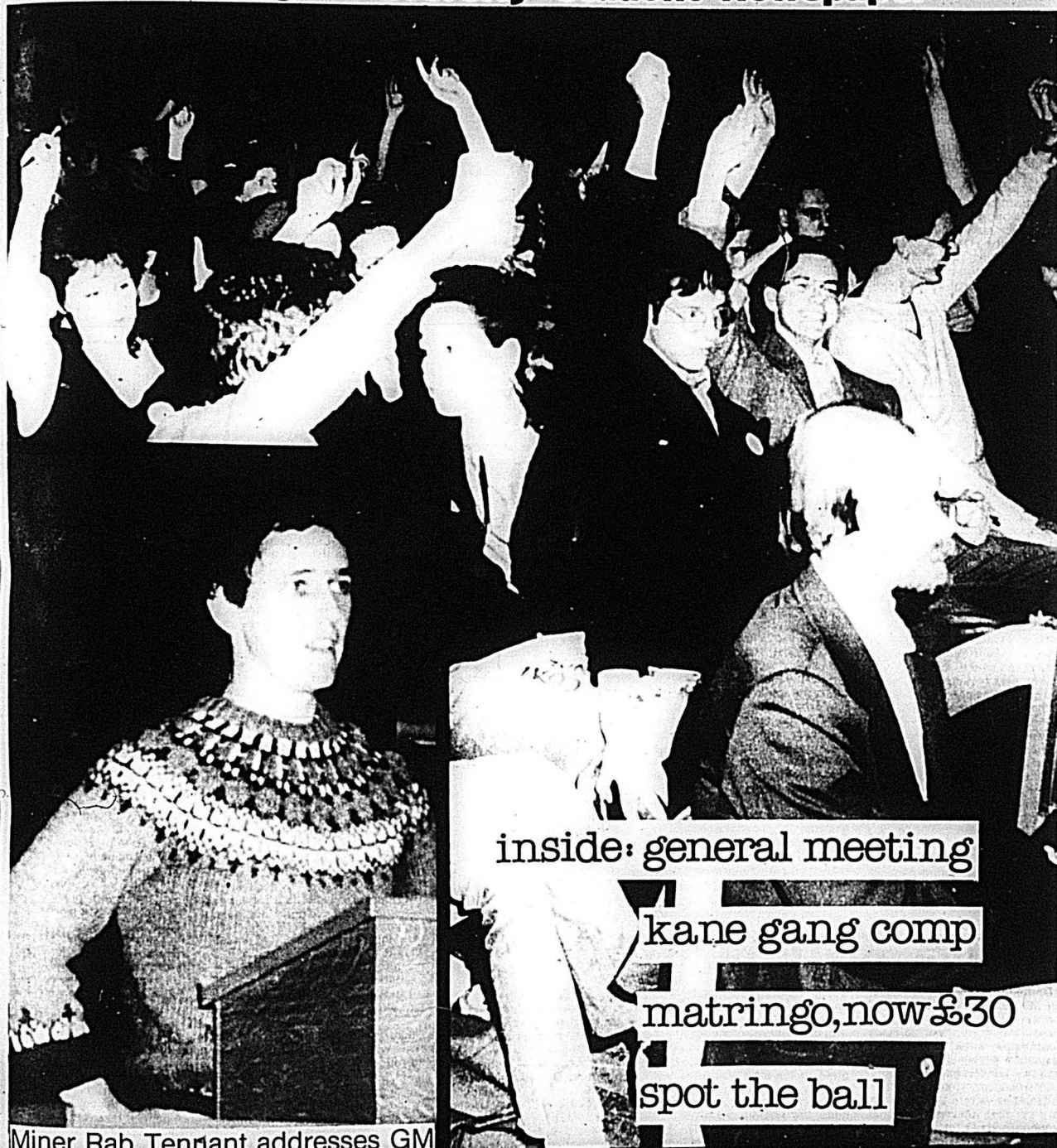


STUDENT

Edinburgh University Student Newspaper



inside: general meeting

kane gang comp

matringo, now £30

spot the ball

Miner Rab Tennant addresses GM

Yes, we support the miners

NEWS

Miners' support passed -but no quorum

Four hundred and sixty-eight people turned up at the McEwan Hall on Monday night for the first Association General Meeting of the year to discuss motions in support of a Chilean general strike, and backing the picketing miners here in Britain. The first was passed overwhelmingly after little debate; the second found a small but respectable majority in favour.

The evening began with an informal chat from Senior President John Mannix to explain the format of the meeting, and his clear introduction to the proceedings set the tone for the rest of the evening. One might not have predicted such a pleasant atmosphere beforehand, however, as there streamed into the hall not only the obligatory solid left vote, but also a sizeable number of Tories sporting "Smash Scargill" badges, making Mrs Thatcher's warnings about the "enemy within" sound tame by comparison.

The Chilean motion was passed easily, with 358 votes for, 3 against, and 61 abstentions. This success was largely due to the cogency of the arguments produced by its supporters, Siobhan Bygate and Daphne Figueroa, in the face of a surprising direct negative from Fred Price, who made a sly reference to the evening's other motion.

Ms Figueroa was in fact a non-student who was only granted speaking rights as a result of a suspension of standing orders, and the same applied to the opening speaker in the pit debate, Rab Tennant, a plater at Newbattle Central Works and chairperson of Gilmerton Strike Centre, was allowed to speak after the suspension went to a vote, Mike Conway being so keen to move a direct negative that he was halfway to the rostrum before being informed that his services weren't required.

It was perhaps surprising that no one queried the presence of either of these non-students in the hall, as has happened in similar circumstances in previous years.

Thanking the students for this unusual generosity, Mr Tennant went on to make a rousing, if somewhat over-hurried speech, outlining the privations which striking miners and their families are having to endure, and was given an appreciative reception.

Laurence O'Donnell then continued his rehabilitation from his sabbatical term, when he became



Dave Roberts seconds the motion to support the miners.

known as "O'Doodle", with an understated but effective speech which expanded the debate beyond the usual narrow arguments. The pit dispute, he said, was part of the government's whole attempt to "restructure the economy", and he went on "Mrs Thatcher talks about Victorian values. But she doesn't talk about the economic effects that went with Victorian values".

Graeme Carter provided a coherent direct negative to the motion, making clear his opposition to the entrenched positions on both sides. But he was greeted with ironic cheers when he admitted, "Yes, the mining communities will find it difficult to adjust", should the NCB plans go ahead.

Thereafter the debate slid into much less lucid argument, though thankfully the speeches themselves were less tedious than is normal on these occasions. Indeed one had the distinct impression that many of the speakers had watched *World in Action*'s illustration of "clap-taps", and taken the lesson very much to heart. Three-part lists and 2-part contrasts abounded, and though Fraser Dennis restored proceedings to reality by speaking effectively without notes, it was not until Susan Deacon summed up for the motion that "common sense once again took precedence over oratory".

Ms Deacon downplayed the Scargill factor with the observation that "99 per cent of miners in Scotland cannot be brainwashed" by the influence of the NUM leader, and in doing so paved the way for the motion to be passed,

with 231 votes in favour, 195 against, and 26 abstentions. Though the vote was not quite, and therefore not binding, Ms Deacon was still pleased by the result, which she said indicated that "people are now thinking about this issue".

Informed sources have revealed to 'Student' a high degree of optimism among Association office-bearers prior to Monday's General Meeting, the form in which this optimism was expressed was a sweepstake concerning the prospective attendance figures, which took place in the Potterrow bar last Thursday. Around fifteen assorted hacks guessed at the number of people who would turn up on Monday. Senior President John Mannix is reputed to have made the most exorbitant claim, reckoning on a turnout of around 540; little wonder he later told 'Student' the attendance was "still not big enough". The most paltry estimate apparently came from Permanent Secretary Charles Fishburne, who is alleged to have plumped for a mere 85. Let us hope his tongue was in his cheek.

Probably the happiest man of the evening, however, was John Mannix who said of the meeting: "It was a good turnout for the first one, but it's still not big enough considering the contentious issue. But nearly 500 can't be bad." And this from a man who was forced to reveal during question time that his scores at Zaxxon have recently slumped due to "pressure of work".

Iain Cameron

Tax loss for students

A tax anomaly and poor financial organisation by parents can combine to ensure that students from broken homes lose hundreds of pounds from their grant each year.

However, if parents who have separated organise maintenance payments for any children properly, they can ensure that both they, and the children, are much better off.

According to Mr Alan Golding, a leading London chartered accountant, young children from broken homes should have maintenance paid directly to them, since they are entitled to receive a tax-free income of £2,005 a year.

If that maintenance was paid to the spouse who has custody of the child, then the £2,005 cash maintenance would be liable to tax — assuming the custodian had a job. This would mean the cash payment would be reduced from £2,005 to £1,400 net. The advantages of that means of

avoiding tax are lost when the child enters higher education for a course attracting a mandatory grant. If the maintenance was still paid to the child, the awarding body would in the case of a similar £2,005 maintenance, disregard the first £400.

The balance of £1,605 would then be deducted from the total maximum grant — £1,725 in Scotland — which would mean the local authority awarding to the student the minimum grant of £205.

Thus, because of a tax anomaly the student would lose £1,520, the difference between the full grant, and the £205 he or she actually received.

This financial loss could be overcome if the payer of the maintenance switched payments from the child to the custodian. The £2,005 maintenance would become part of the parental income means tested to calculate the student's grant. Whatever figure was awarded, both the custodian and the student would be considerably better off.

Alan Young

Dramatic cash flow

Over the past few weeks we have come to expect politically orientated, free public debates from the Extra-Mural Department. So the all-day conference on Theatre Funding, Assessment and Accountability held last Saturday, marked a slight change.

The seminar began at 10 am, and after a brief introduction from the chairman, Mr David Hutchison, the stand was taken by Mr Roderick Graham, Mr Graham is a representative of BBC Scotland's Drama Department, and is also chairman of the Scottish Arts Council, and was there to put forward "the view from the Scottish Arts Council". In short, his view was that the SAC ought to "give people what they want, and not what we (the SAC) think they want".

However, Mr Graham did realise the need for "popular but not 'populist' theatre, which he accepted could not survive without subsidy. He disclosed that the range of subsidy could vary between £148 to £1376 per seat! The idea of private sponsorship was briefly touched upon, but the problem with such sponsorship is that the large companies only want to sponsor large, successful productions which tend not to need the money.

Next to take the stand was Mr Donald Gorrie, intending to discuss the function of a Theatre Board. But he was sidetracked into the wider political issues surrounding theatre management, and stressed his displeasure at government cutbacks which had forced the Lyceum Theatre to lose £60,000 which it had already budgeted for.

The day progressed with a variety of speakers from the theatre world giving their views on how a theatre ought to be run. As one might expect, everybody seemed to agree with everybody else, the only point of contention being whether or not the SAC was independent of the Arts Council of Great Britain. The only possible suggestion to come out of the seminar was that theatres ought to get together to organise some joint marketing scheme in order to bolster the ever-falling theatre audience.

Elaine Preston

London Poly problems continue

Disruption continued at the Polytechnic of North London last week as five protesters appeared in court, and a senior lecturer was banned from entering certain parts of the college.

The conflict, which centres around National Front organiser Patrick Harrington, first came to public attention in May, when a demonstration took place at the college aimed at preventing Mr Harrington from attending classes shared with non-NF students. This demonstration breached a court injunction which had forbidden any attempt to hinder Mr Harrington's attendance at lectures.

Protests have continued in the new session, but Mr Harrington's recent request for a photographer and tipstaff to escort him to lectures, to permit identification of as many participants as possible, has been turned down.

Five men have now appeared in court charged with public order offences following the picketing of a lecture two weeks ago, and Richard Kirkwood, senior lecturer at the Polytechnic, has been warned in writing that he no longer has free entry to certain parts of the college where Mr Harrington's taught.

The director of PNL said in his letter to Mr Kirkwood that it appeared as though he had been giving "active support" to students seeking to breach the High Court order. He said he had not categorical evidence; his actions were merely taken to fulfil the college's obligations to the court.

Mr Kirkwood replied that he would comply with the restrictions, but would consult his union on what he described as "gross interference with my civil rights". He added that he did not believe that "fascist organisers" should be allowed at the polytechnic.

Thirteen lecturers previously involved in lengthy court proceedings connected with the May demonstration, are still appealing for financial support to cover the £30,000 legal costs incurred. NUS has contributed £100.

Anne McNulty

Former lecturer freed

Dr Keith Hampson, Conservative MP for Leeds North-West and former History lecturer at Edinburgh University, was formally cleared last week of indecently assaulting a plainclothes policeman in a London gay club.

Dr Hampson graduated from Bristol University in 1964 and took up his first university job at Edinburgh in October 1968. He was an expert on colonial and American history, and former colleagues considered him a very successful member of the department. He resigned from the History Department in March 1974 when elected to Parliament.

It was earlier this year that Dr Hampson was first arrested on a charge of indecently assaulting a police constable who was on duty at a gay theatre in Soho. The judge described the club, during the trial, as a "sleazy sort of place". The jury were unable to reach a verdict during the first trial and, under normal circumstances, a retrial

would have taken place. The prosecution decided to drop the case, saying in a statement issued with the authority of the Attorney-General, "it is a fact that the widespread and massive publicity given to the case would make it difficult to find a second jury to approach the matter with an open mind. We would never allow that fact to be a reason by itself for not proceeding to a retrial, but in the exceptional circumstances of this particular case it has been decided that the interests of justice do not require a second trial."

Hampson never returned to full-time teaching after leaving Edinburgh in 1974, having decided instead on a parliamentary career. He was appointed as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Michael Heseltine, the Defence Secretary, but was forced to resign after his arrest.

After considering the court's decision, Dr Hampson did not wish to make any public statement

to the press. He did, however, express "relief" that the matter was all over and he and his wife Susan, who is expecting their first child, left for a holiday in America.

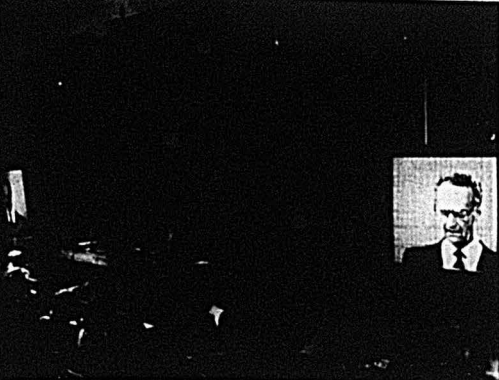
The court's decision has lifted doubts over Dr Hampson's future as an MP, and it is understood his Leeds North-West constituency association have dropped any possibility of further action.

The embarrassment to the government is unlikely to be forgotten amongst parliamentary circles and it seems doubtful that Dr Hampson will be offered a further government position. Ties with the History Department, however, have not been entirely severed, despite Dr Hampson's ten years in Parliament, as he is expected to deliver a lecture on "The 1984 US Presidential Election" on November 23rd in the William Robertson Building.

Devin Scoble

Edinburgh links up with Ottawa

First satellite seminar



Satellite link-up with Canada from Old College. Photo by Lucy Kelvin.

On Saturday afternoon, the new Senate Room in Old College, and Carleton University, Ottawa, were linked by direct satellite for a live transatlantic seminar.

Chaired by Sally Magnusson, the seminar was believed to be the first ever to use a transatlantic satellite link.

The seminar, entitled 'Technology, Innovation and Social Change', had begun on Friday morning in both Ottawa and Edinburgh. Then, at 3.45 pm on Saturday, after 15 minutes of technical hitches, the satellite link was eventually established for the joint final session by British Telecom Satellite sound and vision transmission services.

The session began with greetings from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, John Mackay, and the Principal, Dr John Burnett. They were evidently surprised when

their greetings were then reciprocated by videotaped messages from their opposites in Canada, who thus negated the whole purpose of a live satellite link.

The rest of the session, however, effectively utilised the technical facilities. After the presentation of a paper and commentary from both Carleton and Edinburgh, there was a useful discussion period which continued the theme, 'On understanding technical change'.

Both Dr Burnett and Dr Ged Martin, the Director of the Centre of Canadian Studies, believed the experiment to have been a success, and hoped that there would be further joint events between Edinburgh and Carleton.

The seminar was made possible by a gift of £36,000 from the Canadian-based telecommunications giant Northern Telecom, which earlier announced its sponsorship of a visit to Canada by students from the Centre of Canadian Studies.

Colin Hancock

Tory leaders in turmoil

There have been strange goings-on recently within the Edinburgh University Conservative Association, involving President Andrew Ryland. There have been a number of curious allegations from different sources, and two clear factions supporting and opposing Ryland seem to have emerged.

Members of the Association were guarded in their comments about both internal disagreements and any allegations of misconduct by the President.

A fierce rivalry existed between Graeme Carter and Andrew Ryland at the time of the Executive Committee elections in April. Carter seemed the obvious favourite, but lost the election for President and there have been clear, if discreet, rumblings of discontent within the executive ever since. The majority on the committee was originally against Ryland, but *Student* learned this week of a recent meeting at which several of Ryland's friends were easily elected onto the committee to give him the balance of supporters. This seems to have been as a direct result of a committee vote of no-confidence to remove Ryland's powers which had failed to reach the required

two-thirds majority.

In June, the Federation of Conservative Students held their half-yearly Conference and, as Ryland seemed 'Unavailable' over the summer, two other committee members made the necessary arrangements to attend. These were subsequently cancelled without the prior consent of EUCA by Ryland who proceeded to attend the conference himself.

Certain allegations concerning finances have been of a much more serious nature however. But EUCA Vice-President Mark Rowley have emphatically denied that there are any financial irregularities whatsoever, either involving expense claims or anything else of that nature.

The full picture is not yet clear, but it does seem that Ryland may even be going so far as trying to discredit his chief committee opponents through both Members of Parliament such as Stirling MP Michael Forsyth, and the Federation of Conservative Students.

There has even been one alleged arbitration session between the two factions, involving MP Michael Ancram's agent Susan Elliott. It seems this meeting was an attempt to resolve the clear differences between the Association's executive, but Ms Elliott herself was unavailable for comment when *Student* contacted her office this week.

Devin Scobie

Bomb sympathy motion rejected

After being bounced from Student Representative Council down to a subcommittee and up again to the SRC Executive, a motion concerning the Conservative Party Conference bombing at Brighton on 12 October has been turned down by SRC Executive.

The motion, which would have mandated the Senior President to write a letter to the Prime Minister expressing sympathy, was presented to Council on 16 October as an emergency motion, but then ruled non-emergency and referred to the External Affairs Committee. While the SRC Executive defeated the motion on the grounds that the letter may be seen as supporting a political party, the motion's referral back to the subcommittee is thought more likely to be an educational experience for Council members.

Normally, a motion begins with the relevant subcommittee, passes up to SRC Executive, and finally to full Council. In order for an emergency motion to proceed directly to Council, the need for the motion must have occurred too late to be presented to the SRC Executive at Monday lunchtime. Since the Brighton bombing occurred on a Friday, the Senior President ruled that the motion could have been presented in time.

"In the past there has been a problem with emergency motions," notes John Mannix, Senior President, "because they have effectively side-stepped the process. People with strong political feelings had a good chance of getting their motions through, whereas if the relevant subcommittee and SRC Executive had a chance to discuss them, they might not reach Council.

"Because I had never run an SRC meeting before," Mannix continues, "I had to prove I knew the rules. We have recently tightened up the rules for emergency motions, and the by-laws back up my decision. It was not politically motivated."

Mike Conway, an Arts Faculty Representative, challenged the Senior President's ruling, saying that Mannix was effectively destroying debate by not allowing the motion to be discussed. The ruling was upheld, however, by a vote of 16 in favour to 9 against. "We both want the issue discussed," states Mannix, "but only if it is done properly, if External Affairs debates it, and then if the Executive debates it."

After slightly altering the wording, the External Affairs Committee passed the motion, but the Executive rejected it by five votes to one. Alan Cunningham, who proposed the motion to reject the resolution, stipulates that a letter to the Prime Minister would be interpreted not as a gesture of sympathy, but as support to a political party.

Graeme Carter, Vice-President (Court), who voted against Cunningham's motion, believes "this isn't a political issue or a political motion. I don't feel the Senior President should write a letter because the Conservative Party was bombed, but because the bombing was an affront to democracy and EUCA is a democratic organisation. I want the motion to be amended and presented again to include also sending letters to relatives of the injured people."

Barbara Trautlein

Rock bottom

The minimum grant, which was halved from £410 to £205 last year, may be scrapped altogether, depending on the outcome of a Cabinet meeting later this month.

Sir Keith Joseph, the Education Secretary, has proposed the scrapping of the award in order to save £10m a year. He has emphasised that he wishes to keep the saving within the education budget, devoting it to science in particular.

Around 50,000 students are on minimum grant, because their parents' residual income exceeds £17,204 a year. The fact that many of the parents who would be affected are Conservative voters has induced caution within the government, hence the decision is being left with the Cabinet.

The rules for calculating student grants were tightened last year to such a degree that some parents, with only minor changes in their financial circumstances, have faced increases in the parental contribution of up to 40%.

The increased demands on parents for contributions to their children's grants were seen by many as a curtain-raiser for the abolition of grants altogether. Sir Keith is further known to favour a loans system for students, but Mrs Thatcher is thought to believe that it is a vote-loser.

The NUS believes the abolition of minimum grants could deprive some students of higher education, and that the government's logic that parents with a high income should sustain their student offspring is seriously at fault.

Alan Young

No entry

The number of well-qualified students who were refused admission into universities this year is likely to have been greater than in the past two years.

Unpublished figures from the Universities Central Council on Admissions indicate that 15,000 students who would have gained a university place with their A-level results before the 1981 cuts have been turned down this year. In the past two years the figure has been 11,000-12,000.

There are fewer 18-year-olds this year because of the fall in the birth rate which began in the mid-1960s. But in contrast more girls and mature students are now applying for admission into universities.

In July this year the Department of Education and Science put forward upwardly revised statistics for the likely demand for higher education in the coming decade. The DES gave both high and low estimates, the latter indicating that demand will continue to rise until 1993, at which time there will be a 6 per cent fall before numbers rise again.

A leading statistician commented this week that the government "is still underestimating the likely pattern of demand, especially from English girls". Apparently girls in Scotland and Wales demand more higher education than their English counterparts, but this will change, reported Professor Fred Smith of the Royal Statistical Society. A meeting of the Society will report their new estimates on November 6.

Audrey Tinline

and briefly...

Belt braced

Legislation is to be introduced by Mr George Younger, to exempt pupils in private education from corporal punishment. This follows a similar announcement regarding pupils in state education. Both groups will be exempted only upon request from the parents. The legislation is designed to comply with the judgement of the European Court of Human Rights.

Talking shop

Anyone with an interest in public discussions — all too rare these days — and an ability to get up on a Saturday morning, should come down to 11 Buccleuch Place. The Extra-Mural Department is running a series of these debates for anyone who wants, be they informed or just opinionated. Admission is free, and coming topics are: 'How far should local government be local?' (Nov 3, 10.30 am) and 'What is Socialism? How far is it relevant today?' (Nov 17, 1.30 am).

Scotland's one thousand lecturers in colleges of education are in dispute with the governors of the seven colleges, and have threatened disruptive action. The Association of Lecturers in Colleges of Education in Scotland (ALCES) said it would withdraw goodwill and all activity outside normal working hours unless the principals and chairmen of governors of colleges gave assurances on the implementation of agreements on working conditions.

The Association's spokesman said the governors' objectives, expressed through the Joint Negotiating Council, seemed to be the introduction of flexible hours involving the working of days, evenings and Saturdays. He said it would mean "working all the hours God sends".

A spokesman for the governors responded by claiming that ALCES was misinterpreting the situation. Governors in five colleges had agreed with the staff what was desirable, and that the GMC recommendations would still have room for local negotiation.

NEWS

Oxford to end S. Africa link?

Oxford University dons have voted for a resolution aimed at stopping future direct investment in any South African firms until apartheid is abolished. Although the motion was passed by the dons, it did not reach the necessary 75% majority in order to become policy binding on the university's weekly council. It will now go to a postal vote.

The vote marks the latest step in a long campaign by the Oxford students' union to incorporate the policy of disinvestment in university policy.

The resolution itself called on

the university to sell its South African securities, "as soon as alternative investments of equal or greater yield become available." The proposer, Professor Michael Dummett, professor of logic, rejected the charge that such a motion was the thin end of the wedge, and claimed that Britain's close links with South Africa made it a special case.

He countered the argument that Oxford, with just £50m endowment income, could make little impact on apartheid by stating that that was like saying it did not matter if an individual did not vote.

The motion was opposed by Dr Clark Brudin, who argued that Oxford University should not be involved in political gestures, and that trustees were legally required to maximise investment returns, regardless of politics.

Alan Young

SERC axe to fall

The Science and Engineering Research Council recently announced that it would henceforth be unable to maintain commitments to current research efforts, and that future funding was likely to be severely limited. Currently only about 75% of top priority projects will be receiving SERC grants and the Council's chairman, Professor John Kingman, has made it clear that no area is safe from the axe.

Possible consequences of these cuts were identified in a report to the Council indicating a potential "brain drain" amongst younger scientist and stagnation within Britain's academic institutions.

It now seems likely that SERC's overseas commitments at the European particle physics laboratory (CERN) in Geneva are vulnerable, though even a complete withdrawal of funds would not balance the Council's books. Certainly this would have major repercussions on fundamental physics research, in which

several Edinburgh workers are involved. Other areas of possible cutbacks may be the biological research councils, such as the AFRC.

The Principal of the University, Dr John Burnett has indicated that he feels it unlikely that postgraduate studentships will be hit by the SERC cuts as this would go directly against the University Grant Committee recommendation that funds should be sought out to reverse the decline in research studentships. "If I were a betting man," said the Principal, "I would say the chances are better than even that the University sector will not be greatly affected."

"We would suffer less than most." The majority of fundamental research in this country, Dr. Burnett went on to say, is carried out in the universities. A reduction in funding could seriously affect the government's drive to revitalise British industry through the higher education system.

Mark Percival

SRC - special results column

Twenty-eight office-bearers were elected during the SRC Bye-Elections of 25th October, including one board chairman, five conveners, nineteen student representatives, two secretaries, and one treasurer, with twelve offices returned unopposed.

The Publications Board Chairperson, returned unopposed, is Deirdre Watt. The five conveners are Lorna Sinclair, Arts Faculty, Jan Calder, Environment, Elizabeth Jane Ferrier, Postgraduate, Carol Ann Foy, Science Faculty, and Karen Wigglesworth, Welfare.

Alison Kinna now fills the Arts Faculty Secretary post and Lesley Rodger the Science Faculty Secretary position. Andrew Fleming was elected Social Science Faculty Treasurer.

The nineteen student representatives are as follows. The Arts Representative Undergraduate is now David Chalmers, Margaret

Roberts was elected Veterinary Medicine Representative. The three Arts Representatives, First Year, are Marion Budd, Cheow Lay Wee, and Mark Wheatley, Joanna Cherry fills the Law Representative, First Year, post.

Malcolm R. MacLeod was elected Medicine Representative, First Year. The two Postgraduates, First Year are Roderick Manson and Mukesh Patel. The three Science Representatives, First Year, are David M. Cook, Pat Gallagher, and Karen Marshall.

David Clark and Alison Murray were elected Social Science, First Year Representatives. Law Faculty, First Year, Representative, is now Maere Kenny, and Law Faculty, Fourth Year, is Jan Calder. The Representatives for Medicine, All Years, are Emma Baker, Duncan Bond, and A. Simon Carney.

Barbare (I like commas) Traillien

Polytech poll

Polytechnics, and the courses they offer, are generally well received by MPs, industrialists, and the general public, according to a survey carried out by MORI.

Yet despite this, the survey also revealed an ignorance of polytechnics among those groups surveyed, to the extent that members of the public think they run O and A-level courses, and are largely unaware that they teach degrees. In fact, polytechnics run no O or A-level courses, and the majority of students qualifying for business are now from polytechnics.

Only 22% of MPs think that polytechnics provide a poorer education than universities, though 54% think polytechnic facilities are poorer. Almost two-thirds of MPs believe polytechnics offer a worthwhile education, but under half think it is the sort needed by industry and commerce.

Captains of industry are much less sympathetic to the polytechnics, regarding facilities as being poor, lecturers left-wing, standards as lower than in universities, and job opportunities poorer for polytechnic graduates. They do come out in favour of the time spent in business and industry during many polytechnic courses, and this feature of polytechnic education is praised by managers in heavy and manufacturing industries as being more practical for and relevant to industry.

Alan Young

Student Collection Box

Potterrow Union Shop

It is now possible to submit articles for 'Student' by handing them over the counter in Potterrow Union Shop. You may place letters, features, reviews or anything else in this box which will be emptied each Monday at 1.00 p.m. Articles may also be brought in person to 1 Buccleuch Place, again by Monday lunchtime.

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COMMENT

ENT-STUDENT-STU

- 1) Thank you for all the letters this week. It's great to see so many of them. Please keep them coming.
- 2) Thank you for going along to the General Meeting. We knew you had it in you!
- 3) The Presidents' Ball is actually happening — see back page. It promises to be a lot of fun, so, if you have the money, go along!

Staff

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Slight Error

Dear Student,

The article by Annie McNaught, 'Boycott Lifted', in last week's Student contains a slight error. It was Third World First, and not Amnesty International, who presented the motion to the General Meeting of November, 1982 getting Union shops to boycott Nestle's products.

Third World First holds regular Monday meetings to investigate, expose and change the injustices which cause poverty and suffering among hundreds of millions in the world today.

Yours,
Janet M. Kermack
(Pres. EU Third World First)

Third World

Dear Sir,

What would you say if had the dubious pleasure of addressing Mrs Thatcher or Mr Timothy Warton, Minister for Overseas Development, on the subject of Britain's reaction to disasters such as that in Ethiopia?

If, like us, you are concerned not only about the present situation but also about the ver-present paradox of food surpluses in the West and starvation in the Third World, you would ask what changes we are going to make in the levels of our aid; how we are going to adapt our own lifestyles so that others can actually live; what we intend to do about the huge amounts of surplus grain in our own country and in the EEC.

As it is, we can't question them directly, but we can indirectly, through our MPs; so let's make use of what little democratic power we have and write to them immediately. This will not change things overnight, but its such a more positive act than sitting in the Potterrow with a pint slagging off the Government.

Yours faithfully,
Allison P. Brown
Hilary Groom
Susan Harvey
Melanie Herman Smith
Allison Morrow

Thanks, folks

Dear Sir,

On behalf of the Junior Common Room Committee of Fraser House, I would like to publicly thank all those who contributed in any way to the great success at the Fraser House 20th Birthday Party, held on Saturday 27th October.

Your readers may like to know that the party, which was attended by over 700 people, attracted more than any other Pollock event ever. The Revellers at Fraser eagerly anticipate the next two decades of bacchanalia.

Yours in jubilation,
Andy Gordon
(Fraser JCR Treasurer)

The National Front strikes back

Dear Student,

I was both surprised and delighted to see that you afforded the National Front no less than two separate mentions in your issue of 25th October. Sadly, however, your reporting is, in both instances, far from politically impartial and I feel I must point out one or two examples of your misleading journalism.

Let us first take the report on Patrick Harrington's problems at the North London Poly. Your first paragraph talks of "controversy... as the student union continues to resist attempts by student and national front organiser Patrick Harrington to attend lectures and tutorials in common with other students". This is indeed a peculiar way of describing the situation. What you really mean is surely that Patrick Harrington is continuing to resist attempts by the student union to exclude him from attending lectures and tutorials in common with other students!

Your next claim that reprisals are feared against students who express views contrary to Patrick Harrington's. This is an unbelievable twisting of the truth. The whole affair clearly stems from the inability of left-wing students to tolerate anyone who expresses views contrary to their own — ie, Patrick Harrington. Their reprisal against his lack of political conformity is to try and prevent him from continuing his studies. The so-called compromise of Patrick attending tutorials and lectures on his own is clearly ridiculous. How many students would relish that prospect? And is not one of the main purposes of studying at college to be able to debate and discuss with fellow students in the

classroom?

Finally, your pathetic little cartoon shows someone with a shaven head and some sort of world war one Prussian military helmet protesting that he's "just a normal bloke", in front of an anti-NF rent-a-mob. Patrick Harrington I can assure you, is neither a skinhead nor a Prussian army officer. Nyone who seen or heard him on TV will have noticed that he is in fact "just a normal bloke". It is sad that you have to try and depict him as some kind of brutal monster in order to justify the rabid, bigoted, undemocratic behaviour of a bunch of self-important marxist morons in denying him the surely universal right to study.

Your second article concerns the NF's "Scotland's Future" leaflet. Briefly, it does not attempt to confuse the identity of the SNP with the NF, but condemns the SNP for a "nationalism" that excludes the English but includes Pakistanis. We are certainly in no way confused about our policies. Our excursion into Marchmont was but one part of an extensive campaign in Edinburgh, ranging from Pilton to Prestonfield — you suggest that this was the first time that these leaflets had been distributed in Edinburgh. Just because one dropped through a 'Student' journalist's letterbox the week before, it doesn't follow that he had stumbled across our sole leafletting activity for the year! As for the particular evening being "an unmitigated disaster" thanks to your report your entire readership now knows that the National Front is alive and active in this city.

Yours faithfully,

Paul Deacon

NUS? not again!

Dear Student,

Unlike last week's contributor to your "Comment Page", on the subject of the NUS, I will identify myself and explain exactly to the "NO" voter exactly what I believe in.

In February I spoke against reaffiliation to the NUS — I stand by that — I voted against reaffiliation to the NUS — I stand by that.

In recent months I have found it necessary to visit NUS (Scotland) only once in my term as Vice-President (Court). This was in connection with a welfare services conference I had proposed for all Scottish student unions and associations.

I was mystified, not to say annoyed when I found out that NUS had asked their affiliated universities and colleges not to attend the conference; a conference intended to benefit the welfare services input of all Scottish student union. The conference in my opinion would have improved inter-student union relations on a wider front, whether they happened to be NUS affiliated members — or not.

I have consistently stated that NUS and EUSA are not wholly compatible. But, co-operation between such bodies — bodies who profess to have student interests at heart can do nothing but good for the welfare of the student body in general.

So please "NO" voter — don't be disheartened, and try not to be hurt at my perceived actions in recent months.

I'll sleep sound tonight in the knowledge that you have not been betrayed — perhaps now after February's resounding "NO" vote we can drop what is very much a non-issue in the life and work of our Students' Association.

Yours sincerely,

Graeme Carter
(Vice-President (Court))

KENNETH ALLSOP MEMORIAL LECTURE



BIAS, BALANCE & OBJECTIVITY IN THE MEDIA

ANNA COOTE, CO-EDITOR OF C4'S
'DIVERSE REPORTS' DHT LECTURE
THEATRE B 6pm THURS 8 NOV

ARTS

FILM



STUDENT brings you an exclusive photo of the man Mrs Thatcher wanted to replace Ian MacGregor.

The Last Battle

Nuclear Winner

Already acclaimed as a cult movie, Luc Besson's 'The Last Battle' is a film with a message. It explores the relationship of nature and nurture within the human identity after nuclear devastation with an amalgam of spectacle and sensitivity.

The Hero (played by Pierre Bolivet) lives alone in a derelict wasteland. To escape from a gang of sub-human survivors, whose leader he has killed, he constructs a primitive plane and flies across the wilderness to a mutilated Paris. Here, he is befriended by an ageing doctor barricaded into an old hospital, and engaged in a battle of wits with the Marauder. The conflict between the Marauder and the Hero occupies the remainder of the film, leading to the inevitable 'last battle'.

Besson describes the film as the story of 'poor survivors crushed by the magnitude of the cataclysm'. It is not however, an adventure story, but a study of the nature of Man, once the thin veil of civilisation is swept aside. The Hero represents nobility, hope, gentleness and humour, threatened by the animal instinct to survive (as represented by the Marauder). As shown by his frustration at his inability to speak (the holocaust left human kind

voiceless), the Hero struggles in a hostile environment to cling to culture and knowledge. Symbols of the 20th century are used to striking effect — for example, the Hero possesses a cassette recorder, painting and a blow up rubber doll.

Man is insignificant in the face of a hostile overpowering natural force, for example the blistering heat and duststorms nature is portrayed with vicious force by the superb photography. In comparison to the vast, empty landscapes, the human action is indeed small. The use of black and white cinematography and the spartan, though often eerie soundtrack impart to the film a timelessness counterbalanced by the powerful and sympathetic humanity of the acting.

Despite the severe nature of the setting and the desperate nature of the handful of survivors, this is not a soulless film. For example, the picture drawn on the wall by the doctor resemble primitive man's cave paintings. Possibly the most moving scene is where the Hero stumbles upon a Paris bar stock with alcohol and proceeds to drink every drop in sight — alcohol brings on the feeling of hopelessness, which leaves him weeping in despair.

This is the story of an individual's ability to adapt, humanity intact, to even the most horrific mental and physical conditions. Made by an extremely young team (Luc Besson is 23) on a shoestring budget, this film has power, perception and is profoundly hopeful.

Jill Carter

THE BRISTO

41 LOTHIAN STREET

Edinburgh's Most Stylish Real Ale Bar

Opening Hours:

Monday-Friday 11 am till late

Saturday 11am-11.45

Sunday 6.30-10.45

- Belhaven 80/-
- Belhaven 90/-
- McEwan's 80/-
- Theakston's Best Bitter

Open from 10 am Monday-Saturday for Coffees etc.

Selection of Wines and Bottled Beers

Danger in Parody

Anybody who has seen the truly vile 'Kentucky Fried Movie' might be surprised by the appearance of its authors. The Zucker brothers and Jim Abrahams, also responsible for 'Airplane' and now 'Top Secret' look like three all-American guys, clean cut and smartly-dressed. Most surprisingly they play the interview very straight — surprising not just because their business is humour but because their films don't stand up to even the most cursory examination.

They began their careers videotaping satires on TV commercials which they showed to friends and neighbours and everybody laughed so we opened a little theatre and people even paid a little money to see them and our live show. A few years on stage in LA convinced them they were meant to be actors so they set to work on a 10 minute video which eventually with the backing of United Artists became 'Kentucky Fried Movie' a tasteless collection of spoofs and vignettes.

KFM represented the fulfilment of a long-held ambition to get into film 'where we thought we could do a lot more variety of things and more people would end up seeing it... and we hated it anyway. The theatre' for relative novices the film was a very shrewd production. As they now readily admit its legendary crudeness was a deliberate ploy to secure attention for a film which, without big names, or a good storyline, would almost certainly have struggled.

It didn't struggle, it became a cult hit. Their next feature 'Airplane' was one of the biggest-grossing films of recent years. As David Zucker explained the idea came to them almost by accident. 'We used

to leave the video on all night recording commercials to use for our theatre act and one morning we turned on the recorder... and we found a 1957 movie 'Zero Hour' with Dana Andrews and Linda Darnell and we got more interested in that than the adverts'. The final script was produced in the method they use for all their work. 'We seal all the movies that have anything to do with the theme after which we lock ourselves, away and just write. In the case of 'Top Secret' it took a year.'

Now the results might amuse a lot of people but didn't they feel that the exercise was rather redundant, surely films like the 'Airport' series parody themselves?

Well I think with something like the Bond movies they intend you to laugh, for the gadgets to be totally impossible, or the timing and coincidences, and for that reason you really can't parody them. But the 'Airport' movies really take themselves seriously.

However if the disaster movie seems a relatively easy genre to address 'Top Secret' blunders into more problematic territory. The war flicks or Elvis movies may not appear to take themselves too seriously but they do present, insidiously, an all-American message.

But what's going on in East Germany is quite outrageous... I mean anything you say about East Germany, about how bad the situation is can't be too far out of line. We hoped also that in the portrayal of East Germany that if someone wanted to follow the line you take that it would be evident we'd make fun of the government and not of the people.

I don't suppose that many people would want to take that line. At the same time I'm not sure how pleased the East German people would be to find their country equated with Nazi Germany. Maybe it's just as well the 'Top Secret' team have no plans to abandon their successful formula of pastiche and parody; it's very easy, and it's what the public seems to want.

Bill Williamson

Romancing the Stone

Love On The Rocks

Combine a hefty dose of Spielberg escapism, a rugged macho hunk and unwitting city girl, add a dash of romance and a tiny pinch of realism. Throw in lots of bottomless ravines, dizzy bridges, alligators, buried treasure, 'bad guys' with moustaches and cigars and a dash with classic one liners (I know I should have listened to my mother...), Shake vigorously and what do you get? One, amusing, sickly sweet and second-rate 'Romancing the Stone'.

As usual, the plot plays second fiddle to the stunts, which is probably not a bad thing in this case. Michael Douglas (who? son of Kirk), doubles as producer and actor, playing Jack Cotton, tough guy with itchy trigger finger and unconvincing Spanish. Kathleen Turner is Joan Wilder, romance novelist, trying hard to save her sister from a gang of dastardly, treasure-seeking desperadoes. All this lot and the Columbian Secret Police get caught up in the search for a rather puce, pathetic gem stone. Suffice to say the good guys win and the evil baddies are gruesomely mauled by the alligators (just look at those snappers, will you...) after a series of hair-raising adventures.

Kath Turner's pulchritude improves after each watery plunge, car chase and armed ambush but her acting doesn't. Douglas remains suitably rugged throughout despite a tendency to look more and more like some smoothie pop star whose name I can't remember! Unfortunately script probably does neither of them justice. Riddled with cliché though it is, there is something 'filmetically' nice and cosy about this 'filmette' which gives it an undoubted appeal to a young audience.

Simon Bandy

Broadway Danny Rose

Allen Fun

The latest Woody Allen film. For a lot of people this would appear to be all a reviewer need say, and recommendation enough — but for those of you who would like to know just a little more, 'Broadway Danny Rose' finds everyone's favourite bespectacled New York Jewish wimp as a born loser theatrical manager. Among his plethora of no-hoper acts is a has-been Italian crooner (an engaging debut by Nick Apollo Forte) who is just about to break back into the big time, and who also happens to be involved with the former girlfriend (Mia Farrow) of a Mafia boss. Thus, Danny Rose becomes the target of the gangsters, as the boss thinks that he is the one who is now Mia Farrow's boyfriend, whereas she in fact left him for Nick Apollo Forte. The narrative proceeds as Danny tries to get the girl to his singer's big show, and they both try to avoid the Mafia.

'Broadway Danny Rose' appears to mark a progression in Allen's career, both as a director and as comic persona. He has passed through shapeless burlesque ('Take the Money and Run, Bananas'), through more sophisticated parody ('Play It Again Sam, Sleeper, Love and Death') to American reworkings of the European Art Movie ('Annie Hall, Interiors, Manhattan, Stardust Memories, Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy') and finally the virtuosic curiosity of 'Zelig', to now reach a much more restrained and mature film which is not an adaptation of anything else. 'Broadway Danny Rose' is therefore perhaps the first time



"Umm... Left hand?" "Nope!"

when "a Woody Allen film" means truly and precisely what it says.

With this blossoming directorial maturity and also, it must be said, increasing technical proficiency — 'Broadway Danny Rose' is put together with a delightful economy of *mise-en-scene*. There has also come a mellowing and a new warmth to the Woody Allen comic character. Gone is the parading of neuroses which reached such a hysterical nadir of self-indulgence in 'Stardust Memories', gone is the straining after pity as the Chaplinesque 'little man' of the earlier films, gone is the almost total self-effacement of 'Zelig', to be replaced by, in Danny Rose, a character who is a treasury of wisdom, one who deeply and genuinely cares for others. The humour is still quip-essential Allen — 'My grandmother had a face that

looked like something you'd buy at a live bait store' — but is now bathed in a warmer human glow. In the end, we care about his motley collection of stuttering ventriloquists, blind xylophone players, and one-legged tap dancers, whereas they might previously have been fodder for heartlessly black throwaway gags.

Thus, 'the latest Woody Allen film' is by no means an adequate description of 'Broadway Danny Rose'. For once we do not feel that Allen has written his film on the analyst's couch, for he is obviously seeing someone at peace with himself and the world — and is therefore confident enough to develop the other characters to a far greater extent than ever before.

'Broadway Danny Rose' is Allen's most human film... go and see it. Trevor Johnston

THEATRE

Neurosis at the Netherbow

'FUGUE' by Rona Monro



Kay Douglas suffering from a not unusual hatred of her job, throws up everything to enjoy the freedom of a holiday in a cottage rich with nostalgia of pleasurable childhood. Her story is both enacted and narrated by two different people revolving around each other, one with hindsight, the other still subordinate to the whims of the present. So unexpected and upprovoked is the nervous breakdown she experiences, she finds her irresistible curiosity in herself together with a constant fluctuating in and out of control, leads her to play both doctor and patient to her illness.

The power behind Kay's nightmares is the sinister third figure. Her personality an enigma her motivation inexplicable.

Together, psychiatrist and victim search in a "fear that has no source" for an explanation of the breakdown. Not for the "vibrations of an over-active libido" which has recently left her, does she pine.

Nor is it the experience of discovering two lumps in her body. Half of Britain lap up newspaper reports of Kay's ordeal at the hands of an "assortment of wailing laundry" while she, (once again), slides into death.

A powerful unsettling play that actually left me physically in pain,

Ben Simms

Bedlam lunchtime

The Ran Dan

by Duncan McLean

"To go out on the ran-dan is to go out on the razzle-dazzle". The first line of Duncan McLean's new play, *Scene-Torplings*, Aberdeen-shire where the dialect may need translating. The plot however does not, this is the story of any small town and the people in it, and it is told in a classic style.

The first half sets things up. We meet all the characters and are given an indication of their history and their importance in this little episode.

The second half takes place in the local pub and ends with a climatic fight, foretold from the very beginning by one of the folk songs that the writer has put into the play. These have the effect, as do the lines directed to the

audience, of reminding us that we are in a theatre, but also drawing us into the action.

The songs are unashamedly made use of, and a number of very obvious jokes both visual and verbal are enjoyable. This play has none of the pretensions of some student writers, or of Duncan's earlier pieces.

The tangle of words and puns is reasonably spoken by most of the actors. Judith Wood deserves credit for her performance as a small town woman. But there are clumsy moves rather loose acting and a puzzle in the plot (why do the women fall for Butch so quickly?) which betray a lack of direction and inexperienced actors. Duncan McLean has the ideas, witness the script and the staging but the acting fails occasionally. However it was a rehearsal that I watched and things may have improved for the actual performance.

Ben Twist

Preview

Traverse Theatre
'A minute too late'
Theatre de Complicite

All this week, Theatre de Complicite — billed as "an international mime-theatre company" — present their new show *A minute too late* at the Traverse Theatre. "Theatre de Complicite" may sound a little dark, intellectual and foreboding, and mime is not normally the most accessible of media. But this group are highly entertaining and overcome the clichés often associated with mime. Everyday situations are turned into extraordinary vehicles for the collective natural comic talents of the three members.

Hailing from such places as Milan, Paris and Oxford, they met while at drama school in Paris — and Theatre de Complicite was born. Since then, they have toured many countries including America, Spain and France. They brought their first show to England and Scotland earlier this year and won unqualified praise from critics in such organs as 'Time Out' and 'The Sunday Times'.

The new show centres around an undertaker's assistant and deals with various aspects of death. After having seen Marcello Gagli bring a plain white paper-mache mask to life once before, I will certainly be there.

A wind-up gramophone... a dirty window... a bunch of cyanide pills... a minimum of props... maximum rhythm... encounters with death.

Miss them at your own risk. See 'What's On' for details.

John Petrie



Children at Auchmithie, near Arbroath,
1881 James Cox

PHOTOS

ARCHIVE FOR SCOTTISH PHOTOGRAPHY

Portrait Gallery

There seems to be a prevailing myth that the more modern the camera, the better the photograph will be. This tends to discourage appreciation of old photographs as anything more than primitive relics. In fact, as Lord Snowdon pointed out in a recent television interview, "it is perfectly possible to take excellent photographs with a pin-hole camera." The small selection of photos on display at the National Portrait Gallery more than proves the technical and artistic merit of photographers who worked well over a hundred years ago. The subject matter of the exhibition ranges from the fresh and direct portraits, studies of Russian peasants, continental landscapes and fishing scenes, to

a brilliant study of a half-finished Burns monument.

Old photographs have a fascination which is peculiar to the medium. They are capable of reaching a far wider public than paintings of the same genre — perhaps because of the familiarity of the camera they provide a particularly vivid link with the past, evidence of people clothes and places long since changed or gone.

The launching of this archive for Scottish photography is an invaluable move for students, television producers and publishers alike. The need to chronicle and preserve the rich public, private and as yet undiscovered collections of photographs in Scotland cannot be overestimated. The present exhibition is only a taster of what is to come — I look forward to many more

MEBA

BOOKS



The Name of the Rose
Umberto Eco.

I can't claim to be widely read, nor do I have any pretensions to be a serious student of literature. I am, however, one of those people (among many I believe) who are inspired by a good book.

Too many times I have been left cold by the pages of one of those obligatory black-bound Penguin Classics, the obligation somehow detracting from the excitement of discovery.

When you walk past Thins or Bauernmeisters you will notice in the window one of those displays, which owe more to the art of the Commercial than the Art of the Literature. I am referring to the one which lures into becoming the possessor of Umberto Eco's novel *The Name of the Rose*. I have just spent the whole weekend

immersed in this 14th century tale of political, religious and personal intrigue. Wrapped up in my blanket — the rain beating against the window, I was transported to an impregnable monastery where a sagacious and wily monk is attempting by masterful deductions to piece together a series of brutal murders taking place around him. The reader is kept on tenterhooks by the fact that the choice of suspects is immense and his motives could be religious, political, intellectual or even sexual. The historical background particularly in relation to the Inquisition makes it all the more horribly engrossing, while the detailed description of life in the abbey, closely following the unfolding of events, brings it alive to one's imagination. Entwined with the suspense of the plot are the philosophical searchings of the young novice who acts as narrator, the questioning of an age in which the doubts were real, and not merely academic.

The cover is not particularly enticing. The comments on the front and back are suitably clever. My enthusiasm, I hope is adequately warm. You have the book — it is now up to you to choose the time and the place to read this masterpiece in the inspired absorption it deserves.

Claudine Innes



"No, honestly, it was simply delicious but I couldn't eat another mouthful". © 1984, Pan Books £1.95. By George Moule, and Stephen Appleby.

"Side-splitting!" "Stomach-turning!" "Utterly tasteless." — these are just a few of the comments made by the wives and paid employees of the authors of "No, honestly, it was simply delicious, but I couldn't eat another mouthful," just in at your local bookshop in time to catch the pre-Christmas rush.

Forget 'Fungus the Bogeyman' and 'The Endless Moaning of Adrian Mole' — this is *The Funniest Book Ever Written*. Go out and get it now and you can, with complete confidence, place your reputation as host/hostess in the capable hands of ex-plasterer George Moule as he guides you expertly through the social nightmares of:

Kitchen planning: "Use a Minimorg drawer freezer to isolate the corpses and dead creatures you are waiting to turn into spectacular dishes. The freezer can also be used as a convenient household threat eg "Behave yourself my lad/lassie, or it's into the minimorg you go." They'll keep quiet when they see the bad little rabbits and lambs come out good and dead."

Preparation of food: "Cook ingredients alphabetically: you will have to cheat a little as cooking times are precise: 1) Aylesbury duck, 2) Bertatoes

Mashed) 3) Cauliflower (that fits in), 4) Different vegetables 5) Everything else. With any system.

The book contains no full colour photographs, no pull-out supplements on beautiful



Let a Hand & Shoulder

one must be flexible."

The easy to follow instructions along with the crassly brilliant illustrations of Moule's friend, failed pet-owner Steven Appleby, make this book the ideal gift for you or anyone else you know with a sick mind or half a sense of humour.

bathrooms and absolutely no information which will be of any use to you whatsoever but, as my flat mate gasped when she finished reading it this morning, "Oh my God, I can't breathe! I think I've pulled a muscle in my stomach!"

Bite it and believe it!

Alex Taylor

TRAVERSE THEATRE

ENDS SATURDAY — BREAD AND BUTTER — by C. P. TAYLOR
a sharp witty commentary about life in the Gorbals between 1931-65.

8 pm Tuesday-Saturday (3 pm Sunday)

Coming next week November 7-December 16
John Byrne's **CANDY KISSES**

8 pm Tuesday-Saturday (3 pm Sunday)

TRAVERSE DOWNSTAIRS — Until Saturday
Theatre de Complicite with

A MINUTE TOO LATE

8.15 pm Tuesday-Saturday (3.15 pm Sunday)

TRAVERSE 21st ANNIVERSARY BLACK AND WHITE BALL

23rd November Tickets £14 available from Box Office

Traverse Theatre, 112 West Bow, Grassmarket.
Box Office Tel. 226 2633

WHAT'S ON

Film



His ego is as big as his bike — Purple Rain

The Caley

(229 7670)

Purple Rain

Prince's first film, this is a story of a young man who falls in love with a woman who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Classic

10.00 pm Late Night Show
Romanticism £2.50, £1.50, £1.00, £0.50, £0.25, £0.10, £0.05, £0.01, £0.00

Android

With a look like a real man, Android is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Diva

Need I say more? As much part of being a student as the duffel coat and the GND badge.

Odeon

(667 7331)

The Bostonians

Check out the film 'The Bostonians' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

The Natural

Reardon returns to the big screen after a series of several years. This time he plays a baseball player making a comeback after a long time out. The film is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band.

Broadway Danny Rose

Woody Allen returns to the big screen after a series of several years. This time he plays a comedian making a comeback after a long time out. The film is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band.

ABC

(229 9000)

Tightrope

See the film 'Tightrope' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Bismillah On Rio

See the film 'Bismillah On Rio' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom

See the film 'Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Filmhouse

(229 2666)

The Last Battle

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Film Society

See the film 'Film Society' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

La Bianca

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Whore Down the Wind

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Dominion

(247 2550)

Remaking the Stone

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The Hunger and Exposed

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Carmen

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Muriel

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The Return of Martin Guerre

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Intelligent Jew grabs boring Italian

Theatre

Royal Lyceum

(229 3797)

Arms and the Man

See the film 'Arms and the Man' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

The Power of the Dog

See the film 'The Power of the Dog' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

King's Theatre

(229 1201)

No No Nanette!

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Bell, Book and Candle

5th-9th Nov. 7.30 pm

See the film 'Bell, Book and Candle' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

The Seven Year Itch

5th-10th Nov

See the film 'The Seven Year Itch' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Netherbow Arts Centre

(556 9579)

Schellenbrack

See the film 'Schellenbrack' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Candy Kisses

See the film 'Candy Kisses' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Theatre Workshop

(226 5425)

Young People's Theatre

See the film 'Young People's Theatre' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Traverse Theatre

(226 2633)

Bread and Butter

See the film 'Bread and Butter' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

A Minute Too Late

See the film 'A Minute Too Late' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

Candy Kisses

See the film 'Candy Kisses' which is a very good example of a man who is a member of a band. The film is a musical and is a very good example of Prince's talent as a filmmaker.

FILMHOUSE

PATRON BELL'S SCOTCH WHISKY

88 LOTHIAN ROAD

Cinema 1

To Sat 3 Dec. 6.15/8.30 (Also 4.00 pm Sat 3rd)

THE LAST BATTLE (15)

Luc Besson's stylish and funky science fiction feature. 'The most exciting first feature to be seen in years' — Metropolitan Magazine

Thu 1-Sat 3 6.45 (Also 2.15 Sat 3)

THE HUNGER (18)

A tale of vampirism as practised by the beautiful people of Manhattan.

Nastassia Kinski and Rudolph Nureyev in

EXPOSED (15)

Kinski plays a New York model who becomes caught up in urban terrorism.

Sun 4-Sat 10 6.15/8.30 (6.15 only on Sun 4, also 3pm Wed 7 and 4pm Sat 10)

BABY ITS YOU (15)

High school romance in the '60s, with soundtrack by Bruce Springsteen, Velvet Underground, The Shirelles, Ben E. King, Simon and Garfunkel and the Supremes.

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CONCESSIONS AVAILABLE FOR FULL TIME STUDENTS

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WHAT'S ON

Univents

1st Nov
Sessions in the Park
at Row House. (Bring
food or whatever).
in Student Centre
8.30-7.30 pm and
Street House, 8-9 pm.

Talk
The West? — the
Frontier. Miss Jenni
of Education and
relations, the Royal
Academy.
Common Room.

of the Earth are
Thursday evening the
member at 7.30 in the
the Room at The
Everyone welcome.
the possibility of
the secret of the big
thing. Could it be a
baggage?

2nd Nov.
Holiday Centre
at Appleton Tower.

Talk
South Africa — The
new point Hassan
Centre, 1.10 pm

Build? Do you know
here? You
Chaplaincy
Speaker, Dennis

same company
of commitment about
at Justice and peace

Book Fair
at VSO, McEwan Hall,
8-9 pm

November
at Teviot Row
8 pm-2 am. Happy
8-10 pm

FRIDAY DISCO in
at Happy Hour from
at Chambers Street
House

Saturday 3rd Nov. EUSA Playgroup Support Group

Jumble Sale
Pentland Room,
60 The Pleasance, 10 am.

**SATURDAY NIGHT ON THE
UPBEAT.** Chambers Street
House, 809p Happy Hour from 9-
10 pm in the Library Bar. Licensed
until 1 am. Plus Ceilidh Band.

Mammoth Book Fair

In aid of VSO, McEwan Hall,
Bristo Square 10-6 pm.

Sunday 4th Nov.

Catholic Students Union

Talk: Young People and Sex, by
Jean Malcolm of the Brooke
Advisory Centre, followed by
discussion
23 George Square, 8.15 pm

Have a civilised Sunday Lunch in
Teviot Row House Carvery. Hot
food served from 12.30 pm-6.00
pm. Happy Hour from 8-9 pm.

Methsoc Meeting

Nicolson Square Church
Howard Kelly speaks on Bible
Study

EU Secular Society

The Society will be meeting 1.30
pm at Bannerman's to discuss 'Is
fear the basis of religion?'

Monday 5th Nov.

EU Jewish Society

Danny Sinclair speaks on the
Jewish attitude to abortion

Glasgow Weekend School

'The American and Israeli
Elections Revisited' as well as
going to the theatre and meeting
the rest of the Northern Region Hit
Squad
Phone Wendy 447 5557
or come to Monday's meeting

Catholic Students Union

Bohème Party with fireworks, food
and music. BYOB.
23 George Square, £1.50, 8 pm

Monday 5th November

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

Tuesday 6th Nov

Are you interested in having your
poetry/novels/short stories/
autobiography published? Or
even in becoming a publisher?
Stephanie Wolfe-Murray,
Scotland's leading publisher, will
discuss and answer your
questions on all aspects of
publishing
Room 8.13, DHT, 1 pm

Parliamentary Debate

Tory Club will present a bill on
hanging and law and order
Official Opposition Labour
Everybody can participate
Teviot Debating Hall, 7.30 pm

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

Happy Hour in Chambers Street
House, 8-9 pm

Happy Hour in Student Centre
House, 6.30-7.30 pm

Arts Society

Line drawing every Tuesday, 7-9
pm in the Braid Room. The
Pleasance. Paper supplied. All
welcome

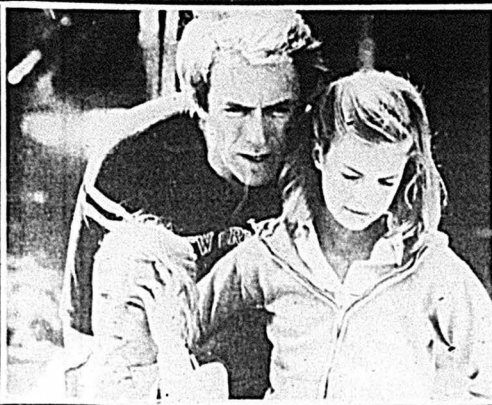
The Labour Club meets every
Tuesday in Seminar Room 2 of the
Chaplaincy Centre at 5.30 pm.
Next week's meeting will be on the
issue of peace and nuclear dis-
armament! New members
welcome

**Chambers Street House folk-blues
night** — Billy Jones

Happy Hour 8.30-9.30 pm.

Societies!

Social events, Christmas parties
etc. Bulk orders for wine from
Portobello Wines (669 9483).
Mixed crates (12 bottles) available.
Quality at a reasonable price



Exhibitions

Central Library

100 Years of the Fabian Society
From 6th November
Mon-Fri 9.00-9.00 Sat 9.00-1.00
Edinburgh Room Gallery

Scottish Gallery

Original Prints by Molly Bullick
New exhibition from 3rd
November

20th Century Scottish Paintings

94 George Street
Mon-Fri 9.30-5.30
Sat 9.00-1.00

Stills Gallery

Benson and Hedges 'Time'
Exhibition

New exhibition, to be reviewed in
Student next week. The works of
the Benson and Hedges Gold
Award winners can be seen from
2nd till 30th November. The
exhibition will feature over 100
photographs and illustrations
reflecting the theme of time

105 High Street
Tues-Sat, 12.30-6.00

Wednesday 7th Nov.

**Amnesty: Human Rights in
Central America**

A talk on Amnesty's activities.
Chaplaincy Centre (SR II), 7 pm

Green Banana Club in Potterrow,
Student Centre House.

Happy Hours from 6.30-7.30 pm
and 8.30-9.30 pm

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

Torrance Gallery

Paintings from France and
Scotland by Ken Frewin
A new exhibition, opening
Monday 5th November
29b Dundas Street
Mon-Fri 11.00-6.00
Sat 10.30-1.00

College of Art

One Day in the Life of a Picture
by Anthony Green
From Tuesday 6th November
A Scottish Arts Council touring
exhibition
Mon-Fri 10.00-5.00
Sat 10.00-12.00

City Art Centre

Works from the Jean Watson
Bequest Fund

Aqua Lapis

Exhibition by cloth sculptor Nancy
Hemenway

Not Just Tea and Sandwiches

Exhibition by the Miners' Support
Group

Wednesday, 7th Nov.

Gaysoc

Every Wednesday, meeting, 7.30
pm. Somerville Room, Societies
Centre, The Pleasance

Midweek Service

The Way of God's People — The
God who takes sides. Rev. Tom
Gordon, minister Viewforth
Church
Chaplaincy Centre, 1.10 pm.

Music



Caley Palais

(229 7670)

Thursday 1st November, 7.30 pm
Bronski Beat

Friday 2nd November, 10 pm
The Front. SPK & Kendo Dancing
Sculpture.

Sunday 4th November, 7.30 pm
The Alarm.

Queen Margaret College
(339 1990)

Friday 2nd November
Blues n' Trouble.

Hoochie Coochie
(228 3252)

Sunday 4th November, 10.30 pm
Latin American Night.

Signet Library

Tuesday 6th November, 7.45 pm
Scottish Baroque Ensemble.

University Music George Square Theatre

Saturday 3rd November, 8 pm
Robin Williamson
(ex-Incredible String Band)
Songs and Stories, Original and
Traditional.

Reid Concert Hall

Thursday 1st November, 7.30 pm
Herrick Bunney, piano recital.

Friday 2nd November, 1.10 pm
George Wilson, organ
Admission free.

Wednesday 7th November, 1.10
pm

New Music Group of Scotland

Moray House
(556 5184)

Thursday 1st November
Skanga.

Saturday 3rd November
Wild Indians/22 Beaches/The
Cowboys (Miners' Benefit).

Playhouse
(557 2590)

Friday 2nd November
Motorhead.

Saturday 3rd November
Grandmaster Melle Mel.

Sunday 4th November
Alison Moyet.

Monday 5th November
U2 (Sold Out).

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Club Card Access & Validity/Phone
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1985 Jan 20 Meatloaf £7.50 £9.50 £5.50	1985 Nov 16 Wrestling £5 £4 £3	Nov 4 Alison Moyet £5 £4	Nov 7&8 Shirley Bassey £15.50 £14 £11.50 £9.50
Nov 10 Elvis Costello £5.00	Nov 14 The Nolans £5 £4 £3	Nov 20-24 Scottish Opera £2-£13	Dec 1 Moody Blues £5 £7 £5 £3
Nov 17 Accordian '84 £4.50 £4 £3.50	Nov 27 Tom Robinson & Crew £5.00	Dec 2 Gary Numan £5 £4.50	Dec 3&4 Kool & the Gang £8.50 £7 £5.50
Dec 6 Run Rig £4	Dec 13 Nik Kershaw £5.50 £4.50	Dec 14 Tony Bennett £10 £7.50 £5	Dec 22 Lena Martell £5 £4 £3 £2
1985 Jan 19 Hits of the 60s £5 £4 £3	PRESTEL Visa & Access Bookings Welcome	1985 Feb 8 Commodores £5.00 £4.00 £3.00	

BOX OFFICE 031-557 2590
Tickets also available through TDC TA

MUSIC



Diamond Live

The Playhouse was totally unsuited as a venue for the beautiful fusion of jazz and soul that is Sade Adu.

The vast stage engulfed even her seven-piece backing band and left the packed auditorium seated distant.

Sade seems inexorably linked with the image of a steamy nightclub atmosphere: a voice, a presence from across a crowded room. The Playhouse is no such place, and so to appreciate her superbly crafted songs one had to forget the environs and concentrate on that exquisite talent.

Sade's set took the form of an almost faultless live reproduction of her wonderful debut album *Diamond Life*. The lilting percussion intro of *Why Can't We Live Together* set the perfect mood for Sade's appearance on stage, and her easing into the vocal *A Spirited Your Love* is King followed, which featured the first of several fine displays of sax from Stuart Mathewman, Sade's right-hand man.

Her songs may appear similar to each other on vinyl, but live performance allows Sade to make each individual and striking from the anguish of *Frankie's First*

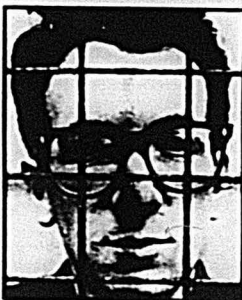
Affair to the perceptive social commentary of *Sally*, with its varied vocal tempo and sleazy saxophone climax. Interspersed with these favourites came some new songs, notably the funky *Spirit*, and the gem of the evening *Is It a Crime?* This song is perhaps Sade's most sensitive to date, and showed a vocal range that many have accused her of not possessing. It created an incredible effect: a single spotlight on stage eclipsed everything but that lone figure, but the voice, the sound, was everywhere. I suspect that it will be a big hit.

Elsewhere in the set, the band performed a couple of competent instrumentals as well as adding some great improvisation to the encore, *Smooth Operator*.

Sade's emergence has been carefully planned (some would say hyped) since her first enigmatic appearances at the beginning of last year. However, she has a fine song-writing ability, one of the best examples of which being *Love Affair With Life*, with its soaring vocal, which she didn't sing live. But if the Playhouse show last week seemed to you as being totally out of proportion, just listen again to the immaculate cool that is *Diamond Life*.

Alastair Dalton

Hit Building



Elvis!

From the moment Elvis stepped on stage, a weedy enigmatic figure with his shiny black specs, the bob didn't stop.

He launched into *The Partee's Club*, and it was a case of no looking back until the last beat of the thirteenth encore faded into the night. He treated us to a preview of his new single, *Hope You're Happy Now*, as well as established many gems like *Oliver's Army* and *Alison*.

Elvis is the kind of artist who loves performing. An indication of

this was the forty-minute encore he played in response to thunderous applause from the audience, beginning with three solo numbers before being joined again by the rest of the band. Everyone knows what a great songwriter he is, but whereas many a good lyricist flounders on stage, Elvis exudes the kind of vibrant energy that makes for a memorable concert and really gives the fans value for money. From the rabble-rousing *pump it up* to the gentle anti-war sentiments in *Shipbuilding* (which he dedicated to Saturday's CND demonstrators at Barrow), the performance never flagged.

The Pogues had kicked off the evening with their potent blend of foot-tappin' ear poppin' folk rock that gets you right in the beer gut. Shane McGowan & Co were in fine voice and as raucous and compelling as ever, a dour-looking female on bass did nothing for their general appeal, but even the unenthusiastic fre present ("Where is everyone?") had to concede a passing interest when the tin-whistle player banged his skull off a beer tray in time to the final instrumental. Watch out for their new single — *Boys from the Country Hell*. Yippeeayee!

You can catch Elvis Costello, solo, at the Playhouse on November 10th, with T. Bone Burnett.

Suzanne Doran

The Fall: This Charming Myth

The Fall's now long and atrophied roots stretch back over eight years to the blighted backside of England that is Salford.

This World, the world that Mark E. Smith has doggedly documented is populated today by people just as one-dimensional as Lowry's Marston. Men, cats and dogs. In Smith's voice, it is hopelessly acerbic, its not surprising an accompaniment in this seemingly useless ritual of bobbing, bobbing and bobbing is enough to resign the most sanguine of sports and he's not that.

His monologues have become more obscure than the days of *Bingo*, *Walters*, *Breakout* and *Control*. *Drivers*. The new material can be taken at a number of levels, to say the least.

The audience is a strange mixture of the curious and the converted, its head bobbing at the front and illuminating the proceedings with their wit and wisdom are a part of the act. You can just see the inveterate boozers huddled nearby, into their twenties — typical inhabitants of Smithland.

The appearance of *The Fall* is greeted enthusiastically to say the least. Mark E. Smith's personality cult is obvious. As he stumbles onstage, you can hear people whispering, "Well, here's the great Mark E. the man himself, and its far from all that." The

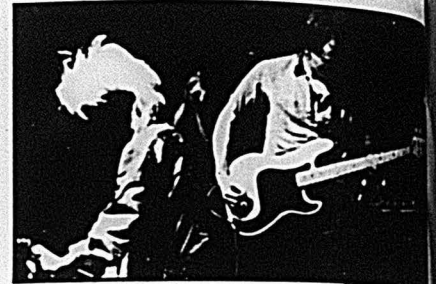


Photo: Hugh Goss

The twin drums pump *The Fall* into action. Their jerky beat is as insistent as ever with *Craig Steven's* Tesco guitar sound well to the fore. *Mrs Brix Smith* has now been given full membership of *The Fall*, I'm not impressed by the mark she's made. She certainly imbalances the stage, drawing attention away from her drab comrades. Anyhow, she's having problems with her guitar tonight which leads her to stomp offstage, telling us not to use Marshall Amplifiers as they "suck".

Of course the man himself is as phlegmatic as ever, taking it all in his stride as he launches into yet another diatribe of mocking vitriol. It's good to see he's given up his more exaggerated prole togs, going for the more appropriate pastel trouser wine bar look as opposed to the lurid polyester shirts with their

phantom, batwing collar wanders around stage, acknowledging the presence of the audience. His "singing" makes no effort whatsoever, this is what you expect from him, but it would be nice to hear words occasionally.

As the set plunges towards the end, without climax, we get the latest poppy Fall with *CREEP* and *Brother*, which features harmony (heaven forbid) from revitalised Brix Smith. We get two encores, *New Fests* *Kicker*, *Conspiracy* and something of a rant, a late song with a discernible violence on the football. The formalities over, they stand. As throughout the evening, he offers no word of communion to the audience.

Roy Whit

Spear of Destiny

Kirk Brandon

Photo: John Lindsay



Spear of Destiny = fascism, I hear you say. This myth, if not destroyed, was questioned at the Caley Palais on the 22nd October.

Brandon and his Brownshirts, as some call them, played a great set devoid of political overtones, unless you count the fact that Kirk has blonde hair and blue eyes and sometimes mentions nihilism in his lyrics.

Earlier in the evening, *The Lost Loved Ones* were enthusiastic, and had one good song, but made the mistake of playing it for an hour. The group looked even more lost and unloved.

Spear of Destiny, as always, received a quite different reaction from the devoted audience. Kirk Brandon once declared on *The Tube*, "I'm not gay and I'm not a Nazi". I tend to believe him. There were no swastikas, NF badges or political statements at the concert, only some quite military dancing to be seen on stage. Much of *Spear of Destiny's* current reputation comes from the NME's dislike of the band, going as far back as the days when they were *Theatre of Hate*.

Take the lyrics of *Grapes of Wrath*: "His vines of rage are the Grapes that become the Seeds of his wrath."

Kirk sounds like an angry man, but when he delivers these lines with an impish grin, as he did at the Caley, I cannot believe he means them. Kirk Brandon is enough of a gimmick in himself to captivate the audience, without resorting to the fascist images which many attribute to him. If you imagine Joe Cocker on fast forward you will be coming close to how Kirk acts on stage. The audience loved him, and so got three encores out of the band — *The Wheel*, *Do You Believe in the West World?* and *Young Men*.

It sounds very much as if Kirk Brandon is *Spear of Destiny*, but it must be said that praise is equally deserved in the group. Micky Donnelly on saxophone, Stan Stammers on bass and Dolphin Taylor on drums gelled to give a solid and powerful sound. Okay, so it could be described as wonderfully Wagnerian, and uses some controversial images, but Kirk Brandon does not have it in him to flirt with fascism. (a much overused word). He is more like a little boy playing at Action Man.

Lesley Stephen

Buddy Rich

Buddy Rich is the greatest drummer in the world.

We know this because Rich has told us so countless in countless interviews. So tour isn't much about him, about Mr Rich and the things he can do with his hands and a set of drums.

Due to the complexity of horn-charts, most of the was unrecognisable. I managed to pick out *Al's Love for Sale*, a medley from *Side Story* and *One O'Clock Jump*, four out of 14 isn't bad. But whether or not the music insensitive and unrecognisable remained exciting. Rich did everything in, and he counted fast. Solos at that speed fast interesting. And most surprising, Mr Rich's own solo, which five minutes, was not in the boring, it was witty. It made it that Mr Rich's ego is only what it ought to be.

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Back on the Kane Gang

Sally Greig

Kane Gang Competition

First two correct entries: Two tickets and one 12" single each.
Runners-up: Two tickets

1. All readers of *Student* are eligible, except members of *Student* editorial staff.
2. The decision of the Music Editor will be final.
3. Entries must be in writing, marked *Kane Gang Competition*, and in the *Student* offices by 5 pm, Monday 5th November. Winners' names will be published in next week's *Student*.

The Front • Preview •

Keith Cameron



Enid Preview



Roderick Manson

MUSIC LATEST!

• **Club Latino**

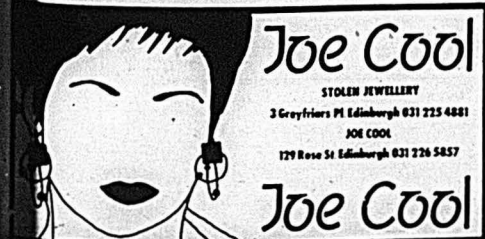
Jane Wheelhouse

• La Sorbonne Latest

Suzanne Doran

And...

If you would like to write a review of any jazz/classical/folk/rock concert, come to the *Student* editorial meeting at 1 Buccleuch Place (basement) on Fridays at 1 pm, and see the Music Editor, *Alastair Dalton*. Comprehensive coverage for the week is arranged at that time, so it is often difficult to publish other, unsolicited reviews.

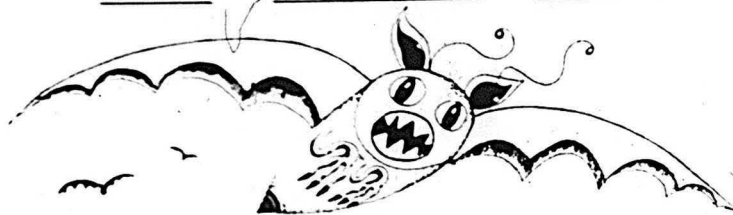


**LA
SORBONNE**
69 COWGATE
EDINBURGH

**LIVE
MUSIC
NIGHTLY**

MUSIC

The Guana Batz



Here, deep within the equatorial jungle of Moray House, we are patiently waiting for an appearance by those rarest of nocturnal beasts: The Guana Batz.

These strange and wonderful creatures occasionally gather after dark to indulge in feasts of crude yet intoxicating music, although no-one has yet discerned why this odd ritual actually takes place. Is it a mating ritual? A warning to others? A territorial... But, shhh!! I think one's approaching!

Yes, at last! Tonight we are in luck. Four indistinct shapes appear and as the lights come up, we get

our first real glimpse of The Guana Batz. They are mean and muscly. One is so short, he is barely visible behind a towering double-bass.

There appears to be a dominant male, who divests himself of his upper garments to reveal strange paintings on his body. He grabs the microphone and initiates the proceedings. Primal screams pierce the Jungle Rumble and AWAY WE GO!

History lesson. Many, many years ago, a new breed of Cat sprang into existence. They were cool and sharp, for their day, and they entertained the masses with a zestful music called Rockabilly. With time, these Cats became old,

fat and tame, as they languished, dreaming of times gone by.

Rockabilly became moribund though it never quite died. Underground, mutations occurred. Cats became Batz, with a bit of lizard thrown in for good measure. Now, nourished by the blood of the old, these crazed, excrescent creatures roam the wild, wreaking nocturnal havoc wherever they go.

They are afflicted by a strange condition: Rockabilly Psychosis. This renders them unable to stop injecting vitality and power into the old practise of Rockabilly. They are primitive, but exciting; abrasive, but exhilarating. Observe them in their natural habitat: live and wild.

David Attenborough

Like all the best blues musicians, Memphis Slim came on late.

Not because he was drunk, but because his plane was behind schedule. So for the first forty-five minutes we listened to Dave Newton instead, a young pianist fresh from a residency at Platform One in the Caledonian Hotel unlike most supports he was actually worth listening to. He will, as they say, go far.

At eleven o'clock the man himself came on waving a whisky (He said it was apple juice). It was fairly obvious that he'd grown a little since his nickname. He used only a drummer (George Coilyer) for backing, but the sound wasn't in the least thin, the voice and the piano-playing were so fat that there probably wouldn't have been room for anything else anyway. His mastery of the whole performance was complete, and he was confident enough of the whole idiom to play around with it and throw in scraps of banter, scraps of French and German, the occasional insult to the audience and an extended criticism of trains. His women, he said, were always leaving on them.

Memphis Slim

Because of the absolute adherence to the blues scale only the most vital and idiosyncratic performers can get away with more than a few numbers without being boring, the blues roots bores out. Memphis Slim was never boring, the whole performance was a joy. As he said

himself, we were lucky that evening, because he had the blues. And as he said in one of his songs (mostly self-penned) the blues isn't something you learn in school; it's something you're born with. Memphis Slim was definitely a blue baby

Tim Niel



Beethoven:

at the
Usher Hall.



• Missa Solemnis •

The joy of a choral mass depends on the role of the chorus, thank goodness, not the recitatives of soloists.

Handel was content to sideline choirs for long stretches at a time, but not Beethoven. The *Missa Solemnis*, performed at the Usher Hall last Friday night, kept the soloists on a tight rein and allowed the chorus suitable leeway to explore, under the skilful direction of Neeme Jarvi, the intricacies of a counterpoint-laden piece.

The rank-and-file was on its feet for just about all the time, indeed. It was performed beautifully, especially during the *Sanctus*, when one Hosanna after another rolled off the stage with alternating power and calm. The soloists led them along with quiet compas-

sion, but (knowing their place) never took command with anything other than subdued motions, often in the form of fugal quartets rather than individual expressions.

Jarvi seemed to enjoy greatly the tempestuous parts of the *Gloria*. There he was, half the time throwing thunderbolts and, so it appeared to me, alternating this with deep digging motions, as if he was bringing the music up from sunbaked earth by means of an artesian well. When he gathered himself for other, quieter, parts, he drew out with a certainly deadly seriousness more sombre sentiments. Then at the martial conclusion of the *Angus Dei*, resonant with the sound of drums and trumpets, he infused it with a briskness that showed he had moods to match the composer's.

Fred Price

S.E.M.C.

Last Thursday at St. Cecilia's Hall the Scottish Early Music Consort played a well-structured selection of music from the lifetime of Mary Queen of Scots.

It comprised music from infancy, through her years in France, to her reign in Scotland, exile and execution. The progression was more historical than musical, but the contrasts between the sophisticated French styles and the more earthy Scottish works, laced with the occasional English interjection, was illustrated with consummate skill. Amongst a thoroughly professional ensemble of the highest calibre, a special mention has to be made of soprano Lorna Anderson, whose performance was a revelation.

Both the vocal and instrumental music of the period was well-represented, even if the lyrical subject-matter, predominantly concerned with her pre-occupation with religion and love, did make me wonder if somethings every really change. The detailed programme, too, merits a mention and the whole performance was such as to deserve a far higher turnout, particularly of students, then it actually got.

Rod Manson

Flesh For Hoochie

Colourful and brash, Flesh For Lulu stormed the Hoochie late on Sunday night with their untidy mixture of Punk/Metal/thrash.

A depraved Gothic four-piece band, who much to the relief of one's ears play considerably better than they look.

That wouldn't actually have been difficult. Enter perverse vocalist Nick Martin, a slight smarmy figure, slicked orange hair, smothered by layers of garish make-up, all abetting to promote that sickly nauseating feeling in the stomach. Enter Rocco, ex-Wasted Youth, immediately suffering from a string of electric shocks apparently attracted from his microphone by his overdeveloped proboscis.

Appearances apart, Nick Martin, with his evocative stage presence and sneering lyrics, was always well in command. Rocco's low string guitar effectively backed him up creating a more sensitive, sweeping sound than the crude bludgeoning so apparent in comparative groups.



Aggression and vitality were the keys to their performance as they rammed each number down the throats of the overly responsive audience. If criticism had to be laid, the set could have been helped by a little variety. A sigh of relief was perceptible when a slightly slower, quieter song was played, the vital breathing space was seized, and all were ready for the inevitable return of the avalanche of sound.

If not quite possessing the raw power of The Gun Club, they achieving the glam of Hanoi Rocks, this pallid foursome did make up a devastating force that provided a stimulating night's entertainment.

Hugh Goss

Playing At Home

HOME FRONT NIGHT: CALEY

The first band of the evening was Crazy Maybe, who possessed amongst their ranks ex-Exploited guitarist Big John. The monolithic Marshall amplifiers behind the band were more reminiscent of a heavy metal gig, but their first number *Practical Dreamers* set the tone for the rest of the evening of uptempo dance music. However as their set progressed the songs became very repetitive and the only things that distinguished their performance were the hysterical guitar posturings of Big John, and the fact that nobody danced.

Matters changed on the dance floor with the arrival of the Finl Tribe, but they maintained the lack of rhythmical diversity that plagued the whole evening. Short hair and ties abounded as the two vocalists blared into their microphones making the lyrics

indecipherable. But who listens words these days?

The last time I saw 22 Bands was at the Meadows Festival in May, where their brand of raw music failed to inspire the drenched crowds on the grass. However the Home Front audience voted with their feet. In area in front of the stage was with moving bodies. The drumming was particularly good, although as far as stage presence went the stripy bongos stole the show! In keeping with the trend the keyboards were to be left with the guitar relegated to a minor role. Once again, though, the songs all sounded very similar. Admittedly nobody bothered about this at the Caley on Friday but the band will have to introduce some variation if they're to get sights on wider horizons.

Andrew Sall

Jump For Joy

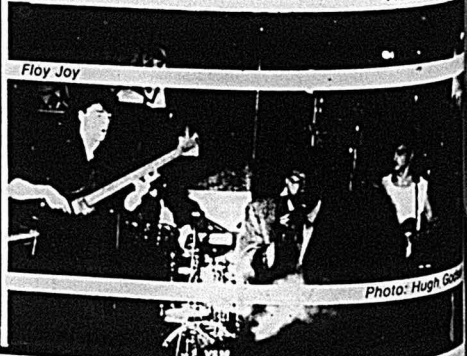
With the club's own disco music barely smothered, Floy Joy's well-travelled vocalist Carol Thompson introduced the Hoochie punters to a much-anticipated Edinburgh premiere from this Sheffield Band.

This well-supported gig was launched with the title track from the group's debut LP, *Into The Hot* which was delivered with the powerful backing and com-

plementary vocals which were delightfully constant throughout the 50 minute set.

A hybrid of hard funk, jazz and Floy Joy's music meant pulsating eardrums, and grating bodies of lead guitar, well-mastered by one half of the Ward Brothers in the band, came via trumpet and bass in *Stand Up For Your Rights* and *Just A Little Time* respectively. An encore was demanded and *The Hot* was played for a much-appreciated second time, along with *Until You Come Back To Me*. A plaintive song which is the band's latest single.

Fiona Ferguson



Floy Joy

Photo: Hugh Goss

Trident-Working for Peace?

Where were you on October 27th?" Naomi Marks was at CND's annual national demonstration, entitled "Working for Peace", in the small shipbuilding town of Barrow-in-Furness, and gives her view of what it achieved.

The drab dock area with its surrounding warehouses, assembly sheds and industrial machinery, was, for one afternoon, taken over by peace campaigners from all over Britain protesting against Trident nuclear submarines on the site where they are soon to be built.

The decision by the national organisers of CND to move this year's demonstration outside London and into what some may term the "battleground" against nuclear weapons, was a brave one but one that had inevitable consequences — the most important of these being the actual number of people who bothered to turn up. The official estimate was 20,000, which for any national demonstration is no bad figure. However, when one considers that last year's demonstration in London brought in 200,000 people (that being a conservative police estimate) it was a large disappointment for those of us who expected a similar number.



Much blame can be placed on those living in London and the Home Counties who, used to having national demos in the South, were reluctant to venture

North. Coaches from Scotland, the North of England and the Midlands were much in evidence, but unfortunately the same was not true of the complacent South. To be fair, however, publicity for this year's event was not as extensive as it has been in previous years (remember the "Where will you be on October 22nd?" stickers everywhere you went last year in Edinburgh? — where were they this year?).

Despite the lack of numbers, however, the afternoon went off successfully (apart from an expected appearance by Elvis Costello to finish off the rally having to be abandoned due to him not having arrived — more apathy from London?). Events started with a four-minute "die-in" followed by singing as demonstrators linked hands to form a continuous circle around the Trident dock and then a four-minute silence remembering those who have suffered or are suffering as a result of the nuclear arms race. Whilst this kind of symbolism at CND demonstrations usually gets a bad press no one can doubt its effectiveness in producing group solidarity and making people aware of a potentially disastrous situation.

Speeches at the rally were, as usual, well prepared, well read and well received. All centred on the Trident programme, from its horrendous cost (£11 billion) and its unjustifiable position in any credible defence system, to its links with the illegal trade in

Namibian uranium and the connection between nuclear bombs and nuclear energy. The highlight of the rally was the presentation of an initial cheque for £5,000 (more is to be raised) to trade unionists at Vickers to help finance a research team investigating arms conversion and production alternatives for those working in the shipyards in Barrow itself.

Now that the demonstration has been and gone it can be asked, "What good will it have done?" After all, last year the national demonstration was against Cruise missiles and, as we all know, Cruise have now arrived and been installed in Greenham. Probably, this time next year, unless actions are stepped up and moves taken, work on Trident in Barrow will have started. It is up to everybody now who believes that this programme should be halted to make their voices heard. After all, 63% of the British populace are against the Trident programme and it is about time that the present government realised that this weapons system is neither needed



Barrow-in-Furness: Skyline at night



The infamous mushroom cloud

nor wanted. To quote Field Marshal Lord Carver:

"It would be suicidal for us to threaten to use Trident against Russia. So what the bloody hell is it for? It's a waste of money."

£11 billion is an impossible sum of money to imagine. Try instead to think what can be achieved in the areas of health, housing and education with £30,000 per day for the next thousand years. Maybe then the scale of the Trident programme can be envisaged. The demonstration in Barrow was only one of many events and one method by which CND hopes to persuade the government against going ahead not only with Trident

but with any nuclear defence programme. Anybody wishing to get involved at the university level will be welcome at EUCND meetings on Tuesday nights at 7 pm in the Chaplaincy Centre.

Naomi Marks



Long Live the Image

Coming from Glasgow I guess I had to do it some time, I had to sit down and write my Play for Today. It's all about my rough, tough upbringing in the grimy city and about all the terrible things that happen there. In writing it I tackle all of the current thorny issues: religious bigotry, unemployment, alcoholism, wife-battering, violence in the schools, heroin addiction, gangs, housing schemes, and so on, all of which have been as familiar to me as the clicking of cameras to Prince William. Well almost, what I meant is I mean it on the telly same as the rest of you. But believe you me, I had a tough upbringing; there was no pampered schooling and

progressive education for me. I learned the ways of the world in the best way possible, in the school of Life, the Academy of Hard Knocks, the Institute of Cliches, why I was running with the gangs before I could walk with them. But enough about me, let's consider the play. Realise from the outset that the purpose of this insight into life in the dear green place is to perpetuate the Image that leads to statements like "there are two types of people, human beings and Glaswegians" (Sean Day-Lewis in the *Daily Telegraph* after seeing "A Sense of Freedom", itself a fine contribution to the lore) and the reasons for perpetuating the Image are two in number: first of all we want to deter visitors from making their way to Glasgow, and secondly we have to make the rest of Europe safe for us when we go visiting.

We have to discourage the tourists or Glasgow will end up like Edinburgh, the whole place crawling with Americans and Germans who stand still on the pavements being generally gat and/or heavily laden from May until October each year saying "it's a beautiful place" or "how do I get to the Harvey Runstable Memorial Hall?" where the Blackout Theatre Company are performing Plays in Total Darkness, an experiment in avant-garde drama. The lucky ones never make it there, the unlucky ones never make it back, condemned to an eternity of a pitch-black scout hall. All this Glasgow can do without, it has enough problems as it is without foreigners rotting away in corners all over the city. So please don't be taken in by all this fine Victorian architecture, Burrell, Miles Better,

Bill Forsyth, street buzz, hype, please take in the Image and act accordingly. Secondly, as I said, we have to think of our own safety, for we are few in number compared to the heavily tattooed hordes from down south who flock to Mediterranean resorts each year to drink lots of wine and sing lots of anthems from Phoenix about how great it is to be from Soul London, or Norf London, or wherever they happens to be from. Anyway, thanks to the unlovely television image of Glasgow, if you end up trapped in the corner of some bar in resortville being



spoken to by an ignorant, gung-ho, patriotic English slob with a Union Jack tattooed inside his lower lip and a loud voice coming from slightly further back but having no connection whatsoever with anything that you could put the name "brain" to, then all you have to do is lean over and whisper softly to him, "I'm from Glasgow, myself", then inspect your fingernails, smile a razor smile, and show him the scar that you got when you fell off a swing at the age of four, "I got this the day before I came out here," you tell him, "a spot of aggro on the way to Woolworth's. Couple of ma pals got killed, but that's the way it goes,

eh?" No matter that you are in fact the most harmless person in town, your unwelcome partner in conversation at this point realises that he has come face to face with the spirit of TV Glasgow made flesh and he reacts accordingly. Sometimes they just get up and drift away but other times they go through a pretence of noticing a long-lost friend or suddenly feeling very tired. Either way they will stop talking to you, which could be the best thing to happen all holiday.

That is why it is necessary that the Image be maintained, and my play is designed to maintain it. First of all let's give it a title, call it "Nervous Breakdown in a High Rise Block", no point in subtlety is there? And then we're going to

builder which while not strictly realistic at least accounts for her prominent biceps and rather machismo attitude to life (gang fights, tearing telephone directories in half, etc.). These are the main so-called characters, but there are also bit parts for shoeless, shiny red apple-stealing, crafty street urchins the like of which have not been seen since Oliver Twist. All the characters but one (let it be Chuck) are over fond of the bottle and are wont to spend the early hours of the Sabbath rolling along the ubiquitous Sauchiehall Street mumbling to themselves, "Oh, woe is me, I'm just a drunken old Glaswegian stereotype destined to live out his lot in a series of second-rate kitchen-sink dramas. Is this what I get for paying my Equity dues?" and so on. "Oh mister script-writer, give me some symbolism!" And symbolism he gets as ex-alcoholic Chuck, realising the mess he has made of his own life, attempts to prevent young Ronnie going the same way. Matt's rotting liver stands by for comparison with tragic hero Ronnie's. "Throw that bottle away Ronnie," says Chuck. "No," argues Matt, "just enjoy yourself", and he plunges head first into a barrel of cheap British sherry. What will Ronnie do? Well, the usual things happen (pub scenes, police brutality, dying relatives, pregnant sisters) and one way or another Ronnie sees the light, but too late for he is already trapped by his environment. In the final scene in a graveyard in the rain where Chuck and Matt are being buried in stereo, Ronnie turns around and surveys the town behind him, "Jesus," he mutters with feeling, "I never stood a chance," and out of the corner of his eye he sees a new playwright boarding a train for London: someone at least is breaking out.

John Hodge

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FEATURES

CHINA BY
BIKE

Having completed the first cycling trip by Westerners of its kind across 2,000 miles of China, Tibet and Mongolia, we arrived home after eight weeks — slightly saddle-sore, admittedly

The whole idea was made possible with the aid of the Winston Churchill Memorial Trust, and Saracen, a British bike firm gave us the machines to do the job. At the beginning of July we landed in Peking, armed only with our tourist visas, an introduction letter written in Mandarin, and a phrase book.

Using our bikes and river boats, we travelled through three distinct regions. We crossed the Great Wall into Inner Mongolia and followed the romanticised Trans Siberian Express, we then spent two weeks in the valleys of Tibet, having first negotiated landslides that block the routes for months, crossed mountain passes never traversed by bicycle before, and swollen glacier-rivers on wire rope pulleys.

Everywhere we were given tremendous hospitality. Once the mountain villagers had overcome the shock of seeing two Westerners, we were taken into their homes and shared their food and life with them.

Back on the agricultural plains of the south, in the Changsha



Buddha's watching;
Buddha's walling.

region we were filmed by the provincial television station, and occupied half the airtime of the evening news. From then on, we were recognised everywhere we travelled — when we stopped crowds of Chinese would gather round anxious to meet us and inspect the bicycles.

The bicycles and our introduction letter gave us the initial communication opening we needed, after that our phrase book, photographs of Scotland and penny whistles established understanding with the Chinese we met.

We believe the success of our trip in that the authorities allowed us to go on unhindered was a test for opening up China to more independent travellers from the West. We also used a mode of transport that is the most popular in China, giving us a common link with the people and they welcomed us with open arms.

Tania Adams

Clanjamfrie:
poetry for sale

Last week, Duncan Maclean and Giles Sutherland published No. 2 of their highly-acclaimed poetry broadsheet, 'Clanjamfrie'. Student hangs it up and takes a look.

Let me suggest a small experiment. Take one book of poetry, sit down in a public place, and with a suitably sombre expression and furrowed brow, study the open book.

One may optionally employ a quizzical frown and nod occasionally as if deep in thought. Wait for a friend to arrive, then observe his/her response. Does he/she

a) not bat an eyelid or
b) recoil in incredulous horror as if having just been informed of your latest attack of genital lice?
The latter is, I think, more likely.

For whatever reason, poetry is seen, at worst, as the sentimental gushings of faint-hearted jessies who have a morbid fascination with

cute animals, flowers etc. or, at best, as a kind of code through which poets communicate with each other, but which is of little interest to anyone else. Is it possible to sell poetry to a wide readership as — stop me if I'm becoming ridiculous — something absorbing, alive and with popular appeal?

Duncan Maclean and Giles Sutherland, students at Edinburgh and Aberdeen University respectively, have tried to do this, and have had a fair degree of success, with their poetry

where's the
humour
in a
tumor

by Wylan Curnow

broadsheet, Clanjamfrie, the second edition of which has just been published. 'Clanjamfrie' means "a mob, rabble, the riff raff of a community", and whatever this says about the personal habits of its contributors, the material in the



Graphic by Alasdair Gray

first issue displayed the wide variety of styles implied in the title, comprising striking graphics, poetry and prose, in both English and Scots. Terms of circulation at least, this was a success, selling, according to the Editors, "better than even we had expected."

The material in the second edition (here comes the hard sell) is at least as good, ranging from the sense of loss and cold despair of 'Cot Death' and 'Elegiac for Fiona Jane Glass' to the hope of 'On the Far Side'.

Well known writers such as Alasdair Gray and Ian Crichton Smith are also represented.

Clanjamfrie, like a Butlin's holiday camp, has something for everyone, and for only 75p, that can't be bad.

KM

On the Far Side
(in memoriam, I.M.D.)

On the far side of fear
still beeches careen
the blind breeze.

On the far side of grief
potatoes are pulled from the earth
which is glistening on them.

The far side of love is where
tenderness spreads like a stain
drying, not dry.

On the far side of pain
a born child streams between flut
trembling to stillness.

On the far side of despair
stones are lungs
at the brink of a cry.

Angus (ale)

OPINION

Homosexual—or gay?

It is likely that most students at Edinburgh University are aware of the problem of homosexuality. The subject is dealt with in the EUSA handbook; articles have appeared in 'Student' and 'Midweek'. This has prompted John Murray Macleod to give us his own personal view on the issue. The editors would like to point out that the views in the Opinion column are not necessarily their own.

The first common misconception that I must demolish concerns the incidence of homosexuality. In the two gay articles in the EUSA handbook it was claimed that "at least" one person in ten was a homosexual. This figure is absurd. No studies in Britain have ever shown that more than one man in 25 or one woman in 40 is likely to have a predominantly homosexual orientation. Let us get the scale of our problem into perspective.

The second misconception is one of terminology. It is not strictly accurate to use the terms "homosexual" and "gay" interchangeably. I would prefer to employ "homosexual" as a medical term — to describe someone who is mainly sexually attracted towards his own sex — and the word "gay" to describe an attitude of mind.

This attitude of mind holds that homosexuality is natural and even desirable, that it is positively criminal to attempt to change one's sexual orientation, and that all homosexuals should unite together in the "gay brotherhood" — leading lives of incredible promiscuity, spurning all permanent or romantic attachments, and working to overthrow what our own gay group has called "the heterosexism of the society in which we live". It is this philosophy — not homosexuals — which is the target of my attack.

There is, sadly, little doubt that in general homosexuals are less capable of forming lasting and meaningful relationships with others. Homosexual "marriages" are in reality extremely rare — and those that exist do not have much of a life expectancy. Research suggests that women seem to be better at forming stable alliances

than men.

The gay world is wracked with loneliness. Many are trapped in what might be called the "gay ghetto" — people who have come out and at once lost all their links with their former family and friends. Their social life is restricted to gay clubs, bars and bathrooms; well-meaning advisers direct them to doctors, lawyers and other professionals with a "positive" view towards homosexuality. Lost and vulnerable, they are exploited sexually and politically. Their lives consist of one-night stands, visits to VD clinics, and gay-lib demos. Many turn to drink — or suicide. Then

"The gay world also represents a serious threat to personal and public health."

There are those who lead a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence — outwardly straight, family types, in reality practising homosexuals. They are despised by their gay cohorts and misunderstood by the rest of the world. If anything their position is even worse. And in a world where young bodies are at a premium the old are ruthlessly cast aside. Who wants a "tired, old fairy"?

The gay world also represents a serious threat to personal and public health. In any society, the homosexual community is recognised as the main "pool" of that society's sexually transmitted disease. Gays run greatly increased risks of catching all of them — gay men are five times as likely to catch syphilis as their heterosexual counterparts for example. There are a variety of diseases of the gastrointestinal tract frequently transmitted between gay men — hepatitis,

amebiasis, shigellosis, even typhoid fever. These can be transmitted non-sexually — making these diseases a matter of public concern. (How many gays might be employed in catering, for instance?) And, of course, AIDS, the new killer. Gay men and women run considerable risks to their lives. And enormous amounts of public money are spent every year on treating these illnesses.

So what is the solution? What alternative to the gay way of life can we offer to homosexuals in our society?

As I see it, changes are needed at many levels. We must abolish our archaic and immoral laws concerning homosexuality — which are not only unjust and absurd, but unenforceable. A new law should lower the age of homosexual consent for men to 18, and the same age of consent should be created for lesbians, not hitherto recognised by law. Harsher laws should be introduced to protect the young.

In the universities we could encourage open debate on the issues involved. Recognising that, for many, sexual orientation is not established until the mid-twenties, we must offer every opportunity for individuals to form normal healthy sex drives. Should we therefore permit gay pressure groups unrestricted access to vulnerable adolescents — in any event operating in the face of the law of the land? Would it not be better only to permit access to gay counselling and society through our welfare facilities?

Our aim then must be to offer every opportunity for our young people to grow up as normal, heterosexual human beings, but in the event of failure, to encourage maximum homosexual mortality.

Even the finest and truest homosexual alliance could not equal the best marriage — but people have right to form such a relationship free from oppression by church and state. Law reform would take the wind from the sails of the gay movement and hopefully bring it and its squalid works to a halt. That would be good, but better still it would release thousands of unhappy and confused individuals to find their own answers, and ultimately their own happiness.

Many will at last find refuge with a soulmate and, in losing themselves, will, paradoxically, find themselves. For those of us incapable of heterosexual response, and who do not find love reciprocated, there is always celibacy.

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SPORT

Hunter and Co. on the prowl!

Edinburgh University 18
Alloa 10

Having read a certain section in the match programme — namely "The Hunt" — I can extend a warm welcome to Alloa Rugby Club — and then, having experienced the gradual freezing of my pen, fingers and all other delicate extremities, I began to fear the afternoon could be one of misrepresentation.

But it was not to be. In an exclusive pre-match interview, EU's Harry Ritchie uttered the words of warning, "Grr, Grr, Grr" which roughly translated meant "It's going to be a hard game". And it certainly was.

Apart from competitive attack and counter-attack in the first five minutes, bawdy good humour involved hooker Ritchie and Alloa prop Bolton exchanging muttered pleasantries — greetings which were to be exchanged again in the second half when Bolton insisted on enacting that quaint rugby collar, in this case that of EU's Douglas and shaking it roughly. In traditional University style Douglas replied with "Let go you bastard".

No doubt Alloa's antics were borne out of frustration. Edinburgh's superior forward play led to superior possession and consequently a 6-0 advantage by the 15th minute, due to two penalty goals by Richard Hunter.

For Alloa the story of the first half was one of wasted chances, including a penalty miss by stand-off Robertson, and misguided tactics which included testing out full-back Burns with lofted balls even though he coped easily throughout.

Edinburgh, on the other hand, capitalised on their chances, with centre Williamson, picking up a loose bouncing ball and passing to No. 11 Wallace who touched down. Williamson seemed to have succeeded on at least twice but referee Muir appreciated the



David Yarrow

centre's basketball skills. Hunter successfully converted, stretching EU's lead to 12-0.

There could however be no grumble when four minutes from the interval Edinburgh scored again, and Hunter (man of action) made another successful conversion, therefore ending the first half 18-0 up.

The second half saw an out and out attacking start from EU, full-back Burns making several excursions deep into the Alloa half. But these tactics let Alloa back into the match, Burns' counterpart Russell slicing

through Edinburgh's defence to score in the corner, having already gone close minutes earlier.

A reliance on controlled passing instead of hopeful punts was to pay off for Alloa later in the half with Barrett, their captain, evading three tackles and diving for the line, which with a successful conversion by Robertson pulled the score back to 18-10.

With no further scoring in the last five minutes Edinburgh can look back well pleased with a performance that still leaves them top of Division Four.

Kenneth Addy

A Day Out By The Sea

GOLF

It is a fact that the Skiing and Rugby Clubs' pride themselves on the friendly and social nature of their gatherings. The Golf Society, so I am told, are proud that this year they have a larger membership than for some time. The annual general meeting was attended by a mere handful of enthusiastic players, despite all the hard work put in by the ruling elite in organising such an exciting occasion. Apart from the misunderstanding as to where the society was to congregate after the meeting, everything went smoothly and fellow "golfers" socialised in a very convivial atmosphere with team members. (But where did the team go?)

The society was fortunate to have fine weather for its first visit to Gullane's courses. The team

members were most considerate not to burden the new recruits by joining and humiliating them on the course, rather allowing them to work out the intricacies of Gullane's plans for themselves. What is more, after the last stragglers had hacked their way onto the 19th hole, team members were conspicuous in the way they offered an abundance of consolatory advice. Such interest in their fortunes was received with admiration by the new members and reflected the degree of "team spirit" within the society. Rumour has it that even a golf society disco is in the pipeline. Skiing and Rugby Clubs take note; a new spirit now prevails within the Golf Society. Unfortunately none of the mortal players know where.

Butch

WOMENS HOCKEY

Monaghan wins the day

From the start of the game, the Glasgow side were under pressure, but held out well, and 15 short corners later there was still no score. With half-time approaching, Glasgow had not penetrated the Edinburgh defence line; Edinburgh, however, had still not managed to score!

It was well into the second half (and after several more short corners) that the atmosphere turned from one of confidence to one of mild panic on the part of Edinburgh. The moment came from a short corner (another one?) as our eldest (and most experienced?) player Lilian

Monaghan drove the ball in the direction of the goal. It was cleared to the edge of the circle by the keeper, and deflected by Lilian to the top, where captain Jenny Russell had the easy job of cracking the ball into the net, to score her first goal in over two years of playing for the University. (Why wasn't she chucked ages ago?) Lilian scored a good goal shortly after, and Edinburgh had to settle for a 2-0 win. Not only did Lilian set up the first goal and score the second, she also won the sweepie! Let's hope that Tranmere Rovers score quicker on Friday than we did.

JR

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- (4) Please mark envelope 'Spot The Ball'.
- (5) The winner of the two tickets for Scotland v. Spain at Hampden on 14th November will be announced in STUDENT on Thursday, 8th November.

Ten Goal Thriller

EU AFC 2nd XI 7

Dundee UAFC 2nd XI 3

After last Saturday's defeat by the charismatic Carrick Star, the Varsity second eleven decided to drop all attempts at becoming the smartest team in the league.

A decision was taken by the EU AFC overlords that the seconds should play like a team from the Potterrow, not Saville Row. This change of club policy was immediately reflected in the change of the team strip: gone were those soft, warm, long-sleeved orange shirts, in came the revealing cold blue ones. Even if not warming the players' bodies, this most certainly served to fire their spirit.

The new "Potterrow" master-styled not only have cosmetic implications. A more competitive — some would call it — attitude to the game was induced. Dundee, Wednesday visitors in the Patterson Challenge, were not merely to be beaten — they were to be humiliated. This Potterrow mentality was maintained in the second's locker room where Gadalfu Gaffrey, drinking lucozade and a lifelong member of the Potterrow way of life, exhorted the boys to 'stuff' the opposition.

The University proceeded to inspire positional change in Carrick from right wing to left and out old fashioned

bulldozing centre-forward immediately paid dividends. Put through by an exquisite lob by Greig "Partytime" Dimock, Cravan forced his way through to beat the keeper and then smash the ball high into an unguarded net. Within minutes, a similar situation presented itself and the burly striker helped himself to another. It's performances like this that get players transferred to Italy.

Countless chances were missed: from a string of corners in a particularly sustained period midway through the first half, the University's centre half Henry Winter skied two glorious opportunities when it looked easier to score. Dundee decided to give Edinburgh some finishing lessons: the Tayside club's right back turned inside his own area and lobbed his bemused keeper from ten yards. Edinburgh, however, failed to capitalise on this gift and should have bagged a netful. This brazen wastefulness in front of goal appeared even more costly when Dundee sneaked another comeback after 40 minutes to make the score 3-2.

A rousing half time talk by the Second's skipper reignited the "Potterrow" mood and the 2nd's looked hungry again. Four goals in the second half affirmed the University's superiority; two of these came from acutely angled shots by Kenny Jamieson, who alone managed to sustain the Saville Row image with his gleaming, speckless legs and uncrumpled long back and sides. Grant Cravan notched another as

The editors would like to apologise to those who contributed articles which, due to lack of space, we were unable to print. Please keep the reports coming as those who missed out this week will not do so next week.

Sir
Lester.



Provided, the successful half of last week's twosome landed his 15th win of the season and is now only one short of the all time world record. He should reach this landmark at Redcar today. Valuable Witness can prove a treat in the Marathon Handicap at New Market tomorrow and Son of a Gunner is fancied for Sandown's Holsten Diat Pils Hurdle race on Saturday.

did Paul Regan when he turned in a powerful goalward bound header from one of the University's back four.

Unfortunately the defence, too busy enjoying themselves at corners, failed to come back to cover a breakaway Dundee move which led to their third goal. Ward Brooks, Edinburgh's goalie had a faultless match and was only beaten when left exposed by his defence. Overall, a satisfactory performance for the seconds. Seven goals are enough to silence most criticisms. However, the University will not be truly tested until the visit of Aberdeen next week.

Henry Winter

Reluctant Traveller

(In which the author gives us a rare insight into the hitherto unrecognised shallowness of his soul, and Freud's dream theories are plagiarised in a distastefully cavalier fashion...)

They sat on a bed, the room warped hideously until it was almost mine. They were below me as I leant on the cocktail cabinet but their eyes glared down—I couldn't make out the faces although they were not engulfed in shadow. Their aura was somehow recognisable, so was the wedding photograph which fell to the floor and shattered. So what power is it that were working for? I asked "Power?"

It was as if my question had been "Would you like some salt in your tea?" I struggled frantically for the jargon they had taught me so painstakingly. Sorry... what is out here?

THE SWITCHBOARD BIBLE replied: a voice, mechanically. Serenely, the two men's heads hinged backwards and their faces shimmered into a primitive perspective. I switched the TV off and left the room before any more could be said.

A light of stars led down from the landing, tastefully paneled in Victorian wood. A whitewashed wall was set off nicely by dark paintings and gilded ebony banisters. Closer inspection revealed the paintings to be completely black, depicting nothing.

Several doors, all closed, were now possibilities, all were non-descript except one, which was sunken down two steps. This one!

A splash of salty, cold spray lashed across my face as I stood on the deck of a ship. I wiped the

taste from my lips and peered through my bespattered glasses. Shiver. It occurred to me that my creator had been reading too much Kafka—possibly eating too much cheese, too. There was something of a storm about and the ship lurched crazily beneath me.

What was I looking for? Ah yes, Openly. Or else... a fungus peculiar to central Peru. Should I go back and unplug the TV? A whole ship could easily explode in a high-budget dream such as this. A man approached. Excuse me, sir, I said.

What is it, sonny? This companion replied, irritated. His friend was wearing a tweedy plus-four suit and reminded me of a traffic warden. I spoke first. The three of them obviously had better things to do than talk to me.

"Can you tell me where the docks are?" I asked.

Over to starboard and a little aft. You can't miss them, they're right in unison.

Was I getting somewhere? I tried again. And the fungus?

Don't worry, I had the same trouble myself. It's always hard at first, I said, the first one, rather intimately, I thought.

Now only two of them remained. Were they the 'they' I had met at the beginning? I wondered? It was not entirely lucid, even the whereabouts of the beginning was a little doubtful. They walked up a flight of spiralling, whitewashed stairs, a door slammed behind them and out of the remnants of their conversation.

I felt the boat rock again and a tophorn sounded somewhere. I swallowed a mouthful of regurgitated gastric juice. Shiver.

Now, which was the first door? John Petrie

MATRINGO

£30

Yes, £30 for this week's lucky winner. Come and get your money!



rules

The Matringo number will be selected at random by the editor and a decision will be final.

2 £10 will be awarded to the winning student.

3 The winning student must come to the Student offices before 5 pm on the Friday immediately after publication with a copy of that week's Student and his or her matriculation card.

4 If the winning student fails to collect his prize before the deadline then the £10 will be added to the following week's total.

5 Members of the Student editors staff are not eligible.



I AM BAHAMUS: HOLIDAYMAKER FROM BEYOND THE STARS!

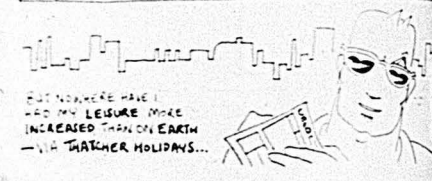
MY FETTERLESS QUEST FOR RELAXATION HAS LED ME TO MANY DESTINATIONS.



I HAVE SIPPED COCKTAILS BENEATH THE MAIN ROAD OF ELYSIA.



I HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED IN THE VIDEOROOM OF THE CLUB 18-3000 SEINFELDER...



BUT NOWHERE HAVE I HAD MY LEISURE MORE INCREASED THAN ON EARTH—VIA THATCHER, HOLIDAYS...

The Back Page is desperate... for two things. Firstly, we need more contributions. John Hodge is retiring for a few weeks... so come on, scribbling. Any ideas are always welcome. Find fame and fortune, we for the Back Page.

THE PRESIDENTS BALL

Teviot Row
9th November 1984
Black Tie Carriages 4am
Tickets from Union Shops

Gary Thompson Jazz Quintet
Hypnotist Friends Again Big Band
Fruits of Passion Earl Okin
Ceilidh Band Del Amitri

