

CRACCUM

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND

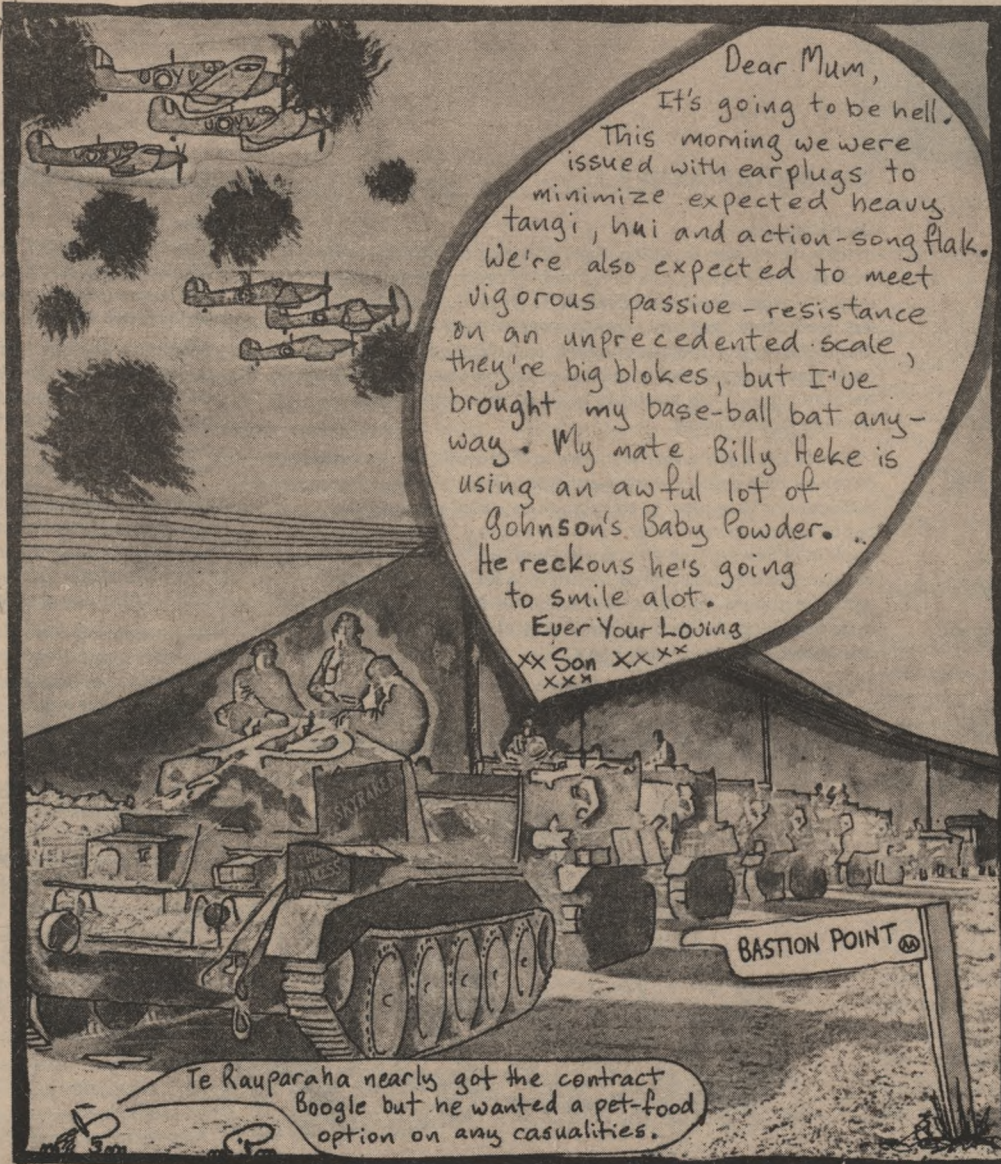
- 8 JUN 1978

Down But Not Out

'Operation Bastion' was first conceived of shortly after the protesters moved onto Bastion Point in the summer of 1977 - seventeen months ago. It was without a doubt the biggest 'manoeuvre' in the history of the New Zealand Police Force. Yes - even more grotesque than the Blue Suits Brigade in the 1951 Waterfront Strike.

Over 500 police arrived in convoy at Bastion Point on the morning of May 25. They were assisted by a significant number from the Army and the rather more innocuous Lands and Survey Department. The 'operation' was scheduled to start at 9 am. A convoy of over 50 trucks, more than half of which were supplied by the Army, left the Hobsonville Air Force base at 8.30 am. Like any well-planned parade it had its hitches - a nose-to-tail collision of army trucks in Wairau Road on the North Shore - but the necessary effect was achieved. Thousands of Aucklanders, on their way to work in rush hour traffic, were treated to this display of Muldoon's might.

The Point was crawling with the media when the police arrived. Television crews, radio journalists, reporters and - most iniquitous of all - photographers totalled about sixty. 'Operation Bastion' immediately swung into action as the police attempted to remove all press from within the gates. Police consistently tried to block the way for photographers; a television crew which tried to break through the police cordon was swiftly turned back. So much for the freedom of the press to bring 'the truth to the people.'



It took under 3 hours to evict the 200 or so protesters and tear down the cardboard buildings. These shacks had been erected in early 1977; miraculously they had withstood one winter sheltering the steadily depleting number of protesters, on what must be the windiest site in the city. But the shanty town fell apart like kindling before the Army bulldozers. Hardly a ceremonious death for such regal residences on the most expensive piece of real estate in the country.

And the protesters? At last count 222 were arrested, all but a handful on charges of trespassing. In keeping with the directives from the Bastion Point policy committee there was no violence to speak of. The protesters left quietly weeping, singing hymns, sad. They were hurried onto buses, taken to the Central Police Station, charged and released on bail. The first hearing will be in the Magistrate's Court on June 22: there will be 8 hearings in all.

Now Bastion Point stands under police guard, awaiting the first moves toward 'development'. The latest government proposals were outlined in detail in Craccum 7, but briefly they entail the establishment of a Ngati Whatua Trust to administer the 25 acres the government expects the Maori people to purchase at a cost of \$257,000. Of the remaining land 4 acres will go to the Housing Corporation for medium-density, low-cost accommodation and 36 acres to the Auckland City Council for use as a public reserve.

But this is not the end of the Bastion Point struggle; perhaps it is only the beginning. More than Maori Land Rights are at stake when the government mobilises over 500 police to remove a pitiful 200 odd protesters. A display such as this can only reinforce the fears lying dormant in this country. And nobody's going to fall for Muldoon crying 'Socialist Unity Party' yet again.

'Operation Bastion' has had a far-reaching effect: those caught up in the traffic on the North Shore and along the waterfront must have felt themselves as much the victims as the protesters were; those who watched television, listened to the frequent radio broadcasts or read the daily newspapers must have suffered that same anger and frustration. For what was seen and heard and read on May 25 was far more than just another sign of the government's slide toward facism. It was a watershed in New Zealand's history. The day that Smith's nightmare came true.

LOUISE CHUNN

Open Letter To Muldoon

You and your government have finally succeeded in doing what it has wanted to do for the last 17 months: It has forcibly evicted our people off Bastion Point, carrying out one of the largest mass arrests in New Zealand history, since 'Parihaka'.

In doing so you have wilfully destroyed our marae and houses. You have razed Bastion Point Tent Town to the ground with a callousness which equals that of many of the most repressive governments in the world.

You have accomplished all this only after mobilising the police and army, and only after trampling on the rights of the Ngati Whatua of Tamaki. In all your utterances on this issue, you have said hardly a word about justice for our people.

The massive operation you carried out against our people on Thursday, May 25, was designed to tell all Maori people that if they stood up and fought for their mana and pride they could expect the whole state machine to come crashing down on their heads. You and your government have committed another monstrous crime against Maoridom, comparable only to the crimes perpetrated against us during the Pakeha land grabbing wars last century. Still we hear not a word from you about justice for the Ngati Whatua of Tamaki.

The only way you could combat our stand at Bastion Point was by cynically pitting Ngati Whatua against Ngati Whatua. Your new proposals for the return of a paltry 25 acres to our people are inseparable from that

policy. You negotiated these new proposals behind closed doors in the Auckland Town Hall, excluding all those whom you thought might upset your schemes. You hypocritically called these proposals 'generous' in the same breath as you denied the right of our people to own all the open land at Bastion Point. Proof of your attitude towards us was your refusal to bring these proposals to Arohanui, our meeting house on Bastion Point. You also didn't bring them to the Orakei Marae. We repeatedly requested that you do so, but it seems you were afraid to negotiate in an open manner. In doing this you trampled on Maori protocol, a matter which doesn't seem of great concern to you.

The only thing you have done openly on this issue has been to send your police and army against peaceful people. Might is right expresses the contemptible political philosophy of your government.

Now you are telling the nation that you had 'no option' but to do what you have done. That is a lie. You refused bluntly to meet us now or ever. From the very beginning you had the option of redressing the past injustices against our people and reaching a lasting and honourable settlement. To do so would require a political decision, one where your courts, police and army stayed out of the picture altogether. It is still not too late for you to do this.

Likewise, you are busy praising your police and army for the way in which they 'conducted' themselves during the eviction on May 25. But you are distorting

the facts. The scale of the operation you sent against us was a government-sponsored threat of state violence against all the patriots who were occupying Bastion Point. The fact that things went smoothly for your 'boys' was because our people acted with discipline and mana.

Finally, your under-hand methods are clearly reflected in your latest round of red-baiting against us. Once again you insult us. Our stand is led by the Orakei Maori Committee Action Group. We are 'manipulated' by no-one. We are 'puppets' to no-one. If you bothered to talk to us you would have quickly found that out. We accept support from all who wish to give it, and this has included sections of the Catholic Church, a wide range of political parties (including the left wing ones), and from thousands of individuals with no political affiliation whatsoever.

I believe you know all this, but that you try to red-bait us as part of your policy of denying the rights of our people. To accomplish this, your methods must be dishonest.

No doubt you hope this issue is over. You could never be more wrong. Our people have come too far in the last 17 months, suffered too much and come to like the dignity of standing up for what is right, to ever bow down before a man such as you or a government such as yours. We will fight on until justice is done.

JOE HAWKE

LETTERS & STUDENTS

A SPLIT IN THE RANKS ?

Dear Sir,
As Victoria students we wish to extend our sympathy to Andrew Guest's views on some facets of NZUSA's present structure, which were revealed to us fully for the first time in his letter to Vic's 'Salient' (May 22, 1978). We would cordially suggest that his outlook is shared by a substantial proportion of Victoria's student population; namely that 'the structure (of N.Z.U.S.A.) does not allow for students at the so called grass root level to become involved and identify with their National Association.'

We here at Wellington believe that the mechanism of N.Z.U.S.A. needs to be changed — somewhat radically — to make more provision for individual participation and representation in order to make the Association their own Association and not that of a few 'elected' officials that are sent to May and August Councils. We, too, have little faith in the way our 'National Association' now stands and we are not surprised at the botched attempt by 'Salient' to mislead Wellington students in not relaying a true impression of NZUSA to its readers.

We hope that the proposed new Student Conference presently slated for mid 1979 will help to resolve many of the relevant problems that N.Z.U.S.A. and the students throughout the country have encountered in the past few years as well as providing an opportunity for students from different campuses to unite together in both friendship and solidarity in order to get NZUSA on its feet and make it the Association that we would all like it to be.

Twenty Five Victoria Students
Wellington

Dear Simon,
Your report of the meeting on NZUSA held on April 1st and 2nd last was certainly very interesting, but I do not believe it gave a fair account of why Otago moved no confidence in the President of NZUSA.

Firstly, the structure does not allow for students at the so called grass root level to become involved and identify with their National Association. The structure allows for much participation from constituent Presidents and National Officers, but does not encourage, or perhaps even permit, direct participation from grass roots students. Clearly the only exception is when students request to participate in a protest or demonstration which has already been pre-determined by a meeting of constituent Presidents in Wellington.

Secondly however, taking whatever structure of NZUSA you prefer, and giving that structure whatever priorities you personally prefer, I do not believe that NZUSA can exist satisfactorily with a President who is incapable of coping with present problems.

I believe that the structure of NZUSA must allow for direct participation from students, and must ensure that the gap between students and the hierarchy of NZUSA is narrowed so that students are more readily able to identify with their National Association remembering, of course, that their main purpose for attending the University is certainly far removed from simply an ability to join a prestigious, competent, efficient and powerful National Students Association!

Taking a structure that allows for direct participation, NZUSA must always act efficiently. I believe that NZUSA will always be less than that whilst there are student leaders in Wellington incapable of coping with current problems.

These are the reasons that I believe that the structure of NZUSA should be changed. These are the reasons why I moved no confidence in the President of NZUSA after the matter having been discussed at the Otago Executive, and the subsequent two Student Councils. Those bodies gave official backing to my beliefs and along with clear indication from not less than six forums here I felt I had Otago support, and that Otago were right, in attempting to reform the structure of NZUSA and change less than satisfactory personnel.

Finally, as you Simon were one of the people involved in a major NZUSA fuck up it does not surprise me that you have not relayed a true impression of NZUSA to your readers. Perhaps if you had, along with accurate reports on other NZUSA fuck ups, then students at Victoria may well have supported the reforms which Otago intends to pursue.

Kind regards,
Andrew Guest
President
OUSA

Andrew Guest is the President of the Otago University Students' Association; Simon Wilson is the editor of Salient. Craccum reported on Guest's attempts to roll Sacksen in Issue 7 — we've got plenty of copies up here if you really want to know what's going on. Obviously 25 Victoria students are interested.

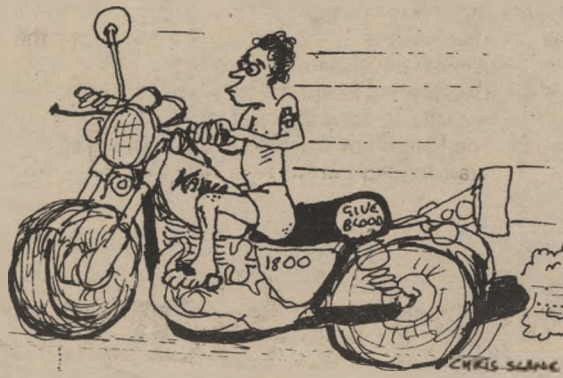
PAGE 2 JUNE 5 CRACCUM

SICK SECTARIAN SEX

Dear Craccum,
In view of the way in which many students on campus pride themselves for taking part in national protests, supporting minority groups who have been dealt gross injustices by mindless bureaucrats, generally shown a community awareness for the plights of the underprivileged, and displayed liberal and understanding attitudes to groups which choose to differ from the status quo, I feel bound to bring to their attention a seeming inconsistency.

I refer to the scant reference made in 'Craccum' on the subject of sexual relationships with Aardvarks. Other Varsity publications have seen fit to bring this hushed-up topic to public attention with informative letters (e.g. 'Critic') and booklets ('Sex and the adolescent Aardvark'). Craccum, however remains silent on the matter, content to let Aardvark lovers fight the present restrictive legislation on their own, and for the meantime face the ignorant prejudices of the public alone; ostracized, the butt of sick jokes.

Craccum, where is your conscience ?
Yours,
Secretary of C.A.S.D. (Clandestine Aardvark Sexual Deviants)



Dear Craccum,
I've got a big red scar on my right ankle, a big toe that is literally a constant pain, a burn mark on my very inner thigh, pockmarked knees and elbow, graze and gravel rash scars virtually all over, and a beautiful, malignant looking object D'Art on my ass. These are the result of various skirmishes with the tarmac over the last four years of riding a motorcycle, and have all been perpetuated with the aid of my attitude towards people telling me to put on some jeans, not to wear jandals etc. Were it not for the advent of enforced helmet laws I could doubtless also brag about a missing ear or perhaps some cerebral indentation.

When Peter Gordon announced his intention of raising the Accident Compensation levy on motorcycle registration he was subjected to a degree of animosity on behalf of motorcyclists in general. I feel nonetheless that we cannot alleviate ourselves from all blame relating to the extent of our injuries, even if our misfortune is brought about by car drivers. The worst accident I have ever been in - a head on collision - I was able to climb down off the cars roof with only a sprained wrist, whereas a subsequent low speed wipe out on a corner put me in grazed and torn agony for weeks. My clothing in these two mishaps differed in accordance with the extent of the injuries.

'Ocker' bikers - the more skin showing, the more ocker - are a common breed, a bikie group unhampered by convictions relating to engine size, bike make, occupation or even intelligence. Their only binding factor is their collective stupidity and/or subconscious masochism. I have recently left their ranks, and urge others to do likewise.

Peter Topzand

IRATE TWO WHEELER

Dear Craccum,
Do the 'Two wheeled vehicles only' signs in Alfred St, merely denote a minimum number of wheels a vehicle must have to park there? This would appear to be the case, as it is getting more and more difficult to park motorbikes in their designated areas, because four wheeled vehicles are using the area for day-long free parking. Last Thursday, for example, at 10.30 am, there were 24 vehicles parked in this zone.

And also, if we must have a five minute parking zone outside the library entrance (which is plainly ridiculous) that too should be enforced, saving pedestrians squeezing in between parked bikes, scratching paint with their bags and knocking mirrors askew.

Yours etc,
Donald Webster

CARSON REPLIES

Dear Craccum,
In one of the replies to my article on Deir Yasin, your correspondent and contributor, Mark Shenken, shows that abuse and clamour from Israel supporters on Auckland campus in 1976 survives just as virulently as ever.

Shenken's libelous fabrications on this matter do not further any understanding on the issue and he can count himself lucky not to be the subject of legal action. Three verifiable errors in his first paragraph and he has the nerve to conclude it by saying that he remembers the facts. In similar vein Lilo Sylvan accuses me of telling lies, yet Sylvan doesn't even bother to name one.

Next my 'rampage' at Massey using 'tactics' of moving motions in support of the Palestinians at the AGM. Is it so low a subterfuge to use the democratic process? Also, Shenken's chronicle of the meeting omits mention of the lapsing of previous policy affirming the right of Israel to exist.

As for quoting Sami Hadawi, I make no apology for doing so. Partisan support for the Palestinians in no way invalidates what one has to say. Unfortunately, the Zionists in campus letter columns make a great play of 'objectivity'. It is about time they admitted the partisan nature of their own stand and feigning 'objectivity' on this issue is nothing but a stratagem.

I am not about to withdraw my quotation of Menachem Begin where he justifies the massacre of Deir Yasin. The statement was made by Begin in his book, 'The Revolt', not by Sami Hadawi in 'Bitter Harvest' as Shenken thinks. Though the precise words used are not to be found in the English version of the book my source is a translation published in a United States biweekly 'Jewish Newsletter' (3 October 1960). Even taking the authorised English version there are enough similar statements to make no substantial difference to a belief that Begin saw Deir Yasin as very important in terrorising Palestinians off their land and out of their country.

Now to Deir Yasin itself. Nobody can deny that Arab civilians were killed, nearly 300 of them. The Zionist lobby justifies this on the basis that the occupiers were warned to leave and that the Irgun attackers were fired on. Think of your reaction if some gang of thugs told you to leave your home because they intended to attack and occupy it. Would you not have a right to try and defend yourself.

The Israelis consider that they have such a right themselves, with no basis more substantial than the spurious claim to be the sole beneficiaries of a Biblical prophesy. Yet such a right was denied the inhabitants of Deir Yasin in wholesale slaughter and it is denied today to nearly four million Palestinians.

Shenken's article ignores this critical point of justice for the Palestinians and the racist charter of Israel and instead diverts the issue to one of negotiating 'secure' boundaries with Egypt. Even within this context Begin's negotiating stance is harsher than that of the previous Labour government in Israel. The demand for Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank is not an obstinate fixation of Sadats' — it is a U.N. Security Council directive. Begin not only follows his predecessors in not carrying it out, he even denies its validity. He claims that since the territory is not part of Jordan then it must be part of Israel, despite its substantial Palestinian majority. Paradoxically his ambassador in New Zealand claims that Jordan is already the Palestinian state and they can't have another one.

The autonomy of the West Bank proposed by the Israeli government is nothing but an enhanced status quo, a Bantustan enclave and the origins of a device whereby Palestinians who eventually elect to take Jordanian citizenship can be expelled to Jordan in the future.

The very basis of the Israeli state, its sordid origins, its military expansionism and its bogus proposals for peace just do not stand up to critical examination. No wonder Shenken and his allies resort to name calling to divert such a focus and the ambassador has begun the habit of excluding the press from his meetings.

Don Carson

In 1975 Don Carson was elected NZUSA's representative to the Asian Students' Association Conference, of which NZUSA is a member. At that same meeting a motion was passed, with only one abstention, THAT NZUSA Oppose Israeli membership of the ASA.



MIGRAINE

Migraine is a usually a disturbance

The condition in a main ar diminution the brain. M cipitated by flashing light cheese, cho precipitants

The condition until late m are often re intervals wh In many the lights, scint visual fields around the n an hour and begins in on of one side usually severe attack may leaves the p

Regular med being disrupt phylactic dr attacks of m nothing but relieve head

JUNE SALE

The New Ze again! Yet a in the arts. repeated bar

Symphonia Concert: Ne Date: June 2 Time: 7.30 Venue: Auc Subscription Area B —

Area C —

Subscription Auckland Cl with Carl Or Concession: Area B —

Area C —

Amamus Th Performance Date: June Venue: Mai Concession: Plus: Works

Joan Armata Date: June Venue: Tow Time: 8.30 Concession:

TAKE NOTE



MIGRAINE

Migraine is characterised by periodic headaches which are usually one sided and often associated with visual disturbance and vomiting.

The condition is considered to be due to a disturbance in a main artery. Narrowing of the artery causes a diminution in the flow of blood to the front part of the brain. Migraines run in families and tend to be precipitated by a variety of factors such as menstruation, flashing lights, stress and anxiety. In the food line cheese, chocolate, sherry and red wine are common precipitants.

The condition usually starts after puberty and continues until late mid life. Headache occurs in paroxysms which are often related to emotional stress. Attacks occur at intervals which vary from a few days to several months. In many the first symptom is a sensation of coloured lights, scintillating spots, wavy lines or defects in the visual fields. There may be numbness of both hands and around the mouth. These symptoms may last up to half an hour and are followed by a headache which usually begins in one spot and subsequently involves the whole of one side of the head or often both. The pain is usually severe and is often followed by vomiting. The attack may last from a few hours to several days and it leaves the patient weak and exhausted.

Regular medication is essential for those whose lives are being disrupted by migraine and this involves a prophylactic drug together with a remedy which aborts attacks of migraine when they occur. If this fails then nothing but bed rest in a darkened room and a drug to relieve headaches is advisable.

JUNE SALES SPECIALS GALORE !

The New Zealand Students' Art Council have done it again ! Yet another list of delectable discounted delights in the arts. For June only - catch these never to be repeated bargains !

Symphonia of Auckland
Concert: Neophonic Orchestra (3rd Concert)
Date: June 24th
Time: 7.30 pm

Venue : Auckland Town Hall
Subscription Concession:
Area B — Students \$12.00
 Public \$14.00
Area C — Students \$10.00
 Public \$11.00

Subscription Concert:
Auckland Choral Society, Conductor Juan Matteucci
with Carl Orff and Carmina Burana
Concession:

Area B — Students \$24.00
 Public \$27.00
Area C — Students \$19.00
 Public \$22.00

Amamus Theatre Group
Performance: Song of a Kiwi (Gallopoli, Valita, Oedipus)
Date : June 28th - July 1st
Venue : Maidment Little Theatre, Auckland University
Concession : Students \$1.00 off
Plus : Workshop - June 1st and 2nd at Maidment Theatre.

Joan Armatrading Concert
Date : June 12th
Venue : Town Hall
Time: 8.30 pm
Concession : Students \$7.50
 Public \$8.50

MAORI MYTHS & PAKEHA LEGENDS

950 AD Toi discovers Aotearoa
1150 AD Kupe begins colonisation
1350 AD The Great Fleet of 7 canoes arrives - Aranui, Tainui, etc so we learnt year in and year out at both primary and secondary schools. It comes as an unbelievable shock to our by now thoroughly conditioned minds then that this is, in fact, all rubbish - just a part of the 'Great New Zealand Myth'. We also learnt that the basis for these legends was the Maori oral tradition. But it comes as no surprise to learn that these are in fact European corruptions of the original Maori legends.

This is the point taken by Professor M. Sorrenson in his set of three lectures which 'examine the 'myths and legends' created by European observers and scholars ... Any self-respecting New Zealand student should get her/his facts right about the aboriginal people of this land.

The McMillan Brown Lectures are held on Wednesday evenings at 8 pm in B10. They are open to public and students and the topics are :

- June 7 The Whence of the Maori: The search for the original homeland of the Maori.
- June 14 The Coming of the Maori: From a Pacific Hawaiki to New Zealand
- June 21 The Making of the Maori: The making of 'classic' Maori culture in New Zealand.

Merv Says:

On June 23rd nominations close for StudAss Office holders. These positions include the President, Treasurer, Administrative Vice President and Education Vice President. I mention it here because I see it being vitally important to the continuation of your Association that you become actively involved by standing for the positions or in turn questioning those that stand to make sure they are suited to the position. This is your opportunity to improve on or radically revise the StudAss image by becoming an integral part of a decision making body.

In the next few weeks I will be initiating Easy Afternoons where you may come after lectures to unwind with friends. This being the Winter Term we hope to make for a more congenial atmosphere by supplying a little social life. Any offers of help or entertainment would be appreciated.

The absence of an EVP has caused the formation of a sub-committee of Executive. At the moment it is dealing with the distribution of class representative material and analysing what each of the political parties is offering to universities.

It has been brought to my attention that a number of students are abusing the check-in service provided at the main library. This was provided in order to prevent blatant theft of bags. With the second term upon us there will be an increased patrol of this area so I ask you to be polite and patient, and assist the custodian in his duties.

The other cause for concern is down at the student car park in Grafton. The persons who come off the new motorway extension or travel down past the Engineering School and turn right into the car park are causing serious blockage to traffic flow. It is recommended that during rush hours that you do not turn right into the car park:- instead, if you travel on past the car park entrance to Stanley Street, where you can turn across the traffic so as to make a left turn into the Student Car Park. This will eliminate much of the present bottleneaking, thereby allowing the development of future carparking within this area to develop in a more favourable light.

Yours,
Merv
The president

GAY RIGHTS TRIUMPH

Late last term a motion put to an SRC meeting, that AUSA adopt the aims of the National Gay Rights Coalition as official policy, was defeated. On Wednesday May 31 the fight to have the motion adopted was taken up again, and this time passed by a vote of 40 - 25. At last, on campus anyway, we may be seeing a changing attitude away from the traditional Christian-based principles of oppression and sexism, to a more liberal and healthy attitude to people generally, and gays, specially - a good first step to achieving our natural rights as people, to equality.

COCKROACHES & CHAOS

The Auckland Committee on Racism and Discrimination, in collaboration with Nga Tamatoa and Arohanui Inc., is to hold a public inquiry into the administration of Social Welfare Childrens Homes in the North Island. ACORD wrote to the Minister of Social Welfare, Mr Walker, on April 7 asking for a public inquiry. A month has passed, but no reply has been received from Mr Walker. He has, however, said that there will be no inquiry.

Our inquiry will allow the many people who have first-hand information about these homes a chance to give their testimony publicly. They will include young people who have been locked in solitary confinement for days and weeks on end, parents, and ex-staff members who will describe conditions in the homes. In this way the full picture of the disgraceful conditions children are forced to endure in Social Welfare Homes will come out.

The inquiry will be held 9 am - 5 pm on Sunday June 11 in the Auckland Trades Hall, Great North Road. ACORD would like anyone with any information on these homes in Auckland or elsewhere to attend and present their views. The inquiry will be chaired by Betty Wark of Arohanui. Haere mai, Nau mai.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Friends of the Earth now live at 119 Symonds Street - just up the road from the University. And Epicentre live right next door now, fancy that!

CRACCUM

CRACCUM is registered with the Post Office as a newspaper. It is published by the Craccum Administration Board for the Auckland University Students' Association, Private Bag, Auckland; typeset on the Association's IBM machine; and printed by Wanganui Newspaper Ltd., 20 Drews Avenue, Wanganui. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Editorial staff, and in no way represent the official policy of the Students' Association.

Editor	Louise Chunn
Technical Editor	Brian Brennan
Assistant Editor	Hugh Cook
Arts Editor	Katherine White
Photographers	Paul Barton
	Mairi Gunn
Advertising Manager	Anthony Wright
Typesetter	Barbara Amos

Budget night, and our balance is good. Hugh's sitting pretty down at Exec, David's here with his calculator, and Peter T. is totting up the coffee money (milk & two sugars?) Tonight it's Chris X with the bow tie, Eugenie with the cutting scissors, Louise with the Low Tar Winfields and Anthony with the hangover (just black, thanks). Gracias auch to Jamie, Helen & Tammie for distribution, Mark & Chris for the pretty pictures, Mairi & Paul B. for their positive view on things, Martin for socialism and Alex for neo-Marxist existential hedonism. Looks like we're all ending up in the red

The Sugarbag Years

At the moment Peter Franks is NZUSA's sole Research Officer. The following is an excerpt from his report to May Council and deals with government attacks on education expenditure.

In the early 1970's it was widely accepted that spending on education in New Zealand needed to be increased to provide for much-needed improvements at all levels of the education system. This attitude was held by both National and Labour governments and followed a successful campaign by educational organisations in the late 1960's to convince the public of the urgent needs for reform in many areas. And the expansion of education spending in the first half of the 1970's took place at a time when the economy was much stronger than it is today.

Official thinking on education spending has now changed. Groups which press for improvements in particular areas of the education system are told that the education 'cake' will not get bigger and that any increases must be financed by redividing the 'cake', i.e. by robbing money from some other area of education. At the same time, of course, inflation has meant that, in real terms, the education 'cake' is getting smaller.

The official philosophy on education spending was clearly stated by the NZ Planning Council in its recent report 'Planning Perspectives 1978 - 1983'. Commenting on public sector spending generally, the Council stated: 'First, the overall growth in the economy will dictate the rate at which public policies can be augmented without the danger of overload. Secondly, whatever the growth rate there is a need to divert more resources into exporting and attempts to 'trade out' of present difficulties will impose a lower growth rate on the public sector spending. Thirdly, since new pressures will be felt in a period of readjustment, especially if unemployment is high, the public sector spending must be cut back in some areas so that it can grow in others.'

Turning specifically to education spending the report argued that some aspects of education should be 'curtailed' to make room for expansion of other programmes, eg in vocational training and re-training. It set out a number of options for reducing spending including: 'a more critical look at expenditure on university education, including whether bursary assistance should be on a loan rather than a grant basis, and the scope for integrating the use of university staff and facilities into research, and continuing education activities that are important to national development.'

Other options set out by the Planning Council for reduced education spending are restrictions on school building programmes, more comprehensive use of existing educational buildings and equipment, a reduction in the pre-service training period for teachers, substitution of the tertiary bursary for existing trainee teacher allowances and more extensive use for training purposes of existing extramural and correspondence facilities (i.e. less full-time and more part-time study).

These ideas are bad news for university students and need to be considered in regard to two specific areas of interest to us.

First, it is now clear that the 'suggestions' for the introduction of student loans or means-tested bursaries, restricted entitlements for bursary assistance and increased part-time study, which were set out in the Education Department's discussion paper on bursaries last year have a good deal of official support and that such ideas are not being banded about simply for the purpose of academic discussion. We have to face the fact that the present bursaries system is under attack and that the purpose of this attack is to save money.

Second, it is clear that there will be considerable pressure on the university system from Treasury and other official quarters during the negotiation of univer-

sity finance for the next quinquennium (from 1980 to 1985). The University Grants Committee has already spelt this unpalatable fact out to the universities and has told them that there will be very little room for expansion of activities over the next quinquennium. The implication of this for students is that universities might choose to sacrifice areas of expenditure which directly benefit students (e.g. welfare and union facilities) in an attempt to accommodate demands from academics for more money for expensive equipment, the development of research facilities, the introduction of new postgraduate courses etc. Likewise, it will not be surprising if some academics are prepared to sacrifice the principle of open entry to undergraduate courses in areas of high student demand such as commerce.

We have to face the fact that the university system as a whole is not in a good position to get more money out of the Government. It is coming under attack from sections of the government as the Planning Council's report and the Minister of Labour's recent comments about the alleged worthlessness of B.A. degrees show. And the universities are not expanding, as they did throughout the 1960's. University Grants Committee figures show that enrolments as at February/March this year were 39,208 for internal students - an increase of only 466 or 1.2% over the same figure for 1977. Internal enrolments as at 1 July 1978 are projected to be 41,628 - an increase of 779 or 1.9% over the actual figure for 1977. Extramural enrolments are projected to be 6,200 as at 1 July 1978. This would be an increase of over 9% on the 1977 figure but this increase will be smaller than expected.

In conclusion, we must face up to the fact that the knives are out for the universities and particularly for those areas of expenditure which directly benefit students.

Into The Dole Queue...

'Meal tickets' seem to have become obsolete in these depressed times, judging by the difficulty many law graduates are having in finding employment this year. There was concern in 1975 when 8.2% of 124 graduates had failed to find jobs by May and again in May 1977 when 10.3% were in the same position. But a survey of 129 professional students conducted by the Law Students' Society at the beginning of this month shows that only 58% of these graduates have been able to find full-time employment. A quarter of these are in jobs outside the legal profession. The remaining 42% have either joined the dole queue at the Labour Department or have part-time jobs where their legal training is of little relevance.

It is not as if a number of students are pursuing a law degree out of interest only and have no intention of entering the profession. Only 10% of the graduates questioned fell into this category. There has also been a greater willingness among graduates to consider working outside of Metropolitan Auckland. Of the 46 graduates who are not unemployed by choice and who wish to practice, 61% would work in another centre. Breaking

this figure down into its male-female parts, fewer women (46% compared to 66% of male graduates) would be prepared to do this. Otherwise there appears to be little difference between the employment situations of male and female graduates.

Our dear Prime Minister has indicated that the economic downturn, which has been largely responsible for the decrease in job opportunities due to lack of work in the profession, has bottomed-out. But it is unlikely that even he can make the golden sun of prosperity shine again. In 1970, 124 law graduates were capped and of over 200 students enrolled in Law I this year about 150 can be expected to graduate in 1981. Looking at the current economic situation then, one wonders whether it is realistic to expect the profession to absorb such numbers. There are only 3,500 people in New Zealand with practising certificates and each year there are 450 students graduating with law degrees, one third of them from Auckland.

But against the proposition that admittance to Law School should be restricted, Professor Northey argues

that he doesn't consider it his job 'to play God with students' careers.' Also as law deals with human relations those with the greatest academic capabilities don't necessarily make the best practitioners. This year the number admitted to Law I was slightly down on last year's figures. This was a conscious decision because with fewer students failing to pass from one year to the next an extra 20 students would be enrolling in the professional course each year. But no large-scale cutback can be expected.

Even if Simon Monks, the Chairman of the Law Students Society, succeeds in getting Auckland practitioners to participate in a scheme whereby the government subsidises the employment of those law graduates still without jobs, there will be another crop of graduates to contend with next year. What happens then? Perhaps one can only hope that those currently enrolled in Law School are prepared for the blank looks they'll get when they go knocking on doors.

EUGENIE SAGE

Crossword

Would you believe it! Only one entry for the Craccum Crossword Competition this week! Very poor response - but we haven't given up hope yet. We're going to give you all one more chance to win the amazingly generous prize Craccum is offering for the best crossword. Yes folks - you guessed it! Dinner for you and your chum at the University Restaurant. The incredible opportunity can be taken only on Thursday nights between 6 and 7 pm - when the Craccum staff have their dinner. You too can have a chance to dine with the greats. Tick over that brain and write us a crossword!

Anyway here's the latest cerebral teaser - compiled by Greg Allum

ACROSS

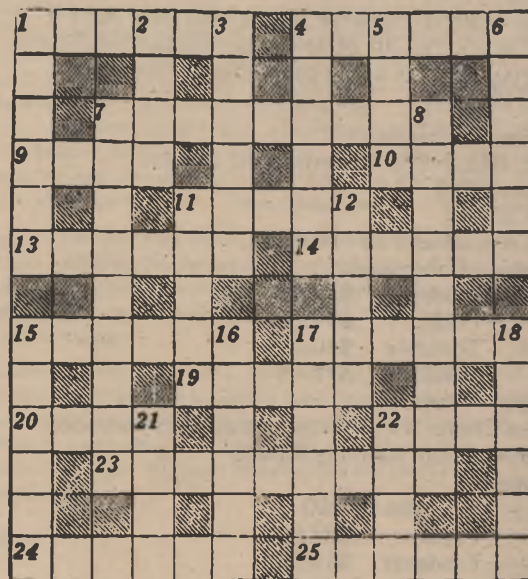
- Clean wobbled old chap, what! (6)
- Straight bar in lags behind. (6)
- What a lascivious clue. Heros of Soho (9)
- Princess Margaret had one? (4)
- Note the old school tie Sir (4)
- Oft stuffed duck (4)
- A name of the Fairer sex in less angled ones (6)
- Expand in a long tailed monkey (6)
- Keeps four in one on a cold day (6)
- Dennis was one (6)
- Looking sedate in long robes (5)

PAGE 4 JUNE 5 CRACCUM

- Monocle (4)
- John lost a large wicker cased bottle (4)
- No more Latin
No more French
No more sitting on a hard board bench! (3, 2, 4)
- Decipher nothing (6)
- Money for beer at last! (6)

DOWN

- An important person like Merv? (3, 3)
- East in time although upside down (4)
- Plant a Lid, Ha! (6)
- Ancient vessel in revolved (6)
- Malarial fever (4)
- Can see this one gives you the creeps (6)
- 7 Acc man (9)
- Layered jewel becomes half a play (9)
- Moves gradually (5)
- Additional clause on a motorbike (5)
- Infamous bod minus his Ps and Qs, and an O for that matter (6)
- Wasn't ruled in 1 acc (3, 3)
- Women tory advisor. (6)
- Belied value as fit for human consumption (6)
- Guns well fixed in place (4)
- Monotonous Celtic minstrel backwards (4)



And the results to last week's crossword, by Bruce Moody

ACROSS:

- Optical. 5. Grant. 8. Incapable. 9. Set. 10. Moped. 12. Lateral. 13. Preens. 14. Pitied. 17. Treacle. 19. Tenet. 21. One. 22. Arrowroot. 24. Sales. 25. Lineage.

DOWN:

- Opium. 2. Tic. 3. Cap a don. 4. Labels. 5. Great. 6. Assertion. 7. Totaled. 11. Piecemeal. 13. Pythons. 15. In to win. 16. Petrel. 18. Clams. 20. Title. 23. Ova.

Fre
Over the last fe
coverage to the
waned in debat
the country. I
among students
concerned is ur
unlikely to be r
In this paper w
side - largely Je
to Israel and gi
other side are a
Maoists, the Tr
few Arabs in th
Palestinian sup
among other th
experience of t
In what could f
anomaly the So
brought out a s
Workers organi
native Palestin
scattered throu
Palestine Liber
counteract Zio
the other side o
The PLO was f
working class
throughout the
the Palestinian
and a national
establishing a 'u
Max El-Sheik o
freely applied
achieve rights f
alternative whe
armed operatio
condemn us; th
their present le
of a terrorist o
the Palestinian
the state of Isr
Yasin in Cracc
Those who have
'martyrs', not

Of
June 6 has been
for Syrian Jews
was submitted
(Craccum 9) w
away from the
what?

The ancient an
Syria number
it consists of s
in the capital c
about 300 in C
Turkish border
Jewish life in S
the whims of i
masses. Under
but there were
especially duri
Emigration of
Egypt, Leban
the United Sta
Mandate, the J
equal opportu
forbidden. Gra
and 30s, due la
climate - as Ar
strife mounte
groups. Durin
Government in
many Syrian J

The Syrian Ar
Palestinian Ara
independent a
Jews in Syria b
calling for a bo
circulated. An
increasingly vi
serving as a co
After the estab
the situation o
Jews were for
Jewish bank ad
authorities pla

From The Horses Mouth

Over the last few years Craccum has given extensive coverage to the Middle East issue as it has waxed and waned in debatability on this and other campuses in the country. It is a violent and often emotional issue among students - although the number actively concerned is undoubtedly few - and is a problem unlikely to be resolved by peaceful means.

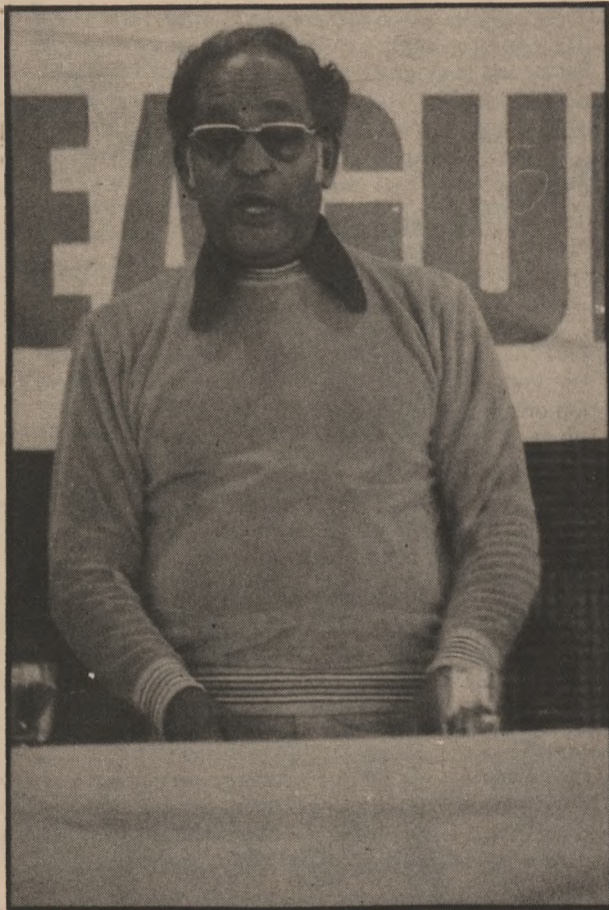
In this paper war of polemics the Zionists stand on one side - largely Jewish, often recently returned from visits to Israel and gifted with 'first hand experience'. On the other side are a more diverse lot - the left leaners, the Maoists, the Trotskists, the Moscow-aligned and the few Arabs in this country. Hardly a unified group, the Palestinian supporters are consistently attacked for, among other things, lack of 'real understanding and experience of the issue' - book learning, that is.

In what could be seen as an attempt to rectify this anomaly the Socialist Labour League some weeks ago brought out a speaker from the United Palestinian Workers organisation in Australia. Max El-Sheik is a native Palestinian - one of the 4 million odd Palestinians scattered throughout the world and represented by the Palestine Liberation Organisation. His aim was to counteract Zionist propaganda about the PLO - to tell the other side of the Middle East story.

The PLO was formed in 1965. It is an organisation of 'working class Palestinians' that emerged from the camps throughout the Middle East. Essentially, El-Sheik said, the Palestinian struggle is 'both a working class struggle and a nationalist struggle' with the principal aim of establishing a 'democratic and secular Palestine'.

Max El-Sheik consistently denied the terrorist label so freely applied to the PLO. 'In vain the PLO tried to achieve rights for the Palestinian people. We had no alternative when peaceful means failed, but to resort to armed operations It is ironic then that the Zionists condemn us; they seem to have forgotten the origins of their present leader Menachem Begin. He was the leader of a terrorist organisation which fought the British and the Palestinians before and during the establishment of the state of Israel'. (See Don Carson's article on Dier Yasin in Craccum 7)

Those who have died in the struggle are Palestine's 'martyrs', not terrorists says El-Sheik. 'We have appealed



Paul Barton

to the Zionists to act peacefully and to accept our belief that Palestine should be shared with the Palestinians. Our appeals have been rejected. We left it up to the United Nations; they have repeatedly condemned Israel and asked Israel to allow the Palestinians to return.'

A major point of contention in the Middle East debate is the question of Zionist racism, consistently denied by the Israelis. 'The PLO is not anti-Semitic, but anti-Zionist because Zionism is racist. Palestinians are second - even third - class citizens in Israel Palestinian prisoners are interned for long periods, tortured, and we cannot find out what is happening to them.'

Yet another dispute arises out of the Zionists' claim that prior to the Jewish settlement in Israel there was no Palestine and no Palestinians - nothing but scattered and nomadic Bedouin tribes. This, says El-Sheik, is a total fabrication, just another cog in the Zionist propaganda machine. Over 1,400,000 Palestinians fled their homeland in the 1940s. Now there are approximately 3,660,000 Palestinian refugees throughout the world; only 400,000 of them live in Israel.

'The Zionists say the PLO is bloodthirsty, that we want to destroy. But during the Lebanese Civil War the PLO established a Red Cross unit which gave aid to both sides in the struggle. The PLO has also introduced unions for Palestinians and others - for teachers, students, lawyers, engineers and so on. We are educating; we are raising the standard of living for the Palestinian people.'

The Palestine Liberation Organisation has specific ideals: 'We will only accept our own land. Our identity will never be accepted in any other country - only in Palestine. Therefore we demand the liberation of Palestine and the establishment of a Palestinian society.'

The Palestinian struggle has continued now for 30 years. El-Sheik predicts continuing revolution until victory for the Palestinians and the establishment of a democratic, secular state. Violence is now an 'accepted' part of that revolution - or more accurately, war - for, as he said - 'What we have lost through the force of arms will only be regained through the force of arms.'

LOUISE CHUNN

Of Jews In Syria

June 6 has been designated International Solidarity Day for Syrian Jews. This article, written by Allen Pollack, was submitted for publication by Mark Shenken (see Craccum 9) with the idea that it would be nice to get away from the Middle East dispute for a while what ?

The ancient and once flourishing Jewish community in Syria numbered nearly 30,000 persons in 1943. Today it consists of some 4,500 of whom about 3,000 reside in the capital of Damascus, some 1,200 in Aleppo and about 300 in Qamishly, a small community near the Turkish border.

Jewish life in Syria always was precarious and subject to the whims of intolerant rulers, and easily inflamed masses. Under Ottoman rule there was greater tolerance, but there were still occasional threats to the community, especially during the declining years of the Empire.

Emigration of Syrian Jews began in the 1880s - first to Egypt, Lebanon and Palestine and then to Latin America, the United States and England. Under the French Mandate, the Jews in Syria enjoyed full civil rights and equal opportunities. However, Zionist activities were forbidden. Gradual emigration continued in the 1920s and 30s, due largely to the deterioration in the political climate - as Arab nationalism became more intense and strife mounted between different ethnic and religious groups. During the Second World War, when the Vichy Government in France collaborated with the Nazis, many Syrian Jews fled secretly to Palestine.

The Syrian Arabs were always vigorous supporters of Palestinian Arab nationalism, and when Syria became independent after World War II, physical attacks against Jews in Syria became more frequent and proclamations calling for a boycott against Syrian Jews were widely circulated. Anti-Zionist demonstrations became increasingly violent, with the local Jewish population serving as a convenient scapegoat.

After the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948, the situation of the Syrian Jews continued to deteriorate. Jews were forbidden to sell their property (1948) and Jewish bank accounts were frozen (1953). The Syrian authorities placed Palestinian Arab refugees in Jewish-

owned homes in the Jewish quarters of Damascus and Aleppo and the embittered Palestinians often have harassed their Syrian Jewish neighbours.

Since then all Jewish emigration has been barred except for a few short periods of relaxation in 1949, 1954, (when Jews were permitted to leave Syria, on condition that they renounce all claim to their property) and 1958, (when they could leave on condition that they transfer their property to the Government). In 1959 those accused of helping Jews to leave Syria were put on trial.

The numerous regulations and discriminatory actions against Syrian citizens who are Jewish are enforced by a special branch of the Muhabarat (intelligence or secret police) of the Ministry of Interior. Even in those areas where by law all Syrian citizens are officially treated equally, the Muhabarat exercises an arbitrary veto power. Thus, for example, there have been cases in which highly qualified Jewish high school graduates were denied permission by the Muhabarat to attend the university.

No Syrian Jew has been convicted of espionage in the entire period of Israel's creation from 1948 to the present. Syrian Jews have, however, been imprisoned and tortured, often without formal trial, for having attempted to emigrate illegally - or for allegedly having helped other Jews to escape. Some Jews have been imprisoned for two months simply for having lost or misplaced their identity card. Others have been subjected to brutal interrogation simply at the whim of the secret police.

Syria is the only Arab country that totally refuses to allow its Jews to emigrate. In this, the Syrian Government's policy is inconsistent with Arab practice and contradicts the official Arab position which allegedly draws a distinction between Israel and the Jewish people.

In response to the pressure of world opinion, early in 1975, there was a slight liberalization to allow some blind or critically ill persons to travel abroad for urgent medical attention. Permission to travel within Syria has also been more readily obtainable than in the past.

In addition to giving permission for a few persons to

travel to Lebanon or Europe for urgent medical attention not obtainable in Syria, in the past few months the Syrian authorities have for the first time also permitted a couple of Syrian Jews to visit their family in the United States. But in all these cases they have had to leave large security deposits with the Syrian authorities, which are forfeited if they fail to return promptly. In addition, the Syrians required some close family members to remain behind, fearing that if the entire family were let out they would not return.

The Syrian authorities have singled out a few Jews for special privileged treatment. They are trotted out for display whenever visiting foreign dignitaries or journalists inquire about Syrian Jews.

In 1975 three Syrian Government agents accompanied Mike Wallace of CBS' '60 Minutes' while he was permitted to interview a well-to-do family. Wallace noted that Mr Nusseri is one of Damascus' best known artisans in copper and brass. His son, Albert, is a pharmacist. But Mr Wallace failed to note that two other children of Mr Nusseri had fled, leaving all their wealth behind because they wished to live in freedom. Moreover, Mr Nusseri himself and members of his family had some years back spent over a month in prison 'interrogation' before being released without charges. Under such circumstances it should be obvious that Mr Nusseri would not dare say anything critical of the Syrian authorities.

Similarly, the offer by President Assad to allow Syrian Jews in the United States to come and visit their relatives in Syria does not appear to be a realistic solution. Only one couple has thus far taken up the offer. Others have failed to do so, not only because of lingering fears as to how they themselves would be treated (especially if they left Syria 'illegally'), but also because of fears of the possible repercussions upon their relatives left in Syria after they had returned to the United States. Syrian Jews are under orders not to discuss their situation with foreigners without first informing the Muhabarat and obtaining their permission. Reportedly after a Mexican Jew visited the Syrian Jewish community, all those he talked to were lengthily interrogated by the Muhabarat.

Take The Money

In these days of recession, unemployment and tight credit, many organisations find themselves financially embarrassed. The Students' Association is one of that unhappy band, but, unlike most, the Students Association is in no danger of going bankrupt. The embarrassment is caused not by a shortage of funds, but by a whacking great surplus.

Historically, the reasons for this surplus are very simple. For years and years the Students' Association did not attempt to extort a profit from its catering operations, and if more money was needed to keep services high and prices low in the cafeteria, then another dollar or so went onto the Association fees. No student politician worried too much about doing this.

Students' Association fees are collected for the Association by the University; rises in fees agreed to by General Meetings of the Students' Association cannot take place until the University has approved them; and it is by virtue of legal powers vested in the University that Association fees are made compulsory. If there was no Students' Association, the University could still collect \$35 from every student; on the other hand, without University sanction, the Association could not enforce payment of fees.

So the University was intimately involved with the collection of Association fees, and had to approve each rise. But the University never complained as the fees went up and up. University heavies never came over to the Association to kick ass and get the Association finances tightened up. And quite rightly so, because, despite their close connections, the University and the Association are two separate entities with different purposes and priorities. So things went their happy way.

Then came 1974, which was a little bit disastrous. The accounts for the financial year 1975 showed that the cafeteria had sent \$53,000 down the drain. \$29,000 of this money had been budgeted for - a basic subsidy plus an equal pay subsidy which students provided out of the goodness of their hearts - but the rest was a pure and unadulterated loss.

There was big shit. Your average student in the street started asking heavy questions. Management consultants were called in to do a professional report on the cafe-



teria. Political ideals changed - the cafeteria would no longer be run as a service and provided with massive subsidies; instead, it would be run as a business, with the ultimate aim of reaching a break-even point.

Once the political decision to aim at abolishing subsidies and achieving a break-even budget had been reached, key student administrators and professional Association staff, aided by the report of the management consultants, went about doing just that. On page 9 of the Association's Accounts for 1977, the Net Deficit on Catering transferred to General Account is shown as \$585. There has been a price to pay, of course - coffee stands at 25 cents today as against 10 cents in 1975 - but the 1977 result surely suggests all concerned deserve a big round of applause.

Savings on the cafeteria have been consolidated by a tight-fisted financial policy which has restricted budgets on SRC and of Executive members and kept expenditure low in other areas. For the record, a University report says that in 1977, \$91,220 went on student activities, and that 'Student activities include grants to clubs \$19,888 or 8.9% of the fee collected, levies to NZUSA, NZU Arts Council, NZU Sports Unions, Campus Arts North \$30,939 or 13.9% of the fee collected, Craccum \$13,879 or 6.3% of the fees collected.' Apart from student activities, there was a \$10,127 contribution to the Old Maid, and the rest of the money was not spent or went on expenses like electricity and on administration costs (eg \$45,578 for salaries).

Self-discipline by the Students' Association has left it in a good financial position.

And now comes the interesting bit. On 17 April, the Council of the University of Auckland resolved 'that the 1977 Annual Accounts of the Auckland University Students Association Inc., be referred to Finance Committee.' And on 27 April, the Finance Committee of the Council of the University of Auckland resolved that 'In view of the \$66,616 surplus in 1976 and \$56,741 surplus in 1977 that the Auckland University Students' Association be asked to justify to Council why Council should collect on behalf of the AUSA \$23 per student as a general fee rather than \$17 per student as a general fee in 1979.



**Student
Travel
Bureau**

STANDBY NEWS FOR STUDENTS

**Student Standby at 50%
now operates on:**

**AIR NORTH
CAPITAL AIRWAYS
STEWART ISLAND AIR
EAGLE AIRWAYS**

**You need a 1978 ISIC obtainable from
Student Travel Bureau**

Both the He
wonders wh
Mervyn Pri
Associatio
vulnerable t
operation n
\$53,000 in
that it has
Government
and so it go
ably be exp
is no way to
those reserv

As for com
obvious tha
too far on t
easily reme

One doubt
chance to u
which rece
al cures for
200 words.
articles was
around in th

Leaving asi
public imag
University H
year. If the
then there i
concern the

On 27 April
'the Financ
Council on
Association
a man name
copy of his
makes inter
in paragraph

According t
question, 't
achieving a
various out
efforts gave

Association
\$12 is earn
Building Le
The Studen
other \$23 is

At the end
reads, 'The
Building Fu
Consider the
the Universi
all creditors
possible - an
asked Execu
the building
proposition

So when Co
'general fee
think. Perh
Student has
sum of mon
jellybean h
cynical as a
stony silen
perhaps the
bucks.

Or perhaps
of \$6 so th
building lev
repayment
about \$60,
University

Some woul

Some woul

One can ho
University s
common ro
students in
snug little
the Univers
sports comp
nose elsewh
\$500,000 f
Gymnasium

...And Run

Both the Herald and the Star picked up the story - one wonders what brought it to their attention. President Mervyn Prince did his best to explain that the Students' Association is too big, too complicated and too vulnerable to live from hand to mouth. The catering operation has already demonstrated its ability to swallow \$53,000 in a bad year; the Association has to guarantee that it has \$50,000 to cover possible law-suits before the Government gives Radio B its annual licence to broadcast, and so it goes. The Students' Association cannot reasonably be expected to operate without reserves and there is no way to tell what demands the future will make on those reserves.

As for coming out with a surplus of \$56,741 - well, it is obvious that expenditure on student activities has erred too far on the side of caution, but that is something easily remedied this year or next.

One doubts that the public understood, or even had a chance to understand - in the case of the Star, the paper which recently featured a front-page article on traditional cures for warts, the student case was given in less than 200 words. The message that came across from the press articles was that students have a lot of bucks floating around in their Association coffers that they aren't using.

Leaving aside the damage done to the Association's public image, one turns to the question of why the University has chosen to question Association fees this year. If the losses of 1975 were none of their business, then there is no reason for the surplus of 1977 to concern them.

On 27 April, Council's finance committee resolved that 'the Finance Registrar be asked to submit a report to Council on the 1977 Auckland University Students' Association Annual Accounts.' The Finance Registrar, a man named Warwick Nicoll, has done just that, and a copy of his report has filtered through to Craccum. It makes interesting reading; it is the report quoted above in paragraph 8.

According to Mr Nicholl's analysis, which I do not question, 'the excess income in 1977 was achieved after achieving a break-even position on catering through the various outlets on campus.' The Association's own efforts gave the Association its surplus.

Association fees now stand at 35% per annum. Of this, \$12 is earmarked for the Building Fund, and this Building Levy is administered entirely by the University. The Students' Association never sees that money. The other \$23 is made available to the Students' Association.

At the end of Mr Nicoll's report is a sentence which reads, 'The University Council's advance to the Student Building Fund as at 31 December totals \$1.1 million.' Consider the implications. The Association is in debt to the University; we must assume that the University, like all creditors, would like its money paid back as soon as possible - and indeed, in the past, the University has asked Executive to propose to a General Meeting that the building levy be raised from \$12 to \$14. And the proposition has been put and rejected.

So when Council raises the possibility of lowering the 'general fee' from \$23 to \$17, it is time to stop and think. Perhaps the intention is to make sure that Joe Student has \$6 more left in his pocket next year. This sum of money, which would just about support my jellybean habit for six weeks, could be seen by the cynical as a token compensation for the University's stony silence on bursaries and on welfare issues. So perhaps the intention is to give Joe Student his six bucks.

Or perhaps the intention is to change the designation of \$6 so that the 'Association fee' would read \$18 building levy and \$17 general fee. To increase the repayment of that \$1.1 million debt to the tune of about \$60,000 would be a feather in the hat of any University power-merchant.

Some would say fair enough.

Some wouldn't.

One can hold out for the basic principle that the University should provide students with facilities like common rooms and sports palaces - as it is, senior students in the English department have their own snug little common room in the library building, and the University got the money together for the Tamaki sports complex. But students have paid through the nose elsewhere - \$450,000 for the Union block, \$500,000 for the Theatre, \$1,200,000 for the Gymnasium.

More importantly, it is the University which has encouraged students to pay out these grotesque sums of money for buildings which sit on land owned by the University; the students control the Union block by virtue of a document called the Deed of Management, which in no way equates to permanent ownership; the University, of course, controls the Recreation Centre, and the students have a theoretical majority control over the theatre.

That very expensive theatre has an interesting history behind it. Delving into that invaluable statistical resource book, Craccum 1976, one finds that 'In 1963 the University and Students' Association launched a joint appeal for public funds to provide for the currently occupied Student Union centre, which included the Student Drama Centre. At 1963 costings the whole student complex was to cost \$880,000 with StudAss having accumulated \$110,000 and prepared to levy students a total of \$280,000. The Government had pledged to provide \$440,000 which left \$160,000 to be raised by public subscription By comparison, the construction cost for the theatre alone, at 1973 costings, was \$537,000 with contributions of \$159,000 by the University, \$110,000 from the Wellington-based University Grants Committee and \$268,000 by students.'

So in 1973 the Theatre was going to cost \$537,000. But a little later, another \$263,000 went onto the estimates to provide for more adequate air-conditioning. Of course, costs escalated from there on - that's the way of the world, although the Christchurch Town Hall was built to budget, so it doesn't have to be that way.

A hit-and-run article in the very last issue of Craccum in 1976 spells out the facts thus: 'The Maidment Theatre serves as an example of misbudgeting The Association agreed to pay 50% of the \$426,000 the Theatre was originally to have cost. With the escalation of costs, the final figure will more likely reach \$1.3 million. The Association never explicitly agreed to pay 50% of this latter figure, but half the increase has been debited against the Building Levy.'

The problem is largely one of supervision of the Levy. In practice, the Fund is run by the University administration. There was thus no satisfactory authority given by the Association for several hundred thousand extra dollars to be charged to the Levy in order to cover the increased costs of the theatre. Let's hear it for hit-and-run articles.

To the professional University-watcher, this rigmarole with Council resolutions, reports and newspaper articles looks like a propaganda effort designed to prepare the way for getting that \$1.1 million debt paid off before 1985. The charitable, on the other hand, may interpret the University's actions as representing a burning concern for Joe Student's \$6; if so, where was that burning concern in the crash of '75? The Association got itself out of that mess, hence the surplus - and if the Council now attempts to cripple the development of the recreational, cultural and political possibilities that money brings with it, then Council should be told where it gets off. As the theatre experience shows, there are no prizes for being polite.

And there are new recreational, cultural and political possibilities now that it is clear that it obviously isn't going to hurt to spend some more money on Association activities. Everybody who has been involved with a club, putting-out a publication or organising political activity knows that budgets have been really tight, and the tightness has choked any number of good ideas.

Mervyn sees the priority for any additional spending as being 'acquiring assets for long-term benefits.' One of these is a van, which could be used for picking up Craccum from the airport, leading demonstrations, transporting leafleting and pocketing parties, maybe for Food Co-op, maybe for Executive transport, maybe as a low-cost hire-vehicle for the campus clubs and organisations which would want to use it. ATI runs a van, so AUSA should be able to. Radio B is asking for, and deserves, new and refurbished office space. And the Association needs some new typewriters. And so it goes.

Those are Mervyn's priorities, and reflect his conservative nature. As he says, 'I'm concerned to ensure that the surplus that has been generated through prudent management should be administered wisely in the future.' That's a valid attitude, but for anyone with more lively ideas, Executive has set up a sub-committee to decide how much money is to be spent, and who gets it. Go up to the StudAss reception desk and ask how you get to ask.

Craccum hopes to be putting out bigger and more colourful issues for the rest of this year. That's your immediate, week by week benefit from the 1977 surplus.

HUGH COOK

THEATRE CORPORATE
Galatos St, Newton. Bookings 774-307

Mon. - Tues. 6.15pm : Wed. - Sat. 8.15pm

UNDER MILK WOOD

by Dylan Thomas

"See and hear if you possibly can"

-Ian MacDonald

Wednesday to Saturday 6.15pm

"NOT I"

by Samuel Beckett

"An endlessly mobile mouth"

FINAL WEEK

FINAL WEEK

MERCURY THEATRE
FRANCE STREET

MERCURY
1

• THE BIG THEATRE

TUES., WED., FRI., SAT. 8.15 p.m.

THURS. 6.30 p.m. \$6 & \$4

Student Discount : \$1 off seat price

ROGER HALL'S NEW PLAY

MIDDLE AGE SPREAD

The comedy and humour of the underside of suburban married life in New Zealand.

MERCURY
2

NOW SHOWING

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

MERCHANT OF VENICE

An exciting interpretation of the classic play, in modern dress and presented in the close intimacy of the MERCURY TWO theatre - in the round - with audience on all sides.

Mon. 8.15pm; Tues. Wed. Fri. Sat. 6pm \$3
Special concession for students and children; parties of 10 or more : \$1 each

PH 34-857 ANYTIME

OR 33 869
10am-6pm

DANCE
with
MAHANA

UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA

SATURDAY JUNE 10th 8 p.m.

WINTERTIME MUSIC

LIVE THEATRE
and **LUNCH**
\$1
for **Students**

"PASSION"

BY EDWARD BOND - DIR: PEET DOWRICK

OPENS MAY 31 WED - FRI 1.00pm

OPENING JUNE 14th "ADAM AND EVE"

ADAPTED BY JOHN DYLAN

DIR: MYRA de GROOT

NEW INDEPENDENT THEATRE 2-3pm Mon-Sat Bookings 774-3711 any time

The Craccum Road

Inspired by a new vision of the Holy Grail (or perhaps, more accurately, of its contents) our roving reporters have searched the nite'n'lite spots of Auckland for that Ideal Entertainment. Here we present their findings, partisan or prejudiced as they may be, for your enlightenment and edification.

THE GABLES JERVOIS ROAD HERNE BAY

Ever dreamed of Ye Olde English Pub? That little corner neighbourhood niche in which to enjoy a quiet drink? Then forget The Gables, kids! The massive propaganda programme by zee Baron Von Brewery couldn't even fool a National Party supporter. It's the same as any basic Enzed pisser - large, smokey, noisy and jam-packed just when you need a drink most. Mind you it must have a touch of class, coz you're not allowed in wearing jandals and the drinks ARE expensive. They also serve food in 'The Buttery' (how quaint) which isn't bad, and not too expensive either, although the choice is limited and pate (yawn) really is a bit passe these days wouldn't you say?

However if you belong to the Grammar Club, listen to Rod Stewart and just love shopping in Parnell Village then this could be your scene, especially if you yearn for the days when men were men and blondes were dumb (nudge, nudge, wink, wink

THE KIWI CNR SYMONDS & WELLESLEY STREETS

One day whilst out for a stroll I chanced upon the New Wynyard arms. A quiet little public house set back off the footpath, it retains an air of tranquillity amidst the hurried urgency of its surroundings, in much the same manner as the cenetry 'neath Grafton Bridge.

Noting its quaint aspect - the welcoming smile of a cow in colours fresh from the brush of some sanguine agrarian; the tinted louvres set in Gothic window arches through which one could glimpse the heavily varnished beams of a typical English inn. I felt the eclectic in me well up in a tide of joy at this montage of rampant bad taste in a city of pretentious approximations to good taste.

Therein lies the sad tale of the Peewee's demise for so it was called in those days, when it knew the patronage of ardent froth blowers, of scholars who realised the fortifying properties of a pint of draught in the afternoon hours to tap the well springs of creativity and lend the spark of life to their drab background lives. Even now, with the bars all but deserted, if one cocks one's ear, one can hear, faraway, the ghostly music of that merry throng, the clunk of pintpots, the confusion of happy voices raised in fellowship to the quaffing of the imperial measure, and the lusty shout of the aproned barman as he draws a handsome head on the last tankard of the night.

And sitting in this 'Marie Celeste of Symonds Street' one cannot help but wonder: 'Does the Library serve a superior brew?'

THE AQUARIUS CLUB VICTORIA STREET WEST BACKSTAGE GREYS AVENUE

Peripatetic wanderings of two gentlemen of impeccable taste and infinite discretion on a cruise around the gayer spots of the Auckland late night scene reveal first the Aquarius, where a charge of three dollars gives admittance to a poolroom, a bar and seating area, and a high-velocity dance floor. A mixed crowd provide a little bit of something for everyone, though many tend to be stand-offish. However, if you want to boogie, and drink and whore the night away, and specifically if gay is your scene, then the Aquarius has much to offer ... once in a while.

The other Auckland gay spot, Backstage, is an altogether different kettle of fruit. Much more trendy, and attracting a more pseudo-sophisticated pack of trolls, the club offers good bands, 'Sno' and 'Rainbow' being regulars, and now and then solo artists such as Lea Maalfried or Rick Steele, and a terrible disco to bop and mince to. Occasionally the boys provide something of a floor-show in the way of Limbs, or for an even better display of muscle and sweat, veteran (would you believe it?) weight lifters.

The club itself is reasonably spacious downstairs with a bar, booths and stools, and the dance floor, and upstairs it sports two pool tables, ample seating, another bar and a toasted sandwich bar. All this and more for a mere four dollars (drinks included) if you're a member. If not, get to know one and pay six dollars. In the context of Auckland, Backstage rates high, both as a meat market and a good time place.



Paul Barton

THE GLOBE CNR WAKEFIELD & MOUNT STREETS

In spite of rumours to the contrary, the Globe has not metamorphosed into another trendy young executives- and - their - girlfriends bar now that it is under new management. According to who's playing the clientele shifts in social emphasis but the common denominator of working class lads hugging beer handles, hoping for some good rock and roll, never changes. Friday and Saturday nights are magnetic. If a band like the Scavengers are playing the audience might comprise the sophisto - punks, the workboots and beer set, the Cook Street market types, the students and one much sighed over Stage One Arts lecturer. All crammed into the room where the band is playing (only a minority score seats) to enjoy three hours of neck craning, toe squashing, drink jostling music (conversations impossible, eye contact inevitable).

The Globe's most unique feature is its lack of space. In order to dance people cram themselves into the thumb nail space between the stage and the first line of tables to form (if Hullo Sailor are playing or even Citizen Band) a dense, frenzied, table toppling mass of bodies, impossible to push past no matter how desperately the toilets on the other side beckon to your bursting bladder.

To me the Globe means diversity and density of people. Don't go on Friday, Saturday or Thursday night if you want a gin and tonic and a quiet tete-a-tete with your lover or if you're incapable of standing for more than two hours at a stretch.



Paul Barton

KGs K RD

KGs is a lesbian night club camped atop a warehouse somewhere on K road. Don't be put off by the series of closed doors you will encounter on your way up the stairs - the eyes that glimmer behind the peepholes are friendly. The club resembles Aquarius in its makeshift interior. The night I was there we danced to disco under strobe lights until eleven o'clock when a series of female impersonators (met with good-natured tolerance by the audience) took the stage. Because of this and the supper served afterwards the charge was extra - normally the entrance fee is from four to six dollars (drinks are not included in the cover charge).

THE INTERCONT. CNR PRINCES STREET & WATERLOO QUADRANT

If a certain breed fly South to the Kiwi, the others migrate North to one of the three bars (Arms, Turf or Public) in the basement of the Big I. The prices in the Arms and Turf Bars are similar (53 cents for a whisky); the Public Bar is cheaper (37 cents a nip); although to take advantage of the low prices one has to stand (they've used their psychology).

The main attraction of the rather barn-like Arms Bar is the view and the food - reasonably priced counter lunches and filled rolls at 25 cents, which beats our cafe price. The Turf Bar has the most attractive decor complemented from time to time, or more frequently, by Drs Lamb & Young on their post-squash sloshes. A 'reasonable standard of dress' is required in this bar (three-piece suits on Friday afternoons if you're into competing with ex Law students).

QUEENS FERRY VULCAN LANE

Like the Vulcan Tavern this is a small pub with a pleasant regular clientele. Lighting is a little harsh and ice in ones spirits is often hard to find. Upstairs in the Press Room a vodka and ginger will set the student back a surprising 60 cents, but then a whole bottle of ginger ale is provided - enough to last 2 or even 3 nips of vodka...

VULCAN TAVERN VULCAN LANE

This is more nearly a student's pub. A band plays Thursday Friday and Saturday and no cover charge is made. To quote the proprietors: 'Times are tough enough now, love, without charging to come in.' While not openly belligerent, the customers are often vociferous. Vodka and ginger only 48 cents, and a bit more appealing to the average impoverished student.

ZWINES DURHAM STREET

It's really very easy to get this place mixed up with the very popular Babes Disco. In fact you have to walk along the north west wall of Babes till you come to some barely distinguishable hole into which, for \$2.50, you will be permitted entry. The music is of course that middle-class derivative of punk - New Wave and it's OK. Lots of bands play here - Scavengers, Reptiles, Assassins, Stimulators and the Idle Idols. Not to mention the thousands of new groups which, through a really enlightened management policy play their six numbers. The place isn't licensed so you have to run off elsewhere to tingle your tits apart from the fizzy blasto and other refreshing stimulants. The behind counter staff are really nice and run a check-in service.

Apart from the nice music there's a sort of disco which has the benefit of at least keeping in tone with the place and pinball machines which work - more often than not work - but I have been done out of 20c so watch it. The lavatories are proper works of art and remind me of CBGB so there's some transported authenticity for you. You really should go.

THE WIND PARNELL

The Windsor in 1975 and ed up. These think they're regulars. They follow a par

The decor i 1970. The p the resident fairly grotes (c.f. your a

The manag groups (for there) and t on the Frid

Basically th be. If you v atmosphere Nurses Hon

THE ALEX PARNELL

Me and the quiet beers we enjoy it most of the (that) Remu in the preci blokes can because of slimey com

theless, this open for a reckon that that quarter by dressing

They serve generous q might hear

GLUEPOT CNR JERV

This definit the Ponson Gluepot's r Of It - insp with the in taste-slide a Citizen Bar more to co

Even witho is a winner. that hell-ho floor and a actually mo damaged. D a nice spac the decor's be deterred night. One



Paul Barton

THE TAP ELLIOT ST

Well, I've o little bar - o what to say things like t with ever-sc frettings. T but the bar very nice w

The atmosp say, I mean crowded o the reason i fill in time a divine i mig

Road To Ruin Page

THE WINDSOR CASTLE PARNELL ROAD

The Windsor Castle was Auckland's most popular hotel in 1975 and anybody who was somebody usually showed up. These days everybody that shows up likes to think they're somebody but they're really just glorified regulars. The only brighter faces are those who come to follow a particular band.

The decor is unchanged from when I first remember it in 1970. The photo's on the wall are of the Society Jazzmen the resident group in 1972! The fittings on the walls are fairly grotesque and the furniture is purely functional (c.f. your average 7th form common room)

The manager is notorious for the measly wages he pays groups (for some reason groups still plead for work there) and the general atmosphere is lunkish, particularly on the Friday and Saturday nights.

Basically the hotel is B-grade version of what it used to be. If you want space try the Gluepot. If you want atmosphere try the Globe. If you want sheilas try the Nurses Home.

THE ALEX PARNELL ROAD

Me and the mates often shoot up to the Alex for a few quiet beers on a Saturday afternoon and, on the whole we enjoy it quite a bit because, by Saturday afternoon, most of the bourgeois - (never am sure how to spell that) Remuera - trendy liberals have stopped looking in the precious little reactionary boutiques and ordinary blokes can have a fair go. During the week isn't so cool because of the numbers of advertising execs and other slimey commercial shits who haunt the place. Nevertheless, this is a pretty good time to keep your eye open for a bit of real talent although the mates and I reckon that you've got to wear a tie to get anywhere in that quarter. The real fun comes from sending them up by dressing scruffy and swearing a lot.

They serve Lion beer, there's a bistro which serves generous quantities of greasies and, if you're lucky, you might hear the odd riff of up-front jazz.

GLUEPOT CNR JERVOIS & PONSONBY ROADS

This definitive Ponsonby 'local' is otherwise known as the Ponsonby Club Hotel. Over the last few months the Gluepot's management - enflamed perhaps by A Week Of It - inspired fame - have given this pub a vital boost with the introduction of live music. The Golden Harvest taste-slide aside, the calibre of entertainers is high - Citizen Band, Beaver & Hard Jazz, Hello Sailor, and more to come.

Even without the 'live and in person' stuff the Gluepot is a winner. The upstairs bar is at least twice the size of that hell-hole, the Windsor, with a large wooden dance floor and an amazing view of the harbour. And you can actually move around without getting your vitals damaged. Drinks are cheap, tato chippies available, and a nice spacious ladies room too if you need it. Although the decor's not Versailles, it's a friendly pub, so don't be deterred by the paddy wagons outside on a Saturday night. One of the better barns.



THE TAP ROOM ELLIOT STREET

Well, I've only been to this den of ill repute - a suave little bar - once or twice and well, really, I don't know what to say. What I'll do is describe all the really nice things like the louche decor - its so primitive and basic with ever-so butch colonial nut-brown woodwork frettings. The bar is set at a rather indecorous little angle but the barmen are proper dears. They've always been very nice with me.

The atmosphere is a bit heavy but well what can you say, I mean its going to appeal to some people. It's very crowded on Fridays and I suspect Saturdays too. Half the reason is that its open till eleven so if you have to fill in time and are looking for something particularly divine I might say you could look here - if nowhere else.



Paul Barton

THE EXCHANGE PARNELL ROAD

For too long now this pub has hidden under the shadow of the far trendier Parnell drinking dens - the Windsor and the Alex. But it's a fine spot, closer to Varsity than any of the others, and the farthest away from Remuera. It's probably the only Parnell pub that can approximate to a 'local' - real, authentic Parnell-dwellers actually drink there. Starting soon the Exchange will feature live bands. Could be the kiss of death for the locals, but probably worth giving it a try. They'll play in the upstairs bar - quite a spacious, laid-back venue.

LEOPARD TAVERN OPPOSITE VICTORIA PARK

Reputed to be the new drinking establishment for the old patrons of the Kiwi. We've all heard those legendary tales of the Kiwi in the good old days of Shadbolt and Vietnam War protests - well they reckon its all happening now at the Leopard.

This place is 'authentic-old' quite a contrast to the 'instant-old' decor of most Auckland pubs. Original wood-panelled walls and snugs, no womens' toilet in the public bar (nice girls don't drink in hotels) and barmen dating to way-back-when give real character (none of this pseudo-everything crap). Probably the closest thing in Auckland to the English corner pub. Clientele range from the boozy yahoos leering in one corner to the almost extinct long-haired intellectuals philosophising in the opposite corner.

If it's mood plus cheap drinks you're after, get along to the Public Bar at the Leopard on Friday nights, and create a bit of legend yourself.

RSA HIGH STREET

Avoid this one. For some strange reason the clientele seem to dislike university students. Prices are exorbitant and the company is lousy.

THE ROYAL ALBERT/BREWERY LANE QUEEN STREET

Definitely one for the young socialites and trendies to be seen in. This establishment caters for the cigar smoking young businessman-around-town, although Law students might feel at home here.

The bar is run on a small cubicle-type arrangement rather than the ever-popular booze barns of some suburbs.

Pricewise a vodka and ginger costs 55 cents. Decor is rather plastic in appearance but on the whole the Brewery Lane complex is pleasantly comfortable.

THE GREAT NORTHERN QUEEN ST

Again a young trendy hotel although the private bar seems a more middleaged businessman's haven.

As with the Royal Albert, there is some effort made to provide pleasant drinking surroundings with soft subdued lighting etc, however the private bar begins to take on the size of the average public bar.

There is a tendency to drown spirits in oversized glasses. Pricewise - a vodka and ginger costs are rather exorbitant 60 cents, but then free snacks are provided at the bar.

ISLAND OF REAL AIREDALE STREET

Back in the cold old days of Winter '77 this man called Charlie Gray lit a fire in the middle of an old warehouse in Airedale Street and called it the Island of Real, for God's sake. Wife Annie baked cookies and things - all very homely, warm and nice. Charlie plied his customers with vitamised apple juice and old 'Rolling Stones' Like any cult castle The Island became a landmark.

Things have changed. It's now two bucks before you even walk in the door. The coffee's weak and fifty cents a cup. The apple crumble's not even warm anymore. But then variety is the spice of life. Charlie's an entrepreneur now. No matter who you want to see or hear you'll find them at the Island. He's got Mahana, Hello Sailor, Ratz, Citizen Band, The Country Flyers, McCormick and Hunt you name 'em, Charlie pays 'em.

The Island's still an excellent, though pricey, venue. You can still lie on the floor and munch gouda cheese and French bread. The old church pews still line the walls with the ratty carpet underfoot. But it's no paradise for the poor and weary student no more. Capitalism kills again.

For their earnest researches, our thanks go to all those who have contributed to this article. And that means Mairi and Jeremy and Tony and Donna and Chris T. and Louise and Michael and Jenny and Jules and Robert and Chris W. and Paul B. for photos. Cheers, ffo-lks



Paul Barton

If Only God was an Upholsterer

Burgundy in crystal. Firelight flickers on family portraits. The shadows are as comfortable as my armchair. Kapok, cat fur and soft memories. I put an old record on the stereo. 'Time takes a cigarette.' Time has cancer. There are strange growths on the back lawn. Evening has crept up on lizard's feet so I flick a switch and electric sounds of crickets and cicadas prick holes in the darkness.

Many safaris were made through old movies. The man in the panama hat. News from Cairo. Distant drums and far cafes. Careses in slow motion and midnight trains disappearing into mists. Often the sound had to be turned off, for phrases like 'I want to be alone' were as painful as Glass in the lungs. Biological symbolism in a lunar landscape. At times my mind wanders aimlessly like a spinal column disjuncting in the air.

Memories are my future. Warm cushions in a granite cage. I take great pleasure in them, such as the delight a young girl would receive if she could cut a hole in the night and pull through golden feathers.

Cool milk flows in long boats. Breakfast down the canals. Childhood searches for the fabled zebra. In August Celeste brought out the butterfly nets, for the first transparent craniums would come floating towards us over the meadows, their tissue thin bones tinged blue in the morning light. As a young boy I used to run across the desert floor my mouth crammed with cumulus and the sound of dead waves. I can remember the real ocean, we stayed a month by the coast to watch her slip away. Anastasia would stand on the cliff, dressed in green and wind and gulls that folded like hinges under the spiraling sky. Her wild poetry laughed roses into the grey air. Day by day the ocean slowly pulled herself over the horizon like a crushed snail, leaving a trail of shimmering tidal pools and coral mountains. No one knew the last rites for such an awesome event, but everyone felt the beauty of that tragic departure. Adrian softly played his guitar and I called this ocean Eurydice, while watching her float back to the underworld. Afterwards something dried up inside all of us. I roamed alone for many weeks then made love with a stranger in the shade of a ruined cathedral, our orgasm gliding back down the centuries.

I told her that I was from another planet and planted a kiss upon her breast like the promise of fair weather. Finger tips parting the breeze. A windsong tinkles in the distance. At night I covered the innocent eyes of the hour glass and opened the windows to let the moon out.

Calm flesh and moist words. The lapping of a thousand tongues. Light from the stars quivering inside our bodies. The days swayed on. We became lethargic apothecaries preparing dream powders. In the end she went back to take care of the mutations and I lost myself in a medieval landscape, reading 'Sir Orfeo'.

Jaw lines line the bomb crater. A stiff upper lip stiffens in the heat. Everywhere the decayed geometry of collapsed cities, the rusted palates of bridges, the panting of ashfelt roads. I walked past shattered shop windows and twisted girders sensing the frustrations of corroding metals. Nearby a weary office block just broke down and wept steel and glass onto the road below. Searching among the ruins I found the irregular bones of dead mathematicians and a damaged computer that asked if it could buy me a drink. I smiled at the irony of its unknown programmer as small bits of rubble rained all round.

There were no strangers. Everyone's outline and pattern were familiar. Tired sculptures in bare rooms. But few could stand the waiting and our numbers dwindled fast.

David became a member of the 'Holy Armageddon Church', kissed the pope's platinum hand and started searching for the sacred plutonium. His quest took him to Tibet where the side effects of the war tore his mind to pieces. Adrian grew tired of the approaching shadows, strapped on his guitar and walked into a pool of white light. His body, pulsating, sang the song of a thousand crimson bees. Singing atoms synthesized on the still air. Eleanor stood on her balcony, smoothed her creased brow and let her will power slip away. Her body shimmered and rippled as silver bone eels plunged through the cloudy surface of her skin, to fall with a cascade of fluids to the barren ground below.

Bizzare as these examples may seem each of us wanted to put on a good show for infinity. But the circus of suicides became so intense that I found myself alone, a fossilized clown, listening to the ominous billowings of giant canvases.

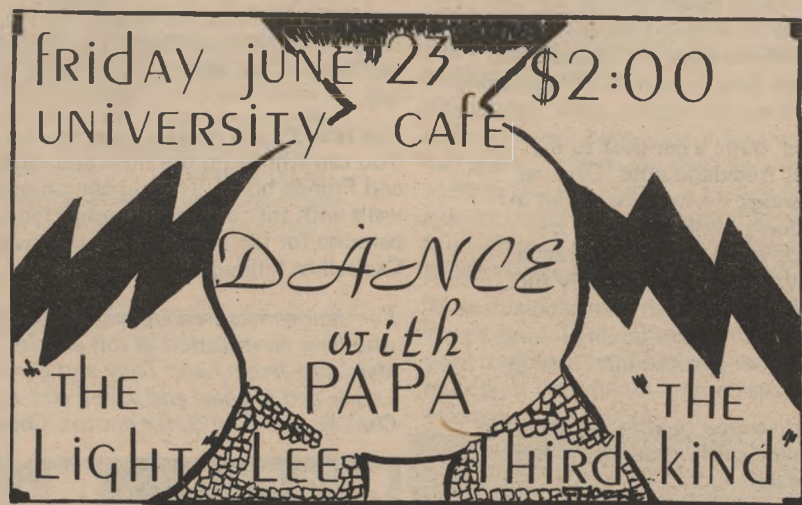
Man in a trench coat puts on his dark hat and walks out into the rain. I switch off the projector. Pockets of air hover about the room, transparent tears. Cigarette ash crumbles in the ash tray, flames crumble in the grate. The passing days have left hollow spaces, empty frames suspended over a void. Time hangs around my neck like

an alabaster albatross. There is nowhere to go, no one to know. Dead words decay upon the page. I imagined myself as the wandering sailor, tender dreamer on an emerald ocean. But shadowy manta rays began to chew ragged holes in the surface of the sea and threads of waves blocked my way. Cold echoes, a horse is trapped atop a soaring iceberg. I reach for quilted sky patterns. Weird shapes press behind the clouds. The ripping of endless seams. The fabric of space has come undone! If only God was an upholsterer.

The fading thoughts cling to their master. Familiar faces pressed against memory's window. Then black gloved hand smashes the pane. A muffled scream. Fingers groping in the back of my brain. Terrified sight flees to find familiar features, but the mirror explodes in silver moths. The dam is broken, distorted reflections flood in. Everything starts to shimmer, flicker like a silent movie. These are the last moments carried off on glacial streams. The abandoned butterflies dissolve in dust. All colours drain away, all forms evaporate. I lie on a blank desert, emptied of sand. A swelling sound wraps itself about the world. The sky is split apart and a huge white mass bulges through. I am faced with the entrails of the universe, the padding behind space, terror beyond dreams, amorphous and spreading. Nausea, but no stomach to be sick from. White mass of bloated death. Nowhere to shelter, no shadows, everywhere infinite blind white eye bulging down. Mind, stretched like a worm, snaps into segments. Gloved hand lets go of cliff edge. Perception peeled away, thoughts plummeting into soft oblivion must think of something anything dot... pinpoint sharp spikes - a hedgehog! - prickly-prick the white eye! A hedgehog appears out of the void. I hug it and feel the ecstatic pain of existence. Fragments of my consciousness regroup. Drums of war. The regiment's last stand. The camera pans to the proud general, ready to face the inevitable. His shining sword pierces my mind, causing a waterfall of bright images to spill out: Golden monkeys playing on a green lawn. Celeste moving brown and naked through tall forests. The ocean rushing back with surf and seagulls, rushing back to greet me.

The white mass presses down to enfold us. The hedgehog is next to me. The white mass bulges down. The hedgehog looks at me. We smile. We are ready.

RICHARD VON STURMER



UBS ANNUAL SALE

STARTS 8:30am WED. 14th JUNE

UNIVERSITY BOOK SHOP

50% student owned
Hours: all year including vacation...

Mon - Thurs : 8.30 am - 8.30 pm.
Friday : 8.30 am - 8.00 pm.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM

BY GEORGE FARQUHAR
Directed by Mervyn Thompson



MAIDMENT THEATRE JUNE 10-24
Bookings: The Maidment 12-2pm.

A THEATRE WORKSHOP / DIP. DRAMA PRODUCTION

THE KRA

The little
Scatter lif
As I plun
From the
The green
As I roll
And bef
I can feel
The wind

By mid-m
My skin
The turm
Bloats ou
I'm too s
In the th
Screaming
Rise tow

And the
Seems to
Cities had
Ships sink
Flail with
Obesity s
Down the

HUGH C

RUNNING

In the par
Toe to to
Cheek to
My passio
Grinding
Grinding
Under the
The daisie
Go under
Blurred c
Of grasses

A shaggy
And ever
Licorice
And saliv
Thickens
The horiz

HUGH C

ORIGINA

Still born
like evil v
sift the g
with mor
of a time
'9 month
No string
Save for
On the u

CANTA

ENGINE

One o'clo
Scene set
Cafe, qua
We forge
and us -
This is th
What hap
'live'.

Easy, the
Who are
They are
We who
And deci

For a bri
Magnific
What bea
Be it tro
And for a
Only to f
familiar c
And lack
But do fi
Can fish

G.B.R.

Word Of Mouth

THE KRAKEN WAKES

The little silver fish
Scatter like shrapnel
As I plunge upward
From the black underworld.
The green waves break from my sides
As I roll up, forced by my season,
And before the tenth second
I can feel my own heat -
The wind can never cool as oceans do.

By mid-morning,
My skin has sweated into agony.
The turmoil of my intestines
Bloats out against my skin.
I'm too sick to struggle - I hang
In the thermals of pain,
Screaming against the slow, slow, slow
Rise toward descent.

And the madness of my pain
Seems to have infected everything -
Cities hack each other into blood;
Ships sink in firestorm; armies
Flail with sticks and crutches;
Obesity staggers toward coronary
Down the streets of starvation.

HUGH COOK

RUNNING AND RUNNING

In the park, lush lovers sundeck,
Toe to toe, hip to hip,
Cheek to cheek, lip to lip.
My passion pants by,
Grinding the grass under,
Grinding the buttercups
Under the tread of an aeroplane.
The daisies go under, go under,
Go under,
Blurred clouds crushed against a green land
Of grassroots and bacteria.

A shaggy sweat crowds my forehead,
And every second jams another imperative forward.
Licorice churns in my stomach,
And saliva thickens in my mouth,
Thickens to digest the wind.
The horizon is my altimeter.

HUGH COOK

ORIGINAL SIN

Still born thoughts
like evil wants
sift the guileless soul
with moron imaginings
of a time once spent
'9 months living of the mysteries
No strings attached.'
Save for the small print
On the umbilical contract.

CANTA BIRTCH alias PONTIOUS POET

ENGINEER'S POEM

One o'clock
Scene set
Cafe, quad, park, library
We forget about them who forget about themselves
and us - too many books to duplicate.
This is the play of 'life'
What happen to copyright, those who change it to
'live'.
Easy, they only copied 10% and use that.
Who are they?
They are us
We who say 'I am'
And decide that its bad gramma to say 'you am too'
For a brief moment large eyes stare,
Magnified by the fish bowls as we touch the side.
What beauty lies behind those large magic eyes?
Be it tropical and warm, Be it arctic?
And for a second the soul warms
Only to feel out of place by the
familiar cooler water,
And lacking the courage to fly.
But do fish have souls?
Can fish fly?

G.B.R.

TOPOGRAPHY

The long hill was not there
the day we walked it
you would often pause
for endearment
the halts stretched the pleasure,
our slow pace
was euphoria not endurance
the road was a length
of love, never long enough.
There was no hill there, then.

MARI HUNT

THRENODY

So they're leaving now, for good -
His son with his dicebel music,
His trailblazing machine,
His brazen girl
Immune to the privilege of pity.

The place will be a bit empty now -
But at least he can keep up the rent.

Stubs out a final cigarette,
And remembers how she always liked the ashtrays
Clean. Ashtrays and windows.

(Threnody, threnody -
How can we learn enough remembering
To forget?)

HUGH COOK



Mairi Gunn

BLUE STRATOS

Only I
smell the
Aftershave
That I
Bought
For \$7.50
on my
Birthday
Hungrily hunting
for girls
through
my memories
Guess I've lost
the scent
Blue Stratos
with the bird
on the bottle
Where are they
All now?
Guess they've vanished
into thin air

ROD SANDS

DREAMS OF LOTHLORIEN

It's April now, and autumn comes,
Cooling sun and bearing leaves
To the indistinctions of the earth;
The long rain falls through its own forever
And joints remember
Their pain, injury and endeavour.
This time last year I turned my calender
To a picture of Lothlorien in spring,
Where canticles of sunlight
Envision the summer;
Wondering if the slow, sure turn of the year
Would entail the growth of my spirit.

Traffic throngs the city streets
As pub and cinema decant
Their patrons to the night.
I pick my way between the drunks
From Queen Street to K Road.
Music loiters in the streets;
I feed on grease and chips.

The roads slow down
As the last commuter
Retreats to the habituations of home,
To alcohol's withdrawal and television's drug.

The yellow moon flares in the trees
Above streets of caesura.
It is quiet now, save where,
In Swanson Street,
The Globe chambers burn,
Stronger toward midnight.

Deeper into the night,
My fever burns.
Cold consumes my limbs, and pressure
Clogs in my skull.
My dreams
Are monstrous:
The silenced cities of an earthquake world.
I suffocate, and wake
To a room clotted with darkness.
My bulk is sway depth
Ponderous with fever.
I affirm the existence of the world
With Radio Hauraki: the music
Is muffled by influenza.
I travel corridors shadowed and surreal
For orange juice and milk.
Down the motorway,
Cars mammoth through the night.

My calender shows the month as April.
This time last year I travelled
Early down the Southern Motorway
Where violet telephone boxes close
Upon the embryo mouths within.
I have sat back in a van
To office, hall and pub -
Houses of good repute
Where guards shoot pool,
Where we
Grime the dust into our hands
With vacuum cleaner, brush and broom,
By ornate bars where bottles preside,
Confident of their consecration.
I have ridden early, dazed by sleep,
To Queen Street construction
Where coffee sours the air through night to dawn.

This night, this month,
I hold a vigil,
Night to dawn.
My breath
Sharpens in the air
As latex moon dissolves to dawn.
The sun breeds colour in the sky
Where deeper reds tan into gold
Toward the zenith.
The red iron coin
Melts in the sky
And enervates my eye.

This month, this year, I turn a calender
To a picture of Lothlorien in spring,
Questing the season -
Wondering if the slow, sure change of the year
Will entail the growth of my spirit.

HUGH COOK

Reviews



DISPATCHES
MICHAEL HERR
PICADOR PAPERBACK \$4.25

Michael Herr's 'Dispatches' is a personal journal of the war in Vietnam. And never before has the printed word captured the soul of the Vietnam War or of any war, as it has in this book.

Michael Herr, an obscure young movie reviewer, wrangled a vague assignment from the American magazine 'Esquire' to go to Vietnam in 1967 and cover the Americanization of Saigon. He stayed on in Vietnam for a period of about a year and saw the war at its height during the Tet offensive of early 1968.

Herr's approach to his subject is unconventional in that 'Dispatches' is a personal diary of experiences in Vietnam. Conventional Vietnam War coverage followed a detached, third person line and dwelt on statistics, logistics and jargon such as 'meeting engagement' (ambush) or 'discreet burst' (one of those tore an old grandfather and two children to bits as they ran along a paddy wall one day). Herr's comment on American television coverage of the war: 'You got to a point where you could sit there in the evening and listen to the man say that American casualties for the week had reached a six-week low, only eighty GI's had died in combat and you'd feel like you'd just gotten a bargain.'

Herr recounts the calculated bullshit fed to the Vietnam Press Corps by the military PR men: 'He (the enemy) no longer maintains in our view capability to mount, execute or sustain a serious offensive action'.

Herr has captured the peculiar terrors of the War in Vietnam and has to some extent been able to penetrate the psyches of the front line troops, because it was all happening to him too.

The wretched fear of taking a shrapnel hit in the genitals during the siege of Khe Sanh, the love affair that invariably developed between man and helicopter ('saver-

destroyer, provider-waster..... cassette rock and roll in one ear and door-gun fire in the other').

You felt responsible for what you saw as well as what you did says Herr. Like the expression on the face of the soldier who had just been out to finish off North Vietnamese who had fallen close to the perimeter wire of an American camp.

Herr's damning conclusion is that the war had become a part of many of those involved, that the sheer energy of the war deadened one's senses so that after it nothing else had the same edge.

'Dispatches'. Grim eloquence. A great American classic.

RICHARD CLARKE

FRANK SARGESON AT 75
ED. ROBIN DUDDING
ISLANDS 21; \$3.50

Festschrift; 'a collection of papers produced in honour of a person reaching a certain age.' One of the contributors to this issue of 'Islands' uses the word to describe this collection of tributes, memoirs, commentaries and reviews, which was put together with as much secrecy as possible as a birthday surprise for Frank Sargeson. Honour him they certainly do, and the writer who has spent his life producing short stories, novels, plays, reviews, and so forth, is certainly worthy of the honour.

'Discussion of your work I leave to those who pull wings off flies, and the date-mongers. All I can say: I like it fine. Mostly. Without veneration or adulation we can all take a deep breath of admiration.' So says Denis Glover, and most of the other contributors have taken the same attitude. However, Glover's article itself contains a score of excerpts from letters Sargeson wrote him, touching lightly on everything from Fairburn and Curnow to money troubles and police-political investigation in 1940.

In the same way, the other contributors, without attempting any rigorous academic criticism, manage to throw light on many areas of Sargeson's life and work. Many will be familiar with the early short stories; knowing that the earliest were first published in 'Tomorrow', a left-wing periodical, gives the stories

their proper political context. Ray Copland, author of a book on Sargeson, gives an amusing account of a speech Sargeson gave at a Bank of New Zealand banquet for the presentation of the Katherine Mansfield Memorial Award in 1975, a speech which 'detonated the whole edifice of capitalist theory.' (The assembled worthies did not understand it.)

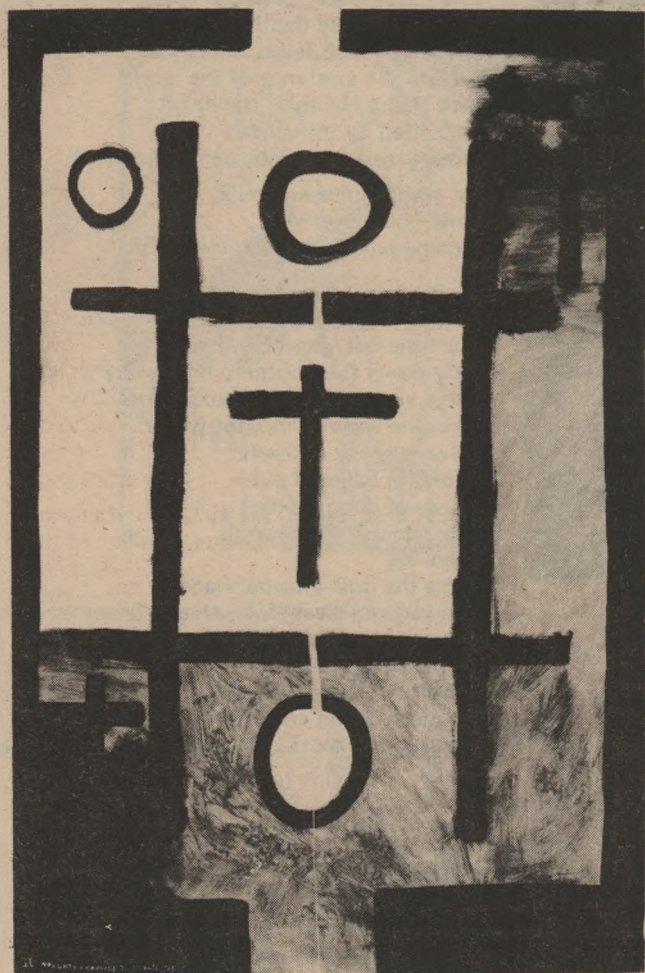
Clearly Sargeson is one writer who never sold out. This is not to suggest that his works are ideological treatises; rather, as so many of the contributors have said, they are guided by an understanding of human nature, human predicaments, and by 'compassion'. Robin Dudding has balanced this concept album with compositions by the master himself, seven complete short stories, three extracts from the autobiographical work 'Once is Enough', two extracts from Sargeson's novels, a sample of a work in progress, and a short piece of criticism on the American short-story writer Sherwood Anderson, who had a major influence on Sargeson's style.

Reprinting Sargeson's work like this is valuable in itself; it has the additional advantage of preserving one from undue labour scrabbling in bookshelves to find the passages that other contributors are discussing. (And, in the case of Jean Bartlett, parodying.) The regular subscribers to this literary magazine may be supposed to be the kind of people who will automatically appreciate this endeavour; for those unfamiliar with 'Islands', 'Frank Sargeson at 75' could provide a gentle, highly readable introduction to the life, times and work of one of New Zealand's major literary figures.

If I have one quarrel with this volume, it is that the chatty, informal style of the contributions allows everyone who pleases to start off with a description of Frank's hedge, Frank's garden, Frank's cookery, Frank's book collection - there is even, Lord help us, a full-page advertisement for Frank's favourite Lemora wine - and while this is undoubtedly a tribute to Sargeson's style and hospitality, it grows a little tedious in repetition. However, this fault would not be evident to the reader who sipped and sampled in a civilized fashion; this is a book designed to be dipped into at leisure, not gulped down wholesale in the manner of the present reviewer.

Highly recommended.

HUGH COOK



7 JUNE - 2 JULY

McCAHON'S
"Necessary Protection"

works from Colin McCahon's various series from 1971 - 1976

AUCKLAND CITY ART GALLERY
ADMISSION FREE

PAGE 12 JUNE 5 CRACCUM

SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING
SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING
SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING
SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING

SRC

[WHERE ALL STUDENTS HAVE FULL RIGHTS TO SPEAK AND VOTE]

★ TO DISCUSS
BASTION
POINT ★

SRC LOUNGE

WEDS 1 P.M.

SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING
SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING
SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING
SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING SPECIAL MEETING

T

MIDDLE A
ROGER HA
MERCURY

The Mercu
finally got
Spread' as i
choice coul
courageous
grown theat
success of 'C
obviously k
at least as m
propagation
ever devote
Hall has cre
sophisticate
patrons no o
this reason,
social comm
which it set
West End p
Gray is obvi
of the unco
'Don's Party
unsettlingly
remarks, 'If
no orchestra
aware of th
pathetic dis
to be solois
'Middle Age
situation of
Zealand sub
reluctantly
inserted int

AN EVENI
MOVEMEN
LITTLE TH

For years m
fantasies of
only those
hope to inte
ropes and fl
'meaning'.
light - heart
consciousne
based.

Sadly Move
leap. The b
abstract 'me
meaning co
'Encounter'
Schwabl an
coherent th
more than a

Movement
talent to su
Thing' - wa
most visual
standards th
and rattled

In addition
this perform
with the gre
obscurity o
the Andean
they were s
confidence

Into the mo
Sturmer. A
been added
The Star of
factory wor
his existenc
accompanie
that forced
stage only o
he read his
while the tr
form in mo
with an une

Although th
aspects Mor
aside as rea
Stephen Cl
and comed
are working

LOUISE C

Theatre Bashing

'MIDDLE AGE SPREAD'
ROGER HALL
MERCURY THEATRE

The Mercury's much vaunted Subscription Season has finally got underway with Roger Hall's 'Middle Age Spread' as its initial production. The days when such a choice could necessarily be applauded as adventurous or courageous in its commitment to the ideal of home-grown theatre are clearly over - after the phenomenal success of 'Glide Time' last year, the Mercury is obviously keeping an astute eye on box-office potential at least as much as on its avowed commitment to the propagation of an indigenous variety of theatre. However devotees of local drama need have no fear as Roger Hall has created in 'Middle Age Spread' a play as sophisticated and intelligent as the majority of Mercury patrons no doubt consider themselves to be and, for this reason, it has a good chance of driving its barbs of social comment home to the very section of society which it sets out to criticise. The influence of such glib West End practitioners as Alan Ayckbourn and Simon Gray is obvious enough but there are also strong traces of the uncompromising social candour which made 'Don's Party' (or at least the film of it) such an unsettlingly topical experience. As one character remarks, 'If it weren't for the middle class there'd be no orchestra in this country' - Hall is obviously well aware of this and he has here composed a witty yet pathetic disconcerto for six players who prove ultimately to be soloists.

'Middle Age Spread' is structured around the basic situation of a dinner party 'in a comfortable New Zealand suburb' to which Colin & Elizabeth have rather reluctantly invited Reg & Isobel and Robert & Judy. Inserted into the inevitable progression from sherris

through fondue to parfaits and coffee are lengthy flashbacks which comprise the bulk of the play's action and cast significant light on the relationships between the characters as they stand at the time of dining. These flashbacks develop, with an occasionally hilarious compassion, the play's fundamental concern with the menopausal mentality (male equally as much as female) and its associated disillusionment and emotional restlessness. The material is deftly handled and its effect is subtly underlined by the polite vacuities of the dinner party situation which allows the guests, departing after an altogether emotionally harrowing time, to trot out such platitudes as 'thank you for a lovely evening' and, most devastatingly, 'have a nice time in Fiji'.

If Hall's treatment of individual emotional traumas is skilful, his handling of the broader public issues from which they partly arise is perhaps less adept being, one feels, derived from his experience as a writer of revue material. For example, Colin is a newly appointed high-school principal, Reg a training college lecturer and Judy a teacher and it is thus almost inevitable that the existing education system should come in for a good deal of overt criticism. However, for all the sincere sentiments expressed (along with a stroke of obvious satire whereby Robert, who is archetypically a Jaycee, mourns the demise of 'team sports' as a healthy formative influence) this discussion comes to nothing. The same applies to an argument on the subject of abortion and to some rather heavy-handed bludgeoning of the major political parties. On reflection, the sheer futility of these attempts to grapple earnestly with social questions may be seen as illustrative of the play's basic import, however, in performance, it is theatrically disappointing. Nevertheless this is a fairly minor criticism given the play's overall mood which, far from being soberly didactic, is relentlessly, if ruthlessly, comic.

Roy Hope's production is intelligent and urbane but, by and large, does only partial justice to the play as a result of a regrettable tendency to sacrifice much of the pace necessary for its essentially verbal humour in favour of over-extended patches of character-building. The result is that, on opening night at least, the performance dragged noticeably in several places. At least some of the blame for this must lie with David Weatherly who concentrates on developing the pathetic and tragic possibilities of Colin's character at the expense of overall crispness and comic timing. This criticism aside, the quality of individual performances is high - all the characters emerge as genuine middle-class New Zealanders without the unfortunate taint of caricature which has for so long plagued performances of New Zealand plays. Helen Dorward is delightfully vacuous as Elisabeth and Helen Smith achieves a finely adjusted air of weave-your-own-yoghurt dowdiness in the role of Isobel. Chris Shiel's Robert is an immediately recognisable example of the conscious-salving suburbanite who ultimately proves menacing when his rather naive assumptions are challenged. Only Paul Robinson, as the cynically catalytic Reg, fails to totally convince although one feels that this is at least partially the playwright's fault for relying a little too heavily on a particular West End stereotype and rather too lightly on his own usually acute powers of observation. Special mention should be made of the elegantly functional two-level set.

On the whole then, the Mercury seems to be on the way to scoring another success, artistically as well as financially, with a production that is worth seeing if only because it affords a rare objective glimpse of a usually fragmentary contemporary score.

MURRAY BEASLEY

AN EVENING OF DANCE & POETRY
MOVEMENT THEATRE & OTHERS
LITTLE THEATRE MAY 31 6 PM

For years modern dance suffered. The anguished fantasies of its adolescence lay so deep within the dance only those fully conversant with the medium could ever hope to interpret it. All those invisible cages, tugging ropes and flailing arms fraught with all too obscure 'meaning'. Then last year, came Limbs. Vibrant and light-hearted, they broke away from the self-consciousness upon which modern dance had been based.

Sadly Movement Theatre do not seem to have taken the leap. The bulk of their programme is still taken up with abstract 'meaningful' work, with the only clue to that meaning coming from an equally obscure title. 'Encounter' for example, performed by Raewyn Schwabl and David Morrison, was so devoid of any coherent themes that it soon became trite - nothing more than a series of empty movements.

Movement Theatre do, however, seem to have the talent to surpass this stage. Their final piece - 'Any Old Thing' - was the best-executed of all the dances, and the most visually exciting. To the tune of old rock'n'roll standards the entire company, bar one, twisted, shook and rattled into some admirable dance routines.

In addition to the regular Movement Theatre troupe this performance featured a number of dancers who work with the group but are not core members. Here again obscurity over-rode all but the most basic dances. Only the Andean and Baroque pieces worked, merely because they were simple, intelligible dances performed with a confidence lacking elsewhere.

Into the middle of all this mediocrity came Richard von Sturmer. Although his appearance might possibly have been added as an afterthought he was undoubtedly The Star of The Show. 'Point Five' - his story of the factory worker who breaks away from the monotony of his existence - was narrated with a rare skill and accompanied with motions, noises and facial expressions that forced it out of the realms of mere tale-telling. On stage only once again, in a scene with Movement Theatre, he read his poem - 'Obvious Victims of Invisible Wars' - while the troupe performed behind him. A standard form in modern dance, but here it was used to perfection with an unequivocal reflection of the poem in the dance.

Although this performance was disappointing in many aspects Movement Theatre should not simply be cast aside as reactionary. They are a talented troupe - Stephen Clements in particular is an excellent dancer and comedian; it is only the material with which they are working that is holding them back.

LOUISE CHUNN



Movement Theatre in motion

LE MARIAGE DE BARION
GEORGE FEYDEAU
MAIDMENT THEATRE

On Wednesday night the Waikato University French Department put on a lively and vigorous performance of the 19th century farce by Feydeau. The plot followed the usual tortuous contortions of false identities, forsaken lovers and marriages of convenience, and the return of a long-lost sailor husband with pet seal! But the plot hinges on the bumbblings of a drunken town clerk who muddles the marriage certificate so that the bridegroom, Barion, gets the mother-in-law instead of her sweet young daughter ... Of course, in the coup de theatre of the last five minutes, true love wins out, and everyone lives happily ever after, even the pet seal.

Costuming and props were, understandably enough for visiting group, on very limited resources, kept to the minimum necessary to indicate the period of mid 19th century France. French accents and diction were of a generally high standard, although some members of the cast had difficulty projecting their voices sufficiently to reach the back of the auditorium. Direction of the play was obviously fairly loose, but the cast performed with an exuberance and enthusiasm rarely seen even in amateur productions, and kept the audience chuckling throughout the play.

All in all, an excellent achievement by Waikato and the 'Theatre Volant', for which they are to be congratulated. Thanks must also go to the Auckland French Club, whose organisational help made this performance possible. Top marks all round.

K.G.W.

PASSION
EDWARD BOND
NEW INDEPENDENT LUNCHTIME PRODUCTION

Perhaps the politicians waffling around at the current S.A.L.T. talks would do well to see this play. On one level it rollicks along with an amusing parody of the Queen, well-handled by Lynne Robson who capitalised on a slight physical resemblance to her august Majesty and who dealt capably with the rather rapid dialogue. But such frivolity seems to serve as a front to Bond's bitterness about the failure of the human race to realise its potential. Christ wanders onstage into the wilderness created by man's use of the bomb and sees no need to undergo crucifixion as man has already crucified himself.

Peet Dowrick, the director, has successfully focused on Bond's examination of the senselessness of the whole notion of warfare by contrasting the soldier's monologue in the last scene with the brittle humour of some of the earlier ones. Sound and lighting are used to do this, with a sombre drum beat climaxing as the expressionless face of the soldier fades into darkness.

Neither the set nor the costumes are elaborate but they don't need to be given the compactness of the play (it is only about half an hour long) and the fact that it deals with ideas and attitudes rather than attempting in-depth characterisations. The actors are generally at ease in their roles, notably David le Bell as a modern-day technological wizard and Murray Beasley as a rather bemused Prime Minister. So if you've got a spare lunch time and like seeing the Establishment knocked and the bureaucrats battered, the play is worth the stroll down to the New Independent.

E.S.



P.J. Robson

Bidi Donnelly in Bond's 'Passion'

And even more Reviews

**RANDY NEWMAN
LIVE
REPRISE, THROUGH WEA**

You might ask, who is this man whose songs have been made popular by such diverse artists as The Alan Price Set, Three Dog Night, Bonnie Raitt, Joe Cocker, Nina Simone, Beaver, Malcolm McNeill, and The Sharps? Since the unexpected success of his own recent hit - 'Short People' - Warners have obviously considered it profitable to reissue this till now hard to get former recordings, this 'live' package being one of them.

Sounding at first rough, this is really a delightful set of short songs sung in intimate club surroundings enabling Randy Newman to perform in close relationship with his audience, who fully appreciate his abilities as a songwriter. For he is that, more than a performer. His voice is no great shakes, his piano playing no more than necessary to put his songs across; a low key delivery, but when it comes to matching meaningful lyrics to music Newman is hard to beat.

The songs are all short vignettes, observations on the American way of life, containing wry humorous twists. They cover a wide range of feeling and subject - satire, humour, anger, social and racial comment, pathos and love. Listen to 'Tickle Me' which deserves to be every bit as much of a hit as 'Short People'; the rocky 'Mama Told Me Not to Come'; the cutting 'I Think Its Going to Rain Today'; the poignant 'Maybe I'm Doing it Wrong'; the confused plight of the modern American 'Cowboy'; the pathetic but amusing 'Davy the Fat Boy'; and the self-mocking 'Lonely at the Top'.

This is Randy Newman, the raw material. Rough, powerful, lyrically refined. Serious, sincere, witty. Taken at whatever level, it is an honest presentation of Newman



the songwriter, and must be one of his better albums, together with the earlier '12 Songs'.

TIM NEES

**RANDY NEWMAN
CREATES SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN
REPRISE (THRU WEA)**

A very unusual album, this one. Very unusual. Recorded almost ten years ago, the music has an almost 70's feel about it. The songs are what Melody Maker would call minimal - i.e. all about two minutes long. The sound is definitely not discofunkcrap, in fact the sound is well, unique anyway.

Newman's arrangements are, at best, unpredictable and at worst, grotesque. Newman's voice is a thing which almost defies description: at times swaggering, at times Wounded Bloodhound, his diction is nearly as bad as Patti Smith's, but at least he includes a lyric sheet. Ah yes the lyrics

'Scarecrows dressed in the latest styles
With frozen smiles to chase love away
Human kindness is overflowing
And I Think It's Going To Rain Today.'

Where were YOU in '68? Newman is already displaying the acid wit which succeeded, ten years later, in getting his rather harmless 'Short People' removed from the play-lists of many a radio station in the good ol' U.S. of A.

As outstanding as the lyrics are, the album will be of little interest to all but the most ardent Newmianic. The Newman style is just a little hard to handle, to put it kindly. However, should you have the faintest desire to get into some seminal Newman, then this is the one.

DERMOT COOKE

**EXCITABLE BOY
WARREN ZEVON
ASYLUM THRU WEA**

Most people have morbid thoughts from time to time and would probably prefer to forget about them. Not Warren Zevon. He writes songs about his and has included some of them in his second album, 'Excitable Boy', giving it an interesting 'Twilight Zone' effect. His work on this album does have quite an amount of class and does not drift over the line into 'Cheap Thrills'.

In which ever way Zevon's songs strike you they will surely create mental images. 'Veracruz' for example. Or 'Werewolves of London' the mind begins to wander 19th Century London, 1 am, tentacles of fog claw at the cobblestones. In the shadows lurks a werewolf, immaculately groomed, suit and tie, a feral glint in his eyes, jugular thoughts

Zevon explains how Roland lost his head in 'Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner':
Roland the Thompson gunner
His comrades fought beside him - Van Owen and the rest
But of all the Thompson gunners Roland was the best
So the CIA decided they wanted Roland dead
That son-of-a-bitch Van Owen blew off Roland's head
Roland the headless Thompson gunner -

Not all the tracks are like 'Roland' however (it is interesting to note that this album is out on the Asylum label). From a technical viewpoint 'Excitable Boy' is oh so slick. Musical credits on the sleeve read like a Who's Who of West Coast/LA musicians. The album was produced by none other than the Pretender.

Warren Zevon talks about the title track. 'Yeah, I'm just an excitable boy. I once did rub a pot roast on my chest though. My wife had cooked it and I wanted to show my appreciation.'

Would you dare upturn a plate of spaghetti on your head? Are you one of the special new breed of people who are pouring cups of tea in their pockets? If so, then be sure to put 'Excitable Boy' on your shopping list.

RICHARD CLARKE

**THE KING AND THE DRAGON
PETER BROMHEAD
HODDER AND STOUGHTON**

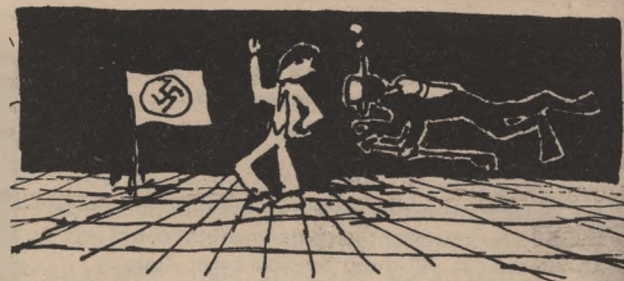


Once upon a time in a faraway land, there lived a man - who was king of all he surveyed. Like all good fairytales, there was also a dragon who breathed fire and smoke and wasn't a nice type to have around at all. In the course of events, the peasants inhabiting this land marched on the king's castle demanding a plan of action to rid the country of this dragon, who roamed the forest where they worked. The king, in very best drill-sergeant style, handpicked a volunteer to deal with the dragon and he was never seen again. So the dragon still roamed the forest, and every day the king still shouted and bellowed hoping he would scare it away. It wasn't very satisfactory but at least it was some sort of status quo which was something like saying they all lived more or less happily ever after.

This book would pass as a children's fairytale in any country in the world. Any country, that is, except New Zealand, for there are a few anomalies about the book which are immediately obvious, even to the boys down at the Gluepot. The king bears an uncanny resemblance to our revered leader with his 'special thin smile' and his ability to make a lot of noise. He even eats television reporters (being somewhat of a gourmet) for breakfast. The squeaky voiced alternative to the throne bears an equally uncanny resemblance to the leader of the opposition. Moreover the dragon has a penchant for eating people's savings and the 'volunteer' is a revolutionary young man with 'rimless glasses and a curly beard'. In fact, I am quite sure that, rather than being a land far across the sea, this mythical paradise Bromhead brilliantly portrays is perhaps ten feet to the left and one step behind Godzone.

The whole of the story is illustrated by Bromhead in 30 very pithy sketches in similar vein as those which have appeared in the Auckland and Christchurch Stars. Each is accompanied by an equally pungent caption. The whole character of the book is enhanced by the use of illuminated lettering for each written page and an enchantingly bizarre disrespect for perspective in the sketches - both very much medieval in attitude but powerful weapons in Bromheads hands.

TONY MATTSON



**THE HIDING PLACE
EMBASSY
SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER
PLAZA
GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS
ST JAMES**

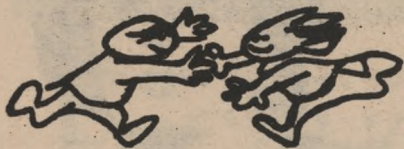
Because I enjoy going to the movies a lot and had last week seen everything else that is currently showing, I made the dire if somewhat foolhardy mistake of going along to 'The Hiding Place'. Expecting a tear-jerking World War II exploitation film, I thought I could take it. However, right though I was, there was much more to it than this. Overlaid on to a most extreme example of the above genre, was enough simplistic Bible bashing to make even the most convinced Christian shudder. To present endless tritely disturbing scenes of Nazis and concentration camps is one thing but to use them to keep hammering home a completely partisan point of view is quite another. The result is the most thoroughly detestable film I have ever seen rivalling even the ultravileness of 'Looking for Mr Goodbar'. Compared to this, even simple inoffensiveness wins high praise.

'Saturday Night Fever' is simply inoffensive. While most critics have said quite warm things about it, probably because it isn't nearly as bad as it could be, in retrospect I tend to go back on my initial verdict of 6½ out of 10 to something around 4½ - 5. It kept me mildly entertained for most of its duration, and as it annoyed me only a little one can perhaps praise the skill with which it has been put together. If you have no special love for either discos or John Travolta that will probably be your reaction too. It does not transcend the limitations of it's subject matter.

Which leaves for comment 'Golden Rendezvous'. Badly made, cheaply shot, very British, utterly absurd Alastair McLean adapted thriller. All about atom bombs, heroism at sea and people getting shot, it has its memorable moments. At one stage a pleasant little shootout is going on in the ships casino, the peace is shattered when a group of Che Guevara lookalikes storm in the front window and proceed to mow everyone down with machinegunfire. Even cheaply made films can be spectacular, and when violence as extreme as this is produced cheaply, the effects are quite aesthetic. Ideal for a stoned winter evening.

PHILIPPE HAMILTON

**LOVE
CAREFULLY!**



**FOR CONTRACEPTIVE ADVICE
CONSULT YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR,
STUDENT HEALTH SERVICE
OR FAMILY PLANNING CLINIC
N.Z. FAMILY PLANNING ASSOCIATION
INC.**

Dear Diary....

ON THE WATERFRONT AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT is not (although the mistake is understandable) the name of my column but the title of a double feature screening on JUNE 13 AT 12 NOON as part of the FLICKS programme. Further delights in the entertainment line this week include a PRAYER MEETING on TUESDAY 6 JUNE FROM 1-2. This meeting will be a must for fans of the group as the OCF Navigators have been invited to swell the ranks of the bandwagon. However, if you're really stuck for something to do there's always the Folk Club (whose retinue I don't really need to mention, they're a recalcitrant phenomena in these pages and if you're not permanently acquainted with the price of banjo lessons I certainly am). However, this weeks information runs as follows: On TUESDAY JUNE 6 there are GUITAR LESSONS in the WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM AND THE LOWER COMMON ROOM for beginners and intermediates at 6.00 PM, 7.00 PM for the advanced. On the same evening (an action packed club this) a BANJO WORKSHOP will be held by Mike Hopley and Graeme M Wrightson at 8.00 in the LCR. You are invited to listen or learn (the price is free). On WEDNESDAY JUNE 7 Club Night is being held in the WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM FROM 7.30 ONWARDS featuring someone called Steve Moffatt who not only sings and plays the harmonica but has mastered the guitar as well. (need I add 'not to be missed?'). On THURSDAY JUNE 8 the frenzied social activity of the Folk Club concludes with a FOLK DANCE clapped (appropriately enough) by Malcolm Clapp in the DANCE STUDIO at the REC. CENTRE from 8.00.

For the green thumbed, or simply green and all-thumbed among us, ecology freak DENNIS HOCKING will be doing a rave on TUESDAY JUNE 6 in B10 (in the basement of the Library Building). See ya there, and let's all grow together.

The SOCIALISTS, to all intents and purposes the only committed political group functioning on campus (committed to being committed?) are holding a meeting on MONDAY from 1-2 on the 12TH in the EXEC LOUNGE. Evidencing a remarkable facility of imagination and humour all too often absent in their sober ranks they have chosen the title 'Muldoon as Socialist' (exclusive film clips included).



A.U. LITERARY MAGAZINE

Contributors needed
poems
short stories
graphics
photos

pop into room 113
or post to:
Editor
A.U. Literary Magazine
AUSA
Private Bag
Auckland

Oh, and what about poohing? On WEDNESDAY JUNE 7 that evil and pernicious group of individuals - POOH SOC will meet in the WARD/LACK ROOM - just so you'll never find them - and they'll imbibe wine and masticate on bickies. They say they'll read books too - but I wouldn't trust those shits ...

AN UNPRETENTIOUS ENTRY. A meeting will be held on WEDNESDAY JUNE 14 from 1 to 2 in ROOM 143 for the CULTURAL COUNCIL. Would all clubs intending to participate in this years Mosaic (International Cultural Evening) please attend.

On JUNE 7 in the LITTLE THEATRE at 1 PM Tony Mattson and Jeremy Bartlett will be reading a selection of their own work - poetry, eh. From JUNE 10 to 24 'BEAUX STRATAGEM' is being presented by Mervyn Thompson in the OLD MAID - tickets on sale between 1 and 2 at the MAC box office.

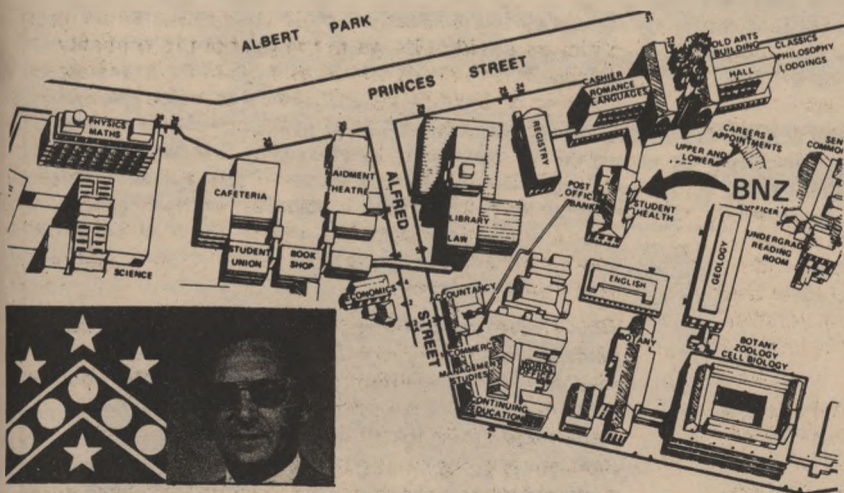
New Wave Story of the week - a young Notting Hill dropout has written the first punk novel. It's called, with a directness worthy of Clever Trevor himself, 'The Punk' and tells the story of a young vinyl freak who meets an appropriately messy end involving safety pins. The author reveals that his long term ambition is to become a brain surgeon: 'I know where the brain is don't I, and I can use a knife.' What sort of people would come to him for help? 'Aw, they'd have to be daft wouldn't they?' Thought it'd appeal.

An interesting parallel to the Bastion Point drama - Mr Arthur Morris, a retired surgical instrument salesman of Waterview, has recently revealed that he has been plotting for months to exterminate an immigrant beetle population which has been encamped in his Cox's Orange Apple tree. 'Just as I was about to attack them with my lethal spray,' he confesses, 'I remembered reading that beetles are very devoted parents and lead a totally exemplary social life. Needless to say I relented.' Mr Morris is also known as a grower of Webbs Wonder lettuces. (this isn't really the point of the story at all - what we really want to do is offer a free return bus trip to anyone who (a) knows where Waterview is and (b) can provide at least four compelling reasons for going there. (Care of Cecil and the Frog).

Fair go!

The Bank of New Zealand Student Loans are especially designed to give you a fair go. To help you meet the financial demands you face on campus. The great thing about them is their flexibility. You can arrange a short term loan to get you through that rough spot. Or you might like to enquire about a long term loan to help you plan things out over the years you're at Varsity.

Call in and talk it over with Branch Manager, Henry Grimshaw at the Bank of New Zealand Campus Branch, Old Student Union Building. He'll be pleased to help you. And you'll be surprised just how much he can help you.



Full banking services at the

Bank of New Zealand

Campus Branch, Old Student Union Building

CALCULATOR CENTRE LTD

31 LORNE STREET PHONE 370-328



CALCULATORS LOWER PRICED
THAN EVER BEFORE

- HP 21 scientific was \$135.00 NOW ONLY \$90
- HP 25 programmable was \$210.00 NOW ONLY \$155
- HP 27 financial/scientific was \$295.00 NOW ONLY \$205
- HP 22 financial was \$219.00 NOW ONLY \$150

SPECIAL:

WE STILL HAVE A SMALL NUMBER OF TEXAS SR51 II'S
AT THE INCREDIBLE LOW PRICE OF \$71.00

CALL IN NOW AT THE
CALCULATOR CENTRE

AND CHOOSE YOUR CALCULATOR
FROM OUR EXCITING RANGE

YET ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO ROUSE STUDENT INTEREST

SRC[★] & WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

- FACT 1 : 99% OF STUDENTS HAVE TO JOIN A.U.S.A.
- FACT 2 : MEMBERSHIP OF A.U.S.A. COSTS YOU \$23 + \$12 (Bldg Levy)
- FACT 3 : EACH YEAR A.U.S.A. HANDLES OVER \$1 MILLION
- FACT 4 : A.U.S.A. IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND CULTURAL INTERESTS OF 11,000 STUDENTS
- FACT 5 : BUGGER-ALL STUDENTS SHOW ANY INTEREST IN THE ACTIVITIES OR CONTROL OF A.U.S.A.
- FACT 6 : ALL STUDENTS HAVE A SAY IN THE RUNNING OF A.U.S.A. - THROUGH THE STUDENTS REP. COUNCIL
- FACT 7 : ALL STUDENTS CAN DECIDE THE POLICY AND POLITICAL STANCE OF A.U.S.A. - THROUGH S.R.C.

WEDS 1 P.M.

FORTNIGHTLY IN THE

SRC LOUNGE

AGENDAS IN CRACCUM &
AROUND THE QUAD

FURTHER INFO FROM
GREG PIRIE, STUDASS

B3913

★Trade Mark

