

Pink Flamingos had spent a week rehearsing for this appear-

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

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The Khobz 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

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 unmutated.

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.

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.

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

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

PHILIPPOUS MATHIN

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.'

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 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-

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 Chosen Few'.

The Neighbours looked spiffing. Trudi in bright pink bows, Rick in a blue suit, Sam with 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.

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?

Murray Cammick

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

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