

a rap, sung by Jackie Clarke. My only hope is that they'll put out a Babes in the Mood music video so everyone can benefit from some wonderfully crafted Kiwi ingenuity.  
KAY McMAHON

**FEAST OF THE FLOWERING NIGHT**  
Film and Performance  
Arcadia, August 23.

Maff Hyland should probably be reviewing this; because he's into this "rock" being a dirty word groove, which most of the people here share, whereas me... well, shit — it's the word I whisper to get to sleep at nights, and you know I wake up screaming it. Plus I'm one of these losers who can't stand being in a room full of people who all wear the same clothes and dig the same movies, books and music.

Strange that a scene which staunchly promotes individuality and freedom comes across to outsiders as being just another example of conformity. I mean, is a Psychic TV fan whose two favourite authors are Ballard and Burroughs any less of a cliched stereotype than, say... a straightedge skateboarder?

Anyway... first performance I witnessed was some guy painting a picture while accompanying muzak and lights flickered. Nothing I really wanna say about this except I didn't like his painting. Next up was Obsession which consisted of a guy who looked like he was on his way to do some burglary, hunched over a Korg synth doodling away over sequenced beats. Jazz meets funk meets "smoked so much cheeb I don't even notice the audience and what in hell are these white and black tiles for well fuggit I'm gonna hit a few". Shame mushroom season had just finished. In between acts they started showing some Brent Hayward films — and maybe if I hadn't cut my dick off four years ago I would "get it" but I really don't see Brent's "point", same way I don't see R. Kern's "point". Brent's filming techniques are pretty good and a couple of the films impressed me — *Offed* was about ten seconds of greatness, while another longer film, featuring Dave Hornblow as a goon and Brent as the funniest toughest badass since Pacino in *Scarface*, had some hilarious moments. But all the rest just bored and confused me. Same thing goes for the Nick Cave plays which were in the same vein as Brent's own films and need no separate comment. Unfortunately.

Highlight of the night, of course, was the merger of warmongers Affliction Addition and New Flesh, uniting under the banner Afflicted Flesh with help from Simon Rumblefish, who jumped around pretending the bass he was fistfucking wasn't mixed so low only dogs could hear it, while the boys stalked the stage throwing anger and hatred at the world and singing songs about using Milli Vanilli's genitalia to make drum skins (Afflicted Flesh are all about taking no prisoners). Listen you fucks... instead of sitting at home comparing Ministry and Killing Joke with yer friends — come and see these two before they kill themselves — or better yet, you. Especially if the merger continues.

Last up was Hubby doing his Compulsory Joy thang... the alternative to the alternative or just the postpunk Gary Numan? Whatever... the surprising truth is that Bruce Hubbard did have the song of the night. In amongst total shit like the embarrassing "Crash Love" a great song like "Airel Fuel" sounds even better than on BFM. What a fuckin' infectious little bassline it has. I bet some of the neo Goths present almost started jiggling their white n'ight asses in rhythmic abandon. But not quite. Not

here kids.

Looking back on my review I realise it seems that the night may have been semi-interesting... but apart from A.Flesh it was really just one big fuckin' bore.  
KID COLDSLAW

**TRANSVISION VAMP**  
Auckland Town Hall, Oct 9

The pissy weather on this Auckland spring night can't be solely blamed for the poor 800 heads turnout. Those that did show up divided into two and a half groups. Group one were the people with an honest interest in the music and owned more than just the first and last single. The second group were the Wendy James harem. The half group were the industry types, holding up the bar and wearing a Heinecken as a badge of office.

The first 75 percent of the show was just a "run through, do the songs, then we can go" type of affair. The whole band came on looking shagged out and uncomfortable. Ms James' links between songs had the same cringe factor as Arnold's thumbs-up at the end of *Terminator 2*.

All through the show Ms James was the focus of attention and near the end the enthusiasm of the crowd actually sunk in. The energy level increased as the Vamp hit the better tracks off the latest album. Finally charged up from the raucous crowd, Transvision Vamp returned the energy via two slamming encores, ending with "I Want Your Love".

A damn fine shame they didn't start the show like they ended it, but hey, Wendy said they'd be back and I believe her and you would too, if you'd seen the economy size grin to the keyboardist, with that "Can you believe this shit!" look.  
HANS HOEFLICH

**BOLOBOLO (Bill Direen)**  
Crown Hotel, Dunedin, Sept 15.

The Crown Hotel has had an image lift since last year. Cabaret tables give the venue more space and the bar has been painted a lighter colour making it a very pleasant intimate venue.

Bill Direen is a prolific artist, theatre ensemble creator, record maker and he makes damn fine songs. Tonight he sported a large black trilby and two Wellingtonians from scattered Earth Telephone — Brian Tressider on drums, and Kirsten Winserra on keyboards.

The first set was formal. Bill Direen is the master of a finely tuned song. Like Graeme Downes, Bill Direen has an excellent ear for musical arrangements and instrumental interplay. He knows how to take a good pop song and give it a twist, juxtaposing morbid lyrics against catchy country and western bass lines or introducing Weill snatches into songs giving them really a classic horror feel.

Later in the second set the performance got wilder and some of the Bill's older classics thrashed out to meet us, "Alligator" still being my personal favourite. It's interesting to watch him push raw emotion into his songs and he's the only guy I've met so far who can scream to a country beat. Both Brian and Kristen excel even in the fiddly early stages of the gig. They have no problem adapting to all the stylistic and tempo and instrumental changes. Bolobolo's styles of music range from gamboling pop songs, simple sad ballads and rockin' country to crazy Doors style instrumentals. John Dix called Bill Direen a "cult figure" and also said that some people called him a genius. The band is a gem and he's great to watch and listen to. Do yourself a favour and go see them at Trekkers (in Wellington) every second Saturday night.  
CATH CLARKE

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