

Since we were last connected Jesus Jones have completed their tour of Japan. A most enjoyable time seems to be had by the band and fans, blemished only by Mike falling through a hotel window. The question remains - was it before or after the proverbial rock 'n' roll television? Tour tales are in this issues questionnaire and to make up for Mikes non-appearance in the aforementioned, in Mikes "Japanese Journal". Next on the schedule - The European Festival circuit. Unfortunately, the German date was cancelled due to The Red hot Chilli Peppers pulling out (Boo! Hiss!). This time also saw a first for the Joneses - Poland! Here Alan got to catch up with some of his estranged relatives. Apparently his Uncle turned up on the day in a three piece suit (bearing in mind the temperature was in the 90's) who got up on stage and introduced the band in Polish before they went on in front of a 25,000 strong audience without batting an eyelid!! Poland however proved to be a bit of a nightmare for the crew as all the equipment managed to get a tad lost on its way home to Blighty. In between the Euro dates a London gig was also Squeezed in - The Marquee Club. This turned out to be a sweaty affair, abundant with atmosphere, giving rise to some cracking reviews.

After conquering Europe Mike and Iain Grabbed a days sleep before boarding the plane destined for Mexico on the 17th August. Meanwhile, in London, we threw a blinding party for Alan in honour of him moving to the USA. The rest of the band then flew out to Argentina on the 21st August to meet up with Mike and Iain to continue their South American tour. No live gigs this time, but a promotional tour consisting of T.V. appearances and stacks of radio, magazine and newspaper interviews. Next stop Brazil, then Uruguay and for some , back to London on the 3rd September.

To clear up the confusion for those who think Mike is getting married this year, he's not, that would make him a bigamist, Alan is. Alan is due to be married on September 12th in Chicago to Poni, a native of the area, in a night-club I believe (very rock 'n' roll). Chicago is their chosen place of residence for the time being. After the S.American tour therefore, most of the band will fly to Chicago to begin pre-wedding celebrations and to witness the happy occasion. Mikes mind however will be on something else. No, not the next album! His wife Fia is expecting their first child at the end of September. Congratulations.

As a point of interest, we, here at Jones Towers, have been reviewed by a British consumer magazine called "Check It Out" and we're told we're doing a bloody good job!



Thanks for all the photos you've sent me - you might spot one of yours on the collage page. Don't forget to send more front cover illustrations.

See ya,

Bean.

JESUS JONES DISCOGRAPHY FOR JAPAN

SINGLES

- ? NEVER ENOUGH/ITS THE WINNING THAT COUNTS (3" CD 6/90)
? REAL, REAL, REAL (7" MIX RHYTHM 2) REAL, REAL, REAL (BEN
CHAPMAN SPACED MIX 3) BARRY D NEXT TO CLEANLINESS/DEAD
PEOPLES LIVES (CD 6/90)
TODP 2239 ✓ RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW/ARE YOU SATISFIED/DAMN GOOD AT THIS/
MOVE ME (CD 12/90)
TOCP 6737 ✓ INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING (7") MARYLAND/NEED TO
KNOW/INTERNATIONAL BRIGHT YOUNG THING (12") (CD 6/91)
TOCP 7540 DEVIL YOU KNOW/DEVIL YOU KNOW (ALBUM VERSION 3) WANT TO
KNOW/DEVIL YOU KNOW (KIDNEY MIX 5) DEVIL YOU KNOW
(SATELLITE OVER TEHRAN MIX) (CD 2/93)
THE RIGHT DECISION/THE RIGHT DECISION (KLANGER MIX) STARTING
FROM SCRATCH/THE RIGHT DECISION (MOODY RECONSTRUCTION
MIX) (CD 5/93)

ALBUMS

- TOCP 6106 LIQUIDISER
AS UK PLUS BROKEN BONES AND I DON'T WANT THAT KIND OF LOVE
(10/91)
TO CP 6562 ✓ DOUBT
AS UK PLUS ARE YOU SATISFIED AND MOVE ME (6/91)
TOCP 7170 PERVERSE
AS UK PLUS PHOENIX AND CARICATURE (1/93)

UNIQUE RELEASES

- TOCP 7812 SCRATCHED
AN ALBUM OF UNRELEASED RARE TRACKS AND REMIXES (6/93)

As with all the other non-uk discographies, again, any additions and alterations will be gratefully received - how about the above missing catalogue numbers for example!!

STOP PRESS

Jesus Jones are also contributing to the soundtrack of the new British movie "Shopping". The film, shot in London tells the story of two female ram-raiders!! The cast includes Sadie Frost, Jude Low, Jonathan Price, Marianne Faithful and Sean Bean and the soundtrack boasts EMF and The Utah Saints.

CUE QUESTIONNAIRE....

1) So how was Japan?

GEN

Our third and best visit to Japan - 3 weeks, 8 gigs and promotion, and for the first time on a Japanese trip, loads of free time to do things! We also played in more places than before but the best part of it was our extended stay in Tokyo and it really was party frenzy every night - the only downer was the cost of everything - about £2.50 for a glass of sake and between £3-£6 for a beer! AARGH!!

It was also the most successful part of our tour this year - sold out in advance and the new album has sold more in Japan than "Doubt" has - a gratuitous bit of blowing our own trumpet there - we had quite a wild reception wherever we went.

I really got into sushi this time too and we were treated to some great nights out at different restaurants Korean, Thai, Indian, Japanese and needless to say, the sake flowed freely and led to a few drinking contests with the Japanese crew which were quite something.

It was a truly memorable trip and I really didn't want to come home.

One of the most immediately striking things about Japan is the detrimental affect a huge fish diet can have on the general odour of a place. The huge amount of traffic, their excitable nature and love of noisy, rattley games sets them high in the noise pollution stakes as well. It also appears to have the worlds largest stockpile of neon causing nightfall to be a little brighter than daytime. Most people seem to work in offices or just do as that way - the rest drive cabs. The gigs are all virtually identical coming in 3 different sizes - small, medium and large - we haven't made extra large status yet as that's reserved for heavy metal bands. The crime rate there is very low and only increases in direct proportion to the amount of foreigners present. Returning to the gigs:- it is interesting to note the affect that a couple of thousand screaming Japanese can have on a band, it tends to result in some severe cases of Rock n' Roll posturing, which if attempted, say, somewhere like London would probably end in a head injury of some sort rendered by a half empty can of warm beer. Sadly the majority of sights visited by me and Terry usually involve a row of upside down bottles and a couple of men in aprons. Finally if the hotel you are visiting charges an unreasonable rate for the use of the swimming pool, I would not recommend trying a local duck pond, however free it may be.

IAIN

MOST AMAZING THING(S)

- 1) The Runways disappearing from below our planes as filmed by cameras on the nose of the Aircraft

- 2) Being chased by a Superhuman Fan on a bike. He pedalled for 15 minutes at top speed, tailing our bus from gig to hotel.
- 3) Alan directing traffic at Roppongi Cross (hint - BEER)
- 4) Cyclone Pinball at Roppongi Cross
- 5) Winning 5,000 ¥ at Pachinko in Fukuoka
- 6) Food in Nagoya
- 7) Spicy Hot Ramen in Harajuku
- 8) Akihabaras endless electrical markets
- 9) Watching 747s climb effortlessly into the skies from Narita
- 10) Everybody that we met - and i do mean everybody - being incredibly kind to us.
 esp. Emi* (Rollerskate girl) Rai Yoko Kim Masami Toby Kuni Eiko etc etc etc
 *did i get that right?!?
- 11) Gaijin Zone / Gas Panic and lots of Bars whose name, interior / clientele and what i drank when i was inside them unsurprisingly eludes me (KANPAI!)
- 12) Saying "Hearme now check it" to the ekisha
- 13) Gabber Freazy at Club Yellow
- 14) "Seawolf" by Underground Resistance at Geoid
- 15) Losing My wallet with ¥300 in it + all my credit cards and getting it back untouched.
- 16) My Doraemon Alarm Clock
- 17) The Gomachan toy that moves
- 18) Tako-yaki in Shinjuku (YUM!)
- 19) Finally Understanding More about Japanese culture things like ureshinaki which most westerners can't understand easily.

20) Actually being lucky enough to go there for the third time thank you all

GIGS 'N' THINGS ..

1) Nagoya - Best Gig.

Kawasaki - Silliest gig - like playing on an ice rink..

2) Throwing my shoes into the Audience at Citta

3) Listening to M-AGE on the CD at Nagoya.

JERRY

The most interesting town was Roppongi in Tokyo - It was sex, drugs & Rock'n'Roll all the way - I loved it.

The one thing that sticks in my mind was a girl called Gesa, she's German, beautiful & very passionate & the new love of my life - I can't remember anything else.

2) And the European festival dates?

GEN

I've enjoyed them this year as it's rather like having a weekend job - back home during the week and visit different countries at the weekend.

Memories - a truly tiring schedule for the first 3 gigs in Europe the day after we got back from Japan - Denmark, Finland and Holland and our first charter flight.

Meeting Robert Plant in Holland for the second time -
Having a laugh with Pop Will Eat Itself in Switzerland and the
joy of seeing the Black Crowes play to practically nobody in the
pouring rain.

JERRY

The Festivals were the best ever
they were the most enjoyable gigs
of the year for me, no sound-checks
just straight on and play - perfect.
Each one we went down great,
Poland was strange I think the
weather was in the 90's we
were in the best hotel right by the
~~sea~~, in a place called Gdynia, it
wasn't what I expected at all.

IAIN

- 1) Leyser - Switzerland. Actually surviving a hectic
gig at 3.30am
- 2) Getting a skin infection and feeling like shit in
France
- 3) Deep Fried brie with redcurrant sauce on the
Sealink ferries.
- 4) Getting 20 miles out of London and finding
out that the bus was shit.
- 5) Arriving Home.

ALAN

Portals are cool!

3) What things do you look forward to doing when you get home from a tour?

IAIN

- 1) Playing Records
- 2) Rolo Puddings
- 3) Sex. (this is probably No 1 but i don't want to seem too randy)
- 4) The View from my window
- 5) Walking to the corner shop for milk and the Daily Paper
- 6) Driving along the westway at night
- 7) London - Shopping/Walking
- 8) Techno Clubs
- 9) Post
- 10) The Washing up

GEN

Not living out of a suitcase, cooking, riding my bike, seeing all your friends and family, not seeing any bands for a while

ALAN

I look forward to seeing Jerry's face when he finds out how much stuff his friends have stolen while he's been away.

JERRY: Filling one of these things in.

4) What kinds of gifts do you like to receive from fans?
Coolest/weirdest gifts you've had so far.

ALAN

MONEY!! In Japan I get milk, cigarettes and small packets of dead fish.

IAIN

Coolest - Doraemon Pachinko / Atom teapot / Osamu Tezuka book

Weirdest - A mini hand heater

Gifts i Like? well id have to say Japanese Caricatures of us are brilliant, American Fan letters are the silliest (in a good way!) and British Fan letters are still the most intense. But i never expect anything from fans. That way every single letter is a nice surprise.

GEN

Anything that is a heartfelt gift is always nice to receive; it doesn't matter what it is (although the bigger and more expensive it is, so much the better Ha! Ha!)

JERRY

I Like to receive big wet kisses on the front of my bottom.

5) If you could become invisible what would you get up to?

IAIN

Now the Obvious one would be every woman's bedroom you've ever fancied - BUT - if i was honest Concorde Flight Deck for Take off - SMART!

JERRY

id go to all the chart return shops & notch up a load of sales of our records on the chart console, then id probably figure out some way of satisfying my Libido.

GEN

It would be great fun to play practical jokes on people - i.e. go for a drive in a car so that it looks as if it's driving itself - sit on a bus and whenever anyone tries to sit down they're in for a bit of a surprise and you could have loads of fun in pubs or clubs - all very childish and why not!?

ALAN

I'd wear a cheap suit, sunglasses and bandages around my head. Then I'd probably get chased by the bad guys.

6) What do you say to people who accuse you of mocking religion with your name?

JERRY

I'd say that Jerry is a perfectly normal name, it's not even in the Bible, & there's nothing blasphemous about De Borg, it's quite a common name in Malta.

ALAN

I tell them it was Mike's idea and give them his address.

GEN

It's pretty obvious that there are no religious overtones in the name, or in the band and anyone stupid enough to 'mock' a band for the sake of a name isn't really worth a reply, especially those who use religion in such a pointless argument.

IAIN

I don't like religion anyway - any organised religion is an enemy of spirituality. Look the obvious thing to say is "You're wrong if you think we're making religion - we're not END OF STORY!"

7) Which records have you added to your collection most recently?

GEN

The new Terence Trent D'Arby album, Orbital, Björk, Rage Against The Machine.

IAIN

CJ Boland "4th Sign" Hardfloor "TB Resucitation" Bomb the Bass "Unknown Territory"
Blame "Sikological Hostage" DJ Hell "Sprung Aus der Volken"
"Call it what you want" - Credit to the nation...
"Gordon" - Bare naked Ladies....

ALAN

The ones that were missing that I found in Jerry's room.

JERRY

The Orb-Peel sessions LP
Stereo M.C's LP
Duran Duran LP
Young Gods - TV SKY LP

8) Favourite American restaurant?

IAIN

DENNYS! me + Al can recite all the soups for the different days of the week - Mike goes weak at the knees for that thing that looks like someone threw up in a poppadom and Jez luv's it 'cos it's quick, Gen Loves it 'cos it's ACE!

JERRY DENNY'S

HA! THAT'LL BE

ALAN
DENNY'S!

UNANIMOUS THEN!
(BEAN)

GEN
DENNY'S!

9) If you could be "something" rather than someone what would it be?

IAIN

Nothing inanimate - i couldn't handle the permanence -
maybe a plane - CONCORDE! (or a 747-400!)
Just for that moment when the pilot shouts "rotate"
and you reach for the sky!!

GEN

I'd like to be something capable of exceeding the speed of light
a ship maybe or another being so that I'd be able to go
anywhere in space or time

ALAN

I'd be a hatstand, because it's the first
thing that came into my head.

JERRY I'd would want to be Alan.
Why - because at least he knows
how to have fun.

10) What is the one material possession you could not live without?

JERRY My HAIR DRYER

GEN

Telephone (does this really class as a material possession?)
If you really had to you could live without most things but one thing I could not do without is friendship. (what a terribly serious answer - no apologies).

IAIN

My Cashcard? My Stereo? Straws?

Silly Question really - i could carry on without everything.

(can i say Super Nintendo? Guess not.)

ALAN

A pair of pants.

11) Do you have any obsessive, compulsive disorders?

IAIN

Oh Yes! I can't leave the house without turning off all the Plugs. When i was 14 my dad was the principal of an adult education college and a couple of days before christmas it got burnt to the ground (like - NIGHT) down to the ground - all that was left was a few inches of rubble)
The Cause? Dodgy electricians. Ever since, i've been scared shitless of losing all my belongings/records/clothes /whatever to the result of shoddy wiring. Before i leave the house i check them all off; usually out loud "1, 2, 3, 4" etc. Sad but true.

GEN

Not that I'm aware of.

JERRY

I like Paul McCartney.

12) What is a perfect moment for you?

GEN

One very obvious one springs to mind but this is not an 18 certificate questionnaire so I can't say anymore than that.

IAIN

The Last Utterly Perfect moment was driving along the westway on a hot wednesday evening, just as the high pressure cloud swirls were turning a faint orange against the backdrop of the tower blocks of westbourne grove, in the outside lane, doing something more than the legal speed limit as the Sax Solo from Hiroshima Mon Amour by Ultravox! (with a "!" when they were good) blasted my ears. Sometimes happiness can be just being in the right place at the right time listening to the right song. Thank god for music. Right behind that - Colin Faver playing the DJ Hell 12".

JERRY

Finishing this.

THANK AS USUAL TO THE QUESTION MASTERS FROM AROUND THE WORLD. PLEASE SEND ME LOADS MORE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE. IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO ASK JESUS_JONES NOW'S YOUR CHANCE !

MIKES JAPANESE JOURNAL

ANOTHER GOOD MONTH FOR FUJI FILMS !!

Approaching Narita airport during the day, the first view of Japan is of snow covered mountains, a welcoming sight for mountain lovers like me. As the plane descends through the rainy season turbulence towards the ground, the lush greenness of Japan becomes apparent. I realise again how dull England must seem to other people around the world.

During the morning of Thursday 3rd June the Jesus Jones party drives to Tokyo from Narita in a bus. Those who treat British Airways as "the pub in the sky" exhale neat alcohol in the back, the rest sit in jet lag hell in the front. Japan is the most technologically advanced country in the world and we witness one of the downsides to that - taking two and a half hours to travel 40km. London, Los Angeles, Tokyo - worst traffic in the world. Diligently I try to stay awake to observe and try to understand what I see. Uniforms. The Japanese love them. Police, airport officials, road workers, everyone is immaculately, gloriously outfitted, putting to shame their western counterparts. Someone suggests that the Japanese navy is manned by under twelve year olds until we realise that here even schoolchildren come gift wrapped.

Just as American films prepare you for what America looks like, Japanese films had put into my subconscious an impression of modern Japan. Yes, Tokyo is Godzilla town! I don't mean that a man in a monster suit is bouncing up and down on a cardboard replica of our hotel, but that unrelenting urban and industrial landscape, that almost but not quite Western architecture that the Godzo treads on is here before me. To us, the cities are what Japan is all about. With the exception of our visit to Hokkaido on this tour, we have never seen anything but cities in Japan. As someone who likes nothing better than to lose myself in mountains and desert, in the past, with little opportunity to enjoy the decadence that humans grouped together indulge in, I have found Japan claustrophobic but somehow exciting because of the exhilaration of the collective raised heartbeat that the freneticism of urban life causes. So much concrete, so little space, enormous populations piled on top of each other. Days go by before I realise that Tokyo has a large number of fantastic buildings. Helping to hide the buildings from sight is the dense city foliage of power, telephone and TV cables. Seemingly nothing is laid underground here, creating man made trees of electrical spaghetti. By night the cities are transformed from ugly ducklings into beautiful neon swans. In London it would be impossible to get permission for so many super bright, multi-sized adverts to be stuck on top of anything standing. Vending machine heaven! So many products available for those who hate to look into the eyes of shopkeepers. I make it my duty to sample all of the 'water' flavours, none of which I've seen anywhere else in the world. Post Water is okay, Pocari Sweat is the band's favourite but for me it's White Water that gets the medal.

We check into the hotel, noticing that Tokyo is the only city in the world I have been to that has eight and not seven digits to its telephone numbers. Gen, our tour manager Laurie and I go to a great noodle bar before going to sleep for the afternoon. As a foreigner with no grasp of Japanese and staying in a tourist district like Roppongi, food is very difficult, particularly for the vegetarians amongst the band and crew. For our first evening meal Gen and I pay nearly two thousand Yen for a bowl of spaghetti meagre enough for me to need to stop at KFC on the way back to the hotel. As the tour progresses we learn of good places and foods to eat. Between the courtesies of our promoters, Smash, and Toshiba EMI we eat like kings on the tour, leading me to think that more than other countries you need to spend more to eat better food. Even so, the hard-core vegetarians often find the concept of vegetarianism is often not fully understood (like Germany, where even "vegetable salad" is served with the omnipresent ham).

On Friday the 4th we rehearse in a studio in Tokyo. We haven't played for a couple of weeks and although we remember the songs okay, my voice is a little tender. Returning to the hotel, we stop at that great American eating empire, Dennys, to see how the Japanese version compares. Sorry, not even close- way too healthy! It isn't a true Dennys unless everything (including desert) is fried and needs a cholesterol warning sticker. I've read that due to the change in diet, by 2010 the average height of the Japanese male will equal the average height of the American male. It didn't say anything about whether the percentage per head of enormous cholesterol blob-people will be the same in both countries.

On Saturday we fly to Sapporo. Alan, as ever, sounds like either an air raid warning or the air raid itself. JAL have ingeniously fitted video cameras to their domestic flights enabling you to watch the take off and landings from the pilots eye view as well as the undercarriage angle. For those like me who don't like flying it takes the terror out of leaving the air in a multi-ton, no-survivors lump of metal and highly flammable fuel. Our non stop, wisecracking soundman suggest during take off the pilot "do a quick zoom on the ground with the camera" Ha, ha. We drive to Sapporo through the countryside that with its openness and vegetation reminds me of the Northwest of the USA (another Pacific, volcanic region) or maybe even Sweden. The American aspect is amplified as we reach the main roads into Sapporo where 7-11's, KFC's, western style houses and English writing everywhere make it easy to believe you are on the outskirts of Seattle.

On Sunday the day of our first gig, I get up in time to walk from the Hotel Arthur to Mt.Miowa (co-incidentally, Arthur is the name we have for Jerry's stomach which is big enough to be thought of as a separate person). A cable car swings up past a temple and then, just a little too far from the ground for me, almost to the top. There are female car attendants who bow to each other and say what sounds like "very merry Christmas" in sing-song voices in unison as the cars leave the station. On the route up the attendant repeats some sort of tour guide history of the mountain or perhaps even her shopping list if the amount of attention paid to the poor woman is anything to go by. Once at the upper cable car station you can either walk to the summit or take a ski lift style device. You don't need skis as there's no snow at the moment, even at the altitude of 5000 feet. The ski lift was clearly not designed with long legged occidentals in mind because sitting on the chair, my feet dragged along the ground. At the summit I was just as conspicuous, being the only non-Japanese being bitten to death by flies. The view was fantastic, looking over the entire town towards the sea bay, snow topped mountains surrounding me on every side.

Later at the gig the tour really starts. Getting there early for an interview, Iain and I are met by a small bunch of very excited fans. By the time I decide to cross the road to do some clothes shopping, their numbers have risen and I walk around the shopping mall followed by a small army of people, including a television crew. It makes me feel ridiculous. I buy a top which two months ago on tour in America would have cost me half as much.

Before the show we are all nervous, first night nerves. However, the gig is great and apart from my voice which is painful and not particularly good, we could have been playing the night after the last gig in Vancouver, nearly three weeks ago. The audience was as good as we'd hoped for, as good as we've always had in Japan. Some fans are still waiting for us a long time after the show and follow our bus back to the hotel mostly in taxis but for one heroic lad who pedals a one speed bicycle as fast as the bus. Iain throws him a can of beer as we are moving and amazingly the boy catches it in his front basket. Band and crew cheer him as loud as the audience did us earlier!

On Monday we fly from Chitose Airport where we are met by fans, two of whom are totally out of control on roller-skates. Landing in the 85 degree heat of Fukuoka is a shock after the cool spaciousness of Hokkaido and we're back to the cityscape we have come to expect of Japan. We have been met at the airport by present bearing fans, some of whom give me food, clearly having a great understanding of me. Fukuoka is an airport-hotel-gig-hotel-airport date for us, little time to get any sort of impression of the place. The palm tree lined avenues are impressive but as usual I think the city looks best when the nightly neon blooms.

Like the majority of this tour the show tonight is in a seated hall. Unfortunately, this has a big effect on the way the audience reacts; there's a big cheer as the lights go down which stops immediately so that I can hear Iain and Gen walk across the stage and the audience can almost certainly hear the rest of us laughing in the wings. No-where else in the world has that happened, even in seated venues in America. Seated venues make everyone self-conscious. If I look at people in the crowd, they either look shocked or pretend I'm not looking at them. After a song the crowd clap hurriedly and stop before anyone else notices them. For the band, it makes us feel like museum pieces but after a couple of shows we realise that this is a Japanese thing and that we are in fact being paid a lot of (quiet) attention. Compensating for the seats is the sound. Every venue we've played in Japan is so well designed, so well prepared that the on-stage sound is always excellent. It makes a change from other countries where in some venues all I can hear is a roar of noise with the sound of a snare drum over the top.

On the way to the restaurant where I eat an amazing mushroom soup, I try to take photos of all the neon but there are a few too many fans around. Tired like everyone else, Alan nonetheless goes out drinking, meets another English man, gets an illegal lift towards the hotel on a moped and consequently spends five hours touring two police stations.

The next day, we fly to Tokyo and play the U-port Hall, another good gig for us, despite the seats.

Wednesday the 9th of June is Royal Wedding day. The worst day of weather on our tour so far but the sun comes out again tomorrow. You can always rely on the weather for special occasions. I watch about 30 seconds of the Wedding day programmes on TV and give up. Roppongi is not much quieter than usual today. I revive a tradition of usual tours and have breakfast with Atsuko. Later I meet a friend, Aki, do some shopping and play Virtual Racing, an arcade game we became addicted to during our stay. A Sunday afternoon on a Wednesday. In the evening my wife and I go out with Hotei and Kumiko, a fantastic night of good company, much alcohol and a shaming demonstration of the superiority of Japanese technology. Sometime around 4.am we stop a taxi to take us to the hotel. As we are saying good-byes the taxi driver decides he cannot wait an extra 20 seconds and drives away. "Sorry, but this is Japan" says Hotei.

On Thursday we play the Koseinenkin Hall in Tokyo, the audience are so polite that when I shout "Boo!" at them in the middle of "Welcome Back Victoria" no-one even moves, not a sound escapes. How strange.

The Shinkansen takes us to Nagoya for our next show. We are playing our biggest venue in Nagoya so far and have sold out a show here for the first time. Clearly things are going very well for us in Japan these days. The Shinkansen is wonderful; fast, smooth and comfortable. Perhaps I should write adverts for them. At Nagoya station we are met by fans who bring us presents, letters, photograph us over and over and torture us with old photos of each member of the band usually looking tired or stupid but usually both. Two years later we still look the same, I'm sure. The generosity of fans in Japan makes touring here unique. We didn't know what to expect on our first tour in 1990 and all had to go out and buy extra bags to get everything home. There is never the opportunity to repay the fans properly and I always feel guilty about taking the present and leaving immediately for a gig, interview or just to be bundled off to the hotel in our usual rush. As I write this I am still very late in trying to answer some of the many letters I received and sadly, I doubt that I will ever have the time to get around to all of them. I have never not enjoyed a gig in Nagoya and the show tonight is not an exception, my favourite of the tour so far, one of those rare shows that feels good as soon as I walk on stage and then gets better. Alan is unhappy because his bass stops working for a large part of the show. It annoys me too but not enough to spoil it.

More Shinkansen action as we travel to Osaka on Saturday. I spend the travel time reading dance music and fashion magazines (not that it ever shows on me). In the hotel I always read books. We do an in-store signing appearance in the afternoon and I feel foolish sat in front of so many people with nothing to do except be photo-ed and shake peoples hands. However the look on the faces of the

people whose hands we shake makes me feel good about it. I think of how difficult it is to write something in foreign language and the amount of effort that must go into writing the letters that we receive and I think that feeling foolish is not such a price to pay. One of the best meals of the tour (another) happens at a Korean barbecue in the evening, where I get the chance to burn my own sweet potato, ochra, green pepper, corn on the cob and a terrifyingly spicy cabbage soup. Also, I am developing a taste for sake.

Sundays promotion schedule starts with a question and answer session with fans in a club. Under hot stage lights, we sweat and respond to the questions in our own ways. Iain and I are used to this and rattle the answers off, Alan mumbles chaotically, Jerry is inarticulately embarrassed (often by his own truthfulness) and Gen gives showbiz type answers. There is a raffle to win prizes including coming up on to the stage to shake hands with us. This makes little sense as at the end the entire audience gets to grab our sweaty palms. Interviews in the afternoon are followed by a great Japanese meal (my introduction to plum and lychee wines). A friend in London put me in touch with Fumio who takes us out to the Oxygen club and is extremely kind to a bunch of people he has never met before. We drink a lot, drink more at the hotel and entertain ourselves by re-arranging the letters of the resident band names on the welcoming board in the lobby. I'm laughing so hard at one of the re-arranged names (Brian Badyears Red Hot Turds - you had to be there) that I fall backwards onto a potted tree. The tree falls forward onto a luggage trolley which in turn goes through one of the huge windows at the front of the hotel. It's going to be an expensive tour for me.

Monday in Osaka is really hot and sticky. I stay in my room reading and writing postcards for most of the day. The gig is incredibly humid and hot. With my orange plastic trousers and woollen top I am in such discomfort that I can only concentrate on singing and playing instead of leaping around. The gig is all the better for it, I think.

We return to Tokyo by Shikansen on Tuesday and I spend much of the journey looking at the scenery, a mixture of beautiful dark green trees scaling mountains surrounded by towns, villages and cities. The smaller towns are a fascinating mix of old and new - no one here has a back garden, they have a paddy field. In the middle of this agriculture that could be from anytime in the past are brand new Toyotas driving down immaculate tarmac roads. At the station in Tokyo, it's another good month for Fuji films as we are met by photographing fans. Once again I see a Japanese phenomenon; cameras here never work first time. Every photo taken with a fan needs a few moments of fumbling, checking the flash, the focus, the film winder to try and discover just what it is wrong with the camera. Personally I think it's the subject that's faulty.

The second U-port Hall in Tokyo is my favourite gig of the tour. It's not too hot, the crowd is rowdy and my voice is in good shape - I experiment with different vocals in some songs.

The last gig of the tour is at Club Citta in Kawasaki, a club we know well and like having played it on every tour. The audience is great but it is far too hot to go really wild. The stage become so slippery with condensation that we can't walk on it safely after three quarters of the show. Few people in the audience ever seem to see the gig the same way as us - tonight I hope that's true. Still there hasn't been a gig that I haven't thought was good - not a bad way to end a tour.

The rest of our stay, almost a week is spent doing interviews and promotion by day and courtesy of Toby, whom I met in a club in London, going to clubs by night. Yellow, Geoid and XY Relax had great techno nights and the infamous Julianas surprised me with the music they played.

At the end of our stay the pace catches up with me and I come down with a nasty cold. I leave Japan preparing to spend 11 of the 33 hours of my birthday on a plane feeling tired and ill. It's an inappropriate way to end what has been our best, most enjoyable tour of Japan.

CHEESE!



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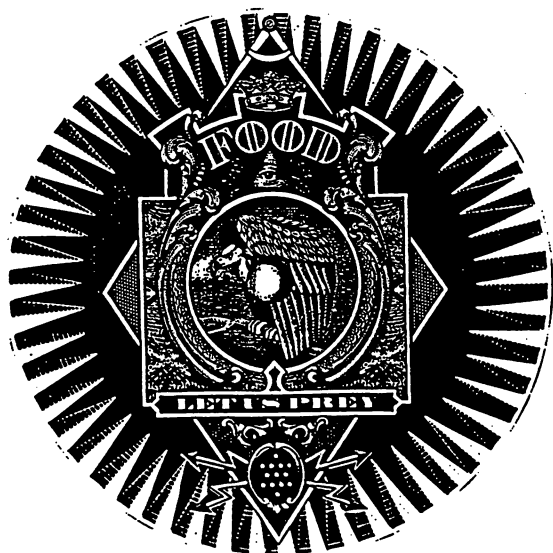
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