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UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
- 9 MAR 1998
GIVEN

AUCKLAND UNI

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9 March 1998

STAFF

Editor:

Al 'Spawn Spice' Bone

News Editor:

Alex 'Holmes Spice' Spence

Arts Editor:

Aidan 'Terrifying Spice'

Master Lensman

Mark 'Paparazzi Spice' Gilbert

Designer

Mark 'Digital Spice' Mackay

Ad Guy:

Ross 'Show me the money Spice'

Stanley

Distribution:

Les 'Death from Above Spice'

Milligan

CONTRIBUTORS

Leanne Smith, Peter

Malcouronne, John Neal, James

Apps, Martyn Bradbury, Vanessa

Patea, Mike Coster

News Crew:

Ben Thomas, Les Milligan

Photo Crew:

Sonia Lacey, Mark Mackay

Cover Model:

Ursula Dixon

Cover Shoot Studio Crew:

Lily Ta and the incredible Lynn

Logan

Cover Photographer:

Mark Gilbert

IMPORTANT STUFF

Credibility Street:

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Mark Gilbert has never ridden through Paris in a sportscar with the free wind in his hair. And, if he has, he certainly never forced a Mercedes containing a member of the Royal family off the road in order to get a good picture. Probably.

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Contact:

editor@craccum.talk.co.nz

Craccum, c/- AUSA,

Private Bag 92019, Auckland.

Advertising:

advertising@craccum.talk.co.nz

ph. (09) 366-0413

Production and Design:

Digital Edge Ltd - ph. 620-8841

info@digital-edge.co.nz

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EDITORIAL

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
-- FEB 1999
LIBRARY

Welcome aboard. To those of you who have been here before; welcome back. This will be one of the more interesting years to be at University, especially if you're involved in the political and social side of things. Most of you aren't, for you there is the new atrium, University staff cuts, higher prices in the cafes and being the first person to actually walk on the new Rudman Lawn (In the three months I've been here I have yet to see anyone do this). This is a sad thing, but I guess if you want to treat University as just an extension of high school then go ahead. You've paid your fees - do it your way. It is a buyer's market out there, right now it probably seems like a good idea to just put in the hard yards with the books, ignore all the greasy student politicians and their bullshit, party a bit and leave with what you want - a degree and a job offer. And you're probably right, school, uni, big OE, office, BMW, death - a time honoured path. Well, a time honoured path for the last 15 years anyway. If this is what you want then Godspeed, these will still be the best years of your life.

If, however you want to make these merely the best years of your life to date then you should consider getting involved in things around this place. The original framers of University constitutions weren't stupid. They knew what they had hold of; the young and gorgeous elite of their respective nations. This may seem a preposterous notion if you've ever seen a drinking horn, but it is a fact. We are the ones. We have won the genetic lotto, and, frightening as it may seem, they are training us to take the wheel of society. But the thing about being young is that you can be trained to be anything; a great big corporate attack dog for instance. The constitution writers have always been hip to their remedy was to make the University - officially - the critic and conscience of society. This is what we are forced to think deeply about what we see around us, about the world at large and about what we are taught. It is a rare thing - a command to be free.

A University ID card is a license to think and a license to act. If you fail to do either...well it's really bad will happen to you...and nothing really good will either. You and the society you are in day command will just float around in circles, rot and die unlamented. Thought and action mean risk, if you want a quiet life then maybe you would be happier at AIT or some other institution where you learn a trade and leave, no nonsense, no distractions.... Involvement, politics, otherwise, will make you friends, enemies, contacts, afraid and different from what you would have been. This is what makes a University something other than a degree factory. Don't waste your time here.

-Al Bone

Speaking of involvement I need writers, cartoonists, photographers, inputters, and dogab Craccum (despite what I said in the election) is really what you make it, you are the heart and soul of this thing and it needs your time and energy. Come up to the volunteer's meeting Tuesday 19th and you'll get something to do.

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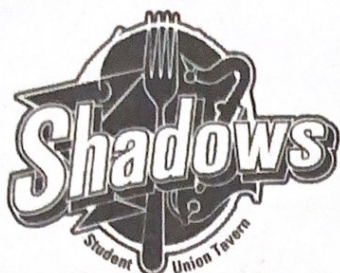
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ORIENTATION WEEK

MON 16
1-4pm 6-9pm

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Music from 8pm: SHAFT and 60's DJ

TUES 17
1-4pm 6-9pm

■ Murphy's Irish Stout Handle \$2.50. ■ Jim Beam Double \$3
Music from 8pm: UNDERCARRIAGE and TK421

WED 18
1-4pm 6-9pm

■ Waitamata Sparkling Quart \$4. ■ Gordon's Gin Double \$3
Music from 8pm: CHICANE and TETSUO

THUR 19
1-4pm 6-9pm

■ Monteith's Black Jug \$4. ■ Johnnie Walker Black Double \$3.50
Music from 8pm: GERBIL

FRI 20
1-4pm 6-9pm

■ DB Bitter Jug \$4. ■ Coruba Double #3
Music from 8pm: SUGAR BUG and ALPHA PLAN

SAT 21
BAR OPENS 4PM

6-9pm ■ Export Gold Jug \$4. ■ Bacardi Shaker \$10
Music from 8pm: THE ANZACS and DEREK BROWN

DAILY PRIZE DRAW

Purchase above products March 16-20 and enter the daily prize draw 9:30pm.
Prize includes Akai CD discman and branded merchandise. Must be present with valid student ID to claim prize.



R 18

Level 2 Student Union Building
open 12:30pm daily

ORIENTATION WEEK

*Aquila Sparkling Wine	\$2.50 glass	\$12 bottle
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*Export Gold	\$2.50 glass	
*Export Gold Glass and '98 Orientation T-shirt		\$7.50



EXPORT GOLD

JIM BEAM



EXPORT GOLD



All Week

SPECIALS

Red Bull \$3.50
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Strongbow White Cider bottle \$3.50

Purchase any of the advertised products March 16-21 and enter the Major prize draw, Sat March 21 at 9:30pm.

1st Prize

20" Panasonic TV
Sky subscription
2 seater Export Gold couch



2nd Prize

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3rd Prize

Sony Playstation

4th Prize

Strongbow prize pack

Must be present with valid student ID to claim prizes

Entry to Shadows or Barnone requires
two forms of identification.
Photo plus one other valid form

Purchase any of the advertised products March 16-20 and
enter the Major prize draw, Fri March 20 at 8pm.



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1st Prize

Corban's wine hamper

2nd Prize

Export Gold beach kit

Must be present with valid student ID to claim prizes



CR-SHADOWS980

Real Cool Guy

Showbiz is a game of inches, and this week Dirk Diggler is narrowly edged out as the recipient of the inaugural Real Cool Guy award. Diggler, as you know, is the star of 'Boogie Nights' a film about the porno industry in the Seventies. Magnificently blessed by God, Diggler is clearly in favour with the Almighty, and they, who is Craccum to disagree with Him upstairs? Well we've found someone much closer to home who is also a favourite of the Big Man - John Campbell. Campbell is the ultimate tin-arse. When Bill Ralston quit his show at the back of the TV3 news, Campbell comes out of nowhere and secures the spot. Luck enough, but more was to follow. Neil Waka, 3's weekend newsreader, quits

when he decides there is no way he will be able to knock off John Hawkesby from the regular weeknight spot. Then, miffed at having to share the screen with someone else, Hawke's quits too. Waka wants back in but it is too late. Along comes John Campbell and lands the top spot reading the news. Even though he has to share the job with Carol Hirschfield, Campbell has come a long way in a short space of time. With his luck running like it is you have to wonder how long it will be before Hirschfield's career walks under a bus and Campbell is left running the show. To top it all off now he has won this award. Good on ya John, someone up there loves you. (We like the Wichita Lineman song too.)

WANKER OF THE WEEK

Stand up and take a bow...Michael Hutchence. 37 years old, talented, famous, richer than a chocolate sponge cake covered in honey and dead as the doorknob he hung himself from. Why? Surely a fatal disease or crushing blow you say? Nope, this rock icon hanged himself because he couldn't be with his family for Christmas. Putting aside the fact that he had the ability to hire his own private jet and be in the UK with his family in about 2 hours, this is still a pathetic reason to do a stupid, selfish and cruel thing. Hutchence was looked up to by millions, quite a few of them young and more than a few of these going through their own personal crisis at the dangerous time of Christmas. Almost none would have Hutchence's advantages or resources to help overcome their problems. Hutchence turned his back on all of them, and shrugged off the responsibilities that came with his power. The selfish, immature prick set the worst possible example by hanging himself in a tantrum.

Even if you ignore the fact of his public profile this guy was a Grade A tosser. Three of his four kids were fathered by Bob Geldof, Hutchence made threatening phonecalls to Geldof, trying to force him to give up his family for Christmas. Geldof stands firm, probably the only time anyone had ever stood up to this Prima Donna, and Hutchence falls apart. The Sydney coroner says there was "no evidence to suggest Hutchence was involved in an act of auto-eroticism" when he died. Craccum disagrees.

Uni collectors card

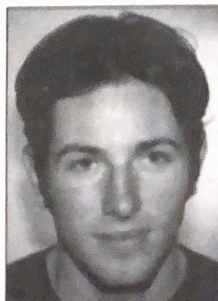
Name: Rob Ryan
Position: Environmental Affairs Officer

Rob Ryan's election raised many eyebrows, as the first Environmental Affairs Officer to have ever worked for planet-raping global corporation McDonalds. He denies, however, accusations of hypocrisy and says "I use my position in the company to advance conservation in many ways - for example, pest control." Indeed, following in the footsteps of his hero Mike Moore's Lamb-burger, Rob's Kiwi-burger proposal combined pest control with tasty, hassle free eating.

"McD's loved the idea" he explains, "especially since it was so difficult to get Resource Consent for clear-felling our native Kauri forests when all those little-brown-spotted bastards were running around in them. So we killed two birds with one stone - but we found that was too slow, so I just shot the next nine hundred".

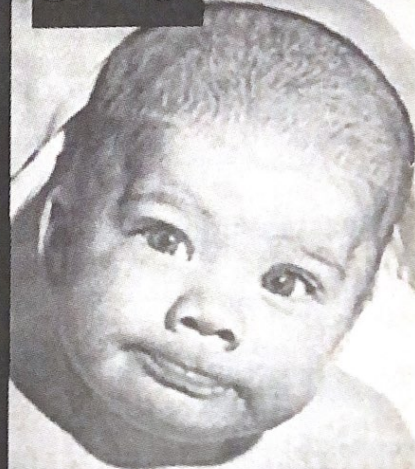
Rob argues he has dedicated his life to saving the planet from destruction and that "I'd like to see anyone try and destroy the earth once I've covered it in concrete". Rob's controversial "Albert Car-Park" plan will be voted on next month.

Try as he might, this poster boy for the New Right can't convince anyone of his good intentions. Detractors claim that he spent the first half of "hug a tree" day with his arms around the Skytower.



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Power crisis cripples Uni

Enrolment, orientation and student services have been severely disrupted by an ongoing power crisis that has crippled Central Auckland and delayed University and AIT by one week.

The University was first alerted to seriousness of the power situation on Saturday February 21, after the first two days of enrolment had been disrupted by blackouts. A decision was made to delay enrolment for a week, affecting several thousand students. Initial plans involved moving enrolment to the Tamaki campus, but this was deemed unnecessary after Mercury Energy guaranteed the University enough electricity to operate essential services.

"There is something wrong when the CBD is fed by only four power cables," said University Registrar Warwick Nicoll.



■ The crowd builds for Orientation.

"They've [Mercury Energy] not met the demand of the city." He says the main cost to the University will be productivity losses, as approximately 3500 staff were sent home.

Teaching schedules have been altered - the week lost will be made up during the easter holiday break. Research has been ruined by the loss of refrigeration and cooling systems. Services such as health and counselling were affected, while students arriving to take up residence at the International House and O'Rourke House hostels were sent home at the University's expense. Those international students who could not return home were treated to a week-long camp at Eastern Beach, said Student Services Registrar Kay

Wills, and the event proved so popular it may be continued next year.

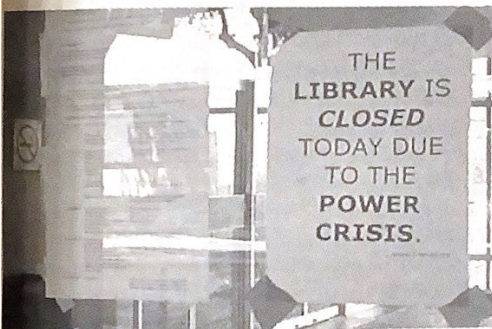
The financial loss as far as the Student's Association is significant, said Association Manager Carol McKenzie, mainly because their core trading operations - catering and Shadows - were suspended. This is despite the fact that the Student Union building had power for much of the week.

"We have to keep the power load down," said

Nicoll. "Our primary concern this week was just to get enrolment out of the way...it is a question of balancing power for the whole University." Attempting to run the University normally would leave the rest of the CBD without power, he said.

Despite continued uncertainty about when full power will be restored to the city, the University expects lectures to begin on Monday. "We are confident there will be more power," said Nicoll. AUSA will resume normal operations on Monday regardless of the electricity situation. The association cannot afford to remain closed for another week, said McKenzie.

The University is looking very carefully at its contract with Mercury Energy and is considering legal action. ■



Staff cuts will not harm quality - registry

by Ben Thomas

The reaction to a University staff cutting initiative has been "quite good" according to Deputy Vice-Chancellor Alistair McCormick. About twenty staff have accepted the voluntary redundancy offered in a mass mailout to employees last December.

Over 2000 general and academic staff received letters asking them to consider accepting a voluntary severance package, an effort by the University to reduce its single largest item of expenditure - wages and salaries.

Although there was no particular number in mind when voluntary redundancy was offered, McCormick says the University will cut as many staff as possible without sacrificing the quality of teaching and research.

AUSA President Mark O'Brien was disappointed by the University's staff cuts. The initiative will harm the quality of teaching, reduce the diversity of staff, and put pressure on smaller departments, he said.

But McCormick attempted to allay such fears. He believes the fact that "more than a handful" of staff accepted voluntary redundancy indicated that some staff were

willing to leave, and denied any staff would have redundancy forced on them. He also explained that the University reserved the right to reject any application for redundancy from a staff member whose departure would affect course quality. There is nothing to stop departments from replacing the staff lost, he said, although it is hoped that any replacement will receive a lower salary than their predecessor.

McCormick emphatically denied the suggestion from O'Brien that the University was attacking students out of revenge for opposing their differential fees proposals.

Down and Out in Epsom and Glenfield

It's not easy living in the Queen city. After a hard week of share trading, latte-quaffing and golf, Aucklanders need to unwind. For 24 hours the charmingly alienated Peter Malcouronne wanders the streets and finds that the city of sails and cellphones is also a city of strip shows, home shows and show ponies.

Friday 8.30pm

"How's my week been? Fucked. Totally fucked. My girlfriend broke up with me cos I snogged her best friend. When she found out mate, she was pissed, real pissed. So what does she do? She starts rooting my best mate. What a fuckin' bitch. She should just fuck off!"

It would seem she's done exactly that. I head to the bar for a drink and another intelligent conversation.

I'm in the right place for it. Shadows, the Auckland University student pub, is a torrid hotbed of bush philosophy. A venue to mix wits with the leaders of tomorrow. If I'd been here thirty years ago, I could now be watching the legendary Labour drinking team of Dave 'Lager' Lange, Roger 'DB' Douglas and Michael 'Boozebus' Bassett. Outside, then as now, would be Phil Goff waving his ID and pleading with the bouncers to let him in.

But here is now and somewhere out there is our future Prime Minister. It's a sobering thought, entirely inappropriate for a pub. So I decide, instead, to look for a more roguish character. How about the Mr (or Ms) Asia of the next millennium.

If persistence counts, then Graham Watson could be a contender. A three-time student President back when ANZUS lived, Watson recently made a political comeback. Back on the student executive as the unfortunately named National Affairs Officer, he should be laughing. But all is not well. "They're trying to ban me mate."

"Who Graham?"

"Fuckin' Executive. They won't let me in the office, the exec lounge; I can't go to accounts, I can't even use the fuckin' photocopier."

Quickly the subject tacks back to one dear to Watson's heart - the AUSA constitution. "It's totally unconstitutional. Even the fuckin' honorary solicitor knows that." Watson's offside, the impossibly tight-jeaned Reuben Chapple, chips in helpfully: "It's fuckin' bullshit."

Another acolyte interrupts, "Happy Birthday Graham." Yes, Graham is turning 33 - a grand age I suggest insincerely. It's the opportunity Graham's been waiting for. "Jesus was crucified at the age of 33," he pronounces. "But Socrates was impeached at a much later age."

Mark 'Damaging' Dalton has no such messianic pretensions – for now he's content being the self-professed Father of Lies. Smoking an unlit cigarette, Damaging is spading two nubile like an enthusiastic market gardener. He's having to work hard; wearing an electric-blue Hawaiian shirt was a tactical error.

But Damaging is in there with a fighting chance. He introduces the two young women to me – Stanley and Peta. For some reason they think I'm a traveller. Yes, indeed, I'm a dashing Italian play-boy who speaks perfectly unaccented English. They're not convinced. They tell me they're mechanics specialising in V8's, Holden's mainly. I'm not convinced either.

Peta jumps up and rushes over to some chump wearing a turquoise towelling hat. They hug each other gratuitously. Damaging is displeased. "Look at that fuckin' wanker. What a cock." Unfortunately Damaging he's a tall, dark, handsome cock. "If there's one thing I hate, it's contrived unconventionality. People who cultivate a persona that obscures the fact that there's nothing there." Pardon?

Damaging regains his composure and renews his advance on Stanley. He smirks at me to piss off. Off to the boy's room then. A patron wishes me well – "Have a good piss mate." "Thank you, I will." I reply.



Smoking an unlit cigarette, Damaging is spading two nubile like an enthusiastic market gardener. He's having to work hard; wearing an electric-blue Hawaiian shirt was a tactical error.

Problem is, where. There's cigarette butt paddle steamers in one urinal and mince, peas and desiccated carrot in the other. I'm about to finish when a friendly fellow whacks me on the back as if to say 'Well done.' "What's your name... ah mate," I ask.

"Top Notch!"

"That's an unusual name."

"Fuckin' oath."

"And, ah, what do you with yourself, Top?"

"I prepare virgins for marriage."

Right. Um, time to re-enter the fray.

After Conversations At The Men's Urinal it's a bit of jolt to confront the eminently quotable Phil Stevens. Phil's the 1997 Auckland student president and is presently being accosted by an irritating stream of back-clappers, high-fivers and other flunkies. One reckons that the beer in Shadow's costs too much. It should be "half the price mate." Phil, who has perfected the art of virtual listening, responds diplomatically. "You're raising issues, broad

issues, important issues." This man will go far.

But for now he's content just going to the Occidental. On the way, we pass an odd gathering in the middle of Albert Park. A lost tribe this, too young for the pubs and too old for the malls. There's nothing for them to do except sit sullenly. Well, that's not entirely true. There's a beanie skateboarder skirting the periphery. And two of the group are filming the others. Of course, no one is uncool enough to pose for the camera. They don't need to. They just are. This is profound.

To the Occy now. The Occidental in Vulcan Lane is the sort of place your dead-boring country cousin would describe as having a lot of 'character.' It's split into two distinct bars – on one side is a collection of skins, bohemians and revolutionaries of one kind or another, on the other is a barful of old battlers. Some students vainly try to enhance their credibility by sitting in this bar, but it's mainly old men. Grumpy, most of them too.

We opt for the cosmopolitan bar. A pretty young thing wearing angel wings flits by hoping to be noticed. She's successful. A bouncer strides up and chucks her out for being underage.

On the wall is a painting you sometimes see at garage sales. It's the quintessential English country scene – the landed gentry about to head off on a fox hunt.

One of the coarse village blacksmith types leaves the painting and enters the pub. His head is shaved and tattooed with a word in NZ Herald Gothic font. Suffice to say, it's a word that doesn't often appear in the pages of the Herald. Satan is unhappy with the world and a few minutes later is assisted outside.

Meanwhile the Leningrad Cowboys are singing Sweet Home Alabama. The irony of a bunch of Finns, pretending to be Russian, singing the great redneck anthem of all time is something Alanis Morissette would recognise. The Politburo member who wanders over smiling must have realised too. He has bad teeth – a legitimate socialist deformity. A sign you are the real Molotov; that



Phil, who has perfected the art of virtual listening, responds diplomatically, "You're raising issues, broad issues, important issues."

you've smoked your share of rollies and steadfastly boycotted capitalist orthodontists. Castro's a grand old battler, don't you think? "Oh yes, a life-time of struggle," the comrade muses, unwittingly revealing the title of the Cowboy's next album.

Saturday 10.30am

A fifty-something Billy Joel aficionado is having a very serious conversation with his lovely wife. Those Indonesian bush-fires are a damned shame don't you think and should we buy a Honda

CR-V or a Jeep. She likes the American authenticity of the Jeep; he prefers the Honda. However, she doesn't have a brochure and he does. Look, the Honda has temperature control and darling, here's the free picnic set I was telling you about.

They go, presumably to a Honda show-room, leaving a plate of cheese and crackers virtually unmolested. Didn't their parents ever tell them about hungry third-world children? Well, mine certainly did and I slowly edge towards the table trying not to look like Mr Bean. Alas, I get there at the same time as the waitress.

It was probably just as well. Steal jewellery, paintings, other people's partners if you must, but don't get caught scabbing at Tuatara, Ponsonby Road's famously fashionable cafe.

"It's no longer so alienating," the Maitre 'D tells me. "It's more cosmopolitan now, more accessible. There's families - kids playing everywhere - bowling teams, firemen..."

"That's cool, it's how it should be."

"Of course, there's still a bit of wank - we say aioli instead of garlic mayonnaise." And you'll still see Shortland Street stars here most days, talking loudly about nothing.

Maitre 'D is Bridget Long. She's blonde, voluptuous - rather stunning actually. She has brains. She has an accent. What's a nice girl like her doing in a place like this?

Steal jewellery, paintings, other people's partners if you must, but don't get caught scabbing at Tuatara

"I really enjoy it here. You meet a lot of interesting people. Admittedly you get some real tossers."

A stock answer, but I'm not interested in interesting people. I want to know about famous people.

"Famous People I have served? Bull from Nightcourt - he was really stylee, Sheryl Crow, Robbie Coltrane - he drunk about 10 vodka martini's in three seconds, Fran Drescher - she gobbled a fat-free salad in about the same, Toni Childs, Ben Elton - I told him Hull was one of the three great English universities."

Bridget has a vested interest here. Her degree in drama was at Hull. Tutors included Tony, Mike and Pete, as in Messrs Hopkins, Crawford and Greenaway.

It's a good story. Star Maitre 'Ds need anecdotes of their own, as well as an ability to laugh at those of their guests. After Bridget graduated, she went to Africa in search of more good stories.

In the North Saharan desert, between Mauritania and Morocco, her jeep drove over a landmine. Luckily she was sitting cross-legged in the front; had she been sitting normally, she would have lost her legs. Two people were shot dead in front of her at the Zaire-Uganda border and then she was bitten by a spitter. She's saved the best till last. An egg sac the size of an orange grew in her cheek. Come on, that's an urban myth, surely. She shows me a scar.

But enough interesting stories, I want some more trivial ones. Any really weird famous people?

Um, there was Boyz 2 Men. I went to give them a burger but interrupted them praying. I was carrying five plates at the time - but it was still very irreligious of me.

Did you know they pray in acapella?"

Saturday 1.00pm

Heading for the Home show now. Driving along Greenlane I see an old school friend. Sadly, he's spent the last few years wandering Auckland's streets duelling with his mind. I stop at his car.

"Jump in, Glen."

"I'm training" (He's heading to Les Mills).

"Training for what?"

"A war."

"A war? Between who?"

"I don't know. I'll be fighting for Kiwiland."

"Against who?"

"Everyone. People that want to invade Antarctica."

"Who wants to invade Antarctica?"

"Well it might not look very likely at the moment ... but it will happen ... over oil or population problems."

"The world goes through periods of growth and destruction. I'm a soldier."

Six years ago, Glenn was a student - five papers away from completing his BA in history. A month later, he was reading Golden Books.

He looks a lot different these days, too. He's pudgy and slow, not the same person who took out the Northland junior 800 and 1500 metre titles. It's the drugs he's been taking.

"The medication I'm on makes me really sluggish. I can't walk fast, I can't think straight ..."

"Why are you taking it then?"

"To stop me hearing voices."

"Have you ever heard voices?"

"Nup."

Glenn will soon be taken off Zuclopenthixol - but will remain on Risperidone. Not by choice.

"I want to be off the medication. I trip out when I take it. I can't sleep, I can't remember anything. It's making life unenjoyable."

"What do the doctors think?"

"You can write this - The doctors are all quacks and witch doctors. They don't know what they're doing. I know one nurse who was on some anti-psychotic medication - he said he was spinning out and couldn't drive properly. They must realise that the drugs have a negative effect."

"Do the drugs make things worse?"

"Yep. The drugs make me slower. I look like a madman. It's hardly surprising that I start to behave like one too."

"Are you mad, Glenn?"

"I'm a little bit mad. A little potty."

Saturday 2.00pm

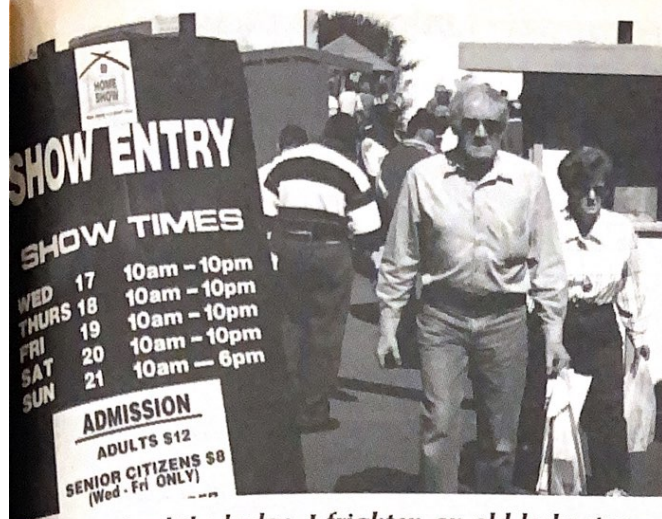
Once a year the devout make the journey. From Hillsborough Heights, St Heliers Heights, Henderson Valley Heights and Howick Heights they come by Pajero to the Ellerslie Showgrounds.

It's a pilgrimage back to a better time - to an age where the Kiwi quarter-acre dream was just that and there was no such thing as infill housing. You won't find any trouble-makers or Alliance voters here at the Home show; the tangata's whenua and pasifika are also thin on the ground.

You see, the punters here are tidy and respectable. The ladies look lovely in their frocks and blouses. The lads are comfortably casual - boat shoes, light blue Levis and polo shirts. Tucked in, of course, guts spilling out over the top.

Feeling wickedly non-conformist in my t-shirt, I join the end of a long queue. A couple of minutes later I come face to face with the materialist realities of 90s New Zealand. It's 12 bucks to get in. What a scam.

Who's going to be stupid enough to pay to look at advertising



Hidden behind the hedge, I frighten an old lady staring at paving stones by making ghost noises. Most unbecoming of a serious investigative journalist.

Well, thousands of middle New Zealanders evidently. Much as I want to look through the latest heat-treated aluminium window and gawk at a spa pool I can't even sit in, I'm not going to join them. I won't pay - I'll break in.

I test the security of the perimeter and find it sound. I can either go under the fence or jump it. The Springbok-era razor wire rules out the latter and it's way too hot to tunnel. I try bribery; the border guard is amiable but incorruptible.

There's nothing else I can do, then, except peer pitifully through the fence. A man on the other side swaggers over and asks, "Who's the animals? You or us." Chortling loudly, he doesn't wait for an answer. Boom boom!

I'm feeling vindictive now. Hidden behind the hedge, I frighten an old lady staring at paving stones by making ghost noises. Most unbecoming of a serious investigative journalist.

I have a job to do. I interview Jean Muir, owner of the Crow's Nest Furniture company through the fence. Jean makes free-standing hammocks, an idea, she says, she got from her grandpappy. It looks comfortable.

If costly. Two thousand dollars on top of the 12 bucks to get in is twice the GDP of Malawi. Too much.

Saturday 8.00pm

They're fast becoming passe, but I'm determined to attend a genuine Shore party. To Glenfield then, and Mark Wilson's 21st birthday.

I've timed my run poorly and get there just in time for the speeches. Mark is looking anxious. His mum's about to speak. "Excuse me ... Can I have your attention please ... Excuse me..." (cries of "Shut up down the back" and "Quiet in the cheap seats").

"Thank you. You're a polite lot ..."

("Too right ... No we're not!")

"Well I think we all know why we're here tonight..."

("No, why's that? ... Free piss!").

"Yes we're here to celebrate Mark's coming of age ..."

("Phwooar!").

"Yep, Mark's 21 today, actually he was 21 on Thursday, and as his Mum it's my job, no it's my privilege, to speak on his behalf to you.

"Mark asked me to tell you lots of stories about him as a baby (Mark hasn't - "Oh Mum") but I said your friends don't want to hear any of those ...

("Yes we do ... Let's hear them ... Too right!").

"Oh you do. Okay then a couple ("Oh Mum") of the more, um, interesting anecdotes by popular request ("God Mum") ...

... "A few years ago now, Mark's Uncle Ian from Australia, who sadly couldn't be with us tonight, came over to New Zealand for a holiday. Now Ian's always been a bit worried about Mark not having a, how does he put it, a male presence in his life. A male role model ... Well, I'd written a letter to him a couple of weeks earlier and told him all about the boys and how Mark had made the 1st XV. I thought that would reassure him a bit.

"Anyway Uncle Ian's shuttle-bus pulls up outside our house and what do you think happens. Mark rushes out, says hi, and zooms out into the night. Wearing one of my skirts!

(Much laughter and cries of "We always knew he's a poofter").

"Off to some skirt-evening or something. ("Skirt night ... Mum,") You should have seen the look on Ian's face ... he didn't know what to say.

("So that's why he's not here tonight")

"Anyway, I'm sorry but I'm going to be a bit soppy for a bit. It hasn't always been easy bringing up two boys by myself, but I can honestly say that I couldn't ask for two better boys than Mark and David. They're the most important thing in my life ... always have been.

(Tears are starting to well).

"I'm just so very proud of them both. Mark's a wonderful boy.

"I love you son."

Saturday 10.45pm

We're on Fort St outside the aptly named Happy Chappy. The Welshman wants to go inside, but Mark's not keen. Simo just wants a decision; standing outside a strip club is not a good look.

The Hub decides we'll keep moving. As we wander, he talks

**At the start of the third,
the bra is whipped off and,
a little later, everything
else. Well almost. The
'girls' never take off their
sky-tower heels.**

tactics. We'll try and get a hefty group discount, a bulk deal. These places make most of their money in drinks so we'll have to appear parched. Say loudly out the front, "My word I could do with a drink".

The Hub's plan works - five of us get in for \$30. Aqua welcomes us inside.

"I'm a barbie girl, in the barbie world.

Light and plastic, it's fantastic.

You can brush my hair, Undress me everywhere ..."

We buy a drink and take a seat near the front. Beside us are several bespectacled Malaysians. I mention to one that Mahathir Mohammed is an anti-imperialist hero - he's not interested. Behind us are three Triad leaders, two mechanics, four merchant

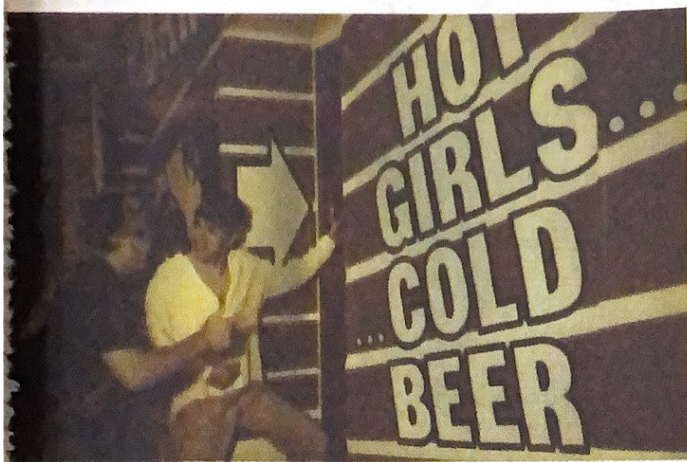
bankers, a Wigan league player, a Wests player and a chap from Mt Roskill. We're an eclectic bunch. Some other observations.

1. The DJ's a nong.
2. The gilded gold twat-pole is fake – close scrutiny reveals grey primer.
3. The strippers have unlikely names.
4. Their routines are very routine.

Each lasts for three songs. The stripper prances about during the first, but keeps most of her clothes on. During the second song, she strips down to her bra and panties. At the start of the third, the bra is whipped off and, a little later, everything else. Well almost. The 'girls' never take off their skytower heels. It can't be very comfortable but, as Rachel Hunter well knows, it does wonders for your calves. Back to the show.

"C'mon guys, let's hear it for the very lovely Brandi (?) Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, blah blah blah!"

Now, either the DJ's a linguist and fluent in Kazakhstani or the amplifier's way too powerful for the speakers. Whatever, we're



Behind us are three Triad leaders, two mechanics, four merchant bankers, a Wigan league player, a Wests player and a chap from Mt Roskill. We're an eclectic bunch.

missing most of his commentary. We're not quite sure of her name then. It's either Candi, Randi, Sandi, Mandi, or Brandi but it's definitely not Gandhi.

DJ is right though. Brandi (for want of a real false name) is very lovely. Sexy anyway. She's blonde, tanned, curvaceous – and not adverse to wandering amongst the punters, bopping the odd one about the head with her bosoms.

*"When I get that feeling,
I want Sexual healing ..."*

It's just the second song but Brandi has got everything off. This is subversive, against the rules surely. But a grand populist gesture. A Mexican wavelet sweeps the audience. When Brandi's third song ends, the DJ doesn't need to implore the audience to "put ya hands together and shooooow your appreciation for the very lovely Brandi;" she gets a standing O.

Another "very lovely" lady lurches onto stage except she's not. The hair is Stevie Nicks c.1983 and the smile desperate and sad. Halfway through Patrick Swayze's awful She's Like the Wind, the

audience has halved. No one's interested, no one cares, dances on, far too fast for this dirge. "Don't you feel sorry for her," asks The Hub. Before I can answer he whistles loudly, beams back gratefully, her gratitude making us all feel 'Stevie' seems to work harder than the rest; between strips collects the empties while the others hang about the bar like bats.

I'm starting to notice a few anxious looks – scribbling obviously in my notebook perhaps I resemble a strip club interior. It's time to go and walk the walk. Interview some Cider-soaked and red-eyed I'm less than convincing, but brought a proper ringbound notebook and expensive pen for authenticity.

Brandi is actually Tammi, a 20-year-old from South Auckland. "This is the best time of the night," she says.

"Yeah, why?"

"I get to take my heels off."

"Do you enjoy it here?"

"Very much. I love dancing."

"How long have you been stripping?"

"I've been doing it for over a year now. I've worked lots of ... this is the fourth club I've been in."

"Good club?"

"Yeah, it's the only club in Auckland that doesn't do lapdancing or private dancing."

"You don't like lapdancing?"

"Hate it. Lapdancing's a form of prostitution. It's dry-fucking."

"How many nights a week do you work?"

"Four to five nights – usually about 10 dances a night."

"How did you start stripping?"

"Well, this is a classic this one. I went out with a guy for 2 years. One day he beat me pretty severely so I left. He kept everything we owned, I was just left with the car.

That night I started waitressing at the Firehouse. The next night was up on stage."

"Were you scared?"

"Nah, I was as drunk as a skunk."

"Any bad experiences?"

"Showgirls – I worked there 5 months and I hated it. Once a guy grabbed my breasts so hard I could feel his fingers pressing together. I screamed at him to stop and he bit me."

Tammi introduces me to Grant, who looks like a portly Mike Laws c.2006. Very personable too. Grant manages the club's doorman Greg.

"Your first strip club?"

"Yep."

"You knew Greg before you set up here?"

"Yeah, he's my brother."

"What does your Mum think?"

"She's a part owner – she has an ... aah ... interest in the club."

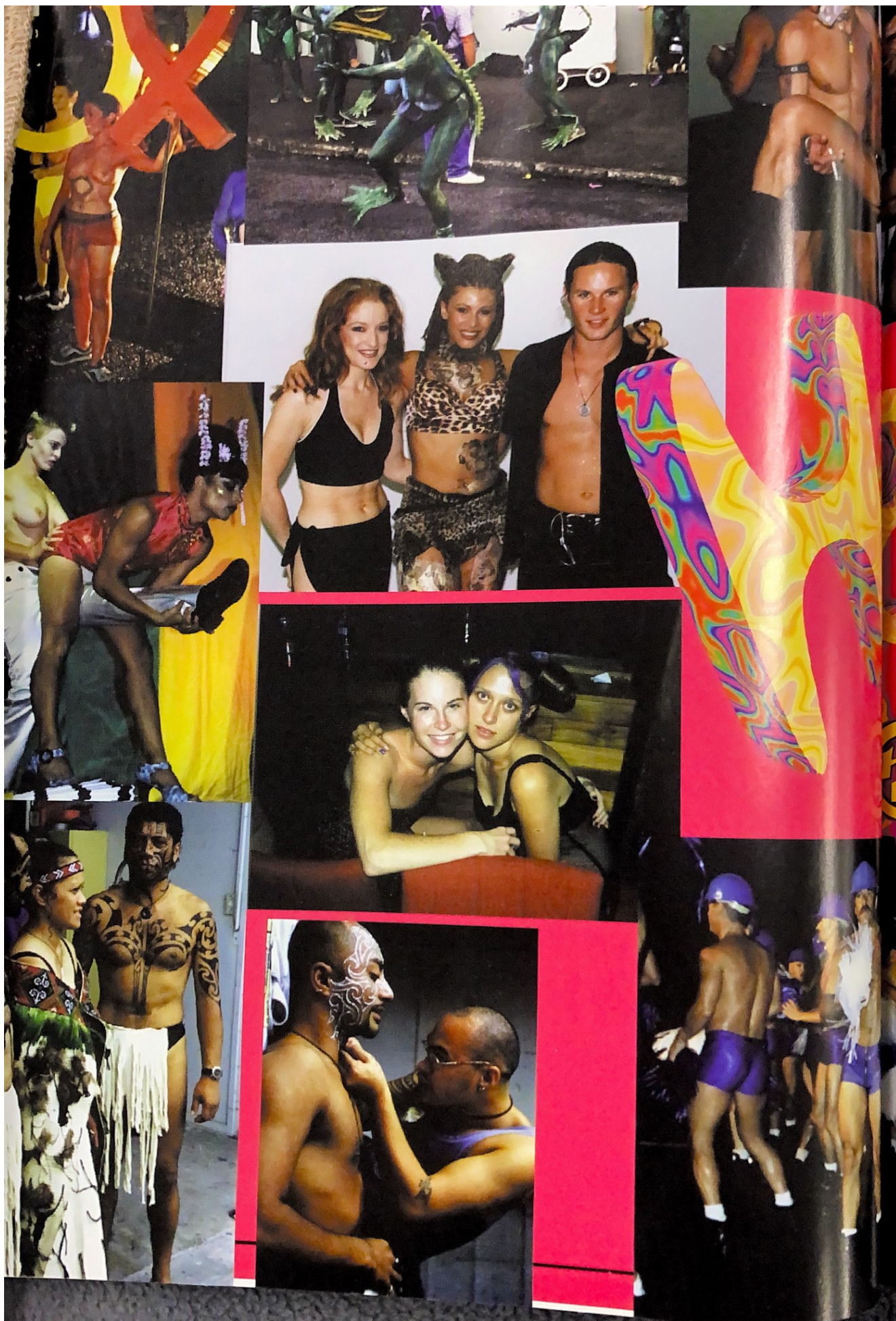
"Really. Does she ever drop by?"

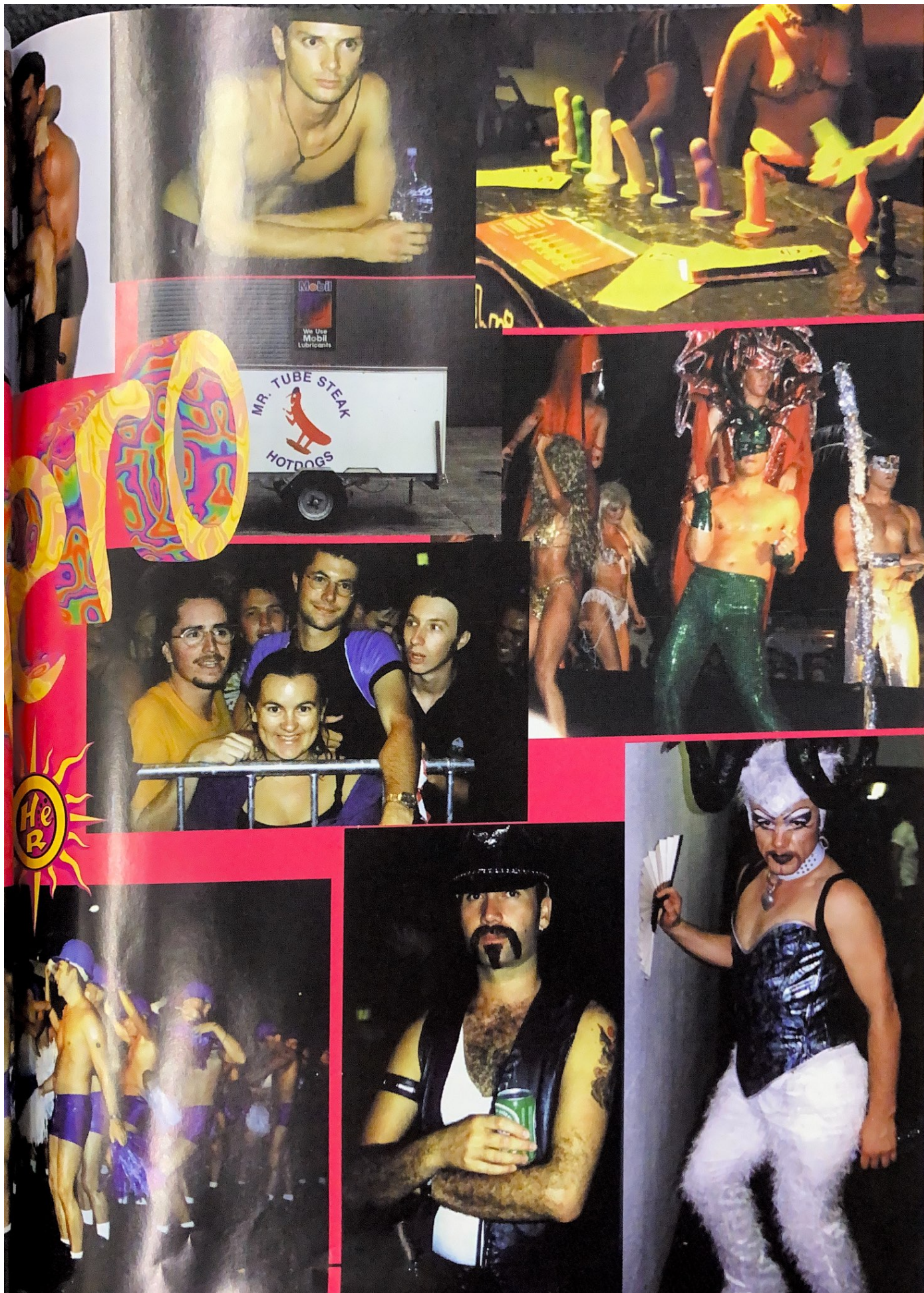
"Yeah, she's come past a couple of times to check out her ... investment."

"What did she think?"

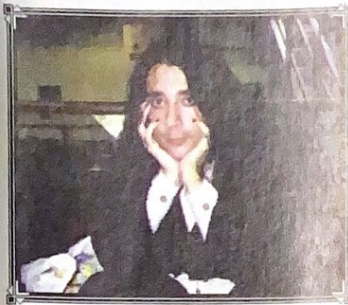
"She reckoned it wasn't sleazy at all."

Greg also works the bar and wanders across to one of the mechanics. Mr Mt Roskill is standing beside me. Resplendent in a navy jersey (with red and black diamonds), boat-shoes and matching sports socks) he's a man on the make. Out comes a business card which is handed over conspicuously. Mr Mt Roskill, if you're reading this, I'm sorry to inform you that your card is carefully folded in half and then half again and then free-falls into an empty beer glass. Missed – off the rim.





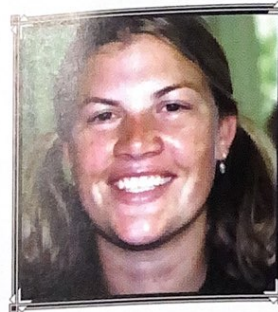
Benjamin 20 BA



- 1 Who hasn't? We all have.
- 2 A poster of Robert Smith. He's great, he's my idol.
- 3 I'm going up the sky tower.
- 4 I Got arrested on new years for being drunk at Tauranga. I was really slugged.
- 5 I guess I'm an alien.

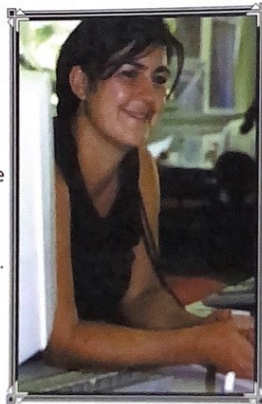
Lisa 23 BFA

- 6 Getting in touch with your feminine side.
- 1 Some scars. I like my scars.
- 2 I'm on patrol at Karekare beach. I'm a surf lifesaver. Trying to cruise some surfers?
- 3 I think seven's quite an exciting, unstable number. As opposed to ten, which is really even and boring.
- 7 I think I'd probably be an undercover cop. Yeah. I'm the one behind everything that happens in this place.



Katie,
Bmus, Victoria University

- 6 One would think it's hanging off the side of the cliff and fondling babies, and, oh, drinking beer.
- 2 Phew. Big question. No, I'm not going to get busted after dark at the Point Erin baths. I'm going to the voodoo love party.
- 3 Enrolled 26 000 students. I think.
- 9 Not 26 000.
- 5 Sporty Spice if I had to choose. I'd make my own - crusty, dirty, grungy spice.



Alice, 18, Bsc. Dave, 22, Bsc.

- 1 A: Of course, I'm just waiting for the Monica Lewinski scandal to blow over and then I'll have to go and see how much money I can make out of it.
D: Not yet, but he's next on my list.
- 1 A: Hell, he's got all those presidential palaces. Saddam's got more power.
D: Yeah, Saddam's probably got a harem of women that don't sue him.
- 2 D: Baby sitting.
A: Moving in. To my own house, not someone else's.
- 4 D: Leonardo De Caprio.
A: A bullet between [Leonardo's] eyes would be good.
- 5 D: Scary Spice. Cool hair.
A: Dead Spice.
- 7 D: I'm an alien. I don't know my mission yet
A: An ordinary member of the public, protecting people from Dave.



Ainsley, 18 BA, anthropology.

- 1 Te Papa? My brother's teeth. I had a clay mould of his teeth - more worse than Dracula.
- 2 Mmmm - it's a secret! Actually, I'm going to a 21st.
- 3 Tahiti, drank, saw the sights, did Med on Moorea, argued, changed houses, lived with another host for birthday party - mine!!
- 4 Liz Taylor - I'm going to kill her, all her money, then after her I'm going for Michael Jackson.
- 5 Scary Spice. Because if I brush my hair it goes exactly like hers.

45
minutes
the ke

- 1 If you could exhibit something at Te Papa what would it be?
- 2 What are you doing for Valentine's day?
- 3 Write a 20 word essay on what you did the holidays.
- 4 Who's going to be the next celebrity to die?
- 5 Who's your favourite Spice Girl?
- 6 What does it mean to be a man?
- 7 There is a rumour that there are secret under-cover cops, secret agents and aliens at university that there are no students. What are you and what's your mission?
- 8 Have you had sex with Bubba Clinton?
- 9 What's your favourite number and why?
- 10 Does Bill Clinton envy Saddam Hussein?

The Boxer

With Daniel Day Lewis

Fighting his way from the beginning to the end of the film, physically and emotionally, Daniel Day Lewis takes on a lead role, fights the snakes, climbs the ladders and with a boxer's pleasure for pain, he doesn't take the knockbacks. A moral lesson about the power of the will and truth. Daniel's character 'Danny' is a victim of true love battling prejudice in Ireland amongst a war-zone. From the people who brought us 'In the Name of the Father', 'The Boxer' may tickle your pineal gland also. There is a likable love-interest 'Maggie', an angstful youth, a Mr Evil (more evil than Gargamel), along with the other bad guys - the police and the media. There is a satirical statement made about violence, through Mr Evil's extreme proviolence actions. We see how wrong it is to throw bombs around but how great it is to be a boxer. The politics, men in suits and power-struggles, are the crux of this film, providing obstacles for Lewis to fight

his way through, but there were not too many surprises (except for the occasional bomb dropping in and a fire-engine catching fire). With fists and blood, there is some tricky camera work in the ring and in the chaos of the streets.

Providing some depth, the prejudice tension operated in three different arenas: within the nation; within the district [the parochial politics]; and, getting closer, the internal struggle with prejudice within the characters, demonstrating the art of survival (keeping one's mouth shut).

But the formula was a tame Hollywood one: one hero plus love-interest plus problem and violence to taste, equals happy ending. One must ask how many times can you use the same recipe before the taste becomes bland.

Vanessa Patea.

University Book Shop

City Quad 2 Lorne St Tamaki Campus

Field Guide to Auckland

by Owen Cameron, Bruce Hayward
and Graeme Murdoch
David Pit Press

It's weird having the year's first review being non-fiction and a field guide, at (that) - after the Summer hols, I could have written on any book I enjoyed... or, occasionally, didn't. But, I was really surprised by A Field Guide to Auckland: Exploring the Region's Natural and Historic Heritage.

The authors' credentials are impressive: at minimum they are, respectively, Lecturer of Botany at the Auckland War Memorial Museum,

Research Associate in Geology at Auckland University

and Historian to the Auckland Regional Council.

To them, and eventually to the reader, the Auckland region is a spectacular array of rocks & soil & birds & skinks & houses & beaches & forests & history & change, stretching from the Mangawhai Heads to the Waikato.

Because such a huge amount of data has been squeezed into these 280 pages, the various sections have been honed down into pithy and economical descriptions which are at once inform-

ative and broad without being scientifically esoteric [read: 'boring'].

These sections include Rocks and Landforms, Plant and Animals, History, and six others on Greater Auckland examined region by region, covering all of the area's National Parks and many reserves, museums, walkways, islands, craters, cottages, dams, vineyards, and the parochial histories from the palaeolithic past to the nearer history of the Maori and the European input.

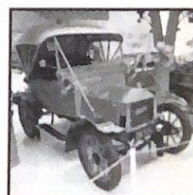
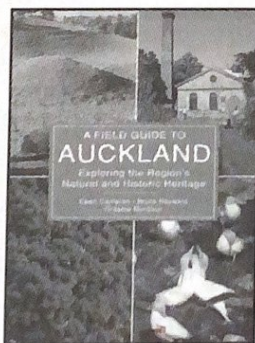
Containing virtually a photo

a page, which can never be underestimated in supporting the succinct written word, this Guide is bright and attractive, and truly 'thumbable'.

New Zealanders are great consumers of the National Geographic sort of spyglass on the world.

It's hard to imagine that whatever copies tourists, conservationists, gift-seekers, coffee-table adorners and greenies don't snap up will escape the eye of us ordinary folk. I will not be giving this book away!

Aidan.



Theatre: 8p: Stomp
Aotea Centre: 8p:
The Cherry Orchard
AIT: sculptors at work

Saturday 14

Western Springs
Park: 95bfm
Workers Day Out
Havana: 7.30+:
Kantuta & Latin
DJ's
@Luna: 36-hour
countdown contd

Devonport Arts
Festival
Artspace: Peter
Robinson: One
Love; Jim Speers:
The Natural World
Soliloquy: Rebecca
Tune: Shifting
Realities

Aotea Centre: ASB
Theatre: 8p: Stomp
Aotea Centre: 8p:
The Cherry Orchard
AIT: sculptors'
exhibition

Sunday 15

Devonport Arts
Festival

Artspace: Peter
Robinson: One
Love; Jim Speers:
The Natural World
Aotea Centre: ASB
Theatre: 8p: Stomp
Town Hall: Russian
classical folk music
AIT: sculptors'
exhibition



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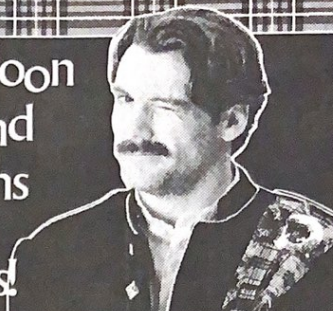


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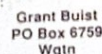
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or drop them into the Craccum offices.





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11th - 17th March



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Aotea Square, 1pm-5pm

Music, Dance, Hospitality & Stalls

Guinness Travelling Hooley 5pm-2am

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The Immigrant, Claddagh, Horse & Trap Tavern

King's Arms Tavern, The Dog's Bollix Bar & Band

Murphy's Irish Bar, Sky City's Atrium Bar, Auckland

Irish Society

Monday 16th March

McCabe McMahon St. Patrick's Eve Banquet

For details phone Auckland Irish Festival Office on: 535-4185 or visit our website on: <http://discovernz.co.nz/festival>

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