

THE STABS IN NZ – MONO

Buffytufnel - Apr 13 04 at 1:36 pm

Well, the stabs have been in Auckland for 48 hours and in this time have drunk 8 litres of duty-free spirits, have punched on with Tour Manager (Michael) and last night Brenden and Mark were arrested for drunk in public and trespass (climbing scaffolding to get on a high-rise crane) and the hopeless cunts missed their court appearance this morning so now there are warrants out for them.

All this and we haven't even played a fucking gig yet (thursday with Bloody Souls, if those cunts can stay out of gaol).

ps does anyone know where i can score some weed in Auckland?

Livingincanada - Apr 13 04 at 1:49 pm

HAHAHAHAAA!!!!

please don't go bungy jumping. Melby needs you back mkay?

Benthebutcher - Apr 13 04 at 1:53 pm

The Stabs are the greatest band of our time

Trojan - Apr 13 04 at 2:10 pm

hahahaha, i love you guys so much.

you'd better damn well vid some of yr tomfoolery in NZ.

Mrbastard - Apr 13 04 at 7:53 pm

on the upside Matt and Micheal were molested by a woman who then bought them couple of beers - her husband was extremely pissed

mike - tounge kiss

matt - cock rub

tokyo69 - Apr 13 04 at 7:56 pm

haha!

tell us more stories.

and try not to kill yoselves.

Trojan- -Apr 14 04 at 1:39 am

yes,, day by day happenings of the stabs in NZ sounds great

tokyo69 -Apr 14 04 at 10:02 am

bump

stoned_dick - -Apr 14 04 at 10:35 am

until hearing direct reports from the embedded tour reporter...(revelincunts,etc.) i'm not sure what to believe.

Competition: Which Stabs member can score the most free beer off New Zealand wives in the next 4 weeks?? (Players disqualified when killed by maori hubbies)

MORE INFO PLEASE!!

Poindextor – Apr 14 at 10:37 am

this is hilarious. if it took them only 48 hours to get arrest, what other antics will happen over the next month?

stoned_dick - Apr 14 04 at 10:41 am

...my money's on an "international incident"

Poindextor - Apr 14 04 at 10:42 am

i refuse to see any of their shows when they come home unless they get banned from going to NZ again.

stoned_dick - Apr 14 04 at 10:45 am

...just remember, Stabs, even if you're bound for Guantanamo wearing Downer's chains...take solace in the fact that Bloke's World is waiting for you on VHS whenever you get back.

[btw, matt, i noticed Charli from HighFive knocking on a shopfront door in Thornbury....pity there was no-one home - i bet they don't have a NewZealand HighFive...]

TheBeefBaron - Apr 14 04 at 3:10 pm

What Buffy said is completely untrue - it took us only 24 hours to get arrested.

Trojan - Apr 14 04 at 3:13 pm

hahaha

benthebutcher - Apr 14 04 at 3:14 pm

fine work indeed

Poindextor - Apr 14 04 at 8:25 pm

bump

FrankieTeardrop - Apr 14 04 at 8:32 pm

Hooray fuck!

Just try not to get yourselves killed on those crazy NZ mountain passes, Stabs. We need you back here in Melbourne. And stay away from the Speights brewery in Dunedin!

Mrbastard - Apr 14 04 at 9:52 pm

hell-o this is brendan

Mark and i went to court today -

FrankieTeardrop - Apr 16 04 at 3:51 pm

...err, read the text, tokyo. It's a review that ran in Beat or In-press or somesuch jizzrag recently.

tokyo69 - Apr 16 04 at 3:52 pm

dude all i can see is about the rob roy gig

anonymous - Apr 16 04 at 3:53 pm

thats all your supposed to see, the nz one isn't done, thats the previous one..

FrankieTeardrop - Apr 16 04 at 3:55 pm

Yeah, what anon said!

tokyo69 - Apr 16 04 at 4:04 pm

:(i wanna see the lester bangs like review

TheBeefBaron - Apr 17 04 at 11:01 am

So we don't have to stay here longer working in a chain gang, turns out we can do it back home. We also have to get alcohol counselling and send our parents an expensive bunch of flowers.

Buffytufnel - Apr 17 04 at 11:07 am

Okay, sorry its taken me so long to post another installment, I found out how to score weed in Auckland. More info on the stabs arrest? Brenden is lucky not to have copped resist arrest as well, because on two occasions he tried to fight off the pigs and dart for it, but was way too pissed. In court, Mark was falling asleep. At the diversion session, Brenden says "Believe me, I want to have counselling for my alcoholism when I get back to Australia". They have been told to consider how their mother's would have felt if they'd fallen 60 metres from an industrial crane in a foreign country and died! (I dont know about their mothers, but I've considered it) (basically more beer and drugs for me).

Our first gig in Auckland: The Stabs hated each other this night, and me and brenden could be seen squaring up to each other at the back of the pub before we started yelling the usual shit, no one stormed off though. Michael was the only one heckling (these kiwis are way too polite) and even though we deserved it, no-one came up on the stage to bash us up. Don't get me wrong, this was a nice change, but not what we're used to. Sold a stack of badges. Even though we hated it, the kiwis were encouraging in their reception. Shaking hands for an hour afterwards with smiley kiwis (everyone here has good teeth for some reason) instead of bitch-slapping each other out in the street.

The Supports:

#1 Cat!Cat!Cat! - two gtrs, bass and drums (one of the guitarists used to play in Penny Dreadfull with Toni, bass guitarist from On and tour organiser par excellence). Some jerky

angular songs, and some soundscapy noisy ones. I liked the latter particularly, some nice changes too. Boy/girl vocals and in Bruce, their drummer, a true champion!
#2 Bloody Souls - missed their Melbourne shows last month, so was happy to see them here. Pretty tight stuff, much weirder than the typical rock sounds we're used to, coming more from Buttholes/Fugazi than the currently trendy ACDC/Stones type of punkenaction. A sweet surprise was the inclusion of a Hasslehoff Experiment number as the last song. Nice one. Tonight we play with Rival State, and there are posters up for us around town (if you've never down on os tour before, like me, I have to mention that its pretty cool to drive overnight into a town you've never been, seen, or imagined and see a poster up for your band!) Speaking of overnight drives, Mike has bought this cool orange and blue hand-painted '83 Bedford with a mattress in the back to seat our entourage (seven of us), the windows dont open (going dutch the whole way) and last night the starter motor blew up (where are you stoned_dick) so we slept on the road (as in literally, the road - because you8 can do that over here).
AND FINALLY: A 6-pack of VB here costs \$7. Suckers!

Livingincanada - Apr 17 04 at 12:14 pm

whoah!!! youse crazy stabs. i misshoooo already! but these shenanigans maketh a great read. oh yes they do. well done. fanks for keeping us in da loop of crazyiness you beautiful boyz.

Trojan - Apr 17 04 at 12:43 pm

this is dvd material.
hahaha
and matt, that front room is gettin used quite nicely ;p.
just keep drinkin guys. hopefully youll cop more abuse tonight

FrankieTeardrop - Apr 18 04 at 11:54 am

Oh god, this sounds like the best tour ever! Yes, you can get away with a lot of shenanigans in NZ. They're all crazy sheep-fuckers over there who worship at the temple of depravity. Also, they love any band that bothers to grace them with a visit from overseas. Instead of sleeping on the road, you should just ask around if anybody can put you up at their house after the gig. New Zealanders are so friendly you" get heaps of offers, I bet. If all else fails, stay in a caravan park!!! It's really cheap and totally cool. They have these collections of awesome 1950s decrepit caravans over there which they just park on a paddock (or a disused footie oval, if you're in Invercargill), slap up a toiletblock and kitchen and hey presto! You can piss on all night and cook your cans of baked beans 'n'stuff....and you don't have to unload your van, because you can just park it next to your camper. Cool!

Buffytufnel -Apr 18 04 at 2:26 pm

Last night we played The Basement in New Plymouth, and at last we pulled off a fantastic show, one of the best ever. The support band, Rival State, were all about 17 and had smuggled in their own Vodka Mudshakes. Their stuff reflected their influences, a heap of nu-metal and plenty of covers, double kick drumming and marshall stacks (lots of jump da fuck up etc), but they let us use their backline, and so Mark had a bass bin with 8x10" cones, and Brendan got to use a Valvestate head with 8x12" speakers. Needless to say, this was pretty loud. Rival State also brought their own crowd down, most of whom were underage babes (they call 'em "carnies" over here) which I dont object to in the slightest. Obviously, the stabs were wondering how this crowd of nubile nu-metallers would take our obnoxious racket, but to our surprise we went down a storm! We signed autographs after the show, even. Then, it all went awry and we ended up fighting (again).
Staying at our new friend Brian's place, under the shadow of volcanic Mt Tarinaki (snow-capped coastal monolith) where luminaries such as Dead Moon have stayed in the past. Man,

you oughta see Brian's record collection - it beggars description! New Plymouth is kinda like Geelong (but better) (those carnies ...) and even though its a bit off the map for rockers, anyone who comes here ought to check it out (especially around 5pm when all the carnies hang out down the mall wearing fuck all clothes) (which, again, I dont mind at all). Next gig is thursday at Napier on the East Coast, we're gonna take in some camping action until.

Found an even better beer deal - 12 cans for \$10! Oh, and stoned_dick, Hi-5 is most definitely on air here in NZ, but the bulge in my pants is unrelated to it.

TheBeefBaron-Apr 18 04 at 3:30 pm

Matt forgot to say that last night we ran over Kingsley in our van. I swear we're not making this stuff up.

TheBeefBaron- - Apr 18 04 at 8:48 pm

The guy we're staying with is so cool he uses records for seats! he has so many records i'm embarrassed to be in the same room as them and he piles the up and sits on them!

TheBeefBaron- -Apr 18 04 at 8:50 pm

oh yeath - check out www.weatherrecords.org for some photos to prove we're really here

houseofwolf - Apr 19 04 at 4:11 am

Pics from the first NZ gig @ Edens Bar (Las Vegas Strip Club) are up now! Check out <http://thestabs.weatherrecords.org/Auckland>
Check out the tour bus as well! <http://thestabs.weatherrecords.org/images/orangebedford.jpg>

More to come.....

Buffytufnel - Apr 19 04 at 10:34 am

Our tour van is going again ...

Benthebutcher - Apr 19 04 at 10:52 am

Wicked

FrankieTeardrop - Apr 19 04 at 7:19 pm

Cool photos! That buffster is one sexy man! Bet he had to fight off the carnies with a stick.

tokyo69 - Apr 19 04 at 7:22 pm

best. tour. eva.

Revelincuntslim - Apr 19 04 at 10:44 pm

buffy is currently in love with the carnie barmaid at the basement so he is getting heaps of carnie action

buffytufnel - Apr 19 04 at 10:49 pm

except she's not a carnie, but i still love her

Trojan - Apr 25 04 at 5:20 pm

well! we need an update

FrankieTeardrop - Apr 25 04 at 6:36 pm

We're waiiiiiiiiiiting!!!!!!

stoned_dick - Apr 26 04 at 11:34 am

???

buffytufnel - Apr 26 04 at 3:00 pm

okay, there's always so much drama going on I can never get to a computer (by the way, Palmerston North = \$1.40/hour, Wellington = \$6/hour), but here goes.

We drove into Napier to meet the band we're playing with (and borrowing gear from) and it turns out they broke up and handballed the gig to Dead Heroes Collective, we get a phone number and go out to find their warehouse in the industrial zone to meet them. We knock on the wrong warehouse and a guy comes out in leathers and says he doesn't know where the Dead Heroes live, but we're all welcome to stay with him. What a nice guy, we all think as he flashes us the devil's horns and wishes us "Satan", like he doesn't know who we are from a bar of soap. Eventually we find the Dead Heroes Collective a few doors down, and these guys are great - sharing a warehouse and jamming etc. Very down-to-earth fellows, and aficionados of the choof. He says the other guy we met, Moulie (pronounced like the utensil used for chopping mull) runs an underground bogan bar. Sure enough, it a dark dungeon with a fully equipped bar (this is all inside an innocuous warehouse) with a band stage, stripper pole, pool table, and satanic alter (these guys really, and i mean really. love their metal). Over here, the metal scene (which is related to cars and fighting as well) is called "bogan" and these guys are all proud BOGANS (there's signs up saying "support your local bogans" and its a real underground culture) (complete with satanic artwork). Where are all the underground bars in Australia? (Moulie turns out to be a tops guy, he is affected by a train crash accident, but is a tough cookie with a heart of gold) (he gets up later in the night to introduce the stabs with some poetry)(and more goat's horns).

Napier Gig: The Dead Heroes Collective have a pretty loyal crowd, and they play a passionate style of punkin shanty grunge rock, it goes over well with the locals. Some pretty memorable hooks as well. The Stabs rock out like champions, and everyone goes off! This gig was heaps better than reasonable, Brenden wanders off the stage to scream at some poor bloke in the audience who didn't know what to make of it. For the first time ever, we play two sets (you didn't think we were capable of it, hey) and despite getting smashed on joints in between brackets, the second set was a monster. Moulie the Bogan introduced again with a bit of fucked-up verse and leather-clad glamour. No rider at this one, but (get this) a guarantee!! Then, as usual, later on we're all fucked up. The gig, however, was a gem.

North Palmerston: Saw a couple of bands, unfortunately missing Hoopla (i think) who are friends of Elise from On (although Toni and Brenden saw them and raved quite a bit). I was walking the streets checking out the carnies, but made it in time to see High Plains Drifters who are a jerky, punchy affair with lashings of fuzz bass (which I love), and some band after

who were kind of rocknroll, but a bit not our thing (after 45 mins, they said - right, we're half way through our set - and I nearly choked). Slept in the back of a station wagon owned by High Plains Drifters.

Wellington: Man, I love this town! We played one of the best gigs of our career in front of rocking out full room, our old buddies from shed party days, Cortina, headlined the bill and pulled out a pearler as well! Fantastic stuff. The first band on, No San Pedro started it off with a mind-boggling set of guitar psychedelia, fuzzed out 1969 style, their guitarist Eva is a wizz. This band have the most exciting drummer I've seen in years, Britta who is a pretty, smily, happy kind of girl and has the SOFTEST touch as she plays, beaming out at the crowd. Not providing beats in a traditional way, but complicated rhythmic melodies that are at the very front of the band's sound. But ever so delicately! Basically, the complete opposite of what I do in The Stabs. A class act.

Foisemaster were next with their full-on sound, two saxes, bass, guitar drums, kind of like a cross between Dan Matsumo and Bucketrider. The Stabs were wonderful tonight - we were actually happy, and hard. I broke two kick drum pedals (this makes a total of three since the tour began). Cortina, who have come such a long way since jamming on Let Your Freak Flag Fly (3CR 855am Saturday 5.30-7pm), they are a polished act and had the crowd in the palm of their hands. A great night, I think we've hit a purple patch!

Now, what you all want to know about - THE CARNIES.

The same night as our gig, not far down the street, another gig was happening featuring an all-girl punk-band called ... The Carnies. So Toni went down there and, acting as The Stabs Manager, says what big fans we are off the carnies, and invites them to our tuesday gig. But around midnight, The Carnies show up at our pub, along with a bunch of (little 'c') carnies. We fall over ourselves to get photographed with them (so that you'll all be happy) and I think Kingsley will have them up on the weatherrecords site soon. We party with The Carnies, and the carnies, in the street for a couple of hours, so much dope is smoked it looks like our van has caught fire. Later that night, Mike, Mark and Kings are driving the van around and see The Carnies hitchhiking. I was there, but the next day these three rock up looking like the dog's breakfast to announce that they have been mushroom tripping all night with The Carnies, going in tunnels and rolling down Mt Victoria. Crazy bastards. Also, The Carnies are gonna help us out accomodation-wise, so to speak, in the South Island (ie. told us which houses to break into because they're empty) and no doubt we'll see them at our gig tomorrow night. What kind of country is this where they have mushroom carnies leading grown men astray?

Today is a mellow day, although I laughed when Brendan and Mark had to present ID at the bottleshop this afternoon. Kingsley has returned to weather headquarters in Aiustralia, Mike has gone beating around the bush (nudge nudge) in the van, and I'm doing the traditional Aussie pub crawl. And appreciating the carnies (it doesn't matter where you get your appetite as long as you eat at home). I've been thinking that as we miss our dogs at home so much, we ought to buy a pair over here and take them around with us. When its time to go, we can shoot them at the airport.

PS With these long posts, I might also get the word "wanker" tatoed across my forehead. Now, me go pub.

Chuckspukowski - Apr 26 04 at 3:47 pm

gee buff, that just about covers it!

Benthebutcher - Apr 26 04 at 7:09 pm

The Stabs are legends.

When and where are the boyz doing their community service?
I cant wait for the website update

Trojan - Apr 26 04 at 8:53 pm

before i leave i must bump this. what a lovely slice of text buffytufnel. cant wait to see the pics of carnies.

stoned_dick - Apr 27 04 at 3:14 pm

based on your happy reports, i've just now opened a hostel in preston just for travelling carnies...

blumpy - Apr 28 04 at 10:51 am

yeah... well... the Stabs... They polished my spiritual knob while I took a metaphorical shit. Please come and do it again, I just can't get enough of that shit!!!!

They played Indigo last night, very good show, I think they thought they were shit, but they were good, mmmm... stabs..... mmmm.... knobs.

The singer guitar playing guy took it to the hecklers, which ruled, cause kiwi bands don't, they just stand there and look at their feet and hope the heckler will go away, pussys!! And at the end of the set he ended up on the drum kit, lauched himself against the wall at the side of the stage and lay on the ground looking confused.

While he's down this square chick comes and gives him a ear full cause the sole from his shoe hit her in the head mid-set, jesus woman go and get laid!!! What do you expect at a show like that, someone to buy you rose's??

The crowd was lame, those boys deserved better.

Come back soon, I'm aching for more of yer toilet action!!

FrankieTeardrop - Apr 28 04 at 5:47 pm

The Stabs are fucking shit! (just channelling Justin Fuller here).....Go boys!

*****pungentegg*****

The Stabs? sound like a bunch of pricks

They totally suck.

Cant play their instuments.

They cant sing, just scream.

And I bet they're all alcoholics too.

Do us all a favour and stay in NZ

stoned_dick - Apr 29 04 at 11:20 am

...up next on "Lisa McCunes - The World Around US": New Zealand's Dark Secret...

Could this be the Stabs?

Buffytufnel - Apr 29 04 at 2:10 pm

The Indigo gig was all right. I walked into the bar, and the DJ was playing Crunt! (For the ignorami, Crunt features Stu Spasm from Australia's greatest ever band, Lubricated Goat, plus Kat from Babes in Toyland and Russell from Blues Explosion). We were the only band on, this night is kind of like a showcase of one band or whatever, sort of like Goo. But the DJ was right on the money.

Then we played, and I'm told this was our loudest gig to date, which is still noy loud enough for me. We borrowed gear from the superbly generous and talented No San Pedro and High Plains Drifters, if these bands ever make it to Australia then don't miss the opportunity (if you're in NZ, get on down to a gig - you wont regret it). We stayed the whole time in Wellington in Britta and Blumpy's house, and anyone who knows the stabs will appreciate just how long-suffering, tolerant, and cool this pair would need to be to not chuck our drug-fucked asses out onto the street. The Carnies showed up to the Indigo gig and hung out backstage with us, one of them passed out and needed to be carried out later on (what a band!) but before the end of the night, Two of The Carnies (dont forget these are Mike and Mark's tripping buddies) gave us the address of their squat in Nelson ("just kick in the glass" were the directions), and so we rock into Nelson, find the squat, and there are a couple of guys in there listening to the Butthole Surfers, one of them is in the band we're playing with tonight (Heads Will Roll) so we've hooked up with the right crew. There is also a kitten there, so I'm finally getting a bit ...

Blumpy - Apr 29 04 at 3:37 pm

Sweet as Bro!!!! Cheers for the red wine, my head is FUCKING pounding. The dogs gone into heavy depression over your leaving. Did you's leave some scissors behind? I've been running all over the house with them pretending to be a rebel!!!

Lates

Chuckspukowski - Apr 29 04 at 4:24 pm

what have you done with Kingsley ? You can't hide in N.Z forever

chuckspukowski - Apr 30 04 at 5:39 pm

it's o.k kingsley's been found in one piece. more pics at weatherrecords.

Blumpy - May 01 04 at 2:16 pm

May is NZ music month, so the youth news "flipside" went onto the streets to find out from people who their fav kiwi band is. So they ask this trendy looking rock guy, and his reply, "the Stabs"

Shit Mrs Marsh, they do get in!!!!

stoned_dick - May 03 04 at 11:13 am

...even here in Launceston they're rioting-in-waiting for a stabs tour, i told 'em you'd be here next week buff...

stoned_dick - May 03 04 at 11:18 am

...just checked out the latest pics; the only carnie i could find was the lead-singer of some band called "the stabs"...

elron - May 04 04 at 4:02 pm

go the stabs!

you motherfuckers get yr asses to jail right now..

mark, i told yr cat about yr exploits, he's not very happy... so unhappy in fact he bought a dead bird in fo' yo' vegan ass. i put it under yr bed. should be nice an stinky by the time you get back... if you ever get back, you jailbait.

aside from that, have fun you losers.... oh and buffy, don't smoke all of their weed!

Buffytufnel - May 04 04 at 5:35 pm

There are internet cafes all over the north island, down here on the south island they're a little scarce. Make that, a lot scarce. This one is as slow as a Mortician solo, and it costs me 8 bucks an hour, so i'm typing too fast (plus a little drunk) (make that a lot - Kingsley is back in NZ and has topped up our duty-free tequila supplies) so that I don't waste too much beer money.

The Nelson gig was a blast, we went down early to soundcheck with Aidan (who lives at the squat we crashed) (actually, he doesn't live there either) and got a pretty thumping mix, I had a huge kit with two floor toms and two rack mounts, all done out with a chrome finish (everyone told Brendan not to stand on it or throw a guitar at it, so of course I fully expected to get whacked), a big rig for Mark's bass and a howling fender for Brendan.

We were all pretty excited because a carnie (small 'c') band is on the bill, The Happy Slappers (does anyone remember Up Kitty? A similar motif here), and they've got the whole merchandise thing going off. But the first band up, featuring Harry (also from the squat house) is Heads Will Role, who do an old school Bay Area style of straight up punk, Harry (who looks like a real tough cookie, shaven head and scarred face etc) turns out to have a damn fine voice (A bit Biafra/Crucifux/Gibby Haines) and the local punks are skanking away. Nest, The Happy Slappers come out with like incredibly short skirts (I took a photo of this on Kingsley's camera, so if its not up on the weather records site, flame him good) and played a set that looked fantastic. They were all our best mates and stuff, but weren't in the room when we actually played ...

Then we had Johnny Christ, which reminded me of a cross between The Resheads and Wild Turkey, lots of upbeat Sham 69 stylings, in fact every single band EXCEPT the stabs tonight said "OI!" at least 20 times in their set., and I'm pretty happy about that (I even hate it when the clash go all whiteboy reggae), and so oi oi oi and then its time for the stabs.

We played fucking great (again) and even the whole Oi crowd were getting into it, skanking around to our dirges of self-loathing, and after the show a carnie came up to me all blushing and shy and shook my hand, tried to say something, then got all embarrassed and left, and so I think "how cute" to myself and walk around with a halfie for a while (I hope you're enjoying these halfie references, Cara B) before we all pile into ars and go up the hills for a party where the other bands are gonna hang, and big fat straight reefers come out(its true, they love it green here, and think we're freaks for adding the spin) and aguy gives me a quarter tab of acid and says "you guys are a bit experimental for me, but I know you've got some hardcore in you, bro!" Next day drive off.

Mike is pulled over by cops who say, you're driving too slow. Its a windy road and all, we're in a heavily laden van, but the cops say we have to drive at 90 km, and that they are cracking down on drivers who fall below 90.

Next gig is at Barrytown, we arrive at a mega-complex for backpackers and local, the other band is called Chillum, but the pub is filled with elderly types, farmers, and yuppie backpackers. Its like the Good Ole Boys scene in Blues Brothers, and I say to Mike keep the van running while we're playing, we might have to run for it.

Chillum come on and play this improvised funky, acid jazz jam that goes for over an hour. This just makes me think the crowd are gonna kill us, like there are pretty english backpacker girls doing dirty dancin to this elevator rock, but when we start people from the back moved up the front and seemed to dig it. Some guy bheard us on the radio and drove and hour to see

the show (he bought, like, the fourth last copy of our single) (sorry to anyone who missed out) (including punters at our next two shows). We played all right, nothing too amazing. But I'm sure most of this crowd had never seen anything like it. The cops show up just as we finish to shut it down, but being a country town, once they leave a am session starts up and all this mull, acid, ecstasy and speed is broken out. People told us the south island would be fucked for drugs, nbut so far these are the biggest drug pigs of all.

Last night we drove up a dirt raod in the rain to find a camp, we were gonna sleep in the rain when Kings discovers an historic miners shack, with historic relics such as a billy can, bunks and a fire place, old tools etc (this is gold mining area) so we park in the historic hut and breath some life into these old items. The 1930s jaffle iron is es[pecially appreciated. Then, up a hill, we discover an outdoor cafe, amd because its late at night and there are no staff around, we fire the gas stoves and cook and eat and drink. This a big sheltered area with room that is used to acomodate paintball freaks and goldminer tourists, a huge fireplace, gas stoves, tables and chairs ... all right. Then we notice the receipt book, and there are daily tour groups to this site, so we have to get out early (because Mark and Brendan have already been charged with trespass, and not only are we trespassing, we're trespassing in an historic location plus eating all their food and burning all their fire wood. Slep well though...

Until a helicopter arrives in the morning and a guy with a rifle gets out and wanders around. W sit back and drink their coffee, using the hisatoric jaffle iron, but I'm actuually just hoping we dont get shot. The helicopter takes off, and so do we (for the record, we stole the cups, the firewood, the teabags, but we washed everything else and returned it to where we found it). Mike and Mark added an item to their menu before we left (they sell venison burgers \$5, whitebait sandwiches \$5, but they added an extra item to the menu - Kiwi Burgers! - and priced them at a very freasonable \$4). Anyway, did I mention the guy had a rifle?

Today we saw a glacier, Brendan broke another pair of shoes (he tramped an hour over a fucking glacier bushwalk with one shoe) also our van's exhaust pipe fell off when we hit a pothole, and brendan replaced it with two beer cans and aluminium foil) (its fucking cold and wet and when I leave this pub (with its glorious fireplace) we're gonna go camp in the rain. But not before I've got much, much, much drunker.

Oh yeah, we drove one night to Christchurch, slept up on a cliff overlooking the town. Next morning a skinhead comes up and says have you seen me mate, wearing these colours (shows us insignia or whatever). We say no, he says I'll keep looking, he came up here last night and we think he's gone over the cliff. This is our cue to pack up quickly and hitthe raod before cops arrive and grill us about the dead skinhead.

The music is better than ever, its true what they say about doing something like this. SIX DAYS TO GO! Have a blumpy for me!

Benthebutcher - May 04 04 at 5:54 pm

The Stabs are the greatest band in the world !!!!!

Chuckspukowski - May 04 04 at 5:57 pm

when the going gets wierd...

blumpy - May 06 04 at 9:42 am

you've gone beyond touring, you've made it to Road Trip status.
Rock on!!!

Elron - May 06 04 at 8:53 pm

rock on indeed stabbers..
can't wait to see you guys when you get back.

Thecow - May 06 04 at 9:05 pm

moooo!!!

FrankieTeardrop - May 06 04 at 9:47 pm

Oh BOY! I'm feeling so nostalgic for touring the South island.
When The Bites toured, we went to that historic cabin, but we thought it was pretty creepy...especially since there was no-one else around for miles, but the door was wide open. It was all a bit too much "Evil Dead" for us. I have a photo of Kirsty Bite walking out the door, looking totally freaked out. We also got pulled over by the cops for driving too slow. They don't take kindly to that kind of thing in NZ. It's survival of the fittest and craziest! Near Dunedin, at a place called Shag Point, we stopped at a beach to rest and found a car lying upside down on the beach that had just gone over a cliff. The passengers had broken bones and necks and shit and had to be airlifted out of there. Then, just as we had calmed down a bit and were entering Dunedin proper, a station wagon full of pissed hoons screeched around the corner in front of us, the boot pops open and the spare tyre goes flying out the back, narrowly missing other traffic and pedestrians. The car just sped on, leaving a trail of empty beercans..... they're all crazy there I tells ya...

But the glaciers are fucking awesome!

Gypsy - May 07 04 at 4:14 pm

Hey Stabs,wanted to thank you from No San Pedro for the fricken awesome gig at Happy...you guys played a raunching set!the gig at Indigo was cool too,apart from the apathetic kiwi crowd...hope the rest of the south leg is a goodie!
p.s.thanxs 4 the 7inch.x E

stoned_dick - May 07 04 at 7:01 pm

hehehehehehehe!

Thecow - May 09 04 at 1:19 am

moooo!!!

Buffytufnel - May 09 04 at 1:47 am

Hey Frankie, we get into dunedin and someone says "hey, ahve you heard of the bites?"

anyway, we played Lyttleton outside of christchurch a way back, and we get there and the dude behind the bar hands us a huge pipe stacked full of the goodstuff and says hook in bro', which we did. Very nice bar, the wunderbar with a harbour view and cool vinyl playing. Bartender (sam) is very obliging, if you know hat i mean...

First band is absolutely awful, and this is the first time in this thread that i've said this - AWFUL! kinda christian sounding middle of the road beatle chord soul mama lightweight

pap WHICH I HATED but they were nice people so i wont go any further with this (or mention their name). Then we rocked. Say no more.

More free beers and pipes ...

Drive into Dunedin yesterday to stay with the Futurians, who impress immediately by having a live joy division video playing (oh yeah) and being around friendly folk, even tho i'm falling asleep as i talk with them and the music when i woke up this morning was awesome, i'm thinking this is on the money, our last gig will go off.

Which it did. The first act u[p] were just so majestic i'm not going to do it justice by using wordiness (i'm actually still at the pub where we played, i'm pretty wasted and i've just realised there is free internet here (hooray) so i'm actualLY in no condition to be making this post. But the first band, who blew my mind with their (believe it or not) lubricated goat meets black sabbath two-piece knock out set: DICK THE PHONE. I'll be raving more about this band when i get back, no doubt.

Then, the staggering Futurians, who were at once pounding, merciless, and surreal. Adding to this was Kimmie, a very vocal transgender person in the bar who was screaming obscenities, threatening to kill people (wolfman style) and kept taking her top off and shaking her boobies at Beth, the silver-bespectacled singer. Finally we are playing a really really up there gig, and what with the calibre of the support bands and the presence of Kimmie, something was going to happen.

We played like sunline winning the Cox Plate tonight, with some monster energy and an appreciative crowd (yes, Kimmie took her tits out and commandeered the stage for a small part of the show) (by this stage wearing her undies and precious little else) (and screaming about how she was strangling someone once, and was gonna kill this girl except a knife was pulled and Kimmie got stabbed in the guts - "if that bitch hadn't have stabbed me, i'd be doing 25 to life right now"). At the end, Mark (yes, calm, placid, vegAN Mark) finally vented his pent up rage on Brendan and attacked him, whacking with a mike stand and trying to strangle him with same. Or garotting, is what it looked like. Brendan swung back and they are in a tussle on the ground, smashing each other with equipment belonging to the pub (they made us do a sound check after everyone had gone to make sure nothing was wrecked) and i threw a jug of beer over them because it was getting a bit full on, and then they started pissing so i walked away leaving them in their beer-soaked hate/love orgy to go and have a joint with Kimmie.

Now i', going to meet the others at another pub, because this took longer than i thought and those cunts have taken the [party elsewhere.

Oh yeah, Brendan smashed his guitar against a pole during this Mark vs Brendan thing, totalled it, and some guy ran out the door with the neck for a souvenir (more beer now ...)

To the Crown!

Thecow - May 09 04 at 2:02 am

mooo!

Gypsy - May 09 04 at 12:54 pm

The Futurians, and Dick the Phone are fricken awesome!

Buffytufnel - May 09 04 at 2:39 pm

So its four in the afternoon the next day, the other two haven't come home yet, so the futurians, dick the phone, and me and mike go down to pick up the gear we left at the arc bar last night (where we played) and when we get there, we see Mark lying in the street with a jug of beer and brendan and toni with their sunnies on hanging about drinking the stabs paycheque, plus charging pizzas and rounds to the stabstab - and generally being extremely seedy having been up all night on the e and partying with kimmie (i dont want to know about it...)

Also, after considerable debate with the stabs entourage, I have decided that i was probably a bit harsh on the support band in Lyttleton, now everyone hates me. They were at least enthusiastic...

Poindextor - May 09 04 at 2:43 pm

when r u stabs due back?

Thecow - May 09 04 at 5:34 pm

mooo?

Buffytufnel - May 10 04 at 9:41 am

We are back in melbourne town today, monday the 10th of may. The plane arrives at 5.30pm for all the screaming groupies who want to mob us at the airport! If I owe anyone at home money, dont bother asking for at least a month ...

Noisepussy - May 11 04 at 8:25 am

was great having the stabs come play in dunedin, was fun & refreshing. as well as being stinking drunks they were considerate & respectful, thanks for coming to nz! hope to see you again either here in dunedin or in melbourne....

buffytufnel - May 11 04 at 4:45 pm

I'm back in Melbourne, and so is Mark, Brendan is partying on in Dunedin for another week or so. I think he is gonna try and repair the guitar he wrapped around a pole at the Arc Club. The last night was great, we stayed with The Futurians and watched a great kiwi film (The Quiet Earth) and really got into it, probably because we had a half-ounce of dope to smoke in one night seeing as we couldn't take it on the plane (yes, we got through it). There were also some fine records at house-Futurian, including The Seeds live album (which I'd never heard) (by the way, talking to Iain from Thee Stag Nights, is everybody aware that London is going to host a gig in a month or so featuring The Pretty Things and The Creation?! Surely the definition of "awesome"). It took Mark two days to show up again after his eccy-bender, I was beginning to think he'd miss the flight. I still had some acid on me too, so there was nothing left for it but to split it with (the very patient and long-suffering and worthy) Nicole half an hour before getting on the plane (thus fulfilling a lifelong dream to be tripping out at 15,000 feet) (and yes, it was great - those clouds baby...) which gave me a small dose of the giggles as we went through customs, like if a rubber glove goes up my arse I'm not going to be able to keep a straight face, but it all went well except the security guard at Melbourne refused to believe that Mark had such big feet like maybe he has an AK-47 in his shoes, but no, Mark does have big feet, and that's something to be proud of. We are met at the airport by Lottie, Monika, and Jason - thanks trillions for picking us up!

Here's something I noticed in NZ - every house we stayed at prioritised vinyl over CD, like every house had fantastic fuck-off record collections and a shitty old turntable and fuck-all CDs. This I like very much.

Here's an enormous heartfelt thank you to the fantastic kiwis who put us up, and also put up with us, including the Auckland crew (Arna, Alex, Dan and co); Brian in New Plymouth (and also Carl, Craig, and the babe-licious Hanna); The Dead Heroes Collective (John, Mick and Bongo) in Napier - we finished the tour without killing each other, hey! JC from High Plains Drifters for the station wagons to crash in (North Palmerston), and also from the HPDrifters - Marty (you kept me sane, Marty, can't wait until you come to Melbourne!) and Britta, (drummer par excellence, and biggest smile of the whole tour) for an excellent few days in Wellington, and all the right kind of support as it was needed! The Cortina gang for the same, and for a great gig. The Carnies, along with Harry (Heads Will Roll) and Aidan for sharing your space with us in Nelson; Alan Kang for opening the doors of your wonderful house in Lyttleton, not to mention all the showers (and the glass I broke) and also thanks to Lucy for being so cool with a bunch of Australian strangers rocking up with no notice whatsoever in the middle of the night! And in Dunedin, The Futurians and Dick The Phone were as pleasant and hospitable as we could have hoped for, and more so than we probably deserved, and helped us to finish the tour on such a high note (love your work George, Sean, Clayton, Beth et al). And finally thanks to the wonderful animals we played with - Czar, Cannibal (yo' Moulie, from now on I have only limitless praise for Napier Boganism - keep it evil!), Pugsley, Orbit, the baby kitten in Nelson and Stabs The Cat in Barrytown (yes, the cat is our namesake - kill heaps of stuff for us, Stabs!). Thanks also to Toni and Mike, without whom ... Plus special, special kudos to Nicole and Kingsley, who in many ways were the true champs of the tour (as anyone we stayed with will probably attest).

New Zealand, you're okay! Brendan, if you're reading this (I'm sure you will be at some point) the foxy lady is funking on with the big puppy, all is well. Keep it fat in NZ for all of us! Thanks to all the many others who helped us out, or put up with our bullshit, or enjoyed our music - hopefully we'll be back before too long, and bands we played with - c'mon over, man!

If you're from Melbourne, there's a stack of gigs in about a months time, hope to see you at one or another, then we're going to hit the studio and bash out some new stuff. That's about it from me (unless I remember something I forgot about or stress out in the middle of the fucking night, which sometimes happens, like feeling guilty about slagging off the support act or wondering if maybe Kimmie isn't transgender at all ...).

If you can think of anything to add, this thread is about to hit 100 posts and that I'd like to see!

gustav_lazenby - May 11 04 at 6:36 pm

Go Buffy its been great keeping up with the progress of the tour without having to wait for you guys to get back. NZ sounds like nivarna/ utopia/ shangrila etc etc
You paint a facinating picture of some of the people and places of the Stabs tour. It sounds like there are some really vibrant and diverse scenes there and lots of community minded folks as well. I was amused by the cops strategy of moving people on by enforcing minimum speed limits.

Rach and I pissed ourselves from the begining with the crane climbing and community service saga. Brendan stay in one piece I am looking forward to seeing you again.

We had a May day party/ fire here which was good. Im' came down from G_long as did Morg who almost went straight back. Bones was there an old school friend of Panman! I tried but could not contact Pan - hope he is still around. Cath Dan and the boys came up too. We got the spa going and the fire went for two days - we will have to do it again soon.

Visited Wolfi a couple of times due to lack of supply - he was staying at Collingwood - great yarns about leaving small towns in far north queensland after he and his co-driver were done for dui... Possibly imaginary but entertaining non the less.

Welcome back!

Buffyufnel - May 12 04 at 3:14 pm

thanks also to dimitra (archaic forms), troy (fibonacci), dave (bowl of dick) and grace for the house-minding (this is post #99 - one more to go ...)

thecow - May 12 04 at 5:47 pm

moooo!!

CattleDog - May 13 04 at 7:38 pm

WOOF :)

FrankieTeardrop - May 13 04 at 9:15 pm

Best.thread.on.mono.ever!

Noisepussy - May 18 04 at 5:44 pm

"The Stabs

With Dick the Phone, and The Futurians

Arc Café

Saturday, May 8

A full moon shadow cut itself a dark path across the night's proceedings, for it was a teeth-clenching, bloodletting, voodoo ritual that did ensue. The two-piece rock'n'roll stylings of Dick the Phone got this three-ring circus kick started with a wall of swirly, fuzzed-out guitar, evoking the charred remains of Black Sabbath blowing a psychedelic dust-storm through a stack of overblown amplifiers. These unearthly sounds were backed up by the thunderous garage beat that penetrated the thick wall of green fuzz nicely.

The Futurians, fresh from their astounding live-to-air from the previous Wednesday, tore through their set with hardly a pause between songs. The resulting sound was akin to an army of robots laying waste to a large, metropolitan city as the world ignites from their patented A-Bomb-style sonic destruction. And you can shake your ass to it too. Their last song mutated halfway into a slow and raunchy, Link Wray-style riff, bringing their amazing set, regrettably, to an end.

Finally, Melbourne band The Stabs took to the stage after a long wait that raised the suspicion that they were "too wasted" to play. When they did finally take to the stage they cranked their amps up full and launched into a brutal, furious, and heart-stopping set. The guitarist writhed onstage, furiously wrenching the most insane surf-like riffs, or noise, or both, whichever took his fancy, and at a devastatingly high treble/feedback volume that would make Guitar Wolf shed a tear. The drummer leaned forward on a stool and pummelled his drums into the stage, as their set and the gig itself grew increasingly tense. You knew something was going to get

broken or somebody was going to get hurt. The end result was a smashed guitar, a beer-soaked stage, and two of the stabs wrestling each other in a hilarious showdown that declared the gig over. This was one of the best gigs I have been to in recent memory. I don't think Arc will ever be the same."

-Nic Wotton

http://www.critic.co.nz/virtualcritic/show_article.php?article=506&issue=critic11

Frankie Teardrop - May 18 04 at 10:33 pm

Great review!

"I don't think Arc will ever be the same"

Ha!

Has it ever been?

Thecow - May 18 04 at 10:39 pm

mooo!