

Singing up a storm

Shane Cortese brings his '50s Jukebox Tour to Stadium Southland on Thursday.

MICHAEL FALLOW

ROCK and roll is easy to do badly. It can be hokey, or soullessly slick, or even a grotesque burlesque. Yeah," says Shane Cortese, lapsing into that cliché Elvis mode. "Ah . . . thankyouverymuch, uh-huh, uh-huh." Actually, that one wasn't too bad. Cortese pauses. Yes it was, apparently. "I hate that."

Cortese is a bit of a renaissance man. Not only is his rock 'n' roll show drawing big crowds and good reviews, he's danced up a shirtless storm in *Dancing With the Stars* and acted in *Shortland St*, *Burying Brian*, and *Outrageous Fortune*. But nothing about his latest undertaking is an actor's vanity project. He's not going to be the prancing "look at me" thespian producing studied impersonations of Elvis, Del Shannon, Roy Orbison, Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochrane and the like. "We're not going out there to impersonate them. It's about doing the music." Nix to slavish mimicry; the ambition of this band is to evoke what the music felt like back then.

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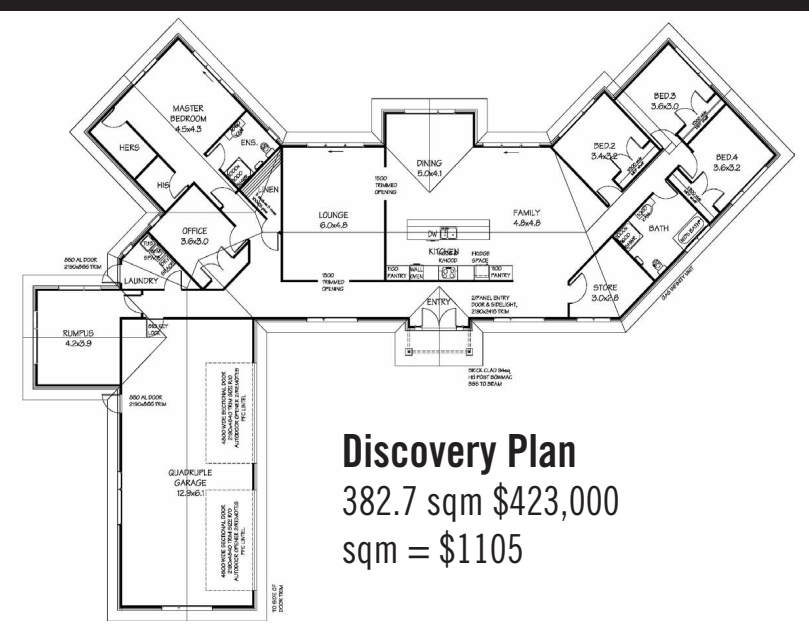
Shane Cortese

Hurt and despair

MATE
MARK WILSON

LIKE a red-eyed child stumbling through a dimly lit hallway in search of the toilet, guided only by instinct and the incandescent light emitted by one of those illuminated air fresheners, discovering en route their deceptive parents placing what were to be Santa's presents under the Christmas tree, I was gutted, disillusioned and deeply hurt upon the realisation that a dream even more powerful than Santa had been shattered yet again on the distant fields of Auckland. At the risk of re-opening healing wounds and treading a path so well-trodden during the week by sports commentators and Stags fans alike, I feel I too need an avenue for my grief to be expressed. It was the night before the shield challenge and all through the house not a creature was stirring except myself on my computer arranging for the game to be live-streamed via two laptops, a webcam, skype and an AV cable to London so that a bunch of long-lost Southlanders could share in the glorious moment when the little province with a big heart put the goliath that is Auckland rugby to the sword. Like a teenage girl before her first prom, sleep that night was rarer than a TMO decision in Southland's favour. As kickoff drew near my phone ran hot with messages — over the world Stags fans sat perched on a knife edge of nerves and anticipation at what had to be the province's best chance to not only take a rare win at the garden of Eden but also to secure a prize more elusive than David Campese crossed with a greasy rodeo pig — the Ranfurly Shield. As is so often the case, the lads crowded around the box like calves to the feeding wagon, grabbed a Speight's, hooked the live stream link up to the UK and knuckled in for battle. Sadly, we all know what happened on the field so I won't bless you with my in-depth assessment of rugby tactics. I will instead refer to a phenomenon that, like it or lump it, has become as much a part of Southland rugby as names like Dermody and Rutledge. From my interpretation — and I am incredibly biased — Scott Cowan should have been awarded at least a penalty after that chip-and-chase and while we will never know for sure if minutes later Cowan scored that try, what I do know is if it's a 50-50 call you can put the farm on it going against Southland. You only have to look back to the Waikato quarter-final in 2006 for proof of this. You won't lose your job by poorly officiating against Southland. However, raise the ire of the Aucks or Canterbury and your job may become a little untenable. So once again the Stags, despite putting up a heroic fight, return home empty handed due in part to another unfavourable rub of the officiating green and in part to our own small failings, while the supporters, who had poured our hearts and souls into willing a famous victory, are left almost as deflated and crushed as the players.

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