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INSIDE



# Dub War

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almost cajun 'Five O Ford' which has a gorgeous guitar jam to swing to.

Or you could try the drunken blues twang of 'Liquor, Beer & Wine' which is the sort of thing your parents would dance to just to embarrass you at functions you'd rather not be at. The piano subtlety is provided by Al Jourgensen & you can imagine the lads sat around a bar with acres of pinball machines & bigotry in deepest Texas.

For a punk induced mayhem 'Crusin For A Bruin' & 'I Can't Surf' do more than satisfy.

It's an interesting L.P. that blasts along & at times merely shifts down a gear into an almost cliched position, which could find the band being nominated for 'The Shadows Of America' accolade.

Being produced by Al Jourgensen (as this is) 'Liquor In The Front' ('Poker In The Back' - cheeky, huh?) could well be the blue print for the bearded ones Buck Satan & The Six Six Six Shooters project. Which is quite an engaging, retro & funny proposition. (7.8. Lizard)

### FUN BOY 3 - Live On The Old Grey Whistle Test (Windsong)

Who were Fun Boy 3 in the great scheme of things. The tag end of The Specials, or a genuine '80's pop phenomenon. One thing's for sure Terry Hall, at least was as enigmatic a front man as Brett, Damon et al.

All the family favourites are here of course, the likes of 'Tunnel Of Love', 'Our Lips Are Sealed' & 'Summertime' all standing the test of time better than most so-called '80's "classics".

What really strikes with this album though is the percussion which is flexible & ornate at the same time, which considering the type of music Fun Boy 3 play is a remarkable feat.

This album is outstanding in it's breadth of style and quality. We needed bands like Fun Boy 3, and don't you forget, alright. (8. S.W.)

### RUN DOG RUN - Beauty School Dropout (Voices Of Wonder)

Well at least this isn't on bloody Snap records. A blessing of huge proportions. This isn't bad if you like Norwegian Buffalo Tom impersonators. Lots of nice guitar strumming 3-4 time songs that, though they are perfectly formed, are woefully small, if you know what I mean. And it's no use trying to shock us on the cover by wearing make-up and women's clothes guys because you are truly average. (5. S.W.)

### SEBADOH - Bakesale (Domino)

Not that I hate American bands or anything like that it's just that everyone seems to froth at the mouth when a new band with a minimal knowledge of their instruments arrives and produces half-arsed Neil Young rambles.

Now that's off my chest I'll carry on. With the probable exception of Sammy, the wave of bands from America at the minute are all stunningly mediocre, and however cool they may sound or look nothing, but nothing, will change this.

Sebadoh's new album is a study in the banal, Lou Barlow isn't anything special, he's certainly not the new generation beat poet many have him down for, what's more, Sebadoh are boring, destined to take the same as bloody Buffalo Tom & into twenty something obscurity. This is boring music played for boring people, there's not fight in it, no passion & definitely no feeling, Sebadoh certainly aren't doing for the kids, they're so far up their own arses that hopefully one day in the near future they'll disappear altogether. (3. S.W.)

### PALE SAINTS - Slow Buildings (4AD)

An air of mystery has always surrounded Pale Saints. From their very origins in the 'Barging Into The Presence Of God' E.P. & the excellent 'Comforts Of Madness' L.P. now comes 'Slow Buildings' almost two and a half years after the patchy 'In Ribbons' long player.

Times have changed & Ian Masters has moved onto pastures new, but Pale Saints haven't. They're still producing the same velvety, lush pop that turned you on to them in the first place.

Listening to 'Slow Buildings' is an intense pleasure, an interesting insight into sonic landscapes, layered to-

gether with Meriel Barham's gorgeous whispers, that never grates or bores. Listen to 'Henry' all of ten minutes long and finding it passing by in a matter of seconds.

Opening with the Boo Radleys-like 'King Fades', 'Slow Buildings' is a mixture of subtlety and brutality in equal measures. It's a long, bumpy ride into another world & you come out the side feeling all the better for it.

What really grabs you is how tight the band have become managing to string together endless symphonies mixed with playground grunge whereupon Pale Saints sound like Mudhoney's younger sisters. It's an altogether very versatile album, an album for varying moods which leaves you joyous one moment & down the next but always ready for more.

Hug Pale Saints next to your heart & don't pass them by because 'Slow Buildings' is an unreserved triumph. (9. S.W.)

### NO MAN - Flowermouth (One Little Indian)

Deadly banal, "grown up" music that will probably be playing at a dinner party near you very soon. That this is piss poor comes as no surprise seeing as Robert Fripp manages to wrestle his way on to nearly every track, his role however is rather dubious, in the credits it says Robert Fripp plays guitar and Frippertronics. Well, whatever turns you on eh, Bobby? (2. S.W.)

### BREATHLESS - Heartburst (Tenor Vossa)

I'm getting a lot of stick in the office for liking this, but I am not ashamed, oh no. Heartburst is a fragile masterpiece of a records encompassing moods that send your head spinning. Dominic Appleton has one of those emotionally maudlin voices that adds new dimensions to already fantastic songs. Take 'You Can Call It Yours' for example, the REM type backdrop is expanded by a mixture of atmospheric & passionate vocals. Excuse me if I go over the top, but it really is that good.

Take Breathless to your heart for you may need them one day. (9. S.W.)

### TOE TAG - Reality (Cherry Disc)

Screaming at you from the murkiness of oblivion that they are likely to inhabit forever, Toe Tag offer nothing new nor exciting, just a fairly hardcore metal by numbers that neither distinguishes itself or offers anything new. Angry young men for sure, but it takes more than a few slaggings off screamed over a mono-riff to impress me. If this is reality then let me dream. (3. S.W.)

### CRUST - Crusty Love (Trance Syndicate)

Tells the experience of the three members, Jerry a Milkman, John an employee at a State Institution (which could logically be vice versa) and Richard a self-prophesed Slam King.

This can only be described as painful industrial noise, with a splash of grunge. 'Dealer Mike' is an ode to well, a dealer called Mike & the problems encountered when they search for a big bag of weed, all set to a two minute soundtrack of noise & vicious guitar mayhem.

Then, there's 'Bumblebee' in which the gibbytronics vocal screams "I've got your name on my dick" over a mesh of distorted guitar, groovy bass & obviously a 'bumblebee' sample.

Less painful moments can be found, 'How About You?' the bassy noise soundtrack delivers a sinister background to the hitch-hiker and the psycho driver who relays twisted tales of his dates and a guy who'd molested his sister. Probably an everyday conversation on the way to Waco, U.S.A.

Less subtle with the bad vibes is the grotesque marauding chant of 'Painsville' or guitar sliding, sample breaking ode to 'Sammy'.

The result of Ed Hall breeding with the Buttholes. This is the work of three rather psychotic Americans. (8.8 Lizard)

### FUZZY - Fuzzy (Seed)

Of course it's only music, I know that, but when something as bloody obvious as Fuzzy comes along I feel the need to find the nearest armitage shanks & empty myself. Fuzzy are painfully obvious. It seems that they graduated from the sugar school of guitar pop in the summer & felt that the world needed something as one dimensional as this. They were wrong.

There's nothing particularly offensive about Fuzzy, all sugary vocals, gentle drumming and, hey, hey, fuzzy guitars, but, I mean, they could have chosen a name that was a bit different from the type of music they play. It's like S\*M\*A\*S\*H being called 'an absolute load of wank' which of course they should be. Fuzzy play music that you can skip through corn fields to, with a loved one at your side and a flower in your hair, and that doesn't happen anymore, and maybe Fuzzy shouldn't either. A brain numbingly average record, 'Fuzzy' neither pleases nor really gets on your tits that much, so where does that leave you W.ominioz, he CD. (5. Lizard.)

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? You remind me of song, one that made me cry' sing Fuzzy. Too bloody right. (5. S.W.)

### STRANGELOVE - Time For The Rest Of Your Life (Food)

Deep, self analysis time. In the past weeks the best A-level results ever have been published, proving that we are in for a bright future. With a whole new generation of clever swines leading us into the next century we go on with a skip in our steps and a hope in our hearts. As they say, the future's so bright I gotta wear shades.

And then we have Strangelove, a huge scary, dark monitor of a sound with vocals that portray angst and anguish and depression. Listening to 'Time For The Rest Of Your Life' makes you think if life and the future is really worth waiting for and if lyricist Patrick Duff will be around in 12 months time. Let's hope so.

This is the sound of torment. Angular, twisted rock music, much in an eighties vein, that's dark and brooding and not very cheerful at all. And, the thing is, it's rather good. Strangelove have taken some time to come up with this, their debut album. Too many late nights and probably sleepless ones as well, the sound of Strangelove is definitely an insomniacs dream. It's a sound to empathise with, much the same as 'Faith' period Cure or early Smiths stuff. Let's face it anyway, it's better to get depressed to that Oasis.

'Time For The Rest Of Your Life' is a double album with only 13 tracks on it. Work it out for yourself and you'll probably get the general picture of what Strangelove are about. Don't expect two and a half minute pop sensations here, and do expect long howling epics with painfully distraught lyrics. Opener, 'Sixer' is (believe it or not) 6 minutes long and Patrick Duff's words never relent from the opening salvo of 'I find it difficult to think/when I'm shaking this much to the excruciating last screamed lines of 'no more/never again'. It's pretty heavy stuff all the way through and that's the beauty of it.

'Low Life' is just that. A fragile piano intro with Patrick's lament crooned over the top - "So I brought another day/and sitting cold I watch it slip away/ but it don't matter anymore/cause nothing thrills me anymore". On this evidence Kurt Cobain was a bloody lightweight and it's not surprising 'Time For The Rest Of Your Life' was so long in the making. No-one could knock this sort of drama out in a couple of takes. 'Low Life' is an absolutely amazing song that will leave you slack-jawed. It's basically 'Asleep' part 2, even down to the final admission of 'I can only take this much', he's not the only one either.

'Time For The Rest' is a very difficult record to listen to and could maybe be described as disturbing. If you're depressed then it's fatal, if you're not it's essential. "Is there a place for me somewhere?" groans Duffy finally, right here mate, right here. (10. S.W.)

### CYNDI LAUPER - Twelve Deadly Sins...And Then Some - The Best Of (Epic)

One that leaves me all weepy with nostalgia, after all, a school disco wasn't complete without a fix of Cyndi Lauper. Whether it be the frenzied bop of 'Girls Just Wanna Have Fun' or the certain smooch potential of 'Time After Time' and 'True Colours' you were always guaranteed a snog when you heard Miss Lauper's dulcet tones.

To be honest this has got a lot of crap clogging up the above classics but hell, who cares, I feel like getting out my white terry-towelling socks, slip-on shoes and garish shirts again, yeah Cyndi Lauper was the original riot girl and schools days really were the best of your life. Sod it, (10) just for 'Time After Time', 'True Colours' and 'Girls Just Wanna Have Fun'. Now, where's that Black Lace Greatest Hits CD? (S.W.)

### VARIOUS - True Lies -

# Electronical State of Mind

Lassigue Bendthaus talks !

Rising high above the smog of the techno / ambient doodlers shines one man crusade Lassigue Bendthaus. Lizard donned his silver space suit & glittery pac-a-mac & chatted to this workaholic dance phenomenon.....

To the outsider, Lassigue Bendthaus or Atom Heart or an array of others, is just another in the long line of technology obsessed bright young things. To the technohead this is just a facade for one of music's chameleons...

"Lassigue Bendthaus is my main project", he says matter of factly, "But I put out at least between eight & ten albums a year with about ten 12"s also".

He's not exactly The Stone Roses is he? No, but what would he class himself as?

"Basically, I'm just into electronic music, whether it be ambient or hardcore. I'm just into making music."

Fair enough then. But what are his songs about? Listen to the fine 'Render' album & you will find a ditty simplified 'JKTV / Otaku How Many Angels Can Dance on The Head of a Modem'. Explain yourself Mr Bendthaus....

"It's about a way of life coming from Japan, where people are hooked on one thing, usually collecting. Like people are hooked on collecting video tapes & that sort of stuff - dedicating their lives to one cause. It's very interesting to me, JKTV stands for Japanese Kable Television. I was watching this & I began to collect audio sounds onto tape, the whole song is a reflection on this lifestyle & the lyrics are quotations taken from the people of the Otaku cult."

'Render' is chock a block with quotes ranging all the way from Japanese Kable to William S Burroughs. Lassigue Bendthaus certainly know how to be diverse with their range of material....

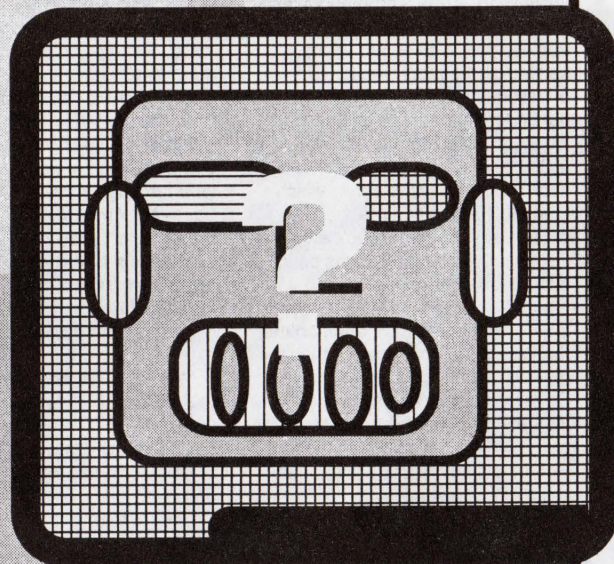
"I'm very interested in the leading cultures & Japan is so obsessed with technology, I was collecting audio tapes & reading a lot about the Japanese culture because I'm interested in what makes it work, all this collecting & using of quotations is basically to try & find out what's behind this phenomena. I'm also interested in the technology side of America as well because those two societies (Japan as well) have the leading edge in the world".

Using samples or "quotations" is all well & good but as a whole, most artists will tell you they can get you into trouble. Did Lassigue Bendthaus have any trouble?

"I really hoping no-one will recognise any of the quotations & end up suing me. There was about three hours of tape full of samples & it was just too much to ask permission to use them all. I couldn't

honestly remember where they had all come from! Too much information. When I listen to other dance artists, I usually just sample as I listen.....".

Lassigue Bendthaus are / is a member of the Musicians Guild Against Copy-



right, a friend of his in Barcelona hit upon the idea of setting up something to make something totally legal. Live Bunnny would be of relief....

In these days of spiralling technology surely Mr Bendthaus would be hooked on things like E-mail & other internet computer systems?

"Basically I'm very interested in that. But I don't know enough people in Germany who have the system. Technology is going too fast, we don't really appreciate what we're doing or indeed know what we're doing - it's too complex".

Do you think that there is a danger of technology ruling man, the cyberactive state?

"I don't think we realise how much we rely on technology, it's my main interest when I'm making my music. I work on my music 4 or 5 hours a day & I don't really listen to other records - only when I'm looking for samples".

In time honoured Atomic fashion, I ask what's next for the German solo artiste?

"There will be a remix E.P of 'Render' cut on Rough Trade but basically I'll be touring & there won't be any time for releases, the label's are often very slow..."

A man whose sure of himself & what he's doing but surely he must look up to someone?

"I really like Boriard a French philosopher who's a very deep & twisted being".

So there you have it. Underneath that glacial veneer lies a raging Satan loving rock bitch. Maybe.