

FREAK THE SHEEP RELEASE Slammer, August 3.

The Slammer, in case anyone wasn't there tonight, is the Old Rising Sun with fairy lights on the stairs, mirrors on the wall and a medium sized Korean stereo where the PA used to be. Returning there after all this time was such an exciting proposition that I arrived at least three minutes late and missed the Malchicks. I was just in time, though, to hear the Nixons covering their song 'Vanilla', which proved to be a mistake: the Malchicks' appeal lies in their twin-guitar radiance and the Nixons only have one guitar, and even that was barely audible over the bass. It could be that I'm just prejudiced against them because they said something in the *Herald* to the effect of all bands should be incredibly tight and own brand new Marshalls or else! But don't believe the tripe — a bunch of "incompetents" like the Dead C would lay waste to the tightest, most energetic power trio conceivable (which is what the Nixons are).

Drill are another three piece, but they quite sensibly dispense with the bass guitar and with it all muso follies in order to produce one of the most furious, complex, original (yes, even a word like that could be rehabilitated for a band like this) *grungeless* noises Auckland has ever heard. Why, oh why did they split up? Didn't they get enough adulation? If that's the case, John, Steve and drummer whose name I can't remember, here are some superlatives to inspire you: early Gordons, Pere Ubu, Big Black, Wire, Live Skull, late Gordons. Now go to it.

Lee Harvey and the Bagmen were a sound for sore tastebuds: their almost exaltantly ordinary noisy pop songs soon drove me up the road to Cafe Uber Alles and their sumptuous chocolate cake.

Next came the Hallelujah Picassos. How, I wondered for the length of the first two songs, could a band with such

a superabundance of attitude confine themselves to such good-natured, innocuous reggae? Then they played something that sounded like Lee Scratch Perry mud-wrestling Jim Foetus followed by a sped up dub version of Compulsory Joy's 'Crash Love' and suddenly they made perfect sense.

On a good night Second Child batter you perfectly senseless, but tonight the so-called PA decided it didn't like their guitar sound, so they were reduced to a blistering physical attack, without their usual emotional force.

Freak Power are another band whose ideology mystifies me. Can they (or anyone) really not see the absolute inherent supremacy of 1980's music? It seems that they do not, because they no longer sound like Pussy Galore destroying 'Ace of Spades', more like a "good old" loud rock band, the kind of thing whose appeal a "pretentious exhibitionist gitface" (see August *RIU* letters) can't begin to understand.

Having perfected the Wax Trax dance-metal-industrial-pop thing, Compulsory Joy have abandoned it in favour of strange oceanic dub-scapes with wandering, unearthly guitar and live percussion. It sounds amazing but extremely quiet because by this point the PA has died outright so after two songs they stop playing and we go home.

MATTHEW HYLAND

BOB MOULD MARTIN PHILLIPS, CHRIS KNOX. Gluepot, August 13.

There must have been something in the air that brought the singer/songwriters out tonight, because four in one go isn't bad. The first was Labi Siffre at Cause Celebre, a short but incredibly powerful set that whetted the appetite for the Gluepot lineup. I missed most of Mr Phillips' set, but what I heard sounded pretty much like the Chills but quieter, and there was a great version of 'Heavenly Pop Hit'. (Although I would imagine it would be pretty hard to do a bad version.) Next up was Chris Knox who sounded like... well, Chris Knox really. Much as

I like him I'm no huge fan of these solo excursions, even despite the nice Lux Interior impersonations. It was all a bit self-conscious and grinding for me, but the crowd dug it so what the hell. It's all just personal taste anyways, and I don't like drugs, T.V. and Film Festivals either, so go figure.

Then on to the main man, Bob Mould. This guy has got to be one of the most eagerly anticipated visitors in a long while, and the large crowd were definitely ready for this. In a cynical moment I wondered whether it was the man or the myth that was most revered, but a few songs into the set it was apparent it didn't really matter. Bob just strolled out and started hammering that 12-string with a vengeance and he had everyone pretty much transfixed. The man has some serious shit to get off his chest and we all got to be part of a two hour self-psychoanalysis session as Bob let it all go. That legendary Husker Du howl was in a fine state, in fact, if anything it was too much howl. Much of the subtlety of the two solo albums was lost as the songs were just powered through without much definition, and even despite the force of Bob Mould's songwriting it suffered a little from the lack of dynamics and colour to the set. Still, it's hard to find fault with a performer like Bob, he came and quite simply purged his soul for our entertainment — hell, he even threw off a few old hits for the dweebs in their Husker Du T-shirts and then left looking less exhausted than his audience. Maybe not my idea of the perfect Bob Mould solo outing, but an incredibly powerful night all the same. The simple fact he had a very full Gluepot in the palm of his hand for two hours is testimony enough to Bob Mould's talent. He's undoubtedly a proud heir to the line of American solo performers we've seen over the last few years.

KIRK GEE

NGAIRE & BAND DTM's, August 22. THE HEADLESS CHICKENS Gluepot, August 22.

WOW! Not one, but two funky-ass, hard rockin' shindigs in one night, not a usual state of affairs in these parts, and even more suprising, both events were pretty much full. First up was Ngaire in a nightclub, complete with totally cool backing band. It was just like one of those classic '70s showbands, the boys come out and do a number or two, vamp it up for the first star, Mr Ronald La Praed, ex of the Commodores who devastated the crowd with a version of 'Easy' that was damn near perfect, then introduced the band a few times and did the big intro for Ngaire herself.

My impression of Ngaire in a live situation was based on seeing her performing to a very weak and reedy backing tape that made me mutter polite stuff like "uhh, great voice" then run, but I must admit I was convinced tonight. After a shakey run through an S.O.S. Band number they found their feet and got funky. Ngaire was at times lost in the band's enthusiasm but they had a real show happening, lots of

audience participation, the band was introduced a few more times and the hits were played. It all sounded suprisingly good, 'When The Feeling is Gone' and 'Attitude' went down really well, and even 'To Sir with Love' was sounding big and crunchy. It all ended with the band being farewelled but this time everyone was called Walter which didn't matter because they had proven themselves for sure. Although Ngaire was basically preaching to the converted she certainly propelled herself into the ranks of the true performers. As the D.J. reappeared with some full-on house beats, the funkier portion of the crowd fled, and I was with them.

It wasn't home for me though, in full media professional style I went at high speed to the Gluepot to arrive as the Headless Chickens kicked into gear. Now my personal tastes rate the silly-ass funk show concept well above the industrial dance thing, but the Headless Chickens definitely have a few tricks up their sleeves. With the addition of Fiona Straw People on vocals and a much tighter and harder sound than the last time I heard them there's a definite energy happening. The new fully disco single 'Cruise Control' hadn't really made me jump and shout when I heard it on the radio, but it had some serious *conjonas* when played live, especially in close proximity to a cover of 'Lucy and Ramona' which somehow retained the Chickens abrasive edge while sounding stupid. I think the very nasty bass sound may have helped no end, Ngaire should seriously consider getting the Chickens to do her future rhythm programming as they really excel in the bass kick department. She could help them get a more flowing stage act together as they seemed to suffer from the everybody stand around quietly syndrome, but outside of that it was an incredible sounding show, from the disco to the Heavy Metal of 'Railway Surfer' it was noise with the right amount of control, and it bodes well for the new album.

I was actually glad to be in Auckland this miserable night, because for once it really felt like there was a scene that was going places for two quite diverse but frighteningly similar acts.

KIRK GEE

EXPONENTS, PUSH PUSH Kristin School, Albany July 27.

So there we were, flying up the motorway with Danzig pumping, ready to see two local genuine chart acts doing their thing in a school hall. This was going to be the mainstream in full effect, the people's rock and all that stuff was going to be happening tonight. The hall was heavy with anticipation and the smell of chip fat, and as the Exponents took the stage the kids went wild, they were ready to rock. Rock they did too, for the Exponents were in fine form. I had been a little doubtful about them, the cover band concept not being too great at the best of times, least of all when you're covering your own material from a few years back, but my man Andy Moore said 'Hell no, they kick', so I thought 'Why not?'. My fears

were not realised as the Exponents ripped through a really quite rock out set, they've still got the pop sensibilities happening, but they've been tempered with a bit of a lean and mean edge. The old classics were there, but what the heck, the Buzzcocks were treated like geniuses for reforming, so why shouldn't the equally poppy Exponents get a chance? Anyway, they were good, sounding a lot like the sort of rock band you'd see on the American College circuit, hard but fun and the kids loved 'em, singing along happily. The Exponents rhythm section had even gone for a hip young look with backwards hats, but they only succeeded in looking like a couple of retard kids going on camp. Oh well.

Then Push Push arrived with a bang. I understand they're trying to overcome their flossy image, but coming on with a Jane's Addiction track as an intro is perhaps making things a little obvious. Still, they had all managed to put their clothes on the right way round (which is why they are a headline act) and they have got this rock show deal down really well. Hooks and hair flew everywhere, lights flashed and spun, 'Shark Attack' was turned into Punk rock with a vengeance and the whole thing was sort of like *Spinal Tap*, and just as cool.

Push Push seem to truly comprehend pop / metal, 'Trippin'' is a undeniably catchy anthem, and it prompted a major singalong, and when followed by 'I Love My Leather Jacket' Push Push's stardom makes sense.

Well, if this is our pop vision, the mainstream masterplan, then I think we can rest safely 'cause it's not at all as lame as I thought it to be. Best of all though was undoubtedly seeing the crowd, all seriously teenaged, going wild to loud obnoxious rock played by dubious individuals. Hopefully even just a few of these people will be inspired to go see some more live bands, which can only be a good thing. (They were a cool bunch too, I even saw a couple of Butthole Surfers shirts!)

KIRK GEE

CROWDED HOUSE Powerstation, August 26.

Arriving to the hideous sound of commercial radio wars, this evening was to be one of eccentric behaviour and sheer professionalism. For a seemingly low profile concert the Powerstation was packed and resounded with a real party atmosphere which did not appear too contrived. The only superlative that could be used to describe Crowded House is awesome. The addition of Tim Finn has brought a new cynical edge to the group and has increased the strong emphasis on family. This is further confirmed by their cover of Hunters and Collectors 'Throw Your Arms Around Me'. The wacky woodface single 'Chocolate Cake' worked much better live, however it was obvious that the patriotic element enjoyed Split Enz 'Six Months In A Leaky Boat' and that it has been a hard musical burden to shake off.

The fact that Crowded House play five to six nights a week in America has

obviously paid off. Their extreme tightness is coupled with a comical routine that truly belongs in a circus. Paul Hester breaks the fat drummer stereotype and throws himself around the stage like a man possessed. Colourful costumes and vibrant performance are as much of the Crowded House magic as are great songs. My personal favourite being the excellent rendition of 'Now We're Getting Somewhere'.

Crowded House are one of the few groups that draw a distinction between pop and pap.

LUKE CASEY

MORRISSEY Logan Campbell Centre, Sept 8.

A science experiment in my Fourth form class consisted of a group of three students sitting around a candle writing down what they saw. At the time I thought "What a complete fucken waste of time, I'm never going to need this in real life." and I haven't until now. The following are empirical and hysterical observations made Sunday night at the L.C.C.

1. Morrissey is tall.
2. Morrissey was wearing black jeans and shoes, with a red see-through shirt, the kind that none of us owned but all our girlfriends wore.
3. It wasn't loud.
4. Morrissey has a big tongue.
5. The crowd were singing so enthusiastically that Morrissey didn't need to remember the words.
6. The concert lasted 110 minutes.

For the single encore, Morrissey

changed into a gold see-through shirt (see No. 2) which was ripped off and fed to the audience.

7. Most of *Bona Drag* was played and 'That's Entertainment' was outstanding, but there were no Smith's songs, no 'Ouija Board' nor was his latest single played.

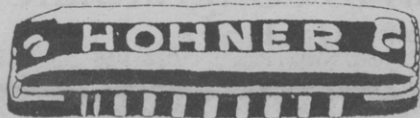
8. The Rockabilly trio backing Morrissey could have been called The Crickets Part II or The Brylcream Brothers, but it was their participation that lifted the tempo of the show from *stand to Boogie*.

9. The concert was enjoyable for the fans but wasn't quite up to winning people over.

HANS HOEFELICH

Rip It Up

Editor MURRAY CAMMICK
Assistant Editor DONNA YUZWALK
Graphic Artist YOH
Public Relations HANS HOEFELICH
Postal Address PO Box 5689,
Auckland 1, New Zealand.
Street Address 15 Williamson Ave (off Ponsonby Rd, K'Rd end), Grey Lynn,
Auckland 2.
Phone 763-235 Fax 761-558



HARP ATTACK

HARMONICA CONTEST

HEAT 1 MONDAY 14 OCT.

2 TUESDAY 15 OCT.

3 WEDNESDAY 16 OCT.

CORNER
BAR

RESIDENT BAND

MARK HEKE & THE HONEYMOONERS

FINAL THURSDAY 24 OCT. **GLUEPOT**
PONSONBY BLUES & JAZZ FESTIVAL

SPECIAL GUESTS AT FINAL
BRENDON POWER & GARY VERBERNE

ENTRY FORMS available
from Java Jive
& the Gluepot

DB Kiwi
FOUNDATION



THE ENEMY STRIKES BLACK!
OCTOBER 1991

BLUE BEAT



CLOTHES for MEN & WOMEN

BLACK STOVEPIPES
FLORAL, PAISLEY SHIRTS \$79
PRINTED LONG SLEEVED T's
NEW 2 TONE RANGE
HIPSTER SKIRTS PANTS & BELTS
BELTS, RINGS, CHAINS
MEDALLIONS, BEADS, EARRINGS.
MAIL ORDER STOVEPIPES \$79
28" 29" 30" 31" 32" 33" 34" 36"
22 Bledisloe St (behind Civic)
Auckland 1. Ph (09) 793-153
WHOLESALE ENQUIRIES OPEN Sat 10-2

CORNER RECORDS PRESENTS

DEAD

FLOWERS
MAINLAND TOUR

Thurs Oct 17th
Fri Oct 18th
Sat Oct 19th
Mon Oct 21st
Tues Oct 22nd
Wed Oct 23rd
Thurs Oct 24th
Fri Oct 25th
Sat Oct 26th
Sun Oct 27th
Wed Oct 30th
Thurs Oct 31st
Fri Nov 1st
Sat Nov 2nd
Sun Nov 3rd
Wed Nov 6th
Thurs Nov 7th
Fri Nov 8th
Sat Nov 9th
Fri Nov 15

Motueka
Nelson
Blenheim
Inangahua Junction
Westport
Greymouth
Christchurch
Timaru
Dunedin
Queenstown
Gore
Invercargill
Oamaru
Christchurch
Nelson
Masterton
Napier
Gisborne
Whakatane
Auckland

All dates subject to confirmation. Watch next months
R.I.U. Corner Records, The Basement, 202 Queen
Street, Auckland. PH: 366 3085