

CRACCUM

A Day At The Airport



The visit of Dr Mochtar Kusumaatmadja, Indonesian Minister of Foreign Affairs, for talks with the New Zealand Government raises several questions. Firstly, Dr Mochtar is on his way to a meeting of the United Nations where the issue of East Timor will come under consideration. Members of the Campaign for an Independent East Timor feel that among other things Dr Mochtar will be trying to gain New Zealand's support for the Indonesian case at the forthcoming UN inquiry into East Timor. If any Indonesian move to obtain UN ratification of its takeover of East Timor is successful, this will spell disaster both for Fretilin and the people of East Timor as a whole.

Indonesia is interested in East Timor for a number of reasons, both economic and strategic. Indonesia is not concerned with the welfare of the East Timorese people, only with furthering its own imperialist policy. This policy involves the waging of colonialist wars in East Timor and Irian Jaya to keep together the now defunct Portugese empire in Asia.

At this stage Indonesia has been unable to secure East Timor as a colony because of a vigorous guerilla war being waged by Fretilin. Indonesian troops have met with success on the low coastal areas and in the major cities with tactics reminiscent of the Vietnam war - mobile ground forces backed up by overwhelming air superiority. In the mountains it has been a different story. A highly organised resistance movement has successfully adopted the guerilla tactics of the North Vietnamese during that war and kept the Indonesian forces at bay. This state of affairs may not persist for much longer because the Fretilin forces do not have the support China gave the North Vietnamese financially and militarily - Fretilin has refused to align itself with communist block countries.

Also, if the UN ratifies Indonesian action in East Timor a huge escalation in the war there can reasonably be expected because the last check on Indonesian imperialism will have gone. The Indonesians are particularly interested in the coffee growing areas in the mountains of East Timor - the Fretilin stronghold.

Secondly why has the Government welcomed Dr Mochtar as an honoured guest, who will be allowed to give the Indonesian version of events in East Timor, while only a couple of weeks ago it refused to allow Jose Ramos Horta the United Nations representative of the Democratic Republic of East Timor into the country to give the views of the group he represents at the UN? Several unconvincing reasons were given by the Government for this blatant double standard.

The fact remains that many New Zealanders would like to know what is happening in East Timor. Attempts by the UN and the International Red Cross to gain access to East Timor to assess the situation there, have been thwarted by the Indonesian Government. Garry Cunningham, the last New Zealand reporter to travel freely in East Timor is believed to have been killed by Indonesian troops on October 16 1975. All other attempts to obtain information on East Timor have been similarly unsuccessful.

Dr Mochtar arrived at Auckland International Airport at 10.20am on Sunday September 17. This is a day that will long be remembered by the 50 protesters who were at Auckland Airport to show Dr Mochtar that contrary to popular belief New Zealand is not, as yet, morally bankrupt.

*Left wind south, cold
glove-starved hand placard chafed, weary
yet dedicated watching
white hat, blue uniform to boot
in the warmth.*

Serge surveying

*Warmed we emerge, from
the Skyline caf, by
coffee and complacent smiles of
Jet Set in their ways
we chant and spread the warmth
in angry bursts.*

*Eight feet of fern green wall
behind which lurks a DC10, with
Indonesian smuggled, from
the sheepskin warmth of a
first class cabin
we yell and wave our banners*

*Roger bounds
roof and wall, pursued,
shouting
cameras focus arrest assured
'security' prevails.*

*Our leaflets are so much in demand
the authorities want them all for themselves.*

J.G.

A bus left the Auckland University Students Union at 8.45 am filled with demonstrators and the standard demonstration paraphernalia of posters and placards. After an uneventful trip to the Airport we arrived at 9.20 am (the ETA of Dr Mochtar) to be greeted by two of New Zealand's finest who were at pains to tell demonstrators that they couldn't go into the terminal building. It was then learned that Dr Mochtar's flight would not be arriving till 10.20 am.

At this stage some people were distributing leaflets both inside and outside the building about Dr Mochtar's visit and had the first run-in of the day with Traffic Security (Airport Police). They were told that they couldn't distribute leaflets in or outside the Airport building because there was some obscure by-law against it. Outside other demonstrators had formed a picket

A delegation headed by Philip Soljak (Acting President of the Auckland Branch of the United Nations Association) and Evan Audley (Auckland Co-ordinator of the Campaign for an Independent East Timor) sought permission to give Dr Mochtar a letter signed by themselves and several other people including Amnesty International, Greenpeace, and CARE representatives. Among other things this letter demanded that Indonesia allow the UN and International Red Cross into East Timor to assess the situation there and that Indonesia accept the need for an alternative settlement in East Timor. Traffic Security told the delegation that the letter could be placed on the noticeboard that Dr Mochtar would pass on his arrival and that was the best they could do. The delegation could not present it personally.



One demonstrator who was handing out leaflets was hassled by Traffic Security and told that 'getting the commies out of East Timor was the best thing that could have happened. You should be thinking of settling down and getting a home and family - not demonstrating.' This is typical of the histrionics rabid McCarthyites resort to when confronted by a situation outside their limited view of New Zealand as the centre of the universe. Unable to formulate a balanced opinion on emotive issues they jump on whatever ideological bandwagon is handy and go along for the ride, without ever understanding the issues involved.

About this time things started to get a bit heated as the Traffic Security, in its infinite wisdom, decided to confiscate the leaflets. No one was impressed by this action and negotiations were entered into with the Traffic Security officers to allow people to distribute leaflets at least outside the terminal. Some people become rather vocal about the denial of basic rights (like freedom of speech) and continued to distribute leaflets to show that they refused to be intimidated and would rather go down fighting for the values in which they believed. Traffic Security realised the error of their ways and turned a blind eye rather than provoke a group of very agitated protesters.

A growing sense of frustration was felt when it was learnt that Traffic Security had the situation well in hand because no one was going to see Dr Mochtar not even television, radio, or newspaper journalists. So much for freedom of the press. The plan was for Dr Mochtar to transfer from an international flight to a domestic one by means of the internal security system, without so much as setting foot on New Zealand soil. That honour was reserved for Wellington. So we didn't see Dr Mochtar and he didn't see us but we hope he heard us or, at least, about us.

But that wasn't the end, by any means. Minister of Immigration Frank Gill, was seen lurking about but he soon hit the toe when demonstrators started to move to the apron fence to hoist their placards aloft. One demonstrator was so carried away by his sense of the futility of it all, that he climbed up onto the roof and hoisted three banners aloft while shouting 'Free East Timor' as he ran pursued by you-know-who. Eventually, the forces of law and order prevailed and he was carted away. It was a pity things had to get to such a stage but all attempts to get the message to Dr Mochtar were thwarted by the grim efficiency of the Traffic Security.

The most heartening thing about the whole day, apart from a sense of having the strength of at least one conviction was the response of the media and the public. When people took leaflets many expressed a genuine desire to know more about East Timor. Public interest in East Timor can only increase while Dr Mochtar is here unless he is completely isolated from the press. No doubt he will have plenty to say about East Timor and the tragedy of the situation is that there is no reliable basis on which to challenge him because Jose Ramos Horta was not allowed into the country to speak, and Indonesia won't let the world know what is happening there. One can't escape the conclusion that maybe they have something to hide!

C.M.

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.

BIGOTRY UNBOUND

Dear Editor,
In reply to THE MINORITY ? by Puzzled. Although I have not performed a statistically sound survey I did bother to question students who did not vote in the student election (all of whom are persons I know from lectures) and a unanimous reply of 'what is the use of voting no confidence' was given. To vote no confidence and then to not have the vote counted as valid is equivalent to giving the person the vote and telling them how not to use it (because if you use it that way it will not influence the outcome ie by voting no confidence). Surely this is the equivalent of not having the right to vote in South Africa ?

As for abortions, the main issue really is that women have to go overseas to exercise their right, this costs more money than the equivalent abortion in N.Z. If the government prevented women from going overseas for abortions then their argument would have substantially more weight.

As for solo mothers, they decided to be solo mothers (I only class those who become pregnant with no intention of becoming married or not already married) they are also a pampered 'taxpayer' who receive weekly handouts, reduced transport costs and cheap housing loans. The other 'class' of 'solo mothers' should be receiving finance from their ex-spouse.

Overseas students come to NZ of their own free will. The educated overseas student will receive more money when going back home to work than his uneducated counterpart. Other countries will take overseas students. I have also been led to believe that overseas students come from wealthy families who could provide private tutors if necessary (please correct me if I've been led astray).

The Bastion Point issue had also a financial undertone. Who else can live on land and pay no rates or rent for 500 odd days and not be evicted or subject to legal action ? When the Maoris sold a lot of their land they thought they were getting a good deal. The Maori land issue reminds me of someone who sells property for \$10,000 and the buyer sells the following day for \$20,000. The original owner then wants to cancel the deal - TOUGH.

I can not comment on East Timor as I still can't understand the full facts of the situation.

Gay People also show concern about the difficulty to obtain employment because of their sexual habits, although this is not the main issue it is still an issue.

To my 'Puzzled' friend, money is a necessity - you need it to live (as many students in recent years have found out). I am not disconcerted or complacent about these issues, only that these issues do not immediately affect the majority of students. As for my recommendations please note the Chess games & results, and the employment pages and the article 'Sure to Rise' although this maybe coincidence such articles are of importance, perhaps other clubs will contribute ?

One question for Puzzled. When has one of the majority ever been their self proclaimed representative ? Students don't come to University for a good time, the bursary is not adequate to live comfortably on and attending lectures and working part-time (or full time) is not my idea of enjoyment. Like all students I indulge in those activities of interest to myself but to no greater extent than if I was working. Most students are here to pass exams (at least sufficient to keep the STB) and to end up with a job that gives them some sort of satisfaction (I get no satisfaction working in a factory) but I also expect my degree to make a return money wise although I'm not here just so I can make 'piles' of money later on. Without money however one can not live, only those with a minimum standard of living can afford to be concerned with issues not directly affecting them. Is a starving person concerned about the possibility of nuclear war ?

Its very well to talk about moral and social problems and say that your concerned but if you only speak and do not act your no better than many others except that you are a hypocrite. Is Puzzled a hypocrite.'

The Same Concerned One
(not the Self Acclaimed Spokesperson of the Majority)
(Abridged)

I'm stunned, and appalled. But I'll leave it up to Puzzled to tell you why -- Ed.

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A CORRECTION

Dear Editor,
I read with great interest the thought-provoking article by Allan Bell on the TV2 Telethon published in your September 4 issue, but would like to point out an error in the comments on the Mental Health Foundation.

The Foundation has never at any time said it intends to give out only the interest from Telethon funds and has gone out of its way to make that clear. Mr Bell obviously made the comment in good faith, other people have apparently been given this impression too, but it is not true.

As Mr Bell says, the Foundation has already spent on mental health projects or allocated to grants in aid nearly a quarter of the capital sum gained from the Telethon, \$416,000. Its stated aim was to provide half a million dollars this year, the year following the Mental Health Telethon.

Not all the grants in aid have been uplifted, but the taking up of grants depends on the applicant's ability to organise the proposed projects, not on any refusal on the part of the Foundation to supply the funds.

The Foundation would be grateful if this correction could be published.

Yours sincerely,
J.H. Metcalf
Executive Secretary
Mental Health Foundation of N.Z.

SEXIST AUSA ?

Dear Louise/Miss/Mrs/Ms/Editor/Editress/Madam Chairman/Chairwoman/Chairperson, Chunn.

(Please strike out that which does not apply).
It was with some amazement, and a great deal of consternation that I read an advertisement (an ad. to those who write abbreviated lecture notes) which was placed in Saturday's 'Star' (9. 9.78). The position being published was that of Secretary of our beloved Auckland University Student's Association (sometimes referred to as A.U.S.A.).

Were my poor astigmatic eyes deceiving me ? Surely not. For there it was in all its glory. The most blatant (dare I say it 'sexist' ?) word in the whole of the English language. A word of such vile oppression, that smacks of sheer unbounded discrimination. Totally unexpected one would believe from an Association which claims to be at the forefront of modern enlightened political-radical-ideological prognostications. (Miss/Ms/Madam Chairman/Chairwoman/Chairperson/Madam (to be) President, J. Roth please take note, I beseech you !)
It is with great reluctance, and an extreme and profound sense of duty to Queen and Country that I repeat that offending word; for all and sundry to see. For instead of eg: 'Person', 'He/She', 'It', paragraph 3 of the position advertised begins (Quote) 'She will be' SHE ! UGH !!

Obviously a clear case of the very discriminatory practice that the newly introduced Human Rights (or is it some other title?) Bill does its best to prevent..

As if this offence was not bad enough perhaps, you or someone in S.R.C./Exec/ political power could also enlighten me on the Association's policy regarding student employment. In the same advertisement (ad), it is quoted 'Salary will be fixed in accordance with qualifications and experience within the scale \$7591 or (sic) \$8155' and (quote) 'Candidates should preferably be a graduate, a student at the University will not be considered for this position'.

Again a deliberate (and rather clumsy) attempt one would think to separate a suitably qualified student (eg: a post-graduate student-presumably a 'she') from a desirable sum of money. A surprising move when one considers the level of student unemployment over recent times.

Tut, tut, such flagrant acts of discrimination one feels are not befitting an Association such as ours ('You pays your money, \$34, and you takes your choice' - a quotation from what appears to be a peepshow rhyme).
Keep up the good work.

Yours faithfully
A. Betts

(Chairman/ Chairperson/ President/ Secretary-Treasurer/ League of Nations Representative of S.P.B.E.L.S.A. - commonly referred to as the Society for the Promotion of the Bastardisation of the English Language through (non) - Sexist Advertising).

LUSTY LIMERICKS

Dear Fuccum,
For a rag that professes to uphold the rights of the free press, your choice of judge for the Limerick competition was nothing short of fuck-witted. Any reader of toilet-walls, capping mags or 'Playboy Party Jokes' pages can vouch that the greatest of all limericks are precisely those which Dr Lamb excludes: the crude limericks.

While his moral purity is, to be commended the results of his 'judging' were - dare I say it - an anti-climax ! Or as an anonymous writer succinctly put it :
'The limerick packs laughs anatomical
Into space that is quite economical
But the good ones I've seen
So seldom are clean
And the clean ones so seldom are comical'

This statement is again backed up by W.S. Baring-Gould in his classic work on the subject 'The Lure of the Limerick':
'..... in botany, relativity, revelry and ribaldry the limerick is equally at home. All the follies foibles failures, and fallacies to which mortal flesh is heir, from the cradle to the grave' are the stuff to which it's antics give the coup de pied

While we appreciate that the judge's decision (?) is final, could you bring the competition back into the twentieth century by printing the best of the crude entries. May we also suggest that further Limerick competitions be divided into two categories - 'clean and unclean' with a suitable judge for each.

Yours rhythmically,
Big Boss Frisbee & Ivor Meatball

Dear Sir,
I feel I must protest strongly at the use of this chappie from the English Dept as judge in the limerick contest. Without having the exact reference on me I'm sure the original advertisement for entries in the contest made some sort of point like 'it doesn't matter if they're a bit risque' (to be read 'dirty'). Great, neat. But then why was a judge chosen who before even looking at an entry thinks 'dirty limericks usually don't succeed because sex makes the outcome predictable.' Doesn't that put those of us who believe what constitutes a limerick to be laid down in the rules governing entry into the competition in the position of one having been bullshitted upon ? Let me just say :-
This bloke from the
English Department, Lamb
Made the contest a
Complete and utter sham
He just couldn't give a shit
About what constitutes wit
And of rules just couldn't
give a damn.

K.D. Williams

Dear Craccum,
When towards the end of last term I saw the limerick competition advertised, I was pleased to see a bit of initiative on your part. Something, I thought, for students to enjoy entering and to enjoy reading the results of. Instead you decided upon a judge who employed methods of judgement that were at best, overly theoretical; when applied to limericks entered in a student paper's competition, they were nothing more than sheer bullshit! To be saying things like, ----- sex makes the ending predictable, and that place names should be in the first and last lines, in a competition of this kind, makes me wonder about the amount of savoir faire needed to obtain a doctorate in English.

My God, Craccum, when will you ever learn ? The competition should have been judged by a student of some kind, and not a stuffy staff member who doesn't want to read about sex, and who has to use ridiculous rules to know if he is reading a good limerick or not. The limericks published were at best just plain silly, barely able to raise a chuckle among any student I saw reading them. The very least you could do now is to grab a student to select some decent limericks (I am sure there are quite a few) to be published for students to read and laugh at, -- (your original intention ?) and leave Dr Lamb to what he is presumably better at, marking English essays. Though I am glad he'll never be marking any work of mine.

Yours,
Dissalutoned

While I sympathise with the views expressed in these letters, I cannot agree. We found it well nigh impossible to find a student judge; Dr Lamb as one of the 'more liberated' staff members seemed the obvious choice, as any Stage II English student will know. As for printing a selection of the rejects the printer just wouldn't have it on. Sorry -- Ed.

Dear Louise,
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Yours
C.W. Leong

Dear Louise:
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Yours sincerely
Siew Wai Yee

Dear Louise,
As an Asian male, I am really annoyed by Heather's letter - 'Hands Across the Water'. Her letter is nothing but an insult to our Asian females.

Her statement saying that 'It's a well known fact that these females (Asians) consider it a privilege to be 'dated' by a Kiwi and would pay any price for the honour.' is a total insult to our Asian sisters. Where the hell did this silly racial chauvinist woman get the facts from? What's so 'big deal' about Kiwis, they are just as human as we are! Asian females go out with Kiwi males, so what! Kiwi girls go out with Asian males too! (for your information the number of Kiwi females dated by Asian males is much greater than Asian females dated by Kiwi males). When you go out with someone, you are going out with your date; a speaking, walking PERSON, not a placard saying 'I AM A KIWI'.

Heather's analysis of our attitude towards our culture is a load of bullshit. Everyone is proud of his/her own culture be he/she an Asian or a Kiwi - unless one hasn't got a culture to call his/her own. To say that Asian females will marry a Kiwi just for the sake of 'breaking her moorings' and 'having nothing to do with her countrymen or her past culture' is an insult, both to Asian females and the Kiwi male she goes around with. You go out with a person because you like him or her not because he or she could be exploited as a tool to get rid of your culture.

In my opinion Heather must have written the letter after a heavy intoxication session, or worst, dropped by her boyfriend in favour of an Asian girl, tough shit Heather!!! Anyway, in relation to the content of the letter, I am truly amused by her offer to help solving the so called 'Asian girls dated by Kiwis. Asian males got no dates' problem. What would she do to help we poor, 'bench warmer' Asian males? Kinky, kinky!!! Wink, wink, nudge, nudge.....

Yours
C.W. Leong

Dear Louise;
Since Heather is so sympathetic towards the male overseas students, I suggest that she should get in touch with the 'Overseas Students Lonely Heart Club'. She can assist them the 'Dial A Date' service. This should give the off-broke mooring females a bit of a jolt.

Yours truly
E.T.
President of the O/S Students Lonely Heart Club

Sir/Madam,
In reply to last week's 'Hands Across the Water' letter I would like to state that there is infinitely small, if not bugger-all anger and embarrassment among the male overseas student in respect to their female numbers, who can bet their little arse that they do not consider it a privilege to be 'dated' by a Kiwi.

While it is true that an Asian male is proud of his cultural heritage and is always conscious of his parents and society, he is not always inspired by ideals such returning home and caring for his folk. Why? Because he is a New Zealand born Asian male (Asian Kiwi) in which case he is an adapted integral part of two cultures and societies. Meaning he is running on a railway track. How then can such a trend be dangerous unless you get derailed or run down by a loco.

In conclusion this means that certain Asian males do take out shields with black hair and blue eyes.

Roehet

Dear Louise,
I find the views expressed by Heather concerning overseas students rather preposterous. As an overseas student I am not angered nor embarrassed to find female overseas students mixing with local male students. In fact I feel happy and think that they should socialise more with local students. I am not traditional minded. On the contrary I find the majority of local New Zealanders very conservative with regards to human relationships.

Love is based on compatibility and should transcend everything. But at the moment, it is being repressed by various moral, religious, social, matrimonial, racial and political institutions. Only on the day when these idols are broken, will love realise its essence which is freedom.

However I do appreciate her offer to help. If I come across any male overseas students who are desperately in need of help I will refer them to her. All she needs is to leave her address and phone number with Craccum. I am certain that Craccum would not mind promoting this welfare service.

Yours sincerely
Siew Wai Yee

Dear Louise,
Please kindly publish my 'appreciation' to Heather for her 'Hands across the water.' Will she enlighten us by telling where she got her 'facts' which inspired her to help us out?

I do not deny that there are some in that category. Perhaps Heather has met those few and treated them as stereotyped figures. Please do not generalise us. If she insists that they are facts, support them with data.

What does she know of our culture? The Indian and Chinese cultures were long here before her Kiwi or Caucasian culture. Instead of abandoning ours, and adopting yours, I believe most of us prefer to choose the good aspects of all cultures. I always thought you date a person because you enjoy his/her company. Is 'dating' and 'privilege' part of Heather's culture?

Ann

We regret that due to a shortage of space we are unable to print all the letters we have received on this subject. Nevertheless, the field seems well covered and further correspondence on this matter is now closed. And by the way Heather, Robert would like to contact you. Please come to Craccum for his phone number.

A-SLIPPIN' & A-SLIDIN'

Dear Louise,
It certainly was not the Accident Compensation Committee that chose the type of pavement around the coffee shop, milk bar and Recreation Centre. More likely it was someone with a great sense of the humour, or the macabre. Those nice, pretty bricks are also bloody slippery, especially in wet weather. Why did the university pay so much for things so dangerous, and then site them at the top of stairs and other stragetic positions? But, I suppose they're great entertainment!

Chris Slane

Dear Craccum,
The lunch-hour debate, September 15, 'That abortion is not merely a matter of a women's right to choose,' trotted out the same tired arguments, both sides sinking into irrelevancies and at times departing from the point of debate entirely.

Janet Roth's claim for WONAAC that a woman has the right to control her own body, that this supersedes any rights of the foetus, which is just 'potential human life,' concedes a right to women which society, and feminists in particular, do not concede to anyone else - the arbitrary right to terminate a human life. The pro-abortion catchphrase 'A womans right to choose' implies that abortion is a matter of private morality, in the same category as contraception and homosexuality. Questions of human life have however always been matters of public morality. Abortion is in the same category as war, capital punishment and murder.

Because a woman or a doctor does not perceive a foetus or embryo as human, this is not sufficient reason to put abortion outside the context of morality and law. To give women or any group the right to define that certain human beings are to be regarded as less than fully human is to construet yet another basis for discrimination.

S.M. Sheehan

THE RIGHT TO SAY 'NO'?

Dear Louise,
I consider Brigid Mulrennan's article in the last issue of Craccum both biased and emotionally loaded in favour of unrestricted abortion. There are more alternatives to legal abortion than illegal abortions, such as adoption, counselling, support services from various bodies both private and governmental.

Women do have some control over whether or not they have children. Has Ms Mulrennan never heard of the word 'No'? There are other means of birth control apart from abortion. As for an abortion on economic grounds, money is not the supreme value of life. Material gain is far less important than the value of human life (and even the zygote is (a) human (b) alive).

Ms Mulrennan's claim that anti-abortionists 'are more concerned with denying women basic rights than preserving life,' is a load of rubbish. Might I remind her that the president of S.P.U.C. is a woman. When Craccum publishes such emotional, biased, views, surely it is obligated to give the opinions and facts of the other side of the argument.

I myself, strongly believe in human rights which includes not only rights for women but rights for children which include the unborn child. I feel Ms Mulrennan does a dis-service to women and their fight for equal rights by linking it to the campaign for free abortion.

Yours faithfully,
Miss Marion Hyland

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

Dear Sir,
Why is it that while on one hand Catholics are preaching a message of loving forgiveness, and yet, are so ready to condemn thousands of people for their stand on abortion? Why is it that Catholics look away in disgust as someone wearing a 'REPEAL' badge walks past?

To me, too many Catholics are offering only condemnation to pro-abortionists, and, as they have done so often in the past, are busy erecting a negative barricade to shut themselves off. I think that it is about time we again focused ourselves on the positive aspects of Christianity.

Every page of the Bible is screaming out Christ's message that 'people are good'. I am reminded of George Orwell's novel 'Animal Farm' in which 'all animals were equal' and yet 'some are more equal than others'. Catholics are creating the same distinction - 'all people are good, but some are better than others.' Instead of endeavouring to establish themselves as a better sub-race, it is about time the Catholic population realised that we are all sinners together. Actually, to say that we are all sinners is to imply that pro-abortionists have sinned. In most cases, I would completely deny this. To me, sinning is committing an act of malice, deliberately wanting to hurt or injure. I tend to think that most pro-abortionists have no malicious intent whatsoever, but are merely doing what they see as right. They firmly believe in their cause as being a humane one.

As a Catholic, but most importantly as a human being, I see abortion as being wrong. However, when someone who supports abortion approaches me, I ask God for the strength not to condemn them or pass judgement on them. Rather, I would like to recognise them as a good person with good intentions, and clarify for them, if possible, why I think their intentions are misguided.

Jim Cunneen

PRIVATE MORALITY & HYPOCRISY

Dear Editor,
Re your letter 'A Woman's Right'. I strongly disagree with the paragraphs alleging (1) hypocrisy in the pro-life camp, and (2) that pro-lifers' aim is installing a 'private morality'.

(1) Even if it is correct that the pro-life campaigner congressman Hyde advocates capital punishment (such an allegation was not proved in your article) it does not follow that all pro-lifers advocate capital punishment. If one pro-lifer is a hypocrite it does not follow that all pro-lifers are hypocrites. Furthermore to my knowledge it has never been the policy of any pro-life organization in NZ to advocate capital punishment.

Furthermore if it is so that congressman Hyde is a hypocrite, this would not invalidate his arguments for a pro-life stance. To claim that someone's argument is incorrect because one does not like a person is nothing but an argument ad hominum which as every stage 1 philosophy student knows is just plain irrational.

(2) A pro-life stance is not a 'private morality' because the pro-life view aims at balancing the rights of all parties - mother, unborn child and the child's father, taking note of the woman's right to live an autonomous lifestyle, but realizing that the unborn child's life is more precious - of greater worth, than the inconvenience and even pain involved in normal pregnancy and childbirth. The moral choice does not just involve the woman, because she just ain't the only party involved.

L.J.L. Watt

A TOPICAL ISSUE BY C. SLANE

Dear Madam,
The idea of New Zealand being able to police its 200 mile Economic Zone seems utterly ridiculous, with only a tiny Navy and Air Force. With as many kilometres of coastline as the United States, conservation of our sea resources is also very expensive at present. Orions cost millions to buy and run every year, not to speak of patrol boats and so on. With a little forethought from Government, we could have a Satellite Receiving Station capable of receiving data from environmental satellites which are 9 to 16 times cheaper to run and only \$5 million to completely set up. For instance, the Warkworth Station cannot tell us the speed, direction and location of foreign fishing vessels over the entire Economic zone. Nor anything about erosion, forestry, agriculture, and many other natural phenomena. Short-sighted politicians do not seem to see that unless something is done New Zealand will soon be left out of the entire space program, and technologically backward. We need some investment for the future as well as the present.

Christopher Slane

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.

BUYING APARTHEID

Tuesday 26th September at 1 pm - Forum on New Zealand Insurance Company support of apartheid in South Africa. Hear Lisa Saksen (President NZUSA) speak on this issue. Demonstration outside NZI building during their annual general meeting. Show your disapproval - be there - Also note: the tentative date for the Trevor Richards Speaking tour is Tuesday October 3. Watch Craccum for further details.

BLUES DINNER

Where: University Park
When: Friday October 6
How long: 6 pm - 9 pm approx
What: Food and Drinks
How much: \$6.00
Tickets: From Rec Centre Secretary - September 26 on.

DESIGNER WANTED

The services are required of a talented person capable of producing high quality original art work for publicity material for the New Zealand Students' Arts Council's 1979 activities.

Approximately ten designs will be required to publicise various art forms. Details of the majority of these will be available shortly. Fee paid by negotiation. There is no requirement for the person to be based in Wellington.

For further information please write to:
The Director
NZSAC
P.O. Box 9266
Wellington
By October 31 1978.



CYSTITIS

This is an infection of the bladder or urethra. The features of systemic illness are slight and the symptoms are those of wanting to pass urine frequently, of urgency and pain. Pain above the pubis of cystitis is felt before, during and a few moments after voiding urine. Although the bladder is empty, there may be an intense desire to pass more urine due to spasm of its inflamed wall. Tenderness is often present in the area above the pubis and the urine may have an unpleasant odour and appear cloudy. Sometimes the urine is grossly blood stained. Cystitis is particularly common in women and young girls and the infection is usually due to an organism called Esch. coli.

In some patients with symptoms suggestive of urethritis or cystitis, no organism can be found. The cause in these cases is often congestion of the urethra possibly related to sexual activity. Investigation entails examination of the urine and if the infection occurs frequently as it tends to do in some women, then a kidney x-ray and open viewing of the bladder may be necessary.

Treatment depends on the infecting organism and its sensitivity and to this end a mid-stream specimen of urine is sent to the laboratory. Specific drugs are used which will clear up all bladder infections but the symptoms will usually re-occur unless a fully prescribed course is finished.

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DELEGATES TO ASA CONFERENCE

Applications are called for two delegates to represent the New Zealand University Students' Association at a general conference of the Asian Students' Association and a students' education commission of Asia meeting. Both meetings will be held in Hong Kong in late December. Air fares to the conference will be paid by NZUSA and a per diem allowance will be provided.

Applications close on 30 October 1978 and should be addressed to:
The President
New Zealand University Students' Association
P.O. Box 9047
Courtenay Place
Wellington
Any questions concerning the meetings should also be addressed to the President of NZUSA.

The selection of delegates will take place at the November meeting of the National Executive of NZUSA. The date for this meeting has yet to be set but all applications will be informed of this. Applicants are expected to attend this meeting and speak to their applications.



Is it the apathy of students in caring for their own campus, or is it the big bogey bureaucracy of University administration that has led to the Wynyard Street Crisis?

Two months ago the Works Committee of the University decided that, in order to 'tidy up the campus', the buildings on Wynyard Street (as shown in the photo above) would have to be demolished. They also felt the demolition of the buildings would provide better access to the new Architecture building and to a staff car-parking complex.

But this meeting was not open to the public because it was felt that publicity would be prejudicial to the public interest. The reason given was that the nature of the business was confidential. However, this matter attracted the attention of a number of interested staff and students who are now fighting to have the decision reconsidered.

Of the three buildings in question it is the 'experimental building' that is most significant. Emotional ties with this building go back to the late '60s when architecture students constructed it. We feel that it is the character of a building such as this that should be protected, not demolished. We feel that a more sensible decision would have been to provide the finance for students to renovate all the Wynyard Street buildings - continuing the trend initiated by students with the experimental building; a decision that does not seem too unreasonable in view of looming student unemployment this summer.

We leave you with this to consider: Do you want a voice in how your campus looks? Or do you think the destructive whims of the maintenance department should be allowed to shape Auckland University, solely because they wield hammers and chainsaws? Students seem to know very little about what is happening around the University. Is this because of ignorance and apathy, or due to the bureaucratic system which 'protects' the public interest by making decisions in committee and withholding information?

BRIAN RICKARD & SUE TUCKER

POLITICAL FORUM

Thursday September 28th 1 pm in B28 Lecture Theatre candidates from all major political parties will speak on issues concerning students and present the policy of the party they represent to students.

This meeting will give students the opportunity to raise issues they feel relevant to themselves as students. Each candidate will have five minutes to present his case and then the meeting will be thrown open for questions and discussion.

The meeting will be chaired by Dr Northey and run on strict procedural lines. A list of questions on notice will be presented to each candidate. If you have a specific question for any candidate please submit it in written form to Studass no later than Wednesday at 5 pm.

DEBATE

Debating Club are performing in the Little Theatre on Thursday September 28 from 1 - 2pm. Subject: That due to the population explosion, women have outlived their usefulness. Ha ha!

Word From Underground

Auckland University spent \$4,334,894.18 in August. Did you get your money's worth?

Muldoon: 'I believe that the Government I lead is devoted towards preserving what is best in New Zealand.' (Haribol, September).

Haribol: Do you see that there could be some higher purpose for us being here?

Rowling: 'I'm sure there is, but I don't really understand why.'

Robman: 'Goodbye, and God save you.'

Freedom in a free country: an assessment. The United Nations Representative of East Timor's Fretelin independence movement, Mr Jose Ramos, is not allowed into the country. One of Godzone's intellectual runts can't stand the competition. The foreigner can't come in and speak, and Godzone's own born-and-bred can't hand out pamphlets at the airport.

Don't expect to be told if the next tin of canned fruit you buy makes you turn purple and develop bubonic plague and leprosy - the Official Secrets Act stops anyone from warning you. Or so it's claimed. Eaten any good pineapples lately?

When is Friday Thursday? When Robberman & Co. have work which they prefer to do in the dark, without benefit of public scrutiny via radio.

Are you on the electoral roll? If not, have you told the electoral officer? Have you written your MP? The newspapers? The Civil Liberties people?

'We've seen, in constitutional terms, the Executive run rampant over Parliament, over the people of New Zealand.' David Lange.

The Ferret: 'I was saddened to read of the purge conducted by the NZ Communist Party against long-time Secretary, Vic Wilcox With the CP following the Albanian line they will presumably be called: Hoshaists. The unpronounceability of the name should ensure their demise as an effective political force. Still, the loss of one name from the Marxist alphabet soup shouldn't prevent a continuation of theoretical hair-splitting in Wellington. As they say at banquets in Peking: Old Marxists never die, they just have mysterious plane crashes.' (Critic, September).

More Horta: 'Fretelin have claimed that US military advisors and pilots are assisting Indonesian troops. Horta would give nationwide publicity to this claim, an event which can only be feared if it were true.' (Canta).

More Chile. (Remember Chile?) General Pinochet just won a vote of confidence in a national referendum. The voting slips were scrutinised by soldiers. All voters were fingerprinted. All forms incorrectly marked or left blank were counted as Yes votes. One monumental bastion of conservative bureaucrats, the British Foreign Office, commented on the referendum in plain English, instead of in the ornamental Latin usually favoured by diplomats and paper-shufflers. The comment: the referendum was 'a sad and bizarre travesty of the normal democratic procedures to which Chileans were formerly accustomed.' (Canta).

A Top Secret document obtained by our Secret Agents at the cost of several lives reveals the Inner Manifesto of the Pig Trotters Party, which is expected to declare Martial Law after it wins the election in the south-sea banana republic of Gogzone in November. Key points of the Inner Manifesto:

- (1) War-hero Hogman is declared President for life.
- (2) All political disputes will be settled by firing squad.
- (3) Labour unions will become hard-labour unions.
- (4) People who believe in three-dollar notes will go to mental hospital.
- (5) Taxes. Sorry, I haven't got time to tell you - I'm packing my bags.

The Bleeding H.A.R.T.

The following article is an abridged text of Trevor Richards' speech to the Auckland Council for Civil Liberties rally of September 8.

Over the past six weeks I have been labelled by the Prime Minister and by other Government M.P.'s as a 'dissident' and a 'traitor'. The Prime Minister said, with obvious satisfaction, that the Government caucus broke into spontaneous applause when the 'traitor' label was pinned on me. Mr Talbot, the Government M.P. and Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee said in Parliament that 'it is a pity that this country did not have the law to control people like Richards.' On two separate occasions in the past six weeks, the Prime Minister has asked for legal investigations into my activities, asking whether I could be prosecuted under laws relating to sedition and treason, and then, perhaps the ultimate absurdity, race relations. H.A.R.T. has been accused of spreading lies and propaganda overseas, and, at his most shrill, the Prime Minister has said that H.A.R.T. was guilty of treason.

You could not indeed be blamed for wondering what on earth we had done. When a friend said last week that she thought she could hear jackboots marching, I knew that she was exaggerating, yet I found it difficult to disagree with her - indeed, it felt as though something had trampled all over us. What we must do is to ensure that her comment remains forever an exaggeration. Those who believe that 'it can't happen here' are making the most clichéd mistake of them all.

In this Government, despite its much vaunted legal whiz kids like McClay, Brill, Quigley and Wilkinson, there is a fundamental lack of concern for the constitutional niceties - such as the legitimacy of its actions! Indeed, in the Attorney General, we have a person who to the outsider observer seems prepared to lend his unique powers to the Prime Minister's mercurial interpretation of the Rule of Law.

Recent history has shown that the executive (that is, the men of whom caucus approves - the executive is little if anything more than that) is acquiring more and more power and control. Those who make the assumption that fascism can't happen here are making an assumption that flies in the face of recent legislation, recent events, recent trends.

What I would like to do this evening is to look briefly at H.A.R.T.'s case. Its international activities in fact, and the nature and substance of those activities in terms of the allegations made against us. Second, to look at the nature of the accusations made against us. Third, to look at possible reasons for the Government's recent attacks, and finally to take a look at where this leaves us.

For over nine years, H.A.R.T. has monitored New Zealand's adherence to the various U.N. and other bodies policies with respect to sporting contacts with South Africa. We have done this during the terms of five New Zealand Prime Ministers, without favour to any political party.

At Gleneagles, Mr Muldoon attempted to wipe the slate clean and start again. H.A.R.T., as our various statements at the time show, was prepared to go along with this. Shortly after the Agreement was signed, we wrote to Mr Talboys expressing our cautious optimism. At the same time we spelt out the criteria we would use to measure this country's compliance. We have stuck with that criteria, we have monitored New Zealand's compliance, we have found that this country has failed to measure up.

The majority of material H.A.R.T. sends overseas consists of copies of press clippings and official correspondence with Government, sports bodies and other relevant parties. In addition to this, on five occasions this year, reports have been sent overseas by H.A.R.T. which have contained our assessment of the situation. All these reports have been sent to media outlets in New Zealand, and indeed the last report sent prior to the Commonwealth Games was sent additionally to all 87 M.P.'s.

The reports are sent to a variety of people and organizations, many of whom have specifically asked for them. Despite repeated requests that those who have attacked the accuracy of our material (and the integrity of the movement) substantiate their allegations with proof, not a single piece of evidence has been forthcoming. This is not surprising, for no such evidence exists. The only remotely questionable statement which has ever been found in any of the many reports which H.A.R.T. has sent overseas was that found not by the Prime Minister, but by TV-1 on Prime Time a couple of weeks ago. That error was technical and minor, and it was corrected immediately.

H.A.R.T. is prepared to subject its reports to the scrutiny of the media, for we have nothing to hide. Government's commitment to accuracy however leaves much to be desired. H.A.R.T. is aware of a number of occasions where Government has twisted, distorted, or brazenly misrepresented the situation. Although I do not



Trevor Richards speaking in the Quad

wish to develop this theme in any detail, it is important that this matter be firmly established. H.A.R.T. has been put on trial by the Government because of the alleged inaccuracies in material we send overseas, yet any look at the record clearly shows that it is the Government and not H.A.R.T. which is guilty of misrepresenting the situation.

— at a time when New Zealand had had fifteen sporting contacts with South Africa, the Government was writing letters to people telling them that there had only been five.

— in June, the Prime Minister claimed in a letter to an anti-apartheid activist that the New Zealand parliament had 'unanimously endorsed the Gleneagles Agreement.' This is completely untrue. HANSARD reveals as much. Furthermore, Robert Fenton had boasted in February to his electorate that he and others were responsible for ensuring that Parliament never had the opportunity to so endorse the Agreement. Parliament has not endorsed the Gleneagles Agreement, unanimously or otherwise. In claiming otherwise in that letter, the Prime Minister has lied.

The Prime Minister's message to all Commonwealth Heads of Government that New Zealand has 'meticulously adhered to the Gleneagles Agreement' is likewise untrue. A Government which refuses to allow Parliament to endorse the Agreement, which has failed to take 'all practical steps' to discourage sports contacts with South Africa, and whose leader publicly stresses the freedom of sportsmen to play with whom they wish, cannot logically claim to have adhered 'meticulously' to the Agreement.

In one sense, the labels of 'dissident' and 'traitor', the threats of legal prosecution, the investigation into our activities, the smears and slander do not worry me, for I know that I have done nothing illegal - unless opposition to apartheid, defence of the Gleneagles Agreement and telling the truth about Government's policies are now crimes in New Zealand. I stress again - the Government has been unable to provide any evidence with which to sustain a single one of the various outrageous allegations made against H.A.R.T. and against me.

On that basis, and in a democratic society, I should have no fears. But that is not the case. Under the present administration, concepts of British justice have been stood on their head. So to has the notion of the rule of law.

This paragraph was withdrawn by the printer.

Instead of being innocent until proven guilty, with the onus of proof placed firmly on those who make the accusations, the Prime Minister (wittingly) and the media (unwittingly) have created a situation where H.A.R.T. is regarded by many as being guilty. And the onus of proof is now on us to prove our innocence. No longer is it a case of innocent until proven guilty, but the reverse. The Government has, I believe deliberately replaced rational and logical argument based on fact, by a campaign of smear, distortion and innuendo, which is based on, and appeals to, prejudice, ignorance and fear.

I am deeply shocked, even scared by what events of the past few weeks mean in the context of New Zealand's short and perhaps frail history of democracy. A fundamental tenet of democracy is full and informed debate. Without that we do not have democracy. The attacks on H.A.R.T.'s and on every other New Zealanders constitutional and democratic rights to criticise the Government of the day represents an attack on the whole fabric of our society. It is misguided to view it only as an attack on Trevor Richards and on H.A.R.T. If these rights are taken away from H.A.R.T., then they are taken away from all New Zealanders, regardless of their political views, regardless of their cause. If our constitutional democracy does not stand to preserve freedom of speech, what does it stand for? What can it stand for? Some New Zealanders recognise this. A number of editorial writers have registered their abhorrence at the implications of the Government's attacks. A number of groups have made public statements either defending H.A.R.T. or at least its right to express views that differ from the Prime Minister's. But at the same time, there has been far too much silence. As increasing legislative power is given to the state to monitor phones and mail, enter premises without warrants, compile computer files and encroach on people's rights, some citizens draw into their shells. As we see excessive abuses of state power against alleged overstayers, Bastion Point protesters and others, other people opt out of political action. As we see trial more appropriate to a judicial system replaced by trial by smear and slander, by abuse and unsubstantiated accusation, the temptation is for people to keep quiet.

To equate the interests of the state with the political interests of the governing political party, sets the country well on the way to becoming a totalitarian state. A leader who defines a 'dissident' as anyone who disagrees with his point of view, is well on the way to

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Cont'd from page 5

becoming a tyrant. A caucus that can spontaneously applaud the indiscriminate use of the word traitor, is a caucus that is hovering on the brink of turning the clock back forty years.

Frequently over the past six weeks I have thought about the reasons for the unprecedented and sustained attack to which H.A.R.T. has been subjected. There seem to me to be a variety of reasons - personal and political, immediate and long-term. Whilst I am unsure of their importance relative to each other, I am certain that they are all in various ways responsible for recent Government actions.

Faced by a boycott for which his own policies were responsible, the Prime Minister and the Government found it necessary to find a scapegoat. As H.A.R.T. said the day the boycott was announced, the Prime Minister had been caught with his pants down, and needed a political fig leaf to hide his embarrassment. But I believe that the Government not only needs specific short-term scapegoats, but much more disturbingly, it also needs more permanent long-term scapegoats, and I am sure that there has been an element of this in the Government's attack on H.A.R.T. If the Government can't fix the economy, as clearly it can't, the Prime Minister will seek to show people how 'tough' and 'effective' he is in other areas by 'dealing' with groups like H.A.R.T. Rancour will replace reason.

I would like to return for a moment to the question of Government's need for long-term, permanent scapegoats. We have seen much of this already with the Government's constant and specific attacks on the trade union movement. I consider that these assaults in themselves represent a move towards fascism.

I am sure too that the imminent General Election has had something to do with the Prime Minister's response. As he proved in 1975, there are votes in bashing progressive pressure groups. Far too many New Zealanders respond positively to the 'tough' leader who reinforces their prejudices and who panders to their fears. But this is not leadership - it is herding.

At a different level, the Prime Minister appears to have an obsession with both H.A.R.T. and me personally - an obsession which is good for neither him nor the country. The Prime Minister's efforts to have me indicted under the Race Relations Act, and his boasting about the fact that he was responsible for ensuring that my contract with the United Nations last year was not extended, are the actions of a man who has allowed the personalities involved to distort his reaction to the issues.

It is bad enough for the Prime Minister to publicly blame H.A.R.T. for the actions of African nations. If he seriously believes that H.A.R.T. was responsible for the Nigerian boycott, then New Zealand foreign policy in this important area is based on what can only be termed the fantasies of people who cannot or will not come to terms with the reality of the apartheid issue, and the issues of race in New Zealand's daily life. If that is the case, then it is a real tragedy for New Zealand and for its foreign policy.

That history can repeat itself is a truism. What concerns me greatly is the type of history which could be about to repeat itself now. It has been said that the only thing we learn from history is that we do not learn. Those who can

see the trend towards fascism which is developing in New Zealand have a great responsibility to act. It is perhaps the highest responsibility and duty of a citizen in a democracy.

The future of New Zealand is not pre-ordained. It is not written in the stars. Whilst there are many forces at work creating the future, I continue to believe that the most powerful in the long-term is the power that ordinary people have - people like you and like me. We owe it to ourselves, and to future generations to stand firm and to do all we can to win more support for the struggle against the present trend. If we don't we may well find that history has repeated itself, and that we have not learned, even although we were warned. We may well find some future New Zealander, like the German Pastor Martin Niemoller saying:

First they came for the communists, and I did nothing, because I wasn't a communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I did nothing because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unions, and again I did nothing because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came to get the Catholics, and I did nothing because I was a protestant. Then they came for me, and by then it was too late.

Now is the time for us to stand and struggle together, and to push back and reverse the present trends, before they become too firmly established, and it is too late. Together we can, and we must do that.

TREVOR RICHARDS
NATIONAL CHAIRPERSON OF THE HALT ALL
RACIST TOURS MOVEMENT

Tick The Flick

The Maidment Arts Centre staff are concerned that this year's Flicks fare does not seem to suit the student palate. Are students after escapism, realism or simply silliness? If movie-watching is your bag, or you'd like it to be, tick 30 of the films listed below as your preference for the 1979 Flicks programme. Then drop it into the Reception Desk of the Students' Association. And don't forget to mark your screening time preference.

CHOICE OF STARTING TIME FOR FILMS 1979

Please indicate your preference by ticking against the times below.

4.30 pm
5.00 pm
5.30 pm
6.00 pm
6.30 pm
7.00 pm
7.30 pm

Gone with the Wind
Blood and Sand
Fiesta
The Dark Valley
Alexanders Ragtime Band
Candy
Around the World in 80 days
Yankee Doodle Dandy
Little Caesar
Beau Geste Gary Cooper
High Noon
For Whom the Bell Tolls
The Fountainhead
The Razors Edge
Of Human Bondage
Tunes of Glory
Tale of Two Cities: Colman
Lost Horizon: Colman
The Millionairess
10, Rillington Place
Guns at Batasi
Sleuth
The Ruling Class
Fantasia
Thx 11
The Song Remains the Same
Pink Floyd
Lawrence of Arabia
Lord Jim
The Last Detail
Buffalo Bill
Company C
Taking of Pelham 123
Royal Hunt of the Sun
Romeo and Juliet
Rollerball
Solyent Green
O Lucky Man
African Queen
Tommy

Coolhand Luke
Strawdogs
Patton
Tora Tora Tora
The Killing of Sister George
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof
Virginia Woolf
The Snake Pit
3 Faces of Eve
East of Eden
Rebel without a Cause
The Cat and the Canary
Phantom of the Opera
Hush Hush Sweet Charlotte
Whatever Happened to Baby Jane ?
America Graffiti
Nashville
Death in Venice
Last Tango in Paris
If
Logans Run
No Blade of Grass
Dr Strangelove
After the Fox
Pink Panther
3 Muskateers
Camelot
England Made Me
Goldiggers of 1933
Yellow Submarine
Oklahoma
Sth Pacific
Annie Get Your Gun
Carousel
Room at the Top
Saturday Night Sunday Morning
Montezumas Gold
Pink Panther
The Longest Day
The 39 Steps

Deliverance
Savage Messiah
Dirty Harry
Logans Run
Dog Day Afternoon
Kelly's Heroes
The F ront (Woody Allen)
Mash
Catch 22
Zardoz
On the Waterfront
The Neptune Factor
Taxi Driver
Drum
Woodstock
Wizards
Let it Be
Operation Thunderbolt
Way of the Dragon
Alices Restaraunt
Vanishing Point
The Bed Sitting Room
West World
Alvin Purple
Bridge on the River Kwai
Bonnie & Clyde
The Gauntlet
Collector
Godspell
Confessions of a Driving Instructor
Serpico
Dr Strangelove
Billy Jack
Easy Rider
Trial of Billy Jack
The Exorcist
Zeppelin
Frankenstein Must be Destroyed
Future World
Goodbye Girl

2001 A Space Odyssey
Shampoo
Julia
Women in Love
Shaft
The Turning Point
The Final Programme
Ulysses
Day of the Jackal
American Graffiti
Exodus
Rosemary's Baby
The Good the Bad the Ugly
Magnificent Seven
Barbarella
French Connection
Far from the Madding Crowd
Games
J.C. Superstar
Les Miserable
Hunchback of Notre Dame
The Maltese Falcon
The Caine Mutiny
Key Largo
The Big Sleep
Lipstick
Planet of Apes
Romeo & Juliet (Zeffrelli)
Count of Monte Cristo
Casablanca
Mandingo
Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid
The Collector
Fighting Mad
Ryans Daughter
The Wild Bunch
The Great Waldo Pepper
The Sting
The Man Who fell to Earth

The Martyred Moonies

The word 'Moonie' has become almost synonymous with the word brain-washing. Whether this public prejudice is based on conjecture rather than an examination of the facts is hotly debated. One such person who believes the Unification Church employs brainwashing techniques is Gary Scharff who spoke at Auckland University on Friday September 8.

Scharff is in New Zealand to share his personal experience of involvement in the American Unification Church and his subsequent deprogramming and departure from it. He is concerned that NZ students could become involved in a movement without being aware of some of its practices.

Scharff was a Church member from 1972 to 1976, during which time he occupied several high level positions in the Church. These included College leader and lecturer to advanced members of the movement in Baltimore. Assistant Director of a Moonie seminary in New York and Editor of the Church's national magazine. He makes no secret of the fact that he participated in several of the programmes which he now attacks.

In May of 1976 his father, Dr Thomas Scharff, a member of the 'Citizens Engaged in Freeing Minds' organisation persuaded him to undergo a deprogramming session run by that organisation. After three days of deprogramming, Scharff left the Church and now devotes his considerable public relations ability and excellent platform manner to exposing what he believes to be a fraudulent church engaged in mind control.

He looks back with recrimination to what he describes as his ensnarement in a movement which exploited his goodness and sincerity and coerced him to exploit other young peoples' idealism, and goes on to outline the methods which he claims were standard practice in the Church to recruit converts.

The first approach by a Moonie is generally made in the street. The first step is to establish some connection with the 'potential convert' and a casual chit-chat usually takes place. During the conversation, the Moonie, if he has kept his quarry interested, will ask some pivotal questions. These will concern the person's belief in God and entail a discussion about the world's problems and some Moonie answers to them. If the street walker seems interested he is invited along to dinner which may be followed by an invitation to a three day workshop. And the three day workshop is where the work begins according to Scharff. He refers to it as the 'pressure cooker'. The brainwashing proceeds.

One of the most effective methods is love bombarding. The object is to overwhelm the already interested party with love and affection. Scharff states that although the enlisted members do not feign love, the motivating force behind their approach is that they believe that until a person joins the church he is in the grips of Satan and that it is their mission to liberate him.

The love bombing continues throughout the workshop but at a certain point the arrivals are split into two groups, the sheep and the goats. The sheep are the more responsive and affectionate group, and it is they who are the most likely candidates.

During the programme the emphasis is on togetherness which is encouraged by sing-songs, praying, and living in close quarters. The situation must seem strange to the newcomers but they must look to the group leaders for social cues. The newcomers, according to Scharff are made completely dependent on the group leaders.

The course also contains several lectures which are designed with the help of good speakers, to ring true albeit superficially. There is no time for questions or deep thinking. The workshops are structured to occupy every waking minute of the newcomer's day and completely absorb his/her attention.

By the end of the three days, Scharff continues, the potential devotee is in a state of euphoria. He is invited to another longer workshop. Say the Moonies where else could you find such happiness? And it is a difficult question to answer.

If the Moonies have succeeded, the indoctrinated convert will decide to join the Church. A honeymoon period ensues where the further emotional dependence of the recruit on the other members is cultivated. Through continued mind manipulation, Scharff claims, the recently enlisted member is led to the realization that Rev Sun Myung Moon is the Messiah.

After this incubation period the arduous work of a Moonie begins. Fundraising, praying and lectures are all in a day's work. The money collected from fundraising which for an individual can reach \$100 a day, goes towards the members living expenses and the rest is handed over to Rev Moon.

Scharff compares the Moonies indoctrination techniques to those used by Mao Tse Tung to inspire revolutionaries. He quotes the example of a Professor of Logic who was subjected to intensive Communist brainwashing with methods allegedly similar to those used by the Moonies. After three days he was reduced to a babbling idiot.

Scharff's claims are of course, nothing new. Since the time the Unification Church first began to have an impact on American society in 1974, it has been challenged by countless attacks. These attacks have centred around allegations, by former Moonies and concerned parents, that the Church employs mind manipulation techniques to convert vulnerable young people. Prominent members of the medical profession and the established churches have voiced their opposition. Dr John G. Clark assistant professor of Psychiatry at Harvard University speaks of the dangers to 'mental health and depersonalization' that he sees in the church. American Rabbi's Tannenbaum and Davis are also openly hostile to the Moonies.

Opposition has mainly been channelled into organisations such as the Citizens Engaged in Freeing Minds, Citizens Engaged in Reuniting Families and the Citizens Freedom Foundation who all support deprogramming. Gary Scharff was involved in one such organisation called the Freedom of Thought Institute which runs a private rehabilitation centre in Tucson, Arizona. The standard charge for deprogramming a cult member at the centre runs to \$9000.



Gary Scharff

One might well query parents' hostility to a movement whose adherents do not drink smoke or engage in pre-marital sex and who fervently encourage capitalist democracy. Many argue that the sudden change in life style that their children undergo once they join the Church must be the result of brainwashing. They complain that their children must be unbalanced if they decide to commit their whole life to religion and can't understand their children's desire to turn over their worldly possessions to the Church.

Although they usually only succeed in widening the rift between themselves and their children, many parents have hired deprogrammers to work on their converted progeny. Until six months ago, Californian parents could legally gain custody of their children over the age of 21 and force them to enter deprogramming centres by serving conservatorships on them. A conservatorship was originally a legal vehicle to enable parents to gain custody of their incapacitated children. However until it was repealed, the conservatorship was a convenient device for deprogrammers to legally abduct sect members at their parents request. The man behind the deprogramming movement in America is Ted Patrick, a professional sect hunter who in 1977 was serving his second prison sentence for abduction. Recently the Unification Church filed a \$15 million law suit against him.

In the middle of 1977 a Californian judge ordered that five Moonies aged 21 to 26 should be returned to the custody of their parents. A higher court, however, repealed the decision and ruled that deprogramming would amount to brainwashing comparable to that which parents objected to in the Unification Church.

The first court ruling evoked a national backlash against deprogramming. It was condemned by the American Council of Churches and the American Civil Liberties Union. Wide publicity was given to Moonie Catherine Greene who filed a \$5.3 million lawsuit against her parents for alleged kidnapping. Her mother Daphne Greene is head of a national movement against Rev Moon.

At the heart of the matter is the question of whether a 21 year old has the right to practice a religion which parents believe has a detrimental effect on his or her life. Ted Patrick and his deprogrammers would say no. Undoubtedly religious freedom is a basic human right but by levelling charges of mind control at the Unification Church many parents feel they can effectively discount the dedicated and selfless behaviour of their children.

Unless their children's commitment has been coerced it is neither criminal nor pathological and the law has no right to interfere with it. Therefore the anti-Moonie movement must first define the line between insanity and conviction.

Several ex-Moonies like Gary Scharff claim after deprogramming that their conviction was coerced by mind manipulation. But how much of this claim is due to the effects of deprogramming, or else self-justification to explain their once ardent commitment? How many of the parents' charges are made in bitterness at Johnny's voluntary rejection of his inherited life-style?

One of the few independent views on the Unification Church can be found in Dr Frederick Sontag's book Rev Sun Myung Moon and the Unification Church. Dr Sontag spent 10 months researching and travelled over three continents to compile his account. A highly qualified man, Dr Sontag found the Church only too willing to co-operate in his investigation and fully examined claims that brainwashing is an integral part of the Moonies programme. He admits that there is an element of truth in claims that the Church uses techniques such as seclusion, artificially created atmosphere, constant mental pressure, removal of supports and allowing no chance for open debate. However he adds that these charges are frequently exaggerated by the claimants personal bias.

The Moonies he interviewed refused to accept any of the brainwashing charges. An authority on mind control was asked to evaluate the recruitment program and he reported that although some aspects of classical brainwashing were employed, by no means could the Church's education program be denounced as brainwashing. Sontag comes to the conclusion that although pressure is applied and persuasive techniques are used, the Moonies procedures are no more coercive than those of other charismatic communities like the Jesuits.

So far the anti-Moonie movement has failed to prove conclusively that the Unification Church is engaged in mind control. For instance they cannot explain why 50% of the deprogrammed Moonies return to the fold and why only a handful of the thousands who attend Moonie sessions end up joining the church.

The Unification Church has 120 missions around the world and of its 500,000 core members, 150 are New Zealanders. The Church has yet to become really controversial in NZ but if its presence begins to become uncomfortable for some parents, we may see a repeat of the American experience.

Contd on page 8

Contd from page 7

In Auckland the Church base is in St Stephens Avenue, Parnell, where an immaculately kept Kauri villa houses the brothers and sisters of the Unification Church. Over Ginseng Tea I spoke to Rev Grant Bracefield, Director of the Church in Auckland.

Rev Bracefield, the founding member of the Church in NZ has like Scharff held several important positions in the Church overseas and in 1974 served in the special body guard for Rev Moon. Before joining the Church in 1973, Rev Bracefield's chequered career had included playing representative rugby for Wellington, a years stint at Canterbury University and working as a potter.

Harking back to his days in America, he talked of the youthful enthusiasm of the first converts and feels perhaps that the devotees filled with evangelical zeal may have dealt undiplomatically with parents and newcomers alike. However, he adds that the Church is maturing both in America and other mission countries.

The topic of brainwashing inevitably comes up. This allegation has constantly been levelled at the Church by the NZ media and Rev Bracefield remarks that he is continually on the defensive. At present he has filed a \$1 million law suit against Truth who has hammered the Church for the past two years. John Bourne, head of Youth with a Mission, who incidentally sponsored Gary Scharff's tour, has actively harassed the Church and can expect a law suit, as can TV2 and a Catholic newspaper. These sectors of the media have all presented unsubstantiated accusations of brainwashing against the Moonies and Rev Bracefield says that discussion has failed and legal action is a last resort.

The Moonies are surprisingly open about their religious and business activities in NZ. In Auckland they control the marketing of Ginseng Tea which is exported by Hwa Pharmaceuticals of Korea, owned by Rev Moon. They also sport a vegetable and flower wagon in Queen Street and run a printing and typesetting service in Customs Street. These businesses may attract charges

that the Church is money orientated. New Zealand's operations are however, peanuts compared to Rev Moon's Korean industrial empire, valued at \$15m.

However material success is not against Moonie doctrine as long as it is directed to the service of God. Rev Bracefield does not deny that Rev Moon lives somewhat extravagantly but explains that because Rev Moon is a world leader he must also look like one. There is a flaw somewhere in that one but onto the education programme.

This begins with an introductory evening lecture which is followed by a primary weekend with six lectures and a secondary weekend with five lectures. These are open weekends where people often go home at the end of the day. American teaching techniques have had to be adapted to New Zealand's slower pace of life and the inculcation programme includes special sessions for housewives and elder people.

The discussion then turned to parents' reactions to their children once they had joined the church. There have been several attempts of forcible abduction in NZ and although amateurish, they show that religious tolerance is not all it should be in Godzone. Moonie Gerald Trass was invited to his parents house for a birthday party where two Baptist ministers tried to exorcise him. Other parents have come to the Moonie centre in Auckland and demanded that their children leave with them. However this hostility is not universal and several parents have also joined the Church.

Overcoming parents' bias has not been the only problem for the Moonies in NZ. Rev Bracefield has also found prejudice among magistrates and importing departments, and will soon approach the newly appointed Human Rights Commission to air his complaints.

Commenting on Gary Scharff and his message Rev Bracefield feels that Scharff is probably genuine but misguided and cites self justification as his motive. Rev Bracefield believes that deprogramming is an infringement

on human rights and here he is joined by Rev Dr Armstrong lecturer at St Johns Theological College and Methodist Minister Rev Selwyn Davidson who are both highly critical of deprogramming.

In NZ the Unification Church emphasises community. It has set up a community paper and has begun several programmes to stimulate social communication. The anti-Moonie press has created an atmosphere of suspicion towards the Unification Church and if its members can overcome this suspicion in a potential recruit then they deserve him. Although the Church follows some questionable doctrines it doesn't deserve the accusation that members' commitments are due to brainwashing. It at least merits tolerance.

The sixties and seventies have seen the growth of many weird and wonderful cults. Although the Unification Church may not fit into this bracket, it is part of the same phenomenon. Dr Christopher Evans in his book 'Cults of Unreason', has explored this social trend and provides the following explanation: 'Cults fill a vacuum which man has created by his own diligence and scientific curiosity. The truth is that we have let our technical mastery of science move far, far ahead of our philosophical and social expertise. With contemptuous ease man has kicked away from under his feet the bases of his age-old truce with the unknown - the multiple belief systems which we know of as religion.'

So it is the 'seekers' - mainly young people looking for a direction in life, often middle class and from materially secure backgrounds - who fill the ranks of the new religions. It is a hunger for a better world and the search for some answers which feeds the growth of cults.

Therefore brainwashing is not needed to convert our 'innocent youth'. The Unification Church is filling a vacuum in our society, and it is often the charisma of someone like Rev Bracefield which is enough to sway an interested person. One thing is certain. The Church is here to stay and we may do well to learn to accept it.

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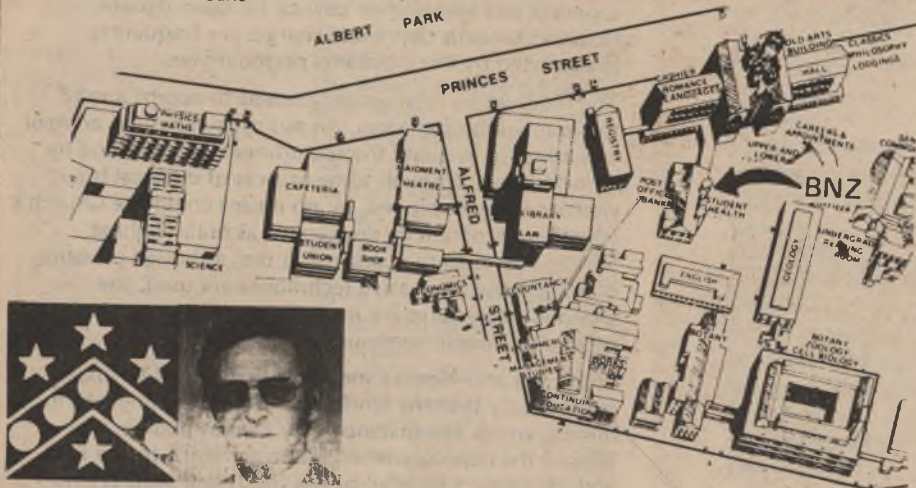
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David And Goliath

Last week the Craccum Administration Board, an august body of student journos, politicians and nobodys who pretend to control Craccum, appointed the new Editor for 1979. The man himself is Mr David Merritt, a definite somebody around this campus. In 1976 he was Public Liaison Officer (a now defunct position on Executive), in 1977 he was Administrative Vice President and SRC Chairperson, then having missed out on the presidency, he left for Wellington to take up with NZUSA. There he has remained, more or less, as National Vice President, then General Vice President, until now, his triumphant return to the old stomping ground.

Craccum takes this opportunity then to expose Mr Merritt's plans for the forthcoming year, (outlined in his 12 page policy statement), have a chat with the old son and make you all grateful for what you're getting now

'If there is one area where I feel that Craccum could improve that is in the area of student involvement Aha! you scream, this has been the catch-cry of every editor since the beginning of time. Just how can this be achieved?'

'Changes in content are always hard to achieve due to the fact that the paper relies greatly on the interests and inclinations of the people who get involved during the course of the year. In other words the editor can lead both staff and students to water but they don't necessarily have to drink.'

'In 1979 I want to see more emphasis placed on education, especially university education and in particular assessment I also hope to get students thinking about exactly why they are at university, what expectations they had before arriving and how university could be improved now they are here. Louise has tried to provoke this kind of discussion with articles such as the 'Who Cares' series but the response was disappointing'

'One thing that I hope to encourage next year is the use of regular features ranging from comics through to columns. A few examples:

- weekly recipes from Michael Volkerling's 'Food For Flatters'



Paul Barton

Local boy made good -- David Merritt

- a proper editorial every week with the occasional guest editorial thrown in for fun.
- comics: about half a page every week, with the inclusion of the latest edition of Fat Freddie's Cat (aaaaahhhh! - Ed.)
- a fortnightly series of humorous short stories taken from Punch columnist, Alan Coren's 'Golfing for Cats'.
- competitions and posters.

Layout: Let's face it, I like four column layout. Sure, it has its drawbacks, but I feel these are largely outweighed by the benefits - easier for advertising and increased use of graphics and photos.'

'Printing: Craccum is currently printed in an A3 format which is essentially a single-folded A2. So I intend to do one or two issues in the full A2 size (ie similar to the New Zealand Herald) layout is more tricky and the large size means that it is a drawback when it comes to reading it in the cafe or lectures there are two 36 page issues planned for next year. The first will appear (as if by magic!) during information/enrolment weeks, the second sometime during finals after mid-October.

So much for technical jargon to stun the students, Dave. How about ideology? 'I haven't got a 'line'. It's not a positive thing anyway, because once you've started editing the thing, your opinions and lines change. I do want to be more local and New Zealand-orientated.'

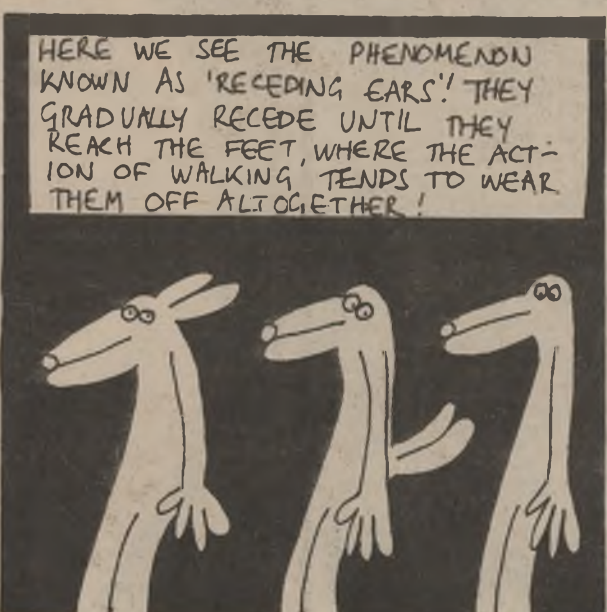
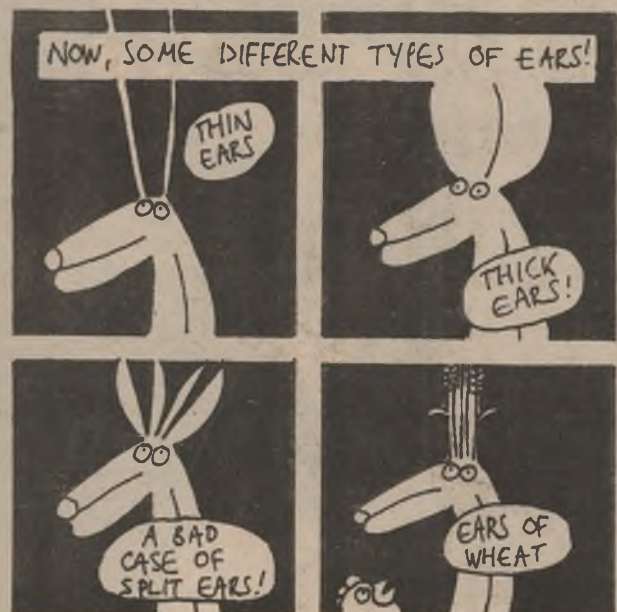
'Craccum is basically for a student readership, and as such you've got to present it in such a way that it's relevant to those who read it. It should be heavily weighted towards things related to students. That's the major commitment, but after that you're free to look at society itself. Students are not isolated; they too are affected by outside issues.'

And what about students who deny that philosophy? 'You're never going to change them, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't change. If you're unhappy with society, then you should criticise it. The metropolitan dailies are never going to rip shit; Craccum and the other student papers are in a specially good position to do so.'

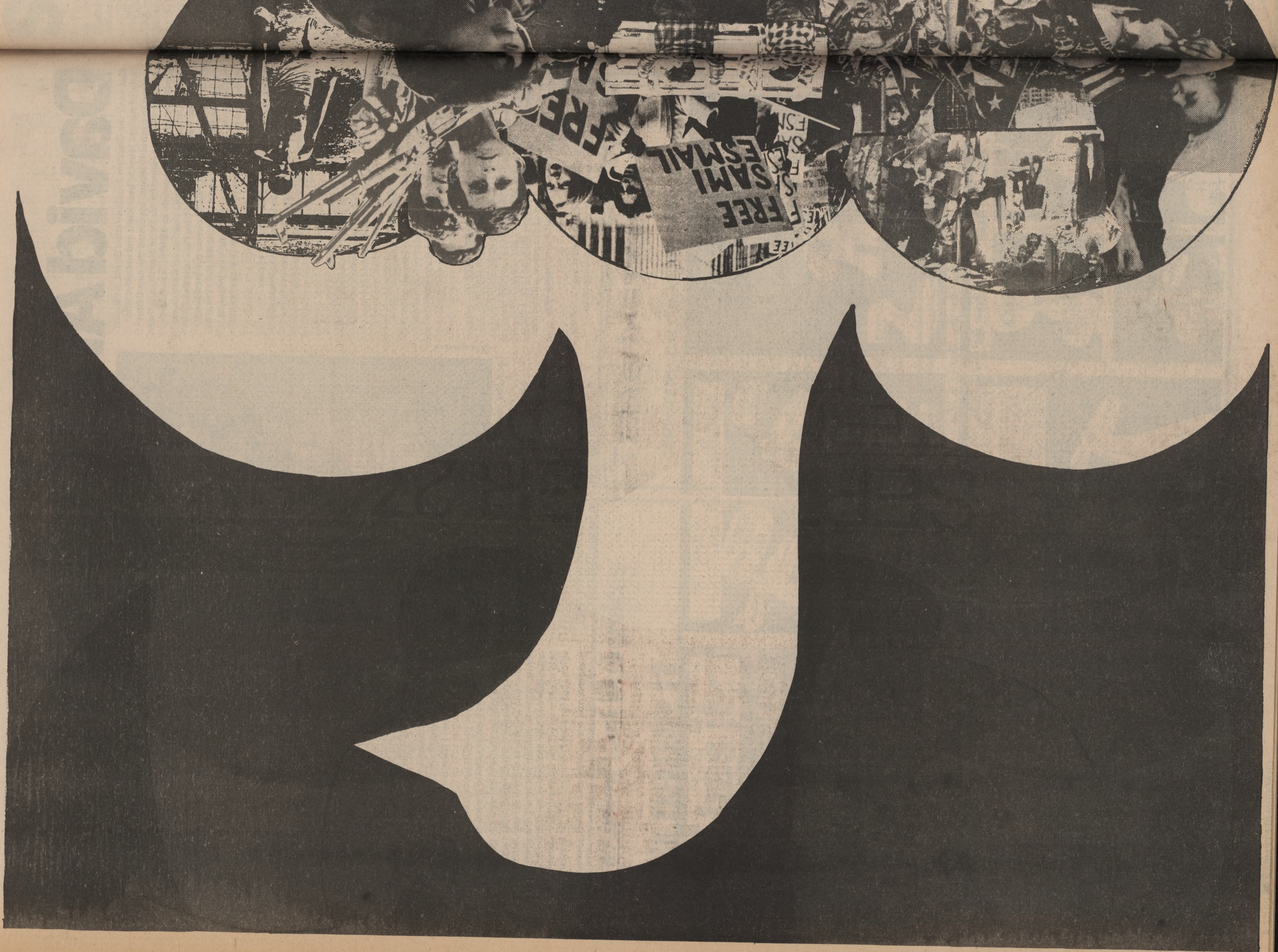
'You've got to get students interested in the paper. You're not always going to reflect what students want, because you're going to differ from each other on some points - of style, content and so on. The editor must be responsive and bear criticism in mind. Students must be able to come up off the Quad and have a bitch at the editor, but he should not necessarily be swayed by that.'

And there you are Mr David Merritt, Craccum Editor for 1979. We wish you luck David.

L.C.



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Impulse

The influences of our capital city, centre of culture and cradle of civilisation, are penetrating ever-northwards. Impulse Dance Theatre are on tour, and will be in Auckland this week. Barbara Robinson, choreographer and business manager for Impulse, spoke to KATRINA WHITE from Cracum about the company.

When Impulse started out as a professional company, did it seem like a big risk to take?

Yes, it was incredibly difficult to begin with. In the first two years we never knew from one fortnight to the next whether there would be money to pay people. We existed in a completely hand-to-mouth way.

Did you subsidise yourselves with other jobs?

Impulse was set up to be professional, and there wasn't really time for anything else. The first year we just worked a nine month year as a test, to see if we could survive, and stopped over the summer months. Then the dancers worked as waitresses and suchlike, because we couldn't pay them. That is still our most difficult period, over the summer, when we are preparing for a new tour, and still need to be working, but don't have any income. This year we've had quite an increase in our Arts Council grant so that while it's still a struggle, we have that extra measure of security. We have a commitment to make something like \$600 a week this year, and every week that we don't bring in \$600 we're still down, but there's enough money to always pay the dancers.

How much do the dancers earn?

Everybody earns the same. Up until recently the director, business manager and dancers all got a basic wage which stuck at about \$56 a week for a long time. That's crept up so we now get \$70 a week, which can be pretty difficult to live on. It covers the basics, but the extras can be difficult, even doctors' bills; sometimes the dancers need chiropodists' care for their feet.

What kind of background of choreographic work did you have?

I actually danced professionally myself for a number of years - worked and studied in America for a couple of years, choreographing at the same time. Unlike being a ballet dancer, who just dances, a modern dancer usually is choreographing as well. It's just as necessary a part of

the whole process. My own background has been as much theatre as dance, and recently I've found myself drawing on that background for more dramatic work, rather than pure dance.

Would you say that there is a particular philosophy that you present in your work?

In Impulse as a company, no - because we have many choreographers, with many points of view, and that's the richness of the present programme. Also, because modern dance is still so new in New Zealand, I think it's necessary to show people a wide range of possibilities and styles. It's possible that in the future Impulse might, however, develop towards one particular style.



Impulse Dance Company at work

Has the company as a whole changed greatly since you first formed?

Yes - they've grown tremendously as performers, and in coping with the whole life-style. At seven people, we're a small group, working closely together, and over three years we've survived together, with remarkably little friction, and few changes in personnel. One of the dancers left last year and we replaced her and increased

the company by one at the same time, so bringing the total to seven. And again this year one of the girls will be leaving and we are auditioning to replace her.

How extensive a repertoire do you have?

Over the years it's built up quite a lot. We have five different schools programmes, for example, with dances for each of these separate programmes. When our new dancers came last year we had to go through the repertoire and teach them all the dances. But, really, over the last three years it has got a little out of hand, and the thought of going right through all the steps again at the end of this year was a little too much so we're abandoning the majority, if not all the repertoire. We've been lucky this year in having overseas choreographers and visiting teachers coming and giving us works, which relieves the pressure on the company to make all the dances. When you're touring for almost three-quarters of the year, it can be hard to find time to create pieces. Up until now the majority of our pieces have been created by members of the company; we've had one or two from dancers also working in New Zealand who've been able to give us work, but certainly 90% of them have been from within the company.

I gather that you spend a lot of time touring, then go back to Wellington to rehearse....

We have spells of time - a large amount, up to two months at the beginning of the year where we really do work and prepare programmes, with little else happening, very few performances. Then a national workshop in May, and in the middle of this year we did a very extensive tour of the South Island - right down the West Coast to Invercargill and back up with one night performances in most towns. The tour was done on a Benson & Hedges Award to take live theatre to children in rural areas. This meant that we had only a month back in Wellington before the spring tour.

And this particular programme you're bringing to Auckland?

This one is very well-prepared and it also has a different feel about it to some of our earlier programmes; slightly more serious. While there are still some light, entertaining pieces, overall there are fewer works and longer works - a bit more heavily weighted. It'll be interesting to see what happens, whether the Auckland audiences like it.

impulse dance theatre

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Sheer Wizardry

To the untrained and uncommitted eye, Godzone must seem like some gargantuan surreal toothpaste commercial. Thousands of people brushing their teeth daily with monochrome modesty to prevent moral decay. A ring of confidence suffused with both honesty and deceit: a veiled invitation to reassure that the socially acceptable image is holding up and a bulwark against the barbarian forces of spontaneity. Eccentrics neatly sidestepped as though garlic oozes from every pore. The congenitally deft cannot yet claim Accident Compensation but that surely must soon come.

It should come as no surprise, therefore, when non-Kiwis are seen to be leading the search for the mythical Godzone Funnybone - the Holy Grail of the Antipodes.

Take the English-born Arch Wizard of Canterbury, alias Ian Brackenbury Channel, a master of show-biz grandstanding and self-confessed 'world's greatest liar'. The 46-year-old former university sociology lecturer, who, in his self-ordained function as Master Cosmologer, has created his own universe, with himself at the centre, suffers fools gladly, bureaucrats, feminists, welfare bludgers, socialists, capitalists, nationalists, politicians, wage slaves not at all.

He gives the lie to the old adage 'You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time'. Spellbinding the masses is the Christchurch-based Wizard's specialty. He trades in verbal ledgerdemain, sparking arguments on every conceivable (and even a few hitherto inconceivable) subject with anyone willing to engage him, always taking the line of the most resistance to sharpen his formidable wit.

The square in Christchurch has been a favourite stomping ground since he came to the country in 1974. A common tableau is the Wizard mounted on a pedestal dressed perhaps in top hat and tails, sorcerer's peaked hat and cape or biblical prophet's loins with crook, armed perhaps with a conductor's baton or 'Hot Line to God' (toy telephone), looking like he just stepped out of a Heironymous Bosch painting, tongue poised like the Sword of Damocles, ready to deliver jeremiads against society's listless and depraved, to fulminate against the power-crazed and hell-bent, to confound the reverential and retail wacky, half-baked sophistries like intellectual fast food.

It's a baroque mixture of damned lies, folk homily, shocking heresy, appalling non-sequiturs, rampant idiocy, luminous nonsense and pure Barnum and Bailey distillate, designed to jar the liturgical solemnity with which the affairs of Godzone are normally conducted.

Trying to follow a Wizardly spektakular in linear fashion is a sure route into confusion: the logic of levity creates its own rules, existentially. The only object, it seems being sheer bedazzlement, a short-circuiting of the individual's habitual responses so that fragments of 'unreason' are given a chance to cohere in a fresh gestalt. Actual reaction varies. Some onlookers gasp and wheeze as if seized by the sudden raw vitality of a cough lozenge; others appear to be locked in some desperate attempt to balance the angels of the Wizard's imagination on the pinhead of their own narrow world view; yet others try to marshal crumpled smiles, puzzled frowns and withered eyes into a forward offensive. Most just dunno.

Recent studies of memory indicate that unless adrenalin is present, no learning takes place. Shock causes adrenalin to flow and, for a short time, this increases perception. The wizard puts it this way: 'I create the same feelings of exaltation as romantic love but by appealing to the imagination, not to lust. Many people working from nine to five want something remarkable to happen to them. I give it to them. The only price they pay is that they become less important.'

'I think many people would rather be a happy inferior rather than a miserable equal. Also, it means that when they're inferior they start to learn again. When you flatter people, you stop them learning. IF you call them idiots and numbskulls, you encourage them to prove otherwise, to compete.'

Ego is not a dirty word in the Wizard's vocabulary; modesty is. He probably doesn't even use toothpaste. 'Egotism is a harmless philosophy,' he declares. 'An egotist isn't allowed to help other people or to hurt them. If they come into your dream, you can play with them but the idea of helping them is very dangerous. You should help yourself at all times. The rules of egotism are that your ego is more important than other people's opinion of you, so you shouldn't do things to please others - like the neighbours.'

'Children start off right. They always do things from self-interest and they always try to work out what games are going on and do the best they can. This is the best way to become cunning and clever. But if someone becomes threatening, and that means you stand to lose what you have, then the battle begins.'



Richard Lello



Richard Lello

'Children have their identities wrecked because they're told never to do anything for its own sake. You have to put cultural considerations first and work down rather than putting physiological reactions first and working up. That's very hard to do in a reductionist cosmology. Every scientist has told us that flesh is more real than mind, matter is more real than flesh.'

Myth-making has long been the Wizard's Meccano and his basic cosmological formula can be stated thus: 'Belief causes things to happen. The more people believe in these things the more they happen.' He has evolved several roles to enable him to achieve his eventual aim of disappearing from the face of the earth, through the 'simple' expedient of 'stopping believing in myself.'

As 'The Prophet', he appears regularly in public proclaiming a new covenant linking mankind in a world-wide existential religion, to be administered by the Anglican Church. As 'The Master Cosmologer', he synthesises abstract scientific theories, makes statements about the laws which govern the universe and carries out experiments of a socio-cultural type to verify his hypotheses. As 'The Leader of the British Imperial Conservative Party' he is pledged to an anti-progress, anti-tax, anti-education platform. As 'The Living Work of Art', on extended loan to the National Gallery of Victoria, Australia, he exhibits his art of living and art of talking at great length and speed in such a way that he says little of any consequence.

For the past three years, he has campaigned unsuccessfully to have the Christchurch City Council appoint him official Arch Wizard of Canterbury. Earning money through attracting tourists to your city of conservative charms is a far better deal for all than encouraging nasty, noisy, polluting industry, asserts the Wizard. In 1969, following two years of lecturing in theoretical sociology at the University of New South Wales, specialising in religion and aesthetics, Channell was appointed to the unprecedented office of official Wizard to the University. This was done jointly by Sir Phillip Baxter, the Vice-Chancellor, and the Students' Union Council. In 1971, he was appointed to the triple functions of 'Cosmologer', 'Shaman' and 'Living Work of Art' to the University Union of Melbourne University, complete with secretarial assistance.

The Christchurch Council shows no signs of relenting. The Wizard, typically, is unfazed and continues to harangue audiences in public places and on talk-back shows, issuing divine credits from his Bank of Heaven to deserving souls and selling his revised World Map, which places New Zealand near the top ('For years innocent Britons in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa have been brainwashed by stupid and corrupt educationalists who have deceived them into believing they were born in an inferior position. My map should help to redress the balance').

The Wizard has absolutely no illusions about the power of illusion. 'Hitler and Freud were wizards. They changed the basis of reality for millions of people, getting them to think and act differently.' His own 'crazy quilt' of reality and illusion is based on a comprehensive understanding of the dialectics of consciousness transformation throughout history.

'All people everywhere have myths of identity, which they need for survival as much as an individual needs air to breathe. These myths develop from a set of given or a priori assumptions just as inscrutable as those upon which language and mathematics and such things as scientific and administrative laws depend. These myths always go back to a dream time, or mythological age, in which events are transformed through exaggeration and simplification into basic mythodynamic archetypes of social behaviour, which are strong enough in emotional impact and easy enough to retain in the memory to provide motivating dynamics for social action.'

'Realising that all human beings depend on strange unprovable myths, which produce that phenomenon called the imagination, and those amazing attempts to make dreams come true, it is in the individual's interest to indulge his favourite identity myths, to keep them nourished and up-to-date with the latest information about their veracity, or otherwise, and to look out for any mythsharers whose traditions have given them a similar identity bias.'

'Over many years I have been experimenting with various forms of identity systems and I have now perfected my own identity system in a manner that will satisfy the most critical philosophical investigation since I have synthesised existential, socialistic, monotheistic, polytheistic and spiritualistic a priori assumptions. The device I have adopted to deal with the problem of living in an imperfect community and finding myself continually victimised for expressing heretical opinions, even though they are extremely carefully worked out in the interest of my community, is the back-handed compliment.'

'I make a great deal of the good fortune of being born an Englishman, christened into the Church of England, socialised into the British way of life during the revitalised period when they were fighting for survival against

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Ccndd from page 13

Hitler, and teaching without payment at universities in which free speech is permitted.'

'Free speech is only encouraged by those peoples who are completely confident in the superiority of their way of life, as they are sure that any opinions expressed would only confirm their own or other people's opinions of the follies of alternative life styles. In making great play of these things, I produce considerable blind hatred from converts to international socialism and international capitalism, as well as from non-English, non-imperialistic minority groups which feel threatened by one man's existential glorification of his own identity.'

'I do this in a part of the Commonwealth in which the Establishment derives its authority from the assumptions that I so proudly enumerate, so I can scarcely be regarded as a resentful rebel and be put down. A great advantage in avoiding hypocrisy and guilt myself is that I am not blinded by self-hatred which has led my detractors to make absolute fools of themselves over and over again. Making a fool of myself for the sake of purging myself of pride and blindness to my own faults is a practice that I have adhered to all my life and probably accounts for my sharp-wittedness and resistance to being conned.'

'Like George Bernard Shaw, my 'belief' has always been a childlike process of believing in what appeals to my imagination. Logically, I have concluded that I am the centre of my own universe. There is a snag, however, in that the present worldly authorities do not accept this and are increasingly unsure that there is such a thing as a centre to the universe. Relativity theorists are quite emphatic that there shouldn't be one. In all I do, say and feel, the existential 'I' is the only consistent thing in my evolving universe of sensations from inside myself as well as outside.'

It is difficult to place the Wizard in a sharp, clear focus, given his puckish play with words, forming collages from cant, sewing up arguments with the flashy braid of one-up-man-ship. Incessant or incandescent? - The line must be fine indeed.

As for his constant check against the spirochetes of pride and self-deception, it is not often evident in the indulgent way he handles a crowd: knee-jerk diatribes before triers can make their points, turning questions inside out just for the hell of it, inviting all to compete with the Blizzard. If most people take shelter from the storm, small wonder, it's not easy to find warmth under such conditions. Verbal ascendancy is one of the options for homo sapiens but what's the point, after everyone has been shut out effectively, used merely as props in a play about one man's love for himself.

Nowhere do the aesthetics of silence appear to play a role in his rigorous cosmology of High Seriousness (don't be completely taken in by the sheen of frivolity. As a student of history's pageant of ideas he knows that no doctrine of 'survival of the foolish' has ever flourished, as much as he would like to see that change). As writer Rene Char put it: 'No bird has the heart to sing in a thicket of questions'. And, it might be added, 'nor a forest of statements'. No genuine sharing exchange seems possible with the Wizard. However, we must concede that his imperiousness is in accord with his egotistical philosophy and there does appear to be an ulterior motive in his garnering of rapt attention.

At first impression, his allegiance to the Crown, the Church of England and the British way of life seem incompatible with his stance as a self-centred prime mover but, as always with the Wizard, he is rarely the fool everyone thinks he is: he's a completely different fool altogether. 'I'd rather be C of E than anything else, British than foreign, because I've been moulded that way. I'm biased and I don't claim not to be. Unbiased people hate everything around them I've found. Biased people feel happy in themselves. Jesus was completely biased: 'Those who are not for me are against me'.

'The Anglican faith has a long record of religious tolerance without going as far as organisational collapse, which is unique in the world and the political head of the Commonwealth is also Defender of the Faith which means the Anglican Church is the only religion of any size which can call upon armed forces when confronted with what is defined as evil by the church e.g. Napoleon and Hitler.'

'The British Imperial Conservative Party, of which I am leader, does not subscribe to the belief that a collection of elected representatives formed into a financial pressure group, with a strict dogma for the purposes of contesting elections (i.e. a political party), should set itself above traditional organised churches in the matter of making authoritative statements discriminating good from evil.'

'The monarchy provides stability. I'm not an adoring monarchist. To me it's just a handy form of government that works quite well and checks against dictatorship through separation of powers. Money grubbers often

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complain that the Queen costs too much and doesn't work for her keep. The answer is that hard work is not an ethical imperative, whereas good living is and that the monarch legally 'owns' all the money that is legal tender: others only make use of it as a means of exchange.'

'As the monarch is not a pagan, ruling Christians by force, the argument that money is evil does not hold water. The root of all evil is greed for money, not money in itself. A final death blow to critics' arguments is that the Royal Family, as a show for tourists, bring in more money to the British peoples than they cost.'

'People are brainwashed over money and work. Employment is not a way of life but a way of death - selling your soul. Money is not needed; it's useless for survival. State means that you hate God and love money and religion means that sometimes you put something above money. There's no national government that has any power at all. It's all in the hands of the moneylenders.'

'Capitalists are the people running national socialism and the national socialists are run by United Nations, which is run by the Americans and Russians. Socialists and Communists are no threat to the capitalists whatsoever; they borrow money from them, so can't be depended on to stop this power of money over people's lives. The only way to get around it is to declare it evil in the eyes of Christianity, which can denounce it.' 'There's only a choice between the USA, the USSR and Britain.' 'ain. Most people want to see one system destroyed, because that's the way they've been brought up - what's not yours is bad, and today it's the British system, because we are superior people. WASPs (White Anglo-Saxon Protestants) are hated more than any other group, which is ironic since Britain is no longer a politically powerful nation. It just shows just how superior the British must be if everyone hates them that much.'

How does he square his Christian allegiance with the tremendous sense of guilt and self-denial generated by that faith? 'Not as bad as the socialists though. I do think the Christian people are much jollier than their enemies. I don't find Christians particularly miserable unless it is the Bible-bashing fundamentalist type.'

He favours the concept of Empire over United States, Union of Republics, Nation, Commonwealth or Federation, as it indicates 'a unity based on traditions and quality of life, as opposed to unions entered into for material advantages only. Imperialism is a very interesting system because the colony is largely self-governing but can appeal to a central body like the Privy Council to work certain things out. If the imperial links are cut then there's nothing to stop dictatorship.'

'The best forms of government are primitive. Agricultural peoples have essentially the same sort of government as the British - an agricultural aristocracy. Primitive government is good because there's no change; it's very conservative. Change is evil because it represents pushy people wanting to get on top. And they do revolting things to get there. A tree grows but not by trying to change. It grows by trying to be a tree. When you try to change someone else, you are destroying him as a self.'

'Both capitalists and socialists are mad on change. Capitalists gain control by making people greedy for things and socialists gain control by making them frightened of living so they can do what they want without opposition. 'The fact that you may want to run your own life is an abominable horror in a socialist state. You must come under the administration of their huge bureaucracies which tell you how to live, what to do, to smoke or not to smoke. The state doesn't just tell you - anyone who shows any sign of individual responsibility is regarded as virtually insane.'

Evincing an impeccable disregard for logistics but splendid Promethean spirit the Wizard recommends that everyone defy history and abandon industry and agriculture to become nomads. 'We have a choice: stop industry and agriculture or they will stop us. Ninety-five per cent of people who have ever lived have done so without them. Agriculture was never meant for economic reasons. Nomads don't destroy their own environment because it is their church.'

Wizard on the Welfare State: 'The welfare state is essentially a big tit in the sky. People want to be fed so much, they don't even consider the price they have to pay. Nobody's going to say anything against it either, because anyone who is published or reported in the mass media has to be in favour of it. If you are against it, you are immediately dismissed as a crackpot or insane idiot. 'The whole unconscious purpose of it is to castrate every man until he loses the most precious thing of all - his own will.'

Wizard on Human Rights: 'Bills of Human Rights drawn up by anti-clerical humanists and imposed by force by an elite of party politicians who keep asking for more power in order to guarantee the 'freedom' of those whom they rule, is a trick that has been perpetuated on over-taxed, over-educated, and over-governed populations

since the dictatorship of Napoleon. The only guarantee of freedom from tyranny is to keep the number of public servants down to a minimum: police, military, communications, technical personnel etc., and especially to keep the invisible aspects of Government as weak as possible.'

Wizard on Compulsory Taxation: 'The British Imperial Conservative Party is opposed to compulsory taxation, both direct and indirect, being levied by governments for the purposes of revenue, so that the ruling elite can pay large numbers of state employees to indoctrinate children and to manipulate the 'physical' and 'mental' health of their subjects.'

The Wizard on Equality: 'The religion of equality is certainly the most ruthless, unrealistic, and decadent religion ever conceived, as the hundreds of millions of corpses of those who perished through violence as a result of this philosophy in the last sixty years will testify. There is absolutely no logical or ethical reason to assume that any man, woman, or child of any race or creed is equal in any way, particularly in wisdom. To be wise enough to know that one is not the equal of wiser men, women, or even children, is itself a sign of superior wisdom in comparison with those violently assertive individuals who use force or slander to prove that they are 'equal' in all important respects to anyone, alive or dead, despite all contrary evidence.'

The Wizard on Education: 'It is not easy to destroy a human soul, but ten years or more of continuous, compulsory, 'secular' education, together with continuous brainwashing by propaganda experts using printing presses, film laboratories and television stations to create and distribute 'The truth', according to the secular state or international big business, is more than enough in most cases. The generation gap is today encouraged by both the mass education and mass media organisations, because a strong family network inhibits the obsessive reliance on material things which develops in individuals isolated from their family networks in the modern cities.'

Wizard on Art: 'I think artists are dangerous people. They believe what they make is important. They lose all the pleasure in making what they produce because they're too busy worshipping it. I like exciting, dramatic, uplifting stuff - Rider Haggard, Swift, Kipling, Lord Dunsany. Anything with any fantasy in it. Lovecraft tries too hard. Lewis Carroll is magnificent, a very good cosmologist. 'Art is the way life should be. Everything should be aesthetic, otherwise it becomes neurotic and vulgar. That's why aristocrats appeal to me because they live a life which is almost entirely artificial. They try to avoid becoming 'real', vulgar or serious at any point'.

The Wizard on Kiwi Humour: 'New Zealanders haven't evolved a tradition of humour because almost everything good in it was destroyed back in 1900 when it gained independence. Since then it's been getting more and more like America. If it had stayed a colony its humour would have developed enormously. All the best talent has gone to Britain and it's become a sterile, independent, capitalist society infested with 300,000 public servants, which is enough to put the kibosh on anyone being creative and imaginative. The best chance for New Zealanders is colonial humour where they make out how dumb they are in what they say but show how smart they are in their actions.'

The Wizard on Pain and Ecstasy: 'Passion turns the whole world into a muck heap. The ecstasy of religion is important but not the blasted bleeding heart rubbish. That's sentimentality. Romantic love is pure sentimentality. The Goon Show is ecstatic; anyone who enjoys that is on the right track. There's also ecstasy in fine music, such as Handel. 'When hate and lust is felt passionately, it's very dangerous; makes people lie, cheat and murder. Businessmen encourage the process by calling vulgarity vitality and aliveness. 'For me wisdom is not found in books but in bitter experience. You find out best when you've been made a fool of.'

The Wizard on Mystical Experiences: 'They are a kind of sensuous orgy of feeling. Women like to feel God in them and surround themselves with love. Men like to receive instructions from God but he doesn't shout out in words; it's inspiration, which comes from above. Inspiration from the subconscious is from the Devil. It's all the product of the imagination, including notions of God and the Devil. Perception isn't though. It's what sense you make of your perceptions that's important, by using logical-deductive systems. The sensations themselves are very low and unimportant. You learn how to discriminate slowly. People wear filters over their eyes, seeing only what they want to see. I do too, otherwise I'd go barmy overwhelmed by a flood of roaring sensations terrible.'

The Wizard on Lying: 'I don't bear false witness - that's evil. But it doesn't say you can't lie in the Ten Commandments. False witness is saying something happened that didn't happen.'

MURRAY MAHONY

KANTA YUKIO LITTLE

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MURRAY

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PHILIP

Campus Reviews

KANTAN
YUKIO MISHIMA
LITTLE THEATRE SEPTEMBER 20 - 23

'Kantan' is a play that makes very few concessions, either to performers or to audiences. Very much a part of Japanese theatrical idiom, it refers constantly to traditional styles and techniques without ever totally conforming to oriental conventions; it thus presents something of a generic problem for western audiences whose only comparable cultural reference is surely the Expressionist theatre of the twenties and thirties. Director Stephen Dee acknowledges, rather than solves this problem by setting his production somewhere between Tokyo and Toronto, sometime between the distant past and the day after tomorrow.

Essentially it is a disillusioning and disenchanting work which arrives at a more or less optimistic conclusion almost by default and, facile though it may appear on one level, the sparse economy of its theatrical techniques suggests the possibility of a quite devastating impact in performance. The cast of the current production is admittedly hampered by what I suspect to be a particularly gauche translation but, even allowing for such a handicap, the piece fails to make anything like an indelible impression.

This is surprising and more than a little disappointing, because 'Kantan' is a presentation by the University Theatre Activities group, which draws on roughly the same personnel as last year's excellent and highly memorable 'Icarus and Daedalus'. One would have expected that the ensemble techniques associated with this group would have made for an extremely exciting realisation of the Mishima work but, alas, a general lack of energy and commitment renders the play's strong elements of stylisation static and uninteresting, rather than establishing them as focal points of dramatic tension. The patterns of the play appear too obviously imposed from outside rather than emanating from within the collective consciousness of the chorus - a consequence perhaps of the director's apparently rather superficial approach that relies too heavily on the prettiness and ethnic charm of the more or less Japanese setting (paper ornaments courtesy of Surabaya, Parnell) instead of upon the piece's inherently sombre and menacing aspects. The result becomes manifest as a shallowness and lack of conviction which fails to achieve a suspension of disbelief on the part of the audience and which fails, I suspect, to really hold their interest.

Nevertheless, 'Kantan' stands out as an imaginative, if difficult, choice for a student production, even though the standard of production may not be of the highest, it deserves the attention of the theatre-going public who are increasingly less likely to have the opportunity to see anything in a similar vein elsewhere.

MURRAY BEASLEY

ALASTAIR RIDDELL BAND
OLD MAID
WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 20

About forty extremely enthusiastic people went to Alastair's concert in the Maid on Wednesday night, including even his onetime drummer Brent Eccles. They all roared and shouted their approval, and Alastair made his for once credible claim that his was soon going to be the best band in the country. Gone was all the flash and posing and startrips, presented plainly, professionally and well lit; Alastair Riddell with band and two female backing vocalists, playing songs from his forthcoming album and songs he likes to play, nothing too remarkable, but as an intelligent a rock band as could be hoped for in this country.

There were four songs from Lou Reed's 'Transformer', Ferry's 'Rock of Ages' three Kate Bush songs, one from Patti Smith, and an Eno classic 'I'll Come Running'. The backing vocalists were very useful, dancing well, looking good and (most importantly, of course) making the songs of Ferry Eno Reed etc sound authentic. Alastair sang, and played keyboards a lot of the time, one of the girls Ruth also sang solo quite a bit, and the guitarist played every bit as well as Alastair himself.

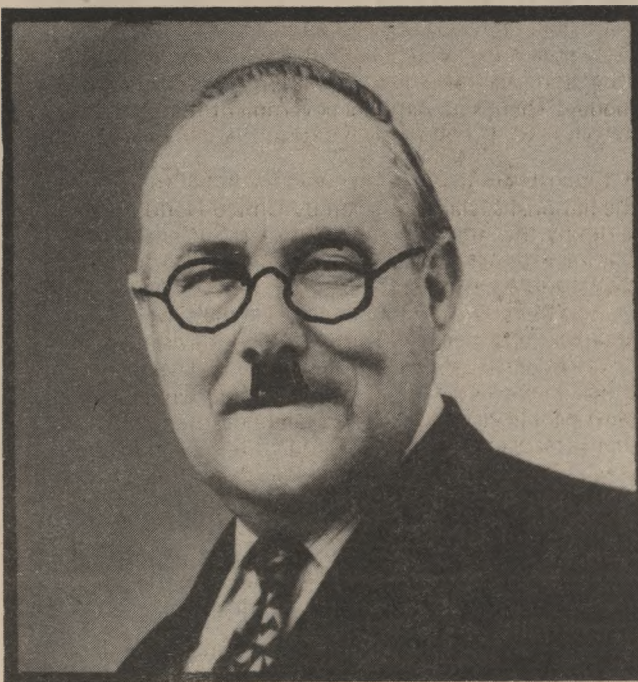
So it's a pity that so few people came because this band has, I think, a chance of making it. It doesn't matter anymore whether Alastair sounds like Bowie or Ferry or Bagriel. Because he's not trying to be a star anymore, he's just Alastair playing because he likes to, with people he likes to play with. There is no room for any cynicism anymore.

PHILIPPE HAMILTON

THE ROBMAN ROAD SHOW
IAN WATKIN, DEREK PAYNE & OTHERS
OLD MAID SEPTEMBER 13-16

Buying a ticket to Robman's Roadshow was a bit like grabbing a pork sandwich at the Wellington Airport Cafe it's not until after you've forked out that you discover they've forgotten to put the filling in, the stuff they use instead of butter hasn't been spread to the edges, the bread's stale and curling up and that green bit you thought was lettuce turns out to be mould.

You can't complain though. You see, you're not actually paying for what you get, it's just they've got these high



overheads, eh. Those radio mikes cost a bit to hire. They kept feeding back and it was difficult to relate to the performers because their voices were totally disembodied but you can't expect a couple of radio actors to make themselves heard without amplification. (The dancers managed occasionally, but what business have dancers got talking during a show anyway?) But come on, be fair, it's a bugger trying to project through those masks eh. Oh yeah, the masks - another Alienation Device. I don't know why they bothered. Boredom has a fairly thorough alienating effect and they scooped the pool on that one.

After the initial impact of the masks (Talboys with a chest of drawers over his head, oh wow! Rob with a pig's head and a scar, hee hee) these fancy pieces of equipment (more overheads?) served only to cause speech impediments and to depersonalise the wearers. And that's the big mistake! You don't want to

depersonalise Muldoon. You don't want to make him into a cuddly soft toy with a cute little piggy face and a cape. You want to rip shit out of him! Don't you?

Or do you, Ian and Derek? I couldn't tell what you thought or felt behind those masks. You could've been doing a jolly little gang show for the Young Nats - a bit of harmless fun-poking at the Pig. What about Trevor Richards eh? What about gags on overseas speakers? What about Immigration?

Oh yeah, Gill was there (Rank Pill you called him - saitre at its best) and boy did you ever rip into Frank. You found just as many words with Rs in them as you could and made old Fwank look weally widiculous. But can you honestly call that political satire? Alright so Robman repeatedly informed the audience that he knew all our names, but so what? I've heard drunken accountancy students do variations on that one at numerous parties and they didn't charge \$4/\$3.25 for students (and Young Nats?). I can't remember a single funny line in the whole show.

The dominant feeling I got from the show was that these two rather boring political soft toys (Talboys with odd bits of lingerie hanging from his drawers apparently there is something intrinsically side-splitting about a bra) kept intruding on a Spats and Limbs concert.

Both these groups have been better - the balance on the sound never really sorted itself out and Fayne buggers about a bit too much, to the detriment of the music; Limbs are excellent when exploring new areas of movement, but boring when adopting a 'style' or wandering around looking intense. But Limbs and Spats have something to develop - a solid basis of good material. They are my personal choice for best band and best dance group in the country, and they will have rough nights and good nights.

Ian and Derek though, despite being very good comedians (they have both had me falling about the place on other occasions) have nothing to build on. No matter how much they hone their performances (and there's a bit of honing to do alright) they can't get much better because the script is rat shit. One of the good things about humour is it defuses fear. How can you dread authority when authority is shown to be pathetic and ridiculous? But humour must evidence this ridiculousness. You can't just say 'Robman looks like a pig', you must show him to be one. If you crap out, you're the one who looks wet and in the end asserts the superiority of the Pig over his satirists, and that's drastic.

Now someone has to get out there and repair the damage the Robman Roadshow is doing, or we'll have to put up with another three years in the shit, and that's fatal no matter what 42% of Auckland University students think.

MIKE WILSON

PUNK POETRY
TONY MATTSO
LITTLE THEATRE SEPTEMBER 6

Tony Mattson presented, in an experimental theatrical fashion, his Poetry and Themes. He uses slick phrases like 'the blue rinse set' not because they're smart but because they sum up the standards against which he has set himself - in frustration and desperation, quite violently. So much so that he sees the fight against 'Remuera Arses' to achieve justice for everyone, almost lost and is resolved to take up suicide songs. He has slashed his wrists and dies, all to no avail - the hypocrisy reigns supreme. So everything is hopeless, no matter, the meek fall by the wayside, no matter, who cares? Anyone for tennis?

But a glimmer of light, a lamp swings in the studio corner but Tony smashes that, but at least he touched it - perhaps there is hope after all. Perhaps, this is where the performer falters in his depressed despondency, because hope plays a much stronger role in life than he experiences and portrays. The negative aspect of the show was intentional but was it accurate? Remove complacency for instance and what was once negative can be repolarised into positive.

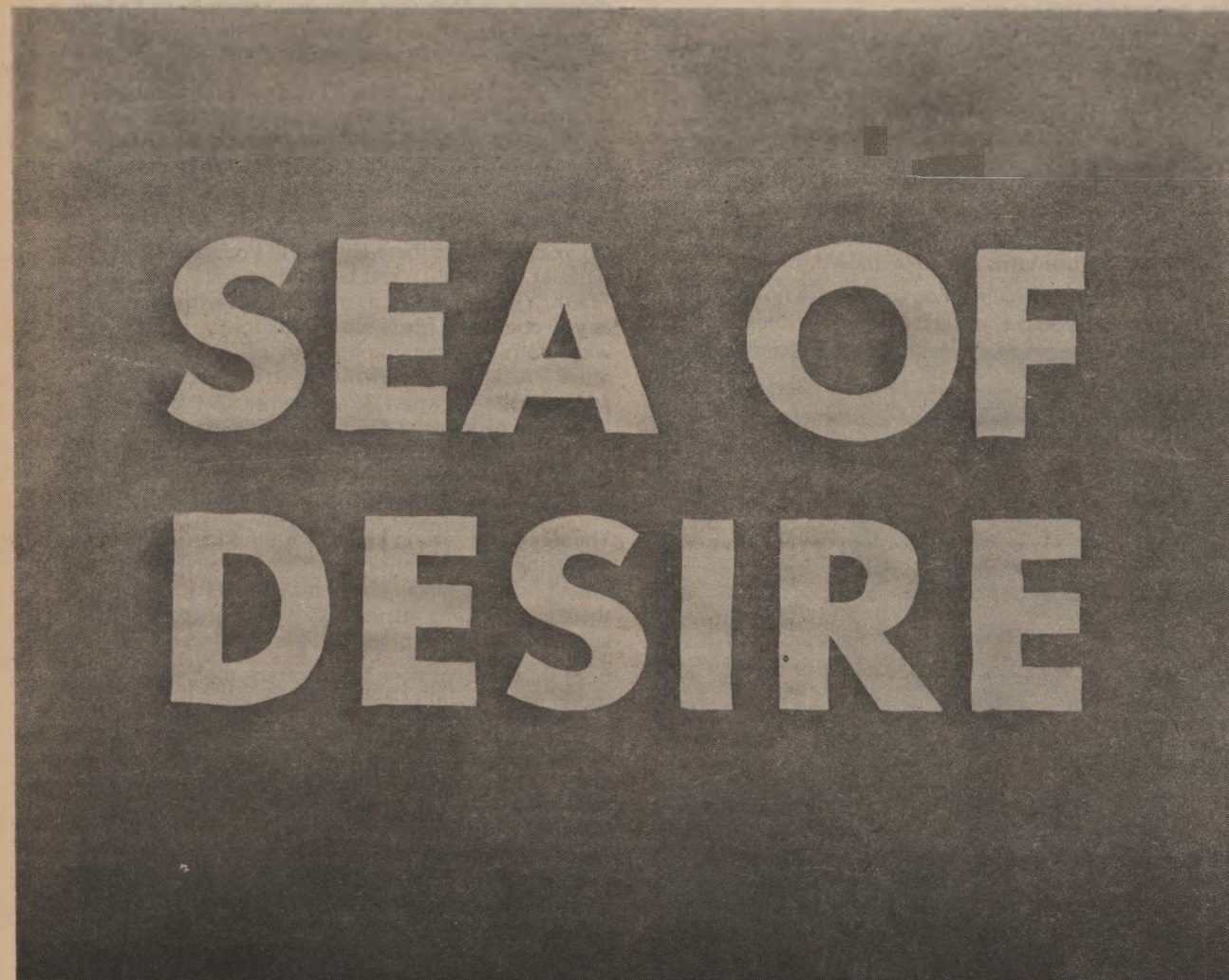
Tony Mattson produced a highly creative use of sound and light. It was refreshing to see somebody trying to come to grips with the technicalities of devices in order to further illustrate his art. So often in the theatres we see all the technical potential used solely for pragmatic purposes instead of making it 'perform' for the audience. His success in this field was very limited but I'm sure the experience will encourage Tony Mattson to further develop light and sound presentations, I hope so and I look forward to them.

FRANK HOBSON



In the old days ---- Alastair Riddell

More Reviews



Edward Ruscha: 'Sea of Desire';

DOUBLE VISION FOREIGNER ATLANTIC THRU WEA

Critics may call it the dinosaur of rock'n'roll, but Heavy Metal simply refuses to die. Though most of the great exponents of the style, such as Jimi Hendrix or The Stooges, have either died or disbanded, droves of fans remain for their competent successors. Competence is where Foreigner come in. 'Double Vision' is the band's second album and it reaffirms their solid capabilities with the tools of the Heavy Metal trade.

In the popular imagination Heavy Metal means sledge-hammer rhythm and loads of wailing guitar. But the typical album has always featured at least an equal number of slow ballads with very lush arrangements.

Foreigner front up well in both departments. Fortunately they represent the better side of today's Heavy Metal and that means the material is handled with a degree of restraint and good taste.

From the hard rock repertoire the title track and the medium pace stomp 'Lonely' are choice examples. Characteristically they're built around the familiar boogie and riffing, but they are good stuff and played with vigour. Ian MacDonald on rhythm guitar, bassist Ed Gagliardi and drummer Dennis Elliot have been at this too long not to know how its done.

For my money though, the ballads are better value. Vocalist Lou Gramm and lead guitarist Mick Jones who together wrote most of the material have one up on most Heavy Metal outfits. They can actually compose strong melodies. Best cuts are 'I Have Waited So Long' and 'Back Where You Belong'. As the compositions will stand by themselves fuitar and keyboard (Al Greenwood) decoration are restricted to an effective but not overpowering level.

Lou Gramm's vocals are straight from the Paul Rodgers tough-but-passionate school. Perhaps he would be better off leaving the 'are you hot, mama?' stuff alone. He's a competent vocalist but that sort of thing can only be carried off by a Paul Rodgers or a Frankie Miller. Gramm's lyrics make you wince a little at times too.

If you like heavy rock then you shouldn't be disappointed with the album. There may be absolutely no posing value in owning a record like this but you can always hide it away behind the latest offerings from Bruce Springsteen or Mink de Ville. It will probably make pretty good listening of the sly.

DOMINIC FREE

PAGE 16 SEPTEMBER 25 CRACCUM

ISLANDS 22 VOL 6 NO 4 \$2.10

A booklet published quarterly consisting of New Zealand Arts and Letters. As an outlet of New Zealand talent, it provides interesting reading.

The major contributions in this issue are in the poetry section, with Allen Curnow's 'From an Incurable Music' and a 1978 continuation of Dennis Glover's 'too long postponed' Mick Stimpston poems. Its a long time since 'Sings Harry'.

Michael Morrissey's story 'An Evening With Ionesco' explores the tensions between people of different sexual orientation. The work is full of clever perceptions but as a whole seems inconclusive -- in fact, it may even border on the indifferent. Keith Overden's 'Chapter Seven' is a gruelling record of the agonies of writing a final chapter to a learned volume about which he is suitably self-deflatory though still very informative, especially about Sartre. The best bits are descriptions of fellow travellers on a sea voyage and the surprising end to the saga is also worth reading.

E.H. McCormick's 'Beginnings' are fascinating in their modesty and, many feel, accuracy. He makes no attempt to write grandly or apologetically about his past but conveys a real sense that 'strive as one may, the conclusion is obvious, one can never escape from one's beginnings.' This is not an article merely for literary historians or critics but a moving description of the man's childhood and adolescence.

Roger Horrocks also continues his articles on New Zealand film-making, with a well balanced critical appreciation of the work of Tony Williams ('Getting Together', 'The Unbelievable Glory of the Human Voice', 'Lost in the Garden of the World' and 'Solo' among others'). His imaginative approach to documentary making is excellently discussed. Now somebody should show us the films again. William Sontrigate also reviews Gillian Whitehead's 'Tristan and Iseult' (Maidment, April 4-8 1978).

There are a generous number of black and white illustrations including 12 sculptures by Antony Stones, 10 big landscapes paintings by Bill Sutton and 6 by Garth Tapper, all except the last accompanied by short informative articles.

JOHN BROAD

PRINTS, DRAWINGS & BOOKS EDWARD RUSCHA AUCKLAND CITY ART GALLERY

I found the works on display to be refreshing, probably due to the sharpness, and cleanness of the lines and colours that made up the images. The whole series of screenprints are executed with the obvious knowledge of extremely good technical skills and there is an experimental usage of printing media.

This use of extra-ordinary organic substances for printing is interesting eg black currant preserves and red salmon roe in the screenprint titled 'News', axle grease and caviar in 'Brews', but I feel too much importance has been placed on the use of these organic substances while straight out printing inks could have done the job. I found it much more interesting reading the inscriptions about the type of substances used than actually looking at the works involved.

The design-like advertising feeling can be seen not only in the use of words but also in presentation. The rectangularity of the prints for example. They are all very neatly within a cordoned-off border and not attempting to get out; the images are centrally placed as well.

Also on display are eleven books hanging from the ceiling, all of which could easily have come from the Art Book display at the Gallery last month. They were all based on photographic studies of certain topics eg - '26 Gasoline Stations', 'Various Small Fires' and 'Royal Road Tests'.

For each book present there is a lithograph on the wall showing the cover and its title. I found the books themselves much more exciting as they can be picked up, physically held, and looked through. Three times I've been in to see this exhibit so it holds certain pleasing elements for me personally.

P.G. THOMSON

X-RATED MATTHEW BROWN OLD MAID SEPTEMBER 18

People have considered it a put down when I've described Matthew Brown's songs as a sort of 'thinkers top ten material'. No put down's intended however. It's that kind of gentle, memorable, introspection-inducing stuff for contemplative Saturday evenings when Joan Armatrading'd make you cry and anything else would be too heavy.

The concert reinforced my impression that as a composer he's occasionally derivative and often relies heavily on repetition of a simple motif, too slight to carry a whole piece. His playing on Monday was a little loose but he carried off the whole concert with such an understated stage presence that this wasn't particularly noticeable.

With the songs these faults are overcome though it doesn't really sound anything like any of these, it's somehow vaguely reminiscent of some Simon and Garfunkel or Nilsson (without the bop).

It was a concert just to sit back and listen to. Very Matthew Brown -- personal, mellow, enjoyable.

M.P.

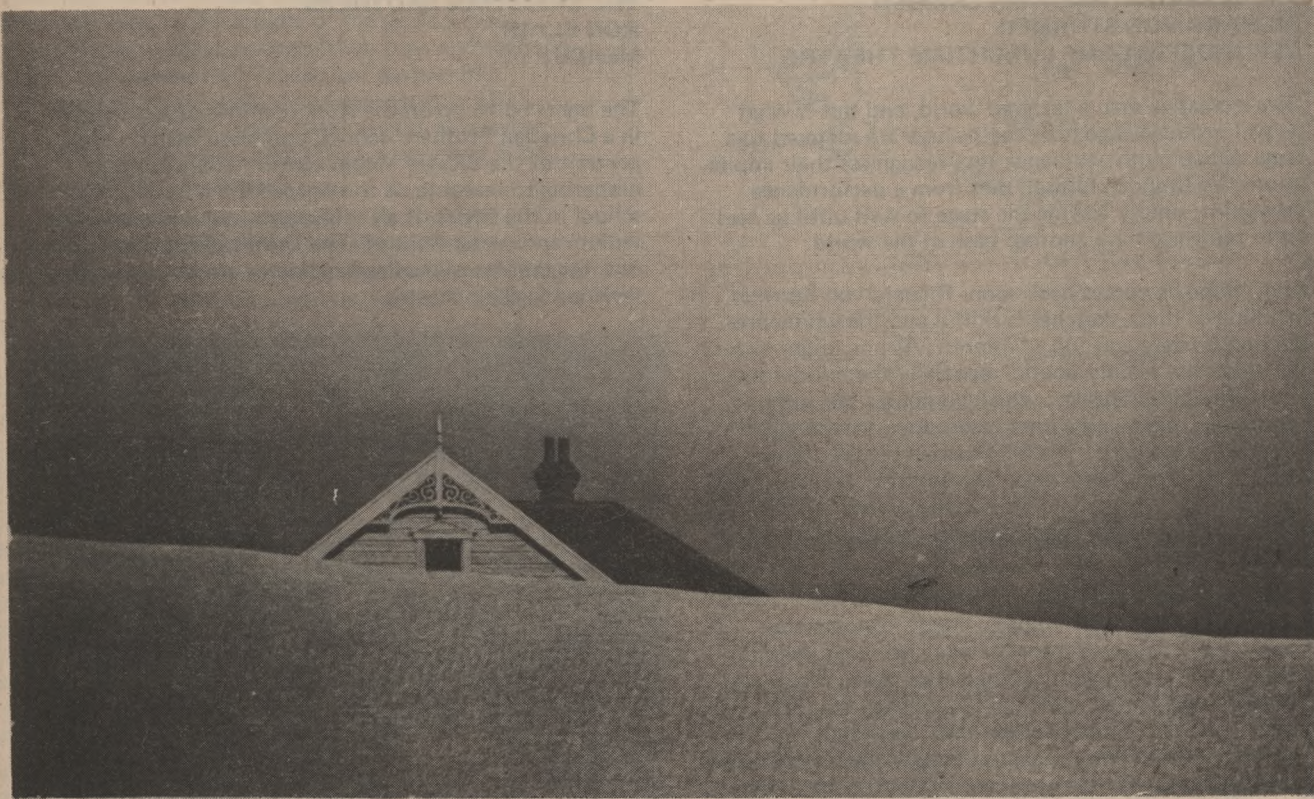
THE LIVES OF A CELL: NOTES OF A BIOLOGY WATCHER LEWIS THOMAS PENGUIN BOOKS

'Who would consider for a moment that the more than three billion of us are a sort of stupendous animal when we become linked together?' Professor Thomas Lewis is one person who does consider it, as well as many other fascinating ideas. This 150 page book is his personal interpretation of current biology, and has become a best-seller in the popular pulp-press. It is not hard to see why; as one reads, bacteria become social animals, viruses become mobile genes, organelles, society and the world become organisms, and people are rather like huge colonies of animals.

Computers, language, music, death, medicine and insects are other subjects he reaches, as scientific concepts come closer to human truths. Thomas combines the character of the poet with that of the scientist.

'Lives of a Cell' is thus a stimulating blend of science and philosophy that bridges disciplinary boundaries, providing the student or the professor with an overview of the subject - something which the undergraduate or layman is infrequently allowed. Although Thomas does present a somewhat deformistic point of view, bacteria do provide rather nice models for the study of life at all levels. After all, fifty billion bugs can't be all wrong.

CRISTOPHER SLANE



'Building Behind Hill' - Brent Wong

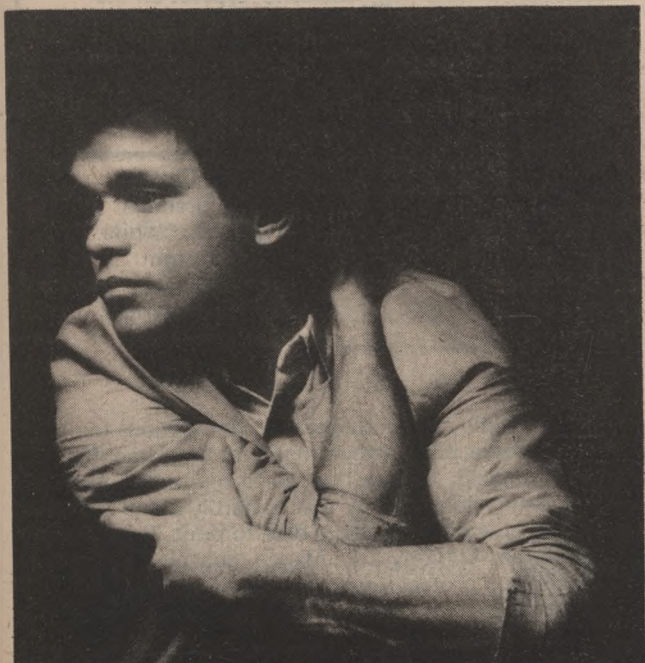
**BRENT WONG
PAINTINGS
AUCKLAND CITY ART GALLERY**

The early works in the lower gallery show Brent Wong's fascination with Paul Klee's images. Unfortunately they remain just that and highlight an image derivation that says nothing for or about Brent Wong except for his fascination. Upstairs, two galleries are filled with the familiar Brent Wong images of a landscape containing 'surreal' shapes floating in the sky. On a technical level this painting is very competent - his observation and execution have a hypnotically obsessive quality that makes the images compelling.

But when one sees two galleries full of basically the same work representing a considerable period, the conclusion is Brent Wong is standing firm for a special reason in face of a rapid and changing stylistic (or denial of stylistic) attitude. The reason must lie in the special significance this particular area of New Zealand has for Brent Wong. He attempts to convey certain qualities of space and his own location in that space by a device that has become a visual cliché over the years.

This same effect of cliché is condensed into the two rooms at the Auckland City Art Gallery. It is very hard to pay attention to each painting in turn. I feel Brent Wong could have developed his landscape paintings and his failure to do so and formulate a recipe instead makes the question of realism posed in his work pointless. Which is more real - the landscape - the object above it - is it a metaphor for an experience at a particular place? Does it really matter when we see the artist continually concerned with the question - because the inevitable conclusion is he really isn't that concerned.

M.K.



The Cat cum cool kid in person

**A BIOGRAPHY
JOHNNY COUGAR
RIVA RECORDS THRU WEA**

There is a full moon leering lycanthropically over Auckland this evening - children prowl the city, police are chanting mediaeval plainsong in the Downtown square, virulent lunacy is in the air - and deep in the heart of trendy Parnell a nameless madman stands out in the streets raving, screaming, spittle-driven curses: - 'Go ahead,' he howls 'call the police, you cowardly swine, you toady jerkoffs. You don't like Led Zeppelin? How about some Edgar fucking Varese? How about some Manzanera?'

You see his neighbours don't appreciate all his doors and windows being flung wide open to reveal his marantz driving JBLs to a foundation shattering 140 decibels - slightly louder than a concorde takeoff at 30 feet. The Madman reasons that it all boils down to a test of wills - he likes to shatter the wee hours with sound, the neighbours don't. So laughing insanely he places Johnny Cougar on the turntable, yeah, that dark broodily aggressive little man who hates everything, even his own name.

Funny thing is, the little buckaroo is very down to earth and very sensitive about his street punk, rebel-without-a-cause image. That sales pitch was devised by David Bowie's ex-manager in direct competition to the Bowie image and Cougar doesn't like it - but he still appears as all male Mr Macho, and is still promoted in the same breath as James Dean and Marlon Brando.

Cougar admits to drawing influences from such diverse writers and performers as Bowie, Dylan, Donovan, Mink de Ville and Tom Petty. His lyrics are often abrasive but also personal - there are two distinct sides to Cougar: one side has him shouting 'Fuck you, all of you', and the other saying 'Help me' - but over everything is a sense that Cougar is a loner, expressing itself constantly in the lyrics.

The album's importance is as much due to the musical ability Cougar displays, as it is due to the power lyrics. The groundwork is Cougars own, but added to that is a smattering of de Ville and Tom Petty influences. Cougar shows an ability to generate a strength that is for all its enthusiasm, rhythmically tight and very strong. And while the songs don't reach that level of aggression and potency achieved by Willy de Ville, there is still a lot of power in the punch.

The quieter material in the album is, on the whole, outstanding, particularly the plaintiveness of 'Taxi-Dancer'. Again the songs are neatly structured and rhythmically light although one or two tracks are a little overproduced and a little underpowered. Cougar's music grows on you, its merely a case of ignoring the Macho bullshit and getting down to the essentials. Its worth the effort.

And so the madman once again dominates trendy Parnell. 'We're going to listen to some real music,' he screams 'We're going to listen to some Bee-fucking-thovens Ninth until the day breaks. Its a glorious night and God's in his heaven, you filthy swine.'

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More Reviews

THE NINE DEATHS OF MR CHIPDEN
RICHARD VON STURMER
NEW INDEPENDENT LUNCHTIME THEATRE

Give a creative man a tattered world, and this is what he will produce. The nine deaths here are suffered to a large degree by the audience that recognises their implications; Mr Chipden himself dies from a performance viewpoint, simply leaving the stage to wait until he sees fit to return to have another bash at the world.

And I hope he comes back soon. Richard von Sturmer's handling of these sketches is skilful and the whole production is lively and full of interest. As one might expect, the pieces are mainly poetic, especially the middle sketch, 'The White Soul Speaks', which combines the author's talents as a mime and a poet to produce a startlingly effective monologue. The Mr Chipden pieces utilise a mask, a rare sight these days, and surprise endings, again with just von Sturmer alone on stage. In the other pieces Derek Ward and Charlotte Wrightson gave able performances.

In his programme notes von Sturmer likens the sketches to tracks on a record, aiming to create atmospheres. Each piece is separate from the rest, although there is a pessimism which pervades the entire show. There are, after all, nine deaths, even though the last one, 'Full Power', ends on a happier note than the others. In it the sun falls to earth and a Fool, assisted by two craftspeople, is the only one who is concerned to put it back in the sky.

I enjoyed the performance and recommend it to anyone with a half-hour to spare in their lunch break. On a cerebral level it has some valid things to say, and on a gut level, there's free toast and soup beforehand. The show runs from Wednesday till Friday this week.

D.A.K.

CAPRICORN ONE
PETER HYAMS
ST JAMES THEATRE

Both Flash Gordon and Tin Tin, as we all know, made it to the Moon and back decades before Messrs. Armstrong and Aldwin, doing so, to boot with the utmost of ease. And so it is with Capricorn One - a very long film about the first manned (personned?) flight to Mars, the difference being that somehow NASA, in an uncharacteristic off-moment, manage to cock the whole thing up; at least that's what happens in the movie. Next, rather than shatter the still high-voiced American ego, the powers-that-be decide to whisk the three astronauts (one black, one comic and one hero) off to the desert to stage the Martian landing in a tattered World War Two aircraft hangar, whilst the Nation (indeed the World!) unites itself grouped round televisions in shop windows and public bars watching the (empty) spaceship head toward Mars.

So far so good, the President himself and even the NASA technos (apart from one bespectacled young shrewdly in the control room who stumbles across the truth and is instantly eradicated - all good CIA/ Godfather stuff, this) are taken in by a mock capsule, convincing scenery and the inevitable flag planting ritual as the first astronaut fakes his first little step for mankind (being a hero, his conscience whimpers though).

NASA's desperate remedies and the ever-faith in the Cathode-raytube have up to this point been plausible, you might even say poignant, but here two things go wrong - one in the film and the other with the film. Firstly, the real spaceships heat shield craps out on re-entry, thus frying the valiant three, supposing they were on board, and so NASA can't afford to have the said alive a couple of hundred miles away. Naturally these astronauts conclude to shoot through, as it were; and here's the second thing; what follows is your everyday spectacular chase sequence complete with crashing helicopters and even Kojak (what!), followed by the inevitable schmaltzy finale with Hero bursting in on own funeral, Rah, Rah, Rah

This movie fails mainly because it promises so much; it exposes a potential NASA face-saving farce; which was to convince through technological sophistication and unquestioning faith by all in deified television, but the film for all its technological sophistication, similarly promises all manner of biting comment and delivers nothing more than a superslick late 1970's mild-thriller. At least Star Wars gave me an exploding planet.

BRIAN BRENNAN

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
RON BLAIR
MERCURY 2

The lights come up on the stark confines of a classroom in a Christian Brothers' school, complete with crucifix, portrait of the Blessed Virgin and Christian Brother, preparing to reveal to us the warped life in a Catholic school in the fifties. If all this sounds reminiscent of the tedium and pretensions of 'The Devil's Playground', fear not, for the sins of Australian cinema are not about to be revisited in their theatre.



Peter Carroll in 'The Christian Brothers'.

This one-man, one-act play written, directed and acted by members of Sydney's Nimrod Theatre is one of the most humorous, human and brilliantly acted plays I have seen and essential therapy for anyone who has been through a single-sex religious school. The play is simply the passage of a Christian Brother through his day's lessons and devoid of the excessive symbolization and tormented contemplations usually found in plays of this type.

Peter Carroll's portrayal of the archetypal under-educated, sometimes brutal but dedicated Catholic teacher recreates so accurately the fearful figure you knew at school that the only response possible is to laugh. His rollicking intonation, effortless transitions from rationality to rage, capture perfectly the image of the Catholic brother and show the excellent but unobtrusive direction of the play.

Perhaps best of all is the fact that the play is being shown at the Mercury Two Theatre, which is small enough to be similar in size to a large classroom; the audience becomes the pupils, so that when a question is fired from the rostrum one almost feels compelled to answer. This is not just a one-man show but a play in which the audience must participate. Judging from Monday night's response and five minute applause at the end, that should not be too hard.

NIGEL HORROCKS

CRACCUM

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A desperate bid by the enslaved Craccum minions to expose the Secret Life of their more-evil-than-frankfurters mistress has failed. The resultant torturous punishments currently being doled out by that dastardly dame are more despicable than we would dare to print. Farewell Brian, Katrina, Anthony, Isla, Martin, Eugenie, Sean and Peter. May God protect you at least until next Thursday night.

Louise

Dear Diary...

Strether had risen with this, giving his attention now to an encounter that, in the middle of the garden, was in the act of taking place between their host and the lady at whose side Madame de Vionnet had quitted him.' HENRY JAMES wrote these nebulous words in 1901, but as I'm sure you'll all agree, they are just as relevant to our own troubled age as when they coagulated in the Master's brain. Plus ça change

I am almost reliably informed that, in an attempt to revitalise the sagging breasts of New Zealand's social legislation, our great leader and his band of party faithfuls are considering the reintroduction of free milk in the nation's schools. Once again New Zealand has earned the title of the 'Brighter Britain of the South'.

Followers of our great leader (if you'll excuse the tautology) might be interested in an interview with the man himself which appears in the latest number of HARIBOL NEW ZEALAND. In this revealing document MR MULDOON shows that his field of vision extends beyond everyday, material concerns onto the plane of genuine spiritual consciousness. Saith the PM: 'I'm a committed Christian, and have been so for many years. I rely upon that not so much for strength, but for assurance, which is perhaps a slightly different thing.' Truly an example of Christ-like meekness and humility such as we mere mortals can only aspire to emulate - no doubt it's the secret of the Muldoons' harmonious married life. (Did I really say that ?....)

The CRACCUM MEMORIAL PLASTIC-COATED TOILET ROLL HOLDER FOR THE EXPRESSION OF FATUOUS OPINIONS goes this week to the man with the unfortunate name of LESTER BANGS (That's right folks - what you see is what you get !) who has been holding forth recently on 'ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE'. He's the man who made the outrageous claim that seventies rock is sterile and has no relevant message by way of introduction to a clip of BOB MARLEY of all people. In America they give him air time; here he'd probably be in Parliament.



Then of course there's the GREAT HAMBURGER SCANDAL, but I'm not allowed to say anything about that just yet ...

And although I shouldn't really tell you, here are the week's events:

TUESDAY 26 - Hear Warren Brookbanks on: 'You loving tight-fisted comfort-lover, you' in the SRC Lounge; for EU.

- AGM of SCM; 7.30 - 10.00 pm, Rm 143.

WEDNESDAY 27 - SPORTS OFFICER NOMINATIONS for 1979 close at SRC meeting today. It will be voted on. (Democracy works for you too !)

- Don't forget that MR CHIPDEN will still be dying ninthwise at NEW INDEPENDANT lungetime theatre - till the end of the week.

THURSDAY 28 1.00 pm - 1978 INAUGURAL LECTURES: 'Where Should Babies be Born?' - Professor C.D. Mantell, Department of Obstetrics & Gynaecology, School of Medicine. 1 pm in the Lower Lecture Theatre.

- 4 pm CHORAL HALL 1: Panel discussion on MAURICE SHADBOLT's 'Strangers and Journeys'. Panel : M.K. Joseph, C.K. Stead, Riemke Ensing, Maurice Shadbolt. All interested parties most welcome. FRIDAY 29 - TRADE/AID stall selling Third World Handicrafts - 12.00 - 2.00 pm outside UBS. ALSO : TUESDAY, 1 pm, Exec Lounge: YOUNG SOCIALISTS DISCUSSION SERIES - 'How socialists view the Labour Party'.

NZ MAID:

MONDAY 24 1.00 pm: A free rock show entitled 'Cheek to Cheek' featuring the talented musicians from MAHANA and presenting the very popular Corban Simpson's Band - Old Maid.

WEDNESDAY 27 - 8.00 pm: IMPULSE DANCE THEATRE - Great new happenings in modern dance reflecting entertainment in many different moods. Featuring exciting work in this opening concert of their tour by international choreographers Nicholas Carroll, Shannon McEntee, Ricky Stratful. Bookings Corner: \$4.50; students \$3.50, children \$1.50 - continuing on Thursday 28, Friday 29 and Saturday 30 - at 8 pm. THURSDAY 28 1.00 pm '100 years of Music' 1830-1930.

A fascinating lecture/recital by the well known international lecturer Richard Deering on Piano. In this lecture/recital he demonstrates how the various 'schools' of Romanticism developed into the great variety of styles of composition in the early 20th century. Complete piano works by composers such as Chopin, Schumann, Brahms, Debussy, Bartok, Schoenberg will be included. Admission free.

FRIDAY 29 - 1.00 pm: Lunchtime Concert by Conservatorium of Music.

SUNDAY 1 - 7.30 pm: 'Meet the Composers'. The Karlheinz Company presents music by Auckland composers - staff, graduates and students of the Conservatorium of Music. This very interesting programme provides for the audience to meet the composers during and after the concert. Tickets \$2.00; Students \$1.00.

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