

craccum

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CAFE  
PRICES  
SLASHED

# The Craccum Blurb

See page 12.



## WANTED

Virile, ability to quell mass riots, must not take pants down in trains, able to leap tall buildings in single bounds.

What the shirt! Enough of this crap. If you have a perverse sense of humour, the "correct line" (nudge-nudge!) and an ability to go for long periods of the week - you could be **CRACCUM** 1980 (oops!)

EDITOR, TECH ED, ADVERTISING MANAGER, DISTRIBUTION MANAGER, FLUNKY, TEA BOY. **CLOSING SOON**!!!!!!

## studass handbook



## needs your club

All Sports' Clubs, departmental Students' Associations and any other clubs and societies are invited to contribute material for 1980 Studass Handbook. If any of you want to set up a club in 1980, this is your chance (free advertising n'all). Ring me c/- AUSA any time if you have any queries. Ph 30-789

Fiona Cameron  
Handbook Editor

## Please

Next week is going to be different. Something is going to happen on campus which has not happened for a long time, if ever. Just how different things will appear depends very much on your point of view. If you're hoping for a sweepstake of 1979 exam questions, the sale of edible foodstuffs in the Cafe or the emergence of a Gay-rights, Netball-watching faction in the Engineering School, you may be disappointed. If, however, you hope to see the students of this University accomplish something quite unique in the political field without anyone getting arrested, you're in luck.

Following decisions taken at the end of last term at SRC, the University is setting up its very own Charity. Mind you, Students are no strangers to Charity .... many of them depend on it for a living, not to mention the fact that Capping used to be an occasion for remembering those less fortunate than ourselves, (there are a few, truly). What's new about September 1979, is that the Charity will bear our name, it is concerned with the provision of educational facilities and it is to be a permanent institution. What we're talking about here and what, we hope, you will be contributing to generously (even extravagantly), next week, is the AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS REFUGEE EDUCATION FUND, to be known, for the sake of typesetters and the inarticulate, AUSREF. For those of you that have read this far and are, doubtless, tiring of the abrasive nature of the prose, we'll get down to hard facts and answer a few of those famous WH questions.

WHAT, first of all is AUSREF? It is (or will be, when our solicitors get through making up the Deed) a registered Charity. It will be administered by Trustees who are to be the President, Treasurer and Secretary of AUSA together with the honorary solicitor and any other persons they decide to co-opt. This means the Fund will always be under the control of the students of this University via their elected officers. From the money in the fund (or the interest earned thereon), the Trustees will give financial assistance to Refugees and their children to aid them with educational expenses incurred at any level of State education in New Zealand.

WHY AUSREF? Why not? is the short answer, but it seems to us that there are several very good reasons for setting up such a Fund.

1. The present crop of Refugees from South East Asia may not be the only needy people on earth, but they are among the neediest at the moment and some of them (not enough, say many) are coming here.
2. One of the reasons for the Government's low ceiling on the Refugee intake is New Zealand's ability to care for more. If you think we can and should do more, then prove our capability by supporting the Fund.

3. Education is under threat. It's not a matter of a lecture theatre here or a shelf of books there or a Professor's salary somewhere else, it is the whole concept of Education as an ideal which is threatened. Human wisdom may not be acquired at a University, but learning and understanding gained in study may point the way towards such wisdom. Any society which seeks to deny that access to its citizens is in moral decay. AUSREF will be proof that we not only value our education but are eager to extend its benefits to others.

4. Setting up AUSREF will provide public proof of Students' concern for education, and of their sense of responsibility as citizens of New Zealand and of the world.

HOW is AUSREF to be set up and funded? At the same time that a campus wide collection is undertaken, you will also be asked to vote in a referendum authorising AUSA to contribute from its invested funds, TWO DOLLARS for every one collected. We're hoping you will give at least 5000, which, with 10,000 from AUSA will give us a sum not unadjacent to 15,000 dollars. For those of you that doubt AUSA's ability to fork out, we have it on good authority that they have 'a great deal of money'. (An economist writes, 'a great deal of money is the technical term used by financiers to refer to sums in excess of two hundred thousand dollars!')

WHEN is the AUSREF collection? The second week of term will probably see the last Bursary payout of the year and it will also see the great AUSREF Collection Day. Collection points will be strategically placed around the campus and Referendum voting stations will be alongside most of them.

WHERE is the AUSREF collection? We've just told you, but if you're really interested in not giving, stay away from the Library, the Cafe, the Old Arts Building, the BNZ and the National Bank, the Engineering School and sundry Lecture theatres, otherwise go where you like, we shant bother you.

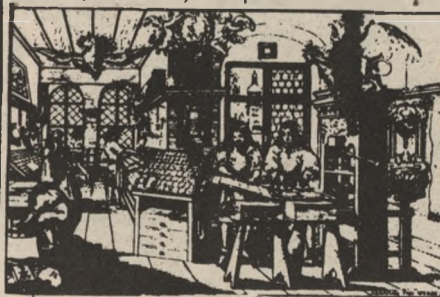
There is one more question .... HOW, WHEN, WHERE and WHAT can YOU do to help?

Here are some answers .... Get other people to read this article Turn up at STUDASS on Bursary Pay out Day and spend an hour at a collection point or brave the apathy in the Cafe and take up a lunchtime collection in there. Give us a dollar, or whatever you can afford.

The organisers of the fund wish to thank the following who have already pledged their support for the Fund. AUSA Executive and Staff BANK OF NEW ZEALAND THE LIBRARY THE REGISTRAR MR D.W. PULLAR THE FINANCE REGISTRAR MR W. NICOLL THE NATIONAL BANK

## craccum

Vol 53, Issue 21, 3 September 1979



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Brian, Page, Jay, Eugenie, Tom, Don, Biddy, Selwyn, Fiona, Mark, Jand, Iain, Paul, Ginny, Peter T., Colin, Tara, Chris, Salient, Chaff, Hello (Peoples)! Thank you one and all. Hi to Rire.

# Pirie's Presidential Pish-Posh Page

My name is Greg and I'm your... It is time once again for that... from me to you : 'over the chips'. start the ball rolling let me allude pleasant holidays so recently... I underwent the somewhat event of NZUSA's August Council the first week. Nothing of... note or interest to you lot... It was more than encouraging the now-happy future of STB Ltd. GEE EDUCATION TRUST... of the matters that did concern... the hols was the construction of... Students Refugee Education... Fund. The setting up of this Trust... ided upon by SRC at the end of... There is an explanatory article... ere in this issue. Essentially... of AUSA (that's you!) are being... to concretely support the Trust... two ways:

- (a) Donate one dollar, or more, from your third Bursary payment next week to the Fund;
- (b) Vote in the Referendum next week in favour of AUSA allocating two dollars for every dollar given by students to the Fund. I would like to hope that every bursar (people who receive bursaries, Dumbo!) will give towards the building of the Trust - and those of us who do not receive bursaries also! Read Bill Cole's article and consider how little is required to offer many people an educational opportunity that we take for granted and yet may often be denied them.

## CONSTITUTIONAL REVIEW

Also got under way during the last three weeks was the Constitutional Review Sub-Committee of SRC. At this stage we have decided that an initial approach of simply writing down our varied ideas and attacking them one by

one would be easiest. So this is your cue to toss into the melting pot any ideas on this vital subject that you may have and want considered. See Francis Strange or myself at Studass for crucial details.

## EXECUTIVE 1980

Nominations for the two positions remaining vacant on next year's Executive, being Treasurer and Women's Rights Officer, have been re-opened. If you are interested in any aspect of either job then see me as soon as possible! Remember that next year the Treasurer will be paid the equivalent of the proposed Tertiary Study Grant with full hardship allowance (\$40 per week). Although some of us feel that this position is now practically redundant, it does exist and can be as worthwhile as any incumbent wishes to make it.

## THE CAFE

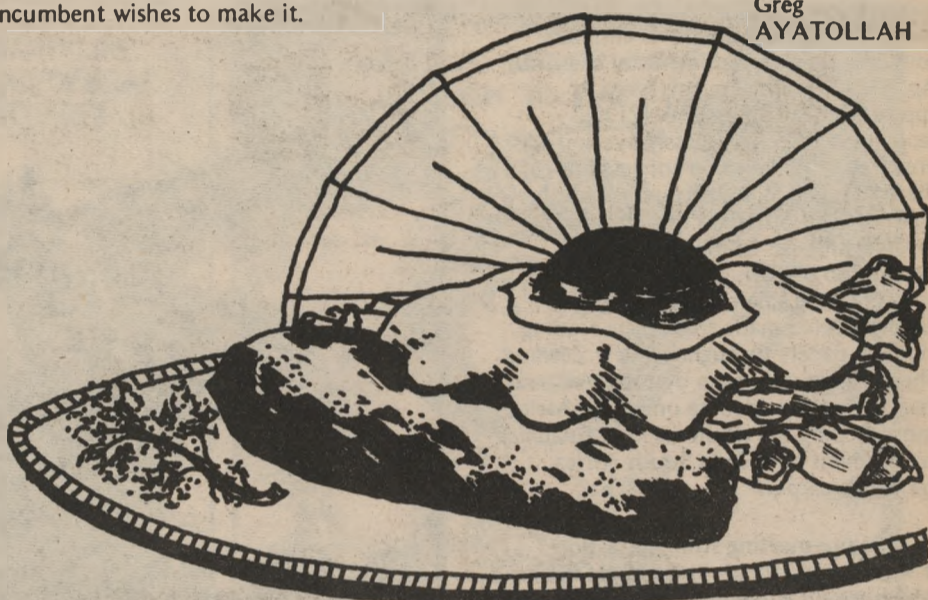
Believe it or not we are slowly starting to lick the Cafe into shape. The back door has been closed another inch and as from Monday September 3 some prices will be reduced. Also the Coffee Bar will be open over the weekends - at this stage during the hours 10 am to 5 pm. If you think this should be changed then charge in and tell me.

## PRESIDENT HITS THE STREET!

I will be transferring my work from my office to either the Quad or the Cafe for all day Wednesday. This is an extraordinary opportunity for you to speak to me, to ask me things, or to just stare. However don't forget that SRC is scheduled for 1 pm that day in the SRC Lounge (first floor, Cafe extension).

Til next week.

Greg  
AYATOLLAH



# CAFE PRICES DOWN!

## CHIPS

## MEAT PIES

## HOT DOGS

## SAUSAGE ROLLS

## PLAIN SANDWICHES

## VOGEL SANDWICHES

## FRENCH STICKS (FILLED ROLLS)

## DOUGHNUTS

## CREAM BUNS

## RASPBERRY BUNS

## CHELSEA BUNS

## APPLE TURNOVERS

## SALLY LUNNS

REFRESH: 225 mls  
400 mls

## OLD

35c

40c

30c

20c

23c

32c

75c

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## NEW

30 c

35c

25c

15c

17c

26c

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# GRAB SOME NOW!

# RINSES, ROSS AND RACISM

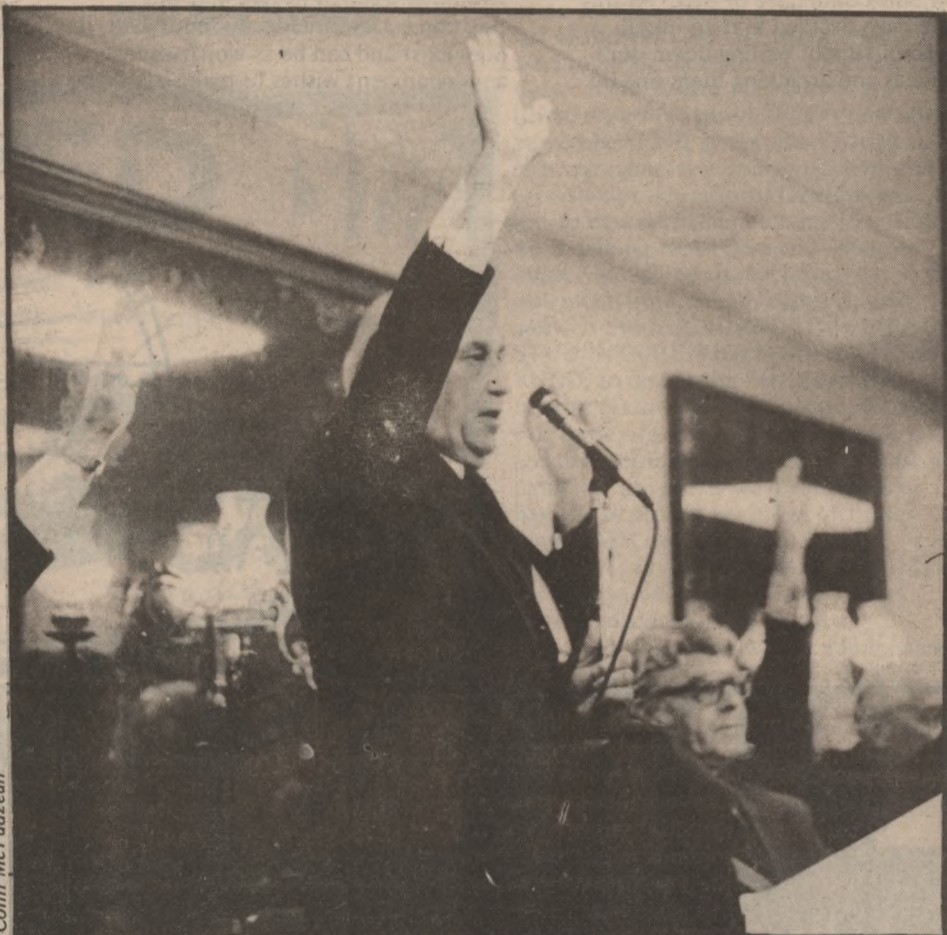
For anyone who is even remotely associated with the anti-apartheid movement in New Zealand the names NZI and South British bring on uncontrollable fits of frothing at the mouth under normal circumstances. However, if you were at the AGM of NZI on August 22 you would not have seen any exhibitions of this type of behaviour. Instead you would have seen anti-apartheid demonstrators exercising considerable restraint (for them) and engaging in rational and controlled debate with the powers that be in NZI. Fresh from its recent triumph at 'Trillo's Downtown' when 9 demonstrators were arrested during an Extraordinary General Meeting of the same Company on July 3 the anti-apartheid movement had been lulled into a false sense of security. The NZI board of directors agreed to meet anti-apartheid representatives to discuss the vexed question of financial investment in South Africa by NZI and to circulate to shareholders a statement by the Anti-Apartheid Council on this issue. It appeared that at long last NZI had recognised the error of its ways and was prepared to make some concessions to the AAC. The militant response by the AAC to NZI initiatives to railroad through changes to the articles of association of NZI, giving dictatorial powers to the Chairman to declare dividends etc., made front page reading in many papers throughout New Zealand. These moves were seen by the AAC as a means of stifling debate on South Africa and sweeping the whole issue of financial involvement by NZI in South Africa under the carpet.

At a pre-meeting strategy session it was decided to adopt a plan of action which would allow debate on South Africa to proceed. If the Board gagged debate then plan 2 would come into operation and the meeting would be disrupted. Simple really. As an aside, I think that the only excitement the blue rinse set gets is by attending these meetings and watching the anti-apartheid movement do battle with NZI or South British and their goons. The meeting started at 3 pm at Trillo's Downtown. Cliff Trillo, the man who runs Trillos, has been heard to incoherently mutter words to the effect that the last time battle was done on his premises (by anti-apartheid demonstrators) the stench lingered for days. By the time we got to Trillo's it was obvious that some demonstrators were experiencing a rush of adrenalin in expectation of events to come. There was the usual mucking around at the proxy table where all the up and coming young executives give everyone a bad case of diarrhoea by playing dumb games like directing people into the wrong que or hassling about the size of your shoulder bag or asking questions like 'Is your name really John Smith?' Finally, everyone got inside to find that NZI had been ever so sneaky and filled the front three or four rows with employees or stooges - Surprise! Surprise! I wandered around taking photos until I was told that it was Company policy that no photos be taken. Eventually, the Chairman decided that it was time to begin the annual ritual of convincing the shareholders that they actually had a say in the running of the Company. Bells were rung, sirens sounded, feet pounded pavements and Chairman Ross rose to tell us that he was resigning as Chairman and then went into one of the most egotistical raves it has been my misfortune to hear for a long time, Student elections excepted.

After much bullshit and ballyhoo various sub species of NZI stooge moved this that and the other motion and we got down to business and the reason we were there - discussion about South Africa and Investment by NZI in apartheid. Several people spoke to the



Top: Blue Rinse Brigade in full combat dress. Bottom: Chairman Ross



annual accounts and made disclosures of return on investment. It appears that NZI was not such a great investment in the recent past and that things have only improved during the last few years. It was pointed out that South Africa was an unstable and therefore high risk investment. Instead of increasing its investment in South Africa NZI would be better advised to sell up its holdings there and withdraw rather than face the prospect of losing everything in the event of a revolution. This is an argument based on purely economic considerations and makes sense in the light of some of the things that have been said recently about the liberation of the black people of South Africa by their 'revolutionary comrades' in other African countries. Sooner or later the white minority in South Africa will be overthrown - it is only a matter of time. Even the United Nations General Assembly has called for the implementation of Rhodesian style economic sanctions against South Africa to end the apartheid regime. Other lines of attack were also tried but to little or no avail. And all the while the blue rinse set snored on content in their inertia to tough it out until afternoon tea time.

NZI intends to maintain its investments in South Africa and no amount of reasoning with the Board will produce a change in that policy.

Perhaps the most interesting and significant thing to come out of an otherwise mundane high school debate type situation was the disclosure of investments by the NZI Trust Division in Maori land for forestry.

On page 9 of the Annual Report for 1979 we find a photo with the following caption: 'NZI Trust has been appointed by the Maori Land Court as trustee on behalf of the owners of several blocks of land in the Rotorua district. The photograph shows mechanical planting of pine seedlings in Rotoiti 15 Block near Kawerau. The block is leased to Tasman Pulp and Paper Company Limited.'

This is an example of a lesser-known side of NZI's activities - that is acting as a conveyancing organ of Maori land expressly for forestry companies, especially those involved in capital and energy intensive pulp pine monoculture forestry.

To get round the 'impediment' of dealing with hundreds of Maori owners of such blocks, 'convenient' moves may be instigated by forestry companies using the morally questionable Section 438 of the Maori Affairs Act.

1. Control is taken away for generations from the Maori people who own the land - in a manner that is totally arbitrary in nature. This in itself contravenes article 17 (2) of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights - 'No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property'. Section 438 applies only to land of any nature owned by those of a specific racial group in New Zealand - namely Maoris. Non-Maoris have no fear of such draconian measures ever affecting them. Section 438 is therefore a racially discriminatory measure.
2. NZI makes over its administered Maori land to pulp forestry companies when there can be no doubt that

maximum benefits are to be derived from properly thinned and pruned stands - to produce quality pine clearwood for the export market. Forests grown for exclusive pulp use require fewer workers and more highly specialized technicians in processing plants. It can be argued that Maori land is being exploited for the production of a third grade resource.

3. In the case of Rotoiti - 15, (the land in the photo on page 9) NZI can try and claim that it has been acting 'on behalf of and in the best interests of' the 7641 Maori shareholders, mainly because most of them have never had the opportunity to suggest otherwise.

However NZI has been associated with another such land conveyancing exercise where this excuse just cannot be made.

On 24 July, 1978, Caxton Paper Mills Ltd made application to the Maori Land Court to have NZI created a Section 438 Trustee over the 3600 acre KIWINUI Block (774 owners) in the eastern Bay of Plenty. The sole purpose of this exercise was to enable Caxtons to secure this block for its pulp operations. Local conservationists were very fearful about this Caxton 'initiative' as they claimed that recent burning off operations on the adjacent Omataroa-Rangitaiki block had wiped out native flora and fauna and caused excessive rain runoff and flooding.

More seriously, Caxton's actions in attempting to gain control of the Kiwinui block took scant regard of the actual wishes and opinions of the Maoris actually owning the land. What followed was a rare occasion where Maoris in such a situation were able to mobilise amongst themselves to thwart the Caxton land grab attempt. At the Maori Land Court sitting 16 June 1979, at Whakatane, Caxton's application to 'install' NZI as the 'trustee' of the Kiwinui block foundered in the face of determined opposition from representatives of the Maori owners who only just succeeded in having twelve of their number appointed trustees for their own land - presumably much to the dismay of Caxtons and Tasman Pulp who also put in an appearance.

The Maori owners' success in retaining their land was due in no small part to them having amongst their number two lawyers, several teachers, a businessman and an ex-local body official - a chance combination of skills rare in most Maori land owning groups. Were it not for their active moves in organising resistance to the Caxton takeover, NZI would have found itself administering yet another block of Maori land 'on behalf of the beneficial owners'. The Maori shareholders of the 619 acre Minginui E block near the Whirinaki forest were not able to be as well organised for at the session prior to the hearing of the Kiwinui case when the Maori Land Court vested that block in NZI notwithstanding the contrary wishes of those owners who appeared.

The Kiwinui case unequivocally shows that NZI performs this function even in the face of actively organised Maori owners resistance to such forestry company/Maori Land Court conveyancing machinations.

Such episodes must reflect on NZI's credibility regarding the other extensive areas of Maori lands that it exercises a trusteeship role over (and which are now subject to afforestation leases).

It can be no excuse for NZI to claim that all these activities are talking place according to the letter of the law. Here it must be argued that the legal provisions and frameworks themselves contravene accepted principles of natural justice, and that morally and ethically, NZI has no right to perform the role of a conveyancing middleman for Maori land in the way it has been recently inclined to do.

Colin McFadzean and John Miller

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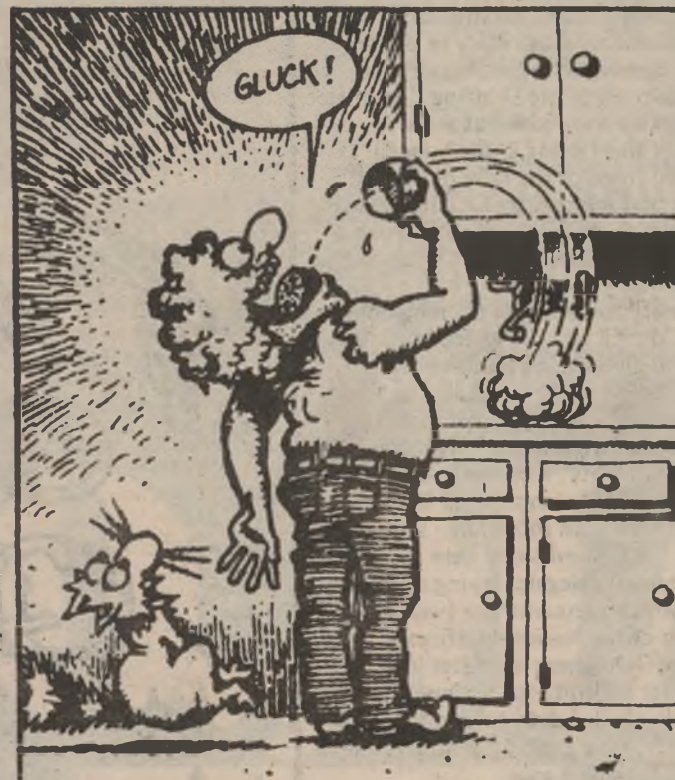
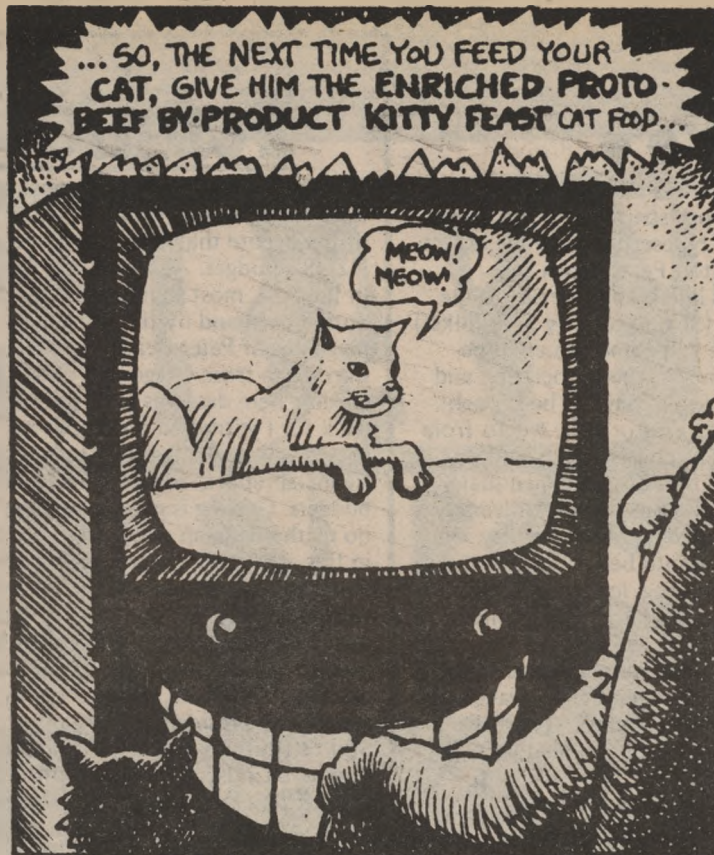
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# Zzzubbed....

I was stoned and wrecked for most of August Council. Not a retrograde step as far as my actual coverage goes (since I could only go to so much) but more a concerted effort to ensure that I didn't just go to sleep from an acute case of boredom. You see, drugs and alcohol make Councils slightly interesting and indeed on one or two occasions, even fun.

May Council was held at Christchurch - it was an appalling affair of mish-mash policy, poor commissions, even poorer delegations. I was stoned for a lot of that too, again for the reasons outlined above.

So my report must be held just so ever slightly suspect. The first rule of Councils are TAKE NO NOTES. I've seen editors from other student newspapers literally filling whole files full of notes - mostly scribble, that a week later they have to turn out into a report similar to this. I'll just stick to my memory (or rather what's left of it) and try and recount some of the highlights of the day and a few little anecdotes.

I almost didn't actually make it to Auckland in time for Council. I'd spent the previous week down in Wellington, glorious weather, good company, popping in and out of NZUSA and NZSAC, chatting to people. But alas, as all good times are wont, soon approached the day of my departure. I remember it well, a warm sunny Sunday morning in Upper Hutt as a somewhat bleary Merritt stuck his dirty thumb out into a steady trickle of traffic and set off. 12 hours and 13 lifts later, crouched underneath a road-lamp in the rain I was marooned in Rotorua - a victim of Carless days and petrol restrictions. Pulling my coat closer around me, I dragged deeply on what was to be the last cigarette of the day. I felt like crying. In my pockets was the grand total of 17 cents - not enough to crawl back into a Hostel for the evening or book a room in a motel. Not that any would probably have me. Darkness had fallen two hours earlier and the flow of traffic was now spasmodic, if that. Still, at 9.30, a kind soul in a new Mitsubishi Mirage gave me a lift all the way to my parents home in Penrose. My parents were not pleased to see me at 1 am, even less when I relieved them of \$5 and took a cab home. I slept till 11.

## MONDAY

The day before Council starts is always the best time. You can meet old friends from other campuses, talk to important national office types (including our very own Chris Gosling) and generally revel in the last opportunity not to talk 'shop' for the next five days.

I met for the first time the new editors of *Canta* from Canterbury University and *Chaff* from Massey (Both their predecessors left in less than glorious circumstances.) Great guys both of them. *Chaff*, if you can get hold of it, has improved tremendously since Dave (the new editor) took over while *Canta* is back firmly in the hands of the trendy, dope-smoking politicians after six months of Reactionary control. Good to see. However, the other student newspapers don't have it so easy as perhaps *Craccum* does. *Critic* from Otago University has suffered huge cuts in its operating budget for this year, coupled to an unfortunate drop in Advertising income, the editor has to seek Executive permission each time she wishes to produce a 20 page issue. *Critic* has about a third of the money that *Craccum* has and after hearing the tales of woe from the deep south, it's a wonder that *Critic* appears at all. *Salient* from Vic has had its fair share of problems as well. Moves to change the election procedures of the *Salient* editor have been defeated as have other attacks on the political 'line' of the newspaper. But more problems are brewing down at Vic, there are moves to stop *Salient* publishing in the third term - organised by an unholy alliance of right-wingers, political opportunists, zionists and anyone else with an axe to grind. On the plus side

though, *Salient* has managed, after a titanic 12 month struggle, to purchase a new \$12,000 typesetting machine, a fact which the editor, Peter Beach (no relation), was quick to point out to me in particular. (Shades of envy here folks!) Still, our time will come - a new typesetting machine for the Association and *Craccum* is going to have to be brought within the next year or less. *Nexus* from Waikato remains consistently good, following tradition of excellence that goes back many years at that University. So that was Monday, fairly low-key kind of day. Crashed into bed at some awful hour of the morning, loaded with mind-expanders. Recall that I slept soundly.

## TUESDAY

There is nothing more disconcerting at 7.30 in the morning than to wake up over an O'Rorke breakfast. Toast, Rice Bubbles and very badly cooked eggs. To give them credit the quality of the food did improve somewhat as Council progressed, but on Tuesday it was sublime. As I sat there, manfully chomping my way through it all, it was only then that a sudden realisation hit me. It appears that there was also a Police Conference going on at the same time and that said members of the New Zealand Constabulary were there at breakfast (and lunch and dinner!) rubbing shoulders with all these long-haired, commie scum. I was wired most of the time and it didn't worry too much.

Council wasn't set down to begin till after lunch that afternoon so I sat up in the *Craccum* office, and sure as eggs are eggs, people just tended to wander in and partake themselves of the pleasant company, fine cheap coffee and the odd lighted carrot. Over the next three days, the *Craccum* office became something akin to a combination of a Chinese opium den and a scene from the 'Damned'. Still I'm not one to complain and nobody else seemed to mind either. Over lunch I attempted to explain Council procedure to some of the *Craccum* reporters but it was pretty hopeless. The bones of Council are easy enough to pick up on but a lot of the behind scenes politicking need an astute mind who's sussed the whole thing out. I decided there and then that I'd cover that aspect of Council as well as wander from Commission to Commission seeing what they were like.

## Opening Plenary

Council opens with Opening plenary. It's where delegates are noted, reports from thousands received and fuck-all else done. There was some minor tampering with the Council Agenda and a few new procedures were instituted for the first time. These included what was called a 'Drafting Committee' which was to tidy up motions coming from the Commissions and making sure there was no duplication of policy or action motions coming forward. At the time the foundation of the Drafting Committee seemed like a good idea but there was a reversal of this feeling as the council proceeded through the later days, but more on that later. After Opening Plenary (which was so dull) the Council broke for dinner after which it sent into commissions.

There are a number of Commissions at each Council and the various headings reflect the diversity of thought that Council should really be all about. They are as follows, Education, Welfare, Accommodation, National, Women's, Overseas Students', Finance and Administration, International. But the emphasis here is on should be - sadly, many of the Commissions were sad affairs of uninformed delegates trying to discuss matters which none of them (with the exception of the National Officer concerned). Or where delegates just talked utter bullshit, not because they held views which I didn't agree with but simply they were grasping at straws like a hapless, drowning man.

More next week.

# Pennies From Heaven

Friday I was written off most of the time. And so, regretfully, I missed most of the debate that took place over the NZUSA budget. As with other Councils in the past, most things had been sorted out before hand by the financial magnates of Peter Beach from Vic, Phil Chronican from Otago and Chris Gosling. Gosling here deserves a big pat on the back for I witnessed him the week previously sweating blood to prepare financial reports and drawing up draft budgets. Gosling is no Accountant and no mathematician either so his efforts in this area must be looked on with admiration for often a NZUSA budget will take many person-hours to thrash out. As it was though, the budget session was still a long one, made much longer by uninformed debate, sparked off by Tony Stuart, the President from Canterbury. Still he shut-up after a while and as they slowly meandered their way through the various allocations I rapidly grew tired of the whole proceedings. A combination of sleepless nights, excesses all over and just boredom overcame me and I wearily headed back to the *Craccum* office for cups of coffee and a joint or three. But Peter Beach, the editor of *Salient*, stayed on to the bitter end, (he had to really since he was one of those instrumental in its presentation) and what follows is his account of the budget. The only things of interest to note is the still low level of expenditure on Campaigns and the fact that the NZUSA levy for 1980 is now \$3.53 per student.

Below is a rough sketch of the NZUSA Budget for 1980. It is only intended to give some idea of where the money goes. Anybody with further queries should see Greg Pirie.

Staff salaries	\$47,000
National Officers Salaries	\$24,500
Campaigns expenditure	\$ 8,000
Office administration	\$25,000
Rent etc.	\$10,000
Travel	\$11,000
Misc	\$15,000
	<hr/>
	\$140,000

A few explanatory notes on these figures.

**Staff salaries :** As well as a number of part-time staff, this figure includes the salaries of two full-time research officers, one full-time Administrative Secretary (who is employed basically to run the office) and one full-time typist-receptionist.

**Nation Officers salaries :** These are the salaries of the three full-time National Officers (President, Education and Welfare Vice-President and General Vice-President) and the honoraria of the co-

ordinators of the two Standing Committees (the Women's Rights Action Committee and the National Overseas Students' Action Committee). It also includes various allowances, such as moving expenses, for the full-time National Officers.

**Campaigns expenditure:** This is an allocation for producing materials connected with the various campaigns that are run. Normally this is in the form of leaflets, posters, supplements in newspapers and the like, although it includes allocations for other activities such as (for 1980) a survey to see how effective existing University welfare services are.

**Office administration:** This figure is the bogey of NZUSA, the figure that is always examined at Council, and then reluctantly increased. It includes a multitude of costs such as telephone rentals and toll bills, stationary, postage, office cleaning, freight charges etc. Just about all those things that you might otherwise forget about, thinking 'well that won't cost very much!' accumulate in office expenses.

**Rent :** This is actually a misleading title, as NZUSA owns the building it lives in, and therefore by definition does not pay rent.

However the \$10,000 is the difference between the income derived from the building (in the form of rents) and the expenditure on it (including the capital repayment of \$5,000 per year on the mortgage), which is effectively rent. This figure is dramatically increased from last year due to a 600% (estimated) increase in the ground rent for the land the building occupies.

**Travel:** This figure includes the personal travel budgets of the three full-time national officers (between \$1,500 and \$1,800 per year each), much smaller personal travel budgets for the two standing committee co-ordinators, and allocations for travel by members of constituent associations to some of NZUSA's meetings (such as travel for the 7 constituent Presidents to the 7 National Executive meetings each year and travel of education officers to the various National Education Action Committee meetings through the year).

**Miscellaneous :** This is where I became lazy and stopped itemising smaller and smaller areas of expenditure. Included in it, for example, is allocation for the membership fee to the Asian Students Association \$1,000 per year) and travel to their conferences \$250 per year), allocation for payment to the Press Research Bureau for their clipping service of news items of interest to NZUSA, the cost of NZUSA's library and resource centre, depreciation, expenses from Council and the like.



# OPERATION PFUCK-UP

There comes a time when you have got to diversify your tactics. So far in the Education Fightback Campaign we've played the game according to our rules - demonstrations, marches, pickets, sit-ins, arrests. And you may be surprised to learn that as a result Merv Wellington is running ever so slightly scared. Teachers, Parents, Students, Administrators - you name them and they will have a genuine bone to pick with his handling of the Education Portfolio. The man's worried. He is clearly incompetent and yet he'll continue to ruin New Zealand's education system for years to come. The cuts in Education in almost all sectors have become long-term problems caused in the search of a short-term economic solution.

So here is your golden opportunity to call his bluff about the new TSG Scheme announced in the Budget. For once we will try and beat them at their own game. The things that bureaucrats thrive on all over the world. Official Forms. Operation Pfuck-Up is, quite simply, flooding the Ministry of Education with Forms. And one form in particular .....

Under the provisions of the new TSG a student may submit a summary of his or her earnings for the year so that the Education Department can provide that student with a rough assessment to his or her TSG level in 1980. Sounds silly ? Not for long. Let's say that throughout the country 10,000 students sent in these forms to be assessed. And of course, Education spending being what it is nowadays, the Dept. simply does not have the people to process such a number in the required time. You see we really want to know right now how much each of us will be getting next year. Being a student gets harder when you don't even know how much your TSG is in 1980. Can you go flatting ? Or move to Otago ? Or even come to University ?

Come on ! Prove to the Government that the TSG is totally unworkable, no matter how much they try to rush in and save it. Let's beat them at their own game after all, the TSG was their idea in the first place, right ?

Operation Pfuck-Up is coming soon !

# 'W.F.O., MAN!'

# What's a big, fully serviced travel agency like you doing on a student campus like this

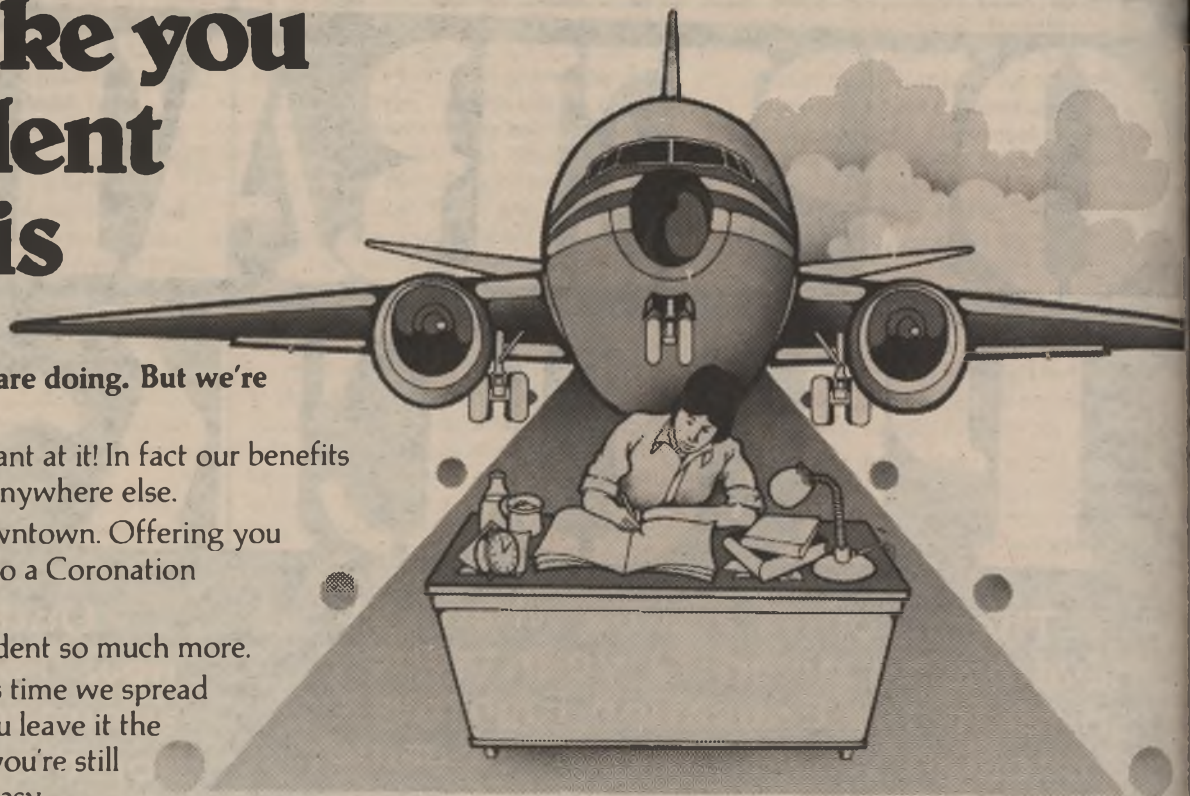
We're doing everything all the other travel agencies are doing. But we're doing it exclusively for the student.

Our speciality is getting students overseas. We're brilliant at it! In fact our benefits for the student are streets ahead of anything you'll find anywhere else.

We operate exactly like the IATA Travel Agencies downtown. Offering you everything in world travel from the Club Mediterranee to a Coronation Street tour.

What makes us so much better is that we offer the student so much more.

So now that you're at your prime and we're at ours, it's time we spread your wings. If you don't get overseas now, the longer you leave it the harder it's going to be to tear yourself away. And while you're still a student your Student Travel Centre can make it all so easy.



Your own complete Travel Centre...  
Student owned and Student operated

TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

## BOOK YOUR SUMMER VACATION TRAVEL NOW!

WE HAVE ALL THE INFO ON THE NEW AIRFARES TO AUSTRALIA, FIJI, USA, SINGAPORE ETC.

Drop in soon.  
11 a.m. - 4.30 p.m. DAILY  
ROOM 217, TOP FLOOR  
STUDENT UNION BUILDING

## RENEWAL OF YOUR ISIC

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT IDENTITY CARD

..... If you are currently enrolled  
and  
intend to re-enrol for 1980 .....

FROM MONDAY 03 SEPTEMBER

You may start the process of renewal of your ISIC for 1980.

- 1) Bring your old ISIC to Student Travel.
- 2) Fill out the renewal form, which Student Travel will sign.
- 3) Send your old ISIC, your completed renewal form (also signed by Student Travel), your \$5-00 cheque or postal note and a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

ISIC SCHEME  
PO Box 9744  
Courtenay Place  
Wellington.

- 4) Your renewal will be processed in September and returned to you after 01 October.

So get in early and avoid delays later in the year when you may wait a long long time for the return of your renewed ISIC.

## Australia-land of things to do After Finals

### FLIGHT DETAILS and FARES AVAILABLE NEXT WEEK

(08 - 12 SEPTEMBER)

from your

Student Travel  
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# Glass Doors & Elections

As soon as the meeting opened at 6.30 some bickering broke out as to whether the minutes from the emergency executive meeting held in the last week of the year should be deemed as a true and correct record, and received as such.

It was all very picky really. John Beavis (AVP) brought up the point that for any executive meeting to be valid, all possible steps must be taken to inform executive members.

There were 4 exec. members in the building and at the same time as the meeting was being held (John being one of them) and they weren't told about it.

Also, when the president is not at a meeting, it is then one of the V.P.'s duty to chair the meeting.

Ivan Sowry (EVP) was present but it was Kevin Hague (President Elect) who chaired this meeting; Peter Montieth said it would be alright. So that meeting should have been deemed invalid on these points.

But because, at that meeting, Bob (Association Secretary) was voted to take the AUSA delegation to August, it could not.

So they ratified Bob's appointment, deemed the minutes to be an incorrect record of that meeting, to stay in the constitution.

Remember the 'Bomber' poster that was printed in the Craccum of July?

It's going to be reprinted, but in its original form.

A certain David Judd was quite upset when he saw our version of it because he didn't acknowledge as the artist and wasn't as he drew it. (his used a stuka bomber).

However, it was the Womens International League for Peace & Freedom (WILPF) that were really pissed off as they had approx 100 screen printed posters and were trying to sell them. They also owned the copyright on the poster.

Both parties have now been reconciled and printing of the poster will start. WILPF have sold their posters.

The Students Association is now in possession of another piece of real estate; it is a building located at 25 Anzac Ave and is on lease from the ARA for 2 years.

The University Bookshop used it previously as storage for its books and it served this purpose very well, until it was flooded out at the beginning of the year.

If any clubs and societies wish to make use of this excellent facility (again as storage) please get in touch with Grant Ellis, Societies Rep. Already the Field Club and the Arts Centre are very interested in this opportunity for good storage space.

(It should be noted that it was only due to exceptional circumstances that caused the flooding of the property at the beginning of the year and that it does not occur on any sort of regular basis).

The next item of interest on the agenda was a matter arising from a letter sent to the Association Secretary, the correspondent being Stephen Mitchell.

As you may know he was one of two persons standing for the position of EVP for next years executive, the other being Ivan Sowry (who was elected).

Mr Mitchell's complaint was one concerning a leaflet of which he had 1200 printed and these distributed around a large number of lecture theatres on the evening of the election.

The cleaners (early next morning), in the course of their duty took the leaflets to be rubbish and treated them in the appropriate manner. The only theatres that survived this onslaught, much to Mr Mitchell's dismay, were the large and small lecture theatres in the Human Sciences Building.

(The rules of election forbid any form of canvassing on behalf of, or by, a candidate on the days of the election, so he could not have distributed leaflets on Tuesday morning).

Stephen felt that a large number of students would've read his leaflet and being impressed, voted in favour of him, hence his application for a new election to take place.

Stephen quite openly admits that he is not a very good speaker and hence his heavy reliance on the leaflets to get his message across on the day.

While not trying to be rude to Stephen Mitchell in any way, I feel that it is very important that all the officers of executive be good and coherent public speakers, which he, unfortunately, is not.

It was then Kevin Hague's turn. He had some proposals to alter, (for the better?) Rudman Gardens, the President's office, and the reception area of Studass.

In regards to Rudman Gardens he proposed that a permanent stage be erected where the temporary stage is usually put, that the footpath be continued along past the cafe to give access to Princes Street and that the Quad be extended into the Gardens in some way or another.

To make sure that everybody knew what was being proposed, the meeting was adjourned for 5 minutes so we could wander out and look at what might be happening to consolidate in our own minds the idea in general.

Kevin was very pleased when Exec voted it to go towards Student Union Management Committee (SUMC).

But when the proposal for putting two glass sliding doors in the President's office came up, he was almost laughed out of the room. (Kevin said that it would facilitate movement to and from the Quad, and encourage students to go and talk to the President).

The modifications to the reception area were tabled until next week's Exec meeting.

I feel that on this occasion, Kevin did not think his proposals through carefully enough. If he had talked to executive members and employees of the Association, it might have put things into a better perspective.

At 9.20 pm the President pointed out that there was no longer a quorum and closed the meeting, he being very pissed off with what had been going on.

However an emergency meeting was called for, a new agenda was typed up and xeroxed up and the meeting continued, 20 minutes later.

Some of you may remember the 'Sexuality' booklet that gets distributed at the beginning of each year; well, we may be getting 2,000 copies of the 2nd edition, the only difference being that there are no cartoons in it (its a very serious publication indeed). And we're negotiating the purchase of these with Otago and not NZUSA. And here is the reason for this .....

Once upon a time (August Council, 1974 actually), it was decided that a sexuality booklet would be a good thing, and Otago's Human Sexuality Group, being very keen on things relating to this topic, decided that a sexuality booklet would be a good thing, and Otago's Human Sexuality Group, being very keen on things relating to this topic, decided they wanted to put together this booklet.

3 years later, Otago had collated all of the material necessary, but being unable to lay it out, handed it over to Simon Wilson to do this task for them (next year he will be NZUSA President).

And Simon being very keen, saw fit to include small graphics, the type you see in the booklet with the green cover.

It was duly printed and distributed by NZUSA when, upon Otago HSG seeing it wanting it to be withdrawn from circulation.

But it was too late, so Otago HSG had to put out another booklet, this time without the graphics. This is now known as the 2nd Edition, has a yellow cover and this is what we could be purchasing from Otago.

The positions of Women's Rights Officer and Treasurer for 1980 are now open for nominations.

Ha-ha, you may think, they won't get a Treasurer; just look at the trouble they had in getting one for this year!

BUT, it seems that this won't be the case. About 2 weeks ago, one of the (accounting?) students of this University came and offered himself for the position. So it seems as if the Association will have an enthusiastic treasurer for 1980.

Let's hope so.

The meeting closed at 11:40 pm.

Comrade Strange

## DECLARATION OF ELECTION RESULTS :

The Provisional Results of the Elections for the 1980 Executive were declared as follows :

PRESIDENT:	
Kevin HAGUE	973 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	636
No Vote	180

ADMINISTRATIVE VICE-PRESIDENT:	
David ROSE	829 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	590
No Vote	371

EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT - FIRST ELECTION:	
Stephen Mitchell	644
No Confidence	708 POSITION NOT FILLED
No Vote	437

EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT - SECOND ELECTION :	
Stephen Mitchell	247
Ivan SOWRY	566 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	170
No Vote	293

CULTURAL AFFAIRS OFFICER:	
Crispin Maxwell-Jackson	398
Bhaady MILLER	416 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	172
No Vote	289

ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS OFFICER:	
Michael BAKER	619 DECLARED ELECTED
Howard Dalzell	105
Phil Robinson	195
No Confidence	124
No Vote	222

## INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS OFFICER:

John BROAD	697 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	242
No Vote	335

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS OFFICER:

Darryl CAREY	447 DECLARED ELECTED
Michael Stevens	310
No Confidence	206
No Vote	313

## OVERSEAS STUDENTS' OFFICER

CHOONG Tet Sieu	796 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	216
No Vote	264

## PUBLICATIONS OFFICER:

Dave KIRKPATRICK	805 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	209
No Vote	261

## S.R.C. CHAIRPERSON :

Tom BASSETT	797 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	210
No Vote	268

## SOCIETIES' REPRESENTATIVE:

David BENSON	687 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	219
No Vote	370

## SPORTS CLUBS' REPRESENTATIVE:

Wayne McINTOSH	779 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	181
No Vote	316

## WELFARE OFFICER:

Jillian FREWIN	772 DECLARED ELECTED
No Confidence	233
No Vote	269

# Denial

This article looks at one aspect of sexism closely - denial. It is so common that many women and men will recognise it immediately. For those who are interested in the womens movement there are three major things going on at the moment. On campus the Womens Rights Officer, Anne-Marie, is organising conscious raising groups for women and men, she tries to be in her office (just by the Womens Common Room) between one and two pm each day. University Feminists is going to organise regular, probably fortnightly meetings, either this term or next year and these will be advertised. Thirdly for women who wish to follow through specifically some of the ideas in this article, it is part of a course for training Radical Therapists to deal with the problems of womens oppression, for more information contact Rob at : Radical Therapy, P.O. Box 6197, Wellesley St. Post Office, AUCKLAND.

## DENIAL.

Denial occurs when one person states a feeling or perception they have to another person and the listener does not account for what is being said and in doing so, denies the reality of the feelings or perceptions of that person.

Denial is an extremely important dynamic in the relationships between men and women, and is especially harmful to the mental well-being of women. Because women have more permission in society to be in touch with their feelings and intuitions, and because men are chronically out of touch with these, women tend to become victims of denial far more than men.

Because denial effectively undermines the reality of a person, denial can be considered to be synonymous to 'crazy-making'. Many of the women found in mental institutions and those visiting therapists regularly, are victims of long-term and systematic denial.

A typical situation may run something like this : ..... John may have been ignoring or taking for granted his relationship with Mary for some time ..... Mary says : 'I think you don't love me anymore, I really feel like you don't.' John replies: 'That's not true, of course I love you !' Because John feels a bit guilty and doesn't want to get into a discussion on the matter, he has effectively denied Mary ..... She may now think to herself: 'I can't understand it ..... I have a strong feeling that he doesn't love me, but he says he does ..... where is this feeling coming from ? ..... I must be going crazy !!'

Another situation may be as follows: ..... Myra may want to put the milk bottles out at night, but the milk box is at the end of a long dark driveway, Myra quite realistically starts to be afraid of being raped and says : 'I'm afraid of taking these bottles out', to which Jack replies : 'Don't be silly, there is nothing to be afraid of !!' In this case Jack does not have to worry about rape and doesn't want to start to think of any other dangers and so denies Myra's feelings. Myra is left with these sorts of thoughts: 'Perhaps I am being a bit silly... I have these strong feelings of fear, but Jack says there is nothing to be afraid of ..... I'm sure he wouldn't want me to get raped ..... I must be imagining it all ..... I must be getting paranoid.'

In both situations above, Mary or Myra could have been more insistent in putting across their feelings. This however brings out the most insidious and devastating aspect of denial ..... denial is usually backed up by some kind of power-play. It is when denial is backed up by a power-play that it becomes the truly complex and potent form of 'crazy-making' that is experienced by women in relationships with men every day.

The following are some examples of power-plays that make denial so extremely difficult to deal with. Some of them also demonstrate some of the basic tactics used by men to consolidate the privilege they have over women in this society ..... they are all aimed at basically avoiding the issues or feelings that have been raised. In this way men do not have to answer for anything they

may have done, and may continue to avoid the responsibility for their actions or thoughts:

'Leaving the room' ..... John or Jack may simply leave the room, thereby terminating any further discussion.

'I refuse to discuss it further !' ..... usually said with some degree of anger as a threat.

'Change the subject' ..... A deliberate act of avoidance.

'The put-down' ..... Jack used this in his initial denial when he called Myra silly for being afraid. The put-down is used to belittle a person so they will think twice next time they have a feeling and wish to express it. As with all other power-play-denials, it leaves the woman feeling extremely alienated and alone .... a situation which itself can make her feel crazy.

'The best defence is offence' .... This usually involves anger that can be extremely threatening both physically and mentally.

'Intellectual twisting'..... This is extremely common and is mentally VERY threatening, as the woman may get the impression that she is being heard, yet ends up arguing off on a completely irrelevant tangent, or on some trivial point like the definition of a word, and becomes so confused and frustrated that she begins to believe that she is REALLY crazy and was imagining everything. This power-play is used by educated men who are good with words .... professionals such as psychologists, doctors, lawyers (especially), and many so called 'liberated men'.

'Putting it all back on you' .... the woman somehow ends up with the blame or responsibility every time !!

The reasons for denial and resulting power-plays are often confusing and complex but can usually be related to one or a blend of some of the following:

Fear: usually the person denying the other is afraid of the consequences or implications of the feelings or perceptions of the other person. He therefore feels threatened but will deny rather than admit his fear.

Guilt: this is similar to fear in that the person would rather deny another's feelings and perception than face the guilt or responsibility that may result

from accounting for those feelings and perceptions.

Inability to accept criticism: most men are locked into competition and winning and are 'always right', being wrong and losing have become synonymous. As a result of this a small criticism may be taken as 'you think I'm a horrible person' and a larger criticism may threaten his total 'survival'. This is HIS shit and rather than look at it, he would rather make YOU crazy.

Out of touch: most men are chronically out of touch with their feelings and have become afraid of this 'unknown' part of themselves. They have developed such a phobia in many cases that they will deny another person's feelings because these feelings give rise to feelings in themselves .... feelings they are desperately trying to avoid.

Looking good: related to their inability to accept criticism, most men always want to look good .... in other words they like to feel they are perfect. Again they would rather make YOU crazy than appear a little tarnished !

Investment: all men have an investment in the system.....a system that gives them privilege and oppresses women. As a result of this investment, most men will deny all feelings and perceptions that relate to this situation. For instance, it is important that women are systematically intimidated into dependence on men, so that this oppressive system can creep on. One of the ways that this systematic intimidation is carried out is by rape .... in the example of Jack telling Myra that there is nothing to be afraid of, and denying her feelings of fear, the reason for the denial may have been Jack's unwillingness to account for rape and many of the privileges he holds in society.

In conclusion, denial is one of the basic oppressive tools used in our society. It makes women (they are the usual victims) feel crazy and drives them into mental institutions or the waiting arms of psychologists, psychiatrists or others in this field, who complete the process by further denials. We must all work at defeating this process of denial, and develop ways and means of putting the shit back on those it belongs to !!

# Moving-In

On 17th September, the University Book Shop will open a new shop at 34 Kitchener St, between the Victoria St. Parking Building and the Magistrates Court. The shop will stock textbooks and associated reading and reference material in the following subject areas: Law, Accountancy, Commercial Law, Economics, Management Studies, Dip B.I.A., Engineering, Architecture and Town Planning.

The Student Union shop will stock all other University subject areas and general reading. Stationery, drawing equipment, calculators and bus tickets will be available only at the Student Union shop.

UBS service departments, unpacking, warehousing, accounts and order processing, which were previously located at the Anzac Avenue warehouse, have now moved to rooms behind 34 Kitchener St.

## Space Problems at the Book Shop

From 1965-1968, the UBS operated from a small room in what is now the Student Health area, and then from a prefab behind the same building. The student roll rose from 5,700 to 7,900 in those years and when the UBS moved in January 1968 to its present premises in the ground floor of the Student Union Building, the size of the shop was barely adequate to cope with the stock

required for student use. Since 1968, all order processing, accounts and unpacking have been handled from premises half a mile away from the Student Union shop.

By 1975, the student roll had risen to 10,000 and the UBS management and directors were spending a considerable amount of energy attempting to find additional space or new premises on the small campus site. The shop was badly overcrowded for most of the year and while conditions for customers were substandard, conditions for UBS staff became almost impossible. Ten or fifteen people had to work in or from a 90 square foot office which was already packed with book reserves and files, and the Cafeteria often became the only place to find table space to work.

In 1979, when the student roll had risen to 11,000 and the latest of a series of plans to relocate the Book Shop on Campus had fallen through, the directors finally agreed that space off-campus was essential to relieve the pressure on the Student Union shop, and the Kitchener St premises were acquired.

The Book Shop still hopes to find more space on campus in the future so that all the book stock can be adequately displayed in one area. In a university environment, it is unusual and regrettable that an essential service like the student



bookshop cannot acquire a suitable building on campus while sports facilities are allocated thousands of square feet of ground space.

## Subject Reallocation of the Student Union Shop

The space gained by moving sections to the new shop will be allocated to New Zealand books, film, photography, reference and novels. Badly over-crowded subject sections will have more space and the languages section will be moved from its present corner to provide a customer service/staff work area. There will be a plan of the rearranged subject areas in the shop window when the changes take place.

## Kitchener St. Shop

The location of the shop was chosen because it was on the route many students use to walk to buses, and other students often use the same route on their trips down town. It is hoped that by moving specialist course books such as Law and Engineering and associated subject areas like Accountancy and Economics, that the stock division between the two shops will cause the minimum of confusion in students' minds.

## UBS Background

50% of the shares of the University Book Shop are owned by Auckland University Students Association and 50% by University Book Shop Ltd., a subsidiary of Whitcoulls. The company is controlled by directors, the student directors being appointed by trustees chosen by the Students Association Executive. The present student directors are Mr. L.H. Southwick, Q.C. and Mr G.P. Hanna and the Whitcoulls directors are Mr P. Bourne, General Manager of Whitcoulls, and Mr R. Edean.

The Students Association's annual dividend is used to purchase new equipment for the Student Union Complex. In the past year for example, accumulated book shop funds were used to upgrade the Radio B studio, build and furnish the Students Information Service office, and to carpet a common room.

# Fees Hit Post-Grads

When the \$1500 discriminatory fee for overseas students was first announced by Mr Muldoon earlier this year it was stated that this fee will apply to those private overseas students who enter NZ in 1980 to begin tertiary study courses. In a letter to NOSAC on 31 May, the Foreign Minister Mr Brian Talboys clarified that, 'It would not apply to students already undertaking tertiary courses in New Zealand but will apply to overseas students presently in New Zealand high school who intend to proceed to tertiary institutions next year.'

Owing to the strong reactions and national wide protest action by overseas students and the NZ public against this discriminatory fee policy, the government was forced to make a slight 'concession' by waiving the fee increase for overseas students in NZ high schools.

Now out of the blue the Government suddenly decided to impose the fee on overseas students who are already in NZ tertiary institutions but intend to proceed to do a higher degree next year. This blatant move by the government can only be described as petty mindless penny pinching. The imposition of this enormous fee will surely place huge economic burdens on overseas students and many will be forced to discontinue their studies.

The economic arguments advanced by the government for imposing the fee are unconvincing especially as it does not take into consideration the contributions of overseas students.

**Contribution of Overseas Students**  
Although not from a privileged sector of society, the overseas students do manage to bring into New Zealand a considerable amount of foreign exchange each year. For example, Malaysian students alone bring in NZ\$3.5 million each year.

Secondly overseas post-grad students who constitute about 20% of post-graduate students in the Engineering and Science faculties are doing research and development projects which directly or indirectly benefit the NZ industrialists. In many cases overseas students make important contributions to natural and social sciences. It would have cost far more for the industrialists or the Government to employ scientists or research assistants to do the same jobs.

Another important role that overseas students play is in promoting friendship and understanding between the people of NZ and the people in Third World countries. The social and cultural interchange helps to foster a better people to people relationship and also helps to break down misunderstanding and antagonism between countries and peoples.

**The Economic Crisis and the attacks on Overseas Students.**

Faced with a prolonged economic flu the Government finds it convenient to pick on weaker minority groups such as immigrants and overseas students as scapegoats to pacify the increasing demand by these people for a free deal.

Indeed it is ludicrous that the increase

in fee for overseas students can help to 'inject life into the New Zealand economy' as suggested by the NZ Government. If that is the case overseas students can make or break the NZ Government.

We must see these attacks on overseas students as part of the all round attacks on students and the NZ community. These were clearly shown by the increase in fee for local students, reduction in bursaries and the severe cut in education spending. Therefore our fight against the discriminatory fee must be seen as part and parcel of the fight by the NZ people against unjust attacks in the form of cutbacks in educational and social expenditure.

**Why do Overseas Students come?**

In imposing this fee increase the Government shows a blatant disregard for the position of overseas students and the circumstances that compelled them to come here.

Most overseas students are from developing Third World countries where there is a severe lack of educational facilities. This is the direct result of the past and present domination and exploitation by the Western powers (including NZ acting as a junior partner). It was really owing to the colonial exploitation of countries like Malaya that brought about, on the one hand underdevelopment of the colony of Malaya and on the other hand the development of countries such as Britain, Australia and NZ. Therefore developed countries like NZ have a moral responsibility to provide educational opportunities for those overseas students.

**Discriminatory Fee must be dropped!**

This discriminatory fee policy only further exposed the double standard and hypocrisy of NZ Government which on the one hand imposes discriminatory fee, make cuts in education and welfare spending and on the other hand continues to spend millions of dollars on overseas military aids.

At a time when NZ is seeking closer ties and friendships with the Third World countries the introduction of this discriminatory policy can only be seen as unfriendly and shortsighted. It will surely impede and hamper the progress and development of NZ foreign relations with many Third World countries.

It is pertinent to conclude that the increase in fee is unjustified and the NZ government should reassess its responsibilities to the students and people of developing countries.

We hope that all just-minded people can rally behind the overseas students in a united stand to demand that the discriminatory fee for overseas students be dropped!

While discrimination and inequalities exist we must speak out!

Come to a meeting to discuss this issue.  
Thurs 5 September 1979,  
1.00pm

Venue: Executive Lounge.  
In the meantime those overseas students intending to do post-graduate should talk to their lecturer or Head of Department concerning this \$1500 fee.

# The Union Bust

Should Students Join Unions?

Eighty per cent of students on the 1977/78 Student Community Service Programme did not join a union. This figure was revealed in an evaluation report of the scheme prepared by the Hawkes Bay Community College. It could be assumed that this figure would be lower for non-SCSP work where there would be a greater tradition of unionization. Nevertheless, this situation should be viewed with concern, not only because students are working without any protection from their employers but also because of the tendency for students to act as scab labour.

**Who Needs Protection**

In an economic recession, it is often temporary workers who are the first to go. Though, there are occasions where students are employed in preference to permanent staff, e.g. to finish a contract, once that work is over, the students become redundant. Because students are in such a weak bargaining position, it is difficult to fight redundancy or an unjust sacking. With the deepening of the economic crisis, incidents of under-award wages, unsafe working conditions, and dismissals without notice will increase. Students as temporary workers and as individuals are in a vulnerable position. Their only protection is to join a union.

**It Won't Happen to Me**

'Most employers are okay. If I work hard enough I'll be treated fairly.' Unfortunately this is often not true. It is highly likely that at some stage you will experience an employer who considers it a case of dismissing you or losing profits.

There have been many examples in recent years of students receiving unjust treatment. During the 1977 Summer vacation, an incident occurred at the Cable Price office at Kaiwharawhara (Wellington) which illustrates the importance of union membership. The Cable Price Corporation advertised for several university students for general store duties for the rest of the varsity leave year. Upon application, the



Elizabeth Leyland

successful students were verbally reassured of the advertisements' promise of work. The students were also asked to work specifically on one Saturday to help with their large stock taking procedure. A week and a half after they started, four of the twelve students were told there was no more work for them. They were given one hour's notice and did not receive any redundancy or holiday pay. The management also had the audacity to ask them if they would help in the stock-taking on the coming Saturday.

When the students accused them of reneging on their agreement, the management replied that all the students were lying and that no verbal assurance had in fact been given. Unfortunately all the students who should have been covered under the storeman and packers award had not bothered to join the union. However, through the aid of the students association the Union agreed to represent the students. After a delegation composed

of the Union Secretary, the Students Association President and a student representative had been to see the Management, they agreed to a week's pay for all the students sacked, in lieu of notice.

During the 1978/79 Vacation period there were numerous examples round the country of unfair treatment experienced by students. On one Student Community service programme the students were told by their employer that if they joined the Union, they 'might find themselves without a job'. Other employers, particularly on the SCSP schemes, sometimes unintentionally paid under award wages. Some students went to the union, others just accepted them.

When times are hard, employers assume students will accept shoddy conditions and low pay. Last summer, one shop employer offered an hourly rate of \$1.50 for a 'presentable girl' to work till Christmas.

**Who Cares About Being a Scab?**

Most students regard their vacation employment as a means to saving money so that they can financially survive the next academic year. With a depleted Tertiary Study Grant constantly ravished by inflation, this is completely understandable. However, this attitude sometimes leads students to sacrifice other, longer term interests, in order to achieve this goal.

Consequently, when there is a strike to improve working conditions or wages, it is sometimes students who scab. This is not always the case and often students accept the majority decision. However the examples where students have scabbed, perhaps one of the most notable being at an Auckland Tip Top Factory where the student acted as Scab labour throughout a strike, gives students a bad name.

This has two serious repercussions. The first is that some work could be closed to students because of workers' past bad experiences, and their subsequent refusal to work alongside students. Secondly the Unions could refuse to give students support when they ask for it on such questions as the inadequacy of the new tertiary Study Grant.

In the past the Unions through the various trades Councils have given students strong support over cuts to their allowances and to the education system generally. They have also been active in assisting students to find holiday employment.

When you scab on a union you are also scabbing on your fellow students. You are placing at risk their future jobs and their future trade Union support.

Sometimes it is a bit of an effort to find out which union you should belong to, or who the union delegate is in your area. But it is in your interests to find out and join the union. After you've been dismissed may be too late.

# Homegrown

By our gardening correspondent  
Jah Raas Eric, visiting professor of  
applied narcotics at the University  
of Colville.

## Choosing a plot.

The following must be taken into  
consideration:

Not only the site but your habit-  
ual path to it must be unobtrusive.

The site itself should be on a  
north facing hillside and should  
receive unobstructed sunlight from  
mid-morning to early evening.

In the height of the season plants  
may need water twice a week. There  
should be a water source within easy  
walking distance.

In the interests of minimum risk  
the plot should not be sited on  
occupied private property.

The plot must be large enough to  
accommodate however many plants  
you intend to grow, spaced one metre  
apart.

The following tools will be essential:

A soil sieve, this may be made

## Germination

Seeds differ in maturity, size and  
parentage, and all these factors affect  
the critical humidity/temperature  
relationship which dictates the germ-  
ination period. Consequently any  
attempt at mass germination will have  
a high failure rate. Seeds germinated  
under tissue paper tend to rot rather  
than sprout so give that one a miss.  
The most failsafe method of germ-  
inating is to raise seedlings directly  
from seed in open-air boxes, letting  
sun, rain and seeds sort out some  
amicable relationship and produce  
seedlings in their own good time.

## Planting seeds

Make or borrow some seedboxes  
with slatted bottoms and sides about  
10 cm high. The mixture should be light  
and friable (self-draining). Water  
thoroughly and lay out seeds (which  
should not have cracks) 5 cm apart



## First Transplant

When seedlings are 10 cm high  
they should be transplanted into  
large peat pots containing peat moss  
half and half with soil from the plot.  
The roots are covered with fine hairs  
which are easily damaged. Take  
plenty of time, be gentle, and don't  
expose roots to direct sunlight in

## Second Transplant

When plants are 20 cm high they  
should be hardy enough to trans-  
plant to your plot. Dig holes at least  
50 cm deep, and put organic fertiliser  
(cow, horse, pig and chicken shit are  
all excellent) in first, then fill up the  
hole with sieved soil. Make a hole  
for the peat pot deep enough to  
completely bury the pot (which will  
shortly rot away: soaking the pot  
first helps). This method of trans-  
planting does not disturb the roots  
which should flourish and proliferate  
in their new environment. If you can  
get hold of a post hole borer it will  
take the backache out of digging  
your holes, and will mean that you  
can make them deeper. If you know  
someone trustworthy get them to  
help sieve soil from the hole being  
dug into the hole being filled, saving  
time and trouble.

## Care and Attention

Plants will need water at least  
once per week, and twice per week  
in hot weather until the plant is fully  
mature (flowering). Now and again  
lace the water with liquid seaweed  
or some other nutritious organic  
fertiliser, but don't overdo it or the  
roots will get burnt.  
Weeded, but disturb the plants them-  
selves as little as possible. If you're  
sure you won't be overheard, talk to  
them. It will need enormous self-

In the interests of minimum risk the plot should not be sited on occupied private property.

The plot must be large enough to accommodate however many plants you intend to grow, spaced one metre

#### Tools

The following tools will be essential:

A soil seive — this may be made by knocking the bottom out of a stout wooden box and covering the hole you have made with two layers of 1 cm chicken wire. Nail it on as firmly as possible, bending flat any nail points that project into the box.

A shovel with a pointed blade (not a spade).

For clearing overgrown plots:

Slasher

Axe

Secateurs

Heavy gloves

sun, rain and seeds sort out some amicable relationship and produce seedlings in their own good time.

#### Planting seeds

Make or borrow some seedboxes with slatted bottoms and sides about 1 cm apart. The mixture should be light and friable (self-draining). Water thoroughly and lay out seeds (which should not have cracks) 5 cm apart in triangular tessellation. Cover with just enough sand to cover the seeds. Tamp down lightly so that the seeds are in intimate contact with the soil, and put the box somewhere sheltered from wind but exposed to rain and sun.

#### First Transplant

When seedlings are 10 cm high they should be transplanted into large peat pots containing peat moss half and half with soil from the plot. The roots are covered with fine hairs which are easily damaged. Take plenty of time, be gentle, and don't expose roots to direct sunlight: in fact it may be best to do it indoors. Water the plant as soon as it has been transplanted. A little gravel and a hole in the bottom of the peat pot will prevent the roots from getting waterlogged, which tends to produce spindly plants that make excellent paper and rope, though little else.

once per week, and twice per week in hot weather until the plant is fully mature (flowering). Now and again lace the water with liquid seaweed or some other nutritious organic fertiliser, but don't overdo it or the roots will get burnt. Weeded, but disturb the plants themselves as little as possible. If you're sure you won't be overheard, talk to them. It will need enormous self-control, but don't tear leaves off or you will get a bonsai plant. Leave them until at least the end of January, and if you can't wait that long uproot a whole plant.

#### Harvesting

Easily the best part. Loosen the soil around the roots, grab the plant by the base of the stem and pull firmly. Shake the loose soil from the roots and hang the plant up in a shady place to dry — this brings sap from the roots back into the plant. When the plant is thoroughly dry, remove leaf and flower material from the stems, which may be chopped and boiled in water to make a refreshing herbal tea. Remove the seeds by gently crumbling flowerheads into a shoebox or tray — the seeds can be rolled to one end for ease of separation, and stored in an airtight jar until this time next year.

craccum

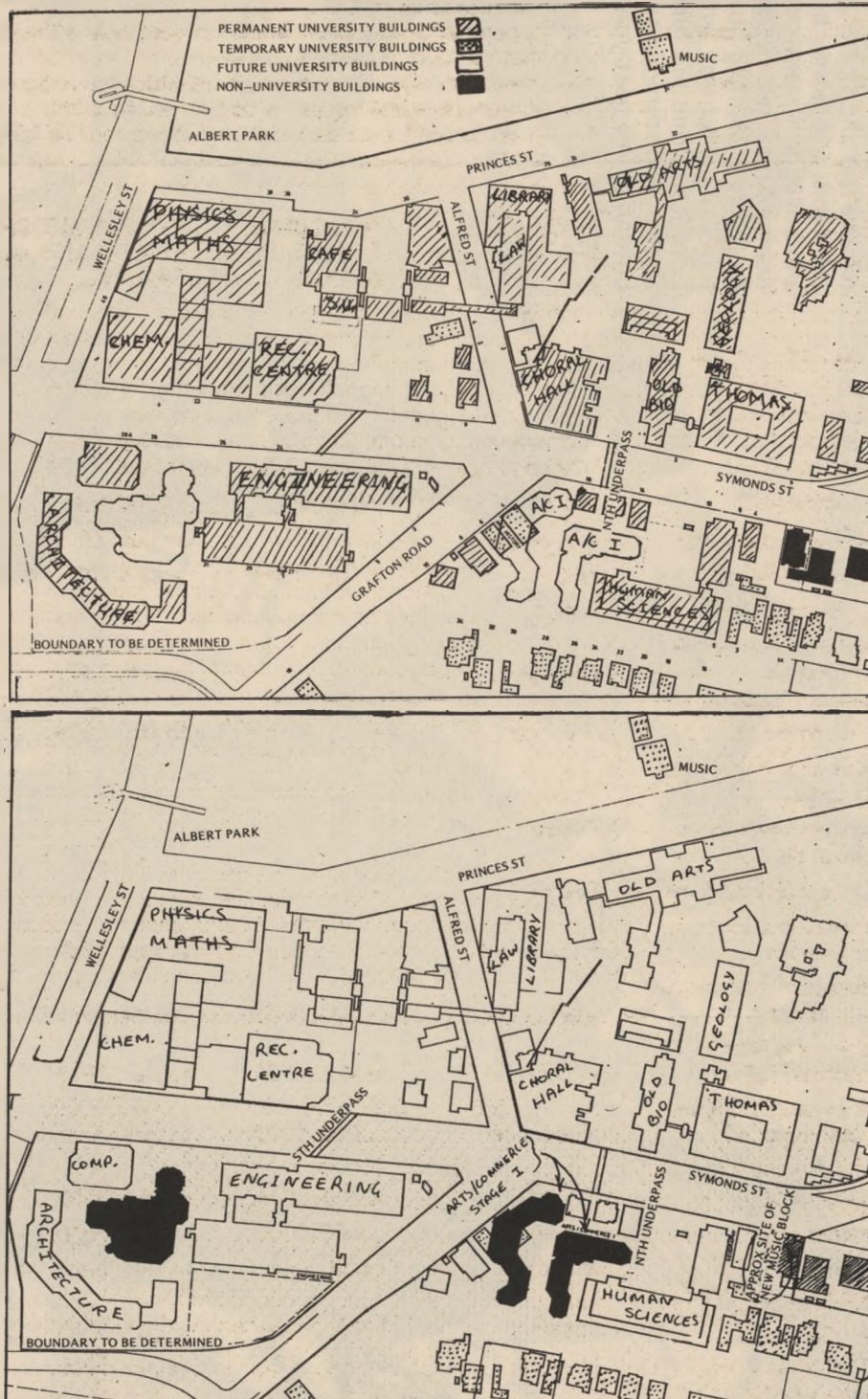
# CASTLES IN THE SKY

A look at Auckland University's building programme in the interests of environmental affairs and education fightback.

*Is this university spending too much money on buildings when it would be better spent on increasing, or at least maintaining, student/staff numbers and welfare services? Or is the building programme as it is at present absolutely necessary, but hindered by government cuts in education spending? Or is it the Universities Grants Committee who are acting not in the best interests?*

*What follows is a summary of Auckland University's building programme, presented with the intention that YOU, the students, should be able to decide whether or not action is warranted, and if so, what form it should take, and where it should be directed.*

*Brian Gray (EAO), Ivan Sowry (EVP), Dave Merritt (ED), and myself will all be giving our own thoughts on the matter a bit later on, in case you want any ideas. While this article doesn't say too much about the visual aesthetics of the buildings, environmental affairs does enter into it, particularly with regard to landscaping and surrounds, and also the underpasses. Brian Gray is the man to contact if you feel strongly on any of these sorts of things. Submissions related to university spending, building programme and education cuts/fightback are Ivan Sowry's province.*



## The Projects

### HOW DO WE GET NEW BUILDINGS?

The successful completion of a new block is the culmination of years of planning, haggling and constructing. The process involved is, briefly, this:

- a need exists/arises, or a suggestion is made eg., by student or departmental agitation
- this is discussed by university Council and sundry other bodies.
- the university commissions the site consultants to report on the matter.
- the report goes to Senate, Council, Works committee etc.
- if work is warranted, architects are called in to prepare sketch plans.
- if these are approved, a set of working drawings is made up.
- it then goes to Universities Grants Committee who have to approve a grant for it. This is where Government cuts hit. The govt budgets so much money for education, of which tertiary institutions get roughly one-third; only a portion of this (a bit over one half) goes to universities (administered by the UGC) and the Govt allocates only so much to works and buildings, which amount has to be distributed amongst seven universities (includes Lincoln).
- if a grant is approved and the University can raise sufficient funds to be able to pay for the proposed work, tenders are called.
- the grant has to be received, and the building is commenced.
- it then has to be finished and fitted with appropriate equipment.

Comments on budget allocations coming up in section eight.

Many of these projects have been delayed. A few are worth looking at in a bit more detail.

a) **The Engineering Underpass.** (Symonds St). This is by far the most controversial (in students' eyes) of current developments. Originally part of the engineering school, and on the plans for it, the underpass was not put in then (1967-8) due to quarrels over who was to pay for it. As it was a road crossing, the university wanted the National Roads Board to fund it. There was a need for an integrated site, and when engineering students began later expressing a desire for some form of road crossing (a number

of them painted their own pedestrian crossings) the university, in consultation with the City Traffic Department and the site consultants, had another look at the problem. A traffic underpass was out of the question because of extreme costs and probably mortal damage to the roots of the trees that line Symonds St. A pedestrian overbridge was rejected, as the traffic clearance necessary would necessitate interference with the trees, which the City Council did not want. Actual planning began three or four years ago, construction began earlier this year, and completion was scheduled for the end of December. Contract problems and troubles with underground services

(water, waste, telecommunications etc) have pushed this back to February next year. As to people being frightened or otherwise unwilling to use it, the comments of some of the higher echelons in the Works Dept are fairly realistic: 'We are under no illusions that every student will use it.'

Incidentally, the rumoured extension of the underpass through to the new architecture block is nothing more than that. This idea was mooted at the time when the site for the underpass was still being discussed, and some suggested it should go from the Chemistry building to the computer centre to the architecture block.

b) **Arts/Commerce building.** This is in the form of two separate blocks known as stage 1 and stage 2. The first is itself two buildings, and is to go between the human sciences block and Grafton Road.

During the development of this university subsequent to the last war, science and engineering (and related topics like medicine) have been important to building N.Z. All faculties of the university are destined to have their own modern blocks of adequate size, but the faculties named above got first priority. A definite decision was made around ten years ago to build an arts/commerce block, and this is finally going ahead now. This unit is the main project over the next two to three years.

Approval (and a grant) have recently come through from the UGC for siteworks and underpass only. Site works are excavation, services, foundations. The university is going ahead with these in the not too unreasonable hope that having got this far the UGC will allow them to complete the whole thing.

The underpass will run from the car park between the Old Bio Bldg and the Old Choral Hall to the first underground level of the arts/commerce block. The buildings on the carpark have now been demolished in readiness for this. The main entry to the arts/commerce block will be on the lower level (one below street level) as the land it stands on slopes so that adjacent buildings also have their Level 1 floors at that elevation. Also it may encourage more people to use the underpass. (Symonds St Nth).

Stage 2 is still future. It will stand on the far side of Wynyard St and possibly link with it by an overbridge or similar structure. The actual design of it is at this stage somewhat uncertain. Stages 1 and 2 will cost \$10m each.

c) **Music.** After arts/commerce, the new music building is first on the list. At present the music department is housed in an old building rented from the City Council, at 31 Princes St. Some practice rooms and a few other sundry bits of it are tucked away in the back blocks of Wynyard St. Proper accommodation for the music dept has been needed for some ten years now. Student intake here is well restricted because of this, although some of the cuts are due to scarcity of suitably qualified staff, and tight budget.

The original site for this building was the grassed area alongside the Barracks wall. This idea has now been dropped, and the building will be located at No. 2A Symonds St. (Next to St. Andrews hall).

d) **Law.** As the library expands the law school will be progressively kicked out into their own building (3rd priority) and replaced by books.

e) **Student Union extensions and swimming pool.** These projects have fairly low priority. They are at present postponed indefinitely due to cost. The UGC will only subsidise these, the rest of the funds having to be provided by students (that's us, folks.) If it does eventually go ahead this complex will stand in the Northern underpass precincts at 11-13 Symonds St., between existing S.U. blocks and the Rec. centre.

Buildings and Budget cuts.	1979	1980 (est)	% incr.
Total government spending	\$6,512,803,000	\$7,441,251,000	14.26
Govt. education spending	\$ 936,671,000	\$ 938,650,000	0.21
Edu. est. for buildings	\$ 117,700,000	\$ 106,700,000	-9.34
Edu. est. for university buildings	\$ 24,700,000	\$ 24,000,000	-2.84
% edu. est. on buildings	% 12.56	% 11.36	-1.20
% edu. est. on uni. bldgs	% 2.63	% 2.55	-0.08
% of edu. bldgs est. on uni. bldgs	% 20.98	% 22.49	1.51
% govt tot. est. exp. on education	% 14.38	% 12.61	-1.77
% govt tot. est. exp. on uni bldgs	% 0.38	% 0.32	-0.06

All figures from or based Budget 1979. For more detailed analysis see Government Estimates 1979-80.

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#### Some quotes on Budget 1979

from 'University of Auckland News' vol 9 No. 5 p. 25.

'Although the reduction is not as high as we had feared, it is nonetheless serious, coming as it does on top of heavy increases in charges for power, cleaning, maintenance and similar expenses, for which we are not receiving any additional grant and are in fact being allowed less.'

'Long term effects would be seen in possible further restrictions on student intake, some of which are already under consideration, on purchase of books and periodicals for libraries, on the renewal of worn-out or out-of-date equipment .... and in social services such as health, and on the improvement of the already unsatisfactory staff-student ratio.'

Note: this university has a system of established posts'. Under this system when a person in one of these positions leaves, they are usually automatically replaced. However, in future most posts will come under review before a decision is made to replace those leaving. So far everyone who has left has been replaced unless suitable people were unavailable.

From 'Budget 1979' p 28

'Secondly, it (the govt) has placed people, and services provided by people, higher than bricks and mortar as reflected in the capital works programme.'

'Thirdly, it has given higher priority to the main structure of public education - preschools, primary, and technical and vocational - than it has to other claims on educational expenditure.'

The 'other claims' presumably include universities.

WELL THERE IT IS ..... and here's what I think of it all.

It's fairly a mess ! Lack of buildings means restrictions on student intake and on equipment. These are essential to any university, as you cannot have a university without students, staff, or resources.

Overseas deficits, increase in excess of expenditure over income, and similar economic woes are responsible for government cuts in spending. Who's to blame for this aside, it seems that as many areas as possible should bear the weight of the cuts. In this respect we have to expect some inconvenience. The university itself has a responsibility to use what funds it has in a wise manner. A lot of projects have already been delayed, and people in affected departments are entitled to have all necessary works and facilities provided as soon as possible. One thinks for example of the music faculty, who are ten years overdue for at least a university-owned building. So far I think they're doing quite well; e.g. re-organisation of accommodation in the Med. School has allowed postponement of an extension wing for some five years. (One of the projects I do have doubts about is the engineering underpass. (Stn Symonds St underpass). This is double the cost of the northern underpass, as it runs diagonally up the street, as opposed to straight across it. The Northern underpass I might just use (in daylight hours), except that it will open into the Arts/Commerce building at one level below ground. An exit stairwell giving access to and from street level (before you enter A/C) would be useful for those people crossing the street for other purposes (e.g. to catch buses) than to get to Human sciences or Arts/Commerce.

In general then, government spending cuts place a heavy responsibility on UGC and the individual universities, and I think they're not doing too bad a job considering. In the future....well, that remains to be seen.

Coming up (next week), personal viewpoints from Brian Gray, Ivan Sowry, and Dave Merritt.

Mark Reynolds

The following table summaries the main building programme as at 28 September, 1978. I have updated it by removal of all buildings, alterations etc now complete, and by making other adjustments according to University News magazine. Costs given are as at 31 March 1979. Only those projects in planning or early building stages are listed. Abbreviations used are as follows :-

U/Const.	=	under construction
Grant	=	UGC grant received but not yet under construction
Tender	=	calling of tenders approved by UGC
Wkg dwgs	=	preparation of working drawings approved
Sk/Pl	=	preparation of sketch plans approved
Request	=	a university approved project for which a grant or approval request is under consideration by UGC
Future	=	a possible development which has been before Senate and/or Council Committees but has yet to be finalised in detail
Tent	=	tentative - a possible development which has not yet been before Senate and/or Council Committees and has yet to be finalised in detail.
New	=	a project which has not appeared in previous building programmes

PROJECT	PRESENT STATUS	PLANNING/TENDERING PERIOD	CONSTRUCTION PERIOD 1979 - 84 PROG.	EST. COST (\$000) *	EXP. 1979-81 (\$000)	COST FURN & EQPT. (\$000)
Architecture - contract A	U/Const.	—	to 1979	8,500	700	1,690
- contract B	U/Const.	—	to Dec. 1980	2,500	2,000	215
Arts/Commerce 1						
- contract A	Wkg dwgs	to Dec 1978	to Dec. 1979	800	800	—
- contract B	Wkg dwgs	to mid 1979	to early 1982	10,000	5,000	600
Arts/Commerce 2	Future	1980-1981	1981-1984	10,000	—	600
Choral Hall (upgrading)	Wkg dwgs	to Dec 1978	to Dec. 1979	200	200	50
Law (main building)	Request	to Dec. 1980	to mid 1982	8,000	1,000	400
Leigh (land purchase)	Future	—	—	25	—	—
Main Site - purchase 2A						
Symonds St	Request	—	to Dec. 1979	80	80	—
- purchase/develop N. Wynyard St	Request	—	to Dec. 1979	70	70	—
- Whitaker Place properties	Future	—	—	300	—	—
- boiler conversion to natural gas	Future	—	—	50	50	—
- fire protection & egress	Future	—	—	80	50	—
miscellaneous conversions	Request	—	to Dec. 1979	150	150	15
- Symonds St underpass (Stn) (Eng)	Grant	to Mar. 1979	to Dec. 1979	320	320	—
- siteworks Nthn underpass (Bio)	U/Const.	to Mar. 1979	to Dec. 1979	150	150	—
- Wynyard St services & development	New request	to Dec. 1978	to early 1980	210	170	—
- site devpmt S.U./Symonds St	U/Const.	to Dec. 1978	to mid 1979	130	130	—
- marae	Future	late 1979	to mid 1980	1,000	1,000	50
Music (building)	Wkg dwgs	1979	to mid 1981	1,750	1,500	200
Old Arts - upgrading heating	Future	1979	to early 1981	50	50	—
Old Govt House	Future	to mid 1979	to late 1980	80	80	—
- kitchen alterations						
Engineering School						
- library extensions	Tent.	1980-81	1981-82	80	—	40
- other ext's	Future	1979	1980	120	120	30
Med. School						
- property purchases	Request	—	—	200	80	—
- animal station	Request	to mid 1979	to mid 1980	1,200	700	120
- med S.U. (subsidy)	Tent.	1981-82	1982-83	250	—	—
- clinical areas (hospitals)	U/Const.	—	to Dec. 1979	170	170	90
- extensions	Future	1982	1983 +	—	—	—
Science building						
- panel fixings (B)	U/Const.	—	to Dec 1979	—	—	—
- panel fixings (C)	—	—	—	30	30	—
- boiler/roof works	U/Const.	—	to late 1979	40	40	—
- fume disposal	Tent.	to Mar. 1979	to early 1980	25	25	—
- A-V alterations	Tent.	to late 1979	to mid 1980	40	40	—
Student Union - extn & swimming pool (subsidy)	Future	to Dec. 1980	to mid 1982	600	150	—
- Parnell flats (subsidy)	Request	—	1979-1981	450	300	—
Symonds St building	Request	to mid 1980	to Mar. 1982	4,000	2,000	1,000
Thomas building						
- ventilation improvements	Tent.	to Mar. 1980	to Mar. 1981	70	70	—
- Bot: radiotracer lab.	New Tent.	to mid 1979	to Mar. 1980	50	50	10
Fine Arts						
- additions & alterations	New Future	to Dec. 1978	to Mar. 1980	60	60	20
Old Bio Bldg						
- lab improvements	New Tent.	to mid 1979	to mid 1980	100	100	20

#### Note :

Spaces marked with a dash ( — ) in the above table are either due to lack of information, or indicate a heading not applicable to that project.

\* The figure given in the estimated cost column is the total cost. In the next column is the amount that will be spent on that project in the next two years. This may be either the total cost or some portion of it. It may not be spread equally over the two years. It may be the first lot of money to be used for that project, or it may be the last. Costs of furnishing and equipping a building may not be equal, and in many cases the figure given is for equipping alone, the building already being furnished.

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# Escape To Elysium

Black-blue darkness surrounded him. The air was getting thinner. Robby knew he was dreaming, but the peculiar dream-reality which dream imposes over the first left him still frightened. The boy didn't know how he had got there or how it had all started; the dream began just there. His mind, like a light express, had gone from a black escape into a dark tunnel. He couldn't go any more or any less, but the tunnel was suddenly there, close, confining him. He had slipped from quiet sleep straight into the dream. And then his hand stopped at a strange station.

The cold, solid walls of the dream-room were ridged on two opposite sides, flat and smooth in front of him and behind him. He stretched his hands out and felt them pressing on all sides. There was a ceiling immediately above his head. It was some sort of metal box he was sitting in and he was scared. The boy struggled at first, shouting, pushing, bumping against the walls that entombed him. The darkness frightened Robby and he cried with callow fear, but after some time the box around him became magical and mysterious and his tears dried. He waited for a while and made up stories until he was tired.

When the air began to run out he knew the whole thing was just an hallucination and he couldn't escape from it. His heart began to pound and in the darkness he heard the sound almost from inside his head: but the gasping seemed to belong to someone else, it came out of the darkness itself. He struggled to push against the wall in front again, but he was not really trying this time. Suddenly he didn't seem to care very much. He was still scared, but now spellbound by what was going on. He knew he was dying and accepted it. But when his heart was pounding in his ears and he saw the darkness ripple and undulate with light, vibrant colours and bursting stars, he wondered if he were drowning and suffocating at all. He felt the space around him again. The walls were different now. His hands prickled and it was icy cold and he felt slightly sick and weak so he just sat. His mind was an ark, floating on a foreign sea, and as he drifted east, his eyes gazed with fascination on the terra incognita between life and death. Light filtered through the closed curtains: his friend was ushered into the room even before Robby was out of bed. Robby was six and Tony was ten. Normally the four years' difference could be too much and at the same time too little for a friendship to develop, but the boys had always got on well together. Tony was tall for his ten years, but he was blind in one eye and 'slow' and he couldn't speak very quickly. Robby, on the other hand, was brisk and loud voiced. But he had known Tony for as long as he could remember, so he accepted all his faults and had stood up for his friend when other boys bullied him.

During the last summer, the boys had spent almost every day together, apart from a week when Tony and his mother went to some eye specialists in Wellington. When they came back Tony's mother was upset, but the boy was just glad to be back with his friend because Robby was his only nexus to a happy life. They lived out of town: Robby's father worked a sawmill, and Tony's parents had a small orchard of apples and peaches and pears. The weeks had passed very slowly. Sometimes the boys went swimming.

The stream behind the orchard was cold, but where they swam there was a weed on the bottom but just smooth, round stones, and at one side it was deep and green. Robby could climb a willow which leaned over the water, and then jump off, and sink a long way without ever touching the riverbed. Tony went to the water too but, as in everything else, he never went beyond his depth. Tony's mother would stand at the end

of the orchard and watch the boys through the willows, shouting now and then for Tony to keep to the shallow part. She wondered what would happen when Robby went away with his mother and Tony was left alone at the town school, with nobody to stick up for him.

Robby had returned to visit his father, at Easter: they could spend a few days every holiday together.

Tony's parents had left early in the morning to go to a wedding in a distant town, and they wouldn't be back until evening.

Robby's father cooked the boys' lunch and then went to do some odd jobs at the sawmill, so the boys were alone for the afternoon. They sat for half an hour in a shed behind the garage. At one end his father stored some spare tyres and a lot of bottles and an old refrigerator, but Robby could treat the rest of the shed as his own. It was built of roughsawn timber, but it suited him well enough. There was a worn grey carpet on the floor and it was always littered with toys and dressing-up clothes. The only light came through the door and through two small windows in the wall above the tyres. The air was heavy with a mixture of the scents of flowers outside the door and the damp and must of the shed itself.

The boys were together again but things had changed. Robby looked at Tony's blind eye, secretively, when he thought Tony wouldn't notice. And he finished his friend's sentences for him - he was impatient. Which only made Tony's stammer worse, and after a while he stopped saying more than just a few words at a time. Robby hadn't forgotten the old jokes - he pulled open the old fridge door and pushed Tony's head into the foul, stale atmosphere in there. Tony didn't mind - he wrinkled his face up, but he laughed with a strange giggle. Then Robby told him all about the new town, the new school, his new friends. But he could no longer sit and wait for his friend's slowly-put questions. He was bored. And he set off on his bicycle to visit another friend who lived on a farm a few miles away. It would be a relief to talk to someone who could laugh easily and not ask such simple questions. Tony was still his friend, but so much had happened to Robby that he had to share it with someone who could take it in without having to be told two or three times.

Tony was left with his thoughts. He watched his friend peddle off and knew Robby would be driven down the same road the next day and he wondered if he would ever return after that. Robby looked around and waved and Tony waved back and then went into the shed.

Robby was late getting back. He had stopped to see his father at the sawmill and then further along he had had a puncture and so he walked the rest of the way. There wasn't any traffic on the road at all, so he walked on the tarseal because it was easier. As the afternoon blue had given way to a much darker shade in the sky and there was the chill of evening in the air, Robby saw his father's house ahead, and the garage and shed behind it. There weren't any lights burning, so his father hadn't got back. He wondered if Tony had gone home.

The shed was very different in the failing light - the smell was heavier, colder. He could see the dark outlines of a cricket bat and ball and some old clothes on the floor. He wheeled the bicycle in and propped it with its flat tyre against one wall. Robby turned and looked at the big old fridge and remembered Tony's face wrinkled with the awful smell. He pulled open the heavy catch on the door and saw the face inside, leaden, staring, unseeing, at a strange angle to the body.

Katherine Mansfield — A Biography  
Jeffrey Meyers  
Hodder & Stoughton/Hamish Hamilton

A biographer walks a fine line between interpretation and judgemental criticism. If only Katherine Mansfield had lived long enough to write her own memoirs, as did many of her literary contemporaries, she might today be more widely understood to be a sound, though exceptional talent, and we would have been spared this biography: yet another subjective chronicle of her life and work. Dr Meyers has indeed managed to pare away a goodly amount of the earlier hyperbole, bringing to light a wealth of new material from personal correspondence, and new interviews with some who knew Mansfield.

Granted, Katherine Mansfield is not the easiest of subjects for biography. The greater part of her literary output was in the last years of her life. This to a certain extent dictated the 'shape' of the biography. Still, there is an annoying lack of stylistic uniformity in this book, though fortunately things do improve somewhat, from the smug and stolid intellectualism of the earlier chapters to relative lucidity in the post-WWI chapters, those most pertinent to her writing.

It is, however, Dr Meyers' excessively moralistic tone which is largely responsible for making this book unnecessarily heavy reading. Such an attitude is the worst fault possible in biographical writing. To judge people and their actions some sixty years later is of questionable utility in any case, serving only to burden the issues with yet more subjectivity. Thus the author handicaps his stated aim. John Middleton Murry is the author's main victim, condemned as callow and egocentric, 'a kind of rancid Rousseau', with a moralistic and pretentious philosophy. He claims Katherine would have lived considerably longer had Murry taken a firmer stand on treatment of her illness and had he not subjected her to such emotional torment. Others such as Virginia Woolf are panned for their snobbery and moral lassitude.

This is an attractively presented book, with a very useful selection of photographs and paintings reproduced on glossy plates in two sections amid chapters 7 and 12,

Tony sat in the fridge to shut the frustrating world out of his mind. But when the door closed and the catch locked, he had to come to terms with the cell of his world, the shackles and chains of his body on his mind. He had never really thought about dying, the difficulties of everyday life had kept him occupied. In his tomb, he was frightened, but excited too. As death approached, the foghorn sounded, the journey began. The ship of his mind pulled away from its dark berth and set sail across an unknown sea, meeting the sun as it rose on a new day.

Robby was uncomfortable. He felt he had intruded into something private because the eyes had a vaguely surprised look when he opened the door. So he shut it hastily and put his arms around the sides of the fridge and pressed his face against the door. His mind was so full that he couldn't think anything straight. After a few minutes he left the darkness of the shed and went to the house to wait for his father.

David Hindley

Second in the Recent Craccum  
Short Story Competition

## KATHERINE MANSFIELD

a biography



JEFFREY MEYERS

mainly portraits of Mansfield at various periods in her life, and other personalities who were part of her life. There was one minor feature of layout which I found irritating: Footnotes were assembled awkwardly in an appendix rather than at the end of each chapter.

This is certainly not the definitive study of Katherine Mansfield's life and works. It is still good value provided one can sift through its flaws, and couple the new-found personal and chronological data to further reading of earlier material on a woman who is, and is likely to remain, New Zealand's best known and least understood export to English literature. This book comes out as fair value for money at a cover price of \$16.75.

Selwyn Osborne

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CRACUM SEPT 3 PAGE 17

# Lament For The Kiwi

*And Malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's way to man.*  
— A.E. HOUSEMAN

Firstly I must admit that I am a beer man myself. I have a propensity for the ale and though I may sometimes have recourse to spirits, they do not hold the same magic. Not for me the virtues of continence and abstinence! Give me an honest glass of beer with its economical lifting properties; its warmth and goodness insinuating into the very being until one feels oneself 'wax merry and grow strong'. Beer! That miraculous draught which has the property of simultaneously creating and satisfying thirst. The subject of this tale then, is very dear to my heart and the circumstances which surround it are thus made even sadder to me.

One day whilst taking my morning preamble down the Symonds Street promenade, I chanced upon the Kiwi Tavern, a delightful little public house set back off the footpath in such a manner that it retained a timeless tranquillity despite the hurried urgency of its surroundings.

Noting its quaint aspect: the tinted louvre windows set in gothic arches through which one could glimpse the sturdy beams of an English tavern, I felt the eclectic in me rejoice at this montage of rampant bad taste in a city of such pretentious approximations to good taste.

Catching a passing scholar by the ear, I questioned him as to the character of the bar. Were the seats hard? Was the beer drinkable? The fallow faced youth looked at me askance; incomprehension clouding his features. The contrast between this miserable bookworm and the rude health exhibited by a plumber's mate, who had just at that moment stepped into the pub, brought to mind an old rhyme and at the same time determined my future course of action.

*Thou mortal man that liv'st by bread  
What made thy face to look so red?  
Thou silly top, that looks so pale  
'Tis red with Tommy Burckett's ale.*

Releasing the rascal's ear I entered the pub and approached the bar. Inside the emptiness had a strangely disquieting effect. Not sinister, it was rather as if the dust in the air danced a slow waltz to a long ago tune.

The surly barman - never trust a barman who smiles too easily - drew my glass of beer with a reverence that spoke of years in the trade.

Thirst can be such a precious and wonderful thing. But such are the size of pub glasses these days, no longer the old imperial pint, that one drink seemed but a tinkering aggravation and two not much of an improvement. It was as I applied myself to a third glass, that I discerned in a dark corner of the room, a figure hunched over a table as if bowed down under the weight of some immense burden, his each dejected sigh sending a spray of froth from the head of his beer onto the empty tables nearby. There is much sorrow in the glass I mused and was all at once mindful of Chesterton's advice, to drink when you are happy, never when you are miserable.

While I stood thus, lost in my own thoughts, the fellow chanced to look up and I was somewhat surprised to see that he was not, as I had first thought, nearing the twilight of his years, it was rather that life had been unkind to him for his haggard visage gave him the appearance of a man twice his age. His eyes were so piteously woeful that I felt it incumbent upon me to cheer the fellow up.

He appeared hardly to notice when I sat down at his table, nor could I elicit any reply when I addressed him. My fund of polite trivia exhausted, a long silence ensued, broken only by his rhythmical sighing and occasional use of an upturned mortar board beside his chair, as a spittoon.

A sizeable pool of beer froth had by this time accumulated on the table and was threatening to cascade onto my lap. I was on the point of leaving him to his melancholy when he let out a sigh larger than all its predecessors, showering me

with froth from head to toe. Motioning me to reseal myself he took a deep breath, and with the air of a man who has drunk enough to be sure he is absolutely sober, he commenced to relate the sad tale of the demise of 'the Kiwi'.

For 'the Kiwi', as it was affectionately called, had once known the patronage of ardent froth-blowers; of scholars who realized the fortifying properties of a good pint of draught in the afternoon hours, an honest pot of beer to tap the wellsprings of creativity and lend a spark of life to their drab book-bound lives.

The pub itself has had a colourful history. One of the older hotels in Auckland, when established in 1875 it was duly christened The Wynard Tavern and remained so up until the royal visit of 1956.

It must have been a glorious Auckland summer day when the royal party drove in stately pomp down Symonds Street past the Wynard Arms Tavern. (I refer here of course, to the summers of nostalgia, not to the recent innovations which leave much to be desired). Her Majesty, The Queen, on seeing the Kiwi sign atop the tavern, succumbed to a rush of matriarchal tenderness and perhaps the weest mischievous impulse, for she brought the royal cavalcade to a halt and saluted in regal manner the symbol of our nation.

What could the owner do? The fate of the pub could not have been more firmly sealed if the Queen had jumped the limousine and, lifting her skirts, raced into the pub to toss down a quick pint. The Wynard Arms Tavern became The Kiwi Tavern and with the sacred hop elevated to its rightful position as the only true existentialist, the golden era of student drinking was in full swing.

Years passed and one day 'the Kiwi' had a new proprietor who saw fit to change the name of the pub to The New Wynard Arms Tavern. Mere whimsy? Or perhaps an effort to attract a slightly more respectable clientele. Whatever the reasons behind the move it was all to no

avail. The students rolled this ponderous title around in their collective mouths, as in the first tentative evaluation of a new home brew, and then rejected it unanimously. It had too much the taste of a mouthwash; of an attempt at washing clean the slate. Thus, despite the painting of the official name in large letters across the face of the building, the establishment continued to be referred to with fondness by its old sobriquet, 'the Kiwi'.

In recent times, as the malaise of academic introversion spread and students found the atmosphere of their cloisters more conducive to the honing of their intellects, patronage dwindled and The New Wynard Arms Tavern, having changed hands once again, underwent a further identity crisis, reverting to its former title, The Kiwi Tavern. Whatever the effect on other patrons, as an attempt to seduce students back from the spartan confines of the library to the warmth and intimacy of 'the loneliest pub,' it was doomed to failure. The poor man had as much chance of succeeding in this gambit as he had of siring an ardent prohibitionist. The students drew tighter about themselves the cloaks of their delusion and bent their shoulders even further into the icy blasts of knowledge, courageous in the resistance of what they so mistakenly thought to be the warm lull of ignorance.

Now the bars are all but deserted, la belle époque seems gone forever. Although, if one cocks an ear, the ghostly murmur of that merry throng can still be heard. The clink of pintpots, the confusion of happy voices raised in fellowship as the barman draws the last tankard for the night.

And sitting here in the Marie Celeste of Symonds St, one cannot help but wonder - does the library serve a better brew?

*In yeasty days of yesteryear,  
We toasted tumbling malted joy;  
The tankard now but holds a tear  
In memory of a beer-bent boy.*  
"SHIBLI BAGARAG"

Jeremy Bartlett

## Book

'Equality' by Keith Joseph and Jonathan Sumption. Published by John Murray. 126 pages plus bibliography and index. \$14.50

Before I read this book I had a wishy-washy feeling that the Robin Hood ethic was worthy of approval if risky to put into practice. The Rich are different from you and me because they have more money than they should. We, as my Marx phase enabled me to discover, are mean and nasty people because our State makes us alienated from our True Selves. But as the water of the river of life flows over the dyke of existence and the stream of time leaches the idealism from the fabric of one's being (yay!) one begins to think things through. The insecure young, ashamed of their ordinariness, readily latch on to whatever is fashionably radical, just as a drowning person will cling to a lifejacket that doesn't fit without asking why, but that is usually only a phase. It leads to an interest in closely reasoned analysis of fundamental assumptions.

The authors admit (p 61) that their view is elitist. They see the natural condition of mankind as a society of autonomous individuals (p 100), who find it natural to pursue private rather than public ends. The proper function of government is (p 67) 'to provide a framework of laws and institutions within which men can pursue ambitions of their own devising, and thereby create whatever society is the natural outcome of the

infinite variety of human tastes and personalities.' Part of this framework of laws is concerned with the protection of the private ownership of assets. Of course people are not equal in their ability to acquire assets. 'Inequality is a state of affairs which results when the natural aptitudes of men are allowed to manifest themselves in natural differences.' (p 51). Most people would find the artificial obstruction of their pursuit of things which they know they are capable of achieving intolerable (p 38). Here we reach what I take to be the authors' main grudge: the steeply progressive taxation in Britain's mixed economy. They claim (p 54) that the redistribution of wealth by the State cannot significantly alter the amount of inequality. Moreover the State has no moral right to take away private property; the protection of property does not entitle its removal (p 94). Nor is an unequal distribution of wealth an unfair state of affairs. 'What renders a particular distribution of wealth 'fair' or 'unfair' is not the distribution itself but the manner in which it arose.' (p 78). The objection to discrimination against the rich in favour of the poor is that it offends against equality of opportunity and therefore against liberty. (p 31).

Tish, I hear you say, bald repression. It just seems OK to redistribute wealth. To a limited extent the authors agree. So long as redistribution of wealth is necessary for the maintenance of political stability it is justified (p 102). The

authors are arguing against an extremist view that would impose financial equality on us all. They may be accused of setting up their own straw men and then exposing them as such. The egalitarian assumption is that people want to have as much as their neighbour, a desire arising from materialism and the competitive spirit (p 40). Thus the whole book is an argument in favour of reason over feeling. The feeling is that a given amount of wealth has appeared and this ought to be shared equally. It is common to speak of 'redistribution' as if wealth has originally been 'distributed', and economic 'inequalities' as if they are departures from an original 'equality'. Of course this is not so. Nor, the authors argue, is there any strength in the other pillar of egalitarianism, that the State should nullify the inequalities resulting from accidental (natural) differences in ability. Individuals owe their honest acquisition of wealth to themselves (unless it was inherited) and there is no reason to justify the State taking it away. At the root of egalitarianism lie 'prudish objections to luxury and sanctimonious attempts to define what men 'ought' to have.' (p 98)

Inequality of wealth, it is said here, can be beneficial to society. 'In an equal society Marx could not have devoted his life to the study and criticism of the economic process; he would not have had the wealth of Engels to support him.' (p 56) Darwin is also cited in a similar manner, and it is pointed out that there

is always a prevailing orthodoxy that can profitably be challenged by those with the resources. The present prosperity of the West is owed, according to the authors, to the practice of putting the satisfaction of the appetites of the wealthy few before the provision of the lesser things wanted by everyone else. The expensive hobbies of the few gradually become the playthings of the many.

I hope I've given you enough of an outline to make you want to read the book, especially if you consider yourself a socialist. Lovers (so to speak) of Ayn Rand will recognise these sentiments - expressed for example in her 'Capitalism: the Unknown Ideal'.

Rand lacks the facility of disemboilment enjoyed by Joseph and Sumption, but beneath her convoluted Americanisms and evangelistic fervour are similar views. One annoying feature of 'Equality' is that the authors do not digress from their argument to give detailed examples in support. However to have done so would have required a much larger book, and one should not criticise it for not being what it does not set out to be. There is much more to this book than I have been able to summarise here. It is easy for grownups to read, being an amalgam of close reasoning and superbly restrained abuse.

You may find it amusing to spend a rainy afternoon taking it to pieces.

Don Mathias

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# Arts

Kabaret  
Paul Minifie  
Theatre Corporate, 11 pm  
Thurs & Frid only

So this is the late, late show: Theatre Corporate's move into the shadowy realms of urban decadence and disorientation; shades of Weimar Germany and Berlin before the Wall .....

So what. Certainly the trappings are there — a set of sumptuous purples in fashions and silks, the potted palms and the leopard skinn'd throne, the curtain pulled back to reveal the gilt-framed mirror .....

My overall feeling is that this is a masquerade rather than a cabaret; one where the audience has been invited to play wallflower (an impression heightened by the plastic cup of wine handed out at the door) in an extremely mannered version of the aftershow party. The promise of decadence extends no further than the costuming: a subtle and knowing discretion restrains the behaviour of the players, and they do not intend to explain it to the audience. The players talk in a buzz of indistinguishable whispers, laugh inately, and fall silent, and the audience is excluded.

An interesting indulgence, but not designed to cater for the social realists.

K.G.W.



Kabaret at Theatre Corporate

National Youth Orchestra  
Conductor : Georg Tintner  
Town Hall. Sunday August 26

It was for me, about the most pleasant concert this year, having a fairly imaginative programme, the National Youth Orchestra, a goodish audience, and the maestro, Georg Tintner. Yes, the 'eminent Viennese-born musician' as the advertisers constantly describe him, as if being born in Vienna conferred upon him instant genius.

The concert opened with the Sturm und Drang 'Coriolan' Overture by Beethoven, in an assured performance, and given that air of authority by Tintner. A great achievement was the symphony 'Mathias the Painter' by Hindemith, a sort of musical tableaux of three paintings by Grünewald from the Issenheim Altarpiece. I find it very difficult to see how the Nazi Government could have found this work in any way 'decadent'. It remains firmly within a conventionality, but the effect is fresh and to execute such a complex score so well made this a memorable performance.

The winner of the 1979 Mobil Song Quest, Malcolm Smith ended the first half of the concert with three arias. The choice was rather bland, your usual Mozart e.t.c. If he is going to make a career in singing it would be nice for audiences to hear a more imaginative selection. I can't quite forgive him for singing 'Old Man River' in the song quest.

The 'Missa de Angelis' for orchestra, commissioned for the Year of the Child, and composed by Dorothy Buchanan, escaped me. I had rather expected a paen of joy but the work was sombre and subdued. Perhaps this is hunting for influences but it reminded me of Lilburn's 1st Symphony. I do hope we will hear it again, but I fear it will be shelved away and left for an audience who will appreciate it in a hundred years time.

It is quite ironical, then for the concert to finish with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Being the most heard piece of music, it makes the ultimate test-piece. No-one was disappointed. The riotous finale was wonderful and the applause was long.

A. Busser

Jenneke Vandenberg.  
Elizabeth Leyland  
Snaps Gallery  
August 13 - 31

Even a preliminary nosey around the gallery walls squeezing between and behind munching figures, reveals the clean sharp contrast in the styles of these two Elam students. Jeanne concentrates on exteriors in warm, vibrant tonings. City buildings older houses and clear-cut patterns of light and darkness seem favourite themes. In one photograph, viewer and photographer become silent observers, peering in through a brightly lit window stand outside the welcoming circle of porch light in another.

Textural patterns are more easily observed in her black and white studies. "Reflections" features the dirty greyness of mud bespattered leaves and "Wood" is interesting with it's linear movement and dark grooves.

Elizabeth's portraits and interior studies are more reflective and personal, a mantelpiece of memories, or "Sarah" a girl with drifting hair huddled against a wall — a study in loneliness. Colours, when she uses them are pale, delicately evoking atmosphere. Unfussy and uncluttered though, even in the series of smaller prints on curtains. Little details catch one's attention — the shadow of a pot plant on the translucent yet grainy texture of the net curtain, or the smug expression on one of the smooth-cheeked dolls.

Most of her photographs feature muted shadowy light so 'Attic at Highwic' stands out. Afternoon sun is reflected off golden wood, drawing the eye in and then exploding outwards.

E. Sage

The Inner Harbour  
Fleur Adcock  
Oxford University Press

Fleur Adcock writes a poetry that is extremely personal, and which falls within the bounds of what is regarded as the archetypally feminine. Her phrases are measured: a meticulous, fluid conversation within a delicately structured syntax. There are no big crashing tumults recorded in her work, and nothing imposing or strident; set out in tones of wry observation, reflection, or detached sympathy, are poems about friendships and loves, gardens, and children. 'The Inner Harbour' is Ms Adcock's fourth work published by Oxford, and it demonstrates the precise, finely honed style of a familiar, well-practised craft. This is perhaps her most polished work to date.

Fleur Adcock's poetry has always reflected her own experience and perceptions; while earlier works were more closely centred around her family, house and garden, this latest volume, indicative of her greater age and changing domestic situation, contains more reminiscence and sombre reflections. There are drunks in the park she passes on her way to work; bomb searches in the National Gallery; death, illness, and cancer.

"They will remove the tubes and drips and dressings which I censor from my dreams. They will, it is true, wash you; and they will put you into a box. After that whatever else they may do won't matter ....."

(Poem Ended By A Death)

"and running, almost running to stuff coins into the box for cancer research."  
(Having No Mind For the Same Poem)

For me, it is these more imperative poems, which tackle matters of more weighty concern, that save the book from a bland nicety, a skilfully styled trivia which becomes apparent in some of her more 'garden-ish' poems.

"There are brilliant yellow daisies, though, and fuchsia (you'll know why) and that mauve and silver-grey creeper under the apple tree where we lay."  
(A Message)

Unfortunately, Ms Adcock seems most facile when she limits herself to strictly conventional forms - ballads, sonnets, rhyming verses. A whimsical tone, combined with smoothly phrased stanzas, does not have enough power of meditation or sensual evocation for my taste.

"Let Scotland, Wales and Ireland chart themselves, as they'd prefer. For us, there's just one doubt: that medieval England may be dimmed by age, and all that's earlier blotted out. X-rays might help. But surely ardent rhyme will, as it's always claimed, outshine mere time?"  
(Proposal For A Survey)

Ms Adcock is an expatriate New Zealander, resident in London since 1963, and like every expatriate, from

Joyce and Mansfield onwards, her work still shows a strong preoccupation with her former homeland: one section of the book deals with a recent visit to New Zealand, while the cover photograph is of Pukera Bay, just outside Wellington. This preoccupation with emigration and national roots is stated most succinctly in her poem "Instead of an Interview".

"... But another loaded word creeps up now to interrogate me. By going back, after thirteen years, have I made myself for the first time an exile?"

And on the subject of patriotism, I'd like to put in a quote from an earlier work, "Stewart Island".

"...my four-year-old paddled until a mad seagull jetted down to jeb its claws and beak into his head. I had already decided to leave the country."

So much for New Zealand. The volume ends on a wry, philosophical note, with a poem to her sister, "To Marilyn From London".

"You did London early at nineteen... And soon enough you were back in Wellington with your eyeshadow and your Edith Piaf records buying kitchen furniture on hire purchase and writing novels when the babies were asleep... somehow you're still there, I'm here..."

K.G.W.

# Who Is Eric Walks?



Eric Walks was born in Hamilton, in a motel, in Hamilton, city of motels. He spent his early years in one motel after another. His father, Sidney Walks, a motel owner, was always on the look out for the perfect motel. But in Hamilton he never found it. At the tender age of 22 Eric developed, in his own words, 'itchy feet' and left Hamilton, and Sidney, and their latest motel, 'Palm Beach', to begin a new life in AUCKLAND.

Ah, AUCKLAND, city of dreams, city of poets. From the university to Ponsonby a thousand pens could be heard writing and re-writing eulogies to this magic city. What else could Eric do but become a poet? In a small room, in a men's only boarding house, in upper Symonds St, by the light of a 30 watt bulb, he began to compose his first book of poems, 'Odes to a Fair City', while taking a job as a proof-reader at the New Zealand Herald.

For six years Eric toiled with words, both to earn a living and for pleasure. But the great concentration that he brought to bear upon the printed page gradually weakened his eyes, and forced him to give up proof-reading. Alas, something was also at fault with his writing. He could never get it published. All the words were there, on paper, grammatically correct, properly typed, but they were not enough. Eric deduced that the factor missing from his existence was, experience. For too long he had been living in a two-dimensional world, a world of black and white. Now was the time for colour, now the time for office blocks towering above him, and roads leading to new adventures. So Eric became a street sweeper, in order to obtain first hand knowledge of the city that inspired him, and swept nearly every street in Auckland for seven years.

At the end of this period fate struck Eric a cruel, perhaps, in the long run, not too cruel blow :- It was dawn, Karangahape Rd, Eric's favourite street. The sun had just risen over George Courts. Eric, in order to get a closer look, stepped onto the road and was knocked down by a meat delivery truck. His last image, as he rolled into the gutter and unconsciousness, was of frozen pig carcasses swinging in the back of the now stationary truck.

He awoke in Auckland Hospital, encased in plaster. If only, thought Eric, they would encase me in my city's asphalt, I could feel more at ease. In the bed beside him lay an old man, a tramp, who had fallen down a flight of stairs. He was also in plaster, not asphalt. During the weeks of recuperation Eric struck up a friendship, of sorts, with this old man,

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and, while in conversation one day, reached the turning point of his life. The revelation began when the old man asked what he did for a crust. Eric replied that he was a poet, although he had yet to publish. The old man, roaring with laughter, spluttered something unintelligible. Eric leaned over to listen. The old man spluttered again. Eric didn't catch the meaning and leaned over to listen. The old man spluttered again. Eric didn't catch the meaning and leaned still closer. Then the old man bellowed, loud and clear :- 'I'M NOT A POET, I'M THE BLOODY POEM', and collapsed back into bed laughing and urinating into his hidden bottle until it overflowed. Eric collapsed into his own bed, temporarily deafened.

As nurses flocked about administering sedatives to the old man, Eric regained his outward calm. But inwardly he was in a state of excitement bordering on ecstasy. If this old man, thought Eric, is the poem, then I too, must be the poem. I must stop writing about AUCKLAND and become AUCKLAND. Just as this great city is the object of inspiration to me, so I, in turn, must be the object of inspiration to others. When they come unto me they will come unto their city and discover the miracles that surround them. I must awaken people to their environment and lead them into becoming one with God, the only God, this city, AUCKLAND !

Over the next year Eric was to articulate these great thoughts into a religion his own religion, THE CHURCH OF REALITY. While in hospital many of his bones had to be set and re-set, rendering him unemployable, but also eligible for accident compensation and then the sickness benefit. So with his financial future secure he could now walk and re-walk the streets of Auckland, amassing information for the lecture you will soon witness.

And so we can boldly state that Eric Walks is AUCKLAND: - Like a fallen giant his head becomes Mt Eden, his right arm stretches along Grafton bridge to the Domain, his left arm stretches along K. Rd to Ponsonby, his body forms the central city, and his feet lie in the Waitemata harbour. If a skilled surgeon, at Green Lane Hospital, was to open up this humble man, what would he find? A map! A map of AUCKLAND, with veins and arteries for the streets and main roads. A miracle you gasp, a miracle indeed. A miracle cure of THE CHURCH OF REALITY, and a story of our times. I give you this man, Eric Walks.

Vera Cunningham  
Secretary for THE CHURCH OF REALITY

**The Club**  
by David Williamson  
Mercury Theatre  
August 10 - September 8

David Williamson may be thought of as a sort of Australian equivalent of Roger Hall, who brings live theatre 'to the people' by producing satirical plays of popular appeal. Filmgoers may remember the screen version of his earlier "Don's Party". Certainly the language and issues of his plays are rather more 'earthy' than Hall's have been so far. The wheeling and dealing and divided loyalties behind the scenes of a Melbourne 'Aussie Rules' football club: it might not seem at face value to be the safest bet in audience appeal for Auckland's MOR theatre, but "The Club" is immediately possessive of the essence of any 'amateur' club, be it League, Union, soccer, golf or whatever. All glory to the *game, tradition and honour*; that is, so long as they don't get in the way of *status and business*. The club is at a crossroads where the coming of professionalism and an obsession with winning a premiership threaten tradition and personal loyalties.

David Williamson is without doubt a skilful wordsmith, with an utterly smooth reproduction of football argot. All credit, too, to the local production and cast for smooth renditions of Ocker dialect and accent. The standout performance is undoubtedly that of Warwick Slyfield as Jock, the veteran club champion, an outwardly amiable old cuss to begin with who ultimately displays his true colours as a wily, egotistical old turncoat. Jock indeed epitomises the spirit of Williamson's statement of the psychology of the whole sport's club phenomenon in our society.

Definitely an entertaining night out — highly entertaining without being too intellectually demanding, which is par for the course with Mercury One productions in general.

Selwyn Osborne

**The Last Voyage Captain Cook's Lost Diary**  
Hammond Innes  
Collins

The voyages of Yorkshireman James Cook have been narrated countless times and authors have not neglected his journeys as a basis for fiction. Now Innes — his correct name is Ralph Hammond-Innes — blends fact and invention to create an imaginary diary that gives a discerning portrait of the man and the people around him. Innes, an indefatigable researcher, quotes the world authority on Cook, the late Professor Beaglehole of Victoria University who said, 'It is impossible to believe that Cook committed nothing at all to paper after his entry for Sunday 17 January 1779.' The navigator was killed on February 14, 1779.

Although a firm disciplinarian who like Bligh would order a dozen lashes when he felt it was warranted, Cook understood the needs of his crew and tolerated visits to 'Resolution' by dusky maidens who would stay on the ship from one island to another.

The novel provides a realistic account of Cook and his third voyage which covered the years 1776-1779 and the book is enhanced by the coloured maps on the linings.

The library has copies of four other novels about the explorer: 'Devil Lord's Daughter' by Eric Baume; 'Charco Harbour' by Godfrey Blunden; 'The Last Days of Captain Cook' by Oswald A. Bushnell, published in the USA under the title 'The Return of Lono, a novel of Captain Cook's Last Voyage'; 'Mr Oram's Story' by Audrey de Selincourt, more a secondary school book.

Jim Burns

**Don Juan Comes Back From the War**  
By Odon von Horvath  
Translated by Christopher Hampton  
Directed by George Pensotti  
Mercury 2

Entering Mercury 2 you are confronted by walls of shining tin foil, bentwood chairs about well draped tables, and a series of rostra before an art nouveau backdrop. One is reminded of the Kander and Ebb musical *Cabaret* and the Isherwood stories on which it was based. Kurt Weill music plays, and the audience, working from these stimuli, develop certain ideas which set, music, and seating design seem to promote.

The actresses appear, there is a nearly choreographed dance, and then, then ..... it all collapses.

I try to reshuffle my ideas. I discard the preconceptions, I thought set and music urged me to make. I try to find what it is I have already started to watch.

The actresses turn in fine performances and all deserve personal mention; especially Margaret Barron, who successfully reminded us she is not only a dancer and choreographer, but a capable actress as well. Yet there is something amiss in the work the ladies do. They provide at least one half of what we know of Don Juan, a character who never quite makes it despite, again, good playing by Paul Robinson.

There is a fault in any production when respected performers cannot make a script succeed. The fault does not appear to be that of either playwright or translator. Director, George Pensotti, must (if only by elimination) be seen to be the culpable party. It strikes me he has allowed theatrical gimmickry to get in the way of the play. We do not need the richness of the cabaret tradition to smother; rather there is a need for an astringent production to maintain the style of the script. Such would probably save the confusion I imagine most audiences experience between what is said and how it is presented.

If von Horvath's play is good (with so much *theatre* going on it's hard to tell) the fault is George Pensotti's. If the script, or Christopher *Savages* Hampton's translation, has weaknesses, Pensotti has either done too little to disguise them, or far, too much.

The only performance which finds a comfortable balance between conflicting styles of medium and message, is that which Alistair Browning delivers. Certainly as the waiter he can enjoy a measure of detachment, but his quiet ease carried into his 'involved' roles to provide refreshing relief.

This is a troubled production and I cannot see the problems being overcome in performance during the run. It is a pity for play, patrons, and Mercury.

Theatre Corporate are presenting *Kabaret* and Mercury 2 this. I ask myself: In this time of increasing austerity, just what is the relevance of nostalgic European decadence? I suppose Corporate and Mercury have an answer, but I, most certainly, have not.

Ross Mackie



# Music

Citizen Band  
Just Drove Thru Town  
S

There aren't many New Zealand bands who can lay claim to a two-album history. Then again, there are even fewer who can have set out with quite the same advantages as Citizen Band.

Billed from the outset as a Split Enz offshoot, in the days when those names were a little less muddled than they are now, and with the unheard-of advantage of free studio time, CB. have trod the yellow brick road with hardly a stumble. Most important of all, perhaps, they had a kind of shrewdness and good sense about their dealings - musical and managerial - which put them in a class of their own for getting the maximum from their talents.

Their first album, like most first albums, was a rather confusing collection of highlights from a stage act. Strange song-choice, running order, and the lack of attack which grows out of too-long familiarity with some songs, all combined to make it less than promised, but still it remains secure as the best New Zealand album of 1978.

Regardless of any shortcomings of their debut, C.B. certainly showed they knew how to shift albums. On the road most continuously since its release, they have actually managed to make it peak even - and that's a much bigger achievement than some local acts would like to let on. All the same, that high pressure of work seemed to be taking its toll. While they still packed them in, and in the most unlikely of places, Citizen Band seemed less and less able to deliver a consistently energetic show. A good night was one on which they worked up to a peak; a bad night one where they never peaked at all.

Thus, when it came time to record a follow-up, they might have been in a cleft stick. Too stuffed to jump, and with few new goals to meet, they were at risk of producing their very own 'Pacifica Amour' or 'Scented Gardens of the Blind'.

'Just Drove Thru Town' isn't one of those.

There are a number of innovations on the album. The most obvious being the promotion of Michael Chunn to second lead vocalist. He sings two of his own songs (also an innovation) and Graham Parker's 'Protection'. Although both of songs, 'We're the Boys' and 'A Night at the Brit' more than justify their place on the album, his singing is less of an asset. Perhaps it is a reaction to past criticisms of brother Geoffrey's voice, but it still isn't an answer.

The other major change is the employment of American producer, Jay Lewis. The difference in sound is immediately obvious. This doesn't really sound like any local album that I've heard. For a start, it gets better as you turn it up - in fact, the guitars often don't become audible until dancing volume. More than

that, though, it has a punch in the rhythm section which was lacking from their previous home-made efforts. Despite the presence of more funny-voice tapes, the generally simple sound makes the album a stronger candidate for long-term appeal.

The songs reflect the new sound, too. Generally shorter, and often punchier than those on 'Citizen Band', they work much better together. Still the thought remains, though, that Geoffrey Chunn is much happier writing and singing ballads like 'S.O.S.' and 'Acrobats' than mainstream rock and roll like 'Another River'. Perhaps the answer to this problem lies with 'Rust In My Car'. Despite its strong debt to that over-employed stalwart, Loopy Lou Reed, the singing style used on the track seems to make use of Chunn's shortcomings rather than hide them.

The playing also seems to benefit from the production. Brent Eccles' drumming at last seems to be coming out of the speakers rather than the room on the other side of the wall, and the necessity for keeping things brief has tightened up the guitar lines considerably. While Greg Clark and Geoffrey Chunn may not have the intertwined attack of some two-guitar bands, they are now playing with each other, rather than one atop the other. The bass, often the most dominant instrument in the past, has been given a clearer, less booming sound as part of the more punchy rhythm section.

'Just Drove Thru Town' comes very expensively packaged - outside and in. The cover and production both reek of money and time well-spent. What it comes down to now is the songs and the playing. And that's the kind of position very few of Citizen Band's competitors will ever find themselves in. You just know that you're going to see these boys on T.V. for weeks and maybe even hear their songs on the radio station. You can judge for yourself.

Robert Douglas



John McLaughlin and the One Truth Band  
Electric Dreams

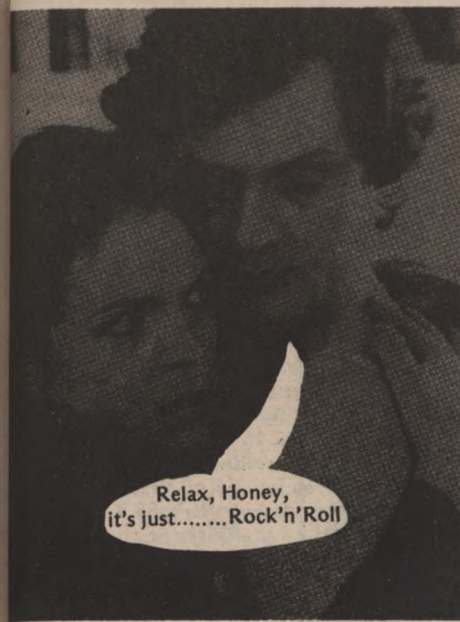


Lagging some weeks behind the tour, McLaughlin's new opus recreates his considerable stage presence, the lack of live atmosphere more than compensated for by the high quality sound which the Town Hall so dismally pollutes with its acoustic sludge. In stereo the music unfolds into spacious clarity, at once more accessible and stimulating. As on stage, violinist L. Shankar takes considerable pleasure in loosening up from his formal Karnatic influences with a fluid jazz development in his style, with occasional slow bluesy passages quite different in structure from the virtuoso fireworks of the earlier Shakti albums. McLaughlin's music has taken a similar tack away from acoustic fantasia, reintegrating it with the fusion jazz of the earlier Maharishnu Orchestra albums. Percussionist Alyrio Lima leavens the mixture with bright and playful Brazilian rhythms, taking some of the edge off McLaughlin's more discordant excesses.

The album opens with *Guardian Angels*, a brief acoustic overture by Shankar and McLaughlin played with a forceful precision that serves as an excellent introduction to the densely-textured Miles Davis, a retrospective tribute to a fellow master who some time ago recorded a track called *John McLaughlin*. *Electric Dreams*, *Electric Sighs*, the opening number of the concert, showcases Stu Goldbergs' various keyboards trading licks with Shankar. Bassist Fernando Saunders does a fair approximation of the sonorous Jaco Pastorius bass sound that characterises Joni Mitchell's *Hejira* and Don Juan albums, though the imaginative use of harmonics he displayed on stage do not appear. High point on the album is the closing track on Side 2,

The Unknown Dissident, with guest David Sanborn on alto sax setting up a smooth yet sufficiently eerie atmosphere for the ominous footsteps and single gunshot that close the track to come as a coherent and somewhat sobering resumption.

Alex James



# Lettuce to the Editor

Dear Sir/Madam

This letter is directed to the fuckwit with paint on his fingers who showed the world his prowess with a tin of spray paint. You really are a big important fuckwit. Rather than creating untold aggravation and trouble you could have supported fightback much more by going pasting, leafletting etc - talking to people in Q street, being hassled at night while pasting out of a van is much more thrilling and bloody productive than using spray paint on the walls around here. Instead of helping constructively you succeed in pissing people off. If you wanted to be just a little juvenile you could have joined us in our continued crossing of Symonds St opposite the Kiwi, it was shit hot fun even if it did more harm than good.

Did Citizen Band really play here on Fri the 3rd. I'd heard rumours but no advertising lead me to believe they wouldn't be here - the promoters ballsed it up hideously as well as pissing people off. To Greg ATI, the country is already fucked, Muldoon did it all by himself - he is so impt that he is arrogant enough to say that he doesn't have time to read all Big Malc's letters he writes to him let alone reply - I mean he's running the world, fighting the commies, grovelling after Maggie T's shirts over Rhodesia ..... As SW Piggin doesn't need to be replied to as the answer is obvious. In closing us sit downers got \$30 fines \$10 costs + most want to pay their own fines even if most of you deserve to have to pay for us because we fought your battles - if you didn't like the way we fought perhaps you should have got off your arse + down something yourself.

One who was there  
J.B.

Dear Ed,

Police with guns become mere machines of oppression. Because their presence is a constant latent threat to our lives, 'offing a pig' is more easily rationalised by the soul moved by a philosophy of freedom. Personal freedom is inversely proportional to the number of repressive laws which are implemented by our legislature. All of our laws, in effect, repress certain behavioural possibilities. This enforced repression of personal expression can only lead to an inner tension which is becoming increasingly evident in the decay of our social fabric and in the individuals which make it up. Increasing theft, violence and drug abuse are merely the products of the more sensitive individuals among us, responding convulsively to the toxic psychic accumulation within themselves. Certain racial and socio-economic groups are born into a situation where a greater percentage of their possible means of expression are prohibited. This is why we tend to find certain types of people prone to 'antisocial' behaviour. Our resources, whether genetic, mental, emotional or economic (or a combination of all of these) only allow certain avenues of expression to be open to us. As these become more restricted, the ultimate confrontation draws ever closer. Why do trainee teachers only get 60% of the wage of trainee policemen when ten years ago they were given the same wage? Why did Muldoon recently try to adopt a more dictatorial capacity in relation to the allocation of taxes? Why have social events been instigated which draws a response of a call to arm police? Why have our latest defence acquisitions beer additional helicopters and tanks? Why is the rugged hardwood native bush being systematically decimated (defoliated)? What could be the disadvantage in the growing climate of world economic crisis for a minority of our population to have military training? Why did recent reports on small arms in the Herald indicate that there was a great enough unrestricted small arms flow into N.Z. to arm a private army? Which way is the wind blowing? Have you read 'Smiths Dream' by CK Stead? The outcome is inevitable. The momentum is so powerful now that the direction cannot be changed. The only thing which will save our freedom and sanity is our imaginations. We must develop new and satisfying means of expression which are unlegislatable. They may take away our musical instruments, our paints and our balls, but the spirit is a refuge which cannot be legislated against unless we become indiscreet in its expression.

Live, love and be happy  
..... for tomorrow there may be a law against it.  
The Insider

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Dear David,

In response to the letter by Greg from ATI Accountancy I would like to point out that most ATI students are not quite as twisted as you are fortunately. In fact, I, and most of my friends upon reading your letter were very embarrassed to think that you were from the same institution as us let alone the same city and point in time. I plead to all you University students not to judge us all by this one exception to the rule. ATI has its share of strange people too but it is something that is being worked on.

I would ask Greg how he enjoyed his last trip to Johannesburg, you must have felt quite at home there, it obviously has influenced your thinking.

Lastly I would like to ask Greg why he didn't have the guts to send your letter to Technews so as your fellow students at ATI could see what you are really like instead of cluttering up a paper in which few people will identify or challenge you.

Teresa Matthews

Dear Dave,

I am sick to death of hearing about New Zealands racial problem, the problem as I see it can be solved quite easily but only by the people who are being discriminated against. However, as I am not a 'black' I cannot solve the problem, and any stupid bastard can see that the problem is going to get very serious very soon. I intend to shift my arse to Aussie, to the land where the earlier settlers had enough mouse to stomp out racism by stomping out the root of the problem. (ie the blacks) one cannot deny that if there were no blacks or people of different coloured skin (ie yellow, red, green etc) then the chances of having racial problems would be severely reduced. An old cliché, I've just made up say's 'White's all rite'.

Anyway back to New Zealand, what went wrong? It appears the Maoris were not stomped out, I say this with confidence, as there are many alive today. Why were they not stomped out?, you might ask! Well it appears that in those days the Maori was a pretty decent bloke, he must have been to get along with a Pakeha, who played lots of 'nasties' on him. But forgetting of History. What of today? Can I look at a Maori who sits next to me in a lecture and treat him as I would treat a Pakeha. "Nay," I say.

A few years ago it was the 'Pom' who was called the 'shit stirrers', now I feel that name could be fairly used to describe a growing number of Maoris, many of whom are victims of tactics of people such as Joe Hawke, who employ methods used by such people as Adolf Hitler on his Nazi youth, Mussolini, Mao, Amin also used by organisations such as the church. The tactic being 'get them while they are young and stupid' and if you can help them long enough it would be easier to thread a turd through the eye of a needle than to get these young buggars to change their minds. The problem which seems to be causing all the shit is that the Maori feels pissed off about his lack of status in today's society. No longer is physical strength an admirable quality, today the most admirable qualities are intellectual abilities and the Maori is left out in the cold. However if someone were to suggest that I was a second class citizen I would be upset also, almost to the point of knocking back a bottle of the best 'Napoleon' would offer and two 'lids', but I would refrain. Also I would not find myself getting violent or start jumping up and down with my finger up my arse. I would do something constructive about it. (EG I would get a degree, join a club or society, run for mayor or something decent). Why do you think I'm here. I say unto you, oh ye of little intelligence,

'Ye who are pissed off with thy status  
Go ye onto University and behold  
Wonderful opportunities shall unfold  
Before thine very eyes.'

I do not pretend to be God but I do help him out with his problems!

Anyway back to the topic again, instead of the young Maori dudes griping about what a bad deal he's getting, he should be doing something constructive like the rest of us have to do. The days of being born of rank are gone but many do not realize this, and what a person wants from life, be it money, happiness, fame or whatever, that person will have to fight for it themselves. In particular, the young Maoris should forget their heritage and culture, get on with living in the 20th century (it may not be perfect but it's the only system that can keep the present world going).

Yours with a lot of thought,  
Derek.

Dear Dave,

I have been taking a keen interest in the August Council and have been glad of the opportunity to hear members of other student Associations throughout the country speak. Unfortunately I am rather shocked and disappointed at the reaction of the feminists to a speech made by the President of the Otago Student's Association, Paul Gourlie. I was in the cafeteria while Paul was making the speech and I think it was obvious to all present that Paul's purpose was to entertain rather than enlighten us. He was obviously trying to get some sort of feedback from an otherwise apathetic group of students and he was highly successful as indicated by the clapping and cheering which accompanied his speech. His remarks about 'old hags on Executive' etc were not meant to be taken seriously therefore it seems ridiculous that a group of feminists should take offence at them and start circulating leaflets which claim that Gourlie is a 'sexist pig' and other such crap. These handouts can only be described as propaganda and I wonder at the mentality of the people behind them - where is their sense of humour? Come on girls, can't you laugh at yourselves, just once ??? Or are you scared that others, like you, may start taking Gourlie seriously?

Disappointed



Dear Dave,

Ah Chris! Your letter touches the very bottom of my heart! Yes, I am that very despicable 'buddy' who 'deigned to call (you) a shithead' because of your involvement in the abortive protest (?) the day after the changes in the Bursary system were announced in the Budget. Or did I?

Your letter was moving, so moving it removed itself from replying to the key points I raised in my original letter (Craccum July 23), and made some of the most ignorant and/or profound statements I have ever read from a student.

Allow me to go through your letter analysing the statements which are the most illogical:

- 1) I did not refer to those people who walked down Queen St as shitheads, it was the term I used to refer to those people who believed most students didn't participate in the march solely because of laziness on their part, and I wrote that I believe this more accurately shows that most don't support the actions of those students who were arrested as a result of disrupting a disinterested public;
- 2) You refer to me as 'buddy'. I always thought this was a term of reference to males only. I see no indication of my sex in my letter, are you a chauvinist?
- 3) You are correct in writing that a first yr. student can expect to pay \$40.00 + in a hostel next year, and I certainly don't think he/she should be forced into a flat for financial reasons. However, as I said earlier, any person who is in such a position should not hesitate to apply for a hardship supplement - as this is the sort of predicament the supplement is designed for;
- 4) You question whether he/she really will get the hardship bonus. I quote 'Can he? We didn't know if he could when we sat down' ..... full marks for intelligence Chris! Perhaps you might be interested in joining the 'Hire a Demo' Assn. I'm sure the powers that be in Wellington would be impressed - a group of Auckland students protesting before they know whether they actually have an issue to protest about!!;
- 5) You say that it was significant that the day after the march, the Minister of Education announced further details about the new scheme. How remarkable! This is exactly what the Minister of Finance said he would do!;
- 6) Now we are really getting into the interesting features of your letter. Quite rightly you question whether parents, regardless of their financial position, should have to keep their student children 'solvent'. However nowhere in your letter do you mention any effort on your part to help yourself through holiday or part-time work. I am well aware that for

Dear Max,

Please help me, I shall go crazy unless someone comes up with a suitable answer to my question, I must know why students from time immemorial have felt that they have a right, perhaps even a duty to throw things at Matthew whenever he tries to speak in the quad? The poor guy is obviously harmless, even if his ideas are a little cranky. Anyway, some of the greatest ideas in history were thought to be a bit off the beam when first suggested, so try listening for a change, cretins.

Even if you find the suggestions he makes are not to your liking, fight the urge to biff flour and water bombs at the orator. Remember, my little chickadees that bear-baiting went out many years ago. I also notice that those who derive the greatest thrill from attacking the Quad's resident gosseller appear to be absolute nuds themselves. I regard this as proof of my theory that people I dislike should be locked away, those that I really dislike should be force-fed boiled silverbeet.

But enough of this fascinating topic. May I stress again that I really don't like people who are positively mean to Matthew - if you want to pay attention to him, if you think he wants it, if you want to play a part in the circus too, try listening to him and as king reasonable questions or something. Don't throw things, it's so barbaric and so messy, think of his drycleaning bills for heavens sake! You've almost given up pulling the wings off flies, haven't you? You have! Well done, the next step in the self improvement plan is to stop your other bad habits.

And if self-improvement isn't enough incentive for you, I feel I should point out that I plan to take over the world the week after next, and how do you feel about a silver-beet diet for the rest of your natural life?

Fondest Regards,  
Meg Alomania

some; coursework pressure makes the latter impossible, but their are few who have a genuine reason for not earning a fair amount during our extensive holiday periods. Such an attitude on your part is indicative of the very worst kind of welfare-bludgers in our society. Surely if you feel your parents should not have to support you, then you could not think someone who doesn't even know you (the average tax-payer), should have to do so?? I certainly would object to paying taxes if I thought I was subsidising a lot of bludgers with attitudes such as yours.

These are some of the points that struck me as being so far off the mark in your letter. Let me also make the following points:

- a) I agree wholeheartedly with the principle that every New Zealander should have the opportunity to undertake tertiary education if he/she is academically qualified, but I also believe that he/she should appreciate living in a country where this is possible, and therefore be prepared to work both academically and to support him/herself as much as is possible, rather than expecting the state to provide;
- b) I agree that it is most undesirable that the standard of education in New Zealand should fall as a result of the Education cutbacks announced in the Budget, but I believe that this will only occur if such services as those offered by our Library staff; the purchase of new books e.t.c; and the opportunities to undertake uncommon, specialist courses, cease. I believe that a lowering of the student bursary (which for some strange reason applies only to some), will produce a more conscientious student, who is prepared to stand on his/her own feet and get on with the important business of University study.

Finally I want to comment on your statement that you were proud of what you did and that you would gladly do the same again. I don't know whether you were one of those arrested, but regardless of that I would suggest that the protest with which you were involved did more harm than good for your cause as any disruption to their time in town is unlikely to please the general public, and few people are likely to accept that getting arrested in order to prove a point is a wise philosophy, as a conviction against one's name can be a very heavy black mark when it comes to seeking employment, - quite apart from the distress and embarrassment this can cause others concerned about you. In short Chris, I think your letter stinks of a selfish, narrow-minded attitude, and if you found it all 'really good fun' then perhaps it's time you took up permanent residence as a Queen St., paving stone .....

Maj.

# Spatchka

## STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Thursday September 6, 1-2pm  
Room 144 (Beside TV Room), 1st floor,  
class.  
Hopefully an interesting discussion.  
Mitzi Nairn 685-192 for details.

## Racing

Congratulations to Mr R.C. Burgess  
riding Le Preneur to victory in the  
Pine Plate at the Auckland races on  
August. That deserves an A+ towards  
BSc degree.

Meetings coming up soon are gallops  
Wondale on the 8th and trots in  
Auckland on the 15th. With spring here  
face many new problems and  
specially so as far as form is concerned.  
In the trotting scene to follow  
Delightful Lady, Davey's Jill,  
Art Move, Jewel Parade, and Kendalla  
Looking at the gallops: Raplane,  
Juliet, Shivaree, Brookby Bill,  
Packer Prince and Black Count.

My feature article this week is about  
racing mare Jovial Jeanie. By the  
American sire Most Happy Fella and out  
former New Zealand Derby winner  
Jajily, Jovial Jeanie in her first season  
racing ended with 9 wins and 1 second  
from 14 starts and \$21,685 in stakes.  
She began racing in August last year and  
her first four starts, continued to  
races with the Franklin Trotting  
being her biggest win so far. Jovial  
Jeanie is trained by Roy and Barry  
Don which is the best known name of  
racing up north. She will certainly be  
to watch for in the near future and  
is likely to win some big races.

## NOMINATIONS

Nominations are now open for the following positions on the Association's  
Executive Committee for the period 1 January 1980 to 31 December  
1980:

### TREASURER WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER

Nominations close at the SRC meeting to be held in the SRC Lounge  
on Wednesday 19 September 1979. Appointments will be made at this  
meeting and intending candidates should attend from 1.00 pm.  
Candidates for the position of Treasurer must have passed the papers  
which make up Accounting 1.  
The position of Treasurer attracts an Honorarium equivalent to the  
Tertiary Student Grant with full hardship supplement.

R.W. Lack  
SECRETARY



GENERAL SECRETARY - STANZ

Nominations for the position of General Secretary of the Student Teachers Association  
of New Zealand close on 21 September 1979. Nominations, in the form of written  
applications, should be addressed to :

General Secretary  
STANZ  
P.O. Box 9712,  
Courtenay Place  
WELLINGTON

Further information, including a job description, can be obtained from the same  
source.

## TRADE-AID STALL

Friday September 7 1-2pm  
Quad.

— Buy Quality Sri Lankan Tea  
— Buy Magazine 'The New Internationalist'  
focusing on current issues.  
Other Third World handicrafts also  
available.  
Ph Martyn Nicholls 689-529 if you wish  
to help.  
Proceeds are returned to CORSO (Balmoral)

# NZUSA

Applications are now open for the  
following full-time positions with the  
New Zealand University Students'  
Association in 1980:

### Education & Welfare Vice-President General Vice-President

Each position carries a salary of  
approximately \$6,125 gross p.a. and  
successful applicants are expected to live  
in Wellington.

Applications should include the name,  
address, and telephone number of the  
applicant, and the position applied for  
be sent to:

The President,  
NZUSA,  
P.O. Box 9047,  
Courtenay Place,  
Wellington.

For further information contact your  
Students' Association President or the  
President of NZUSA at the above address.

I am participating in this year's American  
Exchange program, and would like to  
meet others doing the same. If you are  
interested, phone Denise, 675-117.

## AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

Monday 3 September 1-2pm  
Exec Lounge (1st Floor, Student Union)  
Continuing work for release of Syrian and  
Indonesian 'adopted' prisoners of con-  
science. We need writers of Arabic and  
French to help us with our Syrian prisoner.  
— Also, any ideas for 'Prisoner of  
Conscience' Week in October?  
Ph Paul Robertson (Secretary) 874-503  
if you can help.  
(PS Information on Vietnamese death  
penalty case available from above)



# RITES

By Maureen Duffy, Directed by Norelle Scott  
Featuring Sheila, Norma and Doreen (seen above), prime examples of  
that famous description, "Sugar and spice and all things nice, that's what  
little girls are made of".  
These three lovely ladies are about to find out just what happens in the  
.....women's toilets.....(gasp) when three happy, healthy, slightly hyster-  
ical, heterosexual girls meet up with several embittered old hags.  
This week, in the Little Theatre, on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at  
1pm and 6pm, you can find out just what little girls are really made of.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY  
STUDENTS ASSOCIATION PRESENTS

# CULTURAL MOSAIC



MAIDMENT THEATRE

8th September

8pm

Tickets: \$3

\$1.50 student  
child

Tickets on sale from: Mosaic Bookings

30-789 (9am-5pm)

or postal bookings: ISHI Inc.,

PO Box 1449 Auckland