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IF THIS SPECIAL OFFER FORM IS ONE OF THE FIRST TWENTY RECEIVED I WILL RECEIVE A COMPLIMENTARY COPY OF VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1 (OCTOBER 1978) OF OMNI.

NAME :

I ATTENDUNIVERSITY

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**Well folks, here we are yet again.
Yes I know it's a bit of a bore and
all that but I never really wanted to
be a technical editor.....I..I wanted..**



**to be....an upholsterer! The mighty
sofa! The eroticism inherent in soft
too wheelchairs even padded underw**

And Next Week...

Coming up in Craccum

McLay, Craccum Official Dart Competition, Dope, Sarah's Cooking, Visa Cards, The Thoughts of Chairman Merv Wellington, Exec Highlights, Government Secrecy, All New Chess Column, How Craccum is Produced, Norman Kirk, FRI Fundraising, the State of the Union, Mazes, Even Harder Crosswords, Pate de Fois Gras, NZUSA - Is There Life in Wellington? Television Advertisements, more Coren, Ireland, Israel and South Africa, Orientation, Snaps, Theatre Corporate, Arts Festival, Alfred Street, Record Manufacture in New Zealand, Rod Stewart - interview and concert, First Years, The Education We Receive, Record cleaners and much, much more.

The Gripes of Roth



Brian Brennan

You probably came to this University to study, pass papers and eventually get a degree. Or more idealistically you may have come here to learn something. You'll find however that certain things may stand in the way of your peaceful progression through these hallowed halls.

First off is money. If you were one of the fortunate ones, you managed to get a job these holidays - because of the employment situation several hundred other Auckland students weren't so lucky. Unless these students have support from home or are able to get some other sort of financial assistance, I for one don't see how they will manage to stay at University. That some students are even now feeling the pinch financially is evidenced by the fact that the counselling service has already at this early stage of the year had enquiries about its Needy Student Fund.

It is fortunate that the Government reimplemented the Student Community Services Programme these holidays which did to an extent alleviate the job situation, for students at least. However, the scheme did not come to grips with the full magnitude of the problem in that many students still found themselves jobless. It is obvious that if unemployment continues to worsen, as it shows every indication of doing, universities will become restricted to those who can get money from their parents, to the disadvantage of those from poorer backgrounds. Tertiary education should not

be the preserve of the rich, but free to all who want it. To ensure that students are no longer at the mercy of an uncertain job market it is vital that the government starts to act on our demand for an adequate standard tertiary bursary. That is, a bursary set at the level of a social security benefit which does not contain anomalies such as abatement.

This year the students association will be involving itself in issues such as bursaries which are of concern to students. Already it has lent its support to the protests against the visit of the nuclear submarine 'Haddo'. If you want to ensure that your association is doing what you want it to, come along to Student Representative Council meetings and express your view. Or if you want more commitment, run for a vacant position on executive or on one of the University committees. For more details about these, come in and ask at the students association.

If you have any suggestions, any problems, any complaints that you want to raise about the Students Association come in and see me about them. I'm in my office every day on the ground floor of the students association main offices. It is, in part my job to help you, for that is the function of a Students Association to look after the interests of all its members.

Janet Roth

The Craccum Blurb

Hello, good evening, and welcome to another edition of Craccum. The first for the year - a new year - with, as the old hands and lackeys among you who have hung on from last year will have noted, a brand new editor, a brand new size, layout, typeface and cover design, all a week earlier than ever before. Ah ha, one exclaims excitedly to oneself: new blood! Fresh vigour and imagination to spark the hearts and minds of this great institution's eager young reporters!

But wait, let's not make hasty judgements in these matters; are we to be impressed by mere superficialities, the trifles of exterior appearances? It may be a new size, but it's also Smaller. It may be a new layout, but it's thinner, as in Straight-and-Narrower.

And so chaps, having talked our way through a complete circle, we come back to the age old dilemma: just what is there in a student newspaper? This first issue's pretty light - it's been three and a half months since your little heads were last troubled by academia, and we didn't want the initial shock, coming down after a summer holiday's worth of Readers Digests and Women's Weeklies, to be too great. So there's Spike Milligan and Allan Coren, and coverage of the main events of that sweaty, sticky January: - several views of Nambassa, lots of pics of the nuclear sub Haddo coming in, an interview with Keith Ovenden, political scientist who lectured at ANZAAS. Plus lots of little comments and columns that you'll have to find for yourself.

There you are lads, take it or leave it, the contents for this first new Craccum. We've done our best to make it tantalising, titillating, and irresistibly attractive. And we admit it; we've stooped to straight out gimmickry in our attempts to entice. Because the point is, when we say take it or leave it, we don't really want you to leave it. We gather from our flunkies in medicine, architecture and commerce that a blase unconcern is very chic in the seventies - that as long as the meal ticket is there, where the money comes from and what happens in the rest of the university doesn't really matter. After all, How many people voted in last year's Executive elections? Fine, active participation is out. But this is your newspaper. It is subsidised by your student fees, put out for you to read, and for you to voice your comments in and about. This is your paper, right, so what do you want to see?

Up here in the rarified atmosphere of the Student Union, we have slaved and sworn our way through bottomless? black coffees, an all-night sitting, endless days of furious proofing and developing, not to mention the rubbish tin incineration in search of lost copy, to bring you this outsize bumper baby of thirty six pages. There's a new editor, musical and assistant editors, with the remnants from last year's lads, plus new friends, working hands, and opinions, all round.

So spare some attention for a poor student rag; if only for the amount of time some old fools have spent putting it together.

And keep in touch chaps, keep in touch.

Katrina White

craccum

CRACCUM VOL. 53
19th FEBRUARY 1979

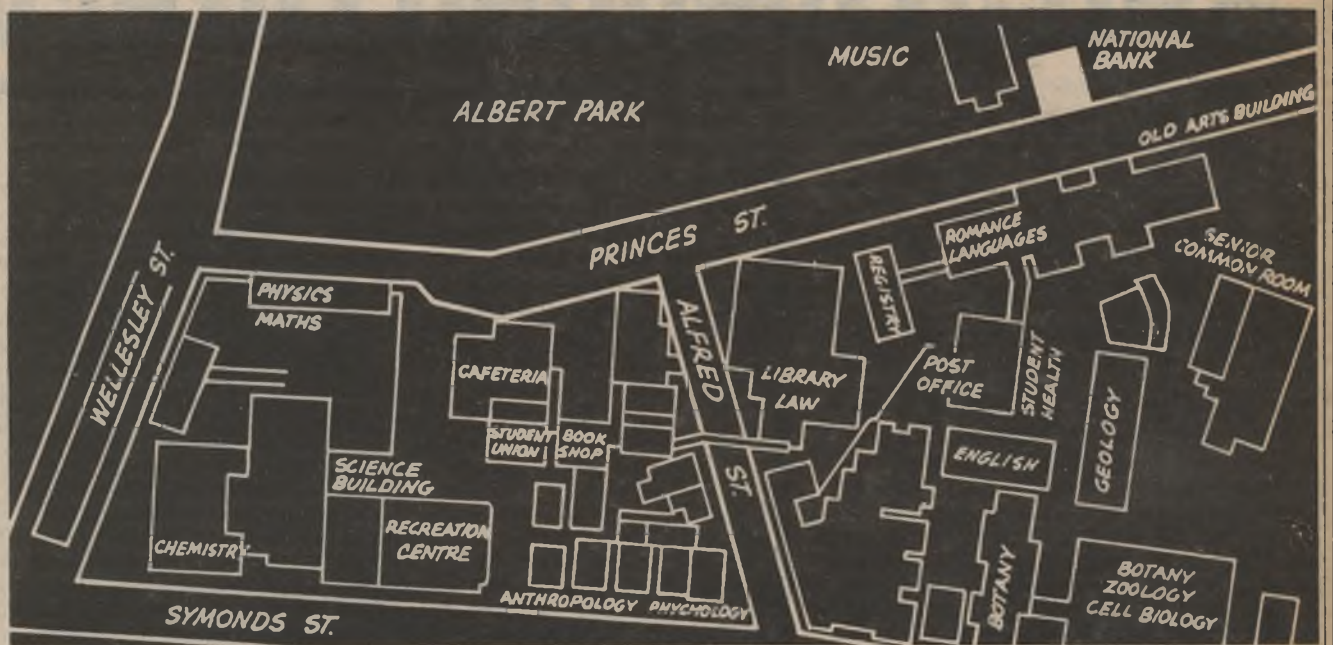
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The National Bank



Always within banking distance

Banking with the National. A logical choice.

There's a branch near the University offering the total National Bank service. Keep them in mind when you need extra cash. Student Loans are geared towards your repayment capabilities. Contact the National Bank near you. It's easy to find. It's within banking distance.

Keep identification cards and money handy and safe in a National Bank wallet. It's free to all students opening a new account. Pick up a copy of the free "Getting Started" booklet. It's a guide to everything from going flatting to paying taxes.



The National Bank



We'll give you a good start.

Keith Ovenden Interviewed

Ovenden is a talker. From the minute that he came in through the door until the moment he went out again about an hour later he didn't stop talking. And we listened too, enthralled at the ease with which we skipped lightly from Trade Unions and the EEC through to the personal habits of some of our more popular M.P.'s.

For those of you sadly lacking in the knowhow, Keith Ovenden is a lecturer in political science at Canterbury University, he was once the Media columnist for TV One, and for a short time flourished as one of the co-editors of the ill-fated fiscally 'The Week', an excellent publication which lasted for only a pitiful few issues.

Ovenden was in Auckland recently for the 49th ANZAAS Conference. Naturally we just had to nab him

Q: *I'd like to start with a statement of what your current political beliefs are.*

A: A statement of my political views that's extremely difficult. Let me tell you an interesting story. When I taught at the University of Essex in Britain, out of the 2,200 students who were there, 400 or 500, that's 20 to 25%, could be mobilized at any time in the interests of some very radical, marxist, quasi-marxist political ideology. And in that environment I was regarded as a fascist. In New Zealand I am regarded by gentlemen in political life as on the extreme left wing, as a communist. My own political views haven't changed at all in the transition from one curious culture to the other. I am extremely perplexed when I engage in self-analysis as to how to explain myself because the cultural expectations are always so different. Let me say this, in the context of New Zealand society where the principal social, political and economic institutions are highly corporatised and centralised, I find myself increasingly arguing and advocating civil liberties, rights to privacy, the right to be free from the endless interventions of the state in first ones private concerns, and also one's political beliefs. I think it wrong to see the further erosion of civil liberties which this Government in its last tenure in office systematically introduced as somehow being a new departure. They're not in my view, they're a logical extension of the highly centralised, corporate, uniformity of ideas and opportunities which the country has offered now for a long time, and I think they ought to be seen in that context.

So I find myself increasingly caught up in the business of trying to protect the individual and seeing this as an increasingly relevant place to exercise one's energies. This hasn't however altered my views about the importance of trying to get issues which capitalism would prefer to keep private, out into the public sector where they can be - or at least where one has the opportunity to scrutinize them and in some measure control them - and in that sense I still see myself as a democratic socialist.

I think that if I had to sum it up very briefly, which is what you really want me to do since you're running a newspaper and not a journal, I would say that in economics I remain a socialist, in social issues I'm a liberal and in cultural issues I'm a conservative.



Dove Merritt

Q: *Do you see more possibility for real change in New Zealand compared to overseas?*

A: No, not really. Mainly because there isn't an organised working class here in the sense that's understood in Western Europe. I'm not talking about North America. I'm talking about Britain, France, W. Germ, Italy, Scandinavia, which are countries that I know well and which are my academic interests, I read about them a great deal. There's been a big change in Europe in the last fifteen years, the trade union organizations have given up their traditional 19th century posture, being devoted simply to seeking improvements in wages and working conditions for their members. What has happened is that trade union movements in these countries have come to see they have a role to protect the interests of not just their members but the disadvantaged generally whether they belong to trade unions or not. So they have, as a consequence of that, begun to take a continuous interest in macro-economic planning, particularly in demand management and this has involved them in entering into close association with social democratic governments.

Q: *And the Unions in New Zealand?*

A: This simply doesn't exist here. I mean the trade union movement here simply doesn't command the loyalty of the great mass either of the working class or the dispossessed generally - the unemployed, the young, the solo mothers, the married women who are living out their lives in suburbia. In Britain, Italy and also in France it is the trade unions who have taken precisely those issues and forcing the social democratic parties to deal with them. Here there's no pressure being brought on the Labour Party so it has transformed into a middle-class conservative party.

Q: *Is there a trend in NZ to people working through pressure groups rather than through established political parties?*

A: I think one of the reasons there has been a great proliferation of pressure groups in NZ is because there isn't any other forum for taking up the individual issues of, say, nuclear power, or deforestation or ecological issues. The Values party can't provide it and that was demonstrated, I would have thought most obviously, at the last elections. There are a lot of people who want to do things about these issues and because there is no other forum, end up doing them in

isolation from other issues. And it is a pity because they're all inter-related and they all have to do with the structure of the economy and the nature of the predominant political ideology. Pressure groups, because the society is small, have greater opportunities here than in the big societies of Western Europe to make an immediate impact to become visible. I mean a few people get together in a front room, cyclostyle a sheet, give themselves a title, register under the Societies Act and straight away get publicity in the newspapers. In Britain you'd have to have a million members and a couple of million pounds a year, and offices in several cities before you could get off the ground it is very hard. See the newspapers here are lazy. They'll publish anything. Put out a press release and it'll appear in the newspapers.

Q: *Do you think change will come through the political parties, or through pressure groups or perhaps the trade unions?*

A: I think that if there is a place it is in political party activity. But you have to be organized. It's not something you can do on your own, singlehanded. The Labour party is ripe to be taken over. I mean those guys in Parliament, out of all

those MP's half are political is ing to pers ing about 1 to argue at them are o don't run : small mem organised j join the pa organised. one or two properly, a there, it's i no establis the party. not up for 350 seats t election ar simply bec constiuen by a worki in those el industry th that indust

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those MP's I would say that less than a half are politically active, thinking about political issues, arguing about them, trying to persuade people about them, talking about them, prepared to go anywhere to argue about them - the great majority of them are on the golf course, and they don't run a tight ship. The party has a small membership. A group of well-organised people with strong ideas could join the party and get organised, seriously organised. It's no good there being only one or two people, you have to do it properly, and you could take it over. It's there, it's up for grabs! Because there's no established route for recruitment into the party. In Britain the Labour party is not up for grabs because 80 or 90 of the 350 seats they can expect to win at an election are available for trade unionists, simply because there are plenty of constituencies in the country dominated by a working class which is organised and in those electorates where there is one industry that is dominant over all others that industry can dominate.

To get nominated it could take you ten years of political work to get on to a short list for the nomination. But that's not true here, and you can tell that anyone can get nominated by looking at the people who are.

Q: Well why doesn't it change?

A: I think this partly has to do with the nature of the climate, the general structure of well being, the fact that even for the disadvantaged here, there are enormous advantages here. Even the poor have empty beaches, and clean water and can get a suntan. Hitchhikings easy, the countryside is beautiful, there aren't too many people.

I think partly the structure of the country. I think for the average middle class student, and let's be honest, the students here are very middle class.

I was amazed at the University of Canterbury. When I arrived there I knew New Zealand, well, I had been here twice before and on the second occasion I stayed a whole year. I was at Victoria as a visiting fellow in '71. And I was still not prepared for the shock of the middle class student environment at the University of Canterbury. I was looking forward to going there, and I like being there now, and I think it's a good University in many ways because it was a big University.

At the beginning of the year at Canterbury there's a kind of public auction of student societies. They put out desks and try to attract fresh students to join. There was a desk set out for the Socialist Action League with the usual biblical tracts laid out. I engaged the young man behind in conversation and said, "How's it going?" And he said,

"Oh, it's going really well this year. We've got nine members." I had hysterics. What, nine out of 7000 students? There were 400 paid up members of some communist organisation at the University of Essex. They either belonged to the Communist Party of G.B. or the International Marxist Group, or the Trots organisation etc. This simply isn't true here. In fact in my first year at Canterbury the student elections were dominated by the Jesus Freaks, the group of people in the world with whom I have least in common. Add to this the fact that most of the students came from pretty privileged backgrounds anyway means that the whole structure of their expectations and ambitions is quite different. I'm very intrigued by the degree to which the students here are career orientated. It's the universities who are saying: Don't worry too much about getting a qualification at this stage, get an education". But the students don't want it.

Q: Your analysis of New Zealand is very pessimistic. Do you find a despair amongst liberal intellectuals, amongst Uni people - what do they feel about this?

A: I should be clearer about this, I think. I'm pessimistic in moral terms, the degree to which ethical considerations take their place in the political market here is very limited and becoming more limited and that's very depressing. I don't feel pessimistic about the ability of N.Z. society to provide a pleasant environment or sorts of opportunities that any people are entitled to. I think there are a lot of very able people here who are working very hard to try and overcome the economic crisis and I think that probably they will succeed, not in the short term but say by the end of the 1980's. So I'm not a pessimist in every sphere. Culturally I'm not a pessimist. A small, and maybe it will flourish, film industry. There are lots of writers around who are able and intelligent.

But the specific problem about the conduct of politics is two fold: one is the decline in moral consent which I think in my moments of greatest despair seems to be irreversible. The other is this extraordinary divorce between the realities of the political and economic arrangement and the widespread ideology of belief about the society. The notion that we live in a free enterprise society is nonsense, it's just not true, we live in a highly corporatised environment.

Q: So we live in a highly corporatised society. Is this a recent development?

A: No it dates right back to the 19th Century. In the pure cultural level there is a very widespread belief that the Govt should do it - suggest any problem and

the Govt should solve it. This for some reason exists amazingly alongside another ideology which says we are all free, we are all independent, the Govt can't do that to us and so on. And the two don't fit. Many of the social conflicts which I look at seem to me to be directly a consequence of this cleavage in ideological belief.

Q: Whom do you think really won the elections? You have the National Govt returned with a reduced majority, you have the revitalization of the Labour opposition, and the whole Labour party organization, and you have Social Credit who doubled their popular vote? The only real loser was Values who will probably disappear off the political scene altogether now.

A: Well, Values certainly lost, so we can say that and put it on one side. My views on the other parties, however, are not quite the same as yours. The Social Credit party, I think, did extremely badly. You had a Govt in office which was discredited, you had an Opposition, which was, until at least the last two weeks of the campaign ineffective, you had widespread disillusionment, high unemployment, all the indications were that Social Credit had a leader with a public image, which appeared to be acceptable and they only got 17% of the vote. My expectation would be that most those gains will disappear at the next elections. I think it's a momentary hic-up.

The Labour party, its morale was revived, particularly by the last two weeks of the campaign and particularly by the character of election night itself and the sort of cliff hanger it was. The fact that they might actually have won, that they came that close, surprised them, delighted them, made them feel they're on the road back. They aren't however if you look at the statistics. Their proportion of the national vote was their second worst in their history, just over 40%, their worst of course was '75, but they only improved their portion of the vote by slightly over 1% in an election in which the Govt. was extremely unpopular. So it was a disaster for the Labour party and the sooner they realize this and start doing something about it the better, because at the next election they stand to be massacred. Except that candidates who were capable of communicating the fact that they were alive and reasonably aware of issues did massively better than those of the party who were going on the same old way, playing golf. And I'm thinking particularly of Lange here, he got an enormous swing, far greater than anybody else in the party, of Mike Moore in Papanui - OK it was redistributed and got Belfast and Herkus in Lyttelton - similar impact - they were

there, clearly alive, they could speak in public without coming unprepared or being tired and emotional, or not being able to string two words together. Those kind of candidates did extremely well. And where did they do well? They did well in the big cities. There is a myth in the Labour party that Auckland is lost, that Auckland has gone materialist and it is now an extension of Los Angeles, and that it is Muldoon country, its where he'll make all his inroads. I think the last election showed that the ordinary people of Auckland are just as much available for recruitment into the Labour camp as they are in Christchurch and if the Labour party would wake up to that fact they could do very much better here than they have done, so OK, I think the elections were a disaster for them nationally but I think there are signs that if they would change their elite recruitment patterns, get better people into the party, have better candidates, people with some brains and some ideas, and who are alive, they would get somewhere.

For the National party the election wasn't a disaster. It was a disaster for Muldoon, because he was the only person who campaigned. The campaign was structured around him, he was the dominant member of the Govt., in every sense, and when it came to the crunch the man who said he understood ordinary NZ'ers better than anybody else in the country could only persuade 34% of all those eligible to vote for him to actually do so, just over a third of the electorate the turnout declined you see. And this fact is not lost on members of the National party and it partly explains his attempt to change his image over the last few months, although in my view he won't be able to do that because I think the reality is the image and he's not capable of doing things in any other way.

Q: You don't think he'll go?

A: I have no way of knowing. The party appoint their leaders inside the caucus and for reasons which are quite mysterious to me members of the National party caucus don't tell me what they think. My guess would be from a knowledge of the Conservative party in Britain is that he can't survive long, but that's the informed assessment of a political scientist, not the inside dopster information of a political commentator.

And Dr Ovenden's last words?

I have no objections whatsoever to exchanging blows with Muldoon, he is actually a very poor arguer. He's not very good at it. He's very boring when he gets tough and if only more people would stand up to him the audience would start to giggle which is the appropriate reaction. It's all rather pathetic.



WATCH FOR DAILY POSTERS FOR
ANY CHANGES TO THE PROGRAMME.

Monday 19-Sunday 25 All Week

General Information and Advisory Centre, all day, UCR, SUB. Radio B broadcasting from 7 am to midnight, Sunday February 18 to Saturday March 17, on 1404 kHz. Listen in for details of Orientation events. SCM Second Hand Bookstall in the SRC Lounge. Receiving books February 19 to February 27, and sell from February to March 2. Paying out March 8-9. Registration cards on sale in the Quad and in the Lower Common Room during enrolment. Registration gives you free admission to all the activities printed in bold type in this programme. Remember folks, that it's only \$2.50, a price that has remained unchanged for the past three years.

Saturday 24

KMT 7.30 pm

"Chair-Bending". Four poets - Dave Mitchell, Russell Haley, Herman Gladwin, Tim Shadbolt. An evening of entertaining literaria.

Sunday 25

Newman Hall 9 am

Newman Hall Catholic Association tramp to Waitakeres. Back for tea and Mass at 7.10.

Rudman Gardens 9 pm

Bloody horror movies - the original "Dracula", the original "Frankenstein" and the silly Mel Brooks' "The Young Frankenstein". Not for the squeamish! Bring blankets, cushions and victuals.

KMT 8 pm

Once more, Folk Club prepares and presents an evening of folk music. Consistently popular entertainment.

Monday 26

Rudman Gardens 1 pm - TATTIEBOGLE in concert.

KMT 7 pm - Two korny classics, the movies that stunned the world with their wit, humour and sense of adventure "The Three Musketeers" and the inimitable Peter Sellers in "The Pink Panther"

Old Quad 8 pm - "Hamlet", by Bill S., performed by Theatre Workshop. \$2 students.

Everywhere - All day - Second issue of *Craccum* on sale free to all students.

All Week

AMSSA available for course information

Radio B. Broadcasting 7 am to midnight.

Newman Hall 1.10 pm Newman Hall Catholic Assoc Mass.

Quad - Club displays

Tuesday 27

KMT 9 - 11.30 am - Seminar of study skills and speed reading, conducted by John Hinchcliffe.

Albert Park 12 - 2 pm - In association with A.T.I., we are proud to present a concert of contemporary music, with THE PLAGUE, TOY LOVE and THE UNHOLY THREE.

Quad 1 pm - President's welcome - Janet Roth expounds the virtues of A.U.S.A.

Quad 1.15 pm - Competitions - pit your skills against your fellow scholars - are the eggs that you're carrying on the end of that spoon boiled?

Rec Centre 7 pm - Squash Club - Women's Grading night - Squash courts.

Cafe 8 pm - DANCE in the Cafe with LIPSERVICE and a mystery band.

Old Grad Bar 8 pm - *Craccum* social. In the "good old days" editors drew prospective staff members with turn on, tune in and drop out. Nothing has changed.

Old Quad 8 pm - "Hamlet" proves there is life after death. Scotland Yard investigates.

SRC Lounge - All day - Last day for receiving books for SCM Second Hand Bookstall.



Wednesday 28 Clubs and Societies Day

Albert Park 1 pm - Evangelical Union "Bread and Jam" picnic.

Exec Lounge 1 pm - Young Socialists - "What is Behind the Iranian Revolt?"

Quad 1 pm - Table tennis club demonstration.

Quad 1 pm - A mystery speaker will be appearing to speechify to the masses on the virtues of Alf's Imperial Army, among other things.

LT 1 pm - Introductory debate by the Debating Club. Rec Centre - All day - Sho-te kai demonstration (outside at 1 pm)

Rec Centre 7 pm - Squash Club - Men's grading night, (surnames A-L). Squash courts.

SUB 5 pm - Nominations close for election to : Exec - Overseas Students, Environmental Affairs, Women's Rights, Sports Officer, S.R.C. Chairperson, Senate, Student Union Management Committee, Theatre Management.

SUB 6 pm - Clubs and Societies Evening. Displays and activities by clubs and societies. If you are interested in joining a club or just having a good time - come along.

Quad 7.30 pm - Square dancing.

Newman Hall 7.30 pm - Folk Evening. Bring a friend, some songs and sing the night away.

MacLaurin Hall 7.30 - 10.30 pm - Societa Dante Alighiere.

KMT 8 pm - Come back Jazz all is forgiven. Jazz Evening with Hard Jazz.

Old Quad 8 pm - "Hamlet"

Thursday 1 March

**Rudman Gardens 1 pm - Concert featuring HEAD OVER HEELS somersaulting on to the scene.

Quad 1 pm - Assemble for Bicycle ride, organized by Bicycle Club.

Old Grad Bar 6-12 - Law Students' Freshers' fling

Albert Park 6.30 pm - Harrier's Club Run.

KMT 6.30 pm - Ladies and Gentlemen, the classics! "Jane Eyre", "Far From The Madding Crowd" and "Annie Hall".

Rec. Centre 7 pm - Squash Club - men's grading night, (surnames M - Z) squash courts.

Newman Hall 7.30 pm - Prayer Meeting.

WCR 1 pm - Young Socialist Forum.

Auckland Boys Grammar 5.30 pm - Evangelical Union Dine and Dive

Rudman Gardens midnight - Pooh Society - Pooh readings by torchlight.

ORIENTATION 197



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Friday 2

Quad 1 pm - Anti-Demonstration Demonstration Demonstration. Learn how to demonstrate. March down Queen St. in a fun protest against protesting against protesting

Quad 1 pm - Yoga Seminar

KMT 1 pm - Conservatorium of Music Lunchtime Concert.

Craccum Office 5 pm - From the people who brought you *War and Peace*, *Biggles*, and the *Bible* hear the Editors of CRACCUM expound their theories on advanced molecular acceleration. If it's a fine day, they'll talk about *CRACCUM* instead.

Cafe 8 - 1am - Our specially imported French Chef trained in Electronics, BAKER ARIEL, presents his speciality, La Music, La Dance in the cafeteria.

Rudman Gardens, Midnight - To cater for every taste we present the Midnight to Dawn Show. Comedy, tragedy, bodies, violence and drama Three Movies: "The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With The Sea", "Day at the Races" and "The Tenant".

Lower Common Room, This night - Sleeping you provide the blankets, pillows and munchies, it can get cold!

SCM's Second Hand Bookstall's final day for selling books !!!

Saturday 3

Common Rooms, All day - Yoga Seminar.

Old Government House Grounds 8 am - Rise and shine to an Olympian feast of chicken and champagne.

Quad/Rudman Gardens/Albert Park 9 am -

Competitions - no, you don't get breakfast for nothing....

get rid of that weight you just gained by losing a leg and having to share with someone else or something.

Quad/Rudman Gardens/Albert Park, 12 midday - Lunch

Albert Park, 12.30 - 4.30 pm - An afternoon of self-indulgence and laziness - relax and enjoy LIP SERVICE, ARIEL and BUNNY SWAN, bringing you the entertainment for the connoisseur.

KMT 8 pm - "Night At The Theatre" - a theatrical extravaganza, featuring folk music, drama, dance - with Limbs -, and poetry from David Mitchell and Herman Gladwin. The perfect end to a perfect day?

Cafe 8 pm - For those who want to dance on a Saturday night Voila. For a mere \$5 you can enjoy the best of Auckland's live music, and partake in liquid refreshments. Sponsored by University Gay Liberation.

Newman Hall 6 pm - Hangi and dance.

Meremere - Car Club sprint at Meremere.

Sun

Newman Hall

Karaka Bay.

Ellerslie - Ca

KMT 3 pm -

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Busy Sarah Brown and Sachel Dudding pause for a moment for our photographer outside their plush Remuera villa, from which (aided by the benign SCSP organisation) they have been plotting the most Dionysian Orientation in Auckland history.

Tuesday 6

Rudman Gardens 1 pm — It is an honour and a pleasure to introduce the band that has been described as indescribable SCHATUNG !
 Exec Lounge 1 pm — Transcendental Meditation Annual General Meeting.
 144 at 1 - 2 pm — NORML Meeting, another speaker.
 Computer Seminar Room (Basement computer centre) at 1 pm — Computing Society first meeting.
 143 at 1 pm — Young Socialists. "What the Young Socialists Stands For."
 Cafe - Deli end at 1 pm — Evangelical Union. Speaker - John Hawkesby.
 MAID at 6 pm — 'Turning and the Human Race' - a film and a lecture by Diane Cilento, founder of Beshara Karanak - school for intensive esoteric education
 LT at 7 pm — Campus Arts North presents Phil Dadson, "From Scratch" - a concert for the aspiring culture-vultures.
 OGB at 7.30 pm — Rotoract AGM Wine and Cheese Evening.
 Newman Hall at 7.30 — Wine and Verse - bring some wine and poetry.
 Cafe at 8 pm — Don your bobby sox, grease your hair, let yourself goto a Rock and Roll hop. Revert to the 60's of your childhood.

Quad 1 pm — Tramping Club climb the North Face of Cafe — where Sir Ed would not dare !!



Wednesday 7

All Ballot Boxes, All Day — ELECTIONS: for Executive.

- Overseas Students' Officer
- Environmental Affairs Officer
- Women's Rights Officer
- Sports Officer
- SRC Chairperson for a Senate Rep for a SUMC Rep for a Theatre Management Rep

For further information contact the Students' Assoc.
 Exec Lounge 11 - 3 pm — Young Socialist Seminar - "Prospects for Radical Change in NZ Today"

Quad 1 pm — A generally tasteless BATTLE. The Wizard of the Antipodes is leading Alf's Army (everyone against the Engineers (everyone else) in a flour and water fight in the quad. (Good, dirty fun).

144 at 1 - 2 pm — NORML. A third speaker.

OGB at 6.30 pm — S'ho-te Kai Disco, Wine and Beer free supper included. All for \$5.

WCR at 7 - 12 pm — Young Socialists' Social

KMT at 8 pm — CITIZEN BAND and SCHATUNG in Concert. We think that this will be the concert of the year, we hope that you will too.

Thursday 8

Everywhere, All day INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

All Ballot Boxes - All Day — Elections. (See Wed 7)

WCR at 10 - 5 pm — All day seminar on Women's rights.

Quad at 1 pm — Speakers on Women

LT at 1 pm — New Zealand Students' Art Council presents "Debbie and the Dum-Dums" Theatre of the Obvious.

144 at 1 - 2 pm — NORML with a completely different speaker.

Exec Lounge at 1 - 2 pm — Debating Society meeting.

143 at 1 - 2 pm — English Club - for all those interested in the literary field.

Quad at 4.30 pm — Welfare Panel barbeque. All welcome.

Exec Lounge at 6-11 pm — Computing Society Social Evening. \$1 entry includes beer and crackers.

Cafe Extension at 7.30 pm — Auckland Accountants & Commerce Students' Society staff and student get together and AGM.

KMT 8 pm — NZSAC's Nationwide touring theatre troupe, "Debbie and the Dum - Dums" end their tour this evening in the Maid. This highly professional show has to be seen to be believed !

Rudman Gardens at 9 pm — A shot in the humerus vein.. "Traffic" and "Little Big Man".

WCR ??? Film Society

SRC Lounge, All Day — Paying out day for SCM Second Hand Bookstall.

MacLaurin Chapel at 6 - 8 pm — E.U. Tea.

Friday 9

Rudman Gardens at 1 pm — CITIZEN BAND and THE SNOIDS in concert.

144 at 1 - 2 pm — NORML with a talking head. All welcome.

MacLaurin Chapel 1 - 2 pm — Conservatorium of Music Concert.

Newman Hall at 7 pm — Games Evening - Informal bottom/formal top.

Rec Centre at 8 pm — It's The Rec Centre Dance. Now an annual event with a high standard to maintain, we propagate the concept. This year we present CITIZEN BAND in deadly combination with THE PLAGUE. Not to be missed.

SRC Lounge, All day — Paying out day for SCM Second Hand Bookstall.

Saturday 10

**** Intercontinental Hotel **** Ballroom ****

8 pm - 1 am ***** ORIENTATION BALL *****

- Fancy dress
 - Continuous music with two live bands
 - buffet supper provided
 - full bar facilities
 - \$6 single with registration card
 - \$8 single without registration card
- Add a touch of class to your Orientation.



Sunday 11

Rudman Gardens at 9 pm — Finish off Orientation in style stay up all night and never regret it. See in the new week with a hangover you will never forget.



Sunday 4

Newman Hall 11 am — Academic Mass and picnic at Karaka Bay.

Ellerslie — Car Club sprint at Ellerslie.

KMT 3 pm — A Movie Marathon - can you last the distance ? Yes folks, we present the pick of the mediocre - "Night at the Opera", "Murder on the Orient Express", "The Magnificent Seven", "The Canterbury Tales" and "Bonnie and Clyde" !!

Monday March 5 to Sunday March 11

All Week

Radio B — Broadcasting 7 am to midnight.

Newman Hall 1.10 pm — Newman Hall Catholic Assoc. Mass.

Quad — Club displays

Small Lecture Theatre, Human Sciences Building 1-2pm, Higher Education Research Office. Also at 5-6 pm.

Monday 5

Quad 1 pm — The Big Whigs arrive from Down South gather ye sinners to witness the pearls of wisdom cascading from the lips of Chris Gosling, President of NZUSA, and Jim Brown, General Vice-President of NZUSA.

Quad 1.30 pm — Competitions - we resort to sheer idiocy.

LT 1 pm — Movement Theatre performance.

144 at 1 pm — N.O.R.M.L. presents a speaker on aspects of drug laws, drug reform and drug abuse. See notice-board for details.

Old Quad 5 - 10.30 pm — Symphonia of Auckland concert.

033 5 - 10.30 pm Symphonia of Auckland.

KMT Into the heavy emotional bit - movies like "Savage Messiah" and "Streetcar Named Desire".

020 8 - 9.30 pm — Societa Dante Alighiere.

KEY

SUB	Student Union Building
WCR	Women's Common Room
UCR	Upper Common Room
LCR	Lower Common Room
OGB	Old Grad Bar
SRC Lounge	1st floor Cafe Extension
SCM	Student Christian Movement
KMT	Kenneth Maidment Theatre
LT	Little Theatre

All venues are in the Student Union Building and surrounds except the following :

Rec Centre, Symonds Street.
 B10, B15, B28, Library Basement.
 MacLaurin Chapel, Princes Street.
 Newman Hall, Waterloo Quadrant.
 Old Quad, Behind Old Arts Building.
 020, 033, Old Arts Building.
 Small Lecture Theatre, Human Sciences Building.

Farming in a Country Going Broke

This is the first part of an irregular feature called Craccum Current Comment Column. We will be endeavouring to solicit material from a number of well-known public figures as well as reproducing the best in editorials and feature writing from around the country.

Our first selection may seem strange to most of you but perhaps not so when you remember that New Zealand still relies so heavily on the sound health of the agricultural sector. We feel that the opinions contained here are of very great importance.

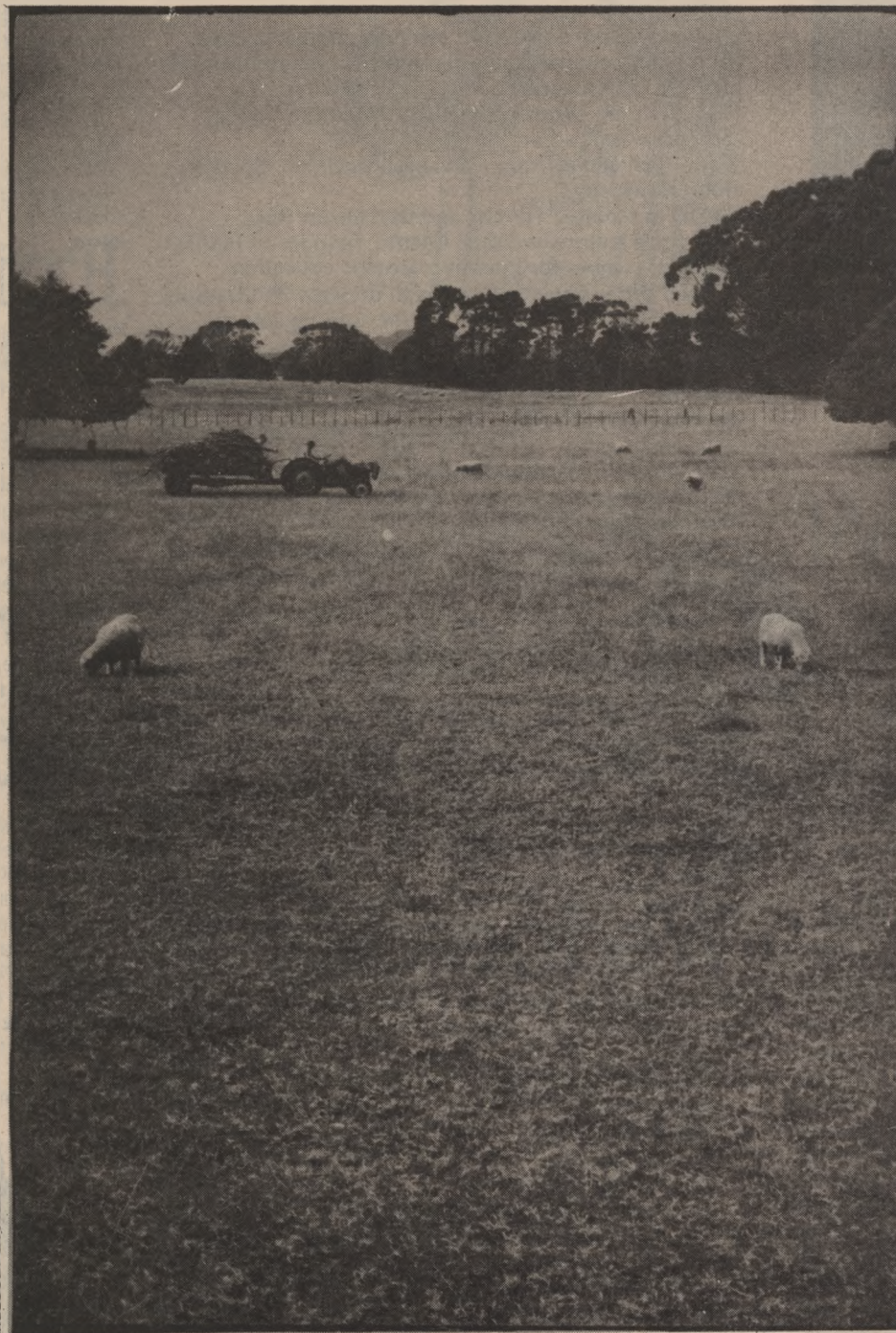
Not so long ago we nodded with the sagest and said that what this country needs is a real economic crunch. It would make people sit up and take notice, we said. It would make everyone get stuck in, we said. It would sort out the grain from the chaff, we said. It would create a positive balance between the individual's fear of becoming derelict and his appreciation of the excellent resources at the disposal of most New Zealanders. It would instil the real facts of life into a whole generation that has been brought up to believe that "society" or "God" (or something) owes them a living. "Nothing for nothing," we said. "No rights without responsibility. As you sow, so shall you reap..." Then, we said, this country will start going forward again.

That was when we were younger and wetter behind the ears. We've now had several years of just the sort of economic crunch we talked about. The Government doesn't, the Employers Association and Manufacturers Association and all that lot don't say so. But the figures do.

Of course, nations don't die. They just fade. South American republics have survived for many decades with trade deficits and inflation rates many times worse than ours. It may be true that fewer people in them live with dignity. But not all that many starve to death.

The sadness of sheer apathy is showing up in almost every area of New Zealand society. In suburbia where, despite what the Sunday papers and the TAB turnover may suggest, there's enough worry about holding jobs and coping with this week's marriage and mortgage crisis without getting carried away about next year or next century. In the Public Service where there's oodles of security that comes with an assured 45% of national income. In the boardrooms of the big firms which are able to milk a decent profit out of an ebbing economy as long as a reasonable number of dollars are circulating. On The Hill, where the governing party breathes its relief at being judged to be narrowly the best of a bad lot and prepares to act upon its mandate to carry on for another three years in the hope that something just might turn up. In the chummy corridors of farming politics where so much of the leverage seems to benefit the egos and capital of the entrenched rather than the husbandry and vision of the vigorous. And everywhere else where the finger is pointed outward so much more readily than is the question asked inwardly.

Shall we farm our way out of the mess?



Elizabeth Leyland

Farming in a Country Going Broke is reprinted with the kind permission of the New Zealand Farmer, PO Box 1409 Auckland.

Like fun we will! Those who have been saying that farmers, given the cash flow, will develop export production like mad, should spend a bit of time with dung on their boots and start thinking again. There's a tonne of physical scope for added output. Some of the opportunities look superficially profitable, especially where the returns are quick. But, while the rest of society measures hope in terms of gross domestic product per capita, and props up other sectors of the economy regardless of productivity, and substitutes the "something-might-turn-up"

philosophy for sweat and vision, why should farmers and their families bust their guts? Those with the most to offer are, often, already close to the limits of their resources. The majority have solid equities in viable properties. Successive Governments have reassured us that, come what may, they'll keep even mediocre farmers going. Anyway, farming people are not all that keen on chasing big money. In a country going broke in the contemporary New Zealand manner, farming is a pretty safe business to be in over the medium term.

New Zealand's external deficit will go further into hock over the next few years. But dollars will keep circulating. Inflation may be down from the 1976 peak but will continue at a pace dangerously higher than in our trading partner countries. Our strained servicing ability may mean slightly less favourable credit terms, but loans will continue to be available for a while yet on the international money markets for four reasons: New Zealanders are known overseas to have honesty to match their laziness; our basic resources in ratio to our population are reasonably favourable; it makes sense to the gnomes of the world's capital markets to spread their investments around a bit; and the political leaders of the West have good reasons to support a country that happens to be the only advanced, stable, non-communist democracy within a large patch of the earth's surface.

But must we accept that sort of patronizing, net-at-the-bottom-of-the-cliff salvation as the only alternative to an undeserved economic miracle?

We think not. We believe New Zealanders could, and should, move positively towards a society that is capable of living happily and productively within its means.

We believe that, with a bit more effort all round and less readiness to mortgage our future, our natural resources of soils and climate and skills and plant and animal material will improve our terms of trade with the rest of the world as the global energy drought intensifies.

It's obvious to any Government that the farm sector must be kept in good heart. But it seems considerably less obvious to recent governments that this doesn't mean merely sufficient income for topdressing and so on. It also means a personal zest for getting on with the job of producing as much as the land will yield, practising sound stewardship for future generations. The decline of zest may be more serious than the more remediable decline in farming's share of national income.

The zest has been eroded during the '70s as farmers have been given reason to feel, on the one hand, that the rest of society will bludge upon them no matter what and, on the other, that the Government will continue to guarantee adequate farm incomes. There's justice in this. But there's no future in it.

Where, then, should we look for the means to spark some sort of national recharging? Not, at first, to our political management. It's incapable of radically altering how people feel. Not to moralists. History provides enough comment on our innate rectitude!

Maybe the only remaining option to which individual zest and national productivity might respond is an idea as tatty as competitive free enterprise, complete with removal of protection from inefficient industries. Or is it too naive to wonder whether there might be a remarkably strong mandate for it?

Happy New Year!

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'I was just... 'on account o... 'It's not sn... 'Not now... 'I never said it... 'Perhaps I... Supervisor,' sa... 'She's not I... gets her hair d... 'I only nee... said Smith, 'p... me. You must... 'I'd have to... 'I'd be awf... 'I've just di... 'Please,' sai... There was...

woman came... chops, and so... of weather fo... that, there wa... toad. Eventua... connections, I... 'It's 70654... Smith put... dialled 70654... '809113,' s... Cats Home.'

He got a S... that, and ther... broke down a... 'Rentabrother... 'Winston S... Osbaldeston F... screen seems 1...

'What am I... man. 'We're u... 'But I'm no... Smith. 'Big B... monitoring m...

Coren

It was late one Wednesday night, and the air on the second floor was getting pretty thick, and Dave the editor decided he felt like a rave. 'I know,' he said, taking a drag on his last remaining Camel, 'I'll ring me ole mate Alan.' So he gets on the phone and gives London a tinkle (— reverse the charges to Punch wouldja —), and says, Alan Me Ole Mate, how'd you like to give us a story

OWING TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL 1984 HAS BEEN UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED...

in which I set out to prove that totalitarianism in Britain could never work. How could it, when nothing else does?

WINSTON SMITH lay on his mean little bed in his mean little room and stared at his mean little telescreen. The screen stared back, blank. Smith eased himself from the side of his mean little blonde, walked across his dun and threadbare carpet, and kicked the silent cathode. A blip lurched unsteadily across it, and disappeared. Smith sighed, and picked up the telephone.

'Would you get me Rentabrother Telehire?' he said.

'They're in the book,' said the operator. 'I haven't got a book,' said Smith. 'They didn't deliver it.'

'It's no good blaming me,' said the operator. 'It's a different department.'

'I'm not blaming you,' said Smith. 'I just thought you might get me the number.'

'I was just going off,' said the operator, 'on account of the snow.'

'It's not snowing,' said Smith.

'Not now, it isn't,' said the operator.

'I never said it was snowing now.'

'Perhaps I might have a word with the Supervisor,' said Smith.

'She's not here,' said the operator. 'She gets her hair done Fridays.'

'I only need the Rentabrother number,' said Smith, 'perhaps you could find it for me. You must have a book.'

'I'd have to bend,' said the operator.

'I'd be awfully grateful,' said Smith.

'I've just done me nails.'

'Please,' said Smith.

There was a long pause, during which a woman came on and began ordering chops, and someone gave Smith a snatch of weather forecast for Heligoland. After that, there was a bit of recipe for sausage toad. Eventually, after two further disconnections, the operator came back.

'It's 706544,' she snapped.

Smith put the receiver down, and dialled 706544.

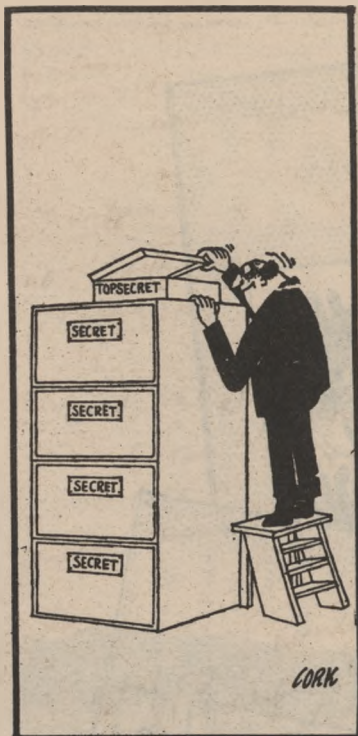
'809113,' shouted a voice, Eastasian Cats Home.'

He got a Samoan ironmonger after that, and then a French woman who broke down and screamed. At last 'Rentabrother Telehire,' said a man.

'Winston Smith here,' said Smith, '72a, Osbaldeston Road, I'm afraid my telescreen seems to be out of order.'

'What am I supposed to do?' said the man. 'We're up to our necks.'

'But I'm not being watched,' said Smith. 'Big Brother is supposed to be monitoring me at all times.'



'Ring Big Bleeding Brother, then,' said the man. 'Maybe he's not suffering from staff shortages, seasonal holidays, people off sick. Maybe he's not awaiting deliveries. Not to mention we had a gull get in the stockroom, there's stuff all over, all the labels come off, broken glass. People ringing up all hours of the day and night. You realise this is my tea-time?'

'I'm terribly sorry,' said Smith, 'It's just that...'

'Might be able to fit you in Thursday fortnight,' said the man. 'Can't promise nothing, though. Got a screwdriver, have you?'

'I'm not sure,' said Smith.

'Expect bleeding miracles, people,' said the man, and rang off.

Smith put the phone down, and was about to return to the bed when there was a heavy knocking on the door, and before he or the little blonde could move, it burst from its hinges and two enormous constables of the Thought Police hurtled into the room. They recovered, and looked around, and took out notebooks.

'Eric Jervis,' cried the larger of the two, 'we have been monitoring your every action for the past six days, and we have reason to believe that the bicycle standing outside with the worn brake blocks is registered in your name. What have you to say?'

'I'm not Eric Jervis,' said Smith.

They stared at him.

'Here's a turn-up,' said the shorter officer.

'Ask him if he's got any means of identity,' murmured the larger.

'Have you any means of identity?' said

the constable.

'I'm waiting for a new identity card,' said Smith. 'It's in the post.'

'I knew he'd say that,' said the larger officer.

'We're right in it now,' said his colleague. 'Think of the paperwork.'

They put their notebooks away.

'You wouldn't know where this Eric Jervis is, by any chance?' said the taller.

'I'm afraid not,' said Smith.

'Who's that on the bed, then?'

'It's certainly not Eric Jervis,' said Smith.

They all looked at the little blonde.

'He's got us there,' said the shorter constable.

'I've just had a thought,' said the taller. 'I don't think people are supposed to, er, do it, are they?'

'Do what?'

'You know, men,' the Thought Policeman looked at his boots, 'and women.'

'I don't see what that's got to do with worn brake blocks,' said his colleague.

They tipped their helmets.

'Mind how you go,' they said.

Smith let them out, and came back into the room.

'I'll just nip down the corner,' he said to the little blonde, 'and pick up an evening paper. Shan't be a tick.'

It was crowded on the street. It was actually the time of the two minutes hate, but half the public telescreens were conked out, and anyway the population was largely drunk, or arguing with one another or smacking kids round the head, or running to get a bet on, or dragging dogs from lamp-posts, or otherwise pre-occupied, so nobody paid much attention to the suspended telescreens, except for the youths throwing stones at them. Smith edged through, and bought a paper, and opened it.

'COME OFF IT BIG BROTHER!', screamed the headline, above a story blaming the Government for rising food prices, the shortage of underwear, and the poor showing of the Oceanic football team. It wasn't, Smith knew, the story the Government hacks had given to the printers, but you could never get the printers to listen to anyone, and challenged, they always blamed the shortage of type, claiming that they could only put the words together from the letters available, and who cared, anyhow? The Government, with so much else on its plate, had given up bothering.

It was as Winston Smith turned to go back to his flat, that he felt a frantic plucking at his knee, and heard a soprano scream ring through the street. He looked down, and saw a tiny Youth Spy jumping up and down below him.

'Winston Smith does dirty things up in Fourteen B,' howled the child. 'Come and get him, he's got a nude lady up there.'

The youth spy might have elaborated on these themes, had its mother not reached out and given it a round arm swipe that sent it flying into the gutter; but even so, the damage had been done, and before Smith had time to protest, he found himself picked up bodily by a brace of uniformed men and slung into the back of a truck which, siren wailing, bore him rapidly through the evening streets towards the fearful pile of the Ministry of Love.



Alan Coren appears in Craccum courtesy of Punch Magazine, Copyright.

'Smith, W,' barked the uniformed man to whom Smith was manacled, at the desk clerk.

'What's he done?' said the clerk. 'I was just off home.'

'They caught him at a bit of how's your father,' said Smith's captor.

'It's Friday night,' said the desk clerk. 'I go to bingo Fridays.' He turned to Smith. 'Don't let it happen again, lad. You can go blind.'

'I've written him in me book,' said the guard. 'It's no good saying go home. I'd have to tear the page out.' He put his free hand on Smith's arm. 'Sorry about this, son. It'd be different if I had a rubber. We're awaiting deliveries.'

'You'd better take him up to Room 101, then,' said the clerk.

'NOT ROOM 101,' screamed Smith, 'NOT THE TORTURE CHAMBER, PLEASE, I NEVER DID ANYTHING, I HARDLY KNOW THE WOMAN, CAN'T ANYONE HELP ME, DON'T SEND ME UP...'

'Stop that,' said the clerk, sharply. 'You'll start the dog off.'

Smith was dragged, shrieking, to the lift.

'Ah, Smith, Winston,' cried the white-coated man at the door of Room 101. 'Won't you come in? Rats I believe, are what you, ha-ha-ha, fear most of all. Big brown rats. Big brown pink-eyed rats...'

'NO,' screamed Smith, 'NOT RATS, ANYTHING BUT RATS, NO, NO, NO.'

'... Rats with long slithery tails, Smith, fat, hungry rats, rats with sharp little...'

'Oh, do shut up, Esmond,' interrupted his assistant wearily. 'You know we haven't got any rats. We haven't seen a rat since last December's delivery.'

'No rats?' gasped Smith.

Esmond sighed, and shook his head. Then he suddenly brightened.

'We've got mice though,' he cried.

'Big fat, hungry, pink-eyed...'

'I don't mind mice,' said Smith.

They looked at him.

'You're not making our job any easier, you know,' muttered Esmond.

'Try him on toads,' said Esmond's assistant. 'Can't move in the stockroom for toads.'

'That's it!' exclaimed Esmond.

'Toads, Big, fat, slimy...'

'I quite like toads,' said Smith.

There was a long pause.

'Spiders?'

'Lovely little things,' said Smith. 'If it's any help, I can't stand moths.'

'Moths,' cried Esmond. 'Where do you think you are, bloody Harrod's? We can't get moths for love nor money.'

'Comes in here, big as you please, asking for moths,' said Esmond's assistant.

Smith thought for a while.

'I'm not all that keen on stoats,' he said at last.

'At last,' said Esmond. 'I thought we'd be here all night. Give him a stoat, Dennis.'

So they put Winston Smith in Room 101 with a stoat. It was an old stoat, and it just sat on the floor, wheezing, and as far as Smith was concerned, things could have been, all things considered, a lot worse.

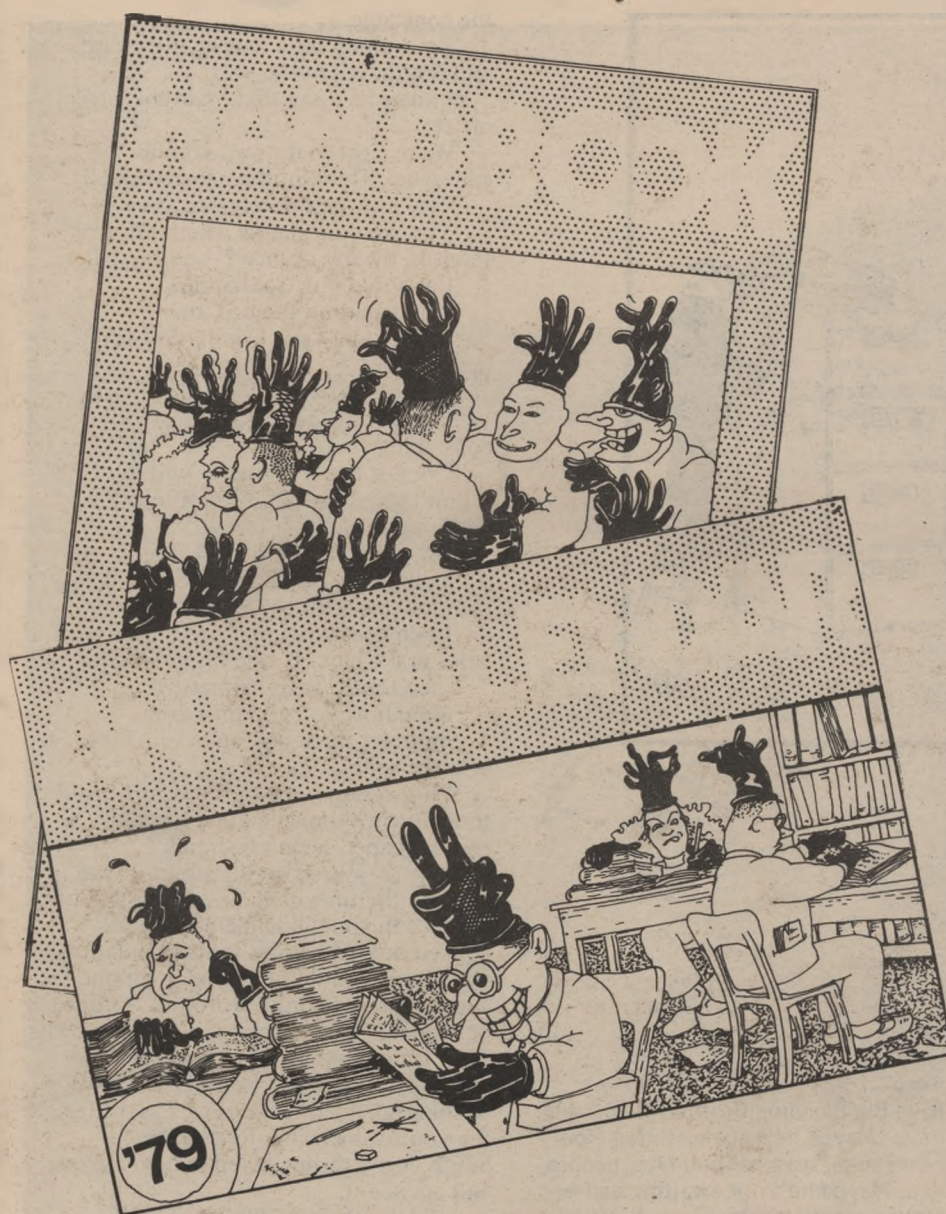
Was It Worth It, Louise?

'Hey', said David Merritt thrusting the Handbook and Anticalendar into my reluctant hands, 'review these will you.'

Sensing my less than total enthusiasm for this task he draped a confidential arm around my shoulders.

'You see,' he said earnestly, 'as you've only just arrived in Auckland you're the perfect person for the job. It would be particularly valuable to have a criticism by someone who hasn't had time to develop any fixed notions about the place. Using your ignorance as a sound basis you could evaluate the effectiveness of these publications in a completely objective manner which us more experienced students couldn't emulate. Also,' he continued in a sly aside to the serried ranks of empty chairs which comprised the Craccum staff, 'no one else is shit stupid enough to read, let alone write about, this crud.'

The dominant impression after reading the handbook is that the editorial scalpel has been ruthlessly wielded. If material isn't of direct interest to students, particularly those new to Auckland, it has been excluded. And what could be of greater interest to the typical, politically active and aware student than his democratically elected representatives? Obviously nothing, and so it was appropriate that the first section should be devoted to a rundown on the student executive. Photographs of this dubious crew plus a brief explanatory paragraph were provided. Unfortunately it wasn't always possible to pair photograph with paragraph so it was difficult to tell what nasty things were being said about which cherubic countenance. Also the more prudent student politicians supplied their own paragraph while others, more indolent or less ambitious, risked an independent critique. This caused a rather uneven tone e.g. "Hi, I'm Phillippa Poole and I'm really enthusiastic about being able to do something for the benefit of students," contrasts sharply with, "Kevin is a sexist, racist, capitalist alcoholic."



The Directory and Club sections comprehensively cover activity on campus Toilets, Second Hand Bookstall, The Pooh Society - how to get to these and much else besides is carefully explained.

The section on Auckland is another rich load of information particularly for those new to Auckland. Becomes overly paternalistic in places though e.g. "For a big emergency always phone 111."

To conclude, the Handbook is well laid out and packed with useful information. I missed the mad, zaniness of the Victoria Handbook but it completely succeeded in its aim of describing what happens around the University.

The Anticalendar is more boring, with less excuse, than the Handbook. Where are the devastating exposes of departmental incompetence? Where are the penetrating criticisms of course content and direction? Instead the emphasis is always on what is, rather than what should be. Certainly, the Anticalendar should advise the student what he can expect if he enrolls in a course, but surely something more than a tame chronicle of terms requirements is needed.

The aim appears to have been to review every course offered at the University, a laudable intention, but all that is achieved is tired and sterile comprehensiveness. Perhaps if a smaller selection of courses had been scrutinized in greater detail the assessments would have had more bite.

What is provided is made virtually unintelligible to the casual reader not armed with the official calendar by the use of course codes instead of titles. It is a little short of enlightening to read: 31.200: A full year paper, worth four credits, with two lectures weekly. The final grade is 100% coursework consisting of five assignments and two two-hour tests.

Is this an anticalendar? Reads more like a supplement to the official version.

David Beach

Radio B Thing

A new frequency, new studios and a completely new format.

Once upon a time there was a radio station broadcasting on 950 kHz. This station was known far and wide as 'Radio B', THE student radio. These days, Radio Bosom (or B for those with lily white thought patterns) lives happily ever after on a new frequency of 1404 on your dial.

The station has moved up in the world, actually one floor up in the Student Union, to hit the top (of a three storey building). We have spent the Christmas holidays building new studios, that are as good as, if not better than, other stations around the country. Our new complex consists of three studios - main on-air studio, recording studio, and production studio, which doubles as a secondary on-air studio. (just in case !!!) The new studios feature such sophisticated equipment as: two twelve channel stereo mixer consoles, production desks, stereo

cartridge replay machines, a 100 watt transmitter with a lower powered standby for emergencies. All equipment is rigged for stereo throughout except for the AM transmitter (unfortunately).

This year, Radio B will be broadcasting from 18th February - 17 March, 7 am to midnight. During the rest of the university year we operate in stereo on a closed circuit system around the campus. Radio B personnel have, in the last few months, built all the equipment necessary to set up a radio station, thereby making a considerable saving over buying commercially built equipment. Our equipment complies with the Broadcasting Regulations 1976 and is on a par with that used in other radio stations.

Radio B is primarily an information station, dealing with University events and student activities. We have got an alternative to commercial radio. Instead of having advertisement upon advertisement

Radio B has information that is of interest to students as well as non-students. Information concerning University clubs and societies, student amenities, and all aspects of student life; as well as offering a guiding hand to first year students. Included in this year's broadcast: news and weather, surf reports, matters of interest, and specialist music programmes on Sunday evenings, (covering such diverse topics as New Wave, local groups, Folk Rock, Heavy Metal, Soul, and Jazz.)

Radio B is a non-profit organisation run by a dedicated band of radio enthusiasts. These students devote their spare time, in between lectures, to the operation of the station.

Many of Radio B's personnel, (especially announcers), have worked or have permanent positions with commercial radio stations such as: Radio Hauraki, 1XI, Radio New Zealand, 1XX, Radio Avon, Radio Windy, and some

Australian stations. In fact, Radio B is considered as a training ground by many of the larger stations.

Radio B is always looking towards the FM (stereo) side of broadcasting, having made many licence applications in this respect in the past. We feel that Radio B is the ideal organisation for pilot transmissions in this field as our studios and distribution equipment are already equipped for stereo reproduction - so all that is needed is a FM transmitter.

For four weeks we are giving Auckland an alternative - from 18th February - 17th March.

TRY US ON 1404

For further information phone :
Romi Patel bus. 30789
(Station Manager) res. 760657

Mike Brady bus. 565321
(Prog. Director) res. HCK 41068

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The Fri



The Fri leaving Wellington Harbour in 1974

AS WE SEE IT AFTER THREE MONTHS IN MOZAMBIQUE.

In the midst of the increasing suffering and militancy in Southern Africa, we pause on our way to take a boatload of books to Namibia. We are buffeted by the blasts of the conflict. What can we achieve?

In the two years that our voyage has taken, we wanted to achieve two things; firstly to give books which are needed in Namibia, where they are banned by South Africa. And secondly we wanted to encourage change by embarrassing South Africa and her allies, by making the delivery of the books and its possible consequent confrontation a public event.

We had always hoped that we would be able to do these two together, but had to keep in the back of our minds the problem that we might find it impossible to land the books in Namibia if the South African navy physically stopped us. This would not necessarily invalidate the effort if we were allowed to continue to carry the books so that we could deliver them to a Namibian representative in Angola. But what if the books were confiscated?

During the two years that it has taken our half of Operation Namibia to reach Africa, it seemed that Western diplomatic initiatives might ease the South African stranglehold in Namibia, and that we could expect to have a chance to enter the books into the country. Our hopes often centered positively on the value of the books and our possibilities of distributing them inside Namibia.

It is now the end of 1978. Because of the successive failures of the Contact Group of Five to produce United Nations supervised elections inside Namibia, we can only conclude that South African control will probably continue. We cannot so easily assume that we will be allowed to land the books.

So we must now take a long look at what we can expect to achieve if we try to enter Namibia and are intercepted by the South African navy. How does this embarrass South Africa when the massacre of 600 Namibian refugees by South African troops at Kassinga makes South Africa seem beyond conscience?

It is ironic that if the South African authorities intercept us (as foreign nationals), this might create more consternation inside our countries than

Those of you with memories that stretch as far back as the present Craccum staff members' will hardly fail to remember the departure of the sailing ship Fri into the French nuclear test zone at Mururoa in 1973. There followed a deadly game of cat and mouse with the French navy inside the testing site until finally the ship was towed into Tahiti where the crew members were arrested and detained without trial by the French administration for a number of weeks. Then followed its voyage carrying on board over 20,000 peace messages destined to be dropped off at ports of call all round the world. Also on board were books bound for the south-west African state of Namibia, books banned by South African authorities and desperately needed by the Namibian people. Now, almost four years later, the Fri is nearing the end of its journey. It is currently somewhere off the coast of south-west Africa after a stay of 3 months in Maputo, Mozambique.

CRACCUM recently received a letter from Neil Christopher, one of the new Fri crew members who left New Zealand in mid-January after being aided by a \$250 grant from the Auckland University Students' Association and a \$750 loan to be raised by Craccum during the year. More on the fund-raising next week

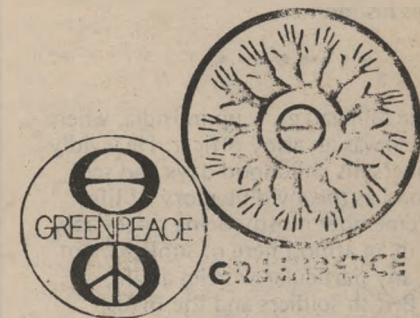
the horrors of Kassinga which seem so far away. This is where the strength of the Operation lies. There are on board the FRI people from countries whose economies support the apartheid policies of South Africa: Britain, U.S.A., Japan, West Germany, and Canada, plus crew from New Zealand, a country whose government has given moral support to South Africa by maintaining sporting links.

The economies of these major Western powers are involved in South Africa because it pays. The businessmen apologize that they can't be expected to change the laws of another country, but there are many examples of the world of military industrialists making enormous changes in the internal politics of another country when their own pockets are affected. We remember the death of Allende in Chile, the role of the CIA in Uruguay, the Hungarian and Czechoslovak invasions.

The black resistance movements in South Africa now seek to affect the pockets of the whites in power, to disrupt the economy, to cause discontent, even if the worst hit are themselves. From this point of view, they regard financial support of South Africa's economy as support of apartheid. Someone has to exert control over the multinational companies, and the blacks in South Africa can't do it directly. But we who live outside South Africa, and the pressure groups we can join and build up in our own countries, can exert this pressure. Southern Africa gets wide news coverage in many of these countries, but the problems of Africa do not seem close to home. The fate of the crews of the Operation Namibia vessels off the Namibian coast will bring these problems close to home.

For a great part of the voyage, it was not know if the two Operation Namibia ships would rendezvous because Fri started off from Hong Kong, at a very much greater distance from Namibia than the Golden Harvest (the other Operation Namibia vessel). A rendezvous seems more likely now and could greatly empower the action.

Rendezvousing at sea off the coast of Namibia is not difficult, with radio contact and good navigational skills. The reasons why rendezvous in Angola is not a good idea have not changed. A strong South-north current and light prevailing winds make sailing from Angola back to Namibia difficult.



We leave to Golden Harvest her decision of whether she will carry her full complement of books to Namibia. We feel it necessary to carry a substantial number of our books on board Fri, to make the action more than symbolic. Some of the books must safely reach Namibians, and we believe that our shipment of books already sent to Dar-Es-Salaam in Ethiopia means that we can risk the fate of the books on board Fri without invalidating our efforts to provide for the educational needs of the Namibian people.

We don't want to think only in the sober terms of confrontation and arrest. Nor, it is important to emphasise, do we desire the drama of arrest, nor believe that arrest will provide the most 'effective' results. We simply prepare for the possibility as we must, to be realistic. But we would like to imagine all kinds of effective interchange between authorities and crew. For instance, the crews might, on legal grounds, refuse to treat with the South African officials and demand to see UN authorities. Or if the South African authorities keep towing the offending Operation Namibia vessel back out to sea, the ships can still set up a blockade of the shipping lane, in international waters, putting on a show for the benefit of the sailors and letting them know that under international law they are carrying stolen goods.

This is what we might call the sober potential for Operation Namibia as seen on Fri after three months in Mozambique.

Neil

MILLIGAN

"This is the BBC Home Service ... Tonight's story comes from the pen of Mr Spike Milligan. Incidentally, for those who are interested, Mr Milligan is on view in his pen every Sunday morning".

Spike Milligan, the creator of over 160 episodes of *The Goon Show*, insists that he is just a "turn-on" funny man. When the show is over, he enjoys the chance to be serious. In his own words ...

"When the boxing match is over, you don't expect the bloke to go down the street shadow-boxing until he gets home, then punch his mother and punch his way into bed".

In this interview, Spike talks of his life, his writing, his show - and why he punches his mother.

Spike Milligan grew up in India, where his father was an army officer. He vividly remembers his childhood days and sees childhood as *the* vivid memory of life.

"I remember mostly being reasonably happy in an atmosphere of sunlight, not having any particular worries at all ... seeing British soldiers and the British Empire at its zenith ... and the ceremony of toasting the Queen, who had been dead for 18 years when I was born. But they had a double toast to Queen Victoria and to King George the Fifth. They missed out Edward the Seventh: I don't think they thought he was worthwhile ... they thought he was a very immoral person".

Spike was an only child for the first nine years of his time roaming and climbing trees. He grew up in "a sort of female community". His grandfather died when Spike was very young, and his father was often somewhere else in India, so he was brought up by his mother, grandmother and aunty. Until he was 12, he went to a convent for his education.

"I think I shouldn't have, it grew me up too soft. I grew up without any sort of violence in me at all. Consequently, when I went to a boys' school, I had the shit knocked out of me left, right and centre.

Spike finds it hard to pinpoint factors in his childhood that influenced the development of his sense of humor.

"I have no idea. It's just like saying, 'Why have you got that shaped nose?' It's programmed. The chemistry of your predecessors programs your shape and your invisible shape as well, I suppose". His parents were an influence of course. Spike says his father was more of a clown than a soldier, and his mother was not above pulling funny faces at certain times of day, "when under pressure".

In 1933, the British government cut back its overseas forces ("the time of the Wall Street crash and all that ... I don't know who was driving"). Spike's father was recalled and the family returned to England.

"The Ramsay Macdonald government - a socialist government - came in, and they had a 10% cut. They cut all the services, and cut people's legs off, so they were 10% less. My father was lopped off the army when he couldn't have been. He was in his prime, a good soldier.

"We went back to England, and I'd never seen such a dreary, dull, gloomy

climate. Grey, foggy, misty ... people didn't seem to smile, everything was grey, black and sombre. I think I even turned more inward at that time".

You must never bath in an Irish Stew

You must never bath in an Irish Stew
It's a most illogical thing to do
But should you persist against my reasoning
Don't fail to add the appropriate seasoning.



LANANIA

The family was living in a place called Catford ("a romantic name ...") and Spike and his brother, Desmond, were living in the attic. To escape from their dreary surroundings they created their own imaginary country, called Lania.

"We turned right in and made this country where it was all very good and very sunny, and there were lots of nice things, lots of flowers and all that.

"We've still got odd drawings of various planes and battleships and army uniforms that we made for this country".

Lania declared war on other countries ...

"We went to war with Japan frequently - I've no idea why".

... and won.

"Oh yes, there were no two ways about it, you know".

Not long after the family returned to England, Spike was thrown into his first job, at the age of 14 or 15.

"When we came to England we were poverty-stricken, and I went to the South East London Polytechnic to be taught something or other. Whatever it was it left an indelible blank on my mind. The next thing I knew I was earning 13/6 in some crummy factory in Deptford, doing something or other which I can't quite remember ... putting a thing through a hole and cutting it.

"I remember the job as being bloody awful, I was never cut out for it. I was cut out for an academic career. I was meant to be a scholar if anything. I've become a scholar since, you know, I've never stopped educating myself.

"I should have majored in English, or archaeology, or something like that. Instead I did these crummy jobs like van-boy on a sweet lorry, handing sweets to shops, and then I worked washing sheets at the laundry. It was a good experience I suppose, but it didn't teach me anything, except that when it was all over and the war came along, I was grateful for the war coming along. It liberated me from these dreadful jobs I had".

In the meantime, to alleviate the frustration of his various jobs, Spike had learnt to play the trumpet and he was playing jazz in a band. He had always been interested in music, but says his parents were "not very literary minded".

A GREAT ESCAPE

In 1939, at the age of 22, Spike joined the army. He has written a trilogy based on his experiences during the war years. To write the books, Spike referred mainly to a diary that he kept throughout the war, and he was also assisted by his ability for instant recall.

"I remember it all very clearly ... indelible. What an experience for a guy who had been a good Catholic kid, never even been out with a girl, never had a party at the house, nothing at all. Never drank, never swore, never smoked. Suddenly I was tossed into the deep end with this lot of guys and it was the biggest education I've ever had.

"The world never really hit me until I had to pay my first bill for rent, my first gas bill and my first tax demand. So I had no responsibilities at all. I never worried about money - I used to wish I had it sometimes, but I seemed happy just to go up and play the trumpet on the stage at weekends or two or three times a week in various bands. My father paid the rent. I gave my mother all my wages, and she used to give me 2/6. Almost 21, and I was getting 2/6 ... big deal. I had to save up to go to the pictures with a girl.

"So the war was a great escape. You didn't have to worry about anything at all. Just stay alive if you could".

It was while he was in the army that Spike first met Harry Secombe.

"His act used to make me laugh and he was quite funny. He had a sort of Groucho Marx attitude in those days ... a much lighter chap, he was only about 11 or 12 stone. He used to amuse me no end. I never dreamed that I'd be working with him. I used to play in the band and accompany him for his act.

THE GOON SHOW

After the war, Harry Secombe worked at the Windmill Theatre with comedian Michael Bentine. They both spent a lot of time at a pub owned by Jimmy Grafton (who is now Harry Secombe's manager). It was there they met Peter Sellers. Harry introduced Spike to Peter and the team was complete. Jimmy Grafton would provide free drinks while the four clown-ed around, performing routines into a

tape recorder.

"That was the start of the chemistry of the comedy that came out of that period."

Pat Dixon, a BBC producer, gave the four a chance to do their own radio show. It started in May 1951, under the title *Crazy People*. In June 1952 it became *The Goon Show*. Bentine left the show in November 1952 and, with Milligan, Sellers and Secombe, it continued for another seven years, finishing in January 1960.

Inevitably, the name Spike Milligan is now permanently linked to *The Goon Show* and the 1950s. Unfortunately for Spike, few people associate him with anything but *The Goon Show*. Two years ago, in an ABC interview, he said: "*The Goon Show* has turned into a monster. I wish I could hear the last of it, I wish I could bury it and forget it, because it's 15 years ago now and I've gone on since then". He still finds it hard to escape from *The Goon Show*.

"I get the same questions all the time, you know. I've forgotten it. I don't hang around it".

Spike is amazed that the show's popularity has endured - to the extent that there is now even a Goon Show Preservation Society in England.

"That's incredible. I never dreamed all this, you know. It's incredible how it stood up. I must have *something*. What is it?" Spike answered his own question later in the interview, while talking about the Marx Brothers:

"I think our jokes are on a different level. I've found the Marx Brothers' joke inclined to have wordplays on them. We do use wordplays, but ours have a genuine basis of permanent insanity". To demonstrate this point he broke into a conversation between Eccles and Bluebottle:

"What's the time?"

"I don't know".

"I got the time".

"Where?"

"On this bit of brown paper".

"What's it say?"

"Ten past nine".

"When did you get that?"

"I got that off a fellow this morning".

"Oh, that bit of brown paper must be slow, because my bit of brown paper says

"You see, it has a basis of complete insanity, but logic behind it all the time. So there's no wordplay. It's sheer mathematics, in terms of destroying logic mathematically".

The Goon Show is still being played all over the world. It has been estimated that every hour of every day, somewhere in the world there is a Goon Show being played.

"Yeah, they're playing here. Somebody phoned me, woke me up and said, 'It's on now', on Sunday or Saturday at 12 o'clock. And I couldn't remember having written one word of that, you know. I heard these jokes and I thought, 'They're funny', but I thought, 'I don't remember writing that'.

"I went to South Africa and they were playing it there. And in New York they've got it there as well. I wasn't smart, I didn't get a penny for it. It's still being played all over the world - I should be sitting back smoking cigars. I didn't know how to work the system then, I didn't know anything about the profession".

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COMPLETE DEDICATION

Spike estimates that he wrote about 160 Goon shows altogether.

"It was murder, you know. It put me in a psychiatric home five, six, seven, eight times, and it broke up my marriage".

Writing the show turned out to be much more than a full-time job.

"I used to get to the office at nine and work as late as 11 or 12 o'clock at night. I remember all the transport had stopped and sometimes Peter Sellers would come and pick me up and take me home.

Otherwise I would have to phone up for a late night car or something like that.

"It was putting effort into it that did it, you know. It took the whole week. Every day you had to write from nine in the morning until midnight. You might be lucky and be terribly inspired and write it early one day, but I used to do it six days a week."

The show was taped on Sunday night and although Spike had been writing all week, Peter Sellers and Harry Secombe didn't step in until Sunday morning, when rehearsals started. Even then Spike would change lines that he didn't think were funny, and also make sure that the sound effects were perfect.

"So it was a complete and utter dedication and it destroyed me and destroyed my first marriage. Awful it was... terrible".

Yet despite the impossible pressure, Spike remembers his Goon Show days as "great". Unlike other comedians, who switched off the moment the show was over, Spike, Harry and Peter were permanently in a state of convulsions - meeting each other, exchanging letters and making phone calls - all couched in the lunatic terms of the show. Even today, when Spike phones Peter Sellers in London, he has to speak to Major Bloodnok and Henry Crun before he gets to speak to Peter.

The characters in *The Goon Show* developed randomly until each had their own distinct identity and characteristics.

"It's like the positions of the pieces of furniture in a room after a bomb has dropped in it. Nobody can predict where they're going to land. And I suppose we each acted as a catalyst to the other. When he'd be describing somebody he met, Peter would say, 'I met this chap on the bus, this bus conductor, and he said to me...' and he'd go into a voice like this bus conductor. And I'd remember these voices and give them a name".

Spike built up whole biographies of each character in the show.

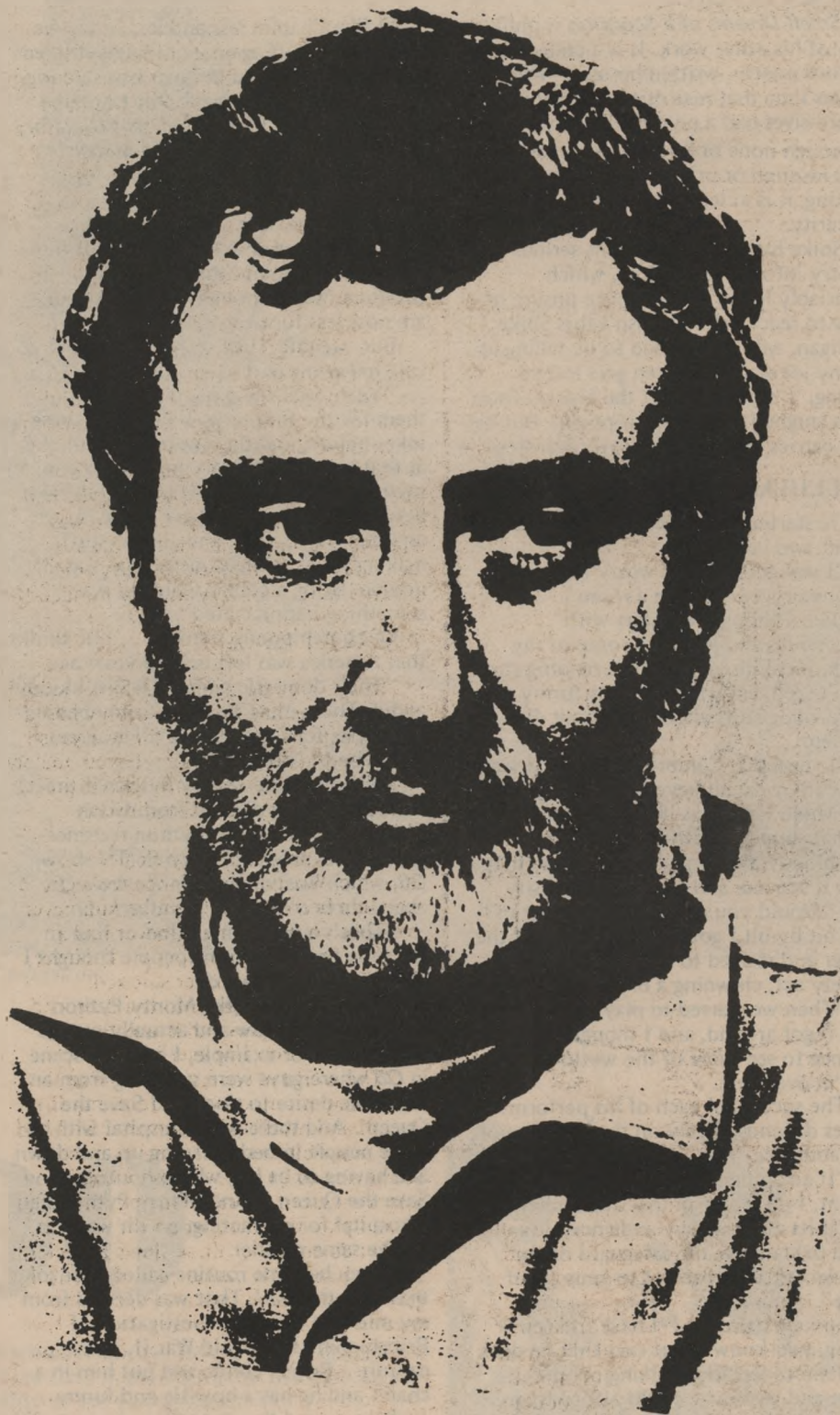
Throughout the eight years that *The Goon Show* ran, the BBC often obstructed Spike's attempts to experiment with the show.

"They wouldn't let you go political, which was my ambition - to be able to say things about certain situations, through these characters. They wouldn't let you. They'd let you do the obvious ones; they'd let you do Churchill. But they wouldn't let you do the Pope.

"They restricted it, and it's such a pity, because they held us back in this respect. If they'd have let us use political innuendo and satire, which I wanted to do for, I might have gone on another couple of years so we could say significant things. As it was, we could only aim at the human race being cowardly and corrupt and inhuman and indifferent - or stupid or gregarious - by the sounds of the voice.

"Neddy represented the mass voting population. They were all idiots, and you could make them go to war, you could make them do whatever you liked.

"And Eccles was the guy who could escape, because he was too stupid to write his name on a ballot paper. He represented the idiot freedom that was abroad.



"Grytpype was cleverer than Bloodnok; he didn't go to war or risk his life. He stayed at home and knocked at doors and said, 'I'm your long-lost son from Australia, and things like that'".

Spike finds it hard to single out one Goon Show character as his favorite.

"All of them amused me equally. I suppose Bloodnok, really. He seemed indestructible. They're still alive; you still see them in regimental dinners".

BBC FASCISM

Apart from refusing to allow *The Goon Show* to become political, the BBC bureaucracy found other ways to obstruct the show.

"Well, let us say this. The biggest listening audience was the Light Programme. And a Canadian cunt called Runy Peltier, who was in charge of the Light Programme, didn't think it was funny and therefore, on his own personal command, refused to let it go out on the Light Programme.

"That's the sort of fascism that can exist in a bureaucracy like this. I was looked upon as something extraordinary and unreliable. Runy Peltier denied the show access to a large number of people. I mention his name because it's written like an indelible scar on my head. I'll never forget Runy Peltier.

"The BBC can be terribly vicious in the backrooms".

When we suggested that it was the BBC's attitude that made him decide to end *The Goon Show*, Spike replied,

"You call it the BBC, but what's the BBC? The BBC is a structure, it's a hive of numerous people, each one with his own ideas and frightened of his own job all the way up to the top".

THROWING AWAY LAUGHTER

But *The Goon Show* continued for eight years despite the BBC. One of the best indications of its success is the following story, told by Peter Eton, one of the producers of the show. In his introduction to *The Book of the Goons*, Eton wrote the following about a Goon Show episode titled *The Terrible Revenge of Fred Fumanchu*:

"The script contains a simple, straightforward little sequence between Henry and Minnie and Ned, who keep locking themselves out of a house. The Goons played this scene very visually and soon had the audience falling about helplessly. In fact, we recorded the longest laughter ever on a Goon Show - over four minutes - and as I edited it out later, Ben Lyon, who was editing a tape on a neighbouring bench, asked what I was doing. 'Throwing away laughter', I replied. 'Don't do that', he said. 'We're short of laughter this week. Give it to me'. And he edited it into another BBC Programme.

In 1972, Spike wrote a special Goon Show for the fiftieth anniversary of the BBC. He is adamant that it will remain the last Goon Show of all.

"I shouldn't have even done that last one, you know. That was another brilliant idea by the BBC. They said, 'Come on, do it', and I thought, 'Well, I won't be unsociable'. The show wasn't very good the audience was better. They should have recorded the audience and put that out on an album".

MILLIGAN CONTD

PUCKOON

After *The Goon Show* finished in 1960 Spike published his first (and at that time, he claimed, his last) novel, *Puckoon*. To show that he was determined to continue to break new ground, *Puckoon* contains a scene in which the main character, Dan Milligan, has a conversation with the author.

"In an attempt to break the white man's supremacy, Paul Robeson had once remarked 'All handsome men are slightly sunburned'. Milligan was no exception, he had also said it. He sat in the half upright. 'I tink,' he reflected, 'I think I'll bronze me limbs.' He rolled his trousers knee-wards revealing the like of two thin white hairy affairs of the leg variety. He eyed them with obvious dissatisfaction. After examining them he spoke out aloud. 'Holy God! Wot are dese den? Eh?' He looked around for an answer. 'Wot are dey?' he repeated angrily. 'Legs.' 'Legs? LEGS? Whose legs?' 'Yours.' 'Mine? And who are you?' 'The Author.' 'Author? Author? Did you write these legs?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I don't like dem. I don't like 'em at all at all. I could ha' writted better legs meself. Did you write your legs?' 'No.' 'Ahhh. Soo! You got some one else to write your legs, some one who's a good leg writer and den you write dispair of crappy old legs for me, well mister, it's not good enough.' 'I'll try and develop them with the plot.'

"Well, I was always constantly in need of experiment. I thought 'Nobody's ever done this before, with an author talking to one of the characters'. In fact, I was going to make it even more so, with him trying to tell the other characters that they are being written. And he says: 'If you look on page 20, you'll see you're going to get killed'.

"How do you get to page 20?"
"I don't know, but I heard him say he was going to have you killed on page 20."
"Who said?"
"The he."
"Who's he?"
"The author."
"What's an author?"

"So I was going to have him put in prison shouting, 'I'm only in prison here because I know what's going to happen on page 20!'"

Spike now regrets leaving a lot of this material out of *Puckoon*, including a scene where Dan Milligan tries to get all the characters to escape from the book because they are only being made up by the author.

Since *Puckoon*, Spike has published several books of poetry, mostly nonsense poetry like *Silly Verse of Kids* and *A Book of Milliganimals*. He says that he doesn't really have a favorite nonsense poem.

"I'm not a prolific writer. A poem comes into my head suddenly and I put it down on a piece of paper and when I've got enough of them I put them in book form".

Small Dreams of a Scorpion is unlike any of his other work. It is a collection of serious poetry, written because "I thought it was time that neurotics and maniac depressives had a poet of their own". Although none of Spike's serious poetry is as inspired or original as his comic writing, it is at least notable for its sincerity.

Spike includes some of his serious poetry into his stage show, which invariably leaves the audience unsure of how to react. After all, isn't this Spike Milligan, who's supposed to be telling us funny jokes. Spike often gets letters saying, 'I'm sorry about the bloody fools who laughed through that poem'. But he just carries on with the show regardless.

MILLIGAN LIVE

He started doing live performances about two years ago.

"I was getting very weary of writing. Sitting on your own in a room... it's murder. I thought I'd start with universities and just read some of my work. But I discovered that reading stuff didn't seem anywhere near as funny as performing stuff visually, talking directly at them.

"I started at Cambridge University and some idiot got all keyed up and recorded the whole session as if it was going to be a great show. It wasn't a great show - it was bloody awful, really. Anyhow, that's how it started, and another university said, 'Would you come and do it for us?' and bit by bit I got rid of reading off the paper and started to make it more of a variety act, clowning a bit.

"Then we started to play the theatres and it got around, and I thought it was a chance to see some of the world again, so I'm over here.

The success of each of his performances depends largely on the response of the audience.

"If an audience is spontaneously intent, I do create in that atmosphere. But if it's a very heavy audience, you have to stand by the safeguard of the known jokes you've got to keep them alive".

Spike battled on ("I have to keep going, you know") but says that he does sometimes feel like walking off the stage and wishes he could afford to do so.

"After about ten minutes I think, 'I'm not really very happy with this audience, therefore they're not really very happy with me'. I could go ahead falsely and go through the chemistry of telling the joke, which I know will get a laugh, but I'm not happy and they're not happy and I'd like to say, 'Well, here's the money folks. I'll go home and you go home, and we'll all be much happier'".

"I LIKE CHAPLIN LESS AND LESS..."

The conversation turned to other comedians, and we asked Spike who he finds funny.

"Well, when I was young all the comedians I saw were on silent films - Larry Seeman, Snub Polard, Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Chester Conklin, Ben Turpin. I liked them all. It was primarily because the film was moving so fast and this amused me no end. I still get hysterical about people going very fast.

"I like Chaplin less and less now. I've seen all his stuff again and I haven't liked it as much as I liked it when I was young. That means I've changed. But I did like his later films. I liked *The Great Dictator*, his first speaking film; I liked *Monsieur Verdoux*, which has a good sociological message.

"And since then... I used to like W.C. Fields but now I'm slightly off him. And I've also found that the Marx Brothers, who I thought were hilarious, are now less funny as time has gone on".

But, we said, they seem to have a large cult following all of a sudden...

"Yeah, well these people are seeing them for the first time. I'd seen all these jokes before, and they were quite unique at that time. Talking to the camera and saying, 'I'm sorry, I know I told that joke before, but you might have come in late and this is extra...' and all this stuff, making jokes to the camera, that was all unique. Being a comic anarchist was something I appreciated".

Of contemporary comedy... he thinks that America was left behind years ago.

"Their domestic comedy is just bloody awful. There must be some funny people out there, for Christ's sake". He agrees that Woody Allen is one.

He thinks that Monty Python is great, although largely derived from Goon humour. Some Monty Python routines were copies from Spike's own TV show, *O6*, which was screened in Australia at about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"That's a good time. That or four in the morning. I bet some people thought I was a fucking test card.

"Anyway, they (the Monty Python team) saw the show and actually copied some of it. For example, I had one scene in *O6* where guys were suffering from an incurable desire to sing 'God Save the Queen'. And there was a hospital with all these people in beds, leaping up and down and having to be hit, while shouting 'God Save the Queen!' And Monty Python had a hospital for overacting, which was run on the same parallel.

"They had one routine called 'The joke that won the war'. That was derived from my one of a German investigation of British comics in World War II. They capture a British comic and put him in a chair - and he has a bow-tie and funny eyebrows - and they say: 'Now zen, vy did ze chicken cross ze road? Answer!'

"A lot of stuff they copied. They admitted it, too. Then they would formulate it themselves in their own style. Good luck to them. But they've broken up now. There's great unmatenesship in that, you know. How could they break up? John Cleese is now writing a thing with his wife, called *Faulty Towers*, which I think is fucking awful. But people roar with laughter at it".

When told of the rumour that John Cleese was in a mental asylum for three months and was only let out for three weeks to write the show, Spike replied:

"Great... I thought it was the other way around, actually".

CONCERN FOR ENVIRONMENT

Spike Milligan uses humor to provide himself with some relief from the depressing problems that he sees around him in the world. He has developed a deep concern for the environment.

"Sitting in a bus full of smoke is one thing that makes you think about it. On summer's night, opening the window and not being able to sleep for the sound of buses and the smell of carbon monoxide and planes roaring overhead. Not being able to go for a swim because there's shit floating around the sea. Not being able to go into a woodland, without seeing empty beer cans, broken glass bottles, fag-ends, remains of fires, contraceptives. And village ponds don't exist any more. The village pond is a place in England where they now just chuck their fucking rubbish. It's indescribable..."

"The whole mentality of city people has gone mad. Bigger is better, they think. More is better. Don't they see India, don't they see what numbers have done to India. They've starved it to death, they've impoverished themselves. These people are desperate for a handful of rice, so it's ideal conditions for capitalism. Stop fucking, or take contraceptives at least, so that the buildings start to fall empty and the guy says, 'Please buy this house, it's only two pounds...' and you can say, 'No, I'll wait until it comes down to a pound'.

The problem is numbers, and Spike believes that overpopulation may not kill civilisation, but it will kill the word civilisation, with mankind only surviving by living like an ant culture or a bee culture. But he doesn't care much for China's way of dealing with its population problem, even if everyone is at least getting fed.

"Do you want to live like that - like a beehive - where everybody's controlled by one man. They say, 'Tomorrow we all go out and kill all the sparrows in the trees', and they can do it.

"They've ironed initiative out. There's nothing coming out of China that I see as particularly progressive. They won't even let anything come out... it's such a secret society. I understand their attitude to the Western world after the way they've been treated but I don't want to become a unit. I've been to Russia and I've seen what it's like there - they're all fucking miserable under communism. I've been to Hungary and they're all very unhappy under communism. I've been to East Germany and they're all miserable".

Spike says that in arguing that we must reduce our numbers, he often feels like a voice in the wilderness.

"Nobody cares a fuck. They're getting used to it. They're getting used to living in smaller rooms. The guy who produced my last program was living in a room for 25 pounds a week, and I suddenly realised that the cells in Pentonville Prison were bigger. The rooms are getting smaller in England. They're subdividing rooms. There's a guy in Balmain who has boarded up the veranda and made it into rooms, because people will take it.

We ended the interview by asking Spike his plans for the future.

"I've already reached the future. I'm planning to go back in the past shortly. It's the only way to go".

Will he continue touring with his show?

"I don't know. I've said this before: my life's rather like a taxi - I never know when the next fare's coming along. That's how it is".

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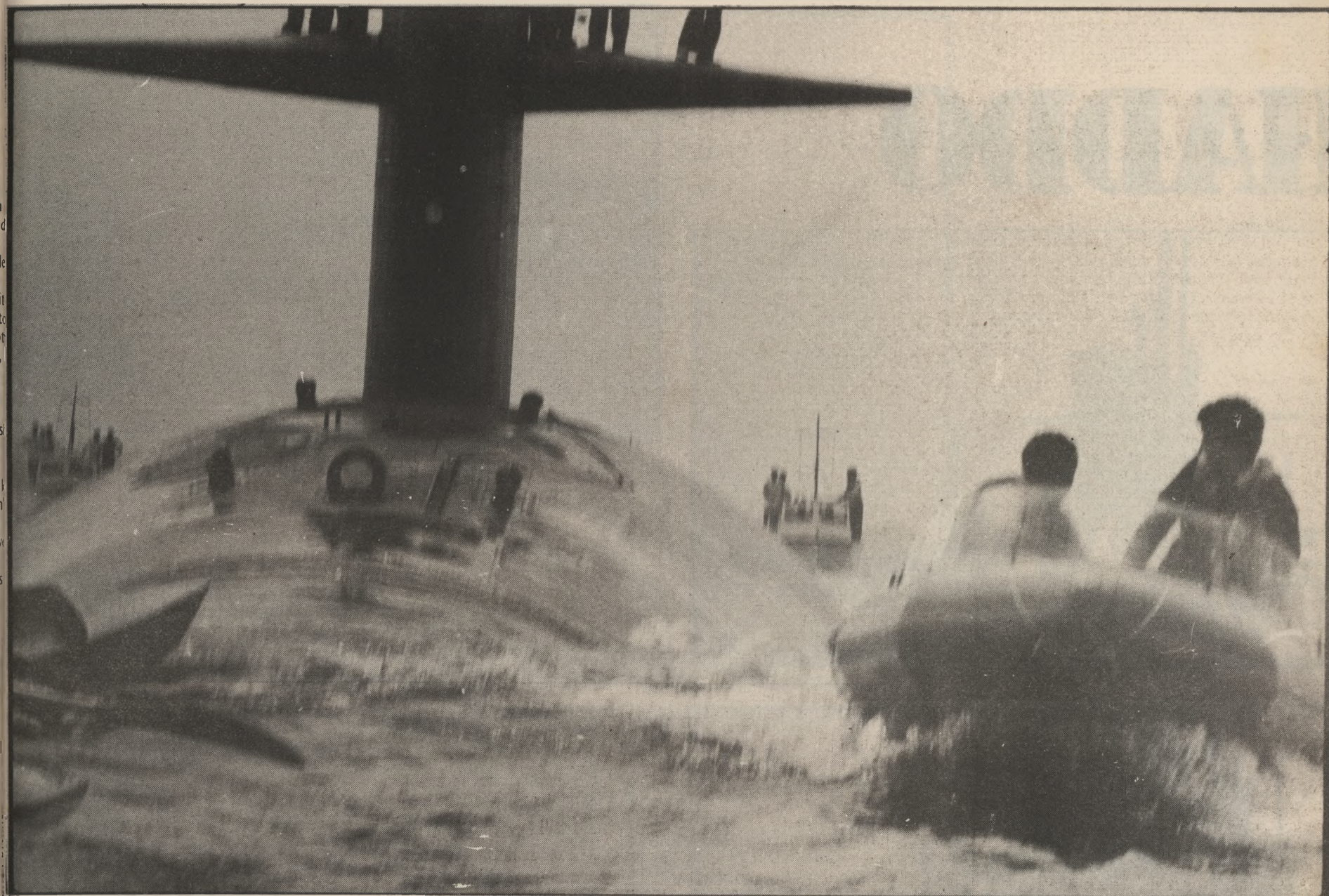
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As close as you'd ever want to be to a nuclear submarine.

HADDO

What we were basically acting out on the Harbour that day was the New Zealand proposal to the United Nations on a Nuclear-Free zone in the Pacific. In the past our sort of actions would have been the responsibility of the Government.
Gary Moulton, Phoenix

"He was between the devil and the deep blue sea. His continuing naval career depended on not yielding to the protest by actually stopping his vessel: obviously the simplest, safest and most humane act. But his career could also be ended if his vessel killed or maimed a policeman or protester, creating an international incident. The system to which the commander had given himself would sacrifice him without mercy along with any policeman or protester."

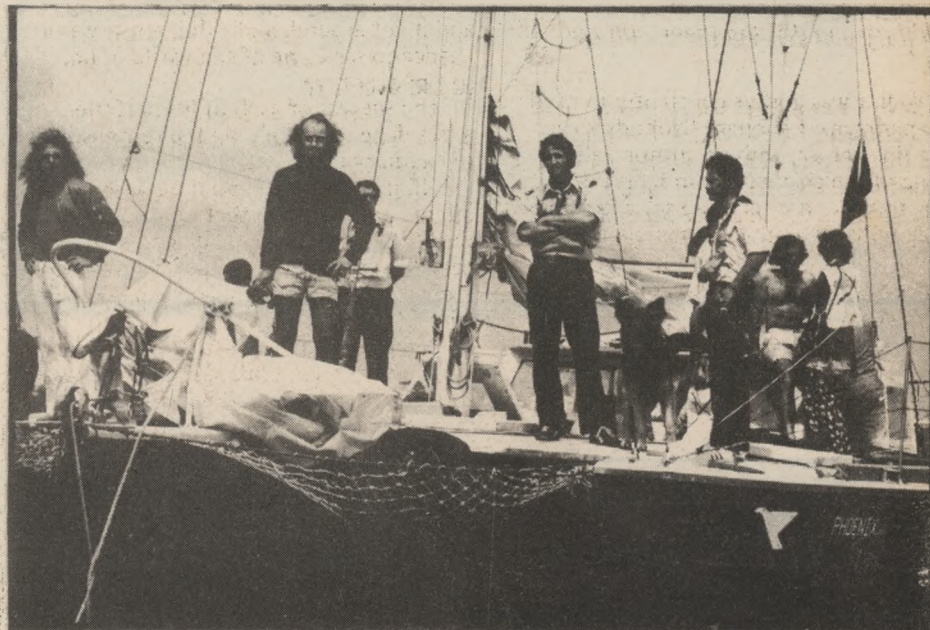
Peace Squadron on 'Haddo' Commander

From my position in the water I could see the 'sail' (conning tower) of the *Haddo* and headed towards it.

The *Deodar* came around once again and stopped alongside the surfboard. I was knocked off the board by the wake and while still hanging on slid almost the entire length of the *Deodar* which was now moving at about 3 knots.

When I had almost reached the stern the propellers on the *Deodar* were reversed which had the effect of sucking me back onto the props. My only hope was to stay with the surfboard as its buoyancy would at least keep me above the *Deodars* propellers.

I was then lifted out of the water along with the surfboard by a number of policemen. On board the *Deodar* there was a terse 'get him below'. They knew who I was. I asked them what I was charged with and they told me 'obstruction'. Down below I tried to look out of the portholes but everytime I tried to get to my feet I was knocked down by one of the cops. They told me 'not to be a kid' (Gary is 30 in March)
Gary Moulton, Phoenix



Brian Brennan

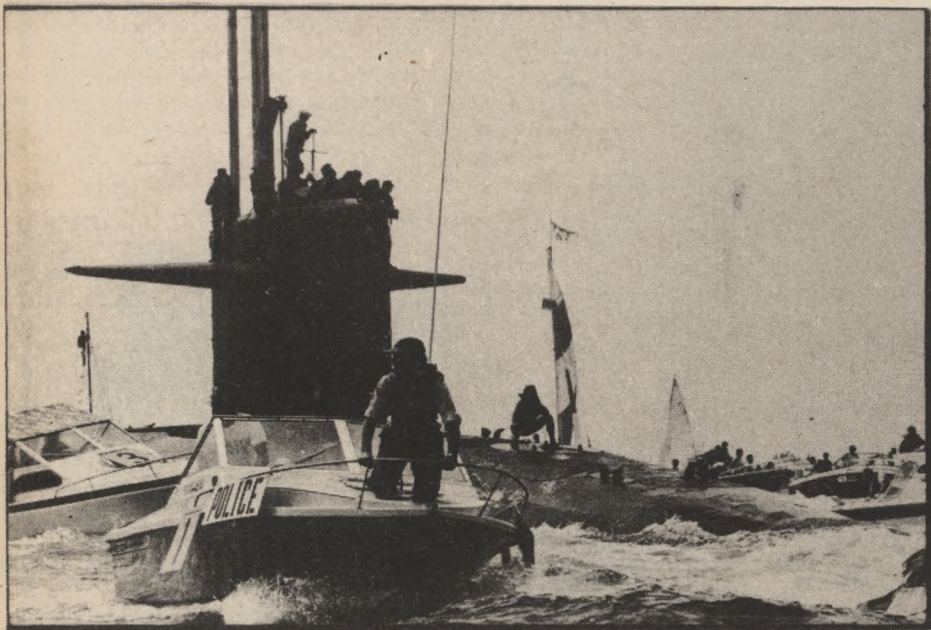
Three of the policemen (black trousers) who boarded and anchored the *Phoenix*

A determined protester resisting "rescue" from the water was punched hard, dragged into a Police boat feet first; one arm was twisted over his shoulder in an attempt to handcuff his hands behind his back, and then he was pinned to the deck of the Police boat by a Policeman sitting on his head.

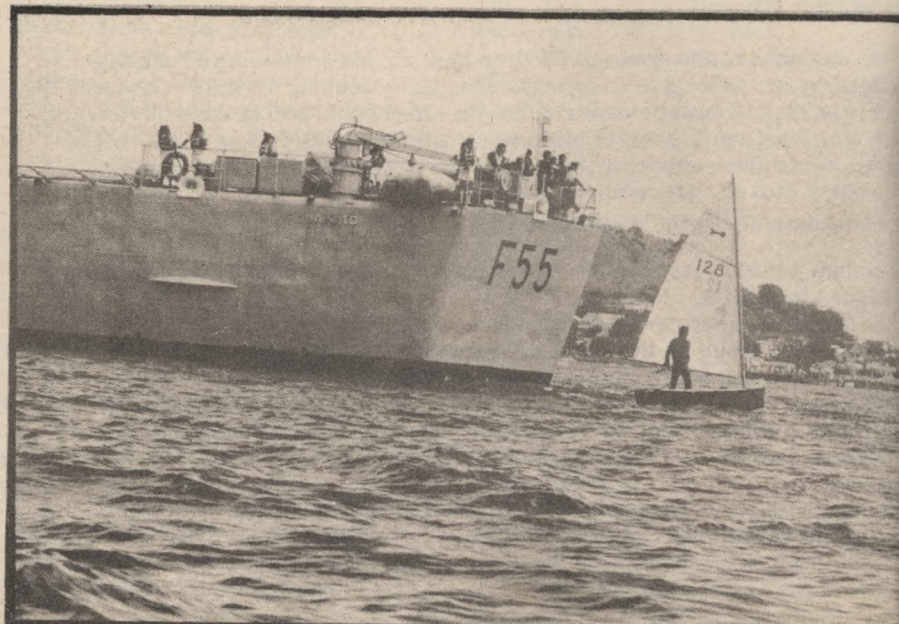
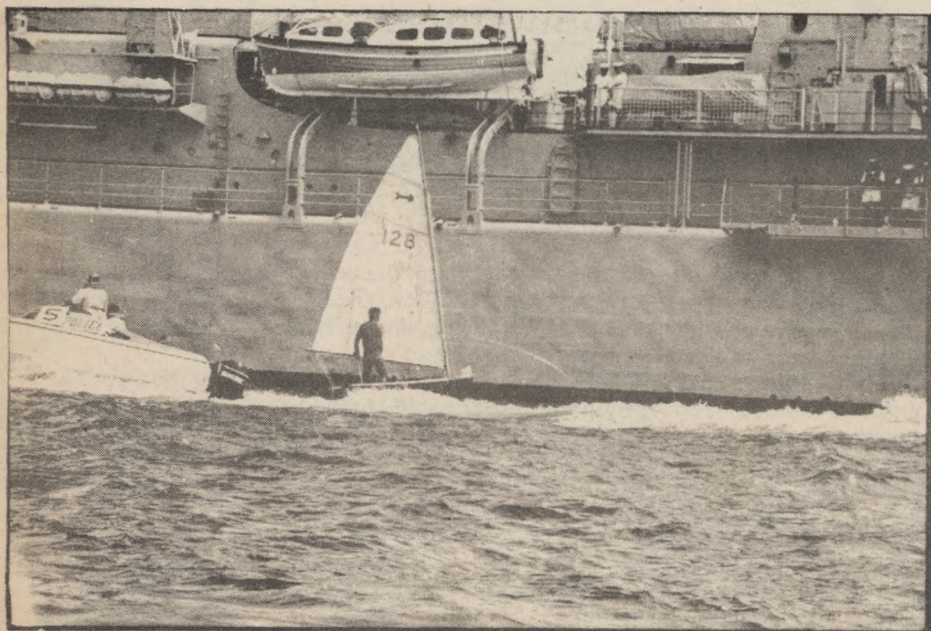
A police boat pursued another runabout for no apparent reason. In the chase the policeman drove his craft right up over the gunwale of a Laser sailing dinghy. His propeller chewed large mouthfuls of fibreglass from the Laser inches from where its skipper was perched.

One boat rode right up on to and over a second. As he went over, the skipper accelerated sharply and spun round in a 180 degree turn. By this time two of his crew were overboard, a fact clearly visible in a slow motion television replay of the incident the following Monday. His complete about-turn brought his runabout crashing back over the heads of his own crew members in the water. The witness fully expected that they would be decapitated by the racing propeller. By a miracle they were unscathed.

HADDO



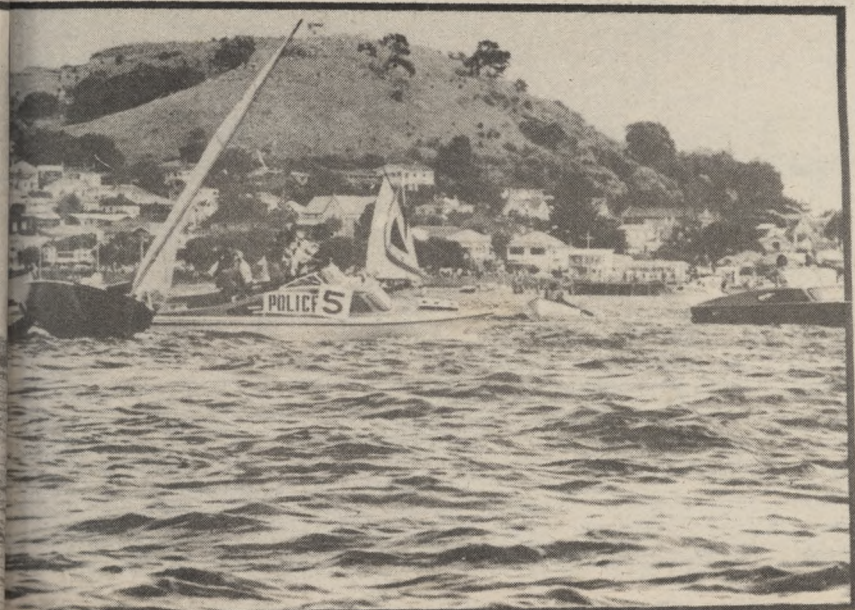
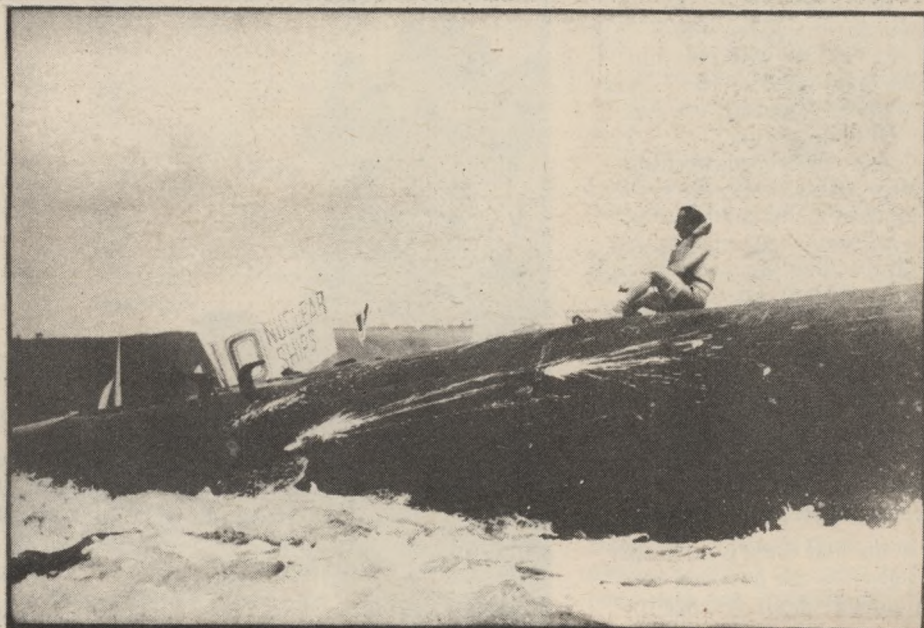
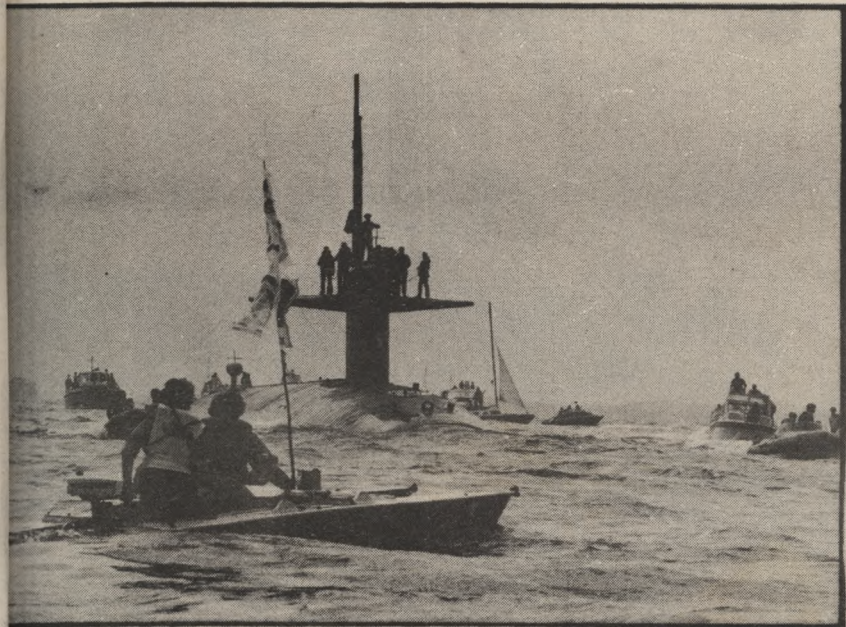
Photographs by Brian Brennan



A lone protester eludes police no. 5 and goes in ultra-close to the Waikato, casually skirts the bows, only to have a grappling iron jerk boat and man into the sea, as police 5 reco



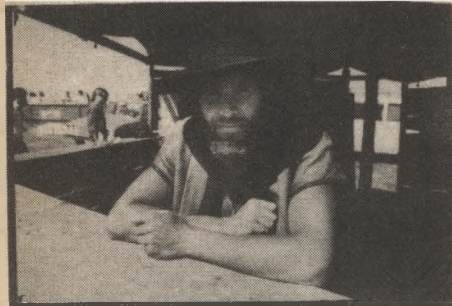
do is pelted with yellow paint bombs as Steve Sherie leaps aboard.



police 5 reco

HADDO

Sorry folks ! but a shortage of space in this issue means that we have had to cut this interview down to less than the bare minimum. There will be a better one soon, promise - ED.



John Simpson is one of the organisers and founding members of the Peace Squadron.

“

That's a big question. I personally believe that the United States has got its eyes on us a potential base for its Trident submarines when they come in in 1980, 1981. The *Haddo* was a thresher submarine and is an attack submarine built for submarine warfare and it carries anti-submarine weapons. So its a tactical weapon.

Then there is the *Polaris* which is a strategic weapon carrier, this can launch missiles from under the water with a range of up to 5000 kms with pinpoint accuracy. Each *Polaris* carries 16 missiles, each with 3 warheads and each one has the power of 10 X Hiroshima.

Trident is about twice as powerful as *Polaris*, its range is 7000 kms, its missiles are twice as many and twice as effective. It's just a roving launching pad and the reason that they are so effective is that the Americans are so far advanced over the Russians on submarine detection. It would seem to me to be logical if you are contemplating a nuclear war with another nation to have your armoureds where they cannot get at them, the pacific looks a pretty good spot. We are a prime supply base. That's the sinister motive for these visits.

It seems to me that there is no proper answer being given to the question of why ? The argument about devenge is absurd, you cannot defend New Zealand by putting a target here. It seems to me that there is no reason why any country would attack New Zealand other than it being an American base.

A bit about the founding of the Peace Squadron. Well, it started in 1975.

Muldoon had made it obvious that he was going to bring the ships in, it was just after a visit by Rockefeller. And it was then that we started to get public attention.

It seemed as if Muldoon decided that Auckland was the place, perhaps he wanted to set up a confrontation, attack where he knew the defence was greatest. All the ships could get into harbour a lot easier anywhere else, but no, it's here where they are coming.

The Peace Squadron started out as a small in-group of people, mostly friends however the publicity obtained by the Long Beach demonstrations in 1976. Our tactics have changed since then. For the Long Beach, big boats would go out as far out as well past Rangitoto and harrass from there.



Brian Brennan

This particular police speedboat took a special dislike to us ... and look what Mr Plodd has in his left hand.



Brian Brennan

The overwhelming subtlety of Police tactics

That was the real opening out of the Peace Squadron, we suddenly became a lot more broader based. Now. It seems to draw people from all walks of life. The attitudes of the media is that we are a bunch of long haired leftists, it's just not true, the majority are as straight as they can come.

We don't really have a membership, we have a mailing list which has about 400

names. I think we had 350 people who said that they were going out for the *Haddo*. From North Head they were counted at over 150 boats.

It's not now a one man show. The public support that we get is incredible. We get far more positive reaction than negative reaction. The silent majority are by virtue of their names silent. They probably don't care one way or the other

because the probably don't think. The fact that New Zealand may not exist for their children does not enter their mind for serious consideration and therefore they do not get involved as long as the pay comes in at the end of the week and there is still petrol in the pumps.

We got support from every political party with the exception of the National Party.”

Three Nambassas

2



Photographs by Brian Brennan.

My provisions for Nambassa included lanolin, a prophylactic (despite modern abuse this word covers more things than just condoms) to guard against stomach upsets, little white pills to tighten the sphincter in case dysentery struck, toothpaste, a tube of sun screen and bail money.

The last I did not need. It's strange to see those four-legged things in blue standing by while elegant curves of the bare essentials saunter by, until you realise this is private property, where they cannot have you up for spitting, swearing, littering, sleeping under trees and revelation. I suppose I could have been arrested when wading out of the sea onto that public place, the beach, but at Nambassa you can't do a Starsky & Hutch down to the waterfront in your flash patrol car. You have to walk. Tough.

Stomach upsets never struck, though lord only knows why. One bank of toilets was about a hundred yards or so from the food stalls, and by Sunday the prevailing wind was blowing dirt and dust and maybe dried up excrement and tincture of urine in that direction. Admittedly the toilets did not smell, much.

My concern with sunburn and sanitation may mark me as a materialist. It's true. When I saw the organisers were charging sixteen bucks, a knife turned in my stomach and I crossed Nambassa off my calendar. Then I saw a help wanted advertisement for some fast-food stall run by a crowd of hairless worshippers of the hairy rama, and for three dollars an hour I'll go anywhere.

I saw nothing to change my orientation.

Don't get me wrong, man, it was a cool scene, with all hip to grooving and everyone pot-rock tripping into the sun's idyll, like laid back man, like really relaxed, and truth to tell there were no life insurance salesmen or punk rockers in view. And, like those hip cats of our swinging '60s childhood used to say, 'what's so funny about peace, love and understanding?' I'll go next time, even if it costs me money.

But Nambassa was good times and entertainment rather than the alternative culture experience it was billed at. For every couple of dozen people gathered under a parachute learning about massage or tai chi, there were twenty thousand listening to high-technology amplified music. Alternative housing was taught to a few, but thousands arrived with everything from armchairs to the kitchen sink. A few made the half-hour hike to the sea, but thousands just climbed out of their cars and sat down, then climbed back three days later and went home.

Hundreds must have sampled the herbal teas at the tea tent, but thousands stuck to beer, and left the non-biodegradable evidence everywhere.

That tea tent was something. Mats, persian style rugs, a beautiful view, light, air, the wind, and a charge of only 15 cents a cup. Most of the other stalls were charging cosmopolitan prices in the wilderness, and must have been making megabucks. Commerce is the great destroyer of illusions.

Nevertheless, without commerce there could not have been Nambassa. This was no scout-group gathering in a woody dell — this was the spectacle of the instant city. There were 500,000 people there according to the latest guesstimate — it'll be a million by the time our memories get a few months older — and for those kind of numbers you need water works, traffic control, electricity, telephone, creche, takeaways, and allegedly a cop shop. And all that don't come free.

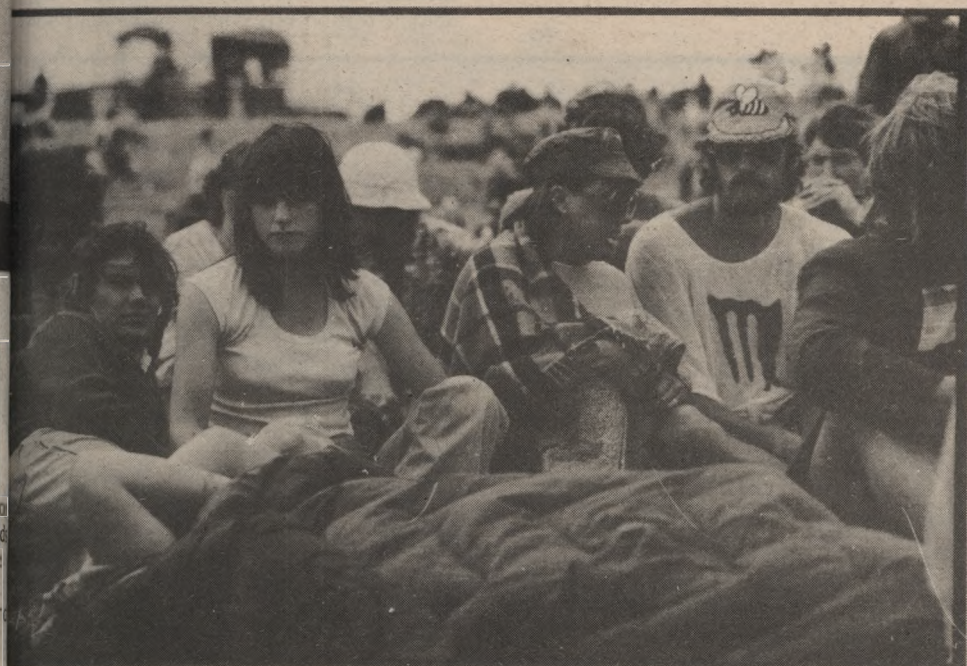
Even if we disregard the above-mentioned super-hype, there were a lot of people in the golden valley. To qualify for a city you need thirty grand, and Nambassa had that by 11 o'clock Saturday morning. It was a big town. The truth of this never struck me till I got back to Auckland and found out there had been demonstrations against the police. I never saw it. A kid drowned. I never heard a whisper. People burnt by falling cinders at the Split Enz concert when rockets went overhead. The police was too big for rumour to inform you.

I must have been in danger of being a rocket casualty myself, for I went to the Split Enz concert. Tucked up in my sleeping bag under the night sky before it started, I had an excellent view of the stage over all the heads. Then the band came on, and before I had even a glimpse of the stage, all the mothers surged to their feet like it was the Second Coming.

From where I was, about fifty yards from the stage, the cries of 'Sit Down' and 'Squat' and the furious insults — "W...an's Weekly reader" — were at times as loud as the music. It was Tim Finn, I think, who took the microphone and gaily said, "This is Nambassa, so you have to sort things out for yourself." Maybe he thought he was at an alternative culture festival or something, but mainstream Kiwis have pretty crude ways of sorting things out. It's said there were beer cans thrown. I didn't see them, but I got splattered with beer from the air.

I curled up on the ground, quite warm, ignored the occasional moron who stepped on my hair, and eventually went to sleep.

Hugh Cook



Gypsy, camp steward for Mahana, was ready to spill the beans. "I done my homework" he proudly announced, "and the famous Nambassa tribe of the New Hebrides, after whom this event is named, derive that name from the large size of the dried gourds worn by the male members of the tribe as penis sheaths, their only clothing. So this is quite literally the Waihi Cock-up." Uncomfortable as it may be, the home truth imparted by this year's festival is that the peace and love brigade are outnumbered something like 5 to 1 by beer guzzling ockers whose only interests — repeatedly chanted at performers on the main stage — are sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll.

The general standard of music at the festival was low, despite delays of two hours before each of the main bands appeared. There seems to be a point of diminishing returns with crowds; after a certain number, more means idiotic. The warm audience vibes of last year were absent, replaced by a mindless beercan throwing mob.

Nambassa '79 was about as interested in alternative culture as any other town of 60,000 which is to say hardly at all. The police were doing a grand job of standing around the stage front, taking numerous photographs and busting otherwise innocent dopers — which says much for the political solidarity, or lack of it, evidenced by the masses. I suppose it is marginally more sporting to bust the inevitable smokers at a rock festival than it is to dynamite trout from Lake Taupo, but it's a narrow margin.

Despite the busloads of cops there were a lot of thefts: sleeping bags, personal effects and at least one whole tent complete with contents. We had a travelling bag stolen from our tent, and the subsequent lack of underwear, prescription glasses, money and fags, put a bit of a damper on the whole event; but then, to promote peace, love, and understanding, there's always some bastard who insists on missing the point.

My favourite act was the Half Moon Band from Tauranga, whose music derives its strength from enthusiasm, humour and hard work. They did a good hour on the main stage, the highlight of which was a dramatic presentation of the rise and fall of Doctor Disco, a black masked evil genius complete with Boston Shuffling henchman, whose money powered disco machine causes any musician within range to play disco music. His song "Money makes the sweetest Music" is the only disco number I have ever thoroughly enjoyed. Some of the comedy was a little laboured (Like a three foot joint with JOINT written on it) but their humour is infectious and the sound of a band switching one member at a time from disco to reggae has to be heard to be fully appreciated. The half moons also scored with a version of Frank Zappa's "Road Ladies", a parody blues (Don't you ever miss your house in the country/ and your hot little mama too/ don't it ever make you just want to stop/ what the road ladies do to you). This band has great potential as a comedy rock outfit — a distinct gap in contemporary NZ music — and the future of their brilliant lady vocalist/flautist is assured.

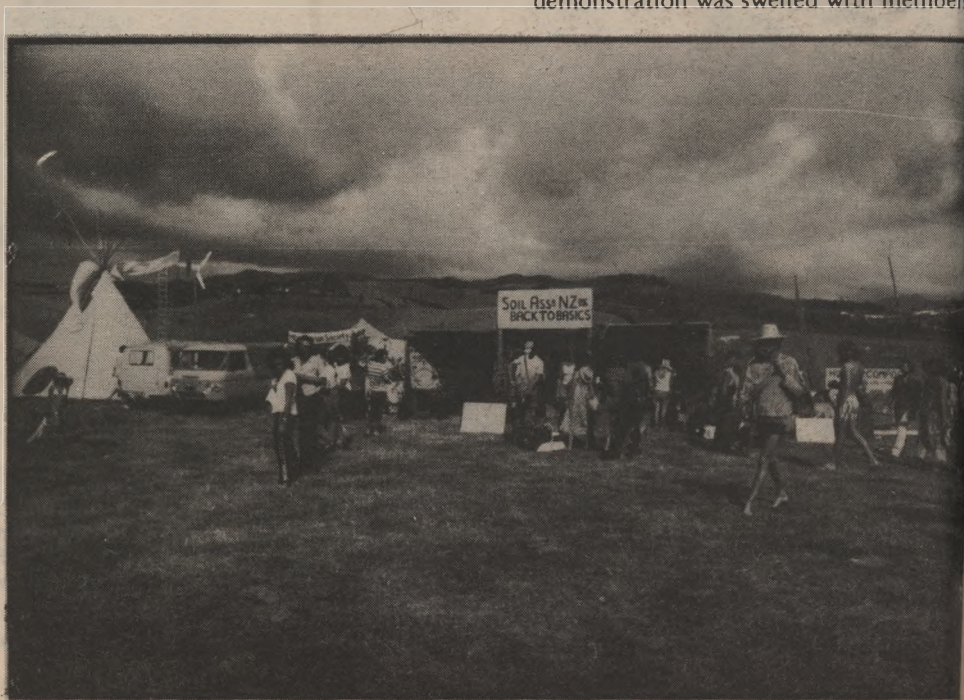
If Half Moon Band came off best, surely The Plague were worst, living up to their name as something to be avoided. The shock appeal of four vocalists dressed only in body paint drew a fair sized crowd of terminal onanists but as usual the pretentious caperings of Richard von Sturmer and the general lack of a coherent musical direction makes this band more a theatrical than musical experience, and ineffective



theatre at that. The songs are von Sturmer's hate poems set to cacophonous backing; mercifully this was their farewell gig.

I enjoyed the festival, mostly for the number of long lost friends I bumped into, and the warmth that pervaded the garbage strewn site after the crowd had gone home, and the hippies were once again the dominant influence, but I'm glad there won't be another next year — would it be too much to hope for that some enterprising digger organises a small scale free festival somewhere else? We could do without the Little River Band (so called because they were piss-poor) and the blase jock announcers and the huge admission price — all it takes is the use of a paddock for a week, a ground level stage, and grapevine advertising. At least we wouldn't keep falling over piles of empty cans and bottles and we might even have time for some of that obsolete hippie bullshit, peace, love, and understanding.

Alex James



Although the papers and the festival organisers have attempted to portray the recent Nambassa as "three days of love and peace", NZ's Woodstock, (only ten years too late), a darker side of the festival was reflected in the court reports. Over seventy people were arrested by police over the weekend and although a few arrests were for minor theft, the great majority of them were for possessing or smoking dope. The police had originally been called by the festival organisers to assist with crowd and traffic control, but proceeded to spend most of their time looking for dope smokers, using binoculars to scan the crowd and plainclothes policemen, some with old clothes and long hair to fool undiscerning hippies.

Over thirty people were busted on the first day and as a result a demonstration was organised against the activities of the police. The demonstration marched through the main concert area and about two thousand people marched up the hill to where the police van and caravan were parked. It was clear that most people were not just concerned about the dope arrests but also about the fact that the cops were at the festival at all. The general feeling was that if the festival organisers are really concerned about developing alternatives they should have organised an alternative to the police. However, the demonstration dispersed when one of the conference organisers made a speech stating that they needed the police for crowd and traffic control.

There were several more arrests the next day and so another meeting was held at 4 pm. This time, not only the festival organisers but several leaders of the Marijuana Party (the organisers of the first demonstration) were opposed to any further action. The festival organisers were concerned that if the police were harassed then they wouldn't be allowed to hold another festival and the Marijuana Party leaders were worried about the possibility of violence affecting their public image. The festival organisers plan to make a donation to the Marijuana Party from the profits and it is also not unlikely that the prospect of this donation being withdrawn affected the Marijuana Party leader's decision.

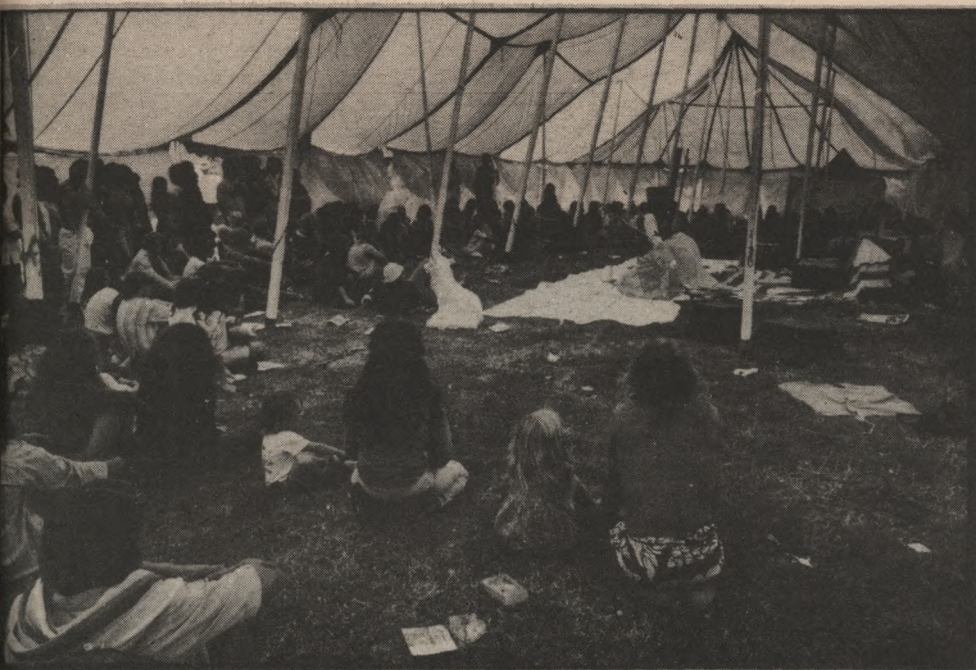
However, most people at the meeting were adamant that the cops had not heeded the first demonstration and that more action would have to be taken. The meeting ended with most of these present setting off towards the police vans once again. The demonstration was swelled with members

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of the concert audience and demonstrators killed two pigs with one stone by collecting rubbish from around the grounds and depositing it in front of, at, or on top of the police vans. Festival organisers finally managed to kill the demonstration by announcing (during the scheduled break in the programme) that the music would stop until the protestors left the police alone.

It was pretty obvious that the confrontation at Nambassa was over more than just drugs. Whatever you think of dope smoking, it's clear that the new drug laws are being used to give police massive powers of search and entry which can be used to harass anyone they wish. What upset the cops at Nambassa was not so much that dope was being smoked but that it was being flouted. No arrests had been made at the festival the year before and the police were concerned that their reputation was in jeopardy. Consequently they set out to enforce the law rigidly and show those present that they couldn't defy the power of the state. The demonstrators in turn were concerned about the whole presence of the police at the festival and their offensive conduct.

The role of the festival organisers was also questionable and showed just how far they were prepared to go with their doctrine of "love and peace" — only as far as their profits were not affected and there were no big "hassles". When confronted by the police they simply gave in and in fact took the side of the police in their attempts to stop any confrontation.

This was in line with the way they ran the rest of the festival. Political groups such as To Matakite O Aotearoa were shunted to one side and massive publicity was given to various eastern cults, sects and crapped out gurus from overseas. The wealth of culture in NZ, particularly Maori and other Polynesian culture was brushed aside and "safer" Eastern culture was promoted. Anything political such as Social Credit also suffered the same fate. As the "alternative" movement becomes more and more integrated within The System. If the festival showed nothing else, it showed that a real alternative movement can only be organised by strong progressive organisations which are pushing for real change and are prepared to confront the power of the state and not just prop it up.

M. C.



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Skin Deep

What have George Wilder (prison escaper extraordinary), the great fire of 1918, and Geoff Steven (film director) got in common? Well, they all did their thing in Raetihi.

Geoff Steven's 'thing' is Skin Deep, New Zealand's newest feature film which opens nationwide on February 24. Skin Deep was shot entirely on location in Raetihi and, for the third time this century, rocketed that town into national fame.

From these humble beginnings, Skin Deep had its world premiere in November at the prestigious and competitive Chicago Film Festival - and got noticed. Called by Variety 'New Zealand's long awaited breakthrough film', Skin Deep is a quietly witty satire on those good old middle-class double standards and sexual hypocrisy in New Zealand.

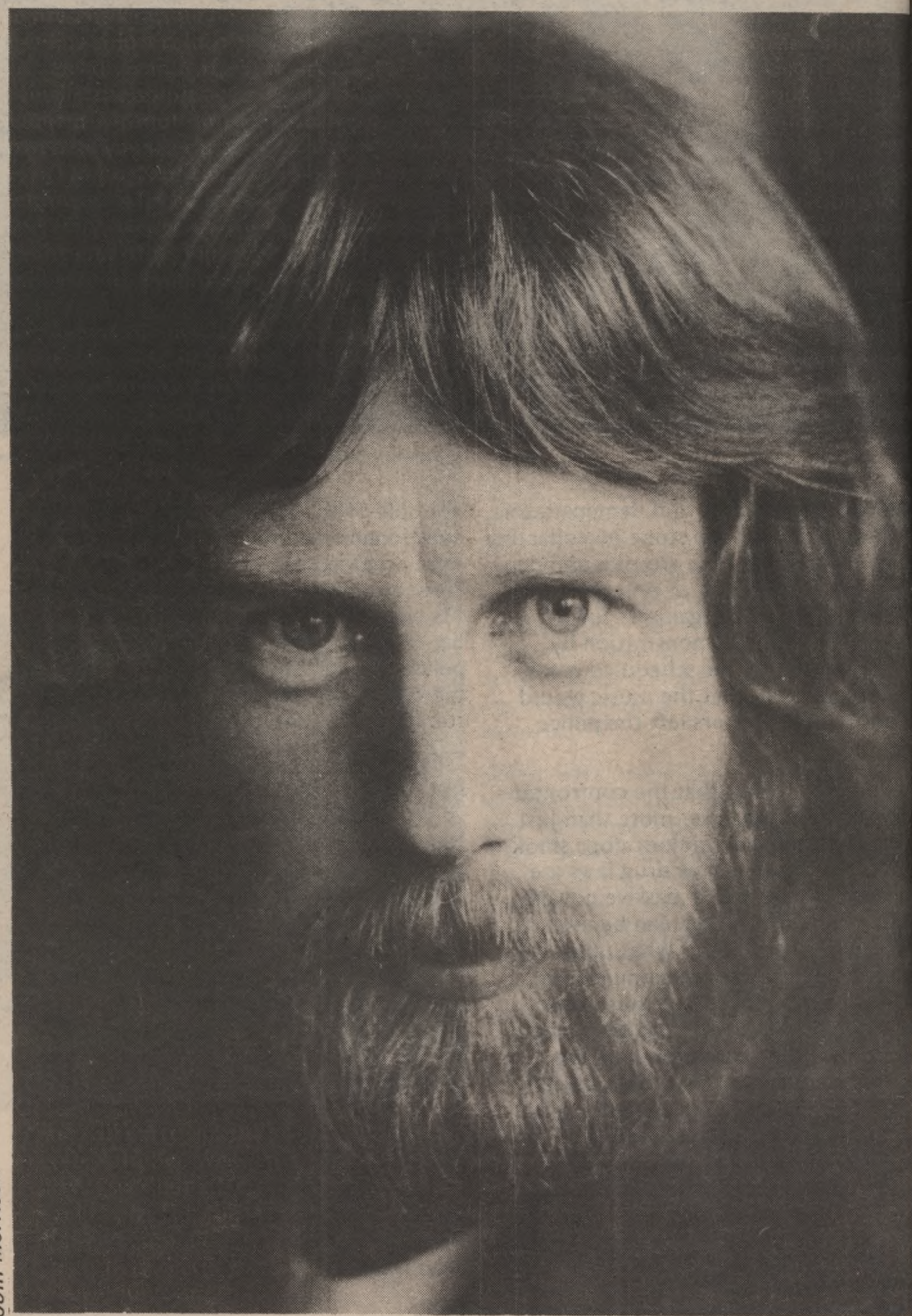
Produced by John Maynard, Skin Deep stars Deryn Cooper (who plays a masseuse in the film), Ken Blackburn, Grant Tilly, and Alan Jervis. Thirty-two year old director Geoff Steven has previously made

Our feature film industry seems to periodically revive itself for a year or two then lapse. In 1977-78 we've seen Wildman, Sleeping Dogs, Solo, Angel Mine, and now Skin Deep. Do you think this newest 'new wave' is here to stay?

Well normally the excuse is that it all depends on the amount of money that's around. Judging on the size of the population in N.Z. we're never going to have a large number of feature films - good ones - annually. So I think that as long as the government Film Commission stays longer than this 3 year tentative time it's been set up for - and this is one problem that it's only been set up for 3 years to see what happens - that's a very conservative attitude; as long as there is money staying around longer than a 3 year term, we'll eventually shake down to one, maybe two at the most, feature films a year. I think this is the size of the industry that the country will be able to hold.



Grant Tilly plays a frustrated accountant in Skin Deep



Skin Deep director Geoff Steven

documentaries for TV1's Seven Days and SPTV's Perspective series. In 1975 he directed a documentary for television called Te Matakite O Aotearoa - on the Maori Land March, and later did some of the camerawork on the hang-gliding feature Off The Edge, an Academy Award nominee. Steven is probably best known for his camerawork and editing in Test Pictures, the experimental N.Z. feature film of a few years back.

Geoff recently took time off to talk to Karl Mutch about the secrets of feature film production: *The budget for Skin Deep was \$180,000. How was this money raised?*

The first money raised was an investment from the Film Commission which is a 'last out' investment from the government organization which we managed to get started the year that we got Skin Deep off the ground. That was \$70,000. Amalgamated Theatres invested a small amount in the film and the rest came from private investors. We used the precedent of the government investment and their 'last out' terms to attract private investing.

Some of our recent features seem to share certain enzed preoccupations - the most obvious perhaps being the 'man (or woman) alone' thing. How do you see Skin Deep fitting in here?

A lot of the other films tend to use as a positive vehicle the thing which Skin Deep tends to be a bit critical and analytical of - which is mateship, men together. Skin Deep has guys together doing things, as Sleeping Dogs had, Wildman had - Solo is more of a different thing - but Skin Deep comments on this aspect of NZ culture - the mateship of males. The lone character in our film is a woman but she is also the strongest character in the film ultimately. She is not weak, alienated, lost from the ongoing norm of society.

What I think Skin Deep does, it tends to question the so-called norm of society and throw up the woman as a counterpoint to that. So yes, I think probably film theoreticians will be able to drag tenuous links out of them all. They all look pretty different, and I think that's the crucial thing.

Hopefully they all are developing - so that each one is getting a little bit better, with a more mature look at the issues, as they go along. *The film has a 'local' feel - not just the location, but a local film crew, home-grown cast and the processing was done here at the Film Unit. It's a very kiwi film isn't it?*

I wouldn't call it a kiwi film. O.K, it's a film that's a N.Z. production in as much that we use all local resources. We did this not because we're particularly patriotic - especially with the processing in the lab, but we got a good deal from them. We said to the N.Z. lab that we had such and such offer from Australian labs and if you can't match that we'll go to Australia. They did match it and we got a good service.

What about the actors?

We used N.Z. actors because I wanted people who looked natural coming in and out of the small shops, that built up the mosaic of the town. The film is half a dozen actors keyed into the existing community so in some ways it's got a

kind of documentary feel and by having local actors at least they didn't stand out as actors acting small town people in relationship to the overall community that we were establishing in the film. *It's a N.Z. film in that it looks at N.Z. issues.*

With a N.Z. sense of humour, too?

Sure, the humour, and I think there's quite a lot of humour, is very identifiably N.Z. It isn't the ocker N.Z. humour in the way of the Dagg sort of humour. I think this is why people like the film - they actually identify with the humour. So you could say it's kiwi in inverted commas. Because it does look at 'the kiwi' - the person who says of himself when he goes overseas - 'I'm a kiwi' rather than 'I'm a New Zealander'. Skin Deep looks at that area of society. It doesn't laugh at them but more with them, and ultimately at ourselves because we're all part of this beast.

The other practical advantage of having it a total N.Z. production is that it keeps the budget down to a realistic level and we've trained a lot of

technicians, people on the film.

So what about

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Deryn Cooper as the masseuse who tries to get away from all, in *Skin Deep*.

attract these people back to the cinema, the people who go to N.Z. theatre now, we'll get this broad base audience.

Hopefully *Skin Deep* will enter into the culture. People are already talking about the 'Skin Deep syndrome' when it comes to their treatment in small towns or their treatment in big cities - because Auckland is still a small town internationally. N.Z. is a nation of small towns. So if these sorts of things can happen, if the film can enter the culture and get people discussing, debating the issues, then I think we're getting the audience that ultimately the film's aimed at.

Are we going to see Skin Deep T-shirts or a book?

Oh yes. To tie in with the audience thing - there's a novel out which is a very funny novel, written after the film. In most films you get maybe a novel first, then a film, but we've actually novelized the film. It's slightly different from the film in its approach but has all the scenes from the film, it's still written on the film.

The novel goes straight into paperback because we want to get it into the dairies, into bookshops, into the airport, so that it gets out to people who don't normally buy N.Z. literature. They don't sort of waddle into Whitcoulls and look at the N.Z. literature shelf, they go to the dairy and buy a book called *Skin Deep* and say my God this is written on N.Z. As well there's a record out from one of the songs in the film with Beaver and The Flyers.

We can't do a *Jaws* because marketing costs money. If we could spend the money on marketing a major film like *Jaws*, which probably would be twice our production budget, then maybe we'd get everybody in the country to see it. But we can't do that this time.

What's your next project?

Two major projects next. We're going to China for two months to do two 50 minute documentaries with Rewi Alley, travelling through China. That's a major documentary series. Already we're working on a script for a feature film to be shot around about this time next year which is completely different from *Skin Deep*, but we're already getting that project under way.

In film-making you tend to have to work years ahead. You slowly pull the money together and your senses together to actually get the audacity to say Christ we're gonna do another one.

Any predictions for Skin Deep?

The main danger is that people will say 'Oh, I heard of that N.Z. film but I never went and saw it.' This time I hope that they'll say 'Oh it sounds good and there's interesting issues involved', and they'll go along.

Because unless an audience goes along to N.Z. films and they start making some dollars in the box office, then the Commission won't survive and then we won't have an industry and people will be saying again that we're a culture without the major element of it being satisfied by indigenous product, which is film.

So go out there and buy your tickets folks.

technicians, people who've had experience on the film.

So what about international appeal?

I was invited to the international Chicago festival. It went down very well.

The reviews we got from Chicago were pretty encouraging. They called it a darkly humorous film, that treated its characters well and captured the feeling of the small town. Talking to the people who saw *Skin Deep* in Chicago where 600 people saw it and we had a discussion afterwards - they said the situation of an outsider in a small town is a universal situation. It could be a mid-Western American town except they're doing particularly N.Z. things in our film: like having wood chops, and singing 'God Defend New Zealand'. So I think it has an international feel. But it's a film which, in a commercial sense, is not an obviously exploitable commercial property.

Why is that?

Because it doesn't exploit the characters. It is more of a low key film than that, in international terms. But we're getting very good critical response on the film.

That's what we want to do with *Skin Deep*. We want to build up a critical tradition for N.Z. cinema. And if the film can be critically successful in N.Z., because it is a popular entertainment film, then I think we've managed to get quite a stable basis to start things off on.

Variety called the film 'soberly paced'.

Do you agree?

Then again, Wynne Colgan in the N.Z. Herald called it a script that 'fairly crackles along'. I think it can be viewed either way - that is the strange thing about *Skin Deep*.

How do you mean?

Well, when you see it the narrative line is very slow. There isn't a murder in the first few minutes and then we spend the rest of the time finding out who did it. But there's a lot of information packed in the film. There are a lot of sequences and a lot of different situations. So I think probably in the conventional narrative sense it is quite a slow film. It gradually builds up this mosaic of N.Z. and then climaxes at the end where all the elements dovetail. It's got quite a fast ending where

lots of things happen, a lot of things are answered. But then, on an informational level, if you read the film just as what it's saying about the country and people and interpersonal relationships, then I think there's plenty in it and it does travel quite fast.

What kind of audience is Skin Deep aimed at?

We are aiming *Skin Deep* at a broad N.Z. audience. We believe that there's an audience out there of people who want to go and see films on their own culture that are relevant to their own culture, and *Skin Deep* is that. We want to get people who haven't been to the movies recently or who haven't seen a N.Z. film, to come and see the film. We want to get people from the suburbs - try and generate a new audience profile.

This is happening in N.Z. theatre now.

Right. N.Z. theatre is starting to get people coming out to see N.Z. plays. *Skin Deep* is a humorous film, there's a lot in it, there are a lot of identifiable situations to New Zealanders so hopefully if we can

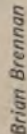
As your music editor, I would like you to have some idea of what to expect from the music page in the coming year. Primarily I will be doing my best to keep you informed on the music scene both on and off campus, providing advance information on concert appearances in the Auckland area, and new albums on general release, with constructively critical reviews wherever possible. If you are able to write a short review there will be free concert tickets and albums from time to time, so watch this space.

I think it would be a good idea to give you some advance warning of what won't be covered on the music page, and why : off we go with DISCO, PUNK AND OTHER STERILE TRENDS for being at best derivative and pretentious and at worst downright retrogressive. SINGLES, MAXI SINGLES AND OTHER PROMOTIONAL GIMMICKRY for being blatant merchandising ripoffs. ABBA, DONNA SUMMER, AND ANYONE ELSE TAKING TV ADVERTISING.... for much the same reasons as singles, with the added note that this manipulative process contributes to the decline of music from an art form into a purely commercial exercise in lowest-common-denominator market creation. ROCK GOSSIP, IN DEPTH INTERVIEWS WITH LOCAL BANDS that's what *RIP IT UP's* for: I take the title literally but I guess you don't have to.

I will also be doing what I can to foster an interest in home-made music among you with THE BOOGIE PRIMER, an A to Z of simple licks to turn the rankest amateur into overnight star material (don't forget us when you have your own record company). The primer is at the edge of the page for easy removal, and builds week by week into an impressive sheaf of yellowing newsprint.

If you disagree with any of the necessarily opinionated views expressed on the music page, feel free to write in in defence of your favourite album when I slate it dead : all legible letters will be printed, if necessary with snappy editorial put-downs attached.

© Private Eye



*Lindisfarne in
Laidlaw and S*

Picture the scene: the lush elegance of the Mon Desir, soft music, coin operated breathaliser, five shaggy hippies smoking roll-ups and arguing about football. Enter Craccum correspondent - yes gin and tonic please - almost opaque geordie dialect hiding the causes of loud laughter. Si Cowe and Alan Hull detach themselves and prepare to answer the same old questions one more time.

Craccum: *What would you say are the main effects of being apart for five years?*
Alan Hull: We've diversified: everybody in the band did different things while we were apart and we've brought these diverse elements back into the band, so there's a freshness, we've grown and broadened - we've always had similar tastes and we can put them together in better shape now.

Si Cowe: What it comes right down to, is that one of us will offer the rest of the band a new song on acoustic guitar, we've all got more diverse things to put into it and we can make a more interesting sound than we could before.

Craccum: Does the new album represent any significant departure from the styles of the earlier albums?

Alan Hull: It represents a significant point of departure for what is really a new band; it did its job well, it's not the best we'll ever make, but it's a good platform to build on.

Craccum: *Could the conditions that produced the split ever arise again?*

Alan Hull: When we reformed it was an unconscious five way decision after the five reunion concerts at the Newcastle City Hall, which Broke Rod Stewart's attendance record

Alan Hull: We thought, we've had five years to find out what went wrong, this time we're going to do it properly. We're

not going to break anybody's heart, we want the music to come out but we aren't going to break our minds doing it. We're in control of our music now and we're all happy.

Craccum: *Is there a strong socialist element in what you write and perform?*
Alan Hull: Definitely, right from the start.

Si Cowe: There's a strong socialist, stal banality, l
working man's spirit about the whole of enthusiastic ab
the North East, we've always been part r very stoned.
that and reflected it in what we do. They finishe
There's a song on the new album about tin applause a
the Jarrow March, and it's an important Richard Wild's
song for us. erraplane tool

Craccum: *You've done a lot of college gigs - would you say that students are the backbone of your audience?*

Alan Hull: To start with we were a college band, students were the first to pick up on the music, and that's how we got established, but that's five years ago. The students have grown up, there's a new crop of teenyboppers who've never heard our music before, there's teenagers bored w/ punk, ageing hippies, it goes right across the board.

Craccum: The single of 'Juke Box Gypsies' had different lyrics in the UK - why was that?

Alan Hull: That was a mistake. We were told by the record company that BBC radio wouldn't play it cause the lyrics were 'a bit dirty', but it's really just

double entendre, there's no REAL filth in it - I mean, the Who have got this single that says "who the fuck are you" you can't mistake it. If we release it here it will come straight off the album and no messing about.

Si Cowe: It's just the BBC you know, that bunch of fascist geriatric boring old ladies who decide what's gonna be number one



Lindisfarne in concert; left to right: Ray Jackson, Rod Clements, Alan Hull, Ray Laidlaw and Simon Cowe.

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Western Springs is a pleasant enough place to spend a bank holiday afternoon, particularly when there's a top line band here and you don't have anyone climbing up your back for a better view. I arrived as Citizen Band were playing their usual set - if there is anyone in Auckland who hasn't seen them yet, their music is tuneless and the lyrics sometimes transcend total banality, but it's hard to get enthusiastic about them unless very drunk or very stoned. They finished their set to a mixture of thin applause and gentle catcalls and Richard Wild's much touted new band Terraplane took the stage for their first public appearance, and judging from the audience reaction it should have been a farewell set - their own songs failed to stand up, and an embarrassingly limp rendition of 'Sultans of Swing' switched the audience off for good. Exit Terraplane, thinner applause and louder catcalls, and after an hour of the Stranglers while the road crew wallied around the stage Lindisfarne finally appeared at 5.30, an hour and a half late.

Their music was solid and entertaining, everyone was too modest to get up and dance so we all sat appreciatively on the grass, trying to sound like a bigger crowd when it came time to applaud. The songs stood up well without the string backing that appears on the album, and the band were obviously relaxed without being lazy. For me the best songs were those

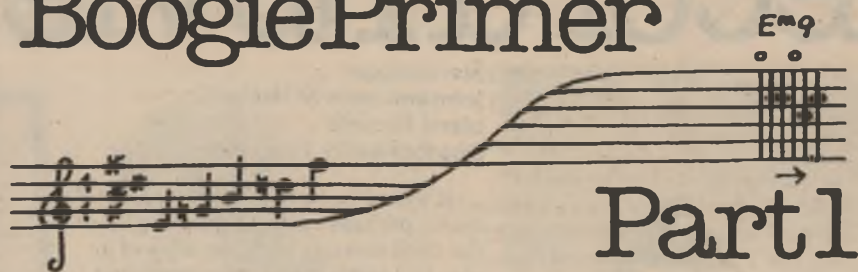
with Rod Clements playing violin, particularly 'Marshal Riley's Army' a song about the Jarrow hunger marches. Exemplary renditions of *Meet me on the Corner*, *Lady Eleanor* and *Dingly Dell* had us awash with nostalgia, but the most entertaining part of the show was undoubtedly Ray Jackson's comic raves with gestures and sound effects. Playing the 'Flateolet' or fartophone, made by careful manipulation of two fingers over the lips ("You all got two fingers, haven't you? Now now don't be crude, you dirty buggers, keep them together"). In the course of one rave he did imitations of an ancient bus starting up, a Triumph 650 ("None of your Japanese crap") and a Spitfire taking off and crashing, so frighteningly accurate that I was peering at the mixer to see if someone had substituted a taped effect on the sly, faithless bastard that I am.

It is Ray's harmonica playing that provides the most easily identifiable element in the bands sound, seemingly breathing through it more than blowing it. Alan Hull, who writes the bulk of the songs, played heavy rock riffs on an acoustic guitar, and sang with enough bite to carry the lyrics over his heavy Geordie accent and the rest of the band, singing with feeling and determination.

It was a great show, with no corners cut or concessions made to the paucity of the numbers present. If only you'd been there

DICKHEAD of the year award goes to Nick Chape, a.k.a Nick Adrian, the lack of brains behind the aborted Lindisfarne tour. With maximum media coverage of the band, the only factor that was needed to guarantee a profitable crowd at Western Springs was adequate publicity for the concert. All that appeared was some badly printed posters featuring a very fuzzy photograph which were sparingly flyposted in Queen Street, a few small advertisements in the newspapers and on-the-day radio promotion. Lindisfarne played brilliantly to a crowd that broke all attendance records at the Springs, with an all time low of just 400 tickets sold. Chape, salvaging all he could of his bank balance, cancelled the band's reservations at the Mon Desir hotel and cashed in their return tickets home. A disillusioned band cancelled their Australian gigs and paid for their own airfares back to England.

Boogie Primer

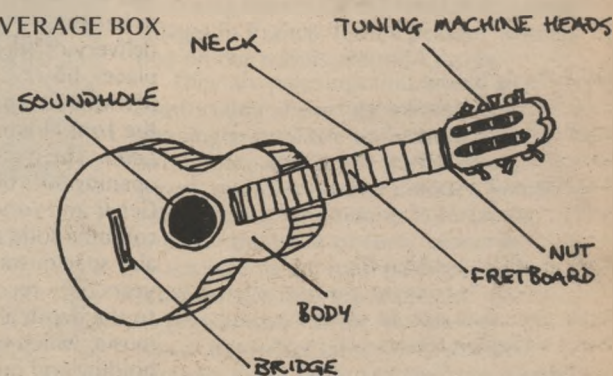


After much deliberation (it actually took about ten seconds) it was decided that the boogie primer will be for guitar - among the many reasons for this are that there's lots of them about if you don't want to buy one, they are the cheapest and most portable polyphonic instrument if you do, and you can develop quite a passable technique without having to learn to read music.

BUYING A GUITAR

Unless you are rich or you already know exactly what you want to play, its best to start with a secondhand "box", though the points to look for are much the same for new ones, which cost about 3 times as much.

WHERE'S WHAT ON YER AVERAGE BOX



SPANISH VERSUS STEEL

A spanish guitar has nylon based strings, fat barrels on the machine heads, a wide neck and a flat fretboard. It's easy on the fingers and has a deep resonant tone, like a piano with the loud pedal on.

A steel guitar, as the name suggests, has steel strings, narrow barrels on the machine heads, a slight outward curve on the fretboard and an adjustable action. It is harder on the fingers and is usually played with a plectrum or fingerpicks. It has a loud bright sound, though its note decays (loses initial volume) more quickly than a spanish note.

In general the spanish guitar is best for a beginner, unless you want to emulate Jimi Hendrix and play electric lead lines. The main advantages are that you don't need callouses on your fingertips to play in comfort, and the wider neck gives your bumbling fingers less chance of getting in each others way. Having learned on a spanish guitar the transition to steel technique is relatively swift and painless.

WHAT TO CHECK FOR

- (1) Does it have a hole in it? Not the neat round one in the middle, but a ragged one somewhere else - if so, keep your dollar in your pocket and put this one back on the rack.
- (2) Are there any cracks, anywhere? Check EVERY SINGLE SEAM. Cracks can usually be fixed up quickly and cheaply, but more important they tend to be indicative of the sort of treatment that suffs up the delicate relationship twixt neck and body (Guitars are a lot like people)
- (3) Perhaps the most important point, is the neck straight? Sight along both sides of the fretboard from both ends - it should be as straight as a pencil. On a steel guitar a slight uniform concave curve can be corrected by removing the triangular plate next to the nut and tightening the steel rod that runs through the neck with 5mm Allen key.
- (4) Does it stay in tune when fretted? To check this, find the octave fret (13th from the nut - usually marked), and rest your finger lightly on the string directly above the fret. Now pluck the string - you should hear the octave harmonic (what you have done is halved the length of the string) Now play the string, with your finger holding it down just behind the octave fret, and listen for any difference in pitch between the two notes. Do this with every string. Unless the bridge is laterally adjustable or free standing, any difference means you've got a lemon. If the bridge is adjustable, set it so that harmonic and fretted octaves are the same for every string.
- (5) Is the action comfortable? The action is the distance the string has to travel before it hits the fretboard; if it's too low the string will rattle, if it's too high you'll get cramp in your left hand. As a general rule, the string should be no more than 5mm from the octave fret, and preferably less. Steel guitars have large screws in the bridge for raising and lowering the action, and further adjustments can be made to the neck rod (see point 3). On a Spanish guitar the best you can do is file down the plastic bridge piece.

NEXT WEEK - STRINGS, CARE AND MAINTENANCE, AND YER FIRST SONG

Alex James

Record Reviews



Stormbringer
John and Beverly Martin
Island Records
Distribution by Festival

It's hard to convey the mood of John's music, perhaps easier to describe Beverly's. Her crisp delivery provides a bit of an edge to John's sometimes smothered rambling. The Martins' approach on both this album and their later *Road to Ruin* has its own distinct identity, tinged with folk and jazz but loose in both idioms. There is some fine piano from Paul Harris, intuitive and original bass by Harvey Brooks and the help of excellent session musicians - Levon Helm of *The Band* amongst them - carries this album in places. At the time this was recorded Beverly had yet to find the balanced flow shown in her songs on *Road to Ruin* and her delivery of the sensitive lyrics drags in places, however John's wimsey provides lift when it's needed on *Woodstock* (not the Joni Mitchell song) and *Traffic light Lady*. The meat of the album is in the opening cuts on each side, *Go Out And Get It* and *John The Baptist* which combine solid musical direction with an airy spaciousness. That this album is ten years old - recorded in '69 - is a tribute to the depth and character of the Martins' music, which refuses chronological pigeon-holding and outshines a great deal of contemporary material.

Patrick Doyle



It's Alive
Ozark Mountain Daredevils
A & M Records
Distributed by Festival

The phenomenal financial success of *Frampton Comes Alive* has spawned a glut of double live albums, which appear now at the rate of one a week - but this one rises above the mass and shows the Ozarks at their live best: it has a gutsy, shit-kicking energy that moves in a closed circuit from band to audience and back again, gathering steam as it goes: the shouts, screams and footstomping of the crowd augment the rhythm section to give an irresistible powerhouse momentum to the sound.

Blue grass and rock make a good marriage, both owing their appeal to synecopation and enthusiastic performance. The combination of banjo, fiddle, mandolin and harmonica with rock and roll band gives a feeling that is at once professional and intimate. One of the 5 new songs on this album, *Satisfied Mind* was recorded in the gents toilet of the McDonald Arena in Springfield, Missouri: the acoustics are unparalleled in any studio.

The single '*Jackie Blue*' is well handled on the album, though the commercial feel of this song does not reflect the overall approach of the band which is in general grunter and more infectious. 16 songs guaranteed to get the most blasé Parnell party on its feet and dancing.

Alex James



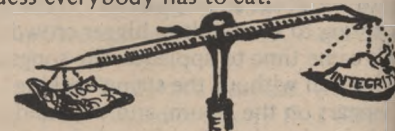
Back and Fourth:
Lindisfarne
Mercury Records Thru Polygram

From 1970 to 1973 Lindisfarne were one of Britain's top bands, with a string of folkified top twenty successes to their credit. Fronted by folk singer Alan Hull, their music was always rough, ready and never had any pretensions to the Art-Rock genre in which so many of their talented British contemporaries drowned. Almost six years ago they suddenly split, reforming only for an annual rite - the Christmas Concert before their fellow Georgies at Newcastle City Hall.

Early last year Lindisfarne decided to give it another bash and recorded this comeback album with original cast in tow. By and large it's the old story of Angry Young-Man-Goes-Mellow (look at Dylan's smoother production, insidious strings, the background, and inoffensive love-lyrics uplifted straight from the sixties. Did I say inoffensive? Well, not quite - the BBC won't let '*Juke Box Gypsy*' be heard on their waves (Jukebox gypsy shake me/ Juke box gypsy break me/ If I get out of hand/ Just pass me a gland' - unfortunately Alan Hull sometimes displays as much taste as the Sex Pistols but it hardly deserves banning). It is perhaps a similar slip in taste that allows the orchestra to wail along behind the single release, '*Run for Home*', which is so strong in concert with the band alone.

Only '*Marshall Riley's Army*' really manages to transcend the general flatness of the album. A song about the 1936 Jarrow Hunger March, its strength derives from its subject matter being close to the hearts of the band (genuine sons of the soil from Northumbria); it was this brazen working-class element which distinguished early Lindisfarne from the likes of Yes. That the outstanding track on the album should be the solitary political and most folksy of the collection should be ample warning for Mr Hull and Co: may they never wander too far from their roots.

Heading for the Middle of the Road, Lindisfarne are both discarding their originality and uniqueness and trying to appeal to a broad market. Though this album is one of the best offerings in the vein I've heard for some time, they are capable of much better. If only for the sake of their artistic/cultural integrity they ought to be exploring in the opposite direction, away from the centre, but I guess everybody has to eat.



And so Lindisfarne have run for home, tails between legs, leaving a handful with the memory of a superb concert (albeit not as well patronised/advertised as Ms Bowie's) and an album which just doesn't compare with the real thing. But give it a listen, it's quite nice and remember, anything that can get played on radio these days that's not disco must be doing society a favour.

Brian Brennan



Midnight Believer
B.B. King
ABC Records
Distribution RCA

B.B. King is a grand old man of rock, here playing rich, fat blues breaks around songs written by his keyboard player Joe Sample. B.B. King was playing those licks thirty years ago, but what the hell, they're still being imitated by lead guitarists everywhere. King doesn't scream, yell, grow his hair long or wear jeans on stage, he just painstakingly shows us how it should be done, one more time. Jellyroll Morton might not approve of the lush string accompaniments to some of these songs, but blues has been around a long, long time and it has to make some token concession to contemporary tastes, and the strings are supportive and do not intrude. Da Blooze at its best.

Alex James

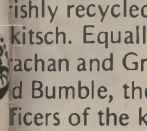
Underella
Roger Hall
Mercury Theatre

This year Mr. Underella has been a paragon of the past time, a paragon of the Feb. It was a credit. Fronted by folk singer Alan Hull, their music was always rough, ready and never had any pretensions to the Art-Rock genre in which so many of their talented British contemporaries drowned. Almost six years ago they suddenly split, reforming only for an annual rite - the Christmas Concert before their fellow Georgies at Newcastle City Hall.

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Brian Brennan

Catherine McGee

Reviews

Cinderella
Roger Hall
Mercury Theatre

This year Mercury presented, for the first time, a pantomime from 5 Jan to Feb. It was an experiment which proved to be a great success; tired parents were delighted to use the opportunity to keep the kids occupied. They were probably pleasantly surprised with what a homegrown version of trad panto offered them in the way of entertainment. Mercury's troopers really threw themselves into the show and their enthusiasm red the audience to singing and clapping, along with boos and hisses to scare the bad fairy. The plot is pretty thin and there are lots of long scene changes which are filled with jokes and cooking sessions, complete with ads for cheese and sing-alongs.

Of NZ's enthusiasms, Hall comments not quite on the dieting and jogging fanaticism which plagues our streets. The king is well padded to obesity, (think what bad effects we have, according to the ANZAAS nutrition experts?), and is promptly put on a starvation diet and 'get Fit' in the form of jogging and cycling - which he continues throughout the show with no apparent improvement to his rotund figure. Also there are hundreds of topical jokes taken from theatres' great competitor, the idiot box. The best as when the hungry enzymes nearly ate Baron Hardup and without the anti-rink powder he wouldn't have been able to go to the ball.

It is a take-off as well as a good keen bodzone version of panto. The schmaltzy schmaltz of Cinders and her Prince charming, whom she charms to speech, is a bit much for me. Every time they are presented with the good old spotlight and the Mancini strings for effect, to which the kids and grannies all hopped. Even worse than that pair were the Good Fairy, too twee for words, and the revolting mouse called Willie McNab, played by Alma Woods. The kids loved it but they can keep them both for their own care.

We were well compensated however by the hilarious, unsuppressable and irrepressible humour of the ugly sisters, played by Obadella Hardup, Warwick Slyfield and George Henare; outrageously padded and dressed in flashily recycled costumes, the ultimate kitsch. Equally appealing were Charlie Machan and Graeme Anderson, as Bumble and Bumble, the red and green, stop/go officers of the king.

Roger Hall has up to now produced winners and this is another, a fact which must thrill the theatres that play him, and their full coffers. It is overflowing with puns bad to brilliant; political satire thrown in (I wonder how the Tories responded to our National Pig being used to shock a drunk-and-driving horse out of his hiccups); every TV ad one can remember, and of course the Duke and Duchess of Eketehuna.

Catherine McGeorge



Pussycat Catherine Cavalcante harangues owl David Chartens at the New Independent.

The Owl & The Pussycat
Bill Manhoff
New Independent

Henry Higgins knew what it was all about when he said 'Why can't a woman be more like a man?' This is the age old theme of All's fair in love and war, Transcribed into the best of mid-American soap-o-drama. That is, lightweight, light ning repartee comedy with a 'happily-ever-after' ending. (And, for the aspiring literati among us, a cautionary message that may or may not be appropriate to the beginning of another academic year...)

The Pussycat is Catherine Cavalcante, a shrill, selfassertive 'model who has been thrown out of her apartment for accepting male callers on the side. The Owl is David Charteris, sarcastic batchelor and bookstore clerk, whose attempts at writing have gathered little but a large pile of rejection slips. That is, a man who can't equate his own lust with his conscious superiority; and a woman who is sure that any male who doesn't immediately wish to rush off to bed must be gay.

David Charteris, who also directed, never really relaxes into his part, but the play is carried by the vigour of Ms

Cavalcante: her powerful voice (when this woman threatens to scream the house down, you believe her) and confident acknowledgement that she is playing this one for all it's worth.

For this representation of high-rise-on-the-wrong-side-of-town, New Independent have produced a thoroughly sleazy set (Is this really a compliment?). The walls are mottled fungoid, and even the All-Bran packet looks properly battered. Must-be-mentioned is also the extraordinary domestic service couple, who appeared during the scene changes to clear the apartment.

A biting succession of one-liners (the original Broadway show starred TV veteran Alan Alda) kept a satisfied audience chuckling through all three acts. This is a straightforward, and none-too-subtly played piece; at times lacking co-ordination, it nevertheless manages a snappy polish that is a credit to New Independent, and offers an evening's unflagging entertainment. Vive la difference!

Katrine White

Olivia Spencer-Bower
City Art Gallery

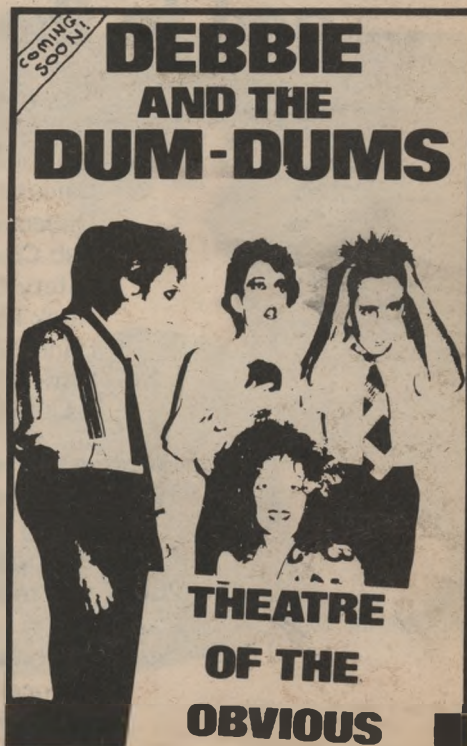
The opening of Olivia Spencer-Bower's exhibition was announced as a 'soiree', and Olivia herself as 'one of New Zealand's more important painters'. Take that you may, the password for the day was set at the cosy and familiar gentility of old acquaintances, and there was scarcely a lady present who has neglected to change into her long evening skirt.

Olivia has painted throughout her lifetime; the works on display scan forty years, from the early forties to the present day. Mostly landscapes, they are nevertheless extremely personal, and are a fitting anthology of Olivia's life-sketching classes on the riverbank, fishing villages in France, Italian peasant women met on her travels around Europe.

They are paintings that would sit comfortably above any mantelpiece; glancing around the walls there is not a jarring note among the muted blues, greens, and pastel water colours. Some have called it feminine. It is certainly limited - the work of forty years has rested true to the rural pastoral, with token sorties into the realms of 'expressionism'. While Ms Spencer-Bower has in her later works dabbled with the pallet knife and the large brush, mastery of a novel technique is never allowed to seriously distort the natural subject: women spinning in the countryside, a riverbed in summer.

But Ms Spencer-Bower appears to have done little more than trifled with the expressionist genre; nowhere does she develop any depth of feeling or power in her works. The painting of a lifetime has remained true to the restrained conventions of the ladies sketching classes of her youth. It is when she forgets her dalliances with style and concentrates on her natural forte-illustrative work - that Olivia Spencer-Bower is at her best. Take your grandmother on Sunday afternoon. She'll love it.

B.B. & K.W.



Arts Festival

At the end of this term, for a whole eight days, the 17th National Students' Arts Festival will be staged in Christchurch. The festival promises to present a wide range of activities that will heighten and expand upon the high standard of cultural excellence achieved at the previous festival in Wellington in 1977. A wide range of venues in and around the city will be utilized. The Town Hall, the Art's Centre (old University Town site) and other major venues will be employed and extensive use of the Student Union building and the new Teacher's College facilities. Planning is well advanced for the Festival and the tentative programme should be available in about a month. Planning has been divided into five areas - Music, Visual Arts, Screen Arts, Performing Arts and Fringe Arts.

The music programme will be divided into classical, jazz, folk, rock and electronic experimental music. The classical side will include a New Zealand concert series utilizing local youth and chamber orchestras as well as secondary school and student compositions. Major chamber operas, a chamber music series and a concert of New Zealand electronic compositions will also feature. There will be a large jazz concert on Thursday May 10 in the Town Hall auditorium, augmented by a series of workshops and informal performances. The Folk music programme will be highlighted by two concerts in the intimate Museum Theatre featuring

Paul Metsers and Marg Layton from Wellington. There will also be a series of workshops and smaller performances possibly utilizing a nightclub type concept.

Rock music is obviously a big draw-card in a festival such as this. The second night of the festival will see the major rock concert, also to be in Town Hall. Hopefully this concert will include Citizen Band, Street Talk and a mystery overseas act. Informal concerts will take place every afternoon plus bands at all the socials.

The performing arts are divided into three groups:

Theatre - most of the larger campuses will be bringing productions to the festival and we have three theatres available for Drama. It is hoped that we can present productions by professional groups from outside Christchurch, as well as negotiate reduced rates for productions of companies resident in Christchurch that will occur during the festival period.

Dance - the dance festival, which is shaping up as a major national event in itself, will run over five days from 7 - 11 May. Two or three workshops will be run every day plus a performance every afternoon. Dancers and tutors from Impulse, Limbs and the Maggie Burke Dancers will be attending.

Poetry - Poets from throughout New Zealand will be coming to the Festival. McCormick, Hunt and Shadbolt et al will



If you can see any sense in this stupid symbol then you are doing pretty bloody well

participate in large formal readings as well as many smaller and impromptu and outdoor readings.

Visual Arts - an experimental outdoor piece will be the centre of the visual arts programme. This will include various projected images with lasers and dry ice. Five major exhibitions will feature, incorporating work from Five Arts and Design schools as well as well-known New Zealand artists.

The Screen Arts format is divided into two areas - those screened on campus venues, and a Film Festival at a public cinema open to Festival goers at a discounted rate.

Fringe Arts does in general incorporate everything else. It will include a major debate in a Town Hall venue; a National Games Marathon; design displays and competitions; workshops on photography, pottery etc; mimes; story telling and an entire separate festival for children.

Fringe also loosely covers the major opening day event. This will take place on the 38 acres of playing fields adjacent to the University. A huge range of entertainments will be provided for families including marching bands, clowns, magicians, rock music, sky divers and all the fun of the fair.

Travel - Local campuses will be organizing special travel deals and a billeting service will be available at the Festival.

The NZSAC is confident that the New Zealand students and the public of Christchurch will support this unique cultural event. If the events spark off even a tinge of interest please don't hesitate to contact us direct at the address below or go and visit your local Cultural Affairs Officer.

We'll see you in May.

Communications to :
Festival Director,
c/- UCSA,
Private Bag,
Ilam Road,
CHRISTCHURCH.

University Book Shop

50% Student Owned

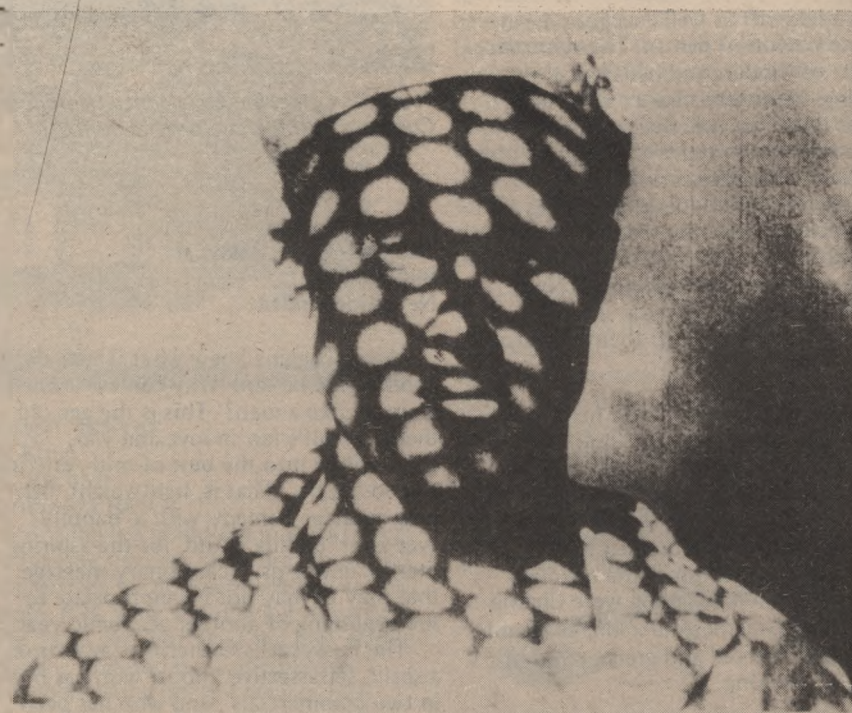
welcomes you to University
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Safety Glasses
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University crested
T-shirts and Sweat-shirts

Hours : Enrolment Week
19th - 23rd Feb - 8.30 am - 5.30 pm

First week of term
26th Feb - 2nd March - 8 am - 8 pm

U B S Student Union Building U B S
34 Princes Street
Auckland 1.



Student Film-makers Club

All those who express an interest in any part of the film-making

process, put your name and address on the Students' Association

Clubs/Societies cards for the STUDENT FILM-MAKERS CLUB.

Mind-benders

THE BASTARD

BY ASMODEUS

The bastard is designed to be the hardest crossword published in this country. To make it worth your while, there is a prize of \$10 which will rise by five dollars each week until somebody solves one. Anyone may enter: in the case of a tie the most imaginative cryptic clue to the word 'Bastard' will win, so include one with your entry, which must get to us by midnight Wednesday 28th February.

ACROSS

- 1) Psychiatrically, a voyeur. (12)
- 6) In theory she's still a virgin - in practice she's just more cheesecake (4, 2, 6)
- 8) Attach a positive charge to the wingtip. (6)
- 9) Elastic filament aiding spore dispersal. (6)
- 11) Puck's mentor. (6)
- 13) Olfactory presence to be found in the city of fountains (5)
- 14) Rating (6)
- 15) Oscillate promiscuously (5)
- 16) Clumps (12)

DOWN

- 1) Puts morse in a different phase, with signals (12)
- 2) Competitive cartology (12)
- 3) Moulding forming half an arch (5)
- 4) Heat and flatten (4)
- 5) Politician avoiding intercourse (12)
- 7) Alters the shape of the back rows (10)
- 10) I have a clandestine rendezvous, so I nail up a bond of union. (7)
- 12) Glistening bronze (6)

All words can be found, eventually, in Chambers 20th Century Dictionary, and most others.

CROSSWORD CLUES

ACROSS

- 1) Biodegrades
- 6) Fracas
- 8) Lewis Carroll's illustrator
- 10) Small deer
- 13) Putting a deposit on clothes
- 15) Declaiming
- 17) Squared-off hair
- 18) Weapon store
- 20) Rendered fat
- 21) Become liable
- 22) Faces the East
- 23) Stocking maker
- 24) Mexican bar

DOWN

- 1) Period
- 2) Secret language
- 3) The R.C.M.P.
- 4) Gruff
- 5) Volcanic slag
- 7) Weight
- 9) Border
- 11) Zygote
- 12) Three part artwork
- 14) Fun-loving
- 16) Subtleties
- 19) Russian Port
- 22) Tolkien goblin

Caption Competition

THE CRACCUM/UNIVERSITY BOOK SHOP Caption Competition will be running on a weekly basis for the rest of the year. All captions must be in our hot, grubby little hands by 5 pm Thursday up in the CRACCUM office. There an expert panel of impartial and self-opinionated bigots and nurds will judge each entry on it's humour and general printability.

Please try to be as funny as you possibly can be, ie 'Fuck me, suck me' is not as good as 'I knew we shouldn't have reread the Hite Report' Get the picture? Spiffing. The first prize (and there is only one prize) is a book par excellence from the very fifty people at the good old University Bookshop. Go in there and tell them how neat you reckon they are.

MY CAPTION IS
NAME PHONE NUMBER



Lettuce to the Editor

This is the CRACCUM letters pages. Tired of sending the New Zealand Herald and the Auckland Starch those vast, 70 page monologues which they never print? Well, dammit, throw them into us 'cos we would be only too happy to print them. They don't have to be typed but if you could at least write them legibly, double-spaced and only on one side of the page please. Letters may be addressed to the Editor, Craccum, c/o Auckland University Students' Association or if you cannot afford the exorbitant charges made by the New Zealand Post Office then drop your letters into CRACCUM on the top floor, Student Union Building, next to the Student Travel Bureau. There are also some letter boxes in the Cafe and in the Students Association Office foyer. We generally try to print all letters that we receive but for reasons such as rampant racism, sexism or breaches of the libel laws of the land we reserve the right to edit or decline some material. Please do not address letters to Dave, Editorperson, Cunt or even Kind Honourable Sir 'cos then everybody thinks that I typed them myself and they all yell at me and I go all shy and then they rip them up and hurl them into the rubbish bin and I start to cry at the cultural philistines and they start to beat me, ah, yes, beat me with long, rubber whips and the blood starts to flow and then they strap me down to the layout tables and then they come at me with ferrets and the odd stoat or three and then they

FOUND ON THE FLOOR OF THE CRACCUM OFFICE.

Dear Dave,
Some lady from Air New Zealand rang up asking if we have any photographs of a huge fat lady in the nude or alternatively pictures of sheep, pigs, monkeys, dogs or Hitler. She said that she was going to call back later.

Anon.
I can hardly wait. - Ed



"Gosh," said Bill.

YAY! OUR FIRST 'BIGGLES' LETTER

Dear Mr Editperchild,
It has recently come to my attention that a reputable, famous, esteemed war hero, idol of millions, monument to the Empire and all it stands for, is nothing but a fake.
This so-called hero posed for much of his life under the pseudonym of Biggles, 266 squadron, but his true self was very different and far removed from the glorious and bloody battles which stand in the archives of history, days of exhilaration, terror, death and treachery which yet stand to illustrate how far from his true, bestial and fulfilled self is The Man of the Seventies.
"Biggles" as he chose to call himself spent many leisurely hours working for the CIA and the FBI, not realising they were both on the same side. Whilst espousing the cause of truth, love, justice and the American way, words which he quite blatantly stole off Superman and never acknowledged and Superman has threatened many times to do him over for it but hasn't because he hasn't been able to get his gears on in time. He also acted as an agent for an overseas distributor, passing hard core porn and pamphlets on do it yourself sado masochism to small defenceless children under the age of five.
Not that this is all by any means, tish pooh. "Biggles" had talents other than a twisted mind. He was known to be exceptionally deadly with orange spray paint cans and many a time left his mark on the walls of Buckingham Palace: "Up the monarchy, the King is dead, long live biggles."
Not that this is all either, but you can't ask much more from a hero other than that he be perverted twisted and dumb. CAN YOU? I won't tell you his real name, since some of his relatives are still alive and it might upset them to learn any more.
That's all for now, but he never really intended to lead the peasant masses to glorious and Bloody revolution.
Yours,
Biggles was a wanker and he never knew it.

EDITOR ATTACKED!

Dear Sir,
Who do you think you are standing as the editor of this paper? What do you know about the mating dance of the splay-toed sloth? Or the symbiotic relationship existing between the furry underbellied penguin and the hairless Arctic field mouse? Please stand aside for someone better qualified for this position. I expect to see your letter of resignation in the next issue of this paper.

President
Ponsonby Branch of the World Association for the Preservation and Observation of Silly Animals.

Hello Craccum,
I am writing this because Dave told me to. I met Dave this morning on the 12th of February. Dave is a swell guy (ahem). Dave has long hair. Dave is a person I think. After all, he might have escaped from the zoo. Dave told me that I was the creme de la creme of modern society. I am pleased Dave told me this because everyone else thinks I am a mushroom. Yes, I know you've heard it before but here it is again anyway - people must think I am a mushroom because they keep me in the dark and feed me on bullshit. Dave however did not even attempt to feed me bullshit. "The man is a genius". (That statement should get this printed though I really wouldn't mind if it didn't). His cohorts at the lecture cum talk, on "What is University" (I still don't know) and "Studass" were most interesting and in one case illuminating.
One of them was wearing a green dress and giving everyone in the lower two rows of the Lower Lecture Theatre a much overrated look at her bottom and thighs. Another was dressed in blue and though burning brightly was not smoking. Yet another was a perfectly average Law student who was not exceptional.
As this is my first year at University my mind has not yet succumbed to the pressures of this grand and illustrious illusion of a place of learning. Therefore I am not as mad as the rest of you, a fact borne out by your relinquishing of precious funds to buy such rubbish as this.
From: Veni vidi vici
3rd table directly opposite "Please return cutlery and crockery here" sign in cafe.

Hello again Craccum,
This is my second letter to you about Information Week. I wrote on on the 12th, ie yesterday, and it would appear my efforts have not gone unnoticed. The two females referred to in that letter have apparently read it and are searching for blood (or water). But they have accused the wrong person. Ha ha!
Well anyway, Tuesday's lectures on Course Mechanics and Recreation were most interesting and enjoyable. That perfectly ordinary student, Chris Tennen, amused us with his wit (or whatever) and I was personally very interested in the Maidment Theatre and the Recreation Hall.
I've just seen that person in the green dress who, incidentally, is now wearing a flowery purple concoction, walk past the caf. So I guess it's safe to go up now. Goodbye world, Hello Craccum.
Veni vidi vici
Same place as before

PAPERING OVER THE CRACKS

Dear Sir,
I wish to protest about the outrageous practice currently perpetrated in your seedy office viz: Craccum staff writing their own letters. This is no doubt a reflection on your inability to initiate true mass-debate from the students of this campus. Whilst you may well claim that this in-jokery is common practice in the weekly rag of Victoria University, I feel it incumbent upon me to point out to you that this is unacceptable in a generally Auckland and specifically Craccum environment. Please regard this as a final warning.

Signed
V. Papanek

SUSPICIOUS LETTER FROM AFAR

Dear Sir,
Is there any truth to the rumour that NZUSA is \$27,000.00 in debt? And, if it's true why haven't we been told. But then I guess its too much to expect that the big bods in Blair Street would come clean and tell us our money is going down the drain and that they're putting it there.

Yours etc,
Mother of Ten, Victoria University.

WHAT IS THIS LETTER?

Dear Sir,
Everybody knows that all the letters that appear in the first issue of Craccum (including probably this one) has been written by various members of the staff in an effort to fill up the pages available. Just a few minutes ago I heard the so-called editor of Craccum extol students to write him letters on any topic that they would care to do so. This must stop also. In the past letters to Craccum have fallen into several broad and very distinct areas. Firstly there are the nutter letters such as this one which the editor purely puts in the paper 'cos there is tons of space.
Secondly there are the dreaded left wing letters, created by the warped and twisted minds of the selfish, cynical drifters who devote their entire lives to such narrow pursuits as East Timor, Palestine, apartheid, abortion and sometimes sink to such alltime lows as elections, police brutality, discrimination, and other things that are no one else's goddam business. Leave 'em to it, and 'ow about a beer, Trev.
Thirdly are the letters we all love. These come in many shapes and forms, and consequently are very hard to recognise. The tell-tale giveaways are phrases such as militant unionists, Rob's right on the nob (speaking of Rob's nob, just how far up can a man's hand reach, even if he stretches very hard, and why does Rob squint a lot). Anyway, whatever stimulating topic, these letters are generally abusive, biased, narrow-minded repetitive and boring.
Fourthly there are the letters written by the seedy, flea-bag types who have nothing to contribute to the general good, but who nevertheless can't resist the temptation to get their names in print.
There I've had my say,
Bishop Myers,
Munich fan.

A TISH-POOH LETTER ABOUT INFORMATION WEEK.

Dear Sir, (If you'll excuse the expression) Due to the paucity of epistles (lack of letters) I feel that it is incumbent upon me to attempt to remedy the situation. Can't the and more an why However, to the subject matter: This piece of pusillanimous and percipient perfidious prose may serve as a guide to the initiates of information week. Tus and theys to exert th ab initio;
The nervousness felt by the intrepid who (folly! Folly!) by themselves was temporarily dispelled by the sight of other intrepid adventurers in the same moat. (The sprinklers were running). Lecture 1 was programmed to start at 10.30, whence those sacrificial lambs of attendance perceived large amounts of half Womble, sunglasses and bare feet milling about on the official rostrum, (Consisting chiefly of the 56 of the hand floor). Audio frequencies were also detected something along the lines of: But no blurb Its 10.30, we can't start yet, its too early. However proceedings did in fact begin. No present were exactly sure just when they love, but intelligible sounds did seem to be emanating from the front of the room. Ta consisted chiefly of Studass, Studass, Studass and a bit of Studass, with a bit of Studass very pleased to throw in for interest. (How the **** do you pronounce that word without sounding obscene ???)
Surprisingly informative, particularly with controvertible titles as 'What University is Bleep Kneez Campus tours incorporated (true!) most of campus within strolling distance of the hallowed Craccum offices, and consisted of resigned glares from residents as large bodied gaping 'freshmen' as well as medium, small shapely, and unrecognisable bodies passed thru. On the jog.
Library tours were quiet. Obviously. And And fairly necessary.
Throughout the day those flibbertygibber among us were exhorted to copiously seal the renderings of our esteemed comrades the Studass with that essential element of culinary excellence, salt.
One would have thought a little horse-rad sauce would have hit the right spot (a place about 3 cm above the major facial projection of the venerable editor). (Ha! - Ed)



To complete the already rampant demoralisation of the initiates, their constitutions were further weakened by the tantalising aroma of hot boiling water in the coffee machine 2 blocks away
Come to think of it, did anyone ever see the guy who volunteered to carry the coffee over come back ?????
*A true and accredited word of the English language. (Tish-pooh, tish-pooh Tou I think ??)

Yrs Craccedly,
ABOMYNOUS

*No, I did not write this letter. - Ed

N.B.

CAPPING CONTROLLER 1979

Applications are invited for the position of Capping Controller for 1979.

Application forms are available from the Receptionist, AUSA Office, ground floor Student Union.

Applications close with the Association Secretary at 5 p.m. on Thursday 8 March 1979.

THE NEWS WITH FEELING

1000's of people are dying horrible unnatural deaths all over the world and even more people are having ghastly natural births in their sunrooms but we have a panacea.

THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY LITERARY MAGAZINE 'BRIGHT BUT INVISIBLE'

poetry
prose
photography
graffik
integrity

It could change the way you think you feel about this type of magazine.



Ride required urgently from Laura Fergusson Trust Home in Great South Road to Varsity and back.

Monday	8.30 am or 9.00 am home 6.00 pm
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Thursday	8.30 or 9.00 am home 6.00 pm
Friday	8.30 or 9.00 am home 5.00 pm

Your help would be greatly appreciated on any of the above days (or all of them). If you can help, contact the Receptionist A.U.S.A.

Pretty Vacant

Nominations are now open for the following positions on the Students' Association Executive Committee:
Environmental Affairs Officer
Overseas Students' Officer
Sports Clubs' Representative
Student Representative Council Chairperson
Womens' Rights Officer
The term of office in each case being from the date of election to 31 December 1979.

Nominations are also open for the positions of Students' Association Representative on each of the following bodies :
Senate (two vacancies)
Student Union Management Committee (two vacancies)
Theatre Management Committee (two vacancies)
The term of office in each case being from 1 May 1979 to 30 April 1980.

Nominations for all these positions close with the Secretary at 5.00 pm on Wednesday 28 February. The Secretary should receive by that date a photograph and a policy statement from each candidate for publication in the following issue of Craccum. Nomination forms are available from the Receptionist in the Association Office on the Ground Floor of the Union Building. An election to decide these positions will be held on Wednesday 7 and Thursday 8 March 1979.

STUDENT ADVISORY CENTRE

The student advisory centre will be operating for the duration of enrolment week, from 19 - 23 February in the top floor of the Student Union Building. Hours are 9 am to 5 am daily.

The next Students' Association Executive meeting will be held on Thursday, 22 Feb. in the Council room, ground floor, Student Union Building. The fun starts at around 6.30 pm and I am told that the Association Budget will be the main area of discussion.



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OPEN SATURDAY MORNINGS



third to last page

Ever wonder what former Director of the Security Intelligence Service got up to after they 'ave got their long-service gold watch, the obligatory Knighthood and the proceeds from National superannuation? Well at last sighting, Brigadier Sir William Gilbert was in the Chatham Islands of all places. And do you know what he was doing there? Uncovering Soviet missile build-ups in the South Pacific?, searching for SPIES? No, nothing like that at all. It appears the Sir Gilbert now has new interests. He is researching the habitat of the Chatham Island chaffinch. I always wondered what retired SIS directors did.



'You've won the ARA!'

Of interest To fly from Auckland to London with a stopover in LA and back (and who flies back?), a distance of approx 25,000 miles costs at the cheapest rate about 4.87c per passenger mile.

However, to travel on an ARA bus the figure stands at approx. 18c. per passenger mile the inevitable must surely happen

'This is your captain speaking, flight 567 to Mangere is making good progress. We are cruising at an altitude of approximately

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

Quote in endless amounts the interesting, boring, useless and totally silly facts weekly published in this column of CRACCUM. When you know all of these off by heart you may even be able to enter *University Challenge* or *Mastermind*. This information may not make you a better person, but just think how fascinating your conversations will be in the future "Did you know that"

Fifty million of your cells will have died while you have been reading this sentence,

Americans who have their bodies frozen and stored at -196 degrees C until cures have been found for their diseases have been advised to take enough money into cold storage with them to pay for their doctor's fees when they are eventually thawed out and restored to health.

A Los Angeles school board tried to ban Tarzan books because the hero lived with Jane in a tree house AND THEY WEREN'T MARRIED!

Blunder of the week award must go to the New Zealand Police Dept. for the appearance on TV One news of their UNDERCOVER narcotics boys posing for a group photo with their American visitors Shades of our security service.

Nice of the South African Consulate to send us a copy of their propaganda sheet 'Progressus'. The Nov. issue featured their record industry, unfortunately the colours were on one page, blacks on another and so on. All the artists were referred to by racial classification except the white bosses of the business. Nasty to see EMI supporting this kind of racist crap.

Also nice to see those lovely Young Socialists demonstrating in favour of getting rid of the Shit of Iran. Unfortunately, the venue, the American Consulate in Wellesley St is directly above the Ali Baba takeaway bar.

Unlike many others (the National Party included) Craccum was not surprised to see Merv Wellington appointed the new Minister of Education. We can only hope for a revival of Merv's most popular Parliamentary speech you know, the one about the pumpkin blight at Pukekohe.

It has recently come to this writers attention that certain junior members of one of our more right wing political parties have decided that the dole currently stands at a rate far greater than what the ordinary NZer needs. Therefore they want the dole cut by at least a third. This deduction will of course have no effect on these kiddie Mussolini's. I have it on good authority that they were all able to find jobs within five minutes of starting to look for them. Admittedly three worked in daddies law office, two stayed in the family bach at Hatfield's Beach, and one worked at the freezing works as an accounts clerk. (strange his name being Hellaby).

I understand that for their next trick they intend to make the trains run on time.

The inhabitants of Greater London produce about three million gallons of saliva every 24 hours.

In America each year more than twice as many psychiatrists commit suicide as mental patients.

The world constipation record is 102 days.

Marijuana was prescribed by Chinese Physicians as a remedy for gout, rheumatism, malaria, beri-beri and absent mindedness.



Elizabeth Leyland



THE PRIZE BUREAUCRAT OF THE WEEK AWARD.

Once upon a time the University decided that as it was expanding at such a rate that they needed a new building. Many people went away for zillions of years and finally they reported back that they could build a nice, aesthetic-looking building for megabucks or they could erect a cold, drab slab of concrete for the equivalent of twelve bent Fijian milk-tokens with holes in the middle. Naturally in these harsh economic times they picked the latter and soon the campus was graced with yet another example of the poor taste and foul Ministry of Works Architecture that is so rampant throughout University buildings in this country.

Soon the place was alive with the scurrying of many feet as Department after Department took up final residence in what was now known as the new Human Sciences building. However the inhabitants were not happy. 'We are not happy', they cried, 'for there is no milk for there is no milk box.' So the people

got together and soon there was begun a milkbox. A nice milkbox in this writer's opinion, painted cream with brown lettering and special care and attention shown to its placement in a selected spot just by the main entrance to the Human Sciences Building.

Alas, it was not to be, or so the opinion of the University Works Committee thought. They fired off a memorandum to the staff of the Anthropology Department, the perpetrators of the heinous crime and demanded that the milkbox be pulled down as it was an 'eyesore'. We believe that the Anthropology Department are sticking, quite rightly, to their guns and that they have formulated their own list of what they consider eyesores and sent it back to the Works Committee. Trouble is that the list mentions every University building with the exception of the Clocktower, the Music Department and the old houses clustered around Symonds Street/Grafton Road. We are further developments with interest.

This coupon will admit you and a fairly large carload of your friends into the new OFFICIAL CRACCUM LAVISH ORIENTATION WEEK PARTY 1979 which will commence on TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 8 pm, OLD GRAD BAR. The people cringing in the shadows will probably be those few unfortunates who have in some small way made this and next week's issue all possible. The editors will be getting drunk. Loud music will be played. In all due probability they will try to induce you into working on Craccum this year. Do so, it's one of the few things in life which does not carry a government health warning.



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SOLIDARITY WITH THE PEOPLE

MAYOR IN SHOCK DRUG SEX DEAL



MAYOR IN SHOCK DRUG-SEX SCANDAL

Students at Auckland University rushed to pick up the first copy of Craccum for the year whose headline promised titillating news in the style of their favourite Sunday newspaper. "It must have a new editor" they thought as they scanned the inside front page looking for the continuation of the front page story which offered promise of sex, drugs and mass murder.

"I wonder what he's like" they thought as they continued feverishly looking through the paper for some hard-core gossip to brighten up their dull wretched lives, "Maybe its among the adverts"

"Can't seem to find it anywhere" they commented as they continued looking through the paper, past the comics, the letters to the Editor, and the gardening guide.

"He's a wanker" they exclaimed as they realised that, just as in the case of their favourite Sunday newspaper the content of the paper bore no relation to the striking headline on the front page.

money will be paid for genuine wit, sophistication, and a little naughtiness

see them, but I got splattered with beer from the air.

Nambassa was over more than just drugs.

dope smoking it's clear new drug laws

let yourself go ... to a rock and roll hop. Revert to

with their doctrine of 'love and peace' - only as far as

Or the haunting, haunting in the