

VOLUME 61,

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND

ISSUE 25,

OCTOBER 5 1987

FREE (+G.S.T.)

CRACCUN



SAVE A LIFE

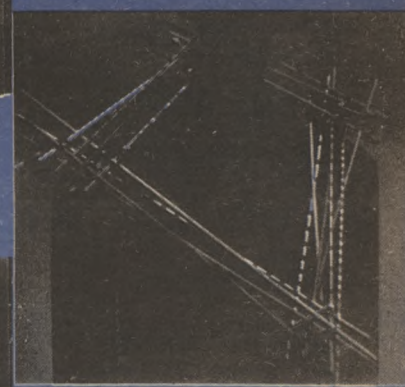


READY FOR THE SQUEEZE

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COST RECOVERY



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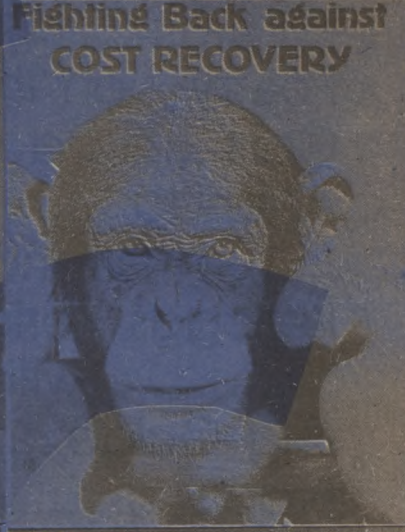
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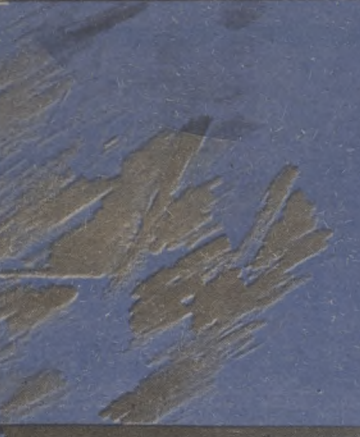


SCM to decide President's future
Rec Centre, 1pm
Tomorrow, (Tuesday)

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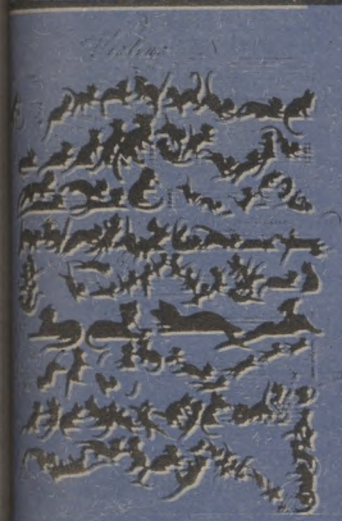
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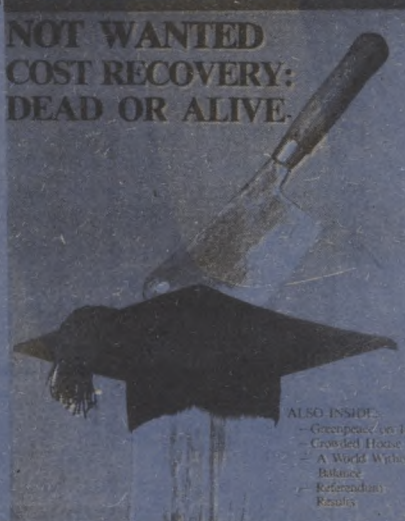
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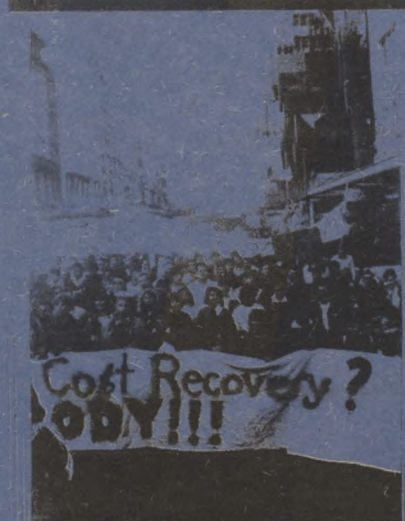
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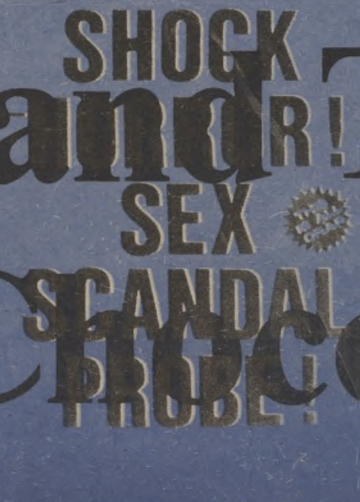
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Long and Thanks for all the (Chocolate) T

Nick Donald's Family Restaurant

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A YEAR IN DISCLAIMERS

Editors: David Ward, Pat Stodart, Ewen Smith, Kerry Hoole, Derek Craig, Vicki Turner, and 'the eighth editor'.
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A few wines, beers and lots of bloody drinkers. An unknown pizza delivery company and the bear.

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CRACCUM is a source of free expression and information for Auckland University Students and the University community. CRACCUM is not the official publication of the Auckland University Students' Association Inc or of the University of Auckland. Both bodies do not endorse or agree with opinions expressed within CRACCUM. The editors may not necessarily endorse such views either, if only they would read them. CRACCUM is 61 years old.

CRACCUM is a source of free expression and information for the University of Auckland.
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Whether anybody will necessarily endorse or agree with the opinions expressed herein (but might if they really want to).
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CRACCUM is now 61 years of age.

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EDITORIAL NO. 1

Well this is it:

The editors have all passed out with the last words 'We need an Editorial'. So: Thank you to everyone who has been even remotely involved with Craccum this year. Somehow we have managed to make it through the year. That's it so thank you, good luck for exams, thanks especially to Barbara for typesetting, and we'll see you all next year.

Someone totally
uninvolved with
Craccum

P.S. Pat forgot to thank Mark Scott last week and the light of his life Ann Williams so -

Thank you.

EDITORIAL NO. 2

WHERE LOONIES DARE

In land far, far away from reality there is a most unpretentious 3-storey building. It's extremely drab exterior hides an even more boring interior. But, inside this dull block of concrete and glass there is hidden a most secret and terrifying room. Within the confines of this room many unspeakable events are rumoured to have taken place. Incredibly normal people have entered for the briefest of visits and have returned with many a glimpse of any sense of reality. Some have never returned at all. Late at night behind closed doors strange noises are frequently heard and shadowy figures rushing about gesticulating violently and occasionally grappling with each other canst through darkened windows be seen. Late at night the lights may even go out without the exit of all the occupants; who knows what may happen between then and the dawns first light?

WHAT is the name of this dreadful place?

WHY has the public not been informed?

HOW long can this terror be allowed to continue?

But wait? What's this? Is it...? Yes, it is... the name is... is... aaaaaaaargh.....

THE CRACCUM OFFICE

EDITORIAL NO. 3

Well here we all are then. The final issue of Craccum for 1987, and the end of a bold new experiment in student newspapers (no, really it is). The general opinion of media people in the Country's Universities was that a Collective Editorship would never work..... As a fairly non-participating observer in the Craccum office it seems to me that they did a damn fine job. I believe that many of the people who wrote to Craccum criticising their efforts had (and still have) no real idea of how much work is involved in completing even a 'mediocre' issue each week. The Collective seems to be an excellent way of coping with this workload. Perhaps if even half the lovely people who abused them regularly had contributed something, we could have got through the year with just the one Editor. (Yeah, just like other years, write and tell me about it).

This week we have Deorientation, replacing Cerebral Rinse of previous years. This is your final chance to participate, let your hair down (while you still have some that is). After what could only be described as pathetic and apathetic turnouts at events earlier in the year, I feel it is the least you can do. It's a last chance to relax before exams, and maybe your last chance ever.

I'm probably the only one (and there are plenty of people out there who would love to tell me it's the wrong place to do it) but I'd like to say well done to the '87 Collective. Not a brilliant job, as some people seem to expect, and not without a few teething troubles, but anyone who didn't think it was good enough is welcome to do better.

'Luck with ya exams folks

"I know about the facts of life, I just haven't practised them for a while".

Carl Fagan

Is the Orwellian ID Card coming to Kiwi Country?

by Colin Amery

REPUBLIC OF AOTEAROA
Department of Social Welfare, Wellington

PERSONAL IDENTIFICATION CARD

Full Name: David Russell Lange 666
Address: c/- The Beehive, Vogel Street,
City or Town: Wellington Postcard: 4015
Careless Day: Tuesday Birthdate: 17/5/42
Occupation: Cabinet maker
Specimen Signature of Citizen: *David Lange*

It will not have escaped the notice of students of politics like myself that Big Brotherly David Lange originally came to power in 1984. His advent to power had already been chronicled by the commission for the future - a brainchild of a cartoon which he also scrapped. One of his obscure publications predicted that a man called Angel would become Labour's new Prime Minister and take out of ANZUS.

Well a man whose name translates in French as 'the angel' is back in power for a second term, having taken us out of A.US, and not perhaps looking quite as angelic as he first appeared. But the bible tells us that it takes a David to slay Goliath. And that same good book prophesies the coming of Armageddon in the end times that some believe to be just around the figurative corner.

So it came as a bit of a shock to us acid kiwis to learn via the Australian television screen a couple of Sundays ago that the once angelic David was contemplating the introduction of an ID card in Aotearoa's republic, whilst, according to him 'carrying the basic confidence of the people'.

The master of hidden agendas sprang from across the Tasman with not much as a by your leave from the electorate at the last dumb show for the election '87. With his characteristic which so endeared him to some of the hecklers at Geraldine the PM pontificated: 'The forces of Armageddon have not been marshalled against it yet'. Still they have hardly had the chance'. Meanwhile, back across the Tasman, the Armagaddon of the anti-card brigade have marshalled their forces pretty well and a mere 20,000 of them recently marched one kilometer through the streets of Perth to protest with their hand-held placards. The last election there was held on this very issue and the senate, with the Democrats having the balance of power, have twice rejected it out.

Dr Neal Blewett, the Minister responsible for introducing the Australia Card, appears to be a past master of double-talk. He blew it somewhat with these mediaspoken words: 'Let me say (right away?) as a socialist that it is the interests of the community that should come before the individual right. We shouldn't be too hung up as socialists on privacy

because privacy, in many ways, is a bourgeois right that is very much associated with the right to private property'. And I'm sure Lenin and Trotsky would have endorsed these sentiments. Dr Blewett no doubt lives in a commune and has no private property or is he funded by medicare?

The chief protagonist for the dreaded card in this country is that ace kite flyer, Trevor de Cleene, who no doubt wants to clean up the tax system and flounce out all the dole bludgers that were getting under Lange's skin the other night on tee vee. De Cleene who is perhaps distantly related to de Gaulle conceded 'the Orwellian nature of any form of national identity card', back in 1986, and yet by some contortion of his elastic mind up there with the kites, thought it was possible to bring one in and still protect civil liberties.

Most normal people associate systems of national ID cards with authoritarian regimes like Herr Hitler's and the brothers Botta in Sud Africa. One can imagine the kind of abuse the aboriginals would be subjected to in their homelands if Hawke, Blewett and Co get their card airborne. Recent exposures of tax evasion in the Costigan report and social welfare frauds give some respectability to their cause among

god-fearing aussies, but why do we kiwis, a bird of quite different ilk, more pure bred than the Botany Bay mob, need to become a card carrying nation? Madam Hercus, before her sudden demise after receiving a turd in the post, claimed to have the dole bludgers totally under her iron maidenly control.

Having a number is not a new experience for the land of the free. America has required its citizenry to have a social security number since 1935 when it must have been part of Roosevelt's new deal. It certainly hasn't been a very good deal for the private citizen, since the card has been used for 'matching' purposes in a variety of ways in the intervening forty years. Matching means 'comparing the whole or part of one set of personal records with the whole or part of another set! Computerisation of recent years having crept in under the shadow of 1984 - has made matching more feasible on a large scale.

Canada adopted the social insurance number in the mid-thirties and it was extended, despite a promise to the contrary, to tax collection purposes in 1965. The UK had the national insurance number when I was a student at radical LSE in the sixties. They were blue paper cards in those days of innocuous design, but in the first month of 1984 (when

else?) Big Sister Maggie introduced a plastic card which has a magnetic strip on the back to keep tabs on one and all. Now that Britain is no longer great and a card carrying member of the Common Market, it does not come as a surprise that countries the size of Luxembourg even has its own national identification system - so does Greece, Spain, France, Sweden, Austria, Belgium, Denmark and West Germany. Deutschland's ID is automated and came in this summer. It enables the authorities to store information on people's movements and could well usher in a police state there.

A man who has studied these alarming trends in Europe and America is Tim McBride, senior lecturer at Law School and a champion of civil liberties in New Zealand - himself a staunch opponent of any move to introduce the card here. He was up bright and early on Morning Report the day following Lange's bombshell on Network Nine's 'Sunday' the previous night. He wrote a special report last year for the Law Society on this topic which he was kind enough to lend me this week. Tim McBride's strongly anti-authoritarian viewpoint on ID cards is shared by the present Attorney-General who spent some time as an academic in America before having a taste of 'Unbridled Power.' There he no doubt came across the phrase - UPI or universal personal identifier - which simply means that every individual living in a particular community or country can be identified by means of a number. Palmer who is No. 2 to brother David in the hierarchy pecking order said last week: 'I do not support it (the identity card) at the moment and have no reason to change my mind'. One wonders when the PM, a one time member of the Auckland Council for Civil Liberties and a lawyer who took on deserving cases for nothing, had his change of heart to line him up with the anti-Armageddon camp where De Cleene sits on his throne like some latter day Calligula with a horse to sell.

Well, I've rabbitied on enough and exams loom for us all, but if you don't support the card, send the enclosed piece of artwork to the man who thinks we need it and there are enough of us on campus to fill Big Brother's mailbag high enough to bring down de Cleene's dirty great kite. N'est-cepas?

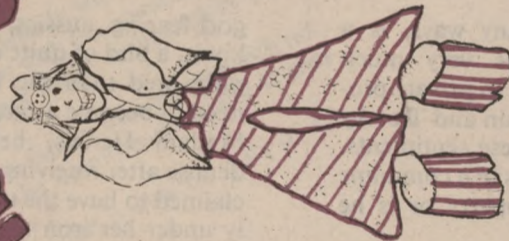


CONGRATULATIONS!

THIS IS LAST WEEK OF TERM
SO WE HAVE LAID ON ALL THESE
FUN THINGS FOR YOU TO DO
YOU SPOILED LITTLE SHITS!

TUE

HEY KIDS!



IT'S THE FLARES
AND BELT BUCKLES
CONTEST!
TIME TO LIVE OUT
THOSE SECRET
FANTASIES IN YOUR
25CM OR GREATER HEM
SIZE FLARES!
FIRST PRIZE
2 TRAYS!

QUAD

TUESDAY 1 PM

MON

WELCOME TO GRAYS!

QUAD!

1 PM

AND MON

6-7

HAPPY HOUR!



WED

SGM

CAMPUS RADIO!

TO DISCUSS THE
RESTRUCTURING OF
CAMPUS RADIO MANAGEMENT
WE NEED YOU!
1 PM B28



TAMING

7pm

EDWARD

THUR

Wello Wars!



THURSDAY

BRING SOME SCRUFFY CLOTHES
AND SOME PEOPLE YOU DON'T LIKE
RUDMAN GARDENS 1 PM



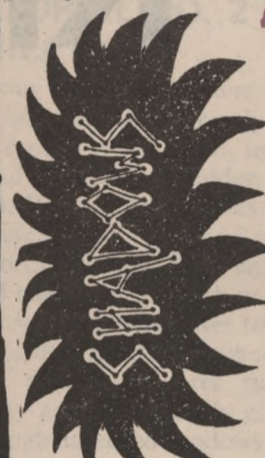
1 PM in Quad



DREVEE FM MOVIES

STUDENT CAR PARK 8pm

DOUBLE FEATURE TO BE ANNOUNCED
BRING AN FM RADIO!



CLIPS

7pm

THROAT

FRI

in RUDMAN GARDEN

OR CAFE IF NET



STILL! THEATRE 1pm

AL FAL-DOWN

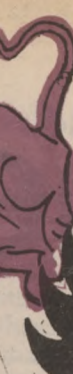
(ALL THE WAY FROM CHRISTCHURCH)



JACK PUDDING

BROWN BREAD

ON TOP!



SHADOK

AJA &

HEADRUSH

8pm

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THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF KEVIN THE WONDER-NEWT



Episode SevenBee: Where I reconstruct the lost page of Episode Seven coz it got lost just like No. Six

Bear with me folks, as (for a change) I continue on from where I left off.....

Obviously the Wombat Society (henceforth referred to as Womsoc) was so confident of a successful getaway that they could leave an unmistakable calling card; either that or it was an easy way of shortening the 'Superhero-discovers-identity-of-villain-by-dint-of-stunningly-brilliant-deductive-reasoning' section of the story. But, as I say, Kev recognised it instantly.

As dramatically as is possible in print, Kevin said: 'I know where their hideout is' (you see, he had access to the Bat-Computer, strange, I know, but he did. If he didn't, then this story wouldn't be finished until next year, and some of you would miss out) anyway.....

He leapt for the Newtmobile. Unfortunately, it was about twelve metres away, so he missed by what we in the trade call 'quite a bit'. He called it 'Oooowwwwwwwwwww Bollox'. By the time Kev had dusted himself off, picked himself up, and started all over again, Kenneth the Chocolate fish had got to the car, and in an altruistic bid to increase his participation in the plot, had stepped up the reactor power three more points. In a visually spectacular cloud of smoke and illicit substances, they sped off into page 6.

K

Episode Eight: Where are the Snowdens of yesteryear?

Despite the immense thrusting, throbbing power of the V8 under the bonnet of the Newtmobile, there was still time for Kev and Ken to contemplate the weather as they sped across-town towards Womsoc's well guarded hideout. But they didn't. Which is a lucky thing for the reader, coz if they had they would have

forgot their mission and headed straight for the nearest fallout shelter.

Above their heads, beyond the garishly decorated soft-top, something was happening. As the curtain fell on day, so it was about to fall on this startling adventure. Very large, very black, and somewhat ominous clouds were gathering. Not terribly unusual, you might think, and you'd be right. At this sort of time, in this sort of story, big black clouds always gather out of a clear blue sky. And they always gather right overhead, and they always seem to have an almost tangible sense of purpose about them. And we all know how Kevin hated cliches. If he had looked up, he would have been really pissed off, and I would have lost all chance of finishing the story. But

They screeched to a halt a careful city block from the hideout, feebly but about the same time as the Newtmobile screeched to a halt beneath them. Such was the oneness between man and machine. Kenneth noted that even though they had stopped, the Newt's cape was still streaming out majestically behind him, a symphony of purple and chartruese. Kevin reached out a stubby, delicately manicured forefinger and flicked up the switch marked 'Cape Fan' on the lovingly embroidered dashboard. The sweet scent of dusk flowers brushed the crisp cool air, the first crickets chirped as the last scarlet shafts of sunset fled the sky, and a light of swallows flitted sibilantly overhead, and shat on the car.

As they wheeled about for a second go, the author pointed a slightly less stubby finger, and several perfectly roasted (if somewhat surprised) little birdies fell neatly into a plum and brandy sauce on a convenient silver platter above the 'Cape Fan' button. It was dinnertime after all.

Kenneth the chocolate fish gripped his tail in ecstasy and excitement, a difficult feat under any circumstances: in a gaudily painted convertible parked in a dark side street on the seedier part of town, it was rather frightening.

Finally, after eight episodes, things had come full circle:

It was a dark and stormy night, which pissed Kevin off no end. The fish and the newt cringed against the expected melodramatic flashes of fork lightening, they were stupid enough to be relieved when the lightening was not at all melodramatic, instead it was rather ominous; readers will realise it was just the same kind of lightening that flashed near this very spot many eons ago, in episode six.

In an amazing and amazingly visual display of Superhero gadgetry, Kevin pushed a button on the side of the Newtmobile, and with a series of clickings and whirrings, it folded into a pocket sized object that bore a surprising resemblance to something I am not at liberty to reveal. It slipped out of Kev's still roast-swallow-greasy fingers and disappeared down a road-side drain. 'SHIT!' said Kevin.

Ken muffled his laughter, because he didn't want it muffled more permanently. But I digress..... The two central characters made their way stealthily towards the hideout of the Wombat Society, trying to look inconspicuous in a virtually deserted and rather dangerous part of Gothobanopolis City, the awesomely garish colours of their costumes twinkling under the occasional street light, their see-thru plastic raincoats crinkling at the night. NO-one saw them, or if they did they wouldn't admit to it later.

For the first time that night, the fish glanced upwards. Little bits of chocolate flaked off him as he gasped like a fish out of you-know-what. The clouds were not merely in turmoil; they were writhing and convulsing, coal-black tendrils clutching and tearing and twisting about each other in a frenzy of agitation. It was obvious that no natural forces could have created such a bloated, distended living mass, black on grey and black on black!

And it was directly above them and nowhere else. Ken could see the faint pin-pricks of starlight off to the sides: the storm covered no more than a city block. The mass of cloud (if you could call it that) exuded an almost-sentience, despite its intangibility it had an aura of immense age, and the pungent smell of ozone was the odour of foreboding. Ken dragged his eyes away from the terrifying and over-adjectivised sight above, and looked at Kevin.

Kevin was playing in a mud puddle. He always got annoyed when the author started raving about anything that didn't involve him, even if it was important.

Despite the lack of readily available molten bronze, they forged ahead. As they neared the boundary fence of the hideout, the noise of the storm increased to deafening proportions, it was slowly and steadily losing altitude, centering itself above the Womsoc hideout. (Heavy stuff, eh?)

Kevin the Wonder-Newt grabbed Kenneth the Chocolate Fish by the dorsal fin, and stretched to shout in his ear, his brilliant plan was lost to

the most attentive of dear readers as the words were blown away by the wind. Stealthily, Kevin blew a huge hole in the fence with a beehive of plastic explosive. This was particularly good visually. To their immense surprise, just inside the hole was a gnarled oak. Somehow Kevin knew that it was the very same one that he had hidden behind before entering the kidnappers house in episode one. It had moved about eight miles across town. That was better than a mile per episode. However, readers can rest assured that it has nothing to do with the plot. Much.

Kev stepped through the hole and gave the oak a wide berth, Ken stepped through the adjacent open gate and gave Kevin's hole a wide berth. Phillip Marlowe was nowhere to be seen. Ahead was the dreaded H.Q. of the much feared WomSoc, Kev's third most feared enemy, and about to move up the list. Quite simple architecturally, it consisted of 1/20th scale replica of the R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, sliced in half diagonally and stuffed with pastrami and some vital bits of the Motonui synthetic petrol plant. It was all pink.

As they race across well tended lawns to the house, the storm soundtrack is cleverly faded into exciting up temp mood music, with a blare of trumpets, they burst into the reception lounge through French windows conveniently filled with sugar-glass and balsa framing. With a resounding SPLATT they hit the huge pool of custard just inside. 'Cut' yells the director. 'Right, that's it, get cleaned up and you can go. The cheques' in the mail'.

'Huh?' replied Kev with his usual eloquence.

'We're over budget. The film has been canned. You won't be needed any more, Goodbye.' 'But but we've nearly finished, and the ... the readers will want to know what's going to happen, this is the most exciting bit, you can't just....'

'Oh yes I can. Anyway, the good guys always win. It would have been just another onomatopoeic fight scene, beat up the baddies, rescue the stolen 'six', and then final credits and theme music just as Inspector Wossname arrives. Boring really.' 'Shit' quoth Kevin.

'Oh no, not again' said Kenneth. As they walked off the set, the storm finally touched the earth.....

THE END

Droid

WHAT'S HAPPENING

SRC REPORT

This is going to be my final SRC report for 1987 since this is the final issue for the year. A quorum was reached and apologies were taken. Standard apologies from Aadvark, A Cabbage, Reg, and Allan Parker (twice). We then moved to business arising from the previous minutes. It appears that Exec enjoys their smorgasbord and decided to keep it. Graham Watson moved that the matter be referred back to Executive. Various arguments for and against the motion were heard again - and it was pretty much a repeat of the meeting where the matter first came up (see SRC Report). However, there was one interesting argument, given by Rick Steele that instead of scrapping the smorgasbord and adopting the budgie we should scrap the budgie and let everyone have the smorgasbord. The motion was finally voted on and carried 95 for, 50 against; and the matter is going to return to Exec for discussion.

SRC Chair, Graham Hackshaw, gave a verbal report on the progress of the restructuring committee and called for both verbal and written submissions. There was only one club for affiliation. Strategists and Tacticians Guild.

The following questions were asked of the representative.

'What do you do?' *'We're a war gaming club.'* *'Is it violent?'* *'Incredibly.'* *'Will it be around long?'* *'Forever.'*

The motion that the club be affiliated was carried with 2 abstentions.

Nominations were closed for the following positions; and as was done last week. I will simply give a quote from the people standing and the results.

SENATE: G. Hackshaw. 'I'd like to give it a shot.' CARRIED.

AUDIO VISUAL COMMITTEE: P. Chapman. Was not present. CARRIED. **COMPUTER committee;** P. Corballis. 'Why not have a go?'

D. MacNeill 'I'd like to make sure we're getting the high technology'. CARRIED: P. Corballis.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE: R. Foster. 'I'm already on it.' CARRIED.

STUDENT UNION MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE. G. Ryan 'I could give a balanced view.

E. Smith 'I'm already on it.' CARRIED: G. Ryan. CARRIED: E. Smith.

SAFETY COMMITTEE: P. Shaw. 'I'm already on it.' CARRIED.

THEATRE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE: E. Smith. Declined to speak. CARRIED.

There then ensued considerable debate about the following two motions:

WOOD/ULUIVITI: THAT SRC oppose in the strongest possible terms the Fiji Coup and believe it is not in the best interests of both the Fijian and Indian populations in Fiji. **WOOD/ULUIVITI:**

THAT \$500 be donated from SRC Policy Action Fund to the Fijian Coalition for Democracy Student Fund to be used for their activities opposing the coup.

There appeared to be some confusion at first as to which motion was being debated. Fraser argued that before the coup the indigenous rights were being maintained and therefore the coup was not in the best interests of ALL people in Fiji.

In response the Resource Officer Whitiri argued that it was precisely a question of rights being violated.

She also argued against British imperialism in the Pacific, and that this was significant in any indigenous struggle for autonomy. 'Who are we to decide what should happen to the indigenous people of Fiji'.

Dhia Uluiviti argued that the Fijian Coalition for Democracy Student Fund had been severely depleted through their opposition to the recent coup. They have flown in speakers and other such activities to the extent that such annual activities as the Fijian Students Ball would not be taking place this year as a result. The two motions were finally voted on and both were carried.

It was however, the next motion that created heated and emotional debate from the floor. It was moved Shindal, seconded Jones, that SRC reaffirm the principles of SRC women's policy number nine, which reads:

9. THAT AUSA recognises that the word 'sexism' is often misused. Sexism does not only mean discrimination of one sex by another. Sexism is also about the power of privilege as it is deployed through social, economic and political institutions. Because these institutions are male created, male defined, and male controlled, men as a group have power over women. Women organising together to fight against their oppression is not sexist as women do not have power over their oppressors. Therefore to exclude men from women's group meetings, rooms, activities, etc, or to organise Women's Officer positions in student bodies or departments is not sexist. Further AUSA recognizes that sexism is related to racism and classism.

The bulk of the argument revolved about the abolition of Womenspace. The mover of the motion pointed out that despite our society having a majority of women, it is male dominated. She argued that women be allowed to have a place of their own to relax, feel safe, to be in a non-threatening environment. Bridget Jones produced figures on harassment on campus and argued that the prevalence of harassment on THIS campus made it very necessary that there be a place where only women can go.

The speaking order was long and varied. Male domination was a prevalent argument. Donna Gruijters made very valid points about womenspace being a place where you didn't have to worry about being harassed - that when the alternative is being followed across the poorly lit paths to the library or Undergrad you are able to CHOOSE a place where you don't have to worry. President Graham Watson argued that no one was stopping women having Women Only Clubs and meeting somewhere booking a room for a day, but that he felt he was being discriminated against by not being allowed into the room.

More people spoke, and most vehemently, than I have room to report. I, the SRC reporter, spoke, Rick Steele spoke. Many people argued long and emotionally about womenspace until finally a vote was taken. FOR 124, AGAINST 8, ABSENCE 1, CARRIED.

In the interest of speed the next three motions were dealt with on bloc.

WEBSTER/ THAT AUSA recognises that limitations of entry imposed on students should: - be justifiable only on the grounds of insufficiency of staffing or accommodation;

- be considered by the University only as 'the remedy of the last resort' and not be imposed by Universities seeking an easy solution to problems of resource allocation, insufficient funding and the difficulty of attracting academic staff; - be regarded as a clear statement that the University system (for whatever reasons) is unable to respond to the needs of students or the community; - be seen to compromise 'open entry', detrimentally affect access to tertiary education and maintain a relative disadvantage for disadvantaged students.

WEBSTER/ THAT AUSA believes that if limitations of entry have to be imposed the selection criteria should be:

- based primarily on academic achievement; - based on equal weighing to first year students and continuing students; - sufficiently flexible to ensure that disadvantaged students gain entrance to limited entry courses; - applied to first year courses only in the most unusual circumstances and that limitations of entry are imposed the bursary examination should not be taken as the major criteria for entry by first year students as this rules out significant groups of good students e.g. mature students, sixth form direct entry students and students choosing not to sit bursary examinations.

- understandable to students, fairly assessed and consistently assessed.

WEBSTER/SHAW

THAT the previous two motions be presented to Deans Committee and Senate by the relevant student representatives with the intention of University Policy being formed on this matter.

CARRIED.

Perhaps it was the speed being used that confused Paul Turner; he had some problems deciding whether or not he was for or against the motion and eventually had his vote recorded both ways. The motions were voted on and passed.

Up until now Angus Ogilvie had been very quiet, but now came to the fore. The first motion was that \$400 from the SRC policy fund be donated to the Ngai Tangaroa (apologies for spelling) in support of their stand. Angus then moved a foreshadowed motion that \$400 be donated to National Arthritis Week; and then amended it to read \$200 to each cause. Much heated argument followed and the amendment was lost. It is, however to Anguses credit that he voted for the motion that \$400 be given to help the Tauranga tribe, which was carried. It was moved Watson, seconded Gherkin that SRC support the setting up of Mens Space with no detrimental effects to Womenspace. This was carried, 49 to 30. The next motion moved Angus Ogilvie and seconded Graham Watson that there be a set of mens toilets erected on the quad level, was also carried.

Finally the awards were presented: **CHOCOLATE FISH:** 1/2 each to Angus and Whitiri. Angus for being a descendant of the Ogilvie clan and Whitiri for taking her sick mother to a paediatrician.

CHOCOLATE FISH: 1/2 each to Bridget Jones and Divora Shindal for their excellent motion.

CHOCOLATE FISH: Graham Watson for doing his best to make the SRC interesting.

Before I go, I would like to again commend Graham Hackshaw for his ex-

cellent chairing and we look forward to seeing him continue next year. Also to Angus, yes we agree he who laughs last, laughs longest and George is going to be laughing for a long time.

To Ann, thanks for all those minutes and well done for all those 'secretary-ings'. Well, I could go on for a few more people but I won't. Don't forget to turn up next year for your chance to have a say in how things run. Good luck with exams, happy holidays and all that jazz. See you there next year.

Angelique

PRESIDENT'S

'Instead of this absurd division into sexes they should class people as static and dynamic.'
Evelyn Waugh

Recently I've attempted to provoke a bit of debate about 'Womenspace'. This has not been debated during the last 4 - 5 years on campus, during which time the student roll has grown and space has become more scarce.

The basic problem is that 'Womenspace' is sexist to the extreme, most discriminatory. How supposed anti-sexist, anti-discrimination people can justify such a place is ludicrous. Inequality is not solved by separatism and creating more inequality. Most student politicians support this abhorrent form of oppression, as they have been told its nice and left wing. They think they are being liberal and open minded, unfortunately there is a point where minds are open so wide that the brain tends to fall out.

It all comes down to a bit of understanding. I can understand those privileged oppressors up in 'womenspace' wanting to preserve their bastion of female oppression. I can understand how women might want to be amongst themselves. Well, they can do all this elsewhere. What is wrong with booking a room or going to someone's home? Why insist on their current course of action which by its very nature is a paradigm example of the sexual discrimination they are meant to be fighting. I have a lot of time for equality between male and female and sympathise with most feminist views. But, I'm not the only one who attempts to live on a basis of equality who is entirely alienated from the feminist movement because of their tactics.

It is too late for 1987 so look forward to a referendum early next year, suggesting that 'Womenspace' be utilized for a secondhand book shop and opportunity shop. These services would be available to all students, regardless of how they were born, and will enable cost savings. In fact such services would help those many students who are struggling financially, the ones the student politicians so often pay lip service to.

This is my final column as President. Many thanks to the all (there are too many to name) who have given support for the many changes of the last 3 years. Surprisingly - well not really - most of the people have not been student politicians. My special thanks to the Craccums and Executives of the last 3 years, without your constant and pathetic opposition I would not have fought so hard, stayed more than one year or known what sort of person I did not want to turn out like. The majority of student politicians are narrow minded followers of some out of date political doctrine, who would obviously have great difficulty in the real world.

Thanks to all the party people who have made my terms in office great fun. Get into it and keep smiling.

Yours,
Graham

The End of the Golden Weather

by **BRUCE MASON**
devised and performed by
Tan'trum, at the Limbs Studio till
Oct 18.

Tan'trum theatre company offered their first performance to a large and expectant audience as a hostess offers guests a light and pleasant wine. Actors welcomed the audience as friends, seated them in a double circle round the wooden floored Studio, and proceeded to tell Bruce Mason's sparkling story of New Zealand childhood with a deliberate lack of pretension.

'The days of childhood slowly thread through the memory like a golden snake, deeply scoring the mind, each day joined to the next by unbreakable filament. So one thinks...' Always prodigal of words, Bruce Mason wrote of childhood in this work with particular zest and richness. The piece is a succession of memories, characters and poignant moments of learning. From joyous, mad Miss Effie to tragic, mad Firpo, Mason's world is people with eccentrics and extremes, detailed against the background of a child's life in the 1930s.

The actors, and director Murray Lynch, have cut almost nothing of the text, and have concentrated on telling a story rather than performing a play. Absence of props, set or embellishment focussed attention to an unusual degree on the actors. There seemed a danger at first that the rapid succession of vignettes might become monotonous, but attention was soon rewarded by more extended characters and scenes. In the second half, where the group combined in delightful parodies of Christmas rituals and the involving story of Firpo, the piece began to show some real dramatic shape. It was a pleasure to see actors working together with such friendly confidence on an opening night.

Some were particularly impressive: Peter Brunt for his clear and authoritative playing, and Frank Whitton for the funny, grotesque and intensely sympathetic identity which he gave to the character Firpo. Seldom, however, was the formidable strength of all ten voices used together. Such moments, when they came, were among the most effective of the evening, as were the few occasions of stillness and silence.

Tan'trum's move towards professional theatre which can be performed almost anywhere without special lights or effects is an interesting one. It frees the company to approach an audience directly, but it places on them a great responsibility to fulfil their chosen text and act and word. As the company spends more time together, I hope it will become bolder and more disciplined in the use of choral techniques, and that individual actors will learn to depend on the audience as much as they presently do on their colleagues.

Bruce Mason's work is not a play and has at best an uneven dramatic structure to sustain it in performance. What makes it performable, apart from the array of characters, is its language, its brave barrage of words. Hearing the story for the first time in this form, the opening night's audience was a little rushed from one voice and one phrase to another. We needed time to listen, time to be certain that the story was being told to us, not to an abstract audience. This is a fault which experience and experimentation will probably cure. Meanwhile, an evening with Tan'trum offers a great deal of pleasure and an opportunity to relax in the company of strong and assured actors, telling a story with energy and sincerity. I look forward to their next production Shakespeare's COMEDY OF ERRORS which should provide scope for full-bodied and full-voiced adventure.

Elizabeth O'Connor

STANLEY KUBRICK

Full Metal Jacket

Perhaps I have seen too many films about Viet-nam. The American Dream feeds on the memories of the last official action by Uncle Sam to 'put out fires while they are still small'. The first hour describes the making of America's emissaries - the dehumanisation, standardisation, and humiliation of America's finest. 'Sir! Yes sir!' begins and ends all sentences spoken to the instructor who will save their lives.

The dispensation to various units and the inevitable reunion on Vietnamese soil. Kubrick creates a world of terror - sudden death at the hands of a single sniper. Typically the confused troops respond as only they know how - to create some frightening scenes of useless firepower. Soldiers die, medics try to save and die in turn. The helicopter gunner says 'any gook who runs is a vc, any gooks who stands will is a cool vc'. A self granted licence to deal Americas justice at 400 rounds a minute. Perhaps the films only character who beats the system is the 'Gomer Pyle' the suicide who commits the seemingly only act of true justice. Perhaps it is 'Joker' who sheds his last reservations of compassion for a human enemy. Perhaps I have just seen too many films about Viet-nam.

If you have seen platoon salvador etc.... 3 out of 5 - otherwise 4.

FAIL



'GREAT HOCKETS'

ARTSPACE is presenting the Second in its Workshop Performance Series 'The Great Hockets' at 101 Federal St Auckland, during the weekend of October 3,4 co-ordinated by composer Ivan Zagni.

Composers and performers are invited to 'The Great Hockets' Workshop weekend in exploratory invention.

With new music and sound work as its aim. The group will work together on rhythmic and hocketing ideas sound making and performance methods.

The focus of this workshop, whilst reflecting the interest of Phil Dadson - sound artist and founder of 'FROM SCRATCH', - aims also to involve participants in working together collaboratively, with Dadson's input as catalyst.

The workshop kicks off Saturday morning 9.30am with rhythm exercises a la 'FROM SCRATCH' - body rhythms, sample vocals and movement and progresses to hocketing methods, performance ideas and composition. Saturday night features some of the participants plus invited guests in a public presentation of solo, duo and other performances, prepared and spontaneous.

Sunday continues with concentrated exercises and composition development in the morning from 10am and in the afternoon rehearsal refinements.

On Sunday night 8pm the major workshop presentation of the weekend takes place at ARTSPACE, to which the public is invited. There will be a small admission fee of \$5.00.

These workshops will give young and emerging musicians and composers an opportunity to explore the potential of sound, rhythm, movement and encourage an awareness of contemporary music in New Zealand.

for further information please contact ARTSPACE: 34-965/66.

INTENSIVE CARE INTERVIEWED

Craccum interviewed two of the members of Intensive Care, albeit rather strangely (on a stairwell).

The show is about heaven as a hospital and angels equalling nurses. But the rest of the story is confidential.

All the music is performed live. All the music is original except for one '40's spiritual gospel. All the music is Peters barring two songs from Tony. The music is constructed by a music computer and a drum machine. Over that the piano, organ, accordion or vocals are played.

The style varies from mock baroque to carnival organ to tango to funk to soul - its eclectic, I like a bit of everything. [Eds Note: eclectic is defined as - selecting freely from various sources, not exclusive in opinion.]

The music just reflects a certain aspect of what's going on. A choreographed dance could be saying one thing and the music stating another.

The beauty of using a computer and not taped music is that it can be varied each night - the drum pattern, the sounds, anything - they imagine that this will happen.

As for the people: 'We are all a collection of people who knew each other and just came together - old mates from Wellington meeting up overseas and coming back to New Zealand to do something'.

From the Maidment the show travels to Sydney in February and Wellington for three days as part of the International Arts Festival and that's it for this show.

TONY BACKHOUSE also grew up and began his musical career in Wellington, New Zealand. He toured and recorded with New Zealand bands such as the 'Crocodiles' and 'I am Joe's Music' and in 1981 moved to Sydney, Australia.

He has formed and directs his own 25 voice choir 'Cafe at the Gate of Salvation', and makes frequent appearances with a cappella vocal group 'The Elevators'.

PETER DASENT was born in Wellington, New Zealand, and studied music at Victoria University. He was a founder member of both the 'Crocodiles', voted 'Group of the Year' for 1980 by the New Zealand Recording Industry, and 'Spats', a music theatre ensemble that toured New Zealand with Limbs Dance Company.

He moved to Sydney in 1981 with a songwriting contract for Mushroom Records, and completed his Associate Diploma in Jazz Studies at the New South Wales State Conservatorium of Music. He has written theatre and dance scores for the Marionette Theatre of Australia, Darc Swan and the Royal New Zealand Ballet.

He currently directs his own neo-classical ensemble, 'The Umbrellas', as well as collaborating with Paul Jenden and Louis Solino.

Items we liked from (so we said)

CHAFF (MASSEY)

Ask Aunty Bri

Dear Aunty Bri

I was watching an anti-animal experimentation video in my ethology lecture. Beagles were the animals in question (experiments that is). These dogs were being used for short term toxic substance tests. I laughed "accidentally" (I did honest) at a dog which was dying, I mean it wasn't funny but, I saw myself doing it to these animals, and I was wondering how I would react. However the girl next to me called me "a fucking brutal bastard, with no more right to be on this earth than a lump of radio-active slime". I was upset, but what really surprised me is that she punched me in the head.

I think I'm in love, what should I do? Tell her how I feel, or wait until she starts to sit by me again?

Yours in confusion
Jupe

Dear Jupe

With regards to your right to be on this earth, I tend to agree with the lady in question. Gods, you have more problems than Jim Bolger. A lot of men fall in love with women who are physical with them. It has something to do with their unconscious guilt for being part of the patriarchy.

Either that or you just like being hit. I think you should write down why you laughed at the dying dog and tell her about your love. If you wait for her to sit next to you again you'll probably miss out, so take the initiative. At worst she'll kick you in the goolies, and at best she'll invite you around, tear your clothes off and ravish you.

Dear Aunty Bri

During the holidays some friends and I went to Waiheke to stay with another friend from the hostel we are at.

One of the women we went with got more drunk than the rest of us, and not wanting to appear in this state in front of the parents of our generous host, she wandered (staggered) down towards the beach. I followed and discovered she desired to "sleep on the beach", she said, before falling face down in the sand. I tried to help and moved her to a sheltered spot where the sand tasted better. She told me to "fuck off", so I did what I could, and sat a few metres away (up wind). I really respect this person and want to behave just like her; do I have a hope or is such intellectually stimulating language above my station in life?

Can we ever hope to be her equal?

Yours Jupe (Dreaming Vet Sci)

P.S. She's not a cow, just a drunkard.

Dear Jupe

You seem to suffer more rejections than anyone I've ever heard of. Seriously, I think that you should try a different type of woman, or maybe invest in some deodorant. In this particular case I'll give you some advice my dear old mum gave me. Don't go looking for nice intellectual sexual partners, just easy ones. This woman is obviously way out of your league.

Dear Aunty Bri

I'm worried about my room-mate, for the past week he has stayed in his bed and hasn't talked to me at all. Before he would always say "hello", but now he just lies there staring at the ceiling.

I wanted to tell him he's started to smell pretty bad, but I haven't got the heart, his colour is off (a sort of grey white) and he won't take his girlfriend's calls.

I haven't seen him eat for days, and he's always there when I get in from lectures, I have tried to talk it out, but he continues to ignore me.

This all started a couple of weeks ago when I told him I was going out with his sister, he didn't seem to mind, he just got up quietly and mumbled something like "I'm going out to buy something poisonous, I've had enough, this is the end."

I got in that night to find him like he is now lying there, cold, staring and smelling up the room.

Dear Jupe

It is good to see you took my advice (from your last four letters), and have finally got a girlfriend. As to your room-mate, honestly think that what you find as antisocial behaviour and rudeness is more a case of advanced decomposition. Your best course of action is to contact the authorities. Then you should confront his girlfriend.

Yours in Cold Company
Jupe


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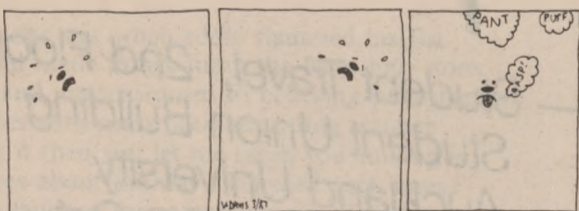
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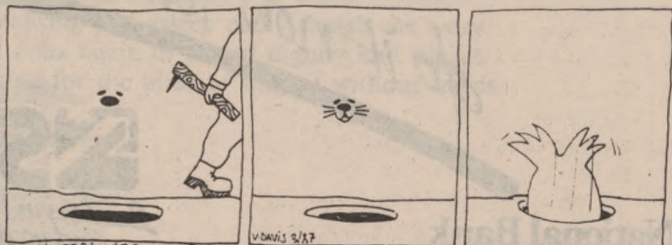
PAJIN BREAKS RUMOR: THE POLAR SUMMER ARRIVES WITH SUCH RAPIDITY
THAT ENTIRE FAMILIES OF POLAR BEARS ARE CAUGHT NAPPING.



POLAR BEAR ATTEMPTS TO COMBAT THE DESPERATE LONELINESS OF THE PACIFIC
WINTER BY BUILDING A SNOWMAN BUT FAILS TO FIND ANY CURRENTS FOR ITS EYES.



BIZARRE HAZARDS OF THE ARCTIC (11): BECOMING FROZEN TO THE TUNDRA.



EACH SEAL SEASON, DOZENS ESCAPE THROUGH THE SIMPLE SUBTERFUGE
OF COVERING THEIR WHISKERS WITH THEIR FLIPPERS...

CRITIC (OTAGO)

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NEW ADDITION

PRESIDENTIAL POWERS

THAT the President of O.U.S.A. have the following powers

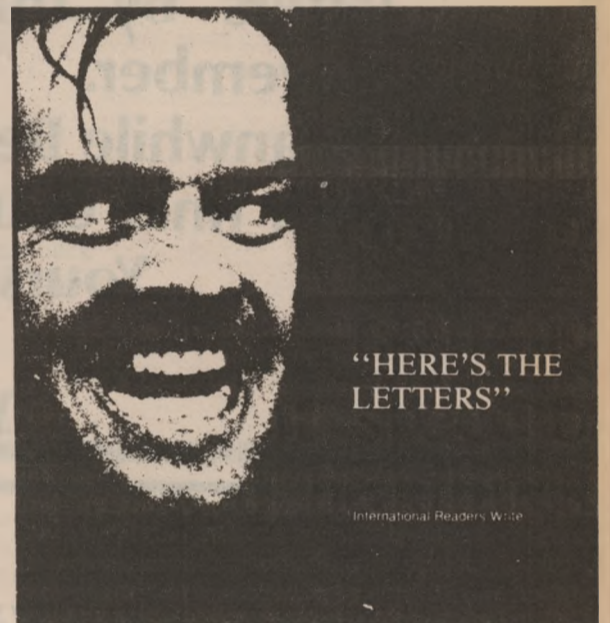
- (a) Sole right to amend the Constitution
- (b) Make and rescind policy on behalf of the Association
- (c) Has the right to veto any Executive or Student Representative Council decisions

THAT the President can only be removed from office by a motion of NO CONFIDENCE carried by over 50 percent of all enrolled members of the Association

Constitutional Amendm

ASPDEN/BLANCH
T.L.

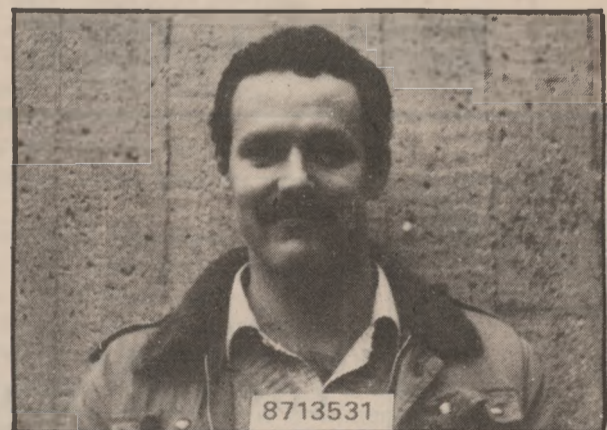
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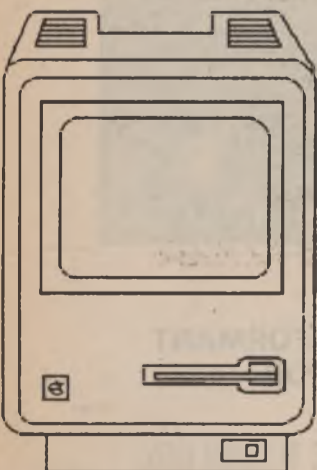


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POETRY PAGE

at a party

everyone is affected delected appropriated
and kissing under the trees
the to-let sublet faction standing in colums
in between interior monologues in the
designer kitchen
and desperately dodging come-uppances
but trailing through each montage i am struck
(these forceful times we live in!)

by the lack the daisical the low-life antipathy
so that i surge and roll

a muriwai breaker
and take each clown tumbling

x-static
into another round of applause
while standing by the door a beaker-face
product of scientific lie-entific ana-lie-sis
proclaims

swilling his scroll
that all is will be and

i am
oblivious in rhetoricians spa-pool froth
of paradise
and everyone congratulates me
as i meet him face to face

Fiona Stevens

THE LAND OF FREE I.D.

yes this is still new zealand
land of the free and the prime ministerial ID
don't worry if you voted against LABOUR
david lange's doing it all right
get ready for the ID parade
we're sending bludgers solo parents and
beneficiaries down the line
don't worry if you voted national
david lange's doing it all right.
They photograph demonstrators
get all dissidents on file
they trae with fascist dictators
and leave tax evaders alone.....
now get ready with your ID cards folks
write your NAME RANK PARTY RACE
.....

I say
send the politicians packing
send them ID cards by the case
write their occupations as LIARS
THEN watch their policies take shape...

Yvonne de Gatton

pictures of a god

fireside with a rattling cough and peace
knowing the bills will wait papers come and
go without my assent like you walking in
with timber cut-offs piled high in arms and
that tired look from working all day in the wind
slighting rain and doubling up to replace the sick ones who
cannot do their share you bring
softness standing in those weatherbeaten clothes

no-one else saw when eddie slammed his fist
hard and made things jump the faces into stone
seated and unaccustomed to believing such displays
of causes with roast potatoes sitting staunch
bearing it then you let me catch you smiling in
your eyes about the way i watched each image
and we laughed for something else altogether

lying in bed the light very gently joining us
before we make shapes with the room or stir
ourselves into measures you touch my arm
unrealising just asleep and i stretch the ivory
taut relax again in shared dignity and silence
waiting for the birds to sing us without words

Fiona Stevens

i found a vital piece
yesterday
of my jigsaw
i realised that i
am me
after all.

Saffron

THE TREE

Here i stand
suckling upon my mother
Guest to autumn
Familiar face to the sun's warmth
My branches; a friend
with the sky

Aware of the gazebo
The swings flickering
backwards and forwards
I gaze on her
Pressing upon the silent back
Radiating the beauty of purity
Breathing images
Creating an intimacy
only i share

Till stopping she looks
Upon my trunk
Carved with i love's
nodding her head

For my scream, pain's signature
My tear's
warmth could have wiped away
They did not see
They only saw a trunk

She understood

T O

FOREVER FLYING SPARROW

I am the sparrow which flies around the world,
across the oceans, under the storms,
without a place to rest.
I have always been alone, and I will ever be.
There is no place that can shelter me.
My road is as long as the eye can see,
Where no one will ever go but me.

I am the sparrow which flies from the North to the South

carrying the seasons about.
I have the spring in my left wing
with the warm flowers of the sun.
I have the autumn in my right wing
with the dying leaves of the chilly months.
Winter must be here somewhere
I have snow in my heart.
While summer is very far out there,
where the rain drops from the melting ice can be heard.

I stop here and I stop there,
to shoe off the scars of the seasons on me.
But then I must go on again.
The future is so far and so faint.

I am the sparrow which was born in summer.
I am the sparrow which will die in winter.
Always flying across the oceans, and under the storms.
I am the sparrow which flies forever.

Annette Do

Courtville

It doesn't seem that they are ever going to rest until all of inner-city Auckland consists of glass towers and car parks.

Courtville is once again under threat. On October 21 it goes up for auction. Advertised as an unrepeatable opportunity to secure a unique inner city fringe property. Unrepeatable is right - similar buildings are now demolished at such an alarming rate. O'Rourke hostel only recently demolished was a cause of major concern to students. Courtville too, houses University students at a reasonable rental.

... and a car park now occupys the site.

The future for Courtville is grim. Radnor built in the same year as middle Courtville, 1914, by the same builder James Fletcher, and with the same architect A Sinclair O'Connor. Also designed as a private hotel and purchased by the Justice department and then declared surplus to requirements, Radnor was demolished and a car park now occupys the site.

THE COURTVILLE BUILDINGS

The three Courtville buildings consist of the 'Corner Courtville', 'Middle Courtville', and 'Little Courtville'. They are described below. They contain 33 tenancies, with a total of 44 residents. The Courtville buildings have been providing comfortable inner-city rental accommodation since 1914, 1919, and 1942.

Corner Courtville

Address - corner of Waterloo Quadrant and Parliament Street. This building was designed by the architect A. Sinclair O'Connor in 1919. It was originally built as 15 self-contained residential apartments. The builder was W. Fletcher. Its original owners were Ernest Stanton and William Potter.

The building consists of five storeys, and a basement containing storage and clothes washing facilities. It has an electric lift, the first installed in a residential building in Auckland. The 15 apartments range in size from 38.5 to 79.4 square metres. There are ten two-bedroom and five one bedroom apartments. All have electric stoves, and most have electric water heating. Three are supplied with gas. The building is soundly constructed of reinforced concrete, and is in a good state of repair.

The bathrooms have English glazed ceramic wall tiles up to 2.7 metres high. The floors are reinforced concrete slabs overlaid with kauri floor-boards, except for the bathrooms and balconies which are smooth plastered. The flat roof is reinforced concrete slab, covered with asphalt. The apartments have Kauri skirtings, dados and picture rails, doors, 'fire-places', and kitchen fittings. The open stairwell is notable for the Art Deco mahogany panelling to the ground and first floors.

Corner Courtville is a unique example of an Edwardian apartment building, in largely original condition. The building is sited on a street corner, in a historically significant area of Auckland. It makes excellent use of a difficult corner site. Architecturally it is important for the skilled treatment of the corner entrance; in particular the corner elevation, topped with the dome. The street

elevations are skilfully designed, the projecting bay windows contrasting with the receding balconies. The facades are noteworthy for the quality of the plaster-work ornamentation, especially the large cornice, and the entrance portico.

Middle Courtville

Address - 7 Parliament Street. This building was designed by the architect. A Sinclair O'Connor in 1914. It was the first block of self-contained apartments in Auckland. Originally the twelve luxury apartments were fully furnished and serviced. The builder was W. Fletcher. The original owners were Ernest Stanton and William Potter.

The building is three storeyed, containing twelve one and two bedroom apartments, and a basement with a small bed-sitting room flat. The building is constructed of reinforced concrete, with rendered brick walls. The floors and flat roof are of reinforced concrete. The building is generally appointed in a similar manner to the Corner Courtville. The buildings principal facade, with its shallow bay windows and deep balconies faces onto Parliament Street.

Little Courtville

Address - 5 Parliament Street. This building, originally called 'Braemar', was built by a Mr Wrightson in the late 1880's. It was a private dwelling until 1942, when it was annexed by the Courtville development, and converted into flats. The building was owned by the Jacob Ziman family from 1903 to 1915. During these years it was described as a '... spacious Edwardian home, having six bedrooms, separate dining and drawing rooms, a study, kitchen and two pantries...'

The building is now divided into five flats with shared bathrooms. It is built of rendered brickwork, with 125 and 225 millimetre thick external walls. The gabled roof is clad with concrete tiles. This building is not listed by the Historic Places Trust.

"Prebble, Minister in charge of Landcorp, stated that Courtville should be retained. It is Landcorp that has instructed that it be sold."

According to local residents Richard Prebble, Minister in charge of Landcorp, stated that Courtville should be retained. It is Landcorp that has instructed that it be sold. 'On the night before the election Richard Prebble was outside the flats supporting saving the buildings. He went up and down saying this street should be kept residential.'

Sun Newspaper 24.09.87

According to land agents contacted, an auction of this size could be expected to take a year to arrange, the election was held only eight weeks ago. Are we to believe that the minister was not informed about the actions of one of his state owned corporations - despite his public opposition. Is this shades of 'Yes Minister' or was it the first of the election promises?

Two of the buildings are zoned B by the Historic Places Trust Act 1980. The result of this zoning is: 'Those buildings which merit permanent preservation because of their very great historical significance or architectural quality.' (section 35(i) Para B)

If the Historic Places Trust was to take the action, only rarely done, of issuing a protection notice on their B class buildings Courtville would be saved even if ownership changed.

A protection notice states that 'no person shall, without the consent of the Trust, carry out any works for the demolition alteration or extension of the building...' Breakeage of protection notice warrants a \$25,000.00 fine and \$500.00 per day thereafter and the cost of the repair or restoration needed as a result of the contravention. Section 57 of the act also states that all buildings, erected on any land vested in or under the control of the Trust without its consent is forfeited to the Trust.

As always when Courtville is under threat it's residents rally together. For instance in January of this year an art sale of works contributed by local artists was used to raise money to campaign against Courtville's sale and possible demolition. The sale was organised by residents and the artists freely contributed their time and skill, such artists as:

Sylvia Siddell
Nigel Brown
Dean Buchanan
Melvin Webb
Peter Siddell
Don Binney
Robert Ellis
Denys Watkins
Pat Hanly
Tony Fomison
Carole Shephard
John Reynolds

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Under Threat (Again)

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Courtville and surrounding historic buildings.

KEY

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| A: Radnor (demolished) | I: Old Government House |
| B: Corner Courtville | J: University Old Arts Building |
| C: Middle Courtville | K: Princes Street Houses |
| D: Little Courtville | L: Old Jewish Synagogue |
| E: Westminster Court | M: The Northern Club |
| F: Windsor Towers | N: Arundel (demolished) |
| G: The Supreme Court | O: Newman Hall |
| H: St Andrews Church | |

Extract from a
Historic Places Trust
report on Corner
Courtville.

ARCHITECTURAL SIGNIFICANCE:

A very early and, architecturally, very fine example of inner city rental accommodation. A very sophisticated architectural statement with restrained use of ornament and very unusual and innovative plan. The wide eaves and geometrically designed corbels show the influence of the architecture of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright of the Chicago School while the corner treatment and dome is similar to the Dilworth Building in Queen Street and can be linked back to the architecture of Sir Edwin Lutyens.

HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE:

A very early high-rise block of flats. It originally had 15 self-contained flats. It was built for private developers Mr Ernest Potter and William Stanton by James Fletcher (later Sir James) and was probably his first venture in Auckland. The building has provided comfortable inner city rental accommodation for hundreds of Aucklanders over the years, accumulating considerable social historical significance in the process.

TOWNSCAPE/LANDMARK SIGNIFICANCE:

A key building in the townscape with its splayed corner, entrance and dome giving the intersection of Waterloo Quadrant and Parliament Street considerable emphasis. It is visually the most striking of the Courtville buildings and is of a similar style to all of these. It occupies a central position in relation to the other important buildings in this historic area of Auckland.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

Elegant corner dome, splayed corner and inside the original decoration and fittings including stained glass, kauri skirtings, dado/picture rails, doors, fireplaces and kitchen fittings. The original lift, the first installed in a residential block in Auckland, is still intact.

REFERENCES:

'Courtville in Context' by Julie M. Stout. B. Arch thesis, School of Architecture, University of Auckland 1983.

DATE REPORT COMPLETED:

10 October 1986.

Kampuchea: Political Im

'Any activity felt to be subversive can be reason to arrest, imprison and **torture** someone', a former interrogator assigned to a People's Republic of Kampuchea (P.R.K.) prison told representatives of Amnesty International (A.I.) P.R.K. authorities reportedly arrested a man for 'treason' because he argued with them about the official version of Kampuchean history. Two women who allegedly circulated leaflets describing the appearance of an 'ox god' were accused of invoking Kampuchean mythology to suggest a change of government. They too, were arrested. Several former officials said they worked according to the maxim, 'It is okay to arrest someone by mistake, as long as no one is released by mistake'.

Since July, A.I. has been involved in an international campaign aimed at bringing world-wide pressure to bear on the authorities of the P.R.K. and Vietnam to take steps to put an end to human rights abuses within Kampuchea and along the Thailand/Kampuchea border where refugees have fled. Letters to embassies, provincial authorities and to the P.R.K. government have been organised along with petitions which are designed to raise awareness of the Kampuchean people's continuing plight. Continuing reports of :

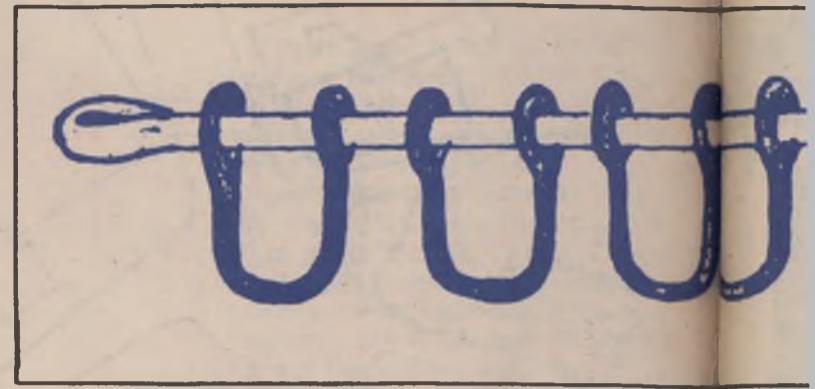
- arbitrary arrest and detention **without charge or trial.**
- unfair trials.
- cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.
- 'prisoners of conscience' (imprisoned solely for the non-violent expres-

sion of their political opinions or for exercising their rights to free association or free movement).

- judicial death penalty.
- 'shackling' (leg irons attached to chains or rods used to immobilize one or both feet).
- death in custody.
- torture.

have been documented and more than 400 names of people reported to be held on political grounds are on file. Of these approx. 100 comprehensive details are available indicating that **60% are believed to have been tortured**, 70% subjected to shackling and more than 80% to be suffering from ill-health due to very poor prison conditions. **Of these 100, only 1 is reported to have been officially charged.** He was brought before a judicial authority which convicted him after in-camera proceedings.

These figures are mere statistical representations of the human suffering presently on record concerning the activities of the P.R.K. and Vietnamese authorities. A.I.'s main source of information is the testimonies of former political prisoners; former Kampuchean security personnel; and relatives, colleagues, or political associates of men and women currently imprisoned for alleged political offences. In many cases, the names of the victims are either unknown or cannot be mentioned to the authorities or used in publicity without risk of further endangering them and their families. An illustrative case of human rights violations now occurring under the P.R.K. Government would be along the lines of Case 10 (one of the 100 cases documented).



Case 10:

Sex:	Male
Age:	Late 40's
Place of birth:	Phnum Phen
Last known profession before arrest:	Teacher
Other previous professions:	Unknown
Place of arrest:	The main town of Takaev province 1981
Date of arrest:	Civil administrative authorities of a district in Takaev province.
Arrest carried out by:	
Current place of detention:	Takaev town prison.
Previous places of detention:	Unknown
Tortures inflicted if any:	Beatings, forced ingestion of fish sauce, near-suffocation with a plastic bag.
Other severe ill-treatments:	Shackling
State of health:	Anaemia, malnutrition, malaria, fevers, internal bleeding.

The most common purpose of inflicting torture on political prisoners in the P.R.K., according to testimonies and other documented information is to extract 'confessions' of activities or beliefs judged contrary to official policies. Attempts to gain information about other people alleged to be political opponents or dissidents, including people living in Kampuchea and Kampucheans residing abroad, have also been cited as a reason for torture.

According to international law, no confessions or other evidence obtained through torture or ill-treatment may be invoked in legal proceedings against alleged offenders or any other person. No P.R.K. legislation known to Amnesty International prohibits the introduction of 'confessions' extracted by torture.

Methods of torture being used in conjunction with, or following sustained beatings and whipping include:

- **near-suffocation** with a plastic or rubber bag
- **near-drowning** in vats of water
- **burial alive**
- **forced ingestion** of a highly salty fish sauce, soapy water, or other irritant liquids
- powdered limestone forced into the eyes, nose and mouth (causes severe burning sensations)
- **burned with hot irons**

- victims forced into petrol drums, which were then covered and repeatedly struck
- threats of being shot or beaten to death
- subjection to mock execution

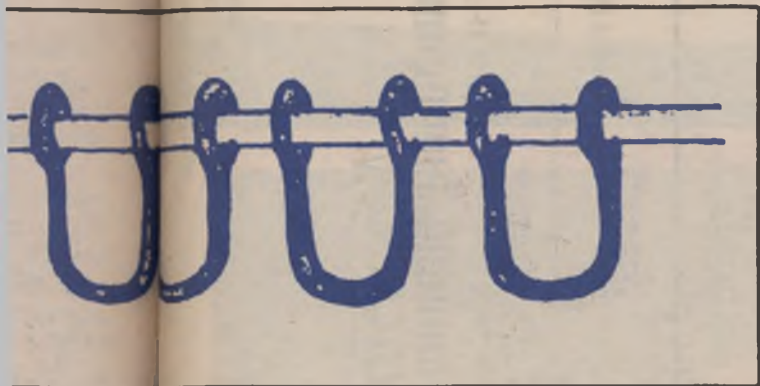
Information on human rights has been requested from the Kampuchean authorities by A.I. during 1985 and 1986, but no response was received. In September 1986 A.I. wrote to its Excellency Pham Van Dong, Chairperson of the Vietnamese Council of Ministers, and asked for comment on evidence that Vietnamese **personnel participated in torture** within Kampuchean borders (in 1987, 140,000 Vietnamese troops are still in Kampuchea). At the same time a second letter was sent to His Excellency Hun Sen, Chairperson of the P.R.K. Council of Ministers, requesting meetings with P.R.K. officials to discuss human rights concerns in Kampuchea (the first letter in May 1986 went unanswered). No response was received to either of these letters.

In August 1981 Khmer Rouge Foreign Minister Leng Sary during a press interview in New York admitted that it was official policy to liquidate people accused of opposing the regime. He justified the policy by saying that 'the circumstances was proletarian dictatorship. We were in the middle of a class struggle'. This class struggle claimed over 300,000 lives in under 4 years.

As a result, the invasion by Vietnamese troops in January 1979 and the government they helped install in power, are credited by many people with 'putting an end to genocide'. Thus the present government's record of human rights violations is either disbelieved or considered to be 'not at all as bad' as the previous government's (A.I. believes that any authority who exercises governmental power should act to guarantee the human rights of the people whom they govern). According to A.I.'s information, some detainees have been arrested because they accused Vietnamese troops or advisory 'experts' of abusing the Kampuchean population or of taking undue advantage of their authority in the country. Kampucheans who claim that excessive numbers of non-official Vietnamese take up residence in Kampuchea may also be subjected to arrest and detention. A former prisoner told representatives of A.I. that before he and others were released from detention in 1984, that they had to pledge loyalty to the P.R.K. Council of Ministers and promise 'to appreciate what the Khmers owed to the Vietnamese, who had come for the salvation of the



Imprisonment and Torture



mer people, not because they
nted to take Khmer territory'.
While the P.R.K. administers most of
mpuchea's territory and population
is recognised by a number of
vernments as the legitimate
thority in Kampuchea, a three-party
osition coalition also has intgeer-
tionally recognized status and
erates in sectors of the country. A.I.
s received reports of political kill-
s, torture and arbitrary political im-
nment by parties to the Coalition
vernment of Democratic Kam-
chea (C.G.D.K.) whose officials
resent Kampuchea at the United
tions. The C.G.D.K. have control
er refugee camps in Thailand across
m the Kampuchean border which
se 250,000 Kampucheans and
age in armed conflict with the
K. and Vietnamese. Formed in
82 under the leadership of three
ups opposed to the P.R.K. ad-
istration and the Vietnamese
esence in Kampuchea, the C.G.D.K.
also considered by A.I. to be oblig-
under international human rights
ndards to fulfil its responsibilities.
ties to the Coalition are the Party
Democratic Kampuchea, which in-
des members of the Khmer Rouge;
National Liberation Front for an In-
ndent, Neutral, Peaceful and Co-
rative Cambodia
(N.C.I.N.P.E.C.), headed by Prince
enouk; and the Khmer People's Na-
al Liberation Front (K.P.N.L.F.),
ded by Kampuchea's former Prime
ister, Son Sann. The military
ngth and population control of the
D.K. is as follows :

	Troops	Civilians in Thai. camps
50,000	60,000	
CINEC	12,000	40,000
NFL	10-12,000	150,000
approx	74,000	250,000

the P.R.K. authorities administers
st of Kampuchea's territory and
ulation and is recognised by a
mber of governments as the
itimate authority in Kampuchea, it
his administration along with the
namese government who A.I.'s
ampaign is aimed at.

ommendations to the P.R.K. Govern-
nt :

establish an independent and impartial
body to investigate reports that political
isoners have been tortured and sub-
ected to cruel, inhuman or degrading
conditions of imprisonment.

adopt effective safeguards against tor-
ture, a practice prohibited by both the
P.R.K. constitution and March 1986
egislation.

assign responsibility for detention to
authorities administratively separated
rom civil and military police and others
ponsible for arrest and interrogation.

4. ensure that all Kampuchean political
detainees are promptly brought before
impartial judicial authorities who are in-
dependent of the P.R.K. civil police and
others responsible for arrest.

5. guarantee that no 'evidence' extracted
under torture is invoked during legal
proceedings.

6. the highest P.R.K. authorities, including
Ministry of National Defence and
Ministry of the Interior personnel with
responsibility for security affairs, should
issue clear public statements of their
total opposition to torture.

7. commute all pending death sentences,
as a means to prevent further violations
of the rights to life and to freedom from
cruel, inhuman or degrading punish-
ment. Abolish the death penalty for all
crimes.

8. end shackling and punitive confinement
in dark cells of political prisoners and
ensure that they receive adequate food,
sanitary facilities and medical care.

9. review all cases of currently held
political detainees who have been ar-
rested since 1979. Release uncondi-
tionally any 'prisoners of conscience'.
Any political prisoners held without
charge or trial should be released if they
are not to be promptly charged and
brought to trial before an independent
and impartial tribunal, in proceedings
which conform to international
standards.

10 make public the names of all political
prisoners currently held in detention
centres and prisons in Kampuchea ad-
ministered by P.R.K. or Vietnamese of-
ficials. Also make public their dates of
arrest, alleged offences committed,
location of detention, and information
on charges brought against them, trial
proceedings, and sentences imposed.

11 enact legislation providing that all
political detainees in the P.R.K. must be
told the reasons for their arrest at the
time of arrest and must be promptly in-
formed of charges against them. De-
tainees should also be brought promp-
tly before an impartial and independent
court for a ruling on the legality of their
detention.

12 guarantee all detainees the right to
defence counsel of their own choosing,
to adequate time for defence prepara-
tion, and to be tried promptly by in-
dependent and impartial tribunals
which provide the opportunity to call
witnesses for the defence and to cross-
examine other witnesses.

13 enact legal safeguards against 'misled
persons' without charge or trial in 're-
education' camps. Individuals sentenc-
ed to 're-education' should be pro-
tected from restriction arbitrarily pro-
longed beyond the term of sentence.

Recommendations to the Vietnamese
Government:

1. make public the names of all political

prisoners held in Kampuchean deten-
tion centres administered by Viet-
namese personnel or transferred from
Kampuchea to prisons in Viet Nam. The
Vietnamese Government should also
make public the location of these
prisoners' detention, the alleged of-
fences for which they are held, and the
legal basis for detention.

2. establish an independent and impartial
body to investigate allegations that
Vietnamese personnel have partici-
pated in the torture of Kampuchean
political prisoners.

3. issue clear public instructions to all
Vietnamese personnel on duty in Kam-
puchea that torture will not be tolerated
under any circumstances.

4. in accordance with international stan-
dards bring to justice any Vietnamese
personnel found responsible for com-
mitting, instigating or tolerating the tor-
ture of Kampuchean political prisoners.

5. use all available channels to urge the
Kampuchean authorities to investigate
reports of torture and to take effective
action to prevent torture.

6. facilitate access by appropriate interna-
tional bodies and other independent
observers to places of detention in
Kampuchea and Viet Nam which hold
Kampuchean political prisoners ar-
rested or otherwise detained with the
participation of Vietnamese personnel.

A.I. is making recommendations
about the human rights situation in
the P.R.K. to the Vietnamese Govern-
ment because of evidence received
regarding human rights abuses com-
mitted by Vietnamese troops and ad-
visory 'experts' based in Kampuchea.
Official Vietnamese personnel have
allegedly participated in the torture of
Kampuchean political prisoners both
in detention centres administered by

P.R.K. authorities and in those directed
by the Vietnamese authorities. In ad-
dition, A.I. has received information
that Vietnamese officials have
transferred some Kampuchean
political prisoners held without charge
or trial to prisons within Vietnam.

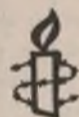
Amnesty International is a
worldwide movement independent of
any government, political persuasion
or religious creed. It plays a specific
role in the international protection of
human rights:

- it seeks the **release of prisoners of conscience**. These are people de-
tained for their beliefs, colour, sex,
ethnic origin, language or religion
who have not used or advocated
violence;
- it works for **fair and prompt trials**
for all **political prisoners**, and on
behalf of political prisoners detain-
ed without charge or trial;
- it opposes the **death penalty** and
torture or other cruel, inhuman or
degrading treatment or punishment
of all **prisoners** without reservation.

For further information on the Kam-
puchean campaign or any aspect of
Amnesty International's work
contact:

Roger Peach Ph 370-229
Mia Huymans Ph 656-039
Grant Lythe Ph 780-884

or better yet, if you want to become
involved in the Kampuchean campaign
or any other aspect, feel free to attend
an **A.I. meeting** which is held every
Thursday 1pm in Room 144 (next to
the T.V. room).



amnesty international
NEW ZEALAND SECTION

KAMPUCHEA CAMPAIGN



Please note that events may change due to various circumstances, to confirm please phone.

KUHTZE GIG GUIDE



NO ordinary beer.

	Mon 5th	Tue 6th	Wed 7th	Thur 8th	Fri 9th	Sat 10th	Sun 11th	Mon 12th
MAIDMENT THEATRE Ph 793-685	1.00pm-The Mission			8.30pm-By George, It's Gershwin	1.00pm: Fridays at One Music School Performance 8.30pm-By George, It's Gershwin			1.00pm-Invasion of the Body Snatchers
LITTLE THEATRE			6.00pm-Intensive Care	6.00 & 9.00pm-Intensive Care	6.00 & 9.00pm-Intensive Care	6.00 & 9.00pm-Intensive Care	6.00 & 9.00pm-Intensive Care	
SHADOWS	6.00 to 7.00pm-Happy Hour	6.00 to 7.00pm-Happy Hour	7.00pm-Jamming with Edward	7.00pm-Enids Sore Throat	6.00pm - AJA 8.30pm-Headrush			
ACADEMY	6.00 & 8.15pm-Just Between Friends	6.00 & 8.15pm-Just Between Friends	2.30, 6.00 & 8.15pm-Just Between Friends	2.30, 6.00 & 8.15pm-Just Between Friends	2.30, 6.00 & 8.15pm-Just Between Friends	4.00, 6.00 & 8.15pm-Just Between Friends	6.30 & 8.15pm-The Wall	
CHARLEY GRAY'S	6.30pm-Black Orpheus (GA) 9.00pm-Les Diaboliques (R16)		6.30pm-Slaughterhouse 9.00pm-Element of Crime (R13)	6.30pm-French Lieutenant's Woman (GA) 9.00pm-Element of Crime (R13)	6.15pm-Day of the Jackal 9.00pm-Element of Crime (R13) 11.30pm-Carried (R18)	2.30pm-Dune (GY) 5.30pm-The Godfather (R16) 9.00pm-Element of Crime (R13) 11.30pm-Carried (R18)	12.00pm-20 000 Leagues Under the Sea (G) 2.30pm-Where Eagles Dare (GY) 5.30pm-Out of Africa 9.00pm-Element of Crime (R13)	7.00pm-Joes Encyclopaedia, 50/50, The Cleaning 9.00pm-Mystery Film
MERCURY	6.15pm-Oedipus Rex	6.15pm-Oedipus Rex	8.15pm-Oedipus Rex	6.15pm-Oedipus Rex	8.15pm-Oedipus Rex	8.15pm-Oedipus Rex		6.15pm-Oedipus Rex
the gods	8.15pm-Gershwin	8.15pm-Gershwin	6.30pm-Gershwin	8.15pm-Gershwin	6.30pm-Gershwin	6.30pm-Gershwin	4.00pm-Gershwin	8.15pm-Gershwin
CIVIC UNDERGROUND			7.00pm-Maya and Doubting Thomas's	7.00pm-Fanfare	7.00pm-Beasley Street			
GLUEPOT				Chicago Smokeshop	Chicago Smokeshop	Chicago Smokeshop		
Various Events			5.30pm-University Singers Music Theatre, School of Music		Chris Rea Logan Campbell Bunker			

KUHTZE



No ordinary beer.

KUHTZE



No ordinary beer.

BRAD'S BARYSPHERE



Bob Geldof



The Chills. Playing at the Galaxy and the Neon Picnic.

KUHTZE GIG GUIDE

THE SUMMER SEASON

The concert of the year in my books would have to be the second Shriekback concert at the Galaxy. This started with a boom and didn't stop until they had exhausted the audience. Western Springs hit the headlines yet again with the ZZ Top Concert with 'noise' levels and the audience behaviour problems. It's a shame that such a great venue should be plagued by such problems.

Over all we've had a pretty good year for international acts, but one has to wonder if this large volume of acts is not suffocating the local performers in that the money that people would have spent on local acts and therefore the local music industry is going overseas.

Looking forward to the summer season we've got -

- Billy Connolly at the Logan Campbell on the 18th October.
- Chris Rea this Friday at the Logan Campbell Bunker.
- Kenny Ball at the Town Hall on the 30th of September.
- Painters and Dockers during Labour Weekend at the Gluepot.
- Paul Williams at the Town Hall on the 4th of November.
- Stevie Wonder at Mt Smart on the 14th of November.
- Billy Joel with John Farnham on the 21st of Nov at Mr Smart.
- David Bowie at the Springs on the 28th of November.
- Hunters and Collectors on Nov 27th and 28th at the Galaxy.
- Michael Jackson at Mt Smart on the 6th of December.
- The Chills 18th and 19th of December at the Galaxy.

- Then Neon Picnic, a three day festival at the Sweetwaters site over Anniversary weekend (Jan 29 - 31 and Feb 1st). At the moment Bob Geldof and the Chills are possible main line performers.

Rumoured at the moment are:

- U2
- Pink Floyd
- Mick Jagger and Tina Turner
- George Micheal

Having seen U2 the last time they were here they are my pick for 'the' concert of the summer season. Their performance at the Logan Campbell Bunker was nothing short of totally amazing with even the balconies up and raging. Both the Bowie and the Michael Jackson concerts are promising to be spectacular and with the new number restrictions at the springs some are predicting a sell out for Bowie (mind you I think the main predictor was the promoter)

The Neon picnic sees the long awaited return of the long weekend festival. Organisers for this are aiming at higher quality facilities making it a more liveable weekend. This will be one event I won't miss.

Well, this is it for me. I'd like to thank my readers, both of you, and urge you to get out and see more NZ performers, there's some bloody good bands out there.

So long and thanks for the music

Brad M.

This week BRAD reflects on the year's happenings in the pop music scene and looks forward to the summer concert season.

CLASSIC CARS

I know that Derek said that students do not drive Triumph 2000s but he seems to be happy to be a passenger.

So I will now tell you about the Brown Bomber. So named as she has a penchant for holing one of her three exhaust chambers on the muffler system. The sound is like that of a Lancaster Bomber, hence the nickname.

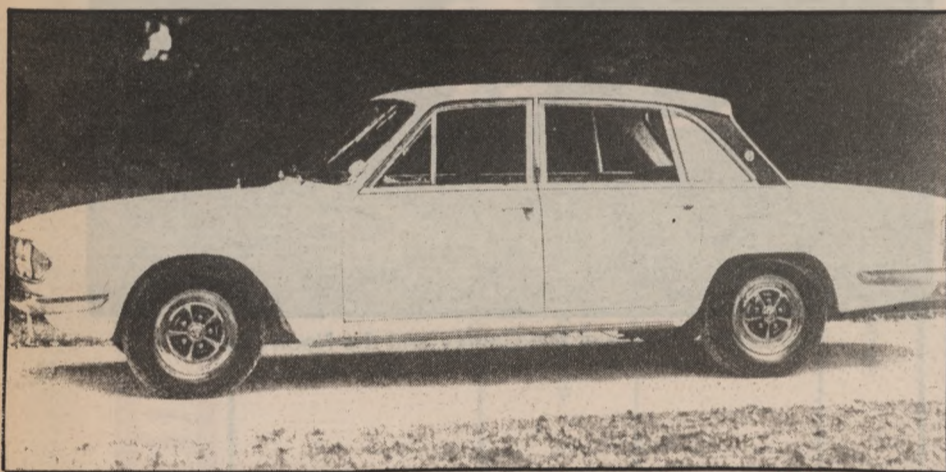
The Bomber came into my life after I gained my licence, and my parents decided that they needed another car, having had a Nissan van as family transport.

At first I decided that Bomber was definitely out of the question, having desired a Commodore, I left no doubt

in dad's mind as to my not liking the damned thing. However, the Commodore has arrived and Bomber is now mine.

We have a real love/hate relationship, especially on cold mornings when BB is not in the mood to start. However, a good and expensive tuneup on her twin carbs has rectified that problem. Now I have a couple of leaks to put plugs in.

Bomber also has a bit of a whiny gearbox. However a new clutch, new gearbox bearings and a Nine Day Wait because the ass-holes who were supposed to be fixing it put in a duff pressure plate. And just to add insult to injury they did not put the muffler on proper-



ly, and one of the dimwitted hooligans drove over a nail hence when I went to use my baby the next day her left rear tyre was as flat as a Shadows Beer! And the spare was unuseable thanks to some mismanagement on my behalf.

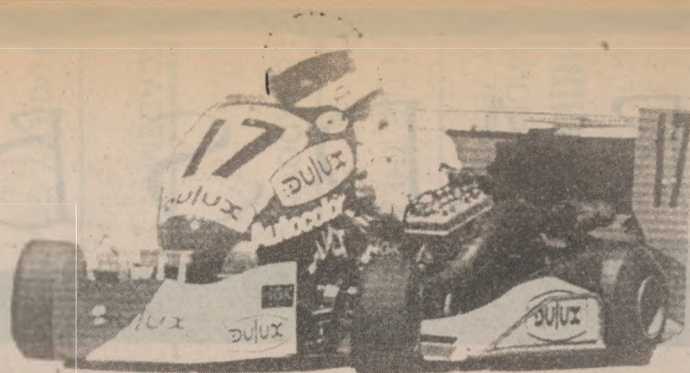
Oh and the stereo speaker has just crapped out, which will necessitate a trip to the installers who also happen to be the same auto electrical crowd who worked on the wipers, Oh God that wasn't half fun!!!! In fact after struggling with the radio for five hours just to put it in I do not think they will be glad to see it back!!!!!!

On the positive side BB will handle six hefty blokes, their luggage and the all important two crates of beer.

The Bomber can apparently do 110 mph. I have never taken her past ninety without something complaining. However, the brakes department has given Derek a few scares. The Bomber does not mind slowing down as long as she has some room. However, one panic stop on the motorway literally had her jump sideways.

I must also confess to a love of fast driving and six cylinders under your right foot is just a tad expensive in the petrol department. Oh, I nearly forgot, 25 mpg is BB's all time record. 18 to 20 mpg is about the norm.

What I love about BB is her ability at mid range. She will leave laser Sports in her wake with the greatest dignity on the Southern Motorway. And she adores racing downhill.



IF you find a Bambina too claustrophobic and a motorbike too catastrophic then this week's **Klassic Kart** could be The answer.

While lacking a few creature comforts, this contraption is the ideal city assault vehicle; compact, nippy (rather cold) and runs on the smell of a juicy fart - sitting 2cm from the ground with a Kenworth breathing down your air filter ensures a plentiful supply of fuel.

A total lack of suspension ensures some loss of weight and total loss of nerve; indeed one may need to get out and steady the road from time to time.

The Kart is a gem to park: between any car, under any car (sideways, endways or edgeways), in any reasonable sized pothole or failing that, put it in your hip pocket and take it to your lecture (Don't forget to let the brakes cool or you may burn your vitals).

With the clutch out to lunch, intersections can be a problem, but not if you are colourblind. A quick pushstart is a minor complication compared to all the thrills that stopping brings. The brakes

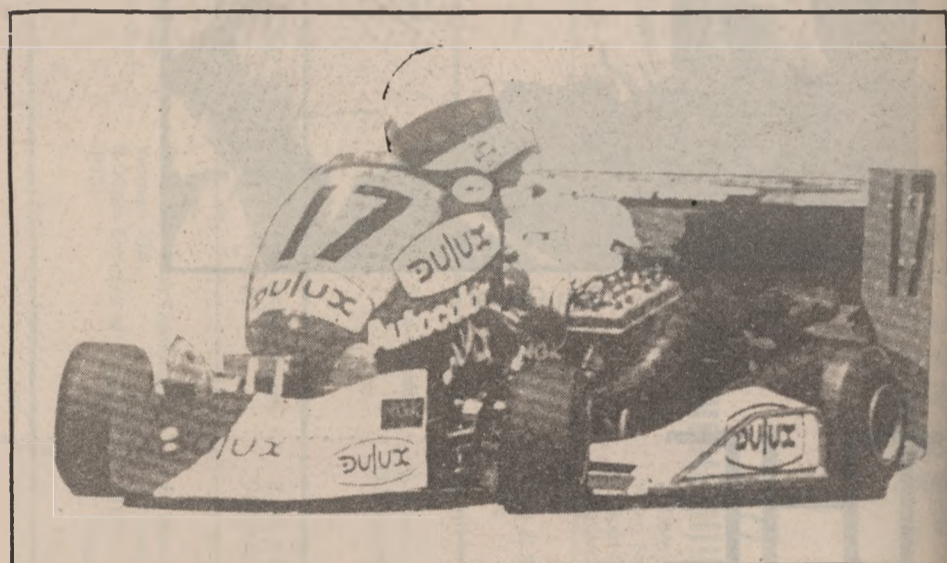
are only effective when the wheels are on the ground in large quantities so it may be good tactics to line up a suitable pedestrian - one not too small (you may wipe him out), one not too big (he may wipe you out).

Having mastered the starting and stopping procedures, the art of undertaking becomes next city priority (no more queues of buses, trucks or jacked up Fords!) but beware: undertakers deal with death every day. Being overtaken can be an unnerving sensation and should be avoided by driving like a lunatic.

Passenger and boot space are uncomfortable and limited but with only 250cc, that makes sense. Maintenance is fairly simple and cheap (roll up to Vince Martin and ask for some 7 inch retreads).

Performance out of this galaxy, better economy than a tight arse businessman and optional extras such as brake pedal and clutch are offered at a price less than your yearly moro bar expenditure.

P.S. avoid budder jars.



JAWA CZ 125 TATRAN

The absolute Czechoslovakian pinnacle in engineering, this classic motorscooter has it all. Built in 1967, capable of speeds of up to 70 km/hr. The tattran comes complete with electric Dynastart, Indicator lights (for a 60's scooter that's sheer luxury!) and 14 inch wheels for tight cornering.

Affectionately named the 'Leningrad', this bike (when I can get the bloody parts to keep it going) is real great fun to ride, though a tad unreliable. Given a Russian name and flag because of that countries Political orientation (I'm told if any Czhechs catch me on it they'll beat me up)

.....I did the paint job for about 35 dollars. Essentially it is a motorbike engine inside a tubular steel frame with pressed steel panels bolted on... two 6 volt batteries supply the 12 volt system (again a scooter rarity) producing over 40 amps to the dynastart starter-motor. The bike itself has no kick-starter! (and it weighs about 250 pounds so if your battery's flat ya get a lot of exedrcise!). Overall it is a classic piece of machinery well worth having... so if you can find one (I only know of 2 others in Auckland) buy it!



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COST MOVES

OVERSEAS STUDENTS

With restricted entry in almost every vocational or oriented course (with the solitary exception of Waikato University courses), places for full-fee paying students can only come at the expense of New Zealand students. New Zealand students would then find themselves in auction for places, and the highest bidder wins.

Despite pledges by the Australian Government that opening the universities to full-fee paying students would not affect local students, thousands cannot get into courses. Charging students, be they from overseas or New Zealand, is just one further step towards 'market orientated education' and education for profit, as free education for all becomes an increasing less-likely ideal. The Australian experience clearly indicated that the charging of overseas students is the beginning of a slippery pole towards increased tuition fees for all students and the privatisation of higher education, and must be vigorously opposed.

There is a ray of hope. The Commonwealth Secretary-General, Sonny Ramphal, on a visit to New Zealand, praised our policy as an enlightened step, helping to bring the Commonwealth together. He was reinforcing sentiments expressed at the recent Commonwealth Education Ministers Conference in Nairobi in which the Labour Government's removal of the overseas charge was singled out for praise. Our representative to that conference, Russell Marshall, is now the Foreign Affairs Minister, who will no doubt strongly oppose any measures to charge students. He has proved himself to be a vocal advocate for the value of overseas students attending New Zealand universities but will need the strong support of overseas aid groups, the university administrators and student associations.

In this issue 'united we stand, divided we fall' has never been more prophetic. New Zealand is about to embark on a new round of C.E.R. Closer Education Relations. Behind all the hype about whose got the biggest surplus, and who can implement the most draconian I.D.

Student politicians are extremely susceptible to crying 'wolf'. Every government move it seems signals the impending collapse of the university system, and with it all we hold dear and true. So recent statements that the possible introduction of full cost fees for overseas students studying in New Zealand is the 'thin end of the wedge' will no doubt be met with some degree of scepticism. Is this just another case of the needlessly raising alarm bells? NZUSA Vice President Dean Carroll, argues there are real dangers if overseas student fees are introduced!

card, the New Zealand Government is looking to follow the Australians in re-introducing an overseas student charge and allow our universities to sell-off spare places to full-fee paying overseas students. Something which they (the Labour Party) has pledged they wouldn't do.

We have a strange relationship with Australia. I've heard it described as 'teen love', in which we hate them to get their attention, in the forlorn hope we are not left as a forgotten wall flower. Like two little children we aggressively display our independence (and contempt for each other) on the sports field. Then copy each other like crazy. That is certainly true of both our countries' policies towards overseas students studying in our respective universities. Similar to our re-occurring election patterns, where Australia goes, New Zealand is not far behind.

Before 1979 both Australia and New Zealand did not specifically charge overseas students to study. There were restrictions and quotas, but overseas students weren't singled out for any regressive fees. In the economic good times, allowing students from developing countries into our institutions of higher learning was patronizingly viewed as doing our bit to help out less fortunate 'brothers and sisters'. The enormous benefits, both in cultural exchange and academic research, were ignored or undervalued. But as New Zealand and Australia hit on hard times, and government and overseas debts soared, both administrations were desperately trying to find ways to make extra money. The non-voting, and supposedly wealthy, overseas student community provided an easy target.

Australia introduced a \$A1500 fee and months later New Zealand's education Minister, Merv Wellington announced a similar charge for New Zealand Universities. There was more vigorous opposition in New Zealand, mainly from student associations, NZUSA and some sections of the Labour Party, which may have led to the Muldoon Government freezing any increases to change.

RECOVERY CLOSER:

S FIRST

TARGET

Meanwhile, somebody had slipped a motion abolishing the Overseas Student Fee into a Labour Party conference. Labour Party conferences are strange animals. It's the one opportunity for the sandle wearing, longhaired, badge-toting activist to have any real say in the party policy. So naturally they go a little overboard for the likes of Messrs Lange & Co. So much in between calling for the negotiation for the P.L.O. and demands for aid to Nicaragua, a motion overturning the student fee was passed. This policy was honoured, albeit gradually, when Labour came to power in 1984.

Brewing/Media magnate and America's Cup hero Alan Bond is setting up a private university on the Gold Coast to cater for the uncatered for demand for Business courses both in Australia and Asia. Not room for Latin, Art History and Philosophy here, although jokes abound about degrees in sail-making and beer making, and it has been unceremoniously dubbed the 'wing-keel' university. Jokes aside, the Bond proposal represents a real threat both to the concept of free education for all and academic freedom.

The newly appointed Vice-Chancellor has already stated that academic tenure would not be offered to staff, and there will be restrictions on industrial action lectures may take. University research will be tailored to the needs of industry. This may have contributed to the vigorous opposition of FAUSA, the Australian University Teachers Union, to the private university. FAUSA sees moves to set up private universities, and the reintroducing of tuition fees for all students and selling off places to overseas students, as the result of years of underfunding which has led to the universities being unable to cater for increased demand and being inflexible to respond to new developments.

It is a path that is ominously being followed in New Zealand. As student numbers ever increase, funding falls further and further behind. Universities unable to cater for the seeming insatiable demand for Law, Accountancy and Business Studies, enforced restricted entry and set up money raising schemes to

make up the short fall. Massey University's proposal is but one of a host of schemes, as the New Zealand Vice-Chancellors grapple with the drastic financial situation. The government is also looking at making money from universities. They are already contemplating an increase in tuition fees, despite statements during the recent election campaign, both from the now Education Minister David Lange and the previous Minister Russell Marshall, that a Labour Government would not make students pay more than they already do so. A group of Education Department officials have already travelled to Australia to investigate their findings back to cabinet and a discussion document is to be made public in late October or November. This does not auger well for both New Zealand students or overseas students presently studying in New Zealand.

The Minister for Overseas Trade Mike Moore, has already publically stated that New Zealand has great potential to 'export' education, Mr Moore praised recent moves by Victoria University to sell places in the Vulcanology courses to Indonesian students for a little over \$1 million. His sentiments are echoed by former National Education spokesperson Ruth Richardson who spelt out her position in the National Party education manifesto. 'New Zealand is located in an education hungry part of the world. We have wonderful opportunities to generate foreign exchange.... National will permit and encourage education institutions to offer full-fee paying courses to foreign students.'

The concept of charging overseas students certainly has domestic appeal both in earning exchange and reducing government expenditure in higher education. This begs the question of where the government is to find these 'spare places' and whether Asian students would be willing to pay \$10,000 for courses... It also opens the door for increased charges to New Zealand students.

Our trans-Tasman brothers and sisters were not so enlightened. The Australian fee was continually revised (upwards) and the election of Bob Hawke actually saw an acceleration in fee increases. The

fee in Australia now stands at over \$A4,000 for quota students (which is paid by Foreign Affairs if you are a sponsor student).

There has also been a further, and more damaging move. In 1985, the then Minister of Education Senator Susan Ryan announced that Australian Universities could sell off 'spare' places to full-fee paying students in an attempt to capture a slice of the growing demand from Asian countries for higher education. At a time when nearly 50,000 Australian students are denied access to a university education, universities are in the process of selling places in high demand courses such as Medicine, Engineering and Commerce to the highest bidder. And there's the catch. While the prospect of foreign earnings are tempting, estimated at \$A60m last year, it is being achieved at the expense of Australian students and the concept of free education for all. It is only exacerbating a trend towards education for profit, as the university chases the dollars by offering increasing vocationally orientated courses and neglecting broad-based education courses.

This policy has little to do with educational achievement on merit. It replaces education for sense with education for dollars. Engineering and Medicine courses can cost up to \$A15,000 at the more prestigious universities such as Sydney and Melbourne. Since 1985, 13 universities and 17 colleges of Advanced Learning have opened up places for full-fee paying students. In the state that sees itself as the most 'gung ho' and 'go getting', Western Australia, there has been moves to create a \$200m private university campus all paid for by Japanese investors, and the development of a 'hybrid' university. Similar to recent moves at Massey University, lecturers from the University of Western Australia, and the controversial Curtin University would be contracted out to teach full-fee paying students, mostly from Asia. It is not surprising that Queensland, with the active support of the state Premier Jo Belike-Peterson, is the other state which investors are eyeing up for development.

SERIAL

KELLOGGS

Episode Twenty Something - Where the story finally reveals its meaning - only there'll be not so much as I've already wasted several lines with this unneeded introduction.

We were now moving faster than the speed of light. This caused Batman to spill his coffee. All the characters of the year flew past backwards in a blurry, unrecognisable stream. Sounds like Shadows Flat Ale, doesn't it? Anyway, the metallic object in the distance was now clearly visible, but the worrying thing was that our own shapes were now becoming flat and rectangular. Faster than an ambling bullet we arrived in a frenzy of paranoia and chrome. We hit the metallic object at the speed of Splyrxxon (which is VERY fast), and we came springing up through the object, popping out the other end a nice warm golden brown. We had been toasted. This whole bizarre trip had begun when we went into the toaster, now at last we were free (See issues 3 & 4). We had been away for 18 years, but we were not a minute older. I don't know why that is, this isn't a physics lesson you know!

It was the summer of '87. 'Back in the USSR' was played on the radio no more, it had been replaced with Michael Jackson. I nearly cried over this. We were in Gisborne, and I was at a Press Conference. I hate these, they usually end with everyone being pressed under a 12 tonne weight. I was asked a question, 'What's the difference between Kelloggs Serial and Kevin the Wonder Newt?'. Simple, this is a weekly expression of free (though slightly dranged) thought, while Kevin is a gripping tale of tail gripping. Kinky eh?

'Batman' I said, 'Never forget that the only success in life is in your own mind. What others think of you matters little in the end, just believe in what you do and you'll be happy. Or at least not so pissed off.'

So there it is. The adventure's over. I danced around the bicycle, stepped over the broken glass, and out the door. Then I opened it. Down the road I went, thinking the whole saga had been but a dream. 'Oh no it wasn't!' said Harvey, as he stepped out of the Gisborne Public Library. Then my family was kidnapped at gunpoint, and I drove my car off a bridge.

George

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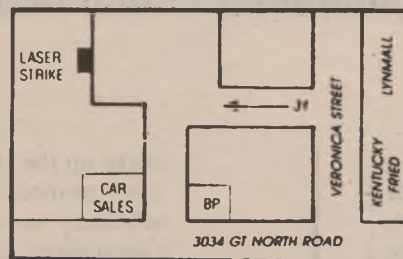
Indulge in a cosmic shoot-out on the scale of Star Wars using harmless infra-red beam weapons and computerised backpacks. Play the best, forget the rest.

Laster Strike is for 8-16 players organised into 2 or 3 teams. Bring your friends or come alone to Laser Strike!

Hours
Monday & Tuesday
Wednesday, Thursday & Friday
Saturday, Sunday, Public & School Holidays

League
4-11
12-11

We regret any confusion reference to helmets may have caused.



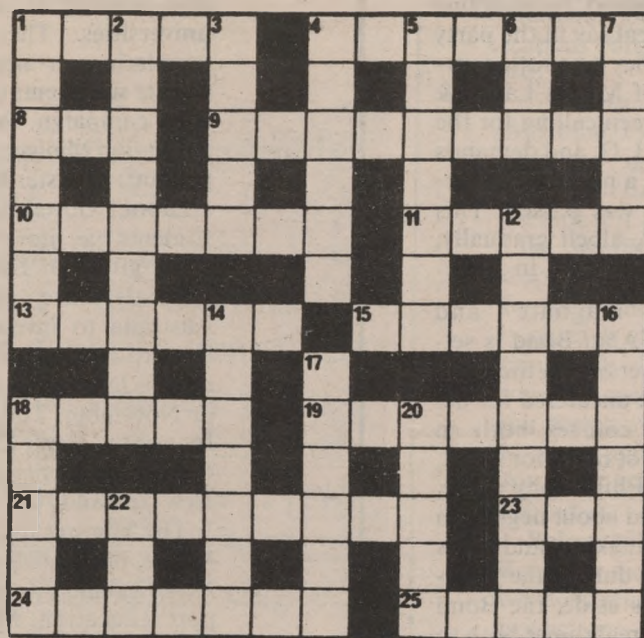
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ACROSS

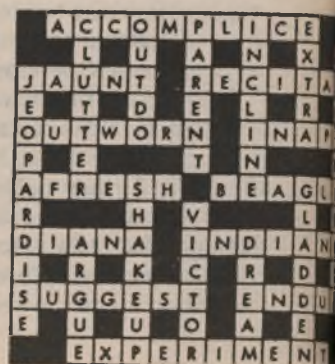
1. S. African grassland (5)
4. Hold up to ridicule (7)
8. Constantly find fault (3)
9. Haughtiness (9)
10. Garden of fruit-trees (7)
11. Mixture (5)
13. Insincere (6)
15. Fanatic (6)
18. Trifled (5)
19. Model of perfection (7)
21. Liveliness (9)
23. Fasten (3)
24. Pedal (7)
25. Nervous (5)

DOWN

1. 19th century Dutch painter (3,4)
2. Rationally (9)
3. Jewelled head-dress (5)
4. Burlesque imitation (6)
5. Easy to read (7)
6. Have (3)
7. Product (5)
12. Inform (9)
14. Experienced person (3,4)
16. Leather-factory (7)
17. Elf (6)
18. A characteristic (5)
20. Renovate (5)
22. Wrath (3)

solution on Lettuce Page.

last week's solution:





MONDAY MOVIE

Day: The Mission.
at the Maidment,
m.

Oct 12: Invasion of
Body Snatchers.
Oct 19: A Room with
View.

FINAL BURSARY PAYMENT

cheques will be available for
collection from the Rec Centre
Wednesday 7 October 9am
4.30pm. On Thursday 8 Oc-
tober cheques will be available
collection 9am to 12 noon
ly. Your ID card is required.

LOST

very long red woollen scarf
th Notts Forest written on
end. It's very clear to me
if I see you with it on, I
will strangle you with it. For-
ward, see Nick Hughes. (He
can't tell me where you can
find him!)

EYE EXAMINATIONS

University Optometry
clinic is open from 9am to 5pm
till Christmas. Examinations
(excluding GST). Please
phone for an appointment. Im-
mediate space available.
737-725 or 737-710.

DRINKING HORN

Thursday, 8th October, in
the Quad.

STUDENT UNEMPLOY- MENT CENTRE

Applications are invited from
people interested in working
with unemployed students dur-
ing the 1987-88 summer
vacation.

The work will include providing
assistance in dealings with
government departments and
other agencies, helping with
personal, financial and tenancy
problems, dealing with the news
media and organising social and
political activities with
unemployed students.

The period of employment will
be from the 3rd week of
November to mid February and
the pay will be about \$337.00
per week.

Applications are particularly in-
vited from people able to relate
well to women, Maori and
Pacific Island students and to
overseas students since they are
the students most likely to be
unemployed.

Applications should be made in
writing and should include
details of the applicant's rele-
vant skills and experience and
the names of two referees. Ap-
plications close on Friday 9th
October.

COPY FOR ORIENTATION HANDBOOK

Dear Club,

If you want to be in the
Handbook, please write 200
words on your club, its
members, activities, or aims.
And if you have a good
photograph or graphic please
include that too. 200 words
should only take about half an
hour to write, so this task is not
a heavy one.

Material may be handed to
AUSA reception, or posted.

Please note that the deadline
for material is:

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 14.
Unfortunately there can be no
extensions to this date.

And remember to include a
**CONTACT NAME AND
PHONE NUMBER**, so next
year's prospective members can
find you.

Thanks,

**ORIENTATION HAND-
BOOK EDITORS**

ACCOMMODATION

While in Dunedin, make your
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74 Gladstone Rd, Dunedin.

SPORTY PEOPLES...

NZUSU invites nominations for
the 1987 Sports person of the
year award. Applicants should
submit a detailed C.U., outlin-
ing local and national competi-
tion results, national rankings
and a completed blue eligibili-
ty form by Friday October 30th.
Submissions should be address-
ed to Roger Wood, Exec Direc-
tor NZUSU, P.O. Box 27-200,
Wellington.

EARN MONEY FOR XMAS

Part-time work interviewing,
Saturdays only or flexible hours
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reception.

UNIGAYS

On October the 9th - our last
meeting of the year - we will be
showing a video (possibly
Another Country, (A Cannes
Film Festival winner) set in an
English public school in the
1930's). This will begin about
five o'clock. We will also have
wine available.

The video will be in room
144, which is above the Maid-
ment Arts centre foyer. Contact:
Richard ph 771-012.

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THE END

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READABLE LETTUCE

HERE COMES THE SUN

Roll on summer, let's see more thighs. It's great the way mini-skirts keep coming back into fashion. Before you ministers out there start fuming, I will point out to you that you've had Bernard's legs to look at all winter so you haven't missed out. I personally can't get down to Takapuna beach and sit on my sunburn while watching bare bronzed bodies parading up and down the beach as I casually work my way through the second dozen.

Signed pale face
(but not for long)

IRON FOR EQUALITY

Dear Craccum,
I note with alarm the privatization plans for universities detailed in your last issue. I see no reason why the private sector should be responsible for privies on campus. Privatization of privies is almost as bad as a proposed \$800 tuition fee next year (take note, Kiddies!) but not as poignant (sic) as Saffron Field's memories (in the (sic) branches pohutokawas.' Is that a new species, or is my reading coloured by pigments of my imagination?

Let us not forget Fraser Wood's 'easy'. It is (sic) easy to leave out comparisons between North and South when it doesn't suit your argument. For instance, North's per capita GDP is thought to be \$900, compared to South's \$2274. So what if 72% of South's GNP comes from imports and exports. What percentage is man's? Trading is far superior to the trade, independent opposite extreme subsistence farming. Sure, wages in North Korea are among the lowest in the world. It is delightful to see that the economy has grown enough to be able to support higher wage levels, which the workers deserve. And I believe they will give them. I congratulate them for their stand, and for management concessions. Government intervention was mostly limited to allowing the negotiations with 'illegal' unions.

Frankly, I'd rather have the higher standard of living in the South, thank you. The North spends 25% of its GNP

on weapons. You can try to claim this is protection from the South. Heavy protection - the best form of defence is offense? Certainly it is the South that fears invasion. But it is an exercise in subjective futility to try to second-guess countries motivations. Perhaps a slightly-less partisan article from Fraser wouldn't make me ill (sic!)

But in an issue where Brad didn't know where he was, it was illuminating to read Archives just for the sexist language and sentiments. At least we have (I hope) made some progress since 1945, however superficial that may be (it's a start). But a superficial equality is not enough when women cannot walk through Government Gardens at night (on Campus) without the threat of rape - a threat tragically realised for some.

Just looking at the income statistics for women; enrolment in courses and any other area you care to name just proves that equality is still a dream (an obtainable one I pray). I'm not sure whether to offer sympathy or just feel disgusted that there are those (men, naturally) who feel the liberation battle has been won (but what of the war?) and what Womenspace stands as an anachronism and bastion of discrimination in the utopia of equality in which we now live. Bah! Humbug!

Womenspace is just a small (oh! so small) part (well-used part) of a male dominated world to which women can escape (yes, 'escape' is the right word). And it's so much more than that. But I cannot glibly express the needs and feelings of many different women on paper. Suffice it to say, long may it prosper. In my own small way, I will work to change the world so that it is not needed, rather than brazenly assert that the world has changed already. (Surely there are few WOMEN who can believe that? But oh so many men.)

I hope it will be my daughters who abolish Womenspace as unnecessary, and not my granddaughters.

Yours in equality,
TRON

P.S. Please do not print this PS.

P.P.S. Interesting to see that Dr H addressed its letter to 'Metro Craccum' a week before ordinary students knew what the issue would be called.

ED NOTE: If you had read the week before Editorial you would have seen reference to the upcoming Mettrash issue. It was nice to see at least one person actually reads our editorial.

CLEAN KAYAKS

Dear Craccum,

Um!... are... well ah, I'm a bit lost for words at the moment and still quite in awe at the brilliant idea put forward by a Miss V.T. (ed of the week, Sept 7th) over her concern for our clubbies bums. All bottoms are now 'inkless' due to no ink put on the last page. This therefore keeps our kayak seats clean and spotless (except those who do the odd squeeze while paddling in awesome grade 6 rapid).

Hate Ted
AUCC President 1987

P.S. I hope this blank page feature continues forever as it has been the only useful Craccum yet to date (more articles would be appreciated as to add to the thickness of the paper for more comfort).

P.P.S. For your next issue could you please include a 'waterproof' front page.

DARK ROOM!

Dear Craccum, Editors,

It is true what they say about the Craccum dark room!!!!!!

INTERESTED FROM ISSUE 1

SUDS FOREVER

Dear Craccum,
Hic.

Cheers
Lance Suds

NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

Dear Craccum,

How practical is nuclear disarmament at A.U. I mean, what the f**k do we do with all that excess flour?

Concerned bomber

P.S. As for the real nukes, where do we put all that radioactive crap? It better not be on OUR planet.

ANGRY'S LAST WORDS

Dear Craccum,

I am ANGRY. God I am ANGRY. I am so bloody angry. Shit I am angry. And what makes me more angry is that I missed the damnable deadline. It's bad enough having to be angry all year long without having pedantic editors who insist on such trifling temporal details. I have got my rights. I am a fee-payer, dash it. Every student should have the right to write for any issue they like. Personally, I wanted this letter to go in issue 3. And they try to tell me it is not possible to do this, merely because I wrote this 7 months after it was printed. Just who do they think they are? Back in my day, we had standards! Sex, sex, sex. That's all they think about. I'm not surprised they can't produce a decent morally upstanding newspaper, when all they do all day in the Craccum office is have sex. Sex, sex and more sex. It's disgusting and appalling. I miss a deadline and they didn't invite me. Us small contributors don't stand a chance. All they want are people who can contribute big bits. They like people with big bits. Big, bold bits, huge wobbly bits, great lunging pink bits. In summation I would just like to say: I am ANGRY. I am bloody ANGRY. Shit I am ANGRY.

Signed: ANGRY OF RUDMAN

LIFE, AND ALL THAT Chaplain's Chat


The end of the year draweth nigh. Lecture courses are ending, laboratories are emptying, libraries are filling, and examinations are looming. This may not be the best possible time to brood on the nature of life, but it's all I've got left. So here's a question, particularly for those of you who don't expect to be here next week: what have you got out of your time at University?

Perhaps you've learnt enough to get a degree. I hope you have. But what's the degree for? To help you get a well-paying job? Again, I hope you do. But is that really what life is all about? Or perhaps you're here for the sheer joy of studying some subject which you find passionately absorbing. I hope you've found that joy. But is that all? People seem to need more than a job or a passion to lead a satisfying life. Some, at least, need a cause to pursue.

Now there are lots of things I'd like to say. I could point out the comparative unimportance of examinations in attaining lasting fulfilment; or the merits of a life spent serving others; or that knowledge alone is barren without qualities like love and compassion; then I'd just mention in passing that in the Christian life I, along with lots of other people, have found a cause which makes sense of existence, and the inner resources to do something about it. Then I could work in something encouraging about passing examinations being all right, but growing in humanity being more important and more rewarding.

I could say all that. I'd like to say all that; I believe it's true. But that sort of stuff is very unfashionable, and you wouldn't read it. Would you? So you'll just have to manage without my help.

Contributed by G.A.C. for the Auckland University Chaplaincy




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Year 1987 and is entitled to
back to the Village anytime s/he is
elsewhere.

READABLE LETTUCE

SHERYL'S WRONG!

Dear Craccum
Sheryl Jackson made some more wild claims last week - all of them unsubstantiated. She is hooked on bourgeois propaganda, preferring to rely on it rather than examining actual events in history. She claims that socialism is a series of 'ad hoc regulations and arbitrary five year plans which serve only to make a further mess of peoples lives.'

In fact five year plans enabled the USSR to become a modern industrialised country. It took the West 150 years to do what the Russians achieved in less than fifteen years (and they did it without outside assistance). The plans were formulated by an overwhelming majority of Russian workers and in all the factories they were discussed. The first five year plan, although it set very high goals, was completed in four years - such was the people's enthusiasm for socialism. Since 1957 and Krushchev's revisionism those successes have never been repeated.

Basically Sheryl turns everything up-sidedown. She imagines that one action of the FDR precipitated the whole industrial crisis of 1929-1935. The crash was coming irrespective of Hoovers' regulations. Sheryl blames state intervention for the depression years, but it was in the last century when there existed laissez-faire capitalism that depressions occurred most often (every ten years).

With the last depression bourgeois economists were unable to explain or rectify the economic problems that they faced. After the depression Keynesian theory became the leading capitalist economic theory. It was taken up by Roosevelt in the USA, the Tory government of Great Britain, and the Labour government in New Zealand. They all opted of some degree of state intervention. Sheryl would have rather they left workers starving. In more recent times all the capitalists in New Zealand bowed down before the theories of Friedman, today they no longer worship him.

Sheryl ends her letter saying incisive economic analysis is needed. Well it certainly wasn't present in her letter and just where does she think she'll find it? Douglas' economics? Bolgers'? Richardson? Coss'? Good luck.

Daphna

Whitmore

B COM YUPPIES

Dear Craccum,

Must we be continually subjected to outrageous claims by Commerce Yuppies that their's is the only worthwhile degree. To enforce this point I quote from 'Commercial Daze' (The School of Commerce Newspaper) 16/9/87 which reads on page 2 - 'Market yourself now. Yes, you are a product with a price. That does not mean the highest bidder will get you. Be clear what your Competitive Advantage (what makes you different from all the others) is and sell it to the company you want to work for.'

I realise that the Yuppies have a free choice to study what they like, and I am not complaining about this, but merely the fact that they are so god-damn up themselves. So as far as I am concerned all you pathetic little sods can take your competitive Edge and shove it up your arse.

Yours sincerely
Louis Cypher

'MINI BRAINS' CAUSE MEGA PAINS'

Following in the footsteps of the great 'profit' (\$5000 of A.U.S.A. funds to be exact) Graham 'Ayatollahyou the truth' Watson, are two young contestants, competing for the Rotating Head Prize. Angus Og, and Small Afterburner, Paul Turner. Both are leading the stakes to see which first year psuedo student politicos attract the most attention and the least votes by spending the most money on their campaigns; and by trying to make the most use of their rotating heads in order to see where the most contentious and delicate issues and debates are. Discovering these issues i.e. the abolition of Women's space etc. these two jump on the bandwagon in an effort to gain public attention if not support.

Regardless of all common sense they have stumbled and crashed from S.R.C. meetings to Exec meetings, to the Coffee bar where in frustration, they throw straws at each other.

These horrendous creatures, should be exterminated as quickly as possible. Preferably public execution like hanging in the quad.

However, the nominees for the Rotating Head Prize of the year are:

1. **Angus Og**, 'I'm the man with the hairy back', the quarimodo lump is a mega-pack of Joe Weider's anabolic ego steroids. 'I know you love me, I love me too- Vote for moi!'

2. **Paul 'Small Afterburner' Turner**, thrown out of Shadows for looking like an eleven year old, with intellect to match. He was refused entry upon producing a note from his mother.

3. **Graham 'Ayatollahyou the truth da first time' Watson**. For embezzling \$5,000 worth of A.U.S.A. Funds and getting away with it. For misunderstanding the 'First Aids' programme and attempting to contract the disease immediately. Sorry Graham, it's already Gone-a-Rio' Hah. (Don't worry boy it's only a cold sore). It's amazing any women have any space for him at all after his last proposal at Wednesday 23rd's SRC meeting.

4. **Dave 'please listen to me' Brenner**. 'I love Graham, do you think he loves me?' Oh yes, of course there was his famous quote/plea; 'I want to be involved in student politics'. Rumoured to have given Graham his social disease, **LOQUALITY**

A late rear entry for the race to win the Rotating Head, but definitely more than just a little **bunt** in the baseball game of life.

5. Lastly **Michael Heriot**, pyrotechnic extraordinaire. Firstly he fired up the billboards and some posters, on election night. Last week Ann Webster's office. Tomorrow Aretha Franklin,

Who's Voomin' Who?

And the winner is Student Apathy for allowing these CRETIN'S to exist.

Signed: Phil Ossifer

BLANK IDEAS

Dear Editors,

After introducing one of the greatest ideas ever, namely the blank page on the back of Craccum, why were the printers let loose on the back of last week's Craccum (28th Sept)? Shame on you!

R. Eltringham

REVELATIONS

Who are: Droid, Gort, George, Reg, Mirv, Angry of Rudman, Sweet Pea, Quad, Raf/Fish, Chazz, Og, Drelict, Junior, Scoff, Sco, Munchkin, JR, Triple C, Woz, Hagar, Stove, Fag, all these and less will be revealed in next years exciting issues of

CRACKED 'EM

HIPPOS ONLY RACE UP

Dear Ed,

I am on a mission from God! I feel compelled to ridicule the spectacularly innane article written by that chocolate fish, El Presidente (Mettrash 28 Sept).

What sort of President of the World would he make? Showing Batman only twice a day, and everyone knows that the Hippopotomusses race UP the Zomboolu river, not to mention the Aardvark.

As for incredible and amazing, this guy could have discovered a real live Yuppie by just looking in the mirror. Anyone who uses the word 'lucrative' just has to be a Yuppie Accountant (and therefore committing educational suicide, along with BA, BSC students).

I bet this El Presidente spends all his time driving daddies BMW to hairdressing conventions in Tutukaka, and designing new Pink outfits for his Bully-boys and pussy-dog.

ANSWER THAT FASCIST!

Yours with a cricket bat,
Papa Smurf

P.S. Is Virus Packet-of-Biscuits a new concept in biological warfare, or a Lithuanian computer bunny?

APOLOGIES TO LINCOLNONIANS

Dear people,

In my article 'Hiring Out Higher Education', I mentioned a rumour that there might be plans for a cost recovery course at Lincoln. I am happy to report that this rumour was only that. Sorry if I got anyone wound up about it.

Jason Dowse, NZUSA Research Officer

P.S. Compliments on your excellent 'Sunday Craccum'.

SHERYL YOU BASTARD

Dear Craccum,

It's high time Sheryl Jackson showed herself publically for stoning. She is the result of more ulcers on my backside than exams, withdrawal from chocolate fish, the sight of yuppies or life generally. I will give an anonymous name as I have heard that people who write letters against her have been met with violent assaults by people called CIA's or something.

What's your problem Sheryl - you bloody stirrer.

DR WHAT

P.S. I am without sin - I will gladly cast the first stone.

RATT'S REAR SAVED

Dear Chief Editor (Issue 21, Sept 7),

As I sit here on this wet picnic table during this wet Tuesday lunchtime, I am fully appreciating this bold new feature on Craccum's back page. Congratulations Vicki, on your foresight in catering to student needs on this miserable day. Not only is my bum dry, but I can wear the same pair of trousers tomorrow as they won't need washing due to messy black stains.

But, on just a moments thought, I can see that the usefulness of Blank pages doesn't stop there. You can write letters to the Editor on it, doodle over it when you've finished the interesting parts and there's still 49 minutes till the end of your lecture, and the mere addition of perforations would add even more uses. I can only hope that this will become a regular feature of your paper so our washing machines can have the break they deserve.

Yours thankfully anytime,
Tim Ratt, AUCC Trips Officer

MALE PHALLUS

Dear Editor,

How interesting to see a graphic display of the great Kiwi male Initiatory Rite. I am of course referring to the centrefold of horny beer guzzlers featured in Craccum (August).

The symbiotic relationship of phallus and beer mug was full-frontally revealed for the psychologist and observer of N.Z. Male Rites of Passage (the logical culmination being a literal mass 'piss-up').

This display must lead one to suspect that large numbers of N.Z. males still look upon their phallic abilities to consume alcohol as proof of manhood.

As long as this tradition continues then the opinion of Germaine Greer that Australasian men are probably 'the most useless in the world', will continue to have the ring of truth.

So boys, let your phalluses

Soak in that one.
H. Francis

MIDDLE EAST SILENCE

Dear Craccum,

I can hardly believe this place!!! The whole Middle East situation looks like it is about to 'blow up' and the University carries on like it is none of our business. Maybe someone can tell me why there is no Middle East Dept at Auckland University? Apart from the Courses Continuing Education runs on Zionism and the Palestinians and on Islam there is nothing for those students, or the general public who may want to be better informed. Come on you lecturers who know what's going on between Iran & Iraq, between Israel and the Arabs, between Islamic Fundamentalists and other Muslims - let's share some of your knowledge. What about a lunchtime discussion group? Even a CIA view of the Middle East would be better than the silence!!!

Yours sincerely,
Lisa McBride

READABLE LETTUCE

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Yours sincerely,
isa McBride

JUDGE RED REVEALED

Dear Craccum,
One of Judge Red's buddies (at least before this letter) would just like to reveal a little about our moral mentor. Judge Red was seen by many, and seen, as one of the naked scullers graced your pages as a centerfold. The smutty little bastard is telling us to do this and that for the sake of morality when the contradicting word revealed all, not that it was. The curried sausages frequently as budget meals are better built. Part from that in his last letter he was 'trendy' unisex salons. Well Mr trendy red gets his hair cut there too not only that, he works at a quaint 'dy' little bar by the name of 'Ab-'. It was also noted that the Judge had both drinking and smoking of kinds. I will concede that the judge, to the best of my knowledge has been seen smoking either type. But king, that's a laugh! On the last day of our August break, I saw him 10.30 in the morning, wobbling through the streets of Newmarket. Those the judge informed me he hadn't shed anything of the alcoholic nature 4.45 that morning. Imagine him he would have been 'Judge Jelly'. Much for his moral upstanding, I we should punish him to sitting on his Subaru's gear stick for a day, them is he would enjoy it!

The peoples man,
The Hillman Avenger

Angus is the largest faggot on cam- and is so loose, so Graham tells me, you can fit a pumpkin up his arse. Me mate Kevin of Herne Bay says toilet hand dryers are made for is or are to be used for things other hands!

A LETTA:

Well boys and girls the end is almost Exams are nearly upon us. (I don't about you but I'd prefer someone, something else). This, the last of the year, sees the end of the Collective as next year they are all deported into something that resembles reality (is this the price year of fame and fortune?). But hey panic kiddies, privileged inside in- tells me that next year will be even bet- as the ed's are all weirdos of the intellectual sort. Apart from a new there will be a whole new set of first for you all to brainwash and/or (take note Sheryl, Dr H, et al), that an exciting (oo er) prospect. As I type this s**t I ask myself: ere will I have to go to get a decent next year? Aaaaargh answer myself realise that wherever that will be it be far enough away for me to be able get lost on my way back. Sex. Just light I'd grab your attention. so as another lunatic Crem letta er fades into infinity let us all have minutes silence for the passing this eyar a famous Monty Python because n a CIA view e better than Cup.

Yours in preparation for more idle hogwash next year
Cyril the constipated frog.

RAZOR PLUG

Dear Craccum,
I loved Sunday Craccum. Clever stuff. That's taking an idea and milking it wholesale.
Razor No. 5 will be out too late for a Craccum review, so if I could sneak a plug It's \$3.50 including postage from 8 Prospero Tce, Mt Albert, or else pop into Mark 1 Comics or the Government Bookshop (where I work, Trev). It's got a 17 page Associates story by Kupe and me called 'Bleak', heaps of strips by David Mitchell, Graham Hedgeman and John Payne, plus lots of text material by Colin Amery and company. Also 'A Logic Show' about a Gay Rights March invaded by the Red Squad, and Part One of the All Sorts, a poll of New Zealand Cartoonists (Ball, Bromhead, Bollinger etc). Give it a month and it'll see print. 64 pages!!! Anyone reading this who wants to see their strips in the printed black and white, send in photocopies to the above address.

'CHRISTIAN COMEDY, ANARCHY A JOKE'

Dear Saint (??) Simon,
Far be it for me to start a Craccum centred bout between Anarchy and Christianity, for which I never intended in writing my letter 'Anarchist Utopia Questioned', but in defence of what I wrote, I am sooooo sorry if my writing did not cause you to roll about on the floor in a raucous fit of laughter. So you think Christians are boring? Well here's a religious joke for you -

Q: What do Winny the Poo and John the Baptist have in common?
A: They both have the same middle name (HA HA).

Now I don't know how on earth you managed to squeeze out your points (1), (2) and (3) about what seems to me to be a very limited and ignorant view of Christianity, from a mere passing comment of mine that the first Church in the bible seemed to 'have things together' in a very practical way.

I really wonder whether you have ever seriously and unbiased read the new testament (or even bits thereof) before you make your vast sweeping statements of its invalidity and the same of the Christian life and even God.

Now as to your accusation that I somehow suggested you adapt a dogmatic approach. This was by no means my motive, but I merely wanted to suggest that you apply a bit of history and don't make the same mistakes as have been made in the past. I sincerely hope that your attempts at anarchy bring about the ideals you are striving for, for a Christian is certainly no better than an anarchist in the eyes of God, the only real difference being that a Christian has the added help of Jesus and his promises. Also the only reason I accept this is not because of any religious doctrine that has been pushed down my throat, but because of the reality of it, which I have experienced in my life.

This will probably get right up your nose, but I'll be praying for you.

Yours sincerely,
J.I. McKillop

GOD EXISTS

Dear Craccum,
I have a suggestion for a campus activity. Why don't we all go around pretending that God doesn't exist. Those given to public speaking can spread the message and after a few weeks a majority will really believe it and God will cease to exist.

The trouble with my suggestion is that it is not new. Many people are doing just that in an attempt to escape from Gods call on their lives.

If human and for that matter any life was just an accident and with humans being in control of their environment I defy anybody to create from nothing a form of intelligent life. If it could happen by accident surely an extremely educated scientist could do it. If not God must surely take responsibility.

In God is the freedom to be yourself and also the power to be yourself. Christianity is no crutch. For those that say it is I just say try it. Without God you won't have the power to do it. You will just remain a puppet of society or one of various sub societies and thus you don't have freedom.

One very sobering thought I have is that many people are going to be very shocked and even embarrassed on judgement day when they face Jesus and try to convince him that he doesn't exist.

God said 'I am appointed for a person once to die and then face Judgement'. So I'll see you on Judgement day.

Craig Wallis

PAUL GETS STROPPY

To the Editors of the Rag
Thanks for pointing out that I echo Angus Ogilvie's excrement. You failed to mention, however, that it's echoed in your direction so that it can get rubbed in your faces.

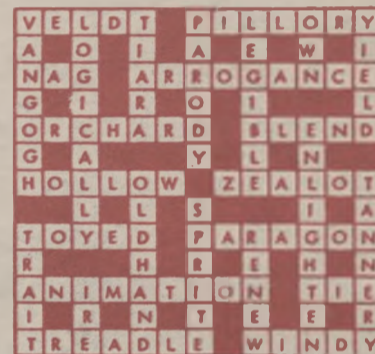
Signed
P.S. Turner

P.S. Next time I'll be pushing for 'Ward 10' to be travelling down stairs in an inverted position.

Ed's reply - Now now Paul, let's not get in a grumpy! We'd like to thank you for providing a face and style that has sold us many badges. And is that a threat in your P.S.? - Or is that part of your name?

Ed's P.S. - Yes, you can still buy a 'Paul Turner Busters' badge from the CRACCUM office for \$1.50 !

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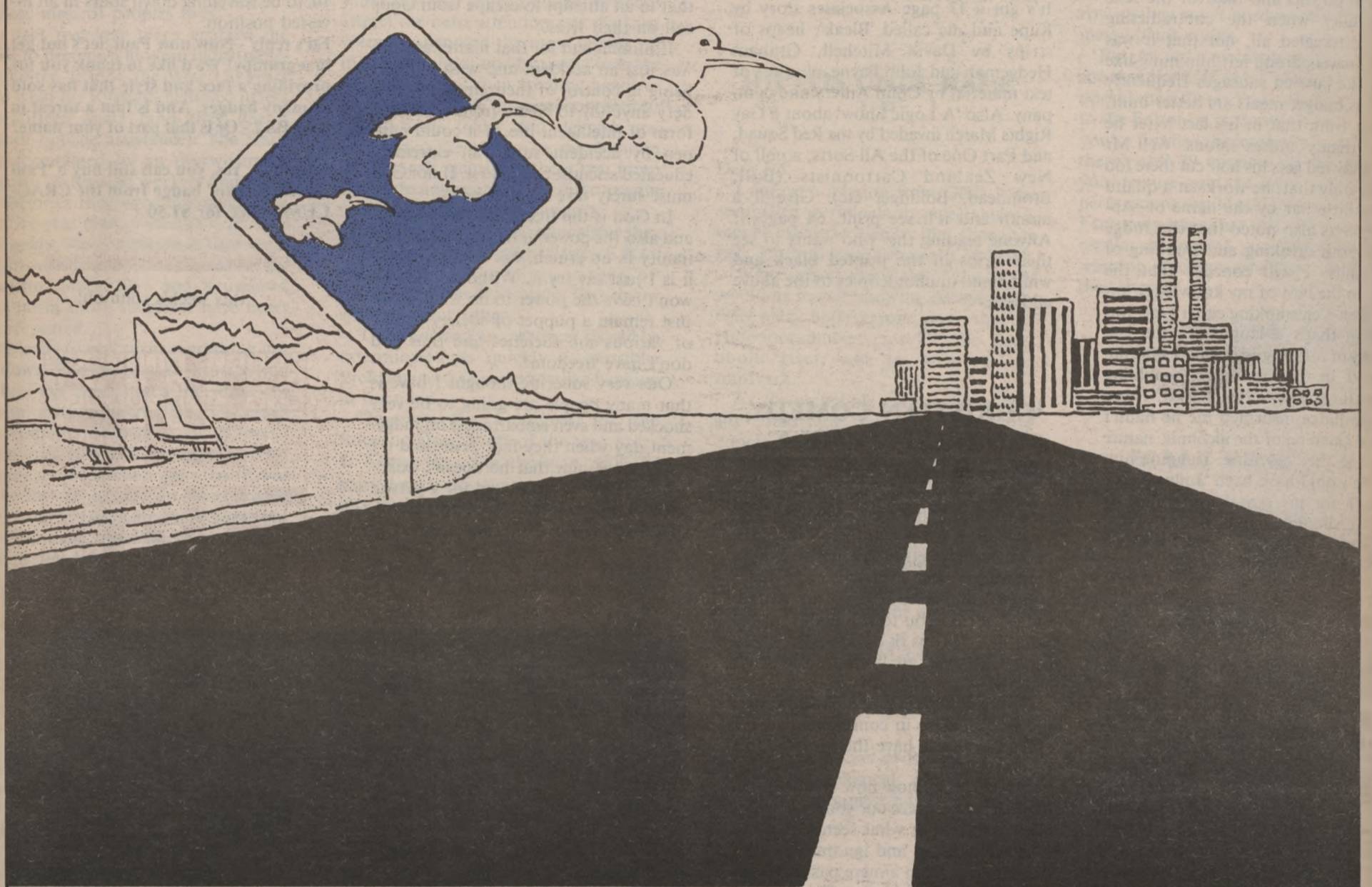
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