

STUDENT

—Edinburgh University Student Newspaper—



fur coat and no knickers

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NEWS

Less pomp, more circumstance?

The freshers' official welcome, held in the McEwan Hall, proved to be a considerably less pompous and more interesting event than the less-than-eager hordes of first years had anticipated.

Once the well-concealed entrance had finally been spotted, most of us were stunned by the decor — a big difference between this exam hall and the old school gym where the last three years of my exams have been held.

The organ music did nothing to lessen fears of a near-religious and high-falutin' ceremony, but the entrance of "Academic Procession" and following speeches quickly dispelled my misgivings. In fact most of the speakers gave remarkably optimistic speeches, laying off the doom and gloom "Why are you here — even a university education won't ensure a job" aspects. The Principal, Dr Burnett, seemed fairly benevolent and gave what felt like an absolutely genuine welcome.

The Rector, David Steel, echoed the Principal's welcome and encouraged us to "make the most of your time at Edinburgh" and, once again treated us to the Freshers' Week cliché — "Get the Balance Right".

One would, however, dearly love to know what John Mannix was talking about. For the duration of his speech the entire hall sat mesmerised as he made a monumental cock-up of one of the very few occasions anybody will see him. Perhaps his talk did mean a lot to most people, but it might have been preferable to have heard, from his own lips, the mysterious workings of the Students' Association, rather than a reiteration of Directors of Studies' little chats on "You only



get out what you put in". Caroline Lamont couldn't have been more different. She gave good, practical advice and drew a definite distinction between the functions of *Student* and *Midweek*, about which many freshers might well have remained unaware.

But the highlight of the

ceremony was, for me at any rate, when one of the Academic Procession caught his gown on the back of a seat and was last seen muttering incomprehensible somethings under his breath.

Jo Boag-Thomson



No compromise on NUS 'New Deal'

The latest organisation to follow, Franklin D. Roosevelt's lead, and launch a "New Deal" is none other than the National Union of Students, a body which we at Edinburgh so heartily declined to join in the referendum held last February. The campaign has three main prongs: that students should be independent from their parents and their background; that their circumstances should give them a choice of where to study, where to live, or whether to go on to Higher Education at all; and that student life should be one of reasonable living standards, not a device to delay unemployment.

The "New Deal" was launched in response to the NUS's Easter Conference, which concluded that the NUS merely reacted to given situations, and did not show sufficient initiative in student affairs. The £50,000 being spent on it is an attempt to sell the NUS case to the wider public outside immediate education circles, as well as firing the enthusiasm of the many students who have been largely by-passed by the reactive anti-cuts demonstrations of the past three years.

The campaign also comes in response to a plethora of damning statistics concerning students. It is

interesting that the students of this University still managed to reject the NUS when the real value of student grants has fallen by 17% since they were introduced in 1962. Almost half of all students who are supposed to receive a parental contribution to their grant do not receive it at all, and substantially over half of the student population are dependent on a bank overdraft at some point in their academic career.

Accommodation, now takes up a 25% greater proportion of any grant than it did ten years ago. In the past, students were told that if they could bear low living standards during their student career, then there would be rich rewards after graduation. Now graduate unemployment is running at over 10%, with philosophy graduates being hardest hit, at 42% unemployment.

The New Deal demands a minimum of £30 a week for any student over 16, and a 14% increase in the levels of grant awards. This would double overnight the bill for student support, and so is unlikely to be a priority for Sir Keith Joseph since he thinks that mandatory awards are too expensive already. Having

said that, if Sir Keith really believes in lowering the burden of taxation, then why does he persist in making use of parental contributions to student grants, which amount to little more than a backdoor tax?

In a wider sense, the "New Deal" involves a Claim It campaign to encourage students previously ignorant to apply for benefits for which they may qualify. There is to be a letter-writing campaign to MPs concerning student travel expenses. It seeks to involve students more in the running of their own academic institutions, and their own courses. The House of Commons is to be lobbied in view of their forthcoming (and no doubt irrelevant in terms of its influence on student life) debate of Higher Education.

In relation to accommodation, the NUS wants Housing Benefit to be based on the real income of the student, and not a statistical anomaly as at present. It wants student housing to be part of a national young people's housing policy, to ensure integration and independence in the community. The NUS also wants new laws to ensure a better deal for private tenants to reduce landlords'

Tory letter leak to NUS

The tap drips on for Thatcher

A document from Mrs Thatcher's House of Commons office, dated 16th August 1978, has been leaked to Aberdeen University Students' Association, providing evidence of a dramatic turnaround in Conservative Party attitudes to the student grant since coming to office in 1979.

The document in question is a letter from Richard Ryder, of Mrs Thatcher's private office, to Eddie Longworth, the then chairperson of the Federation of Conservative Students. It not only expresses grave concern about certain aspects of the student grant, but suggests major contradictions with subsequent Tory policy.

In particular, the letter draws attention to the fate of students outside the tertiary education sector, stating that "it has become increasingly difficult to justify the payment of a full mandatory award to students in higher education while leaving most of those in the non-advanced education sector to the discretion of the local authority." Since 1979, however, the NUS and other student pressure groups have persistently called for greater financial support

for precisely this group, with little response from the government.

The letter goes on to express explicit worries about "the severe constraint on local authority spending" and its effect upon discretionary grants, a concern which (it would appear) Mrs Thatcher has been forced to suppress in her drive to lower public spending.

But perhaps the most dramatic claim in Mr Ryder's letter is that "the next Conservative government will, as we have repeatedly promised, conduct a thorough review of the student grants in that review, highest priority will go to a reduction in the parental contribution and after that changes in the discretionary awards system." Such claims are considerably with, in particular, this year's halving of the minimum grant.

NUS President Phil Woolas suggested that "it is ironic that this letter should come to light in a year when parents are being faced with record levels of contributions. Six years later we are still pressing for that review of the grants system, and of financial support for the 16-19 year olds, to take place. But I take heart from Mrs Thatcher's implicit support for our campaign for a minimum award and a New Deal for all students."

Iain Cameron

A debatable debate

In the packed debating hall in Teviot Row Union, the mass audience were tossed and whirled in preposterous happiness as the satire, metaphor, pathos and biting wit flowed like new wine. The motion, "This House would electrify Hilary O'Neill" always

promised to bring out the best from the almost legendary speakers. It seemed to many, however, that the issue was somewhat clouded as each of the speakers apparently had their own personal version of the motion.

Mr Ian McCormick "This House will refuse to address itself to the motion" was in fine form. Apart from a brief foray into the areas of nationalism and intellectual debate, he remained true to his personal version. We all applauded heartily. Mr Jack McClean, "This commune would electrocute the Aristocracy" was better still. In the tradition of Mark Anthony on the steps of the forum, Mr McClean led us smoothly from the high esoterics of debate evasion down into a particularly poignant episode of "Boys From The Blackstuff". Absolutely amazing. We surfaced again to shake the walls with riotous exclamations of joy.

Back to the other side of the table and the vibrancy of Hilary "This House would give me a new TV series" O'Neill. Rapidly scanning the audience for talent scouts or BBC cameras, the Union President bemused everyone with an array of nebulous abstractions unrivalled by the most obscure Zen masters. We all went barmy — never could we have hoped for such a treat. By the time David Steel, "This House could have been in the bar for the last hour so what the bloody hell are they all still doing in here" took the stage, the red cross had already been called. By his 292nd joke about pigs, ducks and the Liberal Party, people were bleeding from the eyes with hysteria. No one heard the 293rd, no one cared.

John Mannix

Alan Young

COMMENT

STUDENT-STUDENT

Fur coat and no knickers

Let me tell you a story. One evening during Freshers' Week I got a phone call. It was in response to an ad I had placed in *The Scotsman* looking for accommodation. Except the person who called had no accommodation to offer. Instead he was a very lonely fresher who was wanting to meet some other people and had selected my name from the paper at random as someone he could meet and someone who could introduce him to other students. His description of how lonely and neglected he felt was enough to bring a lump to the most callous throat.

This incident took place on the eve of the Opening Ceremony in the McEwan Hall. Therefore I suggested that he go along to that for starters and he may get advice and encouragement. I also went along to the ceremony to see what my friend would be subjected to. What followed was one of the most irrelevant, self-indulgent exhibitions of back-patting that I have seen. We have been here for 400 years, aren't we marvellous? We have had a Students' Association for 100 years, isn't that impressive? The point is that it is marvellous and it is impressive, but who cares? If we assume that my first year friend is not unique (and I think we must) then we can also assume that the other first years gathered expectantly in the hall wanted some sort of guidance, not the sham that they actually got of self-congratulatory Liberal MPs and assorted speeches on such topics as the philosophy of education and loyalty to the Alma Mater.

The opportunity was there for John Mannix, the exceptionally well-intentioned Senior President, to give some sort of guidance about the Association and the role that it can play in making these years easier for all of us. Instead, John chose not to talk on this issue, but rather to wander liberally around the notion of education for all and other such related issues.

It is time for the University of Edinburgh to take off its fur coat and reveal its bare ass for all to see. Then, perhaps, we can begin to serve our function. Let us not lose sight of our objectives. We are about students, not Travel Shops and Reprographic Centres. It is time to get back to basics, disregarding the excesses of pomp, and start caring for the people who keep us in business.

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A **STUDENT MANAGER** is needed to look after financial aspects of **STUDENT** newspaper, attract advertising revenue, organise selling and think up new money-spinning ideas.

PUBLICATIONS BOARD needs an enthusiastic new Promotions Director to publicise activities within the University and outside. (Promotions Director should have experience on Publications Board!)

Interviews for both positions will take place on Monday 15th October in the Middle Reading Room of Teviot Row Union at 6.30 pm.

Please notify Chairperson EUSPB, 1 Buccleuch Place of your applications in advance.

this
week's
star
letter

Dear Sir,

I am glad to see that Ms O'Neill has made it to national TV on a Monday night. Normally on a Monday night I play Gorf in Teviot. However, Gorf is broken. Why doesn't Hilary "S K a year" O'Neill do something to get Gorf fixed instead of gallivanting about with our glorious Rector in some Glasgow TV studio?

Yours,

I rate Student.

The Phantom
Poet...

Dear Sir,

A nuclear holocaust is an imminent possibility. We wait with bated breath for the outcome of events in history. Political opponents debate with increasing hostility. And nations poles apart plot destruction of humanity.

In England's green and pleasant land the weapons are amassed. And though men carry on their work they await the infernal blast.

In some heated angry moment the decision may be cast. And around the world for millions all the waiting will be past.

On the other hand, for millions more the end of time will come. With equal haste, but no despair, no warhead, bomb or gun.

For we are told that once again our God will send His Son. To take His own—but others will have nowhere left to run.

Two in a bed, both sleeping, one taken one remains. Two women busy working, one left, one heaven gains.

Two farmers reaping in a field, then one amongst the canes. As in the days of Noah when he waited for the rains.

No early warning system will make the people turn. Those who reject the Gospel and still our Jesus spurn. We'll eat and drink and marry, we'll work and build and burn. 'It will be business as usual right up to his return.

(*Luke 17:18-30)

Dear Sir,

As the late Sunday afternoon sun plays on the closed curtains of Pollock, we at last have time to sit back and reflect on the past week. Freshers' Week — a week of blue sweatshirts, blue Freshers ID cards, blue Bank of Scotland clipboards and "Blue Monday" disco mega-mixes — a week where "What's your course/name/ country of origin/sex?" were the in questions and EUSA plastic carrier bags were much in evidence.

We Freshers spent our seven days profitably at various discos either bouncing, choking on dry-ice or admiring the boundless energy of the indispensable FHs, or, for those having knowledge of "Pollock jargon", the stalwart JCR.

During the day we flocked to Bristo Square trying desperately to look as if we knew where we were going and what we were actually going to do when or if we finally reached that destination. Abbreviated initials (such as DHT — "David Hume Tower", KB — "King's Buildings", TT — "the toilets") were employed as frequently as possible to give that essential "I've done all this before" air while we furtively consulted our Freshers' Handbooks concealed in the depths of the obligatory student scarf.

This has also been the week of the mammoth bar queues — the Park Room and Chambers Street, surely the only places in Edinburgh where you can spend the entire Happy Hour queueing only to find that as you eventually get your hands round your glass the precious 60 minutes have already

A DUNDEE RESIDENT WRITES.

Education: Um, well, if I was to write, well, ur, sort of write down my thoughts as they, y'know, sort of, like, came into my head, 'this is sort of what it would, ur, look like. A bit.

Oh yeah, "Education". What is it then, this thing called "Education"? Well, if we, ur, lived in an ideal world, um, well, just say we do OK? (I know) we don't, but this sort of, well, em, speculation. Isn't it? Yeah, anyway, education (or "Education") would be sort of, perhaps, possibly, quite easy to define. (Maybe.) QED. That, em, sort of just came into my head. Y'know these things happen, like. Anyway, if we remember, like, our em, O-grade Latin, we'll

elapsed and you're back to normal prices — not such a "happy" state of affairs.

At the Societies Fair we all enthusiastically tried to "get involved" (it only for the sheer prestige of having a wallet full of important-looking membership cards), regardless of the problems still to be encountered when we try to fit home brewing, pooch sticks and Latin American Solidarity into one evening a week.

The Sports Fair was particularly daunting as athletic types hailed unsuspecting Freshers into sub-aqua fencing and other similar relaxing pursuits to ease the tension of the lecture hall.

As our week neared its close we waited with anticipation for Saturday night. The grand climax (billed as the "final flog" in our Freshers' Bibles '84) was the "Annie Nightingale Slapstick Evening" where those few who decided to wait until Ms Nightingale eventually appeared were justly rewarded by the spectacle of custard pies and Boy George impersonations. Then, as the final strains of "Two Tribes" drifted into the night for the last time this week, we staggered home in a daze of mental and physical exhaustion — a fitting end to our seven days initiation into this historic and solemn institution of learning. One reassuring thought remains — if we managed to get through Freshers' Week unscathed, the rigours of the next four years of university life should pose no problem at all.

Yours,

Nikki Macleod

remember it means em... Oh yeah, quod erat demonstrandum. (I think.) Anyway, that sort of fits into our equation, like, y'know, for saving the country's educational facilities. Yeah, so, like people who get psychology degrees aren't exactly? (Is anything exact? Like, um, yes, I s'pose) third class citizens, y'know. Oh yeah, the solution is em... avoid all politics, win the power and then em... thingy. Oh yeah, influence people. Or is it friends? No, um, you sort of, em, win them. I think (or do I?). Um, well, drop me a line sometime, maybe. Um.

Adrian Mole (aged 13½)
P.S.: The, um, asterisk thingles, sort of show areas I didn't, em, really have time to sort of, like, study in detail, y'know. Em.

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ARTS

An Assortment of Rubble

A Survey of Sculpture Talbot Rice Art Centre (Oct 6-Nov 3)

Sculpture certainly seems to be the main attraction as regards exhibitions this month. This is the first exhibition of the Federation of Scottish Sculptors, founded in 1983. The aim of the federation is to create a better climate for sculpture in Scotland. But it is not merely a home-based concern. Already they are making contacts and planning exhibitions abroad.

Most of the works on show stem from the last four years and the diversity of expression is especially notable. The sculptures range from the more figurative works like William Handley's 'Mother and Child' and Vincent

Butler's 'Standing Nude' to the more abstract works like 'Figure in Wood' by Bill Scott or 'Slab II' by Jake Harvey.

The choice of materials in each sculpture is of particular importance. e.g. Bill Scott's 'Figure' gains an animation and monumentality by being sculpted from a rugged tree trunk. On the other hand, the tenderness experienced in Handley's 'Mother and Child' benefits from the simplicity and clearness of line afforded by bronze.

One of the wildest works is George Wilkie's 'The Incomplete History of Teasport in America'. Here Wilkie illustrates the legend of the eagle who directed Columbus to America. A particular comic touch is the log-burning rocket at the base of the construc-

tion signifying that it never got off the ground!

The work of Carol Taylor is especially interesting. e.g. 'Child Devouring his Mother' seems to touch on an emotion approaching hysteria. She seems to be making the point that a child makes so many demands on its mother that her life is eaten away. The imprints of a shoe sole on the canvas perhaps alludes the expression of being treated like a doormat.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all the works is M. Snowden's 'Female Figure in Foliage'. This shows a naked woman in the foetal position and surrounded by a line of entwined leaves. The work is upturned so that she appears as if she is just about to slip. This gives the sense that her security and peacefulness hang precariously.



Invasive hole revealed by the shadow of the artist

1969 Keith Arnott

ART

The Fruitmarket Gallery (6 Oct.-17 Nov.)

An exhibition of the work of south London artist, Richard Deacon (1981-84).

The initial impression that one has on entering the gallery where his work is displayed is that of an adventure playground. Deacon describes himself as a fabrication meaning that he constructs his

works rather than carving or modelling them. He employs many industrial procedures such as bolting, gluing or screwing together his works, and he mainly uses laminated wood or galvanized metals.

One of the most striking features of the works are their immense size. e.g. 'Like a Bird'. Here Deacon suggests the flight of a bird. Indeed the sense of soaring is particularly well conveyed by the free, sweeping lines of the wood. The open space between these lines suggests the vast open sky through which the bird flies. The total effect is one of freedom and airiness.

Seeing Stars

Portraits from the Golden Age of Cinema Cornel Lucas Retrospective

Cornel Lucas embarked upon the classical photographic apprenticeship at the age of 16, but as with a lot of good things that sprang from the late 1930s, war broke out. Far from being detrimental to his career, the role of RAF public relations photographer was another rung on the ladder.

Pinewood Studios, a name which conjures up visions of double-breasted suits with padded shoulders, Brylcreemed hair, actresses and escorts in hugging lamé dresses. A treat which you are not deprived of at this exhibition, featuring Lucas' youthful portraits of Pinewood and Hollywood stars in their heyday. Names like Alec Guinness, Donald Sinden, Terry Thomas and from Hollywood Wayne, Peck, Hepburn and others. Not all the photographs are from the Golden Age. Recent portraits include a pensive Gordon Jackson, David Puttnam and the ever grateful Richard Attenborough.

The print quality is excellent. As you enter all eyes follow your progress around the gallery, each star smiles warmly as if welcoming you to their dressing-room for a mug of horlicks.

This atmosphere makes a visit to Stills Gallery in the High Street an interesting interlude, see it before Saturday 20th October.

Donald Pollock



Look with Lucas

BOOKS

Mark Miwardz The Street Wise Monkey Channel Four Books

"Trouble is, when you're a kid, you have to rely on what adults write for... to rely on them — big people."

Mark Miwardz, fast-talking satirist cum poet of the Tube, can now be bought in book form for £1.95. As big people trying to be funny go, he's not bad. *The Street Wise Monkey* works better on paper than most sketches would. There are nostalgic look-backs at a Meccano and Variety Pack-ridden childhood. It is personal and endearing with enough universal truths — like how boring school can be — to make it widely accessible. Typical people of interest to Mark Miwardz are drinkers. "I used to go to Uni where I like to spend all my grant money and a good deal of my parents' savings on lager and Pernod in the students' bar. It was good." There is a happy note of optimism in Mark's words. A readable book. More advisable to read someone else's copy than waste money on it however.

Christina Moller



Illustration for
2001: a School Essay.

My name is Mark and I am seven and a half and I go to the David Bowie Annexe Junior school....



THEATRE

Love on the rocks



Viola plays second fiddle to Orsino

TWELFTH NIGHT Lyceum Theatre

Cross Scott Fitzgerald with Shakespeare and what do you get?

The answer awaits you on deep pile white carpets amid the gentle tinkling of champagne glasses. Perhaps the similarities between the thirties and the times of Good Queen Bess had not struck you before. Perhaps you had never thought about it. This production will make you think about it. It will also make you laugh out loud.

Being transported to the thirties is the best thing that ever happened to sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch. Delightful play is made of umbrellas and monocles and one of the highlights of the show is their impromptu dance routine with Feste. Feste doesn't come off too badly in the time-warped either; he emerges as some kind of melancholy beach bum and quietly steals the show on occasions, as indeed he should.

The only characters who aren't completely successful are, unfortunately, the leads: Orsino and Viola. OK, Orsino is laid back, but in this production he just isn't there half the time; Viola is also a little lightweight, but Irene MacDougall is on the whole

convincing in a hellishly difficult part.

In the blurb, *Twelfth Night* is described as "entirely lacking in the sombreness that pervades Shakespeare's later comedies". The production unfortunately follows this advice to the letter. The sombre tone, the unsettling note are essential to the play, and to make Malvolio an entirely laughable figure is to lose something of Shakespeare's rich intention. Simply 'dimming the lights every so often doesn't hide the frivolity of one or two scenes. Fortunately Feste is there at the end to leave us slightly less than hilarious.

Julia Morrice



Raymond Briggs' *When the Wind Blows* is not to be seen at the Traverse, Oct. 2-21. Apparently the Brunton Theatre Company found the Traverse's secondary performing space a little too like a nuclear dugout for comfort. Pity.

LM Grapes of Roth

Bill Williamson chats to the East End hitman aspiring to Shakespeare.

When I spoke to Tim Roth recently he was waiting for suitable work to appear. It is incredible that he should have to wait for it at all for, at just 23, he has already appeared in productions by Mike Leigh and Alan Clarke and seems likely to establish himself as one of the best young actors in Britain. At the moment he can be seen at the Dominion giving an electrifying performance as Myron in Stephen Frears' brilliant new film "The Hit".

With another acute characterisation

tion playing the difficult part of Colin in Mike Leigh's sadly neglected "Meantime". He is very enthusiastic about working with the idiosyncratic Leigh. "It's never written, never scripted. You're just put in a room with someone and your characters react. It was an exhausting experience. Most of the actors involved were very precise and careful, they all worked very hard and all the actors, especially Phil Daniels and Marion Bailey, were so innovative and clever."

It was as a result of his performances for Clarke and Leigh that he landed his role in "The Hit". Surprisingly he had no problems returning to a scripted character as he finds that "after working with Mike you apply his methods to every character you play. When I work I research, I build a character that I can believe in, and I think it comes over." He based Myron, for example, on the "wide-boys" you can meet in any Peckham pub working with Frears he found, "very good, it was very relaxed. Not very restricted at all as he did have faith in all the characters."

One of the strongest features of the film is the rapport between

Streets of Fire

Over The Hill?

Walter Hill's films are very thin in plot, relying to a dangerous extent on cinematographic effects and a high standard of acting. In this film, however, the actors are neither well known nor obviously talented, and much of the staging, editing and setting is ineffective. The film deals with a motor-bike gang who capture a female pop star and keep her until the hero, Tom Codi, an old boyfriend of hers, makes a successful and destructive rescue attempt. Police cars get shot to pieces and lots of motorbikes explode after being hit by rifle bullets. Codi, played by Michael (who's he) Pare, has a final showdown with the leader of the evil Bombers which involves an interesting piece of hand-to-hand combat with pickaxes. Codi finally leaves the town unnoticed, assured of the pop singer's love for him, and accompanied by colleague in violence McCoy.

Since reading an interview with Hill, my initial impressions about the film have been mollified. Having considered it a film for unintelligent Americans, and only of interest to British motorbike enthusiasts, I find that I haven't understood the director's real intention. Apparently the film was a dream fantasy, created out of Hill's rock and roll memories, using artificial setting, music, deliberately heavy-handed editing and scene-changing and actors playing strongly defined archetypes, rather than naturalistic roles. Hill has said "The big thing was to separate it from reality, so that the audience does not get confused." The audience does get confused, the only clue provided being the words at the beginning "A Rock and Roll Fable, Anytime, Anyplace".

As I've said, too much depends on the acting, which is lifeless. Hill has some funny views on acting anyway. "I think that's acting, to portray archetypes." They give no noticeable indication of the particular image they want to project, they just seem stupid, too clean-cut and good looking (fashion models rather than actors). Consequently everything is dull and uninteresting. The music isn't very exciting either.

Hill used words like "comic book", "movie epic", "movie-heroic", "operatic" and "cowboy cliché" to describe its structure and content, and hasn't realised the self-parodying element wasn't conveyed strongly enough. One suspected that Hill will remain content that the film matched up to his mental images of what it should have been.

J. Penn



Latest photo issued by the Italian police warning of the less subtle methods of stealing jewellery.

Benvenuta

The Story of Livio's Ardent Desire for Fanny

Fanny Ardant is amazing. She has big lips like Nastassja Kinski, but there the similarity ends. Ardant's Benvenuta is convincing — fascinating throughout — despite the unlikelihood of such a beautiful woman falling for the decrepit and tedious Livio, played by Vittorio Gassman. Benvenuta is worth seeing for her performance alone. Also interesting is the screwed-up Catholic issue which serves as a temporary excuse for the failure of Benvenuta's affair with Livio. (Their motives are not strictly procreational.)

Story-line: a charming scriptwriter played by Matthieu Carrière visits an older novelist 20 years after publication of her book — presumably autobiographical — about the Livio-Benvenuta liaison. In recounting her memories to him, they become very close. The film juxtaposes past and present in a fairly clumsy way, but André Delvaux piano music — Benvenuta was a professional pianist — and shots of autumny Ghent cobbled streets as well as scenes in Pompeii and Naples.

Delvaux's inspiration comes from the novel *La Confession Anonyme* by Belgian writer Suzanne Lilar. It was considered scandalous on publication 20 years ago. Sacred and profane love becomes very confused in this trauma of a woman obsessed with a God-worshipping man who nevertheless cannot keep his hands off women, plural.

Well worth a trip to the Filmhouse.

Christina Moller

Rueben Rueben

Meet Gowan Crona McGland, a Scottish poet of Welsh and Irish lineage who dislikes "paperwork" but has a definite affinity for alcohol and married women. *Rueben Rueben* revolves around the misadventures and subsequent decline of this lovable yet pathetic character, played reasonably well by Tom Conti.

Gowan later tries to pull himself out of his predicament by falling in love with a young woman named Geneva. But these liaisons, adulterous as well as innocent, join together in dragging him down.

Beside this emphasis on the poet there seemed to be an undeveloped sub-plot regarding a certain old, homespun philosopher named Spofford but it fails to become a necessary part of the film. The screenplay results in the combination of two works, the novel *Rueben* by Peter De Vries, and the play "Spofford" by Herman Shumlin.

The inadequate development of Spofford is detrimental to the film because it drew the audience's attention from the poet. Without the distraction it might have been easier for the audience to understand and sympathise with Gowan.

The photography was quite conventional but at times fairly good. As far as acting, other than Tom Conti, only two other actors are worth mentioning. Robert Blossom as Spofford and Kelly McGillie did a reasonably good job of giving their characters credibility.

Rueben Rueben is entertaining due to several humorous scenes which make it worth while but overall it is flawed by the ambiguity created by the subplot and the lack of any brilliant acting.

James Ervin



Tim Roth

Roth, who comes from a middle-class family, grew up in Tulsa Hill, where he attended the Dick Shepherd Comprehensive School. He would have gone to public school had he not failed the exams, an experience he describes as "the best thing that ever happened to me. You learn a lot more at a comprehensive, get a different sort of education. ... I'm sure I wouldn't be doing what I'm doing now if I'd been to Durwich."

It was while at school that he first acted, securing a part in the school play, "by accident". Acting, he discovered, was "good fun", and at art school he found himself devoting more and more time to it at the expense of his studies. When forced to decide between the two he chose to act and began working in fringe theatre including spells with Lumiere and Son "as a glorified extra" and Glasgow Citizens Theatre where he got his Equity card.

Shortly afterwards he was sent from "The Oval" to audition for Allan Clarke who was looking for skinheads. The result was an acclaimed performance as the skinhead Trevor in Clarke's controversial TV play "Made in Britain". The work was hard, "very, very hard graft, I researched a hell of a lot, I went out in character as a skinhead to skinhead pubs even before rehearsals."

He followed "Made in Britain"

Myron and Willie (Terence Stamp) which Roth says was duplicated off screen. I wondered how he had found working with that other great British actor, John Hurt.

"Before I met him I was terrified because of his work. I felt very small by comparison but as soon as I met him he was great. He's one of those guys who just wants to act and that's what it's all about. It's not about being a star, it's not about glamour."

Such comments exemplify Roth's refreshingly candid attitude towards his profession. He avoids the "Hippodrome film star routine" and whilst he finds the attention he is receiving "flattering", he insists, "you can't start believing it or you'll start doing a Hitchcock number".

His ambitions include Shakespeare "cos he wrote some fucking wonderful stuff. The chance to stand up on stage and say some of that is what every actor wants at some time but I have no preferences."

Surely, I thought, as most of his work has been with alternative or radical directors that must be how Roth saw himself. "No, I never really thought of it like that. I just thought I've been lucky to have worked with some bloody good directors and I hope that continues. ... I'm not the radical young actor. That's not how I think of myself. It's a job, isn't it?"

Bill Williamson

"ROBERTO'S MESSAGE."

Which is given in his own Delightful Paraphrase.

"We are only just beginning to know how to dance, if I dare call it dancing the way amateurs dance nowadays. Most persons cannot walk properly, yet they believe themselves wonderful, wonderful, valiant, and one-trippers."



John Hurt about to remind Tim Roth of the safety catch (See review over page)

MUSIC

Developing Fast: Aztec Camera at the Caley

Roderick Frame: beginning with a promising if flawed initiation at the Postcard School of Contrivance, has now presented us with two of the most complete LPs in recent years and emerged as a consistently inspired songwriters. All this and he's still barely 20 years old.

Edwyn Collins may have squatter's rights to the House of Camp, but Roddy seems set to acquire the keys to a far loftier firmament. The key to the backdoor of a heavier, albeit a very earthly one.

From the moment *Aztec Camera* set foot on stage, they can do very little wrong. This doesn't imply an uncritical audience. *Aztec Camera* have enough going for them to bowl over the most adamant cynic. Mr Frame has a rare combination of sensibility and technical ability and tonight he gives us both in abundance, producing the most judicious use of the electric guitar that I've witnessed for many moons.

As early as the second song any care is removed and you get the feeling you can just let go and Uncle Roddy will take care of everything.

Selecting almost equal proportions from *High Land, Hard Rain* and *The Knife*, there are umpteen high points, peaking with *We Could Send Letters*. This song generates a truly tangible wave of emotion. Without wishing to be too pseudish, the actual notes liberate something very special — a kind of semi-physical emotional

force that ripples up the spine and bathes you in its radiance. So now you know!

The only lull in the storm was *Knife*. Its theme is the currently fashionable topic of America. Trying to capture the sense of awe at the sheer immensity of the place, the song just drags and is eventually weighed down by its own ambition.

Evident throughout the set is the empathy between the band's members. The keyboards blend and its particularly pleasant to see that Malcolm Ross has finally learnt to play his guitar.

Roddy dedicates *Birth Of The Truth* to "dedicates than Arthur Scargill" which seemed to induce a state of shock in the audience. It seems the media have succeeded in identifying him as a jolly nasty person (Which may be true — but that's not the point). This completed, the band vacate the stage but Roddy returns immediately to do *Back On Board* solo. It may be a little sad but little is lost when he plays by himself and it's fair to say that Roddy represents 90% of what *Aztec Camera* are.

After tumultuous applause, the boys finally return and after another solo performance from the man himself (*Down the Dip*) and the launch into *Jump* (yes, the recent chart success for *Van Halen*) which in fact emerges as a resounding success, particularly when Roddy hams it up with a truly mayhem guitar finale and viciously attacks the all-too-vulnerable tradition of the heavy metal gunslinger pose. He even squeezes in snatches of *The Red Flag*. Everyone goes home well happy: get them while you can. They can't last forever.

Roy Wilkinson



Sister Sledge and the rest of the week's gigs.

The rumbling atmosphere of the Playhouse crowd confirmed that *Sister Sledge* would have to make this last night of the tour the very best one after the opening of the show had been delayed by a familiar "technical hitch".

Their support, the much-in-demand and talked about accapella group, *Mint Juleps* further raised the audience's expectations by their moderately successful, but not entirely satisfactory set which consisted mainly of cover versions. The problem with this female sextet was a lack of vocal range — no

deeper or more soulful voices — and thus a tendency to shrillness. When soul classics intended for one voice are attempted by six, something is lost. Still, a band of talent and professionalism, and, judging by their enthusiastic reception, one to watch.

Sister Sledge's eventual appearance came not in the form of a presentation of their marvellous stand-out tracks, but more in the tradition of the all-American stage show extravaganza. Their satin trousers and glittery vests made up for the distinct lack of gold lame boob tubes and stack heelboots amongst the Top Shop/Man soul-boy audience.

The strident funk opening set the scene: *All American Girls* quickly hit home. Unfortunately

the set soon degenerated as overblown visual clichés overtook even song and had the effect of prolonging each eternally. For instance: *BYOB* (Bring Your Own Body) was accompanied by inane preaching in an attempt at audience participation while *He's the Greatest Dancer* prompted a dozen Top Man Clones to take to the stage. Top Shop girls back in the audience loved it, of course.

Only in the last half hour, after endless band introductions (relic from the 70s?) did the Sisters get down to the solid disco they are renowned for. The powerful *Thinking of You* (preface: "We're thinking of every one of you") was rapidly followed by *We Are Family*, their best song, and finally the re-released 1979 hit, *Lost in Music*. But it was patchy, especially if you were there for the music, not the show biz.

Alastair Dalton
Sally Greig

Sisters of Mercy

No longer burning black candles on stage, but with longer hair than *Hawkwind* ever had, *The Sisters of Mercy* brought their update of *Space Ritual Live* to the Caley Palais this week.

But tonight any humour was buried deep beneath the

impenetrable blanket of *Hawkwind* guitars and the muddiest bass sound ever, not to mention hidden behind endless smoke bombs which almost entirely covered the stage throughout their set. Beginning with *Reptile House*, they laboured through such classics as *Heartland*, *Alice* and a real dirge called *Marianna*. Boredom set in quickly. The line up of two guitars, bass and Doktor/Avlanche, their admittedly hypnotic drum machine, gave no respite until finally easing the pressure for their cover of *Emma*, *Emmaline*, the old *Hot Chocolate* hit.

Andrew Eldritch, looking much more like Lex Gray from *Mud* than Jim Morrison, (despite all his efforts) was occasionally to be seen through the ever-thickening smoke screen they in sisted on pouring out at us. Unfortunately his lyrics were totally lost in the sound, so I came away totally unenlightened as to what he's sang about.

However the large crowd greeted each song with recognition which I put down to some sixth sense because every number was almost identical. Ending with *Body Electric* and *Gimme Shelter*. They left having given little of themselves away throughout the whole show.

Earlier *The Skeletal Family* struggled against a terrible mix and the apathy of a half-empty hall to create a sound not unlike latter day *Penetration*. As with *The Sisters*, they did not seem to have any desire to communicate at all with the hall, and gave the impression of playing in their rehearsal room. All I can really say is that they were more inventive

0 at Wembley. Two songs later and *Big Stuart* is still jumping and the microphones were still being turned up to let him be heard above the crowd. *Wonderland* followed and was superb. Scotland go 4 up. By the time they got to *In a Big Country*, Stu and the boys couldn't put a suede bootie wrong. He even introduced it as *Young Guns* and lived to laugh about it. During the chorus, the band stood back and the crowd took over the singing without prompting. *Big Stu* is overcome "Yur gettin' me reely embarrassed" he grins. Don't be — Scotland has just won 6-0 and you're responsible.

The rest of the concert is a party (similar to those held in fountains in Trafalgar Square). *Harvest Home*, a very fine *Chance*, *East of Eden*, *Forest Fire*, *1000 Stars* et al, sounding far more exciting than on record. This could be because *Big Country* are loving very minute of it as much as the rugby scrum before them. This is probably the closest they could get to a home crowd, Dunfermline being just across the Forth for the uneducated amongst you. I don't know how it would go down in say, Milton Keynes, but frankly I think this lot could whip the Tory Party Conference into a frenzy. They're pulled back by the audience for two encores, the second containing a most original cover of *Tracks of My Tears* followed by a roaring *Fields of Fire*, then attempt to take their leave. Some chance! The crowd go wild: More tartan than the Bay City Rollers, more stomping than the Hoochie Coochie and more screaming (mainly male though) than a Wham! concert. *Harvest Home* is played again — it's actually better than 30 minutes ago and it was brilliant then. That's it and the bus stops begin to fill with wet, panting, checked shirts, all set for the next gig.

Big Country must be one of the most perfect live bands around judging by that little performance. Their reluctance to play on their Scots background too much means that their live excellence will probably come across anywhere. However, if *Stuart Adamson* isn't made a Freeman of Dunfermline, I'll eat my checked shirt.

than The Sisters; they attacked with a chainsaw rather than a steamhammer, and to be sure heavy metal is here to stay.

Joe Pitt

Afrika Bambaata:

Zulu Nation Under a Groove

Sitting down alone watching my TV when all of a sudden it dawned on me: I was doing nothing, wasting my time, so I got me a pen and wrote down a rhyme. This little tale I've got for you concerns a Zulu warrior and his wreckin' crew. You've all guessed by now as a matter of course it's *Afrika Bambaataa* and the Soul Sonic Force.

'Cause there's a new club in town and it's right up front and the graffiti in this cafe is worth the hunt. The first pop group, by no means wallpaper, set the tone for this new dance hall caper. Then came the Indians who brought a smile but I must say this ain't wild style.

Well, if you like your funk spelt with a "p" the *Afrika Bambaataa* band to see. They mashed it up, they turned it out, in unity they rocked the house. By the end of the night they raised the roof, and Zulu nation under a groove. Ignored the crap and all the junk, see *Afrika Bambaataa* and get drunk on funk.

Paul Quinn (essential)

MUSIC

gigs

This year's Freshers' Week saw few bands of any great repute appearing at the University: a marked shift of policy. Apparently, the Teviot Committee were worried about the place collapsing under the weight of big groups. Oh well, there was some interesting stuff about.

With a name like *Autumn 1904*, I expected something entirely different. The image conceived in the ordinary mind seemed to set the band neatly with the likes of Simple Minds, Big Country, Bourgie Bourgie and The Cocteau Twins: as yet another bunch of Scottish Bohemians, bursting with naive Romanticism, dressing up life with swirling melodies and crashing guitar chords. The melancholy elegance of both Autumn and the Edwardian era seems almost to demand this.

Their visual image defies this almost from the start. As I found out when I spoke to them after the gig, they seemed bent on destroying this image, and with my eardrums still numb from the tremendous noise of the last hour, I don't doubt it!

All my illusions finally slipped away when they told me they had thought of the name in five seconds in a bus queue.

It was fast, loud and furious. I have never seen so much concentrated energy by a band, straining every sinew to thrash as much as they could out of their tortured instruments. My receding hope of what I'd expected finally dissolved in a crashing, relentlessly attacking wall of noise. They played with precision, but with no poise. The music was frenzied, but not ecstatic. I could not decide whether they wanted to recapture the surging energy of *Two Tribes* or whether they were after an energy coupled with an emotional effect, similar to the Bunnymen. I do not mean to categorise them so insensitively but it was so obvious that they were after something that was simply *not there*. They merely turned up the volume in the hope that it would cover up for the essential weakness of most of their songs. Like a bad disco, the deafening volume seemed to stem from a fear of losing the audience and atmosphere.



Daintees pull it off

Well, where were you? Surely there can't be that many things to do on a dull Sunday night, especially when The Daintees are in town.

This worthy bunch of Geordies are special because they are one of the few bands who can actually sing, play, and write damned good songs. They sing three-part vocal harmony — all except the drummer, who does, however,

contribute and outstanding Ian Gillan impersonation. The somewhat homely lyrics, which are twice in the nicest possible way, are delivered in unspeakably catchy tunes, which betray more than a hint of country influence.

However, not content merely to ooze talent, this is a band which knows how to have A GOOD TIME. "Confidence," opines the born comedian out front to a reluctant punter, "confidence is all you need."

Devoid of any form of pretension, The Daintees have an enduring lovability about them. Added to this, they have an exuberant capacity for taking risks. Songs are stopped in mid-flow for a chat with the audience and it all culminates in everybody swapping instruments for the richly deserved encore.

Peter Carroll



►► Coming Soon ◀◀

□ Lindisfarne □

Lindisfarne are perhaps not a band that many students will be rushing to see when they come to the Caley Palais on Sunday, 14th October, but their following, especially in the North-East of England and their enduring success in record sales and gig appearances, seem pretty impressive all the same.

In bridging the gap between folk and mainstream rock the band have attracted many fans throughout Britain, while maintaining a strong link with their hometown of Newcastle. Lindisfarne's formation in 1970 "created the possibility for themselves of fully liberating the energies of traditional music from its outworn forms" and by the end of the decade this seemed to have been further confirmed by the band reforming after a four-year split. In doing so they sought a definitive new sound while retaining the old Lindisfarne hallmarks.

Many people will only know Lindisfarne for their Top Ten single in 1978, *Run For Home*. Remember the lead singer (Ray Jackson) sitting behind a piano on Top of the Pops, with all that hair? However, since then the band have gone from strength to strength, which has been largely unnoticed by the rest of us.

Their Newcastle Christmas shows (an annual event) play to around 27,000 people and this year they will be there for 11 consecutive nights. Meanwhile, last year's UK tour was a complete sell-out.

Their current live album *Lindisfarne* is to be supplemented soon by the forthcoming *Lindisfarne Volume Two*, and between them they contain most of the band's hit repertoire. This year's tour starts at the end of November, and one of the concerts will be shown on BBC television over Christmas. The gig at the Caley Palais will thus be a preview of things to come, but is as yet their only Edinburgh date. Tickets are on sale from the venue, as well as at *Ripping Records* and *Virgin*.

Alastair Dalton

Sister Europe brought their Glaswegian guitar-based pop to Potterrow on Monday night. Having formed my music views in the late 70s I thought their set, peppered with influences from Blondie to the Buzzcocks, may have sounded dated but was great nonetheless. Keep on strummin'.

Meanwhile *Wee Yellow Rip* were tight enough and seemed to go down well with an easily pleased Wednesday night audience. However, they only served to illustrate the difference between white boys playing at reggae and the real thing. Worse still, they had no songs. See you at Aswad.

Sophisticated Boom Boom

Sophisticated Boom Boom: an old Shangri La's favourite, the last LP from Big Boy Burns and Co. and now five alluring lasses from Glasgow way with their own entertaining, if less than original, interpretation of the pop aesthetic.

Sophisticated Boom Boom were the only worthwhile thing to come my way. This spartan Freshers' Week. Coping admirably with the requisite student-wally audience ("Show us your tits, love") they tried in their relaxed way and got far less than they deserved. Two guitars, bass and drums replete with new (improved) vocals produced some wonderfully catchy melody. Cool, confident, brash. They give the impression that they can absorb the little adversities that will inevitably come their way.

Watch out for them: they're well worth your time.

LATEST!

FM Here we come

Over the years, the John Peel show has become something of a national institution. Playing an interesting cross between new material, and ancient and obscure oldies, his is the only show on radio unfettered by the dictates of commerciality, hype and conservatism. It is also a new group's best and perhaps only chance of gaining national airplay. Yet, another night has been docked. Radio 1 say they are after a younger image, yet nothing is as tired and as aged as some of the AOR (Anal Orientated Rock) filth which Tommy Vance is now playing on Thursday nights. I for



one do not want to listen to endless Barclay James Harvest, nor to records I already possess or can find on any decent jukebox. Vance's show is safe, sterile, and criminally unnecessary.

As for Peel, well Radio 1 has been trying unsuccessfully now for years to get rid of the old goat, but even if he were to disappear completely from our airwaves, there would be nobody with sufficient integrity and charisma to replace him. Consider an example of the new (young) breed of Radio 1 DJs: Bruno Brooks. Monstrously inept and indescribably dull, the man is simply a pillock.

Now a lot of you seem to care for groups like U2, Big Country, The Bunnymen, The Smiths and Costello to name quite a few. What these groups have in common, together with a host of diverse artists from Def Leppard to Divine, is that John Peel was instrumental in popularising their music. If you are at all interested in the future of popular music, write to Radio 1. Bring back Peel.

Gigs Latest

1. Nov. Bronski Beat (Caley).
3. Grand Master & Melle Mel (Playhouse).
8. Lords of the New Church/Wall of Voodoo (Caley).
9. The Front Club: March Violets (Caley).
16. The Front: REM (Caley).
22. The Cult (Caley).
23. The Front: The Redskins (Caley).
27. Tom Robinson (Playhouse).
2. Dec. Gary Numan (Playhouse).

Tickets: From *Ripping Records*, 91 South Bridge for all Caley gigs, except *The Front Club* (only available at door). *Lords of New Church* and *The Cult* tickets on sale Saturday.

Rare chance to see Gun Club on Saturday the 21st of October at the Hoochie Coochie Club. The group play a sort of mutant rockabilly based around the voice and guitar of Jeffrey Lee Daniels. Doors open at 10.30 pm.

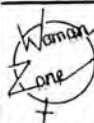
The second night of Regular Music's new club, *The Front* at the Caley Palais this Friday features *Shriekback*, supported by local band *A Popular History of Signs*. The club is open from 10 pm till 3 am, promises some late surprises, and costs only £3 to get in.

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MUSIC

R. A. Mason previews next week's South Indian concert while **Tim Niel** looks at Jazz in Edinburgh this month.



INDIAN TONES

My knowledge of Indian Classical Music is limited, to say the least, and no doubt I am not alone in that.

In an effort to remedy this, the UK University Circuit for Indian Classical Music is promoting a concert in **St. Cecilia's Hall** (Cowgate) on October 16th at 7.30 pm. The ensemble they have arranged to appear looks impressive even on paper, moreover admission is for a solitary pound. It comprises Doctor V. Doreswamy Iyengar (Veena), Prof. T. R. Subramanyam (vocalist), Anuradha Brahmanandam (violin) and A. V. Anand (mridangam). The former, pictured above, is one of the

best performers in the world of this instrument. The Veena itself is a type of long-necked lute, and will be played both solo and in combination with the mridangam, a type of drum.

Unusually, the performers will be situated in the middle of the audience rather than at one end of the hall, as this type of music depends for its effect on rapport and interplay of mood with the audience itself.

The concert is just one of a wide-ranging programme being presented throughout the year by the University Music Faculty, many of which are free.

Next Tuesday's concert is a chance in ten years to hear the finest living exponents of the South Indian Classical tradition. Definitely worth considering.

JAZZ

Jazz in Edinburgh is usually something of an unmixed bag. There's a large number of pubs and clubs offering weekly or at least regular jazz slots; but fortunately or, unfortunately, depending on your viewpoint, they usually offer trad jazz (banjos, trombones, honky-tonk piano) and if you attend enough of the aforementioned jazz nights at enough different clubs you soon find out that the music is being played by the same people under a different name and wearing slightly more or less flared trousers.

Perhaps the best thing about these pubs is that they offer a constant supply of jazz of some sort in October as much as in any other month. **The Basin Street Bar**, to be found in Basin Street, Haymarket, has live jazz on most nights, including (I think) a regular slot for the **Neil Munro Trio**, one of the most consistently enjoyable Edinburgh jazz bands.

Other pubs providing fairly regular jazz include **Preservation Hall** in Victoria Street and the **Black Bull** in the Grassmarket. There are too many others to list and these ones simply happen to

nights in either **Platform One** or **Platform Two**. The only drawback is that you might have to wear a tie, or at least clothes. And anyway, it all sounds a bit unlikely to me.

As far as big names are concerned we're fortunate to have **Jazz Platform**, an organisation that is about to recommence its Friday night spots at the **Queen's Hall**. Earlier this year they came up with **Abdullah Ibrahim** and the **Art Ensemble of Chicago**, both marvellous, this time they kick off with **A Tribute to Louis Armstrong**, a band composed of former Armstrong sidemen, on whom some of the magic will hopefully have rubbed off. On the 19th they present **Om 2**, a Swiss fusion outfit that formerly recorded for the ECM label, and on the 26th they've managed to arrange **Memphis Slim**, a singer in the best delta blues tradition. There aren't many left, so don't miss him.



Fred Price on Beethoven at the Usher Hall.

We are fortunate to have some details of Beethoven's personal life, and from at least one student's account we gather that he kept his

rooms in utter squalor, composing and entertaining among piles of dirty washing and inch-thick dust. His symphonies can only have benefitted from such ungracious, care-free bohemianism.

Last weekend the Usher Hall tingled and reverberated to the sounds of two of his symphonies. On Friday, **Walter Weller** conducted the **Scottish National Orchestra**, on its official opening night of the 1984-85 season, in a performance of the 9th symphony, spoiled by a gravely brass contribution. On the following night, the German **Wolfgang Boettcher** presided over a Beethoven orgy consisting of the *Prometheus Overture*, the 1st Piano concerto and the 2nd Symphony, played by the much smaller **Scottish Chamber Orchestra**.

Our ears were truly thumped by the massive cadential phrases of the 9th. You simply cannot nod off during it because the composer, at a stage in his life somewhere between the crucifixion and the ascension, decided to use it as a forum for all his multicoloured, diverse and elevated feelings. Despite the occasionally rasping brass, which was far more obvious during an inferior rendering of Mozart's 36th symphony (played earlier in the evening), such a work could only be wondered at and enjoyed after a fashion. The 9th simply isn't something you enjoy easily.

The SCO's 2nd Symphony resembled a backwater at first, following the tumult and calamities inherent in the 9th. Under Boettcher's very relaxed direction, it's sometimes simple, sometimes complex, but always moving themes developed with discipline rather than storm and fury.

Alfred Brendel had earlier provided a superbly moving interpretation of the piano concerto drawing the orchestra along with him as a skilful puppeteer does a well-crafted toy.



Frank Hank Bragg Caley 21st Oct.

The Caley Palais has scored quite a hat-trick with the appearance of the **Frank Chickens**, the **Hank Wangford Band** and the highly touted **Billy Bragg** supporting each other on Sunday 21st October.

This gem of an evening gets underway at 7.30 pm so be there early — nothing should be missed. Variety is the order of the night, the far-east meets the Wild West but with a distinct British flavour in there too.

Two little maids all the way from Japan, **Frank Chickens**, will shake up any preconceptions you might have had about gentle, fragile geisha girls with their oriental,

disco romp. Now residing in England, the girls provide a humorous look at the modern Japanese, covering such topics as a Japanese housewife living in Milton Keynes and Samurai Super Heroes. Much of the comic element in the performance comes from their visual presentation —

their striking appearance and hilarious mime and dance are as important to understanding the **Frank Chickens** as listening to the witty lyrics. However, the sharp edge of the music cuts through at points to reveal interesting points about prejudice in both Japan and Britain. Combining the pretty with the political, these Samurai in geisha's clothing should be seen as well as heard.

Fresh from popular acclaim at his infamous *Hankie* goes to

Coming Soon

Hollywood appearances during the Festival — **Hank Wangford** is back! His country and western style is supposedly as hot as ever after a few line-up changes including the addition of his 'niece', *Dorlene*, on vocals. With tongue firmly in cheek, the Wangford's set is lively, humorous foot-stomping stuff, showing the British can be true Rednecks when it comes to country music.

The exuberant **Billy Bragg** tops the bill and it would seem he is beginning to achieve the popular success he has long deserved. His brand of gutsy, passionate pop songs communicate a message that doesn't require anything more than a voice and a guitar. Having achieved some cult status through simply great gigs, followed by the Success of the *Spy vs. Spy* mini-album, **Billy** is back with a new album *Brewing up with Bragg*, his first full LP, and a tour to coincide. His gig should include lots of fresh material plus many old favourites. **Billy's** ability to reconcile his comic banter between songs with the songs themselves, proves him to be a real talent as a performer, and brings cabaret back down to earth.

All in all a night to be informed, entertained and to smile.

Blake Smith



Hanoi Rocks Johnny Thunders

Caley Palais, 7.30 pm 18th October

Hanoi Rocks are five different varieties of **Freddie Mercury**, a terminal junkie backing band fronted by would-be blonde bombshell **Mike Monroe**.

A bit of *Gin*, a bit of 1978 Japan, a bit of Iggy Pop, they might find themselves on the pages of *Jackie* or *Smash Hits*, but they haven't found a musical identity that really fits.

Johnny Thunders in 1978 was

everything Hanoi Rocks would like to be now. The ultimate product of a wasted youth — at his best you can forgive his macho posturing and general rock 'n' roll excesses, because he is so good, and at his worst, he is a hollow shell of the cult hero he used to be. Quite what he will produce at the Caley Palais is anyone's guess. Anyone who can produce a record as good as *You Can't Put Your Arms Round a Memory* is worth taking a gamble on. It might be a tedious night of fourth-rate heavy metal, but if we're really lucky, it might be the greatest rock 'n' roll show possible in the Caley Palais.

Anna Burnside

FEATURES

Sitting back from the hurly-burly of Edinburgh's Festival and Fringe, Iain Cameron pulls out his type-writer and purges his soul.

If there was one production which seemed to typify the atmosphere of this year's Festival and Fringe, it was *The Playboy of the Western World*, brought to Edinburgh by United British Artists. Synge's play was a slow starter with a sizzling last act — so, in many ways, was this year's whole bing. *The Playboy* was an Assembly Rooms production — so, if one was to judge solely by the reports of Fleet Street critics, apparently lost

Theatre

beyond the confines of George Street, were the vast majority of Fringe shows. *The Playboy* was entirely lacking the household names everybody had assumed would be appearing in it (Albert Finney, Glenda Jackson and all the other UBA stars) — so, in a way, was the Festival thanks to persistent rumours that Samuel Beckett would be here to see the performances of his work by the Harold Clurman Theatre of New York. And in the tough talking of the play's director Lindsay Anderson one seemed to have the highlights of the whole debate on the arts and politics, which had begun with the election of a Labour district council in May.

But if anything the 1984 Festival will be remembered as that in which the creatures howling at the door turned out to be sheep in wolves' clothing. Though Fringe Society Chairman Jonathan Miller has suggested otherwise (*Sunday Times*, September 9th) there was a very definite lethargy in Edinburgh during the first week of the Festival, even though numerous shows seemed to generate the excitement one has come to expect. One possible reason for the sluggishness was that this year's offering was a week earlier than in the past, and thus may have preceded the tourist glut. But on the other hand, Edinburgh in August was blessed with stunning weather — and anyway, who needs the type of tourist who was overheard to say by a *Festival Times* photographer: 'Gee the castle's beautiful — but why did they build it so close to the railway line?'

Nevertheless, some people were soon agonising about ticket sales.

Cabaret

and it was small wonder that the turnaround was greeted with huge signs of relief, most audibly in the case of Bill Burdett-Coutts' entrepreneur-in-residence at the multi-venue Assembly Rooms. But then Mr Burdett-Coutts was usually easier to hear: just as the venue led to extravagant press attention for his productions, so it also made Mr Burdett-Coutts himself a serious challenger to the ubiquitous Richard Demarco, art gallery owner extraordinaire, for the title of Mr Rent-a-Quote 1984. While Mr Burdett-Coutts' prognostications rapidly rose from bust to boom, Demarco could be heard each morning, wavering between the two extremes of waxing lyrical and frothing ecstatic. The vehicle for his deluge of dialogue was *Festival City* radio, which for seven and a half hours a day took over Radio Forth's FM frequency in order to bring us those parts of the Festival the other media can't reach. In theory the ideas were perfectly sound, but unfortunately its realisation was entrusted to a selection of presenters who seemed to think that a chimpanzee's tea party would be highly entertaining in spind. In reality, of course, it is about as exciting an idea as



Italy's renowned anarchist playwright, Dario Fo.

Edinburgh's other festive season

reading out the foreign exchange rates ad nauseam. They did that as well. One gets the feeling that it hadn't been for the constant cock-ups perpetrated by EUSPB's very own *Festival Times*, the Radio Forth team wouldn't have had anything to say — and of course we were eternally grateful to them

Mime

for pointing out that we had referred to a certain Italian-American opera director as Glen Carlo Menotti. Thanks guys.

But through it all *Festival Times* soldiered on, not only confirming its reputation as one of the leading guides to the Festival, but also establishing FT Cabaret as a major showcase for acts who went on to have hit shows, among this year's performers were Harvey and the Wallbangers, whose shows regularly sold out at the Assembly Rooms, as did those of New York Stand-Up Comedy team Rudner, Amoros and McCarty, whilst elsewhere The Bodgers renewed their annual affair with the Fringe, and the Arts Freedom Theatre had to extend their run due to popular demand.

While the Fringe went on pretty much its usual effervescent way, this was the year in which the Official Festival staked its claim — right on cue — for its most popular programme ever. While last year's Festival, on the Vienna 1900 theme, gained much critical acclaim, it lost money: in 1984, with much more disparate series of events, the aisles were metaphorically packed, with no significant loss in critical esteem. It was thus satisfactorily proved that the Festival need not appeal only to a narrow section of the populace, provided that Festival Director Frank Dunlop builds upon those platforms which this year drew more people into the Festival fray.

There were two particular successes in this drive, not for populism, but for simple popularity. One was quite simply the maximisation of access achieved by the sale of cheap tickets through the Scottish Gas Information Centre — quickly dubbed 'Honest Frank's Half-Price Ticket Booth'. And the year's other masterstroke was the

triumphant revival of the major Scottish comic play *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estates*. Tom Fleming's hugely entertaining production at the Assembly Hall proved emphatically that the 'high' arts need not be either alien or incomprehensible, but can be fun and can derive from Scotland just as from other cultures. A major Scots event is therefore a proven pudding, which should hopefully be on the menu again in next year's 'Auld Alliance' programme.

But perhaps the most important ingredient in this year's Official Festival success was the sheer quality of most of the drama presentations. The importance of genuine class was perfectly illustrated by the contrasting fates of the Beckett season at the Churchill Theatre, and the visit of Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, of Broadway and movie fame. The Harold Clurman Theatre of New York led a variety of Beckett productions so well acted and staged that it was little wonder, people expected of Sam to arrive and pay his respects. Mr Wallach and Ms Jackson, on the other hand, arrived with an unashamedly popular comedy double bill, *Twice Around the Park*, and scarcely made any impression beyond almost universal condemnation from the critics.

The lesson must have been learnt that any company here for a mere three or four days, as Wallach and Jackson were, must have either immense prestige (as with the Berliner Ensemble), or the kind of sparkling insight which quite simply demands attention.

Opera

The latter quality was most amply demonstrated not on the Official Programme however, but in the Fringe tout de force *Mistero Buffo*, brought to us by the Italian master Dario Fo.

Fo, the famed anarchist playwright, director and actor, speaks scarcely a word of English, but with the help of interpreter Stuart Hood and a few subtitles on an overhead projector, he held the audience enthralled at the Assembly Rooms (where else?) illustrating the human emotion,

suffering and humour transcend language barrier. Fo provided a perceptive gloss on modern society through his use of mediaeval mistle techniques and his appended commentaries. His expressive face and expansive gestures underlined the cruel

Revue

jokes and hypocrisies that have long existed in mankind's societies, and one was only left to wish that such apolitical truth was more frequently in evidence.

Though Dario Fo is an example of the true possibilities of the one man show, one can hardly argue with the frequent complaint that this genre, along with the revue, is one of the current blights of the Fringe. The concentration of the single-person show demands a depth of talent, and a self-knowledge in selecting subject matter, that are often beyond the capabilities of the average Fringe performer. Meanwhile the run of the mill revue packs out a core of worthwhile material with more filler items, and in doing so denies attention to other, more adventurous work.

One felt real pleasure, therefore, when watching a play that sizzled from beginning to end. One of the most remarkable productions in

this regard was that of Aberystwyth University's Anaber Theatre Company. With their comic version of Homer's *Odyssey*, packed into sixty minutes of hair-raising theatre, they negated all the stories of stale, play-it-safe, and just plain bad student productions. As the audience sat on the floor in the Boroughmuir Annexe, and scuttled around to make way for the action as it careered all over the school hall, they were often moved to spontaneous applause for some magnificent theatrical improvisation. Question: how would you recreate the realm of Hades on stage and on the cheap? If you said by using a spotlight, an umbrella, and a couple of kettles of boiling water, then you should be

Free Shows

at Aberystwyth, not Edinburgh. Either that or you saw the show. What was truly impressive about *The Odyssey*, however, was the combination of all the elements — a crackling script, imaginative direction, assured acting and well performed music — to create a total performance.

Anaber demonstrated the power of innovation. They broke the rules, and knew exactly how and why they wished to do, which gave them a real edge over many other companies. But one could also see that they had the basic ingredients which many other young companies, having committed themselves to unleavened naturalism, require in even greater abundance: a degree of thought and a lot of hard work. Many and varied are the productions in which can see all too clearly that there is insufficient understanding of the material, and an unfortunate lack of rehearsal. The success of Pipeline Theatre Company, in contrast, was due not only to the excellence of the writing in Alasdair Gray's straightforward double bill, *Two Sexual Comedies*, but also to the confidence and assurance that can surely only come from attention to the basics. It's true that many amateur groups lack the time they really need for preparation, but in the end it is they who really suffer if their work is under-rehearsed — this Fringe goes only sees it once, but the company has the pain of playing it night after night.

But, when one sees nearly twenty shows in around three hectic weeks, when one has made frequent breakneck dashes from an inaccessible school to an untraceable church, when one hears all the gossip of a city packed with performers, all in all there's more fun than frustration.

Edinburgh in August is an electric experience, but one always runs the risks of becoming a Festival bore in the aftermath. In fact, I sometimes feel myself that I need to write a retrospective article to flush it all out of my system, and get properly back to the real world. Now where did I put that grant letter . . . ?

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Stinging in the rain...

You've probably heard the words "acid rain" becoming more and more common in the media of recent months. They aren't quite the household words they are in Germany, Sweden and other European countries where it is a major ecological and, by implication, political issue. So what, you may ask, is it? And, more importantly, how does it affect us?

Acid rain is the direct result of atmospheric pollution by sulphur dioxide (SO₂) and nitrogen oxides (NO_x) from the burning of fossil fuels like coal and oil. After a series of chemical reactions in the atmosphere, these gases are converted to sulphuric and nitric acid which fall in a diluted form in rainwater. In this way, lakes and streams in Sweden, Norway and Canada have been acidified, seriously affecting fish populations, trees are dying in Germany, Switzerland and North America, affecting large tracts of forest land, the stonework of many older buildings in cities is being eaten away slowly but surely.

The Acid Rain Inquiry

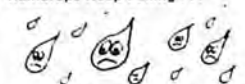
An increasing amount of concern has arisen over acid rain, both nationally and internationally. This was made apparent at the Scottish Wildlife Trust's open international conference, the Acid Rain Inquiry, held in Edinburgh, 27th-29th September. The scale of the problems presented by acid rain was defined during the three-day conference, as speakers from all over the world presented evidence of the damage caused and discussed methods of controlling emissions.

The question of controlling

emission of pollutants is central to the controversy surrounding the issue of acid rain, and was thoroughly covered during the three days of the conference. Since the major sources of sulphur pollution is the coal burned by big industries, such as electricity production, there has been some reluctance on the part of these producers to implement sulphur reduction measures. These measures would be costly, but not unduly so. It has been independently calculated that electricity bills would rise by around 5% to cover the costs of sulphur scrubbing equipment.

It is important to note that Britain is a net exporter of sulphur pollution, i.e. we produce more than we receive. The excess sulphur is transported long distances by high level winds to northern Europe and Scandinavia. These countries are net importers of sulphur (hence acid rain). The governments of the affected countries are understandably less than amused by the situation. Over the last few years many European countries have realised the dangers of acid rain and have signed an EEC agreement requiring a 30% reduction in sulphur (from 1980 levels) by 1993. Britain is not, however, a member of this "30% club".

Raindrops Keep Falling...



Acidity is measured by the pH scale 1 to 14, where 1 is most acid and 14 is most alkaline. Neutrality is pH 7, pure distilled water. Normal rainfall has a pH of around 5.6 due to dissolved carbon dioxide from the atmosphere — this is so dilute you wouldn't be able to taste it, given the opportunity. Each division of the pH scale represents a factor of 10, so that pH 5 is ten times more acidic than pH 6, so an apparently small change in pH indicates a substantial difference in the amount of acid present. Acid rain is rain with a pH of less than 5.6.

OK, that's the dull chemistry lesson over. How about a brief history lesson? No, really, hang on, this is good.

In 1661 and 1662, English investigators Evelyn and Graunt first noted that industrial emissions could affect the health of people and plants, and that there was a transboundary exchange between England and France. These pioneering researchers suggested placing industry out of towns and using tall chimneys to disperse the "smoke into distant parts". This tactic seemed to work until the "distant parts" started to notice the effects of industrial pollution.

Robert Smith (no relation, I'm sure) observed in 1852 that sulphuric acid in cities led to a discoloration of textiles and corrosion of metals. Smith later (1872) went on to coin the term "acid rain". It seems strange, in light of this historical data, that the Commons Select Committee report published several weeks ago seemed so shocked to note the deterioration of buildings due to acid rain exposure. I suppose data has only been accumulating for the last 132 years.

So Much For The Trees



Ecologists have been most concerned about the effect on the environment in rural areas, but it seems to have taken the threat to the British public's beloved national monuments to provoke any signs of action by the government. It is, I think, a reflection of national consciousness that it was the damage done

to the Scandinavians' most precious asset, her lakes, that led to public concern over acid rain. In Germany it was the thought of the loss of the Bavarian forests that spurred action after years of intransigence on the issue of acid rain. Yet in Britain, it may well be a dissolving Nelson's Column that makes the difference.

In Britain's more remote areas, such as the Central Highlands, rain acidity has increased at an alarming rate. It is especially dangerous in those areas where granite is the bedrock rather than acid neutralising limestone. Many areas of Britain are receiving up to twice the amount of sulphur (that's up to 40 kg/hectare/year) than the Canadian authorities have decided is tolerable — not even near the desirable ideal.

Policies and Proving Things

A fair picture of the current state of affairs with regard to acid rain can be obtained if we look at the policy statements made by groups in attendance at the Scottish Wildlife Trust conference.

Department of the Environment. (Note: no representative of the DoE was present, so a statement was read.) The DoE claim that EEC proposals are overly costly to implement with attendant problems of solid or liquid waste and that new technologies are required. The government, they say, aims to reduce emissions by 30% by the end of the 1990s. It is stressed that this is a matter of policy rather than a full commitment. Our engines, they say, should be made more efficient, thus producing less nitrogen oxides.

CEGB. The CEGB statement made by Dr Peter Chester claimed that tall stacks made a contribution to a clean urban environment (I thought that went out 322 years ago) and that there were doubts about the effective results of a desulphurisation programme. Dr Chester indicated the CEGB investment in new desulphurisation technology and in the development of British nitrogen oxide reduction system.

A reluctance to spend money on the part of a major sulphur producer is a little disconcerting, but not at all surprising.

CBI. Representing organisations who have conflicting interests, some who'd benefit, some who'd lose out in the event of acid rain legislation, the CBI carefully sat on the fence. They made the following claims:

- (1) Forestry damage (dieback) has not been proven to be acid induced.
- (2) Only small areas of

Scandinavia have been affected (see the University of Oslo statement below for an alternative view).

(3) Local sources may be more responsible than remote sources.

In this effort to compromise, however, the CBI has tended to come down on the side of the "more evidence is needed" argument.

Council for Environmental Conservation. The CEC noted that whilst study of lake sediments showed that acidification is an ancient process, it has accelerated since the Industrial Revolution. This government funded body believes that there is sufficient evidence to have pollution controls implemented generally and soon.

With reference to the UK not export of sulphur, "We are the polluters... [we must] increase research into air pollution and acid rain."

Friends of the Earth. The FoE said they were "extraordinarily concerned about acid rain" and went on to point out that:

- (1) acid rain effects in rivers is no longer just a foreign problem;
- (2) there is evidence of tree damage in Britain;
- (3) there is an apparent link between production of SO₂ and deposition of acid.

FoE suggest that Britain join the 30% club immediately.

University of Oslo. In a written statement Ivan P. Muniz stated: "Acid depositions have inflicted major changes in the natural environment in Norway and Sweden... acidified ground water has affected the drinking water quality in many parts of Sweden."

Regional losses of fish, signs of forest damage and accumulation of toxic metals in fish and aquatic birds are all part of Scandinavia's problems. There will be continued pressure for national and international emission controls.

No Future?



The damage being done to our lakes and trees may well prove to be irreversible — so now is the time for action. During the Acid Rain Inquiry, Ken Collins, Member of European Parliament, offered a note of optimism with respect to implementation of pollution controls in Britain. "We can move up to the front of the pack where we ought to be. It's just a matter of political motivation, right? Right."

Mark Percival



Will acid rain kill the fish that sewage couldn't and the trees that Dutch Elm Disease didn't get?

Graphic by John Henderson

Homosexuality—the closet remains

Although attitudes towards homosexuality are becoming a little more liberal, the young homosexual still faces a wall of taboo and indifference when he decides to come out. Robbie Foy takes a look at the problem.

Well, it's another way to spend Saturday night... I lean back against a mirrored wall, surrounded by a blaze of light, sound and heat. "High Energy" music invigorates sporty bopping dancers attired in boxer-shorts and Nike running vests. In the shadows of the floor stand leather and denim butches, fingers around tepid pints, nonchalantly smoking Marlboro's.

After some time with my friends in this relatively manly world I gain enough confidence to ask a stranger for a dance — I'd seldom try this in many other discos. Embarrassingly, he gives me a knock-back which teaches me not to make too many assumptions in the gay scene.

Entering the scene, or at least peeping in past the door, did have its surprises and disappointments. The gay club above, "Fire Island", with all of its flirting and admitted — in my view — mainly effeminate bunch didn't impress me much. But what did I expect to

see? a cosy room of young police socialites standing in open circles discussing German wines, sex positions and the overthrow of heterosexual society? No, gay discos and pubs are for leisure and pleasure, providing an environment where gays can meet in a relaxed atmosphere. Perhaps it sounds rather like putting a rare species of animal behind bars in a zoo for its own good, but being gay is not so rare and more importantly we have to protect the "species" from our own ways. Homosexuality is steadily leaving its underground status, which was its

own protection before, to face society as a whole. The problems faced by homosexuality "coming out" from both wide-ranging and personal angles are not static. They change with the currents of



social history and personal history.

Parental unhappiness is mainly caused by their own and society's predispositions to gyness, as well as the ponderance of what have we done wrong? Intolerance and

shock lead to varying reactions from ignoring to disowning their offspring. The doctor is also a frequent source for a "remedy". After a period parents usually accept their offspring but frequently embarrassment prevents further discussion. A happier side exists, of acceptance by parents, and a sharing of feelings and experiences: "They (my parents) love it! My sister is gay and my mother comes to gay places with us."

School life presents troubles for young gays, firstly via the curriculum and secondly in the "playground" pressure to conform with fellow peers. Both are inter-related as the prejudices of what is learned in the classroom influence those of fellow pupils. Homosexuality is seldom approached in a positive manner whenever mentioned, particularly in religious studies and sex education. One pupil wrote:

"School sex education said it was perverted, that if your glands over secrete you're gay." Peers automatically ostracise someone they perceive as dissimilar from their own "norm" and which is worse: the viciousness of adults of that of children?

With some exceptions, life at college is far more satisfactory. Homosexuality raises its profile helped by Student Unions (one exception being GUU which banned gays) and societies like Lesbian and Gay Students (LAGS) of Edinburgh. A quarter of the respondents met with some unhappiness at college, specifically because they were gay. It is still possible to feel isolated: "Hall was terrible, full of macho rugby types." (Sounds familiar?)

Has the progression of society's views gone far enough to make homosexuality and coming out

(Continued on next page)

OPINIONS

Mummy was a councillor

(Continued from previous page)

nager? This summer, the results of a survey by the London Gay Teenage Group were published. It examined the experiences suffered by young gays aged up to twenty in varying aspects of life: the family, education and social lives.

For some, facing problems coping with gayness, the switchboards are a first source of help and advice. If the caller wishes, he/she may attend a counselling meeting or go out on a social evening to meet other gays. In affirming sexuality and perhaps deciding to come out, the caller receives non-directive counselling, a method of informing and discussing a problem in an unbiased manner to help decision-making. Even though the counselling must be unbiased the caller is already influenced to view gayness as "wrong" by previous and present experience.

Around adolescence sexual orientations become rooted in an individual's personality. Since the majority end up pursuing the opposite sex, a sense of being different falls upon teenagers.

Lavender Menace

coming to terms with homosexuality. Often, with no one to whom they can disclose their crisis, they can find themselves isolated amongst family and friends. Most gays do eventually reveal their sexuality to one or more people. The main danger in hiding is the chance that secrets can be found out by accident.

As for coming out into and using the gay scene, the description of the crusty disco above, would be more apt of "Fire Island" than

Munro's and the "Laughing Duck". Nevertheless, the commercial gay scene, at least in Edinburgh, tends to be rather stereotyped. It is male-dominated.

Fire Island

as well because men, on average, have a greater spending capacity than women.

I found the scene very approachable, as were the friends I made there who were very open. The scene is a land shouldn't be an underground growth spreading and affecting all it comes across. I'm sure I'm still heterosexual! even if rather more liberal in attitude.

When I first began to "research" this article I wanted to write as objectively as I could about homosexuality, not wishing to hail the campaign for gay rights, and I hope I've come near my mark.

The London Gay Teenage Group summed up its report like this: "Homosexuality is not a problem for young people. Society's reactions and attitudes towards homosexuality are."

DON'T READ THIS!

Do you have any interests or obsessions which you could write a Feature about for Student? If so, we at the Features page can help you.

Even if you don't have any fixed ideas, come down to 1 Buccleuch Place at 1 pm on any Friday lunchtime and ask for Robin Henry or John Petrie.

Alternatively, you could write your article and bring it down to 1 Buccleuch Place and put it in the Features tray. Or you could hand it in over the counter at the Union shop at the Student Centre. The possibilities are endless.

Warwickshire, which is a beautiful and leafy county somewhere south of the Tyne, is soon going to be subject to the rigours of democracy. In May, it will elect a new county council.

The whole thing is terribly amusing. I speak with first-class second-hand experience, because Mum's a county councillor, and she occasionally takes me to the County Hall watering hole. There we chat with retired moderate Labour MPs who spend their time ignoring local issues and travelling to places like China. They cut a funny sight alongside the trendy lefties who unemployed themselves so they can spend as much time as possible at the seat of government blathering over education reform, only to be told by the government that they're in danger of overspending. The result? The number of police dogs in the county force is cut from 14 to 7, causing an unholy row among tweed-dressed Tories who object to the population's safety being jeopardised by anarchic ideology. Then the whole mob adjourns, muttering and mumbling, to the bar, from which they briskly exit at 1.00 pm for a long and languid lunch at the taxpayers' vast expense.

They're all OK, these politicians, as long as like professional sportsmen, they're kept at arm's length. Their personalities are of minimal interest to each other, so there is a high level of inter- and intra-party intolerance which only blows away at events like county council cricket matches. It was at one of these that I met a youngish, jank-haired Labour fellow with an excellent cover drive. That was in 1973, when he also wore wide lapels, flared blue jeans and a monstrosity of a moustache. At the

county council photograph, when the whole jolly bunch gets together and smiles for once, he looked like a looter from the East End. In 1977, a little more moderate by now, he resembled a pseudo respectable lecturer. By 1981, well into his third term of office, he was a candidate for a left-wing takeover. Now, in 1984, my mother — a piping hot Tory with a penchant for hunting and home-helps — sighs with pity when she sees him. "He's too moderate, poor chap," she whispers to me over a subsidised beer in the County Hall bar. "He really ought to be a Conservative."

What a lot of people outside politics don't know is that it's as difficult to get out as it is to get in. Mum's been trying to leave for at least two years, and a measure of her desperation is that she commissioned me to write her latest speech, so low on her priorities had it sunk. On other occasions she discusses tactics with Dad over the evening meal. Occasionally we dream up fantastic scenarios involving Mum, the disaffected Dennis Skinner of the Right, making a dazzling cut and thrust speech in the council chamber and creating for herself in one fell swoop a

reputation as a feisty rebel with qualities that demand a parliamentary seat in somewhere like Orkney and Shetland. But we always come down to earth with a bump. The last time it was because two of her Tory colleagues had the indecency to get killed in car crashes, so the party had to put together hastily to avoid a socialist coup.

We were greeted recently by an announcement from one Doris Bough, who is our home help. She knitted my jumper once, and I like her a lot. Anyway, she proudly let us know that the Labour Party needed candidates for the district council, and that she had put her name forward. Politics being what it is, no one else had heard of the district council, so our Doris was elected in fine style, the vote being something like 45 to 14. Now Mum is convinced that the reds are trying to penetrate our country mansion to get hold of all her documentation — valuable things like the museum committee's views on the latest primary school art exhibition. Consequently, the house has become a seed bed of political backstabbing as the two rivals slide from room to room, hoovers in hand, plotting and scheming over the next best move.

Frederick Price

Joe Cool

STOLEN JEWELLERY

129 Rose St Edinburgh 031 226 5857

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Joe Cool



FEATURES cont...

Wood that we all were Labour

Councillor Alex Wood, leader of the ruling Labour Group on Edinburgh District Council, addressed last Friday's meeting of "Pies, Pints and Politics" (any of which in large amounts can seriously damage your health), which was held by the Labour Club in Teviot Bar. Robin Henry reports.

Wood, short but with a tough, foxey face, confessed that he was "not here to give you all the benefit of my wit and humour" but to give students a basic grounding in the tenets of socialism. Despite his diminutive figure, he had no need of the PA system, which was lucky since it wasn't working.

"I believe the Labour Party represents two things," he began, "it is the party of the working class and it means the replacement of capitalism with socialism." He admitted that some would consider these "very old-fashioned views" and throughout he stressed his belief in an un-reconstructed socialism of the kind the Labour Party pledged itself to in 1918 and is still very far from putting into practice, well, the wheels of the Labour movement have always ground exceedingly slow.

Wood is a man who sees politics in terms of class warfare, he refused to see Conservative Ministers as evil people — they were just being loyal to their class (and therefore almost deserving of admiration); he dismissed the Scottish Nationalist case because "it is not a question of which

country controls the Parliament but which class controls the wealth. I detest Scottish businessmen as much as I detest English businessmen." Similarly, we should not be in the EEC because it was capitalist-orientated, or in NATO because it could only act in the cause of capitalist imperialism.

We heard a great deal about what he did not like about our society, about the divisiveness of the profit motive and the dangers of the arms race — we heard less about how a nation divided by class was to be united, or even about how a victorious working class was to go about actually creating the socialist millennium.

The audience were an unusually docile lot — well, maybe not that unusual for the Edinburgh University of 1984 — there were no hecklers and the questioners seemed genuinely interested in Wood's opinion rather than trying to embarrass him. It is perhaps significant that the greatest applause he received was for his reply to the crucial question of why the Labour Party lost the last General Election. "I'm not in politics to get votes by changing my beliefs, I'm in politics to win support for those beliefs." Idealistic, certainly, but risky if Labour wants to be a party of power and not just one of protest. Of course, Wood would disagree that radical policies are vote-losers and has the satisfaction of knowing that those policies have got him into power in Edinburgh at least.

Since the question of the Edinburgh Festival has been given so much prominence, both nationally and locally, Wood was a bit taken aback when someone asked him why he wanted to abolish it. He said he was satisfied

with the changes in emphasis that had been made this year in taking some venues out of the centre of the city and that the council was now discussing with the Festival organisers ways of improving it further next year.

On the question of the proposed rates rise in Edinburgh (a rise of 124% if I remember rightly), Wood defended the decision by saying that because Edinburgh began with very low rate levels and had so much commercial property, the rise for 70% of the people in the city would be no more than £1.50 per week. About the effect on the other 30% and on businesses he didn't say, but then they wouldn't be working class and could therefore afford it, couldn't they? He also said that the rise would be offset by a rents freeze and improved services.

There have also been press reports that the council is to spend its new-found wealth on leisure plans costing £40 million. Wood explained that this was over four years, over a whole range of services and to put it in perspective, he said that next year the council was going to spend £8 million on recreation and £23 million on housing. Indeed, housing seems to be the council's first priority. Wood claiming that Edinburgh had far too low a level of council housing, and as a result, private rents were too high and that the city has the highest proportion of houses suffering from damp in Scotland, which has the highest proportion in Europe. He only just managed not to blame Mrs Thatcher for Scottish weather conditions.

Although rate-capping does not apply in Scotland in quite the same way as it does in England, Wood clearly expects a confrontation



Labour Councillor, Alex Wood

with central government over the council's budget. Asked whether he was prepared to break the law he said, "There is a choice — do I break laws designed to discriminate against working-class people, or do I break the law of faith which I made to the people of Edinburgh in the form of election promises?" No prizes for guessing which choice he preferred. He was, however, not prepared to predict what would happen in such a confrontation and caged about the correctness of the tactics of Liverpool's council which almost brought that city to a halt this year.

I asked him if he thought the

council had tried to do too much too soon, considering the kind of city Edinburgh is. "No, quite the reverse," he replied. "I think it was necessary to make our big move straightaway and then go slower after that."

Alex Wood, who despite his radical views, was careful with his words and appeared a consummate politician, is typical of the new breed of left-wing Labour councillors now in local government. Whether the electorate, or even the Labour Party as a whole, will be persuaded to their undimmed radicalism, is something that remains to be seen.

SPORT

Rangers Heart - broken

Hearts 1; Rangers 0

A crowd of 18,000 came to Tynecastle on Saturday eager to see Hearts have a go at Rangers' unbeaten record. And only two minutes into the game Rangers' excellent defensive record looked in danger when Jimmy Bone most scored with a sharp shot which McCloy, that promising youngster, did well to hold. A long range effort from Kenny Black was also held safely by the Rangers' keeper.

With Hearts exerting most of the pressure, the Rangers' defence was being stretched to the limit. In the 15th minute Hearts had four against three, but were thwarted by Craig "Bonecrusher" Paterson. In the next few minutes there was high excitement as the game flowed from end to end. A scramble in the Rangers' penalty box was followed by a swift break involving Redford and Cooper and ending with a great shot on the turn by Mitchell.

The chance of the match was missed by Rangers in the 20th minute when Cooper robbed Walter Kidd of the ball just outside Hearts' penalty box and, with the goal at his mercy, lamely played a square pass which was easily cut out.

At the other end Hearts wasted an opportunity when Donald Park kept the ball to himself instead of giving it to the unmarked Bone who was going berserk in his attempt to attract Park's attention.

As tempers began to rise, Kidd floored Davie Cooper, much to the delight of the Hearts fans. Paterson reciprocated by doing likewise to Hearts' golden boy John Robertson. Frantic play just before the break led to McCloy flattening (accidentally) Levein with a Brunoeseque punch.

The first half ended with the crowd well pleased. A surprising lack of fouls for such a high-speed game.

Peter McCloy emerged for the second half having donned an enormous green visor which must



Last gasp tackle saves Rangers further embarrassment.

David Yarwood

have blocked out everything, not just the sun, for he removed it after just three minutes. During this half chances were created at both ends, Levein and Robertson often featuring for Hearts, Cooper and Mitchell for Rangers. McKinnon, having an outstanding game in the Rangers' defence, sent over several dangerous crosses.

The search for goals led to a blatant dive by Mitchell which not surprisingly failed to elicit a penalty. Two minutes later,

Robertson made an equally theatrical dive, but to no avail. Then in the 67th minute Robertson broke the deadlock, stealing in unnoticed to bundle the ball into the net from a corner on the right.

All Rangers' desperate attacking could not produce a goal and at the final whistle the jubilation of the home support was made complete by the announcement of the result over in Paisley: St Mirren 2; Hibs 0.

Kelvin Dinnie

RACING

Is the hangover you're suffering after Freshers' Week matched only by the headache of the sorry state of your financial affairs? If so, then don't despair. Help is at hand. Sir Lester, the Student's very own "financial adviser" has arrived. Each week this generous gentleman of the turf will share with student readers his key to a "fortune".

Don't miss the chance to end the term with a larger grant than you began it with. This week's tips are **OPALE** in the Irish St Leger, **BELLE ISLE WALK** at Ayr and **POLLY'S BROTHER** at York. All run on Saturday, so don't miss them!



The previous sports executive of Kit Jobsin and Alun Grassick have moved on and we wish them well. The new executive of Andrew Wyatt and Richard Maudsley depend upon a steady flow of material to print. Therefore, if you want publicity for your sports club then please send a list of your forthcoming fixtures and events, or a report on a particular match to the Student offices at 1 Buccleuch Place. These must arrive by Tuesday morning at the latest and preferably on Monday morning. Any cartoons, action photographs or team photographs would also be greatly appreciated.

The New Executive

One, Two, Three Stroke . . .

If you were wondering whether our great sport actually went on at this fine establishment, then read on and discover what we have to offer you male or female in the Boat Club.

Last year EUBC had one of its most successful seasons ever, with many wins throughout Scottish regattas. The season started with a steady land training programme of multi-gym weight training, indoor fitness training and running. This was supplemented by two to three outings a week on the canal. This season the training will be run on much the same basis.

We row on a mile-long stretch of the Union Canal out at colinton, about two miles from the city centre. Don't be put off when you see the canal, it is not quite the Thames or Holme Pierpoint but it's certainly a lot more calm and peaceful. Despite the restrictions of the canal many top Scottish crews have been nurtured on these waters.

Back to the training. The above programme lasted for the first two terms, during which we sent crews to the Northern Universities regatta at Durham and a number of head races. The summer season starts with a week's training trip to Durham, and then it's regatta season. This is where we really start cleaning the plate. Last summer we won numerous events at Aberdeen, Glasgow, Castle Semple and Strathclyde Park.

As well as the above events we hope to send crews to the Tideway Head in March and to the Scottish Championships in the summer.

Aside from all the strain of training we are a very sociable club with a good reputation for our behaviour. The highlight of our social calendar is the annual weekend at Fribush Field Point Centre by Loch Tay. This takes place in November.

Whether male or female, novice or expert, rower or cox, we invite you to join the Boat Club; you won't regret it.

(For further information call Robin Jack on 332 7691, Nicolle Haywood on 229 3480 or Rob Crawford Clarke on 226 3990.)

Scrum Down for a New Season

Hello and welcome to Edinburgh and in particular to the University Rugby Club. It would be easy for me to ramble on at length about the history and details of the club although for such formal information you should consult your Sports Union Handbook. My job is therefore to urge you to participate as the club offers a wide spectrum of teams, standards and commitment levels. Whatever your aspirations we will be able to provide the facilities for you to play good and most importantly enjoyable rugby. Indeed this is where EURFC has enormous advantages over other Edinburgh clubs and even intramural clubs.

Apart from good domestic fixtures, including Oxford university we regularly pick up our balls and travel. This year we went to Kenya to sample various exotic delights (?) and two years ago visited Canada. A 1986 tour is currently in the embryonic state either to Japan or Russia. Either

way new members this year would obviously have a good chance of getting on such unruly jamborees. This year the Freshers also go to Paris where we hope to fly the flag for a short tour if they will let us in after last year's impressive performance.

The social life at home is also unparalleled. This term alone we boast two discos — practice your quickstep as well as your sidestep at the Rugby Club "Invitation Disco" next Wednesday, 17th October at Outer Limits in Tollcross. The event promises to be a complete sell-out after last year's similar unruly jamboree. Tickets are available from club members and the Potterrow shop — be there or be a hockey player. The second event is the Ball, which offers much of the same only in the more formal setting of the Caledonian Hotel. Additionally, there are numerous international trips, Fribush weekends, team curries and cosy nights at home in front of the TV. We look forward to meeting you!

Under Starter's Orders

Dave Bell, our leader, is at present encouraging everyone interested or not in horse racing, to join the EU Turf Club.

The Club meets every Tuesday for lunch in The Southsiders and everyone is welcome.

The first outing of the new year

will take place on Saturday 20 October. After visiting the very successful stable of Ken Oliver at Hawick, we will then travel on to what promises to be a very enjoyable day out at Kelso races. Further details can be obtained by visiting the Southsiders on Tuesday at 1 pm. Be there!

EUAFC—
HERE WE
GO!

Two victories, fourteen goals, a few beers and the boys are back in town.

After losing 4-0 to a Hibernian XI last Thursday, the 1st XI stormed back on Saturday with a convincing 6-1 victory over Coldstream. One of the day's heroes, the homeless, insolvent Dougie Hardie, earned himself a "cobalt bomb" with a well-executed hat-trick. Coldstream's fate was further sealed by Andy 'Boy' George, Titch 'Top Man' Mitchell and John 'One on One' Rodgers.

Simultaneously, the 2nd XI, under the critical eye of coach O.J. Arnott (still disappointed after his failed attempt as Hibs new manager) trounced the Civil Service Strollers 8-1. Barrel Fraser swayed, staggered and then poked the ball into the net to begin the rout. Mark 'Caretaker' Dickson hit form with a cool hat-trick and further goals were scored by Kenny 'Golden Boot' Jamieson, Paul 'Shamrock' Regan, Gary 'Smokie' Henderson and Mick 'NUM' Gaffney.

These two results suggest an upsurge in the Uni's fortunes, accompanied by the prospect of some talented freshers and the enthusiasm of the newly appointed coach, Tom Lambie. Let's hope this is an indication of the form to be maintained throughout the season.

MEN'S HOCKEY

Edin Univ 0;
Whitecraigs 0



Although EU's opening match of the season may have provided the perfect cure for any chronic insomniacs watching, it did at least give them a satisfactory start against some solid opposition.

The first half saw the University well on top with much effort gaining little reward. However, a well-organised and disciplined Whitecraigs side fully deserved their point after giving their opponents' defence several second-half frights.

The closest Edinburgh came to scoring was late in the second half when a shot from Alistair Gray disturbed the woodwork in Whitecraigs' left-hand goalpost only for the ball to rebound to safety. Inspired by this let-off, Whitecraigs hit back, having a goal disallowed for offside, then threatening the home goal again when a fierce cross from the right skidded dangerously across the face of an open net.

However, Edinburgh survived without even giving away their usual last-minute penalty and the result was a fair, if rather boring, draw. Nevertheless it did provide a peaceful Sunday afternoon nap for those snoozing quietly along the touchline at the end of the match.

Squall

SENSATIONAL BINGO

Have YOU ever wanted to win £10? Do your dreams ever come true? Have you ever wanted to be a millionaire? Well, now your dream can come true with STUDENT. Yes, every week we are giving away £10, yes £10, and that is guaranteed. Every student in this university has the enviable chance to be one of our wonderful winners. All you have to do is buy your copy of Student each week and discover if your matriculation number fits the magical number printed in Student. If so, then you have won an amazing £10. On top of that you will be presented with your cheque by the editor himself and your photo will appear in glorious black and white on this page. Follow the rules carefully, don't cheat, and buy your Student each week to see if your dreams really have come true. The first lucky number will be printed in next week's Student.

Remember, EVERY STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY IS ELIGIBLE.

£££££

Twenty-five years ago was an age of innocence teddy boys and Roger Bannister. All this and the "innocent" coffee bars and Elvis. There was twist and shout, Mandy Rice-Davies, and "he would wouldn't he", the death of the Kennedys. All Ramsey and soccer without wings, helicopters leaving from roofs, Phnom-Penh, micro-chip technology, and the death of this contemporary history for a plaque is sweeping the nation like of which we have never seen before. Those most at risk are youngish, white, and employed in an occasional media shot but the experience soon becomes habit. Offer as not the first of their kind, the form of a short assignment to a young cub reporter. The better, enters into the assignment with great enthusiasm, seeking out pushers and junkies in grotty squats, interviewing Terry, a young man from a good family and from a degree in Business Studies, a northern Poly but who went sadly off the rails after experimenting with drugs at first, he says and here the young reader that lovingly informs a shot of heroin cost and how much it is to get it. "Man I mean cocaine, heard it out to babies at post-natal clinics. The young reporter now, but he cannot drag himself away. He smells a story in every filthy syringe and so on he goes about the techniques of "tying up" maintaining and "cutting" jargon. Indeed the jargon, its subtle and meanings form a substantial part of his addiction. He asks to doctors, he talks to down in his articles by this time meetings with anyone around his daily without such meetings he will become restless and agitated in approach other known story addicts in the hope of picking up some fresh morsel of squalid information for yet another narcotic drug squad. The word "narcotic" as used by laconic CID reporter is a recognised fact that the main problem faced by the police is that they are obliged to spend too much time explaining exactly what they are doing for the sake of investigative journalists. - Alright alpha golf, we receive, says the policeman into his radio and turns to the reporter sitting in the back of the unmarked car.

John Hodge

Heroin: Another New Epidemic

"Well, we've just heard that the suspect expected up from Dover has now arrived and is thought to be in possession of a sizable quantity of illicit substances." "Street value? How much? Why? What exactly? The reporter wants to know it all and the policeman is charmed enough to give him for a month. But of course the reporter develops tolerance to build his information, more and more. He advances from the Sunday heavies spreads in the Health and Susan, a junkie with a baby who is also a junkie with a habit at this stage and then they are gradually cured on to the sports pages or even the Court addict is now a diarist. But for many others, their family lives with a sickening inevitability the "Trade in Death". The documentary becomes a six-part series and thousands of words of feet of film, but his craving for the trade in death knows no end and still he is press baron with an idea about giving away heroin with a street value of one million pounds as first prize in a bingo competition to boost trade and give him something new to write about but the press baron refuses because the reporter is the only one left for the poppy-growing areas of Asia. There Minor and South-east Asia. There the reporter dresses as a local and the scent of story that pervades the atmosphere, especially in Pakistan where the trade in arms and drugs are used as one entity for the sake of war against the Soviet Union.

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