A SWIFT WORD!

THE MAN who sells swoop downblows from KLL in 1993 is known. Last week he nearly managed to sell one chest-wrecker reminiscent with the born-again slogan "My name went to London and all the girls were this year's "sars". It's almost raised. Comedy Street, sars, is buzzing with the sightseer smiles and the sound of Summer.

Summer, though, has a way of dividing the rest of us. The sightseer smile and the whole 'sars' world gone bonkers! At least the shapes, on go the looking and the big horns. And off and the manners. Summer provides everyone with a perfect excuse to turn from aspirin white to luster red and weekend you've got a hit.

Summer doesn't get any worse than in the case of London whereas, this week, a large in the back follows a pose in the nose. This week has even done people nothing to get to the front of the queue at the local service hill. In this humd, but atmosphere, the Big A is proud to offer the ultimate in executive stress relievers.

Yes, this week, in conjunction with those nice people at Music For Heroes, we're offering you an opportunity of a lifetime. It's your chance to get away from it all and WIN A WEEKEND IN SUNNY SWEDEN! Full details are on page 27 and they're almost too good to believe. You never know, more romantic cost we get! till next week, stay cool. Take more swells.

PHIL ALEXANDER - "Swell" Monday to Friday.

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SOMETHING'S CRIME!

10 VIRGIN MEGASTORE/Kerrang Discount Voucher
£2 OFF!

24 SEPULTURA 'THIRD WORLD CHAOS'

30 VIRGIN MEGASTORE/Kerrang Discount Voucher
£2 OFF!

53 THE WILDHEARTS 'P.H.U.O.'

77 VIRGIN MEGASTORE/Kerrang Discount Voucher
£2 OFF!

91 DIE KRUPPS '11 ODYSSEY OF THE MIND'

79 VIRGIN MEGASTORE/Kerrang Discount Voucher
£2 OFF!
SOUER-DOOPER!

If you can’t wait to get your hands on the new Blind Melon platter ‘Soup’, here’s an offer you won’t be able to resist, for starters!

Once we’ve got no less than 100 copies of ‘Soup’ signed by the whole band to give away—an it’s as easy as pie to be in with a shot at getting yer mitts on one! All you need to do is work out the answer to this extremely easy question...

**Name the somewhat eccentric singer in Blind Melon!**

**Then phone:** 0839 401331!

**Answer:** Shannon Hoon

All you have to do is dial the phone number above and hand over your name, address and telephone number. We will then send you a copy of the new album, 'Soup', signed by the band.

SOUP-ER MEN!

Shannon Hoon and his crew survive rehab and near break-ups to emerge triumphant with their eclectic and para-noia-filled second album ‘Soup’! Are Blind Melon now the Led Zeppelin for the ’90s?

**BLIND MELON**

'Soup' (Capitol 7243 8 33934 2 8) KKKKK

BLIND MELON’s unexpectedly-titled debut album was originally embraced by MTV – Be Bop Girl and all – one year after it was released. By then, the band had already been on the road for some 17 months. Three million copies and several hundred thousands later, Blind Melon were the heart of the new wave, playing in sold-out venues, winning a number of awards, and physically, Shannon Hoon, particularly, was a hard act to follow. But when Blind Melon’s second album arrived, many expected a repeat of their formula, with a few new tricks

'Soup', their second set, was written during the frenzied collective recovery period. It was recorded in New Orleans a few weeks prior to the Grammys. And, as it turns out, it sounds like every bit as strange and dreamy-eyed as you’d expect, with traces of it passing by in a baffling swirl of jagged rhythms and blurred vocals.

Initially, only ‘Galaxies’ makes any sense — introduced by a spot of bad Mississipi Jazz and Hoon’s distinctive chorus, then rolling into a soup-like, Jane’s Addiction-style groove that pans into ‘Soup’'s slightly obvious chorus. Given the immaturity of ‘Galaxies’, with hindsight it’s no wonder that what follows sounds so alien and unyielding.

Second or even third time around, remarkably, though, ‘Soup’ gradually sours itself out the more it’s played — fine songs emerging from a semi-acyclic unclassifiable muddle; few essential melodies picking their way through murky mushy waters. Eventually, it all starts to slot into place.

Perry Farrell fronts Led Zeppelin whilst promoting a test in pranced folk territory. '24K', for instance, follows a vintage Page riff through to a heavy rock. 'Tom Atmos The Floor' is a broad-singing self-portrait: 'You're in a fight, taped-out speech of metaphysics'. Better still are the slacker’s comic: 'Known' and 'Can't Be True'. The former is a skipping acoustic number that fills the hole of a seminal hit that makes an impact out of the victim's thin bones and uses their rib-cages for coffee beans; the latter a disconcerting hymn to two children whose Mother strapped them into the back of the family saloon and drove it into the local lake.

The breadth of ‘Soup’ is massive, and its seams feel, momentarily, lead to Blind Melon earning a cringer. ‘Soup’ is an ill-considered collection of jazzy rhythmic slabs and schizophrenic vocals, while ‘Will’ and ‘The Duke’ are so much morsels — a disaster on new events.

Thickly, they prefix ‘Soup’’s stand-out moments. ‘**Andrew’s Fall**’ revisits the solemn jump the band witnessed in Detroit in three distinct parts — the opening set to a bright, optimistic melody line: the bridge reinforced with mad, spiralling guitars; the coda led by a ghostly, doubled-track vocal.

Side-sharp the uneasy balance of clattering sentiment and savage introspection that makes up ‘New Life’ — and you move to the marvellously, hypnotic ‘**Maiden Of Camelot**’ and the breathlessly ‘**Lemonade**’, which closes the album.

In a nutshell: ‘Soup’ — bold, beautiful, and border-line great.

**PAUL REES**
SOUPER-DOOPER!

If you can’t wait to get your hands on the new Blind Melon platter 'Soup', here’s an offer you won’t be able to resist, for starters!

Cos we’ve got no less than 10 copies of ‘Soup’ signed by the whole band to give away – an’ it’s easy as pie to be in with a shot at gettin’ yer mitts on one! All you need to do is work out the answer to this extremely easy question...

Name the somewhat eccentric singer in Blind Melon!

Then phone: 0839 401331!

Leave your answer, name and address!

All calls are charged at 39p per minute cheap rate and 49p per minute at all other times. The closing date for the competition is August 11. Winners will be notified and their names printed in Kerrang! And if you’re under 16, remember to ask the permission of the person who pays the bills before calling!
BLIND MELON
'Soup'
(Capitol 7243 8 33934 2 8)

BLIND MELON's eponymously-titled debut album was finally embraced by MTV - Be Girl and all - one year after it was released. By then, the band had already been on the road for some 17 months.

Three million copies and several hundred shows later, Blind Melon were past the point of cracking up and well along the road to falling apart, both mentally and physically. Vocalist Shannon Hoon, particularly, went into rehab, walked out of interviews and generally behaved like a man on a sponsored break.

'Soup', their second set, was written during the five-some's collective recovery period. It was recorded in New Orleans a few weeks prior to Mardi Gras. And to begin with, it sounds every bit as strange and blear-eyed as you'd expect; whole chunks of it passing by in a baffling stew of jagged rhythms and blurred vocals.

Initially, only 'Galaxie' makes any impact - introduced by a spot of trad Mississippi Jazz and Hoon's drunken croon, then rolling into a snapping, Jane's Addiction-style groove that pans out into 'Soup's solitary obvious chorus. Given the immediacy of 'Galaxie', with hindsight it's no wonder that what follows sounds so alien and unwelcoming first, second or even third time around.

Remarkably, though, 'Soup' gradually sorts itself out the more it's played - fine songs emerging from a seemingly unfocussed muddle; incandescent melodies picking their way through murky musical waters. Eventually, it all starts to slot into place. Perry Farrell fronts Led Zeppelin whilst pitching a tent in paranoid Folk territory. '2X4'; for instance, follows a vintage Page riff through to a balmy hook; 'Toes Across The Floor' is a brooding set-piece; 'Vernie' is a light, sepia-toned slice of melancholy.

Better still are the blackly comic 'Skinned' and 'Car Seat'. The former is a skipping acoustic tune that tells the tale of a serial killer who makes lampshades out of his victims' shin-bones and uses their rib-cages for coffee tables; the latter a disconnected hymn to two children whose Mother strapped them into the back of the family salon and drove it into the local lake.

The breadth of 'Soup's scope, its free-form feel, occasionally lead to Blind Melon coming a cropper. 'Walk' is an ill-considered collision of quirky rhythmic slaps and schizophrenic vocals, while 'Will' and 'The Duke' are not so much non-descript as non-events.

Thankfully, they prefex 'Soup's stand-out moments. 'St Andrew's Fall' recounts a suicide jump the band watched in Detroit in three distinct parts - the opening set to a bright, optimistic melody line; the bridge riddled with mad, spiralling guitars; the coda led by a ghostly, double-tracked vocal.

Side-step the uneasy balance of cloying sentiment and savage introspection that makes up 'New Life', and you move to the marvellous, hypnotic ballad 'Mouthful Of Cavities' and the breezily insistent 'Lemonade', which closes the album.

In a standout: 'Soup' - bold, barmy and borderline great.

PAUL REES