FAITH NO MORE are a rap-metal band that sounds like a cross between Prince and the Welsh weightlifting team. They joined STEVEN WELLS for a mid-tour circle jerk. DEREK RIDGERS took pictures. He's still got the negatives.

"OMOSEXUALS! The driver of the tiny tour bus is screaming at people on the pavement. "Are they jockies or are they lesbians or—ing what?" This man's breath stinks. It stinks because he has a corpse in his mouth.

Kerang/sent a little woman called Trish to interview Faith No More. They drove her to the station the next day. Then they drove past the station and on to the motorway.

"Stop!" yelled Trish. "What's going on?" The band chanted. Later that day they rang the metal magazine's editor.

"Listen up, we've got your journalist. Give us the front cover or you'll never see her again!" Everybody except the editor thought this was hilarious.

"We tried to persuade Trish to let us send one of her fingers through the post to make it look more authentic," chortles the band, "but she's no fun..."

Rawcous described this band as "a boil on the backside of tuneful civilisation, squelching with the pus of inner turmoil and middle finger anxiety..." The band once had a competition—called a 'Fillathon'—to see who could go the longest without waking.

Yeeeseeeseeeseee Metal mayhem on the roof! Pouring beer-spraying band in bag with underpants on heads OR What?! What better way to piss off the sensitive NME reader — you Sunday fans, you—ten—than to introduce yet another of the new crop of groupies—shagging, coke-snorting, gay-hating,igger-baiting, dog-fellating, bird-bashing, shit-talking, cock-stroking, sock-waving, ass-licking, pock-marked, long-haired, bore-skulled, tiny-brained, shivelicked ROCK SCUM!

Wrong band. Faith No More are unique. They are hoarse and camp enough to have torn the heart out of the Brit Metal audience and claimed it for their own. This is weird. Listen to Faith No More and you hear the drollery, the wry wit, the wit of Prince, you hear almost unctuous black vocal vocals. Sweet melodies lay side by side with jaw-shuddering metal. Metal-licking style, pneumatic-drill guitar.

They sing neither of Satan nor of mega-juggs big-mammas. The song 'Zombie Eaters' in the hands of any other metal band would involve huge chunks of dripping flesh getting ripped out of stagnatingly blonde women. As in any standard metal ballad the object of desire that the singer gurgles to and screams at is a woman—but it's a song in his mother.

"Hey, look at my baby! I'm just a little baby! So hug me and kiss me and call me 'baby' please me! Please me!" The average head-metal musician has the emotional age of a baby. He is a screaming, whining, egotistical monster. This is the kind of song that Faith No More sells to metal fans. This is multi-layered parody, intelligentsia and articulate. Faith No More are the best thing to have happened to this Heavy Metal music since Led Zeppelin.

SWEAT
"This is the hottest gig ever!" screams singer Mike Patton. "You know what I mean by hot? I mean you guys are a oo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo! He's got a plastic bottle of mineral water against his crook. It shaves so much that the water erupts from the neck to spatter his belly.

It is dammned. I save the life of the woman next to me by shirking my beer. She's seen the band ten times and she thinks they're the best band in the world ever. She likes rap, jazz, thrash and metal. And with Faith No More she's got the lot.

The band stagger from a sub-Saharan stage into a dark and damp Manchester dressing room. The British Winter Tour has asserted the health of more than one Californian music. I loom a dreadlocked drummer Mike Bordin. He's not going to make the interview and so I want to prove all his drugs violence sex stories out of him before he goes. He talks for ten minutes about the techniques of Black paramythic drumming.

The bus to the hotel is awash with herbal cigarettes (all the band are very health conscious) and the phrases 'hoofgang' and 'frog tank'. The band recently watched a Brit TV documentary on soccer thugs.

They ask every female fan they see if they want to come back to the hotel. They laugh as they do it and the women laugh when they tell the band to piss off. You can see the boys are relieved.

SPUNK
PICTURE A hotel bedroom. Four members of Faith No More. One is quiet, one is trying to give serious answers to the questions, one looks bored except when he talks about masturbation (56 per cent of the interview actually) and one is what our American cousins refer to as an "asshole".

The asshole's name is 'Big' Jim Martin and he plays guitar. The 'big' is obviously a trouble department reference. Same as how Robin Hood's big male was called 'Little John'. The asshole sports Dave Lee Travis hair, a Noel Edmonds beard and wears hideous advertising ex-smoke. He probably thinks he looks like Frank Zappa. Actually he looks like Frank Zappa's gendarm.

This is also her. She is a bit pissed and trying on the bed to recover. The road manager is lying next to her and trying to talk his way into her knickers. He is obviously insane. The asshole says things like "I'd like to get me a whore... and the rest of the band either look blank or mutter 'Oh God'. I try to talk to them about their songs, about their ability to co-opt rap into their music, BORING!

So ask them why they went kerfucking earlier. Why are they the only metal band in the world to say they can't get groupies? Suddenly they come awake. Mike Patton scrampers around the bed like a shy little puppy with a flea up its sphincter. "I... er... I prefer pekin' off... I... um... I can't handle all that shit. Like you know — do you go up to a girl and say — HEY! YOU WANNA F—7? — or what?"

"That's exactly what you do!" exclames the asshole. "I can't believe this shit! I've seen you with a woman!"

"Oh yeah!" murmurs Mike. "Sure I've been with a woman. I just prefer pekin' off, you know."

"It's just..." and his sentence trails off. If this is a wind-up it is brilliantly executed. If it's not a wind-up it is actually listening to a heavy-metal musician actually admitting that he's totally hopwined with 'guit'. Pinch me, I'm dreaming.

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"It's weird. First they (fans) want an autograph and then they want your telephone number so they can move in with you!"

FROM PAGE 15

autopsy worship.
Faith No More pull it off. They combine the shockingly rigid discipline of Metallica with the notoriety of early Sex Pistols and the wit of Madness. The performance of a traditional metal band is topped off with the scathing wit of FNM's lead singer, who is so skilled at delivering his lyrics that he can make even the most mundane observations sound profound.

Once they were the only band to have fads fade and learnt from the experience. Now they're the only white metal band to have done so.

THE IMAGE of American hard rock is a left-wing gunslinger, which combines the brutality of the hardcore-metall crossover. The interbreeding of the styles of Exodus and Metallica produced the keyboard of Slayer and Napalm Death — hard, brutal, fast and hypnotically intense. Thrash metal has long been in danger of impounding itself too much, but Faith No More haven't. You can only go so fast... You can only be so intense.

Faith No More have leapfrogged the entire metal scene. They have taken traditional metal as a base, taken the speed metal's grind and re-invented, re-processed metal in the context of everything that's happening in music, especially black music.

The average American metal fan is Joe Bob Republican Asswipe from Chackenashi, Idaho. The political ecumene of the average "radical" punks is somewhere about the level of a small tube of apricot-flavoured Jell-O.

"Like, San Francisco is full of these asshole..." says the amazingly moniker of keyboardist Roddy Bottum, "who says, 'Hey man! You shouldn't eat at McDonald's, it's politically uncool! - and you ask them why and they don't know.

In fact, Faith No More are not the devil's hand of Guns N' Roses style goons, not have they yet policed-out like the increasingly silly Cult. They are still unaffected enough by the black metal panoply to create a little bit of chaos, which, in the acidity uncool nature of some of the metal fans they attract, I guess I'm a little bit of a weirdly. First they want an autograph and then they want your telephone number so they can move in with you!" They're still dumb enough to laugh at the most obvious stuff on occasions:

"Yeah, sure, San Francisco is a great place that you don't mind being told what to do by a girl..." says bassist Billy.

I guess I'm a little bit of a weirdly. First they want an autograph and then they want your telephone number so they can move in with you!" They're still dumb enough to laugh at the most obvious stuff on occasions:

"Yeah, sure, San Francisco is a great place that you don't mind being told what to do by a girl..." says bassist Billy.

"Yeah, I say the asshole, you can take a guy on the street but you can't take a cigarette in public. What is that shit?"

The image not so fascist, full bastard comedian Andrew Dice Clay. He's the first time round. Poor little lady. White, middle-class and upper-middle class, I mean, how you oppressus can you get that?"

I say the asshole, you can take a guy on the street but you can't take a cigarette in public. What is that shit?"

The interview is self-back to the only thing that the band seems really interested in — their new record, which is about American kids who have turned masturbation into an art form. The peak of wankology is the grooming of the successful completion of the "open jerk." In a world three or more young men slip-off, stand in a circle and jerk off, whose climax first. He's Faith No More circle jerk.

"No, wait, I'm not that male bonding shit..."

Could have fooled me. What about the rumors of a tour? It's a known fact that every other mid-west band is on tour.

"Yes?"

"No?"

"Yes?"

"No we don't."

"Yes we do..."

EARWAX

THE ALBUM 'The Real Thing' has not one but two tracks. The long, monodic, rap-sputtered and powerfulln single 'Top' looks set to chart in Britain. It is that it has been in a while of a change of break into the American Top Ten without having to sound like Bon Jovi.

As it is, the band builds crowds of between 1-1,000 in Europe (with hundreds turned away at the door) whilst remaining largely ignored in the States. Faith No More are obviously a little too interesting, a little too different for Joe Bob Asswipe to take in at the first listen. This is the band that metal has been waiting for. Kirk Hammett of Metallica says "The Real Thing" as "the best album of the year." Rick Savage of Def Leppard claims it was the best album of the last two years. Joe Elliot pooohs that. He thinks it's the best record made for the last five years.

Avil Dochnald of Guns N' Roses goes even further—"...by far the best band I've ever seen. I'm jealous." And who am I to disagree with such fine minds? It is a brilliant record.

Don't let me wrong, I like the band. One bad asshole doesn't ruin the whole goddamn tartin' match. And if they're full of cliches and self-censorship then so be it. They're 90 percent less full of shit than most of their contemporaries.

They have a friend who recently died of AIDS. He was both gay and a needle user — a great combination for a resident of San Francisco. On the tour bus the driver is acting as lookout for the asshole. Everyone sees a woman on her own she shouts "Prostitute!" and the asshole runs up the bus to check her out.

The press officer cringes with embarrassment. Photographer Derek Rogers is well pissed off.

"What if we're in a town waiting for her husband or something?"

A momentary silence falls over the bus. Oh, what a klip you are! Danish this looks in col!

Humiliating women is all part of the fun.

"HOMOSEXUALITY IS HOMOSEXUAL" screams the cover. The trouble with the most dynamic and innovative band to emerge within metal for over a decade is that they take off for too easily. Break any of the pieces of old belief in the steering wheel.

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Faith No More fans practice saying 'piss off' and laughing at the same time.