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THE MISUSE OF DRUGS ACT

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WHO'S MISUSING WHAT?

AUSA

ATISA
AUCKLAND TECHNICAL INSTITUTE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Editorial #1

Hi everyone

I hope in the past week you've managed to scoff heaps of Easter eggs and hundreds of hot cross buns because they won't be around much longer this year. It's good to see that even the University cafes have got into selling Easter Spirit food that we can munch, along with our

Editorial #2

Let's start this week's issue on a serious note. As an editor of Craccum I have found myself coming into close contact with a wider and wider circle of people.

Looking for what students want to see in their newspaper, examining what interests them and learning what they believe and think has surprised me a great deal.

Sad to say that despite the University being a cradle of open thought and a place where the search for the truth is the aim, I'm finding it a nest for bigots and ignorant prejudice. Altogether too many students slip into a "party-line" and refuse to question what this really says or where it ultimately leads.

I believe the following opening address on Prejudice, attributed to PA Williams, QC, discusses this most eloquently:

PREJUDICE

Prejudice was described by Joseph de Maistre as those opinions we have before we examine the facts. Samuel Johnson described prejudice as to be weak. Voltaire defined prejudice as "the King of the vulgar crowd."

Zangwill described prejudice as the dislike for all that is unlike. An anonymous quotation defining prejudice "as being down on something you are not up on," and perhaps the best definition of all comes from Ben Hechtour — our method of transferring our own sicknesses to others. It is our ruse for disliking others than ourselves.

Perhaps you might agree that the mother of prejudice is religion and we have only to look at places like India and Ireland to see the truth in that statement. On the other hand from both those great nations have emanated great liberal thinkers — Gandhi would be an example from India and George Bernard Shaw would be an illustration from Ireland.

Who was it who said "give me the child and you give me the man." Is it not true

greasy chips, ugly hotdogs and cottage cheese and pineapple croissants. But there is obviously more to Easter than food, especially for those of us that are going to Otago.

Anyway, have a good break, so that when varsity resumes everyone will be refreshed and revitalised for another few more enthralling weeks of term.

Sarah

that we are all conditioned to the accepting of certain beliefs in our early childhood and these provide the basis for our conscience throughout the remainder of our lives. No one is free from prejudice as defined in this manner, and I mean nobody, from the ordinary labourer who shovels cement at a building site to the highest judicial officer in our land.

What the judicial process demands, however, is that we deliberately put aside our prejudices and come to the particular problem with which we are seized calmly, dispassionately and without an axe to grind. If we cannot do that or are unable to do that because of the power of our private beliefs, we are not fit and proper people to be judges.

There are thirteen judges in a court trial. The Jury is twelve of them and His Honour is the thirteenth. All have bestowed upon them by the law the highest duty that a citizen of our realm can perform, that is to judge a fellow man.

If a person cannot rise above his or her prejudices and accord an accused person a fair trial, he is unfit to be a judge no matter how highly intelligent he may be.

The face of bigotry can often be well disguised. You have no doubt met bigots in your experience of the world. Bigots exist particularly in areas of racial prejudice and religious prejudice. Bigots can sometimes successfully disguise their prejudices behind facades of being reasonable people, people who are well-dressed and well-educated, people who follow the cricket and follow rugby, speak softly and earnestly. Bigots can be very courteous and indeed almost unctuous and yet in the areas of their bigotry they will slip the sharpened knife into the back of their perceived opponents without compulsion or moral reprehension. Bigotry perhaps is the greatest enemy of all of civilisation and feeds upon rumour, hatred and jealousy.

History is plenary in its examples of

horrific acts committed by bigots. In the middle ages bigots burnt women for witchcraft by the tens of thousands. In our modern age bigots carry out assassinations and fabrications of evidence against their opponents daily. One has only got to look at places like Chile, Ireland, South Africa and even other countries closer to home to realise the truth in this submission.

This address quotes some interesting people. Joseph de Maistre was a French diplomat and political philosopher.

Zangwill was a Jewish writer born in London, and Hectour was an American Playwright. You should all have heard of Voltaire and Johnson, surely. There is validity in what these enlightened people are trying to tell us

We should apply Mr Williams' criteria for judging a trial to all of our day to day activities to see if we in fact, rise above our own prejudices.

After all, on the face of it, most Auckland University students fail this test dismally.

Coincidentally, we have been fortunate enough to obtain an advance copy of a book, 'Judicial Misconduct' written by Peter Williams QC. The book has been a sellout in Malaysia and is due in NZ shortly. Excerpts from this will appear in the next issue of Craccum.

It deals with questions of Law and the Law profession itself.

Law students should pay special attention but the book is of pertinence to everyone.

Steve

PREZ SEZ — AUSA

Teena koutou katoa. I've just read a spooky little document I thought you would all be interested in.

"The Education Amendment Act No 3 which was introduced to the House late on Friday night proposes that officials from the Education Review Office (ERO) and the National Education Qualifica-

tions Authority (NEQA) will have the power to enter institutions and 'inspect any books, records, or documents of the institution (including written or other recorded work of students) ... and make copies of, or take extracts from those documents.' The bill also makes provision to fine people up to \$1000 for failing to provide any information requested under this section." [Excerpt from NZUSA press release].

Like the president of NZUSA, Suze Wilson, I feel there is a terrible potential for abuse of this power. Education administrators will be within their rights to come on campus, investigate what you are being taught, and your responses to those teaching practises, that is, your essays, assignments and theses etc.

They can take that work off-campus, copy it, do whatever the hell they want with your ideas. I don't know about you but I find the whole thing appalling.

These changes are in line with Government policy which is stripping universities of their intellectual and academic freedom. The same government that is turning education from a community resource into a gilt-edged commodity. The same government that is screwing you on lots of other fronts. Hold on to that thought as we plummet headlong toward the elections, this is the year in three we can take these people to task. Take every opportunity to let this government know you don't like, don't want, won't accept these changes!! Kakite anoo, e hoa maa.



PREZ SEZ — ATISA

Yet another week rolls by and it's time to be coherent and inspiring again (HA!). I have been following with some interest the letters in Craccum but it concerns me that ATI students don't seem to be getting involved. Don't be inactive or resigned about this people.

If it works to submit the letters to us at ATISA to save crossing the road and actually talking to the University people, well, so be it, but you could be missing out on life here.

I hear a great deal of comment like "I haven't got time for that" or "I'm so busy" or "They won't print it" etc, etc.

Like the great line from Robin Williams in "Dead Poets Society" when referring to an essay on how to evaluate poetry: "EXCREMENT."

Too much effort is wasted committing our opinion on the world without doing "squat" about it. ATI students are a huge contribution to tertiary education, to Auckland and to this campus, so let's be vocal about it.

As Tom Smothers (and John Lennon) said, "Life is what happens while you are busy making other plans."



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DISCLAIMER

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PROFILE

JOHN HINCHCLIFF

by Max Chapple

The Director of the growing Auckland Institute of Technology (ATI) is no business high-flyer. He's a softly-spoken, no-nuke Presbyterian who likes growing kumara and is now working on his eleventh book.

Dr John Hinchcliff's curriculum vitae is 34 pages long. In his 50 years this Wairoa-born philosophy scholar has been a labourer, musician, teacher, Chaplain, sportsman, peace campaigner, consultant and author and now leads New Zealand's largest tertiary institution.

Not that he gets much time for his numerous interests in his present job where 70 and 80 hours a week are the norm and most nights are spent reading work-related material, dealing with correspondence and attending functions. And he also acts as a taxi-service for his six energetic children.

"I enjoy the stress, it's always interesting. I suppose there's a frustration in that you're often skimming the surface as you go from one meeting to another meeting to an interview — not having the time to follow through as you'd want to."

"I've also been writing a novel for about 12 years which I really only get time to work on during the Christmas holidays."

This is said casually, but represents a major project which Hinchcliff says is close to publication stage. The work, *Parihaka*, is a novel based on the struggle for land by the Maoris of Parihaka, a settlement on Mt Taranaki/Egmont's western plains. The main struggle took place between 1866 and 1883, the time period of Hinchcliff's book.

"It's one of New Zealand's greatest episodes and sadly ignored," he says.

Parihaka will be Hinchcliff's first fictional work but follows ten books he has edited on subjects such as nuclear disarmament, sport, communications and the philosophy of religion.

He says the novel is a great source of enjoyment. "There are few things I enjoy more than sitting down with an empty piece of paper and try to put thoughts down."

When he's not behind a boardroom table or a pile of paperwork, Hinchcliff usually spends his one free day a week with his wife Laurie at their horticultural block at Bucklands.

"She's harvesting tomatoes and I'm harvesting

kumara. It's an excellent escape."

Hinchcliff met Laurie while studying at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem in the mid 1960s. It is one of many experiences overseas — he has studied at five universities and taught or managed at seven tertiary institutions here and abroad — but one which left him pessimistic about peace in the Middle East.

"I was awarded a Rotary foundation fellowship which provided for a year in any country I chose. Most people seemed to go to Britain or the United States — I wanted to go somewhere a bit different and the Middle East has always been a fascinating area to me ... I was interested in philosophy, religion and politics and you seemed to get all those three in one place with intensity."

"I did a course in politics in the Middle East ... I visited the Arab refugee camps and tried to get as many perspectives as possible. The more I got the more I learned how difficult and almost impossible the situation is there."

His depressing outlook comes from seeing first hand the entrenchment in the attitudes of Arabs and Jews which has come with centuries of animosity.

"I was very impressed with Martin Luther, who was alive when I was in Israel. His belief was that we had to get both sides to put their history and build on a future based on respect."

"You do have core groups on both sides who are willing to work together, who want peace. But it doesn't seem to me that there's much listening going on at the extremes."

After attending Nelson College in the 1950s, Hinchcliff moved to Christchurch where he earned his BA and MA (Hons) in Philosophy. After his work in Israel he settled in the United States where he attained his PhD at Drew University, New Jersey. He also taught there and at the nearby North-East Business Machines School.

Hinchcliff was offered chairmanship of the Drew

University's philosophy department but refused, wanting more teaching experience. From 1969-1973 he was assistant Professor of Philosophy at Virginia's Hampden-Sydney college and minister to four rural Presbyterian churches.

With doubts he wanted a career in academic philosophy and a desire to return to New Zealand, Hinchcliff moved to Auckland University to take up the position of Chaplain. Here he taught liberal arts, medical ethics, philosophy of genetic engineering.

While in Auckland he was heavily involved in the anti-nuclear movement and traveled overseas to speak against nuclear arms.

He maintains his anti-nuke stance but acknowledges Europe's moves towards making a better world. However, he is concerned that smaller countries are still involved in nuclear arms and that there seems to be no cut-back in United States spending on weapons of destruction.

Hinchcliff was Head of Humanities at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology where he was involved in administration and taught social responsibility in science and technology as well as professional ethics.

The attraction of a new challenge and his continued attachment to Auckland brought him back and he took up the directorship of ATI six years ago. The institute began in 1960, growing out of the old Seddon Memorial High School.

One of his efforts during his time at the helm of ATI has been to raise the rating of technical institutions, long considered the lesser cousins of universities.

Hinchcliff: "The whole area of vocational education has been vastly underrated in New Zealand. If you look at other advanced countries — Canada, Australia, the US, Europe — you'll see that vocational education has been well supported by Governments and has in fact more status in terms of the community and as a resource."



When you compare our situation with the university in terms of resourcing and you'll see that the emphasis has been very one-sided. Compare our buildings to the university buildings, the infrastructure, allied staff.

"When I first arrived we had one allied staff member to 3.8 teaching staff members. The university had one allied staff member to one teaching staff member."

"We have been able to rectify this to some extent because of recent Government initiatives but still have a distance to go and we hope the government will be able to retain us on a level playing field funding basis."

Hinchcliff says the perceived gap between institutions is closing.

"I think there's still a lot of people who feel they have to have the status of a university credential and I think that's weakening substantially. More and more I hear people say the credential of ATI serves them very well in the market place."

"I've heard employers say that they would rather employ someone with ATI credentials in some areas."

"We've still got a long way to go and I think that as soon as we are able to provide appropriate credential degrees for degree-worthy courses then vocational education will be as respected in New Zealand as it is in Australia and in other parts of the world."

Whether it's respected now or not ATI is extremely popular among students and that popularity is growing.

"Five years ago we had 17,500 students and now we're up to 28,000 or 29,000 ... it's because the Government has recognised the need for vocational education."

"We're still turning away too many students. At the moment we're turning away 4000 students in some areas. I would like to see it as an open access institute where everyone can at least get on to the educational treadmill."

At the centre of change at ATI is the transition to autonomy for the institution. This means the tech is given a bulk Government grant and left to its own devices.

"This new era is going to bring us all sorts of challenges," says Hinchcliff.

"We can no longer blame the Department of Education for all the things that we don't do. We have to stand on our own two feet and say this is our budget, it's a scarce resource, we must allocate it in this way."

He says the government can't be expected to write a blank cheque for education.

"My own belief, based on my own experiences overseas, is that education could consume the whole gross national product of a country. You never have enough because there's always something you can do to improve the quality of the education."

A concern that has often been expressed is that ATI, in its drives to supplement its income by setting up money-making courses for overseas scholars, will forget about its base of local trade students.

"It's not going to be enough to live by in terms of our drive for excellence so we're going to have to be entrepreneurial and raise our own money. I must emphasise that it must not compromise our primary loyalty to the New Zealand students."

ABUSE AND MISUSE

Police accused of abusing search laws

The Misuse of Drugs Act was introduced in 1975 to combat drug abuse by allowing the police to search without a warrant. But the pro-marijuana group Norml (National Organisation for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) is worried the law is being used for other purposes. Max Chapple reports.

Norml, says national co-ordinator Mike Finlayson, is as much a civil rights group as a pro-dope lobbying group. He says it is involved in marijuana only because marijuana laws are interfering with the civil rights and liberties of New Zealanders.

Such is Norml's concern it is about to launch a major campaign throughout the universities spreading information about civil rights. Called Bustbusters, the campaign is the largest ever and aims to raise awareness about where people stand with the law. Norml itself has about 2000 members nationwide.

Finlayson says that at the centre of the civil rights debate is section 18 of the Misuse of Drugs Act. This legislation gives police officers the right to search without warrant anyone they believe on reasonable grounds has drugs in their possession. Finlayson says the worst part about the law is that it is discriminatory.

"Heylen polls and other

polls have shown that people right across the spectrum smoke pot — drain diggers, plumbers, engineers, doctors, even MPs. But it is not professionals that are getting busted.

"Most busts are under 20. Sure, you'll get upper middle class kids getting busted but the greater majority of them are young, male, brown and out on the streets in just the sort of cars the police want to stop anyway."

Finlayson argues the drugs act is being used as a tool for social control. He claims that in 1987 the police did between 100,000 and 200,000 searches but that they only used the law 630 times resulting in 522 seizures. The police refute this claim.

Finlayson says that at the centre of the issue is how police officers approach possible drug carriers. He says that to avoid having to get authority or report a search without a warrant officers talk people into giving consent.

"What they do is they

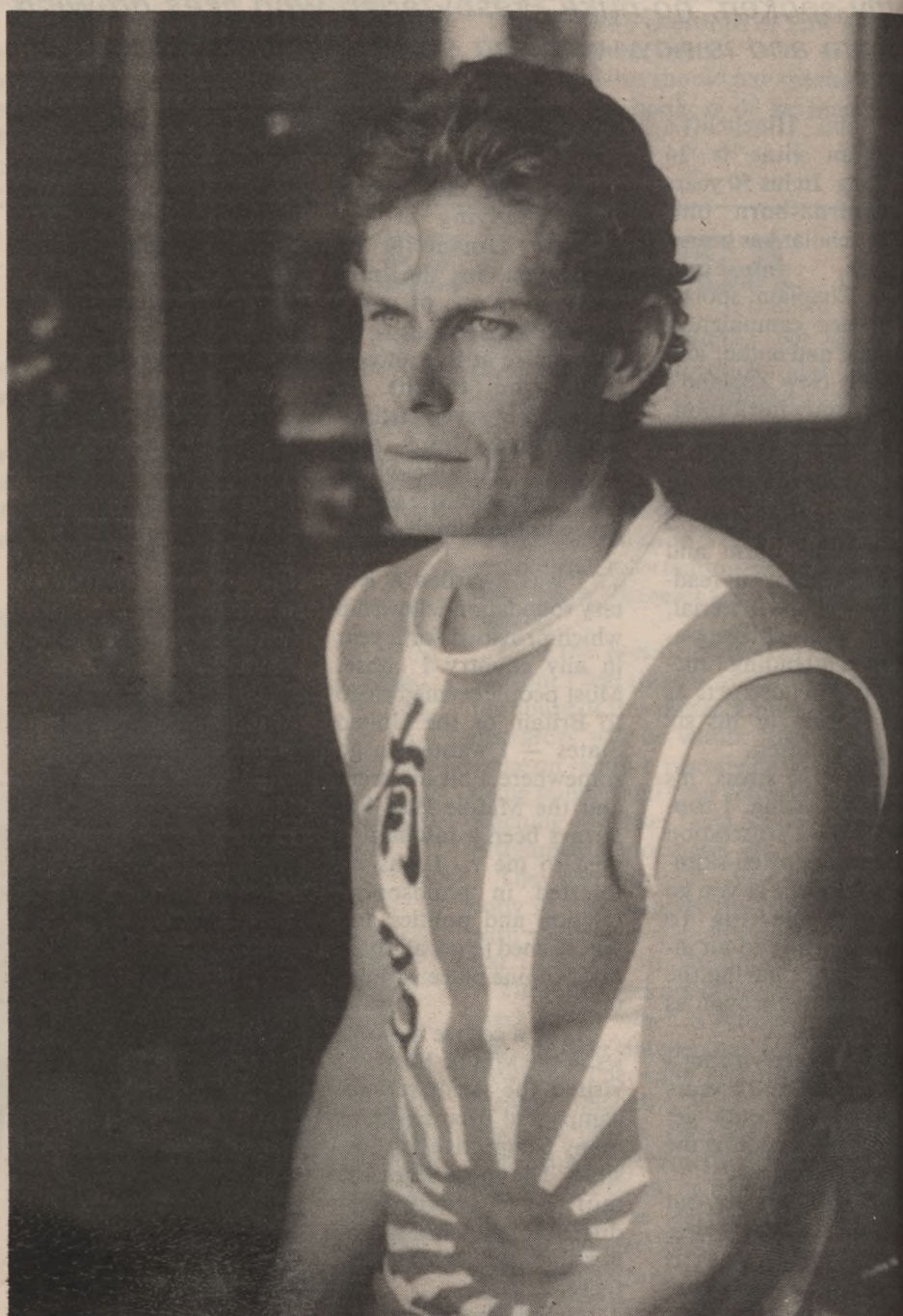
come up to you and say 'empty out your pockets, we're looking for drugs!' You think 'this is something to do with the drugs act and I have to empty out my pockets.' but they're really asking you for consent.

Finlayson says New Zealanders are like mellowpuffs and few are prepared to stand up for their rights.

"The police and government institutions have built up this idea that the police have got absolute rights to search people. They can only search you if they've got a search warrant, if they're going to invoke the Misuse of Drugs Act or want to search you because you're a real deadly looking character for offensive weapons. And they can't pull that on guys that look like you or me."

Finlayson says the law was brought in to stop large-scale trafficking. But he says it is being used as a means of searching without real reason.

"This law is the only law



Mike Finlayson

Photo: Wendy Newton

TALKBACK HOST

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that exists that gives the police the right to stop and search us. It's rather strange that an act that was designed to do one thing is being used to do something completely different.

"It's really interesting that they're so keen on not getting the law changed. It's because they realise, right up to the top, what power they would lose."

Finlayson claims the police use coercion in drug searches.

"They say, 'listen kid, we've got you with a couple of seeds here, you'd better tell all.' They coerce them, basically it's blackmail."

"I had a guy ring me up last week who said the coppers weren't going to charge him with cultivation, they were going to charge him with possession, if he could nark on some other guys."

While Finlayson is against what the act stands

for, and is keen to see people able to grow, possess, use and transport personal amounts of cannabis, he urges people to respect the law enforcers.

"We want people to approach the police with a lot more respect. If a cop comes up to somebody and you say 'what do you want pig?' we haven't got a lot of time for them when they ring up and say they were hassled."

"We're not anti-police but we're anti-abuse of this law and what this law stands for and that's causing a whole lot of other problems like alienation and people not wanting to co-operate. That's impeding the police's progress."

Finlayson estimates that the police's efficiency is impeded 20% to 25% by the marijuana prohibition.

From the other side of the law books, Auckland City Area police Controller Superintendent

Norman Stanhope says it is difficult to answer Finlayson's criticisms without citing specific cases, which he does not feel should be discussed in the newspaper.

"His comments are very generalised and it's very difficult to reply to generalised comments because he's not giving me any specific instances where he alleges we have abused our powers."

"I'm not prepared to comment on the aspects of the law. The Government sets the law, we enforce it. But I think evidence has shown that marijuana quite often leads to heavier drugs."

Stanhope says that if people feel the police have breached the Misuse of Drugs Act or searched when they shouldn't have been searched, they can and do lay complaints with the Police Complaints Authority. It will investigate their complaints

either through investigation independently.

Stanhope says of just two cases in the last five months, authority justification. In both cases, he decided the reasonable search.

"People who complain I can't complain," Stanhope says.

Under Section 18, an officer must have reasonable grounds to believe the person is in possession of a particular substance.

Stanhope says Stanhope's reputation as a user may be reasonable grounds for not the group. Other factors, whether they are cannabis or their time.

The act says three days or being under an officer must be a Commissioner which is done

either through a police investigation or independently.

Stanhope said he knew of just two complaints in the last five months to the authority over the justification of searches. In both cases the authority decided the officer had reasonable cause to search.

"People who don't complain I can't comment on," Stanhope says.

Under Section 18 the officer must believe on reasonable grounds that the person is in possession of a particular drug.

Stanhope says a person's reputation as a drug user may be part of the reasonable grounds but not the grounds itself. Other factors could be whether they smell of cannabis or their actions at the time.

The act says that within three days of the search being undertaken the officer must advise the Commissioner of Police, which is done through a

supervisor. Stanhope says that if the supervisor felt that the search was not in accordance with the act or the instructions the officer would be asked for an explanation.

"Our instructions say that except in an emergency an officer should seek the permission of an NCO (Sergeant or Senior Sergeant) before he commences the search. If that's not possible he must report the search to a commissioned officer or an NCO as soon as possible straight after."

"If he found drugs the search was obviously valid."

Stanhope says the police made 1846 searches without warrants under section 18 in 1988. In 1543 (83%) of cases drugs were found. Last year there were 2269 such searches with 1896 (83%) resulting in a drug find.

Stanhope disputes Finlayson's estimation that there were up to 200,000 searches during 1987.

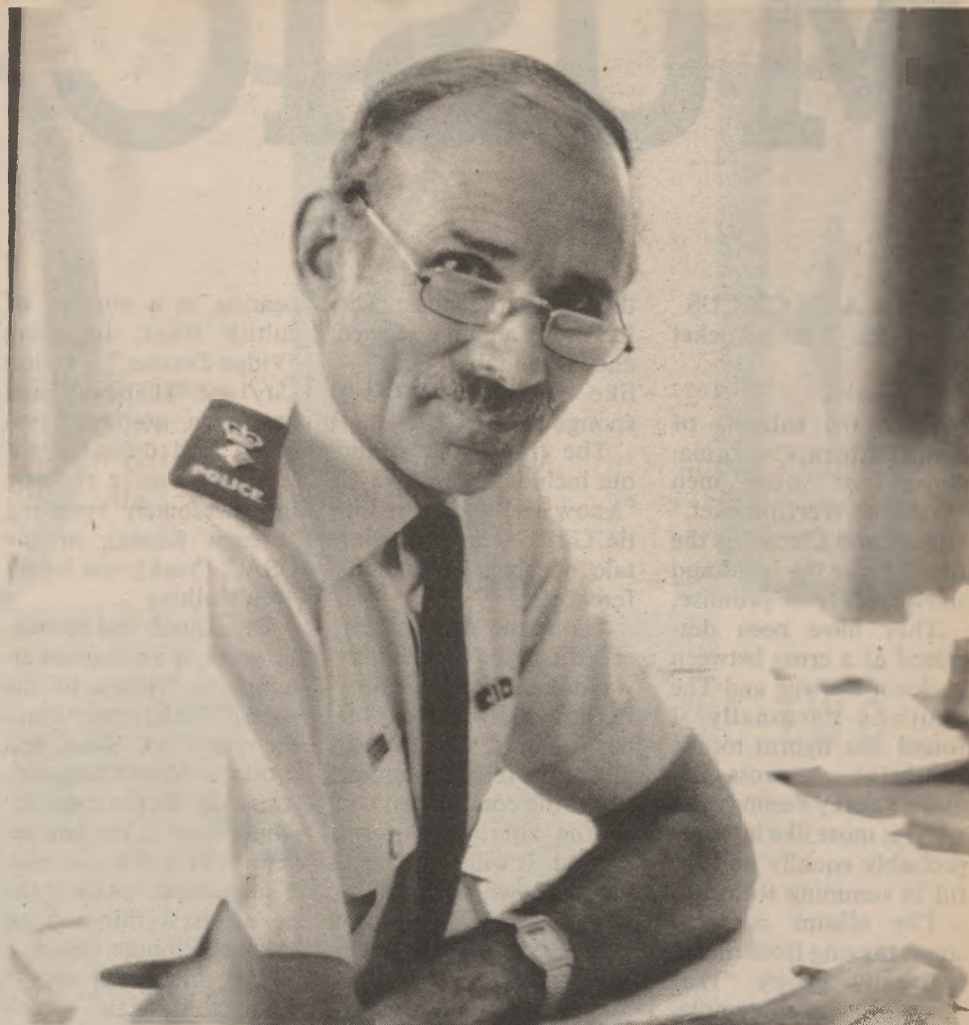
"I would say that those figures are grossly inflated. Where did he get those figures from? Did he talk to 100,000 people?"

"He's suggesting 4000 policemen conducted 200,000 searches in one year. That's an awful lot of searches per person."

Stanhope says that to his knowledge the consent given before searches is genuinely obtained. But he says he has to accept officer's explanation that the person agreed to be searched without the need for using the act.

He doubts the act is used for purposes other than drugs operations.

"He's suggesting that we use the act to scoop all sorts of things and to search people. He's saying that because a car's driving around at 2am and we'd like to have a look in it that we use the Misuse of Drugs Act. I am not aware of that occurring but I would be foolish to suggest that it never does occur."



Norman Stanhope

Photo: Wendy Newton

The University of Auckland



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MUSIC

BREAD AND CIRCUS Toad the Wet Sprocket (CBS)

From the suburbs of Santa Barbara, California, come four young men "Toad the Wet Sprocket." "Bread and Circus" is the first LP for the band and shows plenty of promise.

They have been described as a cross between Jackson Browne and The Smiths. Personally I found this hybrid totally unhelpful. A cross between Sneaky Feelings and REM is more like it, but is probably equally unhelpful in summing them up.

The album contains songs ranging from the intelligently poppy "Way Away" to the contemplative "Pale Blue." (Personally I prefer the band when they're in full swing).

From the first bars of side one, the Chills and Sneaky Feelings jump to mind, however there is more emphasis on the vocals with "Toad the Wet Sprocket," and this is demonstrated by the poetic nature of the lyrics (Lyric sheet included with the album!).

Themes of suburban frustration and quiet desperation predominate, but these ideas don't carry

through to the music. The feel of the album is relaxed and reasonably light — like a Santa Barbara sponge cake in fact

The tracks that stand out include "Way Away," "Know Me" and "One Little Girl" — a harrowing tale of abuse and indifference.

"Toad the Wet Sprocket" (the name incidentally was taken from a Monty Python skit) are at the beginning of their success and at the moment appear to fill the commercial end of the alternative music market. It will be interesting to see where they'll go next.

What more can I say. Ribbit, ribbit.

Cath Townsend

DEF, DUMB AND BLONDE Deborah Harry (EMI)

She's not deaf but she's possible def, she ain't dumb but she sure is blonde — still.

Deborah Harry is back and judging by the queues at the doors she's still knockin' 'em dead. She may have been absent from touring for a while but since the Blondie heydeys she's been busy ap-

pearing in a number of cultish films, including "Video-Drome," "Union City" and "Hairspray" and has even co-hosted on MTV. Add to this sporadic singles, more recently the awesomely revolting "French Kissing in the USA." (Yeek), she hasn't been slothing

Def, Dumb and Blonde, however, is a conscious attempt to "return to the roots." With former Blondie man Chris Stein, and producer Mike Chapman, it sounds like the roots lay somewhere in the late seventies with chart success. You guessed it, this is the next closest thing to an original Blondie album.

Side one opens with "I Want that Man" which admittedly is better than the other three songs on commercial and radio playlists. "Love Light" is a song written by Chris Stein about his interest in metaphysics, the occult and espirtu. It's more abrasive than the other tracks and even has backing vocals from Ian Astburn of "The Cult." "Maybe for Sure" is an old Blondie song and is formula stuff for them. An interesting inclusion here is "Calamarie" which is in fact a composition by a



Brazilian percussionist called Nana Vasconsuellos.

Side two opens with "Sweet and Low" which sees Harry exercising her vocal cords more, as she does on "He's So." That voice is actually improving with time ... "Brite Side" is a soundtrack from the movie "Wiseguy" and is produced by the legendary

(?) Arthur Baker. "End of the Run" is a documentary ballad about past events, namely the formative C.B.G.B.S era in the mid seventies in New York. Remember Debbie Harry was THERE when punk began, Hell, Nancy Spungen used to party with her before Sid came along.

Harry has survived from that era and is still a

credible force in commercial music, as proven by the success of "I Want that Man" which incidentally was written by Kiwi Allan Currie (Thompson Twins). Of course this means that if a New Zealand music quota is introduced, this single will spin and spin on commercial radio.

Def man.

Richard Gourley

NEWS BITS

Tech Bar Opens Soon

Construction of the ATISA Social Club Bar, the first polytechnic bar in the country, is well underway and preparations are being made for the official opening on April 18 by ATI council chairperson John Course.

Bar Manager Philip Dean said there was still some skepticism about the bar and fears of drunken students in classrooms and workshops.

"The Social Club has written a set of rules that deal with this problem and if anybody abuses the bar facilities severe disciplinary action will be taken," he said. Dean said the bar was only for Social Club members and there was a limit of 5000 members so people would have to move fast to become members.

Eighteen year old students would be allowed into the bar but would not be permitted to drink alcohol, he said.

Rec Centre Stays Shut

ATI's recreation centre will remain closed and is due to be demolished, says the institute's administration.

Associate director Ian Turner told Craccum there was no demand for recreation classes and that the centre was tagged for demolition along with the rest of A Block. The demolition is planned as part of the tech's development plan, which is subject to yet-to-be-confirmed Education Ministry funding.

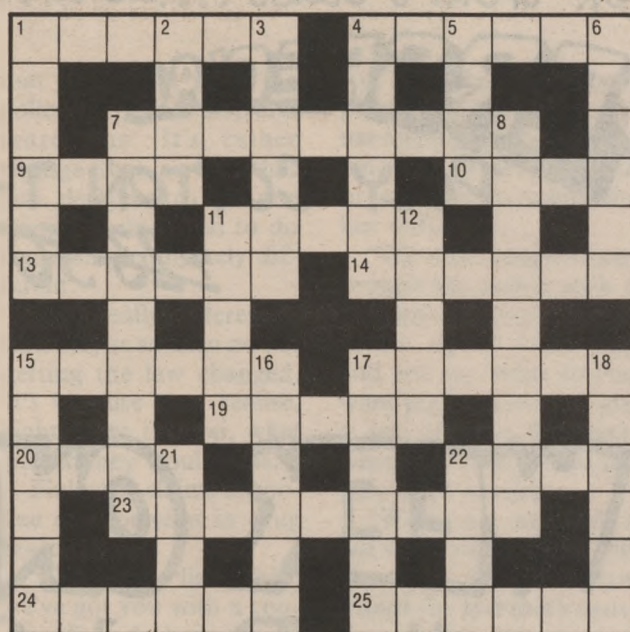
Turner said the recreation officer was to have run recreation classes as requested by other departments. But he said there were no requests for classes so the centre was shut at the end of last year. He said there were no funds available to open the centre outside class hours.

ATISA manager Gary Williams said there was dissatisfaction with the recreation officer.

"There may have been the demand but we couldn't establish the demand because the recreation officer was not easily contactable by students," he said.

Williams said he would contact universities to see what sort of recreation facilities they offered and what arrangements they had for staff and equipment. Then he would forward submissions to the ATI administration, he said.

CROSSWORD



SOLUTION NEXT WEEK

Solution to Crossword, Issue 6:

Across: 1. Education 8. Item 9. Splendour 11. Settle 13. Reels 15. Deer 16. Gloss 17. Spawn 18. Inert 19. Veto 20. Eager 22. Thatch 25. Kangaroos 26. Once 27. Secondary.

Down: 2. Dope 3. Clever 4. Tidal 5. Onus 6. Stationer 7. Immersion 10. Reign 12. Addiction 13. Relevance 14. Space 17. Stock 19. Veered 21. Aggro 23. Haze 24. Poor.

Across

1. Hailer
4. Return
7. Asked for it
9. Undecided
10. Anechoic
11. Relate
13. Forced
14. Protect
15. Trickle
17. Hindu descent
19. Cubic decimetre
20. Simplicity
22. Share
23. Heritage
24. Return
25. Floor covering

Down

1. Soothed
2. Pillage
3. Dried grape
4. Uplifted
5. Provision
6. Transferred
7. More equal than most
8. Incarceration
11. Plane
12. Gall
15. Fiery
16. Teaser
17. Most northern
18. Give
21. Therefore
22. Let flow

BLOKE

ISSUE TWO,
APRIL

ARE YOU!
- A tit or a bum
bloke?

GET STUFFED!
- Dealing with
Telecom

CONCRETE!
- Bry tells you
how!

**SPECIAL SEALED
SECTION:**
**Female plumbing
explained!**



Hooker gets hitched!



EDITORIAL

Gidday.

Welcome to the second issue of BLOKE -- the magazine for blokes.

We're dedicating this issue to the rolling maul. With inflation, unemployment and the rumours about Murray Mexted, one of the few certainties in life is that All Black forwards will trample over the best blokes the rest of the world can produce.

Why is it that New Zealand rugby consistently produces the Tremains and Kirkpatricks? How do the Fitzpatricks and the Loes find their way from breakdown to breakdown? Do the loose forwards leave a trail of breadcrumbs for them to follow or does the scent of blood attract the traditional Kiwi front rower?

Bugged if I know. Must have something to do with the mutton.

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BEFORE AFTER

BUGGER OFF

So you've been going out with her for a few weeks. She's cute, but now she pops the dreaded question "How about coming around to Mum's place for tea?". A real bloke would fair quiver in his sprigs. BLOKE looks at how to tell her its over.

No bloke wants to be thought of as a bastard, and giving the old gal the shove is clearly a danger time. No matter how you break the news, she'll be devastated that she's losing such a great bloke as you. Do this wrong and the sheila will be crying in her pillow for weeks. BLOKE Magazine has been consulting experts the length and breadth of this great nation of ours, from footy reps to Keith Holyoake; with these choice tips that 'Goodnight Irene' will be easier than spinning the ball at Lorraine Mexted.

At the end of the match, it's the winning side that takes home the trophy. So being a real bloke, you'll have more than a few tactics up your jersey, depending on which ways the games going. If you're up against the Welsh (or a front row of wet leeks, they both play the same) you'll no that overkill is not really an issue, and keeping to some solid reliable forward play will suffice. But on the other hand, if you come up against a side that poses a real threat to you're open style of running play, (not that I can think of a team like that offhand) you'll probably want to mount a frontal assault, instituting a rolling maul to gain ground. And in the scrum of love that can be a tricky ball to play. However, I've known a few blokes who have not only covered large amounts of territory in both halves but scored consistently and kicked a high conversion ratio as well. Good ball handling skills come in here, and backed with reliable game plan tactics you will leave your opposition stunned and unable to counter.

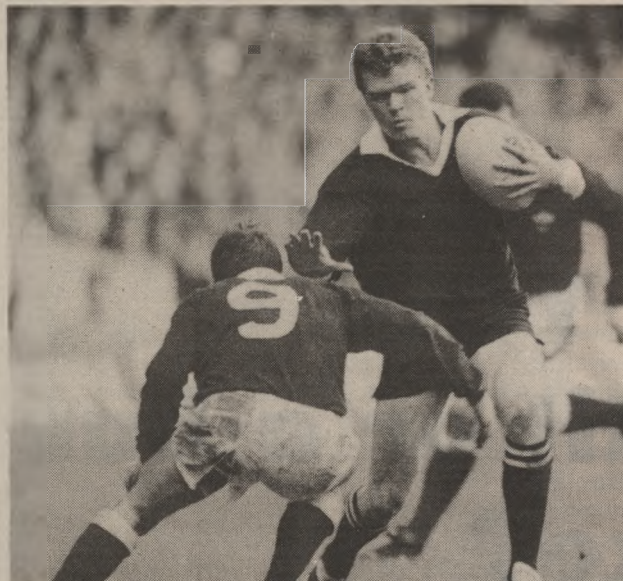
Scrub

This is the "Absence makes the heart wonder just where the bloody hell he's got to" method.

Just start out with - "Hey Shirl, I'm just going out to get a new packet of Durex and a Mars bar"

then its jump in the Holden and its off to Kaitaia to cut scrub for a couple of months. Eventually she'll more or less get the gist that she's not in your top ten any more.

from it. Having done so your blind side will become readily apparent but by then the new push being well and truly underway should deter any counter-attack.



John Gallagher knows how to fend off unwanted attention...

After a few weeks of nervous anxiety she'll be off down the boozier with the next man of the match who makes the winning try. She's happy and you're subbed and looking forward to next weeks game. Simple.

Warning, reliable safe play this may seem but it would be a good idea not to do this on your home ground. It can be a bit of an embarrassment to come home and find someone else's colours in the gentle annie.

The blind side

Sorry I'm home so late Shirl but I had an extended practice...uhh look I'm dead tired. Think I'll just sleep through this one OK?

So a couple of weeks back you met her younger sister at the footy club and now she features heavily in your forward position. Can you maintain this pace and still keep both options open pending a break from the scrum? For a while yes, and you can make this play work to your advantage. Once the new play is in effect and in a strong position, the previous tactic having become redundant will fade as the games direction moves away

Well it all looks good on paper but I haven't tried this one myself.

The Tricky Groin

"Look Shirl, I'd love to really but I took a bit of a knock in that last line-out and I need a break"

Making that supreme effort is not without reward, but sometimes things can go horribly wrong - every bloke knows that - and so hopefully will Shirl. The consistently tricky groin strain will no doubt put a damper on the match, without risking being labeled a panty-waist by the rest of the jokers. Keep up with the play cancelled and she'll soon be on her bike, then it's a miracle cure and a tour of France. Make sure you take it relatively easy though as you don't want to risk a real one.

Having the chop

For the really desperate side this rather dodgy manoeuvre can really throw a determined opponent on shock value alone. Simply shave off all of your pubic hair and tell her you've had a vasectomy (make sure you get the right term or you won't feel a right tit). The moment the news filters

back to a possible mother in law if she hasn't left in disgust already she'll be dragged out screaming. You'll be out of play for a while until your ground recovers but you'll soon be back into it. Just a quick note here, could be a good idea to use this one only while touring, as those sorts of statistics have a habit of getting around and could wreck your chances with the selectors.

The forward pass.

Bit of an illegal one here but is a real winner when the ref's not looking. Simply take Shirl along to one of those after match functions and put an effective forward bluff into play. Buy her a few of those fluffy duck thingies (the sheilas really love these things and drink gallons of the stuff. they cost the earth and look like a tart windowbox but the thing they do to your intestines tract you just wouldn't read about... not in this magazine anyway).

Once she's had about eighteen of these she'll be starting to look fairly blurry, so you make a forward push towards the wing, making a few feints as you lure the opposition in to the false belief that you are playing a fairly standard manoeuvre. When you think you've got every body fooled then make your play. About this time you'll be needing the help of a reliable mate. Simply play the ball forward to your team-mate and let him do the running. You'll soon be out of the way and running clear, Shirl will be blissfully drinking her twenty-third fluffy thingy and chatting away to some bloke who she thinks is you. By the time she finds out, you'll be in Wellington for the cricket.

Making it simple.

I've said it before, with a side like ours it's absolutely impossible for a shoddy foreign-type side to penetrate our open running style of defence. However, in a shield match you could come up against some tricky customers, and they'll be real blokes like you. Safe reliable play are the answer here and in the rolling maul romance similar tactics should be observed.

Remember, today's bastard is tomorrow's sheila brother's rowing machine practice, and even if you could do him up a right treat you don't want to risk an injury this early on in the season. So keep it easy and let her down gently... she may scream and wail and threaten to give her mother your address but in the long run a little bit of understanding or just some downright ignorance should see you right.

Next time we'll be looking at ways of getting yourself a new one... the blokes guide for scoring with birds.

Yeah gidday now and guide to m

You know you've made a New Zealand et and drinki You've got a I sheila's wobb Oxford Unive shagging Tiffi wanath more more vigorou doctor thinks the past ten y held the Worl mind title wi alist subject Black rolling period from J B.C. to July 2 B.C. and it's n to beer". Kim is constantly and begging t sex with you. involves killing mals, driving

Dick Hu ond, a wrist four into a four off-road tyres satisfying mar el at the side accelerator a beast down th dominating "sign, there wa belt of Pinus himself as he break and sa lowering nati feet of valuab thought of al through his d physique, jus pulled over in 427cu inch V8 the ignition. He practice grin in the re across the ro interrogativ ing in the sug cashmere swe of his casual

"Well" she the blown ty sportthatch, "C anticipation, studio in time Dick watche fully into the pit, her well body glowing hawk radar curve of her moment as t appeared thro Dick thought his Seiko Duo "No worries, v you don't mir

It was relaxi for a bonk be Japanese cho trying to unl toothpicks ma

RENAISSANCE CONCRETE

Yeah giddy, Bry here... Every bloke likes to do a bit of concreting now and again, so BLOKE magazine has included a quick reference guide to making huge sparce areas guaranteed to be totally uninhabitable by most life-forms for up to fifty years!

You know how it is – you’ve just been made captain of the New Zealand rugby, cricket and drinking teams. You’ve got a D.Phil. in sheila’s wobbly bits from Oxford University. You’re shagging Tiffany Baragwanath more often and more vigorously than her doctor thinks is wise. For the past ten years you’ve held the World Mastermind title with your specialist subject ‘The All Black rolling maul in the period from June 13th 197 B.C. to July 22nd 196 B.C. and it’s relationship to beer’. Kim Bassinger is constantly phoning up and begging to have oral sex with you. Your job involves killing small animals, driving very fast,

demolishing buildings, earning a squillion dollars a week, running the New Zealand Space program (in which you are to be the first bloke manaught) and hitting people. Your wanger is of such a size as to make it’s gravational collapse into a blackhole a very real possibility.

You’re so goodlooking (in a manly way of course) that even Mother Theresa is hot for you. You regularly drink several supertankers of piss (in fact Lion Breweries have just named their very strongest beer after you).

All of this is bloody good and makes you happy (not in a girlie way of course, I mean they are always giggling, usually at your

jokes natually, but it’s not very blokey). But one day you wake up with the world’s biggest mind-blaster of a hangover and also you feel unfulfilled. I’ll write about the hangover first as it’s much more interesting.

Your brain feels as though someone smashed the top of your head open with a 1964 Holden and then attacked the grey matter with an egg beater. Your guts feel like they’ve had 4.392 * 10⁸ tonnes of the foreign muck the dagos call tucker pass through them. Your wanger has shrunk so that it is now only slightly bigger than Texas and your feet hurt.

The hangover you can take – 187.43 kilos of raw

steak, 34 dozen oysters, 39 quick shags with 12 different women and 47.9 crates of beer (all before breakfast) will see that cured. What concerns you (in a blokey way of course) are these girlie feelings of lack of self actualisation, direction and purpose in life. On the surface you are the ultimate bloke, but you’re not a superficial type of guy, you are a bloke to your soul and want some way to express it. What can you do? Well if you were a bender (you’re not of course – this is hypothetical so put that shotgun down) you would probaly mince off, read ‘Metro’, eat vego rabbit food and become a hair-dresser (yuck! I wonder if you can catch something just by writing that word – not that I’m scared, just wondering). A Bloke would just get pissed.

However you stride (John Wayne-like) into the bathroom and just as you start to fire up the old 2 Stroke Masport Mower with which you shave, you happen to glance out the window at the backyard. Suddenly it all becomes clear: life has a meaning! You know what the Bloke god has put you on this earth to do .. you will .. you must .. you are really, really keen to.... concrete the crap out of the back lawn. The back-yard where the old sheila hangs out your enormous y-fronts, where

you rebulit the Spitfire. At the moment it is green and covered in trees but you are drawn, no inspired to cover it in a huge gleaming expanse of grey cement.

Right, that’s the Blokey Shakespearean opening out the way, now for the down to earth advice....

Struth did I write that? Hell I must have been really pissed.

Right... ummm.... yeah.... I’m unacustomed to expressing my deepest, most blokey thoughts and emotions on paper but I’ll give it a go, and just hope it doesn’t sound too girlie. I LOVE CONCRETE!!!! Yeah.... right that sounds a bit dodgy, talking about love but I’m

“Your job involves killing small animals, driving very fast, demolishing buildings, earning a squillion dollars a week....”

glad I’ve got it off my manly chest.

You’ve got to admit concrete is beautiful, it’s such a pretty colour. Oh hell, this is getting a bit out of hand I’m beginning to talk like a bender, all those words like pretty and beautiful. OK, I’ve got to pull myself together, think about cement mixers Yeah... Giddyay... arrr ... ummm.... this is the renaissance man’s guide to obtaining the optimum output of con-

crete for the minimum input of work and maximum intake of beer.

The first machine I’ll look at is the 56741.98*10⁷ m³ capacity liquid nitrogen cooled, nuclear powered, depleted uranium-clad, computer controlled OceanFiller model manufactured by Fletcher Brownbuilt. It comes with a lifetime guarantee, is made of kevlar/carbon-fibre epoxy resin and requires no effort on the part of the operator. This is all very well but it doesn’t have anywhere to rest your tinny so I give it a score of G (i.e. for girlies only).

The best mixer in the world at present is of course the one I knocked up a couple of weeks ago out of CKD crates, an old 1964 Holden and a disused aircraft-carrier when me and my mates were pissed. With it I can clear-fell a native forest in the morning and have a carpark built

with enough time left over to catch the shield game highlights on the box. It has a beer chiller compartment and can be used as a scrum machine on the weekends. What more could a bloke want. I just love it. Sometimes I go outside and hug and kiss it all over... I love it’s grey-ness, it’s gearing, the smell of that grease... uhhh, um... I’ll be back next issue with some tips on domestic air-strip construction.

PHALLUS

You remember last week, timber tycoon Dick Huge had just clinched the largest Totara key-ring deal in Australasia, and to celebrate had spent the night with the luscious Genevive...

of kakapo got caught in the milling machine. It gave him time to think about the cricket.

Pen fought the urge to cry out as a surging tide of passion roared in her ears, and as the ecstasy reached an unbearable crescendo of proportions she had never before experienced, there was an unmistakable peep-peep-peep noise.

“Hold on a sec”, said Dick, “it’s me cellphone.” He listened for a while to the soft dulcet murmurings and then said to Penn “Would you mind hopping out for a while, it’s kinda private”. Pen reluctantly complied, gathering a genuine New Zealand lambskin car-seat cover to conceal her nakedness.

“Giddyay” said Dick in his manly Jeremy Coney baritone, “You should have called earlier Fenella, remember what happened last time”. Dick smiled as he recalled how he had spent the afternoon with Fenella and her two twin sisters, whom he only knew as Rambo and Piglet. He had promised to return her to the studio by 3.45, but by the time he had satisfied them all it was 4.05. “I don’t like being rushed”. Fenella bit her lip at Dick’s chastification, “I’m sorry, it’s all my fault.... shooting at the nissan set took a little longer today”. “don’t worry baby, I’m just about done here, I’ll meet you at the VBG... chow”. Dick replaced the handset and glanced out the window at the shivering pen. “Gotta go baby, there’ll be a logging truck along in about five minutes... I got some heavy chores to attend to” Arrogantly Dick wrenched the ignition key, slamming the 457 cubic inch engine into life. He smiled at penelope’s hint of a tear as he roared off into the

sunset yet again, it was slightly cloudy with a 40% chance of rain.

Dick didn’t care about the way he drove, life was cheap and death was just a way of avoiding provisional tax. He wiped the sweat from his brow and sculled back a steinie dry, hit the volume on the blaupunkt and pushed the already straining engine to a reckless 230 kph.

Wah wah wah wah wah! “Struth” he said, “that eagles CD must be poked” he fiddled with the graphic equaliser for a while, and it was only when the Traffic Department high speed pursuit vehicle pulled alongside that he realised that “Desperado” was actually coming through uncorrupted. “Bollocks” he thought to himself. Slowing down to fifty k’s, he pulled over to the side of the road, and the tyres crunched satisfyingly through the gravel again. He watched the cop pull up in front of him, and pulled out his wallet. He powered down the window as the filth approached, and they casually flicked off their Raybans at the same instant. “Excuse me, sir, but did you realise you were..... oh, giddyay Dick! I didn’t recognise the new car.” “This heap?” Dick sneered, “it’s only a loaner while I’m waiting for the Penetrator. Here’s ya century, but buy me a Moet out of it, I’ll be at the Water-jump on Friday.” He roared off again, thoroughly rooting the paintwork of the cop’s Commodore as he went past.

Dick Huge was normally a caring sensitive sort of guy, the kind of bloke that would cross oceans, move mountains and risk insurmountable odds for the woman he loved. But the gas station closed at six and he was running low, having

spent the entire day driving, so he decided he could be late... again.

Stopping off at his city penthouse at the top of the top of the Feltex/Winstone tower, Dick took a shower and over over a few tinnies consulted his wardrobe’s selection of canturbury casual’s, casting his discerning eye about for the right look he would need tonight. A quick glance at his Seiko duo which told him it was 6.15am in Lisbon, and a splash of the ol’ 33 and he was on his way.

The VBG was unusually quiet for a Thursday, as he strode towards his usual table, he was mildly surprised (Dick was never more than mildly surprised at anything) to find Fenella absent. Suddenly, there was the delicate smell of Charlie, and a pair of long cool bare feminine arms snaked about his neck. “Hi Huge, thought you’d forgotten about me” Dick was momentarily flummoxed, he had forgotten about her (Dick was only ever momentarily flummoxed, but with his schedule he forgot regularly)

“Of course not, doll - pull up a pew and I’ll grab you a drink.” Dick sauntered up to the bar. “Hey Dave” he muttered, “Wots the bint’s name, and what does she drink?” “That’s Tiffany, Dick, and she drinks Fluffy Ducks” said Dave in his usual conspiratorially grovelly manner.

“Giz eight o’ those in a pint glass then, and I’ll have me usual, thanks Dave - stick it on the Tab.”

“Oh Dick, you remembered!” smiled Tiffany, her eyelashes fluttering. Dick was checking out the amount of room under the table when a shadow fell across his wine list. Looking up he realised with horror (this was the first time he had ever looked up with horror) that he was not going to get a snog tonight.

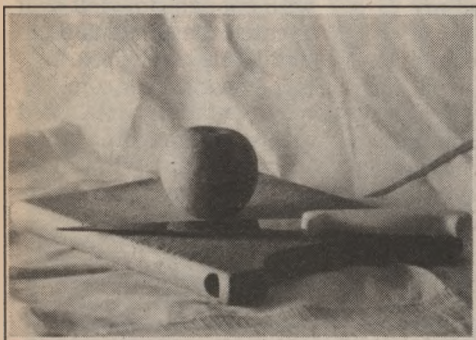
“Hiya, Dick ya dirty little Rheineck-drinker” snarled the figure. It was Less, his evil half-brother....

What will happen next? Will Dick get a snog tonight? Did Penn make the Weather? What are eight fluffy ducks worth at the VBG? And who is Less Huge? Don’t hold your breath for the next episode of.. Phallus!...

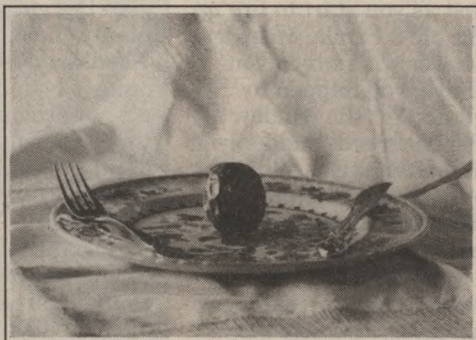
ARE YOU A BUM OR A TIT BLOKE?

Ever since the first cavebloke said "phooooaar! look at those over there!" the difference between the two types of blokes has been akin to the difference between a frenchman and a missionary. So which side of the bread are you buttered on? BLOKE magazine asked Dr Wayne "Spud" Currlot from the Institute of Northern South Otago to come up with this do-it-yourself pshyco-analysis to help you understand you primeval urges.

It's simple. Any bloke can do it, and don't worry, no bloke will think your a panty-waist for filling out a quiz... especially if you tell them its all about tits. Just cop a decent eyeful of the following pictures and let your natural basic desires dictate what you feel is the correct answer. Tick the appropriate box then add up your total to find out if you're a bum or a tit bloke....



- ☐ A: Some tits.
☐ B: A bum.
☐ C: An apple.
☐ D: Don't know.



- ☐ A: Some tits.
☐ B: A bum.
☐ C: A passionfruit.
☐ D: Don't know.



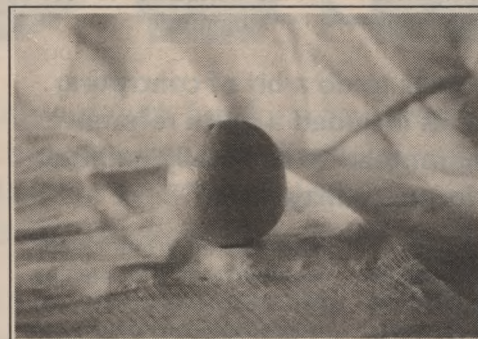
- ☐ A: Some tits.
☐ B: A bum.
☐ C: Some grapes.
☐ D: Don't know.



- ☐ A: Some tits.
☐ B: A bum.
☐ C: A banana.
☐ D: Don't know.



- ☐ A: Some tits.
☐ B: A bum.
☐ C: A nectarine.
☐ D: Don't know.



- ☐ A: Some tits.
☐ B: A bum.
☐ C: An orange.
☐ D: Don't know.



- ☐ A: Some tits.
☐ B: A bum.
☐ C: Duke.
☐ D: Don't know.

HOW DID YOU SCORE?

'Ok lads, let's sort you out. Count up the number of times you chose A, B, C and D. If you got mostly A's, you're a tit bloke. If you chose all the B's you're definitely a bum bloke (that is a girls bums bloke and not anything dodgy). If you chose mainly C's, you are a greengrocer or have potential to excel in the field. If you got mostly D's you are definitely NOT a bloke. In fact, you're probably a bender.

TEN TOP PISSING TIPS!

1. When approaching a urinal position yourself in the middle of the largest expanse of stainless steel visible. If you stand too close to someone else they may think you are gay. If you stand too far away from them, they may think that you think that they are gay.

2. Don't look at it. Got a complex or something?

3. Don't look at anyone else's, real blokes don't compare sizes.

4. Don't grunt. Take your time and appear to enjoy it!

5. Aim downwards at a forty-five degree angle. This is because: Only short wimps spray up. A horizontal spray tends to reflect at an acute angle and disperse all over your pants so you look like a real loser or even worse, people think you pissed yourself. Vertical spray makes a very un-blokeish loud noise.

6. THREE SHAKES ONLY

Two is unhygienic
 Four shakes is a wanker!
 Five is right out.

7. Don't under any circumstances use the washbasin. Other blokes get really pissed off if you piss in the washbasin, especially if they are using it at the time. They might beat you up and getting punched up is really uncool.

8. After farting ALWAYS say "Cor, what a ripper!" If you don't say anything you will be mistaken for the kind of un-blokeish wimp who has to read crap like this to learn how to go for a piss. Don't ever say "Excuse me", or "Tee hee hee". Girlies do that.

9. Don't use the blow drier. Every bloke knows that blow driers are for girlies, models and other wimps. Either wipe your hands on your pants or wander around with wet hands - it looks like the condensation from at least five jugs.

10. If you have mastered all the above points, you are a master pisser! With this new status you can now demonstrate your superiority to other non-blokes who have't read this. Talk to them, this really intimidates them and makes them leave the urinal prematurely, pissing in their pants and making the girlies leave them alone. This of course means that there are more girlies to go around!

Williams on Sunday mornings? What shall I do, I mean last night he took his Seiko Duo off to have a shower, and it's waterproof to 200 metres! Please help me.

Desperate,
 Titirangi.

Brian replies:

Dear Desperate, You sound like quite a level headed little sheila, why dont we pop down to the local tonight and I'll buy you one of them fluffy duck things? I mean, there are plenty of reasons why he might of be behaving like this - there might be something in the water. Anyway, if he keeps on drinking Rheineck he **must** be a woofa so drop the pantywaist and get yourself a real Bloke; you might meet up with one sooner than you think!

Brian is prepared to read any old shite you prepared to send him, so long as its got some really good bits or has a crate of draught attached. He reserves the right to call you a right bastard if he wants to, just as you would expect from any other bloke.

Dear Brian,

I don't know who else to turn to - I've tried evrything. I wear the t-shirt and the right shorts, I wear a seiko duo and Brut 33. I know all the best dirtiest jokes and can name all the all-blacks in the world cup final, Iv'e got a chainsaw and a triumph toledo with the roof cut off. I reckon I can spit, fart and spew with the best of them and I can't stand woofers. Basically I'm the best bloke a bloke can be, and yet I still can't score with the bird's. You must of had thousands mate, can you help me?

Confused,
 Glen Eden.

Brian replies.

To put it simply mate, no I haven't, and no I can't, cos I can't pull bird's either. No blokes ever can. We just say we do. Stop worrying about it and lie through your teeth like the rest of us ya stupid bastard.

Dear Brian,

My mates and I were sinking a few tinnies of fosters the other day and we were having a bit of an argument about the third test against swansea in 1967 and weither Caltra-

Dear Brian...

maine would have made a better number eight than Bobby Moore. I reckon his could have made a difference in the famous try decision in the second half. I reckon if it were Bobby out there he would be able to out-run the swansea backs and would have taken the kiwis to 49 -12 as opposed to the finishing 47. They thought I was talking out of a hole in my arse. What do you think? by the way, I can't seem to pull the bird's, you must have scored thousands mate, can you help?

Curious,
 Henderson

Brian replies.

Well curious, you were quite right in your letter - you are talking out of a hole in your arse. As for pulling the bird's, try some brut 33 and get yourself a seiko duo... never fails.

Dear Brian,

Where's my bloody socket set you bastard?

Bill from next door.

Brian replies

Oh shite sorry mate, its in the back of me ute somewhere. Bring over some tinnies and we'll try and find the bastard.

Dear Brian,

The other day I came home early, and I found my Bloke drinking a (gasp) Rheineck. I'm not usually an emotional girl, but I fair wet myself. He claimed it was left over from the last party - but we both know that's a load of bollocks. I keep wondering if it's my fault, maybe he's trying to get back at me by trying to embarrass me or somfing. Oh Brian, what if he starts buying Metro or watching that Food programme with Vic

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PUB-LICK EYE

Some years ago, before its discovery as a bourgeois shopping islet, when all that moved on a Saturday morning was the odd wagon in the rail yard, and a considerable time before the inception of the Two Double Seven mentality, Newmarket possessed something of that quiet, tentatively exhausted atmosphere with a severely post war feel. A trace of the old Newmarket still exists in the form of the Royal George Inn, which, nestled quietly next to, or rather below, the bastion of high school revelry the Mandalay, provide a quiet refuge from the incessant consumerism of Broadway. It's not that incessant consumerism is a bad thing, just that this place provides the only refuge from it, assuming one chooses not to rediscover the rail yards.

With little or no interest in damaging tradition, the E-team chose the public bar from which to make its assessment of the Roy-

al George. The public bar is a remarkably pleasant place, being very spacious, with low and high tables (chairs and stools respectively) and good ventilation. Some discussion was entered into as to whether the aperture to our right was a window or an eye-level ranch-slider, with the latter hypothesis gaining considerable support when one of our number attempted to enter the bar through it. Fortunately the main door was located and some degree of order restored. Needless to say, we were by now onto our eleventh round and found ourselves reasonably pleased with the prices, pronouncing them to be acceptable, whilst pronouncing our own names with difficulty. With the quality of furnishings taken into account, the prices are quite good. Other notable fixtures in the bar are a TV (patrons were noted to be reasonably attentive during the news), two pokeys (that

owe us money), and a CD jukebox, which would not really appeal to hard core BFM listeners and FACE readers alike, but has a good selection of solid drinking music. Some disgust was expressed, both verbally and visually, at the somewhat short duration playing time. Not exactly a fixture, but nonetheless a noteworthy feature, is the abundance of parking space in the form of the Newmarket Carpark, directly opposite the Royal George.

In the area of food, this bar performs admirably. Crisps at 90 cents per standard public bar packet, are served in a bowl (aesthetically pleasing and great for high performance eating) and cold pies are free, though probably not for everyone. Large packets of crisps are available on request. There is also a brasserie (Thurs, Fri, Sat nights) that would make an ideal spot to read this review (again). Not necessarily food related, but of

great importance is that the head dude will call patrons to the phone when cued to do so by an incoming call. Disturbingly food related are the toilets, but these were gleefully discovered to be of good quality and heated by means other than ordinary flatulent locals. An impressive feature of the installation is that one can lean against the wall while making use of the urinal. This invoked emotional scenes as E-team members reminisced about after-match functions at the AURFC during the summer Touch Football series.

Being decidedly monosexual on this outing, the E-team is unable to report on the nature of the ladies' conveniences, other than that they are conveniently located on the premises.

This particular bar was discovered to be a great place to spin one's tilla, and many a yarn began to flow. The beer flowed too, all over the table at almost every opportunity, but

with a fair selection on tap (Fosters, Lion red, Speights, Rheineck) and many others behind the bar, a mild state of europa-horia was maintained. Momentarily, other patrons were heard to shout louder than the E-team, but lacked the stamina to compete and faded into obscurity.

Once again, closing time saw the E-team out on the pavement - literally in the case of Spinner M

("This is not my bicycle!") - and free to contemplate what can generally be regarded as a comfortable neighbourhood pub. The late afternoon patrons are predominantly working class male, but the Broadway influence is evident in their notable genteel demeanour and on this strength the Royal George Inn is placed unequivocally in the upper echelons of the traditional public bar.

The E-Team Rating



WOMANSPACE SPACE

Last Friday I was up in womanspace with a group of friends. We were talking about the whole issue of sexual harassment and what a helpful set up the University has in such cases. We got onto the importance of doing things such as women's self-defense courses. Piadora said she thought it wasn't such a good idea because a woman fighting back might anger her attacker into hurting her even more.

Mrs Mulakeenie was incensed and urged me to tell my story. To put forward a better argument I told the group about how last year, late in the afternoon, I went to the toilets under the bookshop before going to my next lecture.

No one else was about, the place was silent and yet I had this irksome feeling that someone was in the next toilet, waiting - intuition I guess.

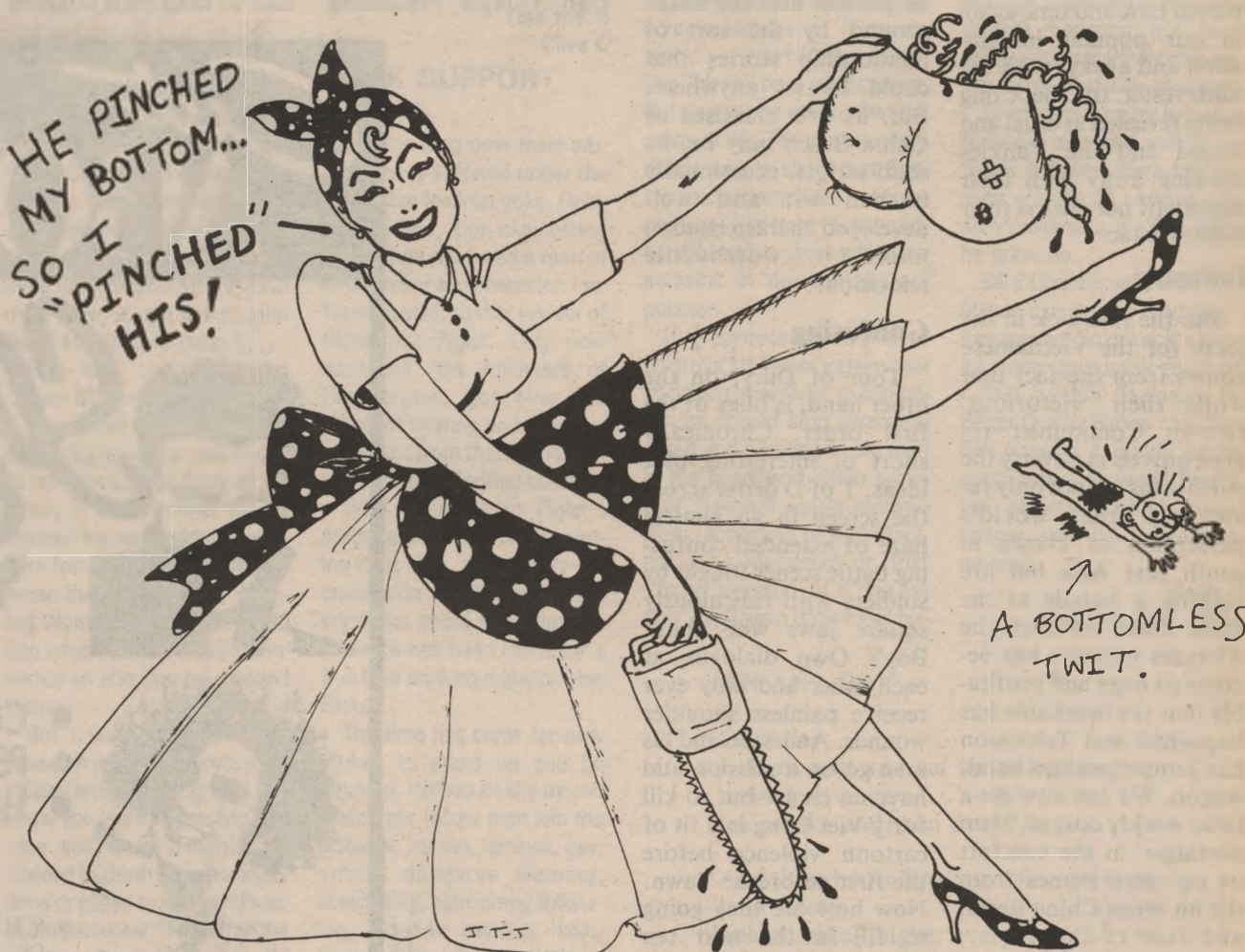
When I came out there he was, standing directly in front of me, my opponent. I can see him now, beige overalls unzipped to the waist, a mustard sweatshirt and two eyes, glazed red, hovering above me.

I couldn't give a step by step description of what occurred next but it happened quickly. Him and I both pushing, he forcing me into the cubicle again and me, head buried in his belly pushing him out and against the wall.

I managed to get him to the sink area, there we just stopped and glared at each other. I didn't know what to say, I was so shocked. Then I remembered my self-defense teacher telling us we had to turn the situation around, make them the victim and ourselves the aggressor. We had to get angry she'd said.

I wasn't exactly angry, I was frightened but I reached inside and conjured up a pseudo rage rather like "Fake it and you'll make it." Now I was boiling, I shouted, "How dare you!" and "What gives you the fuckin' right to think you can!" Then with every swear word I'd learnt I verbally abused him. They shot out at him as violently poisoned arrows.

All the while he just stood and stared, this maddened me more so I shoved him in the side with the end of my umbrella telling him to "Fuck



off!" and "Get out of here!" Dejected and pained in the face he shuffled away.

I rushed to the custodians who searched for him. I filed a report too, which is important, especially if there are other complaints on the same person, then

there's more info to catch them with.

"So you see," I said to Piadora, "it's better to give it a go, not give away your power; stand up for yourself and fight back." Sure, it's usually not that simple and sure, sometimes it may anger the twit danger-

ously but that'll just make you even angrier right?

Mrs M was breathing regularly again now and she gave us the info on self-defence classes; Phone YWCA - 778-763. Next courses: 1. 21-22 April 2. 26-27 May

1-5.30 pm, cost, \$39.

Mrs M also reminded us that sexual harassment isn't only physical and sexual violence. It is anything, absolutely anything that you feel uncomfortable about and that you feel is gender based.

Catherine Dale (CMD)

TELEVISION WITH TRAVIS BRICKLE

The problems that the United States had in Vietnam have been well documented. Its GIs spent so much time taking psychedelics, listening to Doors tapes, telling international news crews that they didn't know what they were fighting for, taking more drugs and writing poignant letters home that they had little energy to waste on actually going into combat against the Viet Cong. Consequently they kept on losing most of the strategic battles until eventually President Nixon had to admit that they were never going to make much headway and called them home, whereupon the Khmer Rouge obligingly stepped in to uphold the regions' reputation for mass carnage.

Victor

However, fortunately for the States this is the age of the visual change. Whereas once the victor was the side that wrote history, the victor is now the side that can make the best films. On this basis Vietnam isn't even in the running; from Rambo to Platoon to Full Metal Jacket the war has been replayed time and time again in our popular imagination and always with the same result: the Viet Cong being revealed as cruel and stupid and the Yankies walking away with their dignity (if not always their sanity) intact.

Industry

But the real kick in the teeth for the Vietnamese comes from the fact that while their 'victorious' two-bit Communist regime grovels in poverty the Americans are not only reshaping the world's perception of events in south east Asia but are making a bundle at the same time. In fact the Vietnam industry has become so huge and profitable that the inevitable has happened and Television has jumped on the bandwagon. We can now get a twice weekly dose of 'Nam nostalgia' in the comfort of our own homes from the hit series *China Beach* and *Tour of Duty*.

Credit

Set in an upscale M*A*S*H style military hospital, *China Beach* is the stronger of these two shows and deserves credit for its capable female cast headed by Dana Delany, the fairer sex's answer to

Alan Alda. Emmy award winner Delany carries the show well, keeping a stiff upper lip during gory surgery scenes, telling aggrieved young GIs that there's nothing particularly big or clever about burning innocent Vietnamese villages and generally striking winsome expressions at every opportunity. Of course this being Hollywood the positive stereotyping only goes so far — Delany plays a nurse although it is quite feasible that her character could be a doctor — but at least it's a step in the right direction (or maybe just a clever way of silencing liberal opposition to the show's essentially pro-army portrayal of war, if you want to be cynical).

Accurate

China Beach also deserves praise for the efforts of its creators to seek out the experiences of real medical staff during the war in order for its storylines to more accurately depict events (and not because you ran out of ideas I trust, guys). However once again the show's commercial sensibilities mean that this realism only goes so far and the ugly issues of war tend to be pushed into the background by the sort of relationship stories that could be set anywhere. But, as over sanitised as *China Beach* may be, its solid scripts, occasionally barbed wit and well developed characterisation make it worthwhile television.

Confusing

Tour of Duty, on the other hand, is bilge of the first order. Chronically short of interesting plot ideas, *T of D* drifts across the screen in an aimless haze of extended confusing battle scenes fought by soldiers with ridiculously square jaws who shout Boy's Own dialogue at each other and only ever receive painless shoulder wounds. Anderson and his men go on a mission and have no choice but to kill forty Viet Cong in a fit of cartoon violence before the first ad break. Yawn. Now how are they going to fill in the next ten minutes? Maybe the cast could floss between their ears.

Unreal

Realism is not *T of D*'s forte. Nowhere to be seen is the napalm, carpet bombing and aforementioned drug taking that helped to



Nurse McMurphy (Dana Delany) takes time out of her busy schedule patching up American GIs at *China Beach* to demonstrate the Heinrich manoeuvre on Dr Richard (Robert Picardo).

make Vietnam such a messy war. No one complains about the inequalities of the draft system that had upper class twits like Dan Quayle remaining

stateside to defend their local golf courses against communist insurgency while those who couldn't afford a varsity education had to take their chances

in the real army. Also the locals all speak English, even the kids, which is handy. Avoid (and for chrissakes don't buy the spinoff soundtracks it only

encourages them).

China Beach, Two, Mon 8.30
Tour of Duty, Two, Thurs, 8.30

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- PERMING
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DISCOMFORT DESERVED

Dear Steve

The cartoon in your last issue of Craccum, showing that unfortunate woman suffering such an embarrassingly preventable accident, shows a paucity of thought on the part of the Womenspace outfit who insist on pushing this kind of rubbish.

It reminds me of an old joke; Q. "Why do feminists get messy periods?" A. "Because they deserve them."

It is a point which sums up general feelings on these hags rather well. As a group, aren't they hideous?

Regards
M Levin

INTERSPECIES KINK

My Dearest Charlene Porker
Sow's your form?

You poor deluded thing. Forget about that nasty swine Piglet and focus your attentions on a real male.

I have sired several kids and after reading your letter to Piglet, decided that you probably deserve the honour of bearing at least one of my offspring. I, being of the superior group of people known as Capricornians, am a far better choice of mate than a pig. You are obviously a pig yourself, but not to worry, real blokes can service anything.

I am adept at butting, I get big horns and will eat anything. So goat ooit, seek me out.

Bill E Goat

CRACCUM RUINS LIVES

Dear Steve

I thought I was the centre of the universe ...

yours disillusionedly
Humble

BEASTLY LETTER

Dear Steve

Lately we have heard people objecting to the use of a single ID code for each citizen by the state. Further, we see much criticism of Government agencies collating information and pooling their data processing networks.

Well, it's all to no avail, because the technology of today has already passed by these meagre attempts.

What we should aim towards is a cashless society, where everyone has a "Citizen's Card." This would be like a credit card. All transactions would be by EFT-POS.

Further a restraining control could be placed over the people who required a guiding influence. For example, all cars would be fitted with "cells" networked into the system. To start the car you'd insert the card and providing your insur-

ance was paid up and all else was clear, away you'd go.

If you had, say, a conviction for drunk driving, the cell network would instruct the car not to operate and you'd be out! Also, no pubs would accept your card until your punishment time was fulfilled.

Similarly benefit fraud would rapidly become impossible. It would be easy to catch up on people on the dole and also working for extra income, as both transactions would go thru the card and the computer could easily see the illegality.

People on various other benefits would soon find themselves unable to purchase luxury items, like TV sets, radios, beer, cigarettes etc. so their benefit would be spent as responsibly as it should be; as intended.

DPB fraud would be stopped, since to get into the house requires using a card for each individual access. If one particular person shows up too much ie. a defacto ... Wham! Credit cancelled!

Some fairly elaborate fraud attempts might be tried at first, but the card would take care of that in three ways:

1. A record of all graduates etc, their fields of expertise etc would allow quick close checks of anyone with the requisite knowledge base.

2. Unusual transactions, which are unexplainable by their size or nature or are inconsistent with previously held information.

3. Criminal elements would soon find their credit withdrawn. Everywhere they tried to go it would be easy to identify them. It's give yourself in or starve!

The movement of undesirables is easily controlled by the card, ie. excluded from good suburbs because they can't go past automatic choke areas.

Under-agers can't get into pubs at all since their cards don't open the doors.

Convicted shoplifters stay out of shops for the same reason.

Further, people who are deemed to be anti-social or whatever can be kept from viewing harmful videos, films or TV.

All this with one card. Later we could even replace the card by an infra-red tattoo on everyone's arm.

See, it's easy!

T. Ainich

SCHIZOID SPEAKS

Dear Craccum

Re — lots and lots of letters: M Jurgens: you're quite right. The bible (or bibble?) can be made to say absolutely anything. That is why it is a load of cobblers.

Scottie: Bravo
V Skinner: Bravo
RM Bennett: Bravo with cherries, but I'm agnostic and wouldn't really be AS happy belonging to "AU Atheists" as "AU Freethinkers."

(PS. the name is historical, not literal).

SPE Lee: like, really cosmic man...

RAV: I certainly wouldn't want to mess with you big boys across the road. Surely you've been "messing" with yourselves for long enough already....

Dave (&) the Team: Bravo
Phil Blakely: see M Jurgens
Yargaroth, God of Anarchistic Pagans: Hooray! Another dogma ready to enter the fray...
Piglet's Mother: I'm so sorry HE has turned out this way. However I know a good supplier of "Russian Tractor Parts" if you'd like to "rub him out," if you know what I mean, comrade?

Graham Blaikie: I like it. I think that your reasoning is jolly good indeed. But whether or not you use our (redundant, supposedly) argument or yours, what is the conclusion?...
Easter Bunny Believer: see RM Bennett

R Macdonald: Miaow ... Schlop! (Onomatopoeia of a blender).
(PS — don't I know you?)
Hatt Mawkins: Bravo with Tequila and Ouzo...hic!

Dr Who: who cares?
Hello and goodbye to you all
Alistair Ramsden
Secretary AU Freethinkers
Editor ARA Solidarity Magazine
Deposed CAS candidate
(Vote me for president of AUSA, but and more besides)
PPS. "Quot homines tot sententiae" — Jolly Good idea!

Ed's note — isn't that a sexist quote then?

CHRISTIANITY WAS GOOD ANYWAY

Dear Sarah, Dear Steve

No student I, but have a debt of gratitude to "Craccum" going far back to '73 when some-how I, a Trade Union employee and executive member got hold of a copy of your paper carrying a front page headline, "Ladies, how to get rid of that 101lbs of excess flesh."

This was to advertise a Queen St pro-abortion march. It was timed when Prime Minister Norman Kirk was trying to hold the Labour Party to the policy of being neither for nor against. He lost under the pressure from the radical feminists when they adopted the Working Women's Charter in 1980 into which Sonja Davies had inserted an abortion on demand clause.

But I was horrified at the Craccum advert, so wrote a hot "Open letter" asking "did you know you were suggesting that your son, your daughter be scalded to death by saline injections or pulled to pieces by vacuum pressure?" From that the pro-lifers got hold of me and I joined their ranks as a fighter for equal rights for all, born or unborn.

but in a short reply to "Reason and Christianity," in a quote from Paul Johnson, in his "History of Christianity" written when an atheist, editor of the left-wing bible "New Statesmen and Nation" — "in spite of the religious wars, the

bigotries, the inquisitions, Christianity was worth it, it benefited we humans by giving us the hope that we can be something better than we are." Think about it.

Finally to those who think "sex is fun" where are the feminists? The Victorian miss who held herself in high regard, she had a price, a home, an income. Craccum's two page listing of sex diseases (issue 2) seems a poor alternative. What do you think?

Connie Purdue
Past Sec, Equal Pay and Opportunity Council

PS. I'll take you any time to see the smoke from the incinerating unborn babies' bodies.

GIVE THEM AN INCH...

Dear Steve

Did you see in the news; IRAQ BUILDS ATOM BOMB!

These guys are fast; in only 30 years they've come from primitive barbaric tribalism with a pagan background, to an advanced barbaric pagan nationalism with a technological competence. Wow! What achievement! They mastered the poor man's A — bomb, poison gas and now they've got the real thing too!

Let's hope they do something decent with it and flatten Iran. Then they can pick up a scrap with India, who also have a workable A — Bomb. Hopefully the Third World will annihilate itself. Then us civilised ones can get on with some serious stuff like fixing up the unemployed.

Your friend
Clive C

PORK SUPPORT

Dear Steve

For too long now male students have suffered under the repressive feminist yoke. Finally however, the engineering school has produced a man of sound mind and character. I refer of course, to that reviver of Blokedom; Piglet. Only now have we, the followers of Hippocrates, got over the shock of hearing an intelligent comment from that foundry of yobbism and glorified builders.

With reference to Piglet's statement in letter No 3 pointing out the synonymity of civilisation and Blokedom. Every major social and scientific advance has been made by a true beer drinking rugby playing Bloke.

The time has come for new Blokes to stand up and be counted. Will we sit idly by and watch our fellow men join the bisexual, lesbian, feminist, gay, youth, dungaree wearing, meditating, astronomy following, alsatian owning, hairy legged fellowship?

I say no. We shall fight in Shadows, we shall fight in the Quad, we shall never surrender.

To paraphrase another great Bloke, perhaps the greatest figure in our language: Lay on Piglet and neutred be him who first cries "Hold enough!"

Stand Firm
"Bulbo spongiosi"

PURIST

Dear Editor

I hope you keep Craccum open to ideas of all sorts. "Name Withheld" objects to Roger Telfer's article on Eastern Europe as "Lies" and wants you to stop printing them. If you don't print all sides, how are we to know lies from the truth? "Name withheld" cries "lies" but does not prove it. He/she wants to replace debate with censorship — one of the hallmarks of Stalinist dictatorships!

He/she objects to Mr Telfer defending true communism from the Stalinist aberration that exists in the USSR and Eastern Europe. Although Mr Telfer shows that Stalinism is anti-communist, "Name withheld" insists on calling these dictatorial regimes "communists."

His/her family "escaped." Mr Telfer and other real communists do not run from Stalinism, they fight it at great personal risk. Just as they fight the evils of capitalism.

"Name withheld" should stop branding all ideas he does not like "lies" and call for their suppression, and find out something about Leon Trotsky and the Left Opposition, which did not run from Stalinism, but fought for it, in the name of genuine communism, even at the cost of their lives.

Leon Davidovitch

MARX IS NOT THE EDITOR OF TIME?

Dear Editor

J Santuccion writes about communism as a "concrete block" — apart from misspelling "block" he is quite correct. But doesn't he realise that the point of Mr Telfer's excellent article was to show that Stalinist dictatorships are not communism. Far from it, they are bureaucratic regimes which are parasitic in the working population.

If J Santuccion wants to disprove Mr Telfer's claim that socialism is superior to capitalism he should stop swanning about and chatting to old men in the quad, and either prove that Stalinism equals communism (according to Karl Marx, not Time Magazine) or, that "today's reality" of a 'dog eat dog' capitalism does meet hu-

ON ANY DAY

Each day
I do nought and get up to nothing
waking at noon
tea smoke and then away

And these boots have worn fine on Auckland streets
and climbing higher every step
My brother asks a hundred for 'em
(They are his)
I have no money
(he regrets)
But I say Bro ...
if you don't play the way your spirit flies
you come out warped and singed

It's just that
doing nought
and getting on with nothing.

man needs, and does not necessitate the struggle for a genuine socialist society in which "from each according to his/her ability, to each according to his/her needs" becomes the reality — the concrete bloc.
Leon Davidovitch

PRAISE BE

Dear E-team

Great articles but how about a special feature on pubs open on Sundays?

Cheers
Marty

BETTS' BACK

Dear Steve

I'd like to applaud Twit, the desperate masculist who formulated such a convincing case for nudity on campus in his/her comments about clothes burning.

I'd also like to salute Darling and Melchic who quoted those famous Fred Dagg words, "I am bloke." A sense of identity is vital to one's psychological well-being.

Now that you've established the fact that you are blokes, how about recognising that Sheilae are also strong and invincible — and that they tend to prefer blokes who are not only strong and invincible but also gentle and imaginative.

Re whistling: Anthony made a valid point when he defended his right to whistle to his heart's content. Whistling serves many useful purposes. I whistle when I'm walking through Auckland's darkened streets because it's been proven that assertive behaviour can deter would-be attackers.

The feminist cause is (unfortunately) alive and well. If Anthony believes there are any sane women on campus who aren't feminists, it's about time he grew up.

Bill E Goat remarks that "real blokes can service anything." Fascinating! So do us all a service mate: shut up or ship out! This week's Campaign for Better Quality Blokes chocolate fish goes to A Bundy for his contribution to world health. His efforts against breast cancer will be long remembered.

Betty H
Spokesperson, CBQB

CLASSIFIEDS

Fractured English Reset

English usage is more than using English words. Preliminary drafts of essays, reports, theses, papers and translations reviewed, and revised for 75 cents per 100 words incl GST. A non-pedantic approach stressing clarity.

Contact Bryan.
Phone and Fax: (09) 733-288
Mail: Box 68-333 Newton

JEANS SALE

Jeans Sale: Room 139
1st Floor Student Union Building
(Behind TV Room)
Wed 11th April 11 am-5 pm
\$40 a pair
Not Seconds!

NOTICES

THE FUTURE (CHINESE) CONSTITUTION OF HONG KONG

A public lecture by Professor Sir William Wade, University of Cambridge. The lecture will be delivered at the University Conference Centre, Symonds Street (next to Engineering School), on Wednesday 11th April 1990 at 5.30pm.

UNITED THEATRESPORTS

Sunday at 8pm, Maidment Theatre. Teams of professional actors compete in improvised games. Tickets \$15, concessions \$12.

ABSENCE: PRESENCE

Last few days to see photographs by Adrienne Martyn at the George Fraser Gallery, Princes Street.

1990 CELEBRATION EVENTS

11-13 April 1990 Asia and Pacific Rollerskating Championship, ASB Stadium, Kohimarama.

12-16 April "Jesus 1990 Easter Surf Classic" Piha Beach.

14 April Tamil Hindu New Year.

14-15 April Fiji Association Major Concert of Indian Music and Dance No 2, Avondale, Racecourse Centre.

14 April- 5 May "Madam Butterfly" Opera Performance Mercury Theatre, Auckland.

BISEXUAL CONFERENCE

If interested, remember to get more details and booking forms from the Student Association office. The conference takes place in Wellington 13-15 April.

Easter, contact Wellington Bisexual Women's Group, PO Box 5145, Wellington.

AUCKLAND FILM SOCIETY — 1990 PROGRAMME

April 10 Taipei Story, Taiwan 1984, E Yang 6 and 8pm.

April 17 Frida: Living Life, Mexico 1988 6 and 8pm. Charley Grey's Pictures.

AOTEA CENTRE WHAT'S ON

Saturday 14 April - 7.30pm.

MESSIAH — an authentic copy — a unique opportunity to hear Handel's traditional Easter work, Messiah, performed on original instruments. Book through BASS.

ARTIST'S TALKS

Ralph Paine/Thomas Pound. Slide lectures by artists exhibiting during April at Artspace, Quay Street and the George Fraser Gallery respectively. (Weds 18 April, 8pm).

UNIVERSITY FEMINISTS

Meet Thursday lunchtimes 1-2pm in Womanspace. Contact Susan Rae x858

LESBIANS ON CAMPUS

Meet Fridays 1-2 pm in Womanspace. Contact Susan x858.

MAIDMENT MOVIES SEASON 1990

April 23 "Young Einstein." Nutty comedy from Down Under based on the premise that Albert Einstein not only developed the Theory of Relativity, but also invented Rock'n'Roll. Written, produced and directed by Yahoo Serious (90 mins).

UB40

If you will be in Wellington, Christchurch or Dunedin over the Easter Break, you could probably see UB40.

STUDENT ALLOWANCES PAYMENTS 1990

These will all be by direct credit to your bank account.

There are 37 weeks of payment for the period 26 February to 9 November 1990.

The first payment will consist of 7 weeks grants and will be made on:

Wednesday 11 April

Thereafter payments will be credited each fortnight to your account on:

Tuesday 24 April
Wednesday 09 May
Wednesday 23 May
Wednesday 06 June
Wednesday 20 June
Wednesday 04 July
Wednesday 18 July
Wednesday 01 August
Wednesday 15 August
Wednesday 29 August
Wednesday 12 September
Wednesday 26 September
Wednesday 10 October
Wednesday 24 October
Wednesday 07 November

Please note that you will have to present yourself and sign a declaration of full-time attendance on either 30th April or 1st May and on either 23rd July or 24th July 1990. This will be at the Recreation Centre.

Failure to do this will result in cessation of payments.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY GYM- NASTICS CLUB

For all those interested in gymnastics, whether beginners (the majority of us) or more advanced. We have the equipment and the coaching, so come along and try it out.

We meet Tuesday and Thursday nights in the Main Hall of the Recreation Centre (Must be a member of centre).

6.00pm to 8.00pm.

We also have trampolines if you're interested.

ALL WELCOME — DON'T BE SHY!!

WOMINSPACE JOURNAL COLLECTIVE

Production dates for Autumn 1990 Journal:

Tuesday 10 April 2-4 pm:
Proof-reading in Room 139 and art-work and cover design deadline.

Sat 14 April (Easter) 9 am until finished:

Layout at Wominspace — bring lunch to share and tapes to play.

Thurs 26 and/or Fri 27 April:
Collating and stapling at the Print Centre.

Contact:
Sue — Home ph 604-726

CENTRE FOR ARTS TAPES

Thursday 19 April, 8pm.
Video Art from Halifax, Canada presented by Philip Dadson. Artspace, Quay St.

CAMPUS PHARMACY

Anyone caught shoplifting on our premises shall be prosecuted under the Crimes Act.

Postal requirements and Telecom Phone Cards are available at Campus Pharmacy — located where the Post Office used to be.

NATIONWIDE VEGETABLE PROTEST

Dear Editor

Telly fans — cop this: TVNZ is continuing to water down our favourite programmes with bloody adverts. The time has come to say enough is too much! Remember the Black Adder success?!

Well, now we've got the "Quality-Television-Viewing Nationwide Rotten Vegetable" protest.

All you need to do is sign a letter in the quad and place it along with a piece of rotten vegetable in an envelope. We will deliver them to TVNZ.

Roger the Rotten

CHRISTIAN FOCUS

20 April 1990 in the Maclaurin Chapel Hall. "But who are we really?" Speaker: Rev. Graham Fergusson. Everyone is welcome and tea/coffee with biscuits will be served at the conclusion of the meeting.

Sunday 8 April, the usual Sunday Evening Services for Students will be taking place in St Andrews church at 7pm on the corner of Alten Rd and Symonds St, again all are welcome.

GOD CAN BE KNOWN

George Seber, Head of Maths and Statistics.

Campus Crusade for Christ Exec Lounge

Tuesday 10, 1 pm

RADIO SANDINO

A solidarity group for Latin America on Campus.

First meeting:

Tuesday 10 April, 1pm

Rm 202 New Arts Building

All welcome.

K.A.O.S.

The Auckland Revolutionary Army is proud to announce that the next K.A.O.S. game starts on Monday 23rd April. See the people wearing the black ARA T-shirts in the upper common room at lunchtimes - or - ring:

Chris 418-0783
Alistair 360-0369

for more information.

UNIPHOTO

The University Photo Shop on Campus



Win this Camera

Normal retail price \$1095.00

During April, May and June, bring your colour print processing with this advert to be in the draw. ALSO all entries will be in for a weekly prize for

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FILMS

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High quality developing and printing. Black & White, E.6. processing. Plus many other services available.

UNIPHOTO — School of Architecture, Property and Planning — opposite Chemistry Building.

If only she knew about QUARDLE OODLE ARDLE?



Your opportunity to Quardle your way into Theatre, dramatise your wildest Oodle and see your Ardle come alive!

'Quardle Oodle Ardle', Theatre Workshop's festival of original performance follows the highly successful 1989 festival 'Reign Rain'.

Submissions are wanted in all aspects of performance — dance, drama, poetry, music by April 12th 1990. All writers, directors and performers are welcome.

Contact: Catherine Amner ph 694-296
or Lucy Wilkinson ph 521-2293

Festival dates — July 9th-16th in Little Maidment Theatre.

CRACCUM DEADLINES

Articles	Tuesdays	noon
Letters	Wednesdays	noon
Notices	Wednesdays	noon

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Craccum welcomes letters to the editor from readers, on subjects of concern. These may be sent to us, or delivered (as indicated). Letters should preferably be typed (or written neatly) on one side of the paper only. Short letters are preferred over long ones. All letters must include name, address and telephone numbers of the writer, even if a non-plume is used. Obscene language may be deleted at the editors' discretion, provided this does not appreciably alter the intended meaning of the letter.



DELIVER TO
Craccum, 3rd Floor,
Student Union Building,
Auckland University.
or ATISA Office, ATI.



POST TO
Craccum,
Auckland University Students Association,
Private Bag,
Auckland.



FAX TO
Craccum,
Auckland University
Students Assoc Inc,
(09) 303-2236.

"LASHING LEVIN"

Dear Editor
Obviously M Levin is quite a Craccum stirrer! I am replying to his assault on Ray Galvin. Galvin's sincere informed article written from the heart as well as the head certainly coped the boot from a whole bevy of arrogant academic rationalists.

Levin is a crustacean clinging in desperation to the arid age of rationalism and reason. All the reasonable reasearch in academic history has failed to pin down the irrational part of the human psyche which erupts and plunges into confusion the cautious predictions of polictical and behavioural science. That institution, the university, which Levin raises up as an icon of intellectual scepticism and sanity can boast only a modest role as guardian and seeker of the truth. The very nature of its slow ponderous ceptism makes it possible for crustaceans like Levin to thrive upon its back.

Risque words like "heart," "feelings" and "human spirit" must and will have their place in any discussion of human affairs. Those who attempt to do so without taking them into account are nothing but arrogant fools who will be proved wrong time and time again. The rational intellect which has governed western views of reality for centuries should be treated like any dubious substance and taken in moderation; little wonder that hallucinogenic drugs are so popular in a society ruled by materialistic pragmatism!

If religion is the "opium of the people" it's simply because it appeals to human emotional needs and feelings which simply must be addressed. Ok, so Czechoslovakia's new poet President did acknowledge the contribution of a western security alliance; he also added that "the salvation of the world lies in the human heart."

A Brown

MUCKY THOUGHTS

Dear Piglet
Let me be your little truffle. Why don't we oink around a little?

Dolores

EYE FOR THIGH

Dear Steve
Isn't it ironic that feminists have nothing to do with femininity.

**Yours
Mini-Skirt Fan**

RATS RACE

Dearest Myrtle Lemur

A proposition? Let me just say that the peservation of wildlife is one of our main concerns. In fact the wilder the life the greater our desire to look after it, him, her. Of course there's a strong market for biological anthropologists, we're such caring (!) people and in very short supply too. Get 'em while they're 'ot, they're luvly.

**Yours (hopefully)
David Innabarow BBC**

A BOBBY'S PLACE

Dear Sir and Madam

Regarding the instalation of a community constable as was proposed in the Quad on April 4th. What a really good idea. Seeing there have been undercover policemen and women on campus for years it would good to have our taxes going towards someone who could actively help us.

Regarding the two men who spoke in the Quad:

To the first man from Norml. You are breaking the law everytime you light up your illicit mind altering substance. Obviously it's made your dying braincells so paranoid they can't comprehend the fact that the Police in this country are so overworked already they have more important things to do than waste their valuable time busting the dregs of life such as you.

To the second man (in the T shirt with Lenin on it), I doubt very much if a policeman is going to randomly hit you on the head on your way to a lecture. Also although Police violence is never justified I'd like to know just what you were doing when this brutal act took place on your person at Waitangi.

Both of you calling the New Zealand Police abusive names made me sick and ashamed to be a New Zealander.

I take consolation in the fact however that if either of the little burrows, caves or wherever the pair of you dwell gets burgled you wouldn't dream of contaminating yourselves by expecting the Police to retrieve your property.

**Yours faithfully
Rachael Callender (Miss)**

I SPY

Dear Editor

I saw Susan Rae (WRO) kissing Piglet goodnight. Does this mean that she's a real dori and does she play doctors and nurses?

**Yours
Felicity**

PIGLET SAYS

Yo Steve

Being a well-adjusted and reasonable bloke, I can handle both the lavish praise and calous abuse to which I am subject in Craccum. However, the crass outpouring of Agent Speights-no-mates does stand out for its poor literary style and malicious content. Suffice to say that this motherless pox-ridden knave warrants little attention and I will thus not demean myself to his level by descending to cheap abuse.

The Piglet will stick to debating the issues confronting modern society and offering solutions to the myriad of problems confronting blokes in these troubled times.

This week's issue - Chunder.

This noble art had been much maligned recently in your august journal. Having been privileged to observe such spectacular projections as the Tag-Team Townsend Helicopter the Amanono-Blood Chunder and Reg Fence-Clearer I feel I should defend this activity from unjust criticism.

However, I do not wish to condone the weak paralytic burblings of undisciplined juveniles or the frothy spittle of gelled wine-cooler filthoids, but rather to praise the gastric eruptions of piss-swilling jok-ers who put their bodies on the line for Blokedom.

A real bloke chunders while sober so as to enjoy the full pleasure of the moment. Blokes go for stylish chunders, such as a heave into the primped hair-style of a cringing pinko fashion-pussy, or a gush of diced carrots over the boatshoes of a greasy cash-clutching Commerce cretin.

Blokes go for recreational, team and competition (manual or automatic) chunders. For us, it is a spiritual occasion, somewhat akin to the feeling a ripe dorie gets when she finally produces a bloke's offspring, as the very contents of our manly bodies are offered to the assembled multitudes.

And yet, in some diseased quarters, this ability to produce a fulsome flow of paint-stripping broth is frowned upon, nay villified even. This once respected skill has been denigrated and denounced to the point that unless decent blokes gather round there is a serious danger that it may pass into the mists of time altogether, with only a few grizzled veterans gathering around their campfires of burning Arts texts to reminisce fondly about the fabled chunders of days gone by.

I thus call upon all righteous blokes to gather together to defend their right to chunder. Indeed, as the dorie have their monthly spiritual occasion, it seems only just that blokes also celebrate life by a decent emission from their deepest souls.

**Be hard
Run strong
Yahoo
Piglet**

PS. This christian stuff has got out of hand. The letters pages are for serious debate about such worthy topics as dorii, liquor, cars etc. I will thus finish the debate with my customary insight and tact:

Who gives a duck's arse? You can't prove/disprove God so why bother? Be happy - get pissed. PPS. RM Bennett and Co are sick units. Ignore their whinging letters and piss on them if you get a chance, but only if they're not on fire.

WITCHY WORDS

Dear Editors

Jim (Craccum 26th March) feels that the concept of Womenspace is sexist and that there should be a "Bloke-space" too.

I have always found it hard to explain to men why women only spaces are necessary. You have to start from the point of view that men are the oppressors or dominant group in almost every area, and few men will agree to this without endless argument.

If you believe this, as I do, then the need for a women-space becomes evident. Women need a space where they can talk, relax or simply be in an un-oppressed atmosphere. Whereas creating a "Blokospace" as suggested by Jim, would be futile. Men have no need for this 'release' being, as I believe, the oppressors.

Many men would vehemently deny that women are oppressed, but you only have to read the letters page of this paper to how women are regarded by the likes of Piglet, Jim, RAV etc.

**Yours
Witch**

HELPFUL THOUGHT

Dear Some Cyclist

If you are the pillock who tried denting my car last Thursday, here is a safety hint. When waiting at an intersection intending to go straight ahead, don't wait on the left of the car turning left. Take heed or be sorry.

Bob Shishky

DULCE

Dear Little Pig

Thank you for your concern about my fashion sense - yes, I look stunning in sackcloth. I speak not with "evil intent" but rather with the aim of improving cultural relations between Sheilality and Blokedom.

If the Engineering School is the lofty peak of academia, then academia has indeed sunk to murky depths. As you are obviously one of "the big boys from across the road," mentioned by the RAVer, are you really sure you want to defent your heritage?

I assure you Piggy, that this discussion about orgasm is no crap. They do exist. The fact that you and your insensitivity have never inspired any, is beside the point.

**Softly
Betty H**

REAL STINK

Dear Anita Macdonald and Greenies

It was really clever spraying all them cans of CFC propellant aerosols into the supermarket aisles to stop it ending up in the Ozone layer, because that's exactly where you put it. If I were you I would feel really stink.

I suppose when you catch up with all the drift-net fishermen you will throw their nets in the water.

Supermarket Owners Son

RE: THE ABORTION DEBATE

Dear Steve

If rape is considered bad, why is it that killing babies is considered good?

Men can't rape, but women can kill ...

And yet, there are some people who hold both these inconsistent views.

Strange indeed!

M Levin

PS. And if it is OK to kill sprogs, how come we have to pay the DPB to the ones which manage to survive?

IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR CHRIST

Dear Eds

In reply to Simon de Montfort (Craccum, March 12) and Kevin Ashurst (Craccum March 26):

Christianity is not just about personal saluation but challenges the way we live our lives and our whole society.

Christ was a radical who talked to women in the streets (a definite no-no at that time) and

aligned himself with the poor and oppressed of the society in which he lived. He challenged the power and ownership structures of Jewish society.

For this reason, it is important that Christians are similarly involved in challenging today's society and this is why the National Catholic Tertiary Student's Conference to be held here at the AUSA Student Union in May is concerned with the Treaty and race relations issues.

Yours

**Jennifer Cochrane and
J MacDonald
For Newsoc/conference
planning group**

TSK, TSK, SARAH

Dear Sarah

I have just read your report from the talk given by the Israeli Ambassador to NZ and I must react.

As an ex-soldier of the Israeli Armed Forces I have a different point of view and I think the readers of Craccum need to hear it as a balance. For 50 years the surrounding countries of Israel have tried to occupy her. Israel has suffered five wars which she was forced into and survived.

Only the soldiers in these wars can really know that war is the worst man-created thing. Israel's policy is negotiation with the surrounding countries to acquire peace - as proved with Egypt.

In 1967 Israel won the 6-day war after a surprise attack by 3 surrounding countries and occupied the West Bank. Israel called to those people living there to stay and live in peace - after 20 years these people want an independent country inside Israel - they are doing this by breaking the law - throwing stones and molotov bottles. Israel is a state of democracy thus breakers of the law must be punished. Police and soldiers are sent to keep the peace and enforce the laws of justice. Soldiers are ordered not to harm women and children.

I cannot deny that there is a problem in the West Bank and the leaders and politicians need to solve these problems in the form of negotiations. No violence will ever bring solutions to the problems. Auckland is very far away from the West Bank, so it may look heroic to stand with an olive branch in front of Israeli soldiers but perhaps for someone who comes from this beautiful peaceful country - judgements come too easily.

**Shalam Akeichem
OG**

ARDEN

ELIZABETH



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