

REMEMBERING COURTNEY

Re: Courtney's Love Hole.

Flipping through last month's *Big Day* to forget about issue, on a dare, I couldn't help catching an eye-full of undie in the colour pages. All those bands, two sheets of paper enabling us to see what a wild, wiggly and dopey time you all had in colour, and you fill it up with Courtney's dumb ass.

Granted, it was the only hole on stage at the time capable of making an interesting sound, as well as probably being able to claim it's had more rock stars in it than Rick Rubin's studio, but come on. Who gives a dog's wrinkled dingle, outside of floppy little schoolboy rock types (who will learn why it is important to have your own box of tissues in your room) and floppy little schoolgirl rock types (who will learn how to best greet the floppy little schoolboy rock types, when they finally come out of their rooms).

I realise these people are currently your main body of readership, but aren't you becoming a little too childish?

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you were probing a very poignant hypothesis — that being: if it were not for this hole, giving itself willingly to He Who Ruined The Carpet In The Room Above The Garage, the rest of the Holes would be counting the holes in corks for a living, instead of posing as the worthwhile contribution to music they most certainly are not.

If this is the case — a fine example of journalism. Clap, clap, clap. I apologise.

Yours,

JA Greig, Christchurch.

Remembering Kurt

He's dead. And none of us were there to stop him blowing his brains out all over the floor and the walls because we just weren't. The fact is that Kurt Cobain is just really, really dead. So why do some of us still sit around, get all morose, and play guessing games as to why the fuck he did it? There's nothing to understand. This annual visitation to his day of oblivion should not be met with silence and dismay and hunger. We should accept the death of Cobain and Nirvana and be happy about it. Rejoice it. Celebrate death because from it comes life. No one should wish his soul and body back because it just didn't want to be here any more. Let me ask you one question... if you wanted to die, would you let anyone stop you?

A Man Who Loves Rock 'N' Roll and Nirvana, Auckland.

Not So Nice Boy

I enjoy your magazine each month, but it really pisses me off each time *RiptUp* publishes a fashion spread/ad which features models smoking (see *Nice Boy*, Issue 211, March).

We all know the tragic effects of years of carefully crafted, tobacco sponsored media campaigns, which have linked smoking to desirable lifestyles. With the Smokefree Environments Act 1990 now preventing much of this bullshit, I'm sure the tobacco industry will be congratulating *RiptUp* for continuing to perpetuate for them these out dated and discredited images.



Letters

Not wanting to be accused (in what I suspect will be your predictable reply) of being a wowser, a health Nazi, do-gooder, wanker etc. I won't add any statistics about the effects of smoking (we all know them). But get real *RiptUp* — we know smoking kills. We also know young people (ie. many of your readers) continue to start smoking in record numbers, and are often influenced by the images they get from esteemed mags like yours.

RiptUp can choose to continue to deny any responsibility for taking a stand on social or

health issues affecting the young people of this country. However, I would like to know why, despite the years of statistics and information to the contrary, *RiptUp* continues to publish images which link smoking with being cool.

Michael Blewden, Auckland.

PS: It is somewhat ironic that the current example of 'smoking is cool' features in a fashion spread titled *Nice Boy*. In fact, many young people begin smoking because they see it as a symbol of being 'bad', of being anti-authority, of being a rebel.

Shirley Charles replies: Congratulations on picking up on the 'irony' displayed in the *Nice Boy* fashion spread.

The fashion spread *Nice Boy* didn't say anywhere on it that 'smoking is cool'. Our 'nice boy', Mike, happens to smoke. He chose to all by himself. He knows he may get a nasty disease by smoking cigarettes. He also knows he could die in a car crash or be trampled by a mad bull. He knows all these things, but he made the choice to smoke because he enjoys it, and because he has something of his own. It's in his head... it's called a brain. Everyone has one, this allows them to make their own decisions. Neat eh!

Nowhere in the magazine do we ever say: 'Look, this person is smoking, it looks so cool. If you don't already smoke, please start now.'

Geddit?

Child(ish) Psychology

Regarding your last issue:

Hey look, you really shouldn't let Shirley Charles write stuff. Maybe she could sit in a corner and play with blocks or something.

Dr Quesineer, Auckland.

'I Like' NZ Music

First off — I truly believe our band is totally dedicated, hardworking and honest in representing music in what we feel really matters, if not just to ourselves. Secondly — music's no more a game to us, than a 747 pilot flying his aircraft full of passengers. It's a passion we thoroughly enjoy.

It's unfortunate Rob Mayes is so blind or naive to think that we have sold out. If selling out means shifting to a label that can distribute and promote our art to a far more extensive audience, well shit, I guess every band in the entire history of music has sold out. I'm almost certain Rob would want this of his own bands. We fully appreciate that *Failsafe* kick started us with our first release, an opportunity we will never forget. However, I'm also sorry that Rob has problems with artists leaving his label opting for bigger and better opportunities, instead of just supporting Christchurch music/New Zealand music, whatever shape or size, like or hate, to move forward.

Cellphones, promotion and whatever are simply tools to make managerial duties and busy scheduled tours somewhat easier. Brent (vocals) handles all of these duties, which requires a lot of time and effort. If it makes the job easier, so be it.

One of these days people will wake up and smell the coffee and realise we are all paddling in the same boat, striving to get New Zealand music out to the world — Shihad are a good example. Hence the tall poppy syndrome that fucks up so many aspiring bands.

My final words are good luck to *Failsafe* and all recording institutions in New Zealand. Let's support and promote our music and show the world what we've got to offer from this beautiful country.

Yours sincerely,

Jason Peters (Pumpkinhead), Christchurch.

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