

CRACCUM

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FREE

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► NZUSA RELEASES EDUCATION BLUEPRINT

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CREDITS

Typesetting: Barbara Hendry & Kerry Hoole
 Printers: Putaruru Press
 Distribution: Alison Comer
 Advertising: Kerry Hoole Ph (09) 366-0413

Ta to these peoples for hitting random keys on a typewriter this week and creating something legible:
 Craig Dickson, Mark Broatch, Richard Eltringham, Colin Amery, Bryce Kowalski, A.J. Polson and John Burgess.

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 Bruce, Richard Eltringham

Postal Address: Craccum,
 A.U.S.A.
 Private Bag,
 Auckland.

Phone No:
 390-789 ext 840
 Advertising ext 841

Craccum is a source of free expression for Auckland University students and the University community. Craccum is not the official publication of the Auckland University Student's Association or of the University of Auckland. Both bodies may not endorse or agree with opinions expressed within Craccum, and the Editors can't be bothered with anything so boring as opinions, not unless they are suitably bribed.

So, here we are again. And I suppose you all expect me to come up with something witty and original

again, do you? After all, isn't this the only bit in the whole paper with the remotest spark of imagination? Of course it is! Well how about this:
 disclaimer n. act of disclaiming, renunciation, disavowal.

What that means, peasants, is that anything we print in this rag is none of our responsibility whatsoever and there's no way you can get us in the shit! Any contradictions are almost certainly the result of a really boring person trying to think!!

INDULGENCE

Well, kids, it looks like the economic climate has caught up with Craccum again: we've had to cut down to 12 pages for this issue. Unfortunately unless there is a dramatic upturn in advertising revenue it looks like we might have some trouble getting back to 16 pages before the end of the year.

This cut back has meant that less than half of the letters received this week were able to be printed. As usual preference has been given to those letters that arrived here first, so if you're pissed off that YOUR letter didn't make it then, sorry, but that's the way the cookie crumbles.

It has been quite noticeable in the first couple of weeks of this term that Shadows has not been as full as it used to be. Have you all suddenly realised that you'd better do some work or you might fail? You should have listened to that advice at the beginning of the year about doing all your coursework, shouldn't you? Of course, then you didn't know that the Government was going to boost the fees so much that without a fees grant (which depends on your eligibility for bursary) then you're going to have to pay a minimum of around \$900 or up to \$3000 if you're a Med. student. This means you'll have to work your butt off over summer just to afford enrolment, let alone the rest of the year, unless your parents can afford to give you the money. It's just the Government's way of saving money by cutting down the student population so that they don't have to dish out for new buildings etc. Bloody typical, innit?

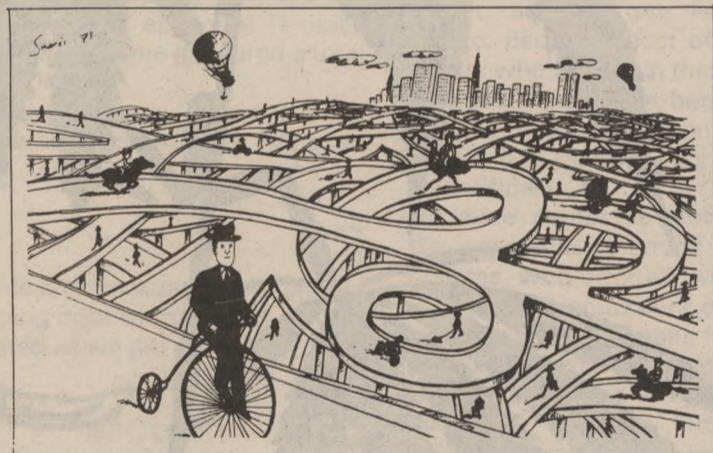
On a happier note, the Olympics have finally got under way, and New Zealand can again look forward to bringing home medals in front of competitors whose countries give them 10 times, or even 100 times, as much financial support. It looks like we've still got true Olympic spirit, it's just a pity we're 20 years behind the rest of the world. It just goes to show what a mickey mouse occasion the Olympics have turned into. Now we've got tennis back as an official sport, what the hell for? It's about as much a waste of time as synchronised swimming, rhythmic gymnastics, or soccer (after all, the World Cup is bigger and more important than the Olympic soccer competition). Before you know it they'll have tiddlywinks or aerobics or bodybuilding just because some asshole has decided that they're sport is important enough to warrant being present at the worlds biggest sporting spectacular. Bullshit!!!

One thing we should all, as students, note about South Korea, which will probably have some bearing on the Olympics, and that's the student protests. Boy do those guys and girls know how to protest! They make the Queen Street riot look like an E.U. party.

Time I was off. See you in the garden bar.

Gort

The Eds: Miriam de Graaf, Simon Holroyd



PART 19: "BATTLE'S END."

LOCKER 13

©1988 TOM.

"WITH THE HELP OF A MEDIUM I DISCOVERED I'D HAD THE SPECTRE OF EXAMINATIONS IN MY LOCKER. IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT IT COULDN'T BE DESTROYED. IT IS PART OF UNIVERSITY... BUT IF I DESTROY THE LOCKER... AT THE VERY LEAST, IT WILL GO ELSEWHERE. HELLO SATISFIED REVENGE..."



CONTD...

Life, the University and Everything

NZUSA TAKES THE INITIATIVE

Last week the national student body NZUSA released their latest project, the 'Blueprint Initiative'. In anticipation of the Hawke Report to be released in a few weeks, it aims to provide an alternative structure for tertiary education.

The Blueprint is titled 'Higher Education: Our Vision' and is based on the principle that education, one that is free and open, is not only good for our country, but essential—socially and economically. Education is our means to share our collective knowledge so that society can operate and develop. As the blueprint remarks, "It frees successive generations from the need to reinvent the wheel."

The Blueprint also sees education as an important part of a democracy, which cannot be effective unless its citizens are informed and educated so as to be able to make wise decisions and to participate in the running of their country.

This system aims for:

- effectiveness in achieving the educational goals
- genuine equality of opportunity
- making the best of resources to achieve an effective and equitable tertiary education system.

The educational goals are:

- to develop critical thinking, analysis and problem solving.
- to develop occupational skills
- to offer a wide range of opportunities

for personal development
-to advance knowledge through research and development

The co-ordination of this system would lie with a Tertiary Council, who ensures that the goals are met. This council would include representatives from tertiary staff, students, the industrial sector and the public. Each institution would be headed by a council which would include management, staff, student and community representation.

Tertiary institutions would be divided into four types:

1. Universities—their aims being to develop critical thinking, analysis and problem solving, as well as research.
2. Institutes for technology—teaching and research in specialized areas.
3. Polytechnics—accessible to large proportions of the population. Providing occupationally oriented courses, personal development opportunities, introductions to skills etc.
4. Professional schools—specialist areas like Medicine, Engineering, Teacher training. Located in either of the other institutions, depending on appropriate resources.

This system of tertiary education is based on government funding—after all why should NZ'ers pay for access to the knowledge to which they are entitled?

Hopefully this professionally put together blueprint will be given plenty of consideration and maybe even contribute to a more satisfactory education system.

Meanwhile, the Hawke Report is expected out on September 26. Following this there is to be a period of consultation. General feeling has it that the Hawke Report will call for the decentralisation of tertiary education. NZUSA'S blueprint states that PCET (Post Compulsory Education and Training) does not distinguish between education and training, by including the higher grades of secondary school, Access and on-job training. It specifically objects to these being included with tertiary education.

It is also believed that the Hawke report expects tertiary institutions to be partially responsible for their own funding—this will be largely privately derived, meaning students would be expected to pay. The government's contributions would be concentrated on funding for disadvantaged groups and capital for educational research.

It seems the government is also releasing a Pre-School education policy, at the same time. By doing so, it will be presenting a funding option between pre-school and tertiary education you can have one or the other. NZUSA believes this to be emotional blackmail. These kind of choices, though, should not have to be made—education should be free right across the board.

So what can we do? Well, with exams coming up, it will be difficult to organise protests. Students should take advantage of the one month consulting period during October to write submissions.

The submissions need not be long or complicated, and they can be based on the NZUSA blueprint, which is available for study at the Students' Association. If you've never written a submission before, don't worry—the Students' Association is there to help you.

So what do Art History, Ancient History, Anthropology, Maori and Philosophy have in common?

Well, if the government gets their way with free-market education, these are all under threat of extinction. Face it, what student without rich and generous parents is going to want to pay thousands of dollars a year to study subjects that haven't specific careers tied to them?

But lots of people want to learn about themselves and others, and society cannot be deprived of knowledge. Pakeha NZ is already a collection of people with no culture to bind them, easily frightened and subject to their rulers' whims. Why make it worse? Give a morning to write a submission to the Govt. This may be students' last chance for open access to university. This is one we can't lose.

-John Henderson

AUSA TO STAY WITH NZUSA

At last week's SRC meeting the motion of withdrawal from NZUSA was rescinded. Those who supported the motion hope that at least this threat will have given NZUSA some indication of their dissatisfaction.

Steve Barriball's letter in last week's Craccum, however, gave a different perspective to the situation, doubting AUSA's ability rather than that of NZUSA, and may have changed a few minds.

BELATED TOURNEY REPORT

It all began at some ungodly hour of Sunday morning, the bus leaving at something like 6.30 for Palmy North. About 8 hours, and it would seem, many beers later 40 odd (?) Auckland students descended upon an unsuspecting Massey campus. Within half an hour a certain engineer of widespread fame had passed out in a quivering heap, an auspicious start.

Monday morning saw the sporting events commence, with Auckland teams looking strong favourites in all events, however a combination of thin atmosphere and a sudden cold snap left the Aucklanders somewhat below their formidable peak. By the end of the day it had become obvious that we weren't winning much. The rest of the sporting events went along similar lines, with Auckland finishing a disappointing last, among those universities with teams in the competition sports.

Among the non-competition sports this year was indoor cricket, in an attempt to salvage some Auckland pride CRACCUM assembled a fearsome team of huculean proportions. (D.J. Cameron eat your heart out). Undaunted by the inclement condi-

tions this team swept all before it rating the Auckland engineering team, Sisters of Death (SOD for short) before being pipped at the post by the same team in the playoff for 6th and 7th.

In fact about the only cause for celebration was members of the Auckland delegation remaining undefeated darts champions at the end of the tournament, and sweeping the first four places in the post-tourney golf tournament. Official results, for those who care can be found elsewhere on this page, don't look at me.

The Unknown Reporter

The Tournament Co-ordinators Dennis and Allan would like to thank all those Competitors who took part in the 1988 B.N.Z. Massey Winter Sports Tournament, for making it such a successful competition. Massey University was still in one piece after the Tournament, ensuring that there will be a Tournament next year.

Despite some bad weather in the middle two days of the tournament all events except women's hockey were completed.

The final points at the end of the tournament were:

Massey	53.5
Canterbury	39
Waikato	26
Otago	26
Victoria	18
Auckland	15.5
Lincoln	0

Congratulations to Dave Stewart who won the chocolate fish for being the first to correctly guess the identity and circumstances of the 'thing' on Page 2 last week. Not that we're telling all of you what it was...

Congratulations to all the competitors that made the N.Z.U. teams. I hope everybody enjoyed themselves and are looking forward to next years competition.

Graham L. Prior

'THE OTHER CALENDAR'

ARE YOU DOING A STAGE I PAPER IN THE COMMERCE, ARTS, SCIENCE OR MUSIC FACULTIES, IN 1988.

Over the next few weeks, representatives of the Students' Association will be surveying stage I courses in the above faculties. There are 167 courses to be surveyed in total.

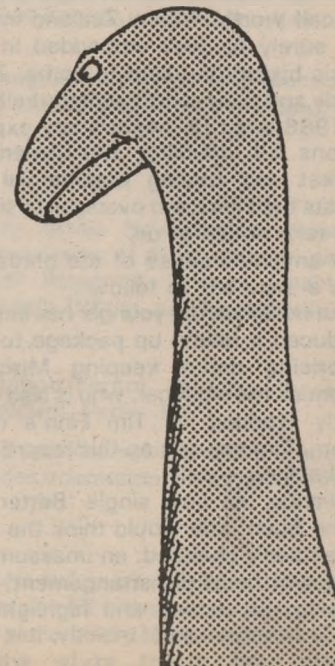
The object of this project is to get the opinions of students on the courses that they are doing, method, teaching assessment system etc. When these opinions have been gathered they will be collated to provide information for prospective students and for lecturers.

The survey has two major purposes. Firstly, it will allow us to produce reasonably accurate consumer information for students and will hopefully lead to more informed choices being made about which courses to do. Secondly, it will allow some feedback to lecturers who will be able to see the perceived strengths and weaknesses of their courses and make any necessary adjustments.

Whaitiri Mikaere
T.O.C. co-ordinator
AUSA Resource Officer

CORDUROY PILLOWCASES

(This is just to prove that corduroy pillowcases make headlines)





MUSIC SCHOOL CONCERT

Music Theatre
Wednesday Sept 21, 5.30pm
\$10/\$5 students

A concert of recent music by Eve de Castro-Robinson, presented by the Karlheinz Company, this will also include guest artists Coral Bognuda, Peter Scholes, Mary O'Brien and John Middleton.

THE BUILDERS

Gluepot—this Sat, Sept 24

Wellington band the Builders are reforming for a series of gigs including this weekend at the Gluepot.

A Builders/Bill Direen compilation is planned to be released sometime this month. Songs included on the record have been chosen for their popularity on student radio over the years. These vary from 'Russian Rug' and 'Girl at Night' to 'Do the Alligator' and 'Retail Trade', as well as the cult classic 'Wanganui With a White Face'.



'BYE BYE RAYGUN' - Anarchists Unconvention

Ponsonby Community Hall
Fri & Sat Sept 23-24: 6-12pm, 3-12 pm

The weekend's entertainment includes: Manson Family, Casualty, Red Spit, Toxic Avengers, Post-Mortem Depression, Surgical Brain Implant, Our Kind, Second Child, Skid Row Burn Out and Ministry of Compulsory Joy, and talks on restructuring the structures. Tickets, available at the door, are \$10 a night or just \$16 for the weekend.



ALBUMS

Crowded House: 'Temple of Low Men'

Note: Despite the mainstream nature of this release, I think it bears justified consideration (because of Neil Finn's heritage) for Craccum.

The story of how 'Don't Dream it's Over' forced most of our mainstream radio programmers to choke on their own words as to the commercial (and critical) worth of New Zealand music will surely be well embedded in NZ music history in years to come. That single and their self titled debut album of 1986 went far beyond any expectations by cracking the American market and forcing commercial interests both here and overseas to sit up and take notice of us.

In anyone's sense of the phrase it was a 'hard act to follow'.

But now Finn the younger has indeed produced a follow up package to his surprising debut keeping Mitchell Froom as the producer, who is also currently working on Tim Finn's new album. Tim appears on this record doing backing vocals.

Hearing the new single 'Better Be Home Soon' one would think the formula hadn't changed: an unassuming song with a simple arrangement, adding to its appeal, and highlighting Finn's strong sense of melody. It is this simple and direct style which

characterized the whole of 'Crowded House' but makes 'Better Be Home Soon' stand out on 'Temple of Low Men'. It seems his new found success has made Finn a great deal more adventurous with his arrangements and his melodies on the new album and harks back to some of his more quirky ENZ songs without the ribald sense of humour. The songs, especially in the verses, chop and change their pace with far from the regular melodies and repeated phrases of the standard pop song.

Altogether this makes the album a lot less accessible than the first, but conversely, it also feels more like an album rather than a collection of singles. I also think this album a lot more interesting because of this fact, especially in the lyrics. One can only wonder at what Finn was intending with a song like 'Kill Eye' or 'Sister Madly'.

While 'Crowded House' was an album with instant appeal I have long since grown tired of it because of sheer familiarity. 'Temple of Low Men' may not be instantly digestible but I think it will fare better in the test of time. Prediction for next single: 'I Feel Possessed'

A.J. Polson

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

Powerstation
Sept 27 & 28

UK's Jesus and Mary Chain are venturing on a Australian and New Zealand tour which includes this one show in Auckland. Famous for their haze of guitar, distortion and feedback, (and pop melodies somewhere under that), they've released three albums. From these have come the successful singles like 'Some Candy Talking', 'Just Like Honey', 'April Skies' and 'Sidewaking'.

LIVE

ANIGMA and the RAMONEES

Rising Sun
Sat 10th Sept

A bizarre audience this evening. A mixture transcending the most liberal of cult labels, even though the band 'ANIGMA', one essentially 'Speedmetallars' (the first and only in New Zealand I believe!). Perhaps it was the promise of something new and original, or the rumours and growing infamy of ANIGMA, which drew such a large and diverse crowd this evening.

Anyway, first up was 'The Ramonees', a band featuring members of Bygone Era and the Warners, who specialise solely in doing Ramones covers. An interesting concept, right down to the phoney New York accents and the leather jackets (it's just a pi-

ty they didn't have any wigs!) An enjoyable but brief set, a couple of false starts and the odd mistake but hey! (Gabba Gabba!), 'that's rock'n'roll!'

Tonight ANIGMA's audience were comparatively subdued, to previous gigs, but there was still plenty of slamming aerobatics down the front. Their set lasted over an hour, with many originals such as 'Spinalonga', reaching tempos of what must be well over 200 beats per minute (much to the audiences delight!).

Although this band is relatively new, tonight in front of a captivated audience and the flooding colours of the Rising Suns new lighting rig, it was obvious that they're going places.

John Burgess



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year.....



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BULLSHIT!



POLITICS

FOSTER'S SHOUT

Hello All,

This last week has been a busy one. We, as part of NZUSA, have just released our 'Blueprint Initiative'. It is designed to give the Govt the student perspective on education. Our 3 areas of major concern are as follows:

1. The Govt's educational reforms are motivated by 'savings'. We believe that the initial education expenditure be used more intelligently right from the start (basic idea really, isn't it?)
2. The Govt wrongly assumes that only students reap the benefits of an education and so they should pay for it. We believe that all parents have paid enough taxes so that any child in NZ is entitled to a decent and free education. (We end up paying more in taxes later on anyway.)
3. The Govt wants more relevant job orientated 'Products' from universities. We believe they are too narrow in their definition; skills such as critical thinking, analysis and problem solving are not limited to the engineering or medicine faculties alone. (You will be programmed to serve - initiative not required).

Hopefully the Govt will seriously consider our proposal; our objective being that they will discuss the issues with us in depth to such an extent that it will influence the impending Hawke Report. At present we are all looking at -

1. A 500% increase in our tuition fees
2. No more tuition fees grants
3. A graduate tax of around 3% +
4. No more overseas students.

As for other events;

At SRC we decided to not bother with the silly idea of withdrawal. I believe Steve Barriball's letter last week covered the relevant issues.

At Deans Committee I was bored shitless with the course restrictions debate. Most of the debate centred around whether up to 5 or 7!, Maori or Pacific Island students should be given preferential admittance to a Town Planning paper next year.

On the Social front, I had a great party last week - a good clan gathering altho' I was disappointed at being one of the most sober at the end. It must be age.

Anyway exams soon, just when you want to soak up the early summer sun, typical.

Cheers

RAF

AUSA President

P.S. It was in fact 'Roo Bob' who acquired the thingy down south.

\$ TREZ SEZ \$

The threat of name publication of people who owe AUSA money has been working, and so I am deferring publication (yet again), to try and scrape a few more hundred out of those left. Once the threat has been executed, it loses its power....

And now a chance to answer various questions: Yes, Just Juice is cheaper in the Recreation Centre than it is in the cafeteria. And it is cheaper in the cafeteria than downtown. The reason is that the Rec Centre makes its millions by charging outrageous membership fees, whereas the cafe has to recover its costs, by selling Just Juice and the like. The cafe also offers cheaper alternatives. And if you all stampede over to the Rec Centre for cheap Just Juice, a) they'll run out, and b) they'll put the price up.

Yes, some furniture from Shadows was dumped, but students did pick up some of the stuff that was not rat-infested, vomited on or pissed on. And you'll notice the new furniture in the TV Room and the Exec Lounge. We try and keep the place liveable....

Cookie Monster: Cookies are more expensive in the cafeteria, because it is our policy to charge more for luxury items like chocolate, that you could probably live without, in order to keep the price of 'necessities' like fruit and sandwiches down.

The Typesetter: Your Executive is currently looking at the alternatives of what to do with this expensive machine. At the moment, we are expecting to lose \$6,000, instead of making a profit of \$1,000, partly because of the early demise of the Book of BiFiM. Our goal for next year is to ensure that the operation at least breaks-even, and this may involve greater charges to Craccum, who are the principal users.

Any other questions?

Wayne McDougall
AUSA Treasurer

SRC REPORT—Sept 14

The business part of the meeting started off with a motion rescinding the 12 months notice of withdrawal from NZUSA. After some discussion, this motion was carried, and then I overheard someone comment that the letter giving notice of our withdrawal had been sent anyway, so it seems that NZUSA will have to sweat it out for a while.

Next on the agenda was a by-election for Welfare Officer. (Last week, Fiona Stevens (SRC Chair)



forgot to mention that Geraldine Ryan had resigned from this post). The only candidate, Roger Pym, told us that we need a 'caring, genuine Welfare Officer'. When the laughter had subsided, he was voted in.

Then Fiona remembered that she had received a reply from Peter Tapsell. (A while ago, a letter was sent to him concerning his comments about rape). He said that he did not condone rape but went on to repeat his comments on rape and women.

General Business started off with a motion from Angus Ogilvie that tomato sauce be provided free in the cafe (like vinegar is). Then Wayne McDougall amended the motion to include a wide variety of cafe food. Richard Foster wanted this to apply only to those who had their names put on a list. Then Wayne thought that this should apply to Shadows Beer (someone in the sidelines then commented that there was no such thing as Shadows 'Beer'). Despite having been instrumental in building this motion up, Wayne said that 'complete raving lunatics made it'. None the less, it was carried.

Angus Ogilvie's next effort was a motion 'That a convenient male convenience be provided at quad level and that it have a dual flush system'. He claimed that it was not convenient for males to go to the male convenience in the basement. ('At present, there is no convenient male convenience, that is convenient at quad level'). This motion was also carried, so we males now have a convenient convenience at quad level other than Rudman Gardens.

Yet another election followed, which saw me being elected onto the Craccum Administration Board (this oversees the running of Craccum). If you want to get involved as a student rep, there are a number of places available on a number of committees, with terms of office extending well into next year in some cases. Just go to Room 108 - on the first floor) and talk to Fiona about it.

Lastly, the awards: Angus Ogilvie got a condom for convenience. Roger Pym has been trying to get onto executive since I've been at varsity. Finally, he has made it, if only to the end of the year, and he will be celebrating with a chocolate fish. Chockie fish also go to Geraldine Ryan (for actually speaking to a motion that she had seconded) and jointly to Sally Thompson and Alison Adams-Smith. Richard Foster almost got one for not sitting on the fence.

Richard Eltringham

RESTORING

THE RIGHT DIRECTION?

The new AUSA constitution is about to be drafted. This is your last chance for input - are we on the right track? The following is part of the suggested constitution. Does it address the sorts of areas you think the Association should be dealing with? All comments will be welcomed whether they are on general areas covered, through to the specific wording of the constitution. Comment Bins will be located around the University until the end of this week for your feedback.

Preamble

AUSA is a student controlled association promoting the interests and participation of its members and representing their views. It acts to maximise benefits to members by minimising fees or user charges through internal efficiency and non-member revenue whilst ensuring that the Association's structures and procedures result in effective and efficient communication and accountability.

OBJECTS

1. STUDENT SUPPORT

To actively pursue the provision of adequate income support for members.

2. EDUCATION

To prevail upon the University to provide course access, teaching, assessment and conditions of study, that are of high quality and equitable for all students.

3. EQUITY

To increase the opportunity for all members to participate fully in the University.

4. SERVICES

To control the Student Union Building and ensure that quality services are provided at a minimum cost to the benefit of all members.

5. ACTIVITIES

To provide cultural, sporting and social activities for members and assist affiliated clubs in the provision of such.

6. PUBLIC ISSUES

To promote discussion and where appropriate, action on issues of concern to members as citizens.

COMMENTARY

1) Includes bursaries, jobs, student job search part-time employment bureau, welfare services.

2) Includes philosophic, academic and practical concerns with the operation and funding of university.

3) Includes equity issues for example sexism, racism and other forms of discrimination also. Student Parent Resource Officer, Disabled Students Resource Officer, creche, subsidised flats.

4) Includes recreation centre, catering, theatre, bookshop, Craccum, Radio BFM.

5) Recognises and provides assistance for student interests, includes orientation, clubs and sports.

6) Recognises students' involvement in the community and provides for information, discussion and action on social and political issues.

Bryce Kowalski.



Together we began the trudge down the steep dirt track. Our high vantage point, some 100 metres above the beach, allowed us to look down on its entire length, from cliff to cliff, and the large expanse of low-lying vegetation that had established itself and fanned backwards up the valley behind the tall dunes. A dense green carpet composed largely of lupins, ngaio, and supplejack as well as other native and introduced plants suited to the somewhat rugged and arid coastal conditions. A lamb, bleating pathetically, struggled to get back through the fence-line to its mother. As we got lower, the track turned softer until our heavy boots left deep depressions in the now soft and wet sandy soil. No other fresh footprints were in evidence, since few people knew about the beach, even locals. It wasn't sign-posted and was a long haul down from the road above.

Bodge, everybody called him that because he'd once owned a Zephyr, was weighted down with a khaki haversack containing a bag of blood and bone and a large plastic bottle filled with water. I wasn't carrying anything, perhaps indicative of my manipulative nature, apart from a binoculars case which was in fact empty except for a small carton of fruit-juice to share on the hot, hard slog back up to the car.

The case was part of our 'front'. We were trying to give the impression to anyone that spotted us, particularly the farmer, that we were a pair of amateur ornithologists. The existence of a breeding population of yellow-eyed penguins (hoiho) at the beach, helped lend credence to this somewhat unlikely notion.

Really we had not come to look at birds and were not even going down to the beach itself. Our destination was in the vegetation behind the sand-hills. It was there that our small plot of marijuana was hidden.

At the bottom of the hill we climbed over a stile and made our way across the sandy paddocks towards the beach. A preponderance of Scotch thistles indicated that the area had been heavily overgrazed by its woolly inhabitants. Suddenly I spotted a sinister indication that a new and potentially dangerous creature had taken up residence in this special spot. It was a cowpat. A particularly large one steaming in the mid-day heat. In fact not just one but a whole lot of them dotting the landscape. Some obviously fresh, others old and dry.

'There's never been cows in here before', I said to Bodge, 'and I've been coming here ever since I was a kid. My parents used to bring friends from overseas to show them the penguin colony. This can't be good news for them! It's an ecological disaster!'

'It might not be good for us either', he replied, inhaling ruefully on his hand-made cigarette. 'Do you think they can penetrate the scrub?'

'I don't really know, I admitted. 'I hope not, but I'm also worried about the penguins. They live in those clumps of flax below the cliffs and they're breeding at the moment. Imagine what cows must look like to penguins. The poor things certainly won't be able to concentrate on sex with them around! Surely the farmer can't have introduced them into the area on purpose?'

CANNABIS CULTIVATION AND WILDLIFE PRESERVATION:

Since this piece was written in '86 there have been some positive changes favouring the penguins. A group of 12 farmers with resting colonies on their properties have recently united to form a Wildlife Group of the Peninsula Branch of Federated Farmers. This group is liaising with the Yellow-Eyed Penguin Trust which formed last October. Areas are being fenced off, predators are being trapped and grazing has been discontinued in some breeding habitats. Things seem to be looking up for hoiho.

As we approached the belt of maram grass in front of the boulder strewn beach my worst fears were realised. A group of young steers were grazing in the patch of flax where I knew one of the main nesting areas to be. Words failed me. I just stood there staring, mouth agape, watching possibly the world's rarest penguin being trampled under-hoof.

'Let's check out the plot', said Bodge, snapping me out of my dazed and angry state. 'I wouldn't hold out much hope for it.'

After a cursory check for the farmer or bona fide naturalists we jumped across the narrow stream which separated the paddock from the main expanse of scrub. Back-tracking until we reached the large pohutukawa tree, we climbed over a dilapidated fence and pushed our way into the mini-jungle, being careful not to damage the vegetation around our entrance and hence reveal our presence to the farmer or the drug squad or any opportunistic dope rip-off artists.

Breathlessly we clambered up the sandy bank to the base of the tree and sat for a while surveying the dense layer of ground cover. No tracks, human or otherwise, seemed to be visible.

'Looks promising', Bodge muttered, finishing off his butt and tucking it into the tobacco pouch he'd removed from the back pocket of his tattered trousers. 'Maybe the cows can't get in.'

We got down on our hands and knees and began to crawl, commando-fashion, towards the hillock behind which our plants were concealed. We could have simply waded through the scrub but for the fact that it would make an obvious path for any undesirable to follow. It seemed strange that what we were doing was against the law while behind us on the hill a very real, but not illegal, crime was taking place.

Suddenly a large clearing appeared in the under-growth which did not figure in our collective memory of the area. Brushing the rabbit crap off our pants we stood up and inspected the trampled ground. It looked like a bulldozer had just been through and was heading in the direction of our plot. The animal responsible was nowhere to be seen.

'Bastards!' snapped Bodge. 'What a waste of time and effort that was. All that fertiliser and stuff we lugged down here. It's too late to plant anywhere else now! Another year of paying exorbitant prices, not to mention the hassle of scoring! What an utter and complete bummer!!!'

I had to agree. Hey! - We were vegetarians, pacifists, and politically non-aligned. Our karma should've been excellent. What had we done to deserve this?

'Maybe there'll be a few branches left we can salvage', I suggested hopefully.

The wake of destruction left by the cow mercifully turned off at the top of the hillock and, now oblivious to our own path of destruction, we crashed down through the vine entangled branches towards the clearing containing our babies. Prepared for disappointment we pushed through the karaka concealing the entrance to our garden. A shower of bright orange berries rained down on our touselled heads as we peered in.

'Alright!', Bodge whooped. The plants were still there. All six of them. They weren't that big yet but there was still several months of good growing weather.

'What do you think?' I asked Bodge. 'Shall we pull them out now, before they get munched?'

'Nah... It'd hardly be worth it. We'd be lucky to get about an ounce and it'd be real cabbage. We may as well leave them in and hope for the best.'



I had to agree and together we weeded around the plants before liberally dousing them with water. We also scattered some of the blood and bone around to keep away the area's other fur-bearing predators, i.e. rabbits and possums.

With heavy hearts and little left to say to each other we pushed our way back through the undergrowth knowing full well that we were unlikely to see our plants again. As we approached the paddock we could see the cows still grazing the rookery beneath the cliff.

'There ought to be a law', grumbled Bodge as we wandered disconsolately back across the cropped grass towards the track.

Later, at home, I reviewed the situation. Two issues were clearly involved. Protection of the penguins and protection of the dope. The dope could be written off but I felt that something had to be done to preserve the penguins.

After my morning Ethics tutorial I caught a bus into town and ambled over to the Internal Affairs Building, where the Wildlife Service had its headquarters. At the reception desk I asked to speak to one of the Wildlife officers, but was informed that none were presently available. If I wanted to wait one would be back shortly. I said that I may as well hang around and took a seat in the plush waiting room. Most of the people were there to get passports and visas and things. They certainly weren't all there to protest about what was happening to the penguins. Restlessly I flicked through a Readers Digest and found an interesting article about a connection between dope smoking and AIDS. Apparently my body's immune system was 'reduced', whatever that meant, up to 44% when I smoked more than two joints a week! Horrifying stuff! It also said the chances were I was infertile. Good news for my female associates. My



A bag of dope and some dead penguins.

musings were interrupted by the high-pitched voice of the receptionist.

'Someone will see you now Mr Olsen. Just follow the corridor down to the end, turn left, then right, and it's the office straight in front of you.'

My short-term memory was so impaired from chronic marijuana abuse that I had difficulty in remembering the complex directions. It was perhaps sheer luck that I found the right office and knocked on the door.

'Come in!' called a cheery female voice which I immediately recognised as belonging to Andrea Newman. We'd done Zoology together until I left prior to completing my degree.

'Michael! I haven't seen you for ages!'

'Andrea! How long have you been working here?'

'Round about six months now. I was with the Department up in Wellington but then they shifted me back down here. So why did you quit the course? You got a B+ for Ad.1 didn't you?'

'Yeah, but I just couldn't handle another year of dissecting eels and sheep's uteruses. I'm a vegetarian now. I think maybe the course did it to me.'

'Ha ha ha ha ha! So what are you doing with yourself?'

'I've gone back to University. It beats the dole and gives my life some structure. I want to get a broad education before it all becomes user-pays.'

'What courses are you doing?'

'A bit of Philosophy. A unit or two of Political Studies.'

'Interesting?'

'I guess so, otherwise wouldn't be doing it.'

'Take a seat! Take a seat!' said Andrea, indicating one of the chairs in front of her desk. 'So what brings you here? Got second thoughts and want a job?' She laughed uproariously at her joke.

'I was out at Stewart's Beach the other day. Do you know that there are cows in the area where the yellow-eyed penguins are nesting?'

'Yes, we certainly do know'. Her tone became more serious. 'The farmer's introduced them to clear the scrub so he can put more sheep in. So far they've already destroyed about two thirds of the nests. Believe it or not we can't do a thing. We've offered to buy the land a number of times but so far all our offers have been rejected.'

'So what's happening is quite legal?'

'Unfortunately it is. While it is illegal to kill a protected species there is no legislation to protect its habitat. There is in other countries but not in New Zealand.'

'So what's being done?'

'Well, we're still negotiating with the land-owner but it doesn't look promising. All I can suggest is that you write a letter to the paper. The publicity couldn't hurt. Be careful what you say though. We don't want to rile the guy unnecessarily.'

'We made small talk for a while longer and promised to keep in touch.'

'I'll keep you in mind for a job if any come up', teased Andrea as I left.

That evening I drafted a letter. In it I stated that I had taken some Swedish visitors to the beach and been extremely embarrassed and upset that my visitors should have been witness to such blatant destruction of a rare bird's vulnerable nesting area. For God's sake. We're supposed to be a progressive country. Anti-apartheid. Anti-nuke. Anti-the slaughter of indigenous wildlife!

Some days later the letter was printed. I expected it to have little, if any, impact but in the paper shortly afterwards was a reply from, of all people, the land-owner concerned.

Basically he accused me of farmer-bashing and said that if I really cared about what happened to the penguins I should put my money where my mouth was and help the Wildlife Service meet the required purchase price. He also said that government policies and the state of the economy in general meant that he couldn't afford to erect a fence around the colony.

Inspired, I wrote another letter saying that as a paying member of The Royal Forest and Bird Protection Society I thought that I was already making a financial contribution and challenged the farmer to do the same. As the area of land involved was very small it must therefore provide only a very small part of his income so only a relatively small financial sacrifice on his part was necessary to ensure the bird's survival. After all, it was supposed to be one of the rarest penguins in the world, if not the rarest.

Not surprisingly he declined to respond but this public correspondence prompted a veritable flood of letters, all supporting my view that the current situation was unacceptable.

I was pleased with the publicity that I had indirectly helped to generate but with characteristic cynicism doubted that it would help to achieve anything. So pessimistic was I, I didn't even suggest that we go down to the beach for a couple of months. Bodge too had obviously given up on the plot.

However, shortly before Christmas, we were sitting around, frustrated and bored, unable to connect, with no money in any case, wondering what to do.

'A straight Christmas!' moaned Bodge. 'I don't think I can handle it!'

Jennifer, Bodge's career oriented partner, looked up from what she was doing and suggested that the 'marijuana oriented' men go back to the beach to see if there dope is still there. At first we ignored her suggestion.

'You should buy me some dope. C'mon! I do all the cooking and cleaning!' wheedled Bodge.

Jen didn't bother to comment, obviously she thought otherwise. Despite the approach of the festive season she was busy working on her thesis. I suspected that she would be glad to see the back of us for a while and partly for her sake I convinced Bodge that even if the dope was gone it was still a nice day to go to the beach.

'Can I borrow your car then?' Bodge growled, rubbing his stubble.

Reaching into her purse Jen found the keys and threw them to him. 'Make sure you put some petrol in. Remember you ran out last time.'

'I will', he lied glibly as we bounded down the stairs and piled into Jen's old green Simca.

After a leisurely drive out of town and along the coast road we eventually rolled to a stop at the side of the road where the track went down. Devoid of any equipment or disguise, unless one counted the frisbee I was clutching, we made our way down to the beach. It really was a beautiful day and our low spirits lifted somewhat as we looked out over the bay to the place where the deep blue sky met the cold blue water.

Low and behold, in the paddock at the bottom, there were no fresh cowpats and the grass was long and green.

'This looks promising', I said to Bodge.

'Sure does', he agreed, a rare smile coming to his lips. As we progressed across the paddock it became apparent that the cows were no longer in residence and indeed had not been so for at least some weeks. We couldn't even see any sheep. A magpie whistled at us encouragingly from its perch high in a macrocarpa tree.

It took us a while to find the plot, as the vegetation had really taken off. When we finally did manage to find it it was almost unrecognisable. Chest-

high cowbane and sow-thistle had inundated our small clearing, revelling in the nutritious micro-climate we had so carefully created. Poking over the tops of these weeds were ones we were really interested in.

After some initial euphoria and congratulatory back-slapping we began to clear away the competition. There were only four plants left, the weeds had choked the other two, but three were female and beginning to go to head. Delicately we removed the shade leaves and a few choice tips, stuffing the wet green marijuana into the pockets of our jeans before crawling out carefully the way we had come. The vegetation had recovered so quickly that it was impossible to see where the cow had been through.

Sweating and somewhat dirty from our exertions we went down to the beach. It was tempting to strip and plunge in but despite the warm weather the water was cold and uninviting. A fast drop-off and some rather obvious rips made the beach too hazardous for human swimmers in any case.

We walked along throwing the frisbee. A dead shark had been washed up and lay stranded above the high tide mark. Wishing that I'd brought my camera I knocked out some of its teeth with a rock. Wherever it was it wouldn't need them anymore.

'You could get them implanted', quipped Bodge. 'Pity that we can't dry out some of this hooch and have a hootah now, eh? It'd complete the picture.'

Every-so-often we came across a dead penguin, mostly little blues but there were a few yellow-eyed's. On the way back we stopped throwing the frisbee and picked up the dead birds, burying them without ceremony in shallow graves with a shell or a stone as a marker. A number had metal bands around their legs which we removed to give to the Wildlife Service.

The following year I decided to grow in the same place again. Good growing areas close to the city were hard to find and besides it'd give me the opportunity to see how the penguins were getting on. Jennifer had won some sort of scholarship or something and had taken off to North America to do some post-doctoral project. Reluctantly Bodge had gone with her, worried he wouldn't be able to score.

'If I try to grow some myself I'll probably get eaten by a bear or a cougar', he'd confided to me shortly prior to their departure.

I missed them a lot, I reflected as I climbed over the stile and into the paddock, loaded up with a pack full of fertiliser, my trusty binocular case, and a collapsible shovel concealed awkwardly under my parka. There wasn't a cow in sight as I walked across the paddock but there were a few sheep. Some way back from the beach a new fence line had been erected, separating the area of flax in which the penguins lived from the grazing zone. According to Andrea the evidence indicated that the yellow-eyed's had formerly nested in coastal bush. Nowadays agriculture so dominated the island that there were no places left where the bush still came down to the sea. Small patches of flax were all that we left for the penguins to nest in and many of these were still under threat from grazing.

For a while things went well for me. The plants grew faster than the previous year because the weather was better and I tended them more frequently but one day I turned up and they were gone. Only a few stalks remained. Who or what had got to them I never did find out. I was disappointed but philosophical. Sure the dope had gone but I could always try again next year in another place. The penguins had no place else to go but ironically they were perhaps a bit more secure as a result of my breaking the law.

Maybe, when I'm older, I should get into the local-body politics I thought stoically as I trudged back up the hill.

ABELARD and HELOISE

by Ronald Millar

Galatos St
Theatre

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to Oct 8
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Tue-Sat 8 p.m.
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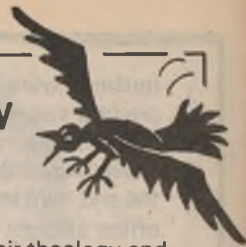
BOOKINGS
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a Theatre Workshop Production

ARTS

THEATRE

ABELARD & HELOISE - a new renaissance in Uni Drama



WHAT'S ON

WOMEN'S BOOK FESTIVAL

This week (Sept 19-24) is the first NZ Women's Book Festival, intended to promote and raise interest in women's writing. A catalogue has been printed for the festival, and the week will feature events in both Auckland and Wellington, such as panel discussions, readings and talks.

EVENTS

Today (Tuesday Sept 20) there will be panel discussions in the Academy Cinema at 12.00, another at 1.15. Titled 'Gender—does it make a difference?' and 'Taking Control—Issues in Women's Health', tickets are available from the University Book Shop, the Book Corner and Broadsheet Bookshop.

This evening from 7pm is Susan Downie talking about ethical and legal issues in new birth technology. To be held at the University Conference Centre, phone 737-831 if interested.

On Wednesday (Sept 21), authors will read their work in the Conference Room on the third floor of the Auckland Public Library, from 1pm.

On Thursday (Sept 22), US feminist writer Michelle Cliff will be speaking at university at 1.00. All are welcome—contact Ao McLeod at the English department for details.

At 7pm at Outreach are informal readings by woman writers, organised by New Women's Press and Broadsheet.

POETRY

POETRY AT THE ALBION

Mondays, at the Albion Tavern
September 26—Gregory O'Brien and Erisa Linsky

Starting at 7.30pm is musician Erisa Linsky who plays guitar and sings her own jazz-blues songs. From 8.15 is poetry from the floor, and at 9.15 will be the guest poet Gregory O'Brien. O'Brien wrote 'The Location of the Least Person' published last year. He is currently the Sargeson Fellow and is working on a novel, 'Diesel Mystic' of which portions have been published in Landfall.

ART

EXHIBITIONS

Fisher Gallery
(Reeves Rd, Pakuranga)

A retrospective exhibition of regionalist painter Peter Siddell's work 1970-1988 focuses on his architectural studies and landscape views relating to the Auckland area. The exhibition includes 30 works, some which haven't been exhibited before and several recently completed paintings.

Accompanying an installation by Marte Szirmay for the Sculpture Court will be a series of working drawings, as well as a series of lithographs following the theme of the sculpture. Both showing Sept 24—Oct 23.

Real Pictures
(300 Richmond Rd)

'Campers and Lifesavers—the Hibiscus Coast Project, Parts III & IV', a series of photographs by Clive Stone, continues from Parts I and II which were exhibited at the Auckland City Art Gallery.

While in the first show he looked at the permanent residents of the Hibiscus Coast, this time he captures

Despite some acclaimed performances and an arresting set, not everyone would call this year's Summer Shakespeare a success. Not everyone stayed for the second half. But the impetus behind this year's unquestionably successful Theatre Workshop comes from a group of Summer Shakespeare actors who talked together between scenes, planning how to vitalise university drama. At the beginning of the year they dominated Theatre Workshop's annual General Meeting, and now the executive and most of the committee is made up of ex-Antony and Cleopatra cast members. It is a powerful and energetic team.

This term's biggest Theatre Workshop production, 'Abelard and Heloise', has considerable involvement from the committee. Two of its major roles, Heloise and Robert de Montbossier, are played by executive members Stephanie Wilkin and Conrad Heine. Several other cast members from Antony and Cleopatra are also performing in Abelard and Heloise, including veteran of university drama, lecturer Dr Robert Leek.

I spoke to Peter Meikle, director of Abelard and Heloise. He talks of a 'new renaissance' in university drama, of an energy which he has seen reaching this height on Auckland campus only two or three times before, in years of directing for various amateur companies including Theatre Corporate before it was professional, since he first directed for Theatre Workshop in 1964. The move of Abelard and Heloise off campus to Galatos St, to be performed in the former Theatre Corporate stage, is an indication of the rigour of Theatre Workshop this term. Despite final coursework dates and looming exams, the Little Maidment Theatre is already well booked, with another major Theatre Workshop production Antigone running right up to a week before the opening of 'Abelard & Heloise'.

Peter Meikle's direction of Abelard and Heloise is to tap this energy in a production which promises 'Grand Theatre'. This is no modern play of the

the transient summer population holiday-makers in the Orewa Motor Camp, and members of the Orewa Surf Lifesaving Club. "As a photographer I am interested in the discrepancy between what people think they are, or try to be, and how they appear in reality."



ON THE PHOTOGRAPHIC FRONT...

Local photographer Christine Webster, who recently had a show at Real Pictures Gallery, is showing this same exhibition at galleries in Paris and in Cologne, Germany. A corporate sponsor in West Germany has purchased one of the works and paid for the air fare so she is able to accompany the exhibition and supervise its installation.

The 1988 Caltex Art Award was won by photographer Dennis Brett. The award exhibition, at the NZ Academy of Fine Arts in Wellington, was called 'Response to the Land'. Artists were invited to interpret the NZ landscape in any medium, Brett winning with his three photos of the rugged volcanic landscape of the Tongariro National Park.

'Kiwi brings home the bacon'—Geoffrey Short's series of photographs

minimalist school, in which the dialogue is made up of pauses and the action consists of pulling off boots. It is designed to be visually striking, and it is a play which fully exploits theatrical convention: scenes have dramatic climaxes, friends tell biting truths, the heroine faints. A lot happens, yet you won't need to have read the play to understand what's going on: actors tell each other, or remember out loud, everything the audience needs to know.

Much of the play's theatricality is drawn from the more theatrical conventions of the Catholic church. The pageantry of nuns and monks, candles and swinging incense, has invested the church with power and spirituality for almost two thousand years, and is planned to lend the same atmosphere to the Galatos Street theatre for the two weeks of the production.

Meikle has directed both opera and musicals, and music plays an important part in his production of Abelard and Heloise. Here too, historical accuracy is satisfied along with theatricality, in his choice of Gregorian chants. Meikle sees the religious element of the play as being as dramatically exciting as the love story.

The unfamiliarity of many students from this sort of religion should be no barrier to the emotional impact of the play: 'drama is about sharing experience outside your own.' But Meikle does see organised religion as something Aucklanders need to confront. He points to the influence of the Fundamentalists, and the increasing prevalence of cult religions. After a Catholic education, Meikle is personally guarded against the potential for repression in organised religion.

But love and religion are not directly opposed in the play. Stephanie Wilkin and Russell Shipman are agreed that in their portrayal of Abelard and Heloise, their love must be seen to be inex-

tricably tied up with their theology and spiritual sense.

Abelard himself is compelling as a theological leader. At one point in the play, Abelard finds it necessary to tell a student of his that 'Abelard is not God... the best available alternative possibly. In fact almost certainly. But not God.'

Played by Russell Shipman, the confusion is real. In the religious context of the play, his powerful voice and imposing stage presence, the mana he assumes, is recognisably Christ-like.

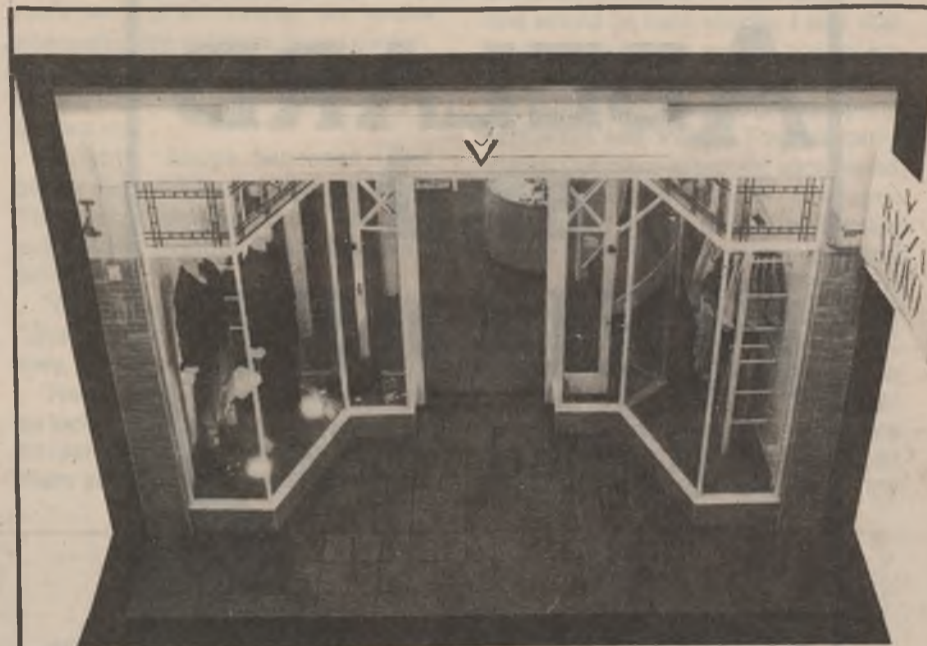
All the same, the values of the body come out on top. Heloise knows that 'To love God... is not the same as to love another human being.' She says 'I don't believe we were given feelings simply to suppress them'—and she doesn't simply suppress them in the course of the play.

The play does not avoid love's physicality—pregnancy, with morning sickness, and a riveting love making scene, are all out there on stage. The subtleties of Stephanie Wilkin's acting in particular—her perfectly timed glances at Abelard—will convince you of the reality of their love.

Peter Meikle pays close attention to the details of acting. He is critical of directors who come to the auditions looking for a particular face, who have all the moves worked out before rehearsals began. He believes that for a performance to come alive the actor has to feel his or her own way into the part. Working with students has proved rewarding: 'they don't expect me to do all the thinking'. But when Meikle feels a scene isn't working, that a character is not coming alive, he is ready with concrete and remarkably specific suggestions.

Anna Jackson

'Abelard and Heloise' is on at the Galatos St Theatre, Sept 25—Oct 8. Sun at 4pm. Tues-Sat at 8pm. \$10/\$8 students. Bookings 33-206.



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of the famous Kiwi Bacon sign (showing at Real Pictures till Sept 24) have all been bought by the newly formed Huttons Kiwi Company. The photos were initially inspired by Short's belief that Kiwi Bacon was to be phased out and the sign to be taken down, but with this company merger, the sign will stay.



REVIEWS

BOOKS

'FOE'

J. M. Coetzee
(Penguin)

In the early 18th C, a woman by the name of Susan Barton is shipwrecked on an island with a grisly old man called Cruso, and his black companion Friday. She had been in the process of looking for her lost daughter in Sth America. When she is finally rescued and returned to London (with Friday, Cruso dead), she asks a writer by the name of Daniel Foe, to put her story into graceful prose.

Not having read Robinson Crusoe, I don't know how faithful to the storyline this reworking is, but its intentional similarity is a thin screen for deeper meanings. Just what those are, seems to be largely with the subjective reasoning of the reader. The main contemplation appears to be that of perceived reality, and how it can be altered to achieve different perspectives. Foe wants to add more exciting events to her rather dull adventure, but she wants it told as it happened. A person arrives claiming to be her daughter, but the reader is unaware of whether she is real, or just a 'managed' perception, perhaps by Foe.

An interesting book (short 157 pages), written with considerable care in a slightly unusual (and sometimes annoying) style, which may or may not induce further thought from armchair philosophers, or perhaps suggest to others the action of investigating its predecessor more closely.

M. Broatch

'CUTS'

Malcolm Bradbury

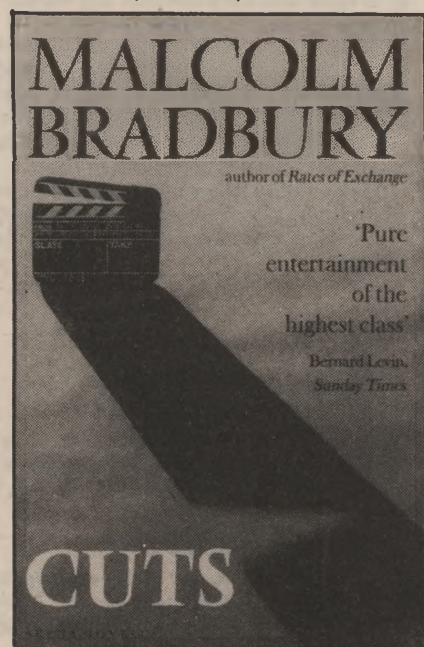
With exams looming ever closer and Rogernomics using cuts as one of its main catch-alls at the present time, it seemed to this reviewer that this economic little book (available in our bookshop for a mere \$8.99 - student discount) is well worth that small investment.

Bradbury's little tome is very topical for us kiwis currently biting the bullet of Roger's Garage Sale and with cost-cutting shaping up on all fronts - especially student education where it will hurt us most - and best of all it is a darn good laugh. In fact one of the funniest novels I have stumbled across in yonks - it had me smiling most of a cold winter's weekend. The plot is fairly simple - without giving away too much - the writer Henry who lives in a shed in the north of England, surrounded by combined harvesters and field mice, nibbling the pages of the novel he has thrown into the waste paper basket gets the main chance. Lord Mellow who spends a large time of his part in underpants about to change into the right cloths for jetsetting, somehow picks the obscure Henry to write a blockbuster to outgross 'Brideshead' which ends up with the intriguing title of 'Special Damage' and takes the location shooting to Switzerland where the grand erotic climax has its place in the

shape of things. But I do not want to spoil your cheap read by giving too much away of the alleged plot which is a send-up of TV soap opera endings anyway.

The novel is set in England in the summer of '86 when Mrs Thatcher began to plunge her knife into the body politic to cut and slash her way through top heavily-spending bureaucrats and academics. The result - nothing is sacred and even Henry's pet project is likely to get the chop, too. But puns aside - and there are many brilliant ones scattered in the book like finely spread chaff - the message of Bradbury's satire is very timely for the body politic in Aotearoa/New Zealand in the year of our lord Roger 1988. England has moved a further two years along the road that has lead to a rich south and a poor north.

Ironically here in the antipodes we seem to be heading into lean times for the south (island) and glass towers and no more satanic mills (Brown) in the north if you'll pardon the mixed metaphors. But whatever else you do this last term that we can all afford to be here, buy Bradbury's book (sic) at its



cut price and you'll be laughing all the way to the exam room. Good luck - won't see you next year....

Colin Amery

FILM

'CARAVAGGIO'

(Academy)

This film is constantly thwarting audience's expectations. The supposedly culture-conscious middle classes find to their disappointment that this isn't about the painter of the Sistine chapel, but about Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, a lesser known but underrated artist, notorious for his violent and tempestuous life.

This film was not what I was expecting either - I had assumed a biography of sorts - after all, Caravaggio must have one of the most interesting lives in the history of art. Rather, there was little biographical material; this film could perhaps be better described as a tribute to, or meditation on the artist.

Director Derek Jarman has departed from many of the commonly held beliefs about Caravaggio. Unless he in his research came across some new information, he has largely built his own



circumstances when it comes to the murder and the roles of some of the characters.

The setting is Caravaggio's deathbed, from where he reflects back on aspects of his life. The film concentrates on his later years, with some flashbacks to his adolescence. Caravaggio spent a large part of his life fleeing authorities after committing a murder, but we saw nothing of his travels. The film was actually made in London, so little is set outside his room or studio. Jarman is more interested in Caravaggio's relationships, and the essence of the artist himself.

Caravaggio came across as less dark and brutal than he is generally believed to have been. It's possible that Nigel Terry's general disposition and good looks may have diluted his character.

A very surprising feature of this film is its touches of humour—the juxtaposition of contemporary images in the 16th century setting. Trains are heard to pass in the background, pen

and ink are replaced by a typewriter, modern colloquialisms are frequent. While these make an interesting contribution to the film, they can also confuse its mood.

The film's main attribute is its cinematography. Almost the entire film is in deep dark shadow, the figures bathed in golden light. These extreme light and dark contrasts, known as chiaroscuro, were Caravaggio's own invention, his 'claim to fame'. It's pleasing to see then that Caravaggio's trademark has been used throughout the film.

This is an aesthetic film, and for those who are familiar with his works, their eyes will revel in the reconstructed poses of the models for his paintings.

It's a pity that for those with little knowledge of the artist, this film would leave little concrete impression of his importance. However, if you enjoy a visual experience, you'll delight in this.

Mirv

(Death in Springtime)

So what exactly happened then?

You were in the kitchen
eating breakfast toast
and jam

At the precise moment
she died

You took a gulp
of coffee

Only a wall between you,
as her breathless spirit left the sickbed
opened the window and sprang out

Burp!

So what is going on

if anything?

They say she looks beautiful, peaceful, content,
no fear

I say she looks dreadfully dead

for the time of the year.

Eastwood

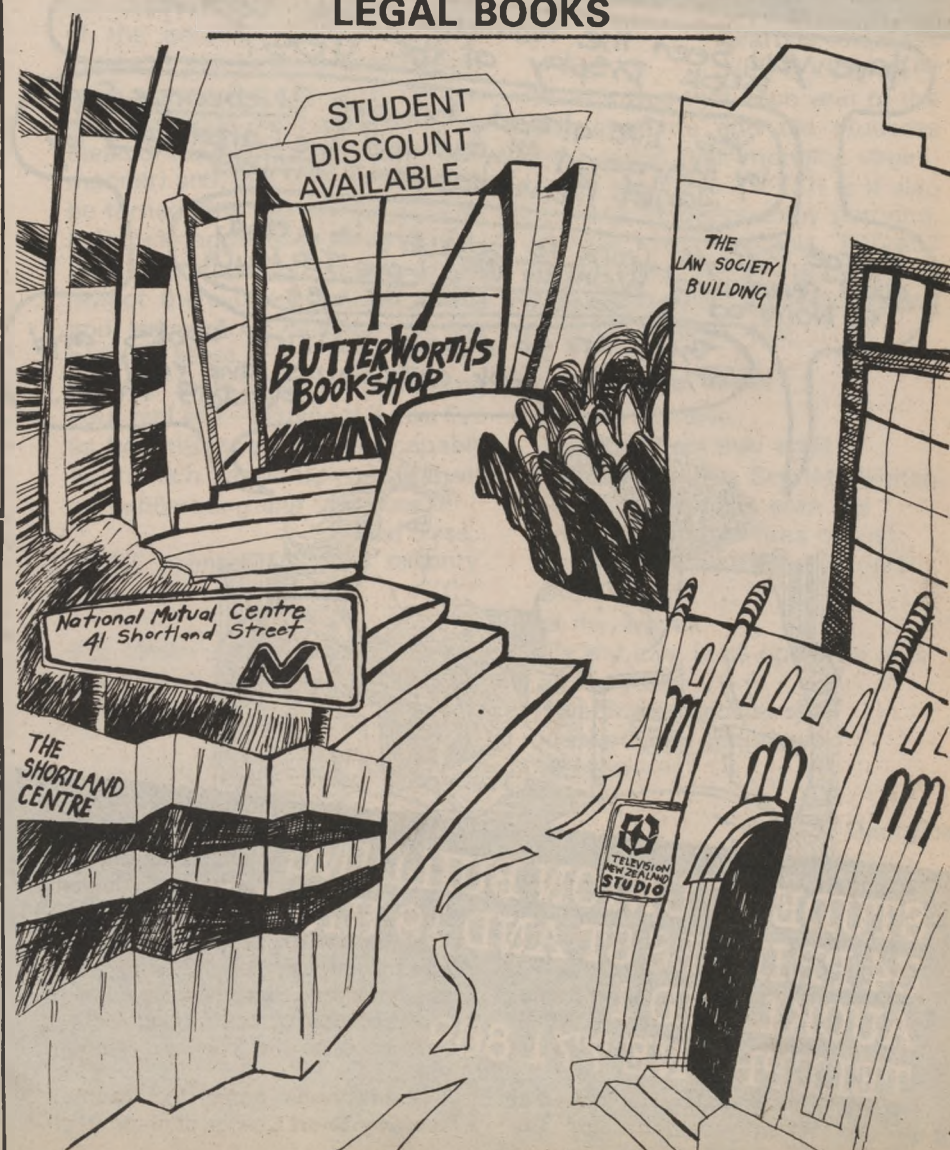
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A video which presents a lively overview of the first 14 years of the Spiritual teaching of Heart-Master Da. Introduced by Dr Peter Roberts Ph.D. (History), Massachusetts, and chaired by Dr Clive Pearson of the Philosophy Dept. McLaurin Hall, Princes St. Thursday, 22nd September, 6.30pm and Friday 23rd September, 1.00pm. You're welcome to join us for soup afterwards.

UNIVERSITY FILM SOCIETY

Wednesdays at 6.30pm in B15. This week: 'Prenom, Carmen' (France, 1983. Dir: Jean-Luc Goddard). Next week: 'Vampyr' (Germany, 1932. Dir: C.T. Dreyer). New members welcome.

AUCKLAND FILM SOCIETY

Tuesdays at Charley Gray's. This week: 6.00pm and 8.15pm 'Prenom, Carmen'. Next week: 6.00pm only 'Intolerance' (U.S.A. 1916. Dir: D.W. Griffith).

AUDITIONS

'KING LEAR'

Directed by Michael Hurst. SUMMER SHAKESPEARE '89 Sunday, September 25th. Large cast required, all major roles especially. Call Michael Walls for details and make a time. Phone: 784-564.

THEATRE WORKSHOP

ROBB LECTURES

The final two lectures by Professor E. Thompson will be held on the 20th and 22nd September. For further information please contact Prof. Russell Stone, Dept of History, ph 737-999 ext 7366.

STUDENT LIFE NOTICES

Tues, Sept. 20, 1pm Quad. Author and speaker, Don Stewart: 'IS CHRISTIANITY CREDIBLE?' Wed, Sept 21, 1pm Clubs & Soc Room (Rec Centre). QUESTION/ANSWER FORUM with Don Stewart. Bring your toughest unanswered questions. Thurs, Sept 22, 1pm Functions Room. Don Stewart: 'HUMANISM: TODAY'S RELIGION' Questions after.

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A stunning film by David Lynch (who also did 'Blue Velvet'). B&W, 100 minutes of surrealistic nightmare imagery and more. Followed by the 20 minute Peter care film 'JOHNNY YESNO' (with music by Cabaret Voltaire). Friday 23rd September 7pm. In the University Hall (Princes St level of Old Arts building). Free to members, \$3 for others. Forget that bloody essay and get visual-ly freaked out instead.

\$200 REWARD

For the return of a small round footstool. Lost from Darwin Lane during the holidays.

S.R.C.

Student Representative Council. Open to all A.U.S.A. members. Next meeting: Wed 21st September 1988. Where?: In the Quad, 1.00pm. Nominations are now open for positions on:
Teaching/Learning Advisory Cttee - 1 position
Public Relations and Cultural Activities Cttee - 1 position
Student Union Management Cttee - 2 positions
See me in Rm 108 or just before S.R.C. commences if interested. Thankz,

Fiona Stevens
S.R.C. Chair

PACIFIST WAR

THE HONOURABLE AND PRAISE-WORTHY CRUSADERS

vs
The filthy, barbaric, McGillicuddy Clan. ON: Tuesday 27th September, 1pm AT: Green by the quad. BYO: flour and water bombs, paper swords and chocolate fish. ALL CRUSADERS are summoned to attend on pain of excommunication.

S.P.R.O.

Applications are invited for the position of Student Parent Resource Officer.

Duties involved are:

1. To represent the AUSA on the Creche Management Sub-Committee, the Creche Facilities Committee and Parent Action (in 1987 the SPRO was the representative on the Welfare panel as the nominee of the then Welfare Officer, as there is now a new Welfare Officer, this position will have to be redefined). In this position you will be expected to liaise with other interest groups both on and off campus.
2. To be available to Student Parents on campus to help with enrolment, personal problems related to being a parent, problems arising on campus from being a parent and examination times.
3. To liaise with other Creche and similar child care facilities in the community so as to keep abreast of changes in the cost and running of these facilities so as to monitor with the changes proposed to the Universities Student Parent/Child Care policies will not discriminate against or disadvantage Student Parents.
4. To be available to the Staff and Executive members of the AUSA as an Information Resource.
5. To monitor University and AUSA Student Parent/Child Care policies and to lobby on behalf of Student Parent/Child Care.
6. To liaise with the supervisor and the staff of the Auckland University Creche.

This is quarter time (10 hours), fifty two week position. An office, filing cabinet and telephone are provided in the Student Union Building. There is also an Annual Budget for Xerox and Stationery costs. Salary is set by Northern Clerical Workers Union Rates. Applications close with the Secretary on Wednesday 21st September. An appointment will be made by the Executive shortly thereafter.

Pilar Alba,
SECRETARY

SOCIETIES GRANTS SUB-COMMITTEE

The date for the final meeting is Tuesday, September 20th at 6.00pm in the Students' Association's Council Room.

GAY STUDENTS

We are having our usual Friday meeting in Rm 139 (above Maidment Foyer). From 5.00pm - 7.00pm. Refreshments available. See you there!

MACINTOSH USER GROUP MEETING

FRIDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER, 1.00pm. ARTS/COMMERCE 1, ROOM 215. At this meeting, a seminar will be given by Stuart Crow, from Maser Broadcast Systems, on music sequencing/mixing applications etc. for the Macintosh in the recording studio environment, including an overview of MIDI (Musical Instrument Digital Interface).

If you want to find out about the latest music processing soft-ware for the Mac, and gain an insight into recent developments in musical technology, this seminar is not to be missed...

MEDITATION WORKSHOP FOR STUDENTS

Exam time can cause stress and anxiety, meditation helps one to relax and focus, it gives inner strength, confidence and self-understanding. Please come along to Room 204, at lunch-time 12-1pm, Thursday 20th September.

CHRISTIAN FOCUS

Friday 23rd September 1.00pm in the Club Room, Rec Centre. 'Love and Marriage: A Christian Perspective'. Revs. Lorna and David Balfour, Anglican priests. They've been married quite some time and can share with us some good, down-to-earth ideas on this subject.

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89

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UNIVERSITY BOOK SHOP

Have you Seen the Womens Book Festival Book Display at the UBS?

Yes. I've already bought Bluebeards Egg by Margaret Atwood and The Carpathians by Janet Frame has just arrived.

Marge Piercy's Gone to Soldiers is a really good read and Women Who Love Too Much by Norwood is back in stock at last.

There are so many exciting books and those free book catalogues are real collectors items!



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CRACCUM TO BE SUED

Sneezy, Dopey and Grumpy
Barristers and Solicitors

Dear Craccum,

This is a letter to warn you of impending legal action to be taken against you. As a result of a liaison with a young man (arranged thru' Craccum's lusting hearts column) Doris McWhirter has found herself to be "with child". She tells us that this "non-immaculate conception" is the result of some passion in a red Ford Escort in the University car-park on the 12th of August 1988. This letter is also to warn a blonde engineering student (Garry, Larry, Barry, Darren or maybe it was Aaron?) with a mole on his '.....', that we are preparing to file a paternity suit. (If this fails we intend to sue a pimply Med. Int. student called Baldrick Bottomley because everyone hates him anyway).

Love and kisses,
Susan Joy Dopey

P.S. Myrtle Devine has still not found a "real man" and she is still waiting in the basement of the library. Very eagerly!

I LOVE YOU

Dear Cuz,
I'll give you my good wishes
And many many kisses
And heaps more...
So fail and come back
to NZ
Cause I love U!
But GOOD LUCK!
Will miss you, so you'd
better too.

love
NAOKO

COMPELLED

Dear Craccum,

After reading so many responses to Beattie Treadwell's letter, I felt compelled to write my piece. First of all I am a Feminist and a real woman i.e. I don't piss standing up, do wear a bra, have long hair and menstruate monthly. To the woman who wrote the "Equal Rights: Not Feminist" letter, I am deeply shocked. What do you think a Feminist is? A radical, butch, man-hating lesbian with cropped hair, no make-up and hideous clothes? Why is Feminism such a soiled, dirty word?

I copied this phrase from some book or other and it seems an adequate definition:

"A feminist is a person (man or woman) who cares about the well-being of women and believes women should be given every opportunity to choose for themselves—free from bias or coercion—what their lifestyles and occupations should be—that they should be on an equal footing with men."

Furthermore, Ms Not Feminist, much as I admire your obviously well-developed ego, I have to wonder at some of your statements. What does "stooping to having sex with other women" mean? How dare you make such a derogatory, biased statement about any woman's freely chosen sexual preference. Is a lesbian not a real woman? Sure you can speak up for equal rights, equal pay and maternity leave; as long as it's not, of course, for a short-haired, braless lesbian who, dare I say, prefers pissing standing up. I can't believe you—you want all the fringe benefits of what our great foremothers have fought for us

(education, the vote etc.) and yet you give nothing in return—not even charity and understanding towards your own womankind.

As for everyone else's comments on Beattie's letter, well sure kindness and respect for others come into it. I'm all for keeping the door open if someone's right on my heels, or standing up on the bus for an older person or harassed mum etc., and all the other courtesies that make life pleasant for all, but I have to say that as a woman I deeply resent masculine chivalry for it's sake. Having a chair pulled out for me in a restaurant whilst my male partner has to fend for himself really irritates me. If chivalry really is only courtesy, why not show it to everyone? Who knows, maybe if more men got flowers and chocolates (yes, I still get and give these) the world might be a happier place!!** Dream on!!

Seriously though, many of our actions and ideas need to be reassessed. Why is chivalry so male-oriented, and why are Feminism and lesbian such vile words? A good deal more co-operation, communication and education about women's herstory, as well as men's history, certainly wouldn't go amiss for all.

Yours in shared sadness at
class, sex and race gaps,
Red Sonja

A VIRGIN REPLIES

To the writer of "21st Century Schizoid Man",
It seems that you have built up resentment against virginity and Christians (I don't know if in that order). Well I am a 20yr old virgin/female/Roman Catholic -and without sounding conceited—considered attractive (i.e. modeling offers). So, yes, my "inexperienced" sexual past is not due to great ugliness, but to your label of being "of the moral minority". I would like to mention there are two parts to our "text-book" (as you phrased it): "an eye for an eye" is from the Old Testament. The New Testament are the world of Jesus Christ "turn the other cheek", "love thy neighbour" etc. If you want to continue abusing us (of the moral minority), that is your choice of course (goes without saying, I suppose). But it made me sad to read your article—the words a person uses and expresses are a sign of the person's disposition and nature. I still believe that people have a great deal of beauty within, and passion is misrepresented (instead of expressing itself in an ideal manner) and, like yours, seems to be turned into aggression i.e. verbal/crude aggression. But I know beneath that person you choose to reflect there is extreme sincerity and tremendous passion—in the beautiful sense.

Good luck in ever expressing your real self—I suspect if you live as beautifully as you are capable (with such passion), your life will be exhilarating and still pure.
God bless...
A R.C. member of 'moral minority',
"C."

P.S. When the sun shines I think of you—for what lies in beauty must surely lie in you.

Ed's Note to 21st C.S.M.: !

RANGITOTO YANKS

The Editor,
We must look like a pack of spoilt brats - typical Rangitoto Yanks - arguing and bickering over nothing. So much for our level of education and intelligence - we prejudge Engineers, feminists, males and blacks. Not all of these people are

pissheads, lesbians, rapists and convicts. Everyone has their own opinion so let's leave them to it. Ignoring someone is better than stooping to their level of petty bickering.

It may be in our and Craccum's interests to ignore letters contributed by such arsewipes and fuckheads that have done so lately. Let's grow up if we want to be taken seriously in the real world.

One-Very-Embarrassed-and-Ashamed-Student

Ed's Note: It looks like arsewipes and fuckheads comprise a large majority of the students prepared to overcome apathy and write to Craccum. Obviously they read the disclaimer on page 2. Did you?

GIVE US A 'FAIR DEAL'

AVE CAESAR
AND PASS THE WINE ... BUT THE GOBLET IS EMPTY ! I AM A LEGIONAIRE - a what? - is that a religion - you ask - the enlightened read on the rest of you, you CONVENTIONAL DRESSERS (TOGAS 4EVA) can FUCK OFF! But what have we done this year? FUCK ALL!! Will I have to change my name? Rumour has it our (yours and mine) LEGION is full of desertion and failed leadership - Yes, let's all blame Nero and not the Roman Fire Brigade - get logical - or if your passed it order the next round. Asterix would be ASHAMED - such a disorganised legion. Four weeks till exams no chance of anything being done so (unless something is organised for DISORIENTATION or after exams) I would like to put forward a suggestion.

My suggestion is :
that all paid up LEGIONAIRE'S GAIN A 'SPECIAL INVITE' TO THE ANNUAL THREE DAY PARTY - MARK BARLOW (President LXXVI) or someone else responsible can pull the appropriate strings - one last favour to us still at varsity!! Give us a fair Deal. O.K. (Haven't seen you near Shadows since your job MARK, us students not good enough!) So O guess the CONQUERING CAMPAIGN of AUCKLAND is postponed to next year. Which will be better! I'd like all legionnaires paid-up to venture into Craccum and support this suggestion. One last Party we can all wear TOGAS!

Ave,
Partys Maximus
VED1, VICI, VENI
P.S. Is it true that each year of the new students and old students some retain their morality, virginity and reputation? YES!! Is it also true that students enjoy partying, drinking, and wearing TOGAS? YES! THEN THERE IS STILL A NEED FOR THE LXXVI IMPERIAL ROMAN LEGION. O.K.

SAINT

Dragon my love,
Turn thee from they ways
Forsake yee this Scarlet Woman.
For her loins burn with the unextinguishable fires of lust.
Returneth thee to the warmth and shelter of my womb.
For my love is all powerful and all knowing.
This Scarlet trollop shall knoweth my vengeance
So swearth I

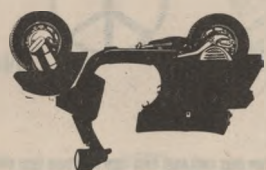
St Georgina
SERIEUSE!

Dear 'O.F.S.P.'
Mais bien sur je suis serieuse! Have complied with your wishes re telephone number.

'A.O.'

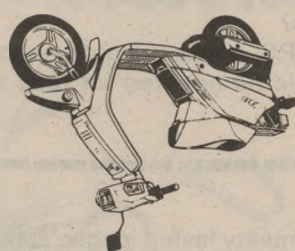
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SATANIC ACCUSATIONS

Dear Craccum,
Having just read B.L. Zeebub's exposure of the devilish foundations on which Craccum is based, I decided to make further investigations to determine whether others possessed this same satanic association. Could it be also that certain names had hidden links? I was determined to find out! What follows are the results of the aforementioned search for truth. The numbers in brackets after each name are the sum of all the letters in that name.

CONCLUSIONS

1) 'Peanuts' (96) is an agent of satan, since: $96 \times (6 + 1) = 666 + 6$!!

(A male car-throwing friend of yours is VERY worried!!)

2) 'Animal' (50) is a sex-crazed arts student, since: $50 = \text{sex } (48) + (6 / \text{BA}(2))$

Don't believe me? Work it out yourself!

3) Og (22) and Small Afterburner (185) are related by incest, since: $666 \cdot (22 \times 22) + 3 = 185$

What more proof do you need?

4) Og, B.L. Zeebub (75) and Archer (53) are the same person, since: $75 - 53 = 22$

The problem is now to find out who this person is!

5) 'Gort' (60) is the love child of Miriam de Graaf (105) and L. Ron Hubbard (115), since: $6 \times (115 - 105) = 60$

6) Kerry Hoole (132) and Simon Holroyd (167) are brothers born of rastafarian devil worshippers, since: $(167 - 132) \times \text{JAH } (19) = 666 - 1$

7) Graham (sic) Hackshaw (122) is married to Judge Dredd (82), since $122 \times (6 - 1) - 82 \times (6 + 1) = 6 \times 6$

8) Richard Foster (144) and Scarlett O'Hara (144) are THE SAME PERSON!!! Ooer! Rick, you little devil you!

Having (hopefully) had the above published, I'm now going to have a run like hell to escape the lynch mobs!

Yours in sin
Lucy Furr

P.S. 666 / 1.807405551 / Beatle (45) = the phone number of a male friend of mine. Hmmm.....

P.P.S. Sorry Craccum people, but you would have been discovered eventually.

P.P.P.S. Eat your heart out Bruce Cathie!

Note to eds: If you can't take a joke, feel free to alter 5) and/or 6).

Ed's Note: Of course we can take a joke. Pity some of our other readers can't.

Rave On

PRETTY WEIRD

Dear Craccum,

To all those who were incensed by Beatle Treadwell's letter: I agree, to say that men opening doors for women is 'non-contact rape' is a bit strong. However, it does subtly undermine women if done for reasons of 'chivalry'. After all, chivalry has not had a good history for women. In the Middle Ages the most extreme chivalry and veneration of women went together with the most extreme misogyny. Chivalry does not have pleasant connotations. Either sex opening the door or giving up a seat for either sex out of kindness or politeness is a different matter. Would those men who open doors for women out of 'respect' do the same for a man out of respect? If not, does that mean they think women are better than men? It all seems pretty weird to me.

It's a pity that Beatle Treadwell chose the extreme term 'non-contact rape'; it puts people's backs up and does feminism's image a lot of harm. But there's nothing wrong with the point she was making, and it's good to see that feminism is still an issue. Anna McDonald's comment that 'we don't have to fight for equality any more' is sadly mistaken. You only have to read some of the letters in Craccum to see that.

Margaret O'Neill

'PALTRY EFFORTS'

Dear Gort, Miriam et al,
Darlings, I appreciate your public invitation to co-habitation in Craccum's darkroom. But really, there are so many others, far better than your poor selves, offering themselves that I'm afraid your paltry efforts rade into insignificance. Keep practising, however, and perhaps one day you'll be ready for moi:

Keep panting, lovers
Lust Never Dies

The Panting Ed Sez: What, what, WHAT??? A paltry effort? What do you want? Pictures of previous encounters of the closest kind? Please! We are only a student newspaper! I can help you with the second part A (and would love to be able to help you with the first part, but I'm in the dark too, on that point); I'm also all for B, but C I find totally abhorrent; bloody bread-heads!

BE ORIGINAL

Dear phoney RIP,

Whoever you are who wants to know who Lawnmower is (and I know!), be original and find your own nom-de-plume so people don't think we're related (God forbid), or you'll be DEAD.

The real, original R.I.P.

Ed's Note: The RIP to which you refer was in fact supposed to be an epitaph not a signature. This was not made clear in the letter.

NOT TRUE

Dear Peter Sampson,

No, it's not true. It's good to see you taking an interest in student politics. How about directing your energies against Lange, Prebble and Goff? 'Real Students' don't seem to have any friends in the Beehive these days...

Your Acquaintances,
Beatle, Clare and Fiona

(Not a Triumvirate of Nepotists!)
P.S. WHEELBARROW.

BIG BOMB

Yo Ed's,

Insect (not a non-de-plume) Treadwell has clarified the position put forward in her first letter. She would like to place women (feminists, and preferably lesbians) in charge of all institutions and occupying all positions of authority so that they can pander to their own pathetic needs.

I feel that Ms Treadwell and all her associates should have a meeting organized for them - to get this small group of people with common ideals together so that they can all participate in a meaningful discussion and interchange of feminist/lesbian ideology. As this meeting approaches its climax; we could drop a big fuckin BOMB on them. Then she would stop writing endless letters 'in the spirit of open debate' and I wouldn't have to waste my time dreaming up endless replies.

Yours in chauvanistic male supremacy,
ROBS

P.S. If we squashed Ms Treadwell would we get Beatlejuice?

P.P.S. Does the fact that her dog is male bear any relevance?

P.P.P.S. Why do the feminists/lesbians letters contain so much more offensive language than anyone elses?

P.P.P.P.S. I think the automatic door should be arrested for rape too!

ARE THEY RIGHT

Dear Shauleen,

Do you really get hasselled that much? Why? I can't imagine it, but then I s'pose I'm new at this game - I'm only a fourth year.

What's really sad is your admission that men and womin are different and that you can't 'cope' with that difference. Can you really be fulfilled by spending so much time as possible with a single type of person?

As for womins space itself, whenever I have ventured inside the walls have always been plastered with posters telling me I'm oppressed, discriminated and second-class. That doesn't make me angry or rebellious - it makes me wonder if they're right? And that brings me down. I don't spose you'd mind but frankly I see womens space as being the equivalent to a 'black space', 'Jew space', or God forbid 'White space'. Now that would be interesting, you'd have to prove you had some white blood in you to get in, the same as the 'Maoris' do to get the special allowances they get in society.

Jo'Smith

P.S. Can we please please take the emphasis off discrimination and worry about something more important - like the economy, unemployment. Don't people care about War, Nuclear Arms, National Politics and Amnesty International any more. Look beyond our narrow lives or we'll get a shock when we leave.

MELLOW OUT

Dear Craccum,

I wish to reply in brief to certain letters published recently in 'rave on', and their respective creators.

To: O.F.S.P. (Aug 2)

Why don't you take a trip to the Huttons factory?! (You can drop off the chocies and the flowers on the way).

To: Ms Treadwell (Aug 9)

I think you're doing more harm than good to an important cause. and to : Gray (Sept 6)

What a shame that dawks like the squeeling porker aren't like you. As a woman, I would consider you to be very polite and considerate. 3 cheers for chivalry and etiquette! But enough of this.

Let's all just mellow out and live in (EQUALLY)



Love
Neil (ette)



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CHAPLAIN'S CHAT WARM GLOW

I sat alone, my eyes on the warm glow of the gas heater, remembering a time when I could gaze into the flickering flames of our old open fire. Alone, but not lonely: news of friends and family filled my mind. And then I thought of newcomers to my life, who have moved here to work in our city, to teach, work or study on our campus. From Singapore, Yugoslavia, The United States ... gathering in one institution to share its common purpose.

There's a sense of triumph over the dividing and separating forces of life in the coming together of so many from such different backgrounds. A belonging in the light that shared knowledge brings. But it would be good if that sense

of community lasted longer, spread more widely, sank into the deep inner places of our being ... left no disturbing gaps of loneliness, unwantedness, uncertainty ...

One newcomer has described the closeknit community she left to come here - in a part of London, where an old friend from years back will walk past your door on the way to shop or church or the corner pub, and will not and then pop in for a chat, because you have a life-time of friends in common.

Maybe we need to start a new sort of town planning, or a new sort of welfare work, or - what? Just to get our priorities right? Surely there could be enough warm glow of community spirit for all to gather and relax in.

Contributed by Margaret James
for the Chaplaincy

\$ 200 REWARD



For the small round
Footstool lost from Darwin
Lane during the holidays.
PLEASE BRING IT HOME.

\$200 REWARD