



Loves Ugly Children: A Day in the Life

S ometime in the not too distant future, hard working and poverty stricken Christchurch threesome Loves Ugly Children will release their debut album, *Cakehole*, which has been described as "really good" and "fucking great" by various members of the band.

To promote the album, the band are whizzing off to Australia for a short tour, then a longer jaunt to England and Europe. For bass player Floss, this will be a chance to get re-acquainted with the joys of public transport.

"The thing that impressed me most last time was the tube," she says.

For the other members, this is the stuff dreams are made of. However, life hasn't always been driving around Paris in gold plated limousines. Sometimes life's really not very interesting. To prove this point, singer and guitarist Simon agreed to let the reporter's best buddy, Mr Dick T Phone, accompany him and the band on a typical Loves Ugly Children day. Read on, and experience a hard hitting, Ken Loachian story of life at the bottom of the musical ladder, and remember, until they start snorting mountains of nose candy through five-hundred dollar bills, Loves Ugly Children are people just like you and me.

A Long Day's Journey Into Night Begins

It's been a hard night of cheap wine drinking, but Simon's a professional, and no amount of cask wine's gonna keep him in bed later than the early afternoon.

"Saturday the nineteenth began at 12.01AM. We were playing at Uni... a fucking choice gig, it was monstrous. They closed the bar on us before we finished the gig, so we got a taxi van back home, unloaded the gear, and sat in the lounge and drank a cask of wine till 5.30 in the morning. Woke up at 12.30 completely hungover. That was when the day began, and we're feeling really seedy. Jeff our roadie's here, and the rugby's on. [LUC live next door to Lancaster park.] We can see the top of the new five million dollar stand. Canterbury are playing Waikato, which is important to Jeff, but not at all important to me."

Jeff hollers: "They've just scored!"

"We're about to load all the gear into a van. Blah, blah."

There's No Need to Apologise

As the shadows get longer on a balmy Canterbury afternoon, the air of excitement and tension can almost be cut with a blunt butter knife.

"The soundcheck's at four and we're sitting outside in the sunshine. We're talking about Grant McDonagh and reminiscing about the Gaps [old skinhead punk rocker band] and their classic song 'I Like Wanking'... 'One, two, three, four, I like wanking...' We're going to load all the stuff."

The Bathroom Scene

In this gritty true life scene, we find out just what helps get this talented singer/guitarist through another weary gig.

"I'm now in the bathroom and I'm opening the bathroom cupboard, getting out two Panadol, one multi-vitamin, one tablet of penicillin, and my Diffiam pharmacy only spray for relief of inflammation in the mouth or throat. I'm taking all this shit because I've had a throat infection for three weeks."

Post-Soundcheck, Pre-Gig Thoughts and Musings

Part One: Thoughts

"We're doing a gig tonight at the Firehouse, one of the dodgiest venues in town. The Marshall stack I was playing through just didn't seem loud enough. I had both knobs on 10, so maybe I need one with 11, like in Spinal Tap. Floss' big muff pedal is turning out to be a really good buy. We're back at Ugly Central and making tea. I'm cooking potatoes. Today has been totally underwhelming in the excitement department. We are crashed on the couch watching *Gladiators* and I'm in love with Jet. She was beautiful. Watching her was probably the highlight of my day. The potatoes are bubbling and this is about as exciting as it gets in punk rock Ugly Land."

Part Two: Musings in the Bath

In this steamy scene, Simon appears totally naked!

Early Musings

"It's 7.30. I'm in the bath looking down at my naked body and thinking about music. Will we rock or won't we? But I don't like to use the term rock, preferring vibrate. Will we vibrate tonight, or won't we? I've got this omen that we will suck instead of like last night when we totally rocked (vibrated?). I wish Mr Dick T Phone was there last evening."

Middling Musings

"I'm quite looking forward to seeing Human play tonight, catching some more of their hardcore, glam rock, glam disco, death metal. Oh, and Tempest are playing, and I'm not going to say anything because that would be really rude."

Final Musings

"If we're going to be crap tonight, then I hope we're going to be totally crap. If it's going to be a bad gig, then I think everything should go wrong, and we should be completely out of tune, and one of us should have an accident. I think a gig should be either total crap or brilliance. Mediocrity isn't on the agenda."

"I feel like Agent Cooper talking to Mr Dick T Phone. I had a dream that I crashed the car, but there were no little dwarfs speaking backwards."

Don't Forget to Mention the Single!

"'Personal World' is a pop song. That's why it became a single. When we say that it's pop — three chords, simple, easy and commercial — the thought of that doesn't really make me feel good. Hearing a band play a pop song you really like doesn't make you feel bad."

Pop Singer Knows Nothing About Music!

In this heart rending scene, Simon tells about how some harpy had a go at him whilst he was trying to have a quiet drink.

"About two months ago, I was at this crusty bar called Joe Bolidos, which had a real 1980s feel about it, and the place was full of derelicts and early morning drinkers. This woman came up to me who I hadn't met before and said: 'You think you know everything about music. You're fucking up yourself.' And I was like: 'I don't know you, fuck off.' But she was totally wrong. I don't think I know anything about

music. I can barely play the guitar and sing. I don't think I know anything about music. I'd just like to say a big fuck you to that person."

Gotta Look Good For the Public

In which the fashion tips of the poor and semi-famous are exposed.

"I'm in the bathroom spiking my hair with Fudge and Hairgum. Floss is getting ready and looking really spunky in a tight green T-shirt, black jeans and boots, and chain and padlock necklace. I like her hair now she's dyed it black; it makes her look meaner."

Driving to the Gig

In which the band see a man walking down the street possibly carrying an axe, and see a brawl caused by evil bogans who were hassling the music loving teenagers of Christchurch.

"We're driving to the gig. We just saw a guy walking down the street with an axe. I wonder if we'll see it on the news tomorrow."

"Fuck, was there a guy walking down the street with an axe? I didn't even see that," Floss interjects amazedly.

"Yeah, just back where the old folks home is. Out to kill some elderly people maybe," replies Jeff the crusty roadie.

(Note: Earlier in the evening there was an axe murder in a separate part of town. However, by the time LUC spotted their axeman, the culprit had been caught.)

"Nearly there, at the scuzzy old Firehouse. Wonder if the kids have turned out. Yep, there's a pile of them on the street, a pile of them trying to get in. We're nearly running some of them over trying to get in. *Beep, beep*. Fucking hell, there's a fight, there's blood, the kids are brawling, the carpark's full of people running everywhere. I smell trouble with a capital T."

Post Gig Blues

For the first time, Jason the drummer gets to have his say.

"Here we are at the end of the gig. There's still about 200 kids in the room. I'm a sweat-pig and I had a bad time, but we got through it. All these young people have got boundless energy, all like 14, 15, 16, pierced up to the max, smoking and out of it... it's truly a great thing for the future."

A Genuine Post-Gig Conversation

If someone ever makes a gritty real life drama about musos in the same style as the multiple award winning *Hill Street Blues*, then this is the sort of honest, award winning dialogue you may hear.

Simon: "We're getting out of here real soon. Drink some wine and start whining."

Jason: After about the eighth song with a strobe light on, I thought I was going to have an epileptic fit."

Floss: "Fuck yeah, so did I."

Simon: "I met the guys doing the lights today, and they said they'd just started out."

Escape From the Firehouse

In which our brave and attractive heroes and heroine try to leave the Firehouse but discover all the taxis are chocka blocka carting rugby-heads around town. Simon inquires of Jeff (the crusty roadie) who was playing.

"Canterbury and Waikato."

Simon: "Who won?"

"Canterbury, very convincingly."

Back to the story.

"There's fucking thousands of bogans on the street, drunken rugby fans and depressed Waikato fans. All the taxi vans were booked, so we've loaded up the car with all the important stuff and left all the drums behind and the stacks. The excitement promised by the teenage tearaways, rebels, malcontents, misfits and general anarchists and delinquents of Christchurch wasn't realised. Maybe some of them had curfew. The gig kind of rocked, but Jason admitted the drums dragged because of his stomach bug, which he caught off me. I hope his body can dump it before we hit Australia, because we do not want to be sick puppies."

Home, Sweet Home

LUC's day has actually ended. It's Sunday by now. Everything that follows is an extra treat.

"Here we are in the sprawling suburban metropolis of Linwood. This is the Super Rock Headquarters. It's late, we're tired, we're gonna drink some wine."

Early, Brutal Post-Gig Analysis

"On a suck level of one to 10, we sucked the big nine. We sucked and we were proud of it. You should always use your own mixer."

Later, Wine Mellowed Analysis

We're watching the video and it's not actually sounding too bad.

Floss is saying: "With all the negative stuff going into the tape, it's going to be a great write-up."

"Shouldn't really complain. [When] we are rocking and the kids are into it, maybe it's a good gig after all, and just a bad lightshow."

Loud unidentifiable "naaaaaah" is heard in the background.

The Delights of Infomercials

The good citizens of Christchurch slumber soundly, dreaming of what to wear to church, whilst the lounge of Ugly Central sits captivated by the delights of the Flowbee vacuum hair cutter.

"With a name like Flowbee, your product couldn't really lose."

"Where does the hair go when it gets full?"

"The before and after shot's great. In the before one, he's got loads of zits and he's really unhappy. In the after one, he's got a new shirt and he's laughing. Nice one."

"There's a Flowbee for pets. That could be really handy. I wonder if a vacuum cleaner with razor blades would have the same effect."

"That's a totally rude demonstration haircut. I don't believe the Flowbee's doing that," etc., etc.

Some Final Wise Words

After the excess of the previous 24 hours, it's comforting to see the voice of reason rearing its wise and sage old head. As Simon had the first word and most of the words in between, it seems only fair he should also have the last word.

"It's the next day, and we're hungover again, and we've gotta get the gear, and we're seriously considering sobriety for the Australian trip."

KEVIN LIST