

DD Smash Coconut Rough Miltown Stowaways Mainstreet, June 5.

The Miltown Stowaways have recently lost Fiona, who had to choose between music and her university studies. A pity, because she was a good singer and gave the band a strong visual aspect. Kelly Rogers has to work much harder now, but he sounded and looked just fine. If the others can project themselves more, the Stowaways shouldn't have too many problems. Musically they were spot on giving up some hard, raw funk which deserved better than the apathetic reception it received The new album is finished and from where I was standing, the material sounds both dynamic and

adventurous.

Coconut Rough have quite a pedigree, but they need more time to settle down and consolidate their songwriting. What they have at present is a rather anonymous hybrid of Blams and Pop Mechanix influences. The songs were too similar and the set was far too long. Their twin keyboards format frequently dominates the sound, and personally, I'd rather hear a lot more of Mark Bell's guitar. Andrew Snoid often sits down to play keyboards, which he does well, but his real strengths are singing and moving. Best song was the old Blams' number 'Bystanders'.

DD Smash chose to play a set of mainly new material. The fact that it went down so well indicates that a monster of a second album

is on the way. Watch for songs with titles (approximately) like The Actor, 'Guilty' and 'Hold The Pickle' (it's about hamburgers). The horns have slotted in beautifully, with Andrew Clouston's sax providing some outstanding colour to both old and new tunes. Dave works his bum off in the name of entertainment. Ian Morris and Peter Warren constitute a dangerous rhythm section, while the guitars of Dobbyn and Gary Langsford seem to communicate by telepathy. Their playing on 'Solo' was nothing short of fright-

Three encores — 'Outlook For Thursday', 'Bury That Gun' and 'Save Yer'. We left feeling five pounds lighter and 10 years younger. Prime-quality export. If the Aussies don't like them, they must have cloth ears. Duncan Campbell

Stones, Childrens' Hour, This Sporting Life, Tall Dwarfs, Phantom Fourth, Eight Living Legs, Exploding Budgies, Flak, Heptocrats, Lesser Speckled Gottleibs, The Gramme. Rumba, June 6.

There was a sense of occasion to this thing — even before the Gramme got up nervously on stage to open it. The idea was just so good - get a bunch of bands from the wrong side of the tracks, some rarely seen live, put them in a pub for a day and use the door take to put the best bits on an

Things really began to swing with the Tall Dwarfs. No keyboards and, atypically, a good start and messy finish. But singing: "IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF CHARLIE PARKER!" Damn right!





Flak.



Lorraine, Phantom Fourth.

Eight Living Legs' confidence meant they succeeded where Flak didn't quite. They were hard, angry, played with space well. But don't forget 1 Know Your Mother'

Fishschool's Kevin with Fishpoem.

by Flak!
Phantom Fourth were both charming and promising, the Heptocrats played lively, primal jazz and the bits that came between the two occasionally defied des-cription. The Exploding Budgies came on fast and straightforward

and finished perfectly.
This Sporting Life made one of their rare appearances and it was a good, not great, one. I some-times think the music can be a little to dense to let anything

out ...

The Stones seemed self-conscious about the fact that the gig was being recorded and didn't reach giddy heights this night.

Still, as another reviewer said in this journal, even a mediocre night from these three is something to be reckoned with.

Childrens' Hour were the best I've seem them — but then I haven't seen them that much. The first two thirds of their performance was the best, perhaps because it came as a shock. They're making

Big Noises. Ah yes, the Lesser Speckled Gottleibs played earlier for feel rather than form - some would call it arty:

But the most important thing is this - it worked! The police visited once, left shaking their heads in bewilderment and did not bother the punters again. That's more like it! But then there weren't any Team Policing Units on duty on that Monday.

An orgy of expression; bands, non-bands, poets, non-poets, singers, non-singers. Just wait for the album. Russell Brown

AEB Party Johnnies, Venetians, ECF,

Caledonian Hall, May 27.

As if having only one pub venue (that hasn't gone resident) isn't bad enough, when a "party" with bands is organised, it results with bands is organised, it results in a violent encounter between youths and police. The smashed windows and fighting in Christ-church City that night were a result of the police's actions.

Only a few minutes before, the Caledonian Hall was the scene of a multitude of people getting into

a multitude of people getting into some much-needed live music, courtesy of the newly-formed Alternative Entertainment Bureau. Sure, most of them were drinking

alcohol — so what? They would have been anyway.

But more importantly, there was no real trouble — not until the police arrived. They weren't interested in the fact that everything had been done according to thing had been done according to the rules, that there had been no trouble at the front doors, or with gatecrashers, no drunk and dis-orderly behaviour. They still saw fit to penetrate and disperse the

crowd — with force.

ECF, the last band to play, were ordered off as the police cleared the hall. Outside the crowd was angry, bottles were thrown at the front doors of the hall where police stood on guard. A boot boy lay on the front steps unconscious, others were handcuffed or on their

way to Central. All told, an estimated \$4000 worth of damage was done to shop windows on Colombo St by a handful of angry punks. But

who was to blame? This time there were dozens of witnesses who would all agree that the police provoked an unnecessary riot which resulted in people getting hurt, damage to public and private property and unwarranted arrests.

As far as the actual music went the Johnnies started it all off. It was good to hear them again and they didn't play too badly. The crowd appreciated their volume and speed. Etc Etc played second. I can't even remember them! Maybe next time lads.

The Venetians made a welcome The Venetians made a welcome change — at last some music! Although (along with the other bands) they had to put up with bad sound quality, they managed to get a lot of people on to the dance floor playing their own material and covers by the likes of Low Reed. They were definitely

the musical highlight of the even-ing (if there was one!).

ECF didn't get a chance to steal the spotlight from the Venetians because Chris and the rest of the tribe had played only three or four songs when our boys in blue decided it was over. It was. Kerry Whitty

Silent Partners, Peking Man, The The

Mainstreet June 7

The band was called the The but after finding out about Matt

Johnstone they are considering the Rubbers ("so we can erase it") as a future name — unless I'm a victim of The cruel joke. The music was just a little too sloppy. The vocals of Rob Wonderen were in this took to be a support of the cruel in the support of the cruel is the support of the cruel in the support of the cruel is the support of the cruel in the cruel in the crue is the crue in indistinct. The rhythm department suggested more work on the drawing board might result in something.

I retain admiration for any "band" that is able to create something stimulating for the eyes and ears. Evolving out of the Corners, Peking Man are searching for an international sound and at the same time etching on your mind a visual image. They very nearly make it work. The subtle use of makeup and costumes with venetian blinds and eerie lighting results in style you wouldn't expect from a relatively young band. A band everybody should see at least

Just look how far the last NZ

group that used makeup, costumes and funny hairdos have got.

Now hold everything, I thought we'd been through this all before. Begin with a suitably moody bass line, add some borrowed guitar/keyboard licks, today's (real) keyboard licks, today's (real) drum sound, top it off with Spandau vocals from Steve Sharp (!) and we get Silent Partners. They display more warmth and personality than their more experienced competitors and have no pedigree to speak of. I'm prepared to say that they'll become Auckland's dancefloor darlings. After which Silent Partners will tour the country, release two EPs and a single, appear on RWP then finally break up disenchanted, overworked and

up disenchanted, overworked and slightly out of date. And if the singer's real name is Steve Sharp then I'll eat my Penknife Glides'

records.

The future is looking rosier by the future is looking roster by the minute. From what was on view tonight we have a new dance band in Silent Partners and a confident ensemble called Peking Man who showed some of that rare promise not displayed regu-Alister Cain









