

GLOSS

THE MAGAZINE THAT'S
ALL COVER AND NO
CONTENT

* STYLE * POPULAR DISEASE * FASHION * HYPE *

20

\$5

DID ELVIS KILL THE PRESIDENT?



AIDS: WAS IT CAUSED BY HALLEY'S
COMET?

TE ATATU NORTH: TEN GOOD REASONS
NOT TO GO THERE

END

CRACCUUM

EDITORIAL

HELLO DARLINGS, MAXINE HERE, WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION OF GLOSS, THE MAGAZINE THAT DOESN'T QUITE KNOW HOW TO PUT ON IT'S LIPSTICK. WELL, WELL, WHAT AN ENORMOUSLY EXCITING WEEK. NOT ONLY DID I HAVE LUNCH WITH JOHNNY ROTTY UP AT THE REGENT (HIS TABLE MANNERS WERE EXEMPLARY AND NO-ONE EVEN NOTICED WHEN HE THREW UP IN THE GRAND PIANO) BUT I ALSO FIGURED OUT HOW TO GET THE ENTIRE REDFERN FORTUNE COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL, AND IT ONLY INVOLVES SLEEPING WITH THREE PEOPLE, ONE OF WHOM'S AN AUSSIE SAILOR WITH A BAD CASE OF SHINGLES. SPEAKING OF SAILORS DARLINKS, WHAT IS ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT BUYING THESE LOVELY FRIGATE BOAT THINGS. I MEAN IF THE OLD ONES ARE WORN OUT WE SIMPLY MUST HAVE NEW ONES. PREFERABLY DIFFERENT COLOURED ONES TO THE LAST LOT THOUGH. I THINK A NICE SHADE OF PINK WOULD BE NICE. ANYWAY, WHY ALL THE GRIZZLING DEARS? WE URGENTLY NEED THESE BOATS TO CHASE OFF THOSE HORRIBLE TAIWANESE DRIFTNETTERS AND THOSE HORRIBLE BIG FACTORY SHIPS THAT GO AROUND VACUUMING UP THE FISH FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY "SHAKE 'N' VAC". IT'S ABSOLUTELY NO GOOD THINKING WE CAN FRIGHTEN THOSE NAZIS OFF BY SENDING OUT SOME SORT OF CLAPPED OUT OLD PARKERCRAFT WITH A COMMUNITY CONSTABLE ON BOARD WAVING HIS ARMS AROUND AND SAYING "OI! HANDS OFF THOSE FISH" IS IT? NO. WELL, MUST DASH. GOT TO PUT ON ANOTHER LAYER OF MAKE-UP BEFORE MY AEROBICS-AT-THE-DESK MASTERCLASS..... LOVE, MAX.

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GLOSS 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.

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NAG, THE BLACK CAT : ON NUTRITION

THEY TELL ME A LOT OF THIS STUFF WE EAT IS GROUND UP HORSES...



SO...HOW COME HORSES...



...DON'T EAT GROUND-UP CATS?



LETTER OF THE WEEK

LONDON CALLING

Hi Shitheads,

I'm angry. Angry of London. I'm angry that it's taken me this long to write to Craccum. I'm angry there are no Craccum distribution boxes with all the other giveaway rags round Piccadilly Circus and Willesden Green Tube Station. Would the AUSA van make it that far?

And I'm angry about everything on this letters page. Take the letter above this one, for example. It's a load of complete and utter crap! And anyway, you can't appreciate the full intensity of this three dimensional letter, as I believe Craccum are still printing their letters on two dimensional pages.

But what I really wanted to say, which is of direct relevance to you all, it this. You're all upside down at the moment (unless you're standing on your head).

But fear not. Summer's on the way, (It's enclosed in the envelope) just after exams. Hey, don't take it all too seriously, or you'll end up wearing suits.

You have been warned.

I will not reveal myself as George - I'll get sunburnt if I do. Instead I remain,

Yours Onymously,
ANGRY OF
LONDON

LETTERS



TREESON

You vomit forth obscenities about those already wealthy folks who scab off to pay that \$1500. Jealousy is the green-eyed monster which courses within your tree-veins. Get the better of it before it gets the better of you.

Each morning, as you come forth from the pearly gates of O'Rorke Hall such hardships you must face, confronting the world with only your personalised ears, leather jacket, regular job, which friends at CK got you, a more than 'generous student allowance' all a rather large hording of dollars within your one-way wallet.

You, my good man, are a turd. A Blot, on the engineering landscape.

Long live free education, to those who need it and deserve it. If it gets tough, just pawn your leather jacket!

Signed:
Friends at CK

BOYSTOWN

Dear Mike and the Craccum Mechanics,

I just had to write again after the trash that some students have the nerve to hand in as literary efforts judging by this week's *CRACCUM*. If they only knew the hefty job you and the team have to get the paper out each week, they'd have more sense and respect.

I'm long past the fad of seeing my name in print, when you've been on the game as long as I have. No puns please!

What I do write about this time is the news breaking in my local rag that says next year's law intermediate students are going to face restrictions. If there isn't enough restrictions on education, and as yet we don't know who the Next (err...new) Minister of Education will be, this must be about the last straw: Restrictions on Stage I English. When I sat behind your desk Mike, some of the English that was passed off to me to print would have made a standard two student blush...

Hope you can get your other mechanics into action on this one.

Cheers!
PETER BOYS.

RAP OVER THE KNUCKLES

Craccum,

Just when I thought Craccum had reached its Azimuth, and was on the rise, it plumbs new depths with "Knuckles the Malevolent Baby-shifter" (Craccum 19, August 9).

Displaying the height of black humour (I use "humour" in a categorical sense not a descriptive one), this particular strip appears to be set on offending as many people as possible in six frames (Catholics, mothers, babies)

For a publication which would not dream of lampooning feminists, or lesbians, your attitude towards women shown in this strip is strangely puzzling.

Since neither the editor nor AUSA claim any responsibility for Craccum (which is, perhaps, understandable), it seems that as a student-funded newspaper, it is we the students who are responsible for this publication.

Therefore on behalf of mothers, students, and anyone who sees babies as more than an entree, I object to this journalistic infanticide, and demand more for my dollar than the perverse "self expression" of a warped mind.

To the Editor,

We are totally disgusted at the Knuckles (Malevolent Baby Shifter) cartoon strip of August 9. We are totally sickened by it perverted humour and we feel that it has no place in an intellectual institution. Keeping in mind the traumatic effect on parents who lose babies through cot death, this cartoon is totally insensitive and cruel.

Toni-Maree Carnie
Rys Jarvis
Cherie Mariott
Helen Levien



Bruce Williams

SHADES OF THE CIVIL

DEAD

To The Editor,

I feel that the time has come for the world of Auckland University to know what it is like to live in the new O'Rorke Hostel. To mention the good points is to mention nothing. People may think that living in a new 'flash' hostel would be better than living in an old 'scummy' one - but they would be wrong. The restrictions at O'Rorke are endless, fine's are given out at random for such things as:-

- 1) smoking out of your own room (\$5 and goes up in multiples of 5)
- 2) taking food out of the dining hall (a weeks banishment from that meal)
- 3) not wearing shoes in the dining hall
- 4) having second helpings at any meal (\$30)
- 5) throwing anything out your window (\$30 - exception of spewing this constitutes expulsion)
- 6) spewing in the toilet (\$30)
- 7) consuming alcohol out of your room
- 8) sticking cellotape on the walls
- 9) water fighting (\$30)

And the fines double if you don't pay them within a week.

Recent expulsions include two guys for throwing an egg each at non-residents from a balcony onto the

volleyball court - reason given for expulsion was the eggs may have been bottles or dangerous weapons - but couldn't they have also been atom bombs Jenny? The non-residents were harassing girls and the guys were getting rid of them.

Also another re-

what she doesn't realise is people are getting drunk in the rooms and there has not been a fatal incident yet, and if we're not going to throw ourselves off balconys whilst drinking by ourselves, what incentive is there to do it during an O'Rorke social function.



cent expulsion was for throwing peas at dinner - reason? Because the guy was on his last warning from other crimes just as serious as this.

As people have realised, the new warden of O'Rorke, Dr Jenny Haystead, came from Student Village at Waikato University where she tried to enforce such new regulations but was resisted. Her law enforcement at O'Rourke is beyond a joke. We are not allowed to have any social functions on O'Rourke premises due to the fact that Jenny feels people will get drunk and fall off balconys in their room and common rooms. But

Being in new rooms there are regulations on how they are set up. No extra furniture is allowed (which includes such things as an extra table, fridge, bean bag) and scratches to furniture, walls, columns etc are finable.

What happened to me spirit of hostel life?

What happened to being allowed to going to breakfast in your pjamas and no shoes?

We at O'Rorke realise just what this hostel was built for - accomodation for the Commonwealth games. Why doesn't Jenny just kick us out now, us dirty disgusting students so her precious

hostel isn't ruined for it.

A new hostel isn't anything. We have a spirit here that is slowly diminishing due to the tyrnical reign of a certain person. O'Rorke is definately not recommended by 1989 residents as a place of residence for future students.

Prisons have less regulations.

signed
an unhappy
O'Rorke resident

My article on the revolution in Peru drew a reply from Annette Lees urging readers to go to the magazine New Internationalist for a truer picture of Peru. I make no apologies for supporting the armed struggle waged by Sendero Luminoso. This way lies real liberation for the Peruvian workers and peasants. Despite bits and pieces of its articles which are favourable to Sendero, New Internationalist leans in the opposite direction. Its headlines and captions make that plain: 'A Shining Path of Blood' - a supposed profile of Sendero Luminoso. 'State of Fear', with a caption to a photo, saying: "Andean peasants are in the firing line of both the security forces and Sendero Luminoso in a war that has claimed 15,000 lives so far." This conveys the idea that the fascist armed forces and Sendero equally attack the peasants, a complete falsehood. This article

keeps using the term 'murdered' to describe any killing done by Sendero, no matter how just; but it is never used to describe mass murders - massacres of peasants or prisoners by the state forces. Another article: 'Senderista' is reprinted directly from the right-wing Lima magazine, 'Caretas'. It is obviously doctored to give an impression of a straight interview with a naive Senderista controlled like a robot by assassins. Elsewhere the people's war for liberation is described as 'terrorism'. This is standard bourgeois journalistic practice. New Internationalist is left with one major problem after twisting and distorting the facts: why does the Shining Path have such massive support? An army officer interviewed by the New Internationalist demonstrated this by saying: "In every skirmish the population supports Sendero". It is because the Sendero revolution gives the impoverished masses of Peru something to live for, and to die for. Annette Lees is obviously a great believer in right-wing propaganda. Some of us aren't.

Daphna Whitmore



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DING DING



Over the break, not unsurprisingly, there has been little happening around your Association. Some of your politicians have been at August Council, and though I am not informed as to details about the happenings at N.Z.U.S.A. I am sure that such information will be forthcoming shortly. In contrast since I last wrote there has been a lot happening nationally with our change of P.M.s a decision on the frigates imminent as I write and revelations about the loans-scheme surfacing again.

Before I touch on anything of this nature though I feel I must comment on the A.G.M. which took place in the last week of last term. Of the (I think) five motions, only three got to be put, the others failing to be passed before two o'clock brought a loss of quorum. First of these was a change to our honorary solicitor for next year. Though admittedly I do not know the relative merits or otherwise of either the outgoing or incoming person to fill this position, or perhaps more importantly their political affiliations, it seems strange to me that we would want to make a change. Of the decisions Phil Recorden has made in the past year I have disagreed with only one in law and I certainly agreed with it as a political decision, if that is what it was. One of the arguments for change was to obtain "varied decisions", very much a call for change for the sake of change. I would think it better to obtain a solicitor who had had enough contact with our constitution to have a real understanding of the document, haphazardly put together as it is. I would also question the decision to cast out a constitutional lawyer (which after all is what we want) for one with experience in international law. I simply do not see the relevance of such a background to A.U.S.A.

The next decision was to change the constitution. The note regarding

the Women's Rights Officer which read "(who shall be a woman)" now reads "(who shall be a woman or a group of women)". This was done in the face of an opinion by our aforementioned honorary solicitor that collectives are fine. I fail to see the point achieved by this change and am worried about the constant changing of the constitution—that is the sort of thing Bush is proposing in the United States. Also I fear that the explicit recognition of the legitimacy of collectives in (now) both Editor and W.R.O. will lead to a large question-mark over the availability of this sort of representation for other positions (not expressly mentioned) within the association.

The most contentious (and final) decision of the meeting was to include the Treaty of Waitangi in the constitution under its "aims and objectives". This was passed with the assistance of Des' calculator despite the vocal dissent of a group whose interpretation of this move led them to assume that their interests could well be adversely affected. Personally I think that if we are to consider New Zealand a nation then it is about time we began to recognise the basis of that nationhood and started to work as part of the partnership the treaty envisages and embodies.

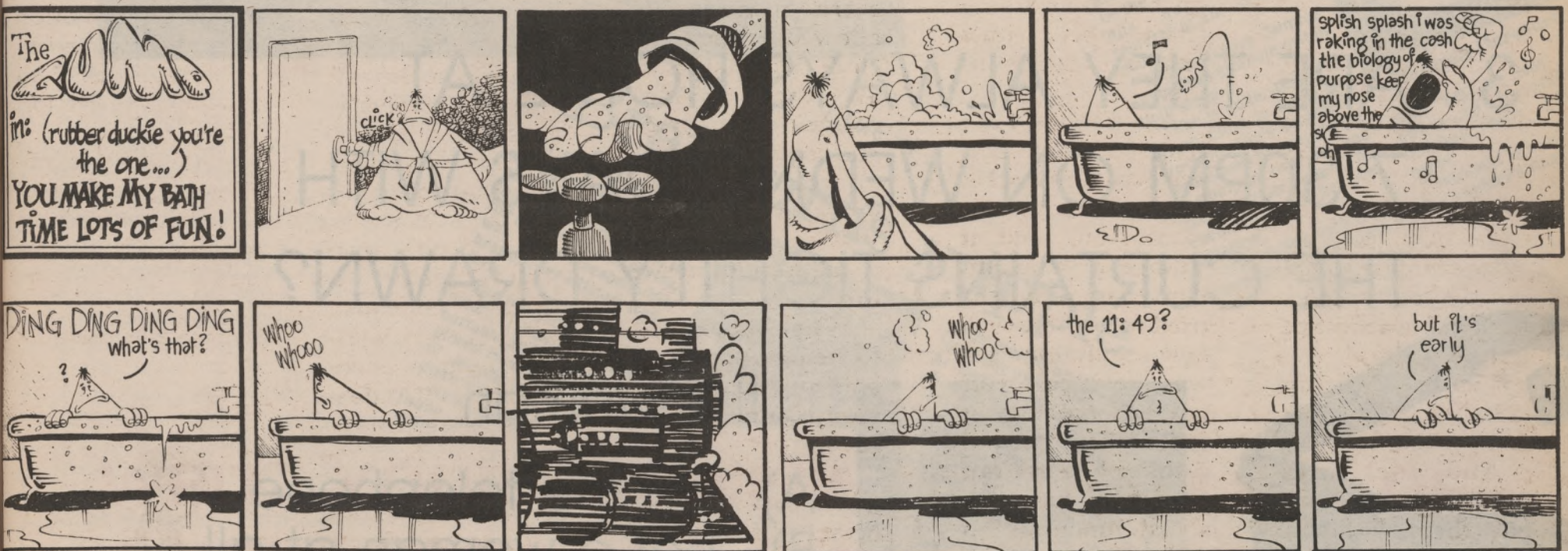
Of the resignation of David Lange I wish to say little, only that I hope the (losing) battle he fought against the new-right in cabinet will not go unnoticed in our remembrance of him. Of our new P.M. and deputy P.M., at first I thought they were possibly the best of a pretty poor lot, since then I have decided that amongst the fifty-odd Labour M.P.s there must be some who are less prepared to sell out. Helen Clark has done nothing since her appointment to justify herself as a friend of the people, instead ignoring and distancing herself from hospital closures and then

voting to spend this freed money on some floating tin cans we really do not need. Geoffrey Palmer took as his first job as being to push the frigate deal through cabinet and shows no willingness to reverse the dehumanising process this government has applied over the past five years.

Regarding the frigate deal, I have already written away to Palmer with my advice and I suggest that other students do the same. Such action is worth it merely for the free postage and the official reply. It is going to be any money they can fleece from you that will be expanding the defence budget to pay for these boats. I find it appalling that the government can preach spending restraint to the point that hospitals can be allowed to close and valuable public assets can be sold, then turn about and spend up large merely to appease an ally that has done little to justify such a label. In a time of massive unemployment talk can be made of sharing a couple of thousand jobs around marginal seats. I know better than that could be done given a couple of billion dollars—trickle down would work as well.

In a time of international disarmament not only are we prepared to rearm but also we are prepared to play a major part in founding an arms industry in Australia. Where has gone the care we showed when we were really fighting for a nuclear free Pacific? We have been prepared to accept the cold-shoulder from a United States unprepared to think in our terms over ship visits, why do we now contend spending up large money the country can evidently ill-afford buying friendship with the nation already allegedly closest to us anyway. If Kiwis really care where's our pride now?

A L I S T A I R
S H A W



IS YOUR NEIGHBOUR

"THE FOOL PROOF GUIDE"

1 DO THEY DRIVE A TOYOTA BUT ACT LIKE THEY SHOULD BE DRIVING A BMW?

2 DO THEY LEAVE POSTCARDS LIKE THIS IN YOUR MAILBOX:



3 ARE THEY ALWAYS HOME AT 7.30PM ON WEDNESDAYS WITH THE CURTAINS TIGHTLY DRAWN?



Is this woman

- A) on the telephone
- B) not a woman at all
- C) introducing her vibrator to her neck
- D) unsure what colour to paint the lounge

UR
E"

A DROSS STAR?

FOR BEGINNERS

THIS IS AN IMPORTANT PART
OF BARNEY'S "COOL-KIT"

IS THE FAMILY PHOTO OF

- A) A BUNCH OF UNEMPLOYABLE ACTORS
- B) THE CAST OF 'NEIGHBOURS'
- C) THE NETWORK NEWS TEAM
- D) ALL OF THE ABOVE



CLUE #1
'Bitch' role gets
under the skin

Miranda Harcourt, the scheming Gemma in *Gloss* (Two, tonight, 7.30) says that she is "unbearable at home these days." And she blames that on Gemma.

"She is a really horrible person, but every soap opera needs an unadulterated bitch. Maxine used to be the worst one. Gemma has no redeeming features at all," says Harcourt.

Harcourt says Gemma represents absolute evil in both sexes.

"She is quite similar to Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*. She's successful in business but people try to stomp all over her and eventually sends her over the edge."

After acting such a bad character Harcourt says it

after acting modestly say this quite su "I made transition little bit being ca Robin t found bitche make P co' st r



Miranda Harcourt

takes her at least 1 hours to become normal, nice per again. Harcourt is now the country's most

CLUE #2
Brat turns yuppie

No one is feeling happier about the new "brat pack" in *Gloss* this year than Simon Prast who, in the previous three series, was the irresponsible brat packer Alistair Redfern.

For two years, said the actor, "I was a glorified barman and I have explored every possible way of playing a bar scene there was. Now, he is have let



series started and I had a lot of my own ideas about Al Incorporated into show. "I wanted male r

WRITE YOUR ANSWERS ON THE BACK OF
A POST-CARD AND SEND THEM TO ANY
ADDRESS ON PAGE 229 OF THE
AUCKLAND METROPOLITAN AREA
TELEPHONE BOOK

**LAPP
SKIERS**
OFTEN
LEAP CHASMS
**125 FEET
WIDE**



So excited I am by the prospect of next year's Student Life Ski Trip I can barely sit down to write about what happened on this one. A select group of twenty-five of us travelled south for the first week of our August holidays "Varsity Week" as its known. Only some of us were slightly inebriated but that was okay because the bar was open when we arrived and some drinking games set the week off on just the right track. Dividing off into rooms when we arrived most chose the safe option of pairing off with friends they already knew, but this was always only going to be temporary so others just made acquaintances met on the bus in-

to roommates straight away.

Four of the five days were excellent skiing, lacking a little of the snow that was falling on the other side of the mountain keeping it closed but heaps of visibility and little wind at most times. The ice sheets were making skiing interesting in the early-mornings but as the sun melted the hardest parts mid-morning and afternoon skiing was bliss. Being varsity-week there were few of the school kids and parents about to clog up the lift lines though Turoa being closed meant there were some queues on the best runs — these became great opportunities to chat with and get to know our new found friends.

Armed with our morning supply of Mars bars we attacked the

slopes with gusto. Admittedly some choices of exactly how to exercise the "attack" were strange, people were using various parts of their bodies instead of the more practiced method of slicing with the edges of one's skis. Some also chose to hoard their Mars bars until a later date though the word is that these have now all been eaten. A search is still under way for the missing box of said confectionery, and an internal inquiry is due to begin. If readers like Mars bars yourself feel free to talk to any of the trippers, identifiable by their "Chocolate Club" badges, perhaps that person has the missing box!

Some of us took time out on another iffe day (which turned out to be one of the best) to go white-water rafting. Our tour organisers gave us a deal at a little less than two-thirds price so we couldn't refuse. This was so good another trip, in the summer, is going to be organised for us repeat the experience and others would be welcome to tag along. We even had the added enjoyment of watching the other raft—full of yuppies—coming to grief at almost every opportunity.

Each evening had been planned to the smallest detail but in the interest of flexibility we threw all these plans out the window and just concentrated on achieving maximum enjoyment. This meant trips to the hot pools, the Whakapapa pub, a "Woodstock" night to coincide with that festival's television appearance and of course our own parties, plus whatever anyone felt like getting up to by themselves (or in groups). Information on the latter has been withheld to protect those concerned. Naturally our last night there coincided with an enormous party, the like of which the business-types who arrived the next morning had clearly never seen. Some people actually took their work down with them, however in order to get any of it done activity would have had to have been curtailed, so I have it on good authority that most of such work returned to Auckland still awaiting a start. Those in the know knew better than to even bother carrying such stuff down, finding it far more worthwhile to fill our bags with more important things.

I defy any of those on the trip to claim they did not enjoy themselves and because of this success we are planning to open the trip up to absolutely every student who seems to be approaching the week in the right frame of mind. If you are prepared to cast aside your thoughts about impending exams for the first week of the August holidays next year, replacing such thought with the promise of one week of non-stop enjoyment then we will see you next year. If August is too close to exams then at least join Student Life for the same experiences (though not involving snow) earlier, and throughout, the year.

Alistar Shaw



FOR YOUNG INDEPENDENT
T·R·A·V·E·L·L·E·R·S

WARNING!

SEAT SHORTAGE BOOK EARLY

You had better book early if you are planning to fly overseas this year, particularly at holiday time, because many flights are already full. Remember, a \$50 deposit will secure your seat and itinerary at the best fare.

SOME OF OUR BEST FARES

SYDNEY FM \$455 RT

BALI FM \$950 RT

BANGKOK FM \$1195 RT

ROUND WORLD FM \$2095 RT

64 High St • Union Building, Auckland University • Telephone Sales Ph 366-6673

PSYCHIATRICS - by Randal Miller

A Personal Report...

When I was hospitalised for twelve days in Kingseat Hospital a month and a half ago, I was unfortunate to be in a full Villa (that's psycho-lesse for 'Ward') of some 30 patients when it came to the end of the month. You may know how in business, there is always a rush to get the goods out before the end of each month so that the figures will look better on the accounts for the following month. Kingseat Hospital is apparently on just that kind of monthly budget. This was a little after Mr Titter's radical announcements for the future of Carrington, but well before any of his steps could have been instituted.

For the last five days of that month, the entire Villa was without soap, shampoo, tissues, washing powder (yes, you wash your own clothes), sliced bread for buttered toast at supper, and a definite shortage of paper towels. There was somehow enough toilet paper. This, for patients who have their finances strictly controlled to \$7 a day by a chit system and who almost always arrive in hospital totally penniless. (Not forgetting that 90% of mental patients are incorrigible cigarette smokers).

One other Villa at least had plenty. Villa 2, the lock-up Acute treatment ward, which at worst may contain ten or twelve patients at a time (please, God.) They had soap, shampoo and spare dinner plates. Promptly on the first of the next month all normal supplies were restored to normal in Villa 8. It was just accounting practice.

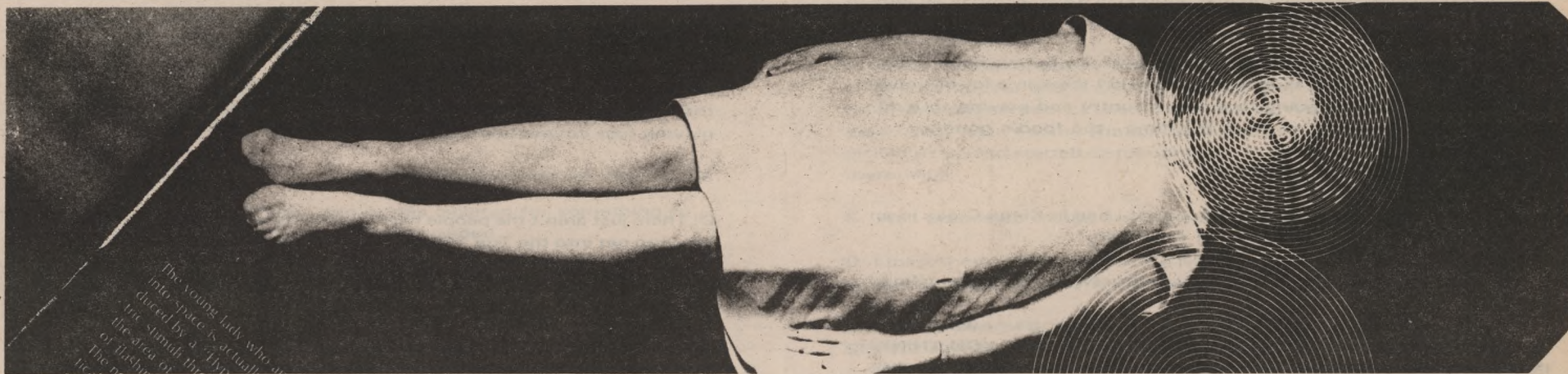
I recently had a friend in that lock-up Villa 2. She's a lovely, innocent, freshly-pregnant 19 year old. Because all the beds were filled up in Villa 8 (one of the wards that runs out of supplies at the end of each month) I had to watch her suffer an extra five days locked up, in her pyjama's, in that seasonal sunshine we had at this time of year. She was forced to sit it out while someone could either be shunted back out into the com-

discharged her yet, officially.

My position was a little weird. I was locked up in Villa 2 for a weekend right from the start. I had no choice. I was surrounded by several quite huge male nurses as they escorted me through the doors. They told me what they were doing as they did it. I had travelled out to Kingseat quite voluntarily for examination, and confident of my base in reality that it had all been by my own free will. I was soon released to Villa 8 however, but from then on, whenever I went a little AWOL for an afternoon and phoned in to notify them of my whereabouts (as you should have the courtesy to do) I was told in no uncertain terms by the Charge Nurse that I was committed and that they would send the Police if I didn't return immediately. Each time I got back, I was assured by my two Doctors, one of whom was a consultant I have had a good relationship with for over ten years, that I was under no legal 'Sectioning' of any sort, and was a voluntary patient. I still don't know what the true story is, or was. But I'm free now, and not arguing. Sometimes it's best not to check. Is it too much to be a mental patient, and be told the truth, let alone explained clearly and correctly your legal rights? So that we can understand? Apparently so.

Because you see, that is what all this reform is supposed to be about. Apart from saving money. Teaching us poor mental cripples how to be responsible for our own lives. And that, to me, is where the rub comes. Because it does not work both ways. I do feel responsible enough now to decide when I want to go IN to a mental hospital. But you just try it.

Two years ago I tried to get into a mental hospital twice in one week. I sat for five and a half hours in Accident and Emergency at Auckland Hospital to see a doctor who could for-



munity from Villa 8, or shifted to another more suitable and equally full Villa first. This, remember, before Mr Titter shifts his cast-offs from Carrington out to our rather beautiful Kingseat. There are no vacant or unused buildings left out at Kingseat anymore. Ten years ago, there were scattered hulks all over the grounds laying empty. It could be the economic pressures. But we are definitely using everything we've got at Kingseat now.

My friend has herself now been shunted back out into the community. The first boarding house, which she waited days for them to find her, she ended up being kicked out of the next morning. It was my fault. We were celebrating her release the night before, and I had a flat battery. I'd been unable to prise my friendly tow-truck driver away from the television (State of Origin League matches) to do a jump-start for me in Otara on tick. We didn't get back in time, she had broken the rules. They charged her fifty dollars for two days, of which the second night she was allowed to sleep there, so long as she was packed and gone by ten the next morning.

She now has a better (kindlier) place in Mt Eden. Another halfway house old people's mental person's boarding house where she must pay the regal sum of \$170 a week for a share room. She has to be back by ten o'clock at night, but it doesn't really matter to us. Both of us hardly top the \$200 mark in Sickness Benefit income (with Accommodation and Special Needs Allowances included.) And besides, if she happened to be here at the caravan park where I stay, they would charge me an extra \$8 for guests if she was found after ten at night. And they check. I chain-smoke tailors still, but Tui has had the sense to convert to rolls now. She is only slightly less resourceful than I, for all my ten years of seniority.

Both of us were under committal in hospital. Tui went in voluntarily for several weeks, and then they put her under Section 19 when I began to take her out of the hospital grounds for a little light relief occasionally, in my old Ford Cortina. At that stage, they locked her up in Villa 2. They did not explain to her the legalities involved until she was locked up, and then the judge had sentenced her to four weeks. They have not

ward me on to Ward 10 for hospitalisation. If you have ever had anything to do with a psychotic manic-depressive when he is high, you will realise what a feat of sitting that was. In the end I walked, after having ten minutes of abusing hell out of some poor intern at 4.30 a.m. on a Monday morning, for not having seen me earlier. I knew then, and I know now how out of it (i.e. MAD) I was at that time.

Five days later, my then girlfriend carted me all the way out to Kingseat so that I could try to admit myself once more. I had been up for ten days continuous, I was exhausted and psychotically manic, and we both had to wait for the duty doctor to finish dinner with her family before arriving some two hours later. And then, the psychiatrist expected me to talk for the next two hours about why I was so arrogant to expect to be admitted as a patient. I have been both an In- and Out-patient on Kingseat hospital files since 1978, after original hospitalisation in Brisbane in 1977. In the end, in blind frustration, I walked again. A Valium and a bed for the night would have done the trick. Let alone, God forbid, a major tranquillizer.

I asked my favourite psychologist about it some time later. "What do you have to do, Penny, fight your way in?" I was half-joking. She just looked at me. "Yes," she replied. "You literally have to punch your way in." And she was quite serious. Worse, if you do get in on a voluntary basis, you are unlikely to stay on a voluntary basis. You will either be Sectioned, i.e. bound to stay at their discretion - or shoved out.

It is a Catch-22 situation. If you know that you are mad, you can't be. However, a bed for the night in a mental hospital should always be available, I say. Even if you do have to discuss it in the morning. And most especially if you are a recorded ex-patient. We all end up back there, sometime. Took me ten years. Anyway, that was two years ago, when I wanted help. I don't think the situation will have improved at all since.

In the meantime, I'm placing all my faith, and cheering on the guys who hold to ransom the ASB in Karangahape Rd, or burn down Rest Homes, because they've been shoved back out too soon. We need all the publicity we can get.

SHE SPEEDS

TELL ME ABOUT AUSTRALIA.

SHAYNE: What did we do? We played every night. Sometimes twice a day. Once twice a day, twice twice a day. Once once a day, twice twice a day—mostly once a day.

DAVID: A bit like brushing your teeth.

S: Yeah, it was like brushing our teeth, it was quite hygienic, very sort of clean...the occasional bit of fur and grime...we played 18 gigs in about 19 days which was quite extensive. We did Melbourne and Sydney and Australia. Australia! Yeah, and Australia too.

D: Brisbane. We went out of the main centres a bit. We went an hour and a half out of Brisbane to a place called Goolone and then Woolongeta out of Sydney and Newcastle— you know the Newcastle song?

S: It was an early 70's hit. And then a ten foot Hell's Angel walked in and said what are ya, and I said what are you?— you know that song?

I THINK SO...

S: Yeah...that was the famous line—that's what Newcastle's like. We did a few Bar shows and all the centres, we did gigs on the weekend and sort of less important gigs on the week.

D: I had fun. I got up and walked around the cities and took photographs brought some jeans and a pair of boots.

S: Scored \$29 denim jackets in Kings Cross. Didn't meet anybody.

D: I met somebody down an alley who tried to hit me with a broom stick!

S: True—that's a true story!

D: I dunno—we'd done it three months previously but we hadn't gone to Brisbane which really is a different world I think in a lot of ways, but the actual thrill of going to a new country and playing to a different audience wasn't as great this time—the food's good!

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A BROOM?

D: Oh...nothing—just this experience that I had in Kings Cross in an alleyway which I don't really want to go into.

S: Let's just say there are some sleezy, untrustworthy people in Kings Cross.

AFTER TASTING THE OVERSEAS MUSIC SCENE ARE YOU THINKING OF MOVING ACROSS THE TASMAN OR EVEN FOLLOWING THE CHILLS TO THE UK?

D: Not across the Tasman! Depends on how much money we get for the rest of the world!

S: Australia—the way the scene's set up there, it's quite bad I think and I don't think it's conducive to making good music. There's the occasional freakish band in Australia that's really good but overall the standard is pretty lousy.

D: There isn't the opportunity in Australia for anything that's new to become immediately available to the public. It just sort of works on the big pub circuit. Rock it out and grind it out until you get a number one hit, like INXS and AC/DC.

S: They play 300 gigs a year.

D: That's what the Johnnies were doing, I mean God! But further a field we're aiming to get to the States and Britain and Europe later on in the year. That's being organised at the moment and it's supposed to be in the middle of October.

S: That's going to be in about two months. I don't think there's much point in getting involved in the Big Rockist grind, touring around Europe for three years before you secure a record contract. I think it's possible, and the world's getting small enough to be able to do it through your records and do it from New Zealand as well.

D: Things don't happen that way anymore. There are so many bands around that don't even know how to play live. All they do is make records. An example is the Pet Shop Boys. I can't really imagine Tiff-fany playing live, really, to be honest. Or Kylie!

SO YOU'RE INTENDING TO STAY HERE IN THE LONG TERM

S: Probably, but then again y'know...we might find some place or wherever that we like. I don't know. I can't say. We'll just have to do what we're planning next and see what happens as a consequence basically.

D: Yeah, we've been to Australia and that's not it! We'll tell you about the other places when we get back!

EX-DUNEDIN BAND THE STRAITJACKET FITS ARE BACK IN NZ FOLLOWING A THREE WEEK TOUR TO AUSTRALIA. CARL ADAMS CAUGHT UP WITH BAND MEMBERS, SHAYNE CARTER AND DAVID WOOD AT FLYING NUN RECORDS, FOR A CHAT ABOUT MUSIC, RACE RELATIONS AND BROOMSTICKS.



SHAYNE CARTER

CAN NEW ZEALAND, WITH A SMALL POPULATION BASE, SUPPORT A BAND LIKE SJF?

S: Definitely not! I think we're at the point where New Zealand can't support a band full stop! Y'know,...they can't support Crowded House—everyone buggers off eventually.

D: Even getting down to a situation comparable to Sydney where you can play five nights a week to a different audience. Here you can't do that. You play three nights a year at the same place and that's about it if you don't want to overexpose yourself, which is part of the curse of being an original band I suppose. There are a lot of bands playing just covers and earning \$500 a week.

S: You pay for your integrity!

D: There just aren't the people here and it's the same with record sales. You can get into the Top 20 but it doesn't mean you sell an incredible amount of records or have an incredible amount of royalties coming in. So we've definately got to look at broadening our horizons a bit, if we're going to make a living out of it.

WHAT IS THE MAIN PROBLEM FACING NZ BANDS TODAY?

D: The same problem that's always been facing them. It's not really the radio stations fault. It's not really anybody's fault. It's just that there's not many people in New Zealand. It's like a satellite town on the end of the world, and the rest of the world's going "This is what we do,—here, quick!" We're just getting it shoved down our throats and we just get the trash.

S: Well I dunno...radio doesn't help.

D: It's a total status quo situation that they don't have to play New Zealand music and so they don't 'cos they're not there to do that. They're not there to provide any cultural worth. They're just there to make money, and they make money by being safe and following the tried and true things, and they're not interested in playing you. That's the bottom line. So I think that's one thing but I think there's quite a patronising attitude when quite a few of the local bands are equal to anyone else in the world in their particular field. The emphasis on local bands almost makes them seem unworthy or whatever. That's the way it's presented. You know?

S: And I think also, to continue my grumbles, I think the industry within New Zealand is fucked in the head as well. In quite a lot of ways they're just as ignorant and conservative as the radio stations. You know, the powers that be and the major record companies, etc., and the same archaic notions of what constitutes pop music.

IS THERE ANYTHING THAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT THIS?

S: Yeah—give us lots of money!!! It's always been the situation, but just the most encouraging thing is that it's possible to transcend that and have a set up like we've got here [Flying Nun Records].

HAS THERE BEEN ANY TIME IN THE LAST THREE YEARS THAT YOU'VE FELT LIKE PACKING IT IN?

D: Yes! Regularly!

S: Definitely! There are so many insecure aspects of doing this. We've got no security whatsoever. We can play brilliantly one night and think "this is all worth it" and then the next night that can all be obliterated by a bad gig. So there's a lot of head-fucking aspects of the business.

D: There's also the whole money problem comes into it. I'm totally

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DAVID W

Text And Images by Carl Adams



The band: David Wood, Andrew Brough, John Collie and Shayne Carter.

S: Like we're making no money out of it. You can get all this critical acclaim but how about giving us some money instead? If we were paid 5 cents for every kind comment, that would be conducive to a good lifestyle.

WHAT ARE THE MAIN INFLUENCES IN YOUR MUSIC?

D: The three Cs.

S: Commitment, continuity and cool.

D: I think music is more like an 'orridible' virus really.

S: 'Orridible'? 'Orridible virus'?!

D: Orridible! Well, music—once you've got it you can't get rid of it. It's like a virus that's never going to go away.

S: But you get to the point where you find your own voice as it were, and I think we've got to that point. But as far as influences go, they're right across the board. They're everywhere really. They aren't all confined to guitar music. Any type of good music that's got "it" whatever "it" is.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT DUNEDIN THAT HAS PRODUCED SO MANY SUCCESSFUL MUSCIANS?

D: Post war baby boom!

S: Yeah, something like that!

D: Something in the air at that time. A long spring I think.

S: It was just a set of circumstances really that ended up producing a musical movement or whatever, and it got a lot of young people into it 'cos there was such a small...It's true!!...What?!...What?

D: No! I'm looking for your lighter!

S: Ohh...OK look I'm paranoid OK! OK man!

D: I've got my lighter!

S: It was a small enough city and it was isolated for something to ferment within itself and that's what happened.

DO YOU THINK THAT'S STILL GOING ON OR HAS IT DIED OUT THERE?

S: A lot of musicians have shifted to Dunedin so there are always bands happening. There's a definite attitude there, but I don't know if it's the force it once was. But the whole Dunedin thing I think is a bit too cosy anyway. I don't think it gives due credit to the variety of music that's come out of Dunedin.

ARE YOU WORKING ON ANY NEW MATERIAL AT THE MOMENT AND ARE WE LIKELY TO SEE A NEW ALBUM SOON?

D: We're hoping to record an album early next year with any luck. We've been doing demo's and stuff up at the Lab. We've got a whole lot of new stuff.

S: We're basically playing on the basis of a new album now. We're looking at doing it in January. But I think the new material we've got now is better focused. Now we're moving in a definite direction. We're pretty happy with it.



DAVID WOOD

THERE WAS TALK THAT YOU MIGHT RECORD YOUR NEW ALBUM IN THE UK?

S: There has been talk ,but there's always talk. Talk versus reality is often a contradiction. I think we're pretty keen on recording it her actually.

ARE THERE ANY GROUPS YOU'VE BEEN IMPRESSED WITH LATELY?

D: I've always had a soft spot for the 'Headless Chickens'. They're a band of soft spots. They're all soft spots. I really enjoy 'SPUD'. I really enjoyed about five of 'Tackheads' songs when they were here. I liked 'Jesus and the Mary Chain' on the fourth night finally.

S: I really like 'Sly and the Family Stone', who I've just discovered. But there's always something you like.

WHAT ARE THE TOURING PLANS?

S: We've just done the weekend here and we're doing all the main centres plus Palmerston North over the next two weeks, which we're looking forward to 'cos we haven't played in New Zealand since February. It'll be good to take some of the new stuff around and see what type of reaction it gets.

DO YOU THINK THAT NEW ZEALAND MUSIC HAS WHAT IT TAKES TO SUCCEED IN THE INTERNATIONAL MARKET?

D: Music always comes out as the quality of the band. People overseas are saying that bands in New Zealand, particularly Flying Nun bands are as good as anywhere else in the world—which they are!

S: It's true, it's as simple as that. As soon as we start being able to sell records overseas in reasonable amounts—when you can go down to your local music store in London and buy a Flying Nun record then I'm sure it'll take off even more.

D: There was an article in 'Billboard' which is basically the US music bible or whatever and it said something like Flying Nun has got the most exceptional pool of talent in the world. Why isn't anyone releasing it? Why hasn't some entrepreneurial record company in the States picked us up and started distributing our stuff? There's money in them there hills!

S: Well promising things are brewing I think.

D: I think there's the talent in the New Zealand music scene because what's coming from here is instinctive.

GETTING AWAY FROM MUSIC FOR THE MOMENT. WHERE DO YOU SEE NZ GOING OVER THE NEXT YEAR?

S: Probably going National which is rather a depressing thought.

D: I don't know, New Zealand is about ten years behind everyone else. I'm a talk-back fanatic. An American rang up the other day and he said that New Zealand was being dragged kicking and screaming into the late 70's right now. There's violence and everything going on like in the US in the late 70s. We're getting dragged into everything right now—into the political area and everthing. Everybody else seems to have got the idea that nuclear power's alright. They've got it, they've had it for ten years, what's the problem?

S: But I don't think that's regressive or anything.

D: Well, it's not regressive, it's backwards. Like twenty years ago when they built all the nuclear power stations, everyone said what's nuclear power? OK, let's do it! Now there's information around that wasn't available then, we can say no, we don't want any. That's the beauty of New Zealand's isolation.

S: Yeah, we can look back and see where everyone else has fucked up and make sure we don't make the same mistakes.

D: But I still think there isn't a very good mood over the country anyway. I think New Zealand is pretty down on itself at the moment. I think there's quite a lot of people hurting as well—Thank God for the All blacks

S: Yeah, right! Good on ya JK! Saving the Colonies, JK in the corner.

WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON RACE RELATIONS IN NZ?

S: Ah...well y'know, I'm quarter Maori and my Dad lives on a marae, so I've got a weird perspective on it I suppose! But I don't think they're particularly good. I don't think they're as shining and as wonderful as people would like to think anyway.

D: I was brought up in South Auckland, blah, blah, blah, and all that sorta stuff, but I've never struck any problems with it. There has basically always been racial hatred all of the time—between everybody. It's a human dilemma man!

S: Yeah...I don't think they've been as bright and rosy. My Dad was refused service at a bar 'cos he was black. I couldn't get a flat when I was young because of the same thing.

D: You can't legislate against it, you can't make laws against it. If people are prepared to change within themselves then things will change but otherwise...

After 25 years the question WHO KILLED KENNEDY? remains unan

DID ELVIS KILL THE

Startling new evidence links 'King of Rock'n'Roll' to Kennedy assassination

It is now almost quarter of a century to the day since the assassination of President John F. Kennedy shook the world. Yet despite the passing of time, an air of mystery still surrounds the President's death. Twenty-five years on the question is still being asked — Who DID kill the President?

Officially the case closed many years ago. According to the history books Lee Harvey Oswald pulled the trigger on that fateful day in Dallas in 1963. But Oswald's guilt was never proven, and subsequently rumours of mafia involvement and Government cover ups have abounded.

INCREDIBLE

But now new evidence has come to light — incredible evidence linking Elvis Presley, the late 'King of Rock 'n' Roll', to the killing. Evidence which, in weeks to come, could have startling repercussions both inside The Whitehouse and across the entire pop music industry of the world.

UNLIKELY

For the last 15 years Archibald Gubbins has dedicated his life to uncovering the truth surrounding Kennedy's death. And he is now convinced that the man who shot the President was in fact Elvis Presley himself. Unlikely as it seems, Archie Gubbins now believes he has all the necessary evidence to support his claims.

CARAVAN

Archie first developed an interest in the case after a friend he'd met on holiday hinted at a possible Elvis link to the Kennedy killing. "My wife and I went to Rhyll for a week in 1973 and it turned out that the man in the caravan next to ours, who was called Derek, had been a secret agent with the FBI during the sixties. He didn't talk much about his work, but one night in the pub after he'd had a few drinks this tongue began to loosen. He mentioned how, shortly after Kennedy was shot, they had found a guitar string on the floor in the book depository overlooking the scene.

**Singer left
vital clues at
the scene
-claimed
FBI agent**

"Later, they discovered several rhinestones on and around the grassy knoll which Kennedy's car was passing when the shots rang out. These were identical to rhinestones worn by Presley on his stage clothing".

COVER-UP

Archie was surprised to find no reference to this evidence in any of the official reports. "There had obviously been some sort of cover-up, so I immediately became suspicious", he told us. My wife and I had also been Elvis fans for many years, and had often helped organise Elvis nights at our local pub. I felt that no matter what it took, I had to get to the bottom of the mystery".

CLUES

In his search for the truth, Archie spent months carrying out painstaking research in his local library, scouring literally dozens of books in both the History and Popular Music sections for clues. He also spent hours watching videos of TV documentaries on the subject. But after years of research Archie had drawn a blank. Then one day, out of the blue, he got a lucky break.

EXCLUSIVE

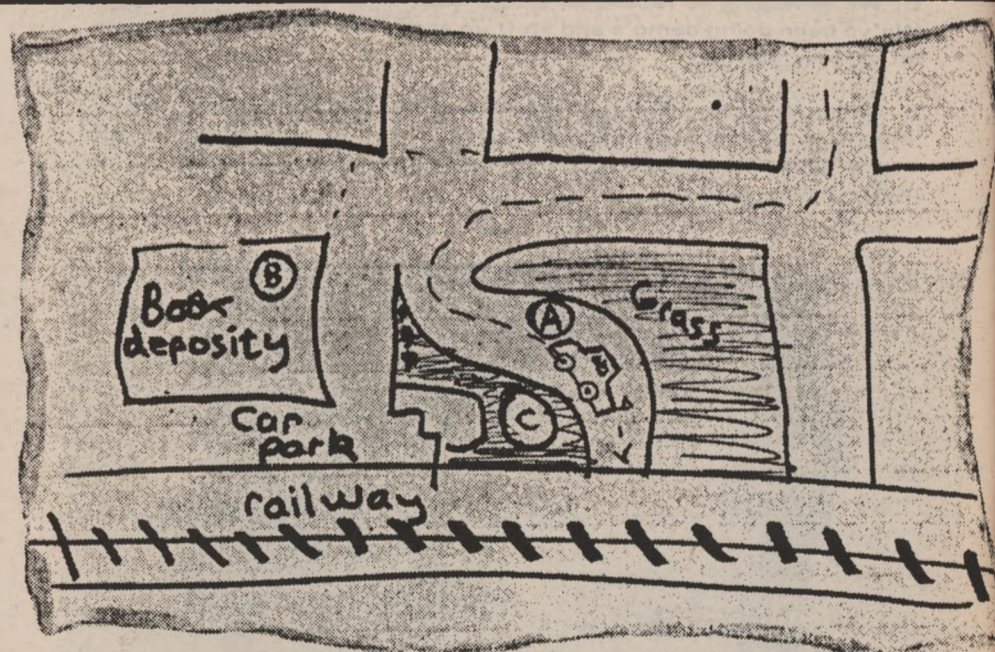
"I was sitting in the kitchen browsing through a book on the subject when something caught my eye. It was a photograph taken at the scene of the assassination seconds before Kennedy was shot. In the background was the book depository building, and in a window I saw what appeared to be a human figure. But it was only a blur and I couldn't be sure.

"As luck would have it my brother-in-law, who is a former chemist and keen amateur photographer, was staying with me at the time. I showed the photograph to him and he said it might be possible to magnify it many times using a previously unknown photographic technique. He did this the next day and when I saw the results I couldn't believe my eyes. There, standing in the window was Elvis, as clear as day. I was absolutely speechless for several minutes".



Elvis Aaron Presley
— did the 'King' turn killer?

Fifteen years after the fatal shot had been fired, Archie was now convinced that a cover-up had taken place. He immediately wrote and asked for Kennedy's remains to be exhumed so that an independent autopsy could be carried



A map drawn by Mr Gubbins himself showing the scene at Dealey Plaza, Dallas, at 12.30 pm, Friday 22nd November 1963. (A) The route taken by the Presidential limousine prior to the shots being fired. (B) The fifth floor window of the Dallas School Book Depository from which Mr Gubbins believes that Elvis fired three times. And (C) the 'Grassy Knoll' where rhinestones were found similar to those often worn by the singer. "In the car park to the rear of the grassy knoll several witnesses claim to have seen a man who looked a bit like Colonel Tom Parker, Elvis's manager", says Mr Gubbins. "But they're all dead now", he added.

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ains unanswered. But now, the experts are asking a NEW question.

THE PRESIDENT?

THE PROOF



This photographic enlargement shows Elvis clearly visible in the fifth floor window of the Book Depository seconds before the shots rang out.

'I know too much'

-Archie fears for his life

Despite all the evidence put forward by Mr Gubbins, the authorities steadfastly refuse to re-open the case. And Archie now fears that his knowledge of the true events of that grey November day in 1963 could put his own life at risk. "I'm convinced that the telephone box in our street is being bugged, and my car has been tampered with. It keeps slipping out of first gear, and I've had to have the clutch looked at twice in as many weeks. It's scary when you think about it. The kind of people I'm dealing with here are above the law".

COINCIDENCE

"I know too much — just like Buddy Holly, Bill Haley and now The Big 'O'. It's more than just a coincidence that all three of them have died since Kennedy was killed".

SINISTER

We rang the FBI to ask whether or not they were involved in a sinister cover-up of Elvis's part in the Kennedy killing, but it was only 5 am in America and there was nobody in.

out. "A friend of mine had worked in an abattoir and offered to do a pathologist's report for me", says Archie. However, his request was turned down.

TRIGGER

"I decided to go ahead and do our own autopsy, using photographs of the President from a book in the library". The report confirmed what Archie already knew. "There was no doubt in my mind Elvis pulled the trigger".

BARREL

But what motive would drive the King of Rock 'n' Roll to kill the President? What was going through the singer's mind when he took aim on that cold, grey, November lunchtime?

BEATLES

One theory which Archie puts forward is that Kennedy, disillusioned with politics, was about to launch his own pop career. Already under threat from The Beatles, 'The King' feared that Kennedy may succeed in capturing his crown. However there is little hard evidence to support this notion.

MONKEES

Archie believes that jealousy was the real reason. "Apparently, Elvis had heard from a friend that Kennedy fancied his wife Priscilla and wanted to go out with her", Archie told us. "That's probably why he did it".

'I could confirm that the gunshot wound which killed President Kennedy would be consistent with him having been shot in the head by the type of bullet fired from a gun by Elvis Presley.'

**KEVIN DOBSON
FREELANCE PATHOLOGIST**

According to Archie, further evidence was left by Presley in the words of songs which he recorded after the shooting. "One evening my wife and I began to notice strange, almost cryptic references to the murder in the words of Elvis's songs. It was almost as if he was leaving deliberate clues for us to find. I suppose it was his way of admitting his guilt.

DESPAIR

"For example 'You saw me crying in the chapel' is, I believe, Elvis's way of asking God to forgive him. And in 'There goes my everything' he sums up his feelings of despair once it had dawned on him what a terrible thing he'd done.

REMORSE

"But the words of 'Rock-a-Hula Baby' speak for themselves. Elvis was obviously overcome with remorse. I think killing President Kennedy was a mistake which Elvis regreted for the rest of his life".

Even sceptics would have to agree that the Kennedy assassination certainly did mark a turning point in Presley's career. From that point onwards he began to concentrate on slow, mournful ballads, he stopped touring and began to shy away from the public eye. He became a recluse inside his palatial Memphis home and subsequently lost control over his bowel movements.



This remarkable photograph was taken by an eye witness on a polaroid camera and shows the trees to the rear of the grassy knoll. Using another photographic technique, a portion of the picture can be enhanced to show quite clearly the figure of a man, not unlike Colonel Tom Parker, standing amongst the trees

Peter Cathro would really like to get his favourite hat back, the one he always wears when he's filming. His face curdles with annoyance at the memory: a Black Power do, someone got drunk, asked if they could borrow his hat and wouldn't give it back. Whilst the odd bit of headwear can be sacrificed to produce a precedent setting 60-minute documentary, 'Pacman', about the Black Power gang, suddenly the smallest incidents become loaded with a new significance: the Pakeha boys are going to have to learn fast.

At first glance the ambition of a small film company from Herne Bay to make such a film about a Gang in



South Auckland seems charged with the kind of voyeurism which informs so much of the 'Western' or pakeha media.

Only a couple of weeks ago the New Zealand Herald ran major features in its Saturday edition on the Mongrel Mob. One article was credited to the mythical "staff reporter", the other to Bernadette Rae. Both were examples of what amounts to nothing more than a trial by press, a trial that has been in session ever since the media first became involved in attempting to report on an issue they were culturally unequipped to penetrate.

"Gang Menace" rang the Herald headline, "Paranoia or reality?" One wonders whether the Herald was addressing this to themselves or to us.

Newspaper and magazine reports only ten years old, often less, testify to some of the media attitudes. One, from the Auckland Star of 2 Sept. 1978 runs:

"Finally there are the roles of the police and the media to consider. A case can be made to show that the police are in control of what the public learns about gangs. They give reporters news from their particular viewpoint and, often in haste, it is fed to the public with headlines and images, which although they don't distort the truth, enlarge it. Vital facts can be obscured. Like the total numbers involved in weekends of violence.

This sounds like a bit of reasonable self-analysis. Yet the same article goes on to say:

"Few approaches are ever made to the gangsters themselves. The usually won't talk and and if they do turn out to be grossly inarticulate.

Their pleasures are fighting, thieving and fornicating. They do the first to prove themselves to their mates—and because they enjoy it. They do the second for the same reasons—and sometimes to survive they share the proceeds. The third they do with great gusto and indiscriminate. All three get them in a great deal of trouble. Occasionally they get dangerously excited, something goes wrong and they become potential killers."

Or try Bob Jones in The Listener, February 24, 1979:

"They are simply violent lawless louts, lacking any ethical sense of decent conduct or respect for the rights, the property or the sensitivities of others" Undoubtedly the virtual total breakdown in communication between the media and the gangs is reflective to some extent of their relationship with (pakeha) society as a whole. Yet the media, whether it be print, image or sound, has failed in its duty to itself to 'reveal' rather than 'point'.

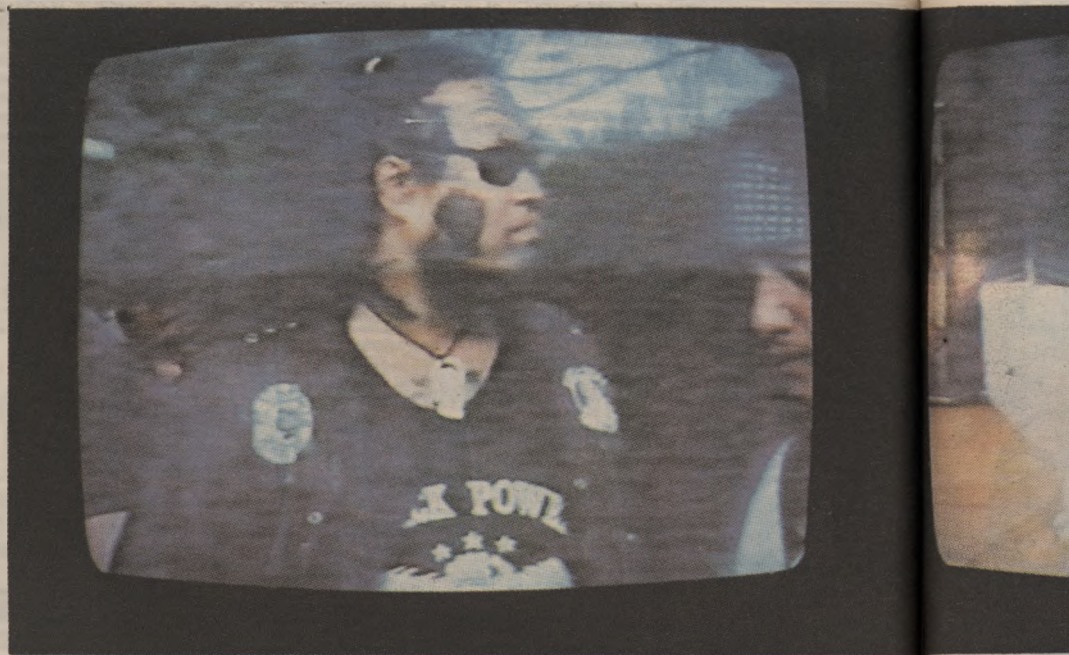
For an uninspired subeditor the so-called 'Gang problem' appears to contain (or can easily be loaded with) all the elements of the 'ideal' story: violence, crime, secrecy, fear. Yet in some bizarre way the media concocted image

FEATURE

BY MICHAEL LAMB

GAGS

SAM UTATAO—widely read in New Zealand history, both pre-European and contemporary.



of the Gangs has been, in the past, mutually beneficial.

Just as the Mongrel Mob adopted that name after being described as 'mongrels' by a judge, there has been no particular reason for the Gangs not to feed off the negative press, along with the negative attitude imposed upon them by European society. It secures their traditional position as outsiders.

With this media inheritance in mind, writer/researcher Baine Huggett and director Peter Cathro of Zee Films have decided to step away from stereotypical film making structures in order to give the Black Power the space and time to tell their own story.

After two years preparation they are ready to roll film for three weeks in October.

Peter Cathro, a photographer turned filmmaker, smiles and shrugs when it comes to the 'format' for the film.

"The approach for the documentary is basically to go in as open minded as we can and show that they're real. There's a side to them the media has never seen." The usual structures have had to be tossed out the window. He is determined to avoid the kind of anthropological approach that denies mutuality, to trespass into unfamiliar territory armed with the surgical implements of an imposed cultural dissection.

Peter points out the dangers of filmmakers simply moving in on an issue and failing to fully understand the way film works, and the difficulty many filmmakers have in "coming out from behind the camera".

He cites Vincent Ward's film 'In Spring One Plants Alone' (about the lives of a woman and her mentally handicapped son) "as probably the most fascist piece of film making that New Zealand's ever had. He was never able to come to terms with what those people were about."

For these filmmakers it is a two way street, a situation in which to open a dialogue, not simply to go out asking questions.

"It would be culturally incorrect," says Peter Cathro, "to walk in and ask them direct questions you don't want to say 'why are you in gang?', why are you so angry?', you've got to say, let's open a dialogue here, I'm from Herne Bay, you come to my place for dinner or something. Let's film that. Let's go to Prego's".

Baine Huggett, survivor and idealist, is the key to the project. He is, to say the least, a man of experience. His chronicle of a life in society's hinterland began in 1967 with a two year visit to Borstal. Since then it's been a "twenty three year history of drugs and crime, and all the way through I was rubbing shoulders with people in gangs." "I personally found in prison that I preferred to spend my time with Maori guys than I did with Pakehas."

Baine says amongst the stole something pakeha guy go up to a it, what you "Heaps o going to sp "I even h nigger-lover He is kno members, e buy. And E off" his pas life has put

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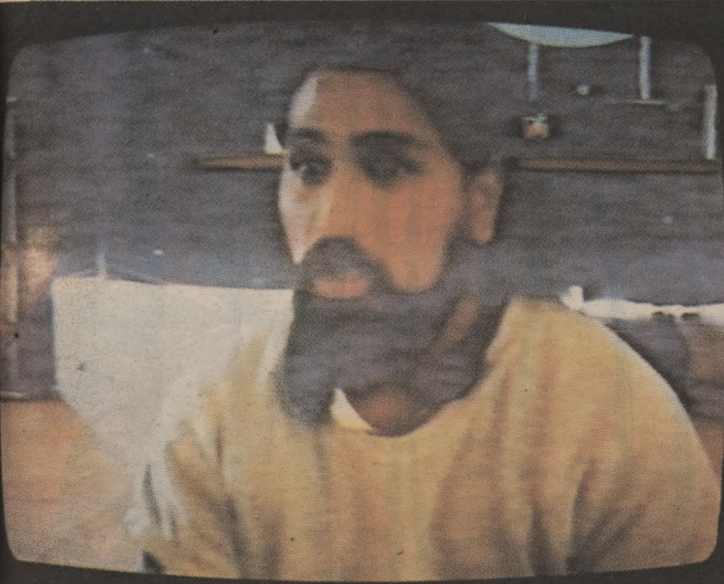
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GAGS AND THE media



SKUNK - The President drives a Mazda 929 and carries a cell phone in his briefcase.



Sam Utatao is the main 'character' of the film, and the spiritual leader of the the Piki Mai Black Power. He is their spokesman, but not their physical leader. While his physical appearance is formidable: the tattoos, the patch and the leather are harmless in themselves but signify menace to a society used to cultivating a mutual ostracism—an 'us' and 'them' distance.

Sam is involved in setting up Access schemes at 'Pare', teaching things like life-skills and Maoritanga.

Part of the film will, with Justice Department clearance, be shot in Paremuremu.

"I feel that a true documentary about the gangs must have some prison footage, because half the gang members live there" says Baine.

In places like the prisons the gangs flourish, but they also change. Peter Cathro suggests that changes in attitudes are affecting the way gangs look at themselves.

"They see themselves as the new tribes, The Black Power, with the chapter as 'hapu' or sub-tribe. Groups in the Mob are thinking that way too, and eventually they're going to establish a dialogue like the one that exists between tribes.

"They are evolving into groups that are actually more within the framework of the larger society."

Resistance to the project, from both Maori and pakeha, has been expressed as a concern that anything about the gangs would be negative.

This is indicative of the 'traditional' way gangs have been handled in the media, an 'any publicity is bad publicity' kind of attitude. Moreover it is easy to forget that the average gang member has, in fact, the same proximity to the media as any other consumer.

"They live with media everyday, they live with media much more than I do" says Peter. "When you see a gang member you don't say 'what chapter are you from' or 'what gang are you from', you just say 'gang member', and that's the way the media treat them."

"No media investigation I've ever seen of the Mob has ever really tackled the question of why they exist, because it's too close to home—the reason why they exist is because of white pakeha society. They've pushed them really hard into a corner, and they're fighting back."

And the Pacman project, under those terms, is offering the gangs another method of fighting back. Considering the media/gang history, there's little doubt in the filmmaker's minds that this kind of film is long overdue.

"Articles in the media fuel gang anger—sensational press—it is the only thing in the New Zealand media you can really sensationalize" says Peter. "I was out there

Baine says there was an up-front kind of basic honesty amongst the Maoris that he could relate to. "If someone stole something from your cell, you'd go and confront the pakeha guy and he'd go "no, I didn't take it", and you'd go up to a Maori guy and he'd say "Yeah, I fuckin' took it, what you going to do about it?"

"Heaps of pakeha guys in jail are racists, and I'm not going to speak as to why that is, but it's a fact."

"I even had a fight with a white guy who called me a nigger-lover, that sort of shit."

He is known and respected by certain important gang members, establishing a kind of trust that only time can buy. And Baine is adamant that he is far from 'trading off' his past, rather putting to a good use the experiences life has put him through.

With their opposite and complimentary views and skills, the filmmakers hope 'Pacman' will offer a substantially different perspective on the Black Power.

"I want" Peter asserts, "to tell their story—why they're like they are, because I think as people they're caught between two cultures, and that's what they can't figure out."

Cathro and Huggett have negotiated a first option editorial deal with the original Auckland Black Power chapter, who used to call themselves "The Black And Whites". Recently they have formed a work trust and now call themselves "Piki Mai" or "pick yourself up" chapter.

At the 'rushes' stage the gang has full power of veto over any of the material. From then on the footage is completely in the film maker's hands.

"But they don't have control over the story that I want to tell" says Peter. That way gang fears over directly controversial material are allayed.

"When we first opened dialogue with them it was very important for us to be very honest. Baine and I sat in a room with twenty of these guys around us and they were very hostile, and they wanted to know exactly what we were about. We had to stand up in front of them and say we want to make this documentary because we believe that there's a story that needs to be told about you guys and it's a chance for you to actually tell your own story, to say who you are."

"We tried to make it quite clear that we're not normal media. We're not working from the last sensational story that we read in the newspaper."

The original aim was to make a documentary about the Mongrel Mob. They proved too hard to penetrate. According to Peter the Black Power are changing more radically than the Mongrel Mob in terms of wanting to have their story told. And part of the story is the very fact that

george and mabel were joined in holy matrimony on the 1st day of September in 1948. They came with joy and gladness, floating on an air, the each other was all pervading all the time. The bride and groom were touched to the heart by the beginning of a long and happy union of two blessed hearts. Love and joy, but they were a delightful unit. Mabel greets her bride and groom. She bore man keeps her veil in mischievous merriment.



to Mabel & George

they have become a spiritual union



can you house

your

PASSIONS

POHUTUKAWA RUBY

By the sea I cycle, the wheels of my bicycle
circle the beaches and bays
that hug the waterfront

the curving shoreline shows
the imprint of the seas biting kisses
and the sunlight sea

shines and sparkles with
clusters of starfire
that ride the rippling waves inshore

The land is like a Polynesian Princess
dressed in rich colours
her tresses are the pohutukawa trees
that fringe the bays

and garlanded in her hair
is a brilliant red jewel
the pohutukawa ruby

the shining ruby is a sign
of summers wakening
it shows the passion of the hot sun
for the cool green earth

waves of fiery heat shoot out from the sun
lick into the dark fertile earth
rise up through the trees limbs
igniting the pohutukawa into blossom

the pohutukawa ruby shines under
indigo blue skies
and everything is caught up

in the laughing
summer light

Lianne Yearbury



*'thwarted passion stimulates
poetic insight'* ROBERT GRAVES

POETRY

from Page 15

when the helicopter caught that guy Pup from the Mongrel Mob after that armed robbery, and they went out to the Mongrel Mob headquarters in Papatoetoe, and all the photographers were there staked out in the trees with long lenses."

On site a filming protocol has been worked out to ensure barriers not raised between the filmmakers and the gang-members, as a way of getting to know them away from the camera.

"My thing is that when we're not filming the crew's never allowed to be together, because you set up hostility, you get the camera crew over in one corner saying to each other 'did you see Cheers on TV last night', and you've got the gang over there going 'who are these guys, they're not even interested'.

When the crew eats or drinks with the gang they're not allowed to sit together separately. Seemingly simple actions like this initiate a mingling of the two groups, and reverses roles: the filmmakers are put into the position of 'outsider'.

Thus whichever way you look at it, the 'Pacman' project is breaking new ground. And the simple label 'documentary' starts peeling off:

"I see it almost as art-film," says Peter, "it's not media, it will be quite slow paced." A lot of the power will come out of the fact that Sam doesn't speak... but film has this wonderful ability to tell the truth."

He adds:

"I think they trust us. I think they need to trust us. Sam realizes that this documentary needs to be made."

GOLDEN ANCHOR

Gone: and to an undisclosed region,
Free as the wind, if less predictable.
Why should I grieve, who have no claim on her?
My ring circles her finger, from her neck
Dangles my powerful jade. All is not lost
While still she wears those evident tokens
And no debts lie between us except love.

Or does the golden anchor plague her
As a drag on woman's liberty? Longing
To cut the cable, run grandly adrift,
Is she warned by a voice what wide misfortune
Ripples from ill faith?—therefore temporizes
And fears to use the axe, although consorting
With lovelessness and evil?

What should I say or do? It was she chose me,
Not contrarwise. Moreover, if I lavished
Extravagant praise on her, she deserved all.
I have been honest in love, as is my nature;
She secret, as is hers. I cannot grieve
Unless for having vexed her by unmasking
A jewelled virtue she was loth to use.

Robert Graves

entertainment this week

LISTINGS

MUSIC/SHOWS/EVENTS

SEPT 6-13

WEDNESDAY 6

Vintage Jazz Band—14 years on and still going...
Birkenhead Trust Hotel
Ebeling Brothers—City Hotel
3 Men Missing—The Venue
Don Roberts—Shakespeare

THURSDAY 7

Rhythm Cage/Hoi Poloi/October Rain—Gluepot
12 Tribes Of Israel—Venue
Double Hattie—Shakespeare
Tommy Adderley & Friends—Montmartre Club
Lewd & Ludicrous—Station Hotel

FRIDAY 8

JT And The Blues Benders—Gluepot
Hard Rock Special—Powerstation
SPUD—The Venue
Peter Morgan And Tactics—Montmartre Club (Jazz)
The Urge—Sam Diego's
Beat Roosters—Esplanade

SATURDAY 9

SPUD—The Venue
Butch Hancock/Jimmie Dale
Gilmore(Choir)—Gluepot
Peter Morgan And Tactics—Montmartre Club (Jazz)
Beet Roosters—Esplanade
Sam Diego Stompers (Dixie)—Sam Diego's
Nairobi Trio—Cafe Zira

SUNDAY 10

Moonlighting—Cafe Igauna The Nairobi Trio—
at Rick's Blue Falcon (Jazz)
Theatresports—Maidment

MONDAY 11

The Comedy Store—at The Basement
Poet's Night—The Albion
Al Hunter Duo—Shakespeare
Shenanigan—Irish music—Sheraton Hotel

TUESDAY 12

Video Night—Venue

WEDNESDAY 13

Letter 5 and Greg Fleming—Venue
Don Roberts—Shakespeare

BFM TOP TEN

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- 1 PIXIES: Doolittle Album
- 2 NRA: Mudbabies Album
- 3 DE LA SOUL: Say No Go
- 4 PASPALLUMS: When You're Down
- 5 FATAL JELLYSPACE: Death Of A Rapsit
- 6 CHRIS KNOX: Not Given Lightly
- 7 BOB MOULD: Workbook Album
- 8 CAKE KITCHEN: self-titled EP
- 9 HALLELJAH PICASSOS: Bicycle Man
- 10 STONE ROSES: self-titled album

Compiled from listener votes. Broad-
cast at 7pm Wednesdays on BFM.
Phone 373-918 on Monday, Tuesday
or Wednesday to vote.

FASHION

P I L

at the POWERSTATION

Friday, Sept. 1.

He came on in his day-glo pajamas and got stuck into a couple of litres of Evian water, played footie with a Steinlager can, and jerked through an hour and a half of rockstar aerobics like there were a million tomorrows, and at the end lingered on stage pulling faces at the audience as if he'd forgotten to tell them something.

John Lydon, nee Rotten, is a man with a past, a past obviously long gone as far as he is concerned. One spitting punter got a headmasterly rebuff from the dayglo legend, and it was strange to think that thirteen years ago most of the tongue gravy would have been flying the other way.

Against a scenario of security goons guarding the stage and making like wounded Dobermanns, 18 year-old punks trying to pogo to rock music, and 30 year old punks up the back reliving the past by tearing off their Union Jack T-shirts, Mr Lydon minced about ankle deep in his musical puddle: aside from about 4 songs that was about as deep as the music got. Most of it wasn't much to right home about—without Lydon's distinctive crawl-voice it could have been Radio 1 in one of their more upbeat moments.

'Disappointed', 'Public Image' and 'This Is Not A Love Song' were the highlights of the set, turned out point-perfectly by Lydon and his team of fluorescent imagists, including bassist and ex-Shriekback member Allan Dias.

So old punk rockers do die, and come back in bespoke tailoring.

MCL.

V e r a l y n at 2a Ponsonby Road is a new shop selling old-fashioned clothes and accessories. The owners Vera Dunn and Linda Buis became friends ten years ago when they shared a stall at Cook Street Market. The stall was a successful second-hand clothes outlet, old-fashioned was in fashion.

With the closure of Cook Street Linda took a trip to Amsterdam and Vera began selling new clothing at Victoria Park Market. She says people were less interested in second-hand clothes at that time.

In the last couple of years another revival has happened in the second-hand clothing market according to Vera. Buyers this time round range in age from teenagers to people in their thirties.

About the time of this revival Linda, back from Amsterdam, was collecting old-fashioned clothing and selling it on commission to second-hand shops around Auckland. She and Vera decided to open their own shop and spent months hunting for garments and accessories until they had acquired an impressive collection. Veralyn was opened in Ponsonby Road because there were not any similar shops in the area.

The shop specialises in selling pre-1970 clothing for men and women, some garments date back to the 1920s. Other items on sale include old-fashioned toys, books, prints, china, buttons, fabrics, lace, sunglasses and jewellery.

The range of jewellery is extensive with many pieces provided by Rhonda, another Cook Street friend. Rhonda creates earrings from old and unusual beads and has collected necklaces made from amber, jet, crystal, mother of pearl, bone and venetian glass.

Veralyn has been open less than two months but people are already arriving at the shop with clothes to sell. Vera and Linda still go out on the road hunting things old-fashioned, the search sometimes lasts two or three days and they love it.

M A R S H A R K A Y E

entertainment this week

WRECKASTOW

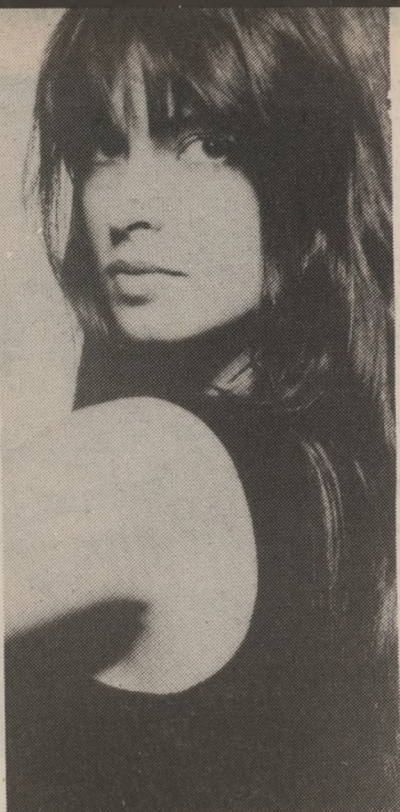
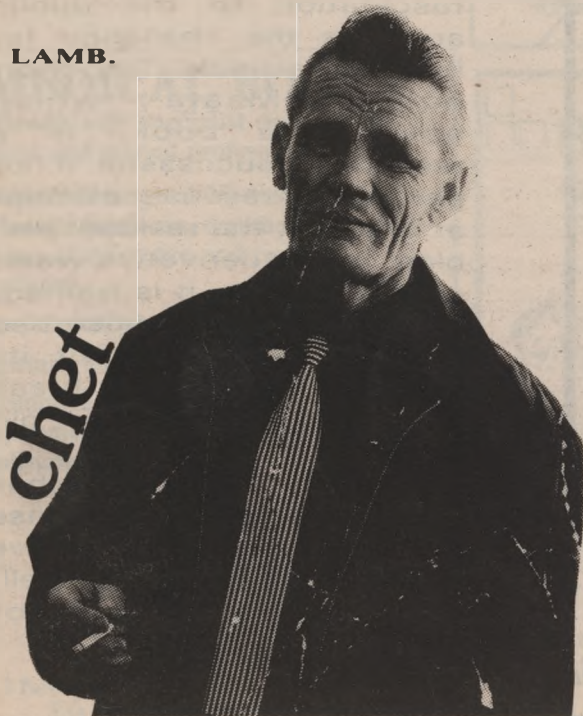
Since Johnny's around, we better blast off with **MALCOLM McCLAREN's** new album 'Waltz Darling', a toilet trained piece of musical trivia from Ronald Biggs' adopted son. Having gone shopping in New York and found Lisa Marie to play Beauty to his Beast, McClaren has now produced the perfect soundtrack for a sunday afternoon post-modernist's teaparty, complete with a teaspoonful of classicism and joblot of bullshit. Aside from the temptation of the wonderful cover, the album is hardly worth shelling out a greenback for.

Get **CHRIS KNOX** into your life instead, with the two records out, 'Seizure', the album, and 'Not Given Lightly', the E.P. that thinks it's an album. 'Not Given Lightly' (the song) is a piece of sublime artistry from Grey Lynn's answer to Kevin Coyne, a pop song complete with the trademark Knox production values. The rest of 'Seizure' swings bathetically, but it's all powerful. The 'let's do it on a four track' approach to recording can become tiresome, but there's no doubting the originality of Knox's voice in the inner urban wilderness, and his disarming ability to turn out brutally frank music. Like it says on the cover of 'Seizure' (but it applies to both): 'a Flying Nun collectable'.

Another offering from the Nunnery is **STEPHEN's** 'Dumb' six track mini album, unlike the other product above, delivered in a truly naff cover the likes of which was popular about ten years ago. But the wall-of-guitar based music is rich and listenable, certainly deserving of a better marketing strategy than an ugly midget short play.

Check out the **CHET BAKER** soundtrack to the movie 'Let's Get Lost' as well, that's on RCA (hells teeth, another great cover) and will send you any particular direction you want to go in.

LAMB.



lisa marie



CHAINSAW MASOCHIST - "Facing Up"

(Still Ill Tapes)

Chainsaw Masochist—the band they say Flying Nun should have picked up (even CV beat them to it!), bring out their second cassette release on Still Ill Tapes, who hopefully won't be ailing for much longer. More of the same as the first tape, only lots more of it. Eight songs that range from powerful moodiness to poppy optimism, often bewilderingly changing from one to the other in the same verse. How they can sing about aching and emptiness to the accompaniment of major chords is beyond me. The guitar is at least as constantly frenetic as ever, working well with the slower picked melodies. Cello is a worthwhile addition in "Facing Up". I don't know if it should, but this track brings the Go-Betweens to mind. Another highlight of the cassette, it even has an instrumental ending that's worth waiting around for.

One of my faves is the powerful "Nothing to Write Home About". "If These Walls Could Talk", a recent favourite on BFM, works subtly, its great guitar rhythm inevitably growing on you. Use of vocal harmonies is another of the band's attributes, on "Passing Time" this harmony really come to the fore. Most of the recording is of reasonable quality, done on a four-track in all sorts of semi-desirable locations, though "If These Walls Could Talk" benefits from its studio recording.

As well as a lyric sheet for those who like to sing along (!), the tape features a great full-colour glossy cover; on the side is a doomful reminder to face up to the "frightful emptiness". But don't despair, this cassette should be available at most decent record shops...

The Swerve



BOOKS

Aritha van Herk is a Canadian author visiting New Zealand in September. Aritha achieved international prominence in 1978 when, at the age of twenty-four, she won the C\$50,000 Seal Award for her first novel, "Judith". Since then she has written two new books, "The Tent Peg" and "No Fixed Address", both published by virago. Her books have been published in nine countries and in seven languages.

"The Tent Peg", set in Canada is the story of J L, a woman who joins a uranium prospecting expedition as a cook. She is alone in the wilderness with nine men and her presence in the camp disturbs the spirit of male camaraderie. One by one the men unburden their secrets to J L. "The Tent Peg" is a novel where emotions bubble dangerously under the surface and the tension is resolved in a taut climax.

"No Fixed Address", also set in Canada is the story of Arachne, a travelling underwear saleswoman. Arachne drives a vintage Mercedes, looking for and discarding love on her travels. Emma Tennant describes the book as "A funny, frank account of a travelling saleswoman's quest for independence through sex, death, lingerie, anything".

Aritha van Herk wrote her first story at the age of twelve. She has worked as a farm hand, tractor driver, secretary, researcher, teacher, editor and bush cook. She is currently Associate Professor for the Department of English at Calgary University in Alberta.

She has given many readings and to quote the words of a woman who spoke to Aritha after one of them "I want you to know that I read your novel, and it changed my whole life because it made me believe that I could do anything I wanted to do."

Aritha van Herk will be speaking to English students on Tuesday 5th of September in Room 426 in the English Department.



Witi Ihimaera

Although she no longer surfs, Katherine Mansfield has been riding a wave of popularity in the last few years that seems to get bigger with each tide. Of course it would be unreasonable to suggest she is not, after Steinlager beer, one of this country's hottest export icons, ("They're reading our Katherine here") even though we had to reappropriate her a bit before hoisting her into our cultural pantheon.

Hopefully Witi Ihimaera's epithetic new book, 'Dear Miss Mansfield' will put the kaybosh on the Mansfield cult for a year or two so we can start promoting some of the other top guns who have made it offshore, for example Len Lye and Francis Hodgkins.

Meantime Witi Ihimaera's 'tribute' has managed to provoke a predictable intercultural confusion from both Maori and Pakeha in the media.

The Listener declared that the novella part of the book should never have been published at all.

"It is a Maori response because I am a Maori" Ihimaera replies with alacrity. Yet there is a difference between Witi Ihimaera and Katherine Mansfield. "She did not have a political bias to her work, I have a political bias to my work."

Simply by writing out of the Pakeha tradition, as a Maori, Ihimaera has stepped through mono-culturalism and into bi-culturalism. Besides being a literary act, it is an act of cultural self-portraiture. Accordingly Ihimaera has sought out, through the book, the similarities rather than the differences between cultures. "My attempt has been to try and illuminate these [ie aroha/love] universal values."

Delivering a personal fascination to the public arena is the challenge for Ihimaera's book. The short novella 'Maata', which opens the book, is a reasonably successful, if not particularly resonant attempt at this. But the residual problem facing derivative work, no matter how it is framed, is that it becomes absorbed into the mythology of its source. How do you break new ground with an old spade?

Nevertheless Ihimaera has revealed a unique response to Mansfield. It will serve students of Mansfield well, and amuse lovers of Mansfield in passing.

MICHAEL LAMB

Aritha van Herk is an exciting new Canadian author. At 24 she won the \$50,000 Seal Award for First Novel. Aritha will visit New Zealand in September to promote her two new books...



THE TENT PEG

'van Herk's evocations of Canada's vast landscape are a triumph of suggestive prose.'

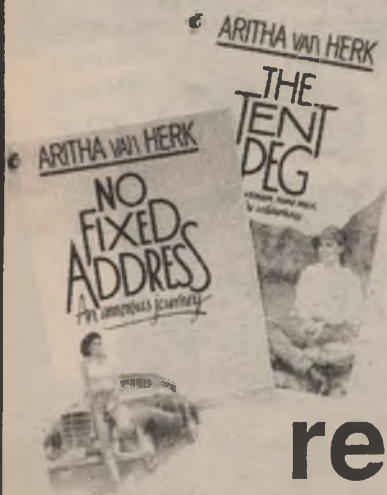
Independent

NO FIXED ADDRESS

'A funny, frank account of a travelling saleswoman's quest for independence through sex, death, lingerie, anything.'

Emma Tennant

reading at University Bookshop, 1pm, September 6.



BOOK

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- ★ Compl...
- ★ equipm...
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entertainment this week

THUS SPAKE BELLAVISTA

PICADOR

by Luciano DeCrescenzo

Luciano DeCrescenzo worked for IBM before he found a pencil behind his ear, and suddenly became a journalist and writer. He is an Engineer living in Milan, and is thus perfectly qualified to have written a book about philosophy in Naples; not the stuff of Derrida but the quick-witted conversation of Professor Bellavista, who, in the company of his friends, expounds his thoughts, seldom representing a complete or reasonable view, but containing enough logic and perception to make them intriguing and amusing. The illustration on the cover of this Picador edition is by Ralph Steadman - it depicts a level of violent argument thankfully lacking in the text, but is nevertheless representative of the "Italianess" the book contains; a sort of "user friendly" chaos. Having never been to Italy, my preconceptions involve a lot of FIATs with horns blaring, excited arguments with lots of gesticulation in restaurants, and ample women bursting forth with operatic stanzas whilst hang-

ing out the washing. I now know, having read "Thus Spake Bellavista", that although all Italy may boast these phenomena to some extent, Naples has them especially, and Milan has them hardly at all. Milan is apparently Naples' nemesis—all efficiency, wealth, and gleaming stainless steel pillars: all that Professor Bellavista finds quite unnecessary. The odd numbered chapters of the book form a continuous narrative, relating the conversation of the Professor and his friends, but this is broken up by the even numbered chapters—visually very different, in bold type and bordered on the page—which are anecdotes of Neapolitan life illustrating the points made by the protagonists of the odd chapters. This format is a great success, giving the reader plenty of glimpses of "real life" in Naples to balance the discourse. All the stories are very funny, so they could be presented in invisible ink between the lines, and they would still be welcome, as far as I am concerned. I really like the Professor's "Compass of the Sixteen Categories", based

on the idea that love and liberty are orthogonal human properties, having opposites of hate and power respectively. Historical figures can thus be placed on a cartesian map as follows:



It reminded me of the i-theory of human nature, whereupon a personality is represented by a complex number. Nonsense, but it is worth a few moments thought. I discovered, through this book, that in Italy Graduate Engineers are addressed as such: Ingegnere De Crescenzo, similar to Doctors here. I don't know whether I like the idea or not. I certainly liked this book.

Martin Lafferty

BOOKSHOP GUIDE

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PERFORMING ARTS

OUTSIDE IN

"Theatre is not just for entertainment, it should touch people's lives." — Hilary Beaton

Following "Reign Rain", the recent festival of original performance, and an adaptation of Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal", Theatre Workshop move onto something completely different with their production of this classic contemporary New Zealand drama.

Set in a New Zealand women's prison, **Outside In** looks at how seven women inmates react to one another within the confines of a patriarchal social institution — their love, their anger, their fear and their own internal power struggles are all touched upon within this explosive play. The play reveals how deeply entrapped these women are when the attitudes to power and sexuality they create 'inside' replicate the very modes of behaviour with which they have been oppressed 'outside'.

Hilary Beaton wrote "Outside In" in response to the gap she saw in the representation of women in traditional theatre. Drawing on her own experience as a performer and tutor in New Zealand and Australian prisons and two years worth of research, she set about producing a play with strong roles for women a key priority. It was premiered at Auckland's Theatre Corporate in 1982 under the direction of Judith Gibson. Its success took it to the 1986 Edinburgh Festival, where a production directed by Beaton herself was received with great acclaim.

This Theatre Workshop production brings Rene Owen, one of the original Edinburgh cast, back to the stage in the role of Di. Rene and the remainder of the cast (Betty Richards, Cathryn Monro, Annette Breen, Susan Haldane, Hera Dunleavy and Siobhan Crowley) combine under the direction of Bernie Harfleet ("Female Parts") to bring a wide range of experience to this powerful and demanding play.



CATHRYN MUNRO AND ANNETTE BREEN

OUR COUNTRY'S GOOD

Mercury/ The Gods
Until Sept 22

The first play ever staged in Australia was performed by a cast of convicts in the harsh and brutal penal colonies. This is the apparently true story — the trials and successes of turning the coarse, illiterate, and unco-operative criminals into performers; but more significantly, into noble, self-respecting beings. The major theme of this play is the power of the theatre to restore human dignity.

But it's not all so serious — while there are some dramatic and emotional moments, the play came across as primarily comic. Full of wit, irony and strong characterisation, it drew several instances of spontaneous applause from the audience.

The setting is sparse, merely suggestive of the red, sun-baked land. Anything else would be obtrusive upon what really creates the effect in this play — the dialogue and the interplay between characters. These are largely dependent on

the device of the play within the play, which provides illuminating parallels and striking situations.

"Our Country's Good" also holds interest in its historical context — the depravity and brutality of the life in the penal colonies; particularly thought-provoking are the attitudes towards crime and 'sin'.

Most characters played more than one part. While sometimes the transition was made with ease, other times the juggling of up to 3 parts was a cause for confusion and required alert observation on the part of the audience.

This play was the winner of the Best West End Play at the 1988 Lawrence Olivier Awards. While it's not a good idea to expect a huge West End production, this makes a genuinely enjoyable and worthwhile night's entertainment in the intimate surroundings of The Gods.

M. de Graaf

SEPT. 6-13 (unless specified)

MERCURY/GODS
'Our Country's Good' The Gods

MERCURY/REPERTORY
'Don Giovanni'

AUCK. GIRLS GRAMMAR THEATRE
'Terry And The Violin Case' (Until Sept. 9)

LITTLE MAIDMENT
'Outside In'

entertainment this week

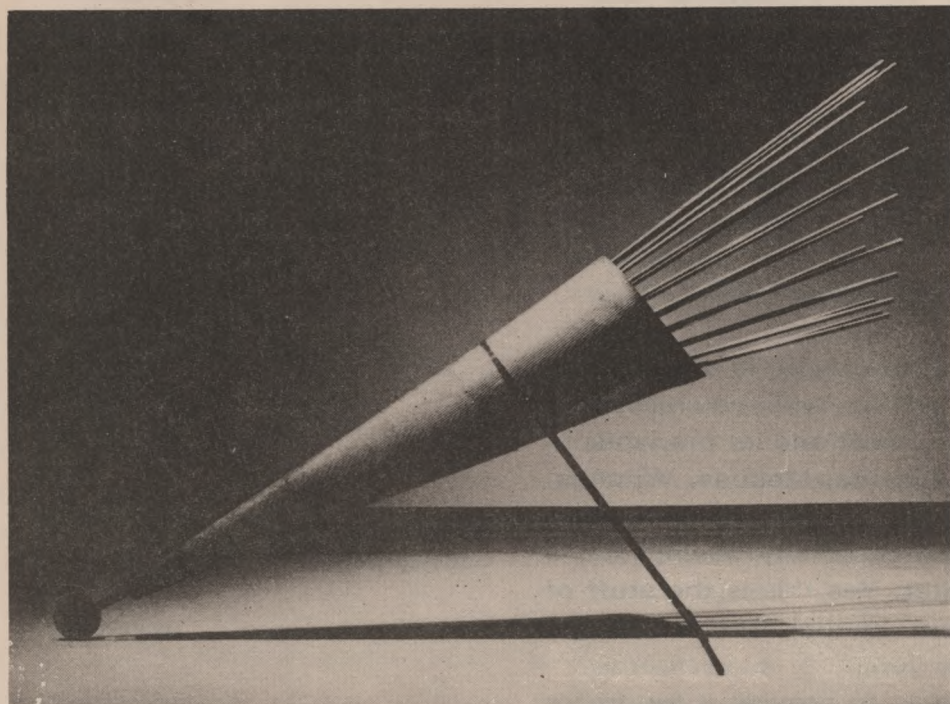
DRAWING OUT

Currently at Artspace is an important exhibition for Elam and Ilam sculpture students. While it's not uncommon for artists to include sketches and working drawings with their finished work, this show is progressive in that it asserts the independent worth of these drawings, by exhibiting them alone.

Says Elam's Giovanni Intra, "Subjects that appear in drawing are often censored out of a 'finished' piece of sculpture, as their directness and honesty can be seen as inappropriate to the demands of art viewers, or have less references to the developed 'style' of the artist. Instead of looking at manifestations of taste and style, viewers can anticipate seeing the sometimes unresolved vitality and spontaneity of the creation and development of ideas".

This is a chance to see the experimentation, problem solving, the impulse and spontaneity that is at the heart of the artistic process. Sculpture drawing widens the medium, working not only on paper, but metal, wood, and others.

About 40 artists from Elam and Ilam (Canterbury School of Art) are participating, each submitting about two works. Illustrated here are examples of work from some of these artists, but the actual submitted works won't be known till a day or two before the hanging of the show. A very slick illustrated catalogue (printed on Elam's own press) is available.



'Chrysler II'
1800mm x 3000mm x 500mm
Steel strap, rod and sheet.

ANTON PARSONS (Ilam)



'Pluhme'
(installation detail),
Wax, brass, paper, and mixed media.

GIOVANNI INTRA (Elam)

Coincidental with the Elam and Ilam exhibition at Artspace is the first solo exhibition of paintings by David Reid, at the James Wallace Gallery (3rd floor above Artspace).

The Gallery also provides studio spaces for several working artists. This is the first show of work from one of the artists.

The works show a diverse range of paintings principally produced in the last six months of the gallery's existence.

David Reid's paintings have been described by a notable observer as "a bit of dab dab" ...

VISUAL ARTS



GALLERIES

ABERHART NORTH GALLERY

Recent paintings by Barbara Tuck (till Sept 10).

ARTSPACE

"Drawing Out" — sculpture drawing by Elam and Ilam students.

AUCKLAND MUSEUM

"Stonelines" — carvings by John Edgar.

CHARLOTTE H. GALLERIES

Work by Piera McArthur.

COMPENDIUM GALLERY "Fabrication" by Penny Read.

EMBELLISHMENTS

"Living Colours" — work by Tracey Mathewson (till Sept 11).

FERNER GALLERY

Contemporary selection including Mrkusich, McCahon and Clairmont (till Sept 9).

FINGERS JEWELLERY

Recent work by Steve Mulqueen (till Sept 10); work by Robert Baines (from Sept 11).

FISHER GALLERY

Don Binney focus exhibition, and ceramics group show.

FISH SHOP GALLERY

Works on paper by Johanna Pegler.

FRENCH ART SHOP AND GALLERY

Work by Sue Bell and Val Watts (till Sept 9).

GEORGE FRASER GALLERY

"Changes and Choices" — sculptural paintings by Sarah Patching.

GIFFORD GALLERY

NZ Fellowship of Artists — Ismay Couling.

JAMES WALLACE GALLERY

Paintings by David Reid (till September 29).

LOPDELL HOUSE

"Battleflags" by Nora West and ceramics by Christine Harris.

POTS OF PONSONBY

Window display by Helen Pollock.

PROBA GALLERY

Paintings by Denise Glozier (till Sept 9).

THE PUMPHOUSE

Work by Dean Buchanan, Sally Griffen, Christine Smith, Pamela Wolfe, and Lyndon Smith.

REAL PICTURES GALLERY

Recent photographs by Patrick Reynolds.

RKS ART

"Figuring Out the Landscape" — recent sculpture by Peter Lange; and "Time and Place" — painting by Karen Bates.

SUE CROCKFORD GALLERY

Gavin Chilcott (till Sept 8).



A Wominspace Journal, Spring 1989

On the cover of 'Unmasking the Myth' is a wonderful drawing. Look closer and you will see what you really fear in women, their Myths. come closer and let me whisper in your ear. I say you see Amazons, Medusa, Witches, Kalimana. But wait. In the picture on the page is a working woman, perhaps a carpenter, a lady having tea, a mother, your mother, my sister. Yes this is the stuff of Myths. Take our hand. Buy our Journal. Open the page. It's very easy. And we invite you.

The purpose of the Journal is to provide a forum for women to express themselves and not be limited by prescribed formulae. Poetry needs to be seen, heard, read. It needs to be appreciated and passed on. It needs to have a life of its own. Women give life to their form of expression through the Journal.

This year we took part in "Reign Rain". We wore costume and masks. The emphasis was on performance of our Poetry. We learnt how to communicate our poetry to an audience in a dramatic way. this means looking at our poetry from the outside inwards. Sometimes we found new meanings. Other times we looked at how we used words in context. But always we were learning and getting better. We were individual poets but at the same time we are part of the whole. Part of the Wominspace Journal Collective.

Six of us performed. Jette (the Albion Poet) talked about Love and Reptiles. Lisa (the Poet who feels the Pain) talked about Louisa Damadram and fashion in Poetry, "Take this poem and shove it in your VCR." Tanya (une artiste incomparable) told us about "a mad/glad woman who lived on

a hill" and the things that can go through a woman's mind. Alice ("When she was good, she was good, when she was bad she was very, very bad...") talked about body and soul. Lynda (the Belle with one Hell of a Chastity Belt) told us about Big Women and little girls. Helena (the High Prestess of Prose) talked about the female body electric and the Cunt of Womenkind. You should have been there.

When a Journal comes out we have a Launching to celebrate its release. The Launching of "Unmasking the Myth" will be on **14th September, 7.30 pm** at Wominspace. The **PONSON-BY WOMEN'S CHOIR** will be singing. Then there will be a **POETRY READING**. Bring your poems to read. We might have a guest poet. Last time we had Janet Charman. After this **EDWINATHORNE**, the trumpeter extraordinaire

will be playing, after that **SUZI MOORE** will be playing the acoustic guitar and singing. There will be Journals for sale at \$6 a copy. There will also be a cover charge but refreshments will be free. So come along, bring your friends and enjoy yourselves.

At this point I would like to mention that we need people to buy the Journal. This is because we rely on the sales of the Journal to pay for the costs of typesetting and printing. We are a non-profit Collective. Our emphasis is on art not money. However, the Journal needs to exist. Journals are available at UBS, Whitcoulls, Unity Books, Women's Bookshop. To buy Journals at \$6 contact Sue (604 726) or Alice (790 449). The Journals are a high standard and the range of expression makes it very appealing.

We aim to produce at least

two Journals a year. Next year we will need people with enthusiasm and energy to produce the Journal so that we can continue to be the longest running Journal publication on campus. Write over the summer holidays. Submit work now. We will publish your work. Help proofread, put the pages together and you will get a great sense of satisfaction when you hold a complete Journal in your hands.

The Journal is about women expressing themselves. About women creating a space for their expression. So make use of the Journal, it's here for you. Sister, mother, aunty, grandmother. Women who gather together to "Unmask the Myth".

Alice Phillips

ARTICLES

WORK FROM "UNMASKING THE MYTH"

Sweet sugar I give you friend
Each time you come to me
To sanitize the hopeless
Or fence off deaths-tide rising.

But-
When I'm not there-
It seems the waves crash
Twice as hard
Against the light-house walls.

(I hope they never fall).

It seems worthless shouting at the sea.
Fruitless building sandcastles
In the path of waves.

KATIE TORRENS

You are fighting to be lost.
I am fight against
being lost.
Waiting, waiting
to most inevitably
lose
something.
Waiting, waiting
to consequentially
find
something.
Closed in my myriad
of weeping women,
is better than
solitary men.
Because I remain buoyant
not
merely
drowning.
A woman's Dead Sea is so so
alive
and
full of salt.

JANE HINGSTON

DEAR JANE

You see
the other day
he said
Look I don't want
Well I only want
you to be a fit and normal
a fit and normal 42 year old
(I'm 45 but never mind)
Oh I said I see
(it was one of his discussions on my weight)
Like who I said
(thinking of the varied shapes of
all the 42 year old women that I knew)
indeed of women's shapes
its obvious
Jane Fonda of course

HELENA BRASCH-GLENDINNING

GIVING YOU UP

Giving you up was easier than giving up
smoking
7 days — what do they call it — the clinical trial period,
and only a few cravings. Not much longing for
just
one
suck concentrate on the long term benefits healthy,
sanity, esteem, and
"think of the money i'd save."

SUE WRIGHT

LYNDA EARLE

I'll just sit here and go quietly mad.
I won't Interfere
I won't disturb you
I'm not touching anything.
You can't hear me can you?
I'm so sorry I seem to have.
Ripped your velvet cover
On your couch
I thought I wasn't touching anything.
It was a mistake.
There
My caws are out
I'll mend it.
Give me a needle
Sharp.

Yes, it's ver sharp.
Watch me thread it
Through my hand
It's a trick I learn't
to relieve boredom
As I'm sitting here
Waiting for you to come
Home.
I sew myself together
Quietly on your couch
I'm so sorry about the rip
As I wait for the
Dinger
To go
Which tells me
The chicken is thawed
Then I rip it up
Into little Anatomical pieces
The legs
The wings
The neek
The breast
You don't want to hear about this
This trivia
You who counts money all day.
You make so much
You save so much
You travel so much
You go out so much
You have so many
Business Acquaintances.
You don't want to know that you ate

The breast,
Tonight for dinner
Commencing on its
succulence
As you reached for more.
I didn't have the
Heart
To tell you then.
I want to surprise you
later tonight
As you reach into my
Shirt,
To feel whats always always been
There
Then you'll know what you
Ate for Dinner
As you get your sticky fingers stuck
Between my nailed
Ribs.

CHRISTINE WICKES

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.

Lynne (20)

"Went to the pub last night. All me mates were there. Good fun. Met up with Steve and the boys and we went to a party. These dudes had a tow truck business and decided to have a booze-up Friday night. Quite a few blacks there but that was cool. Gary's having problems with the missus. You see she's pregnant and wants to have the kid. The problem is Gary doesn't want it because he's not ready for any heavy shit yet. He wants to go to Aussie next year. She's still at school but she's got some weird ideas. She reckons that she can have a kid and still go to school. Yeah, she's in the 6th form learning typing. Reckons she'll be able to get a job no sweat. Gary doesn't want no kids. She's real mad at him, he doesn't see her now. Gary's just scared shitless but if I know Gary he's probably seeing someone else. I had a cousin in the same situation, but that was OK. She's back home up north. She's got the whole family to look after her and the baby. It's different in the city. No one's got time for kids. I'd never get myself in that mess. The way I figure it I'm still a kid myself. I'm tired of watching my friends get into shit. For starters the old man would kill me. That's cos I'm living at home. But I'm looking for a flat. At the moment I'm on an Access Scheme learning about horticulture. Reckon I could grow some pretty good Dak myself.

The party was pretty slow until the pigs showed up. Turned out they were just passing through. Pissed off the boys though. Had to sneak in the window. Should ask for a key one of these days. Reckon I'm old enough."

TINA (41)

"Thought I would get a job at night to save up for Christmas. Sometimes I treat myself to a new hairdo. All my friends work there and during the day we meet up to go shopping or have a chat. We're all the same age and our kids have left home. The husband works and I keep the house tidy. So much to do in the house. Just when you've finished doing the bathroom the dog comes in and leaves all its hair over the couch. People think that I'm too fussy but I like to keep my house clean. It's worse when Trevor comes home. He leaves his shoes and jacket all over the place then plays with the dog in the lounge of all places! It's hell at times, my job is never done.

The other night there was a jewellery party at Jan's place. The woman said that we don't wear enough jewellery. She said that she got to travel around the world with the company. Sounded really glamorous. Debs thought she'd have a party at her place so she could get some free chains. The best time is when we get together with the Avon lady. It's fun putting on the make-up. Sometimes we wear our make-up to work. But the hubby never notices. He doesn't notice much these days. I must say that I really envy Gay. She's been divorced for five years. Last year her man took her to Fiji. He buys her flowers, they have a wonderful time. And guess what, she's older than me! When the hubby gets home he has his dinner and sits watching TV. He's a member of the Masons. God knows what they do. But somehow we just keep on going. You see we've worked all our lives to have what we have now. I shouldn't be complaining."

Alice Phillips

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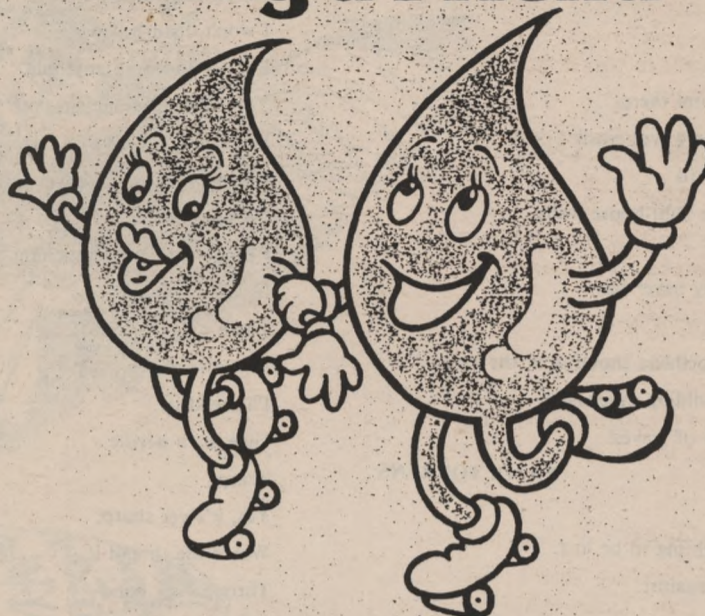
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LIVE

SRC Meetings

* Welcome back from the holidays, you're just in time for more boredom and drudgery than ever before...

A.U.S.A. CLUBS

Socialist Soc.

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

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).

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.

Frances Hodgkins in Context

* Pamela Gerish-Nun presents a lecture on Friday 8th Sept. at 1pm. School of Architecture lecture room ALR 1. All welcome.

Assistance to Visit Nicaragua

*The University Chaplaincy is offering a small scholarship (\$1500-\$2000) to a suitable student to join this summer's educational and coffee harvesting group visit to Nicaragua. Applicants for the scholarship must - Reasonably healthy - have some spanish ability - be genuinely interested in Nicaragua's development. Detailed information is available from the Chapel Secretary (18 Princes St). Applications must be made in writing to the Chaplain, University of Auckland, before Sept. 22nd 1989.

Macintosh Users Group

* The meeting will feature two speakers from Peat Marwick chartered Accountants, one of the biggest accountancy firms in the world. Friday 8th Sept Arts 1 Bldg, Rm 215, 1pm.

and don't forget Heather Anderson!

CRACCUM

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

Students Against God

* There is an alternative! Bring your unholy spirit to the Executive Lounge Tue Sept 12, 1pm.

1990 NZUSU EXECUTIVE

*Nominations close on Fri 18th Aug but will be reopened on the floor of the meeting. The positions are: President, Vice President, Treasurer and 3 Executive members. Nominations with C.V. should be sent to: NZUSU P.O. Box 27-200 Wellington. For further information contact Roger Wood on (04)851-515 or see the sports Officer.

Car For Sale

*Hillman Hunter 1970, very reliable and in good condition, only \$750 ono. Ph Ajita 762-290.

Cults of All Sorts

* Razor is looking for commentary on cults of all sorts including Marilyn 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".

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.

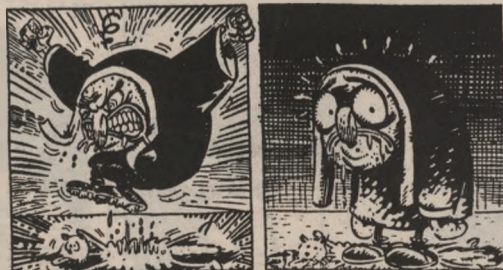
Meditation

* 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.

Sister Pandora

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* To become a member of The Knuckles Club... 33 Clarence St



Kia Ora
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LOOKING FOR A LIFESTYLE?



JENNY BROWN, B.For.Sc. CONSERVATION OFFICER
Department of Conservation, Buller Region

If it weren't for the people wanting to use the land, I wouldn't have a job...

"After completing my degree at Canterbury, I went to work for the Forest Research Institute in Rotorua and was involved in management of pine plantations. I left Rotorua to take up this position with the Department of Conservation on the West Coast of the South Island.

Most of my time is spent looking after the interests of Government in relation to the use of resources on the Coast - and that can range from handling mining applications, assessing conservation values, overseeing sphagnum moss extraction, issuing grazing licences and so on, to caring for endangered habitats and protected areas like National Parks and Reserves.

There's an educational role to the job too - which means dealing with summer holiday programmes and talking to school groups, and generally educating the people on the Coast about the value of the land they are using and the results of their actions.

It's a real challenge trying to balance the different groups of people who want to use resources - the people who want to mill and mine and those who want to preserve the native areas. I did the degree in the first place because I could see there were opportunities available - not just to work in the outdoors which was important to me, and not just to be involved in the management of native forests. The fact that the degree also includes a range of disciplines from law, history and sociology to the applied sciences means it is a great background for a range of careers."

For more information about degrees in production and conservation forestry, contact:



The Head, School of Forestry
University of Canterbury
Christchurch, New Zealand.
Phone: (03) 667-001

FORESTRY - IT'S A LIFESTYLE

Thanks to Warwick Gray for the cliffhanger.

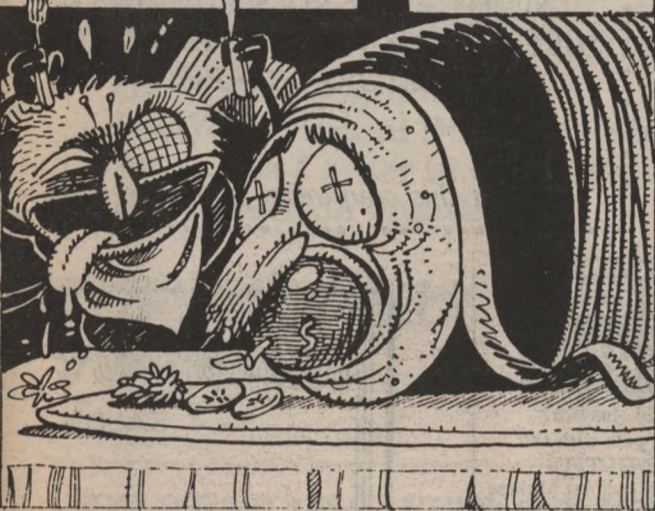
KNUCKLES

THE MEAL

21-89

BY THOSE TWO SHITS...
CORNELIUS STONE and
ROGER LANGRIDGE ©89

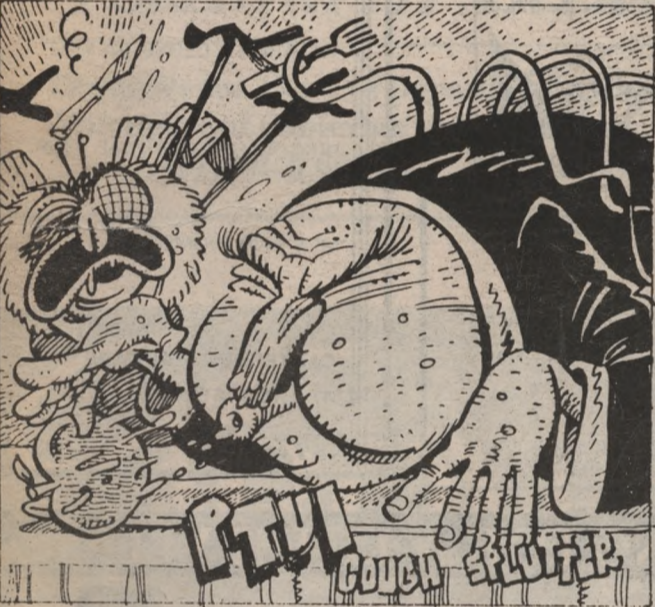
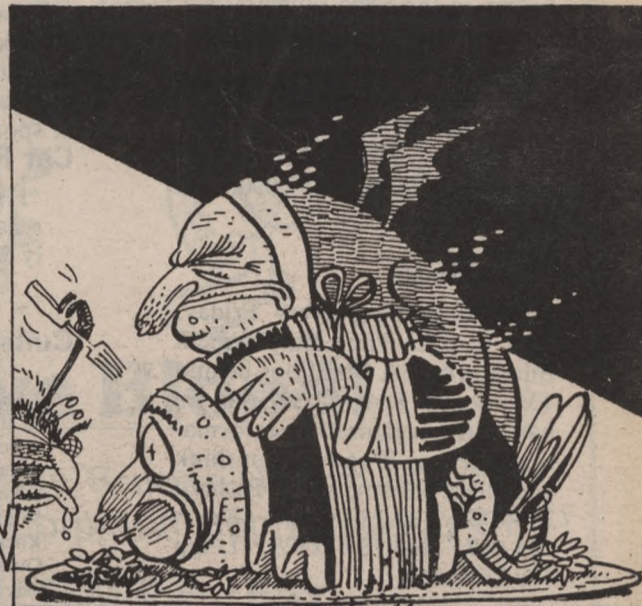
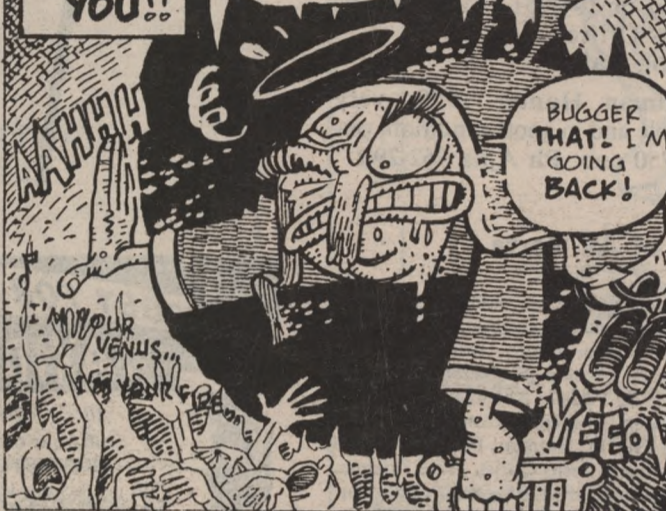
IN LAST TERM'S CRACCUM,
KNUCKLES APPEARED TO
DROP DEAD.



YOU APPLAUDED.
YOU KNOW
YOU DID.

WELL...
FUCK
YOU!!

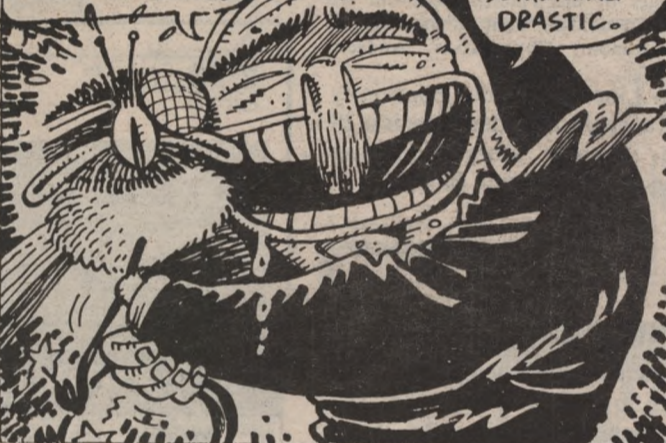
WHAT?
HELL???



SPUNKY!!
I'M BACK!

OH, DARLING, IT'S
GOOD TO BE BACK!

DROKK. I'VE
GOTTA GO TO
THE KHAZI
SOMETHING
DRASTIC.



ONE DAY
LATER...

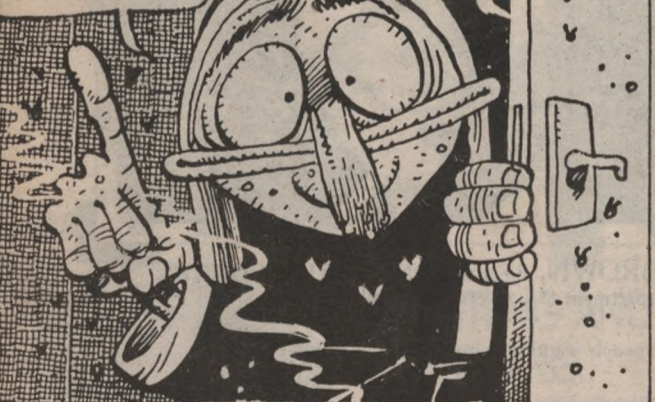
AAAAHHH!
THAT'S BETTER.

JESUS,
IT SURE
SMELLS
IN HERE.



ALL THIS GODDAMN
FAECES... WHAT ON
EARTH AM I GOING
TO --

HEY NOW!



REMEMBERING GROT INDUSTRIES
FROM "THE FALL AND RISE OF
REGINALD PERRIN", KNUCKLES HELPS
STOP THE COUNTRY'S GUTS FROM FALLING
OUT OF ITS ARSE...

... BY
SELLING
THE STUFF.

I'LL TAKE
HALF A TON!

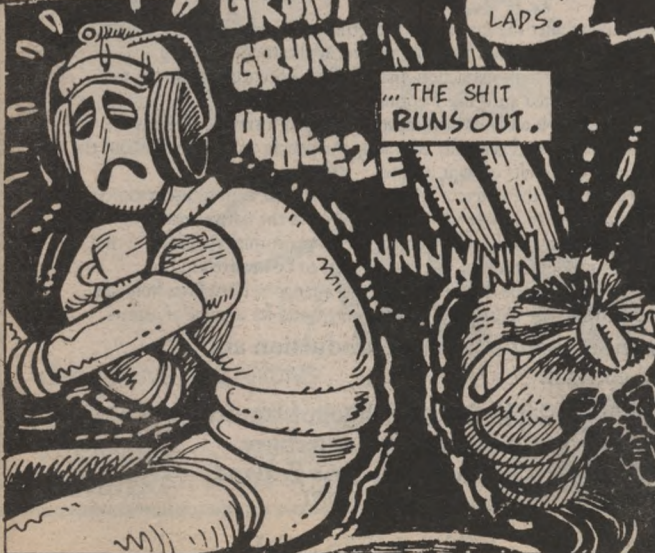


HOWEVER...

GRUNT
GRUNT

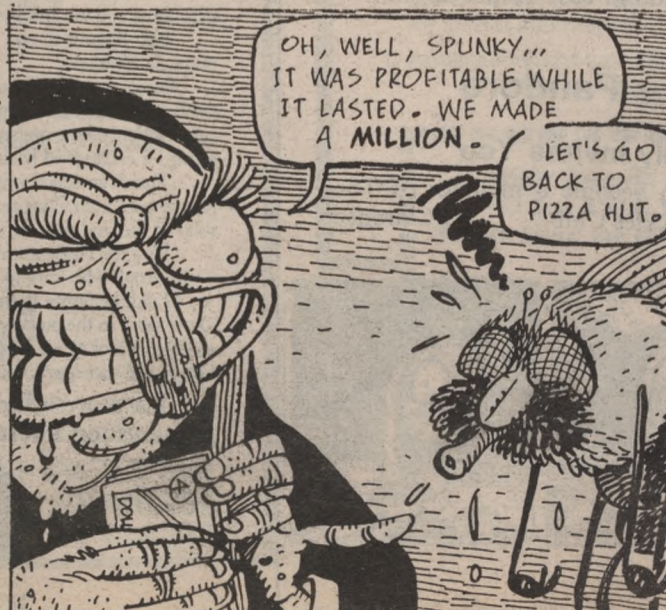
NO GO,
LADS.

... THE SHIT
RUNS OUT.



OH, WELL, SPUNKY...
IT WAS PROFITABLE WHILE
IT LASTED. WE MADE
A MILLION.

LET'S GO
BACK TO
PIZZA HUT.



AND LATER
STILL...



SPUNKY LIES
AWAKE
THAT NIGHT.

TO THINK
SHE COULD'VE
MADE A MEAL
OF THAT LADY.

FROM THE
HEART
SHE'S GLAD
SHE DIDN'T.