



craccum

Mr Milford 1980 enjoys tennis and gardening, and wants to go places.

notice board

THANK YOU Phil Clairmont for providing CRACCUM's cover graphic for issue 18... from a linocut entitled 'Hiroshima Mon Amour'.

MALAM KEBUDAYDAN AMSSA Cultural night. Featuring dance, music, choir, poem recital, and sketch, depicting some of our cultural and social background. Friday 5th Sept, 8pm in Maidment Theatre. Tickets \$2.50, students \$1.50. Available from Bob Lack, Secretary of AUSA and Robert Lee (Ph. 763-314). Also tickets will be sold in the Quad during lunchtime from 11.15 August.

ROTARACT ...Laugh. Chuckle. Clink. Klunk. Belch. Laugh. Talk, talk, talk... Yes folks, it's Rotaract time again! Rotaract is the only campus club who provide an active social program combined with service to the community. This Tuesday we've got a speaker from Sundowners who will show films and tell us about overland camping tours - something to look forward to! Come along, all your 11,000 students who haven't yet discovered Rotaract, we have coffee and biccies as well... Remember - Tues 12th, 7.30pm, Old Grad Bar.

FOOD CO-OP PRICE GUIDE FOR 14/8/80 Beetroot, none about at market on 7/8; Broccoli, 10c/125g; Brussel sprouts, season ending; Cabbage, 20c each; Carrots, 10c/800g; Cauliflower, 20c each; Celery, 40c each; Garlic, 10c/40g; Ginger root, 10c/25g; Kumara, 10c/160g; Leeks, 20c each; Lettuce, 40c each; Mushroom, 10c/30g; Onion, 10c/400g; Potatoes, 10c/500g; Pumpkin (Crown), \$1 each; Pumpkin (Butternut), 20c each; Rhubarb, 10c each; Silverbeet, 10c/150g; Tomatoes, 10c/80g; Mandarins, 10c/106g; Tamarillos, 4c each; Yams 10c/120g; Apples 8c each (small Granny Smiths); Bananas, 8c each (Island); Oranges, 10c ea (New Zealand); Peas, 5c each (Winter Cole - small); Parsley, 10c/50g. SPORTS COMMITTEE MEETING Thursday 14 August, Committee Room, Recreation Centre, 1pm. Regarding 1) Winter tournament eligibility; 2) Grants Criteria. N.B. A copy of the New Blues Certificate is displayed outside my office.

VARSITY FOLK CLUB Wednesday night. This week: expedition to Wank Frinter's Poles Apart folk club. Assemble at the women's room no later than 7.30. Transport available on the night.

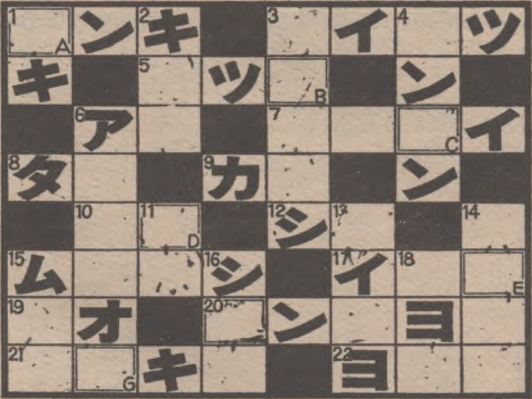
AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY ROWING CLUB invites you along to the club to find out what rowing involves. See us at the club, and if you would like to, go for a row. Be there at 9.00am this Saturday (16th August). The club is located in Armein Rd, adjacent to the Panmure wharf. For details phone Margot 545-646 or Tom 540-799.

THE MOTOR SHIP, an English publication dealing with Naval matters, is offering an essay/thesis competition. The prizes will be: up to three 1st prizes of 100 and ten additional prizes of 25. All prize winners and selected entries will receive a free annual subscription to the Motor Ship. Entries should preferably be presented in double-space type. An approximate length is 3,000 words. Closing date 31 December 1980. Send your entries to The Editor, The Motor Ship, Dorset House, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LU, England.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT Thursday August 14, 1-2p., Venue Room 143, StudAss. Contact Peter Shearer, President, 542-617.

RESEARCH BURSARIES FOR UNDERGRADUATES The New Zealand Fruitgrowers' Federation and the Kiwifruit Marketing Licensing Authority offer a total of five bursaries for undergraduate science students to work with the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research during the long vacation. Qualifications are an interest in plant research with Botany, Biochemistry, Zoology or Entomology as major subjects. Selections will be made on the basis of general performance from School Certificate onwards, with the main emphasis on University performance. Interested students should apply in writing, giving details of scholastic record and stating any preference for a project, by October 6, 1980 to: Mr C.A. Jensen Advisory Officer Mt Albert Research Centre DSIR

ポストパズル

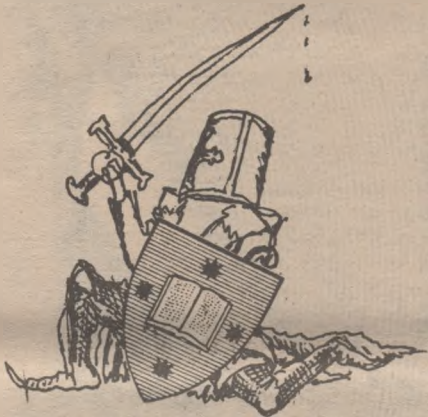


解き方

クロスワードを全部、解いてください。つぎにA→Gの二重カギ内を順に並べると一つのこ とばができます。それだけをハ ガキに書いてください。

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Cole Porter; 6. Deal; 8. Almanac; 10. Ability; 11. Tit; 12. Pandora's Box; 13. Tape; 14. Old; 18. Nee; 19. Miles on; 20. Les; 22. Arm; 23. Stop; 25. Play pinball; 28. Ace; 29. Willowy; 30. Despite; 31. Agree; 32. Press agent. Down: 1. Champion; 2. Lemonade; 3. Pantomime; 4. Rectangle; 5. Ribbon; 6. Dill; 7. Attempter; 9. Air; 15. Lettering; 16. Escapades; 17. Indonesia; 20. Laxative; 21. Smallest; 24. Slow up; 26. Ice; 27. Else.



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CRACCUM, Volume 54, Issue 20

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Verily do we here offer thanks to Shiralee and Raewyn for the doughnuts, Paul for the coffee and hamburgers. Where would we be without the White Lady? (certainly not Uncles). Thanks also to the Lone Ranger and Tonto for proofreading and silver bullets. Biddy for her Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Darkroom, Captain Kremmen and the voluptuous Carla - still toiling away on the Thargoid planet - and of course Helen and Barbara, neither of whom owes Katrina 30c. Mention must here be made of Adam who DOES owe Katrina 30c (she wants it back), Don 'I am the Law' Mathias, Brian 'Slow Train Coming' Brennan, and Mark who had to catch the bus home. The 2 Davids - one suit-off and one suit-on, deedle deedle dumpling, don't forget John. (Dig that rhyme). And let us not forget Anthony and Jason, the Batman and Robin of the advertising world. Finally, Dermot would like to take this opportunity to thank Sarah for a Lovely evening and wish her a Happy Birthday.

classified

Typing Work Typing done in weekends on IBM Electric Golfball machine (choice of two types), for \$3.00 an hour (agency rates \$6.00 to them, \$4.50 to typist), plus payment for paper, around \$5.45 a block. Phone Rosemary 607-500. Calculator For Sale: Programmable T158. The advanced programmable calculator with plug-in Solid Master Library Modules. Up to 480 program steps, or up to 60 memories. Little used, excellent condition. Contact: Kevin, Room 405, Grafton Hall, Ph 771-015.

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1 This is a personal account of what I, as one person, saw happening at the picket outside the Miss Auckland contest.

People concerned with the issue at hand - that of the exploitation and degradation of all women that occurs during a 'beauty' contest - gathered outside Trillos at about 6.30 on a Monday evening. When I arrived at almost 7 o'clock the bulk of the demonstrators, about 60-70 all together were gathered at the carpark entrance of Trillos, some more were around at the Albert Street entrance. We handed leaflets to the people going in, showed placards and chanted. Reactions from those entering were mixed. Some took the offered leaflets, others ignored everything and marched through. A few comments were thrown back, however; one woman announced to a demonstrator offering her a leaflet that, 'We're not asking you to parade dear - you wouldn't make it anyway!'

The scene was enlightening however - it is ironic to be able to stare at women flouncing past you in an outfit that probably cost more than your bursary cheque

A sizeable amount of police watched the demonstration, it was difficult to calculate how many as they seemed to have small groups at each doorway as well as an unknown number inside.

After most people had gone inside, a number of people went round from the carpark door to the front door. It was at this time that the first arrest was made. Ever since we had arrived, a police van had been parked in the driveway. One protestor, D. Benson, was arrested by two constables for allegedly 'interfering with a motor vehicle.' He was then bundled into the van. Many people milled around - I mean the demonstration had been relatively quiet up till now and even people around the place weren't all that sure what he'd been charged with.

It's a strange situation when you see someone arrested like that. But the trouble was, that wasn't the end of it.

The events that followed happened so fast that I can only write down things I saw. A certain amount of noise came around from the front entrance and I saw quite a large number of policemen and demonstrators coming around from the front door to where the police van was parked. There were two demonstrators being held by policemen. Initially I was very shocked in the way these two people were literally being dragged towards the van. I recognised Kevin being held in an extremely tight headlock by a Sergeant with curly hair and glasses. Kevin was struggling and repeatedly asking the officer whether he was under arrest. As far as I heard he was given no answer.

At this stage he and the officer 'arresting' him (I use the term loosely as no arrest procedure had been followed as yet) were down quiet low near the back wheel of the van. A lot of people were rushing around and the situation was getting quite confusing and very frightening. Kevin's face was very discoloured and his breath was gasping presumably because of an overly tight headlock. I'm not sure what had happened to Jan, the woman that had been arrested along with Kevin. I think she had been forced into the van by this stage. I saw Chris grab Kevin to try and help him. I was down low next to Chris and saw a police officer grab him by the hair and drag him very violently away.

Next I saw about three officers attempting to force Kevin into the van. He was resisting and repeatedly asking what charge he was on. By this time many of the women were being, what seemed to me, indiscriminately grabbed by the police. The violent way and the basic indiscriminate way the police carried on was very frightening. Many women tried to stop arrests but the police tended to grab them as well and shove them in the truck.

Annual Trillo's
Beauty Bash!!!



BEND ME, SHAPE ME, ANYWAY YOU WANT ME

I went around taking down the numbers of the police involved including one officer whose number was (I think) purposely trying to be hidden by the greatcoat he was wearing. (It was not a cold night - remember a couple of Fridays ago when all the police wore raincoats at an Education demonstration when there was no threat or even hint of rain). This procedure of writing down numbers of the officers involved generated a lot of aggravation from the police. However after their first effort of randomly hoeing into the crowd had finished, the police calmed down and concentrated on trying to close the back door of the van.

This point was very interesting. After the arrest of David Benson, the 2 police involved with this arrest had no trouble in closing the door. After the other arrests a number of police had great difficulty in closing the door, which looked quite dented. When they did close it, the door was jarred or bent slightly outward as if something (or someone) had been slammed against the door very hard by the police involved.

Basically that was it. The van was driven away and most people moved around to the front entrance. A number drove up to Central to check on what was going to happen to those arrested.

Sum total of the incident: 8 arrests, 6 women, 2 men on charges ranging from assault to disorderly behaviour to resisting arrest.

Fiona Cameron

unlawful arrests were made, and there is little doubt in my mind that the police used considerably more than necessary force during the 'arrests', and that by their attitude and responses they had provoked and encouraged violence. Their attitude was summed up by something that the Sergeant said to a group of us after the incident - when asked how he felt about his actions he replied, 'I have no conscience.' Unfortunately for the eight people (2 men and 6 lesbian women) who were arrested that night, and for those of us who came in contact with fists and boots, he so obviously doesn't. As one of the arrested women said at a discussion on the police's actions, 'They were really angry. They wanted to be somewhere else the whole night. I talked to a few of them. I talked to them just as people. They were furious. They didn't like the slogans. They didn't like the principle. So they were all psyched up for it and they had the paddy wagon there at the start. Bringing it down like that, they had to be wanting it.'

Jane Pavoir

3

Everyone of us who sees, hears, experiences, and loves woman everyday of our lives knows of her beauty, the beauty of her whole being. Everyone of us knows the beauty of mother, sister, lover and friend - the beauty of a *whole* woman, mind, body and soul. To shave our bodies, paint our faces, to change the way we smell, the colour of our hair, and to don a bathing suit in search of approval is a denial of that innate beauty.

On Monday 4 August a group of young women paraded up and down a catwalk, complete with shaved legs, painted faces and bathing suits, in the view of approximately 1000 leering people, in hope of winning the title of 'Miss Auckland'. To enter this contest the woman had to meet certain conditions among which were that they were not allowed to have ever been married, or to have had a child.

All thinking, caring people must work to wipe out contests such as these on the grounds that :

- * They exploit women - *all* women. Women's bodies are seen as commodities, as consumer items to be judged worthy, or cast aside, bought or sold. They are used to make the fat cats fatter, and to deny the dignity of womanhood.

- * Definition of woman's beauty is narrowed into a purely physical context. Every woman knows the frustration of being seen only in a sexual light, her full potential denied, and contests such as these only perpetuate the bigotry and myths.

- * Beauty contests are an attempt by the Patriarchy to destroy sisterhood, as they place women in competition with women in search of male approval.

- * Conditions of entry such as those mentioned above clearly indicate that what is being judged is not true beauty, but the contestants sexual availability to men. The woman must be seen as virgin and accessible in that they 'belong' to no single man. The organisers and judges obviously believe that the moment a woman is married or has a child she loses all 'beauty' and value. In the light of this I find it particularly horrifying that the Plunket Society was profiting from this contest.

- * The key word is *judge*. The criteria by which the contestants were judged are the criteria by which all women are judged in patriarchal society. That any human being should be judged by another in this fashion is obscene and ultimately detrimental to the whole of humankind.

One woman wins, all women lose.

Racism is the Issue

The murder of Blair Peach during the Southall riots brought home to New Zealanders the harsh reality of racial conflict and the devastating effect it can have on society. However, most New Zealanders are content to slumber on placing their faith in the myth of a multi-cultural society where Pakeha and Maori live in peaceful bliss and harmony. Events in Britain bear little relation to New Zealand !

That there are fundamental problems in New Zealand society has become obvious in the last ten years. Despite the Land marches, Bastion Point, the 'haka party' incident and the call to have the Maori language officially recognised Pakeha society has turned a deaf ear to the growing dissatisfaction in Maoridom. Racism has been institutionalised in all levels of New Zealand society and the subtler manifestations of racism pervade relations between Maori and Pakeha.

Within New Zealand society there are groups who actively promote the concept of white supremacy. These same groups were in fact responsible for the provocation which led to the Southall riots. At a time of growing racial tension and increasing demands for reform it is necessary to know what groups are likely to fan the flames of conflict and provoke confrontation. Events in Britain do have relevance to New Zealand because the tactics and thinking of the extreme right have been imported into New Zealand.

There is so little media space given to the activities of the extreme right that the public could be forgiven for thinking that they do not exist in New Zealand. But they do. The fact that they attract so little attention might say something about the conservatism of New Zealand society, particularly in matters of politics or Race Relations. Their low profile also reflects the fact that the New Zealand groups have not adopted the aggressive and often violent approach of similar groups in America or Britain.

The British National Front has consistently sought to provoke violent counter demonstrations by deliberately marching through areas with offensive banners and chants directed at the local coloured population.

The British National Front have always had a strong interest in New Zealand, principally because they see it as a country of white supremacy. The founder of the National Front, the late A.K. Chesterton, argued that the Maoris should have no special rights because they are 'not native to New Zealand but comparatively recent newcomers'.

The New Zealand branch of the National Front has never been in a position to even begin to contemplate the same activities as its British parent. Individually, members of the Front have been active in New Zealand since 1967 when the organisation first began in Britain. But it was not until March 1977 that a New Zealand branch was formed. For a brief period, comments from the local chairman and deputy-chairman were reported in the New Zealand press, particularly after the latter went to Britain to study National Front tactics and came back predicting 'race violence' in New Zealand.

The policies of the Front revolve around the belief that intermarriage between Polynesian and Pakeha threatens the 'unique talents' of the Anglo-Saxon. Front members felt that Pacific Islanders should be repatriated and a policy of separate development, essentially apartheid, should be instituted for Maoris to avert the impending 'racial disaster'. Not surprisingly, the National Front argue for closer links between white New Zealanders and South Africans.

In a political sense, the National Front had little impact in New Zealand and by mid-1978, the organisation had folded because it could not find anyone who was willing to accept the responsibility of being chairman.

The other two extreme right wing groups that the public might have heard of recently are the League of Rights and the National Socialists (Nazis); the first because of a TV programme and a Listener article and the second because two of its members have the distinction of

being the only people to have been prosecuted under the Race Relations Act.

The National Socialists are a very small group which nevertheless makes its presence felt through an active publishing programme and the activities of its members. Their leader has contested the last two general elections (he received 18 votes in Onehunga in 1978) and he was one of the people convicted of distributing a pamphlet that was held to be an incitement to ill-will against the Jews on the grounds of their race or ethnic origin. The party also has strong views about Maoris and Pacific Islanders. In their Manifesto, they state that they believe that the 'mixing of races by marriage is a criminal act' which will be made illegal by law. In another document, they acknowledge that they criticize 'coloured' (Maori and Pacific Islanders) for what they call 'Coloured criminality and irresponsibility' and 'the enormous economic, social and cultural burden on the backs of white New Zealand that coloureds represent'.

Again, the Nazis have little political impact although their activities and arguments are deeply offensive to the groups who are the subject of their attacks.

The League of Rights are very different in their approach and a lot more subtle. The League is an import



from Australia where it was founded after World War II by Eric Butler. It arrived in New Zealand in 1970 and began in Tauranga. The League stresses Christian and patriotic ('pro-Britain, pro-New Zealand') attitudes and is strongly opposed to a variety of things, particularly Communism and anything that appears to further communist aims. The World Council of Churches and the United Nations both fall into this category.

Like the National Front, and in common with other extreme right wing groups, the League believes that the multi-cultural society can not and will not work, and that we should opt for the 'superior traditions' of the Anglo-Saxon. They are very wary of saying anything directly about either Maoris or Pacific Islanders, and the closest they come is when they talk of multi-culturalism. David Thompson, Australian-born national director has said: '... we agree with them (the National Front) that the multi-racial society has not worked successfully' and the 'mixing of races' is not sensible (Christchurch Press, 19/11/1979).

Part of their policy includes lobbying for an alliance between New Zealand, South Africa and Australia to ensure that their British, pro-white sentiments are continued. They have

also been active in opposing fluoridation schemes, the entry of Asian refugees, and compulsory unionism, and more recently, they have started a campaign to reduce tax levels. The League claims to have members in all the major political parties and it is rather difficult to estimate the size of their membership or their political influence. They are clearly trying to increase both.

Apart from the League, extreme right wing groups in New Zealand tend to be small with few resources. One of the few occasions which did produce a degree of unity and a boost in public support was the issue of sporting contacts with South Africa. Beginning as early as 1962, pro-South African groups began to form in New Zealand and by 1972, there were at least 6 major groups and a host of smaller ones. They included the Southern Africa Friends Association, the Aid Rhodesia Movement, the New Zealand Rhodesia Society and the Association Defending South African Tours. Their unity emanated from the fact that key persons in all the groups believed in the South African apartheid system because it preserved white supremacy, although it wasn't always expressed like this. One organiser argued that '80 per cent of separate development is to the advantage of



the blacks'. He also went on to say that although he was very fond of the black man, he had no desire to have 'one packing down in a scrum with me. I smell as far as he is concerned, and he smells as far as I'm concerned' (Sunday Times, 12/3/1972). It would be interesting to know how this 'kindness to inferiors' attitude translated to the New Zealand situation. A number of these people made it known that they favoured a form of apartheid here.

Another interesting characteristic of many of these activists is that they are ex-servicemen who have served with African or Indian units. One example is the one-time president of the Friends of South Africa who served with British and Indian armies and as a prison officer in Zimbabwe. He describes himself as an extreme right-winger who has been involved in groups such as the Friends of South Africa and the Rhodesian Society to help the fight against communism and African barbarism. He is in little doubt about the virtues of the British :

The New Zealand forces did magnificently in the Middle East, they also fought a campaign in the Pacific - not bad for three million people. This I put down to the old British Heritage. It's there, you can't rub it out. New Zealand, Australia or Canada, that British blood is there. It's blood and guts (Sunday Herald 24/11/1974).

There is no mention of the Maori Battalion.

During the late 1960s and early 1970s, these individuals were in their element; they could combine their support for the whites in South Africa and Zimbabwe with arguments about the communist threat and the need for patriotism and racial pride. The anti-apartheid groups were seen by these people as being anti-white rather than anti-racist. And these arguments were apparent in the

magazines of the extreme right in New Zealand, *Heed* and *Pointing Right*.

When the issue of sporting contacts was at its zenith in the early 1970s, these groups enjoyed widespread support from people who did not always understand what or who they were supporting.

The extreme right has suffered from the fact that it has never been united and organised to the same extent as its British counterparts. The issue of sporting contacts with white South Africans provided the impetus but there was nobody who could unite the array of groups. At least they can claim some success on this issue, particularly in certain rugby circles. The campaign to strengthen contacts with the junta in Chile has been inhibited by the trade union ban, and they failed to stop Asian refugees coming to New Zealand although the number of people coming is quite small. It will be interesting to see whether they can convince the government to welcome whites ('our kith and kin') from Zimbabwe.

In relation to local race relations, the extreme right do not appear to have had much influence on matters relating to the Maori. This is not to say that the potential doesn't exist. An economic crisis would encourage support for the extreme right as it has always done. And the 'haka' incident at Auckland University and the comments relating to it that have appeared in the interim report from the Human Rights Commission illustrate that New Zealand has its share of prejudiced people who are unwilling to grant cultural autonomy to the Maori. Properly organised, a group like the League of Rights could exploit these factors to the full. After all, few anticipated the rise of the National Front in Britain.

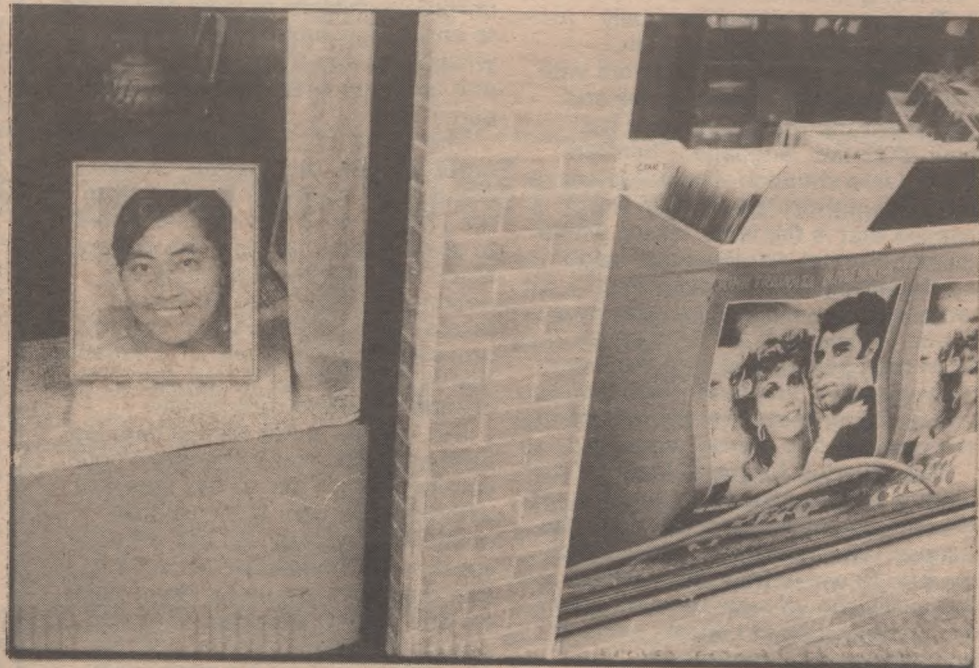


There is a Springbok Tour of New Zealand being proposed for 1981. As in the past we can expect these extreme right wing groups to mobilise their supporters. There are also other issues which could provide a focus for renewed activities by the extreme right wing. The tactics they adopt are directed to provoking confrontation and, like all right wing groups, they place a great reliance on the established peace keeping forces (the police, courts, etc) to protect them from physical violence. They also use these establishment forces to provoke confrontation.

All groups concerned with race relations in New Zealand can expect to be attacked by the extreme wing. At the present time the extreme right wing has a low public profile. However, there does seem to be a large group of New Zealanders who subscribe to the theory of white supremacy. Under the right conditions these people will come out in public and support the extreme right wing. The consequences of open confrontation are difficult to predict but events in Britain and elsewhere overseas do give some indication of likely tactics that will be adopted by the extreme right wing.

Anti-Racism Week has been organised to give students and others the opportunity to participate in workshops, attend forums, and develop an understanding of what racism is and why it is a Pakeha problem. By consciously confronting racism and its various manifestations in New Zealand society a perspective can be developed which will deny the extreme right wing the room it needs to work in. This can only be to the benefit of all New Zealanders. The broader issues raised by racism can also be dealt with and the prejudices and preconceived notions prevalent in a Pakeha dominated society can be replaced by a consciousness based on the reality of race relations in New Zealand.

Paul Spoonley
Colin McFadzean



Anti-Racism Week This Week

Equality For Maori Women

There are ripples of change today, ripples created by Maori women, many of whom are young women, seeking a place on the paepae and taking part in the traditional arts of speech making. Change in itself is not new, we have brought about many of the changes within our culture ourselves, and other changes such as the moves since colonisation to restrict the speaking of Maori have been changes effected from outside of Maori society, changes which we in the past have been powerless to resist. And just as change is not new, neither are the moves by Maori women to take their place on the paepae or the arguments for and against women on the paepae.

Today there are small numbers of Maori women who do speak from the paepae and in some rural districts the paepae is held totally by women, women both bring manuhiri onto the marae and whaikorero to their manuhiri. In these rural districts women have taken the paepae out of sheer necessity so as to keep alive the formal aspects of marae kawa (protocol) as the koroua (male elders) have died and the young men have moved to the towns and cities. Where women have taken part in what has been a male dominated scene, or even on maraes where the paepae is held by men but women have taken a place, there have been few real problems.

These women have, generally speaking, been elderly women, women who are well acquainted with marae kawa, whaikorero styles and for whom the Maori language has been their first language. Therefore, we are in a situation where it is not women's right to speak from the paepae that is the issue (cases where women in rural districts have made up the paepae have proven that women *do* have the right), the *issue is one of women's ability* to speak from the paepae. It is here that we must question the current situation and it is here that I feel the weight of the past and the present upon us.

The situation for many Maori women is such that very few have, at present, the ability to speak from the paepae. The inability of many Maori women to speak from the paepae, especially the younger women, is *not* an innate inability to speak; nor is it something which is distinctly "Law" in traditional terms ... rather it is a situation which has grown because Maori women have *not* been encouraged to take part in whaikorero from the time they are born, nor are they given any encouragement to do so ! The following whakatauki gives some idea of the encouragement (or should I say a lack of encouragement) that we Maori women have had to learn whaikorero.

Ka tangi te pikaukau, ka whiria te kaki (- often used to refer to women speaking on the marae).

On the other hand young Maori males, even those who are not fluent speakers of Maori, are encouraged by older men to learn the arts of whaikorero (even if this has meant rote learning tauparapara etc), encouragement toi whaikorero in low key situations such as in secondary schools, nightschools and later in some of the universities in

preparation for taking their place on the paepae.

Richard Benton, in his studies of the Maori language, its usage, its current low availability in schools and its future has stressed that it is no coincidence that there are more Maori men who can and do speak Maori compared with the number of Maori women. The reason, he says, is that Maori men and young men receive more encouragement to learn and use their language and have a place where they know they can, and always will, use their language. That place is, of course, on the marae.

Of course there is nothing stopping young Maori women from teaching themselves or each other this art of oratory or learning Maori ... the problem is rather that there are *few positive incentives* passed on to Maori women to learn the arts of whaikorero. And this is exactly the situation that Maori society as a whole is in with regards the survival of the Maori language' while there are no positive incentives for Maori people and New Zealanders to learn the language and provide a climate for it to grow in, there is little reason for it to survive and flourish. In the same way, while there is no encouragement for Maori women to learn the arts of whaikorero, there is little reason to expect that Maori women are going to be speaking from the paepae.

It is with Maori women now to fight to create factors which will encourage their children and their children's children to learn Maori and to encourage each other to learn whaikorero and to assert themselves into an arena which has been male dominated.

The reality of the situation today is, unfortunately, that women are not going to be springing forward from the paepae as so few of us are able to speak Maori, let alone be orators. Many men feel threatened by the notion that Maori women wish to take a place on the paepae and this is probably to do with fear of a situation that is by and large a new one. Any change is viewed distrustfully.

But change is not always bad; we have accepted many changes in our culture and our day to day lifestyles without hesitation. It is true that many Maori women do not want to speak from the paepae but so is it true that there are many Maori men, old and young, who also have not wanted to speak from the paepae. The difference here however, with Maori men, is one of *choice*, they have been able to make a choice on their own terms to speak or not speak from the paepae. In the case of Maori women the *choice has not been there* ... lack of encouragement, history of Maori oratory and the lack of language all combine to produce a situation where we have not been able to choose for ourselves.

In all aspects of life, people of any race, creed, sex or religion must have the right to choose or determine their own lifestyle and future, or humanity is depriving people of something which is essentially theirs.

No Reira, e Hine, e Tama,
Hurihia to kanohi ki te Ao
Marama. No reira te tumanako o
nga iwi katoa. Kia panei tonu koe,
Ake ! Ake ! Ake !

Na Alison Green
President, Te Huinga Rangatahi

Racism takes two forms; personal and institutional, both of which exist in New Zealand. New Zealanders are quick to recognise personal racism but are generally unaware of and reluctant to accept the existence of institutional racism.

Institutional racism exists where an institution serving a whole society, operates according to the beliefs and values of one cultural group. Such institutions are, characteristically, run by members of the particular (dominant) cultural group and distribute a disproportionate share of the benefits to members of their own group and/or the costs to members of other groups. As institutional racism is a product of institutional practices, procedures, and precedents it is unaffected by the personal attitudes of those that staff the institution; institutional change is necessary for its elimination.

Members of the dominant cultural group are unaware of their own culture; it is the norm and hence is invisible to them. However members of other cultural groups are constantly aware of this dominant culture as an imposed restraint on their ability to live according to their own values and beliefs.

The primary responsibility for eliminating institutional racism lies with the members of the dominant cultural group.

Members of the dominant culture must become aware of their own culture, its arbitrary character, and the existence of viable alternatives.

Members of the dominant culture, having become aware of the existence of that culture and the extent to which it is incorporated into our institutions, must work for changes in these institutions. To this end it is necessary to understand how such institutions are oppressive, the way in which they are maintained, and appropriate techniques for achieving change.

Members of the dominant culture must NOT decide among themselves the nature of changes to be made, for that would merely maintain the present power structure; they must work in consultation with members of other cultural groups so that the goals and nature of the changes are determined in a genuinely multicultural manner.

Members of the dominant cultural group committed to achieving institutional change must not be tied to any particular strategy (e.g. reconciliation) and must accept that others from their culture will strongly oppose their efforts for a variety of reasons.

WHAT IS RACISM?

Racism exists when one group views its cultural values, lifestyles and socioeconomic self-interest as superior to or having priority over those of other groups, and then (covertly or overtly) implements these assumptions through societal norms and institutions. In New Zealand Pakeha is the norm.

PERSONAL RACISM

There is a personal aspect to racism, which shows up as prejudice or bigotry, and leads to acting on the basis of negative stereotypes of other racial groups. It is expressed through acts of discrimination.

INSTITUTIONAL RACISM

Institutional racism is the perpetuation by organisations, institutions or agencies of policies and practices which operate to the advantage of the powerful group and to the disadvantage of particular racial/cultural groups.

CULTURE

Culture is basically the whole way of life of a people, the way they go about such things as communicating with each other, making decisions, the way they think about things, what they consider important, and

the way they structure their families and their whole society.

INSTITUTIONAL PAKEHA RACISM

This is the control by Pakehas over the economic, educational and political agencies which affect all groups. It is revealed by the way the policies and practices perpetuated by these organisations operate to the disadvantage of people of other races. Whether covert or overt, whether institutional or personal, racism is a destructive sickness. Any national which permits race to affect the distribution of the benefits from its social policies is racist.

In New Zealand, the fact that Pakeha is the norm makes it a racist society. Pakeha values and assumptions underlie all procedures and practices. Institutions - such as law, education, business, the family, entertainment, marriage etc - follow Pakeha models and ideas and operate according to rules made by Pakehas. Members of the dominant group hold the power and receive a disproportionate share of the resources. This system is self-perpetuating, and as long as it continues all Pakehas can be described as racist regardless of their personal attitudes.

From 'New Perspectives on Race Inc'.

WHAT IS ANTI RACISM WEEK?

Anti Racism week is a week of activities designed to teach Pakeha New Zealanders about the nature of racism in themselves and in New Zealand. Activities during the week revolve around the premise that the primary responsibility for eliminating institutional racism lies with the members of the dominant cultural group. Activities during Anti Racism week are designed to equip Pakehas with some of the understanding and skills that are necessary to start taking up this responsibility.

Racism is deeply ingrained in Pakehas, to the extent that many of us are not aware, or do not admit to being aware of it. If you are the sort of person who philosophically believes that racism is bad, but are embarrassed to find yourself making racist assumptions (while walking through Ponsonby), then Anti-Racism week will be useful for you.

ANTI RACISM WORKSHOPS

The workshops form the central part of the activities during the week. They are designed to raise awareness in Pakehas of their present participation in and their possible role in eliminating our racist society. The introductory workshop is designed for those who are concerned about racism but are not involved in moves to eliminate racism. For the person who doesn't like racist jokes and put-downs of Maori culture, and wants to do something. The women's workshop will look at the intersection of racism and sexism. Women only.

The extended workshop will delve more deeply into issues of race and is for people more committed to working against racism in New Zealand.



Psychic Phenomenon Or Con?

An interview with British psychic, Matthew Manning, by Josephine Misere.

There are two psychics in New Zealand at present. One of them is Doris Stokes, the other Matthew Manning. Both are British. Perhaps there are not enough people of Gypsy origin in New Zealand to warrant inherent interest in the so-called sixth sense, sufficient for us to pay money to people who can look into the past or future. However as these psychics are causing a stir on local radio and in the newspapers I set about interviewing one of them, Matthew Manning, after his show in the Town Hall on Friday evening. I had read his book 'The Link' four years' ago and unearthed some interesting ideas which stemmed from his so-called ability to tap into the Other World - he had even passed exams at school with the help of Other World energy forces, proclaiming in his book, that he had no prior knowledge of the answers he gained from Spirits. Who were these Spirits and did he really get answers, in automatic writings, from them?

My Letter of Introduction had been received favourably, I was told by the woman from the Spiritualist Church organising the performance, when I met with her, inside the door, minutes before the show. It was just a question of sitting through one and a half hours' of moaning from the audience (all spiritualists or sick people hoping for a Divine Beam, from his light) and powerful speaking from Manning himself. I smiled wryly as I watched this laying-on-of hands and hoped the time would pass quickly. He did heal three people out of the eight who went on stage, so I imagine someone believed either in their own powers of making the afflicted arms move again, or in his Christ-like miracle-working powers - but the cripple did not get out of the chair he had sat her in, she had to be carried back. Manning informed the audience that, 'You must never turn away a case, not even an impossible one.'

I was received into the dressing room; he seemed nervous, skeptical people put him on guard, I suppose. Though I tried to be open-minded, at the back of my mind I sensed no conversion on my part was going to occur, the show had been nothing like his book, no objects moved, and people can always will themselves to do so - but I introduce you now to what he had to say in answer to my questions.

J.M. In your book 'The Link' you say you were expelled for disrupting the school - poltergeists moving beds, spilling acid; what were these poltergeists using you for?

M.M. Poltergeists are not ghost as people think, they are destructive energy-forms that come through your children who may be disturbed or under stress. The child has no control over them, her merely acts as an energy centre, sooner or later they pass.

J.M. You also said you passed exams using 'outside help' what was this 'outside help'?

M.M. I don't know who they were, but when I went into the exam-room I knew nothing, yet I passed. I simply concentrated and the answers came, it must have worked for I passed.

J.M. What about the automatic drawings and writings you did when you were 18, were these from dead people?

M.M. Oh those, dead and living both. The writings were in foreign hands, some from the left of the paper and some from the right and some in my own hand. The drawings never from me, I can't draw.

J.M. Yet you did them how?
How can I know, all I know is what I saw, they have been analysed and scientific reports have proved they were not from me, if you don't believe me, you've read the book, you know.

J.M. Yes, yes thank you... what I am interested in is the trance-state people get into, you see I write poetry and according to Robert

Graves it takes fifteen years to be able to tap into the trace-state at will, could you tell me about it.

M.M. Well it's actually ... I think I know what you mean... it's all really a question of the Power of Visualisation, the Power of Meditation, the Power of Realisation, three things. You can read books on the dream states, the Alpha and Beta rhythms produced in the brain, slow waves that lead a person into a very relaxed and meditating state, from which comes dreaming. You can do this consciously as well, just by being relaxed and meditating on something, but you must visualise clearly, then let yourself go, let all thought go and concentrate on what you are seeing, what you've made yourself see, then hold onto it, realise it. What I do when I'm healing someone is, I close my eyes, put my hands on them and I see their arm, which is afflicted, pretend it's moving, see it moving, being raised above their head, slowly, freely, until the energy flow starts to come from me, then I feel that the person is healed.

J.M. Well what about the success rate; it wasn't very high in your show tonight.

M.M. It doesn't matter how high the success rate is, so long as you have SOME success, if I have helped some people then I'm satisfied. I've given up the spoon-bending, the laboratory tests, the negative tests, moving objects, they're a waste of time. They wanted me to tap the minds of politicians even - it's all destructive, I'm not doing any of that anymore. I went to India to get help, I thought I'd find a Guru, dressed in white, sitting there waiting to show me the way. I got three cases of food poisoning, but no Guru. One night I was in the Himalayan mountains, it was evening, the air was very cool and clear, silent. I was standing outside, suddenly I felt a message coming to me, it felt as though someone were saying, 'The answer is not here, its in you.' I felt very calm. When I got back to England I decided never to do the negative experiments

again and I put myself into Spiritual healing. I'm happy this way, although some people don't want curing. I had one woman, she had an unhappy marriage and cancer who said to me, 'You don't care about me, you'd rather see me dead.' Those people can't be helped. Then there are people who could cure themselves, everyone possesses a psychic ability they just don't use it, I just do it for them.

J.M. What about Doris Stokes contacting the dead?

M.M. Doris Stokes has channelled all of her energy into medium work, I prefer to heal people it's more constructive.

All the while he's picking imaginary fluff off his black velvet trousers and with his other hand stroking his moustache. Usually I take note of people's hands but in this case Matthew Manning's eyes fascinated me. They were deep brown pools, when his interest sparked up (about twice in twenty minutes,) his eyes were all pupil and shot out at me. It was very unnerving. I could not think at all. During his healing I had had a headache either on one side of my temple or the other, which subsided at the end of the healing experiment. When he looked fiercely at me I felt this same tugging at my temples. I can'r explain it, but my mind emptied and it was with effort that I was able to continue.

J.M. What about God, have you seen HIM?

M.M. No I have never seen him, nor have I felt him.

I left this handsome untouched, erstwhile Black Magician, to count the takings from his \$15 tapes and \$5 healing demos. Going home I brooded over the question of Projection of Personality. However, playing back the tape, an unearthly human scream ocured at the Automatic Drawings & Writings point.

Josephine Misere

Amazing True Lives of the Writers! by Simon Lewis

No. 14: The Identical Borges Twins

The identical Borges twins of Argentina, so they say, were alike in every respect, but they differed in many subtle particulars. Although brown-haired Ron was by all accounts an excessively tall man by the standards of his time, he was five foot five inches tall, lazy Jorge Luis exceeded him in stature by, at a trivial estimate, one hand's breadth, a full four inches. Ron's features were fine, (in the photographs he appears almost effeminate, though slightly blurred), his forehead was high and his nose was quite long. Jorge Luis had a lower, broader forehead, and coarser features, though his nose was longer than Ron's. (In the photograph he appears to be standing not quite vertically).

They were both fine athletes, Jorge Luis loved the ladies of the night, though the ladies preferred Ron, they had a few things in common, buit more of that later. As far as appearances go, and that is surely far enough for most of us, a famous though anonymous wit of the day is rumoured to have remarked that the only time the twins looked even vaguely similar was when they were both standing on their heads. On such occasions, he said, they shared an unprepossessing and bulbous aspect (Editor's Note: This must have been almost the only man to have claimed to see the twins together in one place at one time. Another 'witness', who could name the place

and the date as well, who also claimed to be their third, hitherto obscure, identical twin, was not believed by many).

Ron Borges, incidentally, a good philosopher and a fine athlete, is credited with originating the old saw that Metaphysics is the time-honoured art of standing on one's head without moving anywhere else. Jorge Luis Borges, as a poet and something of an aesthete, repudiated this saying, which is surely a type of mixed metaphor. He also ventured into Ron's mental stamping ground to tell us that this was an atrocious saying, by any logical or philosophical standard of rigour. Jorge Luis made only one claim for his poetry, ever. He reckoned that as an exponent of the protracted metaphor, he was the long jump champion of the entire Hispanic continent. (Editor's Note: So the avant-garde was intruding like a jack-rabbit in the stately fields of time. Or is that Ron, in the fullness of his spleen, whom we can see, running, running ?)

Great thinkers also had their opinions of the pair. Martin Chin (1676-1730) in his otherwise unremarkable work 'The English Rain School', wrote that the distinct dissimilarity of these naturally born identical twins evidenced that the Universe, as manifested in Nature, is not only lopsided and capricious, like a woman, but nearly meaningless and in a subtle sort of way, menacing. Jeremy Knowings (1651-1680), who opposed the precocious Chin

whenever the opportunity presented itself, was of a rather different opinion. Did not the mutability of identity exemplified by these two show that the Universe is not only typical but slightly warm, like some small furry creature, and rather wonderful in its ways ? He added that, as in this case, we are different not only in the face of our relativity (sic), but different even before we are thought of, even philosophically thought of.

No-one knew their father. Ron said his father was a clerk. Jorge Luis, when questioned about his breeding, said his father was a bongo-player in a street band. So the twins did agree with each other to a certain extent, on this point at least.

The scientific, or hard, evidence for their being identical rests on four grounds. The first piece of evidence as such is that when Jorge Luis and Ron were asked who their mother was, they both replied without hesitation 'Mrs Borges.' You know, don't you, that the name is as rare as hen's teeth, even in Buenos Areas. Secondly, they both married the same woman, named Rosie Fell, and on the same day, as can be ascertained from the scanty historical records that remain to us today. However, as the marriage or rather marriages was childless, it is still possible that they never did manage to meet. (See above). When the rumour eventually reached them of their joint marriage and of each other's part in it, they both leaned back and laughed and said variously

that Rosie always was a fast one, she was a Gaucho poet, she had charm but was elusive, she certainly was a bitch, and so on.

The marriages raise at least one other question. Was Ron indeed a female, as claimed by Martin Chin in his 'Sneaky Facts' (published in 1722)? Our sensibilities may well scream out against the mere possibility. Ron is after all a man's name, not even a boy's usually. It is likely that contemporary critics were right to say that Chin, here, was simply searching for yet another perversity to strengthen his thesis. The third and perhaps the most conclusive item concedrns the curious but historical fact that, when questioned about it all, Jorge Luis Borges said "Ah, Ron ! Yes, mother could never tell us apart. Now leave me alone !" And Ron said the same sort of thing.

Last of all, when shown a photo of himself and the photo of Jorge Luis from the paper, and asked to point to himself, Ron pointed to the photograph from the newspaper. When tested similarly, Jorge Luis began by scratching his head, but then also pointed to the one from the paper ! The reader should draw his own conclusions. Because that's the whole strange story, in a nutshell. (Editor's Note: In this divided land, the fine rain we see them standing in, together, in our mind's eye it seems, is the only thing that keeps our regional writers afloat). They were a rumour in their own time. So many of us would love to have them back.

Pic of the Week Election Results



Watching the birdie: Stanley Thorogood Horfwitt, a lady who is not his wife, Air Commodore Peter Nogood Monteith, Father Brown, King Edward n' Sugar, and Bigus Dickus.

The result of this is that Michael Barker, Shale Chambers, Sara Noble, John Broad, Peter Shearer, Kenneth Wong, Shila Bhashkar, Jenny Haydon and Priscilla Wilson are all elected to next year's executive, while there will be by-elections for CAO and Sports Rep at some stage next term.

SPORTS CLUBS' REPRESENTATIVE

Ivan Kirk	55
Grant Robbins	47
Mark Schofield	58
Peter Simunovich	43
No Vote	213
No Confidence	438
Invalid	60

OVERSEAS STUDENT OFFICER

Ivan Kirk	22
Grant Robbins	18
Mark Schofield	21
Peter Simunovich	24
Kenneth Wong	495
No Vote	159
No Confidence	127
Invalid	48

CULTURAL AFFAIRS OFFICER

Ivan Kirk	49
Stephen Mitchell	166
Grant Robbins	46
Mark Schofield	43
Peter Simunovich	49
No vote	160
No Confidence	359
Invalid	42

NATIONAL AFFAIRS OFFICER

Ivan Kirk	17
Stephen Mitchell	72
Sara Noble	366
Grant Robbins	8
Mark Schofield	22
Peter Simunovich	20
Michael Webber	117
No Vote	114
No Confidence	139
Invalid	39

PUBLICATIONS OFFICER

John Broad	405
Darryl Carey	267
Ivan Kirk	8
Grant Robbins	6
Mark Schofield	9
Peter Simunovich	17
No Vote	75
No Confidence	35

WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER

Jenny Haydon	463
Ivan Kirk	31
Grant Robbins	20
Mark Schofield	25
Peter Simunovich	43
No Vote	121
No Confidence	172
Invalid	39

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS OFFICER

Shale Chambers	397
Darren Davis	176
Ivan Kirk	12
Grant Robbins	8
Mark Schofield	16
Peter Simunovich	17
No Vote	115
No Confidence	134
Invalid	39

SRC CHAIRPERSON

Jonathon Blakeman	188
Ivan Kirk	20
Grant Robbins	10
Mark Schofield	28
Peter Shearer	325
Peter Simunovich	16
No Vote	158
No Confidence	118
Invalid	51

WELFARE OFFICER

David Benson	184
David Hookway	193
Ivan Kirk	9
Grant Robbins	8
Mark Schofield	12
Peter Simunovich	15
Priscilla Wilson	259
No Vote	94
No Confidence	98
Invalid	42

SOCIETIES REPRESENTATIVE

Shila Bhashkar	433
Ivan Kirk	8
Tony Reynolds	197
Grant Robbins	13
Mark Schofield	22
Peter Simunovich	16
No Vote	103
No Confidence	91
Invalid	31

ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS OFFICER

Michael Baker	534
Ivan Kirk	27
Grant Robbins	25
Mark Schofield	30
Peter Simunovich	23
No Vote	124
No Confidence	102
Invalid	49



GENERAL MEETING

A GENERAL MEETING OF THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ASSOCIATION WILL BE HELD IN THE LAST WEEK OF TERM II.

THIS WILL START ON TUESDAY 12 AUGUST AT 1.00 PM IN B 28 AND WILL CONTINUE IF NECESSARY IN B 28 AT 1.00 PM ON WEDNESDAY 13 AND IN THE STUDENT UNION CAFETERIA AT 1.00 PM ON THURSDAY 14 AUGUST.

A MAJOR ITEM OF BUSINESS WILL BE THE SETTING OF THE ASSOCIATION SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1981. A FULL AGENDA WILL BE AVAILABLE FROM THE A.U.S.A. OFFICE FROM MONDAY MORNING.

BE THERE AND MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD — OR DON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE OUTCOME !!

GENERAL MEETING

Assessment: Par For The Course

After my article on assessment appearing in CRACCUM on June 9, I have heard from a number of students who expressed dissatisfaction with the system of continuous assessment they were being graded with. Some students went as far as to say that 'continuous assessment was a real pain' and they wish it had never been introduced, a view also put forward by the Dean of Commerce, Mr G.L.D. Morris, in a lecture recently. Dean Morris said that he had seen students complaining about the workload, and light-heartedly suggested that students see their class reps about moving continuous assessment.

However, if the bureaucrats existing in some University departments were to adopt a system of plussage the pressure would not be quite so great on the students. What has happened over the last few years is that departments have made concessions to continuous assessment without consulting with the students in a number of cases. As a result students currently are being lumbered with systems that work against both the student and the department concerned. A summary of the major problems with the system as it currently works is given below.

a) The traditional final exam still exists. Although some departments have tried to make concessions to the weighting given to this exam it is almost always still carrying enough marks to create as many problems that existed before the advent of on-course concessions. Another major problem is that even though the exam is worth less it still requires the same amount of preparation time as before.

Some departments give an outward impression that students have less work to learn for the final exam simply because they have a two hour exam. All this means is that students are examined on less of the material that they have learnt through the year. In some courses where papers are linked it is not unknown for exams to cover the whole years work between two papers, both of which are limited in time.

b) Continuous assessment has meant an increase in the academic workload through the year. In addition to the pressure this obviously puts on students, this increase has meant a reduction in social life on campus. Academic pressure has been accentuated at various key times through the year, namely at the end of the first term, mid-term break and the end of the second term. With exam pressures as outlined above it is plain to see that the students are the ones who will suffer.

The problem of workload arises here. Because there is a lack of communication between departments, mid year tests and assignments tend to fall due within the same time period. Better communication is essential to reduce the pressure on students. Instead of a finite amount of pressure divided evenly over the year, as was the idea when it was introduced, a level somewhat equivalent to that for final exams is maintained throughout the year.

c) Continuous assessment is being misunderstood by some people with the result that it is being taken to the ludicrous extent of having 40 assignments worth 1/4 mark each. This is simply bad course planning and not conducive to good student learning.

d) Students themselves are being encouraged to view continuous assessment as a means of obtaining higher marks rather than actually learning anything from the course. What it leads to is a lack of co-operation and group work among

students, both of which should be encouraged and not discouraged.

e) The types of assessment being offered by departments tend to be more along the lines of true/false questions which are not good as far as the learning process is concerned. This arises largely because lecturers and tutors are not trained in assessment methods, which leads to poor feedback for students.

f) Students are not given enough opportunity in the selection of the assessment system to be used in their papers. This can lead to systems which no-one asked for and no-one wants.

The result of this is that instead of viewing continuous assessment as a means by which students and staff are able to 'pick up' on areas of work which require more attention, and in doing so becoming an integral part of the learning process, it has unfortunately degenerated into a system whereby students chase after every mark available. Quite simply, as it is now, it has merely become a different kind of examination lasting the whole year. As a result, non-academic pursuits on and off campus are suffering.

How do assessment systems get approved? Basically, varying systems are put forward by the departments concerned and the appropriate faculty selects and approves the system they feel is most appropriate. Providing it follows the guidelines laid out by Senate, and most schemes put forward do, it is then approved and put into action. But the actual system which is put forward is devised by either the Head of Department, Staff/Student Consultative Committee, or individual lecturer.

Students are able to play a part in the selection process. AUSA has representatives on Senate who are able to put forward student policy. Each Faculty has student reps who can try to change systems which are inadequate and put forward alternative schemes. Class reps themselves are able to change assessment policy within departments and individual papers. In addition Class Reps and students are able to consult with the Head of Department and lecturers concerned to suggest changes in the system operating. Students do have a voice and some power if they are willing to use it.

So what can be done about the whole question of Assessment? One thing which will almost certainly remain with us for some considerable time is an assessment system which is based on final grades. Currently the following ideas are most prevalent, without meaning to be an exhaustive list.

i) Where there is a form of on-course assessment, students must play a major part in deciding what form the assessment is to take and what methods are to be used. This is slowly gaining acceptance in some departments and proves beneficial as conditions can change from year to year.

ii) Assessment must be an aid to the student in his/her learning process. The best way open for this process to succeed is by feedback from markers. Not simple right and wrong but an explanation of why your answer is wrong.

iii) The assessment system must cater for everyone, not just those at the ends of the scale. As wide a choice as possible must be given to the student so that credit for coursework or the final examination or both works to their advantage. For example, if a student completes all of the coursework and sits the final examination they should be able to get the best mark from either. In addition, a majority of papers in the University currently have a set number of assignments which must



be handed in. It would be advantageous if a student is able to do more than the required amount of coursework and get their best work credited. An example of this is where say 3 essays are required. If a student submits 5, then they should be able to get their best 3 counted.

iv) If at all possible group work and co-operation should be fostered and encouraged.

v) Coursework which is to count for the final mark should not be worth less than a certain pre-determined amount of the final mark. In this way it is possible to limit ridiculous amounts of coursework which some departments appear to delight in.

vi) Co-ordination among departments so that workload is distributed evenly throughout the year. This should apply to all coursework and not just that which is being set for assessment purposes. In addition, where students are taking conjoint degrees, eg BA/BSc,

BCom/LLB, faculties themselves must consult to try and even out workloads.

As I said earlier, this is not meant to be an exhaustive list. If you have any ideas or a particular gripe with your course, see your class rep or contact Ivan Sowry, Heather Worth or Chris Gosling at the Students Association. The sooner we can identify bad assessment systems the sooner we will be able to do something about making them more equitable and fair.

Last year over 3000 students were concerned enough to attend a special meeting to roll the President of the Students Association. If you have the power to do that, then you also have the power to change your assessment system for the better. Just keep that thought in your mind if you ever get lumbered with an unfair system.

Mark Kerly

Sources: AUSA Anti-Calendar, 1979 and 1980
AUSA Report on Assessment, May 1980
NZUSA Report on Assessment, 1979

Visions Of The Future

One day Seminar to consider
the future of New Zealand
and individual lifestyles
Tuesday 19th August
Robb Lecture Theatre
Basement Medical School

PROGRAMME

— Morning Session: 9am-1pm —

TRENDS FOR THE FUTURE

- * Introduction - Michael Baker
- * Future of Agriculture - Neil Rennie plus film
- * A future without wilderness
- * The Urban Environment - Tony Watkins plus slides
- * Chemicals and the Environment - Roger Wilson plus film
- * The future of Work - Microprocessors - a play by Theatre Corporate
- * Nuclear Oblivion - Bob Mann

— Vegetarian Lunch 1pm-2pm —

— Afternoon Session 2pm-4pm —

PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE

- Options for NZ - Commission for the Future
- Speaker and Audiovisual presentation
- * Two visions of the future:
Jeanett Fitzsimmons
Barry Brill

— followed by a discussion —

— Evening Session 4.30pm-5.30pm —

A LIFESTYLE FOR THE FUTURE

- Informal discussion with Speakers on:
- * Transport/The Bridge
- * Work Alternatives
- * Living in a more intimate way
- * Birth Control

ALL WELCOME

free although a donation to cover costs would be appreciated.

I was a Teenage Anomaly

Are You An Anomaly Too?

One of the goodies the Prime Minister announced in his budget night speech was a \$3 increase in the Supplementary Hardship Grant, a figure the Minister of Education will now use to try to convince students of his commitment to their welfare.

But is this increase really as marvellous as some politicians will have us believe? Anyone with the slightest experience of the new bursary scheme will know that the whole system is chaotic, and for the few students who will receive the full \$43 next year, there will be hundreds who are missing out on money to which they would be entitled, but for all the anomalies in the system.

Tertiary Study Grant

To begin with, the basic rate of the Tertiary Study Grant is only \$23 a week, scarcely enough to keep students in skin and bones, let alone study. Any meaningful increase in the overall grant would have to be made to this basic rate, but even then, the requirements for getting a grant are much more stringent than in the past, leaving many students with no bursary at all. Present restrictions on the tenure of the TSG, whereby a student may only receive a grant for two courses or five years, whichever is lesser, certainly don't encourage students to broaden their qualifications.

Supplementary Hardship Grant

If you're lucky enough to get the basic grant, you're then eligible to enter the lottery otherwise known as Supplementary Hardship Grants, which could give you anywhere between \$0 and \$17 (or in 1981, \$20) extra, or more, if you have exceptional, exceptional circumstances.

Despite the name given to these extra grants, the amount students are awarded often seems to depend more on luck than hardship. You may have the same income, expenditure and circumstances as another student but find that s/he has been awarded \$17, while you get only \$10 (or \$8 or nothing). Ask around and you'll find plenty of examples of such anomalies. While some of them reflect the Education Department's inability to deal adequately with the high numbers of applications for hardship, others are an inevitable result of the means-testing process.

Are Your Parents Wealthy ?

If you are under 20 years, you may not have much chance of getting any SHG. Not only are your own financial circumstances assessed, but also those of your parents, as they are expected to contribute to your upkeep. While some parents may not mind supporting their adult "children", what about students whose parents can't or won't do so? Perhaps they already have too many financial obligations, or, for any number of reasons, are unable or unwilling to help.

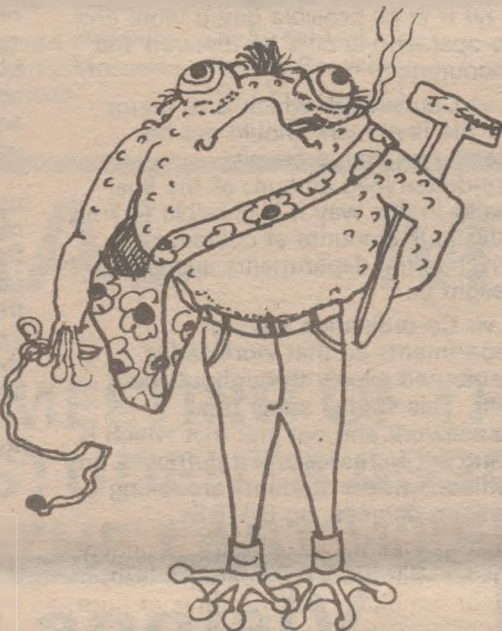
The Department of Education says that it takes such factors into consideration, but why then are students whose parents refuse to sign the form being denied any grant at all, and why are solo parents and those on Social Welfare benefits being asked to provide more money? One student was even advised he should move out of his mother's house where he was helping her by paying rent, so she could get a more lucrative boarder, and so assist her son. So much for fostering the family unity we hear so much about.

Parents are asked to declare their income, but not their assets or liabilities (although there is space for them to comment on the form). This in itself is a source of many anomalies, as how does one compare the ability of an urban wage earner

or a farmer to provide for a student, when the farmer may have a valuable farm, but very little income or untied capital? Also, how can one expect urban or rural workers to be able to predict how much overtime or seasonal work they will be able to obtain in the coming year, and what happens if one or other of your parents is laid off work? In theory you do have a right to apply for a reassessment of your grant, but will you get it, and how long will you have to wait?

These inconsistencies have meant that many parents have refused to fill out their part of the form, realising that the questions asked are a meaningless indicator of their real financial position, and resenting the fact that such questions are even required at all.

Provisions like these only help to reinforce a system which promotes education for those from wealthy families, at the expense of others.



Maybe You Saved A Lot ?

Under the present scheme, the more money you have saved, the less money you are likely to get during the academic year. On the other hand, if you were unable to get a job, you may be told you should have (never mind the fact that the country is facing its highest level of unemployment since the Depression) and so still get nothing. Even if your holiday earnings were much the same as you predicted in your Preliminary Assessment that's no guarantee you'll get as much as the Department of Education indicated, or that the amount you were awarded will bear any relation to what others in similar circumstances are receiving. Hardly much of an incentive to work and save hard is it?

Some groups are particularly disadvantaged by the Department's policy on savings. One example is students who have Farm Ownership Accounts or similar investments. Although the whole object of such long term investments is to be able to set aside money which cannot be touched, the Department expects such students to live off these savings, and so jeopardise their future plans, and even their reason for being at university. Likewise, students whose parents have set up trusts for their education are being told to break into the capital investment.

Students who have such assets as cars or expensive camera equipment must obviously be wealthy according to the Education Department. Little account is often taken of the fact that many courses require students to be mobile or to have specialized equipment, or that public transport is often unavailable, inadequate or simply more expensive than owning one's own vehicle. Once again, you're all right if your family have a car you can use, but not if you're the owner.

Beating the System

Many students admit they got around the system by lying. Those who didn't lie and missed out are convinced they won't be so foolish next time. While Bursaries officers must be able to rely on the honesty of students in order that bursaries can be administered fairly and efficiently, the present system positively encourages abuses by students, and at the same time creates tension between them.

Students have commented that they found the questions asked on the forms and at the interview humiliating and an invasion of privacy, and for these reasons, some were not willing to apply for a SHG. The different approaches of various interviewers didn't help. While most students seem to have found their interviewer very sympathetic, a few have commented that their interviewer took the view that students were bludgers, and did his/her best to whittle down students' expenditure figures, sometimes changing them without students' consent. How then can students be sure what figures the Department finally based its decision on?

Administration

Many of the anomalies that have occurred have simply been the result of administrative foul-ups or the Department misreading application forms. Manual processing and inexperienced assessors, many of them employed through local Temporary Employment Agencies on a weekly basis, have been partly responsible for the large variations in the grants awarded. There are many instances of this, as for example the student who sent in her SHG application, then forgot she'd posted it, and a week later, sent in an identical form. The two replies she got gave totally different assessments. In other cases, students with large debts have been told they should be using those savings (the debt) to live off. Several other students have been denied hardship grants because their spouse earned too much - quite apart from the fact that they did not have spouses.



Is Your Application Confidential ?

When the scheme was first announced, the Department of Education promised applicants and their families that all details of their application would be kept completely confidential. While university bursary officers have done their best to ensure this, often by elaborate security, has this been the case in general?

Many breaches of confidentiality have already occurred, mostly as a result of the Department seeking clarification of statements made by students or their parents. Students have been asked to check things with

their parents, despite the fact that their parents comments were supposed to be independent and confidential. In some cases, especially where the relationship between student and parent is not good, this may well cause concern and embarrassment to both parties.

Parents are asked to give their employers name and address, so that, although the Department claims this is merely to give them some indication of what sort of work the parent does, the potential exists for employers to be contacted to check up on what the parents have written.

Furthermore, if the Departments of Social Welfare or Inland Revenue want information on an applicant or his/her parents, they can legally require the Education Department or university to give them that information.

For these reasons, many parents have refused to fill out the SHG form, and so the student must go without assistance, unless the Department is prepared to accept the word of some other authoritative person who knows the family circumstances.

There are also instances where a student's doctor or counsellor has issued a student with a medical certificate, and then been asked to elaborate by telling the Department what was wrong with the student. In doing so, the Department is asking doctors to go against their professional ethics of confidentiality.

Who's To Blame ?

While so many anomalies have occurred in the administration of the bursary scheme, it would be wrong to place the major blame for this on to the Department of Education, although its failure to formulate an efficient and reliable means of processing applications certainly hasn't helped. Instead, it is the Government and its financial wizards who dreamed up this unworkable scheme, and who persisted in implementing it despite all advice to the contrary, who deserve the blame. Although it is generally acknowledged that the Minister of Education has shown great personal interest in the workings of the scheme, it certainly hasn't been out of concern for students, or he would have stopped to listen to the complaints of those most involved; students and Bursaries Officers.

While pretending that the scheme is one aimed at achieving equity between students, the reduced basic grant and means-testing provisions are in fact a misguided attempt to save money at the expense of students. Although no bursary system administered on such a large scale can be expected to be completely anomaly free, widespread meanstesting, such as the present schemes involves, encourages anomalies and dishonesty, while at the same time costs a great deal more to administer than a scheme which ensures a reasonable basic level for all students, and where supplementation is only required for a minority of students.

You or your friends may have been a victim of the sorts of anomalies outlined above. If so, NZUSA would love to hear from you, as we need lots more information on how the scheme is affecting students. Send us a letter c/- Education & Welfare Vice President, NZUSA, P.O. Box 9047, Wellington, giving us as much information and documentation as you can. Your identity will be kept confidential if you wish, although the more students willing to go public the better.

THE 'IN' CROWD

HOT GOSSIP by Bradford James

How have the mighty fallen ! Triumvirate member and one-time Christian activist **Darryl Carey** has become a born-again atheist. 'F k,' says Darryl, after those 1981 Presidential results can you blame me ? **Bhaady Miller** is looking pretty smug lately. Winner of the R.D. Muldoon lookalike competition for the third year running, Bhaady says 'It's all in the way you cock your snout.' ... In a bid to raise funds for Needy Students, **Katherine White** benign CRACCUM editor will be organising a \$100-a-plate Charity Dinner for her ex-lovers. Entrepreneur **Cliff Trillo** has offered his 'Trillo's Downtown' as venue ... Disappointed at his poor placing in last week's Miss Auckland final, **David Benson** has cut his hair and stopped wearing lipstick ... literary fossil **Jim Burns** has fallen in love again. This time communist, feminist, Maori activist, and ex AUSA President **Janet Roth** is the focus of his affections ... rumour has it that ex-Women's Rights Officer **Anne-Marie 'Politics is fucked' Wille** and **Andrew Peek**, current President of the AU Engineering Society, are one and the same person ... Speaking of Presidents, **Kevin Hague** has offered \$25 to anyone who can shave **Jill Frewin's** armpits ... news from Christchurch is that **David Merritt** last years CRACCUM editor and part-time Vogue model, had to be physically restrained when he was informed that he had missed out on the Woodstock music festival. 'Ten years old. They held it and I was only ten years old. I could wring my fucking neck.' shrieked Dave ... ex-CRACCUM arts editor **John Carrigan** is wowing the boys up at Antoin's with his new 'skinhead' haircut and gold lame heavy-duty, steel-capped industrial workboots ... **Dermot Cooke**, CRACCUM's enfant terrible and mollusc-rights activist denies romantic links with photographer **Elizabeth Leyland**. Says Dermot 'There will only ever be one person in my life ... me! ... watch out ladies, **Barry Hook** has finally achieved an erection ... President-elect and all-round horse's ass **Wayne M.c.l.n.t.o.s.h.** is being sued by the Auckland Harbour Board. Seems that swellhead Wayne took a dip off Takapuna beach last month, the resultant oil-slick causing hundreds of thousands of dollars damage. Inside sources reveal that a draft letter to sports clubs asking for contributions to his defence is in it's final stages ... **Bob Lack** has taken a vow of silence. Writes Bob: 'I just couldn't take the sound of that stupid pommy accent any longer ... literary poseur **Wystan Curnow** has announced his engagement to the palm of his right hand. 'I couldn't keep it a secret any longer.' explained Wystan. 'Of course we've been living together for some time now so marriage will really be nothing more than formality, but I know we'll be very happy together.' ... animal lover **Daryl Wilson** has dropped out of University and joined a Tibetan monastery. Quipped Daryl 'I thought it about time to get into some good habits' ... in an effort to improve his popularity with voting students, political also-ran **Steven Mitchell** has taken to wearing contact



sunglasses ... following the failure of his recent acne operations, **Ross Davison**, presidential hopeful, has signed up with **Robert Bruce's** Ugly Agency ... fellow presidential loser **Rodney Dissmeyer** is embarrassed by recent claims that he can't surf, and is considering bleaching his hair ... **Andrew Topping** - Radio B announcer regained consciousness early last week. Who's to blame ? Efficient drugs-squad detectives. Andrew is happily back in his coma after a whip-round in the coffee bar restored his supplies ... totally irate with current rumours about his imminent divorce is **Mark Kerly** 1981 AVP also-ran. Says Mark: Divorce, shit ! I'm not even married yet ! ... bad news for all you feline-fanciers out there. Notorious cat-strangler **Peter 'Wheels' Simunovich** isn't dead yet ... hot news from the Pest Destruction board is that **Colin McFadzean**, NZUSA general veep, has been declared a noxious weed ... is there any truth to the rumoured syphilis outbreak at the engineering school ? If it'll wipe that stupid grin off **Phillippa Poole's** ugly mug let's certainly hope so ... can it really be true ? Word has it that **Jim Morrison of the Doors** is alive and well, eking out a pathetic existence as **Chris Gosling** and speaking of Rock Stars reminds me that **Bob Dylan** in an effort to boost flagging record-sales has become a born-again **Brian Brennan** ... noticed how **Adam Gifford** looks a little paler than usual ? Seems that all eight pints of his blood have been seized by the **Drug Squad** who are reportedly holding it for questioning down at Auckland Central ... **Julian** \$70,000 deficit **Leigh** one-time AUSA treasurer is reportedly suing himself for being such a bubble-brained pig's ass ... finally, word reaches us the **Project Jonah** have added one-time AUSA sports rep and returning officer **Peter Monteith** to their list of endangered species. In an emotive statement to the press, they claim that as the last known Peter Monteith in existence he needs official governmental protection. Let's all hope that everyone ignores them this time as well.



starline



This week our astrology column looks at the right deodorant for you ! It's the zodiac guide to ending your personal hygiene problems. Tear it out, and keep it for your intimate use. Sean Cassidy has found it invaluable ! We hear Christie Allen gave it a go, too

aquarius

Aquarius (January 21-February 19)
Mum

It may be the groovy Age of Aquarius, but if you don't use *Mum*, you could be left behind. Covering up the smelly patches will help you get by. It will take the worry out of carrying water. A new generation you may be, but let's not forget personal hygiene.

pisces

Pisces (February 20 - March 21)
Fleur

Sick of smelling fishy ? Try a little *Fleur*. Don't waste water on a shower, stay fresh all day (and all night) long. If there's a chance of becoming intensely emotional (and physical) don't panic ! *Fleur* will work for you, you probably haven't tried anything else, though.

aries

Aries (March 22 - April 20)
Amyl

A sniff of this will send your dates higher than glue ever did, which is just as well because your personality never will. It's a rush straight from your armpits. Thirty-seconds of pure (well, almost . . .) heaven. After all, Aries people need a kick anywhere they can find it. Why not start under your arms ? Who knows where it could lead you

taurus

Taurus (April 21 - May 21)
Brut

You may think this is just for the boys, but there's a little of the bull in all of us. Taureans are outgoing and lively and can't afford to keep their arms down. With *Brut*, you won't have to worry about those nasty intimate odours. Do yourself a favour, apply a little *Brut* over and under and between anything you're doing.

gemini

Gemini (May 22 - June 21)
Rexona Sport

You've got enough energy for two, and you need to be ready for those outdoor activities. Don't pong in those intimate surrounds. Squash fears of nasty odours. *Rexona Sport* keeps on when you've been left behind. It will give you the chance that you desperately need.

cancer

Cancer (June 22 - July 23)
Arid-Extra Dry

Those nice things that the other horoscopes tell you about you being quiet, sensitive, warm may be true, but are you clean ? All that introvertedness can work up an unpleasant sweat, and your body shows it. Pew ! Don't just sit there and feel shy, do something about it. *Arid Extra Dry*, even under the harshest introspection, keeps you dry, and provides the assurance that you Cancerians truly need. *Arid* will take you places you never even knew you wanted to visit

leo

Leo (July 24 - August 23)
Cool Charm

Gruff old lions like you need some extra charm. Leo's like to get agro, but stay cool - count to ten, and spray ! Under the mane, around the tail and everywhere. Don't be skimpy on hygiene. Your moon is entering the twelfth house, so don't forget those smelly feet.

virgo

Virgo (August 24 - September 23)
Nodour Roma

You may have thought there was no chance, all your friends thought so too ! Well, here's hope, you dag ! Forget that lingering stale smell that has been hanging around you for years - MacDonald's hamburgers had nothing on you. With this holding deodorant from Italy, the world could be your oyster. *Nodour Roma* is ideally suited for Virgo's - it keeps on after the others have gone away.

libra

Libra September 24 - October 23)
Cossack

Always balancing up things, as Librans do, take a splurge into a little bit of the Russian. Let's face it, really, you're boring ! You're wet, and boy, do you smell it ! Show some variety and taste, Slavie style. You need help from somewhere.

scorpio

Scorpio (October 24 - November 22)
Cedel

You pack a real sting - tone it down with something as cool as the *Village People* - they all use *Cedel*, and so should you. When you hit the disco, as you secretly desire, you know your offensive character will not be matched with an offensive odour. Just a squirt where the heat is, and you won't want to worry about 'stopping the music'.

sagittarius

Sagittarius (Nov 23 - December 22)
Wanton

There's no taming you, you little devil ! Your lovelife seems to be a little up and down, so do your perspiration glands. Ooh ee, baby ! Get it together with *Wanton*, and eliminate that smell without destroying the wild touch. Friends and happiness are more important to you than good times, but with proper control you won't be lonely for long.

capricorn

Capricorn (Dec 23 - January 20)
Old Spice

Don't be a goat, and pay more than you need to get that at-ease feeling when you're on your next date. With all the hang-ups Capricornians have, embarrassing body odours should be your last worry. You can't always get by saying that 'Jesus was a Capricorn' Even he had his hang-ups.

Eritrea on \$4 a day..

Much attention has been focussed on the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, but few people aware of the war in Eritrea, a war of independence against the Soviet backed Ethiopian army. The tactics being used parallel those carried out against the people of Vietnam by the USA.

Eritrea is a small territory strategically located along the world's major oil route, the Red Sea, on the Horn of Africa. In the South, it borders on Ethiopia, in the North, the Sudan. It has a long history of colonisation; first the Ottoman Turks, then the Egyptians, followed by the Italians at the end of the 19th Century. After the 2nd World War, Eritrea came under British control until 1952.

While the rest of Africa was being decolonised, a United States sponsored resolution forced the Federation of Eritrea to Ethiopia, in defiance of the United Nations' charter and against the will of the Eritrean people. Until 1952, Eritrea had never been part of Ethiopia. Claims that the Eritrean independence struggle is a secessionist movement are completely false. Such claims allow other nations to ignore the conflict on the basis that it is an internal problem for Ethiopia.

The Ethiopian mandate over Eritrea was to last for ten years. Eritrea did have its own parliament but there was continued interference in its affairs by Ethiopia. Eritrea has access to the Red Sea, considerable resources, and a well developed industrial sector, all of which were coveted by Ethiopia. Ethiopian control of Eritrea was advantageous to the USA because of its strategic location.

In 1962 Ethiopia annexed Eritrea instead of giving it independence. The Eritrean language was banned, as were newspapers and political parties. Control of resources were taken away.

The Eritreans, realised that peaceful protest had failed, launched an armed struggle which has continued for the past eighteen years. By 1977-78 they had control of about 95% of the countryside and some towns. It looked as though victory was inevitable and imminent.

During those years of struggle, the Eritrean people had developed a highly skilled fighting force equipped largely from captured weapons including tanks. But not only that: the Eritreans had also gone forward in terms of social change, replacing the old feudal ways with a more equitable socialist system. The liberation fighters were the catalyst for education and political organisation of the peasants.

The people had taken over farms and orchards from absentee landlords and were running these as self-reliance projects, on a collective basis. There were clinics, some of them mobile, which gave nomadic people the same access to medical services as those who stayed in one place. From a population which was 98% illiterate they had developed schools relevant to the needs of people in different parts of the country, teaching children farming methods which were appropriate to their own areas, and teaching them in their own language.

However in 1978, the situation deteriorated with Soviet intervention. Ironically the Soviet Union had originally backed Eritrea's desire for independence in 1952, but now, like the United States, it finds it more expedient to back Ethiopia. Unable to defeat the Eritrean fighters in combat the Ethiopians have resorted to massive air bombardment of civilians. They use blanket bombing, cluster bombs, napalm and defoliants.

Hundreds of thousands of people have fled to the arid Sahel region in the North of Eritrea. Over the border in neighbouring Sudan there are a quarter of a million refugees. Of the

population of 3½ million, 800,000 are homeless, moving from place to place trying to grow a few crops and providing targets for the Ethiopian air force with its Soviet MIGs. The Russians have a satellite over the area with infra-red equipment and they are using this to pinpoint their targets - people, wells, hospitals and crops.

The people are living amongst the liberation army, under trees and in river valleys. There are 200,000 children in schools run by the liberation forces. These are underground to protect them from air raids. There are also hospitals. Some had to be abandoned when the liberation movements withdrew from the towns which they could not defend without great loss of life.

There is very little food. Mostly people eat sorghum flour which is very low in protein and has to be imported from the Sudan. Many of the health problems are therefore related to malnutrition, and anaemia.

There is very little food. Mostly people eat sorghum flour which is very low in protein and has to be imported from the Sudan. Many of the health problems are therefore related to malnutrition, and include tuberculosis and malaria, and anaemia. However the war has resulted in many terrible injuries needing surgery. There are napalm burns, torn limbs and smashed bones. There is also a shortage of all sorts of medical equipment, particularly for pinning bones. Large influxes of injured means that pins must be improvised from whatever material is available - nails, wire, pieces of wrecked aircraft. Often operations are performed without anaesthetics and antibiotics are scarce so infection is a problem.

Hospitals are underground.

Despite the suffering the morale of the people is very high. The population is highly politicised and they believe in a policy of protracted war. They are not prepared to take short cuts by accepting aid with strings attached. For example, they are not prepared to allow foreign bases in their territory in return for foreign aid. They will keep fighting until they have complete independence. They are concerned that their international supporters understand their cause. Some Arab nations want to see the struggle as a fight between Moslem Eritreans and Christian Ethiopians, but in fact the Eritreans are about 50/50 Moslem and Christian and have overcome religious differences in the cause of unity.

They are winning the war. Several major offensives were launched against them but all failed. The Eritreans after long years of resistance, are skilled fighters, whilst their opponents are illiterate peasants who don't know why they are fighting, and don't have the Eritreans' fierce determination. The Eritrean Peoples' Liberation Army (EPLF) had a resounding victory in December 1979, when they routed 13,000 Ethiopian troops and captured many arms. They are still carrying out their socialist programs and light industry continues underground. They are training medical workers, to improve the health of the general population as well as care for war victims. There are regional associations, workers' organisations and women's organisations. Traditional sex roles are changing. There are no visible leaders - it is very much a people's struggle.

Repairs on the road from Port Sudan. Repair shops and transport depots are situated at strategic points in the bush.



Reprinted from 'Lot's Wife', Monash University, Australia.

sayings from the big A



ON THE MANNER OF URINATING AND DEFECATING

When defecating or urinating one must squat in such a way as neither to face Mecca nor to turn one's back upon it.

It is not sufficient to turn one's sex organ away, while oneself facing or turning one's back on Mecca; and one's privates must never be exposed either facing Mecca or facing directly away from Mecca.

Urinating and defecating are forbidden in four places: blind alleys, except with the permission of those living along them; the property of a person who has not given permission to do so; places of worship, such as certain medersas; graves of believers, unless one does so as an insult to them.

From 'Sayings of the Ayatollah Khomeini', translated from the Persian by Jean-Marie Xaviere.

Media Message

An enquiry into the impact of the media of information on our way of life will take place at Auckland University on Saturday, 23 August, under the auspices of the Foundation for Peace Studies. The three themes of the seminar are: 'Sex, Violence and the Media', 'The Responsibilities of the Media in a Multi-cultural Society' and 'The Impact of Television on our Electoral Processes'. It is anyone's guess as to the conclusions which will emerge, but the people who will be presenting papers are authorities in their respective areas, and it is hoped in any event that the topics will be ventilated by some fresh winds.

Today, in certain political circles it has become fashionable to make a whipping-boy, so to speak, of the media, and with a good deal of justification the media have reacted. That is not the spirit which has motivated this coming seminar. Moreover, it will be conducted, if humanly possible, in a scientific and a political atmosphere.

The influence of press, radio, film, television on our democratic way of life (as of course in all countries, in this twentieth century) is so profound that we cannot afford not to attempt to study it in some depth. And with the advent of television, particularly as regards its role in our electoral processes and our political life generally, one has the feeling that a revolution of a kind is taking place. Perhaps has already taken place.

Now for some of the practical details concerning the 23 August seminar.

The first theme, 'Sex, Violence and the Media', will be dealt with in two papers. The first is by Dr R.A. Moodie, Secretary of the New Zealand Police Association, and the

second by Ms Marcia Russell, well known for her writings on sexism and the media. The second theme, 'The Responsibilities of the Media in a Multi-cultural Society', will be covered by Mr I.P. Puketapu, Secretary for Maori Affairs; his umbrella title is 'Te Tangata'.

The afternoon will be devoted to the third theme, dealing with various aspects of the effect of television on our electoral processes. The first paper, with the title 'Television and the Political Process', is by Dr Ruth Butterworth, of Auckland University's Political Studies Department. The second paper is by Mr R.A. Harvey, Chairman of MacHarman ABH International Advertising; his title is 'Political Advertising on Television: Precept and Practice'. His experience

and authority is probably unique in this field in New Zealand. A third paper will come from a practising communicator and will deal with the theme from the other side of the television camera. There will be panel discussions and time for questions from the floor.

The papers will be published in due course.

John Male

NZ Foundation for Peace Studies

Where: Lower Lecture Theatre, University of Auckland, Princes Street.

When: 9.30a.m. to 4.30p.m.

Saturday, 23 August 1980.

Registration: \$2. Students \$1.

Morning and afternoon coffee will (probably) be served. Bring a sandwich lunch.

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GETTING

Craccum takes you round the pubs, th

The idea of taking on a feature article on some of the pubs around had its most obvious attraction in the bountiful supply of liquor I was sure Craccum would be shouting me to. Alas said Kate, the budget won't stand for it. But not being one to quit the ship in its hour of need, I blundered on regardless. So above, beside and below are a few of the pubs within walking distance with which most of us will have some acquaintance. It's a by no means exhaustive listing but there again Craccum staff have to do essays too. Furthermore, I was, after considerable persuasion, bought to see the impracticality of a listing of pubs that were situated at any great distance from campus; there may well be a very picturesque little country pub too miles out of Invercargill but it's unlikely that many of us will ever get to it. I guess the best way to cover Auckland by pub is on the Capping Week crawl - a most enlightening experience, I might add - but as that is still awhile away, the next best thing is to organise one of your own. Here's hoping then, that this little number will point you in the right direction...

Lechery, sir, it [drink] provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.

Shakespeare

The Station Hotel Symonds St.

The other big pub near varsity, the top floor alone can offer three bars your satisfaction. The back two might be beyond the means of most mere (student)mortals but the lounge bar directly off Anzac Avenue and now the site of what looks like an outsized bus-stop at one end, gives you a grand view to get drunk by. The recent revamp, a manoeuvre to attack more patronage, has seen the installation of this sizeable stage at one end, and some rather nasty plastic chairs around the rest. A pity because it used to be a really good pub. Still as I say, great view, so if you turn your back on the rest of the pub and look out the window its OK. There are also a couple of bars, right down at the bottom on Beach Rd, including a barn like Public Bar, but why go beyond that view.

The Globe Cnr Wakefield & Mount Streets

A traditional student watering-hole, that no longer enjoys (?) the popularity or patronage it once did. A recent change in management may have something to do with this. Even so, it is rather strange, for the new proprietor has shown great and commendable initiative in turning the old punk haunt upstairs, The Wakefield Room, into a venue for fringe events ranging from performances of Shakespeare to poetry readings to jazz-blues concerts. Though the booths in this bar are rather uncomfortable, the atmosphere is warm, the service friendly and the intellectual fare, invariably stimulating.

Some superb counter lunches are available at The Buttery, across the landing on the same level. The music can get a bit loud, which can kill the conversation aspect, but good value at meal times and pleasant surroundings. Downstairs, ye trusty Public Bar - cheap drinks, no frills, and another little hole-in-the-wall The Boardroom. During the week, the bars are generally quiet and all in all, it's one of the better pubs within a reasonable distance.

Shakespeare Tavern Albert St.

Upstairs in the lounge bar, or so legend has it, used to be a gay hangout. Which just goes to show what good taste poofers have, because this is a very nice place for a quiet Friday or Saturday night drink. Pleasant and quiet with periodic live entertainment. There's also a fair sized public bar on street level; nothing fancy, but friendly and naturally cheaper than upstairs.

The Strand Cnr. Stanley and Gittos Strs.

What I like to call a 'Workingman's Pub'. And its definitely that. Mince in in your new pink plastic tights and your carefully ripped body-tight T-shirt with your boyfriend and you'll soon feel like a fish out of water. As there's basically only one bar (there's a Lounge Bar of sorts across the hall that's open at odd hours) you're forced to mix it with the plebs. And though the decor's definitely a bit of revolt - best bottle green - and Donna Summer on the juke box can get a bit much, the people on both sides of the bar are really friendly and the bistro meals at lunch and dinner are nothing short of a gourmet treat Neatol

Royal Albert Hotel Queen St.

Better known as Brewery Lane, though it includes the Tap Room and Darcy's. The series of bars and restaurants that constitute Brewery Lane are distinguished by the faceless-ness of their kitsch decor - one in particular gives the impression of drinking in a railway station. Service ranges from indifferent to hostile. The Tap Room is a warm and dingy hole in the wall, a few steps up from Elliott St. Nice and dark if you're leading a double life. As for Darcy's, that has just opened as Auckland's latest jazz venue and as I have neither the money nor the inclination to pay the cover charge, you're just going to have to find out for yourself.

Kiwi Tavern 69 Wellesley St

Still a regular haunt, The Kiwi has two bars, each as tacky and mind-numbingly nondescript as the other. The Public Bar though, has the edge, in that it is not just cheaper, it has a more interesting cross-section of patrons - and as for those met pies, oh la lal The lounge bar has these hideous partitions all over the show - the lengths we go to for a bit of privacy - painted an oppressive brown, with a few uncomfortable benches squeezed in between. A designers and drinkers nightmare.

The Akarana Quay St

Upstairs and downstairs at the Downtown Airline Terminal. Upstairs there's a reasonable view, a number of very comfortable booths, some rather busy barmaids and a house practice of serving doubles unless singles are requested. Downstairs, a rather dingy little bar that has little to offer except to those afraid of the sun or the wide open spaces of Albert St.

The Exchange Parnell Road

At the top of Parnell rise on the right, yet another revamped drinking hole. Sizeable and generally quiet Public Bar downstairs. Upstairs trendy, expensive Lounge Bar. Convenient for those who live in Parnell I suppose.

Windsor Castle Tavern Parnell Rd.

Better known by abbreviated appellation - the Windsor - this rather seedy establishment has gained for itself rather a notorious reputation as one of Auckland's premiere venues for the presentation of exciting (i.e. noisy) rock'n'roll. Certainly there's little else to recommend it. Best known for the scene of all this musical violence, is the Lounge Bar, tacked on the side of the old pub. Totally charmless and without any redeeming characteristics whatsoever, the sound is generally pushed up to the point of distortion and the people are packed in a manner reminiscent of sardines in a can. Fun, Fun, Fun! There are a couple of similarly undistinguished bars in the old building proper - dingy and badly lit, but quiet during the day.



Elizabeth Leyland



Elizabeth Leyland



Elizabeth Leyland

SLOSHED

through the bars and under the tables.

Alexandra Tavern Parnell Rd.

A place worth keeping in mind with summer in sight. The Alex, as it is more familiarly known, has a sizeable garden bar in front of the tavern proper. During the sunny season this is the place to be seen and to parade - and observe - every inch of brown flesh available. In the off-peak, the Alex still enjoys a considerable popularity especially among the advertising executives and the like, with which the Parnell of the '80's seems to be acrawl. It's not worth a trip from town for, being inside a rather close, crowded and noisy place to drink. Nonetheless, to give credit where credit is due, the Alex's bottle store is the only place in Auckland that I've been able to obtain a bottle of Deinhard's Bernkasteler.

Civic Tavern Cnr. Wellesley and Queen Strs.

Scene of many a quick drink snatched between sessions at the Film Festival time. These of course in the London Bar upstairs, one of the most shizophrenic bars in Auckland. By day, generally deserted - a haven in the heart of the city; at night especially those later on in the week, the scene of much crowding as masochists from all over crowd in to have their eardrums abused by various three, four and five piece vintage and modern-jazz bands.

Its a long dim bar regularly staffed by two gents of reputedly pre-cambrian origin, but it can be a really nice place for a relaxed afternoon drink or ten. An even dimmer Public Bar at the base of the stairs seems to attract an interesting array of winos, Polynesians, truck drivers and underage drinkers.

The Gables Jervois Rd.

If its only a hop step and a wink from Craccum to the social pages of the Auckland Star then it's only a slightly greater leap from the Kiwi to the Gables. The Gables, executed in a mid-Seventies Brewery Gothic is not merely an architectural delight. Here one can rest safe from traditional pub agrophobia in tiny exposed aggregate nooks and crannies and enjoy three or four different kinds of steak and salad (or for the discerning vegetarian, fish and salad), catch up on the media gossip, reflect on the upward social mobility of Herne Bay or quietly from behind your froth observe the graceful movements of the uniformed barmaids/barmen. There's a sunken conversation pit, wooden furniture, stained glass, ample parking, a bottle store where you can buy the best of Australian, oh and lunch is about \$4.50. Don't be caught out underdressed, that's the other thing. There are bound to be several Miss and Mr Auckland candidates present, with an impressive line-up of expensive vehicles outside (nothing with less than eight cylinders is admitted to the prime Jervois Road parking zone). But whats really rewarding is a visit to the Pacific Islanders' Educational Resource Centre, just a block past the pub which is where the current confusion between Parnell and Ponsonby really ends.

The Occidental

Crouching down Vulcan Lane is the Occidental. Recently declared a historic place due to the advanced state of history of the patron's livers it stands as a memorial to wasted days and forgotten nights. Truly an experience to sit under the tables in the long dark private bar and watch the hands under the tables, the little red pills bouncing off the floor, and the grooves being worn in the carpet by the passing policeman. You might even find a nice plainclothed D to share you chairlegs with.

Caledonian Cnr. K Rd. & Symonds St.

Another pub with a world of difference between the bars. It's a working man's world in the Public Bar on the corner, which boasts among other attractions a couple of pool tables and the obligatory glaring lighting. And seperated by a hallway and a few inches of ply and plaster, the Parrot Bar. Tres chic as they say. Tres exensive too. Either way, it doesn't add up to much. To add insult to injury, there's not a parrot in sight.

The Skyline Bar/ Airport

While waiting to flee these isles you can lounge in the luxurious vinyl ambience of the airport lounge bar. Last chance to buy overpriced 45 South or to fruitlessly attempt to get drunk on Lion. No chance of being too pissed to miss your plane. Weave your way among the maze of low tables, turn off the light and, as the sun sinks over Mt Erebus you head off into the wide wild world of cosy pubs and strong brews. Samoa!

DB Waitemata Albert St

If the large-patterned, garish purple and red decor doesn't put you off your drinks, then the D.J. with the fixation with saying triumphantly, 'Check it out!' between each and every of the sugar-sweet vinyls he plays will. Still, if you've been crushed out of every other place in town, then at least you know that there's always room at the Waitemata. P.S. If you don't wear you glasses, then the barman will probably ask your age.

The Empire Cnr. Nelson & Victoria Sts.

At this point in my life I'm inclined to deny I've ever been there, but truth be known I have been seen there on occasions. Imposing edifice faces onto the conjunction of Nelson and Victoria Sts. Behind it there are a number of bars: the ubiquitous Public Bar; a little hole in the wall next to the Lounge-Garden Bar that seems to be little frequented and the aforementioned Lounge Bar, for those with a bent for something different. Friendly service, pleasant surroundings (especially in summer when you can sit, drink and dance outside till all hours) and the scene is all set.

Hotel Intercontinental - a.k.a. The Big 'I' Cnr. Waterloo Quadrant and Princes St.

Anytime anyone has anything to say about the Big I, it generally ends with a derogatory comment to the effect that 'It's where all the law and commerce students drink'. Well, granted, there are probably more ties and business suits per head than any other pub in Auckland but it's still quite a nice (if expensive) place to drink. Tucked away under the street, the 'I' boasts three bars; an infrequently open Bistro, which caters to the disco freak in us all; the pint sized Public Bar surely the smallest in Auckland; and the Turf Bar all tasteful panelling, rich carpeting and hard-as-hell seats. The later two can get pretty crowded on a Friday afternoon, but if you can foot the bill, the feeling's OK, and it can be quite a friendly place.

De Bretts Hotel Shortland St.

My first introduction to this palace of joy was when a friend of mine shouted some cocktails in the House Bar upstairs (a rare occasion, indeed). Suitably impressed with the standard, I returned with friends of my own to show my good taste and knowledge, only to find that the previous barman was on holiday and the relieving bloke from downstairs (yes, the dreaded PUBLIC bar) did not know how to mix even the simplest of alcoholic concoctions.

Assured that the was 'only relieving', I returned again ang again, hoping, alas in vain, to be served by the excellent initiator of this place's reputation.

I've given up, but if you find that he's back, then let me know.



Parlez Vous Le Maori?

On Sunday 3 August, Te Ringa Mangu Mihaka and Diane Prine pitched a tent in the grounds of Government House, along with around 20 others. This was timed to coincide with Maori Language Week, as a protest at the lack of any real Government action to promote the use of Maori in New Zealand. Mihaka and Prince expected to be arrested over this, and planned to speak only in Maori during their court case. This would have highlighted the non-status of Maori in NZ, as English is taken as the official language of the Courts, through our adherence to the British judicial system. As Mihaka put it, it has been 'legitimised through repetition'.

The protest failed, as the attendance police most generously failed to arrest them. A police constable spoke to them in Maori, and in the end they reluctantly packed up and left. Nevertheless the issues Mihaka and Prince were raising cannot be simply folded away like their tent, or like last week's newspapers. I spoke to them before

they went down to Wellington, one the state of Maori language and culture, and the reasons for their protest.

They have chosen the courts as the most effective medium to make their protest known, because customary avenues have been proven ineffective - that is, no notice is taken. What has been the outcome of the Maori Land Maches, or the petitions to Parliament? Nothing. 'The basement of Parliament is full of previous petitions still being considered - rats have eaten most of them. Doing things in a dignified fashion doesn't work... We aim to expose the tokenism of Court provisions, and of the status of the Maori language.'

So what recognition does Maori have in our society? We may call ourselves multicultural, but we are definitely monolingual. English is the official language of the Courts, of Parliament, of broadcasting and the newspapers; Maori is taught in schools, but at secondary and tertiary level, as an academic subject alongside French and German. They

say Haere Mai and Tena Koutu on the National programme but, 'Muldoon has been known to welcome international dignitaries to New Zealand with that renowned phrase Tenner Coco.'

Mihaka and Prince argue that Maori should have official, constitutional recognition. In 1979 the New Zealand Council for Education and Research, they say, suggested changes in the legal status of Maori language as the most effective way to give increased recognition to it. They say that Maori should be an integral part of the education syllabus, taught alongside English in primary schools, and argue that 'vague and dubious as the Treaty of Waitangi is, argued on moral grounds it is a justification for Maori as an official language of this country.'

They also had some interesting comments on the significance of Maori language and culture. 'People must realise that language and culture are not inseparable'... In pre-European times they developed at the same rate; now, with a European,

industrial society, Maori language has inevitably been left behind. Most Maori people fall into the lowest socio-economic grouping in New Zealand, consequently Maori culture is the working class culture of New Zealand - leaning on the bar, lining up for the TAB, playing guitar, truck driving. For many, Maori language is only spoken during the periodic visits to the marae. What is taught in schools as Maori language and culture is in reality Maori cultures heritage, and by the way it is taught, reinforces the belief that things Maori are incompatible with the 20th century. This, they say, is a defeatist attitude.

Since then, Mihaka has stormed Parliament, scattering leaflets over the heads of MPs from the Visitors Gallery. In their own words, they are 'adopting conscious political tactics' to expose the inadequate provisions made for Maori in the law of this country. And they do not aim to ignored.

Katherine White

Nader's Raid

Ralph Nader stumbled into the voluminous gymnasium deceptively. Certainly the organisers were deceived. The microphones were raised to an appropriate height, and Nader began his effortless, self assured attack. Creating images of huge engulfing multinationals competing with and at times aided by an equally dark satanic central government for unrightful power, the world's No 1 consumer and citizen advocate suggested ways in which to counter these 'evils' and restore democracy to New Zealand society.

Identifying the way in which these monsters conduct themselves, Nader cited secrecy as being the public's main enemy. 'Information is the currency of democracy', he said, rolling off a basic premise. To counter the 'repressive' Official Secrets Act, and clandestine activities of both Government and the multinationals, he suggested New Zealanders push for constitutional rights to protect their interests. Something akin to the American Freedom of Information Act is needed to ensure that people have the necessary information for the evaluation of any decision being taken which will affect them. It is also necessary that the will of the majority be carried out ... democracy, by Nader's own definition.

Little comfort for New Zealand, perhaps, having just witnessed 'bugging revealed', and the creation of 'fast track' for certain projects. During an interview with Nader held after the gymnasium speech, conducted by Ian Frazer and an audience, a representative of Friends of the Earth stated that he thought it pointless now making submissions to hearings on these special projects. (Fortunately for the American people, 'fast track' legislation there has now been discarded). Nader suggested that the public force an issue of this legislation ... get a party to make a stand against this sort of law, and vote them in.

He specifically attacked the secrecy surrounding the decision recently made by Government in selling our hydro-electric power for an undisclosed rate, in return for aluminium smelters. The consumer has a right to know the rate, he said. It is yet another example of a monopoly being subsidised by the taxpayer... 'socialising the risk and capitalising the profit'; or 'private enterprise' as it has come to mean.

However, amongst all this gloom,

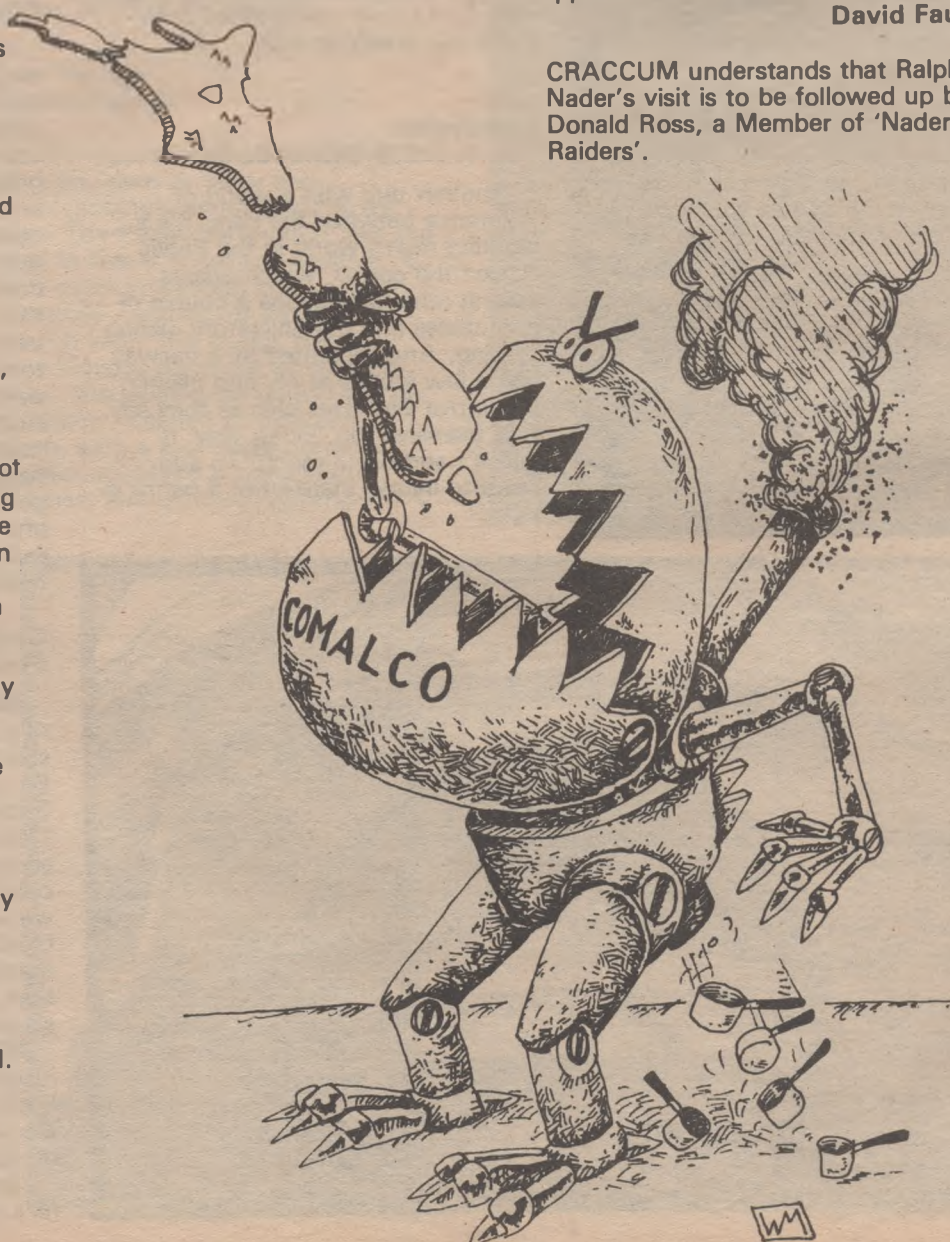
Nader had some constructive ideas for university students to ponder over and, hopefully, act upon. He suggested that organisations similar to the Public Information Research Groups be set up in the United States, (for example, the PIRG in New York funded from university levies, as they all are, with an annual budget of \$1.5 million, 100 full-time staff and research covering drinking water contamination to political corruption), be set up here within our own university system. This would provide a much needed connection with the larger society, as well as providing students with real situations in which to develop skills and confidence, and in which these students can test their own value

systems. You don't arrive at knowledge through reading books, nor watching people, he said. In short university should not be just another secret institution full of people prolonging their adolescence (... a reflection on society at large).

It was refreshing to see a person with such all-embracing vision and commitment to the restoration of 'true democracy'. He made it sound so easy: no doubt because he has succeeded to quite a large degree in his own country. Hopefully his visit will prompt activity in the ways he suggested ... hopefully he won't be passed over as having been just another 'curious academic'. Contrary to the predictable 'official backlash' Nader's comments are most applicable to New Zealand.

David Faulls

CRACCUM understands that Ralph Nader's visit is to be followed up by Donald Ross, a Member of 'Nader's Raiders'.



ARTIST OF THE WEEK:

The Queen Mum

Resplendent in mauve dress, hat defying all the milleners of Paris, antediluvian yet elegant, the eternal handbag and benevolent smile attached, the artist waves. It is not an energetic wave, nor yet a lazy wave, nor even any sort of wave that might seem out of place in the saga of waves that have emanated from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, for it is a wave to the British people, and what is more, it is a wave on the occasion of the artist's birthday. It is thus a great wave. Forget about the mauve dress.

Things have changed in this particular field of art. In the old days, when she was playing barefoot in the Highlands, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon could have waved until her fingers fell off and there would have been nary a murmur in the corridors of Whitehall or on the playing fields of Eton or in any of those places where the gin crowd congregates but now as she flicks the cake crumbs off her hand the Guards march and the RAF flies past and most all of London cheers and cheers and cheers. One can only admire then the force of her art. The cynics may call it minimal, but in fact Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is one of the last living exponents of the suprematist school which Malevich the Hairy Russian was the founder of. How this school travelled from Minsk to Windsor is even yet a mystery for art historians, although it is believed that Anthony Blunt (onetime Knight of the Realm) has some pertinent theories on the subject, but let sleeping M15 files lie: what is important to us as connoisseurs of art is how her style is so successful.

I hope it is not simply because the 4th of August was her birthday. I would hope that we lived in an enlightened era of criticism when such personal considerations did not enter into a serious discussion of an artist, for I personally would be quite insulted to learn that it was simply because it was her birthday that all of Britain went joyous. I mean, there must be more to it than that, no sociologist would assert that a country would be enraptured over a birthday rather than a wave, none of the people I chatted to at Igor's Travelling Gallery of Art and Funny Animals Show even suggested that there could possibly be ulterior reason for the applause. I mean, other people have birthdays too you know. Remember that! But it was a great wave. Not a new wave: a great wave.

Holidays in the sun

It was no coincidence that in 1975 the government expanded what was then the Special Work scheme. As unemployment began to rise above what was considered acceptable level, special work was made available throughout the year, and started to include skilled technical and clerical types of work. Further, due to the increasing orientation of women to work outside the home, temporary employment became open to them.

The growth of unemployment from the mid seventies to our present situation, where we have approximately 50,000 people either registered as unemployed or working on TEP is due to a number of factors. Specific events such as Australian restrictions on imports such as refrigerators, freezers and clothing, effected industry in 1977. Generally however, there has been a reduced demand for labour from the private sector due to economic recession. Alongside this the Government's sinking lid policy in the public service has meant less job opportunities here. Now we are facing the introduction of new technology which is predicted to create even more unemployment.

Meanwhile our potential workforce has expanded, as those born during the Post War Baby boom enter the workforce, and the changing consciousness of women orientates them to work.

Growing numbers of unemployed are mirrored by growing numbers on the Temporary Employment Scheme, which the Government spent between \$40-\$50 million on last year.

Number employed on TEP schemes

	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979
December	387	269	5005	6662	8917	21396	23317

Originally special work was introduced in 1965 for seasonal workers who could not get jobs. Since 1975 the Temporary Employment scheme has been used to cope with the worsening situation. The scope of temporary employment projects has expanded to cope with the greater variety of people who are unemployed.

Students who think their only exposure to unemployment and temporary work will be during their summer vacation, while they are waiting to get on SCSP, are probably mistaken.

Unemployment is effecting a wide range of people, and an analysis of the unemployed in 1979 showed that graduates are not immune. Of those registered as unemployed, 3.9% are graduates, from various faculties. Graduates themselves make up 4.0% of our work force according to a 1971 survey.

Graduates are registered for shorter periods than others. Since they are the elite, from a qualification point of view, on the job market, they have a better chance of getting work, even if the work bears no relation to their degree. When this happens less qualified people in turn have to accept work they are over qualified for, and so on down the scale, until it effects those who have neither skills or qualifications. Thus we have a bulk of unskilled, unqualified people, particularly young school leavers, who remain out of work.

For graduates who chose not to work in jobs unrelated to their degree, the choice may well be unemployment interspersed with periods of temporary employment.

It shouldn't be too hard for university students to imagine the shortcomings of the Temporary Employment scheme. Most of us have either been on SCSP in one vocation or another, or have had friends who have. But try to imagine what it would mean if there was no university to return to. Indeed no chance of unsubsidized employment in your near future.

Imagine what it would mean to work a forty hour week at a project that was somewhat unnecessary and

didn't feel like a 'real' job. Or a job that was reasonably interesting or productive, but invalid, because it had to be created for you, to handle your employment problem. Perhaps most importantly imagine waking up three, six or however many months later and having to return to the Department of Labour, to re-register as unemployed.

Horrors! Once again you are faced with existing on a mere \$47 a week, more time than you know what to do with (unless you're skilled at using community facilities and your own resources) and reduced contact with

others. Your morale will start to drop from the situations vacant column in the morning Herald to the same column in the evening's Star, with telephoning for job interviews taking care of the hours between.

Most of us have heard of the damage unemployment does to people's esteem. The notion is so common it is likely to form a national stereotype.

But it is no joke. Unemployment is a serious problem, effecting many people in this country, from the graduate to the young school leaver from the older woman wanting to re-enter the work force, to the unskilled manual worker.

Government has a responsibility to face the long term situation rather than merely tinkering with the Temporary Employment Scheme, as it did in the 1980 budget.

Temporary Employment is a valid measure in the short term, because most of us can't cope with being out of work for long. The cliches, such as the need to educate for leisure are all too true.

On a long term basis the establishment of a Ministry of Unemployment would be a good idea, in lieu of predictions for the future. The government have said that their energy related projects will create new jobs by the late 1990's. However this will be overridden by the effect of the introduction of new technology, which as seen from overseas example, creates redundancy.

Some are of the opinion that new technology may somehow create new jobs. But since we have no real evidence for this, we must assume that the figure of between 300,000 and 400,000 out of work by the year 2000 is a reasonably accurate prediction.

Since we are going to have huge numbers of people out of work it is essential that government examines our institutions, making necessary alterations so we can cope with our future.

At present our schools teach academic subjects that neither educate young people for leisure nor teach them technological skills, such as computing. Work is structured into forty hour week blocks, so we have some people doing a lot and others doing none. Domestic work and child rearing are unpaid. All these areas

have to be examined, in view of our future.

For the short term the government has divided the Temporary Employment programme into four categories to cater more for the needs of the unemployed. The work skills development programme is an attempt to offer basic work skills and the chance to develop work habits, particularly for young people. This may be valuable in the short term, but in the long term it is questionable how many people on this scheme will be able to be accommodated into the decreasing workforce.

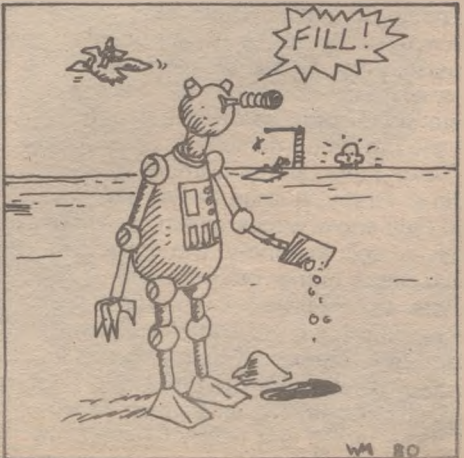
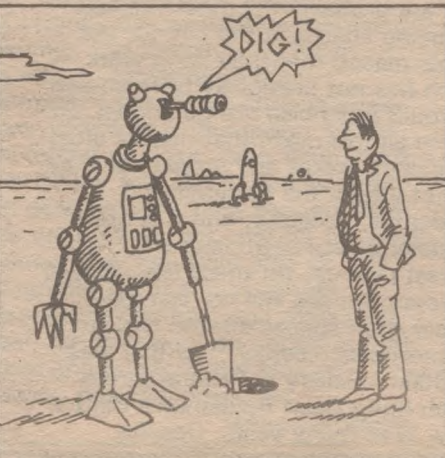
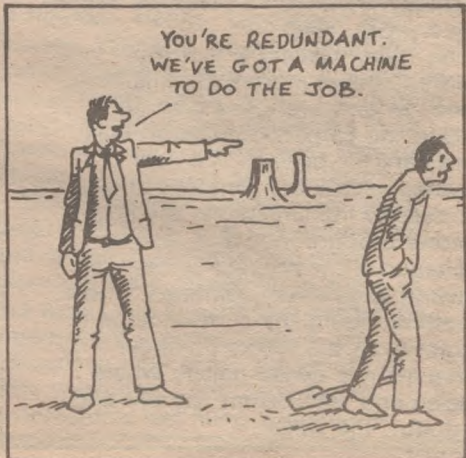
The Winter Employment Programme will be specifically for seasonal workers out of work. The SCSP will run again. This year however, students will have to be registered as unemployed for four weeks before being eligible for referral to this scheme. Further, the first referrals will not be made till December 1st, and no unemployment benefit will be paid for the four weeks of unemployment.

With unemployment high already, the amount of unsubsidized work available for students will be minimal. The cut in the length of SCSP will effect students summer savings, making 1981 a difficult or impossible year financially.

The Project Employment programme is the fourth category of the schemes and is to provide interim work for those registered as unemployed. This division will closely resemble the scheme in the past.

Yet with 300,000 people out of work it will become economically unfeasible to provide a significant proportion of them with temporary employment. How are we then going to cope with unemployment, if in the next few years we are being trained for jobs that won't exist?

Ann Elborn



Underground Press

Poked away behind air conditioning duct and stacked up old chairs in one of the basement storage rooms in the Library Building, there is a hand printing press. Katherine White spoke to Phillip Ridge, who has spent some time over the last year working on the press.

My involvement with the press began while I was doing my MA, in English. As part of Mac Jackson's bibliographic and textual course we went down to the basement of the library one day to see this old printing press which had just been left there for about 20 years. There's something very sad about seeing a press like that just left to molder. Then towards the end of that year someone suggested I should restore the press, and this was O.Ked through the English Dept as an SCSP scheme over the summer.

Restoring the press was not such a hideous job as it might seem; you needed to apply a certain logic. While I'm not mechanically gifted, or even mechanically minded, I could grasp the technical process of the machine and go from there.

It's an Albion Press, isn't it?

Yes, about 120 years old.

Mechanically they're the most primitive of the presses, but they sustained the printing trade for about 300 years, until the development of motorised presses.

What needed doing to the press?

Getting the type and furniture together was probably the most complex part of restoring the press, although there needed to be renovations to the actual press itself - some of the leatherwork had worn away and things like that. So it was the ancilliary equipment that I had to build up. It would have taken 2 months or so, working every day, and gradually, working repairing it, I learnt about printing itself. By the end of it I had learnt the fundamentals of printing for myself. At the same time I was getting a lot of help from Robin Lush at Elam, and Ron Holloway, an old printer who is retired now.

So really you were starting from scratch?

Yes, I knew virtually nothing about printing when I began on the

scheme, but it was largely a matter of experimentation, applying the logic of the technology that you're dealing with. After a while I found I was getting better results than the Department had been 20 years ago when the press had last been working. Something like that can take 20 years of experience to perfect.

What have you printed on the press so far?

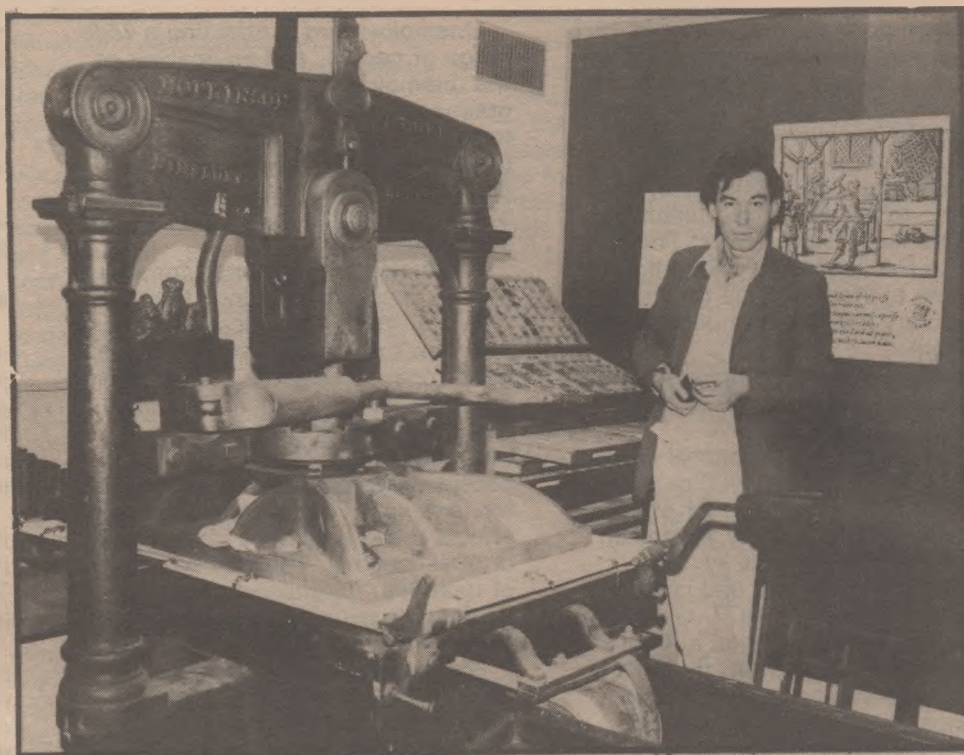
Over the summer I did a Valedictory Ode, presented to Prof. Musgrove on his retirement, for the English Department. Since then I've used it as a proof press for a small edition of poems by Jan Kemp - 'Icebreaker' - and I'm currently doing the same thing for a couple of pieces by Riemke Ensing. In the next couple of months I'll be doing an edition for Go Po Seng too, a Singaporean poet.

I've been using the Albion as a proof press, which is basically its best use. That is, you set up the type for a page, get a first impression through the press to see whether that setting is OK, and you make adjustments from that, then go to another press, one that is faster to use, to print out the bulk of the copy. It takes 3 minutes to produce an image on the Albion - pretty slow - so its best use is for extremely limited editions, and for proof work.

So the main uses of the press would be in setting poetry?

Yes; you become much more attuned to the subtleties of language by hand setting. It is an interpretive role, setting a poem. Through you the structure that the poet is working in becomes an integral part of the poem. The structure, and cadences of the poem become obvious after a while, especially with modern poets you have to understand the medium, the perceptual processes of looking at the type as visual units, and their relation to the spaces. Does that make sense to you?

The justification, if you like, for a press like this is the time taken by the compositor to set it out, to come to terms with the type. This is far better than simply handing it to a typesetter, who can only copy what has been put in front of her/him. The work comes in the typography and proof, rather than in the mass



production of the article. For that Robin Lush has been letting me use his press down at Elam, which is an electric cylinder letterpress.

What would you like to see done with the press now?

The English Dept plans to incorporate printing into their Masters courses at some level; I've bought equipment and set the press up so that 7 or 10 students could use it at a time. I can see it being an extremely valuable asset to the English Dept used, say, along the lines of the Wai-te-ata press at Victoria University.

For myself I'd like to carry on experimenting typographically with the press - trying to make a more exact correspondence between the type on the page and the cadence of the work, giving a stronger indication of the poet's nuances through spacing and size of type. I'd also like to get into some colour work on it, along the lines of what Alan Loney is doing in Wellington. His 'Dawn/Water', for example, where he's used colour very effectively, in a very limited edition with quite a bit of time spent on it. Costly, because of the time involved, but sequential colour work is where the press would come into its own, I think.

Do you see yourself making a living from printing?

It would be good if I could, but ... I'd probably end up working in a hamburger joint to support myself. It would be difficult, because of the amount of time, labour, that it takes to produce something. Your actual paper and ink costs are pretty small. And once you have printed a work, you have the problem of distribution, how to get it to bookshops round the country. You can't hope to recover your total cost in sales, or to get all your income from sales immediately; they're spread out over a couple of years.

And you feel there is a market, a public acceptance of this kind of high quality, limited edition work?

Oh definitely. Alistair Paterson would say we're in something of a renaissance with New Zealand poetry right now. And for the first time we're gaining an audience outside New Zealand. In fiction, Russell Haley has just been accepted into the American market; one of the large publishing firms there is bringing out one of his books. Things are definitely happening.

Right. Can you think of anything else you want to say?

Will this be readable?

galleries

Dean Buchanan
100m² Gallery, &
Derek Cowie
Closet Artists Gallery

A new phenomenon has appeared on the galleries scene in Auckland. Small casual spaces are being set up in opposition to (but as yet no in competition with) the established dealer galleries. Their rise is hardly surprising when one considers the price the artist and buying public must pay for the name and facilities of a well-known gallery. 40% is now a standard commission rate exacted by the big-name dealers.

There have been a number of effects. Firstly, a large dealer gallery will only show works which are more likely to sell; secondly, the collector must pay a higher price for the works; thirdly little-known artists or those who have not exhibited before stand little chance of being shown in such a gallery (and therefore of selling); and finally, as a result of all of these, small less flashy galleries are

being established to fill the growing need left by the dealer system as it stands.

Certainly these galleries are not as glamorous as their commission-orientated brothers, nor can they offer studied lighting, mailing lists, time payments or central locations; but despite their gloom and comparative inaccessibility they are probably the most valuable exhibiting spaces in the city for the simple reason that they hang work which has not previously been shown or would otherwise *not* be shown. Of course all this means that neither artist nor gallery makes any money, as they cannot attract the discerning, if ponderous, collector; and it is quite possible, unless patronage and interest pick up, that these new spaces and opportunities will not last long.

Two such spaces offered two such opportunities recently. The first was the 100m² Gallery in Federal Street which hung Dean Buchanan's third show in as many years. Despite

offers from dealers Buchanan has persisted in exhibiting beyond their reach. His first show (1978) was at the Outreach Centre in Ponsonby, the second (1979) he organised himself at the Maidment Little Theatre. If this had been his third show in a dealer gallery he would by now be a 'name' painter - a selling painter. However, Buchanan does not paint for money and unlike others who have fallen prey to the Midas touch of the dealers is under no pressure to produce. Buchanan paints for enjoyment, and by exhibiting less ostentatiously has a greater chance of reaching viewers on a pleasure, rather than a profit, level.

The 100m² Gallery is just that - one hundred square metres of exhibiting space, an ex-warehouse with no heating, no carpet, no hessian wall panels and no ceiling. The roof provides occasional glimpses of sky. But despite the limitations the space is nicely proportioned and, as the Buchanan show proved, is ideal for showing large gutsy paintings. There is nothing about the surroundings to detract from the works on show, unlike many a dealer gallery where hessian and vinyl tempt the eye and, no doubt, the wallet.

The theme running through the twenty or so works was that of camouflage patterns, a theme that was in a pupal stage in the 1979 Maidment show. There has been some development since then, however and rather than the static flatter early pieces the 100m² works had a space and pictorial depth (not to mention colour) reminiscent of Delauney (and other French painters peripherally associated with Cubism and Futurism). The dynamism of these more-than-famouflage patterns gave them a movement of their own, an intrinsic centrifugal movement. The combined effect of pattern, colour, depth and movement was, in most of the works, almost hypnotic like looking into a washing machine. Although Buchanan's concerns in these works seem primarily painterly he has also allowed himself the luxury of admitting their origins; the titles, stencilled onto the canvasses, refer to German campaigns and aircraft of 1939-45. The 'centrifugal' pieces significantly given aircraft titles.

Buchanan's technique in the large paintings was limited (in a positive sense) to sprayed and masked enamel. However, perhaps the most interesting pieces in the show were

Warty Toads (fell from the Skies and my eyes are bleeding)

1980 is turning out to be a bumper year for Auckland's budding music industry.

In January the Brian Staff and Mike Chunn duo broke the hitherto sacred seal of record production and brought us Ripper Records. Ripper wrapped up some of last year's best pub music with Ak '79. A neat little package featuring among others the expatriate Toy Love, Proud Scum and The Swingers. The transtasmanian drift of so much of our local talent to the land of Oz is what spurred Simon Grigg on to establish Propellor Records.

Supposedly, now that Ripper & Propellor Records exist, a band has only to record a demo and if its good chances are it'll get snapped up and slapped onto vinyl. But it's not quite that simple. There's a big difference between practising in a spare room and cutting your first demo in a recording studio. This is where the amicable chap in the photo fits in (that's Terry King) and what this article's all about - a rehearsal studio where bands can get all the practice they need without having to pay an exorbitant fee.

Progressive Music Studio is a so far successful attempt to bridge the gap between garage and recording studio.

The idea of setting up such a studio, says Terry, came originally from a friend who had seen some rehearsal rooms in operation while in Munich. The two were working as roadies a few years back setting up sound systems for concerts at Western Springs and touring the country with overseas bands ... Graham Parker, The Knack when they started thinking about doing something similar in New Zealand. Terry was later doing some mixing work for a club in Surfers Paradise and chanced upon the Music Form Studios at Byron Bay. These consist of a recording studio and barracks, A band comes up to record stays a week canoeing and outdoor-ing it inbetween sessions in the studio. A generally high success rate is attributed to the creative and relaxing atmosphere.

Terry's plan isn't quite that ambitious - yet! But he's interested in the type of music that local bands have been getting into over the past few years.

'Most bands are pretty rough'...but there's a lot of potential talent around and he's determined to give bands a fair go. Even if the noise emitted

from a newly formed band is coherent its not exactly an acceptable sound of the suburbs so practising in residential areas is bound to draw complaints about NOISE. And hiring a hall usually means bad accoustics and putting up with a lot of compromising situations - no power points can be a piss off.

After months of searching Terry found the space he need 2,700 sq feet at 31 Elliot Street above the old Ramsey's Jazz Club, and straight across from the Taproom. He has a 12 month lease on the place which began in March and is presently negotiating a 6-year one. Inside, a small room in the centre which will later be used for recording is flanked

But then you're not paying for swish surroundings. Running at a low profit margin Progressive Music Studio supports itself - not Terry. Nicknamed Subsistence Studios by its innovator this little venture is very much a labour of love. The aim is to encourage young musicians not to overcharge them.

Terry started stashing away his earnings in 1978 from three concurrent part-time jobs at one stage. That money plus a bank loan of around \$800, a personal loan and a windfall inheritance summed the bill for the first rehearsal room. Thanks to a carpenter friend who offered his services free of charge, and Terry's own adeptness with hammer and nail



by two larger rooms. At the moment only one of these is being used as a rehearsal room. But when time and money permit Terry hopes to have both in operation with two separate sets of acoustics. He's studying acoustics sound and electronics at varsity this year and still remains ever thankful for the help of the acoustics department at architecture school.

Two rehearsal sessions are held daily. The first starts around ten in the morning and winds up at about five in the afternoon. The second starts at 6.00 or so and finishes about 11.00. The cost is only \$15 a session.

capital outlay has been kept at a minimum. Although memories of lugging timber up two flights of stairs for hours on end still prompts the refrain 'How to build a recording studio and why they didn't pick me for Jesus.' There is a \$2000 bank loan pending now for the second room.

Meanwhile there's no shortage of business. PMS is booked out seven days a week, and Terry has been forced to turn people away until he gets the other room built. The 1eris (just up from Dunedin and pictured right) are the most regular tenants. They get a discount in return for loaning their PA system for other

bands to use. Fairly new bands Committee and The Kiddities currently book the studio, long with a few others who have yet to dream up a name for themselves.

The next month promises bookings for Toy Love and Flight X7 compliments of the New Music Management. The varsity bands Flicks and the Screaming Meemees have already been through.

As its happened PMS has become more than a venue for band practices. Terry himself is a kind of resource/information file for the bands. He has developed a good rapport with the promoters around town. He may be able to offer a manger a new support band and get a new booking in return.

Right now Terry's travelling to and from the Shore everyday of the week to be at the studio, as well as fitting varsity work - but he's not stopping here! Any band needs a well produced demo to be accepted by a record company so plans for recording at Elliot Street are well under way. Terry's building his own mixer and another friend is building a compressor and an equaliser, so he's paying for parts only. If his intended application to the ARts Council for a grant is accepted, he'll have the money to buy a tape machine.

When his hard earned efforts are rewarded he'll be able to further his own personal interests as well as those of the bands and work in an established recording studio himself.

He hopes to keep the fee for recording demos around \$7 - \$8 an hour. At those rates they'll be the cheapest in town.

Terry says he's been surprised at the integrity and enthusiasm of the musicians he's come in contact with, having been warned that they're the worst bunch of degenerates anyone could choose to work with, not to mention people like Glyn Tucker from Mandrill and Doug Rogers from Harlequin who have been a great help all the way. Record production in the past has buttered too much bread for the average businessman. More recently it's as though new wave music has set the precedent for a new wave of producers in NZ who are interested in what the local music scene has to offer. For Terry each accomplishment is quickening the flow of new ideas.

'There are all sorts of directions that this place could take'.

Deborah Telford

woven steel 'Lattices' - a recent sortie of Buchanan's into the third dimension. Despite the limitations of method and materials these too had their own intrinsic movement. Both the show and the gallery deserved, and deserve more attention - more than they appeared to be getting. Due to the gallery's inability to attract the collector or even the buying public only three of the twenty works sold.

The second offering was at Closet Artists Gallery (520 Queen Street), another deserving space offering an intelligent alternative to the sterility of the dealer galleries. Once again a second-best location not frequented by those who do the buying. This is a gallery offering both artists and public a space and a service for far less cost to both than the established galleries, and due to minimal patronage to date it is finding itself in increasingly hot financial water. Like 100m² Closet Artists is a fertile space - the downstairs of an old home - it is a warm and coloured space (I suspect in conscious reaction to established gallery clinical white) which is far more sympathetic to the work of many contemporary Auckland artists than the accepted atmospherically

hygienic. The lighting again is casual which may make viewing a little more difficult but at worst it prevents reflections on glass-covered works.

Closet Artists' last show was an introduction show of the work of Derek Cowie, varied and numerous enough to be almost a retrospective. Cowie's show was not as much a knock on the head as Buchanan's; it was more cerebral, more demanding on the viewer, and a lot more self-conscious. The works (too numerous to count) could be divided into four major groups - Figures (which I shall call Population pieces, as each dealt with a whole population of figures), Heads, Landscape and Stripes. What all the works had in common was a restriction of space, a sort of construction within the picture plane - pictorial claustrophobia even. Cowie is a set designer with Mercury Theatre which may be significant.

The population pieces made most profitable use of that claustrophobia, and where population and head elements were combined in some of the works the constriction verged on implosion; a powerful effect, but difficult to look at for the length of time warranted. The Strip works, unfortunately not hung together or

with the population pieces, were, in my opinion, Cowie's best offerings. They had a cleanliness and frankness unfortunately compromised by the close proximity of the more painterly landscapes and heads. Most attractive of the Stripes were five or six poles suspended from the ceiling; spinning of the poles by the viewer caused spirals to move at varying rates up and down the poles. The evanescent effects were brilliantly conceived and controlled, and had the show consisted only of these poles and the lyrical two-dimensional stripe works the show would have been that much more direct.

Currently Closet Artists is showing paintings and drawings by Philip Clairmont - let us hope that Clairmont's popularity attracts a few more collectors to the gallery before it is forced to close, even temporarily. Both 100m² and Closet Artists need and deserve a lot more support than they are getting; not only for the type of show they hand but also as recognition for the increasingly important role they, and others like them, are assuming on behalf of both artists and public in the face of growing financial pressures

Winston Smith



books

Harper's Mother
by Wendy Simons
Angus and Robertson

Harpers Mother is all about growing up with nothing to hold onto but a mother whose solidity is like the strands of a spiders web. And about being a New Zealander.

And so it begins. Harper and mother in the rain. Waiting for the bus to carry them away from another uncle. Rain and salt spray to rinse out the sadness. What sadness? Harper is numb in the liquid darkness. Seeing the bus - a warm floating island in the distance and wanting to be secure within its dry vacuum.

Harper is always outside the bus, searching for herself in the aulsbrook's faces, umbrella and everything closes five at visionaries beyond the fogged paned. Tracing make-up fathers in the rain freckles, frantic images smudged by the hazy collection of men her mother needs. Harper's mother, being a solo parent is crumbling the Griffins myth, tainted with bitter grime that can no longer be scrubbed clean with time honoured vim.

Reading Harpers Mother is like looking into soup. Thick with homely liquid rhythm. Wendy Simons has pawned Harpers frighteningly perceptive insight to focus her adult message. The child can see the ugly reality big people cannot face. But in seeking to convey her mother's isolation from a society who will not cede its earthy morales to change, it reeks of the wholesome optimism it's trying to condemn. Teeters maddeningly on the brink of stark Americanism, almost ramming callousness down the readers throat but soft-soaps, plays the image with maddening restraint.

Harper and her mother will be okay. The rain won't last, it never does and that's why it's so much about New Zealand and so true.

Rodni

Beyond New Zealand: The Foreign Policy of a Small State

John Henderson, Keith Jackson, Richard Kennaway (Eds)
Methuen, N.Z.

The appointment of the Hon. Frank Gill, Minister of Defence as ambassador to the United States is provoking controversy over the merits of diplomats or politicians filling influential overseas posts. Both National and Labour exhibit no reluctance in making party decisions about personnel for highly coveted positions.

It seems then an opportune time to bring to the notice of readers 'Beyond New Zealand' especially as Keith Jackson, Professor of Political Science at the University of Canterbury contributes an article on 'The New Zealand Foreign Service, Leadership, Personality and Foreign Policy.' Covering two hundred and seventy pages, the book has papers by thirty experts chiefly academics; the three editors and six others are at the University of Canterbury. Two Aucklanders well known on the local campus are Barry Gustafson who writes about our trade with the Soviet Union and Stephen Hoadley who has a glance at Indonesia.

Topics included in these studies are defence, trade, the Pacific, internationalism and the making of foreign policy. A United States professor, Henry Albinski has a look at New Zealand and ANZUS. In a fast changing world it is essential for New Zealand to overcome its isolation and demonstrate adaptability. These articles examine our prospects, their sole disadvantage being that a number of them are too brief.

Jim Burns

Aline
Carole Klein
Sidgwick & Jackson

The dust jacket carries an extension to the title: 'The first biography of Aline Bernstein, famed stage designer and mistress of Thomas Wolfe.' The daughter of actor Joseph Frankau, wife of a banker and mother of two children, Aline Bernstein born in 1880 had a long career in the theatre in New York. Her work brought her in contact with great plays, players and playwrights: 'The Little Foxes' and 'The Children's Hour' by Lillian Hellman, the Lunts, Helen Hayes, Bernard and Irwin Shaw, Elmer Rice, Moliere, Chekhov, Sheridan and Shakespeare.

She is especially known for her relationship with novelist Thomas Wolfe, twenty years her junior, whom she met before he became a successful writer. His literary ambitions were directed towards drama but she convinced him that the novel was his true medium and her judgement proved sound. Her encouragement, support and love were powerful contributing factors in his development and achievement, which he acknowledges in the dedication of his first major work 'Look Homeward, Angel.' This and its sequel 'Of Time and the River' are significant novels in the history of American fiction.

Author Klein faithfully describes the pleasures and agonies of their liaison; 'Hers was the frenzy of a woman deeply in love who had invested complex needs and feelings in another human being.' Klein's research produces a vivid and moving account of a life steeped in the theatre but there is an emphasis on her personal life, which was not always harmonious. Liquor became a constant problem. A woman friend of Aline's in a moment of candour said 'He taught her how to drink, that was his gift to her.'

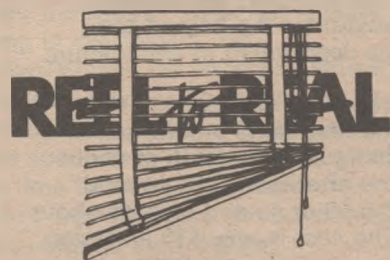
Even when his emotional interest in her is exhausted, Wolfe extracts details of her life which he subsequently used when he portrayed her as Esther Jack in his novel 'The Web and the Rock.' It took her a long time to realise that ingratitude is a constant human failing. A sincere biography whose interest is increased with photographs, bibliography and index, and the fact that the author is deeply attracted to women's efforts to attain self awareness and autonomy.

Was it the American dramatist Maxwell Anderson who wrote that the theatre was one way of learning about life without being hurt in the process?

Jim Burns



bits



Where the Buffalo Roam
Various
Reprise (through Polygram)



'I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, violence or insanity to anyone...but they've always worked for me!'

It's the soundtrack for the film based on the twisted legend of Dr Hunter S. Thompson (the film's to be released later this year).

(Fear and loathing at your local cinema).

Featuring Bob Dylan ('Highway '61'). Jimi Hendrix ('All Along the Watchtower', 'Purple Haze', Temptations, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Four Tops and Neil Young, spliced in doing variations of 'Home, Home On the Range'.

I wouldn't buy this one, despite a few good tracks. Might be worth waiting to see if the movie justifies the occasional nostalgia trip.

Jason Kemp

Devon

on stage

Hamlet
William Shakespeare
Theatre Corporate - St Mary's Cathedral

So many plays make you wonder why anyone would want to be an actor. At work six nights out of every seven; daily rehearsals; the never ending tension and intellectual discipline of learning lines, moves and the tedium of daubing oneself nightly with every kind of foul concoction to cover up the skins ghostly pallor. You need to see 'Hamlet' to know why. No other theatrical work enjoys this one's reputation and rightly so, for 'Hamlet' is in a class of its own. This singularity, the play's epic quality and the enormous challenge of the leading roles - all pose great difficulties for any company with the temerity to tackle it. So, though we have come to expect a very high standard from Theatre Corporate, we could only hope that its production of 'Hamlet' would be as outstandingly successful as it has proved to be. The company has risen to the challenge with an obvious sense of occasion and given our language's greatest play a strikingly atmospheric, and beautifully rendered reading.

character's, more than lines but life. All are victims of the pursuit of power: some seek it and are corrupted; others are destroyed by those who seek it. But the tragedy of it - and the irony - is that in the end all seem equally innocent, for their respective ends have long been determined by the disinterested fates.

Nothing, though, determines the quality of a production of 'Hamlet' more decidedly than the acting. It is truly an actors play. The role of Hamlet must be the greatest challenge - and greatest reward - any actor can seek. On it, the play hinges. In Chris White, Theatre Corporate have a very good Hamlet. His performance does not assume the stature that it could, for his degeneration from grief to anger to madness does not clearly enough define the various stages of this gradual process, and in his death scene he appears a trifle too healthy. Nonetheless, and in the early scenes especially, he has an appropriately aloof and detached manner that is quite chilling. He is able, too, to give his lengthy soliloquies a fire and conviction that their time worn reputation belies.

Of a generally outstanding supporting cast, two in particular



On a stark and simple set, using only uniforms, dress and military mannerisms, designer Ian Aitken and director Raymond Hawthorne have created an atmosphere of intrigue and mystery that is almost palpable. Direct overhead lighting, by casting facial features into sharp relief and deep shadow, is cunningly used to show the prince's decline into madness: at the end of the first half, as he soliloquizes on his imminent meeting with his mother, the light from above makes an eerie, eyeless skull of his face. And more effectively than in either of the other two tragedies presented at this venue, the full, gloomy vastness of the Cathedral has been used, with players running up and down, shouting and wailing behind the audience, on the outside aisles. It is not just theatre but drama - a drama that surrounds and engulfs the audience, while counterpointing Hamlet's own increasing paranoia and sense of mental and moral oppression.

More clearly, too, than in any other production of the play I have every seen, Shakespeare's psychological perspicacity in characterization is allowed full reign, to give to the

warrant special attention. Marijke Mann, who so impressed as Phaedra, is excellent as Gertrude - Hamlet's mother - innocent of the ploys of those around her, loving, remorseful and terrified by turns. And Roy Billing, in three appearances as The Ghost, the First Player and the Gravedigger, demonstrates yet again his agile versatility in playing the three roles convincingly and with flair.

A successful amalgam of all these elements make 'Hamlet' the success that it is. For those devotees of Shakespeare or theatre who would go anyway, this review will merely be a byline. It is chiefly intended as a recommendation to those who might not otherwise go. Put simply, 'Hamlet', whenever it is performed is too important a play to miss. When it is as well performed, and as well done, as Theatre Corporate's production is, it is not only too important to miss, it is imperative that it be seen. Intellectually, theatrically and dramatically, it is without a doubt, the most exciting and important event of the theatrical year.

John Carrigan

Slick Stage
Everywhere during Can Opener

One could begin by saying they are the answer to NZ's cultural void or the answer to a boring lunch of fritters and vewgemite, or the answer to poor man's entertainment. BUT Slick Stage don't give answers or provide them but merely ask questions. These questions are liberally labelled as comedy and because of this the audience feels relaxed to alugh at two skilled individuals showing us the way we are but were always afraid to admit.

Slick Stage present a series of situations involving the way we try to manipulate and control emotions in relationships with the opposite/other sex. Each situation is different equally funny and in each we see glimpses of ourselves in the parody of these two people but it has the effect of putting us, the audience, in an rough, naked comfort. Completely passive 'relaxed' viewing is what we get in two enjoyable dance routines that interlude the show.

Slick Stage are young in age, number (there being only three) and formation (having been formed only a few months ago). They have done several performances at the University and are at the moment touring all the tertiary education systems with their hour long programme.

The short skits which make up this hour deal with everything from sending up the false egotistical calls for nudity and a skin revolution to the futility of the impersonal climinal manipulated surroundings and actions of our judiciary system in handling the very personal trauma of rape.

'Pretty heavy stuff, ay Rangī', pronounced Ran-gi yet it is presented in a light exact comical fashion. The weight comes from the burden many of our consciences may be forced to momentarily bare and consider.

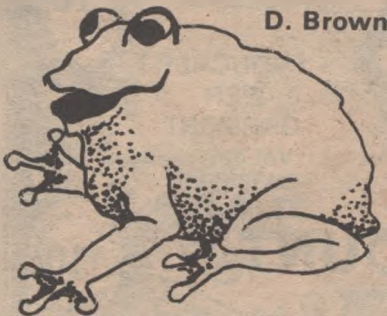
It is an hour that is very entertaining and proverbially well spent and it could only be beneficial for your health if you gave some Slick Stage a try at the little theatre on Thursday and Friday.

Paul Grinder

Sunny Monday
Thurs/Fri Nights
Globe Tavern

An evening of contemporary blues with Sunny on bottle-neck guitar and Phil on bass and sax is a raunchy, original portrayal of life in good ol godzone. All numbers are written by the band, though they may throw in the odd traditional 12 bar classic. The Globe is embarking of a camapign of cultural entertainment with theatre, poetry and folk during the week; and now those old brick walls are sounding to the gravel-pit voice of Sunny Monday and what must be one of Auckland's most refreshingly different pub sounds; a little less mindless and a lot homelier than some of the more trendy sweathalls. Mind you, rumour has it that a local new wave band has invited Sunny to join them; but I doubt whether he can be persuaded to cut his hair or hand up his suspenders.

If you enjoy the blues, then see you get to the Globe tavern Thursday or Friday night.



gigs

Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons, hitting it up at Mainstreet

A year ago very few people had heard of Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons and even fewer record buyers. But now they have a gold record, two hit singles, numerouis national tours and are now resting in Melbourne at the end of a very busy thirty day tour of the world completely contented and known. It wasn't a grand scale tour to end all tours but it did give the world a strong taste of their own blend of R and B and Jamaican reggae.

At Mainstreet on Tuesday last the band appeared in the last gig of the tour. The diversified sextet had almost shaken off, or drowned, the jet-lag, that as far as the bands busiest mouth Wilbur Wilde was concerned was just a 'poor mans' cocaine, anyway. After the long sound checks, and the pate and hock pleasantries with the press and associated frivolities, they were ready to preserve no energy and give the audience as much as they deserved and demanded.

What the Falcons got at Mainstreet was by unanimous agreement the best reception of their world tour, though it had tough competition from the eager crowd they played before at the Montreux Jazz Festival where they were billed with the Specials, with the strong ozzy/pom supporters in London, the encore demanding public on the west coast of the United States, and last and least the fruit and beer can hurling San Francisco heavy metal groupies at a morning session in the 'Day on the green' music festival. The band began the concert in just the right way with the hit single 'Hit and Run' which seemed to lift the audience up by their myriad of proverbial shoelaces.

The tempo of the concert very rarely slowed and when it did Joe (Jo Jo Zep) Camerelli still managed to put the same concentrated power into the songs. The hand gave every song the ultimate care and rough justice making the ends seem like a compulsory halt rather than a voluntary finish. They would have loved to have clashed out the last chords all night, as long as the audience kept reacting in a way that eventually led to the band playing for half an hour's busy overtime.

Joe Camerelli took short intermittent breaks from the lead vocals, first to hand it over to the only bass playing Yul Bryner in Australasia, John Power, and secondly to the 800* screaming prima donnas in the audience who tunelessly took over the choruses of 'the shape I'm in'.

The band's second L.P. on Mushroom due for release here through Festival in about a month, 'Hats off step lively' got a very good promotion at the concert with much of the material being stronger than the successful 'Screaming Targets' album, and was enjoyed just as much by the audience.

In all the band played 5 encores which for the tenacious boss man Joe Camerelli was a personal surrender to the overwhelming energy in the audience every time the band tried to leave the stage. He even felt obliged for the first time to play 'Hit and run' a second time.

Afterwards the audience left with an inspired enthused contentment and the band sipping free drinks knew they had finished on a very high note. They were all vowing to return with their raunchy rock jazzy reggae music again, to search for the musical cure to the hernia and get revenge on all those who missed this quick visit. So squash your resentment and don't miss this local-multinational band again.

Paul Grinder

records

New Clear Days
The Vapors
United Artists



If you happened to be watching 'Ready to Roll' on Saturday 26th, you would have seen The Vapors' single, 'Turning Japanese' raging up there along with such classics as 'Little Jeannie' and 'Locomotion'.

Shame it didn't have better company. 'Turning Japanese' is without a doubt the highlight of 'New Clear Days'. Its hookline revolves around the rhythm of the title lyric and the excitement is carried through the verses by the interchanging staccatto of vocals and bass in front of snappy drumwork. The guitar licks pop up nicely in just the right places. In other words, the whole song works - some achievement for a song that aligns a mad, crazed love with going oriental (stir crazy?).

None of the other tracks, however, have the immediate appeal of 'T.J.', but be warned - they grow on you in the most pleasant of ways. These boys have no trouble in playfully tossing rhythms about their album, leaving you at the end of each song with at least one of their hooks, be it Dave Fenton's expressive, offhand vocal or Edward Bazalgette's lead guitar solos.

'News at Ten' features at the beginning of Side 2 as my choice for next single. Its strength is in its vocal harmonies, that you realise by the end of the album are quite characteristic, its foot-tapping beat and some clever lyrics wrapped around the ever-present hook telling the age-old generation gap story -

And he picks up the paper
And he appears to be quite serious
And you smile at him and agree
'Cos he's your old man
But still I can

But still I can't hear you...
'Somehow' scores the prize for one of the strongest chorus hooks since 'Oliver's Army'. However, 'Letter from Hiro' and 'Trains' don't come across due to unnecessary extension of ... well, everything. Leave those two out and you've got a strong collection of the latest in British pop/new wave that sets The Vapors as a less poppy XTC, a less esoteric Cure and a Boomtown Rats without the same melodic and rhythmic inventiveness and variety.

But they try, and try very hard. All the songs have that Recent Rats' flavour of labelling and identifying personal emotion with 'clever'

political and social cliches. In this case, Dave Fenton, sole Vapors' songwriter, appears to have a thing about the Japanese, Cold War politics, public transport and 'newclear' war, but you can have a quiet chuckle at the appropriateness of the inner sleeve graphics and lyrics.

If it should happen, all you people in the right places, that we should get the chance to see The Vapors live, then I would advise an early booking. Get these guys out of the studio and onto the stage and...

Gosh, the power of a good single!

Darryl Carey

Emotional Rescue
Rolling Stones
Rolling Stones Records (thru EMI)



A new Stones album, enough said. You'll either like it or you won't, saying that it's a great follow-on to 'Some Girls' or that it's more evidence of the sterility of the band, and that Jagger's in brilliant form or that he's a tired old fart. Take your pick.

Me, I like the album. It has its low points but (dare I say it) so did all their others, and there are enough good points here to make any of the 'up-and-coming' bands long for old age. I like it, it has both bounce and style so you can dance to it and listen to it without grimacing. Who else but the Stones would have the balls to put out a disco single complete with falsetto vocals and have the panache to pull it off, and stick it on an album along with their rockers and their ballads. I've said I like it before, I'll say it again. I'm not afraid to make the wrong prediction about the Stones because they've gone beyond having to make it or even having a reputation to live up to, they can do that rarest of things: do their own thing.

Anyway, I don't think this is the wrong prediction. A while ago the prophets of doom foretold the final days of the last sixties bands, and they were shown to be wrong. 'Emotional Rescue' leaves the future wide open, and reminds us that some of these decrepit old bastards can still get it on. Fuck attitudes and superstar lifestyles and being seen in Cannes, I have a record here and I like it. Enough said.

Brian Jones

Where are the boys
Th' Dudes
Key thru' Festival



This is the second, last and best ? for Th' Dudes whose music has always been strongly orientated towards the commercial singles market. This album picks-up just prior to where their first album left-off. At least three of the songs use the recognisable rhythm guitar riff that plagued their earlier material but on this album it is almost acceptable because there is enough material which avoids it.

Dobbyn, Morris and Ulrich have however written an album which is not monotonous but very enjoyable varied dance music with a few quieter moments such as the beautiful piano ballad 'Lonely Man'.

With the high price allotted to records these days the buyers and listeners have become far more choosy and are not as willing as before to pay out cash for 'more of the same'. This album unfortunately does follow pre-confirmed guidelines and for all its good production and clever rhythmy tight music it is by no means a must buy. However with the excellent songs it does include such as the rock/disco 'Walking in Light' and the loud 'Bliss' song it certainly doesn't deserve to end up in the McKenzies winter sale giveaway bin.

Th' Dudes have received bruises from the condemnation of critics as being too commercially orientated but the band has never claimed to be trying to make a living playing good clean fun at 100 decibels. This is by means an innovative masterpiece and it wasn't heralding anything fantastic but it is a good finish for a group that didn't bow out but gave a deserved final passing salute.

Thomas Moore Jnr

Dreams
Grace Slick
RCA



'Break right through the sign that says 'End of the ride'.'

In the early sixties Grace with her brother Darby left their wealthy banker-father's home to form a band, The Great Society, one of the more prominent ones that appeared in San Francisco to further the psychedelic revolution. Marty Balin saw her

perform and persuaded her to join his band, The Jefferson Airplane, and Grace brought with her the band's first big hits, 'White Rabbit' and 'Somebody to Love'. The Airplane went on to become America's top band, even stealing the show from the Rolling Stones on the momentous but ill-fated '69 tour. Then Balin left, and shortly after so did Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady (they to form the inimitable Hot Tuna) and the Airplane became the Starship, prey to Paul Kantner's obsession with science-fiction and better known for the car accidents of its members than its music. Grace slid to the fringe of the band, and then left after the German Tour fiasco.

Hopefully she won't look back. Grace was the power behind the Airplane's singing and most of its songwriting, but with the Starship she seemed overcome by the egotism that Kantner enveloped the band in. That's changed: 'Dreams' is a return to power, both in her voice and her writing. You may talk of Ellen Foley and Pat Benatar, but it was Grace Slick who showed them how it is done, and she knows it. In 'Do it the hard way' she sings:

'She's going to keep on doing it until she proves that they're all wrong, she's going to let them know she's the exception to the rule.'

The band behind her is made up of unknowns, but they play this music perfectly, with none of the excesses that plagued the Strship. It is probably best for Grace that she be the central figure in the band, first to showcase her unique voice and also to give the confidence to be a solo performer. She intends to go touring as soon as she gets together enough original material to be able to do entirely her own show. It should be a potent act: true, there are weak numbers here, but the potential shown by this album indicates that Grace Slick has reasserted her position in music. Stop that talk of Dinosaurs and just pray that Kaukonen will record soon as well. 'Hey Frederick'!

Ralph Gleason

Little Dreamer
Peter Green
Creole



subtle, lyrical, understated yet beautiful blues guitar work. That's what it is, with some blues harp thrown in. Fleetwood Mac was once like this but then Peter Green left and we thought we'd never see him again. Then 'In The Sky' and now this. Peter Green is back and will never be popular but he makes B.B. King sweat when he plays his guitar and he makes a listener just lie back and wallow in the loveliness of it all. It's a record for listening to, not reviewing.

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VALID TILL SATURDAY

23.08.1980

letters

Rioting Wrongs

Dear Editor,

Last night by my own choice, I attended the Miss Auckland finals at Trillos. 'Strangely enough' my partner was a male, and contrary to 'popular' belief, we, and I mean my Leachorous Leering Lusting male partner too, did not go to buy cattle. In fact we both went to support a fellow student, who entered in this contest by her own choice.

The protest we witnessed last night by the 'feminists' was pitiful, oh yes the song and leaflets were nice, the placards not quite the sort of thing that one (male or female) would like to read after dinner, the banner that snuck through the security was amusing, the message might have got across, if they had had it the right way round ! The screaming 'female' with her honking and whistling was no competition for Billy T James, who I think summed up quite well the 'feminists' 'efforts' - a spectacle ! But the childish vandalism in the ladies, (yes some of us are ladies) toilet was pathetic, at least they reached equality there, as the male members of the Trillos staff were called upon to clear the air, so to speak ! If this is what equality is, sharing a public toilet with a male ?

How dare these womin insult the intelligence of my friend, how dare they deny the right 'to do what you want to do', how dare they make a sham of themselves ! Don't get me wrong I'M all for the cause of equality, but I've got 'brothers' too, and I'm all for equal rights, but I'd prefer not to have a demonstration of the removal of the right of freedom to choose, by the very group advocating liberation (passed) freedom and equality !

I'm sorry sisters, but you lost sight of your cause last night, I could lower myself to the level you did and say jealousy will get you nowhere, I could suggest you are all but you are not, I enjoy an equal footing relationship with my partner, my sympathies to you all.

Yours in sisterhood, and brotherhood
Chelsea Brooks

Nick Jones Eats Worms

Dear Craccum,

This is just a line to let you know what's happening (man) in the Coffee Bar (far-out) these days. There have been some comments made about Joe's teeth, and they are not only in very poor taste but also jolly unkind considering heredity, lack of fluoride and application of chemical substances wot rot the enamel. It's not his fault.

In conclusion I'd like to point out that this letter is not about and doesn't even mention Mick Jones (not even now)

Sincerely Yours,
M.E. Newton

P.S. His ears are not pointed !
P.P.S. What's this I've been hearing about Wayne McIntosh then ???
P.P.P.S. How come you didn't publish Baddam's poem ? He is a starving young poet you know and this is not a very encouraging attitude for you to hold.

Rust Never Sleeps

Dear Katy,

If there are any cars or other four-wheeled vehicles parked in motorcycle parking spaces this week they will be removed and can probably be collected from the footpath or roadway along with their tickets.

Love and kisses,
Bikers rule, OK ?

P.S. Taglioni Rules !
P.P.S. Boyesen Reeds OK !
P.P.P.S. Different Strokes For Different Folks, But Two Is Best!
P.P.P.P.S. You've Got To Be Fast To Ride A Two Stroke !

Anguished Reply

Dear Katrina,

I write not to pin labels on other people, not to slander other people and not to make fun of anybody (re Friar Tuck, Warren, Rupert Gatt and Yorrick in the last two issues of Craccum) I write to express a strong personally-felt feeling of disgust and pain at the lack of sensitivity shown by the above people.

No matter how strongly Friar Tuck apologises for his name-calling, just the idea that he would consider writing such a thing (no matter how bad a mood he was in !) is enough to make my proud-woman-blood boil. Witnessing such a phrase as his 11-syllabled name for C. Matheson is painful and insults all women on this earth. A sexist comment/action/remark to one woman is felt by all her feminist sisters whether she is a feminist or not. Why are so many feminists so strongly committed to their cause ? Because each woman feels all the pain inflicted on women by male oppression - and it truly hurts.

I can only laugh in pain at Friar Tuck's "not only do I sympathise with your cause, I actively support it". By my own definition any person who can write that 11-syllabeled label in a letter, whether angry or not, can not be a feminist sympathiser or activist. Assuming Friar Tuck is male (aka Dermot Cooke is the official AUSA rumour on his identity) I am also insulted that he thinks he knows what "feminism is all about" - how can he know ? Has he suffered the pain and anguish society inflicts on me solely because I am a woman ? I think not. Leave the knowing to those who do know because they feel

the pain - womankind. You men are out of your depth.

yours
in sisterhood
Jill

TUCK'S LAST STAND

Dear Everyone,

I would like to take this opportunity to clear what has become a very fetid stench from the air. If I really did hurt anyone with either of my first two letters, I am truly and deeply sorry. At the time I felt that I was offering valid (albeit somewhat pointed) constructive criticism. Had I known then, as I know now, that my infamous 11 syllable coinage would be taken as a personal insult to C. Matheson, or indeed any of her feminist sisters, I would never have used it. The assertion 'that all feminists are you-know-whats' is as popular with men as the assertion 'that all men are MCPs' is with feminists. Both assertions are without foundation and serve only to promote hostility between the two groups. That is the point which I wanted to make at the time - I intended no slur against lesbians, feminists, or Ms. Matheson in doing so and I offer my profound apologies if my intentions were insufficiently clear at the time.

In conclusion, I might add that No, of course I haven't suffered the pain and anguish inflicted on Jill Frewin solely because she is a woman: by the same token, Jill Frewin has never experienced the pain and anguish society inflicts on me solely because I am a man. Women do not have a monopoly on pain and anguish - it hurts me just as much to be labelled MCP as it does Jill or any of her sisters when they are put down with similar generalisations.

Yours For the Last Time
Friar Tuck

(aka Dermot Cooke according to the official AUSA rumour on his identity)

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If you'd like to talk over your money problems with people who understand money and how it works call into the Bank of New Zealand on campus and arrange a time for a chat.

Ask for Henry Grimshaw,
University of Auckland Branch
Phone: 774-024



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letters

Why Was Hitler? Who Was Spain?

Dear Editor,

For near on five years I've been attending this somewhat esteemed place of higher education and ridiculous as it may seem, I have concentrated mainly on getting my MSc. The principle reason for this is so that I can get a good job that pays lots and lots of money.

In all that time I've had little to do with Student politics or protests except for the occasional bursary march (and of course voting out that wench who occupied the presidents seat last year). Yes that right... I'm one of that tiny majority of about 85% of students enrolled here who doesn't spend half their time screaming atop a soapbox into the Quad P.A. System (60,000 db 93% distortion).

What I'd love to know is ... how many papers are these jerks enrolled in? I bet my arse that if you added up the lecture hours of the 30 most vocal students on campus the total would be less than the average science, commerce or engineering student does in a week.

I firmly believe these fanatics enroll in Stage I education and anthropology just so they can use the speaking facilities in the Quad and invite their degenerate friends to come along and do the same. And why not? ... They have a guaranteed audience of hundreds of poor bastards all deaf in their left earholes through trying to make their way past the 50 watt tin speakers to get to the cafe at 1 o'clock.

I propose we give the Unifems (what a strange name... is it because theirs only one of them?), commies, Nazis, Friends of Botzuwana etc etc, 200 bucks each so they can all buy megaphones and fuck off to Waiheke and get hoarse shouting at the oysters on the shore platform.

Phillip A. Sheath
Geol. Dept.

Abort! Abort!

Open Baby Season

Dear Kate,

With fuckwitted people like Carl Josephson (a self-confessed post-grad, no less!) stalking the streets, it is no wonder that the world is in the mess it is. Being a humble, mere 1st year undergraduate, it is with some trepidation that I take pen in hand to refute Mr Josephson's drivel. Firstly, may I begin by recommending to Mr Josephson that he make an appointment post-haste with the Optometry Dept, they are currently looking for people with feeble eyesight. I assume that it is his eyesight which is at fault (far be it for a 1st year student like myself to presume that a Post-Grad's mental capacity is not up to scratch), otherwise how could he advocate, quote 'Abortion seems to be DESIRED mainly in those countries where food is in excess anyway'. Had he ready my letter, he would have found the sentence, and I quote 'No one is saying that abortion is pleasant or DESIRABLE - it is anything but' - that would seem to me to be plain, unambiguous English, which any form one child would understand.

Mr Josephson also reckons that keeping NZ's population down 'isn't really going to help' any country where people are starving. I fail to see how increasing our population is going to help them, or us. Is Mr Josephson aware that N.Z. has one of the highest teenage pregnancy and illegitimate birthrates per % of the population, in the world? No, the Concise Oxford Dictionary is not my 'bible', anymore than I suppose Websters New World Dictionary or the National Geographic is Mr Josephson's (if I was going to attack someone for quoting external sources, I wouldn't do the same thing myself).

In attempting to keep my original letter, concise, I didn't even mention what is probably the most important argument, which is that a womin should, in our so-called 'democracy', have the right to choose what she will or will not do with her own body - how about hearing from all your Unifems? Josephson's was the 4th anti-choice letter in as many weeks! It is a farce that rich womin from the upper classes can fly to Sydney for an abortion, while working class womin, who can least afford more mouths to feed, cannot - just another of the inequalities of our society. In closing, my I just say: Repeat the CS&A act! Fuck Spuci!

Hide Your Dog

Dear Craccum,

Wayne McIntosh (a randomly selected name) licks dogs arses.

Yours faithfully,
Jealous Bitch

P.S. Hide your dog.

Genuine Caf Complaint

Dear Fuccum,

In the restaurant at 6.35 pm sits a poverty-stricken student, which, you may murmur, is a jolly strange place for such a being to be. The reason I am here is the same for which I am writing. To wit, the bloody cafe closes at 6.30 pm, or, more to the point, even earlier.

It so happens I am stricken with a 5-7 lecture 2 nights of the week, and unfortunately it frequently occurs that extramural activities take place on these evenings. This means I need a fast, good, cheap meal, and I'm afraid the restaurant qualifies on neither the first or last count. I have tried all the takeaway bars in a large radius and I'm sure you can imagine that once was enough for most of them.

Far be it from me to suggest that the cafe meal may in fact be edible, but I'm prepared to give it a crack, and as a result left my lecture just before 6.30 so as to be sure of catching the place open. Much to my wallet's disgust (but probably not my stomach's) it had already closed, and as time was no longer an element I was forced to direct my attention towards the restaurant, and my pen towards the paper.

How about extending the hours by half an hour or shifting them back the same amount ?

Yours in hopelessness
Dinsdale 'teeth' Piranha

Wreck Centre

Dear Katrina,

In case some of you are wondering why you occasionally have to wait so long at the Recreation Centre desk you might find that 'it is because the staff have to spend time cleaning up the mess that you leave behind at lunchtime. There is an unbelievable abundance of bins handy to every location, especially the exits, so there is no reason other than piggishness and laziness of a minority of students.

Please make an effort to put your rubbish in the bins, especially Craccum, and keep the center as clean as its awards as an advanced sporting & recreational amenity demand.

Yours in hope
the staff

Bravo! Bravo!

Dear Katrina,

Since this doesn't happen very often and I can't be b..... doing anything else, I'm going to praise the efforts of the Craccum staff. I think you run an excellent service for us plebs. The range caters to all (well most). The feature articles are well researched. The letter column serves to air opinions and feed the anonymous ego. That brings me to the poetry page.

Yours,
in all seriousness



Jones Speaks Up

Dear Craccum,

I was concerned to see notices in last week's issue urging people to vote No Confidence for the positions of Cultural Affiras Officer and Sports' Clubs Representative. Regardless of the 'merit' of the candidates, I feel that a students newspaper must remain impartial in student elections. I would have thought that the mere fact that the four candidates in question are standing for every position would have been enough to dissuade students from voting for them. I certainly don't condone the activities of FTS but if you really wanted to ensure that they weren't elected to any Executive position why not consider putting up your own candidate.

Yours etc,
C.M. Jones

Beware of Strangers Bearing Recruitments

Dear Katrina,

Attention!! Malaysians and Singaporeans. I am most surprised by the notice inserted by the AMSA's Secretary in Craccum 4/8/80. The notice is entitled 'Overseas Graduates Recruitment-Singapore.' The AMSA is not an organisation for Singapore students here (neither is it for Malaysian). Why then does it act for the Singapore Government to recruit people especially MALAYSIAN GRADUATES? (a gesture of ASEAN solidarity? or a case of perverted patriotism!!)

This cannot but make one suspicious of their motives when traditionally AMSA have always excluded Singaporeans. One cannot help wondering why instead of approaching the AMSSA, an organisation legally and consitutionally representing the Singaporeans and Malaysians students, the Singapore Govt. should use the AMSA people who are well known for their lack of interest in students' welfare, their apathy, as well as their ability to absorb Govt (our tax-payers') money and use so-called students' facilities (such as Malaysian House) for their private functions and to their private interests. They have also been known to openly threaten students with reporting to the M'sian High Commission etc. Perhaps the AMSA have decided to act not only as the secret eyes of the Malaysian Govt. but also that of the Singapore Govt. Fellow students BEWARE!

A cautious Singaporean

N.B: AMSA - Auckland M'sian Student Assoc. is a somewhat secret organisation funded by the M'sian High Comm. and operating off campus (occasionally they do try to sneak in). The AMSA's committees are appointed rather than elected.

AMSSA - Auckland M'sian Singaporean Students Associ. is affiliated to the AUSA. The AMSSA's committees are elected at its Annual General Meeting where all M'sian and S'pore students in Auckland are entitled to vote.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

Dear Katrina,

I am writing to express my abhorrence of the tactics used by the university based feminists at the Miss Auckland contest. By defacing A.U. buildings, planting borer-bombs in the Trillo's toilets causing people to be physically ill, assaulting police, slashing tyres of cars parked outside the event and by attempting twice to disrupt the proceedings, once cutting the microphone wires, they have yet again shown their disrespect for law and order. Admittedly I am in no position to accuse students of all the above but being a member of the audience I noticed no shortage of A.U. feminists among the demonstrators who broke into Trillo's. There was even one of our elected (big joke) AUSA officials up there with a horn and whipped cream. (I wonder what Freud would have to say about that).

I hope the way they were booed and hissed has given our militant feminists some idea of how the general public regard their actions. I also hope that in the future they will stick to writing their monotonous Craccum articles and delivering emotional, cliché-ridden speeches in the Quad. Perhaps that way someone will one day tke them seriously.

Yours in Fear of Emasculation
Uni Homme

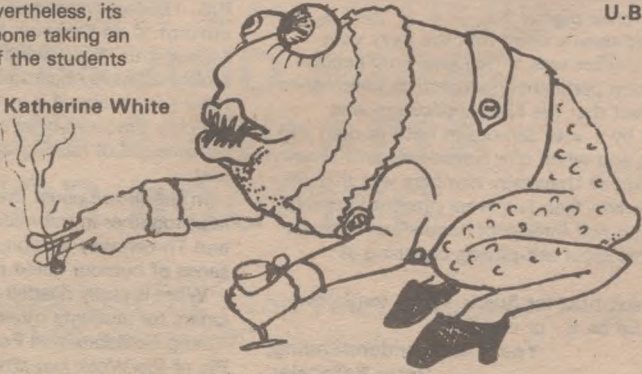
P.S. I won't give you my name becuse I don't want to have my tyres slashed - nor anything else.

Running On Empty

Dear Katrina,

We're sorry that John Walker has been doing so much sprinting, but Dear John you needn't have. There is a complete range of accountancy paper waiting for you at both the U.B.S. shops, just as it always has.

Sylvia Harvey
U.B.S.



Warty Toads Rule, OK?

Dear Editor,

I write in response to a letter from Paul Sutcliffe published in your most recent issue of Craccum.

His contribution disputed the belief of some that a foetus should be afforded the status of a living entity. Mr Sutcliffe supported his argument with a dictionary definition of 'life' and some data from David Attenborough's book "Life on Earth".

In 'Life on Earth', Attenborough devotes a section to the process which yields an adult frog. Put simply, a fertilised egg is desposited on a suitable substrate and soon develops into a tadpole. The tadpole then swims around the pond (or other aqueous environment) for a while before losing its tail and developing legs in preparation for adulthood on land.

I would like to put a question to Mr Sutcliffe. If I were to show him a tadpole swimming around would he define it as living or dead ('Dead' being the dictionary's antonym to 'living, alive etc.')

I suggest that he would be fooling himself if he were to declare it dead. The only important difference in this context between a tadpole and a foetus (with regard to 'aliveness') is that one generally develops outside the mother's body and the other within. It is interesting to note that some frogs develop from the egg to the juvenile adult form entirely within their father's scrotal sac?

Concerning the question of abortion directly, surely the decision whether or not to abort the foetus rests on the shoulders of both parents.

If, however, a woman sincerely feels that the decision rests entirely with her, so must the consequences, regardless of what they may be.

Further correspondence on this most important issue is invited but please read any reference material from cover to cover.

Neil Quigley

UniFems Hate Letter No. 1

Dear Sir,

I would like to comment upon a certain odious phenomenon that has intruded upon my attention.

In recent weeks we have seen the proliferation of a rash of disgusting lesbian slogans on buildings around University and elsewhere. The University bookshop - our bookshop - no longer stocks Penthouse because the feminists object. A group of so-called Unifems expect the SRC to finance their holiday to Waiheke as of right and sulk when this is denied. Militant feminists attempt to disrupt the Miss Auckland contest with riot and vandalism.

How is one to react to such goings on? With rage at their presumption in infringing the liberties of others? With disgust at the grotesque rhetoric of the lesbian fringe who taint the whole movement with their perversion? With amused contempt at the imbecile fanaticism which insists on such spelling as 'womin' and a thousand other ludicrous excesses? Many of these appear in Broadsheet, a magazine often found in the Law Students coffee room, and on occasions I have nearly choked on my coffee with laughter at the priceless gems presented in all seriousness by this excellent publication.

One is confident that in time these girls will meet Mr Right, settle down and raise lovely families. In the meantime, the phase they are passing through is both distasteful and indignified.

Yours etc.
PERTINAX

UniFems Hate Letter No. 2

Dear Katrina

It concerns me to note a minority faction such as unifem launch both an illogical and degenerative attack such as that in last weeks CRACCUM: whereby they branded any one sufficiently concerned as to vote in an S.R.C. meeting - albeit, against their fanciful whims and pleas for a 'measly' two hundred bucks - as chauvanist pigs.

C. Matheson's claim that the navy vote against Unifem was a 'mindless vote against any motion pertinent to women' is demolished by the fact that the \$200 application was rejected by a vote composed both of men and women; and when one considers that the navy contingent at University numbers less than 25 - of which less than half were present - surely most even half intelligent people can detect a trace of illogical self-pitying-clutching-at-straws.

The next boat for Russia leaves tomorrow Trisha. Be on it - or under it.
Yours with understanding,
Peter Batchelor.

UniFems Hate Letter No. 3

Dear Katrina,

Debbie Rundle overheard a male student saying that he 'didn't vote for any women because he didn't want any feminists to get in.'

That could possibly have been me, I remember saying that in a lecture theatre. Whatever the case, it comes down to what you mean by feminists. I believe that women should enjoy absolute equality with men, and that there certainly is discrimination against women. There are very few women in important positions, and rape trials seem to end up exercises in humiliation. And OK, maybe male attitudes aren't as good, at least among the older generation.

If Debbie Rundle or any of the women elected have those beliefs, then I agree with them entirely. What I didn't want to help vote in was one of the screeching man-hating lesbians who plague the campus. These fuckwits spell woman 'womin', slash tyres outside beauty contests, and bitch about 'white male middle-class oppression'. They think all men rape (wishful thinking?). A woman's not a womin unless she looks like a horse, or even better, an All Black forward. Lust in a male is rape, ha! I've looked at women with lust, there'd be something wrong if I hadn't, but I'll leave it to these sick weirdos to call that rape.

In brotherhood,
Peter

P.S. I don't vote National

Karakama, Since You Ask

Anyway what the hell is the Maori word for Craccum. Last week students got a shot of culture shock when they found a fierceosome face in the boxes usually reserved for issues of Craccum. In a record-unemployment, increasing-armed-robberies, post-haka-party-incident, cultural-awareenss, student-elections-coming-up period, the Students Association and Craccum staff decided to promote something apathetic students ignore (God, don't you dare tell me there aren't any!) - Maori Language Week.

The Australian Aborigines show that the minority problem isn't just here. (Ever heard of the South American ache Indian?). But the universal problem comes to our own door-step. It's no use discussing the pros and cons, cause so many do. It's bloody rotten to see the peaceful people fall because their enemies resort to tactics they've always used.

Although most Maoris preserve a modesty in expressing gratitude (the language has no concrete equivalent for the expression of 'thank you') lots were pretty pleased to see the last issue. For those who didn't understand the titles/subtitles, go tap a Maori-Studies looking student on the shoulder and ask him for a quick translation. Chances are that he won't know what you're talking about. If that happens, set a course for the UBS, pick up a Maori dictionary and do your bit for Maori Language Week.

Apart from the monster on the last Craccum, I recently heard there's another green-skinned creature living in remote New Zealand, but increasingly ventures out. He's been pretty sick lately because people have been giving him a hard time. His name is 'Maori Language'.

Haere Ra

Tough!

Dear Editor,

How are you? I am fine, but Pic-of-the-Week is trying to change that

Yours hopefully
Linus (Van Belt)

P.S. The last two issues have been a valiant attempt to rid Craccum of a disgracefully serious attitude to world, national and social ~~problems~~ you have shown obvious editorial ability. I feel you've aimed it in the wrong direction as opening Craccum onto a wall of type-set reminds me of looking at an economics course text.

In the future could these long articles be kept together in the middle pages as a Pullout and Throwaway section, which readers with a sense of humour could pick out and avoid.

What is really needed is a newspaper that caters for students other than Young Nats, Young Socialists and Pom's, with Pic-of-the-Week just after the last page.

ENVIRONMENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST 1980

Promoted by 

The Environment Group (Auckland University) Inc. is organising this photographic contest to encourage environmental photography in New Zealand. Entry is free and any number of slides or photos with an environmental theme can be entered. The contest is in two sections : Open and Student.

PRIZES :

Two Nikon EM cameras to be won by the best open and the best student entry.



Six \$50.00 vouchers for photographic goods and services to be won by the best colour print black and white print best colour slide in each of the two sections



The competiton closes on 30 November, 1980.

ENTRY CONDITIONS

1. Entry is open to all photographers and is in two sections:
(a) Student - full-time student at primary, secondary or tertiary institution.
(b) Open - all photographers.
2. Entries may be colour or black and white, prints or slides. Any number of entries may be submitted by a single photographer.
3. For ease of handling all prints should be mounted on card.
4. All entries must be clearly marked with the photographers name, address and the entry number (see entry form below).
5. Care will be taken to safeguard entries but no responsibility will be accepted for any loss or damage.
6. Entries will be returned only if a suitably stamped, self-addressed envelope is included with the entry.
7. All entries must reach —
"Photo Contest,"
P.O. Box 1327,
Auckland,
by 30 November, 1980. The contest will be judged by 10 December and the contest winners will be notified as soon as possible after that date.
8. The competition will be judged by a panel of photographers and environmentalists. Their decision will be final.
9. Unless otherwise stated the organisers have the right to use or reproduce entries for contest publiclity, a touring exhibition or an environmental calendar.

Please note — any size print can be entered but preferably entries should be at least 5" x 7" (13cm x 18cm).

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bicycles * technology * pollution * trees * enviromental health * noise * rivers * motorways * solar power * recycling * transport * whales * beaches * resources * alternatives * mountains gardening * lifestyle * wilderness * pesticides * nuclear weapons * co-operatives * housing * sealife * forestry * rare birds * consumerism * the future * industry * power stations * waste

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STUDENT	YES/NO	INSTITUTION ATTENDED
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hague's rave

Here is something I wrote down about how I felt after being arrested at the Miss Auckland contest, along with David Benson and six lesbian women.

I always wondered why anybody would ever want to join the police (force!). I guess it's pretty clear now. The best answer I could come up with before was that the police have a pretty good football team. The real reason is power. Power is the goal of aggression. Rape is power. Government is power. Society is institutionalised power for the wealthy. Marriage is institutionalised male power. Police is power with impunity.

Police is the ability to 'command' respect. It is moving people across a chess-board, holding their lives in the palm of your hand. It is holding a whip over people like dogs with the certain knowledge that the chances of anybody taking the whip away are roughly equivalent to the chances the SPCA would have in Court against the Queen for mistreating her Corgies.

It must make them feel good to have everybody scared of them. Good old Sergeant Head-lock must have really enjoyed hurting me - he's done it so many times that he knows how to do it without leaving many marks. I might be lucky because lots of people saw him do it. What about the Maori or Polynesian on their way home from the pub? What about the prisoner in the cell?

Good old Constable Ventolin can insult me as much as he wants. He can even push me around and untie my shoe-laces. We both know that if I insult him back, or push him back, or untie his shoe-laces, or punch his teeth out (which is probably what I feel like doing most of all) it's me who will get done.

The police are given practical license to commit most of the Crimes and Police Offences without any fear of retribution.

They turned up at the demonstration with a Paddy Wagon - with the obvious intention of one of the demonstrators committing a crime. David Benson was arrested for virtually nothing. It's always interesting to watch policemen at feminist demonstrations. This is where you can see how they can't separate being police officers from

being men. Their interest is not in upholding the law, but in asserting the power which they have and in exercising that power on those represent a threat to them.

In most normal situations, they have an automatic recognised power over women. Almost invariably they refer to women as "ladies" or "girls". Almost invariably they will describe themselves as "conservative" when it comes to "women's lib." because any move away from the status quo will erode their advantage over women. Their automatic power over most women is not a result of being members of the police force. It is because they are men.

In a feminist demonstration, the women do not recognise the power the police have because they are men - or rather they do recognise it and therefore challenge it. This makes the cops feel very uneasy because they sustain an actual power loss (not just a notional one, like the Human Rights Commission ACT.) When there are lesbians present, with short hair, trousers and boots, the cops get downright scared and resentful. The lesbians have no use or need for male power. In addition they generally have little respect for the values and the social system which television cops (and what is the major recruiting influence for the NXPD?) are supposed to be defending. The cops regard them as freaks. These universally accepted police attitudes ensure that lesbians are almost certainly criminals.

This is why six lesbian women were arrested outside Trillo's on 4/8/80. This is why they were assaulted and abused. It had little to do with what they actually did. The lesbian women stood out to the cops like red lights (or more likely some other colour - red lights are probably a source of great pleasure for many cops, and a source of great misery for another group of women.) When the cops decided that they were going to get violent, there was little question about who they were going to get violent with.

I hope you are going to do something about this. We all appear in Court again on Tuesday 12th August in the morning. Try and be there.

In friendship
Kevin

Committee Games

At the Executive Meeting of 31 July 1980 The Executive passed the following resolution, RN 860/80 'That a committee be established to consider the question of payment of members of the Executive and that this committee comprise (subject to their consent). J.G.Beavis, (Convenor), A.E. Wright and K.G. Hague and that this committee have power to co-opt and be requested to keep a complete record of their proceedings.'

Basically this committee will recommend whether the executive should continue to be a purely voluntary group (in the sense that members receive no financial reward from AUSA) of whether the members of executive should receive a salary or some form of honorarium or stipend.

Submissions are invited from any person or group of people who may wish to express an opinion on this issue. Submission should be on A4 paper and typed if possible. Three

copies of each submission should be made and they must be placed in a sealed envelope and handed to the Secretary of the Students Association before 5pm on Thursday 11 September. The outside of the envelope must be marked 'Submission to the Remuneration Commission' or something to that effect.

The Committee will hold at least one open meeting - possibly on Saturday 20 September - and anyone who would like to appear in person in support of their submission should indicate that fact at the beginning of their submission.

Please give a postal address where a letter may be sent to confirm the place, date and time of the open meeting.

The Committee will be making wide-ranging enquiries on the issue but expects to present a final report to the Executive at the end of September.

John Beavis

stop press

Scene: The Council Room
Time: Thursday August 7, 1.00pm.
Occasion: Executive Committee Meeting
Cast: K. Hague (Chair), D. Rose, I. Sowry, B. Miller, R. Young, D. Kirkpatrick, J. Broad, W. McIntosh, J. Haydon, H. Worth, P. Shearer, Choong TS, and about twelve other hangers-on.

Facts: University Challenge now have themselves a Manager for the Auckland team travelling to Otago during the August holidays. Exec has decided to allocate \$50 from the projects fund to help pay the cost of sending the Manager, whoever is actually selected, leaving \$145 to come from the \$200 plus we receive from the Television moguls.

After ninety minutes solid consultation, giving virtually everyone a say, the Exec finally decided on the thirteen delegates to the August Council. Those going are: Kevin Hague (Chief Delegate), Ivan Sowry (Chief Delegate and Education), Heather Worth (Education and Welfare), Bhaady Miller (Finance and Administration), Fiona Cameron (Finance and Administration), Choong Tet Sieu (International Affairs), Shale Chambers (International Affairs), Sara Noble (National Affairs), Michael Baker (National Affairs), Priscilla Wilson (Welfare), Jill Frewin (Women's), Jenny Haydon (Women's), Wayne McIntosh (Observer).

This was one of the most boring debates it has been my misfortune to be present at. One or two of those present knew exactly who would be going, but unfortunately the others didn't with the result that a lot of

everyone's time was wasted. Mind you, some people reckon that this is all Exec ever does. About the only thing that woke anyone up was Robert Young describing Ivan Sowry as having been around for a long time, which was greeted by general laughter from the few that remained this far. Finally, however, the list was settled and the last motion to be passed before the meeting closed was an indemnification agreement with the BNZ for \$50,000. This was needed as Radio B had a broadcast over the weekend with the Dargaville Jaycees, and naturally enough the Minister of Broadcasting doesn't take kindly to anyone going on air without such an agreement. So the meeting closed at 2.46 with about ten people left from the original cast of twenty-five. Oh well, at least not all of the Exec meetings have so little to do in so great a time.

Oscar The Grouch

punting

Races at Ellerslie on Wednesday and Avondale on Saturday with trots at the Park on Friday night. Trot picks are Sprinkler, Phyllis Mary, Vonette, Gentle Knave, Robin Mac, Captain Smooth, Trie and Roydon Albatross. On the galloping turf look at Turf Rider, Alcerine, Aquajet, Elevator, Tiger Lily, Giovanni and Barry Stuart.

Our account is in credit by \$38.50 with one bet outstanding. This week at the Park put \$10/place on Phyllis Mary. Over the August break there are seven meetings to attend so it is certainly a busy period and two to watch for are Oranmore and Good Health.

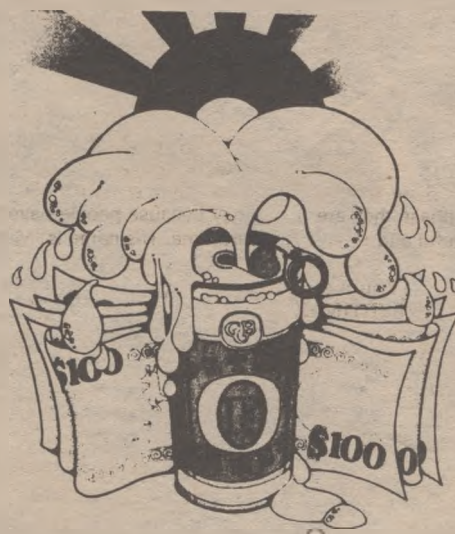
B. Gamble



CAMPUS TRAVEL

* Watch this space each week for news from your student travel centre *

AUSTRALIAN FLIGHTS PROGRAMME

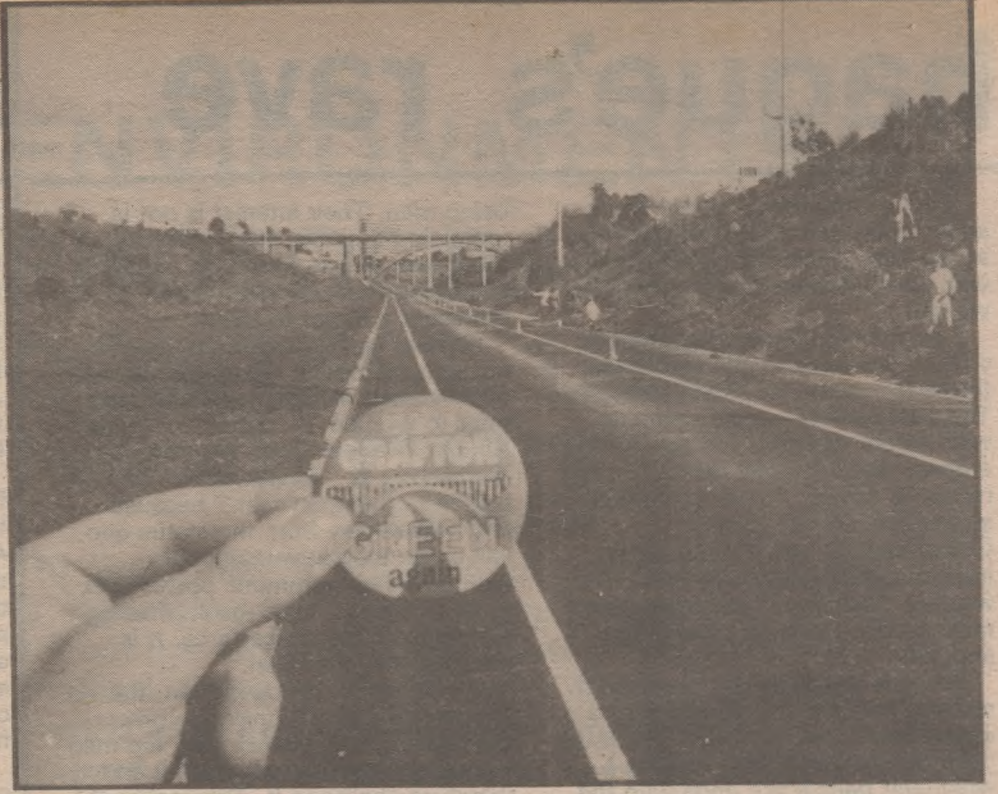


SUMMER VACATION DATES AND FARES NOW AVAILABLE FOR BOOKING

STUDENT TRAVEL CENTRE - Top Floor, Student Union
11.00 am to 4.30 pm daily



Elizabeth Leyland



Planting trees in Grafton, Sunday 3 August.



Elizabeth Leyland