Edinburgh Supports Strike

by Steve Martin

EDINBURGH'S city centre was brought to a standstill on Tuesday lunchtime when an estimated 1,000 people joined a march in support of the ambulance workers' 11 per cent pay claim.

The march, from Waterloo Place, along Princes Street, culminating in a rally at the George Street Assembly Rooms, comprised large numbers of pensioners and trade unionists as well as ambulance men themselves.

Those who managed to get into the crowded hall heard an impassioned speech from local MP Nigel Griffiths, who blamed the government for prolonging the dispute and urged the Prime Minister to "spend time with the ambulance men and less time with television crews, the next time he visits the scene of a disaster."

"The best reception, however, was reserved for Alan Stewart, a shop steward at Morningside ambulance depot, who received a standing ovation before and after a speech in which he thanked the general public for "their incredible generosity in this time of crisis" and suggested that a victory in the long-running dispute could lead to a "renunciation of the spirit of the welfare state."

The march and rally were part of a nationwide day of action which brought similar events to Dundee, Aberdeen, Dumfries and Glasgow, where a mass rally was addressed by the local trade councils, and to Blackpool, where George Galloway, the Livingstone MP, brought similar events to Dundee, with a standing ovation before and after a speech which he described as "the best reception he had ever had."

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Professor J.K. Galbraith

by Anne Stubblecer

John Kenneth Galbraith, Professor of Economics Emeritus at Harvard University, delivered the 1990 Encyclopedia Britannica lecture at Playfair Library Hall on Wednesday, the 24th of January.

The theme of his lecture was "Ideology Versus Reality: The Conflict East and West."

Galbraith's lecture was hardly the first time he has been quick to criticize popular opinion of political and economic phenomena. Ever since he worked under Franklin Roosevelt, Galbraith has been known for his unconventional stance on conventional topics. In addition to holding office under various United States presidents, Galbraith produced several controversial and readable works, including the Incite The Affluent Society and The Age of Uncertainty.

In his speech, it is clear that Galbraith is continuing his cherished role as watchdog against unthinking acceptance of popular premises. The so-called "simplest ideology" that is shaping the current discussion of the upheaval in Eastern Europe is that "little, shabby world." On the other side is the capitalist economy. Each of these sides exist in their purest form. Politicians, academicians, and journalists all seem to believe that communism has failed and that capitalism has emerged triumphant. They predict that the affected Eastern European countries will make their way to the "capitalist nirvana," says Galbraith. This point is made clear in this line of thinking: "is this the transition to come complete."

Galbraith views the recent changes in Eastern Europe as "wrong to the point of mental vacuity." Changes in the structure of capitalism rendered obsolete the concept of the capitalist economy. The capitalist system was saved and forever abolished by the introduction of the welfare state. A return to the Smithian "invisible hand" market is impossible since the West do not have, would not tolerate and could not survive. "Money is a mellow, government-protected life."

Western governments' success hinges on their ability to promote economic growth, prevent inflation, and limit unemployment. That is to say that this type of government that the Eastern European countries should aspire to, says Galbraith. They should seek not capitalism "but the modern state with a large, indispensable, mellow government-protected life." Socialism failed because it could not produce enough consumer goods and could not contend with the "special problems" of agriculture, says Galbraith. Socialism was also weakened by its development of a sprawling and stagnant bureaucracy. This bureaucracy fostered what Galbraith calls "bureaucratic rubbish." Bureaucratic rubbish, socialize, define their own truths to suit their won needs, regardless of how much these fabricated truths diverge from reality.

Although Galbraith realizes that the Eastern European countries are "more in receipt of Western advice that they could possibly use or should not tolerate."

Nye Plays Down U.S. Decline

by Jennie Morrison

REPORTS OF THE decline of the United States as the world's most dominant superpower, have been greatly exaggerated according to Professor Joseph Nye of Harvard University.

At a lecture in Old College last Thursday entitled, "The Changing Nature of Power in World Politics" Professor Nye spoke of the diffusion of power causing uncertainty in the current world political situation.

He pointed out that the so-called decline of the U.S. has been misinterpreted, and was instead a consequence of "the world war two effect."

In this speech, Nye explained, referred to the huge boom in America after the war, which left the U.S. relatively unscathed, while other countries rebuilt themselves out of the rubble. This economic boost to the economy has now worked its way through the system and according to the professor, the decline peaked its reach in the mid-seventies. This has been the same time the Russian economy has also suffered badly. Only 5% of Soviet industry is of world standard. Nye commented that the Soviet economy lagged behind because it had not adapted to what he termed as "the third economic revolution" namely that of information technology.

Another factor, considered significant by the Professor, was the burden on the U.S.S.R., of defence expenditure, which he said, was even greater than that of the United States.

According to Nye, the costliness of the use of military force was one of the main reasons for the diffusion of world power. He also stressed the significance of economic interdependence as another crucial factor. He also cited their growing nationalities within Russia and the development of new technology and the increase of brain drain in the U.S. and the effect of AIDS, terrorism and the environment, as helping to undermine the former superpower.

Professor Nye concluded that due to this new interdependence, "there should be an interoperation to get what they traditionally fought for."

The emergence of multinational institutions and the privatization of government is the moment of need. Freedom must not be seen to have a heavy economic price," Galbraith insists and that the resources are available to these West. This resources will not be freed, however, until the West releases itself from the hold of the bureaucratic truth that the military establishment and budget must be perpetually expanded. If the United States would make one less bomber and send the freed resources to Eastern Europe, these countries' transition would certainly be eased. Galbraith insists.

In the Erebus and the Soviet Union are now experiencing one of the greatest moments in their history. That moment is also ours," Galbraith says in conclusion. "Adaptation...and the do not need a superpower that is not a superpower..."

The professors of Grop have been described as "mockingbird" and their articles as "business as usual". But this week, the editor of the newspaper, the Manchester University, in one editorial it insulted the editor for allowing an entire page to be dedicated to himself for his 21st birthday. It also attacked the University's Socialist and flourishing religion which is apparently persecuting in many middle Eastern countries.

However the University has been under fire this week. The Islamic Society has forced it to withdraw this weeks issue and the University has imposed a ban on cameras. The Students Union says the debate will go ahead regardless and even if the venue is ringed by Security guards, they expect a 10% turnout of the total student body.

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THE FIRST issue of *Capitalist Worker*, the new Conservative students’ newspaper, has been withdrawn after threats of legal action from beleaguered LHP Ron Brown.

The newspaper has printed a spoof advert which invited applications for Labour candidates to replace Ron Brown and Glasgow Hillhead MP George Galloway. It listed eight “essential requirements” for prospective Labour MPs: they included being “not ugly”, and “friends of Gadafi and Gerry Adams” and having the ability “to smash up people’s houses.”

Mr Brown described the situation as “a new low in British politics”, while Mr Galloway described the paper as “the Capitalist Worker” as juvenile fascism too.”

Baroness Sear, deputy leader of the SDP in the House of Lords, said on Monday night that privatisation places ideology before common sense. If services to the dispossessed were preserved, she said, she was in favour, if not, she found it repugnant.

She was speaking in favour of a motion at the EU Debates Committee in Tewot. Her debating colleagues took a similar line, with one MP noting that the government’s sale of utilities amounted to “selling off the family silver, but the plumbing and the light sockets as well.”

Alex Neil, of the SNP, criticised the “naive” view that private sector equals good, public sector equals bad.

The opposition to the motion that privatisation places ideology before common sense was confused. Martin Burns, of EU Conservatives, and Sianem Stevenson, the prospective Conservative candidate for Edinburgh South, both assumed the good of private-sectorisation. Stevenson on the ground that nationalisation had been a disaster, while Burns said that privatisation increased efficiency. However, the final speaker in his four, this arose in the context Taylor’s enquiry into the universities. The money was raised from the Charity Gala performance of the group’s recent production of *Gilbert and Sullivan’s* *Iolanthe*. The debate was friendly and humorous, with Alex Neil, who was replacing Margaret Ewing, saying it was not he who was playing the part of the “bonnie lassie” but Sianem Stevenson. Arnold Kemp, a student union officer, described the experience of Baroness Sear, not for political reasons, but because she had been burgled 18 times to his four. This arose in the context Kemp’s point that you can respect the skill, guile and practice Mercer, the chairman of the party, he found it repugnant. By implication, he seemed to be saying the same of privatisation.

The Scottish Conservative party are understood to be embroiled and angry about this latest example of Conservative Student journalism. In November last year, a student of the publishing of the Scottish Young Conservatives Magazine *Blue Move* which contained an article attacking Anna McCurley, a former Conservative MP. Douglas Young, the party’s secretary of operations, is considering what action to take over.

The Scottish Conservative party has been funded by the Scottish Conservative Young Conservative Party’s “youth department fund to the sum of 500 per issue. It is planned to have 5 issues a year, running to 20,000 copies which will be distributed to universities and colleges throughout Scotland.

The Edinburgh University Savoy Opera Group presented over £2,000 to Cancer Relief last week at a ball attended by the Duchess of Roxburgh in the charity Vice-President. The money was raised from the Trust Gala performance of the group’s recent production of *Gilbert and Sullivan’s* *Iolanthe*. The debate was friendly and humorous, with Alex Neil, who was replacing Margaret Ewing, saying it was not he who was playing the part of the “bonnie lassie” but Sianem Stevenson. Arnold Kemp, a student union officer, described the experience of Baroness Sear, not for political reasons, but because she had been burgled 18 times to his four. This arose in the context Kemp’s point that you can respect the skill, guile and practice Mercer, the chairman of the party, he found it repugnant. By implication, he seemed to be saying the same of privatisation.

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Fancy three months in the Caribbean? Unlimited sun, sand and sea, and just think of the Red Stripe that flows on those Islands of Paradise...all expenses paid and even the personal guardian who will look after you is a few quid...surely not a bad proposition?

All that we have to do is to return in risk, life and limb in front of a quartet of the world's most hostile crowds. The world's best footballers, cannot but admit that a few of them have no idea what it is, to be the same sort of conditions that we have to endure. It is to be hoped that the world will learn from our experiences and that the West Indies are, "one of the worst" Test teams and that the West Indies are, "one of the worst" Test teams. Instead of pointing out the inherent weaknesses in the Test team and suggesting that they will not win a single game, it may well be more valuable, to assess the strengths that they do possess and how they might be employed against the greatest side in the world.

The first bit of reassurance for our interrepid heroes, new and old alike, has little to do with the England side. But the rest are not the greatest supporters of the English team and assuring them that they will not win a single game, is a myth to think that these men just bowl fast and short; in his first two Red Stripe games, Patterson has just taken 14 wickets, 9 of which have been bowled or LBW. This hardly suggests that Patterson and the rest are not capable of mercilessly dealing with anything other than perfect defence.

Assuming that we do manage to score a reasonable amount of runs, how do we stop them from doing the same? Viv Richards is just the first of a string of outrageous batsmen. Frankly the likes of Ghiachome Small and Phil Defreitas are not the sort of men to get these men out consistently; all they can do is try and restrict, in an attempt to get the batsmen to make mistakes. The outlook, therefore, is bleak. Without wanting to sound unnecessarily defensive, England must realise that their only way of coping is to continue to draw a winning game, and this will not be done by trying to beat the West Indians at their own game. In short, don't listen to the inevitable moaning of the Press, and don't be worried about playing nature's game.

The whole objective is getting the ball onto your opponent's neck, by fair means or foul, and if his boat or body just happens to get in the way, well he better be able to roll; so the theory goes anyway.

Girls compete as well much to the crowd's delight. To cope with the strong side rather than strength tends to win the day, but our ladies team was having an off day, three defeats and not even a goal to show for it. They were not beaten together for two competitions, improvements have been marked. A lost victory imminent.

And the men? Well not much better. The 'B' team didn't man- age .a point against the English opposition; harder in fact than many good sides. The chances of winning have to be reckoned in the case of the team in the country according to one triumphant team member. There is no contemplation that their first attempt shall not be their last.

Is the supposition of the English side that goes. They should be reminded that the West Indies are, and is perhaps the only man still able to assess the strengths that English cricket has been a leaky ship, and that the West Indies are, "one of the worst" Test teams and that the West Indies are, "one of the worst" Test teams.
CURLING

Sunday saw the annual Kay Trophy, a curling competition, held by the Knutsford, Macclesfield, Warrington, Manchester, Chester and Crewe Curling clubs.

In the other Edinburgh team Struan Macnee's form was not up to its usual standard and they too went down heavily to a team of Dundee University lecturers. The lecturers disgraced themselves by giving the impression that they were above the students and indeed better curlers. They also proved themselves to be totally unimproving when after the fifth end they claimed Edinburgh were pursing time wasting tactics, a claim that was totally unfounded.

The third opening game was between Aberdeen B and Dundee B, Dundee being on the teams initially short of players. Because of this they too went down heavily, winning only two ends out of eight. Score 9-3 to Aberdeen.

The team that were short managed to arrange substitutes very quickly and the games went ahead. Nevertheless Mitchell. Aberdeen A got off to a great start against Edinburgh A due partly to the fact Hamish Lorrain hit the Edin-burgh skipper was severely short of match practice. The game then went from bad to worse when in the fifth end Hamish needed to make a draw against three to save the end. The stone was a good weight and line but at the last moment he managed to get the stone hence losing a three against the head. Final score 10-4 to the Aberdeen Graham Cormack.

Then followed a three hour break during which many tenuous comments about each other’s masculinity (or lack of it) were passed about between Martin, Struan and Hamish who had the bar to themselves whilst everybody else went out to lunch. Once everybody had dragged themselves back onto the ice for a game that no-one really wanted to play, it was obvious the half time banner had improved both Hamish and Struan’s form and tempmentation. Missing Dundee player had turned up to considerably strengthen the Dundee B team. Hamish’s next opponents but after getting his weight Hamish’s confidence improved. Every time game ensued but in the end the 5-3 scoreline in favour of the Edinburgh team continued. Graham Cormack, the Aberdeen A was farring badly against the third end he was five shots down but succeed in pulling back and forcing the peel at the same time pissing the lecturers off.

Struan was doing extremely well but was about to be out of the bag. He was leading 6-4 going into the first end when three stones picked up. A team to take a four and the match was over. As it turned out Struan was slightly upset.

This was really the only blemish after a game which was generally good ice, partly due to the influence of two Canadian ice makers who were doing an excellent job.

The irony of the Kay Trophy is that no-one wishes to win it as it is the winners who have to organise the competition next year. Next year sees the Kay Trophy being handed over to Struan who were the eventual winners.

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Kay Trophy goes up North

The packed terraces were also the cause of the difficulty.

"Footballs of the Hillsborough disaster was published this week. John Northcroft assesses how the report will affect football and what the future is for a peaceful game.

As Hey sel and Holm bury show there are two different (yet connected) problems which football must overcome if it is to survive - hooliganism and ground safety.

The Taylor report is, I believe, a vital and intelligent way of dealing with both, shown. I think both clubs and the Football Supporters Association are acnowledged.

One of the most important things the report does is to realise that football violence is not really connected with the actual game but more with its environment. The identity card scheme is another example of the kind of scheme every club would take time to be credited with producing something that can stem crowd congestion.

The Government, however, pushed it through Parliament believing the scheme to be a cure.

Then came Hillsborough. The horrific crush inside Sheffield Wednesday's ground caused 95 deaths and an independent inquiry headed by Lord Justice Taylor, into crowd safety at football.

Now that inquiry have been published and, as if the Government promised, its recommendations are implemented, football will never be the same.

The packed terraces were also the cause of the difficulty."
There are many different arguments to be put forward for not eating meat. Some of them are linked to morality, as not wishing to cause suffering, whilst others focus on economic and health grounds. In fact, there has been proven that man can live perfectly well without meat is sufficient incomes, but equally, whilst others might see it as being fantastic. It is all after quite trendy and "right on" not to eat meat. Some say they enjoy it too much to give it up but laziness might play its part. In any case, it is very easy to cook and certainly less hassle than lentils but this is not the place for funny stereotypes. On the health side, the pastry anaemic look that seems to be associated with veggies is somewhat unfounded for the following quite simple reason. A person who is restricted to a diet which is in any particular way has obviously thought positively about what they are sending to their atom. The next step to eating wisely and having even the insights of notions died and nutrition, would seem to be a great deal closer for them. If however a person is only eating in response to some reason a mushroom sandwich then they probably won't care how much fat is present in pork pie. To stick with anemia for a second, it is interesting to note that bloodstream levels of nonfat eaters is usually higher at blood donor sessions than levels amongst those with more carnivorous tendencies. But that might be more a reflection of the fact that they are eating more meat rather than anything else.

Those of you who have ever travelled in Japan are bound to have noticed down on meat should seriously think about it again. This is said with the BSE (mad cow disease) issue in mind. The idea of giving animal remains to animals that are carnivorous, is incredibly weird and indeed it would appear that instinctual disgust at such an idea is justified.

The practice of giving such feed to cattle was made illegal in Britain in June 1998 but the present situation still plays with pigs and chickens.

The West German Government has banned the import of certain British cattle meat out of fear that it may be found to be illegal under EEC rules, can they really be plants that the disease, which originated in sheep, to work its way through the food chain? Those who have seen have yet have seen has yet shown signs of contracting the disease the vegetarians, although their week that the possibility that it happening could not be ruled out. The ethical arguments of time that it took for the disease to appear in cattle. Who knew how long it might take before humans start suffering? Timothy Tweedy

The people in South Africa who object to this, they who live there and do not know. If sport is important to politics, let it use that power to make its own protest, not the reverse and play.

"Money, Money, Money must be funny in a man's world" Bobbi, Guiness, Noriega, Nkomo, Ghandi, Takeshita, Marcos steal until the tears are rolling down their cheeks, but this is to be the age of the extreme sceptic. Millionaires have put their trust in fake systems. The communists demand absolute trust; communism can only work if everybody is totally honest; the burden of any economy, can cold winter can only come when each sector is fed equally but if there is a lie, the cohesive psychology of the nation crumbles.

Capitalism doesn't pretend to be honest, there is less expectation and even less trust, perhaps it is a better system, it caters for the fright of the human being and its love for money. Believe you me, the only place you keep money is under the mattress and the only thing I trust is my mother's home cooking.
STUDENT REVIEW

Turning back the clock

FAR ACROSS the plains a vast herd of buffalo milled. Excited by the thought of the hunt the tribesmen prepared their weapons, a few slings and arrows, and eagerly looked forward to the spectacle of the all-powerful hunt god.

Ten thousand years later the lone marksmen, astride his horse on a similar hill, loosed off several rounds. The spent cartridges fell to the floor and as the smoke from the barrel cleared on the breeze the chosen buffalo breathed its last.

A century or so after that the cobbled herd chewed silently on their feed, stamping occasionally though something seems to be going wrong, namely the upsetting of the balance of nature. It would be quite reasonable to ask where things might have gone wrong; too much money, money, money? Too much technology? Too much progress? Too little thought? It appears that as the human race becomes more civilised its understanding of the environment it lives in becomes less sensitive.

Wind the clock back and look at some cultures who live or lived on the edge of existence. In Africa's Rift Valley a smoking volcano is home to a dangerous god, so the Maasai story goes. The purpose was to climb the volcano was presumed to be an earthbound cousin of the fiery demon. In the woods of the N. American Indians forest spirits lived, protecting their trees and the creatures of their land. Passage from puberty to adulthood would often have involved spending several days or more alone in the wilderness, to appreciate the law of the jungle. The world over tribal cultures bestowed on their environment with gods and spirits. Mystical powers to be revered and respected. Such power did these beliefs have that clan members invoking the spirits' anger might have been cast out.

Some of this lore had obvious uses. Telling young children that the big black nasty monster prowled outside the camp at night would keep them out of harms way. What about tree spirits and such things? Perhaps it all served a purpose which is only now becoming apparent.

An American Indian wishing to build a canoe would not chop down any old tree, but having found the right one would have held a ceremony so that the forest spirit would not be angered at the removal of one of his charges. After a successful hunt a primitive tribe would hold a celebration so that future hunts might be looked upon favourably by the hunt gods. To their environment was a living breathing thing, to be erased at ones peril. Vestiges of such rituals are evident today. How many ships are launched without the words "God bless this ship and all who sail in her". And after the harvest, "We plough in the dead of night, scatter the good seed on the field". Their is no fear of retribution attached to these however, but why should there be. We know that plans do not live in the woods and modern materials make weatherproof ships, farming is almost a science now, why ask for help from the forces that be. If the seed we scatter isn't as good as it could be then scatter a bit of chemical fertiliser as well. If the ship isn't as sound as it should be what's a bit of oil, the insurance will cover the loss.

Where has all this got us? Over the centuries as we began to control our environment the need for a rapport with it waned. How many people in Edinburgh spend their entire day in a man made environment. Get up in your brick house, walk down the garden to your steel car, drive on the tarmac road to your concrete office and plastic chair. All totally uncontrollable. So it would seem that as we cocoon ourselves in our own creations we disregard the needs of the real world around us.

Consider a few simple problems. Any scout or highland farmer would know that you do not put a toilet within fifty yards or so of your fresh water drinking supply and that the farmer down the hill uses the same stream you keep it clean for him too. Why then are rivers, streams and reservoirs treated as running waste baskets. It's all very well having the technology to remove the pollutants but before they reach the tap, but we are at the top of the food chain. What happens to the pollutants that flow into the sea, that flow into the fish, that end up on our plates? It seems that with our loss of respect for the world we live in we are consequently treating it rather badly. In a Maasai village everything is kept pretty neat and tidy for the simple reason that at night maasai animals will be attracted by litter, waste, food etc. There might not be any hyenas or hunting dogs in the world's big cities and towns (there are certainly foxes, dogs, rats, mice and cats), but is that a good enough excuse to drop litter. The world is a place of limited resources and some later is a valuable resource literally going to waste.

As the emissions from factory chimneys got worse government brought in tough new legislation to control it. The chimneys had to be built higher so that the pollutants could be swept into the upper atmosphere and forgotten about. (As a result of this there are at least 1800 lakes in Norway which are now too acid to support life. The lakes are dead.) Perhaps if the chimneys were smaller more care would be taken as to what was pumped out of them. What do we do though? In a vital rain forest region in Africa conservationists who go in to study trees rather than cut them. To keep warm the porters light fires, obtaining fuel from the giant heather trees that abound. These heather trees take a long time to grow and the forest is slowly being stripped of its green mantle, one of the largest natural resources. It is getting a little ize that the rest of the world is telling it to stop cutting down its trees when everybody else is selling their like there is no tomorrow. A quarter of the world's medicines are derived from substances found in the rain forests so it's not just their capacity to convert carbon dioxide into oxygen which is important. Environmental issues are more than just buying goods with a green label on. There are complicated social and political issues to be dealt with as well. If we believe the reports, we are heading for hard ecological times and the enforced understanding of the environment may make give us a greater appreciation of our world and its limited resources. Maybe it was just a publicity coup that the people's spokesman for the rain forest was an Amazonian chief, but perhaps it was fitting. Surely he, of all people, knows what it is to exist in harmony with your environment, not at odds with it.
Safe in our hands?

There is no day on a hospital ward: nurses, doctors, domestics and porters all leave with the end of their shift however long it may be. But the building is never empty, the bare walls stare out at each other in silent complicity. Days must not end, only pass onto the next in occasional days of festivity momentarily cheering for rarely continuity; the atmosphere clings like a needed but never empty, the bare walls stare out at each other in silent wearisome companion. The patients here are old, particularly aware of the finite quality of their surroundings, fractured in their half-acknowledged inability to escape back to their own lives - they are also aware that there may be nothing to return to. The rounds are unchanging, the occasional days of festivity momentarily cheering for some but for others an unwanted reminder that here the position of clock hands or the date on the calendar is some but for others an unwanted reminder that here the essential, but is it really overstaffing to provide enough help, and too often expensive duality; it moves slowly and painfully for the cared for, and of their food? There frequently is nobody available to involved in strengthening a person's health are neglected. Nursingism, however, is of vital importance and those who do not understand this are ultimately a disservice to a patient.

Few issues have dominated the political agenda over the last ten years as much as the state of the National Health Service. Industrial disputes involving first nurses, then doctors and now ambulancemen suggest the Service may not indeed be "safe in the government's hands". Tim Dams and Daniel Hartley measure the discontent.

faced with this critical balance between intention and achievement of objectives has arisen such a measure the discontent. Whether more money is actually necessary is irrelevant until the government is explicit in explaining the reasoning behind pay cuts in vital sectors. There should be no doubting the commitment by all drivers to answer emergency calls, moreover their negotiators should ensure that they use special pleading for the wellbeing of the NHS and not for themselves. (4 line dropped cap) Tim Dams and Daniel Hartley measure the discontent.

This is not to say that the NHS should remain untouched out of touch with changing demands, but that it should preserve the ideal of free and comprehensible healthcare which it fostered at its inception. Therefore, when more funds could be made available it should be the government not the ambulance drivers or the nurses who justify their position. Roger Poole need not argue the necessity of his claim by comparing the pay rise which has been offered to those he represents and that which the firemen received, but rather ask why within three years a substantial disparity in pay some 2.5 thousand pounds has come about.

However, his self-effacing and calm approach has lent to the drivers claims a determination also evident in the character portrayed by those collecting on the street. Whether more money is actually necessary is irrelevant until the government is explicit in explaining the reasoning behind pay cuts in vital sectors. There should be no doubting the commitment by all drivers to answer emergency calls, moreover their negotiators should ensure that they use special pleading for the wellbeing of the NHS and not for themselves. (4 line dropped cap)

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The grass is greener...

During the past decade environmental issues hit the headlines, with politicians and the public alike acknowledging that the need affects us all. But, say Tim Dams and Daniel Harlcy, the green image is now in danger of obscuring the real problem itself.

Many of us also fail to put the problem on a suitably international scale; although buying ozone-friendly deodorant is admittedly one starting point from which to begin an environmental crusade, all of us must realize that it is but a drop in the ocean when put in a global context. Conservation expenditure at home is something that is highly necessary if we are to make any inroads into the problem, but it should not, as it may presently be doing, blind us from other pressing world-wide concerns. It is true that much effort is being directed towards saving the Amazonian forests, but even this can be said to be blinding us from the sheer international nature of the problem.

In the light of the South American experience we tend to forget that over-population in Asian countries such as India are placing huge demands on natural resources which are swiftly being whittled away, that Thailand and Indonesia have already been all but logged, that Tibet is being deforested to meet Chinese logging demands, that the Sahara desert is rapidly expanding, that Asian air pollution continues at an alarming rate, that the depletion of the ozone layer carries on, that the Antarctic is being polluted,... and so on. The enormity of the problem is awe-inspiring, so much so in fact that it almost becomes unarguable - we become unable to grasp its implications for humanity.

Arousing out of the multiplicity of statistics and the methodical commitment required to save the world's natural resources is an escapist romanticism. The very enormity of man's power to destroy has become confused with the potential loss we face. The Brazilian rain forests have become the symbol of the movement to change our ways, the tree the proud metaphor for life. And yet we look on disbelieving, almost reveling in the enormity of the tragedy. The pictures shown on television, the words filling newspaper columns and books, have done little more than arouse an effervescent pathos; the advertising campaigns of cosmetic manufacturers have undoubtedly stirred us to do more than the plas desperately voiced by the Earths crusaders. Green products - at least those in the High Street - are barely capable of benefit and are certainly of doubtful importance in radically changing our attitudes; we believe that we have joined the campaign but yet have failed to think enough of the daily habits which should be changed - turning off lights, televisions, heating when it is not required.

These actions are of import, but we find them uninteresting because we do not care enough. We may all dream of the beauty of the Amazonian forests, but all too often we believe our interest or even presence there is of more value than actual participation in essential projects closer to home: as in John Boorman's 'The Emerald Forest', we prefer to dream than look out of our window - seeing the vital fabric of man's civilisation we forget that wherever we are there already exists a viable structure and system. The abstract has absorbed the reality in practical terms, and we cannot be sure whether we admire Nature or ourselves more: The question of the environment is, however, dependant on political and economic changes. Rather than influencing the position of the state it is being influenced by it. Politicians, aware of the selfish defence of society have appeared our compllying consciences by only taking action which will not jeopardise our lifestyle. Moreover while no politician will criticise the desire for reform, their continual wish to keep their voters happy by expounding it has begun to undermine the force of the argument. Ironically the rift between those who genuinely work to change our attitudes through publicity and those who have incorporated shifting opinions in their commercial selling tactics may sustain the vitality needed for progress. As the values of green suppidrons are properly assessed it may be hoped that a subject with so great an emotional charge will propagate a more radical approach - it is perhaps regrettable that the politicians are now aware that they have such a strong hand, particularly in holding the economic card.

In order for green politics to make definite advances we cannot excuse ourselves from responsibility by apathetically following the ineffective legislation of governments; rather we should recognise the significance of our own actions. Facta non verba.
Second best

WE FREE KINGS
The Venue

A CELLO, a fiddle and a double bass playing within a typical rock set-up stands to make a difficult equation. Last Wednesday, however, We Free Kings had it solved. A support slot from Irah Hear, newcomers with a fiddle emphasis, warmed up the audience well enough for them to cheer We Free Kings before a note was struck.

The opening of 'Preacher's Song' sent them hurtling into a set of familiar and new material. They entered into subdued moments, performing 'Save Me' with greater confidence than before, reflecting a more mature band. They resumed with their manic whirling energy, much to the delight of the audience, who became increasingly infected and by the end demanded more.

An encore of Velvet Underground's 'Run, Run, Run' was a fitting ending, a visual and musical spectacle combining their folk influences with rock, climaxing in a fusion of distorted instruments and light tent harmonics. A survey of the audience's sweating faces proved that after thirteen years' absence from the music scene We Free Kings didn't sneak back, they stormed.

Claire Brennan

CATHAL COUGHLAN AND THE FATIMA MANSIONS
The Venue

"I USED to tell the truth but now I'm clever" paraphrases Coghlan, resplendent in his 'Keep Music Evil' T-shirt. The Microdisney man is back with a set of songs so vitriolic and seething that they surpassed all former talents. From the supreme pop beauty of You're A Rose and 10th Century Boys to the organic throb of Only Losers Take The Bus, Cathal burned with anger (and dare I say songs with greater confidence than before, reflecting a more mature band). They resumed with their manic whirling energy, much to the delight of the audience, who became increasingly infected and by the end demanded more. An encore of Velvet Underground's 'Run, Run, Run' was a fitting ending, a visual and musical spectacle combining their folk influences with rock, climaxing in a fusion of distorted instruments and light tent harmonics. A survey of the audience's sweating faces proved that after thirteen years' absence from the music scene We Free Kings didn't sneak back, they stormed.

Tackhead - Network

"C'EST magnifique main ce n'est pas Tackhead. " Well, it wasn't actually magnifique either, but it wasn't bad, and it had me jumping around, an uncoordinated unpleasant manner for an hour and a half. However it didn't bear a particularly striking resemblance to Tackhead on record; rather than radical, subversive dance and a confusing barrage of sampling Adrian Sherwood style, what we had went from Cameo to Living Colour and back, in a drum solo, a sleazy bar room jazz interpreter and lots of rather dubious in between song flirtations from the opening along the way. I thought Adrian Sherwood was a heavily, political, agitating, ozone-friendly right on kind of dude, and as far as I know he is, so what exactly was passing through his mind as Bernard Fowler told us how good Edinburgh ladies were, adding "there's some hot red mommas in the audience tonight," or as Doug Wimbish proclaimed "We're not gay, we like women. I don't know. Occasionaly I wondered whether I hadn't stumbled into a Barry Manilow concert. Whoever it was acknowledging his indebtedness to Cocteau Twins and the back of Tackhead's last LP I don't think it was Bernard or Doug.

So what? it's easy to collect all your thoughts together after the event, at the time what the hell else could you do but dance? Alright, so I couldn't say whether I particularly enjoyed the music or not, and all the amazing virtuosity of Messrs McDonald, Wimbish and Le Blanc was wasted on the bath, but the rhythm was unstoppable. And hey, there was always a chance that Bernard was talking to me when he pointed stickily between the bemooned crowd and breathed 'You're my baby.'

Stephen Barnsby

Competition

"Pure and Simple everytime", The Lighting Seeds who brought us the sparkling chance. Their singer, whose voice usually sounds great — like a rocked-up Tammy Wynette — found herself harmonising with Tracy Chapman while the other two members of the band on stage seemed to be taking off The Proclaimers. While the two sounds blended well they just sounded bland, it's all been done too well before. What made this gig so disappointing was that Best Before Winter can do so much better when they are at full strength. At Oddfellows they lost the audience about immediately, they never really warmed up and their songs all sounded the same. A different venue or a different style would have changed the story completely. No doubt they'll be better when they are at full strength. At Oddfellows they lost the audience almost immediately, they never really sounded the same. A different album. Answer the simple question and hand an answer to the

Kieron McIvor

BIRDLAND Sleep With Me Lazy Single

SOME bands are built for diversity, Birdland are not one of them. Their sound should be fast and furious, but sadly 'Sleep With Me' is neither. Can Birdland riot on stage while playing this? I suspect not, but at least they've guaranteed it to the Top Forty with this more Radio

 Simon Kelass

Biff Bang Bow! Songs For The Sad-Eyed Girl Captain LP

ANY record which includes a song with the mind-numbingly twent- eighth line of If You Don't Love Me Now You Never Ever Will is onto a bit of a loser from the start, and Biff Bang Bow accentuate the damage when it comes to lyrics: "I've seen the colour of her hair. It's brown. It gets me down." Well, it looks like Ted Hughes's position as poet laureate is safe for another year or two. The bilious nonsense on this ferociously dull record is sixth form poetry written by some economics students who failed their English O-levels — embarrassing in its attempts to be "deep" and "personal". Normally we can forgive flaws in the lyric department, but the astounding blankness of the meaning on offer here — acoustic strumming on toneless guitar, is of the sort which one would normally associate with Singers Who Have Something To Say — the very wonderful McCarthy springs to mind. And thus I feel entitled to whinge.

The whole of this offering is so insipid, so bland, so excessively boring that it is really a fa­

 Simon Kelass

New kids on the block Hangin' Tough CBS LP

In case you wondered just how difficult it was to classify this latest offering from the most exciting pop band around (promotion leaflet's words) it's "More Street" including "pop, soul, rap and rock". Nothing like covering all bases, huh boys? Well, maybe I'm a Philistine but I found very little music less rock than an inkling of soul, but a multitude of pop, and crap pop at that. I find myself wondering if they think they are the Jackson 5 reincarnated, but with trendier haircuts, especially in "Please don't go girl" — I would I if I were you, love. What is Js appeal?

Difficult question, but apparently it's because their brothers are renowned "payas" of Bloom and lots of their friends have "OD'D on Crack" that they appeal to the all-American teenager, "Hmmm . . . Perhaps I'm being a little harsh, after all they did manage to end up headlining HER tour! I think that's all the evidence we need. Bury that bad album, but who knows, maybe in ten years time just as the Billy Idol thirties are considered like this was played at SHAG. Maybe not. Anyway, at least they are a message — Yipppe: Don't forget children, emulate your idols — from drugs and Yes to Peace". Ahhh.

Jaci Douglas

Student
Crest of a wave

With six months of intensive touring behind them they herald the beginning of a new year with a new single from the LP and, after a short break, more touring. I asked drummer Richard Hynd if he'd enjoyed touring.

"It was a good year, I suppose, but it was pretty hectic being on tour all the time and not even knowing where you were. We had a really good time though and the audience reaction was brilliant! We toured with Texas and Gun, and did a few solo dates on our own. We always try to capture the savage live feeling on vinyl!"

"Well, when we play live there's a lot of energy and obviously we wanted to put that into the record, but we wanted the LP to be more polished or professional 'cause playing live for us is a really raw experience and you're really got to be there. Plus if you want to be played on the radio you've got to sound good to compete."

So it could be said that Slide are an ambitious band who want to be up there on the Radio one playlist with Kylie and Jason and the likes?

"Absolutely! Obviously, that's the whole point, isn't it? You've got to compete with the rest of you want to be heard. That's why we're on a major record label, that's why we're in a band. Having said that you've got to be honest and present yourself in as straight a way as possible.

In presenting their songs as simply as possible the band have made no attempt to hide their musical influences.

In fact it has been said that, like fellow Scot's rocker Gary Numan, they wear their influences on their sleeves for all to see.

"As a band we're totally into music and our influences are pretty important. Basically, we like all the great rock bands from the Stones and the Beatles to AC/DC and Led Zeppelin, even the Velvets. And Grant, the lead singer, 'cause he's a fan of all the old soul stuff like Marvin Gaye and Al Green, his vocals along with the bands music means that we get compared to bands like Free.

"Does such an apparently retrogressive stance indicate the weakness of the music scene at the moment?"

"I don't know. I quite like a few things that are going on at the moment. The whole Manchester thing is really interesting [he says this rather sheepishly] and I really like the Lenny Kravitz album. Hopefully, I'm going to see the Dan Reed Network tonight and that should be really good. But, on the whole there doesn't seem to be as many modern rock bands around just recently. But what you've got to remember is that when stuff like the Velvets came out we weren't around so we're really getting on it 'cause it's new to us."

Will this penchant for rock music mean that Slide have set their sights on graduating from the smaller venues to playing stadiums in future days?

"Basically, we want to play as many dates as we can and if we are, if thousands of people want to see us live then thousands of people want to see live then we'll have to play stadiums. Besides, I think our sound would probably benefit from the wide open spaces."

With a support slot with Gun, their first proper head­line tour and the release of the single, Down So Long, success is but a hit single away. 'Of course it is and we're going to be really famous!'
JOCK TAMSON'S BAIRNS
Tramway Theatre
Until 24 February

A HILL-TOP funeral in the rain marked the centennial opening in the foyer of "Jock Tamson's Bairns" and immediately set the theme for a production which parodied the cliches of Scotland and "what's like us".

As in the auditorium there followed an intense and absorbing artistic spectacle combining drama, music, song, dance and painting to evoke Scotland's heritage. To attempt such a multiform undertaking on the part of the Communicado Theatre Group and whilst it created a tremendous visual experience at others you felt a dance was only being included so that the dancers got their fair share in the performance.

The story used the descent of the "Drunk Man" into the world of the bairns to create a grotesque "Burnt Supper" where the bairns eat the man as the haggis. They rip open his belly to reveal the insular of Scotland and then reflect upon the nation's influences by recounting sections of the dead man's life.

These reflections were conveyed through all of it and also has most effectively through drama. As each of the actors adopted a stereotype, born at the cooperating miner, lonely, honest widow, they also developed a recognizable human touch to which the audience could relate. People responded to the cliches and not always in the way the cast intended as the most laughs came when the miner says after his wife's death: "I didn't even know how many sugars I took in my tea". In blackly attempting to parody the cliches the cast had at hand.

Perhaps this is the new style of Jock Tamson's Bairns" is well worth seeing for its sheer energy and the commitment of the performers alone.

Fiona Gordon

THE BRITISH ART SHOW III

The McLellan Galleries
Until 11 March

IT SEEMS SAD that the art world will always want to categorize styles. Desperately forking for the 'looks' of the seventies and eighties after a century of 'isms', we now broach into the nineties and, lo and behold, The British Art Show III. A look to the look of the ensuing decade perchance? No doubt about it, the art here is strictly for investment - a case of what Saatchi and Saatchi buy next.

The organizers claim that most of the 42 artists selected are unknown because they are. And without dealers. Yet many of the artists have lengthy exhibiting C.V.s in the back of the catalogue and it is hardly surprising that many of these artists don’t have dealers since installations and performances are virtually unmarketable.

The traditional art of painting seems somewhat neglected by the selectors. Save for the abstract concern of running paint on canvas by Callum Innes and Ian Davenport which, are unpretentious and quite beautiful in their simplicity; the paintings submitted seemed seen as gestures between the surrounding freestanding pieces. Whilst political correctness will always reflect upon art (as the inclusion of the Northern Ireland material illustrates) artists will always enlarge upon yesterday's masters. The most impressive and successful pieces are those which battle with the senses of the spectator, dragging them into participation with the work. Mona Hatoum's "Light at the End" plays upon the idea of repeating dangerous excitement. Walking into a black corridor five electric elements give off heat and light; it screws up your stomach and parallel's the artist's experience of living under a military government.

This idea of experience extends through the work of Melanie Coutelle whose installation comprises of the stench of rotten carpet and Vang Phaophoun whose point at a single eye. A performance which promotes the idea of fragmented dream-memory. Photos of his family are projected onto electric fans, cut into fragments and ride on the breeze that hits your face. Perhaps the ideal style of the 90s, an art that jumps out into the bedlam this Tuesday.

Eleanor Wood

THE QUEEN'S HALL

As Glasgow 1990 gets under way 'Student' focuses on some of this month's attractions.

DEGAS: IMAGES OF WOMEN
The Burrell Collection
Until 25 February

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Throughout his life, Degas was fascinated with the female form and subsequently the exhibition is divided up into three parts - Women of Leisure, Working Women and Women in Private. It is, however, a rather disappointing exhibition. After all, the hype was expecting something prettier impressive; the exhibits were but the exhibition was not. Crowds side, it was badly lit and uninspiringly laid out.

These criticisms aside, if you are a Degas fan, it is well worth the trip to Glasgow. Included are some of Degas' most famous paintings, pastels and sculptures; works that up until now, the majority of people have only seen reproduced in books. It was wonderful to see the original of "The Rehearsal" which was quite an innovative painting in its time. The highlight was undoubtedly the sculpture, in particular the series of three dancers in arabesques and the unusual angles of "The Tub". Of the paintings, "The Green Room" we are told is a "marvelous example of the delicacy and lyricism of Degas' vision of women", I'm sure it is but unfortunately all I could see when I looked at it were the reflections of all the other people doing the same thing.

The paintings are undoubtedly beautiful and this will be on perhaps already is in terms of the number of people seeing it, an extremely successful exhibition. If it is quantity and not quality by which this year of culture is being measured, then it is an unfair start to the year but I can't help feeling that the paintings that Degas have been sold short by this somewhat mediocre exhibition.

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HONG KONG

Hurd's Dilemma

China is demanding a halt to democratic reforms. Hong Kong is calling for even faster change. 

Douglas Hurd is walking a tightrope which could prove disastrous for the people of Hong Kong if he makes the wrong choices. Cha-Meng Teo reports.

WHILE the turn of the decade was a time of celebration in the West with Eastern Europe breaking away from the shackles of communism, for the people of Hong Kong it marked yet another ominous step towards 1997 when Hong Kong reverts back to Chinese sovereignty.

Since Tiananmen Square, confidence in Hong Kong has been at a low ebb with continuing mass emigration and a stagnating economy. Neither China's bitter denunciation of Britain's proposals to grant the right of abode to 225,000 Hong Kong Chinese, nor Hong Kong's demands for greater democracy and a Bill of Rights have helped matters.

It was this crisis of confidence in the colony which prompted the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir David Cayley, to visit Beijing from January 10 to 12. He left Hong Kong with two aims: to assure China that Hong Kong will not act as a centre of dissent and subversion, and to persuade China to take a softer stance towards democratization in Hong Kong. He returned having achieved neither.

China's intransigence is not entirely unexpected. The fall of Ceausescu in Romania (with all the parallels between Timisoara and Tiananmen) must have shakes China's leaders. Their primary concern is not to maintain confidence in Hong Kong but to ensure that political reform in the colony is not allowed to spread.

In the light of China's unequivocal promise, the Foreign Secretary Mr. Douglas Hurd has little room to manoeuvre. During his visit to Hong Kong from January 13 to 16, he had talks with high ranking officials of the Hong Kong government and the British ambassador to Beijing, to discuss proposals for increased democracy for Hong Kong.

Hurd's reception in Hong Kong was in marked contrast to that given to former Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe when he visited Hong Kong a month after Tiananmen Square. Hurd's unexpected proposal to grant 225,000 Hong Kong people British citizenship was generally well-received in Hong Kong and was described as a "nice gesture" by one Hong Kong student studying here in Edinburgh. Britain's sudden change of heart towards Hong Kong has raised peoples' expectations for greater democracy in Hong Kong.

There is overwhelming support in Hong Kong for proposals for one-third of the seats in the Legislative Council (Legco) to be directly elected by 1990 (none at present), one-half by 1997, and all by 2003. However China has recently stated that under no circumstances should the member of directly elected seats in the Legco exceed 30%. China has also warned that if Britain disregards its opposition to political reform, China will simply dismantle all the democratic institutions established in Hong Kong, including a Bill of Rights, once it gains control of the territory.

The people of Hong Kong are adamant that Britain should stand firm and not bow down in the face of Chinese pressure. "It is Britain's duty to work for the welfare of the Hong Kong people"; says another Hong Kong student in Edinburgh. Failure to meet the democratic aspirations of the Hong Kong people will inevitably only serve to undermine the credibility of the British and Hong Kong governments and the result is increased instability in the colony.

The dilemma facing Douglas Hurd is clear. He could agree to Hong Kong's demands and sow the seeds of democracy in the colony; or he could appease China by limiting political reform. The indications are that he will steer a mid­dle course trying to satisfy Hong Kong while not unduly antagonising China. In the end he will probably achieve neither.

CHINA

Wang Dan fought for democracy. He counted the dead in hospital after Tiananmen Square. Now he is in solitary confinement. By Michael Barron.

DO NOT forget the Chinese students. This is the appeal from Amnesty International to all British students in this country. AI are asking students to remember their fellow students who gave their lives in Tiananmen Square, and to campaign to end the abuse of human rights in China.

Amnesty's appeal concentrates on one student. He is Wang Dan, a history student at Beijing University. He played a prominent role in the pro-democracy movement, organising a petition on campus before the student takeover of Tiananmen Square. After the bloody events there he was seen counting the dead and wounded in hospitals. A warrant for his arrest was issued on June 13. He was on the list of the 28 "most wanted" student leaders.

Wang Dan tried to flee abroad but was captured and AI believe he has been beaten during his interrogation and has not yet been charged. He is being held in solitary confinement in a maximum security prison near Beijing called Qincheng number 1. Wang Dan has been denied access to lawyers and his family, but is allowed some books. The beatings he has suffered are believed to have resulted in both legs being broken and one eye blinded.

For their campaign, AI are asking students to send letters, tele­sexes or faxes to top Chinese officials including the hardline premier Li Peng. AI asks students to demand that Wang Dan be released immediately or charged with a recognised criminal offence. If he is charged, that the trial be held as soon as possible and that Wang Dan have access to a proper legal defence. That while in custody, Wang Dan is not tortured or ill-treated and that he be granted access to medical aid, lawyers and his family. The necessary addresses are available from AI, phone: 01 278 6000 or the international section of "Stu­dent".

Amongst all the euphoria surrounding the fall of dictator in Eastern Europe it is easy to forget the pro-democracy movements that have failed, despite the sympathetic demonstrations organised by students in this country during the summer and the international outrage after the tanks and troops were sent into Tiananmen Square. It must be remembered that the Chinese are continuing the clampdown on those who took part in the Tiananmen demonstrations. Western diplomats in Beijing estimate that between 10,000 and 30,000 people are being held in connection with events in June.

Martial law has been lifted and the blood stains cleaned up. There are some Chinese leaders though, who are calling for an intensification of the hunt for student leaders, while at the same time welcoming representatives of world governments such as the USA and Britain.

With thanks to Amnesty International.
ROCK NIGHT
8 pm, Chambers Street. Seriously long-haired metal types drinking seriously cheap beer equals serious swinging times. (50p, cheap drink.)

THEATRE

BEDLAM
2 FORREST ROAD 225 9972

DIRTY LINEN
Lunchtime performance for Week 5, Mon-Sat, 12.30 pm 1.30 pm £1.70

SPANISH H'LY
A new play by EUYC member Chris Hobson in which a failed cabaret parcel owner may visit the house of his idol, Pablo Picasso. 6-10 pm 7.30 pm £2 £1.20

GROULIAK

THURSDAY

WARRENDER SCHOOL OF JAZZ
One-day course in classical and group teaching from the country's best professional jazz musicians. Hosted by BU Big Band. Registe 10am, Reid Hall. £18 for the day

ROBERT BURNS
Guest Spotter: Rev Dr Robert Anderson 1.30pm, 6th Floor (J226)
"Scott Searching - A Waste Of Time?" Seminar with a panel including the Angelica Chaplin, Robin Rosen, and Babylons Roy. 1pm, Chaplaincy Centre

WARRENDER RP ALL STARS and EU BIG BAND
The culmination of the days classes, sponsored by British Petroleum. 7.20pm, Reid Concert Hall £5.50 £3.50

EU ANTI-APARTHEID SOCIETY
Discussion on South Africa after Mandela's Release. All Welcome. 7.30pm-9pm Chaplaincy Centre

EU ANIMAL RIGHTS
Robin Smith from the BUAA will be showing slides and discussing the recent Huntingdon Shooting House 8pm, Sinclair Room, Pleasance

EVENTS

FRIDAY

LUNCHEON CONCERT
Choral Preludes for Candelmas, with John Kitchen on the organ. 1.30pm, Reid Concert Hall

CHRISTIAN UNION
"HELP! How Do I Deal With...?" Seminar on homosexuality, racism, abortion and politics. Tea and worship. 6.30pm, Chaplaincy Centre

SUCK THE MICKER
An open circle arts happening. Come do your poetry, music, music performance, exhib' visual art, or just be. Phone 229-1920 for more info. 9pm, WASPS Studio, Parkit Hall, Hamilton Place, Stockbridge

GREEN BANANA CLUB
Indie and alternative discs in our favourite night-spot. Evening, 11.30pm 1 am with matrix card

TEVIOT ROW UNION
Happy Hour 5.30-9.30pm Union open all day. A variety of entertainments, from the disco upstairs to the disco downstairs, with MTV nowhere to be seen.

LUNCHEON DEBATE
2pm, Teviot Debating Hall; motion. "This House Supports Student Loans." Sponsored by Websters.

SATURDAY

EU SINGERS
Including the first performance of a commissioned piece from Coates, "The City in the Sea" 7.45pm, Reid Concert Hall Tickets available at door

APOCALYPSE
The rerun and revamped Heaven makes an appearance at our second favourite union. Evening, Chambers Street Union

THE BASEMENT
8pm, Teviot Park Room; withMC, bubbly Scotte (Free).

SUNDAY

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE
1pm, Teviot Debating Hall; see panel

MONDAY

WARGAMES SOCIETY PUB LUNCH 1pm, Greenwich Pub: red leader, red leader... steak pie at one o'clock, over and out. (geddit).

EU SCOTTISH NATIONALIST ASSOCIATION
Seminars with a henpecked husband addressing his wife's school for girls. The second is a holiday camp face by Joe Crock. 2pm, 8 pm Wed 7-Feb 24 Feb

TUESDAY

FRENCH SOCIETY
Lunch and conversation -in the French Dept basement 8am, 60 George Square

LUNCHEON CONCERT
The Kathleen Trios. R. Sanderson (viola), J. Gough (piano), and R. Ellis (guitar). Minty Mauve, picklebloom and Ub.
8.15 pm, Reid Concert Hall

EU FOOTBALL SUPPORTERS ASSOCIATION
Peter Gourno, founding member of the national FSA, gives a brief history of the association and discuss its position regarding the governments ID Card scheme. 6.30pm, Oriel Room, Pleasance

What is Italy? An no-entrance introduction to a spiritual revolution. 7pm, William Robertson Building

FILM

CAMEO
38 HOME STREET 224 4161

EU DRUGSTORE COWBOY
2.30pm, 4.40 pm, 6.50 pm, 9 pm

THE LARK OF THE WHITE WORM SALOMON'S LAST DANCE
Friday 10, 7.30 pm

LAST TANGO IN PARIS THE DECAMERION
Saturday 11.30 pm Prices vary £2.80 and £2.90 according to performance. Student concessions £2 or double bond

FILMSOC
50 PLEASANCE 557 0436

ONE FROM THE HEART
Sunday 4, 6.45 pm, Pleasance

TUCHER: THE MAN AND HIS DREAM
Sunday 4, 6.45 pm, Pleasance

THE WORLD OF ADU
Tuesday 6, 6.45 pm, Pleasance

THE UGLY AMERICAN
Tuesday 6, 8.45 pm, Pleasance

KING'S
2 LEVEN STREET 229 1201

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BABES IN THE WOOD
If there was a What's On award for the longest-running entry, I think the King's would hold it with this pantos. Until Sat 17 Feb 7.30 pm (Mon 2.30 pm) £2.50

SWERVE THEATRE GRASSMARKET
226 2633

TALLY'S BLOOD
Anne Marie McMillan's new play for the Traverse Theatre Company. It centres around a Scottish Italian family in the 1930s and later in the 1960s. That's Sun 11 Jan 7.30 pm £5.00 £3.00

PLAYHOUSE

ROYAL LYCEUM GRINDLAY STREET 229 9697

FITTING FOR ROYALS
George Foylack's 19th-century French line: Strange coincidences and bizarre characters including one who thinks he's the Queen of Ireland. But they don't all catch the train. Until Sat 3 Feb 7.45 pm £5.50 £3.00

PHOENIX
GREENSIDE PL 557 2599

CATS
'Just when you thought you'd heard the last of them, they go and extend the run for three weeks. Until 24 Feb 7.30 pm (Wed & at 7.30 pm) £5.00 £3.10

FITTING

THEATRE

BRUNTON THEATRE MUSSELBURGH 605 2240

REBECCA
Brunton Theatre Company stage Douglas Hume's adaptation. Wed 20 Jan Sat 3 Feb 7.30 pm £5.25 (E3)

WHEN SMOKING IS BAD FOR YOU THE ETCINGHAM CAMP
The first is a monogat by Chuckuk featuring a bespectacled husband addressing his wife's school for girls. The second is a holiday camp face by Joe Crock. Wed 7-Feb 24 Feb 7.30 pm £5.25 (E3)

EUROPEAN UNION 14th, FEBRUARY 1, 1990
**THURSDAY**

**FLAMES**

After a week break, (were you missing your staff in the Burne Night out!!?) this House dance mix returns. Promising both volume and variety, this club be even better than Shag? Willie House, Cowgate
10.30 - 3 am
£2

**THE EGG CLUB**

Indie

New Club, Tollcross
10.30pm - 3 am
£1.50

**FRIDAY**

**BARRIO NEGRO**

As last - a club which plays what is promises to play - a mix of Latin, Jazz and soul, a worldwide alternative to the usual Edinburgh club scene.

Newark 2, Tollcross
10.30pm - 4 am
£2 (instead of the advertised £2.50) - any free tickets are still valid.

**CENTRAL LIBRARY**

GEORGE IV BRIDGE

**BATTWORK FROM THE FAR EAST**

1 Feb-Sat March
Mon-Fri 10am-7pm; Sat 10am-5pm; Sun 10am-2 pm

**NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND**

THE MOUND

156 8821

**ENGLISH PORTRAITS AND FIGURE DRAWINGS**

1606-1860

A selection from gallery's stock.

Throughout Feb and March

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm; Sun 2-5pm

**BOURNE FINE ART GALLERY**

BLACKFRIARS ST

557 0707

**POLISH CONTEMPORARY DRAWINGS**

The work of 15 different Poles in this show organised by galleries in Southampton and Lodz.

18 Jan-10 Feb

Mon-Sat 10-6 pm; Sun 2-5pm

**TV GUIDE**

The two faces of British comedy are on show this week in The Comic Strip and 'Little and Large'. The former offers a reunion of the alternative/Fringe/ bingo of comedians with many of the regulars from The Comic Strip in the film. Until 17 Feb

Two Sat noon-5.30

**RICHARD DEMARCO GALLERY**

BLACKFRIARS ST

557 0707

**FASHION**

**GREAT GROWN-UP**

KANGAROO

THE CLUB

1 pm

MAMBO CLUB

Getting more and more popular, this club is becoming your own through the weekend.

Network 3, Tollcross

10.30 pm - 3 am

£3.50 for members

**DEADCREAT Club**

Offering live rock and disco, proving a popular mix.

The Venue, Calton Road

10pm - 4 am

WEDNESDAY BREATHELSS

Our very own Potemkin is becoming a happening place (G new it would be sooner or later). Getting better by the minute, and still with lots of cheap beer to keep you smiling.

Mantra Centre

5pm - 1am

£1.50 for grooms. Bring music cards.

**THE DEEP**

Supposedly another great Wednesday club but not getting the best of turnouts.

The Mission, Victoria St

10.30 pm - 3 am

£3

**ROYAL BOTANIC GARDEN**

INVERLEITH

152 7171

**EXHIBITIONS**

**PORTFOLIO GALLERY**

43 CANDLEMAKER ROW

220 1911

**GRACE ROBERTSON:**

PHOTO-JOURNALIST OF THE 50s

Exhibition of photographs taken by Grace Robertson who was a regular contributor to "Picture Post" in the fifties.

Until 17 Feb

Two Sat noon-5.30

**REVIEW**

Those of you who had been listening and are also well in the literary, may be in a rush of snapping up for the Jazz School, organised by EU Big Band. Our 2-week course at the Reid Hall this morning, my tuning up to see the results of the days activities at 7.00pm tonight.

If jazz isn’t up your street, have a look at the Dionne double bill: Distant Voices, Still Lives (6.45pm), followed by Last Tango in Paris (9.30pm). Free for members, and only £2 for a guest ticket which is available from the ticket office, this sure bare essay-writing as a way to kill an evening.

But if some of this appeal, and you’re still managing to resist the urge to go and see Anita Barry at a high stepping Robin Hood at the King’s (7pm, £5-7, until 17 Feb), perhaps all you kids will be jumped down to Stockbridge. For those of you not overcome on poems about bagpipes, try the Whistlebinkies version of "Tara’s O’Hart", with giant pipes and music (Sat 3rd, 2.30 & 7.30pm, £3/£1.50, 34 Hamilton Place)

However if it’s music you want, then I’m sure a trip to the Network on Tuesday for The Wedding Planner, will inspire you to visit The Venue on Wednesday for a dress by Marshall Amps, when you can overhear for a week. (Music for details). If you prefer to spend Tuesday evening a bit more calmly you could venture into the WEB at 7pm. Ever wondered what who’s on the Scandal Society wet? Have a sneak preview on BBC2 on Monday at 6-6.45pm, then come along and have all your questions answered. How many of your friends will have had a “so-called revolution” for a political revolution by this time next week?

Finally I’d like to remind everyone (in case they’d forgotten) that SOGAT is a terrific night club, full of fun and happy music, with two floors of disco & lively music for you to enjoy to. (Thanks, Graham).

Moya Wilkie

**PHYSICAL EVIDENCE**

36 West Preston Street

19 Henderson Row

Burt Reynolds

Theresa Russell

If he’s innocent, he could save himself.

If he’s guilty, the lies could kill her.
Schlumberger Industries and Technologies is an international company of 50,000 employees with operations worldwide. In the UK we are about 2500-strong working in a dozen highly-autonomous business units. We design, develop, manufacture and sell a range of products including test and measurement instrumentation, energy management systems, sensors and transducers, automatic board-test equipment, CAD-CAM systems and metering equipment of all sorts. The company is looking for high calibre engineering graduates for R&D (Electronic Hardware, Software, Mechanical) and Production instrumention, energy management, board-test equipment, systems, sensors and transducers, automatic development, with operations worldwide.

The individual's requirements. Promotion is from within, meaning a great number of possible career paths to suit the needs and strengths of each graduate. Overseas contact and postings are quite normal since for Schlumberger 1992 was a long time ago!

We will be holding interviews at Edinburgh University on the 1st March, and will be giving a presentation the 27th February to explain the company and the jobs we are offering in more detail.

If you feel a career with Schlumberger could be of interest, but haven't yet made an application, we will be accepting late applications up to a couple of days before the visit. These should be sent to:

Wendy Bailey, Schlumberger Technologies, Cobham Road, Ferndown Industrial Estate, Wimborne, Dorset, BH21 7PP.

Applications should preferably be made on the Schlumberger Application forms available from the Careers Service, but Standard Application forms are acceptable.

We look forward to meeting you.

Schlumberger Industries and Technologies

O'Connor is an international trading and risk management firm which has enjoyed rapid growth since its founding in 1977. From our original seven employees we have grown to over 600 people. This growth owes itself to the successful development and application of analytical trading methods within the market place. We are neither a fund manager nor an investment adviser: our trading is conducted solely for our own account.

All of our trading staff are graduates. They have been attracted by the intellectual demands of our analytical trading style and the opportunity of early responsibility. Although they bring a variety of degree disciplines to the firm they all have exceptional numerical aptitude and an appetite for solving problems as part of a team.

If you are seeking:
★ Excellent training
★ Promotion upon merit
★ An informal yet professional work environment
★ An opportunity to join a young committed team which leads the international options and future markets

then we look forward to meeting you at our upcoming presentation where you will have the opportunity to meet some of our traders.

NUMERATE GRADUATES: OPTIONS SECURITIES TRADING

PRESENTATION AND REFRESHMENTS

Monday 5th February 1990, from 6.00 p.m.

BALCONY LOUNGE, HUGH NISBET BUILDING, HERIOT-WATT, RICCARTON

O'CONNOR SECURITIES

LONDON · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · PHILADELPHIA · SAN FRANCISCO · TORONTO

CRACing Fun

This week we take a look at the four-day course run at Easter by the Careers Research and Advisory Centre (CRAC).

THE Easter break, the careers service, in association with the Careers Research and Advisory Centre, will again be running their highly popular Insight into Technical and General Management courses. These courses, which are run intensively over four days aim to give students a unique insight into the types of careers they might expect to find themselves in as managers in an industrial environment. They aim to give undergraduates insight into the nature of different management functions, how they are interrelated, some of the typical problems involved, and how decisions are made as well as helping undergraduates to relate their own qualifications, experience and career objectives to job opportunities outside higher education.

There are two separate courses run at Easter. One is an insight into general management aimed at all students, and the other is a technical course, more suited to students studying a more scientific subject.

The courses provide case studies, discussions, role plays, lectures and personal contacts, during which undergraduates can meet individuals working in a wide range of different organisations. They involve participants in problem solving and team work and try to give people some feel for the variety of managerial work.

Reports from students who attended last year's course have ranged from such epithets as "a hugely invaluable, rewarding and unforgettable experience" to "I would say that it was the most enjoyable and definitely the most hectic four days of the vacation!"

The courses are open to all students (all third year students and second year science students should have already received information about them), and further information and application forms can be obtained from the careers service, 33 Buccleuch Place.
WORKING WITH DENIRO AND PENN
—Neil Jordan tells all
BP helps to refine the world's most valuable resource.

Young people are our most valuable resource. That's why BP has traditionally sponsored educational programmes in countries around the world.

With teaching material and development projects, we encourage students to get to grips with practical issues. And our local link schools allow students special access to BP facilities and industrial plants.

We don't pretend that there isn't an element of self-interest involved. We're helping to produce young people who will be an asset to any industry. Even, dare we say it, our own.

Supporting education is one of the things BP is doing today, for all our tomorrows.

For all our tomorrows.
Pilgrim Goes to the Movies

SOMEBODY once wrote a book called I Lost It At The Movies, which I am told was about the great role movies and movie-going played in people’s youth and of all the weird and wonderful moments she had culminating, I suppose, in losing “it”. I also lost “it” at the movies, but the “it” in my case was a rather expensive watch my grandfather had given me for my eleventh birthday. He had travelled all the way from Essex to Lancashire to bestow this gift upon me and soon after his departure back south, my parents, dutiful to the last, to me too see Star Wars at our local movie house. This was a place called the Classic which boasted of having 50 different flavours of ice cream, although this turned out to be something of an overstatement, the only one on sale being a version of vanilla that tasted like seaweed.

I had taken my watch off during one of the slow moments and then, surprised to see two people in the row in front in a fairly advanced stage of sexual intercourse, I dropped it. I learned two important things from this experience (three if you count learning how to lie to your grandparents over the phone). Firstly that romantic liaisons in a cinema are dangerous for both you and the people around you, and secondly that the carpets in cinemas eat things if you drop them. Even with the house lights on and the mighty beams of all the usherettes torches we could lay our hands on, the was no sign at all of there ever being a watch on the floor, because those carpets will eat anything (unless, of course, you want to get rid of it in which case the carpet will glue it thoughtfully to your shoe). Small change, car keys, popcorn, most imperials, credit cards, shoes (it happened to me) all these are now often still being devoured by cinema carpets all over Britain. Why? Who knows?

A long time ago, before the advent of television, AIDS, compact disc players and the poll tax you could go into most large cinemas and find that some cad had gone along the back row of seats and stolen every other armrest, leaving a series of double seats. In may be hard to believe in the era of safe sex but this was intentional, the reasoning being that if you are going to have couples swapping large amounts of bodily fluids during the movies you might as well have them doing on the back row where they won’t disturb the rest of the customers. This was useful for the management as it drastically reduced the number of complaints they got from people who had missed an important scene because the couple in the front were close to attracting mutual orgasms, but it also served a great purpose for the average romantic movie-going fool because you knew that if you were sitting in a double seat with a young friend of the opposite sex (or the same sex, I suppose, but that is beyond my ken) and an appropriate age then you knew you weren’t there to see the movie. There was no awkward silences, no fumbled arm movements, no panic, no sweat: all you had to say was “Shall we sit in the back row?” and you could take it from there to marriage without ever having to ask again if you so desired. In these uncertain days a person of a weak constitution could easily die of embarrassment trying to manouver his or her chosen one into the appropriate slot and even then who knows what disasters may befall you before happiness is attained. “Shall we sit in the back row?”

“Why, are you long sighted?”

Probably because I enjoy going to the cinema so much, most of my romantic liaisons have involved movies at some point, which brings me to the only piece of advice I feel sure in giving: never, ever, take anyone you are trying to “get to know better” (euphemism) to a film that you might conceivably want to watch again in your adult life. Why? Because all things fade and die and all love turns to dust and eventually you will find yourself unable to watch that film without crying over all the memories it evokes.

Case Study 1. Pilgrim and “E”.

We go to see Staying Alive with John Travolta at the Classic. The evening is a disaster but I am not too worried about never seeing Mr. Travolta’s little classic again. Case Study 2. Pilgrim and “M”.

Woody Allen’s Manhattan, Succes, joy and love forever. Then the end. Now I can’t go near that movie without crying and trying to open a vein. So plan ahead. Go to see I Spit on Your Grave for your big date, or at least go into the cinema the day before and steal every other arm rest along the back row. Go ahead, the carpet regards them as a great delicacy.
Although cinema is essentially a visual medium, music is more important to the success or failure of a film than most people realise. Gavin Boyer explains all.

A STRONG, silent man closes the door of his car and walks the rain-soaked night streets, deep in thought (slow blues undercutting the sound of rain). He turns a corner into a dark alleyway and stops beneath a streetlamp to squint at an address on a small scrap of envelope (blues stops to be replaced by a low drumbeat, imitative of a heartbeat). He begins to walk again, towards the far end of the alley, the camera tracking from behind. About two thirds of the way down a shuffling is heard and the man spins round, but the camera panning the alley behind him, reveals nothing.

He resumes his slow walk, now checking the doorways that have sprung up on either side (the drumbeat has increased in tempo, in accordance with his newly heightened fear). As one particular doorway passes the camera, it is seen to open, though no figure is observed emerging (all music and sound cut). The camera tracking the man is no longer smooth - now its handheld, to suggest a follower. Cut to camera in front of the man, as he stops beside a door to check the address on the paper once more. Trying to hold it up to the light, a gust of wind catches it and blows it into a puddle behind him. Bending down to pick it up, he catches the reflection of a knife in the puddle (smooth, long, high violin notes in repetitive sequence begin, low but rising).

This could be the opening sequence of a movie. The story seems fairly straightforward - the hero (perhaps a private eye) has been given an address to investigate in a seedy part of town, but someone is already on to him and is keen to prevent him from increasing whatever knowledge he already has. All this information can be gleaned from the visuals alone, but the soundtrack contributes greatly to the feel of the opening scene.

A slow blues to start the film locates it in time and place - a time appropriate to the kind of music selected, and the place, an American city, possibly Chicago. It may also, along with the visuals, give an impression of genre - in this case, most probably 'film noir'.

There is almost no music used whatsoever, except in a few settings. In this first scene, we may also, along with the visuals, give an impression of the place, an American city, possibly Chicago. It may also, along with the visuals, give an impression of the genre - in this case, most probably 'film noir'.

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NEIL JORDAN, for one, is clear about his latest film. “It’s a movie about bad guys doing good things. It’s also about belief and faith, but above all else it’s a comedy.” We’re No Angels, which has been drawing mixed criticism from the critics in America, stars Robert de Niro and Sean Penn and was written by David Mamet, best known for his screenplay for The Untouchables.

The film tell the story of two convicts who, after unwillingly taking part in a jail breakout try to make their way across the border into Canada disguised as priests. De Niro and Penn both put a lot of effort into their roles as Jordan explained “The movie was essentially written with Robert and Sean in mind for the roles of Ned and Jim. It started when Art Linson approached David Mamet with the idea of writing a film for them and that was when the idea of the convicts came in.”

Low Spirits

Toby Scott talks to a rather defensive Neil Jordan, the director of High Spirits, Mona Lisa and the forthcoming We’re No Angels, about the problems of building a town in Canada.

I love to mix genres, to produce a full pallet of emotional colours.

For all of his previous films, Jordan had written the script as well as directing, and so I wondered whether it was hard to work top someone else’s script. “It wasn’t too hard, as I became involved with the film right after the first draft of the script. I liked it because it deals with many of the things I am obsessed with: the 1930’s and prison hard, as I became involved with the film right after the first was hard to work top someone else’s script. The principle attraction in this film for most people will be the presence of Robert de Niro and Sean Penn, especially as Penn made much of his early work with a reputation of being like the young de Niro. What was it like to work with two such strong actors? “Robert is an incredible actor to work with because he is always willing to experiment with a scene. Someone once said that you don’t edit him, you mine him, because he always has at least one more good idea. Some people have accused de Niro of mugging a lot but the are so many non-verbal parts of his acting .

The other set used was a disused copper mine which served as the prison in which the film starts. The effect is to give the prison the feel of being one of the layers of hell, and it also bears more than a passing resemblance to parts of the set of Metropolis. When this was put to him, Jordan once again defended his corner. “I really liked the prison set at the start of the movie. The film starts very bleakly and violently, and later opens out into something lighter and more peaceful. I love to mix genres, to produce a full pallet of emotional colours, and having such a hellish set for the prison was ideal.”

The biggest difference and problem with having his script was that if a scene wasn’t working I couldn’t sit down and do a rewrite on the spot as his style is so distinctive it’s impossible to impersonate.”

The film was shot about forty miles east of Vancouver in British Columbia and involved building an entire town, a movie which Jordan at pains to justify. “The script required that the film take place in town on the U.S.-Canada border which has a river with a large weir running through it and which has a monastery and holy shrine in it. Such a town just doesn’t exist so we had to build it.”

Scope

The film is based in part on a 1935 movie of the same name by Michael Curtiz, but Jordan is quick to deny that it’s just another remake. “The differences between this film and the original are enormous, not least in that the original was set in the 1800’s. The problem with remakes is that people remake good movies and rarely improve on them. You ought to remake bad ones and make them better, which, in as much as this isn’t really a remake, is what we’ve tried to do.”

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Steve Guttenburg and Darryl Hannah somewhat what lacking in High Spirits.

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A Bit Off The Back

Tom Hiney talks to the director of the Fringe Film Festival, Vivienne Smith

THE EDINBURGH FRINGE FILM FESTIVAL is not an underfunded sidekick to the International festival; rather it is the fourth day, underfunded event held annually by Britain's only remaining independent film organisation. Despite its fragile and prohibitive financial status, EFF continues to provide an accessible forum and education to aspiring filmmakers.

This year's coordinator, Vivienne Smith, explained the series of workshops and special screenings that lead up to the culminating festival in early June. She was also keen to discuss the picture most people have of low-budget films...they are not all neo-Marxist, neo-Kafkaesque fodder for Guardian reading vegetarians (well, most of them aren't!).

In fact a glance at last year's festival programme does show an impressive variety of subject, ranging from the possibly predictable (Toxic Waste, Tackling the Issues) to the weird (Dave's Bike) and wonderful (Cezanne's Eyes). Few films run over an hour, though that is surely due to the exhaustion of money rather than of imagination. EFF receive enough material of enough quality every year to hold a week long festival but cannot afford it. More poignantly, Vivienne Smith wonders whether British film, starved as it is of direction and impetus, can afford to allow such institutions to perish in the face of escalating costs. Recognized as one of the finest of its kind in Europe, the EFF does not even have a permanent office and operates its year's activities out of a suitcase, continually shifting venues and having to charge dates.

The festival itself takes place at The Filmhouse and attracted films last year (all low-budget or workshop-based) from Warsaw, Dusseldorf, New York, Switzerland and even Latvia. The films are grouped into themes and shown in respective categories. Some, I presume, are harder to categorize than others, such as Sean McAllister's 4 minute piece made in Hull; 'The black and white meanderings of the camera lead into what you put on or brush to release such inspiration; film directors need more than spiritual resources to exhibit genius. Film as a visual art is yet to be explored to anywhere approaching its full potential. Hollywood and Co. are content to follow a safe, moronic pattern of repetition and few outside independent studios show any artistic curiosity. Edinburgh Fringe Film is the only surviving British bastion of a crucial and threatened genre and ought to be acknowledged and supported as such.

For more than twenty years Maurice Binder has been producing some of the best known credit sequences in the world. Neil Smith talks to the man behind James Bond.

MAURICE BINDER is one of the great unsung heroes of the cinema, somewhat surprising when one learns that over a billion people over the world have witnessed his work. Binder is the man behind the titles of the most successful film series in history; his saucy silhouettes and girating females have graced the opening sequences of the James Bond films since 'Dr No' in 1962 to the latest, 'Licence to Kill', and during a long and successful career he has worked with movie giants like Stanley Donen, Roman Polanski and Bernardo Bertolucci.

During a special presentation at the Filmhouse illustrating his work, I asked him how he got into title design. 'I began in advertising; I started out designing posters of Rita Hayworth and all those other stars. My first campaign was for 'Gilda' in 1946, and later I moved into trailers and title sequences.'

In 1960, Binder directed a charming title sequence for Donen's 'The Grass is Greener', depicting the film's stars, Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum, as babies! "That was the title that got me onto the Bond films. The producers, Harry Saltzman and Cubby Broccoli, came up to me after it opened and said, 'We're doing a little film called 'Dr No'. Would you like to do the titles?'"

For this "little film", Maurice devised the famous gun barrel logo that has opened every Bond film since: 007 walking nonchalantly across the screen, then firing directly at the camera as blood seeps downwards over a circular gunsight. 'The Bond titles have a certain style, a certain feeling. The music is very important: the Bond title sequences were what pop videos are today.'

Has Maurice ever had any trouble with the well-endowed males he has in the Bond opening scenes? "No, it's always abstract and done with silhouettes. We once had pubic hair problems on the silhouette; the girl was not very co-operative, and refused to shave it off. She said, 'If you want to brush it back so it doesn't show, then go ahead and do it.' So I was on my knees combing it out. Cubby Broccoli and Roger Moore came in. Roger turned to Cubby and said, 'Cubby, I'm the star of the film and Maurice only does four minutes at the beginning. So how come he gets all the perks?'"

How does Binder design his stunning graphics? "I have an idea, and then I film it. It's that simple, I rarely use storyboards; if you do that, it comes out looking like a storyboard. I sometimes read the script, but I don't...

Maurice Binder necessarily have to watch the film. The directors may make a suggestion - after all, I'm not infallible! - but mostly they leave me to it."

Of all his many Bond titles, which is his favourite? "It's hard to say; I guess it would have to be the first, 'Dr No'. Everyone was young and fresh then," Binder smiled. "Including me!"
Deng Xiaoping's apparently liberal approach seemed to usher in an era of great prosperity for Chinese film makers. Simon Horrocks wonders whether last May's events will end this for ever.

In 1985 a film called 'The Black Cannon Incident' was released in China. As the first political satire for many years, although unremarkable for its quality, it signified the beginning of a brief era of liberalisation in Chinese cinema. Directors such as Chen Kaige and Tian Zhuangzhuang, known collectively as the 'fifth generation' graduates of the Beijing Film Academy, were able to capitalise on these few years of relative artistic freedom, making some of the most critically acclaimed films yet to come out of China.

With these new film makers came a revised outlook on the role of directors. The old studio tradition which concerned itself more with plot and realism than theme wasn't adopted by the new directors, Chen Kaige saying of his film 'Yellow Earth': "I was more concerned about how to express my attitudes than with telling a story as such."

These 'attitudes', in a film about the Cultural Revolution, when Mao Zedong sent millions of young people to be 're-educated' with the true values of Chinese society, are the personal response of a member of the generation which suffered the hardship of that era. Indeed, all the film makers of the fifth generation were exposed to this 're-education'. Perversely this seems to have given them the conviction to re-examine China's past through their films, in a search for truth. Wu Ziniu, a director, recounts how, ironically, he and his peers benefited from the Cultural Revolution: "My generation has had quite a rich experience of life. We all went through a lot. We served in the army or laboured in the countryside. All of that sustains our work and shapes our thoughts, gives us a certain maturity."

This maturity is evident in all the films of the fifth generation. Whether it be in Tian Zhuangzhuang's sensitive treatment of Tibetan culture in 'Horse Thief', or Chen Kaige's articulate rejection of official education during the Cultural Revolution in 'King of the Children', these new film makers are appreciative of the subtleties of their respective subjects.

It is one of the supreme ironies of the film industry that 'intellectual' films are very rarely appreciated in their country of origin. This is most definitely the case in China where, with the odd exception such as 'The Old Well', fifth generation films remain unpopular, Chinese viewers satisfy themselves instead with a diet of escapist Kung Fu and adventure movies. This is something clearly recognised by Wu Yiqiong, head of the Shanghai Film Studio, recognised for its production of commercial films: "Maybe it's true that 'Yellow Earth' and 'Horse Thief' do satisfy a small 'salon' audience outside China. They don't please the majority of viewers. Films like that never do."

Although the fifth generation has undoubtedly enjoyed greater freedom of expression than earlier film makers, the Chinese authorities, who still examine each film at their respective subjects.

for Chen Kaige's 'The Big Parade' was not allowed to be shown. A film which examines the dehumanising nature of compulsory training, 'The Big Parade' should have concluded with an image of an empty square and yet the sound of an army marching still prominent. This scene, almost prophetic of the events in Tiananmen Square, was regarded by the army as too threatening and had to be removed from the film.

In more extreme case of censorship, Wu Ziniu's film, 'The Dove Tree', was prohibited altogether. 'The Dove Tree' was an account of the border war with Vietnam, but judged too sympathetic to the Vietnamese and, by extension, damaging to the reputation of the People's Liberation Army. Wu Ziniu's apparently reffect reaction to the banning of his film is quite revealing.

"The question of interference in the making of films; it comes from all directions. These things happen, and I don't let them worry me. It goes with the job."

Here, perhaps, Wu Ziniu is just being cautious about criticising the authorities, but equally possible is his acceptance of a long-existing trend in Chinese culture. The arts in China have traditionally held an importance difficult for the western observer to comprehend. It is the realisation of the potential power of artistic expression which has often led to official interference. The development of cinema, because of its obvious appeal to the masses, has thus been regarded by the authorities as a potentially subversive force. Conversely, with the various film studios under the direct control of the Communist Party, which they are not, only can any activity regarded as subversive be checked, but the cinema could also be used to promote the values of patriotism and a good image of the leadership. This is, of course, particularly relevant to the party's and the army's position since June 1989 in Beijing.

However, the crushing of the students' democracy movement last summer, and the subsequent repression of artistic freedom, should not be regarded as, in itself, signifying the end to this era of Chinese cinema. It is possible that the fate of fifth generation film makers had already been sealed before the tanks moved into Tiananmen Square. Financial constraints placed on China's film studios before June, 1989 meant that directors had been restricted to shooting 'commercially viable' pictures to attract larger audiences. Hence the man responsible for the ethnic and cultural authenticity of 'Horse Thief', Tian Zhuangzhuang, is now ironically credited with a film called 'Rock and Roll Youth'. Similarly, Zhang Yimou, the cinematographer of 'Yellow Earth' and 'The Big Parade', as well as the award-winning director of 'Red Sorghum'.

It is probably still too soon after the Tiananmen Square massacre to predict what the future holds for the Chinese film industry. Certainly it has lost the laurels of such film makers as Chen Kaige and the head of the Xian Film Studio, Wu Tianming, who were abroad during June 1989 and now look set never to return. Perhaps, once the dust has settled, we will once again see Chinese films of the nature and high calibre of those made by the fifth generation. At least the films that they managed to make will survive as a reminder of pre-Tiananmen China.

With many thanks to Julian, Wei and Brian at the EU Chinese Department for all their assistance.
MARLON BRANDO declined to accept one, George Bernard Shaw declared himself greatly insulted when he was given one, and George C Scott dismissed the whole idea as "Bull". It has been the target of so much contemptuous criticism and professed indifference that one might wonder why anyone goes to the trouble to allocate them at all.

But if truth be told, the 'Oscar' is the ultimate symbol of success in English language cinema and, as a key to greater wealth, renown and, most importantly, professional egoism, there are few lengths to which most within the film industry would be willing to go to obtain one. It is worth remembering that when Brando turned down his Oscar for The Godfather in 1972 he already had one to his name (for On The Waterfront), and the famous gleaming golden statuette was spied taking pride of place on Bernard Shaw's mantelpiece not so long after his screenplay for Pygmalion had taken the award. And George C Scott has rarely been noted for his conventionality or eschewing tolerance.

The entire rationale of award ceremonies has frequently been assailed as meaningless, even farcical. It is easy to be sympathetic to the view that it is impossible to compare objectively a series of films all very different to each other in style and substance. How can you be pronouned 'better' than the anonymous nether regions of the award-ceremony auditorium argue (and, surprisingly enough, the farther back into the auditorium you look, up amidst the also-rans and those who failed to make the start, the more vociferous are the winners. I cannot say what will win the Best Film category this year, but I know that it will not be The Abyss or even Batman, while in the Best Actor category, it may very well be Tom Cruise or possible Michael Douglas (again) or Robin Williams, but it certainly will not be any of the Ghostbusters II squad. There will always be those for whom they would have to invent new categories if their names are ever to emerge from any magical envelope.

But there are ways of increasing your chances of gaining an all-important nomination, for an Oscar or indeed any other of the many prizes which are annually awarded. Playing a drunk, a Vietnam veteran or a strong-willed country girl would give you an immediate advantage, and the various Academies and critics' associations have always looked favourable on opulent costumed epics or emotive family dramas and have tended to overlook comedies, action-adventures and 'sci-fi' fantasies, although musicals have traditionally been successful. It seems that the role which an actor should covet is that of a transvestite small-town gal who, disturbed by her/his experiences in the Campuchean jungle, has taken to the bottle and begun to hallucinate to the effect that she/he is a long-serving melodious minstrel at the court of Louis XIV. Change your name to William Hurt or Meryl Streep and you're a cert for a statuette.

The worth of the Award appears rather dubious when one considers that the preeminent directors of today, Scorsese and Spielberg, are as yet Oscarless, and that a film's chances of picking up prizes increases in proportion to its budget. But then, great art has never come cheap - have you ever tried to buy a Picasso? - although, as Brando, Isher and Rambo III (the most expensive film ever made!), amongst others, have recently proved, the converse does not necessarily follow. And Spielberg and Scorsese are still young; being old and past-it has never done anyone any harm.

Such sentimentality has often been the cause of the Oscar ceremony's vilification, but, for the very reason that it is impossible to judge objectively between a set of distinct and diverse films or performances, it is the basis of the famous film awards, and gives away years prizes.

BEST FILM
1980 Kramer vs Kramer
1979 Ordinary People
1982 Chariots of Fire
1983 Gandhi
1984 Terms of Endearment
1985 Amadeus
1986 Out of Africa
1987 Platoon
1988 The Last Emperor
1989 Rain Man

BEST DIRECTOR
1980 Robert Benton - Kramer vs Kramer
1981 Robert Redford - Ordinary People
1982 Warren Beatty - Reds
1983 Richard Attenborough - Gandhi
1984 James Brooks - Terms of Endearment
1985 Milos Forman - Amadeus
1986 Sidney Pollack - Out of Africa
1987 Oliver Stone - Platoon
1988 Bernado Bertolucci - The Last Emperor
1989 Barry Levinson - Rain Man

Paul Newman and Tom Cruise: one winner, one hopeful.
of the Academy Awards' true value and significance. All of the above-mentioned actors certainly deserved Oscars, though probably not for the performances for which theirs were awarded - a brilliant character portrayal or piece of direction may unluckily miss out in aaptually a good year, but consistent merit will usually be rewarded in time. Is it not fairer to recognise long-term achievement or an impressive body of work rather than what may be a fortunate fluke?

For similar reasons, a nomination is usually a more reliable indication of quality than that provided by a winners' roll of honour alone - although Peter O'Toole and Glenn Close, to name but two, might be tempted to swap all their nominations (seven and five respectively) for a single statuette. In a weak year - and they are occurring with ever-increasing frequency - a film which at another time would fail to get close to winning may well 'sweep the board', the reason for The French Connection's success in 1971, or that of Terms of Endearment in 1983. And it bears consideration that many films which can justifiably be termed as classics had, in their vintage, to be content with runner-up status. Ordinary People, In the Heat of the Night and How Green Was My Valley all garnered the top Oscars of their year, but are frequently forgotten while films, it will be Mississippi Burning which is the most enduring and highly regarded in a generation's time.

Looking beyond the admittedly saccharin-sweet coating of feigned sincerity and self-congratulation which is an established facet of the Oscars' trappings, the Academy Awards are arguably the most meritocratic of all the numerous annual acknowledgements. The 'best' performers, directors and technicians are selected by their peers, and although far from perfect, this system avoids the pretension and coating of feigned sincerity and self-congratulation which is the most enduring and highly regarded in a generation's time.

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Furthermore, the various festival laurels handed out at Cannes, Venice and Berlin every year carry much prestige but, as selections from very narrow groups of entrants, are really too limited to be of any overall significance to the industry as a whole, and the national Academies' awards of several countries outside the United States tend to devalue themselves through their own jingoistic bias, however understandable it may be. Darling Dickie Attenborough mounting the BAFTA stage for another spirit-warming occasion may prick the pride of the flag-wavers, but let us not pretend it is all in the name of excellence or artistic integrity. The purists may recoil in horror, but an Oscar is rightly the supreme award in the cinema industry for the fact that recipients will always be deserving winners, although not always for the same reasons. The sceptics mumble about artificiality and vote-rigging, but the statistics do not bear out their arguments - Chartist of Fire or The Last Emperor would never have been adjudged top of their year were there any substance to their stories of pro-Hollywood elitism or big-budget orientation. All the true film 'greats' have their 'statuettes', John Ford, John Huston, David Lean, Woody Allen, Laurence Olivier, Bette Davis, Robert de Niro and Dustin Hoffman, and when they professed themselves 'honoured' they were not merely being polite.

Mainstream cinema has its detractors (although I must admit that I am not amongst their ranks - I will be genuinely disappointed, though hardly amazed, if Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade fails to win the Oscar at next Easter's ceremony). Nevertheless, I am perfectly willing to accept that Born on the Fourth of July (or whatever actually does secure the award) is the supreme film of the year, or at least has as strong a claim to the title as anything else (and, please tell me, why isn't Indiana Jones the best of the lot?!) Taste and subjective preference cannot be standardised and quantified; but, then again, if Mystic Pizza receives the Oscar I shall deny all responsibility for this article.

The occasional aberration does occur, but on the whole it is merit and talent which prevail, as they should. All we can hope is that the efforts of Jack Nicholson, Pauline Collins and even Kenneth Branagh do not go entirely unacknowledged, and some film called Indiana Jones ought to receive a mention, so I believe...

Harrison Ford and Sean Connery in Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade. Will Steven Spielberg ever get an Oscar?
POETS, novelists and artists have always seen the dramatic potential of adapting the past for their own mediums. Scriptwriters have been no exception, for Hollywood has always used and abused history, from the Brooklyn-sounding biblical epics of the 50's to the proudly inarticulate groans of those more recently conscripted in Hollywood's own War in Vietnam.

History in films usually equals war: It is a disturbing equation to make, but is nevertheless a true one. Constitutional developments in late nineteenth century may be of significance to the academic, but no Errol Flynn/Sylvester Stallone double bill could make it palatable to the average popcorn-chomping audience, weary of anything much more complicated than a Coke commercial.

War is exceptionally marketable, though occasionally death is shirked by itself, so long as it is in sufficient quantity (as the sinking of the Titanic offered) or of the quality upheld by Jack the Ripper (et al.) John Wayne, Charlton Heston, Stallone: They all owe their swimming pools to an insalubrious pub fascination with the acrobatics of violent death.

What of historical accuracy? Errol Flynn's Charge of the Light Brigade may have been as close as to fact as Ghostbusters, but does that matter? After all, films have to be about something, even if the plot is hardly more than an excuse: means to a repeated end. War films, be they the American Civil, Crimean or Vietnamese variety, differ essentially only in the costumes beneath which their sweaty protagonists perform their unlikely deeds of heroic stupidity.

The events of World War II provided only a framework for The Battle of the Bulge, A Bridge Too Far, etc. Dramatically viable instances are chosen from the war and adapted, with fleeting considerations toward chronological and geographical precisions...big budget, big stars, big travesty of history but big profits, so what matters?

What matters is that more and more people are today watching, say, World War II movies than have actually read and studied the period. For them the cinema assumes the deviously cantankerous role of illustrator (farther than impressionist), even teacher, rather than its actual role of entertainer...few try to deny the evils of Hitler, but only Hollywood and its poorer disciples have perpetuated the fallacy of a vicious German people versus the genial, God-fearing allies. In trying to compress months, occasionally years into two hours, directors usually have only the time and ability to deal with the goodly and the baddly, the black and white, the red and blue. The vast backdrop of mutual confusion and culpability is ignored, as the stereotypes play before the camera.

Henry Ford's articulate affirmation that 'History is Bunk' chimes in sad sympathy with the priorities of Thatcher's children: 'Yesterday is dead, and at best it is curious fodder for Trivial Pursuit questions.

Who cares if some movie director adds a little romantic spice to History? It's only a film. The danger is certainly not obvious.

Full Metal Jacket

Short of party political broadcasts, films rarely announce (or are even aware of) their bias. Yet such bias plays decisively upon the subconscious, chipping away at the vocabulary of reason. The future can only be seen through the eyes of the past, be it ten seconds or ten centuries ago, and as the outspoken populist of the past, historical films can induce binding misconceptions. Xenophobia is born out of such bias, just as adenalin codes from the glorification of battle.

Vietnam and the Falklands War were extensions of this distorted psychology, cheered on (at least initially) by those who had come to see war as natural and existing. It was only later that it became obvious that there were no Steve McQueens or Rock Hudsons in Saigon, only petrified adolescents, but that's another film.

The stale of anti-war films that have recently been made about Vietnam offers a more legitimate face of Hollywood; Hollywood the realist, the pacifist. The pacifist is still very much Hollywood the capitalist. Platoon and Deer Hunter were both well-made films, and by treating the war on a very personal, biographical level, it created a more healthy sense of perspective. Yet they were never more than that; personal, factional memoirs that never attempted, nor wanted, to explain the whole, only to expose a part. The very messages of the films were contained in this structure; the portrayal of small fish in a putrid, murky ocean. They are valid, even great films as such, and yet flimsy, particularly those born after the war, frequently accept these films as definitive potted histories of an entire, wrought generation.

Furthermore, the very watching and enjoyment of such films suggests (however inadvertently) the need for more wars in order to make more anti-war films. Even the most adamantly critical of directors cannot help but portray war as being the 'rites de passage', cathartic experience that makes boys into men, pain into poetry. All with the help of gruesome, slow-motion replays and a trendy soundtrack. War may be shown to be horrific and even futile, but it is still a powerful tragedy, whose surviving participants earn virility of experience and shed thehypocrisies of normal life. Oliver Stone never tried to disguise this dark appeal.

American producers saw the existence of a huge, post-Vietnam market and dutifully filled it with movies made by and for suitably disillusioned vets. As the vets and their generation grow too old to sustain such a genre, another will be found. The Cold War offered a few films that managed to keep the anti-Soviet torch alight, but it was never quite the same: Spy movies are a bit complicated and Panamanian skirmishes lack suspense. Romania looked a more promising bet, but got a bit boring, towards the end.... The Warner brothers want another war before Tom Cruise gets too old and they are willing to pay.

History will continue to provide scriptwriters with plots, whether anecdotal or intercontinental: Some of them will continue to use history as a springboard for gratuitous distortion and it will surely become increasingly obvious how detrimental to the films such distortions are: 'God!' has always been the greatest yet most neglected scriptwriter. Richard Attenborough saw this and sought a reconstruction rather a revision of Ghandi's struggle against British Imperialism. Eisenstein recognized it when he realized that the greatest mistakes he had made with Battleship Potemkin had been his own additions to the actual events of the mutiny.

Omissions will always have to make to accommodate history onto the screen, but additions are not only dangerous but unnecessary. History offers far too plentiful a supply of the unexpected, extraordinary and dramatic to warrant any attempts at improvement by heavy-handed Hollywood lackeys.

The stories have already been told; directors need only repeat them.
Book Review

THE STORY SO FAR

Andrew Yule
Sphera

THE RISE and fall of British cinema’s wunderkind David Puttnam would make a wonderful movie. After responding success as producer of ‘Midnight Express’, ‘Charlies of the Riving Fields’, Puttnam was lured to Hollywood and appointed Chairman of Columbia Pictures, one of the most powerful film corporations in the world. Just one year later, he left Tinseltown with a hefty payoff and leaving a lot of unanswered questions behind him. Did he jump, or was he pushed?

The picture of Puttnam that emerges from this immensely readable biography is not a pretty one. Arrogant, egotistical and antagonistic, Puttnam had the charisma, courage and balls to become self-appointed spokes­man for a revitalised British Film Industry. But once installed in Hollywood, things changed for the worse. As Head of Operations at Columbia, he unwaveringly became involved with expensive stinkers like ‘Learend Part VI, ‘Theat’and ‘Vibe’, and his deter­mination to go his own way won him powerful enemies, among them Bill Cosby, Warren Beatty and Bill Murray.

Moreover, Columbia’s parent company, Coca-Cola, was partic­ularly incensed when his tactless and delayed ‘Ghostbus­ters 2’, their biggest potential breadwinner. Eventually, Puttnam took the money and run, Columbia unchanged by his dis­turbing and radical influence.

Andrew Yule’s biography over­flows with anecdotes and inter­views on Puttnam in his British period, and brilliantly evokes the Hollywood hypocrisy and backstabbing bitterness that precipitated his subject’s fall from grace. The subtitle, ‘The Story So Far’, however, ensures that the tale concludes on an optimistic note, leaving the reader in no doubt that the Puttnam saga is far from over.

Neil Smith

DUSTIN
Michael Freedland
Virgin

MICHAEL FREEDLAND is certainly an experienced biographer, with names such as Cagney, Astaire, Hepburn, and even Douglas Erode’s ‘The Films of Dustin Hoffman’ which Freedland, perhaps unwisely, takes as his point of departure. The author,或许, might be a bit too close to his subject, yet the book is an interesting one. He comes across here as a perfectionist whose methodical attention to detail borders on pedantry, as a chauvinist with an enduring admiration, almost envy, at women and as an actor of integrity and accomplishment who, nevertheless, made such films as ‘Alfredo, Alfredo and Ishar.

For someone unacquainted with Hoffman’s life, it may come as a surprise that he spent almost ten years as the kind of struggling, off-Broadway actor he later came to portray in ‘Tootsie’, and that the ‘female’ character he plays in that film is largely based on his own experiences, showing the impact of Ray’s films. After resounding success with ‘The Killing Fields’, ‘Midnight Cowboy’, ‘The Chapman Report’, ‘Vibes’, and ‘Vibe’, Puttnam was appointed Chairman of Columbia Pictures, one of the most powerful film corporations in the world. But once installed in Hollywood, things changed for the worse. As Head of Operations at Columbia, he unwaveringly became involved with expensive stinkers like ‘Learend Part VI, ‘Theat’ and ‘Vibe’, and his determination to go his own way won him powerful enemies, among them Bill Cosby, Warren Beatty and Bill Murray.

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Neil Smith

THE INNER EYE
Andrew Robinson
André Deutsch

THE writing of a biography of Satyajit Ray must have been a daunting task. One can be impre­ssed simply by hearing a descrip­tion of his life or Welles, but that is not the case with Ray, for his style is so self-effacing as to almost be unnoticeable.

Robinson was allowed access to the sets during the shooting of ‘The Home and the World’ and secured several extensive interviews with Ray and his collaborators. He seems to have spent enough time in Calcutta to be seduced by it, but not enough to be disillusioned. He even writes of its “idiosyncratic spirit and disinterest in materialism”.

All Robinson’s hard work has led to a generally well written and, when he writes about the films, exceptionally perceptive book. Biographical details are filled in efficiently but, thankfully, not to dwell upon. Influences on Ray’s aesthetic development are rightly discussed at length.

Through his enlight­ened and artistically talented family, Ray was exposed to both social and occidental influences from an early age.

What Western viewers find his films accessible, recognising as they do the humanism which is so typical of Europe. Though it has never been as dominant a philosophy in India, Robinson claims it as a part of Ray’s oriental heritage. (In fact, given its eclecticism, almost any artist could claim Indian culture as a formative influence.)

What Western viewers undoubtedly miss, however, is the considerable, albeit depth of Ray’s films. Allusions to Indian liter­ature are often used to create the sub-text of a scene and to generate tension. As a result of their ignorance (which is excusable) and their lack of humility (which isn’t), several critics have dismissed Ray’s films as dull or praised them without the least comprehension of what they were praising. (An honourable exception to this is Lindsay Anderson who is all but unrivalled in his intelligence and perspicacity as a critic.) If this book merely opens their eyes, it will have served a purpose.

It will, I hope, do much more than that. Its essays on each of Ray’s films are excellent introductions to those unfamiliar with his work, and are also intelligent com­mentaries for the rest of us. Certain important scenes are described in detail, and the perform­ers’ comments are interpolated into the text, providing fascinating insights into Ray’s methods. Most importantly, Robinson is not afraid to write about criticisms, and his judgement is usually reli­able.

That Robinson should have gained Ray’s cooperation and confi­dence in itself speaks for his excellence.

Antje Chatté

SCORCESE ON SCORCE­SE
Faber and Faber

WHEN the screening ended, we looked at each other, stunned. The five of us crossed the narrow street and went into a pub that was just on the verge of closing. Nobody else was there. Still we said nothing. There was nothing to say.”

So writes Michael Powell a vete­ran film-maker himself, in the introduction to Scorsese on Scorsese. With these words (having re­turned in the making of ‘The Last Temptation of Christ’, the per­formance he faced, the violence that followed and the bureaucracy of the Hollywood system shows not only an irony and parallel to the film world, but also a disturbing account and condemnation of reactionary politics and the question of religi­ous values close to Scorsese’s heart.

Scorsese on Scorsese therefore is a fascinating insight into one of America’s foremost and aggres­sive talents, perhaps a little too concise for those but inspiring read nevertheless.

Dylan Matthew

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From Feb. 11th: Glasgow Film Theatre
From Feb. 18th: Filmhouse
Not many students get a chance to make their own films, but that is a situation that Dead Fly Films hope to rectify, as Johnny Mallet explains.

AT THE END of 1989, several newspapers published lists, compiled by their film critics, of the ten best films of the decade. With a few exceptions, the lists did not contain any comedies.

Such an occurrence would have been unthinkable in the thirties or forties, in spite of those decades producing far more straight dramas of high quality than that seen in the last decade.

This is not due to any shortage in the number of comedies being produced these days. Steve Martin, Bill Murray, Eddie Murphy, Dan Ackroyd, Chevy Chase, Tom Hanks et al have all churned out several films, but comedies being produced these days. Steve Martin, Bill Murray, Eddie Murphy, Dan Ackroyd, Chevy Chase, Tom Hanks et al have all churned out several films, but the most noticeable difference, but exemplified by the two versions of *To Be Or Not To Be* by Lubitsch and by Mel Brooks, between comedies of the two areas is that in style.

Lubitsch, being a great director, knew exactly how much weight to give each joke. Most of them are simply laid on the surface for the perceptive receiver to pick up. This has replaced their original intention of shooting a feature-length video, as they have realised that exotic locations and a cast of thousands are not the precise ingredients for success. Dead Fly have learned from their mistakes.

The next few years offer a great deal of scope. A documentary, shot in film format, is planned about the climbing of Scotland's highest points, and a small-scale production involving schoolchildren in the Lothian region is also in the pipeline. At present, the company consists of a small company of dedicated individuals, but hopes to involve many more people interested in any aspect of film production.

Tassos Stevens, a founder member of the group, is optimistic about the future. "If the enthusiasm and talent which are at present the driving force behind Dead Fly remain, things can only get easier and more rewarding for those involved. Our aims are attainable, although the long-term direction in which we are headed is not yet clear. I'd like to think that we will continue, if only on a small-scale, local basis, as a means of making available the structure for producing films, and encouraging ideas and enterprise. Interest in setting up a film company has already been expressed by Glasgow and Newcastle Universities. This will, I'm sure, lead to the sharing of facilities and experience. If Dead Fly simply remains a source of initiative and encouragement to others, not to be defeated by what seems unattainable, then that can't be a bad thing in itself."

Faced by movies such as *Police Academy 5* and *Porky's*, Avijit Chatterjee wonders why there are no good comedies any more.

National Lampoon's European Vacation: quite possibly the high water mark of the American comedy in the 1980's.

Contemporary comedies rely not on the interaction of comic characters, or the creation of a comic ambiance, but rather on a series of hit-and-miss gags strung together any old how. All too often, the gags miss, and then we are left with nothing.

When a film does happen to have an amusing plot, it should not surprise us to find it stolen from elsewhere: the plot of *The Blues Brothers* was merely an inferior remake of Renato's *Boudu Sauve des Eaux*. Perhaps as a reflection of society, the values expressed in comedies have also changed. It is relatively easy to like a character whose main motivation is love, or the search for a dinosaur bone, or even the protection of his hoomaiden aunt. When, in *You Can't Take It With You*, Lionel Barrymore tells a rich man that for all his wealth, he is a failure in a human being, it is admitedly sentimental, but it is also a sentiment with which I hope most of us agree.

What, then, are we to make of films like *Trading Places*, *Back to the Future*, or in particular, *Working Girl* whose success is equated with affluence? Mike Nichols has certainly come a long way from *The Graduate*. Paradoxically, because of their greater depth of vision, the comedies of Capra and Preston Sturges are occasionally accused of being naive. Their characters and situations are supposedly not of the real world.

In answer to this, it should be pointed out that naturalism is merely a convention which no film is obliged to adopt. It is no criticism, but rather a statement of fact to say that the comedies of Capra, Lubitsch, Hawks and Sturges are not set in anything we recognise as the real world. Had these directors been trying to make socially realistic dramas, the criticism would have been pertinent.

Even so, Sturges' *Sullivan's Travels* tells us a lot more about the real world, about acute poverty and hardship, than a film like *Trading Places*. Perhaps as a reflection of society, the values expressed in comedies have also changed. It is relatively easy to like a character whose main motivation is love, or the search for a dinosaur bone, or even the protection of his hoomaiden aunt. When, in *You Can't Take It With You*, Lionel Barrymore tells a rich man that for all his wealth, he is a failure in a human being, it is admitedly sentimental, but it is also a sentiment with which I hope most of us agree.

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"I don't purposely set out to make films about marginal people. But everyone is marginal – to some degree," Bill Forsyth has made a living exploring this very marginality that he believes exists in everyone, and his charming little comedies have made him one of Scotland's best-loved exports.

From the touching trials and tribulations of young love in 'Gregory's Girl', to the pastoral beauty of 'Local Hero', and even in his darker, less appealing 'Comfort and Joy' (his favourite film), the Forsyth touch has always been a joy to experience. At last year's Edinburgh International Film Festival, plans for a star-studded gala opening ceremony were disrupted by the surprise withdrawal of 'Erik the Viking'. Terry Jones' ambitious yet ultimately disappointing Nordic Fantasy. (The film eventually received an undeserved Royal Premiere at the tatty Cinema 29 Festival held at Brighton last September.)

You have to make a decision and address America. This whole film to me is an experiment.

Thankfully, 'Erik' was replaced by 'Breaking In'. Bill Forsyth's latest comedy, and a perfect choice to begin the proceedings: Who better than Scotland's most famous film director to open the Edinburgh Film Festival? Bill received a rapturous welcome after the screening; nervously fidgetting with his microphone while facing a barrage of questions from the enthusiastic audience that filled every seat of the Cameo. During this impromptu press conference, he revealed some of the problems that have dogged the film, while retaining his typically Glaswegian stoicism and humour.

'Breaking In' marks Forsyth's second attempt to bring his unique style to an American audience. Burt Reynolds, complete with real grey hair and simulated back problems, plays an aging safecracker who takes a young housebreaker (newcomer Casey Siemaszko) under his wing. The elder man tries to pass on the skills of his trade to his youthful counterpart, but is disappointed when his Raffles-style ideas are forsaken in favour of the young thief's careless bravado.

'Breaking In' represents a marked change of pace for its star; whose recent attempts to revive his flagging career as macho tough guy have been disappointing (to say the least – does anyone remember 'Heat'? 'Stick'? 'RouteCop'?). "I didn't have any apprehension about casting Burt. Christine Lahti (star of Bill's first American film 'Housekeeping') was due to do a film with him, and that drew my attention to him. It was my idea to cast him – he wasn't everyone's choice." (However, Bill later confided that "I was interested in another actor, but it was impossible to finance the film without some recognisable name" - in other words, he was forced to compromise in order to get the film off the ground.)

Working with this Hollywood legend (however fabled he may be) was an illuminating experience. "He's quite a film buff; he used to organise film quizzes, and so I was quite a departure for me; it was the first time I responded to someone else's script. This was quite a departure for me; it was the first time I responded to someone else's script. John Sayles was reluctant to give it up, but he felt he didn't have enough skills as a director, so he turned it over to me." Then along came the dreaded 'Marketing Process'. "Perhaps the film is trying to be funnier than it wanted to be. The film as it exists now is trying to express the ways the two characters connect; I originally envisioned it as trying to express how they don't connect." Indeed, the end result has more in common with the 'Buddy-Buddy' ethic than with the director's original perception.

'Houskeeping', a subtle study of a easy, certifiable housekeeper and her influence on the young children placed in her somewhat dubious care. Originally set to star Diane Keaton (who withdrew from the project without explanation), the film became a perfect vehicle for Christine Lahti; yet, despite critical success, its business was poor, and it was soon dumped by Columbia. The film is still considered to be a disappointment to its producer, and was not played on the video shelves. (In fact, after Keaton's withdrawal, the film was unceremoniously dumped by Cannon, only to be rescued from shutdown by David Puttnam in his brief stint at Columbia – hardly a promising start to Bill's American career.)

As regards my career, I decided not to turn my back on America, nor to make my home there.

Similar difficulties plagued 'Breaking In'. "My original picture was a lot longer, but it went through what they call a 'Marketing Process'. Nobody put a gun to my head, but I was under an obligation to remove some material." There were various problems with the script, written by John Sayles, director of 'Matewan' and 'Eight Men Out'. "This is the first time I haven't originated the script, but I did do a lot of co-writing. This was quite a departure for me; it was the first time I responded to someone else's script. John was very important to give it up, but he felt he didn't have enough skills as a director, so he turned it over to me."

'Biloxi Blues', which was working as Bill Forsyth's new movie, 'Breaking In'.

Bill has resolved to put a brave face on this disappointing stage in his career. "To me, it's been a learning experience. I've been exposed to the industrial process of packaging a product, and that's been a good experience for me. As regards my career, I've decided not to turn my back on America, but not to make my home there.

Bill Forsyth has always been an original director, and his style has a distinctly oblique viewpoint that makes his optimistic little comedies so appealing. Hollywood, however, has been reluctant (as David Puttnam pointed out – see book reviews), so it's no surprise when Bill says "I think my next film lies in Europe. Someone told me recently that I'm a European film maker, and it affected me. If you make films in America, you sacrifice freedom, and you can't do anything about that. To me, European film making means freedom." Hurry home, Bill. America doesn't deserve you.
Where's the Beef?

The films of Ridley Scott have often been criticised as being all style and no content. Dylan Matthew wonders whether this is fair comment.

"I'll tell you about my Mother" explains Leon, proceeding to blast his demanding questioner through the office wall. Leon (an android) in his confused state was having his existence threatened. He's a product of society in downtown Los Angeles, the year 2019.

This scenario is from Ridley Scott's visually lavish 'Blade Runner'. Leon's aspirations at this point include the urge to possess emotions of which he's devoid, a prolonged lifespan and fill his head with memories creating a past history for himself including a non-existent mother. His lack of self-identity to an extent reflects the 'hero' of the film, Deckard (Harrison Ford). Typical of all the main characters and creations of Scott's films, he lacks feelings, only an urge to survive.

Since Scott is not a prolific director (well who could compete with Woody Allen?), it is interesting to note that the films he does choose to direct have only two main points in common - visual excellence and characters with the qualities of a 'cold fish' as Deckard's ex-wife used to call him - ruthless, irresponsible, emotionless and self-destructive. They end up searching for the ultimate truth or eventually face the ultimate challenge. Surely the best people for this task are emotionless, without fear? What we eventually discover in the end is that Scott's heroes and occasionally his villains are not as primitive and cold as they prefer to appear.

Compassion and respect suddenly win the day and alter the course of evil.

Sadly, the themes linking his films and his visual flair have not been enough to rank him amongst today's foremost directors. Why is this when he can execute the most imaginative set-pieces on celluloid today? Witness Deckard's chase and 'retirement' of a replicant through the windows of a shopping arcade. Perhaps Scott himself is a cold fish, unable to explore depth of feeling, preferring to replace or avoid it with anger and violence. This appears to be the main driving force in the choice of films he makes. He could soon remedy this flaw which is widening, particularly with his latest disappointing effort 'Black Rain'. Perhaps he's a victim of the film industry's teaching methods or at least from the route he found into it - via the advertising business in which he has proved himself very adept. His commercial for Apple Computers owing much to Orwell's 1984 looked a good fit to the Cannes Ad. Awards some years back.

His feature debut 'The Duellists' starring Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine proved he was a talent to watch for. Period detail and atmosphere was foremost in emphasis but the self-destructive nature of the protagonists, two soldiers in the Napoleonic War made it more than watchable. Following this up he proved his versatility and commercial potential with the near invisible menace of 'Alien'. Here he scored a success with his style - the film again working visually with spectacular set construction and design. Giger's creation for the alien itself is yet to be equalled. What worked here was the acceptance that the plot development was limited by the interior of the setting, the space-vehicle Nostromo, but it was really the portrayal of its motley crew - engineers, navigators and scientists making it gritty, realistic and convincing. Survival was the key word here and when this is threatened by the apparently immortal in a confined space its survival of the fittest (the Alien) or the smartest - Ripley (Sigourney Weaver). The alien has no feelings, no sense of fear only a desire to live and satisfy instinct. It doesn't question its identity. Likewise goes for the 'replicants' in Scott's next film 'Blade Runner'. Designed and built for slave labour, a group of replicants escape their shuttle and return to Earth, trying to clarify their origin. They do; they are artificial and have a four year lifespan. Their instinctive base nature is now tarnished, they seek to prolong their lives, create pets and develop emotional capabilities. Although lacking in plot, depth of character is substantially more present than in any of his later films. Revenge, sacrifice, crucifixion, maternal love and disrespect for authority are additional themes that permeate the film and moments of his others.

Finally, the end of Scott's films, however strained are upbeat suggesting that by making real effort one can come a step closer to Utopia. Compassion and respect suddenly win the upper hand and alters the course of evil. In 'Blade Runner', Deckard, about to fall to his death is rescued at the last millisecond by the man he had just tried to kill. Ripley in 'Alien' goes back into a self-destructing spaceship to rescue the cat that led some of the crew to their deaths. The power of love and light finally triumphs over the Lord of Darkness in 'Legend' (a pity because he is the only decent character in the film) and Michael Douglas' hardened cop caricature in 'Black Rain' gives in to honour and affection as he sets up his previously irritating partner for life. Such optimism in films which contain exceptional violence and people full of hate is surely more commercial than appropriate.

Unfortunately 'Black Rain', like Scott's previous two films 'Legend' (a disastrous flop) and 'Someone to Watch Over Me', is a forgettable experience. Even his eye for startling photography has wanted to an extent, lost in a pointless, badly scripted cop thriller. If Ridley Scott is to make films again with the skill and panache of 'Alien' or 'Blade Runner', he'd better choose material worth directing. Like the characters in his films he has great potential - if only he'd use it.
THE COOK, THE THIEF, HIS WIFE AND HER LOVER.
DIR: Peter Greenaway

IF YOU were to scramble a video nasty with a Delia Smith cookery programme, season with a pinch of blue movie, and lamble the whole thing in a mixture of High Art, the result might be something like this.

The Cook, whose spiritual presence pervades the film through his culinary creations, acts as a benevolent guardian in the Wife and Lover of the title, while they stalk their passion in the confines of an expensive restaurant, under the unseeing eye of the loathsome Thief — her husband.

Stomach-churning violence is juxtaposed with explicit scenes of copulation, but just to establish that this is not merely a tawdry display designed to titillate, arty images of food preparation are inserted at the most suggestive moments (I never knew that a courgette could be so erotic). Food and sex are the menu of the day.

Michael Gambon’s remarkable performance is an unbluished, unceasing tirade of abuse, violence and verbal filth. It requires a strong stomach, literally and metaphorically, to endure an exquisite and indigestible conversation about rich foodstuffs immediately after the scenes of his astonishing brutality.

Yet, under Greenaway’s fastidious eye, the style is stylishly packaged: the camera passes the wide, high-ceilinged expanses of the kitchen, the restaurant, and the underground library where the lovers eventually seek refuge.

Food and drink, however, is suffering from a simple primary colour: the fertile, iridescent green of the kitchen, the restaurant, and the underground library where the lovers eventually seek refuge. A simple colour which beswaps on it a curiously diabolical quality, making for a surreal, nightmarish aspect to the film.

Foodies will delight in the gourmet tapestry on display, which rival those of Babette’s Feast, even though the denouement is enough to turn you vegetarian. This film will undoubtedly stir you; either to complete nausea, or to profound thought.

Sung Kang

For those of you who insist on watching your movies at home instead of at the cinema where they belong, we are proud to present a suitably eclectic selection of videos for your viewing pleasure.

KILLING DAD

Dir: Mike Leigh

TACKY with a capital ‘T’ is the word which springs to mind in describing the film Killing Dad. It is a production very much under the influence of black humour; a description which in itself makes the following plot outline more succinct than is actually portrayed.

Alastair, a neurotic door-to-door hair tonic salesman (Richard E. Grant) travels incognito to Southend to find his long-lost father, Nathy (Denholm Elliot), who has written home in the hope of a reconciliation. Nathy is found living with his girlfriend (Julie Walters) staying in cheap hotels, drinking, lying and borrowing money. More importantly however, the plot is really nothing more than the title suggests — ‘Killing Dad’ (or trying to). The motives behind this homicidal bent could perhaps stem from an Oedipus complex, although this is by no means developed to any great extent.

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For although the film has one or two (literally) amusing touches this general lack of humour is not compensated for by any underlying message or even some thought-provoking ideas. Even their attempts at parodying the B-rated movies everyone has had the misfortune to come across at some time or another, fail miserably, and result instead in self-pithiness. The film is not quite so silly, nor “hilarious” nor “hysterical” as its advertising campaign would want us to believe.

Such disappointment is deepened even further considering what could have been achieved with the talents of three major actors. This film can be summed up as a series of often unrealistic incidents and conversations in a setting which is tacky to the extent of being overdone. Frequent use of the fast forward button greatly improved an otherwise dreadful hour and a half. However, to alive avoided the film altogether would have been infinitely preferable!

Ruth Lamb

HIGH HOPES

Dir: Mike Leigh

BE WARNED. Whatever the packaging says, High Hopes is not a wacky, zany comedy that will leave you feeling on top of the world, but it is a moving, honest black comedy that will leave you feeling thoroughly depressed, yet hopeful. But, given that it is written and directed by Mike Leigh, you shouldn’t really expect anything else.

I suppose that you can’t really blame the Sales and Marketing Division at Palace Pictures for producing such a misleading cover, given the film’s actual subject matter. Cyril and Shirley have been living together for ten years, but have no children, as Cyril thinks that the world is overpopulated already. Cyril’s sister is married to a second-hand car dealer and leads an empty, loveless life in a house full of “expensive tar”. Cyril’s mum lives on her own in a council house, whilst her next door neighbours, the Booho-Brains, go to opera and have exciting, but childless lives.

Leigh, who wrote the script based on improvisations by his actors, makes no bones about his socialist leanings and his hatred of the way that Thatcherism has destroyed the idea of community and fellowship. He is willing to show the bad sides of the characters he likes (Cyril/Shirley) and is utterly damning of those he doesn’t, but, unusually for Leigh, his final message is one of quiet optimism; that despite the terrible economic and social divisions in this country, it is still possible to improve the world by being kind to those around us.

With excellent performances from all the cast adding to the depressing realism, this is not a movie for anyone wanting to be cheered, nor by any of the few remaining Scottish Torres, but not many directors combine a strong message with such good humour at Mike Leigh, so it ought to be seen by all.

Toly Scott

RAGGEDY RAWNEY

Dir: Bob Hoskins

TOM, a sensitive young man, finds himself recruited to a war in which he’d rather not fight. After an attack, in a fit of uncharacteristic violence, Tom stabs one of his superiors in the face and, to everyone’s surprise, runs away.

Whilst on the run, a chance encounter sees him needing and falling in love with a beautiful gypsy girl — Jessie. But of course, as all keen movie-goers know, the course of true love never did run smooth, especially when the two prospective lovers meet in the first five minutes of the film. With expectations of beautiful gypsy kids finally embodying their love, the plot unfolds.

Raggedy Rawney has, from the outset, a feeling of Bob Hoskins satisfying his creative ego between bigger and better films. Here he is not only acts, but directs as well as co-writing the screenplay. It will, for some, prove magical and charming, but to me it was continually reminiscent of those nauseating Disney films about a boy and an elephant. The whole situation seemed too fantastic as Tom suddenly possessed ‘magical’ powers when he was Rawney, wearing a dress and face-paint.

By and large, the storyline is weak and elicits little emotion save for some, prove magical and charming, but to me it was continually reminiscent of those nauseating Disney films about a boy and an elephant. The whole situation seemed too fantastic as Tom suddenly possessed ‘magical’ powers when he was Rawney, wearing a dress and face-paint.

Ruth Sheen, Edna Dore and Philip Davies in High Hopes

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The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover

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