The Southland Times www.southlandtimes.co.nz Saturday, July 17, 2010 D1

INSIDE Quick Flicks...... D4 Television...... D5 Diary ...... D6







Touring: Dunedin trio, Die! Die! Die!

Dunedin band Die! Die! Die! are the latest addition to iconic New Zealand label Flying Nun's catalogue. Before heading off on a nationwide tour frontman Andrew Wilson talks to **Jule Scherer** of NZPA about the reborn independent label and the band's new album Form.

FTER touring the world many times over and recording their first two albums in the United States, Dunedin three-piece Die! Die! Die! have touched down in New Zealand. Form is not only the first album recorded on home soil, but also the band's debut on revived ndependent record label Flying Nun.

Die! Die! Die! are the second act signed by label founder Roger Sheppard since he bought back the iconic New Zealand label from the Warner Music Group in December. The first was Wellington's

Grayson Gilmore earlier this year. "It means a lot, particularly because we have the emotional attachment to this record," singer and guitarist Andrew Wilson says. "Flying Nun is the music we grew up with, that's the music which got me into most of the music I am listening to. I got into my favourite bands through Flying Nun bands, for example Joy

Division was described to me, as a darker Flying Nun band. And I was like, 'veah that sounds amazing'," he says.

Wilson also sees Flying Nun as a brand, cherished by independent music fans around the world, and is glad that the label is back in Sheppard's hands. The label started off in 1981 and has featured acts like Chris Knox, The Clean and The Chills. But after the label changed hands the legacy began to crumble.

'Flying Nun in the last 10 years was just

so different and wrong and a lot of things got dragged through the mud." Wilson says. It was important now for Flying Nun to not just live from the past but to focus

on new signings. Die! Die! was formed by teenagers Wilson (guitar/vocals) and Michael Prain (drums) in 2003. When bassist Henry Oliver left the band in 2006 they invited Lachlan Anderson to join and soon after recorded their second album Promises, *Promises*, produced by fellow Dunedinite

Shayne Carter (Straitjacket Fits, Dimmer). The band spent the following four years more or less continuously on the road, playing in every corner of New Zealand and Australia and touring the United States, Europe and the United Kingdom extensively. On the way they bagged critical acclaim overseas, including rave reviews in British media such as The Guardian and NME.

Continued, Page C2

## How good is your backyard?

## **MATE** MARK WILSON



F EMERGING from the freezing fog and 2degC high for the day in the township to clear crisp winter sunshine, ice sprinkled beach trees and snow-capped mountains on the western side on Lake Manapouri wasn't enough to whisk away the stresses of daily life the ensuing hunt through tranquil (barring of course the odd obscenity whispered under my breath as I tumbled over the odd rock) beach forest was.

Through a tangle of tree roots, leafy ferns, slippery rocks and gnarled beach trees I could make out the picturesque Lake Lois glistening in the last hour or

so of the winter sun.

Darn I'm there already and no deer!

Plenty of sign though and great bush for the most part.

Seeing it's only 800m as the Kea fly's through the bush from the main lake you would think it's easy to find, but I wouldn't be alone in saying I've missed it and ended up emerging back out in a confused state to the main lake on the odd occasion. The rivers weave and cross over

each other and the one that drains Lake Lois seems to lose itself in the boulders and undergrowth. Let's just say scout camps and

compass training actually does pay off in this little outcrop of paradise. The water was warmer than the air

with mist rising still at 3pm in the afternoon and the mountains reflected in the calmness to create an upside down vista of the surrounds. I decided to sit for a while and ponder where the deer had gone too, cheeky

buggers I had come all this way and felt I deserved one with a most stealthy passage through the bush. As I sat in the sand eating a bumper

bar I wished I taken a Speight's with me as it seemed the perfect setting to console my luckless hunt with a cold sip or two of the good stuff.

I could have been the only person on earth, yet it was less than two hours drive, 30 minutes by boat and a bit less than an hour carefully by foot to where I was. I have spent the best part of the start of this year looking upon the fruits of the world in Thailand the USA, but this spot and this lake are still my favourites. I could sell this moment, if I had Facebook I could just sit at home and look at other people's moments but I had just earned my own, far more

rewarding! I think this is why we live down here, one hour looking at this adds years to your life. Silence is so hard to find, I found some except the odd kea calling out and a few fantails curiously twittering by my boots.

On our door step are some of the world's most inspiring moments just waiting to be experienced, get off the couch, fly home from smoggy London, log off face book, stop twitting and go for a hunt, a tramp or a kayak in our epic back yard!









welcome to our home

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