

rude. 'Easy' sounds OK with keyboards though, and so does the other song — you know, the new single where Mike's got his sleeves rolled up and he's got some really cool moves... Lights are amazing, maybe if I sit down I'll feel better. Maybe if I just close my eyes for a second... Fuck, what's happening... Oh cool, there's an encore. If I stand next to the speaker I should be OK. Smart move — I may be deaf, but I got to see the end of the show and it was pretty cool, apart from the crappy echo and cold. Best of all, with all the dry ice and tiered seating, the venue reminds me of a Kiss album cover, and that's a very special memory to take away.

KEVIN LIST

MARGARET URLICH, WAYNE GILLESPIE
The Pelican Club, Sydney, Australia, August 2.

With an elasticity and moves that Barrymore on speed would find difficult to match, Margaret Urlich wooed a large and lively audience at the opening of the Pelican Club. Urlich was supported by an act of equal, but different, talent. Wayne Gillespie, one of New Zealand's less appreciated songsters, and his band Passionfish presented 10 well executed songs, predominantly from his album *Living in Exile*. Gillespie performs with an intensity and heart rarely seen. If you are looking for an artist who's unimpressed with commercialism or pretence, then Gillespie's your man. The pick of his 10 self-penned numbers were 'Love Comes Down', 'Whirling River' and the haunting 'Camille's Claudel',

After the crowd had been suitably warmed up by Gillespie's show, Urlich, resplendent in tailored satin jeans, strutted, or rather serpentined, her stuff. She opened with 'Deepest Blue', and continued with over a dozen numbers, including 'Escaping' and 'Only My Heart Calling'. To say that her band were tight would be the understatement of the decade. This six-piece (including backing vocals) would be hard to match, and one can only hope Urlich tours New Zealand with them. The pick of the selection would have to be 'Boy in the Moon', not only for Urlich's performance, but also the superb soprano sax solo from Dave Glide.

After the encore, Urlich mellowed down to mesmerise the crowd with a silky version of Billy Holiday's 'God Bless This Child'. The only accompaniment to this track was the keyboards, which provided a great opportunity to observe this lady's sheer and unladdered talent.

PETER CALLINICOS

GHOULS NIGHT OUT: SLAMBODIA, THE HATEBREEDERS, BAD FORM Squid Bar, Auckland, August 4.

Having missed the Hatebreeders previous performance at Bob, and having regretted it ever since (Glen Danzig etc. turned it on in a surprise appearance when they turned up in the crowd and were invited on stage by the audacious Hatebreeders frontman), I decided I wasn't going to miss the *Ghouls Night Out*. So, come midnight, I donned the appropriate black makeup and gruelling attire, hoping desperately I wouldn't be the only one dressed up. After paying my surprising three dollars for three bands (three dollars in theme dress, five dollars not in theme dress), I dragged myself upstairs, past bouncers and door staff wearing the familiar Misfits skulls on their chests, and into the fray.

The first band, Bad Form, were an Iggy and the Stooges covers outfit, and well worth one dollar of my money. Having warmed the crowd, but just enough to leave them wanting more (only playing six songs), they left the stage and the room began to buzz expectantly.

The Hatebreeders didn't so much walk on stage as angrily take control of it, with no mercy whatsoever. The first song was the first burn, and I could feel the depth of the music raking me from the time it took the corwd to get into it, which was about the second verse in. The frontman appeared from backstage with an anti-religion tattoo blazing on his on his chest, and a huge gash drip-

ping blood down half his bare torso. He looked like a cross between Christ and the Crow, and the way he susserated the crowd was unreal. The drummer, clad in a full tuxedo and a painted face, exuded a cool debonaire air, and possibly would have looked more at home at the neck of a young victim. The bassist wore a mask of nails, and played so hard that his hand was bleeding by the end. The guitarist looked suspiciously like Spencer from the Warners, but had on a gold sleeveless vest with a huge collar, and a white face with ski goggles, so I never was sure, and neither was anyone else.

The males in the crowd made up the bulk of the mosh pit, and a few even took the dive, which I haven't seen done before at this venue. The females, however, preferred to watch from the standing crowd, with more than one mouth open as this energetic frontman grinded his half naked body back and forth, whilst pollshing off an entire bottle of red wine during their 25 minute set. It seemed much quicker. They left the crowd hungry for more. Rumour has it they will play Bob sometime in September. The Hatebreeders were worth twice the doorcharge on their own, and to team them with Bad Form and Slambodia was a 'ripping' idea.

Slambodia played up to their usual popularity, with an unfortunate amount of punters leaving before they came on. It was still a hard edged gig, however, with bassist and drummer galloping through the rhythm, while the guitarist and vocalist tore the lead up. It was well worth the five dollars it would have cost most of the crowd (there were a few in theme, and Alice Cooper was there too!), and a theme I would certainly recommend being repeated. I will return with an even better costume next time!

C WORLEY

BLACK SABBATH TRIBUTE NIGHT

The Arena, Christchurch, August 12.

No need for an Ozzy record on the turntable tonight. Members of the Christchurch Musicians Co-op' performed the music. Twenty or so local musicians agreed five weeks beforehand to form four bands and pay tribute to the timeless rock of Black Sabbath. The intention was to practise up Sabbath covers and play this music to the people. This, they did, and fun was had by all.

Band number 1 (bands being named Band 1, Band 2... etc.) kicked the pub into action around 9.33. Songs including 'Into the Void' and 'Ironman' were punched out, providing a ragey start to the evening. In excellent form, this band succeeded in blowing some PA equipment. Luckily, it wasn't too serious, and the night continued...

A lead vocal duet was the highlight of Band Number 2's set. Dion, from the now defunct Gunja-din, and Dave Gideon prowled around the stage looking for the correct lyric sheets, as the band launched into 'NIB'. It sounded good, with both performers singing strongly and providing the laughs as well. The vocalists were backed by musicians from Snort and Blastoff.

Just when I thought I'd seen it all, Steve Sly, of EST fame, picks up lead vocals in Band Number 3. Also included in this band were members of Paddy's Wagon and Stonecage, who created a tight instrument section. Steve's voice sounded the most like Ozzy this evening. That is, only within certain octave ranges. A growl or two to cover where the high notes go and 'she'll be right'.

Band Number 4 were essentially Mindscream, with vocalist John from Stonecage. This band sounded polished, with the use of two guitars filling in the sound more so than the previous bands. These guys were using good stage gear and were practised. Again, the vocal dynamics were not quite there, but hey, no one can do Ozzy like Ozzy can. 'Wizare' went right off, as did the version of 'Heaven and Hell',

All in all, this was one loose evening — in more ways than one. Whatever was missing in technical accuracy was definitely made up for in delivery style. The night was successful and a lot of fun. Rumour has it there is to be a Gene Simmons tribute night in the near future. Break out the platforms, people!

ROBERT SMALL



MON - WED 9am - 5.30pm THURS - FRI 9am - 8pm

SAT ALL DAY 9AM - 5PM

