



Come On Feel The Foise

Foiesmaster, a loud and proud quartet from Palmerston North, made a rare trip to Auckland in mid June, to announce the arrival of their self-titled, split CD (with Palmy band, Brickshithouse), and to play a show at @Luna with locals, Chris Knox and Spacesuit. On the morning of the gig, Ross Harkness, Matt Sanko, Zane Hookman, and Stuart Hubbard, enjoyed an ale or two at the Queen's Ferry in Vulcan Lane.

Sanko is the first to exhibit signs of Foiesmaster's laidback sense of style; "We're living our teenage fantasies. When you first notice rock 'n' roll as a teenager, you get into it, and you look at the record covers and there's pictures of the band. And then you read articles in magazines, and they're hanging out in bars talking to journalists — and now we're doing it! But if we lived some of our dreams to our full potential we'd be in trouble — I mean, everyone wants multiple wives!"

Harkness is Foiesmaster's mainstay. He formed the band in 1993, and also runs Lizard Mull, the label responsible for the new Foiesmaster album, plus their previous recordings, *My Dad Goes to Work Sometimes*, *Afterbirth Vol. 2*, 'Bad Offal Veganking', and 'More Sex, More Drugs, More Foise'. Running Lizard Mull is not easy, points out Harkness, as money is in short supply, but Foiesmaster are committed to keeping up a regular flow of releases.

"We fund the recordings by any means possible, some are even unmentionable... but we don't sell our bodies. We just love making music, we've got the energy and we need to get rid of it. We're serious about it too, to the extent that we want to make things happen, but we have a lot of fun. If it's not fun, it's not worth doing."

It helps that Palmerston musicians are a self-supporting bunch, adds Harkness. "You can't play music in Palmerston North without relying on other bands, everyone scratches

each other's back."

In Auckland, at least, there's a misguided belief that Palmy music parallels the introverted, arty, free-noise wank that works its way out of Port Chalmers. Sanko's put-down of that theory is unquestionable; "What reason have we got to be pretentious in Palmerston North?"

On the new album, Foiesmaster cover the Swell Maps', 'Midget Submarines', and Sly Stone's classic epic, 'Thank You (Falettin Be Mice Elf Agin)' forms the basis of 'Thank You Muchly'. Elsewhere, 'My First Piss On The New Library' is self explanatory, and 'Song For Kiri' isn't quite as touching as it sounds...

"It's about Kiri Te Kanawa and Howard Morrison having sex", explains Harkness, "and then going down on each other. And the fact that Kiri's too good for Howard."

Acknowledging that Foiesmaster have a certain 'fringe' appeal, Harkness once stated that the band were particularly attractive to the "freaks" in their hometown. That's still the case, he says, but adds Foiesmaster are content to bide their time while musical cycles slowly evolve.

"Eventually outfield music becomes infield. If you look at what was outfield 10 years ago, now it's mainstream."

"Yeah, we're exercising some patience", adds Sanko.

Harkness continues: "I just figure if we can sell 300 CDs through word of mouth and playing gigs, which we do, then we could sell more if we had the means to do some real publicity. The band funds itself, what we do funds what we do, like gigs pay for our recording costs and travel. It's every musicians dream to make a living out of what they do, but I don't care if it takes 15 years, there's no compromise in what we do."

No corporate sponsorship then?

"Yeah, maybe", says Sanko, "Coca Cola Foiesmaster sounds good."

JOHN RUSSELL

LETTERS

Aw, shucks...

To *RipItUp*,

I've been reading your magazine for a long time now and I would like to say that your writers are absolutely awesome at what they do. Every article is interesting and well thought through.

Maria Kozub, Manurewa, Auckland.

Tea For One

Perhaps I am flogging the dead horse a little when I say I was deeply disappointed to hear that the Tea Party are only visiting Auckland in their *Transmission Tour*, and your probably going to tell me to mission it up to Auckland like a divorced Tea Party fan would. I am not going to bring in the lame-ass Wellington / Auckland grudge thing into it, and I guess Auckland is a convenient one-stop venue for touring bands. However, loyalty to fans in my opinion, should surpass convenience, especially with big bands who have loads of money. I saw the Wellington gig of the *Splendour Solis Tour* of 1994, and okay, maybe the turnout was not that memorable, but for the audience the performance was. The patrons were entranced by their superbly crafted Celtic ballads and their majestically powerful Zeppelinesque riffs, and I am sure that by word of mouth their

fan base has multiplied since then. Regardless of the remorse I may be feeling after reading the Powerstation gig review, I am looking forward to the new album's release, and, hopefully some extensive coverage in next months issue of *RipItUp*.

Regards, St. Peter, Wellington (via e-mail).

Just a Quick Note...

Dear *RIU*,

Hi, Does anyone read the Internet stuff? Yep! I've been getting this here mag for longer than I care to confess, just now.

It is interesting to see some reviewers take the whole thing to heart and so personally. I find it a pleasure to read reviewers who say it like they feel it, and actually bother to describe what is happening musically, as if they weren't some God or Goddess of music, sitting upon high, as it were. But hey, different things work for different people! Thanx and bye for now.

Bobby Geortgilakis (via e-mail).

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