

CRACCUM

Here we go again folks - it's election year and the greatest show on earth has just begun. In recent weeks Muldoon and Co has slowly but surely been getting its act together for the big day in November and, at this stage, must be considered as odds on favourites barring acts of God and Attila the Hun. One clear fact has emerged from recent antics of Muldoon and his minions and that is that Muldoon is a man to be taken seriously because whatever else you may think about the election circus and the inanity of election groupies, this country is only a twitch or two away from being a fascist state in the tradition of Europe in the 1930s.

A brief resume of some recent government triumphs includes the eviction and successful prosecution of the Bastion Point protesters, the mobilisation of personnel of the armed forces as a potential back-up for the Police in that action, the enactment of a barbaric and archaic piece of legislation in the form of the Abortion Bill, the SIS Bill complete with optional extras, harassment of recipients of various forms of social security, and - the piece de resistance - the impositions on the freedom of speech of persons entering New Zealand from politically sensitive areas.

Of special interest to students is the limitations imposed on freedom of speech because this is an attack on the raison d'être of universities in the classical sense and not as degree factories. Once upon a time everyone was scared witless of creeping socialism and some paranoics still are - the problem is that they have so over-reacted that we are now faced with galloping fascism. You may well ask what do all these words mean, and I doubt if anyone has all the answers, but actions speak louder than words, so here are some facts to ponder on.

Freedom of speech is a basic human right and both the International Covenant of Civil and Political Rights and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights protect the freedom of speech. Article 19(2) of the Covenant states that 'everyone shall have the right to freedom of expression and this right shall include freedom to seek, receive and impart information and ideas of all kinds, regardless of function either orally, in writing or in print

There have been two blatant infringements of these internationally recognised guarantees of the right to freedom of speech by the National Government in recent days, one specifically involving a South African student. The other related to a proposed visit by the official representative of the East Timorese Fretilin Government, Jose Ramos Horta.

Before giving the background to each of these incidents, relevant parts from the editorial column of the Auckland Star of Friday August 25 are included because not only do they succinctly highlight the importance of the issues raised, but also do this with an objectivity characteristic of a leading daily newspaper:

Foreign Affairs Minister Mr Talboys, it seems, doesn't really think much of his government's case for refusing to let New Zealanders hear what Fretilin leader Mr Jose Ramos Horta has to say.

If he did he surely wouldn't keep trying to beg the key question by insisting that the Indonesian takeover of East Timor is irreversible and that is all there is to it.

On that debatable ground the Government is prepared to deny the right of free speech to a visitor - and to the New Zealanders who want to listen to him.

Why has freedom of speech apparently become a privilege rather than a right in New Zealand? That's the question Mr Talboys should really be grappling with.

But does moral argument really cease simply because a situation is judged 'irreversible'? It didn't stop when Russia irreversibly invaded Czechoslovakia. It doesn't stop when dissidents are irreversibly jailed.

Moral questions apart, there is much the world doesn't know about what happened in East Timor and about what is still going on. The more we on the outside learn about these happenings the sooner we'll have a clearer picture of what is at stake and of the rights and wrongs involved.

Mr Ramos Horta has things to tell us. We'll be better informed if he's allowed to state his case. By the same token if Indonesia wants to send somebody to state its case, by all means welcome it.

Hear No Evil



Speak No Evil

It's hard to escape the suspicion that were a sporting matter at issue here, the world would hear much about the rights that New Zealanders cherish. Including, of course, freedom of speech.

The Star's editorial comments can also be applied to the case of the South African student with equal validity. The South African Trust Board Scholarship was awarded to a suitably qualified student from Southern Africa earlier this year and the necessary formalities were undertaken by NZUSA officials who administer the scholarship.

The identity of the recipient of the scholarship must be kept confidential for fear of reprisals against the student and his/her family. However, comments by the headmistress of the school attended by this student are illuminating:

'..... is a very promising student and is capable of higher studies..... has always been well-behaved and co-operative and possesses a high degree of integrity and honour'

In selecting this student the Board of Trustees had regard to the following criteria also:

'That recipients be willing to speak in New Zealand to any groups interested in Southern Africa bearing in mind that the scholarship is primarily to support the recipient's course of study.'

One would have thought that this would be a golden opportunity for students to get the opinion of an intelligent educated person on happenings in Zimbabwe (Rhodesia), especially since this would be the point of view of a black student who had experienced the workings of separate development and racial segregation. Many people in Zimbabwe feel very strongly about this policy and would like it publicised.

The reaction of the Cabinet and the Minister for Immigration was as follows:

'The Cabinet has considered the terms of your Trust Deed and has agreed to recipients of the scholarship who meet the requirements of private student entry policy, being admitted but only on the basis that it will be a specific condition of entry that the students will not be permitted to participate in political activities, including making political speeches, while they are in New Zealand.'

(excerpt from letter to President of NZUSA 2/8/78)

When asked by Simon Wilson of Salient why Cabinet had introduced the regulation restricting the scholars' right to freedom of speech, Mr Gill took essentially the same tack he took earlier in the year over the Movick affair. He claimed that the regulation was not new and had been the custom for many years, both in New Zealand and elsewhere in the Commonwealth. Gill was referring to Government-sponsored students.

When it was pointed out that the South African scholarship was a private award he disagreed on the basis that since New Zealanders were involved in the selection of the scholar and since the Government and the people are the same and a whole, the scholarship was not a private one. Surely this type of reasoning is carrying the theory of democratic representation to absurd extremes.

Gill claimed that the only recipient of the scholarship to date - Henry Isaacs - had devoted far too much time to politics and far too little to his studies. The fact that Isaacs had done well in his academic life seems to take the credibility out of his claim.

Gill was then asked why no other scholarship holders had such a restriction placed on them. He replied that they did. When told that Rotary and American Field Service scholars were obliged to speak on the situation in their home countries, Gill replied that this was different, presumably on the basis that these are private awards. And so on and so forth until Mr Gill was saved by the bell summoning him to Parliament.

'Surely this restriction on the freedom of speech of the South African scholar is an infringement of Article 19(2) of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. Furthermore, the International Convention on the elimination of all forms of racial discrimination, to which New Zealand is a party, imposes a duty on New Zealand to promote opposition to apartheid by teaching, education, culture and information. This duty would be amply fulfilled by encouraging a black student from South Africa to relate her experiences at first hand if she were willing to do so.'

(excerpt from a letter printed in the Auckland Star, August 17, by a Senior Lecturer in Law)

Contd.

And so we come to the case of Jose Ramos Horta, the United Nations representative of the Democratic Republic of East Timor and leader of the East Timor Independence Movement, otherwise known as Fretilin. Mr Horta has been invited to New Zealand by the Campaign for an Independent East Timor, and this visit has received the support of the Labour Party. The purpose of this visit is to inform New Zealanders of conditions in East Timor since the Indonesian invasion in 1975.

As permanent UN representative of the Democratic Republic of East Timor, Mr Horta has been allowed to address the UN whenever the topic of East Timor has been raised. Mr Horta has also been allowed to address public meetings in Europe and America without restriction on his right to freedom of speech.

In 1975 Mr Horta visited New Zealand and on that occasion was a guest speaker of the Political Studies Department at Auckland University. He was allowed to address public meetings about conditions in East Timor and on that occasion warned of the impending Indonesian invasion.

Things have changed since 1975 -- both in New Zealand and in East Timor. Firstly, 1978 is election year, secondly, the Government has decided not to allow Mr Horta into the country unless he undertakes not to make any public speeches or give press conferences to publicise Fretilin's cause, and thirdly, East Timor has been invaded by Indonesia. Another condition attached to Mr Horta's visit is that he will not be allowed into the country until

after the election. Brian Talboys' explanation - that New Zealand does not recognise Fretilin and therefore was under no obligation to listen to it - conveniently ignores the interest of many other New Zealanders in events in East Timor, if only to obtain a balanced view of the situation there.

Evan Audley, Auckland Co-ordinator for the Campaign for an Independent East Timor, had this to say about the Government's stance on this matter:

'The Government's action in applying a gag to Mr Horta defeats the purpose of his visit. Furthermore, it is a serious infringement of the right of New Zealanders to hear the truth about East Timor, of Mr Horta's right to freedom of speech, and of the right of the people of East Timor to present their case to all interested parties.'

Since the Australian Government ordered Telecom to stop passing on messages from East Timor, we have only had the biased reports of the Indonesian Government as to the situation in East Timor. This is hardly a satisfactory situation. If the Government disagreed with anything that Mr Horta said, they would be in a strong position to publicly debate the question. Their restrictions reflect a fear of engaging in such public debate.'

In view of the numerous rumours circulating about the goings-on in East Timor -- such as the involvement of the CIA, the supply of American arms to Indonesian troops, the blocking of visits by UN observers and the International Red Cross, the presence of 30,000 Indonesian troops to

keep the peace (?), the death of 100s of East Timorese each week in reprisals and a continuing war, the strategic importance of the deep water straits off East Timor's shores for the passage of US subs from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific undetected by Soviet satellites -- maybe it is about time we did know what was happening in East Timor and who could do a better job than the internationally recognised spokesperson for the peoples' movement in that country - Mr Horta.

The wisest counsel relating to both of these incidents appeared in the Auckland Star of August 25.

'If Fretilin's supporters are being crushed today, then next year, or the year after, they might succeed in overthrowing their oppressors. So surely the diplomatic thing to do in the present situation would be not to slam the door in the face of Mr Ramos Horta.'

However, diplomacy is by its very nature concerned with international events and both of these incidents, while an infringement of the right of New Zealanders to be informed of events occurring in overseas countries, do not deprive individuals of their right to freedom of speech in a domestic situation. There have been recent indications, however, that this state of affairs may not exist for much longer and that storm clouds heralding a deluge of decisions restricting the freedom of the individual are lurking on the horizon after the election.

C.M.

MR MULDOON CALLS HIS OPPONENTS 'TRAITORS AND DISSIDENTS' STUDENTS FROM AFRICA ARE FORBIDDEN TO DISCUSS POLITICS, IF THEY ARE BLACK A REPRESENTATIVE OF EAST TIMOR, UNDER ATTACK BY INDONESIA, IS FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK IF HE VISITS NEW ZEALAND MR GILL REFUSES TO SPEAK TO NZUSA ABOUT PERMITTING OVERSEAS STUDENTS TO STAY IN NEW ZEALAND TO GRADUATE DEMAND OUR DEMOCRATIC RIGHTS TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND INFORMATION! ON WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 6 AT 1PM IN THE QUAD BARRY LITTLEWOOD FROM THE AUCKLAND COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES WILL SPEAK ON THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, AND HOW IT IS ENDANGERED BY RECENT GOVERNMENT MOVES. ON FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 8 AT 7.30PM IN THE UNITY HALL (NEXT TO THE CLASSIC CINEMA IN QUEEN STREET) THE AUCKLAND COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES IS HOLDING A PUBLIC MEETING ON THE SAME TOPIC. SPEAKERS WILL INCLUDE TREVOR RICHARDS FROM HART PRIOR TO THE MEETING WILL BE A MARCH LEAVING FROM THE DOWNTOWN SQUARE AT 7PM. ON SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 10 AT 2PM AT EPICENTRE (121 SYMONDS STREET) THE CAMPAIGN FOR AN INDEPENDENT EAST TIMOR WILL BE DISCUSSING THE GAGGING OF UN REPRESENTATIVE FOR EAST TIMOR JOSE RAMOS HORTA STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM OF INFORMATION DENOUNCE GOVERNMENT GAGGING!

Yildizlar restaurant

STARTING SUNDAY 10 SEPTEMBER AND CONTINUING EVERY SUNDAY FROM THEN ONWARDS

YILDISLAR ARE HAVING A **JAZZ EVENING**

PURE JAZZ SINGING AND MUSIC FEATURING
JOE "FINGERS" WEBSTER & HIS HONKY TONKS

STUDENTS (WITH I.D.) **ONLY \$8** PER HEAD

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT AND A CONTINUOUS
ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT SMORGASBORD FROM 8 - 12p.m.

BRING YOUR OWN WINE

FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE 773-396

Yildizlar restaurant

SWANSON TOWERS (BEHIND ST PATRICKS CATHEDRAL)
LOWER FEDERAL STREET ONLY 100 CAN BE ADMITTED!

LETTERS & STUFF

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.

WE'RE ONLY DOING OUR BEST

Dear Editor, Fellow Students and Others,
I wish to bring up two issues.

(1) STUDENT POLITICS. The University has over 10,000 students this year yet only approximately 2,000 students bothered to vote. In some cases the majority voted NO CONFIDENCE. The fact that an individual can be elected to office with a minority of votes supporting them is surely no different to the position in South Africa of MINORITY RULE. It may well be time for the bulk of students to consider whether outside professionals should be paid to run the Students Association (particularly the financial side). After all - could they do any worse?

(2) CRACCUM. The reviews of various cultural events and the letters to the editor section are the only sections worth reading as a rule. I've been a student for nearly three years, in this time issues which do not concern the majority of students have received a great deal of attention eg gay rights, abortion, solo mothers, overseas students, East Timor, Bastion Point - need I say more.

Events in my opinion that should be covered are :

- (i) making ends meet (ie financial things) concerning the student
- (ii) employment opportunities - part and full time
- (iii) articles from clubs which students subsidized eg Salient has a regular Chess Puzzle
- (iv) and comments on second and third year papers by students (even if anonymous) as to their value and workload. There are probably more but this letter has only taken five minutes of my time.

Well, these are the only two complaints I have to air after 3 years at varsity, please note that both can be put down to the activities or non activities of fellow students - the majority of which are not apathetic, its just that the majority are dictated by a minority who have nothing better to do than give students an unfavourable reputation in the eyes of the public by voicing minority views.

One of the Concerned Majority

THE REPLY (BUT WHO CAN REMEMBER THE ORIGINAL ARGUEMENT ?)

Dear Louise,
While I do not normally take the trouble to reply to somebody that does not have enough confidence in his convictions to sign his name at the bottom of a letter, the clumsy style and complete lack of factual material, or, indeed, any convincing argument whatsoever, betray the identity of the author.

Firstly, the 'large number' of Young Nats who stood for Executive was four - Philippa Poole, Peter Wilson, Grant Ellis and myself. To the best of my knowledge, all our nominations were received by the Association Secretary prior to the Presidential election results. I, personally, am looking forward to working with Janet on Executive, and the biggest danger facing next year's Executive is the divisive attitude expressed in the unfortunate letter to which I am replying.

If the bull in the china shop who went off half-cocked in reply to my letter with a series of seemingly random thoughts on the Government of this country with no apparent relevance to the present situation, had bothered to read my letter (and HE would have to read it VERY slowly), he would notice that I had already negated the bulk of his 'argument'. Briefly, to reiterate, I don't claim to equate the National Party with freedom of the individual but because I believe in the basic ideology of the Party, I feel that I must work towards the incorporation of these principles throughout the Party's policies, and I am sure that members of other political groups feel the same way.

In conclusion, I see no real reason for continued correspondence on this point. The elections have been held, and the students have elected 'us'.

K.G. Hague

P.S. I do not regard Mr _____ (would-be Gosling) as a friend. I would prefer not to regard him as an acquaintance.

SILLY, SILLY, SILLY

Dear Crappum,

An appeal to the residents of O'Rorke through their notice-board having had no effect, I must consider the possibility that the rare, exotic, valuable and dangerous animal removed from a bathroom in Stonehenge last week may have been taken by an outsider.

This is a dark grey Mexican Axolotl, in length about 30 cm (close on 12" !!), used for experiments and much loved by all the Cretins of Stonehenge. I can only hope some sympathetic soul returns it to us and that it doesn't fall into the hands of an avid aardvark abuser.

Another serious gripe concerns beer bottles - their necks are far too narrow - you can't even get 1c coins in them. This means that the money has usually been either blown off or been stolen before the beerman comes at three or four in the morning. The N.Z. Cretins Association recently passed a resolution to put pressure on the Gov't for wider mouths to beer bottles (at least wide enough to accept 20c coins). We ask that every student support this cause and sign the petition which will soon be circulating.

Cal Gulliver,
Head Cretin of Stonehenge

P.S. I noticed yesterday on opening a copy of Crappum that the entire paper was printed upside down ! Those parts which were printed at all, with the exception of the photo of Roy's Greaser, the ad for films at Grafton and the odd landrover. I trust you will print this letter the right way up if not the rest of the paper.

WEE ATTACKED

Dear Craccum,

What if Stephen Wee met an Arab student who expressed anti-Israel, anti-Zionist, antisemitic racist opinions ? Would he then be convinced that the numerous articles supporting Israel in Craccum contained an element of truth and that Don Carson's anti-Israel stand was unjustified ? And would he then be ashamed that he is a Malaysian student and ashamed that Malaysia does not recognise the State of Israel ? Or would he learn that it is stupid to come to political conclusions about complex issues in the Middle-East as the result of a brief encounter ?

Douglas Navlis

Dear Editor,

With regards to Ms Jaffe's letter (Craccum No 19), my views and intentions in my previous letter (Craccum No 17) have been mis-interpreted. I seek to clarify myself.

1. I was thought of as arriving at a preposterous conclusion that all Israelis are racists as a result of my meeting with a lone racist Israeli. In all truths, I never did that. In fact I was quoted out of context. What I tried to say was that as a result of meeting with a racist Israeli, I became convinced that the author(s) of the article(s) on Israeli racism (published in past issues of Craccum and Salient) may not perhaps be lying. I think it is a fair deduction for one to make especially after hearing others talk about Israeli racism and having to come across one such case oneself.

2. My intention in writing that letter was mis-understood, again. I was seen as trying "to suggest that the state of Israel should not be recognised and that these people have no right to self-determination." When I said that I was pleased with the Malaysian Government's refusal to recognise the state of Israel, it was a different story altogether. As a Malaysian, I have always disapproved of my Government's pledge for solidarity and full-scale support for the Arabs. To me, it was wrong for Islamic Malaysia to support the Arabs, just because they are Muslims. However, my 'brief encounter' leading to my 'so-called preposterous' conclusion had led me to realise that perhaps the Malaysian Government had another good reason to support the Arabs.

It is relevant to note that in my original letter, I never did state whether I am pro-Israel or Pro-Arab. At this point, I wish to state that I am neither. I am just an ordinary person with a healthy attitude and will seek to weight out the pros and cons of an argument and to arrive at a personal opinion on the basis of my personal experience, however limited that may seem. Interestingly enough, Ms Jaffe explicitly says (if I may be allowed to quote her) "Although I am pro-Israel"

I would urge all Auckland University students not to subscribe to Ms Jaffe's attitude of adopting a pre-determined stance without listening to both sides of the argument. Such can only invoke personal bias in one's judgement and leads one to arrive at a 'much more preposterous' conclusion than the one she accuses me of doing.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN WEE

'WHAT PRICE ARTISTIC INTEGRITY

Dear Craccum,

I am writing this in response to Q.C. Maxwell-Jackson's review of the Fulkerson concert, not to criticize the criticism but to criticize the critic.

All performers in the Maidment Art Centre deserve courtesy from the audience whoever they may be, students, guest artists, diploma of drama or music students. The antics of the Maxwell-Jackson group with their inane chatter and loud raucous departure in the middle of a performance was an ignorant gesture which is more surprising in that he is a performer himself. His arithmetic also leaves a bit to be desired there was far in excess of 25 people at the end of the performance.

If the 32 people who turned up for EASY LIFE RAGTIME performance (Q.C. Maxwell-Jacksons group) behaved in the same manner, what would his reaction be ?

Yours,
S.D. Berthelsen-Smith

Dear Craccum,

I have just read Q.C. Maxwell-Jackson's arrogant and pretentious review of James and Mary Fulkerson. What has annoyed me are not his opinions (which I disagree with but he is certainly entitled to them) but his attitude as reflected by the tone of his review and his actions at the concert.

Before leaving during the second half Q.C. Maxwell-Jackson talked and laughed loudly with two friends. He may have found the concert boring, pretentious, poorly executed and uninspiring, but he was not the only member of the audience. It seems from his actions that it did not occur to him that there might be others in audience who wished to follow the performance. This is disgraceful from one who claims to be a reviewer.

Perhaps he is naive but his attempts at humour I find singularly unimpressive. Sarcasm may be his only mode of communication but that's a poor excuse. This review, with its jargon (i.e. pseudo-intellectualism), sarcasm (the sarcastic usage of minimal art theory) and unsubstantiated opinions (i.e. no talent) communicate nothing to me. As a reader I only want to know what the reviewer got out of the concert. I do not want to read his attempts at sarcasm.

The performances, to me were questioning. They questioned the audience by testing their attitudes. It is meant to be unnerving, and hard to watch. It is not Star Wars or Punch and Judy at which you can sit back and expect to be entertained. The concert involved you by testing your beliefs and your concepts about art. It requires hard work from an audience who are required to critically view their own modes of perception and conception (as well as the performance). If you were not prepared to do this, as Q.C. Maxwell-Jackson and others (who left) apparently were not the concert would have been a meaningless waste of time.

Q.C. Maxwell-Jackson's review and actions at the concert are a reflection of his value as a reviewer and not on the concert as he claims.

Nicholas Oram

Dear Louise,
What do you do when you really enjoy a performance ? I hope you don't sit there in grand objective serenity and calmly meditate on the meaningful 'vibes' the performance has given you. I hope you get up on your hind legs and let them know on stage that you think they're marvellous. What do you do when you don't enjoy a performance ? Now it would be rather cynical of you to go along to the theatre armed with the remains of yesterday's salad, and it seems that few performers get the 'bird' in New Zealand. So what can you do as a member of the audience to voice your disgust at the drivel perpetrated on stage ? You see, walking out doesn't really solve the problem. They've already got your money. Refraining from clapping, although admirable for mediocre performances doesn't really fit the bill when you are faced with real rubbish. I am afraid that the best thing you can do is to leave the theatre, loudly shouting abuse. I'm sorry I didn't do that at the Fulkerson concert.

The amplification by your correspondents of my whispered remarks to my companions into loud raucous talking only goes to show that even such devoted concert-goers as Messrs. Oram and Berthelsen-Smith were concentrating rather more on the audience, the squeaky seats and the EXIT signs than on the stage. As for Mr Oram's remarks on the necessary qualities of an avant garde audience, surely they are old hat. It certainly is far easier to criticize the audience than oneself, as perhaps Mr Oram has found. I'm afraid that it is still true that a very large proportion of the audience walked out of the Fulkerson concert. Not only were most of them au fait with modern trends in dance and music, but many of them are also talented performers in these fields.

Q.C. Maxwell-Jackson

LETTERS & STUFF

Dear Craccum,
Balls to internal assessment. As an Arts student taking eight papers, I have been faced with nine tests and seventeen essays this year, all in the name of that illustrious system, internal assessment.

The supposed justification for internal assessment, is that it relieves the burden on students at the end of the year - bollox! Students who average B's and better for their efforts during the year, maintain that same fanaticism for the finals. Students who average below B grades for those same assignments are in an almost identical position as they would be without internal assessment. And any student whose average is below C, shouldn't be at varsity, and if she is, probably doesn't give a damn about the exams anyway. In my submission, the only product of internal assessment, is a lot of bloody hard work during the year capped off by an insane effort before finals.

In response to this, student politicians winge about the lack of involvement in university affairs by the student body. I wouldn't be surprised if internal assessment was a conspiratorial effort between the university and the S.I.S., to keep students out of politics by grinding them down into a hopeless bloody mess during the year!

If student efforts initiated internal assessment then surely they can also terminate it. Personally I believe it is time to

(the author was unable to complete this letter, he committed suicide!)

COMMENTS ON ILLICH

Dear Louise,
I attended the lectures of Dr Ivan Illich but was quite disappointed. He criticised the present world situation but did not offer any implementable alternatives, given the existing order of things. He welcomed questions but seldom answered them directly. He usually evaded them with a few irrelevant sarcasms. He was very entertaining but had nothing much to offer. Most of his ideas had already been expressed by continental writers, from Rousseau to Henri Lefebvre in a more profound and artistic manner. His books are like a school boy's essays when compared to theirs.

He did not provide any paradigm for his thoughts. Nor did he show the structural relationships between the various institutions, their interactions, and how the totality determines the nature of each institution within the social framework. As a result his lectures were highly incoherent.

He had no positive answer as to how to restructure the deeply entrenched establishment so as to implement his proposals. Schools and universities, like the mass media, are part of the ideological apparatus used by the state and the commercial sector to maintain the existing social hierarchy and economic status-quo. It is impossible to do away with them without upsetting the entire social set-up. A good example is the 1968 students' revolt at the Sorbonne. Would his audience be prepared to do that? All I can say is that his lectures were full of sound and fury but signified nothing.

By the way, I think I have been mistaken for that anti-Israel Stephen Wee by a sorrowful reader of yours, Karen. I wish to clarify that I am not the one responsible for her sorrow.

Yours sincerely,
Siew Wai Yee



AFTER MY OWN HEART

Dear Craccum,
Congratulations to 'Fuck The System'. They've done it. They've really done it. We've ended up with an Executive controlled by Muldoonists. Is there any system more fucked than that?

O.C.S.
Te Atatu

VATICAN CORRESPONDENT

Dear Craccum,
Three cheers for the Catholic Church. Rah, Rah, Rah. So the Catholics support some human rights. BIG DEAL. Like most of our institutions, it is also a major source of hypocrisy and its human rights interest isn't worth the time of day when it attacks only some infringements of these rights but leaves others wide open and, in fact, clearly advocates further oppression. Might I remind you that the Catholic bishop of Miami, Florida, publicly came out in support of the Kill a Queer for Christ Campaign, not six months ago. I would also ask you to think of its attitudes to women and abortion.

At the same time, on this campus, some known Catholics are in the forefront in the attacks on Gay Rights - this is no idle whim of Mike Makin's. So who is being the bigot really?

Chris Piesse

MUST BE THE EXAMS

Dear Fuccum,
As duly elected Co-presidents of the Silent Majority (Inc), we the undersigned feel it is our duty to point out that the Executive election results as printed in Fuccum Vol 52 Issue 19 are a gross inaccuracy. ie heap of flea-manure. We feel that in order to redress this veritable abortion of an election we should make our views (and votes) ie those of the Silent Majority known.

- (i) We do not want a Lesbian commie as President of our Beloved Assn even if she is short-sighted.
- (ii) We do not want the Exec. meeting room to be the new venue for Young Gnat meetings.
- (iii) The Bastion Point referendum results (amended to include our proxy votes) are

Kick the bastards off	10,499
Leave them alone	756
- (iv) Up and Coming Kevin Hague by no means has our support or even our jockstrap.
- (v) We are against anybody performing abortions. This includes SRC meetings, Craccum Staff, Executive erections, poseurs like Von Stir-mer, Adrian Fart et al.
- (vi) We like Fwank Gill.

Loved your cover poster of Robert Schickelgruber but next time could we have a centrefold.

Signed J.S. Bach
and Ivor Meatball
P.S. Interested students can find us any lunchtime in the middle-of-the-road.
P.P.S. You're a good Editor, but you've sure got lousy.



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.

THE GOODWILL GUYS

On Thursday September 7 at 1pm in Room 203 of the Student Union there will be an Amnesty International discussion on prisoners and Prisoners of Conscience Week. And on Friday September 8 from 1 - 2 pm there will be a trade aid stall in the Quad, run jointly by Corso, SCM and EU. Goods from Third World countries will be on sale.

WINTER TOURNAMENT RESULTS

BASKETBALL: The men's team stayed unbeaten in six games. Two members were selected for the NZU side, James Penfold (Captain) and Inic Rademakers. The women's team came third, but still had two players selected for the NZU side - Gail Tanner and Sally Johnson.

RUGBY LEAGUE: The team completely dominated the competition, scoring 124 points to 13 against and taking out the tournament by 4 competition points. Only once was their line crossed. Players to make the NZU team, which tours Australia next year, were Ashley McEwan (Captain), Sean McCombe, Gavin Cherrie (the Player of the Tournament), Barry Mitchell in the backs, and Bryce Bevin, Mike Arbuckle, Peter Ropati and Bruce McEwan in the forwards.

NETBALL: Ashley McEwan was awarded an NZU Blue in Netball, but against strong opposition, last year's champions, Auckland, could only manage third out of three. There was some consolation in getting Louise Tanner, Sarah MacDonald and Beth Sherring in the NZU team. Louise Tanner played extremely well and was nominated for an NZU Blue.

WOMEN'S SOCCER: This year 7 teams were entered in this invitation sport, and all the women seemed to enjoy it. The Auckland team dominated the competition with nine and ten goal wins against some of the weaker opposition, but had to share the competition with Massey, after going down to them 1 - 0. The NZU side comprised Aucklanders - Julie Whitehouse, Rachel Dudding, Monique van Groenward, Julie Barrow, Mary Joe, Alston Rout and Robyn More. The side annihilated a Manawatu Selection on the Friday after the Tournament.

SMALL BORE RIFLE: Although the team only managed fifth, a marked improvement was seen in this team's performance in a South Island-dominated shoot. This may be seen by the performance of Mark McLaughlin, the only Auckland shooter to make the North Island team. He led the North team in the inter-island competition, but could only make ninth in New Zealand.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY: This team somewhat unluckily could only make the third spot and their lack of success was reflected in having five players make the NZU side - Lyn Robinson (Captain), Helen Kneebone, Jan Martin, Chris Hutton and Elisa Stephan.

MEN'S HOCKEY: The team registered a poor result, considering the relative strength of Auckland hockey -- fifth equal. Only Lance Wiltshire was good enough to make the NZU side.

TABLE TENNIS: Although managing second position in the Teams Event, the placing was considerably lowered (to fifth) once individual results were included. T.L. Low and S. Sang (Reserve) were included in the NZU team which defeated Manawatu 9 - 3.

MEN'S SOCCER: By completing six games in three days, this team had the hardest draw in the competition and this was shown in their performance against the toughest team, Canterbury, when they went down 1 - 0. This late goal cost Auckland the Tournament and the team ended up second. Six players made the NZU side which played a Manawatu Selection on Friday August 25. They were John Lipscombe, Peter Mayer, Geoff Robinson, Ross Thorpe, Barry Tangi and Gray Sauverin.

OTHER RESULTS: BADMINTON - Third
GOLF - First

The overall winners of the Tournament were Otago, coming second was Massey, and third were Auckland.

READERS! TAKE NOTE

YES CRACCUM DOES LOOK A BIT OF A MESS THIS WEEK! SORRY BUT CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL REALLY! PLEASE EXCUSE THE TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS, AND WE'LL BE BACK TO NORMAL NEXT WEEK, I PROMISE.

**LOUISE CHUNN
EDITOR**

THE CRACCUM COVER COMPETITION!!

We are looking for artwork suitable for the cover of the last Craccum of this year, expected to be out on the Cafe floor on October 9. The dimensions are 25 x 18 cm, and this can be vertical or horizontal. Any medium can be used, but keep in mind that Craccum prints on poor quality newsprint. Judging will also be done on the suitability of the entry to printing in black and two other colours. The successful entrant must layout the cover and also do the over-lay sheets for it.

We regret to restrict the competition, but have decided that students only may enter. All care will be taken with entries, but no responsibility taken for their return. Entries must be brought in person to the Craccum office on the second floor of the Student Union Building by noon on Friday September 29. Name, phone number and address must accompany all entries.

And remember, the prize is \$50 in cash!

CHESS NEWS

Four members of the University Chess Club -- Peter Mataga, Michael Livingston, David Pomeroy and Paul Austin -- found themselves in Christchurch during the August holidays to do battle against the other New Zealand universities for the title and cup of team supremacy.

The draw meant that we would play Canterbury 'B' first, followed by Otago, and finally the powerful Canterbury 'A' team which was spear-headed by Olympiad Representative, Vernon Small. 'Great' we all thought, 'The two bunny teams before the cruncher.' Unfortunately, it took a little more than words in our 'attempt' to beat the bunnies.

No wins in the opening match saw us go down to Canterbury 'B' 1 - 3. Peter and Paul secured draws after tough fights while David blundered twice, the second time fatally, and Mike threw his Queen away in a better position. Tackling Otago that evening also wasn't as straightforward as we had first imagined, but a 2 - 2 draw was a fair indication of things to come. Paul and David fell into 'one-movers', as did Mike's opponent (twice), and Peter comprehensively outplayed highly ranked Roger Perry in a glorious game.

Against Canterbury 'A' the following morning and, at last, success. First to finish was Paul who finally went down in a dour struggle and this was shortly followed by Peter's meritorious draw with Vernon Small after very sharp opening play from both players. Mike was next to finish after absorbing piece after piece from his opponent's attack and then forcing a simplification which left him ahead. David finally notched up his first point with a fine win coming from good opening play to make the final score 2.5 - 1.5 in Auckland's favour. Canterbury 'A' 'B' made a clean sweep of finishing first with 6.5 points each while Auckland and Otago finished next on 5.5 points.

Also in progress at present is the Auckland Inter-Club Tournament in which nine teams, including University, are competing. Results so far are:

University lost Waitemata 2.5 - 3.5
lost North Shore 2 - 4

University beat Papatoetoe 5 - 1
beat Auckland 'B' 3.5 - 2.5

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL FROM

We have received lots of entries in the Craccum Limerick Competition, but sadly have not, as yet, been able to find a judge. This could be something to do with the content of the afore-mentioned verses, but we're still trying and will endeavour to have the results ready by this time next week.

SPACEY, HUH?

On Thursday September 14 at 7.30 pm in the Women's Common Room, there will be something called ECKANKAR -- 'the ancient science of soul travel'. Film and discussion.

UNDERSTANDING THROUGH PARTICIPATION

The second week of term is NOSAC (National Overseas Students Action Committee) Week, with the theme of learning more about the social and economic problems in South East Asia and South Pacific countries. All are welcome to join in the following activities:

Photographic Exhibition of S.E. Asian and South Pacific countries - Quad, all week from 11am - 3 pm

Food Fair - Asian and Island food - Quad - Monday 11, 1 - 2pm

200 slides on Thai society - B10 - Tuesday 12, 1 - 2pm
Forum on S.E. Asia - the speaker is Dr J. Macrae from the Economics Department - B10 - Thursday 14

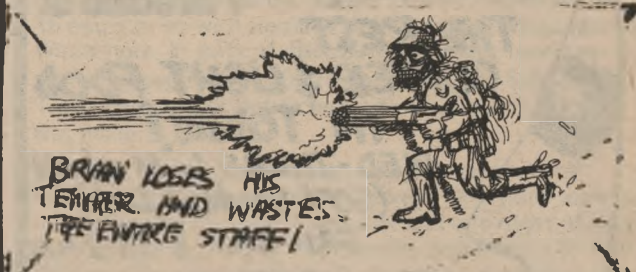
An Open Gathering - slides from the ISC held in Canterbury this year will be shown - Women's Common Room - Friday 15, 8 - 11pm

For further information contact the NOSAC Week Organising Committee at PO Box 6925, Wellesley Street, Auckland.

CRACCUM

CRACCUM is registered with the Post Office as a newspaper. It is published by the Craccum Administration Board for the Auckland University Students' Association, Private Bag, Auckland; typeset on the Association's IBM machine; and printed by Wanganui Newspaper Ltd., 20 Drews Avenue, Wanganui. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Editorial staff, and in no way represent the official policy of the Students' Association.

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



Blissful Luigi brings forth another bumper bulletin of mind-boggling bravado aided and abetted by her bunch of bungling bobby-dazzlers --- Chris Slane on the blotches, Martin on the banalities, Shaun on the bottle, Katrina on the bakery, Brian on the blossom, Mairi on the burble, M.P. on the biro, me on the bloody typesetting machine and Anthony, the blushing bride of our boy Bill.

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

FOUR GREAT FILMS

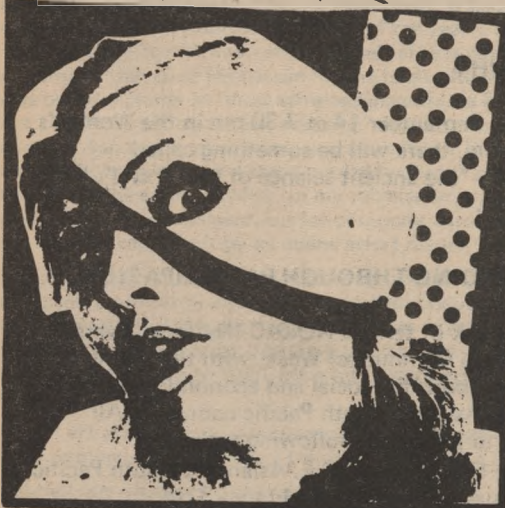
GRAFTON HALL

40 Seafield View Rd
(second on right over bridge)

CANTEEN OPEN AT

INTERVAL

"AN ALTER EXPERIENCE"

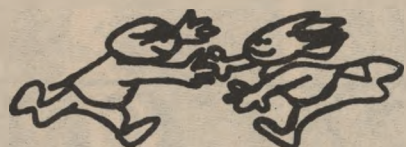


LITTLE THEATRE FREE

4TH OF SEPTEMBER

LOVE

CAREFULLY!



FOR CONTRACEPTIVE ADVICE

CONSULT YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR,

STUDENT HEALTH SERVICE

OR FAMILY PLANNING CLINIC

N.Z. FAMILY PLANNING ASSOCIATION

INC.

THE BEST BANDS IN THE COUNTRY!

the island of real

7 airedale st

THE BEST COFFEE & LIGHT FOOD IN TOWN!

WED-THURS 6 til midnight (50% Student Disc)

FRI-SAT 8 til 2AM

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS at 3PM.

*** TH' DUDES THURS., FRI., SAT.**

The Big Grab

One doubts that Muldoon would see it this way, but the following unsolicited article is an interesting analysis on the state of the nation. Or perhaps its economy.

Doom freaks have been trying to tell us for years that mankind will never make it to the end of the century. We've fouled our own planet too much, they say. The oceans are full of hideous poisons and the air is saturated with assorted garbage we have put there, some of it radioactive, with a nasty tendency to fall on our heads, like the sky upon poor Chicken Little. And the Western economy is about to fall flat on its arse.

This all seemed so remote to New Zealanders. We lived in Godzone, didn't we? It couldn't happen here. Besides, you can't believe half the things you read in the papers these days. But the bloody Arabs put an end to that sort of isolationism back in 1973. Suddenly we were dragged squealing into the twentieth century, or anyway most of us were dragged into the early part of it, at least.

And we were left boggling. What happened to the dream? Johnny as good as his master and all that a good life in the sun for everybody a decent house on a quarter-acre section and a bach in the bush by the beach a belly full of decent tucker, some home-brew bubbling in the old wash-house and a bomb in the drive for a joker to get around in.

A fair go for every joker, that's what we had. It might not have been quite so fancy and cultural as some of them places in Europe, but it did for us. And the whingers could always piss off back to Pongolia, where they belong.

Then suddenly it all went down the tubes and round the bend where only Harpic can reach it. Inflation got out of control and the money-lenders smiled fat greasy smiles while thousands of ordinary workers lost their jobs, their cars, their homes. Politicians of all shades offered different sorts of band-aids to put on the runaway economic maverick but nothing seemed to work. And to anybody who ever went and sat up a hill and looked at the wood, not the trees, it was obvious that the New Zealand dream was suffering from hideous mortal wounds. Political band-aids were a joke in very poor taste.

So how did it all happen? What were the signs? Where's it all going to lead us? Who will survive? Easy, mate. One thing at once. Probably it all started to happen about the time they built the Auckland Harbour Bridge and suddenly lots of little-to-middling jokers discovered speculation. Not the big sharks up in the ivy-covered club; they'd always been around. But the lawyers and accountants and car dealers and retired cockies.

They discovered that if a joker had a few bob and took a chance or two he could make a fortune. A signature on a piece of paper here, a bit of pressure and persuasion there, a friend or two in the right places and bingo, the derelict farm you had bought was magically rezoned for factories and you were rich. Money poured in as you milked the boom.

I met one of these blokes in the early days of his rise to fame and fortune. It was at a dinner party and the very climbey hostess breathlessly let it be known to all the other guests that they were sitting with a Real Millionaire. Shit, we thought, and held our breaths waiting for pearls of wisdom. None came. Eventually it became clear to us all that he was a twit, only dimly aware what day of the week it was and probably unable to use the loo without soiling his linen.

After he had gone, and the host got a bit pissed over brandies, it came out that daddy had left Baby Shark several hundred thousand dollars, wisely invested in prime real estate, and Baby Shark was simply using the income to grab more, where his advisors, his Pilot Fish, told him to.

And there he is today, sitting in his penthouse worth quarter of a million, very frightened behind all the security locks, counting how fast his Monopoly money wealth is disappearing with each wild new gyration of the descent of the economy into total collapse and anarchy. Right now he's probably beating his head and moaning to himself 'How did it all happen.'

Well, he's how. Him and the others like him. There were just too many sharks getting their trotters in the trough and lapping up the cream, that's how, if you don't mind your metaphors scrambled. And there wasn't enough cream, because the cream is the lifeblood of the nation. But we'll come back to that.

Then what were the signs? Why didn't we see them? We didn't see them because we didn't want to look. The signs were everywhere. The yachts in the marinas. The Jaguars and Mercedes. The country mansions ringing Auckland with their ten-acre sections so the girls can ride ponies. The trips round the world twice a year. The long weekends for skiing at Queenstown. The tat shops in the cities selling decorator junk at exorbitant prices as fast as ships could bring it in.

Those were the obvious symptoms of the obscenity, the

Big Grab. Toys for the boys. Harmless in themselves, it can be argued. Why shouldn't a joker buy a Mercedes and a Farr one-tonner? He's worked hard all his life and he deserves it. Quite so, madam. But it depends how it is paid for and how many people want them. Paradoxically, the less obvious symptoms were in a sense more obvious. And very much more frightening. Let's have a look at a few of them.

Fade up on a little old lady strap-hanging on the bus this very morning. She's frail and we catch a glimpse of her tired face as we pan past her armpit, where a trickle of sweat is forming, to the seats behind her. There we discover three sullen louts, chewing gum with their faces hanging open and making aggressively loud comments to frighten off any strangers. With them two girls, obviously approving. The little old lady looks wistfully at the empty seat they are bulldogging her away from. She continues to hang from the strap. She knows they must be right. They are children of one of Auckland's best areas on the way to two of the best schools. From their daddies and mummies, they have learnt the one true lesson in survival Grab. Now.

Dissolve in flashback to Albert Park, mid-1960s. Children in flowery hippie gear are dancing and singing round the band rotunda. They are surrounded by policemen. Close-up police faces, grimly determined. Wide shot of happy hippies. Suddenly the police in and force them out of the park and into the street. They can't be allowed to liberate the park. It's for flowers and old people. Authority says.

Cut to sharp businessman in big Holden driving north. It's a sunny day but the windows are closed he has air-conditioning. Pan across the Dome Valley. Close on his car turning in the gate of an old farm. Close up of businessman talking to farmer at door of house. He hands the farmer some papers, then leaves. Dissolve to farmhouse and fences being smashed flat by bulldozer. Dissolve to row of young pine trees; slow pan across acres of such rows. Dissolve to trunk of mature pine tree. Pull back to show whole tree, then whole forest. Dissolve to shot of prices on the stock exchange board, then cut to businessman at home by pool sumptuous wife, glimpse of sumptuous house, three vacuous veg scream and frolic in the pool. Forests are progress. Farmers are archaic.

Fade out fade in to living room of old house. A group of girls and youths. They're smoking dope and playing records very loud. From their conversation we learn that they're on the dole and think it's a hell of a joke. They pool money for rent and food. Sometimes they do odd jobs for cash. Sometimes they deal dope. Sometimes they do nothing. They're cool, laid back. And they have no intention in the world of getting regular straight jobs in straight society because they're polarised right away from it. They've seen their parents knocking their balls off in the drudge trap so the money men can get richer. And there's no way they are going to do the same. They'll rip the system and gouge it and swindle it and exploit it from the outside. They learnt how from their parents, cheating on their taxes, inventing fraudulent insurance claims. Slow cross cut to police car slowly cruising dark streets. Three plain-clothes detectives. In a curious sort of way, those young people who won't or can't get jobs are working very hard. They're giving straight society something to react against.

But enough film clips.

So where's it all going to end and who will survive? If I knew the answer to the first one, I wouldn't be sitting here writing shit like this. I'd be out there somewhere, subdividing the land and setting up a seven-day takeaway joint. Or engaging in some other socially approved enterprise to lay the foundation of a new family fortune. Just like they did in the old days. Here we go round the mulberry bush. Again.

It's easier to guess who will survive. The cockroaches will, or so the doom freaks tell us, because they're so biologically adaptable. Probably some of the pine trees will, too. And the young. I mean basically they're well, so much younger. They've already learnt how to survive outside the economic system and they look pretty sleek and well-fed to me. It might be that the odd speculator makes it through the coming Armageddon. Just because they're so bloody thick-skinned they're too mean to die not until they've collected all the interest anyway.

That makes for a pretty interesting bunch, crawling round in the radioactive slime amid the stumps of the blasted pine trees, looking for any scraps of food the multi-nationals might have overlooked.

Who might eat who? Who will be left? My guess is that the speculators will win out. The young and the cockroaches are too fastidious. Which leaves us with an interesting question can speculators live off pine trees? In the interests of the preservation of the race, I sincerely hope not.

BOB WORTH

The Good Bits

At the beginning of the second term Craccum ran a full page article written jointly by Hugh Cook and I outlining the plenaries, commissions and decisions of the May Council of the New Zealand University Students' Association. It was generally deemed to be the dulllest and most uninteresting article published by Craccum up to that point.

Strangely enough NZUSA Councils are not tedious by definition. They can, in fact, be moderately informative, amusing and even, God forbid, raise the old consciousness level a rung or two. Reports of Councils are however, without exception, appallingly dull, unless the author chooses to divulge who deposited what bulk of their liquid intake where and at what hour of the morning - which I'm afraid I do not intend doing.

But rather than revert to the old Cook/Chunn formula for May Council and see the readership levels slump, or, Holy Moses, forget the whole thing and not write a word, I've decided to take a new tack: August Council highlights. Forget the procedural motions, points of order and so on. And full steam ahead.

The high point of August Council as opposed to May Council must be the elections for 1979 office-holders, because there aren't any elections at May Council. Anyway, it would have been the high point had there been anything to elevate this process above the routine. With four candidates running for four positions and no opposition in sight, it seemed unlikely, but where there's an election there's just got to be an election fight so they had a sort of one.

So, off we go. Auckland's darling Chris Gosling (The Man Behind The Loud Hailer on the truck during the Bursaries March) was first up. He was standing for the top position - President of NZUSA. As he was the only candidate for the position and would quite obviously make an excellent president (creeping parochialism from Auckland), it did seem a trifle time-wasting to spend what seemed like several hours grilling him. After all that he was declared elected with only four votes cast against him.

Next was the candidate for Education & Welfare Vice-President. With a policy of 'more of the same', Grant Liddell, this year's E&WVP announced his intention to seek re-election. Grant is originally from Otago and was virtually 'appointed' E&WVP mid-way through the year. Perhaps because of his desire to 'legitimise' his position, he maintained a disconcertingly bureaucratic (dare I say, arrogant) attitude throughout Council. Nevertheless, he appears to be coping adequately with the job, although displaying something of a defeatist attitude on the bursaries issue, and was re-elected.

Jim Brown was the last of the candidates for the full-time positions in national office. Standing for the position of General Vice-President, currently filled by our own Mr David Merritt, Jim is an amiable enough Victoria student who, when he gave his policy speech, felt the need to express his solidarity with almost every group supported by NZUSA. That was all very well, but Chris and Grant had stated much the same ideology and so a muted debate ensued as to the dangers of electing such a homogeneous 'liberal', rather than radical, national office. Lisa Saksen, current President of NZUSA, fed the fears, but Merritt with this 'chalk'n'cheese' speech calmed the multitude, and Jim too was declared elected.

And now for the funny bit. August Council also elects the Co-ordinator for the Women's Rights Action Committee. Again there was only one candidate - Lamorna Rogers from Victoria. For a number of reasons Auckland was unhappy with her past performance in the WRAC and so the delegation voted, in caucus, to use all of Auckland's eight votes against her.

Voting in NZUSA Councils is done on a proportional basis with Auckland as the largest campus having the largest single number of votes out of a total of 42. A separate voting paper is used for each vote so that delegations, when bereft of unanimity, can split and vote two ways. When the result of the WRAC election was announced only 7 votes had been registered against Ms Rogers. What had happened to Auckland votes? (The 7 in dissent were all polled by Canterbury.) Mervyn, a little confused by the new surroundings perhaps, had neglected to cross out the candidate's name on the ballot paper and so had voted for Ms Rogers. Silly boy!

After that fleeting moment of fun the Council moved into commissions. Being only human I could attend only one commission at a time and so, spotting potential bother in the Auckland delegation, opted for 'International'. A point of clarification here: individual students' associations vary in the make-up of their delegations to Council. Some elect their representatives; others, like Auckland's are made up of Executive members whose portfolios pertain to the commissions held. So, Auckland's representative to the International Commission was International Affairs Officer, Peter Gleeson.

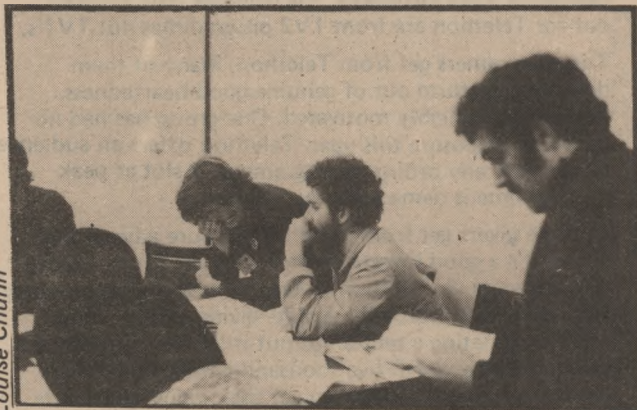
It is usual for commission members to be entrusted with the vote for their campus; all policy is put to the vote again at the Final Plenary so that the whole delegation



Louise Chunn

Left to right: David Cuthbert, Managing Director of the Student Travel Bureau; Chris Gosling, President-elect of NZUSA; Lisa Saksen, out-going President of NZUSA; and Grant Liddell, the Education & Welfare Vice-President for '78 and '79.

can make a decision. Traditionally, 'ordinary students' take so little notice of NZUSA that no objection is made to this sort of representation, but --- not this time. In attendance for almost the entire four days of the Council was one such 'ordinary student' - Mark Shenken, as infamous for his rabidly pro-Zionist stance as Peter Gleeson is for his support of the Palestinian cause. And to make things even better, also sitting on International Commission was Massey representative Don Carson, who when representing New Zealand at the Asian Students' Association congress some years back voted in favour of expelling the National Union of Israeli Students from ASA.



Louise Chunn

Peter Gleeson and Mark Shenken in International Commission --- reason to smile?

It was all a bit disappointing really. There were fiery speeches and flaming cheeks all right -- but only for a few minutes. In accordance with AUSA policy and, perhaps, in response to Shenken's sleeve-pulling, Gleeson reluctantly moved that NUIS be re-admitted to ASA. Those who opposed the move maintained that the expulsion took place because ASA had become too large and unwieldy and no longer represented Asian students, but rather half the world. Gleeson correctly pointed out that this was rather a dishonest way of accounting for ASA's move, but Shenken's appeals on behalf of the Israeli students filed to move and not only was the motion lost, but the expulsion of NUIS was also re-affirmed on 'geographical grounds'.

Moving along, in search of highlights, we come upon a large gathering of delegates from all commissions. Late one night these innocents were subjected to what can only be described as a Merritt-inspired shambles. With honourable intentions Liddell and Merritt had decided to 'gauge the feelings' on bursaries by way of a 'meeting' without formal structure, which attracted about 50 delegates. With no speaking order and no chairperson, it was almost impossible to gauge anything except the decibel level.

This little get-together was primarily to discuss Merritt and Liddell's objections to the proposed third term bursaries campaign. Liddell, with Research Officer Peter Franks, is an NZUSA representative on the Government Bursaries Review, established shortly after the April bursaries campaign. Perhaps as a result of this he now

feels that it would be seemingly ungrateful and bad public relations for students to start up the bursaries whinge again. The most recent increase in the bursary (to take effect next year) is the biggest since the Standard Tertiary Bursary was introduced, he says. What he seems to have forgotten are NZUSA's own tables and figures, brought out after the 1978 Budget was announced, showing that with the abolition of the \$250 rebate and taking into consideration galloping inflation, students are actually far worse off than when the STB was first introduced in 1976.

Finally it was decided, and Auckland opposed this, that there would be no specific bursaries campaign in the third term. But rather than allow NZUSA reps to compromise the students' stand away altogether, a number of motions were passed clarifying demands. In response to the proposal, popular with the Bursaries Review, that the 10 hour work limit for STB recipients be re-instated, Council decided to support its return only when the bursary becomes equal to the basic social welfare benefit, equalling about double the current unabated STB.

However, the prime gripe with the STB is the abatement itself. Peter Franks, the Research Officer, spoke on the difficulty of finding some basis from which to divide students into the abated and unabated categories. For, while the current abatement system discriminates against those students who live in the same town as their parents, it is unlikely that there will come a time when no form of discrimination in the bursary system exists. The problem remains - where to draw the line?

For 'administrative' reasons that are not quite obvious, it was decided that age should be the determining factor and so 'as an initial step towards the total removal of the abatement', the Council recommended that students aged 20 and above, or under 20 and are either parents, widowed, separated, divorced or have lived away from home for one year or more, should be eligible to receive the unabated STB. Auckland, sticking to its guns for total abolition of the abatement, did not vote for this motion.

And so into Priorities Plenary which, although hardly a real highlight, caused a bit of a stir. Each commission had adopted its own priorities to be set for the individual national officers. Constituent caucuses then developed their own sets and, by a complicated, calculator-type process, the priorities were set. For the record: Education & Welfare Vice-President: Bursaries/ Student Unemployment/ Assessment/ Lecturer Training/ Student Union Seminar (to be held next year) General Vice-President: Civil Liberties/ Unemployment/ Maori Land Rights & Domestic Racism/ South Pacific, including East Timore/ Apartheid Women's: Repeal of the CS&A Act/ Women students' economic position/ Research on the status of women university students

In addition overall priorities are set for the Association. The voting for all this is done on a proportional basis and, although it is looked upon with disfavour, one issue can be repeated any number of times. So, when Canterbury and Victoria vote at least twice to have abortion as a priority and almost every other delegation includes it in their list, it is no great surprise to see the list of overall priorities topped by 'Repeal of the CS&A Act', which, as Grant Liddell pointed out, is bloody ridiculous and particularly so when Massey and Lincoln must either dissent or abstain on that issue because of policy made on their own campuses. Fortunately the light of day illuminated the situation and in the Final Plenary the priorities were set as: Unemployment/ Civil Liberties - Bans on Overseas Speakers/ Abortion/ Overseas Students Cutbacks.

But, before we got to the Final Plenary on Sunday morning, the last day of Council, came the Budget. Starting at about 9 pm, with the momentous decision to increase NZUSA fees from \$2 to \$3 per student next year, the Budget Plenary seemed doomed to a lengthy haul. Unable to stay with it, I chucked it in at about 1am, but was startled to find, upon entering the hostel dining room the next morning, a group of about 30 having a breakfast break from the Budget Plenary. Notching up 15 hours or so with no sleep, it broke all previous records. Whatmore, in spite of discovering at a very late stage that an expected \$17,000 revenue from the Student Travel Bureau was not to be made available, the budget was made to balance.

And that's what Council is all about. Long sessions, tedious arguments and smokey rooms with only copious cups of coffee to make it bearable and one night of half-hearted revelry. And all for the ever-appreciative Mr/Ms Ordinary Student. Auckland's delegation deserve a vote of thanks, or better, congratulations for perseverance. They were --- Mervyn Prince, Julian Leigh, Janet Roth, Peter Gleeson, Michael Tyne-Corbould, Belinda Vernon Choong Tet Sieu, Chris Gosling, Peter Monteith and Mark Shenken. And was it worth it folks? I don't know, but thank God it was my last Council.

LOUISE CHUNN

Baby Bashing

Each year in January and February herds of harp-seals make their way from Greenland to Prince Edward Island, Baffin Bay and points north along the Newfoundland Coast. They come to give birth to their young. Each year over one quarter of the mother seals bear witness to their newborn -- only two weeks old - being beaten to death, then skinned, by humans brandishing spiked clubs and baseball bat (bullets are expensive and leave a nasty hole in the pelt, greatly diminishing its value). And each year the struggle by conservationists around the world to stop the slaughter grows stronger, more vociferous.

Of the many contentious aspects of the struggle between conservationists and the governments of Norway and Canada, who are mainly responsible for the perpetuation of the slaughter, the question of whether or not the harp seal is endangered draws the most fire on both sides. The fact of the matter is that there is no undisputed figure on how many seals actually make the migration. Estimates begin at about 600,000 and reach 1 million. No-one, however, disputes the fact that the herds once numbered about 3 million.

Greenpeace Canada states that commercial fleets owned by Norwegian companies had completely obliterated three great herds of seals prior to starting on the Labrador herds in 1947. The annual quota for seal pup pelts is about 180,000. But that's not all, hundreds, maybe even thousands, of harp seal pups are crushed to death by ice breakers plowing through the ice flows. These deaths are not included in the quotas. Moreover, the seals have begun to migrate further north. Their reproductive cycles have changed; the females are giving birth later in the season.

Of the many efforts made to persuade the Canadian government to halt the seal hunt those made by the French and Canadians themselves are the most laudable. At least one, perhaps several, French industrialists have offered to build artificial seal fur factories which would employ the Newfoundland seal hunters all year round. At present the sealers are dependent upon the hunt for employment but make only 8 hundred dollars maximum for the whole season.

The French government is also in the process of banning the importation of harp seal products. Additionally, the Canadian based International Fund for Animal Welfare has volunteered to pay the hunters' salaries for 3 years if they will abandon their activity. Then, of course, there's Greenpeace.



Vilified by Newfoundlanders and not especially favoured by the Canadian government, members of Greenpeace, Canada, go out on the ice flows each year and literally throw their bodies over the baby seals, only to be dragged away by officials of the Ministry of Fisheries. Last year Haul Watson, leader of the Vancouver-based Greenpeace expedition was found to be in a serious condition when he handcuffed himself to a bale of pelts to prevent them from being hauled aboard one of the ships. A cable attached to the pelts - and Watson - plunged into the water twice. Watson suffered a broken arm and exposure.

But this year no-one will be there to defend the baby seals. The Canadian government has passed an amendment to the Seal Protection Act, which makes access to the hunting grounds extremely difficult to all but authorized personnel (Sealers and Ministry of Fisheries

officials). According to Greenpeace Chrouches (Spring 1976), the Federal Minister of Fisheries, M. Romeo Le Blanc, who has vowed to stop Greenpeace activities during the hunt, simply assumed jurisdiction over the area in which harp seals give birth. It didn't seem to matter to him that Canada has no jurisdiction in international waters. The Canadian Government supported him. Other nations said nothing.

But other nations are beginning to take a stand on the harp seal issue. On April 7 1977 the United States Congress, like the French, passed a resolution condemning the seal hunt. A motion in progress now will ban imports of harp seal products. In New Zealand the matter went before the Council of the Royal Federation of New Zealand Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and it was decided to approach the New Zealand Government seeking a similar ban, while presently three New Zealand conservationist organizations - Greenpeace, Friends of the Earth and Project Jonah - are jointly sponsoring a national petition in protest against the slaughter.

For all this, what are the harp seal pelts used for? Fewer people these days have the effrontery to wear coats made of harp seal pelts. So the fur is disguised - no longer retaining the distinctive colour it was originally prized for - and used for trinkets, paper weights, hand bags, trimming on ski jackets and, unbelievably, toy baby harp seals.

What is the Canadian Government's attitude towards mounting world opposition to the annual seal hunt? Newfoundland Fisheries Minister Walter Carter may well have spoken for the entire Canadian Government when he was quoted recently in a New Zealand newspaper as having said, 'We will not allow anything to destroy our way of life and our traditional values'.

The petition to save the baby harp seals is at the Reception Desk on the Ground Floor of the Student Union Building. Sign it now and help to save the baby harp seals.

LYNDA SHOWALTER

Telethon Titanic

TV2's Telethon, which raised over \$3 million for the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, was held in July. Although this article is hardly current we hope it will be remembered when the country is in a state of Telethonia next year. Or maybe, next time, it'll be different.

It's 8 pm Saturday July 1. Kamahl is singing 'When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high'. He moves forward towards a child seated on a stool. The camera fills our screens with her face - Antoinette suffers from arthritis.

The song soars to its climax, the studio audience breaks into applause and we're with Peter Sinclair: 'Welcome New Zealand to Telethon 1978. For most of us, this is the one time of the year when we stop thinking of ourselves and think only of others.'

Twenty-four hours later we have the same song. Antoinette is there again, very fragile. This time the camera shifts from her to focus on the glittering row of figures under the South Pacific Television logo: \$3002750. A dollar per head of New Zealand population makes a world record for fund-raising.

In the past four years New Zealanders have given over \$7 million to Telethon. And that raises questions. Why have we given these huge sums? What happens to Telethon money? Where does Telethon go now? Who gets from Telethon?

It's obvious the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation is not the only one to benefit. South Pacific Television also gets from Telethon. With the channel's daily audiences rating well below TV1's, Telethon sees TV2 turn the tables for one day out of 365. Even at the trough of 5 am Sunday morning, TV2 pulls in more viewers for Telethon (13%: McNairs) than on some of its regular weeknights.

In straight audience ratings, Telethon is balm to the battered TV2 administrators. Kevan Moore, South Pacific's controller of programmes, rejoiced at the 'buoyant' rating figures for Telethon 1978: 'Massive, just what we expected and a magnificent effort.'

For months ahead, pre-Telethon publicity keeps TV2 in the public mind. On the day the channel makes the most of Telethon's capacity crowd to publicize its own. The backdrop to Telethon's camera-shots is not the symbol of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. Behind the frontmen reading pledges, above the winking total-board, behind the interview area, is South Pacific

PAGE 8 SEPTEMBER 4 CRACCUM

Television's logo at centre stage. Most of the frontmen around the country are (quite naturally) TV2 personnel. Less justifiably, the overseas stars brought out for Telethon are from TV2 programmes not TV1's.

The entertainers get from Telethon. Many of them doubtless perform out of genuine good-heartedness. Some are less highly motivated. One group has had no television exposure this year. Telethon offers an audience bigger than any ordinary programme. A slot at peak viewing time is demanded - and supplied.

And the givers get from Telethon. In pure advertising terms, it's a good investment for business firms. I recall the interview - a Telethon or two ago - with one property and ready-built housing magnate giving a house, and another donating a section to put it on. With Telethon's peak audience worth five thousand advertising dollars per minute, the businessmen get their value in air-time.

Big companies donate out of their pre-tax expenses and scarcely notice it. They upstage the small gifts of many who sacrifice, of pensioners and children who are inspired to give what they cannot afford. Our priorities should say that the pensioner's 50 cents means more than a company's thousand dollars. It is to their credit that the frontmen make much of the small donations, but the Telethon formula is against them. Many individuals give with strings attached. Worst are the graceless souls who ring up and threaten to withdraw their pledge if it's not read out on camera. Telethon makes giving a competitive sport. It teaches children to give in the hope of getting - the glamour of hearing your name read on telly. The reward of this giving is in being recognised.

Telethon is giving based on sentiment not on informed concern. Telethon 1978 was a unique opportunity to inform the largest number of New Zealanders ever involved in a single media event, about arthritis and rheumatism and their alleviation. The nearest we got to information was a few cursory interviews with child sufferers, used - as one interviewer so aptly put it - as 'mascots'.

Giving should mean not letting your right hand know what your left hand does. But on Telethon the right hand clasps the left in an excess of self-congratulation. People who bring donations to the studio are applauded for their giving. One frontman calls for a cheer 'just to show your appreciation for yourselves'.

Telethon makes inroads into territory where groups like Corso, Salvation Army and Save the Children Fund have

operated for years. In 1978 the Lions Clubs and Fire Brigades canvassed our streets in what was effectively a house-to-house collection. With pre-Telethon publicity starting in April, several months of the year are dominated by Telethon to the exclusion of other aid groups. Telethon rolls one group in plenty and leaves all others on the losing end of a competition for our charitable dollar.

And what does happen to the money? In 1977 we gave a corporate \$2,012,746 in aid of the Mental Health Foundation. The Foundation published a financial statement in the 'Listener' last March, which covered only the income and expenditure of Telethon itself not the use of Telethon proceeds.

The Mental Health Foundation has in fact told applicants that it is not distributing the money donated to Telethon. That two million dollars is invested as capital, and only the interest - presumably about \$200,000 a year - is being given out. To date, grants of \$416,000 have been announced (not distributed).

This seems quite irregular use of money donated by the public. When we give to a charity, we expect that our donations will be used directly for that cause. Donors to Telethon 1977 did not give \$2 million as working capital for New Zealand business. The Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation is to be commended for defining its post-Telethon objectives and pledging 'to put money to early practical use'.

Telethon has become an institution, and one over which the public has - ironically - little control. It is the one experience New Zealand has of television's manipulative power, and this is made no more acceptable for being In A Good Cause. Telethon should cease - but probably will not. So I suggest some controls on its continuation:

1. Telethon should be a community chest in aid of a number of groups rather than of a single cause.
2. Two-thirds of Telethon receipts should be distributed within three years, and no more than one third may be invested permanently.
3. Six-monthly accounts giving details of investments, interest and grants should be published in the Listener.
4. The charities rather than TV2 should be the focus of Telethon.
5. Telethon should contain real information about the work of recipient charities.
6. On-camera time given to donating business houses should be limited.

ALLAN BELL

The Way He Wants It

to - the fact that Muldoon got the front page last term and Rowling gets hidden away inside is not part of some "editorial policy" on national politics. Never mind what it indicates, because here is another instalment in the salient series concerning election issues. Thank you Salient. And this time the Leader of the Opposition, Bill Rowling is the man behind the pen. Thank you Bill Rowling.

It is becoming very fashionable these days to talk about New Zealand 'being at the crossroads'. Under all the endless wads of official reports on the subject, there is one hard cold fact.

The fat days, the easy days, are well and truly over for New Zealand. We stand revealed as a small, smug and stagnating country, perched on the end of the world's shipping lanes. Traditional markets are disappearing. The shape and texture of the social welfare state that we have accepted for generations is being questioned and tested, as never before.

The choices that are made over the next few years will have a very profound effect on the type of society that we take with us into the eighties. In particular, New Zealanders have to make up their minds very soon one very critical issue:

where in New Zealand should real economic power lie.

where should real decision making power lie.

It has always been part of the beliefs of most New Zealanders that no one in this country needs to suffer economic hardship unless they bring it on themselves. Most New Zealanders believe in the idea of equal opportunity, and basic rights and a fair deal for everyone. That belief has been built on a very long-standing foundation; the right to work; and the right of every New Zealander to take home a basic living wage.

Yet, never since the tragic days of the depression of the thirties has that foundation been under such threat from the combined effects of inflation, taxation, and unemployment. The best estimates show that at this moment there are as many as one in every five New Zealanders living in poverty. Not poverty in terms of the back streets of Calcutta, but poverty in terms of being shut out from the normal life that most New Zealanders have always expected and taken for granted.

Some of these people may be in that situation through their own fault. But the majority of them are ordinary New Zealanders who are desperately struggling to hang on against a crippling economic tide. They are living in relative poverty, because they are being denied two fundamental rights. The right to work, or the right to a basic living wage. That is what the 'economy' really means.

The economic jargon and arguments that are tossed around might satisfy some. But the guts of any economy is, and always will be, how it affects ordinary working people. If there is no security, no opportunity, and no hope, among working New Zealanders, the economy is sick.

At this time, there are at least 100,000 New Zealanders who want to work and cannot. They are far greater in number than those that appear on the fortnightly statistical releases. They include part-timers, married women and the many younger people who do not even bother to register.

\$100 million a year is being paid out for people to rot on the dole. In many overseas countries that sort of thing is accepted. In fact, there are people who say that it's a good thing to have a pool of unemployed. 'Keep the workers in line'. It is not a good thing. It is a tragic and wasteful thing. If it continues and a permanent pool of unemployed is allowed to become accepted, then the whole social and economic structure of the country will be affected.

We are three million people, fighting like hell to survive in an overseas marketing situation that is stacked against us. If we come to accept that a large proportion of our potential work-force can be written off and their efforts and their contributions wasted, then we are virtually throwing in the towel. In that sort of situation, New Zealand will only slide further and further into a stagnant and deeply divided society.



Equal opportunity, equal rights, equal respect and concern for the individual cannot exist in a country that allows many of its people to live in that sort of situation. It flows through into so many other areas. Already the figures of access to pre-school education, to higher education, to effective health care, show a disturbing weight against those in the lower income groups.

To allow that to continue, is to institutionalise poverty and to turn our backs on the sort of society that generations of thinking and caring New Zealanders have fought for. That decision, whether or not we are going to accept that trend, or do something about it, is the most critical choice that faces all New Zealanders today. There is not one of us that can stand aside from that choice, because we will all ultimately be affected.

That is why the Labour Party is totally pledged to fight for two unshakeable commitments. The restoration of the right to work. The restoration of the right to a basic living wage. It is out of those commitments that we have forged a very radical new taxation policy. Not because we want a batch of election year handouts. There is no room for anything like that, and our policies certainly do not represent that. But

because through taxation we can leave real money in working people's hands, we can lift production and get people off the dole; we can break the poverty cycle that is placing a crippling pressure on wage and price demands.

The second major choice that faces New Zealanders is to decide where real political power should lie. There is a very strong tradition of independence in New Zealand, of local decision making and local power. Yet, we seem to have come to a point in our history where that tradition is in danger of being swept away and crushed under the juggernaut of central government.

Parliament is increasingly irrelevant and impotent. The rule of the courts, and the rule of law, are being overturned at the whim of the governing Cabinet. Local Government and local control is being ground down by the growing central government regulation. Most important, the individual and the small group are increasingly powerless in putting their point of view and in having any influence on decision making.

That shift in power, because that's what it is, is not just an academic thing. It is affecting the lifestyle and the basic freedoms and responsibilities of all of us. Unless that balance is changed, we will have allowed the heart of the open democracy that generations of New Zealanders fought for, to slip away through sheer apathy.

There are a number of practical reforms that a political Party can offer in order to help correct that situation. The Labour Party is going into this election with a very comprehensive platform of reforms in this area. We propose to reform Parliament, to make it more relevant, and more useful. We propose to reform the select committee system to ensure that any legislation is fully presented in open hearings before the public before final decisions are made.

We will be passing a Freedom of Information Act and repealing sections of the Official Secrets Act, to try and open out much of the day to day decisions of Government as they affect individual lives. We will be placing all legislation and all regulations under periodic review, so that outdated old laws and red tape don't molder on, long after they have ceased to have any purpose at all.

All those reforms will go a long way towards giving the individual back some real voice in what goes on. Certainly, they will make it a great deal harder for any Government to hide behind walls of secrecy.

But the shift in power that is going on reaches much more deeply than that. The Labour Party has talked a great deal about regional development over the last eight years or so. When we first developed a solid policy, in 1972, it was because we wanted to rebuild an economic future for areas of the country that were in danger of fading away. But it grew into much more than just an economic package. It touched a very real emotional cord in most New Zealanders and touched a shift in political thinking.

Regional development is not just about freight subsidies, or a "Rangitira" sailing from Lyttelton. It's about regions and small communities demanding that they have a real control over their own future, rather than being shoved around at the whim of bureaucrats in Wellington. All over the country, but especially in the South Island, people are literally throwing down the battle lines, and throwing the 'we know best' arrogance of central Government and big industry, back in their faces.

They want to run their own lives. They want to retain the unique features of their own communities, like small industries and shops, schools, community hospitals and small pubs.

It's an important shift, and it's one that politicians will ignore at their peril, because it's the best possible sign that New Zealand is finally growing up. It does not mean that we are necessarily reaching back to the old provincial system of government. But if we have the sense to recognise it and change our entrenched institutions to respond to it, then we will have a much richer and more relaxed society.

BILL ROWLING

A Tale Of Woe

In almost every student newspaper this year 1978 has been referred to as the 'crunch year' for NZUSA. With the problems surrounding our Student Travel Bureau, threats of withdrawal from Canterbury, Lincoln and Massey, the Movick deportation and the subsequent cost of appeals, the high turnover of constituent presidents – only four campuses have been represented by the same person for the year so far – one can see that there is some validity in this claim.

But – as the Australian Union of Students observer to NZUSA's August Council pointed out – we don't know how lucky we are.

The Australian tale, as told by AUS Finance Committee Chairperson Graeme Russell, is one of ever-increasing woe. And, more important, one from which both NZUSA and its constituent campuses can, hopefully, learn a lesson. With this country's tendency to adopt wholesale its neighbour's modes, one can never be too smug about Australia's misfortunes.

The Australian university system is somewhat different to that of New Zealand, partially because of its federal structure. The federal government supplies the money for nationwide university education; the state governments distribute it. The structure of students' associations in the various states varies also. In Western Australia associations are called guilds and, like those currently operating in New Zealand, they are student-operated organisations catering to all sides of student life. In other states smaller colleges have similar associations, but the large universities, such as Melbourne University, have a three-tiered structure: the University Union, a joint staff-student association providing facilities and services; the Sports Union; and the SRC, which is totally student-run and deals with the welfare, educational and political aspects of the association.

The Australian Union of students, NZUSA's Australian counterpart, functions in much the same way as our own national union, but on a far larger scale. AUS has elected national officers who are elected by the same process adopted by NZUSA – each constituent campus has a number of votes proportional to the number of students currently enrolled at that institution.

Although this system is generally acknowledged to constitute the fairest and most representative form of election, in early '77 a small lobby group, drawn mainly from Melbourne and Monash Universities, began to oppose it as undemocratic. This group – centred around two students Graeme described as 'moderate Australian Labour Party' established the Coalition to Reform AUS – which joined together the forces of centre and right-wing ALP and Liberal Party students. The situation was complicated by the Zionist stance of one of the coalition's leaders, and, after much pressure and a campus referendum in '76, the traditionally pro-Palestinian organisation was forced to move 'that AUS have no policy on the Middle East'.

During that year the Coalition undertook an extensive campaign to have the voting system changed in AUS, which would have resulted in every Australian university student having the right to select national officers. Although this attempt failed, they were successful in another respect. At the annual AUS Council in January of next year every representative will have been elected by his/her constituency, with the number of representatives then becoming equal to the total number of votes.

The Coalition also undertook to discredit AUS through an equally intensive media campaign. The success of this move was fed by the dissent between two warring factions in AUS the Trotskyists and the Maoists. The editor of the national student paper – a Maoist – was allegedly subjected to sabotage by the Trots and finally sacked after a campus vote. The situation worsened when two members of the Coalition were on separate occasions, physically attacked – one allegedly by Maoists, the other by an anarchist. Both students publicly claimed that AUS was behind the bashings.

In August '77 the AUS Travel Service closed due to 'extreme financial difficulties'. Again the press jumped in behind the Coalition whose reaction was to blame it on the inability of



Mairi Gunn

Graeme Russell

socialists to run commercial enterprises. In spite of the fact that no Australian embassy or consulate had reported any cases of students being left stranded because of AUSTS's closure, the Liberal Minister for Transport claimed that thousands of students had been left destitute in faraway lands. Naturally enough the press loved it.

At about the same time the Western Australia State Government introduced legislation to abolish compulsory student unionism. This move enables students' associations to charge for services, facilities or amenities on campus, but stipulates that fees collected cannot be used for 'political or controversial issues'. In addition no grants could be made to outside organisations or national bodies, with the implied effect that AUS would be prevented from gaining members in that state.

Only weeks later a Liberal student from Melbourne University issued writs against the University, the SRC and AUS claiming (1) that the University had no power to collect student union fees (2) that SRC had no power to donate money to outside organisations, and cited 11 specified

payments including East Timor, Aboriginal Health Service, etc;

(3) that AUS had no right to make similar payments;

(4) that SRC had no power to pay money to AUS.

Following quickly, further writs were issued to three other Australian universities on the same basis.

Of the four cases only that concerning Melbourne University was heard. The court determined in favour of the plaintiff on point (1) and point (2) with several exceptions including grants to the anti-uranium cause, against him on point (3) and in his favour on point (4) with the exceptions of the anti-uranium campaign, a campaign against political surveillance of overseas students and Marxist feminist conference!

Although, in essence, AUS had won that round the annual conference held several months later was says Graeme 'the most bitter conference AUS has ever had.' Seven campuses had or were about to withdraw from the national body, Victoria's State Government had announced its intention to introduce legislation along the same lines as that of Western Australia, and Queensland were known to be 'thinking about it'.

As a result of the impending legislation the AUS budget was cut from \$750,000 to around \$450,000 which was estimated as the maximum amount to be paid in fees. In line with this the number of full time national officers was cut back from eight to three and no funds were allocated to international campaigns. Of even greater consequence, perhaps, were the personnel changes brought about by the election for national office. The Trotskyist and CP candidates received very little support; the Maoists formed unholy alliances with the right-wing Centre Unity (an off-spring from the Coalition to Reform AUS) who won several positions; the National Civic Council ('right-wing secret service of the Catholic hierarchy') were quite successful; and the middle of the roaders opted out almost altogether.

Following the AUS conference Victoria legislated against Melbourne University, empowering the University to collect fees only for services and amenities. In effect this meant that Melbourne University's SRC had no financial autonomy and so was severely limited in its campaigns. In Sydney the court heard a similar case against the University of New South Wales, but in this instance decided in favour of the University's power to collect fees. Recently the Federal Government announced its intention to amend the federal act affecting the collection of fees at the two colleges in Canberra and the government in Victoria intends legislating against all other Victorian universities and colleges. But in the three Labour-governed states – South Australia, New South Wales and Tasmania – the state governments have either amended legislation to ensure continued compulsory student unionism or made clear that they have no objections to the current situation.

Those Liberal students involved in issuing writs against individual universities deny any link between them and the state governments. Their national body, the Australian Liberal Students Federation, has 'emphatically denied' that they have had anything to do with the issuing of writs or government legislation. However, of the four students who issued the writs, three were Executive members of that organisation.

While groups such as the National Civic Council wish to maintain involvement in AUS and so attempt to take it over, the Liberals are bent on the total destruction of the organisation. The prime tactic has been a massive smear campaign, enlisting the aid of the Australian press. In fact, at an ALSF meeting, one of its officers publicly urged students to 'smear AUS at every opportunity' while noting which national dailies were 'helpful'.

And so the tale is concluded but does not end AUS must still fight for its right to represent the national body of Australian students, but, unlike our situation, they must fight the Government. NZUSA should thank its lucky stars.

LOUISE CHUNN

The Cool School

Almost every year the Auckland City Art Gallery presents a 'major' exhibition. One to get the school parties queueing and Sundays hopping just the other side of Albert Park. And they've had some show-stoppers too - Van Gogh, Constable, the Surrealists Medieval Art and so on. The crowds were drawn and the calendars and catalogues are still to be found adorning many trendy Auckland homes.

But Edward Ruscha is hardly a household name in New Zealand. Then, as Andrew Bogle, Curator of Prints and Drawings at the Art Gallery, points out, most American contemporary artists renowned on their native soil are rarely heard of in these parts. And the very fact that Ruscha is alive and producing in the '70s, rather than dead and idolised through art books for the last hundred years or so, is rather more important. Anyway, who in New Zealand had heard of Hundertwasser before he hit the Art Gallery?

The decision to mount this exhibition hinges also on economic factors. 'To organise an international exhibition of paintings here is almost impossible,' says Andrew Bogle. 'The cost of freighting the works, insuring the works, borrowing the works from lenders and so on poses incredible problems.' Ruscha is primarily a graphic artist; prints and drawings are cheaper and easier to obtain on every count. The cost of insuring a limited exhibition of paintings by an artist of the Picasso or Matisse calibre would probably be greater than the total cost of the Ruscha exhibition. So the move away from restricted, prohibitively expensive 'big' shows to larger, more representative exhibitions.

And the Ruscha exhibition is large and representative. Chosen by the artist himself, it includes 53 lithographs and screen prints, 30 drawings, 13 books and 2 films. The exclusion of Ruscha's paintings does not make this exhibition any the less a retrospective of his works. He paints only occasionally and has said - 'I'd prefer my painting to come to an end. I'd be satisfied to paint myself into a corner and then just give it up.'

After graduating from the Chouinard Arts Institute in Los Angeles in the early '60s, Ruscha worked in advertising, a clear influence, albeit satirically treated, in his work. Says Andrew Bogle: 'He started as a Pop artist - a West Coast Pop artist. One of the characteristics of West Coast Pop art was a coolness, sharpness, a clarity of the imagery. Because of this some critics called it the Cool School - as apt a description as any. Style is almost eliminated, almost concealed. There are no flourishes, no bravura, no dashing brushwork. Anything extraneous is cut away to get down to the bare essentials. The images seem to sparkle with a super-realism. That's very characteristic of the West Coast 'style' because the elimination of a style becomes a style itself.'

The exhibition mounted in the Auckland City Art Gallery is principally a selection of Ruscha's prints and drawings. Most of the images are based on words and so



relate, in a somewhat satirical fashion, to the advertising world he abandoned in the '60s. His choice of words is intuitive. There are cold words and hot words; when a word becomes very hot he feels compelled to use it. There are wet words too. 'Lisp' and 'Drops' are spontaneous-seeming splashes and droplets of liquid suggesting the quality of the word. 'Ooo' is another wet word made up of three liquid circles, like little puddles of drool. Printed in orange juice-like orange 'Made in California'. Many of the prints are like this - very self-referential.'

As a 'member' of the California Cool School Ruscha is bound up too with the 'American condition'. 'Hollywood', a screen print of an actual sign on the slopes of the Hollywood Hills, is almost the archetypal West Coast image. 'Standard Station' too reflects the Californian pre-occupation with the highway, signs and advertising. But Ruscha, although primarily a Pop artist, is influenced by many different concepts. 'There are elements of surrealism, conceptual art, pointillism, earth-art, hard edge and other styles' says Andrew Bogle.

Ruscha's drawings are usually executed in pastel or, his own invention, air-brushed gunpowder. But with his screenprints he has taken his own ideas even further by using, in place of inks, a variety of organic substances. In the series 'News, Mews, Pews, Brews, Stews Dues',

based on his perceptions of England, he used black-currant pie filling, bolognese sauce, chocolate syrup, daffodils, caviar, axle grease and a number of similarly unconventional substances. It was a matter of hit and mash and as Ruscha himself says 'It's very difficult to look at colours and guess what they will turn out like. Tomato paste, for instance, dries to grey dust A lot of bother went into simply finding the results of painting.'

Two of Ruscha's films will be screened during the exhibition. One - 'Miracle' - revolves around the dismantling of an engine by a mechanic in a 'miraculously' short time. Again, Andrew Bogle explains, this is Californian highway culture. The other is called 'Premium' and is based on a story by Mason Williams, a friend and colleague of the artist. Reflecting Ruscha's interest in organic substances it is a recipe of sorts for those with bizarre oral fixations.

Quite obviously Ruscha's not the man whose works hang on every Pakuranga living room wall or adorn the calendars of china shops. His work is little known in this country and, Andrew Bogle believes, 'a lot of people with preconceptions about 'art' will not look objectively at it. I don't doubt it'll be controversial, because it's such a relief from the high seriousness of a lot of art.'

L.C.



HOLLYWOOD 1968

EDWARD RUSCHA

EXHIBITION OF GRAPHIC WORKS
AUCKLAND CITY ART GALLERY
AUGUST 26 — OCTOBER 1

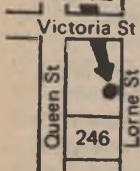
S R C THIS WEEK

1. MINUTES OF 02.08.78
2. EXECUTIVE MINUTES OF 09.08.78 & 31.08.78
3. REPORT ON NZUSA AUGUST COUNCIL
4. GENERAL BUSINESS

**WEDNESDAY 1pm
SRC LOUNGE**

VINTAGE BOOKS

WE ARE
HERE



is central Auckland's newest second-hand & antiquarian bookshop.

We warmly invite you to inspect our side range of books, and browse in a friendly, unhurried atmosphere.

We are also interested in buying good (and particularly old) books of all kinds.
**TEL: 379-113 11 LORNE STREET
(NEXT REAR ENTRANCE 246)**



THEATRE CORPORATE

QALATOS ST NEWTON • PH 774 307
PROFESSIONAL THEATRE IN
AN INTIMATE ATMOSPHERE

Mon. Tues. at 6.15pm; Wed. - Sat. at 8.15pm

Matinee: Saturday 9th at 2pm

SWEENEY TODD

The demon Barber of Fleet Street

Come and join us boo the villain and cheer the hero



**MERCURY
THEATRE**
FRANCE STREET



• THE BIG THEATRE

TUES., WED., FRI., SAT. 8.15 p.m.
THURS. 6.30 p.m. \$6 & \$4

Student Discount: \$1 off seat price
OPENING WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 6

STATE OF REVOLUTION
by Robert Bolt

Rich in fiery pageantry



• THE LITTLE INTIMATE THEATRE -
PROVIDING SOMETHING DIFFERENT
MON. 8.15 PM. ONLY \$3
TUES. WED. FRI. SAT. — 6 PM

SEPTEMBER 11 - 16 \$3.00

Beryl Te Wiata in
**MRS KIWI ARTHUR
PRESENTS MORE**
and
THE WHITE CLIFFS

The Mercury Theatre Company Presents

**MIDDLE AGE
SPREAD**

by Roger Hall

AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE
SEPTEMBER 8 - 16 \$6 \$4 \$2.50

**PH 34-857 ANYTIME OR 33 869
10am-6pm**

Countdown to Zero

The 4th floor of the Hotel Intercontinental in which Zero resides as a member of the cast of the 'Rocky Horror Show' overlooks the campus. This seems appropriate as she relates how, in a matter of months, she moved from film studies at Elam to her present situation. She talks to DOMINIC FREE from Craccum about the show, the Suburban Reptiles, in which she sings the lead, and a little bit on life in general. She is joined in her comments on the band by Jimmy, their saxophone player.

Mairi Gunn



Tell me, why did someone like you, the singer in a punk rock band, think of auditioning for a part in a musical?

Zero: I didn't decide to audition. The only reason I ended up doing the show was that Gary Glitter and Stewart MacPherson asked me to do an audition. They saw me on television with the Reptiles and just rang me up. Left to myself I would never have thought of trying for the show.

How do you find appearing in a musical as compared to fronting a rock'n'roll band? There must be different skills involved and you're performing to a different audience.

Zero: For a start, I'm not the frontman in the show. You've got to be careful not to upstage the others. There are four or five other people on the stage - you just do your part and let them do theirs. The skills are not different so much as the approach. With the band it was very free form. There is more discipline in the show and that has been good for me. I can sing ... use a bit of subtlety. I was just screaming and shouting for the band.

And the audience - do you have to change your style for them?

Zero: The show is pretty outrageous so I don't have to change too much. (She laughs at this) I've really enjoyed doing the show. I like the music -- it's easy to bop along to it. There's not much choreographed dancing. Besides being in the right place at the right time it's left up to me. But it can be hard to be in place and singing and dancing at the same time.

What is Gary Glitter like? Is he easy to work with?

Zero: Have you seen the show? (With guilt, I admit that I haven't) Well, Gary is tremendous in the part of Frank-N-Furter. Everyone is impressed by him. He's easy to get on with and very much open to suggestion, though, of course, he's got plenty of ideas of his own as to how the part is to be played.

Is it hard to perform well at every show? The performances every night are much more regular than you'd be used to with a band.

It's hard at times, but I'm enjoying it. It isn't like performing with the band where you really have to work all the time. In the show you only have to perform part of the time. There are chances to rest. If I tried to perform every show at the pace I do for the Reptiles I'd soon be worn out.

This sort of life-style (I indicate the hotel room) - hotels, touring, nightly shows - do you think it will be hard to go back to the band in clubs and dances?

I really like this life. I could go on this way for a long time. But I don't think it will be hard to go back to the Reptiles. We've got a lot of new ideas interesting ideas, plans and things to do.

This brings us to the Reptiles. Being the first punk rock band you really came to success the hard way. Does it annoy you to see the bands now get gigs and recognition easily?

Zero: Yes, it does a bit. The new bands should realise that it's because of us that they've got a club to play at and a regular audience to listen to them. We did the hard work in establishing punk rock.

Do you think there is much life left in punk rock? Do you still think you're a part of it?

Zero: We've tried to avoid being part of movements. We're not punks anymore.

Jimmy: You don't have to wear safety pins forever.

Zero: There was a point to be made by that ugliness. Now we're trying to get away from that. Some people get upset about that. They want to go on wearing their torn T-shirts and safety pins. We think it's boring.

And the music?

Zero: It's just rock'n'roll. It's just like the '50s, then the Beatles in the '60s, and for the '70s, punk rock. Though I think the revolution will come around faster this time. It will be in two years time, not ten.

(Meanwhile, a newspaper has phoned to arrange an interview. While this goes on, Jimmy relates the beginnings of the band)

Jimmy: I first heard of the Sex Pistols in November '76. Then I heard a little bit of their 'Anarchy in the UK' on the National Programme. I knew how it went (he hums a few bars). Someone had suggested I form a punk rock band. It took a couple of weeks to get enough people, but that was what we played at the first gig. We played it over and over, taking it up a key each time.

Zero: Until the sound became so intense and everyone left the room. (She laughs)

The Reptiles are the only New Wave band with record company support. How did that come about?

Jimmy: I think the Phonogram people had an order from the top to sign up an 'exciting New Wave act'. We were the most prominent at the time and we had a demo tape of 'Megaton', which became the first single.

Zero: They pressed it as it stood. We were embarrassed by it when it was first released, but now we're glad it's over and done with. Things turned out better than we expected.

Jimmy: It made No 35 in Christchurch. (He grins)

Since the departure of Billy Planet (guitarist and founder member) Phil Judd (ex-Split Enz) has been temporarily filling in on guitar and has produced you latest single. Has it overawed you to work with one of the country's best musicians?

Zero: Not overawed, but we were impressed. To watch him lay down the guitar track for 'Saturday Night' was simply amazing.

Jimmy: When he came along I realised that what I had been doing was just so bad.

Zero: We've all learnt a lot from our association with Phil.

What about new material?

Zero: A lot of our new stuff is slower. There are really two sorts of songs -- the fast pop songs and the slower, more intense songs.

Jimmy: You don't have to play loud and fast to be effective. You can play the slower stuff, as long as it's intense.

Finally, what are the Reptiles going to do in the future? Any plans for leaving the country?

Zero: We are hoping to do an album eventually. No, we don't intend leaving the country. We are a New Zealand band. The music is about New Zealand. There is still a lot we want to say and do here.

Huffing About

The Bodgie Theatre Mob do plays. And they come from Wellington. They will be here at our very own Old Maid Theatre Sept 6-9, and in anticipation of taking Auckland by storm, they have begun with a bombardment of the Craccum office: light rifle fire of blurbs and publicity sheets, heavy artillery of interviews and photographs. And all of it is most unrepentantly pseud-ish.

Michael Wilson, erstwhile drama student of Victoria University, part-time director, actor, playwright, and genuine son-of-the-soil from Whakatane, is the originator of Huffers, the chef d'oeuvre the B.T.M. are here for. He spoke, at some length, around and about the play:-

Originally I wrote a quarter of an hour revue sketch based on Oedipus Rex. It was meant to be the New Zealand comic version of Oedipus Rex, of which I was justly proud until I showed it to a visiting lecturer from Edinburgh University, and he said, 'You can do better than this; why don't you extend it, and whack in a few other Greek myths as they occur to you.' Well, I had a crack at that, and it turned out as I was writing it that instead of merely depending on existing myths I thought I'd create a few of my own. Oedipus was still in there somewhere, but he was only part of it.

So that was the first draft; I read it back, and it made me laugh, and so I was happy with it. It also appeared to make a bit of sense, and that was even better. Then about a year later I decided to write a radio version. Because it pays well. And it was then I came to realise that a writer can understand the meaning of his play more easily after he has written it than during the actual process of writing it. What I mean is, I had to understand the play in order to adapt it for radio. I got \$650 for writing that - which makes a good point, because I want to accentuate that a lot more effort has actually gone into the stage version. We've got a cast together who are willing to put their necks on the line, in that it's a full-time occupation for them; they spend five weeks rehearsing, four or five weeks performing, and it's a totally dubious return. They could either come out with nothing or slightly less, or anything up to ... I'll be honest, anything up to \$300. But to get back to the radio play - what I understood, I liked, and what's more, the majority of what I now understood had never occurred to me when I first wrote it. So anyway, the radio play was a lot better.

Then I decided it was about time I gave the play a production, and, prompted by the confusion of one or two people who had read the first draft I decided to re-write the play, to ensure that whatever confusion remained was



'Huffers' will be presented in conjunction with a lunchtime production of 'The Blooming of Mabel Howard', or a light-hearted look at the first female Cabinet minister in the British Commonwealth, and a Co-operative Workshop, which promises to cover 'Acting, Writing, Directing and Having a Good Time in the Theatre.'

'Huffers' will be in the Old Maid at 8pm on September 6, 7, 8 & 9.

'Mabel Howard' will be in the Little Theatre at 12.10pm and 1.00pm on September 7, 8 & 9.

positive and intentional. I think Huffers has turned into a worthwhile play, and I think it's funny. Whereas the first version was written without having the benefit of knowing what it was about, this newest version is a very positive and painstaking attempt at making theatrical sense of certain things that I believe in, and that I understood very thoroughly. And it still makes me laugh.

You are directing this play yourself... why?

A lot of people comment about that because of the old idea that a different director will bring a fresh new approach to the play. But what could be fresher and newer than a brand new play, never before been directed or performed, being directed by the playwright. It's hot off the press.

One of the things I've noticed with your directing is that you're discovering things in the play that obviously aren't there in the writing.

I think part of the reason for that is the co-operative system. I don't think that a co-operative system stops at the financial level - it's not just a matter of everyone mucking in and getting a share of the profits. It's also a matter of how you approach the play itself.

Just because I am the writer, the director, that's no reason for me to have the last word, or even the middle word, on any point. The actors are helping me discover what's in there, putting new perspectives on my work.

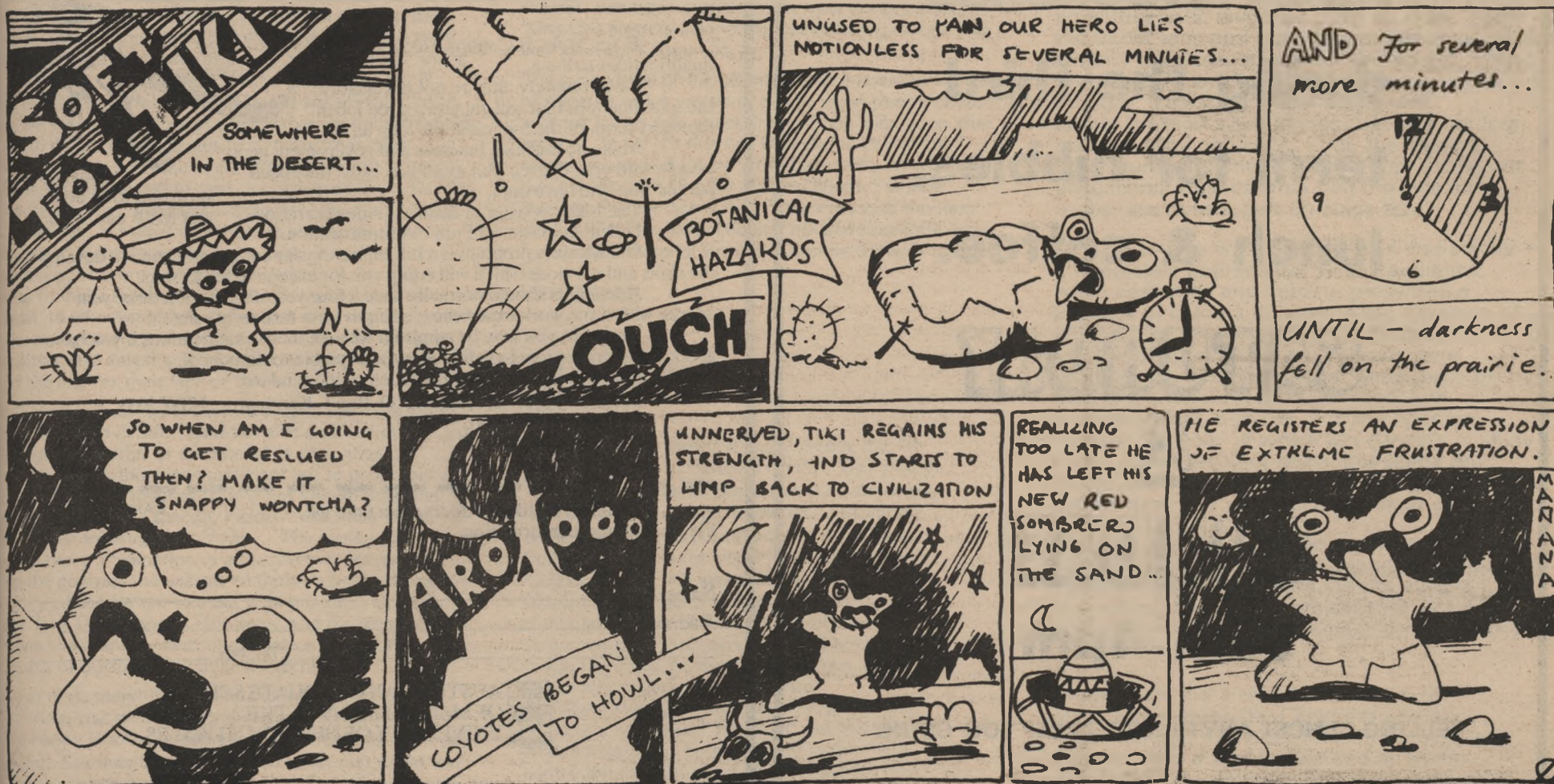
You are also acting in the play?

Yes, I believe so. Now again, people say, 'You can't act and direct at the same time'.

However, the structure of the play is very episodic - a lot of short scenes written in a revue-ish style, which means that as a director I can oversee just about the whole play in spite of the fact that I'm in it. When it comes to my scenes, again we work as a co-operative, so that I'm not the sole director/dictator; I have the help of seven other capable actors helping me come to grips with my part.

Where do all the various scenes come from in 'Huffers'? Well, about four years ago I wrote a small playlet entitled 'Six Characters In Search of an Otter', and it was received fairly well. We did it as a late nighter at Downstage. And about a year later a friend of mine wanted to put it on at Hutt Repertory. He had to show it to the committee of Hutt Rep., and they turned it down because they thought it was a salacious load of erotic and nasty nonsense, which surprised me no end. I responded by writing a scene which involved the Te Puke Drama Society turning down a production of one of my plays because it was the product of an unhealthy mind, and that bit found its way into 'Huffers' as the second scene.

Then there's the odd bit of stuff I wrote when I was at school, poetry and such, which I've chucked in for a bit of humorous mileage... kilometrage. And a scene entitled 'Take Two Eggs or the Master Cooker or a Manifesto for the Theatre', which I wrote instead of a first term assignment for the writing course of Drama 2. And surprisingly enough it found its way into 'Huffers', and what's more it's relevant and it interweaves into the plot.



The Fosters Saga

I met her at the Bonaparte Restaurant. She ordered a Dubonnet and talked about herself. She only ever drinks two at a lunch engagement, which is the best way to conduct an interview, an idea learnt from the Germans. Weighing 90 kilos (so say the papers and I don't dispute it), Colleen McCullough is a tall, red-headed Australian Catholic (her father was an Ulster Orangeman), who has an MSc (London) in neuropsychology and worked at Yale for 10 years.

In addition to this she is a multimillionaire, the result of her successful epic "Thorn Birds". Thus the interview with Craccum - her publicity man Tyrone Dark thought students might be interested to hear about her. Travelling for 18 months around the world to promote her book - 4 full weeks in plane travel hours - she justifies, with the predictable reply that it is an age old tradition to promote one's books; after all, Twain and Dickens did it, why not Colleen McCullough? There are responsibilities in such promotion too; so many people rely on her for their daily bread. She has even sold film rights with Robert Redford as the hero: - "that will be no good - Terence Stamp would be the best actor" for the part of the uncelibate but very successful Catholic priest.

The book was written at Yale and took a year while working full time. The "glory hunters" there, (aiming at the Nobel Prize - because they give up the phenomenal MD salary for research - what else could it be?) forced her to leave when "Thorn Birds" was published, because they thought she would put their indiscretions into a book. It was quite a shock then to find, that their assistant, whom they had neatly pigeonholed as a crazy Aussie spinster, was a "closet writer".

Her plans were to do nursing in England, the idea being that hospitals - "people are real there" - provide good material for writing (her bedside manner is good). The book was a success and she has found touring and meeting people equally good, as they expose themselves as she exposes herself in interviews. One of them, "a BBC bitch in Brisbane", didn't realise that the uncovering process is mutual and when our subject mentioned it she speedily cut off the interview.



"This is a novel of mind boggling fertilisation set in the extreme temps of the outback. Depiction of the natural wild-life, ie the thorn birds, is one of perceptive interpretation. Although one has to wade through miles of meaningless tirades of human saga to appreciate the new slant she places on Australian wildlife, Cobber!"

Colleen McCullough has been writing since she was five, but now she writes only "every five years. She will not write anything until all the info' collected travelling has been processed. The challenge of the romance was beaten in "Tim" and "Thorn Birds" was her "epic" effort. God knows what will be next. Although she does not follow the maxim of writing a few hours every day - 10 drafts for a novel is an achievement, I admit, but is it to be believed? When writing she never starts until she has the ending, and she always keeps it in mind - like chess you know.

On the subject of reading, she is crazy about Herman Brock (do tell me who he is), but can only read 3 pages of him at a time, because of the sadness which oozes out of the pages. You learn as much out of bad writing as out of good, so she reads a lot of rubbish. She says her book is good and that she has always got on with the "duchess to the charwoman", so I presume that her definition of 'good' is to appeal to the general public.

There is no doubt, she says, that books reflect one's personality and it seems from what I hear, that hers is a good reflection of herself. Surely it is herself that the critics are offended by when they hit her hard for emasculating her men and other such Freudian quips, and don't give her the constructive criticism she yearns for.

The topic of feminism came up. She feels that women who complain about men, shouldn't, because there is a woman behind every man as a mother. Women no longer, according to her, concentrate on the pleasures of mothering and their home responsibilities and, as a result, they are breeding a race of homosexuals. Her book traces the lives of three women - from grandmatriarch to colonial drudgery, to her daughter who has an affair with the priest. The granddaughter, Justine makes it as a career woman, an actress, and gets her man too, but he has to wait for 10 years. Colleen McCullough decided that he would have to be German because they are both tenacious and romantic. If you are unmarried at her age, you have known many men and you know such things. Male chauvinists don't go for her. I am not surprised.

So what now - she goes back to the USA to solve her personal problems; she is such an individualist that her friends often don't get on and fight over her favours. After a year of problem solving, she goes to Texas to teach creative writing - teaching is her first love. There she will return to the working world (never wanted to earn a living from writing!!) and relative obscurity; but as she said, she could never be that - the laugh and all, you know. I shall look forward to her next book - or shall I?

C.H.M.

COFFEE BAR

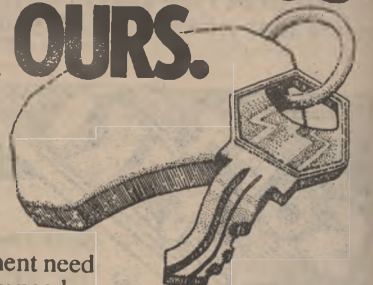
(OPPOSITE LIBRARY NEXT TO THEATRE !)

**open weekends
during the third
term for nibbles,
lunch & coffee.**

**SATURDAY
&
SUNDAY
9am-4pm**

SELLING ALMOST ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU GOING

THE BEST THING ABOUT YOUR DEGREE IS THAT IT MAY QUALIFY YOU TO TRY FOR OURS.



B.Sc.s, B.As, B.Comms, etc. are fine qualifications to have.

Unfortunately, they're not necessarily the qualifications that will get you a good job in the short term, or the top job in the long term.

Make no mistake, business and government need people with your degree. But more precisely, they need people who also have ours.

The MBA. Master of Business Administration. Or MPA. Master of Public Administration.

Our Masters program is a full time two year course, designed to develop the skills and methods which will equip you for executive leadership.

Applicants should normally have a four year degree; or a three year degree with some work experience; or equivalent tertiary studies.

However, you may be admitted without these qualifications if you have general and professional qualifications acceptable to the school.

Please complete the coupon below and send to:

Matthew Percival, AGSM, P.O. Box 1, Kensington, NSW 2033.
Or Tel: (02) 662 2600.

You'll be surprised what doors our MBA can open.

Dear Sir, I'd like all doors open unto me.
Please send more information.

CAM1124CRAC

Name: _____

Address: _____

Tel. No. _____



AUSTRALIAN GRADUATE SCHOOL
OF MANAGEMENT IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Reviews

'FALCONER'
JOHN CHEEVER
PENGUIN BOOKS

My initial impression of 'Falconer' was of another 'Cuckoo's Nest'. Falconer Reformatory is the new home for Farragut (fratricide, zip to ten 734-508-32) On his arrival he muses on his past inability to a free lay and hopes the prison has a ball team. 'Just so long as I can pitch a game I'll stay alive.'

As a heroin addict he receives a daily dose of methadone to break the habit. During these 'relief trips' Cheever is at his best, weaving a psychedelic memory trip on Farragut's part. His army service with his fear of landing barges 'whose mouths' opened onto little yellow men intent on shooting the shit out him'. This shambles of a marriage and pending divorce. Memories of an ardent love-making session with his wife after he has just cleaned up some dog's mess under the piano.

Farragut is non-committal about prison until he meets Jody, a con who is in for life on kidnapping, burglary and attempted murder. Jody's philosophy is quite simple 'So I ain't got no future, Farragut, and you ain't got no future either. So let's go down and wash up for chow'.....

When Jody later escapes by helicopter, disguised as a priest (it works, believe me!), Farragut rebels in a very simple way - he co-operates. He demands his rights, doesn't riot when everyone else does and eventually breaks the heroin and methadone trips.

The ending? Spend 2 dollars and find out. If you don't believe me, quoth Saul Bellow, 'Indispensable if you earnestly desire to know what is happening to the human soul in the U.S.A.'

M.A. STIRLING



CELESTIAL PASSENGERS
MARGARET SACHS & ERNEST JAHN
PENGUIN BOOKS

Hula-hoops, yo-yos, frisbees, skateboards, Batman, and Jaws, are all products of the US part of ANZUS. Good, bad or indifferent, none have done much good except to bring in a lot of profit for their respective developers. The Jaws hysteria of a few years ago was a little different from the skatehulayofrisbes, in that it was induced by a motion picture - but not much different in that it was still a craze that raked in a monumental profit, not forgetting the games, T-shirts, dolls, restaurants and the like that complimented it.

1978 would appear to be the year of the outer space movie. Close Encounters, Starwars and such trivia have been followed by a wave of books on space travel, ufo's, spontaneous combustion and little green meanies. If the numbers of these types of books are anything to go on, we are in the throes of yet another capitalist inspired plot to distract the populus from more important considerations and rake in a profit at the same time. Those who happened to read my review of Bruce Cathies two 'Harmonics' books will appreciate my admiration for the man. His ideas and theories are worthy of a screaming mention on the front page, in twelve inch headlines, of every newspaper in existence. He didn't write to make money quickly, but in an attempt to reveal, to whoever gave a damn, just what is going on in this world, country and city. I admire Cathie for these qualities, and detest grubs like Sachs, Jahn, Spielberg and the like for their lack of them.

In 'Celestial Passengers' Sachs and Jahn ejaculate a lot of secondhand-drivel, - sensationalist codswollop lacking in originality, drive or even belief in what they are writing. The authors lack sufficient gut to propound a few simple little theories. If it is not known what the result or cause of a specific incident was, they say so - 'still under investigation'-Yawn. The merest hint of speculation, imagination or enthusiasm is not evident, and the contrast this creates to Cathie's books drops the quality of the former to a par with phantom comics and 'True Confessions'. This book, and the splurge of others like it are beneath the attention of anyone capable of buttoning up their fly correctly.

If you must spend three dollars on some inspiring literature, would recommend Fanny Hill, Jan Cremer, The Happy Hooker or some such unedited and unabridged filth. Sex may be a craze, but it never dies down and whats better its generally free - the activity I mean, not the books.

PETER TOPZAND

GROWING UP IN NEW ZEALAND
JANE & JAMES RITCHIE
ALLEN & UNWIN \$5.95

Academics appear to be climbing down from their ivory towers if books such as this are typical. The Ritchies are both from the Department of Psychology at Waikato and they have managed to avoid the pretentious and long-minded terms which tend to pepper American sociological studies. Their conclusions appear to be based on solid research, using a wide variety of books and their own surveys, and for the conscientious student, the book is well footnoted, with references to more detailed information.

For the ordinary reader the text is fluid and very readable, being firmly based in reality rather than dealing with amorphous generalisations. This is perhaps because the authors were prepared to stop and discuss their conclusions about different aspects of New Zealand society with friends and neighbours while writing. Original comments from outsiders preface each chapter adding an individual perspective and giving a cross section of attitudes prevalent in the community. An example: 'My first secondary school year was my first experience of culture shock.... I remember feeling totally confused by the system and the massive buildings.'

The book moves chronologically through the various stages of development, from birth to retirement and old age, and surveys the different influences on parents and children -- television, the whys and wherefores of drugs, sex roles and so on. While not intended as a step by step guide for parents, the book could be valuable in helping them understand their motivations and tasks a little more.

The Ritchies conclude that, barring a few inconsistencies such as the 'savagery with which New Zealand males react to homosexuals', there is some basis for the smugness and complacency many New Zealanders have cocooned themselves in. In all, 'Growing Up In New Zealand' -- from the uncurling ponga frond on its over, to the last sentences which claim that New Zealanders are 'becoming more relaxed, looser, more easy-going(and) are growing up' -- gives some insight into an unravelling of the New Zealand character, buried for so long in self-conscious stammerings.

E.S.

LIBBY TITUS
CBS

If Libby Titus had been born a New Zealander she would probably be a very successful cabaret singer. CBS, along with such big names as Robbie Robertson of 'The Band', Carly Simon and Paul Simon, have given her the chance to spread her talents a little further - and a good thing too. Besides being a good singer Libby Titus writes her own lyrics to a few of the tracks on this album - tracks which probably best conform to the description of cabaret. Her tastes extend to the Cole Porter classic 'Miss Otis Regrets' and to the more recent, though still well known, 'Kansas City'.

The main virtue of this album is that it contains the sort of material which can be so boring when poorly done, without falling into a repetition of one 'nice' song after another. There is a fine line between what is simply cabaret music and Libby Titus' debut album. Although I don't think she's as good as Carly Simon I will be interested to see how Libby Titus does with her next album. With one album behind her and hopefully some more varied material she could well be the next Carly.

KEN GRACE

BAT OUT OF HELL
MEATLOAF
CBS

A debut album strong enough to raise the Titanic by enough to flatten Everest? This is what CBS are saying about the album by a previously unknown group called 'Meatloaf'. 'Meatloaf' is the two hundred pound vocalist front man, born in Dallas, Texas into a family of Southern Gospel singers. He was the lead singer for Ted Nugent on his highly successful 'Free For All' a gold and platinum record. He left Nugent to go into the 'National Lampoon Show' and it was there that he met Jim Stienman, and ideas for an album began to materialise. Jim Steinman had composed enough material to make a record and 'Meatloaf' was the sort voice he wanted. An album was begun, with contributions from well-known musicians like Max Weinburg and Roy Biltam from the E Street Band. Edgar Winters saxophone is also featured and the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia Orchestras are tasteful, incorporated in

'For Crying Out Loud'. Todd Rundgren played a bit of guitar, engineered, mixed and produced the album so his contribution cannot be underestimated.

So 'Bat Out of Hell' has all the trappings you'd normally find on the third or fourth album, by a group that had already enjoyed huge success and could now afford to spend lots of money on self-indulgent rubbish. But 'Meatloaf' are not self-indulgent and 'Bat Out of Hell' is not rubbish. It's the sort of album that will keep the likes of CBS, Radio Hauraki, undernourish-Kansas fans and the bubble gum masses happy.

The album is not without merit however. The illustration on the record cover depicts a man on his motor cycle bursting through his grave-stone and soaring skyward. It is a superb illustration and my biggest disappointment was that the song 'Bat Out of Hell' does not live up to this image on the cover. Unfortunately this is the case throughout most of the album. The music lacks something, it borrows from all areas but has nothing to contribute itself. There are some very fine moments with Todd Rundgren on guitar, and Edgar Winter's saxophone is superb - but alas these moments are short-lived.

CBS is certain it has hatched a winner; it has sunk a lot of money into 'Meatloaf' and is sure to get a lot more back. But those boys are not the new Led Zeppelin and Jim Steinman is not the new Bob Dylan ... and if the Titanic is to be raised and Everest flattened methinks it will take more than 'Meatloaf'.

GLENN WHITE



THE RUBBER LEGS & JELLY BELLIES SHOW
MOVEMENT THEATRE & TRUNK FOOLS OLD MAID, AUG 28-30

Children can present an extremely demanding audience; they are easily moved to boredom, fright or rapture, and are rarely either silent or still. It takes a fine understanding to gauge the level of your audience without appearing patronising or infantile.

In this Movement Theatre succeeded, and drew an enthusiastic response from all sides: both the under tens and the over ten year olds were won by their casual warmth and charm, open mobile faces and expressions, and lighthearted humour. 'Fashion Parade' saw a wry appreciation of adult games that was not lost on a youthful audience, while the 'Banana Cake' number came across with an exuberant selfconsciousness that had the kids all eagerness to take part on stage too.

Dance routines were simple, bold and catchy -- immediately appreciable by any audience, while costumes and lighting presented a pageant of colours to capture the attention of any restless primary schooler. Particularly enjoyable for simple visual effects were 'Bubbles', where, to a tender Satie piece of music, the whole stage area filled with iridescent soap bubbles, and the opening number 'Wheels' in which the dancers in shiny clown costumes shot across the stage on skates, scooters and skateboards against the background of a magnificent orange sky.

The only drawbacks to the show were that the first half went on just a little long for a youthful audience and the dancers did not always appreciate the need to project their voices above the chatter of precocious theatre critics among the children.

Trunk Fools did a shirt introduction of cheerfully incompetant juggling and aby demonstrated that both they and Movement Theatre have a zest for life and an open, simplistic style which makes them especially gifted to capture the childrens' theatre audiences.

K. G. W.

More Reviews

DIRTY LINEN / NEWFOUNDLAND
TOM STOPPARD
MERCURY 2

Playwright Tom Stoppard is by now the unchallenged paragon of comedy in the English language; indeed, the comments of press and public in his praise have at times been even more extravagant than a line from one of his own plays. The standard of wit, word play and absurdity does not falter -- it barely pauses long enough to take either the audience or the characters seriously. That is to say, 'Dirty Linen' concerns the meeting of a Select Committee investigating the moral standard of the British House of Commons ('Someone is going through the ranks like a lawnmower in knickers'), while 'Newfoundland' is inserted as an incidental piece, a small and singularly ineffective advisory group on an application for naturalisation by an American. The MPs portrayed are all Types, who would no doubt be recognised with delight by any British voter; exuberantly written, they nevertheless stop subtly, just short of caricature. Regional accents are as diverse as the variations on the three-piece-suit-and-tie, and the collection of newspaper headlines displayed is intriguing indeed.

Mercury has a well-established tradition, and following, of Stoppard plays -- 'Dirty Linen/ Newfoundland' makes their fourth Stoppard production, and the first to be performed in Mercury 2. Disappointingly, previous experience does not seem to have been any aid in coming to grips with this, his newest play. More than a few of Stoppard's virtuoso utterances came out with the conviction of an imperfectly mastered tongue twister and (perhaps suited to a gathering of MPs), the pace and verve of the proceedings seemed to lag at times.

The central figure to the play in, indeed, more ways than one, is that of Miss Madeleine Gotobed, a typist whose promotion to Clerk of Proceedings has been earned less by her proficiency than by her good looks and willingness to live up to her name. Although the excellently

displayed proportions of Liddy Holloway were well-suited to the part, her manner did not quite approach the genuine gush and glamour of a woman who has titillated almost the entire House of Commons, but instead bordered on that more truly British image, of the stiff but sympathetic secretary.

Nevertheless, two performances were particularly notable and entertaining: Elizabeth McRae as Mrs Ebury, and Richard Howard as Arthur, whose studied revelation of his sheriff's badge formed one of the most ludicrous, and appealing, parts of the play.

Quibbles of production aside, 'Dirty Linen/ Newfoundland' remains an extremely amusing play, which carries on with a style and discretion that the actual Carry On team could never achieve, dear as the subject might be to their hearts.

K.G.W.

CLEVELAND QUARTET
AUCKLAND CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL AUGUST 15

It's chamber music night in the Town Hall. Yes, you can tell. They've drawn that hideous grey curtain across the choir seats and a floral 'creation' vies for attention with seats and stands arranged centre stage. House lights black suddenly and concert-goers take advantage of this period of expectation to cram two hours' worth of coughing and spluttering into fifteen seconds. Applause, and enter the Cleveland Quartet, a highly acclaimed six-year-old string quartet on its first tour of New Zealand.

Mendelssohn's first string quartet (chronologically his second) in E flat began the

programme. The Cleveland Quartet's treatment of the fresh and charming principal theme of the Allegro immediately established the salient features of this fine ensemble. Perhaps the most prominent of these is the distinctive tone of the group; rich and elegant, yet with a sprightliness and delicacy that was especially apparent in the Allegretto. There is also understanding between the players, perhaps the most important attribute a string quartet can have.

Beethoven's last quartet, No. 16 in F, opus 135, ended the first half. The last piece but one that he wrote, this quartet does not have the same sublime and emotionally demanding elements of the five quartets that precede it; and yet, in its own way, it comes very close to perfection -- especially in the third movement, the Lento. This was the highlight of the concert for me. The beautiful and mellow quality of the Cleveland's playing complemented perfectly the serenity and simplicity of Beethoven's writing. Anything after this must seem an anti-climax, yet the finale, with its lively rhythmic melodies assured the Quartet of an enthusiastic reception from the audience. Debussy's only string quartet was the last item on the programme. This quartet gave the Cleveland a fine opportunity to show the individual proficiencies of the four players, especially the viola and 'cello in the Andante. The finale was given the vibrant and exciting treatment it deserves.

The Cleveland Quartet gave one encore, the Adagio from Prokofiev's second quartet. This movement, based on a hauntingly beautiful melody was a perfect end to the evening, epitomising the Cleveland's delicacy and elegance of ensemble and tone.
Q.C. MAXWELL-JACKSON

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

Work in America these holidays

Your Student Travel Centre can make a popular dream come true -- the dream of discovering America and what makes this land of plenty tick.

These holidays, you can do just this.

Because of the work provisions of the Exchange Visitors Programme, hundreds of New Zealand Students each year, have managed to meet the cost of the trip and save enough to see them through the following year.

Student Travel gives you the chance to get to know America far better than would be possible as a tourist.

Your Student Travel Centre makes it all possible

Your Student Travel Centre and similar student organisations throughout the world have devised the Exchange Visitor Programme.

This allows you to explore life in a different environment with maximum freedom and at minimum cost.

Your Student Travel Centre will fly you to Los Angeles on a flight programme for the cheapest fare possible.

The sponsor organisation will put you on the right track to find the job and accommodation that best suits you.

Orientation courses, designed to give up-to-date information about all aspects of your working holiday will be run prior to departure and on arrival.

What you need

First, you need \$793.60 to cover the airfare, travel tax, insurance and Exchange Visitor Programme costs.

The Exchange Visitor Programme cost includes programme administration, airport

transfer in Los Angeles, one night's accommodation in that city, including two meals.

Second, you'll need the initiative and will to get the most from what your American experience will offer.

What kind of jobs

In a working situation, students become familiar with aspects of American society from unique and valuable vantage points.

The jobs usually involve unskilled labour in hotels, restaurants, service stations, offices and on farms although students have found jobs in many other situations.

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

"After a couple of days in Salt Lake City we both found jobs, as a waitress in one case, and working in a department store in the other. We stayed three weeks in Salt Lake City.

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.

Whilst in the United States we earned enough during the three weeks we worked to live on during our stay and spent the money we took with us from New Zealand to purchase clothes etc."

Your I.S.I.C. is the key to Student Travel

Wherever you go in America, your International Student Identity Card must go with you.

It will save you cash with all the various concessions it will entitle you to.

There is 10 to 50% discount on entrance

to some museums, historical sites, concert halls, theatres and cinemas.

There are varying discounts in retail stores and restaurants and in some hotels. There is even a reduced price for membership in the National Rich Centre, a domestic hitch-hiking service.

Apply to your Student Travel Centre for your Card.

Do it now

It is important that you see your Student Travel Centre as soon as possible.

The closing date for applications for the American work-exchange programme is

Monday, 18th September, because of U.S. immigration requirements.

You can travel to Los Angeles between the 30th of October and the 3rd of December this year.

See us soon about your American working holiday.

Check out your Student Travel Centre soon
Auckland, Top Floor, Student Union. PH 375-265
Massey, 1st Floor, Student Centre. PH 80-354
Victoria, 1st Floor, University Union. PH 722-884
Canterbury, 1st Floor, Student Union. PH 486-507
Otago, Top Floor, University Union. PH 75-911
Hamilton, The Cowshed. PH 69-139



SPOKES
STEWART
NEW INDE
A friend o
U.S.S.R. ir
in Ireland.
invades Ir
embarrassi
simply as
certain ext
need to be
complex a
problem.
The main
Spokeson
represent
necessaril
Many wou
morally bo
political is
Spokeson
molotov c
to offer an
primarily
comedy. A
central sym
human' m
disappear
Parker ma
between t
bike-shop
violence o
cuts: when
we are tol
ough des
is not in th
description
one of the
have hear
course, pr
pleasant.
is that it c
without se
have evac
undoubte
on Ireland
Unfortuna
of disast
director R
made the
of the play
commenta
by a singe
seems to
not surpr
were ragge
because, c
commend
less smoo
and Sheila
in eloquen
convinced
her accen
Dublin an
Overall th
Independ
The irony
Brecht an
however,
recapture
PAUL STO

treatment
heme of
he salient
s the
ctive tone
th a
pecially
so
perhaps
quartet

opus 135,
one that
he same
elements
d yet, in
perfection
e Lento.
or me.
e
rfectly
en's
an
y
t of an
ce.
last item
the
he
vers,
dante.
xciting

e, the
st. This
utiful
ng,
nd

SPOKESONG STEWART PARKER NEW INDEPENDANT

A friend of mine was travelling through the U.S.S.R. in 1970 when trouble flared up (again) in Ireland. The Pravda headline read: England invades Ireland. What makes this particularly embarrassing is our inability to dismiss this simply as a piece of soviet double-think. To a certain extent, Pravda was right. You don't need to be told by a theatre columnist how complex and seemingly insoluble is the Irish problem.

The main difficulty of plays such as 'Spokesong' is how they can adequately represent this confusion. There is nothing necessarily wrong in a dramatist taking sides. Many would even claim that the play-wright is morally bound to adopt some definite bias on political issues. If this is your viewpoint, then 'Spokesong' would not have been your molotov cocktail at all. Not only does it refuse to offer any practical solutions, it works primarily on the level of - horrors! - romantic comedy. And it works brilliantly. The play's central symbol is the bicycle; a nostalgic, 'human' memento of days that look like disappearing completely.

Parker maintains a razor-sharp balance between the world of the amiable, ineffectual bike-shop proprietor Frank Stock and the violence of the 'real' world. At times the razor cuts: when the local petshop is blown up and we are told it is raining 'cats and dogs', we laugh despite ourselves. Elsewhere, the horror is not in the least absurd; merely chilling. The description of the immolation of the pet-dog is one of the nastiest stage accounts of violence I have heard since 'Savages'. But then, of course, present-day Ireland is scarcely pleasant. 'Spokesong's' greatest achievement is that it can present its guarded optimism without seeming to have loaded the dice, or to have evaded the reality of the situation. It is undoubtedly one of the best pieces of theatre on Ireland since Brendan Behan's heyday.

Unfortunately, the production was little short of disastrous. Much of the blame must lie with director Roy Hope whose sluggish pacing made the first half seem interminable. And one of the play's best features, a very droll musical commentary, was almost completely botched by a singer who did not know the words. This seems to have affected the rest of the cast, (not surprisingly); cues were slow, entrances were ragged. All of which was a real pity because, essentially, the acting had much to commend it. In those scenes that went more or less smoothly, David Charteris as Frank Stock and Sheila Summers as Kitty Carberry turned in eloquent performances. Cathy Peters also convinced as the local school-teacher, although her accent hovered somewhere between Dublin and Boston.

Overall this was not one of the New Independent's more impressive productions. The irony is that it should have been. With Brecht and Stoppard plays forthcoming, however, the theatre should be able to recapture any lost ground.

PAUL STONE



The unfortunate lad and the villain's accomplice in 'Sweeney Todd'

PATRICK O'BYRNE & MARY O'BRIEN OLD MAID AUGUST 6

A largish audience was treated to a delightful recital of piano/ violin music on Sunday August 6 in the Maidment Theatre. Patrick O'Byrne (piano), in his last appearance in this country before leaving for further studies overseas, was joined in this benefit concert by fellow Dublin-born musician Mary O'Brien (violin) for the performance of sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven and Debussy.

Mr O'Byrne is an extremely fine pianist, as evidenced from the start by his precise and yet fluent playing in the Mozart sonata K296. The violin part of this work, one of the first in which the composer placed the two instruments on an equal level of importance, was ably performed - although perhaps a little more thought could have gone into the problem of balance, so difficult to achieve with the powerful modern Grand.

Mrs O'Brien came into her own with some inspired playing during the Debussy sonata. Possessing a fine tone and a polished technique, she was especially impressive in the more vigorous statements of the work.

The final performance on the programme was of the well-known Beethoven 'Kreutzer' sonata, and it was this work that saw the two musicians really mesh into one, highly-energised unit. The overpowering Adagio sostenuto introducing the first movement, the grace and beauty of the Andante variations, the Presto finale with its darting rhythms, all held the audience in rapt attention.

As an encore Mr O'Byrne and Mrs O'Brien played a little piece by Prokofiev, the icing on a remarkable and enjoyable cake.

DAVID JAYASURIYA

SWEENEY TODD RAYMOND HAWTHORNE THEATRE CORPORATE

Remember Sweeney Todd, the demon barber of Fleet Street? The one who kept Mistress Lovett across the street supplied with all the materials for her most delicious pork pies?? This is melodrama in the best traditions of Victoriana, with stirring musical renditions at the pianoforte, performed by the requisite man in waist coat, introductions of all the cast before the performance begins, a stirring British hero and his true love (a fine match for the truly evil machinations of the villainous Sweeney Todd), and a happy ending.

Melodramas under the direction of my old school drama teacher were a painful endurance; melodrama under the direction of Raymond Hawthorne, and with another exemplary performance by the Corporate actors, is a delight. In what is obviously becoming a Corporate penchant for the macabre, 'Sweeney Todd' is a satisfyingly bloodthirsty little story, originally presented in London in 1847; something that everyone can enjoy and get their teeth into. One way or another.

There are three protracted agonising deaths (but no blood), and some truly eery scenes in the second half -- in the madhouse and following the desperate escape of Sweeney Todd from the courthouse. Some classic performances: from Sydney Jackson as Jonas Fogg, the gruesome keeper of the asylum, Liam Sweeney as Sir William Brandon, the tipsy judge, and Ellen Freeman as the boy, poor but honest, Tobias Ragg. The costumes are magnificent - full rustling skirts, watchchains and waistcoats abound, and Todd's monstrous (barbarous?) chair dominates the simple stage set. Do go and see it ... and then try eating one of the Caf pies.

K.G.W.

STUDENT UNION RESTAURANT



NEW MENU

Grilled Rump Steak & Cafe de Paris	\$2.50	Chef's Daily Special (Always a Pleasant Surprise)	Priced Daily
Grilled Sirloin Steak	2.50		1.70
Scotch Fillet & Red Wine Sauce	2.90	Vegetarian Salad	40
		Desserts (As chosen by our Chef to consistently arouse your interest)	
Ham Hawaiian Steak & Pineapple Glaze	2.50	Cheese & Biscuits	30
½ Roast Spring Chicken	2.90	Fruit Juice	30
		Additional Coffee	20
Sole Meuniere - Pan Fried in Butter	2.75	Inclusive with Your Meal	
Crumbed Flounder & Crab Filling with Hollandaise Sauce	2.90	Bread Roll	
Crumbed Oysters & Tartare Sauce	2.90	Side Salad or Vegetables in Season	
		French Fried Potatoes	
		A Cup of Coffee	

OPEN

TERM :

MON - THURS 5 PM - 8
FRI 4.30 - 8

VACATION :

MON - FRI 4.30 - 7.45

BRING YOUR OWN WINE

WAY TO GO

Bank of New Zealand for overseas travel funds

The only way to travel overseas is via your nearest Bank of New Zealand Branch. That way you'll find things a whole lot easier. We can provide you with travellers cheques in any of the major currencies of the world. If you want to transfer cash ahead, we can help you apply for the appropriate Reserve Bank permits and advise you on the latest regulations.

We'll be pleased to arrange letters of introduction through our overseas contacts.

If you'd like more information on your overseas fund requirements or financial matters, call at the BNZ Campus Branch and arrange for a chat with the Accountant, Geoff Harrop. He'll be very pleased to help. Or ring him direct on 774-024 or 774-097.



Full banking services at the

Bank of New Zealand

Campus Branch, Old Student Union Building

Dear Diary...

SHIT – and so the third term starts with your correspondent doing his best to cope with a typewriter which seems to want to alternate between printing red and black letters (you can't see this of course so you'll just have to imagine the effect) as the staff of CRACCUM hang visibly over after that great debauch that is the August vacation. But seriously it's September and Awful October and Neurotic November approach relentlessly – thud, thump, scream as the footfall of their myriad days march nearer then recede into the opaque narcosis of oblivion; each day a stillborn infant in the inane annals of annulled esperance... Tedium unceasing yet increases till the tone of time is shrill, unbearable, tense-timbred in the wastes of sterile advent; rude rogation's shock stings sharply betokening exhumations of dead memory's dross, extraneous exclamations – EXAMINATIONS... MERRY CHRISTMAS... NEW ZEALAND THE WAY YOU WANT IT... ONE SMALL STEP FOR MANKIND... (The typewriter has begun to print purple; I'll go away for a minute and let it cool down.) Those of you who may be suffering pangs of conscience about not having been near Campus over the vac will no doubt be pleased to know that the bullshit has been continuing and diversifying apace culminating in an international fertiliser conference in the Lower (or was it Upper) Lecture theatre – I'm quite unreliably informed that Wombat droppings are currently in vogue across the Tasman, but then, as with most such claims, don't take it as gospel until it appears in HARPERS & QUEEN. I refrain from mentioning that well-known parliamentary wit FRANK GILL this week as I'm sure that most people are sick of hearing about him as AIR COMMODORESS MRS GILL must surely be by now (Oops!... I didn't say that.)

PAUL STONE said would I give a subtle plug to his production of JOHN CURRY's 'THE DUST BEHIND THE DOOR' which opens at NEW INDEPENDENT on Wednesday. There ya go mate, owzat?



ET MAINTENANT, LES CARTES POSTALES QUI CHANTENT... Tuesday 5 YOUNG SOCIALISTS – "Defending Women's Rights", Tues, 1 pm Exec Lounge. (Of interest to female members of the National Party i.e. half of the library staff?)

AND NOW, RECENT FILMS ON ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIA (presented by the Anthropology Dept) in B28. Saturday 9, 2 pm MOURNING FOR MANGATOPI, GOODBYE OLD MAN. 8 PM FLOATING. Sunday 10, 2 Pm MALBANKA COUNTRY, CONISTON MUSTER. 8 pm WE STOP HERE, PROTECTED.

MAIDMENTED! LOWER LECTURE THEATRE: Thursday 7 September, 1.00 p.m. 1978 INAUGURAL LECTURES: "Lessons from a Developing Country", Professor J. L. Woodward, Electrical Engineering.

KENNETH MAIDMENT THEATRE Wednesday 6, Thursday 7, Friday 8 & Saturday 9 September, 8.00 p.m. "HUFFERS" – is a breath-taking comedy by Michael Wilson. Eight professional actors present this swiftly paced phantasmogoria of N.Z. life. The Layers family till the soil; make love; face-up to, or run away from, life's problems; discover the new life and learn to live with their past. Limited season after their successful 3 week run at the Unity, Wellington. Tickets \$3.00; Students \$2.00. Bookings Taste Records. Friday 8 September, 1.00 p.m. Conservatorium of Music present a lunchtime concert. Admission free.

LITTLE THEATRE Monday 4, Tuesday 5 and Wednesday 6 September, "An Alter Experience" – An exhibition of new-wave dadaism culminating in Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience. A conceptual presentation by Tony Mattson. Wednesday 6 September, 1.00 p.m. Tony Mattson reads his Poetry. Admission free. Tuesday 5 September, 1.00 p.m. "Different Strokes" and "Exploded Bicycle". Two Theatre pieces by Ian Montanjees. In the former he moves, sounds, paints and uses speaking masks in presenting two characters whose ways of doing things are quite different. "Exploded Bicycle" takes a closer look at a bicycle in a way which is not theatrical but has dramatic qualities. Admission free. Thursday 7, Friday 8 & Saturday 9 September, 12 noon – 1.00 p.m. and 1.00 p.m. – 2.00 p.m. "THE BLOOMING OF MABEL HOWARD" performed by the Bodge Theatre. A lighthearted dramatisation of the Commonwealth's first woman Cabinet Minister – a thoroughly colourful Political character who waved pink bloomers around.

HUNGRY?

FEELING HUNGRY AFTER 10p.m. WEDS TO SATS?

THEN CALL IN AT THE

YILDIZLAR RESTAURANT

(SWANSON TOWERS BEHIND ST PATRICKS CATHEDRAL, LOWER FEDERAL ST.)

FOR A \$4 PER HEAD SMORGASBORD

FROM 10p.m. ONWARDS

BRING YOUR OWN WINE

LIVE PIANO MUSIC & BACKGROUND DANCING MUSIC

RESERVATIONS

PHONE 773-396

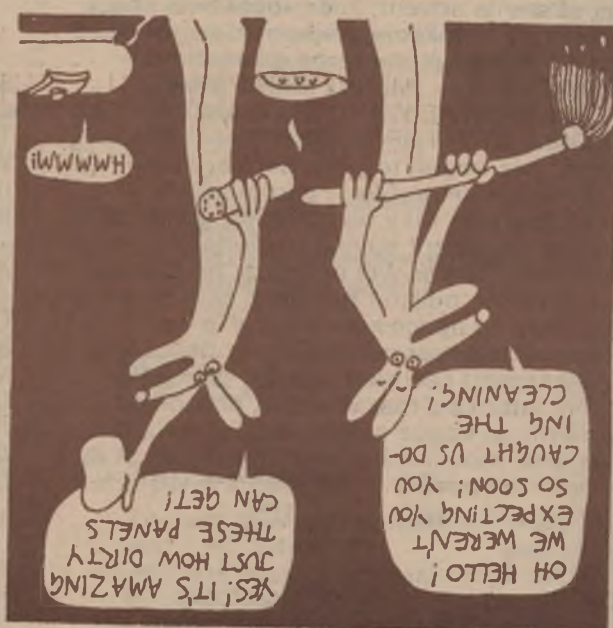
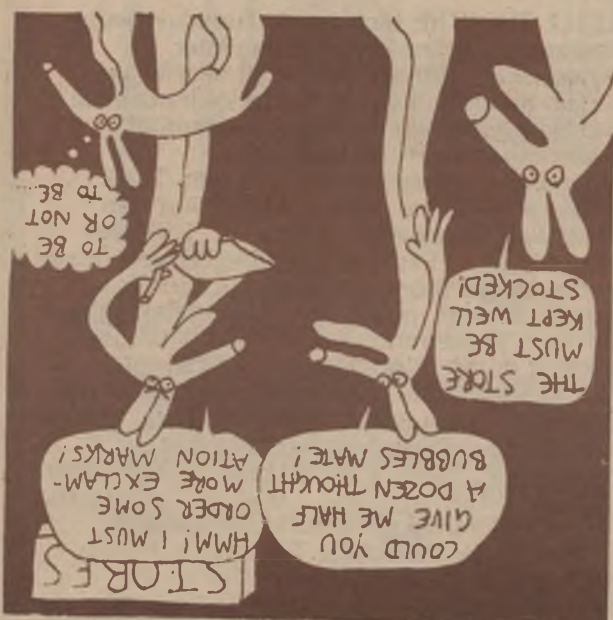


Yildizlar restaurant

SWANSON TOWERS (BEHIND ST PATRICKS CATHEDRAL) LOWER FEDERAL STREET

REMEMBER — ONLY 100 CAN BE ADMITTED

LET THEM GAGGUM GOVERNMENT



Election v
However,
the lolly s
governme
under inc
than the a
lisiation a
imperativ
that Parli
most basi
away with
With the
we now h
in the wo
clinic was
their goal
to obtain
The Act
Day. It m
preg nanc
to the ph
other gro
woman is
under car
Women f
rictions.
get an ab
possible
A woman
refers her
must be a
two have
must also
are to ma
The Abor
isters the
procedur
a. allow t
decision-
b. allow
to interv
c. drop th
abortion
woman's
These am
nature of
the docto
easing of
of the c.
amendm
ground f
But there
percenta
foetal ab
abortion
with doc
required
But there
right to a
children
jobs thro
ities easi
work. Ag
they are
And wor
if they h
As none
law, wom
to get a l
futile pro
Australia
they can
But it is
that has
also the
has beco
of the pc
want to s
was the l
it was rec
effectivel

3/18/95
C88

REAL LIBRARY

4 SEP 1978

CITY OF AUCKLAND