

# CRACCUM



**INSIDE:**

- CRACCUM goes over Kinleith,
- through the Maidment
- and Round the Bays...



# NOTICE BOARD

## RADIO B ADMINISTRATION BOARD

Nominations are invited for four positions as members of the Radio B Administration Board. The Board is responsible to the Executive for the proper running and administration of Radio B and the four people who are elected will serve as representatives of the SRC.

Nominations close and an election will be held at the meeting of the SRC to be held on 2 April, in the SRC Lounge. All candidates should attend this meeting from 1.00pm.

## SRC MEETING

Notice is given that the 3rd (very) ordinary meeting of the Student Representative Council for 1980 will be held in the SRC Lounge on the 1st floor of the Cafeteria Building at 1.00pm on Weds 2 April.

The SRC is empowered to pass resolutions on any matter of concern to students and to offer refer back for reconsideration any decision of the Executive Committee.

All members of the Association are entitled to attend, speak and vote at meetings of the SRC.

## FRIENDS OF NICARAGUA

The first meeting of the Friends of Nicaragua Society will be at 1pm on Tue April 1st in Room 144 (behind the T.V. room). Aims: to get out the facts about the socialist revolution in Nicaragua and collect aid for the Nicaraguan Literary Campaign. Contact: Chris Sullivan 276-7309.

## CORSO ON CAMPUS

Next Meeting. Tuesday 1 pm, 1st April B28.

Showing 'Bottle Babies' - investigates the activities of the multinational Nestles, which has actively encouraged women not to breast-feed their children in communities where the people are so poor that the result has been malnutrition and the death of many children.

## FROM THE PHILIPPINES

The arrival of Senator Jose W. Diokno, one of President Marcos's main rivals. He will be giving his views on the Philippines situation: the opposition to the martial law regime, the presence of the U.S. military forces, and his prediction of civil war. Saturday 12 April, 7.30 pm: MacLaurin Hall, Princes St.

**EASTER SEASON SERVICE** will be held on Maundy Thursday, April 3, at 1.10 pm, in the MacLaurin Chapel, Princes Street. This year the Auckland University Singers conducted by Professor Peter Godfrey will present the St. Matthew Passion by Schultz. All welcome.

## FRENCH CLUB

Cafe-Television. Tous les jeudis a 1h. Salle 022 OAB. A jeudi, alors.

## Health Week 14 - 18 April

S.R.C. Lounge Student Union Lunchtimes 1-2. All you ever wanted to know about Health with Fraser McDonald, Bruce Carnahan, John Gazier, Steve Hollings, John Keane, Hilary Weeks and Ruth Black. Organised by A.U.S.A. and University Welfare Services.

## MARRIAGE DISCUSSIONS

If you are contemplating marriage in the near future you are welcome to attend a Marriage Discussion Course. The sessions will be on April 14, 15, 21, and 23 at 7.45 pm. in the MacLaurin Chapel Hall, Princes Street.

Various aspects of the marriage experience will be discussed in depth. Conflict resolution, sexuality, family, marriage enrichment and the wedding ceremony will be examined by those trained in the field and considered by those participating.

For more information and to register, please telephone Sandra Myer ex. 731 or 732.

## MAIDMENT EVENTS

### FLICS

22 April, 6.30 pm 'Return of the Pink Panther' & 'Sunset Boulevard'. \$1 admission.

### LITTLE THEATRE

Weds. 2 April, 1.00 pm. Poetry recital by Ken Grace. Admission free.

### FOLK CLUB NIGHT

Weds 2 April, 8.00 pm. Women's Common Room. Presenting 'Touch of the Times', one of NZ's top folk groups.

### AUDITIONS

For Theatre Workshop's next production: 'Shakespeare at Court' including King Lear I; Wed 2nd, 1.00 pm - 3.30 pm, 5.30 pm - 7.00 pm; Thur 3rd, 1.00 pm - 2.00 pm; University Hall, Old Arts Building.

### STRATEGISTS & TACTICIANS GROUP

Wednesday night, 7.00 pm, March 2. Top Common Room. For something different; ph. Bruce 864-675, Paul, 468-988.

### LOST OR STOLEN

26th March (Wednesday): one brown leather pencilcase, containing pen and library cards. Great sentimental value. Reward for return, no questions asked. Ph 768-301.

## FOOD CO-OP PRICES FROM 27/3/80.

Beans, 10c=185g; Cabbage, 58c ea; Capsicum, 6c ea; Carrots, 10c=800g; Celery, 57c ea; Courgettes, 17c ea; Cucumber, 80c ea; Garlic, 10c=200g; Ginger Root, 10c=40g; Kumara, 10c=226g; Lettuce, 14c ea; Mushrooms, 10c=30g; Onion, 10c=1.720kg; Potatoes, 10c=375g; Pumpkin Crown, 53c ea; Silverbeet, 10c=380g; Sweetcorn, 6c ea; Tomatoes, 10c=90g; Grapes in season; Avocados, 80c ea; Watermelon in season; Apples, 7c ea, Coxes Orange, Pippin; Pears, 10c ea.

## Anyone Interested in Volunteer Work with I.H. Adults.

Volunteers are needed to help with a phys. ed. type programme for intellectually handicapped adults at Boystown for a couple of hours each week.

The times are Monday approx. 10.00 - 12.00, Wednesday 11.00-12.30.

Basically you would be helping supervise yoga, swimming and activities like that. If you are at all interested contact Jill, Welfare Officer AUSA ph. 30-789, or ring Mr Anderson ph. 605-657.

## ENVIRONMENT GROUP PROGRAMME, TERM I

### APRIL

Tuesday 1, 1.00pm, B10

Films on pollution. 'The Water Cycle' and 'Shadow of Progress'.

Thursday 10, 1.00pm, B10

Speaker and film, 'What Price Beauty?' from BWC. Discover awareness of the environment. Tuesday 15 1.00pm, B10

Film, 'Laws of the Land', a critical look at scientific agriculture by some British farmers. Thursday 17 1.00pm, Exec L.

Speaker from Small Farms Assoc. explains advantages and possibilities of this way of life. Tuesday 22 1.00 pm, B10

Film, 'Self Reliance', about industry in China. Shows what can be done on a human scale. Thursday 24 1.00 pm, Exec L.

Denys Trussell of FOE speaks on the future for exotic forestry in NZ.

All week, 1.00 pm, Demonstrations of windmill by David Slaven.

Tuesday 29 1.00 pm, B10

Films, 'All that We Need' and 'Energy in Perspective'. New Zealand and worldwide energy requirements.

Wednesday 10 7.30 pm B10

Forum on LPG storage, speakers and film.

Re-screening Wargame. Thursday 3 April B28. A.U. Environment Group.

## CONTACT MEETING

Thurs March 10. 1.00 pm. Coffee highs and cold front lows. Come and find out. Meeting in Information Office, all welcome.

# MANTRA MEDITATION CLASSES

If you are interested in developing spiritually and want a simple method that you can apply in your own personal life, then you'll greatly appreciate Mantra Meditation. It does not necessitate giving up your worldly possessions or joining a particular faith. It also costs no money. Mantra Meditation is not a newly invented process, but has been practiced by Saints and Sages since time immemorial.

CONTACT : SHARON O'BRIEN 894-921

6.30pm TUESDAY APRIL 1st

EXECUTIVE LOUNGE, STUDENT UNION

# CATERING CO.

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LATE NITES TUES., WED., THURS., FRI.



# WHO OWNS THE OLD MAID?



## An essay into Varsity politics, bad management and other synonyms

Did you know that what we like to refer to as 'our' theatre is no longer under our control, though it is supposed to be? Did you know that outside users account for at least a quarter of all the available time in the big theatre? Did you know that there is no spare time available this year for anyone in the big theatre, whether a student or not, because it is all booked out? If you have any interest at all in the theatre, then I hope you will try to wade through this article. It is very long, I know, but that is because the situation has reached a point where the complications are starting to connect to each other, and it is now or never if students want to retain the use of 'our' theatre. To leave the problem alone for any longer could be disastrous, and that is no idle caution.

Situated on the corner of Princes St. and Alfred St., the Maidment Arts Centre (M.A.C.) comprises two theatres: the larger (450 seats) Kenneth Maidment Theatre, affectionately known as the Maid, and the smaller (c. 150 seats) Little Theatre. It was built with the intention of providing the University, staff and students alike, with first class facilities for all sorts of musical and dramatic productions, but many very knowledgeable people say that that intention has never been realized, that while the Centre has been provided as in fact (and there are qualms about how it was built), it has not been provided as in fact students use it. This year at least 10 days of the big theatre hire are to outside users such as Television and the Auckland Festival Society, and some of this is in term-time, effectively stopping student use of the Maid. Some of the outside uses are also objectionable to

AUSA policy, namely the Miss New Zealand contest which aroused so much publicity. There are now moves afoot to stop this sort of thing by limiting so-called Category 'C' bookings and inquiring into what the outside users want to put on-stage, but the story doesn't end there. If students want to claim priority for their activities they are going to have to establish some control over the running of the M.A.C., and what control they have seems to be disappearing.

The main controlling body of the M.A.C. is the Theatre Management Committee (T.M.C.). Originally it was to consist of nine members, with four University reps, four student reps and the chairman of the Student Union Management Committee as chairman. This effectively meant that AUSA had a majority, because the chairman of SUMC is the President of the Association. However, one day the Finance Registrar came along, said he was the Vice Chancellor's nominee, and sat down. It appears that the Vice Chancellor or his nominee is entitled to sit on any University committee, and the VC has construed this to include the T.M.C., and thus shifted the balance of power on that committee so that now the University has a majority. It is doubtful whether the Vice Chancellor has construed his powers correctly: the T.M.C. is a joint committee and should therefore be like SUMC, where the Deed of Management controls membership of the committee. The major snag is that the present Deed of Management expired in 1975, and negotiations since then have failed to renew it. This basically means that the University could throw the Students' Association out if it wanted to, because

it owns the land that our buildings are situated on, including the M.A.C. So, while resolutions and recommendations of both TMC and SUMC dating back as far as 1975 state that students should have priority in using the Arts Centre, we are ultimately at the mercy of the University.

This situation could be better if students had more control over the second echelon of control, the day to day administrators of the MAC. Frank Hobson is the Theatre Manager, and is employed by the University: they pay all of his salary and he is directly responsible to Jay Clarke, the Assistant Registrar (Student Union). Frank arrived here after an administrative reshuffle in mid-1978 which separated the positions of Manager and Artistic Director, bringing with him a wealth of experience (he worked for a while for TV2, which is very interesting in these circumstances - read on) and an attitude which, while managerially sound, is rather at odds to the attitude of many students. Frank feels that a fully booked theatre is a good theatre, and hence has no regrets that there are as many outside users as there are. He has no intention of leaving the MAC 'in limbo' until student users appear, and to that end has suggested that, starting next year, student bookings be called for by the previous August. He says that nearly 95% of student activities in the Maid are annual things that are known about well in advance, like Capping Revue, and so such a policy should prove no trouble. He quotes two examples of where he advertised space in the Maid for several weeks and got no student replies.

The Artistic Director, Ros Refoy-

Butler, expressed her doubts that she could say by August of the previous year what activities she was going to put on in the MAC. She has only been in her position since August last year and consequently is still developing her ideas about the place. Ros is paid half by the University and half by AUSA, and her job is to get student dramatic activities off the ground. While she says that student appeal should be the dominating concern in allowing outside bookings, she concedes that TV2 pays better than the New Wave in drama, and accepts that the Maidment relies on outside use to bring in money. However, she sees the present situation as fluid, and hopefully things will find a level that pleases everybody.

Stuart Berthelson-Smith, the Theatre Technician, being the person who is required to accommodate and implement the administrators' many and varied decisions, holds somewhat more outspoken views. He has been in the MAC since it opened in 1976, and in his own words the place has gone from 'one chaos to another through a lack of efficient staff - you can relieve the situation by using students who have taken the technical course in theatre, and without their help the ship would have sunk. However, it is sometimes awkward to utilize students while they're at lectures.' Stuart attributes some of the problem to the lack of understanding of theatres shown by TMC and AUSA, and the delay in getting together a coherent and practical policy over theatre bookings. While he sometimes curses at the number of hours that he has to work and at the stupidities of those in control, he bears no grudge against the performers, whether



they are from Theatre Workshop or TVNZ. The show, whatever it is and whoever is doing it, must go on. What Stuart does object to is the understaffing in the MAC and the policy of having no gaps at all in the booking schedule.

On the first point Frank Hobson agrees with him: both would like to see the appointment of an administrative assistant to deal with typing, box office, telephones etc. However, AUSA has refused to meet half the salary of such an assistant, arguing that that is Frank's job to do. On the second point, Stuart is of the opinion not only that the level of outside users is too high because it excludes the use of students, but also that the present policy of continuous back to back booking is positively detrimental to the theatre. For a start, there is no time left to do maintenance work. Normally two weeks are given over at the beginning of the year to checking theatre equipment, such as cleaning the lenses, repairing the shutters and checking the mechanisms of around 170 stage lights. Last year they only had four days out of that fortnight because the ANZAAS conference was put in the Maid, and this year they only had seven days because the other week had been given to Television. There is no time to do the work during the year; every day is booked for use, which means Stuart and his assistants are required for technical help, and often, especially with Television users, one lot moves out of the theatre as the next lot moves in.

Stuart also points out that the way people like TVNZ book the theatre, a couple of days here, a couple of days there, it becomes very hard to fit a show in between. The prime example is in July of this year, when TVNZ take up a Monday and a Tuesday in one week, then a Wednesday and a Thursday in another, and so on, effectively stopping week-long shows from being put on, while in August, during the holidays, there are no TV bookings.

It could be argued that maybe students don't actually want to use those dates, and that indeed is what Frank Hobson says: if he had a waiting list of student groups appealing for space he would rethink his position on outside bookings, but he hasn't, and cites those spare weeks that he couldn't fill even after advertising. Bhaady Miller the Cultural Affairs Officer of the Association, snorted loudly at that one. She gives her own example of Cultural Mosaic, which traditionally is at the end of the second term, but this year has been given a week

at the beginning of the third term, which is nearly infeasible given the diversity of the show. It is true that last year the Mosaic was in the third term, but that was due more to the change in Cultural Affairs Officers midway through the year than any genuine intention. Bhaady considers the situation absurd when it is too late for her in February to make a booking in August. Frank Hobson believes that a lot of notice must be given by anyone of an intention to book, whether a student or not. Stuart candidly says that you can't expect a student to be very prepared. Be that as it may, Bhaady firmly believes that there are a lot of students wanting space in the big theatre, and that they are deterred from inquiring by the distance of the MAC staff.

There are a lot of comments which could be made about the MAC staff, both past and present, but this article is not the best place to make them. There have definitely been personality clashes in the Theatre administration during the MAC's short existence, and that is in the nature of University affairs, but these should never interfere with the efficient running of the MAC. Frank Stark, one-time member of TMC, Exec member, Craccum editor, and Director of Campus Arts North, who had been around since before the MAC was built and who is now leaving so can afford to make these comments, noted that the responsibilities of the Theatre Manager and the Artistic Director had never been properly laid out, and now we are paying the price for that. In his opinion Frank Hobson should align himself more with student opinion, take charge of more publicity, keep his finger on the pulse of student activities and so be able to guess student needs and most especially to use more discretion over the hire charges, i.e. charge a market rate to those outside users who can afford it, notably TV. With the growing number of TV bookings it is becoming increasingly obvious that by providing a cheap, good theatre which is probably cheaper than a TV studio we are subsidising them and not they us. Hire rates are unchanged from 1978 at last notice and it is becoming increasingly ridiculous that so many outside users are appearing. With regard to the Artistic Director, Frank Stark would prefer to see her concentrate on the development of new things rather than taking over established concerns like the Capping Revue or Pantomime which students could do and on occasion have effectively done.

But the main thing is about bookings.



Frank Stark is effectively speaking for all the student groups he has worked with when he calls for the 25 weeks of term time to be devoted to students, and let whoever wants to fight over the rest. Probably the MAC could restrict its free booking and raise its charges and still have plenty of takers. As Stuart points out, stage space is at a premium in Auckland at the moment and the booking office could be closed until February and yet the theatre would still get fully booked for the year. The Association and the University could fully afford to pressure outside users and not upset bookings. It really sounds as though we could get the situation fully under control, and yet with each meeting of TMC the idea of optimum use of the MAC for students gets set further aside.

Perhaps the MAC is not what we really needed. Everyone who has had to work in there knows that its design at

least is not what was wanted: the Centre has no real storage or construction areas, which makes being a set constructor an incredible hassle; there is no flyloft, which severely hampers production; it was built without air conditioning, so it doubled as a sauna until even the University agreed that there is such a thing as too much hot air; all because of lack of funds and design by committee. The Maid is too big for, say, a Theatre Workshop production, too small for popular films, too plush for rock concerts. It has an excellent sound system which mainly gets used only for effects tapes. Therein lies the reason for all these outside users: the MAC is really too good for us, it is a status symbol, not a student theatre. It seems, also, that the University is approaching architects to redesign the University Hall in the Old Arts Building for use as a theatre particularly for the Music and English Depts. Is it because the Maid is getting to be too much bother even for them?

Perhaps we can derive some consolation from the Little Theatre. It has no pretensions, lends itself to all sorts of ideas and is cheap. In spite of its patronising name (one 1976 Craccum writer wanted to call it 'The Pit') it has asserted itself remarkably as a venue for all sorts of activities. It is a pity that its older sister cannot match it in those respects.

And until something is done, what will happen? AUSA will continue to pay the deficit of the MAC and its members will continue to be frustrated by their inability to use the place. Student groups like Theatre Workshop will have to continue their book-first-organize-a-show-later-policy, that being the only way they can ensure having theatre time. And through all this the outside users are getting cheap use of one of the best theatres of its size in Auckland.

This article has really only touched the tip of the problems of joint University-Students' Association affairs, which include the cutbacks in non-academic staff and a past history of incompetence and disappointment which colours all present negotiations. Stuart Berthelson-Smith was critical of the scope of this article, because he feels strongly that the situation needs fixing now, and that it is the students who are going to have to be the fixers. To let the MAC amble on the way it is going would mean the abandonment of all the hopes students had for it when it was built and when they put up a third of the money for it. We have an investment in that theatre complex, and it is a sad day when we let the dividends of that investment be pocketed by someone else.

David Kirkpatrick





# WHAT A GAS

What is the likelihood of a major accident involving LPG? Many members of the public have asked this question and a team from the Department of Town Planning at Auckland University have been looking at the hazards of bulk LPG for over a year and their investigations are expected to continue for the rest of 1980.

The team, comprising Messrs. B.R. Williamson, L.R.B. Mann and J. Daly-Peoples, prepared an article on LPG planning last month. Their report states: 'The absence of any serious damage from bulk LPG in New Zealand's slender operating experience to date is not a valid ground for supposing there will be none in the future.'

The scale of LPG use is rapidly increasing and the relatively small total use so far would be compatible with quite high probabilities of a mishap. Several substantial LPG leaks have occurred in New Zealand and the absence of ignition so far is mainly a matter of good luck.'

What happens when bulk LPG is ignited? The report says: 'There are several ways in which widespread damage can be produced by LPG. A violent tank rupture, which is known as a BLEVE (Boiling Liquid Expanding Vapour Explosion), can form a fireball burning most of the fuel in seconds and rocketing sections of the tank as far as a kilometre.'

Potentially more dangerous is a release leading to the formation of a vapour cloud which could spread over a wide area before being ignited and flashing back to the source. 'If this happens, the report states, the flame front will either burn at a low speed or an unconfined vapour cloud explosion will result, spreading blast damage over an area larger than the cloud. It is also possible that a firestorm could result from a large conflagration.'

The report cites two examples of BLEVE damage:

'April 29, 1974, near Eagle Pass, Texas: A tanker carrying 16 tonnes of LPG overturned, crashing into an irrigation canal and splitting open. Two explosions quickly followed, rocketing the front section of the tank 500 metres and demolishing three mobile homes ..... In all 16 people were killed and 35 injured.'

'January 4, 1966, at Feyzin, France: Technicians taking a sample of LPG from a storage tank were unable to close a valve because the mechanism was frozen. Leaking gas from the 1000 tonne tank ignited and the fire brigade were called. The tank exploded after one and a half hours, as did four more tanks one after the other, leaving 45 people dead.'

Damage caused by the dispersal of a gas cloud can be extensive depending on wind speed and direction, atmospheric stability and topography which effect dispersal.

An accident involving the formation of a vapour cloud was cited in the report.

'On July 19, 1974, a free rolling 57 tonne LPG rail car collided with a free standing box car in a shunting yard. LPG escaped and 13 minutes later the cloud ignited and exploded over an area measuring 800 metres by 1200 metres, causing seven deaths, 349 injuries and \$24 million of damage, including blast damage out to four kilometres.'

The Auckland University team state: 'Isolation distances for the protection of individuals and property are essential and it is desirable to base such isolation distances on the behaviour of LPG.'

'Planners and dangerous goods inspectors have, to date, relied heavily, if not solely, on the dangerous goods regulations in efforts to establish safety measures to prevent mishaps and minimise the consequences of any mishap.'

'It is the conclusion of this study that planners should establish isolation distances for individual sites or provide general isolation distances related to the behaviour of LPG. Such distances and other requirements should be included in the district planning schemes.'

Messrs Williamson, Mann and Daly-Peoples say there is still much to be learnt about the dangerous fuel. 'It is more dangerous than petrol and this is acknowledged if only to a small extent, in the dangerous goods regulations in which greater isolation distances are required for LPG than for petrol.'

'Petrol stations should not be permitted to install LPG containers unless stringent requirements are complied with.'

The Auckland University team's article has been submitted to the Town Planning Quarterly for publication in full.

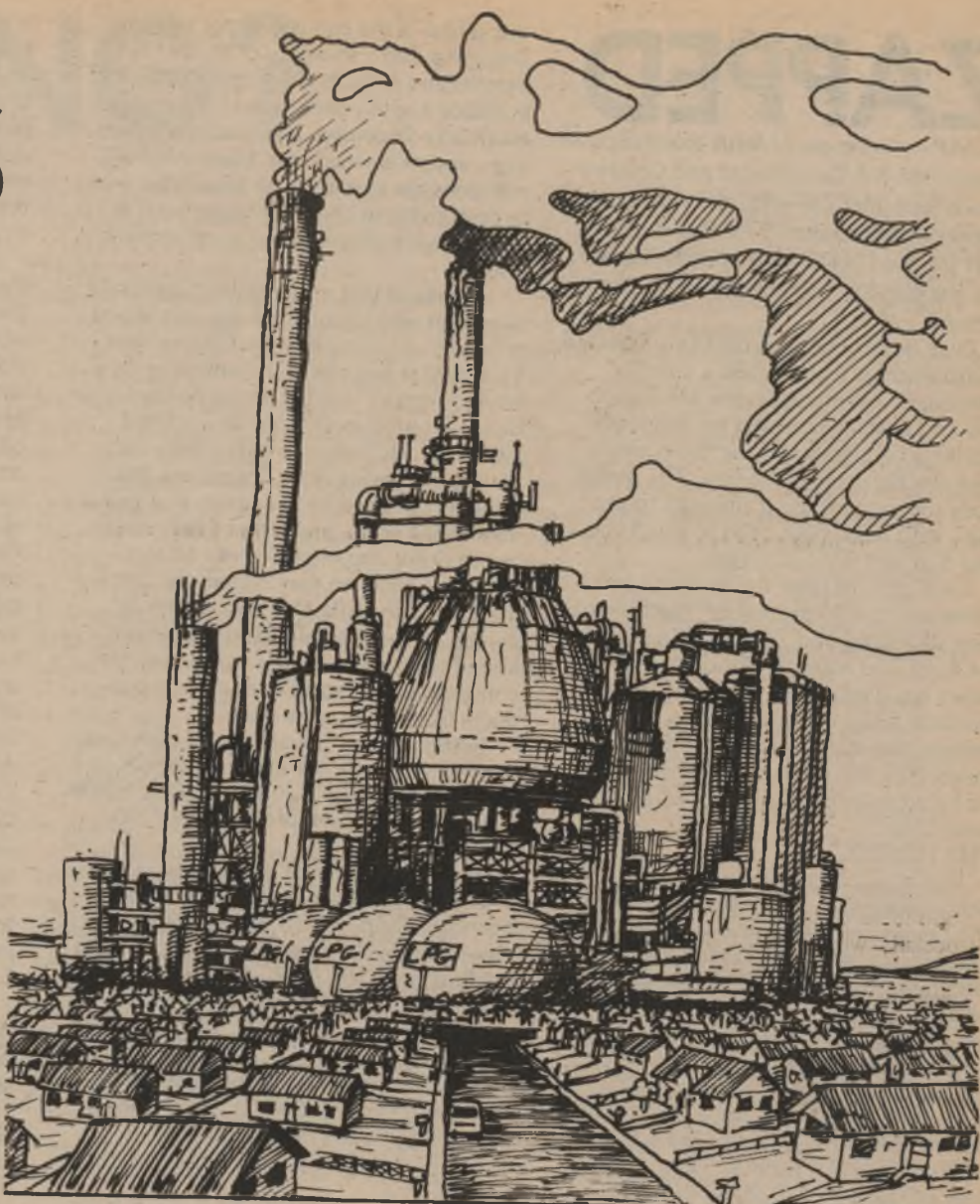
Messrs Williamson and Mann presented a paper on LPG to a seminar on energy and environment at Wellington last year. The paper outlined the cause of accidents, which they said included human error, technological failures, fire, earthquakes and other natural events.

'Deliberate sabotage must also be considered,' they stated. 'LPG is more hazardous than other hydrocarbons because it is a gas at normal temperatures and pressures and can therefore rapidly vaporise and spread combustible vapour over large distances.'

Shell's engineering manager and principal consultant to Liqui-Gas for the Onehunga Depot, Mr Val Burgoyne, outlines the safety precautions that would be taken at the proposed depot in Liqui-Gas's pamphlet.

'When people say that LPG tanks are bombs, that is utter nonsense,' he was quoted as saying. 'You could fire a detonator inside the tank and nothing would happen. In fact, I would be prepared to sit on the tank and do just that. LPG is not an explosive - it is a fuel.'

Later in the pamphlet Mr Burgoyne



said: 'Obviously no one can say that no risks would remain. But we can say with every confidence that all conceivable risks will be reduced to an extremely low level and that the proposed Onehunga Depot will be an outstandingly safe one.'

He said the LPG storage at Onehunga would eventually comprise a number of horizontal and spherical tanks ranging from 50 to about 1000 tonnes in capacity.

Liqui-Gas's article states: 'Made from thick steel, the spheres would be constructed as heavy pressure vessels tested to around double their usual operating pressure.'

'Should tank design pressure be exceeded at any time for any reason, multiple pressure relief valves would relieve pressure as needed. The most extreme situations are provided for.'

'The spheres sit on slightly raised ground so that, should any leak occur, the heavier than air LPG will spill into safe collection areas. In addition, emergency shutdown valves can quickly close off the LPG flow in the event of a mishap at bulk vehicle loading and unloading points.'

Liqui-Gas say numerous other precautions would be taken, including a water cooling system for tank fire protection devices to guard against power failure and equipment breakdowns.

Both Liqui-Gas and the Onehunga

citizens' committee agree that there is a need for LPG. 'We realise that LPG development is necessary for the nation's future and we do not want to inhibit its use. But lessons must be learnt from overseas and two recent LPG explosions,' the committee states.

Liqui-Gas say that as the world's energy crisis worsens and petrol prices rise, LPG will soon offer New Zealand new hope of withstanding the economic trials of the 1980's.

'At present the nation is still dependent on imported oil fuels for nearly 60 per cent of its total energy needs and for almost all its transport fuels,' Liqui-Gas's pamphlet says.

'But now, with the huge Maui gas field on stream, that dependency can be significantly reduced by producing LPG and other alternative fuels like CNG, methanol and synthetic gasoline which can be manufactured from Maui gas.'

'With the commissioning of one of the world's largest gas fields at Maui, which has proven reserves of 475,000 million cubic feet of natural gas, LPG production has the potential to be expanded to 400,000 tonnes annually - enough to meet a major share of New Zealand's transport needs.'

'By supplanting oil imports, LPG could save the country millions of dollars annually in foreign exchange, as well as cutting costs for motorists.'

Greg O'Brien

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# ZAPPED

ZAP - you've got it! With this and other slogans the NZ Dairy Board and Country Foods launched Zap onto the Auckland market in November 1979. Zap is ultra-heat treated (UHT), sold in three flavours and packaged in two sizes of multi-layered cartons.

Even before Zap was officially released, environmentalists launched a counter campaign. Overnight, several thousand anti-Zap posters appeared on lampposts and large banners opposing the product were erected around the city. The media made the most of the 'campaign to zap Zap', with front page news in the Auckland Star and TV 1 coverage.

Four months later the efficient and immensely costly promotion machine has been successful and Zap is established on the Auckland market. Although the initial furore has died down, the issues remain the same and environmentalists, milk vendors and many others are still strongly opposed to this product. Their objections are based on what Zap is and what Zap represents.

## WHAT ZAP IS -

Zap is an expensive, highly advertised, highly processed, highly packaged product. The carton consists of five layers of paperboard (tetrapak), wax, cardboard, plastic, aluminium foil and plastic again on the inside. It is totally non-recyclable and non-compostable. If it is as successful as the Dairy Board hopes then it will add 19 million cartons per year to NZ's solid waste stream. Some of this finds its way into rubbish bins adding to the cost and difficulty of local rubbish disposal but a large proportion is dropped in streets, along with other forms of throw away packaging - instant litter. This represents a huge waste of resources, all of which must be imported - the paper board is made in Sweden, printed in Australia and filled and sealed in Takanini by imported machinery.

The milk in Zap is ultra-heat treated which effectively sterilizes it before it is

entombed in the bacteria proof cartons. This gives Zap a shelf life of at least 6 months and reduces the vitamin C level, normally high in milk, to nil. The milk is artificially flavoured, coloured with food dyes, and sweetened. Yet these synthetic additions are known to be associated with hyperactivity in children, while sugar is implicated in many of our worst chronic diseases.

In spite of this, the massive advertising campaign which launched Zap was aimed primarily at young people. Costing over \$250,000 it was aimed at 'whipping up a buying frenzy,' (in the words of the Dairy Board Promotion Officer) and offered Zap as an alternative to soft drinks for young, fun-loving New Zealanders. Many mothers deceived by the image of a healthy milk-based drink, encouraged their children to drink Zap in preference to soft drinks. In fact, we may already be drinking too much milk. Our diet is high in animal fat and protein. Both have been linked to many chronic illnesses and the consumption of additional milk in products like Zap may be harmful.

Setting the level and type of milk consumed in N.Z. should certainly not be left up to the advertisers and producers, whose criteria are based on profit and not on human health.

The flavour of Zap is obviously a matter of personal taste, but it is worth considering a Dairy Board directive that Zap should be sold only when chilled, because the flavour of the milk when sold at room temperature could handicap sales. Zap doesn't come cheap either. The manufacturers have huge advertising, packaging, production and distribution costs to recover, and this is reflected in the price of Zap - 54 cents for the 500ml size, or nearly four times the cost of fresh milk per ml.

## WHAT ZAP REPRESENTS

More dangerous than what Zap is, is what Zap represents - firstly, as an extension of the throw-away mentality, and secondly, as a serious threat to the well-established and environmentally desirable bottled milk distribution system.

As the value of resource conservation and recycling become more apparent, it

is highly irresponsible to manufacture disposables that only encourage waste. The manufacturers of Zap made no attempt to meet the indirect costs caused by their product, such as cleaning litter from the streets, paying for waste disposal and possible harmful health effects. Instead these costs are borne by the community.

The most insidious aspect of Zap is the threat it poses to our existing milk distribution system. Zap was released while a Caucus Committee was considering town milk supply regulations, and appears to be calculated to set a precedent for distributing milk in cartons. Because Zap is flavoured it is not covered by the Town Milk Supply Regulations, which at present do not allow sale of plain milk in cartons. The Government Caucus Committee is due to report back soon. If they allow the sale of plain, white milk in cartons to go ahead, then this could initiate a disastrous pattern, which has been repeated in many countries overseas. U.H.T. milk, because of its long shelf life, would be sold in bulk from supermarkets and groceries, demand for home deliveries would decline, and milk vendors' rounds could become uneconomic and close. This would further disadvantage the 25% of the population, who do not have access to a car, and also increase the number of unnecessary trips to buy milk. In almost every country where cartoned milk has been introduced, milk bottles have also disappeared.

In environmental terms the loss of these containers would be tragic. Milk bottles are extremely efficient with reuse averaging 80-100 times, and even when broken the glass can be recycled. The cost to the consumer for this form of packaging is less than 1% of the cost of a milk carton for each unit purchased.

As F.B. Shorland, spokesman for the NZ Association of Scientists, states in the NZ Science Review, 'I find there is an overwhelming desire to retain the present milk system with its 7-day bottled delivery. This verdict is also supported by the National Council for Women, and the Consumers' Institute. There is in fact, a

widespread concern that any attempt should be made to change an entirely satisfactory system, which has given the public a wholesome product of good nutritional value. The desire to change has caused some consumers to ask if some manufacturers' wish to prosper at the expense of the community.'

## WHO BENEFITS

The real beneficiaries from the sale of Zap are industries involved in advertising, food additive manufacture, and packaging. UEB have been working for the last five years on the introduction of paperboard cartons for town milk distribution. NZ Forest Products, who would make their cartons, also support the supply of cartoned milk. The Dairy Board, who have watched the sale of milk drop slightly with each price increase, are in favour of anything that will increase milk sales. They are determined to diversify milk, and are trying to promote it as a 'fun product.'

One point made by Zap's proponents, is the need to test their product on the local market before developing an export industry. In fact the reverse is probably more correct - flavoured cartoned milk is sold in several countries already, and the production and marketing of Zap in NZ is merely the application of an already well-proven formula.

There are some possible consumer advantages from Zap, and other cartoned milk products. They are 'convenient', they offer a wider range of drinks and U.H.T. milk will keep for long periods without refrigeration. So the question is - do these advantages outweigh the costs? Zap is certainly not one of Life's essentials, sunny days at the beach were certainly tolerable before it appeared. The dilemma about Zap is similar to that occurring throughout the consumer field - do we take the high technology option offering increased personal choice and convenience, but with additional environmental, social and health costs, or do we opt for simpler ways of doing things such as using milk bottles and bicycles?

N.B. Michael Baker  
ZAP is no longer sold on campus due to student protest. Environmental Affairs Officer

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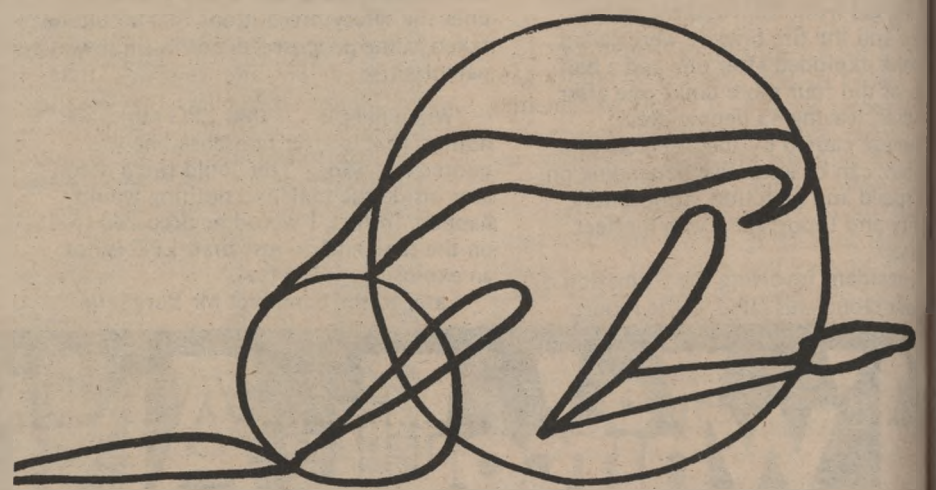
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WED. 8.15 - 9.15 am - MARTIAL ARTS ROOM

FRI. 8.15 - 9.15am - MARTIAL ARTS ROOM

FRI. 7.30 - 9.00pm - DANCE STUDIO

ALSO AVAILABLE :

BEGINNERS BALLET FRI. 5 - 6 pm  
- DANCE STUDIO

STUDENTS - 50c

NON-STUDENTS - \$1.00



# UNION BAITING?

New Zealand is suffering, not because of the Unions, the SUP or even the Russians but because the Prime Minister, the Right Honorable Robert Muldoon, is an opportunist who will stoop to any level of subterfuge to get what he wants. He will intimidate and degradate anybody who disagrees with him, and in my opinion has caused hardship and distress for all the inhabitants of Tokoroa.

Yes he's back at his old tricks again: if all else fails bash a union, rave about commies and make unsubstantiated allegations against Russian diplomats. He then tries to convince people that communists controlled from Russia are using the Kinleith Dispute to break up the fabric of society and destroy the New Zealand way of life. He charges: about the place naming reds in the wood-pile and SUPs in the Unions. Throw in a few unionists who aren't even in the SUP and hope that when the unionist points out the 'mistake' people will think he's just trying to 'get out of it'. He goes on about wage-price spirals sweeping the country.

In other words, try to scare the hell out of every and any body. Muldoon's no more worried about Russia than you or I; what he is worried about is that if he doesn't put on a strong front against the unions, overseas investors will shy away from investing in our soon-to-be-exploited natural resources.

What he needs is a docile trade union movement. He's trying to discredit the SUP in the hope that the unions will gag the SUP members and drive them out, thus resulting in a far more docile trade union movement.

All the Kinleith workers wanted was the restoration of parity with the other pulp mills. A parity which has existed for at least 8 of the last 9 years. **EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK: A GENERALLY RECOGNISED HUMAN RIGHTS' PRINCIPLE!**

The origins of the Kinleith dispute lie in the traditional parity of wages between Kinleith and other pulp mills. From 1970 to 1978 the difference in core rates between mills has been no more than one cent. Parity was broken, however, after a dispute in Kawerau, and the subsequent Anzac Day agreement resulted in a substantial rise. This left the Kinleith workers in the position of either immediately asking for a similar rise (which many workers suggested) or take the advice of Combined Mills Unions advocate Mr J.A. Butterworth and wait until the next award talks scheduled for the end of 1979. Mr Butterworth's recommendation was followed and the work at Kinleith continued.

In December 1979 New Zealand Forest Products announced increased sales and profit resulting partly from increased productivity. A Combined Mill Union committee headed by Mr Butterworth, set about calculating a new rate which would

restore parity with other mills. Taken into account, was that Tasman workers at Kawerau were expected to get a 10.4% increase resulting in a core rate of \$4.86. The committee recommended an increase of 22.2% to restore Kinleith workers parity with those at the Kawerau Tasman plant. On December 12th Combined Mill Unions advocate Mr Butterworth and associate director NZFP Mr Don Wylle commenced wage negotiations. By December 25 these negotiations had collapsed, with N.Z.F.P. saying 22.2% was unacceptable.

In the first week of January about 500 members of the maintenance unions voted to strike; the steam went off and the mill was closed. N.Z.F.P. then offered 18.06% conditional to the mill operating 364 days a year. Mr Butterworth commented that they had stood by their agreement, (an informal one with N.Z.F.P.), for the last year and now it was the company's job to re-establish workers' parity. A few days later on the 9th of January the Minister of Labour Mr. Bolger gave the first and only hint of a confrontation, which later developed between the government and the Federation of Labour. He warned that 'unacceptable' tactics were being used by unions in pursuit of wage claims in a number of key industries.

By the 3rd week in Jan the F.O.L. headed by president Mr Jim Knox had, at the invitation of the Kinleith workers, taken over negotiations with NZFP management. Mr Butterworth's prediction of a 10.4% rise for the Tasman workers proved correct and within 2 days of the Tasman settlement, at a core rate of \$4.86, the NZFP management agreed to an increase of 21.177% which would nearly give Kinleith workers parity with those at Tasman. The productivity bonuses which have in the past been commensurate with wage rises were set at 10.4% and the company also won the right to operate the mill 363-364 days per year.

It looked as if Kinleith's problems were over; the management had finally agreed that equal work was worth equal pay and the union didn't mind running the mill 364 days per year if it meant that they could go back to work. Mr Muldoon, however, had other ideas. The next day he announced that the government would cut the increase to 18.1%. NZFP's managing director Mr D. Walker asked Mr Muldoon not to intervene, but this was to no avail. On the 4th March the government gazetted regulations to reduce the Kinleith settlement to 18.1%.

The Unions were incensed, NZFP was annoyed, and the rest of us were completely bewildered. Why and what was Muldoon up to? Did he really believe that the rise was excessive? Was \$4.86 per hour reasonable for Tasman and later at Caxton, but not at the NZFP's mill? Yes. Apparently it was, or at least on Monday. Mr Muldoon's main defence on Monday was that the rate was excessive and the Government would not tolerate free wage bargaining under

threat of, or during, strike action. On Wednesday however he came up with a totally new reason. He announced that if the higher rate for Kinleith had been allowed, it would have caused relativity problems with core tradesmen in Auckland, leading to a wage price spiral country-wide.

His excuse for this totally new reason was that on Monday he hadn't been asked the right questions. It's amazing that it took days for his main objection to be announced. It's even more amazing when one learns that on Tuesday the so-called Minister of Labour Mr Bolger cited three 'clearly identifiable factors' behind the government's decision:-

- 1) One settlement was too high compared with other increases obtained in the wage round;
- 2) The increase was obtained as a result of strike action;
- 3) One of the unions involved in the Kinleith award - the pulp and paper workers - had early on agreed to 18% without resorting to strike action.

None of these reasons held much water and nowhere did he mention the new wage-price spiral argument. Was this because it was not 'clearly identifiable' or was it, as we all now suspect, that Mr Muldoon had not thought of it by then. On Wednesday however, barely minutes after Mr Muldoon's statements, that if the settlement of \$4.81 per hour was allowed to stand it was 'very clear', that unions believed the Auckland core rate would be affected, Mr Bolgers office distributed an addition to his earlier speech which was being delivered in Auckland only an hour or two later.

The one paragraph addition read: 'If the increase agreed to by the Combined Unions and NZFP had been accepted it would have had a major flow on effect into similar rates in Auckland.'

By the 15th March, after much ducking and diving, the Government had backed down and as a face saving device agreed to allow the \$4.81 rate conditional on the agreement being ring fenced to stop flow onto the Auckland core rate, an idea suggested at least 10 days earlier by Mr Rowling. By the 20th nothing remained but for the workers to vote to accept, as a union, the new offer. This arrangement would give the workers their \$4.81, the company their 364 days/year and remove the Governments objection of the flow on to Auckland.

But during this dispute, what else had Muldoon been up to? Well in case the public had forgotten, or could not make the connection he wanted them to, he suggested that the Soviet aligned S.U.P. leaders regarded the dispute as their last chance to get back on side with the trade unions movement. He said the communist organisation had suffered set-backs in recent weeks following the Russian invasion of Afghanistan and the 'revelation' that the Soviet ambassador to New Zealand had passed money to the local party.

Mr Muldoon said 'I am sure there is

deep suspicion of the SUP among trade union workers and officials .... 'They (the SUP leaders) want to use Kinleith to climb back into a position of solidarity with the main stream of trade union officialdom'.

Yes these men have acquired responsibility, they are responsible for the welfare of the union members. They have an unenviable job which is not made any easier by Muldoons continued attacks on their personal integrity. This dedicated and hard working group of men do not control the unions; unlike some organisations, need they be mentioned, they are democratic - if the workers at Kinleith are on strike it is because they want to resist the Governments blatant interference in their rights to negotiate with their employer.

Then came 'Muldoons list'; another fendish attempt to put public opinion against some of the most dedicated unionists in New Zealand.

On Monday I spoke to Mr Ian Grant, Co-Chairman of the Combined Mills Unions Welfare Committee. He told me that the rumours of a split in Tokoroa were unfounded, that solidarity among the workers was running high and that Government interference was only strengthening the resolve of the men to stand together. Donations and letters of support have been coming in from all over the country.

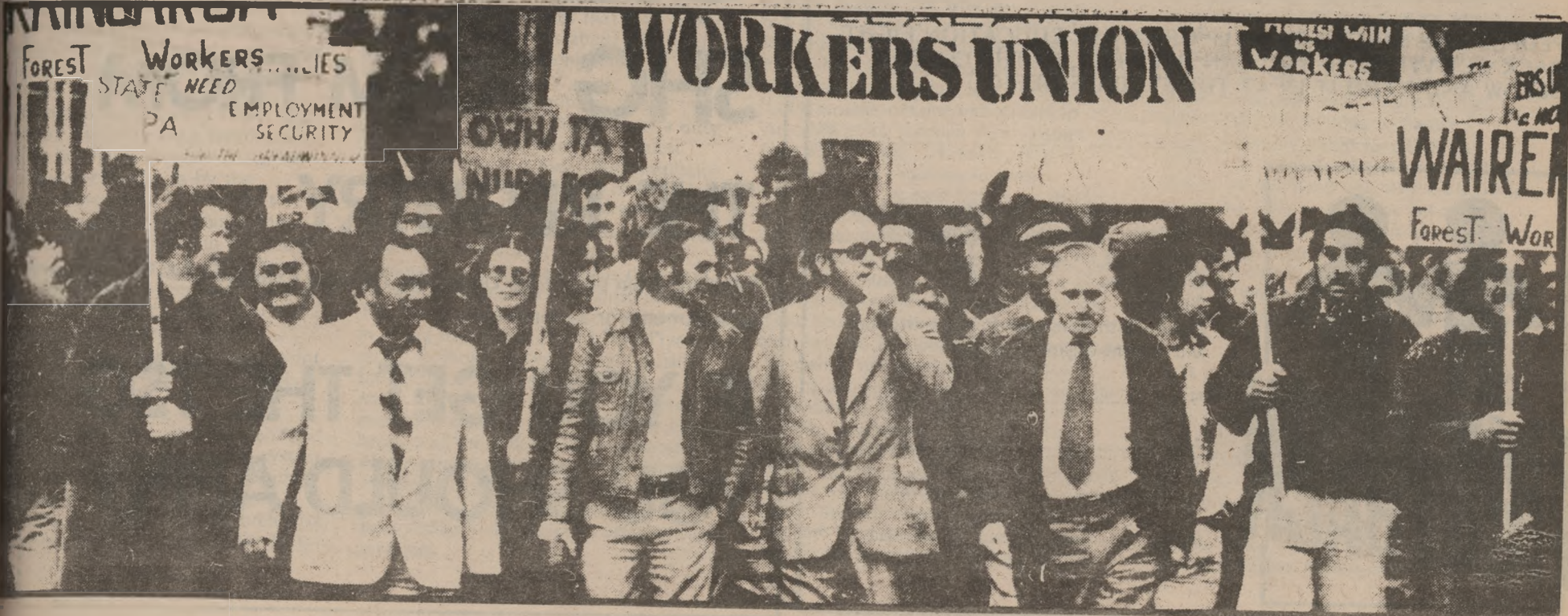
I can only express admiration at the way these men have stuck to their guns. After 11 weeks of strike they were as united as ever. Although it looks as if workers have won the battle, the war is not over. Muldoon has demonstrated his disregard for the well being of the men, women and children of Tokoroa. He used these people as fodder for his anti-union-SUP campaign. His extremist attitude has now reached the point of being dangerous to the freedom of each and every one of us.

On Tuesday 25th March he stated that the SUP members must be identified, isolated and if necessary outlawed. No doubt his private police force (the SIS) will be working overtime, opening letters, tapping phones and breaking into private property. The SIS may have already started Muldoons political witch-hunt. On Monday 24th February, the Auckland regional secretary of the Labour Party, Mr M. Shone, said that about 5 Labour Party members, mainly high ranking officials including himself, had discovered their homes burgled in recent weeks.

The immediate past-president of the Labour Youth Council, Glenda Fryer, reported that \$40 lying on her dressing-table as well as jewellery in other rooms was left untouched.

The ramifications of Muldoons 'outlaw' statement and his increased utilisation of the SIS stretch far beyond the events of Kinleith. President Eisenhower summed it up by saying of 'McCarthyism': 'the question was often and justifiably asked, 'who is safe?'

Mike Ranby





# PIC OF THE WEEK



Ripped at Red Mole? – Christine Brett, Brian Docherty, Wendy Edwards and Alan Docherty last Wednesday night.

MAJOR DISCOVERIES IN ART HISTORY – No 23

Experts from the Volendam Public Antiquities and Beautifying Society believe that this line may have been drawn by Nicholas van Sloots of Hilversum (1604-66 – not to be confused with his brother Jan whose existence has never been disputed) MANY YEARS BEFORE THE INVENTION OF THE THICK-TIPPED FELT PEN

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## CRACCUM SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Any length, any inspiration.  
 Entries close Friday June 6  
 First prize \$50 donated by BNZ  
 Winning entries will be printed in Craccum.

# KATRINA'S HANDY HINTS



The dinner-table axiom, 'Do not ask twice for soup', may at first sight seem an absurd restriction. But on giving the subject a little consideration, we shall see that the rule can be abundantly justified on two grounds, viz. that a small quantity of fluid food braces the stomach for its duties, while a larger portion would alike impair the appetite and weaken the digestion; and, moreover, that if the rule were occasionally infringed by one or two individuals, the remainder of the *convives* would be condemned to an uncomfortable period of waiting, and the unexpected hindrance would overthrow the calculations of the *Chef* or the cook as to the moment when his joints or *hors d'oeuvres* should leave the fire.

April 1.  
 Merv=  
 anybody's  
 fool.

# FIGHTBACK HELP NEEDED

PEOPLE ARE NEEDED TO HELP ORGANISE EDUCATION FIGHTBACK ACTIVITIES. IF YOU CAN HELP FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW AND HAND IT IN AT THE STUDASS OFFICE.

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The Act a is proving ho ineffective. I and the Abor (who is respon ion of the Ac Too much po stake and thi tant than the women.

In April 19 which made M most restrictiv for a woman Contraceptive Act denied th woman in obt it was laid in servants – tw an operating s

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One of the r inconsistency is of 'serious risk' the subjective an fully equipped v racial biases. T vacated its resp body who enact tory legislation meant by the having women s precarious positi that they do me 'serious risk' wh ion through the feeling that th or they can nev will determine a often approval s well a woman is now the doctor iligious/ethical how many appro ready signed fo woman's eligib With the increasi certifying cor Abortion Superv down the numbe approved the lat becoming an i ture for refusa rified by a com milton woman 's best often to the start of th rst served.'

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# A WOMAN'S RIGHT...

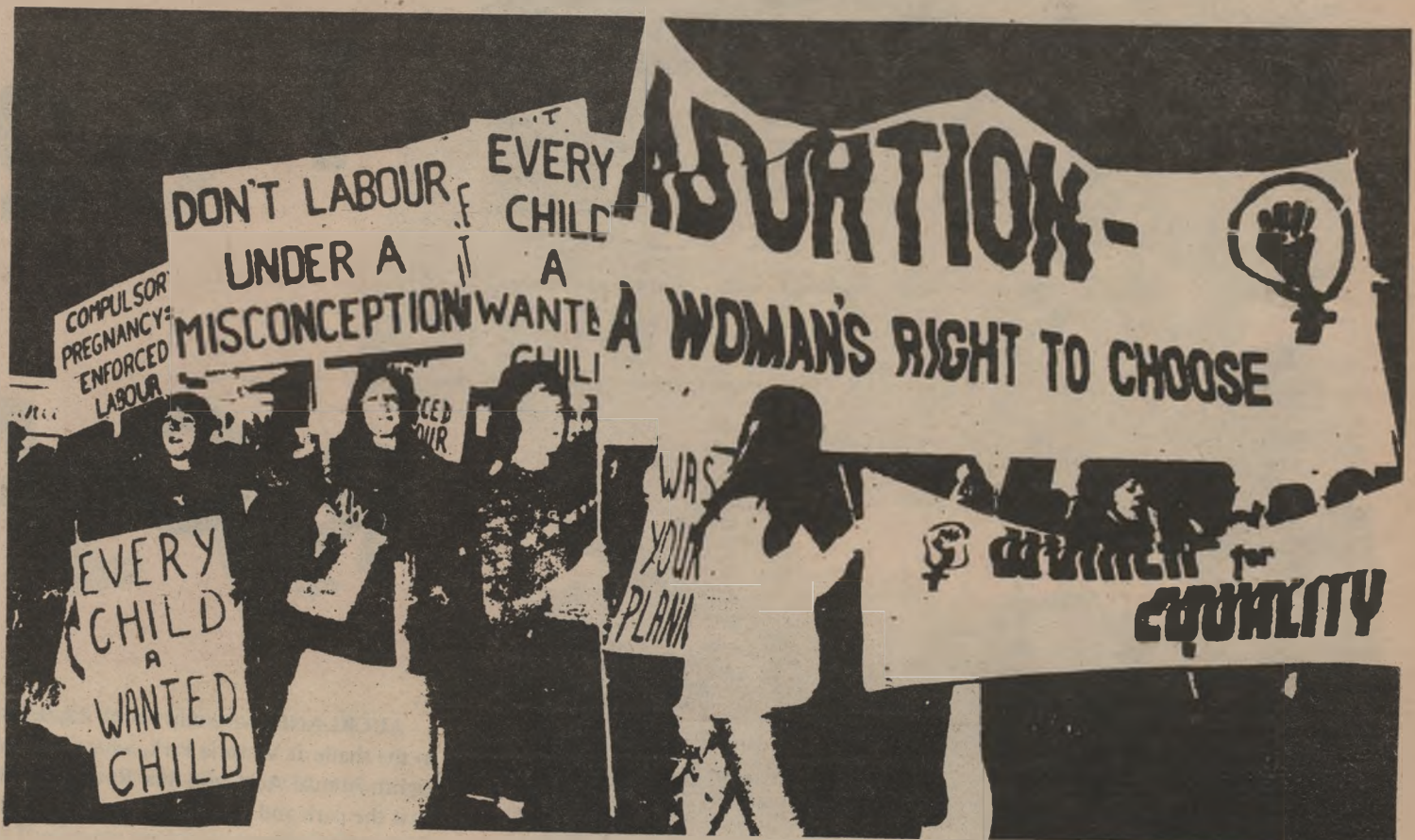
The Act after two years in operation is proving hopelessly inadequate and ineffective. However, the Government and the Abortion Supervisory Committee (who is responsible for the implementation of the Act) refuse to recognise this. Too much political embarrassment is at stake and this, seemingly, is more important than the health of New Zealand women.

In April 1978 an Act came into force which made New Zealand one of the most restrictive countries in the world for a woman seeking an abortion. The Contraceptive, Abortion and Sterilisation Act denied the 'right of choice' to a woman in obtaining an abortion. Instead it was laid in the lap of three public servants — two certifying consultants and an operating surgeon.

Under the law, supposedly, a woman is legally entitled to an abortion if her physical or mental health is at serious risk. Social or economic reasons such as being too young (under 16), too old (over 40), a victim of rape, a woman with a large family who cannot afford another child (economically or emotionally) or a woman who does not want to continue with an unwanted pregnancy are not grounds, under this law, for obtaining an abortion. However, in many instances women who should be entitled to an abortion on the grounds of 'serious risk' are being denied the right to an abortion. There are countless documented cases to prove this point. An Auckland woman of 42 years with high blood pressure and a medical history of miscarriages was denied an abortion on the grounds that she was 'reasonably healthy'. In Rotorua, a 28 year old woman who had a long history of confinement to mental hospitals and attempted suicides was refused an abortion, on mental health grounds. A 16 year old girl from Wellington who had glandular fever and finished up having to make a trip to Australia was refused an abortion with the judgement from the doctor that 15 year old Maori girls pop them out no trouble. You're white and middle-class - you'll cope.

One of the reasons for such inconsistency is that the interpretation of 'serious risk' is left completely up to the subjective analysis of doctors who are fully equipped with their own ethical and racial biases. The government has vacated its responsibility (since it was the body who enacted this piece of discriminatory legislation) to clearly define what is meant by the vague term 'serious risk' leaving women seeking abortions in a precarious position. Women who feel that they do meet the criteria of 'serious risk' who try to procure an abortion through the system do so often with the feeling that they are entering a lottery or they can never be sure what really will determine an approval by a doctor. Often approval seems to depend on how well a woman is able to present herself, how the doctor is feeling, the particular religious/ethical beliefs of a doctor and how many approval forms s/he has already signed for the week rather than a woman's eligibility for a termination. With the increasing pressure being put on certifying consultants by the Abortion Supervisory Committee to cut down the number of abortions being approved the latter factor in the above is becoming an important determining factor for refusal or approval. This is testified by a comment made by a Hamilton woman who stated to me: 'It's best often to make an appointment at the start of the week — first come, first served.'

Many women who are legally entitled to an abortion under the present system find the trip to Australia less daunting and intimidating than submitting themselves to a panel of often subjective, judgemental and non-sympathetic doctors.



Many women face an intensive cross-examination by certifying consultants. For example a Christchurch woman of 36 was forced to submit to accusations of 'sleeping around' and 'being a slut' because he refused to accept medical evidence showing that an incomplete vasectomy carried out on her husband was the reason for her pregnancy. Women who try to obtain approval for an abortion under the mental health criteria are more likely to undergo a demeaning and humiliating experience. You have to present yourself in the worst possible light; incapable of coping with a pregnancy, a child or yourself. Many doctors will not believe the mental torment that many women feel in continuing with an unwanted pregnancy unless they are presented with physical verification of this in the form of a desperate, out-of-control female. 'I behaved exactly as he wanted to see me — as a depressed, hysterical maniac.'

White middle-class women tend to fare much better than women from lower socio-economic and other ethnic backgrounds, in successfully obtaining consent for an abortion by a certifying consultant. They know what to say, when to say it and how to say it. On average a non-European is refused 50% and a lower-income woman 25% more times when applying for an abortion. In Rotorua a 28 year old Maori woman (with 4 children) who became pregnant (as the result of a failed IUD) was denied an abortion on the grounds that 'you types breed like rabbits. It's about time you faced up to your responsibilities.'

Under a new amendment to the Abortion Act GPs no longer have a duty to forward an application of request for an abortion to a certifying consultant. This has led to the problem of pre-selection where some GPs have taken over the illegal role of deciding whether a particular woman has valid grounds for a termination — in other words they have become pseudo-certifying consultants. This has been occurring very frequently in places like Gisborne and New Plymouth. In larger places one can usually find alternative sympathetic doctors ready to give a referral letter for termination to a c.c., however, in smaller places because of the lack of doctors women who might be entitled to an abortion are denied the opportunity to find out, or are left in a difficult position of finding a sympathetic doctor in another town or region.

Another problem that women face in securing a termination through the are denied access to an abortion because they are too advanced! On top of this, many places are now employing geographical restriction. Such places as the Hutt Hospital now refuse to consider applications from women outside the Hutt Valley. This means women in areas where there are no operational facilities (let alone consultation facilities) have no choice often but to travel to Australia even though they are legally eligible to obtain an abortion here.

Women who are unable to secure an abortion through the official channel are left in a less than desirable situation — either flying to Australia or if they can't afford this, resorting to backstreet or self-induced abortions. There has been an apparent increase in the incidence of illegal abortions since the passing of the new Abortion Act. Although there are no figures available, nurses working in gynaecological units and accident and emergency departments have reported an increase in the number of patients seeking treatment or requesting attention for problems closely associated with complications arising out of attempted self-induced abortions and non-medical criminal abortions.

Many women who do not fall into the criteria for applying for an abortion in New Zealand, or who are eligible but do not wish to undergo the often intimidating situation of having an abortion in New Zealand have no choice but to travel to Australia. In 1979 over 5,000 women obtained abortions in Australia going through SOS (Sisters Overseas Service). However, it is a costly process requiring in total \$600-700 to be paid out in air fares and clinic expenses. Poor women who can't meet these financial demands are discriminated against and prevented from using this avenue. SOS is involved in other areas outside arranging travel and clinic appointments in Australia. It is also involved in monitoring and campaigning against situations where women seeking abortions through the system have been abused. SOS also provides pre-decision counselling, information on pregnancy and contraception methods and is willing to accompany and support system is the increasing shortage of both certifying consultants and operating surgeons to meet the demand of women eligible for abortions. This has led to

incredible delays for women in some areas in making appointments with c.c., let alone procuring a termination. In regions such as Westland, Wanganui and South Canterbury where women are geographically isolated from both c.c. and operating surgeons (as there are none available) this has led to women having to travel long distances in order to seek to get approval for termination. In Porirua and Mirimar women are forced to travel to Masterton, not for an abortion, but for a certificate for an abortion to be performed in Auckland. Before abortion facilities in Wellington closed down last April they were receiving over half their cases from women in areas where facilities are non-existent. In Wellington now women have to face travelling to Auckland or Christchurch to secure an abortion because there are not any facilities available in our Capital City! The average delay between applying for, and obtaining, an abortion through the system is 3½ weeks. In some places such as Wanganui, women face over a 6 week delay (accentuated by having to travel outside their own region to seek abortion facilities). Many women although entitled to seek an abortion in New Zealand find the delays emotionally and physically intolerable and opt for Australia regardless, as they know they can definitely obtain an abortion there within a week.

With the lack of operational facilities throughout New Zealand this has led to an overload situation in centres where facilities are available. To lessen the backlog arbitrary criteria have had to be imposed on the type of cases such centres will deal with. Many licensed institutions are refusing to handle cases of over 12 weeks even though there is no legal stipulation to do this. AMAC in Auckland will only do abortions up to the 12th week. This becomes totally unsatisfactory where you realise that women often have to wait 3 or 4 weeks to obtain an abortion and by this delay of which they have no control over women trying to obtain an abortion here in NZ.

It is clear that the present CSA Act is not working, not even for women who are legally entitled to an abortion in New Zealand. It seems to me, that if women are suffering, particularly those women for which this Act is designed to help, then the only course is to repeal it.

Denese Black  
Women's Rights Action Co-ordinator





# 1 2 3 ROAD RUN

AUCKLAND: Saturday March 22, 9.15am, the fifth fine Saturday of 1980. 19 degrees in the shade at Victoria Park, where well over 40,000 people waited for the start of the eighth Annual Auckland Star Round The Bays Run For Fun. In fact the crowd spilled past the park and the official start line, filling Fanshawe Street for another half mile to Customs Street.

Everywhere fit, healthy-looking people stood energetically around, a great many selling high fashion running shoes and satin shorts. The custom silkscreening places also seemed to have made a lot of lolly out of the whole thing, with a wide range of firm's club's teams with special 'Run for Fun' T-shirts. Overall, people seem to have prepared more for the run than previous years. New Zealand, Yer lookin' great.

After the official start line is abandoned as a hopeless cause the Prime Minister, Mr Muldoon, hired for the day from Hirepool, was hoisted aloft to start the event. Maybe morning cocktails had gotten to him, as we got a very entertaining couple of minutes of cacklings and inane comments before he started the run. Cheers, boos and calls to jump punctuated his 'speech', but most seemed content to ignore him.

To the echoes of the army howitzer the crowd surges off, slowly at first and then people got a little more room a vast sea of humanity flowing down the waterfront. An American photographer covering the run for his hometown paper was so taken by the sight that he jumped off the fence and clumped off into the field, cameras swinging in breeze.

Skateboards, rollerskates, beachballs, wheelchairs, dogs, perhaps even a pet rat or twenty, all joining in a massive celebration of the human body. The army stomped in formation bringing up the rear. It took 7 minutes for Victoria Park to clear, almost 50,000 souls participating in New Zealand's largest pagan ritual. mass migration.

For the seven kilometres the runners were well catered for. Water arched high over the road in many places, and if a cold shower wasn't enough strategically placed 'Sustenance' stalls gave free drinks to the runners. Not only did more people do the run but more were able to do it; Only fifteen people needed treatment from the many St Johns Ambulancepersons on duty, and there was almost none of the panting and puffing seen in previous years.

The entire ACC Traffic Department were out sealing off the waterfront roads and re-opening them when the last of the stragglers had stumbled through. However, the leading into St Heliers were packed with cars carrying runners' families to St Heliers, hopefully to find their loved ones... as one man said to me, 'I've spent more time looking for my wife than I did running.' Overall the mood was one of joyous chaos.

But the New Zealander's passion for organisation must out. Once past the finishing line of runners had tents to collect at, with beer and barbecue laid on by their firms. It was a major social occasion, and as such there would have been a great deal of social pressure to join in the team. Various jogging and service organisations took the opportunity to sell stalls vending sausages or watermelon or whatever. Mr Whippy was there with a large sign patiently waiting. Beer flowed freely as New Zealand saw it's largest collective cooking. The runners passed through the finishing gates, handing in their entry forms so that they could be sent by





Text: J. Jonah Jamieson  
Pix: Peter Parker

5 6

# RUNNER



1980. 19 degrees receive an official certificate for their wall, came into the smell of sausages cooking the start of the barbeque. You felt like you belonged, eh. crowd spilled out that the beer has been drunk and the sweat swum off we can ask, who ran, and her half mile down.

Officially 29,856 entered and ran. On top of that there were probably over 20,000 great many local runners. Apart from family and friends, there were very few spectators... it was in places also in which you participated in some way or stayed away. The current jogging craze to have got to all classes of people, and in a crowd as big as the Run for Fun all races, (except Seventh Day Adventists and similar), and classes were represented, even men up to rub ankles with their electorates. There were more than twice as many as females, and a distinct lack of obesity.

The big question is why all these otherwise sane sedentary folks go out to hammer themselves on a Saturday morning. Those I asked after the event didn't seem to much to say. The territorials who had dragged (or been dragged by) their 2½ ton howitzer from Victoria Park to St. Heliers in 83 minutes flat thought they were crazy. Other people claimed the whole 'fun' thing to be their main incentive. That is 'fun?' Either the run or the booze afterwards. To quote the immortal Ron: 'It's a bunch of people getting together for a bit of a gallop.' Hardly the material times are made of.

Unlike events of a comparable size, concerts or Test Matches, there is an opportunity to physically participate, to actually achieve something. This sense of belonging, also felt around Telethon time, is something that seems to be important to New Zealanders which otherwise basks in the anonymity of the suburbs, bungalows, and acre sections. It may not be as much a commitment as a refugee column, but running along with 80,000 other legs getting in your way goes somewhere towards the high over.

New Zealand has a cult of running stretching back into the days of the Empire. Olympic Gold Medal winners become Governor-General. Peter Snell was a teeny-bopper par with Ray Columbus. John Walker sells more Fresh-Up than Colin Meads. The world jogging disease, Arch Jelly is Guru to the world. The world jogging disease, indeed to give heart attacks to even the President of the United States (aha) started the only fad we have ever exported, unless you include marching girls and frozen (really the same thing in disguise). The only run anywhere as big as the Sydney 'Surf' run. The idea is catching on though, with every major Australian city having fun-runs, and various American tinpot runs getting lots of publicity. Christchurch has realised there is more to life than the Hadlee Brothers, and has some sort of dignified lode.

There must be more to life than running, surely? No. The agnostic, materialist of our society has no place for religious festivals, so instead a glorification of fitness and beauty is called for. Without getting into some 'passionless people' have we no way of celebrating our national identity (DC10 crashes, maybe?) or the cultural event is the sight of 50,000 people turning up at 9am on Saturday morning to be sent by their Prime Minister on a run around the block.





# Has Anybody Seen Our Quorum? FL

If you ever get bored at an Association meeting try watching Mr Lack's head as it bobs (no pun intended) up and down. He's not really succumbing to the affects of sleep, just trying to ensure there is a quorum. The number of times he makes such actions is roughly inversely proportional to the length of the meeting. At Thursday's Autumn General Meeting Mr Lack's head moved a great deal.

Mr Hague declared the meeting open with a dubious quorum and rapidly sped through the more mundane administrative matters. Previous minutes were adopted as a 'true and accurate record' as they say. Solicitors and auditors were appointed (no hum) and the annual report of the 1979 President adopted. (Hands up those who actually read it?) Right, now down to the interesting stuff, we rub our hands in glee. Lots of yelling, accusations and counter-accusations. Neat fun, yes?

No, no, no. Jiggling around the minutes meant that the first to bat was Mr Sowry with a massive motion to the effect that the position of Treasurer be abolished. Mr Hague pointed out the long term dangers of such a change and the motion was lost by a substantial margin.

Mr Stephen Mitchell spoke next. His proposal was for a change in the rules governing voting on constitutional changes. However he did not get far. Mr Lack's head had been in action. The meeting was in danger of lapsing for want of a quorum so a motion adjourning the AGM until Monday was passed. All very nice for the 'representative democratic way' to quote Mr Hague, but not very good for those of us counting on a few sparks. I mean, it's not really 'Hold the front page' stuff, is it? Lyn.H.

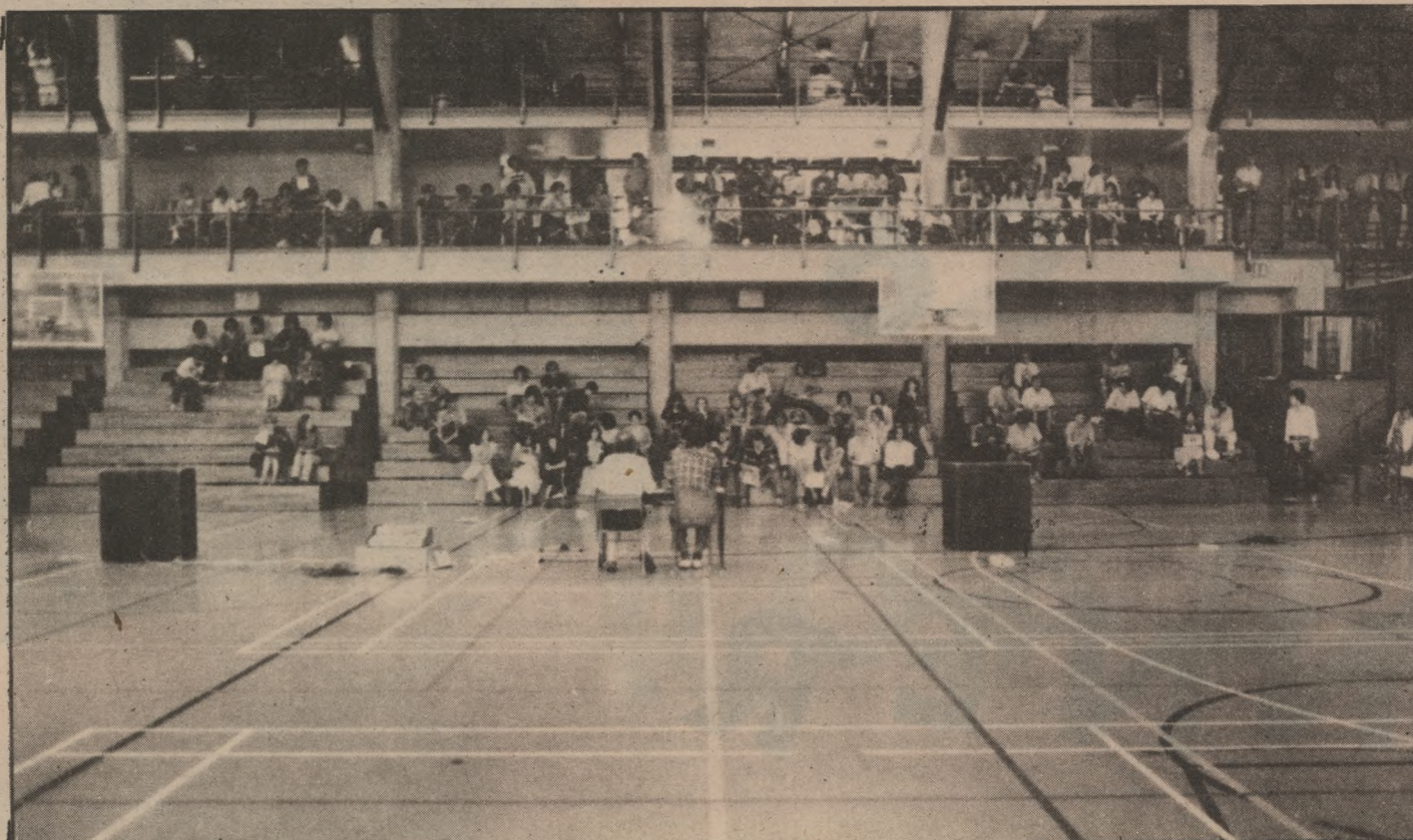
## Trolleys

At its meeting of Monday March 18, the Auckland Regional Authority decided by a vote of 19 to 12 to reverse the recommendation made the week previously by the transport committee and purchase twenty new Volvo trolley buses for use on the Herne Bay route. The transport committee had initially rejected the trolley bus purchase scheme as the Government's refusal to subsidise the \$2,000,000 required for the installation of overhead wiring meant that the ratepayer would have to pay for the scheme. By an eight to two majority the committee decided not to purchase the trolley buses but rather to recommend the purchase of twenty diesel/methanol buses of a type similar to the sixty ordered last year. The Authority was committed to purchasing 100 new buses and had already ordered sixty diesel/methanol powered buses and twenty articulated buses also powered by diesel.

The Government decided through the Ministry of Transport to assist the ARA by paying 78 per cent of the cost of the diesel powered buses but only 61 per cent of the cost of the trolley buses. With the diesel buses costing approximately \$135,000 each and the trolley buses \$155,000 each the Authority is spending about \$600,000 more by ordering the trolley buses than if they had continued with the diesel/methanol scheme.

Let us now examine the pros and cons of using trolley buses and diesel/methanol buses. Under the current trolley bus scheme the ARA will have to find an extra \$500,000 above the costs of the methanol buses each year for at least another 15 years. This extra \$500,000 provides no benefit whatsoever for the passengers when it could be used in providing an additional seventeen methanol powered buses for use on the Herne Bay or other city routes. This would certainly help alleviate some of the problems being seen now with overcrowding during peak times.

In addition, before the buses can even run there must be an expenditure of \$2,000,000 for overhead wiring which must be completed before March 1982. Tenders will soon be called for the installation of this wiring, but the routes



Q. What has 176 legs and an IQ of 12?

**April 1 = don't monkey around.**

## Bike Races

The Auckland Harbour Bridge Authority is running a bus shuttle service for cyclists across the bridge daily from 7.00 - 9.00 am and 4.00 - 6.00 pm daily. This is a three month trial scheme and is based on a similar scheme that was run in July last year. The bus takes about 15 minutes from the pick-up at the authority car park on the shore to the drop at the Pt Erin baths.

I first contacted Dave Sidwell of PATH, who proved to be a mine of information. Basically PATH is committed to gaining twenty-four hour bicycle access to the bridge. Unfortunately this creates a risk to cyclists from peak hour traffic. The ideal would therefore be a separate structure for bikes, the cost of such as this is too prohibitive in the present economic climate to be a feasible project. So the only practical alternative, as PATH sees it, is to have off peak bridge access for bikes and a shuttle service running during rush hours. If this was put into operation PATH would support a reduction of the hours the shuttle is running as rush hour is effectively over at 8.30 am.

Dave told me that he considered the scheme very successful and that it would, given time, generate its own response. The ride is very comfortable and there is little chance of damage to the bikes the way they are stacked. It costs twenty cents for the trip which, he says, saves him about \$3 in bus fares.

The Harbour Bridge Authority has, according to PATH, had all the help in the world; the bus was refitted by the ARA, and the driver is a TEP worker. PATH is therefore surprised at what it calls the negative attitude of the authority to submissions for extensions in the hours to 7.00 - 9.30 and 3.30 - 6.30 - this to accommodate students on late lecture timetables - and their secrecy over decisions reached on bike access.

The ARA's Brian Berg, head of the passenger transport division, would like to see the bus used all day. He was in favour of anything that would relieve traffic congestion in the city.

Mr Winslowe of the Harbour Bridge Authority reiterated that it was a three month trial based on the one held in July last year. He declined to comment on access for bikes but was sure this would be looked into after the trial. He said that the trial was 'working' but it was still only 'early days'. He said that he was unaware that in 1977 the Harbour Bridge Authority offered bridge access for bikes to the Students Association, but at restrictive hours.

The scheme itself, with sufficient patronage, should convince the Authority of the need for a permanent shuttle service at peak hours and off peak bike access. Until such time as this comes around, it is hoped the shuttle will be kept busy .....

Philip Bishop



which the buses will use still have to be approved by the City Council. If there are any unforeseen problems with the installation or in obtaining approval it is doubtful that the wiring will be completed in time. Worst of all, while the lines are being installed, Herne Bay residents will have no bus service.

When these expenses are apportioned over the next fifteen years the ratepayer will be spending an average of \$633,000 extra for each of these years. This money will be funded either by an increase in rates or by fare increases on the buses which will make this mode of transport even less attractive than it currently is.

Trolley buses also have a major disadvantage in that they depend on overhead wires for their power and therefore cannot be as manoeuvrable as their methanol counterparts. With their tendency to come adrift from the overhead wires as well, the trolley buses can only add to the congestion in the Herne Bay region.

Methanol powered buses have a number of advantages over the trolleys. They will use natural resources, namely the Maui gas condensate, and will thereby help to make the Maui project more worthwhile for all users. Methanol does not require the use of overhead wires and does not release any harmful pollutants into the atmosphere - an advantage over the more common diesel powered buses also. The methanol buses have the obvious advantage of being cheaper to run and the ratepayer will not have to dig deep for the additional \$633,000 it seems he will be asked for from now until 1995.

It appears that the ARA have acted without thinking through all of the alternatives open to them. Perhaps it is not too late for ratepayers to express their views on whether they wish to pay out some \$9,500,000 over the next fifteen years for a system which will not be able to keep in pace with consumer changes without further expense.

Mark Kerly



# FLEETINGLY YOURS

## ON THE TOWN

Scene One: Craccum's two novice reporters after facing the ridicule of the cynics and university musical geniuses, and the embarrassment of being chased out of the Hotel Intercontinental by a porter decided to give it one more try: Time, 21:00, Place, on the bench outside Smith and Caughy's.

Scene Two: (In the hotel) Due to the days previous embarrassments it had been decided to attack the hotel from the rear. Consequently we proceeded past the American tourists discoeing in the basement, to the fourth floor. A rather one-sided tete a tete with the Head Receptionist earlier in the day had uncovered the fact that at least some of the Fleetwood Mac entourage were on the fourth floor. But after a quick scour of the floor with Poly Pad efficiency nothing eventuated. It was therefore from the mosaic of 'Do not Disturb' signs straight to the top.

Scene Three: (Very near 1404). After struggling up a side stairwell Craccum's reps found themselves outside a door in the private state wing of the hotel from which the bars of Stevie Nicks's new song, just written and taped in Sydney, was wafting out to our ever eager ears. Responding to our rap a Radio Windy T-shirt, filled with Stevie Nick's make-up lady came to the door and told us that Stevie was in the bath and that if we came back in half an hour she would give us ten minutes.

Scene Four: (In the 12th floor stair way). Two flustered reporters with 'adrenalin pumping furiously' tried quickly and 'calmly' to assemble a collection of hopefully un-cliched questions, and to roughly tidy the university student image up to 'international standard'.

THE SCENE (Where it all happened): We entered the State Suite after reassuring Stevie's secretary or whatever, that this interview with Craccum could make or break Fleetwood Mac. We were introduced to Stevie sitting in front of a large black IBM electric typewriter in a white towelling bathrobe and proudly displaying her new New Zealand sheepskin boots. After the formalities of shaking hands and introductions we sat around the table with our glasses full of expensive red wine. Hoping with a laugh line to begin with, we were surprised when Stevie provided it when she compared Craccum's roving reporters with the Hardy Boys and then laughed the whole way through our tale of suspense and intrigue. We were very impressed with how relaxed everything was and our job was a lot easier than we had first imagined when Stevie told us that she loved talking.

Stevie Nicks' love of writing justified the presence of the typewriter and a pile of notes by it. Both were actually being used for the writing of her auto-biography but as she was quick to point out her life has been Fleetwood Mac for the last five years. The book is really just a coherent form of a journal which she has been scribbling down for the last five years. As it is she has a great appetite for reading and some of her songs such as 'Rhiannon' have found their beginnings here. Stevie writes whenever she has an hour and a typewriter to spare on tour and if she's not doing this she's composing music.

Stevie Nicks writes from inspiration as do Lindsay Buckingham and Christine McVie and as far as she was concerned that is all 'Fusk' is, and that she isn't aware of being influenced by New Wave music. If she was now Stevie admits that she would probably be writing novels due to her relative alienation from the New Wave/Punk movement.

'New Wave is a here-and-now thing and will not be listened to appreciably in years to come. I'm sure that songs like 'Rhiannon' though, will have a long life - you know, will be listened to and appreciated years from now.'

Stevie's love of talking has not lent itself well to what is considered good interview technique. This led to the Women's Weekly portrayal of a lonely woman searching intently for a husband yet Stevie was adamant that she wasn't

'wringing her hands for every man' but that marriage was definitely something she wanted to do in its good time. Her good friend, Don Henley, of the Eagles told her to make sure that every sentence she wrote or spoke could stand on its own without construed differently but Stevie is the first to admit that for her this is very hard to do. For example there has been a lot of over publicity of Stevie Nicks doing backing vocals for various artists when in fact it has only been four days in the last three years.

One of the original Fleetwood Mac line-up Peter Green, has had almost nothing to do with Stevie, and Fleetwood Mac itself, since he left the group. Although one of his songs is included in their present concerts he is no longer writing music and she is sure that he will not make it back into the music business without a tremendous effort which he probably doesn't want to make anyway. Peter Green's new album is in fact just a compilation of music written a lot earlier.

On performing live, it wasn't the promoters but Fleetwood Mac who decided on doing multiple 'small' concerts indoor in Australia instead of doing one big outdoor concert per centre (such as one in Sydney instead of the five they did). Stevie found the Japanese audiences very polite - so, because she thrives on the energy given out by the audience she found in Japan the giving a very one-sided thing. She pointed out that in Japan Budokan is the exception rather than the norm and that the heavy very receptive audiences are pretty well restricted to this area. Stevie Nicks found Japan the hardest part of their world tour because they had to travel around the islands by train, bus and car a lot of the time and even had to play while it was snowing. Although it wasn't snowing in Wellington she did find it very cold and windy which was a reason for her hoarse voice, and as her body-guard awkwardly said, 'she didn't want her hoarse to go hoarse.'

Stevie has now been away from her home(s) and family for two months touring, but the band is still to play Hawaii before she gets home. For Stevie the two months away from home have seemed a lot longer - she is very homesick and looking forward to seeing her friends and family again. To be near them Stevie has bought a house in Arizona so that she can keep in contact with them a lot more easily. However she has only a month at home before she has to go overseas for another two months of touring.

Old-fashioned clothes, especially velvets, old-fashioned hairstyles and jewellery are all part of her great love for old-fashioned things which is very apparent by the way she dresses both on and off the stage. Anyone who saw the Auckland or Wellington concert couldn't help but notice that her wardrobe really belonged to another era.

Asking Stevie about security was almost a silly question because there was none in the hotel except for their personal body guards. The only real security was before a concert. At a concert they have to have provided whatever food and wine etc. that they want. It's this eating whenever they have the urge that is more of a hindrance than help as far as Stevie is concerned.

We found Stevie very relaxed, pleasant, in no way superficial and above all polite even though it was 11 o'clock on Friday night and she was tired after the Wellington concert the night before. The almost one foot height difference between us and the 5' 1" Stevie Nicks wasn't obvious until we were saying our goodbyes at the front-door. All we really can say is that we were very lucky to meet her and that all those who saw the tremendous concert at Western Springs must also consider themselves lucky to see and hear a group of people who are so unaffected by all the wealth and glory that surrounds them.

Paul Grinder  
Tony Papaspiropoulos  
(The Hardy Boys)



Stevie Nicks

-3/4 Barry Lett Galleries (41 Victoria Street) An exhibition of the work of Robert Ellis.

-3/4 McLaurin Chapel. Auckland University Singers: Schutz' 'St. Matthew's Passion'

-4/4 Auckland Society of Arts (Eden Terrace). 'Invitation Group'.

-4/4 Mercury Two. In Association with the Maidment Summer Theatre, a repeat season of 'Songs of the Judges'.

5/4 onwards. St Mary's Cathedral (Parnell) Theatre Corporate presents T.S. Eliot's 'Murder in the Cathedral', directed by Raymond Hawthorne and featuring Paul Minifie.

-6/4 Auckland city Art Gallery. Daumier Centenary Exhibition.

8/4 Town Hall. The first Music Federation concert of the year. The Eder Quartet playing Haydn, Ravel and Brahms.

-8/4 Auckland War Memorial Museum. 'Cups That Cheer', a survey of drinking vessels from a variety of places and periods in time.

10-26/4 The Light Opera Club presents Sigmund Romberg's 'The Student Prince' at His Majesty's Theatre, nightly at 8pm with matinees on 12, 19 and 26 at 2pm.

-10/4 onwards. Theatre Corporate presents the NZ premiere of Harold Pinter's 'Betrayal', Directed by Paul Minifie with John Watson, Val Lamond and Raymond Hawthorne.

-11/4 Denis Cohn Gallery (Darby Street). Michael Draper - 'Eight Kinetic Light Sculptures'. Also 'The Ten Commandments', an exhibition of paintings by M. Buzeika.

-11/4 Snaps Photographic Gallery (Federal Street). Work by Jane Zusters.

12-19/4 Glen Eden Playhouse. Dighton's 'The Happiest Days of Your Life', nightly at 8pm. \$2.50

14-26/4 Auckland Youth Theatre presents 'The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie' directed by Mary Amore. Tues, Weds, Fri and Sats at 6pm. At the Mercury Two.

-19/4 New Vision Gallery (His Majesty's Arcade). 'Spaces, Mats and Carpets', an exhibition of recent paintings by Phillipa Blair.

-19/4 Howich Little Theatre. 'The Loves of Cass McGuire' by Brian Friel. Directed by, one Simon Phillips.

-20/4 New Zealand Still Life Painting 1948-1979 at the City Art Gallery. A selection of works from the Permanent Collection.

-26/4 Mercury. Chekhov's 'Uncle Vanya'. Directed by Ian Mullins

Auckland Public Library. A photographic display, entitled 'The Gold Seekers', a pictorial survey of the Coromandel Gold Fields, a century and more ago.

Fingers (6 Lorne St) 'Precious Little', an exhibition of jewellery.

Auckland City Art Gallery. Paintings and Sculpture 1880-1950s. Works of the Modern School from the Permanent Collection, until July 27.



# FLICKS

'In Spring One Plants Alone'  
Vincent Ward  
New Berkely - International Film Festival

Vincent Ward is a young New Zealand film-maker whose previous film was 'A State of Siege', a wonderful adaptation of Janet Frame's novel, aptly described by the author herself as 'a beautiful poem'. His new film is a documentary, 'In Spring One Plants Alone', which was filmed over 18 months and catalogues an elderly Maori woman's efforts to look after her sick middle-aged son, the two of them living in very poor conditions in the country. What excites me about this film is the way the audience is made to work, to participate, to come to terms with what the film is 'saying'; for there is very little dialogue and, more importantly, no voice-over narration. This absence of narration distinguishes Ward's film to its advantage, from the more traditional (and potentially boring) type of standard N.Z. Documentary (exemplified by product from the N.F.U.)

The only indication that the time-span does in fact cover 18 months is the occasional change in weather (in one shot we become aware that it is raining heavily; is it winter now?). The film's 'story' as such is conveyed through a series of short scenes, composed of selected images beautifully photographed by Alun Bollinger and Leon Nareby. The camera will often concentrate on particular details in an individual scene - flexing hands, faces, feet emerging from the doorway, the everyday objects of the mother and son's life. There is a purely aesthetic quality to the images which gives the film a

pictorial strength - take, for example, the magical shot near the beginning of film of two white horses emerging from the mist. Such effects are obtained throughout the film. The minimal dialogue provides a sound-track which is extremely sensitive to the mood of the house. Significant noises are on a couple of occasions highlighted by the camera's observation of the cats' reactions to them. Jack Body's music fits perfectly the mood of the film.

There are several individual scenes which are a pure delight in their warmth of feeling, such as the scene in the barber shop, or when the mother unwraps an ice-block for her son. An even more touching scene is when she stands outside her house and talks directly to the camera about her fears regarding her son's outbursts of violence. The final shot conveys wonderfully the mood the film ends in and also demonstrates Ward's ability to use cinema effectively: the camera, in close-up on the old lady cutting wood outside, pulls back to reveal her son standing with his back to his mother (and to the camera) and staring at the trees behind; the camera then shifts slightly to the right and the credits come up.

This is a N.Z. film which in no way needs to be treated condescendingly, to be apologised for, which can easily be judged on world standards and recognised as a superb and very moving film. I cannot think of enough superlatives to express the total enthusiasm in my reaction to this film. If the chance arises, make sure you see this film.

Ian Johnston

# LOOKING AHEAD

'The Europeans'  
James Ivory  
Coming to the New Berkely Cinema

'The Europeans' has come through much as we imagined it before we started out to make the film: we saw it as a kind of elegy for a beautiful and perhaps long vanished America, where people kept faith with each other and their principles, and spoke the truth. But now that the film is finished, paradoxically, our sympathies may not lie so much with the scrupulous Americans as with the somewhat unscrupulous Baroness: for she has offered her love, and in face of that, the most honourable course might have been to welcome it, and not ask too many questions...

James Ivory

'The Europeans', one of the cinematic triumphs of the season will be the first in what Kerridge-Odeon Theatres hope will be a steady stream of first run, top quality films that will premiere in the newly refurbished Berkely Theatre. Top stars, lavish settings and photography and a classic Henry James novel are among the elements that have brought discriminating cinema audiences to see this film in record numbers during its run in England and currently in Australia.

A host of both film and television stars have been interestingly cast for the film. Lee Remick who's most recent performance seen here in New Zealand in the television series, 'Ike, The War Years' is probably best known for her leading roles in 'Long Hot Summer' and 'No Way to Treat a Lady'. Robin Ellis and Tim Woodward are also familiar to New Zealand audiences through

their very popular television series 'Poldark' and 'Wings'.

Based on the famed Henry James novel, 'The Europeans' is set in the rich autumnal colour of the Boston countryside of 1850. Lee Remick plays Eugenia, who along with her brother Felix (Tim Woodward) have left Europe and travelled to America to seek out their wealthy American cousins they had heard of and never met. What follows is a fascinating glimpse into the manners and morals of a past era.

Critical acclaim and commercial success have already greeted this outstanding film. Archer Winston, one of America's most respected critics, writing in the New York Post, called it 'one of the year's best. A thing of beauty, a rare picture, one to be treasured.' Judith Crist, whose normally acid-dipped pen has brought her some renown as a critic has called it 'breath-takingly lovely.'

And if commercial or critical kudos don't take your fancy, the film is a Merchant-Ivory-Jhabvala collaboration. The producer-director-writer team, figureheaded by director James Ivory, have been responsible in the past for a number of sensitive and discriminating films. The distinctly regional sensibilities of the films he made while still resident in India, the grace shot through with a great understanding of human nature characteristic of both these films and later works like 'Autobiography of a Princess' are evidence of this. Ivory's position as a director of international stature, should be sealed with this production. Henry James literary density is probably particularly suited to the Ivory directorial style

## The 'New Berkeley' Cinema is proud to present the most highly acclaimed motion picture in years.

Official British Entry Cannes Film Festival, 1979.

**"A JEWEL OF A FILM!"**  
'The Europeans' is for everybody who treasures fine acting, visual beauty and romance." — Gene Shalit, NBC-TV

**"REMARKABLY INTELLIGENT . . ."**  
Adapted with skill . . . directed with affection . . . sometimes rapturously funny and always witty." — Vincent Canby, New York Times

**"LEE REMICK, BORN TO PLAY THE ROLE, GIVES AN ABSOLUTELY SPARKLING PERFORMANCE!"**  
'The Europeans' brings back a glittering world we shall not see again." — Richard Grenier, Cosmopolitan.



**"ONE OF THIS YEAR'S BEST."**  
The way in which the artistry of director Ivory permits the James story and its performers to come to life in this tapestried scene is a thing of beauty. IT IS A RARE PICTURE, ONE TO BE TREASURED."

— Archer Winsten, New York Post

**"THE EUROPEANS IS AS NEAR PERFECTION AS ONE COULD POSSIBLY WISH."**

— Alexander Walker, Evening Standard, London

**"A BEAUTIFUL, ELEGANT MOVIE with a vibrant cast perfectly fulfilling the demands of a witty, perceptive script and intelligent direction."**

— Geraldine Pascall, The Australian

## Lee Remick in THE EUROPEANS

based on a novel by Henry James  
with Robin Ellis

starring: Wesley Addy Tim Choate Lisa Eichhorn Kristin Griffith  
Nancy New Norman Snow Helen Stenborg Tim Woodward

Directed by James Ivory Produced by Ismail Merchant Screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala Photographed by Larry Pizer  
Music by Richard Robbins Arranged and conducted by Vic Flick  
Now a Penguin Paperback Soundtrack available on Grama Records. A Merchant Ivory Film



**COMMENCING  
APRIL 5**

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SAT. 2.00, 5.15, 8.15  
SUN. 4.00, 8.00

STUDENT DISCOUNT OF 50c AVAILABLE ON PRODUCTION OF I.D. CARD AT BOX OFFICE



# ON STAGE

Lord Galaxy's Travelling Players  
Red Mole  
Old Maid  
25-29 March

Red Mole Enterprises? said my mother confusedly, the SUP going underground? And already a hotchpotch of images present themselves. Which, as those who have seen Red Mole before will know, is what this particular troupe are all about. But no, this is not the theatre of contemporary political satire and biting parody which Red Mole have presented in the past: this is a venture into the lyric, romantic, and visionary.

A raunchy cabaret band, Indian dance sequences, masked characters who wander on and off stage, a large cut-out ocean liner dangling seagulls behind it, a tango, a duel and an execution by firing squad... and somewhere, holding this stunning visual chaos together, is a story. The story of a female spy.

The time is late Victoriana, and white-smocked schoolgirls are giggling about marriage. The place is colonial Asia, and a drunken army captain is dying under images of native gods. The time is World War One and snow is falling as the white-coated waiter opens champagne for our

fur-decked lady spy. The time is World War Three as a polaroid camera whirs and a naked body hits the floor.

Unfortunately, for a work which sets out to encompass so much, the weaknesses are readily apparent. Red Mole operate at a visual overkill level - there is always an assortment of incidental, inexplicable things happening on stage; the constantly changing music serves to hold the episodic/vignette nature of the show together. It is this brilliant carnival diversity that both gives the show its dynamic vitality and represents its inhibiting weakness. There is simply too much to co-ordinate into a considered, integrated, whole.

The dialogue, often a spoken verse, comes across in many places as an adroitly undercut poetic. Sadly, it can also lapse into a certain sententiousness; more conviction, with less earnestness, could be applied. There is no interval, so perhaps plain tiredness explains why the tempo of the show slowed down towards the end. That amusing, diversionary action, the masks and strange props, peter out, and the characters as portrayed do not sustain the intensity. There is a tendency to force characters too far towards the slapstick.

These criticisms could be put down simply to Red Mole's intractably slapdash

and fluid style of presentation, were it not for the substantial ticket price slapped on by the Festival Society. However, they have made excellent use of the Maid's sound and lighting facilities, the costumes were a visual delight, and the band worthy of a review to themselves.

Yes, Mum, I'm confused too - but I did thoroughly enjoy the show.

Suzanne Henshaw

Pinter's 'Night' and 'Silence'  
Beckett's 'That Time'  
Little Theatre, March 24 - 28  
Directed by Daryl Wilson.

I have always felt alienated in a large theatre, when one sits in a crowd of silent people intent on what happens is not going to embarrass themselves by scenes of released emotion, sharp shouts and nervous titters are given black 'dagger eyes'. This is not the case with these plays. The audience sits in a square room on two joining sides of the diamond and face a small table, two boxes, and a large black curtained screen. On the table are two cups. The audience is not separated in any way from the 'stage' as both are on one common ground. Thus the audience chatters nervously and falls silent as two actors enter, sit and feign drinking tea. They reminisce over an intimate moment 'years ago' but both are in disagreement. They are up late and talk of going to bed,

and relapse into the same conversation/argument. Ah Pinter! The hint of sex but not ever really describing the act. And now a discussion on his touching her breasts (nervous laughter) sweater - brassiere - breasts - the touch. 'I will adore you always...'. The boxes remain but one is added and they are formed into an equilateral triangle. three players enter, man, woman, man. One man stands and talks of how he spends his time with his girl. 'Clouds racing'. Greyness is emphasised. The woman stands, his girl, but also another man's, the third actor, stands but he is material 'Pub doors smacked against the night'. The first is nature 'I watch the folding light' he sits. The second man 'material' reveals he is old, he sits. The woman tells of her age as old and says she can't remember of her youth. Why? Reflection - dark - light - silence - new - old. 'I'm quite aware of the world, but not of the people.' They circle. 'I walk in the wind and collide with them waiting.'

A head behind the screen, but all you see are the eyes, which are closed. Three voices, all male. Insistent but not insistent, growing louder but staying at the same volume? Is it an interrogation or is it an old man reminiscing over a childhood past? I wish I could see the mouth then I would know. But what would be the difference.....?

Philip Bishop

# CONCERTS

Le Jongleur de Notre Dame/  
Eight Songs for a Mad King  
The Fires of London  
Town Hall, March 20

Long-legged and looking like a curly-haired version of John Cleese, composer-director Peter Maxwell Davies walked onto the stage with two musicians, all dressed in black.

There was silence for the first five minutes of the concert as he stood behind the conductor's stand and peered questioningly at the audience. The silence was broken by virtuoso juggler and mime artist Martin Solity who monocycled around the hall accompanied by a children's band who paraded and played behind him.

The Fires of London performance proved to be a splendid demonstration of successful music-theatre. The first half of the show comprised of 'Le Jongleur de Notre Dame', a piece based on a thirteenth century French legend.

Solity's juggling act was remarkable and instrumental solos were neatly interwoven into the story about a juggler who joins a monastery where the Brothers present musical gifts to the Blessed Virgin's altar. The juggler can not play an instrument and is mistreated by the others. However one night he does his act, which includes playing a recorder up his nose, before the altar. In the presence of the Brothers, the Virgin appears and tells him his gift is acceptable.

Solos by baritone, percussion, flute and violin left the audience in no doubt about the calibre of the musicians. The story was conveyed by the use of the various instruments and the Virgin did not speak but played the violin.

The second half of the concert comprised 'Eight Songs for a Mad King', with baritone Donald Bell displaying exceptional range in the timbre and sonority of his singing. Four of the musicians were housed in massive bird-cages on stage.

Although the music was contemporary and may have seemed too avant-garde for some, Maxwell Davies used classical period tunes in parts of the 'Mad King'. These gave the piece a distinctly English feel.

The Fires of London presented an evening of accomplished and intense playing and acting. Maxwell Davies has struck a sensitive balance between theatre and music and we can only look forward to further performances.

G. O'Brien  
G. Cawthorne

The Dorian Choir  
St Patrick's Cathedral  
March 18, 8 pm

Well, I never thought I would be back under the slopes of a church, let alone a Roman Catholic one, but there I was, secular and all.

Sitting near somebody who hadn't been told that he or she had the worst recorded case of B.O., and behind a set of battery hens, who could hardly wait until half time to cluck their beaks off, I waited for a miracle, ironically. The Dorians came on, paused, and then:

A miracle! An 'Ave' like a crystal vase zoomed through the air; I was swept off my feet, forgetting the discomfort of my surroundings. I am very much used to listening to such marvels of human voice only on record, but this return to the live was not to be ignored. Prof. Godfrey had at his baton-fingers an incredible power of song. The clarity was astounding, it was almost as if every voice could be heard on its own as well as ensemble. The first note after any pause is so often the indication of attention to detail, but, once again perfect. It tested the voices' ranges well, although I was rather disappointed that the selection of opera (pl. of opus) did not really test the Choir's ability to vary vocal intensity.

One other complaint was that in the first Domine Deus the complexity of the way that it was sung made us lose the sound of the words, and whereas it did not become exactly discordant, it lost the feel of several parts playing with each other, and became a general round-about sound.

The only other problem I found was that Britten's 'Prelude and Fugue on a theme of Victoria' didn't fit in the sequence of the programme. Douglas Mews is a marvellous organist, and his translation into sound of the work itself was excellent, it is merely that the harshness of it clashed with the surrounding numbers; perhaps it would have done better to have swapped it with the Bach 'Prelude and Fugue in B minor' from the second half (which, incidentally, was one of the finest renditions of that piece I have yet heard. My congratulations, Mr Mews).

All in all, though, it is one night I was glad I did not miss, one which not only showed me that the idea of local quality actually existing is real, but also renewed that desire to soak into those arts which contrast, not oppose, the music which our generation covers itself with.

Daryl Wilson

# GALLERIES

Four Auckland Photographers  
Real Pictures Gallery

Four young photographers living or working in Auckland are represented in this exhibition: Kevin Hayward, Ian Thomas, Parbhu Makan, and Paul Fudakowski. They each have six photographs on show, mostly concentrating on one theme or style.

Kevin Hayward takes high-gloss, full colour shots of foreign cities and their people, but in a very photo-realistic sense, not the tourist brochure blandness one would normally expect from the medium and technique. 'Paris' is an excellent image, two sombrely clad drunks asleep on a footpath surrounded by vomit and debris. They lie beneath a garish holiday poster depicting cavorting youths on a sun-soaked beach.

Professional fashion photography is Ian Thomas's work: this is what he has exhibited. His photographs are of an extremely high technical quality, but apart from this, I feel that they possess very little else of merit. They could be taken from the pages of any glossy magazine.

Parbhu Makan's photographs on the other hand have a far more well-defined intent. He attempts to examine human sexuality through the medium of photography, though he strictly avoids any hint of voyeurism. Four images (the only monochrome prints in the exhibition) show naked bodies confronted by an egg, the symbolism of which escapes me, but serves as a novel device to provoke thought about the images.)

Paul Fudakowski concentrates on military camp scenes, seen through a reasonably sympathetic eye. Certainly his photographs have the most to say of any shown. The shot of a bespectacled officer, proudly standing to attention beside his regulation-made bed is, to me, the best of all. Mindless military efficiency could not be better satirised, but in a very gentle manner.

I feel that this exhibition suffers from a mixture of disparate styles. All the photographs are certainly good within their styles, but viewing them by any criteria other than technical competence shows too much of a difference for any objective criticism to be made. A little more thought to overall compatibility would definitely have made it a better show.

Mark Boyd

Robert Ellis  
Barry Lett Galleries  
March 24 - April 3

'Surveys and Observations' is Robert Ellis's first show in Auckland in some years, and frankly I never thought that he had it in him. After years of turning out all that motorwazy drivel in big ugly oil paintings, he suddenly establishes himself in the forefront of New Zealand art again. 'Surveys and Observations' is a series of large watercolour collages, dealing with the landscape around Te Rawhiti in the Bay of Islands. Photographs of the area are collaged with painted bits and drawn or photographed surveyors grids and bits of torn paper to form images of the landscape that are as intellectually stimulating as they are pleasing to the eye. 'Surveys' and 'Observations'. surveyors' technical tools for charting the landscape, and Bob Ellis's painted observations of it, some appealingly naive idea of uniting the factual and the intuitive, art and science.

The colouring and paint application remind me of the recent Hotere's, restrained browns and greens and blues in big sloppy abstract patches on rough surfaced paper. The shapes that the paint is applied in sometimes bear a relation to the attached photographs, and sometimes don't. In one work a patch of black paint first carries on the line of a photographed hillside, then soars off into the sky. In another work the painted patch is the sky above the black line of the hill, and that sky then has a grid drawn over it. Colleague Tim was very impressed and reverently muttered Barnett Newman's name in this connection. In some of the works there is a big three dimensionally outlined graph shape - we could not work out what it meant and Rodney would offer no elucidation, but in one work it reared into the sky from the top of a hill, and reminded me decidedly of a Brent Wong floating object. Another mysterious element are the bits of torn bluish paper that are stuck randomly in many places. In one work in particular, where they are stuck in more than usual quantity on to a plain pale yellow background within a triangular framework, I was able to say 'Aha! Gavin Chilcot'.

But these paintings are not derivative of anyone to any appreciable extent, and in their combination of formal and free elements, they are up to date and appealing to the informed taste of today.

Philippe Hamilton



# RECORDS

10 Mistakes  
Gruppo Sportivo  
Ariola

Gruppo Sportivo were a Dutch group who are now defunct, this was their first and last album.

At first listening the album, didn't get me over ecstatic, more like a feeling of listening to the soundtrack of American Graffiti. A lot of their tracks have that 'ate '50's feeling about them which can get monotonous to face. But the second listening was one helluva-lot better, you could even say semi-ecstatic. The tracks grow on you with ease and you're left with the feeling of needing more.

Eight of the ten tracks on the album are love songs with the other two more slightly 'tongue-in-cheek' serious songs. 'I Shot My Manager' is a sly dig in the ribs at the recent explosion of the reggae rock. For example:

'I Shot My Manager/  
Cause he used to keep my Royalties',  
Which is a straight ripoff from Marley's  
'I Shot the Sheriff' especially since a later line is

'Hey Record Company I want to have/  
A hit like Bob Marley'. But they really like the blues or so they say.

In fact all their tracks have witty, light hearted lyrics; you could compare them with B-52's seriousness or lack of it. A recommended album well worth the effort (ie to walk down and buy it), remembering that it grows on you even if you don't expect it.

Brett Mason

George Jones  
My Very Special Guests.  
Epic through CBS

A glance at the cover of George Jones' latest offering gives one the impression that a 'Woolies pick-in-mix' handful of musicians have been recruited to fight in the revival of dinkum country music after the recent Kenny Rogers' popularity wave, picking up where Rogers left off.

In this Nashville mould is presented a star-studded cast with such celebrities as Elvis Costello, James Taylor, Linda Ronstadt, Willie Nelson and numerous other notables, but the line-up unfortunately doesn't excel further than the sleeve credits.

We can mosey on down to James Taylor's ditty pity entitled 'Bartenders Blues', or peruse with our ears, Linda Ronstadt's role in 'I've Turned You to Stone' similarly laid-back and forgettable. For those with a sweet tooth comes a special token treat, 'Costello Goes Country', a brief sojourn with the Tennessee sound seeing the enlistment of steel guitars and fiddles in an Elvis composition 'Stranger In The House'. The track is interesting in the move away from the clique Costello has established himself in, and this experiment proves his competence at at a totally different music form ..... it's boring though.

If you like boiled lollies with no taste or colour, sample Johnny Paycheck's classic Credence Clearwater Revival hit 'Proud Mary'. Paycheck can be remembered for his U.S. chart topping country song of 1979, 'Take This Job And Shove It'. Maybe he could take this song and do something with it along similar lines.

The George Jones' selection, then, is an assemblage of inconsequential drawls and middle-of-the-road meanderings which demands no attention whatsoever. Costello devotees, though, are entitled to purchase the album to complete their Elvis collection, it may be fun analysing as a party game.

If you can't find the album in your record store, that lush sugary 'Muscle Shoals' sound may require you to wade through the Mintees in the pick-in-mix stand. If you have no luck there, it may turn up in the licorice allsorts bin. If your'e still having no luck Suites (Sweets) are bad for your teeth anyway.

A. Papaspiropoulos

Variations on a Lady  
Flairck  
Polydor (thru Polygram)

John I said why don't you let me write a record review he said OK here's Variations on a Lady by Flairck I thought I don't know what to say it's not like what I'm used to how can I explain why I think it's a good album.

Reason No. 1: it's unpretentious cause when you look at the cover and see that this group consists of two acoustic guitars a violin and a flute and see the names of some of the tracks like 'Prelude in Sofia' and 'Aoife' you think 'Oh, God, it's Yes all over again' but you'd be wrong, it's not. Flairck give themselves room to have a bit of fun you know a good time and sometimes the music kicks along like one of Ginsberg's poems one thought folding into the next over and over where's the distinction? Constantly on the lookout for something to do - busy music.

Music with space to breathe in. While it moves along it doesn't crowd in on itself - there is a beautiful piece on the title track in which the flute and violin play off against one another like shadow boxers. Jazz freaks will be familiar with this type of playing and might be interested to hear it transferred to a more traditional base.

Reason 2: I've always said to myself Ken you must extend your musical tastes broaden your horizons so to speak and Flairck are different even experimental like perhaps they were brought up on Brahms and said It's okay but not very exciting right? and jazz and rock are exciting but not quite in our league right? However .... And so they did.

Sometimes the album lapses into slightly wankerish playing (look, I'll bet you can't do this) for playing's sake especially on 'Prelude in Sofia' which is very repetitive. But at its best the music is excellent often quite funny like when Judy Schomper plays her melodramatic help I'm dying in the last act of this Wagnerian opera violin. And if you don't like the music you can get off on the cover which is a watercolour of a nude lady in varying stages of seductive repose for five cents you can come around to my place and have a look at it.

Ken Grace

Street Light Shines  
The Shirts  
Harvest (thru EMI)

It's unlikely any group has confused critics as to their roots or purpose more than New York based The Shirts. Their influences have been variously traced to Jefferson Airplane, or to Lou Reed, with a 'token-leaning' towards New Wave. I hope not to add to this confusion, but it appears that as yet no easy answers are available.

Nevertheless, there is much to justify this album, especially in some noticeable catchy pop' and almost folksy melodies. The opening track, 'Laugh and Walk Away' demonstrates this. Annie Golden, perhaps no sexpot, establishes herself as a particularly strong singer, and lays Debbie Harry to waste on a seemingly Blondie-influenced 'Love is a Fiction'. A bright, breezy slickness permeates much of the album, nowhere more evident than in 'Milton at the Savoy' - a New York easy rhythmic Jazz piece - a la Manhattan Transfer. Rather more obscure is 'Triangulum' - the 'another race in a different place' song, and one my ears found - ahem...

'I Feel So Nervous' - the 'next to you, loosening up on the couch' song, complements 'Love is a Fiction' in some ways; but breaks no new ground although smooth and effectively executed: like most of the album, very 'listenable'.

The Shirts' own brand of rock is demonstrated in the likeable 'Starts With a Handshake'. Some may like the clappable rhythms of 'Can't Cry Anymore' although I found it a less inspiring track. 'Kensington Garden' with its swirling choral framework hints to the English



Dan Fogelberg

folk tendencies evident on this album.

Mike Thorne's production is for the most part clean, tight, economical; The Shirts at least prove 'good things' still happen in the big Apple.

Jon Low  
Justin Keen

Phoenix  
Dan Fogelberg  
C.B.S.

Dan who? was my immediate response, for, despite five previous albums, Fogelberg's innumerable talents had escaped my notice and (according to record sales) I suspect that of the majority of New Zealanders. Phoenix has a very distinctive, flowing, laid-back, country style, distinctive mainly in it's very tight musical / lyrical composition and production under the experienced hands of Norbert Putnam and Marty Lewis (who also engineered and mixed the album).

There also exists a degree of variety, ranging from the pseudo-rock 'n' roll of the title track, and the cleverly executed guitar piece in 'Face of Fire' (obviously inspired by Joe Walsh, a close friend of Fogelberg) to the graceful and sumptuous acoustic flavour, characteristic of most of the tracks. The album owes much of its credibility to the talented selection of studio musicians, including Tom Scott, Andy Newmark, Russ Kunkel and Paul Harris, not to mention Fogelberg himself, who comes across as an inspiring musician playing a large variety of instruments on the album.

It's a pity that the lyrical content tends to lack ambition, clever at times, but lacking any real character, being predominantly run-of-the-mill romantic ballads. Definitely not an album to rage to, but if you are into laid-back kiss-and-cuddle country music, then you are sure to get off on Dan Fogelberg's "Phoenix."

John Murdoch

## GIGS

The Swingers  
The Gluepot  
Sat. 22 March

Fleetwood Mac got out of the Big I for a while on Saturday night so the people there could change their bedclothes and put new bars of soap in the bathroom. Someone suggested that if they had a few moments to spare there were one or two people at a place called Western Springs who were kinda hoping they could strike up one or two tunes, or failing that a nice soothing tribal beat. The F. Mac agreed, thereby missing the Swingers at the Gluepot.

Judd, Bones and Stiggs played for two hours with a confidence that breeds intensity and an energy they have made their own. Playing music that is a synthesis of the early days of Kiwi Rock and the mid-70's energy of local punk, together with strong '60's melodies, Swingers thoroughly pleased the large pub crowd.

Bolstered up by the presence of the 'following' Swingers have built up, the older hits such as 'Over the Teacups', 'Certain Sounds' and 'Yellow Star' were gratefully received by the patrons. However more recent songs such as 'Shona' and 'Some Woman' were equally applauded, an indication of the uniformity of the Swingers' appeal. They demonstrated how a tight 3-piece is perhaps the ideal unit for the pub circuit, and I wouldn't hesitate in recommending them as Auckland's top band, especially since the demise of C.B. and Sheerlux.

And a word secondly about the act that was on firstly, namely 'Homemade Jam'. An understandably tight little 2 piece - they are a couple of country girls who thoroughly entertain with their own unique brand of comedy/music. See them if you can - they're a gas.

M.C. Lamb

Sharon O'Neill / Jon Stevens  
Town Hall  
Wed., 27th March.

Amidst a hall full of eager, keen, anxious young girls, all armed with instamatics, I sat back to 'enjoy' the concert. The stage itself was very bare except for three New Zealand flags - patriotic, anyway. Jon Stevens started with 'Montego Bay' and ended with 'Jezebel', but unfortunately there was titty minutes of music inbetween. His music didn't seem to go anywhere and it seemed more suited to 'Music for Restaurants' than concert material.

To make sure that the atmosphere was kept at a bare minimum, there was a fifteen minute interval while the band changed shirts, etc.

(Sharon O'Neill, unlike Jon Stevens, was wholly in control, confident, and very professional. Her set was very nicely balanced between her ballads of old and her new 'rockers'. The major question is, why was Jon Stevens given equal billing with a woman who, as a songwriter, performer, and entertainer is much more convincing and talented. Sharon O'Neill tonight showed the way in which she has earned and deserved the title of New Zealand's first lady of music.

To completely cap the night off for our new 1980 version of the 1974 Donny 'teeny-bopper' Osmond, Jon Stevens, the concert ended, apart from a terribly well-rehearsed 30 second encore, with:

'May tomorrow be a perfect day,  
May you find love and laughter along the way,  
May god keep you in his tender care  
Until we meet you again.'  
'Goodnight everyone!'

P.S. Sharon's trousers were tighter than Jon's.

Paul Grinder



# NAMING NAMES

Now that the Herald has broken cover and published the PM's list we at CRACCUM feel that we have a clearly defined mandate to release information which has been in our possession for some time. We do not do this lightly but rather out of an over-riding sense of duty to present the public of New Zealand with both sides of every story and to focus public opinion upon the true crux of the political corruption which is threatening the just and open government of our democracy. The PM has done little more than create an insipid and unconvincing diversion by releasing the names of SUP

members; the entire SUP (circa 150 members) pales into insignificance beside the threat posed to the sanity, safety and security of the average, normal and suicidally boring New Zealander by that far larger and more lethally organised body of post-adolescents who represent themselves to the public under the name of the National Party. The astounding facts, which can, for the first time be revealed in all their horrendous lucidity, are that no less than 100% of Cabinet Ministers in this country are members of the NP; a significant majority of members of Parliament are members of the NP;

some dentists and even the occasional student are members. Before the PM starts pointing the finger at the trade union movement he should take a long hard look at the political favouritism which so patently exists within the ranks of his own government. Is this democracy or conspiracy? Shamelessly we leave to you to make up your own mind, if you have one.

Here, then, are the facts as CRACCUM reveals the names of those self-declared members of the National Party who are also members of the Muldoon government. Hold your breath and hope that your MP's not one of them.

R.D. Muldoon. Height: 5ft 1in; Hair: Sparse; Eyes: Bloodshot.  
B.E. Talboys. Height: 6ft 13in; Hair: Blue; Eyes: Trueblue.  
D. MacIntyre. Height: 178.53cm; Hair: Brown; Eyes: Muddy.  
L.R. Adams-Schneider. Circumference: 91cm; Hair: Under negotiation; Eyes: Gold.  
D.W. Thomson. Height: Yes; Hair: Yes; Eyes: Yes.  
G.F. Gair. Height: 158md's; Hair: Hospital Cut; Eyes: Glassy.  
T.F. Gill. Wing Span: 145cm; Hair: Khaki; Eyes: Royal Blue.  
H.C. Templeton. Height: 756kHz; Hair: Light; Eyes: Technicolour.  
J.B. Bolger. Height: 2.6% below last year; Hair: Emigrating; Eyes: Under Review.  
C.C.A. McLachlan. Flight Speed: 800 km/h; Hair: Declining; Eyes: Well Recessed.  
W.L. Young. Height: Sub-contracted; Hair: In Dispute; Eyes: On strike.  
V.S. Young. Area: 2 square metres; Hair: Being conserved; Eyes: Forest Green.  
D.A. Hight. Height: 5ft 9in; Hair: Well sculpted; Eyes: In a state of emergency.  
W.F. Birch. Height: Yes; Hair: Yes; Eyes: Yes.  
M.L. Wellington. Height: \$40 p.w. max; Hair: Quinquennial; Eyes: Able to penetrate 10,000 SHG forms at a single glance.  
J.K. McLay. Height: Above Bar level; Hair: White; Eyes: Repealed.  
D.F. Quigley. Height: 5ft 7in; Hair: Well insured; Eyes: Brick.  
M.B.R. Couch. Height: Provisional; Hair: Not known at this address; Eyes: Dark.  
W.E. Cooper. Height: Static; Hair: Full of export incentive; Eyes: Under overseas study.

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### THE TAX REVOLT ASSOCIATION OF NEW ZEALAND

TRANZ is a newly formed pressure group campaigning for a 10% tax reduction in the coming election year. They are small, twelve members nationally, but with only three meetings to their credit hope to increase their supporters rapidly.

Publicity offer Arthur Irvine says they are organizing to sample politicians on their approach to taxation. Mr Irvine would like to see public money administered with the same efficiency as private sector finance.

TRANZ would also like to encourage more awareness amongst tax payers of how their money is spent. Although they support the welfare state ideal Mr Irvine says TRANZ would like to point out that every service must be paid for. They are wary of bureaucrats who suggest that the only way to improve society is to spend more of our money.

TRANZ will be contacting the proponents of California's 'Proposition 13' to evaluate the methods this group used to increase public awareness of the need for tax reform. TRANZ want nothing as radical as the California solution which has resulted in the abolition of all state taxation on the basis of a majority vote in the local elections.

It will be interesting to see if this self appointed watch dog of the public purse gains support over the next few months. Their aims point towards open government. They'll need some dedicated workers if they want to take on the two headed monster of public apathy and bureaucratic red tape.

ITEM	COST	GOV. TAKE
Datsun Sunny	\$8195	\$1677
Automatic Washer	\$630	\$60
Cosmetics	\$20	\$3.81
Colour TV	\$1183	\$250
Petrol	\$2.18	.61c
Stereo	\$1000	\$250
Records	\$9.99	\$3.50
Cigarettes	.81c	.41c
Wine	\$3.20	.41c
Beer	60c	.16c

J.M. Charman



# LETTERS

Dear CRACCU/Katrina especially,

Me and my mate were sitting in the cafe (stoned) at 9.00 a.m. on the 19/3/80 reading your letters and pouring black russian into our coffee to make our next lecture more real and we decided to write to you and tell you that we were very fucked off that our picture wasn't in CRACCU or any of the other proletarian newspapers in Auckland or Wellington (yes, Piggy has decided to name a city after the bastard). We little publicity hunting shit-stirring egotists would like some publicity for our part in front of the march back up Transvestite St on the day of the protest. I was extremely fucked off when watching the news on the box that night and low and behold they showed Iranian students marching and Afghanistan students and black Rhodesians marching to the polls, but us poor students, we didn't even get a spot on Romper Room. WHAT HAPPENED?

Where was the publicity? Has Muldoon taken total control of the press and suppressed the most important news in the country; because it may be bad for his already chunderous political career? And where's Merv? I haven't even seen the on TV apologising to us for the gross injustice and hardship done to the students of New Zealand.

Will Bert ever get his rocks off again with Mary?

Will Rob bust the S.U.P.'s collective balls (or his own trying? [Look everybody, look at the size of this molehill!])

Does Bill still take his weak pills?

Will David Lange come to the rescue and squash Muldoon's National Socialist regime?

The answers to these questions and more won't be found out in our lifetime.

Yours and all that crap,

Anonymous x 2

Otherwise known as Mr and Mrs Fred & Ida Scrotem 63 Dawk Rd, Catford.

Dear Ms White,

In the first few weeks of attending lectures within the Arts Faculty we have been interested to hear the standard of English spoken by lecturers, particularly those learned gentlemen of the English Department.

Some of the intelligent articulate literary opinions expressed recently were 'Alexander Pope was a nasty little turd'.... 'the third book of Gulliver's Travels is not worth a tin of shit'.... and Daniel Defoe replying with a succinct 'get stuffed' to his political enemies. The gem of them all was the suggestion that 'with colonisation the human mind literally expanded'. Literally lost his head, we suppose?

No, it's not the uniform coarseness of language we object to, we are (sigh) becoming accustomed to it; but rather the laziness of these Ph.D's who retreat into the vernacular, get a cheap laugh, and don't do their job i.e. say something creative and informative about literature!

(Perhaps it's all so brilliant it's escaped us...)

Yours sincerely,  
Frustrated Students

Dear Craccum,

As a member of the Executive I am most concerned with the manner in which several items of business were dealt with at the Executive meetings of 20 and 21 March. The Executive resolved no less than five times during these meetings to move into 'committee of the whole'. This means that the business discussed while the meeting is 'in committee' can not be reported outside the meeting. On two of these occasions the Executive resolved itself into 'strict committee', a term which has no formal status in the AUSA standing orders but which was taken by the meeting to mean that non-members of the Executive are excluded from the meeting together with the normal procedures of committee of the whole.

My concern is that an organisation such as AUSA which purports to uphold the principles of democracy and freedom of information can allow its Executive, the body entrusted with the day to day running of the Association, to conduct business behind closed doors and thereby no longer be answerable to the students by whom they were elected.

I feel that it is blatant hypocrisy for AUSA to expound the principle of freedom of information in Government while conducting its own business in secrecy.

Several of the issues which were discussed while the Executive was in 'Committee' were of a nature which I feel the membership of AUSA has a right to know about (e.g. the performance and actions of members of the Executive, the fate of the surplus from Orientation).

I expect that many students will share my concern that the Executive is preventing them from being informed of the affairs of their association. I hope that students will express this concern to members of the Executive in an attempt to make AUSA business more open to its membership.

Yours  
Ivan Sowry

Dear Katrina,

Daryl Wilson's letter has prompted me to clarify the Christian position on Homosexuality. The first problem is the assumption made by your correspondent, and most gays, that homosexuality is an inherent genetic characteristic and that the person is born homosexual with no choice in the matter. Were this the case, gays would be quite justified in questioning the justice of Christian condemnation of homosexuality. However, as a Christian, I maintain that homosexuality is the result of wilful choice; a person may certainly have a predisposition toward being gay because genetic and/or environmental factors but ultimately his sexual behavior lies in the domain of his own will. Just because I have a strong desire to do a certain thing does not mean that thing is right for me to do, of that it is a valid desire for me to have - nevertheless, I have the choice.

Secondly, at no time are Christians guilty of 'judging' homosexuals; if a person claims to be a homosexual he then stands condemned by the Bible which categorically declares homosexuality to be a sin. In contrast to contemporary thought Judeas-Christian philosophy holds that there do exist moral absolutes as revealed in the Bible and that God holds Man responsible for his moral choices. Moreover, the choices which man makes profoundly affect his society. Now I don't imagine that gay people caused the collapse of Rome but probably it was a contributing factor along with other forms of decadence (including heterosexual perversion). God has made the Universe to function according to his standards; when Man ignores God, things go wrong.

But that's not the end. I assume Daryl that he is a person of worth - infinite worth. God loves all men but his love demands a response. It demands a willingness to abandon behaviour which is clearly contrary to his standards - to do otherwise amounts to a slap in the face to God. The Gay person may consider himself powerless to change his sexual preference - no, Jesus still does miracles and is still in the business of changing lives. All men, homosexual or otherwise can only be truly liberated by Jesus. Institutional Christianity will offer nothing to people like Daryl Wilson but God does: the choice remains.  
Graham Upton

Dear Craccum,

This is just to tell all your readers about the University Hont-the-Cont Club. We are not affiliated to AUSA, and thus use none of their funds. Not that Benson would give us any. We hold more meetings than any other club at University, meetings as we do, twice a day. We are truly democratic, having no president, secretary, treasurer or assets. We have never held an AGM. Membership is free but subject to in-group acceptance. The only requirements for membership are love of, skill at, or desire to learn 'Hont-the-Cont' and residence in or great respect for Manurewa - hub of the Universe. Being Catholic is a decided advantage although not strictly necessary. Members can be found Honting the cont at lunchtimes in or just outside the Milk Bar. Just listen for blood-curdling, ear-drum chafing cries of 'Mucky Moose!', general offensive language, or the melodious sounds of subdued WETA NOISES.

Yours in three large plastic bags,  
Auckland University Hont-the-Cont Club  
Dear Ed,

Today Friday 21st our illustrious Sports Representative ordered! us to remove ourselves from the Recreation Centre where and I quote he said 'This recreation centre is for the use of sporting people only not for you lot to laze around on.' (I wonder if his pea sized brain relates the seats as ornament or for sitting on). Surely as our sports rep he is there to help us, not to run our lives.  
Signed various sports club members  
P.S. West Ham for the Cup!  
P.P.S. Send all the Poms home!

Madam,

I am writing this before the proposed march on McDonald's takes place (if it ever does) and am protesting at the half-witted approach by some members of the student body to this issue.

Let's get one thing clear from the start, I agree McDonald's sells rubbish at exorbitant prices and in a sterile plastic atmosphere. Unfortunately so do many other fast-food bars in N.Z.

However that is not the issue. The issue is that the only effective weapon available to students (the protest march) is being abused. There is an historical problem of liaison between students and the public over many and varied issues, haunting student efforts before an already incredulous public cannot help.

NZ students are in the middle of the biggest tight-lipped campaign ever and if some fucknuckles don't realise it and stop bloody silly counter-productive measures it will all be for naught.

Yours in supplication,  
Michael Bartrom

Dear Craccum,

In a congregation of people such as one finds attending the magnificent Auckland University, there must be a considerable percentage for whom physical exercise has no appeal. A certain proportion of this group must also face, each day, the arduous task of scaling the Albert Park face in order to arrive, suitably late at their lectures, tutorials or pin-ball appointments. So, finally, getting to the point I ask - why? Why should we have to overcome this botanical wonderland when a Shuttle Service could promote our laziness. A bus, better still, a minibus, leaving Queen St every 10 minutes. A flash of the ID card (or whatever's handy) and you're on. 5 minutes later we're going down Princes St, then Alfred and Symonds etc. and back to our starting point. As for finance, perhaps Merritt could donate the proceeds from Orientation. That would keep it going for 5 years at least.

But if that fails, I suppose we could always fall back on the dear old Ski Club - for example they could install a practice ski-tow from Victoria St. W. to the door of the Cafe, but then of course they'd have to give out skis and ....

Another Helpful Suggestion

Dear Katrina,

Salaams. Should you decide to publish an article on the Maidment Arts Centre I would like you to be in possession of the essential facts of the matter.

The Maidment Arts Centre is probably the only University twin theatre complex that works in Australasia. This is not achieved through bad management - how could it be?

The basis of its operation is a combination of student/Uni/public use.

Public use last year fractionally more than this year. The income was higher from Univ/stud. groups than public groups. As the Univ. rate is only about a quarter of the private rate this shows how much more intensive the local activity is.

The rate of over a quarter public usage means that currently there are no stud. groups that are waiting to use the Theatres certainly not a number that could justify critical comment. Should a number of student groups materialise then this would be welcomed and the percentage reviewed.

With public involvement A.U.S.A. is saved \$ - \$10,000 pr. yr. keeping their bill around the \$15,000 mark. The University pays well over double this including equipment grants.

The M.A.C. is becoming an important theatre venue in Auckland and provides a substantial public relations link between the University and the people of Auckland. In fact one City Councillor is firmly of the opinion that the M.A.C. was built partly with taxpayers' money and regards it as a City asset.

The reputation of the centre with most hirers is excellent and more often than not we receive praise for the professional assistance given and the condition of the Theatres. Let me assure you praise is hard to come by in the Theatre business.

These are the achievements and the important facts which determine whether an Arts Centre flourishes (as this one does) or dies - by mismanagement.

I am aware of a lot of domestic trivia bandied about which you can hear behind every door of every office or factory anywhere on earth. Part of everyone's working life.

I trust the facts that really mean something prevail. I will say that we are understaffed for the amount of activity we handle, and we are fully 'stretched' to cope with it. All attempts so far for more staff have been unsuccessful. Kindest regards,  
Frank Hobson

Dear Sir or Madam,

This evening Wed. 12th at approx. 6 pm I saw a well dressed man of about 30-40, standing on a makeshift platform in the Student Quad speaking to students and others.

In the few minutes I was there I saw this man doused with water three times. He was completely doused. Wet through.

All the time, many were haranguing him unmercifully. It was a typical example of fouthish bullying mob-style behaviour.

I mentioned this matter to a Student Union Custodian who was passing by. Apparently many University Students have not yet learnt the simple basic rules of common decency and tolerance; and probably never will.

Yours sincerely,  
L. Bevin

Dear Theo,

Thanks for taking the time and trouble to get my pocket diary returned to me. I've heard about all the phone calls you made to find out my phone number.

I hope you have a great year too (with that sort of perseverance you can't go wrong!)

Thanks again,  
Yvonne Jones

Dear Katrina,

While in the midst of a quiet perusal of Peter Maher's 'Money to Blow' in last weeks Craccum I suddenly developed the urge to speak out about a certain cancerous mode of thought that is gradually infiltrating our society and institutions. The proponents of this vile philosophy suggest education as the cure for societys ills.

'Why is there so much inequality and oppression?' they ask. 'It must be because men have ideological differences. They are all trying to work towards creating a society where there is love, peace and freedom but each in his own way. If only they could all get together in forums and small groups holding hands, and mutually educate and enlighten each other then somehow we'd put everything together. A superior ideology would arise and there would be world peace, freedom and equality. We would mutually discover the causes of all political, economic, social, interpersonal and sexual problems and put them right. Universal freedom thus established we could move forward together as a united force to rid the world of all diseases, relieve all suffering and eventually spread good will throughout the cosmos'.

Personally I have great difficulties envisaging Aristotle, Plato, Orwell, Huxley, Skinner, Marx, Muldoon, Krsna, Anderson and Christ cululatively establishing the draft for this new society let alone the ubiquitous contemporary experts in every subject from sexology to paleontology who would consider themselves worthy of a place on the panel.

The human race has always squabbled, bickered and quarrelled over property and ideologies. Before we could genetically restructure each other with nuclear fallout we shot each other full of holes, dismembered each other with spears or smashed each others skulls with clubs. We have fought ever since Australopithecus learnt how to throw stones and ever since Cain reduced the worlds population by 25% in killing Abel. Every world empire that ever existed has established itself by war, oppression and bloodshed. The Pharoahs, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks and Romans all fattened themselves through exploitation and similarly succumbed. History and a quick glance about will confirm that the pattern continues. In fact the only thing that man learns from history is that man never learns from history. Even today half the world goes to bed hungry and the rich continue to suck the poor dry. And while the States destroys equality in exercising its freedom, the Great Bear destroys freedom to exercise equality.

You can't legislate personal morality. You can't educate men to serve any system or ideology. They simply use their education to exploit it to their own advantage. You can talk ideologies until you develop large-scale cancer and some people may even listen. But you'll never change peoples behaviour except by oppression. Altruism is just something we pretend to have once we've made sure nothing can destroy our own security. Have you noticed all the overprivileged 'rights for the underprivileged' campaigners in New Zealand alone? Men only talk justice and never think of voluntarily submitting to it themselves. Everyone thinks of changing the system and no-one thinks of changing himself.

You might try to teach a pig to fly but all your education in aerodynamics will do no good. Likewise you'll never teach men to live together in peace. You'll never build a Utopia. Man's nature precludes it. Ignorance is not the problem. The problem is an obsession to fill our own needs and indifference to the needs of others. Greed.

So next time you're off to protest about war or social injustice; take a look at the car you're driving and ponder on whether you'll be protesting in ten years time when you're a fat capitalist professional enjoying your cushioned upper middle class empire in a dormitory suburb.

You might find it expedient to join the cancerous infiltration and suggest education as the panacea for society's ills.  
Peter Saunders

My Dear You,

What the fuck was happened in Craccum. I mean, who put the Girl Guides in charge.

For example, a phrase (in a cartoon) that went something like 'If I sell my girlfriend', was deleted as too sexist. The whole product is diluted. Comparisons spring to mind - Donny Osmond, milk and cookies, Pat Boone, Casper the Friendly Ghost etc.

What do you people think you're doing, you've suddenly reduced N.Z.'s best student newspaper, to N.Z.'s worst - how? By taking the guts out of it, removing spontaneity, and disguising true student feeling until it looks presentable to a conservative public. For Christ's sake wake up. Mr Clean and Smithers-Jones P.S. Other complaints include such things as putting the wrong cover on Ak. 79, and boring headings (white on black ad nauseum)

Jokes about selling your girlfriend are really radical and spontaneous, eh? As for too much black and white, see page 10. Girl Guides are more fun than dropout boyscouts - The Staff

CLA

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Copy of 'Fi  
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Ph Tracey 4  
For Sale: Ass  
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For Sale: "20  
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new price \$17  
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For Sale:  
Track suit, bra  
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B. Gamble

CA

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11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

ANSWERS TO LA  
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1. Three Faces of F  
1. U.N.O. 12. Re  
14. Slat 16. Cant  
18. Sao 21. Knock  
deep in.



## CLASSIFIED

Wanted

Copy of 'Finite Mathematics' by Mizrah/Sullivan. Third Edition.  
Ph Tracey 488595 after 7pm.

For Sale: Assorted Mini engine bits, including crank, block, rods and pistons, camshaft, gear-box, plus lots more good stuff. Phone HWK 41068 (evgs) and ask for Mike.

For Sale: "2001" wetsuit. Two-piece dive suit with separate hood. "off-the-rack" size 3. Would fit person approx 5'7", slight-average build. Hardly ever used. Excellent condition, new price \$170, yours for \$120 ono. Phone Mike 603-697 most weekday evenings.

For Sale:

Track suit, brand new, never worn. \$35. o.n.o. ph 694-572 after 4.30 p.m.

Wanted to Buy:

Pottery Wheel - manual, foot-treadle type - second hand. Willing to pay approx \$100. Good cond. Ph Shona 278-7661.

Full Board Offered:

Own studio room, quiet Epsom street. 20 mins walk to university. \$30.00 p.w. Ph 606-419 after 5.30 p.m.

Part Time Job - Optional free accommodation Female student with interest in the arts, organisational ability and initiative; wanted to assist with bookings and media promotion of artist-entertainer-musician-writer. Varied and exciting ventures proposed; hours to suit; largely on a commission basis. Interested? Ph. Don at 818-4585.

## PUNTING

Gallops at Ellerslie is the only local meeting this week so go along and enjoy yourselves. Horses to follow are Ira Hayes, Gold Hope, Silver Drum, Rose Red, China and Zamalou. Bet this week goes to the three-year-old gelding Golden Spark who is trained by Allan Jones at Cambridge. I hope his wife Linda is making a speedy recovery and nothing holds her back from riding again. Trots on Monday night at Manawatu so pop into the TAB and punt on Star Cord, Markson, Sidi Rezegh, Cherie Marie with Scottish Myth from the Purdon stable being the bet of the night. Trots at Addington on Saturday so bet on Span Out, Tempest Tiger and No Regrets.

Punters at this time of the year are being confounded by the changing tracks and form of horses especially as many win at long odds. With this in mind look out for Stipulwin, Balken Story, Bold Philae and Manhanui to cause the upsets.

B. Gamble

## S.R.C.

Last week SRC recommended Exec to donate \$800 from speakers fund to finance Isabelle Allende on a nationwide tour yet on the next day Executive decided to reduce the sum to five hundred dollars. Not surprisingly Ivan Sowry, one of the dissenting voices moved a motion at SRC this week asking executive to reconsider its decision, which was carried. This issue raised two questions, first and foremost that of the SRCs Chairpersons position in voting at Executive. Should he vote and speak as an SRC representative or should he just convey SRCs opinion and vote independantly? Tom Basset brought this upon his own shoulders by seconding the Executive motion to reduce the said figure and was asked to answer for this; he was also faced with a motion requesting him to follow SRC policy but this was lost heavily.

The second question raised, although not directly, was that of responsibility. SRC has very little actual power other than making a few appointments and administering the policy action fund which amounts to \$3100 this year. On many matters the theoretically most democratic organization in the association may only make recommendations to other committees. In this case executive altered a recommendation by SRC and changed it to one SRC had categorically rejected, a prime example of executive presuming to be the more responsible of the two institutions, although they acted within their rights as stated by the constitution.

The matter of Recreation Centre use was also referred from Executive; apparently Sports Council had requested that the Centre should only be used for sporting activities.

SRC while appreciating these arguments carried Kevin Hague's motion 'That the recreation centre main hall should remain a multi-purpose facility and recommends to Executive that it direct the AUSA representatives on Recreation sub-committee to support this position.'

Other snippets: Amnesty International and MSSA both picked up policy action monies for projects past and future and the EVP gave a brief report on his many activities, including definite arrangements for a library work in on April 10th to protest the early closing, to be followed by liquid refreshments for participants and a MASSIVE ACTION DAY on April 16th.

J.G.

## HAGUE'S RAVE

Next week everybody gets the chance to donate blood on campus. The mobile blood transfusion service will be running for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and some of Thursday in the Lower Common Room (where the AUSA enrolment was). Many of the public see students as people who constantly want more, but who have nothing to give. Blood days, therefore, have an important public relations aspect.

For next week, the blood transfusion service will be relying on us to provide for all its blood needs. Donating blood saves lives, and is good for your own health. If you feel faint afterwards you might get out of sitting a terms-test (this is not necessarily a hint). What's more, you get free drinks, with bikkies (and an inordinately high proportion of chocchy ones).

I would just like to congratulate the people running the Student Information Office on the great job that they seem to be doing. If you are interested in joining CONTACT which is the AUSA welfare group, you should see Jill at the Info-office or at Studass.

April 14 - 18th will see Health Week which is a joint AUSA/University Welfare

services venture consisting of a series of lectures on various aspects of health and their relation to study or bring a student. See elsewhere in this worthy publication for details.

Also another reminder to those people who get a Tertiary Study Grant to make an application for a Hardship Grant.

Don't worry about the March 31st deadline. There are too many people applying for that to stick, so just get in as soon as possible.

Aimed at a slightly different (and much smaller) group of students, the Needy Students Fund which is administered by Counselling to help those students in dire financial straits, is in a bit of a bad way itself with all the hard-up people around. If you can help by donating even a little, then contact Counselling or just send it.

If you are one of the people on DPB who is hit by the TFG regulations, please give your name to David Simpson at Counselling so we can launch a statistically backed campaign.

In Friendship,  
Kevin Hague

## CRACCUM

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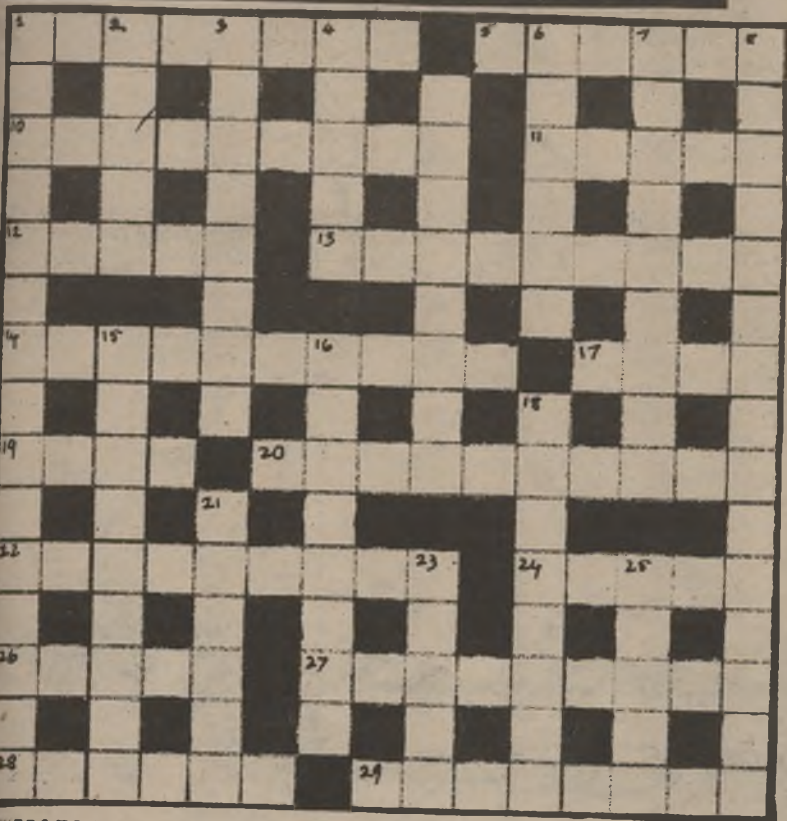
Sweat glistened on fevered brows and grimy sandshoes were tossed frenziedly aside. Craccum had beaten the all-night layout record! Weary training sessions in the blue pencil relay and the lettraline sprint had finally paid off. Overcome, Adam collapsed asleep in a chair; a solicitous Dermot fanned his forehead with his cherished cover caption, while Daryl ministered light refreshments to the rest of the Team. Dak stopped everyone in their tracks when he sprinted in with Stop Press. Andrew, Anthony and Katrina, their lungs searing as the unaccustomed exertion forced deep gasps of fresh oxygen into the smoky cavities, applauded as Biddy neatly captured a perfect photograph from I Don. Paul donned his Peter Parker suit for the occasion, but the Legion d'Honneur this week must go to Barbara, who pressed determinedly on in spite of grievous affliction.

## STOP PRESS

Well, early on Ivan Sowry's bring-smoking-back-at-exec motion failed again and there was much talk of consigning it to oblivion. However, on the brighter side Wayne McIntosh did get his put-the-old-exec-photos-on-the-wall motion passed, although it is doubtful if Bob Lack can find 1943 (a very important one). The meeting debated at length what a non-sport was for the purpose of the Blues. Isabel Allende finally got her \$800 thanks to the logic of a young Gosling but Kevin's ruling of "FUCK UP" still hasn't made it into a formal motion. Kevin did manage though to experience a 'sugar high' on Crunchies as Wayne acted out its effects. Ivan changed his mind (probably a first) and admitted it (definitely a first) over the manner of electing TMC and SUMC reps, and then promised to give ten chocolate fish to the person who sold the most Education Fightback buttons. Although the Recreation sub-committee were refused \$2000 which they had promised never to ask for, Exec fiscal policy does seem to be veering towards giving anyone however much money they ask for, so be in quick, kids, before the lollies disappear. The next session of this particular circus is scheduled for the Thursday after Easter and will probably be as boring as this one. To end on a happy note, they are contravening certain statues up here in the office, so its good-night from them and hugs and kisses from Kevin and cheers from

Dak the Pubs Off.

## CROSSWORD



Across:

1. Ma turned out to be not as imagined? (8)
5. Struck down in the company store (6)
10. Perhaps centre-half after ten years is declining physically and maybe morally (9)
11. Messengers in newspapers quite possibly (5)
12. Put underground in certain terrain (5)
13. Going to take orders, is he? (9)
14. Gives the go-ahead, although inexperienced and unimportant (5, 5)
17. The first ladies arrived simultaneously days before (4)
19. He's got love in his heart for such tools (4)
20. Food makes mice endlessly very ill (10)
22. To be effective, these missile systems should be kept at the fullest stretch (9)
24. Flimsy string object (5)
26. The more distant ones shot out to the East (5)
27. One in the boot is bad for the figure! (5, 4)
28. Hurry up and sell aggressively (6)
29. Comforts for music-makers? (8)

Down:

1. Ruin the trap by getting the window open? (7, 3, 5)
2. Something old of value from the French pet (5)
3. Lasting out to the finish with a socially acceptable circle (8)
4. Artist encountered on the inside (5)
6. Very large quarry for a bird (6)
7. Important kind of meeting held on a mountain? (4 - 5)
8. It certainly isn't good tidings when a State Registered Nurse digests wine this way (11, 4)
9. New phrase I'm given for the angels (8)
15. Chosen bits of polls (9)
16. The catalogue of notions he has isn't practical (8)
18. Disperses when the cats rest perhaps (8)
21. Call for a quiet sound? (6)
23. Has squashed, with a heavy blow, the cap! (5)
25. One of Tennyson's regal collection? (5)

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- Across:  
1. Three Faces Of Eve 7. Note 8. Dismembers  
11. U.N.O. 12. Remembrance 13. Heretics  
14. Slat 16. Cant 17. Miscarry 19. Egalitarian  
20. Sao 21. Knock-knees 23. Mali 24. Saturday  
25. Sel.

Down:

1. Tongue In Cheek 2. Ratio 3. Fed  
4. Cosmetic Surgery 5. Ormers 6. Eternally  
9. Septic Notion 10. Frere 13. Hang about  
15. Prune 18. Ticker 20. Stamp 22. Sel.



## from Catullan Variations

4

That prow drawn up on shingle  
under willows where the early  
lake fishermen  
cast into stream-flow  
put your ear to its heartwood  
you'll hear slap of salt  
snap of sail  
rush  
of long nights straining under bellying moons  
northward to Suva.

On her side  
like the star Cross she lies under  
given over to calm and reflection  
Catullus' yacht  
hot youth of Catullus.

C.K. Stead

12

This morning in bed it was  
7.20 the papyrus a tangled  
screen and through it ferns  
condescended to the lawn flax  
flew heavenward thinking as I lay there  
of The True Confessions of George Barker  
in pink papers covers I borrowed  
from the pocket of that 1950s raincoat  
of Asinius prince of poets who died  
the month I returned it after twenty  
years - lying there wishing I'd kept it  
Asinius, as a memento of you.

C.K. Stead

## Pyrexia

It's just a little Pyrexia my dear  
We'll give you a little aspirin my dear  
We'll just treat the symptom not the cause

It's just a little Anorexia my dear  
We'll give you a little aspirin my dear  
We'll just treat the symptom not the cause.

It's just a little mortality my dear  
We'll give you a little aspirin my dear  
Once you get this symptom forget the cause.

Michele D. Paterson

## Acag

pigeons fat-arse  
around and about  
the sculpture garden

grey and impeccable  
but having the kind  
of trouble getting

up steps their  
overweight counterparts  
experience who are

also patrons of the arts

Michele Leggott

## Links Clank

A cycling book a re-  
cycling book 2  
books & 2  
cockatoos going  
along in or on a  
tandem in tan denims,  
a note in a notable  
notebook a bet in between  
wetter boobs soon proved  
træer prune than chain-  
saw the light coming in-  
come tax wise precautions  
preenrollment alongingerplantantain.

Tony Green

## Raison D'Aller

I'm going you said  
bloodymindedly  
looking for images  
in Adelaide

you meant I think  
coldbloodedly  
you likened yourself  
to a film director

hey laugh-raiser  
it's all blood  
under the bridge anyway  
you're always

saying that I wish  
you well

Michele Leggott

I broke my last glasses at the LA YMCA.

Since last week I have had a deposit of wax  
in my left ear.

A friend tells me you are unhappy.

I have booked up close and well to the left  
for Apocalypse Now.

Wystan Curnow

## She's

She's  
so obviously  
beautiful

but  
that's not  
her fault

Tony Green

## I Refuse To Lie Down And Die For You President Carter

At the front people blown to pieces.  
In short conventions no longer matter  
of what once was no longer will.

Tony Green

in the refurnished restaurant  
the candles are lightbulbs  
the shadows perfect  
unmoving

a couple take turns exchanging  
biographies in neat paragraphs  
the life she describes  
is not hers her friends  
the books and films she's liked  
the people are all one and  
the portrait is rich

too rich to take in  
and though his replies match  
his gaze slips  
right through her eyes

to a similar scene he remembers  
where a moth comes close and burns  
its wings in the flame  
between the diners  
here though the moths  
touch the glass  
and dance away

Judi Stout

## for G.R.O.

She's  
sob  
slob slab flab  
by

running in the park

by running by running leg  
s legs running bye bye

look, yellow shorts  
& tanktop thinks get thin

crossing Princes Street dents  
one bumper stove in one  
radiator Monday

Tony Green

## Sunday Afternoon

On a painting by the Australian artist Russell  
Drysdale

Planted upright in an alien land  
To stand there, be a man there, understand  
The life of water-courses, sun and soil,  
You laboured hard to tame it by your toil.

See your shambling awkwardness of stance,  
Big, deliberately planted feet;  
Not the home-paddocked horse's careless prance,  
Only its halting progress in a narrow street.  
Nobody safe in himself would stand so tall,  
So limb-conscious, so fearing a fall.

Peter Dane

## Variations on a theme by Charlie Parker

1. Instead of banana milkshakes:  
Licquorice.

LICQUORICE  
If you eat too much  
your insides will go all black.

2. Banana milk shakes baby  
golden delicious for ever afters.

The question was:  
Could you help me to some black pudding?  
Black pudding!

3. Moonlit milkshakers' cast-up seaweed  
makes great mulch.

OO-BOP SH-BAM.  
Banana milkshakes.

Wystan Curnow

## I Cannot Think

I cannot think  
where the time  
has gone to

Tony Green

