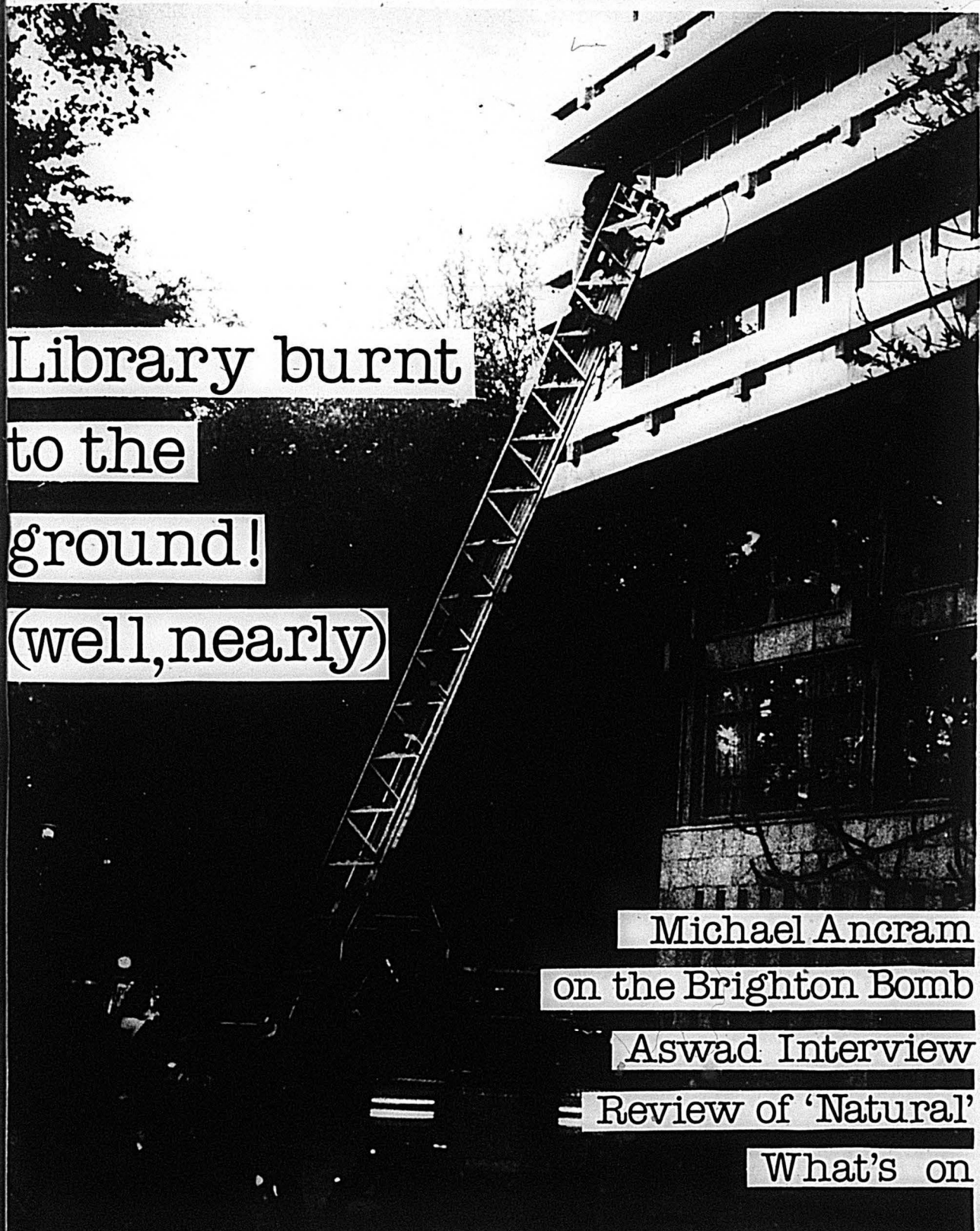


STUDENT

—Edinburgh University Student Newspaper—



Library burnt
to the
ground!
(well, nearly)

Michael Ancram
on the Brighton Bomb

Aswad Interview

Review of 'Natural'

What's on

NEWS

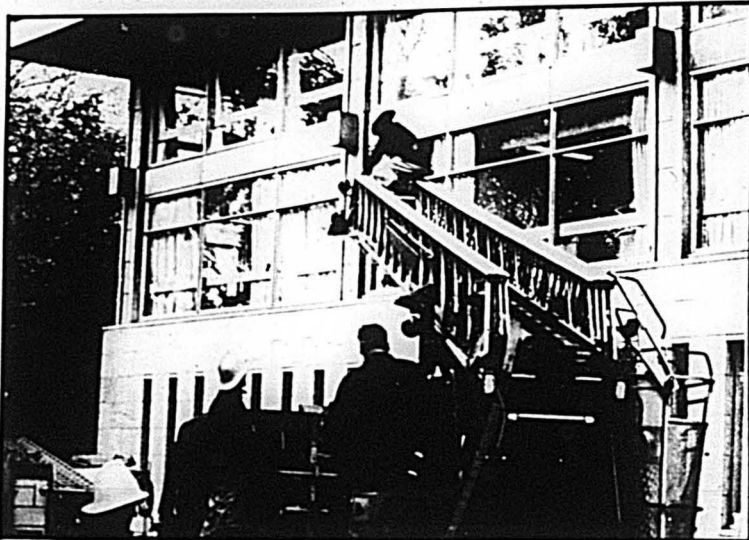
Library fire leads to confusion

Half an hour of high drama

Shortly after eleven o'clock on Monday morning a cloud of black smoke issuing from the roof of the University's main library in George Square signalled the start of half an hour of frantic activity in the University environs.

What many bystanders failed to realise as they stopped to observe the smoke rising into the sky, was that the fire at its source was on the outside of the building and so beyond the reach of the library's alarm system. Consequently, while the black cloud increased in volume and the number of spectators swelled, staff and students alike within the building were quite unaware of what was happening.

It was not until 11.09 am, with groups of students still making their way into the library, that one of the crowd outside realised what was happening and phoned the fire brigade. A minute later a siren whistling from the building epitomised the innocence of those still inside, asked if that really was a fire on the roof, he told Student: "No, they're tarring the roof. I think." At the very same moment the sirens could be heard approaching from the distance. By 11.12 the fire brigade had arrived, and within minutes had sent an extended ladder up from the rear of the library. Meanwhile the library slumbered peacefully on, it was not until a quarter past eleven that the staff were made aware of



Firemen prepare to fight the flames at the Library.

Photo by John Lindsay

the problem and were able to evacuate the building.

Outside the spectators were rapidly discovering that a lot of smoke does not, thankfully, mean a lot of fire, as a single fireman extinguished the flames within minutes. He returned to the ground, and told Student that the fire had been caused by tar, which was being used to repair the roof getting out of control. By half past eleven the fire appliances were gone, and both students and staff

were returning to their work.

The cause of the fire was later confirmed by the University's Fire Safety Officer, Mr Bill Graham, who explained: "The tar which was being used on the roof overheated and then ignited, and with the strong wind up there the heat rippled some of the existing tar on the roof." Mr Graham also confirmed that although this was the second fire alarm at the library within a week, it was not — contrary to popular rumour — the

second fire. Last week's alarm had been caused, he said, by "gremlins".

The roof-tarring operation had been arranged some time ago for this summer and autumn, as a result of damage which had been spotted before. Hopefully Monday's incident will not delay these repairs too long, for during last week's storms a mopping up operation was necessary on the sixth floor due to the leaks.

Iain Cameron

College cuts

Last week the College Council of Napier College of Commerce and Technology expressed "very deep anxiety" about the extent of cuts in their annual budget. The cuts are being asked of the College by Lothian Region's Education Committee in line with the present government's economic policy.

Napier say that cuts in the college budget for 1984/5 will effectively result in the loss of more than 11 full-time members of staff and a £185,000 cut in revenue.

These reductions, along with a lack of technical staff, cuts in maintenance of buildings and cuts in new equipment being acquired by the college have led the college council to ask the Region's education committee to give "urgent consideration to the effects of the reductions in the 1984/5 college budget with a view to restoration".

The council have also warned that bus services between various areas of the college and refectory services for students could be adversely affected by the cuts, causing "considerable inconvenience to students". Apart from the mere inconvenience of such cuts the resulting lowering in standards of education is the college's main concern.

The council stated that "a college such as Napier must be at the forefront of technology, must have up-to-date equipment, must involve students with advanced ideas." There seems to be a real fear amongst staff at Napier that these advances are simply not going to continue if the present level of cuts is instituted.

Audrey Tinlin

The taxman cometh

Customs and Excise inspectors, who administer VAT, decided over the summer that revenue from advertisements in *Student* should be taxed at a standard rate of 15%, and this assessment was made retroactively. Because for the past five years the Publications Board has interpreted VAT differently, it now owes approximately £9,000 VAT on its publications. The Students' Association is appealing against this decision, which will come before a Tribunal in January.

At present, no other student newspaper in the country charges VAT on advertisements. Since Customs and Excise operates on a system of precedents, decisions concerning *Student* may well set the trend for other student newspapers.

Customs and Excise inspectors had issued guidelines describing what constitutes a newspaper, which is not obliged to pay VAT on advertisements. One directive deals with appearing in regular, consecutive issues. Since *Student* does not appear during vacations, it is not considered a newspaper.

Consequently, the Publications Board may need to boost *Student*'s cost to 23p or 25p. This could lead to a drop in sales, which may in turn place a further strain on *Student* and Publications Board finances.

Interestingly, this blatant and unprecedented attempt by the government to impose VAT on a student newspaper occurs as rumours abound that the government will introduce a two-tiered rate of VAT aimed at books

and newspapers.

In addition to the 15% VAT already in effect, the government may have plans to incorporate into the next budget, due in March or April, a 5% VAT on commodities not already taxed, such as books. Critics liken this to placing a tax on knowledge, but supporters contend certain books and newspapers may be seen as entertainment. The government denies that it is going to do this.

Said John Mannix, Senior President, "the government may try to bring 5% VAT on all books quite soon. Therefore, the library grant would effectively be decreased. Students' grants would effectively be decreased. If this happens, we'll almost immediately react to it."

Barbara Trautlein

Boycott lifted

For seven years an international boycott has been in operation against Nestle's, in protest at their marketing of baby milk in the Third World. This boycott is now to be lifted.

This is the recommendation of the International Nestle's Boycott Committee, which recently met to evaluate the practical results of the company's attempts to comply with the International Code of Marketing of Breast Milk Substitutes. Also taken into account were further written undertakings of change in policy.

Chairman of the INBC, Pat Young, cited the boycott as directly responsible for these and previous modifications in Nestle's actions, but he cautioned that, "Although the company's policies are changing quickly, its practices in the field are much slower to change."

Douglas Johnson, co-ordinator of the protest, also emphasised that while progress had been made regarding Nestle's, the termination of the boycott did not mean the issue was closed, but that now a new phase of activity could begin. This would concentrate on the other companies in the baby milk industry.

The boycott of the products of Nestle's and its subsidiaries, which was implemented in ten countries, was taken up by EU Union shops, after Amnesty International successfully presented the motion to the General Meeting of November 1982. It lasted until Easter this year, when Nestle's pledged to adhere to the requirements stated by the World Health Organisation.

Anne McNaught

Restructured report

Last Tuesday night the SRC Restructuring Final Report submitted in response to criticism concerning the complexity and unwieldiness of the SRC's structure, went before the SRC as a whole. Last year's Senior President had submitted a report suggesting reforms, and a working party formed. The Working Party presented its report to SRC Executive last year, but due to a battle over the Accommodation Committee's suggested status, the document was held up in SRC Executive until this week.

The report's thrust is toward streamlined committees with broad but well-defined areas of responsibility. Existing com-

mittees would regroup into four larger committees, Education, Welfare, Transition, and External Affairs. A Vice-President would head each committee, which could initiate Working Parties and Sub-committees as needed.

The debate concerning the Accommodation Committee Focused on the Accommodation Convener, who wanted Accommodation to remain an independent committee reporting directly to SRC Executive, instead of a sub-committee to Welfare. But at last week's meeting SRC Executive decided that while the Accommodation Convener would still be elected by a cross-campus ballot, this committee would be a

sub-committee of Welfare.

Under this plan the positions of Vice Presidents (Court and Senate) would no longer exist. Therefore, the SRC Executive would consist of the four Sabbaticals, the four Vice-Presidents, and two Ordinary Members elected by Council.

Other suggested reforms include changes in representation on Court and Senate, establishing definite committee quotas, and standardising enquiries between the SRC Administrator, the Vice-Presidents, and the Honorary Secretary, along with appropriate Constitutional amendments.

Barbara Trautlein

EIS to escalate?

The executive of the Educational Institute of Scotland had decided to escalate Scottish teachers' action in support of the independent pay review they are demanding from Scottish Secretary George Younger.

The current work-to-rule shall be intensified, and a rolling programme of strikes shall begin. The EIS also hope to raise a £450,000 levy by asking its 40,000 members for £10 each. This, it is hoped, would help finance possible indefinite strikes in some schools if the action were stepped up in 1985.

These moves were decided at the latest EIS executive meeting, but officials stressed that they depend on the outcome of a meeting in London this week between Mr Younger and a delegation from the EIS.

If Mr Younger refuses the pay review, or hedges it with unacceptable qualifications, plans will go ahead for selective strikes in November and December. Mr Fred Forrester, the EIS organising secretary, said disruption of the 1985 SCE exams could not be ruled out. He added that any plans for such action would be put to members in a ballot after the New Year.

The EIS has received support for their action from the smaller teachers' unions, including the Association of Head Teachers and the Scottish Secondary Teachers Association.

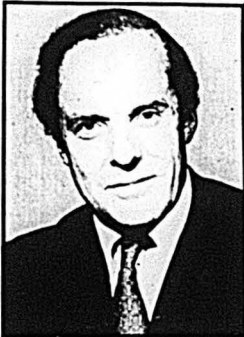
Alan Young

MP blasts bomb

"Democracy will not be bombed into submission." That was the clear opinion of Edinburgh Tory MP Michael Ancram talking exclusively to *Student* about the Brighton bombing.

Michael Ancram is a Scottish Office Minister, and the Member of Parliament for Edinburgh South — the constituency in which most Edinburgh University students live, and which includes Pollock Halls. He was one of the many delegates to the 1984 Conservative Party Conference staying in the Grand Hotel at the time of the IRA bombing.

Speaking to *Student* within a few days of the attack, Mr Ancram said, "my room was on the second floor of the hotel, at the back, and I was in bed asleep at the time. I was awakened just before 3 am by a loud bang, and was aware of the



Michael Ancram, MP.

noise of glass and debris falling down." Mr Ancram wasn't immediately clear what had happened but continued, "I got up quickly, dressed, and left the

building. There was no confusion whatsoever, which was really surprising, and everybody was totally calm."

Mr Ancram was impressed by how quickly the rescue services reached the hotel, and above all by the determination of the Prime Minister — whom he saw after the incident — to carry on regardless with her major conference speech that afternoon.

He was both stunned and saddened by the death of friends and colleagues in the attack, but said he did not wish to comment on the likelihood that neither the Alliance or Labour will be contesting the bye-election of Sir Anthony Berry's seat.

Mr Ancram did, however, conclude by saying quite adamantly, "that if the motive of those behind this attack was to drive British democracy behind closed doors, then they have failed."

Devin Scobie

Flathunters take care

Students have been warned to be careful when making use of a new housing agency, *Homelocators*, to try to beat the annual start of term rush to find accommodation.

The agency apparently first appeared in Britain a year ago in Leicester, but it seems to have surfaced this year in ten other centres, including Glasgow. However, the Edinburgh University Student Accommodation Service says that as far as they know, the agency is not operating in the capital.

Homelocators offer to advertise clients' names to landlords in return for a £23 payment. It is actually illegal for accommodation agencies to charge a fee until accommodation has been accepted by the client. *Homelocators*, however, denies it is an accommodation agency. Rather, it claims to be an advertising agency, or what it calls a "renting counsellor".

According to Alan Smart, president of NUS Scotland, *Homelocators* is not an illegal organisation, "but we are warning people away from it."

The NUS housing officer, Paul Valentowicz, warned students to think very carefully before parting with money to any agency which does not guarantee to return the

cash if no accommodation is found. He said that *Homelocators* was relying on students' ignorance, and that those most likely to suffer would be first years, and overseas students.

Already, the NUS has a file of cases where students were given addresses by *Homelocators*, only to find the accommodation already leased. Research among estate agents in Glasgow revealed that none of more asked had ever received the *Homelocators* list of prospective tenants.

However, *Homelocators* have been in touch with estate agencies enquiring if they had any properties to rent. The conclusion taken from that seems to be that *Homelocators* are more interested in acquiring details of properties on the market, rather than advertising clients' names to landlords — the very service they are supposed to offer in the first place.

In Bradford, *Homelocators* even acquired a copy of the University's own accommodation list, and included the addresses in its own list, thus students could have been charged for information by *Homelocators*, which was freely available in the University.

Strathclyde University law department is investigating the agency's legal position, and two local authorities are also said to be considering legal action.

Alan Young

French lessons

A WORD OF COMFORT for those who have to endure the rigours of Edinburgh's near-notorious French Department. A group of language experts from Scottish universities are to introduce new methods of French teaching in universities, in an attempt to equip students better for modern careers.

The group, led by Professor Samuel Naylor of St Andrews, will be supported by grants of more than £55,000, mainly from the Economic and Social Research Council. The course is designed to be in with new secondary school

teaching, and also to encourage links with other universities in the EEC.

According to Professor Naylor, skills developed by traditional teaching methods have not been meeting current job needs, especially in business. The emphasis shall now be on acquiring the ability to communicate confidently and accurately in French to suit present-day careers.

Once completed, the new French course will be evaluated by a separate professional unit before being made more widely available.

PNL picket trouble

Controversy has surrounded the beginning of the new session at the Polytechnic of North London, as the student union continues to resist attempts by student and National Front organiser Patrick Harrington to attend lectures and tutorials in common with other students.

The student union's resistance is based on worries that students sharing academic classes with Mr Harrington, who expresses views contrary to his own, may afterwards be "marked men", and may subsequently face reprisals. Without wishing to deprive Mr Harrington of his classes, therefore, PNL students have been insisting that Mr Harrington be taught in isolation, a compromise which he has steadfastly refused to accept.

In an effort to force Mr Harrington to accept this solution, Mr Harrington's lectures have consequently been picketed in the hope that he can be excluded. Meanwhile the college authorities have been instructed by the courts that they must make every effort to assist Mr Harrington in attending his lectures, and students have been warned that they will be in contempt of court should they try to prevent him from doing so. The courts have now insisted that the college help to identify picketing students in order that charges may be brought against them, and it is understood that "one or more" students could soon be identified by these means.

Iain Cameron



Crime rate up at Pollock

Since the beginning of the new term, there has been a distinct increase in the awareness of the need for good security within Pollock Halls. This is an important matter which has been made all the more urgent by a recent attack on a student within Pollock Halls.

The recent incident which has reinforced the necessity for taking greater security precautions concerned an actual attack upon a Pollock resident. It took place during the small hours of a Sunday morning when a person leapt from one of the many patches of undergrowth on the site, and attempted to stab a student passer-by.

The police are investigating the matter which, so far, has been a one-off incident. The person concerned was slightly injured but luckily not seriously. As a result of this matter, the obvious dangers of walking home both late at night, and alone, have been stressed strongly at House Meetings this term.

It is hoped that, in future, Pollock residents will take greater care in, at least, both securing the outer door to Houses at night, and being aware of the potential

danger of walking home alone at night.

A further worry of particular concern to self-catering students in Pollock is the increased incidence of food pilfering, a long standing problem. Mrs Eileen James, Warden of Brewster House, told *Student* this week that one curiously particular food-thief had raided all the Brewster fridges of cheese and bacon! The thief, after securing quite a hefty haul, obviously had a change of heart by the time of his raid as his bag of booty was later discovered in a first floor corridor. As a result of the increased likelihood of such incidents, Mrs James and other Pollock wardens are emphasising the need to keep kitchen doors locked at all times.

Security must be a crucially important matter at all times — particularly when physical harm is inflicted. It is hoped that as a result of increased awareness of the type of incidents which can — and do — occur, that students both in Pollock and elsewhere will be less likely to suffer from the actions of one or two extremely irresponsible people.

Devin Scobie

and briefly...

Still afloat

Leith Nautical College has won a year's breathing space in its fight to maintain a full range of courses and independence from Lothian region. That is the effect of the decision by the Convention of Scottish Local Authorities to defer acceptance of a working party report on the future of nautical education in Scotland.

The report has recommended a concentration of nautical courses on Glasgow College of Nautical Studies. The decision by the Local Authorities to seek further advice had prompted the working party to reconvene.

Excavation exhibition

IF YOU GO TO the University library — that's the large building on the south side of George Square — you'll find a model reconstruction of Biskupis, a 6th-century BC island village near Poznan in Poland, and one of the major excavations of its type in Europe. It comes to Edinburgh on the excavation's 50th anniversary, as part of a limited British tour. The fact that it's in Britain at all is largely thanks to Professor Denis Harding of Edinburgh's Archaeology Department. The exhibition continues until 26th October, 10-5, Monday to Friday, and admission is free.

Surgical cuts

The Medical Research Council has warned Universities it will have to make major cuts in grants and postgraduate student awards. It blames the seriousness of its own financial position on Government cuts.

In a letter to the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, the MRC gives warning that funds for project grants will be 7.5% below last year's, and programme grants will be cut by 25%. Because of the seriousness of the problems facing the Council, research and advance course studentships will be cut by 30% from October next year.

Local knowledge

AN ENTIRELY NEW cause is being run by the University's Department of Extra-Mural Studies — a course specially designed to increase people's awareness of the area in which they live. The course takes place throughout the autumn and spring terms, with lectures lasting an hour and a half. Subjects in the first half of the course are geography, Lothian history and public affairs. The course has, however, one main disadvantage — it takes place throughout the whole of every Tuesday.

Mission Impossible

The rumble of sound systems in the city's PA hire companies has been silenced, to be replaced by the grumbles of hard-up owners.

Smaller concerns are finding it hard to survive, says the owner of one such establishment, because their best customers — student bands or bands which rely on university exposure — are unable to get gigs.

Several bands have complained that, contrary to their promise in the EUSA handbook, Unions are not supporting unknown acts. Why? Because they are unknown.

The PA companies find this turn of events surprising, because, they say, Unions are awarded late licences on condition that live entertainment is provided.

NEWS

Labouring the point



Wild enthusiasm from Labour rally speakers.

Photo by Robert Dunn

Saturday morning in Telford Row saw the Scottish Labour Students rallying under the banner 'Keep Democracy Local. Things were very slow to get under way, with a characteristic shambles taking place from 10.30 onwards.

Speakers at the relatively sparsely-attended meeting were Val Woodward, chairperson of Edinburgh District Council Women's Group, John Linden, member of the notorious Liverpool City Council, Peter Hain, the anti-apartheid campaigner, and the token miner, Peter Hogg of the Scottish NUM Executive.

Pablo Robertson Labour Club Chairman, introduced the speakers. First was Val Woodward, tackling local democracy from the point of view of community involvement, especially that of women — her own specific field.

The miners' strike, she said, means that working class women have discovered the necessity for political activism and unity. The failure of working class women to realise their own political value at local level is one of the reasons why democracy can be manipulated by others (surely she couldn't mean the Tories?) at local level.

She then moved to another tack. The Labour Party had to begin at the grass roots, rather than championing national issues at the expense of local.

Applause and Mr John Linden followed Mrs Woodward's speech. Mr Linden was probably the best qualified of the four speakers on

the subject under discussion. He began by explaining exactly what the government's notorious "rate-capping bill" entails, and then briefly explained how this and the proposed abolition of metropolitan councils such as the GLC and the West Midlands was designed to reduce local democracy by focussing yet more control on Westminster.

The example of Liverpool obviously appeared prominent in Mr Linden's speech, although he threw us a vast, swift stream of figures which most of us couldn't catch, let alone comprehend. The actual state of the Merseyside economy, however, wasn't so important as what it represented.

There are now many councils in Liverpool's position. "Confrontation" (between government and councils) "is inevitable", he said, pressing the point that local democracy is tied to the local economy and to the unemployed.

Easily the best of the speakers was Peter Hain. His opening point was that Labour's original function was to implement its policies from the bottom upwards. Local government, according to Mr Hain's eminently sensible line of reasoning, began with law profile issues. Labour must back up to the barrier of the Great Conservative Culture, but less of contact with the working class could be fatal, only in local government can the beginnings of a viable alternative to Thatcherism be found.

Jenny Dunn

SNP slam racist connection

Racist propaganda, pushed through letter-boxes in Marchmont last week in attempt to confuse the SNP with the National Front, was an unmitigated disaster.

The leaflets appeared on Tuesday night. On one side a tartan clad Asian smiles inanely while a butch fascist "patriot" wields the saltpire. The reverse exhorts the reader to "Preserve the Scottish identity — stop the Asian invasion"; "hang IRA scum"; "stop export of capital. Create jobs in Scotland, not the Third World".

The NF "think-tank" blundered, however, in choosing one of the most liberal areas of Edinburgh, Marchmont, in which to deliver their distasteful message.

The leaflet attempts to contrast an Asian Scot unfavourably with a cartoon fascist. Moreover, a thistle crowned with the logo 'NF' attempts to confuse the National Front with the SNP.

From the Edinburgh HQ, SNP

Press Officer Chris McLean made the party's position clear.

"The SNP is totally opposed to the disgusting propaganda of the NF and similar groups. We have always opposed racist attacks on civil liberties — in a free Scotland everyone, whatever their origins, would have equal rights of citizenship," he said.

The leaflet was first used in a Dundee constituency where the SNP was a Pakistani. After the failure of the NF in that campaign it is a mystery why they have chosen to try once more in Marchmont. Referring to the leaflet, which was produced in Surrey, Mr McLean said, "It is a comment on how irrelevant the NF are in Scotland that they couldn't even get this piece of trash published here."

The evidence suggests that far from confusing the public the NF have only succeeded in proving themselves to be confused.

Iain Ferguson

Third World fast

Starting at 2 pm on Monday, 29th October, EU Third World First Society is organising a sponsored fast. About fifty people will be taking part, subsisting on just salt and water for up to fifty hours.

The object of the fast is to draw attention to the issue of world hunger, rather than simulate the conditions of starvation. Unlike the millions of starving people in the Third World, the fasters will know when their next meal will be.

Money raised by the fast will be divided equally between the Third World First national office for their educational work in Britain, Gona Knishukhama (the People's Farm) in Bangladesh and the Eritrean Relief Association.

The People's Farm which runs alongside a rural health centre aims to help the poorest peasants by providing short-term loans. They are also carrying out trials with fish farming and using natural rather than chemical fertilisers.

The Eritrean Relief Association provides immediate food aid and organises long-term development projects including well boring and health provision. At present they are giving practical help to families starting vegetable gardens which will provide them with a more balanced diet.

To launch the fast the Society will be presenting a practical demonstration contrasting the daily meals of rich and poor world on Monday in the Student Centre (under the dome) between noon and 4 pm.

For more information about the fast please contact Gerald Lovelace (447 8688).

Stirling University targeted

FCS suggest privatisation

Stirling University should have its government funding withdrawn over the next three years as a pilot scheme for the privatisation of Higher Education.

This advice, from the Federation of Conservative Students, has been sent to both the University Grants Committee, and the Department of Education. However, the Edinburgh University Conservative Association does not support its national Federation in this case, and would rather see the current education system continue and improve.

An amendment was passed last month at the Federation's half-yearly council backing the complete privatisation of universities, colleges, and polytechnics. It further proposed that one third of Stirling's funds should be withdrawn annually for three years as a first experiment.

The Federation believes that privatisation of Higher Education would attract funding from private industry. This, they optimistically believe, would enable a cut in public expenditure, whilst at the same time maintain standards of education. They argue that industry would find universities an attractive prospect in which to invest because they could train students with more emphasis being put on vocational training.

to suit industrial needs. Conversely, graduate employment prospects would improve as they were better trained in industrial practices.

Speaking for the Edinburgh Conservatives, President Andrew Ryland said that the national federation was often too keen to privatise public services. He would rather see more rational government spending in the education sphere. He believes for example, that smaller University departments could amalgamate, and cites the example of Merseyside, where there are five chemistry departments within a radius of 25 miles. Ryland argues that mergers would improve the quality of departments, and make government spending on education more cost effective. The national federation believes Stirling would be the best choice for privatisation since it is campus-based and has large grounds with the £40m Wang Laboratories Science Park within them.

The Federation also recommended a pure loan system to replace student grants. Andrew Ryland rejected this idea as well, saying his Association wished to see the current grant system develop and progress. It remains to be seen which wing of the Conservative student population shall hold sway with the party leaders.

Alan Young

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COMMENT

ENT-STUDENT-STU

Further to last week's editorial urging students to stand up and be counted, this week *Student* has a practical suggestion. One small way in which we can let the outside world know what we think is by going along to the General Meeting on Monday, October 29th in the McEwan Hall and vote on the main issue of the night, "Do we support the miners?"

If 300 of you go along and vote "yes" then the motion becomes binding Students' Association policy. If you vote "no", then the motion is rejected. Either way it is an opportunity to voice your opinion on the major political issue of the day.

Whereas the result of the debate is unlikely to cause a radical change in the development of the dispute, at least the public will know how we feel about it. Whichever way you are inclined it is vital that you get to the meeting, listen to the debate and cast your vote. This is *your* Students' Association and the decision made will be on your behalf whether you are there or not.

So, take part in one of the few democratic institutions we have left. Apart from anything else, it's sure to be a lively night!

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FRESHERS' WEEK
1985

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Hilary
defence

Dear Sir,

Did you see it comrades? That disgusting article published in last week's issue of this scandal seeking journal? I refer, of course, to that letter which defiled the sheets of *Student*, purportedly penned by "The Archblitch". What a cowardly attack on our glorious UP — not only stuffed with pure fabrication and evil lies but so ill-livered that "The Archblitch" didn't even have the guts to identify herself. Sounds more like a lowly Deaconess than a divine Archblitch to me. OR was it some Glaswegian infiltrator, jealous of the fact that their boy-wonder Mike (I bungled Mr Speaker Sir) McFarlane's gold locks were glimpsed only for 0.01 mins on TV last week whereas our gorgeous H. was given camera close-ups, profiles, the lot. (Auntie beeb obviously has plans for their new angel-faced presenter). Alternatively could it be a Zionist extremist in the pocket of Pastor Jake Glaess, eager for revenge after the Freshers' debate where our virtuous H. spurned his amorous advances over the sherry and trifle? Personally I have my own ideas as to the identity of this filth-producing pseudonym, but that's another story... Who am I, I hear you say? H's PR on secondment from Saatchi and Saatchi? Another of these grovellers desperate to scrounge delegates ticket to the Presidents' Ball (whenever it materialises)? A love-struck fresher astounded by H's divine beauty? A champion for good and righteousness? One of the horrendous hacks who bore us with their tedious? Well — watch this space for further details. As for the Archblitch — come on you white-feathered scandal sca-

venger and show us what's under your Cassock.

Joodl Tushoog

Tory plea

Dear Editor,

What is the Conservative Party coming to? I thought they believed in democracy, free speech, the rule of law, and showing a united front as an example to others. After last Thursday's committee meeting when the fascists from SFCs moved in to take over, I'm not so sure. How can the members of the Association be expected to trust an organisation which is now run by a few bully boys who only have their own political ambitions at heart. Oh, David Owen, where are you when I need you?

Yours,

A Disgruntled Tory.

A correction

Dear Editor,

Thank you for your kindly report of our first Public Discussion last Saturday. However, may I correct one important point? What I certainly *should* said if I did not do so, was that I know of nowhere in the world where devolution has been effective and successful in relation to geographical areas relevant to Scotland. In other words, the Faroes are too small to be a useful example. Maybe in a few years time the Catalanian experience may oblige me to revise my statement.

This is not an argument against devolution for Scotland. It merely emphasises that this would be a Leap in the Dark.

Yours sincerely,

Peter Wassell.

(Your story is on page 2.)

NUS again!!

Sir,

Recently I have obtained some inside information about EUSA (ie I happen to know someone in that clique called the Student Representative Council). As a 'NO' voter in last term's NUS affiliation referendum I have been shocked to learn of EUSA's contacts with NUS.

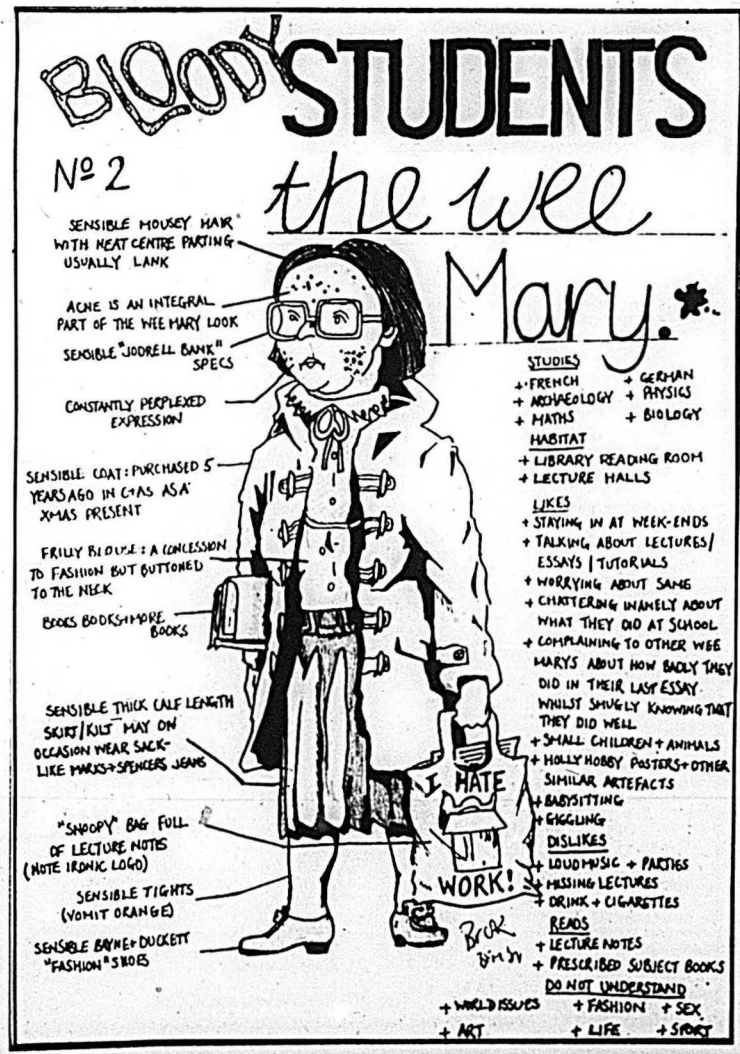
First there was Mark Smith, last year's National Affairs Convener and Candidate for Honorary Secretary. He was a prominent member of the 'NO' campaign, but at the same time had no qualms about using NUS information at his National Affairs Committee meetings. Another interesting fact about Mr Smith is last year's grant's petition. If you are wondering what happened to it, I can inform you that it is still sitting in the EUSA offices. After losing his election to Honorary Secretary, Mr Smith decided to forget his position, he didn't even bother to hold meetings. This criticism is worth remembering since Mr Smith is standing for Environment Convener.

Now we come to Graeme Carter who represented the 'NO' campaign in many of the hustings. He is this year's Vice-President (Court) and under this title he has found it necessary to visit the NUS offices on numerous occasions. For a man who said that we should have nothing to do with NUS it seems a bit of a turn around.

When I voted 'NO' last year it was after listening to these people's advice. I would appreciate it if Mr Carter and others like him in EUSA could inform us whether they have changed their minds regarding NUS or if they are just hypocrites.

Yours in doubt,

a 'NO' voter



S.R.C. BYE-ELECTIONS VOTING GUIDE VOTE TODAY!

ENVIRONMENT CONVENER



**JAN
CALDER**

EXPERIENCE
Two years as elected Law Representative on SRC
Alternative Prospectus Editor 1981
Old College Times Editor 1981-84
Welfare Convener 1982

My experience equipped me to deal with an active and enterprising committee. Environmental issues are of importance and worthy of serious debate.

ENTHUSIASM

Environment Committee needs an active and enthusiastic Convener. The issues have included the Western Helix Road, Nuclear Arms and Energy, Siting Bottle Banks, Pollution, Acid Rain, Transport Policy. The strategy is to work with local and national associations, lobbying local councils, initiating SRC policy. The objective is to inform students and the local community, and to formulate SRC policy on the issues of our environment.

EFFECTIVE

Concrete plans for representation on the Environment Committee by existing University Societies, e.g. FOE, Ecology Society, CND, Edinburgh Science for People Society. Co-ordination of related events, supplemented by widespread publicity will be effective in achieving the full potential of Environment Committee.

FOR EFFECTIVENESS, ENTHUSIASM and EXPERIENCE,
vote CALDER



**GRAHAM
CULVER-
HOUSE**

Cockenzie Power Station, being a blot on the environment, must be forced to stop producing smoke. As Environment Convener, and with the power of Edinburgh University behind us, we shall certainly be able to achieve this. Also to ban rabid fundamentalists from preaching in Bristo Square, unless they wear potted plants on their heads.



**MARK
SMITH**

IMPROVE YOUR ENVIRONMENT

Having been on the SRC the last three years in various capacities I hope I could build on the fine tradition of previous environment conveners.

THE EARTH NEEDS FRIENDS

The elected convener might look into the potential destruction of Britain's heritage — architecture, trees, the green belt and of course the problem on everybody's lips — how to stop the frightening decrease of Great Crested Newts? It's no joke being faced with extinction, as any endangered newt could tell you (if they could speak that is).

A kitten playing with a ball of wool — whales communicating over vast distances — a lion stalking its prey — Margaret Thatcher in the Houses of Parliament — a Great Crested Newt in a pond —

CHOOSE LIFE AND VOTE SMITH.

WELFARE CONVENER



**JOHN MURRAY
MACLEOD**

Fellow students,

A "fresher" standing for the most important position vacant at this election might be accused of incipient megalomania — not to say cheek. But I cannot believe that my youth at once disqualifies me from holding high office. In terms of vigour and fresh outlook it might even be an advantage!

The Welfare Convener'ship is indeed significant. The Committee deals with matters affecting us all — student accommodation, finance and rights. It runs services such as Nightline. It helps the disadvantaged overseas students, disabled and the "problem people" — homosexuals, drug addicts, those in trouble with the law.

Were I elected to the convener'ship I would base my work on three main principles:

RESPONSIBILITY

The Welfare Committee exists to help — but it must never legally compromise itself. It should not become a bandwagon for pressure groups, and it must use its resources wisely.

MORALITY

I am a Christian. I hold forthright views on many issues. But I would not impose my own values on others. I cannot condone pre-marital sex — but I would much prefer dispensing contraceptives to organising abortions. Of course, economic policies leading to mass unemployment are immoral. To jail homosexuals while lining football hooligans is immoral.

COMPASSION

There was morality and responsibility in Nazi Germany. But it was a society steeped in evil. I hope that as Welfare Convener I would know true understanding and sympathy for the lost, the lonely, the addicts and the gays. I could be moral and responsible — but without compassion I would be nothing.

Will you support me on October 25th?

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MURRAY MACLEOD



**KAREN
WIGGLESWORTH**

The position of Welfare Convener is an extremely important one. It has the potential to influence major areas in student politics. Last year great advances were made in several spheres.

- Women's self-defence classes
- Money Advice Centre
- Nightline

to name but a few. While maintaining the momentum of these services there is also room for expansion in other fields.

For instance, extra effort should be directed towards eradicating sexism within the University and greater integration of overseas students and first years. To this end closer liaison is needed with other SRC committees.

To conclude I would say that the welfare services should adopt a more assertive and public face.

So don't waste your vote and decide —

WIGGLES FOR WELFARE

POSTGRADUATE CONVENER



**ELIZABETH
JANE
FERRIER**

If elected to the post of Postgraduate Convener I would undertake to offer the best representation possible for all postgraduate students in the University. As a Legal Diploma student with two first degrees behind me, I have experienced at first hand the initial feelings of isolation that most postgraduates experience on coming to a strange place to continue their studies. I will investigate the possibilities of helping postgraduates to overcome this isolation and get as much out of the social side of university life as they put into their studies.

I have been a self-financing student for the past two years and will work towards increasing the level of funding currently available to postgraduates. I feel that a direct knowledge of the problems involved in this area gives me a better understanding of your financial problems.



**F. A.
JASSIM**

Polling Stations

Appleton Tower	10.00 am-2.30 pm
Chambers Street House	10.00 am-7.00 pm
DHT Basement	10.00 am-5.00 pm
Dick Vet	10.00 am-2.30 pm
JCMB	10.00 am-2.30 pm
KB Union	10.00 am-7.00 pm
KB Centre	10.00 am-2.30 pm
(North Entrance)	
Law Faculty Office	10.00 am-2.30 pm
Library Coffee Room	10.00 am-5.00 pm
Medical Library	10.00 am-5.00 pm
New College	10.00 am-2.30 pm
Pollock Halls	5.30 pm-7.00 pm
Refectory	
Student Centre	10.00 am-7.00 pm
Concourse	
Student Centre	11.00 am-2.00 pm
Bristo Cafe	
Teviot Row House	10.00 am-7.00 pm
William Robertson Building	10.00 am-2.30 pm

S.R.C. BYE-ELECTIONS

ARTS FACULTY CONVENER



KEITH BRYCE

With the Government's present preference for science courses at universities, it is important for Arts students to have a representative voice. The Arts Students' Council must help to promote the value of our degrees.

How I can help:

ON THE SRC

- A better Arts students' voice in the University community.
- Opposition to present government policy on student loans.

IN THE FACULTY

- More feedback to students from the ASC and SRC.
- Greater student involvement in course organisation, and on Boards of Studies.
- Better staff/student liaison, and more flexibility in courses.
- Improvement of the Faculty's social life (parties, booze).

Keith Bryce is a third year student of English and Philosophy. As a founding member of the Arts Students' Council, he already has the experience needed to see the Council into its second year.

VOTE FOR EXPERIENCE — VOTE BRYCE.



MARK ALLEN CHESWORTH

Elections are with us once again, but this year they're going to have some real point. If I am elected Arts Faculty Convener I aim to "scrape the mould" off Edinburgh Student Politics and bring a breath of fresh and dewy early morning air into the stale and damp smoke-filled corridors of power.

My Five Point Programme. Chesworth's New Deal, should appeal to those of you disillusioned with the Students' Association.

If elected I aim to —

- (1) Move Pollock Halls near George Square
- (2) Improve the catering at Mylne's Court
- (3) Outlaw vivisection in the Arts Faculty
- (4) Move breakfast to 10.30 am, and/or
- (5) Offer Arts students breakfast in bed

If all you voters are kind enough to vote me into power I will not be aloof but for the price of a drink will lend a sympathetic ear to any of my constituent's problems.

Vote for Chesworth if you want things done

Vote for Chesworth if you want some fun

Vote for Chesworth if you're not sure, don't care or don't know (I don't care, they all count one)



LORNA SINCLAIR

I am a 2nd year history student standing for the post of Arts Faculty Convener because I feel I have the necessary enthusiasm and motivation to represent the Arts Faculty and to help make the Arts Faculty Student Council an effective working body. The

Council brings student representatives from all departments of the Faculty together and I think it is important that all members, not just the convener, should work together to give the Council a valid function. It has an important role to play in dealing with any problems which students may have concerning a particular course or academic matter and all students should feel free to make use of the Council.

In 1983-84, as a class rep, I was a member of the Arts Faculty Council and was able to learn first hand how it functions. I was also joint editor of the 1984 Alternative Prospectus which gave me experience in dealing with academic affairs from the students' point of view as I came into contact with class reps from all departments of the Arts Faculty.

LORNA SINCLAIR



MARK WHEATLEY

Hi! You probably know that there are some Student Representative Council Bye-Elections on October 25th.

These elections are for student representatives in each Faculty. It's quite easy and painless to vote. However, most students don't bother.

You're an apathetic crowd. Well, that's your business but you might as well vote. Of course I'd like you to vote for me — I've got no experience whatsoever, but I can offer enthusiasm and interest.

You can make a choice. You have an opportunity to do something positive, please make use of this opportunity.

Whoever you choose (hopefully me) act on your decision. You'll hear more from me later — not so serious and boring.

Thank you

MARK WHEATLEY

ARTS UNDERGRADUATE (1st Year)—3 Seats



MARION BUDD

Would you like an enthusiastic, energetic, and (of course) extremely charismatic English student for your Arts Faculty Representative? Previous experience of youth organisation and competitive debating has given me all the assertiveness necessary to be the best thing that hit the SRC since 1066! Vote Marion Budd!



MARK ALLEN CHESWORTH

I aim to:

- (1) Move Pollock Halls nearer George Square
- (2) Improve the catering at Mylne's Court
- (3) Outlaw vivisection in the Arts Faculty
- (4) Move breakfast to 10.30 am and/or
- (5) Offer Arts students breakfast in bed



JOHN MURRAY MACLEOD

My fellow-freshers,

It seems the height of arrogance to stand for election to the SRC! I stand as a political moderate — believing our affairs too important to entrust to extremist hacks of both Left and Right. I stand as a Christian — hoping to bring new perspective to Council discussions. Above all I stand as a student — and today I will appreciate your support.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN A. MACLEOD



MURRAY SIMPSON

If elected, I would intend being a fair, reasonable voice for the Arts Faculty. If pressed for a Political Label, I would say 'Liberal'. Politics is, however, about people, not dogma.

The decision is yours — if elected I shall do my best. No one can promise any more.



CHEOW LAY WEE

The Arts Faculty is one of the biggest faculties here: it needs all the representation it can get. If I am elected I won't forget those who elected me and even those who didn't. I will try to deal with any problem you may have. Remember I will be YOUR voice on the SRC.



MARK WHEATLEY

Hello,

I'll make this short and sweet. My name is Mark Wheatley. Please vote for me on October 25th. Thank you (more later).

ARTS UNDERGRADUATE

2nd Year+
—1 Seat



KEITH BRYCE

I wish to help further the interests of Arts students in the Students' Association, while at the same time supporting those issues which are important to all students.

Vote for me and you vote for experience.



DAVID CHALMERS

A year abroad living under a completely different system has given me experience in critical analysis of all forms of politics. I want to use this broadened independent perspective to represent Arts students on a body, often accused of complacency and irrelevancy, but potentially an effective voice.

Vote CHALMERS.

**BALLOT COUNT
TONIGHT
7.00 p.m.
Teviot Row
Debating Hall**

S.R.C. BYE-ELECTIONS

RETURNED UNOPPOSED

ASSOCIATION-WIDE

Deirdre Watt

Publications Board Chairman

CONVENERSHIPS

Carol Ann Foy

Science Faculty

1st YEAR FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES

Malcolm R. MacLeod

Medicine

Roderick A. Manson

Postgraduate (1st Year)

Mukesh Patel

Postgraduate (1st Year)

David Clark

Social Science

Alison Murray

Social Science

FACULTY COUNCIL POSITIONS

Alison Kinna

Arts Faculty Secretary

Lesley Rodger

Science Faculty Secretary

Andrew Fleming

Social Science Faculty Treasurer

Maevie Kenny

Law Faculty 1st Year

Jan Calder

Law Faculty 4th Year

VOTING METHOD

Transferable Vote

This means that voters are allowed to indicate their first, second, third choice, and so on. This is very important in the elections where there are more than two candidates, and in those elections where there are more than one seat. Ballots will be redistributed according to second, third choice etc., until all positions are filled. Thus, to ensure that YOUR vote counts to maximum effectiveness, you should indicate your preference for all candidates you favour. You do NOT have to vote for any candidates whom you do not desire to be elected. Expression of second, third, etc., preferences in no way weakens the strength of your first preference vote.

M.S.C. (2nd Year)—3 Seats



EMMA BAKER

I would like to be elected because I think I would be good at the job!

Policies:

No favourite orange chalk!
Reduction of working hours to 170 per week
Free alcoholic stimulus with every Behavioural Sciences lecture
P.S. I'd quite like to be Prime Minister as well!!



DUNCAN BOND

I would like to be elected because I think I would be good at the job!

Policies:

No favourite orange chalk!
Reduction of working hours to 170 per week
Free alcoholic stimulus with every Behavioural Sciences lecture
P.S. I'd quite like to be Prime Minister as well!!

LAW (1st Year)—1 Seat



JOANNA CHERRY

If elected I would be committed to representing our interests as Law students and first years

I would support:

—moves to provide more places in halls for first years.
—a campaign for higher grants.
—safety measures on the Meadows such as improved lighting
Make your voice heard — vote Cherry



NICHOLAS WILLIAM WAILES-FAIRBAIRN

Having already served as a junior member of the SRC, I would hope to continue to offer experienced, energetic and balanced representation at both Faculty and EUSA levels.



A. SIMON CARNEY

The MSC involves representation! I believe I can represent both my own years and others. Help me to help you.



JOHN PETRIE

A vote for me is a vote for someone who knows what's going on in the University — inside and outside the Medical Faculty.

So vote. And vote for John Petrie. Probably no one else wants the job anyway. The war on medical apathy is on.

SCIENCE (1st Year)—3 Seats



DAVID M. COOK

Sorry, I don't wear a parka, saggy corduroys and Adidas Trainers! Nor do I believe that the universe revolves around KB!!

A vote for me is a vote for an enthusiastic, politically unbiased rep, who will listen to all your views, moans and perhaps even jokes.

NEED I SAY MORE?



PAUL DAVIES

I am a Physics student from Dunblane and I believe that good quality SRC representation is essential for first years both on individual faculty councils and SRC. As an SRC representative I would work hard both on the Faculty Council and on the SRC and its subcommittees for your benefit.



MARK DICKINSON

If elected I will do my utmost to ensure that first year scientists are well represented on the SRC

- No wrong shall go un-righted!
- No grievance shall go unaired!
- And I'm a very nice chap!

For a STRONG VOICE on the SRC
VOTE DICKINSON
and Never Look Back!



PAT GALLAGHER

You probably know as much about the SRC as I do, but I'm willing to learn. I'm running on the 'Ordinary Student in the Street' ticket, although I and my Mum think I'm a special person.

Vote for me and I'll honestly do my best for you. (Stinks, doesn't it?)



ADRIAN McMENNAMIN

I am a registered Astrophysics student in my first year at university.

If elected to SRC I will endeavour to ensure that EUSA works for all students, especially first years, in carrying out the policies approved by General Meetings and that it defends students' rights, which are increasingly under attack.



KAREN MARSHALL

"ATTENTION ALL FIRST YEAR SCIENCE STUDENTS— IF YOU WOULD LIKE YOUR VOICE TO BE HEARD IN THE SRC IN 1984 THEN WHY NOT VOTE FOR ME IN THE BYE-ELECTIONS."

(I'LL PROBABLY BE THE ONLY REP WITH AN AUSSIE ACCENT SO I'M BOUND TO BE HEARD!!)

VETERINARY MEDICINE (All Years)—1 Seat



GILES THOMAS INNOCENT

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR VET STUDENTS
(REMEMBER LAST YEAR'S FARCE?)



MARGARET ROBERTS

MAGGIES MANIFESTO!

My aim is to improve communications.

- So that vet students are aware of facilities available to them plus decisions made by the University that affect them, e.g. how our money is spent.
- So the University will acknowledge the presence plus needs of the vet college

Mindless in Troy

Netherbow Arts Centre
Helen of Troy
Tony and Derek

For anyone who has seen Tony and Derek's previous shows, Wagner's Ring or 'Lawrence of Arabia', their latest epic, 'Helen of Troy', will hold few surprises.

Starting with their basic disadvantage, as regards dramatising the Trojan wars, of being only two in number, they build on this with wonderfully inadequate props, sound effects and costumes. This leaves you with no choice but to admire the performers themselves for their overwhelming exuberance, impressive variety and range of theatrical skills and the inventiveness that puts a show together out of all this.

Paris, sporting a Coarse Actor's Frenchman's costume minus only the string of onions, sails to Troy with his pet sheep, meets Helen and they fall in love. The rest, as they say, is history — which is something you won't find much of in this version. I lost track of the story long before the horse appeared.

The best bits in the show are the set pieces which allow Tony and Derek free rein for their own mixture of mime, juggling, acrobatics and sheer clownery. The musical medley Helen and Paris launch into when they first meet is just such a one and somehow from there they got to a truly inspired piece of acrobatic-mimed water-skiing to the frantic strains of the Best of Bazoukis

which really didn't last long enough.

It's easy to see why both their previous shows have been premiered at recent Edinburgh Festivals: it is essentially Festival Fringe entertainment — original, unique, exuberant, ultimately ephemeral. Their visual jokes, mime and acrobatics are funnier than their dialogue, and the many different elements in the show on

the whole don't blend successfully. I came away wondering whether I'd seen a sophisticated kids' show, street theatre that's been made slightly more respectable or just a couple of hours of rather self-indulgent theatrical tomfoolery. They're talented and genuinely entertaining in parts, but I'm afraid too easily forgettable.

Fiona MacLeod



Zeus, Hera and Andrex.

What the Tyrant said to the Musician

King's Theatre
Master Class
by David Pownall

Oct 22-27

Master Class is set in the Soviet Union in 1948. Stalin has invited his country's two most acclaimed composers, Prokofiev and Shostakovich, to chat with him in

individuality. No easy task for an artist.

Now there are three points worth making here. Firstly, Master Class is not a political play, nor is it a play with a "message". This, in itself, is no bad thing. Hamlet had no "message" either, and like Hamlet, Master Class is a play of

extremely attractive at times. Prokofiev and Shostakovich are less attractive in many ways, yet one sympathises with their position — they could be liquidated at any moment, for a start.

Thirdly, Master Class is given an excellent performance at the



the Kremlin. Also present is Stalin's right-hand man, Marshal Zhdanov. The two politicians want something from the two musicians. They want them to change their style of composing to suit the new 'Socialist Realism'. Music, according to Stalin, is no different from industry. "It has to work." He therefore asks the two composers to make the same sacrifice he has demanded of every miner and tractor driver. They must sacrifice their

absurdities, packed full of tmesion, bordering on, and sometimes falling into, hysteria. It is also extremely funny, with a wide and subtle range of emotions. Author David Pownall reminds me here of a structural Dario Fo.

Secondly, this is a very good play, intelligent, witty and well written. It is a play full of questions, rather than answers. It is also very well balanced. Stalin and Zhdanov are tyrants, megalomaniacs, but intelligent and

King's Director Michael Meacham well understands the problems of time and, especially important on the huge stage at the King's, of space. He and the actors do well to keep up the tension until it is meant to be broken — so often intensely can become laughable. Really, I cannot praise this performance enough.

Andrew Phillips

National Library
Poet and Painter:
Allan Ramsay,
Father and Son,
1685-1784

Despite the precise and well-balanced arrangement of the material, this is not an exhibition which makes a dazzling first impression. The beauty of the small exhibition room is not enhanced by the fact that the majority of paintings displayed are of the Ramsays themselves, the elder of which was (as tactfully put

by a biographer) "unfortunate artistic material" to say the least.

Nonetheless for students of either Ramsay there is a remarkable collection of original paintings, drawings and manuscripts. The letters of Allan Ramsay the younger are of particular interest: elegantly phrased and written in an attractive and legible hand they shed a lot of light on the character of the writer — a highly cultivated man of the arts with even less modesty than his father. A delicate and sensitive sepia portrait of his second wife shows a human perception that seems to be lacking in many of his more coolly professional works.

Do not, however, expect a clear or illustrative account of the work and lives of the two Ramsays. Perhaps the National Library are wrong to assume that the Ramsays are so famous that no background information or major works of art would be of interest.

M.E.B.A.

THEATRE

THEATRE WORKSHOP



Snow White and the
Magnificent Seven
Deadly Dwarfs

Theatre Workshop has gained a good reputation for staging plays to appeal to all walks of life and to complete their all-round entertainment they have been staging their play, *Snow White and the Magnificent Seven Deadly Dwarfs* throughout the mid-term break to encourage children to come to the theatre and bring their parents along. The play centres around the original fairytale but the moral of this up-to-date version is to eat healthy food and you too will feel good.

From what I saw, the children certainly loved the play, performed with the same emphasis on audience participation as all true pantomimes. But even most adults enjoy such fairytales, especially when

performed with a strong emphasis on humour. Anything can happen in a fairytale and the more imagination necessary the better. There were five main performers who cleverly managed to make us believe that there were actually seven dwarfs, one Snow White and one Wicked Queen.

It is often said that fairytales have as many hidden meanings for adults as they do for children and the encouragement of a more healthy diet for all certainly shows this. But whether the meanings have as much impact on adults as children, if they ever do have any impact on children, remains to be seen.

Margaret Maxwell

Elephants in the Orange Groves

'She Stoops To Conquer'
Citizens Theatre,
Glasgow

She Stoops To Conquer is the story of a couple, intended for marriage by their fathers, meeting for the first time. Much of the humour is derived from the leading man's (Marlow) inability to talk with any coherence to any woman from 'above stairs', thus his intended 'stoops to conquer' by dressing up as a barmaid.

The set, considering it is an 18th-century social comedy firmly based in rural England, was striking if a little enigmatic: an all-white colonial-type facade, complete with orange grove, statues of elephants and caged white rabbits.

The costumes continued this note in great style with huge floral-

patterned dresses and wigs to match of truly monumental proportions. All this largely worked although on occasions it got a little too loud for the play itself, for example, the stereotyped sturn father shouted every one of his lines, which did not fit.

In general, however, the acting was of a very high standard and made the play work well: the leading man was particularly good, looking superbly bemused, appalled and desperate at all the right moments.

Charles Lequesne



Bedlam Lunchtime
A Slight Ache
Harold Pinter

The abstract and symbolic nature of Pinter's plays makes it tricky to stage them effectively. The fact that *A Slight Ache* is a radio play doesn't make things easier either. Nevertheless, this refreshingly innovative production succeeded admirably, due not least to the imaginative use of sound, lighting and of the stage itself.

The play deals with the terrors of human communication, or rather the lack of it, through the plight of a bored, squabbling middle-class couple faced with the intrusion of a totally speechless figure, supposedly a matchseller. The pompous and snobbish Edward, first confused then terrified by the matchseller's silence, drives himself quietly bonkers with his

own monologues. Yet the down-trodden Flora finds the man's silence a revitalizing relief valve for her sexual fantasies and eventually leaves the stage with the matchseller, deserting a wrecked Edward, symbolically giving him the tray of matches. Both the young actors developed their characters very well, Scott Fraser giving a strong image of the decayed Edward towards the end and Sue Rosser combined a cruel guile with subtle but suggestive sexual innuendo. Although the Edward-Flora exchanges lacked a little spontaneity and confidence, the overall effort of actors and inventive direction produced a novel and stimulating performance of what might have been an unyielding play. Also full marks to matchseller Laurent Langois for amazing acrobatic feats.

Simon Bayly

The Large Piece of Paper

CLANJAMFRIE

Following its successful launch in January, a second issue of *Clanjamfrie* — Scotland's only poetry broadsheet — has been published.

Alternative it is. However, as the editorial states, the unusual broadsheet format and the graphics are used to "entice people to read *Clanjamfrie* who would normally never look twice at a literary magazine".

Editors Duncan McLean and Giles Sutherland are gratified by *Clanjamfrie*'s success. However, they insist that the format is more than an easy way of peddling poetry: "This is not just a University venture, it is one of the few outlets for up and coming poets."

Both issues have featured a few recognised contributors, although

this time a larger number of young and otherwise little-known writers have been included.

These learner poets are easily spotted. Their ideas are ambitious, the metaphors over-complicated, and their conclusions often obscure.

On the other hand, they cover such a range of subjects, convey such a depth of feeling without appearing trite that many of the poems are also masterly.

Although *Clanjamfrie* would appear to be ostensibly a poetry collection, the prose conveys a similar breadth of thoughts and talents. Neither are the graphics merely a visual crutch; they are individually excellent.

The first issue proved *Clanjamfrie* to be a success and this is a commendable follow-up. The standard of writing has improved as has the layout. The editors may be pleased with their success but they are in no way complacent; the next issue, I'm sure, will be even better.

Jacqueline Brown



"Poached, coddled, or fried?"

WHAT'S ON

Film



The Last Battle: Filmhouse

ABC

(229 3030)

Top Secret
1.45, 5.15, 8.45
(Sundays 5.10, 8.40)
Another film of 'Airplane'-type humour. The usual stupid jokes — spot the cultural references. Suitably 'Airplane' itself is the supporting film.

The Bounty
1.15, 4.40, 7.45
(Sundays 4.40, 7.45)
Epic tale of the most famous mutiny in naval history. Anthony Hopkins superb as Bligh, eliminating the sadism of earlier versions. Mel Gibson as Fletcher Christian.

Comfort and Joy
2.25, 5.00, 7.50 (Sundays 5.00, 7.45)
Deserted by his girl and momentarily at a loose end, DJ hopes to move into documentary production and stumbles into minor war between small-time traders. Lively portrait of Italian ice-cream exponents and a pleasing Bill Forsyth comedy.

The Caley

(229 7670)

Please check times.
Police Academy
Another week of this, at times, highly entertaining spoof, half-hearted police trainees, most notably Mahoney, attempting assault courses, attending lectures and pissing up the authorities before trying to quell a mass riot. Not a bad attempt at the level of humour 'Animal House' achieved although the last half-hour is crap.

Film Society

ALL NIGHT
Fri Oct 26th, Playhouse
The Exorcist 12.00
Startling horror story revelling in bad language, swivelling heads, blood and bile. If you enjoy being scared, the effects are terrifying.

Dr Phibes Rises Again 2.15
Uncertainly paced film with the immortal Phibes (sequel to 'The Abominable Dr Phibes') plus wife rising from the dead for another satanic conflict.

Exorcist II—The Heretic 3.55
Unimpressive sequel. Very long in making (apparently beset with occult hazards), laughed at by audiences, recut and withdrawn. Intermittent moments of terror with Richard Burton as the heroic priest.

Vampira 5.45
Usual fangs, bats and stakes with David Niven this time as a charming Dracula.

Wolfen 7.30
Panic in the streets for there are wolves in the city. A rogue of a cop (Albert Finney) has trouble convincing the authorities that the nourishing scraps lying around are the work of something other than human.

Ministry of Fear
Sun Oct 28th, 6.45 pm, GST
Yet another film of yet another Graham Greene novel. The cake Stephen Nicol is handed at a parish bazaar is not all it seems, in fact, it surprisingly contains micro-film of the British invasion of Europe intended for a Nazi spy. Big chase round espionage ring follows. Good entertainment value.

The Draughtsman's Contract
Sun Oct 28th, 8.15, GST
Peter Greenaway's fantasy about a young draughtsman who agrees to draw the manor of a pompous aristocrat in return for the sexual favours of his wife. Intriguing film otherwise known as 'Murder in an English Garden'.

Among the Living
Wed Oct 31st, GST, 6.45
One falsified death, an insane twin brother, dead mothers crying out, a fair share of murders and, after all that, a happy ending.

Frances
GST, 8.05
Jessica Lange's memorable portrayal of the tortured Hollywood star Frances Farmer. Sam "Right Stuff" Shepard co-stars.

Dominion

(447 2660)

Romancing the Stone
230, 5.30, 8.20
Comedy, romance and pure escapism in latest from Spielberg school of films. A slightly more credible and up-to-date Indiana Jones-type yarn.

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom
2.00, 5.00, 8.00
Fast moving, entertaining adventure yarn, with Indiana Jones in India attempting to recover purloined sacred stone.

Blame It On Rio
2.15, 5.15, 8.15
Michael Caine puts his career on the line as a parent seduced by the daughter of his best friend. The direction is short on snap and overwhelmed by a blaze of colour.

Odeon

(667 7331)

The Natural
2.00, 5.00, 8.00
Robert Redford as a brilliant baseball player forced out of the game when about to make a name for himself, and returning years later to claim his true inheritance. Robert Duval co-stars.

Broadway Danny Rose
Woody Allen writes, directs and stars as an agent fighting his way into the big-time, but let down by Mia Farrow whom he rescued from obscurity. Amusing, fast moving, but lacks the satirical edge of Mr Allen at his best.

Unfaithfully Yours
Dudley Moore uncomfortable as husband of girl whom he wrongly suspects of infidelity. Entertaining comedy, pity about the acting!

3C Third Cinema
(At Theatre Workshop, 34 Hamilton Place)
Collection of Recent British Video 7.30, Wed 24th Oct.
A screening including abstract, avant-garde and agit prop video and a discussion to assess the achievements of independent video production.

Filmhouse

(228 2688)

Stranger Than Paradise
Thurs Oct 25, 6.00;
Fri Oct 26th-Sat Oct 27th, 6.00 and 8.30

John Lurie both composed the soundtrack and starred in this delightful film, highly acclaimed at Cannes, New York and Locarno. The story centres around Willie (plus friend) and his cousin Eva's intriguing adventure in Florida. One critic summed it up nicely: "You know the kind of storyteller who starts out with an aside, and circles around to the point, and understates everything until he's pulled an enormous whopper out of his hat? This movie is like that."

Another Time, Another Place
Thurs Oct 25th, 8.15
PoWs in NE Scotland disrupt local life in 1944 with devastating consequences for one woman. Michael Radford (just completed 1984) directed. Award winning performances from Phyllis Logan and Giovanni Mauriello.

Superman 3
Sat Oct 27th, 2.00
The wingless wonder drops in to save us again. More notable performance from Richard Pryor as the reluctant computer genius.

La Cage aux Folles and My Favourite Year
Sat Oct 27th, 11.00
Edouard Molinaro's hugely popular transvestite farce preceded by Peter O'Toole as an ageing music star with a drink problem in 'My Favourite Year'.

From Here To Eternity
Sun Oct 28th, 8.10
From Here To Posterity
Sun Oct 28th, 8.10
Archive film of Scotland stretching back to 1896. See "Waverley Steps" and the "Dalkeith Children's Gala" as they used to be. Non-sound films (all but one) with special piano accompaniment.

The Last Battle
Mon Oct 29th-Sat Nov 3rd
6.15 and 8.30 except Tues
Not Narnia but the ruins of Paris as victims struggle for survival against the elements and a monster-sized man. Stylish movie ("this year's Diva") with very loud Dolby stereo.

Silkwood
Thurs Oct 25-Sat Oct 27th
5.45 and 8.15 except Thurs (5.45)
"Pick of the Week" is Michael Nichols' version of the life and unexplained death of plutonium worker Karen Silkwood, killed in a mysterious car accident in 1984 on her way to revealing the hazards at her factory. Compelling film which does at least raise important questions. Meryl Streep as victim.

The Moon in the Gutter
Sun Oct 28th-Tues Oct 30th
5.50 and 8.20 except Tues (5.50)
Gerard "Alain Delon" Depardieu searches for the man who raped his sister (who since has killed herself) and, lucky for him, bumps into Nastassia Kinski. How like his dead sister she is!

Je T'aime Je T'aime
Wed Oct 31st, 6.40 and 8.40
Failing suicide, "Claude Ridder" accompanies a mouse into the past in a time-machine. Past episodes centre on the woman he loved, Catrine.

Notice!

We'd just like to remind all organisers of societies/clubs/organisations/life that if they want events advertised under Univer's we'd be happy to get them printed. Put them downstairs at 1 Buccleuch Place by Monday lunchtime with date, time and place.

Exhib

National Gallery of Scotland
Drawings by Allan Ramsay
The Mound.
Mon-Sat, 10.00-12.00, 1.00-5.00
Sun 2.00-5.00

National Library of Scotland
Poet and Painter: Allan Ramsay, Father and Son
Exhibitions of the poet's paintings and the painter's poems — confusing?
For the Scottish Museum and National Library of Scotland.
Display of the literary magazine Scotia Review.

Netherbow Arts Centre
Scenes of Edinburgh
Records of affection by Garland.
Oils and Watercolours by Sarah Leonard

Talbot Rice Art Centre
Putting Sculpture on the Map
The gallery is nice and handy, you haven't noticed it before. Off Chambers Street. While you're there, you can have a quiet good cup of coffee.
Mon-Sat 10.00-5.00

Mus

Usher Hall
(228 1155)
Friday 26th October
Beethoven: Missa Solemnis
Soprano: Felicity Lott
Contralto: Alfreda Hodgson
Tenor: Arthur Davies
Bass: Sean Rea
with the SNO Chorus

Saturday 27th October
Scottish Fiddle Orchestra

Queen's Hall
(668 2117)
Thursday 25th October, 7.45
Edinburgh Quartet
Elgar: Quartet in E minor, Op. 47
Lutyns: Quartet 1982
Beethoven: Quartet in C major, Op. 130
Tickets £2.75 and £4

Friday 26th October, 10 pm
Jazz — Memphis Slim £3.50

Saturday 27th October, 7.45 pm
Scottish Chamber Orchestra
Mitsuko Uchida, piano director
Maxwell Davies: Sinfonia Accademica
Mozart: Piano Concerto No 5 major
Mozart: Piano Concerto No 2 B flat major

Sunday 28th October, 11 am-6 pm
"Brass Solo and Quartet Competition"
Scottish Finals. Tickets 50p

Tuesday 30th October, 7.45 pm
Mondrian Trio
Mozart: Trio in G major
Beethoven: Trio in E flat major
Dvorak: Trio in F minor

Wednesday 31st October, 7.45 pm
Scottish Chamber Orchestra
Mitsuko Uchida, piano director
Same programme as Saturday 27th.

Assembly Rooms
54 George Street
Thursday 25th October, 7.30 pm
Sonerien Du
A leading Brittany folk group (under Edinburgh University events).

Moray House
(556 5184)
Thursday 25th October
So You Think You're a Coward
Saturday 27th October
The Guana Bats

FILMHOUSE

PATRON: BELL'S SCOTCH WHISKY 88 LOTHIAN ROAD

Cinema 1
Until Sat 27, 6.00/8.30 (Not 8.30 Thu 25)
Jim Jarmusch's bracingly original black comedy
STRANGER THAN PARADISE (15)
"Do try to see it: it will put a smile on your face." — The Scotsman

Cinema 2
Thu 25-Sat 27, 5.45/8.15 (Not 8.15 Thu 25). Also 2.30 Sat 27
SILKWOOD (15) From sassy gum-chewing laboratory technician to committed, victimised activist, Meryl Streep is superb as Karen silkwood, the plutonium worker who died mysteriously in 1974.

Cinema 1
Mon 29-Sat 3 Nov, 6.15/8.30 (Not 8.30 Tue 30)
THE LAST BATTLE (15)
Spectacular, stylish science fiction in cinemascope and very loud Dolby stereo!

Cinema 2
Sun 28-Tue 30, 5.50/8.20 (Not 8.20 Tue 30)
Nastassia Kinski and Gerard Depardieu in Jean-Jacques (DIVA) Beineix's
THE MOON IN THE GUTTER (18)
Obsessed with the suicide of his sister, stevedore Depardieu prowls low-life dockland and meets Kinski in her red roadster...

Check with Filmhouse for details of the eight other programmes on during this week.

BOX OFFICE INFORMATION 228-2688
CONCESSIONS AVAILABLE FOR FULL TIME STUDENTS
(REMEMBER TO BRING YOUR STUDENT CARD)

WHAT'S ON

ions

Theatre

Bedlam Theatre

'The Randa'
by Duncan McLean
Wed 31st Oct, 1 pm

Church Hill Theatre

A Funny Kind of Day
Wed 24th-Sat 27th Oct, 7.30
A farce by John McIntyre
Tickets £1.60 from Usher Hall, or
62 Morningside Road.

Royal Lyceum (229 9697)

Twelfth Night
3rd-27th Oct, 7.45 pm
The wild Feste, the pompous
Malvolio, Orsino, Olivia and co.
have moved to the somewhat
unusual setting of the Medi-
terranean in the 1930s. The effect
— debatable!

Arms and the Man

31st Oct-24th Nov, 7.45 pm
The romantic heroine Raina
awaits the return of her noble hero
Sergius. An ideal love? — then
why's Sergius flirting with the
maid and why's Raina fascinated
by an ordinary soldier. Shaw at his
best mocks pomposity and
militarism.

Netherbow Arts Centre (556 9579)

Fugue
23rd-27th Oct, 8 pm
Presented by Focus Theatre Co.
Fugue is a dramatic and moving
study of a young woman facing
contemporary life in Scotland.

Traverse Theatre (226 2633)

Bread and Butter
11th Oct-3rd Nov, 8 pm
(3 pm Sunday)
C. P. Taylor's witty commentary
follows the lives of two Jewish
couples facing life in the Gorbals
between 1931 and 1965. He
focuses on how four different
personalities cope with a world of
changing circumstances.
Showing Tuesday-Sunday —
worth a visit

A Minute Too Late
30th Oct-3rd Nov, 8.15 pm
Presented by Theatre de
Complicite. A Minute Too Late is a
subtle blend of perfectly timed
mime, knock-about comedy and
well-observed social comment
which deals most entertainingly
with the subject of death.

King's Theatre (229 1201)
Master Class

22nd-26th Oct, 7.30 pm
Sat 27th Oct, 5 pm & 8 pm
Starring Anthony Bate as Stalin
who is determined to teach
Russia's leading musicians how to
compose "real music". Sounds
interesting

No No Nanette!
29th Oct-3rd Nov
Mon-Fri, 7.30 pm
Sat, 5 pm and 8 pm
Noel Gordon and other "mega
Stars" in a bouncy little musical
number. Relates how Jimmy
Smith, a married New York Bible
manufacturer and Nanette's
guardian, helps the careers of
three girls in different cities.
Complications arise when they all
turn up at a cottage at the same
time. Original plot!

Univents

Thursday 25th October

Introduction to Friends of the
Earth (Scotland), 7.30 pm
Meet your friendly neighbour-
hood campaigners co-ordinated
by Donald McPhillimy and Andy
Kerr.
Sinclair Room, Pleasance.

Jamming Sessions in the Park
Room, Teviot Row House.
(Bring Your Own Banjo.)

Happy Hours in Student Centre
House, 6.30-7.30 pm and
Chambers Street House, 8.00-9.00
pm.

KB Lunchtime Talk, 1.10 pm
"Is Small Always Beautiful?"
— Water Resources Development
in Africa".
Dr David Ledger,
Sixth Level Common room, JCMB.

Friday 26th October
EU Christian Union, 8 pm
"The Bible — a User's Guide." What
does the Bible say? Is it relevant to
life, or just a book of rules? Guest
speaker: Ian Hamilton, Chaplaincy
Centre.

ESCA Road Show, 7.30 pm
Disco etc. £1 admission.
Queen Margaret College,
Corstorphine.

'Local Heroes' and
'The 1984 Dilemma'
at the Pleasance
On Friday evenings at 8.30 pm
we invite you to the Pleasance
Blues Night. Our local heroes
(perhaps already known to those
of you who frequent Preservation
Hall), Tom White and Tom Contie,
can dispel any Orwellian illusion;
their music is moody, atmospheric
and always, always receives a
superb response. So when your
level of tolerance to artificial
sound wears thin "Go for the Real
Thing!"

North American Studies Programme, 4 pm

Professor Peter Jones (Dept of
Philosophy, U of E) talks on
'William James'.
Room 107, William Robertson
Building.

The Dance, in Teviot Row House,
9.0p, 8 pm-2 am. Happy Hour
from 9-10 pm.

Regular Friday Disco in Potterrow
50p. Happy Hour from 8.30-9.30
pm.

Free Disco in Chambers Street
House. Late licence.

Saturday 27th October

Fraser House Birthday Party,
8.00 pm
Licensed bar, free food, live band,
disco, plus a real penguin birthday
cake (should taste lovely!).
Tickets £1.50 from Union Shops.

Rhythm 'n' Blues with
'Mr President'
David Horn House please note!
Happy Hour upstairs 9-10 and a
'Super-Trog' Disco.
No entry after 12.00.
Chambers Street.

National CND March in Barrow
Protest against Trident. Coach
leaves 9 am, Appleton Tower.
Tickets available in Student
Centre, 12.00-2.00.
Thurs and Fri.

Sunday 28th October

Methsac Society, 7.30 pm
Five distinguished orators, each a
leading authority in his field, from
the panel for 'Any Questions'.
Everybody welcome (sic).

PGSU

Every Sunday, Jazz at the PGSU, 9
pm-midnight by Nobodies
Business, 22-24 Buccleuch Pl.

ODEON FILM CENTRE
CLERK STREET (667 7331)

ODEON 1

How a boy's dream of greatness was lost — and how he returns as man
to reclaim it.
ROBERT REDFORD, ROBERT DUVAL
THE NATURAL (PG)
Separate programmes at 2.00 (excl. Sun.), 5.00, 8.00.

ODEON 2

Don't miss the smash hit comedy
WOODY ALLEN
BROADWAY DANNY ROSE (PG)
Separate programmes at 2.15 (excl. Sun.), 5.45, 8.20

ODEON 3

Where horror stories meet fairy stories
NEIL JORDAN'S
THE COMPANY OF WOLVES (11)
DAVID BOWIE
JAZZIN' FOR BLUE JEAN (PG)
Separate programmes at 2.30 (excl. Sun.), 5.40, 8.15

START LOOKING FORWARD TO:
GENE WILDER THE WOMAN IN RED (15)
JOHN HURT, RICHARD BURTON 1984 (15)
From 7th December: GHOSTBUSTERS (PG)

**STOP PRESS
TO ALL STUDENTS
—COMING SOON—
SPECIAL ADMISSION PRICE FOR STUDENTS**

Have a civilised Sunday Lunch in
Teviot Row House Carvery. Hot
food served from 12.30 pm-6.30
pm. Happy Hour from 8-9 pm.

Monday 29th October

Buddhist Society, 8 pm
Social Gathering and Welcome —
informal discussion and tea
Overseas Students Centre,
3a Buccleuch Place

Free Rock Disco, Chambers Street
House. Happy Hour in Potterrow,
6.30-7.30 pm.

Third World First, 7.30 pm

'This House believes that the Third
World's poor would benefit from
growing food rather than export
crops'.
The Ochil Room, Pleasance.

Tuesday 30th October

EU Debates Committee

'This House deplors American
Imperialism', 7.30 pm
Guest speakers: George Foulkes,
MP; Douglas Eden from *Peace
Through NATO*; David Whitfield,
assistant editor of *Morning Star*.
Teviot Debating Hall.
All welcome.

Lunchtime Talk, 1.10 pm
Focus on South Africa? "The
Historical Setting" — Mr
Christopher Fyfe, Chaplaincy
Centre.

Reggae Night in Teviot Row
House with Ossie Say. Happy
Hour from 8-9 pm.

Happy Hour in Student Centre
House, 6.30-7.30 pm.

EU Labour Club, 5.15 pm
Richard Kinsey of the Scottish
Liberties Council — 'The Police
and Criminal Evidence Bill'.
Seminar, Room 2,
Chaplaincy Centre.

Wednesday 31st October

Midweek Service, 1.10 pm
The Way of God's People: 'The
Nature of Promise' — Mrs Alison
Wagstaff, Chaplaincy Centre.

Political Economy Group, 7 pm
A new society for topical and
informal discussion. First meeting:
Dr D. King on the Political
Economy of Reaganism.
Middle Reading Room, Teviot.

Economics Society, 8 pm
Hallowe'en Party. Late licence:
disco. Members 50p; non-
members £1. Ochil and Pentland
Rooms, Pleasance.

Green Banana Club in Potterrow,
Student Centre House. Happy
Hours from 6.30-7.30 pm and 8.30-
9.30 pm.

Free Disco with Happy Hour from
8-9 pm in Chambers Street House.

Notice to Societies
(esp. defunct)

The list of registered societies for
1985/86 has been made up, which
means that those that did not re-
register on Monday have been
declared defunct. However, any
new or defunct societies can
register at the admin office in the
Societies Centre, the Pleasance, at
any time in the year. The notice
was handed in too late to prevent
death.

BOX OFFICE 031-557 2590

Tickets also available through TOCIA

WE PROVIDE THE VERY BEST IN ALL ROUND STAR ENTERTAINMENT

Box Office Open 10am-6pm, Mon-Sat.
Access & Visa telephone bookings welcome

November 17th Accordian '84 £4.50, £4, £3.50	October 28th, 29th Every Brothers £10, £8, £6	November 2nd Motorhead £4.50	November 3rd Grandmaster and Melle Mel and The Furious Five £5, £4
November 4th Alison Moyet £5, £4.50	November 27th Tom Robinson & The Crew £5	November 10th Elvis Costello £5	November 13th Meatloaf £7.50, £6.50, £5.50
November 14th Nolans £5, £4, £3	November 20th-24th Scottish Opera £7-£13	November 21st, & 22nd Shirley Bassey £15.50, £14, £12.50, £10.50	December 1st Moody Blues £8, £7, £6, £5
December 2nd Gary Numan £5, £4.50	December 22nd Lena Martell £5, £4, £3	January 7th Hits of the 60's £5, £4, £3	December 3rd & 4th Kool & The Gang £8.50, £7.50
December 14th Tony Bennett £10, £7.50, £5.50	February 8th Commodores £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 (Please note new dates)		

Why not become a Club Card Holder, giving you priority booking on new concert dates. For more information send an SAE to Edinburgh Playhouse, 18/22 Greenside Place or phone 031-557 2590.

ARTS

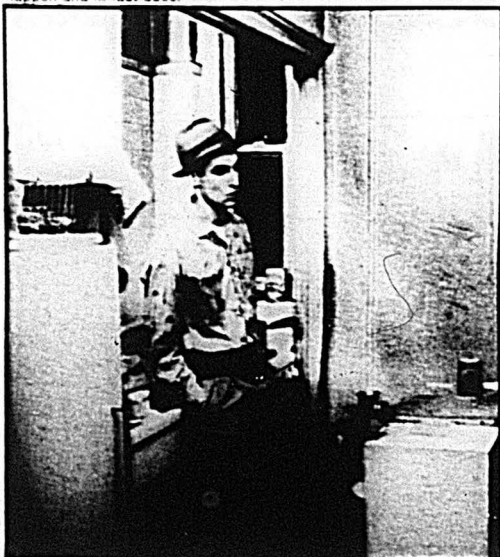
FILM



Stranger Than Paradise

"Monochrome Madness"

This film is a ballad for the shabby side of America. It put a spell on you. Stop the things you do, the raunchy black jazz song of Screamin' Jay Hawkins seductively grows its way through the action. That's what the director, Jim Jarmusch, has done with his film — put a spell on New York, on America, on his characters and on the watchers. The wasteland of New York, the waste of the charm and charisma of the main characters of the film — Willie, Eddie and Eva, the wasting of time — are transmuted into a dream landscape where anything could happen and in fact does.



Willie vainly checking to see if he's got the matches.

This is the story. Eva, the Hungarian girl comes to stay in New York, 'The New World', in the apartment of Willie, her apparently hostile cousin. Willie's hostility however is really only irritation at the disruption of his day-to-day life and mistrust of Eva's foreignness (he has tried to forget his Hungarian origins) and independence because when Eva steals some food and cigarettes from a local store, she effectively buys Willie's approval and he sees here in a new and more favourable light. Eddie, Willie's friend, meets Eva; both men develop a vague kind of affection for her; travelling on their winnings from a bent poker game and the three go to Florida for sun and sand, find neither in the way they had expected, but find something else instead.

The story is intriguing and the characters disarmingly easy to like. Eddie and Willie are two 'cool dudes' who are less cool than they think, but a lot nicer for it; Eva is almost mysterious but not quite. But the extraordinary, and to me quite brilliant, thing about the film is its tone and style. Everything in it is ordinary, but Jarmusch somehow paints it all in a glow which gives every word, every move an almost symbolic aura. Symbolic of what, I don't know — perhaps, of the dreams, and motivations, which underpin our

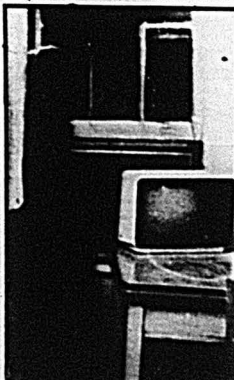
most simple actions. The world is totally recognisable in the film — cinema, hot-dog stand, derelict streets, cars, rubbish bins — and yet it's not the world as we know it. Part of this effect is obviously achieved by the black frames which punctuate the film surrounding each episode (however seemingly insignificant) with a boundary of nothingness which makes each moment an almost poetic entity, part of it also is the extraordinarily haunting music (written, incidentally, by John Lurie who plays Willie) which pervades the film, part of it is the Hungarian element — Eva and Aunt Lotte's uneasiness with the English language, Willie's implicit alienness. But whatever, it is a world 'stranger than paradise'.

Eddie is a dreamer. He tells Eva she'll like Cleveland and the lake there with great enthusiasm but then confesses he's never been there, he tells Willie how beautiful Florida is — all girls in bikinis and pink flamingoes but then admits he's never seen them. When he does see these places, he is disappointed. 'You come to some place new and everything looks just the same.' But this is a film for dreamers and nothing is the same in its strange, poignant world. The Lake in Cleveland has become a frozen waste of driving snow, Florida doesn't bring the kind of freedom they thought it would bring.

The film is almost a 'teen-movie' — it reminded me of Coppola's 'Rumble Fish' in many ways — the superb black and

white photography (done here by Tom DiCillo), the jazzy and avant-garde soundtrack, the sheer quality of the gloriously understated performances, the idea of people breaking out, breaking free — but in the end it's greater than that. This film is completely without the neurosis of a film like 'Rumble Fish'. It's about the power of the imagination to completely transform ordinary, banal experiences. It ultimately offers an eccentric kind of hope. It's also very funny and very affectionate. 'I put a spell on you. Stop the things you do.'

Shan Evans



And the matches, nestling snugly behind the TV set.



The Natural "Strike One"

In America they raved about it and it is evident why. It has an unusually happy ending like all American dreams. Fairy tale in shape. The Natural has a captivating, but painfully predictable storyline.

Directed by Barry Levinson and starring Robert Redford it is a curious mixture of cliché and symbolism, melodrama and fate. And of course there is a moral good prevails in the end.

Redford plays Roy Hobbs, a righteous middle-aged man who joins a disastrously unsuccessful baseball team and against all odds, leads it to

national victory. It is hard to believe in him in this role however not only is he puny in stature, beside his team-mates but he outshines them all with an incredible display of super-human feats which are unconvincingly put down to natural talent. Neither is he believable as the naive and unworried teenager in the earlier stages of the film.

Lighting is a central theme throughout. Hobbs saves his bat from a tree that is struck by lightning, and all through the film significant and glorious moments are pre-empted by forks of lightning and savoured in slow motion. A method that would work better in a comedy and only

"What do you mean you've lost the matches?"

succeeds in giving the film an aptitude to develop into a farce at each climactic moment.

Set against this is the more sophisticated subject in which Kim Bissinger plays the femme fatale who tries to lure Hobbs into corruption.

Certainly The Natural need not fear its box office success. Robert Redford is sure to attract a large audience. His acting is of a characteristically high standard and he does not let down by the supporting cast, despite the unexciting script. This is an action-packed performance — well worth a visit for Mr Redford only.

B. Brooks

Top Secret! "Stranger Than Parody"

Picture in your mind, if you will, the worst war movie you can remember. Where the Nazis always had the more stylish uniforms, but were sadly lacking in the intelligence department — you know the kind of cinematic deformity I mean. Now then, cross it with a truly abysmal rock 'n' roll movie — the kind where the guitars are never plugged in, and the bosoms of many a nubile nymphette heave at the merest curl of our hero's lip. This, you can well imagine, is not a very pleasant prospect, but it is a more or less accurate description of 'Top Secret!', the latest offering by the team that brought you 'Airplane' and 'Kentucky Fried Movie' before that.

You want clichés? — 'Top

Secret!' has 'em by the score. There's Jeremy Kemp's General Streck as the usual caricature high-ranking Nazi who, having just been informed by the prison hospital that a prisoner has died, exclaims: 'Let me know if there's any change', and Nigel the gay English leader of the French Resistance, whose members include Montague, Choclat Mousse (who happens to be, you guessed it, black) and Deja Vu, who asks, 'Haven't I seen you before somewhere?'.

Perhaps parodies are more to your liking — 'Top Secret!' has parody aplenty, ranging from the Steve McQueen motorbike scene in 'The Great Escape', to the war heroics of 'The Dirty Dozen', and even taking in a send-up of 'The Blue Lagoon', not to mention a take-off of the sort of big production numbers one used to find in Elvis movies but which, alas, seem to be no longer with us.

Yet, all this is really just a matter and the soldier standing on top of a moving train who demolishes a low bridge. 'Top Secret!' is crammed with such slight moments of humour, one smiles rather than laughs, but they are probably the most original element in the film.

However, the thing that is most lacking in 'Top Secret!' is any sense of structure. Whereas 'Airplane' was able to contain its humour within the framework of a parody disaster-movie plot, the current film leaps around here and there in an often desperate search for jokes and is therefore much less successful. On the other hand, 'Airplane' did set a high standard, and one should not be too hard on 'Top Secret!', which, although a mess, is a consistently funny mess.

Trevor Johnston

Unfaithfully Yours

The amazing thing about Dudley Moore is that he never seems to mind looking a prat. Playing a middle-aged neurotic conductor, opposite a vivacious young wife a good 12 inches his superior, he proves that when it comes to technology, he can't even master a tape-recorder.

The basic plot of 'Unfaithfully Yours' is a simplified version of a 1948 Peter Sturges movie of the same theme. In the original film Rex Harrison played the world-famous conductor, so jealous of his wife's lover that he hatches a plot to murder her and then frame him with the crime.

Nastassja Kinski is as stunning as ever as his glamorous younger wife. She pouts, sulks and is devastatingly passionate in all the right places and with, as always, enormous charm and naturalness. Yet perhaps the most memorable character is Giuseppe (Richard Libertini): he is our hero's barber, chauffeur, chef and marriage guidance counsellor. His wholly Italian temperament comes out when he attacks an aubergine with a breadknife and again when he utters menacingly, 'I curse you and I curse your shoes.'

One of the most refreshing aspects of the film (apart from

hearing several non-American accents) is the classical music. Throughout the film we are treated to snatches of sonatas and symphonies and in the opening scene the mounting tension in the concert hall almost matches our own rapidly increasing curiosity.

'Unfaithfully Yours' does not pretend to be a cinematic masterpiece — it is instead a genuinely funny and totally unpretentious film, which even succeeds in

slightly moving the audience at the end. My only criticism would be that some of the falling over was a bit rather predictable and the jokes about Dudley Moore's height occasionally sink to a Ronnie Corbett level. Nevertheless, the fact that the cinema echoed with laughter even when empty of all but a handful of cynical film critics, certainly says something for it.

Sesame H. Schnapp

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MUSIC

VAN
THE
MAN

Van Morrison once did two gigs in Belfast; the first one lasted ten minutes and then he cleared off, and in the second he came on, had one sniff at the audience, and it was exit stage left. Anything more than three songs is a 'Morrison Marathon'.

The audience at the Playhouse, however, were beginning to feel that they had that record beaten, for it looked as if we weren't even to get a glimpse of him. Only the band came on, opening with the music for *Moondance* and proceeding to do three instrumental numbers. It wasn't until shouts of "Get him sobered up" started, that the Man himself actually turned up. But then, as if to placate us, he quickly burst into a medley of some of his greatest songs, including *Gloria* and *Here Comes the Night*, and was completely forgiven. We were



watching the Van Morrison and it wouldn't have mattered if he'd just come on and crapped on the stage, we would have been enthralled; there was, however, the weighty bonus of some of the best music the sixties and seventies had to offer being served up to us with genuine feeling and obvious enthusiasm. With the band's incredible electric-jazz and Morrison's passionate or growling or theatrical vocals, they managed to create one of the most exciting and intense concerts I've ever been to: when he played songs like *Jackie Wilson Said* or *Cleaning Windows* the place was absolutely buzzing. Luckily for my underwear he didn't sing my favourite, *Caravan*, because I probably would have come in my pants if he had.

We managed to get him back for two encores of three songs each, including *Full Force* *Gale* and *Bright Side of the Road*, which had everybody shakin' it.

Van Morrison had come up with the good and we all floated out of the Playhouse, musically high.

Conall Morrison

Return of the
Condor pt II

Inti Illamani, a Chilean folk group, played to an enthusiastic crowd that numbered over a thousand, at the Playhouse on Saturday evening.

In the crowd, there was a large number of Chileans who had travelled from various parts of Scotland to hear the familiar sounds of their homeland, the haunting pan pipes, the tales of painful exile, the music of hope and the calling for an end to all kinds of repression.

They were not disappointed. Inti Illamani played a little of everything from their repertoire, the melodies from the BBC television programme *The Flight of the Condor*, songs by Violeta Parra and Victor Jara — both are national figures of Chilean popular music and the latter was brutally assassinated — they played a song in honour of Nicaragua, and condemned repression, in Chile, South Africa and Guatemala.

Their music is different to what the average Briton is used to, and so is not to everybody's taste, but for those who enjoy Latin American folk music, Inti Illamani are one of the finest exponents of that art.

After the concert I spoke to Horacio Salinas, the Musical

Director of the group.

"Nearly all our music is political, or has a political content as it is very difficult to elude the political significances of what is done in art, but we don't have a repertoire that just covers the political problems of human beings. We've always amplified our outlook so as to cover the maximum of sensations, such as love, hate and so on, that if treated artistically can serve as an orientation of knowledge.

"We were born as an instrumental band in '67, playing mainly Andean music, but then we broadened our repertoire to cover things that moved us at that time. That was the time of the University Reforms, which was a very beautiful fight, which was going on in nearly all of the Chilean Universities. At the same time, I think that it was a hard time for the government of the United Popular, but we had also got ourselves on a track in which we could not elude the problems of social injustices,

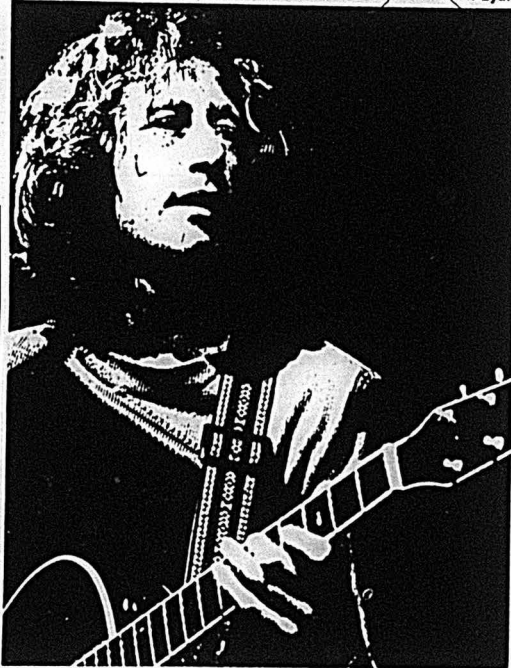
and not only those but also the problems of how to deal with things like love, hate, work and so many other things that progressive people cannot dismiss by leaving them out of their music and songs.

There are many Chilean musicians such as ourselves, Quilapayun and Isabel Parra, who are not allowed to return to Chile. Our only crime was that we never stopped protesting abroad, about the situation in which our compatriots find themselves, but for us it is the least that we can do. We will never stop telling people of the injustices that our countrymen have suffered in the last 11 years. We will not stop doing this and we will not negotiate some deal, or accept an offer that the government of Chile makes us, solely to allow us to return.

"I would also say that this wait for us is at times a very impatient and nervous one — we go on making music, living, laughing and we continue to fight for democracy in our country."

"For all those people living in exile I would say that you have to have patience, and that in this wait you have to live life to the full here in the outside world, one can't allow oneself to become too unhappy; the better times will come."

Alan Lyall



Christy Doran

original, very impressive.

Joel Alouche on drums. The least noteworthy of the quartet. A good team player but he'll never make the national side.

Individually all sterling performances, but four great strikers do not a forward line make. Free — form jazz requires understanding, and this was the free-est of free form. Tends to be a hit and miss affair sometimes, and so it proved in the first set. Burri provided most of the interest with Doran and Leimbuber hardly off the subs bench. Horns were blown and chords were struck but to no great effect.

Second set was a different story however. Dispensing with the unnecessary formality of introducing songs, we were treated to an untitled but almost beautiful song. Slow hypnotic sax theme fleshed out with some intriguing punctuations from Burri and Doran.

Free-form jazz is perhaps the most difficult of musical disciplines, demanding as does total concentration and an understanding between the musicians that amounts to complete empathy.

On their day OM 2 are capable of living up to their reputation as one of Europe's premiere contemporary jazz outfits, and are therefore worth two hours of anybody's time when they return to these shores again.

Ian Halpin

CLASSICAL
KICKS

This was largely staple fare for the Scottish Chamber orchestra in an after-dinner mint programme, cunningly devised.

Two Mozart symphonies surrounding two 20th century French composers' tributes to an age before Mozart. I would normally have no difficulty in choosing between Poulenc's abrasively witty, choppy, flailing-limbed *Concert Champetre* and Ravel's entirely original, elusive and beautifully orchestrated suite, from *Le Tombeau de Couperin*.

In the hands of James Conlon, however, there was nothing wistful about the Ravel, its veil torn savagely away, its lilting rhythms titillated, contrasts absurdly exaggerated and the Queen's Hall acoustic emphasising the hard edge of a performance where only oboist Robin Miller attempted a subtler evocation. He was rudely drowned. Even Poulenc's mercurial changes of mood suffered heavy-handedness, but

The players were so good they seemed to go on remote control, and the conductor, for all his 'interpretations' in rehearsals, quickly became superfluous.

Only the keenest in the front desks, bothered to satisfy his ego with brief, token glances. The first piece, Schubert's *Symphony No. 8* — one of two he forgot to finish — witnessed masterly control by the strings on an extremely wide range of dynamics.

The tuning up, seemingly without a break, plunged us into Elliot Carter's *Piano Concerto*. Programmes shuffled — what was this? (Now everyone was watching

There is a Hindu expression "Shantih, Shantih, Shantih," to which our nearest approximation would be "the peace which passes all understanding."

The expression came vividly to mind at the recent concert of South Indian Music. But while the music of Bach, for example, was in praise to God, this music was more in the way of raising the listener to a higher state of spiritual being, closer to his God. The first half of the concert comprised a recital by Dr. Doraswamy Iyengar (veena) and A. V. Anand (mridangam), and while artists such as Peter Hamill or Steve Hackett have used their instruments as soloists, it is in their native element, amidst a display of breathtaking virtuosity and intense rapport between the performers, that they are fulfilled, creating an ambience of quite incredible calm. The second half saw the veena replaced by

David Nice on the SCO's Mozart, Ben Simms reports on the SNO at the Usher Hall, and the University Indian Concert by Rod Manson.

he was flattered more by Conlon's angularity, and Philip Ledger had some success in answering with poise and finesse (since the harpsichord is in deliberate contrast to the other strutting players).

Conlon's Mozart (definitely, as Auden predicted, and to judge from current Queen's Hall clientele, for the lovely and the very rich) is likewise exaggerated: although the slow movement of *Symphony No. 34* gave a rare moment of hushed repose, elsewhere it was pulled about unkindly, and the *Hafner Symphony* was certainly demanding of attention, but for the wrong reasons — and then the Presto fell strangely flat. The orchestra is playing brilliantly, but I fear it may be treading the wrong side of success.

David Nice

the conductor!) This was the SNO's concession to 'modernism' — apparently the only way to secure grants. I could think of so many better ways to use a piano-like-hitting it with your head. Ursula Oppens could have played any piece under the heavens — so why this one? Clearly this was an extremely rewarding piece to play, but...

As the orchestra and audience were in secret agreement about that one, in Carter's absence, the last piece stepped back a few years; Dvorak's *Symphony No. 9*. Now, the only thread holding this concert together was nationality. This sounded most American, with many flashes of that country's great confidence and Flamboyance, and perhaps this nationalism was the only thread that held the concert together.

Ben Simms

Professor T. R. Subramanyam (vocalist) and Anuradha Brahmanand (violin) and the music took the form of drama, though still retaining the essential spiritual undertones, with the good-humoured commentary provided by Professor Subramanyam and is incredible grasp of expression by gestures of his hands (all the players being seated on a raised stage) ensuring that the music and drama could be appreciated to the full.

If there is some truth in Leonard Bernstein's observation that music is the Composer's way of asking if you know that feeling, then the music created at this concert addressed itself to some of the deepest and most valuable feelings we can have and I for one found it both an enlightening and uplifting experience.

Rod Manson

OM 2
The Queen's Hall, all pillars and frescoed ceilings, candles, cigarettes and no smoking signs.

An audience that ranged from long haired muscos to terribly serious middle aged men with receding hairlines. Must be a jazz concert. As it happened, they were waiting for OM 2 — not a posh camera but four Swiss men and their instruments.

Christy Doran. Electric and acoustic guitars. All sorts of special effects too. Sounds a bit like a piano really, or maybe... Very skilled anyway. Grinding rhythm chords and intricate solo pieces performed at incredible speed. Very skilled.

Urs Leimbuber. Soprano and tenor sax. Never seen a baritone sax before. Good job its on wheels — never get the bugger off the ground if it wasn't. Shone but never really sparked. Disappointing really.

Bobbi Burri. Good name for a bassist. Solos played well down the neck. Rhythm pieces in the deeper register, tended to get lost in a muddled sound. Inventive,

MUSIC



Depeche Mode A Fine Reward

Depeche Mode make Duran Duran seem macho.

Although it probably makes me something of a wimp, I've always liked them, admittedly as a wilfully perverse reaction to the banality of youth anthem-mongers like The Jam. But of course Depeche Mode are the youth band par excellence, which accounts for the fact that about 70% of the Playhouse audience was barely old enough to smoke.

Much more than a dance band Depeche Mode articulate a kind of

anti-ideology based on random words. Sentences have little place in their appeal, words like photography, New Life and their high-tech image and imagery are the key. The result is a perpetual present, rootless but comforting. Depeche Mode fans feel intelligent, in control of something which goes beyond dressing up and dancing. Cast a glance at the declining fortunes of the Human League who abandoned a very similar position, and you find confirmation of this fact.

On stage Depeche Mode are brilliant and clinical, enjoying a

reception which exceeded anything I've seen. The reek of cheap perfume is the perfect accompaniment to a set which promises just as much, just as simply. Dave Gahan knew it. He is ageless, cute as ever, but carries the whole responsibility for visual excitement with a highly professional ease. Where his frantic amateurishness and spontaneity, the presence of rubber mat across the stage confirms that what we witness is pre-planned exuberance. Still, every clichéd move he makes induces ecstasy around me. "I'm in control" he shouts clapping his hands. Of course he is — the audience join in enthusiastically. There's nothing an audience likes better than a bit of participation.

The band give the fans lots of what they want. A selection of the sombre, highly mechanical, newer material seems to confuse their feet. Yet if the dancing is strained the applause is not. If we can't dance to it, it must be serious music. Sick Sense of Humour, played against a gothic set, is brilliantly tongue-in-cheek, but the mock solemnity draws an especially rousing response as does Martin Gore, when he ventures to the front to deliver a particularly pimply song of adolescent woe.

Much of the evening is of course given over to the singles — all of them classics — all of them formulaic. People are People typifies Depeche Mode. Apparently intelligent it is utterly banal but boasts an irresistible hook-line. But Now Life is the epitome of the band, a true teen anthem, with its meaningless promise of some kind of revolt into style it produces some particularly determined squirming and a feverish roar. Leave in Silence. See You. Everything Counts and a number of others meet with a similarly happy fate.

The result is two sweaty encores, it might have been more I don't know. I had to leave the happy scene. Outside a horde of anxious parents waited. I was only worried about Dave.

Bill Williamson

A Certain Ratio

Photo: Hugh Godsal

Recently the people down at Moray House have been putting our own University's entertainments system to shame.

With far fewer resources, this small college has hosted a series of interesting bands of national status.

Last Saturday they gave us Mancunian funi-formalists A Certain Ratio, a band whose name and imagery have been far more widely disseminated than their music.

The immediate impression ACR set when they finally appear is not at all incongruous with the Factory house style: dry, sombre, ascetic, overtly stylised with a pre-occupation for form and line, clinically aesthetic.

However, they make no attempt to distance themselves from the audience after the fashion of some of their more (in)famous stable-mates. The atmosphere is pleasantly relaxed as they slip into their structured dance music.

They do undoubtedly take their product very seriously, managing the set with an overriding precision. Each member of the band is locked on concentration, intent on getting it right.

Initially Simon Topping, who resembles nothing so much as some young colonialist plantation manager(!) takes the bass and vocals. The music is simultaneously drifting and hard and a little lacklustre. It picks up when they play musical chairs and all swap instruments, taking up a variety of percussion devices. Bongos, cowbells and many other nameless things you hit blend to shiver and clack life into a couple of instrumentals.



Things really begin to happen when Donald Johnson leaves his minimal drum kit and steps forward. His reputation has travelled before him and the audience rustles with anticipation when he grabs the bass and tells us we are going to dance.

It's hard to argue as his fingers pluck life out of the previously docile bass. This boy sure can slap!

Vitality has now been injected and even when he returns to his drums, things continue apace. Mr Topping resumes control and they rip into the forthcoming single Life's a Scream. The rest of the set is effortlessly absorbing.

It's perhaps expedient to label ACR with words like textural and structured. But these adjectives do convey something of the impression they leave. They are slightly removed from music in a conventional sense (excepting Mr Johnson's slabs of 'real' funk) with pieces designed rather than written.

The band finally leave the stage stumbling through the audience as there's no stage exit. The audience are faced with the slightly bizarre scenario of appealing to an empty stage and wall even though they know the band are somewhere behind them.

However, they do finally return and treat us to the oldie Shack Up which has everyone dancing once more. Well, a certain ratio anyway.

Roy Wilkinson

Getting The Fear

Getting The Fear are by no means a household name, not in my household anyway, and last Friday's performance at the Caley's Front Club is unlikely to alter their present status.

Having heard that they were roughly in the Sex Gang Children/Batcave mould — black clothes and songs about blood and roses — I wasn't too hopeful, but nevertheless, I crossed my fingers and thought positively.

After the first song, things looked decidedly interesting: a persistent, murderous drum-roll backed some discordant guitar, over which the vocalist uttered some sombre thoughts in a suitably deadpan tone. The effect was somewhat disquieting and I would gladly have exchanged a few more such exercises in noise for the hour's worth of stupefying tedium that was to follow.

Yet with three very competent instrumentalists, Getting The Fear weren't complete non-starters; the main problem lay with the singer, whose tuneless monotone quickly destroyed my interest from the



second song onwards. From then it was a matter of the archetypal gothic wall of sound, third-rate heavy metal that Hawkwind did much better ten years ago.

Our friend on vocals, in an attempt to stir up a little excitement, indulged in some heavy phallic symbolism with the microphone — eat your heart out Freddie Mercury — and shamelessly flaunted his exotic jewellery collection (have you ever seen anyone with a pierced navel?) I eventually resorted to playing 'Spot the ripped off Killing Joke bassline' — things were that bad.

'Good drumbeat' a friend commented; true enough, but sadly my feet failed to respond to anything until the lights went up.

Keith Cameron

Clannad

Beautiful. Maire and Paul Brennan were beautiful. The Queen's Hall looked beautiful. Even the walk home across The Meadows was beautiful after the spell of Clannad had been cast on a large audience at the Queen's Hall on Monday night.

This extraordinary band were as good in concert as they are on record. They treated Edinburgh to some excellent playing of their unique blend of Irish folk, rock and jazz. Although they draw on all these sources in order to create their sound, the folk element predominates. It was folk which they did best, principally because it made best use of Maire Brennan's beautiful, plaintive voice.

The best song came early in the night. An *Coilínach Glas* an *Fhómair* is a haunting tune at the best of times. With Maire in fine voice it managed to create a quite moving atmosphere in the hall. Her use of the gaelic language is interesting. Although very few people in the building understood the words it didn't seem to matter. Ms Brennan's voice ceases to be a means by which to convey a message and becomes another musical instrument and adds to the feel of the thing rather than the meaning of it.

Clannad use a vast number of different styles in their music.

However the effect is always the same. They deliver a very full, meaty sound. With two guitars, a double bass, a full drum kit, an electric piano, a flute and, of course, Maire's voice being used on any given song, the fullness of the sound isn't surprising. There is always lots going on around the melody. This was best put to use on the song *Now is here and here is now* from the Legend album. Here Maire's hypnotic, husky voice drifted out from a back-drop of heavy drums and bass with some funky keyboards from James Delaney, a guest for this tour.

Other highlights of the night were songs like *Mhorag's na horo Gheallaidh*, which was done without any musical backing and featured the fine voices of Cioran and Patrick Dougan, and the theme from *Harry's Game* which needs neither introduction nor comment.

Clannad played a lot of tunes that they have recorded for various TV and film scores. One can only hope that this is not something that they continue to do at the expense of writing individual songs and producing individual albums. It would be a shame to see such a talented group of writers and musicians being reduced to the level of a hotel lobby music whatever the financial rewards of that may be.

If you have never heard any Clannad then check them out. No matter what your musical tastes are, you are sure to find something in Clannad to suit you, and that voice!

Michael Devlin



Photo: Hugh Godsal

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HANOI ROCKED!

A curious double bill of guitar semi-legend Johnny Thunders, and the androgynous delights of the glam metal band Hanoi Rocks, hit the Caley last Thursday.

Supporting were The Babysitters, whose vocalist bore a remarkable resemblance to Tarzan's mother in *Greystoke* in the way he clambered around the stage. This trash rock quartet churned out their set in a fairly innocuous sort of way, without providing much serious competition for the bar.

Next on was Thunders, starting with a rousing guitar piece. Whatever else his years of excess may have lost him, he can still play a mean guitar line. He never quite kept up this initial promise, but being blown out of one's mind is not always conclusive to music. In between tracks he was a pathetic whimsical figure incapable of stringing together more than a few slurred words. When he let his fingers do the talking, however, a miraculous detoxifying metamorphosis would occur throughout his slight frame. *Johnny Thunders The Rock Star* emerging with a barrage of searing sound. He was always close to winning over the audience with songs like *Every Woman's got a bit of Whore in her* and *Talking about you*, but would then dig his own grave by making contemptuous and belittling comments about Scotland.

On came Hanoi Rocks apart from Bardot look-a-like vocalist

Mike Munroe, the glam boys were not looking up to scratch. He admittedly was looking as beautiful as ever, just the part for *La Cage Aux Folles*, but the rest of Hanoi Rocks had obviously been too well catered for by Mr Thunders beforehand. For much of the first half hour standing was too much for the two guitarists, so they sat down. Nasty (the rhythm guitarist) then could not even manage this, keeled over, and was dragged off by a roadie. Munroe nearly called an end there and the, but somehow with the help of a chair, Nasty crawled back on, and for better or worse the band tottered on.

The only coercive force preventing the disarray turning into a disaster was the high kicking Mike Munroe, filling the whole stage with his dynamic presence, hips swivelling, tassles flying, or spitting out his screaming lyrics crouched on top of the swaying speakers. Anything to draw attention from his motley crew.

Their music played second fiddle to their stage performance, but on the rare occasions that it did break through, a raw energy and power was apparent, a hint of what they could do on a good night.

A single half-hearted encore brought together Munroe and Thunders, and for a moment I believed these two dynamic forces could fuse to pull something out of the bag. Sadly it was too late, and it ended an entertaining evening, although not a musically enlightening one.

Hugh Godsall

Gun Club On Target

As the jagged scream of the first guitar chord tore through the speakers, it was immediately clear The Gun Club needed no atmosphere or introductions.

Although the guitarist played havoc with his poor tortured instrument, it was underpinned by a seductive and completely unnerving undercurrent of bass and drums, establishing a pace and direction. The songs then never fell apart, but kept buning on, sustained by its own almost diabolic intensity.



Photo: Hugh Godsall

The audience loved it: to watch it was almost terrifying, as everyone was swept up in it all. But its discordancy was not merely gratuitous torture on the eardrums. It was savage, incisive, angry, threatening. Some of it was so close to the bone it was quite unnerving — the vocalist screamed *'Love is a dream'* so many times and with such velocity that I almost began to believe it.

Siward Atkins

And so...

And so to the Architects of Fear. The grimaces and quizzical looks that appeared on some people's faces contrasted with the loud cheers from the band's faithful following. It seems their appeal is still not altogether universal. Their set opened promisingly enough with *Pipeline*, but from then on they were plagued by a host of technical problems. Still, *Shark Attack* came across well, with Kenny McKay's original guitar solo. However, *Gunslinger* bore an unhealthy resemblance to The Stranglers' *Hanging Around!* But with their final number the band overcame all their problems to produce an excellent version of *The Byrds' So You Want To Be A Rock And Roll Star?* Ironically, some members of the audience did want their five minutes of glory. The small stage was invaded for the encore and the few microphones available proved to be pitifully inadequate for the vast hordes who wanted their turn at backing vocals.

Mr E and the Great Beyond suffered the usual debut nerves. Songs such as *Great Big Love Affair* and *Joanna* evidenced a jaundiced view of love. The highlight of their set was the song *Big Black Car*.

Local bands thus provided a decent evening's music at K8.

Michael

Hats Over the Hill

Hats In Their Heyday played in a (predictably) less than packed Potterrow.

The gathering seemed to consist mainly of friends of the band plus a few stupid pricks drawn in for good measure (some of these onstage as well as off). This student four-piece made a lot of noise but to me their sound was dated and rather uninspired. The opening number was dull and the evening never really took off.

However, the music did improve with time. The drumming was particularly impressive and the guitarists enthusiastic throughout so perhaps it was a pity that the most audible words from the band were their plaintive cries for alcohol between numbers.

Most of the audience remained stationary and largely unresponsive for the duration. Eventually, however, a few extremely brave (or entirely pissed) individuals got up to throw themselves around on the dance floor until the evening finished with *Slot Machine* — probably the most memorable song — repeated as an encore.

H.I.T.H. played with a fair amount of effort but not much effect. 50p? Worth it, maybe, for an evening in the Potterrow with a disco and live music included, not worth it must to see this band.

Jane Watson

Frank & Hank Brew up with Bragg

If there's one thing Billy Bragg, Hank Wangford and Frank Chickens all have in common, it's a great sense of humour.

When all three get together on stage at the end of Sunday night's concert to sing *Green Banana* the audience witnessed a reinstatement of the vitality and fun which is too frequently forgotten in the popular music world these days. Big Hank came on first. Sincere

as ever, Hank and the Wangford Band showed why they were one of the biggest attractions at this year's Festival. Talented, witty and stylish, they played their country 'n' western style rock to a packed audience which loved every minute. Whether it was a gentle country ballad or more vigorous rock 'n' roll, the Wangford Band played with great zest and polish. Hank and Darlene led the way magnificently on lead vocals while Bobby Valentino was masterly on the fiddle.



Photo: Black Smith

MUSIC

LATEST!

FLOY JOY

Looking at the name and record sleeve of this band will point you towards the fact that Floy Joy are different from many mainstream bands. However, their songs are modern, vibrant and very accessible. They play the *Hoochie Coochie Club* late tomorrow night.

Floy Joy are the brothers Ward, former members of Sheffield's *Clock DVA*, and lovers rock singer Carol Thompson. They managed to impress the famed Don Was, of *Was (Not Was)*, who then agreed to produce their debut album, which they recorded together in Detroit.



Into the Hot, this remarkable LP contains sparse, controlled, yet alluringly unpolished rhythms, such as their first single, the sultry *Born Down a Rhythm*, and the present one, *Until You Come Back To Me*, a self-composition which the NME called "totally wonderful". Their live appearance in Edinburgh tomorrow, will be that of a new and exciting sound.

HOME FRONT

Regular Music's new club at The Caley, *The Front*, will every month feature new Scottish bands in its *Home Front* nights. The first of these takes place tomorrow at 10 pm, and will comprise *Crazy Maybe*, *Finl Tribe* and *22 Beaches*. *Crazy Maybe*, from the one track I've heard, could be quite interesting, with their discordant keyboards, guitar riffs and anarchic vocals. Edinburgh's *Finl Tribe* are a six piece (or more) who have recently released their first 12", entitled *Curling and Stretching*. Unfortunately, these studio tracks come across as rather pedestrian and monotonous, even bland. Their live set is apparently more inspiring. We shall see.

Meanwhile *22 Beaches* are an altogether different cup of tea. This six piece from Stirling are more promising, with some enthusiastic and lively songs to their name such as *Somebody Got It Wrong*, whose funk guitar line makes up for a rather tentative chorus. But what all these bands need most of all is the PA on their side.

Alastair Dalton

Gigs Latest

- Nov.
- 3. Wild Indians, 22 Beaches
- Miners' Benefit (Moray House).
- 10. The Higsons (Moray House).
- 16. The Questions (Moray House).
- 22. Swansway (Hoochie Coochie).
- 29. Divine (Coasters)
- Dec.
- 1. Moody Blues (Playhouse).
- 10. Cocteau Twins (Usher Hall).
- Tickets for Cocteau Twins on sale tomorrow from the Usher Hall Box Office, Price £4.50 and £3.50.

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FEATURES

Tae uphaud the Scots leid

There is more to the Scots language than Oor Wullie. Gordon Jackson, Im Bru adverts and Clare Grogan. The demise of the Scots language is an age-old historical problem which the Scots Language Society are working against. John Peirce talks to their national chairman, Dr David Purves.

"It is a huge educational problem. I don't think that there is a tremendous amount that can be done until we have some kind of Scottish Assembly."

This is the way in which Dr David Purves of the Scots Language Society explains the demise of the Scots tongue.

"The problem is that at the schools, Scots has simply been represented as a form of ignorance or something that has to be corrected instead of as part of a tradition which has to be related to English."

Dr Purves is national chairman of the Society. He is a well-known for his translation of the 18th century Scottish poet, James Macrae, into Scots. "The Scots Language Society was originally published in 1971 as a journal of Scots literature. It was originally published in 1971 as a journal of Scots literature. It was originally published in 1971 as a journal of Scots literature."

"The former and uphaud the Scots leid."

When I hear of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Scots language is always the first thing that comes to mind.

But Scots has more to it than that. Originally meaning the language of the lowlands, it has come to mean the standard Scots language, which is the language of the Scots Language Society.

What Dr Purves believes is that it is important for us to realise that the surviving dialects of Scots — Doric, Shetland, West Scots etc. — are not dialects of English. They are dialects of the old Scots language. "Scots" Scots has survived as dialects, but central to the tradition is this standard form that still exists."

Before the Union of the Crowns

In 1502, when Scotland came under the rule of James the Sixth or James of England, Scottish court records were kept in the Scots language. Scots was at that time used for all purposes, and while recognisably similar to English, varied considerably in pronunciation, structure and spelling system.

After the Union of the Crowns, English became the written language of Scotland and nothing was written in Scots for over a century. It was only when Allan Ramsay started writing poetry in Scots over a century later, at the beginning of the 18th century, that interest was again taken in Scots. Ramsay, having no other model, copied the spelling system of English, introducing apostrophes where letters were "missed out". David Purves: "This created the impression that Scots was a debased or deviant form of English. This, of course, had a very bad effect on the prestige of Scots as a language."

Since the time of Allan Ramsay, much poetry has been written in Scots, and a certain amount of prose has been written with a Scots flavour in its language.

"What we have now is a very substantial body of literature that has developed spontaneously. The language is pretty constant, linguistically. The spelling is chaotic, but it isn't a dialect. Anybody who does try to write in Scots has to teach himself. As a result of that, you get as many different spelling systems as there are writers. It's a huge educational problem."

The Scots Language Society was formed 11 years ago and has a membership of around 420. They are 33 branches throughout Scotland. The Society is non-political and is headed by a



the the Scottish Arts Council

"The pe a heize tae Scots literature in poetry an drama."

One of the aspects of the Scots literature, that is, the variety of language and the importance of the word. Most Scots authors use idiosyncratic spellings in their poems, and the editor in their work, as Dr Purves.

"You think that by using standard Scots the work might lose some of its character? Yes, yes, I quite agree. But to have a centralised spelling system wouldn't weaken the dialect. The two are not antagonistic."

And how about the problem of Scots to unusual styles, such as the internal monologue found in the work of Wm Soutar?

"We need a sheer anchor to the language. Once we've got that, people can do all kinds of things. And we try to suggest standardisation is immediately written off as a reactionary or ultra-conservative. But every language needs standards to anchor it."

Then, you have scope for all kinds of things.

"What I didn't like is people inventing their own systems off the cuff without paying any attention to what has gone before."

The whole issue is very subjective. The language in which the Society believes is ideal for the stories and poems in Lallans are a step towards the revival of the Scots language.

One hint at the possible scope of the Scots language was the recent publication of the bestselling 19th-century translation of the New Testament from Hebrew into Scots. The writing of everyday communicative prose — such as letters and editorials — in Scots is an interesting prospect.

So how have we suffered with the loss of prestige of our national language?

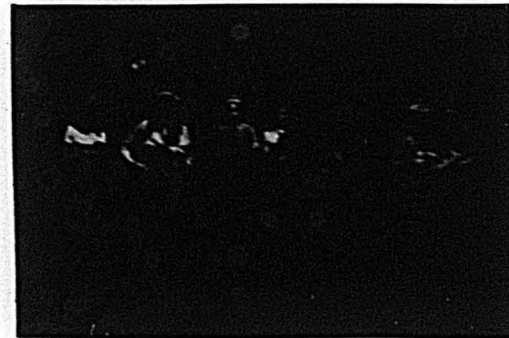
"The Scots has been taught to despise his own origins. Terrible terrible psychological damage has been done in Scotland over the generations with this kind of treatment at school."

It actually strengthens your

understanding to have a bilingual heritage. But part of the difficulty has been that Scots has resembled English so closely that it has been possible to represent it as a deviant form of English. Most people have been educated out of it... well, educated is the wrong word. It's really a form of indoctrination — they have been off from their roots and the purging of their system of Scots has been represented as education. It simply causes confusion and tension and contributes to the image of the inarticulate Scot."

The main stimulus which the Society provides to its community in terms of forwarding and upholding the Scots language is their annual literary competition. Poems, stories and plays in the Scots tongue may be submitted to Gavin McEwan, 31st January 1985. There is an entrance fee of £2.

So why not enter and help the Society to help Scots in the words of their leader, "take its place as language of Scotland along with Gaelic and English."



Aswad about the night away.

Photo: Hugh Scott

Aswad are the best reggae band in the world. I have sound reasons for saying this. The creativity has all but disappeared from the Jamaican reggae scene, with the dance hall scene leading to Jiving stagnation. Reggae in Britain is more underground. Brinsley Ford, Britain's an essential place for music. Somewhere, England has got that standard. You break the English market, you can go on. But there's something special about Aswad, and it started with New Chapter their 1981 album. Everything about the instrumentation, the vocals, the production was a unique creative mix. Aswad then where they got the clue for the growing band.

"That's going back a long way. Basically, it's just music, just inspiration." Reggae artists

are particularly forthcoming about their technique and composition. "The sound from Live Fire, when they heard it in Jamaica, they said that's the new sound. They respect it. English reggae is basically more creative, but it's the same idea. Sing or the evidence, which I believe to be accurate. Aswad are ahead in Britain, and since Britain is ahead in the world, well, there you are."

Brinsley is also happy about his influences. "Reggae is about life, it's about joy, right from the start. And we've grown up in England — the Beatles, Freddie and the Dreamers. But reggae is my music — it's been around the planet — Dennis Brown, Freddie McGregor. You do it just as it comes. We time will be closer amongst ourselves. It goes

Reggae: Aswad style

through strains — the others as well. But you can do a lot of work."

Although Mr Brinsley was as about slightly disappointing in that some songs of which came across especially well on stage. "Drum and Bass line" was given especially heavy "drum" support by Brinsley when he said: "The music deserves to be listened to. It's getting lost in it, because it's so sure, it's so positive where there were just a big sea of change faces stretching to the back, and the bar live reggae doesn't normally come across quite so well, especially out. But Aswad have always been known as a live band, and tonight they were shown. Despite this, they were quite sensible about their whole image. I wouldn't like to put it as a new image — it's just the music being accepted a little further."

"We're getting younger." During a brief forlorn with CBS, an attempt was made to do a bit of a bit. "But they don't really understand the band, they don't know how to market reggae properly." I asked them if they'd like reggae to break in the US. "Reggae is big in the black community there. But we come back to marketing. It's not been marketed properly. It's the same in

England. It has to sell across the board. Now you know reggae sells in London, Birmingham, Manchester, but they don't buy singles. As for exporting reggae, it becomes successful in the states, well, this is something the music has to be exposed to. I think it will break, because reggae has got the rhythm in music."

The preaching came afterwards, towards the end of the interview. Brinsley: "As you know, I was acting from a very early age. I got to the changing of the breeze early. It's just on well, we thought we should have a quick person. That led me to start writing songs. I started to write about Rasta — the whole word has been tooled into pagan myths, like Christmas and Easter, brought over into the Christian calendar — Good will and peace to all men and women. Yes, they'll probably start a war and have a game of football. But they'll go back to fighting the next day. Really, if you have the fear of God in your heart, you'll realise that the difference between black and white is just another stepping stone."

What about women? "The Bible says God is the head of man, and man the head of woman, that is just how it is. In this time, the man says to the woman you get this and you get that and once you've got that, we'll give you that."

The man says to the woman: "I'm a man and she says: 'What kind of man are you? You can't give me this, and you can't justify your mouth and so it leads to a misconception. The truth is the God is the head of man, and man the head of woman.'"

Was he saying that he accepted that unconditionally? "I'm just saying that that's how it is. I'm not saying that the man should be dominant. Woman should see God through man."

"God is a reality, and the devil. Man has been given a choice. Normally, he wants to become an exploiter. In a market, things have a computer number. What's the computer number of the world? It's 666."

What of Marcus Garvey (the Rastor prophet) and his prophecy of "Jamaica 2000" on 7th July 1977? "We know for a fact that the calendar has been changed. He says the world is going to be the end of the world — an end, what is going to happen — an end, being rid of those people who are going to protect darkness into the world. Rid of evil."

Their concert brought heaven a little closer. For me at least.

Toby Jones

FEATURES

Butlin's holiday is over

Are you just putting the finishing touches to your latest novel? Is your bottom drawer bulging with short stories? Are you E. J. Thribb?

If any of your answers to these questions is a timid "yes", and you haven't shown anyone your work or have only shown friends who couldn't know literature from water, then perhaps you should go and see the University's very own Writer-in-Residence.

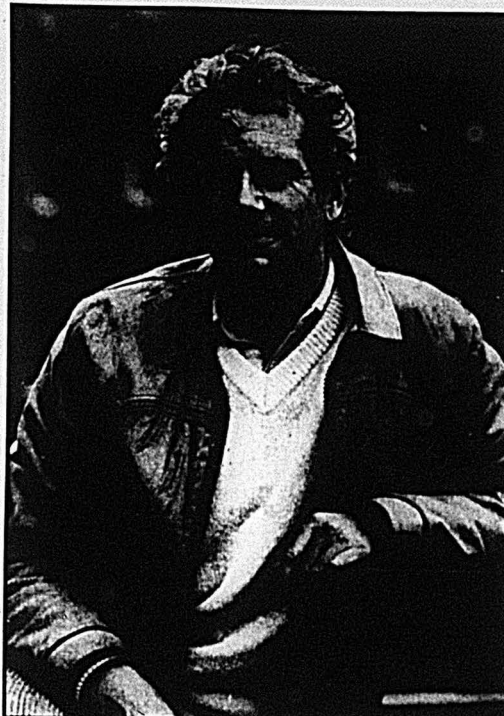
The post of Writer-in-Residence is funded jointly by the Scottish Arts Council and the University, partly to allow a professional writer to eat occasionally and partly to listen — and give advice and encouragement — to aspiring writers within the University. The position has had a long and distinguished history and recent holders have included Sorley Maclean, Robert Garioch, Norman MacCaig, Peter Porter and, last year, Allan Massie.

The Writer-in-Residence this year is not some academic greybeard reciting Burns while whistling through his teeth, but a cuddly 34-year-old Edinburgh graduate called Ron Butlin (sorry

Writer's bursary in 1977, he became Writer-in-Residence for Lothian Schools (and especially Deans Community School in Livingston). He was then appointed to be Writer-in-Residence for Edinburgh University in 1981, then again for Deans School in 1982 and last year he was in Canada, thanks to the Scottish/Canadian Exchange Writing Fellowship.

Writing in both Scots and English, his first publication was a volume of poems, *Creatures Tamed By Cruelty* (Polygon, 1979), followed by some poems from the Chinese *The Exquisite Instrument* (Salamander Press, 1982) and stories in *The Tilting Room* (Canongate, 1983) — the last two both receiving Scottish Arts Council Book Awards. Due to come out next year is another book of poetry, *Ragtime in Unfamiliar Bars* (Secker and Warburg, 1985) and at the moment he is finishing a novel, which he says is the only one he knows of which is written entirely in the second person — no, I can't imagine it either!

He's single, lives in South Queensferry, and enjoys classical music, playing football and asking to be interviewed. Unfortunately, I



Ron Butlin returns as the Writer-in-Residence. Photo: David Yarrow

WITHERSHINS

Yin meenit runs a lifespan an back
an ma hauns are thrummin wi the years.

The measure o the stars will never span
nor lichten yince yin glinterin meenit in the life of man,
but merks af the oors an days an centuries lang syne
as gang withershins this life o mine.

Ron Butlin,
from *Creatures Tamed By Cruelty*

didn't ask him what he has for breakfast.

If you want to go and see him, he will be available on Mondays and Tuesdays in Room 6161 (667 1011 ext 6265) of the David Hume Tower. He is not, repeat, not there to help those of you whose handwriting would put a spider to shame, or for those of you looking for some good ideas for a snappy conclusion to that philosophy essay of yours, or even for those of you who can't spell "separate". They have television programmes for people like you.

He'll be waiting there alone in

his office strictly for all you creative writers, whether you're doing it just for fun or with something more serious in mind. He assures me he won't say anything like, "That's not writing — that's typing", but can offer to read your work, give any advice he can, and if you want, help towards possible publication. He tells me that when he was Writer-in-Residence before, he had a very busy time — once word had got around that such a person existed (hence this interview). It's all up to you and I hope our beloved Uni is less apathetic about literature than it is about politics.

Butlin is planning to arrange a series of speakers perhaps once a

fortnight, including both writers reading their own work and publishers talking about their job and so on. The first of these, of Butlin reading some of his own work, was held on Monday evening in the Conference Room of the DHT. He also hopes to organise a meeting place for writers to read and discuss each other's work.

In the hope of giving you inspiration to write I will leave you with Butlin's reply as to whether he thought he could write a Great Novel: "Everybody has a great novel inside them, but most people just live it."

Robin Henry

Fight for Real Lager



Graphic by John Henderson

Peter Carroll's "controversial" pub guide in the *Freshers' Week Student* prompted the usual wodge of spathy from the community in general... Only J. D. Sloan could step in to save the face of "Ban Real Ale" student activists.

Now read on...

If, like me, you consider a Number 3 one worse than a Number 2 and 80 s(c)hillings the cost of a drink in Austria, then you're probably a lager drinker. Being a lager drinker is only a recent thing amongst males, rugby types still call you "poor" and suchlike as they slurp their lukewarm bucket of number/shilling.

However, if you don't want to fall into the gallon-swilling, rugby-playing, "let's-play-boat-races-

on-top-of-the-table-and-get-on-everyone's-tits" brigade, you should drink the "amber nectar". So here is a guide to lager in Edinburgh.

There are the usual "lager for the masses", these include McEwan's (thanks for the hall), Kestrel (cheap and weak), Foster's (good), Skol (yuk!), Carlsberg (not special) and Tennent's. All are reasonable if served properly, i.e. chilled and reasonably gassy. No matter what pub you go to you'll find one of these.

For the more discerning there is a wide range of good Germanic style lagers. The Pear Tree serves one of the best — Holstein. More pubs are also introducing Pils on draught, as far as that's concerned I've had one pint in the Southern which was warm and flat — pukel

Corkers on the High Street serves probably the best lager around, the much underestimated Tennent's Extra. KB used to sell it two years ago; I'm not sure now if they do; try it, but be warned, it's strong. (Great!)

Chambers Street Union and Mistys on the Mound sell another good beer, Stellar Artois, which should be tried, especially during the Happy Hour. If you can find it (I can't any more) Carlsberg Hof is another good draught lager.

Off draught the choice is even better with many good German, Austrian, American and even Czech lagers available. Avoid the cheap stuff, you pay for quality I'm afraid.

So tell the real beer/ale snobs to sod-off; drink real lager!

J. D. Sloan

ARE YOU A FOREIGNER?

Hour follows hour, mile follows mile, slowly the surroundings become more bleak, more deserted, more beautiful perhaps, but there again, perhaps not, simply more daunting in their acres of enormity and emptiness. "Passports out. We are about to cross the border!" he says. Just joke numero one about coming to Scotland. I laugh politely, falsely assured that there is no difference. To me one lump of earth must surely signify one people, one country, one anything which one actually cares to consider.

Just one day later I discover these sentiments to be misled premonitions. Scotland and England, the Scottish (please note not SCOTCH) and the English are very apart. This was soon to be made very, very clear.

On walking into a pub and asking for 'scotch and soda please', the horrified, aghast look of the barman made me realise that something had gone wrong. Then I realised the ultimate insult had fallen loose, for it is WHISKY here, and most definitely not scotch — dare I write it. After numerous whiskies, as well, I was not pissed, not drunk even, my condition was termed as 'bevved'. This is an essential item to vocabulary in a country where life is suddenly transformed into one endless pub crawl, to fit in with precarious licensing hours.

I no longer know, I 'ken'; and I don't simply go to bed, but 'I go to MA bed', specifying the possible duplicate meaning in Scottish terminology. Did you know that you are in fact not you, you are 'youse'?

All this is just a part of passing conversations, quite intimate really: foreigner meeting foreigner. But the true weight of outlandishness falls like lead when you find yourself unable to actually understand a fellow countryman — well, we are all British, anyway. I think (or perhaps just thought), and it is then that you realise that there really is a border between England and Scotland, whether visible or not.

And it's not just the language, it's the weather, it's the scenery, it's the people themselves; with their dark hair and pale skin, countenance jovial and open; acutely contrasting the English fair hair and sometimes reserved and cautious aspect. Even the 'trendies' are different with a fashion apart, wearing dark-coloured layers of clothing put together in a way totally original to the classic London scene, and dancing more in step with Northern soul than that of accustomed English 'wiggles'.

So maybe he was right. We had crossed the border. Scotland is different, but, ach hen, its differences are great!

Cathy Rigby

Grovel

The Features team would like to apologise to all the writers who handed in articles this week which, owing to lack of space, we have been unable to print.

Some of them will be used over the next few weeks, so don't be discouraged.

And we still need more new features, from both new and established writers. Get thinking. 1 Buccleuch Place is the place to bring your ideas/articles — Friday, 1.00 pm, down in the basement. Ask for Robin Henry or John Pirie.

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SPORT



David Yarrow

Balls Flying Everywhere

The Edinburgh University Mens Volleyball team have a heavy schedule ahead of them.

On November 4th they will be competing in an inter-universities fixture at the Pleasance, together with Aberdeen, Glasgow and Stirling, and sponsored by the Nationwide.

EU Captain Cliff Booth was keen to indicate both optimism and caution. As defending champions Cliff certainly believes EU can win, but is concerned at the loss, through injury, of Der Balin, described as the 'Swedish Ace' by that well known national comic, the Daily Record.

Good preparation for the event came last Saturday in a 2nd division national league match against Telford Tigers — a team which included the Scottish national coach and a number of highly ranked players (as Cliff Booth was all too eager to point out).

Pre-match preparations saw balls flying in all directions and then, on Telford's post, a more sedate limbering up routine which would not have been out of place in the Bolshoi ballet.

Having taken the first set 15-13,

Telford soon put EU under constant pressure in the second and desperate attempts were made by the University players to gain points — attempts which included a brief foray into the women's basketball match on the next court.

But Telford's supremacy at the net led to a second set win after Innes Ferguson was unable to return a looping service.

New spirit in EU during the third set result in a 7-2 lead but slowly Telford chipped away at this.

Tigers' skipper, Krypton factor contestant, John Lyall was the motivation behind this revival. However, by the end, one or two team members must have wished he had never survived the assault course.

But taking a service chance Telford won the third set 15-13 and therefore took the match in convincing style.

Yet volleyball is one of those sports where the final scoreline, often does not reflect the skill of the losing team this was certainly the case on Saturday.

To write EU off for November 4th would be sheer folly or should I say volley.

Kenneth Addy

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Star-struck Seconds

EUAFC 2nd XI 1 Carrick Star 2

The visit of Carrick Star to Peffermill last Saturday for a crucial East of Scotland Cup match provoked a noisy buzz around the changing room of the Varsity's second team. The healthy sounds coming from this quarter must have confused the arriving opposition. Was the huffing and puffing emanating from the second team's HQ some new, awe-inspiring pre-match war chant? Or was it the 'Barrel' Fraser warm-up routine for ageing goalkeepers? On closer inspection it turned out to be the less than polite airing of a crucial EUAFC dilemma: what strip would the boys look good in?

To scoff at this predilection for fashionable football-wear and style is to miss the essence of EU football. Such burning questions as to whether the chaps should wear long or short sleeves or what particular colour went with the dreary autumnal day are important. After much debate and consultation of the latest copy of Vogue, the budding models who make up the 2nd XI eventually took the field.

Resisting the opportunity to wolf-whistle and catcall at such an outrageous display of sporting elegance, the opposition decided to let their powerful, if limited,

football silence the stylish students. They were thus annoyed when they realised that the seconds were as uncompromising in their tackling as they were in their dress sense. Stevie 'Vidal' Palmer, the University's left back, embodied this stylish spirit as he frequently floored his winger without a hair straying out of place.

Carrick continued to work industriously, assisted by a strong wind. But stern tackling by the midfield and a defence well marshalled by new boy Andrew Woods, kept Carrick out until an unfortunate incident just before half-time. The 'Stars' left winger picked upon on a loose ball and roasted two University defenders before placing a precise shot past the advancing Ward Brooks.

The University came out for the second half bristling with aggression and promptly scored straight from the kick-off. Neat work by the midfield gave Kelvin McEwan the chance to brilliantly turn his man and crash a splendid, dipping 30-yard shot over a bemused Carrick keeper. The University should have buried Carrick in the second half, but failed to take their chances. This was punished when Carrick's big bruiser of a centre forward

charged through the University midfield, throwing off his markers and stabbing the ball past the keeper. This proved the killer blow, although the University did manage to raise their game for the last ten minutes, but to no avail.

To the casual spectator, the seconds' problems are clear. Firstly, they lack a big target man who can bulldoze defences. Secondly, they must sustain the commitment shown in the first half-hour throughout the game. The ability is undeniably there. It needs to be harnessed with minutes of aggression and a potent goal-scoring force, before the seconds return to winning style.

Henry Winter

JUDO

Dundee was the venue this week for round two of the Scottish Universities Judo League. Despite having to change in a canoe shop and walk half a mile for a shower, both male and female teams won all their fights but one to stay top of the league. 'Wally of the Day' award certainly goes to captain Colin who never quite took the second of three fights seriously after throwing his opponent into the crowd and on top of team-mate Peter 'Spaghetti' Armstrong War of the match was Eduardo from Mexico. His only 'reward' for this was being left behind by treasure Gillian who drove home without him.

CEW

The Pleasance Complex

In these sad days when sport is all too often used as a financial and political vehicle, it is always heartening to see that people can take pleasure from quite simply competing.

At the University Sports Centre there is no police presence, no spot checks, no political or religious segregation, but rather an air of satisfaction derived from sporting participation at even the most humble level.

The Complex provides a setting where students can emancipate themselves from their studies, and while doing so bring back sport to its glorified heights down to its roots. Those gallant men of 'Ancient Greece' pursued only a friendly rivalry and it is to the great detriment of the sporting world that particularly since the war, this friendly amateurism has turned into something far more ugly and pretentious.

While winning is always satisfying, the overriding objective of those 800 people who enter the superb complex each day is to enjoy themselves; whether it be individually at Squash or as part of a team at Volleyball.



So next time you find yourself indulging in one of the numerous sports available, think how lucky you are that you can simply participate, without worrying over

the long term consequences of a defeat. Remember Ally McLeod still doesn't serve IRAN brew at the Coatbridge pub.

David Yarrow

EDINBURGH MISS THEIR CHANCE

A weekend of missed opportunities saw the University pick up a meagre one point from four and left them contemplating what might have been.

On Saturday Harris were the visitors. Edinburgh controlled the first half. However, one shot from Harris, one goal to Harris, one big setback for the Univ.

The goal itself stemmed from a rare lapse by Lindsay Rainey, the Irish 'person' in goal. However, his team mates were not hard with him as, after all, he had consented to allow the captain the honour of selecting him for the match. Edinburgh's determination to remedy the situation grew as the match progressed but clear cut scoring opportunities were sparse. When one came, it was taken superbly by Donald McFarlane following a penalty corner. His first time shot (Yes, he did manage to connect with a moving ball) beating the Harris keeper low to his left.

The Uni couldn't add to this effort and the final whistle left them rueing their failure to gather

what should have been two comfortable points.

And so to Sunday which brought a match against Inverleith complete with balding EU old boys heckling from the touchline.

With the game in its infancy Inverleith went ahead, but Edinburgh replied through that man (?) McFarlane again. This time he beat the keeper with a rising shot into the roof of the onion bag — a shot which so stunned the umpire he fell over his guide-dog and pointed to the centre spot.

Elation was short-lived as Inverleith struck back with two quick goals shortly before the interval.

With a mountain to climb in the second period Edinburgh battled bravely. Hopes of a fightback were temporarily raised when Wyat scored without having to open his eyes.

However that proved to be the final goal — a goal which did little to disguise a thoroughly disappointing weekend for the side.

Squid

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SPORT



Graeme Souness points the way to Mexico.

David Yarrow

Out with the Suntan Cream?

The assembled ranks of the Pollock Halls Jock Stein appreciation party left Hampden last Wednesday with the cries of 'Here we go, here we go' still ringing in our ears. But after a night of joyous celebrations, there were still questions to be answered.

Should we really question the referee's parentage? Does Bobby Robson's wife really make a bit on the side? Is this Scotland team good enough to make it to Mexico?

The answer to all three questions is probably yes. Paul McStay's performance not only furthers his growing reputation, but surely books his place alongside Graeme Souness in midfield. Up front Kenny Dalglish remains an invaluable asset and should coast to his hundredth cap.

The only doubts remain of Jim Betts' role at left-half and the defensive abilities of Albiston and Nicol. However, let's look down smugly from the top of Group Seven and wait for the cold November night when a victory over those Spanish thugs would have us searching for what's left of our Malagan suntan cream.

David Yarrow

What's On

A live-a-side indoor football tournament is to take place on Sunday, 28th October, between 12.30 and 3.30 pm. Entries to be in by Friday, 26th October, to the Sports Union Office, for Intra-mural Football Section pigeon-hole, PE Department, 46, Passance.

Coming soon...

Two great competitions: Spot the Ball with a prize of a ticket to the Scotland versus Spain match at Hampden next month and a quiz with the prize of Ian Archer's new book *Watch this space!*

RM

What a Bute!

Edinburgh Univ 3; Bute 5

On their first away fixture of the season, the University shinty team set out for the holiday isle of Bute.

Seeing this first league game of the season as the most important, and physically demanding, of the season, the new club professional coach "Ox" Whyte put the team through a rigorous training programme. This diet of 10-mile runs and two-hour circuit training sessions caused a few casualties. Eight first team players called off on Friday night with common symptoms of vomiting, double vision and a craving for brown fizzy liquids. Thus only 11 players filled the coach on Saturday morning. The lack of numbers and general inexperience of the makeshift team was to prove decisive in the forthcoming fracas.

Arriving at Bute pier, the brave lads walked four miles to the Bute pitch. Edinburgh's captain "Plonker" Young, elected to play with the hardly noticeable breeze. The first half was played almost entirely in the Bute hall with the University midfield driving the ball continually into the Bute goalmouth. Luck was not on the under-strengthened University side, however, and just as "Bile" Blake was about to open the scoring he was savagely attacked by the six-foot-seven Bute full back. Any sympathy the University side had for Blake soon disappeared when against the advice of the local doctor, and to catcalls from the rest of the team, he wimped off the field with merely a slight nick to the forehead. This uncharacteristic

action stunned the remaining ten University players. Bute saw their chance and quickly scored two goals before the interval.

With the now strong wind against them, the second half looked bleak for the University team. Undaunted, Edinburgh fought back and within minutes of the restart "Nose-bag" Maguire carved his way through the Bute defence and scored for the University. This caught Bute by surprise and Edinburgh's second goal was not long in coming. "slugger" Samuels' experience showed when, marked by four Bute players, he managed to pass the ball to "Ballesteros" Mackay. Mackay, with a shot reminiscent of his plunging days in Dublin time to tee up the ball and drive a 40-yard shot past the Bute goalkeeper.

Spurred on by their supporters, Bute put the pressure on the Edinburgh defence. "Big Bob" Raine, back from his 10-month suspension for crippling a St Andrews player, deserves special mention for his close marking of an opponent who dwarfed him. Bute scored only one more goal due to solid Edinburgh defence.

Edinburgh were not going to be cheated of a victory and soon levelled the scoring.

With the score at three all, and with seconds to go, Edinburgh scored their fourth goal of the day. "Backshot" Niven, making his debut on a shinty pitch, made club history by scoring a blistering goal from six inches into his own net. The final whistle blew seconds later with a final score of 5-3.

Rhurig Mheadhion Jnr.

RACING WITH



Last week's selection started at 5-1. Unfortunately it didn't finish until half past two. Better luck is certain however if **Lucky Dutch** backed to win the "Solaglass Energy Savers Handicap" at Doncaster on Saturday. Another note is **Provided** in Thursday's Doncaster Stakes.

GOING UP?

The Rugby Club is currently enjoying its most successful season of recent years. The 1st XV at present boasts the fact of being "top of the league" in Division 4 of the National Leagues. Indeed the side has won all seven of its games so far, four in the league, two in the Universities Championship and one friendly at the beginning of the season. Thus an enjoyable season is anticipated. However, it is essential that we heed the old adage that "success breeds complacency" as already there are signs of just doing enough to win games rather than annihilating opposition. Hopefully this will occur on Saturday against Alloa where all support is very welcome for a 3 pm kick-off at Canal Field.

On the social side, the recent disco at Outer Limits was a roaring success with upwards of 700 people there. The next top event is the Annual Ball, this year being held at the Caledonian Hotel on 8th November. Again a good turnout is expected.

Back Page Overspill

£20
£20

MATRINGO

Nobody collected last week's prize so this week the grand sum of £20 is awarded to this lucky reader, 8116808. Come and collect your money today! Everyone else, watch for next week's magical number... it could be YOU.

rules

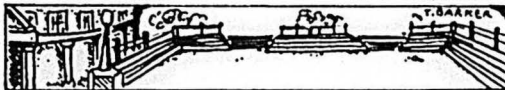
1. The matriculation number will be selected at random by the editor and his decision will be final.
2. £10 will be awarded to the winning student.
3. The winning student must come to the Student offices before 5 pm on the Friday immediately after publication.
4. If the winning student fails to collect his prize before the deadline then the £10 will be added to the following week's total.
5. Members of the Student editorial staff are not eligible.

with a copy of that week's Student and his, or her, matriculation card.

Bristo Blues

Bristo square I'll meet you there I'll be the dude with the cropped black hair an expanse of stone a great black hole between teviot and pottorow they could have built a fountain there to fill the gap in bristo square they ran out of money and when it's sunny people sit on the steps they look dead funny gazing hungry into the void trying to see the other side discussing philosophical stuff with the laidback sus of a prospectus but really they're cold and their bums are sore and people nearby talk criminal law evangelist preacher rants about lust but we're too free for all that stuff still most of the year it's bleeding cold even the pigeons don't venture to go just people on projects no summer of love and misguided artists in fingerless gloves steps step nowhere and don't let you go exactly where you're wanting to go said I'd meet you at four on yesterday's high but it was a lie were you going to be late I felt a real jerk but I had to wait...

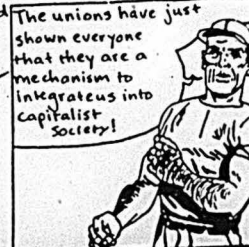
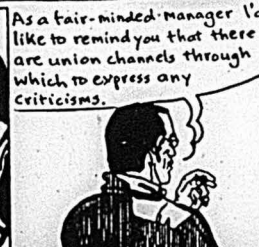
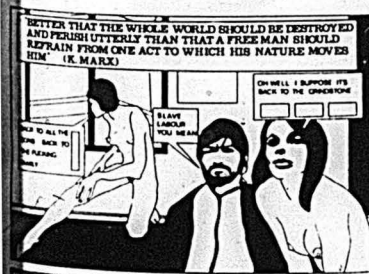
John "Cooper" Petrie



WEE FREES

The Comic Situation

Minor intellectual curiosities of our time



Lowry, Biff, the Made Simple books, John McKay — products of the late 70s early 80s? Maybe, but not solely. The history of anarcho-revolutionary comic strips can be traced back to these products of the Situationist International.

A disparate body of people, the SI existed in various forms from the late 50s until some indeterminate period post-1968.

Following on from and rejecting the work of the surrealists both in art and politics, the situationists were anti most things. International in membership but centred in France, they produced a disparate body of works: books, magazines, pamphlets, graffiti, film — and, of course, comics.

This selection, culled from *Leaving the 20th Century*, a collection of articles from their magazine SI, epitomises their style — perpetually out for a subversive laugh. A strength which has kept Situationism from sinking into the normal oblivion of fringe anarcho-leftist groups — the charm of seriousness.

Simon Cartledge

Flat with room to spare?? Just graduated male (non-smoker) recently started work in Edinburgh urgently requires single room in flat. If you can help please phone Tim 667 5182 after six.

Anyone interested in Jazz should be pleased to hear that the EU Jazz Society, which unfortunately expired towards the end of last term is to be given a new lease of life. We are getting together with Platform Jazz to bring you the hottest (and coolest) combos in Scotland. It's up to you to make this worthwhile. So, whether you are a confirmed jazz enthusiast or just curious, hop along to Potterrow on Tuesday/Wednesday lunchtime, KBU Thursday lunchtime, or phone 447 2860 after six and join the Jazz Society.

Maths tutor wanted to coach bright 12-year-old for 13+ scholarship exams (English system). Tel. 334 2616 after 11 am.

Nat: Where the hell were you last Saturday. Just as well the Meadow Bar Lounge offers good company and ale. See you this week. Lucy.

An Awfully Frightening Yarn



Halloween 17— a barn door creaks slowly in the soft breeze that will not blow the fog away. In the hayloft in the barn, farmboy Tom is a chafin away with his beloved and betrothed, Susan the milkmaid.

"Tonight be the night Susan, when all the spirits of the dead come back and play tricks on us. It be wicked."

"Well Tom," says Susan, "that be a real harebrained notion you got in your head there. Why I does declare it all a lot of codswallop!" "Shush Susan," exclaims Tom, anxiously looking around, "thou wilt annoy the spirits my mocking them," and he crosses himself several times.

"It's alright Tom, no need to carry on so. I mean I am interested in the paranormal but only from a hypothetical point of view. I don't regard spirits or ghosts or poltergeists or witchcraft or any of that stuff as worth believing in. It's all a load of hokum cooked up to satisfy peoples' need to be mystified. All so-called paranormal events can be explained perfectly well by modern scientific principles."

"Oh Susan, thou be talkin' in tongues!" says Tom, drawing back in horror. "I shall fetch the witchfinder-general I shall!"

"Oh give it a break Tom, there's no point in going on with this," says Susan.

"No, I don't suppose there is," says Tom huffily, "not now that you've ruined the atmosphere."

"Well Tom, I told you that I didn't want to come, but you said oh no, let's go play eighteenth-century farmboy and milkmaid on Halloween in a barn in the middle of bleeding nowhere. I don't know why we can't just be like other

people."

"Well, look, I've told you before, my dad won't lend me the car, not since I run over the cat, poor old Tiddles."

"What about poor old Susan, eh? Thanks to your great idea we're now stuck here until tomorrow morning when we have to trek three miles through a swamp to catch the first bus. I think Tiddles got off pretty lightly, actually."

and so they sat, both tight-lipped and each furious with the other, staring straight ahead in mute anger as the minutes ticked by. At length the silence was broken by the long passionate wail of a wolf!

"I don't know why we're hearing that," said Tom. "I mean there aren't even any wolves left in Britain anymore."

"Or are there?" asked Tom. "Who said that?" he asked. "You did," he told himself.

Then for God's sake stop talking to yourself!

Tom, control yourself, and just remember that it was your idea to come here," said Susan.

"for Halloween," she added critically. "Halloween," said Tom, "ah yes, the night before All Saints Day, the night when witches will practise their craft. Wouldn't it just be really, really, amazingly funny if this old barn turned out to be a meeting place for a coven of witches?"

A sudden gust of wind swept up the hillside knocking the barn doors back violently on their hinges and extinguishing the candle that stood beside Tom. Presently a light was seen by the young couple in the hayloft; it was the flame of a torch held high in the doorway, and soon behind it

another one appeared, and then another, etc. Soon the long line of torches filed into the barn and the bearers were clearly visible by the

jumping red light. There were about thirty women, young and old, all naked, dancing around in a circle, firm pink flesh and flabby grey alike gyrated and skipped around the barn.

"That's disgusting," whispered Tom unconvincedly, "they must be witches." He turned to Susan and drew back in horror for the second time that night, for her eyes were a fiery red and on her face were a series of diabolical drawings and signs scratched on by her own nails. As she began to undress Tom noticed for the first time the beast, half man, half goat, tattooed in purple all over the front of her throat. No wonder, he thought, that she always wore a scarf even in high summer.

"You too," he said hoarsely, "a witch!"

"Yes Tom, a witch," said Susan and she laughed in his blanched face.

Down on the floor the other witches stopped dancing and turned as one to the loft.

"Join us Susan," they chorused, "and bring us your sacrifice."

"Give me your hand, Tom," said Susan.

"Now listen Susie old girl," he said, "if this is some kind of heavy metaphor for Greenham Common, then I really don't need it, I mean I didn't even vote Conservative."

Susan held him by the wrist and moved to kiss him on the mouth.

But honestly, I understood Labour's defence policy at the last election," Tom added desperately. Susan paused, the witches looked pensively at one another and then turned back to Tom.

"You did?" they asked, "then explain it to us."

"Well, when I said I understood it

what I really meant was — and here his voice trailed off in uncertainty.

"Bring him down," said the witches. Susan gripped his wrist tightly as she dragged him towards the edge of the loft and pushed him over. He felt weightless, powerless to resist. The witches caught him and bound him up with a fine fibre as light as cobweb and strong as steel. "This we call 'red tape,'" said one of the witches.

"Oh, I see," said Tom, "red because it represents the way in which the people may be controlled by a corrupt and malevolent bureaucracy."

"No, red because it's blood-stained," said the witch.

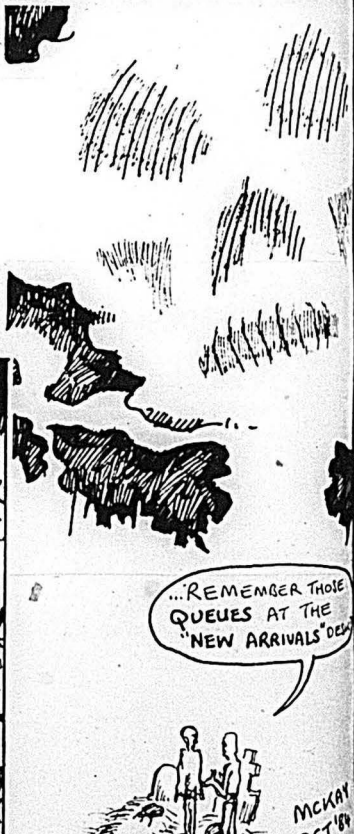
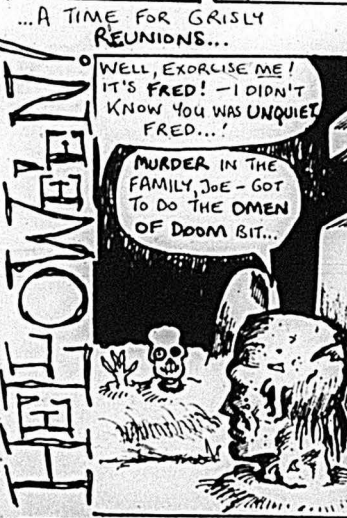
The truth began to dawn on Tom, they were really going to sacrifice him, some here along the line all his clothes had been torn off and now they were covering him in oils and herbs. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Susan standing a few feet away with a knife in her hand that had a blade as black as death. The witches began to chant in a strange, doom-laden language, slowly at first but they built up to screaming frenzy as Susan approached the prostrate victim.

"This we call 'making cuts in essential services,'" said one of the witches.

"I won't ask why," Tom groaned as he closed his eyes never to open them again.

A few weeks later they found only his clothes. There was no trace of anything else. Halloween had come and gone and no one gave that face a second thought because witches, as everybody knows, don't really exist.

John Hodge



MCKAY OCT 89