

## TEMPERATURES RISING

The Hammersmith Clarendon is a crappy, dilapidated venue with poor acoustics, crumbling decor and an excuse for a bar.

However it holds up to 1200 people (600 officially) and a lot of good bands play there. The Butthole Surfers, Big Black and the Meat Puppets recently. The audiences for those usually included a handful of crazy-eyed Californian exiles making some noise.

At the Chills' showcase Saturday night London gig tonight, all you can hear is the sound of people talking about where they went in Europe this summer, laughing and exchanging addresses. So how long have you been in London?

Yes, this is a biggish crowd and there are a lot of Kiwis here. All kinds of Kiwis too — the bonding power of the KZ7 Factor reaches halfway around the world. But there are English people here too — including an A&R man

## **Brave Words** & Assorted **Biscuits** by Russell Brown

or three, who are very interested in the Chills' debut album Brave Words, the release of which has seen a couple of important rave reviews and the makings of a melt of six months of music press indifference towards the Chills (the papers have been trying to sell the "Grebo" wave to the public: amusing concept, crap bands)

The tide began to turn with the New Music Seminar in New York in July, American hip press and record companies loved the gigs. Rockpool magazine said, "'The Chills'—words heard as often at this year's seminar as 'here's my tape, please listen to it' and

as 'here's my tape, please listen to it,' and 'let's discuss it over drinks.' "

The man on the Clarendon's door screwed up the old tickets into yarrow stalks, threw them on the carpet and declared it would be a good gig. It is a great gig, the London gig the Chills have been waiting to play but probably weren't capable of before making *Brave Words*. If the album has a fault it's that it's a little shy and mutod, but like this it's that it's a little shy and muted, but live this is a far better, gutsier, more resolved band than the one which flew out of Auckland earlier this year. The crowd cheers, a few people breathe easier, and one A&R man says he's staking his monthly pay cheque on this one, whatever that means

made an album. It must seem bizarre, in retrospect, that you've gone six years without

Martin Phillipps: "Yeah, it really is. I suppose the oddest thing at the moment is that I've never really known what it was going to sound like because the bands kept changing and my expectations were always dif-ferent. And so accepting this as the finished

