

'LIVE' FROM PAGE 36
 please forget goth. There are some great goth records, of course, but some of them aren't as great live.) The Fall remain utterly contemporary and original and very cultural.

People here still talk wistfully about punk rock. It's the last time they grew their own. We should be grateful we have something to offer.

Russell Brown

Able Tasmans, Robert, Jackless

Gluepot, May 30

First on the menu were Robert, who served up a selection from their new record accompanied by a video advertising Fogroll and Blah products. Thundering bass-lines from Lindsay "Slasher" highlighted their meaty, driving sound, but it sank into a dirge with David Eggleton's strident yelling, painful and monotonous to the ears. They earned their pound of dead flesh, and so onto the next course which was a serving of blood, sperm and humour in the form of *Jackless*, a 30-minute shock horror video portraying the psychological problems of Kirsten Smith and Glen Solvent. (Jackless, since Kirsten's hero Jack Palance couldn't make it for the leading role.)

Starring Phil Nelson and other sick members of the Sheets, Goblin Mix and Birdsnest Roys, it's about a skinny bloke who finds fame and fortune by building up his body in a macabre and violent fashion, depicted brilliantly with Dave Mitchell in full gore in the massage parlour scene. Filmed at various Auckland locations such



Putty In Her Hands: Christine Jeffs and Charlotte Yates.

as Herne Bay beach, K Road, the museum, the Gluepot and Hardcore Road, *Jackless* falls down in the bad quality soundtrack which makes it practically impossible to follow at times. Pity the music produced by those involved isn't as warped as their minds obviously are.

The Abel Tasmans are a group who musically still wear flares. Dressed up in a cloak of 70s progressive rock spiced by violinists and flautists, a serious bearded and bereted vocalist intoned Jack and Jill rhymes over standard R&B, held together by a manically excellent drummer. The Tasmans sung of peace, love and understanding but only during 'Rainbow' did they crackle, where the group evoked the spirit of the Velvet rather than the Vagabonds.

Susan Camden

Putty in Her Hands, Dead Famous People

Gluepot, May 29

The two BiFM nights at the Gluepot seem to have been a success all round. Not much else to

do with a wet weekend, and the respective lineups looked promising. On the Friday night were two mainly-women bands, Putty in Her Hands from Wellington and Dead Famous People local.

The first act, Putty, was definitely the better. They had a musical versatility and energy that soon had the audience tapping or jiving along. The saxophone, bongo drums, percussion instruments, along with guitars, drums and three gloriously melodic female voices, combined in a rich stew of music. I liked them; their spontaneous presentation and enthusiasm was refreshing in a musicville so often stifled by pretension. Apparently they have just released an EP — I'd catch it if I could.

In contrast Dead Famous People were dead boring people. Not only did the tempo drop but so did the dancers. DFP suffer from a syndrome called uptightness; if they relaxed and began to exploit the full range of their instruments and vocals, the results would be more interesting. Just not enough variety of style, and I found the lead vocalist's voice monotonous. Which is a pity because I think they have potential. (I think someone said that about U2.)

Maybe some of the audience appreciated the more mellow tunes of DFP after the frenetic Wellingtonians, but I didn't. (Though the mixing was better than for the Puttys.) Dead Famous People also have an EP out soon, on Flying Nun. Test the waters if you are not inclined towards my beliefs (which is probably a good thing).

Christine Rogers

Knightshade, Stonehenge

Galaxy, May 14

Very few hard rock or metal bands ever make it to our part of the hemisphere so this gig was a welcome chance to check out two of the best locals in that line. Knightshade were first to hit the stage and they ripped straight into their set of well-arranged original songs. Frontman Wayne Elliot got the crowd going with his strong vocals, complimented by Rik Bernard's fine guitar. The whole band played impressively live and the 'Out for the Count' material went down a treat. We even got a guest appearance from TV's Gael Ludlow on backing vocals, who added a real nice touch to the title track and a great new song 'Why Am I Losing Your Love', which also included a neat solo from grinning bassist Jon Bell. Watch out for Knightshade's second EP to be released by Festival soon.

After a lengthy wait while equipment and huge skulls were set up, the Stonehenge intro began. Then it was all full on, as they blasted the 'bangers with a relentless audio attack amidst dazzling explosions and enough dry ice to smother an Eskimo. Their recent visit to Australia went well, and they have returned with vocalist Kevin Farley, who had loud crowd response to his high-pitched screams and especially the chorus of 'Seek and Destiny'. Phil, Carl, Anton and Ashley steamrolled on through 'Wings of Steel' and several other Stonehenge songs, with a couple of covers thrown in for good measure.

Overall, an entertaining evening and some of it is to be screened

sometime on a *Radio With Pictures* special.
Geoff Dunn

The Holidaymakers

Oaks, Wellington, May 14

Derived from the Rodents, Hulamen and Tombolas, the Holidaymakers play a glad bag of music for the beat elite — a blend of funk and soul, self-penned and old favourites, Womack's 'Imagination' to Tosh's 'Don't Look Back.' Even the seminal Hulamen get revamped with gutsy accolades: 'Barking Up the Wrong Tree,' 'Beer and Skittles' and, oh yes, we can 'Do the Tombola,' and there ain't nobody better to do it with.

Wellington usually doesn't produce warm bands — you know the old story, the climate, the politics — everything's got to have meaning, be politically *sound*. Well the sound is here tonight folks. Peter Marshall's got a voice that this town has missed for some years, Stephen Jessup's fingers twist'n'fret and Andrew Clouston is playing with style and ease.

There's new faces and names I can't repeat, the vocals are really strong, just about everybody's having a say and the keyboards just slip and slide beneath a face that grins and smiles. This band breathes soul and the crowd just lap it up. Albert the bassman is solid funk — where has he been all these years? And the band is joined on stage by the soul sisters who breath warm honey.

'Tony's Got New Shoes' and 'I Wanna Be a DJ' ignite the night with a sense of timing and a sense of humour which all too often this city lacks. John McDougal holds centre stage on an area fit for

three but managing on this night to hold up to nine; he's obviously having a good time and so he should — everybody else is!
Tim Byrne

The Wreckery

Gluepot, May 15 & 16

From the seedy side of Melbourne to the questionably more salubrious environs of Auckland's Gluepot came Aussie guitar-slingers the Wreckery. Their intoxicated noise, dredged up from some murky crossroads between the marsh and the city cesspit, held the Auckland crowd captive in a nightmarish spell.

With their roots deep in swamp-land blues tinged by Australian influences, the twin shrieking guitars and squealing sax emitted a distorted rock and roll melee that hinted at the Gun Club and the Birthday Party. Singer-guitarist Hugo Race had a stint with the Bad Seeds, along with fellow guitarist Ed Clayton-Jones a while back; an experience that has left a mark on their music.

The fivesome had a repertoire of up-pace songs with a discordant driving dancebeat and slower, moody numbers that made great use of Charles Todd's alto and baritone sax. Bassist Nick Barker was nearly as energetic as the front crowd, boogieing and swaying round the stage, but somehow continuing his funky fingerwork.

Some of the songs went on a bit and the slower ones sunk too far into the mire to turgidity, especially on the Friday night, but on the whole their dark and dense brand of psychobilly was a welcome change.

Sue Camden

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