

George Thorogood & The Destroyers
Auckland Town Hall, August 17.

From the moment the young man with the white guitar took the stage the congregation (his term not mine) was up out of their seats. And by the time the first number, an incandescent 'House of Blue Lights', was over it was obvious that few, if any souls would remain unconverted tonight.

George Thorogood preached born-again blues and rock'n'roll with an energy and intensity that infused that old hall with the spirits of his acknowledged masters. Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Bo Diddley, John Lee Hooker became no longer just names from the past but renewed and vital forces in the hands of this remarkable musician and his powerhouse band.

Thorogood may seem something of a paradox: far too young to have grown up with this music in its original context yet powered by a commitment to keep it alive; abrupt and almost unwilling to discuss it in conversation yet enormously, even exhaustingly, giving on stage; constantly touring in his desire to reach the people yet he refuses to leave his tiny independent record company to take advantage of a major label's promotion and distribution facilities.

All of which, of course, demonstrates not only his pure revivalism — he plays no original material — but that his great love is performing live. It is evident in everything he and the band do: from the blistering guitar solos to the classic duck-walks; from his gritty but fun-loving vocals to the call and response of sax and guitar ... And in a packed town hall on a cold winter's night we were blessed to get so near to the fire.

Peter Thomson

Black Slate, Herbs
Auckland Town Hall, August 12

Herbs have improved out of all recognition since I last saw them at Sweetwaters. Their rhythms are choppy, more



George Thorogood, *Dunedin Town Hall*

assertive. They have a brace of fine original songs, and now an exemplary little album.

They opened confidently with Steel Pulse's 'Macka Splaff' and never looked back. Their own 'Dragons And Demons' showed Toni in great voice, and the harmonies soared into the Town Hall's cloistered heavens, suggesting more than ever that this should be a single. Herbs are on the up, and could even afford to toughen their sound a bit. However, that's bound to happen, if they follow their instincts.

Black Slate and their audience perpetrate a giant hoax, and ultimately, they're only fooling themselves. The band's recordings are pleasant but vapid, nothing offensive. On-stage, however, they insist on

wrapping it up in tired old Rasta cliches. This band has as much in common with JA roots as the bagpipes, and for Keith Drummond to pass off their watery semi-disco as 'roots, rock, reggae' is a gross misrepresentation.

Duncan Campbell

Androids
Green Eggs & Ham
Rumba Bar, August 8.

Price \$2.50. Bloody good value!

Green Eggs and Ham gave their first public performance with an introductory set — zany music with raw edges.

Nick Hansen, funny man supremo, leads the band with wierd, wobbling vocals. Timing and harmony are sac-

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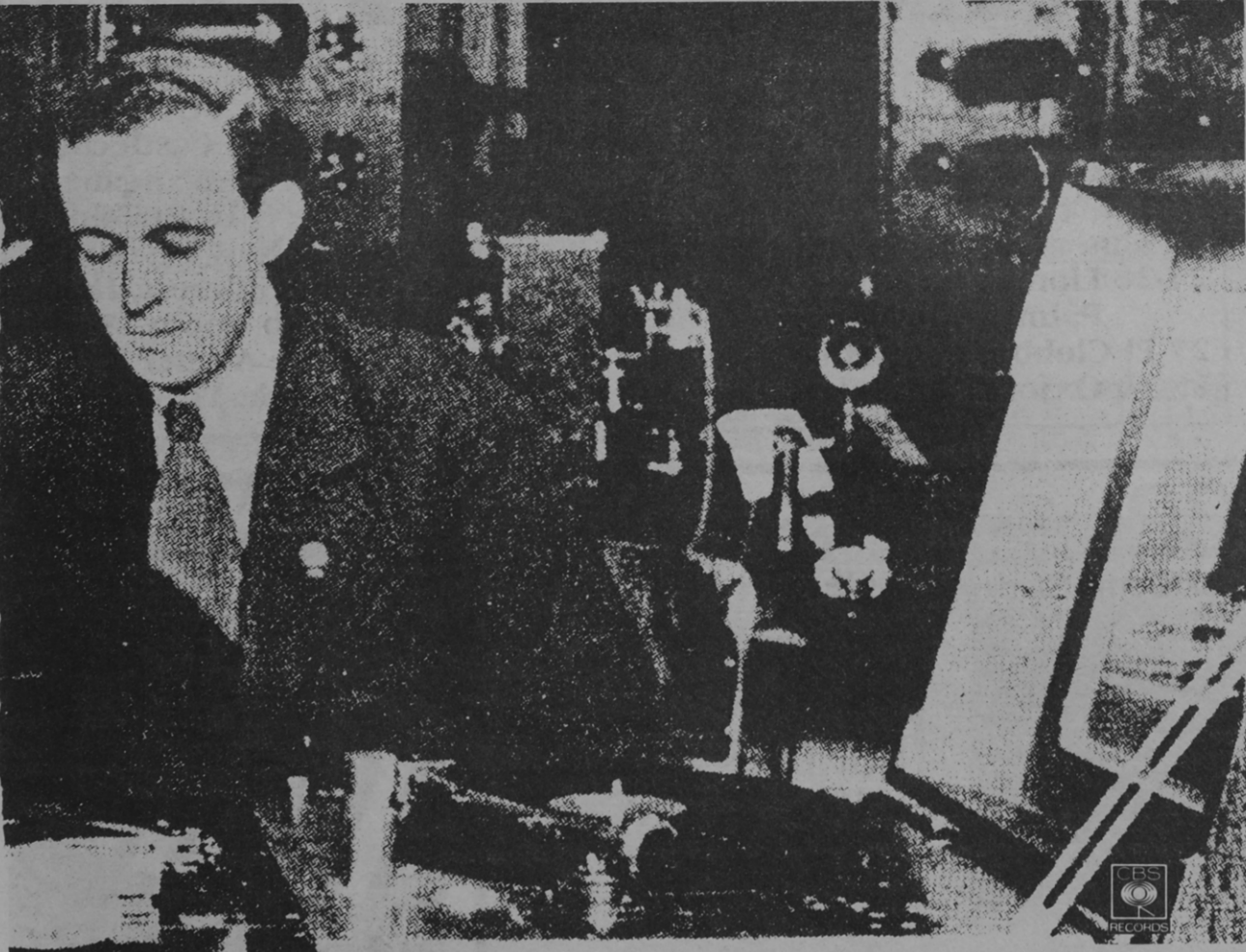
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