

HATE MAIL

Love Letters



Dear Suburban Relapse,

Print this so certain people can read. I hang out at the Wave when nothin' better is doing. Some punks make fun of what the so-called posers wear. I don't give a fuck about what they wear. What's real funny though is how the punks making fun are wearing leather jackets while they're talking. It's fuckin' midsummer in Florida, you assholes! Is the new trend sweating to death while you look cool? Look out then cuz sprayed cardboardhair dos (you know who you are) fall out when you sweat. While I'm at it- I got in a fight last Saturday and my spike bracelet didn't help. Fuck Leather-Fuck You-----

Mr. Tank Top
Ft. Lauderdale, Fl.

Dear Boz,

I really like your 'zine, but don't like the way you (and so many others across the world) push star-status upon our ambassador to the world, Jello Biafra. It sounds as if you're bowing down to him in your reply to his letter. This makes me start to wonder how, in our hardcore society, we could've gone wrong to separate the fans from the musicians by this wall known as "stardom". In punk, especially in the punk society The Dead Kennedys speak of, there are no stars, no heroes; there are just those who are really productive and work their asses off and then there are the lazy assholes who are deemed to be second-class citizens. And that's why democracy doesn't work!!! Thanks for listening to me for the length of this page.

Thanx again,
Len
Idle Thoughts, B.C. Canada

I had no intention of pushing star status on Mr. Biafra in my reply to his letter. I agree that there should be no "stars", however that is an ideal and things don't always work out quite like we would like them to. Whether Jello or anyone else agrees or not, he has made a "name" of sorts for himself. Fortunately, Jello has used his influence to help other bands who have not recieved quite the same attention as his band has. This is a good thing and that's all I was trying to point out. To continue this further read the ANP interview elsewhere in this issue- that's the type of thinking that I'm dead against. ED.

Dear Editor,

I have a comment to make concerning the editorial in your May 1982 (#5) issue of Sublapse. I agree 100% with what you said about open-mindedness towards music. It is a shame that people are quick to praise one style of music, then turn around and hack another. I feel a contradiction was made. If you're asking your readers to be open towards different styles, how can you make such a blatant statement against syntho-pop?

Now that every journalist and their grandmother's frigidaire has proclaimed how terrible 'Synthmusic' is, lets cut the rhetoric a tinge and listen to it, instead of conveniently clumping it together and tossing it off the nearest bridge. I'm not on a crusade for 'synth-pop', this goes for all types of music. Generalizations are bad when they are aroused in a negative context, be it with people or music.

All I'm saying is be open, don't be so quick to put something down because of different musical qualities. Don't always worry about what your friends might think....you've got your own mind. You might be surprised about how much you're missing. Sound familiar?

Sincerely,
Grandmother's reformed frigidaire
West Palm Beach, Fl.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I was waiting for someone to pick an argument about this. I've listened to plenty of syntho-pop music and outside of a few exceptions, the majority of it is boring third-rate disco music.... I mean it's not even good disco dance music. While we're at it, your idea of tossing it over the bridge sounds pretty good to me. Thanks for the suggestion. ED.

Dear Suburban Relapse,

I've got a simple question to ask you. Who do some of these 'punks' think they are? I'm not talking about all of them, just the ones who talk behind your back if you don't look good in a leather jacket. Whatever happened to being an individual in thought and in dress without getting shit from your friends? Nowadays most of us don't care because we're too worried about what we should wear to the next in-crowd gathering!

If this is what some of you call sticking together and freedom of expression, then you can take your 1982 fashion attitudes and shove them up your ass 'cause WE DON'T NEED IT!! Age: if fucking important- 15.

Akron
W. Palm Beach, Fl.