CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2 fattened out since they've been working with Paul Crowther, and they were brimming with confidence. Their extended dub of Taking The Weight Off left everyone quite zonked. Jules even managed to get away with wearing one of the vilest pairs of trousers at the festival. Sadly, it was Stefan's penultimate gig. Let's hope the Glides can find a drummer even half as skilled.

drummer even half as skilled.
Pink Flamingos had spent a
week rehearsing for this appear-

ance, and it was just as well. Sheer professionalism carried them through, with the piano inaudible for half the set, the bass amp packing up, and the vocal mikes feeding back. Things came right for 'Dying In Public' and 'Lonesome Road Star', they encored with 'Virginia', and left with all things just about equal

with all things just about equal.

Mental As Anything are a
lovely buncha yobs, who made
people smile and laugh with
some grade-A chunderama.

Grinning, greasy rockabilly with

RADIO HAURAKI

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Wellington.

flashes of those great second-rate surfie bands. Greedy Smith, rock's own Norman Gunston, was adored by one and all. They made people forget their discomfort, and everyone wanted them back.

How a hand as orthodox as

How a band as orthodox as Cold Chisel can be so successful is beyond me. I suppose if all else fails, hard old-fashioned boogie is sure to work. The people's choice, as they were last year.

Blam Blam Blam deserved

Blam Blam Blam deserved better. Their set was cut short because Chisel went on too long, and the guitar never quite worked properly. Still, they managed half a dozen songs, and Don's vocals on 'Marsha' were just beautiful. Angry, funny, radical, challenging music. The essential bare essentials.

The Knobz had the same problems as the Blams, too little time to work with, and no time to check that their gear was working properly. They sounded too close to Flight X7 for comfort, but they say they'll do better as they tour the country. They promise big things at Mainstreet, so let's give them another shot. Duncan Campbell

SUNDAY

What better way to start the day than with a manic Daggy and the Dickheads doing the Clash's 'Police On My Back' for a wasted crowd. Taihape's Daggy threw himself about the stage like a man possessed, while the band gave it raw, and unmutilated.

Rank and File tried hard, but missed the mark. The sound was tinny, and failed to project. Wrong time and place for the band.

New Entrants saved their last gig for Sweetwaters. Tony Johns announced it midway through. The band opened with guitarist Smith-Pilling on vocals for 'Violent Night'. Tony Johns has improved on sax, but as their set progressed his disillusionment showed. Adequate but not gripping.

ping.

A blues man through and through, the sweating, dust eating crowd reacted warmly to Brian Glamuzina, and his bluesy patter. The new bass guitarist fits the Willie Dayson Band as neatly as a kid glove. Hot and pushing









Dave Dobbyn, Syd Newmatic, Hattie, Graham Brazier.

the band moved through stompers such as 'Ashes In My Ashtray' and 'John's Diner Blues', with beautiful slide work from Willie.

As a threesome, Rated X produce a full, tight sound, and they don't play up to nobody. You get what you get, and it's good, straight and lean.

AnnLouise Martin

Comments from ex Daddy Cool man Ross Wilson bordered on condescending, but four or five songs in with 'Chemistry', from the album of the same name, Mondo Rock walked all over the crowd, with sheer professionalism, and rock ability. 'Eagle Rock' had the keyboard player out front for some choreographed guitar swinging in the old style, and the band concluded with a crowd pleasing sing-a-long ooohh, aahhh, ooohh, chant.

with a crowd pleasing sing-a-long ooohh, aahhh, ooohh, chant.

Ultravox finally appeared, against a starkly shaped stage set. They said little and moved quickly into synthetic, and grandiose orchestrals, with more effects than met the eye. Midge Ure performed 'Your Name Has Slipped My Mind Again' seated on a stool under a solo low-slung bulb. 'Vienna' was almost immaculate, about as close as you could get to the recorded version. For the finale Ure joined Chris Cross for a syn drum session, and those who stuck it out were treated to Ure's guitar work. Billy Currie's stings on violin occasionally lifted and soared above a subdued crowd, but it was not festival fare.

DD Smash have had better nights. Everyone was tired, including the audience, still, DD carried it off with enough panache to please the fans. The set picked up with the familiar favourites 'Bull By the Horns', 'Solo' and 'Repetition', plus the new 'White Water', yet another goodie from Mr Dobbyn. He busted arse to keep it together, and the band was rewarded with top marks from those in the dust. AnnLouise Martin

MONDAY

Ladies and gentlemen, Otis Mace and Rex Reason, in their latest incarnation, Zombies of the Stratosphere, with Phil Lambert (ex-Rebel Truce) drumming, and an unknown lady on minimal clarinet and vocals. Some much-needed humour, concentrated and calculated silliness. Also a quite formidable band, Rex being especially fine on the bass.

on the bass.'

Garage Crawlers, slimmed down to a three-piece, played some muscular melodies, broke a string, told an awful Irish joke and left everyone choking in the dust. Mud would have almost been preferable.

If three thousand bands threw away their Cure albums, they'd be lost. So it is with the Corners. Doleful music ('This is a song

If three thousand bands threw away their Cure albums, they'd be lost. So it is with the Corners. Doleful music ('This is a song about insanity') that was out of place. Thrash, thump, wail, and nothing in between.

The Instigators, four rude

The Instigators, four rude boys and one rude girl, played copybook ska and reggae, taking a strong line through the Specials and the Selecter, competent, sometimes angry, but hardly stunning.

Heat, sunburn, dust, constipation. Duncan Campbell

Hattie and the Havana Hot-

shots stole the afternoon away. The lady herself appeared stunning, in orange and green flounce. The sound was smooth, the brass punchy, the guitar hot. Some idiot threw a can, striking her on the forehead but Hattie carried on without mentioning it, finishing with 'Angel Eyes' from the Hotshots' album.

Broken Dolls were in top form and opened with Typical Girls'. The funky rhythms became progressively harder and tighter, eventually going all out with Blue Movies', 'It's OK' and The

Blue Movies', It's OK' and The Chosen Few'.

The Neighbours looked spiffing. Trudi in bright pink bows, Rick in a blue suit, Sam with a pink tie, and Chris in white. Promises', Dancin', 'All My Dreams Keep Coming True' were all carried off with total effort and energy from the band. Neighbours continued to rip it with 'Lie To Me' and their single, 'Love Is Never Cruel'. For encore we got 'Harder They Come', kissing goodbye to an excellent afternoon.

AnnLouise Martin

The Mockers confidently strode through their diverse set of originals, including the superb 'Good Old Days' and the curious Trendy Lefties'. As players the band are very able, though they appeared disinterested in the event. Were they merely apprehensive as to where their singer's crusade to define Mocker cool would take him next?

The Narcs came across as a solid, tight bunch of honest-to-God rockers, but lacked that CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

