

Crarium

THE ELAM BALL



WOULD IT FIT IN YOUR EAR?

CRACCUM

CRACCUM 19, AUGUST 9, 1989.

EDITORIAL

IT'S THE LAST ISSUE OF TERM AND I'M GOING OUT ON A LIMB. OR AM I? WHAT IT IS: THE MUSIC (READ 'WESTERN CULTURE') PROGRAMME ON TELEVISION NEW ZEALAND SUNDAYS. I'M SURE YOU'VE ALL SEEN IT. NOW GET THIS: WE HAVE HERE A TWO CULTURE SOCIETY (NOT 'BICULTURAL' YET SORRY BABES). WE ALSO HAVE A PIECE OF TELEVISION SUPPOSEDLY AT THE FOREFRONT OF A 'FASHIONABLE' MEETING OF THOSE TWO CULTURES TO PRODUCE VERY LATE 20th CENTURY NEW ZEALAND (OR AOTEAROA) CULTURE. NOW A LOT OF PEOPLE SAY "FUCK FASHION! WHAT'S THE USE OF A LOAD OF OLD SCENEY TYPES POSING OFF TO THE MAX??" ON THE OTHER HAND, WHAT BREAKS DOWN BARRIERS FASTER BETWEEN PEOPLES AND CULTURES THAN A NICE BIT OF FAST DRESSING? NOTHING. WHEN YOU GET A CREW OF YOUNG ENGLISH (FOR EXAMPLE) FASHISTS MESSING THE BEAT IN POST SPUTNIK GEAR (I.E. THE STUFF WITH 'CCCP' ALL OVER IT, YELLOW ON RED) THEN A MAJOR POSITIVE MELTDOWN HAS OCCURED. ITS LIKE: THERE'S MORE TO VOGUE THAN VOGUE—AND YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT STANDING IN A NIGHTCLUB IN THE 'RIGHT' GEAR WOULD HAVE EVER HELPED ANYONE??? SO GET REAL—AND THE ANGLE ON THE 'C.V.' THING IS THIS: THE CONCEPT OF A 'CURRICULUM VITAE' IS ANTITHETICAL TO MAORI CULTURE; A MAORI ON MAORI SITUATION CALLS FOR A STATEMENT OF GEOGRAPHICAL ORIGIN/ENVIRONMENTAL/TRIBAL AFFILIATIONS RATHER THAN PAPER STATEMENTS OF SOCIAL STATUS. WHY THEN, IS ONE OF THIS COUNTRY'S MOST IMPORTANT 'FASHIST' MEDIA EVENTS, 'C.V.', COMPROMISED BY THE INSIDIOUS SUPERFICIALITY OF IT'S VERY NAME? WHY IS THE 'WESTERN PAKEHA' MIND STILL SO IGNORANT OF THE DIALECTICAL IMPLICATIONS OF SUCH FLAGRANT MISNOMERS? IS THAT THE BEST WE CAN DO? SO IT'S GOODNIGHT TO THE GOODNIGHT KIWI FROM MR BASTARD LAMBCHOP



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SPECIAL GUESTS: DOC MARTIN LAFFERTY, JOHN HENDERSON, THANKS TO ROBERTO BABE AT CAMPUS RADIO BFM (HOME OF THE LOVEY DOVEY KISSY KISSY MUSHY SHOW) FOR THE TOP TEN, EXTRAS TALENT AGENCY, & DOMMIKINS BABE & KIMMY BABE...

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NAG, THE BLACK CAT: ON TRANSFERENCE

No, it would be grossly unfair of me to think...



that bipeds might possibly share...



the intellectual capacities of the feline...



LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Editor

Presently the institution of O'Rorke House is masquerading under a banner, eadically divorced from the old, familiar and famous reputation.

In an age on the brink of a 1960's style Renaissance, it is alarming to find Stalinist style Show Trials going on the Western Hemisphere, and in an institution renowned as a model for loose and liberal life.

When petty officials fail to perform their allotted duties, and as such residents take it upon themselves to expell riotous trespassers, one wonders why any penalty should be levied. I feel Perpetual Exile is a rather extreme response to the actions of the champions of Peace and Justice.

Even more surprising is that a similar treatment should be applied on the performers (taking precedent into account) of the obligatory meal pantomime.

It thus appears that the vacillated administrator and her incipient minions are taking an egotistical power trip on the innocent victims of a generally laxed administration of security, and arbitrary decisions on what is considered traditional and unique meal behaviour.

**Yours ever,
The Blue Pimpernal.**

Dear Editor,

I am full of aroha for "Just a student" whose letter appeared in Craccum last week (25/7/89) for they have 'only just' been awakened to the fact that New Zealand is

not the harmonious little place that they thought it was. I was unsure from the tone of your letter whether you were actually trying to incite fear amongst other students or explain as best you could, the inner shock that you are experiencing. Aren't you pleased that you attended that particular SRC meeting (12/7/89) as you may never have known that such things existed, that Maori people feel so strongly about their own identity, their culture, their way of life under the present system. That has surely got to be the most educational thing that happened to you that day, especially if you stayed for the full two hours to listen to what went on.

Unfortunately "Just a student" there are certain realities in life that you have to face up to, firstly that we are not one big happy family, secondly that we don't all behave in the way that you'd like us to especially when we're being tarred with stereotypes that are quite untrue and thirdly, that verbal discourse is the only way of solving misunderstandings between people, no matter how emotional they may seem at first. I presume you are in favour of verbal discourse rather than physical confrontation. Although your letter seems to favour the latter.

Your obvious fear of a handful of Maori Women is indeed a problem for you. To honestly believe that we are going to "get you" if you don't vote in favour of Maori issues, is an indication of the depth of your paranoia. You have had a "Rude awakening". Kia kaha "Just a Student". Educate yourself on these issues for they are not likely to disappear simply because you don't like hearing or

seeing such things. All New Zealander's will be facing up to these issues sooner or later.

By the way, I took the issue to SRC as an individual, not as a member of any political faction or of Maori Students Association. I am like you, "Just a Student - not a racist bigoted homophobic sexist student".

If you want to view my performance at SRC in the way that you did that's fine - that's your right. But to be quite frank with you, as a mother and a student I neither have the time nor the stature (4 feet, 11 inches Huge!!) to use "strong arm" tactics on anyone (including my Pakeha husband!!).

I am intrigued that I have also been elevated in status to an "ultra-radical". Quite a ludicrous suggestion really when it elevates me even above the true radicals such as Donna Awatere, Te Rauparaha and Rewi Maniapoto - I am but a child in such esteemed company.

So come out from hiding "Just a Student", nobody is going to get you...I might bark but I certainly don't bite.

**Dot Barrington.
"Just 'another' Student".**

Dear Craccum

I find Helana Glendinning's poem 'Diana's Dance' in Issue 17 truly disgusting and out of place. You don't really think that students would find that in the least bit interesting? It would be fine for a 'women's' book, for Craccum - think again! Grow up. PS: If that is all Helena can write poetry-wise I feel sorry for her, god knows what's in her demented (?) mind.
L.L.



LETTERS

Dear Craccum Editor
(Michael Lamb—I think)

Why haven't you published my article on Batman? I think it would be a lot more interesting, and more will be interested in it than an article about Russia. So publish it. Okay?

I enclose my article again for publication. Otherwise, I think you're doing a good job as editor.

**Yours faithfully
Shane D Mercer (aka 'Charm')**

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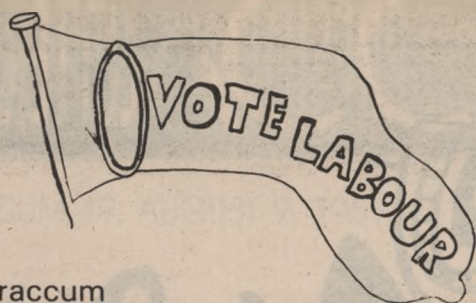
Dear Craccum

I was impressed by the interview with the co-author of "Honouring the Treaty", especially the last paragraph. The fact that the Maori have words with conflicting meanings is really not important. What is, is that the convoluted manner in which this is extrapolated to a culture clash between Maori and the rest of us

would indicate that the authors have gone insane. This, however, is not so. Niche marketing is the key to realising a significant profit, and the entrepreneurial skills of the authors have been demonstrated admirably by the way in which they have identified a gap in the market for Treaty souvenirs. A book by the Pakeha, for the Pakeha, from a Pakeha viewpoint (which, in this case, is really just a regurgitated Maori viewpoint) has got to be a winner. The literary value of the book will most certainly be dwarfed by the revelation that the Treaty is not all down-side, but can be a real money spinner if approached from the right angle. Numerous references to Sir Robert Jones in the interview helped to emphasize this point.

More importantly, the book must be commended for the subtle manner in which it conveys its real message. Showing that Bob Jones got where he is today with no serious consideration of the Treaty will encourage others to take the same approach and get involved in some serious money making. Widespread adoption of this attitude will see the country back on target for prosperity and becoming a serious world economic contender.

**Regards,
J Roberts**



Dear Craccum

The New Zealand Labour Party have chosen as their official emblem "The Condom" the reasons being that it stands for inflation, halts production and productivity, gives protection to a bunch of pricks, while giving one a false sense of security whilst being soundly screwed!

Well chosen don't you think???

Student Smith.

Dear Editor

Daphna Whitmore needs to be reminded that the world issues are not black and white as her rendition of the crisis in Peru makes out. Her beloved Sendero Luminoso are murderers likened to the Pol Pot regime in Cambodia. They murder peasant leaders, break up food and craft co-operatives run by peasant women, and create fear, chaos and hatred throughout the peasant population of Peru. That is not to say that I approve of the equally ugly, murderous, and repressive response of the Peruvian military. But we should not be wowed into imagining that Sendero Luminoso are blameless victims of poverty and repression. Mass murderers of innocent poor people, be they left or right wing, are never blameless. I recommend the article on Peru in the July 1989 New Internationalist for a more reasoned and humane article than Daphna Whitmore's on the problems of that country.
Annette Lees

Craccum and Other Commie Scumbags

The only reason you long-haired bloody student radicals haven't stopped whinging about our Great and Glorious Government is that your heads are too full of KGB propaganda to understand the simple beauty of its actions.

So read on and be educated you peasant bastards.

First of all, why should the State pay for education, health, prison redevelopment, etc. when that money could be used for more important projects, ie., an America's Cup regatta?

So you can't afford a decent education? You really, really want to study "The Applied Psychology of the Scandanavian Brussel Sprout" and the State won't pay? Hardly bloody surprising is it?

Why don't you admit you're just a repressed Commerce student like everyone else at University, get a whopping great bank loan and have some intensive counselling to get your deviant educational aspirations corrected.

Imagine the beauty of a whole world of Commerce students—all pastel shades, portfolio comparisons and romantic walks at twilight through the Stock Exchange caressing your sleeping partner's bank statement delicately... aaaaahh!

But, enough of this whimsical sentimentality!

If you can't afford to pay for health care you shouldn't get sick in the first place! Even

you philosophy students can figure that one out. Just ask your bearded hippy drop-out of a lecturer to explain basic Darwinism to you in nice, small words (like ape, monkey, maggot, worker, etc).

"What about the unemployed?" I hear you cry, clutching your pale and trembling hands to your bleeding-heart vessel of a chest.

Listen matey, the only reason there's any unemployment at all is because those traitorous anti-christs in unions have exploited the poor, honest and hardworking capitalists with their vicious and unreasonable wage demands.

If the award wage was dropped to 12c an hour at lunchtime this Friday, by pub closing there would be zero unemployment.

I personally would be willing to employ several people at that price to spit-polish my Porsche, toilet-train my Pit Bull Terrier and generally act as workers are supposed to—like good old productive labour units.

If you don't believe me, ask a stage II economics student. They're easy to spot, they're the ones who go into massive overproduction in three out of four major body fluids if you mention the words 'massive overnight upturn' or 'Bull Market' within 500 metres of them.

Of course some people would starve, or be unable to afford such luxuries (for their kind) as clothes or houses—but that's the price you have to pay for social progress and a kinder, gentler New Zealand.

If not, you may as well live in Russia with the rest of the baby-eating Godless Commies.

Anyway, I'm not going to waste anymore time. Most peasants can't

operate anything nearly as complex as a newspaper anyway.

If you agree with what I'm saying, vote for our Glorious Leader Dave and make sure we shut out those kaftan-wearing, lentil eating losers in the NLP hell bent on carrying out their suicidal drive for ridiculous notions like 'equality' and 'fairness' (nauseum inducing waffle from people who think the Eighties are a mountain range in Southern Yugoslavia).

If you don't agree, make sure your mother explained all the big words properly, then get a hair-cut, a job and a new perspective.

The world needs people like you, but only as a cheap additive in paper pulp.

Life to the rich, death to the poor, vague indifference to those in between. Snigglehust the Incontinent B.Comm from Hell

Knuckles

Your days are numbered oh oozing one.

Even as you read this I's sharpening my blade and contemplating your imminent demise.

If my informants are correct the one thing Your Scabbiness is unable to handle is extremely nice, pure and virginal interaction.

Ha! I just happen to have the entire series of "Thirty

Something" on video, in stereo sound. That, in case your maths is as ugly as your features, amounts to over 18 hours of saccharine torture to wreck your twisted frame with.

If that fails to have any effect I'll just hack your head off.

Yours in Blood and Torment
Grobbleflux the Flatulent Axewielder from Beyond

Group Leader KICK ASS

PS My giant Taranuloh Melville wants to give a message to your pet RaidBait. Quote—"Chomp, chomp, chomp...belch, chomp". Make of it what you will.

(Knuckles Interrogation Capture Kill and Splatter Squad

BASTARD BOX

Dear Aggravated (ing) Christians,

Finally I have struck upon a subject that will get people up off their chuffs and write about something. I didn't think that politics would get people going much - too much good student apathy around; but religion, now there's a topic...

Well O.K. I talked about dying, now you seem to think I'm turning gothic etc. and have a death-fetish. Well please don't.

Life, my dear theists, is fantastic; where else can you get amazingly large conglomerate organisms that think they are in charge of their own destinies [apart from other planets with life on them], and can even believe that something else larger than life exists giving them some purpose.

Now that's the point isn't it? Fine, most of us including me believe that life is great, only I don't think that you need anything extraneous from it to give it a purpose. Life is purpose in itself. OK you're going to die, but this does not preclude having a seemingly good time beforehand.

So enjoy life as far as you can enjoy it. I do. Wondering about what the new suggestions from the latest crusade will be...

POLITICS

EDUCATION VICE PRESIDENT SHARES AND CARES WITH THE MULTITUDE

JOLLY ROGER SAYS

Apathy is a word often used to describe student interest in student matters. Just look at the pathetic turnout in the recent portfolio elections - just over 700 and there are about 15,000 of us here on campus. The "average student", who is often talked about, is an interesting concept - the definition changes depending on the political stance of the user.

Apathy is very apparent in the figure against user-pays education. Don't you people care about the future of this country? Don't you care about the education of your children and grandchildren? Other campuses have out-marched and out-rallied Auckland. Is this because you're all so rich that you can afford to pay? Is it because you believe that this right-wing government will create more places at tertiary institutions by charging more? - how naive - I actually know people who from the bottom of their hearts believe this! I hear murmurs of discontent that we should have accepted the loans instead of being faced with huge fees. The campaign is against user-pays education in **whatever form it might take!!!!**

So what will happen?? The legislation is meant to be introduced in the next month. We are still awaiting a statement of intent from bungle brain Goff. We are marching on Thurs September 14th.

SPRINGTIME PROTEST MARCH

- 14 SEPT 1989 1PM

BE THERE - AWAKE FROM APATHY IT IS TIME TO EDUCATE THE GOVERNMENT!

During the third term, on the first three Tuesdays, we will be running a series of seminars on user-pays education - come along and get informed.

Overseas students face incredible fees next year. The Overseas Students Officer explains:

Kia Ora,

My name is Moses Faleolo. I'm the current Overseas Students Officer. I would like to bring to your attention the approaching threat of Full-fees, particularly Overseas Students.

Tuition Fees Payable for Overseas Students in 1990, will be:

Arts, Commerce, Humanities, Science	
Computer Science, Engineering	NZ \$8000
Veterinary Science	NZ \$24000
Agriculture and other applied subjects	NZ \$1400
Fees payable annually	

(ref NZ Overseas Student's Admissions Committee Report)

It is obvious that the above statistics would hinder, educational and cultural development. As Overseas Students' are not rich, the onslaught of Full-fees undermines and hinders the work post-graduates are doing in research for New Zealand. And is a stumbling block for potential 1990 under-graduates and is unfair to those under-graduates who are well into their studies.

There are many other problems Overseas Students' are facing. Course restrictions, neglect and other problems are just many which are around. I urge and rally support for our Overseas Students who play an important part in New Zealand and towards our International benefits.

Ka Kite

Moses Faleolo

Overseas Students Officer.

SEE

YOU

ALL

AT

THE

WINTER

GENERAL

MEETING

- TUES, 8TH 1PM



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

In the last few editions of this column I have attempted to give some background to the changes I believe must be made to our Association not just for it to function but for it to survive into the 1990's. Voluntary unionism is not as far away from the Students' Association as many would like. The appalling turnout at recent Executive elections does little to inspire confidence in an organisation which has more and more become a mere figurehead for the student body, a figurehead without a substantial base of student support and therefore a figurehead without power. For all intents and purposes, AUSA is politically and administratively convenient NOT for students but for those who wish to consult with "The students' leadership", (and therefore the students supposedly). This situation is by no means historical nor is it fortunately the inevitable role of the students' Association. It is part of its development. Now it's time to move on.

In 1988 the Engineering Society (I'll leave out the technicalities Wayne) altered the Constitution of the Association such that fifty percent of Engineers' AUSA fees were transferred to the Engineering Society. This was not a fast process. From the Special General Meeting of 21st March 1988 through to the Winter General Meeting in August, there lasted a four and a half month paper war between the Association and the Engineering Society. The Society felt that if AUSA was the Union and service it claimed to be and if it had the support that it claimed to have then the Society would be put in its place. If it wasn't, then it was felt that the

Society could better use the money for its members, Engineers. "Block voting by the Engineers" you may say. But where the hell was everybody else? Wayne McDougall, the AUSA Treasurer, made a mockery of Blitz Kreig with his advertising of the Winter General Meeting! A gallant foe (singular).

If AUSA cannot "defend" itself against segments of its own membership, how, pray tell, can it expect to take on the Government and win? With difficulty, I say. Unnecessary difficulty. I have strong, based student ties that are coming out to be used and supported. These organisations, along with clubs, are very close to the ground. They know, better than anyone, what "their", students want. Correspondingly, my plans for restructuring recognise the integral part that such organisation will play in the "New AUSA". It is appropriate that they receive financial support. They will accordingly incur the responsibility of representing their membership.

In essence there will be a central administration with a network of local, representative societies surrounding it and acting as liaison mediums for the exchange of information between students and their leadership.

The real value of such a system would be revealed in a national campaign like the "Loand-Out Scheme" or on regional issues such as the preservation of students' bus concessions. Such a structure would improve communications (the heart of any campaign) and thus enable effective mass protest at the instant such protest was required. In addition,

the high level of student awareness would mean a greater pool of ideas, contacts, volunteers and resources.

For those of us who must front up to the media, it is vital that we have the confidence of the student body, for such confidence is a contagious and necessary "disease" for political success. Politics is a dirty game and students, more often than not, find themselves playing the dirties team there is - the Government. To win requires a team effort. There's no mystery in that. The problem with our team at present is that we haven't enough players and the ones we've got are tired. I recall one of the Engineers' banners in the epic fight of 1988: "no pain, no gain, Hung them Now". It is that form of energy that AUSA should be tapping not fighting.

Next week I'll present the basics of THE PLAN in diagrammatic form. IT'S EASY TO FOLLOW AND EXPLAIN IT THAT WAY.

These diagrams will deal with the broad funding and representation structures I envisage.

I've gone on a bit today but that's because I feel very strongly about the need for progressive change in the students' Association.

I cannot stress enough the urgency with which changes must be made. Our Association has weathered a number of almost periodic crisis, both internal and external, I fear, however, that we are fast approaching the proverbial 49th wave. Whether we ride that wave of change or get swamped in its trough depends on how fast we start paddling with it now.

'Til next week,
Cheers.

Was Student income given a **REAL** boost in the Caygill budget? But of course, there are going to be less of us here next year, so they can! They are giving with one very small hand and robbing us with a great big fist!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Well, now comes the commercial - *where most of you lose interest !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

We need people to help organise the Protest, banners, lecturespeaking, handing out pamphlets etc etc etc, please see me or leave a message at the AUSA (not the Registration Queens) reception.

We still need people to lobby MPs.

Come to the protest outside Goffs electorate office on 12th August (next Saturday) - see posters for details.

If you can offer any help, any suggestions,



PHOTOGRAPH BY SALLI HESSOP - ELAM

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THE Elam Ball

Cactus played a few juicy songs in their set, and in between performances the DJ played some very danceable tracks (a few records had been borrowed from Radio BFM evidently).

Strobe lighting and simulated smoke F.X - added to the discotheque effect. Some of the plastique baroque costumes looked as though they had appeared from out of King Louis XVI's Court - while others were more contemporary plastique.

One of the most memorable costumes was a young man walking around with his head stuck half way through a mirror - he looked like a cross between - La Place de la Bastille on guillotine day - and one of Rembrants paintings.

Photo-action
by
Peter Millman

Also - there was a lady with a grapes draped through her curls - and little Armadeus Mozarts all over the place - (a Marie Antoinette style drag Queen) - and a cute Harlequin wearing a silver mask - a man with two faces - one on each side of his head - and a guy who wanted to stay fresh all night - (he was wrapped up in gladwrap) - and around about midnight Cinderella (Caroline) appeared on the scene - she was topless...

K.B.



AMAZON



AN ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION, "WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT WOMEN'S LIBERATION?"

Wear a dress.

Wear a dress that you made yourself, or bought in a dress store.

Wear a dress and underneath the dress wear elastic, around your hips, and underneath your nipples.

Wear a dress and underneath the dress wear a sanitary napkin.

Wear a dress and wear sling back, high heeled shoes.

Wear a dress, with elastic and a sanitary napkin underneath, and sling back shoes on your feet, and walk down Telegraph Avenue.

Wear a dress, with elastic and a sanitary napkin and sling back shoes on Telegraph Avenue and try to run.

Find a man.

Find a nice man who you would like to ask you for a date.

Find a nice man who *will* ask you for a date.

Keep your dress on.

Ask the nice man who asks you for a date to come to dinner.

Cook the nice man a nice dinner so the dinner is ready before he

comes and your dress is nice and clean and wear a smile.

Tell the nice man you're a virgin, or you don't have birth control, or you would like to get to know him better.

Keep your dress on.

Go to the movies by yourself.

Find a job.

Iron your dress.

Wear your ironed dress and promise the boss you won't get pregnant (which in your case is predictable) and you like to type, and be sincere and wear your smile.

Find a job or get on welfare.

Borrow a child and get on welfare.

Borrow a child and stay in the house all day with the child, or go to the public park with the child, and take the child to the welfare office and cry and say your man left you and be humble and wear your dress and your smile, and don't talk back, keep your dress on, cook more nice dinners, stay away from Telegraph Avenue, and still, you won't know the half of it, not in a million years.

Susan Griffin, *Let Them Be Said*

WOMEN'S LIVES

It is important that we understand the way that women live. That we go beyond our own physical and mental confines and look at other women in other lives. These articles on Women's Lives is a way of achieving this. These articles are based on experience, on knowledge of these women in their circumstance. The idea comes from Sue McAuleys page in the Listener. She takes a life and writes about it so that we can share her understanding. Its a good way of bringing us into focus so that we can see the world from a different perspective.

Sheila (70)

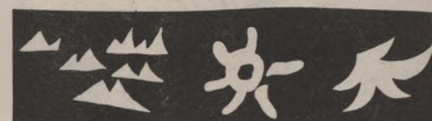
Came here from England in the early 1950s with 3 kids. My husband had died in England. Thought that it would be good to start a new life here. England was a hard place to live in, I wanted to do something with my life. Anyway we settled in Hawkes Bay. Lovely in the country. The kids could go barefoot and in the summer they picked fruit in the orchards. Met Harry there. He was a dairy inspector and believe it or not he was a Pom trying to get away from it all too! My eldest got married and moved to Auckland, had a child then got divorced. It really affected her and I was glad to be with her. I think the problem was that they had different expectations of the marriage. You see I'm a Catholic, I believe that a family is important and that a woman must know how to care for her family. The only problem is that this is not enough. My second daughter had a divorce later in life. By this time I realised that they were not being true to themselves, they were educated but for all that could not see beyond their husbands and the marriage broke-up. That was the only way I knew, I taught them what I knew. But it wasn't enough to make their marriages work. My youngest could have gone to University but instead she became a secretary. She got married last Christmas. He's a nice lad and all. I'm getting old now and Harry died last winter so I'm glad she has settled down because it gives me security. In the corner of my mind I keep on thinking of Fate. I keep thinking that they are so young and still need experience. I keep thinking that they only have the past in common, they may grow apart in the future and yet I sit here watching her make the same decisions as her sisters and let her. I think its because her marriage will offer me security in my old age. They can look after me. Because of this I am important. I will just let time run its course. Maybe the marriage will work and I'm hoping this deep down. Maybe I'm just looking after myself. Maybe I don't know any better. All I can do is watch and hope, after all I taught her.

Kay. (46)

My tea has to be milky. I've got a septic ulcer so I need alot of alkaline in my food. The trouble is I love hot, spicy food but I can't have it otherwise it would kill me. It's the stress of this job. I'm the directors secretary but on top of that I have to sit in on business negotiations because my knowledge of the company is better than the boss. He is good but he spends alot of the company time doing his own thing. The trouble with him is that he doesn't give me adequate warning for certain negotiations and he expects me to drop everything and provide the information. I came from a degree then I decided to do a law degree. Fortunately I got a scholarship. Then I started to work and have been working ever since. Someone was saying the other day that they would like to start a business. It's not that easy. You have to have contacts, capital and a know-how. Dong this job for so long I've had to be tough, people have finally stopped calling me a bitch and have started to respect me. Maybe it's because I'm old ha! ha! But I've always strived to be good at my job.

In some ways the people at work are like a family to me. I come to know them on their good and bad days. I'm disappointed with my kids. None of them want to go to University. They're into heavy metal and show no respect for me. I always thought that they would want to better their lives but all they want to do is listen to Pop. My husband tells me that you can't run a family like a business. I suppose that's true. But I have to be tough at home because I need some time and space for myself. These days I'm looking forward to retirement.

Alice Phillips



ARTICLES

Lesbians in Auckland Gay/Lesbian Welfare Group

(A.G.L.W.G.)

The life of a solo mother in suburbia is often lonely and devoid of stimulation. One form of fighting boredom was the Saturday morning Herald. A friend and I would phone each other and read the Personal Column and Horoscope, giggle and gossip. This time was the highlight of the weekend. After the phone call frequently my eyes would travel down the page onto Social Services and down to Gay notices. My mind would drift to wondering and sometimes I was tempted to ring the telephone number advertised. Reason always 'saved' me - "What would I say", and "Surely the word gay meant that this service was for men."

"After all, I rationalised, 'I'm not homosexual.'" So time passed and it was several years before I recognised and accepted my lesbianism. Maybe if there had been an advertisement for lesbian women or women with inquiries regarding lesbians I may have had the courage to pick up the phone and call that number. Maybe I could have saved myself many years of grief and isolation. Today there is such a telephone session. Lesbian line operates from A.G.L.W.G. on Thursday nights. It is a service run by lesbians for lesbians. We receive calls from lonely, desperate women wanting to talk to a lesbian, from parents or friends of lesbians asking for information, and out of town lesbians needing social information or referrals. Lesbianline came into being in August '88 in response to the many women callers who phoned Gayline wanting to speak to a woman.

Women and men who wish to become counsellors for the Auckland Gay/Lesbian Welfare Group train together, sharing their knowledge and experiences. Often the training group is the first one to one contact between the attending Gay men and lesbians. Ideas are broadened as we learn to accept ourselves and each other. The training itself is comprehensive. Basic counselling skills are taught and practiced while the trainees

and trainers are constantly challenged to examine themselves and their belief systems. After the initial training period A.G.L.W.G. counsellors are expected to participate in regular supervisory and on-going training sessions.

And it's not all serious. A.G.L.W.G. stands for fun, socialising and week-ends away. It is a support system for the members as well as the extended lesbian and gay communities.

Auckland Gay/Lesbian Welfare was the first joint Gay and Lesbian group in N.Z. It also recognises the many separate needs of Lesbian Women and Gay men. Many lesbians prefer to devote their energies only to lesbian line or to the various lesbian groups which are organised under the umbrella of A.G.L.W.G. Some lesbians also wish to participate in Gayline and mixed groups. The choices are personal and respected.

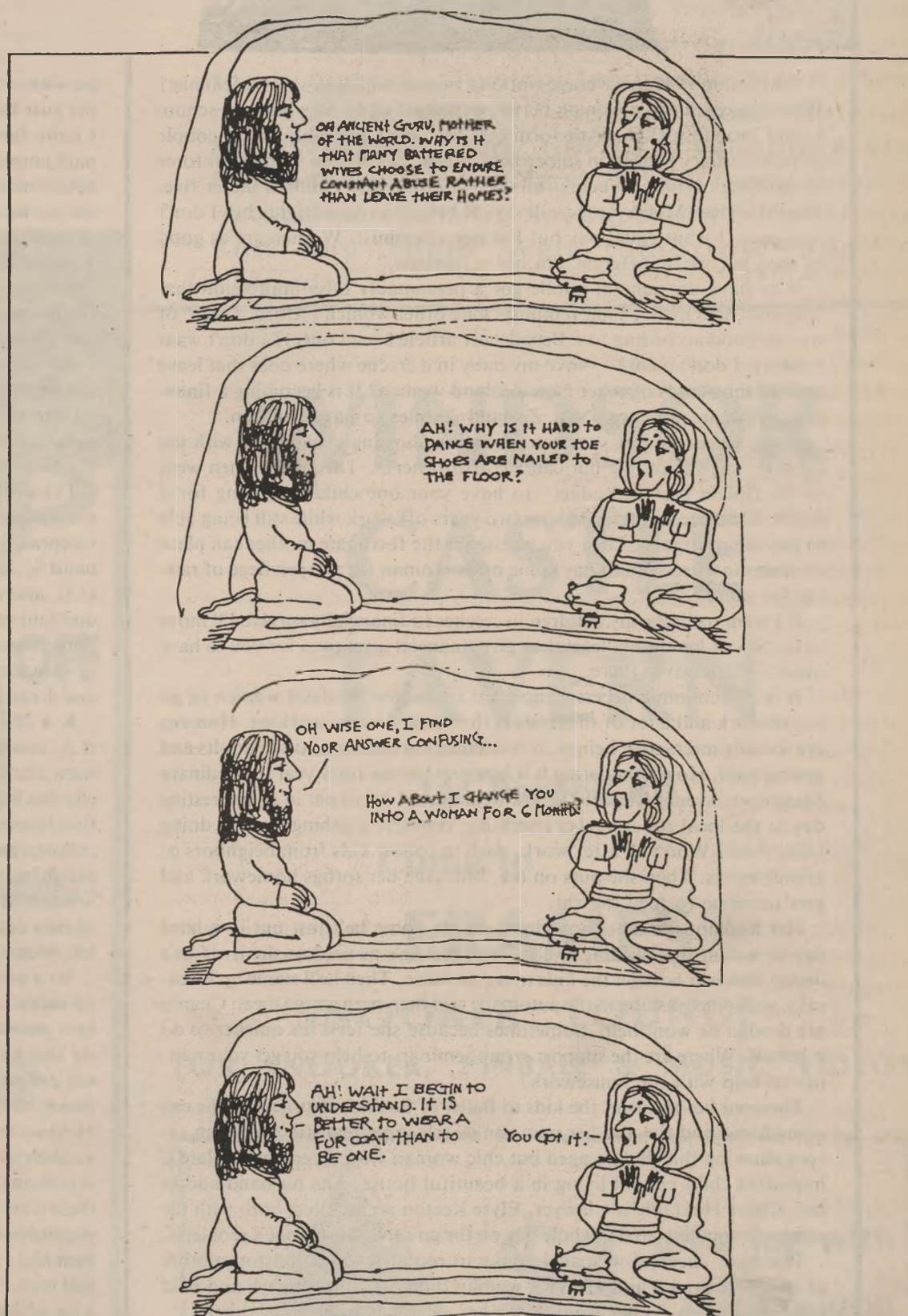
As a lesbian the only disadvantage

of being with A.G.L.W.G. is the disproportionate numbers of men to women. We desperately need more lesbian volunteers if lesbian line and lesbian groups are to remain a reality. We would dearly love to have more specialized lesbian group - groups for older lesbians, for Lesbian couples, for angry lesbians, for Lesbians 'coming-out'.

Gayline operates Wed, Fri, Sat and Sunday nights from 7.30 to 10pm. Lesbian line operates Thursday night 7.30 to 10pm. With more Lesbian counsellors we could have one more night for lesbian line.

For more information on training group intakes write to P.O. Box 3132 Auckland or phone the office 393-268. For those needing assistance or information Gay/Lesbian line is 303-3584.

Jeannette Keukelaar



Nicole Hollander

HAVE FEMINISTS MISSED THE BOAT?

Some questions it would be interesting to have answered.

By Lynn Milne



Why is it in 1989 the average working woman will deny she is a feminist? By average, I mean a woman between the ages of 15-50 who have school C and probably U.E./sixth form cert and most probably had a couple of years tertiary education somewhere as well. She will be in the workforce or working parttime or being full time at home with children under five. This Ms. Miss/Mrs Average will say, "I believe in equal rights but I don't hate men. I want equal pay but I'm not a feminist. Women are as good as men but we're different I'm not a feminist."

Why have the general public got a presumably false impression that feminists hate men? That feminists hate other women ("Uncle Toms" of womanhood according to a Broadsheet article I read once)? I don't want a career. I don't want to shove my baby in a creche where does that leave me and thousands of other New Zealand women? It is becoming a financial nightmare for most New Zealand couples to have children.

More Magazine last year ran an article showing a baby girl with the caption "she's adorable but can we afford her?". This article then went on to explain how to budget to have your one child budgeting for it before hand accordingly. Taking two years off work while still being able to pay the mortgage. Then you guessed it the fortunate mother can place her baby in a creche and pay some other woman for the privilege of raising her child.

If I want to shove my children in creches to financially survive I'll move to the Soviet Union. At least they give financial incentives for you to have more children over there.

It is an economic necessity now for most New Zealand women to go out to work and a lot of them enjoy the work. I enjoy working. Humans are socially interactive beings. It is stimulating talking to other adults and getting paid. How stimulating is it however for the forty year old ordinary Manurewa/Mount Roskill/Glenfield mother of 2.5 to put in an interesting day at the local supermarket check-out counter/ clothing factory doing piece work? Who will after work, dash to collect kids from neighbors or grandparents. Then she puts on tea, hears the her sprogs homework and gets someone to feed the cat.

Her husband/defacto/boyfriend arrives home he's just put in a hard day as well at the building site/office/ and he's as tired as she is. If he's decent however he'll get the kids to set the table. Then he'll staple up kleen-saks, put some washing in the automatic and help prepare the meal. Chance are though he wont help. Sometimes because she feels it's quicker to do it herself. Where are the support group seminars to help you get your partner to help with the housework?

Then our heroine runs the kids to Ballet or Basketball practice. She can come home and she and her man can watch some realistic American sitcom showing this middle-aged but chic woman with three immaculate if impudent children. All living in a beautiful house. The husband adores her. Claire Huxtable is a lawyer, Elyse Keeton an architect both with the energy to copulate after a whole day on the go solving everyone's problems.

The most cheerful woman I spoke to recently was a Kelston mother of two girls aged 8 and 12. This woman didn't go out to work and paid someone else to do her ironing for her. She was in her mid thirties.

"I have such an easy Life," she said slightly guilty "But G(her husband) doesn't mind me not working and the girls like having someone to call

on with school trips and helping out at their tuckshop. I'm redecorating the girls bedrooms but we'll probably be moving somewhere bigger soon. I quite fancy Te Atatu." Another woman I know is 42 she doesn't have paid employment either she helps out at Birthright an organisation that helps families stay together. She takes Brownies every Thursday and is on the local PTA her husband is happy to support her.

Some men quite like having their wives staying home when they can afford it. All domestic matters taken care of. Someone to run those errands for you that are a nightmare to achieve when you only have an hour for lunch and can't find a park anywhere. Knowing if your kids get sick there is an adult who loves them at home to care for them.

Another 42 year old woman I know doesn't have paid employment either she spent her time fighting to preserve her local estuary from being turned into a dumping ground for effluent. She had the time during the day to follow everything up. Now she is doing a B.A. part-time and spends her free time pursuing her favourite hobby tennis.

I've worked with women my generation in their twenties who are doing everything they can to achieve thier goal motherhood. G.a 23 year old receptionist. Been around the world last year she and her 24 year old husband S. are paying off their first house on the North Shore. She has U.E. and is at present working for N.Z.Post. Last year she told me, "I don't mind doing all the housework so S can study. I'm tired when I come home from work and S offers to help but it is more important for him to swot for his exams. When he gets them he'll be on a higher wage bracket and I can quit work next year and have a baby. He's doing it for us."

K a 28 year old presently working in a library and doing a part-time B.A. confided "I told M (fiance) we're getting then so I can get pregnant soon after and have the baby in spring and get its nappies dry. Everyone else has babies and I told M why shouldn't we?" They're paying off their first house. It is indeed a question worth asking. Why shouldn't we have children and perpetuate ourselves and our species and look after our own offspring with out risking financial ruin.

Some of us don't want to be Amazons. Amazons cut off their left breast so they could shoot their arrows straight and kill more people. I want my left breast intact so it can give nourishment to infants.

So a plea to Amazon articles instead of giving us fascinating articles on menstrual extraction (I recognise abortion in whatever shape it comes) how about suggestions for political action we homemakers can take so we can have daughters and sons and love them in our own homes. I'm not calling for a throw back to the fifties. Or being a little christian homemaker obeying her husband. (Do you wonder why they're getting support?) Help us make a new system where women who don't want children but a career should be encouraged or matched up with a man who wants to stay home. A society where women who want children and to look after them can afford to do so. A system where the state pays women independently for being mothers. A woman 25 told me annoyed that men had always had jobs and children why shouldn't women. Men haven't had both. They missed out on seeing their children grow up and were under a lot of financial pressure and responsibility. Now both partners have a lot of financial pressure and both miss seeing their children grow up.

A plea to feminists: please help your sisters have daughters.

Unfortunately when I was at school Maori literacy wasn't really legitimate unless I took it as a subject. But then, it would depend if a school offered it as well. Right down to pronunciation, if I had problems with 'continuity', 'debentures' or 'tzar' (and I did!) I got ridiculed first, corrected later. Yet it was fine to get up and say Putaruru, Te Awamutu, Tauranga, Taupo (local towns) in a fashion which doesn't even attempt to give them justice as taonga to be used correctly. They go unchecked. At my school the non-Maori teachers held some kind of authority over the class room. If he/she says Ti Row-pra-ha where ten Maori in the room say Te Rauparaha the teacher will ultimately be seen as right. The demise of the language (even pronunciation) is due in part in showing disrespect for it in our schools—in the names of our towns, our flora, our own names, the names of our tupuna. I think the majority of students at our schools at the moment are being taught the same thing. A good number of us at University have slipped through the system too with no idea of Maori literacy. Even how to say the place names of New Zealand - the places where we live.

The following is an ultra-basic explanation of how to say Maori words. The rules are simple compared to English and are consistent among all Maori usage, with variations according to dialect.

To learn the vowel sounds just say

- a as in past
- e as in pear
- i as in piece
- o as in thought
- u as in stu

TANGATA WHENUA

Kia Ora

Say then together—a, e, i, o, u (as pronounced). Ten times and you should be getting the hang of it. Say it a few more if you haven't.

Now's the hard bit—say them in different combinations, eg.,

a a u a (5 times)

a i o o (5 times)

a a o e o e (and again) Kia Kaha

o a u u (Kua Mutu)

a i e a a

If you could remember each vowel as it came—kapai! If you slip some consonants in—even better. If you put the right one in you'll gain a fair understanding of how to say Takapuna, Rangitoto, Papatoetoe, Otahuhu and Waitemata. The emphasis and consonants may not be perfect but it's a far cry from Oat-a-who, Why-tea-matter or Tacker-poon-ar. Running vowels together isn't hard either, eg., in Manukau or Whangaparaoa say the a-u and a-o-a. Repeat until the syllables start running together—just like Sesame Street used to do! Try Kia Ora, or Remuera, or Te Karere and you're almost be there.

Lesson number two may clarify a number of things—such as where you live. The words below are commonly used in street, suburb and town names, physical landmarks have Maori names too. See if you can suss Rotorua, Muriwhenua (up north), Whangamata, Maunganui or Motutapu. If you really want to extend yourself try saying them correctly too and say them well tomorrow and on Thursday...

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PH: 390 689
PH: 790 987
PH: 734 232

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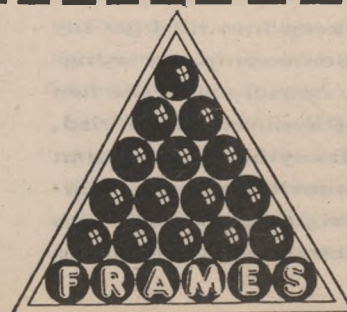
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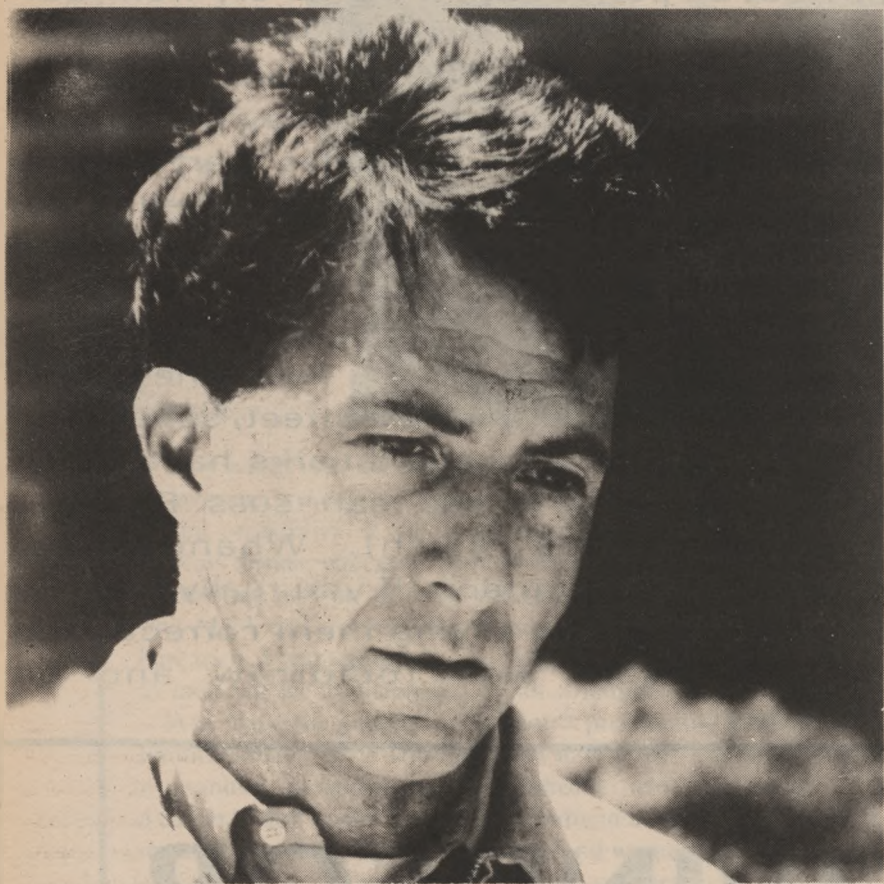
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In Hollywood films, plot as narrative tends to dominate the development of depth of character study. **RAIN MAN** may shift the emphasis to characterisation more than usual (that is, more than the usual popular Hollywood film), nevertheless, plot still remains more important. This sets limits to how much depth there can be in its portrayal of autism and its implications. The film shifts focus from the autistic savant Raymond (Dustin Hoffman) to the 'normal' brother, Charlie (Tom Cruise), to his problems, the changes of personality he goes through, and his changing relationship with his brother.

The reason is that the autistic brother, Raymond, cannot change. But a film plot requires change. The solution to the problem is to focus on the non-autistic brother. The changes in Charlie's personality and his relationship to Raymond are also shown in space through the medium of a 'road-movie' of changing locations. This is another way film-makers introduce 'change'. I was struck by the number of times viewers commented on the beauty of the changing scenery and had so little to say about the characters.

In the opening scenes, before we meet Raymond, Charlie is depicted as a shady, self-centred, tough, young car dealer confident in his 'selling' abilities, and his ability to con, deceive and use other people. He is aggressive. He likes money and the power it brings. We first see Charlie in an imposing stance shot from a low angle that emphasises his power and dominance. Soon after he shouts at his staff: "I don't give a shit about your problems", followed by a cut to a close up of his hands clapping at them and his foot kicking the table in his Los Angeles car yard. A few scenes later Charlie has his girlfriend Susanna in the car, drops the clutch and, in a shower of gravel, speeds



off towards Palm Springs. In his way, Charlie is linked to Raymond by the limitations of his personality. Like Raymond, he does not care about people, either. Susanna appreciates this when she asks: "What happened to the Rain Man?"

Charlie: "Nothin' I just grew up".

Susanna: "Not so much".

Although Charlie may be bastard, he is also interesting enough for us to identify with him to some extent—he is young, energetic, and good looking, and his business problems are dramatic enough for us to become interested in how he will solve them. So we are critical of Charlie but also somewhat involved with him.

With Charlie we are introduced to Raymond by:

- * the camera showing us a tour-montage of Wallbrook hospital and its patients
- * allowing us to overhear psychiatrist, Dr Bruner, explaining Raymond's condition to his brother
- * Raymond at Wallbrook. We see Raymond from Charlie's point of view, in terms of Charlie's problems. It will take a while for the average viewer to become involved to any great degree with Raymond. The main focus continue to be Charlie. At this point Charlie treats his brother as rough as he does everybody else with the command to "stay" as if talking to a disobedient dog.

At the Vernon Hotel it is apparent that Susanna has some understanding of Raymond's disability and treats him with respect. By contrast, Charlie's motive for 'kidnapping' his brother is clear in the line; "I'm gonna keep him till I get my half [of the inheritance]. I deserve that." Some sympathy swings towards Raymond. The film seems very conscious of the fact that viewers will initially tend to treat Raymond as a weird, comic character. The film gradually shifts sympathy, without forcing the pace. (Raymond remains somewhat comic). Raymond is also shown as a puzzle, an intriguing mystery with strange skills. (This is another way in which the viewer becomes

JOHN CARBUTT is a disabled M.Litt student. He is writing a thesis on disability as portrayed in film and television.

FEATU

THIS WEEK JOHN CARBUTT TALKS ABOUT **RAIN MAN** AND TAKES STEPS TOWARDS IDENTIFYING THE AUTISTIC CHARACTER IN THE HOLLYWOOD FILM INDUSTRY.

'involved' in Raymond—albeit by being intrigued rather than by identifying). Yet Charlie is always there too as a character with whom the 'normal' viewers can identify. Next day at a cafe, Charlie still treats Raymond with contempt: "stop acting like a fucking retard!", although he does agree to his request for pancakes, maple syrup and toothpicks. At the airport Charles agrees not to travel by plane when his brother screams with fear. Charlie shows some humanity by not forcing these issues. He is not a 'complete bastard'. By the time they have moved off the interstate highway, kept out of the rain by staying at a motel and reached the farmhouse to watch television Charlie has learnt that the only way to placate his brother is to meet his obsessive requests. By now Charlie is learning to treat him with more respect by attempting to explain how the outside world works. In the motel bathroom, Charlie shows genuine interest and concern when he realises Raymond was his childhood Rain Man.

This is the big breakthrough scene. In the next scene Charlie gently and affectionately puts his brother to bed. These episodes are interspersed with wide-angle shots of postcard-like scenes of windmills, mountains and sunsets which Charlie does not really notice—and Raymond notices in his own 'strange' way—while we can feel slightly superior to both since we can appreciate it 'fully'. The camera sees more than the two brothers. It is as though they need each other—neither is a complete human being—but together they can become fully human (with Susanna added too). Later Charlie expresses his concern for his brother by applying suntan lotion so he will not burn in the sun: "I don't want you to burn. There, how does that feel?".

By being forced to take the slow way to Los Angeles, we hope that Charlie is learning to see as well as feel. That is, both Charlie and Raymond are learning new things about the world.

Charlie realises that his brother's savant powers can be used to make money by gambling. He does everything possible to meet Raymond's needs and exploit his special abilities. He makes his pile. In the luxurious Las Vegas hotel bedroom Charlie explains to his brother: "I'm sorry. I got a little carried away. I'm apologising, I got a little greedy. Thank you Ray. You did it. You saved my ass." In the next scene Charlie teaches his brother to dance. Charlie says: "Ray, I want to give you a hug", but Raymond responds with a scream.

In L.A. Dr Bruner attempts to buy Charlie off with a cheque for \$250,000. Charlie declines it saying: "I just realised—I'm not pissed off any more. I was a prick...if dad was my son and didn't return my calls—fuck him—I'd cut him out of the will. I just don't understand why nobody told me I had a brother. It would have been nice to know him for more than just the past six days." During the interview with the doctors concerning his brother's future, Charlie says: "You don't need to humiliate him ... I like having him for my big brother.". The two brothers' heads incline towards each other. Then follows the second dissolve to black. Charlie is now strongly enjoying the audience's sympathy, he has gained the emotions that he was previously lacking. (Perhaps it is all rather unlikely—but we want Charlie to be Mr Nice Guy).

The final shot of Charlie is in direct contrast to the opening image. The camera looks down at him making him look vulnerable. He seems close to tears. Are his sunglasses to block the sun and look resolute or to hide his emotions? The final shot of Raymond shows him separated from Charlie by the glazed window of the train taking him back to Wallbrook. Raymond is immersed in his television programme, symbolic of the communication barrier which has been there all the time. It brings home the fact that for Raymond, nothing has changed. So much of what has passed for Raymond's dialogue in the film has been little more than mimicry. But the film allows the audience to 'have its cake and eat it'—that is, it can believe (sentimentally) that Raymond has changed, if it wants to. The final dissolve is black.

Some of the box-office success of the film can be attributed to the star power of its two main actors, Tom Cruise and Dustin Hoffman.

Throughout the film I was particularly conscious of Hoffman as actor rather than the disabled Raymond. For both Cruise and Hoffman the film is an acting showcase and they play it

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FEATURE

BUT TO THE RAINMAN ON HIS HEAD WARDS THE ISSUE OF DISABILITY OD FILMSTRY.

to the hilt. This virtuoso acting helps the audience to 'identify' with Raymond—perhaps too easily. Had an unknown actor played Raymond, the effect would have been totally different. The scenes were shot in sequence, which helped Hoffman and Cruise get into their roles.

Raymond is an autistic savant. Autism is a crippling personality disorder. The cause is unknown. Autistic people are unable to form normal human attachments. They are incapable of responding to or displaying affection. They seem to have trouble sorting out sensory stimuli, experiencing the world like a television set with all channels coming in at once. This is a common analogy and is especially relevant to Raymond who wants one particular channel. To cope with the extreme anxiety this provokes they are prone to obsessive rituals perhaps in an attempt to impose order on their jumbled and status ridden world. About ten percent of autistic people have a savant syndrome. Savants possess amazing mental gifts thought to be associated with their ability to block out their 'static' and focus their memory and concentration. The character of Raymond, for example, is able to memorise a phone directory at one sitting, instantly count 246 toothpicks as they spill on the floor and compute amazing feats of multiplication, but cannot add or subtract simple sums. He is unaware of the value of money. It is meaningless to him. (It is a classic scripting ploy to put someone who desperately needs money with someone who has money but does not need it. It is a subject that everyone in the audience is interested in). Such cases of savant syndrome are rare but they have been scientifically recorded. For "Rain Man" psychiatrist Darold Treffart, who has studied savants was consulted on the script.

How did other viewers react to Hoffman's portrayal of Raymond? Those on the staff of the Psychiatry Department of Auckland University's School of Medicine who had worked with autistic patients were not impressed by the depiction of autism. They saw it as exploitation. So too did Carin Svensson (writer and former University lecturer) who has a autistic relative who gains a feeling of security by ritually filing cards in a public library. Other viewers laughed. This was evident at all screenings I attend. A psychology major said she laughed at Raymond's fear of air travel, inter-state highways, and his refusal to go out in the rain. A frequently heard comment from university students was "He was so funny, man; so funny. He made me laugh." Disabled students in Auckland were upset that Raymond was returned to Wallbrook for their own experiences of life in medical institutions were not happy ones. Those confined to wheelchairs were frustrated by the lack of access of the cinema. Two flights of stairs barred their entry. We can no longer laugh at disabled people without feeling guilty—but perhaps the film allows us to do so again because it provides a sympathetic liberal context.

It must not be forgotten that this is a mainstream Hollywood movie made for the 'average' viewer in which the bottom line is box-office success. It has achieved that success. The 'average' viewer regrettably sees psychological disability and exclusion from everyday life in institutions as abnormal and loads it with social stigma. The 'Normal' world does not make clear distinctions between one kind of 'abnormality' and another. For example, physical impairment is assumed to go hand in hand with psychological or 'mental' impairment. The makers of "Rain Man" had to be wary of just how often they allowed the viewer see the world from Raymond's point-of-view without alienating the viewer. The answer was, not often. Rather, they play a complex balancing act. They do not often give us Raymond's viewpoint directly. Elsewhere, they create an ambiguous situation in which the sympathetic can sympathise with Raymond, and simultaneously the unsympathetic can laugh at him (a balancing act). Raymond's viewpoint is shown directly for example, when Dr Bruner explains Raymond's condition to Charlie; then we are shown a tour-montage of Raymond's environment in Wallbrook. In a sequence of the Buick crossing a steel span bridge we see the span's and road surface markings through Raymond's eyes. Later is a brief but telling shot of Iris from Raymond's point-of-view. Instead of her face the camera focuses on her gold necklace. The most telling glimpse of Raymond's world is shown in a series of still photographs taken by him and screened beside the tail credits. They are visually naive compositions of shoes, bridge spans, a cola bottle top, a wind-

mill, a rail crossing sign, blurred cars, blurred buildings, labels and highway signs. They lack the assumedly tacit agreement with standard visual communication as to what is 'good' photography of a focused, clear, centrally placed image. They do not include Charlie. They are ignored by most viewers who leave the cinema after the final dissolve to black and as the tail credits roll. (The yobboes are allowed to leave—they are there for the 'serious' viewers who stay for credits). Throughout the film the 'savant' aspect of Raymond's personality balances the 'autistic' aspect. This makes Raymond more sympathetic and also more 'normal'. That avoidance of the more common and extreme symptoms of autism, such as frequent screaming and head banging, also allow Raymond to appear more 'normal'. By focusing on the 'normal' brother Charlie, his problems, the change of personality he goes through, and his changing relationship with Raymond, and by using a scenic 'road-movie' format, the film deliberately sets out to placate the viewer—to entertain more than inform. This seems the key issue. People with disability are allowed into Hollywood films only on Hollywood's terms. But an ambivalent film may be better than a directly hostile one (in which a person with disability is the villain). So Hollywood agrees to modify its approach a little to accommodate people with disability. This is progress—but only limited progress.

In its depiction of savant autism as a disability the film is soundly sanitised and only partly successful. This raises a basic problem: is it better to have a film that is only half successful

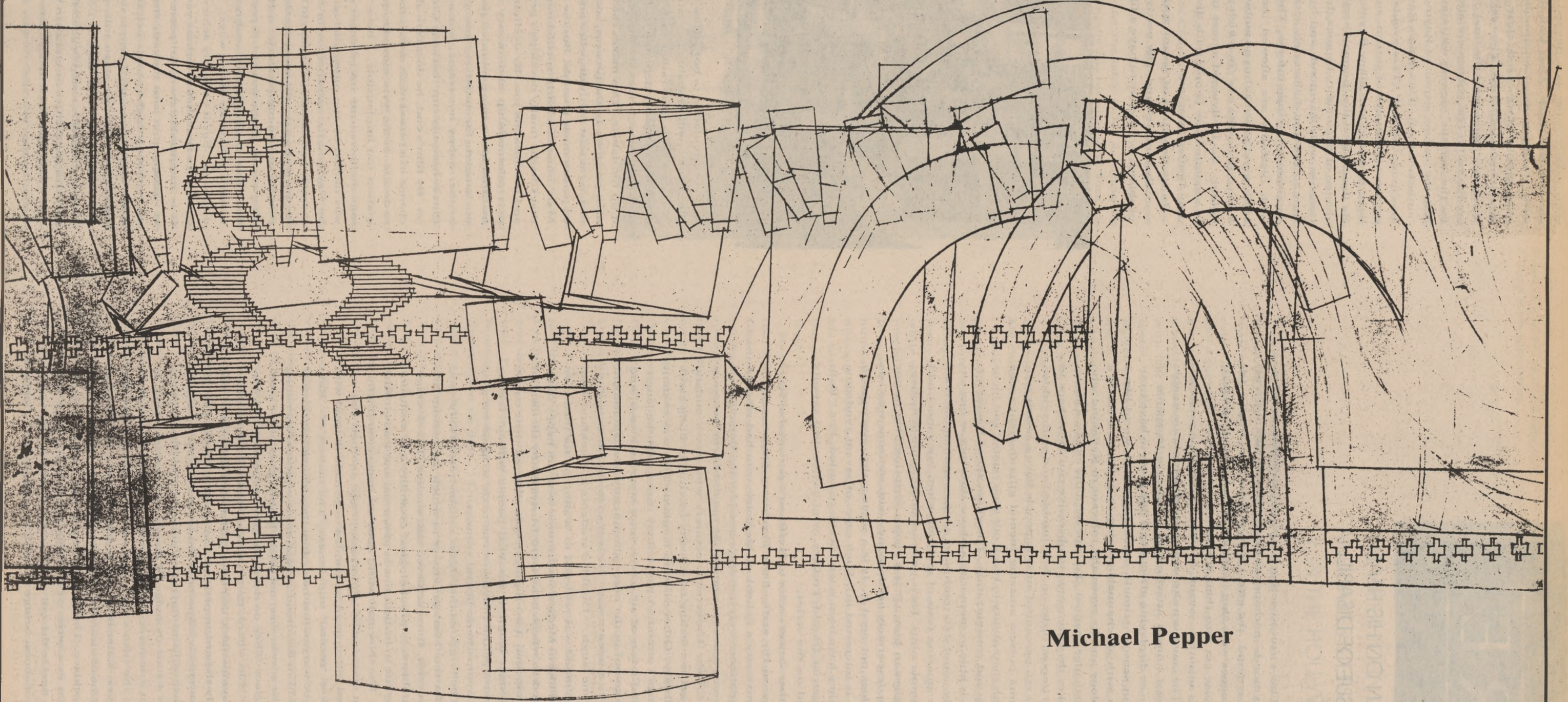


in mass circulation (a box-office success), or to wait for a good film (which will probably be restricted to 'art house' cinemas)? We need both. But rather than nothing, it is better to have a disability modestly depicted half successfully for mass circulation. It at least brings the subject out of the closet and opens it up for debate. This makes the development of informed opinion possible. In the process, social stigma, fear and ignorance may be at least partly dispelled and true acceptance of the disabled person made possible. But the limitations of a film like "Rain Man" must be clearly spelled out too. In the film it is implied that Charlie finally develops a genuine affection for Raymond, and for Susanna too. By declining Bruner's cheque he shows that salesmanship and money are not everything. He has matured into a more rounded person while Raymond remains unchanged. For autistics cannot change. The final ending is neither happy nor tragic, but a mixture of the two. But the film is basically 'up' because Charlie has changed for the better. By film's end, he does care about people. Just whether this change in a period of six days is too plausible is for the individual to decide. Some were moved to tears. But I found the transformation too implausible. I have to admit that repeated viewings mellowed my initial anger at Raymond's exploitation. I was moved by the quiet, dialogueless ending. And especially by Raymond's snapshots with the tail credits.

It seems perfect for such a film to have a mixed ending—a purely happy ending would seem sentimental, a purely unhappy ending would be too bleak (for a Hollywood film). A mixed ending seems characteristic of popular Hollywood films in the 80s. This ending is even ambivalent (a viewer can read Raymond's behaviour in two ways). That could be seen as slightly dishonest, but it certainly achieves what Hollywood wants to achieve (a film that is serious yet still leaves you feeling 'up'). It is comparable then, to 'positive role model' films for gays or women, or at least the early stage where such films still needed to show straight people helping women or gays. A further stage would show such people doing their own thing without help. And a further stage still would feel free to show them as unhappy as well as happy. "Rain Man" is still at the first stage, though it is a step beyond films which totally ignore people with disabilities or else turn them into villains. Accepting that "Rain Man" is a mainstream commercial Hollywood movie made for the 'average' viewer, it gains my muted approval.

" Why . . . a r c h i t e c t u r e To DAY . . . "

'...you architects, for too long, have been solving a problem, representing and symbolising a problem which is no longer where we are.' He said, 'I want you to do a building which symbolises mans capaciity to overcome knowledge.' I looked at him and thought, what is that? He said, 'I do not want you to merely illustrate the problem. I do not want you to decorate a facade with a computer chip, cut into the chip, and say there - we have symbolised the overcoming of knowledge.



Michael Pepper

No,' he said, 'I am not talking about that. I want something far more significant, I want something that challenges man's very occupation of space, not just the surface of that space.' He said 'And I do not think that you can do it.'

Auckland University School of Architecture

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LAMB TALKS TURKEY WITH SWANN — THE RISE AND RISE OF A TOP CAT

When Dianne Swann was a little girl growing up in Whangarei she wanted to be like Julie Andrews in *The Sound Of Music*. Now her life is full of the sound of music, with a new single out shortly, an offer to tour America with Shona Laing—and of course the Cats are never far away.

It's winter on the balcony of the Art Gallery cafe, and Dianne Swann sits garnished in a startling electric blue coat and smiling a heart-warming smile.

She's been up all the previous night putting the finishing touches to a new video (directed by Kerry Brown) to go with the new single, but still manages divulge some clues as where this cat's at.

And hasn't all been pussyfooting around—before WTCA Dianne had aired her talents with a group called 'Everything That Flies', but the band sank without a trace. The Cats weren't ever meant to go on the prowl for long, but ironically their ad hoc approach inspired on going success: "We got together for one gig, for fun, bye the bye there was a really good audience there and it kept growing..." To the point where now they even have their satirists—like 'When The Cat's Been Speyed'; another all women band out to have a good time (a rap version of Abba's 'Dancing Queen!!).

"I love food— Thai food and chocolate done in ginger and coriander"

Although music is now her career, Dianne has walked the crippled path of prosaic dayjobs—"All the awful things dishwasher, dispensary technician, computer operator". But her destiny was made of different stuff, music was written in her stars from birth, from a musically talented mother, who says she wished it on when Dianne when she was born. And then Julie came running over the brow of a hill in her fraulein gear and a star was born...

"I decided when I was about five when I saw the *Sound of Music* and I thought - I'm going to be Julie Andrews. Pretty pathetic really. I've seen it recently and I can't believe how innocent and

FEATURE

by Michael Lamb

corny it is but when I saw it as a kid I thought it was brilliant. I really like it when the Captain is singing Edelweiss and he's all of a sudden a nice guy and it goes all misty..."

Dianne started writing songs when she was about 16: "and that's how I got into music, rather than learning covers and learning to sing right."

Now the brunette turned blond turned brunette is bringing her wealth of experience to bear on her solo flight, although the single does feature other Cats on b.v.'s (that's 'backing vocals' cats) plus Shona Laing and Barbara Griffin from the Holidaymakers—it's sort of like Auckland meets Wellington. 'It's huge!' says Dianne.

The single is called 'Something Good', and it was produced by the excellent Nigel Stone of Netherworld (Dancing Toys) fame.

Dianne writes on guitar, inspired by 'personal relationships', the straight from the heart stuff (Swann in love?), but that doesn't mean she's treading the same old mill.

"I'm at the frustrating stage where people want to help me out but a lot of people want to hear a sure-fire hit...the one that's been written a million times before, and I don't want to write songs like that."

"I'll just keep writing and if I stumble on a song that everybody likes then that's great...it's a fickle business and people tend to write you off quite quickly"

For Dianne writing good songs and performing well often feels like just 5% of the business and the rest is a load of brouhaha—although she feels the time is right for women artists to make big inroads into the scene. The way the Cats supported and still support each other has helped towards individual goals. And Dianne also has songs going out to other female artists—recently Mahina Tocker's gotten hold of one of her songs.

To that end Dianne has just sewn up a publishing deal—often more of a source of income to a musician than the seeming profits off records.

The winter day closes in a bit and our respective lack of sleep brings the conversation back to the real important things in life—like watching television and choosing brands of perfume. I always wondered what it would be like to write for 'Shake' magazine and this seems like the time to pretend. Rummaging around in Dianne's personal closet reveals all:

"Life hasn't been the same since The Beverly Hillbillies was taken off" she reflects. "I've taken to doing really stupid things like watching 'A Year In The Life'...I get incredibly moved by movies and TV, I even cried to the Johnson ad the other night—you know the one when the woman's had the baby and they bring in the baby..."

"I watch C.V." she says but draws the line at the wrestling: "I can't believe how stupid it is."

On a more serious note Dianne's busy getting on with the Bigger Plan, which includes getting an album together and perhaps taking it (and herself) abroad to see the world. She'd also like to act but "I'd be concerned about the script".

The pigeons bully their way closer and we are forced to flee their diseased gaze. God knows what their impression of this Swann is, but I have found her quietly confident, determined, and charming. And by the way—the perfume she wears is: Chanel.



KD Laing & The Reclines

Absolute Torch And Twang

Sire

Y'know, country music hasn't changed all that much over the years. In 1989 you can still hear the slide guitar, the violin and the songs about memories, lost love and Alabama.

These days though, you don't have to record in Nashville or Memphis and appear on tacky family TV shows that nobody really enjoys. You don't even have to have a beard and a bandana.

KD Laing does OK for herself without all that, while still maintaining that down south, out west acoustic jangle—and she does it in Canada.

KD has a voice that cuts through these songs like a hammer through butter. Somehow her strong almost-yodel is a bit much for a lot of these songs. It's a little like that time she crooned against (not with) the Big 'O' on that 'Crying' song a couple of years back—not too subtle.

You can't really fault the musicianship. For this genre, it's about as standard issue as you can get. 'Luck In My Eyes' swings away to itself and 'Big Boned Gal' is a bit of fun. 'Wallflower Waltz' and 'Nowhere To Stand' would not be out of place on a Sunday TV movie soundtrack.

The album holds together well, though, and the production is great. And at least there's no wheelchair tragedy song in sight.

ANDREW DUBBER

WRECKASTOW

Prince—Batman Soundtrack

If Prince was the Prince of Darkness and not the Prince of Lightness, God knows if he'd be half the royalty he is today. And because the Caped Crusader is no knight in white, but rather a bat in black, traditional colour theory is booted right out the Batcave.

The Gipper got through a cartload of years as top donkey in the U.S. because, in the simplest political analysis, God was on his side.

Prince must have hired the same public relations firm (unless that is, he actually 'believes'—when Americans say "I believe in God" it's a bit like a four year old saying "I believe in liquorice allsorts").

But this is the sound, not the vision, and the two stand on their own independent webbed feet elsewhere. WEA presumably wouldn't release the disc so many light years before the celluloid hits town.

Meantime we're dipped in vintage Prince, micro-manager of the sweet beat. If Prince had been born in Beethoven's time...Beethoven wouldn't have had a chance while Michael Jackson wafts around in a cloud of skin reconstruction, Prince is already hard at labour on his next album.

I'm sold on 'Arms Of Orion', the big gushy love song but I know the affair won't last—they never do. But at least it's playlisted on the **Lovey Dovey Mushy Mushy Kissy Show**, BFM's post-C.V. smooch out show. I'd like to run through the tracks with you but this is an a discette bulging with singles so why hasten the overkill? I recommend a drip feed approach...after all, Batman would never go straight for the jugular, would he?

I suppose when Prince said 'party like it's 1999' he actually meant let's party until it's 1999. He seems to want to provide the soundtrack to the next 20 years. So he may not have Elvis' quivering leg, but the little paisley dude is heir to the throne...

Michael Lamb



More musical history at Mascot: Debbie Harwood signs to Warrior Records for her new single: L-R Hugh Lynn, Debbie, Mike Chunn.

entertainment this week

THE POWER TRIP

'BRENDAN POWER AND THE TRANSMITTERS'

Who is Brendan Power? those uninitiated to the NZ music world might ask. The answer: Brendan Power is NZ's top session **harmonica** player and virtuoso having played for the likes of Suzanne Prentice and Patsy Riggir, Hello Sailor and Shona Laing. Brendan has worked with Acoustic Confusion, Hillman Hunter and the Roots Group and of course you all remember 'The Gentle Annie Band', voted top country 1986 and you all would have seen the group he formed Holiday' on the television screen. Power has toured with Wayne Gillespie and the with NZ Blues legend, Sonny Day's band **The Renegades**. This man's experience as a working musician is extensive not forgetting to mention working with **Chicago** bluesman Big Moose Walker and playing support for overseas artists Brownie McGhee and the late Roy Buchanan.

Power is one of the few players in the world who can switch with equal ease between the gutsy earthy blues harp and the jazzy sophistication of the chromatic harp, with roots styles such as country, soul, and blues. Brendans' unique and dramatic style is partly derived from his development of a new tuning for the instrument, and his own compositions especially written for the Harmonica.

Julian McKeen adds to this fine musicianship and versatility with his talent and experience: guitar, banjo, and vocals. Generally a solo act, Julian's now getting jazz chords under his belt. Nigel Gavin joins the team as the third Transmitter for this NZ Tour. Gavin has recently been maitre d' of **Gitbox Rebellion**, a ten piece acoustic line-up performing mostly Gavin's original material.

'Brendan Power and the Transmitters' are about to tour. Brendan will also be taking workshops on the Harmonica.

Check it out: 10th August Auckland University quad (lunchtime)

17th August: Otara Arts Centre



LISTINGS

MUSIC/SHOWS/EVENTS

WEDNESDAY 9

Simply Red—Logan Campbell Center
Vintage Jazz Band—14 years on and still going...
Birkenhead Trust Hotel
Beat Roosters—Gluepot
The Plague/Tempest—The Venue
Mick Hucknell—Siren

THURSDAY 10

Tyga Tyga—Wildlife
Jumping Bones—Sam Diego's
Caribbean Heartbeat—Le Bom
Cactus—Venue
Mike Storey—Shakespeare
Tommy Adderley & Friends—Montmartre Club
Legendary Bitters—Esplanade
Brendan Power—Uni Quad (lunch)
Lewd & Ludicrous—Station Hotel

FRIDAY 11

Butch Hancock/Jimmy Dale
Gilmore—Gluepot
Five Bands For \$5—Powerstation
Sombretones—The Venue
Peter Morgan And Tactics—Montmartre Club (Jazz)
Cornelius Herring—Farside Cafe
Crazy Rhythm And City Lights—
Burgundy's of Parnell (for the infirm)
The Urge—Sam Diego's
Lunchtime Concert—Maidment, Free
Distractions—Esplanade

SATURDAY 12

Sombretones—The Venue
Butch Hancock/Jimmie Dale
Gilmore(Choir)—Gluepot
Peter Morgan And Tactics—Montmartre Club (Jazz)
Rebel Without Applause—Esplanade
Sam Diego Stompers (Dixie)—Sam Diego's
Cornelius Herring—The Farside Cafe
Nairobi Trio—Cafe Zira
Rhythm Cage—The Venue

SUNDAY 13

Beaver & The Best Boys—Corner Bar/Gluepot
The Nairobi Trio—at Rick's Blue Falcon (Jazz)
Theatresports—Maidment
The Session—Kit Kat Klub (Le Bom)

MONDAY 14

The Comedy Store—at The Basement
Poet's Night—The Albion
The Nairobi Trio—Rick's Blue Falcon (Jazz)
Live Blues—Farside Cafe
Shenanigan—Irish music—Sheraton Hotel

TUESDAY 15

Crazy Horse—amateur country music night. Royal Oak Restaurant
Hot Line Fashion Show—Siren
The Al Hunter Band—Shakespeare

WEDNESDAY 16

Fabels Of Faubis—Cafe Zira
Mark Laurent—Shakespeare

PERFORMING ARTS

MRS KLEIN—GODS, MERCURY THEATRE

Undoubtedly a superb play with a brilliant line up of great character actors and all women cast consisting of such notables as Bridget Armstrong—Mrs Klein, Elizabeth Hawthorne her daughter Mellita—Dr Schmidebery, and Judith Gibson—Paula. Each of these roles required a depth of strength and vulnerability which the players admirably achieved. This is no other excellent play by director Sara Peirse, written and adopted from a Phyllis Grosskirth biography Mrs Klein by New Zealand playwright Nicholas Wright.

The audience arrives to find two women on stage 'occupying' themselves in an environment that is obviously someone's home. Music by Schubert maintains the gentle action of the play at this point, as we take in the convincing full realism of the stage. We can't be sure whether we've come in late or if the play has begun—the lights are still on.

The London home of Mrs Klein in the 1940s is the scene for this intense piece of theatre. Mrs Klein is a woman of character, force, comfort and order, her categorisation of life is thematically symbolised throughout the play: she has three drawers in which material relevant for superego, ego, and id are to be found. She is a clinician in the Freudian school.

It is her relationship with her children from which the action emerges: it is powerful traumatic stuff. Violent outbursts, despairing neurotic dependency, mother guilt, love and hate and of course dreams are the nuts and bolts of the child/mother relationships in this play. Parental superegos exist even when mother is away.

Paula is the interloper, the dutiful non-daughter that eventually takes the interest of the mother/clinician. Possibly absurd, the relationship with the self is all signifying to each character, each in their own way unresolved, the dreaded Transference...

Audiences will find this play full of material for personal reflection, informative about Mrs Klein's theory and practices. We leave the theatre with a fondness for these two women whose lives we have visited, whose lives are made conceivable through this excellent play.

(Sarah Pierse's next play at The Mercury will be 'The Secret Rapture' by David Hare.)

Jennifer O'Conner



BACK TO THE NORMAL LIFE—PART V BY LEON VAN DER EIJKEL

George Fraser Gallery

This exhibition began in the 17th Century. From protestant beginnings it is now general consensus. To make the observation that "it" has gained full commodity status is perhaps just cliché today—complicity to the system is 'style'—it means we buy designer furniture and feel no guilt. For those who, um, metaphorically speaking, do 'buy' but still feel uncomfortable, then this exhibition is not for you, but about you. Andrei Tarkovsky made a film on the subject—it's called "Sacrafice".

While an interview with the 'Father' of the Neutron bomb plays across on video, our experience of the 'interior' as void, on exhibit, places us well within his post-destruction aesthetic. That the artist is targeting a specific class is not only evident in the type of furniture he sets up in the gallery—but the slides of the interiors projected on the walls. Large pottery ornaments, collections of books—these are the people who buy paintings. Lovers of Art and interiors, both a sign for culture, paradoxically maps of its progress and the promise of its security.

Interior designates a psychic state. On exhibition. We are 'outside' to this inside, the role of spectator posits our body, redundant, excess, useful only in its willing perpetuation of the lie. The interior becomes the dream, the exterior the means of attaining it. From 'Landfall' to totalization, the Neutron's significance lies exactly in its perfection of this colonizing process. Inside and out. Here is the Art.

Bridget Sutherland

entertainment this week

BOOKS

Passion of Youth

by Wilhelm Reich

Picador

"Passion of Youth" is a not very interesting autobiography by a very interesting chap. Wilhelm Reich didn't really start spotting flying saucers in earnest until the 1950's, so by ending in 1922, when he was still a perfectly respectable pioneer of psychoanalysis, this book misses out on lots of really good material: "Flying Saucers in Deadly Orgone Radiation Scandal!" and so forth. Wilhelm Reich seemed to have two lives: one as a serious contributor to the development of psychoanalysis between the wars, and another, in America during the 1950's, developing theories that the Food and Drug Administration found so difficult to believe they eventually sent him to jail, where he died in 1957. People who might be interested in Reich, therefore, fall into two groups: earnest students of psychiatry, concerned with the first period of his life, and nuttophiles, fascinated by anyone who thinks they can destroy clouds by pointing aluminium tubes at them. This is the difficulty of WR; was he a clever scientist, simply too forwards thinking for a bunch of fuddy-duddies like the FDA to appreciate, was he the Russ Meyer of psychoanalysts, only too happy to take advantage of his patients willingness to sit masturbating in a box lined with steel wool, or was he simply mad? "Passion of Youth" doesn't really have the answers—all these aspects of his character are apparent to some extent, but the book as a whole, for me, missed the mark. The third, and largest, part of the book is composed of excerpts from Reich's diaries, written while he was at University. Students are, by and large, a boring mob, and WR was no exception; his diaries are full of circular intellectualising and frenetic fretting about women he fancied, which is never very riveting, even after the fretter in question has gone on to do some very peculiar things in Maine. The first two parts of the book, by contrast, are very good, having been assembled by Reich as autobiography—rather than assembled from material he probably should never have thought of as suitable for publication.

The first part deals with his childhood, his unusually early sexual development, and the events leading up to the loss of his parents. The second part covers his service during the Great War. All this material is excellent, but cannot make up for the interminable prattle of the diaries. If you are already interested in Reich, then you will read this book anyway. If you have never heard of him, but are interested in his more unconventional exploits, then I suggest "Book of Dreams" by Peter Riech (WR's son) which describes the final years at Orgonon, or "WR, Mysteries of the Organism" an indescribable film made by Scandinavian devotees of his particularly 'physical theories. Either one of these is bound to set you wondering.

Martin Lafferty



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- 2 CHRIS KNOX: Not Given Lightly
- 3 BOB MOULD: Dreaming I Am
- 4 Suicide: Wild In Blue
- 5 P.I.L.: Disappointed Joy
- 6 Min. Of Compulsory Joy
- 7 Honey Love: What Is A Girl
- 8 Chainsaw Masochists
- 9 TRIFFIDS: Falling Over You
- 10 CAKE KITCHENS: Dave The Pimp

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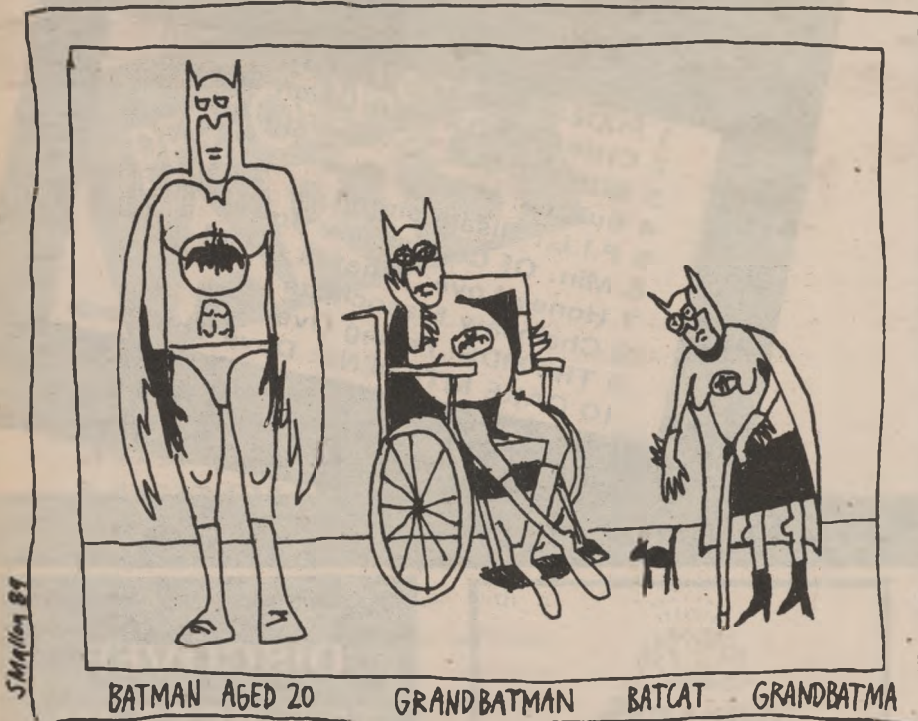
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entertainment this week

BATMAN FAMILY PHOTO



AUG 9-16 (unless specified)

MERCURY/GODS

'Mrs Klein' The Gods

MERCURY/REPERTORY

'Fiddler On The Roof'

AUCK. GIRLS GRAMMAR THEATRE

'Jesus Christ Superstar'

AUCKLAND GRAMMAR THEATRE

'The Dark At the Top Of The Stairs' (Until Aug 16)

THEATRE

JESUS CHRIST
SUPERSTAR

PREVIEW

Christians, Christianity itself is hardly a universally popular cause on Campus. For some 'Christian-bashing' is a perfectly legitimate and much admired activity. What has always amused me is that the most fervent of anti-Christians always intolerantly slam Christians for intolerance.

Their idea of what a Christian is, is that of an irrational, intolerant Jimmy Swaggart citing evangelist type. This is somewhat akin to one assuming that all atheists on Campus are irreverent, hard-drinking, woman-bashing, drug taking slobs (only a few are).

That people's perceptions can be twisted and formed by the fringes or extremists of either side is to me unfortunate. Anyway regardless of the rights or wrongs of the respective groups this is not intended to be a sermon. Rather it is a preview of the Auckland Operatic Society's presentation of Jesus Christ Superstar.

Yes, I can see the atheists recoiling at the mention of such words. Jesus Christ Superstar is Andrew Lloyd Webber's and Tim Rice's now legendary rock opera. I was lucky enough to be at a dress rehearsal for a sneak preview of sorts.

Visually and musically stunning, the set and the costumes in particular were amazing. The obvious professionalism and infectious enthusiasm of the cast was clear.

As I mentioned earlier it is a rock opera which for the uninitiated and the uneducated means that there is some singing involved.

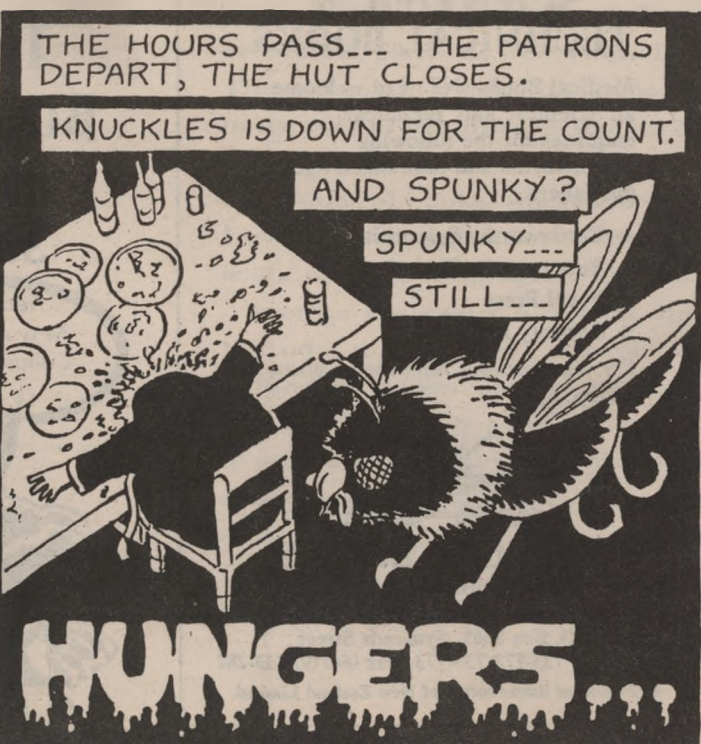
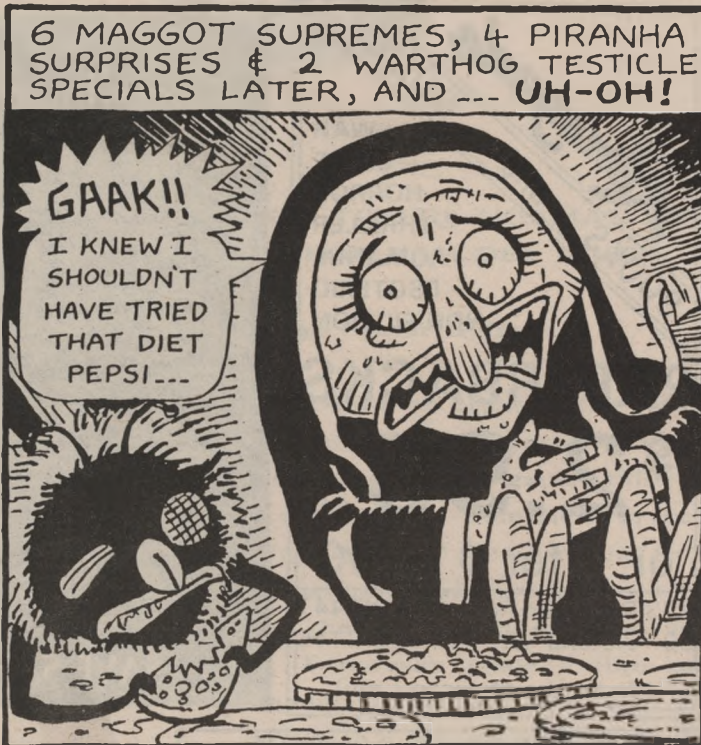
Essentially the action revolves around the personal turmoil and anguish of Judas Iscariot. Iscariot was the man who betrayed Jesus to the Romans for 30 pieces of silver. Unlike many similar productions it takes a sympathetic view towards Iscariot's plight. His guilt and self-hate at his actions lead to his taking of his own life. Jesus is, of course, eventually crucified.

The show does not take a simplistic or moralistic view against Judas, we see he is only too human in his actions and his inner turmoil. So for those among us who don't want to be harangued about Satan, hell and God's divine hate this show may just give you a balance between true Christianity and the perverted irrational cult that many around varsity seem to promote. On the other hand for those dedicated atheists among us this show offers great entertainment and a deeply moving theme which transcends religion of any form and pervades human life itself.

For whatever reason this is a professional production and thoroughly deserving of attendance. Incidentally students qualify for a concession rate ticket so go along, you won't be disappointed.

Peter Malcouronne

KNUCKLES THE NOVEL BY WICK



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NEXT TERM: YOU FAIL YOUR EXAMS

THE MEANING OF LIFE

MALCOURONNE

BONKING IN THE EXISTENTIAL VOID

Buddha did it.

William Blake and Hldous Huxley tried.

Now Lord Petronius and Dangerous Dr Dave have a crack at discovering the Meaning of Life.

Lord Petronius was immersed in his social calendar as I gazed out his penthous window over the city and toward the half build and half empty buildings which are Auckland as we know it.

We were both very depressed. It was looking as if the SPCA (Sports, Parties and Connubial Activitiess) would leave us little time to write the week's column. A week without the marvelous Mega-mouth magic. It was too horrible to contemplate.

Suddenly Lord Petronius was jumping around shouting "I've got it, I've got it". Before I could let my little pessimistic mind work on that one he sat down smiling: "We can tape our dialogue as we walk to the party". Excitement rose instantly inside me; I've got an idea, I've got an idea. I'm grappling with the big one." The Mega-mouth stepped back hurriedly. He's never fond of that sort of carry-on. "No, no", I assured him, "It's not that. I believe I'm on the verge of discovering the meaning of life", I gushed in revered tones.

Petronius didn't look wholly convinced. "I'm...er...I mean it's a lot harder than you think." His tone was slow and measured, in marked contrast to the heavy breathing Mega-mouth we all know. Petronius noting my hurt disappointment at his lack of faith nodded. "OK, with two of us on the job there'll be no one left standing. Grab a tape recorder and wire us up. Hey!", Petronius thrust in abruptly causing me to gasp. "No Rob Lowe video camera tricks you hear me!"

"All right," I rushed around frantically, "move over Enid Blighton and Ernest Hemingway, the Big E's as I call them, Lord Petronius and Dangerous Dr Dave have arrived as serious writers." But then it suddenly struck me. We may have made it as great writers but where were we as people.

"Sometimes," mused the Mega-mouth, "I envy those people labouring away as politicians and those who clock in daily as surgeons. The great existential questions never seem to impinge on their consciousness—Who am I?—What does it all mean?—How to resolve a constant array of ethical questions?—What is love?—And more importantly, does any of this matter?"

We were so engrossed in these ponderings that we were oblivious to the mundane concrete realities of life. We found ourselves in the middle of Princes Street crossing when an E type slid abruptly to a halt within inches of us. Her long black hair was swept back and a woman resembling Cleopatra stepped out shouting abuse. Suddenly her demeanour changed and she smiled self consciously, apologising, and explaining how upset she was by our near death. "Would you like a ride", she asked.

Petronius was eager as ever and ready to go when I hauled him back. "The poor woman's thoughts must have been all jumbled up in the near accident," I observed to the Megamouth. "Besides We've arrived at our destination."

"But is the university our destination?", Petronius mused. "Is this the great end point of my life's journey. It hardly seems what the philosophers and prophets were searching for. Would Buddha have got all excited if he'd arrived at Auckland University? No! So why does everyone seem to think that it should be enough to satisfy us?"

"How true, how true," I chorused ingratiatingly. "Life's great searches take place in the internal metaphysical world. The arrival is not some structure, salary or degree..." Loni walked into my outstretched arms as I crossed the quad, looking into nirvana which seemed just within my grasp. Her silken hair caressed my cheek as she tried to whisper in my ear. Her efforts to get closer would up with her biting my ear, although not too hard. Why do women always do this? In any case her attempts to make herself understood were thwarted by the booming music emanating from Shadows. I thought she said, "If you're into bonking let's go back to my place." Clearly I was mistaken. "Ah, Tolkien", I realised.

"No. bonking"; she sounded exasperated.

I've never heard of bonking. Probably some obscure religious leader and besides as I explained, "Exploring Tolkien on an experiential plane is a solitary endeavour."

She looked hurt and angry as she pulled away. Again the music from Shadows obscured her words but I think she said "I didn't know you were into wanking."

"No, no", it was my turn to be exasperated. "The inner middle kingdom isn't a place like a city in middle China. It's a state of being." She was clearly disinterested. "Well, few people are", as I explained to Petronius. "It's all - have you done this or that essay?—Did you mange to get an extension? When is the test coming up?—Have you read this book?—Can you follow what the lecturer is saying? and I wish I hadn't taken up law—But is this what life is all about?". I gesticulated earnestly: "Even if my academic life was perfect would I feel satisfied? Would the nagging emptiness that tears my soul and ravages my being leave me? Would the questions which rage within me for an answer disappear?" I was near to tears after this great outpouring.

Petronius was looking at me quizzically. "I don't think that was what she was getting at". What was he on about? I was dumbfounded that he wasn't picking up the thread of our great existential enquiry. "I think it all passed you by," he continued.

"Hey Lord Petronius and Dr Dave. Come with us. Please say yes". Farrah smiled at us demurely, lowering her eyes. I didn't think the sun was that strong. "We just need two men and then we can begin the weekend."

"Oh yeah", Petronius sounded interested. "Where are you off to?"

"How does a sauna sound?", she breathlessly suggested. Once again the smile and the lowered eyes. I couldn't understand it at all as by now we'd wandered into the shade.

"A sauna? No!", I replied turgidly. Petronius was no help. He stood by stupidly with a glazed far-away look in his eyes and a silly grin on his face. "We're grappling with an existential question which will change our entire lives if we can solve it!"

"Perhaps you just need something to get your mind off it. How does a sauna and then a weekend with me and Mimi sound?", came the soft and flaccid answer.

"At Hoppers? No way!" I was quite definite because I knew what that would be like. Music. Drinking. Continuous Party. It's just not the atmosphere one needs to explore one's inner consciousness.

I could tell Petronius wasn't convinced. He was going on about how Plato was prattling on about the meaning of life at a post-wedding orgy, moments before he slumped dead and drunk under the table.

I had to drag the foolish fellow away. We had gone too far in our quest to waste it all on an untimely death.

As we talked about the horrors of the existential void I realised I was finding it very hard to see. Surely we hadn't been in the shade that long. Then I realised that it was dark and we were somewhere in Mt Eden. Several hours had elapsed and several miles had disappeared in the external world but our internal journey had only just begun.

A party was raging at 120 decibels just up the road. "Thank God," Petronius breathed a sigh of relief. "Bring that tape around tomorrow and we'll write up anything that's worthwhile". Then he disappeared into the noise. "But... but..." I was left babbling incoherently on the street.

"You won't turn out like him will you?", I turned around in fright to find a very inebriated middle-aged woman leaning up against the hedge. Her full bodied light red hair cascaded down over his pale white shoulder. She was distressed and crying. "You're as soft and gentle looking as he used to be." She tapped my chest. "But he's developed into a bastard!". "Immm", I mused to myself.

What will life open up for me? Will experiences be cast into my path which will turn and change my character as clearly happened to her friend, or do we have more control than automatons from some determinist's nightmare? Can we literally create ourselves? Is happiness and fulfillment ours irrespective of fate merely requiring us to find the vision and the effort to arrive there!

"Be like you were. Just for tonight. Just once again.", she pleaded. Her arms were around me and her head was buried against my breast. Like I was? What was I? What is my personality? It it merely what I use to survive, to please, to win? And if not what is me? God only knows.

Sensing my inner turmoil she caressed my stomach. "You won't be disappointed".

Disaffected! Dissatisfied! Disenchanted! Was I closer to where I was. To be disappointed you needed an ideal to compare this temporal world. I had no ideals, no vision, nothing. That was my problem. All vigour, energy and determination but completely rudderless.

I was getting nowhere without Lord Petronius. I needed to be home. Hopefully after a good sleep I'd wake to a bright new day where none of these questions plagued me.

Pushing open the front door and heading to my bedsitter I still felt completely dissatisfied...and cold. I all my ponderings I had lost contact with the mundane. Temperature meant nothing when the meaning and purpose of my life was hanging in the balance. Now that my ears had turned blue I noticed it.

The woman in the next bedsitter walked out of the bath wrapped in a towel. As I hunted for my keys her towel dropped to the floor. Silly woman, she'd catch her death on a night like this. I moved quickly, retrieving it for here.

As I pushed open my door I wondered if that was it. Perhaps life is just ensuring you survive. Ensuring you don't die of hypothermia as that poor woman almost did. But is that the answer. I can't help feeling that it's all somehow eluding me. That right within my grasp while I'm concentrating on the irrelevant the whole purpose of my life is floating around me. All I need is to somehow peel back the blinds, roll open the doors and there it will be. But what are the doors that are standing in between me and happiness and why have I got them there blinding me to the pure bliss that I know I could be enjoying.

I was worn out from all this searching and in the moment of exhaustion or was it frustration my mind turned to other things. The Mega-mouth had his Mini but he had her no longer.

What did I have, what didn't I have?

These thoughts were gnawing at my spiritual inner self. Consciously I tried to think about the mundane, I tried to sate my carnal desires in the internal dark pit of my mind. I seemed to be no closer to discovering the meaning of life as I fell asleep, fitfully tossing and turning all night, thinking of sex, sex, elusive sex.

Dangerous Doctor Dave and Lord Petronus Mega-mouth

NOTE: Interested readers may wonder what or who is Mini? Is the mysterious Mini a living person or some subconscious inner entity. The word Mini is derived from the Latin word Mienus which translated literally means beautiful, divine, celestial, or godly status. Used in this context it refers to something feminine, perhaps indeed to a young woman.

SOCCER REPORT

UNIVERSITY 5 MASSEY 6

One of the true games of goal scoring was witnessed on Saturday at University Park. With both teams needing a win it was always going to be a close, hard fought encounter. Univeristy Civil and Civic opened up the scoring in the first minute but the lead was relatively short lived. Another great goal put Civil and Civic back in the lead midway through the first half. This was also short lived and Massey scored once more before the break to make the score 3-2 to Massey. After the break, in an incredible 15 minutes, Massey scored three times and went into a very comfortable lead. They seemed to just cruise through the game and University Civil and Civic went all out on attack. We also scored three times within 15 minutes and with just one goal the difference it was a battle until the end. There was no more scoring, although University had one shot just clear the crossbar, and a potential own goal saved on the line. A disappointing result for varsity, and it will be a hard battle in our reach for promotion. special thanks to our sponsors Civil and Civic for all their help this season.

Ian Malone.

RESTAURANTS

PANCHOS MEXICAN RESTURANT

Elliot Street, City.

If you're looking for a place to fill that gap some nite, and don't have too many spare pesos to spend, then this is the place for you—as long as you're not hung up on Western food. This Mexican resturant is great value—it's relatively cheap (\$8—\$12 main) and the meals are good value. There is a wide variety of types of Mexican food, and for a change they are all clearly described on the menu. For large groups of people they are quite happy to put together a special price per head—for example, nachos for eveyone, main course and desert/coffee/ tea for \$20 is what we arranged once. We were served by one waitress who never once mucked up or got flustered by the fact that there were 20—30 of us (the number fluctuated like a time curve) at least half of whom had imbibed copious quantities of intoxicating liquids.

In fact, this resturant seemed quite happy to have noisy partying patrons, and even encourages it on the entry door.

They take various credit cards, cheques (even student!) and cash of course, if you have any.

Panchos is a BYO restaurant that also has a limited bar service. If you're really keen, the Civic bottlestore (or whatever its new trendy name is) is just around the corner, so you can always dash out for extra supplies.

All in all, Panchos is a great place for dining, either booked or spontaneous, and I recommend it to anyone.

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LIVE

SRC Meetings

* This week you get to see the people that *everyone else* voted in.

A.U.S.A. CLUBS

Socialist Soc.

* Beer & politics from 4pm every Friday in the Exec Longe.

Badminton Club

*The Eden Badminton Club plays every Wed. night, 7-10pm, Auckland Grammar School gym, all grades. Ph. Brett 659-090, Ann 689-959.

Gay Students

* Social meeting every Friday, 5pm in Part Time Employment Bureau (AUSA first floor behind TV room.) From 4.30-5pm we have an organisation/information meeting. If your gay or think you might be come along. Richard 786-079, 390-789 x808, Kevin 764-697, 390-789 x829, Leigh 390-789 x851.

WANTED

* New enthusiastic Gymnastic Club members who are interested in pursuing greater flexibility, co-ordination and Gymnastic skills come along, bring a friend or two. We run from 6-8pm every Tuesday & Thursday evenings at the Rec.

*As for the rest of the clubs, if you give CRACCUM your notice by Tuesday each week you can have 8000 copies printed of it. (With the odd article or two).

Engineering & Science Ball

*Kings gate Convention Centre. Fri 4th August Food & entertainment provided. \$29 Eng. Soc. members. \$35 Science and others. Tickets on sale foyer of Engineering School.

Psychotronic Movie Club

* After a short absence, we once again bring you groovy movies. Please stop sending the letters and telegrams etc. begging us to show more films. PMC is proud to present (Direct from Bolivia) : "Bloody Pit Of Horror". Friday 11th August, 7.30pm in OA 39, Old Arts Bldg. Only \$2, free for members. Bring a friend for your lunch

Lost Property

* Would Students please note : Property left in the lockers from 1988 within AUSA complex, will be offered for Auction on Aug 3 if not Reclaimed on Tues Aug 1st by 3pm. Other lost property items must be reclaimed at the same time or they will be offered for auction as well.

The Custodians, AUSA.

Sister Pandora

Warmly invites You

* To become a member of The Knuckles Club... ..33 Clarence St is the safe place to be if your a baby...

Cults of All Sorts

* Razor is looking for commentary on cults of all sorts including Mariyn Monroe, The Daleks, Lotto, Blotto, Bruce Lee, The Avengers, Arnold Schwarzenegger, The Silent Nite People, The Inevitable Andy Warhol and William Burroughs, Sam Fox, Rocky Horror, Batman, Plan Nine From Outer Space, Jesus Christ, Hare Krishna, The Prisoner, BFM, Reagan, Yummy Fur, you get the picture ? Approach ye Ed'in the Govt. Bookshop or at CRACCUM with your guff. Cartoons and suitably themed story strips are likewise sought after. Razor 9 will be ought shortly, it's got the death of Tisco George and Joe Dole: Joe copyrights Tisco and becomes a yuppie! It's 44 pages of mix'n'match weird-out by Stone, Langridge, Tom Michie, Kupe, Tony Renouf, Chris Knox, Andrew Langridge, Glen Lincoln and co. Especially for Rachael Callendar there is a 28 page vampire story featuring Argus in "Flesh and Blood".

Attention Cyclists

* All competitive cyclists. Cyclists are needed for the Winter Tourney on the 21st of August at Canterbury University. Events include a 40km criterium around the University and a 16km individual time trial. Anyone interested contact the sports officer at the Student Union.

Legal Referral

* To help Students with Legal Problems, queries... Floor 4 of the Law School. Mon, Tue, Wed, 12pm Tutorial Room E, 1pm Rm 405.

Amnesty International

*Small informal meetings are held every Monday at 1pm in room 204 of the Student Union. We act directly on Worldwide human rights abuses, focusing on Latin America and the Death Penalty.

Such is Life

* "Such is Life" is looking For Cartoonists to submit strips of a sick humoured or violent nature for issue 3, send samples to P.O. Box 56-203 Dominion Road.

Meditation

* Every Friday afternoon 1-2pm in The old Arts Bldg 036 and Tues Evening 5-7pm in the Old Arts Building. 033. \$2 per session.

Kids on Campus Brunch

* Parent Action invites you and your children (staff and students) to an end of term Kids on Campus Branch. Kids food, drinks provided, Bring food to share (Croissants etc). Relax and talk with other parents. First Floor common room, AUSA. Saturday August 12. 10.30-12.30pm. Enquiries phone Keith Gordon, 602-189 or ex 827 AUSA.

CRACCUM

* Every week in your hands right about now...

*Lincoln College Students Association

Campus Activities Manager

* The association has a membership of over 2,000 students studying at Lincoln College.

The position of Campus Activities Manager has been upgraded to a full-time one. The Manager will be responsible for:

- Organising the Association's social programme which includes the Orientation Festival, the Garden Party plus various lunch time events.

- Assisting and liasing in clubs with their development..

- Providing learning experiences for students.

The Manager will be a graduate with proven experience in the organising of social activities. The manager will possess well developed skills in the areas of:

- Interpersonal relations - Budgeting and financial control - Marketing and sponsorship

Remuneration package will include a base salary of \$19,000 and \$20,000, plus a performance bonus. The appointment will be for a three year contract.

A Full job description is available by Writing to: LSCA PO Box 7, Lincoln College Canterbury 8150

Applications close Friday 11 August 1989.

NOTICES

A.U.S.A. NOTICES

Shadows Hours

* Shadows is now open from 4-10pm Mon-Wed. 12 noon-10pm Thurs. 12noon-11pm Fri. Happy hour Mon-Tue 6pm.

Drinking Horn

* A drinking horn sponsored by ALFIES night will be held on Thursday 10th August in the Quad from 2-4pm. All the usual events will be held so get your teams organised now. THIS WILL be followed by :

The Brewfest

* 8pm in the University Cafe. Free tasting and wide range of alternative and exotic brews available. Band. Admission price in the next CRACCUM.

Student Life Ski Week

* Still some places available. \$450, everything included, \$390 bring your own Skis, boots, poles. BYO drinking money. For details see Gort in Room 106 Student Union.

Stop The Closure

* Rally to save Queen Mary Hospital in Hanmer Springs, march to Auckland Area Health Board in Albert St. Assemble outside CPO - QE II Square at 11.30 am, Friday 11th August

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Craccum" wishes to unreservedly apologise to Star Art of Karangahape Road for the comments made in the (then) "Editor's note" on our entertainment page (see Craccum" addition 20 June 1989, page 23). "Craccum" acknowledges that Star Art and its proprietors are in no way connected with the letting of studio space or the events referred to in the Editor's note as was claimed. Craccum" acknowledges this error and apologises.

CRACCUM is published under the auspices of the Auckland University Student's Association, which also takes NO responsibility for the contents herein and are an awfully difficult bunch to sue anyway so don't even think about trying. It's a long drawn out process and not much fun and even if you win you won't win much. Besides, we don't use a lawyer, Nag the Black Cat comes around and does a voodoo dance on your front lawn. Please type all submissions, double spaced and single sided.

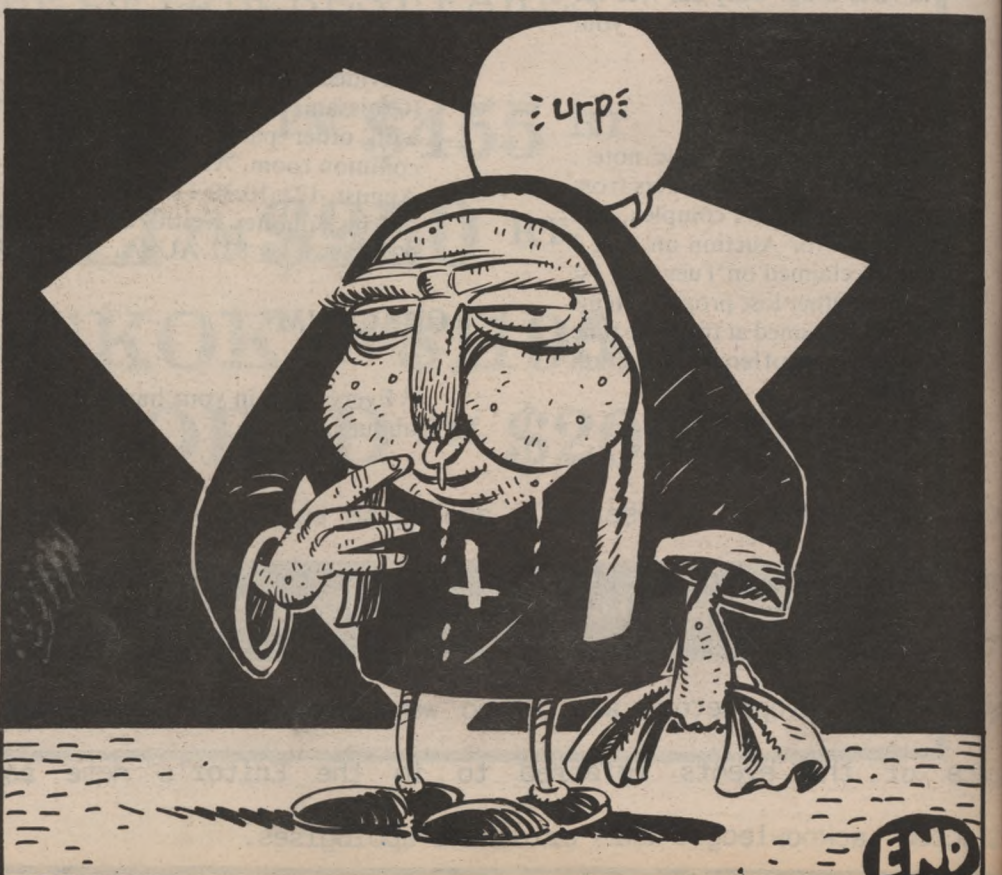
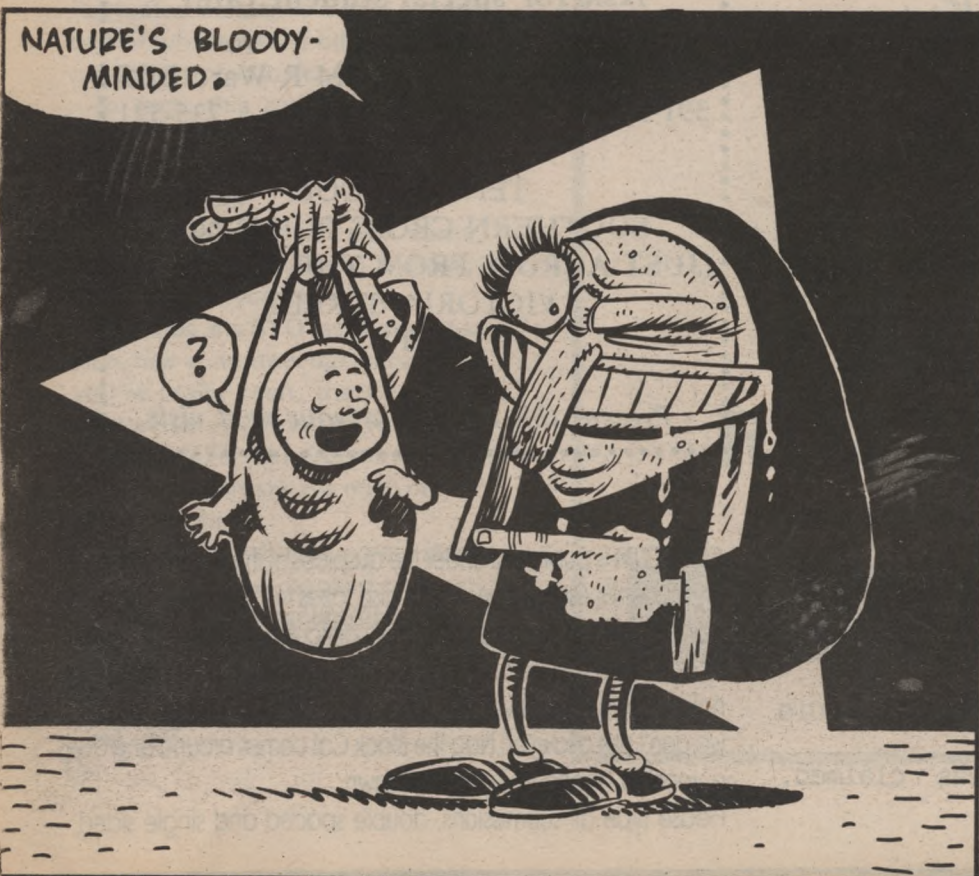
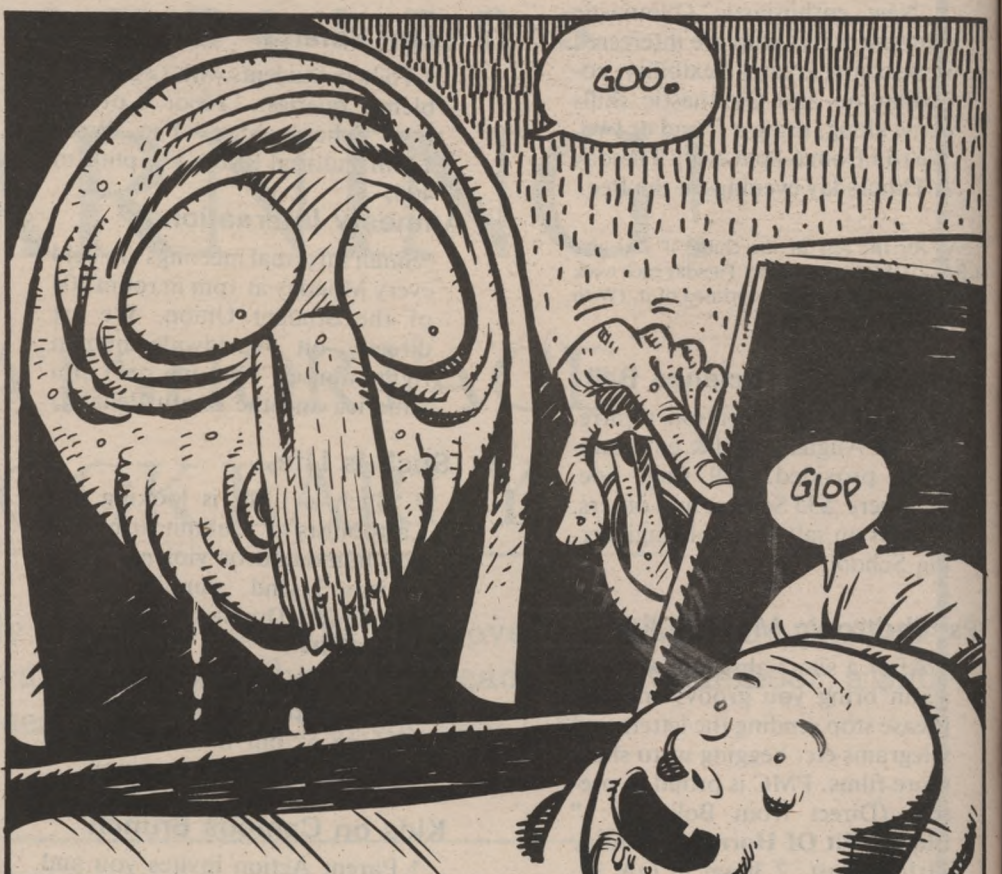
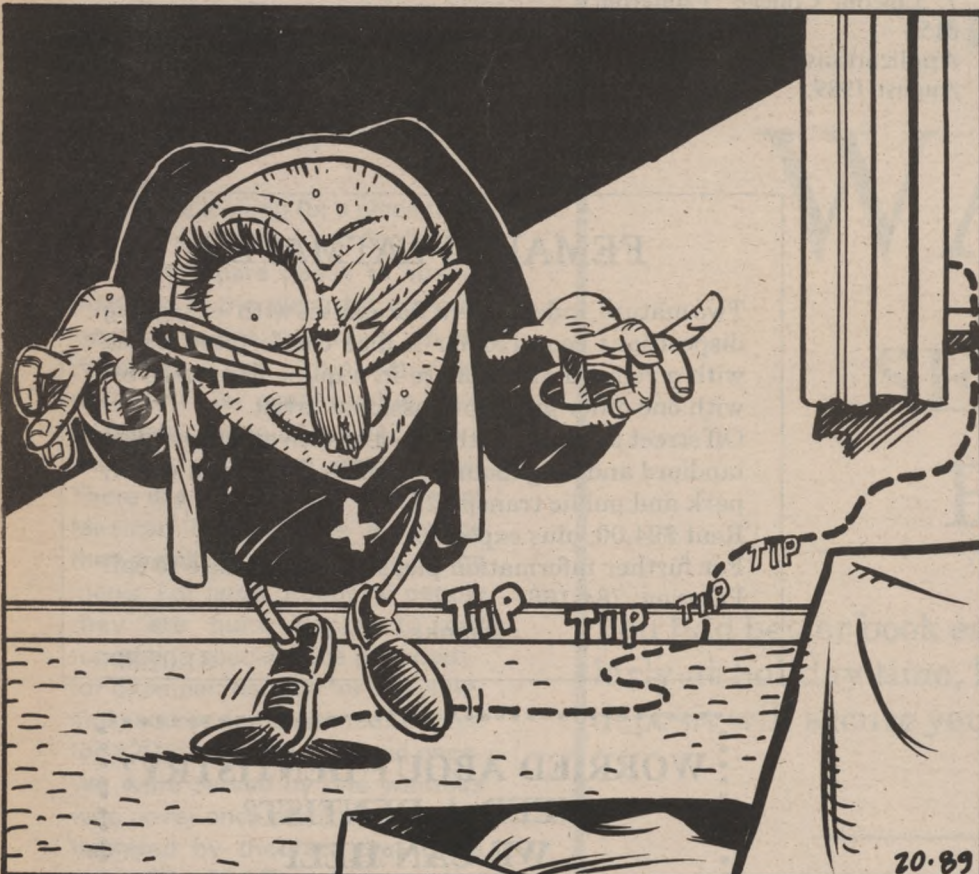
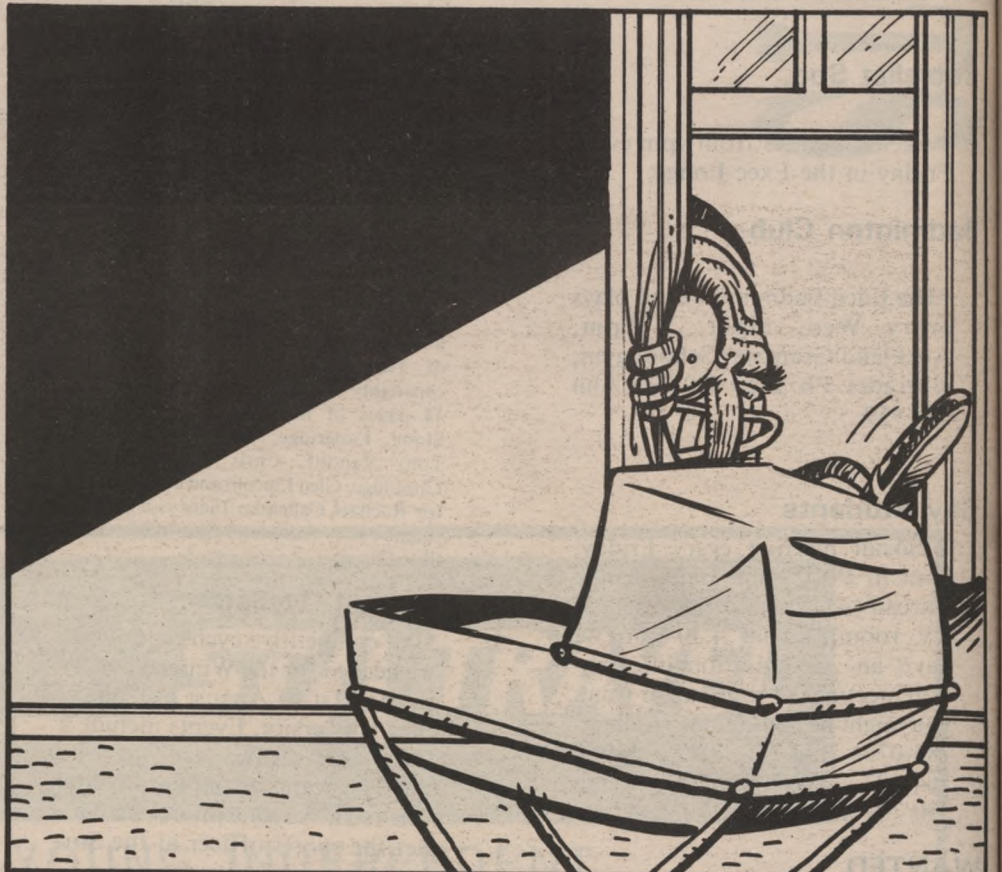
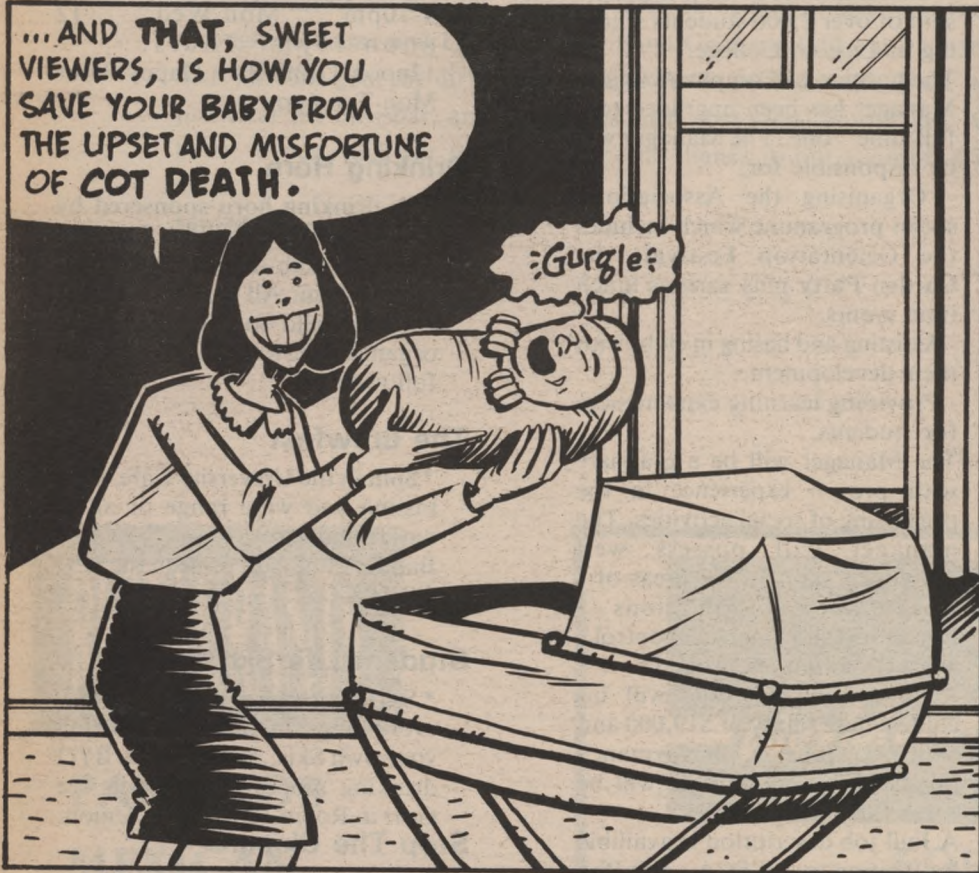
KNUCKLIES

the Malevolent
Baby-Shifter

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in CRADLE
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END