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CRACCUM

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
1 MAY 1980
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THE HAKA PARTY - 1 YEAR LATER

NOTICE BOARD

BIRTH OF NZUMS

The Union of Malaysian Students in New Zealand (NZUMS) was formally formed in the Inaugural Conference, held on 5th - 6th April, 1980 in Palmerston North.

The Inaugural Conference was attended by Malaysian student delegations from their respective organisations in Auckland, Christchurch, Dunedin, Palmerston North, Hamilton and Wellington.

'It has been the wish and desire of the Malaysian students in New Zealand to form their own national organisation.', commented Mr S.W. Cheong, the elected President of NZUMS.

'NZUMS will not only promote unity and understanding among Malaysian students in New Zealand, but also represent them and safeguard their interests in all matters affecting them.'

FRENCH CLUB

Cafe-Television. Tous les jeudis 1 pm OAB Salle 022 Venez pour boire du cafe, causer et regarder la tele.

FILM EVENING

Music Society is holding a film evening on Friday, May 2nd at 7.00 pm in Room 20, Music Department (opposite Old Arts Building in Princess St). There will be live music and wine and cheese with an admission charge of \$1.00 for non-members. Everyone welcome.

ROTARACT

Enjoy yourself while helping to serve the community! We need new members. See our noticeboard, or come to next meeting, on Tues 29th 7.30 pm, Old Grad Bar.

ENVIRONMENT GROUP ACTIVITIES:

ENERGY WEEK

TUES 29th, 1.00 pm Lib. B10. Film: 'Energy in Perspective' on NZ and worldwide, energy requirements.

WEDS 30th 7.30 pm Lib. B10, Speakers and film: 'BLEVE' Forum on LPG storage and distribution.

THURS 1st 1.00 pm Exec. Lounge, Two speakers on energy - why we consume it and alternative sources to consider.

All Week 1.00 pm. Demonstrations of windmill by David Slaven.

Could whoever stole my bag from the Bood-shop (23/4/80) return my Physics Lecture notes to the Custodians or something - no questions asked - Janet Ashcroft, Stage 1 Physics.

THIS IS A VERY BORING NOTICE

Nominations for one vacant position on each of Student Union Management Committee and Theatre Management Committee close with the Secretary at 5.00 pm on Wednesday 30 April.

Appointments will be made at the Executive meeting to be held in the Council Room on Thursday 1 May and candidates are invited to attend from 7.00 pm.

R.N. Lack
Secretary.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

Monday April 28 1 - 2 pm, Exec. Lounge, Studass. Guest Speaker: Associate Professor Steve Hadley. Topic: After the Prisoners are freed - Indonesia 1980. Contact: Paul Robertson (Secretary) Ph. 874-503.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Thursday May 1 1 - 2 pm, Room 143, Studass. Contact: Peter Shearer (President) Ph 542-617.

FM ACTION MEETING

If you would like to hurry up the introduction of FM STEREO Radio to New Zealand come along to the Public meeting to be held in the Town Hall concert Chamber 8 pm Wednesday 30th April. Guest speakers include Sir Dove-Meyer Robinson, Gordon Dryden, Chairman Manufacturers Federation and hopefully one or two politicians. Show your support for FM and be there.

DEAN'S LECTURERS (Med School)

Weds 30 April, Robb Lecture Theatre, School of Medicine.

"My Singapore experience and how to cope with eating chilli" by Susan Davidson.

"Paediatrics in Alberta Outback" by Helen Liley.

"Respiratory Physiology - Southern California Style" by Simon Body.

FOOD CO-OP PRICES:

Beans, 10c:65 gms; Beetroot, 10c: 366 gms; brussel sprouts, 10c: 444 gms; cabbage, 30c ea; capsicum, 9c ea; carrots, 10c:1.061 Kg; cauliflower, 70c ea; celery, 40c ea; courgettes, 3.3c ea; garlic, 10c: 130 gms; lettuce, 20c ea; mushrooms, 10c: 40 gms; tomatoes, 10c:77 gms; apples, 4.5c ea; bananas, 13c ea; pears, 12.5c ea; broccoli, ginger root, leeks, spring onions are in season; cucumber, sweetcorn are out of season, kumara, oranges are dear; swede coming in.

ASSESSMENT WORKSHOP

All class reps and other interested students should attend a workshop to be held in the Womens Common Room from 1 pm on Thursday 1 May. Coffee and bikkies will be provided. Assessment is one of the most pressing issues facing students, let's do something about it.

ISABEL ALLENDE

Auckland students have an historic and unique opportunity on Monday May 5 to hear Isabel Allende, daughter and private secretary of the murdered Chilean leader Salvador Allende. This may be the only chance to hear first hand of the events surrounding the bloody overthrow of Chile's last democratic government in 1973.

Hear Isabel Allende at 1 pm on Monday May 5 in the Recreation Centre.

GRADUATION SERVICE, MacLaurin Chapel, Princess St, Wednesday 7 May at 1.10 pm. The preacher will be Professor George Seber, Head of Dept of Mathematics.

THE ARICA INSTITUTE from USA will be holding 3 courses for developing human potential in Auckland, from May 31 - June 8.

The Couple for Evolution - developing relationships.

Psychocalisthenics - complete exercise and breathing programme.

Three Days to Kensho - developing inner awareness.

See main noticeboard for details, or phone Julie Minns 602-678, evenings. 20% student discount available.

PUB THEATRE

Starting Monday 12th May for five weeks, the Globe Tavern will be showing from 7.15 till closing, a programme called "Comedy of Love", which includes excerpts most funny from "Twelfth Night", "Merry Wives of Windsor", "Romeo and Juliet", "Antony and Cleopatra" ... Bawdy, energetic and a hell of a lot of fun! Tickets \$2.50 or students \$1.50.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

This year the staff-student committee would like to see a greater level of interest and feedback from students within the department. There is a questionnaire circulating around classes at all levels and if students would fill these out and return either to the office - Alten Rd or to one of the reps listed below. We would welcome your participation.

Dip Ed Psych: Dirk Flower, 375-168

M.A.: Miles Shepherd, 760-998

Stage III: Heather Adams, 540-898; Christine Smith, 861-649.

Stage II and III: Leone Grove, 541-737.

Stage II: Jan Carroll 868-731

Stage I and II: Clare Aspell 498-866

Stage I: Adrian Faulkner-Braune 699-825; Marilyn Marshall, 298-3201; Carolyn O Mahony, 689-316.

MAIDMENT THEATRE

Friday 2nd May 1 pm: Friday at One: Music for flute quartet by Bozza, Piano by Copland, and Cello by Lalo.

Tuesday 6-10 May, 8 pm "The 1980 Flaw Show" University Capping Revue. The biggest laugh since the invention of hawk. Tickets \$3.50, students \$2.50. Bookings at K. Maidment Theatre Box Office 12 noon - 2 pm or 30-789. Don't miss this great fun show - book now.

LITTLE THEATRE

Wednesday 30 April 1 pm: Movement Theatre presents a free lunchtime concert. Tuesday 6th May to Sunday 11th, 8.15 pm: The Case of Katherine Mansfield, starring Catherine Downes.

Wednesday 7 May, 1 pm, Campus poets, free again.

FLICKS

6 May, 5.00. 'Chinatown' and Fellini's 'Roma', SRC Lounge, licensed refreshments. Admission \$1.

PARENTS' GROUP

A parents' group is forming on campus. This includes anyone with children. Meeting on May 8 at Councelling Lounge. Contacts: Lindsay, 768-516, Margaret, 687-501, Christine, 693-181.

CLASSIFIED

For Sale:

Eastern Sports man's 10-speed racing bike, Suntour derailleurs, new tyres, good condition, \$250.00. Ph Sue 483-588 after 7 pm.

For Sale:

Akai turntable, semi automatic, belt drive, magnetic cartridge, plus 50 watt amplifier excellent condition, \$420 o.n.o. Ph 534-6544. Wanted, please:

Any spare tickets for B.A. graduation ceremony, Fri. May 9, 3.15. Mrs. Pat Ford. Phone Bus 415-9668, Home 435-192.

Bike For Sale:

Girls 3-speed bike, 1 owner, 3 yrs old. \$90. Ph 768-018, ask for Katharine.

Largish Room Wanted:

By former Craccum Technical Editor in usual close-to-town flatting zone. I am 24, male and fully house trained (own Dylan collection) with an obsession for the dramatic arts. Reply to CRACCUM please, phone 30789, ext 67.

Craccum would like to point out that none of the Swingers' songs are taken directly from the Suburban Reptiles repertoire as might possibly have been inferred from last week's article.

CAPPING

This year there are to be four capping ceremonies. Graduands in Law and Commerce will receive their diplomas on Thursday 8th May at 2.15 and in Science, Architecture and Town Planning at 4.15 pm.

On Friday 9th May, Engineering, Fine Arts, Medicine and Human Biology graduands will be capped at 1.15 and Arts at 3.15 pm.

This new arrangement will ease the pressure on space for guests at the Town Hall and also on the availability of academic dress for graduands.

Those graduands who have ordered academic dress from the Auckland Branch of the Federation of University Women will have received a slip of paper confirming their order. It will also indicate which day their gear is to be used and the dates and times when it can be collected and returned. Regalia to be used on Thursday will be issued during the week before Capping and must be returned after the ceremonies on Thursday because it is needed again for the Friday ceremonies.

The receiving depot in Room 102 on the ground floor of the Old Arts Building (Clocktower) will be open until 9 pm on Thursday 8th May. If regalia is not returned by this time not only will the deposit be forfeited but someone else will be unable to be properly robed at Friday ceremonies.

Regalia for Friday's ceremonies will be issued from Room 102 on Friday 9th May from 9 am. and can be returned later that day until 9 pm to the Academic Dress Rooms in the annexe of Old Government House, or during the days following as set out below.

1. Distribution of Regalia for Thursday 8th May will be made from the Annexe, Old Government House on Mon 5th, Tues 6th, Wed 7th May from 11 am - 4.30 pm and on Thursday, Capping Day until 3 pm.

Return to Room 102 Ground Floor, Old Arts Building (Clocktower) after the ceremony on Thursday - open until 9 pm.

As this regalia is required for the ceremonies on Friday it is essential that it is returned during these times.

2. Distribution of Regalia for Friday 9th May will be made from Room 102 Ground Floor, Old Arts Building, (Clocktower) on Friday between 9 am - 3 pm.

Return to the Annexe in Old Government House up till 9 pm on Capping Day, or on Sat 10th or Sun 11th between 2 - 4 pm or on Mon 12th, Tues 13th or Wed 14th between 12.30 pm - 5.30 pm.

Please bring your order form with you to collect your dress.

CRACCUM

CRACCUM Volume 54 Issue 8

Editor	Katherine White
Technical Editor	Paul Barton
Advertising Manager....	Anthony Wright
Assistant Editors	John Carrigan
	Daryl Wilson
Legal Advisor	Don Mathias
Photography	Elizabeth Leyland
Distribution Manager..	Brian Gray
Typesetter	Barbara Amos

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

End of term frolics seem to be approaching awfully fast, or maybe it's the infectious influence of Capping manifesting themselves already. And nobody is mentioning gin, or any other form of stimulation, right? At any rate, the Lonely Hearts Bureau has got nothing on us. So heartfelt thanks must go, first of all, to Mark, and Mandy, Philip, Andrew, Dermot, Daryl, Anthony, Tony, Michael, Rachel, Brian, Tara, Adam, Justin, John, Carol, Randall, Lynn, James, Kevin (for getting his 'Rave' in on time XXX), David, (for his forbearance in the face of existential crisis), Paul, Shiralee, and then Peter (who cruised in from somewhere), and finally, most magnificently and heroically, a jubilee mention for Mattvey W. and Peter O'Connor, who carried the whole load of heartache and sorrow back from Wanganui last week. Aroha, love and kisses (XXX) from Paul and Katrina.

CATERING CO.

Watch this space each week for news of the Students' Association
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IS METHYL BROMIDE REALLY NATURE'S WAY

The dead pigeon as an Art-Political statement: Text by Dermot Cooke. Photo by Elizabeth Leyland.



(ridiculously expensive and needs replacing every few weeks). It is to the credit of the University and the APC that they did not poison the pigeons - as was suggested in last week's letters page.

For the week before Easter the pigeons were treated to 100% pure, no preservatives added, wheat - just to accustom them to eating it. Over Easter weekend the wheat was 'laced' with alphachloralose - a narcotic agent used to bring the pigeons to ground where they can be collected and destroyed: the drugged pigeons are placed in plastic bags and gassed with methyl bromide - the methyl recognised by the RSPCA as being the most humane practicable method available. On the Easter Monday the remaining 'laced' wheat was collected as much as possible and that was it.

While this method is certainly the best possible given the University's financial position, it has its shortcomings which Mike Lawson of APC freely admitted. The wheat can be eaten by birds other than pigeons (eg sparrows or fantails) and while alphachloralose is non-toxic itself, the narcotic-induced state it produces can lead to hyperthermia. As anyone who has capsized in Lake Taupo can tell you, hyperthermia can be fatal. As long as APC's operatives were on the scene they were able to revive these birds, in theory anyway. In practice, birds will fly away from the baited areas before the drug takes effect, in practice the birds will die before anyone gets to them. At least they die happy. Similarly, in practice not all the wheat will be swept up and removed.

In the best of all possible worlds, drugged pigeons will not be run over by cars, drugged pigeons will not die of hyperthermia. In the best of all possible worlds the pigeons wouldn't be a problem anyway. Life's a bitch.

In conclusion, it should be noted that no-one intends to eradicate the pigeon population. The Easter killing was intended only to 'thin down' the numbers and reduce the magnitude of the problems presented by the pigeons. Dave Pullar, (the Registrar, you ignorant sod!) assures me that the University has no plans to repeat the Easter killings in the near future. The population has been sufficiently reduced to bring the problems down to manageable proportions. Nobody enjoyed doing it.

there, and the amount of shit the pigeons throw around up there life's too precious.

Then there are the secondary problems, like the lice. Pubic or otherwise, lice are no joke and it's invariably the poor shat-upon realist who gets bitten half-to-death. If the lice don't worry you what does the thought of a decomposing pigeon do to your appetite? Yes, pigeons do actually die of natural causes, and sometimes they're so inconsiderate as to do it on window ledges. Those with ironcast stomachs can dwell on the olfactory possibilities presented by decomposing pigeons in the Summer months.

As you might now imagine, after your crash course in Reality, complaints about the pigeons - dead and alive - have been coming in with monotonous regularity for a number of years. It was with great reluctance that the Auckland Pest Control people were finally called in after the window cleaners refused to work on the Chemistry building until such steps were taken.

The options open to APC were limited primarily by the cost factor. Education cutbacks and quinquennial grants being what they are, the University could not afford traps (requiring constant monitoring and resetting, to say nothing of what to do with the live pigeons) or repellant

This article has been removed by the printer.

BILLION DOLLAR BUST

Martin Rumsby meets the drug squad - the hard way

One Sunday morning in mid January two uniformed police officers came to my house. They told me that on the previous day the police had searched our section and found 13 cannabis plants,

"13 plants of the dreaded weed, 12 metres from the top of the section" (Their words). I asked them where the plants had been found and if they actually were on our section. Neither of the constables knew and, as yet, I still have not been told where the plants were nor have I seen them.

I explained to the officer that 7 other people besides myself, lived in the house, that I had only moved in a couple of weeks before and had no knowledge of the plants.

The officers said that was O.K. and left; they returned shortly afterwards, however, and asked for my name, 'for routine purposes.'

That was the last I heard about it until a month later, when in mid February, two plain clothes police officers walked into my house at 4 p.m. one Monday - without knocking. They asked if I was Martin Rumsby, to which I replied, 'Yes.' I was then informed that they were detectives from the Drug Squad and that they had a warrant, executed in my name, to search the house. I was shown neither the warrant nor any identification. They then asked me to show them my room.

Outside there were two other police officers, one plain clothes, one uniformed, and a police dog, who had skirted around the back of the house.

In my room I was told in a personable, confidential way that they were only looking for hard drugs and that if I had anything I should tell them. I told them that I had no drugs. My rooms were searched over a period of about half an hour by 3 police officers and their dog.

From the time we went into my room until I arrived at Central Detective Graham stayed with me. He talked to me quite extensively and tried to befriend me - calling me 'Marty.' Periodically Detective Graham would ask me how long I had been 'smoking', where I got my drugs from and other such questions. To all these questions I replied that I was not involved in and had no knowledge whatsoever of the drug scene.

While my room was being searched and I was being questioned by Detective Graham the other police officers searched the rest of the house.

These officers told my flatmates that I was a known dealer of hard drugs and that they were out to get me because I had given the original police officers, 'a hard time.' Both of these accusations are totally untrue.

During the search of my room an art object that I had made which resembled a ten dollar bill was found. Detective Graham

asked me what it was; I told him that it was a conceptual work of art concerned with theories of social perception. I explained very briefly the idea behind the work. Detective Graham seemed satisfied with my explanation and put the bill back down where he had picked it up from.

When the search upstairs was completed one of the plain clothes officers came down and asked Detective Graham if he had found anything. Detective Graham replied that he had not. The other detective then looked around my room, found the art object and asked me what it was. I told him.

I was then taken up to the police car where Detective Graham kept talking to me, trying to exact a confession of drug related crimes.

I was taken to Central, all the time being questioned by the plain clothes officers.

'How had I made the work, did I rip up a ten dollar bill, and had I defaced the Queen's face?' (Which hadn't been defaced.) One of the officers (I think his name is Marshall) then told me that it was one of the most serious crimes possible and he suggested that I had made the work with the intention of placing it within a bundle of ten dollar notes and trying to pass it that way.

Arriving at Central at 4.50 p.m. I was taken up to the Drug Squad offices and told to wait in an interview room. I asked if I could ring my solicitor.

'Not just yet, there's plenty of time for that sort of thing later,' Detective Graham replied.

I left the interview room and walked over to a desk to get a phone book so that I could find my solicitor's telephone number. A detective, the one I call Marshall, asked me what I was doing. I told him that I wished to phone my solicitor.

'Not on our phone you won't!' he said; I told him that I knew my rights, 'You have no rights here, boy,' he replied, moving toward me with enough menace for me to return quickly to the interview room and sit quietly looking at the car roof rack lying against the wall and the thickly padded police baton hanging from the door handle of the office opposite, wondering about their relevance to police interviewing techniques.

Detective Graham returned with the relevant crimes act and told me that I was liable for a seven year jail term for being in possession of a forged bank note. The interview then resumed; sometimes I was alone with Detective Graham and at other times another officer came in and asked, in a fairly heavy way, if Graham needed, 'any help?'

Detective Graham said that he did not and the interview proceeded with Graham asking me in a gentle way about my

involvement with the drug scene. At times he would lose his temper and say that I was being unco-operative and trying to play the game my way. I continued either not to answer or to keep telling him that I was in no way involved in, and had no knowledge of the drug scene.

During the course of the interview Detective Graham reminded me that I was liable to a 7 year jail term for being in possession of a forged banknote, but that if I admitted to certain drug related crimes I would 'only' get 5 years.

I replied that I couldn't admit to what I hadn't done and suggested that he arrest me for the banknote - which he then did.

I was arrested and then permitted to ring my solicitor at approximately 5.30 pm. I was advised by Rhys Harrison to say nothing and I informed Detective Graham of this. Graham, however, kept asking me the same questions, writing down in his notebook his questions and my answers. Where he misrepresented my answers I corrected him although he appeared not to correct his notebook. At other times instead of answering his questions directly, I replied, 'mmm' to which he filled in yes or no as he chose. After this period of questioning I was taken down to the cells by Detective Graham, who suggested one last time that I was being a little foolish and would only get 3 months for cannabis instead of 7 years for a forged banknote. I made no reply. At this stage Detective Graham apologised for arresting me; I was then searched, photographed, fingerprinted and locked up with 3 other people, including an extremely sexually aggressive drunk.

Dinner at Central was mincemeat, mashed potatoes, carrot and raspberry cordial - not very good for a vegetarian.

At about 7.30 p.m. I was released on 500 dollars bail.

Martin Rumsby



Trivia still rules the lives of the average Kiwi, if what goes for criminal proceedings at the district court (the magistrate's court for those of you who haven't been invited along for a while) is any indication. Martyn Rumsby, defender of the right of an artist to call his work art, was to appear at 10.00 am in the number seven court. The case was transferred to the Children's Court and was not heard until 12.35 pm when the whole thing, months of preparation on both sides, culminated in ten puerile minutes of court time that for what it meant to the proverbial man in the street was a waste of time, effort, and money. But all was not in vain, a lot can happen in just ten minutes....

It took just ten minutes to define art, ten minutes of pure rhetoric, ten minutes to exonerate Martin Rumsby. But that ten minutes meant more than centuries of debate by scholars, popes, beggars, strippers, arsonists, architects, critics, and most of all artists themselves on the definition of a work of art than will the participants of that strange oral battle, ever fully realise. For it took just ten minutes to call one of the worst forgeries of a ten dollar bill an object of art.

In a time when government decrees its definition of culture, we still have the grand lady of Justice to save for us the abstract of art. The eternal hope of art. For art is the abstraction of ourselves, the essence of the human genius to re-create the most tangible and most untouchable of the sensual experience.

The court system has given us a definition and a precedent. A forgery is a piece of art (crims take note) and art is what you can call it. So by the same token - is this issue of CRACCUM a piece of poetry and subject to poetic license.....?

Philip Bishop



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**MURDER IN
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The martyrdom of Thomas Beckett

UNIVERSITY GAY LIBERATION

COMING DANCES

8 pm Saturday 31st May

8 pm Saturday 28th June

Functions Room, Student Union

BURGER BLAST

Two weeks ago Central Queen Street was turned into a Belfast as conceived by a French farce playwright or a surrealist painter but for a realist it was as interesting as total boredom can be. For someone however, it was a masterful stroke that meant for many 'shiny nylon jacket and jeans' covered bodies, Uncles would have to be the place that particular Friday night to acquire a taste of American commercial junkfood. Definitely more important was that it meant no business an establishment whose unique 'taste' has been a real talking point around the University.

However, another possible reason for this 'bomb-scare' was the rather untimely death of the creator of 'Ronald McDonald' and that Friday 18th was 'plant a bomb with an order of fillet 'o' fish and you get a small coke FREE.'

Whether it was a commercial success or a ballistics failure is neither here nor there. What it did mean was that the ordinary man on the street could be ordered out of picture theatres and shops and congregate behind rope barriers. What a night for social intercourse!, ranging from the missionary 'hello, I heard there's a bomb-scare' to the more demanding 69 'bullshit' which for one young man with '200 New Zealand Paintings' in hand meant an immediate response of 'you're under

arrest!'. However he wasn't the only person escorted away by young constables or had it suggested it to them that they leave.

The police Operations Chief told me that the public were very co-operative, yet for the 100 or so members of Alcoholics Anonymous, who were having a brown bag conference around the cordoned circumference, what they wanted was co-operation from the 'other side of the fence'.

The whole affair had a lovely community air about it and it has already been suggested that because of the success of that Friday night it should be turned into an annual event, possibly. 'The Annual Radio B Fun bomb-scare.'

People from all funny walks of life had congregated, from a crowd who had gathered in Lorne St. and led the cheering when the explosion was heard, to the Police Commissioner who told me that 'he was up from Wellington, and had come for a look.'

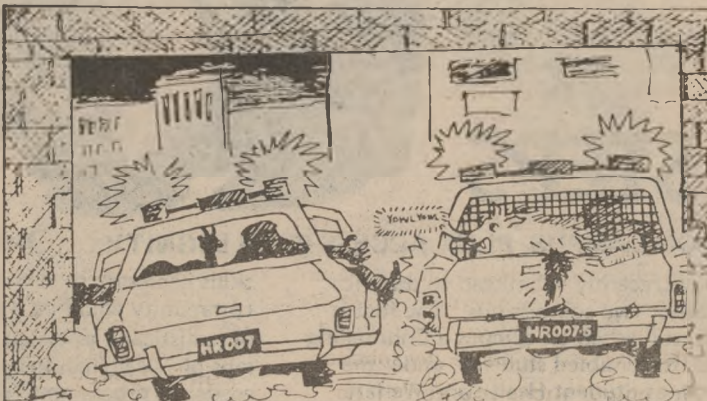
From 8.20 when the call initially came through to both the 'restaurant' and the police to about eleven o'clock when the last barrier was removed, Queen St. central was empty save the hundreds of police and firemen, reporters and about a dozen appliances. The city itself was however cluttered; people were cluttered against

rope barriers, cars cluttered the side-streets and pointsmen's minds, officialdom cluttered appliances, press cluttered where there was a mouth full of information, and two dozen sandbags cluttered 8 sticks of highly explosive wood.

Though the wooden ballistics genius did nothing more than cry wolf, it was a very expensive evening for all concerned. This incident has caused many hairy eyeballs to look in the direction of the University, so it could be wise to inspect your Big Macs for some sort of bugging device or some 'digestible' security device. When I asked the managers of McDonalds 'Why McDonalds?' they said they couldn't comment but they did add that it was probably 'JUST RANDOM'.

Therefore this whole messy misfire of a detonator, timer and wooden sticks 'randomly' left in the doorway of McDonalds meant that Friday night had the Police left with no real leads, the public with no real explosion, McDonalds and other commercial enterprises with no real huge profit margins, the press with no real story but the drunks were left with something real to moan about.

Paul Grinder



SO WHAT?

Mr Muldoon's lively schedule last week included a bureaucratic act of national importance - opening a fashion fair and speaking at the Vacation Hotel - is this for a new sort of National Development Bill? (11/4)

The international integrity of newsmen has been attacked with a CIA statement that they use supposedly unbiased reports to extract foreign information by their easy access anywhere in the world. (11/4)

Pat Bartlett can't get out of her habit. The SPCS bravoed Merv's rejection of the

Johnson Committee's report in regard to increased sex education. This sort of activity on her part is more typical ego-wanking! Interesting to note that this follows a recent epidemic of VD in Northland, caused due to the fact that they have had virtually no sex education programmes up there. Bravo Pat and Merv. (10/4).

Pope John Paul claimed before 30,000 in Turin that 'Man possesses within himself a gigantic potential for death,' and all were awed - odd, an almost identical thing was said in the first sitting of the U.N. in June 1945, and by the League of Nations in June 1919, 61 years ago.

The Auckland Star's connections with

the NZ Women's Weekly is showing - too many bits about which royalty kissed which maid.

Airline meets PM over 747s - he'd be safer inside them!

There seem to be a lot of countries threatening to cut ties with Tom, Dick and Abdul. Isn't it about time someone realised these threats before we all appear to be paper tigers.

Bad news from the Golden Triangle; due to most unfortunate seasons, this year's harvest is expected to be a mere 170 tons, 1/3 the normal year's growth. More poppies were planted, but alas, plants are small, so save all those old roaches.

The New Zealand Dairy Board is acting childish again. Complaining about an article published by the Press Council, which was somewhat incorrect. But the big babies wouldn't accept the Council's apologies and offer of a correcting article. When will baby grow up?

What's more, a Govt. Caucus Committee has brought back a decision that it does not support the sale of milk in cartons. Thanks to students who last year made submissions to the committee concerning this; it's not often we see results; hopefully this may herald a new, clearer form of thinking by the Govt.

Gill says he'll accept the position of Ambassador to Washington if he's asked - but he hasn't been, and says he doesn't expect to be - so why was he asked in the first place? Answer: inflation - of the ego.

ON THE TOWN

28/4 - 9/5. Outreach. Abstract/ mystic painting by Adrian Reading and Pat Grant.

-9/5 Denis Cohn Gallery (3 Darby St, "Maddox: A Survey 1975 - 1980"

-30/4 Gallery 2 (460 Queen St)

"Earth, Sea and Sky" - recent paintings and drawings by Elizabeth Grierson.

-4/5 Centennial Theatre (Auckland Grammar School) Perkel Productions presents Verdi's "La Traviata."

New Independent Theatre (Upper Queen St) Simon Gray's "Molly" directed by Audrey Brown, Nightly Weds to Suns.

-4/5 St. Mary's Cathedral (Parnell)

The University Choral Society, University Chamber Orchestra, and the University Singers in a concert of Parry, Vivaldi and other items. 2.00pm, admission \$3 with concessions.

10/5 The Auckland Youth Orchestra gives a concert of Borodin, Lalo, Elgar and Beethoven at Manukau City Centre, Whispers (Airedale St) She's here in person in her first NZ appearance - "Madam Lash" - Melbourne's most wicked stripper. Non-stop 8.30pm to 2.00am.

2/5. Mercury Theatre (France St)

Roger Hall's "Prisoners of Mother England". Also, at Mercury II from 5/5 Joe Mustapha's "Mothers and Fathers"

-10/5 Theatre Corporate (Galatos)

Harold Pinter's "Betrayal", Also at St.

Mary's Cathedral till 3/5, T.S. Eliot's

"Murder In The Cathedral" directed by Raymond Hawthorne.

-30/4 Auckland Public Library (Lorne St) "The Gold Seekers" - a pictorial survey of the Coromandel fields of a century ago.

-25/5 Auckland City Art Gallery. Two exhibitions of NZ art, drawn from the permanent collection. "New Zealand of the 1970's" and "New Zealand Portraits 1887 - 1978."

5 - 16/5 Auckland Society of Arts. (Eden Cres) Mmembers' Oils, Acrylics and Sculpture Exhibition.

30/4 Unity Theatre (Q.St) Film Soc. presents Orson Welles' "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942) The University Film Society (HSB II) presents "The Earth Sings"/"The Great Adventure" on May 1, "A Handful of Rice"/"The Eight" o

on May 2.

4 - 10/5 Alicat Gallery (52 Jervois Rd) Sally Vinson - an exhibition of her work.

-16/5 Real Pictures Gallery (3rd Floor, His Majesty's) Kolorplaten - a group show using the Xerox colour copier.

-9/5 Outreach (Ponsonby Rd) Abstract/mystic painting by Adrian Reading and Pat Grant.

I see that the Dominion reporters got a 'special welcome' from old Rob when they were readmitted to the galleries of Parliament. What was that 'special welcome' that Brutus said?

That beloved "Earl de Thorside" has graced us with allowing a certain act to be committed on an Auckland landmark.

Sunrise (6.30 am, unofficially) saw the creation of Two-Tree-Hill; but does it have the same ring?

Michael Parker, author of a book in favour of the SIS and its fiendish Act and Acts, is prosecuting the Social Action League because poor little Michael didn't like the SAL's criticism, couldn't hack the fact that nobody loves him. And rightly so; virtually no critic said anything decent about it; in fact the SAL's comments were water compared to some of the criticisms made; so why did Michael (who probably hopes to be knighted for the first pro-government statement made in decades) pick on the least financially secure media? For that very fact! All kids in a tantrum pick on the most vulnerable person to bully. Dairy Board's not the only one who has to grow up. Obviously Mickey doesn't believe in the freedom of the press - he probably thinks some commy thought up that idea.

Daryl Wilson

ENERGY WEEK FEATURE

"B.L.E.V.E."

(Boiling Liquid Expanding Vapour Explosion)

HAZARDS OF L.P.G.

WITH GUEST SPEAKERS APPEARING

B10 7.30 pm WEDNESDAY 30th APRIL

ANOTHER ENVIRONMENT GROUP FEATURE

KATRINA'S HANDY HINTS



The question of dress is an important matter at a Drawing Room. Only full dress (low bodice and short sleeves) is admissible, and those ladies who from ill-health are compelled to wear high dresses are required to obtain permission from the Lord Chamberlain's office, when a special authorisation will be given. A Court train is also *de rigueur*, and should be from three to four yards long, according to the height of the wearer. Since hand-kissing fell into desuetude, the right hand is not ungloved. The other imperative portions of a Court costume are the plume and lappets. The white plume (of three feathers for a married lady and of two feathers for an unmarried one) is correct, and may be arranged according to taste: it is generally arranged on the left side, and the lappets on the right.

TOO MANY STEPS

EQUALITY FOR DISABLED STUDENTS ON CAMPUS, PLUS ACCESS WITH DIGNITY.

Let me introduce myself to you. My name is Marie Bicheno and I am a partially disabled, full time student, studying towards my BA in Sociology and Educational Psychology. My particular disability due to paralysis of the right leg makes walking any distance and climbing the numerous stairs around campus a painful experience.

I am concerned that the Disabled student on campus ought to have equality with the able-bodied student, and for those with physical handicaps that they be given access to their lecture halls and tutorial rooms with dignity.

I am including under the term "disabled" those who suffer from Paraplegic and tetraplegic disabilities; Orthopaedic deformities, eg. spinal - loss of limbs, Asthmatics and Cystic Fibrosis, Deafness, Blindness, Epileptic and Diabetic conditions and Diseases of the Nervous System.

I have recently submitted to the Vice Chancellor two submissions. The first is to see established on campus a Counselling Service for disabled students, under the auspices of Student Health and Welfare Services.

The need to do this was created by my awareness of at least two students, both with different disabilities, dropping out of varsity life because of continuous coping problems, and the difficulties of mobility combined with academic pressure. Their names will remain anonymous, but suffice to say that there probably are other "disabled" students who have given up in the past because the frustrations and pressures were too great.

I believe that if such a service were provided, staffed by an accredited disabled person acting as counsellor in liaison with the existing welfare and counselling services, daily management problems, such as being shown the coping strategies and

skills necessary to survive in an able-bodied community could be worked out. The task of realistically assessing their own limitations physically could be balanced with the academic programme to ensure that both physical and emotional strengths are wisely utilised. The scope of such a counselling service would also be adaptable to advising in such problems as sexuality, skills in developing sound human relationships, and support and encouragement in this individual adjustment process.

My second submission to the Vice Chancellor is for Alterations and Access on the Main Campus for the disabled. I have requested that the University Works Committee do a survey to determine further areas of improvement not mentioned in the submission itself.

It is my concern to see established on campus in each large building a room with (a) privacy, (b) a bed to lie down on, (c) a hot point, with close access to toilet facilities for disabled students' use. This would allow rest periods and assist with coping with daily maintenance programmes. Secondly I have requested the installation of handrails at:

- (a) The entrance to the Old Arts Building
- (b) The entrance to the Registry.
- (c) The steps from Old Arts to the Lower Lecture Theatre.

(d) The steps from Old Arts to Student Health.

(e) The steps from the library to the Post Office and Student Health Centre.

Another request is that a survey be done in the library to establish the space required between the rows of books for wheelchair mobility.

These submissions are only touching the surface of some of the facilities a disabled student requires. To substantiate the credibility of my claims it is imperative that all disabled students on campus respond to the survey being done through Craccum so that Council has some figures to work on, in assessing and catering for the existing needs of the disabled at present at university.

If you know of a part-time student who may not normally receive Craccum would you please pass the message on.

It is essential that those of us who are disabled work toward our rights and the better provision of facilities on a campus designed to cater for able bodied students.

It is necessary then, that all disabled students come forth and identify themselves in response to the survey.

Your name and specific needs will be kept confidential. Please write either c/- Craccum, Students' Association, or to me at 2/32 Rockfield Rd, Auckland 6.

Marie Bicheno

PIC OF THE WEEK



Focused at the UniFems Social: Terry the Custodian, Debbie Smith, Birgitta Noble, Debbie Rundle, Dianne X, Erica Week, Ross Tweedie, and Jennie in the background.



**GRADUATION
PORTRAITS
BY**



STAR

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FREE SITTINGS

I once read that most writers and artists of international fame are over 35 years of age. For Johnny Yen too, inspiration seems to have come with experience. Now over thirty, (he was born on Christmas day 1949) Johnny Yen is no spring chicken but by the same token has no ageing rocker either. As he explained to us it just took him 14 years of slogging through the local music business before he found his 'direction'. His new E.P. is vinyl proof of that. Called 'Stagestruck' it has been advertised on practically every wall in the city, arousing general interest and inspired us to go Yen's Grey Lynn abode and ask him exactly who or what he is.

Q. Who or what are you?

A. Johnny Yen

Q. Is that your real name?

A. No my real name is John Drinkwater, Yen's just a pseudonym which came along and I felt very comfortable with it.

Q. How's the E.P. been selling?

A. Slowly but consistently, I'm not expecting anything, I'm just going to sit and watch it. (like T.V.)

Q. What was the idea behind putting out an E.P., it's a very international idea, most artists seem to do a single and go on from there?

A. I approached W.E.A. with my demo tapes and they said to do some more, wanting to see what I was about. So we just kept doing demo tapes for a few months until we got the tracks together. We just wanted to get something down on vinyl. I wasn't in the exposure type bracket where I was due for an album, and at the same time we didn't want to put out just another single so we thought, crazy, well put out an E.P. It is the first E.P. W.E.A. had done. It took a while to work out how to do everything. It's not just like four tracks off an album, there's a great deal more planning.

Q. What about the sound itself. Did you sit down and think we'll do an 80's sort of sound with synthesizers?

A. Well, that's where I think music's going. You get people like Gary Numan. It's all real young. It's only been in the past year that people have been getting into keyboards more, it's more electronic, more computer type music. Computers and electronics are getting so precise.

Q. Are you going to take the E.P. to Australia?

A. Yes, we haven't got Australian release at the moment but W.E.A. is hopeful.

Q. Is this totally a recording venture? Have you any intentions of live work?

A. The live work will come. For the past two years I've been writing. Before that I was working in bands, show bands club bands, and working all the pubs and clubs for years. But you get to sort of a state when you wonder what's going on. For fourteen years I've been a professional musician, so I'm going to Australia because I know what the scenes like there. The problem in Auckland is there's a new wave punk bracket, and if you aren't in that you find it very hard to make people listen. There's not the population to have lots of different sounds about. For a band to make a living they have to cater for the current trends. I've got into it the other way around. I've got video coming up, a new show. But I never want to do pubs again, and the show's too big to do in a pub anyway.

Q. Was the EP self-financed?

A. Yes but not through WEA. I had it privately financed.

Q. Who did the cover?

A. A guy called Malcolm Whitten. He's the art director and will be in charge of all stage presentations.

Q. Are you into the theatrical aspects? For example the harlequin on the cover of the E.P.?

A. It's music sure but we're right into common entertainment.

Q. So it's an early Split Enz style show you aiming for?

A. That sort of feel but not that style.

Q. What about the show itself?

A. We're going to Australia to get the show together and then bring it back. As for calling myself an Australian is concerned, all I can say is I'm a New Zealander, I live here, it's my country as much as any other New Zealander. We've got costumes coming up that are brilliant. We've even got All Black costumes with a twist in them. That's keeping it Kiwi.

'YEN CRACCED'



Barbra Streisand? Jonny Yen?

Q. Do you find living as a musician, financially constricting?

A. For the last two years I've never been so financially low in all my life but I've never been so musically high either. I've worked harder in the last two years than I've ever worked before. I didn't know that this sort of work existed and I think jeez, I've only just started.

When I was with a rock band I was touring New Zealand nine months of the year, and the money was good in the late seventies. Now I sell things to keep going but no way will I get back into a pub band again.

Q. So you're not in it for the money?

A. No I'm not interested in the money until I'm doing my third album, and then I start thinking about what's happening. A million dollars, that's money to me. I'm not going to make all my money next week. I've got five years of fucking hard work ahead of me.

Q. Who's doing the show with you?

A. I've got Malcolm Whitten who did the cover, another lady who does the secretarial and handles the business side, a guy over in Australia, Richard who's handling the gear. It's only the four of us at the moment and it took two years to find that group and it's unfortunately not on the music side. I've made great headway with my covers and my art and my stage but I haven't got a bloody band yet. I'll start looking for one when I hit Australia.

Q. Are you going to advertise?

A. Well I'll get a band over there, I would take a band from over here, except it would take eighteen months to get it together. Actually the Star misquoted me saying that the musicians here aren't good enough. It's just that the musicians I've met in the last few months have been in two categories. Older musos who want to settle down and do clubs and younger ones who just want to go out and get stoned and get a band together.

Q. What do you think of Taupo?

A. Well I took some time off, went to Taupo and stayed on my boat for about a month and sorted everything out. Then we got it together, started writing and it hasn't stopped coming. Now I'm writing all the time, four hours today, and I'm recording and rehearsing too.

Q. What's this next recording for, an E.P. again?

A. No an album. It's logically the step up. It's gonna come.

Q. How much material have you got together?

A. About forty to fifty numbers now - arrangements, lyrics, everything.

Q. Are they along similar lines as 'Stagestruck'?

A. Well, that album was done a year ago so it's taken a whole year to get to vinyl.

Q. Do you think you could have done this five years ago? Has the music industry changed in its attitude towards local artists?

A. I don't really know. I wasn't like that five years ago. I suppose it's a lot better now, all that's happened in the last 18 months, all go harking back to the big nudge Johnny Rotten gave to music. Music was getting stale and lazy. What I would have done five years ago I don't know but this vinyl proves I exist and I can't be taken away

Q. Do you admit to any influences?

A. No. It's all my experiences. I like to listen to all music, Lou Reed is a favourite I like to listen to privately. Ever since 66 it's been Lou Reed but my music reflects no hint of the Lou Reed sound. I listen to Rod Stewart, Meatloaf, Boney M, Devo, a lot of Abba - all sorts of things, just different sounds, productions etc. You've got to go overseas.

Q. What's your connection with Aellian Blade - the E.P.s credits featured several musicians from this band?

A. Rob (Chamberlain) and I had work-

ed for years and years in bands - he's the only guy I can trust with my music. Anything I do he has some hand in and vice-versa.

Q. What about local bands, like any in particular?

A. Yeah I like The Swingers, the more times I see them, the more they get it together.

Q. Do you think it's the audience, fed what the companies want to give them, that cuts out any innovations that the artist comes up with?

A. I still believe it's a population thing, I mean Three million people isn't going to make a dent anywhere. To get successful you have to go along with the main flow like the Jon Stevens-Sharon O'Neill thing. The whole country was ready for another John Rowles thing - part Maori, looks right, the perfect New Zealander - which he is - that's what they like and they love it. That's the pace of N.Z. that appeals to granny and the young kids. But if you're a specialist and start to get personal people aren't on your vein, it just stops, they can't handle it.

Q. But are you a specialist?

A. Yes I am, I specialise in my own music, I specialise in my own sound, it's not a copy of anything. All the stuff you hear now still has the old Johnny Rotten vocals - I mean the 'Specials', they're brilliant but they've still got an old sound.

Q. How do you see success in your music. Is going after one going to be the sacrifice of the other?

A. I used to dream of doing what I'm doing now and now I'm dreaming of more. I don't think you can ever sit down and say, 'I've done it'.

Q. Are you going to be worried if you don't achieve this mass audience acceptance?

A. Well no, the superstar thing is gone. There won't be any more Bowies, Rod Stewarts, Beatles - not in that mass thing. I see success as going to Melbourne, getting a show together. I know how good it is because it's finished in my head now and it'll go down. It's just going to have to be pushed and pushed and whatever happens, wherever it takes us, I'm prepared for anything. If I feel good about it, then it's right. I don't plan to play for 400,000 people in something or other bowl but if that happens - well crazy.

Q. But as an artist, do you produce a sound for a level of success or a sound for some personal satisfaction?

A. Here you go back to money. I need a lot of money to create what I want, so I'm after as much money as I can get.

Q. By the sound of it, you've maintained a control over what you do. Have you a manager that makes sure all runs smoothly?

A. We have no manager but we'll get one when we find someone who can manage better than we are at the moment. If someone can come up and say, I believe in you and I can do this' then we'll work together. It's a personal thing.

Q. What about the image you pushed on Stagestruck, that Harlequin aspect?

A. That was just for the record. The next ones going to be totally different.

Q. What instrument were you playing in your early bands - piano?

A. No I played drums for years and years, doing all the top 40 stuff. Then I went into showbands and played with Johnny Devlin for a year, played with people like Alison Durban and Lee Grant. And I played in Australia for 12 months doing a similar sort of thing.

Q. Have you ever appeared as a solo performer before?

A. Yes, my first concert as Johnny Yen was a year ago at the Town Hall - a double bill with Aellian Blade. My set was 20 minutes long during which I performed 5 songs, each with a different set. The 450 strong audience apparently loved it. Because I didn't have a band at that stage, I mimed the whole show to pre recorded music and the audience all thought I had a band concealed behind the curtains. The concert took five to six thousand dollars to put on and it had an amazing light show. It was only a shame that only 450 people turned up. It was for the simple reason that it was two new local acts which nobody had heard of.

In retrospect we found Jonny Yen

Crazy

Antoniou Papaspiropoulos
Michael Lamb

CAPPING

CAPPING IS BACK !

Once more, a feast of fun and entertainment. This year's Capping contains all the old favourites, so forget about terms and other mundane things and get into Capping. There should be something for everyone, but remember, the emphasis of Capping is in participation, so get involved and do something over Capping (even if it's only kidnapping your grandmother for the Unusual Object) !

Come back Capping, all is forgiven !!

CAPPING STUNTS

This year the Auckland Public is going to be hit with capping stunts like never before. We have a few good ideas, but we need more. If you have a stunt idea in mind, bring it along and we'll do our best to see it gets done. If you already have a group of people and stunts worked out, come and register your stunt, so that Studass knows just what is happening. The Police tend to lay responsibility at our door anyway, but this year we intend to beat them to the punch so to speak. So, for your own safety, at least, please register your stunts by Friday May 2 with Darryl Carey at Studass.

Outrageous stunts are the basis of this year's fund-raising campaign for AUSREF (our Refugee Action Fund) and we desperately need some fast, crazy, people to carry out stunts designed to raise money and publicise the fund as much as possible. This will generally involve kidnappings, collecting tolls, and selling things back to their owners. If this sounds like you, then we need you now - with help or just ideas. See Darryl Carey at Studass.

Get involved ! Capping's back in town.

BICYCLE RIDE

After getting off to a bad start in '79, when the bicycle ride closed with the infamous Haka Party Forum, the newer, bigger, better 1980 ride is on, leaving Alfred Street at 11am on Tuesday 6th of May, and going, via a tortuous and yet to be decided route to Okahu Bay to view the finish of the raft race, and sometime thereafter returning to the University. Just one thing for you nice young trendies to show off your new Morrisons.

THE TERMINAL DANCE

HAD a guts full ? Feel like you want to end it all ? Then this is the dance for you. It's the last one before the end of term and signals the start of Capping. Watch the Capping posters for details.

Finish your first term with a bang.

ANTI-GRAD BALL

Now entering its 5th star-studded year. Previously blessed by the presence of such luminaries are Pope John Paul I, the Marquis de Sade, Spiderman, David Merritt, Bambi, and countless others, we expect this year's Anti-Grad Ball to be the best ever. With a little imagination this could rival the President's Inauguration.

Come as anything you like, even yourself.

RAFT RACE 1980

The Great 1980 Raft Race is all organised (I hope). This year's race is on **TUESDAY 6TH MAY**. It goes from Devonport across to Okahu Bay. The race starts at 10.30 am and with any luck all the rafts will have finished before the tide turns and you get swept over to South America. Spectators are welcome (feel free to save any drowning rafts). Entry forms can be picked up from Studass. These contain all information you need.

BIKE RIDE (as in MOTORCYCLES)

This year's bike ride is bigger and brighter (ho hum) than last year's. Hopefully I won't get a bad dose of tickets this time around. The idea is to watch the start of the raft race on Tuesday May 6, at Devonport and then see if we can beat the rafts back to Okahu Bay. The ride will start from Alfred St at 9.30 am and then take an incredibly complicated route over to Devonport to see the raft race start at 10.30 am. There will be people who know where they are going so follow them. And PULEAZE only park by the roadside and not on anybody's pieces of England. (i.e. keep off the grass.)

If you're all that interested in what direction the ride is going have a look on the motorcycle club noticeboard at the pages of instructions. Otherwise follow the leader.

PUBCRAWL

What Pub Crawl ? It definitely will not start anywhere around 2.00 on Wednesday afternoon, whatever happens !

UNUSUAL OBJECTS

For all the raving kleptomaniacs - here is the chance to go wild. On Tuesday lunch-time, (probably after the raft race) we'll be holding the Unusual Object Competition in the Quad. Prizes will be given in the following categories.

Best Inanimate Object (ie not live)

Best Animate Object (ie live)

Best-Known Object (live or not live)

Most Daringly Apprehended Object.

The bigger, the better known, the most unusual the better. But please, no DC 10's.

CHILDRENS PARTY

One of the more beneficial events of Capping, the Children's Party provides an afternoon of fun and entertainment for underprivileged kiddies. Anyone that wants to help with this, please see David Rose at Studass. This is being held on Saturday May 3rd.

DRINK THE PUB DRY

A free shuttle bus service will be taking students from the Coffee Bar, Alfred St, to an undisclosed Public House. This year the event will be held on Monday May 5. The bus will be leaving at ten minutes past the hour from 12 midday to 7 pm, and any other time there are untold people wanting a lift.

MASOCHISTS MOVIES AND BUBBLY BREKKY

Something to keep you late-night freaks awake and clutching your knees. A selection of movies, not previously shown on campus (at least in the last three years). Followed by an early morning bubbly breakfast for those of you who have lasted the distance.



CAPPING REVUE

Blue Elephant and the Puss Pony Company presents 'The 1980 Flaw Show'. Reaction to this show has been mixed. 'I was carried away' *Tehran Gazette* 'Shocking and revolting ... this show reveals everything. I loved it..' *Oamaru Times* 'The camels were lovely..' *Waitemata Daily* But don't take the censors word for it, come and see the show yourself.

1980 FLAW SHOW
UNIVERSITY CAPPING REVUE
KENNETH MAIDMENT THEATRE

6 - 10 MAY 8 pm.

Bookings: Maidment Box Office
Open from 28th April
12.00 - 2.00
or phone 30-789
Tickets \$2.50
Public \$3.50

This Will Be It:

Friday May 2	Grad Bar Grovel	12.00 - 2 pm	Old Grad Bar
	The Terminal Dance	8.30 - 1 am	Cafe
Saturday May 3	Children's Party	10.00 - 4 pm	Cafe
Monday May 5	Isobel Allende	1 - 2 pm	Rec Centre
	Drink The Pub Dry	12.00 - ?	Secret Venue
Tuesday May 6	Raft Race	10.30	Devonport Wharf
	Bike Ride		Princes Street
	Bicycle Ride	11.00 pm	Alfred Street
	Unusual Objects	1.00 pm	Quad
	Competition		
	Radio B Rage	8.00 pm	Cafe
	Capping Revue	8.00 pm	Maidment
Wednesday May 7	Rudman Concert	12.30	Rudman Gardens
	What Pub Crawl?	2.00	Nowhere in particular
	Anti-Grad Ball	9.00	Cafe
	Masochists Movies	1.00 am	Rudman Gardens
	Capping Revue	8.00 pm	Maidment
Thursday May 8	Champaigne Brekky	early	Quad
	Capping Ceremony	1.15	Town Hall
	Graduation Ball	8.00 pm	Trillos
	Capping Revue	8.00 pm	Maidment
Friday May 9	Capping Ceremony	12.15 pm	Town Hall
	Graduation Ball	8.00 pm	Mandalay
	Capping Revue	8.00 pm	Maidment
Saturday May 10	Capping Revue	8.00 pm	Maidment

GRADUATION PHOTOGRAPHS

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ONE YEAR AFTER THE BURIAL

The shocked egos and eleven arrests of May 1st 1979 were not the end of the Haka Party incident. Nor was the brief week of autopsy that followed on campus. Repercussions have surfaced again in recent weeks with the release of a Human Rights publication designed to resurrect the debate.

It appeared last May that the confusion and incomprehension that was uncovered when the layers of indifference were hacked through were too much for most, and the wound was rapidly sewn up.

Just as the Haka Party incident was a graphic instance of the racial disharmony that approaches violent polarisation in New Zealand today, so the student reaction illustrated an inability to come to terms with the issue. Yet the response on campus was a hundred times more hopeful than that drawn from the public. Misguided by the press, unable to appreciate the whole context of the event, what chance did they have of realising its significance?

In July, at the time of the court appearances of the He Taua defendants, there was a swell of publicity and support, but no new discussion. He Taua, themselves, point to no significant progress made. (see associated Statement)

Can we hope that this will come with the release of 'Racial Harmony in New

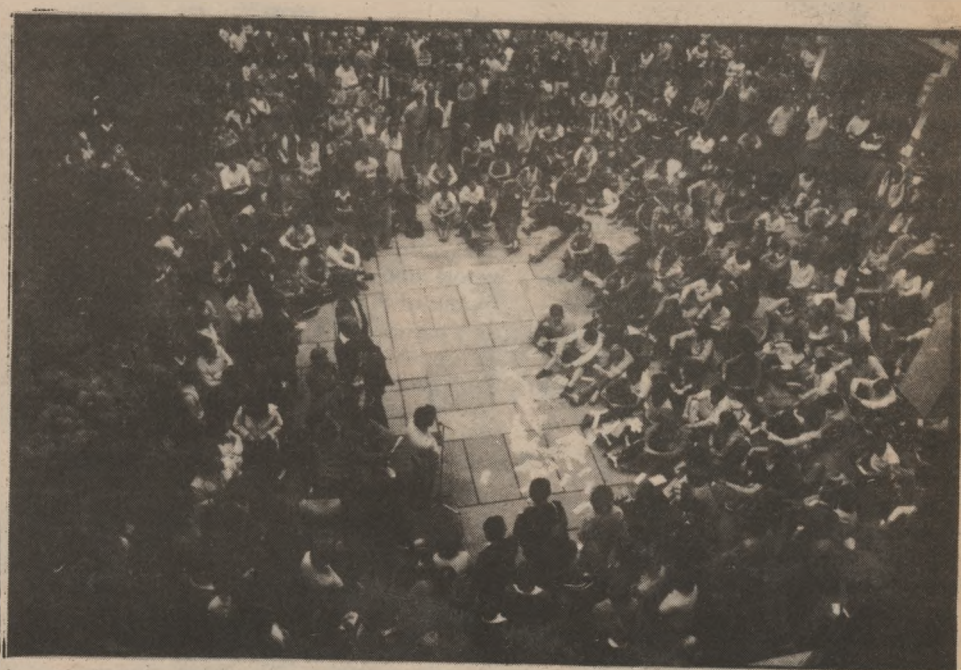
Zealand - A Statement of Issues'? This is a Human Rights Commission publication edited by Alan Blackburn of the Human Rights Commission staff in Wellington. It is a compilation of extracts from submissions made by 306 people concerning racial (dis)harmony in New Zealand. And it is available free from the Race Relations Office in K Rd.

Alan Blackburn has edited the submissions to present two opposing views. This dichotomy is misleading. The submissions cover every shade of fatuity and profundity on the spectrum, but the purpose of the statement is to provoke public comment and, dare we hope, discussion. Further submissions are invited towards a more substantial report in the future.

It is too late to reach a consensus on the Haka Party incident. It was surely never possible. Consider these two opinions from the Commission's statement of submissions:

'The Haka Party was a cowardly act by a gang of thugs whose minds have been eroded by stirrers and 'do gooders' who try to tell them they are being discriminated against.'

'Incidents such as the 'Haka Party' affair occur because of insensitivity or ignorance on the part of members of the majority culture and sensitivity to real or



Brian Brennan
imagined sights on the part of members of the minority culture.'

But the key issues remain. How we engage these will determine how the Haka Party incident is remembered, if we have the sense to remember it at all.

Alan Blackburn presents the two views that summarise the submissions thus:

'View One is based on the central theme that New Zealand is a monocultural society - that we are 'all New Zealanders' and should share a standard New Zealand culture. This view calls for the assimilation and integration of cultures. Racial disharmony is caused by the non-adaptation of minority groups into the majority European New Zealand culture.

The alternative view emphasises that New Zealand is a society of diverse cultural groups. We are not 'all New Zealanders' in terms of having one culture. Racial disharmony is caused by the lack of acceptance by the Pakeha majority of minority Polynesian cultural practices. Cultural differences should not only be accepted but actively promoted to bring about greater understanding and well being to New Zealand society.'

Well now, these seem reasonable statements representing two conceivable positions. In the name of harmony and prosperity let the debate begin

But wait, consider these extracts:

'The Maoris must be made to understand that good things in white man's culture cannot be got without sacrifices. If they want white man's standards of living they must join in the rat race on the white man's terms.'

'The Maori culture is a simple tribal illiterate culture white man got out of tribalism thousands of years ago. Maori culture can offer nothing but some carv-

ings and some legends, the pre-European Maori music knew only 3 or 4 musical notes The Maoris and white do-gooders must realise the plain fact of life that the bread and butter for Maoris lies with the white man and not on the marae.'

Try arguing with those! And these are people concerned enough to make submissions to a Commission!

Neither side is free of dogmatism. He Taua's statement, although not in the same category as the comments above, is an example of what opinion in this country is being driven to.

Last May we had an indication that the time for words is almost over. Here is an opportunity to prolong that time a little in the hope of avoiding the escalating conflict that seems almost inevitable. Grab a copy of the Commission's statement and join in.

To quote it twice more:

'The first step in solving New Zealand's racial problem lies in our ceasing to pat ourselves on the back for being an egalitarian, multicultural society, for in the true sense of these terms we are neither'

'Racial intolerance is caused by ignorance, fear, stereotypes. Ignorance of what differences between peoples are, of what different reactions to various social situations are, of what different people consider important and worthy of respect. Fear that a group will be forced to give up what is theirs Stereotypes formed by contact with only a few people of the other race.'

Alan Blackburn concludes with a quote from Taniguchi Buson:

'The butterfly sleeps well
Perched on the temple bell
Until it rings.'

Stephen Payton



Brian Brennan

HE TAUUA: A STATEMENT

On May 1st 1979, a group of young Maori, Samoan and Niuean people made a personal approach to the Engineering Students Haka Party with the intention of asking them to desist from their drunken performances. As a result of what took place that day, eleven people were arrested, (none of whom were Engineers) and each charged with participating in a riot. There were seven charges of assault.

That incident took place a little less than a year ago - and what has been achieved since then? Have the Engineers really learnt anything as a result of the lesson that they were given that day? I doubt it. Chances are that they will be more discreet in the future, and possibly many of them will have learnt that Maori and Pacific Island people have a culture that other people should learn to respect - but the Engineering Society is organised for, and led by sexist, white middle-class males and their 'traditions' are not likely to take a dramatic turn for the better in the space of only one year. The

Engineering Society has allowed its members a chance to hold on to their childhood for just a few more years, but like all little boys they got a bit carried away with themselves and last year they got a well-deserved thrashing for trying to spin out an old and obscene joke. It is only to be hoped that in future the Engineers will take a long and hard look at what they do and how it affects others before they try forcing it on the public.

And He Taua what became of them? Well, they waged a massive and successful campaign that was to win support from every sector of Maoridom, the Pacific Island community and from thousands of Pakehas throughout New Zealand. In July of last year, the eleven defendants were made to appear before the courts so that the system could vent its anger on those who had dared to destroy the myth of racial harmony that is still perpetrated overseas. During the six day farce hundreds of people came to offer their support and their aroha to the

defendants as the judicial system was given another lesson on 'people caring for people'. Every day lunches were prepared, hot drinks were available to the elders who came to support, transport was arranged for those who needed it, but the greatest support was the presence of people from all races who understood the real reason why He Taua had been forced before the courts, i.e. because the He Taua incident represented a direct attack on the racist practices and policies of this society.

Of the 23 people who took part in the incident, 11 were arrested, 8 were convicted and 3 had charges against them dismissed through lack of evidence. An appeal was lodged but it was dismissed and so the 8 remaining defendants ended up doing four months periodic detention.

The point must be made that the incident of May 1st 1979 affected not only He Taua but was to affect Maori people throughout the country. Maoridom reeled under the initial onslaught of the reactionary media, who tried to disguise the real

issue of racism by the more sensational accounts of violence. 'Gang Rampage at University' and other such misleading headlines were specifically designed to confuse the people and keep them from leaning the truth, but as the facts emerged, Maori people became more and more open in their support for He Taua and the principles that He Taua had stood for.

The attitude that 'it couldn't happen here!' must be put to rest. It has and it does happen here. Capitalist exploitation, racial discrimination, and sexual oppression are facts of New Zealand life, and recognising and accepting the existence of these problems is the first step in the quest for a solution.

The Engineering Students Haka Party for 20 years displayed a sick and senseless brand of racism that was finally halted by a people's determination to be free: free from the degradation and free from the mocking face of ignorance. Could a He Taua incident happen again? Yes. He Taua member

TE RINGA MANGU MIHAKA

He was christened Te Ringa Mangu Mihaka, but has been known for years — affectionately or notoriously — as Dun. He will own to being a Maori activist, of socialist beliefs, and has travelled the length and breadth of the country on speaking tours and in demonstrations. He has seen the inside of many a courtroom, and a couple of prisons too. His latest wrangle with the legal profession was over an appeal against a sentence of periodic detention, resting on the fact that in their correspondence to him his name was misspelt. He has always insisted that his case should be heard in Maori. He spoke at length with Katherine White, extracts from which are printed below.

'The ideological criteria of the system of justice are calculatedly designed to bring about a pre-determined result. And what is that? The status quo. And what is the status quo? That is where we have the multinationals and the big bourgeoisie, and all those 'peasants' at the top, and then we have the so-called middle classes, and then the working classes, and then the ethnic national minorities are right at the bottom of the pile, and that is the status quo.

On my personal police record there are 50 or 60 alleged assaults. The vast majority of these are the most 'technical' assaults that I could have been charged with. And because of my previous experiences, there is a sort of official line, or conniving, which means that I am left with scarcely a leg to stand on.

I have always claimed that I have the right to be heard in my mother tongue, that is Maori. The comment of the Justice in dismissing my appeal was that 'in relation to the use of the English language, it must have been apparent to the learned Magistrate that Mr Mihaka is a highly intelligent man, proficient in the use of the English language, and able to present his case to a degree which surpasses quite a few counsels.' He didn't say that the system is racist, he justified the system.

I have been acting as Maori Agent in court for Diana Prince, who was arrested in Wellington for painting slogans in the Beehive in solidarity with the Waitangi Day protest. Now what a Maori Agent is is anybody's guess, but it's in the statutes. History suggests that what is a Maori Agent today was once a Maori Land Purchase Agent, and my researches into the subject indicate that the prototype for this agent was a Mr Donald McLean, who was, according to all reports, an uneducated Scots-

man. Like the police today; as far as I can see, the first requirement for a policeman is to be 6 ft tall, and whereas in the days of Mr Donald McLean they could probably only count up to 10, today they can count up to 20.

I don't think for a minute that the courts or the police think that I am a hideous criminal, but because I question the whole ideological setup, the values, ethics, morals of this rigid bureaucratic system, this bastion of the British vintage of imperialism, they are out to get me. I don't rape people, or murder, or convert cars.

The fundamental question in this country today is why there seems to be so much lethargy and apathy to what's going on outside your own province. And generally speaking that's a result of the conditioning we go through. There I mean the quality of the education system. I suppose another fundamental thing is that there is so much food in this country. You and I, by accident, occupy what is probably the world's richest country in terms of the number one luxury food.

I can recall when I was a child, and that's not that long ago you know, how a symbol of wealth was a chicken in the pot once a year, each Christmas. But since Kentucky Fried and the Colonel got in, you can get chicken for dinner, breakfast, lunch, morning tea, afternoon tea and supper. And accordingly that symbol of wealth has moved, so that now it's a car in the garage and a colour TV to watch Coronation Street on, so that your whole system of values is sucked to bits. And are we better off today than we used to be? I don't see that we have a happy, docile population. There is always technical advance, but I don't think that man generally has progressed. In his ability to generate wealth, and to harness the forces of nature he has gone forward in leaps and bounds, but there is still this unequal distribution of wealth. And always will be as long as there are the multinationals, and all this hierarchical bizzo, the Treaty of Waitangi even.

On the question of land, nobody has the right to say that real estate land belongs to anybody in particular. And while I attack bloody Maori sentimentalism, simultaneously I attack European arrogance on the subject. Looking at it humanitarially, I think I am for socialist policy — land is not something that belongs to anybody. You can't manufacture it. If the world, the productive forces and so on, were developed on the basis of

emotional sentimentalism, if wars were fought, won and lost on sentimentalism, then Maoridom would have won every war there is to fight, and resolved every contradiction there is to resolve.

With the Haka Party, the only thing I objected to really was when the group who performed this so-called 'revolutionary act' claimed that theirs was a conscious political act. Now, with the benefit of hindsight, I could say for certain that it wasn't. For instance, if someone has said to me, 'Well lets go down to the University, where these lazy bastards are making a mockery of us, as they've done for the last 25 years, or the last 150 years, what do you think, let's go down and beat the bastards up....' I'd have said, 'Aw, come on, let's go.' So that's okay, but when they turned round and said, ours is a conscious political act — you can't do that. Of course there was some planning, but it was only between one or two of them; they didn't impart their plans to the whole group who came and made this attack on Fort Knox.

If they were aware of the developments leading up to the situation as things stand, then they would have realised that no matter how insensitive, no matter how racist the students might have appeared to be, that the students were part of the same system as themselves. There are objective processes that can take hundreds of years, and there are processes that can take 10 minutes. And the process here was to turn round and really vent your frustrations and anger, not so much about what the students were doing, but about the general condition of the nation.

And if the students chose not to add this bloody haka party to their repertoire this year, it will not be through any appreciation of the differences in culture or the causes of the differences, but through fear of a repeat of last year.

Then there was this Kiwi Keith jostling up at Waitangi. I think that's something that's a bit of a laugh really, a publicity thing — that's all we can hope to gain from a bloody march. Marching from one end of Queen Street down to the Post Office, what do you hope to get out of that? Nothing. And what do you expect to get from marching from Waitangi, from one end of the country to the other? Nothing. Publicity, that's all.

Now with the Waitangi Day thing, I went up a couple of weeks before, and some of us decided to block the bridge, using chains. This was to be a non-violent protest, an active boycott. Well some clown disclosed this to the media — some people make me really bloody sick — so we had lost the element of surprise. So then we thought that what we could do was block the entrance to the marae, then we would chain the thing, so they would have to leave by the back way. Now in Maoridom one of the biggest insults is for a person to go onto the marae by the front door and leave and scuttle out the back door like a rat. And that to me was far more important, the political and cultural implications of this, than this jostling of Holyoake.

I was there, right in the middle of the picket, with this old man who was flung back in the direction he had come. If you had been there you'd have seen how he walked up to them, like Moses walking up to the shores of the Red Sea when the waters parted — only they didn't here. And then he came up towards me — of all the places for him to try and breach the picket line, he came over to the area I was standing in. Now this girl Hilda claims that he came over to there — I was standing next to her — because she was a woman and the smallest; well be that as it may. Anyway, he came over, and I did not hear him ask if he could go through, whatever he has told the media. To me, it was reminiscent of an All Black prop forward, barging through as he gets close to the opposition forward line; as I saw it, he put his head down and charged. As he got past me, I dropped my right arm, grasped him round the midriff, checked the

forward momentum of his bulk, and wham, sent him right back.

And of course, I could not be concerned about flinging an old man back — I mean, 70 years old, Jesus Christ I should be crucified for that kind of thing — because this was a political protest, you understand that. Non-violent, until you're violent to me that is.

I think there must have been considerable consultations with the police before it was decided not to press charges against anybody — because of the sensitivity of the affair, and particularly of this man's office. I am reasonably proficient in courts, and I think I could possibly subject him to the most humiliating of cross-examinations in his entire life.

Because of the politics involved, the sensitive nature of his office, and of the whole Treaty of Waitangi, I think that's the only reason that the charges were dropped. And as I see it, the State has engaged in mass blackmail, bribery of the masses, by declaring February 6 to be a public holiday; meaning that people would look forward to that day, not because of what it means, but because it was a day off. You know, they could go and play croquet, go surfing, hang-gliding and kill themselves in the process — well that's fine, but the true nature, the true meaning, of the Treaty of Waitangi has been forgotten.

All in all, war without guns, that's what politics is.'

Mt Crawford Prison,
Miramar,
WELLINGTON
16 April, 1980

Mr Wilson,
Deputy Registrar,
Auckland Supreme Court,
AUCKLAND.

Dear Mr Wilson,

It seems to me that you tend to derive great pleasure in writing letters 'threatening court action', if I did not willingly and voluntarily submit myself to the sub-humiliating, self debasing act of attending Periodic Detention. As you so correctly point out, my motion for leave, to appeal to the Court of Appeal N.Z. was dismissed (Oct 1979).

Since then I have never been informed by anyone as to the results of those submissions made to the Crown Law Office, by Mr Upton. The only person I've received any correspondence from is you telling me something I already know i.e. that my motion to appeal was dismissed. Due largely to your appalling misspelling of my name in most of your love letters to me, I have disregarded them as some kind of mad joke. The disgustingly insulting and appalling, technical mistakes, characteristic of yourself and that office, deserves like consideration by me, of your refusing my application for the reinstatement of my appeal, dismissed by his Honour on 11 March, 1980. To your suggestion in your most recent letter in relation to this matter, that you claimed you posted a notice of hearing prior to the 11 March to 143 Dixon St., Wellington. I say one of us is lying. Either you are telling the truth and I am lying, or else I am telling the truth and you are I'll permit you to fill in the missing gap as it does seem that you have a good imagination.

My stand is a conscious one based on my cognisance of this system, I should say, much vaunted system of jurisprudence coupled with my many authentic experiences, it is therefore a stand based on principle and as a result the consequences of my actions whatever they are or maybe, I accept. What I am also aware of however, is that had there been 170 as at Bastion Point 1978-9 people with the courage of their convictions, then I have no doubt in my mind whatever that Mr McLay, the present Minister of Justice, will quite predictably, as did his brother politician for Justice then, intervene and stay proceedings on this matter and throw it out.

I remain, your sincerely
Te Ringa Mangu Mihaka



Auckland Star

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HOANI WAITITI MARAE

Last weekend (19-20 April) about 14,000 people, with the largest Maori gathering in history, crowded onto Parrs Park, Glen Eden, the site of the new Hoani Waititi Marae, to see the opening of the first non-tribal, multi-cultural marae in history.

The bus had left early on Saturday morning to take the university Maori Club, seven anthro students, and two sleepy Craccumites out to the marae. By the time we arrived, however, we had been well and truly roused by the Maori club's enthusiastic renderings of hakas, and even a traditional death song. On arrival our party was energetically nose-rubbed, and joined by Mayor Robbie gaily waving a carved wooden stick, together with whom we entered onto the marae, accompanied by the traditional welcoming procedure of haka and haka.

The marae is named after John (Hoani) Waititi, a graduate of Auckland University, who had worked in the Dept. of Education and had lived in the Glen Eden area. It

cost \$400,000 to build and the fund-raising had been largely organized by Pat Hohepa of the University in conjunction with other Maoris of the Glen Eden area. The marae itself covers 7 acres, with a further 10-15 acres for sports and recreation, on which it has been proposed to build in the future an old people's home, alternative education school, and social welfare housing.

On Saturday, however, this area was taken up by a huge tent, sleeping 2,000 on mattresses, and large marquees, with food catering for 15,000 people - one beautifully set up with many trestle tables piled with oysters, pavlovas, cold meats, cakes (our eyes bulged) for the invited guests though. There was a hangi buffet for the rest of us.

As more and more people arrived at the marae, seating became a luxury - guests were arriving from all over New Zealand and the Pacific Islands, and the welcomes went on and on. Particularly intriguing to me was the group of elderly Maori ladies

who, after being happily welcomed, took out handkerchiefs and abruptly started wailing for at least ten minutes, before they stopped and went over to their seats.

The official opening ceremony took place at about 3 pm, after which the food was finally served, and greatly appreciated after the long morning, followed by cultur-

al group activities into the night.

All in all it went off extremely well. Organizing and catering for such a great number of people takes a lot of skill and it was well done, so I'll gladly forgive them the fact that my hangi meat was cold.

Mandy Hatherly



KARMA & REINCARNATION

PUBLIC SEMINAR

FREE: Vegetarian Dinner, Theatre,
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PRABHUPADA KRIPA GOSWAMI
MAHARAJA

7pm Wed, April 30

CAFETERIA

Auck. University, Prince St.

be there!

According to a recently leaked Treasury document New Zealand could face unemployment levels of 300,000 by the middle of the decade. Other estimates go much higher. Meanwhile the government pursues an economic package that will divert massive amounts of capital away from labour-intensive sectors of the economy to capital-intensive sectors.

In addition we have evidence of the bureaucracies attitude towards the waves of new microelectronic technology that could profoundly disturb our employment structure. According to one unnamed Permanent Head of a Government Department, as the new technology is phased in to our bureaucracy, the sinking lid policies will dissolve as departments employ twice as many people to cope with all the mistakes that are made.

It is comforting to know that the future of full employment in New Zealand is in such good hands.

Such was the level of optimism at a recent Continuing Education Seminar entitled 'Youth on the Dole'. It is young people who face the worst prospects.

Maurice Cervin, a Supervising Employment Officer with the Labour Department, provided the Department's statistics.

'Those under 21 years make up 50.5% of the Unemployed Register but from the census we know that those under 20 years make up only 16% of the labour force', he said. 'And women are 41.1% of the registered unemployed but only 32% of the labour force.'

These percentages, of course, relate to an overall unemployment rate that New Zealand has not seen since the Depression of the 1930's. Between 1946 and 1966 the level of registered unemployed never rose above 0.2% of the labour force. Beginning with the 1966-68 recession the rate escalated. Official unemployment today stands at 4% of the labour force. Other emerging trends cause further concern.

Maurice Cervin again:

'Five years ago only 31.6% of registered unemployed (1,790) had been registered for more than four weeks and only 2.9% (163) had for more than 26 weeks; now 54.4% (14,633) have been registered for more than four weeks and 9.9% (2,653) have been registered for more than 26 weeks. This indicates that for a substantial group of people unemployment is not just a short transitory period between jobs but a more permanent problem'. And unemployment continues at its high level despite high net migration outflows.

Surely New Zealand's unemployment level has been artificially low and we must adjust to more realistic levels if we are to complete internationally. This might be so if the Labour Department's statistics gave a true picture of our unemployment situation. This is not the case.

The Department's statistical base is very poor. It measures only those unemployed who register for the dole. Analysis of those registered is minimal. The census offers a more detailed picture, but for that we must wait. Professor Court of the Economics Department considered a truer estimation of the unemployment rate to be 10.3% if we use the measuring system adopted in the United States, and possibly 12% of the potential labour force is a more accurate figure. This includes the registered unemployed, others actively seeking work and those who have stopped actively seeking work but would work if possible - including 100,000 women in New Zealand today.

Professor Court admitted that 'from the Government's view point, full employment is only one of several economic goals to aim at. The other basic goals are a reasonably low rate of inflation, a relative-

YOUTH ON THE DOLE

POST OFFICE



ly high rate of economic advancement and a comfortable balance of overseas payments.'

'Unfortunately it is hard to achieve all of these goals at once' he continued, with dramatic understatement, 'and in fact some economists consider that it may not even be possible to achieve them all at once. Certainly the present New Zealand government is being remarkably ineffective in achieving any of its main economic goals. Thus at present we have the highest rate of price inflation ever recorded of 18.4% over the last year, a persistent balance of payments deficit which seems unlikely to stay below \$500 million per year in the medium future and a stagnant economy with no advancement over the past several years and none likely in the near future.'

The government appears to have allowed inflation to rise in the short term while it attempts to contain unemployment. One can speculate about the political considerations that have led to this decision. Unemployment may be considered more electorally damaging than inflation. Certainly business interests can benefit from inflation more easily than from unemployment.

The tension between these goals is increased by other economic factors. Professor Court gave two such reasons.

'Because of the structure of the modern New Zealand economy increased government spending to a level sufficient to generate full employment seems almost certain to cause an unacceptable rise in the rate of inflation. The second reason is that the level of government spending in New Zealand has risen over the years to such a high proportion of total economic activity that there is very little flexibility left to change spending in accordance with full employment or anti-inflation intentions. It is very hard to reduce, and in fact no N.Z. government has squarely faced up to the problem of controlling its own spending.'

Purely economic causes of unemployment operate within the context of important social trends. Several speakers at the seminar pointed to these.

Ivan Moses, Principal of the Auckland Technical Institute, referred to the baby boom of the 1960's that has now reached

the job market. There is the increasing proportion of women in the workforce. Significant in the future will be the impact of silicon-chip technology that claims to bring increased performance at reduced costs. Siemens, the German electronics company, predicted in 1978, a 40% drop in office employment of 1990 as a result of forecast innovations. New Zealand appears to be incapable of influencing such trends. It is offered no choice. We will, it is assumed, passively absorb the changes - and cope!

At least some of us will cope; those with power. But what of the powerless in our society, the young people for example? They are over represented amongst the unemployed now and their situation is unlikely to improve. Last year was a peak year for the number of school leavers registering as unemployed but indications clearly show that this year will carry the trend higher.

We know, from a survey carried out by the Auckland Committee on Unemployment in May 1979 that the average figure of reluctant returners to 36 Auckland secondary schools was 29.5 pupils per school. This implies some 2000 Reluctant Returners if the pattern holds for all of New Zealand.

Employers tend to employ married women before school leavers because they tend to be more stable and can be put off more easily. Young girls retire from school to home as unpaid domestics. They are isolated from their peers and disillusioned at a critical stage of personal development. There is a rapid deterioration in an individual's self-concept aggravated by society's propensity to blame the unemployed person for the lack of a job. An occupation is a key factor in the process of establishing an identity in Pakeha society. The long term implications of unemployment are therefore enormous, for the individual, for his or her family and for society and the economy as a whole.

The Labour Department is involved in a number of programmes to forestall excessive levels of unemployment. Its Temporary Employment Programme, Private Sector Subsidy Scheme, and the Student Community Service Programme help to create jobs and match them with job-seekers. There are counselling services,

market information services and a variety of training programmes - pre-employment school-based programmes, institute-based training, and work-based schemes.

While insisting that the main cause of unemployment are economic, Ivan Moses addressed the blame that is laid by some on the education system. 'Schools have been blamed for at least part of the problem,' he said. 'Criticisms sometimes relate to a cult of softness induced by newer educational philosophies. Schools are unable, with rigid curricula, to adapt to change. Large numbers are said to be leaving school not only without acceptable standards of literacy and numeracy, but with unsatisfactory attitudes towards work itself.' In addition to this thinly disguised plug for the back-to-basic philosophy, he spoke of the need to train people more directly for productive employment while simultaneously training them for unemployment.

Fraser McDonald, a member of the National Advisory Council Working Party on Youth Unemployment, reflected on further remedies.

'The Temporary Employment Programme has been criticised for the soul-destroying nature of work offered and the general temporary climate of the work environment. Training programmes may help individuals fit better into the current job market but they do not create additional jobs.'

'On the individual level there have been experiments in work trusts and co-operatives; the Maori Affairs Department Tu Tangata programmes for example. At the level of the labour market discussions centre on structural changes. Suggestions include four day working weeks, permanent part-time work, flexible hours, job sharing and work rate variations.

Finally, at the national level there are some vital social and philosophical questions to be answered. The Labour Department, the bureaucracy generally, and the Government are orientated to this year and next, not to the rest of the decade, let alone to the 1990's. Some important decisions need to be made by the community. What economic goals should take priority? Should we forfeit price stability or economic advancement in favour of full employment, or should it be the other way round? How should we define work in the future - according to classic economic concepts of productivity or should 'work' that is socially acceptable and remunerative include some cultural and so-called 'leisure' activities? Should income and government assistance be channelled in these directions as well as towards industry, commerce and conventional services?

Can our society make such decisions? The current rednd to polarisation as the economic pie shrinks, reduces the possibilities of such change processes.

The diversity of opinions and perspectives have one thing in common - few answers. There is a glaring need for knowledge of the scale and attributes of youth unemployment. A substantial degree of ignorance about the causes, effects and actual circumstances of unemployment backgrounds the growing reality of poverty and powerlessness for a growing number of people in our society.

Meanwhile the government continues to plan for large-scale energy and industrial development, under a heavy umbrella of government secrecy. A full public examination is not encouraged although this is obviously what is in the public interest.

Will unemployment soon be like taxes, one of the things in life that we can rely on?

Stephen Payton

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MORE SECRETS:

What is democracy? I suppose the usual reply is 'of the people, by the people, for the people'. Unfortunately this is seldom realised. If we have a look at our own governmental farce, we might see that we are a lot closer to Moscow than Muldoon is willing to admit.

Well before the elections take place the decay of democracy starts. Before the last set of elections that we were dealt out, the Govt. instigated massive changes in electoral boundaries. It can easily be written off as 'urban sprawl' but the thinking-man that is far from realistic. A large pro-National area alongside a smaller 50/50 one beckons manipulation, by sprawling the larger into the smaller, and their National attitudes with it.

'By the people' is sheer idiocy; one glimpse at the Hunua swindle, and that seedy Peter's semantic squabbling, and we see that electors who voted in good faith have had their franchise deleted. Hunua is an ideal example of the boundary stupidity: Hunua stretches from the suburb of Howick (well, half of it; the Howick electoral area was split last elections to utilise the upper-class pro-National sections of Half Moon Bay and Farm Cove more effectively) all the way down to Mercer, and the Postmaster at Howick has jurisdiction as Electoral Officer over all that.

The 'For the people' lark is self-denying; if the deceiving tactics used by a party are merely to keep that party in power, then the only people they're interested in are themselves.

But then we move on! From the alleged election to the Govt in office. Many times over the last few years the Cabinet has received legal petitions regarding some act of Parliament or other; consistently the Govt. has chosen to ignore pleas nothing short of massive, in favour of psychotic minorities, such as SPUC, SPCS, Concerned Parents, COME,.....! While the Contraception,

Sterilization and Abortion Act was being worked over, there was enormous rage at its direction. I know of nobody who is in favour of the act exactly as it is; a majority want it repealed or drastically changed, even more see it as a severe infringement on private, social and moral liberty; almost everyone would like SOMETHING in it altered. But they carried on, submitting to the boos and intimidations of SPUC.

The National Development Bill, the SIS Act, sections of the Police Offences Act 1951, as an act designed to deprive New Zealand of democracy, to aid Parliament of deceiving its people, to aid Parliament in concealing crimes within the walls of the Beehive, as it now is.

Here are two starters: 1) if you have contacted or spoken with, or communicated with in any way, a person who turns out to be a spy, then that is evidence of a crime under the Official Secrets Act of 'Communications with foreign agents.....' Sect. 4! You are guilty and have to prove that you did not communicate with him but that does not alter the fact that the communication may have been 'Hello'. You are deemed to have communicated with him if you visited his place. Poor milkman and mailman!

The idiocy of the act is limitless. But Parliamentary Privileges are worse. Gordon Tate was asked to sit in on a special Government Commission on offensive publications and behaviour and stuff like that, and was asked to publically issue a statement about the stupid submissions made by certain groups like the SPCS: the request came from a member of that very Commission. Tate would love to have made a written or oral statement about the hearings, but, as he mentioned in his recent booklet on censorship 'The Bartlett Syndrome' if he had mentioned a word, Parliamentary Privileges would have allowed the House to arrest him, haul him before the bar of the House, imprison him

without public trial or grounds for appeal, keep him there as long as they wished, and sell all his property. My my, privileges is certainly the word! Only a few years ago Carmen was dragged before the bar for suggesting that there were homosexuals in Parliament, a situation that is obvious since they seem to have stuffed everything else, so why not themselves? She only got off by having a very quick, sharp tongue and good, expensive lawyer.

When information about the quinquennium was published recently, did Merv justify his secrecy about them, did he explain the actual information. No, he initiated proceedings as a political cover-up, a mask to hide some act 'for the people' behind. How can this be a democracy if we do not know what our elected (?) Government is up to, when they do 'clandestine' activities behind our backs. There have been very few incidences where a prosecution under the Official Secrets Act has been in the interests of national security, it all seems to be for National security.

Another problem with the Act was seen last year when literally hundreds of DSIR papers and documents were strewn over the Wainuiomata-Wellington road. The DSIR's apparent attitude was one of 'Oh well, it doesn't matter, you can't report what you have read anyway.' An Act prohibiting freedom of speech and of the press tends to lack excessively in its own responsibility to that attitude. Having worked for a Govt. Dept. for 3½ years, I rapidly became aware that, although everyone had signed a document submitting to the Act, the amount of confidential material which lies all over the place from 8am to 5 pm is beyond belief. Although I no longer belong to the Govt services, I know sufficient procedures to gain information about an astonishing amount of people. **THIS SORT OF INFORMATION IS AVAILABLE TO A MASSIVE AMOUNT OF CIVIL SERVANTS.**

If the Government is genuinely interested in the 'Open Govt.' idea, the first thing that must go is the Official Secrets Act; also sections of the law concerning libel must go. They are built to protect the

guilty. Last year, AHI took Television Two to court for defamation, even though the allegations made on a TV2 were totally founded. As with enactments of the Official Secrets Act, AHI made absolutely no attempt whatsoever to justify their products, but they hoped that a court case would be sufficient a red herring for no one to dwell on the actual issue. The laws of this country are not for the innocents' benefit.

In the United States, the Watergate scandal would never have been discovered if they had an Official Secrets Act. There have been incidences right here in Godzone of Parliamentarians misusing money, receiving money for interfering where they are not entitled (such as the corruption that lead to the Govt. refusing speaking privileges last year to an East Timoran), etc. Since Muldoon is trying to mould our country on Uncle Sam, he should adopt their ideas of 'freedom of the press.' His smear tactics with our press in the last few days shows how avidly he wants the press to be so severely inhibited as to be useless. His turning TV news into a single source limited their ability to state news factually, and his recent attacks on the Dominion are nothing short of childish, since he has dozens of other newspapers to report the criticisms which the Dominion editor refused (and an editor does have the right to censor or change anything in his paper - that's why he/she's called an editor).

So - if we want a fair election, we need the election system restructured. If we want a democracy, we need to restructure Government so that they really do work 'for the people'. If we want our judicial system to work, and that includes checking crime at Government level, then we need the Official Secrets Act replaced by one that simply protects national defence, we need the libel laws revised, we need Parliamentary Privileges thrown out (but of course that's so cushy, that no MP would agree to that), basically it needs an overthrow of the Government by any means, and a replacement with anything remotely touching organized or just.

Daryl Wilson

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AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

1980 CAPPING BALLS

Thursday 8th May - Trillos Downtown

Friday 9th May - Mandalay

Commencing 8 pm

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at the Box Office, Maidment Theatre

between 12 - 2 pm from Monday 28th April

FLICKS

Kramer vs Kramer
Robert Benton
Cinema Two

To see this film objectively one must dodge the barrage of Academy Award nominations and hyper-publicity, accept the fact that this is the ubiquitous Meryl Streep's film of the month, block off the sound of packets of confectionary and the tears and sobs of the highly strung and then sit back and allow yourself to be drawn into this totally engrossing story of a broken marriage and its human cost.

Sound familiar? Well it is, but this film is treated with a care and a sympathy, enough to turn what might in other hands have been a slow and tedious tearjerker into a moving, paced human drama. Both as director and writer, Robert Benton overcomes the pitfalls inherent in the storyline formula with an unobtrusive infusion of gentle humour and wit.

Special mention must be made of the actors in what is very much an actors film. Meryl Streep, America's fastest rising and most talented character actress notches up another fine performance as Dustin Hoffman's 'inadequate' wife. Hoffman, though an actor of somewhat limited range, excels within it and as the advertising executive who has the importance of his family bought home to him in a most graphic manner, he gives a sensitive and felt performance. Justin Henry avoids most of the American-made child actor ruts and is again, totally believable. I guess no more can be said than at no stage in the film can you reassure yourself with the line - 'Oh well, they're only actors.'

Brilliantly photographed by the great Nestor Almendros, the colours are subdued and autumnal in keeping with the films mellow mood. 'Kramer vs Kramer' is a mellow, touching and poignant drama, a perceptive film on any level you choose to see it.

Paul Burt

1900
Bernardo Bertolucci
Lido

'1900' is an overweight, lumbering epic, a Marxist celebration of the Italian peasant over the decadent bourgeois; but it's a film whose faults (principally, the dogmatic narrative) are compensated for by the superb technique: namely, the film's intensely beautiful surface, the sweeping, gloriously extravagant camera-work of Vittorio Storaro (who has just won an Oscar for this work on Coppola's 'Apocalypse Now').

The first two-thirds are the best part of the film. The first section covers the idyllic, summery world of the boys' childhood, with much emphasis placed on the simple warmth of the peasants' approach to life. In the middle section, particularly that part depicting Alfredo's courtship of the 'decadent', coke-sniffing Ada (Dominique Sanda), the sympathy Robert de Niro projects in his role in some way defeats the ideological line being preached by Bertolucci's narrative.

But the growing importance of the fascist character played by Donald Sutherland (subtly given the name of Attila) begins to drown in hysteria the film's more positive elements. Attila is a cardboard character made to represent the foulest depths of Italian fascism -- so he's shown bashing a cat to death with his head, raping (with the help of a female crony) a small boy and smashing his head in, and so on. The extremes of the film reach their climax, of sorts, with the interminable scene where the peasants dance around under a red flag.

'1900' is a work by one of the major contemporary filmmakers, who has produced a film riddled with faults which at times attain ludicrous heights, but, despite that, in no way do I regret having seen it. In its own way, it is quite an experience.

Ian Johnston

ON STAGE



Maranga Mai
a play about Maori Land
Little Theatre
Thursday 24 April.

It is hard to describe the emotional impact of this play, such was the intensity with which it was played. From the opening prayer, through the emotion-filled songs, to the modest "thankyou" at the end, it is a genuinely felt experience by all involved.

The play starts with the 1975 land march -- the point at which the Maori people awakened. The final song is led by an elder of the people, showing that the ideals of the play are not just those of young revolutionaries. This is made very obvious throughout the play as it jumps from the elder to the young people and back again, with each group gaining new strength from the other. As it moves from 1975 to the present -- Bastion Point, the University Haka Party and the Treaty boycott -- the play is bold its criticism of social wrongs. The songs are broken either by short, emotional outcries or satirical skits which had the predominantly white audience roaring with laughter and provided a thought-provoking contrast with the main body of the work.

The climax of the play comes with the death of the elder. Although we have seen the group punished again and again, there is a strength to build on, which is shown in the transition from a song of a mourning to a last, strong song of inspiration, capped off finally by a real haka.

The play is a serious, indeed invaluable contribution to our greater understanding of cultures other than our own. But the lucidity of perception and the honesty in performance are qualities that could carry it on its own.

David Hedge

Molly
Simon Gray
New Independent Theatre

'Molly' is the story of a sensational crime that briefly arrested the decline of the English murder. Sex, passion and folly mixed up with money and pre-war pretensions inspired 1970s playwright Simon Gray's nostalgic look at the old time values of murder and the middle class.

'Molly' was a cruel and manipulative woman who 'went further than I meant... but nobody came' - until, that is, the gardener enters her life. Helen MacRae plays the fickle, fascinating bitch with an enjoyment that communicates her character's manipulative charm and vital fascination. Lois Livingston plays the too, too scrupulous spinster-companion with convincing intensity. As the gardener Geoffrey Allen passes cleverly from the stupid submission of the socially and sexually repressed, to the stupid insolence of those unwisely, or too soon and suddenly, liberated.

As the wronged husband, Ron Montague was an excellent choice and did much to sharpen the dialogue with fast responses. But in the slow build-up of the first act his movements seemed inhibited, occasionally even wooden. I suspect that his characterisation of the dynamic but retired industrialist was partially sacrificed to establish

the slow and settled English country background.

Given an excellent cast, very thoroughly rehearsed and coping well with a mixture of accents it was a pity that a couple of lighting blunders marred Wednesday's opening. The set was well constructed and clearly laid out but lacked flair in design. Costumes were pleasing and appropriate in context. Between the scenes blackouts lasted far too long and dissipated tension on opening night. This could be remedied by faster changes and by providing musical bridges of those marvellous thirties pop songs. Molly, after all, has pretensions to being a songwriter.

Niggling apart, 'Molly' is good entertainment and a well constructed play. The New Independent's additional performances at Sunday teatime provide an extra opportunity to enjoy this revival of a good, old-fashioned English murder.

John Ghent

Edgard Et Sa Bonne
Eugene Labiche
Maidment Theatre, April 19

Presented for the edification of the general public on one occasion only, by the Theatre Universitaire Francais D'Auckland, Labiches farce provoked mixed feelings.

On the positive side, was an attitude of encouragement; small independent efforts like this one are all too rare occasions and their more frequent occurrence is only to be encouraged. Furthermore, 'Edgard' for all the amateurishness of its production, is given the old college try by all concerned and some effective theatrical and comic moments do occur.

The cast too, are generally good. Ruth Dudding as the mother of the groom, Stephen Jacobi as the groom himself and Cecile Hillyer as the maid Florestine - all merit special mention for the enthusiasm with which they have thrown themselves into their roles.

But there were negative feelings as well. It's not just that the selection of play is too ambitious. The very idea of doing a nineteenth-century French farce is a suspect notion at best. Though Labiche is a highly admired craftsman, by students of the form, it would have to be admitted even by them, that the techniques that guaranteed him success in the France of the last century are insufficient to do the same for him here.

Borrowing directly from vaudeville - in the use of improbable (if not impossible) initial situations, topical subject matter, atrocious puns, direct address of the audience - Labiche worked in a style that while it may have catered to the taste of Parisians of the Second and Third Republics, is unlikely to satisfy the sophisticated and demanding audiences of today. A play that once glittered now suffers from tedious exposition, laborious explanation and a lack of any subtlety whatsoever. This, to my mind anyway, calls into question the logic - or at least the appropriateness - of staging a work like this. Surely a more judicious choice could have been made.

John Carrigan

BOOKS

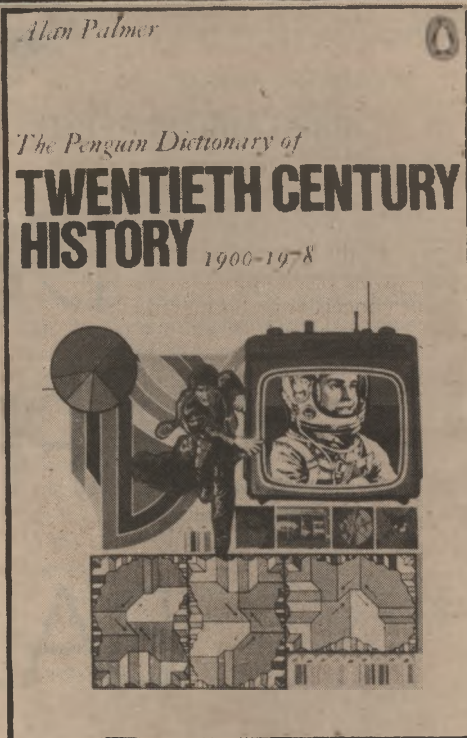
The Penguin Dictionary of Twentieth Century History,
Alan Palmer,
Penguin - \$6.95

Dictionaries of, or companions to, histories of different eras, can be suspect affairs at best. The selection of topics for consideration, and even more importantly the treatment given these topics, are especially susceptible to editorial bias. Many such collections in the past, have suffered from just this problem.

The man responsible for this compilation though, Alan Palmer, has already obtained his credentials in this area. He compiled the book to which this is this the companion piece - 'The Penguin Dictionary of Modern History' - though that only covered the period from the French Revolution to the end of the last World War. In this volume, though he touches on areas dealt with in the former, he has tried to make them intelligible within the context of our own century. And within the necessary limitations imposed by space and form, Palmer has achieved a palpable degree of success. As a reference source, TPDOTCH is impressively researched, well designed for easy consultation and more than adequately - cross-referenced.

Like its companion piece, this book is designed as an aid to, not a substitute for, individual study. As a consequence the emphasis is on narrative not analysis. The dictionary's value (as befits it) is as a source of information. Space and perceived function lead Palmer to eschew lengthy - and often controversial - investigations, in favour of straightforward descriptions of the dynamics of the topics under discussion. His approach is solidly non-controversial but, as in all good histories, is reasoned and has a respect for the facts.

As is to be expected, a certain amount of editorial bias does exist. Most entries, (for all the titles grand pretensions) relate



in some way to the European perspective of the author; understandable, in light of the fact that most of those who will consult this book will be students of the history of our own culture, but regrettable to, for an opportunity has been missed to contribute to our greater understanding of societies that have participated in the evolution of our own to a greater degree than we ourselves might care to admit.

But this reservation aside, TPDOTCH is a commendable reference source. Entries are clearly and logically organized, both in themselves and in the context of the book as a whole. The range of references is comprehensive - given certain limitations - and they are all written in an easily readable style. Very readable, actually. A good buy at the price!

John Carrigan

CONCERTS

All Tchaikovsky Concert
N.Z.S.O.
Town Hall, Friday 18

However romantic my thoughts at the time, Franz-Paul Decker's interpretation of the 1812 overture was essentially classical. The introductory hymn of 'God Save Thy People' which is played only on the cellos and violas was austere and precise. Such control as followed from theme to theme, shaped it into a monumental performance.

Although one was bound to imagine the romance of accompanying church bells, brass band and cannon fire, the climax did not suffer the chaotic indulgence sometimes associated with recordings. Similarly Decker's style of conducting appears contained, and it reflects the control and understanding he has for the orchestra. Yet his sympathy is still with the music and it was intriguing to see him break away from his upright stance during the Marche Slav and lurch toward the cellos with both hands downstretched, like some deformed expressionist monster.

Tchaikovsky's music is well known for its contrasts of slavish lyrical sentiment and boisterous orchestration. The programme was an excellent representation of this. The excitement of the 1812 overture and the Marche Slav flanked two subtler contemplative works, the Violin Concerto in D and the Adagio Contabile for strings. To hear the full string section by itself produce such a dynamic range and depth of sound was incredible.

However the highlight of the programme was undoubtedly the Violin Concerto. Here Boris Belkin the Russian born soloist, brought through the true lyrical content of the work. His underlying virtuosity did not intrude, proving himself a master of his instrument in the final hysterical climactic run.

The musical accessibility and popularity of Tchaikovsky was reflected in the numb-

er of children attending the concert and the fact that it was sold out. Certainly everyone found something to enjoy.

Chris Barrett

Improvisations for Solo Voice and Guitar
Ivan Zagni
Little Theatre April 23

Once Ivan Zagni had shed his nervousness and the phillistines in the audience had left, the recital generated a concentrated energy. Zagni 'prepared' his guitar in the avant-garde tradition by placing objects next to the bridge, leaving the ends of the strings free e.t.c. He also used bows and plectra, using the guitar as an instrument in its truest sense, i.e. as a utensil to be exploited. Using traditional melodies as a point of departure, and singing fragments of folk-song as the inspiration took him, the artist created a work of multiplex timbre and rhythmical intensity.

The most amazing aspect of this recital was how artist and music became inseparable. Because he was playing his own music and not that of any other composer, Zagni could dispense with any aleatoric rules and present himself. The concert at times reached almost electrical heights. Without wishing to sound operatic, it was like hearing the heart-beat of an artist.

Ivan Zagni hopes to give another concert soon at ELAM. The extensive neglect of music of our age, by the musical establishment make Ivan Zagni someone not to miss. At all.

Tony Busser



The Key Word Is Unfashionable.

OK. So you've heard that Gary Numan is nothing more or less than a David Bowie clone! Drop that one. Bowie and Numan are complementary, there world views meshing like cogs in some existential machine. Davis Bowie's bleak Berlin soundscapes and Numan's chilling music certainly come from the same world. Looking closer, Gary Numan has collected a bunch of influences, including Ultravox, Eno, Low-period Bowie, early Velvet Underground, Doors, and Nico.

Bleak, chilling, colourless, stark, gothic, vicious images of loveless lust, life caught in the crossfire of twisted human shallowness, the cold grey waste of the city. His lyrics and imagery reflect a vision of a chill and forboding world every bit as surreal, pointless and ultimately absurd as our own. What we hear is, in fact, our own world focused through Numan and reflected back to us. This is how it is, folks. Next stop — self-destruction. Bring back Nico to the surface. The parallels between her music and Numan's are evident. The emotional charges are the same. He does the things for synthesized music that Ultravox never did, XTC did for pop songs; and that John Cale would have done if he'd thought of it. Here he comes promising an elaborate stage-show and great visuals. If you're after this sort of emotional charge, don't miss out.

One Auckland concert only, Monday 12 May, 8pm; tickets St. James.

St Matthew's Chamber Orchestra
Second Subscription Concert
St Matthews-in-the-City, Sunday 20th
April, 2.30 pm
Conductor: Georg Tintner
Soloist: Wendy Dixon (soprano)

St Matthew's Chamber Orchestra has established a reputation as an enthusiastic, hardworking amateur organisation: even as such, their most recent afternoon concert exceeded all expectations. Under the direction of Georg Tintner, a familiar figure to Auckland audiences, the orchestra gave a splendid performance, perhaps at its best in Sibelius's lyrical 'Rakastava' suite for strings, which opened the programme. Fine solo lines emerged from the well-balanced supporting texture, and careful dynamic control aided the impressionistic atmosphere of the music. Beautifully shaped phrases, good intonation, and a refined, rich sound combined to make this a thoroughly memorable performance. Mr Tintner's sure and sympathetic conducting drew the best from the orchestra throughout the programme. Impressively, the whole concert was conducted from memory.

Mozart's Symphony No. 39 in E Flat followed the Sibelius. The addition of wind players for this work was accompanied by a drop in the security of intonation, but initial problems in this area were soon overcome. The chamber orchestra is the ideal medium for this type of symphony, allowing the light texture and clarity of the music to be fully appreciated. Mr Tintner's favoured arrangement of the violins helped this: first violins on the conductor's left, second on his right. This arrangement was traditional until sixty years ago, and much of the music we hear today was written with it in mind. The reason for placing violins opposite one another is obvious in Mozart and Haydn: there is much echoing and swapping of material between the sections, the effect of which is lost to a certain extent when the seconds are behind the firsts. The Mozart had tremendous rhythmic vitality and a delightful atmosphere of freshness and light completely appropriate to the style of the work.

The second half of the concert contained more Mozart in the form of three arias, sung by Wendy Dixon: 'Exultate, Jubilate' (K 165) and arias from 'Don Giovanni' and 'The Marriage of Figaro'. Miss Dixon was at her best in the latter works - her voice seemed to suit the lyrical songs better than the more florid religious work.

The programme concluded with Haydn's Symphony No. 93 in D. The orchestra

produced a vital yet stable body of sound, punctuated by some delightful wind solos, and a fine string quartet section at the beginning of the Largo Cantabile movement, where the melodic idea is stated which becomes the basis for the rest of the movement.

A thoroughly pleasant way to spend a Sunday afternoon - from the large size of the audience, many others felt the same.

Sarah

Poetry

'Twelve Poems'
Sylvia Townsend - Warner
Chatto and Windus - \$10.95

These twelve previously unpublished poems by Sylvia Townsend Warner, written during the last years of her life are characteristic of her later work as a poet. Initially brought together by Sir Peter Pears for a reading in her honour at the Aldeburgh Festival, and later read by him in a B.B.C. programme following her death in 1978, these poems effectively display the range and style of her work.

Bound in this simple yet elegant volume, the poems emphasise certain traits in her craft. The form and structure of the poems is kept tight yet her well-controlled rhythms give the poems a fluid movement.

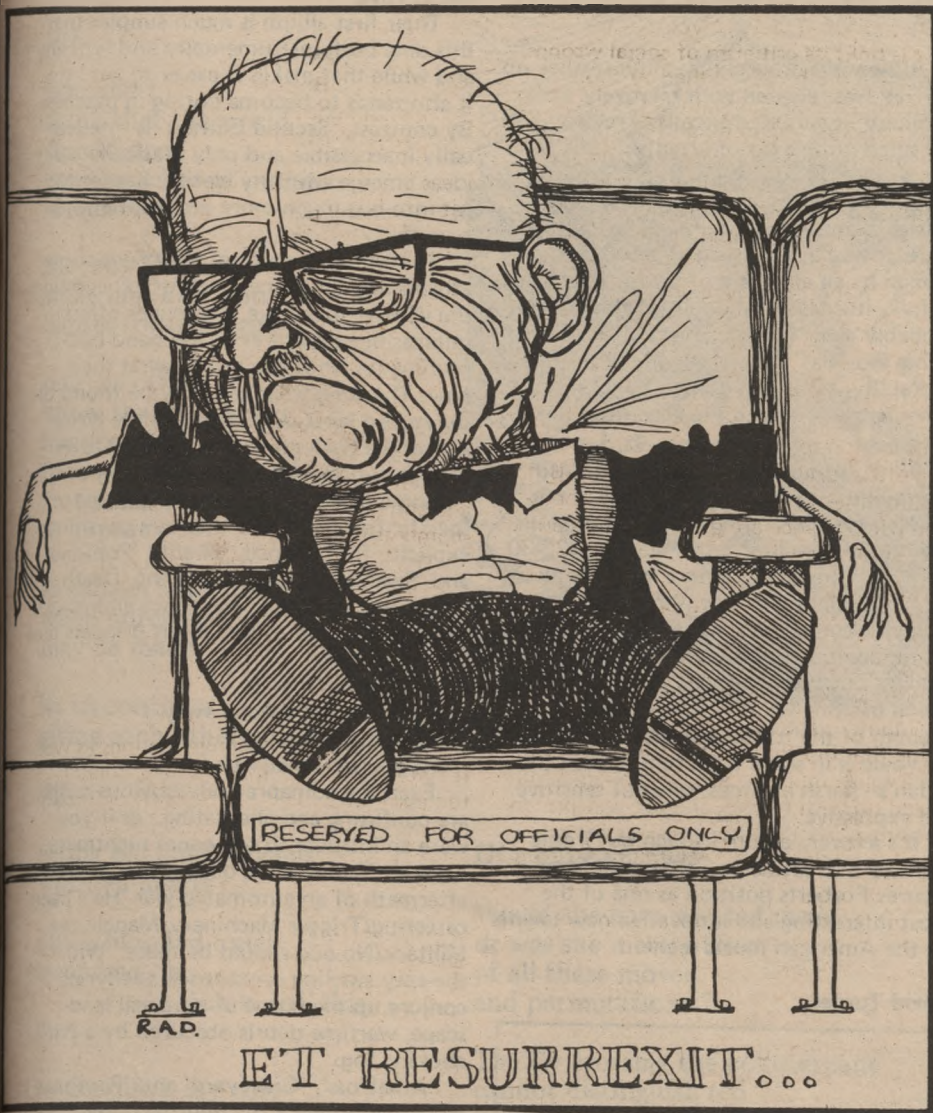
*'I am come to the threshold of a spring
Where there will be nothing
To stand between me and the smile
Of the martin's scooping flight,' (In April).*

Her sense of music within the poem and her rich vocabulary give the works an elegant feeling and although highly crafted these poems display a natural felicity even when treating serious themes. The themes are varied yet display her earthy wisdom; often dealing with death she doesn't sentimentalize it but takes it as another part of life.

*'Still in the countryside among the lowly
Death is not out of fashion,' (Graveyard in Norfolk)*

The volume encompasses poems of her varied styles, ranging from the earthy ballad - 'Ballad Story' to the elegiac 'A Journey By Night'. All are marked by her characteristic control and masterly use of words, rhythms and poetic images. At \$10.95, the volume sounds expensive for only twelve poems but its content and book production make it worth the price.

A. Bond



ET RESURREXIT...

Mackner and Brahms Revisited

At the 125th anniversary concert of the Auckland Choral Society, the invited guests, having complimentary seats, were our Governor-General, our beloved Mayor and party. Not only were they ten minutes late, holding up the orchestra, sizeable choir, four soloists, a rather perturbed conductor and an embarrassed audience, not only did Tintner glare at them for thirty seconds before they realised they were in the wrong positions for 'God Save The Queen,' not only were a thousand people kept waiting whilst these 'officials' left the auditorium, but also Keith and Sir Dovemyer fell asleep during the Mass, whilst those around looked concerned for them during the Requiem for the Dead.

A caricature of Holyoake, made somewhat obscure by misplacement, referred to this last week. In this issue we see Robinson reaping the benefit of a 40% sales on modern music (he can't afford the records, either) and enjoying 'culture' under the Muldoon definition.

GILLIES ISLE RECORDS

Along with Misex, Split Enz are currently attracting a lot of attention overseas. But the group have a history that extends beyond True Colours. Since their formation in 1972, Enz have had over twenty members pass through the ranks and the music has moved from morose atmosphere, depth and colour to electronic mulch. Rob Gillies is now among the departed, and his retrospective views of the band can be found below.

M. What year did you leave Split Enz?

G. January of 1978 but I could be wrong about that.

M. What have you been doing since you left Split Enz?

A. I had a period of readjustment - which is a holiday and then the opportunity of doing set design came up so I took that. I've been doing that for about 18 months.

A. Why did you leave Split Enz - the press made it sound very rough?

G. It was precipitated by Phil coming back into the band, and it would have been unworkable with me there.

Phil Doesn't Dominate The Music.

A. What about your part in the music - those little riffs you'd play - were they yours?

G. Well, we'd have these long rehearsal periods and say either Tim or Phil would come up with the idea of the song and then it would be arranged by the band. So we used to have these long, endless sessions, far too long really, and everyone would pitch in ideas and in the end you'd have a Split Enz song.

through their 'doughnut-and-bottle-of-fizz' stage. So I went over there and it was better - at least we had enough money. Then we went to the U.K. and signed with Chrysalis. So it was still good when I left for the second time in Holland. They went back to England and hit a lean time again. M. Would you like to be playing with them again?

G. Not really, I think the music is definitely not the same and I don't get that feeling when I go to the concert - which is fortunate.

A. What about your time with Citizen Band?

G. Just a bit of fun. But I could never get it right. The saxophone amplification would never be right. So I thought anything I did would be in an acoustic context. For example I was with a sax four-some last year - a casual thing with David Bowater from Sichtung and Chris Nairns - its more like vintage car enthusiasts getting together.

A. What's your background with the sax - didn't you play in the Wanganui Brass Band?

G. I played the cornet. But I could never cut loose on that. So when I came to University I bought one.

M. How is your relationship with the old Enz people - for example Phil Judd?

G. It's fine but I hardly ever see him. We don't meet socially. But I see Mike a lot and all the other guys when they're back - Noel stays at my place.

M. What is your favourite Enz song?

G. That's a good question. Probably rather than anything that was recorded - Nightmres Stampede by Phil Judd.

M. What about your best memory with Split Enz?

G. Billing the Town Hall in Auckland for the first time, just like an overseas act and there being no difference.

M. What happened in Atlanta?

G. How do you know about this? We were in a place called the Electric Ballroom from memory playing to about 20 spaced out cowboys. We came off stage and Noel had actually fallen down the steps and hurt his leg quite badly - and something had happened with Phil and Michael I think, some small disagreement about an aspect of playing - Tim was involved too, a punch was thrown. So Tim got a sore jaw. It was probably the stress of touring. M. What do you think of New Zealand music today?

G. It's changing - I don't really personally listen to a lot.

ROB GILLIES



INSTRUMENT

Sax
Dregs
Rich 'n' real

REMARKS.....

An early involvement with dizrythmic chime work and creative basketry has given Robert a good sense of tempo and an ability to join in with group activities.

A. The album Mental Notes - now its New Zealand musical history.

G. Yes, that came out of these long, agonising sessions.

M. How do you see the band now?

G. Oh its very good, a bit like seeing the old team do well.

M. Do you like the music?

G. Yes, some of it I like. And I like the whole concept job - the cover, promotions, everything. The music is produced in a very tidy way.

A. How did you find life on the road with Split Enz - very tough?

G. I was quite fortunate because I missed the bad patches. I was in the band earlier on in Auckland, but left and went to work for the Mercury Theatre. Then they rang up from Sydney about one and a half years later and asked me if I'd like to join them. And by that time they'd gone

You're Only Lonely

J.D. Souther
C.B.S.

Known principally as a songwriter, Souther demonstrates here that he can also sing. The album's main strength, though is not his voice so much as the arrangements. Side one ends with a lovely version of his 'White rhythm and blues' which rescues it from the clutches of Linda Ronstadt, who we all hate, right?

Side one is actually the quiet side, side two a bit more racy man. It opens with a song he co-wrote with Glen Frey of Eagles notoriety 'Til the bars burn down.' Even though there is quite a lot of Eagles on this album, (in fact I still can't help feeling that I've heard most of it before) at least it is a change from the real thing. And more importantly Souther makes it sound like he means what he sings.

Ken Grace



JackRabbit Slim

Steve Forbert
CBS

Although Forberts first album 'Alive on Arrival' was released with relatively little publicity, it garnered excellent reviews and attracted quite a bit of attention. His raw, unpolished artistry was something of a gust of fresh air in an increasingly stale musical atmosphere.

Now we have his second album and though its an amalgam of styles, from rock to folk, it suffers not at all for that, indeed probably gains by it. Forbert once described his music as 'folk, rock and roll, country, rockabilly, soul, pop gospel, blues American music with the accent on the songs.'

All of these are to be found on 'Jack-rabbit Slim'. 'Make it All So Real' is a bitter-sweet rock number about the perils and cast of rock-star fame. 'January 23-30 1978' by contrast is a more folksy look at a small town boy's return home.

Instrumentation is kept simple on all the numbers by producer John Simon, though 'The Shoals Sisters' provide a lush line in backing vocals. However the strength of the tracks is in Forbert himself. His voice is in some ways reminiscent of Dylan's - harsh at times, raw but sensitive and expressive.

It's a lovely album - tough but ironic and wry in treatment. 'Jackrabbit Slim' secures Forberts position as one of the most interesting and innovative new talents on the American music scene.

David Turner



Terminal Jive

Sparks
Virgin (thru RTC)

Neglected in the past by a largely indifferent music establishment, it is only with the recent renaissance of synthesizers as an acceptable form of musical instrumentation, that public opinion has pulled 'Sparks' up into a recognized group (even in New Zealand!). This then is the second offering of Ron and Russel Mael under Virgin management. It is a clear progression, certainly a movement away from their earlier pop-satire of the mid-seventies.

The music on 'Terminal Jive' is like 'No 1 in Heaven' in that it is probably among the tightest, cleverest pop synthesizer music on the market today. The clever satire and cutting wit of the early Sparks efforts has been refined and incorporated as an element of this definitely new style of music.

They have dropped the characteristic pseudo - soprano vocals opting for an approach that is possibly more commercial in that it adheres more to the publics idea of a male voice.

As a record it is a long playing collection of interesting, enjoyable, pop singles which deserve to be listened to for what they are rather than to be hastily categorized.

Paul Grinder

'Second Edition'
Public Image Ltd,
Virgin (thru RTC)

PIL are no longer the band behind John Lydon as the music press would have you believe of the first album. 'Second Edition' shows each member to be an equal contributor which is how they have wanted to appear, since their beginning in 1978.

Their first album is much simpler than this one, both instrumentally and lyrically and while that makes it easier to get into, it also tends to become boring in patches. By contrast, 'Second Edition' is intellectually inaccessible and only gradually do ideas emerge with any clarity; harder to get into but much more interesting when you do.

The whole concept of the production attacks any preconceptions or expectations the listener may have. The cover offers impressionist pictures of the band but nothing on who they are or what they play. The song titles can only be found on the record label, and although the lyrics are on the back cover there are no titles and no punctuation.

Some of the songs try to capture a specific feeling, rather than say anything explicit - for instance, 'Chant', 'Poptones' and 'Swanlake', the latter being 'Death Disco' in a new mix. The lyrics expresses the princes sense of loss as his princess dies (in the ballet)

Seen it in her eyes
Never no more hope away
find in a fade
Watch her slowly die.

Even the comparatively obvious songs are confusing and alienating - as if you were an intruder in someones nightmare. Look at 'Carefree' - a description of the aftermath of an automated war 'He's been careering/Trigger Machinery/Mangle the Military/No one should be there.' With the eery swirling synthesiser, the lyrics conjure up the image of a surreal landscape, wartime debris obscured by a choking fog.

'Albatross', 'Graveyard' and 'Poptones' all use extensively the unusual guitar technique of playing a series of treble boosted and slightly fuzzed high notes over and over - if it sounds dull on paper it certainly doesn't on vinyl. Lydon's manic warble on 'Only the Lonely' complements the underlying uneasiness that Levines guitar techniques give to 'Albatross'.

Definitely not an album to jump up and down to - more a set of experiences to recover from.

But to sum it up in two words:

Brilliant.
S. Sontier

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.



from CATULLAN VARIATIONS

2

Clodia's white pigeon pair
one on egg-guard
the other at large
or roosting above tomatoes
heavy with their siftings -

she likes the hard peck they give her figures
she likes their talk of rolled oats
under the awning.

Ignoring my bulges and insinuations
she ripens in her deck chair
eating the stained fruit.

I too like that tang on the tongue
softness of feather
pain of the sharp peck.

CK Stead

The title to this
piece is itself an
explanation in prose.

Judi Stout

FIGURES IN A SEQUENCE

(i) the dansant

I found it
in a dictionary
and look
it comes true

these days
with peaches
with intricacies
of step
and step
afternoon tea
with dancing

(ii)

you and I
think that the world
should drop
great peaches of praise
at our feet

the way children
smile and love you
harder for their gifts

but the others
know that the world
has arranged
for peaches to be picked
green and boxed
to appear

at certain later times
when purchases
may be made

let us continue
giving each other peaches

(iii)

eating big juicy Queens
with red hearts

quick blooded quick
tempered oh
quick save this
hurt

to the quick say this
they'll learn patience
at last

losing or exchanging
juice

and hearts for stones

* * *

Michele Leggott

Verb for bird

wi wi
o n o n
g g g

Judi Stout

Poem for Sarah

she does cartwheels through the
marram grass, legs whirling strong
past the curve of the sky

Aileen Hill

Yet another person has been run down outside my door
that's the third one in twelve months
one every four months
if you don't count the woman who was killed
further down by the shops
which makes four ...

three then
a quarter of a person a month
if I stay here long enough I might set a record
for the most road accidents outside one door
I even know the emergency services number off by heart.
one one one
which adds up to three
the next one will spoil that
I won't feel so charitable
towards the next one.

Ken Grace



And they call me pedestrian!

Of a girl now dead

Would she have wanted more
or was she merely tired
of all these moves
and permutations ?

The fly crossing the counterpane
cannot distinguish red
from grey; the fly
on the chequered counterpane
is more concerned with living.

Rain on the window,
words on the tongue,
the offering is but a moment long
preceding all confusion.

Martin Sutton

Out of
plum
mouths
bob
children
children.

Wystan Curnow

Dark
discovering
boys also
had hair
down
there.

Wystan Curnow

Religious concept

je suis
take I
jesus

Judi Stout

DREAMS, RESPONSIBILITIES

In that dream Mozart is always
on the road to Prague, beating it out.
Meanwhile see the foul woods straight from
Salvator Rosa, with banditti
biting their nails. He won't make it.

Or Wagner, stormtost in the Baltic ?
Easy to believe they were not sirens
howled the shrouds under, deep by deep.
Where met the Dutchman, yet to be met ?
And Elsa, her breasts lifting like
serpents at their nests ... dread the rest.

Alessandro Marcello perhaps.
He goes to a masked ball, that's what
you'd like to think for him, stepping
from a gondola -- almost you hear
retiring his boatman's song -- he enters
some colonnade's obscurity. Then
the knife presented, the demand !

Try to practise at an art in conscience
(this your Unconscious informs)
at risk. You must learn to live endangered.
You give offence. You do not see faces
clearly. You're preyed upon, accused.
Here I stand, I cannot other.

Kendrick Smithyman

Title :

The can
ning of bean

Form:

one
one act
play

Characters:

Miss Tomato
Mr Beantree
Adam
Eve
A Sarpint

Synopsis: Miss T finds the tree with
one last bean clinging to its twig.
She moans a one word moan 'Bean'
while Mr Beantree looks everywhere
touching things & saying 'can'.
Think of something else for Adam
Eve & Sarpint to do. & say. Perhaps.

Tony Green

Another verb for bird

go in
e w w g
n i o o
o ng n
e

Judi Stout

Regina and a piece of cold misunderstanding:
Everybody wants to live forever.

Everybody's making plans for me
Everybody screams and tears their hair
Everybody's jawbone is bone seering through flesh
Everybody is not a patriot
And they are not all royalists
Everybody loves the feel of blood in red racetrack veins
Everybody has switched from powder to roll-on
Everybody masturbates but would rather be blown
Nor is everybody a priest or a roman catholic roman.

The Queen died on a foggy morning
She passed on and no laws passed with her
A marble jawbone bit her Name off record:
The Act was still there
And she had disapproved of life
Regina may free me as she herself
But does not.

Daryl Wilson

LETTERS

Dear Editor,

It seems as if the protest over whether or not overseas students should be made to pay a fee of \$1500.00 will continue apparently unresolved.

It is from a logical viewpoint that I write this letter.

As a resident of N.Z. and a holder of U.E., I am permitted to attend University with only minimal fees to pay (a method of determining those who want to come, and those who prefer not to pay).

The actual cost of my education, in dollars, must be extremely high. As there are 11,500 students in this University, much money is consumed.

Where does all this money come from?

It comes from the tax payers. The bursaries paid to students, the wages paid to the staff, and the many other costs, are all paid from my parents' tax money, or if you like, from my tax money which I will pay in a few years time. So as you see, a University education, like all services to a country, must be paid for by the citizens of that country.

Viewing the Overseas Students' situation in this light, it is only logical and fair that overseas students, having paid no taxes in N.Z. should be made to pay for some of their education. If I were Mr Muldoon, I would make them pay for all aspects of their education that are subsidised by tax money because having paid nothing for the education that they are receiving, they leave N.Z. after 3-4 years, and use OUR resources for THEIR country.

It is in this aspect that I support the Government in imposing this fee.

Yours sincerely,
Capitalist

Dear Editor,

On reading the letter concerning the incident between the elderly passenger and the ARA bus driver, which appeared in the Craccum edition of the 2nd week of April I also feel obliged to express my disgust at the overcharging by the driver and the apathetic action taken by the inspector.

But I was even more dismayed by the apathetic and cowardly stance adopted by the author of the original letter who professed to be annoyed about this incident enough for him/her to write the letter but not it seems for him/her to do anything to help the elderly victim. He/she could have voiced his/her complaints to the inspector and in so doing would have lent support to the persecuted pensioner.

Further, he/she omitted to identify him/her self and instead hid behind a pseudonym. This action immediately lessens any valid point made in the correspondence.

Yours keeping up community standards
Commander Rabbit

Dear Editor,

A suggestion.

Why don't you arrange to have a few 'LETTERS to the EDITOR' boxes put in fairly conspicuous places around the campus (provided they can be cleared regularly) so that those of us who often feel like writing the said letters can do so without the hassle of having to go and find your office (hoping that the door is unlocked). A few appropriate places might be the coffee bar (where you can always without exception see and hear student reaction to articles in Craccum on the day of its release), the Stuass (d) reception and a common room or two. Not to mention similar facilities at the Engineering, Med etc (away from immediate campus-central areas).

Let us know of your decision. And I hope you give it a go. Soon.

Sincerely Yours
Bob Smith

P.S. If there are already 'L to the E' boxes around (and I don't mean 'Suggestion Boxes' the one I've seen) then perhaps they should be made more distinct.

Dear Craccum,

I would like to complain (bitterly) about the recent lack of raincoats in the coffee, sold in the Coffee Bar. The percentage of raincoats has dropped considerably over the last few weeks, this climaxed on Thursday when there were absolutely no raincoats in the coffee whatsoever! You may find this hard to believe, I know I did. I searched for half an hour but to no avail - no raincoats. Previously, raincoats provided a source of joy and entertainment for me - I could sit in breathless anticipation, awaiting the discovery of some new breed of raincoat - how many will there be? What size? What colour? So now there is nothing to look forward to. Thus I appeal to your humanitarian nature to bring back the raincoats in the coffee, or if this is impossible to substitute them for something else - ARA buses, sealice or even mutant goldfish - anything will do - even Peter Berger. Please give this matter your undivided attention.

Yours sincerely (well fairly sincerely)
B. Adams - Chairman & President of the Save the Raincoat Appeal
(all donations gratefully accepted).

Dear Katrina,

I read with interest Denese Black's article entitled 'The Right to Choose' April 14th. She certainly has researched her topic well and I am left in no doubt that in many countries women are unjustly treated and that discrimination does exist. However there are a couple of parts of her article that I feel require some qualification.

Firstly Denese Black contends that control over fertility must, in the end, be solely the personal decision of each woman. I gather that she maintains that the decision for an abortion must be left to the woman concerned. In other words because the woman helped conceive the embryo/foetus and because she happens to be its life support system, she has the right to destroy it, regardless of any body else's opinions, including the male who collaborated in creating the human life. It would appear also that Denese Black does not believe that a woman should be accountable for this action either and that she should not have to justify her action regardless of many peoples belief that abortion is destroying human life and as such certainly a decision that should not be taken lightly, or without sufficient justification.

I believe that there are instances when abortion is the only realistic method of 'solving' a particular dilemma, but to say that the woman is necessarily in the best position to decide is rather absurd. She must, at least, seek out responsible guidance before taking such a drastic step and there are undoubtedly times when another person can be much more objective and unbiased simply because he/she is not confronted with the problem.

Just as no one can stop a person committing suicide, hence they do have the overall decision as to whether they will live or not, I don't believe anyone can stop a woman getting an abortion if she is determined enough, but does the capacity to destroy give one the right to make that decision, unaided, or imply that it must be legal, and in this case subsidized by government aid?

Secondly Denese Black considers the situation in areas such as Quebec, where Catholic hospitals refuse to perform abortions 'somewhat hypocritical' because women can go to another hospital or place to receive their abortion. It is certainly not hypocritical for an organisation such as a Catholic hospital to decide because of their beliefs not to perform abortions. It is like saying it is hypocritical not to fight in a war, just because many others are eager and willing to be called up. If anything Denese Black, who I dare say, claims to be a champion of womens rights should applaud the way Catholic hospitals have stood up for their rights, and in accordance with the law. If she considers this hypocritical then I wonder whether she herself would be able to make a mature decision regarding what is or is not responsible activity.

I agree that political or economic duress to restrict fertility is unjust and that no woman should be forced to terminate a pregnancy, be sterilized or have limits placed on her rightful choice to have as many children as she sees fit, but I cannot believe that a woman alone should be able to terminate life simply because she, regardless of her ability to make a responsible decision, deems it necessary, for whatever reason selfish or unselfish, and without any necessity to justify her actions.

Tony Sears

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

I would like to thank the person or people responsible for depriving a family of five their fruit and vegetables for the week. Ripping off their bag full of food on Thursday 17th April from the varsity food co-op, I think is one of the lowest acts you bastards could have stooped to. I s'pose you rip off milk money too.

From one who is not on a bursary and can ill afford your cheap thrills, I hope you get eternal diarrhoea.
Pissed off.

Dear Editor,

Your name is Katrina White and I claim my chocolate fish. The intentional mistake in last weeks issue was on the back page, where you swapped photos (3) and (4). The intentional censoring was in Ronald McDonalds letter, the missing words being -

'I wouldn't serve half the shit they serve there to the boat people. In fact I wouldn't serve the other half to the boat people.'

Thank you very much for an incredibly readable paper. You have really outdone yourselves this year.

Lots of love, kisses and oral activity
Arthur Smiley

Thank You,

To the anonymous person who returned my I.D. through the mail - thanks very much.

S. Haywood

Dear Craccum,

Elizabeth Leyland's article on Swingers was shit in cotton wool. The illustration was the icing. Phil Judd, besides being the most talented musician N.Z.'s ever produced, is married (for starters). Secondly, just because he sings about his impressions of women, does that necessarily mean a reflection of real life. Certainly he has a very enigmatic person, but like every artist he has the right to artistic expression detached from reality. After all, no art is real. To simplify this for Ms Leyland - does a picture she takes reflect her own opinions? If she photographs an empty quad does that mean she's a solitary person? Of course not. Therefore, Ms Leyland should a) realise and differentiate between the romantic imagination of art and the reality of personal opinion and b) not try to judge Judd without at least talking to the man. Much ado about nothing to fill a column and demonstrate her own frigidity. (Follow?)

So This Is Love

Dear Craccum,

'So This Is Love' 's letter about Elizabeth Leyland's article on the Swingers was 'shit in cotton wool'. There was no icing. Only a bunch of loudmouthed, up themselves, itinerant Craccum reviewers would have the nerve to criticise a review before it's even been published.

The review in question is winging it's way to Wanganui as I type these very words. Think you're clever reading the layout sheets, huh? I'm even smarter, I read your suckshit letter while it was in the 'to be subbed' tray, and I got my letter in the same issue as yours whereas yours was a week after Biddy's review so, stick that where it'll do the most good!

As for the letter itself, apart from the lousy grammar - or is it lousy spelling? - 'he his (sic) a very enigmatic person....' APART from the lousy spelling, you leap from generalisation to patronisation to character slur with gay abandon. Your closing remark was not only juvenile, it was totally uncalled for and reveals far more about your personalities (or lack thereof) than you are perhaps aware. Your nursery school didactic exposition on The Philosophy of Art was undeniably pathetic - Sartre is dead and I don't really think you lot will take his place.

If personal interview with the 'enigmatic' P.J. is necessary to justify his lyrical content, he should give up writing/performing and take up Cockucking fulltime.

Might I further suggest that you not criticise reviews until you have something valid to offer in the way of grammar, spelling, reasoning and constructive comment. Nobody really needs your open-mouthed Hero-worship OR your tasteless character slurs. (I can see why you like the Swingers) Get out of the gutter and don't demonstrate your own purity. (Follow?)

Dermot Cooke

Dear Katherine,

Congratulations to everybody involved with the production of CRACCUM last week (April 14th). A vintage number! The high quality and wide range of subjects covered by the articles was most gratifying, John's Arts section was well-balanced and intelligently presented, Ken's short story was excellent, and advertising was kept to a minimum. Pity, though, that Hague's Rave could hardly even reach token gesture status.....

Well done, you lot!

Fondly,
Lit Crit

Dear Sir,

I am totally pissed off with the repressive Victorian attitudes smothering my sex-life. I am not homosexual, am not a polygamist, rapist exhibitionist, or pervert. Yet still I am criticised, brow-beaten and sermonised by preachy, up-themselves, fucked-up, born-again, bored-again, holier-than-I Christs.

These Holy Terrorists are all prepared to condemn me, or my soul (whatever THAT is) to be roasted on a spit in the Hellfires Of Eternal Damnation. Not for murder, not for blasphemy but because I have been living with (ie 'cohabiting' - 'fucking' for your Engineer readers) my niece for the past eighteen months.

The personal circumstances which brought us together are complex and a source of anguish to her and I will not elaborate here. Suffice it to say that I saved her - she saved me - from an emotionally dangerous situation and taking her under my wing evolved into what has been for us, and still is, a beautiful caring relationship.

All you Christs can take your cruel testament and shove it up your sanctified arseholes. I don't need your cries of 'Incest' and 'Sinners'. Save it for the homosexuals.

Yours in defiance,
John Masterson

dear cuddles,

when o when are you going to feature some more of those totally pathetic excuses for poetry such as appeared in the march 31st technicolour ish. i am a great fan of both wynstan curnow and tony green. wow. they seem to have achieved consensus in their descriptions of objective reality to such an extent that they must be either azande tribesmen or californians. as a token of my appreciation i composed the following:

IT'S

it's
so obviously
bullshit

but
that's only
his fault

VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY WYSTAN CURNOW

1. instead of valid poetry
bullshit

BULLSHIT

if you write too much
your balls will drop off

2. valid poetry baby
uncontrived emotion for ever afters

the question was:
have you ever read such bullshit?
such bullshit!

3. moonlit masturbator's cast - off comestains
makes great purex

POO-BAH SHEE-IT
valid poetry

Yours poetically,
billy tangelo

Dear L. Bevin,

For your diminishing education, this inter-island ferry event that you are supposed to have witnessed (which judging by your crass over-reaction, it is obvious that you didn't) actually involved 6 students. To put the record straight, the main aggressor on the ferry was the steward who identified only 4 of those concerned. 2 students in the bar were discussing the possibilities of sinking the ferry by getting all those on the boat to run from one side to the other. Four of those in one of the lounges were involved in the business of unscrewing one of the tables, pretty childish I agree, but nothing compared to what the steward did when he came across them performing this feat. Manfully he strode across the deck muttering something to the effect of 'having a good time Boys?' he then proceeded to upset the table and what was on it i.e. drinks, full ashtray etc. into the laps of some other students spectating. Couple this with the gross inconvenience for those not involved of having to wait for an hour and a quarter whilst the steward, accompanied by two police people charged around the boat looking for those involved (who were in the queue waiting to disembark) until it finally dawned on those in charge to let the people off the boat and apprehend the fearsome 4 on departure. The drunken antics of those on the train were a lot milder than those of your well-mannered heroes the All-Blacks. The police themselves admitted that it was an over-reaction on the part of the Harbour Board, and on the return journey spent their time socialising with dare I say it public enemy No. 1. The other 3996 (according to the 1st edition of the Dominion) students who weren't arrested on request of the Harbour Board.

So the next time you want to smear shit on the reputations of your fellow students, get your facts right, I mean, four culpable out of one hundred isn't a bad ratio by Dominion standards, but you, by your own standards, are supposed to be intelligent, and make critical unbiased preferably unemotive statements. If you believe everything you read in the papers and accept it without comment then you shouldn't have even come here.

Yours Affectionately,
A Puerile 5 yr old,
Petrovich Tanczos,
P.S. Talk to the public on the ferry with the 'similar scum' or the said scum if you need verification.
P.P.S. If I feel strongly enough about something to the point of using FUCK it will be because I am writing how I feel, not because I am trying to impress people like yourself (I am of course, referring to your status as a realisation of your parents' ambition). You are so up yourself that the only person who would impress you is the one you see in the morning when you shave.

Dear Katrina,

Re the Christians letter on Arts babbles and reality.

'Reality is for people who can't handle life with drugs'.

The Pope

HAGUE'S RAVE S.R.C.

SCRUM

I'd like to begin by disclaiming all knowledge of several of the comments that were placed in last week's column by person or persons unknown (but probably the Craccum Editor.)

Secondly, I want to thank all the folks who rolled up to SRC last week. It would be nice to see that many people very time, but if we don't hold the SRC-chair election soon, my nerves will shortly become very frayed.

The main point that I want to raise is capping, (see another article elsewhere). While we don't have Capping Controllers, this year's Capping is looking much better than it has done for some time. I am in charge of overall co-ordination. David Rose is organising children's party, Tony Reynolds has bike ride and raft race, Andrew Benson is handling the UNOFFICIAL pub crawl that nobody knows about, and "Drink the pub dry", Doc Benson is doing, bicycle ride and publicity, Fiona Cameron and Henry Harrison are doing practically everything else except stunts.

Stunts are being co-ordinated by Darryl Carey. Darryl is particularly interested in stunts that can be used to raise money for the combined charities of AUSREF (Auckland University Students' Refugee Education Fund), Needy Students Fund, Overseas Students Emergency Fund, and Malaysian Education Fund. If you have a stunt, let Darryl know about it. If stunts are registered, then when the Police ring, I can come and bail you out.

One of the things that is being done is auction of EVERYTHING and food etc. so let me know if you want to bid, or donate something. If you are fast and daring and want to be involved in stunts, you'd better see Darryl soon. That's about all for now.

friendship,
win



PUNTING

The jackpots are back and with the possibility of \$50000 up for grabs there will be a greater interest shown in racing by the public. It is a busy week with gallops at Matamata on Tuesday, Avondale on Wednesday, Auckland and Trentham on Saturday. Trots at Cambridge on Friday night and at Addington on Saturday night. Trot picks are Classic Special, Up Tempo, Gretna Hanover, Hurricane Shannon, Neutrino Adios and Hoatu. On the gallops Spinnerin, Special, Ballymiles, Destiny Bay, Rising Damp, while Alvin our guest selector this week likes Artesian and Toujours.

The balance of our account is up \$8.75 with one bet outstanding. With Game Captain not starting last week we have \$15 to spend this week. So \$5 place on both Special and Spinnerin and \$2 win \$3 place on Gretna Hanover. Bill Skelton started riding winners in 1946 and last week rode his 2000th winner which is a great achievement by great jockey.

B. Gamble

The two major issues at SRC were the battle between MSA (Malaysian Students Association) and MSSA (Malaysian Singaporean Students Association) and the elections for the executive position of SRC Chair.

The MSA, MSSA feud stems from a long time ago when relations between MSSA and the Malaysian High Commission were broken by the Malaysian government over having Singapore students in the association and for being anti-government oriented, thus MSA split off and keeps relations with the High Commission. Basically the High Commissioner has now been banned from campus. Want to know more? See MSA, MSSA, an executive member or write to Craccum.

The five candidates for SRC Chair gave moving speeches though none started 'I have a dream'. Voting was so close between two of the candidates a division was called, but even the mathematical president almost went cross-eyed trying to count the 340 bobbing heads. So we declared it a contentious issue, voting being so close. Watch for elections coming up and also while you're at it spot the new National Affairs Officer — he's called Peter Shearer.

J.G. and S.W.



1980 EASTER TOURNAMENT — Team Captain's Report, Auckland Swimming and Water Polo Squad.

On Friday 4th, 22 members of the AU Sw. & Po. Sq. travelled to the annual University's National Easter Tournament, held this year at Palmerston North.

Saturday morning dawned, painfully for some, and Auckland began its 5-day competition with the Otago Men's Water Polo team, fielding two NZ reps, showing its prowess, taking Auckland under an embarrassing 23-0.

However, revenge came sweet, with the Auckland Ladies scooping the pool in the water polo, playing the entire tournament undefeated.

The mens' team improved throughout the tournament, losing only marginally in their 2nd and 3rd games, and drawing against a strong Victoria team in their final game, 2-all.

Otago might have been able to play Polo, but Auckland was convincingly superior in the swimming, winning that part of the tournament, both in men's and women's, and the overall competition with a grand total of 64 points from a possible 132, with the remainder being shared amongst 6 other universities.

On the other scores, the Auckland squad fared reasonably at the drinking horn on Sunday, but one of our members, the Auckland ladies' captain, who will remain unnamed, originated and affiliated a new event at this year's drinking horn, showing her expertise in the Bum-biting competition.

On social matters, Massey crapped out so far as organisation and value-for-money, but needless to say, a good time was had by all, regardless.

STOP PRESS

The new National Affairs Officer, Peter Shearer, attended the first executive meeting in his new capacity on 24th April. Otherwise the cast remained the same, and the soap-opera continued as usual.

Kevin Hague presented his long-awaited report on the use of cans, bottles, kegs and mini-tankers. It has taken him the best part of six months to get around to writing it and so it was a relief to all concerned when it finally turned up. Basically the answer was a lemon, as Kevin concluded "the question of cost aside, the problem is to reconcile the social problems of drunkenness (sic) and violence with the environmental problem of recyclability (and energy input)."

Fair enough, Kevin, and the secretary will be able to save a line when he types the agendas from now on.

The Sports Officer's proposal to tar-seal the grounds of 24 Grafton Road, at a cost of about \$4,700 to provide carparks for Executive members and others was turned down. But the medical students got \$500 for their trips to the Medical Conference in Sydney.

After this, sundry elections were held and inter alia Anthony Wright was appointed to SUMC and Bhady Miller was appointed to Theatre Management Committee.

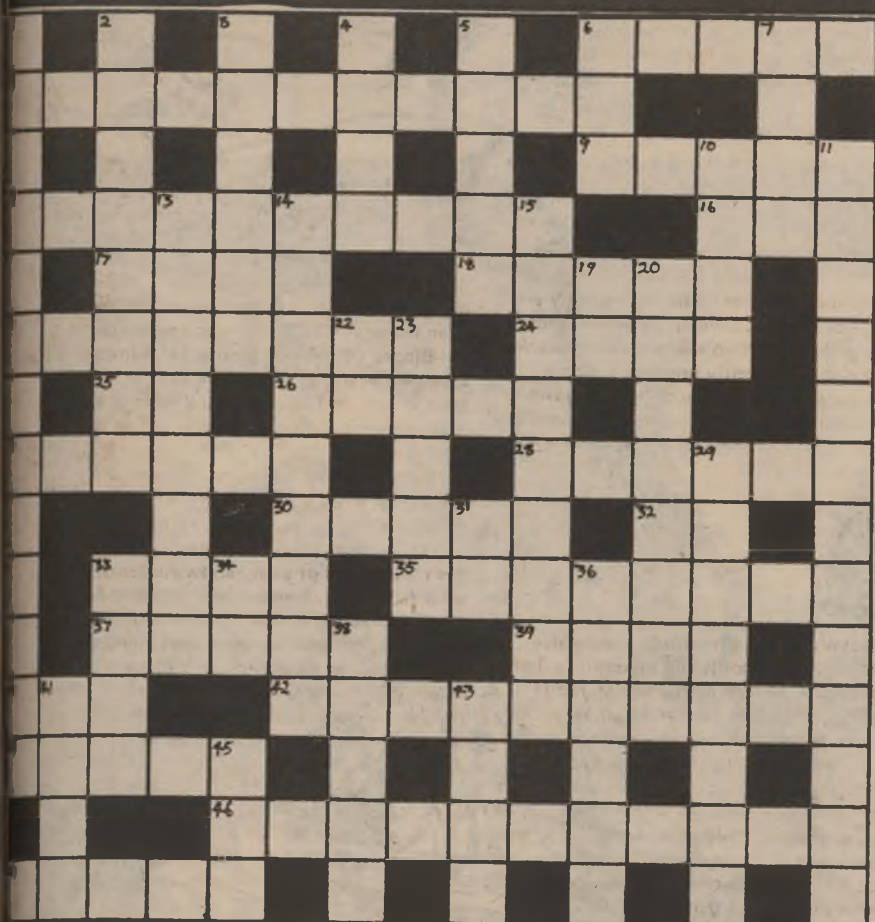
Anne-Marie Wille resigned as Women's Rights Officer with the resounding cry, "politics is fucked!" and proceeded to give a seminar on ways of killing attackers with bare hands. Anne-Marie has been another victim of the workload that Executive members face and has recommended that all Executive members be given an honorarium so that they don't have to take part-time jobs. Good luck with the job-hunting, Anne-Marie.

The next major item of discussion related to the appointment of AUSA representatives at the Capping Ceremony. The President will go to one, and the AVP to another, but the EVP declined to take part, explaining that he thought that capping ceremonies were pretentious. A motion ordering him to represent the Association was subsequently lost, and thus he escaped a fate of wearing the Brown Gown.

Next, the minutes of the Finance Committee were discussed and if you've ever sat through one of those meetings, you'll know how dry they are, so I won't try your patience. More next week.

J.G.B.

CROSSWORD



CLUES :

Across :

6. Surprise from behind ? (5)
8. Play way out for royalty (4, 3, 4)
9. Piece after either circle (5)
12. Unit in heart of plate and pen has deceitfulness (10)
16. Before a Scottish, aye (3)
17. Heap up beam of soft hair haemorrhoid on tail (4)
18. Wears a bluff ? (3, 2)
21. Lies ring of wine (8)
24. You can put icecream on something that's in scones (4)
25. No Parking sign (1, 1)
26. Boy in an open garden (5)
27. Unfasten (6)
28. Atom-arsenal may have gone there (2, 4)
30. Case of B.O. forced Swedish town to make gun (5)
32. Um, a small queen (2)
33. Mr Martin, or Flintstone pet (4)
35. Can't riot with leg in plaster (8)
37. Credit in addition leads to Rugby move (5)
39. The Knave of Hearts, a rascal, for example (4)
40. His kind piece of sports equipment (3)
42. Press enter, gifts again, and he stands on your behalf (10)
44. Grows weary from rites (5)
46. Dog-car between a short extension and a short Edward is unreserved. (11)
47. Seats are a possession (5)

Down :

1. Viewers eat an international periodical (7, 6)
2. Shut up after an unmarried woman, your money's wasted (8)
3. Last rolling on a walk (6)
4. The wolf was (4)
5. Coming out ? (5)
6. The sort of years you don't look forward to (3)
7. French styled (4)
10. Cause of ruin in a bean (4)
11. We're meant to feel sorry for it (3, 6, 4)
13. In his panic he thought of the spanish (8)
14. Boring hue from next door (9)
15. Cray cheat when boats compete (5, 4)
19. Thus ! (2)
20. Teen more like 39 inches (3, 5)
22. This is No Answer (1, 1)
23. Big raft transplant (5)
29. Rationed from a dry word (4, 4)
31. Either of the Other Ranks (2)
33. Initially a centre of research (1, 1, 1, 1)
34. Near and small (2)
36. Ghostly spacer (6)
38. Steam fleshes (5)
41. Peck ? (4)
43. Space (4)
45. Stand a group (3)

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S XWORD:

9. Boa constrictor; 10. Roc; 11. Adam; 12. Doomsday Book; 15. No; 16. Un; 17. Edit; 19. Yanks; 20. Stone; 21. Ectope; 22. Twopenny; 25. One of; 28. Letcher; 29. Nestle; 33. Lol; 34. Taper; 35. Hedges; 36. Redes; 39. Tower; 40. Idea; 41. P.R.; 42. Or; 43. Trade Lumbago (sorry about that); 45. Tour; 47. Get; 48. Preconcernment.

Down:-

1. Badminton; 2. Anonymous; 3. Orson Welles; 4. Try; 5. Robust; 6. Icon; 7. Take Ten; 8. O'D; 9. Ran Into; 12. Mote; 14. Absent; 18. Do; 20. Sportswoman; 22. Cycle; 24. Need; 26. Expurgate; 27. Fart about!; 29. Hostel; 31. Eyedrop; 32. Theatre; 36. Garden; 37. Riot; 38. De; 41. Pago; 44. Etc; 46. Ur.

FARMYARD
HOMILIES
NO. 74-B

Q: How can one really expect a hog
to know the difference between
culture and crap...?



BOTTICELLI'S
THREE GRACES



ANSWER: THEY BOTH TASTE THE SAME TO HIM

M