



going on". What the fuck does 'boss' mean anyway. "The 3Ds were boss". Get a fucking life, that's an Amerikkkan term you shithead. If you're so fuckin' desperate to be down with the bands, why don't you fuck off to the US of A and take a step up — get hooked on H and be a groupie for an old people's band like Aerosmith. And as for the continual importance you place on band member's clothing, well it means nothin' but shit coming from a Stevie Nicks look-a-like. You make me sick. Eat a bag of shit you fucker. die painfully FUDD. G
PS: I'm not in Second Child either, I jus' hate you!

DY REPLIES:

Honey, I know you're not in Second Child because those boys have a sense of humour! I wasn't aiming to pigeonhole Second Child in a gender group. The 'male' word was used precisely because of its cliched reverberations in this context, to suggest that Second Child have a sound that is hard edged, angular and other 'traditionally' male things. A sound that is, of course, pretty much the same as it was when Barbara played bass in the band.

READER COMPLAINT

Well, I finally had to say something, I really couldn't take it anymore. I'm afraid that your publication is utter drivel. To illustrate my point I have to mention a caption from your rumours section, top of the Auckland list. "Kurt Kobain of Nirvana purchased an Axemen LP at Real Groovy records". Oh my god, did he really, gosh I'm in awe, the great god Kurt likes the Axemen, woopy shit! Talk about ass lickin' 'in scene' Auckland bullshit. I went to Nirvana and enjoyed it a great deal, but I went to enjoy a good band play some good music and have fun. Obviously your writers went to see the Super Popular 'in' Nirvana. It's all very boring actually.

Every month I pick up RIU with the pathetic hope that maybe you've written about something interesting or new. Perhaps a mention of the Napalm Death tour or a write up of Skin Chamber's new album. Have you guys even heard of Grindcore, Deathmetal, Industrial music or experimental stuff? This sort of music is the ground breaking head of the 90s music scene. Not the boring conservative bull of the likes of the Exponents, SMAK, Verlaines, Sugarcubes, LL Cool J and Push Push (to name a small portion of your extremely candy coated drivel).

At least get a writer who appreciates and can intelligently write about real 'alternative' music. As for Luke Casey, go back to sleep dude, the speed metal thing is no longer interesting. A few bands who are interesting are Carcass, Morbid Angel, Godflesh, Bolt Thrower, Entombed, Dismember, Paradise Lost. Please give some coverage to some of these bands, they are not mindless noise makers and idiots who like to scream. The music is in fact very complex and unorthodox, the lyrics provocative and idea stirring. Once you have acquired a taste for it, you can find a seemingly infinite variety of interesting and extreme music.

Yours sincerely,
Greg Broadmore
HAMILTON

DY replies:

The item about Kurt Kobain buying an Axemen LP was not intended as 'in scene' showing off, rather it was assumed local musicians might like to know that a member of the Number One band in America went shopping in a local record store and bought a local product to take back home where he might play it to no-one but himself, but he could play it to any number of influential people who could take a liking to said local product which could be good for the band. This news item appeared at the top of the Rumours column simply because, as the last one typed up before printing, it got tacked to the top. Anyway, rumours are supposed to be trivial, aren't they?

COMMITTED

Sir,
Why did the moron cross the road? To see the Commitments. Hal Hal! This whitified celebration of epileptic corpses groaning to "hey dude, brother, Mickey-Finn, I say Jungle Fever, soul food jive bunny, Different Strokes" type music are for goons who are sick of rewinding Ralph Macchio playing hand jive on Crossroads or want to have some eyebrow rising hip talk to spurt out at their dinner parties with Timothy Giles and other cardigan wearing fungus tongued liberals who approve tagging as a pseudo-afro-american reactionary art statement against white rule in Cambodia. The success of this K-Tel travesty is only beaten by REM winning an Emmy award for best post-Joan Baez jingle-jangle mandolin, goatskin musick. I'd rather listen to C and C music factory's breasts or Color Me Sad's grinding testicles. This has been a

good taste musical broadcast so hang well and learn. Why do movie directors have such bad taste music sensibilities. I'd go see JFK if Snapper was doing the soundtrack or Cape Fear if Hole, Surgery and L-7 vomited over this academy award wallow. There are two inevitable facts of life: The Commitments sucks, De Niro sucks, now Oprah Winfrey's show on the Dance Exponents sucks and so do undergraduates who wear Jane's Addiction t-shirts to shite Nirvana concerts.
Yours in Christ
(Mrs) Louis Cyborg

NIRVANA HYPE

If American popsters Nirvana are not the most overhyped creation since that late 60s phoney moon landing, then I'm a Greek speaking Dutchman (an Afrikaner in fact). I call them popsters because these guys have the audacity to claim alternative status whilst remaining at the zenith of pop charts and record company promotions.

Donna Yuzwalk gave them another mediocre review. Deservedly so, considering they were on stage for just over an hour, playing to "hundreds of over-excited teenagers" who no doubt form a considerable base of their audience now that record companies are seizing on the next big perceived alternative thing. Live these guys don't shape up to the Fugazis and Butthole Surfers of this world.

Even Rachel Hunter's hairy husband said he was suspicious of Nirvana's success and frankly the few singles I've heard make me wonder what the fuss is about. I haven't heard all of Nevermind, I'd rather listen to Jive Bunny's Slim Whitman remix while eating a Big Mac with pubes. Adios hyperbole,
Sam B. Rillium

CRITIC'S DEFENSE

I'm writing to 'Pamela Des Barnes' who told Kirk Gee that as he didn't play music he wasn't qualified to justify his position as a critic and then paraphrased another RIU writer who said "those who cannot play, criticise".

The qualifications Kirk and other music critics possess is a deep-seated love and respect of music and musicians and an extensive working knowledge of the genres in which they write. As Stamp's music editor I organise reviews from people like myself, who fit into the above description, through to musicians with well-respected local bands from the Nixons to Goblin Mix.

The voluntary time, effort and energy I put into my position with Stamp results from my true enjoyment of music. I honestly feel that through publishing and constructively criticising music I am, in my own small way, furthering the cause of the local music industry, something which I can't support financially or musically and I resent people insinuating that I and others like me only do what we do out of some "desire to be known as an important and integral part of the Auckland music scene". At least we're making some contribution!

Finally, 'Pamela' also stated that being published didn't make Kirk's opinion any more relevant than anyone else's. I can't speak for Kirk, but I work long and hard at what I do. I actually listen to the bands I review, rather than sit at the back of the Gluepot getting pissed. I talk to a lot of musicians about their work. I spend hours in front of a computer screen typing in copy and on the phone finding appropriate reviewers. I've even been thanked by a band's manager for giving a fairly negative, but still objective review of his band. Maybe my or Kirk's opinions aren't any more relevant than anyone else's, but somebody must be interested in what we have to say or magazines like RIU and Stamp wouldn't exist.

Next time, 'Pamela', think about it before you shit all over someone else's work.
JO SCHMIDT

Fanzines

Side On is a (so far) annual magazine from Dunedin edited by Craig Robertson whose name should be familiar to readers of these pages. This issue features an 8,004 word article on George Henderson of Puddle fame and it's a stunning interview, the subject more than worthy of the space devoted to him. Also, solid interviews with David Kilgour and Shayne Carter, two pages devoted to the new Snapper album and pithy record reviews from the more obscure end of the musical spectrum. Send \$3 to 219 Dalziel Road, Dunedin.

Insample... the first issue of a 'zine based in Rotorua although its content demonstrates the editor's penchant for the wilder shores of the New Zealand

and American fringe. Thus Simon Baker slates contemporary Flying Nun for "style over content" before moving on to review such people as the Dead C, Axel Grinders, Terminals, Alistair Galbraith and various singles from the incalculably cool Forced Exposure camp. In fact, Mr Baker says his brief is to encourage people to write to such tiny independent American labels and magazines until he sets up his own little record mail order business with such labels as Amphetamine, Reptile and Noiseville. If you like Pavement, Vermonster and Sebadoh this man is talking your language. Write to Simon Baker at 20 Corlett Street, Rotorua.



Palmerston North's Valve is that city's attempt to deflect the mountains of "metropolitan hype" coming their way from the big centres. Can't think who they mean! This issue features the inevitable Lung article (well, David White is co-ordinator of the Creative Sounds Music Centre which publishes this 'zine), plus pieces on Feast of Stevens, Rake, Fatal Jelly Space, NZ On Air, Orientation and the local student radio station. Write to editor Craig Lucinsky at PO Box 586, Palmerston North if you have comments or contributions. It's free and bi-monthly.

NZ Rock is a new free bi-monthly publication originating in Auckland aiming to cover only New Zealand music. Designed in the photocopied 'zine mold, the second issue has articles on the Strange Loves, Chris Knox and World Gone Wild plus news briefs, live reviews and record reviews. Look for it in a record shop near you.

letters

WRITE TO: RIU LETTERS, PO BOX 5689, WELLESLEY STREET, AUCKLAND; OR FAX: (AK) 761-558.

CARTER THE UNSTOPPABLE

Dear Donna Y,
I have never patted Jordan on the back at the Gluepot. Contentiously,
SHAYNE CARTER

NICK FAN???

Nick D'Angelo,
Loved the Blockies live review. Almost skipped past it, but couldn't after the opening sentence. If I was a Blockhead I would hate it, but then if I was a Blockhead, I probably wouldn't be reading Rip It Up.
Bev Gordon
Te Awamutu

NASTY

Hey Donna,
Your Second Child review was the lamest piece I have ever read. Fuck you! Second Child are not a "boys band". It is not a "male thing". You would never have made that statement had the previous bass player still been in the band, and the music has not changed that dramatically since her departure. So fuck off and listen to your beloved LA glam bands you loser. Who gives a fuck for the opinion of a 31 year old former MORE writer. Like my homeboy Harry Hard-On says "it's gettin' so that anyone over 20 doesn't know what's

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