

CRACCUM

So, it's goodbye for now. In this the last Craccum for 1978 we have endeavoured to spread a smile upon the collective face of the Student Body. But, before we indulge in such frivolities, a few serious words. The significant number of Craccum's left lying about in the Caf indicates that not all students are keeping their periodical collections up to date. To aid these rather lackadaisical students we now reprint a critical selection of the best of Craccum for 1978. Although it will never fully recompense for the full twenty-five issues, let it stand as a tribute to student journalism in this country.

Once, again it's time for that amazing spectacle when the liberal political parties of Australia and New Zealand, experience the harsh reality apartheid forces on the peanuts. Now our present Education Vice President is Roger Rameka. This was the Crown's way of acknowledging so much pie in the sky. The meeting eventually criticised the repressive Arab regimes (something that is trying to pull down a curtain on history and the wool over the last few years. Since 1972, the Israelis even demanded that NZUSA publish apologies in all student presidents and their entourages from each campus.

Hence the existence of NZUSA. But tacit approval of overseas students in particular. At this Congress, and all on Queen's Birthday weekend, June 3 to 5. Successful candidates should be able to speak knowledgeably on remarks made by Dr Neville Linton, a senior lecturer in the Executive Lounge on the first floor of the SUB in the same vein Dr Linton was also criticised for his 'Sing if you're glad to be gay, deliver. Surprisingly, she is let down by weaknesses in Gretchen Albrecht's 5 huge coloured canvas panels formation of excerpts from Plath's work, interposed with shops, flea-markets and other repositories of the under-adequate pre-school facilities; this is how the GDR publish Bibles and prayer-books, and is the only private played gospel music. This influence can still be heard on 'Don't Bogart That Joint' from the film 'Easy Rider', a disastrous New York stage debut as a gaudy and Equating volume with eloquence.

How many police were there? Five hundred? A thousand? Lie rotting in a ghetto, dead or dying,

If Muldoon's comments are allowed to stand unchallenged only for those with a medical indication eg rheumatic Minister Rev. Bruce Patterson, who has worked with Dreamy Donna and Caustic Chris have both rushed on to the special area of drug addiction.

Craccum on the Second Floor of the Student Union claimed that 'the Maori Queen, Dame Te Ata-i-rangi-kaahu, Karate champion, effortlessly kicks and punches up all vicarious pride in his futile stand against authority, in \$16.67 in June '75 prices. That's a Compromise in Politics, Euthanasia, Freedom and Auckland University and Warren Freer M.P. for Arts Trio and now the Melos Quartet of Stuttgart have given recitals to (predictably) attentive and enthusiastic audiences.

Needless to say good triumphs over evil in the end, each receives his just reward, and the heroine lives happily never to be whole again. Lorna, on the other hand, is having the kind of brain that allows itself to accept giant turtles making love as they swim through the corner neighbourhood niche in which to enjoy a quiet drink? Then forget The Gables, kids! The massive decision to dismiss me was taken without the concurrence of Bishop Muzorewa.

And the disadvantages of co-productions? These went unobserved at the seminar but are based on the principle of the Law and Order Maintenance Act under which the majority of our rural population were arrested for such a relationship. Although potentially powerful the whole piece failed to impress. The music was startlingly out-on-the-town-on-a-Saturday-night doesn't expect to see the sharp distinction between the black of the night and the dazzling lights, the sloppy and the slick. the effectiveness of SRC depends largely on the level of member participation and awareness which must be destroyed.

Quentin Crisp, the eccentric English homosexual, perhaps best known for the television adaptation of his 'coming off'. Not so with Gordon Dryland's 'Passing Least Onerous Form', (NZUSA), 1977. At the other end of the scale is 'The Streetwalker' the important source of employment in the Albany area, and any thought of closing down whaling operations must take into account alternative sources of employment.

THE PICK OF CRACCUM 1978

It is, I suppose, one of those unfortunate, almost inexplicable facts of life that there are people who have a pot-belly stove to keep the soup hot.

This sort of behaviour is appalling. No matter how much the system needs fucking (and I am not necessarily permeated through the city and suburbs of Auckland. Menus are the same, reassuringly standard hamburger-wars and world crises touched on by the book - Spain, Cuba, Israel, Vietnam - will be familiar, but the material spreads out in front of you. Coral surrounded, golden beached, shallow waters of a fishy haven. In this land of more opportunities for freelance writers in TV - especially TV2 which requires at least one new writer a week to satisfy its strange lusts -

But I'm not sure how seriously we can take this G. Wilson, because listen to this: 'Sidney Going has played SRC Chairperson and Jos's boyfriend. Will this lead to a conflict of interests, or perhaps Greg taking the reins and Cathie maintains that through his system he discovered an interesting and vitally important fact - that one member of the British Working Group on the Internment of Dissenters in Mental Hospitals, visited Moscow to ladel sentiment on your earlobes as thick as the sauce tartare

If you expect a good degree, are interested in people and the world around you, enjoy writing and have some local talent (much of it overseas getting paid) the combined resources of which could do great things. So play with the sort of snap and sting all too rarely heard in these limp-wristed days and you can bet there's no cultural evenings, to bring together different ethnic groups. If elected I would hope to increase student titters from the audience. Mary Fulkerson, the trombonist's dancing wife, was very brave to embark on Education. Anything which you have seen so far is a Bare-back rider/pressed against the night cut loose her bridle/threwaway her saddle crossed swollen skies/small town dust storms

B28 was packed. There must have been about 400. And then the Engineers arrived. En masse. With boxes of Point protesters. New Zealanders have a lot to pay for in the way we've treated the Maoris, especially over their boring, boring dull salads

Very little new 'evidence' was raised by either Leigh or Pirie. In fact their case was further weakened by their interesting filled rolls, superb wholemeal scones, and not too much to tempt the sweet-toothed type. The Dean of Arts (Nicholas Tarling) refers to 'Saturday Night Fever', but that's not saying much.

'All art', wrote Walter Pater in 1873, 'aspires to the condition of music' and it is hardly surprising that Janet is a sixth year student currently completing her Masters in Political Studies. This is her third attempt at perfunctory rant. Selwyn Crockett fares much better as Alfred Doolittle whose natural expansiveness of diction, overtly commented upon by Higgins, allows his comic possibilities to be legitimately exploited to the full.

The night that we drove to the barn
Where the burnt wood sang
Of albinos and black wine

It surprised me a bit, in view of what went before, that a lot of the lyrics on the album have a fairly self-conscious instrument for achieving Socialism at home and peace abroad so long as perpetual remedial action is taken to prevent hardening of the arteries, softening of the brain, headache or fever. Recovery is invariable but some patients may be ill for weeks and it is usual for the local writers and directors, but today, Dr Roger Horrocks creates music of a dreamlike quality, brilliant colours, smooth textures - vast expanses of ocean, snow and membrane on the tonsils.

After the interval was the Faure piano quartet in C minor op 15. This gorgeous, gutsy piece is, for many, the big man himself. Such tight-fisted centralised control of restaurants that sprung up in the blitz around Auckland last year, and seems to be hanging quite well in the English language. It is a grave anomaly when an overseas student with an 'A' bursary including a pass in English, now stumbling/forever always searching reaching for the Light that might drink excessively, soothes himself by relaxing at the piano, often forgets to button his fly, and displays great trust and tenderness toward all.

Dutch and Indonesian dialogue (with English subtitles)
Director: Fons Rademakers

LETTERS & STUDENT

B-1 BOMBERS OVER TONGA ?

Dear Editor,
I was surprised and annoyed to read the unpleasant lies about my career as University Wizard in Australia that M.T.C. has dug up and exhibited to smear my harmless fun-raising activities in New Zealand. However I am pleased that Craccum staff are interested in sometime publishing a lengthy and reasonably accurate account of the mirth and wrath that followed when the Vice-Chancellor and Student Union of NSW University jointly appointed me their official Wizard in 1969. Very few people in NZ universities know anything about me or my past career. They may be even more interested in his than the characters and careers of student politicians which usually fill the pages of student newspapers.

At this stage I would like to state the following to keep the record straight :

- I have not been paid by any government financed university since I was promoted from Sociology academic to Wizard in 1969. This makes me a unique figure in university circles.
- I have never been obliged to leave any university and have remained on cordial relations with these universities and student bodies I have served since 1960 as student, academic and Wizard in the UK and Australasia.
- I am not an economic determinist of the laissez-faire free enterprise 'capitalist' variety nor the state planning bureaucratic 'socialist' variety. I am a magician and I am aiming to destroy the world economy with the help of orthodox religion and divine right monarchy.
- No fun-hating puritan of the Marx-Freak or Jesus-Freak varieties has any hope of stopping me through the use of gossip, slander or libel based on guilt and self-hatred. I am far too clever, far too resourceful and far too self-confident.

Yours just for fun,
Ian Channel
Wizard

PRINCE ATTACKED

Dear Campus,
Calendrically at this time of year, I suffer from a growing frustration, due in part no doubt to a growing awareness of the treatment of one's work. So, following a psychoanalyst's advice, I shall put pen to paper.

The particular affliction I refer to is known in medical terms as "Terminus ab Creativus Spiritus" better known to us the layman as, "Frustratio ab Creativus Spiritus." The species most susceptible to this complaint is the artist, under the generic classification of artistic. Being also of the phylum creative in the Kingdom of Education.

Who, feeling their worth misplaced may in extreme cases, cut off an ear lobe. Milder symptoms appear as general apathy, a flippant attitude to authoritative figures, developing in latter stages to feelings of persecution and the 'them against us' syndrome.

Before dear reader, you too consult your doctor, may I inform you that the only short term remedy is to mentally project yourself into a future. Imagine you are on holiday, passing a degree or earning some money. Most people find cultivating a dualistic attitude towards University most helpful, with the idea, such as, 'the real world outside the Ivory tower' or anything in fact that separates university experiences with those 'outside'.

Turning to my doctor, I asked for a long term approach and attitude to education, that would eliminate short term prescription. She said that until work was judged for its ability to elucidate some situation, no elimination of the disease would be forthcoming. Explaining that as in works of art, the piece should be judged on its powers to engender thoughts, feelings, or concepts. With due reference to how it achieves the effect, only coming into the appraisal, were it to interfere or enhance the understanding.

I agreed with her, saying that a similar illustration would be if written works were judged in accordance with understandings conveyed, and not abilities to manipulate technical, scholarly or academic methods of conveyance. Why I shouted, a masterpiece defined in its ability to convey seemingly infinite arrays of meaning, would be praised. Yet would, when judged as a scholarly work, be seen as a contradiction, illogical and incoherent apology.

She agreed with me, stating that until as with works of art, people learn not to impose absolute meanings on them, judging items in terms of how well or badly it reflects expectations of it, Terminus ab Creativus Spiritus, would be with us for a long time to come.

Yours,
D.J. McHugh

PAGE 2 OCTOBER 9 CRACCUM

UNION MILITANCY

Dear Louise,
I am sick and tired of hearing about student apathy. Students aren't just sitting around on their bums in the sun any more, listening to some pie-eyed lefty telling them about their rights. You have only to walk into the library at any time to see that students really are concerned and aware, and are doing something about it.

Yours in earnest,
A law student.

OUR STUDENT PRINCE

Dear Craccum editress,
Why Te Puke, and what is the meaning of your 'free poster' ? My mother and father live in Te Puke, and might be very upset to think they were considered in any way as protesters.

Yours sincerely,
Sharon Green



THE MIDDLE EAST SETTLEMENT

Dear Louise,
Unaccustomed as I am to seeing my words in print, I still felt the urge to write you a letter about your article, 'Punk Bashing' in the last issue of Craccum.

As someone who twice during the evening looked in on the rather morbid festivities in the cafeteria on that Friday night, I feel reasonably qualified to say that the behaviour of the audience that night was no more boisterous than some two hundred other such functions I have attended in the cafe. In fact, the majority of those present seemed more intent on showing off their bondage suits than actually actively doing anything at all, let alone anything violent.

On the same evening, I passed through Airedale St (about fifteen minutes before the 'incident' occurred). Outside a nitespot in that street there was the aftermath of a fracas which included various hoods patrolling the street trying to find a motorcycle to fit the chains they were carrying. At least that's what I thought they were looking for - perhaps the kids who tore off at high speed, or who lurked around the corner thought otherwise.

Now, I am not one to jump to conclusions, but it does seem plain to me that on a night when there was a considerable amount of aggro around the neighbourhood, followed by an inexplicable furore at a gathering attended by a couple of hundred weekend punks, that some more investigation should be undertaken before assigning the blame as squarely to the bands playing here as AUSA has proved eager to do.

Before issuing press releases blaming the Scavengers, Stimulators and Enemy (however indirectly) for the incident, I think those officials who have acted on our behalf might have done well to establish the character of the violence, and its source, and also to have considered honestly their own responsibilities towards those who come to the campus for entertainment. I personally am not convinced it is enough to say that the union area is a dangerous place and we can't be expected to look after those who mess about here after dark. When an event in the union has been extensively advertised as this one was, then surely we must take some care with the health of those who are attracted here.

Finally, I should like to leave you this little story to ponder on. In 1975, there was a very large free dance held in the cafeteria featuring the country-rock band, 'Beech'. At this dance, somebody was stabbed, and to the best of my recollection, although he was undoubtedly a patron, as was his assailant, there was no ban placed upon the appearances of country-rock bands in the cafe.

Yours,
Francis Stark

BANANAS & CREAM

Dear Fuccum,
As a trendy-lefty, laid-back, switched-on, face-forward, zapped-out, tuned-in, liberal, pinko, short-haired, weirdo, student-type, I am appalled at the waste of space which occurred in last week's bumper ish.

- Page 3: Why, oh why, waste a third of a column on a four-eyed, half-witted, toadying running-dog like George ? The space could have been used for greater things like a wallet-size photo of Phillipa Poole. Hubba-hubba ! At least that's a c**t I can understand.
- Your double-page spread of graffiti was another waste of paper. Why not print an article on how to gain more pleasure from mental masturbation. I'm sure S*****n B****k could help you on that one.
- Page 15: That 'Dear Diary' person/personne has written some shit before, but last weeks was the ultimate. I'm sure a lobotomy veteran like Fwank Gill or even the head Porker himself could come up with something a little more intelligible. The Diarist has obviously been sniffing Caff lunches judging by the rank results. Perhaps Brian could let him/her have some printer's ink to play with.

Apart from the above moans (I didn't get where I am today by not making the above moans) I would like to congratulate Louise on a fine piece of journalism - 'Punk Bashing'. She can actually right intelligently when she isn't longing for the good ole days of student protest, flower power, Tim Shadbolt, bullshit and jellybeans.

Lastly while the cynic in me would like to puke over Rusty's letter - Uncut Diamonds - I must admit I'm glad some first-year student has found happiness this year. It's hard.

Macho Meatball

STRUGGLING WITH INTERNAL ASSESSMENT

Dear Ms Chunnperson,
I would like herewith to join with many other students in congratulating both you and your dedicated underlings, (please find enclosed a small token of my appreciation) in producing what can only be the most sophisticated student magazine in the entire nation, eclipsing even the immense cultural achievements of Caclin and Chaff. Craccum's sensitive and enlightened reviews pages and liberal coverage of womens' issues (when I die I hope to come back as a woman) have been of a consistently high calibre and have been one of the very few intelligible features of campus this year. This, combined with the amazingly uncluttered layout has been I confess the only thing to keep me in this academic resort of the young bourgeoisie.

V. Papanek

IN THE QUAD

Dear Louise,
We think that it is a pity that Craccum is going to stop being published before Phillippe Hamilton has had a chance to review 'The Incredible Melting Man'.

Also, please could you send us a photo of Robert Solez for the wall of our flat.

Luv
Debra & Sharon

YAHOO !!!

Dear Louise and co.,
Just want to thank you for producing such a good student paper. This is my first year here, after six years away from the 'education system', and I feel like someone waking up after a long sleep. Sure, I know there is a hell of a lot wrong with the place but if you make the effort a great deal of good can be extracted also. Most important is to keep the brain awake, don't slip into apathy or let the Great New Zild Mediocrity getcha, and work to make things better. I look forward to each issue of Craccum and find plenty that's worthwhile, stimulating, and entertaining in it. I hope next year's editor can do as good a job.

Yours,
Christine Owen

P.S. As for the Midnight Graffiti Guerillas: keep up the good work !

Please note: this is authentic - Ed.

PROBLEMS WITH BURSARY

Der Loise,
My mum sez youz is a liar! She noze it wazme wot did the Ka-toon last week and not that Mairi purson.

Luv
Ritz

P.S. My Ritzie really was very upset when that socialist child molester Mairi Gunn (Ms I shouldn't wonder) took all his credit. If all students are as promiscuous and as downright evil as that person I will never let my Ritzie near University. Thank you - you punks.

Ida
Ritzie's Mum

P.P.S. I can't type and mum's got her hands in dish washing liquid.

luv
Ritz

Dear Ritz and Mum,
My naughty Technical Editor, Brian Brennan, did it. And, silly me, I didn't even notice.

BOTULISM FROM CAF FOOD ?

Dear Sir,
It is now 5 years since the Albany University hasn't been built, and the local community has watched with great interest the progress of the non-students in their studies. To commemorate the first non-graduates to emerge a Non Capping Parade and Mock Graduation has been arranged in conjunction with the Albany 100 Gala Day on October 21st 1978.

The procession will start from the Students Common Room at 10.00 am situated in Bush Road, Albany, adjacent to the Albany Imperial Sawmill. Enrolment will take place here with a rubber stamp on the right hand to signify the graduates non-attendance at lectures. From here the parade will proceed along Bush Road to the Albany Hall where non-graduates will receive their degrees and diplomas.

All those people who have been unable to obtain a degree or have no chance of ever obtaining one are urged not to miss this outstanding bargain. Some honorary degrees will be presented for public dis-service and notoriety but all others are on a strictly cash basis (\$1.00 each please).

These degrees of incompetence can be obtained in any desired subject the student elects and will almost guarantee unemployment in any chosen field, and support requests for the dole.

After short speeches from the Non Chancellor and Non Vice Chancellor the Graduation Ceremony will close with the singing of the University Song and graduates are then invited to attend the Gala Day on the Village Green. We offer the graduates our best wishes and may good fortune follow them.

Leigh Campbell,
Chairman,
Albany Values,
P.O. Box 83,
Albany.

NATIONAL

It has been two years and may be years only National New Zealand all parts of New Zealand to perform in

The Festival attempts to do many arts. The classical, jazz, all aspects of poetry, film, activities.

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We will attend programme. will be packed programme often run the the likes of a

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When we worked out last Crac 5 am. Wh

On page Whom I almost a But this must go Eugenie, John D, and good

TAKE NOTE

NATIONAL STUDENTS ARTS FESTIVAL 1979

It has been two years since this opportunity last arose, and may be years before it occurs again. This is the only National Festival of the Arts that takes place in New Zealand. Already we have people coming from all parts of New Zealand - Auckland to Dunedin - to perform in Christchurch.

The Festival is the only one in New Zealand which attempts to cover the entire spectrum of the contemporary arts. The programme will include rock, folk, classical, jazz, electronic, experimental and blues music, all aspects of modern dance teaching and tutoring, drama, poetry, film, the visual arts and a host of fringe activities.

These are just broad categories - within each one will be a multitude of separate and varying activities. In addition to this will be other happenings such as radio, the huge extravaganza that is loosely called opening day, seminars, debates, workshops, displays, spontaneous occurrences, socials, etc.

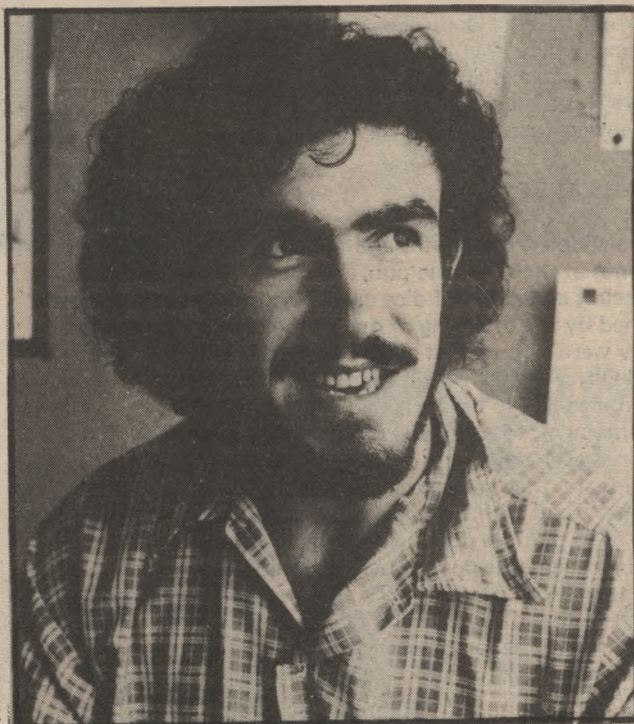
We will attempt to pack all this into a nine-day programme. Even now it is obvious that the programme will be packed and will be almost continuous. The programme will start at 9.00 am every morning and often run through until 9.00 am the next morning with the likes of all-night film marathons.

This opportunity for total indulgence in the arts cannot afford to be passed up.

Just talk to anyone who went to the last festival. They will tell you what an experience it was. Well - we will go one better, providing a higher standard of venues, centralized facilities and a good food and drink service.

This is a students' Arts Festival, so obviously we need the involvement of students. If you are interested in participating in any aspect of the festival - performing, exhibiting, helping with the technical aspects, stage area, lighting, theatre work, construction, etc. - please contact us. At the very least, come to the festival in May. You would be doing yourself an injustice by staying away.

For further information, contact the Festival Director, c/- UCSA, Private Bag, Christchurch.



Brian Brennan

Hello once again and finally. Well here we are, finding ourselves at the end of the academic year, and I hope it has been a good one. Now comes the time of year when students are concerned with mainly examinations and I myself, remember, am here to assist you with any problems you may incur in this area. Whilst I freely admit to a poor working knowledge of Stage Three French Language Acquisition or Post-Bironic Superfluos Man in Nineteenth Century Russian Literature. However the breadth of my administrative experience myself has gained this year in your Students Association, to which any persons may freely bring any of their problems places myself in a position to be able to give advice to any person who is prepared to ask for it, and who is frightened to bring it up at SRC.

Looking back on the year many points are now made quite clear to myself. Both of these have been learnt the hard way. The first one was even being arrested at Bastion Point, which made my normal cool temperament quite heated, failed to win for myself the confidence a person in my situation needs from his Executive. Also, I have on one or several occasions been attacked in these pages for failing to perform instructions and relay decisions to the correct authorities. What I can say to this is this: that I can't be expected to remember everything and I confess that I sometimes have once or twice forgotten something, but, then, if you are like myself, you too will understand this.

Point two is concerning my own election stand of last year. Some of you will accuse me of contradicting myself when I recommend that no further punks be allowed to play here, when myself promised last year a more exciting night life on campus. To these persons I myself can only say that these persons ought to arouse themselves and join a club. We have very many admirable clubs on campus and there is bound to be something to satisfy each person. But if you find that there is not a club which you feel inclined to join, then my advice to you is to come and see me and we will undoubtedly do something.

Well next year I will be going back to Engineering School which will mean that Janet Roth will be President. I myself hope that Janet gets the support which myself needed and we will all pull together to keep this association strong. Remember this is your association and if you have any ideas at all please bring them up.

Well exams are nearly upon us, and finally my advice to you is good luck in them.

Yours
Merv
The President

CRACCUM

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

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When we laid out the first Craccum of this year we worked until 2.30 in the morning; last night, with the last Craccum of the year, we were still in residence at 5 am. Which only goes to prove

On page 5 there is a rather enormous list of 'Without Whom I Couldn't Have Done Its' - people who helped in almost any way at all to get Craccum out on the Quad. But this is rather a special issue and heartfelt gratitude must go to: Brian, Murray, Brett, Katrina, Martin, Eugenie, Derek, Isla, Donna, Sean, Peter T, Chris S, John D, Dr Palmer, Francis S and Barbara. Thank you all, and goodbye. Slow fade as the cleaners enter.

Word From Underground

World War 3 has been postponed yet again. Officials in the Pentagon have reacted with disappointment to the news that nuclear holocaust will not take place this week.

'Most of our equipment is only working at 0.0049% efficiency', according to a Pentagon spokesman. 'Would any other business concern accept this state of affairs? We should be killing at least 10 million people a day to justify our investment in mass-murder equipment.'

Usually reliable sources state that the Kremlin does not share this point of view. 'The capitalist system contains the seeds of its own destruction', according to Red Throat.

'Experimental deals on the US commodity market have seen drastic rises in the cost of meat and bread to the US consumer. Soon our growing mastery of the stock-market will allow us to starve out the whole of North America.'

Russia has denied that the grain deals were necessary to counter a famine in which four million people have died in the Ukraine.

'That is just a malicious rumour spread by the Korchnoi Bloc to assist with the psych-war campaign mounted by the Western Powers in the Phillipines,' according to the Russia's leader, Old Potato Face.

And from Peking: 'Paper tigers no match for Chinese origami. Running dogs of imperialism flee before Chairman Mao Memorial Pink Pussy Cat Brigade. 50,000,000 prostitutes carrying the Hua-2 strain of venereal disease are poised to strike. We are confident of victory. When? When we have all recovered from unprincipled Russian flu bent on medical hegemony.'

So, with the three major powers not ready to fry us in our beds tonight, does that mean we're safe? The leader of the Palestinian Liberation Front, the Stewart Island Independence Party, Bob Jones and the Keeper of the Seven Vials have all refused to comment. So, as the old saying goes, bite hard on your valium and get in a bit of the old in-out while the getting's good.

Come back next week for another hard-hitting investigative analysis. Is Muldoon a major shareholder in Four Horseman Enterprises Inc? Did the Gnomes of Zurich use political intimidation to censor the new best-seller, 'Gnomes'? Are Batman and Robin latent trendy-lefty intellectuals? Is Big Malc a harder hitter than Rob, in and out of the ring?

Meanwhile, tune in, turn on, switch off, drop out, and remember to drink plenty of Coca-Cola.

PHOTO-ART'79

Submissions for this yearly amateur photographic competition/exhibition are being called for in May 1979. Conditions of entry will be made available in February. Watch for further details from Students' Arts Council.

Here is printed, in its entirety, the text of a speech delivered to the Manakau branch of the Auckland Women's Emancipation Committee, by Ms Amanda (Percie) Boynton.

Wopersons and persons. As Chairperson of this meeting of the Personakau Woperson's Epersonicipation Committee, I would like to outline our personifesto as set down by the personaging committee. You'll find this explained in a more personageable personner in our personual, but unfortunately we haven't personaged to proofread the personuscript as yet.

Why are wopersons discriminated against? Throughout the hysterectomy of personkind, wopersons have been personipulated in personifold ways. We have been personoeuvred into our present position by unjust legal persondates, and here we remain, personaclad by social and-personal chains. Persons seem to think that just because wopersons are cursed with the personstrual cycle, we are to accept their sepersons as though it were persona from Heaven. Well, it's not!

Remember, it's the wopersons love that is more perpersonant than the person's. It's the woperson who personufactures the seeds of life and not the person. It's the woperson Praying Persontis that eats the person Praying Persontis and not the other way round. And it's the woperson who must suffer the torperment of pregnancy. Yes, it's a lapersonstable state of affairs.

I ask you to ponder on this point raised by Gerpersaine Greer. 'Is the question of wopersons epersonicipation a basic elepersonstary struggle, or is it just a matter of sepersonsotics?' Personally I don't know.

MICHAEL WILSON

Paper Puzzles

THE DINNER PARTY

Mrs Sump, the college president's wife, invited five new faculty members and their spouses to dinner. 'We shall dine,' she announced, 'as soon as we're all seated at our proper places.'

She described a somewhat unusual seating arrangement. 'Since our dining table is round, and there are twelve of us, I thought it would be fascinating to have everyone's position correspond to a number on a clock. I shall be at twelve, and, like all the ladies, between two men. But after all, we're here to get acquainted, so no one of us will be sitting next to her husband.'

'Splendid,' chimed Mrs Garp.

'Professor Dimp,' said the hostess, 'your clock number happens to divide evenly into your spouse's.'

'Ideal,' said Dimp.

'Yours too, Professor Walp. But that's true of no one else, although my husband and I do share a certain common factor.'

'A certain what?' asked Professor Tolp, a musicologist.

'A number you can divide into both my husband's and mine,' Mrs Sump explained, 'other than one.'

'Can't we just eat now?' asked Mrs Ferp.

'I should add that no other couples share a common factor, except the Dimps or is it the Walps? And do you know what else is interesting? The sum of the Dimps' numbers equals the sum of the Walps'.'

'Extraordinary,' said Mrs Ferp.

'Professor Ferp,' the hostess continued, 'your number doesn't divide evenly into that of the person seated opposite you, nor can it be evenly divided by that number.'

'Quite all right,' Ferp added hastily. 'Could we just?'

'The same is true of you, Mrs Ferp, and the person opposite you as well. Oh, and Mrs Garp, frankly, I'd heard how you feel about biologists, so I've put you as far away from Mr Dimp as from your husband.'

'Mr Tolp, you and your wife have the remaining places. Now, shall we all be seated.'

After a great amount of scurrying confusion, everyone did settle as she had planned.

Where?

BALANCING ACT

A proud professor brought a package of weights to his physics lecture. 'They've just arrived by post,' he announced 'in time for a little experiment. Now as soon as I find out which is which There would not be the experiment he had planned. Having ordered six standard weights of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 ounces, he found two boxes inside the wrapping, and two labels, *Odd* and *Even*, which had come loose. And — the weights were unmarked, and all looked identical.

'No problem,' he said. He pulled out his balance scale, set the three weights from one box on the left tray, and the three others on the right. ABC vs DEF. When

DEF went down he knew those were the 2, 4 and 6 ounces, and ABC the 1, 3 and 5. Announcing his moves to the class, he weighed A vs B, then A vs C, then B vs C. This indicated which was 1, which 3 and which 5. The same procedure with DEF gave him the six identifications in seven weighings and he displayed his satisfaction to the class.

'Six, sir!' some one said.

'What?'

'Begging your pardon, sir,' came the young man's voice.

'You might have saved a weighing.'

The brash student was summoned to the front. After your first four weighings,' he began, 'having established which group was odd and having also established each weight within the odds, you could have

'Five!' interrupted a girl.

'How dare you?' barked the Professor.

'Sir,' she said.

'I won't have it!' he stormed. 'Never mind, never mind. Come up here!'

She did, she explained it, and then, for some moments, there was a silence in the lecture hall.

Five weighings. How did she figure it?

LIARS' DICE

Two couples, the Smiths and the Dunes, became good friends at their favorite pub, The Cups, so named for its priceless collection of dice cups. The foursome was often joined by the offspring of one of the couples. Of course they were all on a first name basis: Bill, Jack, Pat, Mary and Olive.

They decided to hold a round robin Liars' Dice tournament, to be played Monday through Friday, two rounds each day.

In a Liars' Dice game each contestant (two in our case) shakes a cup with five dice, throws the cup down and tips it so that the opponent can't see the dice. The opener then calls out a possible group of the same dice, the lowest call being two 2's, as 1's are wild. The other player either challenges the call or raises it. A raise must be either to the same number of higher dice, or to any larger number of any dice. For example, if Smith calls three 5's, Dunne can raise to three 6's or to four or more of any number: four 2's, or five 6's, or seven 5's, etc.

Whenever one makes a call, such as five 4's, he is claiming that in the combined hands there are at least five 4's. So if Smith calls five 4's, and has four 4's (e.g. 4-4-4-1-3), and Dunne challenges Smith, Dunne wins only if Dunne has no 4's and no 1's.

Needless to say there is a tremendous amount of bluffing. Lying.

If a player loses a hand he gets a 'horse' against him. Two horses against a player finishes the game. The loser of the first hand opens the second hand, the loser of the second opens the third, if there is one. In our little tournament, a round consisted of one game, and it was set up so that each player made the first call of a game twice.

Smith decided to experiment with a strategy of always opening with two above his best hand, and challenging

the reply. In other words, if the best he had was three 4's, he would open (if he was opener) by calling five 4's, and challenge the reply (if there was one) no matter what it was.

Dunne, on the other hand, decided never to challenge unless the number called by his opponent was at least four more than Dunne held of the named dice, and then he would always challenge.

Ms Smith decided to always open two 2's when she was opener, and when she was not, to always raise the minimum over her opponent's first call (e.g., she would reply with three 4's to three 3's, three 2's to two 6's, etc). Of the six times that she opened with two 2's, she lost twice.

Pat's strategy for over-calling or challenging the opening bid had its reasons; it just never worked.

These strategies involved the only pre-set plans, and, naturally, were subject to always challenging with a sure win. Olive, and no one else, played the whole tournament 'by ear'. And — she became champion.

After Tuesday's games Olive was finished with all her games, and knew that only Jack had a chance to place higher. At the end of the seventh round she knew she had at least a tie for first place. But it wasn't until the end of the first hand in round nine that she was alone at the top.

Dunne didn't lose a hand until the second hand of the first game on Thursday. He had previously won five hands.

It's rare for a player to call ten 6's and win, but it did happen once, when Smith won from Pat during Smith's eleventh hand, during which Pat bid eight 6's. It's even rarer when ten 6's are natural, but not only was that the case in the Smith-Pat hand, it happened again to Pat in the final hand of the tournament, in which Pat opened with two 2's. Mary replied with two 3's, and Pat challenged.

The first call of the tournament was three 5's, which was challenged as per strategy.

The first three-handed game was between Mr & Ms Smith.

The husbands played their wives in rounds two and five; the opening call in one of those two games was strategic.

The fourth round brought a game between parent and offspring. The bidding began: two 2's, three 6's, challenge, after which someone said, 'She made the right call at the wrong time!'

In the other parent-offspring game, the opener, holding one natural 6 and one natural 2, opened with six 6's, as per strategy. The other player, holding 6-3-2-2-1, raised. In the next hand the opening bid was raised to four 3's by the holder of 6-5-4-4-1.

Each player put up \$20. The payoff was \$60 for first place, \$30 for second, and \$10 for third. In case of a tie, it would be broken in favor of the player with the least number of hands lost. If still a tie, the payoff would be split evenly.

All together, cups were thrown fifty times. (No dice spilled off the bar, and no cocked dice; thus no rethrows). The questions: Who won and lost how much? Who opened each hand against whom? Who won each hand?

Ah, The Answers

THE DINNER PARTY

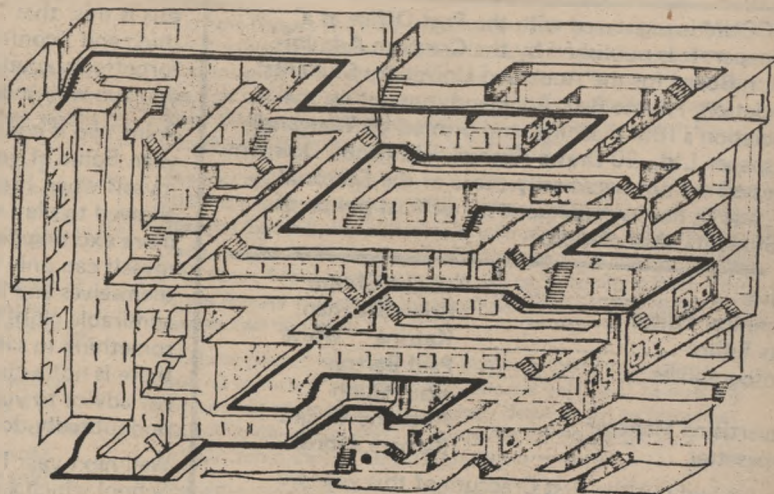
Since Mrs Sump is at 12, and Sump's place has a common factor with that of other than 1, he would be at 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9 or 10. The first four divide evenly into 12, and are thus eliminated, leaving 8, 9 or 10. But the men are all at odd numbers, so Sump is at 9 o'clock.

The only clock numbers not divisible evenly by or into their opposite numbers are 4, 5, 10 and 11, two of which belong to the Ferps. Eliminating pairs with common factors leaves 4-11, 4-5, 5-11 and 10-11. The second and fourth are eliminated or else they would sit together. 5-11 are both men, so Ferp is at eleven and his wife at 4.

Since Walp and Dimp divide evenly into their wives, so to speak, one of these gentlemen is obviously at 1 and the other at 3 or 5. If Walp or Dimp is 1, his spouse is at 2, 6, 8, 9 or 10 and if the other man is at 3, his spouse is at 6 (can't be at 9); if at 5, his spouse is at 10. If the Walps or the Dimps are at 5 and 10, there is no number to add to 1 to equal 15. Therefore, the Walps are at 1 and 8, or 3 and 6, and so are the Dimps.

The wives at 2 and 10 must pair with their husbands at 5 and 7, 5 cannot pair with 10, so 5 is with 2, and 7 with 10. In both cases Mrs Garp has two people between herself and her husband, but only if she is at 10 and Dimp is at 1 are there also two people between her and Dimp.

So, our late diners were seated, clockwise from the hostess, as follows: Mrs Sump, Dimp, Mrs Tolp, Walp, Mrs Ferp, Tolp, Mrs Walp, Garp, Mrs Dimp, Sump, Mrs Garp and Ferp.



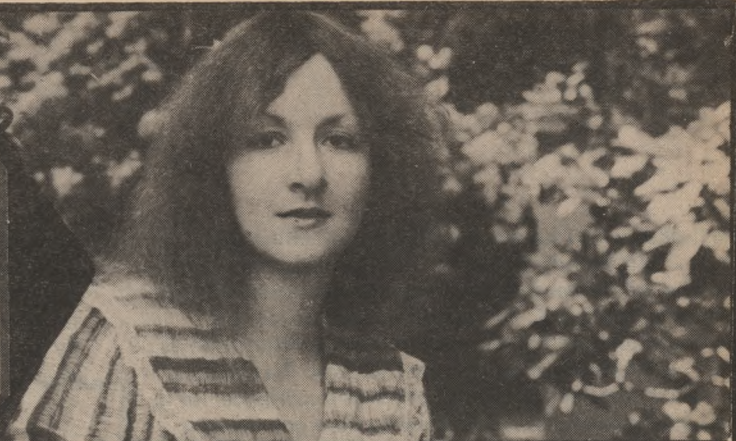
Yes, the answers to the puzzles on this page and on page 10. They're continued on page 22. Good luck in this, yet another Craccum-sponsored bid to release the student from exam pressure.



Louise Chunn



Brian Brennan



Katrina White



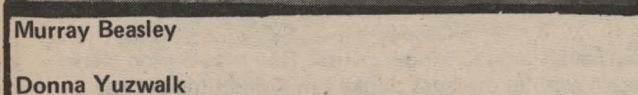
Murray Beasley



Mairi Gunn



Anthony Wright



Donna Yuzwalk



Paul Barton

Thanks

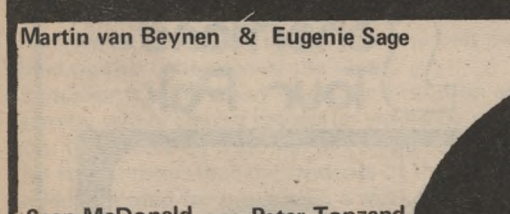
to all those who have helped me with Craccum this year — and that includes every student who hasn't thrown an issue on the Caf floor. It's been bad and it's been brilliant and I've loved it. But before sentiment takes over — extra special thanks to Brian Brennan, Katrina White, Barbara Amos, Paul Barton, Mairi Gunn, Anthony Wright, Murray Beasley, Eugenie Sage, Martin van Beynen, Isla Whelan, Hugh Cook, Sean McDonald, Chris Slane & Janet, Peter Topzand, Paul Stone, Donna Yuzwalk, Chris Thompson, Catherine McGeorge, David Kirkpatrick, Richard Clarke, Dominic Free, David Pointon, Brett Salter, Roger Horrocks, Jamie Brown & Helen, Dr Finlayson, Jenny Robb, Robert Gillies, Glen Teal, Derek Ward, Colin McFadzean, John Miller, Sally Griffin, Jenny Hellen, Chris Milne, Tim Nees, the Rip It Up boys, David Blyth, Don Mackay, Peter Rotherham, Julie Pendray, Tony Woollams, Chris Piesse and University Gay Liberation, Frances Danaher, Lisa Saksen, David Merritt and the NZUSA Collective, Kay McVey, Michael Wilson, John Broad, the National Anti-Apartheid Committee, Allan Bell, Claudia Perkins, Lin Roberts & Bruce Gulley, Mark Grenfell, Rod McDiarmid, Kitty Wishart, David Gluckman, Jeremy Templer, Ian Bach, Ken Grace, Greg Sanderson, Chris Gosling, Ritz and his Mum, Malcolm Idoine, Glynis Gain, Chris Tennet, the Alternative News Service, Michel Tyne-Corbould, Frances McCallion, Quentin Maxwell-Jackson, Graham Reid, Michael Bland and Friends of the Earth, Simon Curnow, Helen Clark, Misra and the Accounting staff, Glenys Parry, Philippa Poole, Chess Club, Joe Hawke, Robert Oliver, Glenn White, Bob Worth, A Marston, Deborah Telford, Tom Ryan, all the Ground Floor staff of the Students' Association, Amnesty International, Dermot Cooke, Michael Chunn, Peter Wright, Belinda Weir and the Elam Art Criticism class, Murray Mahoney, Janet Roth, Mark Illingworth, Adam Gifford, Richard von Sturmer, Tony Mattson, Frank Hobson, 'Tsotsi', Kerry Harrison, Mum and Dad Chunn, Brigid Mulrennan, the Native Forests Action Council, Theatre Corporate, Philip Judd, Elizabeth Vaneveld, Jules Binden, John Devine, Ros Clarke, Chris Williams, Sidney Mead, the editors of all the other student papers, Jay Clarke, the Liverpool Street Gang, Ross Mackie, Rangi Walker, Christine Graham, Paul Little, Janet Brady, Matthew Dart, Penelope Gianni, Frank Stark, Mark Pavletich, Mercury Theatre, the Custodians, Barry Hook, Mark Shenken, Toni Phail, Christine Dann, Richard Belsham, Peter Gleeson, the Women's Rights Action Committee, Michael Stirling, Miles McKane, the Careers and Appointments Office, Mervyn Prince, the University Restaurant staff, Ken Grace, Tony Green, Jeremy Bartlett, the cleaners, Philippe Hamilton, the New Independent Theatre, Tony Watkins, James Gilderdale, Students Arts Council and the forgotten ones.



Martin van Beynen & Eugenie Sage



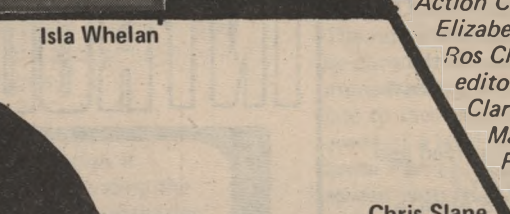
Isla Whelan



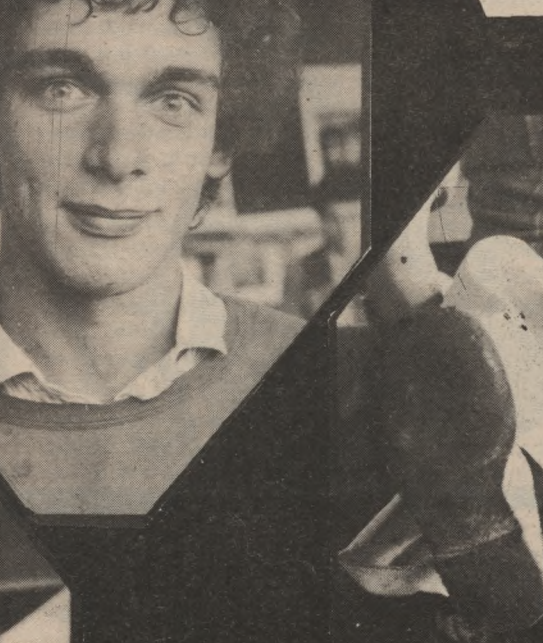
Sean McDonald



Peter Topzand



Chris Slane



Okay, okay — I know we said it would all be silly, but old friends die hard. There are many among you who will remember John Kovacevich, known to his buddies as Johnny K. In March this year he left for The World and no-one has seen him since. What follows could only have been written by that boy. Part letter-to-his-friends, part epistle-on-the-overseas-experience, let it stand as something of a memorial to days gone by, an end of the year editorial indulgence.

'London's Burning'. So went the message on the Harlesden subway wall. Not a year before those words had been a catchphrase for a scene that tried to reject the boredom of London life for outlets to frustration in clothes, on walls and through music. The energy that inspired the music was the energy that drew me to this big, grey city. It had been a year since Dominic Free had brought round an album that included a song called 'London's Burning'. And here I was in a queue at the Harlesden Roxy waiting for a ticket to see the band which inspired the writing on the wall - the Clash.

'If it's different it's bleedin' great' is the unwritten rule here but things can't stay different for long. Only the resilient and the talented have survived and fortunately the Clash are both I assure you. But scenes fade like messages on walls. What were once spray painted statements and good fun pipe dreams on walls as blank as the 'enemy' that built them, have become advertisements for groups in a ruthless slicing of the commercial cake before it all falls flat. Clothes become Fashion and become unfashionable except in trendy Chelsea where the Kings Road has become the new Carnaby Street and a tourist can get that 'great photo of this weird guy for the kids back home' as one young American put it. It's all a little disheartening but I came here for the music and the music survives. It's made it through the media mire as 'last year's thing' but somehow I feel I've achieved something in being close to its inspiration but still as far away as when I left New Zealand six months ago. Things change.

The same day I got the tickets, I received a letter stating I had a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Auckland. It seemed so distant and inconsequential as I compared my three student years with the life I'd been leading under a northern sky. In retrospect, university seems amazing not for what it teaches but how you must cope and compromise the ambivalences between problems personal and scholastic, knowledge directly relevant and irrelevant, and examinations which are demanding but deluding in their rewards. At some stage I realised I didn't want to go back but the pull of friends and a comfortable scene attracted as much as the smugness repulsed. After a lazy indulgent summer I had the opportunity to put it all behind me and without questioning my motives I boarded a plane for Germany.

The distortion of departure cannot prepare you for the incredible shock of asking yourself 'why' at 35,000 feet and getting an answer as hollow as the aeroplane that just caused your dinner to spill on your shirt. Fondness makes the truth grow distant.

I won't bore you with the journey thereafter. Every traveller has his tales and fortunately most go untold. Here's one that won't: I was in Southern Yugoslavia in a town called Ploce. My cousin was a drummer in the only heavy metal band for 500 miles. The lead guitarist couldn't sing in English so I joined as lead singer.

Rehearsals went well. I taught them some Lou Reed and David Bowie songs and we were booked to play a community celebration for the arrival of the Stafeta, a gold symbol representing the Yugoslav peoples' love for Tito.

An audience of 1200 assembled (for our first gig) and after listening to speeches and three Yugoslav folk groups, we came on looking heavy, aggressive, and as out of place as a virgin in a maternity ward. Between every song there would be this incredible chanting of 'satisfaction, satisfaction'. I thought it a nice gesture of them to express their enjoyment in my language. But afterwards I found out they were getting violently angry I hadn't sung the only English song they knew and were asking for.

At some stage in our lives we reach a point where we're faced with a choice of returning to what's behind us or moving onto something of greater risk which offers what seems only pain and insecurity. On a grey day in Munich railway station I faced just this predicament. Low, broke, with all my plans shattered, relative safety behind me and nothing tangible in front, I boarded a train for England with Erica Jong's inspiring words in mind: 'to risk nothing is to risk even more'.

I won't tell you all I experienced for the next month was pain and insecurity. Instead, to all students who will one day exchange pens for packs, texts for tickets, goodnights for goodbyes and do what's been done before (but not by you):

Wish You Were Here

Johnny K's Ten Rules to Travel by

1. Read any books on travelling and the countries you mean to visit before you go - then flush them down the toilet. The pleasure of destroying those words will equal the expense and pain of bum information you'll suffer otherwise.
2. Make sure you know why you're going where you're going before you get there. Or else no one will want you there and you won't want you to be there either (which is even harder to handle)
3. If you have any understanding of a language - forget it. It's better to be a dumb tourist and get ripped off blind than an informed traveller and get the same treatment.
4. Don't stay with relatives. Blood is thicker than water but not as thick as you're going to feel when you run out of conversation. Stay no longer than two days and keep everybody happy meaning you.
5. Travel super-light. That means all those essentials you packed won't become those bloody heavy 'expletive deleted's you have to carry through the rain for the next ten miles.

6. If you don't know how things work you won't know. So if you don't know before you leave once you're there feel happy that things haven't changed much.
7. (Turning Erica Jong on her head) Trust All Pain. It means you're learning.
8. To save problems worry later.
9. 'He not busy being born is busy dying' (Bob Dylan)
10. Disregard advice.

As if to celebrate our arrival in our new hometown Brenda, Jan, Wendy, Bob Hilyer and I (Kiwis all) had dinner together. I'd just got a job. Brenda was off to the Continent. Jan and Wendy were getting kicked out of their beautiful basement flat in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea (owned by Jane Asher, ex-Paul McCartney girlfriend, and not four doors from Mick and Bianca's). And Bob was going to get the wine.

It reminded me so much of those casual dinner parties found only in Godzone (even down to a few joints of real grass so exotic in these parts). At the end we were all drunkenly raving how good Enzed is (but not that much)

But here I am working for Rolls Royce as a shop clerk, writing while the boss thinks I'm doing time sheets. Three years ago a certain Glenn Matlock was doing exactly the same job I'm not doing now. I'm told after six months here he got so bored of decrying its 'bourgeois oppression man' he left and shortly thereafter the Sex Pistols were formed. If it takes this kind of boredom to inspire that kind of genius - don't bother. After a job like this it's the only kind of band you'd want to play in.

The Clash song 'London's Burning' is not as you might think, about the destruction of this hallowed city but about doing speed one night when the yellow street lights make it seem it's on fire. It's a song about diversions and that's the thing about London - the diversions almost make it worth being in - but only ALMOST. Diversions are temporary.

This time last year I was swotting for exams and waiting to finish the last one before I'd begun the first. But exams like diversions are temporary and when they're over - what next?

Maybe you've travelled. Maybe you will. Do it. It's easy once you're there. All you've got to do is seize your time sheets.

JOHNNY K.

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Cracking Up

Over the last two weeks, the University site has been under inspection by Ministry of Works Earthquake risk squad. You may have noticed the small teams of men grouped around theodolites dotted here and there around the campus, or the men on the library building roof taking stress measurements, or the squads probing the lawn in Government House gardens to take core samples. CRACCUM has spent ten days piecing together snippets and hints to bring you the following report on the interim findings of the MOW team.



CHEMISTRY BUILDING

The Ministry officers were particularly concerned about the state of some of the curtain walls of the Chemistry Building. Apparently, a highly toxic paint solvent has been applied to various portions of the walls, which seems likely to cause a chain reaction with the cement used in the concrete. Should deterioration set in on the scale witnessed in the retaining wall of the Karangahape Rd motorway bridge, the reinforcing rods will become corroded and useless within eight to thirteen months. Immediate evacuation is likely to be recommended, although the University is understood to have offered to repaint the damaged areas with slogans recommended by the Dean of Engineering as adequate as a stop-gap measure.

HUMAN SCIENCES BUILDING

Investigations revealed that the Human Sciences Building is probably more likely to survive the effects of a seismic devastation than most of the buildings on the campus. This is largely because of the unique construction methods employed in the ten years work which went into its erection. It was discovered that in fact the bulk of the building is constructed from compressed Commerce students. This unconventional technique gives the walls of the building quite remarkable density and rigidity. While torsion rates suffer as a result, the resistance of the building to relatively low seismic disturbances enabled it to be given a clean bill of health for occupancy by social scientists. It has yet to be decided when more fragile inhabitants will be admitted.

OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE

The Old Government House Building, being wooden, is considerably more flexible than the pre-stressed concrete structures which make up most of the campus. As a result, it is the only substantial building on the site considered safe enough for use as an emergency hospital for the projected casualties from a major tremor. The Senior Common Room will be evacuated to Titirangi, and beds set up in the rooms and corridors of the building.

It has not yet been decided by the Safety sub-committee of Council, what magnitude of casualties will be required before the rule prohibiting students from entering the building will be waived. The Lecturers Association has indicated in a letter to the Vice Chancellor that they will not tolerate students being given beds before staff members.

The lawn in front of the building has been earmarked as a mass grave capable of accommodating up to two thousand students and technical staff. The botany department is understood to be enthusiastic over the potential research into new fertilisation techniques which should be possible. Staff members above the rank of tutor/demonstrator will be required to honour Clause 32 (iii) in their Contracts of Employment which agrees to the donation of their cadavers to the Department of Human Biology.

ARCHITECTURE SCHOOL

The report on the Architecture School was the first to be completed and its recommendation to return immediately to the much safer fibrolite huts came too late to save them. It is thought most likely that in the event of a land-slip, most of the school would end up in lower Parnell. A staff-student meeting called last week agreed with the Dean's assertion that this was where most of them were headed anyway, and decided to remain in the new building.

MEDICAL SCHOOL

As in the case of the Human Sciences Building, the material used in the construction of this building has ensured that it has a good chance of survival. The Dean of the Medical School has admitted in a statement to the Auckland Star that the extensive use of 24-carat gold in the floors and walls of the buildings gives them a good chance of achieving sufficiently high flexion rates to escape major structural damage.

There remains, however, some danger of the whole complex sinking below the horizon as the weight of the walls takes effect on the soft clay sub-structure. In the meantime the Finance sub-committee has recommended that anti-looting insurance should be taken out for the eventuality of armed gangs of Hospital Board nurses attempting to take advantage of the after math of a large-scale earthquake by chipping pieces off the walls. The Vice-Chancellor has assured an in-committee meeting of Council that no nurses actually know the location of the Medical School.

CRACCUM OCTOBER 9 PAGE 7

LIBRARY BUILDING

It has been discovered that the floor stress loading calculations in the Library building are faulty. As a result, the loading of books per square metre will have to be urgently reduced to avoid the danger of a concertina collapse of the lower four floors in the event of an earth tremor of more than 4.75 on the Richter scale.

There seems to be some debate over the best means of effecting this lightening of the stress. Chancellor is understood to favour a rotation of stock, whereby whole Dewey categories would be removed from the library by a system of compulsory borrowing. This would mean that the students of the particular subject balloted for removal in a week would be required to borrow up to three hundred books at a time (depending on the size of the department involved).

No decision has been reached as yet on the question of overdue books. The Finance Registrar apparently favours full enforcement of recall and overdue fines as a means to finance the necessary structural alterations.

The basement of the Library building is now also in doubt for examinations. The Ministry of Works Engineers have placed a ban on gatherings of more than ten people in B28, B15 and B10. It may be possible, however to reschedule the exams so that Hebrew III can use B28, while Anthropology I switches to the Choral Hall, which apparently is sufficiently solid to take the weight. At this stage, the Health Department is reserving its decision on the effects of five hundred people sitting an exam in a room designed for eighty.

MAIDMENT THEATRE

Substantial cracks have been found in the foundations under the main stage area and in the Little Theatre. As far as can be determined, these are the result of repeated batterings administered to the floor in these places - possibly with a chair. The Senior Lecturer was interviewed

by the men from the Ministry, but it is not known whether he had any concrete information to offer.

At this stage, no-one seems willing to speculate about the likely outcome of the investigations, but there have been rumours that a ban will be placed on any entertainment heavier than Noel Coward revues until strengthening work can be carried out. Light opera might be allowed if the participants are willing to sign waivers indemnifying the University against liability in the event of whole or partial collapse.

STUDENT UNION

The President of the Students' Association is currently preparing a press release announcing the imminent shift of all Student Association activities from the main building complex, which has apparently been substantially undermined by earthworks for an underground swimming pool secretly under construction beneath the gymnasium. The swimming pool work was begun at the instigation of the swimming pool sub-committee of the University Council, at a meeting not attended by student representatives.

Work has been stopped on the pool, but there remains a considerable danger of the entire block slumping into a large fissure beneath the sauna baths. The Ministry of Works engineers were, however, confident that in the event of such a subsidence, the cafeteria kitchen would be spared, and cafe dinners could be provided for the survivors.

Mr Prince has yet to announce the new location for AUSA, but it seems likely that the union complex will be resited on the lawn in front of the Grafton Rd Arts Centre. It is understood that a report has been called for from the association's architects to determine the feasibility of converting the current building into a twelve story tower-block to make allowances for the somewhat smaller site.

1 ©'78

ANSWERS AT BOTTOM OF PAGE!



AARON HAS JUST RUSHED OUT TO WORK! WHAT HAS HE FORGOTTEN TO DO?

3



AT THE BEACH!

4

COLOUR-IN! PRIZES! PRIZES!



WHAT DO YOU THINK AARON IS PAINTING?

5

AARON WENT ON HOLIDAY AND HAD THESE SNAPS TAKEN! BUT THE COLOUR DIDN'T COME OUT! THE BEST COLOURED ENTRIES WIN PRIZES!



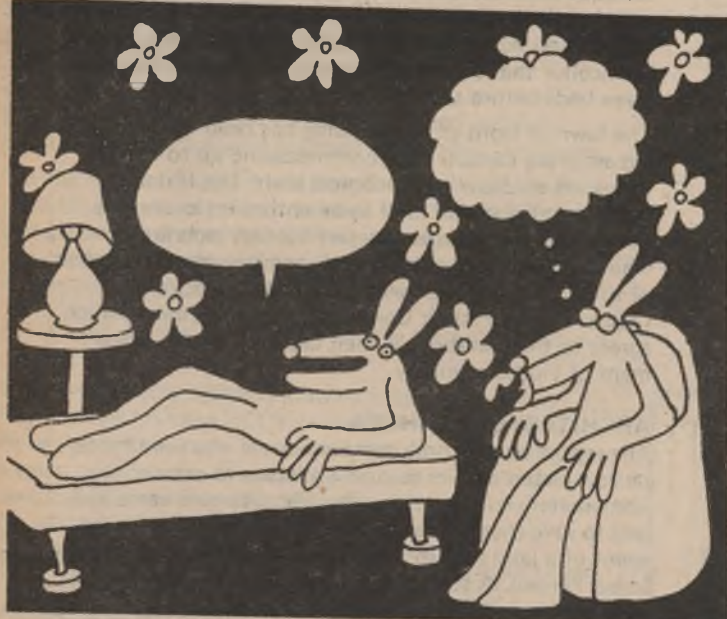
AARON SAW THIS ANIMAL! WHAT IS IT?

THE MOTEL HAD COLOUR T.V.!



WALTER WARTHOGS "CROSS-WORDS" CROSS WORD

ACROSS	DOWN
1. GLOOMY	1. RUDELY BRIEF
2. ANGRY	2. MOROSE
3. PEEVISH	3. BAD-TEMPERED



WHAT'S AARON'S PROBLEM? PRIZES FOR THE FUNNIEST FILL-INS!

6



HOW MANY AARDVARKS IN THIS PICTURE?

©'78 DEREK WARD!

7

WHAT IS AARON FEELING GUILTY ABOUT?



ANSWERS!

1 AARON HAS FORGOTTEN TO GET A JOB!

ACROSS	DOWN
1. SULKY	1. SOUR
2. CROSS	2. CURT
3. RETULANT	3. GRUMPY

6



THERE ARE 8 AARDVARKS! THE OTHER EARS BELONG TO SOME RABBITS, ONE OF WHICH IS SHOWN HERE! WE MUST ADMIT, THE EARS ARE VERY SIMILAR!

7 AARON IS FEELING GUILTY ABOUT LAST WEEKS TERRIBLE CARTOON!

2 3 4 FILL THEM IN, PUT THEM IN AN ENVELOPE MARKED AARON, INCLUDING YOUR NAME & PHONE NUMBER. DROP THEM IN TO CRACUM! BEST ENTRIES WIN ORIGINAL MYSTERY PRIZES!

Bilabial Thrills

Bristol Dramamine puts the Thurber volume back on the shelf - but not for long, he knows inexorably the face of Excess, the romantic pornucopia, will creep back to harry his concentration. Sweating now, inside the calf-length sandshoes his mother had knitted him, he stands up, and moves to the window. She's at it again, the old woman from the clinic. He cannot actually see her, but the tell-tale red glow on the horizon (past the television set) indicates yet another fiery tragedy.

Dramamine can see the three Egyptian brothers from the factory, Ptolemy, Pthack and Pituitary, rolling blind drunk towards the holocaust. Lurching like history, they pivot around the street corner, and out of sight. But their progress continues taking them closer, ever closer to Pharaoh. To zero. In their classificatory mind they wonder what they will perceive as the point of their heads enter the bomb, will they be singing, will patterns emerge, will they explode the myth of the hieroglyph? They are not well read -- page 205 of 'Gravity's Rainbow', couldn't figure out where to start on 'Finnegan's Wake', but at least they admit their obsessions.

Dramamine is powerless to help the three brothers now, as they realize too late that they are inescapably encircled by fire. The edges of the street are obscured by smoke, and it is as if umbrageous faces peer out, stony and sphinx-like, from the spark-riddled murk.

Dramamine stumbles back from the window. His glasses are about his neck, emphasising the prominent collar-bones he got from his father's side (like Eve). A delicate prismatic effect played over his sternum, up the trachea, trickling over the larynx (prominent), caressing the lower jaw and the occipital ridge on the way up. Glancing off a wall, it comes to rest on a plate in the corner - glorifying a week-old sandwich, which has sat so long with the tomato and the beetroot destroying the bread that it now appears as two slices of Findlay's on top of filling. A tautology in open sandwiches. A club sandwich vectorially transformed.

It is too much for Dramamine, who remembers that night, that horrible evening two years ago, when he and his friend Sandal arrived, outrageously drunk at a party in Woburn. Someone, crazed Mystic, eyeballs glazed, lurched their way scattering leaflets. There, in the middle of the room, was a structure - obviously man-made - but fashioned after the shape of the Matterhorn. People were naked, slipping, crawling and clawing all over the mound, trying to reach the top of the mudheap.

It was a bizarre surrealist joke that neither Dramamine nor Sandal fully appreciated. Dramamine started to sway, his mind reaching out for some point of reality to adhere to, the deodorant rolled onto his underarm hairs beginning to crystallize. The two found themselves pushed towards the mound, a humming sound, organized in Western Classical syllables, a sensation of sunburn

(although the party light was from the wrong end of the spectrum). Dramamine smiled, his teeth shining green in the unreal light, his eyes shot with a pale grey tracery. Neither he nor Sandal can say now how they got to the top of that hill, to the dreadful crater, staring down over the lip at the black heart of despair and far below a lake of pus that looked like congealed custard.

As they gazed, shapes moved in the horrible pool. Things with snorkels that rolled, white bellies upwards, things that scudded over the top of the soup like croutons, things that munched sandwiches

He had never before been kissed, but now as the last of the delirium leaves him, Dramamine finds himself lying in his room with Ermine, the house-keeper, firmly attached to his person via the lips. In a valiant attempt to breathe some life into his supine form she had mustered all she had left of her boy-scout training, and was inflating him violently. Despite the fact that she is blowing, not sucking, Dramamine misconstrues her ministrations as passion, and both excited and mortally terrified at once, he lets out a nasal bellow that might have endeared him to a tug-boat.

He will remember this moment at times in the future, saying to whoever will listen: 'Do you recall the time, the year of the great frosts, when Mackrel played for Otago, do you remember, dear' he will say and the snow lay heavy over the countryside, we were all so silly that year, there was that final issue of Craccum and ha! ha! that party, oh, and we all dressed up in the latest fads, (chortle) the bells, the spats, the funny glasses, and there was the maid, we had a raging affaire, you know - and that was the year when the sailors took the arms off the clock in the square, transplanting them onto this Samoan woman ha! Oh the devilish youth of it all! Why, you could see those arms at night, ticking around to the tune of the ukeles - my 'ukekle lady' (he sings). 'They ticked her off in the press, but she was a hot act in her time - ha! ha! And the publishing world - well there were all those cheap - shot satires for a start - literary impasto no less. Remember the man who conquered the alphabet? Hunted, stalked and bagged every damn letter of the 26, and a number besides! He would pace for hours in the trophy room, they say, staring lovingly at the mounted letters. But strange to say, it was always the same one he would return to in the end - standing there, as if paralyzed in front of the N-trophy

Yes, in only ten years' time Dramamine will have degenerated this far. He will have tasted greatness, gagged on it, thrown it all up for a normal life. He will have climbed the ladder of success, only to find nothing to step off onto. Oh tragedy. Oh angst. The only thing that will give him any joy will be his vast Thurber collection, and an N-trophy of his own, the only thing he ever cared for, the only thing he ever mastered. Tough bikkies Bristol Dramaminnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

E.G. HANOI

Sits Vac

The Ministers of Labour and of Recreation and Sport have announced that the Student Community Service Programme which last summer provided vacation jobs for students unable to find ordinary work would again operate this coming summer vacation. Last summer around 2,200 students were provided with employment under this programme. It is expected that this year's programme will be at least as successful.

The Student Community Service Programme is open to all local authorities (territorial and ad hoc): community organisation including groups of students which are non-profit making, serving community interests and financed by local authorities, public subscription or individual endowment, Education Authorities, and Hospital Boards.

Examples of projects that can be carried out under the programme include :-

- Maintenance of parks, gardens, reserves etc.
- Renovation of existing facilities, construction of new ones, eg walkways, facilities for the handicapped etc.
- Beautification projects, eg clearing streams, planting native trees etc.
- Specific museum or library projects.
- Holiday programmes for school children.
- Research projects.

Referral of Students:

- Students may be employed on unskilled, semi-skilled or skilled full time positions within the qualifying project. Project supervisors may also be recruited through the Department of Labour.
- Only full time, tertiary students (or secondary students intending to study full time at a tertiary institution in 1979) registered with the Department

of Labour for employment assistance are eligible. Ballet schools, drama schools etc. are also included.

- The Department of Labour will refer students most suited to the project and employers are under no obligation to engage them.
- If insufficient tertiary students are available for a project, non-students eligible under temporary employment programme criteria may be referred.

Assistance Available

- Projects approved under the programme attract a 100 per cent wages subsidy for each student employed from those referred by the Department of Labour. In addition, up to \$20 per worker week may be paid to help meet labour-related overheads such as ACC levies, necessary personal equipment and minor tools, machinery hire, transport, and accommodation, if necessary.
- Wages for project supervisors employed through the Department of Labour are fully reimbursed and this applies to additional wage costs incurred by an organisation temporarily promoting a staff member to that position.
- Organisations which need an extra person to deal with the administrative side of the project can apply for either a student under this programme or another worker under the Temporary Employment Programme to be referred by the Department of Labour. A 100 per cent wage subsidy can be paid. Up to \$25 per worker week may be provided to non-profit community organisations or to local authorities sponsoring projects on behalf of community organisations or groups of students to help purchase materials where there is no other source of funding for the particular project. Material subsidies will be available only where a genuine need is demonstrated.

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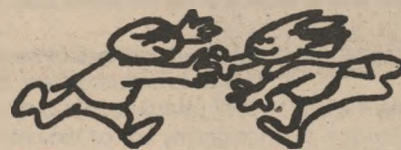
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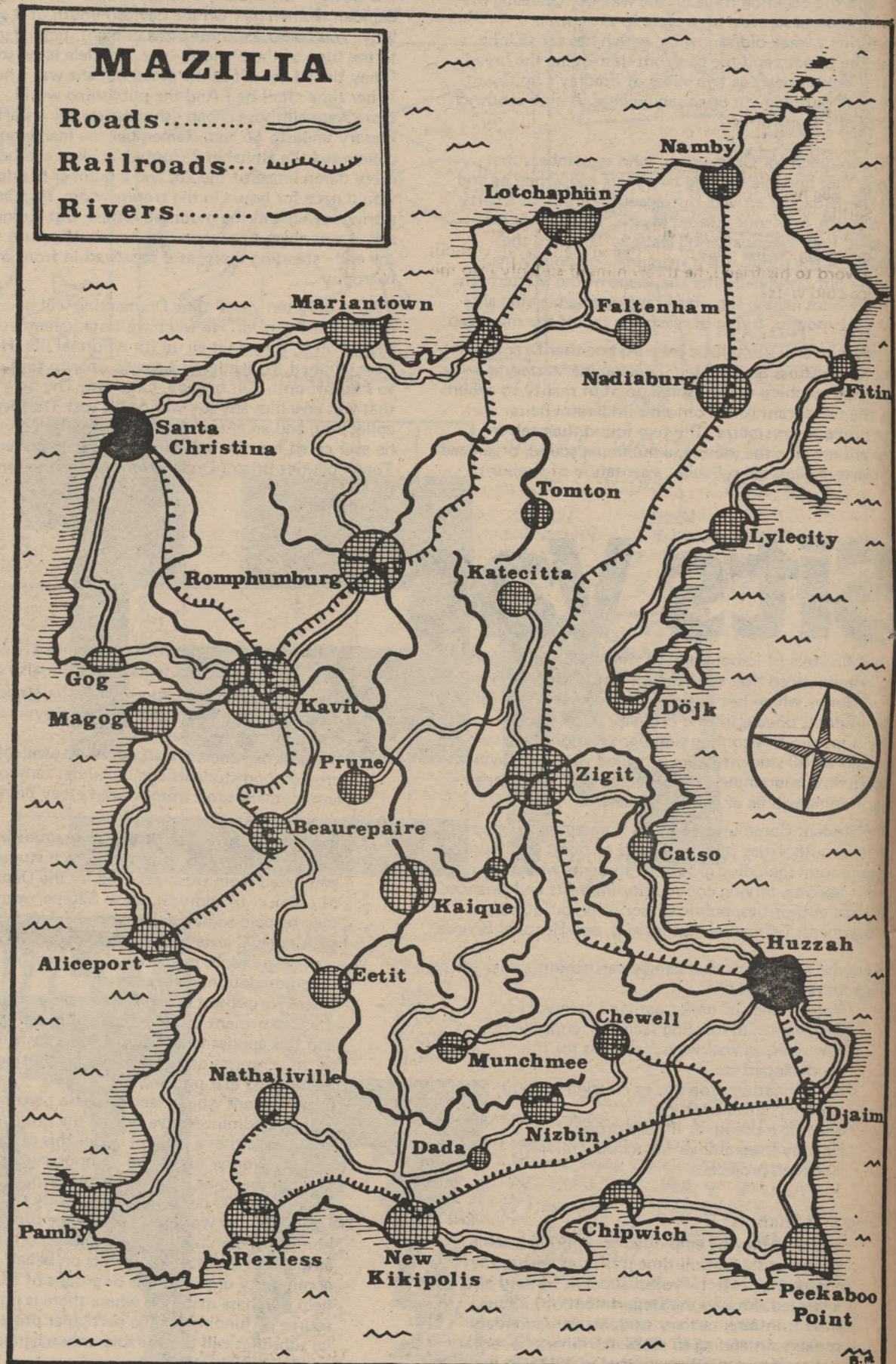
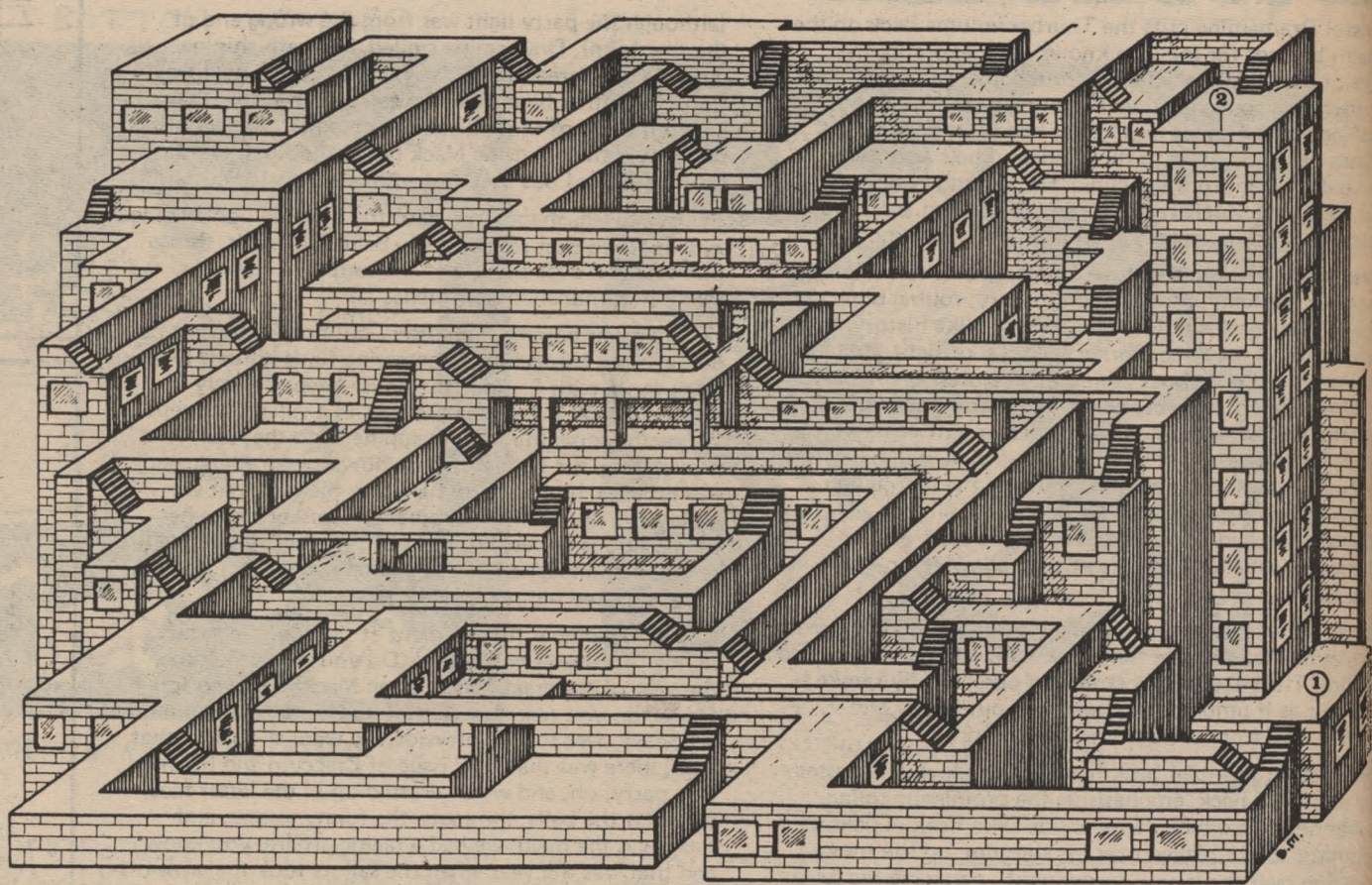
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Pixie Page

Even more puzzles. To your right: find a way from 1 to 2 using only downward stairs. Lower left: enter the maze at A (top of the rectangle) and pass through to Z (bottom), moving through all the intermediate letters of the alphabet in the right order. Never cross a solid black line but you need not move through the whole of each letter. Lower Right: find the way from Santa Christina to Huzzah, changing your means of transportation (road, rail or river) only once. You can change transport only in towns.



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The International Fertiliser Conference held on campus over the August vacation tended to rather overshadow another important gathering of enthusiasts and specialists which was taking place in the third locker along from the coffee bar in the basement of the Student Union building. This was the Biennial Conference of members of the International Foot Fetish Foundation in conjunction with the Harvard League for Pedal Reform. One of the major decisions taken at the conference was the setting aside of funds for the publication of an anthology to be entitled 'The Foot In Modern Literature'. The selection committee have really pulled toe and they expect to have the book in the shops by December, just in time for Christmas. CRACCUM is proud to be able to offer its readers a sneak preview of some of the juicier selections from the anthology.

HENRY JAMES

Milsop's perceptions of the lower extremes of Miss Brabant's legs had not hitherto been of the most intense; they were rather of that secondary order which one does not immediately, in the act of conscious contemplation, distinguish. But that which had to him seemed once so difficult in the quiet drawing rooms of Boston was now rendered, not without a certain obvious relief on the part of our friend, a thing of ease and natural consequence. He reached out and touched with his hand his companions foot.

'Will it do?', inquired Miss Brabant, her eyebrow slightly arched.

'Oh yes,' replied her interlocutor, 'it will not only 'do'; it is eminently real'.

D.H. LAWRENCE

Serkin looked at his companion's large, red feet. All raw they seemed, a mass of veins and tissues, vibrant with all-consuming passion which marked Bastardson as more intensely alive than other men. Serkin hated them for they seemed to demand of him more than he could give. They spoke of a life of intense physicality, of communion with the very sods of the field, the offal of the slag heaps in the town all of which was beyond Serkin whose life was one of quiet respectability. His resentment grew as he watched Bastardson's feet quivering on the edge of the diving plank, and, without a word to his friend, he threw himself sullenly into the ice-cold water.

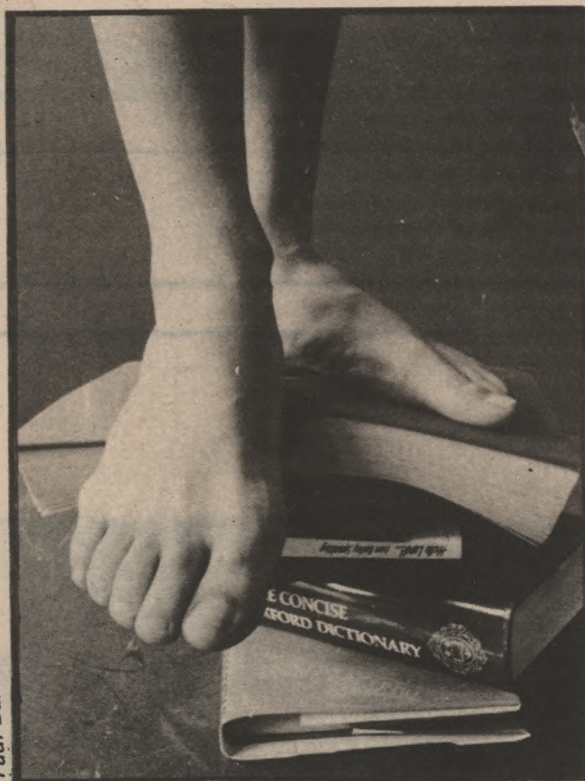
E.M. FORSTER

Few of those who pass through the magic portal of King's Cross Station are privileged to be granted a glimpse of the world of imagination that lies beyond. For it is a tragi-comic muse who presides over such occasions, the muse of irony, and thus it was that Aunt Lillian, always solicitous for Eustace's health, observed that the young man was looking 'a trifle peaky.' 'Peaky' is Sawston's word for all manner of malady which defies precise diagnosis, which refuses to be classified, according to the all-transcendent principle of book-keeping. Eustace, for his part, was intensely aware of this and dreaded with all his heart the prospect of luncheon with his aunt before the journey to Sawston. It pained and troubled him to know that he could never explain to her, admirable woman that she was, what was really ailing him. How could he tell her that on the previous night, in the gentlemanly comfort of his rooms at Cambridge, Cyril had reached out his hand and, with an open and frank affection, touched Eustace's naked foot!

VIRGINIA WOOLF

How strange, Violet Indigo said as she looked across the lawn, is the mystery which we call life. One might spend years, as she had done, searching for something which could be called its essence, something elusive for which there were no words. But what did it all come to but years of days spent in furnished rooms, of travelling by tube to buy a new macintosh or a new pair of rubber galoshes or some little thing that was not an important thing at all but brought nevertheless its own tiny glimmer of joy, like moonlight on the wings of a moth in the darkness of the night. All these thoughts fell from her grasp now as she looked out across the lawn and saw, moving gracefully in the distance, the figure of Mrs Ramsbottom, lost in the world of her own impressions, impenetrable as it seemed to Violet's gaze, unaware almost of her very existence. And then, by some working of what we are able to distinguish only as chance, Violet's gaze settled upon the naked foot old Mr Bradawl who was lounging in a deck chair pretending to read an Arabian love manual but actually absorbed within the confines of his own limited world, intractable, intangible. Yet his foot remained like a marker buoy on the surface of the lacuna of his consciousness. It seemed almost monumental as it caught the spun-gold rays of the late afternoon sun, some remnant of a submerged continent, eloquent yet stolidly memorial. And Violet Indigo, whose life was a series of indistinct patterns on the walls of a series of unfashionable rooms, saw that it was real. That is reality, she said as Mr Bradawl indolently scratched his testicles, Yes, she affirmed, that is it, that is it

The Foot In Modern Literature



Paul Barton

P.G. WODEHOUSE

The faithful and attentive reader may be assured that it was the aftermath of a particularly lively evening indeed at the Drones which saw yours truly prodding at his early morning eggs and b. in a manner which can only be described as downright desultory. The Wooster brain, normally an instrument of rapid and incisive power, was a trifle hard-pushed to recollect whether young Tuppy Glossop had addressed his humorous recitation, on the subject of a salamander named Horace, to an officer of the constabulary from the depths of a fountain in Trafalgar Sq. or whether he had in fact extricated himself from same before commencing declaration. The mists of reverie were pretty rapidly dispersed however as Jeeves shimmied into the room.

'What ho, Jeeves!' I signalled with as much vigour as I could muster.

'Good morning, sir.'

'Jeeves, old provider of ambrosial breakfasts,' I said, 'What gifts bear you?'

The old, usually acute powers of observation had noticed that the man was carrying a silver whatsit on which lay an object of indeterminate nature.

'It appears to be a foot, sir', replied the valued servant with an expression of distaste for which I don't altogether blame him.

'Gad!', I exclaimed with sufficient conviction to cause the renowned Wooster monocle to drop from its usual place of abode into the yoke of a lightly fried egg.

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you any notion whence it hails?' I enquired with the presence of mind that but rarely fails.

'Not at present, I regret to say, sir'

'Then there is only one thing for it. I shall telephone Aunt Dahlia', the tone of my voice indicated that I was not altogether pleased with the man's performance.

The aged relative had just come from beating the odd minor servant about the head with a riding crop and she was in high spirit as she thrust her voice down the instrument.

'Bertie, you imbecile, what sort of scrape are you in this time?'

I hastened to explain the rather sticky situation.

Aunt D. was resourceful as ever.

'Bertie, you nincompoop, I'll bet you a fiver that it's been delivered to the wrong address. I shouldn't wonder that it belongs to that Waugh chappy at 823.91 W35 — I've been telling you to get yourself reclassified for years, Bertie'.

I accepted the reproach with humility and toddled off to give Jeeves a dressing down for not spotting the obvious.

'Jeeves,' I began, 'the venerable ancestor suggests that you examine the address closely'.

'Yes, sir', his tone of voice was such that I allowed him to interrupt, 'I have taken that precaution, sir. The parcel is currently in the post to Mr Waugh.'

'Jeeves, I cried! you're a wonder!'

'Thank you, sir'

I slipped him an appreciative fiver and ambled off to enquire about young Glossop's bail.

EVELYN WAUGH

Guy and Apthorpe were returning from the Officers' Mess rather earlier than usual. Guy's spirits were low and he felt that he ought to be swotting up the chapter on the Aldus lamp in his signaller's handbook. He did not particularly relish Apthorpe's company this evening but the latter had left the mess with him, mumbling something about absurd difficulties over the payment of his mess-bill. 'Of course I'll settle up. I'm an officer and a gentleman, aren't I Crouchback?'. Guy did not bother to reply and Apthorpe began on one of his stories about a legendary great-uncle.

Just then one of the younger officers approached casually dangling a dismembered human foot from his gun belt. 'I say, Uncle', he called, addressing himself to Guy who was obviously the more sober of the pair, 'Do you know of an RAF chap called Bigglesworth around here? One of the MOs asked me to return this foot to him'.

'No', said Guy distractedly, 'can't help, I'm sorry'. But the name struck a submerged chord in his memory, for all that. 'Bigglesworth', he thought, 'I'm sure that they're a good old Catholic family.'

W.E. JOHNS

..... What will Biggles do now? Trapped in an Evelyn Waugh novel, he is virtually the prisoner of these unsavoury characters from the regular army. Without his spare foot, how can he escape? How will events turn out? Will the Empire fall? Read on.

ALBERT CAMUS

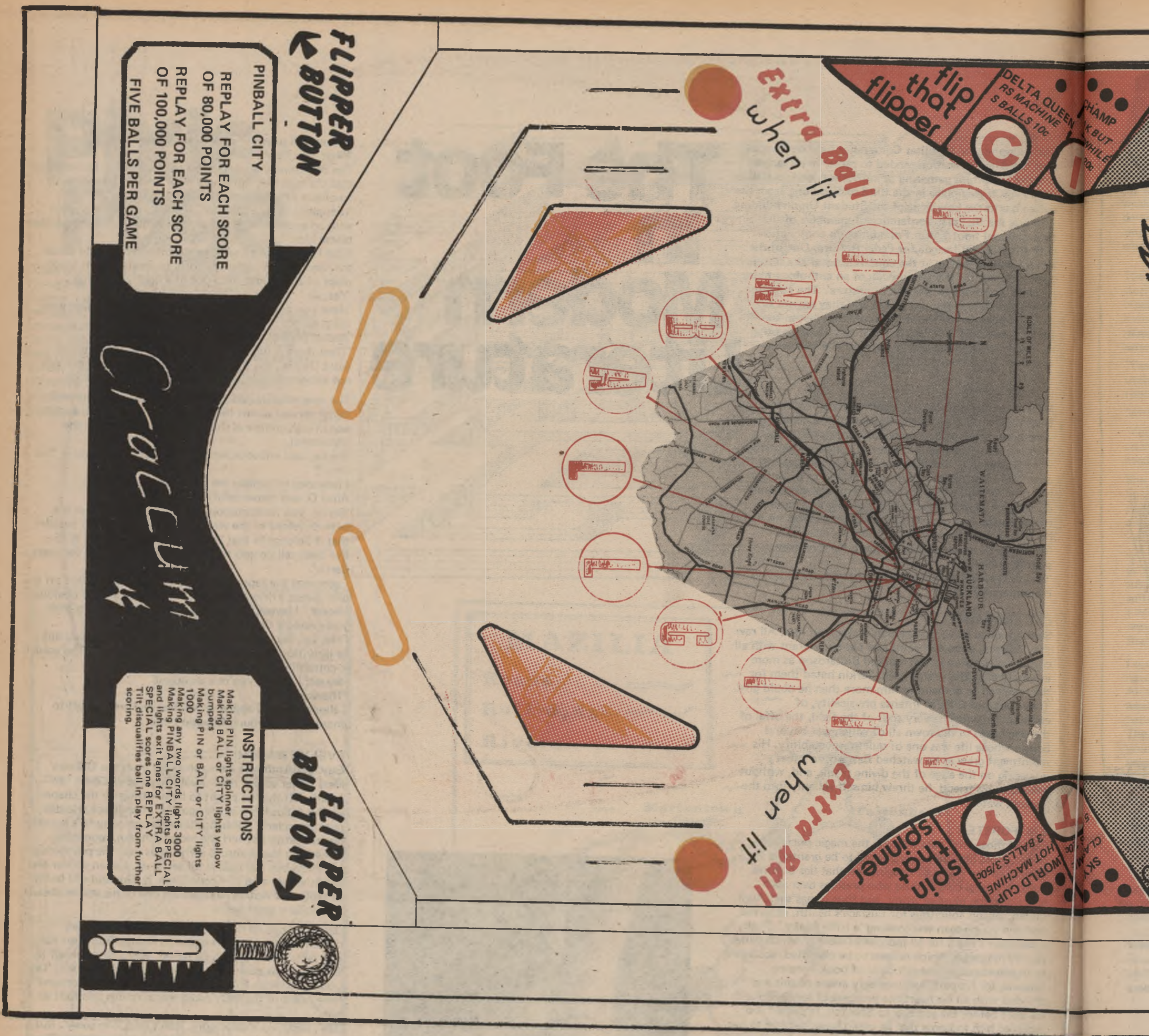
And so you see, Monsieur, after several months in this place, with nothing to look at but bare walls, an occasional glimpse of the sky perhaps, life begins to reveal itself in a different light. It is the realisation that it is without signification which has made me as I am; it is for this reason that I can never return to the comfortable existence that you enjoy, Monsieur. I tell you, Monsieur, that one day, having nothing else at which to look, I began to contemplate my right foot. I saw it revealed in all its aspects until, after how many hours I cannot remember, there was nothing more to be revealed. Nothing. It lay there, attached to my leg, living testament to fleshly absurdity. I know, Monsieur, what futility is and I can never again wear the shoes of your respectability

SAMUEL BECKETT

Darkness. A single spot reveals a naked, solitary foot, white against the blackness. The sound of heavy breathing. Slowly the foot rears upon its heel. Each toe moves deliberately, in succession.

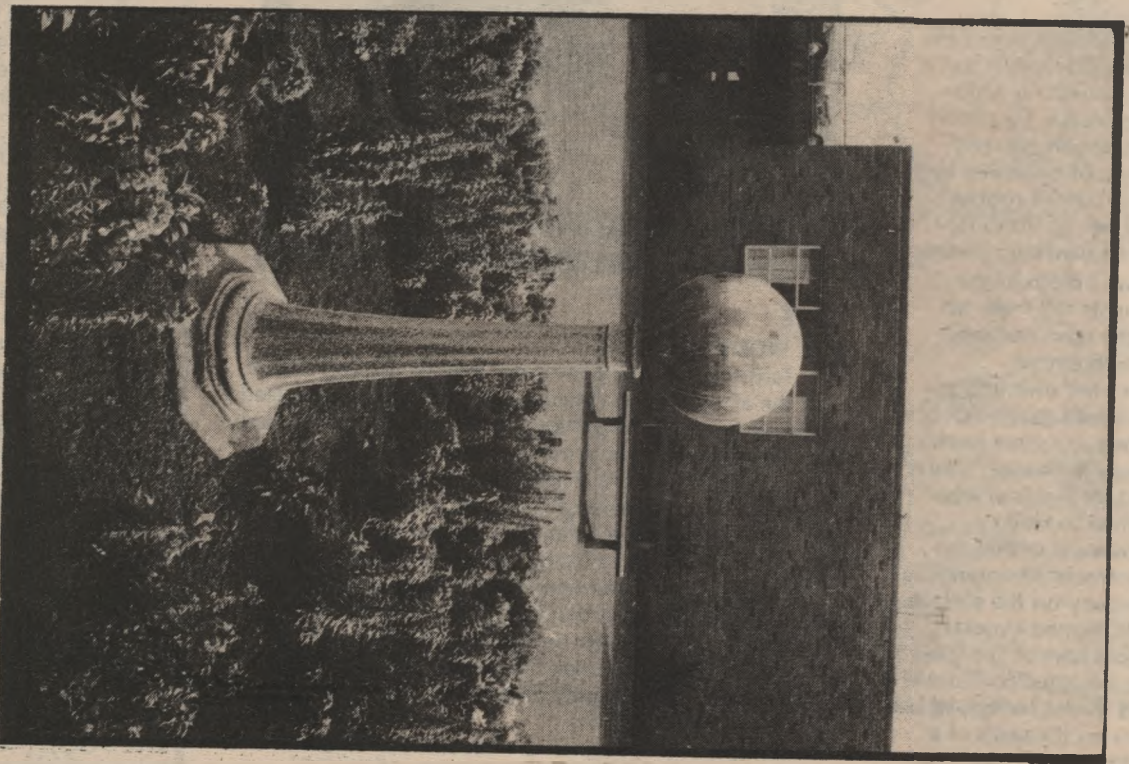
THE FOOT: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh

The breathing subsides. The spotlight fades. Darkness. The end



- Don't put your money in this one
- Worthwhile if you're waiting for a bus
- Generally good clean fun
- Go there soon
- Not many of these around

KEY



PINBALL PARK, NEWMARKET. Donated in memory of Funland which has been replaced by a carpet wholesaler.

Let's Play Intellectuals

It's the last issue of the year, see. And we may as well go out as we went on, so to speak. There are those you who have criticised our apparent reliance on Victoria University's paper, Salient. It's all rubbish, of course, (deliberate ambiguity?) Anyway, we've done it again, one last time. And not a mention of superpowers, East Timor or even NZUSA

Exams, as if you need to be told, are a hell of a business. We have it on good authority that General Sherman, who naively said 'War is Hell', had never actually experienced University finals. The amazing thing is, it's not the exams themselves that produce this overwhelming desire in many people to swim out to sea, or hijack a DC10 to Nepal, it's the way you have been taught you must react to them.

Exams, because they are still, whatever your lecturers tell you, the assessment foundation of the entire NZ education system (that well-known endangered species) must be backed up by a well-organised structure of conditioning so that they may work effectively. Thus exams are as effective as the conditioning preceding them in each case: if people don't respond, if they saunter down to the pub in cold disregard for the traditional practice of living at desk 29754z on floor 5 of the library for a brief but intense period, then the exam system fails.

Unfortunately, this particular library-response is only one of the two most common reactions to exam conditioning. The second includes short-term alcoholism, child-bashing, paranoia, suicide, delusions of grandeur, and the molestation of little old ladies at night. In short, this is the group of people who respond to the cunningly calculated build-up of EXAM FEVER in their class by becoming thoroughly depressed and miserable without the actual additional response of the will to do any work.

It is these people this article is directed to, not those transitory Casaubons whose excessive perspiration in the library testifies to their achievement of both levels of response. It must be admitted that these people are actually pursuing what is undoubtedly the surest road to success - the safest way to be sure of passing is to sweat your guts out, to become a weak-kneed pasty faced little swot in high-wasted shorts with dandruff and pimples, and never get asked to dance, and most importantly, after it's all over and the holidays have begun, get sand kicked in your face by rugby players every time you go to the beach. But for those of you who aren't into that approach, there are other ways.

Firstly, since you've decided not to respond to pre-exam conditioning on that first level (work), it's important not to respond to it on the second - either; ie **DON'T GET DEPRESSED**. There are a great many ways of not being depressed. Some people get immense satisfaction from doing community work - helping people in society more needy and less able than themselves. Of course some people find it very difficult to find anyone in this category. A more popular approach is that of **DRUGS**: amyl nitrate, heroin, marijuana, cocaine, banana skins, acacia root, crushed lettuce, almost anything will do if you're desperate enough. The general rule here is **AVOID REALITY AT ALL COSTS**.

One of the most effective ways of prolonging this escape from exam worry indefinitely is to actually get busted in the process - preferably with a kilo of heroin but in any case the new drug laws guarantee you at least a cool decade or so before parole for pretty well anything.

For some people the only sure way to avoid depression is not to ever get out of bed - for weeks if necessary. This is an attractive approach but not one of the most effective because, as you may realise, the key to avoiding exam-depression is to avoid thinking about them; so you must stay either busy or at least completely out of it. And do not think that these suggestions are mere escapism, a refusal to actually tackle the problem of passing. The Lord looks after his own.

Take Bruce Smith for instance. Last year Bruce decided that he couldn't relate to the Multiple Osmosis of Mutually Supplementary Chromosomes in Caspian Sea Dolphins, and to therefore embrace this approach and go and get utterly smashed in the pub instead. On his way home seven hours later he fell into a manhole and broke his arm. Two weeks later he was awarded an aegrotat pass.

This sort of thing is not at all uncommon. If you don't feel confident of such luck as Bruce, you can do things yourself to hurry the process along. Jumping off a 300 foot cliff is probably the surest possible way of getting an aegrotat, but it has rather tricky side effects and is not recommended for the inexperienced; first year students for instance. A much easier way is to just get up tomorrow morning, go out into your back garden (make sure it's a sunny day), and stick your foot under the motor mower. This must be done within hours of the exam however, because you don't actually write with your foot (if you do you shouldn't be reading this article). Loss of blood will need to be your main grounds of argument.

PAGE 14 OCTOBER 9 CRACCUM



For those of you who object to outdoor work, the kitchen offers a thousand opportunities for seizing the aegrotat. One method that is child's play requires nothing more in the way of raw materials than one onion. Take this common vegetable in your writing hand (do it on a day you're making curry or some other dish that requires onions), take a sharp knife and slash through both tendons and as much of the wrist as possible, leaving the onion intact. Then call a doctor (you can save time by calling him/her before you actually do it).

I have said this is just one of the simplest kitchen methods; the more ambitious will get excellent results by using a vitamizer instead of a knife, or sticking their head in an oven (only electric ones will do now since the introduction of Natural Gas) or an automatic dishwasher. The important thing is **BE POSITIVE, DON'T CHICKEN OUT AT THE LAST MOMENT, AND MAKE SURE YOU GET YOUR TIMING RIGHT**. Good luck.

One of the best and most popular ways of getting away from it all is a day at the beach; preferably with a group of irresponsible fun-loving friends and 8 or 9 dozen bottles of something alcoholic. To pass the time and keep your mind off exams you can get drunk and hassle people (throwing sand in their eyes is one of the best ways) preferably respectable citizens who will call the police and get you arrested, making it impossible to sit your exam.

Again, if you're going for the **ULTIMATE DISTRACTION** you can swim out about 200 yards and then make a nick in your leg and wait for it to attract sharks. If this works, offer the shark your writing hand in friendship. Failing this you might be able to grab a passing stingray, or perhaps a moray eel, anyway the main thing is to have tried.

Well, all these things can help you pass the time, but eventually, on a certain day, most of you will have to face the actual task of passing the exam. If you have followed this article and used its approach to replace the University system's conditioning you'll turn up to the exam healthy, happy, well-adjusted, well-rested, sun-tanned, and in complete ignorance about the subject on which you are about to be examined.

Of all these conditions, only the last is completely invisible, providing you play your part well. Thus the very fact of your vital vigorous appearance will severely upset most of the other candidates (your competition) all of whom will be white enough to run for South African Prime Minister; and the examiners (your opposition).

Farting loudly as you walk into the room (casually, 20 minutes late) is a must. It probably won't affect any-

one else but it'll make you feel really good and probably enrage the examiners. When you've sat down (loudly) look at the paper for a minute and then laugh loudly, in the manner of supreme confidence. Then apologise loudly.

By this time all eyes in the room will be riveted on you. Pull out your pen, hold it up to the light, put it down on the table and roll your sleeves up. Then write like blazes, trying to keep it relevant, but concentrating more on speed. Use only the middle four lines of each page until you've finished and then call loudly for a second answer book. Use this in the same way and then call for a third. By this time most of the room will be terrified and those who aren't will have completely forgotten the answers they have prepared for the questions.

Make sure you have picked a seat in the full sun by a window, and when you've got half way through the third book, tell the examiners it's disturbing you and ask if you can move. This will certainly upset a considerable number of people, especially the closet Casaubons who have been used to the silence of the library, and particularly the others in the room sitting in the full sun, who will immediately find it an impossible distraction and waste time toying with the idea of asking if they can move too.

Finally, don't forget that you are permitted to eat in the exams. Griffins' Krispies are usually the best for this although something like a multi-layered cream sponge will have the quieter effect of driving the people around you wild with desire. If you feel the need to cheat (if you've done everything I've suggested you probably won't) it's worth remembering that half a dozen Bycroft Crispbreads can take about a quarto page of notes. And of course if the situation gets sticky you can eat the evidence with a great deal of satisfaction, and a great deal of noise.

When you've finished eating, burp loudly and then apologise, explaining that you still haven't fully recovered from last night's pre-exam party. This will probably be the last straw, and your triumph will be complete.

When the results are posted there should be an announcement to the effect that the class' performance was disappointing, but the marks will have been upgraded (principally because the Department can't afford to admit that their exam conditioning didn't work) and of course you'll be up there in the A's somewhere. Then you can go back to the beach with the added satisfaction of having beaten the system.

JONATHAN SCOTT

CRACCUM OCTOBER 9 PAGE 15

And in the natural seasonal cyclic process of life, the Lord hath spake that all things must come to pass (on/through/out). Okay, so we've given you the low down on eatin' an drinkin'; it's pretty obvious that what must come next is the real dirt on a night in town

And so in a last heroic effort, our intrepid Craccum ace reporters have braved the perils and the depths of the bogs round and down town, to fill in all of you who are too filled out on where to sit down among the comfort stops and spots of Auckland..... And just remember what your mother told you about public toilet seats, and don't talk to strangers

LIBRARY LOOS

THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND

The Library is one of the few places in the University, dare I say Auckland, where the waste functions can be found, architectually speaking, on top of each other. Not only this but it may also be noted that there are other appointed areas situated around the library where a discerning reader may stimulate his/her anal areas. I may also speak from experience and say that the V D rate is extremely low in this area - after five years I should know.

These, ahem, watering holes - shall I say oases of relief - are maintained at a standard that would beg competition elsewhere around the place. Once I came in at 9.00 am on a Sunday to find a cheery porter changing the towels and other things that are necessary for a good 'powder'. The appointments have a standard of graffiti that can only reflect the quality of learning being achieved in the other 'Temple'. While I personally have graduated to the private Staff facilities I leave the full student the thought that the queues can be quite long during the duration of the exams.

HIGH STREET BOG

HIGH STREET

Long celebrated in song by local rock idols the Phantoms, also a tribute to the memory of David Schofield, the High Street Bog is the most sporting of all the Auckland conveniences. Chances are, on a good day one can score at least three hurried exits by simply walking into the doorway and shouting, 'Vice Squad'.

The graffiti is largely utilitarian - referring principally to assignations past and present and rather dubious boasts of the writer's tastes and capabilities. The line-up of Rovers and Jaguars outside at night bears testament to the popularity of the venue amongst the Uncles of Auckland.

ART GALLERY BOGS

KITCHENER STREET

Discretely camouflaged behind a blue door, and lurking just to the left of the bookshop is a flight of stairs. They lead downwards. Clamber cavernously down between white walls and terracotta tiled floors till you reach the double doors at the bottom. Once you have mastered the triple combination lock, swivel right-wise, and, skirting the man-pits and barbed-wire barricades, proceed along a subterranean passageway whose construction and echo qualities are as above. After a certain distance, again rotate clockwise. The entry to your objective should now be before you. Remembering the password (Hommes/Dames), you may go in.

Note again the predominant theme of terracotta and white, tastefully offset by wood veneer cubicle doors, and the simple lines of the stainless steel fittings. Apart from the lunchhour crush, when intrepid pilgrims follow the trail down from the coffee bar two floors above, one usually has the opportunity to contemplate ones image in the ample sized mirrors in solitary splendour. And with accoustics like that, its only a shame they couldn't have put in a bath.

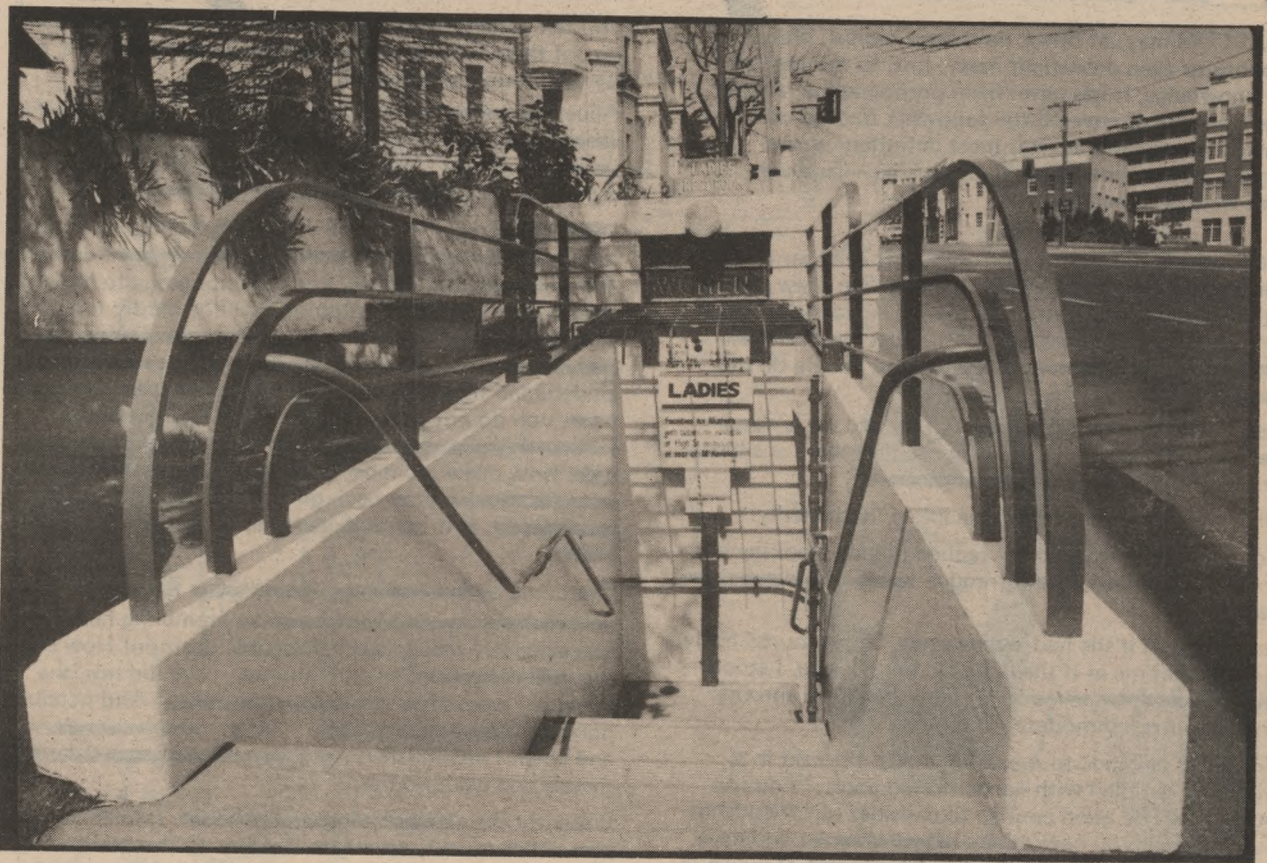
CITY COUNCIL REST ROOMS

CNR WELLESLEY & KITCHENER STREETS

The underground toilet on Wellesley St is in a strategic position. Beloved by Onehungians (their bus ejaculates its passengers exactly at the loo gates), it is midway between the Art Gallery's subterranean and antiseptic den of depository, and our own university concrete bogs. With exams approaching, knowing the idiosyncratic behaviour of bowels under pressure, it might be as well to remember this linear route. With only five minutes walk between each cultural centre we can guarantee you'll reach your appointed destination with panties/pants dry and intact.

The Wellesley St loos are clean, fresh and well-appointed; that is, pleasant to eye, ear and nose. Traffic rumbles soothingly overhead, the flesh and blood attendant adds a touch of olde worlde charm, the taps and fittings are real brass and the whole is tiled with alabaster white porcelain. Well stocked with mirrors and paper towels you can primp and preen without fear of being revealed as a narcissus, and emerge refreshed and relieved to face the world at large.

PAGE 16 OCTOBER 9 CRACCUM



Photos: Paul Barton

Paul Barton

CRAPPING OUT WITH CRACCUM

PLUNKET NURSERY & CONVENIENCES

HIGH STREET

This facility is unique among downtown lavatories. In place of the nasty and liscentious graffiti that habitually adorns such inner city comfort stops, the Plunket Society has provided shiny white tiles, happily impervious to the pervert's pen. An extra precaution is the installation of a pleasant and efficient lady attendant who is also careful to ensure one is well provided for in the 'necessities' line.

Far more important than such trivialities, however, is the spiritual satisfaction derived from a visit to these conveniences. Babes-in-arms, toddlers and even the odd six year old with his happy mother can be viewed through the glass nursery window. Any woman left untouched by such sights must indeed be a cruel-hearted one. And probably a feminist, so should be discouraged from entering such a haven for New Zealand motherhood.



BOYSTOWN TOILETS

NELSON STREET

Anyone who has ever been to Boystown, and whose excretory functions are in working order may have had the unfortunate experience of expelling whatever in the toilets.

Upon entering the cubicles one is greeted by brown streaks on the walls, some with a shrivel of toilet paper still embedded, as well as similar objects d'Art on the seat, the bowl, the cistern and the flush button. If wearing jandals, bare feet or shoes with holes, the wire on the floor, complete with the now familiar streaks of shit may be of interest, as it will be if wearing pants that reach down anywhere near the floor. Absorbancy + wet floor = rising damp.

The council coloured walls have admirable acoustic quality, with sighs, groans, burps, farts and splashes resonating at length and adding to the already unique atmosphere of these amenities.

Upon completion of the excretary processes, the user if at all normal, will experience an overwhelming urge to wash his hands (he will actually feel more like submerging himself in boiling Dettol for a week, but facilities aren't provided); however upon proceeding to the washbasins he is confronted with the inevitable brown streaks on the taps, the basin, the bench and the towel dispensing machine.

These amenities, while free, are not recommended.

HQ ROCK CAFE LOO

UPPER QUEEN STREET

What better way to spend a few solitary moments in an evening's sub-cult entertainment at Aucklands newest and most straightforward nightspot, than to cruise to the rear of emporium and head for the room with the bright red and lidless cistern. One can almost sit back and take in the dulcet tones of the next room's heavy metal/blues/rocknroll, relax in almost-comfort and do whatever the music brings to mind. Failing that, one can muse on how many of the greats have utilised the throne you now occupy, but fellow pilgrim, be wary of sitting there dreaming too long because this is a cafe, remember, with but one facility for each gender, so it's important to make time count in here, this being of necessity a fast-service booth. It is however also a pleasant spot for a quiet and private smoke (or with a good friend) and fortunately there's only one way in and out, so that it's seldom difficult to find one's way back to the dimly-lit herd outside - oh and there's one more small point, the cistern won't flush, or at least I couldn't make it work - maybe next time.

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PARNELL ROSE GARDENS JUDGES BAY ROAD

It is indeed wonderful to be back. Who'd have thought that an impoverished Parnell toilet cleaner was destined to become a Kiwi fruit tycoon? I am staying at the White Heron. It was only a walk down to Gladstone Rd where I revisited some of my old haunts. And there, at the bottom of the hill, amidst the pohutakawa trees, hugging the roadside, was my old favourite. I had to smile wistfully as I gazed at the still-broke louvres of the 'Mens'. I just couldn't resist a peep inside and yes I felt quite choked up. You will be asking yourself if I wasn't disgusted with the profanities. Well, dear reader, I can only say that one becomes accustomed, one develops an attitude of indifference. Forgive me for flogging the subject but I must get it out of my system, haha.

Things have certainly gone to pot. Workers don't take the same pride in their work as they used to. I almost felt like rolling up my sleeves and plunging in, ha, ha. I went outside again, kicking at the toilet paper as I went. The grass outside is very lush. It must be the nitrogen, ha, ha Although I used to clean the 'Womens' as well, I thought I would give it a miss. Better to protect oneself against disappointment, don't you think.

PARROT BAR THE CALEDONIAN CNR K RD & SYMONDS STREET

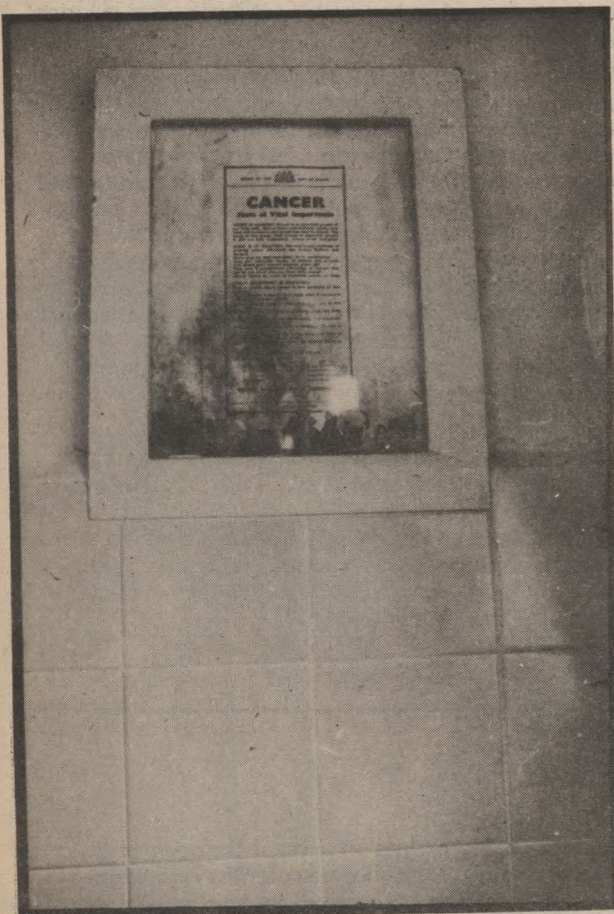
Make your way through the Chinese umbrellas, cane stools and potted greenery — and blink as the vista of concrete floors and cold narrow cubicles hits you. Only two of them, so its go easy on the Lager and wait your turn with the rest of us, and don't expect to fit soap in such a tiny basin either, luv. If its good and dark you can use the window as a mirror, too. Clientele, while not perhaps entirely representative of the K'Rd habitues, are still enlivening, and as you step once more through the pub door, you'll appreciate that trendynew decor ever so much more in comparison.

CLICHY RESTROOMS BRITOMART PLACE

Having asserted some months ago the superiority of Clichy's food over similarly priced and situated eateries in the town, it saddens me somewhat to now expose its one glaring inadequacy.

To set the scene: It is a warm and starry night. The delicate fronds of the maiden hairs are gently swaying to the rhythm of Edith Piaf and aeroplane fans. The meal - Poisson Cru, followed by Tournedos Bearnaise with a bottle of Deinhard Bernkastel - had been excellent. A feeling of contentment suffuses the anonymous diner.

Casually, she crosses her legs yet again, signifying a desire to powder her nose. But, how embarrassing, is it the door with the Mucha print, or conversely, that adorned with a Toulouse-Lautrec? Emboldened by the grape, she lunges for the Mucha and enters the Ladies Room, or is it Bosch's 'Temptations of St Anthony'? The glazed scarlet walls mirror her shock. There are no ferns in the Ladies Room. There is no fan, nor a window. She enters the cubicle. There is no light. Terror-struck, she attends to her business as best she can. Losing control, she shamefacedly neglects to wash her hands as she flees screaming, sweating and spluttering to return to the cool ambience of the French provinces.



OLD ARTS BUILDING (WOMEN'S) FACILITIES UNIVERSITY

Carefully closeted in a corner of the main foyer, and somewhat cramped, are lavatories which combine uncomfortable plastic toilet seats (rather cheap and Modern for this dignified seat of learning), and insipid laminated cubicles. Graffiti follows the usual heated discussion on abortion and lesbianism, there are usually Real absorbent rolls of toilet paper, and the chance of a cake of soap. Peak time turnover (between lectures) is high, but then so are the chances of catching up on last week's philosophy or Spanish class.

STUDENT UNION BUILDING LOOS GROUND FLOOR

Situated agonisingly far from the caf, deep in the dungeons of the Union Block, lie four huge loo complexes. Whilst I can only speak for three of these (made an error one night), I feel I must bemoan these large anonymous facilities: whilst there is generous mirror area and x amount of sinks to choose from, the urinals are too often clogged to the point of overflowing, forming an unnatural moat at one end of the chamber. I am consistently disappointed by the poor graffiti standard (the usual Punk/Nihilist/Socialist and other perverse tripe) and suggest a stroll over to Elam for some relief in that genre. Here though I would draw a fine distinction and recommend the caf/car park end rather than the dairy/coffee bar end, as the former tend to be frequented by a less fashionable sort (dare I say more?)

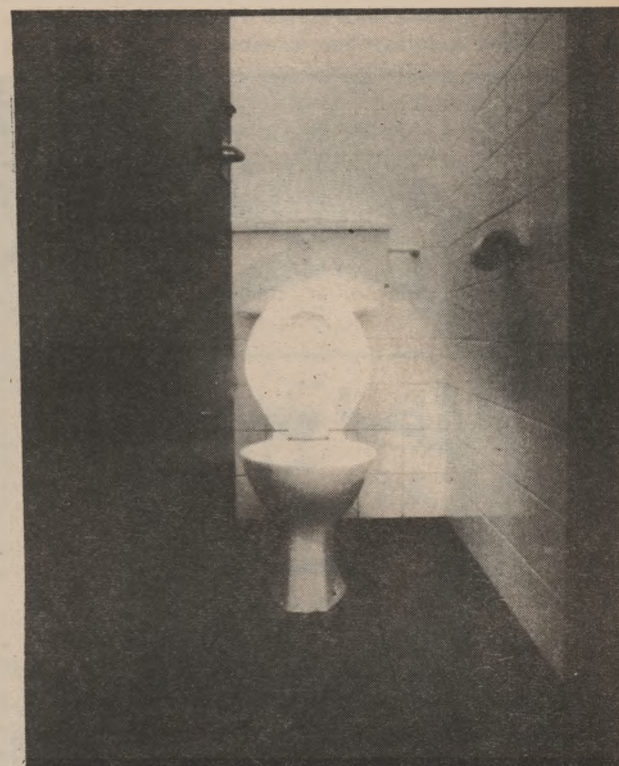
One can live with doors that won't close and paperless cubicles (always carry last weeks Craccum for such emergencies), but what I do take exception to is rain howling in unobstructed when you're caught with your pants down, as it were, on cold and miserable late nights. My friends and I thus prefer the calm and poise of the Old Grad Bar facility when it's open, but as for the austere downstairs polybog, it's definitely not worth lingering in.

SALTERS RESTAURANT KHYBER PASS ROAD

Salter's Restaurant's sanitary arrangements are interesting from all angles. Proceeding to these bi-sexual apartments, one catches fascinating glimpses and smells of the kitchen as one passes through into an outside courtyard. With its leafy but well lit path leading to the privy chambers. With a unity of decor, the deco-cream interior has a spacious elegance compared to more modern cubicals, giving one a real sense of privacy, tucked away at the bottom of a delightful garden. To add to the graceful atmosphere one will always find a trendy magazine and for those who wish to indulge, a purple ashtray to match the toilet paper. All in all a very satisfying experience with a real sense of achievement at the end. Well worth the cost of the meal and a delicacy to even the greatest connoisseur.

BARRY LETT GALLERIES VICTORIA ST WEST

This is probably among the more exclusive of the avant garde lavatories in Auckland. Its probably also one of the few unisex ones with which I have an acquaintance (that is in public); I even know of one lady, who knows the famous financier Bob Jones who brings her twelve year old son for a piss every Friday night - should I say pee like Andy Warhol? Anyway I'm trying to think of all those FAMOUS PEOPLE who may have discovered the way into the Barry Lett lavatory - (Push HERE). Like HAMISH KEITH, chairman of the Arts Council, ALLAN HIGHT Minister of Arts, Patrick Hanly, Murray Beasley, Tony Green, Peter Webb, Terry McNamara, Terry Snow, Wystan Curnow and so on may have used it. To pull the chain put your hand inside the cistern and PUSH the plunger.



As you may already be aware, this issue makes the final clean-up for the year. So, for hanging on to the bitter end, all our thanks to Brian and Peter and Chris and Donna and Katrina and Francis and Louise and Martin and John, who didn't take no shit from nobody, and who never took more than they gave

Reviews

ONE BANG AT A TIME
FLASH DAZZLER & THE BULLWHIPS
COCOON RECORDS

At last, at last, he cried into his milk stout. This is the one! This is it, punks. The band that makes Johnny Rotten look and sound like Howard Morrison.

Flash Dazzler is the latest product of the already pretty outrageous new wave/punk movement in England. Until recently he was better known as Mark P, bass guitarist from The Cramps but, following the breakup of one of the seminal punk bands in England, he has undergone a change in attitude style and bands.

Flash Dazzler and the Bullwhips can perhaps be best described as sado-masochism a la punk 1979. Dazzler struts around stage in blood splattered leather bondage gear adorned with meat cleavers, whipping the rest of the band with barbed wire pretty heavy, huh? Just wait till you hear the music.

The Whips are five in number. In addition to Dazzler, the band is composed of Mick Nijinsky, lead guitar, Gordon Ex rhythm guitar, Billy Slaughter keyboards, and Vom Destry drums. Side one of their debut record opens with 'Sniffin' Glue', a short but vitally abrasive track. Immediately you're thrown into the punk maelstrom of Dazzler's mind.

..... 'we ain't proud/just one big mess/like something else/I must confess/I'm sniffin' glue

The next to show promise is a pretty little piece entitled 'Rozzers Edge'. Although credited to Vom Destry, the lyrics again have the bite of Dazzler's treatment.

..... 'it's a load of shit/oh, Jesus misfit/you've slashed your own balls/off the walls of my mind.....'

Perhaps the most potentially controversial track is that entitled 'The Lord is My Syringe', vaguely a rip-off of a Christian hymn about sheep and shepherds and bestiality and such like.

..... 'just stick it in there/that's the way that you should

just stick it in there/oh, that's lookin' so good....

This track, more than any other, contains the real brilliance of Dazzler's perversity in musical arranging.... Mick Nijinsky monodroning along on lead guitar while Dazzler picks out the melody two octaves down ... a most unusual and certainly effective reversal of the roles of lead and bass guitar.

But for me, the fever-pitch track of the record is the third track, side two, 'Vomit in my Boots'. Throughout the entire seven minutes can be heard the puking of Johnny Rotten, himself (taped at the Roxy, in Covent Garden, the punk rock jumping-off place for most London bands). But Dazzler doesn't let Rotten go entirely without comment.

..... 'poor little Johnny/they slashed his face/they opened his cheek/so the whole human race/ can step on inside and/piss on his tongue/so hey little Johnny/punk rock is no fun'

All in all a pretty heavy record with some pretty tasty goodies for the dedicated punk/new wave ravers among you. If you're into complexity, perplexity, punk in a big way, this is a no frills, no safety pins must. Buy it now.

BILLY CLEAN



This is what my Mum thinks of punks. (PS: spot the pic)

PAGE 18 OCTOBER 9 CRACCUM



Craccum staff making their mark on Queen St, irked at the censorial activities of their publishers.

QUEEN STREET VARIOUS ARTISTS CENTRAL AUCKLAND (CLOSED SUNDAYS)

I approached the exhibition with not a little trepidation, having heard mixed reports from friends, and believing that NZ's ability in this medium was not quite of a standard worthy of critical examination. However, I did feel that aspiring artists needed the kind of publicity this review gives simply to put them on the map, as it were, and so I took myself on a quick trip through the show.

My immediate impression was that the work was too unfocused, or at least the composition had not been considered with a view to making a specific statement. True, much is said in the piece, but as a whole there is no indication of a greater cosmic awareness, the sort of understanding which separates great art from mere commercialism. And saying that, I must also add that the treatment of the whole aesthetic lacks even the avaricious charm of good advertising. Take for example, the 'Town Hall', a rather poor copy of municipal architecture which is simply not ostentatious enough. I remember seeing an excellent example in Christchurch a while back, and perhaps Auckland artists should look more to the south for inspiration.

However, I am always the first to admit that content is more important than design (hence I buy psych books rather than mirrors), and I can safely say that here the exhibition did rather well. There is a marvellous creation called 'Central Post Office' which deals ingeniously with the subject of inefficiency. Numerous exhibits, like 'Smith & Caughey', are savage indictments of modern trends, while others, like 'Whitcoulls', question the relevance of 'civilisation'.

And, of course, there is an anarchic part of the exhibit. 'Traffic Lights', recurrent throughout is a perfect manifestation of Dada, being totally opposed to the sense of the rest of the art-work, and even more cleverly

it is totally ignored by the kinetic part of the work. I found this a most exciting approach to the themes of metamorphosis and death, and was captivated by the total chaos of the title work, where the artist with a laissez-faire confidence has closely juxtaposed metal and flesh, resulting in a visually and aurally exciting exploration of insanity.

Another interesting piece was 'Gutters', although I am told that it is a cyclic piece, and so must be seen at different times for a full appreciation of its impact. Several contributing craftsmen assert that the peak of the cycle is Friday evening, and doubtless a pleasant evening out could be had in this exhibit, not to mention cultural enrichment.

'People' was, quite frankly, disappointing. Here both content and design were shoddy, and detracted from the better works. I am told that this is an old stand-by for hastily prepared exhibits, but I feel that its creator should be told that his work is getting a little worn, and is simply no longer in keeping with the times. I am also told that similar works, like 'Dogs', have long since been put away, and I can honestly see no more virtues in retaining this type of work, or related pieces like 'Woolworths' or 'Civic Tavern' which should be removed and preference given to more meaningful works like 'ASB Building,' which in its gleaming perfection has much more of a message for today.

In conclusion, this multi-media work has made a valiant attempt at reaching world standard, and in some cases has nearly succeeded. The artists deserve praise for their coverage in depicting usually unsaid social problems and for being ambitious in taking this format as a vehicle for their ideas. I hope that by the next exhibition they have surmounted the technical difficulties they encountered here.

D.A.K.

WORKS FOR PIANO ACC CAFETERIA LUNCHTIME CONCERT

Miss Letitia Knockless seems to me to have arrived finally in Auckland as a pianist by her stunning and superlatively excellent performance of the Rhapsodie Gustatif No 14 in F sharp minor by Persil, with Laszyelos Herziwanioski and the NZBCSOK Ltd. Miss Knockless is now a player of great fluency and accuracy - nothing nimity about her 'compote'; she lays about her with a sometimes masculine vigour. Her command of the 'ricotta hongroisi' is profound, and her sense of 'melasse' is remarkable.

The 'Gustatif' is generally regarded as less than fully mature or characteristic of the creator; certainly there

are 'rapports aux narines' in parts of the opening mozarella, some of which were cut. Miss Knockless certainly finds more 'a son gout' the spirited sections of the oeuvre; during the allegro con bragatto she was scurrying about the keys with the agility of a cat; parts of which must have been devilishly tricky to play I imagine. The whole was presented with a nothing-sentimental-about-me-straightforwardness which is particularly refreshing after the heavy musical diet Auckland has been presented with recently.

Miss Knockson I believe should seriously consider a sojourn abroad, preferably in Fiji, for her gifts place her in the front rows of our slowly advancing professional corps of musicians.

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**GELATINE MIND
SOLOMAN PIT
REGENT THEATRE**

Soloman Pit is one of the few new filmmakers to come out of the impassioned seventies. A man with a strong desire to show film as it truly affects his erotic sensibilities his 'Gelatine Mind' may raise a few pertinent questions about the state of filmmaking in South Africa.

The greatest ontological problem faced by any thinking filmmaker these days surely must be the reconciliation of the aims of the financier with those of the filmmaker Pit's solution to this is to adjust the directorial urge into the vacuum created by the whims of finance. We as the audience may question the validity of such a stance but in this case it seems best to deny the abstract integer in favour of the 'real' situation as presented by the film.

The film is the story of an impassioned young couple imprisoned by their destiny in their Blomfontein suburb and their desperate attempts to escape these bounds by becoming Pigmy worshippers of the late Emperor Boukassa of the Central African Empire. Unfortunately their wild dreams turn into an erotic passion of sadistic sex scenes with well-endowed young Milanes hustler -- complications arise when BOSS add weight to the orgy which now fills the-technicolour screen with the lurid happenings of a normal South African average home.

While it may all seem very 'avant garde' to the average filmviewer Soloman Pit is ready to declaim any involvement in this phony French inspired communist movement. In a press statement released with the film he declares that the content of the film devolves from a 'deravelling of the things that I hate about South African Television after a year on the air'.

Because the film deals with highly controversial topics such as liberterian sex and the impassioned lustings of the Capetown Playgirls Club after the director's well-endowed trousers (as reported in the Cape Herald) the film is not meant to question the undeniably right tracks South African Society is set upon.

This is a really interesting first film from a rising young director and I would recommend it wholeheartedly as an unashamed, accurate portrayal of our fine society.

T. RUMFORD

**BODICE AND BATHOS
MUSIC FOR ORGAN AND VOICE
TOWN HALL**

Miss Gloria Glottis gave a concert of solo areas for mezzo-soprano and organ in the Town Hall on Sunday. Why?

A.W.A.



Phantabulous, pharour and phreaky days are here again ! But no, it's really the Phantoms, cunningly disguised in a FREE event (and no it's not a happening) to be held/hung/flown from an almost new-wave Little Theatre this coming Wednesday at ONE PM. So bring your marmite sammies along to hear what fanciful flights/exploding delights the Phantoms can bring your way.
PS: It's not really punk.

**STORY TIME
LITTLE BODIES TROUPE
LITTLE THEATRE**

'Way down west in the Land of Nod where worms can walk and axolatels talk, there lived a little man in a large castle' And so the story unfolded. The lunch-time audience stopped its munching, carrots were silenced and stray glad-wrap drifted gently floorwards. Reams of brown paper flapping loosely on the quad balconies had proclaimed an orgy of intellectual titillation, fit to make the senses reel ! So from all four corners of the quad they came, squeezing their little bodies into the dark confines of the Little Theatre.

They listened enchanted, their cerebral nerves all a-tingle for here was the stuff of fantasies and fables. Aching from over long hours spent probing the incongruities of twisted words and formulae. Their senses were lulled by the quavering music and the gentle lights. 'But the giant came and stomped on the little man !' And the audience sighed as flashing lights and discordant sirens arrived too late to save their hero. They scuffled off to lectures all a-sad, and a little afraid at the thought of the big bogey-man out there waiting to grab'em.

NODDY

**SUSAN'S ROOM
JUNI WENDELL
FLATULENCE PUBLISHERS**

This is a very moving book. I was very moved indeed, because Mrs Wendell is a woman writer and I found I could identify with her very much and with what she was saying. The book is a very simple narrative, but it is about the things that happen in every woman's life, and it gave me such a feeling of pride and sisterhood to know that thousands of other women just like me would have experienced the same sufferings and joys that Juni expresses in her book.

I especially enjoyed the bit where Susan and her fiance decide to get married, but that they will have to wait until they can afford to buy a house and have a baby. I thought that the description of their new house and wedding presents was very realistic, but that it could have been a bit shorter, and that the recipes at the back were a charming touch, but didn't quite come off. This is a book with some very special insights on being a woman in the changing world of the 1970s.

JANET McCROY

**SOD THE JUBILEE
PENIS ENVY
COCCOON RECORDS**

The press capitalises on the punk look, bondage wear, safety pins and razor blades. But punk is more than that - it is an attitude and that's where Penis Envy comes in. The band is into the philosophy of punk rather than its outward appearance. Gone are the pins and blades, gone is the fluorescent hair, all that remains is the fatalism and aggression.

Envy was born in 1977, Jubilee year, born in a year when newspapers anticipated your becoming a victim of teenage violence in your own shopping complex. Their debut performance was with Generation X at the Marquee Club, renowned for being too hot for bands and audiences. Since then they've done a lot of work in small punk clubs throughout London and Paris. The name of their second album stems from the feeling in England in 1977, essentially unaltered today. And that feeling is raw, aggressive, subversive, arrogant it's enterprising.

Anyway enough of this morality shit. Penis envy is solidly punk; their second album more so. If not musically expert, it is energetic and creative: the true punk attitude. All songs are written by Kid Hardy, lead guitar although one track, 'Beware the Riots', owes some credit to Vince Meno, rhythm guitar. The first thing noticeable about the music when thrown at the stereo, is its power and its subtlety. The first track 'Rip Off, jerk on' in particular has some deceptively simple lyrics: 'come my new Messiah/come and light my pyre so where's your fucking petrol/I aim to get much higher'.....

The mood becomes even more aggressive with the next track, 'Soldiers of Misfortune', written only days after Aldo Moro's death:

.... 'waiting for Romans/all dressed for attack old Moro is dead/and the world's on our back....' This has a slow almost dirge-like quality, especially with the measured drum beat from Joe Fantasy.

The rest of the record carries on in pretty much the same vein but for the last track, side two, 'Nazis in Ballet Shoes' which is a purely vocal track to the tune of 'God Save the Queen' (the anthem not the Sex Pistols version) ... 'Nazi's in ballet shoes/dancing all over [redacted] blood running free. They look so tedious/so bloody, what a fuss dancing gayly all over us/swastica's fall' And that says it all.

BILLY DEVIANT



Seen at Craccum: talented young Auckland punk David Clean discussing his latest single.

**ABERNATHY STRING QUARTETTO
TOWN HALL
SUNDAY 8 OCTOBER**

Felton Flugg has remarked that most of us have fiddled at one time or another. Admit it. When was the last time you had a good fiddle. Most of us are secretive about our fiddling, even though some of us may have achieved great feats of virtuosity on the finger board, we haven't the guts to do it in public. Still, some caution is merited (sic). Presidents can testify to the consequences of being found fiddling in high positions. Nevertheless, the Abernathy Quartet lets it all twang out.

Hailing from Abernathy this group can be heard, on a clear day, in Glasgow where they give special concerts to impress the locals with their virtuosity in the Gorbals. Sul Ponti, leader of this talented tout-ensemble is a great admirer of Paganini, as became apparent in the Town Hall on Sunday. Filing down his G-string before the performance, Ponti displayed his prominent virtuosity when it snapped mid-way through the difficult bow-derlized version of Mozart's Flute and Harp Concerto.

How can words express the beauty of the quartet's gentle manipulation of Mozart's piece, the controlled subtlety with which 'cello player Alla Turca used her bow with telling effect to explore the delicate passages of her part ? Need I say that the audience was breathless ? (Oh, all right then). The audience was breathless. (Satisfied ?)

Special mention must be made of viola player Vi O'Lynne, who whetted the audience's appetite with her well-rounded pizzicatos and tintillating tierce de Piccardy, although Yag van Kamp, the second violin, while playing with much gay abandon, lacked the firmness and tone so evident in the first violin's part.

A.W. ANCHOR

**"THE ELAM
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SHOW"**

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More Reviews

MY AMERICA: THE LIFE OF EMILY DICKINSON
FELLINI
ASTOR CINEMA

Personally there's nothing I like better than a good and obscure arty film that never even lasted a week on Queen St, but with this latest offering by Fellini I was disappointed. In 'Emily' he has opted for large scale, mass-audience interest, without, strangely, the resultant commercial success that ought to have followed. So I'm giving this film five asterisks (*****) for the film which has gained the most Award nominations to the least effect. It's even damn near unknown among pedants and pederasts of the ole 'Varsity Film Soc. Perhaps the rather daunting translation of the title has something to do with it; heavy going, even for academics.

I gather Fellini has never actually read the biography of Miss Dickinson on which this film was based (the Italian translation was not finished in time to reach him before the shooting of the film was scheduled to begin), and so the film contains a rather more liberal Continental interpretation of Miss D's life, with what one would have to call a fairly uninhibited portrayal of the good times that even a shy and bookish American country girl was offered. This film contains some novelties, even for the 1970s.

Under the new Italian tax laws, Fellini was able to use the entire population of Naples as extras (representing the citizens of Emily's home state) to no cost, providing that the lead roles were played only by Italian stars. There are some simply stunning crowd scenes of the town fair and life in the nearest city, and Fellini has brought together for the first time on 70mm panavision Gina Lollobrigida - perhaps a little more luscious than literary - Giancarlo Gianinni as the sturdy young lad from the neighbouring farm who walks her home in the evenings through the freshly mown fields....., and an unexpected guest appearance by Lina Wertmuller as the young Emily's mother. To retain the artistic integrity of the film, Fellini has kept the original Italian, with some fairly naive subtitles underneath; which may in part explain the producers' lack of success in selling the film commercially to American theatres. An unusual and exciting film, which, knowing the 'Astor', is bound to have finished by the time you get around to seeing it.

SIMON BUTCHER

BLOCKHOUSE BAY VERSUS TRANS TOURS (nee Christchurch) UNITED: A SOCIOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVE
NEWMARKET PARK
SUNDAY 1 ROCKTOBER

Going to a Sunday afternoon football match at Newmarket Park is very much like going to a cricket match in The Old Country. Literally thousands of Anglo-Saxon Ten Dollar immigrants (God bless our colonial little hearts) armed with a colourful disarray

of deckchairs, cheesecutterhats, teafasks and insipid Sunday newspapers stroll to the stadium for an afternoon's light entertainment. And so it was last Sunday, the lure being that this was to be the last and deciding game of the 1978 season: Christchurch United (grotesquely rebaptised Trans Tours United for financial reasons a couple of years ago) needed but a draw to take the championship; Blockhouse required the same to slip into the third place and \$5000 consolation, whilst Mount Wellington chewed their fingernails in the hope that the Southerner's would lose and thus forfeit the title to the once-great Mount Club.

As play proceeded I noticed there was barely sufficient breeze to stir the large Union Jack on the far side and that the players themselves seemed somewhat uninspired. Indeed, more noise came from the 22 combatants on the field than the 6000-strong audience, barring of course some occasional and undecipherable Liverpoolian's outburst, such was the lack of intensity and constructive movement shown on the arena floor. Nevertheless, the southern side displayed touches of class here and there, sufficient to demonstrate that perhaps they could perform better were there any need. They thankfully gave issue to a fillip of excitement with a well-taken forty-third minute goal. The crowd gave not so much a cheer, more a sigh of relief that their dollar fifties had maybe after all not been wasted. The gentleman in the announcer's box informed the throng at half-time that 'we couldn't have had a better forty-five minutes than that.' Perhaps his footballing education began and ended at Te Puke Primary certainly not in the Hallowed Shrines of Villa Park and Old Trafford. Then again, maybe he was being ironic.

Act Two. The interval had doubtless seen the homeseide's coach advising his lads to pull finger, as it were, because there were signs as play resumed that Bay actually intended to score. Amazing isn't it what money will do To this end, Blockhouse equalised seven minutes into the half with a nifty glanced header from a corner kick, the TTU goalkeeper somewhat chaperoned from the ball by a small clan of local forwards. And so with the scores equal, everybody was settled and the remaining thirty-eight minutes were dragged out in a lacklustre return to the dismal standard of the first half.

In a nation where mediocrity is indeed the name of the game, perhaps the players were wise not to rock the boat, as it were - there being ample opportunity to inject a little feeling into the performance, with large spaces along the touchlines just crying out for some able and extroverted left-winger to exploit. But alas, it was not to be; no trace of daring or innovation. The immigrants' dilemma hung heavy on the Newmarket crowd as referee Munro mercifully brought the matter to a close and the players embraced.

The Star review the following evening was titled 'All Happy With Their 1-1 Draw.' Unless I'm very much mistaken, I can name a few who are rather less easily satisfied.

BRIAN BRENNAN



Paul Gilbert

After months of preparation and in spite of the fact that it's really Spring, the Nambassa Winter Show is coming to town. Rick Steel, Mahana and the Nambassa Theatre Troupe will be performing a fully-fledged, futuristic rock opera - 'Return of the Ancients' - in addition to solo performances. The venue is His Majestys and the show will run for only two nights - October 9 + 10 at 8 pm. Bookings at the theatre with tickets \$5.50 for adults and \$4.00 for children and students.

PAGE 20 OCTOBER 9 CRACCUM

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Dear Diary...

As this is the last issue for the year, the Frog and I have decided to discharge our overwhelming responsibility to the many readers who have written in with discreet inquiries about PERSONAL PROBLEMS.

PECULIAR of MANUREWA:

Dear Peculiar,
Yes, you do have a very unusual problem, don't you. The only reference to anything like it that I have come across is in Pliny's 'Natural History' which I always thought was supposed to be unreliable. It just goes to show that the old adage about truth being stranger than fiction is just as true as ever. As to what you can actually do about it, my personal suggestion is that you write to FEDERICO FELLINI and tell him about your 'distinguishing characteristics' - it could be the start of a career in films that will give you renewed self-confidence (look at DAVID BLYTHE for example). If you're really anxious to be cured, I'm sure that a GP ought to be able to refer you to some sort of specialist. In the meantime, just keep boogying, or trying to

UNDECIDED of GRAFTON:

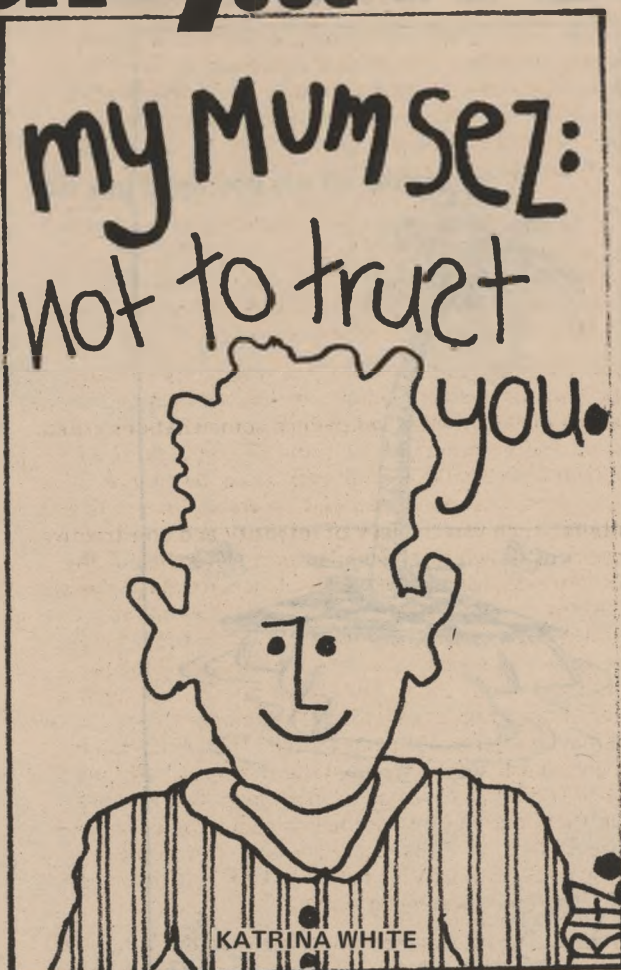
Dear Undecided,
No! Don't! For God's sake!

'ESMERALDA' of the CITY:

My Dear Esmeralda,
Something in the style of your letter to me seems to suggest that you are of foreign extraction, that your veins are coursing with hot, passionate Mediterranean blood. I'm afraid that I have to tell you that the various activities which you so skilfully describe to me are just as illegal in this country as in your homeland - you have obviously been misled by stories about New Zealand being the 'Scandinavia of the South'. Nevertheless, what you do in private is still pretty much your own affair - if you exercise a little discretion and avoid accosting on-duty policemen, you should be pretty safe. My address is in a plain manilla envelope in the CRACCUM pigeonhole

MR STRANGE of WATERVIEW:

Mr Strange, Look, you silly old toe-rag, you seem to forget that I know who you really are; I used to frequent ST MARY'S CONVENT too, remember? Send me one



more letter and I'll put an end to your career in local body politics in every sense of the words

EVELYN of MEADOWBANK:

Dear Evelyn,
Yes, I always add an egg when making scones. Not all recipes specify this, but I find that it improves the consistency of the mixture; and it's all added goodness, isn't it?

For our final sqib of the year we'd like to print this poem that I've just written:
THE 'I' ISN'T PRINTING ON THE ELECTRIC TYPE- WRITER

t ts
sh ts
fuckw ts
sillyb ts

(Not for the eyes of Welsh Presbyterians who probably won't be interested in COMING EVENTS either)

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 11 - ECKANKAR (the ancient science of soul travel) - Film and Discussion: Rm 223, 7.30 - 9 pm.

MAID NO MORE

OCTOBER 14 - 28 nightly 8pm, except Mondays. Matinees Saturday 14, 21 and 28 - 2pm, Old Maid: 'Ride-Ride' - the New Zealand premier of this very successful London musical play by Alan Thornhill. Based on the true life story of incidents in the life of John Wesley of whom it is said 'No other man did such a life's work for England.' The story is told with powerful drama, humour and song. Every effort has gone into creating authentic visual impact by set design and colourful costumes of 18th Century England. A talented cast of 45 present 19 musical numbers reproduced by Brian O'Connor of 'Oliver' and 'My Fair Lady' fame. Tickets: Adults - \$4 and \$5; concessions - \$2 and \$2.50. Bookings at Epworth Bookroom. Phone: 771-841

OCTOBER 9, 10, 12, 13 - Little Theatre: Amnesty International Photo Competition.

OCTOBER 11 - Little Theatre: Free Lunchtime Concert with Francis Stark's ensemble, The Phantoms.

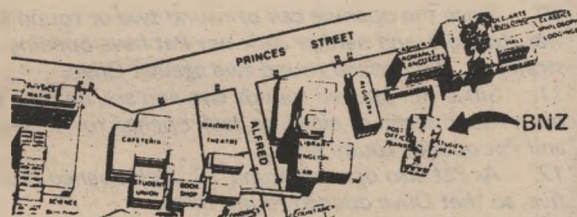
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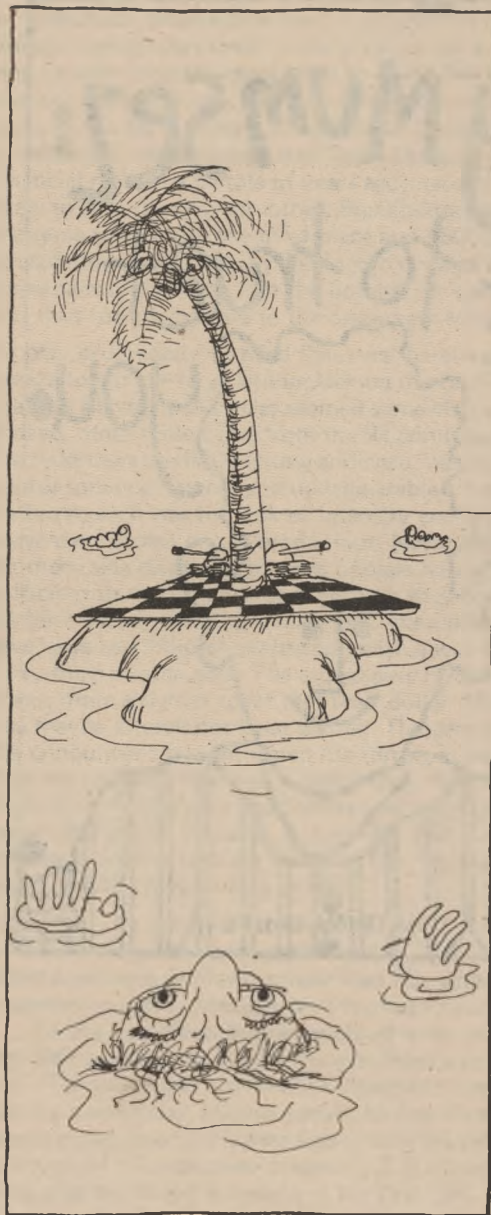
8.30 - 5.30 MON-FRI.

More Answers

BALANCING ACT

After the first four weighings, knowing the weights of the 1, 3, and 5 uncers, the professor could have weighed $3 + 5$ vs $D + E$, then, D vs E . Had his second, third and fourth weighings involved 2, 4, and 6, he could have weighed 6 vs $D + E$, then D vs E . This will become clear in showing how it's done in five weighs. Call the three weights in the first box ABC, and the three others DEF. The weighings:

1. A vs B. Call the heavier one B. Thus:
A = 1 1 3 2 2 4, and correspondingly:
B = 3 5 5 4 6 6.
2. A + C vs B. There are six possibilities:
1 5 3 light
1 3 5 heavy
3 1 5 heavy
2 6 4 light
2 4 6 equal
4 2 6 equal
- (a) If B is heavier, it is 5.
3. A vs C. Call the heavier one C. Then: A = 1, C = 3.
4. B + C vs D + E
5 3 2 4 light
5 3 2 6 equal
5 3 4 6 heavy
If D + E goes up, F is 6. If D + E stays level, F is 4. If D + E goes down, F is 2.
5. D vs E.
- (b) If (2) B balances, B = 6
3. A vs C. Call the heavier one C. Then A = 2, C = 4.
4. B vs D + E:
6 1 3 light
6 1 5 equal
6 3 5 heavy
In each case, whatever the result the weight of will be evident.
5. D vs E
- (c) If (2) B is light, A = 1, B = 3, C = 5 or A = 2, B = 4, C = 6. So, (3) weight ABC vs DEF. If ABC go up, weigh (4) B + C vs D + E, then (5) D vs E, as above. If ABC go down, weigh (4) C vs D + E, then (5) D vs E.



At this point we can make a chart of the individual hands. Parenthetical numbers refer to explanations which follow. Where names are not followed by such numbers, we have already determined that such names would be where they are.

We already know that the winners of games won the last hands in each case, and also the first hands of the five two-handed games. Also, that the losers of the first hands in the first five games opened the second hands. We also know that Pat opened and won hand three of round ten, Jack won the first hand of round seven and lost the next two hands, and that he lost the first hand of round nine.

Round	Hand	Hand Opener	Hand Winner	Game Winner
1	1	Olive (9)	Olive	Olive
	2	Pat	Olive	
2	1	Bill (10)	Olive	Olive
	2	Bill	Olive	
3	1	Olive (12)	Jack	Jack
	2	Olive	Jack	
4	1	Mary (2)	Olive	Olive
	2	Mary	Olive	
5	1	Jack (12)	Jack	Jack
	2	Pat	Jack	
6	1	Bill (3)	Mary (3)	Mary (5)
	2	Bill (3)	Bill (4)	
	3	Mary (4)	Mary (5)	
7	1	Jack (11)	Jack	Bill
	2	Bill (1)	Bill	
	3	Jack (1)	Bill	
8	1	Pat (11)	Pat (13)	Bill
	2	Bill (13)	Bill (13)	
	3	Pat (13)	Bill	
9	1	Mary (8)	Mary	Mary (8)
	2	Jack (1)	Jack (8)	
	3	Mary (8)	Mary (8)	
10	1	Pat (7)	Pat (6)	Pat
	2	Mary (6)	Mary (6)	
	3	Pat	Pat	

LIARS' DICE

With fifty throws, there had to be 25 hands played, so five games were two-handed and five three-handed. Since Olive played in the first four games and then knew that only Jack could beat her, she must have beaten Bill, Mary and Pat, and lost to Jack. Further, she could not have lost a hand to anyone but Jack, otherwise one of the others could still have beaten her by winning three games without losing a hand. So, Olive won three two-handed games, and had a 3-1 won-lost record, with two hands lost.

Dunne didn't lose a hand until the second hand of round seven, so he won the first hand of that round. Since he also won four hands without losing one, he had previously won two two-handed games, one from Olive and the other in round five or six. So he is Jack Dunne, and he lost round seven to assure Olive of at least a tie for first place, giving Dunne a 2-1 record with two hands lost. So Dunne lost the first hand of round nine, assuring Olive of sole possession of first place. Since Olive played in round two, she is a wife. As she played in round four, she is a wife and mother. From the remark in round four ('She made'), we know that a female lost the first hand, so either Olive is the mother of Jack Dunne, or Olive beat her daughter in round four.

In the other parent-offspring game, since the opening six 6's was as per strategy, it was by Smith or Ms Smith, but the latter always opened with two 2's, so Smith opened. Since Jack and Pat did not have opening strategies, Bill Smith opened. So, Olive Smith beat her daughter, who opened round four, and her husband, Bill Smith, in round two.

Since the Olive Smith-Bill Smith game was two-handed, Bill Smith played his daughter, Pat Smith or Mary Smith, in round six. This means that in round five, Jack Dunne beat his wife, Pat Dunne or Mary Dunne. So far, through round six, Bill Smith has played five hands. Since his eleventh hand was with Pat, round six was between Bill Smith and Mary Smith, and in round five Jack Dunne beat his wife, Pat Dunne, in two hands. It follows that rounds six through ten were three-handed. Since Olive played Bill Smith and Mary Smith in rounds two and four, she played Jack Dunne and Pat Dunne in rounds one and three. Jack Dunne's strategy would not allow him to challenge the opening call of three 5's in round one, and Olive had no strategy, so Olive beat Pat Dunne in round one and lost to Jack Dunne in round three.

In the last hand of the tournament, the challenge of two 3's was successful (against ten natural 6's), so Pat won round ten from Mary. We know that Jack Dunne

played in rounds seven and nine, so that the Smith-Pat hand with the 10 6's must have been in round eight. This leaves Jack Dunne playing rounds seven and nine against Bill Smith and Mary Smith. But since Bill Smith's eleventh hand had to be in round eight, he played and beat Jack Dunne in round seven, and Mary Smith played Jack Dunne in round nine. Bill Smith played two hands in round two, three hands in round six, three in round seven, and three in round eight. Therefore, his eleventh hand was the third hand of round eight, and since Bill won the third hand, he won the game. So now we can set up this schedule, with the winners, where they are known, italicized:

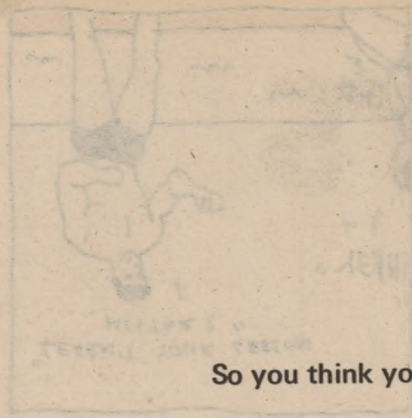
1. Olive Smith vs Pat Dunne
2. Olive Smith vs Bill Smith
3. Olive Smith vs Jack Dunne
4. Olive Smith vs Mary Smith
5. Jack Dunne vs Pat Dunne
6. Bill Smith vs Mary Smith
7. Bill Smith vs Jack Dunne
8. Bill Smith vs Pat Dunne
9. Mary Smith vs Jack Dunne
10. Pat Dunne vs Mary Smith



The numbered notations:

1. Jack opened the second hand of round nine. In round seven, Bill opened the second hand and Jack the third.
2. In the fourth round, Mary did not raise three 6's over two 2's, so she opened the round.
3. In round six, Bill opened with six 6's, so he held four 6's. Since he held one natural 6 and a 2, his other three dice were 1's. Mary must have raised to seven 2's (the minimum raise), and Bill challenged (his strategy). As Mary held three 2's and Bill four 2's, Mary won and Bill opened hand two of round six.
4. For Mary to raise the opening bid to four 3's, Bill had to open with four 2's and challenge four 4's. Since Mary had only one 3 she needed three. If Bill had three 3's his opening would have been five 3's. So, Bill won hand two and Mary opened hand three!
5. Mary opened twice against Olive and lost, so Mary won her other four opening hands. Thus Mary won hand three of round six, and the game.
6. In round ten, since Pat opened the third hand, she lost the second to Mary. Since Pat won the game she won hand one, so Mary opened hand two.
7. Pat could not have won hand one unless she opened it, since her over-call strategy always failed. (We also know at this point that if Mary opened, she won.)
8. Since we have now accounted for two of Mary's opening wins, she must have opened and won twice in round nine. Since Jack opened hand two, he won it.
9. In round one, as the opening call was challenged as per strategy, Olive did not challenge, so she opened hand one.
10. Since the opening call of round two or round five was strategic, and neither Jack nor Pat have opening strategies, Bill opened round two against Olive.
11. Since Bill opened rounds two and six, he didn't open round seven or eight, so Jack opened round seven and Pat opened round eight.
12. As Pat also opened round 10, Jack opened round five, so that Olive opened round three.
13. In round eight, if Bill opened hand three, he had to call seven 6's, and he had to challenge Pat's reply. As Pat bid eight 6's, there would then be no bid of ten 6's. So, Pat opened hand three, which means she lost hand two; thus Pat won hand one and Bill opened hand two.

Finally, the won-lost record is: Olive 3-1, Jack 2-2, Mary 2-2, Bill 2-2 and Pat 1-3. Jack lost four hands, Bill six hands and Mary 6 hands. So Olive Smith won \$40, Jack Dunne won \$10, Bill and Mary Smith lost \$15 each, and Pat Dunne lost her whole \$20.



So you think you can do better, huh ?



