

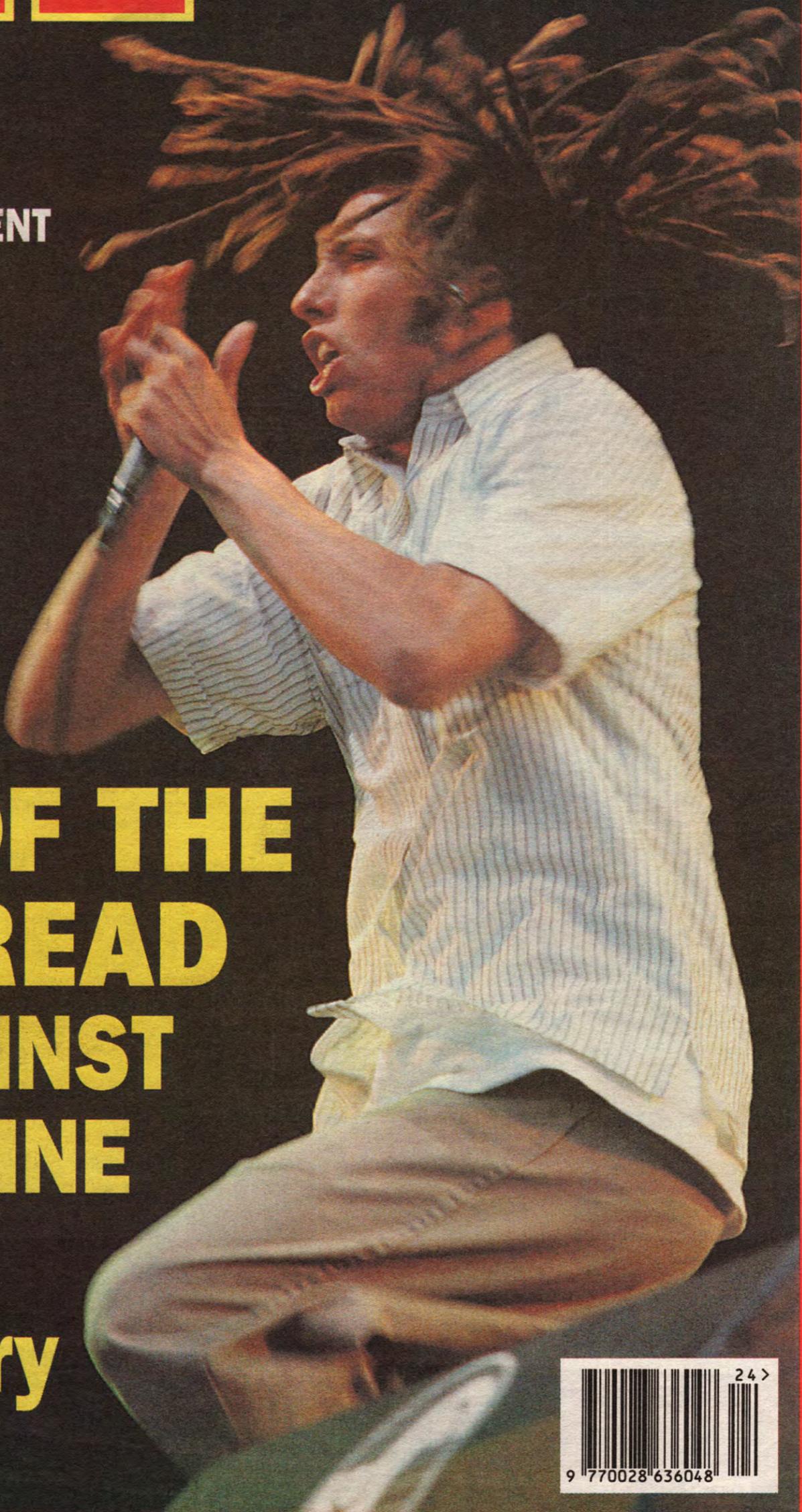
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Rock it to Roche

THERAPY?:
taking
the piss
at Donington



**JAH WOBBLE &
DOLORES CRANBERRY
ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT
STONE TEMPLE PILOTS
OASIS ★ GREEN DAY
COLIN DALE ★ LUSH
EAT STATIC ★ RIDE
THE CHARLATANS
FRANK BLACK
THE CROW**



**MIGHT OF THE
LIVID DREAD
RAGE AGAINST
THE MACHINE
fire up for
Glastonbury**

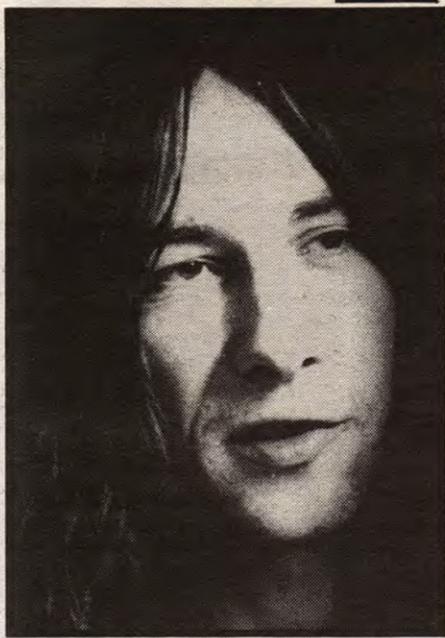


A game of four quarters! Wot? The rock'n'roll guide to the US World Cup

Germany Dm 5.30 Spain Ptas 300

Zack De La Rocha photographed by Steve Double

INDIE 45s



PICTURE: PENNIE SMITH

CHARTS

NETWORK UK TOP 50 45s

- | | | | | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|--|----|---|-------------------------------|
| 1 | 1 LOVE IS ALL AROUND | Wet Wet Wet (Precious) | 37 | (-) JAILBIRD | Primal Scream (Creation) |
| 2 | 5 BABY I LOVE YOUR WAY | Big Mountain (RCA) | 38 | 38 PATIENCE OF ANGELS | Eddi Reader (Blanco Y Negro) |
| 3 | 11 YOU DON'T LOVE ME (NO, NO, NO) | Dawn Penn (Atlantic) | 39 | 23 JUST A STEP FROM HEAVEN | Eternal (EMI) |
| 4 | 4 GET-A-WAY | Maxx (Pulse 8) | 40 | 31 MMM MMM MMM MMM | Crash Test Dummies (RCA) |
| 5 | 7 NO GOOD (START THE DANCE) | The Prodigy (XL) | 41 | 37 DIE LAUGHING | Therapy? (A&M) |
| 6 | 6 ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS | Absolutely Fabulous (Spaghetti) | 42 | 26 TAKE IT BACK | Pink Floyd (EMI) |
| 7 | (-) ANYTIME YOU NEED A FRIEND | Mariah Carey (Columbia) | 43 | (-) HARMONICA MAN | Bravado (Peach) |
| 8 | 3 AROUND THE WORLD | East 17 (London) | 44 | (-) EASE THE PRESSURE | 2wo Third3 (Epic) |
| 9 | 2 COME ON YOU REDS | Manchester United Football Squad (Polygram TV) | 45 | 30 THE REAL THING | Tony Di Bart (Cleveland City) |
| 10 | 21 DON'T TURN AROUND | Ace Of Base (Metronome) | 46 | 33 THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD | Prince (NPG) |
| 11 | 13 SWAMP THING | The Grid (deConstruction) | 47 | (-) GET INTO YOU | Dannii Minogue (Mushroom) |
| 12 | 9 EVERYBODY'S TALKIN' | The Beautiful South (Go! Discs) | 48 | (-) YOU | Bonnie Raitt (Capitol) |
| 13 | 8 INSIDE | Stillskin (White Water) | 49 | (-) I AIN'T MOVIN' | Des'ree (Dusted Sound) |
| 14 | 13 NO MORE TEARS (ENOUGH IS ENOUGH) | Kym Mazelle & Jocelyn Brown (Arista) | 50 | (-) ELEPHANT PAW (GET DOWN TO THE FUNK) | Pan Position (Positiva) |

Primal Scream: cell out!

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1 | (-) JAILBIRD | Primal Scream (Creation) |
| 2 | (-) U & ME | Cappella (Internal Dance) |
| 3 | 1 HYPOCRITE | Lush (4AD) |
| 4 | (-) CREAM EP | Tiny Monroe (Laurel) |
| 5 | 2 LAZARUS | The Boo Radleys (Creation) |
| 6 | 3 DESIRE LINES | Lush (4AD) |
| 7 | 4 MY MERCURY MOUTH EP | The Dust Brothers (Junior Boy's Own) |
| 8 | (-) INCREDIBLE | M-Beat/General Levy (Renk) |
| 9 | (-) BASKETCASE | Compulsion (One Little Indian) |
| 10 | 7 SLAVE NEW WORLD | Sepultura (Roadrunner) |
| 11 | 6 HOMOPHOBIA | Chumbawamba (One Little Indian) |
| 12 | 15 SUPERSONIC | Oasis (Creation) |
| 13 | 8 DELICIOUS | Sleeper (Indolent) |
| 14 | (-) FIS FOR FAME | Voodoo Queens (Too Pure) |
| 15 | (-) HIGHCHAIR | Sulphur (Transglobal) |
| 16 | 11 LIKE A MOTORWAY | Saint Etienne (Heavenly) |
| 17 | 9 TURN ME OUT | Kathy Brown (Stress) |
| 18 | (-) RED 2 | Dave Clark (Big Bush) |
| 19 | 12 THE BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCE | Prince (NPG) |
| 20 | (-) PULL THRU' BARKER | Prolapse (Cherry Red) |
| 21 | 20 BASS CADET EP | Autechre (Warp) |
| 22 | 23 HEADACHE | Frank Black (4AD) |
| 23 | 28 MARKED AND TAGGED EP | Bivouac (Elemental) |
| 24 | 17 TANTRA | Technova (Sabres Of Paradise) |
| 25 | 13 THE JULIE EP | The Levellers (China) |
| 26 | 5 THE TEAZER | Solitaire Gee (Phat) |
| 27 | RE ALWAYS | Erasure (Mute) |
| 28 | 25 THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD | Prince (NPG) |
| 29 | 18 2 MINUTE MIND | Blessed Ethel (2 Damn Loud) |
| 30 | 10 AN ARROW THROUGH THE BITCH | Palace Brothers (Domino Recordings) |

INDIE LPs

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 | 1 ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE II | Various (Warp) |
| 2 | 3 TEENAGER OF THE YEAR | Frank Black (4AD) |
| 3 | 4 WHATEVER HAPPENED TO UTOPIA? | Astralasia (Magick Eye) |
| 4 | 2 SUITS | Fish (Dick Brothers) |
| 5 | 5 STACKED UP | Senser (Ultimate) |
| 6 | (-) THEMES FROM . . . | Vapourspace (Internal) |
| 7 | (-) ULTRAVIOLET | Ed Alleyne-Johnson (Equation) |
| 8 | (-) EVANESCENCE | Scorn (Earache) |
| 9 | 7 ROYALTIES OVERDUE | Various (Mo' Wax) |
| 10 | 9 ANARCHY | Chumbawamba (One Little Indian) |
| 11 | (-) CAFE DEL MAR | Various (React) |
| 12 | 30 SCREAMADELICA | Primal Scream (Creation) |
| 13 | (-) LIVE ON THE TEST | Nils Lofgren (Windsong) |
| 14 | (-) LIVE ON THE TEST | Graham Parker (Windsong) |
| 15 | 11 GIVE OUT BUT DON'T GIVE UP | Primal Scream (Creation) |
| 16 | 8 CLUB CULTURE | Various (Stress) |
| 17 | 6 I SAY I SAY I SAY | Erasure (Mute) |
| 18 | RE LET LOVE IN | Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute) |
| 19 | 12 ARIA | Asia (Bullet Proof) |
| 20 | RE GIANT STEPS | The Boo Radleys (Creation) |
| 21 | RE CHAOS AD | Sepultura (Roadrunner) |
| 22 | 23 CHILL OUT OR DIE II | Various (Rising High) |
| 23 | 17 DEBUT | Bjork (One Little Indian) |
| 24 | (-) FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO | Daisy Chainsaw (One Little Indian) |
| 25 | (-) RIVER RUNS RED | Life Of Agony (Roadrunner) |
| 26 | 26 URBAN DISCIPLINE | Biohazard (Roadrunner) |
| 27 | 19 IN LOVE WITH | Mambo Taxi (Clawfish) |
| 28 | 10 FREEWHEELIN' | Electric Boys (Music For Nations) |
| 29 | (-) A COLLECTION OF PREVIOUSLY . . . | Lou Barlow (City Slang) |
| 30 | (-) THE AMBUSH | Ambush (Harthouse) |

FILM BOX OFFICE

- | | | |
|----|---|------------------|
| 1 | FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL (15) | Rank |
| 2 | NAKED GUN 3 1/2 - THE FINAL INSULT (12) | UIP |
| 3 | INTERSECTION (15) | UIP |
| 4 | NO ESCAPE (15) | Guild |
| 5 | GRUMPY OLD MEN (12) | Warner |
| 6 | LOOK WHO'S TALKING NOW! (12) | Columbia Tristar |
| 7 | MY FATHER THE HERO (PG) | Buena Vista |
| 8 | MRS DOUBTFIRE (PG) | 20th Century Fox |
| 9 | SCHINDLER'S LIST (15) | UIP |
| 10 | ACE VENTURA - PET DETECTIVE (12) | Warner |

MRIB

US 45s

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | I SWEAR | All-4-One (Blitz) |
| 2 | I'LL REMEMBER | Madonna (Maverick) |
| 3 | ANY TIME, ANY PLACE | Janet Jackson (Virgin) |
| 4 | REGULATE | Warren G & Nate Dogg (Outburst) |
| 5 | THE SIGN | Ace Of Base (Arista) |
| 6 | DON'T TURN AROUND | Ace Of Base (Arista) |
| 7 | BABY I LOVE YOUR WAY | Big Mountain (RCA) |
| 8 | THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD | Prince (NPG) |
| 9 | YOU MEAN THE WORLD TO ME | Toni Braxton (LaFace) |
| 10 | BACK AND FORTH | Aaliyah (Jive) |
| 11 | RETURN TO INNOCENCE | Enigma (Virgin) |
| 12 | IF YOU GO | Jon Secada (SBK) |
| 13 | YOUR BODY'S CALLING | R Kelly (Jive) |
| 14 | I'M READY | Tevin Campbell (Qwest) |
| 15 | BUMP 'N' GRIND | R Kelly (Jive) |

Billboard

US LPs

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3 | THE SIGN | Ace Of Base (Arista) |
| 1 | THE CROW (OST) | Various (Atlantic) |
| 3 | NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON | Tim McGraw (Curb) |
| 4 | CHANT | Benedictine Monks (Angel) |
| 5 | FRUITCAKES | Jimmy Buffett (Margaritaville) |
| 6 | AUGUST AND EVERYTHING AFTER | Counting Crows (Geffen) |
| 7 | ABOVE THE RIM (OST) | Various (Death Row) |
| 8 | THE DIVISION BELL | Pink Floyd (Columbia) |
| 9 | 12 PLAY | R Kelly (Jive) |
| 10 | ALL-4-ONE | All-4-One (Blitz) |
| 11 | NUTTIN' BUT LOVE | Heavy D & The Boyz (Uptown) |
| 12 | TONI BRAXTON | Toni Braxton (LaFace) |
| 13 | MUSIC BOX | Mariah Carey (Columbia) |
| 14 | SWAMP OPHELIA | Indigo Girls (Epic) |
| 15 | THE CROSS OF CHANGES | Enigma (Charisma) |

Billboard



5 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|---|--|
| 1 | SEALED WITH A KISS | Jason Donovan (PWL) |
| 2 | THE BEST OF ME | Cliff Richard (EMI) |
| 3 | EXPRESS YOURSELF | Madonna (Sire) |
| 4 | BACK TO LIFE | Soul II Soul featuring Caron Wheeler (10) |
| 5 | RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM | Sinitta (Fanfare) |
| 6 | SWEET CHILD O' MINE | Guns N' Roses (Geffen) |
| 7 | FERRY ACROSS THE MERSEY | The Christians, Holly Johnson, Paul McCartney, Gerry Marsden & Stock Aitken Waterman (PWL) |
| 8 | MISS YOU LIKE CRAZY | Natalie Cole (EMI USA) |
| 9 | ON THE INSIDE (THEME FROM PRISONER: CELL BLOCK H) | Lynne Hamilton (A1) |
| 10 | DON'T WANNA GET HURT | Donna Summer (Warner Brothers) |



10 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO | Wham! (Epic) |
| 2 | TWO TRIBES | Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT) |
| 3 | ONLY | Spandau Ballet (Reformation) |
| 4 | SMALLTOWN BOY | Bronski Beat (Forbidden Fruit) |
| 5 | LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY | Denise Williams (CBS) |
| 6 | HEAVEN KNOWS I'M MISERABLE NOW | The Smiths (Rough Trade) |
| 7 | PEARL IN THE SHELL | Howard Jones (WEA) |
| 8 | DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES | Ultravox (Chrysalis) |
| 9 | HIGH ENERGY | Evelyn Thomas (Record Shack) |
| 10 | SEARCHIN' | Hazel Dean (Proto) |



15 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 | SUNDAY GIRL | Blondie (Chrysalis) |
| 2 | DANCE AWAY | Roxy Music (Polydor) |
| 3 | REUNITED | Peaches & Herb (Polydor) |
| 4 | POP MUZIK | M (MCA) |
| 5 | BOOGIE WONDERLAND | Earth, Wind And Fire (CBS) |
| 6 | DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW | Abba (Epic) |
| 7 | BRIGHT EYES | Art Garfunkel (CBS) |
| 8 | PARISIENNE WALKWAYS | Gary Moore (MCA) |
| 9 | BOYS KEEP SWINGING | David Bowie (MCA) |
| 10 | SHINE A LITTLE LOVE | Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) |



20 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|---|------------------------------|
| 1 | THE STREAK | Ray Stevens (Westbound) |
| 2 | HEY, ROCK AND ROLL | Showaddywaddy (Bell) |
| 3 | THIS TOWN AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US | Sparks (Island) |
| 4 | SUGAR BABY LOVE | The Rubettes (Polydor) |
| 5 | THERE'S A GHOST IN MY HOUSE | R Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown) |
| 6 | JUDY TEEN | Cockney Rebel (EMI) |
| 7 | THE IN CROWD | Bryan Ferry (Island) |
| 8 | JARROW SONG | Alan Price (Warner) |
| 9 | I SEE A STAR | Mouth & McNeal (Decca) |
| 10 | THE NIGHT CHICAGO DIED | Paper Lace (Bus Stop) |



25 YEARS AGO

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 | THE BALLAD OF JOHN AND YOKO | The Beatles (Apple) |
| 2 | OH HAPPY DAY | Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah) |
| 3 | LIVING IN THE PAST | Jethro Tull (Island) |
| 4 | TIME IS TIGHT | Booker T And The MGs (Stax) |
| 5 | IN THE GHETTO | Elvis Presley (RCA) |
| 6 | DIZZY | Tommy Roe (Stateside) |
| 7 | SOMETHING IN THE AIR | Thunderclap Newman (Track) |
| 8 | BIG SHIP | Cliff Richard (Columbia) |
| 9 | HIGHER AND HIGHER | Jackie Wilson (MCA) |
| 10 | GET BACK | The Beatles (Apple) |



Nine Inch Nail's Trent Reznor: deity scoundrel

PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

NETWORK UK TOP 50 LPs

- | | | | | | |
|----|---|----------------------------------|----|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1 | 2 EVERYBODY ELSE IS DOING IT, SO WHY CAN'T WE | The Cranberries (Island) | 27 | 33 BROTHER SISTER | Brand New Heavies (ffrr) |
| 2 | 1 SEAL II | Seal (ZTT) | 28 | 22 EVERYTHING CHANGES | Take That (RCA) |
| 3 | (-) REAL THINGS | 2 Unlimited (PWL Continental) | 29 | (-) DOMINATOR | Time Frequency (Internal Affairs) |
| 4 | 3 OUR TOWN - THE GREATEST HITS | Deacon Blue (Columbia) | 30 | 30 MIAOW | The Beautiful South (Go! Discs) |
| 5 | (-) THE LAST TEMPTATION | Alice Cooper (Epic) | 31 | 26 NEVERMIND | Nirvana (Geffen) |
| 6 | 4 THE DIVISION BELL | Pink Floyd (EMI) | 32 | 15 ILL COMMUNICATIONS | Beastie Boys (Capitol) |
| 7 | (-) AROUND THE NEXT DREAM | BBM (Virgin) | 33 | 23 HEART, SOUL & A VOICE | Jon Secada (SBK) |
| 8 | 11 MUSIC BOX | Mariah Carey (Columbia) | 34 | 17 A CARNIVAL OF HITS | Judith Durham & The Seekers (EMI) |
| 9 | 5 PARKLIFE | Blur (Food) | 35 | RE WOODFACE | Crowded House (Capitol) |
| 10 | 8 ALWAYS AND FOREVER | Eternal (EMI) | 36 | 28 CRASH! BOOM! BANG! | Roxette (EMI) |
| 11 | (-) PURPLE | Stone Temple Pilots (Atlantic) | 37 | 37 TOGETHER ALONE | Crowded House (Capitol) |
| 12 | 10 THE PLOT THICKENS | Galliano (Talkin Loud) | 38 | 19 GOIN' BACK - THE VERY BEST OF . . . 1962-1994 | Dusty Springfield (Philips) |
| 13 | (-) TRUE SPIRIT | Carleen Anderson (Circa) | 39 | 18 THIS WAY UP | Chris De Burgh (A&M) |
| 14 | 6 I SAY I SAY I SAY | Erasure (Mute) | 40 | 25 LAST OF THE INDEPENDENTS | The Pretenders (WEA) |
| 15 | (-) ZINGALAMADUNI | Arrested Development (Cooltempo) | 41 | 35 PHILADELPHIA (OST) | Various (Epic) |
| 16 | 16 HAPPY NATION (US VERSION) | Ace Of Base (Metronome) | 42 | 36 D:REAM ON VOL 1 | D:REAM (Magnet) |
| 17 | 14 GOD SHUFFLED HIS FEET | Crash Test Dummies (RCA) | 43 | 24 THE VERY BEST OF MARVIN GAYE | Marvin Gaye (Motown) |
| 18 | 13 CRAZY | Julio Iglesias (Columbia) | 44 | 31 DAVID BYRNE | David Byrne (Luaka Bop) |
| 19 | (-) BAD BOYS INC | Bad Boys Inc (A&M) | 45 | 29 ELEGANT SLUMMING | M People (deConstruction) |
| 20 | 7 LIFEFORMS | Future Sound Of London (Virgin) | 46 | 27 STREET ANGEL | Stevie Nicks (EMI) |
| 21 | 12 THE CROSS OF CHANGES | Enigma (Virgin) | 47 | 47 GIVE OUT BUT DON'T GIVE UP | Primal Scream (Creation) |
| 22 | (-) BALLS TO PICASSO | Bruce Dickinson (EMI) | 48 | 38 IN UTERO | Nirvana (Geffen) |
| 23 | (-) BLADE RUNNER (OST) | Vangelis (East West) | 49 | (-) LIVE: WITHOUT THE AID OF A SAFETY NET | Big Country (Compulsion) |
| 24 | 9 THE BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCE | Prince (NPG) | 50 | (-) ULTRAVIOLET | Ed Alleyne-Johnson (China) |
| 25 | 42 SUITS | Fish (Dick Brothers) | | | MRIB |
| 26 | 20 FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL (OST) | Various (Vertigo) | | | |



Everybody else has done it . . . The Cranberries squeeze into Number One

PICTURE: STEPHAN DE BATSSELER

THE GOD COUPLE

● It's the least likely combination in music since Bono and Sinatra, but it's rockin'. Mad old Buddha JAH WOBBLE teams up with sensible young budding superstar DOLORES CRANBERRY to declare 'The Sun Does Rise' and ponder life and exactly how the enlightened can get away with fencing dodgy tom. STUART BAILIE watches them get it on. Natural light: ROGER SARGENT

“So what do you think of it?” Dolores asks, pulling the shreds of her jeans open at the leg, revealing a gruesomely patched knee-cap – the most famously damaged joint in showbiz since Gazza hit the deck last April.

Jah Wobble peers in closer, admiring the mass of stitching and the lurid purple lesions, a Y formation of scar tissue wherein the doctors have sliced and spliced the ligaments, inserted metal and then later come back to separate the muscle and flesh that had wrongly set. Yum. Wobble coos respectfully. He's impressed.

“We're all impressed. If not for the circumstances of the injury (skiing in the Alps – indie traitor!) then at least for the speed of recovery and the certifiably gory scale of the injury. A month before, the biz had been rife with stories that Dolores and her gammy leg were a PR invention to allow her time to chill out (just like Dylan with his mythical bike crash in '66) and get sane again.

Well, she's limping a bit, but otherwise Dolores isn't flaking out at all; preparing instead to rock the Fleadh at Finsbury Park, and after that to get ready for a big college tour of America.

“I don't know if I'll be moving that much on stage for a while, though.”

No chance of a bit of Irish dancing, like you normally do then?

“There'll be none of that. Absolutely no jigging about. I'm afraid.”

WOBBLE AND Dolores are a queer pair. The former is a quote-churning NME natural (he was a cover star in '78 with the first Public Image single), Dolores

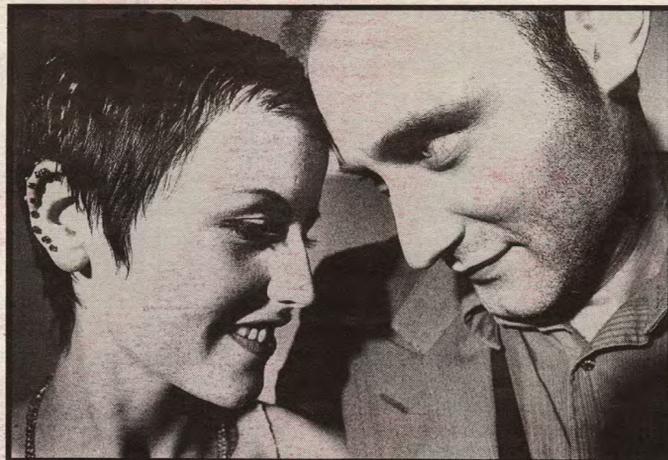
is the celeb that happened without our permission. The other Cranberries may have been hip indie obsessives but Dolores was basically keen on religious music and Irish trad, even C&W when her dad got her to sing 'Yellow Rose Of Texas' in the pub.

“The boys in the band were into Everything But The Girl and all these modern things,” she remembers, “and I was saying, are there still bands out there apart from the big Top Of The Pops bands? They said, 'yeah, it's called the indie scene,' and I didn't even know it existed.”

Dolores didn't manage so smartly on the interview circuit then, but now, of course, she's major. So major that when you tell Dolores that the UK is finally going for The Cranberries in a proper way, that her album is currently Top Five in the UK charts – a good 15 months after its release – and still rising on the back of a TV campaign and the emergence of a big crossover audience, she's confused.

“So what record is that? The first Cranberries album, you mean? You know, I haven't a clue – I'm forever in my own world.”

So what about the new



Duo involved in solar project: Dolores and Wobble put their heads together

have,” she admits, grinning. “I've got a tendency to write about negative things. I'm just more inspired when I'm negative. That's one of the reasons I liked this song, because it's different for me.”

Wobble was glad because the tune had been around for years, the strangest, most unique gospel song, looking for a decent voice. Since the lyric was a bit lofty (“it's a song about awakenings, and the journey of life and all that,” says Wobble), there was no point in rushing it along without a really special singer.

“There's a spirit there that comes over,” Jah explains in his best cockney Buddha tones, “and

“very interesting times”. This follows the weirdest party political broadcast there's ever been on TV – a manifesto suggesting that what Britain really needs is less parliamentary crap and a lot more ‘Yogic Flying’.

The Natural Law Party are mates of George Harrison. In the recent TV ad, an NLP spokesman showed us film of these blokes tucked into the lotus position, flipping themselves high onto springy mattresses, which they say has helped reduce the crime rate in Liverpool by 60 per cent. Meditation and hopping around on your arse, they say, is the solution to all the nation's grief.

You run this past Wobble

Wobble tells us about the oriental master at the East End club where he studies tai chi. The old man instructs people in the spirituality of martial arts every evening. By day, however, he's a fence for stolen watches. When Wobble's mate quizzed the wise one about his day job, the master just said, “Well, a guy has to make a living, doesn't he?”

So what's the deal on crime-busting meditation and yogic flying: how much credit does Wobble give to loopy gurus, and when do you decide to call in the bullshit detector?

“Well, I ain't seen it but that stuff's possible. There's lots of great stuff going on, but I'm not

and there's no getting away from it, you have to acknowledge it. That's why Neville the percussionist got dressed up as Idi Amin. And you've got to laugh too; that's why John Reynolds (Wobble's drummer and husband of Sinead O'Connor) is dressed as a blacksmith. Life's as funny as f---. You can see God in people and the divine mother in a woman. And I do. You can also see the nasty f---ing side...”

Dolores' church-going, choir-singing past has led some writers to portray her as an unflinching Catholic believer. This cropped up in her first NME interview in '91, when she reflected that the church was “doing a grand job”. She's currently preparing for an outdoors Catholic wedding later this summer (“he's a fine six footer and he's from the other side of the world... Canada”), but like Wobble, Dolores now seems to accept that life isn't simply a question-free, cosmic joyride.

“You can wake up one morning,” she figures, “and take that whole perspective – that Jesus Christ was born of a human being. As a Christian and a Catholic, that's what you're taught to believe. And then some days you get up and everyone's just a wanker. The next day you feel Jesus is in everybody, be nice to everybody. It depends on your own frame of mind.”

Dolores seems to welcome the idea that Ireland's conflict between church and state may soon be eased. A fresh referendum on the right to divorce may be successful. Meanwhile, the national trauma over a 14-year-old girl who was raped and impregnated by her father's friend – then denied for a while the right to travel to England for an abortion – may have helped Irish society to be less rigid in its beliefs, to allow a new kind of tolerance to prevail.

“I hope so. I love Ireland a lot, and I really think things will get easier. As far as the 14-year-old who was raped goes, I think she should have been allowed to make her own decision.”

“SO COLD IN Ireland” like most of the upcoming Cranberries LP, was written a year-and-a-half ago, when fame was beginning to warp the band and Dolores was enmeshed in a series of troubled business and romantic relationships that influenced the bitter tone of the songs.

“The song is about a personal



“A lot of people need decent housing and an opportunity to work. And they're likely to f---ing punch you in the face if you tell them they should meditate.” – Wobble

Light entertainers: Dolores and Wobble are inclined to levitate the piss

situation; being afraid to come back home in case you find out that you've changed so much.

There's a lot going on and you're trying to readjust. Because of these business difficulties, it all got very twisted, and I got depressed. When you're that age,

you really need to learn, and you get a few kicks in the arse.”

She won't reveal the title of the new LP, but Dolores promises that it will be “a different feeling, probably more mature”. Already, they're toying with the idea of releasing the song ‘Zombie’ as a

single, a scathing attack on die-hard Republicans at home, in particular those who support the armed struggle in Ireland.

When a major Irish act makes this kind of a statement, it hangs over them forever. U2 had to routinely announce that ‘Sunday

Bloody Sunday’ was never “a rebel song”. Sinead O'Connor hasn't been forgiven (though she recants) for singing ‘Irish Ways And Irish Laws’ at a Troops Out rally and then lending her support to the IRA.

But Dolores is unabashed,

tearing into the supporters of violence, “it's the same old thing since 1916... with your bombs and your guns in your head.” 1916 was the year of the declaration of Irish independence and the original IRA uprising, which caused the British to hang the surviving

ringleaders but eventually won independence for the 26 counties.

It's freaky to think this may be a Cranberries single – the same band who originally hit the big time with a sad little ballad that rhymed “finger” with “finger” – the first hit to do so since The Bay City Rollers' ‘Bye Bye Baby’...

“Zombie’ is a really powerful song, and lots of people have pinpointed that one, so we might release it as a single. Everybody's going on about it – the crowds were calling out for it all the way through the last American tour. I mean, I'm a patriot up to a certain point but I wouldn't kill someone, or even be a loudmouth about it.”

So can Dolores deal with this inevitable new press pressure? “I never find myself having any articulation problems. If people ask me questions, I'll give them answers. I never get freaked out about interviews too much. I just tell them I'll kill them and skin them alive...”

We finish by rambling on about jungle techno, Limerick roughnecks (“pretty rough”), about pentatonic scales, the English class system and the success of the Megadog phenomenon, which Wobble helped initiate with a blinding gig at north London's The Rocket club in Winter '91.

Dolores is raving about a new song she's done called ‘No Need To Argue’, which she likes because it's just her vocals and an organ playing the bass notes, just like it was when she sang in church, years ago. Wobble is laughing about his appearance in the John Lydon biography. “I read it and thought, f---, we weren't bad little geezers. I'd forgotten about a lot of those days.”

We get on to the mind-boggling topic of European tribes and how the Celts actually originated in northern India – hence the similarity between some Asian vocal styles and the Irish sean nos singing tradition, how the older songs are even related, and how this kind of realisation makes national prejudice seem really stupid.

“I make me laugh when there's all this talk of pure blood,” says Wobble. “Especially in this country when it's one of the biggest bastard races on earth.”

But a rocking bastard race as well. When they return to the TV studio, the teenage cockney hatchet man gone benign and mystical will make music with the Irish choirgirl turned wild-child turned political spokeswoman.

Technically, they've got nothing in common, but it's a stormer – the music transporting them, the two of them making a right holy show of themselves... as Jah had rightly intended.

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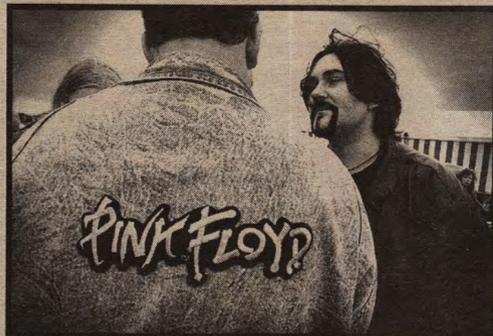
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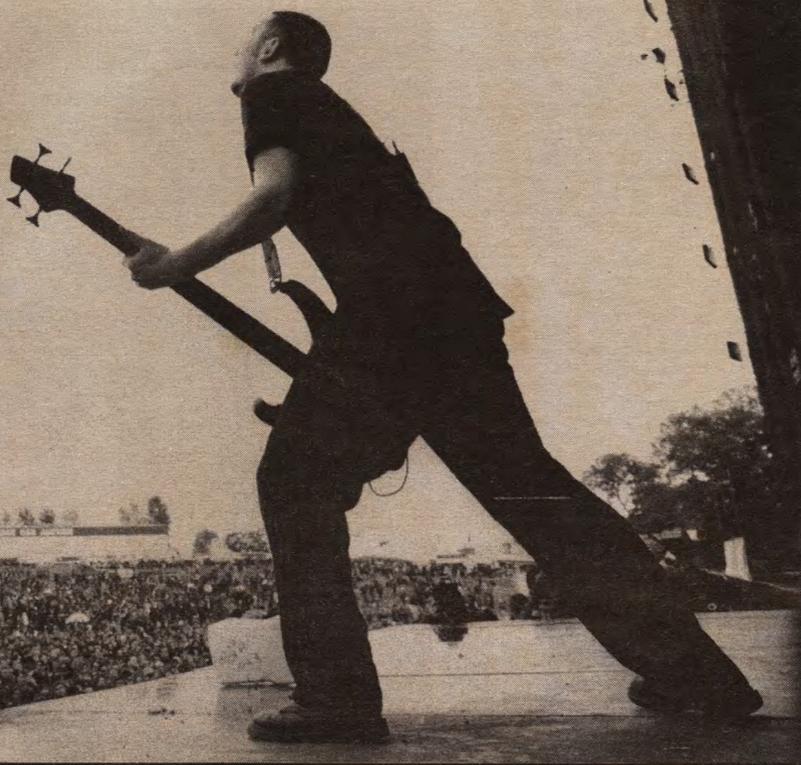


BRING YOUR WATERS

● OK, motherf—ers! It's time to motherf—in' rawk down at the Monsters Of Rock Festival where THERAPY? are successfully straddling the huge rock abyss between indie crowd-pleasers and mean metal stadium-fillers like the, erm, collossii they undoubtedly are. TOMMY 'Vance' UDO ducks the flying piss bottles. Snapper STEVE DOUBLE can't.



An inflatable (rock) pig accosts Andy Cairns



Vlad The Impaler sears the devil crowd with his satanic sulphur breath... actually, it's Michael from 'indie' wusses Therapy? aiming to catch a pissbomb in his mouth

TO THE SLAUGHTER

missiles at Therapy?. Do they not like them, or what?

"No, they're top," says Jason, who is about 17 and experiencing his first beer.

So why throw a half-gallon container of scrumpy at them?

"Dunno," shrugs Dog. "Just because."

Both of them have come to see Sepultura and Pantera but have been won over by Therapy?, as indeed have large sections of the crowd. Kids in Sepultura, Aerosmith and even Mötley Crüe T-shirts are going apeshit during the set.

The ease with which Therapy? have made the transition from the indie circuit — mid-week support slots at Camden

Underworld — to metal stadium band is quite unnerving. Not since The Cult have a band stepped

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Underworld — to metal stadium band is quite unnerving. Not since The Cult have a band stepped

"I know," says Cairns. "We're already starting to get some really strange letters, people saying, 'You'd better write back or I'm going to kill myself', that sort of thing."

Therapy? are the sort of group that people could get obsessive about.

"We're really friendly with Dave Pirmer of Soul Asylum, who's living with Winona Ryder, and he told us that when he gets up in the morning to go round to the shops or whatever there are people there going through their rubbish, looking for souvenirs," he says, namedropping shamelessly.

Therapy? seem relatively unafraid at this stage in their career, although their press officer gets a panic attack when MTV want to film Andy out in the

Later, the NME suggests that we do the Therapy? pictures outside among the masses. The band are up for it — they want to go out and watch The Wildhearts after all — but A&M, visions of Therapy? mania gripping the crowd again, nix this idea.

"I've been going out to see bands all day and nobody's bothered me," shrugs Fyfe.

The process which turns bands into Howard Hughes type recluses is a gradual one — but it could be starting here. It's the thin end of a wedge that ends up destroying bands and shattering human beings. Therapy?, however, are probably too gregarious, too fundamentally decent to allow any of this crap to affect them too much. Their reputation as the most affable men in rock'n'roll is well

"We didn't know what to expect. We thought we might get bottled off, that they'd think that we are indie wankers. We're really surprised... I loved it." — Andy Cairns on Donington

over that great divide. For the first time in the history of the Donington Monsters Of Rock festival — historically a celebration of the traditional — the crowd are singing along to a Joy Division song (a cover of 'Isolation'). The strangest thing is it seems to make sense. It's almost embarrassing how natural Therapy? are taking to this.

Towards the end of the set, before they go mental during 'Nowhere', Andy goes through the obligatory hard rock ritual of introducing the band.

"On the drums, Mr Fyfe Ewing."

Crowd roars.

"And on bass guitar, Mr Michael McKeegan."

Crowd roars some more.

"And 65,000 mad motherf—ers out there!!! Thank you for having us, Donington!!!"

Crowd roars like England have just put their sixth away against Brazil at the World Cup final in a parallel universe. It's pure ham.

But then you wonder: irony? They don't do the obvious Donington song, their version of Judas Priest's cheesy anthem 'Breaking The Law', which would have sealed them forever in the hearts of these people. Are Therapy? then a hard rock band or just a quote-hard-rock-unquote band having a right old laugh at it all?

The correct post-modern answer is both and neither of the above, because the idea of a T-shirt-toting 'indie' band cleaning up on the bad ass metal circuit is both funny as f— and deadly serious at the same time.

"WELL, I hope that the crowd were being ironic when they started giving us the devil signs," laughs Andy Cairns later. (Before 'Hellbilly', there is the sample of the Fundamentalist preacher casting out the devil that loops into "Satan, Satan, Satan". The crowd respond by holding up their left hands, second and third

hand. "I wanna get f—in' drunk with you guys later on."

Steve 'Krusher' Joule, MC for Donington and presenter of ITV rock show *Noisy Muthas* corners the band for an interview and basically growls at them for several minutes. He's a born star and the obvious choice to chair *Question Time* instead of that dribbling Dimbleby.

"Yeah, it would be great," agrees Andy, adopting the Krusher growl. "So! Maastricht! Lemmy?"

During the course of the day, respects are paid from Sepultura, — with whom Therapy? have a bit of a mutual appreciation society going — Extreme's Nuno Bettencourt, various Wildhearts and members of Biohazard, who started a mini-riot earlier in the day by inviting Donington's 50,000 plus to join them onstage.

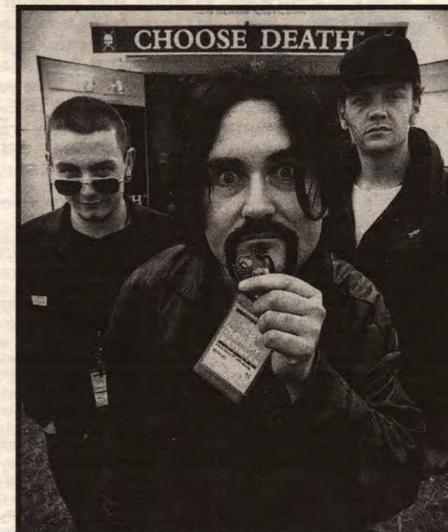
Aerosmith have personally asked that Therapy? support them at two Scandinavian festivals and metal's god of evil Ozzy Osbourne has joined them in the studio to sing on a version of the Black Sabbath classic 'Iron Man', which will be released on an Ozzy tribute album later in the year. Are Therapy? the hardest-working band in rock?

"We agreed to do Donington basically because we wanted to play as many festivals as possible this year," explains Andy. "We're doing Phoenix and Reading and a lot of festivals in Europe."

AS SOON as they come offstage, fans come up to ask for autographs and take pictures. The band still look a bit amused that people do this.

"Can I ask you a favour?" asks one girl. "Can I stroke your beard?"

Andy allows her a quick feel at the fuzz and the girl leaves happy. It ain't exactly the Plastercasters... This is all very nice right now, but isn't it an indication that Therapy? are set for the stadium circuit?



Inviting hospitality kiosks abound backstage...

Ireland the next day and then off to do European festivals. Before he leaves, Andy has time for one more question: So what about Primal Scream to headline Donington '95?

"Ah, they'd tear them apart," he laughs. "Although... if they played the new album... maybe."

Almost as soon as Therapy? are gone, the atmosphere takes a turn for the worse. The bars

close and people start encouraging us to get the f— out of here.

So did the NME have a motherf—in' good time? As we bend double over the hotel bog much later on spluttering out the results of the day's excesses, the refrain of 'Nowhere' running around our head, the answer has to be a resolute YES!

But never again!

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t's about half past ten and Castle Donington is getting really ugly.

Aerosmith, having flounced through their set with an aplomb rare in coffin-dodgers, make way for a fireworks display as the metal droves flood out of the festival site.

They look like a defeated medieval army carrying home their dead and wounded, limp bodies hanging between two friends, feet dragging in the dirt.

Backstage, drunks are lurching into each other and fighting over cans of lager. There are two people shagging noisily in the gents' Portaloos, rocking it back and forward *Carry On* style as the impatient queue collectively pee down their legs. In the distance, the lights of stationary cars and vans in a traffic jam stretch almost to the next county, and you wonder, 'How the f— am I ever gonna get out of here?' And just as you're left pondering that dilemma, some wretched child in a Metallica T-shirt stands beside you and splashes the contents of his tummy all over your boots.

Then, as you trek the five miles back towards the hotel that has managed to lose your reservation while empty taxis roll by and refuse to stop, you wonder, 'Have I had a motherf—in' good time, or not?'

"OK, you mad motherf—ers!!! We're gonna have a

motherf—in' good time!!! We're gonna have a f—in' party!!!"

— Andy Cairns to the damp Donington crowd

THE UGLY night has been preceded by an ugly day. The weather is grim, the smell from burning plastic, vomit and fast food is nauseous. Half the audience are seething drunk, teetering on the edge of violent behaviour, induced from drinking cheap alcohol.

But, against the odds, about three songs into their set, Therapy? have the crowd won over. It is pissing with rain and raining with piss from plastic bottles filled with bodily waste that sail overhead towards the stage. Therapy? don't look like a metal band, and for a Donington crowd that's important. For a few minutes there's a real risk that they'll turn on them. NME photographers Goodacre and Double are at the front of the stage, backs to the crowd, dodging the bombs as they

attempt to capture the band on celluloid. We're amused by this until we are soaked with a noxious amber fluid from a plastic missile. Fortunately, it turns out to be lager.

But the band, a sitting target, get several direct hits.

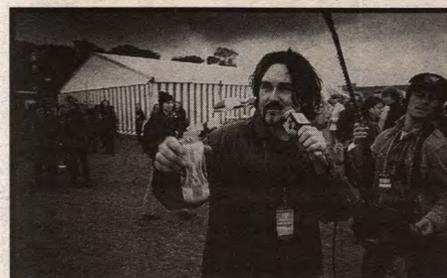
"They threw f—in' sandwiches at us," says bassist Michael McKeegan afterwards. "Unopened packs. It was really funny. They were almost luminous as they sailed towards us."

For anyone unfamiliar with such things, this is all part of the charming Donington ritual: bombarding the stage, and anyone in the front, with bottles of pee or indeed any object that can be thrown. This, however, is not necessarily a sign of disapproval; every band seems to get the same quantity of missiles launched in their direction. Anthropologists would have a field day here.

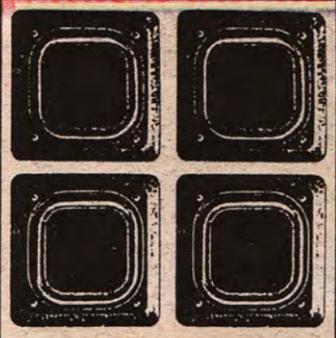
Jason and Dog (not his real name, I bet) have come from "outside Blackpool" to hurl



Headbangers Bull: MTV get their men



MTV VJ Roger Cook From Hell: it worked for Salad. Arf!



LIVE

EDITED BY IESTYN GEORGE

FLEADH '94

LONDON FINSBURY PARK
IT'S NOON and the tribes have started to gather at the Highbury Cock Tavern for the long procession down to Finsbury Park. The sun is playing hide-and-seek and the ashen-faced landlord has not only cleared his bar of furniture, but reduced the patrons to the ignoble status of drinking out of plastic beakers "for safety's sake".

Fair enough, but we're over *two miles* away from the Fleadh, this celebratory one-day festival; a cocktail of Irishness that has its own unique, balmy flavour and a vibe/bonhomie unavailable anywhere else. You can catch the glints in people's eyes when the decidedly young **ASH** amble onto the third stage (out of four), and proceed to make an unholy racket - disjointed and effectively purposeless. But then again, what did the Pixies sound like when they were 16?

Celtic elder **SHANE MACGOWAN** is late, but present and correct. However, most people don't seem to be aware that he's been replaced, in an *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* sort of way, by a punk gremlin whose voice veers between being completely shot and a thing of beauty. Shane MacGowan & The Popes, to give them their full name, play some pub-rebel rockabilly, when not mauling old Pogues songs ('Streams Of Whiskey' and 'Fairytale Of New York' are cool, though), kicking 'Whiskey In The Jar' around, or singing what a nearby Irishman reckons is an IRA song.

D:REAM are ushered in by 30 minutes of dance music so as not to seem the anachronism their billing would suggest. Their leader Peter Cunnah is the day's funniest showman, waving his arms, shouting the odds, trying out an acoustic number, *anything* to cover up the transparency of his thin machine soul/disco. A classy trouper nonetheless. In direct contrast to **FATIMA MANSIONS'** long bursts of bile-filled "AAAARGHH"s and moody ballads on the third stage, which are the sworn enemy of sophistication.

It's a homecoming of kinds for **THE CRANBERRIES**, whose comet-like rise is a fairytale come true. Perversely - or because of Dolores' recent skiing accident - they decide to play an 'Unplugged' set complete with fiddles, whistles, acoustic guitars and the voice amongst voices. Some familiar songs, like 'Linger', survive but others don't and you miss the frisson between Dolores' flights of sadness and chiming crystal clear guitars.

As night slowly falls it becomes clear why today's audience are a huge mixture of nationalities and cultures, all drinking together and by now in various states of decay; headliners **CROWDED HOUSE** have enough broad appeal to gather this many disparate people in a field.

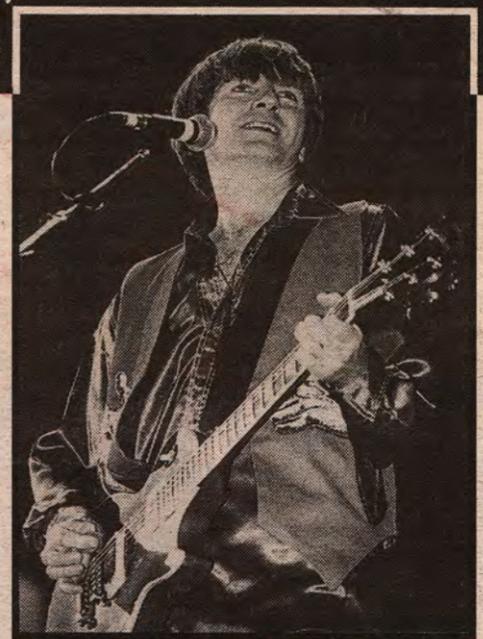
While not exactly showmen - more self-effacing quip-monsters - Neil Finn's melodic pop is descended from The Beatles ("Wings, more like," says some wag) suffused with a bit of Squeeze for additional chart-friendliness. The gorgeous 'Four Seasons In One Day' and the catchy 'Distant Sun' are filled with yearning, longing, wide-open spaces and melancholia. A London-based Maori choir and Cook Island log drummers are drafted in for 'Together Alone' and Finn ends with a traditional *capella* Irish farewell, returning the festival to its Celtic roots after its South Seas diversion.

The tribes stagger into the Finsbury Park streets, with amazing walls still ringing in their ears.

Dele Fadele

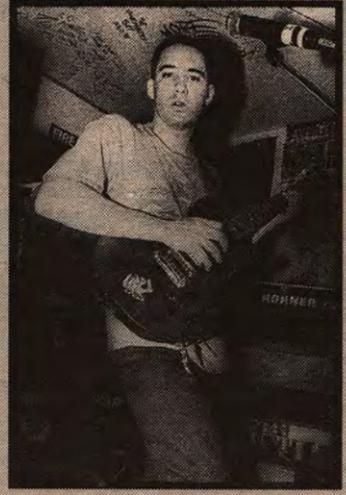
BLARNEY ARMY!

PICTURES: ROGER SARGENT



A bunch of Celts: elder (what a) statesman Shane MacGowan (main pic), younger Dolores Cranberry (left) and great pretender Niel Finn from Crowded House

THE CHRISTMAS



PICTURE: MARTIN GOODACRE

Life is sweat: Ad-Rock demands more elbow room

BEASTIE BOYS LONDON COVENT GARDEN GARDEN ROUGH TRADE SHOP

'SECRET GIG' - Arf! Despite premature talk of fan mayhem and rioting in the plazas of Covent Garden this is a secret gig that isn't common knowledge to the world and her annoying flatmate. Thankfully, the news has spread to just enough genuine thrill-seekers to make this more than a media showcase, and as soon as the bewildered and apprehensive Beasties creep onto the soapbox-size stage, a heaving gang of skate kids and fan club types shove the gang of cameramen out of the way and start pogoing to the band tuning up. Cheers.

The Beasties obviously have no idea what to play, say or do in this weird cauldron but that's no bad thing. It means they pick up their instruments, grin at each other and jam out a medley of ludicrously cheesetastic '70s funk grooves. But then their sense of humour and broom cupboard surroundings get the better of them, and they launch into a brilliantly warped grunge-funk number entitled 'Gimme Some Elbow Room', aided by a guest MC who appears to be hiding behind a speaker stack. Funny lads.

Naturally, all this would be a cringesome pub rock slop-a-thon if done by anyone else. These days though, the trio are shockingly proficient instrumentalists with a great chemistry and instinctive feel for the music. Plus there are shared eccentricities and a biological inability to be remotely workmanlike which make anything this band does truly mesmerising.

Of course they're cheating with DJ Hurricane and an extra guitarist on stage, but that just adds to the sweat-drenched, communal, jamming-in-the-basement vibe. However, that was just their warming up exercises. The record racks really start flying when Yauch hits the monster grunting bass groove of 'Sabotage', followed mercilessly by the thrash punk loon cabaret of 'Tough Guy'. It's now unspeakably hot in here, and the ceiling appears to be subsiding. Ah, not to worry, it's only the people upstairs stomping their feet through the floor.

However, on we lurch towards Armageddon as our heroes abandon their instruments and triple-rap into 'Root Down', veins bulging through their Suedeheads, telepathically communicating their *Three Stooges*-esque routines to each other. To them it's an extension of their incessant lads' banter and jive talk. To us it's gob-smackingly raw, heavy punk funk.

Of course, their rap style can be primitive, especially on the 'Check Your Head' material, but they have a fairly traditional street hip-hop way of doing things. Most tracks seem to have come out of jamming sessions and idea-juggling brainstorming, which is what makes the lyrics so brilliantly witty, and the samples and styles so mad, bad and verging on genius.

After being persuaded about six times to play a couple more faves, they end with probably their finest, dizziest collision pop moment to date, 'Shake Your Rump', and finally someone attempts a stagedive. Only it's off the spiral staircase - disastrous. With that, Mike D signs the ceiling, shuffles through the fire exit and leaves us foaming at the mouth waiting for the tour proper. And in this kind of world-beating form you'll have even less elbow room.

Johnny Cigarettes