

CRACCUM

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
- 7 AUG 1978
GENERAL LIBRARY

The following article is part of a series, currently appearing in Victoria University's paper, *Salient*, looking at political issues in election year. We thank *Salient* for giving us permission to reprint this and other articles in the series.

The New Zealand I grew up in was a very different country from the New Zealand of the late 1970s. While material conditions are much easier than they were a generation ago, the issues have become much sharper. Since I believe in speaking my mind frankly on matters of common concern, I welcome the opportunity *Salient* has given me to summarise the kinds of realities University graduates will have to live with.

The biggest change has come in the external environment. A generation ago New Zealand was virtually an offshore farm for Britain in a world dominated mainly by a group of western states and their overseas dependencies. Now most of the dependencies are independent states, a new nationalism is in the ascendant in many, while in others communist regimes or military governments have seized power.

At the same time world trade and economic activity is increasingly being dominated by trade blocs and special economic groupings, particularly those centred on the EEC, the US, Japan, the Soviet Union and the OPEC states.

New Zealand stands isolated outside these large groupings with an economy still based mainly on the export of a limited range of farm products which are essential to none. Our export problems are thus two-fold. First, to secure trade access for our traditional pastoral products in both traditional and new markets. Secondly, to develop new export industries based on our other resources and the skills and imagination of New Zealand's people.

Some people consider that I place too much stress on economic issues. They are entitled to their opinion. However, there are certain realities which are very pressing.

First, we are still running a huge overseas exchange current account deficit of around 500 million dollars a year on an exchange transactions basis. This is only half of what it was when my government took office, but it is still too large. The rest of the world does not owe us a living.

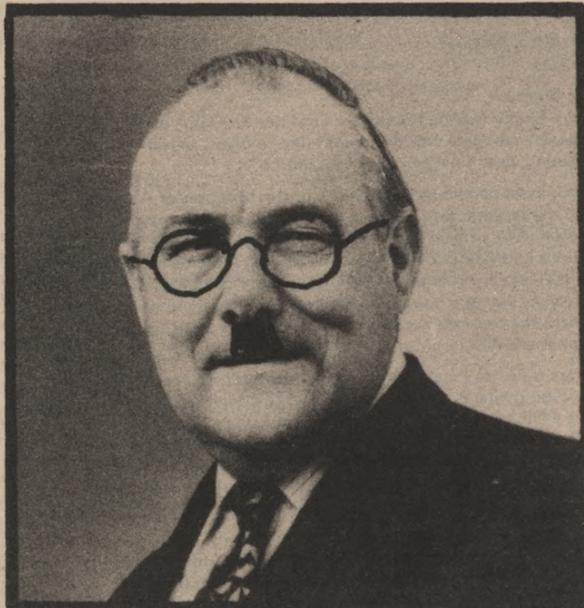
Secondly, there is the domestic situation. According to the Government Statistician's projections, the New Zealand labour force will grow by over 100,000 in the next five years. Providing jobs for all these people - including the graduates of Victoria University - is going to be a major task of government.

We cannot do it simply by make-work activity in the public sector since even this generates an additional demand for foreign exchange, even if it is in smaller degree. The only realistic solution is to develop new industries which earn or save foreign exchange and provide the basis for genuine expansion in the rest of the economy.

My Government's determination to press forward with the trade access objectives has on several occasions led to public friction with our overseas trading partners. I make no apologies for this. New Zealand is the world's most efficient producer of pastoral products. Our freedom to export to natural markets benefits the ordinary people in these areas and at the same time is vital to our own living standards and ability to provide jobs. I will continue to press New Zealand's economic interests with vigour wherever this is needed.

The second economic issue is the need to press forward with the development of new industries, particularly those geared to earn or efficiently conserve foreign exchange. Many of these industries will be resource based. This group includes, in particular, forestry, fishing, the further processing of primary products, tourism, and the energy sector.

Another grouping consists of established manufacturing and service activities which have hit the limits of the domestic market. These industries will need to get out and sell in a competitive world market, as the leaders in



Pearls Before Swine

the manufacturing field already have done. Clearly, the others will need to become more efficient and cost conscious. Equally clearly, both they and the primary industries will need certain things from the New Zealand environment if they are to meet the challenge.

These things include an easing of inflationary pressures, a minimising of unnecessary industrial disputes, and efficiency in the servicing and transport sectors of the economy. Anyone who pretends that New Zealanders can pull their way out of their troubles without all of us working more efficiently is peddling a pipe dream.

There is a third category of industry where development offers potential for the New Zealand future. This consists of new activities based on innovative thinking and the development of new products and services - things we cannot necessarily even visualise today. I would hope that the pool of university graduates will provide many of the innovations New Zealand is going to need - adding technical and intellectual sophistication to the traditional Kiwi ingenuity.

We are trying to create a climate in which more such innovation occurs. It involves many things - technical advisory services, access to development capital, more freedom in the market, and lower taxes. But most of all it needs the talents of able people harnessed in the right directions.

Economically New Zealand is a more varied and challenging place than it was a generation ago. Socially though the situation is less happy. A whole range of areas, from the stability of family life to the safety of certain city streets at night, is much less certain than it once was.

I suppose one could say that New Zealand is simply following trends elsewhere in the western world, and is still comparatively better than most.

However, the special and unique New Zealand we once had seems to be eroding. This has created a situation where much more often than we would like, administrative firmness has to be brought in to deal with difficult situations. I would emphasize that a heavy, necessary emphasis on law and order is not exactly New Zealand the way I want to see it. However, when firm measures in any area are required my Government will face up to its obligations.

I would now like to focus on another issue in which I think I have some special expertise. This is the role of public spending in the economy. In New Zealand, as elsewhere, a large rise in the share of public spending in the economy has created what the Planning Council described as public sector 'overload'. While one can argue about the precise meaning of words or statistics, two things are clear.

First, the rising tax burden to finance public spending is hurting the public. It is squeezing the economic position of the average taxpayer and acting as a disincentive to effort and innovation.

Secondly, the real value of much of the rise in public spending is very dubious. During the period of the previous government the share of government spending in the economy shifted up over 10 per cent of GNP; but the man or woman in the street would be hard put to identify any significant benefits they obtained from this upsurge.

One of the messages any Minister of Finance will need to keep repeating to the New Zealand public is that there is no such thing as free government services. It all has to be paid for somehow. A more rigorous control of public spending - and a better public understanding of the need for this - is pretty fundamental to grappling with our problems.

Well, I have listed some of our problems and issues and some of the solutions we will need. I could list many more if you gave me the space. And I trust that the students of Victoria University who have been educated at vast expense to the taxpayer, are able to play their own part at helping to grapple with these issues.

R.D. MULDOON
PRIME MINISTER

LETTERS & STUDENTS

Please keep letters short and to the point. Letters should be typed, if possible, or clearly printed and double-spaced. They must reach the Craccum office by Thursday 10 am to be published in the following week's issue -- just leave them in the Craccum pigeonhole by the StudAss Reception Desk or bring them up to the office next to the Student Travel Bureau on the Second Floor of the Student Union Building.

"ALBERT FLASHER"

Dear Ms Chunn,
As a budding educationographer from that compact, flash, new, campus you made reference to in your last issue, I was more than a little concerned that you should consider a letter of one submitted by that obvious paragon of multi-linguism, Mr Greg Devine, worthy of publication. His was a singular attempt to turn your letters page into a Lebanese version of Dear Abby.

I have since tried to dredge up even a smattering of support for him, but although the heart does experience a mild flutter of sympathy towards him in the loss of 'Albert Flasher', the intellect somehow suggests that Mr Devine would be best served to keep such shmoltzi trivia for the THAMES TIMES.

Muzzletov
Sam

TOLD OFF AGAIN

Sir,
I have always thought that the various university students associations in New Zealand, and their respective newspapers, have tried to uphold the principles of free speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of information and so on.

Therefore I find it ironic to find our very own student newspaper 'Craccum', has kept an all-embracing silence on the following matter. Several weeks ago, the 'Auckland Star', in a two paragraph article, announced that the New Zealand University Student's Association was to sell its Wellington building (valued at \$150,000) to cover losses made in operating the student travel bureau.

Newspapers have been known to be wrong before, but even if this is the case, the students of Auckland University, I think, have a right to know about this matter.

Yours etc,
Neil O. Curtis

MR YEE AGAIN

Dear Louise,
I was shocked to read Mr Yee's letter in the week before last Craccum (No. 17 24/7) concerning his views on Israel and Israelis. It is sad to know that such misguided views as Mr Yee's do exist.

Although I am pro-Israel it is obvious to me that there are always bigots on both sides of the issue. So perhaps the view that Mr Yee was presented with by a lone Israeli student was not such an agreeable one. However, I fail to see how it can be deduced from one person's remarks on just one occasion that Israelis are racists. 'That brief encounter convinced me', says Mr Yee. 'Such views can only reflect the minds of racists.' How can such views from one person reflect the minds of all the other Israelis, and make them racists?

Obviously a preposterous conclusion has been jumped to, from such a 'brief encounter.' Israelis are not racists; one person's views do not make the rest of the nation racists. Despite this, it seems that Mr Yee is determined from the beginning to call Israelis racists and to suggest that the State of Israel should not be recognized - which is the same as saying that a people should not have the right to self-determination. He takes one example, an exception, without even briefly encountering the other 99-999% of Israelis, to try to prove his rather misguided view. What of the other millions of Israelis? All I can say, is that it is a wee bit sad to see such ridiculous reasoning,

Yours sorrowfully,
Karen Jaffe

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SOCIALIST DISSIDENTS ?

Dear Craccum,
A. Felderhof mistakenly writes (Issue 17) that radicals and activists have chosen to remain silent about the recent trials of three dissidents in the Soviet Union. Believe it or not some activists have spoken out on this issue. The Socialist Action League held a forum on this very topic last Friday night.

All socialists and supporters of human rights condemn the harsh sentences handed out to Ginzburg Pyatkus and Scharansky. Protests by Muldoon and Carter against Soviet repression are merely self serving. These politicians have not spoken out about repression in countries such as Indonesia and Chile where dictatorships were installed with the blessing of the U.S. government and the National Party.

The remark by Andrew Young, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, that there are thousands of political prisoners in the U.S. too, also points up the hypocrisy of Carter and Muldoon.

Unions and pro-socialist forces around the world condemned the Soviet trials. It is up to these people to expose the bureaucratic rulers of the Soviet Union as a privileged caste that must stifle all demands for democratic rights in order to maintain its comfortable position and monopoly of political power.

C. Matheson

A FINAL WORD

Dear Craccum,
Before finally leaving the insular confines of AUSA and turning my gaze to the real world, I would like to divest myself of those remaining ideas I have on the Association.

I think most people have lost sight of the function of AUSA as being the representative voice of the entire student mass. By representative I mean that it is the organ for enunciating the opinions and wishes of the students on any topic or in any area that they see fit. It is therefore vital, if not mandatory by definition, that the opinion/wishes of students are known. That is where the basic democracy of AUSA and its institutions becomes relevant.

If there is no feedback from students as to the stance AUSA should be taking on issues then it is quite clear that those are issues AUSA has no right to express itself upon. Those active in the Association must accept that it is not for them to manufacture 'student opinion' or to decide what is best for the students 'as I see it'. They are entirely limited to those points that students have deigned to consider and, as a mass and in the majority, have commented upon.

Obviously they cannot sit back and decline to actively seek student opinion and wait for it to spontaneously appear at General Meetings or SRC. However there is a clear distinction between bringing to students' attention relevant issues, in our case mainly those concerning on-campus questions, and endlessly prodding and forcing simulated majority decisions.

Executive members are elected primarily to fulfill specific functions - and individually that is all they should do. As a whole the Executive should act as no more than a relay station of student viewpoint. Student opinion should be sampled from such sources as SRC and, where possible, General Meetings and Referenda. Once it is clear the nature of the attitudes the students want expressed on their behalf then the Executive does no more than present these to either the University or the public, as appropriate. It is beyond the Executive's competence to create student opinion.

The stumbling block upon which this picture crashes is the ogre of 'student apathy'. A much-quoted explanation for the lack of life in AUSA's affairs it is all too often represented as justification for Executive's carte blanche behaviour. An alternative view of 'student apathy' is explaining the non-involvement and lack of feedback as a distinct desire by the student mass to have no opinion or attitude taken by their Association. Surely students have the right, as do all other sectors of society, to say 'no comment'. Why must we be always urged to be a vocal pressure group attaching ourselves in a band wagon fashion to a huge variety of issues.

Catering has been something of a hot potato this year. AUSA's constitution states that it is one of the Association's objects 'To provide and manage catering facilities subject to the direction of the Management Committee in matters of general policy'. It was with this in mind, together with the fact that AUSA is an independent organisation responsible only to the students as to how it manages its own affairs, and the feeling that University involvement was detrimental to the catering operation, that the Executive made the moves that it did.

The effect of placing the immediate responsibility for the catering operation with a committee of AUSA was to make absolutely clear that catering is the Association's job, not the University's, (after all it is AUSA, not the University, that is at present being prosecuted for breaches of the Food Hygiene Regulations!). It would no doubt be extremely pleasant if catering was run entirely by the University. But would students have any safeguards over pricing control, variety of services, quality of products, hours of availability, use of the cafe for non-catering purposes, and the flexibility of a system prepared to loan equipment and expertise to all manner of clubs and societies.

So, accepting that the advantages of retaining catering outweigh those of paying the University to take it away, Executive recognised its job to run the operation in the most economical manner whilst maintaining the standards of a service to students. Unfortunately it would appear that the once firm resolve of Executive to do so is foundering on an inability to wield the necessarily firm hand. Such problems as staff incompetence and theft of stock require decisive action - a step of which neither the President or the Executive seem capable. We have senior staff appropriately experienced making necessary recommendations, albeit surreptitiously, but without the consequent actions.

Nobody expects the Executive to be experts in the variety of administrative areas they are faced with, but we expect them to at least act upon the recommendations of those qualified and employed to give them.

Greg Pirie
Ex-SRC Chair

LEARNING HUI

Dear Editor,
Re Brigid Mulrennan's article on Bastion Point. The results of the referendum are summarised as 'around 150 separating the 'yes' and 'no' vote.' What were the actual numbers? 'around 1700' voted, and we are told that the referendum was not decisive although the 'no' vote polled 9% more votes than the 'yes' vote. Just exactly what is decisive? Perhaps the low poll turnout doesn't suggest to Ms Mulrennan that to many students the Maori land question is a non-issue.

Ms Mulrennan goes on to say that the guest speakers condemned the Govt over Bastion Point. Peter Rikys, a man who has tried hard to keep an objective viewpoint to gain tangible progress through the Law, would be angry on reading this. Mr Rikys did not condemn the Govt but told Maoris 'to get out of the pubs', 'up from their TVs' and to use education and knowledge through the law to settle conflicts and to stop moaning over past deeds. Mr Rikys has shown that the judicial system can work with the formation of the Ngaati-wai Land Retention Committee. This advice was directed to Maoris, not Pakehas, likewise Mr Rameka's criticism of 'lefties' at the Magistrate's Court hearings, that showed a wish for the land issue to remain a Maori thing, and not the young 'radicals' new toy. The situation can be summed up in the reply I got to my question of whether a friend had voted on the referendum or not; 'What?'

Yours,
P. Edmond

YOUNG GNATTING

Dear Editor,
K.G. Hague's premature reply to a non-existent 'attack' raises some questions in this writer's mind. First of all, though, let me say that I am glad that it is nothing more than the sheerest of coincidences that there were six candidates (including the illustrious Kevin Hague) for six different Exec positions who were nominated by Young Gnats or who are members of this toy political party. I would hate to think that the large number of Young Gnats who were candidates was a right-wing reaction to the election of Janet Roth as President.

Could Master Hague tell me when the next enlightening meeting of the Young Gnats will be - if such a thing exists. The last time I attended a Gnat meeting it was anything but enlightening. Present was the token Govt backbencher (there no doubt to provide comic relief in between moments of enlightenment) and the Young Gnats listened in reverential awe to his gritty pearls of wisdom (called bullshit by those in the know). The only people who asked searching questions were the Labour supporters and sundry stirrers who were the majority of the small audience. Need I say that the only people who applauded the waffle of the M.P. for Eden were the free-thinking Young Gnats. Everybody else was suitably unimpressed.

My other question is how can one possibly equate the National Party with freedom of the individual? I quote Master Hague's letter 'the most important element of society is the individual and the Government should interfere in the affairs of the individual as little as possible. Does Kevin think this is a principle of the National Party because it is implied in its slogan 'N.Z. the way you want it' or is it because he thinks that dissolving the Ministry of Works and giving lucrative jobs to private contractors, and pruning back welfare services fulfills this principle? When the Govt randomly checks (Polynesian) overstayers, when it uses a government department to regulate the sex life of solo mothers, when it gives carte-blanche to the thought Police to harass citizens, how can it claim not to be interfering in an individual's affairs? Perhaps the real principle of the Muldoon Party is that it won't interfere in an individual's affairs as long as s/he does and thinks what s/he is told.

Signed,
No friend of yours, Master Hague.

PS Please don't regard this as a 'tirade' and 'a gross exaggeration and distortion of the facts'. I leave that sort of thing to the Prime Minister.

VIA THE VATICAN

Dear Craccum,
I am writing to challenge Mr Makin over his allegation in Craccum last week that Catholics are 'at the forefront of the attack on human rights in general.' I wonder if Mr Makin would care to elaborate on this incredible claim. O.K. Mr Makin, I can see you have grounds for feeling you are discriminated against because of the Catholic Church's attitude toward homosexuality. But your general attack on Catholics shows complete ignorance. I will give you some examples of where Catholics are at the forefront of struggles against repressive regimes.

In South Africa Catholic schools have been threatened with closure by the State because they are admitting black students together with whites. In Rhodesia Catholic clergy are in prison, and have been expelled by the Smith government because they have 'harboured' guerillas of the Patriotic Front. In the Philippines the only really organised opposition to the marshall law regime which has suspended basic human rights, is the Catholic Church. Recently many Catholic clergy were arrested for marching in protest at irregularities in an 'election' and general corruption in the regime. In many South American countries Catholics are being harassed and imprisoned, executed, and murdered by gangs of pro-government thugs.

The truth is, Mr Makin, that you are searching for some identifiable scapegoat for the discrimination you suffer from society in general. Why not discard your own obvious bigotry and instead look at real sources of problems. Your lashing out blindly at one group to blame your problems on, smacks of the propaganda methods used by totalitarian governments of the type the Catholic Church is constantly fighting against.

Yours,
M.J. Brown

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Yours,
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TAKE NOTE

Notices for Take Note or Dear Diary must reach the Craccum office by Thursday 12 noon. Notices should be clearly written or typed and kept short and to the point. Leave them in our pigeonhole or bring them to our office.

NOMINATIONS

Applications are now being called for the positions of: President, General Vice-President, Education & Welfare Vice-President of NZUSA, closing on August 18. The election will take place at August Council (at Waikato University) on Thursday August 24. Candidates should attend.

Each of the positions carries a salary of \$5,600 and successful candidates will be expected to live in Wellington. Further information is available from the President of AUSA. Applications, including a curriculum vitae, should be sent to:
The President
NZUSA
P.O. Box 9047
Wellington

MORE OF THE SAME

Nominations are now open for the 1978 positions of Education Vice President, SRC Chair and Welfare Officer to close at the Winter General Meeting to be held at 1 pm on Wednesday 9 August 1978 in the Maidment Theatre.

PORTFOLIO POSITIONS

Nominations are now open for the positions of Education Vice President, Administrative Vice President and Sports Officer for 1979. Nomination forms are available from the ground floor, Studass, and close with the Association Secretary on Friday 11 August 1978 at 4.30 pm. An election will be held on Wednesday 13 September.

Merv Says:

After the internal turmoils of the past few weeks I have found that the Association is getting down and doing some good solid work. A good deal of attention and energy is being focused at this stage on NZUSA August council. Most class representatives should have been circulated with the education policy by now. If there is any doubt about these more important policy motions or any additions to the NZUSA policy in total then please feel free to approach me or any Executive member.

NZUSA has recently been in the news on another point - that being the attempted entry of a South African student to study law within New Zealand. As Mabel is to study law in Auckland I have become involved and the latest move by Mr Gill to limit her right to speak at so called 'political' meetings has made my normal cool temperament quite heated. The Government has no right whatsoever to put this condition on a free thinking student. What's more the Government has a nerve trying to limit what could be the otherside of the South African apartheid story when it allows the Consulate to freely distribute its pro-apartheid point of view.

Around the Association one of the more important meetings this week will be the Winter General meeting. It will be held in the Maidment Theatre on Wednesday at 1.00 p.m. There will be a number of constitutional motions concerning SRC and the funding of NZUSA. The agendas will be available this week, and my advice to you is to read, think and then act by coming along and voting.

Yours,
Merv
The President

FARM CARETAKER(S) WANTED

A Northland farm-pottery scene needs a few responsible people to feed the chickens and the cat for 6-8 weeks starting right after the August vacation. Ideal retreat, rest cure, swotting, or just digging the peace and quiet.

Place is 6 miles from KAEO, 2 1/2 miles of metal road. Has phone, power and can sleep 6-8 people with ease. Rent free - just be there. Anyone interested Call 769-891 and ask for Jim.

GRITS

If you're into wholegrain flour, real beans, dried fruit or any other raw and dried goodies then there's now a food co-op set up specially for you and you can find out more by ringing Auckland 545-704.

JUMBLE SALE/AUCTION: THIS WED.

The Maori Land Rights Action Group is holding a Jumble sale in the Quad at lunchtime on Wednesday August 9 to raise funds for its activities. Any donations of jumble can be left with Audrey Sharpe in the Political Studies Dept. or Peter Gleeson in the Students Association.

SUPPORT BASTION PT LAND PROTEST

There will be a rally and march to coincide with Bastion Point supporters being sentenced on Tuesday August 8: Assemble 8 am at C.P.O. for march to Magistrates Court.

MAORI LAND RIGHTS ACTION GROUP

Our next meeting is on Monday August 7 at 1 pm in Room 202. All people interested in supporting Maori Land rights are welcome.

AUGUST SALE

The New Zealand Students' Arts Council have negotiated the following discounts for the month of August:

NORTHCOTE'S BRIDGEWAY CINEMA

Venue: 52 Raleigh Road
Concession: Students \$1.20
NB. This discount needs support if it is to continue.

AUCKLAND CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

Performance: Cleveland Quartet
Date: August 15
Venue: Auckland Town Hall
Concession: Students \$4

MERCURY THEATRE

Performance: 'Habeus Corpus'
Date: August 2 - August 26
Time: 8.15 pm (Tues to Sat)
6.30 pm (Thurs)

Venue: France Street, Newton
Concession: Students \$1 off

THEATRE CORPORATE

Performance: 'The Caretaker' - Pinter
Date: till August 19
Venue: 14 Galatos Street, Newton
Concession: Students \$3

CLASSIC CINEMA

Concession: Students \$1 (Mon to Fri)

MOVEMENT DANCE THEATRE

Performance: Movement Dance Theatre
Date: August 9
Time: 1 pm
Venue: Little Theatre
Performance: Movement Dance Theatre - Children's Programme
Date: August 31
Time: 1 pm
Venue: Maidment Theatre
Plus: Classes: Students \$1.40
Venue: Judo room, Student Union Building

NEW INDEPENDENT THEATRE

Performance: 'Casa Mabel'
Date: July 22 (season lasts two to four weeks)
Venue: 2 Symonds Street
Concession: Students \$1 off

PERKEL PRODUCTIONS

Performance: 'Il Trovatore' - Verdi
Date: August 4 - 5 and August 9 - 12
Time: 8 pm, (August 12 at 2 pm)
Venue: Centennial Theatre, Auckland Grammar School
Concession: Students \$1.20 off

NEW ZEALAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Performance: Conductor - Delogu
Piano - Ortiz
Date: August 24
Venue: St James Theatre
Performance: Family Concert
Conductor - Delogu, NZ Percussion Ensemble
Date: August 25
Time: 5.30 pm
Venue: St James Theatre
Performance: Conductor - Delogu

IT'S BIG MONEY NOW

Library borrowers are reminded to check their library loans and to return or renew any books due at the end of term by Friday this week. Library fines have risen this year: end-of-term loans coming back late now incur 10 cents a day fines while if books requested by other readers come back late the fine is 50 cents a day.

Although the Library has publicised the new fines since the beginning of the year, some students seem to be disregarding the new rates and are needlessly running up large bills through their casual approach to due dates and by ignoring the legitimate needs of fellow students waiting for the return of requested books.

The due date is always stamped on the date slip and this is the date readers are expected to abide by. A two-week period is available at the end of each term for end-of-term renewals and restamping for the new term. Help the library staff to help you by being prompt with returns or renewals and avoid those last - day-of-term delays as well as unnecessary fines.



Itch is a symptom and not a disease, and so in all cases a primary diagnosis must be made. There is a great variation in the degree of itch experienced and in all cases itchy conditions tend to be worse at night. Some of the main causes are briefly mentioned.

SCABIES. This condition is due to burrowing into the skin of tiny little parasites with areas most involved being the top part of both legs, anterior surface of both arms and between the fingers as well as from below the umbilicus to the pubic area. Other parasites involve the public area and the head, the most common being lice.

INSECT BITES and FLEAS. The main insects to cause skin reactions which appear as small red spots are mosquitos. The red spots are itchy, become larger on scratching and some big wheals can develop. The same signs and symptoms occur with flea bites: fleas live mainly on cats and dogs but also live between floor boards, in dust, under rugs and in blankets.

SENSITIVITIES. Into this category come most allergies which may result from ingested food (sometimes called Hives) to hair sprays, make-up, and wool. Large urticarial wheals develop and these can in severe cases, spread quickly all over the body. Perhaps the most alarming sensitivity is to bee stings and sensitivity to drugs such as penicillin.

SKIN DISEASES. Eczema, dermatitis, tinea and psoriasis are the main itchy skin diseases. Jaundice, where the eyes and the skin becomes yellow is characterized by an itchy skin and leads in many people to depression.

It is essential to treat the cause of itch which it should be remembered in many cases can only be palliative. Cooling of the skin is the only practical means of rendering the skin less sensitive to itch stimuli. Simple applications are helpful such as creams and lotions with Calamine lotion and Eurax being popular. Antihistamines (anti allergy drugs) should not be used externally on the skin as they sometimes produce sensitivity and dermatitis. Antihistamines by mouth help and are indicated if urticaria is present.

CRACCUM

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| | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| Editor | Louise Chunn |
| Technical Editor | Brian Brennan |
| Arts Editor | Katrina White |
| Photographers | Paul Barton |
| | Mairi Gunn |
| Advertising Manager | Anthony Wright |
| Typesetter | Barbara Amos |



Another 24 pages you may gasp. How do they do it you will probably ask after overcoming your astonishment. A combination of several factors: Germs, Cook's Chasseur, Peter T's incurable sophistication, and the rest of the crew's endurance stamina, painstaking care and expertise have brought this issue to you. We can only urge you to read it with respect. Late news bulletin: 2 in the morning and they're still not through Our especial thanks to Martin, credits writer and chauffeur extraordinaire, and to Barbara who crossed the bridge for us.

Winners And Losers

PORTFOLIO ELECTION RESULTS

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| NATIONAL AFFAIRS OFFICER | |
| KEVIN HAGUE | 601 * |
| CAROLINE O'CALLAGHAN | 323 |
| CHRIS TENNET | 311 |
| NO CONFIDENCE | 167 |
| WELFARE OFFICER | |
| BARRY HOOK | 859 * |
| NO CONFIDENCE | 502 |
| PUBLICATIONS OFFICER | |
| JAMES GILDERDALE | 534 |
| PHILLIPPA POOLE | 689 * |
| NO CONFIDENCE | 176 |
| INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS OFFICER | |
| PETER WILSON | 746 * |
| NO CONFIDENCE | 631 |
| CULTURAL AFFAIRS OFFICER | |
| PATRICIA MINOLA | 522 |
| RUSSELL TAYLOR | 545 * |
| NO CONFIDENCE | 318 |

* INDICATES CANDIDATE DECLARED ELECTED

MOVIE MARATHON

SATURDAY SEPT 9
 THE WIND AND THE LION 7.00 - 9.10
 THE YAKUZA 9.15 - 10.55
 INTERVAL
 TAXI DRIVER 11.30 - 1.30 am
 THE GAUNTLET 1.35 am - 3.25 am
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Promises Promises

In the history of monetary relations it has always been easier to take and promise to pay than to promise to pay and give. Teacher trainees are facing the pruning shears of education spending and being told that though they don't realise it, they are living off the fat of past prosperity and, like the 'ordinary bloke' known to us all (but never met), are going to have to 'make sacrifices for the good of the country'. For love of teaching and a genuine desire to educate the nation's youth, intending teachers may be told to live on the STB. Just to make sure that absolutely no doubt is going to be raised in the minds of students as to the 'worthy and noble aims of education administrators', you guessed it!

The STB is going to benefit from the monetary sacrifices of the 'professionals' of tomorrow. Or that is how the rumour goes. The point is of course, looking at the track record of education grants, and the successive governments' bursary payments: Do you believe that this Government is willingly going to re-partition the national (tax) cake? Or is it that the men in Wellington are cudgelling their brains for a 'smooth' way to cut costs once again (50% cut in Teachers' College library grants). Further we find upon close investigation that the two poles of an antithesis, are as inseparable as they are opposed, and that despite all their opposition, they mutually interpenetrate. In plain words, fight all cutbacks, you could be next!

As full-time university students (those not on teachers college grants already— you have to survive on the STB. Asi mismo, tech students. Taking a look at history for a moment, when was the last time that one group was split into so-called better off and worse off, and the body holding the purse strings promising to 'help equality' by reversing the situation exactly, and making the 'worse off' better off, and the 'better off' worse off. Believe me, it is a rip off! Like Neville Chamberlain's 'peace in our time' in 1938 don't follow that line of thinking that works on the principle 'let them bite away over there, and by the time they get to us they won't be hungry any more'. When it comes to money kid, appetite increases with feeding.

We teachers' college students (many of whom have families to support) may have to fight on this one, it seems that the N men don't see anything but a closed fist, and the bicolour L team have already tried, and failed to cut our allowance. We have no faith, only

possibilities; if our money is re-directed (to whom?) then direct support from all bursary and STB students, plus a unified voice from us is the only path left to defend even, yes! The status-quo. We are running like crazy just to stay in the same place. We are all in this 'race' together.

1 sentence you
to 5 years
on
Standard
Tertiary
Bursary!



Listed below are a number of reasons why we should retain the present system and reject the STB.

1. Perhaps most importantly, the allowance is seen as a supportive allowance. This is in direct contrast to the bursary paid to University and Technical Institute students. At its various levels it operates fairly well.
2. The allowances also have an obvious recruitment aspect and this is built in through the present structure. For most trainees however the allowance they receive barely performs its supportive function and there is little of the incentive effect.
3. Unlike University students the teacher trainees' course occupies much of the year, leaving only an effective five or six weeks of holiday in which to augment the allowance. Secondary employment is also proscribed under the regulations and in fact the extent to which teacher trainees can undertake secondary employment is limited by the commitments associated with their courses, e.g. teaching practice, assignments, field trips,

4. A very large proportion of teacher trainees are women and for this reason alone the availability of part-time and short-term employment is in short supply.
5. One of the main expenses during the course of training is in purchasing materials and resources for use both on section and in the classroom. It is vitally important that the trainee build up a collection of resources as it is generally impossible, due to workload and school commitments to do this in the first years of teaching.
6. Other aspects of the course are also expensive. For example, field trips, out of town sections, the need to maintain a high standard of dress, especially while on section (teaching practice).

This issue is obviously complex and the question of the availability of teacher training to all sectors of the community should be a paramount consideration when the allowances system is under review. It is important that teacher training does not become a prerogative of those whose parents can support them during their training.

Prior to 1969 the allowances for teacher trainees were recognised under the 1969 Remuneration and Conditions of Employment Act. When the Act was redrafted the mention of teacher trainees was deleted. Some say this was a drafting error while others suspect ulterior motives on the part of the Government.

None the less when the allowances were renegotiated in 1972 they were negotiated under the Act despite the lack of any legislation prescribing this course of action. Both in 1975 when most teacher trainees were placed on the STB and in 1976, when the cost of living increases were not applied to allowances, the Government has breached this agreement. Those decisions were reversed because of the pressure applied by the STANZ and other organisations.

We hope that the Government will in the near future return the control of teacher trainees' allowances to the act in order that we can be sure that any adjustments to the system will be made only after proper consultation and negotiation.

A. MARSTON
AUCKLAND SECONDARY TEACHERS' COLLEGE
TEACHER TRAINEES ASSOCIATION

Who Is 'The Visitor'?

The Bursary Registrar tells you when you enrol that you are eligible for the STB and its not until April that you discover that he's put you wrong. A lecturer consistently marks down your work for no apparent reason. The University bars you from entering for not paying your library fines which you are sure you paid but have no record of. The Examiner accuses you of cheating in an exam - you know you are innocent but you are hauled before a disciplinary committee and forced to prove your innocence.

In all the hypothetical cases above the university or its agents has taken action against you and in some cases has imposed a punishment. What do you do in these cases or how can you appeal against a decision or mark? How can you get an apparent injustice investigated?

Problem One

The Vice-Chancellor in a university is charged with running the university and making daily decisions of academic or administrative significance - but who watches him; who can act on a complaint or investigate an apparent injustice and see that it gets rectified? The universities claim that there are established channels which have been built up over the years, some formal some informal, to deal with these problems. We are assured that there are student representatives in sufficient numbers to ensure that the student viewpoint is put into these channels, but this argument does not take into account the many important committees of the university which have no student representation. The guidelines seem to be that if its unimportant put student reps onto it; if its important keep student reps out of it.

All right let's say that you have been a good little student and followed the right channels and still find that you are beating your head against a velvet covered brick wall. What about legal redress through the courts? I mean every citizen has the right to bring a court action against someone or something whom they believe has wronged them.

Problem Two

Here's where problem number two crops up and slips a right hook to the jaw. Simply put, the courts have no

powers to investigate or decide on almost any matter to do with the education system administered by our universities. So let's say for instance that you have gone through the 'channels', seen the faculty, the students' association, gone to disciplinary committees and finally to the Council, and still have no satisfactory answer and decide to take the matter to the Supreme Court.

Before the case is even heard the judge or judges will rule that the matter falls outside their jurisdiction and should be heard by the 'Visitor'. The 'Visitor'? Who the hell is that? Gather round close and you will hear a sad and sorry tale.

When universities were originally being established at places like Oxford or Cambridge, they were under the control of the church, and at that time all the institutions of the church were not under the jurisdiction of civil law, therefore there had to be some system of externally assessing any disputes that might arise. So the system was set up by which at regular intervals a prominent, and hopefully unbiased person would visit the university to hear any complaints.

Quite obviously the same idea was used for New Zealand universities, for the New Zealand Visitor is the Governor-General or, in the case of Lincoln College, the Minister of Education. 'At last', you scream, with barely suppressed excitement, 'finally someone to turn to for help.' Sorry, but it's here that problem number three rears its ugly head.

Problem Three

While in theory the Visitor has all the necessary qualifications for conducting an independent examination of university affairs, in practice this is not the case.

The regularity of the visits by the Visitor had declined in England by the late 1800's, and in New Zealand we do not know of any dispute where the Visitor has agreed to intervene. The most recent cases where the Visitor has been called upon to undertake an investigation was in 1974, when the Waikato University Students' Association combined with a group of lecturers to petition the then Governor-General, (Sir Dennis Blundell)

to investigate matters on the Waikato campus. Blundell declined the petition saying that he didn't really have the time to get involved and secondly that he believed that there were adequate internal channels in the university to ensure an independent investigation.

Problem Four

After you've been through the proper channels, tried the courts, and petitioned the Visitor to no effect, what can you do now?

The Ombudsman - of course! So off you write to the Chief Ombudsman, George Laking, in Wellington, outlining your grievance. And within a very short time you'll get a reply back along the lines that Ombudsman has no legal powers to investigate university affairs at all under the Ombudsman Amendment Act 1975. The reason why this deplorable state of affairs currently exists is because when the amendments were being drafted in 1975, the universities, (particularly Auckland and Canterbury) put up a spirited resistance to any moves of the last Labour Government and the present National administration to include Universities among the government departments and City Councils who were made open to the scrutiny of the Ombudsman. And what's worse, other tertiary fields such as Technical Institutes and Teachers Colleges are included - why not the universities? Because they feel that the proper 'channels' and the Visitor are safeguard enough.

But clearly, by the arguments above, this is not the case. Why should universities be one of the few sectors of Government and public expenditure which the Ombudsman cannot investigate? (The only other exceptions are the Armed Forces and the Security Intelligence Service to my knowledge).

If you are concerned about the points raised in this article write to:
The Minister of Justice,
Parliament Buildings,
Wellington.
or to your local Vice-Chancellor c/- The Registry.

DAVID MERRITT
GENERAL VICE-PRESIDENT NZUSA

The Greatest Grind

Has the time come for another round?

Many years ago when most of us were still in school or making an honest living outside the academic world, the students of Auckland University worked very hard for many years to persuade their betters in the University that there were other ways of assessing progress than final examinations. The main object of the student effort was to obtain on-course assessment.

Quite recently one of the worthies on the staff said to me, 'The students wanted on-course assessment, and now they have got it, they don't like it.' This is blatant misrepresentation of what has actually happened. The students of this university have not got 'on-course assessment'. They have got a hybrid (or perhaps, a bastard) system in most departments which combines on-course assessment in varying proportions with final examinations.

There are two separate issues at stake. One of these concerns the actual methods of assessment, whenever it is carried out. The other concerns whether assessment should be on the whole year's work carried out throughout the year; or whether it should be on how much a student can cram and remember in the few weeks immediately prior to the final examinations. In summary, one issue is how to assess, another is when to assess.

I do not propose to discuss in this article methods of assessment - they are many: essays, tests, multiple choice, short answer; orals, assessment of involvement in tutorials and seminars, etc. etc, etcetera. The issue for consideration at this point is when to assess.

For years now, there has been a steady falling away of student involvement in anything but grind in the library and in lecture rooms. Any student who gets involved in some student societies can expect to see his marks suffer because of the mix. Every essay must have a pass; every test must have a pass. If you get a poor mark (you had the 'flu that week), then you must perform better a couple of weeks later to compensate

and by the beginning of October, what have you got - if you are a brilliant student, maybe 25 out of 30 towards the magic 100. So you sweat again. The bastard system gives you the worst of both worlds.

I have heard rumours from when I first came to Varsity, back in 1973, which was not long after the University gained the compromise out of the student body, who sought full 100% on-course assessment (and a reconsideration of the how of assessment, also, but that is another way to be won) that some of the diehards on staff fewer as the years go by, thank whatever gods of wisdom take a fitful interest in Auckland University students) announced reasonably openly that they would ensure that the new system would not work, and within a few years the students would come crawling back saying, 'Give us 100% final examinations again, please, sir.'

Well, it was a rumour, and I wasn't on Senate in those days, as I am now, to verify for myself, so maybe nobody actually said it or did it. But, as many senior students know the flavour of the opposition to on-course assessment is there, if not the full body.

I believe that the time has come for a re-evaluation of the whole matter of assessment - and for a first round, the when, with perhaps a little of the how. I myself have thought up a scheme which I will outline below. But it is not a fullblown firm plan - it is a talking plan, to give you something to discuss and from which we may develop a scheme which will fulfil the purposes of assessment - to enable the system to say, 'God bless you my child, you are a true and faithful child. Here wear this lovely hat, it says you are a Spinster of Arts (or a Bachelor, if the hats fits).' Or perhaps to say, 'Begone you idle child, you have failed me.' Or even, 'There, there, I am sure you will do better next time. Try again.'

There are other purposes, such as enabling the student to assess his progress so that he can amend his study

methods if necessary; so that he can try harder or something like that. And there was something else ... what was it? I forget now. No, I remember, one purpose of assessment is to help you to learn something, but then actually learning something of value plays such a tiny part in the university system that it does tend to slip from mind.

Here is a scheme for the when of assessment.

PART A. All stage I papers will be assessed in the way Good Professor Lacey and His Classical Orchestra do it. Final Examinations for 100% of the mark, but plus plussage. The year's work mark is examined. If lower than the year end exam mark, it is ignored. If higher than the year end exam mark, then the two are averaged arithmetically and that's your score. This is how I got my only A-, so maybe I am prejudiced in its favour.

PART B. Students enrolling for Stage II and higher papers, including Honours and Masters, will elect one of three choices, separately for each paper, in advance, and he has to stick by it:

1. To continue with the classical plussage system as at Stage I.
2. To opt for 100% on-course assessment, with no final examination.
3. To opt for 100% Final Examination mark, with the year's work done (maybe for terms) but not counted towards the mark.

I would like to hear (in writing) from as many students as wish to jot down their thoughts, when they feel assessment should best be done. In order to guide your thinking, I am arranging to have copies of two important documents placed where you can read them. These are: 'A guide to Assessment and Final Examination' (University teaching and research centre) Victoria University of Wellington, 1977, and 'Assessment: The Least Onerous Form', (NZUSA), 1977.

MICHAEL TYNE-CORBOLD
SENATE REP

Saving The Whales



Friends of the Earth are gathering material to launch a campaign later in the year to produce a Whale Manual for New Zealand. The Manual will include information on the biology and ecology of whales found around the New Zealand coast, the effects of commercial whaling on world stocks, the history of whaling in New Zealand, whale strandings and whale behaviour.

The significance of New Zealand in the history of whales is not recognised by most New Zealanders. Fifty million years ago the first of the baleen whales (toothless whales that feed by straining water through plates of baleen hanging from the upper jaw) evolved off the east coast of the North Island; a process that was to culminate in the Blue Whale, the largest animal ever to live on earth. More whales are stranded around the New Zealand coast than anywhere else in the world, yet with the exception of a few dedicated enthusiasts, little effort is made to gather information from such strandings.

Friends of the Earth would like to hear from anyone who has witnessed whale strandings, or observed unusual or interesting behaviour of large or small whales or dolphins in the open sea. All contributors whose material is published will receive a copy of the Whale Manual. Friends of the Earth office is situated at 119 Symonds Street, Auckland. Postal address is P.O. Box 39-065, Auckland West.

What follows is FOE's submission to the international inquiry into Whales and Whaling:

Commercial whaling in New Zealand ceased in 1964, and since that time, the territorial waters of New Zealand have provided a refuge for the hard-pressed whales of the South Pacific. It has been a source of regret for all conservation organisations in this country that our nearest neighbour has continued to engage in the commercial exploitation of whales, and now ranks among the four largest whaling nations in the world. We are delighted that at last an inquiry has been set up to recommend on the best way in which Australia might pursue its policy of preservation and conservation of the many species of whales.

It is perhaps unfortunate that such an inquiry did not take place some years ago, when the Australian whaling industry was hunting humpback whales, as well as sperm whales. The virtual extinction of the humpback population was the inevitable result of years of uncontrolled exploitation, and the rapid decline of the stocks in the last years of hunting was similar to the decline in stocks world wide in recent years. The precarious state of world stocks of whales is indicated by the fact that the Albany whaling station, which would have once been considered

a small-scale operation, is now responsible for the slaughter of almost a quarter of the sperm whales taken in the entire Southern Hemisphere.

It is worthwhile pointing out that the two major nations involved in whaling, Japan and the USSR have huge investments in whaling fleets and traditionally have used whale meat as a food. Australia, however, has no such tradition, and whaling in Australia is the business activity of a private company, concerned mainly with the trade in sperm oil, for which many acceptable substitutes exist.

The catch statistics for the Cheynes Beach Holdings operation show that the population of sperm whales it exploits is in a decline. The minimum catch size has been reduced from 35 feet to 30 feet, yet in 1955, the average length of a sperm whale caught by Cheynes was 49 feet; between 1974 and 1975 sperm oil produced per whale fell by over 5%, and meals and solubles per whale fell by 8%. This indicates that the average whale in the Albany stock is getting smaller and is the typical indication of a population in decline. Between 1935 and 1970 intensive exploitation of sperm whale stocks in the Antarctic resulted in a decline in average weight from 47 to 27 tons, and there is every indication that a similar effect is being observed in the Albany stocks. Not only may this result in irreversible damage to the gene pool of the population - the fastest growing animals being removed earliest by whaling pressure - but also it is an inefficient method of harvesting. A sperm whale of minimum catch size (30 feet) has not reached anything like maximum size, is growing at a fairly fast rate and would produce a much greater yield if it were killed at a larger size. Three-quarters of the potential growth rate of male sperm whales occurs after they are available for exploitation.

Quotas set for sperm whales in the Southern Hemisphere by the International Whaling Commission have not been filled for many years - ie quotas are far higher than the numbers that can actually be caught. When the weight factor is taken into account, it is clear that the biomass of sperm whales in the Southern Hemisphere is declining rapidly, and the operations of the Albany whaling station are a major contributory factor in this decline.

The theoretical maximum sustainable yield concept which has been frequently used by the International Whaling Commission for setting quotas for whaling nations has been roundly criticized by many respected scientists, including Dr Sydney Holt's F.A.O. working party. It is not the intention of this submission to dwell on the statistical complexities of population dynamics, except to point out that where uncertainty exists, it is

surely best to err on the side of caution; Australia already has the sad history of the decimated humpback stocks as a reminder of how easily a population can be destroyed.

The health hazards involved in feeding whalemeal to chickens and pigs in Western Australia have been highlighted by recent Department of Agriculture reports that whalemeal produced by Cheynes Beach Whaling Company contains high levels of mercury (up to 12.8 parts per million). Whilst it would be ironical if sperm whales were to gain protection solely because of their high level of toxic heavy metals, this is nonetheless a factor which should be considered by the Commission in its deliberations.

The Cheynes Beach whaling station is, of course, an important source of employment in the Albany area, and any thought of closing down whaling operations must take into account alternative sources of employment. It has been shown that the removal of large numbers of baleen whales from the Antarctic ecosystem resulted in an increase in their prey animals (mainly krill), and an increase in other krill predators (such as crabbeater seals). It is probable therefore that the prey animals of sperm whales (mainly squid) have increased their populations in the Albany area considerably as their sperm whale predators have been reduced, and that the potential exists for a productive squid fishery. Furthermore, the existing shore facilities could be used, as has already been suggested, as a fisheries research station, and a thriving tourist industry could be established with whale-watching as its major attraction.

Two hundred thousand Australians have already signed petitions urging that whaling operations in Australia cease; in 1972, at the Stockholm Conference on the Human Environment, Australia voted for a ten year moratorium on commercial whaling. The cruel method used to kill whales is abhorrent to most people - most countries have laws which ensure a more humane fate for cattle, sheep and pigs. We therefore trust that the Commission will weigh these factors carefully in its considerations. The Sydney Morning Herald, in an editorial entitled 'The Civilised Course' on June 20th 1977, summed up the argument as follows:

'These serious doubts about whether man is hunting the whale species to extinction are sufficient cause for the Commission to call a halt to whale killing throughout the world. If the major whaling nations do not agree, Australia should show the way by bringing its own whaling operations at Albany to an end. They cannot be justified by a civilized people.'

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH

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'One learns consumption jobs. This is schooling as es a compuls consumption creates a me

There was a time when a university was much more than a succession of essays and assignments, followed by the issuing of a ticket to confirm that after rigorous testing the candidate was apparently not a deviant. There was a time when universities were concerned with life. People actually came because they wanted to come, and they shared experiences with people whom they respected. It all seems so long ago.

At least it did until the first of the Ivan Illich lectures on the first of August. The venue was one of the great symbols of the 'disabling professions'. One of those great spaces which indicate the ability of the architectural profession to normalise hope into mediocrity. I mean B28 of course, a room not even fit to have a name and thus designated by a number. It was filled to capacity more than an hour before the lecture. The overflow theatres connected by the closed circuit manipulating medium, so despised by Illich because it reduces the possibility of human interaction to zero, were also filled. Hundreds were turned away. Apparently even the man with the class roll could not get in.

The speaker arrived without a fanfare of trumpets. In fact he mingled among the crowds outside to try and see how he could help them, without them realising just who he was. The outcome was his suggestion that at 9.50 the crowd in B28 and the television audience should change places.

However Illich was not concerned with 'problems' and 'solutions', both being such new ideas of mankind, and he was even less tolerant of the professions which provide both the problems and the solutions, and expect society to pay a fee for the service. He refused to be drawn into suggesting any concrete options for the future. Utopian solutions only limit the real alternatives for action. He was concerned about setting people free, not enslaving them to some new doctrine.

Illich is prophetic in the true sense of the word. He is a person who has the vision to see the present. He is not

concerned with selling some safe academic theory in exchange for a mediocre university career with sabbatical leave and superannuation. He helps to make the world transparent by enabling others to see through his eyes.

He would of course be quickly condemned, but his scholarship is impeccable. Any person in New Zealand who is living out Illich's ideas has a rough trip through life, but in this lecture there was an enormous outpouring of encouragement. His explanation of the ways in which language limits communication as much as it extends it was left without challenge through his own display of verbal virtuosity, and his brilliant perception and wit.

'Unemployment' is a new idea. The idea that a person who does not have a job is unemployed would once never have been understood. In Mexico people who have jobs do not work, and people who work do not have jobs. 90% of the country is unemployed, but why should that be a problem?

Employment has come to mean the production of commodity items, and in practice commodity values have replaced use values. Counter productivity begins to take over. When a person is no longer permitted to install their own light fitting they come to a point where they no longer understand light fittings. The new fitting does not move them into the light. It moves them further into darkness.

Counter productivity limits the speed of locomotion. To travel faster you need to buy a car, but you also need to work to pay for the car. If the time spent buying and maintaining the car is taken into account the real rate of travel for every hour spent is about the same as that of the pedestrian who has no car. If you really want to get into the elite group who break free you will need to take a job as an airline steward. It is impossible for society to talk about final speeds greater than 20 km/hour.

The need to rationalise life is not however a matter of negative retrenchment. Use values are what life is about. Illich is always positive. People are less alive when every human experience is institutionalised. If you take away all suffering you take away the possibility of a person learning to cope with a very real part of their own life. Is it possible to be human and not suffer? Suffering can be creative.

There is a 'scientific' argument for breast feeding or growing your own food. If you become dependent on multinational companies or multinational ideas you will lose control of your life. Illich goes far beyond arguments about efficiency of production or control of disease. It is the growing which matters; it is the human contact which is important.

Illich is a very quiet revolutionary. He began by explaining how Sir Douglas Robb had suggested that it was not enough to simply dissent. It was important to learn how to dissent. The lecture was a brilliant demonstration of the maxim. With openness and humility Illich shared some of the questions he could not answer. Only a great person is able to make himself so vulnerable.

Illich was not optimistic about the possibility of change for all mankind, but made it very clear that this was no excuse for lack of personal commitment. We all share some responsibility for the rest of the world, but our first responsibility is to ourselves. World solutions will only come from personal integrity. It was no academic challenge. There is always an excuse for doing nothing about the world; there is no excuse for doing nothing about ourselves.

Thank you, Ivan, for breathing life back into one of the great disabling institutions of our time. We will call it a university, but you have given a glimpse of what it might be.

TONY WATKINS
TOWN PLANNING

Ivan Illich - In Concert

The following is a cursory summary of Ivan Illich's lecture to students in the Rec Centre on Thursday August 3, put together by GREG PIRIE.

'I believe most people ultimately read well, pick up reading on their own - only in compulsory education societies with early reading programmes is this impossible. At the age of twenty-nine I found myself appointed Vice-Chancellor of a university without having any slightest idea about education. They needed me there almost to stop bloodshed. I found myself completely bewildered. At the University of Puerto Rico the cost of training one student was more than forty-five times that expended on the typical young Puerto Rican. I therefore struggled right from the beginning to decrease the budget of the university and shift monies over to the elementary school system. This was obviously the reason why five years later I was fired! But it tells you that I myself was a victim of the belief in elementary education, of the necessity of at least distributing that education equitably to the majority.'

'In 1960 in Chile UNESCO held a very major gathering. During that gathering they had discovered that the main obstacle, according to UNESCO, for bringing schooling to a majority of Latin American children was the disinterest of their parents. Parents didn't find any reason why they should bring them to school. Eight years later, 1968, it was obvious that this had changed radically. There was a demand for schooling that was about ten to twenty times greater than the schooling budget would allow. I therefore began to ask myself: What is this all about? We began to rethink if the monopoly of the school over the educational process had made any sense at all - a question which the civilised person should not have asked.'

'In the hidden curriculum pupils, and not only pupils who go to school but society at large, learn certain things from any society where schooling has become psychologically obligatory. For instance, people learn, when they go to school, that learning is better, more valuable, if it is the result of you teaching me something than of my picking it up. One learns from a school system that learning is a commodity which you produce and I incorporate and the person who has picked something up from the street or from his peers should at least be regarded with some degree of suspicion. Second he learns that people who have more education than others have more entitlement to jobs. If you have eight years less education than him, the job goes automatically to him because, by your competence to do something without consuming tax funds for education you have proved that he is enormously more stupid than you.'

'One learns that learning is the result of commodity consumption. That it creates value and entitlement to jobs. This is the result of schooling. We describe schooling as that process which in some societies becomes a compulsory ritual of initiation to production and consumption. The hidden curriculum of that process creates a mentality of 'knowledge capitalists'. Know-



Paul Barton

ledge is conceived as a commodity. Schooling is the transfer of 'knowledge stock' - as Erich Fromm has pointed out is an extremely anal conception. Knowledge stock is perceived as a heap of the white, inodorous, perhaps invisible, excrements of our brightest and best minds, and is conceived of as a type of capital that can be banked. It is then transferred, or to use an even more shit-related term, channeled by educators and school administrators to people in need of knowledge consumption who interiorise this knowledge capital, stack it up internally, and acquire value in doing so.'

'Adult educators are dangerous. Somebody who can run after everybody on the street finding out what knowledge, competence, or behaviour he is lacking in the home, on the job, in the marriage bed, and tell him what education he needs and quite often stigmatises him lifelong as a slow adult learner.'

'In a desirable society, for which I am struggling, in a society of limited technology, in a society in which we consider technological progress, those inventions which make it possible for the individual and primary groups to meet their own needs by the work they do themselves without generating commodities - in such a society in which commodity production therefore is limited and reduced thanks to very modern use value generation - in such a society the demand for education would be considerably lower than in ours. But even in such a desirable society in which commodity intensity is low, at some times people would want to consecrate time not for doing things but just for learning - just for the disciplined activity by which we acquire a competence or an insight which they feel they lack. I ask myself: What would, in such a society, educational institutions look like? I came to the conclusion that they would have a web structure. They would be institutions on the far left of the institutional spectrum - made primarily to enhance the ability of people to generate use-values rather than to produce commodities.'

'In my whole life I have not attended more than 1000 hours of elementary school through university in a classroom. I have never said this in public, in English, but in 1948-49 I earned my keep by passing exams for other people. Even today I have no difficulties preparing people for subjects in which I don't know anything. I just have got twenty or thirty Mexicans without any competence into medical school. I consider this an important activity which I would strongly seriously recommend. I think subverting the exam system is one of the more important serious tasks. Among the proposals I made when I was fired was the proposal that we give a BA to every Puerto Rican on his birth certificate.'

'I think it is a necessity to envisage the end of the eighties without network television. Suppose that you did the glorious television show on which there is nothing crappy - I would be even more concerned about it because it would give legitimacy to a demagogical tribune which inevitably blows one man's voice up a hundred thousand times that of his neighbour.'

'Unhook yourselves from the media - it is basically the process of unplugging the neighbourhood - the basic community. Communities unplugging themselves, deciding they don't need any doctors in here because that is a condition for being able to provide each other with a very large amount of those health services which if a doctor were present he would have to forbid them to provide to each other.'

'Nothing at this moment is as dangerous as health education. We already see all over the world what is happening. In the United States there are at least two states in which gynaecological associations now are willing to concede to womens' organisations that women may have babies at home but only if they have previously passed an exam that they are competent birth-givers. People who have had health education will not need a pharmacologist to look over their shoulder when they take a pill because they will have learnt to take a pill on their own.'

'Ninety percent of all money spent in the New Zealand health care system on professionals goes to finance services for which no proof is available that, on a population basis, they enhance health. There is just as much proof available that they are precisely the services which decrease health levels, which decrease the levels of autonomous coping ability of a person or family group - which constitutes health.'

'It is the medicalisation of life which makes the health professionals into the major threat to health today. There is a domination of health services by a multidisciplinary, multiprofessional biocracy who need even more taxes and who gladly, in order to be legitimate, accept accupuncturists, herbal men, and witchdoctors as legitimate colleagues. It is what happens with the decline of legitimacy of schooling as the agency which has a monopoly over education.'

Cuckoos' Nest Contd

New Zealand universities are quiet and pleasant places to work but they contain as many sources of irritation and frustration as overseas universities. I have often wondered why there are so few outspoken staff members here. I think I have gone part of the way to giving an answer to this wonder.

The various committees which parcel out goodies plus the head of the department stand as sentinels for the status quo. Rarely are favours withheld; rarely do they need to be withheld. University staff cannot rock the old boat without risking severe consequences for their academic careers. The quietness and complacency of Auckland University is directly linked to the vulnerable position staff members are in.

This vulnerable position is accentuated by the tradition of competition among staff members. There is considerable social pressure to teach well, do good research, to achieve, to get whatever is going. The forces which weld staff into a group with common interests are shattered by the forces of competition and alienation that the goody hand-out system creates.

This hand-out system is the outward manifestation of a rigid set of controls operating on staff. All teaching, study and research at Auckland University are limited to 'acceptable' areas by its operation. Research, teaching, public statements, study or other activities dangerous to the status quo can be throttled at their onset. Never does the power behind these suppressions have to be revealed.

The beauty of the entire system is that it has to be operated so rarely. Staff select those things that they know will be acceptable. It is absolute romanticism, however, to believe that if these control systems were not present Auckland University would erupt into a hotbed of radicalism and free-thought. The dominant class-base of university staff (white, male and middle) and the elegance of the procedures which select those who go to University, those who succeed there, and those who gain further employment there means there are few boat-rockers in the entire crew.

Most staff members tend to support the status quo despite the frustrations and oppressions the system engenders. This is mainly for self-preservation and the hope of eventual freedom to wield power over others. Why then should teaching staff be fettered with so many different controlling systems? Surely self-interest would be enough.

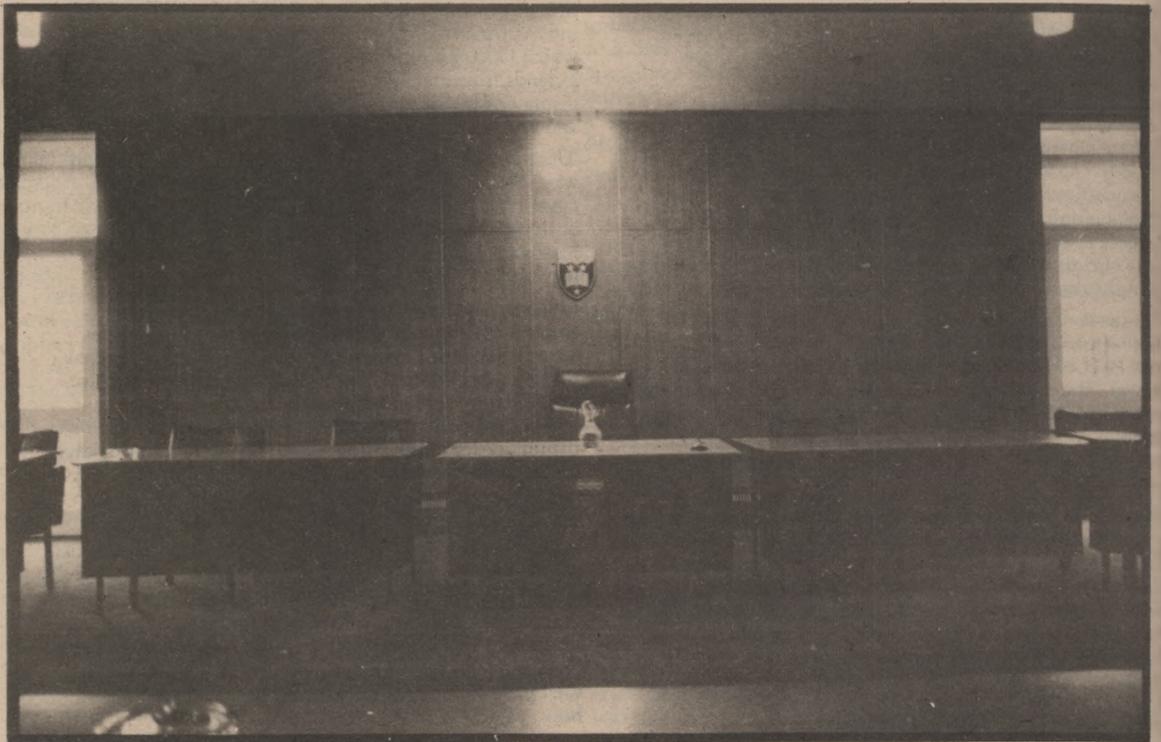
There seems to be three reasons why university teaching staff are so strictly controlled. First comes the fact that the model for almost all institutions within our society seems to have a basic authoritarian and bureaucratic governmental structure. This model pervades all thinking, so no matter what the special needs of a 'free' place of learning it could not but be set up with all power concentrated in a few hands, with built-in mechanisms to enable all threats or oppositions to the established power structure to be suppressed straight away. I have been too influenced by feminist analyses not to see the university structure as analogous to the patriarchal family. The university is pictured as a community or family of scholars sharing equally in the wards and joys of teaching and truth seeking. However, the majority of teachers at the university are truly junior partners whose main responsibility is nurturing and teaching students. God/father/professor/administrator make all the important decisions, take all responsibility and strictly control students and staff. Freedom and equality within this family are impossible. The crucial difference between the university and the patriarchal family is that at the university some of today's junior partners might tomorrow become patriarchs themselves.

The second need that the staff control system satisfies is the need for a strong covert control system in an institution which has an overt ideology of free speech, free enquiry and free criticism. There might be the danger that some person will shoot off his or her mouth unless such open expression could make it harder to get leave or promotion.

The final reason is linked to the second. Some teachers might 'abuse' their freedoms, either by lying in bed half the day or, less likely, by unorthodox teaching, research, lifestyle, public statements or criticisms. Individuals who abuse their freedoms, i.e., actually use them, are continually at risk and are likely to be penalised for lack of suitable research, slackness at teaching or poor progress in any field. The present system keeps them in order.

The freedom and privileges which are offered to university staff actually have an enslaving nature. Their exercise within defined limits is encouraged. The teacher who fulfills his/her commitments and causes no trouble is largely left in peace to do whatever he/she pleases. The freedoms, however, are really only available to those who don't use them. Fortunately, most of us are products of similar university systems and most know and freely accept the restraints the system imposes. This ensures that the university operates fairly smoothly.

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Auckland University's Council Room

Two organisations exist to safeguard the interests of teaching staff. The first, the lecturers' association, is not organised like a professional association or a trade union. It could be an effective voice but it is not yet.

The second body, the Association of University Teachers is the only professional association open to us. It spends most of its energy wrangling with the government over pay rates. It is a remarkable and strange collection of people with very diverse interests. It includes as members the very heads of departments and professorial members of Senate or Council who have power over the rest of us. These people are responsible to the Senate for overseeing out teaching and research and are, as likely as not, the very authors of any quasi-industrial trouble the A.U.T. might (rarely) be meeting to oppose or confront. With the head of the department or the chairman of the promotion committee sitting in the audience, freedom of expression is severely curtailed.

The entirely false notion that the university is some sort of community of scholars who share many common interests constantly brings together sub-professorial staff and other people who really have quite diverse interests and loyalties. As a senior lecturer at Auckland almost everything I do, say, or decide is under the constant scrutiny of individuals who hold real power over me. Their meetings and decisions are by contrast generally confidential and their decisions are not open to review. They are remote and unapproachable. I feel constantly exposed and vulnerable.

Teaching.

This is the section that I know least about. The power I have over students probably clouds this issue. Possibly a student should write this section, in the same way that maybe heads of departments or Senate should write their own sections. Is teaching something I do with students or something I do to them?

The paper system is as good a place to start as any. It was supposedly introduced to give students a greater choice of courses. Instead it has had the effect of isolating and individualising the experiences of staff and students. Within a single department, students may now experience teachers with a wide range of backgrounds and approaches. Marxist, existentialist, structuralist, functionalist or empiricist analyses can be taught in one department without students being aware or made aware of the differences. The university learning experience is now even more compartmentalised and fragmentary than it was in the past. The majority of students now graduate with their critical and analytical abilities crippled by their university experience. This approach satisfies the need in our society for a large number of well-trained people who are good at gathering information but whose brains have been scrambled so that they can never put this information together.

Linked with the paper system is the system of 'continuous assessment'. Without wishing to defend the old examination system, continuous assessment is a disaster which grinds us all down. The initial student demands for assessment of course work to count towards final grades were greeted with surprise and amusement by senior staff members. Examinations have been retained and students are now trapped in a seemingly endless round of repetitive and unimaginative assign-

ments and tests. Multiplying the assignments hasn't improved their quality. Continuous assessment cannot be used as a teaching device to provide feedback and remedial advice as was once intended. Every essay has now become an exam. We all spend a considerable part of each year coping with multiple exercises of little conceivable benefit. This leaves little energy for creative work. The transfer from the 'old' system to the paper system with continuous assessment has not led to greater freedom for staff and students - only an increase in work and administration. This impact has been made more odious by the fact that liberal and progressive elements within the university were responsible for these innovations.

The 'real' education each student receives at Auckland University does not seem to have too much to do with the content of the courses or with the learning students absorb. Senate does not closely control the day to day content of courses taught in the faculty but it does vigorously control the form that each course takes. For students, the context in which most learning takes place is one of competition, frustration and powerlessness. Competition extends as far as competing for a seat in the library, for food in the caf, for books, for time, and for the interest or attention of staff. Despite the immense sums of money spent on the new Human Sciences building, little or no attention went into planning for the needs of staff and students to have informal contact. This is in contrast to the Medical School, but presumably doctors must learn to stick together from an early stage of their careers.

Every contact at Auckland is formalised by the physical setting and buildings as well as by the institutionalisation of the learning process. Students and staff who experience this total environment are taking part in a learning process that extends well beyond the subject matter printed in the university calendar.

The Senate, Council and through them the Government and god knows who else control the context in which all learning takes place at Auckland. Allied with this is the virtual anarchy of the paper system. Tight-fisted control on one hand and freedom on the other seems to ensure that any knowledge imparted by the university will be fragmentary, thus successfully bilking any perception that staff and students might gain of their true situation.

Conclusions

On re-reading this piece of work, I realise that I have created too great a division between sub-professorial staff and professors and heads of departments. It is difficult to avoid this as views of the university world fall easily into a set of false oppositions. Such false oppositions include the divisions between staff and students, sub-professorial staff and professors, faculty and Senate, teaching departments and administrations and the university and the government. The existence of this erroneous ideology about power groups within the university is probably the single most important reason that moves for change are constantly defeated.

Because I have here set out my perceptions from my own position, the people who have power over me loom somewhat larger than life, whereas those over whom I have power I can perceive only vaguely. This affects my presentation of the university power structure.

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Changing the university or changing the present distribution of power within the university requires that pressure be exerted at the right places. Knowing where these are is not easy. Students perceive lecturers as being very powerful, which they are in defined contexts such as in courses or examinations. A lecturer can use these powers but cannot give any powers away, as they are not his or hers to give. The power I have is sort of 'on loan', in this case from the Senate. If the students wanted any changes, I would have to be the one who approached the Senate through the head of the department. Students, staff, head of department could apply pressure on the Senate for change. Being a senior body, the Senate could alter some aspects of university life. The possibilities for change, however, are still very limited because Senate members really only have power over staff and students. They too are controlled and manipulated by their own powerlessness in the face of a powerful Council, Registry and Council committees such as the education, finance and promotions committees from whom Senate members continually require favours.

Senate and Council join the university to the government and to the state bureaucratic set-up. Parliament controls the university through the University Act and delegates power to the Council and the Senate to act on its behalf. University finance and any policy decisions requiring finance are firmly in the hands of the (Government appointed) University Grants Committee, the State Services Commission and the Cabinet. Whether I get a new chair to sit on when the department moves in to the Human Sciences building depends on a forthcoming Cabinet meeting and might even depend on the big man himself. Such tight-fisted centralised control of finance is not without reason.

The hierarchical power structure stretches from the greenest new entrant to the Prime Minister. Individuals and groups at each level only have power to manipulate, dominate and control those below them. The official ideology has Parliament, Cabinet and the Prime Minister at the top, but I wonder whether they too might not dance to strings pulled elsewhere.

The hierarchical set-up has a number of consequences. When/if demands for change occur, each level in the hierarchy claims an absence of power to effect the change and, secondly, no level of the hierarchy wishes to be responsible for changes which will upset or anger the level above it. Only changes acceptable to the entire hierarchy are ever introduced. Hierarchical structures are inherently conservative. I have no solution for the problem that within the hierarchy powerfulness and powerlessness coincide at the point of every individual and every group, except that these aspects must be confronted simultaneously if the situation is going to be altered.

Underlying the overt hierarchical structure are a set of covert relationships which cut across the hierarchy. These are poorly if at all known. The external, visible power structure and the hidden structures operate together; they are not separable.

Is there a conspiracy ?

For years I held the view that the university was governed by a small coterie of powerful individuals who were linked to ruling groups outside the university. The

external and visible power structure, supposedly slightly democratic, representative and stratified, was a hoax intended to distract attention away from authoritarian governing structures which themselves cloaked the activities of the true manipulators of power.

Such a satisfying conspiratorial view does not stand up to analysis. Each governing instrument, although hedged in the decisions it can make, does wield considerable power. They are more than mere fronts. Secondly, each time I traced decisions to a node of powerful individuals, the connections between them disappeared to reveal links with other individuals. Occasionally the links were traceable back to me. There were no real chasms between the ideology about the university, its actual governing structure and the underlying power base. Rather, there are multiple links and pathways joining the three and we are all caught up in them. It is crucial to understand the relationships between the various university governing bodies, various powerful individuals and groups within the university and outside it and the connections with the state ruling apparatus. Attempts to wrest control of faculty or the Senate or at exposing and destroying the power of individuals and groups would leave these relationships untouched and unharmed. If there is a conspiracy every member of the university is part of it.

Conspiratorial views of the university power structure could lead to hazardous and debilitating actionism. I believe this is what happened in the period 1968-1973 when direct confrontation with visible authorities produced concessions and apparent victories (such as greater representation on Council and Senate) which in retrospect have become defeats. The actionist phase of the past decade has consolidated bureaucratic controls without altering the previous power relationships. There has been no deflection of the aim and function of the university as a training school for conservative political cadres and for future members of the ruling elite.

Does it matter ?

Some of my friends, accepting that the university governing structure is basically bureaucratic and authoritarian in nature, have said 'so what ?' The university has to be organised in some way and the present system allows us to teach and research, parcels out the goodies in a relatively fair manner and handles the necessary administration without bothering us too much.

This view does not fit with the extreme lengths that the university governing structure has gone to create the false impression that the university is a free, representative and democratic institution. This view also prevents us from evaluating the costs of the present system. It is not the only way a university could be run, though it may be the only way possible given the present New Zealand state set-up. The easy compliance of university staff in accepting the present set-up and their role in its maintenance (of both the university and the state), and their quiet acceptance of a system of restraints on their teaching and research means that the university can never operate as a place of free enquiry and criticism. This is quite a price to pay for a few perks. It strikes at the very marrow of our existence as academics and intellectuals.

Is freedom possible within an institution run on authoritarian and bureaucratic lines ? My answer is

that only false freedoms can exist in such a place. Is it possible for there to be a 'free' university which operates within an authoritarian and bureaucratic state ?

Obviously the answer is again no ! Why then is it so important for the government to maintain that the universities are free to determine and carry out their own teaching and research while it firmly controls every dollar which ultimately determines what teaching and research is possible ? And also, why is it so important for the governing structure of the university to claim that staff have freedom to teach and to research what they like while they control the money the government gives them, the courses and the regulations ?

Power only to dominate someone else while you are in turn dominated is a funny sort of power. Freedom to only do what is acceptable to someone else is a funny sort of freedom.

Reform ?

Obviously adjustments here and there within the university are not really going to alter the things that I have identified as the root cause of my dissatisfaction. Reform would leave the relationships between groups within the university unaltered and the relationship between the university and the government unaltered. Further, I am not really sure that reform is necessary. Most of the things that I see happening around the university are not of themselves bad. Much is, within the humanly possible, quite good in fact. It is the context within which these actions are taking place which perverts them beyond recognition. It is control of the context which the Senate, Council and Government most firmly hold on to. They don't seem to give a damn if I wish to lie with my students under the trees in Albert Park or talk distantly to them from a remote rostrum in the great hall.

Neither do they seem to care if instead of a lecture on an academic topic I get sidetracked into a discussion of Star Wars or even how the university is governed. But try to alter the pass/fail system, or exams, or the necessity to fill out forms, or the secrecy in which decisions are made, or the systems of giving out goodies, or the names of courses or how much an essay counts for the final and all hell breaks loose. These seemingly minor things maintain an environment for staff and students of competition, alienation, fear and hopelessness. Add to this the mystification about how the university operates and you have a first class system guaranteed to destroy the minds and aspirations of everyone inside the place. This process is called maintaining academic standards.

If we ever achieve a university which preserves personal independence and freedom of teaching and research, in which power to control and manipulate others has been abolished and replaced by power to control one's own destiny, then might be the time to worry about reform. I have never known what it is like to work in an environment of freedom and trust, but I have occasionally caught glimpses of what it must be like and it looks good. Intellectuals are occasionally portrayed as being capable of giving leadership to other groups in the community who are fighting for freedom and independence. If they have any claim to such a romantic portrayal, it must be because the shackles binding intellectuals in our society are so heavy. These shackles are heavier for being partly self-imposed in the guise of privileges.

Chess Results

Following hard on the heels of a very successful North Island Tournament, the Auckland University Chess Club hosted its third Open Tournament during July 15 and 16 here on campus.

A field of 40 players, which included International Master, Ortvin Sarapu and former Olympiad player, Euen Green along with Kia Jensen and Peter Weir, started play on the Saturday Morning. It wasn't very long before the top seeds started meeting each other with the top 2 varsity participants, Metge and Watson, being ground down by Sarapu and young Steadman respectively. David Pomeroy was one of only 7 players who remained on full points after the second round although club president Howard Taylor and Tan C.C. were just ½ pt behind.

Round 3 saw no surprises at all, except that Tan moved up to 2½ pts, still only ½ pt behind the leading trio of Sarapu, Green and Jensen. Round 4 saw Green take the lead with his 4th straight win, while Sarapu and Jensen played out a tame draw. Tan missed his chance to move up to 3½ pts but Brimble, instead, took his place and a chance of some of the prize-money. Metge and Watson kept up their pressure by scoring their 3rd win apiece.

The final round produced some interesting results, the crucial one being Sarapu's draw with Green, which allowed Jensen to finish 1st - with Euen on 4½ pts. Meanwhile, Metge ground down Weir to end up on 4 pts as did Marsick, who took care of Watson. So, the final score-table looked something like this: (University players in capital letters)



| | | |
|------|--|--------|
| 1st | K. Jensen, E. Green | 4½ pts |
| 3rd | O. Sarapu, B.H.P. Marsick, N.METGE | 4 pts |
| 6th | M. Steadman, P. Spiller, M. Brimble, M. Scott | 3½ pts |
| 10th | B. WATSON, O. Storchenegger, R. Taylor, G. Walden, A. HOLSTER, F. Zyp, T. Putt | 3 pts |
| 17th | P. Weir, G. Trundle, D. Bennell, J. VERMEER, P. Corbett, Miss K. McCarthy, TAN, C.C., T. Ball. | 2½ pts |

| | | |
|------|---|--------|
| 25th | D. POMEROY, M. Morrison, D. Shead, L. Edmonds, F. Povel, G. Falk. | 2 pts |
| 31st | A. Kasmara, P. Spencer-Smith, T.FERNANDO, G. Williams, N. Newman, H. TAYLOR | 1½ pts |
| 37th | S. HENRYS, P. AUSTIN, M. Garland | 1 pt |
| 40th | A. BLACKWOOD | |

The Tournament Organiser was Michael Livingston, who was ably assisted by Howard Taylor, Paul Austin and Philip Clemance along with Nigel Metge, John Vermeer, Stuart Henrys, Andrew Blackwood, David Pomeroy, Andrew Holster, Bruce Watson and Mark Brimble. (Thanks fellas).

Other bits of irrelevant information: The A.U.C.C. got crunched by the North Shore Chess Club, 6 pts - 14 pts in a Jenkins Trophy Match on Wednesday July 26. However, we were able to take them apart on the top 5 boards - 3½ pts - 1½ pts.

The team to go down to Christchurch to defend the Inter-Universities Teams Trophy (now on display in the Rec Centre) for Aug 19 to 20 will be: P. Mataga, M. Livingston, D. Pomeroy, P. Austin. As yet we have no reserves. Anyone interested ?

Sometimes after we've bought a motorcycle, we actually happen to have some money left over! Or perhaps in the course of owning a bike, we happen to come into some spare cash. Many motorcycle owners spend this money in an effort to make their riding safer, more comfortable and enjoyable. Unfortunately, through unwise spending, many riders lose their hard-earned money, having spent it on something they didn't need, or something that didn't do the job it was intended to. The purchase of some accessories can indeed make your motorcycling better, but beware! You too could squander your hard-earned money.

The Auckland winter brings abundant rain with it every year. Be prepared for the rain and the cold. Several excellent products currently on the market can make winter riding more enjoyable and safer. Of course, a good helmet is necessary with a good visor attached. Keeping yourself dry through the winter months will make riding a more attractive proposition, and chances are you'll be healthier too, suffer fewer colds and flus. A good waterproof outer layer of clothing is essential, but even wet riders can be warm if they wear adequate warm clothing underneath. Ensure that you wear good layers of woollen clothing to retain body heat. Your outer layer of clothing should be windproof and waterproof, preferably of brighter coloured material to help ensure that motorists can see you. Check to see that your waterproof clothing has good seams. Welded seams are superior to stitched ones generally, though some stitched seams do have undercovering to ensure waterproof qualities.

Winter is a time for warm gloves. Unlined gloves offer very little in the way of warmth to the rider. Gloves should also be waterproof. Currently the best buy in gloves are ski type gloves. These are generally waterproof and offer adequate warmth. These can be had from motorcycle and ski shops. Compare the relative prices though. Some trendy ski shops try to extract higher prices.

Contrary to popular belief, the old style military type army and air force great-coats are virtually useless for motorcycle use. These cumbersome bulky coats are excellent for pedestrians, but motorcyclists soon find that they are not waterproof, and windproof, and can weigh twenty pounds more at the end of a wet week than they did at the start of the week! Whilst better than nothing, they offer little when compared to modern

lightweight, waterproof clothing. I can speak from experience, as a foolish youth I wore one for three years before I woke up.

Wet socks are very uncomfortable to sit in at lectures. Wear waterproof boots, and if you don't like the bulk, wear some pop-on shoe covers. These covers keep shoes, socks and feet bone dry for a cost of \$6.00!!! Life expectancy from them is approximately three months of hard use before they inevitably get caught up in your kickstart one dark, rainy night. They are, nevertheless, good value.

Wearing a scarf around your face and neck can reward you with real warmth in these areas. But watch out for long scarves trailing dangerously near to chains and sprockets and wheels. They can get caught up and hurt very quickly.

Plastic waterproof gear comes in two types. One piece and two piece combinations. One piece outfits offer more warmth and convenience. Two piece outfits offer more versatility, enabling the rider to wear just the jacket or leggings alone should this be required.

In a further attempt to keep dry, some riders fit wind-screens and fairings to bikes. But always remember that poor examples of these affect the handling of a bike, particularly small ones, and have a habit of falling apart. In most cases they are just another thing to go wrong and get in the way in an accident.

One accessory that can only be a positive addition to your motorcycle is extra lighting. Replacing your bike's little bulb with a quartz halogen light unit or adding an extra driving light yields good results in improved night-time riding safety. However little can be done to bikes with six volt electrical systems. But modern 12 volt systems can handle the extra load with no problems providing your battery and electrical system is in good order. If you are mounting an additional light make sure that its mounting is secure and the wiring is done properly. If you don't know what you are doing, have it professionally done. Burnt wiring circuits can prove expensive to repair.

Accessory exhaust systems are readily available on the market now. But once again, take care. If you are dissatisfied with your standard exhaust system, or not impressed by the prospect of paying for genuine replacement mufflers (up to \$400 for some four cylinder bikes) take care in choosing a replacement. Low cost is

often an invitation to fit shoddy exhaust systems which can produce a very loud exhaust note. Loud pipes just aren't worth the hassles you'll get from traffic cops, Warrant of Fitness inspectors and irate neighbours. Some expensive good quality exhausts can actually improve the performance, fuel consumption and handling on bikes, but unfortunately these systems often cost more than genuine replacement parts. Standard exhausts in good condition help a bike keep its price, that's a fact.

In the lust for more speed some bike owners fall victim to their own incompetence and rip-off merchants. Some good mechanics can professionally extract great increases in power from motorcycle engines. Lesser mechanics and home turners can induce premature engine failure, and, generally, most speed modifications increase fuel consumption. If you really want the extra power and are prepared to live with more noise, shorter lived motors and worsening gas mileage, go ahead and have the engine modified. But ensure that it is done competently.

Minor accessories available for motorcycles are many and varied in price, effectiveness, and quality - eg carriers, mudflaps, handlebars, extra mirrors, and others too numerous to mention. A note on crashbars at this stage would be appropriate. Crashbars can help bikes withstand parking lot and low speed bungs. But high speed crashes usually prove that their effectiveness is negligible and sometimes detrimental. These detrimental effects can result in twisted frames because excessive forces can be applied to the frame and engine mounted bars in high speed crashes and can foul the rider's legs in collision type accidents. With crashbars it's a matter of hit and miss. Some accidents prove their value, whilst others show their drawbacks.

As the motorcycle market in New Zealand matures we find more and more accessory lines appearing. Choose wisely; always consider a balance of quality and price. Poor accessories may minimise your safety. Objectively consider your need to add an accessory or alter a standard item. Much money is spent on accessories that are unsuitable to bike or rider. Often this money would have been better spent on basic maintenance. How many people have put off a tune-up to save up for a trick exhaust system and put off an oil change to buy some different handlebars? Choose wisely and you and your bike will travel many happy miles.

MARK PAVLETICH

TWO Wheelin' Page

There can be no doubt that the lightweight champion among personal transport vehicles, the bicycle is now making a successful comeback in New Zealand. An increasing number of adults are rediscovering the charms and challenges of bicycle transportation. Urged by environmental concern, energy costs and trends in availability, the costs of operating motor vehicles, health considerations and, let's face it, a strong fashion element, people are learning to do more with less by bicycle.

In response, authorities both local and central are beginning to make the noises cyclists love to hear. The new Palmerston North District Scheme says, for example: 'It is important ... to encourage the use of low-energy forms of transport as much as possible, in particular walking and cycling should be encouraged.' The Chairman of the National Caucus Committee on Transport, in urging local authorities to provide facilities for bicycles, said: 'It can be a darned good way of transport.' Damned with faint praise again, however the willingness seems to be there and the interest.

When push comes to shove though, there is a lot of confusion about exactly how to improve conditions for cyclists. This confusion can also be found among cyclists with the debate between those who favour separation of bicycles and motor traffic and those who want a better deal on existing roads just beginning.

After a good deal of studying, and of cycling, I have arrived at the following principles which I believe will best serve the interests of cyclists in the long term. Firstly, cyclists are legitimate road users with all the rights and responsibilities associated with that status. This question was settled way back. The only reason for denying a cyclist this status is his/her inability to understand and cope with traffic problems. This applies mainly to young children.

Secondly, the best cycling routes now and in the foreseeable future, are existing streets and roads which may however be aided and abetted by bicycle-only and bicycle/pedestrian facilities as occasion demands and opportunity offers.

Thirdly, cyclists can best help themselves by learning the skills necessary to cycle safely in all road, traffic and weather conditions, by co-operating with other traffic and by drawing attention to hazards where they exist.

Briefly, the planning delays, the expense and the inadequacies forced on bikeways, fitted inevitably as a second class track into existing street networks, make bikeways a sidetrack, unfortunately a popular side-

track with those who like slogans and simple solutions. Where a bikeway is considered as an alternative for all cyclists, the only acceptable standard is one that offers the same or higher standards of comfort, convenience and safety as the existing street alternative. In practical terms this means no interaction at intersections between the bikeway and existing roads. Only in special cases is a facility of this nature feasible.



Committed to existing streets and roads, what can the cyclist do to improve his lot besides improving his own skills, ability and equipment? What are some positive steps to improve conditions for cycling? Again, briefly, I consider the following to be of prime importance: Firstly, sufficient space on the left side of the road or the left hand lane of a multi-lane road for a cyclist riding a safe line to be overtaken by motor vehicles without the overtaker interfering with other traffic going in either direction. Roads and streets permitting safe lane sharing remove the need for any harassment of cyclists by motorists trying to avoid a few seconds delay.

Secondly, more attention must be paid to road surfacing particularly on the left side of roads and particularly on routes heavily travelled by bicycles. This has two elements. The road surface itself, which should be free of irregular-

ities and the various types of debris which accumulate, particularly glass. Put your councillor or city engineer on a bike -- he/she will soon get the picture. Thirdly, the use of destination lanes at intersections is of assistance to cyclists as it is to other road users. This is good traffic engineering practice and needs no further comment, except to note the need for lane sharing space where the left hand lane permits both left turning and straight ahead traffic. Fourthly, traffic signals should work for cyclists. On balance I find arguments that this can't be done unconvincing. If the above practices were universal, most of the present hazards arising from roadway design would be done away with.

Possibly the most effective method of getting these improvements would be to persuade the local city or borough engineer to put himself on the seat of a bike and in the hands of an experienced cyclist for an extended tour of the engineer's bailiwick under all the traffic conditions the local cyclists encounter. Failing that, a more conventional approach might be to persuade the local authority to undertake a deficiency survey of their street network in terms of the standards outlined above.

This has been done very successfully in Geelong, Australia, and a copy of the 'Geelong Bike Plan' (\$12 Aus from the Victorian Ministry of Recreation) should be in the hands of local planners. A deficiency survey utilises local authority planning staff, roading staff and local cyclists. Design deficiencies in the roading network can be picked up from plans by planning staff. These would include dangerously narrow lanes, bottlenecks, dangerous intersections, sections where cyclists are prohibited and so on. Deterioration deficiencies are those minor, but potentially deadly potholes, cracked road edges, piles of gravel, glass, leaves, etc. These can be 'picked up' by the council's own staff in regular inspection and by the informal network of cyclists' reports.

I have concentrated here on the technical aspects but, and a big but it is, the most effective way of making cycling a safer, more effective and more enjoyable form of transport is education. First and foremost, education of cyclists in the theory and practice of safe cycling, and secondly, education of motorists. At present, for cyclists this largely involves self-education - use books use defensive driving courses and use experienced cyclists - if you can catch one - and use your common sense.

PETER McDONALD
CYCLING CAMPAIGNER
FRIENDS OF THE EARTH I

THE

Gourmets and gather your em merry, for tom Favourite fo - Craccum's sa sheilas out the in style, we pro of Auckland.

For their discr in the cause of to thank: Jane Tony Mattson, Milne, Katrina Bindon, Louise Chris Thompsc Brennan, Donn Devine.



Roy's

HOFFMANS JERVOIS RO

This place has recommend it. bad about the a carbon copy Tonys to Brew steaks in the m Decorated with glass windows, ho-hum, but I masses. Some e place was a pl ice-filled bath cull salads they a pot-belly sto

Service is not e else was half-w received mine. t again at dess under crepes b Boring, boring. Oh - the coffe they must be p without the su

ANTOINES PARNELL RO

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Perhaps now I clientele, apar observed the V and the Auckl service. The W steward?) pro Caroline and I to accompany up to my gour started off wit pumpkin had mouleing - res not to moan. tongue still rel ness. Main cou much about it memorable). T As in most Ne thought or eff dinner table. T we gave a \$5.0 haughty waite

The overall ser pleasantly effi the idea that t fifty, pay by a observable St most of you.

The Craccum Fill Your Face

Gourmets and gourmands all: to eat or not to eat; gather your enos while you may; eat drink and be merry, for tomorrow come the examinations Favourite foods, fast foods, fresh foods, fancy foods - Craccum's seen 'em all. So for you fellas and sheilas out there who really like to do your holidays in style, we present our own guide to the nosh houses of Auckland.

For their discriminating palates and untiring energies in the cause of investigative reporting we would like to thank: Janet Brady, Dominic Free, Kerry Harrison, Tony Mattson, Frank Stark, Katrina White, Chris Milne, Katrina Laan, Paul Stone, Murray Beasley, Jules Bindon, Louise Chunn, Robert Oliver, Michael Sterling, Chris Thompson, Debbie Telford, Simon Curnow, Brian Brennan, Donna Yuzwalk, Yvonne Muller and John Devine.



Roy's



Number 5

HOFFMANS JERVOIS ROAD

This place hasn't been open long; I wouldn't really recommend it. Not that there's anything outstandingly bad about the food, but the whole place is boring. It's a carbon copy of dozens of other restaurants in the Tonys to Brewery Lane mould. Heavy emphasis on steaks in the menu, very little imagination been used. Decorated with the obligatory potted ferns, stained glass windows, roughcast brick walls etc, etc - all very no-hum, but I suppose they find its popular with the masses. Some ghastly touches of their own - since the place was a plumber's premises, the salads are all in an ice-filled bath in the middle of the dining room - very dull salads they are too. And to add more clutter there's a pot-belly stove to keep the soup hot.

Service is not outstanding - I had to wait until everyone else was half-way through their appetiser before I received mine. It was a fresh fruit cocktail - and I met it again at dessert - disguised I admit, heated and hidden under crepes but I recognised my old friend again. Boring, boring, boring are the only words for Hoffmans. Oh - the coffee was tepid too. Not licensed - but they must be planning it - food like that can't stand without the support of alcohol.

ANTOINES PARNELL ROAD

Well, this is certainly a restaurant that warrants star pretension. Actually I think its a credit card discharge point. You amble up from Parisian Mist Parnell Village, ring the bell, and as my good friends Hudson and Hall say, you are ushered punctiliously to your seat in our case by a divine waiter.

Perhaps now I should mention the decor. Firstly the clientele, apart from the odd punk rocker I've only observed the Victorian chairs covered in plush velvet and the Auckland Chamber of Commerce. Now to the service. The Wine Waiter (should I be correct and say steward?) proffers the cellar list with erratic regularity. Caroline and I chose a tidy German white at \$11.00, this to accompany a meal that to be pithy just didn't come up to my gourmandoise standards (oh I am bitchy). I started off with a pumpkin soup - first bad mark - the pumpkin had been vitamized instead of the slow old moulage - resulting in a rather course texture. However, not to moan. The entrees were divine salads and my tongue still relishes the thought of their amazing smoothness. Main course lamb was OK though I don't remember much about it (I'm also told that the pheasant isn't too memorable). The pudding was frankly a disappointment. As in most New Zealand restaurants not enough time thought or effort is taken over the aristocrat of the dinner table. The total came to \$40.00 (I think) and we gave a \$5.00 tip which was too generous but the haughty waiter

The overall service was charmingly arrogant and pleasantly efficient. The wine service is subjective. I have the idea that to be accepted here you should be at least fifty, pay by a string of credit cards and be wearing observable St Laurent which anyway, dears, precludes most of you.

ROYS : MEALSCOFFEEBURGERSWAFFLESPIZZA K'ROAD & LIVERPOOL STREET

Let me get this straight right at the start. Roy is not just some sleazy Burger Bar entrepreneur; he is an artist as anyone who has seen him tastefully arranging the eggs on a steaksgsandonions will appreciate. There is an expansive selection available - but they generally don't have much in stock. In the restaurant section there is a wide range of steaks.

You can get a superb toasted sandwich, mediocre coffee, beautiful chips, average burgers, shitty donuts, frozen pizzas and one of the best pinball machines in town.



Uncles

BONNE CUISINE MT EDEN ROAD

This place is most certainly tailored to fit the poor student. Surrounded by as many tables as can fit in one room, television set (never goes), and many other tasteless articles, one may enjoy anything from Chicken Maryland and succulent steaks to the most divine Banana Splits. Prices vary from between 2 to 3 dollars, and you may bring your own wine. Bonne Cuisine is nothing wayout, far out or foreign, but just good, intimate, inexpensive Kiwi dinner stuff.

NUMBER 5 CITY ROAD

If you've just won the Golden Kiwi and want to celebrate with a really ritzy dinner, this could be the place for you. Its very swanky indeed, beautifully furnished, great service, though the food doesn't quite reach the high standards one would expect from such a place. Still, I'd recommend it for any big or really special occasion. Its fully licensed and there's a lounge downstairs where you can have pre-dinner drinks or coffee afterwards. The dining area is upstairs in 3 rooms, and the feeling is of eating in some rather beautiful private home - green and white paintwork, old oil paintings on the walls, and white table cloths with gleaming glass and silverware. Lots of obsequious flunkies hover round to make you feel certain you're dining out in style.

As I've said the food is not all one might expect from the menu descriptions, but still not to be sneezed at. Definitely a place that trades on its classy feeling and the idea that dining there is a big event - only 'Antoines' would rival it for style and swank.

However, if you exist solely on the STB don't even think of going, unless you don't mind ending up doing the dishes. I suggest instead you cultivate someone rich, and let them foot the bill. (N.B. Main courses start at \$8.50. Take about \$32 for a dinner for two with drink included.)

UNCLES FOOD BARS ALL OVER THE PLACE

One of the first in the fast foods business, Uncle's red, white and blue grill-and-deep-fry counters have by now permeated through the city and suburbs of Auckland. Menus are the same, reassuringly standard hamburger-chips-toasted-sandwich (for those of you who suffer from culture shock there are no regional deviations), although in competition with other burgeoning take-away emporiums Uncle has expanded his culinary selection to include steaks, tea, coffee, fruit salad, and icecream sundaes.

Toasted sandwiches retain that truly New Zild insipidness, while the oil is changed too regularly for the chips to ever gain the genuine succulent flavourings of the old time fish n' chip shop. But on a quiet night the service is immediate, the man at the counter can sometimes be prevailed upon to discuss your university courses with you, and there's nowhere else that can give you a choice of six icecream flavours at three o'clock of a Sunday morning in July.

4 STEPS TO HEAVEN CUSTOMS STREET

This place is very good indeed, and although some meals are rather expensive, with judicious choosing it won't reduce you to penury. The place isn't very flashy, in fact I'd score it pretty low on decor, but it's the food that counts and that's great. Not a large menu, but what they do they do well, which is a nice change from places that try to serve everything and produce nothing worth paying for. The service is superb, the waiter was polite and helpful, and could fully explain the menu. All the ladies were given a free carnation when I went there, and they don't charge for corkage, which is a nice change. I had a fantastic meal - a steak that was all you could want, tender and not gigantic and the vegetables are served by the waiter. The cheese board I can recommend - about 5 types of imported cheeses that you might not otherwise buy but very interesting. Of course, if you need lush furnishing as well to really feel you're getting your money's worth from a place, try somewhere flashier. But I can guarantee there's no where else that gives a better nosh.

BONAPARTE'S VICTORIA STREET

'Auckland's most exclusive restaurant with superb French cuisine served in authentic empire period decor' is how Bonaparte's is described in the Yellow Pages of the phone book - it's a pretty generous claim but they almost get away with it. Anyone who's naive enough to expect really authentic 'empire period decor' (black marble and all that) is obviously going to be disappointed: in fact the attempt to fake the Napoleonic style is probably the least felicitous feature of the joint, although there are lots of nice big mirrors (if you feel you can cope) and the chairs are nice and comfy. Service is slick, efficient and definitely in the grand manner; most importantly, though, the food is excellent enough to justify all the rest of the bally-hoo and Titralacs are definitely de rigeur for those whose stomachs aren't up to coping with the richer end of the tasty eats spectrum. Exclusiveness is assured by the prices which are nothing short of STEEP - in other words, it's the sort of place that you either let yourself be taken to or avoid until you come into a fortune.

Down The Hatch, Bottoms Up

RAFFLES RESTAURANT ST. MARYS BAY ROAD

Raffles is one of the smartest suburban restaurants. It sports all the current interior decoration essentials, art decor lamp shades, potted plants, stained glass windows and a large fan on the ceiling. Their cane furniture is a nice individual touch. It did strike me as a little cluttered especially as patrons have to weave their way to the back of the restaurant for any pre-dinner drinks. These quibbles are more than compensated for by the imaginative but consistently excellent menu. The fish is especially to be recommended. Price wise it is reasonable, a couple may dine on three courses and wine for around \$20. Unfortunately, as with most fashionable places, you will encounter insufferable poseurs (there was at least one member of the Craccum staff the night I was there). (What! On the money we get?)

KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN NEW LYNN

Every Sunday afternoon many happy Aucklanders go for a relaxing sunny drive along the beautiful rural splendor of the Rue de Grand Nord (known affectionately to the sixteen year old cogniscenti of the area as 'The Main Dragg'), to the charming young settlement of New Lynn, where one may find, in a delightful bush-clad setting, the sweet little restaurant owned by a chubby Southern American couple, Colonel and Mrs Sanders. Ample parking is provided outside this architectural gem which shares its daily trade with the equally fine Italian-American Pizza Hut and the brand new American-American Salon Macdonald. Arguably, the Colonel's range of delicacies is somewhat limited and the premises are not yet licensed, but then quality food is always worth some minor drawbacks. Whilst awaiting your order of chicken, chicken or chicken, perhaps supplemented with potato mash, french fries or a wide range of local coleslaws, one can stroll along the Boulevard and admire the striking new and used-car lots which front onto the same promenade. And soon, when you're munching into your fresh country goodness, spare a thought for the poor Colonel, all of eighty-five years old, slaving away in that kitchen, busily mixing herbs, straightening his bowtie, and slaughtering hens.

THE SENIOR COMMON ROOM OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Ever wondered why you don't see the Vice-Chancellor in the Caf? Does he bring his marmite sandwiches and thermos flask with him and masticate in his office? No -- HE eats in the Senior Common Room, far from the maddening crowd.

Just the other side of the Undergraduate Reading Room is an eatery fit to feed the likes of such powerful and gormandising dignitaries. Surrounded by original New Zealand art of the very best quality, the academics nosh it up with plates piled high with the likes of quiche, fresh salads and yummy Continental cakes. Although a trifle on the expensive side, the quality is outrageously high.

But, sadly, students are banned from the Senior Common Room. Even the siblings of the honoured few may not enter these hallowed halls. Sorry.

THE RESTAURANT STUDENT UNION BUILDING

Several years ago, I think it was, David Merritt brought the Student Union Catering staff out on strike when he criticised the Caf fare. Treading carefully then -- the Restaurant does have some good points: a cute Canadian cashier, unlimited free coffee (if you avoid the cute Canadian cashier), tepid rolls and reasonably palatable chips. Sure enough it's got its not-so-good points too: the art-work on the walls is puke-inspiring, the chicken has been known to be indigestible (causing much strife to the Craccum staff) and never-ever has the full spectrum of 'dishes' been available. But -- it's comparatively cheap -- an average of \$2.50 for such delights as steaks, fish and the occasional portion of seafood. Only recommended for the late-night library-users and academics.

CABALLE FEDERAL STREET

Pronounced Car-bar-lay (for those of you who, like me, abandoned French in the 4th form) this restaurant offers those students who can't afford Bonaparte's, a taste of the Gallic gastronomic delights. And what do you get? French provencale provender of above average palatability at about average price, spiced with a little Antipodean flavour on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Guess the Melbourne suburb the resident singer hails from, and you may just qualify for a free dessert.

So as you emerge from the great hall flushed with affluence, clutching next terms bursary cheque in hand, spare a thought for your stomach, and take the evening off



The Bellybutton

TONY'S LORNE STREET

Tony's falls between a 'night out to impress the lady' and the family birthday nightout. It's not the greatest but it's not a bean house. The night we went I had a Fillet Bearnaise and my lady a Wiener Schnitzel. The fillet was very enjoyable though the Schnitzel 'was a bit like hessian' a not uncommon occurrence when you pan-fry meat coated in breadcrumbs. Otherwise the place is quite good. The only complaint was the price of the meal. For the price, the food was excellent though the service deserves attention. Waitresses with hair over faces and forgetting wine glasses is inexcusable. Otherwise for \$15 (no entree or dessert) the place is not too bad.

DEJEUNER FORT LANE

As the title implies, Dejeuner is a lunch house, and this is further reinforced by the fact that it is only open during lunch hours - except on Fridays when they graciously open their doors to Friday night strutters from 4.30 to 7.30.

Dejeuner offers a fine selection of salad(s), (pseudo-continentales), all very well presented in a large open servery, cheeses, and all the usual lunch type stuff - sandwiches, (eg chicken & walnut excellent) cheesecakes, cakes etc etc etc. All of their food is reasonably priced and all very fresh and totally edible. Probably ranking among the best Auckland munching houses - the one drawback being the decor, which is quite definitely a bit of a revolt.



Dejeuner

THE BELLY BUTTON CENTURY ARCADE

Flickering candlelight, vases filled with freshly picked flowers, heads bowed religiously over bowls brimming with various esculent victuals -- all in honour of the deified health food industry. If you're into cosmic consciousness and weaving your own yogart the Belly Button restaurant is the place to eat.

Located as centrally as the name implies, it's tucked discreetly away in the Century Arcade, just off lower Queen Street. Open from Monday through until Saturday for lunch and Wednesday to Saturday for dinner, the Belly Button caters for the vegetarian diet. It offers a variety of vegetarian food with the emphasis on heaps of fresh fruit and vegetables, various herbal teas and fruit juices. One of these health giving meals can be bought for as little as a dollar - if you can resist the yogurt pie, another seventy five cents but well worth it.

The atmosphere is relaxed and informal. You can spend three hours identifying the contents of the esoteric-sandwich or can simply drop in for a cup of dandelion coffee. The seating arrangement is equally casual. If there's a spare seat it's yours. If not, you're welcome to sit at one of the tables just outside. These provide a food view of the cake shop on the other side of the arcade (conveniently serving to heighten one's feeling of sanctimony).

The food at the Belly Button may not induce the desired state of euphoria promised in those pious prefaces to healthfood cookbooks but you'll certainly leave there full of beans.

MACDONALD RESTAURANT QUEEN STREET

Quality, supposed impression

For quality blandness thruout the clean even That asser Customer (Fast Food student co but other But that's family and so maybe

THE BROADWAY

Situated at night. As But the p meals and flavoured all you wa few more

UNIVERSITY PRINCES

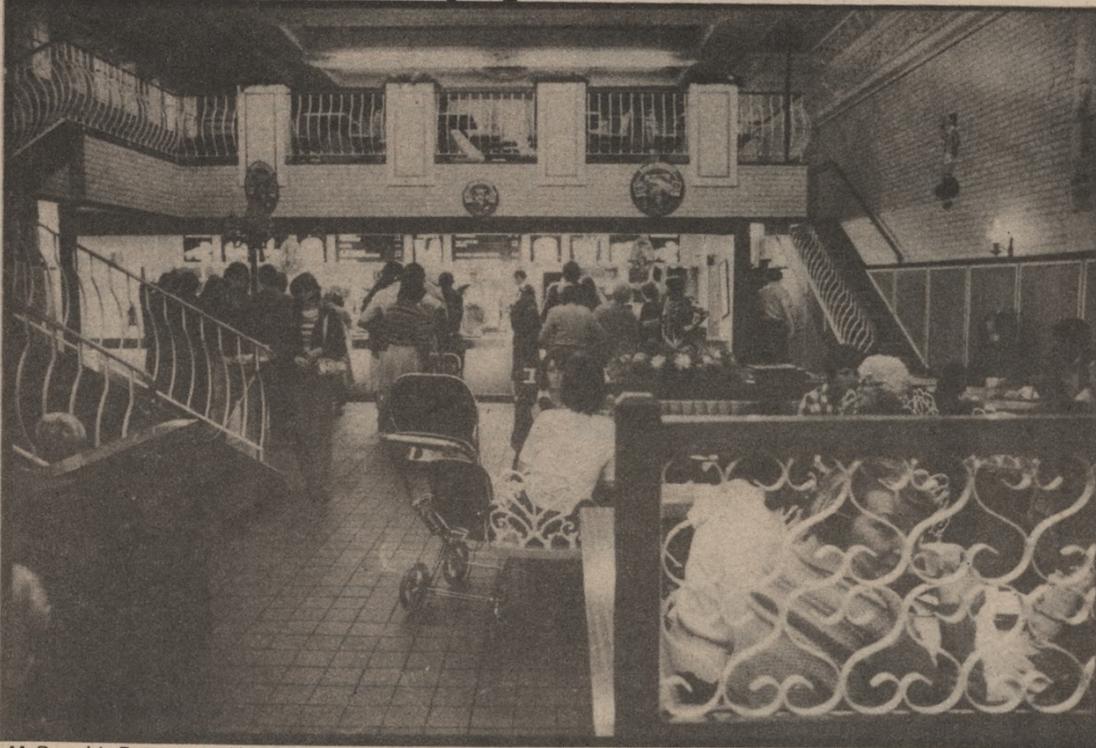
The Club top cuisin whilst hav extensive, which the more form these mea winner.

In short, its relaxed and efficient well served

BREWERY QUEEN STREET

Hey mista colonial-b You don't stop comp here than access to cottage pi As a bonu pretending But be wa along that

s to And Lighten Your Load...



McDonalds Downtown Hamburger

MACDONALDS DOWNTOWN HAMBURGER - RESTAURANT QUEEN STREET

Quality, service, cleanliness and value are what you're supposed to get at Macdonalds. What you get is impressions of these,

For quality substitute quality control - the same blandness of texture and taste thru the menu and thruout the world. (The same machine does the muzak and the food). Wiped-down formica tabletops equals clean even if the floor underneath is grubby as hell. That assembly line out the back working for you-the-Customer equals service, but you've still got to wait. (Fast Foods it ain't). Value - not bad if you use your student concession (and if AUSA lets you have it) but otherwise no better than takeaways.

But that's just downtown - the suburbs, the nuclear family and the car are what Macdonalds are all about, so maybe its all on out at New Lynn.

THE BROADWAY DINER BROADWAY

Situated on the main drag in Newmarket; again open all night. As far as quality goes, the greasies are just that. But the place does serve reasonably quality stand-up meals and coffee. Milkshakes are little more than flavoured 'sno-freezes' but who looks for quality when all you want to do is get back in th 'V8 and burn off a few more pensioners.

UNIVERSITY CLUB PRINCES STREET

The Club Restaurant is not a place where you will find top cuisine. It is, however, a place where you can relax whilst having lunch or dinner. The lunch menu is quite extensive, ranging from snacks to decent meals, for which the service is fast and efficient. Dinner is slightly more formal with just as good service. The prices for these meals are the one advantage that make the Club a winner.

In short, there is nowhere in town like the Club. With its relaxed atmosphere, good food, moderate prices and efficient service its members and their guests are well served.

BREWERY LANE QUEEN STREET

Hey mistah, you wanna da dinnah inna brownlit-colonial-beerhouse ?

You don't? You want to eat cheap, don't you ? Well, stop complaining. You can get cheaper and better meals here than in the varsity restaurant (as well as unlimited access to the booze). When was the last time you had cottage pie and a pint of draught for less than \$2.50 ? As a bonus, you might even see some of your friends pretending to be waitresses.

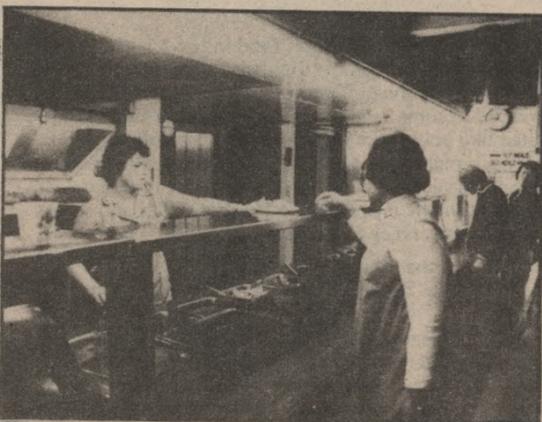
But be warned: service is not always speedy, so take along that unread textbook with you just in case !



2001 Coffee Lounge

LE BRIE CNR CHANCERY & WARSPITE STREETS

Provided that you can find it, Le Brie is quite a good proposition for a modest evening in la francaise. It isn't licensed so you can always fish out that bottle of Hautaki Chateaufneuf du Pape that you've had put away in any case; corkage is reasonable. The decor is a distinctive, if perplexing, combination of white picket fences and assorted shrubbery which lends itself equally to intimate tete a tetes a deux (as the French say) or parties of the larger, more roistering sort. The food is pleasant, though not startling, and vaguely French in ambience (not surprising really) and the prices aren't likely to do too much damage to a reasonably well-padded wallet. Bon appetit ! (as the French say



The Caf

MOTHER YASODAS CNR QUEEN & VICTORIA STREETS

Waft your way down the stairs and towards the back of the Corner Village Market, past the lovingly hand-crafted ethnic garments, cane furniture and records, until you find Mother Yasodas. Run by the Krishna movement, here you will find food prepared and presented in a manner after every gourmet's heart - the truly spiritual. And you can be sure that it's all so good for you; not a morsel of white flour or sugar, meat, caffeinated tea or coffee will cross your lips.

At prices to please any poor, sick and starving student, Mother Yasoda's (formerly Govinda's) will offer you salads, samosas (a rough equivalent of a vegetarian pie), open sandwiches, a delectably rich and sticky range of cakes, milkshakes, fruit juices, herbal teas and dandelion coffee.

In keeping with the Krishnas' role as a bridge between east and west, the customer is offered a choice of seating - low wooden tables on a carpeted floor to sit at, or the more conventional formica - table and chairs. The place is rarely crowded, the service unhurried, and light reading matter is provided in the form of religious pamphlets.

2001 COFFEE HOUSE LORNE STREET

Well me and the fiance went into town last week, lookin' to buy some new furniture for our villa down Meremere way, when Beryl spots this place that looks like Rees Interiors, and charges in to admire the decor Well we'd not been in there more than half an hour before I realised they sold food as well. Shrewd idea, I thought (always being one to appreciate a little cunning), and so I bought us some grits while we sat down and reckoned about the barnful of chrome and black vinyl we were surrounded by Well I know I'm not one of these intellectual sorts but when they wouldn't sell me a jug my suspicions sort of got aroused. You see, all the other blokes and sheilas there looked the sorts to be buying all this zippy modern furniture, but the strange thing was, none of them were. They were all sittin' there drinkin' apple juice and chewin' on bits of salad and it was round about then that I twigged that they (and me included, I suppose) must've already paid our first instalment on a houseful of this modern decor stuff, reckoning on the bloody enormous amount this here spaceidiocy rabbit-food had cost me Geez, a joker's got no chance these days !

CLICHY BRITOMART PLACE

For me, Clichy is the best restaurant in Auckland. Not that it's food beats all the others, or that it's decor is so stunning, rather its consistency makes it king of them all. And that - after many abortive second runs at apparently excellent restaurants - really counts.

The food is solidly French provincial, with the mandatory snails, pates, quiches and so on, but with interesting sparks such as the salads and soups. Prices aren't too bad; about \$3 for an entree, \$5 for a main course and \$2 for dessert. Clichy is licensed and corkage is a very steep \$1 per bottle.

There are two dining areas - upstairs is the wine bar, open for lunch during the week and during the evenings for drinks and coffee; downstairs is the dining room open for lunch and dinner. Both are decked out in the now compulsory ferns, Toulouse-Lautrec prints and blackboard menus - but remember, Clichy did it all first, if that counts for anything.

For a relatively cheap, reliable night out, with good service and a pleasant relaxed atmosphere, Clichy is a must, or, at least, a damned good possibility.

THE BRONZE GOAT PONSONBY ROAD

This is one of those small'n'intimate joints one imagines abounds in New York. Not too expensive (about \$25 for dinner, desert and coffee for three), it's nevertheless very classy, in the chic, casual style of Ponsonby-Arabia, '78.

Starting with loaves of wholemeal bread sprouting from clay flower pots, the food is 'unusual' when compared with the usual NZ fare. Entrees include salads and other Eastern (Turkish, Lebanese and Arab) dishes, but beware - the main courses are large. Apricot-stuffed lamb and yoghurt-doused chicken on rice are but two of the excellent main courses offered. And - if you can handle it - the dessert pancakes with orange liqueur or nuts are amazing.

The Bronze Goat is open for lunch and dinner most days of the week. It's unlicensed, but very highly recommended for a peaceful and relaxed meal out.

Supplement

THE CAF STUDENT UNION QUAD

Where you can get for a little less for a little more in sandwiches and filled rolls, a little more for a little less in the coffee department (but it's amazing how it tastes of cardboard, even in the china cups, occasionally available), and, for a little less money, a little less quality in the greasy eggs and soggy chips department. Spacious open plan floor arrangement fills fast around lunchtime, so hurry along. If you can negotiate the neck-breaking spilt coffee, stomach-churning left-overs and heart-breaking discarded Craccums in the afternoon you deserve to relax in the peace of the aftermath. Let Radio B suffuse your brain, gaze enchanted at the little birds twittering amongst the crumbs, then try to extricate your bum from the nasty plastic chair. NEVER collapse into a caf chair without checking for sticky coffee.

SALTERS KHYBER PASS ROAD

The most distinctive thing about this restaurant is the brilliant decor — all very classy Art Deco gears — lamps, mirrors etc — and correspondingly fairly cold colours. All very nice and a pleastant environment to eat in.

'Salters', owned by a former surfie, is one of the newish restaurants that sprung up in the blitz around Auckland last year, and seems to be hanging quite well in the competition as one of our 'better' restaurants — the food is good, fairly imaginatively put together on occasion, and not too expensive (a main course would average about \$6). Definitely a restaurant worth recommending.

NB — Visitors to Salters MUST go to the toilet — they've gone to a lot of trouble with it, which is no comment on the rest of the place.

PELORUS JACK RUTLAND STREET

Pelorus Jack is reputedly Auckland's leading sea food restaurant. Whilst the quality of the food is indisputable, we all know there's more to a night out than meets the stomach. The menu features every known species of fish (fresh or frozen) and although the preparation is proficient and interesting, if not exotic, the decorations (you couldn't call it decor) leave something to be desired. You can pick at your \$9.95 Crayfish Cardinale (the most expensive dish on the menu; most main meals are \$4. — \$5) under an immense plastic painted swordfish while the candle on the cute gingham tablecloth plops in its saucer and Neil Diamond's tortured tonsils la del sentiment on your earlobes as thick as the sauce tartare. One of the highlights of the evening must be the trip to the back of the restaurant where the salad bar displays an assortment of pickled beetroot, coleslaw and lettuce leaves where you may help yourself before shuffling obediently back to your seat (this gives the restaurant a more informal feel, besides it's the closest you'll get to dancing and, if you walk up slowly, gives you a chance to see what everyone else is eating which is the closest you'll get to excitement for the atmosphere is definitely low key, even casual as is the organisation at times.) Still, you can't eat crystal goblets so who needs them? If you're a fish freak the food should be enough to recommend the joint (and it is licensed).

ART GALLERY COFFEE BAR CITY ART GALLERY

Eating in an Art Gallery is not this Coffee Bar's only attraction; just a short stroll through Albert Park, and its about the only place open in the weekends. As well as the usual coffee bar fare they also offer soup and rolls. If you don't mind sharing your lunch with the pigeons and sparrows that also frequent the place, you can eat out on the balcony. Last but not least the coffee is a hundred times better than what you buy in the caf, and is still only 35 cents.

TOAD HALL PONSONBY RD

Toad Hall could be a good place for you poor wee destitute 'n' rowdy students who can't, for one reason or the other, find anywhere else to have a far-freaking-out ya-hooo. The decor is reasonably tasteful, if somewhat mother-earthly casual, as is the atmosphere and the service but the food, being a set price (\$7.50 for 3 courses and coffee) means a fairly limited choice (and doesn't exactly include anything like caviar or a super-big-mac). It's also not of a very high standard, is fairly plain 'n' boring, and poorly presented. But I guess if you're out for a night that you won't remember and you're suitably tanked and/or ripped you either won't taste it, or the munchies will take over and you'll be too hungry to notice good for a not-too-discriminating crowd then, but not exactly the scene for a classy, intimate 'evening for two'.

PAGE 14 AUGUST 7 CRACCUM



The Coffee Bar

THE LITTLE DRAGON PAKURANGA TOWN CENTRE

This 'un's a bit far out of town but a great way to see the alternative culture and high society night life of art conscious Pakuranga. The local businessmen object strongly to its presence as it 'lowers the tone of the area', but it still serves better greasies than any other takeaway bar in the Pakuranga area. Its worth a visit if you're out that way.

LASAGNA BAR & LA TANA VICTORIA STREET

La Tana is the backroom sit-down part of the Lasagna Bar, but you can order a pizza to take-away and sit at the counter out front to eat it. If you eat in La Tana, you'll find the portions are on the small side - have a pizza 'to take away' instead (\$1.00 for a half), they're delicious, hot, and ideal for quelling the munchies. BYOW. Recommended.



Pelorus Jack

WYNYARD TAVERN SYMONDS STREET

For those who can't abide Caf lunches, or who tire of bringing their marmite sandwiches from home there's always the good ole Wynyard Tavern just along the road from (but not to be mistaken for) the Kiwi. There isn't a great range of food, but what there is, is good. It is all baked in the kitchen of St. Paul's across the road. Rather interesting filled rolls, superb wholemeal scones, and not too much to tempt the sweet-toothed type.

AL 'N' PETE'S PARNELL ROAD

What can I say? The best junk food in town without a doubt. The only problem is that it isn't really junk at all. Picture three slices of bread - toasted, not deep-fried or crushed in some kind of disgusting trouser-press affair - a salad like your mum served up with the cold lamb on Monday night, and a cup full of cheese cooked with two or three slices of ham. All that gets put together (in some ways the most remarkable feat of all) and served up as a ham and cheese toasted sandwich.

Al 'n' Pete's is the kind of place you could take your grandmother to. She'd be hard put to complain about anything.

If you do go, please eat something other than a ham and cheese toasted sandwich - the first one I had tasted so good, that I have never been able to try anything else, and you could tell me about the other things on the menu.

THE COFFEE BAR STUDENT UNION

Over the last few years this excuse for a down-town 'coffee cellar' (the beams are so reminiscent of Nicholas Nickleby, aren't they) has become a very chic centre for the discerning student. In such close proximity to the Old Maid one might, if in luck, even see the odd star sipping on the proverbial cafe noir, which is always an interesting prospect.

The food is an exquisitely balanced display of orange and green sticky cakes with a large choice of dehydrated pizzas crackling in the ultra-modern, open-plan pie warmer. Beverages available run the full gamut - from tea and coffee to the delightfully mulled fruit juice, a real innovation in catering.

With the up-tempo/up-volume blare of Radio B's inanities, the Coffee Bar is a very cool, mean, buzzing, freaky scene. And they smoke dope down there too.

LA CAVA CUSTOMS ST EAST

Buried one storey below the bustle of Customs Street lies downtown Auckland's little fragment of old Spain, La Cava. Fortunately though, English is also spoken, the prices are very reasonable, and the staff are tremendous. Oh-the food? — Well that's good too, but beware of finding yourself facing a dozen or more olives on your entree (unless you've been training for a month, or you're one of those people who can plough through them all night and never wilt). The place is true restaurant style, nice and dark with live guitarist provided gratis, but remember to bring your own grog - you might end up requiring plenty of it if you order unwisely from the menu (though the waitress will probably warn you what tongue-singeing dangers await). Don't come here if you're in a hurry to get out to the 8 o'clock movies because the service is somewhat unhurried, and works best if you go in a large group, with plenty of liquid refreshment (but be warned — it's quite a haul up to the loos later on), and are prepared to make a long and debauched night of it. After all, where else will they play you full volume tapes of 'Walk On The Wild Side' as you prepare to do battle with your dessert?

ITALIAN RESTAURANT (FORMERLY MOULIN ROUGE) VICTORIA STREET

This is a restaurant (it isn't really) to avoid. The food is as inspiring as the name and not worth the price \$4.00 for Scaloppino, extra for limp salad). Take your own wine, you might have to drink it out of coffee-cups but if you go there you're not the discriminating type. Count on what you want being 'off' and if it's getting late, the capuccino machine will be 'broken'

THE WHITE LADY QUEEN STREET

The longest established and most loved of the piecarts. Bloody good 'greasies' so far as hamburgers and toasted sandwiches go.

Since it was moved around the corner from Fort Street the local businessmen have become a little upset. It seems they fear a massive upsurge in crime. However this shouldn't be taken as a reflection on the clientele.

OBLIOS PONSONBY ROAD

Yet another Ponsonby restaurant and a very nice one too. All out to catch the rich and trendy market but someone's got to feed them I guess. Being a 'garden restaurant' there's plenty of potted plants, cane baskets, rattan blinds, a chinese parasol or two, rough-brick walls and Zarach furniture. Still they do it all very nicely, and the time I went there I had a very pleasant meal. However I've heard varying reports about the food. It can be great but keep your fingers crossed that the Chef's in a good mood and peace reigns in the kitchen when you go.

It is rather expensive, but since when has that worried students? Some nice touches — like a bread trolley so you can select the sort you'd like to nibble on, and I had a yummy dessert (Locksmiths Apprentices) that's great for all you prune freaks out there. Best of all they have nice matchboxes with 'Oblio's' in big clear letters, so you can leave them lying round the house, and everyone will know you've been there. That's value for money folks.

Photos were courtesy of Paul Barton and Brian Brennan. And as they say in the 'cordon bleu' business, Bon Appetit!

Cosmic Supermarkets

In recent years increasing numbers of New Zealanders, confirming the trend elsewhere in the Western world, have found the lure of the Eastern mindscape irresistible. They seem to be looking beyond minimal adjustment to life's travails. Meditation, mystery, 'madness' and mysticism assail the citadel of rationality like the four horsemen of the apocalypse.

If Arthur Koestler is right in characterising scientists as peeping toms at the keyhole of eternity then perhaps the Eastern rishis (illuminated sages) are the janitors of the universe, holding the keys in their hearts instead of their heads. Be that as it may the spiritual 'supermarket', despite the tantalising appeal of its merchandise - cosmic consciousness, enlightenment, samadhi, nirvana, Self-realisation et al - provides a surfeit of pitfalls for those seduced by gossamer labels.

According to American theologian Harvey Cox, Eastern religious movements, presuming to present an alternative way of life, have succeeded only in merging with the consumer culture they call into question. 'Despite what may be good intentions all around, the consumer mentality can rot the fragile fruits of Eastern spirituality as soon as they are unpacked,' he declares. 'The very insatiable hunger for novelty, for intimacy which gives rise to these movements also guarantees that they will fail.'

With delicious irony Cox discerns an aroma of change in the expectations of many consumers which he tellingly terms 'The New Gluttony'. The entire range of human ideas and emotions is transmogrified into a well-stocked pantry. The New Glutton craves experiences: in quantity and variety, more the better, increasingly exotic, even spiritual. In short, it becomes de rigueur to have experiences. Spiritual materialism.

In finding his way around the spiritual supermarket without getting 'ripped off' - seduced by tawdry packaging - it seems the seeker must be guided by the same cardinal precept which governs the marketplace at large: Caveat Emptor. Let the Buyer Beware. There exist no Ralph Nader, no Consumer Council, no 'Fair Go' to champion The Fair Spiritual Exchange.

There is one person, however, reputedly invested with great powers of discrimination, whose sole function is to lead brothers and sisters out of the wilderness of false advertising into the Eden of Eternal Salvation. Making religion less of a 'hit and myth' affair. He, the pundits aver, has tracked the ghosts of desire to their lair and presumably laughed them into oblivion. He, they say, has transcended the world of yes or no, good or bad, right or wrong duality; is beyond attachment to mere coarse objects; has kicked the traces of limiting human personality to yoke with the Holy Spirit. A man of impeccable integrity.

He is the guru (a Hindu term meaning dispeller of darkness).

In sorting out the melage of metaphysical conundra facing the earnest seeker of wisdom, the most pressing must be 'Why do I need a guru to reveal truth,' and 'How do I know whom to trust?' On special in the spiritual supermarket, right here and now, is Swami Venkateshananda, itinerant Indian hierophant, who must score maximum points (if you'll pardon the grossly materialist metaphor) with his answers.

'I have to bump into someone else, living or through his writing, because I long to know the truth.' 'Longing is mental agitation. When the longing is fulfilled doubt disappears - that is the real guru. The external person acts as a pointer, a catalyst. To that extent he is necessary. The ultimate experience is to be had by me.' 'The guru will help me do this by guiding me in the right direction. If I stumble he will pick me up but will not do it for me.'

'Yogis insist on you living with the Master, the guru, either through physical proximity or through his books. Yoga is not something that can be studied. You can study the philosophy of yoga but living it is something else.' 'Service for the Master is not because he needs my service but because I need to understand. This involves inner opening, made possible only by serving him.' 'Only then can he realise what you are, what you want from life, realise what my weaknesses are, where my strengths lie. When the opening happens there is understanding.'

And how can a spiritual novice distinguish between a sincere guru and a charlatan?

'Sincerity is itself a guru. If the guru is sincere you will eventually find out.' 'If you take a ride in a taxi which does not take you where you want to go you try another taxi. If I'm sincere I'm not going to call the first driver a charlatan. I say we don't seem to suit each other and move away.' 'People need both plastic flowers and eternal flowers. There is a need in this world for charlatans so they exist. They have existed since time immemorial. They are doing what they are doing for a real purpose, seldom their own.'



Swami (a Sanskrit root word meaning 'He who is One with the self') Venkateshananda, or Swami Ven for short, is regarded by many as one of the world's leading yoga teachers. The packaging of his week-long Auckland yoga course sounds a familiar tenor: 'The Swami who blows your mind'. Blows your mind, a signature phrase of the contemporary seeker of sublime psychonautic excursions. Aged 57, he was initiated as a swami in 1947 by Swami Sivananda, reputedly one of the greater Masters of this century.

'Everything about him was memorable, not only because to the pupil the Master is perfection itself but because we could see several qualities to that perfection. 'On the surface some of those appeared contradictory. For example, he was a man of tremendous drive, a hard taskmaster. And at the same time he was full of love, extremely affectionate. Yet, if something happened and you walked out he dismissed you from his mind.' 'He could be firm yet soft, gentle and sweet yet stern. So he was always in the middle path. Perfection lies in the centre.'

Swami Ven himself fits the time-honoured image of the Holy Man: A rarified helix of consecrated light. His face mirrors the untroubled calm of a baptismal font. And when he anoints you with words there is none of the carefully calibrated righteousness of the holy roller. He almost succeeds in reducing the personal pronoun 'I' to the status of a linguistic aberration but seems to recognise also that man craves definition as much as he craves lost innocence.

Attempts to render him in more earthly terms seem doomed to fail. For example, does he have any hobbies? 'Life is my hobby. Whatever I am doing at any moment is my hobby. Only people who are bored or afraid need to fill themselves up with things to do, special categories.'

No, he motions, that does not mean we should sit and do nothing in some state of glazed hauteur. Simply that we find true expression in action when we are in touch with the inner intelligence; not the intellect, but the 'stuff of the unconditioned mind'. For the yogi morality springs from the light of his inner intelligence. 'But,' cautions Swami Ven, 'at that point we might not even call it morality. It is simply just what is, what has to be, to happen, the natural order of events.'

Vexing questions like abortion, homosexuality, marijuana, euthanasia, genetic engineering solved by the prescience of Cosmic Law; all we have to do is let it seep through the fissures in our conditioning, which are there if we like to watch for them. Can getting back to Godroots be so simple?

Most people become involved in debates about good and bad, right and wrong based on preconceived notions which have been fed into them. Such people easily become rigid in their positions. To the yogi truth is always liberating, never trapping. Truth never changes, it flows.'

Much of Swami Ven's extemporising lacks the elliptical elegance of poetry but he can perhaps be excused: English is only one of several languages he speaks, besides, if his is the grammar of religious vision then language occupies its proper place as humble handmaiden.

'Concepts are necessary to communicate but yogis look beyond the concept to reality,' he intones airily. 'It is not possible to describe the reality beyond concepts. It can probably be indicated only negatively. The life that is being lived here, is it my life? Do I have choice? Who is asking all these questions? The yogis quest is to find out who is the experiencer and if it is found eventually that the experiencer is a shadow, then the attention is drawn to the reality of the experience, without being drawn to the quality.'

At this point the seeker is confronted with the vestments of the Ego, enshrined as God Himself by many of the West but the bane of those on the path towards a higher order. 'The ego provides the illusion of continuity,' says Swami Ven matter-of-factly, without discernible ego on the sleeves of his saffron robe. 'It seems to create a cell, an individuality, which cuts itself from the totality. When life is rid of the ego and therefore the mind, there is no my life, just life. And there is freedom, freedom even from the ambition to exercise my will, my choice.'

This is the goal of yoga?

'There is no goal of yoga. That would be reaching out. The yogi returns to the centre, in which the actions of the mind become pointless. It's like when you have movie cameras at many different places and you turn them all on. The larger picture becomes visible. At that stage it is no longer my consciousness; it is consciousness that is everywhere.'

And what point on the evolutionary spiral has Swami Venkateshananda reached? 'Do we have our own life? That is the real question. What is my own life? If the life mine?'



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But surely we have the will to choose?
'Even if I have a will, how does it become my life? Can I choose to become a cat or a dog? Or a God - can I?'

Cannot a person choose to go in a certain direction?

'You are merely saying that I can have a cup of black tea instead of white tea, short or long hair. The real things you have no control over. Can I change the mechanisms of my body so that I can change form? What kind of freedom do we really have?'

Presumably he once had a spiritual hunger and decided to act on it?

'Hunger is choiceless.'

Ultimately don't you choose whether or not you're going to do something about that hunger?

'I was forced to do something about my spiritual hunger. Hunger eats, leaves you no choice. The mind thinks it has a choice - pear or apple. That's silly.'

So in his view man doesn't have the capacity to choose in his life?

'Is the life mine? Only when I come to grips with that will I understand if there is choice or no choice. I'm talking about a life which is not mine.'

Interviewing someone who is, in a sense, not at home, a nobody, poses its problems. It is difficult indeed to talk in terms of 'Not I', notwithstanding the labours of people like Samuel Beckett. Finally, it is only the guru's presence itself which can provide living proof of the reality of the world to which he alludes. On that count Swami Ven seems sincere, humble even, a man with his mind in his heart.

The more time is spent with him the more the realisation grows that only those who need to ask questions are driven crazy by the 'monkeys of the mind'. Swami Venkateshananda has tamed his monkeys and now they perform for others. He doesn't feed the intellect, only the hunger and then never to the point of satiety.

By all accounts he has no skeletons in his closet to speak of: no fast cars, big mansions, sexual stains. He courts no world-wide following but travels 'in response to need'. The interviewer is left with skepticism unfrocked, save for a fig leaf of reportorial dignity. Prime time with the Guru becomes Prime Time with the Self.

It has been said that the guru is a mirror in which one sees both God and one's own face. Not to mention a fig leaf or two. What is beyond the looking glass is anyone's

guess. But it's no use asking Alice; the trip must be a solo one. You can easily be misled by maya, cosmic delusion, at every step of the way. Or by withering flat-earth cynicism. Hasn't western psychology shown that someone's experience is determined by conscious and sub-conscious expectations of the form and intensity of that experience?

The swami grins a cosmic grin. 'Nobody but a fool is misled if a fool can hope for nothing better. I may imagine milk to be honey. If I start eating it, the honey doesn't become milk but I have created a powerful imagination in me and from then on I try that milk and nothing else happens. In my mind that is a religious kind of milk. But the human imagination has no power to change the reality of the substance. It has power over itself to continue to imagine what it imagines it imagines. The distorted perception of reality is the imagination.'

Swami Ven concedes self-deception is a difficult game to win. The best strategy seems to be to give up the game, stop trying to achieve or get anywhere. The just wait and see what happens. There is a saying 'When a pick-pocket meets a saint, all he sees are pockets'. When you meet a man who seems to have everything yet whose pockets are empty, it is disconcerting to say the least. There must be something not quite

Swami Ven says his relationship with his students is more like that of a friend than as a guru but the mind cocks while observing the way his Auckland students devotedly cater for his every need, while he sits in majestic repose. Victims of unresolved dependency? The line between spiritual pride and humility must be fine indeed. Or is he receiving their love in the same spirit as rain that falls on leaves, which get wet: total loving acceptance, the natural flow of things?

Harvey Cox believes that we (The Westerners) can begin to hear the voice of the East only when we are willing to 'confront the inner dislocations of our own culture that caused us to invent the myth of the East in the first place.'

That may be but there's a sociological maxim which runs: 'A society doesn't so much get the man it deserves as produces the man it needs.' If our society has spiritual needs which aren't being met by the men it has produced, teachers like Swami Venkateshananda seem likely to be popular visitors for some time to come.

MURRAY MAHONY

Capping It Off

On February 10 1978, the Labour Department announced the latest in a series of moves to suppress the overseas students - a policy (formulated by the Interdepartmental Committee on Government policy) of not extending their permits of overseas students to enable them to stay for graduation.

On Friday 16 June Choong Tet Sieu, the National Co-ordinator of the National Overseas Students' Action Committee, and Lisa Sacksen, the President of NZUSA, held discussions with a Labour Department official to find out why this new regulation had been introduced. They were told that there were basically two reasons for this new regulation. The first one was that sponsored overseas students are not permitted to stay for graduation and that private overseas students should be brought into line with them. The second reason was that there had been a 'large number' of applications in the preceding year and it was feared that staying for graduation might become an irreversible trend.

These reasons are patently not founded on any real basis. Sponsored overseas students are paid while they are in New Zealand by the New Zealand Government, under arrangements made with their home Governments, while private overseas students come to New Zealand at their own expense and fully support themselves while in the country. The circumstances and conditions of the two groups of overseas students are quite obviously different and any attempt to regularise the differences between them is both foolhardy and unrealistic.

Later Lisa Sacksen discovered just how many students had applied for permission to stay for the 1978 graduation ceremonies - 65. This was the 'large number' that had put so much fear into the hearts of the Labour Department.

To view this policy in its proper perspective, we must look at the trend in the New Zealand Government policy on overseas students. In the past few years, it has developed an increasingly hostile attitude. In 1976 we saw the implementation of the probationary period for overseas students who marry New Zealanders to prevent so-called 'marriages of convenience' - a great insult to the

integrity of overseas students. This ridiculous policy which had not been based on adequate facts has since been dropped.

Within that same year, we also saw the first announcement by the Government to cut down on the numbers of overseas students. Initially, this was announced as a 45% cut on the intake of Malaysian students. There were a few reasons for such a move.

One of them was to obtain a better distribution of the numbers of overseas students from each country. According to them, the places thus made available were to be filled by students brought in from the Middle East, namely Iran and Iraq. Last year, we had 1 Egyptian student. This year we did even better. Zero! At the recent meeting of the Overseas Students Admissions Committee, to which NZUSA and NOSAC had representation, the Foreign Affairs officials themselves said that the policy of the Iranian Government was not to allow their own students to go overseas for undergraduate courses. Where are all these Middle East students coming from?

Government has also claimed that the cuts were in accordance with its policy of giving priority to students from the South Pacific. According to OSAC's own figures we had 62 & 63 Fijian students admitted to university in 1976 and, 1977 respectively. This year there were 49 Fijians, 11 from Western Samoa and only 1 each from New Caledonia and Tahiti. Thus the so-called cut on Malaysian students is effectively a cut across the board and was used as red herring to divide student unity.

Most people would agree that the Government's latest policy is a ridiculous one. However, viewed in such a context it is just one of a series of moves to deprive overseas students of their rights. At present, overseas students are only allowed to work during the summer holidays. Government could well be planning to introduce policy to restrict us from doing this in future. NOSAC has decided to launch a petition to ask that Mr Gill overrule the regulation. The petition will be on your campus soon. Please sign it. This type of restriction on the rights of overseas students should not be tolerated by anyone!

Guts & True Flesh

We're just another band/looking for a good lay/We're just another band/Looking for a good lay

The Plague. An eight person object d'art. Energy, motivation and inspiration. Political and social tracts within a cacophony of sound and visual explosion. Just another band?

In February of this year Richard von Sturmer returned from Europe where he had studied movement with Lindsay Kemp ('I owe everything to Lindsay Kemp' - Kate Bush) and mime with Desmond Jones. His place in the 'avant-garde' of Auckland was assured. Before he left he wrote the basic script for David Blythe's film 'Circadian Rhythms' and, with John Curry, formed the Zazou Clowns from whence snuck The Ratz.

Auckland / Robby Robby / Rheumatism / Bury my brain in a sub-division / Auckland / Not a heaven / Not a hell / Just another party in Parnell

The decision to form The Plague was made upon Richard's arrival back in Auckland - a reaction, if you like, to the bland bands of this city. Friends joined with Richard and, with a few additions and subtractions, there are now eight members: Sally Griffin, artist, Miles McKane, Elam Student and Rat and Charlotte, student, are The Snoids, the backing group. Tim Mahon, student, David Parkyn, poet, Adrian Hart, intellectual, and Gray Nichol, conceptual artist, are The Plague. With Richard, firmly clenched to his mic, at the front of it all.

You love death on TV / You love death in the movies / You're unmoved by slaughter / Ah but when it comes to cancer / Oh when it comes to cancer / Perhaps it's in your body / Now that's a different matter / Because there is no answer.

But each member of The Plague is an individual artist. Ego problems? No - philosophical conflict instead. David Parkyn is 'a Marxist from the heart' and 31. Tim Mahon is 17, born in the sixties, missing out on the 'Vietnam era'. It's both a weakness and a strength. 'It gives us energy.'

And if they put me on trial for you / I'll always stand by you / I'll tell them what I told them at that great roundup in Nuremburg / After all Judge, love is never having to say you're sorry

So why music rather than theatre? Sally - 'Theatre is wonderful in an accepting society, but that's not true so much in New Zealand' David - 'Music is instant - an instant blast. Theatre doesn't command so much respect.' Richard - 'Music appeals to the masses.' But The Plague are not, at present, competent musicians. Tim, who writes almost all the music to Richard's lyrics, is looking for a guitar teacher; Adrian is being taught how to handle the seemingly out-of-character jungle drum; Richard is taking singing lessons. Fist in the air he proclaims: 'The Plague are into self-improvement!'

My glands react for you / My glands swell up for you / My glands explode for you / My testes drop for you / I burst out in spots for you / My secretions secrete for you / And all my hormones too / I'm prostate in love with you.

Equally important they say is 'content'. David - 'We can introduce realities other than boy-meets-girl / girl-meets-boy into our music. Music used to be about things other than all that. In our songs the whole thing is about how the country is going down in flames. And yet what do you hear on the radio?'

But fuck it / I'm tired of being rational / I'm tired of being National / It's time to take a stand / A stand against the bland / A stand against / Mr Muldoon

Sally - 'What we're trying to do is get some sort of experience into our music that people can really relate to. There's no articulated statements coming out about why people feel bad. So they eat a lot and go to the movies. Real depression stuff.' David - 'The powers that be blame it on radical racial minorities, Pommie dissidents, whatever, and that leads to fear which will lead back to reaction. Which'll lead to facism. It's fear of the unknown - irrational fear.'

Private private / No entry / Private paranoia / Private property / I can tell by your looks / This is not your suburb / Private property / I can tell by your looks / You don't belong here / Private property / So get out of here / Private property / Get off my lawn / Private property / Get off my Japanese garden / Private property / Get off my land / Private property.



The Plague's backing group The snoids



Richard Von. S. sings

David - 'It's up to the artists to present their vision of the world as it should be, could be and is.' Richard - 'The Plague is very hard-edged. We're unified by the feeling that there's a negative atmosphere in New Zealand at the moment, caused in part by the National Government. Muldoon is just a mirror to the ugliness that exists in New Zealand. Artists should take a stand, not necessarily politically, but they should make a definite statement and it shouldn't be an introverted one.'

Mr Muldoon / The crack of doom / Is on your cheek / You ride on the back / Of a nation so meek / You ride it into the ground

And there's no safety in such measures. Rumour has it that a certain Cabinet Minister is about to take legal action against The Plague, for alleged defamation of character. Richard - 'Everywhere I go aware people are muttering about Frank Gill - [redacted] that he's got the mental age of a 12 year old, that he shouldn't have a position of power, [redacted] man. But nobody will say it publicly. That's what The Plague stands for. That certain things must be said.'

Frank Gill / [redacted] / Frank Gill / [redacted] / Frank Gill / [redacted] / Frank Gill / [redacted]

And The Plague is serious. This is no game. Music is notorious for financial strangulation of the artist, but The Plague will find a way. They want to record, to tour (preferably before the General Election), play anywhere at all where people will listen and identify. Richard would like to perform in Ward 10 and Mt Eden Prison; David would prefer the Mangere Community Centre overflowing with people saying 'Yes, mate, that's just what I've been thinking.'

I hold a microphone phone / Of flesh and chant my songs of bone bone / Lost in the zone zone / You live your life in black and white / But your death's in Kodachrome chrome / Lost in the zone zone

Richard - 'Too many performers are too complacent. They dwell on style, usually copied, not content. It's like disco or advertisements or TV. No guts, no true flesh.' And that says it all. The Plague, stretching to their limits, making their statements and singing their songs. The lyrics for which are available from the University Bookshop for \$1. And they're very very good.

A war a war ! / Who's for a war / A war a war ! / We're for a war / A war against the students / A war against the left / A war against the Unions / A battle to the death Bombs day / Booze day / Dooms day / Any day's a great day / For the RSA hey !

LOUISE CHUNN

A Poem or Two

FOR JANIS JOPLIN
(AND ALL WHO FLEW)

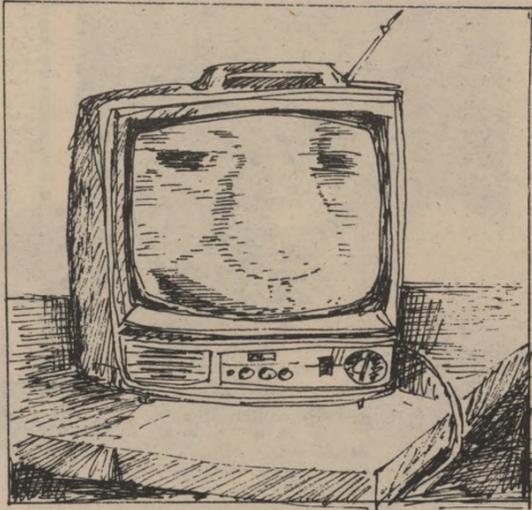
How you sang for us!
Full-on/unbroken/out aloud blues
pagan psalms/half moans/shrieks
cries and groans/of boxcars
and full moon blues croonings

Bare-back rider/pressed against the night
cut loose her bridle/threwaway her saddle
crossed swollen skies/small town dust storms
of guilt and of gossip/hot coals of doubt & self-pity
wastelands of show biz frenzied & empty
whirlpools of blood passionate & angry
steel-tipped Comets aimed straight for the heart

And she naked & vulnerable
she restless & homelss
she hopeful & beat-weary
and aging & ageless
And she gone to an early grave
and flying on forever
took risks/paid the price
'til all her birth signs came together
And she pathetic/she tragic
trapped & oppressed
confused and mud drowning
miserable & depressed

Yet she: Golden Charioteer
high stepping/Dangerous
yet she: Radiant
she pure: Radium
she raw rich ENERGY
Now dancing/now lurching
now stumbling/forever always searching
reaching for the Light that might
heal us all of the scars the sores
the twisted frightened laws
of Molochs cruel withered claws

You were a nerve-ending Sister
a lightning rod for our hearts
the sixties scattered you and shattered you



and blew us apart
And many grew too bold, were burned by the sun's rays
while those who stayed grounded, lie frozen in the shade
And we who carry on, can only stand amazed
at the weakness that you showed and the strength that you gave

DAVID PARKYN

KASPAR

He makes mosaics
He makes me forget
The night that we drove to the barn
Where the burnt wood sang
Of albinos and black wine
And nada

He makes mirages
He makes me forget
The mirrored city
Where you combed
The harp of your hair
Under the overhanging mantas

He makes movies
He makes me forget
The seat in that last train
With the tunnels outside
Being pulled off
Like condoms

And every dream tells me
That I'm really not asleep
Every time I surface
Its further into the deep

So I reside
In sound
So I resound
In silence

So I leave
The brown blood of memory
So I shed
The white blood of the soul

And so I carry
A sealion's bladder
Filled with cherries
And walk
Faraway
On a path of glass

RICHARD VON STURMER

Get a taste for Mom's apple pie and Uncle Sam's dollar bills

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Jackie Sargent and Debbie Riley, participants in the STB 1976-77 Exchange Visitors Programme to the United States.

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We then spent four weeks travelling along the East Coast of the United States before returning on a Greyhound bus to the West coast. We stayed in Los Angeles for 10 days purchasing clothes etc., before returning to San Francisco and our return flight to New Zealand.

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Otago, Top Floor, University Union. PH 75-911
Hamilton, The Cowshed. PH 69-139

Reviews

HABEAS CORPUS
ALAN BENNETT
MERCURY ONE

Old Cambridge Circusers do not die; they just get bawdier. Peter Cook and Dudley Moore crack jokes these days that even Dud's Mum refuses to hear, and we all know what happens when John Cleese is shown a pair of knockers.

Bennett, however, is the only one of that crew who has written a full-length comedy on the hazards of getting your rocks off. I've had a soft spot for Bennett ever since reading his glorious send-up of the British public school, 'Forty years on.' An important person informs me that Bennett has at least 2 other plays to his credit, but 'Habeas Corpus' is likely to be the only one we see staged in the near future.

Set in the unlikely locale of Hove, pants and dresses keep disappearing as characters slide on some banana-skins of the Permissive Society. The amazing thing is the tastefulness of Bennett's writing, I mean that, obviously, in a restricted sense. At its best, this sort of British sex comedy mixes sophistication and good humour to such a degree that accusations of vulgarity become rather irrelevant. 'Habeas Corpus', whatever its limitations, is not a prurient play. If I were to find fault, it would simply be to remark that Bennett is not extending himself. This man couldn't write an unfunny play if he tried, but 'Habeas Corpus' at times only gives an illusion of any real depth.

I hope this is read as a very paranthetic complaint because, taken on its own terms, the play is brilliant entertainment. Acting is appropriately grandiose - the play is a real treasure trove of 'character' roles. Alma Woods as the charlady with a penchant for rhyming couplets, steals scenes right, left and centre, but there are no weak links in the cast. Warwick Slyfield, Lee Grant, Cliff Wallace and Helen Doward work well as the randy Wickstead family, while David Weatherley's Canon Throbbing, (that's the name of his part - oops), sounds the right note of ecclesiastical vigour.

The real hero does not appear on stage. Directing Farce is notoriously difficult, but you would never guess so from Chris Shiel's urbane touch. The approach was imaginative, the pace tight - which just goes to show that pretty stage patterns are no longer the sole prerogative of Raymond Hawthorne.

I've got a feeling that Bennett's master pieces are still to come. In the meantime, of course, this is a more than acceptable offering. Right? Right. See for yourself.

PAUL STONE

BOESMAN & LENA
ATHOL FUGARD
OUTREACH

Arrived two to three minutes late. Went upstairs and through a door that doubled as the stage entrance. Took a seat on an old wooden chair, one of a number irregularly placed along three sides of a large square room. The play was taking place on a large square piece of hessian - the set was stark, graphically underlining, by a single wooden log, a few sticks trying to look like an open fire; the barren poverty of two dirty Coloureds trying to set up camp.

The accent, Afrikaans, made it hard to grasp the theme from the words, but it was through the action that the 'accultural' themes of loneliness and fear became evident. A soulful loneliness that the woman Lena, revealed through her incessant talking: to Boesman, to herself, and to Outa, the old Bantu who couldn't understand a word she said.

Boesman and Lena are Cape Coloureds, who exist by bait digging on the mudflats of the Swartkops river, and survive the hardship by cheap wine. Their creator, Athol Fugard, is a South African, whose plays are social indictments, and also celebrations of human courage that can survive appalling odds.

For this excellent production congratulations must go to Tony Forster the director. The issue is people. This play is an anthropological study 'fleshed out'. It is an experience that involves the viewer - all presuppositions and preconceptions are brought into check. A credit to the actors: Russel Shipmen, Charmian Harre and Norman Fletcher, who hardly faltered in the vivid intensity of their characterisation of Boesman, Lena and Outa. In spite of the hard seat, the difficulties that may be encountered in understanding the accent, this play succeeds as a drama. The effect of it is felt in the gut - where the first level of meaningful drama should be felt. A play worth seeing, particularly if you are an actor, artist or anthropologist.

TONY WOOLAMS

THE BACCHAE
EURIPEDES
LITTLE THEATRE

John Curry's production of 'The Bacchae' is 'rough theatre' in the very best sense of the word - it has more downright drive and oomph than anything I've seen for quite a while and probably more to do with the essential, ritualistic qualities of theatre. In a way this is to be expected, for the Greeks knew all about the religious connotations of drama, not only in terms of its sacred origins but also with regard to its sometimes alarming potential for exciting the emotions of an audience to the point of virtual frenzy; of all the classical canon, 'The Bacchae' is perhaps the most direct example of the theatre of ecstasy, dealing as it does with the person of Dionysus himself and drawing its real force from the constantly sustained atmosphere of dinkum bacchanalia.



The Bacchae, experiencing Mt. Eden

There is a very real sense in which the total effect of this production is far greater than the sum of its individual, constituent elements. The actors, rather than adopting set roles for the duration of the piece, demonstrate a high degree of adaptability, switching dramatic function, grouping and re-grouping around the central core of the chorus which provides the vocal impetus for the whole production. This creates an opportunity for some tight and well-modulated ensemble work that is the piece's most obvious strength; some of the individual performances lack power and conviction by comparison but this does little to detract from the overall effect. Highly imaginative use has been made of masks in a manner which, in dramatic terms, emphasises the play's ritualistic bias and visually, under sombre and restrained lighting, enhances the prevailing atmosphere of foreboding. A special mention should be made of Mervyn Thompson who contributes sundry percussive and abrasive effects to real dramatic purpose.

In a word, this production is a must for anyone feeling at all jaded about the current theatre scene, to which it compares in about the same way that The Scavengers relate to the Bee Gees. It will be performed in the Little Theatre on August 9, 10 & 11 at 1 pm, and August 10 at 5 pm (student price \$1), so there's no excuse for missing it.

MURRAY BEASLEY



A CONCERT
JAMES AND MARY FULKERSON
OLD MAID JULY 27

Did you know that every seat in the Old Maid squeaks on a different note? That's the advantage of tip-up seats, I suppose. By raising the tipping part of the seat and gently easing it back to the sitting position you can produce a very satisfying note. Not only that, but each seat has its own distinct tone quality and timbre. I was very grateful to the Fulkersons for giving me the opportunity to become so much more familiar with the Theatre.

It is so rare that we get an opportunity these days to relate physically to the theatre environment in which the music theatre happening experience occasion has being. I mean, like, you must have found that all too often what's happening on stage distracts you from all the INTERESTING and MEANINGFUL things like squeaky seats and the EXIT signs. Well, Man, this concert sure was some breath of fresh air. Only deep-feeling people like the Fulkersons can really understand that the stage is NOT the focus of attention. Nothing they did was at all likely to distract any member of the audience from relating personally to his own bio-sector of the total theatre environment.

Man, what a load of BULLSHIT. It is very sad that avant-garde music and dance is all too often able to shelter such small talents as were displayed on stage that night. Perhaps I am naive, but somehow I always considered it necessary for professional performers to be moderately technically proficient, regardless of the idiom. James Fulkerson's trombone playing and attempts at composition were singularly unimpressive, and his attempts at humour drew only a very few embarrassed titters from the audience. Mary Fulkerson, the trombonist's dancing wife, was very brave to embark on a whole programme of solo dance. I doubt whether the very best dancers would presume to attempt such a long solo programme, and it is certain that Mrs. Fulkerson does not fall into that class.

I am not going to give you a yawn by yawn account of the concert. I think the best comment is that it was the most boring, uninspired, poorly executed, pretentious concert I have yet seen at the Maidment. Pretentious - yes, that was the really annoying thing about the concert. Every pull on the slide and stumble of the limb had such deep, deep, deep meaning. Perhaps the Fulkersons are being toured as a travelling example of what a marriage of pseudo-intellectualism and no talent can give birth to.

Anyway, the final comment comes from the audience. There were over eighty to begin with. There were twenty-five at the interval. I don't know how many there were at the end because I wasn't there.

Q.C. MAXWELL-JACKSON

QUENTIN CRISP
SHORELINE CABARET
JULY 28 & 29

Quentin Crisp, the eccentric English homosexual, perhaps best known for the television adaptation of his best selling autobiography 'The Naked Civil Servant', gave two performances of his much acclaimed presentation last week.

The presentation takes two parts: a discussion on the cultivation of lifestyles, and a session answering the written questions of the audience. Mr Crisp's views on lifestyle can be summarised as: 'Take whatever it is you find you are and project it into the world.' The discussion is witty, epigrammatic, and filled with 'one-liners' which Mr Crisp adroitly caps with further 'one-liners'; all impeccably well timed, and like the monologue itself, delivered with a sophisticated charm that stuns the audience. Mr Crisp's voice is rich and skilfully used. Every gesture is perfectly calculated.

No member of the near capacity audience will forget Mr Crisp's wit. 'Sex is the last refuge of the miserable', 'Her little black lips moved faster than a policeman's giving corrupt evidence', 'When I was a child and my brothers wanted to be cowboys and things all I ever wanted was to be a chronic invalid, but I had to give it away, my parents thought it too expensive - now I could get 'a grant', 'I am not famous, I am notorious'.

The success of the evening, and when you pay fourteen dollars for a seat and a plate or two of warm pedestrian food it really takes something to make a success, is Mr Crisp the man. He is humble, he genuinely loves people, he is witty, and he is sincere. Despite the tasteless food and decor, and despite the bad mannered group of women to the left of the stage, Mr Crisp triumphs - he is stunning. If ever he should return mortgage your stereo, pawn your typewriter, but do not fail to witness this extraordinary man.

ROSS MACKIE

More Reviews

ALCESTIS
CLASSICS SOCIETY
OLD MAID

Richard Allison's production of his own translation from the Greek of Euripides presented 'Alcestis' as an illuminated manuscript. The text was primary, the drama was secondary. Characterisations were two-dimensional. Each scene was a static image formalised as an appropriate setting for the words. The closest we know today to Greek theatre is probably grand opera. In Greek theatre the words were sung, the chorus danced and the actors wore masks. This production of 'Alcestis' was neither Greek theatre nor, despite the resources of the Maidment was it contemporary theatre. It was an illuminated manuscript with pleasing colours, soft costumes and decorative maidens.

Sarah Scobie played the title role of a virtuous wife who ransoms her husband with her own life. John Rosser was the husband. Philip Ridge played Herakles who wrestles with death to win back the wife of his friend. Even such experienced actors were inhibited by the honour due to the text and they were upstaged entirely by two delightful looking children, Catherine and Nicholas Hawtrey who had no words to say.

Richard Allison's translation was clear, fluent and convincing. For those, like myself, with small Latin and no Greek it was pleasant to find the English of the translation so expressive. The actors seemed at ease with their lines in which the idiom seemed relaxed and appropriate. But I think the roles of translator and director must be incompatible. As a new translation of an honoured text this production presented the letter rather than the spirit of the play.

JOHN GHENT

L. E. SCOTT
OLD MAID
AUGUST 3

The ego of any other poet who faced a mere 20 to 30 souls in the yawning caverns of the Maidment (the multitude having gone to hear Illich) would probably suffer a bruising. But Lewis Scott, the black-American poet on something of a self-imposed exile from the States, seemed sufficiently conditioned by his growing-up in America to hide any disappointment. The label of 'protest-writer' irks him as it implies an unwillingness on the part of whites to take his poetry seriously. Nevertheless the bitterness and frustration which permeated many of his poems touching on the Afro-American experience came across clearly.

One of his most poignant poems was 'Burning Fingers', where he said that only after one had held two fingers to a candle flame until they began to burn, and then extinguished it could one begin to know something of the pain of being a black man. In 'The Debate' he warned about Nixon 'creeping out' again, and added that America hadn't learned from either Nixon or Vietnam. While at times amusing, advising his audience if they came across a strange man to ask for his passport; 'I was told that God carries an American passport'.

His poetry never got lost in clouds of lyricism or imagery, with its resonant sentences, rather than short scattered words, and its powerful refrains, it was too close to reality and a stream of emotions not to touch its listeners.

E. M. S.

MUSIC FOR THE ADVENTURERS
GAVIN NANNESTAD
ISLAND OF REAL JULY 12

'Music for the Adventurers' was the theme that ran through a performance by Gavin Nannestad, one of New Zealand's younger composers, who recently presented his latest works at a concert staged at the Island of Real Cafe. Using tape decks, synthesisers, a TV, bass guitar and other lesser equipment, Nannestad formed a musical language which could be described as, like a lot of other electronic music, 'puzzling'.

It is only since the end of World War II that electronic music has taken its place alongside the other facets of contemporary music. Unlike any other musical tradition, it allows the composer total freedom to work in which ever style s/he wishes. Electronic equipment, when used effectively, can be thought of as a giant instrument, opening up new possibilities for Twentieth Century compositions, not unlike the grand piano did in the Nineteenth Century.

PAGE 20 AUGUST 7 CRACCUM



'Return to sender?' Painter and picture

OLD MASTERS EXHIBITION
PAUL RADFORD
GALLERY DATA 24 JULY - 4 AUGUST

It's not often these days that I can wander into an Art Gallery and chuckle to myself on first sight of the goods on show, not for their pretentiousness but rather for their wit. Paul Radford's exhibition at Gallery Data I consequently found immediately appealing. But beyond the artist's profound cynicism I came to the impasse: 'What Does It All Mean?' Why desecrate works of 'The Old Masters' in this fashion? Things became a little clearer over a couple of beers in the Kiwi on Monday afternoon when Paul spoke animatedly about myths, illusions and New Zealand, and what he tries to do to them.

Basically his paintings are close copies of ultra-famous works of art, and these familiar Art History 'Landmarks' are smeared or crossed out with dubs of red paint and/or reduced to huge stamps or calendar pages, and so on These Old Masters Paul sees as culture cliches from another society in another time, and that these almost-icorns are totally meaningless/irrelevant for us here and now; hence the graphic rejection and debasement of these works and their cliched association - Van Gogh, the tortured romantic, and Michelangelo's quasi-deification. If there is iconoclasm in the exhibition then these paintings are a reaction to it, rather than a statement of it. Paul shows a Michelangelo on a stamp - (an Italian Post Office concoction, not Radford's), Vermeer's 'Lace-Maker' becomes a ready-made embroidery (a comment on our ready-made reactions to it?) and Rembrandt is lifted out of a calendar back to the canvas. In a society that knows these works only through reproductions of reproductions, Radford completes a cycle by painting from reproductions and thus 'reducing' the works again to the level of paint on canvas.

By reducing old masters to their lowest common denominator and printing underneath the 'painting' its title, date, location and sometimes the start of an art criticism, or dwarfing it next to an aerogramme, scale is destroyed, the works are made to look absurd, in their new context and to vie in Radford's compositions with names scrawled around dates, huge returned aerogrammes with the cultural rejection of the cultivated but cliched icon - Return to Sender! In debasing the 'Great', the commonplace is thus enhanced - we don't expect 'Art' from an aerogramme or from a used matrix of calendar dates, but it is at this point that these paintings of reproductions of paintings work or fail within, and also without their new frames. The Star art-cricket got only as far as posing the strikingly original question - 'it's intellectual, but is it art?' (yawn).

I think the question doesn't arise (does it ever?), because these works are presented as paintings in their own right. Sure, they're a kick in the ass to worshippers of traditional, foreign and irrelevant art-myths, but as compositions they work equally as a comment on what is immediately outside the frame. Nevertheless my favourites remain the ones that struck me best as powerful compositions - 'B's Bidet', comprising also Rembrandt's 'The Syndics' and 'Return to Sender', where Vermeer is half buried beneath that failed aerogramme. Charges of nihilism that could be levelled at his almost total eradication of the Mona Lisa (of course she's there), and the complete absence in Ingres' 'Odalisque' of the lady herself flounder, I think, due to Radford's incessant cynical wit: I see his paintings more as a levelling art process perhaps cleaning the ground for something ?

BRIAN BRENNAN

The strong influence of John Cage (an American composer), could be felt throughout the concert, especially in the adapted piece '4.33 minutes'. No instruments were played, instead the audience was required to listen to every sound in the room, whether it emanated from the stage or not - a voice in the background, whispering, passing cars even that percussive sound of a cigarette lighter. The piece was cut into three movements by chance, its purpose to make the audience aware of all sound, which in Nannestad's words is music - no distinction is made between random sounds and ordered manipulated sound. His interpretation of this supposedly silent piece was to talk throughout it, making sure that people were actually being aware, the result being that he destroyed the random concentration and put people's minds on tracks. This work, like the Lockwood Glass concert, where two people continuously made sounds by smashing glass, followed the principle of music minus what you usually call music.

'Clear Vision' offered the greatest variety in the sonic, stylistic and aesthetic, faintly echoing of Vladimir Ussachusky's and Otto Luening's 'Fantasy in Space'. At times the unfocused noise that lay underneath was contradicted by the obviousness of the melodic fiddling that was planted on top of it - the two weren't sufficiently related and the impression became that of someone merely playing the fool.

Other pieces gave the feeling of someone trying to imitate abstract art. When your ears had had enough of the high pitch and your vibrating rib cage enough of the long bass cords, Nannestad cleverly changed the register to create a completely different flow sound.

Nannestad said 'he wishes to 'make music that everyone can exist to'. As yet he is still experimenting, but is a very promising composer. This concert was, and no doubt other will be in the future, music for the adventurous.

JOHN BROAD

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**PILGRIMS FOUR
PILGRIM PRESS**

'Pilgrims' has been endeavouring since its inception to demonstrate that it is no longer sufficient for a literary and/or arts periodical to confine itself to a particular area and concern. If we are able to shake off the shackles of our cultural and social adolescence it will be through the combined efforts of stridency, questioning and, of course, experimentation. This I do not mean in a facile sense, but rather we must assume what one may term 'our' total responsibilities to ourselves'.

- This is the first paragraph of Steven Higginson's editorial of Pilgrims Four; rarely does one see such artistic insight and sensitivity into the use of the "I".

Included in the issue were three short stories: C. Carpenter, about a Ponsonby drunkard, H. Tuwhare, exploring the world through the eyes of a Maori child, H. Rawle, a pretty girl whose rich daddy is buying her a sports car. So we have three safely written, nice stories, in boring conversation styles and with little originality in content.

A lengthy article on 'sports and television'; I found it interesting to somehow I did like the Peter Old's interview, giving out a sincere warmth and feeling for this poet and his space. I also got the feeling he was trying to balls-up the interview - the interviewer with his long, intellectual, searching questions, trying to tap the poet's source of inspiration, was none other than editor Higginson himself. Thanks to Ian Bilson for some neat photos of Olds; only a pity they didn't include some of his poems.

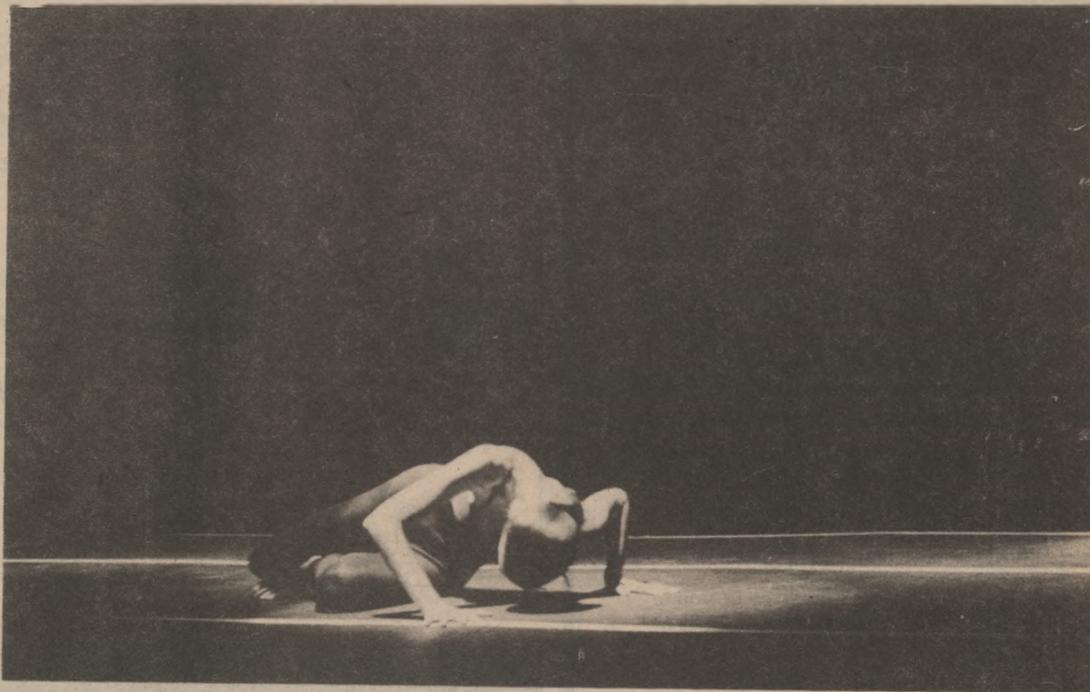
I did like Merylyn Tweedie's photos, often resembling blurred family snaps, but with brilliant composition. Unfortunately she was let down by lay out, which seemed to be a problem throughout the publication - perhaps something they will work out with a bit more experience. The article was introduced with biographical notes, dates of, degrees, exhibitions, children's birth, giving no real feeling of the artist. An introduction by Merylyn would have been far more satisfactory.

On the poetry section, I find most New Zealand poetry to be gutsy, personal, but difficult because it is often heavily disguised; pretending not to be what it is and leaving the reader to pitch among the symbolic wreckage. Overall the standard is moderate, but the feeling runs strong. I would prefer to see more poems from fewer poets; this issue had about 3 poems per poet, 9 poems in all.

Last, and perhaps least, there is a scattering of reviews - but in no way am I going to review reviews.

R.M. IDOINE

Paul van Ommen



LIMBS are on tour, their first major venture outside Auckland, and organised by the NZ Students Arts Council, supported by the QEII Arts Council. Limbs visited Hamilton, Palmerston North and Wellington, playing to near packed houses everywhere; they have firmly established themselves as leaders in modern dance in New Zealand. To conclude their tour they are performing in the Maidment Theatre, Wednesday 9 and Saturday 12 August at 8.00 pm. Tickets are \$2.50 for students, at Studass or the Corner Booking Office.



RED ALERT. RED ALERT. This polished and powerful band, formerly the backing group for Red Mole (who have now departed to seek their fortune in America), are alive and well and playing in Auckland. A chance to hear these excellent musicians performing in their own right, not just as a complement to the theatrics of the Moles. They will be appearing on stage 8.00 pm on Sunday 13 August, in the Old Maid.



Poetry and music combine for a two hour show by John McClatchie and Pedro Arevalo, pupil and tutor of the Studio Twelve drama school. The poetry of John McClatchie is combined with the music and singing of Pedro Arevalo, and some of the songs have John's lyrics translated to Spanish and interfused with the recitation in English. Influences of South America join with the New Zealand for this unique performance, which will be held on Tuesday 15th August, in the Little Theatre, 6.00 pm, and on Thursday 24th August, 6.30 pm in the Symphonia Theatre (Dominion Rd). Ticket sales will be at the door.

Limerick Competition Closes Friday

ALL LIMERICKS MUST BE INTO THE CRACCUM OFFICE BY NOON FRIDAY. PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT THEM NEATLY WITH NAME AND PHONE NUMBER ATTACHED. REMEMBER !! THE PRIZE IS A \$20 BOOK VOUCHER FROM THE UNIVERSITY BOOK SHOP.

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D

For the first time in this column, ALAN HITCHECOCK, an enthusiast of the efforts of the public w... about the mutilated editorial level... which shows... mid-column... STURMER... the public w... and must gu... high). Wang... apparently e... due to their... in-fighting a... across the pa... anyhow so e...

On the local... THE SCAVE... with a RAD... (but true!)... but it seems... CITIZEN wh... which bears...

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DON'T TEL... LABOUR PA... THE MAID... TUESDAY 8... Races' & 'Sil'

Dear Diary...

For the first time since assuming control (get that!) of this column, your diarist has begun to understand why ALAN HITCHENS (who is also a model aeroplane enthusiast) is such a 'hard man'. Only the combined efforts of several of the CRACCUM staff have kept me from mutilating the office telephones as I smoulder about the cut inflicted upon last week's column, not at editorial level but by the printers, if you please. The cut which shows up as a line and a half of blank space in mid-column, consisted of my report of RICHARD VON STURMER'S comment on FRANK GILL's mental age - the public will, alas, never know the magic figure now and must guess for themselves (hint: don't guess too high). Wanganui (Newspapers not Computer Centre) are apparently exercising extreme caution from now on due to their involvement in a case concerning some nasty in-fighting at Waikato which they allowed to explode across the pages of NEXUS (but that's all sub judice anyhow so enough said.)

On the local scene, it seems that JOHNNY VOLUME of THE SCAVENGERS is involved in an on-going feud with a RADIO NEW ZEALAND dude with the unlikely (but true!) name of JOHN DOE. Details aren't known but it seems that Mr Doe is not related to JOHN CITIZEN who sponsors the other successful local band which bears his name.

The English sporting world is apparently astonished by the emergence of an all-gay soccer team whose most distinctive gimmick is that they blue their hair to match their jerseys. (This week's competition: how many ways can you spell 'blue their hair'? - eg 'blew their hare' - free copy of NZ Rugby News for the winner.) My RNZ source informs me that RON DON, when asked to comment on the possibility of an all-gay rugby team growing up in NZ, did a QUEEN VICTORIA and denied that any gays play rugby in this country - that sounds like wishful thinking whichever way you look at it.

DON'T TELL MOTHER I'M A MEMBER OF THE LABOUR PARTY, SHE THINKS I PLAY PIANO IN THE MAID :

TUESDAY 8 AUGUST 6.30 pm FLICKS 'Day at the Races' & 'Silent Movie'



WEDNESDAY 9 AUGUST 8 PM, SATURDAY 12 AUGUST 8 pm. 'LIMBS' on their successful N.I. tour, present a great show full of vibrancy, passion, beauty, and of course humour. In the Old Maid. Book early for this action packed dance programme that is presented with variety and style - distinctly LIMBS. Students: \$2.50

THURSDAY 10 AUGUST 8 pm 'THE FOLK & ROCK CONCERT' in The Old Maid. A terrific evening of contemporary folk and rock music. An absorbing experience of performer and audience involvement where you'll really feel part of the music - see you there! Students \$1.50.

FRIDAY 11 AUGUST 1 pm THE CONSERVATORIUM OF MUSIC present another programme in this very popular series. Admission free - venue, Old Maid.

LITTLE THEATRE

FOLK CLUB presents 'Th' Dudes' plus an evening of folk music on Thursday August 10th at the Maidment Theatre, 8 pm. \$2.50 public; \$1.50 students.

TUESDAY AUGUST 8 - 1PM LITTLE THEATRE - the Debating Society presents a novel Parliamentary style debate on the premise That Life Was Not meant To Be British. No charge for admission.

WEDNESDAY 9 AUGUST 1 PM: THURSDAY 10 AUGUST 1 PM & 5.15, FRIDAY 11 AUGUST 1 PM: THE BACCHAE - a wild orgiastic Greek drama is a must for lunchtime theatre goers. Whether you bring your lunch or forget your lunch whatever you do get to the Little Theatre and see 'THE BACCHAE'. Students \$1.00. ALSO: Special Concert by RED ALERT (The Red Mole Orchestra) in the KMT - Sunday August 13, 8 pm - Public \$2.50, Students \$2.00.

AND: YOUNG SOCIALISTS discussion, Tuesday August 8 (Exec Lounge) on 'The Revolutionary Party' (bring your own Molotov cocktails?)

Anyway, folks, that's it until next term when, un-jettered by censoriousness in any of its horrid, poly-phemic forms, the Frog and I set out once again to demonstrate that, although freedom of speech may be taking a bit of a bashing, the freedom of the scandal-monger remains intact in all its muck stained splendour. We proclaim these truths to be self evident

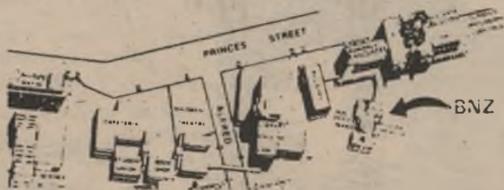
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