VICTORIA GILlick★PEGASUS★COMPREHENSIVES
CRAIG RAINED★GRAPHIC IMAGES★TESCO’S
KOO STARK★PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION
NO.2 MICHAELMAS 1985 ★ 20P.
Dear Editor,

Whilst I found parts of Frank Luntz's article on Solidarity highly informative, others were hyperbolic and misleading. To describe Warsaw as 'Orwell's 1984 brought to life' is misleading. The architecture of Warsaw is fairly uniform, but given that the devastated capital was rebuilt from the rubble left by the Nazis, why Mr Luntz should jump to the conclusion that this is '1984' escapes me altogether. Presumably he didn't find the old part of the city, painstakingly put back together after World War II.

Mr Luntz gives us a picture of an ailing Poland, dominated by the black market, inadequate hotel beds, no ice, toilets which don't flush etc. etc. ...yet during a three-week stay in Poland last summer my overwhelming impressions were of an independent, tough and friendly people with a cynical sense of political humour often living in modest (though hardly Orwellian) conditions.

Whilst it is true that the Zomo, for instance, are brutal and callous, I met charming (honestly!) customs officials on entering and leaving Poland by train who made the East German officials look like Gestapo members.

Mr Luntz feels, like so many, tremendous support for Solidarity, yet seems unable to appreciate the complexity of Polish history since 1945, nor of Polish politics now. Whilst one cannot deny the heroic struggle of so many Poles, to paint a picture of 'no democracy or freedom since 1939' is merely to give a great disservice. Perhaps Mr Luntz should think about the vested interest of Western bankers in stabilising the regime which is in such debt - did I hear a sigh of relief in Wall Street and the City when the clamp-down came?

Perhaps it is unfair to imagine that Mr Luntz sees himself as a fellow hero of Solidarity, but perhaps he could save his preconceptions about Poland, which seem to miss the target somewhat, for the bar rather than the printer. If he really is interested in Solidarity perhaps he should learn more about Poland. It takes more than Jaruzelski to flatten Polish hope - look at Polish history.

Yours sincerely,

Tom Aston
Oriel College

Dear Ed.

Just a brief concern pointing the review of fast food joints in Oxford (ISIS No. 1 Michaelmas '85). Despite the evident in-depth knowledge and expertise of Messrs Thwaites and Mopsy, I feel obliged to mention the criminal omission of Pepper's which in the opinion of many surpasses Bret's for the quality of its burgers. So, if you're ever staggering out of Raoul's and fancy a bite you'll find Pepper's handily located a short crawl down Walton St.

Yours etc.

Ben Hall
Oxford's security and accommodation problems. Their event and one toilet between them, and that no woman should have asked them to move. They said that they were a collective and imprisoned in one en masse. As yet, the women have experienced no sexual harassment or discrimination, and a very positive attitude pervades the college. The welcoming society and three years have not gone amiss, and girls have been spotted singing boating songs in the beer yard. With 18 women rowing and a female football team in the pipeline, the 'Oriel spirit' seems irrepressible.

This initial female intake has been carefully stage-managed by the College as a 'non-event'. At least superficially, the smooth organisation and harmonious integration of this First Week would appear to have gone well. Yet it will take longer to determine whether age-old attitudes have really changed or if this is merely Oriel's token gesture to the 20th century.

Shanna Hawthorne

ORIEL GIRLS

It was a peaceful protest organised by the Left Caucus at St Hugh's. What could be more passive than that? asks Zoe Billingham, one of the demonstrators allegedly trodden on by Victoria Gillick and her husband at the Oxford Union on 17th October. She continues, 'We made it clear from the start that we would try to avoid violence, but the Union heavies were set on us; they started dragging us out of the building by our necks and hair, and all hell was very rough! We want an apology from Anthony Goodman for the behaviour of his employees!'

Goodman does not agree. 'They weren't peaceful. Their language was abusive and their behaviour threatening. They wouldn't listen, they wouldn't talk, they refused to have any sort of negotiation. One of them, I think it was Sarah Livingstone, said long before any scuffle: 'We will not let Mrs Gillick get away with it.'

'In solidarity with Oriel, we were demonstrating in a peaceful and legal manner,' says Zoe. 'We want our protest to be a reproach to the Oriel guards. We made it clear from the start that we would try to avoid violence, but they started dragging us out of the building by our necks and hair, and all hell was very rough! We want an apology from Anthony Goodman for the behaviour of his employees!'

Chief Scout, ten years in management, previously at Reading and Shrewsbury, he made the obvious successor to Jim Smith when he left for QPR in June. Evans can point to signs that John Aldridge, top goalscorer last season, is starting to regain his form, and he has promised a new look to the side.

Oxford United's disastrous start to the season runs against the cabinet's tough new economic measures, but渐进m the club's trump card is good football. Ray Houghton was recently signed from Fulham for £125,000 - a record for Oxford. How many clubs could boast such economy, and combine it with the success of the past couple of seasons? The club is in excellent shape. When Oxford United finally gets into gear, the small capacity is going to rob them of big matches. But this summer the DoS squad pushed their criteria of being an old-school football side, and sponsored Wangei and set up the Oxford United Trust. It was considerable. 'It's a matter of showing that we can do it. We want to do it. We're going to do it.'

Andrew Gill

The Oriel spirit

A woman's place, for the past 660 years, has been in Oriel College. But this year's intake of 22 female undergraduates threatens to undermine the boisterous, beer-swigging, heartiness which has so far characterised this all-male college.

Oriel has appeared increasingly anachronistic amongst 24 mixed colleges, and over the past seven years, as numbers and Worrall ratings alike have decreased, the possibility of admitting women undergraduates has remained in the balance. This deliberation has enabled Oriel to mix with plenty of forethought - a 'Women's Adviser' has been officially appointed and last year saw the formation upstairs. While the guests were having pre-dinner drinks, there was a lot of shouting from inside. The heavies were set on us; they started dragging us out of the building by our necks and hair, and all hell was very rough! We want an apology from Anthony Goodman for the behaviour of his employees!

Gilly's s.
It was Bertrand Russell who said, "I am firm, you are stub‐
born, and he is a pig-headed fool." Twenty years later the New
Statesman ran a competition to find modern-day equivalents
to 'firm', 'stubborn' and 'pig-headed fool'. One of the winning
entries was, I am London, you are Oxford and he is the London
School of Economics', the implication being not so
much to establish a once-and-for-all pecking order of the
universities but rather to show that the differences between
them are essentially differences of style. Believe it or not,
most people choose to come to this den of arrogance
and aggression.

Being a university concerned solely with the social sciences
makes for a strongly political atmosphere: be unpopular and
you will have little joy at LSE. Damien, even the choice of
where to eat or drink in college is a political decision. There
is a bar for the Tories and a bar for the Trots. The Liberals eat
their banana-flavoured yoghurts in the Sacken canteen and
other Trots can be found playing with their ouis regards in
the Union-run coffee bar. Nobody bats an eyelid, therefore,
when freshers are told that at LSE food is political – an
interesting variation to Dale Spender's dictum that the
personal is political.

Just because the socialists have two hang-abouts doesn't
automatically make LSE a lefty institution training interna-
tional terrorists with a view to the export of revolution. (An
American spins a yarn that when he told his father that he
was going to study at the LSE, his father replied: "You can't go to
the LSE, Karl Marx went there?!" In fact, three of the past five
Union sabatticls have been Liberal or independent. The
Left, however, remains the most organised political force; an
instantly appreciable fact if the Union meetings are witnes-
sed, and witnessed they must be. 600-plus turn up every
Thursday for what is for most the high point of the week.
Shouting, screaming, crying, fighting - it all happens there.
There'll be a pretty good excuse if you miss one ...

In short, as an academic, the courses are less regimented than
elsewhere; none of this compulsory two essays a week nonsense.
The School prefers to take students with experi-
ence of the 'outside world'. Those who come fresh from A-
levels think that they are on holiday for three years after
which they hang on with a third. Standards are
exacting and marking is harsh. There is a story currently
drifting the rounds that the last person to pass in
Monetary Economics was Lipsey! I'll name those to watch out for
in the academic staff include Fred Halliday in the Interna-
tional Relations Department and Patrick Dunleavy in the
Government Department.

LSE may be steeped in a maze of concrete but it is far from dull.
Oxbridge stuffery is laughed at and everyone seems to
remember the sketch in 'Yes, Minister' where Hacker's
permanent secretary is discussing with the Cabinet secretary
his minister's shortcomings:

Cabinet Secretary: He went to the LSE, you know.
Permanent Secretary: So did I. Permanence secretary is what I am sorry.
There are about half a dozen toffs and snobs at LSE and
they are generally made to feel as unwelcome as possible. If
anyone is 18th in line to the throne here, it is much more
likely that this refers to a person's position in the queue for
the lavatory than anything to do with royalty. If the latter
were the case the person concerned would keep it very quiet:
it's not the place for that sort of thing. LSE is, if I may use
the awful expression, declassé. It is quite common, in fact, for
people with public school accents to have something called
'de-education lessons'. Linton Kwesijohnson, the Black poet,
reputedly spoke the Queen's English when he first arrived,
but left LSE not only with a degree in Sociology but also
a street-smart accent.

One of the more shameful aspects of LSE is its rampant
sexism. In terms of lectures, only 10% of women get the top
jobs. On the sexual harassment front, a survey conducted
among women last year found that half the respondents felt
that they had experienced some form of sexual harassment.
However, the women students are not taking this lying down;
through their own organisation they negotiated a Women's
Centre through the Students' Union and have managed to
persuade the School to appoint a special adviser to women
students.

On the top floor of our Admin building sits the Director of
the LSE who, for the next five years at least, is Dr I. C. Paul,
an Indian economist and civil servant. The Director is what
any other college would call a principal. His functions include
such gargantuan tasks as attending the naming of a train 'The
London School of Economics', which, I jest not, will have
been the case by the time you read this article.

For many Americans, LSE stands for 'Let's See Europe';
they spend one term here before gallivanting off to
other countries. Occasionally they dislike the place, which is quite
understandable. The seductive powers of LSE require a long
time to take effect, but unlike most magic potions the charm
never leaves.

Iqbal Wahhab is an undergraduate at LSE and was editor of
'The Beaver', the LSE weekly newspaper.

There's quite a funny story which no one tells in southern
Corse because it's actually very sad, and because it relates to
a mode of social activity which is far from dead. It's about a
lettuce. One fine day, this lettuce was eaten by a donkey which
did not share the same owner and, as a result, was shot.
The owner of the dead animal now came on the scene, and
killed the owner of the forrmer lettuce. He was in turn shot by
the victim's brother, who suffered a similar fate from an aver
aging counterpart. The families became bitter enemies, and for
more than a generation, in a village of no more than 300
habitants, they fought a bloody vendetta, and bricked up their
offending in furtive-looks-perched on the hillside.

At the end of the affair, in 1954, thirty-five people were
leaves. This story is not unique.

Corse is a stunning island. In the North there is fantastic
mountain scenery, with roads skirting cliffs, and vast pine
forests intersected only by grazing rocks. In the South there
are rolling hills, and just across from Sardinia is Bonafacio,
an old town 400 feet up on an overhanging precipice, with
a natural canal leading to an inland harbour, once visited
by Ulysses, and now often full of yachts sheltering from a
Mistral. Wherever you go there are few Corsicans, and even fewer
tourists.

The island's history is a fascinating study in oppression,
rebellion and mediocrity. The only famous Corsican was
Napoleon, and he left as soon as he could, showing little
desire ever to return. There has scarcely been a human
being in Corse with the independence population has not been dominated by an outside
force, from the Romans to the Genoese, the Germans to the
French. Villages inland consist of houses stacked on rocky
outcrops for protection against invaders. All around the coast
are the Napoleonic watchtowers found on every Corsican
sunset photo, and inland there are the untended ruins of
medieval castles - one superb one is at Corse, built on a precipitous rock in the valley. Best of all is the quiet, mysterious
prehistoric site of Filitosa, set in wooded glades about 30 miles
south of Ajaccio (the island capital), discovered only 20 years ago, rises from the long grass.

Many people wrote 'Colomba', a short story set in Corsica
about bandits and young girls. But, like Flaubert and Byron,
the French author tended to spend his winters in the rela-
tive deserts of Ajaccio and not to venture into the
countrywide. He had no real appreciation of the social
backwardness of the isolated mountain villages like Sartene in the South and Saint Florent in the nineteenth century and,
in some places, even in the 1950s, touching a girl meant either a shortening of life or a shorter marriage. Villages were
oligarchical and effectively autonomous - politically, culturally and linguistically.

Nowadays, the bandits are in Saradina (where kidnapp-
ing is the recognised number one national industry). Nevertheless, the island is cut off far more than in the French
Crime figure is one. In the South, about a thousandth of
the size of Oxford, was until the 1960s suspected of being a main
entrepot of the white slave trade. More recently, it has been
a centre for heroin trafficking to the French mainland via Marseille. The town serves peaceful, but violent crime is high:
a male possesses a .25 or a .38 until the age of year of being shot. Crimes are usually committed among family/afiction lines, and are mostly committed before elec-
tions. They are rarely solved because most of the police are
French and they are far too scared to confront the locals. Gun
law is a mess. That I walked down the main street with
friends, one was pushed up against a wall with a gun to his
head because he had laughed at a drin in a man's face.

Corse is still very much an island to itself, and French
control is little matched by cultural or social rapprochement.
The island speaks Provençal to that of Norman, Ireland, a place with which the islanders show great empathy.
Nationalist extremists have persecuted French property
owners by blowing up holiday villas, and tourism from the
mainland is low. Industry and agriculture are not booming.

The isolated fortress town of Sartene,
but there are always the Common Market subsidies. Conflict
between the old and the new is never far from the surface,
and was exemplified this year by deaths in the huge forest
fires, often started deliberately by shepherds eager to replace
trees with rough pastures. There are also intriguing cultural
throwbacks - ghost stories about a headless woman on a white
horse who causes cars to go off the road, and belief in magical
powers is common amongst the old. The lifestyle is distinc-
tive: the men often spend an entire day going fishing in the
delicate shade of a café. They are unfriendly, even aggressive,
at first, speaking fast and uncompromisingly in heavily
accented French. But once the barriers are broken they
are genuinely interested and acquaintances can be built up.

To go to Corse, and you will be stunned by its emptiness, its
beautiful, wild landscape, and the extraordinary untapped
tourist potential of its coastline (a third of all France), it's
best to get by ferry from Nice, arriving as the sun rises over
the mountains. Hitching is easy, but it's better if you've got a
car or a bike. Persevere with them and you will realise how
friendly and locally the Corsicans are. And if you are Irish, tell
them and they will welcome you without reservations.

Alex Connock

The story is not unique.
So you want to be a modern Renaissance man. You want to work on the borderline between science and art. You want to make your own money and lose someone else's. You want to have private dreams in public. If this is your goal, computer animation and video is your business.

The annual meet of the industry is the Computer Graphics Conference held every October at Wembley. The industry is 'young, virile and brash' as the slightly older, but still virile and brash, pundit Robi Roncarelli says. His aspiration, like that of most of the other players in the game, is to make pictures which are unique. Most of the people involved in the trade really are enthusiastic about their work. And there is no room for that most English of diseases - self-doubt, although there are symptoms of the currently raging American epidemic - self-congratulation.

International it may be, but the cultural divide between the States and Europe is strong. 'In general the Americans like to produce pretty pictures, the Europeans want to tell a story,' observes Xavier Nicholas of Sogitec, a very creative Parisian house. The companies from across the sea have the best hardware and are on the forefront of developing the most advanced software. Digital Productions, Los Angeles, is the only company with a Cray, a supercomputer that can shoot down a million spacemen with a billion pixels in the production of sequences for movies such as 'The Last Starfighter'. What the Europeans lose in terms of technology, they make up for with creative design.

There are primarily two reasons for this. First, many of the Americans originally came from a technical background in NASA or the aerospace industry, whereas in Europe the majority of those involved were previously directors or designers. Secondly, one of the most important users of the medium in the States are the TV networks. An American TV network wants the newest effects for its programme titles now. Its European counterpart is at the moment less of a carnivore.

The industry is nevertheless still small enough for everybody to know not only everybody else but also who just got the contract which they just failed to obtain. There is intense rivalry between the companies and, at the same time, a feeling of being companions fighting side by side in a synchronised visual attack on the uncomprehending viewers' senses.

The two major consumers of computer animation historically have been the advertising world and the military. They both work on the 'need-to-know' principle - both decide what we do and don't need to know. The process starts with a storyboard. The designer/director draws a preliminary series of rough pictures. These initial sketches are then drafted in exact detail, ready to be digitized. The aim is to construct a numerical representation of each image by taking accurate measurements of the positions of all the facets, lines and surfaces in the picture and then feeding this information into the computer.

It is at this stage that the computer programmer comes into his own. An electronic model of the picture must be built, and programs must be devised to allow complete 3-D simulation of movement. Depending upon the amount of money and the hardware available for the project, further visual enhancements such as reflections, shadows and different surface textures may be added to each frame.

A line test of the end-product is now created. This is a short-hand version of the finished sequence where all the objects in a frame are seen in a primitive form as a series of vectors or lines. This allows the client to appreciate fairly fully what the final images will look like. If all is well, the computer is allowed to generate the whole sequence frame by frame - and this is where the major costs are incurred.

The final part of the production required before the sequence is actually shot is the careful colouring of each frame. The Quantel Paintbox is the indispensable machine specially manufactured for this purpose. Sixteen million colours are stored in its memory, and it has the ability to add colour to pictures as though with chalk or with an airbrush, as well as with a standard paintbrush. You draw on a blank electronically sensitive slate while the picture (or frame) you are adapting changes on the screen in front of you.

The post-production phase of creating a sequence can be even more complicated than the computer simulation. Bob Auger, of the giant facilities company Molinare, provides an A-to-Z of video effects in which he is able to postenre any frame, put six frames onto each surface of an autocube and then eliminate the jiggles by the automatic anti-aliasing facility of the Bosch FGS 4000. This, with one hand tied behind his back.

For the novice, two books provide a good introduction to the area. Computer Graphics by John Lewin (Orbis Publishing, 1985) is a survey of the current techniques and applications. Those more concerned with visual and visionary aspects have no choice but to read Creative Computer Graphics by Annabel Jankel and Rocky Morton of Cucumber Productions (UOP, 1984).

At the film festival held during the conference, the new media philosopher who stole the show from Barry Norman was Max Headroom, a figure created by Cucumber Studios. Max is not the product of a computer but of a fecund imagination. Computers cannot yet think or dream - only people can. For the person who intends to be a modern Renaissance man or woman, computer animation and video is the field to be working in.

Raben Lee

For further information about the Computer Graphics Conference, contact Ian Best, Online International Ltd., Phase Green House, 37 Old Drury, Pinner, Middlesex HA5 3JF.
Amongst the sleepy spires of Oxford one hardly finds the most unusual and avant-garde undergraduate courses in the country, but somewhere beyond the orthodox boundaries of the university, stranger things are going on.

From the outside, 118 Banbury Road looks just like another large Victorian North Oxford house. In fact, it is the home of the Institute of Psychophysical Research, an establishment set up to further the study of realms of experience unrecognised by conventional academic exploration. Phenomena such as lucid dreams, extra-sensory perception, and psychokinesis are treated here with rather more gravity than they are in horror movies, but some of the same excitement.

Sipping coffee in a shadowy drawing-room straight out of a children's adventure story, Celia Green, founder of the Institute, and Charles McCreery, a colleague of hers and author of the book Lucid Dreams, told me of the importance of their work. In their treatment of psychophysical phenomena, they are trying to find a sensible understanding somewhere between the 'spiritualists' and the 'academics'. While the former tend to regard unusual experiences as supernatural, weird and wonderful, the latter are frequently cynical, believing, for example, that occurrences such as hallucinations are simply symptoms of stress. In fact, says Celia Green, this need not be so. 'Recently there was a case of a woman just drying her hands on a tea towel when she saw a figure sitting on the sofa."

It is worthwhile, she and Mr McCreery feel, to explore this area, partly because it is generally neglected and 'pursuing knowledge for its own sake is a good thing'. But there are also issues of wider relevance at stake - the avoidance, for example, of false diagnoses of unusual experiences. Individuals concerned can benefit greatly because they're made to 'imagine they're abnormal when in fact they're not.'

Some of the research is done through questionnaires which ask a tremendous variety of things, from the number of dreams remembered in colour, to the number of profoundly mystical or religious experiences (if any) undergone. Telepathy,clairvoyance and deja vu are all of some relevance. Students are welcome to take part and anyone who feels he or she has something to contribute to the understanding of less than usual angles of human perception should get in touch with the Institute and take it from there.

Francesca Weisman

OXFORD UNION ARTS FESTIVAL 85

FRIDAY 1st NOVEMBER
At 3.00pm The Novel Into Film. A discussion led by Michael Radford ('1984') and Ken Taylor ('Jewel In The Crown').
At 8.00pm Michaeal Radford talks about '1984' followed by a showing of the film (at the ABC Cinema Magdalen Street).

SATURDAY 2nd NOVEMBER
At 8.00pm a lively and stimulating talk on the pre-Raphaelite murals of the Union Old Library.
All day, Video Special: Woody Allen. 'All You Ever Wanted To Know About Sex', 'Play It Again Sam', 'Annie Hall', etc.

ALL WEEK

TWO MAJOR EXHIBITIONS
Two Hundred years of Japanese print making. A large selection of different aspects of Japanese life captured in a beautiful collection of fine prints.
Assignment. The National Association of Press Photographers present a large exhibition of their finest recent work. This award winning collection was first seen at the National Theatre.

ALL ENQUIRIES AND BOOKINGS TO THE UNION
GENERAL OFFICE (9.30am-4.00pm) Tel: (0865) 241353 (After hours 723945)
ABORTION

The rights and wrongs of abortion are never a simple matter, but it is difficult to decide just what abortion is about. Life and death, you might be tempted to answer. But then you might ask which is life — and reply, just what is life? And so it is that we are dragged into the realms of existential definition. Many anti-abortionists have campaigned under religious banners, while feminists are often among their most ardent opponents, claiming that abortion is a matter concerning a woman and her body, and that, therefore, the woman has the right to choose. Moral science seems to have complicated the issue somewhat by creating new areas for dispute, such as genetic engineering and experimentation upon embryos created by in vitro fertilisation. This draws attention to that period of existence before physical birth, and makes us pause anew before allowing ourselves a free rein in dealing with the creature that is potentially human, yet hardly recognisable so. We may murmur vaguely, from the midst of this confusion, about the 'sanctity of life', but who would be brave enough to define unequivocally such a nebulous idea?

Nevertheless, among all these theories there do emerge some hard facts. If abortion is the termination of the existence of an embryo or fetus during the nine months of gestation, then the Abortion Act of 1967 laid down terms under which such a procedure could be counted as legal or otherwise. In general terms, abortion is permitted if giving birth presents a risk to a woman's life; or to her mental or physical health; or if the new child might be a threat to the well-being of existing children; or if the child, once born, may suffer from severe mental and/or physical abnormalities. The Act may have had some effect on the incidence of abortion. In 1968 the total number of terminations carried out was around 41 000, but by 1975 this had risen to 108 000. Furthermore, the illegitimate birth-rate has remained constant, but the number of terminations has shot up to equal it. 55% of abortions are carried out privately, and as this has cost £1 400 or more it suggests that a significant number of women concerned are wealthy enough to afford such an outlay, or sufficiently motivated by social pressure (private abortions can easily be kept secret) and by a low regard for the NHS, which now stands for 'not worth the paper it's written on'. 37% of women who have one abortion go on to have a second, and roughly 60% are supposed to have used inadequate contraception. Little can be proved, but a great deal is implied.

There is wide scope for anti-abortionists to make incriminating remarks. It seems highly plausible that the wider legality and accessibility of abortion leads to a greater incidence of terminated pregnancies, and there are grounds for believing that the operation is essentially one of a post-conception contraceptive. Yet to regard these factors as responsible for the wider upsurge in society in a way that there is something inherently evil about abortion. Such a viewpoint in itself needs justification.

Religious grounds are the only grounds upon which an absolute opposition to the termination of pregnancy can be based. For if, indeed, there exists some god-given moral code which states that abortion is evil, then there is little human reasoning can say against it. If an individual begins by basing his or her moral code on a non-rational basis such as religion, no room for rational argument. One can argue about the notion of God and question the motives behind any supposed moral stance, but one cannot rationalise about faith itself. And yet Enoch Powell, who has twice voted against the extension of the legalisation of abortion, does not believe that religion allows us to definitely decide anything one way or another. On what grounds, then, can one object to abortion?

When I spoke to Mr Powell, he was keen to stress that, though he had recently been thrown into the limelight throughout the course of his Unborn Children Protection Bill, it was very much experimentation upon embryos with which he was concerned, and not abortion. Yet he did confess to being motivated by the general feeling that 'you can't trust people not to abuse their power over another person or crea-
ture'. Mr Powell is a strong believer in the force of gut instinct and revulsion in moulding people's attitudes. In response to the Warnock Reports and the proposition to legalise experimentation upon human embryos created by in vitro fertilisation, he claimed to have felt 'a sense of revulsion and repugnance, deep and instinctive'. Although extremely hesitant to apply his views specifically to abortion, for this is not an area 'to which I have applied my mind', he did suggest that people's political opinions are basically motivated by prejudice and emotion, and it is afterwards that one tries to rationalise. It would be fair to conclude that his opposition to the wider availability of abortion is highly instinctive.

One he one, then, accept that any faintly emotive topic is bound to inspire strong and differing gut reactions in different individuals, and that one must simply accept according to the gut reactions of the majority? If this were so, then Oxford, who in 1983 had to deal with 1 in 6 deliveries being aborted, would have justifiable grounds on which to object to such a significant proportion of its work. Gut reactions are one thing, and there is always a possibility of conflicting feelings, if one is in a position to impose one's will on others, then there is an obligation to sort out conflicting gut reactions. Careful analysis of people's opinions can often reveal an inconsistency of moral principles. For example, society is sometimes sympathetic to the woman who seeks abortion after rape, while censorious towards the woman who has slept with a man and been careless about contraception. Yet in terms of absolute ethical justice, the rights of the unborn child remain equal. Similarly, if one objects to abortion because of the abhorrence of destroying human life, one must object to all killing in war, no matter what the circumstances of possible justification. As soon as a strain of inconsistency or hint of compromise is detectable, logic and reason can no longer be disregarded.

One feminist I spoke to said what she regards as really important are an understanding of the human being and a sensitivity towards recognising pain and suffering. Thus she believes that there is nothing at all wrong in the abortion of very immature foetuses which are incapable of feeling pain. But she is a feminist, too, and recognises also that certain feminist issues are at stake here. If people say a foetus has a right to live, then it is no reply simply to say that a woman has a right to choose. Yet many feminists do feel that abortion is basically a matter of a person's life. It is a matter of people's real interests and a sensitivity towards recognising pain and suffering. Thus she believes that there is nothing at all wrong in the abortion of very immature foetuses which are incapable of feeling pain. But she is a feminist, too, and recognises also that some feminist issues are at stake here.

Religious grounds are the only grounds upon which an absolute opposition to the termination of pregnancy can be based. For if, indeed, there exists some god-given moral code which states that abortion is evil, then there is little human reasoning can say against it. If an individual begins by basing his or her moral code on a non-rational basis such as religion, no room for rational argument. One can argue about the notion of God and question the motives behind any supposed moral stance, but one cannot rationalise about faith itself. And yet Enoch Powell, who has twice voted against the extension of the legalisation of abortion, does not believe that religion allows us to definitely decide anything one way or another. On what grounds, then, can one object to abortion?

Perhaps, even more than the disguised hatred of women or fear of God, what really underlies an apparently fundamental opposition to abortion is the idea that it is bound up with death and death remains something of a taboo subject. Just as murder is seen as a greater crime than the infliction of grievous bodily harm, irrespective of the criminal's intentions or the real quantity of pain and suffering resulting, so it remains a relatively new idea that the termination of potential life can be a good idea, except perhaps in order to save existing life. Maybe, then, most of us are haunted by some vague notion of the sanctity of life, but this alone cannot be enough to determine our moral judgements of others. Nor is there any real danger, as we try to make our feelings and beliefs consistent and perhaps change our attitudes, just that because of this we will become more abusive towards human life. 'Life's not a paragraph,' said the American poet e. e. cummings, 'and death, I think, is no parentheses.' But then who really needs reminding of that?
The catchphrase was 'Grammar schools for all'. It was its slogan: a promise made by the then Prime Minister, Harold Wilson. The exclusive brand of education doled out solely by the grammar schools was now to be opened up to all. There was to be no more once-and-for-all assessment at the tender age of eleven. Rumour has it that the eleven-plus exam, in which a child was tested and dispatched appropriately. With a surety.

Too much and too soon. They imagined that the comprehensive schools would provide a common meeting-ground for opportunity and meritocracy. They were in fact hopelessly middle class. They believed in equality of opportunity and meritocracy. They were in fact hopelessly idealistic.

Williams reckons that the comprehensive move was an alteration or adaptation: the change called for amalgamations and closures. Statistically conservative local authorities resisted the change as much as they dared, and even if the political will was there, the administration and bureaucracy took time. Michael Howseman is headmaster at Fleetwood Hesket High School in Lancashire. He pinpoints one wild advantage of the comprehensive school: the comprehensive system gives the opportunity to succeed to a lot more children. In effect, it represents the greater good for the greater number.

There are some who argue that the actual standard of education meted out by the comprehensive schools is inferior. Shirley Williams would disagree. The really serious comparison of the comprehensive and the selective systems, which has not been politically coloured, was carried out by the National Children's Bureau in 1979. They took a cohort of 1,580 children from various comprehensive and selective schools dotted about the country and directly compared their academic results. What emerged was that there was almost no difference in achievement at all. The comprehensive school was actually better for the academically able.

That was back in the Seventies. What the Eighties brought along, no one could foresee. Two factors hit the comprehensive schools: falling rolls and education cuts. The devastating effect of the two was in no way softened by the actions of the newly elected Conservative Government. Shirley Williams is fiercely critical of the part they played. What I would blame this Government for is that the money that had been set aside to offset the falling rolls - money to push on much faster with sixth-form colleges and tertiary colleges which would have overcome the problem of smaller individual sixth forms - has simply been done away with. The result is that the comprehensives have been blamed for a combination of things which have also hit grammar and secondary modern schools where they still exist.

More recently, the comprehensive system has come in for a further bashing at the hands of the Government. Their proposal to bring back the direct grant system is seen by many as a kick in the face to the comprehensive schools. Michael Howseman is one of those who feels that by their actions the Government have demonstrated covertly if not overtly that they really don't care about state education. It is appalling that any government could consider the introduction of the direct grant principle because it is in effect saying that this Government has no confidence in its form of education offered to 90% of the nation's children. This Government feels that those who 'matter' should be educated privately or selectively and the state system is for the rest.

The problem boils down to money, then. As the Government is resolutely refusing to plough any money into the state school system - money which is badly needed for the maintenance of buildings, new equipment and teachers' salaries - the real in the comprehensives is one of acute depression. What it is crying out for is an ego boost in the form of hard cash. And today that is exactly what it won't get.

Kate Davies

Last year's report by David Shepherd, Chairman of the Target School Committee, made gloomy reading. It condemned the lack of understanding of the admissions procedure, the general media image of Oxford and a false impression of Oxford's academic levels. The report pointed out that this year there has been a marked drop in the number of applications from the comprehensive sector. It went on to warn that this might become a self-perpetuating decline as each year more pupils are discouraged by the relatively small proportion of applications from the comprehensive sector.

From this perspective, the admissions figures for this year are, to say the least, sobering.

The University authorities had been warning that this was going to be a 'freak year', as claimed. But there are still worrying implications. The figures showing a downturn in state school admissions reinforce a trend over recent years. When David Shepherd's Target School Committee were hoping for a turn for the better. How much further damage, OUSU and University officials are wondering, will the latest figures do indeed show a surge in private sector admissions. These went up by 4% - huge in Oxford terms. But entries from the maintained sector show a slump from the average of the six previous years of 45.4% to 42.7% this year.

Clearly this always was going to be a 'freak year', as claimed. But there are still worrying implications. The figures showing a downturn in state school admissions reinforce a trend over recent years. When David Shepherd's Target School Committee were hoping for a turn for the better. How much further damage, OUSU and University officials are wondering, will the latest figures do indeed show a surge in private sector admissions. These went up by 4% - huge in Oxford terms. But entries from the maintained sector show a slump from the average of the six previous years of 45.4% to 42.7% this year.

Oxford is still overwhelmingly middle class. Mrs Lonsdale, the University's Information Officer, admitted 'the near total failure to reach social classes D and E'. But the general climate in the University is, it is fair to say, very much pro-state education - look at OUSU elections! Election credibility depends on having received a state education. Maybe we're on dubious ground here! But the Target School people believe they have widespread moral, if not yet material, support. They believe they can dispel the fiction put out by Russell Harty's recent broadcast on Oxford.

The University also sees that change is necessary. The prospect are alarming, for instance, at the trend away from Science to Arts. The move towards Arts subjects is accounted for by the surge in private sector applications. But the authorities recognise that the problem - a shortage of Science applications - can only be solved by a rise in state sector applications.

Will this year's bulge become 'self-perpetuating'? OUSU officials hope not. Philippa Thomas, Education Officer, said: 'Only by visiting schools can students clearly present a balanced view of Oxford . . . The idea is not only to overcome elements of ignorance and prejudice but to encourage positive enthusiasm in the many sixth-formers who have the ability.' The Target Schools system which focuses on those schools with low numbers of applications to Oxford is to be strengthened by a Target teachers' campaign, which aims to influence those who most directly influence potential Oxford applicants.

Everyone concdes the task is enormous. When the application figures are released in a few weeks, when the University's computer has been mended, we will see if any progress has been made.

Matthew Pike
If you have ever wondered why you are at Oxford, your doubts will be increased by reading about Candida Crewe. At nineteen she applied to Christ Church to read English, and failed. No crisis of confidence took place: she left her home in Headington (her stepfather is a don), bought a small flat in W.11 and started work for Naim Autilah at Quarter Books in Poland Street. The residual energy she possessed after an eight-hour day in the Quartet office went into studying for A-level retakes. At that point, a university degree seemed professional ease.

boredom over A-level retakes. It appeared in July, a glossy seems that the pulp-loving public can't get enough. And nor can Candida: the joys of being 'published' increase as credits and bylines appear left Quartet last month, after being promoted to Junior Editor, to work for The Standard. She writes a weekly column in the covered centre pages and contributes to Harpers & Queen. What does she write about, I asked. 'Life,' she answered. Friends, work, jobs, things that annoy me. A column a week is a full-time job.

As a 21-year-old hack, Candida is something of a Fleet Street novelty. She loves being lionised, and proudly displays invitations from Lord Gnome on the mantelpiece. Membership of the Goonshow Club will only be a matter of time.

The response to Focus was beyond even her own private fantasies. She has been the subject of articles even in the magazines and journals she contributes to, as well as Honeys and The Tatler. Candida's recipe for success in her novel is simple: all her characters are young, successful, and attractive. The heroine, Zara, is beautiful, as is her rival, and the hero is a My-Guy dream: 'In fact, Zara thought, he was endowed with the physical attributes of a Greek god, combined with a cool style in modern dress.' The settings of the love affair (which is any girl's wildest fantasy) are London, Venice and New York. The Greek god-like hero, Leo Fenwick-Yorke, is a film director, and Zara becomes a cover-girl.

Candida has followed in Jilly Cooper's footsteps by updating the classic Mills & Boon / Cartland formula. A perfect example of this is in the latter's The Marquess who Hated Women, one of Cartland's bestselling titles. The hero is a 'romantic hero', which means he usually treats women badly. Our heroine overcomes him with her innocent beauty and makes him hard love her. This is the formula that has turned romance into big business. But even a magic formula can be doctored and improved; Mixes Cooper and Crewe add a generous measure of contrasting sex between characters as well as the compulsory attempted rape scene. Still, sex can never be explicit in the genre, and Candida found it agonising to write sex scenes. She admits it was easier to describe kiss bedtime and bathtime chats between Zara and twin sister Victoria: "It's so difficult being in love," Zara said. 'The girls spend a lot of time wondering what to wear to various functions and you can tell by the quality of the clothes the characters wear, which class they were born to.

Despite the novel's preoccupation with material success and outward show, all the ingredients are there to nourish the romance reader with a three-hour binge. Fans of the genre will love this one and be delighted that Candida Crewe's second novel, Romantic Hero, will be available next year. 'Will it be more of the same?' I asked, fearful of the title, which, to the student, has echoes of lit. cri. 'It's a true story, and so was the last one. But I'm not going to tell you more, so and buy it when it comes out.' I think I will.

Rachel Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

ISIS and the Oxford Photographic Society are pleased to present their first ever joint photographic competition, on the theme 'Made in Oxford'. The closing date for entries is Sunday the 17th of November, Judgements will be pronounced by Miss Koo Stark, author of Contrasts, her celebration collection of photographs, with Mr Chris Jennings of the Ruskin School of Fine Art, a press photographer yet to be named, as well as one representative each from the O.U.P.S. and ISIS. The winning entry will be awarded £100 in cash, thanks to the generosity of the Oxford Instruments Group Ltd., and the two runners-up will each receive £15 in vouchers kindly donated by Fenwick of Leicester Ltd. So what are you waiting for? Now read on for the rules...

Rules

(1) There will be three sections in the competition: Colour Print, Black and White Print, and Colour Slide. The theme is 'Made in Oxford'.
(2) Entrants must be amateur photographers.
(3) Entry implies willingness to re-submit prints for subsequent exhibition.
(4) Entrants may submit up to three entries per section and each entry must be clearly marked with a name and address. Failure to comply may result in the disqualification of that entry.

(5) Prints entered for either category must have a width of 8 inches or more. They may be presented mounted or unmounted. However, this will not be taken into consideration in the judging.
(6) The closing date for the competition is Sunday 17th November 1985. Entries should be handed either to Simon Corbett (Worcester) or to any other member of the O.U.P.S. Committee:

Dave Cosgrove (Exeter)
Andrew Brown (University)
Russell Eaton (Wadhams)
Clare Powles (Somerville)

If clearly labelled and appropriately packaged they may be left in the lodge of Worcester College.

(7) In matters arising outside these rules the decision of the O.U.P.S./ISIS joint competition committee will be final.
(8) The photographer retains the copyright over his entries.
(9) The winning entry will be printed in the fourth issue of ISIS of the Michaelmas term.
(10) Judging will take place on Wednesday 20th November and shall be performed by a panel of five.

Rachel Johnson
Craig Raine explains why 'Peter the Great to his Courtesane', which he wrote as an undergraduate, is an awful poem.

All student contributors for this page are very welcome; they should be sent to Darton Guppy, Magdalen College.

Peter the Great to his Courtesane

Away, go to the other women.
So I have used your hips
Without loving them. Weep not,
Tears will run my word.

Is it not enough, red lips,
That you have held an Emperor
Senseless in your arms, without
Weeping for love I cannot give?
I tell you again: go to,
Peter is sold to history
And must battle with destiny
The ordeal is near,
And I must not be weakened
By any fatal readiness which would make
Me cry for mercy with the sword at my throat.

An unguided scream would not
Cost death, once I stirred it.

Do not weep, I forbid it;
Death would always be in our bed.
Forming us, beating fear.
Come, dry your eyes and fight me
For I am a woman with spirit.
Do not weep for Peter, or for yourself.
I forbid it.

I find this poem painful to contemplate - and not only for aesthetic reasons, though there are plenty of those. The other day at Faber & Faber, conversation drifted to the idea of an anthology of juvenilia - and drifted away again. But not before a colleague had mooted the idea that, along with the early poetic efforts of Eliot and Auden, my own juvenilia could be included. 'No good', another colleague chipped in. 'Craig hasn't finished writing his.' Be that as it may, 'Peter the Great to his Courtesane' is the only surviving example of juvenilia I am prepared to own up to.

Nothing could be managed to get into print for another ten years, by which time I was more or less thirty and more or less able to write. This poem, of 1964 or 1965, when I was still an undergraduate. The magazine, Peacock, never recovered, and I assure you, it was a last, from Cambridge. Grants invited a brief dismissal - 'What can you expect from a magazine whose contributors have names like Q. Filias and Craig A. Raine?' Q. Filias's poem was called 'Sea Feet' and was a miracle of sophistication compared to mine. But I've not come across him since.

The reason for this shortage of authentic early Raine rubbish is that most Oxford undergraduate poetry editors could recognise egg-shells, bacon-rind and quince from which they were not syringed out with an unjustified right-hand margin. I only wish that Sebastian Brett and Crispin Hasler, the two old Etonians who wasted their time and money on Peacock, had shared the consensus. Or at least used a dictionary to check the spelling of 'courtesan'.

My English tutor, Jonathan Wordsworth, always refused to read any of my poetry - on the grounds that it was almost certainly bad. There was no way how he could know in advance that I wasn't a Keats or a Rimbard. Now I am very grateful to him for his discouragement - without it, more terrible stuff might have survived. When I myself taught, I always tried to avoid reading my undergraduates' poetry. But once, I was cornered and compelled to read two or three poems. They were about the successful seduction of a girl. They were not about the successful seduction of a girl. I pointed this out, as tactfully as possible, and advised him to write about something he knew about - not sex; a totally, my own, a complete, absolute, self-effacing task.

I was quick to see the hollowness of this poetry largely because I remembered 'Peter the Great to his Courtesane', of 1964, stripped of its historical fancy-dress, is nothing more than a fraudulent account of a broken engagement.

Instead of telling my fiancée the truth - that I had fallen for someone else - I lied to her in a baffling and gnawing way which the poem accurately reflects. I thought, I suppose, that I was protecting her self-esteem. Actually, I was really protecting my own self-esteem. I was protecting her self-esteem. I was protecting her self-esteem. I was protecting her self-esteem. I was protecting her self-esteem. I was protecting her self-esteem.

I will not prepare to part with her good opinion of me; by

I forbid it is a lofty imperative light years away from my increasing sense of desperation. It was four days before I could persuade her to go home. She cried
through puffy eyelids like someone just out of plastic surgery.

I was beautiful, but by the time she caught the train she looked ugly. Obviously, I felt a slight - calling her a 'courtesane' and making myself Peter the Great was a way of cheering myself up, of putting a brave face on a bit of object cowardice.

No wonder the poem is awful.

Craig A. Raine

If once Pegasus was a vehicle of escape into the realms of the metaphorical, he may now be found with his hooves firmly on the ground half-way down the Iffley Road. Housed in an early 1970s example of breeze-block neo-brutalism, the 129-seat Pegasus Theatre is a forum for drama rarely seen elsewhere in Oxford.

When the current directors Tony Davis and Tony Mellor arrived two years ago, they found little more than a space that seemed massively under-used and run-down. Whilst young people in other parts of the country were queuing for membership to theatre projects, schemes at the Pegasus were under-populated, and full advantage had not been taken of its resources. But in the last eighteen months the unifying determination of its new directorship, things have begun to change: it is now a greatly developed youth theatre used extensively by schools and catering for a tourning-theatre programme, concerts, schools' and university events.

As a community venue, the situation of the Pegasus in the Madingley Road, East Oxford, is that it draws quite a different audience to the city centre theatres. It has achieved an extraordinary record of attendance due to popular and accessible shows that are carefully planned with particular audiences in mind. General publicity is complemented by a series of interested groups - from Black groups to gay and lesbian groups, from teachers to women's groups from the Trades Council to Social Youth Services. Thus, contained in one venue is the urban, idiosyncratic and exciting repertoire ranging from 'Heroes y Martires' (from Nicaragua), Gay Swashbuckler, The Black Theatre Company, 'The Trail of Dedan Kamath' (conceived by the Kenyaian Embassy and banned in Kenya itself) to the Japanese-American Toy Theatre of London and, on a regular basis, Theatre de Complicite (winners of the Edinburgh Festival Perrier Award).

The commitment of this latter company to Pegasus is central to the success of the theatre's new artistic direction. Indeed, the future of Pegasus depends to a large extent on continuing work with residential companies whereas sustained contact with professionals steadily improves the quality of youth theatre work. In between tours of Spain and Hong Kong, and headlining the London International Mime Festival, Theatre de Complicite has directed a series of workshops which have influenced the enthusiastic output of youth members and school groups. Tony Davis admits that the powerful need to ensure that young people have the trouble of being largely interventions of a theatre project is now a greatly developed youth theatre. Projects are set up and schools challenged to take advantage of them. Primary schools often provide more fertile possibilities because they are able to devote more all-round attention to ongoing projects. Owing to the academic calendar, secondary schools at secondary level, however, the possibility for a wide array of such projects is marginal. The curtain Pegasus has thrown down could potentially highlight some of the false models of education, and, blowing down the conservation of the teaching profession. EDUCATION, an academic year projects encourages schools both in the development of students, and for the resources available at Pegasus, but also to consider more generally in the ways in which drama can be integrated comprehensively into the curriculum.

If some people feel that the somewhat exotic programmes of events at the Pegasus - such that Pegasus is synonymous with theatre and social residue - is the potential to have anyone working such projects in an open environment must provide a disparate programme to satisfy the interests of local communities. Pegasus has thereby developed a fundamental recognition of age, race and gender. On Sunday 24th November, for instance, a special 'This is for you, Anna' is open to women only (though it is showing generally on Saturday 23rd), it has played to wide acclaim in Toronto and Ottawa, as well as a women's prison and in the kitchens of women's shelters, presenting a spectrum of romance from the legendary to the hilarious to the emphatically personal. The Oxford University is welcomed and encouraged to take the opportunity of seeing this kind of production, which our 'privileged' institution fails to provide.

That students are not, however, invited to become members of the Pegasus Theatre is simple enough: the range of theatrical facilities and positions at the disposal of Oxford University students is vast, and should any individual or group feel disposed of the opportunity to use this potential, for whatever reason, then it lies with them to adopt the Pegasus initiative.

Frances Stonor Saunders

This is for you, Anna' playing at Pegasus 23rd and 24th November

Peter, the Great to his Courtesane

'Peter the Great to his Courtesane', which he wrote as an undergraduate, is an awful poem.
PLAYING TO DEAF EARS

Composers today are writing music without the help of their ears. Mark Croman, President of Oxford's Contemporary Music Group, who is not surprised that his society's analysis of a piece is known as "contemporary music" is after all something which falls outside most people's frame of reference.

Mark Croman is a contemporary composer who sees the lack of appeal of modern compositions and understands the reasons behind it and taking such an obscure turn: he feels that the state of music is inseparable from that of society. Since the Second World War there has been a tendency to reduce all art forms to the merely abstract and cerebral, perhaps reflecting the modern obsession with science. Post-war attempts to reject the past, led by Boulez and Stockhausen, seem to have resulted in an excessive disregard for overall musical appeal. The music establishment these days is inclined to look favourably upon a composer who stresses the intellectual influence of a piece rather than its sound value. Astonishingly, attracting an audience of any kind no longer seems to be a priority, which prompts Mark Croman to condemn much contemporary composition as 'intellectual masturbation'. Music, which should be a two-way emotional communication, has become a mere exercise in self-gratification. Wherein the past the audiences could base their critical judgements upon an understanding of classical harmony, which provided a lingua franca for all composers, now there can be no common criteria of interpretation.

It seems, then, that music can go no further. Perhaps originality is not important and composers will have to redefine their goals. In a world where music is composed around complex mathematical frameworks, producing musical pieces considerably harder on the ear than John Cage's notorious silent works, the only course open to music must be to stop. Even if you're ten years or so, the minimalist movement, for example, has attempted to retrace the reverse trend in motion. Composers such as Philip Glass and Steve Reich - re-emphasising as opposed to adding to mathematics in the structure of a composition. Certainly, the forces behind these movements suggest that this concession is beginning once again to bridge the gap between listener and composer. The tendency is still very much alive.

And yet, as the director implies, there are still signs that suggests that something is wrong. For example, the Composer's characteristically skillful at performance suits such songs. She is a striking figure on stage - fragile, sitting alone, a fragile showing of how and by what. But it's more an image, yet placing them in the position, almost, of eavesdroppers on a private display of emotion. Her attention and gaze are never directed at her apparatus which may well be a piece of part of herself, conducting an internal dialogue between the singer and her work. The drama of the songs are not focused so much on the physicality of the words she sings, but rather on the situation, on the melodies in the music itself.

It all goes on to use theatre to exercise yourself. Get turned on by images. You lose sight of the focal objective of dazzling people with lights, showing them that an amazing visual sense you have. There is no question that Mulligan does have a talent for dazzling; pulling rabbits out of hats is what he's famous for. For 'Macheth', he mentioned a plan to invoke spirits with a ouija board, but he ditched it as unnecessary for the Catholic chaplaincy. I even remember rumours of an actor cast through one of the windows in Magda-len's Waynestoff Building during a rather energetic rehearsal. He responds to all this with that characteristically modesty: 'I suppose I've got a knack for getting energy together and channelling it out.'

Can we expect physical stunts and mental high-kicks in Oxford's dramatic solar system? Names like Victoria Worsley, Wes Williams, Conrad Leizner, Alex Hardy, Tamara Jeffe, even Mr Mulligan himself promise the poster a good night out. Their considerable talents should not be underestimated.

My particular style, he says, 'is to get people working physically as soon as possible. That imposes an equality on the cast.' Such equality is rarely found in the feudal world of Oxford theatre. As one who's been and gone, Mulligan knows what he's talking about. 'I think what will shock people when they hear it - it shocked me - is just how underdramatised theatre is by competent, talentless hacks. What amazed me was the inspiring integrity. Oxford may be a mirror of what theatre has been in this country but it comes as a surprise that theatre might have a point to it outside putting on shows for your friends, finding a comfortable corner for yourself - a star network. It's wretched, competitive and entirely unself-critical and it starts with Cripps."

'If I care if "Macbeth" fails. It ought to fail, really. We're going to show some integrity with the audience. That's what we've got to do. So, on Tuesday night in Fourth Week when the show goes up the audience might not be moved at all. Or, if they do, it's big because there are some remarkable effects in Act IV sc. 1 and some dazzling lighting. Then we've failed. We can't put on the best 'Macbeth' ever; we can only exploit the energy and youth of the two of us. So let's be turned out another "Macbeth". But if 'Macheth' does one thing, it will be this: to start a buzz, but at the moment some of us are experiencing something a bit inspiring...'
PLAYS

THE ASS
by D. H. Lawrence
St Paul's, Second Week

There is an unshy fascination in the words 'A Music-Theatre Entertainment': they tend to inspire a certain amount of apprehension and, in the event, one usually feels a mixture of horror and profound pity for the author who has become the victim of such an exercise. From the 17th to the 19th of October at the new St. Paul's Arts centre in Walton Street it was the turn of the poem 'The Ass' by D. H. Lawrence to be sacrificed on the altar of modern theatre. The priests presiding over the ritual, performed by the Foco Novo theatre company, were director Roland Rees and writers/composers Kate and Mike Westbrook.

The basic idea was that Lawrence, played by Stephen Boxer, sitting at a café in Taormina, Sicily, hears in the braying of an ass aethered nearby a symbol for the sexual tension, frustration and humiliation that permeates much of his work. This leads him to write and recite his poem on that his stay in Sicily. In his company sat a group of musicians, who played a strident, braying jazz score by the Westbrook, which dominated the show. The music was very good as a background to Boxer's readings. Unfortunately, however, the writers had attempted to set parts of Lawrence's poem as songs, which was simply unassailable. As the evening progressed, the main ideas of the poem were acted out (the Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem, the Flight into Egypt), reaching a grotesque climax, or anti-climax, where Boxer, simply reciting, was a commanding figure, sitting at a braying of an ass nearby a symbol for the sexual humiliation that permeates much of his work. This leads him to write and recite his poem on that his stay in Sicily. In his company sat a group of musicians, who played a strident, braying jazz score by the Westbrook.

The production was competent; the musicians generated a soundtrack obligatory). They really do is to tart up low feeling into high art (operatic soundtracks). The performance was competent; the musicians generated a soundtrack obligatory). They really do is to tart up low feeling into high art (operatic soundtracks). The performance was competent; the musicians generated a soundtrack obligatory). They really do is to tart up low feeling into high art (operatic soundtracks).

Richard Wood

PYGMALION
The Oxford Playhouse

The English have no respect for their language and will not teach their children to speak it,' wrote Shaw. Henry Higgins, the phonetics professor, who takes on a bet to pass off a Covent Garden flower girl as a duchess within six months is thus Shaw's mouthpiece. 'Remember that you are a human being with the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible,' he tells her.

It was to the company's credit that they resisted the temptation to go for easy laughs, choosing instead to bring out the analytical intelligence of Pinter's 'Betrayal'. Their performances were not superb: both Higgins and Hunt were robust and hammy and he captured well the professor's encroaching impatience; Helen Cordge's performance of great depth and one in which aggression and vulnerability were balanced perfectly. They were aided through it by the thoughtful direction of Philip Grost.

Tim Jotischky

FILMS

Why are films about pain so often a pain to watch? Paul Cox's 'My First Wife' is about infidelity - not a new subject, but one that has been more subtly dealt with in films like Coppola's 'One From The Heart'. The plot is simple: John loses his wife and then his sanity. He smashes windows, drives his car fast, grunts lines like 'Your love is killing me', but fails to kill himself with an overdose. Wheel in a dying father, a sweet-looking child caught in the middle of mum and dad's slanging matches, add loud cymbals and even louder symbols, shove in a few arty cityscapes, cut-corse to water and flapping doves - you get the picture.

In fact, this picture won Cox the Australian Film Institute's Award for Best Director in 1984. Cox was responsible for the criminally tedious 'Man of Flowers' a couple of years ago. This concerned a balding aesthete who hires a male female model to ogle at in the privacy of his own home. Both of these films have been deemed 'frank' and 'sensitive' for their honest portrayal of the darker aspects of human intercourse. What they really do is to tart up low feeling into high art (operatic soundtracks).

John's jalousie in 'My First Wife' is really gross egoism. His grasping and waiting is designed to incite guilt in his wife so that, while it is sad to see a grown man cry, we cannot sympathise with him as he's such a bore. Similarly, his wife, played by the dull Wendy Hughes, is just as unlikeable in her emotional fragility. The entire film smacks of self-castigating autobiographical homophobia in the face of his own originality, lacking the warm schmaltz of a 'Kramer Versus Kramer' or the analytical intelligence of Pinter's 'Betrayal'.

'The Ass' was thus Shakespeare's mouthpiece. 'Remember that you are a human being with the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible,' he tells her.

It was to the company's credit that they resisted the temptation to go for easy laughs, choosing instead to bring out the analytical intelligence of Pinter's 'Betrayal'. Their performances were not superb: both Higgins and Hunt were robust and hammy and he captured well the professor's encroaching impatience; Helen Cordge's performance of great depth and one in which aggression and vulnerability were balanced perfectly. They were aided through it by the thoughtful direction of Philip Grost.

Tim Jotischky

The clichés of the sci-fi genre are still in the making. Beyond Thunderdome, seeking Max not so much mud and besmirched, the more or less mindless violence of the first and second films is now refined for a wider audience. Mel Gibson comes across as the wanderer without a care buffered by the winds of fortune and alternately doomed to death and rescued.
Tanya's (Marlene Dietrich's) appreciation of his work had a begrudging quality to it. Even the obituary writers preferred to concentrate on what he hadn't achieved rather than what he had, which was more than considerable. In his later years, the genius was lowered in the public's perception of a gargantuan, sherry-quaffing voice-over fleshted out in farcical obesity.

As I listened to the news of Welles's death on a late-night radio news bulletin, my mind turned irresistibly to the essence of a sporting god, as Mihailoff might not this too be a hoax? Well es the master magician, Wells was vital, his eyes twinkling with the benign aridity of the extraordinary life of the Mandela family. One learns how half the family china was broken as it was bundled into a van with Winnie and her daughter when they were banished to the Orange Free State; how, 'Like the Queen of Africa,' Winnie strode confidently into shops where previously no black foot had dared to tread; how the prison warder had to hide his tears as he watched the little girl hanging on the window, pleading to sit on 'daddy's lap.' All fine stuff for a story of oppression, but shouldn't one expect more from a political autobiographier?

Mrs Mandela says of her marriage: 'I knew when I married him that I married the struggle, the liberation of my people.' Many years her senior, Mandela's dedication never allowed him time for courtship. He did not ask her to marry him, but told her to visit a dressmaker about her wedding dress. Part of My Soul really fails to describe how this woman has come to terms with a public marriage that consists of rationalized and censored letters, and six-monthly conversation through a glass partition.

Nelson Mandela is a dominating presence in the book, and Winnie is shown in her traditional role as his political offshoot. It is a pity that Part of My Soul has not shown how Winnie Mandela may now stand in her own right, among the women of Africa who struggle to play their part in the recovery and reconstitution of their troubled continent.

The experienced reader of jacket blurbs can scarcely fail to be impressed by the enthusiastic life of Dan Kavanagh. 'Young host of Acapella Stanley F.G. ...' He became a Liberal in a Tupperware box in the bathroom? The experienced reader of jacket blurbs can scarcely fail to be impressed by the enthusiastic life of Dan Kavanagh. "Young host of Acapella Stanley F.G. ..." He became a Liberal in a Tupperware box in the bathroom?

"What does it matter what you say about someone?" This is Tanya's (Marlene Dietrich's) epigraph on Hank Quinlan (Orson Welles) at the end of Welles's A Touch of Evil. The words are sadly appropriate to Welles's own life, for he was a man rarely spoken well of. Often even the most fulsome appreciation of his work had a begrudging quality to it. Even the obituary writers preferred to concentrate on what he hadn't achieved rather than what he had, which was more than considerable. In his later years, the genius was lowered in the public's perception of a gargantuan, sherry-quaffing voice-over fleshted out in farcical obesity.

As I listened to the news of Welles's death on a late-night radio news bulletin, my mind turned irresistibly to the essence of a sporting god, as Mihailoff might not this too be a hoax? Well es the master magician, Wells was vital, his eyes twinkling with the benign aridity of the extraordinary life of the Mandela family. One learns how half the family china was broken as it was bundled into a van with Winnie and her daughter when they were banished to the Orange Free State; how, 'Like the Queen of Africa,' Winnie strode confidently into shops where previously no black foot had dared to tread; how the prison warder had to hide his tears as he watched the little girl hanging on the window, pleading to sit on 'daddy's lap.' All fine stuff for a story of oppression, but shouldn't one expect more from a political autobiographier?

Mrs Mandela says of her marriage: 'I knew when I married him that I married the struggle, the liberation of my people.' Many years her senior, Mandela's dedication never allowed him time for courtship. He did not ask her to marry him, but told her to visit a dressmaker about her wedding dress. Part of My Soul really fails to describe how this woman has come to terms with a public marriage that consists of rationalized and censored letters, and six-monthly conversation through a glass partition.

Nelson Mandela is a dominating presence in the book, and Winnie is shown in her traditional role as his political offshoot. It is a pity that Part of My Soul has not shown how Winnie Mandela may now stand in her own right, among the women of Africa who struggle to play their part in the recovery and reconstitution of their troubled continent.

The experienced reader of jacket blurbs can scarcely fail to be impressed by the enthusiastic life of Dan Kavanagh. 'Young host of Acapella Stanley F.G. ...' He became a Liberal in a Tupperware box in the bathroom? The experienced reader of jacket blurbs can scarcely fail to be impressed by the enthusiastic life of Dan Kavanagh. "Young host of Acapella Stanley F.G. ..." He became a Liberal in a Tupperware box in the bathroom?

"What does it matter what you say about someone?" This is Tanya's (Marlene Dietrich's) epigraph on Hank Quinlan (Orson Welles) at the end of Welles's A Touch of Evil. The words are sadly appropriate to Welles's own life, for he was a man rarely spoken well of. Often even the most fulsome appreciation of his work had a begrudging quality to it. Even the obituary writers preferred to concentrate on what he hadn't achieved rather than what he had, which was more than considerable. In his later years, the genius was lowered in the public's perception of a gargantuan, sherry-quaffing voice-over fleshted out in farcical obesity.

As I listened to the news of Welles's death on a late-night radio news bulletin, my mind turned irresistibly to the essence of a sporting god, as Mihailoff might not this too be a hoax? Well es the master magician, Wells was vital, his eyes twinkling with the benign aridity of the extraordinary life of the Mandela family. One learns how half the family china was broken as it was bundled into a van with Winnie and her daughter when they were banished to the Orange Free State; how, 'Like the Queen of Africa,' Winnie strode confidently into shops where previously no black foot had dared to tread; how the prison warder had to hide his tears as he watched the little girl hanging on the window, pleading to sit on 'daddy's lap.' All fine stuff for a story of oppression, but shouldn't one expect more from a political autobiographier?

Mrs Mandela says of her marriage: 'I knew when I married him that I married the struggle, the liberation of my people.' Many years her senior, Mandela's dedication never allowed him time for courtship. He did not ask her to marry him, but told her to visit a dressmaker about her wedding dress. Part of My Soul really fails to describe how this woman has come to terms with a public marriage that consists of rationalized and censored letters, and six-monthly conversation through a glass partition.

Nelson Mandela is a dominating presence in the book, and Winnie is shown in her traditional role as his political offshoot. It is a pity that Part of My Soul has not shown how Winnie Mandela may now stand in her own right, among the women of Africa who struggle to play their part in the recovery and reconstitution of their troubled continent.
Oxford is said to have more restaurants per head than any other place in the country. That being so, eating out should present little problem. But this is not always the case, especially if you are trying to get a good meal out of your parents. It would be impossible to give a full run-down of all the reasonable places to eat in Oxford, but one could do worse than start with La Cantina, 54 Queen Street, tel. 247760. The atmosphere in this subterranean cavern is jolly and the food can be delicious, but you have to tread carefully. For starters, the lasagne verdi at £5.60 was excellent, though I think the chef got carried away with the nutmeg. But the oven-baked melanzane (aubergine) was heaven for only £2.15. For the main course, my companion chose saltimbocca al romana (£3.50), veal escalopes with a lot of sage. I picked one of the specials; these tend to be a bit over-elaborate, so I plumped for the straightforward osso buco alla Milanese. Not much on your plate, and what you do get is certainly not worth the price. The spaghetti con funghi (£2.75) were memorable only for the tastelessness of the mushrooms drowned in too much butter. The crostada of spinach and cheese at £2.25 were according to my companion 'unsavoury, but quite cheesy'. For my second course I sampled the hot chicken salad with herbs and greens (£3.95), which turned out cold, dry, and undressed. In contrast, the salmon stuffed with fish mousse, wrapped and baked with leeks was alpha, though priced at £7.95. The vegetables were delicious, the £4.95 house wine decent, but it all came to about £15 a head. It's much cheaper at lunch-time; there's a set menu for £6.95 which is probably worth taking your parents to. On the other hand, if you're thinking of splashing out at lunch, Le Petit Blanc down the road in Summertown (tel. 535540) will give you better nouvelle cuisine than practically anywhere else in the country for £15. Michel's Brasserie (Rue Petit Claren- don, tel. 52142) is French for 'Michel's Brevi-house', but don't come here if you want to treat them to 'a pub lunch'.

Ten pounds will buy you a starter and main course, or a main course and dessert: I started with diced avocado, preferred my companion's seafood platter, but wished I'd gone for the enormous helping of moules marinieres served at the next-door table. The pork medallions were also choice. The ambience was sprthy, the service free, but the value questionable, considering the tastier dishes carried a rather punitive supplement. Not as good as The Elisabeth (84 St Aldate's, tel. 242530).

For even more of a bistro-like atmosphere (red-checked tablecloths, menu on blackboard) the Casse-Croûte (103a The High Street, tel. 241320) is recommended. Some have accused the menu of being too small but the quality of the seven-odd choices is very good. The onion soup is a classic and the moules marinieres, both at £3.25, are generous. The plat du jour garnis at £4.45 is always good value, and the accompanying vegetables are all fresh; the courgettes are especially appetising. This restaurant has a small capacity so it's worth booking a head, else you might be forced to move upstairs to La Sorbonne where you get the same fare at twice the price.

No guide, however cursory, would be complete without mentioning the Indian food you can get here. East Oxford presents a concentration of good-value Chinese (Pa Fook, 100 Cowley Road, tel. 247758) and Indians (Moonlight, 59 Cowley Road, tel. 240275, and the Anglo-Indian Tandoori at number 84, tel. 241344). The Prince of Bengal (92 Cowley Road, tel. 241344) is a symphony of blues, purples and greens, presided over by the inimitable Mr Hoque and Bengali waiters (in full regalia). The quality of the food is excellent at prices little more than the average £7 a head. Of the more expensive specialities, chicken shashlic (£4.15) has to be tried for a change, along with a pint of unusually good draught Dortmunder lager. You can eat your meal at open tables, or in individual contained-off sections, with crocked touches such as hot flannel, mints and strange chewing herbs. The 10% discount (on production of NUS card) elimi- nates the need to add on anything for service, but you may find yourself wanting to anyway.

A. Moppy
Justin Rushbrooke
Jeremy Thwrale

A warm welcome to JOMUNA
TANDOORI RESTAURANT, fully licensed
240 Cowley Road, Oxford
For Reservations
Telephone: 251013

10% student discount on sit-in meals
Open: 12 noon to 3pm and 6pm to 11.30pm
including Sundays and holidays

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS
THINKING OF RUNNING YOUR OWN BUSINESS

If you have a commercial idea find out whether you can develop a business of your own through the GRADUATE ENTERPRISE PROGRAMME: A package of training, counselling and cash grants worth more than £5,000 could be yours. Pick up a brochure at your Careers Advisory Centre and come to the 'Business Start-Up Seminar' on Wednesday, 6th November 1985, at 2.30 p.m. at Oxford University.

Ask at your Careers Advisory Centre for the exact location.

THE RESTAURANT GUIDE

The Prince of Bengal
TANDOORI RESTAURANT, fully licensed
92 Cowley Road, Oxford
Tel. (0865) 241628/241344

One of Oxford's most trendy restaurants with cutlery service only

10% student discount on production of N.U.S. card each
10% discount on takeaways

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK including holidays
OPENING HOURS 12-2.30pm, 6pm-11.30pm

A package of training, counselling and cash grants worth more than £5,000 could be yours. Pick up a brochure at your Careers Advisory Centre and come to the 'Business Start-Up Seminar' on Wednesday, 6th November 1985, at 2.30 p.m. at Oxford University.

A warm welcome to JOMUNA
TANDOORI RESTAURANT, fully licensed
240 Cowley Road, Oxford
For Reservations
Telephone: 251013

10% student discount on sit-in meals
Open: 12 noon to 3pm and 6pm to 11.30pm
including Sundays and holidays

Oppotunity Knocks
Thinking of running your own business
If you have a commercial idea find out whether you can develop a business of your own through the Graduate Enterprise Programme: A package of training, counselling and cash grants worth more than £5,000 could be yours. Pick up a brochure at your careers advisory centre and come to the 'Business Start-Up Seminar' on Wednesday, 6th November 1985, at 2.30 p.m. at Oxford University.

Ask at your Careers Advisory Centre for the exact location.

The Showmanship at...