

BUILDING BRIDGES

GAY/LESBIAN ARTS FESTIVAL MARCH 20-31

IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE GAY/LESBIAN CONFERENCE MARCH 24-27



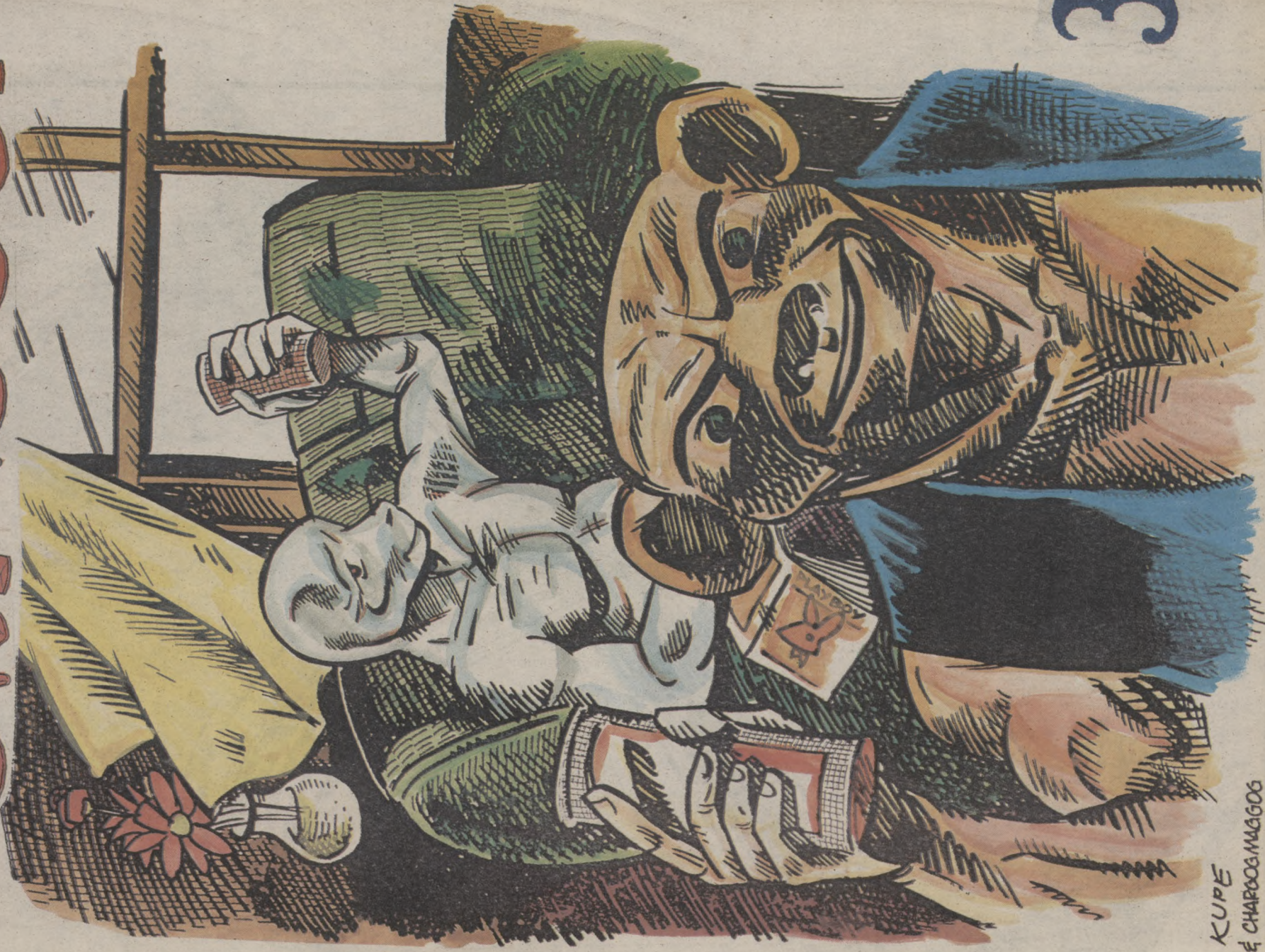
OFFICIAL OPENINGS MARCH 20 EVENING

- ▼ **WORDS AND PICTURES**
Works on paper, 5:30 opening
187 PONSONBY RD, PONSONBY PH. 764 262
Poetry 23 March, 7:30
- ▼ **GALLERY PACIFIC**
Works on Canvas, Jute, Board, etc.
Jewellery, Small objects, 6:30 opening
ENDLEANS BUILDING, TYLER ST, CITY PH 390 715
Poetry 29 March, 7:30
- ▼ **NEW VISION CERAMICS**
For ceramics, Sculpture in wood,
bronze, stone, etc, 7:30 opening
GREAT NORTHERN ARCADE, 45 QUEEN ST, CITY PH 34 149
- ▼ **STAGE 5**
Fabric art, Wearable Art, Installations,
Variety show-wine-snacks-live
music, Entry \$3, 8-30 opening
5 COLLEGE HILL, PONSONBY PH. 366 0257
- ▼ **PROBA GALLERY**
Video-days, Film-evenings
(Ring gallery or see window notices for times)
124 PONSONBY RD, PONSONBY PH. 765 459
- ▼ **REAL PICTURES**
Photography from 24 to 27 March
300 RICHMOND RD, GREY LYNN PH. 765 459

INQUIRIES PHONE JIM PETERS 764 262

★ PUBLIC PREMIERE OF PETER WELLS AND STUART MAIN'S FILM "THE CIVIC" 7-30 22 MARCH. TICKETS FROM THE CIVIC. 33 179

CRACCOM



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3



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WHODUNNIT?



CRACCUM is published by the Auckland University Students' Association but is not an official publication of the Auckland University Students' Association.

CRACCUM was printed by Te Awamutu Courier but is not an official printing of the Te Awamutu Courier (oops! couldn't stop myself!)

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Hugs, kisses and li'l tickles on the bottom, from A-B.H.

Cut
ABOVE!
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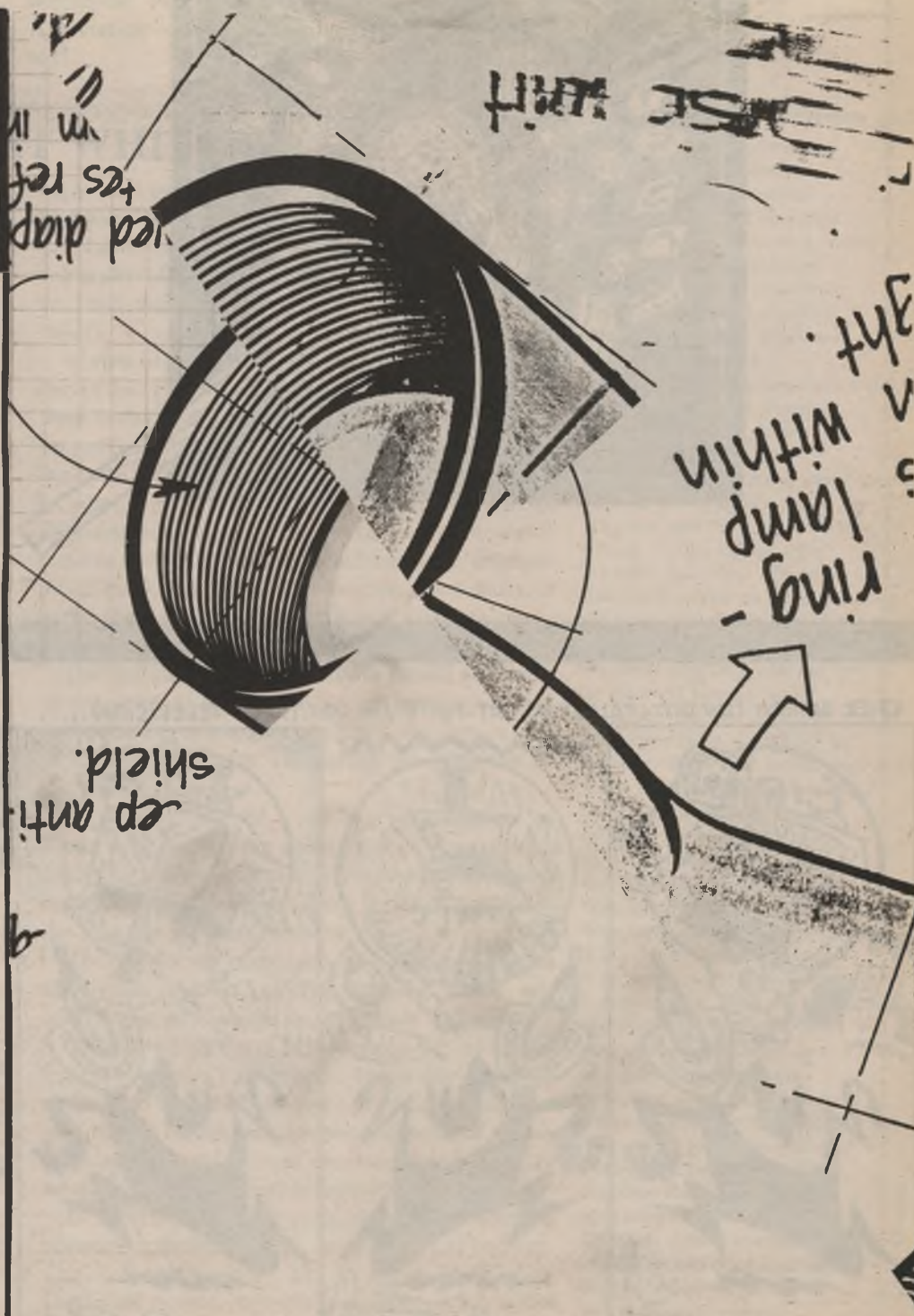
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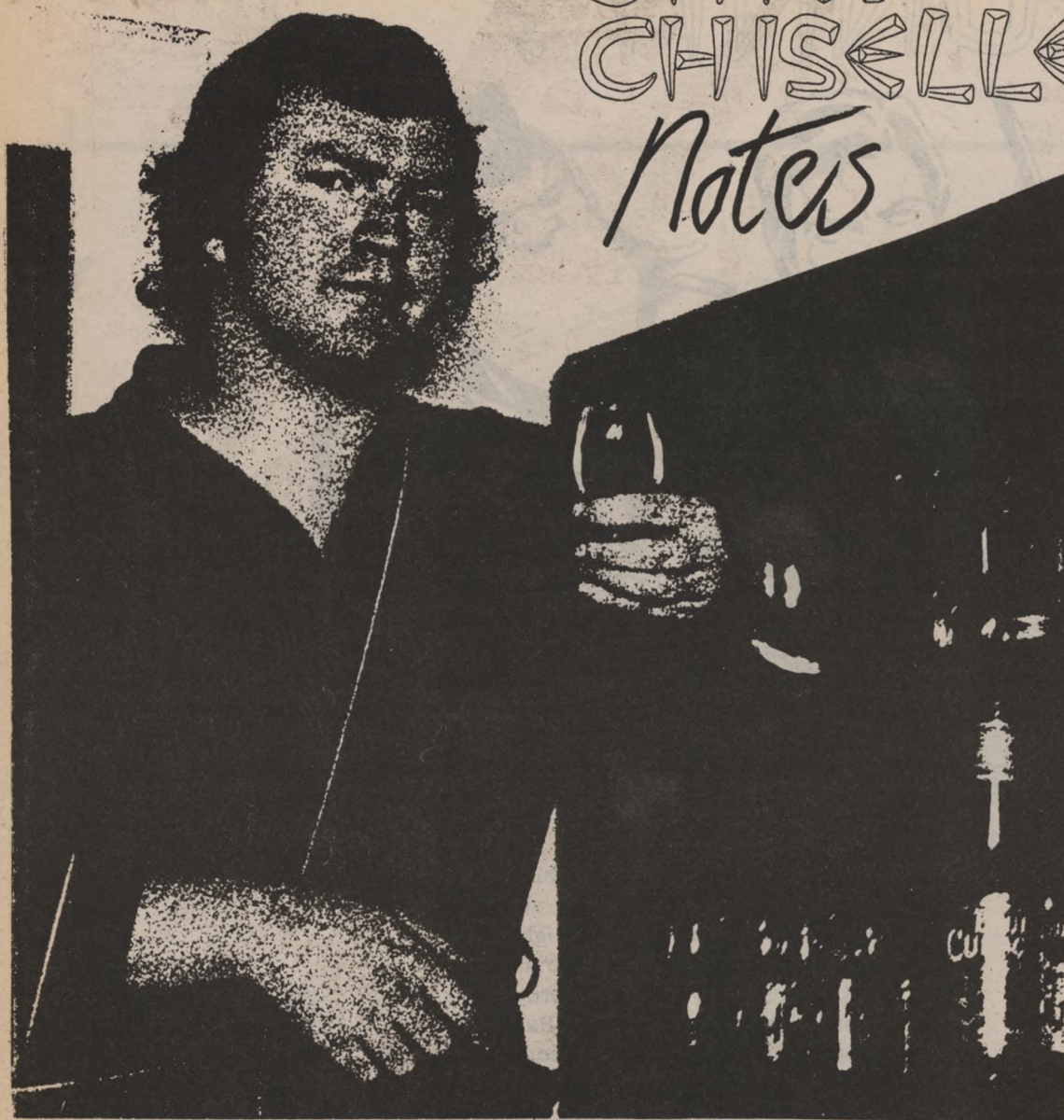
CUT ABOVE LOCATIONS

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FARMERS	PH: 366 1612	DOWNTOWN	PH: 790 987
REMUERA	PH: 506 213	K. RD.	PH: 764 232

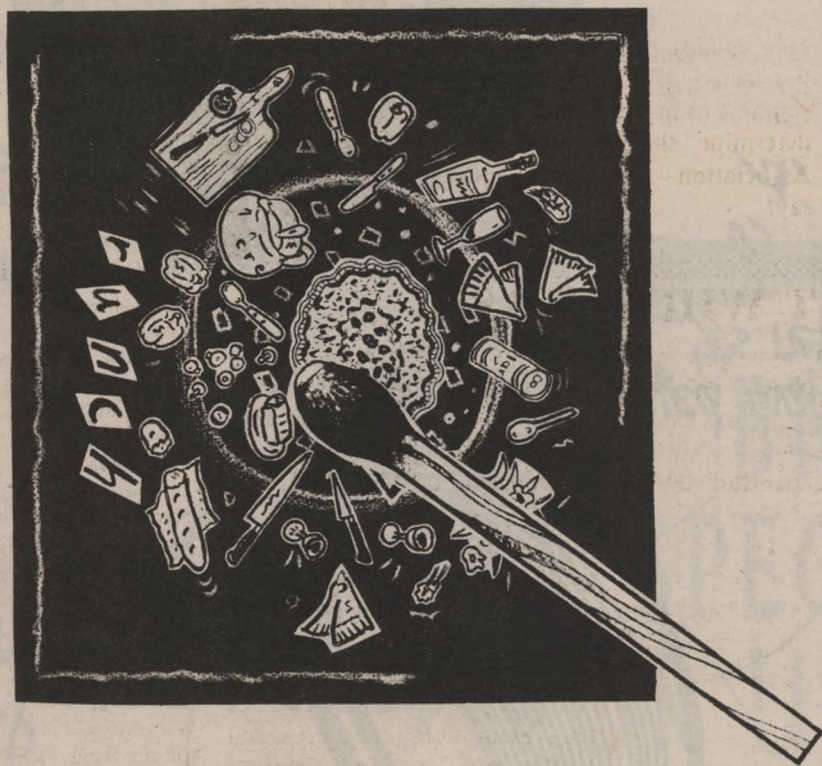


Biscuit juice

CHIEF CHISELLERS *Notes*



He's not expecting the Spanish Inquisition....



HOW DO WE FEEL ABOUT EDUCATION: THE BURNING QUESTION!

On Sunday, 12 March just gone, there was an arson attack on Westlake Girls High School. By now most of us have resigned ourselves to the 'unnewsworthiness' of this prolific event. Unfortunately, just as many of us will write it off as a pile of juvenile delinquents with nothing better to do with their time than use up the taxpayers' hard earn pittance by incinerating everything.

Over the last year or so the Education Department (supported by the Social Welfare and Labour Departments as well, I'm sure) has been running an ad' campaign to convince school-pupils to stay put.

In itself this is an admirable revolution on the part of the Departments - I say 'revolution' because it is a turn-about from the previous worker-ethic which enticed young people to submerge themselves in a career as soon as they have left school: forget about 'growing up', forget about 'time to do what you want to do' preferably *this* side of a bewrinkled and tired 60, schools are here to produce workers so get off your 16-year old butt and work, *WORK, WORK!*

In this area employers have won a strategic battle by turning the education system into the job-trainer that for thousands of years the formers had been (more profit! Yay!). So, from that angle 'revolution' is an IN-correct word - 'procrastination' may be better.

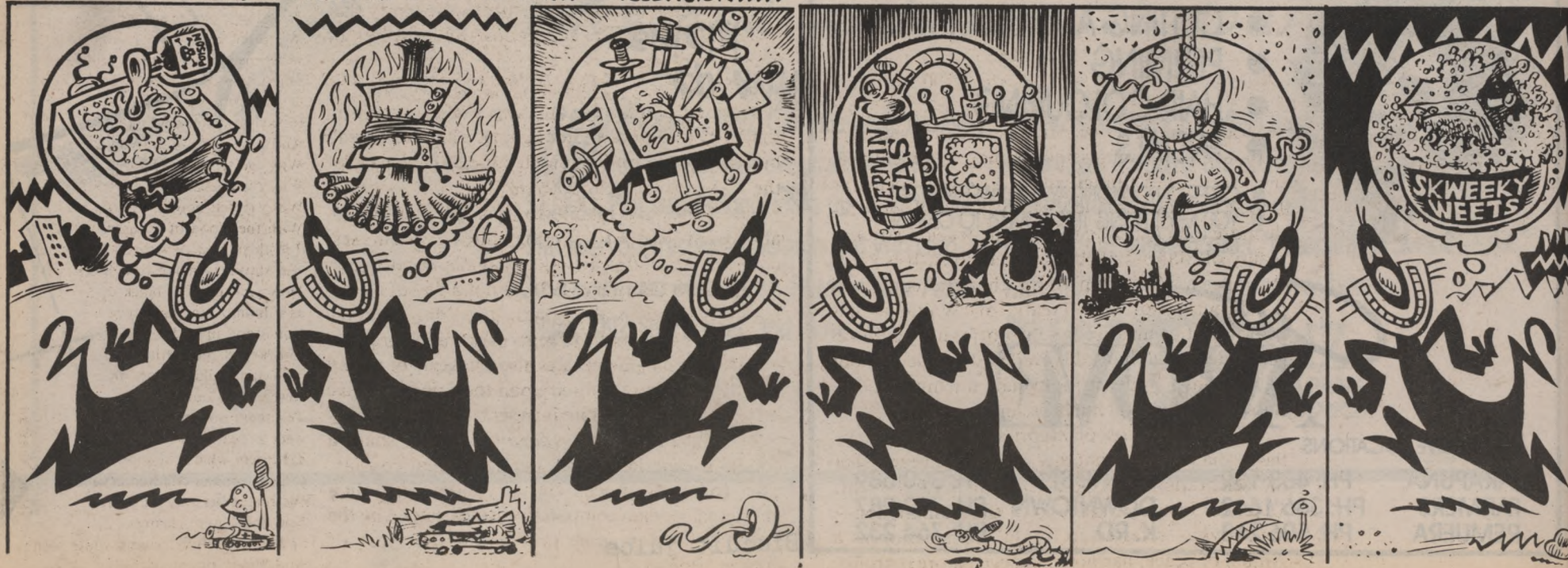
The problem with the Education

Department's attempts to convince pupils to stay (by using one stud and one set of shining female teeth) is that, irrespective of any 'logic', **pupils still hate school**. It has nothing to do with what is wiser in 20 or 30 years' time - it has to do with some jerk at the front of the class who likes to shit all over you because they don't know how to handle power, if they even wanted to, fails your papers because you won't call them "Sir" or "Madam", intimidates and patronises, uses any weakness they may discover; people hate school!

Now, before the Department is going to be really successful in retaining these young people, it has to halt itself and thoroughly re-evaluate its delusions about our attitudes; it must make the environment, in which it is trying to entice these people to stay, (more) attractive, more 'in their favour' - no-one likes to remain in a place where people (some a meagre five years older) are guaranteed power over you.

The fire at Westlake Girls is an example of a statement(!) as with the, quite literally, **hundreds** of similar events. Satisfied students don't want to destroy an environment that is not painful. With each of these cases, as the Department sits around sifting the ashes for notes on Nubian tribespeople and counting the cash needed, how many of them *are* asking the burning question, not 'who?', not 'how?' or 'when?', but 'why?'.

OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS, CALCULUS CAT PLOTS THE DEATH OF TELEVISION.....



Restructuring?

"A.U.S.A's constitution is up for a kick in the head."
Des Amanono, CRACCUM, 28 Feb., 1989.

Such is the way that our colourful President views the current restructuring process. Restructuring, however, goes far beyond simple alterations to the constitution. But back to the beginning...

Way back in the third term of 1987, S.R.C. set up a group to restructure the Executive. Early on we decided that changes to the Executive membership and a redistribution of Executive duties to suit the prevailing political climate would merely be cosmetic. We felt that a complete review of the entire Students' Association was required.

We began by trying to find answers to questions such as: why have a Students' Association at all? What should one [such Association] provide? How should this be decided on an ongoing basis? and how can we ensure that it is effective and efficient in what it attempts?

We sought to involve students as much as possible in answering those questions, as well as in making suggestions. Hundreds of posters and thousands of leaflets were put out, articles and updates were published in CRACCUM and Giddy, a workshop and a forum were organised and an interview conducted on Campus Radio. We have used this feedback along with material from other Universities both within New Zealand and overseas to assist us in formulating our proposal.

In setting about rewriting the Constitution we settled on six broad objects which we believe cover the areas in which the Students' Association

should operate in the future. We also decided on a number of principles upon which the Association should be governed. Using these objects and principles as a basis we have proceeded to draft a new constitution. This task has nearly been completed.

As we have worked through this process we have continually been surprised by how much more needs to be done if the entire exercise is to be a success. As a result the task has become bigger and bigger. However, the end is in sight. From here on in we will be working on building the required infrastructure of by-laws, regulations, procedures, policies, etc., gaining legal opinions on the new draft and publicising the proposal.

In the remaining issues of CRACCUM this term we shall be focusing on specific areas of the restructuring proposal, explaining precisely what we are suggesting, why we are suggesting it and what effect it will have on you. In the first couple of issues of the second term we will try and tie it all together and hopefully in the second week of term you, along with masses of other students, will descend on the Rec. Centre to discuss and vote on the proposal.

If you wish to view the current draft, ask at the A.U.S.A. Reception—they have copies; or if you wish to discuss the proposal with a committee member, A.U.S.A. Reception will be able to put you in contact with us.

Steve Barriball for the Restructuring Ctee.



UPDATE

At its first meeting of this year, S.R.C. formally amended our terms of reference to cover restructuring of the entire Association.

The Committee has dwindled from an initial membership of five down to two. At this week's S.R.C. (Wed 1pm, Quad), three new members will be elected. If you are interested in standing or in exercising your right to determine the direction of your Association—turn up and have your say!

Ode to the Bicentenary

You realise your mistreatment
As you try to compensate
You paste on plastic smiles
And you try to hide your hate.
The truth is you're growing restless,
The big day is growing near
Two hundred years to celebrate
You don't want us to interfere.
You don't want any black man
Spilling all the beans
Showing up your stretched out truths
And shattering your dreams.
You think of us as victims
Of environmental stress
That might be true my ignorant friends
But who got us in this mess?
We never said "Sure take our land,
Kill my family, kill my tribe"
We never said "Sure bring your laws
And teach us how to cheat and bribe"
We never said "Bring alcohol
Teach us how to drink"
We never said "Here run our lives,
So we won't have to think."
We never said "We'll slave for you
Just slap a chain around my leg"
We never said "Treat us like dogs and
watch us lick your boots and beg."
Surely you don't expect us
to play your little game,
to say how much we owe you
And how glad we are you came.
Will you tell your children on the day
Why the outback soil is red
Will you tell how it was stained
With the blood of thousands dead.
Tell them how, when you landed here
and stayed to make your home
How you used the black man
as a human stepping stone.
You stood upon his broken back
You kept from getting soiled and wet
Tell your children how highways
were carved out with his sweat.
Tell them how the battlefields
were strewn with bodies dying
Tell them what it sounds like
to hear orphan children crying.
We remember way back then
You and I were enemies
So tread carefully, young white man
And happy Bicentenary.

April Newman

1990 — THE GREAT WHITE-WASH!

There are many who would say that the 1990 Celebrations will be yet another blistering reminder of the aphorism that "a house built on shaky foundations will not endure". However, the collective stupidity of the 1990 Commission, pakeha politicians and government-appointed Maori go-betweens all seems to suggest that 150 years of lies, deceit and more lies will fade away happily into the glossy longdrop of New Zealand's sesquicentennial celebrations.

From the outset the Prime Minister, David Lange, plans to set up the birthday party squad and espoused assurances that whatever was planned for 1990 would respect the wishes of the tangata whenua. Ironically, the government-appointed Maori representation on the 1990 Commission is less than 10% and the mandate for the party has proceeded without any consultation with the tangata whenua. You kinda get the impression that you've been invited to attend your own birthday while being deprived of blowing out the candles or even getting a slice of the cake.

Michael Bassett, Chair of the 1990 Birthday Squad (and long-time acquaintance of Ross Meurant, notorious Maori-basher extraordinaire) outlined in his commission's policy statement that the Treaty of Waitangi will be a central focus for 1990. This masterful piece of psychobabble does little more than frustrate the already tension-stricken reality of Maori/Pakeha race relations. It is a bitter joke in Maoridom today that the continued dishonouring of the Treaty of Waitangi has guaranteed us massive land rip-offs, near cultural genocide, a high mortality rate both inside and out of prisons, and phenomenal unemployment. Bassett's policy statement is an absurdity.

The manipulation of Maori art and imagery by the media will act as another convincing veneer that the celebrations will be a truly bi-cultural event. Take, for instance, the logo of the Commission—the kotuku—referred to by the Commission as a symbol of peace, harmony and even more patronis-

ingly as a symbol of migratory influence like all human inhabitants who came to this country. I find the latter part of the Commission's reference culturally offensive to say the least and in direct contradiction to the concepts of Maori spiritual beliefs.

In view of the political and economic turmoil that this country is presently experiencing, the government seems set to going all out for the biggest hyped up party of the century. Already over \$30-million has been laid out on the spread. It's incredible, really, when you consider present government policies imposing cost-cutting measures on important social services such as education, health, welfare, employment, et al. All of that deprivation for a party, a game for the Commonwealth and a few frigates. Can New Zealand afford such frivolity?

The massive escalation of both Maori and non-Maori numbers against the farcical pakeha celebrations of a degraded treaty in 1990 will signify that there is still hope for addressing the injustices of the last 150 years.

In January of 1988 I was one of a number of Maori who joined the aborigines of Australia in solidarity as they protested against white Australia's birthday party that highlighted the bi-centenary of the invasion of their 'whenua'.

The following manifesto was adopted by an aboriginal protest meeting during their sesquicentenary, 50 years ago. It reads in part—

"The 26th February, 1938, is not a day of rejoicing for Australia's aborigines. It is a day of mourning. The Festival of 150 years of so-called progress in Australia commemorates also 150 years of misery and degradation imposed upon the original native inhabitants by the white invaders of this country."

In Aotearoa we, the tangata whenua, share a common experience with our aboriginal cousins. The following poem by a young Australian aboriginal woman comparatively illustrates why the N.Z. 1990 celebrations will be another year of broken promises.

AGENDA FOR THE AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING OF THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION TO BE HELD IN THE MAIN HALL OF THE RECREATION CENTRE ON TUESDAY, 21 MARCH, 1989, COMMENCING AT 1P.M.



PRESENT

APOLOGIES

MINUTES OF PREVIOUS MEETING

THAT the Minutes of the Winter General Meeting of the Auckland University Students' Association (Inc.) held on 9 August, 1988, be taken as read AND THAT they be adopted as a true and correct record.

APPOINTMENT OF AUDITORS

The Executive will bring recommendations on the matter.

APPOINTMENT OF HONORARY SOLICITOR

The Executive will bring recommendations on the matter.

GENERAL BUSINESS

THAT S.R.C. recommend to Executive that cigarettes be sold in Shadows AND THAT a range of brands be provided.

URGENT BUSINESS

If the meeting fails to achieve a quorum or to complete the business before it on 21 March, the meeting will commence or continue in the Main Hall of the Recreation Centre at 1pm on Wednesday, 22 March.

BY-ELECTION

Nominations are opened for the position of Overseas Students Officer.

All members of the Association shall be eligible for nomination, provided that their subscription has been paid before nomination.

All nominations shall be in writing, made and signed by at least three members other than the Nominee.

The Term of Office shall be from the Time of Appointment to 31 December, 1989.

Nominations close at the S.R.C. meeting of 22 March, when an election will be held.

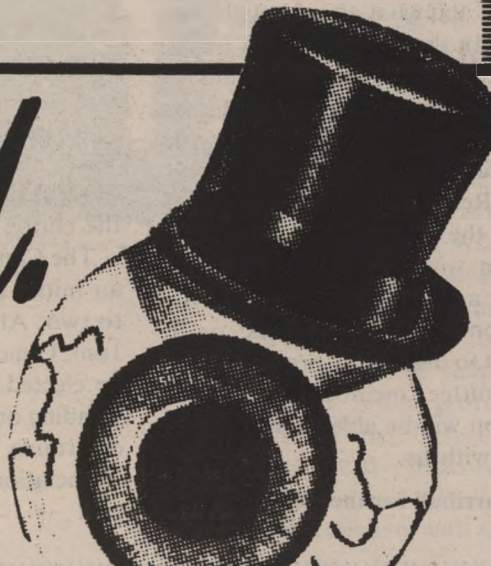
1989 CAPPING CONTROLLER

Applications are invited for the position of 1989 Capping Controller.

Applications should be made in writing and should include details of the relevant experience of the applicant(s) and an outline for the Capping Festival.

Application close and an appointment will be made at the A.U.S.A. Executive Meeting to be held in the Council Room on Wednesday, 29 March, 1989, commencing at 6.30pm.

Perrodactyl.



Sweet angels! Peonies of Persephone! Colum-
bines of Campus! Greetings!

Question: Have I just been a) to an English Lit.
lecture, b) in a spaceship, c) to Shadows, or d) in
none of the above? Answer below.

Another week gone. Good-grief! It'll be exams
soon...

Now this week it's time to stimulate your political
consciousness. Yes! It has been suggested that the
whole of Auckland University is in some sort of
Time Warp—a type of stasis thing... in fact, that
Auckland University Is Particularly Conservative
And Staid And Establishment And—Oh Hor-
rors!—Boring! Yes, Boring!

Well, we all know that's not going to be true this
year, at least not the boring bit. Apparently, the on-
ly type of people who are usually seen as political
here have traditionally been the old Student Ex-
ecutive, who for years untold have played a kind
of Joyful Junior version of "Murder In The Dark"
and "Do What I Say Or I'll Do Ya, Nerd!"

It's been very stimulating for them, but not so
hot for us... and yet, and yet, this year rumour has
it again that this Exec (apart from a few varying
views of what constitutes RESTRUCTURING.
Psst! What does? Keep your eyes and ears open,
bunnies!) seems to be composed of ALERT,
AWARE, POLITICALLY CONSCIOUS, etc.
PEOPLE. This is great so we can leave them and
think about US and How Conscious Are We?

Now, it's very important to understand this whole
political thingy, right? So, listen carefully...

THE PERSONAL AS POLITICAL... How's
that grab ya, eh? (a simplistic version of this move-
ment which surfaced in early feminist days) is that
anything which you feel strongly about can be
political... your own idea or a political statement
is of importance. That is, politics is not just for the
big people, the Gorbachovs, Thatchers and Bushes,
but for you, too!

Here to help you formulate your own sense of
global ethics is a typical scenario of the Rising of
Political Consciousness in the average home oof our

two stimulating students, Flora and Harold White-
ly. We are at No. 3, Lower Dresden Heights at
2345th Avenue in a familiar suburb. The elegant,
two-storey brick-and-tile garage is nestling in the
sweet fumes of the BMW-laden highway.

The plastic covers are off the furniture because
the Dorkwaters are coming for Sushi and Cham-
pignons. The dachshund (cleverly named Puppy)
lies peacefully under the Garbodispose listening to
its warm, lively family type hum... when we hear
Harold's mum, Vivace Thunderosa. "Harold, clean
your room! Clean it now! It's a disgrace, a disgrace!
I don't know what they teach you up there but as
long as you are living in my house..." "No Mum
I can't, it's against my principles—you see my room
is a political statement; it's telling the world
something about me... I, Harry, exist and..."
"Richard, come here at once! You're his father, you
tell him... Political statement, indeed! (sniff) My
God, Richard, that's not—vomit—is that vomit?
There in his shoe?..." "Look Son... I know it's very
exciting Up There for you and..." "But Dad..."
(Thump!) "Clean it up, Harold! Now!" etc. etc.

Now, that's one sort, but there are others. For
example, it's so important to be politically sound!
In fact it's really unsound to be politically unsound.
This is more difficult than the above as there are
sets of things which may not be politically sound
for different groups—things or reasons. For exam-
ple, take Tampons. Depending again on your view-
point, tampons can be both politically sound and
unsound and even at the same time! Get it? No?

Well, look—tampons can be politically sound if
you believe they are agents of freedom for women!
But, if you believe they are bad for women—toxic
shock or whatever—then they can be politically un-
sound... But if you believe that they are sound in
themselves but the nasty creepy way in which adver-
tising moguls and tampon firms exploit their sale
to women is bad, then the only really politically
sound tampon is a free tampon! It's really quite
simple.

If you are still confused, some enterprising

Women are I believe holding a Tampon Seminar
where all the personal and political angles will be
discussed. A lecture will be given by a Famous Per-
son (clue: J.S.) on "The Intelligent Tampon—Is
There Such a Thing?" It will be bound to be con-
troversial, stimulating and mind-broadening—do go
along!

Now if you want to practise your skills, here is
a good trial question with lots of scope:

"Is a Flounder Politically Sound?"

To work this out just follow the lines of a tradi-
tional Socratic Dialogue. There's nothing to it, real-
ly... You can use a modern version, an 1890 ver-
sion or the popular New Zealand Mixed version...

"I think me, Harry, that if he be aboard a
Japanese Trawler, then he be not so!" "Forsooth,
George, ye hast a point, the bugger may be flat and
yet he—" Stuuf you, George and Harry, you're so
Politically Unsound, how many times do I have to
tell you about Sexist Language?—Why 'he'? He?
Why are all your fucking flounders he? It makes
me sick really... If it's a potato, it's a he, or a frog
it's a he...

Which brings us to our next point... rumour hath
it that there is going to be a big, huge enormous
push towards gaining non-sexist language and con-
tent in all courses. Now, we know who you are, too,
little piggies; female or male, we know who you are!
We've got a little list... Heh Heh! Ah Hah Hah
Hah! (Congratulations to all those of you on the
amazing NON-SEXIST LECTURERS list).

Seriously though, join in with discussions, come
to the Quad for the S.R.C. meetings and anything
else on there—get involved, work it out for
yourself—if you are really confused go and talk to
anyone from NORML—apparently it's official (but
sort of secret), they are involved with funny little
aliens who are teaching them things through their
heads... in a magic ritual in Rudman Gardens just
as dusk falls...

Oh, and by the way, I wandered around Cam-
pus on Friday night and I was so DELIGHTED—
I couldn't believe how much everyone had got into
the spirit of this whole thing, everywhere I looked
I saw Stimulated and Excited people—in corners,
in shadows, in corridors, under stairs, they were
stimulating and exciting each other madly; quite
overcome!

Remember, be daring! Be political!

"Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once."
Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar"

P.S. Answers:

(a) Sunlight Soap
(b) Wawns Wonder Wool (large packet)

CRACCUM

has been plagued by misadventure from the outset - initially through access (lack of), keys and security, theft of equipment and utensils (graphic, photographic, layout), of money, damage to goods, presumption of priority on the part of others, more loss of keys, more thefts, less budget (despite inflation, CRACCUM receives virtually the *same* grant as it did ten years ago!); then lots of machines 'without manuals' with modified programs, so when we found manuals we couldn't use them; printers who couldn't do what they said they could, who leave it three days too late to tell us that, freighters who don't know where the University is.

There was to have been an article here on the Engineers and the type of changes they were looking to instigate, the history, etc., but guess who didn't get it handed in.

c'est la vie!

Now the problem is that we **NEED** people who can type on a word-processor or a typesetter;

We **NEED** people who are skilled at photography, screening, or colour separations on a Repromaster. We need writers (reviewers we have coming out our ears) and photographers and people who like to dig around in the dirt a bit.

CRACCUM has a weekly meeting of any interested people on Mondays at 1pm in the CRACCUM office, second floor, Student Union Building. This meeting is open to all students.

Save us money; save us time; save the Editor from having to work fifteen hours a day!

AMAZON

IF MEN COULD MENSTRUATE

Living in India made me understand that a white minority of the world has spent centuries conning us into thinking a white skin makes people superior, even though the only thing it really does is make them more subject to ultraviolet rays and wrinkles.

Reading Freud made me just as sceptical about penis envy. The power of giving birth makes 'womb envy' more logical, and an organ as external and unprotected as the penis makes men vulnerable indeed. But listening recently to a woman describe the unexpected arrival of her menstrual period (a red stain had spread on her dress as she argued neatly on a public stage) still made me cringe with embarrassment. That is, until she explained that, when finally informed in whispers of the obvious event, she had said to the all-male audience "and you should be proud to have a menstruating woman on your stage. It's probably the first real thing that's happened to this group in years!"

Laughter. Relief. She turned a negative into a positive. Somehow her story merged with India and Freud to make me finally understand the power of positive thinking. Whatever a 'superior' has will be used to justify its superiority and whatever an 'inferior' group has will be used to justify its plight.

Black men were given poorly-paid jobs because they were said to be "stronger" than white men, while all women were relegated to poorly-paid jobs because they were said to be "weaker". As the little boy said when asked if he wanted to be a lawyer like his mother, "Oh no, that's women's work." Logic has nothing to do with oppression.

So what would happen if suddenly, magically, men could menstruate and women could not? Clearly menstruation would become an enviable, boast-worthy, masculine event. Men would brag about how long and how much. Young boys would talk about it as the envied beginning of manhood. Gifts, religious ceremonies, family dinners and stag parties would mark the day.

To prevent monthly work-loss among the powerful, Government would fund a National Institute of Dysmenorrhoea. Doctors would research little about heart attacks, from which men were hormonally protected, but everything about cramps.

Sanitary supplies would be nationally funded and free. Of course, some men would still pay for the prestige of such commercial brands as Paul Newman Tampons, Muhammed Ali's Rope-a-Dope Pads, John Wayne Maxi Pads and John Kirwan Jock Shields—'For Those Light Batchelor Days'.

Statistical surveys would show that men did better in sports and won more Olympic medals during their periods. Generals, right-winged politicians and religious fundamentalists would cite menstruation ('menstruation') as proof that only men could serve God and country in combat ("You have to give blood to take blood"), occupy high political office ("Can a woman be properly fierce without a monthly cycle governed by the planet Mars?"), be priests, ministers, God Himself ("He gave this blood for our sins") or rabbis ("Without a monthly purge of impurities, women are unclean").

Male liberals or radicals, however, would insist that women are equal, just different and that any woman could join their ranks if she were willing to recognise the primacy of menstrual rights ("Everything else is a single issue") or self-inflict a major wound every month ("You must give blood for the revolution").

Street guys would invent slang ("He's a three-pad man") and 'give fives' on the corner with some exchange like "Man, you're lookin' good!" "Yeah, man, I'm on the rags!"

T.V. shows would treat the subject openly (**Happy Days:** Ritchie and Potsie try to convince Fonzie that he is still 'The Fonz' though he has missed two periods in a row. **Hill Street Blues:** The whole precinct hits the same cycle.) So would newspapers (**SUMMER SHARK SCARE THREATENS MENSTRUATING MEN** or **JUDGE CITES MONTHLIES IN PARDONING RAPIST.**) And so would the movies

(Newman and Redford in 'Blood Brothers').

Men would convince women that sex was more pleasurable at 'that time of the month'. Lesbians would be said to fear blood and therefore life itself, though all they needed was a good menstruating man.

Medical schools would limit women's entry ("They might faint at the sight of blood").

Of course, intellectuals would offer the most moral and logical arguments. Without that biological gift for measuring the cycles of the moon and planets, how could a woman master any discipline that demanded a sense of time, space, mathematics—or the ability to measure anything at all? In philosophy and religion, how could women compensate for being disconnected from the rhythm of the universe? Or for their lack of symbolic death and resurrection every month?

Menopause would be celebrated as a positive event, the symbol that a man has accumulated enough years of cyclical wisdom to need no more.

Liberal males in every field would try to be kind. The fact that 'these people' have no gift for measuring life, the liberals would explain, should be punishment enough.

And how would women be trained to react? One can imagine right-winged women agreeing to all these arguments with a staunch and smiling masochism ("The E.R.A. would force housewives to wound themselves every month", Phyllis Schlafly. "Your husband's blood is as



ARTICLES

sacred as that of Jesus — and so sexy, too!" Marabel Morgan.) Reformers and Queen Bees would adjust their lives to the cycles of the men around them.

Feminists would explain endlessly that men, too, needed to be liberated from the false idea of Martian aggressiveness, just as women needed to escape to bonds of 'menses-envy'. Radical feminists would add that the oppression of the nonmenstrual was the pattern for all other oppressions ("Vampires were our first freedom fighters!") Cultural feminists would exalt a female bloodless imagery in art and literature. Social feminists would insist that, once capitalism and imperialism were overthrown, women would menstruate, too ("If women aren't yet menstruating in Russia," they would explain, "it's only because true socialism can't exist within capitalist encirclement.")

In short, we would discover, as we should already guess, that logic is in the eye of the logician. For instance: here's an idea for theorists and logi-

cians: If women are supposed to be less rational and more emotional at the beginning of our menstrual cycle when the female hormone is at its lowest level, then why isn't it logical to say that in those few days women behave the most like the way men behave all month long? I leave further improvisations up to you.

The truth is that, if men could menstruate, the power justification would go on and on...
...if we let them.

UNIVERSITY FEMINISTS

University Feminists meet every Tuesday, 6.00pm, in Womenspace. We have an area on the main Noticeboard in Womenspace where the minutes of our previous meetings are posted up. All women are welcome to join!

WOMENSPACE

Despite the implementation of Sexual Harassment procedures, Auckland University is still very much Menspace.

Auckland Campus can be a very alienating and hostile environment for women. Women are still sexually harassed, abused, beaten up and raped on campus.

The "Women at University" Report established that sexual harassment is still prominent at Auckland University and male students seem to be much worse offenders than male academic and non-academic staff.

When Womenspace operated as a Women's Common Room, where men could go as well, sexual harassment still continued in this area and often women's notices, posters, pamphlets and resources were destroyed. The Women's Common Room was transferred into Womenspace (meaning women only) in order to provide

a sexual-harassment-free zone from men for approximately 50% of the University population.

Womenspace is Room 133 on the First Floor of the Student Union Building and is situated next to the Lower Common Room, underneath the Interim Marae and opposite [the new office of] the Part-Time Employment Bureau. Womenspace exists for ALL women, regardless of age, ethnicity, political ideology, sexual orientation, religion, disability, parental status and staff/student status.

Womenspace provides a secure and safe place for women in the evenings and is open till late at night. It is also an important place for mothers to go with their children for feeding, changing, sleeping and relaxing.

There is cheap tea and coffee available which helps to make Womenspace an idyllic area for meeting and making friends, talking, relaxing, exchanging notes and also studying.

Womenspace has a large amount of information and resources as women's health, education, groups, community centres, conferences, meetings, accommodation, literature and general notices. There will also be speakers, poetry readings, bands, festivals, seminars, debates and forums which shall be held here this year. Most recently, over Orientation, there was a women's band, called Turiya, which played, plus a fortnight of videos about and for women, which screened here.

As a woman who has been involved with Womenspace over the last three years, I feel I can speak from experience in stating that Womenspace is used frequently by women every day from all backgrounds of society. Women are in Womenspace from when it opens (8am) until it closes (between 9pm and 11pm).

Over the last three years I have been able to compare Womenspace to other areas, such as the Lower Common Room. Womenspace is a third of the size of the Lower Common Room and yet it is not unusual during lunchtime for numbers to reach 40 or more. The Lower Common Room during a comparative lunch-hour has been estimated (by Custodians) to contain about 100 students.

One of the Womenspace Collective's aims is to make Womenspace a warm, welcoming, friendly space for all women. The Collective meets on Mondays at 6.00pm in Womenspace; so for all women interested, feel free to come along.

Tracey Aitken.

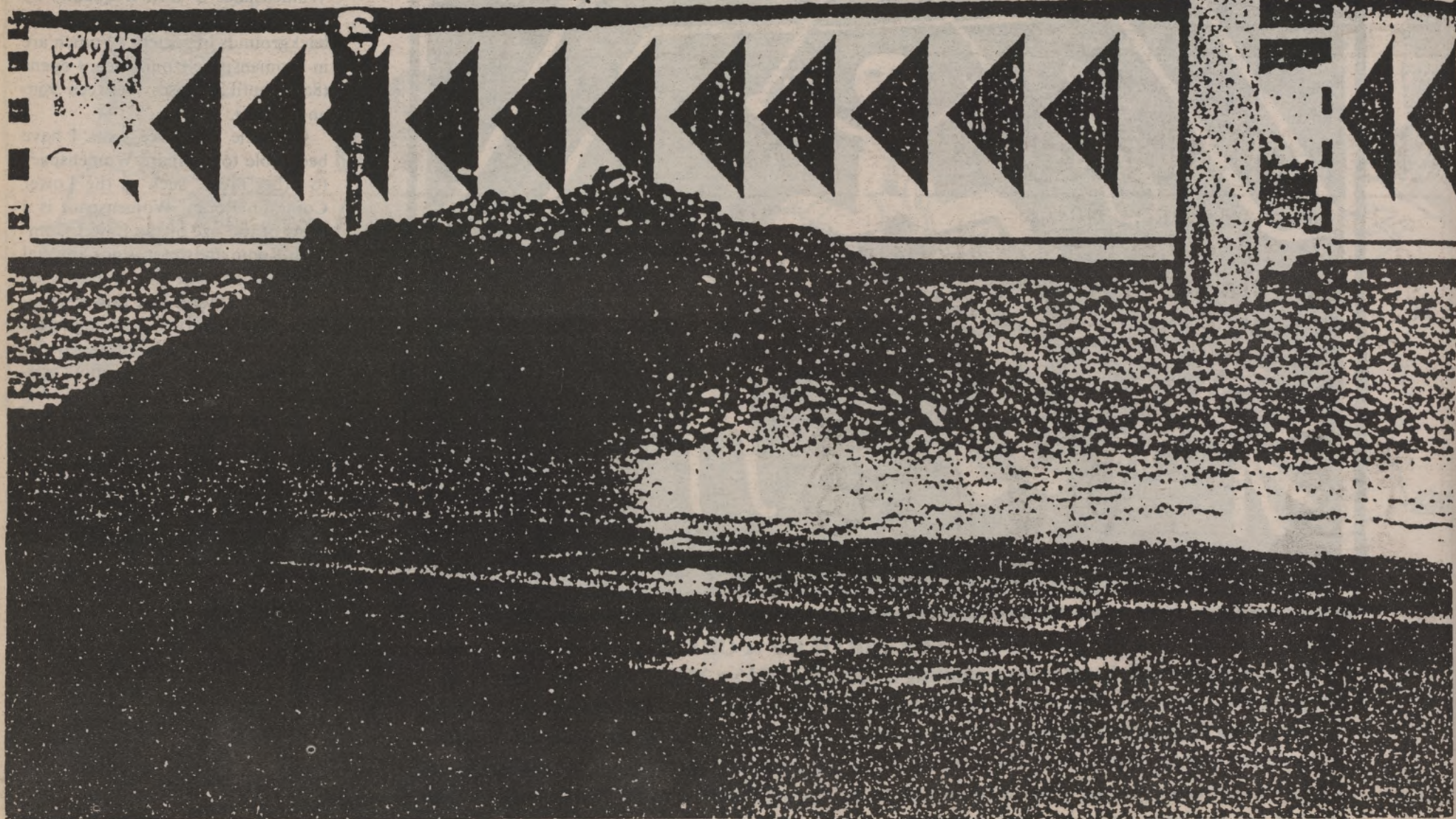


HOW THE HUSBAND ASSISTS IN THE BIRTH OF A CHILD, by Guadalupe, widow of Ramon Medina Silva, after yarn painting by Ramon. 23½ x 23½" (59.7 x 59.7 cm.). Yarn on plywood, beeswax. The Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco. Gift of Peter F. Young.

According to Huichol tradition, when a woman had her first child the husband squatted in the rafters of the house or in the branches of a tree, directly above her, with ropes attached to his scrotum. As she went into labour pain, the wife pulled vigorously on the ropes, so that her husband shared in the painful, but ultimately joyous, experience of childbirth.



YOU DON'T HAVE DIE WITH
YOUR SIN! FOLLOW CHRIS



the ADVENTURES of MOKEY and MOO! ©1989 BY KUPE!

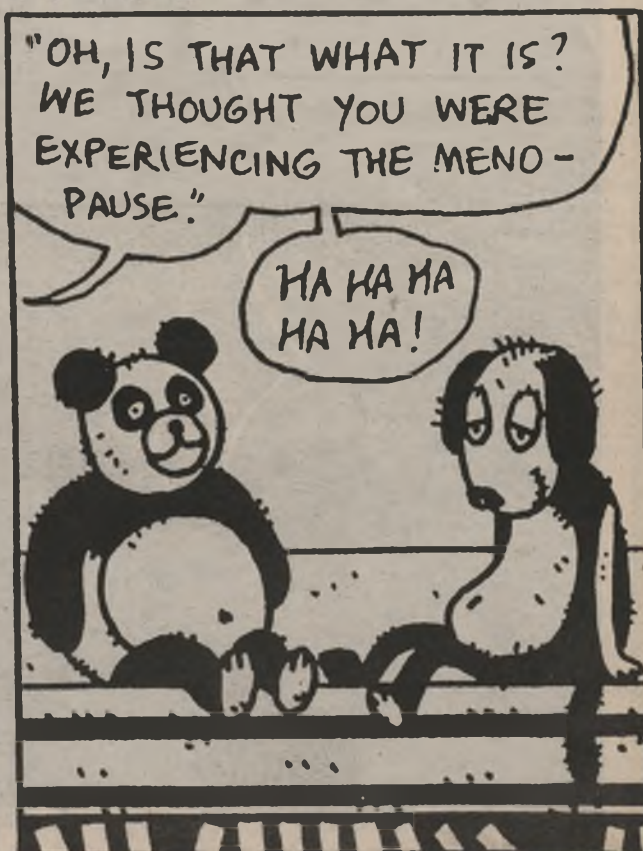
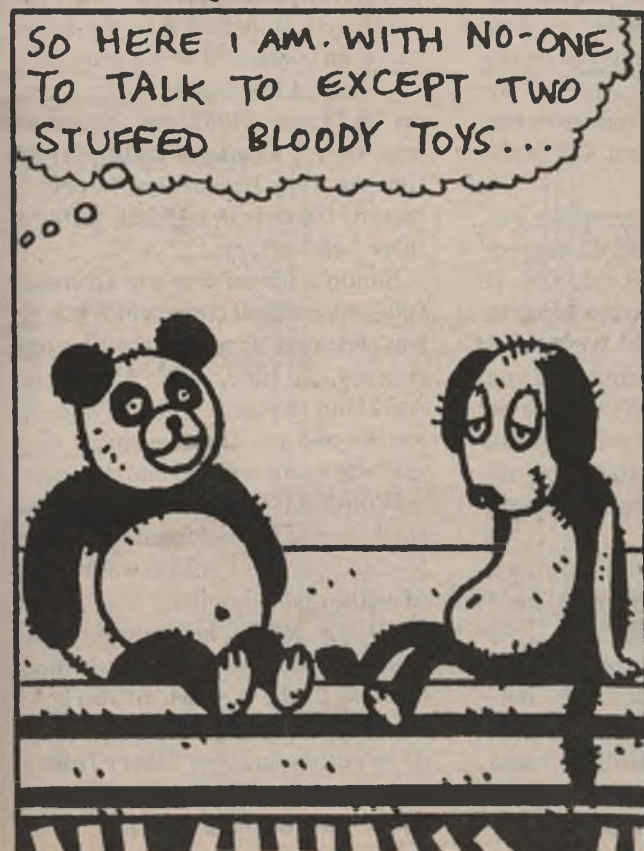


1/89.

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the ADVENTURES of MOKEY and MOO! ©1989 BY KUPE!



The Government and people of South Africa take great pride in presenting to you the following story of cruelty — from an ever-increasing repertoire in the “Bloody-Minded” and “Anyhting-Rather-Than-Admit-You’re-Right” Series. It is rated Rxxx, being unsuitable for ANY human being.

AMNESTY REPORT

Often the worst thing about torture is not the torture itself. It's the waiting.

The first few days that Simon Farisani spent in a South African prison were bad enough in themselves. His blankets were lice-ridden, a cracked bucket served as a toilet and on the first night heavy rain turned his cell into a swimming-pool. “I was jumping around like a frog”.

Dean Tschenuweni Simon Farisani was imprisoned on 3 occasions between 1977 and 1982. When he spoke at an Amnesty International meeting in the United States in 1985 he was a veteran of repeated torture.

“...But before they really did anything to me, I spent many restless nights because of the noises in the neighbouring cells — and very often I did feel it would have been so much better if they were busy with me rather than listening to the screams of other people.

“I'll never forget amongst other dates the 26th through the 28th of March, 1977, at a beautiful place called Howick, where the ugliest methods against human dignity are employed. Forced to do press-ups, to carry heavy objects... Then, the two chairs are also very terrible... hanging between the two chairs. The kicking and punching, and then I was upside-down through the third-floor window and told, should I fall to the street below, then the explanation

would not be difficult to find: ‘He jumped out of the window’. It went on without food and without water, at times for periods of three days in succession until ultimately I was told, ‘A person who does not agree with the policies of the government has only one choice, to pack his dirty black bag and leave for Tanzania where communists are at home. Not in this country.’

I was released in June after a visitation by a Bishop from Berlin, who is now about 82 years old, who did meet the honourable, the then Prime Minister, Balthazar John Vorster.”

Simon Farisani was imprisoned four times: March-June, 1977; October, 1977-January, 1978; November, 1981-June, 1982 and November, 1986-January, 1987.

“The second detention... I had 16 colleagues in one cell... and we had one toilet-hole for the whole group which was not always serviced with water... it is not an exaggeration and no falsification of the truth that on occasions we were forced to drink water from this toilet when water was supplied through the toilet and not through the door. I did not speak about worm-infested food. That was the order of the day...

After this detention we did approach the government and we did meet the then Minister of Justice, G.J. Kruger, in Cape Town... I did

show him the marks of torture on my body and did tell him what was happening and did demand from him to explain... why I had been detained. Threateningly he asked me whether I would repeat my story before the police who I had alleged had tortured me... He promised to go into the matter and give us a report and it's now six years. We're still waiting.

“Now the question arises, if and when these people are informed of the horrible things behind bars and they do nothing about it, what conclusions should we make?”

The detention which was ‘the most horrible’ was in the Venda ‘Homeland’. Another minister in Farisani's church, Isaac Muofe, had died in police custody two days after his arrest. A post-mortem revealed injuries to the head, body and genitals. Farisani was detained after giving spiritual support to Muofe's family and because the security police apparently believed that he had tried to engage a lawyer to represent Muofe.

“On the 25th November, '81, they came back and interrogated me for the better part of the day at the conclusion of which they told me “It is no longer possible for you to live; you are not fit to live and we have to break you to death. But you have to write letters to your wife, to your Bishop, friends and relatives to the effect that you have escaped... we need this to exonerate ourselves but we can't kill you before you write these letters.”...

“At that time the temperature was ranging between 36 and 42 degrees Centigrade... They told me, ‘OK, if you refuse to write, you are going to die a very painful death. We wanted you to write so that we could kill you quickly so that you don't have to go through so much pain — and you have rejected our friendly offer. Now we are going to give you what you deserve.’...

“For the next two to three weeks, four weeks, I was really trembling. I didn't know what would come... my [cell] has a corrugated iron roof and corrugated walls and this is the hottest part of South Africa... On the 4th of January the comfort left and the serious tortures began. I had the privilege of sitting on an imaginary

chair and at that time, man, I was weak... I had to do press-ups... and remember I'm not Margaret Thatcher, I'm not a man of iron... and then they expected me to stand on my head... they helped me... then kicks rained from all quarters... they asked me to lie on my back and raise my legs and the Captain — a Devil incarnate... — he asked me raise up my legs, then he was jumping on my private parts because he said he was committed to see to it that should I live I should be in a position not to perform my sexual responsibilities within the family...

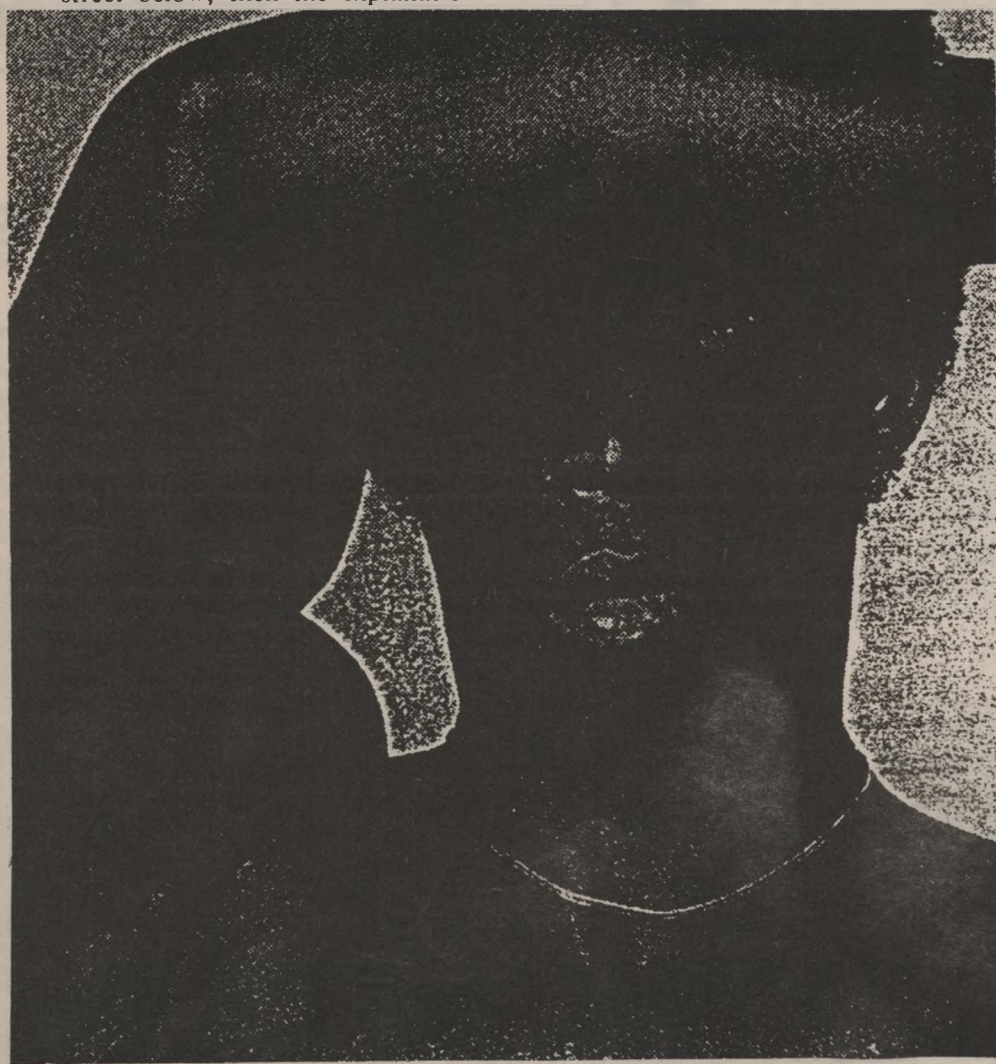
“They threw me in the air and let me fall onto the concrete floor, they banged my head against the wall, used sticks and chairs and I lost consciousness several times... and by evening when I had recovered consciousness, they asked me to clean the blood on the floor with a cloth... and they forced me to use the same cloth to clean the blood on my body and on my face.

“But they said, because you are not co-operating, we are taking you to [Breijo]... and if you're alive tomorrow morning, then we do not know our job. [At the torture centre they made me attach] electric wires to my earlobes and fall into water... I lost consciousness several times. Later the wires were transferred to my knees and even connected to my genitals... “...I landed in hospital the first time on 7th January, 1982, and the second time on 5th February and the third time on 19th February... I spent a total of 106 days in hospital, suffered three heart attacks...”

Simon Farisani was still receiving full-time medical treatment when he was released from detention, uncharged, in June, 1982. He visited Auckland in April, 1986, to talk on torture and on 21st November that year was again arrested and detained.

Within days 4,000 letters arrived via Amnesty International from over 50 countries and Farisani was released within two months.

All the above quotations come from an address given by Simon Farisani to the A.G.M. of the U.S. Section of Amnesty. He has published an autobiography, “Diary from a South African Prison” (Fortress Press, Philadelphia, 1987).



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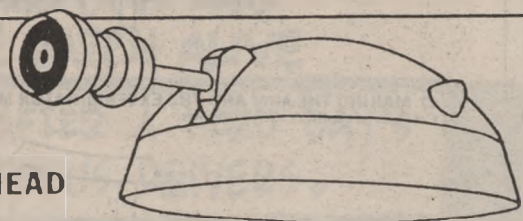
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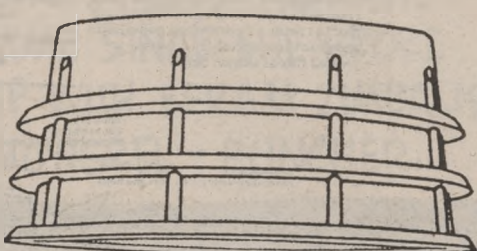
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Of course YOU can DO it !!

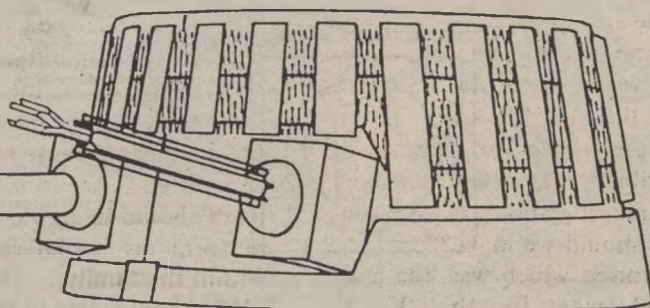
SECTION 1: HEAD



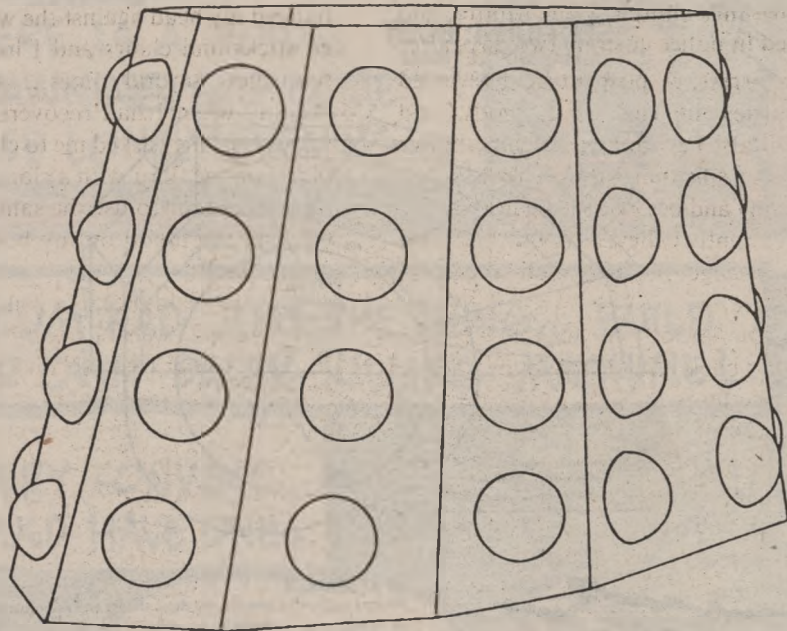
SECTION 2: NECK



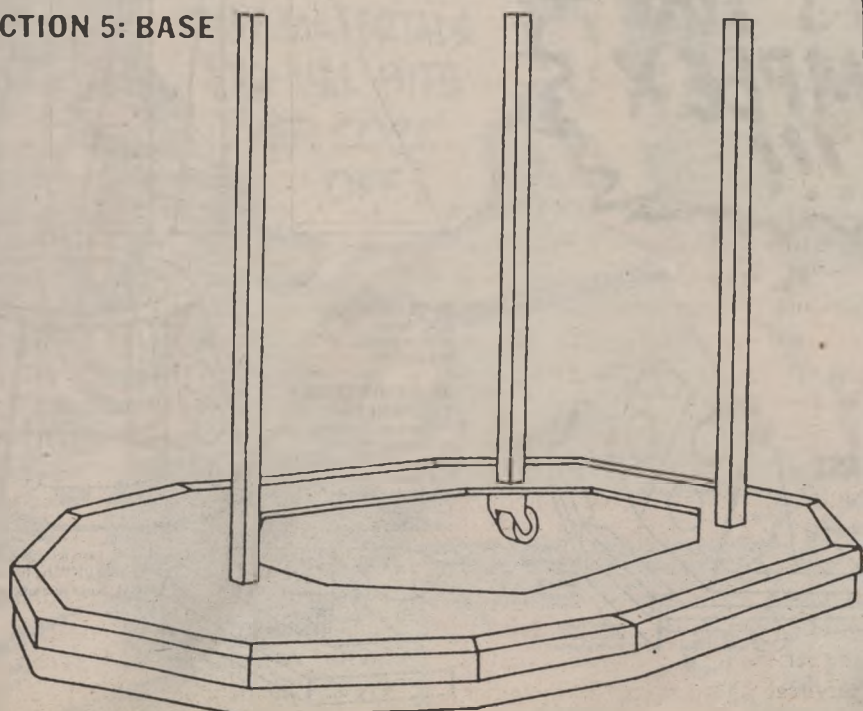
SECTION 3: SHOULDERS



SECTION 4: BODY



SECTION 5: BASE



We have designed this Dalek as an exercise for a well-equipped school, using the resources and facilities of several departments—woodwork, metalwork, art and so on. It could also be built at home—but only by someone with considerable 'do-it-yourself' experience.

You do not need to be a professional to build a Dalek, but you will need some basic skills, precision, common sense and, above all, enthusiasm! You will need the use of some machinery, such as a woodworking lathe and a band or jig-saw. Don't follow our instructions too slavishly; do not be afraid to improvise.

For clarity, we have divided the Dalek into five sections: 1 is the head—and this needs a full week to complete; 2 is the neck; 3 is the shoulders; 4 the body; 5 the base.

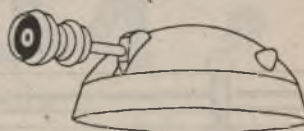
The head could adequately be made from reinforced paper mache instead of the more complex fibreglass. If you do decide to use fibreglass, exercise extreme care in the process: barrier cream should always be used to protect your hands and the fibreglass should only be handled in a well-ventilated area. Fumes can be unpleasant and dangerous in a confined space. Note well, too, that the accelerator and catalyst used must not be mixed together. That could be dangerous.

These are the basic materials required to build a Dalek:

- 1 28 lb bag modelling clay
- paper/polystyrene
- 1 roll 500 mm bandage
- 28 lbs fast-setting potter's plaster
- 4 sq yds hessian scrim
- 1 pint shellac
- 1 tin car wax polish
- 1 pint PVA release agent
- 2 oz accelerator
- 2 oz catalyst
- strips of glass matt
- 2 lbs gelcoat resin
- 6 lbs layup resin
- acetone
- soap and water
- 1 tub barrier cream
- sink plunger
- 2 car parking lights (for flashing lights on head)
- 2 6V 0.3 amp bulbs and holders
- 6 volt battery

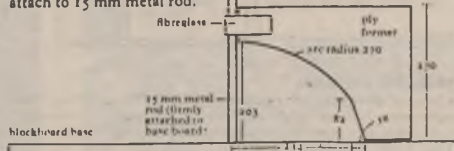
- 1 5 mm ply 1 sheet 5 ft x 5 ft
- 6 mm ply 4 sheets 5 ft x 5 ft
- 9 mm ply 1 sheet 8 ft x 4 ft
- 15 mm ply 1 sheet 10 ft x 4 ft
- 12 mm wooden dowel
- 27 mm wooden dowel
- 2 wooden balls 95 mm diameter

- 24 polystyrene balls 100 mm diameter
- 6 ball bearings 6 mm
- 30 gauge fine aluminium mesh 275 mm x 1470 mm
- 24 gauge large aluminium mesh (2 strips) 655 mm x 180 mm
- aluminium 1425 mm x 150 mm
- and two strips 651 mm x 10 mm
- soft aluminium 40 mm x 170 mm
- 36 mm aluminium or plastic tube 455 mm
- 40 mm aluminium or plastic tube 615 mm
- 3 mm steel rod 315 mm
- 15 mm rod 270 mm
- brass shim strip
- aluminium angle
- ribbed rubber flooring foam strip
- 3 plastic rotating castors 1 1/2 in to 2 in diameter
- perspex 2mm 80 mm x 80 mm
- 2 brass rings (internal diameter 28 mm, cut to 10 mm long)
- screws, nuts, bolts, snap rivets, fast-drying enamel paint



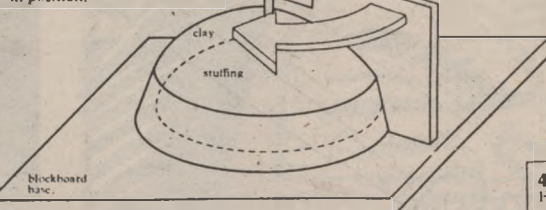
SECTION 1: HEAD

1 MAKING A FORMER
Take a suitable sheet of ply. Cut and shape to make a former. Using fibreglass, attach to 15 mm metal rod.



2 SHAPING THE CLAY

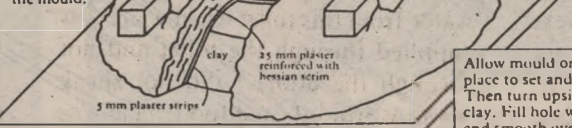
Build up soft clay on the base to approximate shape of the head. Pack the centre with paper or polystyrene to save clay. Spin the former round to scrape off the excess clay. Remove the former, leaving the rod in position.



3 MAKING THE MOULD

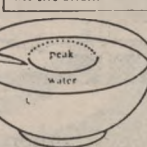
Cut plaster-bandage into strips of 500 x 800 mm each. Dip in water and lay over clay to 5 mm thickness. Allow 3 or 4 minutes to set. Next, mix plaster (see opposite for method). Then build up the mould thickness to 25 mm, reinforced with alternating layers of plaster and hessian scrim.

Press two wooden supports into outer layer of plaster while it is still wet. Bind with strips of hessian scrim. When dry, this makes a stand for the mould.



4 MIXING THE PLASTER

Fill a plastic bucket with 50-80 mm of water. Gently sprinkle in plaster until it forms a peak above the water line. Stir gently with hands. The mixture is ready when it does not run off the stick.



5 MAKING THE FIBREGLASS DOME

Paint the inside of the mould with shellac and allow to dry. Apply three coats of wax car polish. Shine well to give a good surface.

Using a soft cloth or sponge, apply layer of release agent. Allow 2 or 3 minutes to dry. Protect hands with barrier cream.

Mix gel coat 1 gallon resin with accelerator, approximately 5% weight of the resin, and catalyst, approximately 5% of resin weight. But add accelerator and catalyst to gel coat separately. Do not mix them together. Paint on with brush. Allow to go hard.

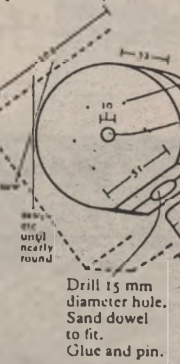


Mix layup resin with accelerator and catalyst. Clean brush in acetone. Wash hands in soap and water. Apply strips of glass matt to the mould and paint with resin. Continue this layering process until approximately 4 mm thick, or 3 layers of glass. Use a paint brush to punch out all the trapped air bubbles from the matt fibres.

When fibreglass is hard enough to cut, trim off the ragged edges with a sharp knife. Then allow it to 'cure' fully for about 24 hours in a warm room. Finally, remove from mould.

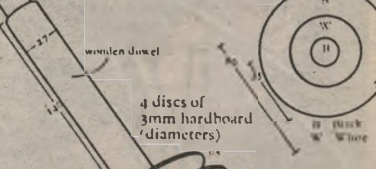
6 MAKING THE ANTENNA

Stick 2 sheets of 15 mm ply together. Draw 102 mm circle on it. Saw off corners till nearly round. Chisel, file and sand with glass paper to make a perfect circle (or use woodworking lathe if available).



7 MAKING THE EYE

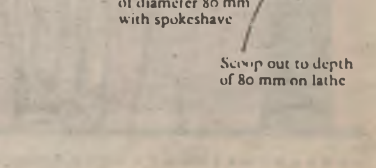
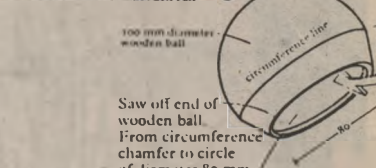
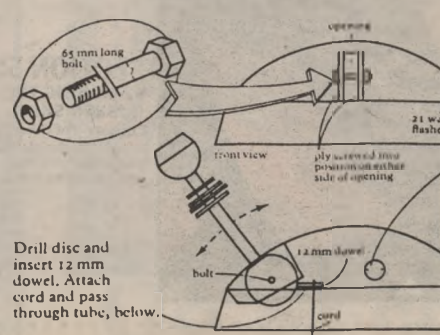
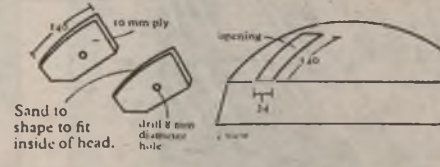
Cut a 2 mm thick sheet of clear perspex to an 80 mm diameter disc. Paint eye (any paint will do) on reverse side of perspex. Insert and glue into place.



8 FIXING THE ANTENNA

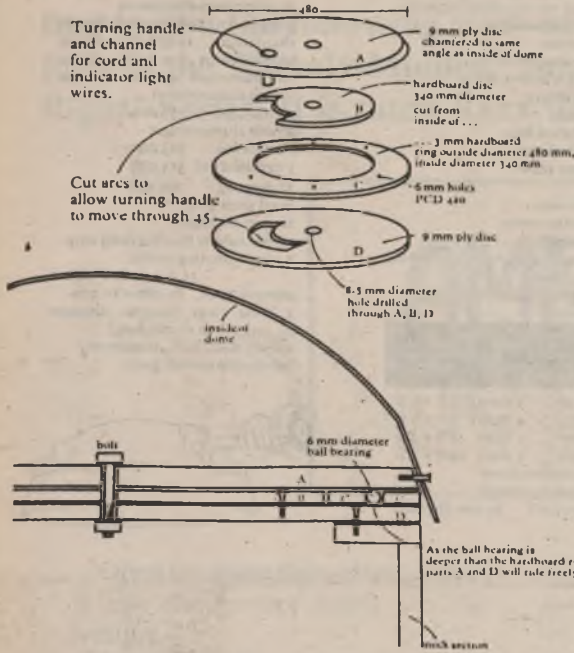
Cut an opening 140 mm long, 34 mm wide, in the head. Take two pieces of 9 mm ply and cut to shapes shown below. Fix into inside of head with screws.

Fix antenna into position with 65 mm nut and bolt.



9 MAKING THE HEAD TURN

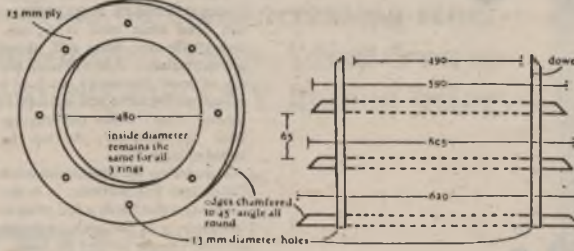
From a sheet of 9 mm ply cut a disc 480 mm diameter (A) and another disc 480 mm diameter (D). From a sheet of 3 mm hardboard cut a disc 480 mm (C). From that disc, cut an inner disc 340 mm diameter (B). Drill 6 evenly spaced 6 mm holes right through ring (to hold 6 mm diameter ball bearings). Assemble as below and screw dome to (A).



SECTION 2: NECK

10 MAKING THE RINGS

From a sheet of 15 mm ply, cut 3 rings as shown below. Drill 8 evenly spaced 13 mm diameter holes. PCD 530 mm. Insert 8 wooden dowels, 12 mm diameter, 235 mm long. Cut ends to same angle as inside of dome.

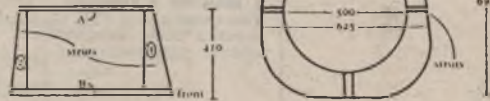


SECTION 3: SHOULDERS

12 MAKING THE INNER SHELL

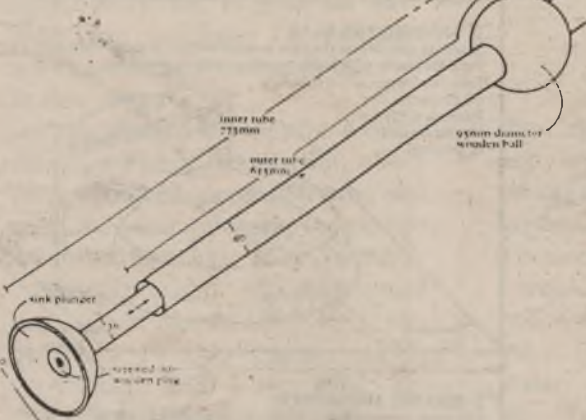
From a sheet of 9 mm ply, cut a disc 550 mm diameter. Cut a hole in this 400 mm diameter (A).

Also cut out shape (B) with a hole in it 500 mm in diameter. Attach these two pieces with 4 struts using same method as Section 2, 11. See over for shapes of struts.

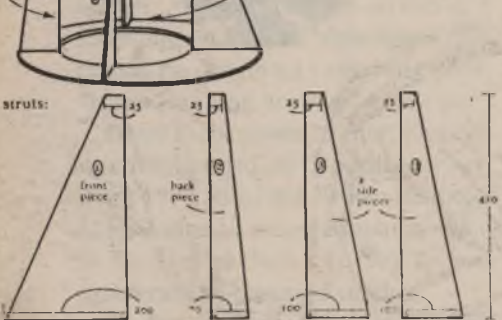


15 MAKING THE ARM

Cut a piece of 40 mm diameter aluminium tube to 615 mm long. Drill hole through 95 mm diameter solid wooden ball and insert tube securely. Cut a piece of 36 mm diameter aluminium tube 775 mm long. Plug one end with wood and screw sink plunger on to this.

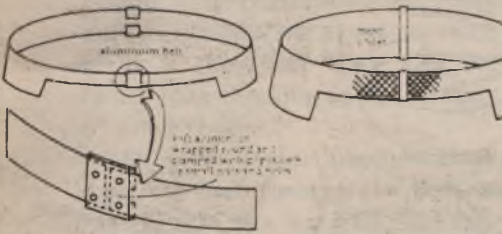


From a sheet of 1.5 mm ply, cut 2 strips 65 x 10 mm. Join at front and back with a piece of soft aluminium 40 x 100 mm and clamp. From a sheet of large aluminium mesh, cut 2 strips 65 x 125 mm. This fits over aluminium belt.

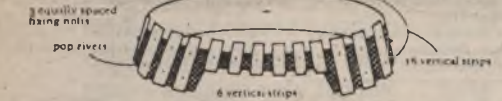


13 MAKING THE MESH COLLAR

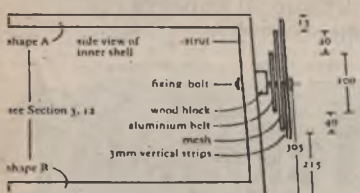
From a sheet of aluminium, cut 2 strips 65 x 10 mm. Join at front and back with a piece of soft aluminium 40 x 100 mm and clamp. From a sheet of large aluminium mesh, cut 2 strips 65 x 125 mm. This fits over aluminium belt.



and is held in position with 16 vertical strips of 3 mm ply 50 mm x 215 mm and 6 vertical strips of 3 mm ply 50 mm x 125 mm all anchored with pop rivets.

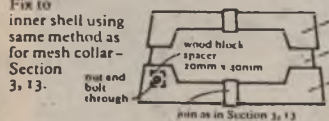


The aluminium belt and the aluminium mesh are separated from the inner shell by a block of wood 20 mm thick, 40 mm x 40 mm, and fixed through to the shell with nuts and bolts.



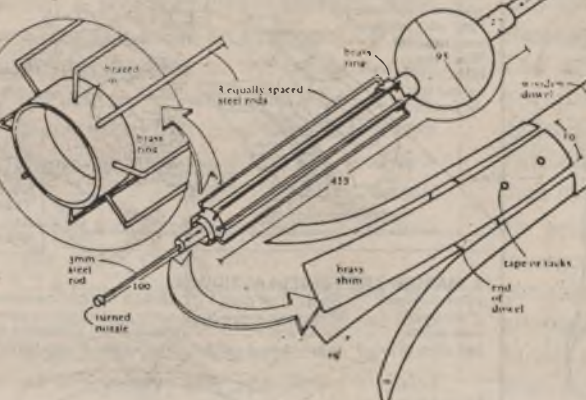
14 MAKING THE ALUMINIUM SKIRT

From a sheet of aluminium, cut 2 shapes shown opposite. Fix to inner shell using same method as for mesh collar - Section 3, 13.

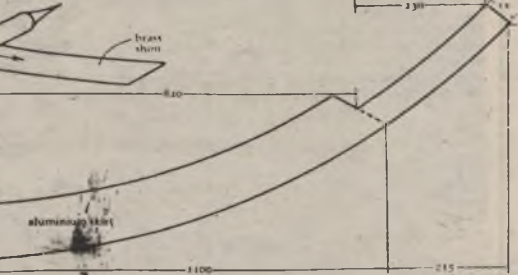


16 MAKING THE EXTERMINATOR

Cut a piece of 26 mm diameter aluminium tube to 455 mm long. Drill a hole in identical wooden ball and insert tube as shown in Section 3, 15. Fix 2 brass rings in position as shown. Cut 8 equal lengths of 3 mm steel rod to 315 mm long. Bend 10 mm at either end of each to a right angle. Arrange at equal intervals around the rings and braze - don't solder.

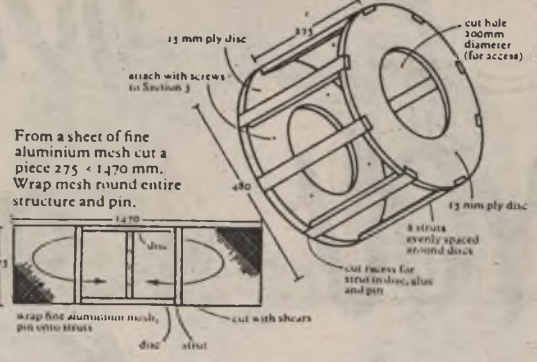


Take 4 identical pieces of brass shim 100 mm long, 10 mm wide. Roll them tightly round a pencil so that they will spring open when pushed out of the tube. Using fine tacks or tape, attach these to one end of the wooden dowel.

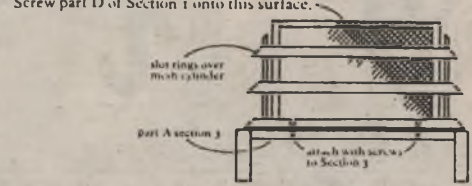


11 MAKING THE MESH CYLINDER

From a sheet of 15 mm ply, cut 2 discs 480 mm diameter. Cut 8 softwood struts 10 x 25 x 275 mm and assemble with discs as in diagram.

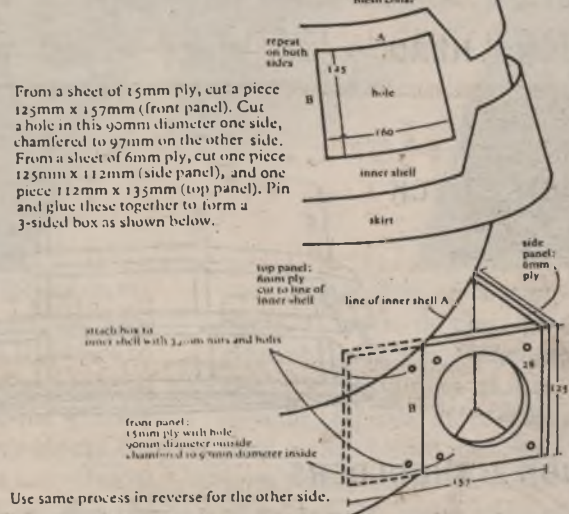


Fit the rings over the mesh cylinder. Screw part D of Section 1 onto this surface.

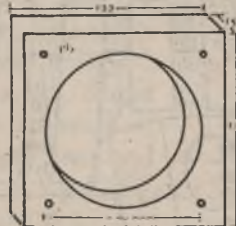


17 MAKING THE ARM AND THE EXTERMINATOR MOVE

Cut holes in the inner shell as follows:



Use same process in reverse for the other side.

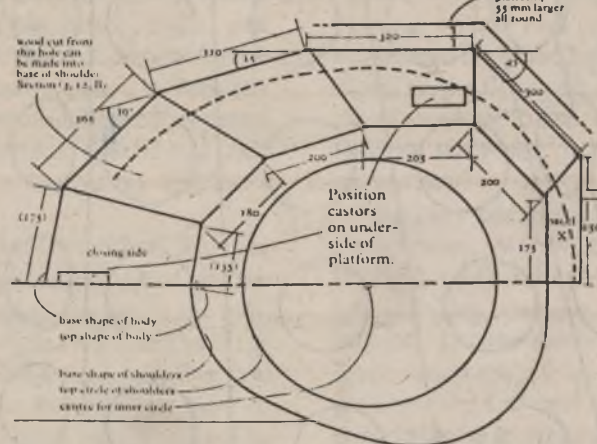


Adjust the tension of the nuts and bolts until the arm and the exterminator can be moved freely but are held in place.

SECTION 4: BODY

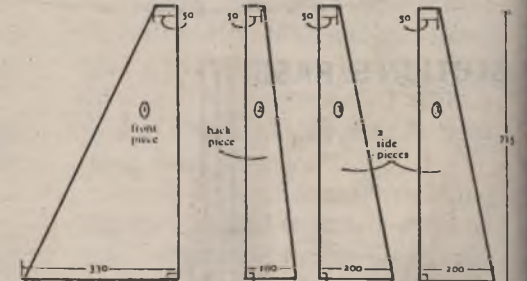
18 MAKING THE FRAME

From 15 mm ply, cut base and top shapes.



19 ASSEMBLY

From a sheet of 15 mm ply, cut these shapes and assemble as in 3, 12.

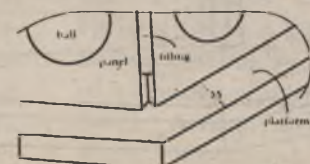


20 CLADDING

Clad frame with 11 panels of 6 mm ply.

21 DECORATING THE PANELS

Cut in half 24 polystyrene (or similar) balls of 100 mm diameter, and glue to panels - 4 to each, except for panel X, which has 8.

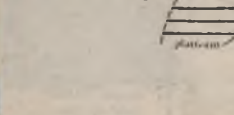


Fill up gaps left between the panels with Polyfilla or plastic wood. Sand to a smooth finish.

SECTION 5: BASE

22 MAKING THE RUBBER SKIRT

Cut a strip of thin black rubber to encircle the platform. Screw into position with aluminium angle.



ITS TOO COMPLEX !!!

BY CORNELIUS
STONE & ROGER
LANGRIDGE
©1989

KNUCKLES the Exterminator!

CHAPTER 1

IN WHICH POOH AND
PIGLET ARE EATEN ALIVE

HOME — AFTER A HARD DAY'S
BEATING UP BUS DRIVERS.

HOME. IT'S NOT THE
SAME SINCE SHE BROKE
UP WITH EFRAM ZIMBALIST,
MONGREL - PUNCHER...

THERE IS A VOID...
A YAWNING GAP COME
THOSE LONELY EVENINGS.

CRACCUM HAD JUST THE THING... BUILD
YOUR OWN DALEK KILLING MACHINE!

EVERY CONVENT
SHOULD HAVE ONE.

GIMME THESE
RAW MATERIALS
OR I'LL BITE
YER COCK
OFF!

OF COURSE! THE SOLUTION!

KNUCKLES, YOU'VE GOT
TO GET A HOBBY!

FINISHED.
AND IT'S
SPUNKY!

I'M THE PROUDEST
MOTHER ALIVE!

EXTERMINATE!
EXTERMINATE!

TO BE CONTINUED DOT DOT DOT...



Effrem Zimbalist Jr.

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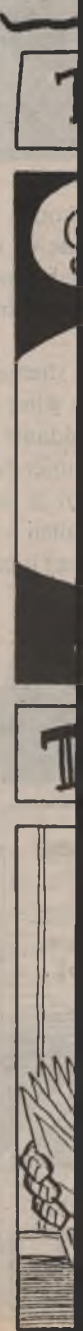
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THE SLINGS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE

(or A Splinter-Group from the Disabled)

The Students With a Disability club aims through CRACCUM to give other students an insight into the different perspectives of people with disabilities. This week Tim, a haemophiliac, tells us something of his life.

Haemophilia is a form of blood disorder. To be depressingly accurate haemophilia is the absence of Factor VIII from the blood, the result being that blood fails to coagulate. That is the cause—the effect is internal bleeding, mainly into the joints. A joint haemorrhage (a bleed) can result from a knock or simply occur spontaneously.

It is a source of great frustration that I could go parachuting and be fine, yet the next day not move from bed and still develop a bad elbow bleed.

When bleeds do occur, the joint concerned swells till the pressure is such that the inflow of blood stops. At this stage the skin is hot, taut and shiny, the joint unable to move. The pain associated with a severe bleed is so bad that I can't even try and joke about it. There are some things that no-one else can do for you and suffering is one of them.

Pain slows time down, especially at night, so waiting for sunrise can be a terrifyingly long and lonely vigil.

Treatment consists of injections of the missing Factor VIII, which is fractionated from human blood; so, to all you blood donors, there's a group of guys who hang tough with your help and know who to thank.

All haemophiliacs are taught from an early age how to put their own needles in, as treatment at home saves countless trips to hospital. Other fun-time activities include splints, drains,

traction (a real bitch) and a host of operations to repair damaged joints.

Personally I have spent a sum total of years in hospital, divided between overnight stays and six-month stints. Long stints in hospital make things like sunlight, fresh air, being able to walk and my own room, very precious.

Haemophiliacs are caught in a dilemma: they spend part of their lives as apparently average people and part of their lives in splints, on crutches or in wheelchairs.

I feel this dilemma acutely: using things like disabled-parking spaces or queue priority cards makes me feel ashamed and like a fraud because there is nothing visibly wrong with me. A shirt covers the seventy or so stitches real fine.

You have probably never seen a haemophiliac because there is nothing to see, except perhaps for an endless succession of slings and bandages. All haemophiliacs are supposed to wear a Medic-Alert but many of the guys don't. Personally, I got educated during my teenage car-wrecking phase as to their worth.

As far as lectures are concerned, when a bad bleed puts me in hospital I simply disappear only to return a week or two later looking no different from when I left. I come back and carry on like nothing had happened, even though I may have just lived through the roughest few days of my life.

Yeah well, no sweat, having haemophilia can be a pain in the ass, but it also gives me an insight into people and a view of life that is unique and important to me.

I wouldn't want to be anyone else than me; besides, there are always

people who are far far worse off than you are—yuppies, for example—so life can't be that bad after all!

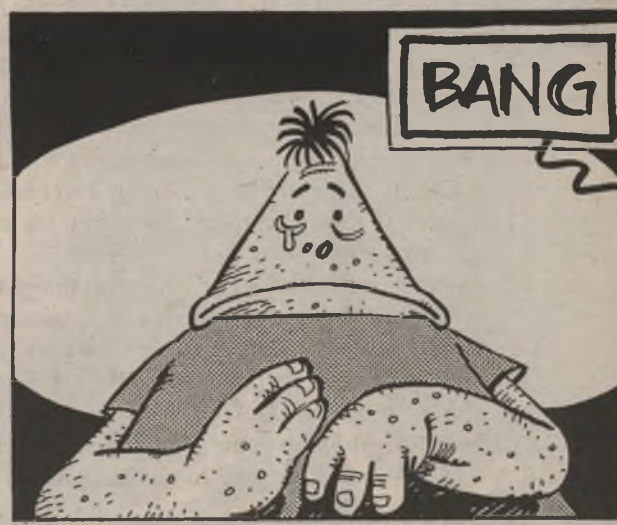
[Thankyou for the insight and your honesty. •Ed.]

Students with a Disability.



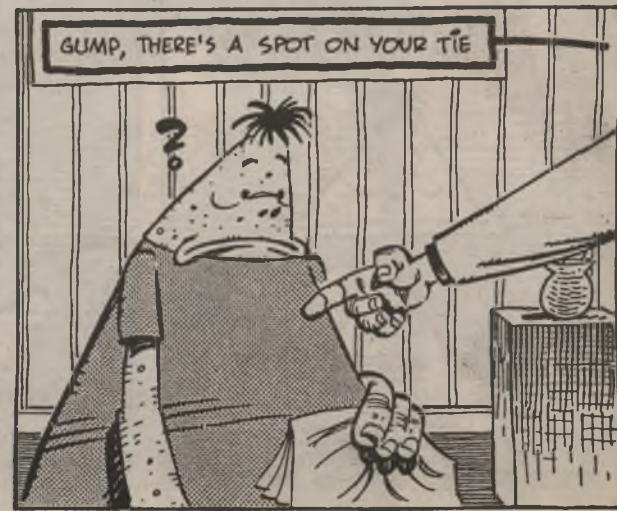
The GUMP in concert ... FOR ONE JOKE ONLY

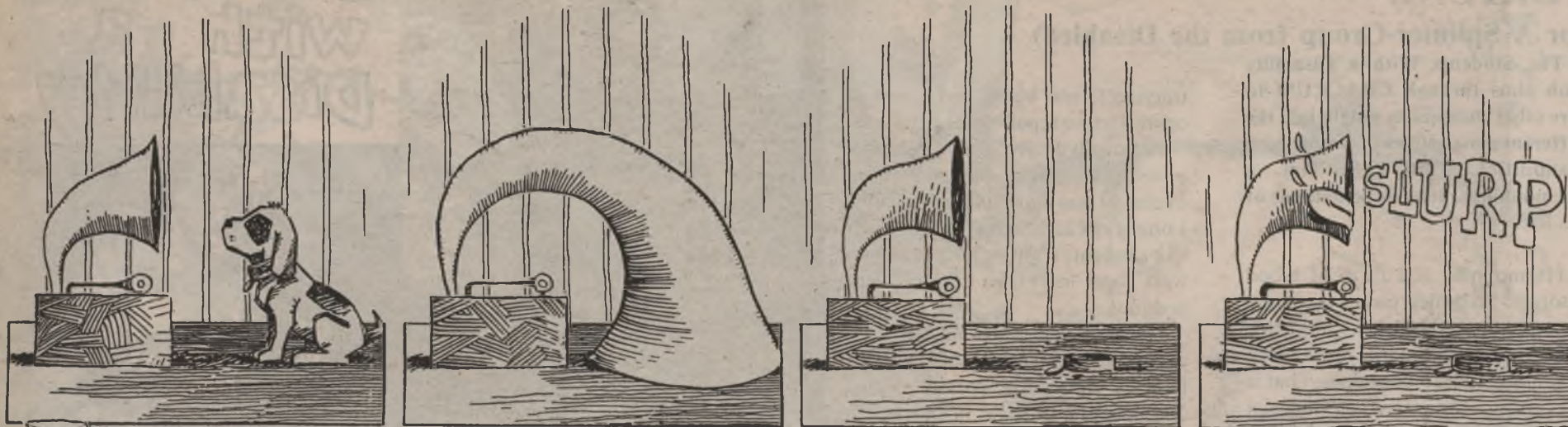
BY ANDREW AND ROGER LANGRIDGE ©1988



The Gump understands a joke ...

A Work of Fiction by the Langridge Brothers





SQUARE EYES

The Avengers, 11.00pm Wednesday, TV1; Sapphire and Steel, 12.30am (average) Friday, TV2; Batman, 5.30pm Saturday & Sunday, TV2; Lost In Space, 2.00pm Saturday, TV2; Space 1999, 11.00am Saturday, TV1

What's the definition of a television? Currently the answer is a life-support system for a video. With the exception of *The Singing Detective*, the only distinctions TV has to offer me are moments of nostalgia from the bargain-bins of reruns. Most of them are rubbish. What does that say for the rest of the viewing available?

The Avengers episodes showing are not the hey-day of Emma Peel, but are providing a mid-week dose of preposterous goings-on. Steed is still the dapper, dependable fellow and Linda Thorsen as Tara King, once the shadow of Emma Peel has receded in one's mind, is a suitable offside; probably as good as Joanna Lumely who came later in the *New Avengers*.

Joanna Lumely and David McCallum are the title roles of *Sapphire and Steel*. When this originally popped up, it was at 5.30 in the afternoon—for the kids; later it screened at 7.30. Now it's got the graveyard shift on Friday nights—kind of the Max Headroom/Young Ones spot. I think that's an intriguing bit of programming, really. The hitch is that *Sapphire and Steel* is treated like a piece of flotsam. One week it's half past midnight and the next it's back to 11.30. I've missed episodes because of their fucking around. You can imagine my pleasure.

The programme itself is NOT junk. Each episode is a set piece—a self-contained play that always ends too soon. It's claustrophobic. In accordance with the time of night, it will spook you with its nasties. The character acting of Lumely and McCallum anchor the programme, providing its convincing razor's edge.

Batman is back. I've seen too many to be worried, but I'll watch an episode if one comes my way. Ad-Ham West and Burt Ward are a riot (but I'm glad someone is finally finishing off a serious Batman: a movie. Jack Nicholson is The Joker.)

Lost In Space came from the Irwin Allen stable of SF drek ("Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea",



"Planet of the Giants", "The Time Tunnel"). The character of Jonathan Harris' Zackery Smith stole the show from the word go, and the chemistry between him, the Robot (ripped off from Robby the Robot: Allen says as much) and young Will Robinson (who is really a man) clicks. Everything's silly and obvious. I prefer the droll moments, but occasionally Peter Packer will write a tighter, wittier episode, putting Aesop out of business.

My favourite television at the moment is *Space 1999*. It's so 1970s and hippie-shit and far-out and far-flung. Of course, it's a lottery when it gets shown now. The season of cricket where kinetic things like the grass grows is with us. Rather than

put dear old *Space 1999* on the other channel, they put it off—endlessly. I'd love to see one of their hideous mini-series interrupted by a rugby match between snails (and no showing the third instalment until the snails had finished).

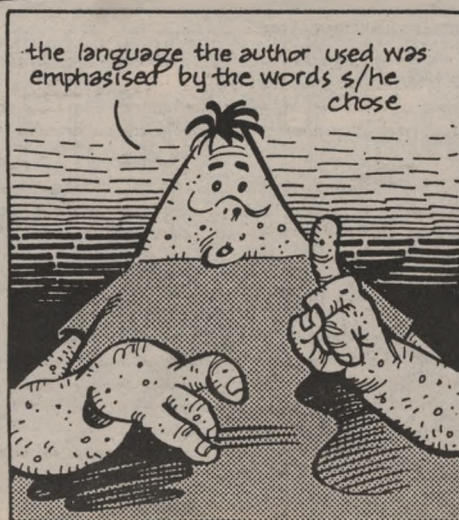
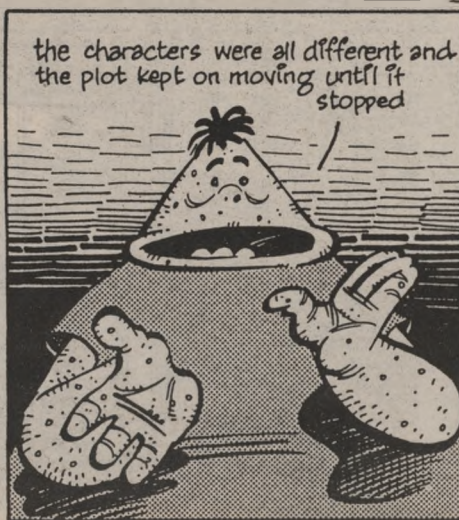
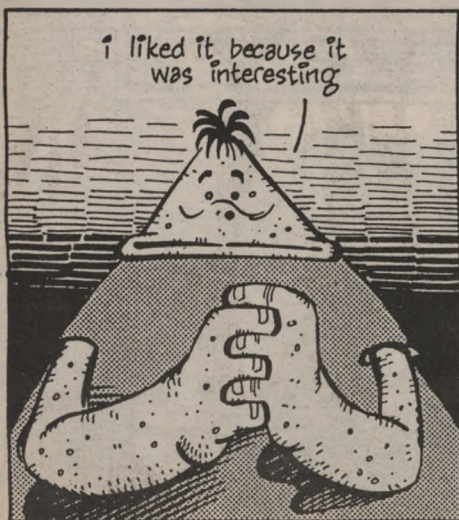
Ah, yes. *Space 1999* is glorious. The theme for the first series (all shown now) told you what part of the century it was made in. Martin Landauer and Barbara Bain! Were there ever two stonier-faced eggs, husband and wife, in charge of a more stereotyped filter of Humanity (and one alien—who can act!) This is the best shit around. I want it back!

Corn

THE GUMP

ANDREW & ROGER
LANGRIDGE
© 1988

BOOK REVIEW



Podebrad

HOW

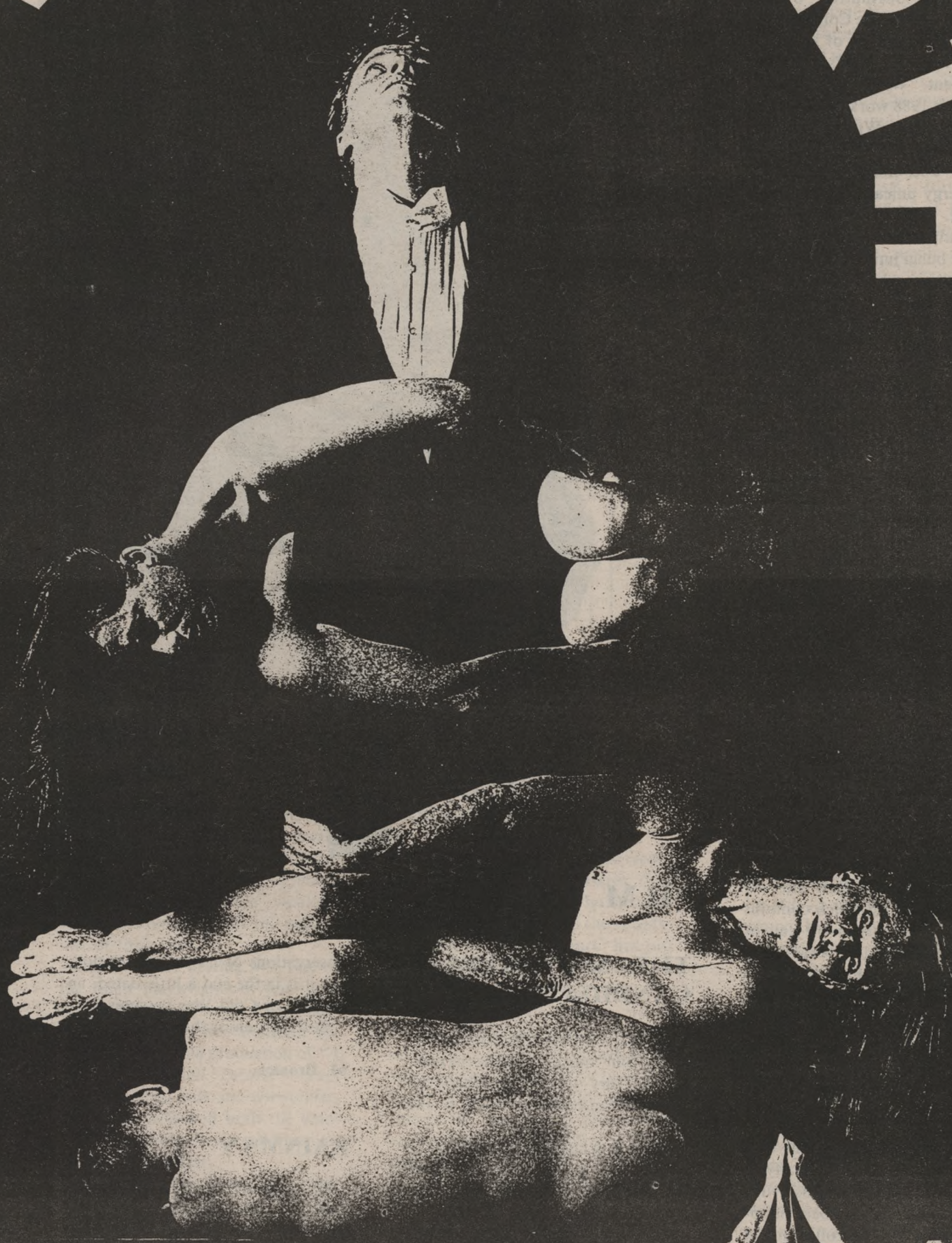
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HOW ON EARTH



HOW ON EARTH

How On Earth is intense. I sat in the very front row — my choice. I was aware of no audience — simply the performance. This is the ideal circumstance for a dance such as this.

How On Earth is reminiscent of the Tinitus/Ministry of Compulsory Joy evening of heavy industrial music months ago. Instincts of all the animal and sexual are depicted and engaged in.

The naked is made startling. The conflicts are made appalling. *How On Earth* achieves an incredible depth. The images pay off in riches of fable and truth. They stay with you. They have found a home.

Cornelius Stone

We dance — we stop — breathing hard.

Then we do something — all akimbo — or we start to say something as our bodies make tiny birdlike movements that seem to either endorse our words or erase them as swiftly as they're being said. While our bodies seem to tell the truth — they harbour a secret.

How do we find these *real* movements and *reconstruct* them? Should they be *found* and *reconstructed*?

It's no longer enough to be in control — to gain the air easily and land softly — these things have a place but there is also failure — the attempts to communicate that are baffled. The blow that is internalised and then returned days, weeks, years afterwards. Maybe never.

For me dance has been a tiny crack that I've chiselled at and widened slowly until I feel that now I can include all forms of movement in it and still call it Dance. Because I am a dancer.

How do we move?
Why do we move?
Who moves us and why?

Movement is life — baffled, free, full of yearning, or downright violent. Our whole range of movement — including stillness — is like a family that we belong to — that is leading us along a path to a place where there is no more movement — and anyway, it's only a dance.

I'd like to thank the dancers — without whom this work would not be possible.

Douglas Wright

ART IFACT

BANDS

HOW ON EARTH

The recent formation of the Douglas Wright Dance Company has led to the presentation of the latest work by New Zealand's foremost dance talent. With the near-cult reception his 1988 work *"Now Is The Hour"* received, Wright had set himself a tough act to follow. *"How On Earth"* does not disappoint.

The energy unleashed on stage is staggering. Gravity laws are both spectacularly utilised and defied, not just by the bungi jumper. Wright and his company, which consists of Shona McCullagh, Mia Mason, Glenn Mayo, Kilda Northcott and Marianne Schultz, exhibit a range of movement which is captivating and extends from the uncompromising stillness of the *"white opening"* to the explosive action of dancers being literally hurled at one another.

Lynda Topp in black ball-dress displayed her familiar yodelling talents and made an interesting contrast to the harpsichord music of Bach and the guitar work of Sam Negri. The music is skilfully integrated with Wright's choreography and it is this quality which gives a sense of seamless subsections in which the themes unfold. There is no need for the physical signalling of transitions.

Wright's treatment of human relationships, and in particular, sexuality, is fraught with ambivalence. He confronts directly the murkier aspects of our social attitudes and peels back the covers with the power of a slap in the face.

"Pastoral Scene", which ends the first half, is a dance which contains a pointed commentary on the state of New Zealand attitudes. Wright and Mayo are horses ridden in on all fours amidst bleating sheep. In this idyllic pastoral setting the two women riders embrace and find their four-legged companions now walking upright and intent on breaking apart their union. It is both funny and disturbing.

Later in this dance Wright and Mayo attempt to relate physically to one another. What begins with jokerish handshakes and backslapping turns into violent collisions of their bodies as they run and repeatedly throw themselves at one another. When a more tender embrace is performed, both are met with cold expression from the line of onlookers. Mayo retreats and Wright is left a crumpled heap in the spotlight.

Classical mythology is treated with scant respect when the Three Graces appear clad in scallop-edged fish-and-chip-paper skirts and little else. Upside-down Swan Lake writhings culminate in their being "bombed" with numerous cans of coloured spray-paint. The effect is bizarre. And if you thought the live sheep being shorn on stage during *"Now Is The Hour"* was a dance innovation, how about an electric-skillsaw demonstration this time round?

Mike Christini.

THE IGNATOWSKIS

Definitely one of the WYLDEST bands in Auckland must be the Ignatowskis from Mount Eden. The manic 3-piece have been together since May, 1988, and consist of—the cool calm Ian Cathro (bass), the enigmatic Jason Fawcett (drums) and wildman Dave 'Creature' Graham (guitar, screeching and general madness).

Describing their sound as "white noise meets Abba", the Ignatowskis not only sound wild live, but ask anyone who has seen Dave Graham play and they'll tell you he's entertaining.

Thinking nothing of diving head-first into the audience and still playing his guitar, he has also been known to perform every guitar-pose known to humanity, in one forty minute gig (!) or even push walls of televisions into his audience. Dave Graham can be counted on for something spontaneously wild each time he plays. Having just finished recording 5 songs which can only be described as "psycho-pop", the Ignatowskis hope to release them in the near future.

Performing Friday, 17 March at the Ponsonby Community Centre.



FILM

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

Of all the words written in support of this film "quirky" may be the most apt. It is very "quirky", especially for an American political thriller of the '60s.

A group of soldiers return from the Korean War, unaware that they have been captured and brainwashed by the Communists. One of them is trained to kill on command and not remember the murder. The only remnants of the treatment are the terrible dreams the soldiers have.

The ultimate aim of it all is to kill the Presidential candidate and gain control of the White House.

Frank Sinatra is the second-in-command of the platoon, who suspects some reality in his dreams. Laurence Harvey plays the emotionless lieutenant trained to act on the sight of a Queen of Diamonds.

Janet Leigh is the strange woman who befriends Sinatra and Angela Lansbury is brilliant as the original author of murder, she wrote!

A satire it is and a clever one, revealing the stupidities of the McCarthy purges and the possibilities they concealed. It is unpredictable at times (the sign of a good thriller) and contains a few sharp moments in

observations of its political period, but it is in the end a little dated, an artefact of Cold War pessimism.

Still very enjoyable.

M. Broatch.

RAINMAN

A young hustler's rich father dies, leaving him almost nothing, while \$3 million goes to an unknown beneficiary. He discovers this beneficiary to be his unknown older brother, an 'autistic savant' in a mental institution. He removes his brother, intending to gain half of the inheritance, but discovers love, respect and understanding towards this bewildered genius.

There are some nice touches, both comic and tender, and the whole is neatly sewn.

The soundtrack is very good and doesn't detract or overpower.

Oh, the hustler is played by Tom Cruise and his brother by Dustin Hoffman, and the latter acts tight spirals around the cardboard cutout character of the former.

Yes, Tom Cruise has a love interest.

M. Broatch.

BRIAN PATTEN

One way to assure a good audience is to stage an event in a pub, a lesson that 20th century poets have learnt well. Intoxicating substances will tend to make your audience either jeer and boo (which at least is a reaction) or applaud, drop beers and laugh.

In New Zealand the pub poet (no, I will not mention Sam Hunt) has always been alive and well and in Auckland itself such pubs as the Albion and Gluepot still carry this tradition onward. So, even here on the grounds of our beloved beerswilling institution, Shadows, we have poetry—but do our 'educated' audiences boo? No, indeed they applaud, laugh at appropriate moments and, even with the place packed with

late-week weary freshers discovering the joys of alcohol, are as attentive and quiet as you could dream such a group to be.

But it seemed Brian Patten found this atmosphere too noisy despite the healthy response he gained from his audience. La Loca, who had performed here last year, would I think have bathed in having a noisy but captivated audience. I would agree with Mr. Patten that the atmosphere was not suitable for some of the more serious and beautiful of his pieces and for his brutally honest and direct love-songs; but despite this I found the few he did recite arresting and splendid creatures. Between his ingenious light verses came stories of 7-year-olds toting machine-guns, glue-sniffing and simple emotionally wrenching love-songs.

However, the light verses took the front seat and went down like a pub on fire (well, maybe just the men's room). Little rhymes from the *Children's Book of Erotic Verse*, for example, were just what the atmosphere justified.

Patten's verse and humour is accessible and ingenious, hitting the right mark between being too humpty-dumpty and just too damn' clever. It's a pity then that the set wasn't longer or that a more appropriate venue for Patten couldn't have been found, for he is one very special poet.

Mark Amery.

ARTIFICECTION

CLASSIC PLAYS THROUGH THE EYES OF WOMEN

"THE DUCHESS OF MALFI"

Sigma Theatre at Little Maidment

Sigma Theatre is a small professional company of actors, designers and technicians who produce classic plays showing impositions placed on women in different periods. The impositions range from the force of conventional authority through to direct oppression.

The company focuses on women's reactions to the oppressive situations and this is what makes the classic plays relevant to a 1980s' audience. "The majority of play-goers, English students and theatre workers are women, so why not look at the classic repertoire from their point of view?" says Graham Ley, director of the play and co-founder of the company.

Sigma's current production is "*The Duchess of Malfi*", a play written by John Webster in about 1613 and set in Renaissance Italy a century beforehand. The play (being studied by stage two English students this year) concerns a young widow, the Duchess of Malfi. Her brothers do not wish her to remarry, so, when she falls in love with the steward of her household, she marries in secret. Her brothers find out about her disobedience and are angry that she has shamed them by marrying below herself.

They arrange for her murder, but their evilness is reflected back on them when their spy and executioner gets his revenge for non-payment of his fees. It all ends in a 'Jacobean debacle of corpses', which seems fitting for this world of secrecy, intrigue and ruthlessness. Webster himself described the aristocratic and monarchical world as a "disaster", but got away with it by setting his play not in contemporary (pre-puritan) times but in the Renaissance.

In research for the direction and design, the company have drawn on Jacobean, Renaissance and modern sources. The studio-set is shrouded with black fabric and represents the central chamber of the Great Lord and Lady of the House. The set is dominated by the huge canopied bed—this apparently is "very appropriate to the action". Also part of the set are two Renaissance statuettes (fake *della Robbias*) which represent different aspects of the plot and main characters—Cupid for love and excitement and the Madonna for penitence and imprisonment. Sigma Theatre has a strong emphasis on design.

This promises to be an exciting rendition of one of the best non-Shakespearean tragedies with a diversity of influences dug up through a whole heap of research. The studio-theatre is used by the company for its human scale and openness to unusual interpretations of plays.

So get along to the Little Maidment and enjoy the theatre experience that has been put together by a team of sixteen skilled designers and players.

March 14-23, 7.15pm. Tickets \$12 and \$8 at The Corner or the door.



A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

By Arthur Miller MERCURY

Rarely have I seen a production at the Mercury as strong and as powerful as this one. In fact, past the lavish sets and swept-up glitter of many (that have made the wealthy subscribers ooh and ahh), this may be one of their best.

Sure, we are dealing with one of the finest playwrights of our time, but the high standard of the production itself can be seen alongside the not dissimilar 1988 production of "*A Streetcar Named Desire*"—here, despite a great cast and wonderful script, it lacked both the emotional intensity and solidness of Hawthorne's latest.

Set in Brooklyn, "the gullet of New York, swallowing the tonnage of the world," Mr. Miller's story concerns a long-shoreman who rats to the Immigration Bureau on two Italian relatives who are living illegally in his own home, in order to break off the romance between one of them and his niece.

The story has the power and intensity of a Greek tragedy as we watch Eddie Corbone, an Oedipus in stature let his obsession lead to self-destruction. Paul Gittins' superb performance presents a man it is not easy to like, but one whom we ultimately feel sorry for. The supportive cast (for at times beside Eddie they appear so) give good performances that show a company working together very tightly. I came out enthused at the success the tragedy had had in making me feel pity.

Mark Amery.

RECORDS

LUKE HURLEY "POLICESTATE" Jayrem Tapes

"Luke Hurley" says the little record sheet I get with the cassette, "the 31-year-old troubadour who has been playing his tunes around the country for most of his adult years" has just re-released his album "Policestate" on cassette, only through Jayrem.

In the modern world, where technology has long since dehumanised music, Luke Hurley's folk-based album seems almost like a breath of fresh air... almost! Somehow it misses the mark that other artists such as Billy Bragg and Tracey Chapman seem to score bull's-eyes on and the album seldom rises above mediocrity.

But still, the album sports some great moments—the gorgeous 'Albatross' and the moody 'Nobody Knows' to name two on an album typically Luke Hurley, playing typically folk-blues and definitely nothing more.

Luke Hurley's vocal style, a kiwified cross between Neil Young and Woody "Talking Blues" Guthrie, soon becomes an irritating distraction from the excellent guitar work which is seldom less than perfect. And it's in this same way that Hurley's tiresome sense of humour and "socially conscious fourth-form poetry" detract from the musical excellence of some of the songs, leaving them in a limbo reserved for 'just-a-man-and-his-guitar' musicians—with material neither good nor bad.

Chris Kubiak

ARTFUL / ART'S ACHE

Outreach, the large brick building on the corner of Ponsonby and K' Rds, houses one of Auckland's lesser known galleries.

What distinguishes this from the others is that it focuses on exhibiting commercially viable artwork. For example, recently finished is a display of Chinese brush painting and coming up in May is a show of work by inmates from Paremoremo Maximum Security Prison.

Twice a year are exhibitions by the Association of Women Artists and other exhibitors include young non-established artists. Outreach's policy encourages artwork of community interest and so fills an important role in providing an outlet for creativity not intended for a market. The gallery is open during term time and each exhibition lasts a fortnight.

"Intimate Portraits" at Real Pictures, Richmond Rd. Jack Body creates controversy again—this time challenging our sexual self-consciousness with a series of photos of male genitalia, he creates an intimate quality through technique, especially the sombre lighting. While the subject matter makes it difficult to examine these photos and respond to their artistic merits, the intimacy further uneases the viewer in making them feel they are imposing upon something personal. Still, good to see some artists still out to shock and to challenge attitudes.

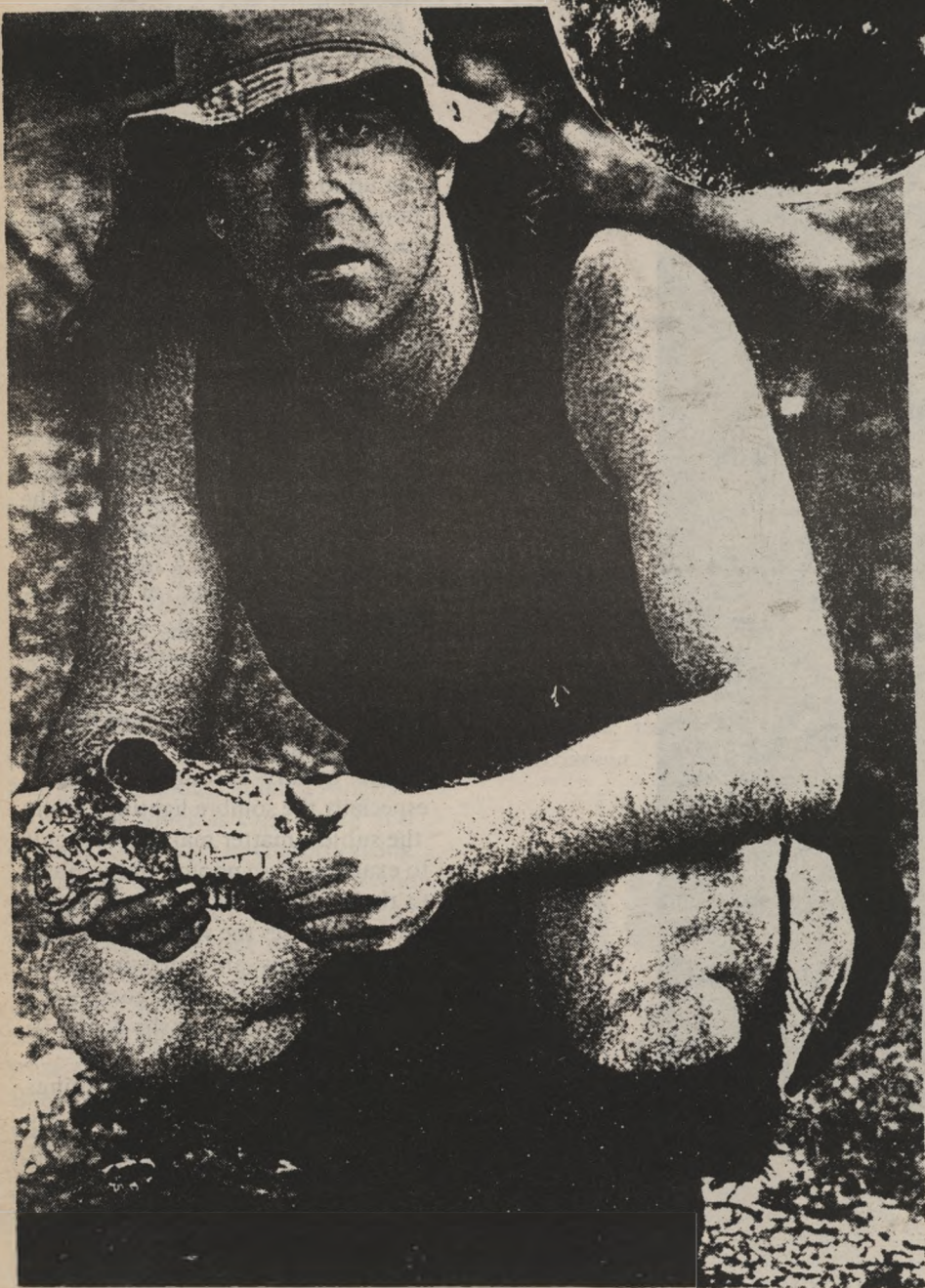
At RKS Art is a show of paintings and drawings by Philippa Blair, very similar to her exhibition there last year, only showing more variety in format. The gallery is dominated by her large colourful irregularly shaped canvases. Something new though is a series with more muted colours which repackages her style onto a rectangular canvas and inside a frame. There are four pastel drawings with wonderful combinations of colour and a more structured composition, and some black and white drawings.

Among the six artists exhibiting at the ASA Galleries are Chrys and Annie Hill—I don't know how they're related but their work is full of similarities—the same scale, the same earthy colours and thick paint. Each however has their own distinctive use of shape and structure. Many of Annie Hill's "*Asia/Pacific Passage*" series reinforce their theme by the inclusion of Polynesian tapa cloth in the folds in canvas.

Among the work in the next gallery are colour etchings, black and white prints, and woodcuts by Julie Plows. The etchings struck me most in their evocative use of colour, this also giving direction to their abundant energy. Also included are works by Erena Howe and monoprints by Vanessa Narbey, the latter having little in common with the mixed media work she's just exhibited at the Fish Shop Gallery.

The most unusual and striking works were paintings by Vicky Gorden, who's only been painting since 1987. Ranging from portraits to still-life to cityscape to the imaginary, her style shows comparable variety. Many contrast flat unmodulated backgrounds with a single tonal subject in the foreground. Looking at "*Hiroshima's Horse*" for example, inside the outline of a horse are purples, oranges and yellows, set against a bold blue background, daring but striking stuff. Some of her portraits are very contemporary and stark, in particular "*Clarissa*".

THROWING STONES at the →



Veritably, Efore,

Yeah. Just the othe day — Day 7 it was — Sunday — I noticed one of the Trevs take his tractor down to the chapel just over the hill. Hello, I thought. Hello. Something's up! There's been some landslide in Trev's spiritual side going on! It turns out Trev's been worried about Sin. Little angsts over the stuff of Sin have been gnawing away at the poor joker.

I've seen it coming, of course. Once the urchin has gone through T.V., pubs and chemists, God's the only one left to be tackled, really. He's sort of — God-man out. And Trev, being a worrywart of some cosmic proportion, was just a natural to get into this concern for the rotting of the soul in the sun-tan division of Extreme Heat down in the Nether-Region district. I mean, bad enough what that nudist colony did to Trev minus his Sunblock. And this Lake of Fire is for keeps, so God's racing-commentators will urge you to know.

"Jeez, mate," sez I and Trev comes over all urgent, wrapping his palm over my gob, toppling us over. (A situation quickly remedied by a bunch of my own fives.)

When I'd calmed the histrionic fool down a mite, we had us a serious bloke-to-bloke conflag. It turns out this new disciple of the Almighty IS thinking on the subject of the Afterlife. I mean, his favourite pig, Ebenezer, upped and died the other week and I don't think Trev can face the prospect of "Sorry, that's all there is!"

Now, to my way of thinking the trouble with this fella God is that he wants it all his own way. He's not too enlightened about such

breakthroughs as the iconoclasm of typical-bloke stereotypes. He's rather old fashioned like that. He's your creator and that's about it really. It doesn't leave miles of room to philosophically manoeuvre.

In all, a bit of a sharpie in the bum-hole!

I see Trev givin' this lark a go until the pain of the serious demise has died some. The sight of those trot-tas waving in the air when Eb and him would go for their jog — well! Trev will always carry it with him. But, see, he's a fickle sort — I say this without intending to get at him. His old sheila kicked off last year and he can't even remember her name.

When Trev gets to the upper Stratosphere he's got a right clip 'round the boko coming his way

Fred Dagg



"God's got a tattoo. But you won't find out what it is until you get close enough."



BLOOD SWEAT & BEERS

KUHTZE



No ordinary beer.

No ordinary tournament.

UNIVERSITIES EASTER TOURNAMENT

AUCKLAND 1989

KUHTZE EASTER TOURNAMENT BILLETER/HELPER FORM

If you are interested in helping during tournament by billeting a competitor(s) or you'd like to help in other ways, please fill out this form. Return it to the Tournament Headquarters, behind the T.V. Room, or put it in the box outside the Student Union Reception.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Ph No. _____

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A BILLET? YES NO

HOW MANY CAN YOU TAKE? _____

PREFERRED SPORT AND GENDER _____

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP IN OTHER AREAS? _____

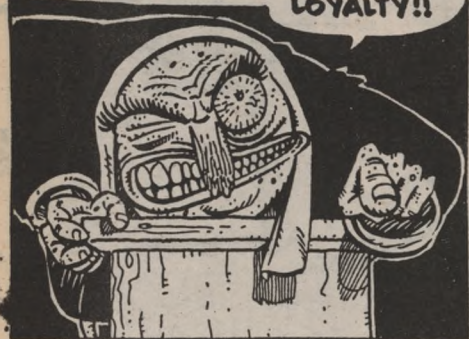
WHAT AREAS INTEREST YOU? _____

KNUCKLES the MALEVOLENT NUN!

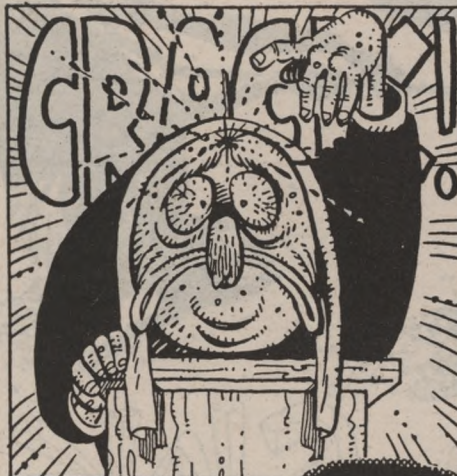
BY ROGER LANGRIDGE
©1989 STONE & LANGRIDGE

This Week **KNUCKLES**
FOR DICTATOR

VOTE FOR ME! I PROMISE TO BRING BLOOD AND THUNDER BACK INTO POLITICS, ALONG WITH SCANDAL AND CORRUPTION! ALL I ASK IN RETURN IS YOUR BLIND UNDYING LOYALTY!!

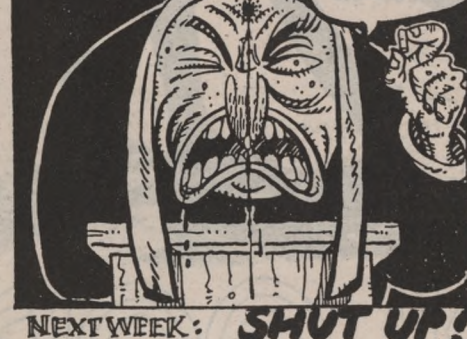


MY VICE-DICTATOR, HAIRY McSPASM, AND MYSELF HAVE YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AT SOMETHING REVOLTING BETWEEN US!



OOO-KAY...

NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE UNLESS THE DORK WHO DID THAT GIVES ME A WRITTEN APOLOGY.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I HAVE TO RESORT TO PERSONAL COLUMNS



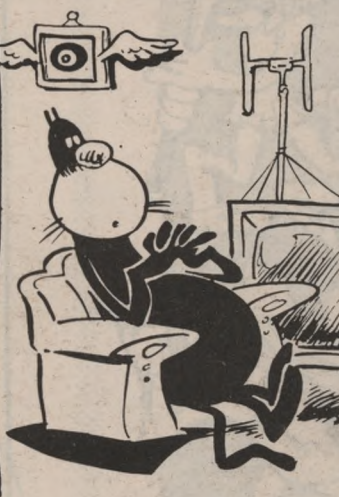
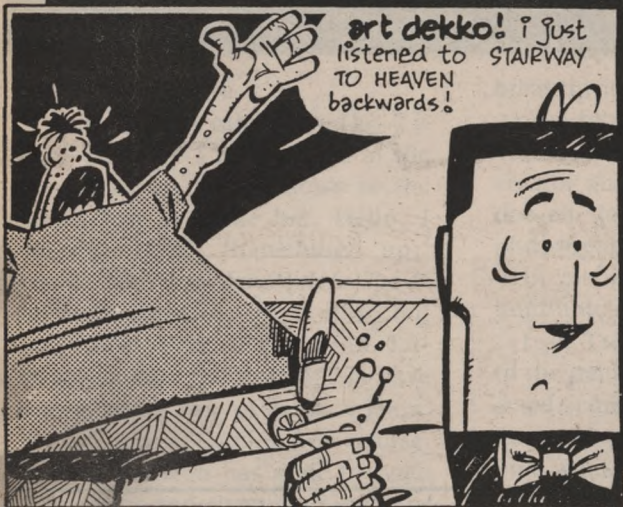
STAND UP COMIX

presents:

ART DEKKO and the GUMP

©1988

BY ANDREW AND ROGER LANGRIDGE



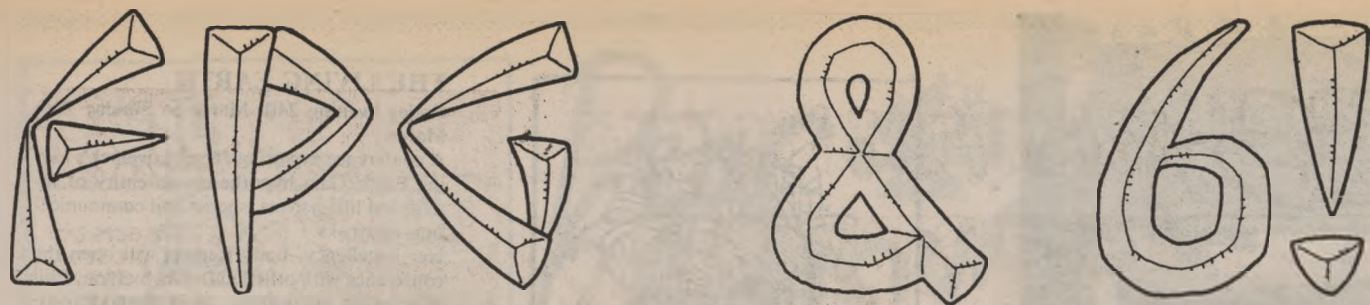
CHES

Probably rounds mo petitive ch grouping. F the same cc being nine c tions in the dar are the ment and t Champions under the a; 1989.

The Juni rounds and the Auckl Dominion tournament held Auckl ment can Cooper (ph

The strer players is p the person 12 years Hungarian woman pla hailed by m for the t Champion.

The folk game playe he was 14 y become W retiring fro Fisher ha J. Sherwin



Higgey's guts

CHESSNUTS

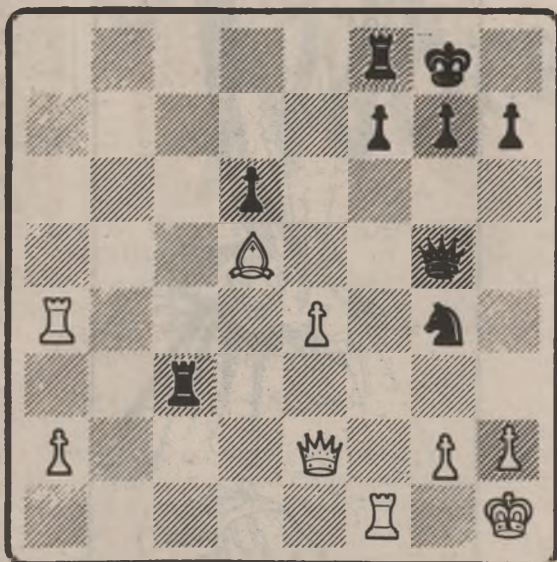
Probably the one thing that astounds most people about competitive chess is the lack of age-grouping. Players of all ages play in the same competition, regardless of being nine or ninety! The only exceptions in the New Zealand chess calendar are the Schoolpupil's Tournament and the New Zealand Junior Championship, open to participants under the age of 20, as of 1 January, 1989.

The Junior is played over seven rounds and will be held at Easter at the Auckland Chess Centre (off Dominion Road). Details of this tournament and the concurrently held Auckland Easter Open Tournament can be obtained from Paul Cooper (ph.762-558).

The strength attainable by young players is perhaps best illustrated in the person of Judit Polgar. At only 12 years of age, this young Hungarian girl is already rated top woman player in the world and is hailed by many as a future challenger for the title of World Chess Champion.

The following position is from a game played by Bobby Fisher when he was 14 years old. He was later to become World Champion before retiring from competitive chess.

Fisher had the white pieces against J. Sherwin:-



Material is equal and both players have weakened back ranks.

White's advantage consists of pressure on the f7 pawn and his 'passed' (unobstructed) a-pawn, but primarily in the advantage of the move.

In fact, if it were Black's move, he could play 30. ... Rc1 with the ruthless threat of 31. ... Qf4! But White gets in first:-

30. Rxf7!! Rc1

The obvious 30. ... Rxf7 is met by 31.Ra8+, mating. Not so obvious is how to meet the tricky alternative 30. ... Qxd5 [31.exd5? 32.Rc1+, mating two moves later], aiming to exploit

White's weak back rank. This is achieved by 31.Rxf8+ Kxf8 32.Qf1+ Qf7 33.Ra8+ Ke7 34.Ra7+ winning Black's Queen. Alternatively, 30. ... h5 is met not by the greedy 31.Rf1+ Kh7 32.Rxf8, as then Black wins with 32. ... Rc1+ 33.Rf1 Qf4!, but instead plays 31.Rxf8+ Kxf8 32.Qf1+ Nf6 33.Rc4 Rxc4 34.Qxc4 Nxd5 35.exd5, when his passed a-pawn wins.

31. Qf1!!

Threatening 32.Rxf8 as well as 32.Qxc1! Qxc1 33.Rf1+ Kh8 34.Rxc1 winning a Rook. Now 31. ... Rxf1 is met by 32.Rxf1+ and mate to follow.

31. ...	h5
32. Qxc1!	Qh4
33. Rxf8	Kh7
34. h3	Qg3
35. hxg4	h4
36. Be6	Resigns

[Note: resignations are frequent - few Kings are actually mated! It is considered a noble recognition of your opponent's ability to carry an advantage through to an eventual win.]

For the problem addict, set up the position: White: Kh5 Black: Ke8. White takes back his last move, then Black takes back his last move. Black makes a new move and White mates in one (i.e. on that move).
Solution next week.

ZIPPY THE PINHEAD



"ZIPPY'S MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE"



Frog-death Bump

ZIPPY

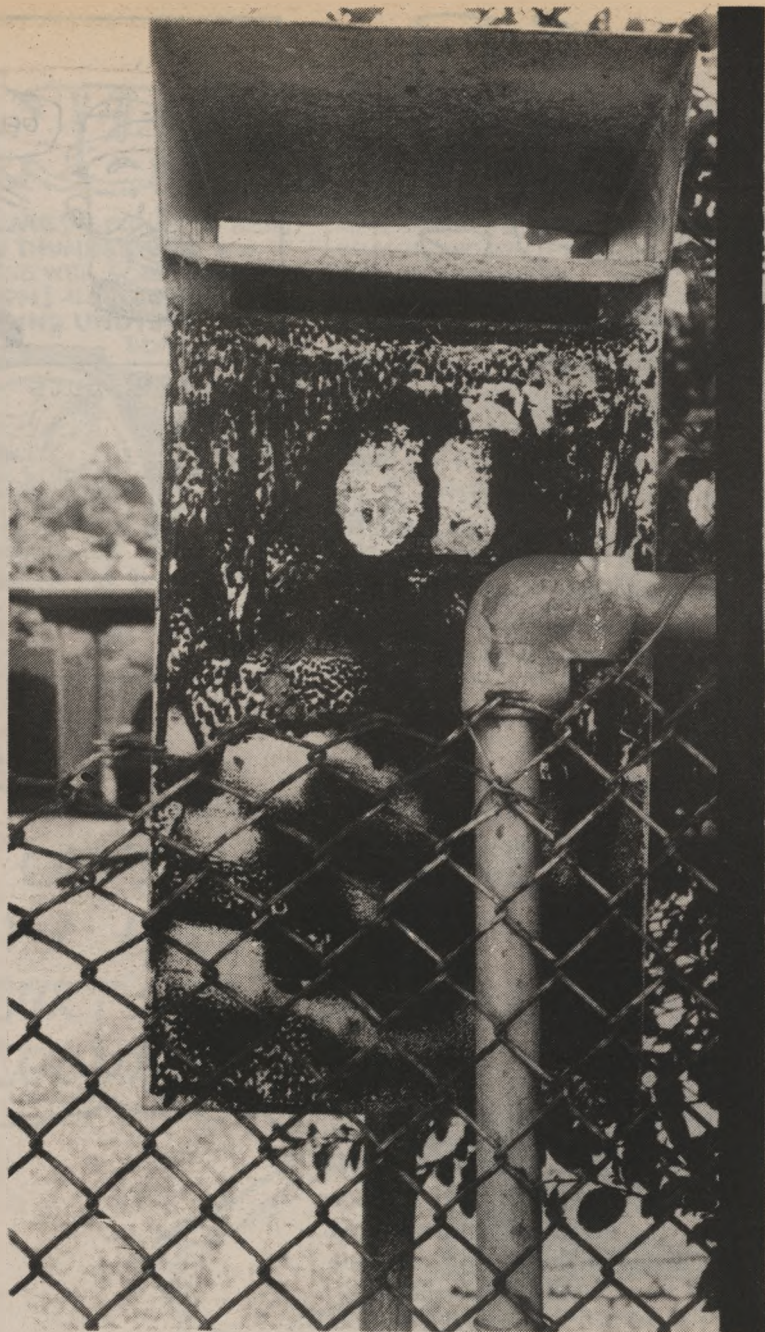
"ZIPPY GRANTS AN INTERVIEW"

©1978 BILL GRIFFITH



STYROFOAM..

POSTMORTM



A GOOD MAINT

A WORD FROM THE MONEY - STRETCHER

Through your pages I would like to address the members of the Auckland University Canoe Club.

In 1988 A.U.S.A. gave this club a sizeable loan and grants on the usual condition that they present audited accounts for the preceding year to ensure that all monies were accounted for.

After my first examination of the 1987 accounts I had a number of questions, particularly in regard to the club's purchase of equipment which was subsequently resold to members. These questions went unanswered until I was presented with another auditor's certificate which stated "due to the... lack of sufficient information... it is not possible to form an opinion on the accounts of the... club." He added "the accounts seem reasonable... and what would be normal."

Contrary to the opinion of the club's treasurer this was not sufficient as an audit report, nor was the auditor approved by A.U.S.A. as required. However, as the accounts were prepared by an earlier treasurer and the club wished to make immediate purchases, I allowed the grants to proceed.

This letter is to inform members that there may be problems with the finances and operation of the Canoe Club and that, should poor accounts be presented for the 1988 year, no grants will be approved, as is the case for all clubs.

Wayne McDougall,
Treasurer.

Dear CRACCUM,

I am thoroughly disappointed in the first edition of our so-called newspaper. Although university is supposed to be a place of enlightened principles, the amount of left-wing radical trash is beyond belief. Half a page of drivel for both the editor and president (who has nothing supportive to say anyway) was almost excusable considering it is the first issue. Imagine my disbelief when two pages of lesbian literature faced me, and on the next page the tangata whenua try and explain to us why they breed like rabbits.

Why can we not enjoy a moderate central viewpoint which will represent a more proportional part of the student body. (Two pages of a twenty-seven page CRACCUM indicates about 1,000 lesbians on campus!)

K. Jennings

PS: "The Associates" was a humorless waste of a page by no-doubt some left-wing lesbian artist(e)

1. Statistically, anyway, there must be about 750 - 800 lesbians on Campus
2. You can get treatment for your homophobia
3. The Associates? Well, *you* think
4. Who says students are enlightened?
5. THERE IS NO MODERATE CENTRAL VIEWPOINT, just as there is no "Normal Student."
6. I don't accept nom-de-plumes



THE LIVING EARTH

Friday evening 24th March to Sunday 26th March

A conference exploring James Lovelock's Living Earth/Gaia hypothesis - an entity of interlinked life systems, species and communication networks.

Her Excellency, Lady Reeves, will open the conference with other addresses by Hon. Phil Woolaston (Minister of Conservation), Marilyn Waring and Rangimarie Pere. a brochure giving full details is available. contact: The Centre for Continuing Education ph 737-831 for details of admission costs.

EASTER SERVICE

The Easter Service of Worship will be held in the MacLaurin Chapel at 1pm.

Preacher: REv. Elizabeth mansill, Minister of St James Church, Berefort St.

theme: "Why did Jesus have to die".
Light refreshments served afterwards.

FIND YOUR WAY HOME

A play by John Hopkins

Jackie follows her husband, Alan, to a flat expecting to find, "the other woman", Julie.

What she finds is JULIAN.

Find out who they are at the LITTLE MAIDMENT, 25th March - 2nd April.

Directed by Aidan B. Howard.

A Theatre Workshop Production

EDEN BADMINTON CLUB

Play: Wednesday nights

When: 7pm - 10pm

Where: Auckland Grammar School Gym
Mountain Road,
Epsom

All grades - premier to beginner

Enquiries: Brett Campbell 659-090
Ann Lorimer 687-595



"They hate us ! But - its them we're doing it for..."

"Prepare to defend yourself..."

HOSTED

Next term of \$110 pw indulge in shop and sy plication available fr Office, Ro Building.

NATION

"Working the Hui. 5p April.

We are a ing Raci Rangimarie Whanau A Contact 373-288 BE \$80 per hea

PENPA

We are i Languages tries. We a computer s Pease wr Wittwehr, AUSTRIA

AUCKL

Screenings Tues 21st 1 Femme Au Summer 6 Wed 22nd World of

A.G.M.

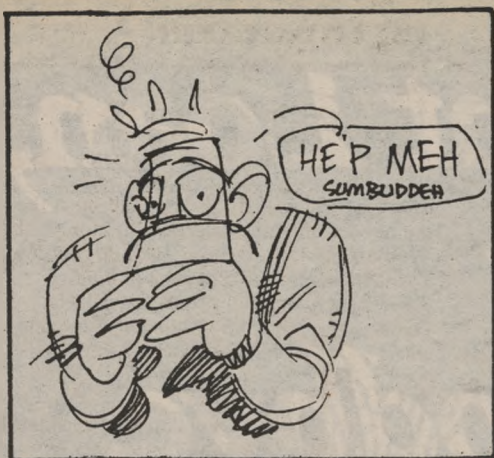
Thursda School of

ARE WOMA

I am unc study on w ferences in volved in greatly app Carolyn A evenings, c Dept Secre

WOULD

IN PERF CAPPING CATHY D



Dear Community Noticeboard

HOSTEL BEDS AVAILABLE

Next term 173 students can for the mere sum of \$110 pw (or \$118 pw for the larger rooms) indulge in a common room, meeting room, shop and synthetic grass volleyball court. Application forms for those interested are available from the Student Accommodation Office, Room 207, 2nd floor in the Old Arts Building.

NATIONAL MEN'S HUI

"Working In Partnerships" is the theme of the Hui. 5pm Friday 31st March - Sunday 2nd April.

We are a group representing: Men Opposing Racism and Sexism, Te Whanau Rangimarie, Auckland Men's Network Te Whanau A Tane and For Men Group.

Contact for Information, Tom Turinui Ph 373-288 BEFORE 25th March. Approx cost \$80 per head.

PENPALS (AUSTRIA)

We are interested in Ecology and Politics, Languages and Literature and Foreign Countries. We are age 24 and 27 and are studying computer science.

Please write to Birgit Heftberger and Clemens Wittwehr, Harrachstraße 34, A-4020, LINZ, AUSTRIA, EUROPE.

AUCKLAND FILM SOCIETY

Screenings
Tues 21st March Charley Gray's
Femme Aux Bottes Rouges 8.15pm
Summer 6.00pm
Wed 22nd Auckland University B15
World of Tomorrow 6.30pm
AND

A.G.M.

Thursday 16th March, Conference Centre, School of Architecture. 7.30pm.

ARE YOU A DIVORCED WOMAN?

I am undertaking research for post-graduate study on women's experience of mediation conferences in the Family Court. If you were involved in a Mediation Conference I would greatly appreciate talking to you. Please call Carolyn Avery ph 737-999 ext. 8665 weekday evenings, or leave a message with the Sociology Dept Secretary and I will call you.

WOULD ANYONE INTERESTED

IN PERFORMING IN OR HELPING WITH CAPPING REVIEW PLEASE CONTACT CATHY DENFORD Ph: 793-474 or 789-981

NEW ZEALAND SCHOOL OF MEDITATION

8 week Meditation and Philosophy Course Starts March 28th or 30th Day/Evening classes available. NO CHARGE.

Enquiries or booking ph 416-6375

SITUATIONS VACANT

WANTED: CRINKLE CUTTER

We need someone to cut the tops and bottoms of the paper. Send a portfolio and \$20 (to cover return postage) to the editor of this page.

EQUAL EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY OFFICER

Vacancy No. ADM 78) Closing date 31st March 1989.

The University of Auckland (being an equal opportunity employer) needs an Equal Opportunity Officer. For details see the "Next Week" of 6th of March or the Academic Appointments Officer at Registry.

NOTICES

WOMENS' HOCKEY

The Women's Hockey Team needs players for the Easter Tournament. If you are interested please phone Helen on 733-285 evenings. GAMES VENUE: Pt England Park, Sat 25th to Monday 27th.

LOST/PLEASE FIND

A black Angora cardigan (Early Bird label) around 1.00pm on the 9th of March at the Lower Lecture Theatre. Finder or anyone with info., please phone Katrina on 418-4914

FREE BEE FREE BEER FREE BEE

Corner Records will give anyone attending

The Osterburgs, The Rattlesnakes, and the Ignatonskis, in concert, their first beer free.

8.30pm Ponsonby Community Centre, Ponsonby Terrace.

KING LEAR EXTENSION

Due to overwhelming demand, the Theatre Workshop Outdoor Summer Shakespeare production of "King Lear" will now run until 18th March excluding Mondays. Bookings at the Corner (ph: 33-206).

OPENING NIGHT MERCURY THEATRE

"The Cheery Orchard" written by the Russian dramatist Anton Chekhov is a "very funny ... exploration of humanity and human foibles," according to the Producer Raymond Hawthorne. The play runs from 18th March to 15th April.

Performances: 6.30pm Monday, Thursday 8.15pm Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

Matinee: Tuesday 4th April at 11.00am Ph: 33-809 for tickets.

Special discounts for students.

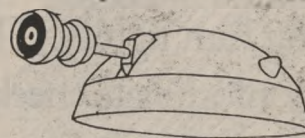
HEALTHY LECTURES

Third complimentary medicine and healthy lifestyle exhibition.

a series of lectures 18th and 19th March 18th March 11.00am, 1pm, 2.30pm and 4.00pm

19th March 11.00am, 1pm, 2.30pm and 4.00pm

Free admission Maidment Arts Centre



UNIVERSITY WOMEN

Federation of University Women get together for members and friends. Afternoon tea and tour of parts of the University 2.00pm, Federation room, upstairs Govt House.

7.30pm at Old St Mary's Parnell. An evening of readings and ballads. Open to anyone. \$3 charge. Bring a cushion as pews are hard.

HE PANAU

Te Roopu Tautoko Trust
Marois united in the fight to prevent the spread of AIDS within our community.
"Po Whakangahau"
Staircase Nightclub. Fort St, City
Sunday 19th March, 7pm. \$8

DANCE AROUND THE WORLD

19 March. PiPs programme at Western Springs Park.

SEMINAR

Dept of Management Studies and Labour Relations

"The Future of Professions: Deprofessionalisation or Reprofessionalisation?"

Open to all (students and staff) at 1pm Thursday, Room 518 Commerce.

ART DISPLAY

Jenny Hunt's "BLUEPRINTS" Monday 20th - Friday 7th April
RKS ART. Hours Tues - Fri 11am - 5pm
41 Victoria Street West.

EDWARD GOLDSMITH

The Field Club presents Edward Goldsmith, founder and Editor of the Ecologist; Author of Blueprint For Survival, one of the most influential books of the environmental revolution. Visiting NZ from England to lead the Gaia Conference (See notice, Friday 24th). Come along and hear Edward Goldsmith predict the post industrial revolution Tuesday 21st March 7pm Library B15. Free admission.

RKS ART

NIGEL BROWN: "WORKS ON PAPER"
21st March - 7th April
Preview Monday 20th 5.30pm
41 Victoria St West Hours Tuesday - Friday 11am - 5pm

DAMIEN BONE
Born 1968

MAJOR:
Fine Arts

DRINKS:
Moet
Death In The Afternoon
J.K.

EATS AT:
Al 'n Petes
DKD
Other People's houses

LISTENS TO:
Headless Chickens
Mozart
R.E.M.

WATCHES:
United Theatresports



"United Theatresports saved me from becoming a Yuppie. It could save you too!"



United
Theatresports

EVERY
SUNDAY

MARCH 19th - MAY 28th 1989

MAIDMENT THEATRE

8.00 PM

Tickets \$10

Bookings 33 206

UNIVERSITY CLUB

The Univeristy Club is located in one of the old merchant houses at 23 Princes St. The basic goal of the club is to provide a relaxed and friendly environment for members to meet and socialise with others.

There are two bars, a restaurant, games room, et al, with a main emphasis being on graduates but having a fairly active student membership. Open days: Wednesday 22nd and Thursday 23rd March from noon until 10pm. Meet some of the members, survey the premises and complete your year's membership on the spot \$40 and get a free pint.

UNIVERSITY SOCIALIST SOCIETY

Are now affiliated to SRC (as of 16/3/89) Meeting for General Business: 1pm rm 204 Student Union Building
ALL WELCOME

HURRY HURRY

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

Today, if you are luckier than the rest of us at about 11.30am, all three money machines might be working at once and the queues short enough for you to break the magical four minute barrier. After that you can graduate to the cafeteria queue where your hot chips will go cold making your cold drink warm.

MUSICAL PERFORMANCE

Music in Architecture part 1... "Glass Walls and Plastic Pipes". A multi media performance from the newly formed groups, "The Big I" and "The Clarinet Collective". Devised and directed by Peter Scholes. 5.30pm 22nd March. Admission \$12 and \$8.
Music Theatre 6 Symonds St. For details ring 737-707

ART EXHIBITION

Manet to Picasso, the Readers Digest collection at the Auckland City Art Gallery, 23rd March - 7th May daily (except Thursday) 10am - 4.20pm Thursday 10am - 8.50pm.
Admission \$7
Family \$18
For information call (live) 377-704 recorded (390-831)

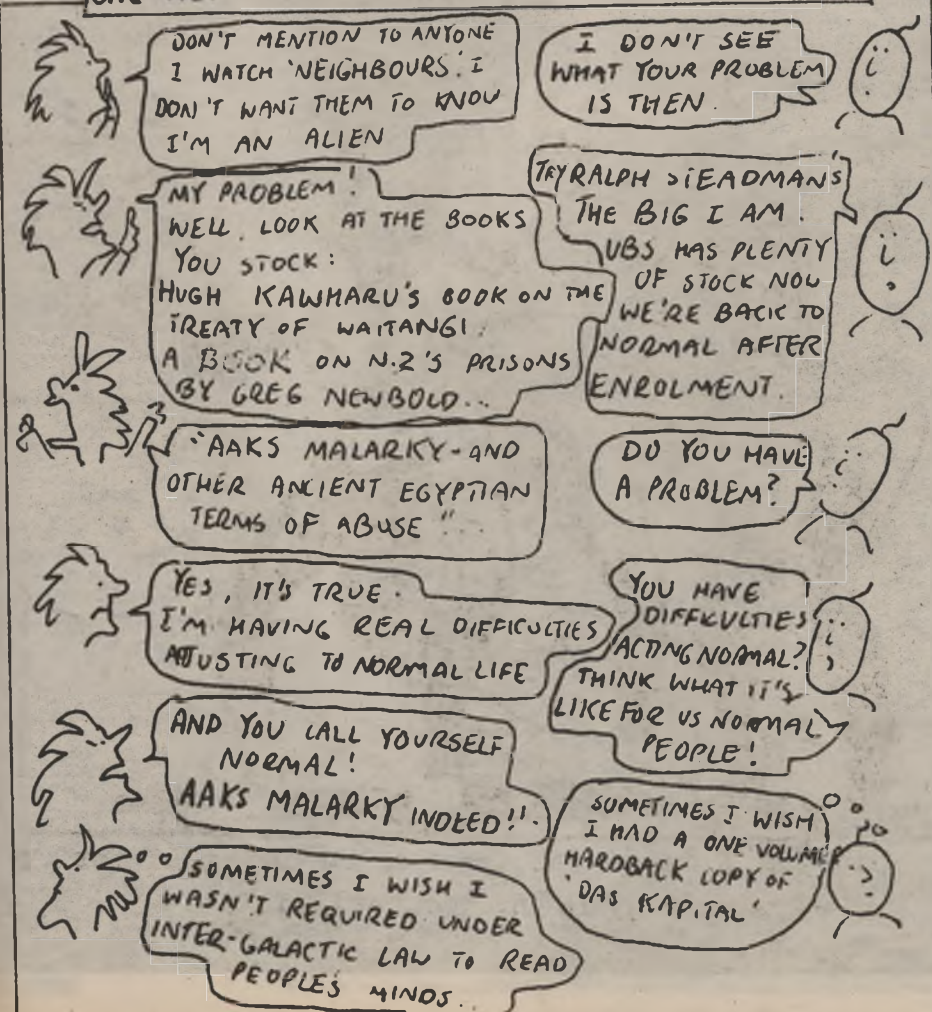
WORLD PEACE LECTURE

Dr Richard Schneider (Chancellor of World Peace University, Oregon USA) will give a lunchtime lecture on world peace and global co-operation. Organised by the Centre for Peace Studies 1-2pm 23rd March, University Hall, Admission free.
Enquiries to Centre for Continuing Education, Old Arts building Ph: 737-999 Ext. 7831

AN EVENING FORUM

A prelude to the "LIVING EARTH" Conference. University Conference Centre. 5pm - 10pm
Cost: \$22 (includes dinner)
Enquiries to Marion Feasey 737-999 Ext. 7037

ONE WET AFTERNOON AT UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP.



With a \$4,000 Student Loan, she kissed her money problems goodbye.

Their brief encounter was over. Lisa knew that. But she would never forget his friendly creases, his crisp profile, that tasteless felt hat.

"Will I ever see you again?" she whispered.

"No," he rustled sadly. "Tomorrow I'm going back into circulation."

The wind blew, he fluttered uncontrollably.

"You know you're all I have left. My one and only Buck." Lisa wept, holding him tightly. The tears danced merrily down her unfortunate cheeks.

"It doesn't have to end like this," he confessed. "Because with a Westpac Student Survival Kit you can borrow up to 4,000 bucks* just like me."

She looked up, shocked.

"Plus you get a \$500 interest free overdraft facility, a free cheque account, a free savings account, a funky pen, and if you qualify, a Westpac MasterCard credit card with a \$200 limit."

"Anything else?" she curtly demanded.

"And a dapper little Backpack to carry it all," he replied meekly.

Lisa smiled. She felt good about spending her last buck that day.



*Subject to eligibility, a Westpac Study Loan means you can borrow up to \$1,000 once you've successfully completed your first full time year at a Tertiary Institution. Then, providing you continue to meet our criteria, you can borrow as much as \$1,000 a year up to a maximum of \$4,000 to help you complete your Under-Graduate Studies. For full details, call into your local Westpac branch and pick up a Student Survival Kit leaflet.



You can bank on Westpac.

A registered prospectus may be obtained from any branch of Westpac Banking Corporation in New Zealand.

W22139 OGILVY

