

Craccum

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Mendaces sine discriminante

Craccum



Althea Northey



UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND

- 3 MAY 1977

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Their feet on our necks

NOBODY really expected the report of the Royal Commission on Contraception, Sterilisation and Abortion to come out with any radical proposals and solutions to the present situation. But nobody thought that it would be the horror show that it has turned out to be. The Commission received 317 submissions, with public hearings over a period of 79 days. The sum effect: one of the most damning documents for the progress of women's rights, ever produced by the patriarchy.

There are a number of ways by which the Commission has achieved this effect. First, the recommendations concerning the abortion question. The laws as they stand make abortion illegal except where the doctor is acting in good faith to save the life of the mother, and where the physical and mental health of the pregnant woman is in serious danger. The report recommends that the criteria for abortion be extended to include foetal abnormality, and pregnancy as the result of incest.

These proposals were described as 'far-reaching changes' in a Herald report last week, but there is in fact very little that has been changed as far as criteria are concerned: Foetal abnormality cannot be proved until the fourth month of pregnancy and it is rare that an abortion is carried out after that time. Incest cases do not often make it into the courtroom in order to be proved as such, so that a legal abortion may be obtained. It seems difficult to imagine a drastic increase in the number of abortions performed each year, under these amendments to the Crimes Act.

An interesting clause has also been added to the existing criteria. The Commission defines the dangers to the life, and to the physical and mental health of the pregnant woman as those not normally associated with childbirth itself. It's a strange path which led to this addition. A London doctor estimated that it was at least twice as dangerous to have a perfectly normal pregnancy as it was to have a properly conducted abortion. In Japan, for example, a series of 15 million abortions had a mortality rate of between 3 or 4 per 100,000. So the Commission decided to make a distinction between those dangers faced by the pregnant woman that were directly attributable to childbirth, and those that were not. It was argued that without the addition of

such a check, there would be grounds to abort any woman, in that it would be more dangerous to continue with the pregnancy - and thus there would be justification for an abortion-on-request situation.

Just how that distinction can be made is puzzling, as is the interpretation of their findings. The Commission seems to think that women who would not want to face the 'normal dangers' of pregnancies, ought to go through with them anyway. Despite the fact that an abortion, in such cases, would be far safer.

One wonders just where the interests of the Commission lie. A statement of aim and intent is made in the summary of the report: "It is our expectation that if effect is given to all the recommendations made in our report the numbers of abortions performed in this country will be reduced." And should this interest clash with that of the pregnant woman, there is little doubt as to who is going to lose out.

Take the recommendations concerning rape. The Commission has ruled that rape cannot be grounds in itself for legal abortion. In tones tinged with humanity and compassion (acknowledgements to a Herald editorial), it was stated that 'most people would regard it as quite unreasonable that a woman should be compelled to bear the child of someone who has made a violent sexual assault upon her against her will. We share that view.' Good for them. But there is more. Fortunately, they say, only a small number of pregnancies result from rape. This conclusion was arrived at by making inquiries of the Police Department which revealed 3 reported cases between the years 1970 and 1973. Thus it is reasoned that rape is not sufficient grounds for abortion.

This appalling misrepresentation can only be deliberate. Any man can rape any woman, at any time, at any place. Few rape victims make it to the police station, for some very good reasons. And the Commission would seek to refuse abortions to these women.

It was further reasoned that as it would be difficult to prove rape in a law court in time to terminate the pregnancy, there would not be any point in making this a ground for legal abortion. They suggest that if this were so, too many women would run around crying, 'Rape' every time they wanted an abortion. Salt is added to

the wound by their advice that 'the plight of women who are fearful of pregnancy following on rape can be better met by ensuring that either the morning-after-pill, or an inter-uterine device (both known to have harmful effects) is made available to women and girls complaining of rape. Imagine the scene. A raped woman lying bruised and bleeding on a police station cot, surrounded by blue-uniformed members of the same sex which has just attacked her, while a man with a stethoscope fits an IUD. And the Commission would seek to refuse abortions to these women.

The injustices continue. Socio-economic factors, they say, cannot of themselves be grounds for abortion. On the evidence presented to them, it was concluded that 'whether a woman will thrive or sink under the weight of such circumstances is not determined by the circumstances themselves, but by her personal reaction to them.' This would perhaps go against every socio-economic theory that has been put forward.

But the Commission seems to place more credence on its moral code, outlined in the chapter entitled 'The Morality of Abortion'. It is a code which recognises first a duty of protection toward the unborn child. The rights of the pregnant woman are mentioned, and the undesirability of children being born into a deprived state is acknowledged. But, they say, 'the life of the child should not be terminated in its unborn state merely because ideal conditions for its upbringing in its born state may not be attainable. Many well-adjusted people have been born and reared in circumstances of social deprivation.' Perhaps the Commission would like to see such deprivation organised on a national scale, for the sake of 'well-adjusted' New Zealanders. Meanwhile, a 45 year old woman, with 6 kids and a contraceptive failure, will not be able to get an abortion.

Take a woman who squeezes into the choked definition of 'grounds for abortion'. What must she do to obtain that abortion? The Commission has recommended that a statutory committee be established to 'oversee' the working of the abortion laws throughout New Zealand, and would be responsible for the maintenance of consistent standards in the interpretation and administration of these. It can be safely assumed that Mr Gill, Minister of Health and SPUC

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LETTERS

Fiji Anyone?

Dear Sir,

I am writing in connection with the letter published last week on Prof. Northey's proposed trip to Fiji and its effect on his Administrative law class.

As I conducted the voting on the various options available to the class, I would like to clarify one or two points of some importance.

It was made quite clear from the start by Prof. Northey that all we could 'decide' was which one of a few very unsatisfactory options we disliked least.

At no time were we asked to express views on the really crucial issue: did we want to go through the rest of a difficult and already heavy course at nearly twice the pace. The rather arbitrary way in which this was done particularly concerned me and many others.

Your correspondent, perhaps inadvertently, gave the impression that a majority of the class supported what is now going to be done; extra Saturday morning lectures for the rest of this term, and two-hour lectures on Friday afternoons next term until Prof. Northey departs. In fact, this proposal won only 34 votes, as against 48 votes for other options. Certainly it got more votes than any other option. But equally clear is the fact that it is not really a satisfactory arrangement for a majority of the class.

Having said that, I should like to endorse fully the sentiments of the letter published last week.

The real issue is: what rights do students have, if, in April, a heavy three-hour-a-week course with a lot of reading can be changed to a 5 hour a week course with an impossibly heavy reading load, without students even being consulted, except as to which method of cramming we preferred.

Of equal interest was the seeming inability of the Law Students Association Executive to do anything about it, or to even involve themselves in this important issue.

I do not believe that this sort of thing would be tolerated in any other faculty, and hopefully the situation will not be permitted to arise again in the Law faculty.

David Rankin

Dear Sir

I was very distressed when I read the letter from an Administrative Law Student in the last issue of Craccum concerning Professor Northey's well-earned working holiday. I feel that someone should put the case from Professor Northey's point of view.

Professor Northey has been offered a wonderful opportunity to inaugurate a new course in Fiji which would couple both work and a marvellous holiday, and I think it is very selfish of some students to suggest that he should not go just because of his teaching responsibilities. On the contrary it is our responsibility to render him every assistance in this chance to further his career and prestige, as well as give him his annual holiday in Fiji for an extended period with all expenses.

It must not be thought that Professor Northey is leaving without making provision for the lectures we would miss. The workload is almost doubled with extra lectures scheduled for Saturday morning for the last two weeks of this term and Friday afternoons of next term. Above all else we must realise and appreciate the tremendous sacrifice Professor Northey is making by committing himself to this increased workload.

It is clear that Professor Northey has the best interests of his students first and foremost in his mind, at this time. Clearly no student is seriously disadvantaged (except perhaps those with late Friday nights, but we must all make little sacrifices). Anyway didn't Professor Northey say that he wouldn't go if even one of his student's chances were prejudiced? Surely this is proof enough that the alternative arrangements are eminently satisfactory to us all.

Last, I wish to commend Professor Northey for his consideration and openmindedness throughout in allowing the class to vote on the times for the extra lectures. Thank you Professor Northey, I knew you wouldn't disappoint us.

Yours faithfully
Fairminded Admin. Student

Dear Francis

I really enjoyed the article on Rubbish and Recycling in last week's CRACCUM. As a close relative of "Nigel", I only wish he had done likewise at his home. Life would have been worth living.

Love,
Mother of Two
Frances

PS I voted National at last Election.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Kidnapped. 6. Crowd. 9. Thimble. 10. Massage. 12. Bittern. 13. Rages. 14. Breath. 16. Assassin. 18. Lamp-post. 20. Berths. 23. Petal. 24. Execute. 27. Ignores. 28. Rectal. 29. Tread. 30. Detergent. DOWN: 1. Kitty. 2. Dribble. 3. Abbott. 4. Prefer. 5. Diminish. 7. Oranges. 8. Dressings. 11. Surface. 14. Ball-point. 15. Tipped. 17. Assessed. 19. Matinee. 21. Theatre. 22. Ferret. 25. Ulcer. 26. Allot.

To Whom It May Concern

HART and CARE once again have the dubious pleasure of replying to the closest right wing sentiment that is occasionally evident on this University. Mr. McMurray's letter expressing indignation at the way poor little New Zealand has been singled out by the rest of the world, because of our Rugby contact with white South Africa. Mr McMurray blindly ignores the fact that many New Zealanders, outside of Rugby still maintain very blatant sporting links with racist South African teams. Over the period of the last month we have had a white South African Squash team and anglers participating in New Zealand. Mr McMurray would be well advised to follow the line or attitude that the blame lies solely on the shoulder of the Cost Accountant from Tamaki, and his lack of a moral policy on the question.

Mr McMurray states that through our inefficient communications with the Supreme Council for African Sport, New Zealand athletes have suffered a totally undeserved blow. However, we would like to know Mr McMurray's views on sporting contact with South African whites. I suspect that they are much like many of New Zealand's top sports administrators, that of tacit support for sports contact. Mr Lance Cross has repeatedly supported contact with the racist South Africans, and these are the facts, along with his insistent barterings about the boycotts. HART and CARE and the situation in Africa generally that are forwarded to our friends in Africa. Mr McMurray claims that the New Zealand Olympic team was completely dissociated from other New Zealanders who caused offence throughout Africa. This is completely false, Lance Cross, among many, refused completely to make any statement that expressed his disapproval of the South African tour.

If Mr McMurray is so keen to see the boycott ended he should join HART and CARE in their efforts to stop contact with White South Africa, and then he, like HART and CARE, WOULD ALSO ENJOY THE SIGHTS OF AFRICAN RUNNERS RUNNING AGAINST NEW ZEALANDERS with nothing at stake except SPORTING ABILITY. Black athletes in South Africa also have rights, possibly Mr McMurray could also consider them.

John Lipscombe
University CARE

Dearest Frank

My attention has been drawn to a rumour which is current in certain dark corners of this establishment concerning my involvement with some 'foreign' capping mag. Indeed! Far from being truthful this comment is bordering on slander, and I appeal to your sense of justice to clear my name of such mud-slinging rebukes.

Further, I note that now all possibility of producing a magazine is passed, people are beginning to wake their minds up to the fact that Auckland seems incapable of competing with smaller universities. I feel that by creating an issue of the mag at this late stage students are merely showing the hypocrisy and apathy which was responsible for its initial failure.

Lastly, I ask all CRACCUM readers to avoid buying 'other' mags; one day we'll have one and then....

Yours
V. (muddy) Yarwood

Dear Frank

How petty can some of you law students get. You are already all but spoonfed by your teachers and librarians and then one small change in your lecture time and you are ready to raise merry hell.

I am talking about the whingeing article written by an Administrative Law student about my father. A student who hasn't even got the guts to add his name to the bottom of his article.

My father always has and always will consider his students before himself as he feels deeply about their opinions (as will be verified by hundreds of students who have sought his support in the past). He has always left his door open for students to discuss matters with him - either personal or connected with law school. He did so on this occasion - those who couldn't speak out in class were encouraged to come to speak to him in his room.

I am tired of students condemning good teachers, fight the bad ones who don't care.

Besides can you truly say you would turn your back on spending 3 months of winter working in Fiji?

Glenda Northey

Dear Sir

Re the SGM held in B 28 on Wednesday April 26. This meeting could only be described as one of the most unconstitutional, anti-democratic fiascoes to have been held this year.

The three University hostels had put forward a motion requesting a grant from the Students Association of \$1,000 each. The Chairman of the meeting Bruce Gulley, and his henchmen in the Students Association could see by the numbers present at the meeting, that the motion was going to be passed. Scared that they were going to lose \$3,000 from their \$66,000 surplus, they declared that because Grafton and O'Rourke were not affiliated to the Students Association they were not allowed to be given money from the Studass funds. The self important and pompous officials of the Student Association then took great delight in closing the meeting.

Content that they have now alienated the University hostels even further from Varsity life, and that \$3,000 of their precious booze money has been saved from the hostels, Studass will continue along its blissful path of relying on Student apathy.

Yours faithfully
Robert Arrell

Dear Frank

The AUSA SGM on payment of money to Hostel Associations last Tuesday was unconstitutionally closed through the miscomprehension by the chairman on the argument used by the Hostels. His lack of knowledge in this area was obvious; backed up by only one lawyer's opinion in 1974 where the groups benefiting were not members of AUSA.

I would point out that he had no right to call it off without a vote on the motion and which was constitutionally put forward at an open meeting. He was acting as two people at that time; as chairman and as a member of the AUSA, where as he must only act as an unbiased chairman. When he changed roles from being chairman to dictator, his allegation of a void motion was not up to him to decide, and a vote taken there and then may have passed this motion perhaps to be taken up to the interpretation of lawyers on whether it was void or not. The Hostel Associations legal advice put forward the motion on the basis of each individual student voting for a monetary grant - this was even read into the letter to Craccum (\$6.25 not \$7) - the chairman interpreted it in a closed mind issue in that unaffiliated clubs were voting themselves the money disregarding the fact that individual members of AUSA have the right to vote for themselves.

D J Hodder

Dear Fwank

I note with interest a letter appearing in Quaccum 7 signed 'Roland T Metge'. Naturally I am aware that Tolar was vice president of our illustrious student union in 1970, and now representative of our illustrious government, currently posted in Iran. Argyl, he could not have written the letter. Of course I could be wrong, after all even God created Eve.

The only similarity between R Solez and Roland T Metge that I can think of (apart from both being pseudonyms) is a decided preference for the ole 99.

Anyway, as I say, drink, sex and politics have destroyed generations of students. Personally I prefer a philosophy of nihilism, hedonism and cynicism.

Yours etc
Nigel Metge

Dear Frank

I find the question raised by Mr Gosling concerning the appointment of an Overseas Students Officer very interesting. Judging by the content of his letter it can be assumed that his knowledge of overseas students affairs is very limited indeed which thus justifies the importance of having an Overseas Students Officer. There has always been a lack of communication between the overseas students and the local students and the task of the overseas student officer is to try to bridge this division. The overseas students have always been keen to exchange ideas with local students. However, not much response came from the latter. One of the main reasons suggested was that of cultural differences. But this in my opinion, ought to be an incentive rather than a barrier. I do sincerely hope that one day the position of an overseas student officer will become redundant.

I do wish to clarify the point to other overseas students that the Malaysians have no intention whatsoever to get their own representative to fill the position. As for the presence of a relatively large number of Malaysians at the SRC meeting, it was because they were concerned over the affiliation of the Malaysian Students Assoc. and had nothing to do with the appointment of the overseas student officer.

I would like to advise Mr Gosling to get his facts correct in the future before jumping to hasty conclusions. The reason for the Malaysian students' departure before the meeting had ended was mainly because lunchtime was over. In my opinion the Malaysians are not that ambitious in trying to push for their representation with the overseas student community.

In view of their work load and the conduct of their New Zealand counterparts at previous AGMs - why should they be?

Yours sincerely
S W Yee

Dear Sir

A number of posters have recently appeared about the campus, showing a picture of a happy baby, and a slogan to the effect of "Make every child a wanted child. Repeal all abortion laws." As someone personally involved, I would like to explain why the implication of this slogan is just not correct.

My wife and I have two adopted boys and are a very happy family. Recently we applied to the Social Welfare Dept to adopt a girl to complete our family. We were told that we would have to wait for years, and that we may never get a daughter. Since the opening of the 'clinic' the supply of babies for adoption has all but dried up.

Because of our situation we have come to know, or to know of many other adoptive and prospective adoptive parents, and to know the depth of the love with which they want children. It may interest you to know that one couple in fifteen is unable to have children of their own, and that a fair proportion of these wish to adopt, so you see that in this country it is a rare child that will be unwanted or unloved in the manner implied by the poster.

I do not wish by this letter to discuss or to start a correspondence on the wider issues of abortion. I do wish to explain to those who advocate or promote more liberal abortion, and particularly to those who may at some time consider an abortion, why the slogan "Make every child a wanted child", when applied to abortion is just not valid.

Yours faithfully
Kevin Mooney

OUR I

Dear F

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SIR RO

OUR PRESIDENT

Dear Francis,

Firstly to recount events of the last few days. At the AGM on Tuesday (called to discuss the allocation of \$1000 to the hostels) I was asked to rule whether the motion conformed with the constitution. Following a ruling given by the Honorary Solicitor of the Association in 1974, I ruled that the motion was out of order. Therefore there could be no discussion and I closed the meeting.

In a letter on this page, the comment was made that I was not acting independently. This was not true. The duty of the Chairperson is to answer points of order and to rule accordingly. I therefore ruled on the knowledge that I had of the Constitution and related matters.

Capping will have started by now. There is a dance on Tuesday night, followed by the raft race, bike ride and pubcrawl on the Wednesday.

Raft race is fairly straight forward, the rafts will leave at 10.30 am from Devonport. There will be spectator craft (the blue boats) leaving Princes Wharf area at 10.15 am so if you are not competing you can easily watch.

Bike Ride starts at 10 am and goes to the start of the boat race and back to Okahu Bay and then stops. Do not enter private property or you will be arrested. Nothing is gained by cutting up the Playing Fields of the School of Auckland.

Pub Crawl starts at 1.30 pm from the Quad. The maps will be embargoed until then.

The following arrangements have been made: Pub Crawl will end with a disco in the cafe. The disco is free and we will be serving booze.

Several Exec members will be driving around in the police cars, several more students will be around key pubs, the ATI van will be circulating. If you are told to stop, please take notice. It is for your own good. The van will take you up to Varsity if necessary.

On Tuesday the Capping Review happens in the Maid. From initial reports it will be a good show. On Thursday lunchtime there will be a debate in the Little Theatre also various activities in the quad.

On Friday night there is the Anti-grad ball for those who can't go to the grad ball.

Finally SRC is starting to become very interesting, the first meeting next term will be at 1 pm on Wednesday in the Old Billiards Room.

Love
Bruce Gulley



THE NEWS

Two ring circus



Bruce Gulley -
will his own monster turn on him?

Jan Geary

SRC

It must be a very rare week indeed which sees AUSA have two SRC meetings - a total of over five hours of debate on the Association's policies and the financing of them. What a triumph for participatory democracy - more than 350 students involved in decisions, lengthy debates, and at the end of it, an exciting new direction for the Association? Well, not exactly.

The first SRC meeting of the week was held, as scheduled, on Wednesday. At that meeting a motion was put to donate \$200 in services to the Bastion Point occupiers. Following discussion it was suggested that the motion be amended to give \$1,000 in services. This change was made with the consent of the mover and seconder, and with what the Chairman held to be the leave of the meeting - that is, no obvious demerit. The motion was bandied back and forth and when finally put, was carried by 51 votes to 21, more than two-thirds. This obviously upset the President, who seemed determined to do anything

possible to prevent the full amount being donated. He apparently felt that SRC should not be permitted to expend such a large slice of its budget on one issue.

After threats to stop the signing of all cheques, and to instruct the Association staff not to permit any use of AUSA facilities for the Bastion Point protest group, Mr Gulley was mollified by an undertaking to recommit the motion to a meeting of the SRC the next day. He pointed out that the Constitution of the Association had not been adhered to in the procedure for the obtaining of the leave of a meeting to change a motion.

In the interim, Mr Gulley notified the Engineering Society of the presence of the motion on the Agenda in an attempt to endure the defeat of this measure. By the process of "pulling them out of lectures" as he put it, the Engineering Society was able to persuade enough of their members to attend the Thursday meeting, where after a violent debate, a suitably conciliatory amendment was put, declared carried, and soon swept on to be passed.

Difficulties for the President then arose with the rump of his Engineering lobby. They declined to fade away as hoped.

As the meeting proceeded, more and more heat was introduced into items of policy. Frequently after a policy had been decided by the meeting, a further motion providing finance was argued over by people who claimed that they did not think that it should be funded because they did not agree with the original policy.

The motions which gave rise to most dissent, after the Bastion Point issue, were those dealing with the Association's response to the report of the Royal Commission on Sterilisation etc. Four motions supporting the stand and planned activities of the University Feminists were passed and then another seige was set in train over a motion to grant \$500 to fund these policies. An amendment to decrease the amount granted to \$250 and a one-to-one subsidy of another \$250 for funds raised on campus was defeated by three or four votes, only after it had proved necessary to divide the voters into two separate groups on opposite sides of the room.

When the original motion was put again, the vote was even closer and only on the third count, after division yet again, was it declared carried.

EXECUTIVE

As if the furore of the previous two day's SRC meetings had not been enough, the Executive on Thursday night attempted to upstage their more public rivals for attention with a palace coup.

During General Business, in a meeting which had already seen strong talk over the doings of Campus Arts North, a motion suddenly emerged Merritt/Baker, "THAT This Executive censure the President for his failure to action an SRC motion and for the manner in which he misused his power to reverse a decision of a duly consti-

"THEIR FEET ON OUR NECKS" continued from p. 1.

member, would have a hand in the appointment of such a committee. In order to 'ensure uniform, impartial and efficient working of the laws', this same committee would establish a panel of two doctors and one social worker, which would make the decision as to whether or not the woman would have an abortion. This decision, however, is not made until she has first visited an independent counselling service - a service which is also established by the statutory committee. It is clear that the Commission meant what it said about 'consistent standards'.

There is also the time factor. From the day she discovers that she is pregnant - say 4 or 5 weeks after conception - woman must face a bewildering and lengthy line-up of doctors, counsellors, panels and committees. The chances of her staying within the 12 weeks of pregnancy allowed for an abortion, are slim. And it's all to decide on what she ought to do with her body.

There are alarming implications in this procedure for obtaining an abortion. It cannot be possible to legislate the individual lives of each and every woman, in any form of a democratic system - yet this seems to be the aim and object of the Royal Commission's report. Such a suspicion would be evident in those recommendations concerning Maoris and Pacific Islanders too. It is suggested that social workers be appointed to visit the homes of these people in order to encourage them in the use of contraceptives. The solo mother rampage gives a clear indication of what such 'visits' mean. That recommendation for the sterilisation of intellectually handicapped people is also disturbing. If this is made law, a superintendent of an institu-

tuion or home, a registered medical practitioner, or a social worker would have permission to sterilise at will, without necessarily obtaining the consent of the parents. The courts would also be vested with the power to make such an order. Touches of selective breeding?

That the influence of SPUC has made itself felt is of little doubt. The Commission's moral code quite blankly states that 'the right to life is a sacred principle of civilisation', and the rights and the status of the unborn child are stressed a depressing number of times.

It is because of that status that the Commission sees fit to deny abortion on demand, to deny abortion on request, to deny the decision made by a woman and her doctor, but most of all, to deny the right of a woman to control her own body. In the chapter entitled 'Who Decides?' she does not exist. The is the object of that passage, yet she has no representation. It is the ultimate put-down. There were many women who made submissions on their personal experiences of abortion, contraception and sterilisation services. These have been accorded a couple of pages in one of the appendices at the back of the report, because 'what they said related to a variety of matters which do not form part of the general pattern of the report.' That much is obvious.

The last line of the introduction to the report reads, 'In the recommendations that we make we have endeavoured to balance human needs and human distress with philosophy and scientific fact.' Somewhere in the balancing process the 'human needs and distress' lost out.

JILL RANSTEAD



Keep yourself clean inside and out by daily washing, and swimming if you possibly can. Constipation and neglect to keep the racial organ cleaned daily are apt to cause slight irritation which leads to trouble.

The temptation has to be fought down mainly during the few months of your changing from boyhood into manhood. If you are past that stage and have unfortunately contracted bad habits it is not too late. You can overcome them if you really try. It is never too late, but at the same time you can't be too early in curing yourself.

Above all don't be alarmed by the awful penalties which quack doctors hold out to you. They do it in order to make you buy their rotten medicines; that is one of the tricks of their trade. But go forward with good hope and trust in yourself.

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL BART.

MORE NEWS

tuted SRC motion because of his personal bias. This move set a bad precedent, and potentially weakened SRC for the rest of the year."

While it seemed that many Executive members felt that Bruce's actions in bringing to the meeting a large block of pre-determined Engineering Society votes was reprehensible, there was reluctance to take the step of actually censuring him for something that many felt a sneaking relief at.

After around 30 minutes of debate, including an undertaking by the President to block any further moves to acquire more money for SRC, an amendment was put, which added the names of SRC Chairperson and Association Resource Officer, to the original motion. This was eventually lost by 4 votes to 5 and the meeting went back to trench warfare over the first motion. A motion that the motion be put was carried.

At this point, the President delivered a speech, in defiance of standing orders, saying that if he was not given a chance to speak further, he would tender his resignation. The Executive acceded to his request.

Once again, the President spoke of what he saw as the necessity of protecting SRC from their own foolishness, and his duty as President to prevent the Association indulging in irresponsible financial acts.

The motion was put.

The result was a deadlock 5/5. The Chairman at the time, Mervyn Prince, (Bruce Gulley had vacated the chair) cast against the motion. It seems that this even division of the Executive over the admittedly strong measure of censuring the President, was a reflection of the depth of feeling over his actions at that day's SRC.

Many people, including the SRC Chairman, David Merritt, were both incensed at such a piece of politicking, and also fearful of its future repercussions on SRC. This, they felt, was the first instance of a stacked SRC meeting, something which had been feared from the outset, but had never expected from within their own ranks, as it were.

The obvious indifference of the Engineering School voters to the issues involved, and the openly-admitted willingness to vote as directed, put severe doubts on the ability of SRC to function as a democratic body. Those who felt that the ends justified the means, that the donation of such a large sum ought to be stopped at all costs, might find themselves faced with a monster they cannot control.

FRANCIS STARK

TRAMBUSTERS

The SRC of Auckland University Students Association passed two motions concerning the actions of some of its members in bringing an action to seek an injunction against the Tramways Union for their strikes on Thursdays and Fridays, over the next few weeks.

The first motion simply condemned the act of Mr Harder and his Law School associates, and the second donated \$50 conscience money to the Tramways Union to defray some of the considerable legal costs incurred in defending themselves against the action.

It is to be hoped that this action will stave off retaliatory action by the Auckland Trades Council against the students of Auckland University during the summer vacation, an action that was narrowly avoided over the General Foods strike late last year.

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT CONGRESS

The International Student Congress is being held at Victoria University, Wellington, from May 7th to May 10th. The discussions at this congress should be of interest to overseas students. Many of the discussions taking place deal with problems faced by overseas students or areas of special interest to them.

The cost of registration for the conference is \$10, and billets are being provided.

For further information contact Peter Gleeson or Mike Treen in Studass building or contact your Overseas Student body.

P.G.

MAY COUNCIL

The May Council of the New Zealand University Students' Association will take place from 12th - 15th May at Otago University.

At May Council policy concerning the work of NZUSA for 1977 will be determined and reports from the elected officers on work in progress will be discussed. There are six commissions in operation at Council: National; International; Finance and Administration; Welfare and Accommodation; Education and Women. At Council the entire association comes under close scrutiny and it provides an opportunity for direction of NZUSA to be closely examined and altered if deemed necessary.

All members of AUSA are cordially invited to attend May Council and play their part in making the policy of their National Association. For further information, please contact the President of your Students' Association.

FAGS

There will be an S.G.M. of the AUSA on this Tuesday - May 3 1977 to discuss the following motion.

CLARK/CARR

That cigarettes do be sold on campus and that blue and yellow rice papers be sold through the catering outlets.

RAFT RACE

This is a please notice. If anyone has the use of a power craft and is willing to help in the control and safety measures during the race, could they please mingle around the periphery of the race between North Head and Mission Bay. Remember Raft Race - Wednesday 4th May

ENVIRONMENTAL GRANTS

Mobil Oil N.Z. Ltd. has made \$12,000 available to fund a broad range of environmental projects, contact Lin Roberts at the Studass office. Applications close May 6.



Craccum

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ROLL CALL

Editor	Francis Stark
Assistant Editors	Louise Chunn
	Don Mackay
Technical Editor	Rod Macdiarmid
Photographer	Jan Geary
Advertising Manager.....	Anthony Wright

There's many a one of you out there who probably thinks that I must be very lucky to have finished work a week early, and be able to have all of Capping Week off because I have sent my last issue for the term away last Friday. But let me tell you this - it's not that easy. Hours of toil I put into this place and for what? Just so I can have the satisfaction of saying that the whole thing wouldn't have been possible without Barbara and Mel's typesetting, or John's distribution, or Don's all-nighter on Fiji, or Andrew and Thomas helping, or the Ferrets ferreting, or Baden-Powell's inspiration? Huh! That's what you think.

RAFT RACE

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Jan Geary



Take Heed

RACISM has always been the means by which the extreme right has sought to broaden its appeal to the wider community. Adolf Hitler employed the emotional antipathy to the Jews and human tendency to seek scapegoats to build up the strength of the Nazi Party in Germany in the 1930's. In Britain, Enoch Powell discovered the electoral vote-winning power of an attack on coloured immigrants and sought to exploit it to the full. His mantle is today worn by the National Front which recently displaced the Liberals as the third largest vote-winning party in the by-election.

New Zealanders have always been smug about their multi-cultural society and have put down those who have branded it racist as "stirrers" or more recently "traitors". Yet there is apparent in contemporary New Zealand society, for those who don't close their eyes to it, a broadening undercurrent of racism directed specifically at New Zealand's Polynesian population.

It was this undercurrent to which the National Party's 1975 election policies of cutting immigration and sending Polynesian offenders back to the Islands had greatest appeal. As Mr Aussie Malcolm, then National candidate for Eden, told Auckland Political Studies students at a pre-election meeting, National was "appealing to the Archie Bunkers". This campaign continued with the overstayers issue in 1976. The policy of random checks on anyone "who did not look like a New Zealander" was obviously directed against Polynesians. The only ground which could justify the trouble taken over the comparatively insignificant number of overstayers is political.

It has been policies such as these which have encouraged those more explicit about their racism to make their presence known. One of the channels through which they have sought to do this is the right-wing magazine, Heed. Aside from the expected condemnation of the anti-apartheid movement as "Communist" and support for the Auckland Divisional Conference of the National Party's call to re-establish links with Rhodesia, more insidious articles on race have appeared in it.

One article, entitled "Realities of Race" professes to scientifically demonstrate the innate inequality of the races. Part of its carefully constructed evidence is a comparison of skull shapes of the orang-utang and the Negro which apparently "proves" the Negro is really a form of life mid-way between the ape and the European. The article, by Richard Verral, says the intellectual inferiority of the Negro is a genetically-inherited mental trait, and says racial equality is based on a misguided idealism which threatens the future development of mankind.

The disturbing thing about the magazine, which could as easily be the mouthpiece of the New Zealand Nazi Party, is that its editor, Mr Bruce Larsen, is concurrently the chairman of the Auckland Central branch of the Young

Nationals. This is not an isolated example of how such people can feel comfortable within, and hold responsible positions in, the National Party.

Less than two years ago "Craccum" covered an earlier controversy surrounding the paper Anatomy, published by the Tamaki Young Nationals, whose chairman at this time was Mr Gavin Muldoon. This paper included an article which abhorred the "horde of darkies" migrating to the U.K. and urged students to embrace the white South Africans as brothers. Ideas of freedom and equality it argued were "emotional claptrap". Unashamedly, it applauded Hitler's race solutions. "In the 1930's there was another nation in Europe which recognized this principle (that races are unequal) and put it into practice."

While the Young Nationals, as a whole, can hardly on this basis be branded as holding similar views, it is disturbing that on neither occasion have they condemned this material or sought to censure those responsible for it. In fact, on the latter occasion the Auckland Divisional Chairman of the Young Nationals, Mr Martin Gummer, responded to my attack on the magazine by claiming that I was so far to the left that what appeared to me to be right wing would be seen by most people as moderate.

The National Party, by its record on South Africa, and its appeal to the worst side of human nature and to ignorance in the 1975 election, must face the responsibility for the encouragement of racist attitudes by its policies.

PHIL GOFF

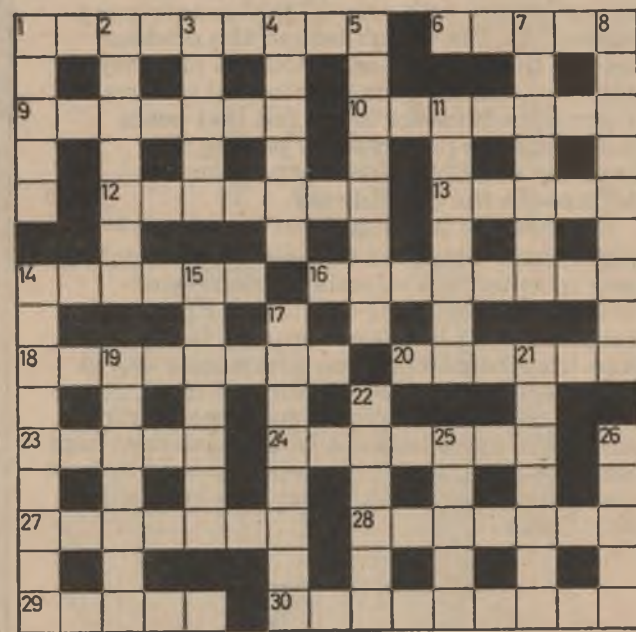


Crossword

Solution P 2.

ACROSS:

1. Carried away by crime! (9)
6. Black bird gets 500 - that's quite a large group! (5)



9. Provides cover for the seamstress! (7)
10. Service provided by a rubber? (7)
12. Beer on a pole for a flier. (7)
13. Shows fury if gears are out of order. (5)
14. It's drawn to support life. (6)
16. He seeks a life in politics. (8)
18. Holds up light along the way. (4-4)
20. They produce new life, we hear, in ships' cabins! (6)
23. Leapt round part of the flower. (5)
24. Carry out the order - to kill? (7)
27. Upset an American soldier. Señor! He pays no attention.
28. It's given by a single player. (7)
29. Made by the foot for the tyre. (5)
30. A cleaner put off to start with. (9)

DOWN:

1. Cat found on a card table. (5)
2. Slaver to keep a ball on the foot. (7)
3. Sailor to come back holding the second letter for the divine. (5)
4. Be more inclined to quietly submit. (6)
5. I'm in the food bowl, about to get smaller. (8)
7. Nothing goes far and wide for these fruits. (7)
8. Used to make salads in the first-aid room! (9)
11. It's ridden on a board with an expert on the top. (7)
14. Dance with a purpose to get the pen. (4-5)
15. Not on doctor's orders, but he'll keep taking the drops! (7)
17. Estimated the value of a donkey and mixed seeds. (8)
19. In the meantime, a thousand leave, changing the time of the show. (7)
21. Operations room of a war zone? (7)
22. Burrows where he can do most damage! (6)
25. Cruel trouble in the stomach. (5)
26. Parcel out much, we hear. (5)

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DON MACKAY

OVER the last few weeks Fiji has been fairly consistently in the news. Firstly, the ruling Alliance Party government was defeated in the General Election at the beginning of the month. Next we find that the Governor General has asked the leader of the losing rather than the winning party to form a government. Then, as if that wasn't enough excitement for one month, we learn that the leader of the highly successful third party has been thrown in boob. And even as I drive my typewriter intrepidly onwards through the night it is by no means certain that the strange chain of events has reached its conclusion.

"What's the world coming to?", we might well exclaim. "This is not happening in some Latin American banana republic. This is our near neighbour Fiji, famed for its camp policemen and cheap stereotypes. Goddammit! Its Fiji where you mummy and daddy promise to send you for a holiday if you pass all your papers. How can this be happening?"

The unhappy truth of the matter is that Fiji is simply not the idyllic Rogers and Hammerstein South Sea paradise that we so often tend to think it is. Since we ourselves are products of the English Imperium and consider ourselves to have fewer failings than all men short of the Bodhisattvas, we therefore tend to believe that our forefathers left such perfection wherever they trod. Surprisingly, such has not been the case. Just as the Empire bequeathed to NZ the delights of rugger, tea and scones and Borthwicks, they left behind them in Fiji a time bomb.

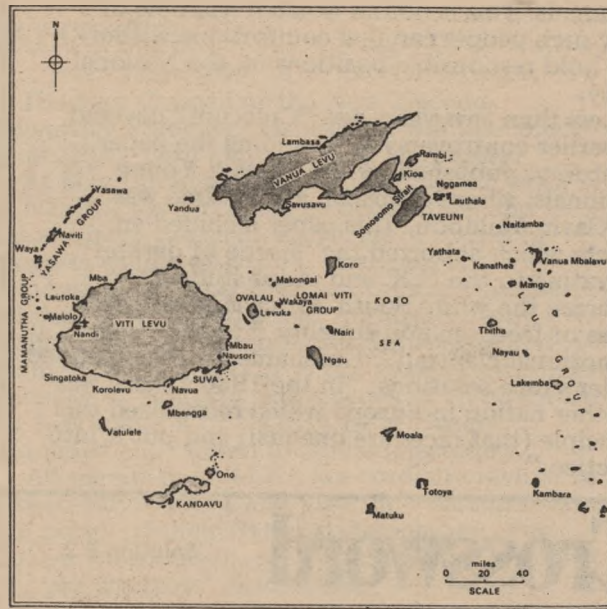
Fiji is not by world standards a poor country, although its economy does exhibit a lack of balance with an over-dependence on sugar for export earnings. However as regards the distribution of income, it has a serious problem. There is sharp differentiation of economic role along racial lines which is reflected in the political system. The result is a potentially explosive situation.

As is well known, the majority of the population of Fiji are Indians rather than Fijians. The latest breakdown has Indians as 51% of the total Fijians as 43% and the remaining 6% are Chinese and Europeans. Of the Fijians over 65% are engaged in agriculture, over 45% on a subsistence level. This does not imply a high level of poverty as might perhaps be expected. In fact the opposite is the case. The very reason that the English imported Indian labour was that the Fijians were doing quite nicely thanks as subsistence farmers and didn't see the point in navvying for white bwana.

Most of the Indian population are also involved in agriculture. However, virtually all of them are commercial rather than subsistence farmers. Herein lies the basic point of conflict. Although most of the commercial farming is undertaken by the Indian community, virtually all of the land is owned by the Fijians and is now protected by law from further alienation. With the country fast approaching a state of overpopulation this pressure for land is potentially explosive. The demand for land is reform has long been the major grievance of the Indian community.

The European and Chinese communities are predominant in the area of commerce in general. Politically they have tended to take the side of the Fijians rather than that of the Indians. As the population grows, the pressure on the land increases and the tensions thus generated threaten to spread to other areas.

As is this were not bad enough, the 1960 constitution has established a system of political representation based on racial lines. Fijians with a population (in 1968) of 229,000 get to



The spelling on this map is correct phonetically under the International agreement on map nomenclature.

elect 14 council members. Indians with 256,000 people get only 12, while the European/Chinese group, with only 27,000 people gets a massive 10. The notion behind this obvious bias was that the Fijians although a minority in their own country should be helped to remain in control. However it was felt that peace could better be preserved by placing the European and Chinese in the position of buffers with the deciding say.

This measure is not quite so underhand as it might seem. Since the Colonial government had been accepted as a tolerably disinterested arbitrator between the conflicting Fijian and Indian interests it was not entirely fantastic to hope that the non partisan community in Fiji could assume the role. On the one hand, Fijian control would theoretically have been assured and on the other tensions would have been kept below boiling point. However as should by now have become apparent, things have gone somewhat amiss.



The spanner in the works was the upstart Fijian Nationalist party and in particular its leader Mr Sakiasi Butadroka. Operating under the catch cry of "Fiji for the Fijians" the party is from all accounts a 'National Front' sort of setup. The result was a split vote among the Fijian voters. Some 20% of them were attracted by Butadroka's militant racism, and call for the deportation of the Indians. This, of course conveniently ignores the fact that the majority of Indians are Fijian citizens by right of birth. The state of the parties after the election was Alliance (Fijian) 24 seats, the National Federation Party (Indian) 26, Butadroka holds one and an independent Fijian Osea Gavidi, holds one.

Immediately after the result became known, there apparently developed some degree of rift within the National Federation Party. Some elements of the party obviously thought that in view of the closeness of the result and the amount of racial hatred stirred by Butadroka that they would be better off not to assume office.

The party's president Mrs Irene Narayan was quoted as saying that a coalition might be the most suitable answer to the predicament. There also appeared to be a degree of endemic dissatisfaction with the leadership of the party's leader, Mr Siddiq Koya, which surfaced this time.

Whether this discontent arose because of his apparent determination to take office or whether pre-existing party divisions polarised around this decision is hard to tell at this distance.

Whatever was going on inside the National Federation Party, the upshot was that when Koya appeared at the Governor General's residence Ratu Sir Kamasese Mara, the old Prime Minister and leader of the defeated alliance party had beaten him to the jump. When news of this broke in NZ, there was much talk along the lines that what had occurred was some sort of parallel to the sacking of the Whitlam government in Australia. However the resemblance was probably more apparent than real. In the first instance, while the Australian

Constitutional crisis which led to Whitlam's demise was a contrived situation, the crisis in Fiji was quite authentic and potentially capable of leading to the collapse of the state. Particularly in the wake of the demagoguery of Butadroka, Fiji is potentially the Pacific's own Biafra.

And secondly, while the Australian instance was undoubtedly one simply of power mania in its most blatant form the situation in Fiji was rather more complex. With the situation as tense as it was, it was highly unlikely that Mara acted opportunistically. He could scarcely take it upon himself to capitalise on the hesitations within the National Federation camp just to to retain power. Given the obvious division within the ranks of the election winners, it seems far more likely that Mara first had the tacit support of at least sufficient of the National Federation members to avert a head on showdown.

It is even possible that the initiative might have come from within the ranks of his opponents. Granted that Fijian Nationalist Leader Butadroka expressed the desire that the Indian party would win so as to demonstrate to the Fijians the fact they no longer ran their own country, individuals in the NFP may well have decided to support Mara so as to defuse the potential for violence.

Since then, of course, the extremist Butadroka has been imprisoned for inciting racial hatred. He is being detained awaiting trial and had been refused bail to allow him to take his seat in the House. The reaction of his followers is not known for sure, although one might reasonably expect them not to be pleased. His imprisonment would appear to be a gamble on the part of Prime Minister Mara. The sixty dollar question is whether Butadroka is more dangerous as a martyr in the jugor as a fanatic on the streets. It is a gamble on more than one level too. On the one hand it is a gamble in terms of the obviously shared of the Alliance and National Federation Parties, to avert the sort of racial violence Buta droka seems keen to promote. On the other hand it is also a gamble in the manoeuvrings for power between the Alliance and the Federation.

At this time, it is not clear what will happen when Parliament sits. Will the Federation attempt to overthrow Mara immediately through a no-confidence motion? Rumours suggest that the Federation may have mended some of its fences. On the other hand, Mara is nobody's fool, and would probably not have assumed office without first ensuring that he had that eventuality fairly well under control.

In the situation, one would imagine that the two parties would allow tensions to cool a little. However it is at this point that the partisan objectives of the two take over. The Alliance will obviously be angling for a new election fairly swiftly on the assumption that with Butadroka out of circulation, their split vote would pull together again and they would win a working majority. The Federation on the other hand, has to somehow attempt to unseat Mara but without this leading to a new election.



Herein lies the immediate danger. With Fijian Nationalist feeling still running at a high level an immediate vote of no confidence in Mara could lead to the outbreak of violence. However, in his public statements, Federation Leader Koya has expressed his determination to

Continued on p 15

We bring you news that The Capping Magazine Controversy, a true-life story of passion, pathos and committee meetings, has been dramatised by Keith Sinclair and the film rights sold to Time-Life. Ken Russell is to direct, with Michael York playing the God-fearing editor, and Boris Karloff as the student president worried about his public image. Unfortunately the script is currently sub judice so I'd better say no more.

Here instead is a small selection of the material that was to have been the 1977 Auckland University Capping Book.

Writers : A.K. Grant, Johnathan Lamb, David Lawrence, Nicholas Tarling, John Westbrooke.

Artists : Nobby Clark, Biz Dempster, Sally Hollis McLeod, Nigel Murphy.

Thanks also to : David Aston, Stephen Ballantyne, Peter Bromhead, Carolyn Burns, John Curry, Derek Gordon, Bill Griffiths, Bob Hillier, Mike Knowles, Colin Livingstone, Rod Macdiarmid, Don Mackay, Michael Neill, New Zealand Herald, Philip Oates, Derek Payne, Nicholas Reid, Roger Smith, Frank Stark, Grant Tilly, and last but not most, Mal and Karen Watson.

Concert Pitch

Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Its a lovely evening here at the Town Hall. The rain has cleared. The roof kept the worst off. But covers had been placed over the piano, and from my commentator's box up here, it looks perfectly dry and beautifully shiny. There is quite a large, expectant crowd here for the opening of the season; well-dressed, respectable. I don't think I can see a single beer can within throwing distance of the platform. But there is a very large supply of chocolates and we will no doubt be hearing some rustling of paper and sotto voce conversations.

The orchestra is coming on now. They are fielding a very large team for the opening item tonight. The field is rather unusually set: double-bases right across the deep field, cellos at silly mid-off, all the violins at mid-on, and trumpets right off. The concert master is coming on to inspect the pitch now, and he seems quite satisfied.

That applause means that, after his characteristic angled run-up, the conductor has taken his place on the podium. And finally the crowd welcomes the one remaining player, looking perhaps a little nervous as he twists the knob of his stool, dusts down the keys with his handkerchief, and glares at his opponents, some of them placed dangerously close to the piano. The big crowd here tonight will remember his performance on previous world tours, and will be looking forward to his easy style and pearly Chopinesque runs, demonstrated most recently in the test piece at Leeds. The umpire raises his baton now, and play commences.

After an opening salvo from the trumpets the first violins lob down the first theme. The pianist picks it up and gently plays it back. Now its the turn of the second violins. Back it comes again. Oh, beautifully scored. Driven back by the pianist. Very smooth stroke play. The horn was a little wide of the mark that time. The umpire glances at the score, and the game continues, the theme coming in from the trombone end, quite slowly but with a definite swing.

The rather impressive opening tonight reminds me of a famous remark made by one who had a lifetime's experience in the field. In 1959, or was it 1960, Sir Thomas Beecham was talking to his players during a rainy interval. I have always laid it down, he said, that there is only one golden rule in the game: you must start together and finish together. It doesn't matter much what goes on in between. And, of course, he was one of the most elegant batons of all time.

While I have been talking there has been a maiden oboe, and now the score is being pushed along at a good rate. Two more movements have been played. It now stands at Kochel 365, No. 3. The middle section was a trifle slow, but play has picked up again and it looks like being an exciting finale. The umpire is flicking through his scorebook more and more rapidly. Who is going to come out on top? Can the players keep up? Or will the pianist be caught behind? Is it? Can it be? The audience is uncertain. The umpire wipes his brow. Yes. Its over. Its a draw.

Some of you at home may be a little disappointed, but the crowd here is wild with delight. The great T.B. was right. The audience here recognises a sportsman when it sees one. The umpire hands him back his sweater, and they go off now for the last time.

Craccum exhumes Capping Book



Johnson on Fish

When the conversation turned to fisheries and the new rights of nations over their coastal waters we embarked on a subject of which, I confess, I knew little, and I doubted whether Johnson would know much more. But so often have I underestimated the extensive range of his noble mind, and his diligence in storing it with heterogeneous matter, that I was not surprised to find him contributing to the discussion with no less vigour than information.

Mr Beauclerk mentioned the South Seas, and drew our attention to New Zealand, a small country to the east of Terra Australis Cognita and to the west of Otaheite.

"It is a nation," said he, "that relies for its wealth on the exportation of food. Under the new agreements it will enjoy a material increase of wealth, in the form of fish, which will cost nothing to cultivate and little to harvest."

"Sir, you are wrong," cried Johnson hastily, "for it is a nation ruled by Whigs, and it is the fate of Whigs, Sir, to claim a skill at trade which after-events will rarely justify. They will fetch their fish to a fine market! They will give them to the Japanese."

Aware of my own slender information, I nevertheless ventured to remark that the chief minister of the island in question was reputedly a man of sound sense, firm judgement and of a shrewd and masterful disposition.

Johnson: "Sir, you are a dunce," (heaving in his chair) "if you mistake bluster for fireproofness of mind, confuse hypocrisy with subtlety, and can brook ill-manners because they masquerade as integrity. That man is the pith of Whiggism: He will give his fish away; nay, and his whales too, if he has any."

Mr Langon offered to interpose. "Surely," he said, "a bargain will be struck, and if Japan should fish these waters then her ports will be opened, by way of recompense, to the New Zealand trade."

Johnson turned upon Langton: "Sir, I may strike a bargain: I may give a man my coat and take a pocket-handkerchief in exchange; I may sell myself in the Barbadoes and be glad of the twenty guineas I gain by it. These are bargains" (and with a terrible emphasis), "but they are not good bargains."

His coat, a new one with scarlet facings, lent a proper colour to his first similitude; but Johnson's person, alas, gave little weight to the second, for his bad eyes, swollen legs and that strange twitching habit he was afflicted with, hardly made it worth the price he put upon it.

With inimitable temerity Mr Beauclerk declared that a man as avaricious of wealth and fame as the chief minister of New Zealand was known to be, would scarcely allow himself to be bubbled, and in so public a manner.

Johnson: "Sir, I have done talking to you. That man may be a first minister, but he has no bottom of good sense."

The word "bottom" thus introduced, was so ludicrous when contrasted with his gravity, that we could not forbear tittering. His price could not bear that any expression of his should excite ridicule; he therefore resolved to exercise despotic power.

Collecting himself, and looking aweful, he slowly pronounced, "I say the man is fundamentally stupid."

We all sat as composed as at a funeral.

Mrs Muldoon's Diary

MONDAY FEBRUARY 21: Goodness, how time flies. Monday already, the Queen arrives tomorrow, and still haven't finished my frock. Do hope Her Majesty isn't wearing green Polyester Viscose too! Rob has been a worry lately... he seems very apprehensive about the Royal Tour. I think its all the public appearances. He seems most concerned with his height, and keeps insisting that Gavin measure him with a ruler. Don't know why he worries so much, I'm sure he'll look very dashing tomorrow....

TUESDAY: O what a day! Her Majesty looked beautiful. She was wearing green, too! Thank heavens it wasn't Polyester Viscose! Rob had calmed down a lot when the ceremonies actually began.... was a little embarrassing tho when he sat down before Her Majesty. Still, must have been his relief in finding that she's actually no taller than he is. What a charming man the

Duke is - and still very handsome, too. Rob doesn't seem to like him. Muttered something tonight about him being "just a ----- Greek" which I thought was unnecessarily harsh, but it may have something to do with the Duke's height. He is fairly tall. Still, what a day for the scrapbook!

WEDNESDAY: A gay social whirl - then disaster. More exciting Royal Tour activities - and Rob was splendid, even tho he refuses to smile, hoping not to show his dimple. Then, at the race meeting, Her Majesty made a light-hearted quip about how if he hadn't gone into politics, Rob could have become a jockey. Rob turned white and crushed his champagne glass into powder. He refused to talk for the rest of the afternoon, even when Prince Philip called him a "rotten sport". And worse was to come. There was absolutely no need to kneel one of the Queen's equeuries in the groin, nor was there any point in trying to garotte the chauffeur. But defestrating the cat when we got home was going too far, and had words with Rob over that. He stalked into his study and only calmed down after reading Parliamentary Estimates 1921-69 for several hours. Do hope the morrow will bring a happier Rob.



FILMS

WARTHOG
MEL BROOKS
ROXY

"Warthog" is certainly the most action-packed of the current crop of animal-disaster films and yet another triumph for the talented special-effects men who as most viewers will have read in Time, constructed 583 warthogs out of kapok and pieces of chewing-gum.

The film is set in 1973, to take full advantage of the nostalgia craze.

It opens with a tense scene between the zoo curator (Sir Laurence Olivier in a cameo role) and the architect

(Steve McQueen), arguing about whether the warthogs cages have been constructed securely enough.

The curator's fears prove justified when the hogs pick the locks and rush out on the rampage among the people of Los Angeles.

Many of them take over a skyscraper, bringing exciting drama to the lives of the people trapped there. Thus the romance between a staid accountant (Marlon Brando) and his mousey secretary (Barbra Streisand) is seen to develop as they face the terror together.

Jack Nicholson appears here as the priest beset by doubts about his faith, called upon to exorcise the building and succeeding only in driving out the man who came to fix the air-conditioning (Sir Laurence Olivier).

The tension mounts as these scenes are intercut by director Mel Brooks with the crisis in City Hall, where the mayor (Raquel Welch) wants to take rescue operations carefully, the right-wing police chiefs (George Kennedy and Clint Eastwood) want to shoot warthogs

first and ask questions later, and the city treasurer (Bruce Lee) wants to seduce his typist (Jane Fonda).

Other warthogs meanwhile have stowed away on a jumbo jet, taking over control from the pilot (Sir Laurence Olivier), stealing lollies from the stewardess (Helen Reddy) and taunting the aging star travelling to Hollywood to make a comeback (Lillian Gish). Idi Amin (Elliot Gould) hijacks the plane to Tel Aviv, but en route it crashes into the Bermuda Triangle.

A spectacular sequence follows in which the waters of the Caribbean are parted and the hogs are able to walk across to Acapulco, where they become merchant bankers.

The scene then moves to New York, where we encounter King Hog, a 40-foot tall warthog played by Charles Bronson, climbing the outside of a Wimpy Bar. He has some very touching love scenes with a young hemophiliac (Sissy Spacek) before being beaten up by Sylvester Stallone. At the same time, with the use of a split screen technique, we observe the controversy between Dustin Hoffman and Faye Dunaway in a giant media organisation over the most ethical way to cover the incident.

Finally, the film moves to Washington where Charlton Heston has just been elected President and promises to take over the warthog crisis himself, travelling at once to the scene of the disaster in a chair in the company of his precocious daughter (Tatum O'Neal) and his dog Lassie (Roger Moore).

At the film's climax, the air force launches a bombing attack on the hogs. These scenes appear to be taken from "Tora! Tora! Tora!", since the warthogs being bombed prove on closer investigation to be American warships, but this fact is generally cleverly obscured by the bad quality of the print and the way the projectionist aims most of it at the black area surrounding the screen, at the same time wisely drawing the curtains during the film's last quarter-hour.

But this is of course one of the brightest musicals for many years and the score by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber is well complemented by the new dance routines specially choreographed for Telly Savalas by Gene Kelly.

THE CHIN OF THE ACCOUNTANT WURST NEITMAIRS

Mr Wurst Neitmairs, the brilliant young German film director, held a press conference recently to discuss the progress of "The Chin of the Accountant", a study of the rise to power of Mr Robert D. Muldoon. The film, which has already caused the collapse of three merchant banks because of spiralling costs, has bogged down even further as a result of design problems encountered with the 30-foot high electronic replica of Mr Muldoon, created for the scene in which Mr Muldoon smashes his way down Queen Street, crushing overstayes and Labour Party M.P.'s beneath his gigantic shoes like so many insects, and then goes on to smash the East Tamaki Bowling Club into matchsticks. Mr Neitmairs feels that the scene and consequently the replica, are absolutely essential to the success of the film.

"It is true that Mr Muldoon has never been 30 feet high, nor smashed up a bowling club", he says, "but my art deals with the illusion which lies behind the reality. The film conveys the essence of History; it is, if you will, the flame on the matchstick rather than the match itself."

Much of the film, however, is based on actual fact. The dilemmas posed by New Zealand's sporting policies are vividly portrayed in a scene which shows Deputy Prime Minister Brian Talboys not ringing up the chairman of the Rugby Union, Mr Jack Sullivan, to discuss sports contacts with South Africa. Mr Talboys is played by Ian Mune, and Mr Sullivan by Hudson and Halls.

And the debate in Parliament which led to the Moye inquiry and resignation is recreated word for word, in a specially constructed Parliamentary Chamber which after months of patient craftsmanship looks absolutely nothing like the original.

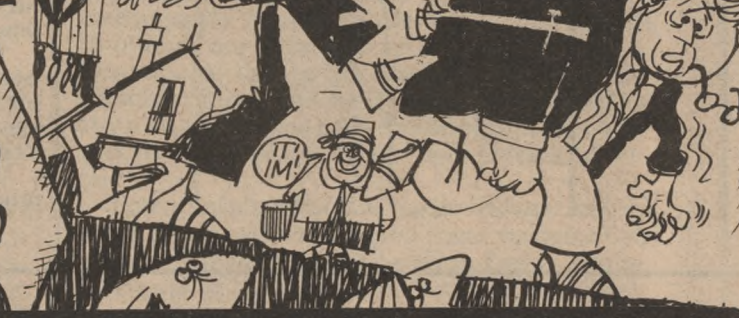
The script has been written by Colin ("Bodily") Neale, the well-known footballer and author of the best-selling

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SAD STORY



Mrs Muldoon's Diary

THURSDAY: Rob much better, after an early morning session training the cat to walk with broken legs. Banquet at Government House went superbly but am wondering if I look a little dowdy alongside Her Majesty. Wonder where SHE shops? Most extraordinary thing happened after banquet. Was being escorted out by the Duke, when of all things, I was, dare I say it, goosed !!! Looked quickly around, but the Duke was the only person nearby, and he betrayed no emotion. Rob was well ahead of us in fact he was walking ahead of the Queen, which was causing her annoyance. In any case Rob hasn't done that for years. May be imagining things still, banquet a great success, and the food was lovely. The strimp cocktail was divine, and it had that super Thousand Islands sauce I get at Hutchinsons for special occasions.

FRIDAY: Rob had sleepless night. Confided to me that the Queen doesn't want Sir Keith as Governor-General. What a conundrum for Rob. He wants Keith out of the party his last Port-influenced after-dinner

speech took seven hours A quieter day today with no official engagements. Caught up with some sewing and even did some preserves. Wonder would Elizabeth and Philip like some green tomato chutney to take home? Its hard to know. The Queen is a little hard to get through to, I'm finding ... asked her last night where she gets her hair done, and she just looked

straight through me. Still, she must get very tired. A lovely surprise just before tea tonight - a beautiful bouquet of flowers arrived, with a very charming and complimentary note, signed "Edinburgh". We don't know anybody in Scotland. Who could it be?

SUNDAY: My, the weekend seems to have passed in a flash. Tonight was so exciting having the Royal

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NOT LIKE
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TELEVISION

The incredible Simon Walker interviews Boredon Dryden, the cleverest man in the world.

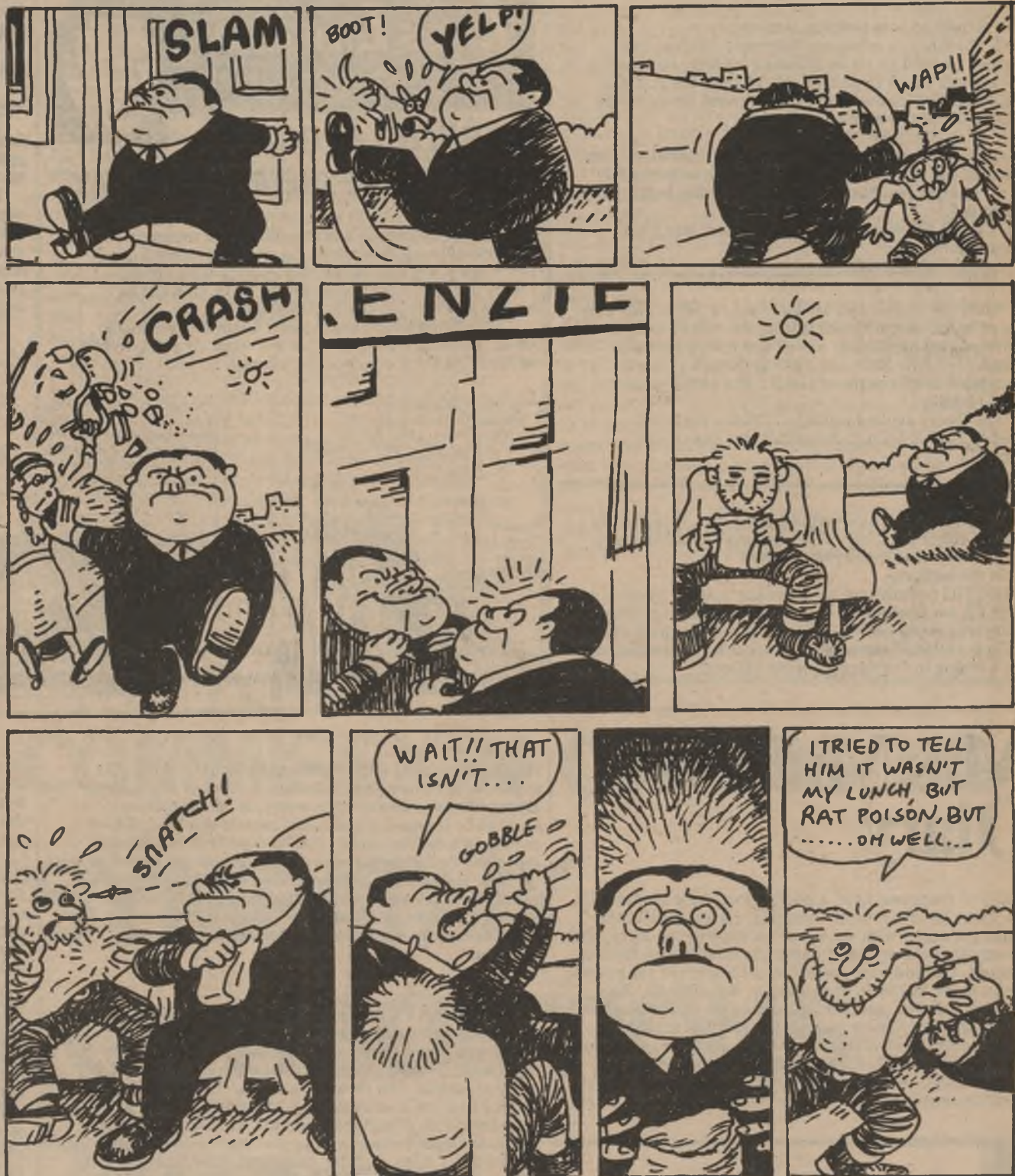
WALKER: Boredon, may I begin by asking you how you came to be so incredibly clever and successful?
 DRYDEN: You may.

Boredon, how did you come to be so incredibly clever and successful?

Well, Tony, I'm glad you asked me that. I attribute my brilliance partly to my routine of reading 18 books every day before breakfast. I adhere to this strictly, so often I don't get to my weetbix and carrot juice until 11 at night.

"Mr Muldoon takes a Walk."

N. MURPHY '77



biography, 'Changing-Shed Days'. "It has been for me a deeply rewarding experience to share the mind and of Wurst Neitmairs", says Neads. "He may be just a trait, but he can sure sink piss". Neitmairs scoured the world to find the right actor to play Mr Muldoon. Hundreds of hopefuls auditioned for the part, but none of them suited Neitmairs, a perfectionist to his Adidas running-shoe laces. Then one day in a shop he noticed an eight-year-old girl running down the road, and at once he knew he had found his Mr Muldoon.

"This eight-year old girl makes Judy Garland look like Peter Ustinov", says Neitmairs. "So what if she makes Muldoon look like an eight-year-old girl? This is a film, not Hansard".

Because the film is a tightly-constructed political thriller, there is no sex in it, although the scene in which Muldoon and Colleen Dewe declare their respect for each other is profoundly moving. To make up for the absence of any romantic interest, Neitmairs has included some footage of the 1972 German Grand Prix, a dustau-type sequence involving otters having breakfast, and extended clips from the film of the 1935 test between England and New Zealand at Wickenham. "We have also managed to cut costs and at 20 minutes worth of running time out of the Chief Justice reading the whole of his judgement in the Superannuation Act case", said Neitmairs. "It may not be good cinema but it's great law".

Neitmairs is also hopeful that the film's backers will recover their investment from sales of LPs of the film's sound track. The score is by the New Zealand experimental composer Ava Nutter, and consists principally of the sound of the engine of a 1937 Plymouth being used to a car wrecker by another car wrecker. "The frontiers of music are limitless", says Neitmairs, "but Nutter gets pretty close to them with this turkey".

All in all the film, if it is ever completed, will represent the most significant advance in New Zealand cinema since Hudson's first filmed their cookie bear. The interesting question is whether it will have any effect on the political fortunes of Mr Muldoon and the National Party. Neitmairs is convinced that the film cannot harm Mr Muldoon. "Look what 'All The President's Men' did for Nixon", he says. "That film made him an international figure". Mr Muldoon himself, however, is not so sure. "If that film does me harm", he says, ominously, "then it would pay not to be an effeminately giggling German on the streets of Auckland".

THEATRE

It is quite a thrill for me to be given the job of interviewing the great Bruce Mason, renowned writer, actor and trapeze artiste.

I arrive at Bruce's unassuming country home, and the man himself greets me at the door dressed unassumingly in possum-skin jeans and a chainmail T shirt.

We take herbal tea in the tastefully furnished garden. Bruce suggests that I buy his biography, which he assures me is a fascinating work, and hints that he has read the complete works of Marcel Proust in Greek.

I asked him about his play "The End of the Pohutata Tree" and he replies with a light, self-deprecating laugh that it is one of the greatest achievements of New Zealand literature.

"New Zealand culture begins and ends with the meaning of what I have done," he tells me shyly.

The afternoon draws on, but before I take my leave Bruce hints that he has read Carlyle's Sartor Resartus backwards, and sings a Maori chant in three different languages at the same time.

What a man, I muse, as I tap-dance my way to the door.

by Robert H2O Leek

At the end of the first year of university the average student concludes that there is no God, at the end of the second year that there is no reality, and at the end of the final year that there are no jobs.

Couple, and just a few others, to Vogel House for dinner. Vogel House is usually so intimidating but tonight it was just right. Could scarcely have had them all around if we were still living at Meadowbank! Rob chose all the wines, which was a nice touch, tho perhaps he shouldn't have drunk quite so much. It was a bit much really, showing the Queen how the cat can walk with crutches, especially

as we hadn't even left the table. Her Majesty had already shown signs of displeasure every time Sir Keith did that loud, booming HO HO HO laugh of his. Still, Philip joined in everything, and leapt at the chance when Rob announced that the menfolk were going to withdraw for port and cigars in the next room, "just like they do in the old country". They sang rugby songs for a few hours

and seemed to have a great time. But the Queen seemed a bit miffed and was again very hard to engage in small talk. Still, Norma Holyoake had brought her knitting and it was quite a cosy evening.

MONDAY: A comparatively quiet day, mainly spent preparing for the ceremonial opening of Parliament. Rob became very moody, tho. He started that ridiculous measuring business again, and when Gavin jokingly announced that he'd actually shrunk to four-foot-three he gave Gavin a nasty karate chop in the neck. He calmed down a bit in the afternoon when he did some pruning in the rose garden, but still seemed a little irrational when a TV crew showed up to do an interview about inflation. They seemed like a nice bunch of boys, but Rob flatly denied that there was any inflation at all, and chased them around the garden with a pair of hedge-clippers.

TUESDAY: The big day. Parliament was opened, and what pomp and Majesty! Still, the day began badly the cat passed on during the night, leaving us all a little tearsome. But Rob's already talking about getting some Corgis, and he's planning to ask Her Majesty if they can be trained to kill journalists. What a sense of humour he has! All went well at Parliament, and the Beehive opening was fabulous. Its a truly fantastic new building, but I can't help thinking it would be a little cosier if there were some other ornaments perhaps some nice Tiffany lampshades or some more of those Polynesian



It has been suggested, Boredon, that in fact you only read the back covers of all these books. Its a dirty lie, Shaun. You've been listening to Brian Edwards. Take this morning for example. I read this fantastically interesting and informative book on fruit growing from cover to cover in five minutes.

What was it called?
Pears Cyclopaedia.

That's incredible, Boredon. What does your average day consist of apart from pretending to read a lot of books? Well, Lindsay, basically it works like this: I pretend to read a book, plug it on my talkback show, and then sell it in my bookshop.

That's incredibly clever, Boredon. You must make an incredible amount of money. Yes, but I get my real reward from educating all the ignorant plebs and bored housewives who are stupid enough to listen to me.

You should go into politics, Boredon. Well, Sharon, I've often considered it, because rest assured I would be an outstanding success. But there's not enough room in parliament for both me and Rob Muldoon. I've asked him to leave several times but he says he needs the money.

That's an incredibly funny thing to say, Boredon. Can I finally ask you how you manage to be so incredibly clever and yet simultaneously so incredibly boring and conceited? No, I don't think you can er what was your name again?

While the Queen and Mr Muldoon, a politician, were seated in the Royal Coach during the recent tour, a terrible thing happened: one of the horses gave a thunderous fart. Muldoon, feeling that etiquette demanded some comment, said: "I'm awfully sorry Your Majesty."

The Queen replied politely: "That's perfectly alright, Mr Muldoon. I thought it was one of the horses."

Transvestite - that's what Goering was. Imagine the trouble Hitler had. Isn't that amazing? Goering was a transvestite. And a morphine addict.

In the bunker:
GOERING (effeminate voice calling down): Yoohoo!
HITLER (outraged): Shut up! I've had enough trouble with you people now! And take that housedress off.

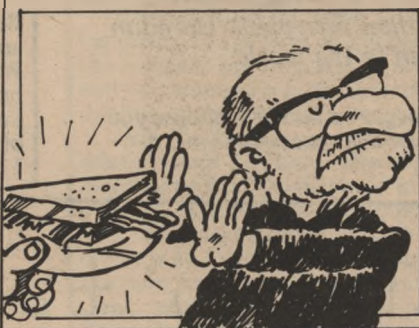
Poor Hitler. Hitler's alive, you know. He made a deal - he's hiding in the Sunday News offices.

Mrs Muldoon's Diary

motifs in macrame. Still, a good effort, New Zealand! The Duke has been most charming. He kept me entertained for hours with stories of his days in the Navy, and he actually held my hand under the table at the Beehive banquet. I would have seemed most improper for anyone else to do it, but he is so charming, and after all, Rob says he's a Greek, and I suppose they do things like that over there. The Queen had a bit of trouble drawing the little curtain while officially opening the Beehive, mainly because Rob kept forcing the sherry on her at the banquet table. It was one of those sherries that Rob gets from Henderson ... the one he calls 2,4,5-T and Her



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LIFE'S LIKE THAT...

By Bob Lowe



A CONCEPT OF GOD THAT CAN BE SHEER BLASPHEMY

Y'know, religion is a funny old thing. And so is masturbation. It all reminds me of a correspondence I had a few years ago with a very confused and angry young man who had just come up from Te Kuiti to begin his varsity studies at Auckland.

"John" had been given a strict Catholic upbringing, never watching television after 8 o'clock or going to bed without his thick winceyette pyjamas. So not surprisingly

when he started flatting in Ponsonby, off the leash for the first time in his life, he really let himself go, and began masturbating with a vengeance.

Self-abuse became the order of the day. Whenever he got a spare moment, after meals or between lectures, off he would trot to the loo, and come out five minutes later, flushed but happy.

But was he really happy? Of course not. Soon his Sunday School training started to tell, and when the guilt and physical strain became unbearable, he wrote his first letter to me.

I was greatly moved by the poor boy's plight. He was beyond himself with worry, but just couldn't break the habit. It had become a compulsion, and hardly a minute went by without his right wrist twitching. He started indulging during meals and lectures. His acquaintances avoided his company, and even the university counsellors told him he was dirty little degenerate.

Then God took a hand.

(Continued on page 21)



Highness was a bit wobbly when she left the table. She looked really green later on when we met in the Ladies Room. Philip is becoming a worry, as his attentions seem to be increasing and I find myself thinking of him perhaps a little too much. But he does look so dashing, especially in full uniform and with ceremonial sword at his side. Rob has mused about the possibility of creating a new tradition and wearing one himself. He even persuaded the Duke to let him try his on the other night, but it trailed on the floor and Rob became rather annoyed.

WEDNESDAY: O, Dear Heart! What madness - but I feel like a schoolgirl on her first date!!! First thing this morning, an enormous box of choccs arrived with a very beautiful note - and it was from Philip! Now all is clear, of course. The flowers from "Edinburgh". What kind of fool am I, allowing this to happen and yet, I seem incapable of rational thinking. O Philip! What is this I am doing? O Thea Muldoon, of Koni, in little Auckland, New Zealand. This cannot be you ... in love with a prince! And what if the Queen found out? Or the press? Or (Heaven forbid) Rob? Disgrace, an international incident, the end of the Commonwealth Yet I can't get him out of my mind ...

THURSDAY: Could barely stay composed during today's dinner on the Royal Yacht. Philip wouldn't let me out of his sight. And there were other embarrassments. Philip insisted on dancing cheek-to-cheek with me after the meal. It must have been obvious to all, especially since dancing wasn't on the official programme, and HRH was actually handing out Queen's Scout badges at the time. But horrors! Rob is beginning to notice. His measuring fits are becoming more regular and prolonged. He has taken to wearing some elevator shoes that he borrowed from Sir Keith, and he's insisting that Gavin now measure him in metrics. And he's begun greeting Philip in Greek, and has drawn a mustache and spectacles on every photo of Philip that's appeared lately in the papers.

Once home, he refused to say a word to me, and later I overheard him on the phone giving instructions to the SIS to firebomb every Greek restaurant in Wellington!

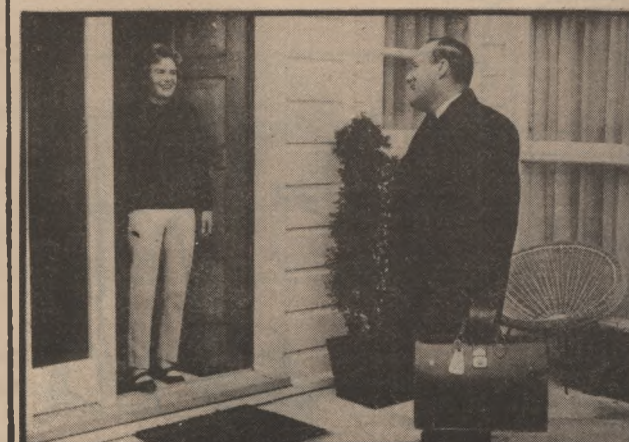
FRIDAY: A sleepless night of worry, despair, and yearning. Rob has been obsessed. He has given up on the elevator heels, and spent the whole night crashing around on stilts. Gavin is suffering from severe concussion after Rob struck him with a filing cabinet ...

all poor Gavin had done was to point out that it wasn't true to say that Rob was nine feet tall because he was wearing stilts at the time. And now Rob is trying to get the RNZAF to napalm the Greek Embassy. What horror have I wrought!

SATURDAY: Yet another function with the Royal Couple, and relations are strained to say the least. Rob is not speaking to me, and the Queen ignores me totally. And dear Philip is really an embarrassment with his attentions. Rob and Elizabeth were talking animatedly today - about us I suspect.

SUNDAY: The tour is almost over, thank heavens, and tho I am still madly in love, the Royal Departure couldn't have come sooner. Philip was trying to smuggle me into the secret weekend retreat on Banks Peninsula, but it was impossible. Strangely, Rob seemed to have mellowed this morning, and something of his usual cheery snarl had returned. But then a terrible revelation. Rob explained his earnest discussions of yesterday with the Queen. He has threatened to reveal all to the world - unless the Queen agrees to Sir Keith as Governor-General. Suddenly, I'm a degraded pawn in the game of political manipulation. And worst of all, my last night with Philip. Parting is such sweet sorrow, and as he playfully poured a glass of champagne down my cleavage, I suddenly realised that he too was going through hell.

MONDAY: It is over. Philip and I are torn apart, and Sir Keith is Governor-General. Goodbye to the most horrifying, yet the most happy days of my life. All I have left is a photo on the living room wall. Do hope the mustache and spectacles will come off



Festival...



Andrew Green

WHETHER or not it was loved, hated, attended or simply unknown, it was there - almost every hour of the day in either the Little Theatre or the Old Maid. It included plays, concerts, audio-visual exhibitions, dance events, debates and even a bread-baking contest - all under the auspices of the "Maidment Arts Festival". Most definitely the answer to that cultural yearning deep in the student blood.

Why then were attendance figures so low, one might wonder? Ros Clark, who conceived and directed the Festival maintains that audience levels were "as good as we had hoped from on campus. We didn't expect students to come out in droves".

If this is the case, surely there is no crying need for a festival on campus then? But no, says Ms Clark, "the Festival is a viable proposition. It gives groups a chance to perform and provides an opportunity for a varied series of events within a short space of time, and so is incredibly valuable".

And here we are, back at the same old issue that has arisen time and time again since the opening of the theatre at about this time last year. It was built with student money and by the very fact of its position in the union area, is a theatre primarily intended for students. This does not preclude its use and patronage by outside groups, but it should, through a student discount for hireage and through mere proximity encourage students to use it.

The point at issue here is not whether

students do, if fact use the theatre. Opinions vary and figures differ even more so. But rather it is a matter of appeal: are the events held in the two theatres of interest to students, and if not, ought they to be?

Ms Clark admits that all the festival items had a specific appeal and "inevitably attracted a minority audience". A group of 80 - 100 out front was considered quite a feat. In comparison the Orientation film screenings of *Catch 22* and *Lady Sings the Blues* must be considered an absolute high in the Old Maid's history. This example alone seems to prove that what students want from the theatre is entertainment on a more basic level. There is of course still one more week of the festival, but figures will undoubtedly rise with the performances of the annual capping revue, which fits more comfortably into the latter context than an arts festival format.

The festival may have provided facilities and opportunities for student and outside groups to perform, but it can hardly be deemed a success if the audience figures were so low. Even disregarding the financial implications, the theatre ought not to be merely a well-equipped trail ground for performers, but also ought to feature events that will encourage students to attend.

In addition to acting as festival director, Ros Clark is also Theatre Manager and Student Activities Officer. As the latter, she is expected to organise events involving and appealing to

What Festival?

students. Currently the most time-consuming of these is the Maidment Arts Centre workshops: a series of activity programmes primarily for children, involving students as tutors and helpers. There is one programme specifically designed for students, many of whom are trained to operate the theatre's light and sound equipment and so become involved in the workings of the theatre, often in non-student events. These activities can hardly be classified as appealing to the student body as a whole.

It would be unreasonable to suggest that the theatre should be turned over to the mass of students who thrive on cowboy movies and rock concerts, but by the same token, it is hardly fair to tie up facilities such as the theatre has to offer, with esoteric, cultural performances that offer small appeal to the general student body. Ultimately all student interests should be represented in theatre activities but with the extent to which lethargy and internal assessment have hit non-academic events, this is hardly a realistic proposition. It would seem that the majority of students are unwilling to organise their own entertainment and so the theatre has slipped into over-use by a small elite. Surely the position of Student Activities Officer was created for this sole purpose - to arrange events for the involvement and entertainment of students. And that should mean all students.

L.C.



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Hefalump hunting

AT this stage, the events of Capping Week have still not been finalised, but you should be able to trust the following as a true and correct guide to the frolic.

On Monday, May 2, there are an unspecified number and variety of stunts which will be perpetrated throughout the morning, and perhaps the afternoon. The organisers assure us that these will be 'many and varied'. The greatest stunt of all will be enacted at 1.00 pm in B28 when Gentleman Bill Rowling comes in search of the backbone that his friend the former Leader of the Opposition says he lacks.

Tuesday morning sees movies from 9.00 am in the Old maid, with just enough time to emerge, squinty eyed from the dark to sit on their favourite person's lap in Albert Park, and break the world record for this odd behaviour, currently held by... AUSA. There is a push bike rally for the athletically inclined, leaving the quad I presume at 1.30.

Moreover, what's more, in addition, there will also be a little later, if you follow me, in fact, about, say, approximately, or near enough to 8.00 pm, give or take a few minutes here or there a Dance in the Cafeteria, featuring Stuart and the Belmonts. How about that? There is also the ginormous Capping Revue, well that's what it says here, at exactly the same time, but fortuitously, it is in the Old Maid.

Wednesday sees the Motor Bike come together at the clock tower at 9.00 am - the riot act will be read. Then there is the balloon Walk in the Little Theatre at 10.00. Clasp your balloon, you should then float over to Devonport Beach, where at about 10.30 you will be in time to witness the start, and for some the end, of the Boat Race. For the lucky ones (those with motor bikes mainly) this will finish at around noon, or sooner, at Okahu Bay.

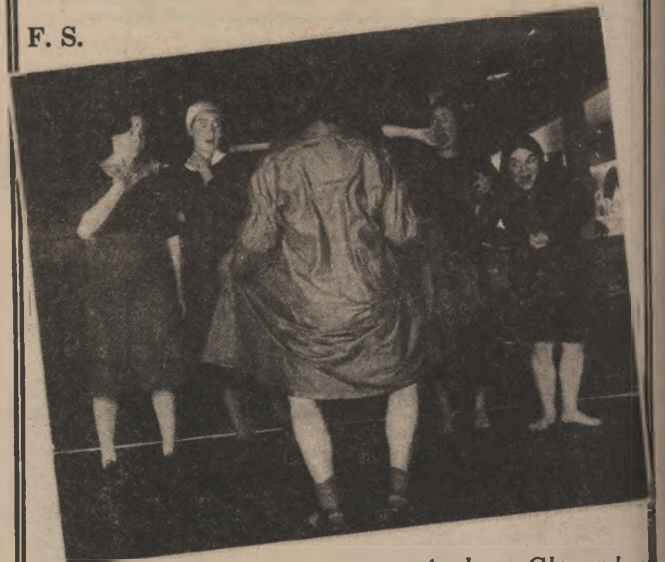
At 1.30 pm the thing which we are not allowed to call the Pub Crawl starts at a secret point and sloshes off into the sunset. If a policeman stops you, say you are a Hefalump Hunter. OK? For the participants there is a choice of bread and water in the police cells, or coffee, food and even more of what you shouldn't have been doing in the first place. If the latter sounds rather more attractive go to the Cafe at 5 pm and come down gracefully. If you are sober enough to stay awake, or drunk enough to think its funny you could always go to the Capping Revue which enters its second exciting day.

On Thursday there are what are described as Quad activities from noon. These are detailed as Marathon Tiddly Winks, a trolley derby, Sack Races (whoopee), a box race (?), and others. There will be prizes. I'll read that again. There will be prizes. Following this you can all get off to, not to say enjoy, a concert in the open air (the Quad) which should last all afternoon. And for those with stamina the Capping Revue will still be playing in the Maid.

On Friday, we have the second annual Anti-grad Ball in the Cafe featuring the magical fingers of Th'Dudes and some crew called Stoneheart. All those who can afford a suit can go to Trillos for the Grad Ball for all I care.

Guess what - the Capping Revue is on tonight...

F. S.



Andrew Glover has a look over his part with friends from the cast of "The New Governor-General's Golden Jubilee Royal Full Frontal Spectacular", otherwise known as Capping Revue '77. Running in the Old Maid from May 3rd through to 7th

Buying Jewish

VIRGINIA SHAW

THE repercussions of an Arab Trade boycott aimed at undermining the Israeli economy are beginning to be felt in New Zealand.

The boycott instigated and administered by the Arab League, as part of its overall strategy for defeating Israel, operates on three levels. Firstly, the Arabs make it quite obvious to those companies wishing to do business with them that they either trade with the Arab nations or with Israel, but not both.

The second level involves boycotting any goods that contain Israeli-made components. And thirdly, boycotting those countries which do business with companies using Israeli-made components or with Jewish directors, or any other Jewish connections.

Those companies which fail to comply with the Arab demands run the risk of being black-listed and kept out of what promises to be a potentially lucrative market. Shipping companies are particularly vulnerable to the Arab threats. Any ship owner whose vessels carry cargo in any way connected with Israel is liable to be included on the blacklist. In New Zealand a responsibility for implementing the League's policy lies with the Egyptian ambassador. The usual practice is for companies wishing to trade with the Arabs to first submit documents stipulating the origins of all components in their products to the Egyptian Embassy.

New Zealand's trade with Israel is relatively small - (about \$1 million in 1975 and declining due to economic circumstances rather than any boycott.) But with the threat of boycott there is little possibility of trade between the two countries substantially increasing. As Ross Southcomb, National Director of the Export Institute, says, "It's been very carefully explained to us in the Middle East that you only trade with the Arabs."

Understandably, the Zionist Federation of New Zealand is disturbed by the boycott.

Already, they claim, one Government corporation has cancelled a long-standing contract with a Jewish-run company as a direct result of Arab pressure. But for the time being, apart from a few instances, there appears to be little evidence that the Arab net has spread very wide in New Zealand.

The Zionist Federation, though, is worried about the future implications of Arab policy. It points to the fact that at its lowest level the boycott is motivated by simple anti-semitism - the targets are companies with Jewish directors, not necessarily Zionists. The Federation also feels that any decision by New Zealand to comply unequivocally with Arab requests opens up a number of moral questions concerning the foundation of our relations with other countries.

Already a number of other countries have introduced legislation aimed at breaking the boycott. On the 21 of April the U.S. House of Representatives passed a bill making it illegal for U.S. citizens to comply with the boycott. Jewish sources claim that those countries which enacted such legislation have as a consequence suffered little reduction in trade.

New Zealand politicians, on the other hand, continue to remain reticent about the use of the boycott in this country. Last December, the Minister of Overseas Trade, Mr Talboys, in answer to a question in the House by the Member for Grey Lynn, Mr E. Isbey, said it was substantially correct that New Zealand companies wishing to trade with the Middle East had to comply with some unusual practices, i.e. papers being certified by the Egyptian Embassy, and although the New Zealand Government did not like the practice there was nothing it could do about it. Other countries, notably the United States, apparently think otherwise.

Mr Talboys, in answer to CRACCUM's queries about the boycott, said last week that he had "heard suggestions of the Arab practice," but nobody had "actually sent me details."

The Government seems strangely reluctant to admit outright that a boycott is operating or that it plans any action to circumvent it. And yet there is no possibility of its not knowing of the boycott's operation. The Egyptian Embassy is quite open about it, but claims that as of yet no licences have been refused to companies applying for them - a fact disputed by the Zionist Federation.

Given the number of recent government contacts with the Middle East and the proposed extension of New Zealand trade through the Bahrain free port agreements it is inconceivable that details of the boycott have not been spelt out to the Prime Minister on his visit to the Middle East, as it so obviously has been to visiting heads of companies and export organisations.

The whole thrust of the Government's Middle East policy is to increase trade, but at what cost? On his recent trip to the Middle East Mr Muldoon was at pains to gloss over any supposed differences between Egyptian and New Zealand policies towards Israel.

In the Auckland Star of April 4, Mr Muldoon was reported to have stated that "he could see little difference in the new Egyptian proposals from what New Zealand has been saying for some time." According to Foreign Affairs, New Zealand policy on the Middle East is basically to support the UN Resolution 242 - a wildly ambiguous document, open to a variety of interpretations. Egypt, despite having adopted Resolution 242 hosted the March meeting of the Palestine National Council, which besides reaffirming Yassar Arafat's leadership made no move to change its declared aim of 'demolishing the state in its place.' New Zealand must be careful not to give the impression of support for the possible finer details of Egyptian policy.

It is too much to hope that morality will ever play a dominant role in international diplomacy or economic affairs. But for a government that has gone to such ludicrous extremes to protect the 'freedoms' of a few selfish sportsmen to play sport with whom they please, and resist all threats of a boycott against New Zealand in the

continued on p 15

ADVENTURES OF AARON!

GOOD EVENING! HERE IS THE NEWS! AND A PRETTY BAD LOT OF NEWS IT IS TOO! FOR THE INSIDE STORY, HERE IS ROBERT SOLEZ!



GIDDAY! THE SCENE IN THE CAPITAL IS TENSE AS SPECULATION INCREASES AS TO JUST HOW BAD THE NEWS IS! THE MINISTER WAS AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT!



MR MINISTER, JUST HOW BAD IS THE NEWS!

THE NEWS IS A LOT WORSE THAN WE HAVE BEEN LED TO BELIEVE! AND IT WILL CONTINUE TO BE BAD UNTIL IT GETS BETTER!



ALTHOUGH WE DON'T REALLY MEAN IT, WE APOLOGISE FOR THIS UNNECESSARY ANNOUNCEMENT! NORMAL TRANSMISSION WILL BE RESUMED AS SOON AS WE FEEL LIKE GETTING AROUND TO IT!



MEANWHILE, CUTS IN THE TV BUDGET MEAN THAT WE WILL BE SHOWING THE SAME EPISODE OF CORONATION STREET FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS!



HERE IS THE WEATHER!

THERE WILL CONTINUE TO BE WEATHER OVER MOST OF NEW ZEALAND! IT WILL BE WARMER HERE AND THERE, AND THE POSSIBILITY OF RAIN CAN NEVER BE RULED OUT COMPLETELY!



GOOD NIGHT!

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Why did I buy that!

DID you ever wonder why you bought that particular brand of cigarettes or why you chose the red cotton knit dress instead of the green gaberdine cross over style? Why you bought them from Store A instead of Store B or C; on that particular day. Or why you made the purchase at all? You are probably saying to yourself 'Of course, I needed it'. Your very important need, is of vital concern to psychologists, psychoanalysts, economists, and sociologists who aid the businessmen in businesses that survive.

But perhaps because we know relatively little about how the human mind works, there is still no comprehensive body of knowledge which is generally accepted as the 'Theory of buyer behaviour'.

Over the years, however, economists, psychologists, psychoanalysts, and sociologists have each developed various theoretical models from which you the consumer features as the all-important King. Each attempts to answer the questions to why, where and how you buy a particular product or brand. From these theories the marketing man and the admen attempt to arrange their products to appeal completely and totally to you - through the very nature of the product or service itself, its distribution, its price and the promotional activities used to inform and persuade you about the favourable advantages of that product or service.

We as consumers act as we do because we are motivated. A motive being defined as a stimulated need which an individual seeks to satisfy. Once a person is motivated his path of behaviour is influenced by his perceptions. Hence different products are perceived differently by different consumers. A colour TV may be perceived as an overpriced luxury to some; a source of pleasurable entertainment to others. And yet for millions this product simply does not exist - in truly underdeveloped countries it has never entered their field of selective perception. In a society - affluent as ours, however, a

continuous process of selectivity goes on. We not only have the choice between tea, coffee or fruit juice for breakfast but to which brands of tea, coffee or fruit juice will satisfy our needs most. Competition therefore, is the name of the game and the marketing man has to strive to do something special to attract our attention for his product and service.

Our past experiences - what we have previously learnt - aid in what it is we perceive at any given time. If we have had favourable results with a certain product it is likely to be chosen again. But when results are found to be unfavourable a different product or substitute brand may be bought.

A person's attitudes, beliefs and opinions also influence and affect his buying behaviour. And when his attitudes change so does his buying behaviour. And to this complexity, your own personality influences buying behaviour but nobody is sure how.

Relationships with others also determine why we buy as we do. Marketing men look at your self concept - or how you think others see you. They investigate the culture in which you live the socioeconomic class to which you belong and study lifestyles of leaders you aspire to be like within your immediate circle of friends or family. Our buying behaviour depends

New at Theatre Corporate is "The Seventh Seal", an adaption for the stage from Ingmar Bergman's classic film. Set in fourteenth century Sweden the play follows the journey home from the Crusades of a disillusioned knight and his squire. The people whom they meet and the experiences they confront will be reconstructed nightly from April 29th through to May 21st, at 8.15 pm.

much on the very nature of the product alone. The smaller the unit value of a product, the more rational the buying process is likely to be.

Price may largely influence a housewife when she purchases her weekly groceries but money psychological and sociological factors will come into play as she selects a dinner gown for her husband's office party.

Marketing men, therefore, consider our needs then attempt desperately to marry their products to our needs. This is a complex task indeed when you consider the complexity of our needs which range from warmth, food and shelter to our secondary needs for safety, security, affection and self-fulfilment.

Various forms of marketing research aid in establishing what we desire in any product or service. We know an electric blanket may be for safety, economy or reliability. An older person may choose the blanket bearing the highest safety award, the housewife on a tight budget may choose the blanket which is half price this week while the 'quality' buyer may be influenced by a 3 year guarantee.

And getting right back to where we started from - if you never asked yourself why you bought a thing it is probably because you don't really know or the answers may be too obscure to comprehend anyway.

GAIL ZAMBUCKA



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LEO KOTTKE
LEO KOTTKE
CHRYSALIS (THROUGH FESTIVAL)

MY friends tell me my stereo is no good. I say it's good enough, but they say that that's not good enough. They tell me I'm losing all my tops - they're going over my head - and that my mid-ranger is too flat. So I turned my speakers upside down and loosened the cloth. No good. I tried connecting my turntable to the television aerial, but got heavy snowing on Teevee Two and the arm thing with the needle in it kept swinging into the middle of the record. So I tried a lighter piece of wire - still snowing. I couldn't tell Starsky from Hutch till they started singing - still no tops (not much soul either).

Someone suggested I should hang my speakers

on the wall. The framing was a trifle expensive but they do go well with my Binney prints. I'm sure you know them. You can buy them in most book shops, and they're quite cheap too. This improved the sound immensely and I found they were a great conversation piece too. Mother said they would look really nice with some little ornaments on them, nothing too flash. But I think that's square.

Anyway the music scene has really come alive now. We all love it and have music evenings when we invite our friends over to listen to all the latest sounds. I remember, oh, it was just the other night, Keith brought around...

The very latest Leo Kottke album is simply entitled Leo Kottke. He plays a twelve string guitar, has forty fingers and has me in a bag. Now don't let that put you off. It may be hard to listen to in the record shop, but it's well worth the effort. It certainly has the quality for setting day dreams off to a good start. That's the kind of record it is - full of places to go, things to see, a soundtrack for this afternoon.

So I do think, if you've got seven dollars to spend on some fine music, you should please send it to Frank Stark, c/o Craccum office. He's taking guitar lessons you know.

GEOFFREY CHUNN

"BUYING JEWISH" continued from p 13

sports arena, it is disquietening that, for the sake of economic gain, they should adopt such a passive stance towards the Arabs. After all, the logical result of the Arabs' boycott, if allowed to progress unchecked, can only be the growth of restrictive trade practices and the loss of livelihood and discrimination against certain New Zealand citizens, simply because they are Jewish. Surely the country as a whole, and in particular the Jewish community, are entitled to a clear answer on the government's position and an end to government attempts to whitewash the whole issue.

"FIJI" continued from p. 6

do just this. The key to the whole problem at this stage lies in the unproven ability of Koya to make the entire Federation Parliamentary



strength follow where he would lead them. The other possibility is some sort of coalition arrangement, although both parties have expressed their dislike of this idea. The most likely outcome would appear to be that of a split in Federation ranks will allow the alliance to continue in power for the time being although not necessarily for long.

Whatever the outcome of the immediate crisis, one thing is certain. The long term problem is one which is going to be with Fiji for a long time. There is the potential for a bloodbath in the Fijian situation. There is also time to avoid it. Even if the outburst of racial hatred which has been stirred up as part of this election dies down, the basic tensions between the long term interests of Fiji's different racial groups will remain to be solved.

DON MACKAY

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COLIN HAWKES

This winter
though it is the end of it I
have seen a whole fruit tree for
the first time in my life
Nobody picked off the
yellow round berries
Until the tree grew huge and sagged to
the sloping dirt
and they grew brown
and colourless in places
During the winter they'd been green
I've never seen it
in the sun or blue
I only happen to see it like now
when its cold and all the trees round
this one move.

& COLIN HAWKES

On a pale shy yellow day
As Cilla Black
sang
A man in thin yellow leotards
my honey
Went past slowly
slowly
his head was streaked and red
I'd like to make it with you
far away
far away.

SUE STOVER

His mass of browning curls had grown
to his collar
And his flaming blue hat was stowed in
the hall cupboard.

But I recognised him.

His hand was carefully scratching inside his
flimsy summer shirt.

"But - ma cherie -
St-Helene is such a
Bore in summer !
I could not help but feel attracted
by the elegance - of the South Pacific
... you know ?"

He bounced his hedgerow of hair that shaded
his crackling eyes,
And a mottled hand emerged
To fondly tap on her soft white head.

But Lily Pons,
untouched
detached
kept communion
with her silent song
and her stream of sterile sunlight.

She did not know that I saw Napoleon today.

He was in the sunroom

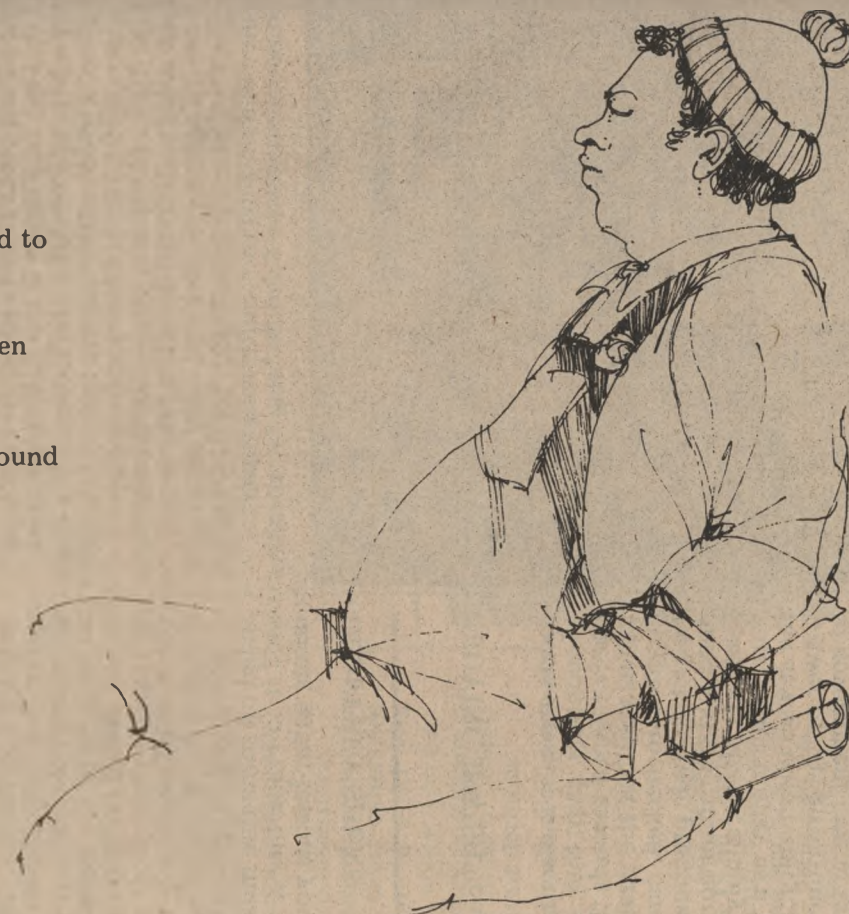
& the singing postcards?

ERIK SATIE

It's a large stairway, very large
It has more than a thousand steps, all made of ivory.
It is very handsome.
Nobody dares use it.
For fear of spoiling it.

The King himself never does.
Leaving his room
He jumps out the window.

So, he often says:
I love this stairway so much
I'm going to have it stuffed
Isn't the King right ?



BEAR DOWN

IF YOU'RE POLYNESIAN
WOMAN YOU'RE GONNA
SING THE BLUES



IF YOU'RE INTELLECTUALLY
HANDICAPPED WOMAN
YOU'RE GONNA SING
THE BLUES



IF YOU GOT A G.P.
WOMAN THAT G.P'S
GONNA SING THE
BLUES

IF YOU DON'T WANT
THAT BABY WOMAN
YOU'RE GONNA SING
THE BLUES



BUT WOMAN YOU
BEEN SINGIN THE
BLUES SO LONG
YOU OUGHT TO
KNOW THE LINES

I'M GONNA LOVE
YOU BABY

Craccum