

# FUTURE RECORDINGS

Blur, Park Life.  
 Auteurs, Now I'm A Cowboy.  
 Violent Femmes, New Times.  
 Frank Black, Teenager of the Year.  
 Beastie Boys, Ill Communication.  
 Erasure, I Say, I Say, I Say.  
 Traffic, Far From Home.  
 Senser, Stacked Up.  
 Andrew Belew, Here.  
 Huey Lewis & the News, Four Chords & Several Years Ago (17 R&B remakes).  
 Pat Metheny, Zero Tolerance for Silence.  
 Fall, Middleclass Revolt.  
 Steve Wynn, Fluorescent.  
 Katey Segal, All Is Well.  
 Messiah, 21st Century Christ.  
 Thee Hypnotics, The Very Crystal Speed Machine (American)  
 Richard Thompson, Mirror Blue.  
 Pretenders, Last of the Independents.  
 Yo La Tengo, Painful.  
 Subdudes, Annunciation.  
 Boz Scaggs, Some Change.  
 Paul Kelly, Wanted Man.  
 Not Drowning Waving, Circus.  
 Hunters & Collectors, Demon Flower.  
 Brian Setzer Band, Brian Setzer Band.  
 Tom Robinson, Love Over Rage.  
 St Etienne, Tiger Bay.  
 Michael Been (ex Call), On the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown.  
 Peter Himmelman, Skin.  
 Duran Duran, Thank You (covers)  
 Jimi Hendrix, Blues.  
 Jimi Hendrix, Live at Woodstock.  
 Church, Sometime Anywhere.  
 Farm, Hullabaloo.  
 Buster Poindexter, Buster's Happy Hour.  
 King Missile, King Missile.  
 David Byrne, Between the Teeth.  
 Julian Cope, Head On.

## AOTEAROA

Urban Disturbance, Love.  
 Head Like A Hole, Flik Y'self Off Y'self.  
 Exponents, Grassy Knoll.  
 Supergroove, Supergroove.  
 Dead Flowers, Sweetfish.  
 David Kilgour, Sugar Mouth.  
 Various Artists, Good Things (Failsafe compilation).  
 Fuemana, New Urban Polynesian.  
 Bailterspace, Vortura.

## HEAVY

Alice Cooper, The Last Temptation.  
 Anthrax, Live: The Island Years.  
 Sammy Hagar, Unboxed.  
 Kyuss, Kyuss.

## FUNK

Will Downing, Love's The Place to Be.  
 Keith Sweat, Get Up On It.  
 KMD, Black Bastards.  
 Angela Winbush, Angela Winbush.  
 House of Pain, Same As It Ever Was.  
 Booker T & the MGs, That's the Way It Should Be.  
 Credit to the Nation, Take Dis.  
 Freddie Jackson, Here It Is.  
 Gil Scott Heron, Spirits.  
 Black Uhuru, Strongg.  
 Al Jarreau, Tenderness.  
 Heavy D, Nuthin' But Love.

## ROOTS / COUNTRY

Jimmy Vaughan, Strange Pleasure.  
 Bob Woodruff, Dreams & Saturday Nights.  
 Rodney Crowell, Let the Picture Paint Itself.  
 Jimmy Buffet, Quietly Making Noise.  
 Dianne Schurr & BB King, Heart to Heart.  
 Sir Douglas Quintet, Daydreaming at Midnight.

## REISSUES

Rolling Stones, Emotional Rescue, Sticky Fingers, Goats Head Soup, Black & Blue, Tattoo You, It's Only Rock'n'Roll, Some Girls, Exile on Main Street.  
 Mott the Hoople, Backsliding Fearlessly: The Early Years (Rhino).  
 Marvin Gaye, The Norman Whitfield Sessions.  
 Al Stewart, Russians & Americans.  
 New York Dolls, Collection (Polygram, 5 unreleased tracks).  
 Doobie Bros, Boxed Set.  
 Smokey Robinson & the Miracles, 35th Anniversary Collection 3 CD-set.



# LETTERS

## FITS TITS IN TANGLE

Concerning the Straitjacket Fits article in which I was quoted as saying I'd "dish the dirt" to another magazine, well Donna, here's the facts.

Firstly, wot I did was put forward a proposal to Auckland's own Hilda Ogden, John Russell to give an account of the SJF's last tour of Europe and US (in all its Spinal Tapness) for his fanzine, *Desperate Deal*, as I already knew that *RIU* would get all it needed from Shayne.

Secondly, "platitudes"? Well, it's only natural you'd get platitudes, Lord knows what you were expecting and what you had conjured up in that . . . mind of yours. So I guess you're slightly pissed off because you failed to get the "real story". So just for you Donna, here's the real story on that fateful Friday night at CBGB's.

Soundcheck was going particularly bad this evening, Rex had been up for three days on one of his favourite binge pastimes of buying expensive Cuban cigars, crushing them up, mixing it with Lucozade and banging it up. But after we super glued his fingers to the faders and propped him up with a mop he performed to his usual high standard of mixing.

Then our gear arrived from the hire company. Me and Shayne decided we'd play with power tonite and hired matching Roland Cube 60s for that big sound and this time we'd plug in direct to the amps in true rock n'roll fashion. No sense in wasting all those pedals, let's make Ron use every single one of them all at once, should sound great!

Then came time to hit the stage. I was nervous and worried that all these record company geezers would see the speedball, jolt cola enema I just did trickling down my leg but I puckered up and got through it OK. John, however, was not fairing too well. About three songs into the set he lurched forward and slumped over the front of his kit in one of the most splendid vomiting displays ever! I stopped playing and turned around in time to hear David say "So that's where it went!!" and he promptly bent over and gingerly picked a slightly soiled but still ticking Arista watch from a pile of two weeks worth of beer and pizza.

At this point Debbi still hadn't shown and things were getting worse by the minute. During "Spacing" it suddenly occurred to me that Ron was sporting a rather nice afro, but the look on his face told me it was more likely due to the 110 volts he was receiving through his guitar.

At that point we decided we'd bail out before someone got killed so we walked off stage, waded thru pissed punters to the back room where we all stood around, laughed it off and then all cried for your mummies.

Love always,  
 Mark Petersen

*Editor replies: Donna Yuzwalk was just doing her job — asking questions that readers are asking. Don't be so precious.*

## NICK RULES

The way you weave interesting public gossip with otherwise trivial piffle shows imagination, wit and of course sick twisted perversion — all the qualities needed for a writer to provide something of interest in your average conventional mag. I must say if it wasn't for your enlightening sense of hu-

mour and good old fashioned blokeiness I would write *Rip It Up* off as your typically boring commercial music industrial bullshit paraphernalia. But no, thanks to you it's actually worth reading. You're not my hero and I don't want to suck your dick. I'm just bored and felt overcome by the urge to write. Keep it up.

TRUDI

## NZ MUSIC AWARDS

I just had to drop you a few lines and say how pleased I was to read the John Russell article on the RIANZ Music Awards. There are a number of music magazines available in NZ but few ever really produce any decently researched, accurately written and professionally presented articles on music business news. Music industry news is the main thing that I'm interested in and it was just fantastic to have a good long read on a very topical issue.

Keep up the good work.

LENA DAYS

Editor NZ Music Services Directory.

## PETER PAN

Hello Mr Cammick, congratulations on reaching your 200th issue.

I see that Peter Gabriel's concert featured in your reviews. I'm disappointed that an interview with Gabriel didn't appear. People who've seen his videos know how much attention to detail he gives. If he puts out an album it'll be two to three years before it's released but they're worth the wait. An interview with Gabriel in one of New Zealand's leading music mags must be a must. I think you, as editor of *Rip It Up*, have done well over the years but why wasn't there more with Peter Gabriel in your mag?

BERNARD G KINNEY

*Editor replies: We offered him a cover story but despite numerous requests from his label Virgin, Peter Gabriel would not do an interview.*

## STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER

Where does John Russell get off? He comes across as a power tripping, self-centred ego maniac who has nothing positive to say about rock at all. Why not just give him all the hip-hop, rap, urban and Pacific music to review and leave the rock jobs to someone not quite so narcissistic with an ounce of credibility. We're not all into mobeat house music. I couldn't believe his coverage (?) of Strawberry Fields. I don't give a toss about his friend's four word expletives. I want to know what the bands were like. For a start, did the Friday night of S. Fields not happen? Myself and 15,000 other rock enthusiasts had a great time and saw none of the scuffles, heavy vibes and aggro that made up his introduction to the festival. All we saw was party-raging good times and a lot of people getting off on some top NZ bands. But they were totally ignored by *RIU*. Why couldn't you send someone to check out Herbs, Shihad, HLAH, Pumpkinhead (awesome!) and the band that stole the show, Blackjack. It was pretty obvious from the crowd that a lot of people had come to see them and they went off — I've never seen a NZ band that explosive and you guys missed it. My friends and I missed Saturday night so I was keen to read about it. Bad luck! All I got was the negative

opinions of some pleb who probably resented the whole show 'cos it wasn't in Auckland. Shame that the professionalism of your mag is compromised by the opinionated fourth form writing style of John Russell. You need someone a bit more credible, honest, positive and constructive. Don't make the mistake of ignoring or belittling serious rock fans by your coverage of NZ's staunch rock bands. I just hope John Russell didn't put too many people off the whole S. Fields buzz. All we need is an excuse for apathy in this country. Think about it.

In retrospect I guess it's just as well J. Russell didn't review *Blackjack*. It probably would have read " . . . anthemic power rock for Knightshade fans about dime a dozen fast rock chicks with FM boots . . ."

Get real *RIU*. Do yourself a favour John Russell and make a little effort to hide your ignorance.

A PISSED OFF REAL ROCK FAN

Waikato

*Editor replies: John Russell didn't review Friday night because he wasn't there. After reviewing Mountain Rock and Big Day Out we'd already reviewed many of the bands on Friday night's line-up too often. So we went to Peter Gabriel Friday in Auckland and to Strawberry Fields on Saturday.*

## SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

Surprise, surprise, another cynical review from a faceless scribe making his presence felt by slugging musicians.

John Russell, why did you even bother going to Strawberry Fields? You were pissed off when you arrived a day late, saw only 10% of 42 bands and left pissed off. Why didn't you just stay home? It amazes me how people like you get work. You do nothing positive for the NZ music industry. Your entire review was dark. Was there nothing you enjoyed? The acts you did see . . .

Flat Hampster Man ("have only one song"), Midge Marsden ("blues by numbers"), Ronnie Taylor ("all sounded like 'Travellin' On'"), Hello Sailor (weren't up to the task"), Clowns of Decadence ("lack of songs and imagination"), 3Ds and Dead Flowers ("sound problems"). Lucky for the other 36 acts you missed them.

Clowns of Decadence, whom you gutted and buried in your review, were without question the hit of the weekend. The crowd went off. I was there.

The second stage was the highlight for many, showcasing numerous unknown but great bands. You missed all but one. We recorded all of the bands on the main stage — Herbs and Head Like A Hole were stand-outs but they played Friday night. Where were you John?

Sometime around August we will release a live album, all proceeds from this album go to the Auckland Starship Children's Hospital. What we have on a DAT now is awesome. Let's hope your twisted ravings do not affect album sales.

It's unfortunate that your review had nothing good to say because it really was an excellent two days of Kiwi music and yes, good vibes. No rapes, no stabbings, deaths or burnings at the stake. Still, better luck next time eh John.

JIM ROWE, BRENDA KIDD, GUS.

Organisers, Strawberry Fields.

*John Russell replies: Sadly, in an effort to prove your point you have focussed on the critical and totally ignored the positive aspects of the review. And in the context of your letter isn't it strange that you chose an Australian band as the highlight of your weekend?*

## DREAMER

To go down the street and discover that the new *Rip It Up* has a \$2 price tag was more than a shock, for I did not have \$2 with me, but the bigger shock as that the songs on the CD were mostly from other shores. I wouldn't mind parting with \$2 if the songs on the CD would all be kiwi unknown bands. I mean no offense to the likes of Head Like A Hole who are already established, I just think it would make more sense to promote new music from young (or older) kiwis.

Yours sincerely with more love than you can shake a stick at.

HEATH BOY

## WHAT'S GOING ON?

Interesting comments made regarding the suicide of K Cobain by your staff on that TV2 infotainment show. One writer considered, in suitably snooty fashion, that said suicide was some sort of misguided career move, while the other writer seemed to be claiming that Nirvana's fans prior to mass-acceptance were "saddoes", a term she used endearingly. As if this wasn't enough to show your writers are getting more out-of-touch with artists and their followers, I then opened your (marginally improved) Issue 200 to find your editor whinging about the results of music awards held 14 years ago!

What's going on?

REX FREEMAN, Greymouth.

*Editor replies: The comment on the Grammy Awards 14 years ago related to Pink Floyd, the band with the current No.1 selling album in New Zealand.*

Send your wit or wisdom to:  
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