

# Perspectives Readers View

## Letter to the Editor

"LETTER TO THE EDITOR/RESS"

So, as the Chilis become increasingly visible to the public eye, the scrutiny reaches more people, and I wish to address the concise and articulate article by Jodie Hargus.

She says, that "as a female [she finds] it difficult to relate to the phallus-obsessed Red Hot Chili Peppers." This in itself is perfectly acceptable, and the purpose of this letter is not to attack her right to express herself. But, as a die-hard Chili Peppers fan, I must speak in their defense, as I see it.

Before I do, I wish to correct one slight faux pas. She misquoted the titles of some songs that deal explicitly with sexual material. Of these, two were "party on your Pussy" and "Fuck'em just to see the look on their face." In actuality, these songs are titled "Special Secret Song" and "Freaky Stylee." OK, fine, the former song is clearly sexual and expresses a distinct (if distasteful to some) opinion about sex. However, the latter contains only sexual imagery, and the entire song's lyrics are as follows:

I said out loud  
I'm freaky stylee and I'm proud.  
Fuck'em, just to see the look on their

face,

I fuck'em just to see the look on their face.....  
So that's it.

Granted, one could infer from such a song that he screws women (or men, or dogs, for that matter) only for the expression on their faces. But, the Pepperian phrase "freaky stylee" means much more to me.

Anthony Kiedis and Flea are veterans of the "alternative" (Must we use these arbitrary labels?) music scene dating back before I saw the film "Suburbia" in 1984. They have not had an easy time of it. "Popular"

acclaim comes to them only after five albums, and the loss of two guitarists. The first, Hillel Slovak, to heroin, the second, Mr. Frusciante, to who-knows-what. They came out of the ghetto-like atmosphere of strife, family disasters, critics, drugs, Fundamentalist, Christians, not to mention several North Carolinians, and still stick with their psychosexy urban funk. To me "freaky stylee" means not fearing one's own individualism in the face of conformist opposition. OK, 'nuff said, for more info on their history, check Rolling Stone, spring '92.

Let's cut through some b.s. What's on everyone's minds? Equal Rights? Democracy? Feminism? God? Etc...? Maybe that's what's on everyone's minds part of the time, but most of the time our culture seems to be obsessed with SEX. Sex squirms all around us: Carolina Dateline, Studs, and countless other ridiculous media-panderings to a society that's either under or over-sexed. I won't even touch other musicians (NWA, BWA) whose message serves absolutely no purpose but to worsen sexual attitudes in our country. The fact re-

**"You either  
mosh with  
the rest of  
us or get  
the fuck out."  
-Tim Hanna**

mains that the Peppers' style does not always explicitly deal with sex. If one listens to the whole of their works, one will find a pattern of eclectic songs. Ballads, covers, funk, hardcore, and the material is as varied.

Here's a short sampling from four songs:

1. He'll play a little guitar  
Sing a few blues  
He's the kind of guy you can't refuse
2. I've got my tapes, and my CD's  
I've got my Public Enemy  
My lilly white ass is tickled pink  
When I listen to the music that makes me think
3. Taking me back with a hole in my hand

All the way back to the brotherland...

I want to go as fast as I can  
Sliding on back to the brotherland

4. I'm a native of this place  
Please don't kick me in my face

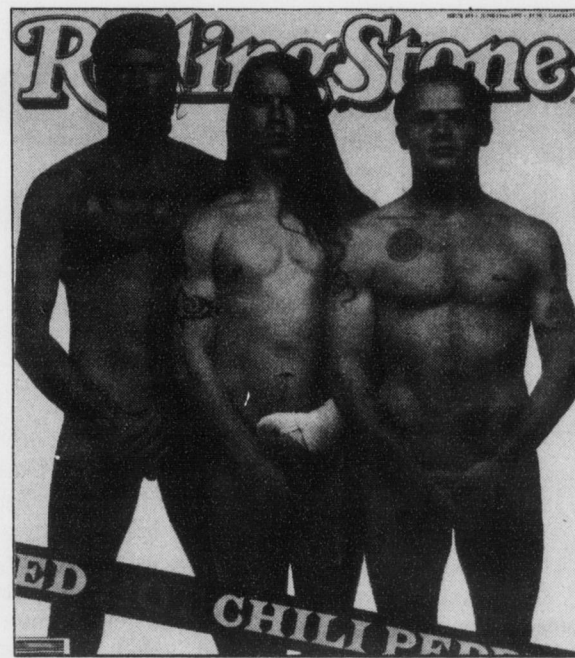
[It should be noted that Kiedis is an Apache]

This is not to defend them from what they say. We will always judge others for what they say and do. Art, by nature is controversial, it acts as a sounding-board for what we already know. Art is subjective, I will respond differently to something you like, and I'm not saying that you're "wrong" or "bad" for railing the Peppers. I believe they have a certain responsibility now that they have so much press and, god-fordid, popularity. But that's my aesthetic. They will do what they so (and so well), and I hope that they don't feel pressured to change their freaky stylee for anyone else but themselves.

On a side note, if there's one thing I despise, it's when people listen to or imitate a band for purely superficial reasons. With the Chilis, it's what happens in the pit, that's where it all comes down. You either mosh with the rest of us, or get the fuck out. And there's no hard feelings, the rhythm of the groove pushes out all detritus and leaves the spectator with pure music.

If Jodie felt uncomfortable seeing Flea in his tightie whities, that's cool. I personally dug it, but I've seen him with diapers and "Funky Rumpus Butt Club" written on his chest. But with that bass in his hands, look out, the fink's too thick.

In closing (because it's Sunday night, and I have a packet an inch thick from David Barnhill waiting patiently, and because this could go on indefinitely), I want to say that if there's one thing that I've learned about the Peppers (besides their funk) it's that they have consciousness. I've been listening to them for a long time, and sometimes the material is highly per-



sonal, but with the big picture in view, they command a knowledge of human existence that I feel merits scrutiny before one can attack their whole "ness"

Quit your  
crying you  
big baby!

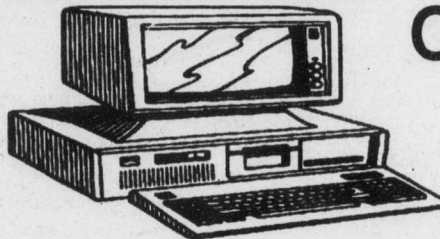


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