

# Letters

## Snot Punk Is It?

I totally agree with The Amazing Clarence. I would love to be butt-fucked by Michael Jackson, and if I have to listen to Silverchair to make it happen, I will. More to the point, Green Day are even more limp-wristed than any prepubescent Aussie grunge knobs. Just 'cause some big record companies got together to stage a 'punk revival', does not mean that Green Day can be heralded as 'punk rock's smelly sons'. More like 'heavy metal's inbred foetuses'.

**Hamish Marie-Presley, Howick.**

PS: To Bruce from Wanganui, 'Viva la vinyl' is an incredibly stupid way of ending a letter. It just shows you've been sucked in by the publicity machine. You suck.

## Crap It Up?

I think all the bands they write about in *RiptUp* are crap, and all the reviewers are crap, and all the other people who write in are crap. The only bands that are any good are really obscure anyway, and you all just wouldn't know them 'cause you're just not as cool and hard as me, but they all never get enough recognition. Basically, *RiptUp* is generally crap, and a gratuitous allusion to genitalia.

Oh yeah, and Pearl Jam are like, really crap. You can tell crap bands anyway, because they sell heaps of records to the millions of people who don't have my taste in music, so are obviously completely wrong.

**Miriam, Christchurch.**

## This Isn't Personal

John Russell,

Thanks for the review of my album *Blue Boy* (August issue) — though I found it amusing, I don't think it offered much in the way of a review, except perhaps a sarcastic outpouring of grief over a perceived style of music.

The album was recorded in 1993, and happened to turn out the way it did naturally. It might be laidback, but that's the style on the record. It might not fit into what the current 'scene' is, but then again, I wasn't attempting to do that.

It reminds me of a time a few years back, when I wasn't so flexible in my outlook. John Russell, I'm not saying you're inflexible, but the pen you write with should be more like a rubber band. It should stretch more: up, down, wide, excruciating shapes, but still hold together.

I remember when some dude in a punk band had his guitar smashed over him by a punter who objected to his style and what he represented. A few weeks later, I spoke to a friend

about that incident. [I] was surprised at how he spoke up for the punk, saying it didn't matter what he represented, he didn't deserve a bashing because he was an artist. He was doing his own thing, he was being himself, and then some asshole comes along, with an IQ of two, and does him over. Since then, I've never judged someone on who they pertain to be because of their outlook.

If I could say a few things about myself and the album. I'm 26, into creativity, earn my living playing in a Celtic band, and am influenced by all sorts: Beatles, Black Crowes, Beck, Sinatra, and many more. Loud, *Blue Boy* ain't, but it's a debut, and I'm fortunate enough to have even finished it, let alone release[d] it. There's an accompanying lyric book for an all inclusive price of fourteen dollars, from PO Box 106056, DOWNTOWN, AUCKLAND.

I don't mind having the piss taken out of me, but I deserve a right of reply if it is. John Russell, this isn't personal, OK?

**Jimi B, Auckland.**

## Blood Brother Bollocks

To Rangi and Changi in the Gangi,

What makes you so special anyway? Is it the bond you have with your mates in the Bloods? If it is, you can have mates without causing shit for everyone. I s'pose to get in the Bloods, you all draw blood then rub it together, then you are blood brothers. Yippee skippee!

You guys and girls fuck up each other's lives by being in stupid gangs and hating each other. Because they are in the Crips and you are in the Bloods, it doesn't prove anything. You're both as fucked as each other. Then you get bored and go out and bash/rape chicks. Wow! That makes you tough, for sure, not. If you get so bored and have to do things like that for pleasure, you should find some real music so you won't be so bored and go out and do those disgusting things.

You're making life shit for you and everyone else around you. These gangs are really stupid. What will make you see this — when you get killed? Or when your family gets killed? It'll be too late then. So, what's the point of bashing people in groups, not giving them a fair chance. That's nothing to gloat about to your stupid Blood Brothers or Crip mates. If you're so fucked to have to bash people for their stupid Starter gear, then one on one would be more fair, but even that's stupid.

To any of you sick bastards out there that want to write back and tell me that Bloods and Crips are something else other than fucked,

Go ahead, but we all know the elevator doesn't reach the top floor in any of your warped minds.

**Pognophobia, Whitianga.**

## Each to Their Own

To all those drop-dead no-hopers who send in letters just to trash bands, You are fucked up big time!

I love all warps of life in New Zealand's music industry. It's good to see people with talents not just getting off their asses and doing something, but doing it fucking well.

Tempest, Pumpkinhead, Man With a Dog, Nefarious, Sticky Filth and Stiff Little Fingers are fucking grouse and kick ass.

Be-bop and hip-hop just aren't for me, but I'm a single white female who has no hair, and I say one to their own. Oi glorious.

Keep rocking, good luck, and give it all you've got guys. You make us finally have something worthwhile spending government (pullhards) money on. With or without dak and alcohol, I still will enjoy.

**Keone (the one and only), Christchurch.**

PS: Good luck goes to Man With a Dog in New Plymouth. These guys are awesome and a must to see, which (take note Baloo) I will be soon. *RiptUp* mag is primo.

## Entertainment Over Bias

I've always wanted to write in and slag someone off about something they've said about something I've based my life upon and so forth, but there's so much around, you don't need my input. I would like, however, to comment on the letter from David X, and reply from the editor, about having the right connections to succeed in the scene (that was my interpretation, roughly).

I, myself, wonder how some acts get so much publicity for what sounds so lame, but if they have a staunch following and are proving popular through whatever media, they deserve the fruits of their labour; that's the way the industry is developed. A lot of people around probably feel the same way as Mr X — that is, it's not what you know, but who you know — and I'm sure there have been some shady incidents in the past, present and future, but overall, variety is the spice of life, and I think *RiptUp* do provide a rag which is fairly much entertainment over bias.

Speaking of entertainment, can you tell me who is responsible for supplying you guys with info about what's happening in my neck of the woods? I'm a singer/guitarist for a well known covers group here, but I've recently done a video with a producer from CTV for a new group I've put together called Dance in Effect. I [would] just like to say to the unknown aforementioned slack fuck, get your finger out [of] your bum, take your other hand out of your mate's bum, and do something for the local

scene, or get out of it and give the job to someone who does give a fuck.

That was fun, especially when [I] meant every word of it. Keep up the entertainment, dudes.

**DnE, Nelson.**

## Grrr!

Dear Method Man U21s, listen up buddy!

You know, we read about people like you: on the welfare, no girlfriend (boyfriend in your case), no wife, and not worth the crap you shit, whinging about every little thing that doesn't fit in your perfect (ha, ha) life.

You went to a gig and struck a bad warm-up band... who cares! What possessed you to think that *RIU* readers would want to know? Hmmm, you wrote about the 'ever depleting crowd'. Are you sure they weren't leaving because of your incredibly bad attitude and twisted view of reality?

And what's the dig with: 'Stay home girls, where you belong.' What is it? Do all grrr! bands threaten you? There are agencies you can contact to help you deal with these feelings (you are gay, right?).

Ever heard of L7? Their wild concerts and thrashing sounds would make you cry! So, you better watch what you say, or you'll have Donita Sparks or Courtney Love at your door.

So, Method Man, go wank!

**Pissed Off Riot Grrr!, Rotorua.**

## Female Conspiracy

Yo Method Man,

The '5 Sluts' probably got your mate kicked out because his 'diddle' was so small. You see, when a girlie tells you: "It's not the size but what you do with it that matters," shes lyin' her ass off, and having a good laugh with the other girlies later.

Whadoyaknow. It's a freakin' female conspiracy.

**Just Another Rock Slut.**

## Penis Envy Poke

Each month I read the letters column in *RiptUp* to catch up on the latest public opinion on things musical. Each time I am confronted by snide snipes and churlish quibbling from opposing aural critics. Unfortunately, the August issue was no exception.

I read the chauvinistic, polarised, verbal diarrhoea, being slung at the all female band 5 Girls, by Method Man and his bunch of rugger bugger cretins, who obviously suffer from an insecurity complex, probably due to their mammas refusing to breast feed them as babies (can you blame them?). I quickly concluded that their dads, must have brought them up on a strict diet of fellatio and cream, judging by the stench of Big Man Syndrome their letter reeks of — a sure sign of true cocksuckers.

I have had the pleasure of seeing [Pumpkinhead, Semi Lemon Kola and 5 Girls] play live on various occasions at Framptions (RIP), Mount Maunganui, and personally feel it should have been 5 Girls headlining on the Night of the Living Rednecks in question. There aren't enough all-female bands willing to get up and play some arse rockin' hard-edge around anymore. [This is] probably as a result of the unwarranted antics they have to put up with, from dim-witted philistines like you and your merry men.

As for your frustrated, penis envy chum, Jonah (prop cock), he's damned lucky to have

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