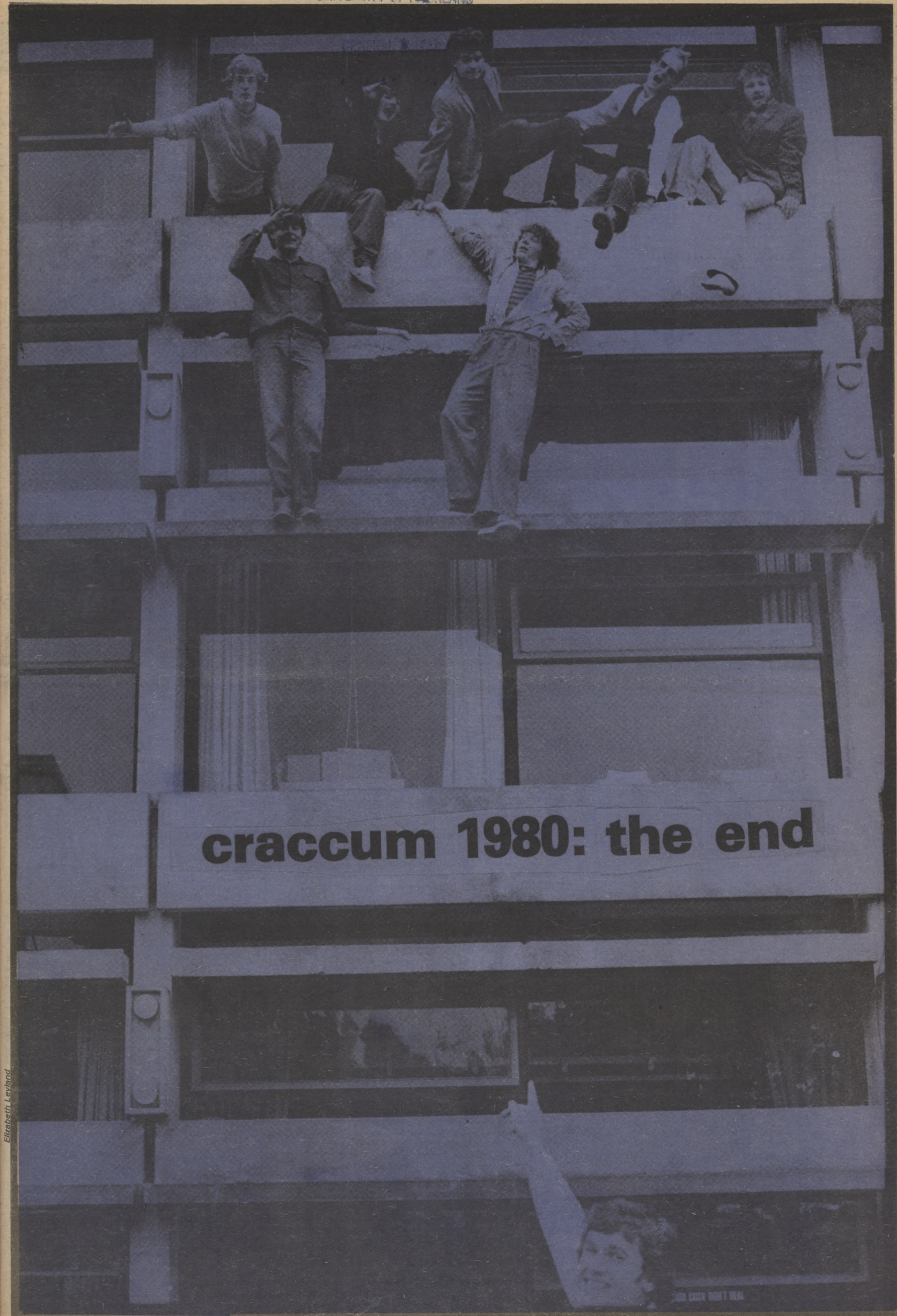


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craccum 1980: the end

Elizabeth Levland

notice board

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE ARTS & CRAFTS PEOPLE IN THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY

This is to let students and staff know that there will be an exhibition and sale of their hobby arts and crafts to be held in the Counselling Gallery from 30 November to 5 December. If you wish to exhibit and sell work before Christmas, you are very welcome to do so. We have had two other successful exhibitions and interest in sales of work have been excellent. We welcome all old exhibitors and new people to participate in this. If you are interested please ring Marilyn at Counselling, Ext. 595/506 as soon as possible, to let us know what you would like to do. All arts and crafts are welcome, e.g. woodwork, silver ware, weaving, painting, stained glass, pottery, batik, etc, etc.

PATCHWORK

Play synthesizers at 100m² Gallery on Oct. 12, 8.00 pm. Admission \$2, students \$1.

FILMS

'Mash', Mon. 13 Oct, 1 pm; 'Silent Movie', Tues. 14 Oct, 1 pm; 'The Rise & Fall Of The 3rd Reich', Weds. 15 Oct, 2.30 pm; 'Cabaret', Frid. 17 Oct, 1 pm. All in the SRC Lounge, admission \$1.

FOOD CO-OP

Broccoli, 10c = 116g; Cabbage 20c ea; Carrots, 10c = 900g; Cauliflower, 30c ea; Celery, 40c per head; Garlic, 10c = 30g; Ginger Root, 10c = 25g; Kumera, 10c = 141g; Leeks, 20c ea; Lettuce, 40c ea; Mushrooms, 10c = 25g; Onions, 10c = 500g; Potatoes, 10c = 400g; Pumpkin Crown, 10c = 127g; Rhubarb, 7c per stick; Silverbeet, 10c = 300g; Spring Onion, 10c = 50g; Tomatoes, 10c = 50g; Apples, 8c ea; Bananas, 10c ea; Tangelos, 10c ea; Oranges, 10c ea; Pears, 8c ea; Tamarillos, 4c ea; Yams, 10c = 118g; Parsley, 10c = 70g; Asparagus, 10c = 33g.

IDENTITY CRISIS

Sieffe La Trobe, who appeared in pic of the week, Craccum issue 11 (June 9) under the name Kenneth La Trobe ne Agincourt, wishes it to be known that his name really is Sieffe La Trobe, although it used to be Kenneth once. Terribly sorry about that, Sieffe.

BICYCLE CLUB

Party, Nov. 15, see notice board for details. Trip to Waiheke, Nov 21 - 24 approx, again see noticeboard. T-shirts \$6.50, phone Sharon, 373-897, or leave name on noticeboard.

YOU TOO CAN CONTROL THE UNIVERSITY

Nominations are invited (?) for the foillowing positions as Association Representatives on University Committees:

Senate: Two positions for the period 1/11/80 to 30/10/81.

SUMC: Two positions for the period 1/11/80 to 31/10/81.

Recreations Ub-Committee: One position for the period 1/11/80 to 31/10/81

Theatre Management Committee: Three positions, one from the date of appointment to 30/4/81 and two from 1/11/80 to 31/10/81.

Nominations for these positions close at 5 pm on Wednesday 22 October and appointments will be made at a meeting of the Executive to be held shortly thereafter.

Rt Hon R.W. Lack
The Secretary

MALAYSIAN STUDENT CONFERENCE

The First Annual National Conference (A.N.C.) of the Union of Malaysian Students in New Zealand (NZUMS) will be held in Auckland from 28th to 31st December (4 days). The theme of this ANC is "National Development in Malaysia." The programme includes forum, workshop, social gathering and, sports/games. Also included is the election of Executive-members of NZUMS for 1981. Registration fee: \$27.00 per person. For further information, either contact:- Peter Tan ph - 769-905 C.K. Low ph - 766-314

LOCKERS

See the Union Custodian for your \$6 locker deposit if you don't want your locker next year.

Pay \$3 or \$3.50 rental if you want to retain your locker next year. Hurry - this offer closes November 14th 1980 and can be exercised right now. See the Student Union Custodian, next to the bookshop.

classified

Records For Sale:

Collection of 75 records sale as 1 unit or individually. All excellent condition, many imports. Surrealistic Pillow, Go, Red Buddha, Trout Mask Replica, Larks Tongue, Crazy Horse, Journey Through Past, Mott Hoople, also Bowie, Dylan, Eno, Genesis etc. Phone 862-928 after 5.

Flatmate Wanted Over Summer

From Nov. 17 to Feb 21 in Grafton. Big Furnished room, sunny with view. 3 spot-on people in flat. Rent \$13.40, Ph. 371-864.

For Sale:

Audio Research SX 1000, a 3 in 1 stereo. 7 months old, excellent condition, ph. Paul, 778-012, room 213.

craccum

CRACCUM, Volume 54, Issue 25

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

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Distribution Manager.....	Brian Gray
Typesetter.....	Barbara Amos

Craccum - the very last issue. A moment's silence for those who stayed on to the bitter end, and who jumped in a final gesture of sacrifice and dedication to the paper they had given themselves up to. From a 2nd storey office window, demented and grief stricken as the world of letreset and correction sheets closed in around them, they went: Jason, Paul G, Dermot, David K, Brian G, David F, and Katrina. So goddam young. And let us remember also those who came to the wake, and closed the final shrouds on what had once been a vital, pulsing organ: Brian B, Bill, Biddy, Adam, Paul B, Julian, Debra and Jane, Tony, Tim, Julie, Shiralee, John C, Helen, Don, Anthony, John B, Barbara (with apologies that we forgot to send an invitation), and Captain Kremmen and Carla, waiting out there for us to ascend beyond the intergalactic mists. May you stay forever young.



SIRLOIN, BRISKET, T-BONE, CHUMP LOIN CHOP, SCRAPO, POINT OF RUMP, SKIN AND GRISTLE, RIB OR LEG - ALL THE SAME TO HUNGRY KLEGG -



Stress

The endocrine system is responsible for regulating body activities and stress by secreting hormones into the lymph and blood stream; producing an effect on the Organs, tissues and cells. Hormones ACTH and cortisone are produced by the Adrenal Glands and deal with stress in a co-relationship with the hypothalamus gland. The thymus and the stomach lining are also affected. Adrenaline prepares the body by raising the blood pressure/heart beat and the blood sugar level.

Stress is either nervous, physical or gastrointestinal, resulting from irregular meals, alcoholic excess, irritation from chemically processed foods or excessive laxatives. A certain amount of stress is normal, healthy and provides stimulation which is conducive to achievement. The body supplies extra nutrients while under normal stress; however a lengthy period of great stress uses up excessive amounts of nutritional reserves. Once depletion occurs, resulting exhaustion can lead to some degree of body breakdown. B. Vitamins are essential for stress. Sources: Brewers Yeast, wheat germ, legumes, soy beans, whey, peanuts, egg yolk, whole grains, milk, raw veges and fruits and sprouts. Vit. C for the Brain and Endocrines. Minerals - Calcium, iodine, magnesium, phosphorus and Sodium. Herb Combination No.8 includes cayenne, ginger, hops, mistletoe, St. Johnswort, Valarian and wood betony. The constituents have nutrient value and are excellent for stress/nerves. Selenium is a homeopathic for fear of a situation. Cell salts - Kali, Phos, for nerve nutrition and Terr. Phos to oxygenate tissues.

It is important to stay with priorities, a realistic self expectation, and to express bottled emotion. Balance stress with relaxation. Exercise, especially walking, stimulates circulation, thus oxygenating body/brain and stimulates the Endocrine; in particular the Adrenal glands to produce Cortisone hormone. Exercise improves bowel function, digestion, helps induce sleep, promotes absorption of vitamins and calcium metabolism. Exhale deeply to release blocked energy and inhale oxygenated fresh air for clarity.

On this note I leave you a thought for the exams by an Essence Gospel Author, Edmond Bordeaux Szekely 'Everyone receives two kinds of education: the one given him by someone else, and the other, far more important, which he gives himself.'

Gail Kidd-Stewart

CATERING CO.

EXAM PERIOD

All Catering facilities will be open as usual ('til Nov. 7th)

VACATION PERIOD

Cold Servery

Open 8.30am-2.30pm ('til Nov. 21st)

Restaurant

Open 5.00pm - 8.00pm ('til Dec, 22nd)

Coffee Bar

9.00am - 7.00pm ('til Dec. 22nd, reopening Jan. 20th)

Milk Bar

10.00am - 5.00pm ('til Dec. 22nd, reopening Jan 20th)

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The propos change in the many years b significance b made to the f the National C the years pre tuition fees pr University we the present o bursary regula time however a fees bursary maintain it, an students only fees prescribe

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1st year BA Part time at 4 BA paper greater than gross) Part time at doing 10 B. M.A. studie

Fees Up Again

Students enrolling at Auckland University next year face a huge increase in tuition fees for most courses. This will be the result of a recommendation to be discussed at the next University Council Meeting on Monday October 20. If the recommendation is adopted it will mean tht students enrolling in B.A. and B. Com courses next year will face a 50% increase in tuition fees. B.Sc. students face a 20% increase, while the worst affected, Masters and Doctoral

The proposal represents the first change in the scale of the fees for many years but is most drastic in its significance because of the changes made to the fees bursary system by the National Government last year. In the years preceding 1976, the scale of tuition fees prescribed by the University were exactly the same as the present ones. Under the Fees bursary regulations existing at that time however, most students received a fees bursary; it was fairly easy to maintain it, and it meant that students only had to pay 10% of the fees prescribed by the university.

In 1976 even this 10% was removed, and if a student had a fees bursary s/he had to pay no tuition fees. (Significantly, however, the 1975 Labour Government who made this charge did not do as it's counterpart in Australia had done, and abolish fees completely).

This remained the case up until this year (meanwhile the tuition fees prescribed by the University remained unchanged), when the National Governments Tertiary Fees Grant system came into force. Under TSG provisions it is harder to get and keep a fees grant, but most importantly of all to most students, a Tertiary Fees Grant only subsidizes fees to 75% of the total cost, rather than 100% as in 1976-1979, and 90% prior to 1976. (That is, students pay 25% of their fees as opposed to 0% and 10% respectively).

This means that this year all students had to pay tuition fees, for the first time in five years, so next year the increase in tuition fees will affect all students.

As well as introducing the TFG last year the Government also cut back on funding to Universities, and decided that the level of tuition fees prescribed by each university should be increased by 15% each year for the next five years. It is from this decision that the recommendation to Council regarding a common fee stems. It was obvious that the fairly chaotic and arbitrary tuition fees system needed examination, especially as across the board 15% p.a. increases would make it more chaotic.

The University originally favoured the idea of a two-band fees systems with one level of fees for low cost courses, eg. Arts and Commerce, and another for high cost courses such as Medicine and ARchitecture.

In August the DEans Committee (a subcommittee of Senate comprising Deans of all the Faculties - and no student reps), decided to re-examine this idea, but for 1981 simply to add 15% on to the prescribed fees for each course. Significantly, it was resolved 'that there was insufficient time to review the structure of tuition fees for the 1981 year'.

This is important, in that at the

students, face increases of 100% and more.

The recommendation going to the University Council (the governing body of the university) is that a common fee level be set for all courses (except medicine), and that this level be set at \$180 for a full time course in 1981, and increased by 15% per year thereafter. Currently full time B.A. and B. Com fees average \$126 p.a., while M.A. fees are \$70 p.a. The following schedule shows the nature of the changes:

next Deans Committee meeting a month later, the previous decision was completely reversed, and it was recommended that a blanket fee of \$180 be imposed in 1981. This despite the fact that a whole month earlier they had said that 'there was insufficient time' for such a charge to be made.

Why the big reversal ? Hold your hats, this is where it gets really complicated ! There is a body called the University Grants Committee in Wellington, which acts as an intermediary between the separate Universities and the Government. It also, despite a pretence of individual autonomy for each University, has a lot of influence. In this case, it used its influence and put pressure on Auckland University to change its mind. And the University buckled.

The actions of the Government over the TFG and annual 15% increases in fees, and of the UGC over the structure of the fees system, represent a major attack on university autonomy, but most importantly they represent a major attack on students' pockets and the ability of young New Zealanders to obtain an education. The following are some case studies of students in 1979, 1980, 1981 and 1984, and the fees they are required to pay.

The 1984 figures presume that the TFG will continue to pay 75% of fees for most students, but this certainly cannot be counted on. The subsidy was reduced from 100% to 75% very easily; it would not be difficult to keep reducing it. Also remember that if you pass less than a third of a full time course you lose your fees grant, and have to pay the full amounts. You only get a fees grant for the minimum number of papers it takes to get a degree, so if you fail a paper along the way, you'll have to pay full fees for one.

The decision to set a common level of fees has been made hastily, with no regard to students interests, and is an imposition on the autonomy of the university. The University Council must be convinced not to adopt the recommendation.

As many students as possible should attend the Council meeting, to be held at 4 pm on Monday October 20 in the Registry Building, to show Council members that students are concerned. A petition is being circulated calling on Council to not adopt the recommendation because of the haste which has surrounded its consideration, and to promote a proper assessment of the fees system. Please sign the petition and get fellow students and staff members to sign. Remember, next year every dollar will count. Can you afford a fees increase of 20, 50, 100% ?

C.J.Gosling

	1979	1980	1981	1984
1st year BA Full time	\$0	\$27	\$45	\$69
Part time student doing 4 BA papers (earning greater than \$3000 gross)	\$0	\$72	\$104	\$155
Part time student doing 10 B.Sc credits	\$0	\$50	\$60	\$92
M.A. student	\$0	\$17.50	\$45	\$69

Course	1980	1981	variation	
B.A., B.Com	approx \$126	\$180	50%	increase
B.S.C.	approx \$150	\$180	20%	increase
M.A.	\$70	\$180	157%	increase
MSc	\$90	\$180	100%	increase
B.E., B.Arch	\$200	\$180	10%	decrease
PhD	\$80/\$150	\$240	200%/60%	increase
B.A. per paper (part time)	\$18	\$26	44%	increase

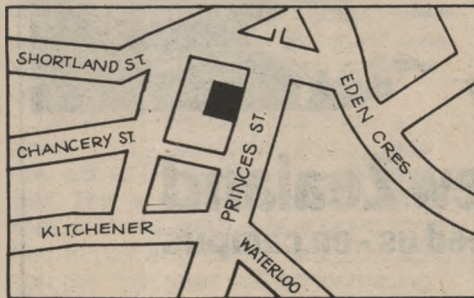


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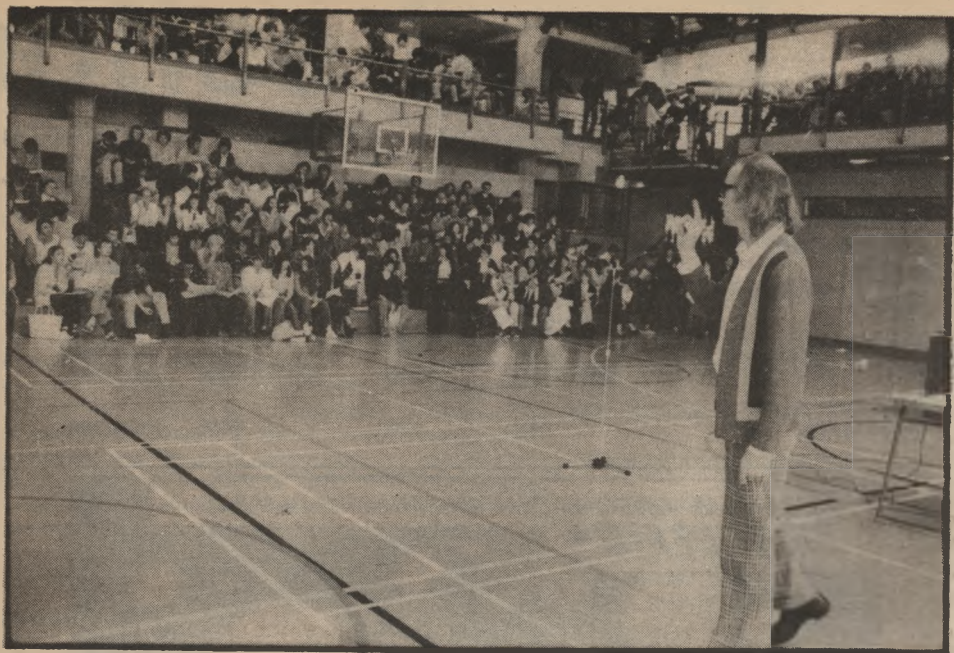
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5 Princes Street,
Opening 8 September!

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total banking convenience
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for week by week saving
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help you save for that special goal.
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with guaranteed mortgage finance
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with guaranteed mortgage finance
- Society Cheques**
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- ASB/Thomas Cook Travel Service**
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- Late Night Banking**
open late shopping nights for your convenience

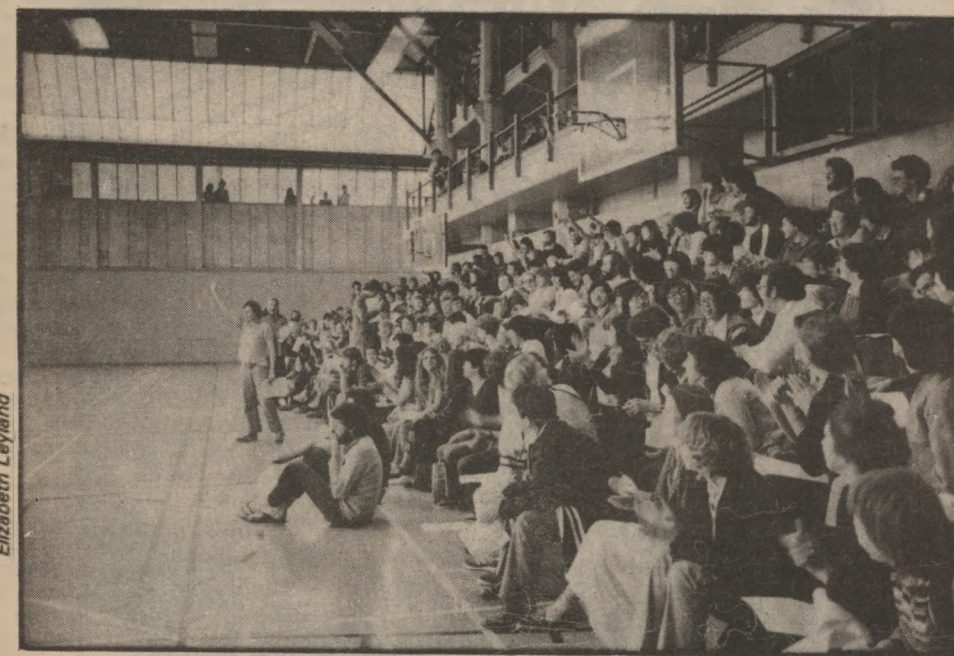


We're here!
Auckland Savings Bank
the Students bank



Quorum counting - Bob Lack in action

Stephen Mitchell leads the Noes - all 7 of them



Elizabeth Leyland

S.G.M. Monday 6th Rec. Centre

From 1 o'clock the spectator seats were full but after gentle persuasion and encouragement 200 activated students were seated for the beginning of this the third attempt at raising the association subscription by only eight dollars. Michael Baker who had to rush off to Middlemore spoke in highly emotive terms listing the reasons why the Subscription should be raised.

It was then that the Petrocelli of exec circles David Kirkpatrick stood on the floor to present the motion and list the reasons why the list of figures listed on the agenda made sense, and that an eight dollar increase is needed and isn't that bad after all. Suzy Collier though felt that it was that bad after all, but without the comfort of an abacus the figures she offered only really made sense to one and that was the philosophical activist Stephen Mitchell who again attempted to get onto the minutes of the meeting. The alternative motion offered by her was rejected.

Daryl Carey, who was largely responsible for this meeting, spoke in hard terms and ended his speech in truly marvellous 'pissed-off' fashion. By this stage many students had finished their sandwiches and chips and had to get to lectures or whatever and the motion was put to the floor. A flood of erect hands confirmed that the motion had been passed. In fact it was 207 hands to 7 clinched fists (oblivious to the pathos of S. Mitchell's pleas), and with one fashionable abstention. The quorum hurriedly dispersed and the meeting closed with the welcome news that next year the subscription will be eight dollars more.

Al. Eviate

The Abortion SGM Thurs 9 Oct. B28

The history of it: Exec, having finally got its act together, had prepared lists of AUSA policy for ratification by the SRC. Most of it went through without much trouble, but the Women's Rights Policy created a stumbling block: it contained policy in favour of abortion. The SRC became a battleground, Unifems versus the Christians, the voting was close and the meeting procedure too chaotic to give any acceptable result. It was felt that a General Meeting would be the best place to properly discuss and decide the whole issue.

Unlike the fees SGM, this meeting got a quorum without much trouble. Paddy Driscoll moved the motion to rescind SRC policy in favour of abortion, and was the best anti-abortion speaker of the debate. However, his case suffered under the attack of the pro-abortion speakers who followed, the most notable being Stephen Mitchell, who gave one of the clearest and best speeches that this writer has ever heard him give. Ironically even before he had spoken people were moving that he be no longer heard on the subject.

Stephen's best point, and indeed the best of the whole meeting, was that Paddy's second motion, dealing with students being able to make their own choice on campus, could be reworded to say that people should be able to make their own choice about policy in their country, rather than the government. REPEAL!

It soon became obvious that with a long speaking order and only ten minutes to go, either the meeting would have to continue at a later date or else the question would have to go to a referendum. With exams so close, it was decided that a referendum should be held in the first term of next year. This will mean, hopefully, that the whole campus can participate in the debate, for if one thing was proved at the meeting, it was that a large number of people are vitally concerned about the issue of abortion.

Dak

Good things and if an editor Craccum all through unwilling opinions to print still writing my afternoon, that myself, or any excuses. It was it all up for this had better be g

Actually, I ca going to be tri year's issues a swoop. 'Start v advises knowle from 2000Ad I looked back issues last night the early ones, was overcome a small pile of summation of get nostalgic o sessions, exten what heading t ('Gabb Gabb 'Death In Veni saw the light o the paper-cove notices and the then again .. th tacky.

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The actions this year, and of them in his have been hea Interestingly, have begun by underlying agr principles of w have bitterly d arguments and University Fem To me it seem have espoused the recognition changes to a c There seems a this and event President Jane lesbian feminis platform of ac racial and sexu major action, for He Taua, s office by an a

It would be generalised ra mentality, and changed since free-thinking o seventies and demonstration conservative? another all-em that, who can students woul vigour? One t taught me is t categorised as section of soc diverse in the society fr

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If you need a little help and advice on making your money go further it's there for the asking from the Bank of New Zealand. We're right on campus and ready to help.

Student loans

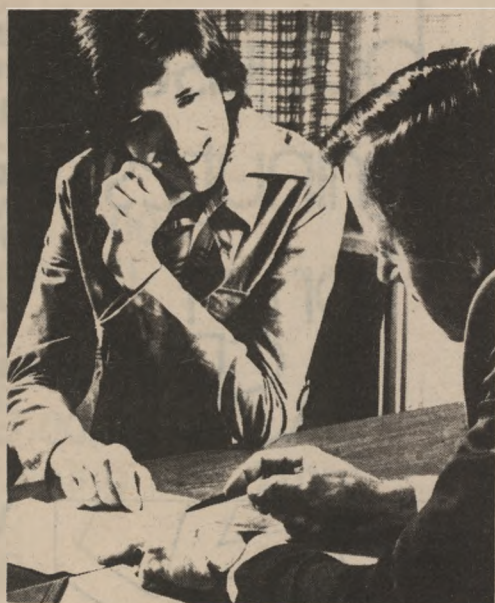
The great thing about these is their flexibility. From just a few days to tide you over a rough spot or long-term so that you can plan ahead over the years you're studying. Interest is charged at a concessional rate.

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.

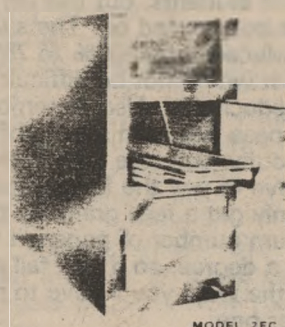
Ask for Henry Grimshaw,
University of Auckland Branch
Phone: 774-024



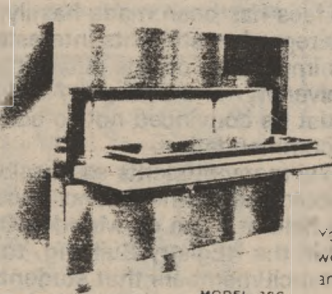
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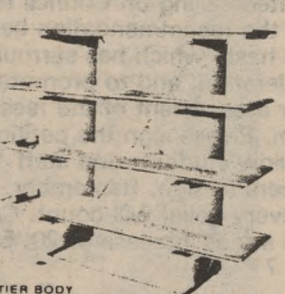
GNAAGH!



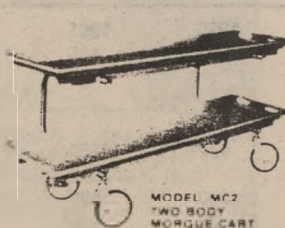
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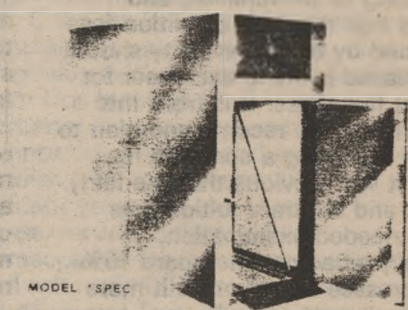
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MODEL 4TIER BODY STORAGE RACK

MODEL 4TIER BODY STORAGE RACK

mortuary
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Three basic compartmentalized models are available. End-opening, side-opening and roll-in. All can be equipped with pass-through access doors. Capacities from one to any number of compartments can be supplied for either built-in or free-standing application. Roll-in models accommodate your own carts or our two-tray stainless steel carts, as pictured.

Stainless steel morgue trays are available separately for crematory use.

We also offer you a four-tier cantilevered body storage rack for use within a refrigerator or by itself, along with a wide selection of stainless steel autopsy tables.



STAINLESS STEEL MORGUE TRAY



STAINLESS STEEL MORGUE TRAY

Your inquiries invited for our complete line of morgue equipment

Good things come but once a year, and if an editorial hasn't appeared in Craccum all this year, it wasn't through unwillingness to put my opinions to print, the fact that I was still writing my articles on Thursday afternoon, that I never read editorials myself, or any other such paltry excuses. It was because I was saving it all up for this final issue. Boy, this had better be good.

Actually, I can see that this is going to be tricky. How to sum up a year's issues and events in one fell swoop. 'Start with Ostensibly', DaK advises knowledgeably, as he looks up from 2000Ad comic.

I looked back through this year's issues last night, cringed at some of the early ones, smiled at others, and was overcome by the realisation that a small pile of newspapers was the summation of a year's effort. I could get nostalgic over all-night layout sessions, extended arguments over what heading to put on an article ('Gabbba Gabba Stockhausen' and 'Death In Venice' were 2 that never saw the light of day), and scouring the paper-covered floor for mislaid notices and the ends of reviews. But then again .. this could start to get tacky.

This year has been one without major, riveting events on campus, except possibly the Triumvirate and Mollusc Party presidential campaigns. There has been no Haka Party, no one has attempted to roll the President - although Kevin Hague has come in for strong criticism on the letters page. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the on-going debates that have prompted people to write to Craccum this year, have not been those presented in the main articles, but campus orientated. The great debates that have raged are over motorbikes and cars, homosexuality and Christianity, abortion, pro and anti feminism.

The actions of University Feminists this year, and Kevin Hague's defence of them in his Presidential column, have been heavily attacked. Interestingly, many of these letters have begun by expressing their underlying agreement with the principles of women's equality, but have bitterly disagreed with all of the arguments and methods used by University Feminists to achieve this. To me it seems that many students have espoused liberal beliefs, without the recognition that this must entail changes to a comfortable status-quo. There seems a clear parallel between this and events last year, where President Janet Roth, a socialist and lesbian feminist, was elected on a platform of active campaigning for racial and sexual equality; her first major action, declaring her support for He Taua, saw her removed from office by an angry student mob.

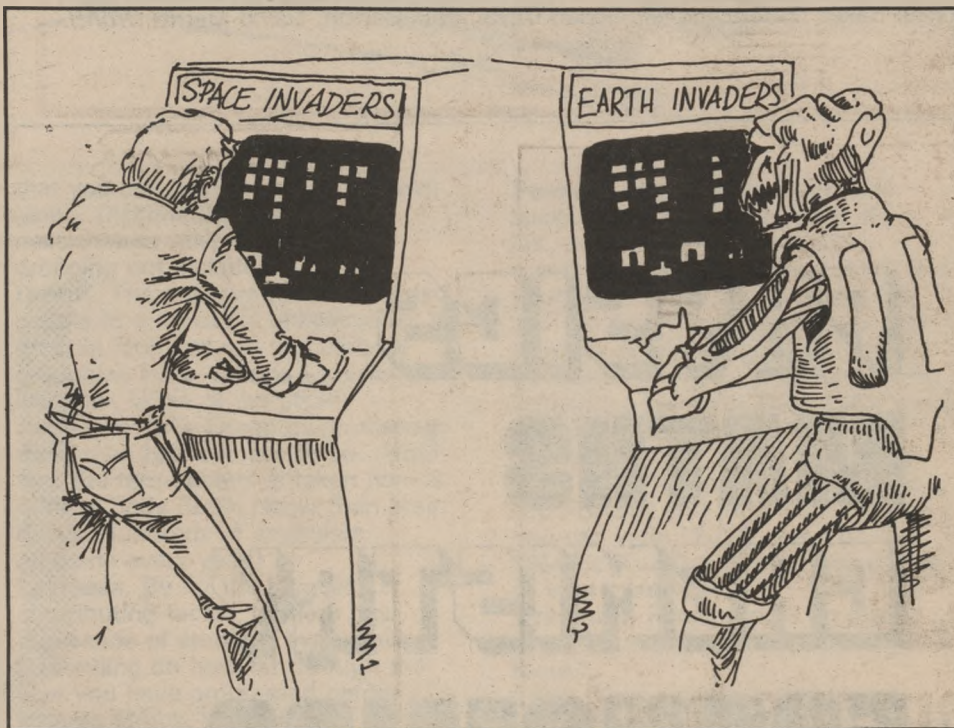
It would be easy to launch into a generalised rave about student mentality, and how students have changed since the idealistic, radical, free-thinking days of the early seventies and the anti-Vietnam War demonstrations. Are students more conservative? Possibly, but given another all-embracing issue such as that, who can tell whether or not students would react with the same vigour? One thing this year has taught me is that students cannot be categorised as a homogeneous section of society: students are as diverse in their habits and thinking as the society from which they come.

This year has seen the National Government take a number of

Only 54 Shopping Days Till Christmas



The 1980 Editorial



decisions which will have drastic and far-reaching consequences for us all. The building of a 2nd aluminium smelter at Bluff is going to mean power cuts and increased electricity prices for us all, and with spending on the smelter and Clutha dams draining investment from the rest of the country, more unemployment and its accompanying social problems. At its worst, Government planning on industry and energy development - 'restructuring' small businesses and factory workers into unemployment - seems set to convert NZ into yet another small 3rd world country in the South Pacific: our economy geared to export markets rather than domestic needs, the major industries owned by foreign investors, and a population suffering from high unemployment and low wage rates.

The decision to allow the Springboks to tour NZ in 1981, in direct contravention of the Gleneagles Agreement, will see NZ on hostile terms with many of the 3rd world nations, especially black Africa, and could lead to our exclusion from the

next Commonwealth Games. The Tour will be represented by the South African press as support for the oppressive apartheid regime there. Opinion polls show roughly half the population opposed to the Tour; the presence of the Springboks can only create great bitterness and antagonism among New Zealanders. Mass demonstrations are inevitable, and already there are predictions of police violence and harsh, riot-squad tactics.

The Springbok Tour is one issue where public pressure can force the Government to change its mind, and withdraw visas extended to the South African rugby players. With concerted action now, we can stop the Tour. And yet this is something which seems to have prompted little response among students. How come, you lot out there?

University funding has taken a heavy knock this year, and by now you will all be feeling the effects of this. This is the first year since 1975 that students with a fees grant have had to pay any tuition fees; the 25% you pay this year will be increasing

by a further 15% next year, and again in 1982. There are very obvious ways in which the cutbacks affect you, such as the chaotic and iniquitous Tertiary Fees Grant scheme introduced this year, and then there are those less apparent.

Next year will be the first time that students have had to pay for their welfare services - chiefly Student Health, and the Counselling Service. A levy of up to \$10 has been proposed, and the University Council will be making its decision on this early in November. Fewer new textbooks and periodicals are being bought by the Library. The Library must close earlier, buildings cannot be heated as thoroughly, non-teaching (technical) staff must be dismissed, and so the list goes on. Students Associations up and down the country have actively protested against the cutbacks with the Education Fightback campaign, and the efforts of our national union, NZUSA, have got us some changes in the bursary system, in particular, more concessions through the supplementary hardship grant.

Nevertheless, the trend of the increased fees and levies imposed on students seems to be a clear move towards a user-pays-all situation, where students or their families must pay the total costs of a university education, effectively preventing those from a poor background from attending. Right now, the future looks pretty bleak.

But this is getting just a bit too serious. NZ's gloomy future, a depressing global perspective. All on one page too. But you're glad you don't get that every week. To me, the important thing about all this is that if we are aware of what is happening to our society, we can do something about it where our actions will be most effective. Your particular bent may be sending telegrams to MPs, circulating petitions, or firebombing the Central Police Station.

And now all I've got to do is round everything off in the finishing paragraph. (Jason suggests 'Yours in friendship to nearly everyone'). I suppose I could have mentioned the Iran-Iraq war, Reagan as President, and the political prisoners in Argentina. None of this is going to stop everyone from getting on with sitting their exams, passing or failing, going out to look for a job. I've learnt a lot this year - about my own beliefs, about working with people, about printing and typesetting, and how to get by on very little sleep.

My last, poignant message is that I hope this year on campus has been as exciting, and productive, for you as it has for me.

Slow fade as the chords of 'Gaudeamus Igitur' come crashing in.
Katherine White

ANTHONY WRIGHT OBITER - 1977-1980

Anthony Wright, late of the advertising Hall of Fame, and recently honoured member of the Britannia Society of the Distinguished Landrovers of Her Majesty the Queen Corgi, has left the staff of that august publication, Craccum, to become Governor General of Swanson.

Anthony initially starred as Advertising Manager in 1977 and while pursuing his interest in Botany and Landrovers, managed to be an active member of Council and numerous other committees, as well as the University Field Club, and University Gay Liberation.

The Craccum staff thank Anthony for his many years of loyal service and wish him all the best in the future. We also wish him a Happy Birthday, and may Britannia Rule Forever (via a mandate from the masses, of course!)

Mark Savage

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pic of the week



Elizabeth Leyland

Scene: the all-time-good-time-1980 Craccum party: John Carrigan, Paul Grinder, Jason Kemp, David Faulls, Tony Busser, Katherine White, Eugenie Sage, Helen Holmes, Tim Walker, Marion Fraser, Murray Beasley (*back*); Richard Dale, Tonie, Elizabeth Leyland, Martin Rumsby, Michael Baker, Peter Shearer, Susan Davis, Paul Barton, David Merritt (*front*).

TEACHING
TEACHING

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For further information contact: John Wilcox — Auckland Teachers' College. Phone 686-179.
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Of Dropp

If this any long-suffering sweated blood though unive they made s the education have and this get. You self going to drop family, break mother's head

Easy. If you countless myth about dropping what it does to most important the beginner the questions which Why drop out family? Isn't copping out? V find the Judge Mega-City 1. f Will Lopez sha Does Wonder Before answer let's pause a v

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A JUDGE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SORRY HE CAN ONLY BE RIGHT. ROOM I'M GOING TO HAVE TO FAIR YOU.



Of Course You Can Do It!

Dropping Out For Beginners

If this any way to treat your long-suffering parents? They sweated blood to pay your way through university, the sacrifices they made so that you might have the education they could never have and this is the thanks they get. You selfish little shit, you're going to drop out, disgrace your family, break your silver-haired mother's heart. How could you?

Easy. If you know how. There are countless myths and counter-myths about dropping out, how to do it, what it does to you and perhaps most importantly, what to wear. For the beginner there are many questions which must be answered. Why drop out? What do I tell my family? Isn't dropping out just copping out? Will Judge Dredd ever find the Judge Child and save Mega-City 1. from impending doom? Will Lopez shave off his moustache? Does Wonder Woman use tampons? Before answering these questions let's pause a while to consider:

The Mythology of dropping out

Is the average drop-out really just a selfish lazy lunkhead? You bet! Forget all that crap about drop-outs being visionaries who see beyond the University Education system, refusing to accept the constraints of dead-end Establishment thinking. Drop-outs are basically shiftless, gutless, worthless, spineless specimens of humanity. But after all, nobody's perfect - least of all you. They may be drop-outs but they could probably thrash you at pinball. And don't kid yourself that you'll be any better-off in years to come. Myth number two bites the dust: being a dropout does not disgrace you for life. Conversely, Merv Wellington is a graduate. Graduates pack the prisons, and more importantly fill the dole queues. Think about it.

So, Why Drop Out?

The only honourable motive is disillusionment, and even then, if you had an ounce of good in you you'd finish the year just to prove to them



that you can beat them at their own game. Dishonourable but nevertheless valid reasons for dropping out include:

Death. The pressure placed on dead people to drop out is unbelievable, so great in fact that not one cadaver graduated from Victoria University last year, while of the other campuses, only Otago could manage more than half-a-dozen or so. (Note that the term 'death' is taken here to refer to body death rather than brain death. Hundreds of engineers graduate every year.)

Laziness. By far the biggest contributing factor, laziness hits thousands of students every year. Depending on how far through the year you have progressed before laziness struck, you may not have to drop out. Forward momentum is a wonderful thing.

Knowledge of Certain Failure. This can be due to laziness, non-attendance of lectures and tutorials, neglected reading, etc, or it can be due to other factors. Lack of understanding, lack of brain. Let's face it, maybe you bit off more than you could chew when you signed on for those Stage one anthro papers.

Fear. Exams scare you shitless. You freeze. Can't write a word. Don't expect anybody's sympathy, friend, you should never have signed on for the three-year-squeeze. You knew what you were in for, didn't you?

Poverty. We all know that TSG sucks, couldn't keep a ferret alive. OK, so you're undernourished, overdrawn and six weeks behind with your rent. When you're in the red and the future looks grim, you really have no option but to drop out and get a job, or the dole. You have my sympathy, but remember: there's still no honour in being flat broke.

Pinball. All that precious swotting time, and you wasted it on Ali Baba, Pro Football and King Kool. Maybe you can vape 13,000 geeks on the Galactic Invaders, but try telling that to your examiners.

Craccum. Fifteen hours on layout every Thursday night, need I say more?

Love. Your academic future was looking bright, lecturers knew you by name, tutors well and truly greased up, and you blew it. Fell in love. Instead of getting stuck into your studies you were ... well, never mind. But now all that matters is the feel of those arms, the memory of those eyes, those lips, and who needs studying anyway?

What To Tell Your Family. Face facts, you're a disappointment. Not much you can tell them, no excuses will do. You blew it, and after all they did for you. Alternatively, you could lie. With all their expectations, they'll believe anything as long as it means that their flesh-and-blood, so carefully raised, is nothing but a lazy-good-for-



nothing-selfish-brat. If you're really lucky they won't see your result card, but remember they'll expect to see you graduate someday so for heaven's sake, think things through.

Isn't Dropping Out Just Copping Out? The short answer to this is 'yes'. However, the long answer is 'absolutely.'

Just How Do You Drop Out?

Principally, there are two ways to drop out. The first method simply involves not turning up to your exams. The second method is to sit and fail your exams. There is a third method which could be more accurately described as a cross between the first two: Turn up to the exams with no intention of passing or even attempting them.

This can be lots of fun; see how many others you can take with you. If you've got to drop-out you may as well fail a few of those smug, confident so-and-so's. Irritate, distract. Find that straight A student and whisper noisily to him/her until the two of you are thrown out for cheating.

To Conclude: Can't really say much more can I? You've made your bed, now you must lie in it. The challenge was held up for you and you let everyone down, including yourself. You've blown all chances of a bursary next year; you're a has-been. The least you could have done was try cheating.

Brewster Onelug

P.S. Probably; no idea; and probably not. Rumour has it that she wears her seamless, waterproof garb when it's that time of the month, and wears super-absorbent odor-eaters.



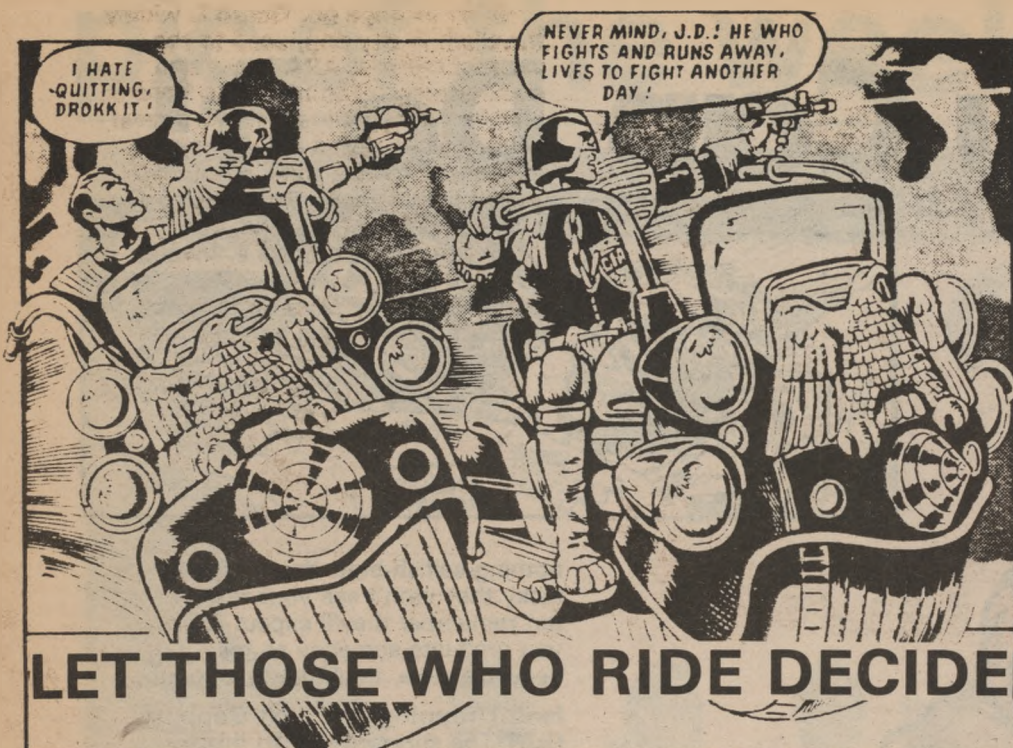
GEEK



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Most of you know that there are hundreds of ways the establishment can get you; if you're a motorcyclist there are thousands. The best way seems to be by destroying your body and emptying your pockets. If that doesn't stop you, there's sure to be some traffic regulation that will do the job.

At present there are a number of measures in the pipeline that will effectively slash your riding enjoyment.

First up are higher Accident Compensation Commission (ACC) levies. The ACC recommended to Government that the annual levy for motorcycles be increased. The Commission applied for these increases: motorcycles, 0-60cc, to pay \$23 (at present \$5); 61-125cc, \$51 (now \$15); and over 125cc to pay \$131 (now \$25). This year the Government decided to keep the levies at their present level. But what will happen next year?

The basis for the ACC system is that the motor vehicle fund is made up of separate funds for different classes of vehicles - each of these funds is supposed to be self-balancing. However, motorcyclists have over the last 5 years received \$14.2M more than they have paid in. Thus the ACC must try to obtain more money from motorcyclists to balance its books. It is not allowed to apportion blame for motorcycle accidents and so shift the burden to other vehicle groups.

In all American, Australian, British, and New Zealand statistics for all motorcycling accidents (i.e. single or multi-vehicle), 50-60% of the accidents are caused by another vehicle i.e. cars, trucks. If one considers multi-vehicle collisions, approximately 80% of these are caused by the other vehicle and not the motorcycle. It is from these multi-vehicle accidents that the biggest drain on ACC funds comes:

65% of all motorcycle fatalities and 58% of all motorcycle claims are from multi-vehicle collisions. Although no figures are available it is obvious that more damage (i.e. higher claims) will be done if a car lunches you and your bike then if you just slide along the road on your butt (i.e. a smaller or no claim will be involved).

For the time being motorcyclists are being treated equitably in their ACC levies. Remind your MP that this is the way it should remain and point out that 1981 is an election year. Remember the ACC will recommend yet another levy increase next year.

If they can't get you one way, they will surely try another. It was reported recently that Colin McLachlan, the Minister of Transport, had his department working on introducing a compulsory 'lights-on' regulation. Apparently this is to protect motorcyclists' safety.

This will do nothing for motorcyclists' safety. McLachlan says Scandinavian countries have a 'lights on' law: it gets so dark there in the winter that they need them on! The ACC compiled some motorcycling statistics in May 1979 which show that 66.1% of motorcycles in a multi-vehicle daylight collision had their lights on. Obviously compulsory 'lights on' would do nothing for them. Lights on at nights is a great idea, but not on fine sunny days. How will lights on during the day prevent single vehicle motorcycle accidents?

Some reasonably effective measures are riding with headlights on full beam or using a full beam headlight whose intensity varies at 4-8 cycles per second. However these will introduce hassles with oncoming motorists and the Ministry of Transport. Even then, with lights on during the day motorcyclists do not seem more readily noticed. Traffic officers with their flashing lights on get knocked over by cars. I personally

know (knew) two people who rode with their lights on all the time. Both had cars or trucks hit them - one is now dead; the other's biorhythms were on a triple high, he's still alive.

A really good option sometimes is to wear a bright helmet and jacket. The human brain seems conditioned to notice a human shape more readily and can estimate a person's speed more easily than a motorcycle's.

If compulsory lights on for motorcycles was introduced, why not for bicycles too? If this is introduced many motorcycles will require a new battery every six months. Surely we should have the option of turning our lights on or off during the day.

Anyway this idea is mere bureaucratic muddling. From the ACC statistics it can be seen that there will be no significant decrease in multi-vehicle collisions. What's the point of introducing a regulation that will be and can be shown to be ineffective? I suppose its cheap (and nasty).

This is what is needed:
Driver Education

National Roads Board researchers and ACC motorcycle people agree with this option. There must be a training program implemented for both new and experienced riders (more experience means more safety). Other drivers must be taught motorcycle awareness and that motorcyclists are legitimate road users who should be accepted as such. Finally there must be more sensible laws relating to motorcycles - why restrict motorcyclists because other road users maim and kill them?

If you are concerned about these proposed changes, please, do something. You can at least join a motorcycle club or write to the Minister of Transport about unfair laws affecting motorcycles and motorcyclists. Good riding!

Tony Reynolds
Acknowledgements - ACC, David Benson, Nick Brandon, Central Leader, George Lowe, MOT, MRA.



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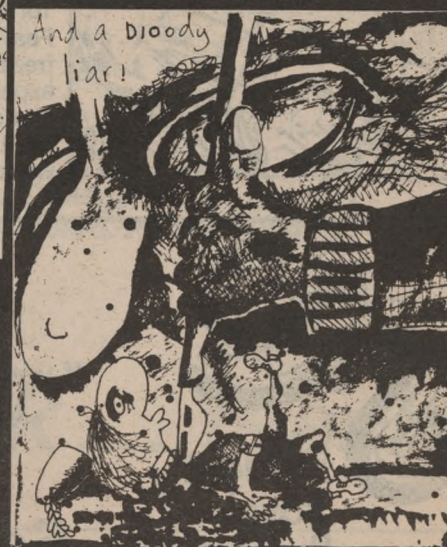
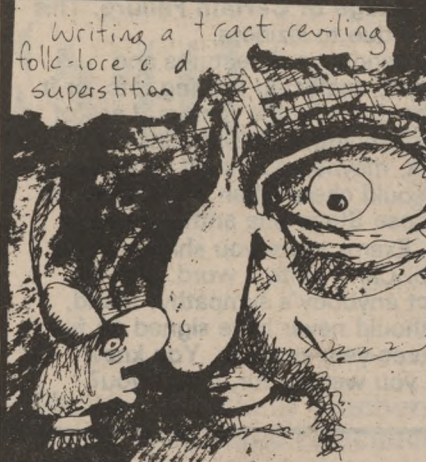
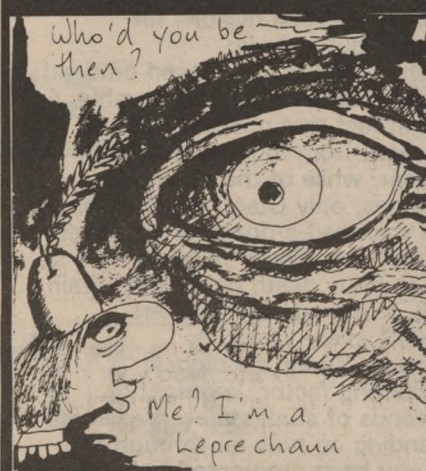
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'The punch landed just below my ribcage, doubling me over, dropping me down to the ground on my knees, arms wrapped around my stomach, the breath sent screaming from my lungs. I felt the rain soak into the legs of my jeans, could feel it as a fine spray on the back of my neck.

And then the one kick, delivered with much power and with studied deliberation. Which landed just under my jawbone, fracturing it in three places, snapping my neck backwards, shattering the teeth along the left-hand side of my face, lacerating my tongue and pulping the inside of my mouth into a bloody mess of pulverised tissue and bone fragments.

As I lay there, my mouth filling with the sickly warm taste of blood, gasping for the air driven from my lungs, sprawled in the puddles of the carpark, spitting out teeth, stars exploding inside my head, the raw nerve-endings in my jaw screaming out in mute pain it was then and only then that I recalled the old saying that I'd learnt in almost similar circumstances in Greymouth six years earlier, the old maxim about never wearing your HART badge into a small country pub on a Saturday night.'

In Paparoa, telephone subscribers can't dial STD, goggle-box addicts can't get TV2, it rains every day without fail at 5 pm, the local Dalgety store is closed on a Saturday morning despite the fact that they offer the best buys in concrete feed tanks for hundreds of miles. There are two dairies, a pub, tennis courts, a primary school and a kindergarten, three garages, a Post Office and a branch of the National.

Every male over fifteen drives a car with a broken exhaust or extractors or twincarbs, shaved-headhighspeed-camswithracinggearboxthatmybroth-welded just last weekandfuckdoesitgo boy! The further away from Auckland you go the more and more repulsive the bumper stickers and hence the drivers become. Macho types try and kill me as I hitch along the shit-covered grass verge (in Paparoa the edge of the road is covered in dry shit - I never discovered the reason). They roar at you and swerve off, showering you in a spray of metal and obscenities.

Your first sight of Paparoa as you head up State Highway 12 is a little disappointing. From the top of a hill, standing on a shit-covered grass verge, Paparoa unfolds beneath you, literally stretching as far as the eye can see (which due to the imminent arrival of rain and nightfall, is all of 4 miles). Not that the township has allowed you to come upon it unawares so to speak. Hell no! Paparoa is a township that bursts with civic pride. No less than six signs announce your arrival into Paparoa from varying distances of up to 8 miles away and one even thanks you for visiting after your steel box has whisked you through and beyond at a comfortable 70 mph.

So anyway, there you are, on the shit-covered verge of a hill overlooking Paparoa and the sight is frankly not as spectacular as that wonderful scene in *Manhattan* when Woody Allen and Keaton sit beneath the Brooklyn Bridge in the chill grey of a New York dawn, but then I'm an Allen freak (Also Keaton, Gable, Southerland, that woman who played *Adele H.*, the bloke who was in *Krammer vs Krammer*, Fonda and that youngest Hemmingway. Bliss). (Actually, Brando leaves me cold. In *Apologise Now* all he did was mumble-fuck for an hour and drive me and my girlfriend to distraction which was fun but hardly the gripping performance that 20 million bucks would seem to indicate. It was almost a relief when he got it in the neck at the very end.)

Still, the dogs are friendly and numerous. In the short stretch of the main street between the two dairies that I wearily trecked in search of Sunday bread no less than five paid their regards to me and Gonzo. Most were big and shaggy, canny dogs



Paparoa Mon Amour



who knew how to bark at bulls, scatter sheep and cower city slickers. Not me and the mighty Gonzo, mind you! 'Hold your ground', is the way Mum told me and I've not had reason to doubt her advice yet except where I wanted to. (Here - never listen to your parents when they moralise about drugs, sex etc. Nod your head and then go out and do everything that they said not to. Chances are that they did exactly the same for their parents and their parents' parents before that. We never learn).

The courting rituals never seem to change - although I'd be loath to admit that I was the same when I was that age. But while the boy meets girl syndrome is universal, in Paparoa it is unique. I first noticed it on Saturday afternoon, when in a long gap between outbursts of seasonal spring showers, we hit the dairy for chocolates, fags and the morning paper - (funnily enough the morning paper is the Herald, complete with a special northland section.)

The young woman behind the counter (I'm choosing my words carefully here) was surrounded by an admiring crowd of young farm-workers, welders, panelbeaters and the like. Outside their cars and motorbikes were parked in an untidy array and even more males were sprawled inside them or leaned languidly against the rusting bodywork of MK II Zephyrs. Down the main street (in fact the only street), come two teenagers, dressed to kill in the height of Paparoa fashions. Suddenly cars and motorbikes start with snarls and three

of them take off up the road, do a quick drag past and then swing back to pull up alongside the two figures, skidding to a halt on the concrete apron of the petrol station. The girls stop, obviously impressed by this show of masculinity, and one hops into the front seat while the other waits uncertainly a few yards down the road. Eventually she joins them. Beers are produced. We sigh. What chance do sophisticated University-educated city slickers have against this competition?

Sure enough, we see the same two young women the next day, walking the same beat.

Although I don't see any yellow and green in great abundance, this is real Social Credit country. (After East Coast Bays, where isn't nowadays?) Kaipara is high on the list of winnable seats and it's not hard to see why. There's a closed-door mentality that seems to block out events and news from miles away and concentrate on purely local affairs. Nobody trusted the television news, most thought that the National Party and Muldoon in particular had sold them down the river, that the economic backbone of the country, the small farmer, had been ignored. But all were optimistic about the future of New Zealand, even though they agreed we were in for a 'rough patch' over the next few years. But when we got onto the economic fairways and greens - it would be all plain sailing. (The analogy with sailing is an easy one to make. The 'rough patch' is like loosing all hands in a typhoon leaving a deserted but otherwise intact ship to sail aimlessly in the following calm).

As far as dogs go, Gonzo is widely travelled. A city dog, used to the ways of crowds, ARA buses and small gardens. The trip up to Paparoa was for his benefit really. I'm a great believer in life as an experience, a view that I think a three month old puppy would share. So far he's hitchhiked from Christchurch to Auckland, crossed oceans, fought cats with little success, shat on shagpile, and vomited on the back seats of cars through eating whole pages of the Sunday News raw. (His vomiting habit moved me to compose a little ditty that I'll share with you.

'Don't vomit on my backseat,
Don't piddle on the lino,
Don't shit on the carpet,
hey, hey, its the mighty Gonzo'
* Should be sung with Johnathon Richmond and the Modern Lovers in Mind.

Now there's a few don'ts in there. Time for the country where a dog can roam free and rage a bit without getting his nose rubbed a lot. The great walk on Saturday morning opened up a new world to him and accompanied by the lumbering form of Albert, a gainormous beast of indeterminate pedigree, we fossicked for miles while he rolled in mud, went swimming for the first time, chased sheep and in turn was chased by some bulls, climbed moss-covered logs and fell down sheer banks. He delighted in burying his nose in the still warm cow shits and tossing the dry ones around like frisbees. Amazing dog.

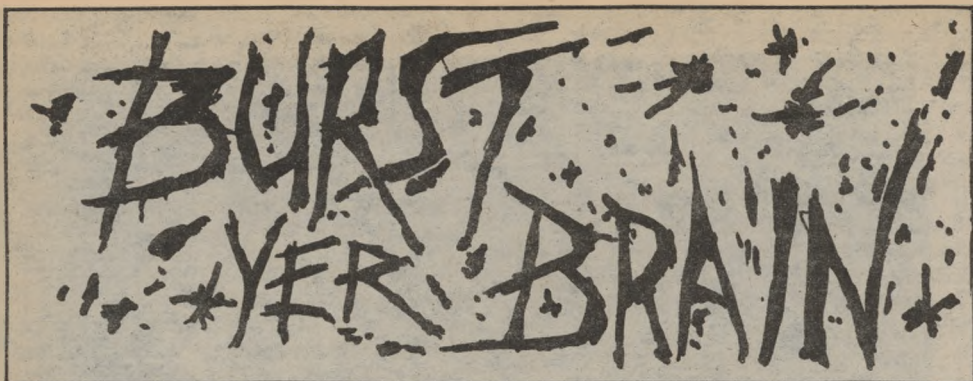
The farmers wives look hard. They have the second car, full to the door sills with prams and other baby accoutrements, worm guns, empty packs of drench, and boots. They wear caridgans, and when they get out of the cars they cross their arms across their breasts in an aggressively defensive way (mixed metaphors here). They are tough - you have to be, - otherwise the looney bin beckons or at least extended stays with sisters in Whangarei. I'm told that unlike Helensville, there is little wife swapping that goes on here. (Why isn't it called husband swapping I wonder?). The kids scream for iceblocks and the younger ones blare the car horn continually until mum re-emerges from the shop. Fuck that.

The retired couples live in the older family houses that date back to the turn of the century while the younger farming couples live in Keith Hay homes just like the ones that stretch for miles and miles across the rolling hillsides of the north shore. Except in Paparoa they stretch for ½ a mile from the main road, have the inevitable pet lamb grazing in the back yard and untidy piles of gumboots thrown outside the back door. The lawns get mowed three times a year and the kids have a makeshift swing manufactured from an old tyre and length of chain. All happy with their lot.

It's a close-knit little community, despite the scatter of the inhabitants; a glance at the noticeboard outside the dairies revealed that they seem to get together quite a bit. Regular film screenings, organised by a variety of people and organisations (from quick-buck entrapeneurs to SPUC), school working bees and Gala days, club meetings (tennis to Young Farmers). But maybe I caught the whole place at a high-spot. What the hell, there's always the TV and long walks along the shit-covered grass verges.

For most, living at Paparoa is viewed as a lifelong commitment. There they are, nailed to a fencepost in the country, living what on the whole must be a fairly pleasant life (remember that New Zealanders, even now, feel a strong affinity for the land. That's where I always take my holidays). Free of the rat race of urban living, they choose the life in the country, slower, more sedate. But it's still a race - of the three-legged variety.

Herman Mulchstein



SPEED FIENDS

The Xyxgyk and the Zthypthyz are creatures remarkable less for speed than for stamina. Both can keep going for indefinite periods at an absolutely steady pace, though the Xyxgyk (which uses all its six legs) can travel half as fast again as the Zthypthyz (which uses only four of its legs at any one time). The outcome of any race between them is therefore a foregone conclusion, but this does not deter the enthusiasm of the Borogrove Racing Club which has just issued a progress report on the current race:

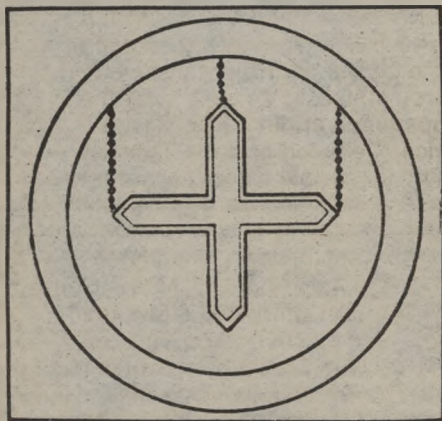
In one hour from now the Zyzgyk will have travelled twice as far as the Zthypthyz had travelled when the Xyxgyk was one inch short of the place where the Zthypthyz will be when the Xyxgyk has covered three times the distance the Zthypthyz had covered half an hour after the Xyxgyk had reached a place half-way to where the Zthypthyz will be four hours after having travelled twice as far as the Xyxgyk had gone forty minutes after passing the spot the Zthypthyz reached half an hour before getting half-way to where the Xyxgyk was twenty minutes ago.

Clearly this report is chiefly of interest of punters backing the Xyxgyk, so for those backing the Zthypthyz, the club simultaneously issued another reort reading:

The Zthypthyz is now one inch beyond the point reached by the Xyxgyk twenty minutes after passing the place where the Zthypthyz was when the Xyxgyk had covered twice the distance the Zthypthyz had come when the Zthypthyz was only half an inch short of the point reached by the Xyxgyk when the Zthypthyz had covered a total distance of one inch less than the distance now separating them.

But what everyone really wants to know is what is that distance now separating them?

WINDOW PIECE

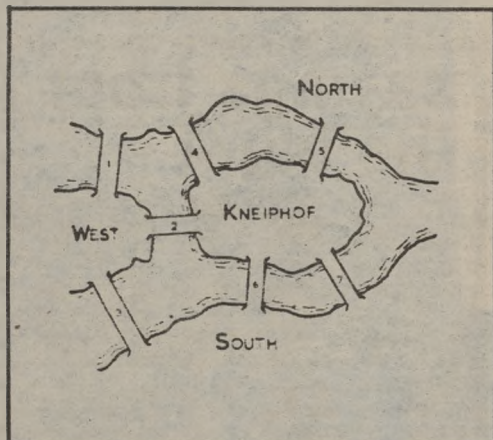


While attending Evensong at a country church during my summer holidays some years ago, I was struck by the particularly effective treatment of a dividing wall that separated two chapels. The wall was pierced by a circular aperture, in the very centre of which hung a gold, Greek Cross, i.e. a cross with four equal arms

The cross hung from three chains, and I fear that I missed part of what I am sure was an excellent sermon by counting the links. The short centre chain contained twenty-five links, and each of the two longer chains, forty-five links. And I estimated that each link accounted for a length of half an inch.

I regret to add that I also missed the rest of the sermon in wondering whether, from these rather meagre data, it was possible to calculate the overall width of the cross.

KONIGSBERG LEGEND



The ambition of the citizens of old Konigsberg was to 'walk the bridges' which meant setting out from home and, after crossing each of the city's seven bridges *once and once only*, finishing up for a beer at the famous Kneiphof on the centre island. In 1736 the great mathematician, Euler, proved the thing impossible. So much history tells us.

What history does not tell us is that Baron von Fledermaus im Glockenturm of North Konigsberg became so frustrated with thirst that he built an eight bridge; whereafter he was able to enjoy his beer at the Kneiphof after walking the eight.

Chagrined by the baron's having stolen a march on him, the Count Schraubelose of South Konigsberg built a ninth which not only enabled him to take his Kneiphof beef after walking the nine, but effectively frustrated the baron's attempts to do likewise.

So incensed was the baron that civic war was averted only by Prince Albert zu und von Lowenstahl who built yet a tenth bridge, so that both baron and count, after walking the ten, would find themselves, not at the Kneiphof but safely back in that own quarters of the city.

Between where and where were each of the three extra bridges built?

ABRACADABRA AVENUE

A, B, and C, live in different houses on Abracadabra Avenue, which has houses numbered from 1-80. Their numbers ascend in the order A, B, C, but none of them know this; nor do any of them know the numbers of any of the houses of the other two.

They are having a conversation about it.

A thinks that B always tells the truth, and that C always lies.

B thinks that C always tells the truth, and that A always lies.

C thinks that A always tells the truth, and that B always lies.

Each one announces, not necessarily correctly, whether his number is (i) a multiple of 4, (ii) a perfect square, (iii) above 23.

A then says to B and C: 'I can tell you the number of your two houses but I don't know which is which.'

B says to A: 'I can tell you the number of your house.'

C says to B: 'I can tell you the number of your house.'

They all do so, but they are all wrong; and in fact of the numbers announced, not one is the number of any of the three houses, though one of them is exactly eight times the number of one of the houses.

Where do A, B and C live?

TWEEDLE-TICK AND TWEEDLE-TOCK

Tweedledee looked at his watch and said, 'Half-past four.' 'Let's fight till six, and then have dinner,' said Tweedledum. No doubt the two compared times, in which case the faces of their two watches would have looked like those shown here.

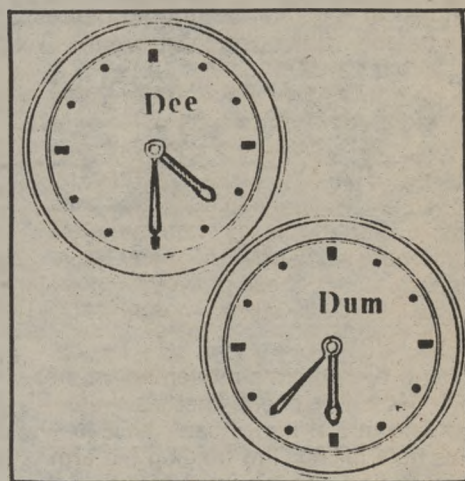
You will have no difficulty in recognizing the time as given by Tweedledee's watch, for it is of customary construction.

Tweedledum's watch on the other hand, exhibits certain peculiarities. In the first place, instead of going forwards it goes 'contrariwise', and in the second place, the short, heavy hand shows the minutes, while the long, thin hand shows the hours.

As we know from our history the great combat between Tweedledee and Tweedledum never took place for, a few minutes after the challenge had been issued, a monstrous black crow descended on the brothers and chased them both away.

Now the peculiar thing is that: I have it on the unchallengeable authority of the Cheshire Cat that, at the very instant the crow appeared the faces of the two watches looked exactly alike.

At what time (to the fraction of a second) did that crow appear?



THE TRIBAL TROUSERS

The Island of Imperfection is now so 'with it' that everyone wears trousers, with the result that it is soemtimes difficult to distinguish the sexes. And as we shall be referring to the six peopled (3 married couples) with whom this story is concerned by the letters, A, B, C, D, E, F their names will not help either.

They are all, of course, members of one of the tribes on the island - the Pukkas, who always tell the truth, the Wotta-Woppas who never tell the truth, or the Shilli-Shallas who make statements which are alternately true and false (or false and true). And their trousers bear their tribal colors.

One of the laws of the Island prevents husband and wife from belonging to the same tribe.

The ages of these six people are all different; none of them is older than 46 or younger than 29.

They make statements as follows.

- A:
1. My age is a multiple of 7.
 2. I am not married to E.
 3. F is two years younger than D.
- B:
1. B is older than C.
 2. D is not a Wotta-Woppa.
 3. E is a Pukka.
- C:
1. E is 10 years older than C.
 2. B is 6 years older than F.
 3. I am married to the oldest person.
- D:
1. C is not a Pukka.
 2. F is a Pukka.
 3. B is older than C.
- E:
1. F is not a Pukka.
 2. C is 15 years older than F.
 3. D is a Pukka.
- F:
1. B is a Shilli-Shalla.
 2. E is a Wotta-Woppa.
 3. I am married to D.

Find to which tribe each person belongs, who is married to whom and their ages.

THE IMMORTAL WOLLA

Things have been moving fast on the Island of Imperfection and the leaders have been getting a taste of the methods of the great world outside. In particular there has been a trend to adopt modern economic methods and each of the three tribes has appointed a Secretary of the Treasury. (The three tribes are the Pukkas, who always tell the truth; the Wotta-Woppas, who never tell the truth, and the Shilli-Shallas, who make statements which are alternately true and false - or false and true). It has seemed to these secretaries desirable to introduce a money system and the currencies, in no particular order, are to be Blanks, Wollas, and Mounds. It was a matter of some difficulty to decide on the rates of exchange between these currencies, but eventually agreement was reached. (In no case were the values exactly the same).

The 3 secretaries (whom we shall call A, B and C in no particular order) made statements to the press, in accordance, of course, with their tribal rules. As follows:

- A:
1. 2 Wollas are worth 5 Mounds.
 2. Our currency is Blanks.
 3. The Wotta-Woppas' currency is Wolla.

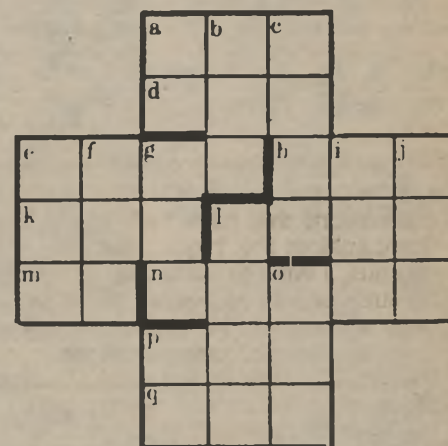
- B:
1. A is a Pukka.
 2. 3 Mounds are worth 4 Blanks.
 3. The Shilli-Shallas' currency is worth more than the Wotta-Woppas'.

- C:
1. B's currency is worth less than A's.
 2. 1 Blank is worth 3 Wollas.
 3. Our currency is the Wolla.

Find to which tribes, A, B and C belong, the name of each tribe's currency and the rates of exchange among the currencies

CROSSNUMBER

A crossnumber problem is similar to a crossword problem; the only difference being that digits instead of letters must be entered in the spaces. The only restriction placed on these digits is that no number in the puzzle (reading either *across* or *down*) should begin with zero.



ACROSS (ac)

1. Less than d ac.
2. Greater than a ac.
3. a ac. & d ac. & p ac.
4. p ac & o dn.
5. a dn x e dn
6. q ac squared
7. h ac - o dn
8. sq root of n ac

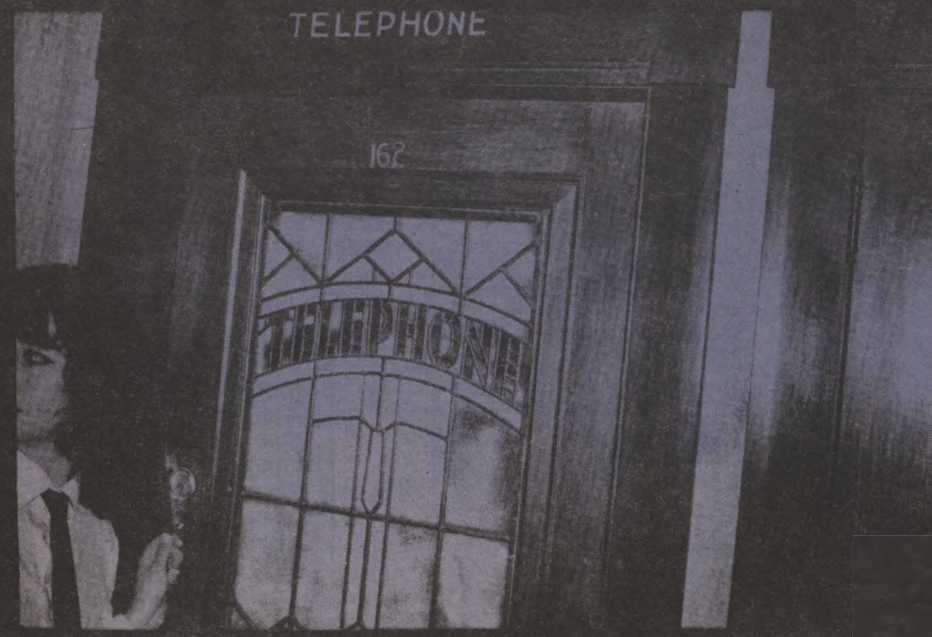
DOWN (dn)

1. a ac ; e dn
2. Multiple of 5
3. A cube
4. 1 ac ÷ a dn
5. Anagram of d ac
6. m ac squared
7. A prime number
8. j p dn x d
9. l e ac x 4
10. o h ac - p ac
11. p Factor of k ac.

The Mystery of Beechurst Grange

by Laverne Terrace and Dolores Gray

The plot so far: Ann Scott, intrepid investigator of underworld activities, becomes worried by the disappearance of fellow sleuth Miles Franklin, and uncovers some strange goings-on at his country manor. Who is the mysterious woman ascending the stairs? What is the solicitor doing in the lift? And what dastardly crimes did Ann Scott stumble across, that made her untimely death inevitable. All will be revealed in next week's exciting episode!



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HANK PLOVER'S SEARCH FOR THE END OF THE BEGINNING: PART 3



Once upon a time, a long while ago, there were four little people whose names were VIOLET, SLINGSBY, GUY, AND LIONEL; and they all thought they would like to see the world. So they bought a large boat to sail quite round the world by sea, and then they were to come back on the other side by land. The boat was painted blue with green spots, and the sail was yellow with red stripes; and when they set off, they only took a small cat to steer, and look after the boat, besides an elderly Quangle Wangle, who had to cook dinner and make the tea, for which purposes they took a large kettle.



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MORE PAPAL INDULGENCES

There was a big charlie party that night. I couldn't enjoy myself, knowing I had to hitch to Wellington in the morning. I left and walked home through the rain.

Late last century or early this one a ship went down off Ngataranga Bay. All along the rocks lie scattered corroding portholes, gauges, bits of ovens.

40% of New Zealand farmworkers have fucked a sheep at one time or another.

In 1979 it was possible to find a reasonably priced flat in Ponsonby.

After Jack's funeral we went back to the Rainbow Room of Asphells pub. Sausage rolls and tea. It was my third such affair in the Paekak pub.

We used to make this big trek, Robert and Mutu and me, over Wellington Street, along Napier Street and across FRanklin Road. The whole area smelled of coalgas. This was before they built the overpass, and the two big black gas tanks loomed over everything.

Auckland is the greatest railway town in this part of the world.

As the cortege entered the Makara Cemetery two of the first spring lambs crossed the road in front of the hearse and danced along the grass beside it.

He comes awake instantly. His hand automatically stretches out into begging position.

The only reason I write all this is so I can see my own deathless prose in print. It's easier than it looks.

Summer '78 in Auckland city. Underneath the Victoria Park overpass there is a poster for the Riverhead festival. Dragon and the Suburban Reptiles. I hitched across the bridge and spent the night by the beach at Bayswater. It was the only place I knew in Auckland.

Gabrielle says she always thinks of me as coming from, or going off to funerals. I insist I've only been to half a dozen, but she has never been to one.

Sean, who was living with his dad on a batch by the beach, said that over where the wreck went down there were lots of clay pipes buried in the mud. He had a couple to prove it.

They're alright, aren't they, says Elizabeth.
Yeah, they're alright.
Damn alright.
Yea, damn alright.
I'll write that down.

I left the ward and drew sheep in the park next door. Was it before or after she was born?

bc

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books

Kenneth Widmerpool and his World by J.G. Quiggin. *Thames & Hudson by arrangement with Boggis & Stone, 162pp.*

This volume is a welcome addition to the prestigious Thames & Hudson series as it provides the first integrated portrait of a man who must be accounted one of the most dynamic forces in British intellectual life during the mid-century. Man of commerce, soldier, Peer of the Realm, athlete and, latterly, charismatic - Widmerpool was all of these and more and yet has long managed to elude the grasp of those who would seek to appraise his unique and beneficent talent ... J.G. Quiggin has at last succeeded and his sparse but illuminating text is a worthy companion to the often quite remarkable photographs which make up the bulk of the volume.

We see Widmerpool dining at his club, ignoring such luminaries as Brian Howard and Robert Byron, in full service dress, preparing to attend a sitting of the House of Lords, being viciously assaulted by Lady Widmerpool, and we gain innumerable insights into the character of the man himself. Quiggin is especially good on the thirties, concerning which he actually manages to unearth a couple of fresh anecdotes and he includes an eminently tactful discussion of the tense and often metaphysically vexed relationship between Widmerpool Nicholas Jenkins and Anthony Powell. There is a sort of index.

The Collected Poems of Nostril Jambon (ed. Pierre Grabuge), *Mogadon Press, Geneva. 58 pp.*

Younger than Rimbaud, more esoteric than Mallarme, more debauched than Verlaine, more scatological than Jarry, Nostril Jambon was the truly phenomenal enfant terrible of the fin-de-siecle Parisian avant garde. The slenderness of his output combined with the debilitating normality of his later years has caused Jambon's reputation to undergo an unjustified eclipse in recent decades, but Pierre Grabuge's handsome and scholarly edition of the *Collected Poems* should redress the balance in Jambon's favour. Grabuge has collated the first (and only) editions of the various poems against the manuscripts in the Bibliotheque Nationale to produce the definitive version of Jambon's oeuvre. The volume contains thirty-four poems in all, including the longer but much loved 'Epopée d'un porc-épic', for many years a classroom favourite. The text is prefaced by a brief and, at times, excessively scrupulous 'Notice biographique' also by Grabuge.

The Diaries of Cyril Waugh (ed. Bert Waugh), *The Cropduster Press, Havelock North. 252 pp.*

Another deceptive title. Cyril Waugh was not even remotely related to the bevy of English snobs of the same name, but was, in fact, a Havelock North farmer who died in 1972 at the age of seventy-five. The diaries, written mostly during the twenties, chart the joys and frustrations of a young ex-serviceman's efforts to break in the barren and unyielding soil. They are written with affecting naivety and veined throughout with puerile ribaldry. Cyril's son Bert who found the manuscripts while cleaning out the tractor shed has made a reasonable fist of editing; as he says in his largely monosyllabic preface: 'I thought I'd better cut out the bits that might make some people cut up strop'. The sub-literate (Bert included) will take heart from the rumour that negotiations are under way to turn the diaries into a Murray Ball cartoon strip.

All My Wives by Thomas Murphy, *Pornotopia Press, Sydney. 288 pp.*

Truly a fascinating and disturbing book which delves deep into the recesses of a diseased and decadent consciousness, a disarmingly candid confessional tract written by a modern day Bluebeard, in short a must for the prurient reader. Some will be disgusted and not a few will want to cry out in moral indignation that such things can be, but all will feel compelled to read on to the book's relentlessly dehumanising conclusion. Murphy flaunts himself before our eyes and his foul deeds reek in our nostrils but few readers will want to spare themselves in the struggle to come to terms with this complex and twisted soul. Compassion for suffering humanity will make them sacrifice their own mental purity and read this book again and again. Don't wait for the film version - wallow in it now!

Twenty New Zealand Poets and Their Bathrooms, *photographs by Fiona Bostock. Retina Publications, Auckland 45pp.*

A strong stomach is needed for some of these photographs although, on the whole, they demonstrate a quiet penetration and assured grasp of compositional technique. As such they provide welcome insights into the quotidian existence of a number of our most distinguished local bards who in turn contribute their own witty and urbane comments on each plate. Should explode forever the myth that Allen Curnow has a gold, putti-encrusted bidet.

The Oxford Companion by Sigismund Sitwell & Penultima Mitford. OUP. 324 pp. - illustrated.

Not at all what it seems at first, this book is a comprehensive and often racy account of prostitution in Oxford from the earliest times to the present day. Meticulously researched if somewhat flaccidly written; good chapters on Balliol under Jowett and male prostitution in (of course) the thirties. Also a highly inflammatory preface explaining why Hugh Trevor-Roper declined to write a foreward. Just the gift for a bachelor uncle.

The Macrame Elephant Book by Edna Hill. *Kraftee Publications, Wanganui. 66 pp - with diagrams.*

Top of the stupendously boring list for this year, this book proceeds to spell out an inordinate length absolutely everything there is to know about macrame elephants as well as making one or two tart observations about the organisation of the Country-Women's League. The ideal gift for a brain-damaged relative who's just beginning occupational therapy. Don't buy it yet: wait till it hits the remainder circuit?????

The Bloomsbury Cookbook by Marjorie Lemming; preface by Quentin Bell, *The Hogarth Press. 102 pp.*

Favourite recipes from the kitchens of Knole, Garsington and Monks House are here combined with amusing anecdotes concerning bouts of gastro-enteritis and photographs of the original Bloomsbury crew eating, drinking and talking about sleeping with one another. Curiosities include Virginia Woolf's recipe for the Boeuf en Daube which is served in *To the Lighthouse* and Lytton Strachey's hand-over cure; a chapter on curries drawn from the notebooks of E.M. Forster adds a certain piquancy. Very twee; very pricy; merry xmas.

Euston Station

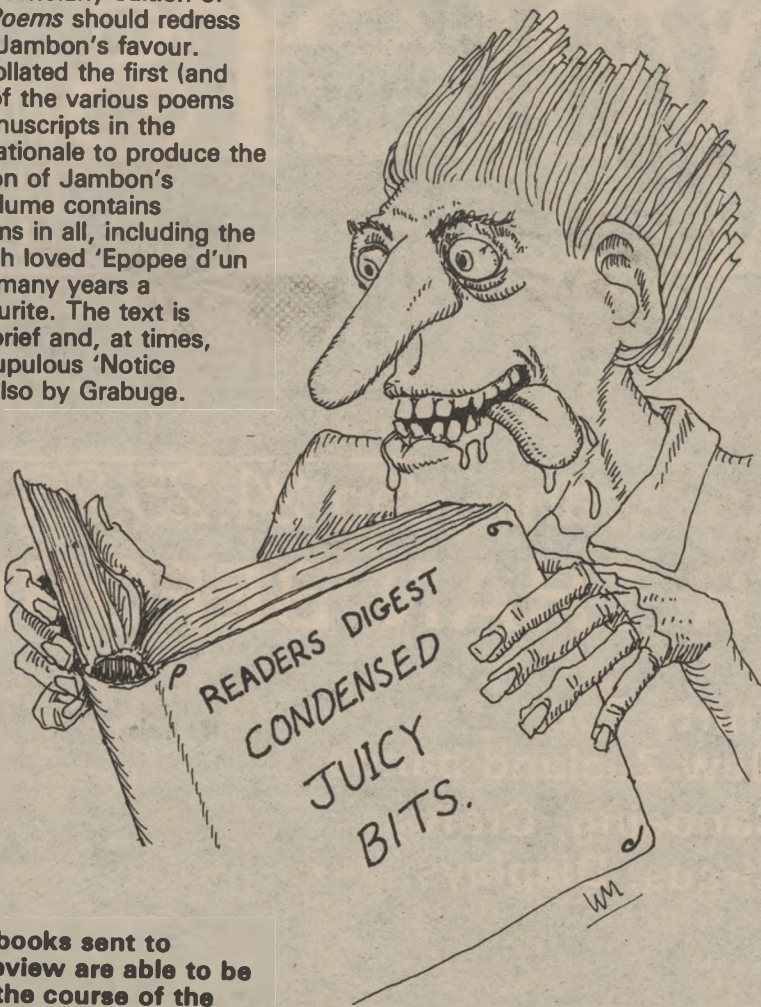
Dumb Witness
Agatha Christie
Fontana

Mrs Tanios did it, and then, when Hercule Poirot confronted her with his usual incisive analysis of the facts, killed her. Phosphorus poisoning which, because old Miss Emily Arundell was suffering from jaundice anyway, was almost unnoticeable except to the incredibly observant Hercule who noticed that Miss Emily's breath on the night in question was phosphorescent. Good, eh?

Forget about the rest of them: Miss Lawson is a bitch, but innocent; Theresa has the ruthlessness, but is too fond of life; Donald is basically a sook, devious but spineless; and there aren't any butlers among the servants. About the title: it refers to the dog, Bob, who knew what was happening but of course couldn't communicate with the famous inspector.

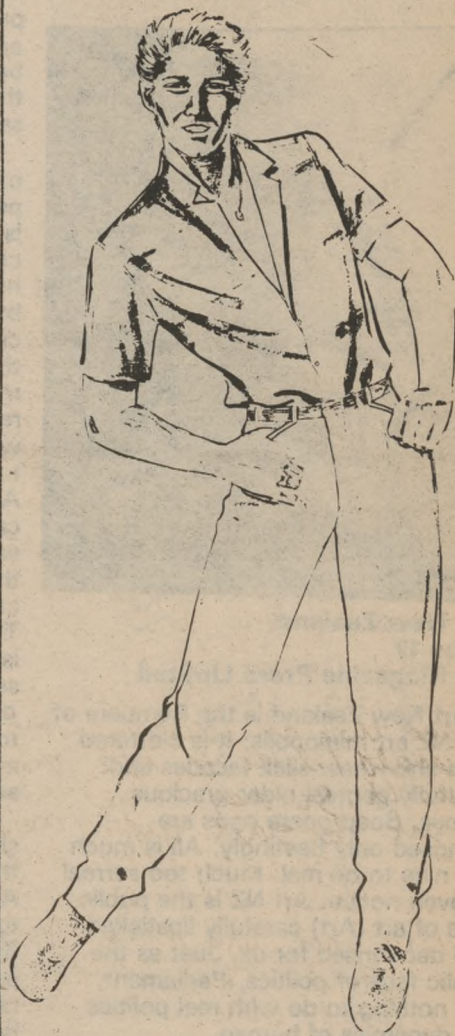
I don't know why Fontana sent us this. I would have even less of a clue why any of you would ever want to read it, so I've given you the solution: it's called investigative journalism.

Arts Editor



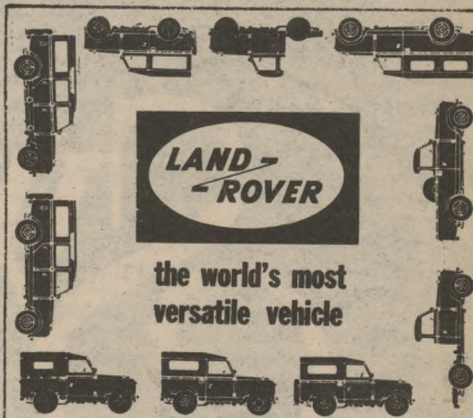
Not all the books sent to *Craccum* for review are able to be dealt with in the course of the year. Some are too specialised in their scope; others are just too silly... But now was the problem of Xmas gift-giving begins to loom large in every student's mind, we've decided to give you a run-down on at least some of our booky backlog.

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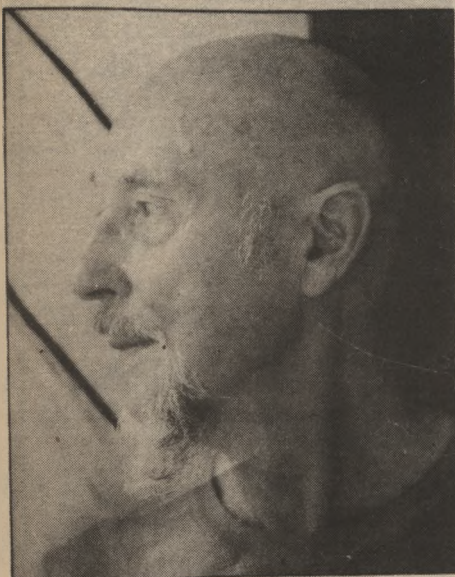
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ART NEW ZEALAND 17



Art New Zealand
Issue 17
Art Magazine Press Limited

Art New Zealand is the Remuera of the NZ art miniopolis; it is cluttered with shiny new-slick facades and carefully genteel older gracious homes. Soap opera egos are glimpsed only fleetingly. All is much too nice to be real. Much too surreal to even notice. Art NZ is the public face of art (Art) carefully lipsticked and deodorised for us. Just as the public face of politics, Parliament, has nothing to do with real politics - the dynamics of human inter-relations; neither too does Art NZ have much to do with art - the on-goingly creative all-inclusive human process. Art NZ celebrates those who it has designated 'Artist', it shuts them off in a cage constructed of their uniqueness, and

then relays messages from them to us. Rumour has it that is august publication has been known to refuse articles for publication simply because the author dared to be less than suitably fullsome about some sacred cow.

Art NZ is a destroyer, destructive of that which it supposedly perpetuates. The movement towards is implicit in each of us; it is the central fact of our existence as human. However dulled and muted by the treatment meted out to it; it cries still for recognition. It is a force that once realised will overturn and make anew. It is therefore revolutionary and dangerous to those with vested interests. Art NZ denies it to destroy its threat. 'Here', it says 'is Art' there can be no higher. There can be no Other'. It recognises the validity of the movement only in those who it has designated fit carriers of the torch of civilisation. The artist is Artist, is Hero, is Other, is not you. It fobs us off with a sense of vicarious participation in the creative endeavour, and thus limits us to that role alone. It perpetuates the myths that have slowly poisoned society for centuries.

It is therefore fitting that this issue should be devoted to Hallelujahing the expatriot Len Lye. In memorium. A memorial issue despite protestations to the contrary. Watch us watch Len fly into immortality. Let us sing the praises of our dearly departed, our newest saint, long forgotten, finally, here formally, found. Let us give thanks to Art NZ etc for repatriating those we disinherited. They return them to us in a golden glow of smug approval. Depositing the dead out of reach, the disciples write candles at their waxy effigies feet. The Obituary notices are up. Sincerity is

not the question. Never again will we have to react to Lye and his movement manifested, made material ... all we need do is adore.

And what of the rest of the Magazine. The reviews. Certainly not a forum. Nothing dared everything lost. These reviews on the whole present the known, the expected, the safe. Reliable, never-go-wrong ... a sales catalogue of investment commodities. Each product respectfully and soberly commented, noncommittally described. Even Tim Walker (TW of Craccum fame) has come down off his stylistic horse, rolled up his sleeves, and become a conscientious workman. He describes the ideas. The rest simply describe the techniques used. Non-committal, the reviews on the whole are exercises in non-reaction. Don't expect stimulation, positive criticism, or whatever. The only reason that I'd spent \$4.50 on Art NZ is for the sake of the undoubtedly fine reproductions therein.

Shiralee

The Study of Dialect - An Introduction to Dialectology
K.M. Petyt
Andre Deutsch

The treatise begins with definitions of terms used in an examination of language, dialect and accent, then leads appropriately to what scholars have achieved in the last hundred and fifty years. Dr Petyt who lectures in linguistics at the University of Reading, surveys developments which embrace the extensive range of methods used by the professionals.

The main dialects covered in this study are found in Britain, France, Germany and the United States. Maps are an indispensable feature of the work and the bibliography is sure to bring to the attention of students important titles that hitherto have escaped them. It is worth noting also that the present volume is part of 'The Language Library' series of some forty books whose contributors include Vallins, the Partridges, Brook and Simeon Potter.

At the close of his study, Petyt suggests that dialectology is central rather than peripheral to linguistics
Jim Burns



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more arts

Brow beating the doldrums-drums The Curious Meeting An Apology

So it's come to this - together and out now - we go sad, just a little bit blue-sided grey. Arts dim in and out the focus - sounds roar raw sounds again in there and echo out to where it hurts. Pain to batter better days for ever and out - you'd have been a bouncing bongo by now.

Bits here and there hold on, to hold on to, and climb in and on and up - over into that sunny coming and it's no game. More than words gain hateful steps on the missing jungle sods - it takes one to see one

weather from the next, them both to bounce it back. And it's no game.

Apparently this mission without function is room to expand silly things put down to good luck. Maybe no spindle this strong as structure, glib glubber pours it free like some eruption. Then you get to stop with the right words, cheap magic spilt like fools gold - stirring cries and screams and fear from insides sent back to pounce on this the awkward volleyboard. They say like serious' fine, so long. Don't you take it too hard. This is 1980 gone all but the riches it left to stampede. This is how I can say Ta and give you some ground. O.K.
Chorus.

T.W.



This Place

The quad is in darkness. The great, gross buildings their scarred ribs, ripped paper is not so obvious now. And in this night a heart beats, sodden throb. The neurotic night parties. Fierce celebration of sound that swallows hint of silence - and in that shunted quiet the emptiness; hollow echo of bone marrow and the soft shocks of the library clock. Ugly sky-scraper that splits the human shadow; head knew the suns warmth, fingertip knows only the ink-cylinder.coldcut.plastic pineapple.

Night shivers. In the lateness the music begins to tire; street lamp blatant, course glow over the figures in the sunken gardens - harsh ochre skin and laughter. And in the room above, up the concrete steps through

the glass door whose warped panes twist the faces and snare the light - in here are the wild celebrities - press tightly the precious physical contact soft flesh - last stand before the judgement by cosmic computers and death in isolation.

Wish that the morning would not come, daybreak curse the grey; lays to rest the neon. Light flows in; people sickly spotted swim vaguely, a little embarrassed by the honesty of the image. No sheltering shadow. Naked in the dawn grey, very gentle. Through the library door. Vast open would. This is their fate - the night rebels - prolonged sentence in the high tower.

Stagger in the quiet

Rodnie

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No More Embarrassing Hair



Artist of the Week The Editor

Someone of whom it's been said 'It's too hard even to do a caricature of her'. If that isn't a unique recommendation, what is? Well, perhaps we could go further and quote Dick Crikey's famous statement, 'She has nice legs'.

Who would ever have guessed that this quiet unassuming lass from the North Shore would ever have set her sights on that pinnacle of journalism, Craccum? Most people with the brains to get a degree in PolStuds aim for something much higher, yet Katherine persevered in her chosen act of charity, to bring enlightenment and stuff to the student mass of Auckland.

Yes, comrades, it is of Katherine Gwenda White that we speak, Editor of Craccum and Member of Finance Committee virtue officio. In the midst of rampant inflation and other things, with an ever changing staff situation, Katherine has always been loyal to the party, a pillar of strength and determination who sets a shining

example to Southdown employers, and has retained the beauty which has inspired such well known and famous people as Franco Zefferelli, Billy Apple and Jim Burns.

It hasn't been all peaches and cream, mind you. There have been those off-days when nothing seemed to go right, when Kevin was at the door demanding financial reports, when the phone rang and it was the Printer saying 'That has to go!', when the smelter article was nowhere to be found. Yet was she downhearted? No! And let that be a lesson to you all.

And this is why the Craccum Gallery of the Great Selection Board has picked her to take a place beside such as the Social Credit Political League and Hika Reid of Ngongotaha. We feel (and we are a very fair minded and liberal body, not at all like your average commission of inquiry) that Katherine has what it takes to be New Zealand's answer to Rupert Murdoch, so long as she puts on that necessary extra stone or two.

So hail to the Chief!

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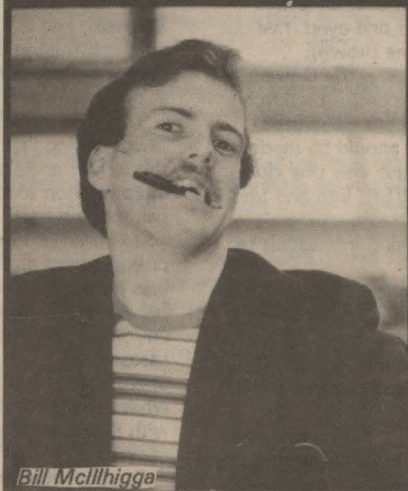
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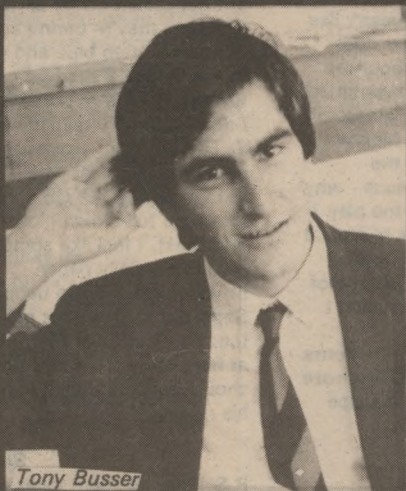
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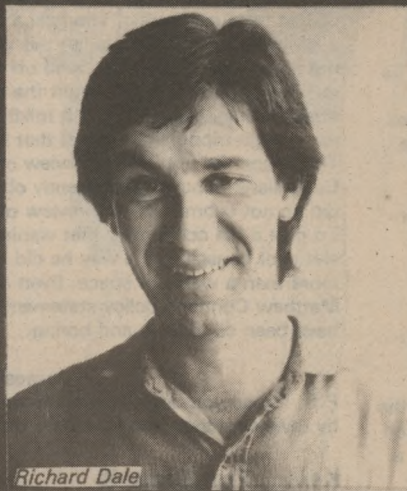
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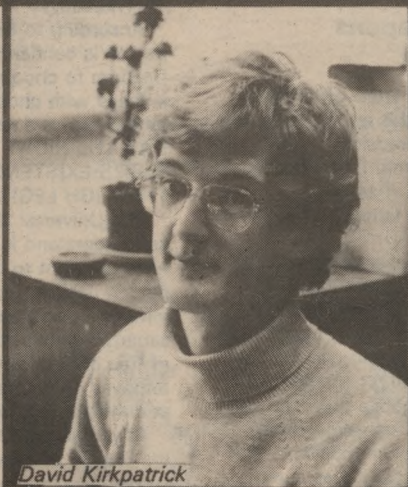
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 Debbie
 Francis Strange
 Wayne McIntosh
 Michael O'Neill
 Antonios Paspaspiropoulos
 The Custodians,
 Morrie, Bob, Lyn
 and the nameless
 thousands...

letters

Tuition Fees Hike

Dear Ms. White,

I feel it would be appropriate to inform the student body that the University is planning to implement an entirely new system of tuition fees for next year. Every student, apart from Medical and PhD students will pay \$180 as of next year, and this fee will rise by 15% each following year. This sum represents a considerable increase for most students. For example, MA, MSc, M.Comm students have been paying \$70 p.a.; MFA students, \$90; BA, B.Comm students on average \$126. However, the hardest hit group of students will be the part-timers, who have been paying \$18 per paper and will now be expected to pay \$30. The Senate reps learnt of this new fees structure last Thursday. We attempted to get Senate to defer a decision for a month to allow us time to prepare a case. At this point, the Acting Vice-Chancellor informed us that he had personally spoken with 'a senior office-holder of the association' more than a month ago, and warned him that this was coming up. Neither we nor the Student Body were subsequently informed. This demonstrates a lamentable lack of communication. However, all is not lost. Academics were heard to say after the senate meeting that they don't like the new fees either, but why didn't we (i.e. the students) do something a month ago. You can do something, even at this late stage. Write a letter to the acting Vice-Chancellor (Prof. Waters) expressing your opposition, and send a copy to Kevin Hague.

Love and Kisses
Susie Collier
(your friendly senate rep)

Plato Chips, Please

Dear Craccum,

For your edification, reported conversation at a Philosophy lecture (Dr. Young's).

'Are you sure my mark is the highest?'
'As sure as I am of my existence.'
'NO NO as our studies show, one does not exist'
'But was Descartes right?'
'His was one of many answers'
'But was his answer right?'
'His answer satisfied him'
'So he was an oanist'
'He has been refuted'
'Descartes was great in that he reveals the subjectivity of the mind. It was left to Kant & Hume to...'
'Yes, but Ben Gunn ate cheese'
'...it was further left to Freud to develop his clinical approach to the...'
'Did Freud say anything about Gunn's cheese fetish?'
'YOU ARE NEUROTIC'

It now may be said that the conversation degenerated to a mudsling match between the two texts 'MARC & ENGELS' and 'THE PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS OF DESCARTES'. Descartes won with the opponent falling off his chair, to the floor.

Michael Webber



Suggestion Box Time

Dear Katrina,

Just because Mervyn Thompson doesn't like a review you published earlier this year does not mean that he should sound off about the reviewer in question. I thought the unwarranted attack he made was, to put it mildly, a case of severe ego-tripping. I suggest that if Mervyn Thompson did not like the review of the Comedians - and that is patently obvious - why did he not submit his own review of the play? To give a full column for that wanker to spread shit over himself in the way he did is nothing more than a waste of space. Even a resume of Matthew Connor's policy statement wouldn't have been so tedious and boring.

Yours
James Densmore

P.S. I hope you don't waste any more space by reviewing that crap he calls a book.

Kevin, You Blew It

Dear Madam,

I have never before felt motivated to write to you, but the column headed 'Hague's Rave' in this week's issue needs some sort of reply. If Mr Hague has been wondering why he was not re-elected, the answer speaks for itself in his column. It made me feel very angry to be condescended to in this fashion. I wonder how he would react were I to say that I grew up in the sixties and held 'radical' views but I have since grown out of them and, given a bit of maturity and wisdom, he will himself. I hope his reaction would be one of indignation, followed by a reappraisal of his own, equally patronising comments. He greatly underestimates the intelligence of the student body who have shown great insight by refusing to re-elect him. If Mr Hague showed a little more responsibility towards his position (it is, for example, common knowledge that he has attended only one out of the last five council meetings) then perhaps members of the association would be rather more sympathetic towards his personal views. It is my sincere hope that he will, indeed, fade into obscurity. Unfortunately, there is little chance of this occurring, since he has recently been elected as Orientation Controller for next year, an appointment made by the executive committee of which he is chairperson. If it were not so late in the year, I would feel tempted to move a motion of no confidence in the president. As it is, my only comfort is that he cannot do too much damage in the little time remaining to him.

Yours etc,
Beth Collins

Stroke Book Winner

Dear Craccum, (may your arses forever hold their peace)

I am writing this letter for two main reasons:
1) To pass the time in a boring Physics lecture;
2) To satisfy myself on the fairness and democracy of the system in A.U. (i.e. to find out if this letter will get printed).

A third reason is to make a few enlightened comments on the world and all its wonders. I don't want to write toilet rolls of shit (like some wankers), but my comments are as follows:

- 1) I get pissed off by all the feminist letters (reason - they're boring and one-eyed. I've got three eyes, two blue and one brown).
- 2) Penthouse should go back in the University Bookshop (due to personal need). It's filthy but I don't mind. I'll manage to put up with it.
- 3) The Craccum crossword should be made easier for me. Last week I got only one clue.
- 4) I would like the USA, USSR, Iran and Iraq to start a full-blown global thermonuclear holocaust. I feel like something interesting to read in my daily paper.
- 5) What those mean people (on Thursday 25th Sept) did to that poor man, Matthew Connor (i.e. tip water over him, throw orange peelings at him, etc, etc) was Cruel and Sadistic. They should have strangled him and put him out of his misery.

Yours sincerely,
Sir Ivan Orgasm-Daily

P.S. The elephant jokes are old. Koala jokes are new ...

Why did the Koala fall out of the tree?

Because it was dead.

Why did the Koala die? Because it fell out of the tree.

P.P.S. I've got to go now, to have hysterics.

Purdy Vacant, Blah Blah Woof Woof

Dear Kat,

Hi, Joe Student here. This is not a pro-cruckum letter, consequently a back pat will not be issued at the conclusion.

Personally, and I can only really speak as a Joe Student, I have found (turn left at Iceland ... yes I know) that this year's effort has been, well, to put it briefly, a washout - Yes I know You've worked your collective hearts out and this arsehole is giving you a C- but really what a pathetic result. (Don't give me any of this 'you do better' blah blah Woof Woof either please). You as an editor have been in a word, feeless. Reviews have been patronizing and singularly uninformative and as for the letters - anti-fems, pro-fems - who needs 'em (The letters I mean). Dave Merritt is the closest thing we've got to a Messiah compared to your invisible editorial stance.

Now don't get me wrong - I'm not embarking on a vitriolic attack for my own self glorification. I would genuinely like to see an improvement - after all you are playing around with \$30,000 aren't you.

Let's hope David K can rescue what has become a dinosaur (egomaniacus erectus) from a bimonthly semi-extinction and inject some life into the proceedings.

Yours (never-Ed)
Warren Purdy

Your Choice Of Weapons

Dear Mr Thompson,

My first reaction to your letter of criticism was one of 'so what'. As this appeared to be no more than the latest broadside in your continuing literary war on me, I was inclined to treat it with the same kind of amused indifference that your earlier letters to Katherine excited in me.

Yet, having read it a number of times and having gone back to my original review, I realize that you raise a number of points and issues that reveal my review to have been both as shallow and unspecific as you charge. I'm writing as I did, I was reacting negatively to what I felt to be a very negative play. But, as you have shown, I failed in consequence to give any substance to my own criticisms, and neglected to give credit where it was surely due. I take this opportunity therefore to publicly apologise not only to you, as the play's director, but also to all those involved in the season for failing in my duty as a reviewer to address myself in depth to what I saw to be the failings, and what presented themselves to be the strengths, of Trevor Griffith's play and your production. I accept your comment that my review was 'no more than a collection of cheap gibes and vague generalizations which tell us nothing about the play', though I would dispute that it tells everything about my prejudices: they are probably far too numerous to be categorised in a single review.

I would object however to the assumption implicit in your statement, that 'to write off a play as rich as Comedians ... is to show an ignorance so astonishing it makes one wince': to wit, that appreciation of anything is a matter of the possession of certain knowledge, not

one of subjectively formed opinion. Were that so, and were we all privileged to have access to this information, we would all in the end think exactly the same thing, an implication I can scarcely agree with. The individual's reaction to anything, especially something as polemical and provocative as Comedians, is formed by a process and a range of variables far more complex than the static possession of knowledge, implied in your accusation of 'ignorance'. Although you obviously do not think so (and though perhaps my review did not show it) I do have a deep love for theatre, more than a passing acquaintance with Marxism, and my response to working class pain and frustration is one not of cynicism or disinterest but curiosity - to find out why things are as they are.

This does not extend to a blind acceptance of something just because it is an expression of this anger; and I stand by my own interpretation of the play. Though your letter has told me much about the play and the way you viewed it, I must reiterate my disagreement and state that though my review was indeed unspecific, characterised by generalisations and negative to the exclusion of any possibility of an detached and considered assessment, my opinion of it is, in essence, unchanged. I will here not go into a defence of what I wrote for the simple reason that I hope with this letter to put an end to this minor war of words.

Of your more personal observations, specifically those relating to my intelligence and my classification within the animal kingdom, the less said the better. To address them at all would be to dignify them and give them a consideration beyond their importance; to attempt a refutation in kind would merely be to sink to your level.

Yours
John Carrigan

Exams Next Week, Ha Ha Ha

Dear Kate,

The History Dept or should I say more accurately certain tutors from this department, are playing the old reactionary game of if questioned, turn to personal abuse.

Unable to accept a socialist analysis of American History, I am told to 'put more effort into your work' that I am merely 'very cynical'. The perception of Mr Grant Watson is truly amazing. When confronted Mr Watson gave the piece of work in question to another tutor who incisively commented 'Perhaps if you stayed more than half a lecture, you might get a more balanced view.' Mr Peter Luke must have considered the merits of the work for hours to come up with something that prophetic.

Having gained such treatment from the History Dept. I told Kevin Hague of the situation, Kevin then wrote a letter to the department well over two weeks ago, he still awaits a reply, and so do I.

Alastair Russell

To Be Or Not To Be ?

I feel compelled to clarify some of the points I made while addressing the General Meeting on Thursday.

According to Sartre, with whom I agree, a person is condemned to be free. This is freedom to choose how to act. Each day, one is faced with choices, and thus existence must be defined as a result of choices. NOBODY HAS THE RIGHT TO DEFINE ANYBODY ELSE'S EXISTENCE, ESPECIALLY NOT THROUGH LEGISLATION.

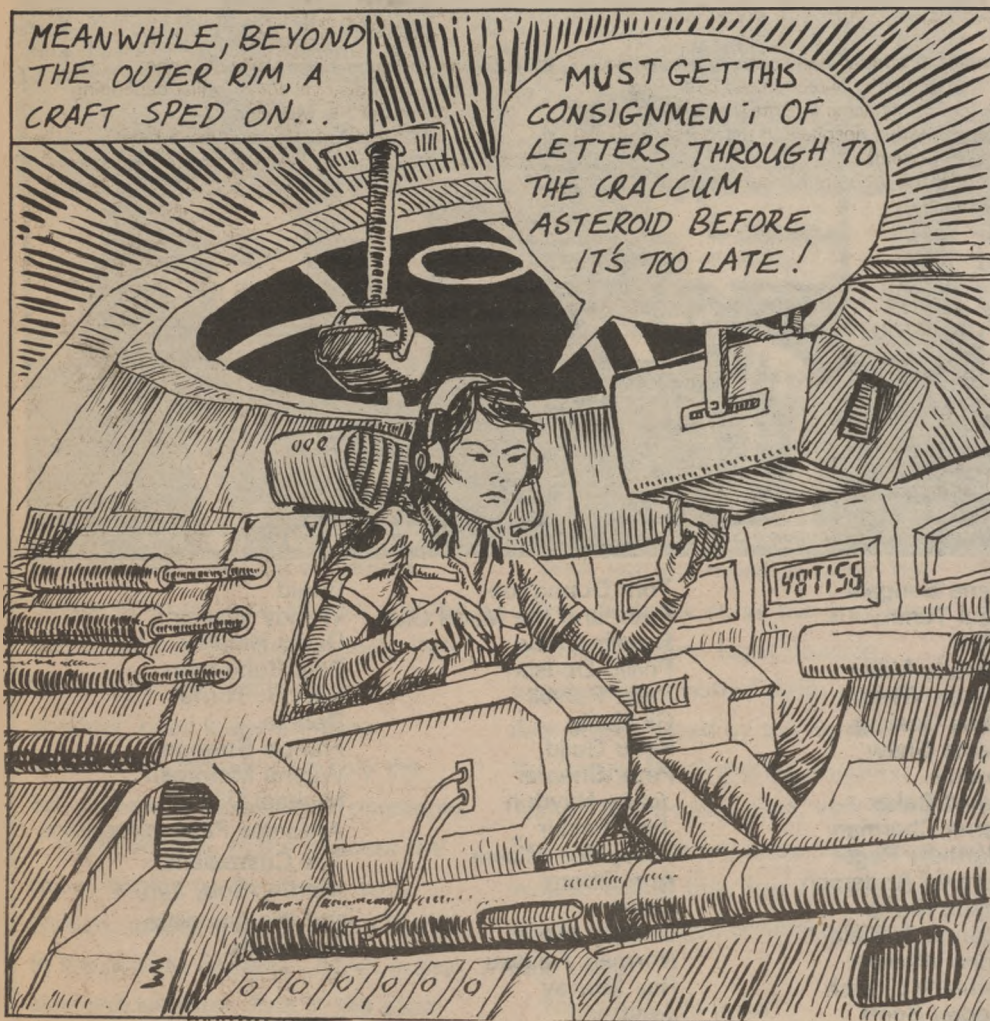
The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, as I understand it, states that everyone must have the right to do whatsoever that that person desires providing that this does not infringe upon anyone else's right to do the same. Everyone, therefore, must have the right of free choice, any any legislation which removes or directs such a choice must be in contravention to the Declaration.

Any legislation must be designed to act for the benefit of people, and for the nation, as a whole. Certain minority groups and beliefs need the benefits from certain legislation. However [any legislation which restricts or removes personal choice cannot be beneficial].

Disregarding whether a foetus is a child or not, that foetus is not capable of making decisions as to its future wellbeing. Neither are pre-adolescents. Adolescents and their capabilities is far too grey an area to be so categoric here: The best people to make such a decision, that is a choice, would be the parents. Thus, the parents need to be allowed to make such a choice. I am personally sure that the majority of women who would choose to have an abortion do so, not because it is the easiest way out, but because it is the best.

I feel that abortion is a matter of personal choice, and conscience and that the choice must be available.

Rob Young



To The Drips At The Top

The Editor,

Over the past few years members of the Limbs Dance Company have been regular swimmers at the Tepid Baths. We are very upset to read of the possibility that the complex is to be closed.

Financial loss is a poor excuse for the closure. It is an accepted reality that a public amenity should run at a loss, and follows that the deficit is made up by rate payers' taxes. Swimming is the best all round exercise there is and we would be lost without the baths. Our profession incurs a high percentage of injuries (per dancer) and swimming speeds recovery.

We are also aware that many other groups and individuals would be more than inconvenienced if the pool closed. The Tepid Baths are the most central, heated, indoor pools in Auckland City, and peak hours burst with city workers at their daily recreation. The pools are hired out regularly to schools, for hockey and water ballet practice and Air New Zealand training sessions. Also many people benefit greatly from lessons from Colin Kidd, resident swimming instructor.

New Zealand is an island surrounded by the sea. Familiarity with water, water safety etc, should be important to us as a nation. The pools bring the many Aucklanders who use them in contact with people from all walks of life. They foster a community spirit and promote physical and mental well-being.

We'd like to hear the alternative proposals for this site. Could we suggest a new indoor swimming complex?

Yours in Hopeful Anticipation
Debbie McCulloch
Limbs Dance Company

There Are No Dykes In Holland

Dear Bidge,

If, as you say, you want to be a lesbian, why don't you have the courage to come out and be one. Just don't force it down peoples throats and don't try to pass it off as normal.

Your comments on my letter are about what I would expect. You've misrepresented and twisted everything I said, have chosen to imply things that I never intended. Some of the crap in your long, hysterical rambling letter is just plain irrelevant. For instance, I never mentioned deodorants, although since both men and women use them, it's difficult to see what Unifems have against them. I just won't get downwind from you Bidge.

Also, just what the hell has your sex life got to do with feminism? If despising fat lesbians who call me a rapist makes me an MCP, then I'm damned proud to be one.

As for Kevin Hague, who mindlessly parrots 'All Men rape'; speak for yourself. Would you get up there and say 'I rape'? Bet you would.

I bitterly regret voting for Hague, who begs us to ignore our gut feelings about what is right and wrong, and embrace radical lesbian feminism. Gee, how come you lost the election, Kev?

In brotherhood (to most)
Peter

P.S. Unifems must be desperate for support if they need pubescent third formers like Joseph to mimic their childish shit in Craccum.

O'Rorke Gave Me the Shits

Dear Craccum,

I live in an average priced flat - \$25 a week each including kitty. Er live well, good food, warm rooms etc ... Earlier this year I lived at O'Rorke Hall for \$42 a week. In return I received half a damp room, a bed that I was unable to turn in for fear of cardiac arrest and food that gave me diarrhoea, stomach pains and general ill health. Twice the ablutions had to be looked at because of foul smelling stagnant waters in the showers. I was given 10 minutes in the dining hall to receive seconds of food which varied as much as an original meal once every two months. Often this was not even available as first were often in short stock.

A grim picture you may say. I am merely presenting facts to you which can be proved by one visit to this overpriced prison. Therefore I ask one question. If the University/Government feel that they can spend over a million dollars on tunnels for engineers etc to amble through, surely they could find kindness in their hearts enough to stop a little malnutrition taking its course at O'Rorke Hall.

Yours sincerely
Mike Rowntree

Lost Innocents

Dear Katie,

We are writing this as two suffering and worried university students.

Our main concern is about the lack of information on the pros and cons of chocolate fish. We all hear of sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll, but what about the evils of chocolate fish?

Unfortunately, parents turn a blind eye, and become very reddened around the collar and other places.

Teenagers especially should know the dangers. If not warned they could lose their respective boyfriends/girlfriends due to that horror, acne! Another dilemma facing chocolate fish lovers is diarrhoea. How embarrassing it can be for a poor teenager to be constantly running to the toilet with one or other problem, or both!

This is something we feel (& smell) very strongly about. The dangers involved in eating chocolate fish are not to be overlooked - we've all heard about what happened to those who disregarded the warnings about toilet seats.

Yours in the hope that something will be done to rectify this sad situation,

Pimple and Runny

Gisella You Cretin, Where's Your Creative Flair?

Dear Katherine,

Forced by a determined, pen-wielding editor to commit my immortal thoughts to paper, I came to one blindingly inescapable conclusion. I can't think of anything to say.

Cheers,
The Big G from Wellington



Psychopathic Doctor Petition

Dear Madam,

Did you know that New Zealand is losing its one and only homeopathic Doctor - who is going overseas. The New Zealand Government is preventing a replacement Doctor to enter the country. This I feel is a violation of our right to the freedom of choice.

Homeopathy is not a new field as it was started over 170 years ago by Samuel Hahneman - a prominent physician of the day. It is a system of medicine based on the principle that 'like cures like'. A substance which can produce disease-like symptoms when taken by a healthy person can cure a sick person with similar symptoms when given in an appropriate form.

Homeopathy aims to treat the whole person, so that the name of a disease a patient is suffering from is secondary to the symptoms that are exhibited. Ten people may all have influenza yet because the symptoms of the disease vary from person to person they receive a different medicine.

Medicines are made from all sorts of materials - chemicals, minerals, plants, animals and micro-organisms - and they have all been tested on human beings to determine their full range of effects. Patients can not be poisoned by homeopathic medicines, nor can they become addicted to them, and bacteria can not become resistant to their therapeutic action. A homeopathic remedy is safe, cheap and prompt in effect when correctly prescribed.

Homeopathy is recognized as a valid system of medicine in Britain and there are 6 homeopathic hospitals in the British National Health Scheme.

For those who are concerned there is a petition in the Craccum office and on the notice board by the Health food bar.

The petition asks the Government to allow further homeopathic practitioners into the country to replace the one who is leaving and to give recognition to this alternative.

J. Woodward

P.S. The petition closes on October 31st.

Some Bastard Stole My Bag

Dear Katherine,

Just a wee letter of exasperation. Should I be flattered or furious that some absent-minded person has discovered the finer qualities of my green canvas bag, the one with the car keys and front door key in? I'm a distracted student at the best of times (need I remind you exams are days away) but even so I can tell something's amiss when I have to struggle from Varsity to Grey Lynn at 9.30 pm clutching madly at copious notes and heavy books only to have to break into to my own home a mere two hours later. As a student I have come to see that bag as part of me and as a practical human being it would be nice to enter my home in the conventional manner. The bag 'went' on Wednesday 8th. Wouldn't it be nice if it arrived back before the 20th of October in the same locker room outside the library? I need it for practical and sentimental reasons. Please put it back no questions asked. Thanks.

Yours in expectation
Mark Eller

P.S. So far I've controlled my emotions but that could change

Um

Der Miss White,

On December 14th 1979, I received from the Supreme Court, Auckland a summons to appear on February 11th 1980 for Jury Service.

Prior to this I had composed her Majesty's dispensation of Providence (following which) I depended against my own conflicting writ of summons declining from Jury Service on February 11th, which entitled me to the special exemption from all debts and liabilities through this Court Action in defending her Majesty's document.

Since then I pursued this matter, firstly with Ministers of the Anglican Church (Holy Trinity), my local parish St Judes, Avondale and finally the Diocesan office, Hamilton where I was told to take it to the Neighbourhood Law Office, Grey Lynn. This I also did only to be told this document is the law but the conflict still remained.

Next my own M.P., Mr J. Hunt who couldn't handle it as the civil part of Government wasn't working and finally to be told by Mr Prebble M.P., if you can't lick them join them.

By this time I knew I had the evidence of Treason in my possession so I approached Auckland Central Police Station, sending numerous telegrams to the Assistant Commissioner, Mr Trappid and Mr Holyoake using my postal address and telephone number as an individual agent whilst depending this document of her Majestys.

Over \$500 worth of telegrams have been sent out mostly to Mr Trappid, whom I always sent a copy of the telegrams sent to Mr Muldoon and Mr Holyoake but no response from anybody; just a blank wall. On September 16th 1980 I received a letter from the Chief Post Office signed by Mr B.J. Casey that my phone would be disconnected unless payments of all telegrams were paid for by 4 pm on 21/9/80, since then I have for the second time only aid my rental of \$24 and have continued to send telegrams up till Monday 29/9/80.

Many police officers have visited my home, but I see now it was only to test me, the last person was an Inspector Todd, sent by the Assistant Commissioner, Mr Trapp, who informed me it was in view of taking action but still no action over this serious matter effecting every New Zealand and out country but most of all the Sovereign herself.

Finally, this morning I phoned the N.Z. Intelligence Service and asked for help in relieving me of this burdensome load which I have carried all these months. He confirmed it was a job for the olice to restore Law and Order. Five minutes later my phone was disconnected. I strongly protest against political interference into my private life and her Majesty's document, which as an open public document set up under public ordinance emanating from the Sovereign. All public documents are available to any person interested in their own security and protection because my revelation has also revealed an exposure of the Statute of Westminster omitted since its adoption in 1947 and right now my defense against political interference lies under the Statute of Westminster.

Thank you
L.J.G. Lightband

letters

All Our Problems Solved

Dear folks,

I think you're all being extremely silly. Firstly, Albert Street and the motorbikes. Instead of bitching, moaning and blaming one another, why don't the Car Faction and the Bike Faction get together and approach the University authorities (or the City Council or whoever) with the common goal of reviewing and revising parking areas and facilities in and around the university. They are hopelessly inadequate. And I speak as one who has travelled to University by both bike and car, and who has experienced the same amount of difficulty and experienced the same gut-knawing frustration when trying to park either vehicle. It is not important to find out who is at fault. What we need to do is find out the 'why' of the problem and tackle that.

Secondly, why has there been no outcry against the changes to the Student Community Service Programme? I was able to find employment only under this scheme last year, and, because of where I live (small town NZ - no local industry, no farm jobs and high year round unemployment), I was grateful for that. The government claims that by imposing a 4 week break twixt the end of the varsity year and the commencement of the Programme, that students (you and me, brothers and sisters) will have a chance to find employment in the private sector. I think not. The jobs are not there, in the private sector, to get. Unless your Daddy works for Air New Zealand and can swing you a job out at Mangere. (If you're that tin-arsed, you'll probably take a cut price trip to Singapore to buy Xmas presents for Mummy, and a new stereo for yourself). (You make me sick). The ridiculous thing is, that if the govt carry on with this absurd scheme, then they'll most likely have to shell out extra moneys in the form of hardship next year to all those who couldn't work for the full holiday period. Silly, really.

Thirdly, could someone start a campaign for decent lighting in the Coffee Bar? Then, the shit-heads who inhabit the place could see what a disgusting mess it is. Is it too much to ask to be allowed to sit in what is only relative comfort, but to have cleanliness as well?

And, finally a word to those lovely people at Radio B. Much as I just love Neil Young, the Tom Robinson Band and old Beatles tracks, don't you think you could arrange for your volume control to be tweaked down? Just a tiny bit? Having my ears blasted by the latest 'hip' music while attempting to study in the Lower Common Room (admittedly, a difficult enough task at the best of times) is not likely to make me easy to live with. In fact, one day, you might see the results of a speaker being dropped from the roof of the Student Union. Not a pretty sight.

I still think you're extremely silly.

CHOU EN GINSBERG, BA (Failing)

Daryl Just Can't Win

Dear Craccum,

If Daryl Wilson had any moral fibre at all, he would honour his gentleman's agreement, and admit to all and sundry, via one quarter-page advertisement in this most august of publications that 'even as a Homosexual, he's a failure.'

All I can say to him is 'Well, superfairly, looks like you've crapped out yet again. The wager was witnessed by several people. I kept my part of the bargain, I at least expected you to keep yours. It's people like you who give faggots a bad name.'

If he'd had the Guts to live up to his responsibilities, this letter would have been unnecessary, and I wouldn't have to sign, in Disgust,

Herman W. Gundry

Kevin, You Blew It Again

Dear C.F. Reid,

It was with amazement that the undersigned read the review of Yes' new album "Drama" in the September 22 issue of Craccum, if such meaningless comment upon an album (which should have had more meaningful criticism fired against it) could even be called a review - 80% of it consisted of a potted history of the group. This is all very well for informing those poor unfortunates who might not (gaspl) have heard of this wonderful, amazing band. But the remaining 20% devoted to actually reviewing the record in question was written by someone whom the undersigned think has no meritable musical feeling. To say that with the inclusion of the two ex-Buggles (ugh!) members have "done great things for the band musically" and then go on to mention that "the sound of the band is not markedly different" is to our minds praising the ability of pure invitation - the fact that Downes sounds like some hack tinkler (and not anything like good old Uncle Rick) in the brief moments that he's not drowned out by White, Howe, and Squire, contradicts this anyway.

Talking of imitation, the opening song "Machine Messiah" comes complete with

introduction lifted from Pink Floyd's "The Wall" (with other parts sounding very like P.F.'s "Welcome to Machine") if it worked for them, why not for Yes? Needless to say, it doesn't work!

The album is also let down vocally (courtesy of Trevor Horn - who tries to sound like Jon Anderson but doesn't).

Right! What else? Yes, how dare he call later albums such as "Tormato" "abyssal, dull and uninteresting" - and can he please define "techno-rock" ("heavy keyboards and orchestration" is hardly sufficient) - I doubt very much that Yes could be classed as such. The above word has overtones of emotionless, mechanical, automated music (Gary Numan and others) - if it's one thing Yes was (note past tense) it was emotive.

In conclusion, we feel it is safe to say that "Drama" bears the same relation to the band's previous material as does "Flesh and Blood" to Roxy Music's previous material. All we can say about the album (as die-hard Yes fans) is that if you don't want to buy it now at \$9.99 you can soon get it for about a quarter of the price in record exchanges near you (no we don't like it!).

Signed - Jon and Rick



Geez, Wayne!

Dear Editor,

Could we have more photos showing what students were up to last week around campus - with captions - AND with little blurbs on what they were saying or discussing.

signed

One Who Didn't Hear

Does the Pope etc ...

Dear Katrina,

Today at the S.G.M. on abortion in response to heckling from Unifems I replied 'I warn you, that I have been described by yourselves as a potential rapist.'

Upon reflection I realise that this could easily be seen as the traditional male political threat that rape is seen as. Therefore I wish to apologise and to withdraw the remark.

It was meant to be a play on the 'all men are potential rapists' theme that is going around at the moment. Rape is a word with a lot of emotive content and I must admit that I think that it is taking things a bit far, because using the same logic both the Unifems and I can be labelled as potential child-molesters and Ron Don supporters. (Perhaps the two may be hard to distinguish) which I think would be equally stupid.

Anyway, it was the wrong thing to say, so I'm sorry.

Paddy Driscoll

P.S. The referendum is a good idea as it is the fairest way to find out whether students wish to have the present policy on abortion or the

Friar Who?

Dear Craccum,

We, the superior members of the People's Front of Hamilton Road, have convicted Dermot Coleman Brenda Cooke of the following offences:

1. Failure to provide his lovable flatmates with breakfast in bed.
2. Turning Debbie upside-down without warning.
3. Complete lack of taste in dinner conversation.
4. Allowing his weta to play on Jane's bed, without consulting her.
5. Refusal to cook Spaghetti Bolognese on demand.

We, the enchanting and utterly captivating members of the above organisation, sentence Dermot Coleman Brenda Cooke to:

Footwear!
A Cold Porridge Sandwich!
Banishment to Ireland on November 28th 1980!

Yours,
The P.F.H.R.

We'll Get Highway 61 Onto You

Dear Cro-Magnon, (29HL2),

You've put your big smelly motor(SICK)le boot in it now, I happen to belong to a car club (and have the membership card to prove it) and so can say I've met a fair proportion of my friends that way and I still say biking is an anti-social form of transport. And being an engineer as well as belonging to a car club I know quite a lot about the workings of my car.

If you have a look around the university about a quarter of them are off-road bikes (and should stay off the road) those noisy-farting machines and half of the rest are the bigger bikes so I still say my four seater mini is more economical than the average bike around the varisity, as I have very rarely seen a pillion passenger on a bike.

As for blatant law breaking and intelligence. No wonder that bikies have about 5 times as many accidents than cars. They ride in and out of lanes, down the middle, with total disregard to anyone else on the road, and hardly ever use an indicator, the sooner these wankers on their fart-machines realise they share the roads with, trucks, buses, and cars, the better.

These same moronic fools were first to complain about compulsory helmets, and now compulsory lights on during the day, measures designed for their own safety, well let them go bare headed and lightless, and kill themselves, and I hope they increase the Accident Compensation Levy on bikes even further, they deserve it. These wankers go trail bike riding through our forests (yes I've seen the photo's of the A.U. bike club) and erode the land, they should go bikie hunting not deer hunting.

These same Cro-Magnons go on motorbike rides through the city, disregarding traffic laws, going through red traffic lights en masse (debate), riding through schools, disrupting classes and vandalising their sports fields, these inconsiderate morons should be banned from the roads.

That's the nice part over now to deal with 29HL2, none other than turd pusher tony, otherwise known as ring stinger Reynolds, who rides a bike because he likes the vibrations of the bike on his arse. Him and his irresponsible louts are responsible for the bouncing up and down of cars, damaging suspension, removal of cars from their parking places and on to foot paths, and scratching of paintwork, that's why I hide behind a pseudonym, but when I find 29HL2 maybe it will suffer the same fate? NO I'm not an irresponsible lout like you.

So when I'm nice and snug in my nini, with heater on, listening to Led Zeppilin in full stereophonic sound, maybe I'll spare a thought for you wet, miserable, anti-social robots, in a gale on the harbour bridge, AND HOPE YOU GET BLOWN OFF.

Yours In Minihood
Irate strikes back

P.S. Mini's Rule O.K.

P.P.S. Tony Reynolds is a Warty Toad.

P.P.P.S. Warty Toads should be dissected but this one would be a great disappointment to a Neurologist, no brains you see.

BLUSH BLUSH

Dear Katherine,

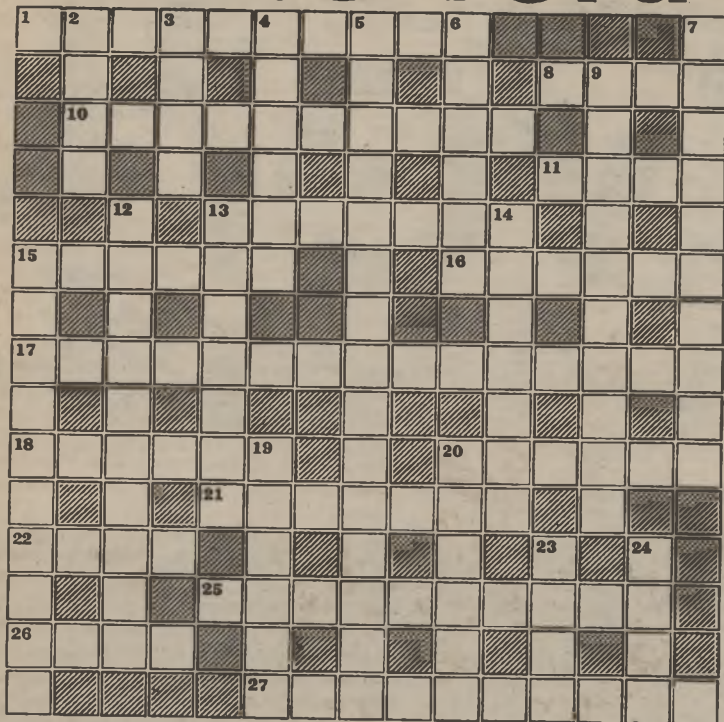
For months now, I have been possessed by the vision of your exquisite loveliness, the time has come for me to give voice to these all-powerful emotions. BUT I CAN'T. University has taught me to ignore my emotions and follow my cognitions. I cannot create with this rational, empirical, logical brain of mine, and the only words I know are those that my training tells me.

So here I am. A Product of The System, I can define 'epistemology', I can outline the essential differences between ethnocentrism and cultural relativism, I know all about Mendelian genetics but I know nothing about my next-door neighbours. I have lived at my present address for nearly two years. I pass the same strange faces every day as I travel to Auckland University. To further my Education.

Love
Emmanuel



crossword



Across

- 1 Lovelessly turn few quail out! Wholly very bad! (5,5)
- 8 Something painful for the viewer during last year (4)
- 10 Designers insist that her tactics are changed (10)
- 11 Wintry welcome? (4)
- 13 Model father poorly dressed? (7)
- 15 Crawl on the ground through wood and lake! (6)
- 16 Hard to please with directions taken from one set of beliefs (6)
- 17 Metaphors may be culled from budget statistics (7, 2, 6)
- 18 Getting a move on to make an exclamation resound! (6)
- 20 Boxer in a hole? (6)
- 21 Georgia gets angry in the buildings! (7)
- 22 Proper-sounding ceremony? (4)
- 25 Giving up more than one collection of cricket balls? (10)
- 26 Real distress for a noble chap (4)
- 27 Coin that's ordinary could be more colourful at twice the price (5,5)

Down

- 2 At an end, like this tree (4)
- 3 Indication that one has dealt with common credit (4)
- 4 But is the creature necessarily brutal? (6)
- 5 No charge for belonging to this society for psycho-analytical technique? (4,11)
- 6 Fierce creature about to return for a wash (6)
- 7 Her bet well arranged by the ringleader (4-6)
- 9 I alone can't play the game in these (4,6)
- 12 Gert is worn out by the composer (4-6)
- 13 Looking carefully and lording it? (7)
- 14 Small crabs? (7)
- 15 Free creatures not to be examined orally? (4,6)
- 19 Stopped and surrendered (4,2)
- 20 Exclaim about fish stew with oral accompaniment? (6)
- 23 He has a way with him, they say! (4)
- 24 It's a variety of wine (4)

Answers To Last Week's XWord

Across — 4, Sidesman; 8, Tralee; 9, Veterans; 10, Pinsfore; 11, Repays; 12, Repaired; 13, Eventide; 16, Started; 19, Limerick; 21, Insect; 23, Sinister; 24, Beriberi; 25, Indent; 26, Ruthless.

Down — 1, Trainee; 2, Alma mater; 3, Devour; 4, Seven deadly sins; 5, Deterred; 6, Strap; 7, Annoyed; 14, Third side; 15, All there; 17, Tonneau; 18, Screens; 20, Mendip; 22, Erith.

Answers To This Week's XWord

Across — 1, Quite awful; 8, Styx; 10, Architects; 11, Hail; 13, Paragon; 15, Grovel; 16, Nicene; 17, Figures of speech; 18, Haring; 20, Crater; 21, Garages; 22, Rite; 25, Deliveries; 26, Earl; 27, Penny plain.

Down — 2, Upas; 3, Tick; 4, Animal; 5, Free association; 6, Lotion; 7, Bell-wether; 9, Team events; 12, Songwriter; 13, Peering; 14, Nippers; 15, Gift horses; 19, Gave up; 20, Celery; 23, Will; 24, Asti.

punting

This issue deals with horses who will race well over the next couple of months. On the galloping turf Valour, Silver Nymph, Mainline, Legends, Taipanui, Mahanui, Ring The Bell, Darling Order, Duplicado, Dealer's Choice and Inca. On the trotting scene Play Havoc, Roydon Albatross, John Tudor, Remarkable, Captain Smooth, Natquin, Milson Gold, Mary Darling, Simon John and Silvaplana.

Our account has ended with a profit of \$44.50 which proves that gambling does pay - of course it does. (Yeah! - Ed)

For the Cup Kingstown is at 6/1, Hyperno 15/1, L.B.J. 10/1 and Red Nose 9/1 and Arwon 12/1. Further odds are found - care of the editor. My deepest sympathy goes to those with exams on Cup days - a crime really. The best of luck punters over the long season.

B. Gamble

hague's rave

Well here we are. The end of another year. The last issue of Craccum, and I would just like to say that I love Jill very much. Well, well, well. Here we are. The last Craccum of the year. I still love Jill very much. Oh, I mentioned that.

Well, my last chance to rave at you all; not only that, it's my only chance to rave at you without having to put up with whinging letters-in-reply in the following issue. For once I can be totally nasty, vicious and vituperant without fear of retribution. But I won't.

I, Kevin Hague, have turned over a new leaf. So can I firstly offer warm congratulations to my successor: Wayne, I may have been less than kind to you in the past, but can we let bygones be bygones. You are destined to preside over this hotbed of reactionary fervour and you have my deepest sympathy. You prick.

But now it's spring, I've been acquitted and life is wonderful, and I still love Jill very much. Well, well, well.

In sisterhood
Kevin



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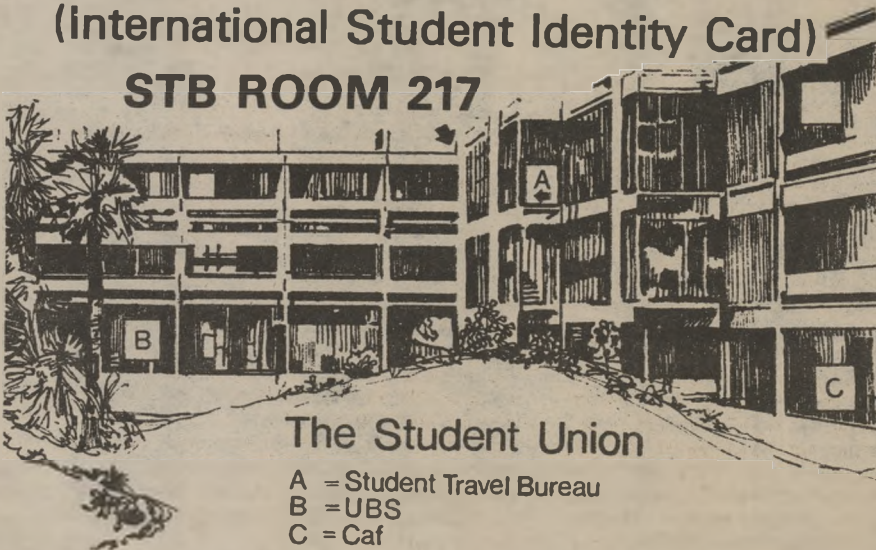
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FESTIVAL YEAR 198

Baked Fish

- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 pieces snapper or other white fish
- 4 tabs dry white wine
- 3 tabs tomato sauce
- 1 clove garlic, crushed with salt
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 1 Bay leaf
- 4 tabs fresh breadcrumbs
- 1 tabs chopped parsley

Pour olive oil into flat fire proof dish. Arrange pieces of fish & sprinkle with white wine. Sprinkle with tomato sauce. Add garlic, bay leaf & pepper. Cover with breadcrumbs and parsley. Bake for 25-30 minutes in pre-heated oven (350°/180°C) or Gas number 4. This will make you happy four times or will make four people happy once.

You need look no further.

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