

Letters

Who Are SML?

The 'review of John Russell' letter in last month's *RipItUp* was perhaps a tad personal in its attack strategy, but it raised some good points and had a ring of truth about it. Face it, Murray, *RipItUp*, with all its self congratulatory 'Wildside acts rock!' back-slapping, is beginning to emit the cynical smell of music biz corruptness, and a lot of people North and South are picking up the scent of putrefaction.

Now, Shihad and HLAH are both good bands, but it is obvious that every time one of their members fart, we will no doubt receive a glossy centre-spread photo of the action in the next month's *RipItUp*. My case point being the SML article: a whole page and massive colour photo of an unrecognisable member of a band that are 'on hold', to promote a single of, quote, 'low-fi, experimental, impromptu sounding jams... nothing we would have missed' (as reviewed in the same issue). A load of shite, in other words.

Now, Shihad and HLAH are doing pretty well touring the world and everything. You'd think they might have had the decency to tell you, Murray, er, that is Wildside, to spend the money releasing some new, deserving band, of which there are dozens in need of recording deals, and with fresh ideas to add to the New Zealand scene. If you look at it from this perspective, the idea of these personalities hogging even more press space for a side project really stinks!

How much space was given to Superette in comparison to SML? Here is a band that actually exists, is playing, and features an important New Zealand songwriter's first venture outside of a classic New Zealand band; but because it's not your label's records that will be sold by covering it, Superette are relegated to the bottom of the page. This is typical of your editorial approach to Flying Nun bands and artists. They will never make the cover or gain substantial representation, because they represent the opposition for Wildside in terms of the commercial market-place.

Turn to the SML article and read between the lines of the second column: We fucked around on a four track and Murray smelt some cash in it, and next thing ya know, we got all of page 26 to ourselves! It's easy, with the right connections, for 'new' bands, right guys?

Where is your dignity, you arrogant fucks? How many Wildside acts have been on the cover of *RipItUp* in the last year? Come on, Murray, I dare you to admit it: when it comes to coverage in your mag, it's a one horse race. Please reply.

David X, Christchurch.

Editor replies: I try and reflect what's happening on the local scene and what artists will sell our magazine. Major decisions, like who's on the cover, I discuss with the staff. SML are newsworthy because of their August album release, Is That It?, their link with Shihad and HLAH, their national student radio play and their Wellington gigs. Even though Superette only had an EP out, I considered them a suitable story. The band SML supplied RipItUp with the colour photo at no cost, and I considered it very cool (as did the designer) and appropriate for use in the colour section. A bonus for RipItUp was that the story was exclusive, as the band was inaccessible on tour in Europe. As Wildside recordings often get far better reviews in other publications around New Zealand than in RipItUp, our writers obviously try to be independent and fair.

My dual roles are well known but it should also be recognised that as the New Zealand music and media communities are so small, most people involved also have vested interests or bias. Friendship can affect objectivity as much as ownership, and a fanatic love of a genre of music is more mind-fucking than both. I suspect your view just echoes the rising tide of parochial thinking that makes any one scene around New Zealand knock bands from another region.

After 18 years, I am still the RipItUp staff member interested in covering the widest range of local bands possible. That's why my name appeared under two very different stories in the July issue — Jay Clarkson and Glen Moffatt.

Tired Sailor?

I was one of the 300 or so locals that gathered at the Timberlands in Tokoroa to see Hello Sailor. Like John Russell, I leapt at the chance of seeing their anniversary show, as I was present on June 5, 1975. I also saw them many other times in New Zealand and Australia.

I was up dancing in the first set, making an effort for the boys in the band, but I felt they played, from the outset, without any real spark. I was disappointed and, when the crowd was 'slagged' by a couple in the band, annoyed, as we had happily paid our \$15, waited two hours, and they just sounded tired.

I think Tokoroa is spoilt, as we have two great local bands with plenty of spark: John Haratsis Band and Boogie Monsta. Also, every Friday the town gets the chance to enjoy bands from Hamilton, like Circus Animals, Boneyard, etc. for a five dollar entry fee. Sadly, Hello Sailor didn't live up to the standards of these bands.

Jessie Veldhuizen, Tokoroa.

I Laughed, I Cried

Shrieking and howling laughter could be heard up and down the country as people read the letter from Rangl and Changl in the Gangl. Those who were unfortunate enough to miss it should hunt it down; it's un-freaking-believable. They probably feel no embarrassment now, but if they or their family read it 10-15 years from now...

More importantly — conspicuous in their absence — Elvis Slag and the Slimmer Twins. My heart sank as I realised their mysterious disappearance. Please don't tell me they've been involved in some fatal aviation incident or the like.

Rex, Auckland.

Catching What?

I know that at 34 years old I am rapidly approaching Sad Old Git status, but in a weird kind of way, I don't mind. I remember listening to Oasis in 1972, only they were called T-Rex then. I've watched with dismay the return of flared jeans and platform shoes to the streets (but have yet to see my lime green satin body shirt with stitching that glowed under disco lights), and I still play 'Sylvia's Mother' by Dr Hook after a few beers. I didn't mean to wank on like this. I'm just trying to let you guys know not to forget your older, but no less enthusiastic, readership.

So, Nick D'Angelo, please tell me and my fellow SOGs what the hell you mean when you say Michael Jackson is 'catching wreck'? Please.

Yours till the Rollers return,

Art, Christchurch.

Nick D'Angelo replies: I'll be gentle, Art, because you've surpassed Sad Old Git status and are now onto Boring Old Fart. If the Alzheimer's hasn't already set in, try and cast your mind back through the mists of time to 1972. You were 11 then, and listening to T-Rex singing: 'Bang a gong, get it on.' Your thirtysomething parents had no idea what 'bang a gong' meant, and that was just how you liked it. Each generation of youth have their own particular code, a language the others can't understand, and it would be ethically wrong for me to share today's street slang with you. I'm 'down' with the 'homies' and I can't betray their trust — that would be 'perpetrating'. Suffice to say, if you don't understand terms like 'dropping science', 'on the real', 'catchin' wreck' and 'da bomb', then you shouldn't be reading my column. Supergroove put it even more succinctly: 'You've got to know to understand.'

Bon Jovi Blunder

Re: John Russell.

Hello... anyone there... or are you asleep with your finger up your arse again, when you should be researching?

Concerning your piece on Bon Jovi (yes, I know I'm mentioning a band like Bon Jovi, but when I saw the bullshit in the article, I had to write to wake up Mr Russell and get him to do his job): to start with, *Slippery* was not Bon Jovi's debut album. Their debut was in 1984, with a self-titled album, and their second album was 7800° Fahrenheit. *Slippery* was their third release.

And please do not associate Bon Jovi with the sickening 'Please Come Home For Christmas', as this was Jonny boy all on his own. I'd like to think that not even Bon Jovi would sink to a level this low (although Cindy Crawford was a welcome distraction to the music in the video).

I know it must be awful for you to get less nap time when you have to hold down a job as well, but how hard can it really be to find out valid little pieces of information like this?

The 'John Russell Should Wake Up And Pull His Finger Out If He Wants To Keep His Job As Staff Writer' Fan Club, Tamaki.

John Russell replies: Since receiving your letter I have cut off the incriminating finger by way of apology. It should arrive in your mailbox any day now.

Twisted Silver Cheers

I say: 'Hooray for Silverchair!' Personally, I cannot wait for the Aussie trio-tryhards-wannabes revolution. Genuine alternative music will no longer be 'cool' to all very trendy teenyboppers. It's gone on for too bloody long. I am sick of having to share my taste in music with a bunch of I-love-Kurt-he-is-so-cool-so-am-I, airhead bonkers with eerily high pitched laughs, who have no aesthetic values whatsoever. Silverchair, *be my saviour!* This band shall rip off all mush-for-brains punters and become the eternal trend of the Teenybopper Nation!

Hallelujah! So, don't anybody diss Silverchair now... they're very nice boys. They are the glimpse of hope strengthening my will to live. O' yes... there is one who believes Silverchair should not drowneth in doggy poo poo, [as that fate] would be much more well deserved and appropriate for none other than Mr Shithead Chirac. I'd also like to publicly announce that I, O' Great One, have placed an unremovable (unless, of course, he changes his extremely fucked up mind) curse on Mr Shithead Cirac, that he be reincarnated into toilet paper times infinity, for eternity.

Nukes up Chirac's bumhole.

Killer Clown, I wish I was in Hillsborough.

Patriotic Silver Cheers

Here's a bit of free advice for that cocksucker Clarence: go wank in private and stop tossing all over a hell band, Silverchair. If you were at the Logan Campbell Centre on June 9, you would know that Silverchair go off!

As for being 'a bunch of butt kissing wankers who couldn't write a decent song if it was written on their bandmate's dick', fuck you Clarence! What would you know about decent music? I bet you still dance around your living room to old Kylie Minogue records (no offence, Kylie).

I reckon you're just jealous 'cause these three school boys have horny girls all over New Zealand and Aussie just dying to fuck them, when you can't even get your neighbour's dog to look at you. You're just a stupid wanker if you think 'the boy with sparkle and shine in his hair' (his name is Daniel) is trying to sound like Eddie Vedder and Kurt Cobain. News flash, Clarence: most guys with balls have deep voices, though I wouldn't expect you to know anything about that.

Reading this nonsense you have written about Silverchair makes me feel disgusted that there is bacteria like you in our country. Been taking tips from Merle, have you? Next time you two feel like getting some cheap publicity, get it some other way. No one wants to read letters crapping all over decent bands. If you think you can play better than them, why don't you form a band, and see how many fan letters you get.

As for Silverchair being 'a sad ploy to sell music', I think you are 'a sad ploy to sell magazines'. Come on, *RipItUp*, we don't need to read

negative letters such as the ones from Merle and Clarence. Let's read some positive letters encouraging New Zealanders to get into music.

Silverchair kick ass.

Lauren, Hawkes Bay.

PS: Sorry, Cecil Shrimpton, but you're fucked. Grunge is not dead and never will be, as long as I have a say in it. Oh, and Catherine, yes, orange cardies are just misunderstood.

Enough Silver Cheers, Already!

Why do people forever criticise Silverchair? I'm sick of hearing about how much people hate them. I'm not a really big fan, but there's some of their stuff that's OK. Their concert wasn't very good, but OK for their age.

Why do people compare them to other bands likes Soundgarden and Pearl Jam. If there's anything that sounds all the same, its most hip-hop, techno, and a cappella. And why do people compare Daniel Johns to Kurt Cobain? Did you ever think of the criticism you're paying Kurt by saying that, if you love him so much? Besides, Daniel washes his hair. If Kurt had had short back and sides, do you think Daniel would have too? They're young, and still trying to develop their own style.

To all those who think they're 'cool' 'cause they go round saying how much Silverchair fuckin' suck: you're probably just jealous. If you think your balls are so big, why aren't you up there? If you hated them so much, you wouldn't spend so much time blowing it out your cakehole.

If you've got nothing better to do, or get yourself recognised by than attacking a bunch of young guys who are trying to make something of themselves, then I could probably take five cents and buy you a life. Hell, I'd probably have four cents change!

It's getting a bit boring hearing the same thing about Silverchair over and over. Realise it: you're jealous!

Wendesday, Wellington.

It's Better Read, Actually

I relish this day. I remove the lid to the peanut butter jar, plunge a viciously sharp knife into its soft, moist crunch. Then, cautiously, I roll up my dish in one hand and spread the contents of the knife onto its threshold. *RipItUp* tastes delicious on a Sunday. It tastes like a mix of heavy bands, bad editing, black jeans and white shoes.

The contents filter down to my stomach, which has divulged everything I've ever come into contact with, like parents, ants, aphids, Kevin List (I spat him, or is it her?, out)... but this... uh, choking... can't breath... you've poisoned me... help... can't... gawf. Maybe it's better smoked. I'll never know.

I am the Walrus, Christchurch.

Redneck Suffering

Listen up Yof!

After smoking lots of pot and drinking oodles of beer, me and my rugby mates cruised to the Walling Bongo to see Pumpkinhead and Semi Lemon Kola. We went there with expectations of having a good time and getting to see some good kiwi music. Boy, were we *disappointed*.

The trouble all started when some girlees called '5 Sluts' came on stage and played their brand of speed country, only to the dismay of the ever depleting crowd. Our prop, Jonah, got so frustrated he whipped out his diddle and told them to piss off; fully understandable when you consider we payed 10 bucks a head to get into this place. So, what happens to the dude? He gets thrown out for it.

Our argument is this: if those girlees took offence, maybe they shouldn't be playing rock (and just cock). Stay home girls, where you belong.

Thanks for nuthin'.

Method Man, Te Rapa U21s.

PS: An apology would be nice, or a refund of two tinnies and one tray of beer, please.

Supergroove Rock

Stop knocking Supergroove. This is in response to all you mother fuckers who have written in and given Karl Steven shit. I would like to say fuck you, and leave the talented, poor, good looking, fuckin' guy alone. So, he is big headed and changes his