

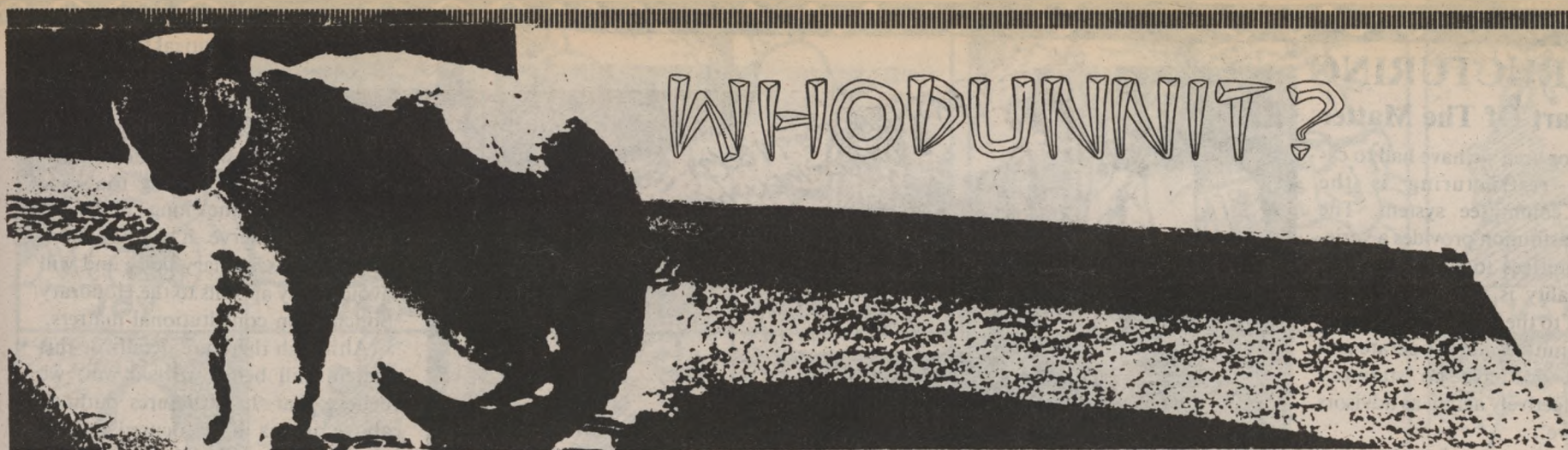
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CRACCUM is a source of free expression within the Auckland University Students' Association for anyone who can be bothered contributing.

CRACCUM is published by the A.U.S.A. from a constitutional requirement and not through any intent to be seen as an 'official' publication of the Association or its Executive. The A.U.S.A. and its Executive take no responsibility for the content of CRACCUM nor for any actions connected with the publication of CRACCUM.

4 April, 1989

Editor: Aidan-B. Howard
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Ad' Manager: Anita Andrell

Thankyous to— Jason Schulz, Michael (the great New Zealand) Lamb(urger), Katrina Power, Julian D., Anne Commons, Rick Huntington (for last week!), Rose Hollins, Tracey Aitken, Mark Broatch.

THERE WILL BE A STAFF MEETING FOR ANYONE INTERESTED IN THE CONSTRUCTIVE SIDE OF CRACCUM.

FROM NOW ON THESE SHALL BE ON TUESDAYS AT 1PM—OR COME AND SEE ME ANY TIME.

THESE MEETINGS ARE OPEN TO ALL INTERESTED STUDENTS.



THE A.U. MUSICIANS SECT PRESENT
A FUNDRAISER FOR "SUCH IS LIFE" comic #2

ANIGMA
WARNERS

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PHOBIA

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RESTRUCTURING The Heart Of The Matter

The major area we have had to examine in restructuring is the A.U.S.A. committee system. The current Constitution provides a variety of committees to run A.U.S.A., but the reality is that most of the work is left to the Executive, as many of the committees never operate and those that do have no statutory powers, effectively acting as advisors to Executive.

Our Constitution provides an Executive which will have a more precise range of responsibilities, acting in concert with other committees which will have statutory powers within their areas of responsibility. The size of the Executive and the types of portfolios that Executive members will hold is still under discussion, but it seems likely that the extent of Executive's responsibility will not require the same numbers of members as in the past.

The first of the new committees is the Executive Advisory Committee, which will be responsible for setting levels of spending on club grants, CRACCUM and BFM subsidies. It also has the responsibility for awarding Auckland University Blues, electing the Editor of CRACCUM and for allocating grants to clubs. This committee will have three members of Executive on it, but the majority of the committee will be student delegates, one from each faculty. This gives students in smaller faculties distant from A.U.S.A. (e.g. Music, Medicine, Fine Arts) a direct opportunity to enforce accountability on the organisation funded from their fees.

The second and most important committee of all is the Council of Student Delegates, made up of the entire Executive and all student representatives to Senate, Council and their standing committees. The



C.S.D. will meet monthly to determine policy for committee members. It will also be the body co-ordinating the Association's campaigns on education and welfare issues.

There will be a weekly meeting known as a 'General Hearing' at which students can scrutinise the performance of the C.S.D. and its individual members. The priorities and tactics of the C.S.D. will be open to assessment by students and the members can be required to account for their personal performance. General Hearings have the power to make accountability and student control realities for A.U.S.A.

Finally, there is the judiciary, which will comprise five people, all serving five-year terms. This committee will be responsible for arbitration in electoral disputes and for resolving debate over matters in the Constitution. It will also replace the Disciplinary Committee as the body responsible for discipline and for settling disputes between members of the Association.

We believe that the new committee structure has the power to eliminate many of the weaknesses of the current system.

The committees provide the opportunity for a link between A.U.S.A. and all students. Executive has been criticised in the past for being disinterested in students, when the reality is that it is simply impossible for sixteen executive members, most of whom are paid absolutely nothing for their time and effort, to keep in regular contact with the entire student body. The student representatives will become more available to groups of students who formerly encountered difficulty contacting A.U.S.A. and will be directly accountable to those for whom they are responsible.

The Council of Student Delegates will link the student representatives into the A.U.S.A. structure and with the Faculty committee representatives. The gaps between student representatives on University committees, those on Faculty committees and the Executive have been a major

weakness in the political functioning of A.U.S.A. The contact afforded by regular C.S.D. meetings should be invaluable in bridging these gaps.

The Judiciary will provide a stability which has been lacking for some time, due to the long terms its members will serve. It will be a more impartial disciplinary body and will avoid costly appeals to the Honorary Solicitor on constitutional matters.

Although there are details of this system still being worked out, we believe that the structures outlined above offer a more focused and accountable Association than in the past. Please feel free to discuss what you have read with any of us.

Graham Hackshaw
for the Restructuring Committee.



UPDATE

At the S.R.C. meeting of 27 March a motion was passed co-opting two clerical staff onto the Restructuring Committee. There is considerable confusion as to what that means. The clerical workers seem to think that it means they get to appoint two of their members to the committee. Literally interpreted, the motion is nonsense because S.R.C. cannot co-opt members to the Restructuring Committee; it can appoint members to it, or it can empower the committee to co-opt. It has done neither.

We will be seeking clarification from S.R.C. These problems may have been avoided if we had been consulted prior to the S.R.C. meeting.





Ed. and CRACCUM Lackeys,

What's with 4 issues, stuff all relevant to the average student? We get lunatic fringe ravings, DIY kitset Daleks and ads! (Not many of us can afford \$600 futons). I do concede some 'real' handy information may have been there as well. Cartoons that are mindless, to wit Issue 4's cover and almost a quarter of the previous issue's pages, and inside "The Abortion Question", a topic deserving more serious discussion than a comic strip. Can't say I really care for singularly biased political histories ("Labour Pains") which only the Young Nats will read and which take up 16% of one issue (2½ A3 sheets!) Ans as much as I abhorred the political manoeuvrings at the S.R.C. meeting Friday last by the Evangelical Union I equally detest the incomplete ½ page unsourced Nietzsche quote condemning Christianity whilst glorifying Bhuddism (blah, blah, Human Rights, etc.). As for those shoddy page 3 photos—were they worth the printer processing for inclusion or would a blank page have offended you Ed.?

Come on guys—CRACCUM isn't getting further than underfoot in the Quad (that's messy!) and until you start addressing issues and informing us about things like the Student Loans Scheme, solutions to University overcrowding, why Cafe food is so lousy and expensive (Yay Dave Steele!) and where our money is going in the A.U.S.A., it sure won't get better accommodation than the bottom of a budgie cage. I mean if the standard doesn't improve I'll be the first of 14500 students (less one or two) to make a run on your funds by demanding the CRACCUM portion of my Students' Association fees back! But if the quality goes up I'm sure your serious readership will increase—at least I'd consider it.

Ramon Scobie

[To Ramon and others,

Thank you for your comments. Because you are one of the few who have addressed your displeasure in a

relatively civilised way, I would like to respond in kind:

I am afraid I cannot comply with any of your requests or suggestions—because like most critics you don't offer any suggestions. Saying you are dissatisfied is in itself important, but without clearer statements it is useless. I am not psychic—and I still rely on *contribution*.

Now, you did offer a small traditional list of 'topics': thank you. Someone IS researching the whole Student Loans issue and a person IS already writing an article on the Cafe food etc. The latter has been written about **every year** in CRACCUM as far back as I can remember, so I had hoped not to have to use up those topics within the first half dozen issues. An article on where A.U.S.A.'s money goes is also standard and has appeared in every one of the ten years I have been here and on CRACCUM. Usually it appears after the Treasurer has completed his accounts.

No, as many people noticed in Issue 3 in black and (literally) white, I am not offended by blank space. In previous years people have been screaming out for LESS words and more graphics and visuals—now that they are here complaints reverse (negative written criticism outnumbers the positive by about 5 or 6 to 1; spoken positive criticism outweighs the negative by about 20 to 1).

I am 'sorry' that you are not interested in Human Rights and people having the life literally ripped out from inside them—perhaps if you were on the receiving end...

When CRACCUM prints articles on abortion the hostility is worse.

In a nutshell, few of you have been around Varsity long enough to have an overview (an that is NOT patronising)—the bulk of students come and go in 3 to 4 years. I can look back and say that NO one year has been free of hiccougs, hate-mails and downright hindrances sometimes. "Come up and see me sometime" and perhaps we can talk about things that are both *active and*

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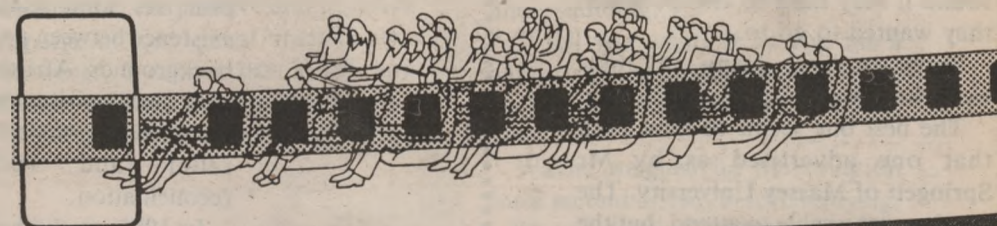
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positive. I do appreciate that!] P.S. a challenge article to Labour Pains has already been handed in and will be printed shortly—they were Young Nats.

THE GAIA GALA

On Friday, 24 March, at 7.30pm in the Maidment Theatre, Mrs. Reeves, wife of our Governor-General, opened "Living Earth". This was a conference to explore the "Gaia Hypothesis", advanced in its present form by **Jim Lovelock** in his book *Gaia: A New Look At Life On Earth*, (Oxford Uni. Press, 1979).

The conference was organised by Claudia Bell and Marion Feasy of the Continuing Education Department, who put in an enormous amount of work.

The conferees were overwhelmingly middle-aged, white and middle-class. This was because of the price (\$99; for students, unwaged and retired, \$66, if enrolled by 20 February—the CRACCUM ad' was in this term's issue 3, which hit the stands about Tuesday, 22 March!).

But take heart, at least half of the attenders were women.

There were so many keynote speakers that they did not get enough time each. This was a pity. Some of them were very good indeed. Included in this category were Phillip Woolaston, Minister of Conservation, Wade Doak, Peter Bunyard, David Lambert, Rangimarie Pere, Richard Schneider and, best of all, Bob Mann.

What a pity we did not just have these and that they did not have more time.

This was yet another example of New Zealand's 'cultural cringe'—we really have no need to bring in expensive overseas types just because they have 'names', or even locals for that matter if they do not have anything fresh to say.

It was very enlightening for me to hear Phillip Woolaston, who showed that a Minister of the Crown can indeed grasp scientific issues. I found this a startlingly new concept and I sat back in amazement.

David Lambert and Peter Bunyard gave short expositions of the scientific basis for the Gaia Hypothesis. This is that the living organisms on Earth co-operate to maintain it in a state favourable for them. This state is at a temperature/oxygen content of the atmosphere and a salt concentration of the ocean, far from what would be obtained if life were not present.

Peter Bunyard included some truly gruesome slides of deforested hillsides in Colombia. The trees had been cut down so that marijuana could be grown commercially for export to the American market. This is causing an ecological disaster in the Caribbean basin that makes the effect of [Hurricane] Bola on pakeha farming systems on our East Cape seem like small potatoes.

Besides keynote addresses we had a huge number of workshops to attend—so many that most folks found it very hard to choose which they wanted to go to.

Sorry to say, many of these workshops were a bit disappointing.

The best one seems to have been that one advertised as by Mr Springett of Massey University. The speaker was unable to attend, but the workshop members carried on without him and ended up actually **taking action**. They organised a petition on conservation issues for the Government.

Action was something Bob Mann talked about. He now knows that we have even less time than he had feared before.

We should—

- * *experience* our wilderness;
- * *talk* with our cabinet ministers;
- * *revive* hobbies, especially in co-operative service clubs;
- * *propagate* good old fruit-trees and other plants;
- * *reform* our parliament's electoral system;
- * *support* local authorities and run for office;
- * *learn* Maori, at least enough to be able to pronounce it properly;
- * *make fun* of 'economics' (pronounced *eknmks*);
- * *play* music and healthy games;
- * *share* with your partner—feelings and nurturing; and
- * *love* language and, more important, each other.

Bob showed us part of a flat-plate solar hot-water heater made from recycled demolition material and sang a really funny black-humorous song to his own guitar, about the 'safety' of 2,4,5,T, words by courtesy of a New Zealand government department.

This kind of stuff was for me.

One woman said, "I really could live with that man."

It was so refreshing after some of the 'new-age hokum' which was present at the conference—to accusation of charlatanism aimed at the Directors of Institutes with 'hole-in-the-

wall' offices, who charge big bucks for well-presented seminars of waffle, or folk who sit in circles shouting "that would be tyranny" when someone gets up to suggest that we should have a really good public transport system so that we could abolish almost every private car.

Now, do not get me wrong—I got some of my \$99 worth out of the Concert for the Living Earth. I enjoyed the Council of All Beings, which I attended on the spur of the moment and where I surprised myself—and possible the presiding native American spirit—by speaking the words of a very special rock that stands way out in the Waikato wop-wops.

The Red-Indian-inspired circle-dance allowed me to get up a sweat and blow off some steam.

My conservation awareness was born by reading *The Space Merchants* by **Fred Pohl** and **Cyril Kornbluth** back in 1954. It was then that I realised that not only must population and wealth be limited—and soon—but that it was up to me to try and to something about it.

Life itself teaches that market economics is the cause of most of our ills.

Unemployment-caused violence is up. The depletion of the ozone layer threatens us with melanoma. Pesticides and poisons damage our

immune systems. Heavy metals like lead slowly drive us mad as they did the Romans before us.

Our stupid meddling is but a hiccup in geological time. We may indeed punctuate the equilibrium as the cause of the current mass extinction... so, in the short-term we are all dead as Moa, Auk and Sabre-tooth.

Yet the solution has been known since at least 30 July, 1817, when, in response to the first great crisis of capitalism, **Robert Owen** published in the London newspapers a plan to build society anew, based on self-sufficient small communities living by 'spade agriculture'.

Well, another of the workshops did propose a bit of concrete action. **Carol Ann Bradford** for "Working Together" [2/58a Ranfurly Road, Epsom,] is organising a meeting of kindred folk for Wednesday, 19 April at 7.30pm at 29 Princes Street, City (the offices of the Foundation for Peace Studies) to launch a new conservationist political pressure-group. All are welcome.

Meanwhile, what I would like to see would be an open scientific seminar on the Gaia Hypothesis, organised by the likes of Messrs Lambert and Mann at a priced that the unwaged, student and other low-income people could afford.

TIM HASSALL

IS THERE HOPE FOR SOUTH AFRICA?

Michael Cassidy, a prominent christian and campaigner for social justice and unity in South Africa, is visiting Auckland University on Tuesday, 11 April (1-2pm, Room B28). His topic: the Difficult Question of Hope for South Africa.

Michael, a South African by birth, became a christian while studying at Cambridge University. He then went on to do further study at the Fuller Theological Seminary in the U.S.A. During these years Michael came to grips with the fact that Jesus is interested in all facets of our humanity, including our social environment. As a result he [Michael] got involved in social-justice movements related to the problems of apartheid in South Africa.

Twenty-seven years ago, Michael founded African Enterprise, an interdenominational organisation which assists churches throughout Africa. As an organisation based in South Africa, it is a statement against apartheid because it preaches and practises joint leadership and co-existence between people of all racial backgrounds. African Enterprise not only meets spiritual needs, but is also involved in practical projects, food relief and racial/intertribal reconciliation.

In 1985, at the height of the tensions that led to the emergency restrictions, Michael called together over 400 christian leaders from 48 denominations to pray and agonise

together about the injustices inherent in apartheid and [work out] what christians could do to bring about reconciliation. This led to a joint statement of commitment and a national day of prayer and fasting, involving thousands of people.

Out of this a movement called the National Initiative for Reconciliation grew. It draws together christians from multicultural and multid denominational backgrounds for joint activities, incorporating prayer and practical measures to fight injustice.

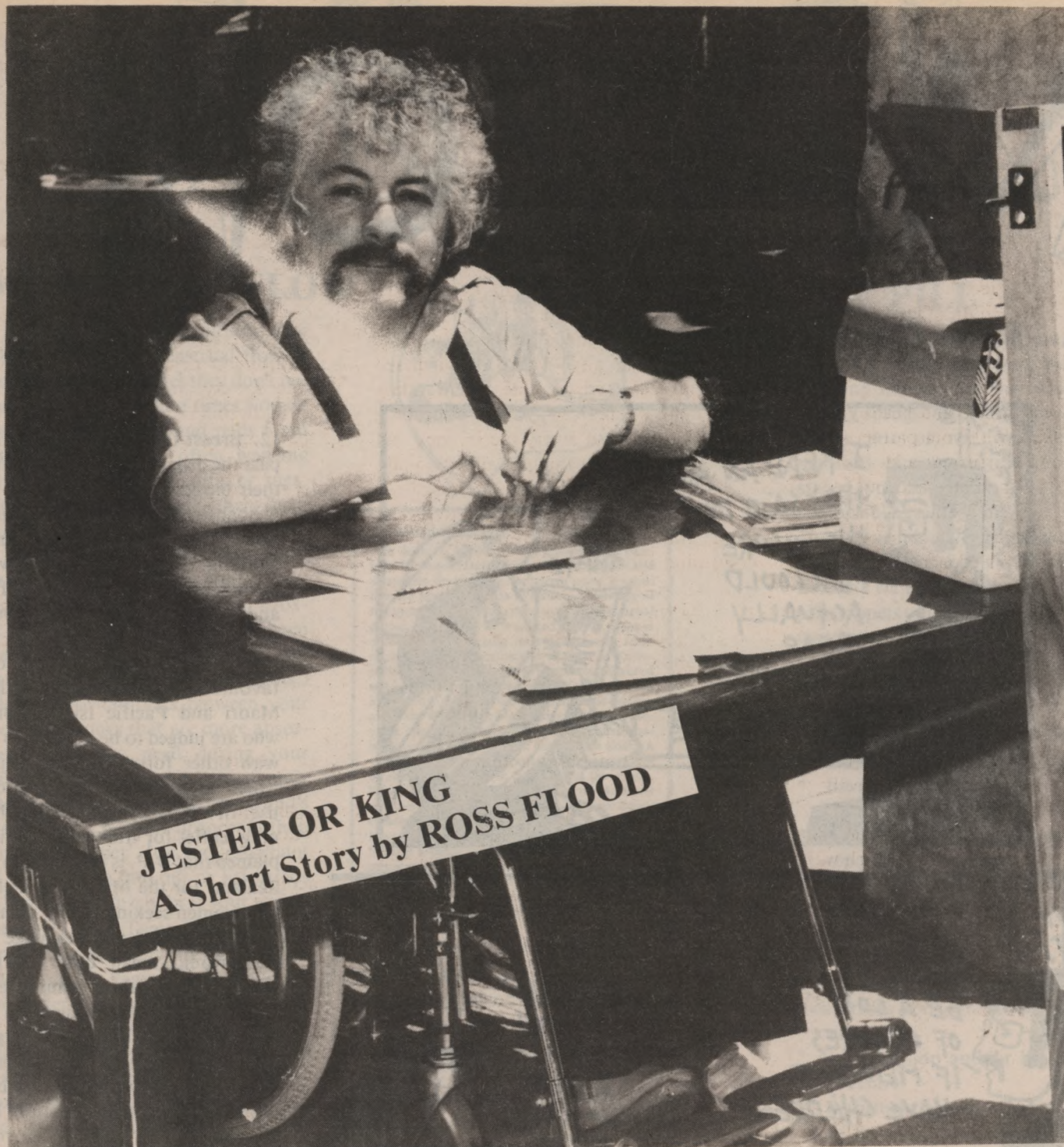
Due to his uncompromising stand on the evils of apartheid, Michael has regularly clashed with the authorities. In one celebrated incident he was threatened and lectured from the bible by the State President, P.W. Botha. Michael has just recently written a book called *The Passing Summer* in which he attempts to deal with the questions of justice, reconciliation and repentance from a christian point of view. This book contains interviews with many prominent people on both sides of the conflict, including P.W. Botha, the President of Zambia, K. Kaunda, Archbishop Desmond Tutu, et al.

Why not come along and hear what he has to say on the whole issue of South Africa and apartheid. Perhaps there is hope for South Africa.

Mike Hulme-Moir

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That last half hour is impossible to contain, no matter how hard one tries. This time of the day always proves so darn deceptive, it just disappears. I mean it can't be more than a minute when I was merely sitting at the table letting proceedings plod along, sipping my early morning cuppa, now all of a sudden it's eight-thirty; lectures start in an hour and I'm thirteen miles away.

My usual hectic dash to prepare for the day must be programmed into me as my next recognition of reality is turning onto the motorway. I have left for the time being anyway, the comfort of the community and turn my attention towards the city, which signals six hours of comprehending books. Books, oh no, reality slaps my face a second time. today's the day I have to take responsibility for my actions of last week. How reckless I was to volunteer to conduct a seminar on Othello. Honestly, me and my big mouth. Oh well, what's done cannot be undone. Now how will I approach this? "How about those bloody All Blacks," the speaker, a burly hirsute carpark attendant offered his usual jovial condemnation of our beloved national game. A nice start to the day I thought to myself. What made it worse is that I could not think of anything derogatory to say about the Kiwi Rugby League team. Never mind, the rivalry will continue tomorrow.

This lighthearted interlude was instantly shattered as a third person appeared on the scene. Oh god, the first academic I come across. It had to be her.

"I hope you're suitably prepared for this afternoon," she said.

"Y-Yes," came the inappropriate reply as I tried to convey a picture of confidence, while I quickly zoomed past.

Anyway, that dreaded lecture is 5½ hours away. At least I can escape into the world of rat psych. This is the place where we, the team of novices, take on the role of ringmaster, as laboratory rodents perform tricks, under the guise of operant learning.

One of the big black rats in the corner of the cage looks increasingly like Othello with every passing minute. Naturally I keep this to myself. After two hours of observing these animals we tidy-up, pack our bags and scatter to our next subject clearly unaware of our own conditioning. I'm off to Pol Studs (to the uninitiated that's Political Studies) to discover how the mass media works during an election campaign.

It's an hour later and my head is spinning. Time to close the books and refuel the body, chips, hamburgers, milkshakes, cafeteria here I come. Perhaps this will help me forget how painful this afternoon is going to be.

"Hey sucker, come and have a bite to eat with us on the grass."

I turned my gaze which falls upon a group at various stages of relaxation sitting or lying in the shade.

"On one condition," I said. "Nobody asks me how my seminar is coming along." The reaction was laughter but I found comfort in this as I knew they were laughing with me and not at me. Each one of them had been through pre-seminar nerves before.

Despite my efforts to steer the conversation to something entirely irrelevant Othello refused to be ignored.

"Surely jealousy is the basic notion of the play," said one friend. "It shows how this particular emotion eats away at the positive attributes of character until the goodness is poisoned."

"I think," said another, "it's important to explore the motivation behind Iago. I mean was he jealous of Othello's status, was he in love with Desdemona, was he frustrated because he was passed over for higher office or what?"

I nod and grunt my agreement as I contemplate these thoughts inbetween mouthfuls of bean sprouts and radishes given to me by the vegetarian of the group. A vast contrast to my original idea of lunch-time diet but passable none the less.

The hour following lunch is pleasantly spent discussing deviance in my Sociology class. My family reckons I should get a A for this paper. I'm not sure whether I should take that as a compliment or not. The session flashes by as we all become absorbed in the positive and negative aspects of our penal institutions. However, I cannot put it off any longer. Time to test my oral ability. Will I turn out to be Jester or King?

I deliberately arrive a couple of minutes late to make a grand entrance. I thought it might help my confidence but as I enter my self-assurance melts, as all eyes focus upon my appearance.

"Thought you'd chickened out," boomed a voice from the back.

I did not reply verbally, rather I used a form of body language; a long cold stare which gave the clear impression that she was very definitely an ex-friend.

The next couple of minutes were filled with anxiety as I reluctantly headed for centre stage. My body felt clammy and perspiration rapidly appeared. I wiped my brow and cranked up my masterpiece.

"Othello was a man - ". I paused realising how stupid my first statement was. Of course Othello was a man. I should have read this aloud to myself last night. Never mind, it was too late now.

I cleared my throat and reiterated, "Othello was a man who is admired by all at the beginning of the play and thus because he is such a just and honest fellow, the tragedy of his downfall is emphasised." A quick glance up at the class showed a sea of nodding thoughtful heads. Oh well, that seemed to go down all right, so I resumed with a little hesitation and as I spoke I could feel the adrenalin starting to work for me and self-doubt slowly subsiding. I started using my hands with far greater effect and quoted from the greater Bard himself I even started enjoying the situation with the knowledge that I was in full control. It was an actual disappointment when I reached the end of my speech. A few thought-provoking questions followed and I again surprised myself at the way I handled these off-the-cuff comments.

Abruptly the voice of the tutor broke in resembling an unwanted intruder.

"Well thank you for entertaining us for this session. I'm sure we all have a better understanding of the play after your interpretation."

"It was a pleasure," I said, trying to be as nonchalant as possible.

-well, the car was sticky and my throat dry so why not step into the local drinking-hole on the way home. A glass of ale by my side, legs under the table, a good place to unwind; besides, I deserved a reward.

"Giddy mate."

The voice shook me out of my thoughts, it was a chap I had known casually over some years now.

"Giddy Wayne, I hear ya copped D.I.C. again," I said.

"Oh yeah. Those snakes really get up my nose. If ya ever get a bit sloshed ya just drive slower. Anyways I've come over and sit with ya, let me buy ya a beer."

"No thanks," I replied, "Maybe some other time, I'm just on my way home once I finish this one."

"Naw come on, I feel sorry for ya. I mean, poor bastard, how do ya fill in your day?"

"I just smiled. Well what could I say? The guy was a jug or two past understanding."

"I tell you what. If ya give me a hand to put my wheelchair into the back of my car I'll drop ya off at your place."

Wayne weighed up the situation for a second or two before replying.

"Aww, I think I'll hang around here for an hour or two. There is nothing on the telly until 9ish."

"Well it's up to you. I'll see you later then?"

"O.K. mate, see ya next time ya in."

I wheeled away quite contented with my day; jealous of no-one.

AMAZON

DEPO-PROVERA: A Safe Contraceptive?

Depo-Provera, what is it?

- For a start it is one of the few injectable contraceptives and is given every three months;
- It is the trade-name for depomedroxyprogesterone acetate;
- It is a synthetic progesterone;
- It is manufactured by a company called Upjohn Pharmaceuticals;
- In New Zealand it is also known as 'the Injection', 'the Contraception Injection' or 'D.P.'

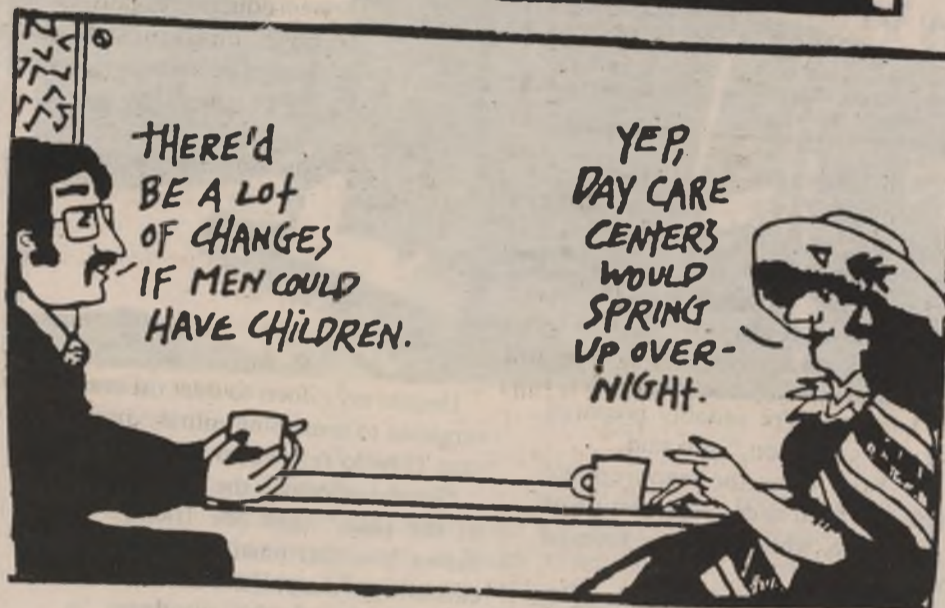
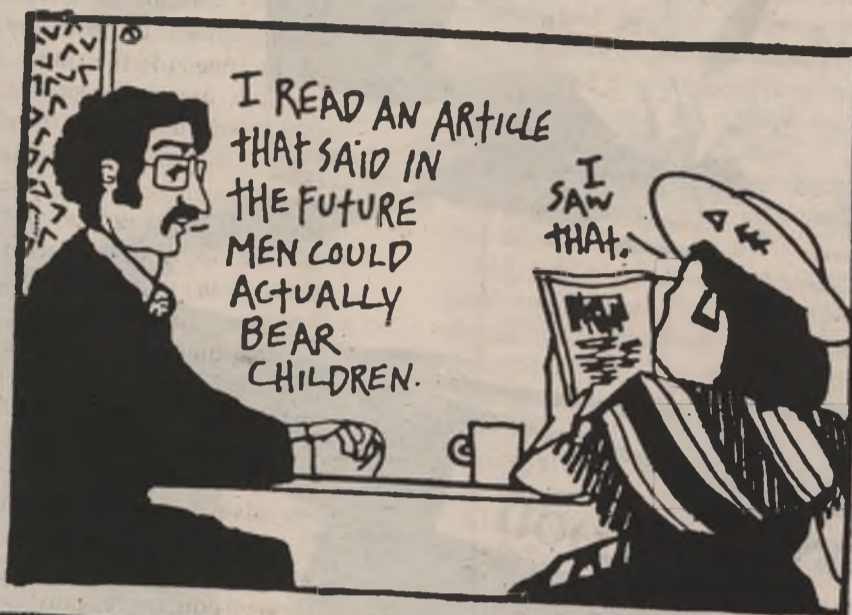
That is the definition; some women find it desirable, but most women are unaware of the facts.

Depo-Provera is approved for use in approximately 98 countries, a majority of which are third-world nations. It is banned for use as a contraceptive in countries such as the U.S.A. (where it is manufactured), Great Britain, Australia, Canada and Sweden. It was introduced into New Zealand in 1968 and in the late 1970s Upjohn (the manufacturers of D.P.) embarked on a five-year study involving 3000 women with the co-operation of the New Zealand Government.

As a follow-on to this study a "Campaign to stop the D.P." was organised a few years ago in N.Z. However, due to a number of factors—lack of funding, time and energy on the part of the women involved—the campaign dissolved. D.P. is still being administered to women in N.Z.

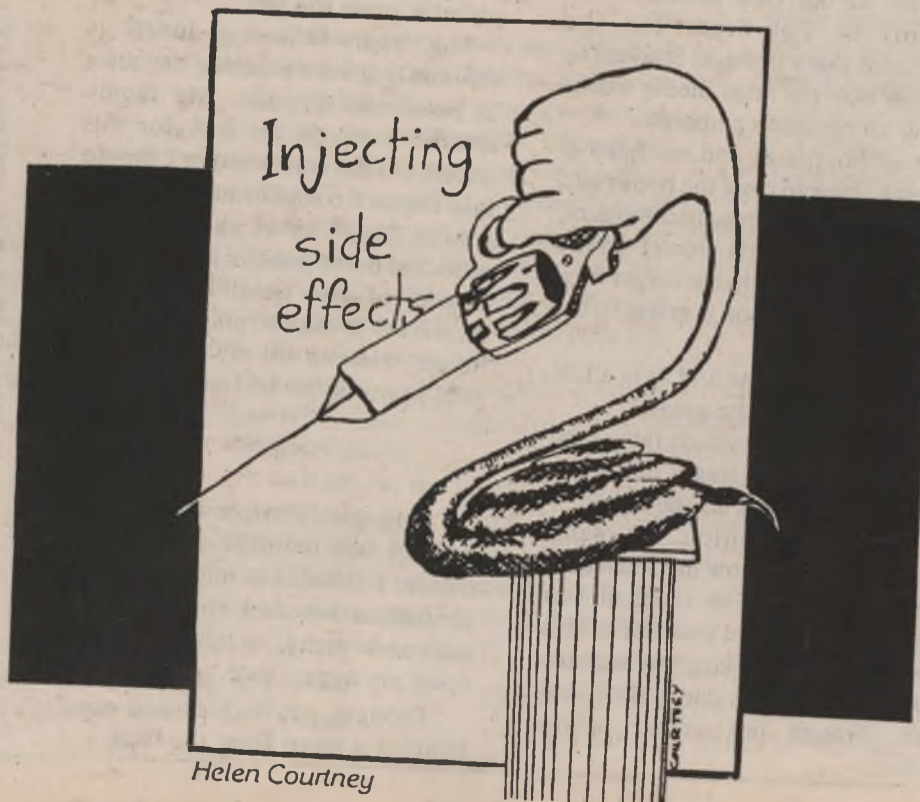
Effects of Depo-Provera

1. 95-98% effective in preventing pregnancy;
2. D.P. has caused breast cancer in beagle dogs in test trials;
3. D.P. has caused uterine cancers in trials on rhesus monkeys;
4. D.P. has been associated with an increased incidence of cervical cancer *in situ*;
5. It has been associated with malformation of foetuses in already-pregnant women;
6. It causes irregular bleeding, heavy bleeding or none at all; it can cause prolonged irregular bleeding after cessation of use;
7. Some women have developed abnormal glucose tolerance levels;
8. It has been shown to cause long-term infertility and possibly long-term sterility in some women after cessation of use;
9. Animal studies indicate shortened life expectancy, low infection-resistance, diabetes and degenerative conditions of the pancreas, liver, adrenals, uterus and ovaries;
10. It has been found to cause other side-effects such as weight-gain, change in skin-colouring, changes in blood-pressure, hair-loss, acne, headaches, nausea, intense mood changes, asthma, diarrhoea and loss of orgasm and sex-drive;
11. It frequently causes severe depression;



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!



12. Breast-feeding mothers on D.P. pass the drug through their milk from their bloodstream to the baby; thus the baby receives the same concentration of D.P., an orally active dose of the drug. Dangers for children would be increased with long-lasting effects and storage in fatty tissues—but as yet there are no clear results.

In New Zealand D.P. is often favoured by health professionals for Maori and Pacific Island women, who are judged to be less able to cope with other forms of contraception which require greater explanation of use. In a New Zealand Family Planning leaflet for trainee staff it is explained that D.P. is beneficial in New Zealand for the Maori and Polyneesian women seeking family planning because cultural and language barriers would mean other methods would be difficult to administer.

D.P. entails what the medical profession calls 'less patient compliance' than other forms of contraception. Therefore, this would no doubt be the reason for administration of D.P. to women with disabilities, young women in welfare institutions, intellectually handicapped women in mental institutions and women in psychopaedic/psychiatric hospitals. Another desirable factor for the administrators is the fact that in most cases cessation or diminution of menstruation occurs. Women in these situations are deprived of the power to control decisions about their own lives and as a result are subject to side-effects they know little about.

There appears to be general apathy amongst the medical profession in releasing information to potential or current users of D.P. When we remember that this is merely one drug of many used daily by women throughout New Zealand, then perhaps a more aggressive approach to visiting the doctor should be applied. Remember, it is **YOUR BODY** and you should know exactly what you are feeding it.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO ASK QUESTIONS!

Tanya Meek
Tracey Aitken

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ARTICLES

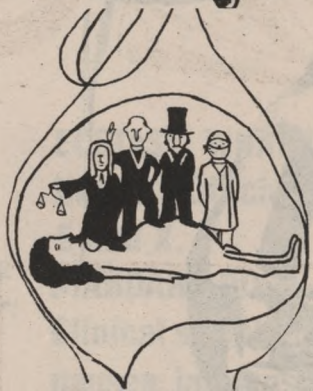
MENSTRUAL FLOW

Women in different cultures have [dealt with] their menstrual flow in many ways. Sometimes they don't use anything. Since earliest times women have made tampons and pads from available materials, often washing and re-using special cloths or rags. Today some women make them from gauze or cotton-balls.

Most women use commercial sanitary napkins and tampons. Directions come with the products. (Toxic shock syndrome, TSS, has been linked to the use of tampons, and rarely to sponges and diaphragms.) Do not use tampons between your periods or ones that are more absorbent than you need during your period. Unfortunately absorbency labelling is not uniform; one brand's 'regular' can be more absorbent than another's 'super'. It is too absorbent if it is hard to pull out or [it] shreds when you remove it, or if your vagina becomes dry. Tampons can cause sores you probably are not able to notice on the vaginal walls when used under those circumstances.

Some women experience vaginal irritation, itching, soreness, unusual odour or bleeding [in between periods] while using tampons. If you do, stop using them or change brands or absorbencies to see if that helps. There is no pre-market safety testing of tampons. Most research is done by the manufacturers who keep it secret. Although the law [in the U.S.] requires the United States Food and Drug Administration (U.S.F.D.A.) to set uniform standards for the safety and performance on medical devices including tampons, the agency has no plans to do so.

Recently women have rediscovered natural sponges (not cellulose) which are reusable and economical. Because the U.S.F.D.A. does not approve sponges for this use, it will not allow them to be labelled as such.¹ A sponge is soft and comfortable and, when damp, takes the shape of your vagina, eliminating the dryness and irritation so common with commercial tampons. Unfortunately because sponges grow in the oceans, where so many pollutants are dumped, we don't know what the sponge has been exposed to, how much pollutant it has absorbed or whether residual pollutants may cause us problems. Almost no testing has been done.² Dampen the sponge before insertion. When you think the sponge is full, full it out with your finger. Wash it well in cool water. Before reinserting squeeze it to remove excess water. Some women tie a string onto the sponge, but, as with tampons, the string may act as a wick for bacteria from outside the vagina. To make things simpler in public restrooms, carry an extra sponge in a plastic bag. If the sponge develops an odour, rinse it in a mild solution of vinegar and water. The sponge does not have to be made sterile. (Tampons and napkins are not sterile.) However, if you have an infection, do not re-use your sponge. Discard the sponge



Menstrual Extraction

In the early 1970s self-help groups at the Feminist Women's Health Center in Los Angeles and elsewhere developed a technique using a small flexible plastic cannula to remove the lining of the uterus at about the time that the menstrual period is due. Women practiced on each other in order to develop safe instruments and techniques. Menstrual extraction is done on an experimental research basis by women in advanced self-help groups; it cannot be obtained at a medical facility. Menstrual extraction helps women avoid the discomfort of a menstrual period, provides information about menstruation and enables women to learn basic health care skills. A very early pregnancy, if present, would probably be removed along with the lining of the uterus. We need to do more research before we can know whether frequent extraction of the uterine lining creates any long-term or delayed health problems; although there is no evidence of any so far. Several aspects of the techniques developed for menstrual extraction have been incorporated into medical practice for early abortion with flexible cannulas. Menstrual extraction is a powerful example of medical research done by women on and for ourselves.

when it begins to fall apart.

Some women are also using a diaphragm as a cup to collect the menstrual fluid. Use a little lubricating jelly on the rim if it is hard to put in. A diaphragm holds more than a sponge or tampon. You will learn from experience when it is full. Then remove, wash and reinsert it. If it is left in too long, it will overflow.

Other women use a cervical cap, which has been approved by the U.S.F.D.A. for this purpose but not for birth control! A method developed and used by women in advanced self-help groups is menstrual extraction.

Sanitary product companies are always introducing "new, improved" products. Avoid *deodorised* or *scented* tampons, napkins and feminine deodorant sprays. Many women have allergic reactions to the chemicals in them. If any of them cause problems, stop using them immediately.

Those of us who have limited sensation in the lower part of our bodies or are confined to wheelchairs often find all of these methods either irritating or difficult to use. There is no satisfactory solution to this yet.

¹ Although the U.S.F.D.A. was acting according to its rules and regulations, it concentrated on menstrual-sponge distributors, all very small businesses, because of the political pressure on it to take some kind of action while the issue of TSS was prominent in the media.

² Different researchers, using only a few sponge samples each, have gotten contradictory results. Try to get Caribbean or Florida sponges, since these grow in *generally* less polluted waters than Mediterranean sponges.

NOTE: Menstrual Extraction—it is illegal for women's self-help groups in New Zealand to practise this technique.

THE PILL

Using the big P has become one of the most widely accepted ways of bonking without the worry of conceiving sprogs. It's generally regarded as one of the most reliable methods of contraception. For instance, you don't have to rely on irresponsible boys "forgetting" to put on their condom in the heat of the moment. After a bit of research, though, we've decided that all you pill-poppers out there should be worried— for several other reasons.

According to the drug companies and medical profession you should definitely NOT take the pill if you—

- * have any disease to do with poor blood circulation and/or clotting;
- * have hepatitis or other liver diseases or tumours;
- * have cancer of the breast or reproductive organs;
- * have undiagnosed abnormal genital bleeding; or
- * are pregnant(!);

You are strongly advised to keep away from it if you have—

- * migraines;
 - * hypertension and/or high blood pressure;
 - * diabetes or a strong family history of it;
 - * gall-bladder disease, Gilbert's disease (poor Gilbert!);
 - * sickle-cell anaemia;
 - * major surgery;
 - * a major injury to a lower leg; or
 - * impaired liver functioning in the last year;
- and especially if—
- * you are over 40 (as complications increase in older women); or
 - * you smoke, especially heavily (the Pill and smoking is a really bad combination).

As you can see, these lists rule out a heck of a lot of women! Regular doses of synthetic hormones powerful enough for you to feel secure in your present infertility affect, in particular, your blood and its circulation and several of your organs, especially the liver. They are dangerous enough for the drug manufacturers, who do the bulk of the research on these drugs, to warn women in the above categories to **keep away**. (And keep the adverse statistics lower?)

There's more! That's only the tip of the proverbial iceberg. There are a wide variety of side-effects linked to the Pill which those pill-poppers amongst you may suffer from without even realising they're connected:

- * headaches, migraines;
- * depression;
- * diabetes;
- * lower sexual drive;
- * nausea;

- * fatigue;
- * increase in vaginal discharge;
- * urinary-tract infection;
- * changes in menstrual flow;
- * bleeding between periods;
- * breast changes;
- * changes in skin pigmentation and other skin problems;
- * gum inflation;
- * liver and gall-bladder disease;
- * epilepsy and aggravation of asthma;
- * immunity to viruses is affected.

The Pill affects every woman differently. Side-effects can occur years after initially taking the Pill. The likelihood of their incidence increases the longer it's taken. Not everyone will get side-effects, but it is a very real risk in taking a very real drug. Also, Pill-users suffer a **higher rate of permanent infertility**.

You may wonder why your doc' hasn't mentioned these in passing. Doctors are not demigods—they tell you what they themselves are told, and, when they are taught about contraceptives, they are often not fully informed and are, therefore, ignorant of the negative effects. There is also an attitude that, if we women are told the facts, we silly females will become more neurotic and will imagine that we have all kinds of diseases. Doctors want to discourage hypocondria and neuroticism. Still, we reckon you'd have to be pretty amazing to psych' yourself into diabetes or gall-bladder dysfunction.

Other doctors are often prudish and reticent to talk about such 'private' topics, refuse to listen and/or connect minor illnesses and aggravations with the Pill. Our own personal experience—with a doctor at Student Health—was that my qualms over the Pill were rubbished totally, and, when I continued to express doubts, the Injection (Depo-Provera) was pushed as a good option instead. The truly horrendous effects I'd heard about *that* were downplayed to insignificance. The doctor simply had no time for my questions and was scornful of my reluctance. I did not go along to be shamed into taking drugs—I went for information.

In many situations a reliable contraceptive is a real bonus, and the Pill is not the worst of what's on offer. However, just remember that what doctors and other medical 'authorities' tell you is not necessarily the truth, or the *whole* truth, for whatever reason. Don't unthinkingly accept any authority, but hunt around for information and alternative options from a variety of sources before you commit your health and future to any drug.

The info' in this wee article was taken from The Boston Women's Health Book Collective's 1984 **"The New Our Bodies Our Selves: A Book By and For Women"** (Simon and Schuster, N.Y.)—in the main library.

Joanne Mackay
Naomi Rousseau

The above was an excerpt reprinted from **The New Our Bodies, Our Selves**, The Boston Women's Health Book Collective (1984).

ECSTASY:

"I felt like I'd been doing a marathon bonk all night" - TANYA, 23. Waitress.

"It's good if you feel like taking it but it fucks your body up after a while" - GABRIELLE, 29, actor and reformed speed/Ecstasy freak.

"You can tell the Ecstasy freaks because they all drink lime water" - SUE, Barmaid.

AMERICANS like McDonalds hamburgers, one writer claimed, because "they are easy to buy, easy to consume and easy to think about". In Auckland these days much same could be said about Ecstasy, except Ecstasy leaves you with a feeling somewhat different from downing a hamburger. It makes you think you are the hamburger.

The drug has been circulating widely in Auckland for well over a year and a half now and is a popular item on the menu of stimulants commonly offered by purveyors of illegal substances. So what exactly is it and why has it captured so many hearts?

Ecstasy, XTC, E or Ex is a so-called 'designer' drug: a synthetic compound brewed up around an amphetamine base, specifically designed to tickle certain pink brain cells. It also means an image with as much conceptual packaging and easy-to-consume ideology as that famous hamburger, and a label that talks of the ultimate feeling once reserved only for saints touched by the Hand of God. Ecstasy is more like a prod from a Californian pharmacologist.



OR HOW TO WAKE UP FEELING GORGEOUS

By MICHAEL LAMB

Sniff around under all the gloss and what you'll find is MDMA: methylenedioxymethamphetamine. Not easy to mutter at a party, you'll agree. But more revealing about what's actually in the wicked white tablets.

MDMA was born in 1914 Germany, in the lab of a drug company. It was part of the search for an effective diet pill. Somehow it didn't catch on and the original patents lapsed. The renaissance came for the drug in the giddy sixties. Chemical boffins in America started looking for slightly less trippy alternatives to acid, and by the early eighties the recipe for Ecstasy was perfected, the image locked into place and America was falling over itself to shovel the stuff down its collective throat.

Little is known about what Ecstasy actually does to your system. In the short term the effects are rather obvious: a rushy sensation of lift-off into seventh heaven. Like all your Christmases have come at once. People hugging and kissing one another, tensions evaporate and you feel like melting chocolate. Much of E's popularity stems from this aphrodisiac sensation, although the feeling is sensual more than sexual. Ecstasy gets people together without all the backstory of impending bonk city, a kind of chemical version of that falling-in-love feeling.

Some people say this leads to Ecstasy Friends: a special attachment of unspoken dimensions lodged in the

KNUCKLES THE MALEVOLENT NUN

FATHER CORSON-CARSON PERSON HAS BEEN LISTENING TO THE CONFESSED SINS OF KNUCKLES FOR THREE HOURS STRAIGHT.

I LOVE MUTILATION...

IT'S A PROFESSIONAL CHALLENGE. HE MUST LAST THE DISTANCE...

7-89

BUT WHAT IS THE DISTANCE? SISTER KNUCKLES SEEMS LIKE THE ANTICHRIST EXTENDED MIX...

IT TASTED LIKE HOT AND COLD RUNNING DIARRHOEA...

I MADE EVERY PLUMBER IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD DRINK A BUCKET FULL

GAG!
ER, W-WOULD YOU CARE F-FOR A BREAK F-FOR A NICE WEE CUPPA, D-OR...

THE LOVE BUG DRUG



UH-OH, LIFT OFF! LUCKY I ONLY TOOK HALF!

ECSTASY: WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES

NAMES: Officially, MDMA. Also known as XTC, Adam, E and X.

STANDARD DOSE: 85-150 Mgs, usually in tablet form. **Clinical symptoms at this dose:** Loss of appetite, brief nausea, jaw tension, shaking and sweating, headaches, increased blood pressure and heart rate. Peaks after one hour then subsides.

HIGH DOSE: More than one and a half tablets, or over 200 Mgs: Possible hallucinations, sensations of lightness and floating, previous symptoms as described. Ataxia, or loss of control over voluntary movement, vomiting, blurred vision, profuse sweating. There have been reports of violent behaviour and convulsions, but whether these symptoms were directly attributable to MDMA is uncertain. Severity of symptoms varies greatly from individual to individual.

LONG-TERM EFFECTS: Unknown.

twilight zone of the experience, or friends with whom you'd otherwise not have had the chance to get to know so (supposedly) intimately. It all depends on the individual: as with any drug, what's good for the goose might be grotsville for the gander.

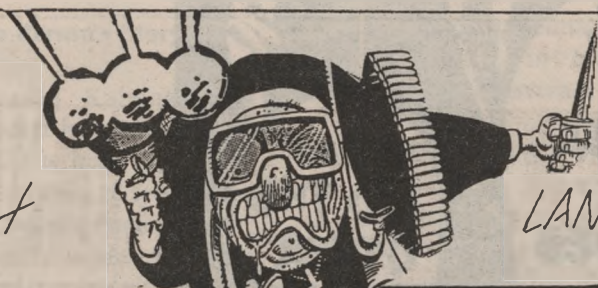
The day after Ecstasy is not highly spoken of. You can come down hard and feel like death warmed-up or you can waft down gently over a couple of days and not feel too bothered. Once again it depends on your state of mind and body, and perhaps how much you had to drink on the night as well. I've had reports of Ecstasy and alcohol being lethal together, whilst others maintain it makes naff all difference. Either way it's a slice of heaven for a hunk off your brain. (And God knows most of us need all the grey goo we got).

But the consensus of opinion on Ecstasy amounts to approval as an occasional indulgence, a little treatette. Like any drug, the attitude of the indulgee is going to make all the difference. People who start gobbling down two or three at a time have obviously developed a physical resistance and a mental dependency that requires serious attention. Others will take it or leave it. At between \$45 and \$60 dollars a ride (no student discounts) it can make for a bit of an expensive night out as well.

Then again, are you any better off spending your loot on hamburgers... and saying to hell with designer heaven? These days it's just so hard to tell... MCL.

Bapsoople

By
St.



© 89

LANGRIDGE

SHUT YOUR HOLE.
I'M JUST GETTING TO
THE GRATUITOUS
PORNO.

WHAT'S
WITH YOU,
FATHER? YOU'VE
GOT TO HAVE THE
DETAILS BEFORE
YOU CAN LET GOD
FORGIVE ME.

THIS WEEK:

... Shrew Confessions

THIS IS SERIOUS!!

YOU GOTTA HAVE BALLS
FOR THIS JOB!

NOW YOU
SIT THERE!
YOU FLAP THOSE
EARS! AND
YOU LIKE
IT!!

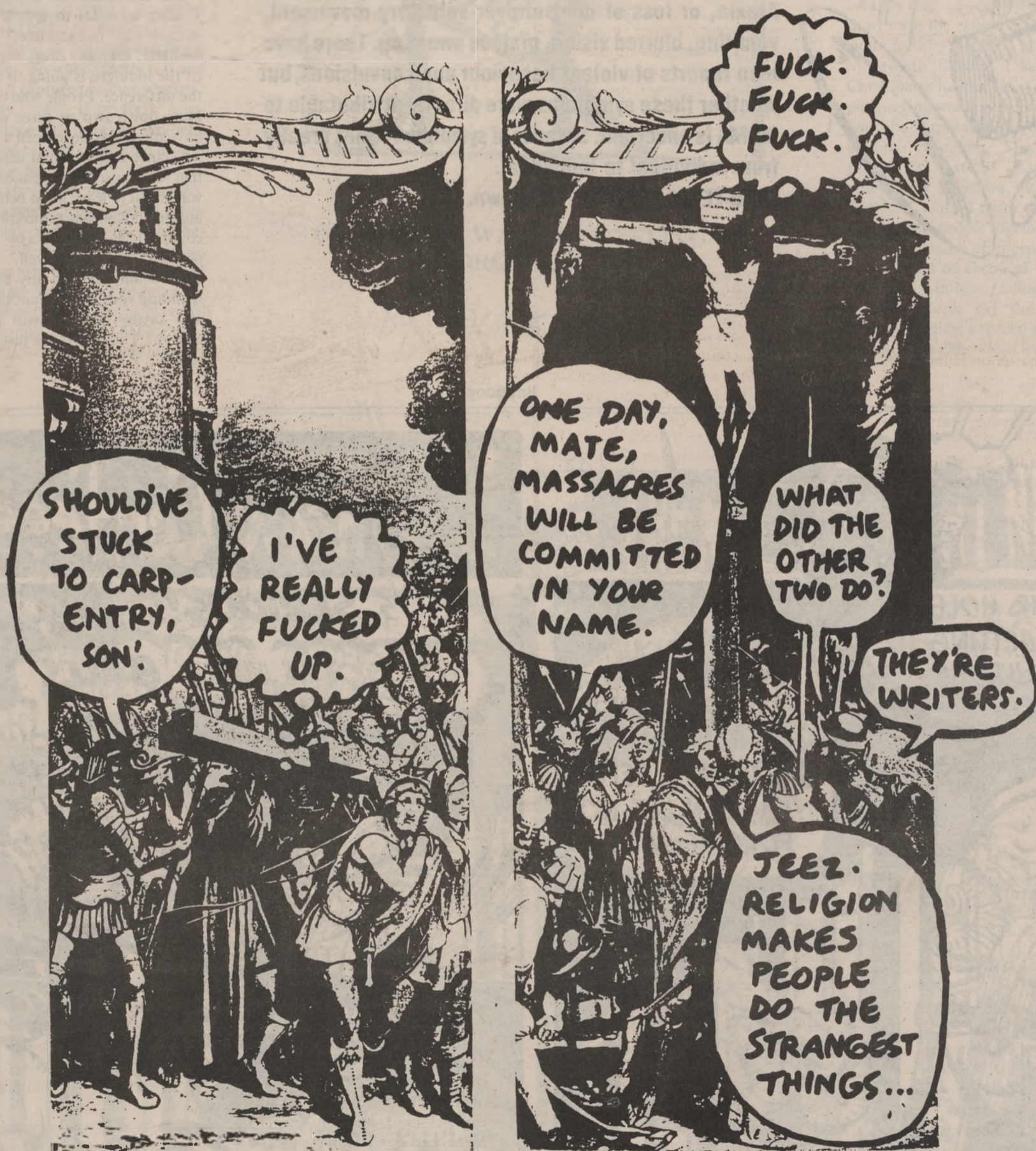
OH, I'LL L-LOVE IT.
Y-YES MA'AM.
POETRY. D-DO
CONTINUE...

* NEXT WEEK:
WE COULD STILL BE HERE

IN DEFENSE OF SALMAN RUSHDIE.

by KUPE. (21/3/89)

ONE HOT DAY, IN CALVARY ...



©1989 KUPE. apologies
to HOLBEIN.

AMNESTY REPORT

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION

What Is Conscientious Objection?

In 1987, the United Nations Commission on Human Rights called on states with compulsory military service not to imprison conscientious objectors. This was the first resolution by a United Nations body to do so. The resolution appealed to states to recognise conscientious objection as a "legitimate exercise of the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion". Various forms of alternative service for conscientious objectors is promoted.

The right to refuse military service for reasons of conscience is inherent in the notions of freedom of thought, conscience and religion, as laid down by Article 18 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This freedom is also set out in the 'International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights', the 'European Convention on Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms', the 'American Convention on Human Rights' and the 'African Charter on Human and People's Rights'.

Bulgaria: One Person's Story

Emil Kostadin Kalmakov, a 26-year-old worker from Karnobat in East Bulgaria, has been imprisoned repeatedly for refusing to serve in the armed forces. Being a Pentecostalist, he will not carry arms. Although Emil Kalmakov is apparently willing to perform alternative service, conscientious objection is not recognised in Bulgaria, where all men over eighteen are liable for military service. He is currently serving his fifth prison term, reportedly of three years (the maximum for this offence), after being sentenced in 1987.

Emil Kalmakov was first arrested in 1979 and in the following six years he served four prison sentences totalling four and a half years. Before his first arrest he had been admitted to university to study geology, but was not able to take up his place after his release. He, thus, worked as a labourer in a factory.

Amnesty International's Position

Amnesty International believes that governments should recognise the right to conscientious objection. It also believes that the length of alternative service should not be such that it could be considered punishment for a person's conscientious objection. Where no alternative service exists, Amnesty International works for the country's law to be changed to include this provision.

Where people are detained or imprisoned because they object to military service, Amnesty International considers them to be 'prisoners

of conscience' if—

- * there is no legal provision for the recognition of conscientious objection;
- * the right to register objection is refused;
- * recognition is so restricted that only some grounds of conscience are accepted;
- * there is no right to register objection developed after conscription into the military forces;
- * imprisonment results from leaving the forces without authorisation after legal means for release have been tried or where access to such means has been denied; or
- * there is no alternative service purely civilian in nature and control.

Countries Which Fail To Recognise Conscientious Objection

In recent years, at least 23 countries have imprisoned conscientious objectors as prisoners of conscience. Currently over 50 countries have conscription and 27 of those do not recognise conscientious objection. The length of service ranges from six months (the current temporary maximum in Argentina) to ten years (reportedly, in North Korea), although the average is one to two years.

Conscientious objection is not recognised in Switzerland. Regular periods of military service are compulsory for all men between the ages of 20 and 50. While in practice prison sentences for refusal rarely exceeds one year—the maximum sentence is three years.

In some countries, however, including Switzerland, although conscientious objection is not recognised and alternative civilian service is unavailable, exceptions are occasionally found. Unarmed military service is available there on a limited basis, for those who would face a "severe conflict of conscience because of their religious or ethical convictions" if they carried a weapon. In Czechoslovakia, too, some individuals have been permitted to do non-combatant military service or to work in other fields such as mining or industry.

In some countries the grounds on which people may refuse to perform military service are limited (e.g. to religious grounds) and those who object on other grounds may be imprisoned. South Africa is one such country: military service there is compulsory for all white men aged between 18 and 55. After an initial two years' service they are liable to a further 720 days of 'camps' until they reach 55 years. Alternative service is one and a half times longer than military service in South Africa. A sentence of up to six years' imprisonment can be imposed on new con-

scripts recognised as conscientious objectors.

Conclusions

Amnesty International remains concerned that in some countries the alternative service available cannot be considered to be 'under civilian control' and purely civilian in character, and that objectors may be imprisoned for refusing such service on the grounds of conscience. Appeals continue to countries which do not recognise conscientious objection, for

the release of prisoners of conscience. Amnesty International also continue to work for the provision of alternative civilian service of a comparative length to military service.

(Condensed from *Amnesty International: Focus on Conscientious Objection*.)

For more information about Amnesty International on campus, see our noticeboard by the Library overbridge on Alfred Street.





CHESSNUTS

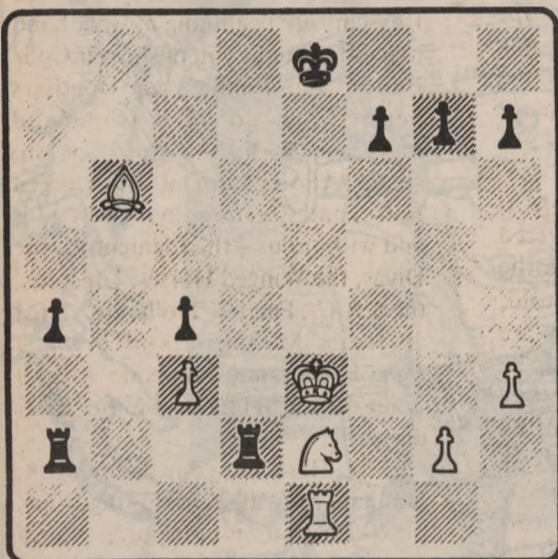
The 1989 New Zealand Junior Championship was played recently. The strength of the 14 participants was well below that of previous years, but it was nevertheless an interesting tournament.

Clear favourite was Ben Martin from Dunedin. He was seeded well clear of second seed, Paul Tuffery from New Plymouth, and conceded only one draw to Tuffery in winning comfortably with 6½ points from 7 games.

Second place went to Tuffery, who scored 5½ points.

Two members of the Auckland University Club participated with mixed results. Benjamin Hill was a little unlucky to score only 1½ points, but Choo Tong Neo scored an excellent 4½ points to share third position.

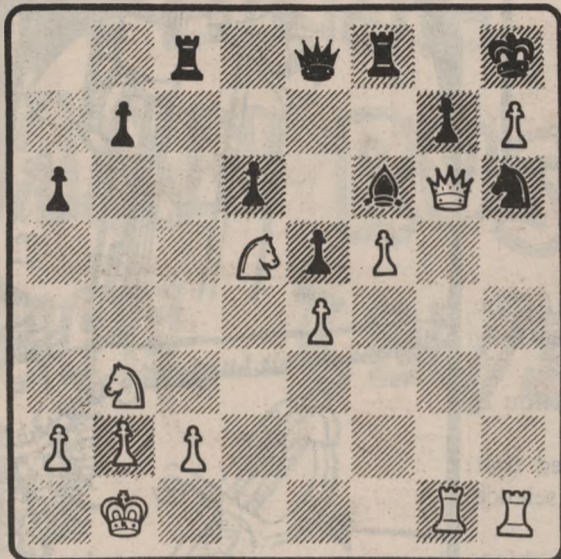
This week's column features a few positions from the tournament. Some chances were found, but others went begging!



Fourth seed, David Boyd, has just played 36.Ke3. Choo (Black) now won very efficiently with a combination based on his passed a-pawn to cause one of the upsets of the first round:

36. ... Rxe2
37. Rxe2 Rxe2
38. Kxe2 a3
39. Resigns

The passed a-pawn is unstoppable.



In Leih — Price from round three, White has several ways to win material. Simplest would be 30.Nxf6, winning a piece (30. ... Qxg6 31.Rxg6 Rxf6 32.Rxf6 gxf6 33.Rxh6; or 30. ... Rxf6 meets with 31.Qxg7mate!)

But by far the prettiest line from the diagram is 30.Rxh6! gxh6 31.Qxf6!! Rxf6 32.Nxf6, when the dual threats to the Black Queen and the square g8 win back the Queen and simplify the position. The conclusion would be 32. ... Qf7 33.Rg8 Rg8 34.hxg8(R) Qxg8 35.Nxg8, winning easily a piece ahead.

Instead, White played 30.Qxe8? and won some moves later.

The solutions to last week's problems are as follows:

The four move game runs 1.e4 c5 2.Qa4 Qa5 3.Qc6 Qc3 4.Qxc8mate!

And the clever solution to Reti's problem is 1.Kg7 h5 2.Kf6 h4 3.Ke5 with two variations: (a) 3. ... Kb6 4.Kf4 and White captures the h-pawn; or (b) 3. ... h3 4.Kd6 h2 5.c7 Kb7 6.Kd7 h1(Q) 7.c8(Q) and the game is a draw!

The problem being set next really is almost impossible to solve. It requires the construction of another bizarre game and is, of course, of absolutely no use to anybody!

Play a game of sixteen moves. After Black's 16th move, White is in stalemate and does not have any pawns left. (Hint: it starts 1.g4 h5.)



— IT'S A DODDLE IF YOU ASK ME.

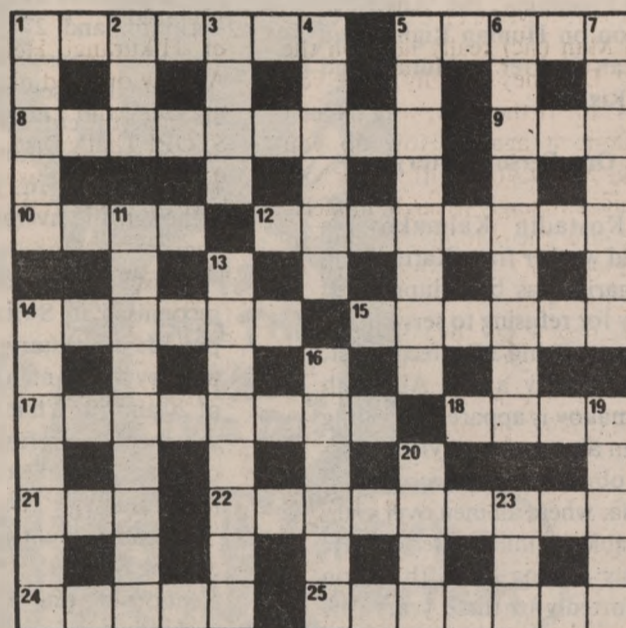
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Illegitimate actor in trouble? (7)
5. They say it's what it is it's what it is when awoken. (5)
8. When you've light and primitive debts, that's comfortable! (9)
9. Age of an American amendment. (3)
10. Great when it passes you; not so great when you pass it. (4)
12. Individual through sound. (8)
14. Choose the French condiment. (6)
15. The King and Emperor losing his hair? How irreverently funny! (6)
17. Face to face with a false face? (8)
18. An extra fifty standing in the mucus. (4)
21. The person you keep to shut up. (3)
22. Heartclad aspiring building, perhaps. (9)
24. Spaced-out guys who've just got their licence get up my nose! (5)
25. Remarkably incompetently. (7)

DOWN

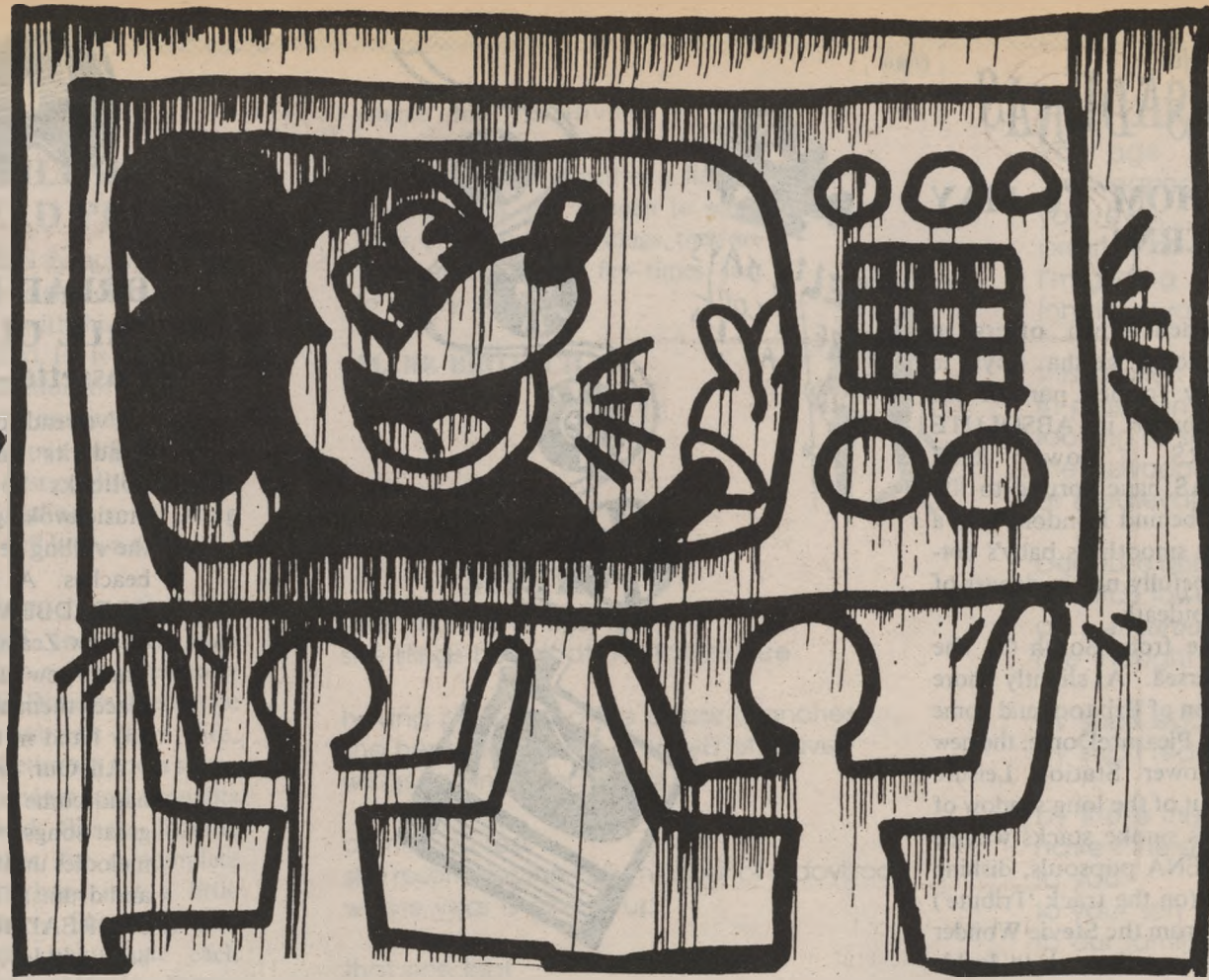
1. Engineering grads moo from down under. (5)
2. Half a dozen Roman fucks. (3)
3. A scoundrel amidst a pair of these is magical. (4)
4. Dodo with miobic encephalomyelitis was fated. (6)
5. Two hinnies and two letters is all that's needed to make him a killer. (8)
6. An extra above everything individually and collectively. (3,3,3)
7. Empowered Sharples poured her juices, perhaps. (7)
11. Santa nominates pet-titles. (9)
13. Call Rice, the one with the paperwork. (8)
14. Peddler fits a thousand into a video game. (7)
16. Sounds like a Chinese meal is heavy. (3,3)
19. Lines in to speak for one in the Army. (5)
20. Out of the money market to get clothing? (4)
23. Take this man. (3)



CONTROLLED HYSTERIA



U
R
or
dag
ye



"The thoughts to which I am now giving utterance and your thoughts regarding them are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena." (Thomas Huxley, 1870.)

Hello precious pumpkins! Now that you are all excited, stimulated, politically sound and healthy—what about Science? Technology? Are you all up with the play? Is God really a Giant Computer in the Sky? Then who did the programme? Us? Them? It? Or is it a MULTI-CORP?

Did Man (sic) really land on the moon? Did they? Really? Are you sure? Hah! If they did, why haven't they done it again? How do you know it wasn't done with clever vid' shots and cunningly wrought models? Where are the Moon Macdonald franchises then? What happened to the Moon Business?

Some people say they didn't go to the Moon at all—but to Mars instead, and ever since, America The Great has been sending teams of little typical Americans to live in underground cities up there waiting for the day when the Earth explodes! Implodes! Blows Up! Gives Up! Boom! Bang!—and what will be left?—Americans eating Freejee MacMoonburgers while pushing pocket computers and doing Psychology on each other! Merciful

Heavens, what a fate for the world! (Are the Russians Glasnosting their way through to meet the Americans and grab their Spacie-Levis?)

Is technology a wonderful miracle or does it mean we're about to destroy ourselves and our planet? Is this the first time we've made a BIG BANG, or do we keep on doing it (Atlantis, etc.)? How fascinating it all is, munchkins, but just to be safe, if I were you, I'd try and contact some Aliens and have a wee chat—see if they know something we don't. It's all such a splendid messy puzzle really, isn't it? Here we sit in Dresden Drive or Hikurangi Heights or Favona Avenue or good old Grafton plonking our Milo into the microwave—STOP! That's Disgusting! It is. It's a disgusting habit using microwaves to heat up ONE LOUSY CUP of Milo or coffee. I mean, honestly! What about the starving millions? THE RADIATION?! Are microwaves (the ovens) secretly communicating with us and altering our genes? Did you know that microwaves can make you STERILE? And who knows what they do to your teeth! Next time you use your microwave, think about your regenerative organs (Please, I know you do all the time, anyway—that's Healthy, o Celestial Chickens). Remember the days when they believed Wanking caused Blindness, Madness, Leaky Valves, Spots, etc. ... and Big Men Scientists warned us

that if women studied or did physical exercise their wombs would fall out!—but now we have sixty-year-old American Grandmothers exhorting us gaily to GO FOR IT—If It Feels Right, Do It! (Oh! Did you hear—the other night some Science Students were cavorting in Albert Park and suddenly the Isotope Creature lumbered out of the gloomy dusk frothing horribly, mistaking their Auras for those of Commerce Students—luckily a quick-witted one realised what awful danger they were in and started yelling "Metaphysics is the Blessed Word" and so it wavered and shrunk and they escaped to the Niue Island Dance where, I'm told, they had such a wild time they are joining the Niuean Society! So, do be careful, little bodkins—technology may reign, but the full forces of the Earth and the Imagination are growing quickly to protect themselves.)

Somebody (who wasn't too coherent and smelt funny) insisted they saw faeries and pixies dancing in the Quad and running up and down the A.U.S.A. halls—I dunno, there could be a scientific explanation...?

Ponder for a moment on this world we live in—where the split between the haves and the have-nots is so huge and Technology and Greed are the cause of so much suffering, where millions are starving and millions of others are playing with their Software. This is an amazing

century to be alive in (they probably all have been). What a world! All these people with pop-up everything and pockets full of P.C's while they secretly watch The Love Connection! We can replace hearts and body bits, but we still can't manage LOVE (or War or Starvation or Cruelty) no wonder people see spacecraft and talk to strange little people with odd eyes. Did you know that throughout recorded history people have seen Flying Saucers when great dangers are believed to threaten Earth? Is this because they want to see them or because they are there?

Ooh! I heard Delicious Des, the Poetic Prez, has ordered strange, long, flowing white robes for all the Executive and one or two sets of WINGS—isn't that bizarre?

Now look, don't fret if you really are not—well—quite technological; just mutter things like IBM, IBMs, Missile, Big, Big Missiles, Wang, Apple, PC, Software, Lotus One Two Three and—this is the best of all—just ask them if they've got (or used) a Digitiser. Yes, it's true people have them attached to their Wangs and Apples... but remember, never say these things in the park. So many wonderful things are happening in the technological world (plus all the usual old things: rape, arson, robbery, violence, baby-battering, etc., etc.) that it seems fortunate, to say the least, that Science and the Physchic are beginning to walk hand in hand... but as you push your Code Button and fondle your Digitisers before you go into Command Language with Full Justification, spare a thought for all the Unseen Forces and Creatures living within us and without us—the Elementals, the Divas, the Winged Horses, Unicorns, the S.R.C., Faeries, Trolls, etc. ... for as James M. Barrie said in *Peter Pan*, "Every time someone says 'I don't believe in faeries' another faery dies..."

P.S. Here is your homework: Design a fully digital (plus digitiser), maxi-function, all-purpose, world-saving computer to encode and protect the World Soul (any shape or concept, size or votive power of your choice). Time allowed: one week. Best entries to be published in CRACCUM. Send designs and working drawings to—

Terrordactyl
care of CRACCUM, A.U.S.A., Earth.

Use your imaginations!

CONTROLLED HYSTERIA

by David Shenton





THE PASADENAS

**"TO WHOM IT MAY
CONCERN"
CBS**

They turned down offers to become dancing geisha boys in Tokyo. They formed part of the human wallpaper in **ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS**. Now **THE PASADENAS** have sprung to life here (a year behind London) with a debut album smooth as baby's bottom and hopefully not in danger of a showbiz cotdeath.

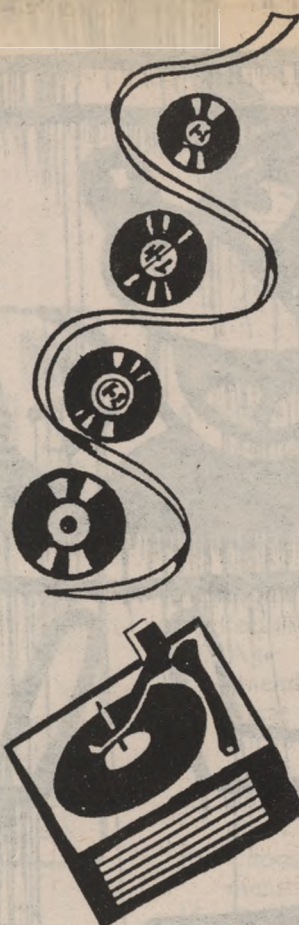
They come from South Of The River: Battersea. A slightly more genteel version of Brixton, and home to Thatcher's PleasureDome: the new Battersea Power Station Leisure Complex. Out of the long shadow of those famous smoke stacks wriggle the PASADENA popsouls, dishing out homage (on the track 'Tribute') to everyone from the Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye through to Jackie Wilson and Otis Redding. And riding the same Young, Gifted and Black wave as the likes of Courtney Pine and Crawfish features Stan Campbell.

And doing so in style, despite being welterweight songsters or dancers who happen to sing. Either way these are the brothers euphonious. Look out for one song in particular, 'Enchanted Lady', to shinny up the Top Forty faster than a cat burglar. Other tracks on the album are weaker and wetter, but hard to find really uncongenial: listening to the PASADENAS is a bit a like falling into a musical oil slick: it oozes all over you and can take ages to wash off. That's if you want to come clean anyway. More fun than the Exxon Corporation.

MICHAEL LAMB



FELIX SAYS
"BE A COOL
CAT!"



THE CATTLEBIRDS "GREYTOWN"

Cassette Only — JAYREM

REM meet THE WARRATAHS. THE CATTLEBIRDS' threesong cassingle is one of the first wave of tapes replacing the now impracticable vinyl E.P. This release shows three diverse sides of the young Wellington band—from the twangy guitar countryfried pop of Greytown through the irritating tongue-in-cheek humour of PUBLIC BAR to the grunt thrash of the J&M Chainish 'Don't Call It Love'. Three songs offering a slice of a promising band: brilliant Greytown over to bland and boring Public Bar.

Greytown nutshellled: the most hummable tape release this side of the Cook Strait. Go shopping.

CHRIS KUBIAK



DREAD BEAT
"ALL OUR LIVES"
 Cassette — JAYREM

I've read so much crap about this band its unbelievable. All that bollocks about DREADBEAT's music evoking the spirit of the land, the rolling seas, waves crashing on beaches. A shame really because DREADBEAT is a great band, one of New Zealand's finest reggae acts. Their new album *All Our Lives*, places them at a level comparable to any band in the world.

All Our Lives is the sound of a band come of age. It sparkles with great songs: warm harmonies, good melodies underpinned by strong bass and drums. Though in the past some of DREADBEAT's recordings have been dodgy, on All Our Lives everything seems to come together.

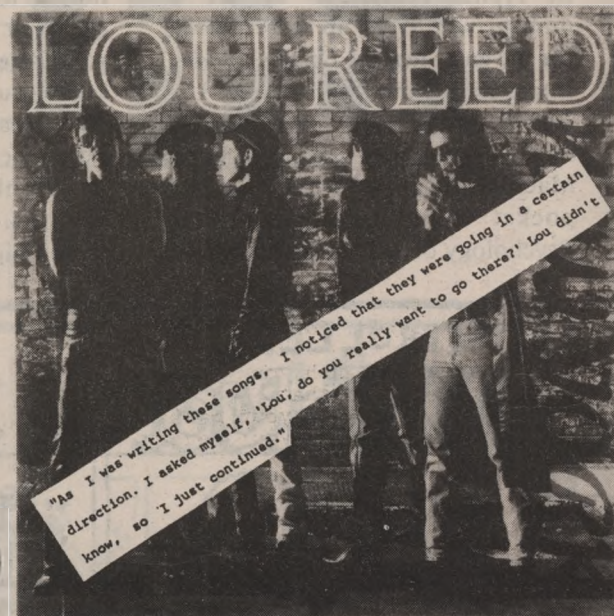
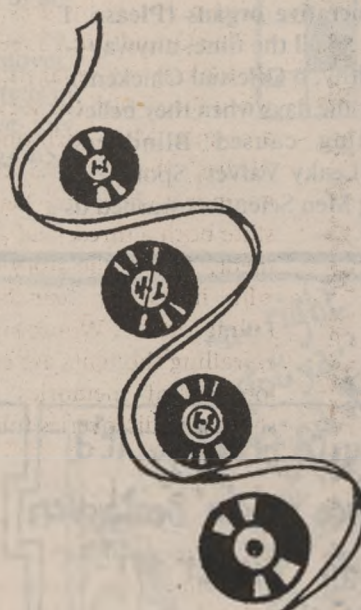
I've only one complaint: the album is only available on cassette. A shame really since *All Our Lives* is destined to become a New Zealand classic.

CHRIS KUBIAK

[Note: this cassette is **not** sponsored by Mervyn Thompson!]



Warrior Pacific Records' newest artists, Soundproof, launch their debut single "I Luv Ya" (WAR1024) at Auckland University Cafe, Friday, 21 April.



And Bad Lou brews up a Slow Rap in NEW YORK

NEXT WEEK
IN CONVERSION

IN CONVERSATION WITH

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-ON GERTRUDE STEIN

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JULI

INKLINGS

Poems by BILL DIREEN NAGS HEAD PRESS

BILL DIREEN is probably best known as a Christchurch musician, "The Builders", with his own label (South Seas Indies). He is also involved in the production of plays and music videos. "A multitasking person" said the Campus Radio BFM office. This is his first published poetry collection, including some song lyrics, perhaps well known to fans of his music.

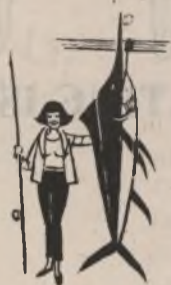
The poems themselves are all very simply-structured and short, none much longer than a page. Generally this seems to suit Direen's direct style and choice of subjects (love, life, nature), but sometimes a poem seems too brief, the images and thoughts too clipped and flimsy, lacking enough substance for a complete message. Or perhaps just a little clever as in 'Love Blooming Can Blind' or 'Dust' (why hate each other?). It is best expressed by Direen himself: "...sometimes I manage to wed/ an inkling to something unsaid", and sometimes not. ("Inkling"—for Cyhtle)

A few poems really strike vividly, such as 'Moth' and 'Remission',

where his sensitivity is least expressed.

INKLINGS is issued in a limited edition, so if you happen to see a copy, or any future writings, they are well worth reading a few times, just to satisfy yourself.

MARK BROATCH



"MOTH"

After months of coiling
she slings herself at her target tree

having penetrated the upper branches
she hesitates above a crowd of leaves
wings raining precious dust

coming to rest
she resembles the vellum cover of a daybook
whose year is almost up

that one leaf

the arrangement of her golden eggs

and a few hours of silence before the dawn
raucous

Bill Direen

"REMISSION"

Your age
the wearing in of colour
your eyes
pearls that grew from kindness
I'm gliding
inhaling warm vapours in a flooded vault

this spoken song goes out to you
in plain language
looking to secure
the advocacy classicists derived from myth
or medievalists drew from worship

because outwards towards immensity equals
inwards towards love
or ... *absurdum*
I've thought about that too

by such eviction have I known your body
by such reduction have I known your love

by these means
have I therefore been faithless
to you
to your son
to our families

but then
you were ever only a mother to me
anyway

Bill Direen

Houses

I can't like houses
They are built for show
I don't like buildings much
I can't like their fashion consciousness
I can't like their intention
I loathe them
Oh, I hate them
Nice and clean they must be
Like a shined dustless conscience
Pretty, presentable, respectable
I say: pretty, presentable, respectable
I loathe them
I can't like houses
They are fashioned with intention
Looks good, looks good, looks good
Looks like the nice house to the left of you
But the best is just up the road
Compete, compete, compete
I will paint my four walls brilliant white
I will blind you with my white
I can't like brilliant white
I don't like houses that are white
I hate the street I live in
I can't like a street of houses
Buildings fashioned with one intrinsic law
To achieve brilliant white respectability
On a section, not a tent, a house
Not four walls and a roof
Not a haven from the elements
Or a place to live
But my boast
My assurance
I can see how nice I am
You can see the house I live in
I can't like buildings much
I don't like houses
See it, see it, see it
Be it, pretend
Do your garden
Compete, compete
Dazzle your friends, your neighbors
Show them, show them
Don't let the rain wash your house
Make it cleaner than that
Don't let the rain wash your house
Don't let the rain wash your house
I can't like them
I can't like what I loathe
Like me is the intention
Like me, like my brilliant white
I like no brilliant white
Pitch a tent
Pitch four walls and a roof
Live therein, protected from the elements
But make sure its good to look at
Compete, be nicest won't you?
Prove how nice you are
Destroy all blemishes
Imperfection is not allowed
Houses must not have acne
They must have white instead
Compete, compete, compete
Do not pitch a tent
Present a picture
Present your house
Your intention

JILL VICKERS

THE GRANDIFLORA TREE

by SHONAGH KOEA
PENGUIN; \$19.95.

Bernadette Crichton's life is changed drastically and forever when she finds her husband's body under the grandiflora tree. Suddenly "alone in the world" she is never more so than now, as friends shun her solitary society. Fearing the taint of death, they cling to the warm security of coupledness. A faded blue teddy bear becomes Bernadette's sole companion, undemanding and non-critical. Never saying in a hushed funereal tone, "My dear, how ARE you?" Never expecting the suttee-like madness that conventional bereavement properly inspires.

The Grandiflora Tree takes a gentle look at the savageness of society when faced with the surviving half of a couple. Mrs Crichton bemoans to 'Bearie' that no-one asks her out anymore: they find her partnerless state both a threat and an embarrassment. This is the story of a woman who hides her fear behind time-killing rituals. Whose swooping and spiralling thoughts are echoed in the looping of memories and image-shattering discoveries found in an old diary.

Ms Koea's gently sardonic prose allows us gradually to come to know and understand Bernadette Crichton, until once again we witness Charlie's death beneath the grandiflora tree.

This time we see Charlie as a man of

flesh and blood, no longer cloaked in the anonymous dignity of the 'dearly departed', but a man who enjoys his food and has an eye for a pretty girl. Having travelled a full circle, weaving in and out of the past and present, this time we watch, we sympathize, and we understand.

KATRINA POWER



ART IFACT

CHRISTINE HELLYAR: FLOATING ISLANDS AND BODY PARTS

EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE & DRAWINGS

ARTSPACE, First Floor, Quay Buildings,
6-8 Quay St, Downtown.
14th March – 14 April

In a recent discussion someone remarked to me how in countries like America, where the standard of awareness of the visual arts is relatively high, people regularly visit Art Museums and Galleries to look at work and receive a charge from it. This to me indicates how much power and relevance art can have on a public level. However, for people outside this sphere of awareness modern art can be an intimidating experience and for those among us I would like to clarify a few points.

In this century there have been some wonderful works of art produced, rich and generous in their understanding, also there have been many bad artists who have created uncrossable barriers between their work and its understanding and interpretation, and alienated their audience—the public.

Many contemporary artists have difficulty reaching an audience because of prejudices and preconceptions people have about art, so art is found to be difficult, elitist, or just not worthwhile. It is true that, like any specialised field of study, the language of art can be complex and self-referential and it does take an effort on the part of a viewer if they want to participate fully in the works they are viewing. Art today is challenging, confusing, contradictory and wonderful. I challenge you to see more of it.

Christine Hellyar is a New Zealand sculptor working in the modern tradition. She studied at the University School of Fine Arts in Auckland (Elam), in the 1960s and is currently back at the school as a part-time lecturer in sculpture. Her work in art has been recognised by the art establishments, (museums, galleries), as an important impact on sculpture in this country, and she has been an inspiration to women artists for her awareness of feminism and its application in her work. Her recent exhibition of drawings and sculptures at Artspace has plenty of New Zealandness about it, and plenty of the stuff we can grasp and understand.

As an artist Hellyar starts with herself, her personal experiences and processes are her basic resource. She has been influenced by the world around her and her childhood in New Plymouth, by the landscape, natural world, by practices and activities by women, and her interest and studies of prehistory.

The format of modern sculpture has enabled her to express these ideas by making them into art—translating the idea or experience into material form. The sculptures in this exhibition are made from latex rubber which has been poured into a plaster mould; the moulds are cast from natural objects: logs, seaweed, nikau

Christine Hellyar, LUNG, latex, 1989



flowers, and toitoi. I noticed the methods of the artist were very similar to how the archaeologist Louis Leaky and his team, whom I was watching on TV last night, were digging things up and making moulds, recording and cataloging, imposing order. Hellyar is also doing research, scientific and artistic, personal and universal, into her relationship with these natural objects and the landscape, she has even used museum display cases to present her findings.

The latex pieces, once cast, are joined together in groups on the wall to form shapes, notably the apron or bloom/flower shapes in the Body Parts series, or arcing circles in the Floating Islands group, which are representative of coral reefs.

The sculptures are divided into two groups, *Body Parts* and *Floating Islands*. The 'Body Parts' loom above us in the gallery, womb and lung with the textured surfaces of nikau flowers, the latex still containing traces of plant material. They are like hung-up pelts of animals and there is nothing in their presence to suggest life within them; the rubber seems such an unnatural material, or is it, remembering rubber is a vegetable skin; but no, latex is definitely commercially produced, like plastic. There is something disturbing in their tactility and something obsessive and fetishistic about their repetition.

The American sculptor, Eva Hesse, who was active in the 1960s, was known for producing works that teased the boundaries of beauty and

ugliness:
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Christine Hellyar: exhibition view

ugliness. She also used latex, perhaps for its associations with Easter show horror masks, or sex aids, latex jumpsuits? In a different way, Hellyar is challenging our idea of beauty, pretty flowers? pretty landscapes? No, smelly, tactile rubber ones, hanging on the wall, inside, blobbing about like jellies.

The tactility of the surfaces and their relationships with natural objects relate to Hellyar's ideas on the land being a body and having a skin. This partly explains the *Womb*, *Lung* and *Skin* sculptures, which have a certain amount of metaphor involved, and on another level our relationship with the earth, in that we all undergo cycles of birth, reproduction, and death, decay, regeneration, which are common to the smallest and the largest living organisms. These ideas that are raised in the sculptures have been expressed by artists from different cultures for thousands of years.

The series, *Floating Islands*, is more specifically political in nature and refers to the Pacific basin and its islands. *Floating Islands* evokes images of sargasso bobbing buoyantly and transitorily in the Caribbean; floating does imply moving or perhaps regenerating, changing—or being changed.

In these works the artist expresses concerns for the environment and how it is being changed and abused by industry—for example, in the Pacific Islands' example of Moruroa Atoll, where it is actually altering the morphology of the land. An interesting analogy emerges in the similarities between the artist and the industry, both taking from the

natural environment, Hellyar using rotten plant materials and the industry taking and using resources on an infinitely larger scale.

The collection part of her work is very important to Hellyar and she recognises that the roots of these activities stem from childhood gathering shells and scavenging materials from the beachfront. Works like *Shoal* and *Crop* emphasise plenty and abundance in their density and the looseness of their overall composition, and I believe there is a certain amount of joy expressed in the way the works use large amounts of space and are uncluttered. The *Coral Chain* piece uses the image of an atoll, the broken circle as a geographic reference.

The three drawings included are again called *Floating Islands* and depict foreshores and debris in a coastal setting. They fulfil a traditional requirement, that of the artist showing rendered drawing skills (some people still believe that art should look 'real') and I think this partly explains their inclusion. They also provide an reference point to the sculptures and apart from that they are works in themselves—drawings.

In the making of the sculptures care has been taken to prevent the works from having any specific or absolute meanings. Hellyar's method is one of references where works are filled with clues and ambiguities, still maintaining a territory of possible meanings, but offering us different ways of looking at her sculptures and, therefore, involving us more in her work and quietly enhancing our lives.

GIOVANNI INTRA.



A Circle of Clowns.

Man has always been intrigued and mystified by the way the events in his life occasionally form meaningful clusters, in which seemingly unconnected incidents and data from the most unexpected quarters appear to relate to each other significantly. Bob Tarte and Bill Holm send us this example on the themes of clowns and the number 22. They invite readers with odd stories of clowns or 22 to write to them at: 15 Prospect SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49503, USA.

"I think we are cattle."
Charles Fort

"I think we are Bobo's cattle."
R. Charles Tarte

In February, 1981, while Robert Tarte and William Holm were driving through a vaguely rural region of north-east Grand Rapids. Tarte swore out loud that he saw a mailbox near the road bearing the name A.CLOWN. A few days later the two men scoured the area for the mailbox without success.

On the night of March 25 they were within blocks of Tarte's apparition after an evening of video games at the Crystal Cue, when a battered white Chevy pulled up alongside Tarte's Subaru. The Chevy carried a plump, grizzled driver and bore the title BOBO THE ROLLER CLOWN in large letters above the fender. Two clown faces and the motto TAKE A CLOWN TO LUNCH adorned the front door. At the sight of Bobo in his car, Tarte pulled into the lot of a supermarket where the two men struggled to catch their breaths.

For one full year Tarte and Holm had been haunted by clowns—but never in such intimate, terrifying circumstances. The barrage had mainly consisted of clown photos on newspaper feature pages; magazine covers; clowns known-selling products on television; and through Hollywood personalities like Mickey Rooney and Anthony Newley using clown characters to revitalize their careers. According to Tarte, the blitz had been initiated by a scene in his super-8mm film "Monsters", where Holm sat fully dressed in a bathtub contemplating the globe through a clown mask and giant comic sunglasses.

As the phenomena developed, the clowns threatened to merge with other coincidences and symbols, notably the ghostly number 22. Holm claimed Bobo was the latest taunting expression of the Lord of 22. Tarte, then untouched by the number which gnawed at Holm, disagreed. However, the flesh and blood appearance of the Roller Clown convinced both men beyond a doubt that whatever the force was, it was authentic, personal, and had a name.

One week after the shock of Bobo's car, a Peter Sellers' film, "The Bobo" was scheduled on a cable-tv-satellite channel from Atlanta. Prophesying a revelation, Holm insisted they watch. But when the tv was switched on at 2:20 the film wasn't on. In its place was the inexplicable rebroadcast of a tennis match that had just ended on another station. Elsewhere on the cable dial there was an absurd amount of news and features about race car driver Mario Andretti.

That night they sought consolation at the Northtown Theatre in the newest film by Jerry Lewis, one of their least favorite matinee stars. "Hardly Working" turned out to be the tale of an out of work clown named Bo, affectionately known as Bobo. When Bobo met his girlfriend at a tennis match—a mockery of Tarte and Holm's interrupted afternoon—Tarte sighed, "If Mario Andretti comes on, I'm leaving." Moments later, as Bo sped through a residential neighbourhood in his mail truck, his movie buddy exclaimed, "Who do you think you are, Mario Andretti?"

The mailman connection was underscored when "Hardly Working" appeared later at the Northtown with "The Postman Always Rings Twice." Earlier that year, Holm's friend Steve Williams wrote him an annoying letter from Cloquet, Minn., with an address he had found containing an inordinate concentration of 22s: 1222 N 22nd Street, Arlington, Va., 22202. About the time of the Bobo sighting a complicated web of circumstances landed Williams a job he had not sought as a legislative aid for Congressman Harold Sawyer in Washington, D.C. He now lives on 3rd Road in Arlington within blocks of the address he jokingly sent Holm. Nearly every morning he leaves his apartment for work to find a Yellow Cab outside bearing the phone number 527-2222. The number for the police department in Arlington is 558-2222.

Williams should have known better than to tweak the nose of the Lord of 22. He was, after all, the man who first discovered the 22 phenomenon while a law school student at Wayne State University. On his way to class one day he got stuck in a traffic jam behind Detroit bus number 2222 while his car radio was playing the theme from "Room 222" ("And how many times do you ever hear that on the radio?" demanded Williams).

Another of Holm's friends, Dave Bartek—then of Flint, Michigan—had experienced his own brush with the forces of Bobo before Holm had mentioned the Roller Clown incident. One day after Holm had been troubled by a number of clown related occurrences, Bartek called Holm at work over the toll-free WATS line at IBM he had grown to abuse.

Holm related some of the recent clown stories to his friend. They had been weighing

heavily upon Holm and he needed to talk it out. Bartek listened patiently. Then, with a strange calm in his voice, he said, "Well, that explains why I saw what I saw." A short time earlier he had been staring out his window at work and saw a clown hitchhiking. A few days later from the same window he saw a clown on a bicycle; in the parking lot the license plate of the car closest to Bartek read number 222.

Bartek now lives on N.22nd Street in Phoenix, Ariz. He left Flint for a new job on June 22, owing \$22,000 on his Michigan condominium. Bartek, who complains of frequently leaving his body at inconvenient moments, has experienced the most eccentric clown activity of any of Tarte and Holm's friends. Recently, after seeing clowns in a Phoenix shopping mall, he returned to his car, a light blue Ford Fairmont with a white interior, to find it encircled by two dozen balloons colored white and blue.

Dennis Keller, a Grand Rapids cartoonist and book collector, was also assaulted by clowns after hearing the tale of Bobo. Once, after spotting a clown in front of the Masonic Temple a scant block from Tarte and Holm's apartment, two clowns smoking cigarettes passed in another car. Keller, the first to notice the unsettling *ordinariness* of most of the clown encounters, would later play a key role in the punchline of Bobo's 18-month long joke.

Meanwhile on June 13 Tarte and Holm planned to attend the Pan Fagan Festival in Southern Michigan with David Fidler. Fidler cancelled due to rain. Eager to leave town for the day the two men drove to the resort town of Saugatuck on Lake Michigan. Tarte was interested in finding Toys Ahoy and combed the streets with Holm for the shop. Along the way they passed a clown. When they finally got to the store it was closed, but the owner, there on an errand, let them in for a moment. Soon it became clear why fate took them inside. The last entry in the guest register near the door was MR. BUM THE CLOWN signed in a bold hand some two weeks earlier on Memorial Day.

Since the clowns wouldn't leave them alone whatever they did, the men decided to try and get the jump on Bobo. Thumbing through the phone book, Holm came upon a K.Bobo listed two blocks down Prospect, the street he and Tarte lived on. Plucking up their courage, the pair drove through a light drizzle past K.Bobo's home. Directly in front was parked a Mr.Jolly ice cream truck decorated with clownish figures. It sat there every night throughout the summer. Sometimes there were two.

Thereafter Tarte and Holm were unable to leave their apartment day or night without Mr. Jolly trucks crossing their paths. One June morning the van was illegally parked for hours outside Holm's window at work. Bartek chose that day to phone from Flint and tell Holm he was quitting IBM—and giving his resignation to his supervisor, a Mr. Jolly.

Then on June 16 the ceiling fell in. Holm stumbled across an article on the "Names and Faces" page of the Detroit Free Press about a man so obsessed with the number 22 that he had changed his name to LOVE 22. According to the story, 22 was arrested in New Orleans for selling phony \$22 bills adorned with his picture for 22 cents to finance his 1984 Presidential campaign—since 1+9+8+4=22. This was the first confirmation of the 22 curse beyond Holm's tiny circle of friends, and Holm was stunned.

The news troubled Tarte, but worse was to come. When Tarte called Fidler with Holm's 22-calibre bombshell Fidler countered with a missile of his own. FT columnist Loren Coleman had that day sent him an announcement of a coast-to-coast Fortean Alert; the subject: phantom clowns. Their personal torment had gone national.

Tarte immediately phoned Coleman, introduced himself, and began meticulously detailing the events that had led up to that moment. An intrigued Coleman answered with his reasons for interest in the clowns—a wave of clowns in vans trying to kidnap children in St. Louis, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Boston and Denver. Coleman was writing these up for Fate magazine.

After that night it was as if something had burst, bringing an incessant rain of clowns and 22s. The atmosphere at Holm's office at Grand Rapids Magazine grew especially turbulent. Coworker Bonnie Hanger got a porcelain clown music box from her mother on her 22nd birthday. Holm's boss John Brosky was downtown in Kalamazoo when a golf cart carrying two clowns drove slowly by. They wore name tags. HI, I'M BOBO, said the driver's; HI, I'M JOHNNO the passenger's. Then, the following poem from New York was inexplicably submitted for publication: "A raving beauty / Got into a stew, / She finished a contest / Raving 'Oh, 22!'"

For a week in September Grand Rapids was briefly in the national news as hoards of politicians and tv personalities arrived for the opening of the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Museum. Tarte speculated it was a good week for an appearance by Bobo. Holm said he feared an



TENNIS TOURNAMENT REPORT

The Auckland University Tennis Complex at Merton Road, Glen Innes, was host over Easter to the first student tennis competition to be held in Auckland for ten years. As controller, I should like to think that a great time was had by all, despite the many problems which befell us.

The dreaded annual Easter showers forced us to change venue for one day and the non-showing of many competitors played havoc with the draw. These setbacks, coupled with an almost total lack of nous displayed by most foreign players with regard to organising themselves even slightly, created a real promise of shambles. Somehow we got through and with a real N.Z.U. Tennis Council now organised, such problems should be a thing of the past.

Congratulations to the members of the Auckland 'A' Team, who won the men's competition and to the Auckland 'B' players, who at least competed at times with distinction. The three Auckland players, Stephen Moore, Paul Dennis and Peter Malcouronne, who made the Tournament team, deserve individual plaudits as well.

Thanks to all those who helped and/or competed, both from Auckland and also from around the country. I hope everyone else had as much fun as I did and I look forward to everyone still around getting together next Easter for the trip to Dunedin. Until then keep in practice, but do not neglect those winter sports: Winter Tournament in Christchurch later this year should have lots to offer.

ALISTAIR SHAW

assassination attempt on Ford or Reagan. A few days later on Sept. 21 the Grand Rapids Press reported the murder of a local man named (Henry) Ford witnessed by Danny Bobo.

Though the clown activity was constant, it seemed to have lost its intensity—more background hum than thunderclap. Both men speculated that Bobo had done all he could, that a new cycle of symbols was on its way instead. They tried to stand back and grapple with what had happened. "Bobo," insisted Holm, "is an agent of the Lord of 22, who is probably the First Cause, the Earth Spirit. Only by playing with the absurdities of clowns in popular culture could he get my attention so I could realize his or her power and be saved." Tarte took Bobo's appearances personally, bearing them a grudge. "The unrelenting presence of a Cosmic Clown is a slap at my Catholic-bred agnosticism," he sulked. "Only a figure as stupid as Bobo would make me long for an intelligent deity."

Just when it seemed Bobo had finished with their lives, Keller phoned Tarte and invited him to his house to meet a friend, Arlene Samrick. Urged by Keller to unburden himself of the clown saga, Tarte reluctantly started to unfold the strange events to "Sam". No sooner had he begun, however, when "Sam" said blandly, "Oh, Bobo the Roller Clown. He lives on Four Mile by the Stop 'n' Go."

At first light the two frightened men piled bravely into Tarte's Subaru and headed for the neighbourhood where Tarte thought he'd seen the A.CLOWN mailbox seven months previous; near where they'd encountered the Roller Clown car. Parking near the Stop 'n' Go convenience store, they set out on foot armed with Tarte's high speed auto-focus SX-70, walking towards a group of mailboxes. There they found it. The last one read BOBO in two-inch high letters, and on the front the name Leo Torpey. The box looked freshly painted, as though another name—such as A.CLOWN—might have been covered up.

The events had come full circle. They had exploded out of one clown in a car, spread to their friends, then across the country, only to collapse again into a flesh and blood Bobo, the punchline of a year-and-a-half long joke. Tarte and Holm saw the house. They saw the mailbox that said Bobo. But they have not gone back since then.

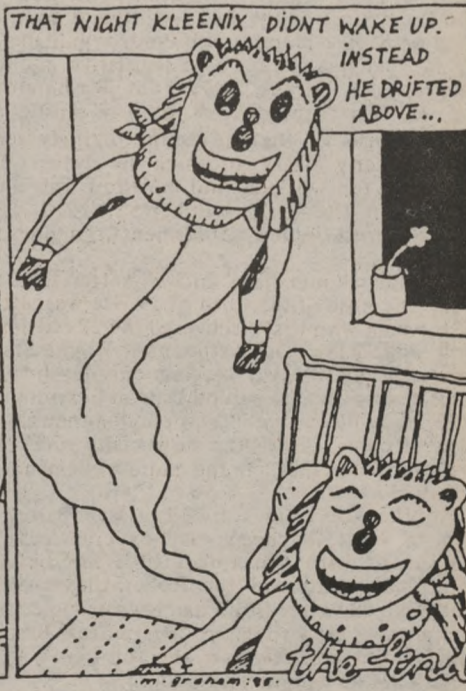
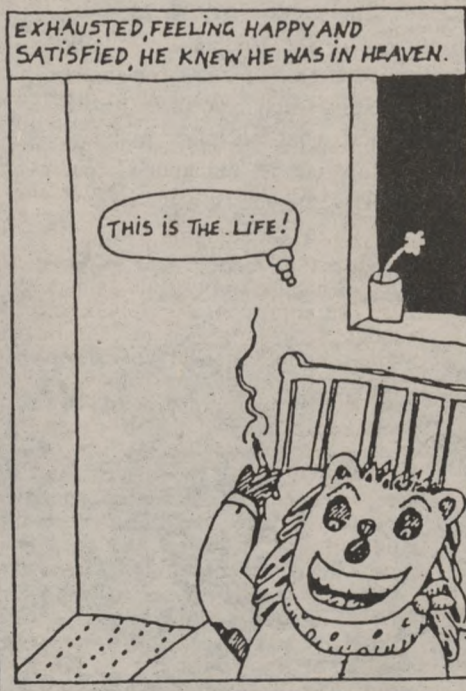
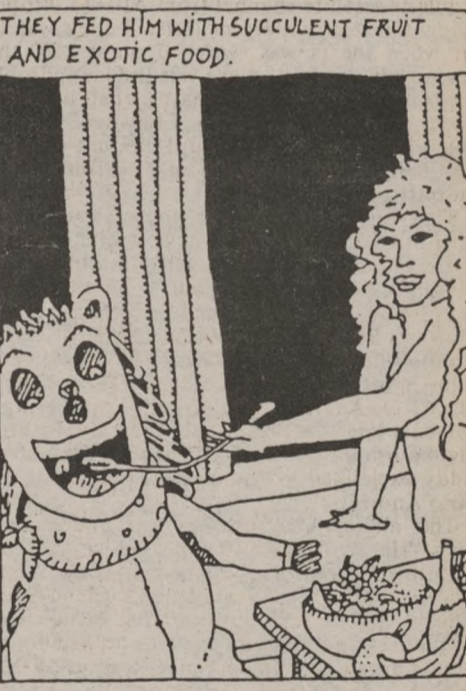
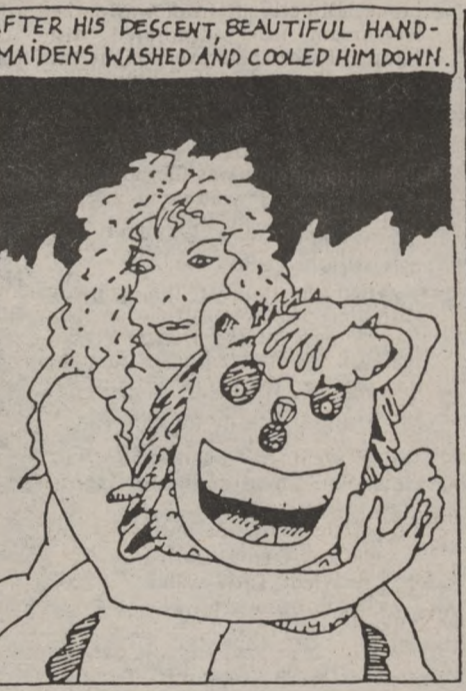
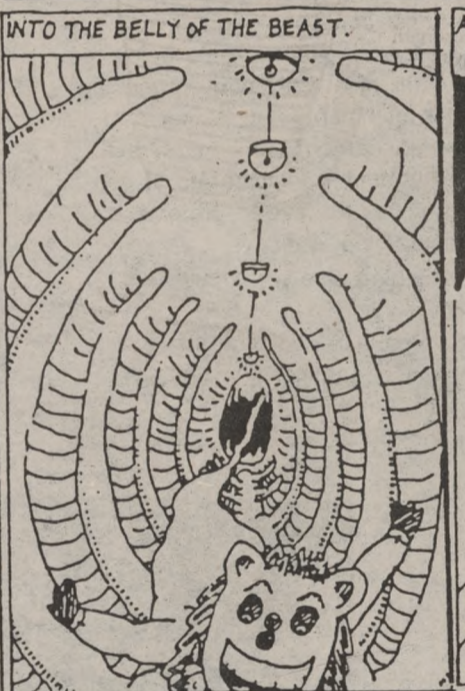
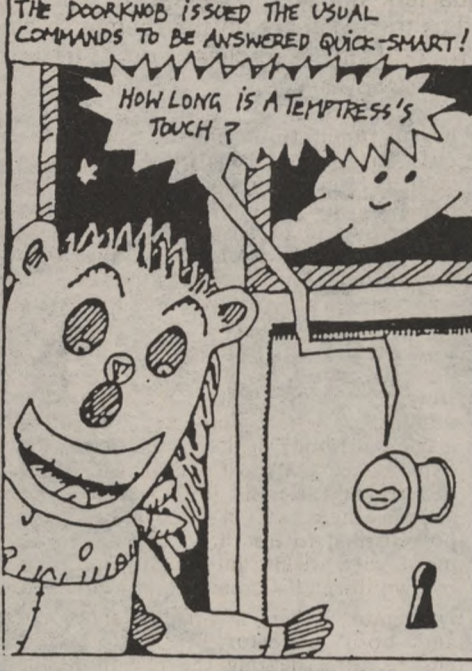
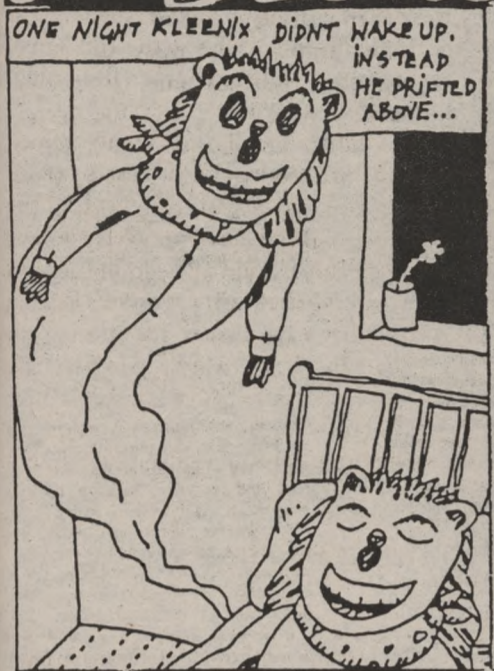
The circle was complete. It was time to move on.

Bob Tarte - Bill Holm



KLEENIX the bear

by michael graham



POSTMORTEM



IT FITS

A WORD UP THE SLEEVE OF "STRAITJACKET FITS"

N: What's your impression of the N.Z. music scene at the moment? Are you pleased/disgusted with it?

Shayne: I'm neither pleased nor disgusted with it. I think there's a lotta good music around and conversely your usual quota of crap. Speaking of quotas, the ignorami in commercial radio continue to live in their little concrete towers of blissful oblivion and their attitude seems indicative of the general lack of industry support for bands of our ilk. Fuck 'em. They're not needed here.

N: The name Straitjacket Fits is rather unusual, whose idea? Any reason?

S.C: It just came about sitting around one day. It's got no godlike significance or anything, but I reckon the name suggests a lotta things applicable to our music-panic, struggle, confined against your will, straining against shitty situations, claustrophobia, mental imbalance(!), psychosis, whatever.

N: You and John played together in the Double Happys, how did you involve Andrew and David in the new band? Had you known them for ages beforehand, or did you meet recently?

S.C: Wayne's death made me and John determined to carry on. David Pine from Sneaky Feelings told Da-

vid Wood that we were looking for a bass player. David W. had recently shifted down from Auckland so we didn't really know him. We Andrew heard about us maybe looking for a fourth person and I think the "Randolph" single I did with Peter Jeffries sorta turned him onto the fact that there was something brewing here. He gave me a ring after our sixth gig as a three piece in July 1986. We played our first gig in our present incarnation at Chippendale House in Dunedin on the 9th of August 1986.

N: Has the move from Dunedin to Auckland meant much of a change?

S.C: Yeah. It's much harder to get by financially. The cost of living-woah! There's plenty of differences, many on a personal level.

N: How would you compare "Life in One Chord" with the more recent "Hail"?

S.C: "Life" was made only a matter of months after we formed and is therefore more raw...but it had an edge. We had a rough time making "Hail" and I can't say we're that happy with the results. I think the all-important edge has been lost on a few songs. Still...you live and learn and what we learnt making the record (about our sound, how to go about achieving it etc.) was pretty bloody invaluable. I think both records have got the songs. (REPRINTED WITHOUT KIND PERMISSION)

↓ FOUR BOYS IN TIGHT-FITTING COATS.



THREE FACES OF EVE

[THE FOLLOWING three letters were all written by the same man; our resident graphologist also assures us that they were even written at almost exactly the same time. They will therefore be printed at the same time and given a letter's space.]

Dear Editor,

What is this rubbish we are reading in these last few issues. Good grief! It's boring as a rotten apple. What I want to hear is the thoughts of my fellow students, not idealistic claptrap. I want to hear what people feel!! God created students with a mind and mouth—let the people of all races religions, non-religions etc speak freely to stimulate good conversation. If this does not happen poor us. If all we have to talk about is our studies, and our lecturers—what a sorry place the university would be then. Let the people speak—all of us.

JANE

Dear Editor

What's happened to RAVE ON? I thought freedom of expression and speech would be widely practiced in a student newspaper. What's all this censorship crap? I DEMAND MY RIGHTS. Big deal if someone says something 'naughty' (ooys, can this now be published? or is nauty too harsh for all those innocent little students?) Racism? Sexism? Religion? Let people say what they want—if someone's

sexist let them let off steam... I'd love to hear all their views... AND THEN HAVE A CHANCE TO GET EVEN. If you can't handle a few jokes, arguments or sarcasm go and buy another mag. get real 'man' or 'woman'—this is the real world.

KARLA

Dear Editor,

Craccum 1989 unrealistic, narrow mind, trying to hide the truth, boring. Craccum 1988 the students voice, read by everyone, written by everyone, funny, involved everyone's views. We, the students have to pay for Craccum so we should be happy with what goes into Craccum. Craccum now is only aimed at one small proportion of Auckland University—the Women's space attendants. A questionnaire should be written in Craccum to see what the students who pay for the newspaper think of it. But to be honest I would think only 3% would fill it in as that is the amount which reads it. Let the student's voice be heard. Bring back RAVE ON! We want arguments!

SONJA

[To respond to Jane-Karla-Sonja:

If that twat spent even a fraction of the time used scraping the pus off your favourite genital orifice and splattering the khaki mucus across numerous pieces of paper under the deluded guise of 'criticism' and instead created something useful or constructive, then you might have less about which to complain.

As for your suggestions(? ha!) of a) bringing back "Rave On" and b) having a questionnaire, a) what the fuck do you think this is? a report on Donald fucking Duck's excursion to Antarctica? and b) none of you dorks would reply.

CRACCUM has never censored anything and it has never refused sexist language. If you had tried reading it in English instead of recreating meanings for words to suit your own pathetically inadequate and valueless life, you will have noted that I dissuade sexist or any form of oppressive language and I encourage change - but I have never said I would exclude it.

Thank Brahma you're not doing English - you've just failed!]



Dear checker oh Dear Dear Community Noticeboard



Is there any reason
to pay more than 69c for
men's underwear?

EXHIBITIONS

(Even ones with art in them)

JENNY HUNT

Blueprints, closes Friday 7th.
RKS Art, Victoria St, Tue-Fri 11-5

NIGEL BROWN

Works on Paper
As for Jenny Hunt above

WOMEN'S EXHIBITION

A Women's Decameron.
If Anything Gallery, 26 Kitchener St. 3-28
April. Make contact!

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)

MASTERWORKS GALLERY

251 Parnell Rd
Louisa Symonds - Fibre Artist
New Works - 'Missa Gaia Series'
April 8-27.

"PROMINENT WOMEN: A Written Celebration"

Rare Book Room, Auckland Public Library
18 March - 17 June

THEATRE/FILMS

"JUDY"

At the Gods (Mercury II).
Mon, Thu. 9pm; Tue, Wed, Fri, Sat. 6pm
Till 13 May; Ph. 33-689
Student discount.



CLUBBING

BADMINTON

The Eden Badminton Club plays
every Wednesday, 7-10pm; Auckland
Grammar School Gym, Epsom.
Enquiries: Brett Campbell 659-090;
Ann Lorimer 689-595.

PSYCHOTRONIC PANIC

The Psychotronic Movie Club
presents "Rebel Without A Cause"
plus "The James Dean Story", Fri-
day, 7 April, 6.45pm, OA.039, Old
Arts Building. Free to members,
\$2(?) to others.

PHOTOSOC

Bar-B-Que/Shoot, One Tree Hill,
15 April. Meet Photosoc
noticeboard. For details, ph. Julia
817-8779, or Tanja 836-1145.

FILM SOCIETY

Wednesdays, 6.30pm, B15; new
members welcome. April 12 "Chimes
at Midnight"



LIVE

THE PROCLAIMERS

Powerstation
Fri., 14 April, at night.

AUSTEN TAYSHUS

A comedian at "Le Bom" 3-8 April
Tickets: Bass \$12.

GREENPEACE CONCERT

Mt Smart Big Top
Saturday, 8 April

CLASSICAL CONCERT

Students and staff of the School of Music pre-
sent a concert of Classical Music.
Maidment Theatre, 1.05pm, Friday, 7 April.
FREE admission.

CREATIVITY & SPIRITUALITY

McLaurin Chapel Hall. Theology Forum.
Alex Sutherland will speak. All welcome.

LOST

Men's Wristwatch

Between main carpark and main grounds.
Distinctive gold/black band. Lost in week
before Easter. Contact Ian 534-5655.

JOBS

Wanted

People who are reliable for four(4) part-time
jobs; 5 nights a week (6-10pm) on packaging
machine in an Otahuhu Machine. Job-Share
considered.
Contact: Sarah Schulz, ph. 276-1949.

CAPPING REVUE

Would anyone interested in performing in or
helping with the Capping Revue, please con-
tact Cathy Denford, 793-474 or 789-981.



TALKS

PRAYER AND SPIRITUALITY

Seminar with Lorraine Francis at 1pm, Thurs-
day, 6 April in the Clubroom, Recreation
Centre.

CORSO

A Speaker From El Salvador at Room 209, 2nd
Floor, Old Arts Bldg. at 1pm, Thursday, 6
April.



NAG, THE BLACK CAT: FEELIN' FRISKY

I'm in the
mood for love



WHAT a
poignant pity
it is...



... I've had
my bits cut off.



A black and white woodcut-style illustration of a cat. The cat is depicted in a dynamic pose, sitting and leaning forward with its mouth wide open, as if yawning or meowing loudly. Its eyes are squeezed shut, and its tongue is visible. The cat's fur is rendered with short, textured lines, and its ears are pointed. The background is plain, with some faint, illegible text visible in the upper right corner.

