President of the Edinburgh University Film Society, who have been at the forefront of the campaign to retain the theatre. He expressed his disappointment that the University had still not reached a final and that the G.S.T. was still being considered as a possible candidate for development. He pointed out that there was every indication during the whole campaign that there would be a final decision. He also stated that after meeting the rector and senior student representatives, they had been "dissuaded at the last minute" of the University Court.

Mr. Clark did however add that the latest developments, "were very much in our favour, although it does have loopholes."

The main reason for a delay in the final decision seems to be the question of costs. Although the University Court expressed a preference not to use the G.S.T., it is still awaiting an estimate for the student refectory in Bristo Square. Although an estimated cost of £700,000 quoted for the G.S.T., it is still awaited, and the University had based its decision, "on principal and not on financial reality."

E.U.S.A. Deputy President Martin Morrison, who attended Monday’s meeting told Student that there was, "a lot of sympathy on the part of the University committee" for the theatre. He believed the G.S.T. was "safer" following the latest decision.

Meanwhile, the Film Society remain concerned over their programmes for the rest of the year. Until the theatre situation is finalised they cannot confirm bookings on many of the 35mm presentations they had planned. According to Adam Clark this could mean, "thousands of pounds worth of cancellation costs."

The University issued a statement on Tuesday saying that although the G.S.T.'s position was, for the moment, secure, it pointed out that, "if George Square Theatre is to continue in its present form, booking charges, management and marketing should be reviewed," and added that the situation should, "be explored enthusiastically as a matter of urgency."
A discussion group linked to the controversial Moonie religious movement has been temporarily barred from using PGSU meeting rooms. The group, Collegiate Association of Research Principles (CARP), had already held four or five meetings when PGSU members realised that the group was linked to the Moonies. The PGSU has still not decided if CARP will be allowed to use its meeting rooms in the future. They already had a few meetings when a postgraduate discovered that CARP was actually a front for the Moonies, said PGSU President Robin Lickley. "We decided to take a quick opinion poll of about forty members to decide what action to take. The questionnaire that we distributed had three options on it: one, we could ban them; two, let them continue but make them make a clear statement about what they are; three, just not bother with it at all. The majority of those polled decided to let CARP's next meeting go on under the condition that they make it clear who they are. They held the meeting and were told afterwards that it might be better if they didn't come back."

"They did come back and tried to book for four or five more meetings," said Lickley. "We decided to have a special meeting of the University's Students' Union to determine what action we decided to take. We decided to temporarily suspend them until the room office said that we must find out what type of members the union members thought about it."

Lance Gardiner, a post graduate, had been booking the rooms for CARP and came to the committee meetings to defend the group. Gardiner is himself a member of the Unification Church and a follower of Reverend Moon. Gardiner could not be reached for comment and was quoted in last Thursday's Evening News as insisting that CARP is not a student wing of the Moonies. "The group is to research into principles and values in order to promote moral and ethical standards of living among students."

According to Lickley, Gardiner insisted at the special committee meeting that CARP should be allowed to exercise their right to freedom of speech. Gardiner added: "We've never had any controversial group try to use the rooms if there is no precedent for the authorities. Maybe the University would just want to discuss the proposal of the independent Polish trade union Solidarity, with the honours award of Doctor of the University. Mr. Walesa will be visiting Glasgow later in the year to accept the degree."

CAMPUS TO CAMPUS

DURHAM: The Department of History has sent "scourging letters" to its students as a new approach to its appeal to bolster its library. The letter points out that, "the department has no other resources on which it can draw, other than your generosity and your interest in your sonsdaughters education."

OXFORD: Over fifty students demonstrated outside the University, against the appointment of Professor Lord Jenkins, who is now Chancellor of Oxford University, when he appeared to address the first general meeting of the Students' Union. The demonstration was organised in protest against the University Appeal Committee. The demonstrators jeered Lord Jenkins and then walked out as soon as he had begun his address. The speaker was left visibly embarrassed.

CAMBRIAGE: A new group is starting up for all women who have been harrassed and sexually abused. The group has called itself "Unwanted Sex" and according to organiser Sarah Oakley it will deal with "a huge problem that is totally ignored by the community."

STIRLINGSIDE: The University is to award Mr. Lesl Walma President Moony that CARP is linked to Reverend Moon's Church. "It was at Wesada University in Japan that the National Student Movement, later to be renamed the Collegiate Association of Research Principles (CARP) was founded in 1964. CARP was not organised in the United States until 1973 but is now one of the main recruiting bodies of the Unification Church in the West."

CARP's meetings focused on topics such as "global warming, the decline of communism, and marriage". According to Lickley, he believes that the last meeting was not very well attended. "The members of the PGSU need to decide if they're going to be involved in what media they say, they are," said Lickley. "We've never had any controversial group try to use the rooms if there is no precedent for the authorities. Maybe the University would just want to discuss the proposal of the independent Polish trade union Solidarity, with the honours award of Doctor of the University. Mr. Walesa will be visiting Glasgow later in the year to accept the degree."

NEWCASTLE: Controversy has flared up after the appointment of Mrs Thacher's press secretary, Bernard Ingham, to the Department of Politics. Senior Lecturers have claimed that the appointment was "railroaded" through the University Senate without debate. The future of the post will be that of part-time lecturer, stated, "if some people want to object to my appointment that is their privilege, I don't know if they are academically fit, but I certainly shall be." BRISTOL: Today, at their AGM, a contentious proposal will be forwarded by the President and Vice President of the Bristol Students' Union. If passed, the proposal will organise a debate on the future of Batus, the Bristol student newspaper. Batus, a weekly newspaper with a circulation of 5,000 to 7,000 at Bristol University alone, is a wide-ranging paper that also covers polytechnics and colleges in the Bristol area.

by Neil Rafferty

Tor's Tricks

by Louise Wilson

Dirty tricks seem to be catching on in the Conservative Party: smear campaigns directed at Labour politicians, in the 1970s, insulting student news sheets; and now, a Conservative student has taken to masquerading as a dis­ fusioned Labour supporter.

In a debate at Aberdeen Uni­ versity on January 23rd, Mr Nick Warren of Dundee University claimed to be a member of his university's Labour Club. When he was confronted by Donna MacKinnon, President of NUS Scot­ land, on a recent visit to Dundee, "after some prevarication" he finally admitted to his true colour. His favourite "trick" was that he thought that the Conservative Party should be "railroaded" through the University Senate without debate. The future of the post will be that of part-time lecturer, stated, "if some people want to object to my appointment that is their privilege, I don't know if they are academically fit, but I certainly shall be." BRISTOL: Today, at their AGM, a contentious proposal will be forwarded by the President and Vice President of the Bristol Students' Union. If passed, the proposal will organise a debate on the future of Batus, the Bristol student newspaper. Batus, a weekly newspaper with a circulation of 5,000 to 7,000 at Bristol University alone, is a wide-ranging paper that also covers polytechnics and colleges in the Bristol area.

by Neil Rafferty

Scott's Threat to Students

by Ed Humpherson

Glasgow University Dental School was involved in accusations of racism last week, with the university's Asian Student's Society saying that 17 of 18 students who failed last year's third year degree exam were black. The students were under threat of being denied meeting last Wednesday in which Bernie Grant, Labour MP for Tottenham, was speaking.

Aaman Anwar, president of the Asian Society, declined to name the faculty, but the students identified it from his statistics. However, the University said that the figures were "in almost every particular inaccurate. It was not 17, but 9 Canuckian students who failed of these, 3 failed the rest, whom of which 4 were black, but these students were all readmitted to the faculty (on appeal), a fact overlooked in the attacks. There was no truth in the all that the University did not consult the external examiner, and that the failures all passed their class examinations."

Michael Kellett, of Glasgow University's Student Representatives Council, told Student News that the University as being "particularly racist", he thought that "there is no need for anyone to come to the university's point of view by being hurtful by saying that particular allegations do not matter." He will be seeking the meeting with the university authorities in the near future to explore the possibilities of exclusions, but only from exams. (students would be iden­ tified by matriculation numbers done) and the establishment of an antiracism committee. The university's press release did consider accusations of racism "found to be in truth as a matter of executive urgent", it said. That 4 dental students had approached their adviser of studies last year, with worries about racism, but had declined to make a formal complaint. The University was worried that the publicity given to the subject by the Asian Society's going public would "cause further trouble" and that the school may inhibit students from coming forward. It had taken a long time to get them, they said, and they hoped they would continue to do so in the case of previous years.
Veterinary students should pay for a substantial part of their education according to a government commissioned report published last Wednesday. The report which predicts a shortage of vets in the future has already received support from the Secretaries of State for Agriculture and Scotland, John Selwyn Gunnar and Malcolm Rifkind.

The author of the report Dr. Ewan Page, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University recommends that existing Veterinary schools should be used to their full capacity. This means that not only will the previously threatened Glasgow Veterinary School remain open but student numbers will be increased by one third.

This review of veterinary manpower and education contrasts with the Sodert report of 1985 which resulted in a 10% reduction in student numbers and last year's Riley report which forecasted a surplus of veterinary graduates. The report recommends the closure of the veterinary schools at Glasgow and Cambridge.

The expected shortage is likely to be so great that foreign vets will be needed in the short term. This brings into question the reliability of these manpower and education reviews whose last casualty was the Edinburgh Dental School.

However euphoria over the lift of restrictions on student numbers must be tempered by the fact that John MacGregor the Secretary for State for Education has said that no more money will be available for the veterinary schools.

Given the claim that veterinary education is already so inadequate that it is discouraging more veterinary graduates could deteriorate.

The item of greatest importance to all students is the recommendation that veterinary students should pay in part for their course in order to finance the expansion of the veterinary schools. The fee has been estimated at £500 per annum and this coupled with the introduction of student loans will mean that a grant funded student could graduate with a debt of £10,000.

It has been expressed as an absolute necessity that he should do for the university to receive the award. He was absolutely amazed that he was picked the ambulance drivers to help them. What about the greenies are that concerned they should offer to buy the Ama
don Bain schools (the lungs of the earth) from the bankrupt British Government and then sell shares in it to people concerned about the environment.

A selection of choice quotes from Capitalist Worker

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PILGRIM

THERE has been much talk in the Press recently about the "Mad Biscuit Cow" or MDC which it is claimed is affecting large parts of the country at the moment. The principle concern of most people has been the effect of the disease on livestock. The disease can be transmitted from the dead to the living beast in this way. This can then produce a range of nasty side effects, including the misconception that winning only 40% of the vote represents a mandate amid an outbreak on the victims skin of a series of ugly, scald-like marks. These are known as MDC Burns, are very unpleasant, and can even be fatal for the elderly or unemployed.

My choice came down to two; one is a figure I know very little about, save from one of their greatest Hollywood pictures ever made - the slave-reeb from Ancient Rome, Spartacus. In some ways, especially since he was later made a hero of the Soviet Union and gave his name to a couple of Yugoslav and Russian football teams, I thought he might be an appropriate figure. But, ultimately too much of what I know about him would be based on the series 'Civilisation', has less coherent shape. His work is a What a shame he had to be deprived of his existence altogether and thereby depriving of the oxygen of publicity. The former would be the most appropriate response was it not that the authors are associated with this University, are pitifully, fully matriculated members of the student body. That this University could be the nurturing ground for such work casts a shadow on its attempt to promote intelligence and encourage rational and intellectual debate.

The antics of Mr Burns et al are symptomatic and contributing to the general trend of politics today of which he was a part. The Roosevelt, civilisation alive under the direst circumstances, during the Blitz, organising a series of concerts at the National Gallery, in two volumes) remains one of the figures of which he was Director. He kept his hands together. Indeed, He was a flawed human being like most of us. His autobiography (in two volumes) remains one of the warmest and funniest I have ever read. One of the very few who can confess to having personal heroes or heroines. Dr Richard Greaves, who had scored a few goals by the age of 31, was a pensilless research student of the same age. If I were to go for a boyhood hero then it would have to be to Jimmy Greaves, who had scored hundreds of goals by the age of 31, was a pensilless research student of the same age. If I were to go for a filmstar it would be John Wayne, but I don't think I'd talk about admiration for John Wayne to a student newspaper. Why not? If I were to go for something more literary and pretentious, I suppose I'd go for Shakespeare who's the only author to whom I consistently return, aside from the aesthetic who wrote the book of Ecclesiastes.

Student looks at Capitalist Worker and comes up with two perspectives, but the same conclusion.

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Karl Marx, Tina Turner, Mozart, Muhamed Ali... Most of us can confess to having personal heroes or heroines. Dr Richard Mackenney, a lecturer in the history department, talked to Zoe Pagnamenta about his choice of hero.

He was a man of warmth, wit and humanity who was able to project his being into the broader experience of mankind. He encouraged us always to think of the freedom of the individual, in social and in cultural life. He stood by a set of principles which are very fragile in terms of everyday social life.

Kenneth Clark was a believer in heroes and the 'Civilisation' programmes have their heroes. The individual is never subsumed into some general socio-cultural process - it is actually the individual who creates that process and whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization. He talks of what threatens to destroy us - lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, whose intellectual freedom is the guarantee of civilization.

Lord Clark was a figure in the history of our country whose words have some, let's be vulgar, 'social relevance'. What a shame he had to be made a peer.
T he NEW age of the environment creeps up on us so rapidly that we hardly had a chance to draw breath. Everywhere we turn we come across new products: phosphate-free washing powder on the supermarket shelves or a new prediction of catastrophic diseases due in the next fifty years.

So we have had to take action; we have to convince our fellow-man that what we are doing is sensible. But do we know what we are doing? Most people would probably say that we are preserving life and saving our mother Earth. But despite all the hysteria, life will go on! Ivor Hill

Dear Editor,

Re last week's report by Craig Williams in which Tony Councillor Fergusson claimed that the Councillor representing the Inch is never seen in the area, I would like to point out that the area is permitted to say that this statement is both false and malicious. The Councillor for the area in fact John Campbell, a lecturer in Genetics at Edinburgh University and City Treasurer.

John, I assure readers, is amongst the most able and active Councillors both inside and outside the Council, and was instrumental in having Nigel Griffith returned as MP for the Edinburgh South constituency whilst acting as his election agent, thus removing Tony domination for the first time. I would further point out that John's wife Jane is equally active in the community and that she is Doctor in one of the most deprived areas, namely Craigielaw.

Try again, Councillor Fergusson, perhaps we can give you a Political education.

Yours faithfully,
Ivo Hill

Survivor, Dick Vet

To the Editor

As Europe creamed down upon the bloody revolutions and large bulldozers, think how much easier it would have been if the Velvet Curtain instead of being made out of velvet, silk or even nylon, with pretty flowers on it, had been the oppression masses under the jackboot of pseudo-Communist tyranny, who have smokes their way to freedom.

Let's examine the facts. The Curtain smoking is the latest all-American fad. It's clear, white, breathable and degradable and does not cause blindness. It has the potential to topple the Thatcher government. 4. It has been proved (by Dr. K. K. Furbie-wangler) that this pastime: nay, way, of life can increase one's sex-life markedly. It also (paradoxically) makes you lose weight.

In the light of this evidence, I can only hope that the powers that be will actively promote curtain smoking amongst the student population. With this exception, any prospective candidates be bear in mind that standing on the Curtain Smoking Straddles is often well swung the vote in their favour.

Yours etc.,

The Phantom Curtain Smoker

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Gamma and 30,000 Americans flooded the U.K. and rest of Europe. Now everyone is in our town and you can stick out our tongues, or perhaps use the latest macho phrase "take your pants off, punk", but however provocative the remarks nothing happened. I think Nixon was going to win the game; no, perhaps that was China. Anyway, as billions of pounds of blood, there was none and certainly no one state could have foreseen, not even Dick and Mac, that they alone would be the more powerful, more influential than any bullet, missile or bomb. Dick and Mac 52 years ago opened their first drive-in hot dog bar east of Pasadena and I'm sure, as someone screamed for more relish and mustard, they never imagined that that simple-handed they would walk the trendlines, through the minefields, of life, the greatest adventure in the Iron Curtain door, walk inside through the Soviet countryside to the centre of Moscow itself, Polkhdin Square, and open the first fast food hamburger joint under Lenin's nose. It is hard to know whether that marble founds look down in disdain or expressed story frustration, helpless as the juicy burgers. Yesterday an estimated 15,000 Macsqueezes queued for over two hours outside the fast food restaurant, Macdonalds, to lay their earth, in the case of Americans; a 23 year old shop worker Ludmilla struggled with the overwhelming bulk of Big Mac; "it all falls out!" As with skateboard

Dear Editor,

After reading the editorial in last week's Student I felt compelled to write to you in order to clear up a few points that you made in it.

To start with, can it really be said that the ambulance drivers are being dogmatic and inflexible over their pay demands? I argue that the government are being dogmatic over the manner in which their attitude prevails especially in calling the day of action a publicity stunt. But I fail to see why the ambulance drivers should have to moderate their initial claim in order to save the government electoral defeat.

You said in the editorial that Roger Peet was wrong to protest about wage rise that was higher than the rate of inflation. He wasn't wrong at all as it obvious that the ambulance drivers get paid just about ten per cent and when we go to cause jaws to drop, which were conveniently open to the view of the junk fodder.

On your own man's tummy he's harmless, so perhaps NATO should reconsider their offensive red line in hot dog stand stand like Dick and Mac Macdonald; it works miracles!
When mention is now made of the Commonwealth Games images of Maori Dancers, a sad Sebastian Coe, Hall of Fame naked and rejected invitations.

It is ironic that as the Maori song and dance, a true hymn of celebration from South Africa, the source of Edinburgh's main sponsor, is heard.

Yet even in Auckland the spirit of Sport has been tainted - not by politicians this time but by the competitors themselves. As it should be, with no thought, unfortunately they take full advantage.

Drugs aside, there is much to value from the Games. The Commonwealth may be outdated as a political institution, but as an excuse to meet and compete there is little need to doubt the worth of the Games. As a means of drawing together the Commonwealth's sporting talent it is an exercise well worth maintaining.

The ample evidence of their worth is that many World class athletes take the event very seriously, competing enthusiastically instead of just entering the Games. After Auckland, over two hundred people can now call themselves Champions of the Commonwealth; many more will have enough to go home pride and glory into the unknown. For some the Games were the pinnacle of achievements, for others a step towards greater things.

Living in a TVless flat deprived me of the benefits of Des Lynam's expert observations; my memories come only from the screen, but from the correspon­
dent's pen. Perhaps but then they match the colour, thrill and ten­
sion of the live pictures, but the memory does, in time, become a bit but comprehensive way, cap­
ture some of the uniqueness of the Games.

The close result reflects the tight­ness in which this match was played - the experience of the Gala team gave them the narrowest of advantages in the end.

The two debutants, stand-off Mike Wylie and scrum-half Ben Senne are to be congratulated on their fine first games, and their inclusion in the senior tour squad to tour Zimbabwe at Easter.

The pack again played well, although they all appeared stug­geled during the half, possibly a conso­
nation of the heavy pitch and the early kick off.

Gala 12

However they won all their own ball in the tight, and settled down in the last two minutes to a good rhythm. The result was a try for lock Dave Wesson, after UNI had been camped in the Gala twenty-two for a lengthy period.

The day dawned brighter than earlier through winger Mike Cousin, a simple all hands move along the line allowing him enough to crash through into the corner.

The Border boys were tempted off the field to watch the occasion as their eight hooks get the better of them, and the referee's inability to control them meant much more control on both sides.

Again the backs seemed to be doing better than the forwards. Smith and MacDonald made great surging runs but destroyed all their efforts by making stupid defensive errors. Hope­
fully the return of the J's (Wilson and Russell) will help to iron out these problems for the important match against Greasbach Wander­
ers at Perriemuir on Saturday.

It is hoped that the 2.30 start will mean that plenty of support will be available to cheer the lads in this vital game.

The second XV continued their success with a resounding 32-22 win against Linlithgow at Main Park on Saturday.

Scott Adams seemed to enjoy his first game for the club, and recently resigned club captain Porky Thomas made a star appearance for the XXX. He was in admirable form as was other newcomer Stuart Appleby in the second row.

A star studded 3rd XV took the field against Biggar early on Saturday. Due to the pat­
riotic boards appearing to Dubhla to cheer the Blue and White the Vandals were left to cope with a motley crew of part timers.

Despite their obvious horror, the regulars were more acclimatizing to their guests and the game was played in the best of spirits.

The first half saw the home team, us, battling against both wind and slope (and any amount of penalties in front of the posts!), but, thanks to a surging forward and run and admirable support, the first score was ours.

As we were downards, however, we found ourselves struggling 9-7 down. The Boroughs now finding themselves in no man's land, they passed it off if they are not perform­
ing as a sporting occasion. No World Records were broken and competitors were banned both before and during the Games.

This Championship is regularly criticized for being too far inferior to many others and yet, unfortu­
nately, Drugs has still caused a major draw. So the rantings of Ron Pickering go unheard in the world of Drugs.

It is significant that Boris Becker said in Melbourne two weeks ago that he could be per­
fected with the aid of enhancing drugs if the other players at the top were, and that it would only way be equal to being competitive at the highest level.

We are in an age when winning is the all important factor, and the cost of reaching the pinnacle of sport is often dictated by influ­
cence far removed from the arena itself.

American sport is perhaps the most glaring example. Sport in that great continent is now often the playground of the wealthy; we see players regularly complaining that pressure from coaches and owners has forced the pro­
duction of drugs.

There is no question that the offenders should be banned for life once they have been caught, but do we as spectators and com­
"RUGBY RUNDOWN"

Will athletes keep throwing it all away?

In the aftermath of Auckland's Commonwealth Games questions are being fired as to the viability of the event. Donald Reid hopes that the games will be remembered for its highpoints, but Simon Fennell fears that the implications of the drug revelations are far reaching.

Playing over the results columns, one can find champions from Bermuda, Grenemer, Cy­
rus and Papua New Guinea.

One of the highlights, how­
ever, must be the 5 foot 3 inch, 3 stone 4lb figure of Marcus Stephen. He was allowed to leave the Auckland Sheraton smiling, having collected a legiti­
mate Gold in the 60kg snatch Division. Stephen hauls in the 10 seconds and then perform a personal best himself.

This is for the bowlers, oozing competitiveness in their leisurely game; for those who rub should­
ers with the great and great make great friendships with the average; for those who experience the pride and the pride and glory of repre­
senting their country.

Perhaps the true spirit of the Commonwealth Games is over it is perhaps time to ask whether their continua­
tion is still viable, both finan­
cially and as a sporting occa­
sion. No World Records were broken and competitors were banned both before and during the Games.

This Championship is regularly criticized for being too far inferior to many others and yet, unfortu­
nately, Drugs has still caused a major draw. Do the rantings of Ron Pickering go unheard in the world of Drugs?

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ment?

Athletes are being asked to per­
form beyond human limits or not perform at all - the only way that many talented competitors can now succeed. It is unfair, start­ing, because however much sim­plicity we have, that is still what it is. Tennis is perhaps a good example here; players are written off if they are not performing at the top levels by ridiculously early ages, particularly women, and the question may be well asked where players will soon turn in a bid for the glory.

Cash incentives for World Records and starting races are crushing sport with unnecessary incentives. The 70's quest for the best has perhaps led into sport, as we demand more and more, faster and faster. Surely this is pressure that sport in gen­
eral does not need.

As long as people like Sugar Ray Leonard can demand huge fees for mediocre fights simply because the public enjoy a show, we will not be able to solve the problem, the problem will continue.

The Public thirst for records and amazing feats is pushing sport away from pure competition into a farcical world of records that being the best can bring. This trend has continued even more in the Ricky Jones vein.

The Commonwealth Games should not be condemned as a poor institution; the problems of Auckland are not unique to the sporting world and until attitudes can be changed I fear that there may still be worse to come.

DONALD REID

SIMON FENNELL

"now that the Friendly Games are over it is perhaps time to ask whether their continuation is still viable, both financially and as a sporting occasion. No World Records were broken and competitors were banned both before and during the Games."

The sign seems to be that, although the individual sport often appears easy (weightlifting being the most obvious example), influences from outside sport are just as potent.

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DONALD REID

SIMON FENNELL
BRIEFS

World Champ Michael Watson has had his defence of the W.B.A. middleweight champi-
onship delayed until 14th April. Watson suffered a broken nose in training, which must make{}
challenger Mike MacCallum feel pretty good!

After an encouraging time at the crease, the English bowlers were given a taste of things to come{}
by Keith Arthurton on Monday as the Leeward Islands ensured a draw. An encouraging result.

The good news for Germany is that the International Olymp-
ic Committee yesterday whole-
bheartedly agreed to the possibili-
ty of one combined German team competing in future games. "I do not rule out that happening{}
in 1992" said Willi Daume, the German I.O.C. official.

Telford United face a tough draw in the next round of the F.A. Trophy. The holders face the formidable Leek Town at home.

All you ski buffs will be glad to hear that the snow has come at last. So pack away those grass skis and prepare to hit the slopes with a vengeance. Vail Thoreau has 110 cm on the upper slopes, Tignes is boasting 130 cm.

Congratulations to Big Frank upon his wedding on Monday. Bruno met his match again in Laura his long time girlfriend. We can’t think up any Harry Jokes, sorry!

Gav ‘the boot’ Hastings was out at Murrayfield last night catching upon some goal-kick-
ing practice - oh well he’s got two weeks, but after Saturdays performance perhaps Chair-
ers is the man for the job.

7.15 am... the alarm bucks into life, and is thrown against the nearest wall. And so begins another weekend’s canoeing. Polo this time, the venue Glasgow University and the occasion the Scottish University Championships.

Two hours later, after a hazard-
rOus breakdown on the M8 (where do the Sport’s Union get their biology), we were re-
ached back into the head a mere half an hour late. This weekend sees Edinburgh raise four teams; two men, two ladies, and a mixed for those that could not make up their minds.

Disaster and ignoredness is fore-
cast for the men and B teams, while we all wait in eager anticipation of a creditable performance.

League matches soon com-
ence, and, as forecast, Edinburgh B and C teams are soon to be blasted into oblivion; although to be fair the B team give us all a shock when they actually spend most of a match not losing! So much excitement this early in the morning, and also so close to the aftermath of the Sport’s University Ball.

We sure woke up, however, as the Ladies take to the pool. Edin-
burgh miss straight from the centre circle, and the tension

LACROSSE

A depleted 1st XI saw vic-
tory slip from their grasp last Saturday at a windowed Pef-
fermill. Despite flirtations with the ‘Boys in Blue’, the St Andrews coach arrived in time for an 11 o’clock start, both sides only man-
aged to field ten players.

Edinburgh shot off to an early lead, Sarah Carter celebrating her recent inclusion in the Scottish trials squad with some fine goals. Cat Davison chipped in with accu-
rate shots to ensure that the vis-
sitors paid for their lethargy.

By half time they had estab-
lished an unconvincing 8-3 lead, and a large victory looked possible.

But the second half saw spi-
ited St A’s revival, the male ele-
ment of their team at last using their strength and speed to outwit the Edinburgh defence.

Hopes were high to rectify their lack of goal-keeper, as St Andrews continued to make up the deficit. They managed to hang on to a draw in the final seconds, however, but the chance of a good victory was missed.

FOOTBALL

It was a successful week for all the University sides with five games played and five games won. On Wednesday, the vis-
itors were Aberdeen, who had given the home sides some problems on their previous clashes this season. However, the encounters at Peffermill were a different story. The first team put six past a bewild-
ered Aberdeen keeper, the scorers being Chambers (3), Ferguson, McArthur and Kiely, and by all accounts it could easily have been more with the Burgm men growing in confidence as the match progressed. The Seconds, inspired by a Fidday hat-

Littl

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On Saturday, all three teams dominated their opponents and, for the first time in a long while, notched up a maximum six points. A treble from the talented but undoubtedly Moody hosts of Davie Johnston set up victory for the ‘ones’.

The second team, playing against the old rivals of Herriot W, made hard work of what should have been a relatively uneventful task, in which the visitors 2-1, with goals coming from Garrett (2) and Cumiskey. The most impressive statistic of this week, however, was that of the Colts team.

Their first Saturday victory so far this year came at the expense of a Scottish Widows side who had only lost two games in the last two seasons. They ran out 2-1 winners with the points secured by the successful efforts of Captain Sempill and Derek ‘the new lad’.

KEY CUMISKY

sport

thursday, february 8, 1990

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SPAGHETTI SIT-INS

Culture is not for sale

Nobody thought it was possible, but it has happened. Italian students woke up and are now standing up for their rights. Could the same happen here?

Paola Buonadonna reports.

The students are protesting against a Bill of Law called Ruberti Reform because it has been proposed by the socialist Minister of Research, Mr Ruberti. The object of the Bill is the entry of private business into the financial management of the universities, which are now under the control of the state. The proposal was controversial from the beginning. If carried on, it would end up in the long run in a sort of privatisation of universities. The good news is that universities would be more affluent and more efficiently organised. But the bad news, say the students, would be very bad indeed.

The entire operation in fact compromises the academic freedom of the universities, which are cultural institutions and not profit-making organisations. The big tycoons of industry would certainly discriminate between the faculties, being much more interested in the development of the scientific field (engineering, economics, electronics etc.) than the so-called Humanities, literature, languages, and all which is not directly productive. Research would be enslaved by the interests of capital. And so on.

Italian students are angry and active again for the first time after years. They declare to be "sick and tired" of the old problems which are slowly killing them: universities, the never-ending lack of funds, structures, organisation, the old-fashioned courses of studies and the ubiquitous system of patronage. But they are also conscious that the right and freedom of education themselves are at stake now. Many of these students are the children of those who revolted against the establishment in 1968. The appeal of the "new 68" is very strongly felt and newspapers tend to use this definition for every student demo, but the present movement refuses any label and calls itself "non-violent, pluralist, democratic, anti-fascist". The group is, to be sure, very heterogeneous. There are many F.G.C.I. (young communists), greens, pacifists, punks, etc., even people from extreme right groupings. Their anger and their desire of fighting for a better future unite them beyond ideological and political cleavages, which are quite extraordinary in a society as highly polarised as the Italian one.

This is one of the reasons why this protest differs from that of 1968. Twenty years ago the movement was divided in a "left" and a "right", there was violence and blood and the result was the formation of fascist and communist terrorist groups which have been only recently neutralised. Today's fight is peaceful, almost joyful. Let us be honest: the students are also having a lot of fun. They organise committees, discussions, workshops in the rooms of the occupied faculties. They communicate through fax and computers with their comrades in Naples, Florence and Rome and proudly release interviews. They cook their spaghetti in the canteens and play the guitar before falling asleep, exhausted, in their sleeping bags, feeling very happy about themselves.

Meanwhile, what are the politicians doing? The whole thing is becoming very embarrassing for the Socialists and the Christian Democrats who are in power. They try to minimise, even to agree with the "students' uniqueness" and it looks like they will at least modify the Bill into more controversial points.

On 19th January Professor Cassese, one of the subscribers of the Ruberti Reform, talked to the students of the occupied university "La Sapienza" in Rome. Mr. He said that the autonomy of universities from the state is, in itself, a democratic value. It is a part of the Italian Constitution created to guard against the centralised administration system of the fascist period. He added that the connection between culture and business must not be looked at as something evil. The students politely applauded, then sent him away shutting the main door after him. They are there to stay. And as one of their spokesmen said: "We want to study how to make life worth living and not how to promote 'Fiat's last car. Culture is not on sale.'"

"Repubblica", one of the best known Italian "quality" newspapers, gathered the sense of the Reform in a cartoon. Agnelli, owner of "Fiat" and symbol of Italian capitalism, talking to the managing director of his company: "The students that we sponsor must study more than the others. Otherwise we will sack them."
In Xanadu

The films of Kenneth Anger have never failed to arouse controversy, and a major retrospective of his work and those many filmmakers influenced by him starting this week at the Filmhouse looks set to raise many arguments again. Last month Anger gave a lecture at the Filmhouse and Kirsten Lass was there.

HAVING been told that Kenneth Anger's films to date are extremely bizarre and that he rarely gives public lectures, I was full of expectation when I went to hear him talk at the Filmhouse. However I was somewhat disappointed since what we were treated with was a series of excerpts from his films, interspersed with his reasons for making them, their history, etc.

His lecture consisted basically of a chronology of his life, starting with his appearance in a version of A Midsummer Night's Dream at the age of 4 and ending with his last film to date. He digressed little which was a shame since it was only then that one gained any insight into his character. Some insight seemed necessary since the excerpts which were shown certainly were unorthodox if not downright weird.

Still, the digressions allowed one to appreciate to some extent the psychology of this man who has gained so much notoriety from his outlandish films.

Fireworks (1947) was his first film (made at 17 years) to provoke scandal. It originated from a nightmare he'd had and the result is a severely surreal psychodrama, the perversion of which was not well received in America. It won him a prize however in Cocteau's "Festival des Films Maudins" (a film which could not publicly be shown) and served as his passport to Europe and into the world of avant-garde film. It must be explained here that all of Anger's films make use of stylised, non-naturalistic movement set to music (he loves pop music) with little or no dialogue.

In the ensuing years he made several films — Eaux D'Artifice, inauguration of the Pleasure Dome (1954 — his first colour film although he still prefers to work in black and white), Scorpio Rising (his best known film), Invocation Of My Demon Brother and Lucifer Rising. These titles are unusual in themselves and the films are much influenced by hallucinatory visions caused by drugs. Fireworks in fact co-incided with his first experiences with LSD and he attempted to communicate such experiences in Inauguration Of The Pleasure Dome as he believes very much that "some form of intoxicant is necessary to the human species".

Tightly interlaced with opinions such as these are his views on religion which he thinks is boring and contemptible. The code by which he lives runs along the lines of 'Do what thou wilt' which so far has served him well. He talked of his hatred of monotony and his constant rejection of a 9-5 life. Scorpio Rising embodies this spirit of rebellion and repudiation of religion. It mocks Jesus Christ by paralleling Christ's journey on the donkey with the race of the biker boys. It also became apparent that Anger is a man deeply interested in cult rituals and pagan beliefs. He talked much of the sexual and grotesque perversion associated with them which are ignored (and he thinks this is wrong) by today's society.

His opinions on evil and the devil are also unorthodox and, as he spoke about Lucifer Rising, one learnt that he believes Lucifer to be the bringer of light (lux=light ferro=loving a fallen angel) rather than a devil, and to be the "embodiment of all gorgeous things on earth" (such as colour, texture, the arts, displays of splendour, etc). He believes that demons in fact energised the world.

His final thought, which did demand consideration, was that Lucifer is the jockey who rides on the back of humanity: the horse. As he said, though, this is his insight and "you can take it or leave it."

So although the matter-of-fact layout of his lecture was disappointing, his comments were interesting enough and the excerpts bizarre enough for me to recommend anyone to go and see the coming spate of his films at the Filmhouse in February.
Rape, the most horrific crime that can be perpetuated against women, is on the increase in Britain. Each day an average of seven sex attacks take place. Yet our legal system, by its brutal tactics toward those on the witness stand and its refusal to adequately punish many offenders, appears to condone the offence. Wendy Erskine Steele questions society's attitude.

For confidential help and advice call:
Rape Crisis 556 9437
Nightline 557 4444
rape is a big issue, one with no start and no conclusion. It is something which causes fear, pain and horror; brings people together and rarely a solution. It is how to know how to deal with the subject, the view female, the point at which I may have a legal definition in no way covers all the facts for rape is not a phenomenon which stresses me today. In a recent report entitled ‘In Numbers’, the London Rape Crisis Centre said, stating that ‘The myth that it is committed by a madman in an alley is widely the reality that is strongly enforced by the media...this means that we are responsible in some way, if the men we know’. However evidence reveals that 70% of rapes occur through surprise attack by a stranger. And also, statistically and face, ‘a great deal of their time is spent with the intention of changing society’s rape is not a phenomenon which admission of their sexual nature.

Rape Crisis Centre is a collective of researchers set out to enter high street newsagents to buy examples of porn, ranging from topless snaps and articles in ‘The Independent’, dated April 17, 1989, two recent American surveys estimate that as few as one in ten actually do so.

The women often emerge from court shocked and appalled at how outrageous and unjust attitudes to rape are still considered normal in our courts. According to ‘Sexual Violence: the Reality for Women’, typical defence questioning allowed by the judge might be: Did you enjoy it? Why didn’t you try to escape? You asked him to do it, didn’t you? This unacceptable contempt of the law, this betrayal by the system, feels to most who go through it like another form of rape.

A woman who would decide that it might not be in her best interests to report a crime of rape starts us on a complex trip dealing mainly with the blame factor arising out of society’s beliefs about who and what a woman subjected to rape is. The issues involved around the subject of rape make dealing with attitudes difficult. Rape could be described as any form of sexual intimacy forced upon a woman. However society demands a much narrower legal definition. Thus in law rape is defined as forcible penetration of the vagina by the penis. What this therefore excludes, and what falls to a lesser charge, is penetrations by hands or objects which are said to carry no risk of insertion of semen and thus no violation of the women’s ability to bear legitimate children. But there really a reduction in the level of degradation suffered between the two evils?

This touches upon the topic of pornography. In an article in ‘The Sunday Times’, dated April 4, 1982, two researchers set out to enter high street newsgate to buy examples of porn, ranging from topless snaps and newspapers. In newspaper, in many cases, no penetration.

What the two male researchers revealed was profoundly upsetting. A popular image was to suggest women as young childlike girls - unversning as we begin to uncover the mammoth horror of incest and paedophilia in our society - or with weapons being inserted into the woman, or with woman portrayed as being excited by violent abuse of their bodies. Evidence revealing that such publication does affect the mind of women would then add more weight to the Clare Short Bill to prevent publication of Page Three Pin-up girls in newspapers. It means that the children’s social class as nothing more than good clean fun. But where does the so-called ‘cleanliness’ of all end and become something else?

Some man commented to Claire Short when she was originally pressing forward with her Bill that, "You are against pornography just because you are too ugly to rape". Apart from this frightening connection between sexual attacks and porn, there is also a level that physical to do with the rapists gone to the High Court, the ages of females have ranged from 10 months to 91 years of age.

believe the evidence in court, as the man in question is a "grand chap, a Mason, devoted to his children...". In fact most cases brought to court show that the man, upon examination, is totally ill.

In highlighting some of these myths involved in rape we are led to the politics of the issue itself. If the myths of rape are society’s response to the problem, then the politics of the monster would seem to lie beneath the surface of society itself. Rape is violence against women. It is a crime by men against women. The Edinburgh Rape Crisis Centre report of 1978-1988 suggests that it is an offense perpetrated to sustain male domination over women, and a method of controlling them within society. On a more individual level it is an expression of hatred against the opposite sex.

From the beginning girls are so affected by socialization as a socially deception, and co-operatively. Male children are taught to adopt fighting attitudes, on the other hand. Throughout the teenage years, girls are psychologically conditioned to accept boys, but not to make such an approach obvious or direct. Sex can be traded, it is seen as something that if not given in exchange can be bought, or traded to be taken.

This creates a masculine aggression with a female passivity. Life for women can seem to be little more than a sexual act, with some more than what the connotation occurs. After all, what’s in a woman’s mind? Is it designed to batter only? At least we are conditioned to accept it as such.

There does not seem to be a safe middle way by which a woman can be both political and reasona-ble whilst maintaining her dignity amongst them. There should be no need to reach extremist positions in order to hysterically protect our rights.

But sometimes it would appear necessary. A recent article in ‘Cosmopolitan’, issue dated November 1989, entitled ‘The Things That Men Assume About Women’, was researched by a man who collected the views of his friends and colleagues to show the attitudes of the ‘new-age man’. The survey provided some striking results, apparently ‘Would you like to come up for a coffee?’ has an entirely different connotation for men. 55% reckoned that this meant that the woman who asked it really wanted to go to bed with them.

The rape of a hard issue to face then, lying as it does beneath a tissue of faults and popular misconceptions about women and their personal rights. These faults lie partly with the justice system which is predominantly male and archaic. The examples I heard from Rape Crisis of typical court cases are deeply depressing. I do not wish to mention them, enough to say that a need for change exists.

Women feel powerless to voice their rights for fear of retribution or purely no response at all. This tortured inarticulate silence seems to be a common factor which unites the experience of all a woman.

One day though I hope that people will take whole responsibility for their individual lives, and that they would be prepared to take the time to respect and The lives and rights of others. Men need to change their attitudes, but they will not if we right them all off as criminals. As one woman who has suffered rape commented, "We need to make them our allies in fighting this - not our enemies".
DAVE ROBB AND THE FILMMAKERS/KITH AND KIN
The Venue

DISPLAYING more confidence and precision than ever before, Dave Robb took the venue by storm. As always, his bouchouki playing provided the focus for most of the songs. With the new bass player adding a funkier edge: Neil Sommerville giving a shimmering lesson in drumming and Jenny's fiddle providing a perfect compliment to Robb's voice.

The highlights of the set had to be the glorious "Border Lines" and the uplifting "Come To Me Now" - a song dedicated to East German friends.

Sharing the bill, Kith and Kin played with an unbridled hunger and enthusiasm. The infectiously melodic "Shining Through" sent the front of the house into a dancing frenzy. Mickey's voice glinted with tenderness; the bass and drums of brothers Conrad and Willy provided a strong base for the rest of the music. The versatility of Ben Molleson was inspiring - beautifully haunting pipes on "Heartcry", energetic fiddle on "Discovery Road" and accordion on "Wet City Nights".

Kith and Kin showed, along with the Filmmakers, they are one of Edinburgh's best unsigned talents.

Alasdair Kelly

DIESEL PARK WEST/ENERGY ORCHARD
The Venue

As a fourteen year old I remember feeling personally insulted every time critics likened Big Country's guitar sound to bagpipes. Somehow the Celtic crusade provided an escape for all my teenage anxieties. Had Energy Orchard been around then they might have championed my cause, but all they remind me of now is times past. Passionate guitar-playing over laid tribal and military rhythms as they gave a spirited and committed performance. Their conviction succeeded in obscuring their musical failings and unoriginality.

Diezel Park West were upping their game. Their name is obviously designed to provoke images of trans-continental and Yorkies; had their name been more representative of their music I would have been listening to the far less romantic Diezel Park West Bromwich. They were dirty, ugly, tune-less and just plain dreadful. I can't understand how people can waste time and money on such drivel. The between-song banter would have been more appropriate for a stadium audience than for a barely three-quarters full Venue.

Tonight, as sometime happens, the support band outshone their headlining partners. It wasn't hard.

Maggie Willis

FAITH NO MORE
Network

PITFUCK a powerchord, then add a monster funk bass, relentless Afro rhythm, and an atmospheric synth. What is it? It's the essence of Faith No More.

The band came on (from out of nowhere?) and ripped through the first half dozen songs with hardly a pause for breath. The packed house went wild. There was nothing missing, the band had musical ability, commitment, variety (a brief foray into Pump Up The Jam), and humour. "This one's called Robert The Bruce Is Gay". The whole band sweated pints, and Mike Bordin (drums) literally bled for the beat. Special mention must go to new vocalist Mike Patton, who has firmly established himself as part of the band. He doesn't ooe the attitude of Chuck Mosely, but he is a talented singer and a charismatic frontman in his own right. Faith No More are dead - Long Live Faith No More!

Mike Horshburgh

JESSE GARON AND THE DESPERADOES
Potterow

THERE can't be many bands in Scotland less fortunate than the Desperadoes. Every time I see them play live they have improved, and yet they still fail to gain the popular acclaim they deserve, further confirming my suspicions that success is inversely related to talent.

I really don't understand it.

Simon Kellas

Their set was brilliant, new songs like "Deliverance" and "Hold Me Now" almost eclipsing old favourites like "The Adam Faith Experience". Vocalist Andrew Tully has a promising career in alternative comedy awaiting him if his plans for pop stardom fall through; but can the Desperadoes really get much better and still remain unknown. (Absolutely - Ed.) I hope not. Because one of these days they might just decide that enough is enough and pack it all in. And that would make me very sad and very, very angry.

Andrew Williams

Competition & Results

Here we go again. Another competition, more wonderful prizes and lots of happiness in Edinburgh's student population. This week even we think we've surprised ourselves with two pairs of tickets on offer for the long-anticipated show by The Cramps in Glasgow on Feb 21st.

To get your mits on these latest after objects simply tell us the name of The Cramps' last album. Answers to the Student offices by Monday 12th February.

Three people did just that in response to the recent Lightning Seeds competition: Stephen Moore, 9 Spottiswoode Road and Stephanie Ball, 10 St Mary's Street. They can collect their prizes on Friday at the Student offices.

Magnus Willis

SATURDAY night was value for money night, as Claytown Troupe and Under Neath What joined forces at the Venue for a double bill which sold out pretty fast, an indication of the growing popularity of both bands.

When I last saw Under Neath What two years ago they were shite, and now they're, well, um, okay I suppose. A hairy three piece 'gothy' band, the bass player was pissed, the singer mouthed off continuously, and the drummer just drummed. Not bad, not particularly good.

Claytown Troupe are a different kettle of fish. Add a touch of metal, a hint of goth and a small dash of pop to a standard rock formula and you may get the idea. Although not particularly original in style, their musical competence and attitude would have blown Under Neath What off the stage. If either of these two is destined for greater things it is Claytown Troupe, who deserve it, and I wouldn't be surprised to hear the sounds of "Hey Lord" echoing around Wembley arena in the not-so-distant future.

Mike Horshburgh

The Venue

CLAYTOWN TROUPE/ UNDER NEATH WHAT

THEIR SEt was brillian t, their music like "Deliverance" and "Hold Me Now" almost eclipsing old favourites like "The Adam Faith Experience". Vocalist Andrew Tully has a promising career in alternative comedy awaiting him if his plans for pop stardom fall through; but can the Desperadoes really get much better and still remain unknown. (Absolutely - Ed.) I hope not. Because one of these days they might just decide that enough is enough and pack it all in. And that would make me very sad and very, very angry.

Simon Kellas
FRIENDS OF HARRY
Friends Of Harry Allied Cassette

A RECENT Saturday night at The Broken Doll in Newcastle, a close runner up to the Black Hole of Calcutta in any competition for seedy dens of iniquity. Outside it's snowing. Things look distinctly unpromising. Then six people enter as smiles as wide as the Tyne take to the stage and life immediately looks up again. Make no mistakes, given the right breaks Friends Of Harry are speedily heading for the door marked 'success'.

This four-track cassette, whilst not quite matching the sparkle of the live incarnation of the band, still gives ample warning of what we have on hands. With a vibrant mix of accordin, double bass and guitar, spurred on by a pounding rhythm section, they produce a sound reminiscent of The Pogues or The Waterboys, not so much because of the type of music on offer, but because of the enthusiasm and joy (if you like) which permeates the whole thing.

GREEN ON RED
Couldn't Get Arrested
China 12"

WHEN Green On Red first came on the scene a few years ago they distinguished themselves by sounding almost exactly like Neil Young. Couldn't Get Arrested is a progression from those early days: it sounds almost exactly like Neil Young impersonating Bob Dylan. The b-side Broken Radio sounds like Neil Young being impersonated by Jeffery Lee Pierce. Both are perfectly pleasant and plaintive slices of yearning redneck melancholy. (It's nice here. Now special, though.

Stephen Barnothy

ANDY WHITE
Six String Street
Cooking Vinyl Single

IT'S back to basics time with the songwriter/songwriter as Andy returns to doing what he does best, clever lyrics matched with a simple but irresistably infectious melody. The complicated arrangements of the last LP are swapped for a simple and more effective form of acoustic rock. Andy wears his heart on his sleeve yet again in an almost jubilant fashion and the result is a three minute high of pure pop brilliance; upbeat and uplifting, a marked departure from his more gloomy vinyl outings. The Belfast balladeer shifts his attention back to home as he reminisces about past and present loves, even mentioning his employment as Wogan's researcher, something I personally would have kept quiet does best, clever lyrics matched with a simple but irresistably infectious melody.

Stephen Barnothy

BLUE AEROPLANES
Jacket Hands
Chrysalis 7"

RICHLY, ponderously struck guitar chords introduce the Blue Aeroplanes' finest hour to date. Jacket Hands is a song of menace, feeding of Gerard Langley's sanes-insane ramblings "...Jacket hands, just go, you're inside..." and all the while the guitars roam. An Apocalyptic vision of mild stomach-ache and a bucolic dimension to this atmospheric piece of emo, Sonia, I think. Robin Mitchell

TEARDROP EXPLODES
Serious Danger
Fontana Single

THIS IS very strange indeed. Our Julian's voice battles joyfully with this primitive Acid track to produce a dance floor hybrid that is as mutant as it is breathtaking. But as the 'missing' Teardrop LP is poised to hit the streets, it raises one question: if this was recorded in 1982 it is without doubt a work of genius as it precedes the Acid House "genre" by some six years. So either Julian is the genius we all know he is, or Julian is also the barefaced liar we know he is.

"Don't expect my honest words" warns Julian, as he singlehandedly invents House music. But whether sincerely remixed or not, it's still seriously brilliant and worth the eight years wait.

Keiron Mellotte

THE LIGHTNING SEEDS
Cloudeduck Island
Ghetto LP

ANY SIX-year-old will tell you that cream cakes are great, but if you eat too many you'll be sick. Such is the problem for The Lightning Seeds. When they floated into the summer top ten with the lightweight but likable "Pure", it was, rightly, seen by many as the sweet treat in an otherwise bland diet of Kyle, Sonia, Bros and the rest. However, multiplied by ten and put on an album, at least a slightly nauseous feeling seems inevitable.

Only the opening track, All I Want, sees chief Seed Ian Broudie move away from the safe and inoffensive "Pure" formula with a nod to his old collaborators, The Bunnymen, and the sort of tune Ian McCulloch has spent years looking for.

Too much of the rest is pop-by-numbers, harmless enough but lacking any real bite. Of course Broudie's voice doesn't exactly help here: truly the man could graphically recount the gruesome axe murder of his parents and still sound like he's describing a plunk warping in the rain.

That said, there were well-written and crafted songs which suggest that given some extra inspiration or innovation, something to temper the overheating messiness of it all. The Seeds could well provide a rich harvest yet. For the moment though it's a case of mild stomach ache and a bucketful of unfilled potential.

Robin Mitchell

FISH
Vigil In A Wilderness Of Mirrors
EMI LP

FISH is in love, as socially conscious as ever, and glad to be on his own. Escaping from a static band line up sees him experimenting again and suitable to new ideas. This eight-track result is refreshing, moving away from that Marillion sound, yet not so far for it to be a disappointing departure for those who cherished

Abhion Brown

the old bands partnership. Vigil in a wilderness of mirrors sees Fish poring in and out of Mr Bens wardrobe of styles, a laid back Ferry look for 'State of Mind', and a fish-eye interpretation of Peter Gabriel 'Big Time' for 'Big Wedge'. Oats for the singles so far. Ultimately, the album maintains a prog-rock feel, whilst being emotionally grounded under a much more accessible, and up to date sleekskin. Sure, the Pink Floyd look still lingers, but folky, orientated sounds, and background guitar wails that seem appropriate for a film track add a catchy and atmospheric dimension to this first solo venture.

Significantly dropping words for words sake, lyrics as usual hold a conceptual theme, illustrated by an excessively complicated cover. The hill is Fish's current symbol, and he's on top of it looking down. The jester is dumped in a radioactive waste-can. The crucifixion spews blood. It is a claustrophobic doom of death, but the inspirational spice of emo, Sonia. I think.

Craig McLaren

catch them live if you can or alternatively this tape is available for £2.50 from Allied Agency, F6 Tottenham Court Rd, London. As record companies desperately look for the next big thing, it can't be long before Friends Of Harry find their rightful position in the music world.

John Tunson

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1990 13

music

vinyl
Daily Mail which, that word conjures up). "still
soon the island's Theatre Workshop after the original story, the acquis-
THE LONG JOHN SILVER Chests, and the legendary duce an atmospheric setting.
often heard during the per-
play, and even though Long and both humour and intensity
based Kneehigh Theatre who Described as
"DELIGHTFUL" (with all the associations of Certainly the lighter moments
billboards outside describing it as that little hint of mild diversion
sed their development from
gawky children into entertaining.
and
America, the play Aimed at all ages, the play
written
production by Cornwall the same as ever.
and
Describing the play as visually effective and
love aspect was provided
by Lucia and Hughie as we
part in
France, it is the

TALLY'S BLOOD
Traverse Theatre
Until 11 February
THE proverbial "simple love story" was the framework upon which the heavyweight themes of cultural prejudice and identity were not so much hung but bumbled on; to gel and eventually solidify the Traverse's latest production. "Tally's Blood" written by writer in residence, Ann di Maura received its pre-
premiere last Friday.
The love aspect was provided by Lucia and Hughie as we witnessed their development from gawky children into embarrassingly earnest sweethearts, before across and beyond the war years; whilst the cultural prejudice/identity was courtesy of Lucia's Italian cousin and guard-

THE LAST VOYAGE OF LONG JOHN SILVER
Theatre Workshop
31 January - 1 February
"YO HO HO" is a sound often heard during the perfor-
performance of "The Last Voyage of Long John Silver", a show produced by Cornwall based Kneehigh Theatre who are currently on a national tour. Jolly Rogers, treasure chests, and the legendary bottles of rum appear in abundance throughout the play, and even though Long John Silver is now retired in the twentieth century, he is still taking part in swashbuckling, glory-seekng antics.
Set in South America, the play opens with the spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson evoking Long John Silver from the past. Silver soon acquires an unnamable crew and sets sail in the resurrected "HMS Isola", heading directly for Treasure Island. However, network, a Spy Agency, are torturing the island's inhabitants in order to locate hidden gold deposits and the subsequent destruction of Treasure Island is about to occur. Though set two hundred years after the original story, the acquis-

HUIS CLOS
Adam House Theatre
30 January - 2 February
"WHATEVER CIRCLE of hell we live in I think we are free to break out" said Jean-Paul Sartre in "L'Enfer et le Neant" and it is around this theme that his play "Huis Clos" centres. It focuses on the interaction between a les-

EL CONCIERTO DE SAN OVIDIO
Adam House
14-16 February
THE LATEST production by the department of His-
panic Studies is engaging stuff even for those who speak no Spanish.

DIE KLEIN-BURGERHOCHEZET
Theatre
7-9 February
THIS year's offering from the EU's German Drama Group promises to go down in the annals as another classic under the inspired direction of debutante Helga Schwalm. One of Bertolt Brecht's first plays, written before his dramatic theories got the better of him.

preview
Catherine Mac
Hugh and Lucia Swing melodrama, conventionality and that little hint of mild diversion which that word conjures up -
Certainly the lighter moments of the play were handled with a delicate sense of the comic and Blyth Duff and Paul Nixon are the young Lucia and Hughie who

The apt simplicity of the scenery and the sensitive reading of the script allowed the audience to feel the external world the characters confrontted and their psychological suffering. Each character's self-talking part in the main action of the play also conveyed an inner tension, which was not always explicit to the other perform-

The almost inevitable statistics of the situation was avoided by the ease of the whole stage and the dramatic interaction between the characters.

The show was definitely worth a viewing for French speakers, perhaps the only truly disappoint-

This is "Lucifer's Bell", a new play by student Chris Young which comes to the Bedlam this Wednesday lunchtime. Directed by Jonny Mallet, the play-script is being adapted into a screenplay by the author and Tim Dinnan, to be filmed over Easter by rising independent film company Dead Fly Films.

DIE KLEIN-BURGERHOCHEZET

Student
THE ARTIST'S CHOICE
369 Gallery
until 24 February

THIS IS an annual exhibition selected by the artists resident at the 369 Gallery studios: contemporary art chosen by other contemporary artists. It works! One would like to say yes but, the truth is that the mish-mash created by works so diverse and varied in quality looks simply thrown together.

Few of the works (and there are only ten of them) are outstanding. John Kraska's untitled painting with hues of deep orange creates an impact. Reminiscent of Jasper Johns' painting "Flag", he has gone further in relating his own work to contemporary events.

Red silk banners, knotted (perhaps symbolically) and resplendent with Chinese characters hang on either side of the painting. The painting itself is an amalgamation and a deterioration of the flags of the Soviet Union, China and Britain and the artist's gesture gives the illusion that not only have the flags been diversely and seriously nature of the prints, but are made curiously more certainly demands a visit.

The woodcuts are full of expressionist detail, using each mark to power the movement within the image. Ivy Mutila's untitled print of tribal dancers was particularly successful in its vibrant energy.

The mere, brooding contemptuous works needed to be complemented with lesser compositions and some freer use of colour in order to lighten the tone and lead in some air. The two small colourful prints by Fiona Dickens in mixed media were not enough to provide this contrast.

This exhibition is definitely a worthwhile visit, as the workshop clearly demands a visit. It enables the artist to share the experience of showing their work to others. It also gives us an impression of current trends in the colleges and as such is a valuable item.

One also remembers of the availability of art at realistic prices beyond the usual fare of the art shops and auction houses.

Toby Gaughan

PRINTS FROM SCOTTISH ART COLLEGES
Edinburgh - Printmakers Workshop and Gallery
until 23 February

TUCKED AWAY in Union Street, the Printmakers Gallery (a huge converted steamhouse), hosts a presentation of monoprints, etchings and woodcuts selected from the four Scottish Art Colleges. The rhythmic sounds of the pressies and the smells of linocut and printing in rising from the workshop beneath, provides a suitable accompaniment to the visual experience of these works which, set within the original context of their conception, are made curiously more approachable.

The gallery space is large and full of light which sets off the dark and serious nature of the prints. The medium requires contrast of current trends in the colleges and as such is a valuable item.

A CHILDLIKE sweetness and delicacy is the first thing you will notice in this charming collection of recent works by Anne Burns of the Glasgow School of Art. The ensemble of works presented would almost certainly not be the public's choice.

Victoria O'Brien

RECENT WORK BY SYLVIA VON HARTMANN
WSW
Open Eye Gallery
until 15 February

A CHILDLIKE sweetness and delicacy is the first thing you will notice in this charming collection of recent works by Anne Burns of the Glasgow School of Art. The ensemble of works presented would almost certainly not be the public's choice.

SOME of these paintings are deep, dark and mysterious, others full of light and colour with comic X-ray effects, as in "My bedroom in a gorse bush". This quirky sense of humor is also seen in "A Leaf is Dreaming" where a genuine albeit rather dead leaf is stacked on the outside of the glass frame as if peering in on its own dream happening inside. Although not instantly striking, these small scale works have an enchanting delicacy which calls to mind the work of artists like Klee and Chagall.

Also on display is the imposing statue of Andrew Broughton-Tomkins in a severe classical style softened by its rich tangerine colour. These large heavy pots are raku-glazed; the beautiful cracked glaze look achieved by taking the ware out of the kiln when still very hot and cooling it suddenly in cold water or sand. Also worth a look is the architecturally inspired work of James Furneaux, a collection of dark heavy watercolours outlined in spiky black, which are in sharp contrast to the rest of the month's paintings on display.

Hester Marriott

THE CORE
The Gilded Balloon
February 3

DRAPPED IN A beige that would have put Habitat cushions to shame, Bob Downe belted out a "heartfelt" version of "New York, New York". With a mix of song and a good measure of audience ridicule he set off "The Core" evening of stand-up comedy. Downe's high camp made way for the gentle, philosophical humour of Gordon Robertson. Pointing out the absurdities of nursery rhymes, football commentaries and space explorers, his sharp, witty aside grabbed the audience's imagination.

Next to the stage, Donna MacPhail who covered a lot of topical issues but found her finest moments with her light-hearted lyrics to Marks and Spencer's board, said that on the new age of man. Using Emz Blyton as her role model she could not fail to give an assured performance of quality. The host re-entered after yet another costume change, now wearing flares that the Stone Roses might have thought twice about, to present the top of the bill act, Mark Steel. A great purveyor of savage truths and satire, the executed good impressions of Ben Elton and Neil Kinnock. While most of his routines were razor sharp, there is such a thing as too much of a good thing. As the set stretched over, the hour mar sporadic conversa- tions broke out among the audience as attention spans burned. Mark Steel is a good comedian, but will only find greatness if he learns how to leave an audience wanting more.

Alasdair Kelly

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TEATR DĘDYKACJA
Edinburgh College of Art
3-4 February

AN EVENING of Polish plays may not be everyone's idea of a fun night out and admit to feeling more than a little apprehensive when entering the intimate Sculpture Court in which the two plays, Mrozek's "Out at Sea" and Witcacy's "The Madman and the Nun" were staged by the recently formed Theatre Dedykacja.

The first work, "Out at Sea", seemed straightforward, even simple, with three shipwrecked survivors cast adrift on a raft without food. There is only one solution: one must be killed so that the others can eat him and survive. But who?

Appearances can be deceptive, they say, and this is certainly the case here: the question as to who will provide the next meal is resolved in a confusion of blurred reasons and twisted ideology, until the weakest of the trio is all but convinced to lay down his life to satisfy his companion's appetite. With its intricate allusions to the destructive pet-owning nature of Communism, "Out at Sea" was a bitingly witty piece. Its humour assuaged all the more effectively by the darker implications arising from this inherently absurd situation.

After the first play, I expected something similar from the second. How wrong I was. Surreal, bizarre, obscure - I don't know how to describe "The Madman and the Nun", but I liked it. A dialogue between an incarcerated poet and a devout nun is only the starting point for a remarkable tour-de-force exploring last, revenge, insanity and humanity against a terrifying backdrop of repression and fear.

This newly-created theatre company have achieved a stunning debut that makes one hungrier for more. Using the full expanse of the palatial Sculpture Court, the two actors gave memorable performances and to single out one would be a cruel injustice to the other. Both actors gave their all for the benefit of the audience, each contributing towards a memorable production. Experimental, unique, visually superb.

Neil Smith

CASUALTIES OF WAR
Dr. Brian de Palma
Odeon

DESPITE enjoying a high reputation amongst film critics, Brian de Palma's track record has not been too impressive of late. A good film like The Untouchables being the exception rather than the rule. With this in mind, it has to be said that his current contribution to the Vietnam movie genre ranks a few points below "necessary" on the "is it worth it?" scale.

The film, based on a true incident, tells the story of an American soldier in Vietnam played by Michael J. Fox who is the only member of his squad not to take part in the kidnap and rape of a Vietnamese woman. Given such a story, the film claims to be the first to show the suffering of the Vietnamese by the invading American forces, but in reality it rather concentrates on the somewhat less harrowing suffering of the guilt-ridden Fox as he sends his brothers-in-arms off to lengthy jail sentences.

Although most of the film's problems stem from its script and casting, de Palma's direction does it no favours either. His biggest fault over the years has been to extend moments of suspense way past the point where it generates tension and excitement in the audience in into the area known as tedium. He is presented several such opportunities during the course of this film, and never once fails to have one of his characters take a good minute to cover a distance that you or I could stroll along in under ten seconds. Add to this his tendency to throw in crazy camera angles whenever unnecessary (possibly used here to make Michael J. Fox look taller) and it all becomes profoundly off-putting.

The troubles with Casualties of War comes, however, from its script by David Rabe, and its apalling references to other, better Vietnam movies. There is the helicopter/fan motif from Apocalypse Now, some dialogue straight from Full Metal Jacket, Dale Eve from Platoon and some ill-fitting why-are-we-here speeches from Hamburg Hill, as well as some lengthy doses of incomprehensible GL-speak in order to make it "realistic". The Vietnamese woman's kidnap and rape take so long to occur that it is hard to feel sorry for anyone, and at the actual moment of rape we are shown Michael J. Fox "suffering" out in the rain as a result of his heroic stand. All the way through the film it's him we're supposed to feel sorry for and the result is much like a film that says "isn't life awful for white liberals in South Africa"? Yes it is, but it's a picnic compared to being black. Because the Fox character, Eriksson is established as being such a good guy early on, there is nothing surprising in his later stance and hence nothing in the way of character development. There is also a badly staked rancio in that only the squeaky-clean WASP doesn't go around raping women, whereas the Mexican, Italian- and Irish-Americans all do.

There is, somewhere in here, the makings of a good film about Vietnam, but neither de Palma nor Rabe seem interested in getting it out. Despite Eriksson's bold stand to defend the woman, he shows no signs of questioning the American presence in his own country, and is perfectly happy to shoot in truest Rambo style all of his compatriots who object to his being there. The film is also spoiled by some silly plot devices and some careless writing. The squad leader, Mescove, played with inarticulate pugilism by Sean Penn, is only supposed to be twenty, but we the audience only learn this at the end of the film, having assumed that Penn is supposed to be the 25 plus that he looks. This casts a whole new colour on his actions, and would have made the film stronger if the right of rights and wrongs of giving so much power to such a young man had we been informed of this nearer the start. Too many characters are introduced merely to serve a one-dimensional purpose, such as Cherry and Mescove's best friend Brown, both of whom are killed in rather predictably short times. Likewise the climax of the film where the Americans end up in a firefight with the enemy when the White with éclat exposed on a bridge and yet emerge unchipped thanks to the sort of fortune normally associated with Mr. Stallone's little epics. Despite this film's sympathies for the Vietnamese only the villain Odnin is shown as anything other than a war-movie standard "gook" and even as she does the camera remains targeted on Fox. The flashback structure make it seem as if Eriksson dreams the whole thing away, ending in truly ridiculous. De Palma and his cinematographer Stephen Burum pull the remarkable achievement of making Thailand look less like Vietnam than the Royal Opera of London used by Stanley Kubrick in Full Metal Jacket. It is hard to take Fox seriously in his role and Penn's inarticulacy is wearsome, having seen him do it in so many other films.

The motivation behind the making of this film seems to have had more to do with jumping on a bandwagon than with putting the historical record straight, and given the scale of worthwhile Vietnam movies, the weakest of the trio is all but forgotten. It is in fact the exception rather than the rule which makes de Palma's film so interesting.

Scribner's sensitive interpretation of the tragic and horrific events of the period, range and body to this perennially fresh score. The phrasing articulate, but the colour was weak, ensuring that the work flowed naturally and spoke effectively.

The work was only remarkable for its brevity and its inclusion seemed unjustifiable. Carole Farley's sensitive interpretation of the Lisztian lyricism to The Ugly Duckling, but the work lacked spontaneity and the composer's wild character. Prokofiev's personality, Dvorak's Czech Suite completed the programme, but did not provide a performance of vivid immediacy.

Alan Campbell

The work ranges over a wide range of emotions, from the bizarre to the ecstatic.

The underpinning of the work is the Trudeau's extraordinary and often incomprehensible imagery of Rimbau's texts.

Carole Farley, a famous figure in the opera, keenly characterised the songs with her idiosyncratic dramatic style. Lyrical incomprehension was occasionally lost as her French diction was unclear, but her passionate interpretation conveyed the essentially erotic nature of the texts. She was at her best in the coloratura complexities of "Marine", combining operatic intensity with drama. It was a distinguished performance of a work that can be approached from a plurality of perspectives. The string accompaniment was thrillingly played and perceptively conducted.

The SCO included three works by Prokofiev in their programme, but did not succeed in expressing his multifaceted musical identity. The Classical Symphony is a brilliant, but superficial work and does not expose the composer's complex self-contradictory nature. However, Jos
A DRY WHITE SEASON
Dir: Eurinh Palye
Cameo
IT IS an irony of the anti-apartheid film that its most striking dramatic device is often also responsible for its most serious flaws. The absolute division between good and bad; between black and white; ensures that the audience can never be confronted by any sense of dilemma, and thus that the films (besides "A World Apart") can be, though emotive, also short on sophistication.

While the simple emotional fist served Richard Attenborough well, it was not likely to carry the new ground: it powerfully narrates a harrowing tale of horrific racial injustice and also shares with "Cry Freedom" the awakening of a white conscience and his heroism is not in even-handed analysis. The function of moral imposition and everyday life. Here, we are not given a beginners guide to narcotics; the trap of cataloguing the most effective drugs and how to take them is avoided.

In the first few minutes it seems to be following this line of thought, but it is merely revealing the futile hierarchies and street laws found in a drug culture. This point is illustrated by Bob's (Matt Dillon) belief in 'hexs', superstitions which he allows to guide and rule his fate. Soon, however, the pace and plot carry you away from this way, but the line is thin.

Dillon, who sheds his usual attraction (as a teenage fantasy) for a policeman, the next, being caring rather than people. It seems to feel for the business of acting, the dubious question which hangs over "Drugstore Cowboy" is whether it will glamorize the use of drugs, a hugely controversial issue at the best of times, especially in America where it is a drug culture.

Gas Van Sant makes use of experimental techniques: the dreamy, tripping sequences are colourful and abstract, with dialogue describing every physical sensation involved in shooting narcotics. These scenes are relatively successful in indicating the different levels to which drugs transport you, yet manage to remain firmly grounded in the cold reality of when the horse wears off.

The acting was good, especially Michael Douglas, who checks his usual attraction (as a teenage fantasy) for a convincing guise of sleaze appeal. He manages to show the various tensions in Bob's character, seeming evil, yet kind. One moment he is laughing at the shooting of a policeman, the next, being caring and paternal towards his friends. All the other characters are satirical, funny and real, yet what really makes the film is the pace and tension. The dubious question which hangs over "Drugstore Cowboy" is whether it will glamorize the use of drugs, taking for a young audience. It attempts not to in a tragi-comic way, but the line is thin.

Kripke James

Zakes Mokae and Donald Sutherland in A Dry White Season

What we do get in a very distinguished cast: Donald Sutherland, Susan Sarandon, Janet Suzman and Michael Gambon all do their bit for a good cause, but the whole enterprise is entirely overshadowed by the first sight of Brando on screen for nearly a decade. He turns in a performance as inflated as his waist, his 20 minute cameo completely unbalancing the rest of the film, but is difficult to tell whether the loveliness he exudes is merely a facet of his role (a lawyer), or indicative of the contempt he professes to feel for the business of acting.

In any case, he has since disowned the film, penned, for a change, by his treatment at the hands of the studio, having donated his hard-earned $14 million to various anti-apartheid groups. Even now, Brando feels unexpected. In spite of this, the film is being marketed largely around his presence, which sadly, reflects its dearth of novelty. Its most distinctive attribute is the unequivocal adoration of taking eyes for eyes, and liberating through violence. It is to be hoped that recent developments may begin to make this attitude obsolete and render anti-apartheid films interesting only as historical monuments.

Andrew Mitchell

Matt Dillon and Kelly Lynch in Drugstore Cowboy

Supplied by Fast Forward Video

Video Top Twenty

1. The Accused
2. Dead Ringers
3. The Big Blue
4. The Accident Tourist
5. A Fish Called Wanda
6. Twin Peaks
7. Baghdad Cafe
8. Cocktail
9. The Year My Voice Broke
10. Scandal
11. Pascall's Island
12. Baron Munchausen
13. A Fish Called Wanda
14. Jean De Florette
15. The Tail Guy
16. Unbearable Lightness Of Being
17. The Fruit Machine
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3. **SATURDAY**
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4. **SUNDAY**
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**THURSDAY**

**FREEDOM**

- The music's improving week by week, and appealing to all tastes - a club to be checked out.
  - Willie House, Cowgate
  - 10.30pm - 2am
  - £2

**SHAG**

- The Mission, Victoria St & Sandy Lads, Cowgate
  - 11pm - 3am
  - £2.50 (jake mixtape clubs)

**FRIDAY**

**BARRIO NEGRO**

- The promised mix of Latin, jazz and soul is proving increasingly popular - are they the only band to have housing?
  - Network 2, Tollcross
  - 10.30pm-4am
  - £2

**SPANISH HARLEM**

- Keep punking up those tracks (scripts)
  - Willie House, Cowgate
  - 10.30pm-3am
  - £2

**SATURDAY**

**DEVIL MOUNTAIN**

- On every weekend, this month, Julian & co play music till all can be called the very late hours...
  - Frankie's Villas
  - 11pm-4am
  - £3

**MAMBO CLUB**

- Becoming steadily busier, this club provides an African beat to the weekend.
  - Network 3, Tollcross
  - 10.30pm-3am
  - £2.50/82

**WEDNESDAY**

**SAFER & BREATHELESS**

I'm sure we could think up lots of witty comments for this one, but just make sure you're there to enjoy yourself.
  - £3

**THE DEEP**

- Why not have an early start to the weekend?
  - The Mission, Victoria St
  - 10.30pm-5am
  - £2

**DIARY**

- **SUNDAY**
  - TOTO AND THE JAZZ BOSTONS
    - 3.30 pm
  - RIVALS
  - Evening

- **MONDAY**
  - **LADY JACQUES**
    - All five films.

- **TUESDAY**
  - **EDUCATION**
    - 6.30, 8.45 pm
  - **THIRD WEEK OF FESTIVAL**
    - B&B, Cowgate

- **WEDNESDAY**
  - **JANE'S ADDICTION**
    - 7.30, 9 pm
  - **RUTHERFORD**
    - 11.30 pm

- **THURSDAY**
  - **MADONNA**
    - 8.45 pm
  - **TALKING HEADS**
    - 2.45 pm, 4.15 pm, 6.30 pm, 8.45 pm

- **FRIDAY**
  - **THE PINK FLOYD EXPERIENCE**
    - 8 pm
  - **DOROTHY L. Sayers**
    - 2.10 pm, 5.15 pm, 8.15 pm

- **SATURDAY**
  - **THE THREE MUSKETEERS**
    - 8.15 pm
  - **KEROUAC**
    - 2.15 pm, 8.15 pm

- **SUNDAY**
  - **MADONNA**
    - 8 pm
  - **LADY JACQUES**
    - 11.30 pm

**NETWORK**

**MEMPHIS DUCKS**

- 31-2.50, 2.30

**BARRIO NEGRO**

- 7.30 pm

**THE CENTURY**

- 12-4 pm

**POTTERROW UNION**

- 1.20 pm, 3.45 pm

**DEAN WARREN**

- 1.30 pm

**THE PLATINUM**

- 2.10 pm, 4.15 pm, 6.15 pm

**THE STAGE**

- 12.30 pm

**HARLEY HOUSE**

- 2.30 pm, 5.15 pm

**THE NAKED GUN**

- Fri & Sat

**THE GLEASON**

- 8.15 pm

**THE MARQUEE**

- 8.15 pm

**THE NAKED GUN**

- Fri & Sat

**THE CASUALTIES OF WAR**

- 8.15 pm

**FREE PEER**

- 8.15 pm

**SASSY BARTON**

- 2.30 pm

**THE FLAT**

- 8.15 pm

**THE NAKED GUN**

- Fri & Sat

**THE NAKED GUN**

- Fri & Sat

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**THE NAKED GUN**

- Fri & Sat
March for the 42nd Regiment, watch out especially though it's not too late to participate in the end of Green Awareness Week, the year for good causes. We're just at round the unions were rubbished and we loved them! (Conflict! What a band! Hooray! They breezes we're enjoying at the moment.

Against McDonalds at The Network on Thursday, and the following Monday rivalry with the patriotism has incited be back home tucked up safely in bed by beige-boy wonders fight it out on the, but soon as things are looking up again.

Pick up a programme and do your bit. Loads of things to do, political and cultural events all happening every evening by "The Advice Shop", 11.30

Before you start thinking that there's nothing else on; for many, a

Music-wise, you can still get tickets for Tommy Smith, at the Queen's ball on Friday, you can do much better for a night's entertainment. Try splashing out on ice cream at the seaside; but don't forget the umbrella.

Yes, I'd like to have a word with all those people who didn't read the

Moya Willie

NEVER in the field of musical combat (Corinth! What a band! Hooray! They breezes we're enjoying at the moment."

TV GUIDE

Sky's satellite dishes are proving a growing nuisance to these gullible frowns we're enjoying at the moment. Cofinal photo of rain in the face, lecture notes thrown across the Meadows. . . . . . would it all be bearable if we knew that a million dishes were being, broken beneath their own proud shadows of) Incidentally, I've no doubt it would be bearable for Mr Murdoch if he knew there were as many as a million of them; only 600,000 people have so far subscribed to face their wrath and their indignation declined. Rupert is losing £20 to £35 million a week, confirming remarks that his rivalry with the on-air politician Alan Bond has begun with a differentiation.

Much safer to stay in and watch those boy-boy wonders fight it out on the B&W's coverage of the Benson and Hedges at Wembley Arena. Yes, not only can they fill that arena-to-arena London venue, but dozens of others and watch footage's most unspoiled athletes locked in sporting combat. It's not a question of watching it because there's nothing else on, for many, a Jimmy White/John Virgo showdown is the chance of a once in a lifetime. Not unrealistic that it is followed on Monday evening by "The Advice Shop", 11.30 BBC 1.

Before you start thinking that derogation has already hit us, Channel 4 is starting an excellent series on women in sport, "The Sports Spring" still going strong. Channel 4 is really in head and shoulders above the rest. Even its game shows are obviously inspired; "Crystal Maze" starts this week, created by the men who brought us "The Rocky Horror Show" and "Treasure Hunt". Meanwhile, all accounts it is a painting and at moments enjoyable break in between documentaries on Moscow's mental health. Alternatively, from 10.30 to 11.30 on Wednesday morning the same channel is screening "Kama Sutra Rides Again". The second cartoon version.

Thomas Hiney
The thought of genetic engineering can cause some people to dream up images of evil geniuses in dimly-lit basement labs manufacturing armies of mutant super-beings to take over the world. Chia-Meng Teoh braved his worst fears to find out more about some of the medical applications of genetic manipulation.

In EVERY biological department in the University, somebody is tucked away in some obscure corner, engaged in some research in something they can’t even see. One such group are involved in genetic engineering, who are now beginning to master the art of gene manipulation, transforming the science of biology beyond all recognition. One of these people is Dr. Martin Hooper, an eminent molecular biologist in the department of Pathology.

Surprisingly enough, molecular genetics is a fairly new field. Man has long known that a means by which information required for life is stored and transmitted from generation to generation must necessarily exist in every organism, but nobody knew how. In the nineteenth century, however, a Bohemian monk, Gregor Mendel discovered that information is packaged in chromosomes and is preserved in the nucleus of every cell in discrete units called genes. A century later, genes were discovered to be composed of certain acids called deoxyribonucleic acids which were given the name DNA.

In 1953 Watson and Crick of Cambridge university, through a mixture of luck and hard work managed to work out the structure of DNA which consisted of a double helix with each helix being composed of a series of four different chemical bases.

**Genetic engineering is based on this understanding of DNA.** It quickly became clear that it would be possible to add foreign DNA to a cell and manufacture a protein that is characteristic of a different species. Most research was initially directed towards transferring human DNA into bacteria. This involves the transfer of human DNA into a bacterial plasma (a loop of DNA) using certain enzymes known as Restriction enzymes (R.E.).

The production of 5mg of somatostatin used to need 500,000 sheep’s brains. The same amount can now be produced in a week by a litre of bacteria.

The introduction of human DNA into mouse cells is a main source of research and several papers have been published on the subject. Dr. Hooper used genetic engineering to introduce specific genetic disorders analogous to human genetic diseases into mice. These animals can then act as models of human genetic disorders and permit studies which for ethical reasons cannot be carried out on human patients.

Mr. Brian Hill: a correction.

On the science page of the first issue of the spring term, Mr. Brian Hill of the Edinburgh Centre for Accelerated Learning was incorrectly referred to as Dr. Hill. We apologise for any inconvenience that this error may have caused him.

Not knowing our technology didn’t stop Hitler from doing what he was trying to do. If someone wanted to create a race of super beings, there are probably easier ways.

The photograph shows from left to right: (a) a normal mouse, (b) a chimera mouse, (c) a mouse with induced genetic defect.