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**ODYSSEY**

## MEDIA

# THE MOST DANGEROUS JOB IN TELEVISION



Top investigative reporter Donal Macintyre goes where most journalists fear to tread. *Macintyre Undercover* created headlines around the world. Now he talks to SIMON JONES

**D**onal Macintyre has more reason than most to peer anxiously over his shoulder. One year after his series of top-rating investigations *Macintyre Undercover* aired in Britain, he is still getting death threats. Recently a band of notorious soccer thugs put a contract on his head and Macintyre has become accustomed to shifting between various BBC safe houses.

Occasionally, during times of high security, a group of body guards watch his every movement. He is a marked man, and one whose controversial exposes have taken investigative journalism to new heights.

For two years Macintyre lived a clandestine existence known only to a few BBC colleagues trusted enough to keep his life-threatening secret.

He went undercover posing as a

football thug, became an award-winning fashion photographer, a body-guard to a lottery-winning millionaire and a care worker in a home for people with learning difficulties.

In doing so he portrayed the violent world of Britain's organised soccer hooligans, how fashion's leading lights live in a drug and sex-crazed world...he exposed the racketeering African fraudsters who swindle people out of millions and showed how 'care' workers repeatedly abused and bullied by the very people entrusted to look after them.

It was grueling, tiring and highly dangerous work. He got beaten up as a hooligan, heard how girls as young as 13 were sexually exploited by fashion bosses. He watched haplessly as people with learning difficulties were abused and witnessed first hand how one of Britain's leading soccer thugs

boasted about 'slashing' a policeman. Each of the four documentaries were shown in 54 countries around the world, including New Zealand - where his finale, examining life inside a care home, aired only last month.

"Was it worth it? Macintyre asks himself. "I've never been through anything quite like this before. Sometimes I think if I could turn back the clock I would never have done it.

"Sometimes you cope well, sometimes badly. Sometimes when I am in my car I look over my shoulder every ten minutes and go round a round-about twice to make sure no-one is following me.

"People see us on TV and think we're supermen, we're not. We're just journalists, just ordinary guys and it's terrifying."

For over two years Macintyre nonchalantly slipped between his various identities, strapping hidden cameras and microphones to his chest. When his mobile phone rang he never quite knew who would be on the other line: a millionaire fashion executive or a shaven-headed thug. He reluctantly took up smoking in order to protect his own personal space and ensure no-one accidentally touched the equipment.

During one scene Macintyre, donning sunglasses, was nervously chewing gum in the front of a Mercedes. Sprawled in the back of the car was one of the most notorious hooligans in the country, Andrew Frain, one of leading members of a group called the "Chelsea Headhunters". Named after the soccer team they support, they are one of the most closely monitored hooligan sects in Britain.

Frain tracks the members of fellow thugs by using a mobile phone. He calls the leader of a rival gang and says: "It's Nightmare here - are you boys ready?"

He grins as he boasts of an attack in which a policeman was stabbed in the face. "We was laughing at him," he says. 'You can't do that - I'm an off duty policeman'. I can do what the f##\*! I want. It's 2am in the morning, no-one is around!" Frain's sickening, cackling laughter reverberates around the car. Macintyre nervously eyes the

rear mirror. He feigns laughter, pretending to be a comrade of Frain. It was a scene which tested his acting abilities to the fall.

"I didn't think we could pull off the expose on football hooligans," he says in typically soft Irish tones. "Having a southern Irish accent made it particularly difficult. My accent couldn't adjust to that kind of environment especially where many of the hooligans have links with loyalist groups in Northern Ireland. I toned it down and developed stories to lessen the impact."

It wasn't such a problem in Milan where Macintyre courted with PRs - men hired to supposedly look after young models. He was told the story of 10 men standing over a bath where a 16-year-old girl waits. They masturbate over her.

He pretends to laugh as one sleazy

"In truth I would love to put all this behind me but I can't. It will follow me wherever I go and it will be sometime before I can lead any kind of normal existence."

PR boasts about having sex with 325 girls. He is given high-grade Brazilian cocaine and offered a prostitute for the night. To save face he leaves with the girl and later claims to have erectile dysfunction. Undeterred, she offers to accompany him to a pharmacy to seek a solution before Macintyre declines.

In fact the fashion investigation led to the downfall of Europe's most powerful fashion guru: Gerald Marie, the European president of the world's largest modeling agency, Elite. Macintyre befriended Marie and heard how he planned to have sexual encounters with underage finalists in Elite's annual modeling competition

"The fashion industry had known what went on for a very long time but seemingly ignored it," he says on reflection. "This wouldn't be allowed in



other professions, so why here? The fashion world may not have changed its morals overnight, but for the sake of their own financial interests they have to clean up their act. Like it or not they will be dragged kicking and screaming into the 21st century.”

There were a few close calls for Macintyre. Once, upon entry to a nightclub, Macintyre’s secret equipment triggered metal detector alarms. Yet, instead of being searched, he explained away his predicament and was helped through by his powerful friends. “When my BBC colleagues arrived later they were absolutely stunned to see me in the nightclub sipping champagne with these people. They couldn’t believe I wasn’t busted.”

During another scene, and suffering from fatigue, he let his guard down when a notorious hooligan asked him what he has been doing lately. He replied: “Just filming”. “Before I could get the -ing out I quickly realised what I was saying,” he says. “I finished off the sentence with a bunch of expletives and got through.”

**T**he series, which cost the BBC \$4.85million and rated a combined total of 28million viewers, is still causing a stir in Britain and Macintyre’s work is far from over. In November the football hooligans he exposed face trial and Macintyre is the key witness. One has 30 convictions for violence, is a former grand wizard of the KKK and head of Combat 18 - Britain’s far right extremists who terrorise ethnic minorities.

“I’m on another high state of alert now,” he says. “In truth I would love to put all this behind me but I can’t. It will follow me wherever I go and it will be sometime before I can lead any kind of normal existence.”

Aged 34, Macintyre was born and raised in Dublin, making his mark on the country’s national newspapers before moving into investigative sports reporting. His athletic frame - which was plastered over magazine covers in Britain in the run up to the series - is testament to years spent as a canoeist, once reaching the heights of 11th in the world.

The progression to television was relatively smooth, joining ITV’s acclaimed *World In Action* series where he spent a year exposing the drug trade in Nottingham. That’s where he caught the eye of BBC bosses who quickly made Macintyre one of the most high profile journalists in the country. Talking to him over the phone it is easy to understand how he worked his way into the various sects. He’s amiable, a fast talker and seems to have a line for everything.

“I guess there is an element of acting involved,” he muses. “But not traditional acting, I’m crap at that. For each role I was given the various props, I had the tall tales and was reasonably likeable.

“For example in the football investigation I pretended to be a very serious drug dealer. Therefore I was pretty sure no-one would ask me for drugs. You don’t go up to a drug baron and ask for three grammes of cocaine.

“For the fashion one I pretended to be a really great photographer with family wealth so no-one would dare question my credentials. So I flew into places like Majorca just for lunch with these guys. The image self-perpetrated itself.”

**“First I have to handle threats from football hooligans, now I have to handle the moral threat of people thinking we’ve lied.”**

Of the four exposes, Macintyre says, the one which brought him greatest satisfaction was the probe into conditions inside a care home. It also proved to be the most controversial with police, social services and fellow journalists questioning Macintyre’s methods.

“It was something I really wanted to do,” he says. “Both my brother and sister work in that area, my home town in Ireland has a major care home for people with learning difficulties, so we grew up with these issues in the forefront of our mind. It was an issue very personal to me, upsetting to me to see people treated in that way.”

Macintyre exposed how many of the residents were abused and threatened by staff. One was dragged by her hair and then forced, head-first, on the floor where four people held her arms and legs.. Macintyre says the method, known as “pin-down” has led to people suffocating to death.

As soon as the tape was aired the local authorities closed the home within 24 hours. Yet criticism emerged a few months later when the police viewed the whole, unedited, tape. They claimed that critical footage had been cut out or information withheld which explained why the staff acted as they did, and often justified their actions. They said sequences shot several hours apart were spliced together to give an impression that dubious events had taken place when in fact they hadn’t. The police called the programme a ‘waste of time’ and that there was insufficient evidence to support any prosecutions. The criticism was so intense that the local council later said they regretted closing the home.

Newspapers such as the *Sunday Telegraph* have been quick to seize on the criticism, lambasting the BBC and savagely criticising Macintyre personally,

Suddenly the tone of Macintyre’s voice changes dramatically. His amiable, charismatic charm dissolves into fury - fury which is patently evident 12,000 miles away.

“Let’s just land on the facts here shall we,” he says, eager to stamp his authority on the conversation. “The police said the programme was a waste of time, rubbish and that none of the allegations were substantiated. Yet I got copy of police report last week. Let me quote it to you.” He begins reeling off the police report. “It found two people had assaulted five residents and six of the workers verbally abused residents to the extent where those six and the other two have taken police advice never to work in the care industry again.

“The police and council say good care is a balance of scales, it’s OK if one day you assault someone and then pat them on the back and give them a bowl of porridge. It

doesn't work like that. My conscience is clear and I will be suing the police and I am quite confident I will be extracting a fulsome apology.

"First I have to handle threats from football hooligans, now I have to handle the moral threat of people thinking we've lied. I'm writing to the police now to point out where they got it so horrifically wrong.

"Am I annoyed? Of course I am annoyed, I'm bloody neurotic. It isn't just my reputation here, if these slurs are allowed to stand it will put the care home cause back 50 years."

Yet the criticism isn't the reason why Macintyre is unlikely front any further undercover investigations. Quite simply, he is too well-known in the UK now and, besides, he's reached the end of his tether.

"I knew I could only do it for a short while. It's too hard," he says, his voice returning to normal.

"The secret is to pull back before the cracks begin to appear. We are not trained for this, we are just ordinary journalists. It's just too stressful, too hard."

Just to underline the point that the series has transformed Macintyre from ordinary journalist to celebrity - a status which he says he is unhappy about - he still receives hundreds of fan mail letters from around the world. Tight security forbids him from opening them, but maybe it isn't hard to predict that a good majority of them are from viewers of the female persuasion.

For the record, Macintyre is still single - something that may please many of his fans. He said that he isn't, by nature, a good boyfriend and any potential candidates may find it difficult to put up with the stressful nature of his job.

As for the future? Macintyre is back working with the BBC after taking a long break, part of which was spent studying with international journalists at Oxford University. He's tight lipped about future projects, but it's a safe bet to predict that the man who has had a huge impact on investigative journalism around the world won't be away from our screens too long.





# The mystery of Easter Island

**Bob Marriott**

**E**aster Island has been called the navel of the world but there would be few places that can equal its fascination. The island's mysterious past has captured the imagination of explorers and archaeologists, writers and historians from around the world for decades.

Hollywood supplied its version for posterity, when Kevin Costner arrived with his crew and produced a film called *Rapa Nui*, (the island's native name), yet this island is so tiny and isolated in the vastness of the south-east Pacific, the wonder is how the early explorers stumbled across it in the first place.

In the tiny airport lobby, a petite lady introduced herself as Conny before we climbed into a 4-wheel drive for the five minute ride into Hangaroa, the only town. Driving is on the right of the dusty roads, there are only single storey buildings and side-walks are unmade. In answer to my questions she told me that the island's population is around 2300 and there is one post office, one petrol station and one church. 'Of course,' she laughed, 'the church is also the meeting place to exchange gossip, admire a new baby, or show off the latest dress. It is usually packed for mass, so the people sit on the steps, relax in the sun and listen to the singing.'

It was just a five-minute stroll to the water front where I found myself looking down at the miniature harbour. A rock and gravel wharf housed half-a-dozen wooden shacks

and I nodded to a trio of weather-beaten locals sitting on a step. Lines of breakers were creaming in, retreating from a dying sun, carrying bronzed youngsters expertly hanging ten. Sun-tanned children played at the water's edge, their shrill laughter drifting along the tiny beach. Tethered to the quay, brightly painted boats rocked and swayed gently on the tide.

With a thrill of expectation I approached the headland to make my first close-encounter with the primitive stone moai that have attracted world-wide interest. What had looked like deceptively small figures from the distance were actually towering monoliths, an amazing sight as I walked to where they stand on the *Ahu*, or ceremonial platform. They have a certain aura, as massive and mysterious they gaze inland to where cloud shadows scudded across the brown wind-swept hills, the backdrop for this rugged, solitary island. Conny arrived next morning for a tour of the island. Her small vehicle was ideal for the packed earth roads and we were soon following the rockbound shore. She pointed out that virtually no-one lives outside the confines of Hangaroa and apart from a few birds, I saw nothing in the way of wild-life.

The ruins of numerous ceremonial platforms show ample evidence of an early civilisation but of this culture few details are available. What is known has only been passed on by tale and legend. Conny told the story as we wandered through an ancient site. At the time the

statues were being made and erected, probably around 1000- 1500 AD, two groups lived on the island, generally referred to as the Long-ears and the Short-ears. The long-ears were so named because they pieced their ears and inserted large plugs, a custom which elongated their lobes. Many of the statues are carved showing this image and it is believed that this indicates the long-ears were the superior race and the short-ears were subservient. The short-ears rebelled and in the resulting civil war they were the victors. What seems quite certain is that some group went to great lengths to destroy the statues. She showed me how they had placed stones so that when the monoliths fell they were usually broken off at the neck and many smashed moai lie where they had fallen among the scattered masonry. The features are eroded by wind, rain and the passage of time, with many of the red scoria top-knots, (pukao), which rolled during the destruction, still lying where they had settled nearby.

We parked near the base of the Rano Rakuru quarry sited on an extinct volcano, the place where the moai were carved from the rocky slopes. Climbing the sun-drenched hillside, the path wanders through what is a veritable storehouse of statues, in various stages of completion. More than three hundred unfinished figures lie horizontal or vertical, some inverted, others dispersed on the slopes, their progress to the shore abruptly halted. Many appear to have been placed in holes in the ground with only the heads showing, almost as if being stored until a site was prepared.

The path wanders inside the crater, where more figures lie, or half-buried, stare into space. A small lake cloaks the base, bright green rushes and reeds a splash of colour in a sun-dried wilderness.

Moving on we reached the Tongariki Abu, the most impressive site and hosting the largest Abu, over 90 metres long. Fifteen moai, the tallest standing over twenty metres, the heaviest weighing 87 tonnes, stand almost shoulder to shoulder, surveying the mountain where they were created. It was incredible to realise that all the work had been achieved with stone tools.

Heading to the north coast we stopped for a swim at Anakena, a lovely bay with its palm trees, white sand beach and warm clear waters. On the nearby Abu Nau Nau, other figures stand in line like ancient guardsmen, looking steadfastly inland, their red top-knots imparting a haughty, almost imperious look.



On the south-west tip of the island a winding road leads to the summit of the Rano Kao volcano, a spectacular view-point overlooking the small township and the airport runway. The perfectly circular crater is about a mile in diameter, forming a natural reservoir for rain, the islands only source of fresh water.

Almost vertical walls form a drop of 250 metres to the lake which supports an unusual collection of plant life.

Near the rim is the ancient village of Orongo, comprised of earth and stone dwellings, unique in Polynesia. In the vicinity numerous rock carvings of birds tell of a later occupation by a different culture and illustrate the story of a strange custom. Just off the rocky coast far below, three small islands sit like diamonds in a turquoise setting.

These form part of the legend of the birdmen who scaled the towering cliffs, before making the long swim to the islands to collect and bring ashore the first egg laid by a sooty tern. The winners prize was his choice of the young virgins.

Apart from the statues the island is important archeologically as the only source of evidence for a form of writing in Polynesia. The script was done on wooden rogo-rogo tablets, of which only about ten are still in existence. These are kept in museums throughout the world. There has never been an accurate translation of the tablets and no valid reason has ever been discovered to account for the manufacture and erection of the statues. It all adds to the enigma that is Easter Island, a remarkably unspoiled gem in an isolated corner of the world.



with Michael Morrissey

**THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION,**  
 edited by John Clute and Peter Nicholls,  
 Orbit, \$78.95

**A**t 1400 pages and 1.3 million words written by 102 contributors, this ti-tanic tome comes in handy not only as a door stopper but as a club to stun those pesky slant-eyed small-mouthed aliens who keep bothering innocent earthlings such as Whitley Strieber. Seriously, this is a wonderful book worth every cent of the price.

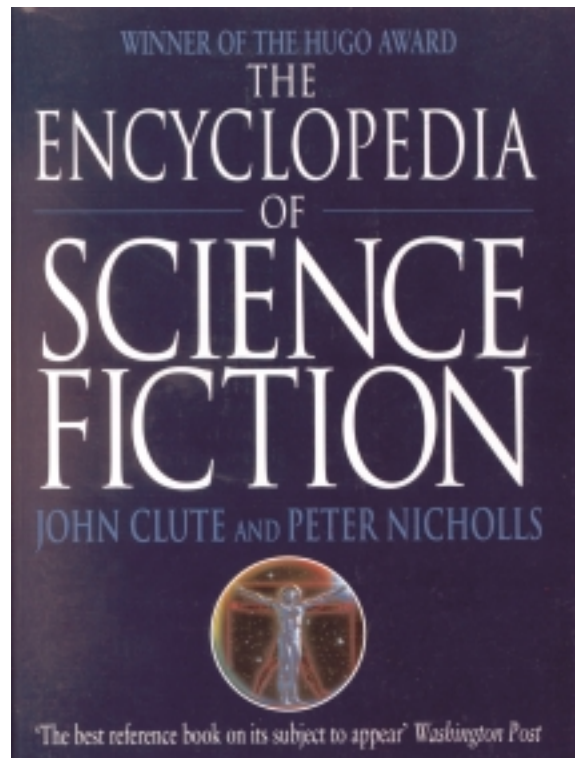
Between the ages of 12 and 18 ninety per cent of my reading was Science Fiction. I wallowed in Asimov, Bester, Heinlein, Bradbury, Sturgeon, Van Vogt, Tenn, and Sheckley and many many more. Now I discover that my idols were part of the Golden Age of Science Fiction (1938-1946).

Astonishingly, some of these venerable science fictioneers are still alive! (SUSPENDED ANIMATION? See page 1189). Apart from thousands of biographical sketches (some of them running to five pages) there are some 212 essays on such topics as Androids, Antimatter, Clones, ESP, Entropy etc, etc.

Blaster is included though sadly not Neuronic Whip (I never venture abroad without one). Some of the terms were new to me such as Steampunk and Edisonade. All of the essays are informative, crisply written and lucid.

There are entries on most major European countries, for example Germany, France, Italy. Africa, along with Latin America are encapsulated under two broad headings. I eagerly turned to the 14th letter of the alphabet to discover if there was a New Zealand section. Yes! Historically it was well researched but could possibly have included our two main science fiction anthologies *I have Seen the Future* edited by Bernard Gadd and *Rutherford's Dreams* edited by Warwick Bennett together with Patrick Hudson as well as Mike Johnson's brilliant *Lear*. All our obvious SF writers are individually listed - eg M K Joseph, Phillip Mann, Craig Harrison, Hugh Cook and others.

Like all books on SF this compilation seeks respectability for true sf (ie space opera and genre sf) by includ-



ing major works of Utopia/Dystopia fiction but stretches it somewhat by adding Herman Melville and declaring *Moby-Dick* to be the archetype of the more metaphysical variety of SF monster. As for claiming *The Poorhouse Fair* by John Updike is a work of science fiction, guys give me a break. Dante is in but Milton is out. Presumably Satan did not carry a blaster on his hip.

Instead of reading cover to cover (a brave boast) I browsed this book by reading biographies, then picking some of the numerous topics listed beneath eg ALIENS, FASTER THAN LIGHT and HYPERSPACE (among many others). This Mobius loop way of reading a book gives needless hours of pleasure and allows you to skip any boring bits. But, in fact, there aren't any.

Possibly this is the book we should be sending into outer space as part of any time capsule to be picked up by aliens. At least they will know what we think of them.



**WRESTLING WITH AN ANGEL by Michael King, Penguin, \$49.95**

**J**anet Frame is one of our central cultural heroines. The story of how her first book won a prize and thereby cancelled a looming lobotomy operation has now rightfully acquired mythic status. Her art rescued her from being turned into the western equivalent of a zombie.

The question of Frame's sanity/insanity is complex but King's unravelling of it is detailed with confidence. It is obvious Frame regarded herself as different from those around her - and so she was. At Training College she became depressed and attempted suicide by swallowing a packet of Aspirin. Her friend and ally the psychologist John Money on whom she had a crush subsequently became her confidant. To hold his interest Frame conjured up images and imaginary personages that suggested a deranged even schizophrenic mind.

Nevertheless Frame was not schizophrenic though she was often depressed, panicky and as we used to say "unable to cope". The long term overview of the English psychiatrist Dr Cawley was that she never suffered from mental illness.

But Frame did enter mental hospital voluntarily on sev-

eral occasions and seemed fascinated by the idea of going mad. The conclusion might be that though Frame often feared mental hospitals she was drawn to them as places of refuge from the confusing anxiety-making world. In the long haul these issues will become less important. Who worries now about Tennyson's depressions or Poe's drinking? (Biographers of course!)

This book changed my view of Frame. Many of her earlier stories were about women alone, seemingly driven mad by loneliness. Yet though Frame obviously prized her aloneness she always had loyal and often influential friends. In her earlier years John Money and Frank Sargeson were the most important, both proving invaluable in their assistance to her. Later her American publisher George Braziller, the novelist John Marquand, the painter Bill Brown as well as New Zealand writers like C.K. Stead, Dennis McEldowney, Jacqui Sturm, Charles Brasch, Philip Wilson and Anton Vogt all played their part in giving support. The list is too long to fully itemise.

Once her mental hospital days were behind her Frame began to emerge onto the world scene as a writer. Before long she was being simultaneously published in New Zealand, England and the United States. Eventually she was to be translated into every major European language. Despite all this it was never easy for her to make a living. American sales were always very low and New Zealand sales relatively modest. She remained a literary writer admired by critics but not taken to heart by the buying public.

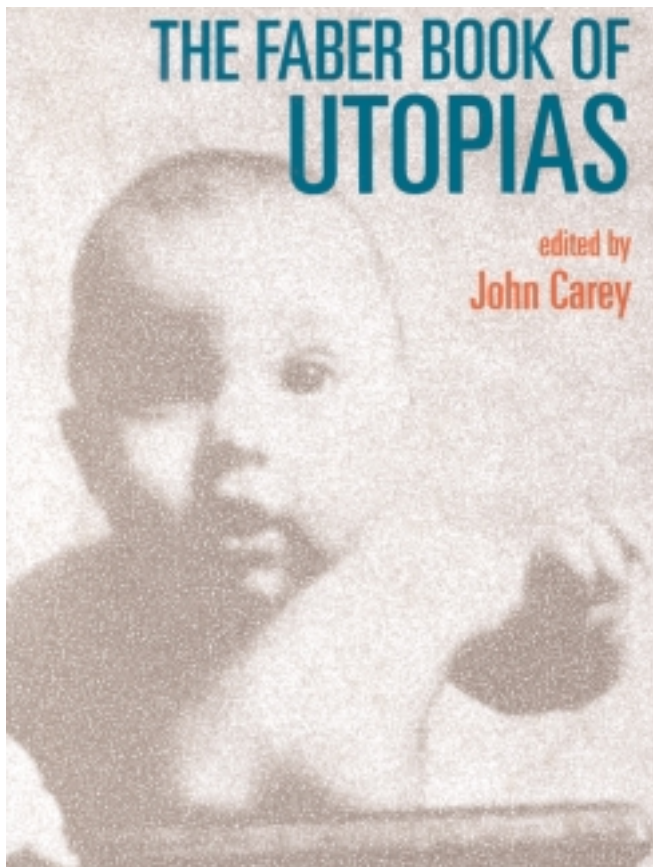
Rather than the life of abject stillness and quiet futility that many of her characters' lives might suggest, Frame has lived a restless busy life - frequently moving house from one end of New Zealand to the other with numerous trips to America to stay at the Yaddo or McDowell colonies. Frame has never lacked for support either from fellow writers, the literary committee (now the Arts Council) or American writers' colonies.

King's biography is a Boswellian effort with no detail too small to be overlooked. His way of dealing with Frame's actual books is to quote reviewers' comments. This makes the work slightly old fashioned as the trend now is to analyse the literary work in depth and where appropriate tie it in closely with the writer's biography. Also lacking is a chronology of the major events in Frame's life. These cavils aside it's a first class biography and will probably be remembered as King's major work.

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**THE FABER BOOK OF UTOPIAS edited by John Carey, Faber and Faber, \$69.95**

Since Sir Thomas More invented the term Utopia in 1516 this useful concept has been applied to works written many centuries before as well as afterwards. Strictly speaking, utopia means no place or nowhere but it has come to mean a good place and dystopia has been necessarily coined to mean the opposite. The terms can be interchangeable - what was utopian to Plato in his Republic (slaves, no poetry) may well be dystopian to us.

This is a glorious romp through the most well known utopias and dystopias of western literature. It starts in circa 2000 BC with a poem, goes through Hesiod, Homer and Ovid and Plato, covers Godwin, Campanella and Bacon, includes Defoe, Rousseau, Voltaire, Fourier, Butler, Bellamy, Wells, Hilton, Huxley, Orwell and ends with contemporaries like Freeman Dyson and Julian Barnes. There are numerous others equally known or less known.

Broadly speaking, the extracts are either poems, tracts or fiction. I was comfortable with the two latter but the poetry tends to stretch the term "utopia" which covers the systematic outline of an imaginary society including marriage customs, economy, means of government, rearing of children, education, social strata, etc. By using this

commodious definition of utopia and dystopia, Carey is able to include Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters, a poem about a fish by Rupert Brook and Hitler's table talk.

The inclusion of poetry may (or may not) illegitimately extend the meaning of Utopia but a definite flaw is the absurd brevity of some of the extracts often accompanied by an overly long commentary by Carey - on occasion more than one comment per author as though the book was specifically designed for teaching. On the positive side, it can be said even a short extract alerts us to the existence of a book we may not have known about.

The only New Zealand writer included is John McMillan Brown (James K. Baxter's grandfather) who wrote two utopias. Carey refers with admiration to Brown's accurate prediction that "medical science would one day be able to investigate the health of an embryo and later its development almost a century before this became a practical possibility". *Limanora* is probably the longest novel ever published by a New Zealand writer and it's a tough haul to read it (I gave up). But it's agreeable in short extract.

As a great majority of the early utopias were written by men it is not surprising to find that naked or scantily clad women and plenty of sexual intercourse figures in at least 14 of these best of all possible worlds. What is a utopia for an eighteenth century man may well be a dystopia to a twentieth century feminist.

What is truly impressive is the range of the book. It represents 4000 years of thought about how a society should be run. My favourite is the delightfully dotty Charles Fourier who worked out - just how one wonders - that there were 810(!) common personality types. Including women therefore, 1620 types - which makes a refreshing change from classifying everyone into introvert and extrovert. The 1620 types (all complementing each other) would live in a phalanx and be happy. Those who had such recondite desires as heel-scratching and eating live spiders would meet at international convocations. Dream on, Charles.

*The Faber Book of Utopias* nicely complements *The Encyclopaedia of Science Fiction*.

**As a great majority of the early utopias were written by men it is not surprising to find that naked or scantily clad women and plenty of sexual intercourse figures in at least 14 of these best of all possible worlds.**

**THE HUMAN STAIN by Philip Roth, Jonathan Cape, \$57.95**

**B**oth Nathan Zuckerman and Philip Roth are on a roll. For those who may not know Zuckerman is the fictional Jewish author who has written eight of Roth's books. Roth himself has appeared as a character in four of his own works. There are another two authored by some guy called Kepesh and a further nine written by a no tricks Philip Roth being himself, making a total of 25.

His princely rival Saul Bellow is 85 and his creative powers are now diminishing whereas Roth seems to keep getting better. His books are the nearest thing we have to a contemporary Dostoyevsky not by way of a crime as the central focus for the plot but in the way that his characters are allowed to speak for pages at a time with passion, moral rage and sometimes just rage. There is scarcely a character who does not uncork a blast of wrath at some time.

Professor Coleman Silk, a New England professor refers to two students missing from his class as spooks.

He means ghosts but as it turns out the missing students are black and Silk is consequently pilloried for his mistake. The irony is that Silk though ostensibly Jewish is secretly black (though he appears white). The plot unfolds in a complex family-oriented web from this politically incorrect scandal.

Though the phrase PC never appears it is the dominant issue. This makes *The Human Stain* a very timely book especially for us in New Zealand where political correctness has become the dominant ideology.

Silk is variously portrayed as villain and wronged martyr but we are left with no doubt where Roth's ultimate sympathies lie. Like the great nineteenth century masters of fiction Roth can show us the inside of a Delphine Roux, the French feminist who successfully guns for Silk or a Les Farley, a Vietnam vet suffering from post trauma-

tic stress syndrome so that we feel their righteous anger and their pain.

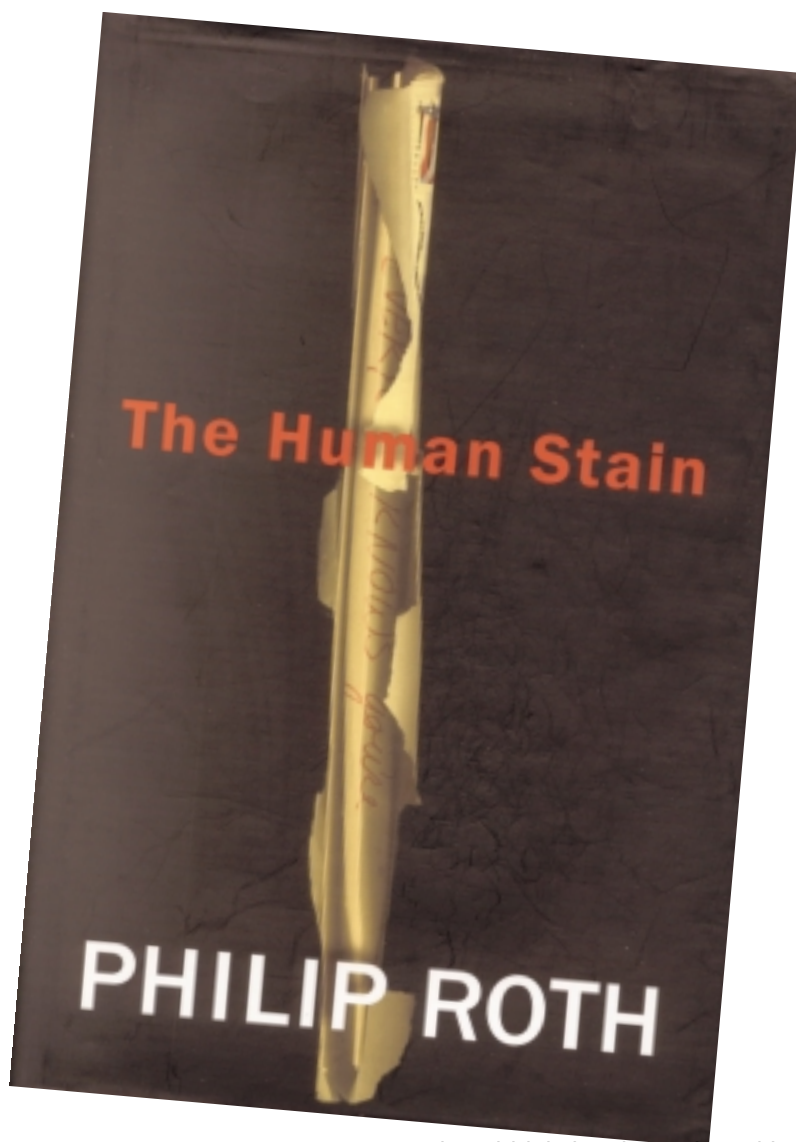
Roth (or Zuckerman) writes long rolling complex sentences that are a joy to read.

And just when you're gasping enough please maestro Zuckerman, he lets you off with a short sharp one. He describes cows and augers (a device for boring fishing holes in the ice) until you can taste the milk and feel the steel.

Finally there is the intellectual nostalgia for earlier better times, a notion for which this reviewer is in sympathy. Delphine Roux has seen all of the films of Antonioni, Goddard, Wim Wenders, Goddard, Truffaut etc etc. while all her students have been to see is Star Wars.

Or have read some of the latest

trendy rubbish but haven't tackled *Moby-Dick*. Nathan (and Philip) we need you both.



## WHO PAID THE PIPER? By Frances Stonor Saunders, Granta Books, \$35

**M**any of us must be aware that the CIA toppled the governments of Iran in 1953 and Guatemala in 1954 as well as organising the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961. But how many would know the Boston Symphony orchestra and the prestigious *Partisan Review* were backed by the same octopoidal organisation?

If the Cold War was very much a rattling of nuclear sabres it was also a full-on cultural conflict with both sides (ie America and Russia) secretly backing their composers, writers, painters and film makers in an effort (and in the CIA's case) to persuade them away from any sympathy towards Communism.

Massive conferences were organised, magazines funded, a news service set up, there were rewards and prizes. Foundations both phoney and real channelled huge amounts of money into culturally acceptable events.

No effort was spared to convert pinkos and fellow travellers to the Western side and promote the superiority of Western culture - even Abstract Expressionism! - over that of the sterile Reds. As never before in history this was a peacetime war of ideas.

A key figure in this saga was Michael Josselson, a suave polyglot fluent in four languages who headed the CIA-funded Congress for Cultural Freedom. Stuart Hampshire of MI6 recalls: "He was the big fixer, the man who could get anything done."

Whether it was an orchestra or crossing the virtually uncrossable Russian border Josselson could arrange it.

A chapter entitled "Marxists at the Waldorf" reveals an extraordinary line up of opposing minds at one meeting. Like so many events at this time, the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace showed a fascinating division on the Western side.

In the left camp were names like Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, Clifford Odets, Leonard Bernstein, Dashiell Hammett and Howard Fast. A counter committee consisting of Benedetto Croce, T.S. Eliot, Karl Jaspers, Andre Malraux, Bertrand Russell and Igor Stravinsky was formed.

There was another allied group of people who wittingly or unwittingly were on the CIA pay role. People like Sidney Hook, Mary McCarthy, Arthur Schlesinger, Nicholas Nabokov and Philip Rahv. A young Norman Mailer achieved the distinction of being booed all round by accusing both the United States and the Soviet Union of aggression.

Then there were the Soviets. The difference between the West and the Communist side was cruelly revealed when Nabokov, a colleague of Josselson, asked Shostakovich whether he agreed with the view stated in *Pravda* that Stravinsky, Hindemith and Schoenberg were lackeys of imperialist capitalism. With ashen face and downcast gaze Shostakovich agreed that he did.

This superbly researched and densely detailed book covers many other key ideologues of the period - the pug-nacious Melvin Lasky who was to edit the CIA-funded *Encounter*, the crafty but ultimately ultra sleazy Arthur Koestler, the easily manipulable Stephen Spender, the satiric but stylistically variable Dwight McDonald, international urbanites such as Denis de Rougemont, as well as central major CIA behind-the-scenes-operatives, like Tom Braden and C.D. Jackson.

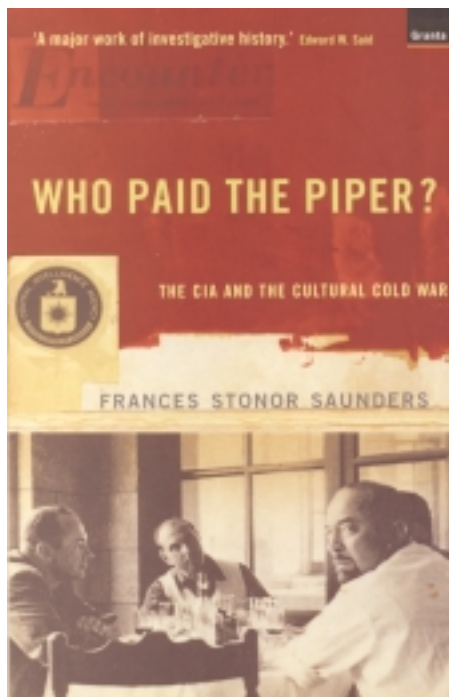
As an example of how subtle the funding could be, take the case of *Encounter*, the leading intellectual publication of the period. Money passed to Rothschild's account, then to Secker and Warberg. It was subsequently transferred onto the Barclays Bank account of the British Society who then "donated" it to *Encounter*.

When the dung began hitting the air conditioner, some like Dwight McDonald and Stephen Spender (and many others) began weeping and wailing that they did not know where the money had come from. Suckers or hypocrites, asks Saunders.

She appears to lean more towards the latter view. CIA operative Tom Braden says, "They knew."

Prior to reading this book I had considered the contemporary manipulation of high culture for political ends was mainly the prerogative of the Soviet Union. This book shows America had adopted a similar policy though in a much more subtle way.

This is the most *informative* book I have read this year. Read and be richly disillusioned.



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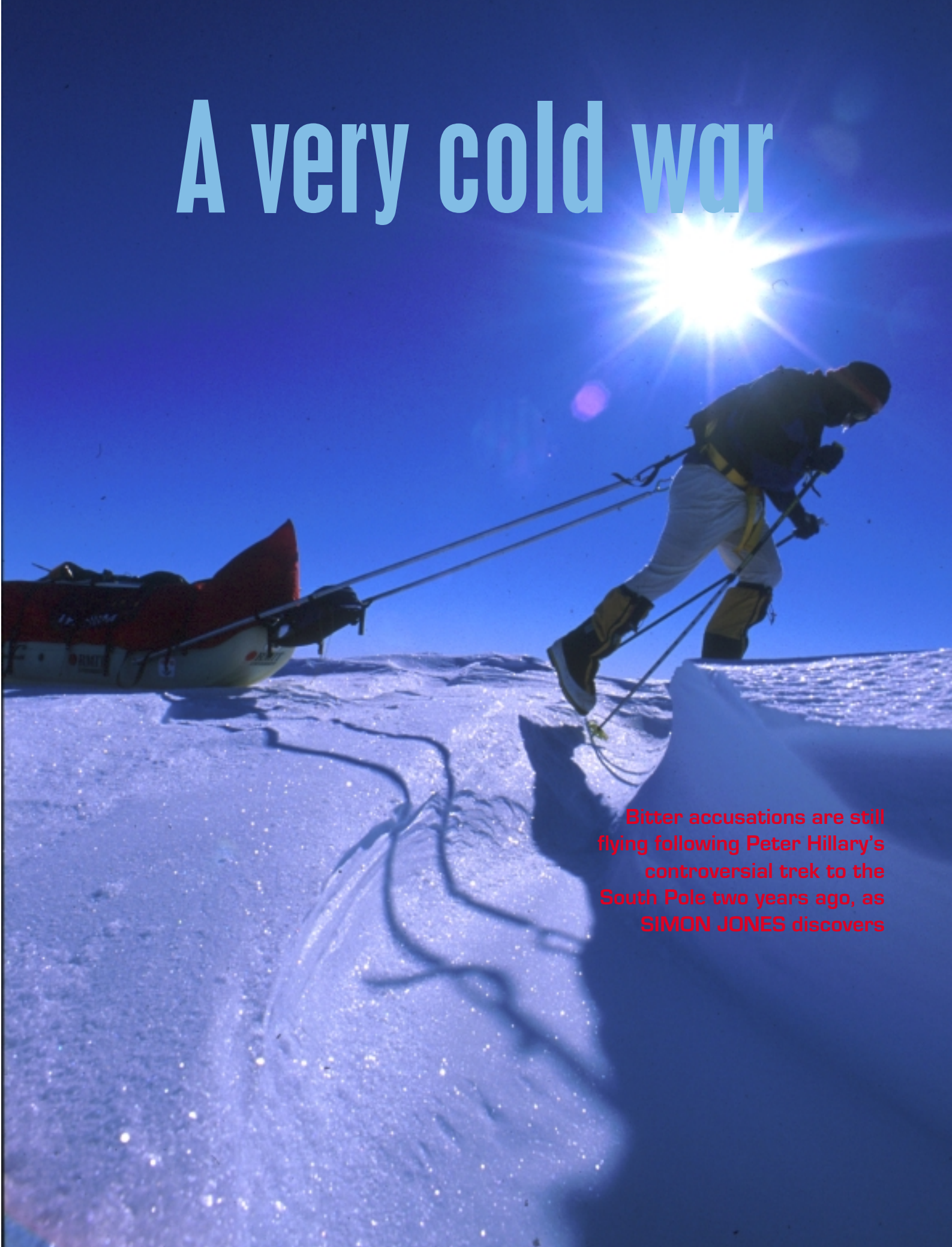
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# A very cold war



**Bitter accusations are still flying following Peter Hillary's controversial trek to the South Pole two years ago, as SIMON JONES discovers**

When adventurer Eric Philips dreamed up the title of a book, *IceTrek*, about his 84-day expedition to the South Pole with Peter Hillary and Jon Muir, he wasn't just referring to the continent's icy terrain. The expedition wasn't noted for the success or otherwise, but the deep freeze in relations that prevailed between Phillips and Hillary.

It turned out to be most the acrimonious South Pole attempt to date, and one conducted under the glare of intense media scrutiny.

Even now, two years after the trio left Scott Base on a fateful mission to become the first to ski unaided 3,000 kilometres from Ross Island to the South Pole (and back), accusations and legal writs are still flying.

Just a month ago Hillary tried to get the book banned and threatened to sue for libel.

After a little persuading (and some money), Hillary finally allowed the presses to roll on an expedition that in Muir's own words, was a complete failure. Not only did they fail to even attempt the return leg, they took 14 days more to reach the Pole than Robert Falcon Scott in 1912. They only difference is they lived to tell the tale.

The blame, says Philips and Muir, lies squarely on Hillary's shoulders - the son of the greatest adventurer of them all. His unaccommodating nature, irrational tempers - and more of the point - failure to keep up, probably meant the expedition was doomed before it even started.

At one stage they even accused Hillary of sabotaging the trip - going deliberately slow in order to avoid having to make the energy sapping return journey back to Scott Base.

"Towards the top of the rise, where the snow began to give way to the pastel ice of the glacier, we stopped to recover and wait for Peter," writes Philips in one of his most telling moments. "Below us, he had also stopped and was roaming around his sled. After a while he sat down and didn't make a move for ten minutes. Jon and I began to grow cold and pissed off.

"We were now convinced Peter was



**BITTER SWEET LANDING:** Eric Philips (left) and Jon Muir finally make the South Pole but leave behind a friendship with Peter Hillary

“Hillary’s unaccommodating nature, irrational tempers and failure to keep up, probably meant the expedition was doomed from the start”

deliberately hindering progress. He had refused all attempts to help him and now he was openly throwing out the anchor.

"I think we can forget the return journey. It's over. Peter's worn out. He's looking very skinny."

All three were suffering from some form of illness, food rations were low and their trip was steadily becoming hampered by atrocious if not predictable weather.

With more than 500 kilometres to go, they resigned themselves to defeat. Despite the modern technological age, with satellite phones and food rations drawn up by nutritional experts, they failed to follow the footsteps of Scott almost 90 years before them. If it hadn't been for a supply plane and, later a Hercules to air lift them out, they probably would have died.

Talking to *Investigate* from Chile, where he plans to ski, paddle and kite across the South Patagonian Icecap,

Philips says Hillary's conduct still haunts him.

"Tension is par for the course on a polar expedition like this," he says. "But not to the extent we experienced.

"The fundamental problem that Jon and I experienced was Peter's inability to function effectively on ice, coupled with his inability to express or acknowledge those difficulties. The recent legal wrangle has been a replay of our struggles on the ice.

Philips, who like Muir, lives in Australia, says he hasn't spoke to Hillary for almost a year and believes there is little chance of resolving their differences now. Certainly the book won't help, and if anything, will merely inflame old wounds.

"We will resolve our differences when he (Hillary) begins to acknowledge his conduct during the expedition and the effect it had on Jon and me. I am keen to heal our differences but we all need to dig deep if we are to make a start."

Surprisingly, Philips classes the trek



**BEAUTY OF ISOLATION: Jon Muir takes a ten minuter breather at the bottom of the Earth**

as a success, a view not shared by Muir. "We are all alive and we pioneered a significant route to the pole," he says. "One that may become a standard on that side of Antarctica. Personally, deep down inside, I can be proud of my involvement in Ice Trek on every level."

Ice Trek was certainly different from most expeditions. One of the fundamental qualities of any trip is the isolation and loneliness that comes from experiencing life on one of the remotest corners of the world. Not so with Ice Trek. Their every movement was monitored via satellites for a potential Internet audience of millions. Satellite phone company Iridium was keen to display the effectiveness of their technology and encouraged the trio to make daily calls back home. And the world's media provided a grueling interview schedule that was every bit as tough as the daily 25km trudge in temperatures which hit as low as minus 30c.

The book provides a remarkable insight into the stresses, strains and struggles of Antarctic adventurers. Yet the more you read, the more obvious the polarisation that occurred between Philips, Muir and Edwards.

The media's attention through the expedition centred on Hillary, the only Kiwi, and a man's whose previous reputation and name demanded that he be team leader. The reality was different. Decisions were made between Philips and Muir usually without consultation with Edwards, who was often left behind.

Hillary, in turn, was constantly irrational and refused to push himself. At one stage he even went on strike and sat in the snow despondently for 20 minutes before eventually hauling himself up.

Even though he agreed to share chores, Hillary made his displeasure of cooking obvious.

"Peter lit the stone and a yellow flame hissed from the jet," writes

At one stage Hillary even went on strike and sat in the snow despondently for 20 minutes before eventually hauling himself up.

Philips. "Something was wrong and a bitter stench filled the tent. I was on the phone to Halina Bulzer, who had organised a 3AW studio for a pre-recorded interview to be placed on our website. Peter cursed and muttered loudly, throwing pots and spoons around the vestibule in frustration as he attempted to sort out the problem.

"Through the ruckus I struggled to hear Halina's questions and lost concentration.

Peter then began aping my responses, before openly mocking them...Furious but contained, I asked Peter what his problem was, but he continued to insult me with stabs at my attempted answers."

On the 84th day they finally reached the sanctuary of the South Pole from where they were airlifted back to Christchurch. Yet it irked Philips that the media was blaming the expedition's failure on his frost bite and Muir's sickness.

It was a fact, although partially true, that Edwards was happy to hammer home. The *Daily Telegraph* in Britain quoted Hillary as saying they were the two major factors which hampered the expedition.

"Although the reports were sensationalised, we tolerated it," said Philips. "Peter castigated me when I referred to our slow progress across the shelf. He wouldn't hear of the remotest reference to his performance and the public remained ignorant of the truth."

"Wind and Cold Thwart Hillary's Polar Trek," recorded the *Canberra Times*, while only the *Sunday News* hinted at the real problem. Antarctic veteran Colin Monteath was quoted as saying that modern day explorers were not prepared to tolerate the huge discomfort suffered by their forebears.

Upon arrival back to rapturous welcome at Christchurch, Philips was asked whether he would work with Edwards again. The answer was an emphatic 'no' and one which was analysed and blown up by a media quick to home in on their differences.

Now, talking from Chile, Philips has little regrets and says it was only right that the truth came out.

As for Muir, he has little to do with Edwards these days despite once being close friends. For most part he stayed out of the public wrangle and has consigned Ice Trek to the expedition waste bin. "Icetek was unsuccessful," he told *Investigate*. "It was the most unsuccessful expedition I have ever been on. It failed on its objectives, but more importantly, and for me, it failed because we did not come home as friends.



**POLES APART: Peter Hillary uses the satellite phone technology**

"I have no hate for Peter. But I am not going to try and resolve our differences because Peter will not acknowledge his failings, whatever they are. I don't have a problem with accepting mine."

Muir says at times Hillary can be an 'interesting, charming, entertaining, humorous and convincing person'. He had certainly enjoyed success on previous expeditions climbing Everest in 1984 and 1987.

He said airlifting Hillary out was not an option because Antarctica New Zealand made it clear they would not accept two people in 'deep field', while Hillary was also the focus of the world's media attention and a major reason for accruing sponsorship.

As for Muir, he has been on six ex-

peditions since Ice Trek and is currently running an adventure travel business in Australia. Together, Muir and Philips are considering a trek across the North Pole in two years time.

Meanwhile, Hillary is preferring to stay out of the limelight and has so far only released occasional media statements. He says: "It is not constructive to try and apportion blame for the fact that the return journey eluded us. There are many factors that contributed to that including the early breakdown of the camaraderie that I have enjoyed on other expeditions." It is understood that Hillary is now busy penning his own account of Ice Trek for possible publication next year. That's when he will be eager to finally have his say on an ice mission that only succeeded in breaking down the foundations of friendship.

**IceTrek published by HarperCollins and priced at \$34.95**



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# Snatch

Reviewed by Benedict Reid

**Starring Jason Statham, Brad Pitt, Vinnie Jones, Benicio Del Toro, Dennis Farina**

**N**ot many main-stream movies start with a theological discussion between orthodox Jews on the origins of the virgin birth. But then this is not your average main-stream movie. *Snatch* is writer/director Guy Ritchie's second feature, and it is very much in the style of his first hugely successful film *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*.

British gangsters battle it out for large amounts of money, all the while looking stylish and sounding like an episode of 'Minder'.

Ritchie's script lets its influences hang-out for all to see, he's not afraid of admitting that he has stolen American cool and placed it in a gritty British setting.

Cue a film with Tarantino quirky funny dialogue (hence those orthodox Jews), Peckinpah slow-motion blood filled violence, a Raymond Chandler confusing underworld plot and even a bit of *Run Lola Run* in the opening credits of

the film. But this is all placed in a firmly British setting.

This film can be viewed as a sort of sequel to *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*, it has many of the same actors in it and, like the first film, the story relies heavily on violence, comedy and coincidence to drive it through some complicated twists and turns. The only real differences are in the production values which have improved, it is better acted, has better cinematography and better direction than the first film.

While *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* was a world-wide hit, it failed to make much of an impact in America as had been hoped. This was widely explained as being due to the thick British underworld accents being too difficult for the Americans to follow. In *Snatch* Brad Pitt is the big American star who, it is hoped, will help to give the film American appeal. Pitt took a pay-cut to appear in the film, and obviously enjoys the role. He plays a