

atmosphere with low volume being the idea, making it an ideal venue for many of the new jazz bands now in town. The upstairs bar is available for touring and local bands looking for a 3-400 capacity venue. The first booking for the big bar is **NoMeansNo** and **Swarm** on November 14. For bookings, phone Doug on 025 373 591 ... despite offering shitloads of free piss on the opening night, new nightclub and potential venue **Swim** (which took the place of XS Rock) has been closed down by authorities after one night's operation. A combination of allegedly stolen lino on the floor, lack of suitable building permits, and staff being sprung doing some weird smoking, all lead to its early demise ... good news for all vinyl freaks, rumour has it we may be seeing the reopening of a 'proper' pressing plant in New Zealand. Real records? Maybe ... new band **Apple** (ex **Samadhi**) played with **Jefferson** at the Empire a few weeks ago to a full house. They're playing again tonight (my time) with **Couch** and **Audiac**, who are playing their last gig as members leave town at the end of their varsity careers ... **Trash** and **Suka** both have CDs out on IMD and, together with **Fats Thompson**, are embarking on a national tour mid November ... **Dimmer** have a new line-up and are busy practicing new material ... Ruth Brown has taken over from Lee Harris as weekly music column writer at the *ODT*. Angela Compton continues to do music feature writing for the paper. The other person to contact if you're coming this way is Brenda Harwood, who writes a column in the *Midweek* (free community newspaper). They can all be found at (03)477-4760, or PO Box 517, Dunedin ... **Drugs Vs Grandchildren** are recording soon, and hope to make the move from Geraldine records to CD, in order to disturb more listeners ... Mike Stoodley was busy mixing all the live-to-air broadcasts for Radio One during *New Zealand Music Week*. In the end, the line up was **Alastair Galbraith**, **Fats Thompson**, **Nimbus**, **Gate**, **Doramaar**, **Sandos Lab Technicians**, **78 RPM**, **Body Bomb**, **Cloudboy**, **Martin Phillipps** and Te Kapa Haka. Mike, along with Bryan Spittle, has also been mastering the long awaited **Puddle** CD which is due out soon ... negotiation is under way between two local studios who are considering operating under the same roof. Watch this space for more details ... **Casagrante Apparatus** is a new three-piece free jazz (maybe) outfit, featuring Stefan Neville (drums), Justin Bull (guitar) and Les O'Neil (clarinet). They have just made a tape 'Rico', although they haven't played live ... the **3Ds** and **Chug** are to record soon at Fish St once they find some new premises ... the **Dead C** have re-released *Trap Door Fucking Exit*, and Michael Morley is back in the States again.

DAVID MUIR

Live

INCOGNITO

Powerstation, Auckland, October 12.

Their opening number had an appropriate hookline: 'Talking loud — and saying something!' Incognito were certainly loud — as you would expect from a full on, 13-piece, hard driving band. What their astounding two hour set said to an ecstatic audience was that the virtues of highly sophisticated soul/funk with all the suppleness of jazz still triumph in today's sample-sodden dance market.

Incognito not only has a lineup that includes a three-man horn section — itself an increasing rarity in this synth-dominated era — but it boasts a vocal front line that recalls the legendary soul reviews of yesteryear. Not one, but four singers, (all black, three women), any one of whom we would have been perfectly happy with for an entire set. As it was, no sooner had we been treated to the delight of one than there was a change. Truly an embarrassment of riches.

With the ferocious energy of the band and the wailing of the singers, Incognito sounded earthier, though no less supple, than they often do on recordings. Any sceptics who had reservations about the potency of English soul revised their attitudes.

Most of the material was drawn from the best of the band's most recent discs, *Positivity* and *100 Degrees and Rising*, although they did reach back as far as 1981 for the

instrumental 'Sunburn', from the first album. This extended funk workout gave individual band members an opportunity to demonstrate their awesome musicianship. Otherwise, apart from the few who got to solo during the songs, this was very much a band that focussed on the power of the ensemble. No show-offs and no smart arses.

An evening of superb musicianship, excellent material and stirring passion. What else is there?

Opener Nathan Haines' group showed they could also fire up a dynamic and intoxicating brew. Occasionally, however, the presence of the pre-recorded rhythmic bed allowed them a relaxation that bordered on boredom.

PETER THOMSON

WHITE ZOMBIE

Auckland Town Hall, October 2.

Starting at a jolly early time, the White Zombie crew ripped through their set as if they had a plane to catch. In fact, the early part of the set had plenty in common with airports. For the first couple of songs, Rob's vocals bore an eerie comparison with a 747 taking off. The backing crew seemed to have it together, but for the first couple numbers it may have been a White Zombie karaoke night, such was the wretchedness of the vocal mix.

Thankfully, Mr Rob Zombie's vocals were back on track by the time 'Route 66' appeared, and it was time for everybody to get on down and shake their tushes, or booties, or whatever was on hand to shake. Whilst the crowd was boogying, Sean and Rob ran hither and thither and willy nilly all over the stage. One moment they'd be menacing the right hand speaker stacks, next Rob's leaning over the front rail, while Sean looks as if she's in training for a marathon, green hair a-flailing with the bass slung the only way it could possibly be — as low as it can go. Draped behind the drummer are two 40 foot pictures of cartoon ladies in a state of undress, off the *La Sexorcisto* album cover art work. Perhaps the reason the stage is decorated with them is because White Zombie have left their latest (and evidently jolly flash) *Astro Creep* travelling freakshow behind!!

After what seems like not a very long time at all, Rob informs us that show time is almost at an end. But first it's time to rip through a really grunty version of 'Children of the Corn', and the really good tune off *La Sexorcisto* (um, you know, the one you always skip to on the album, aaaaaaaah, help me someone).

As White Zombie wind up, a few brave souls decide to come down from above, via dangling off the balcony and gently plopping onto the ground. When White Zombie played their hits things almost seemed exciting enough to pop downstairs for a looky (actually, I was downstairs), but at no stage did White Zombie show they could inspire the full on lunacy of leaping head first into the mosh pit from upstairs. More a head shaking good time than a neck breaking outburst of craziness.

KEVIN LIST

FRIDGE CD RELEASE

Hillcrest Tavern, Hamilton, October 5.

Befitting the occasion, the weather gods turned on a chilly spring evening for the Fridge CD release. So, a couple of hundred misfits gathered at the Hillcrest Tavern, huddled together, and took in some of the Garden City's finest music.

The evening began well, with a few pleasant (and inevitably strange) ditties from the McGillicuddy-associated Big Muffin Serious Band. Fun to listen to, but more amusing to watch, they were an appropriate prelude to the mayhem which directly followed. Jim and Graeme returned to the stage throughout the night to provide the audience with entertainment and information, or to simply fill the void between bands.

Included in the line-up as MSU, Bob and the Stroke Victims were in fact an MSU tribute band. Although some of the members bore striking resemblances to their original MSU counterparts, Bob and the Stroke Victims were unable to maintain the intensity MSU could. The insanity was there (although slightly diluted), and they played the hits, but 'Rohan' is obviously too 'muscular' to fit into a green bodysuit (he sported a white lab coat instead), and without the hundreds of drunk student fans, they had not a hope of emulating the masters.

The Widdershins are like a modified version of the Puddle (the Widdershins' Jenny and Ross are former members of the Puddle). But instead of the two litre engine that drives the aforementioned Dunedinites, the Widdershins are driven by a 1.1. Their synth made some cool noises, but was criminally under used.

Dean, tonight, were four guitarists and a Casiotone style drum machine. Their music is based on the repetition of simple guitar lines over the top of the plodding drum machine, and although it is rarely exciting, it is somehow strangely allur-

ing. The bulk of their set was taken up by an extended version of 'Lose Track of Time', and it completely mesmerised most of the audience. Those that weren't mesmerised were simply confused.

Following on from Dean were Inchworm, Hamilton's premiere pop band. And it's not hard to see why their music is so popular — strong musicianship (even though bassist Scott had shut the car door on his fingers earlier in the evening), interesting song structures, and nice melodies — everything good pop should be. So good, in fact, that it lured a large part of the audience onto the dance floor...

...only to have them driven away by the Tsunami Band, whose guitars and keyboards approach to making music is not too dissimilar from that of the Abel Tasmans', only not quite as good. They've been around for a while, and it shows. They're more than capable musicians, but their music is starting to sound dated — not as relevant as it might once have been, and certainly not as appealing to the crowd.

The dancing resumed, however, when Boil Up took over, and finished off the evening with some of their politics-heavy reggae/ska/pop. Soulful, tight, not overly inventive, but good enough to get a number of the dwindling audience moving — some the message, others to the groove.

Overall, the Fridge CD release was a good showcase of some of Hamilton's most prominent (non-mainstream) bands, and an appropriate launch for the latest compilation of Hamilton music. Better than doing the gardening.

GREG BAILLIE

PHUNK REPUBLIC

ESC, Wellington, October 7.

Live hip-hop often gets a bad rap in Wellington, but that's more to do with dodgy venues than anything else. Tonight Kozmo pulls it together and ESC is jammed. Headz are swaying, the beers are flowing, and its good to see hip-hop bringing together such a wide range of people. Rough Opinion thrived on the good vibes and rocked the spot with a set of that included slow jams, party anthems and even a cover of the Dove Shack's 'Summertime in the LBC', which became 'Summertime in the ESC'.

A good night, cheers to Kozmo, Leif, Rhys B, Raw, Jazz and all Ebony Beats that was in the house.

ANDY

INFECTIOUS GROOVES, CYCO MIKO

Powerstation, Auckland, October 18.

In one of those inexplicable moments, like that split second before a car crash when everything appears to slow down, this fuckin' huge dude descended in altered time towards the throng of moshing punters, having just launched himself off the PA, and in an act of solidarity that would've made Lech Walensa proud, they caught him! Yeah! It was a vision that impressed Infectious Grooves' bassman Robert Trujillo as well, as he laughingly exclaimed post-gig: "That was the biggest muthafucka I've ever seen jump off a stack!"

Earlier, Mike Muir had fronted Infectious Grooves under the guise of 'Cyclo Miko', to air tracks (early Suicidal-type songs in the hardcore style) off his forthcoming 'solo' effort, *Lost My Brain!* (Once Again). This featured a familiar line of vituperate rhetoric from the foreboding Mr Muir, ie., basically: 'You can't bring me down, 'cause you're crazy, but I'm crazier, and I don't care what a fascist control pig like you is saying, 'cause you can't dictate to me, 'cause I'm the leader of my own destiny, and did I mention I was going crazy?'

Later, with the IG, he reiterated these same points, but over a funkier groove that sounded surprisingly dated, given the style of the earlier material. I say check out the new album when it gains local release in early 96.

GREG HAMMERDOWN

BILGE FESTIVAL, LETTERBOX LAMBS

Antipodes, Wellington, September 16.

Remember the good old days, before discord ruled our airs? Some called it the great depression. Ahh, but we were happy in those days — no fax machines in this house. We all felt a lot happier about things, the weight of the world hadn't turned our posture into the coast of Norway, and nose bleeds meant rough and tumble, not a stroke.

Well, world weariness left the tired bones when Letterbox Lambs rang out their youthful pearls of wisdom. They took the tired, the sick, the old, and with shining pop, gave hope to the new order. There have been some around town who have been raving about this band since they first listened to them. The ravers were justified. Perhaps it was a lack of the odd tinge of magic that accounted for the Bodega gig a while previous, but Letter Box Lambs still came through with what was needed at the time.

Their songs should all be Top 10 hits. They should all be played on music TV channels, all the members should be pro-

fied in teen magazines, and they should all have young women's underwear thrown at them.

All this applies equally to Bilge Festival. But they are too scary, too powerful, and too downright cool to ever be included in the teen dream nightmare (real time, we're talking of). Bilge Festival impress as either a full-on assault, with guitars blazing as if they were shooting at Bonnie and Clyde, or when possessed by the demon that causes law abiding, well-spoken citizens to stalk the stage, mic' in hand, preaching to the willing — the general of the aural army, getting the troops hot before the revolution.

Unable to be slotted into any category, Bilge Festival ground through their songs, churning, whipping up a storm of creative chaos otop of melody lying just beneath the surface. Or perhaps you could find them under Fast Flashes of Energy, or Surges of Electricity.

Okay, this band is good. They are better than good, Bilge Festival at their best are something to behold. Whatever your vocation or creed, get the chance and go see them, or buy the records. Like a dose of salts, it'll go through you quick, and make you feel a hell of a lot better afterwards.

DONALD REID

DIRECTIONS IN GROOVE, NATHAN HAINES

Powerstation, Auckland, September 30.

I wasn't sure what to expect from Nathan, not having had the pleasure of seeing him live. I was, however, in Wellington when he played the infamous James Cabaret gig to 60 people. Since then, his profile has increased, and in Auckland, at least, he has a deservedly solid fan base. Tonight he certainly gives them something to think about. Nathan and co start off with some down tempo grooves, setting the mood before dropping a wicked song based around a big ole house beat. This inspired numerous punters to wander on to the dancefloor, little knowing what was next to come.

I could hardly believe, it but Nathan and crew launched into a set of full on jungle jazz. Wicked! DJ Manuel Bundy dropped jungle breaks and ragga samples, the bassist slung some heavy duty basslines, and the drummer joined in with some frenetic symbols and high hats. Nathan bobbed and weaved throughout the chaos on flute and soprano sax. Absolutely inspiring, challenging future jazz. These guys are out there. See them soon.

DIG sure had a tough act to follow. They began with drummer Terepai playing a funky hip-hop beat, before he was joined one by one by the rest of the band, until all six of them were jamming to a packed dancefloor. DIG are crowd pleasing, as opposed to Nathan's crowd challenging, but they are awesomely skilled musicians and they delivered a strong set of up tempo jazz, including some wicked drum and bass solo duels. I wasn't that impressed with the DIG album, but they kick it live.

In the meantime, Nathan, how about a Roni Size remix?

ANDY

ON U SOUND: OUT OF CONTROL

Powerstation, Auckland, October 20.

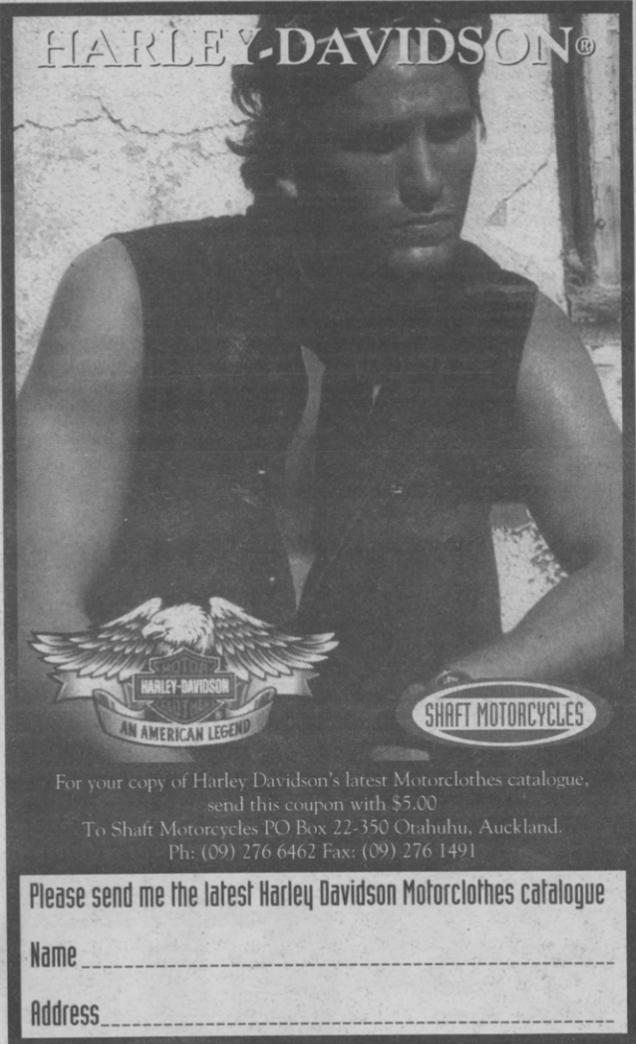
An On U tour and no Dub Syndicate? Well, it would have been nice. But hey, with Tackhead, Mark Stewart, Audio Active and Adrian Sherwood at the controls, who's complaining? As we arrived, Adrian Sherwood was spinning some dangerous drum and bass heavy grooves at a bowel releasing volume to a spilled out dance floor. I've never seen the Powerstation look so good: a full, intelligent lighting rig and big screen visuals complemented the music to great effect.

First up, Tackhead. Damn, these guys have come a long way from providing the backing tracks for Sugarhill records way back in the day. If 'The Message' was a timely reminder that society was rotten at the core, Tackhead reflect that things have just gotten worse... no real vocals, but plenty of samples provide something to get ya head around; such as my favourite, a sample of 'New World Order' which Doug Wimbish follows with "work for it". Doug on bass was joined by rhythm king Keith Le Blanc on drums, and the legend that is Skip McDonald on guitar. Together, they laid down a barrage of awesome industrial-edged funk grooves. Did I see Doug and Skip swap guitar for bass after the first track?

Tackhead were always going to be hard to follow, and although Audio Active and Mark Stewart were entertaining, they lacked the power and intensity of Tackhead. Audio Active are from Japan, and thus have a unique Asian take on dub. They took the stage in matching overalls, and played a fairly tight set of up front dub. The vocals, however, are largely lost through the combined wonders of a Japanese accent and the effects box around the vocalist's neck.

By the time Mark Stewart takes the stage, I'm feeling a little sozzled. He was backed by Tackhead, but after their earlier set, Mark was a bit of a letdown. I think the bands should have been in reverse order, but no complaints from me. Respect, Goosebump, for getting shit together.

ANDY



HARLEY-DAVIDSON®

For your copy of Harley Davidson's latest Motorclothes catalogue, send this coupon with \$5.00
To Shaft Motorcycles PO Box 22-350 Otahuhu, Auckland.
Ph: (09) 276 6462 Fax: (09) 276 1491

Please send me the latest Harley Davidson Motorclothes catalogue

Name _____

Address _____

REVIVAL RECORDS

268 Karangahape Rd, Auckland.

MON - WED 9am - 5.30pm THURS - FRI 9am - 8pm
SAT ALL DAY 9AM - 5PM



ALTERNATIVE QUEEN ST RAP - DANCE

JAZZ - BLUES ACID JAZZ

CLASSICAL HEAVY ROCK

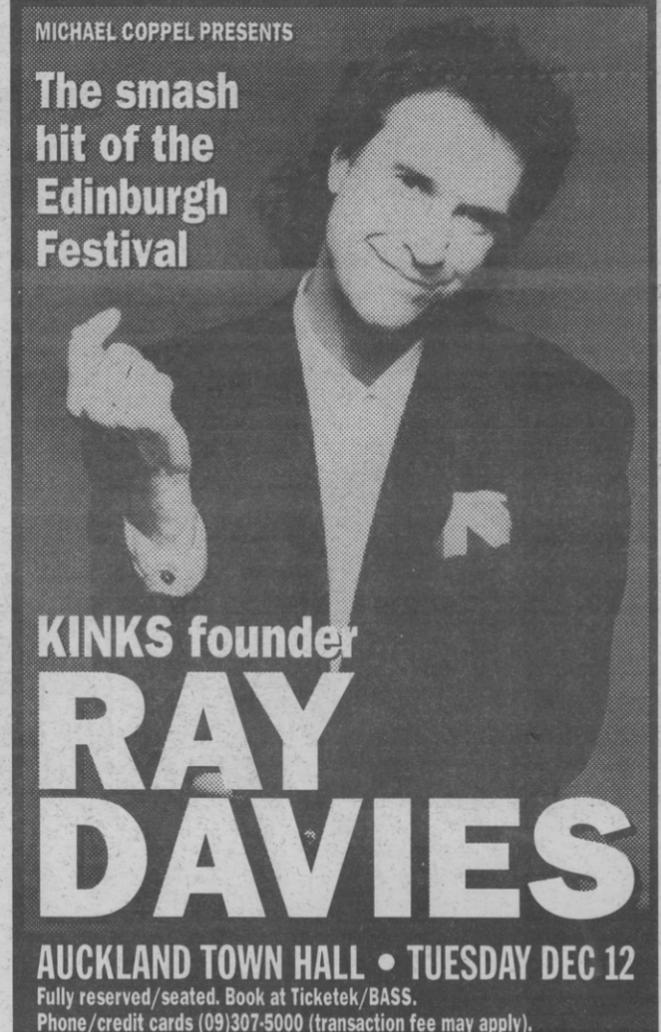
CD SINGLES PITT ST NZ MUSIC

POPULAR KARANGAHAPE ROAD eftpas

CASH or TRADE-IN
Telephone 09-379 9975 Fax 09-309 8627

MICHAEL COPPEL PRESENTS

The smash hit of the Edinburgh Festival



KINKS founder

RAY DAVIES

AUCKLAND TOWN HALL • TUESDAY DEC 12
Fully reserved/seated. Book at Ticketek/BASS.
Phone/credit cards (09)307-5000 (transaction fee may apply).