Cricketers, July 31

This band is great, beautifully crafted pop songs which bounce off the walls of this pub and put fizz into your drink. The crowd responded to them and so they should, there was never a dull moment nor a bum note.

The evening hadn't started so well though, with the first band threatening to blow the PA with a "worst of the session. However the Bats blew away the cobwebs again with their happy charm. 'Once Again' kicked off the night of uplifting, good feeling music. 'Danny's Highway' sounds good, as does 'Neighbours.' Malcolm Grant on drums is tight and he and Paul Kean on bass share excellent communication, keeping every song together as they drive us forward.

Everybody's up and dancing with 'Claudine' and voices join with the chorus. Well worth the mention is the excellent light and slide show on the Bats' current tour: wonderful colour mixes and rapid changes that help the impetus of live performance. Songs from the new album abound: 'Mastery' should be played by the commercial stations. Scott writes superb songs and this band knows

how to play them. Kaye Woodward on guitar picks out simple yet effective lines which support the rolling nature of the music and provides perfect vocal harmony to Scott's vocals.

Sadly, the night is over too soon, but the band certainly fulfilled my ex-pectations and dispelled my fears generated by their showing on RWP recently. Yes! They did play that great song 'Made Up in Blue' and another equally brilliant new one, 'I Know I Am' (?) which will knock your socks off when the Bats hit your town. Be there!

Tim Byrne

Headless Chickens, Jean Paul Sartre Experience

Gluepot, July 24 & 25 Jean-Paul Sartre Experience and the Headless Chickens — two bands from two islands, one looking back nostalgically over the past 20 years, the other shredding up and spitting out their influences from a combined harvester-synthesiser together for a memorable weekend in Auckland recently.

For two nights they packed the Gluepot, no small achievement for two uncommercial Kiwi bands with

lower star ratings than say the Verlaines, but certainly more originality.

JPSE however score sub zero in originality when it comes to lyrics. Wistful songs about a sweet woman of love, torn hearts, shadows, trees and other mundane items that have been sung about 10 million times before. They played simple catchy tunes with a low beat and laid back feeling. In fact you could (almost) call them boring. Certainly the handful of determined fans swaying selfconsciously up the front to the plaintive crooning of singer/guitarist Jim looked as uninspired as the bandBut the Experience warmed up to-wards the end of their set with some faster tempo numbers, leaning into early rock 'n' roll. These hard-edged songs held the punters' attention and had JPSE ending on a level nearly as high as when I saw them last year in Wellington. Pity most of their set was so insipid, something the Headless Chickens could never be accused of. Serious, ponderous and depressing maybe, but never insipid.

'Winter Came Early this Year' op-CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



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