

West must help

by Craig Mackinnon

Until such industrial giants as Japan, the EEC and the United States come to their aid, the third world countries will continued on their path to economic chaos.

This was the message of Richard Cooper, a professor of International Economics at Harvard University. Cooper was in Halifax last week to deliver the first of three talks on the prospects for the market economy in the next decade.

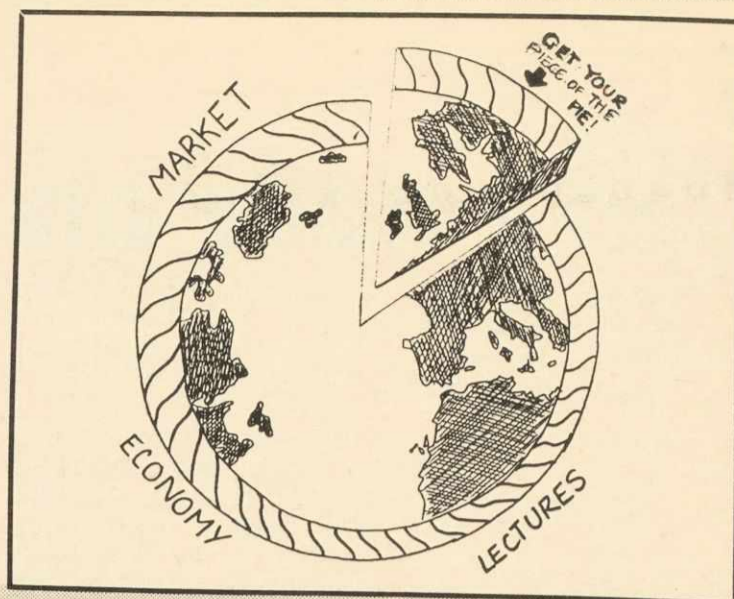
International trade deficits are the main cause of these imbalances, and occur when a country has to import more goods and services from abroad than it is able to export. For developed countries, the trade deficit is not a major problem as yet, but time is running out for nations like Mexico and Indonesia who can not pay

their debts to the first world. The result is bankruptcy for these countries and slippage into further poverty. The industrialized countries are in a somewhat better position: their economies continue to grow and the debt is kept as low as possible.

Cooper's lecture focussed on how difficult lowering the trade deficit will be. He used the example of the United States, a nation that ran a trade deficit of \$145 billion in 1987. In order to pass off the debt, Americans would have to improve their manufacturing exports by \$175 billion in 5 years and must generate \$125 billion. This would generate a very small growth of just 0.5 per cent per year, resulting in a recession due to the decline of consumer spending.

In the third world this problem is multiplied because countries

do not have the economic base to pay off their trade debts. Cooper feels industrialized countries like the United States will have to come to the aid of developing countries by giving them fixed investment rates. More importantly, he sees the need for a common currency and one monetary policy. However, he admits that this is very unlikely.



Poetry

Colours

Well-read redhead
She could build a solid roof
Under which life
Could continue
Untroubled by acid rain.
A beautiful roof, I said
As I walked out

Soon soaked and blue
I found a smokey little bar
Where the blue angel sang
sorry for the weather, she sang
Sorry for the flaws
You know we're all wet
Let me help you forget.
I lingered over a scotch
Gazing into her blue eyes
We had a meeting thigh to thigh
Being blue is fine, I said
Yet if we just sing in this rain
Our colours will darken
Like the crumbling blackened walls
Of the library where I went
To read a hundred books on roofing
And a hundred more on rain
Rain washed out the ink
And I stared at a blank page
As the water bleached my skin
And floated me on night's river
Past the fields of time
Waiting for the simple truth
The one we buried
Under the black tide of print

Drifting with an ancient current
Not electric, rather a calm wind
Moving a simple sail
Hoisted, white, against the horizon
She drew my wordless body aboard
and said, my love
There are still things to speak of.
By day the sun warmed us
By night we slept under white blankets
And the radiance of moonlight
Gave the lie to night's void.
Until her boat met the white beach sand
And I walked the fields of morning
A woman's hand
Guided mine to soil and harvest
I found truth and rhythm
In the cycle of birth and death
I found a place in that cycle
I found my home in her embrace.

I went to the smokey bar
Gave the blue angel the song in my heart
And said, sing this for me.
Then I went to my well-read friend
And said, build a roof for this
this treasure of life I found
This love that moves in small ways
This ancient truth and rhythm
This love that moves in small ways.

Vince Tinguely

Why is it that I
Find myself staring
Deep into your radiant eyes?

Never again would I find myself caring
For you. So I said,
But now it happens,
And again you have a place in my heart.

Herb Theriault

Anarchism in a World of Precision

Divide things into two and fives
Fill each minute of our lives
Achieve the best, don't compromise:
This is how we rationalize.

Imprecision cuts my mind,
Disturbs the peace, unstraightens lines
Got to rush to be on Time
Thoughts unequal are a crime.

Get the most from everything
Flood the brain and make ears ring
Speculation, measuring
Pollute with toxins Progress brings.

Faster, faster Life sings flat
And steady, and some scream back
"I can't take any more of that!"
To die and rot beneath a slat.

Life is just so organized.
We look back, we prophesize
We can die before your eyes
On the Big Screen, vapourized.

It's scary when things don't make sense.
We'll exploit your innocence
We'll trace money, down to cents
Blow-up crimes, shoot down defense.

In some time, across the land,
New ideals will demand
New values, habits, customs, and
Persecution when one makes a stand.

Louann Scallion

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