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What's On

NEWS

Union President faces ultimate backlash

O'Neill goes on trial at AGM

A dramatic annual general meeting is in store next Thursday, following the tabling of a motion at last week's Committee of Management meeting demanding the dismissal of Union President Hilary O'Neill.

The motion's backers took advantage of confusion over the precise date of the meeting to present a four-part resolution to the AGM attacking Ms O'Neill on several counts. The proposer, former Teviot Row House and chairperson Euan Hawthorne, and seconded Ade Terris, former Teviot House Secretary, are calling on the AGM to note:

(a) The Union President's failure to carry out her responsibilities (as detailed in the Association Laws, Chapter V, Paragraph 2.4) in that:

(i) She has failed to attend a significant proportion of the meetings of the Union, the Association, and the University which she is serving.

(ii) She failed to properly organise the Presidents' Ball for which she is responsible, and which consequently lost the Association a considerable amount of money.

(iii) She is not available to members during normal office hours in the Association Offices, or in the Union Houses generally.

Finally, the motion requests the AGM "to recall, i.e. dismiss from office, Ms Hilary O'Neill from the office of Union President of Edinburgh University Students' Association, in accordance with, and subject to, her contract of employment".

The bulk of this motion was



Hilary O'Neill: happier days at the hustings.

found unacceptable by the Committee of Management, however, and though it will be presented to the AGM in full, the committee is demanding the deletion of notes (a) and (c) and the final recall resolution itself. After the Association Executive as a whole had rallied to Ms O'Neill's defence these amendments apparently found favour with almost all the committee. Teviot Row House chairman Stuart Callister being the one notable exception.

The one part of the resolution which remains intact, that concerning the Presidents' Ball, apparently did so at the request of Ms O'Neill herself. Indeed it is interesting to note that when faced with the disastrous publicity for the ball, both Ms O'Neill and Honorary Secretary Neil Dalgleish publicly accepted the responsibility at the last General Meeting.

Reacting to the recall motion last Friday, Ms O'Neill told *Student*: "Obviously the ball should have been better organised." But she rejected the other criticism outright. "I am here," she said in response to allegations of an unhealthy low profile, "and I think people have been confused because of the BBC thing." Having inspected her diary she insisted that "when I haven't attended meetings it's been because I've been doing other Association work — some of it national such as the Student Services Working Party".

Obviously disappointed by last week's events, Ms O'Neill concluded that her critics had over-reacted. "They've taken the ultimate step for doing something," she said, "rather than going for censure at Committee of Management level".

Nevertheless, as Ms O'Neill's own comments indicate, the recall motion is merely the latest in a long line of embarrassments she has had to face recently, perhaps the most significant of which remains her work with the BBC. Despite repeated attempts to reassure the student community that these engagements were carried out entirely in her spare time, the stigma of a conflict of interests has continued to surround her, and has almost certainly contributed to this latest stage in her recent fall from grace.

Though few people are as yet predicting success for the recall motion, Ms O'Neill can hardly count on automatic backing from students at large, and if she is to avoid the ultimate penalty next Thursday must expect to have to give a particularly impressive performance.

Iain Cameron

Campaign begins in Old College Quad

Edinburgh protest starts today

Today's rally at the Old College Quad at 1 pm is a chance for students, teachers, and all those opposing Chancellor Nigel Lawson's threat of further cuts in student grants to demonstrate their opposition. An emergency motion deploring these government policies will be proposed at the Annual General Meeting on Thursday, 29th November, at 7.30 pm.

"Everybody here at the University has really got to go to the rally and vote at the AGM," stresses Honorary Secretary Neil Dalgleish. "If all of us don't support this, then we're effectively saying that it's all right for other people not to have a chance to come to university because they can't afford it."

Numerous students have already visited the SA offices and many parents have phoned saying that they simply will not be able to afford university next year. Many view recent government cuts as steps towards education only for those who can pay for it and note

that now the government has actually broken the principle of free education.

"The fight against further student grant cuts is not Labour versus Conservative," Dalgleish continues. "There is widespread support throughout the SRC. We must all fight together."

The Association of University Teachers fully supports the SA and NUS in their struggle, and there are rumours that several University teachers are willing not to give classes so students can attend the rally.

The University also fully supports the rally and students' struggle, which is why the SA decided not to occupy their buildings for two days at the NUS SA.

This widespread support of students, teachers, and higher University officials demonstrates that the threat is more serious than just student grants.

"The SA will almost certainly support any of the NUS campaigns against these proposals," says Dalgleish. "Obviously, we're working toward the same goal and we'll have corresponding activities."

The posters, leaflets and badges throughout the campus evidence student support of SA efforts. Dalgleish also hinted that the SA has a few stunts planned, but declined further comment.

Barbara Trautlein

QMC says 'yes' to NUS

The students of Queen Margaret College last Thursday voted to continue with their membership of the National Union of Students. Five weeks of campaigning and a total expenditure by the Students' Association of £250 resulted in a resounding win for the pro-NUS lobby.

A total of 70% of the students voted, and the votes cast were: 233 to withdraw, 473 to remain affiliated, and 8 spoiled papers — a highly satisfactory turnout compared with that which occurred at Edinburgh last year.

The campaign was run along much the same lines as the campaign held here, with hustings and with outside speakers invited. Both the NUS President, Phil Woolas, and his Scottish NUS counterpart, Alan Smart, made appearances for the 'Yes' campaign, while the 'No' lobby gained support from the Universities of Glasgow, Dundee and Heriot-Watt.

Students' Association President Graham King said that the majority of the Association's Executive was in favour of affiliation. Trying not to gloat, he added: "You can quote me — I'm very well pleased with the result."

Jenny Dunn

NUS sets up women's unit

In response to the increasing demands being made on its Women's Campaign, the National Union of Students is now establishing a special Women's Unit. The Unit's aim will be to serve college-based women's groups, and to research further into the position of women in higher education, training, and the labour market.

The campaign has already become more involved in a wider spectrum of issues than it could cope with unaided — social security, sexual harassment, rape and abortion were all areas of concern which were being taken on by the campaign workers, as well as attempting to establish a national network of student women's groups, and the basic objective of equal education opportunities for female students.

Last session, women accounted for 42% and 36% of the undergraduate, and postgraduate populations respectively. In every faculty area except Arts and Education, there were more male than female students, and at the extreme of engineering and technology courses, women filled only 8% of the places available. Similar figures applied to non-university courses.

However, the Women's Unit will not confine itself to helping only

students. To do this, it considers, would be to ignore the school system which seems to be the root cause of the discrepancies in male/female ratios in various courses. The subjects which girls are encouraged/allowed to study at school, will be one area to receive attention — with the view that if the present situation could be changed, girls' access to practical or scientific courses, TOPS places, jobs and traineeships would subsequently be improved.

Similarly, the position of older women, or women wishing to return to education after having children, will be examined. Lesley Smith, NUS Vice-President (Education), says, "In the 1970s there was some recognition of their needs with the establishment of the Open University and the increase of adult education classes at times convenient for women to attend. But it is precisely these courses that are being cut back, so that women are suffering disproportionately."

It is also hoped that links will be established with women's organisations outside the realm of education, such as trade unions, local authority women's units and community women's groups.

Anne McNaught

Break-ins still on the up



As the number of students reporting break-ins continues to rise, Chief Inspector Thomas Wood of Lothian and Borders Police last week stressed the need for increased vigilance on the part of students in Edinburgh.

There were four times as many housebreakings in Lothian last year as there were in 1982. In just three months since August, there have been 31 cases in Marchmont alone. Although the detection rate of 30% in the Marchmont area compares favourably with the national average of 15%, Chief Inspector Wood believes that the public could do more to protect themselves.

Of particular interest to students living in top flats is the recent spate of 'attic-space' break-ins. In such cases, the burglar climbs in the

little access door at the top of the common stair and smashes through the roof of the top flat. Students should 'check that their attack door is securely bolted,' say the police.

However, a man is to appear in court charged with several attic break-ins and the police hope that this type of burglary is at an end. The more frequent and successful mode of entry is still the front door. The police advise the public to use a mortice lock in conjunction with a Yale-type lock; the latter can be 'sprung with a single kick' they say.

Chief Inspector Wood summed up by saying that 'a police service is only as good as the help and co-operation it gets from the public'.

Iain Ferguson

Health cuts opposed

At a public meeting in the Queen's Hall last week about 200 people turned up to make plans to fight against the closure of two hospitals in Edinburgh.

Lothian Health Board have published a Statement of Intent concerning the Health Service in Lothian Region, in which they recommend the closure of the Bruntsfield and Deaconess Hospitals. The closure of these hospitals is expected to save the Region £1.7 million a year. This money is to be used to open a geriatric unit in the Royal Victoria Hospital and to upgrade two wards for the elderly at the City Hospital.

Edinburgh Health Council, an official body representing public opinion on the Health Service, is opposing the plan. 300 postcards were handed out at the public meeting last week and more will be available at community centres throughout the city. The postcards are addressed to members of Lothian Health Board and the public are urged to send messages opposing the closure of hospitals on the cards. Edinburgh Health Council also plan to lobby the Health Board's Planning and Resources Committee on 20th

December when a decision on the future of the hospitals is expected to be made. The Health Council want Lothian Health Board to keep Bruntsfield and Deaconess Hospitals open as well as opening the new geriatric unit.

Lothian maintain that approaches have been made to the Scottish Home and Health Department for additional funds to enable the hospitals to stay open, but the government's policy is that no additional funds will be made available and that the Board must find the necessary money from within its existing resources.

Edinburgh Health Council maintain that the closure of two hospitals will "lead to a deterioration in the level of quality and care provided by Edinburgh's hospitals" and that "waiting lists will grow longer". The Health Board says that the closures "will not significantly increase waiting time for the services".

A spokesman for Edinburgh Health Council told *Student* that "there is strong feeling within the community that these hospitals should be kept open". The Health Council is preparing a response to the Health Board's Statement of Intent and says that trade unions, district and regional councils and others are also planning to oppose the closures.

Audrey Tinline

Still hope for Leith College

The fate of Leith Nautical College still remains uncertain. In the most recent development, a group of politicians from Lothian Region has urged the government not only to maintain the Edinburgh college, but also to make it the national centre for Scottish nautical education.

A string of confusing decisions began when the former Council for Tertiary Education advised the Scottish Office to transfer the college from central control to Lothian Region. However, there was then a complete review of Scottish nautical education by a joint working party of the Scottish Education Department and the Convention of Scottish Local Authorities.

Leith's fate seemed to be sealed when the report concluded there should be only one major nautical centre, and that Glasgow should

be given preference. But at last month's meeting of COSLA's education committee, Councillor Astrid Huggins sparked off new hope for Leith when he asked that Edinburgh be reconsidered as the new centre.

Councillor Huggins argued there was four times more tonnage on the Forth than the Clyde, and twice as many pilots. There was therefore a strong case that the east coast college be kept open.

Mr Allan Stewart, Scottish Office Minister for Industry and Education, received a delegation headed by Councillor Huggins and including three MPs from the Lothian Region. Mr Stewart said the government was awaiting a new report, but expected a ministerial decision to be taken early next month.

Lorraine Telford

Little hope from Miners debate

Last Monday evening in the plush surroundings of Room 24 ("behind the bar"), Pollock Halls, Labour and Conservative students debated the motion "This House would support the miners' strike".

Chaired by UP Hilary O'Neill, the debate failed to really ignite into the sort of shouting match one might have expected. However, "Room 24" (sounds like "1984" does it not?) was hardly packed but was certainly full enough to provide atmosphere, despite frequent interruptions from the Pollock Bar jukebox and the door slamming itself shut from time to time. Neither of these seemed to affect Hugh Lewis's emotive opening speech which defined the strike as being about jobs and communities, the rights of the trade union movement and the right to work. As for picket-line violence, "the vast majority of violence," said Mr Lewis, "has been provoked by the police".

Opposing the motion, Andrew Ryland rejected the idea of police provocation of violence. Und concentrated on economic issues. The Plan for Coal, said Mr Ryland, had expected a demand for coal some 100 million tons more than there actually is today, so it was therefore no longer relevant.

The second speaker added more colour to the proceedings as Pat McFadden of the Labour Club gave a slightly nervous but committed speech, mainly about more general issues such as women's role in the strike and Tory anti-union policy. Mike Conway on the other hand effectively discredited the Tories with a confused and often confusing speech. Said Mr Conway, with reference to Mr Scargill's personal ambitions, "Scargill wants to go marching into London like Mussolini".

Points from the floor flew thick and fast. Mr Conway was taken aback at the accusation that the government knew a strike would happen if they instituted these policies and had taken precautions in advance, e.g. stockpiling. Ms O'Neill kept her foot firmly down and the final vote simply reflected the ratio of Labour to Tory present. The motion was passed by 40 votes to 30.

Mark Percival

Medics protest over grant



Medical students ready to create mayhem over grants.

Photo by Alistair Dalton

Students in the Medical Faculty, who have long bemoaned the inadequacy of the clinical grant, last Wednesday presented a petition to the Scottish Office. The petition demanded that the weekly rate of their grant be increased.

On Wednesday afternoon a group of about 35 medics donned white coats and made their way through bemused Edinburgh shoppers. Outside the Scottish Office students Robbie Foy and Kate Dawson (ably assisted by two policemen) presented their petition to an SO official.

Medical students do receive an increased grant to cover the extra weeks of study involved in their course, but this 'extra work' allowance is not paid at the same rate as the annual grant.

A basic undergraduate grant includes 30 weeks term time at £48.95 per week, and eight weeks Christmas and Easter vacations at £25.75 per week. The clinical grant is intended to cover all year, in the extra 22 weeks the rate of allowance is only £34.45. This reduction means a difference of just over £5

between the basic and clinical weekly grant.

Last term, to protest about this difference, the MSC organised a letter-writing campaign. One typical reply supporting government policy came from Mr Allan Stewart, the Scottish Office Minister for Education. Mr Stewart said of the extra weeks' allowances: "They do not include a proportionate value for expenditure which is likely to be constant whatever the number of weeks in a year the student must attend the course." This statement, articulate though it may sound, means next to nothing.

The MSC hope that last week's demonstration will draw attention to medical students' plight, as the interest of local MPs would add force to their case. However, 40 students are only a small proportion of the Medical Faculty, and a large turnout on Wednesday afternoon might have had more impact and brought better results.

Lorraine Telford

Problems in backing NUM Congame colleges

NUM

A senior student union official at the London School of Economics has resigned over possible illegal payments to striking miners.

Mr Ed Lucas, the union's general secretary, announced his resignation after being caught between the threats of the FCS and the wrath of his own students.

At the beginning of the dispute, the LSE sabbaticals announced that money from machines in one of the union's clubs would be sent to the miners. However, they later reconsidered this decision when they realised that such a gesture would be illegal. Students later accused Lucas of requesting the money under false pretences.

This is the first incidence of conflict between student unions and the FCS. Allan Smart now claims that this body has lost its campaign against the NUM support through its own ineptitude and is now seeking to disaffiliate people from the NUS.

Student union leaders are fully aware that the NUS does not have the power to become politically involved in the miners' dispute. However, they intend to find other means of organising financial support.

Jacqueline Brown and Belinda Brooke

Fake private colleges, which charge students up to £2,000 for a course leading to a weak or bogus qualification, are to be subjected to the rules of a controlling council in an attempt to eradicate their activities.

However, around 1,000 genuine private colleges, such as those in business and secretarial skills, will be able to apply for recognition and accreditation under a scheme operated by the new British Accreditation Council for Independent, Further and Higher Education.

Before private colleges can enjoy the prestige of having the letters "BAC" after their names, and before they can appear on the list of accredited colleges, they will have to undergo intensive inspections by education specialists.

Currently, anyone in Britain can "sell" training and education to people over 16, and at the same time offer indifferent education, while charging high fees.

One of the main reasons the council has been set up, with the support of the colleges, was the decision in 1982 by the Department of Education to stop full inspections of private colleges.

Lady Plowden, president of the BAC, has promised that the new council will operate a "most rigorous system of accreditation".

Alan Young

and briefly...

Affiliated Associations

More than 10,000 Scottish students have recently become members of the NUS. Their colleges, Motherwell College, Central College of Commerce (Glasgow) and Esk Valley College (Dalkeith), have voted to affiliate. Further good news for the union came as around 65% of Queen Margaret College students turned out to vote in a referendum on possible disaffiliation, the result of which was a decision by 474 to 233 to stay with the NUS.

No Paisley protests

The fear that Paisley College of Technology might develop problems similar to those that have surrounded NF student Patrick Harrington at the Polytechnic of North London since May, seems so far to have been only a scare. No organised protests have yet taken place, and although the Paisley SRC last Monday decided they would give support to any student wishing to transfer out of seminars or tutorial groups shared with British National Party member Eric Brand, they have not so far been called upon to do so.

Polkemmet picked

Glasgow University's Students' Representative Council has twinned with the Polkemmet Colliery Strike Committee in Lothian Region.

This move is the result of a general meeting students voted overwhelmingly to support striking miners, and, on advice from the National Union of Mineworkers, to support a certain area.

Miners have been allowed to use union facilities at cost price and £500 has been raised after 10 days of collections. Student President Mr Malcolm Clark has said that the representative council is prepared to risk court action by making direct payments to the NUM if this is what the majority of students wish. Such action would be illegal because the council's charitable status makes it illegal to make payments to external groups.

NEWS

Lecturers don't get life

The widely held belief that academics have a job for life has come under pressure from two sources, one of which suggests that it may well be a myth.

In the first instance, Sir Keith Joseph is now almost certain to propose legislation to limit the life tenure of their jobs currently enjoyed by academics.

In addition, new research into Scots law by Professor David Walker of Glasgow University calls into question the very existence of life tenure for academics anyway.

Edinburgh University Principal Dr John Burnet told the University Senate that there was little doubt tenure would be amended, but that those academics currently in employment would probably not be affected.

However, full new contracts are no longer to be tendered, then those academics who were offered new contracts on promotion would be susceptible to the new restrictions on tenure. According to Dr Burnet, this would mean those promoted on merit would be more placed as regards job security than those not promoted.

The research carried out by

Glasgow University shows that under common law it seems that professors did have tenure, as against the subject for the principal, under which they were deemed to hold public office. However, senior schoolteachers, who held a similar position, lost this status last century and Professor Walker of Glasgow's Law Department concludes that no claim for public office probably now disappeared in all cases.

He claims that under common law it is fairly certain that all other academic and academic-related staff have never had security of tenure. Professor Walker adds that nothing in modern legislation would seem to support the view that academics are immune from dismissal or even redundancy should retirement age.

Opposition to any proposal to abolish tenure may consequently be undermined. Professor Walker, though, believes that statutory provision could be beneficial if it clarified the situation and might even protect individuals better than the common law or the existing general employment protection legislation.

Alan Young

Dalglish disaster

Because of a mistake in the EUSA Annual Report by honorary Secretary Neil Dalglish and a motion calling for the dismissal of Union President Hilary O'Neill, the SAC was forced to change the date of the Annual General Meeting from Monday, 26th November to Thursday, 29th November, at 7.30 pm.

It was a little mistake made fairly late in the evening after the last AGM, states Dalglish. "I had the date October 26 fixed in my head, so I wrote November 29 when it should have been 26."

The mistake pointed in the EUSA report reads: Monday, November 29th, a date which does not exist. All the other SA publications, including the handbook, distributed in September, bore the AGM on November 26.

"But we had to change the date because last Thursday afternoon a motion was submitted that I was incompetent, because the AGM was less than two weeks away," states Dalglish. "During the debate pointed to the mistake date in the report, and said that the report is the main publication for the AGM and he is quite right so we had to change the date so this motion could come up."

Barbara Trautlein



This Sunday saw the takeover of the Crichton Street car park at the front of Appleton Tower by the University's Motor Club.

The event, which is normally held at the Heriot-Watt car park at Riccarton, entailed the negotiation of a set course in the fastest possible time. In total 18 cars took part with proceedings starting around 11 am and going on into the darkness of early evening.

Spectators dropping in on Terrier for lunch or tea were treated to a free display of some spectacular if bemusing demonstrations of driving skill. See sports page for full coverage.

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Minimal market?

The Waverley Market Shopping Centre in Princes Street is due to open next Tuesday amidst speculation that many of the shops will remain empty.

A spokesman for Gumley's, the letting agents for the shopping centre, dismissed this claim by the *Evening News* as "absolute rubbish". Though Irene Connolly, press officer for the chartered surveyors involved in the market, admitted that not all of the shops will be let when the market opens.

Ms Connolly told *Student* this week that "no shopping centre ever opens full" and that the letting agents were "reasonably pleased" with the amount of space already let.

The shopping centre will open at 11 am on Tuesday, 27th November. Lights and fountains in the "plaza" will be switched on by the Lord Provost on Monday evening. Whether the market will be fully let or an expensive fiasco remains to be seen.

Audrey Tinline

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PhD appeals safe

Fears that a precedent set by the Privy Council might affect Edinburgh PhD awards, in refusing to order an appeal re-hearing for a PhD student in London, have been dispelled.

However, there has been a review of the structure for hearing appeals at Edinburgh, which, according to Miss Pat Rogers of the Postgraduate Students' Committee, was nothing more than a "clarification of details".

The issue arose from the case of Miss Janali Vijayatunga, who studied for a PhD in Zoology at the University of London, but who failed to reach the required standard, and failed a re-examination. Miss Vijayatunga's subsequent appeal went to the Privy Council in 1983, where she claimed her examiners were not sufficiently qualified. Earlier this month the Privy Council agreed that Miss Vijayatunga's grievances were justifiable.

Pat Rogers said she was unaware of the London case, but that it was unlikely to affect the award of PhDs at Edinburgh since the University has always had its own appeals procedure.

She told *Student* that at Edinburgh the process of awarding PhDs, or for hearing appeals, involves various stages. At each stage we spell out exactly what recommendations are made by the examiners so that everybody is quite, quite clear.

The review of procedures at Edinburgh has further ensured there will now be a section in examiners' reports explaining the reasons for the failure of PhD. MPhil or M Litt theses, which will be available to students on request, added Miss Rogers.

Alan Young

Storm over visit

Strong opposition is mounting among Cambridge University students against the proposed visit of the South African ambassador to speak in a Union debate later this month.

The university's student union, representing 11,500 students, has already passed a motion condemning the invitation to Dr Denis Worrall, the ambassador. Left-wing and anti-apartheid groups are planning an alternative forum coinciding with the debate, to discuss apartheid, on the 26th November.

Cambridge Union General Council member David Warbank told *Student* this week that this is the third year running that the South African ambassador has been asked to speak at a union debate. Mr Warbank admitted that a Members' Business Meeting last week heavily defeated a motion to withdraw the invitation. There were running battles between police, and student and trade union demonstrators last year, and Mr Warbank says the ambassador can probably expect a similar welcome this month.

Union President Ms Laura Chapman Jury has defended the invitation to Mr Worrall who will be speaking in a formal debate against the motion that "This House would sever all links with South Africa". She strongly supports the view that the best way to tackle Dr Worrall's views is to challenge him in debate.

Edinburgh experienced similar protests earlier this year when the Tory Club invited Dr Worrall to one of their Monday meetings. The ambassador never actually showed up, although a large and noisy demonstration was there to greet him.

The Cambridge and District Trades Council has also condemned the most recent invitation to the ambassador to speak at the university and has donated £20 towards the cost of staging an alternative forum on the night of the scheduled debate. It is hoped that this alternative function will feature David Kilson who was recently freed after a long period of detention for opposing apartheid.

Devin Scoble

Student's man about town Grant Check this week finds himself raring to go with the ra-ras.

The block that put on *The Sound of Music* last year should have gone to Bedlam's musical *Working* to see how these things are done properly. This was showbiz at last, not feater. It's been a good term for Bedlam, a fortnight ago the President won the Matting, and now this.

All the beautiful people did not go to the Thrust Ball on Saturday 1 for one was refused admission by a bouncer who was schooled in diplomacy with Colonel Gaddafi. To him goes the anti-visitation Mars Bar of the Week Award, though Grenville Worthington, who invited me, can take a bite on it too.

It's good to see that top freshers can still afford the best cars; it's a pity they are immobile without their chauffeurs. Who was the girl who couldn't get her Range Rover into reverse in the car park?

Since the introduction of a prize for the haircut of the week I have noticed that two students have dyed their hair most unnaturally; one pink, one purple (just like the palms of their hands). To them I'd better say that it's the cut, not the colour that impresses judges, and so it is without hesitation that I award the prize to Dr John Shiner Price this week.

At the Council offices I saw June Tindall renewing one of her two parking permits (it's so much more convenient to have one for home and another for the University). I also sat in on a planning application meeting. The Pear Tree are

proposing to erect a chain of iron from the Library to the garden - bound to get the backing of students.

My father, the late Grant Check, always used to warn me about complimenting girls. It always gets you into trouble. After calling me the most beautiful girl in the University in this column last week, four have approached me in the last few days and told me that I had got my facts wrong about them. I think next week I'll tell you which four.

Southfork comes to Mares which is like the Cattleman's Club at lunch time. Around one table the feuding family sit: Johnny, JR Beveridge, Angus, Bobby, Panton, Caroline, Sue, Ellen, Pearley, Candida, Lucy, Pryce-Jones, Emma, Pamela, Peto and Ato, Cliff Barnes, Lupton.

I've enjoyed reading through the abysmal entries to the lowest marked essay of the week award. This week Sarah Raven collects the prize with her revelation that the Pompidou Centre in Paris was designed by George Pompidou, the famous French architect.

Dish of the week is Richard Bluet, who spends his weekends slaying savage wild animals with his bare hands and has the scars to prove it. All the talk about girls is centred on a blonde fresher; yes, everyone wants to go late night shopping with Sonnemara Sainsbury.

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TIME: 6.30 pm – 9.00 pm
VENUE: The Esk Room, The North British Hotel,
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Ask for our representative Roger Reece. Beer and sandwiches provided.

ARTS

A New Lease of Life for the Lyceum Theatre

(Or What the Lyceum would like us to know)

A big repertory theatre is like a super-tanker; it takes a lot to fill it, it requires a great deal of energy to get it going and it takes several miles to make it change direction. The Royal Lyceum, tricked out in its Victorian splendour and shouldering a century of 'I remember whens' is making just such change of direction right now.

When Ian Wooldridge arrived in May to become Artistic Director, with an all new creative team, he

The production surprised them all. In the first place, it was universally hailed as a triumph. In the second place, it played to as many people as *Charley's Aunt* had the previous year. Even the normally restrained *Scotsman* critic found himself using words such as 'dazzling' and even 'breath-taking'.

Buchner's *Woyzeck* a new adaptation of James Hoag's novel *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* and *Twelfth Night* followed.



"Suffer the little theatregoers..."

made it clear that he wanted to change quite a lot; the style of production, the range of repertory, the feel of the building and ultimately the size of the audience.

The Company's first production was Marlowe's cracked masterpiece, *Dr Faustus*. In midsummer? In Edinburgh, outside the Festival? There was much shaking of heads.

All these shows, none of which have been anywhere near the Lyceum stage for a decade, got similar directorial treatment using a company of relatively young Scottish actors and some spectacular staging and design.

Wooldridge explains: "I like doing great plays, 'classics'. They wouldn't still be around if they weren't any good. But you've got

to get hold of them by the throat and make them work now — drag them out of the museum. You won't find much reverence around here. I want this place", he gestures impatiently at the gilt and plus. "to hum with excitement, a whiff of danger that you always get with a live event. Most people would rather go to the Cup Final than watch it on TV. Theatre is just the same."

The good citizenry of Edinburgh, being a cautious lot, have yet to embrace their new theatrical Messiah. But as super-tankers go, the Lyceum is a big one and the change of direction is more than just a minor adjustment. Already, the building and staff have become more welcoming, and the Company are always available to talk to, either in the bar or in the open house chat sessions after the first Monday night of every production.

The choice of shows for the New Year is also encouraging. Out go the West End lightweights, in come Moliere's *The Miser*, Pinter's *The Homecoming*, a new version of *Dracula* to be adapted by Liz Lochhead from the original, and the epic but rarely performed, *The Weavers* by Hauptman, the first play ever written about an industrial dispute.

In the Company's autumn publicity, they claim that "Extraordinarily, exciting things are happening at the Royal Lyceum." That rogue comma was inadvertent, but seems a good reflection of what is happening in Grindlay Street.

Robert Dawson Scott

If anyone has anything to say about the new Messiah and his super-tanker, the Arts page would be delighted to hear from you.

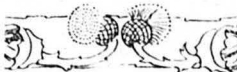
Bedlam Lunchtime

The Merry Mac Funshow

What weary hyperbole could express the audience's delight at this fresh (doubly so, for it is cheeky and newly hatched) and vital look at Scotland and the Scots who live here, the English who park their arses here, the prejudices that abound, the language, the scenery, the innocent wildlife and the more culpable tartan.

John McKay, Duncan MacLean and Jeremy Benstock have, between them, created a wee winner. Gone are the pretensions that occasionally beset the lads in their earlier youth. They satirise — with both needle-point and axe-head — everything from what the tourists love most to what the Scots hate best (the English, I gather).

All Scottish stereotypes are there: exposed, dissected and re-assembled with additional naughty bits. Wonderful. And it appears I am not the only person who thought so. Even the most senile Bedlam dwellers spoke well of it.



It is rather exhausting being quite so enthusiastic so I will suggest that here and there a little pruning of this great, flowering thistle wouldn't be amiss, and sometimes, boys, just sometimes you played with your favourite toys for a little too long. However, these are but slight criticisms of an otherwise outstanding lunchtime.

Megan Star



Neil Campbell and Jimmy Chisholm

Laughter!!

Traverse Theatre 'CANDY KISSES' by John Byrne

Set in Italy in 1963 amongst candles like fog ends, a tasteless Virgin Mary, lots of underwear and the beautiful hills of Perugia, three nationalities come together for no particularly good reason. It's the swinging '60s and it's raw escapism, outrageous and wonderfully crude; it is definitely the product of 1984. In it Byrne has created the 'comedy of the ludicrous'.

They're all speaking English except they're actually speaking Italian, German and English. It suits a British audience down to the ground; we can laugh at the Italians, Germans and, of course, the Americans, and never worry that we'll be made to laugh at ourselves.

At the centre of the plot is the love affair of Bobby and Larry, who employs an unprecedented style of courting, including the revelation of a tattoo on his faintly spotty bum for no less than half a minute. Alongside, the Italians in a suitably anarchic style prepare to rid the world of the "ball crushing grip of the great Pretender", Italy's pride and joy and greatest tourist attraction; the Pope. Unaware of each other the Professors of Divinity and Woodwork and the macho Gino with his weedy friend Alvaro, undercover socialists posing as red students, develop their plans to strike out the Pope and his neo-socialism.

The two themes interweave, trip up over each other, clash and compare. While lovers scheme of falling in love, schemes love their scheming.

Ben Simms

'Phèdre' by Racine Escogriffes Adam House Nov 21-24, 8 pm

As a reworking of Euripides' *Hippolytus*, Racine's *Phèdre* is clearly no ordinary tale of love unrequited where 'A' (married with children) casts amorous eyes at 'B' (half her age and her stepson to boot), who frankly isn't interested. No, we're dealing with a mighty and statuesque classic here but I am not sure that the Escogriffes' production has muscle enough to sustain it.

The set — stark, simple and effective — stands confident and secure while the cast, unable to shed a general awkwardness, sometimes moves with an all too convincing uncertainty. Richard Knocker as Theseus is an exception. His voice resounds and his character has substance. Not so Angus MacFadyen who appears to be ill at ease both in his short white tunic and in his role as Hippolyte. Maryam Ghaffari's *Phèdre* is eloquent, torn and even tragic, but she seems to be battling with a personal restraint which detracts from the part. Now and then Ghaffari's reticence is

forgotten and her character grows and becomes exciting. Some of the supporting roles are played with greater conviction; namely Brian Davison as Theramene and Sophie Childs as Ismene.

There are moments of imagination — the miming of Hippolyte's chariot and his death, and music and chants are used to complement the action.

This is a valiant attempt at a very difficult but compelling story. The second half flows more smoothly than the first and the passions displayed are eventually of a warm-blooded and human nature rather than learnt-by-role amphibian. It is, for all its insecurities, an enjoyable production and it would be difficult not to be moved by it.

E.Z.



How Much Is That Solidaritydog In The Kremlin?



The Power of the Dog Royal Lyceum Studio

"Deliver my soul from the sword my darling from the power of the dog," this forceful psalm inspires Howard Barker's penetrating study of war set in 1943. The great are belittled and the stereotypes released in this play which challenges the unquestioning acceptance of historical "fact". Stalin, squat and petty, is closeted in the Kremlin, while a secretary and other ordinary people act heroically on the Polish plains. The protagonist, skillfully played by Stephanie Fayerman, is Ilona, a cynical, yet appealing, ex-model who photographs the atrocities of war. Just as she captures truth through photography, so a young soldier hopes to make "Whole Film", film which incorporates the essence of existence. Howard Barker seems to strive towards this end in his play, but he overloads the slender structure with weighty items and reduces character to the embodiment of themes. Ilona alone is a convincing, vital character, while the Clown, provided like a Shakespearean fort to comment on the action, is neither elucidating nor funny and his presence is merely jarring.

The direction by Kenny Ireland is attractively simple, and the

energy and unity of the Joint Stock Theatre Company exciting. Yet even a fine company such as this fail to clarify Howard Barker's ideas and the play remains



Vanessa Ralson

7:84

THEATRE COMPANY
SCOTLAND

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THE BABY AND THE BATHWATER

A new play by JOHN McGRATH

Monday 3rd-Saturday 8th December — 7.30 p.m.

LYCEUM STUDIO, Cambridge Street.

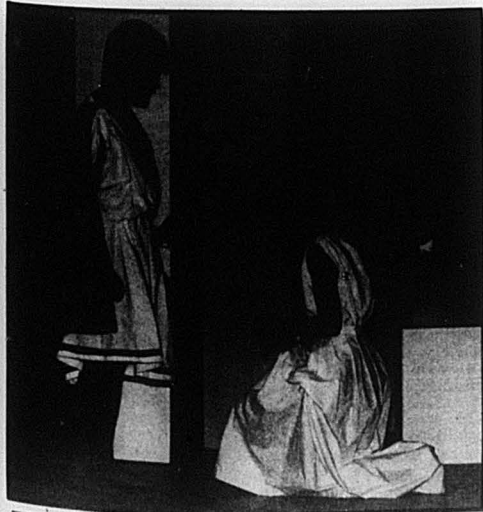
Tickets £2.50, £1.75 conc. from

Royal Lyceum Box Office, tel, 229 9697.

Monday 3rd: Benefit for Scottish Health Centre for Nicaragua

"Entertaining and stimulating"—Glasgow Herald.
"Elizabeth MacLennan... another tour de force"—Morning Star.

"Carlos Arredondo... splendid"—Scotsman



ARTS

FILM

1984

With the fateful year of 1984 gradually drawing to a close critics sit sniggering with 'I told you so' expressions on their scarlet puffed faces. Orwell's nightmarish prophecy is proclaimed as a landmark in literature but as a socio-political text it is almost ridiculed. 'Thought Control?' 'The Ministry of Truth?' Very drole George dear but it couldn't possibly happen now could it?

While a young Civil Servant wallows in a dank prison and an infinitely greater number of Argentinian soldiers lie at the depth of the Atlantic, while trade unionism at GCHQ is outlawed for its revolutionary danger and policemen stop pickets from driving out of their towns, 1984 is placed nonchalantly beside the

works of Wells and Lovecraft. Through our benevolent Official Secrets Act "Ignorance is Strength".

That a cinematic version of the novel will change any of this I doubt very much. It does however by converting Orwell's prose to the big screen vividly animate the work. Totalitarianism of any nature is to be abhorred. The ambiguity of the costumes firmly reinforce, this fact, from the uninformed little children evoking memories of Hitler's Youth League to the attire of the soldiers who could be either storm troopers or members of the Red Army.

This translation from book to film, although an ominous task, is effectively executed by Director Michael Radford. An interesting technique is employed in that the film is placed in a 1940's setting. This device may appear to be a little strange but for me it does come off. It creates a stark minimalist atmosphere which I believe would have been marred by any futuristic influences.

The film is carefully balanced by the huge fanatical demonstrations and the solitary reflections of Winston Smith. Moreover 1984 is distinguished from the traditional epic movie by the interposition of dreamlike sequences and watery

memories of Winston's childhood. The recurring vision of luscious meadows as the dream of Winston aptly complements this diversity of themes.

At the climax to the film pays homage to this engaging blend of reality and fiction. Winston's dreams are controlled to such an extent that are left wondering what is real and what is not.

In the role of Winston John Hurt gives another impeccable performance which in no way belies his ranking as one of the most versatile and convincing actors to have come out of this country in the past twenty years.

Burton, despite appearing in a lot of very second rate movies, intermittently displayed moments of brilliance. He always gave the impression of a brooding giant ready to erupt at any moment and in 1984 this submerged tension is well in evidence. His oratory prowess will possibly never be matched.

In bringing Orwell's warning to a mass audience, 1984 should be congratulated. Aesthetically Radford has produced an unnerving and compelling piece of cinema scope which stands out like a jewel in the current coal shed of big budget films.

Paul Quinn



Winston awaits his execution.

Conan The Destroyer

Connin' The Public?

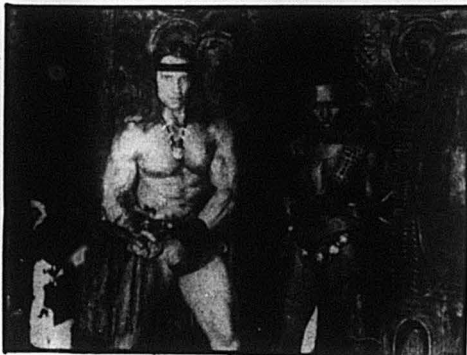
It's a cross between "Flash Gordon" and "King Kong" although I would credit the latter with more intelligence than the star of this film, sorely lacking in flair and originality. We're seen it all from Conan's Stallonesque grunts and muscle-flexing to Grace Jones' snarling and headbutting. Beautifully shot in Mexico and presumably set in Arthurian or pre-Viking times, the film has the same old Excalibur-type air with its wizardry, pillage, violence and quests for magical keys unlocking vast treasures of mysterious significance.

Indeed, wicked queens and courtiers abound as the poor unsuspecting Conan (one wonders exactly how much human insight he has) is lured into a trap one of which brute violence

is the only escape. Anyhow, so he believes the queen can bring back Valerie from the dead (still pining for his lost love) and off he treks with the beautiful Princess Jehnna, his kleptomaniac of a side-kick and the double-dealing Bombaata who's been told to make sure the Princess doesn't lose her virginity (Conan?) and kill Mr Universe when the mission is over. No problem. En route to getting this treasure of mysterious significance (the horn of the Sleeping God Dagoth, no less) the group rescue a Chinese wizard and a ferocious female-warrior called (Grace Jones). The story then gets lost amidst an orgy of swivelling heads, wizardry and sacred scrolls. The treacherous Bombaata becomes more and more unsuitable in his attempts to kill Conan, and the Princess falls

for him as the final denouement approaches. Lots of blood to finish with as Bombaata, the queen and the hideous God Dagoth all get what they deserve and Conan

leaves the love-struck Princess (now Queen) to find his lost kingdom and, supposedly, the by-now semi-decomposed Valeria. "And that is another story" or so



Grace Jones shines in the new Van Halen video.

we are told at the end — how about "Conan the Necrophiliac" next time round.

"Conan The Destroyer" offers nothing more than unremarkable escapism for overgrown juveniles. Are girls really turned on by rippling muscles?

Since half his opponents looked as though they had as much knowledge of armed combat as the average wee-mary, his posey fighting wasn't very impressive either. The film lacked any real coherence and relied too much on the eccentricities of Schwarzenegger and Grace Jones (her thuggery and basic lack of femininity is quite startling). I'm not in a hurry to see either the sequel or 'prequel'.

Anthony Harwood

The Bostonians

A Novel idea Gone Awry

The central problem in trying to adapt the novels of Henry James for the cinema, is that the very style with which he writes, by being languid and deliberate, does not transfer easily to a medium which requires constant dramatic activity, and a strong sense of pace to engage the attention of its audience. The muted tensions and hidden emotions he portrays in "The Bostonians" illustrate this, for even with the combination of the excellent production team of Merchant/Ivory/Jhabvala, and the acting talents of Vanessa Redgrave and Christopher Reeve, both experienced in stage presentations of James' work, the film falls rather flat.

The problem lies not only in the difficulties of James' plot, but also in the disappointing performance of Mr Reeve; his portrayal of the failed southern lawyer who comes into conflict with the bitter female suffragist played by Ms Redgrave, is shallow and emotionless, for here the limitations of his acting ability are laid bare, as he employs his one expression, a bashful grin, to cover every eventually, indeed it seems as though he was cast for his sheer masculine hulkiness as anything else. The motivations of Ms Redgrave in taking her part seem a little puzzling also, for it is strange to think that someone of her political awareness should be involved in such a misogynistic piece of work, particularly one which so easily equates feminism with an unspoken lesbianism. By the virtue of James' attitude to the suffragist movement, the film seems rather dated, and it may prove difficult to find it any market at all.

Stephen Sweeney

El Norte (The North) "Civilizacion y Barbarie"



El Norte has been called the best political film this year, "because it doesn't say a word about politics". The story has an overtly political nature, the gulf of consciousness between North and South America, and yet it is told in intensely human terms.

It concerns two Guatemalan peasants, Enrique and Rosa, who are brother and sister, whose lives are changed completely when the army enters their village to shoot a

group of suspected plotters (including their father) and take away their mother. Their own lives threatened, they decide to head for "the land of freedom and opportunity": the North, El Norte.

The film is perfectly paced, from the first lingering shots of mist in the forested Guatemalan valleys, which reflect the simplicity of their village life, to the final climactic moments in Los Angeles, where there is no hiding place for Enrique and Rosa from the relentless pace of urban life.

Every stage of their journey is carefully documented: the posing

as Mexicans, the soulless border town of Tijuana, the perilous and harrowing crossing into the United States, to the final irreconcilable culture clash that they face in LA. It is an intriguing and increasingly captivating tale, and makes many sharp observations. It shows how immensely proud the Guatemalans are of their culture, something that they will keep at any cost, yet something that goes unrecognised in the identityless banality of the United States. When Rosa starts wearing American clothes and make-up for,

the first time, Enrique tells her that she looks like a clown. "No," she says. "I look like an American."

Gregory Nava and Anna Thomas, the couple who together produced and directed the film, show how the treatment of illegal immigrants is racism at its worst. Society wants them and yet it doesn't; if they strike it rich, there is envy; if they don't, they become a burden.

More than anything, the film is about the sense of homelessness that a loss of self-identity brings. Rosa's parting comment, "Maybe when we die we'll find a home", proves uncannily true.

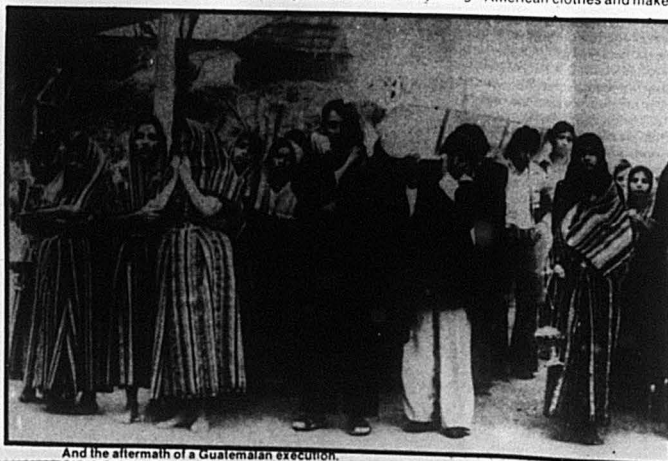
Unsurprisingly, the film received little Hollywood backing. President Reagan's recent re-election points to further military aid being sent to Guatemala's ruling right-wing junta. This is likely to further militarise the countryside, which will inevitably produce more refugees as long as the policy of destroying whole villages is practised by the army in an attempt to eliminate the supposed left-wing insurgents.

Though the film will undoubtedly receive wider coverage in Europe, Nava and Thomas are primarily concerned with influencing the American people, who are in apt responsible for the plight of Central America. "They are not that reactionary... they just don't know what is happening. Nobody ever tells them."

El Norte is a compelling, yet unsettling film. Its Spanish dialogue is complemented by unusually clear subtitles. It's an immensely moving story.

Alastair Dalton

Important!
El Norte ends on Friday,
23rd of November.



And the aftermath of a Guatemalan execution.

EXHIBITIONS

Edinburgh's Green and Greek Worlds



Antony Green

"Green World"

Edinburgh College of Art

6th-26th November

An excellent, albeit small, exhibition of the work of one of Britain's leading figurative artists — Antony Green. Green's work is essentially documentary and centres on his own life and home. The main painting in the exhibition centres on a number of memories from his childhood which he incorporates into a single painting. In this he depicts his father returning home from the pub with a peace-offering for his wife who is scrubbing the hearth. Green himself shows himself dressed in his choir boy clothes, offering his mother a tart he has baked to conciliate her for the fact that he came home early. The naivety of the style and the juxtaposition of contradictory viewpoints gives the painting a

particularly forceful character. Paintings chronicling his later life include 'The Loving Room' and the 'Love Lounge' — the first celebrating the spiritual side of his marriage and the latter, the sexual. There is a hint of irony and humour in the fact that in the 'Love Lounge' he has omitted the large crucifix which hangs on the wall in the former.

The exhibition also includes some of the actual objects which Green has incorporated in his paintings and serve to underline the essentially 'realist' basis of his work.

Incidentally, the main exhibition at the Art College (of which 'Green World' is a part) is the Photographers' Gallery Exhibition — "Trees: Planetary Support Systems for Life" — on view for the first time in Scotland. It comprises over 180 photographs from five continents on the ecological social effects of forest destruction. These stunning photographs also celebrate the sheer beauty and complexity of the world's forest systems.

Elaine Proctor

Thomas Hamilton —

Architect 1784-1858

Talbot Rice Art Centre

16th Nov.-15th Dec.

The current exhibition in the Talbot Rice Art Centre focuses on the works of local nineteenth century architect, Thomas Hamilton. His years as an architect coincided with both the Greek and Gothic Revival in art and architecture. The expansion of town life after Waterloo brought with it the need for a variety of new and semi-public buildings and it was in those that the Greek Revival found its main opportunities.

The work of Hamilton reflects the Greek style in particular the Edinburgh High School which is one of the most serious Doric Compositions in Scotland. Hamilton here used the contours of the site, and the fact that the road frontage is curved to great advantage, and with the Propylaea at Athens as his inspiration, produced a composition more picturesque and imaginative than anything south of the border.

Although Hamilton was actually untravelling and never saw any original Greek buildings, he would have known them through the etched elevations of them by Stuart and Revett — a copy of whose book is featured in the exhibition.

Many architects began to use the Gothic mode of expression in the nineteenth century and this "battle of styles" is reflected in some of Hamilton's work — in particular his Assembly Rooms at Ayr (1827) where such classical features as scrolls, acanthus, and urns are incorporated in an essentially Gothic tower and spire. The result is somewhat incongruous.

The exhibition comprises photographs of the buildings of Hamilton, original ground-plans, and elevations. There is also a plaster head of a caryatid from the Hopetoun Rooms (demolished in 1967).

Elaine Proctor



If you're planning to fly high, here's where your career takes off...

We need around 250 of the best graduates to join us in 1985. They are wanted to help us sustain the 20% real growth rate achieved by Arthur Young in recent years and to build on our tradition of quality of service.

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We shall be holding a presentation at the Caledonian Hotel on Thursday, February 7th and interviewing the following day. In the meanwhile interviews will be conducted at our offices during the Christmas vacation.

For further details, please contact your careers service or the address below:

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'Burn' preview

Second Degree Burns

To many people, a strip cartoon is often merely something crammed between the telly page and the used car section in your favourite tasteless tabloid. "Angus Og" and "Fred Bassel" may lighten the gloom of a winter's morning but their style and content hardly stretch the boundaries of comic art.

In the spring of this year, EUSPB published a collection of strips by J. D. Mackay who had formerly contributed some very popular cartoons to 'Student'. The collection was intended to act as a platform for the expression of the comic strip form and also to encourage its development. BURN! sold well, got a mention in the 'Observer' and caused sufficient controversy to fill the letters column of 'Student' in subsequent weeks.

In response to the interest shown by cartoonists and the public, the Pubs Board have now

decided to publish BURN! on a regular basis. With a new format, BURN! hope to encourage a wider range of contributions but initially it will feature the work of Michael Jeffries, Tom Barker, John Henderson and Andrew May. The publishers intend BURN! first and foremost, to be a good read

MR CLIFF FOUND A LOST DOG



which is pleasant to look at and yet also tries to demonstrate the potentials of the form.

The first issue will be available on Thursday November 29th and it will subsequently appear three times a term. Distribution will take place through 'Student' sellers and Union shops but J.D. insists BURN! is not aimed merely at the student market. Some local book and record shops will sell copies and it will also be distributed nationally through Small Press, The Cartel and Fast Fiction.

For the Pubs Board, BURN! represents a lively addition to their list of publications and also affords them "an accessible street-level profile." With the selling price of 20p, BURN! hope to establish a regular readership interested in a new approach to the comic strip.

With the 'Eagle' now a hideously extortionate 22p, who could resist?

Stephen Jardine

WHAT'S ON

Film



John Hurt in '1984'

Film Society

Friday Nov 23rd, Odeon

Gorky Park 11 15

Three mutilated bodies are found in Moscow's Gorky Park, and the murder hunt begins. A gripping film with a strong story, good scenic background and good performances by the cast.

Blue Thunder 1 am

Political and moral co-ordinates get mixed up in this 'Dirty Harry' style thriller that tries to outdo the technology of Star Wars.

Sunday Nov 25th, Playhouse

The Evil Dead 7.00

A tale of supernatural forces which occupy the forests and dark bowels of man's domain. Ever present, the evil dead lie in wait for the one ancient incantation that will give them licence to possess the living.

Videodrome 8.35

The story of a cable station director who, in his search for sensational programming material, becomes fascinated by the output sex and torture of the Videodrome channel.

Dominion

(447 2660)

The Natural

2.08, 5.08, 8.08

Robert Redford plays a baseball player making his comeback after several years absence from the game. Tickets £2.20

Filmhouse

(228 2688)

Seat prices £2 (students £1.50)

Time Bandits

Fri 23rd Nov-Sat 24th Nov

6.15, 8.15

Superbly crazy historical take-off starring six gormless dwarfs, a suburban school boy Ralph 'supreme being' Richardson and various others.

Under Fire

Sun 25th Nov-Wed 28th Nov 8.15

Three journalists ride into a Central American firefight. Everything they do is subsumed in the great quest for the major scoop or the front-cover picture.

The Outlaw

Sun 25th Nov 2.30

Based on the medieval Icelandic 'Saga of Gísli', still popular today for its action-packed adventure.

Variety

Sun 25th Nov-Thurs 29th Nov 6.15 Sun, Mon 6.15, 8.30 Tues-Thurs

The story of a young woman's growing obsession with voyeurism and images of sex. Shot on location in New York, it follows Christine, a young writer into a world of pornography and crime.

Providence

Sun 25th Nov-Mon 26th Nov 8.30

John Gielgud plays a celebrated but dying writer who imagines his grown-up children as players in a final fiction. Very enjoyable with excellent performances particularly Dirk Bogarde as the prissy son.

Paris, Texas

Wed 28th Nov-Tues 4th Dec
The tale of a middle-aged loner Travis' path back into society. A film which fuses Europe and America into a dreamscape of converging landscapes and emotions.

Caley

(229 7670)

Rhinstone

3.05, 5.20, 7.35

Tickets 2

Dolly Parton and Sylvester Stallone star. More flab and muscle than 'Conan the Destroyer'. She sings better too.

Odeon

(667 7331)

1984

John Hurt as Winstonand Richard Burton giving his last screen performance as O'Brien, in Michael Rodford's version of the famous George Orwell novel. Very faithful to the original text.

The Woman in Red

Based on the 1976 French film 'Pardon Mon Affaire', 'The Woman in Red' stars Gene Wilder and Kelly LeBrock in a comedy set in San Francisco about an average guy juggling wife and girlfriend and managing to make a right fool of himself too.

Bachelor Party

Typical sexist film about stag-night escapades.

ABC

(229 3030)

Tightrope

2.40, 5.25, 8.15

Someone in New Orleans is murdering prostitutes and Wes Block (Clint Eastwood), Detective Inspector with the city's homicide squad, is conducting the investigations.

Conan the Destroyer

2.00, 5.00, 8.10

Conan (Cringes cringe) is sent on a mission to chaperone Princess Jehna on a perilous journey to a castle in which he kept a key that will unlock a vast treasure of mysterious significance.

Top Secret

6.50, 8.20

'Airplane' team this time take off the much exploited field of espionage and war films. Usual laughs, mostly visual.

Univents

Thursday 22 Nov

Happy Hours Student Centre House, 6.30-7.30; Chambers Street House 8.00-9.00.

KB Lunchtime Talk

'Linguistic Numeral Expressions: How are they and why?' 1.10 pm, JCMB.

Chambers Street House: Free Disco.

Talk: Pain in Animals to be given by Professor Ainsley Iggo, DFC, FRF, of the Royal Dick School, Royal Society of Edinburgh 22/24 George St. 5.15 pm.

EU Debates Club Disco

Teviot Park Room. Look out for the posters.

EU Friends of the Earth

A meeting for International Tree Week at 7.30 pm in the Sommerville Room at the Pleasance. All welcome.

Jazz Society - 'The Gordon Cruickshank Quartet'

In the Pleasance Bar, 9-12 pm. Members 50p. Non members, £1.

Friday 23 Nov.

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

Regular Friday Disco in Potterrow, 50p. Live band Ege Bam Hasi. Happy Hour 8.30-9.30.

Chambers Street House. Free disco. Late licence.

Talk: Is there justice in the world or is God a sadist? Given by David Searle in the Chaplaincy Centre at 8 pm. Everyone welcome. EUCU.

Saturday 24th Nov.

Saturday Night On The Upbeat Chambers Street House, 50p. Live Band—Blues n' Trouble. Happy Hour 9-10 pm. Licensed until 1 am.

Sunday 25th Nov.

Sunday Lunch in Teviot Carvery. Hot food 12.30-6.30 pm. Happy Hour 8-9 pm.

Amnesty International Announcement Unfortunately Breaker Morant on video is cancelled, replaced by Merry Christmas in Lawrence on video (film by Nagisha Oshima starring David Bowie, Tom Conti, Ryuchi Sakamoto). Admission 50p. Chaplaincy Centre 7 pm. NB People bought Breaker Morant tickets, can use for this event, or have their refunded at one of our bookstalls.

EU Secular Society 'Can agnostics believe in Morality?' Certainly not. But come and argue about it in an informal discussion in the Music Room, Teviot 1.30pm.

Annual St Andrewside Service at Greyfriars. All welcome.



Anthony Green's French Kiss

★ FILMHOUSE

PATRON: BELL'S SCOTCH WHISKY

88 LOTHIAN ROAD

Cinema 1

Until Sat 24 5.30/8.15

An epic of courage and adventure

EL NORTE (15)

Two young Guatemalan Indians flee from the massacres of the military to trek to the North

Cinema 2

Fri 23 and Sat 24 6.15/8.30 (Also 3 pm Sat 24)

John Cleese, Sean Connery and Michael Palin in

THE TIME BANDITS (PG)

Six gormless dwarfs with Genghis-size ambitions have escaped from the Supreme Being

Cinema 1

Sun 25-Tues 27 8.15 (Also 5.45 Mon 26 and Tue 27. Also 2.30 Wed 28)

Nick Nolte, Joanna Cassidy and Gene Hackman in Roger Spottiswood's thrilling

UNDER FIRE (15)

In war-torn Central America, Nolte is propelled from the 'I don't take sides, I take pictures' school of photo-journalism to committed activism, and to an impossibly fouled-up position.

Cinema 2

Sun 25-Thurs 29 6.15 (Also 8.30, 27, 28, 29)

Bette Gordon's provocative feature debut

VARIETY (18)

Scripted by Kathy Acker, and with music by John Lurie, VARIETY is the story of a young woman's growing obsession with voyeurism and images of sex.

BOX OFFICE INFORMATION 228-2688

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Exhibitions

Scottish Craft Centre

White Christmas

A sparkling reminder that there are only five weeks to Christmas. A truly different collection of crafted pieces in shades of white. Bring your own ski-goggles. 140 Canongate Mon-Sat 10 am-5.30 556 8136

College of Art

One Day in the Life of a Picture by Anthony Green

A Scottish Arts Council Touring Exhibition of this witty and often erotic British artist. Lauriston Place Mon-Fri 10-5 pm, Sat 10-12 pm 031-229 9311

Stillis Gallery

Time

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Christmas Exhibition

Lots of members' prints for Christmas on sale, together with a large selection of cards. 23 Union Street Mon-Sat 10 am-5.30 pm 557 2479

City Art Centre

Scotstyle

Scottish architectural achievements over the last 150 years. Market Street. Mon-Fri 10 am-6 pm 225 24245

Psychology Dept

Weightlessness and Gravity Gwen Hardie, one of Scotland's most promising young painters. Figure paintings of large figures and heads 7 George Sq. until the end of term.

Central Library

100 years of the Fabian Society Edinburgh Room Gallery Mon-Fri 9 am-9 pm, Sat 9 am-1 pm. 225 2424

Central Library

Victorian Music

All your favourite hits from the Victorian era. Reference Staircase Mon-Fri 9 am-9 pm; Sat 9 am-1 pm 225 5584.

Torrance Gallery

Christmas Exhibition

Starting on 26th November, a stunning show of watercolours, jewellery and ceramics 29b Dundas Street Mon-Fri 11 am-6 pm; Sat 10.30 am-1 pm. 556 6366

Mercury Gallery

Christmas Show—

"Small Pictures"

This fascinating mixture of works by gallery and younger artists provides the ideal answer to all your Christmas gift problems—all the works are for sale 2/3 North Bank Street The Mount Mon-Fri 10 am-5.30 pm; Sat 10 am-1 pm

WHAT'S ON

Happy Hour in Student Centre House 6.30-7.30 pm.

EU Labour Club Meeting
5.15 pm for 5.30 pm Seminar Room 2, the Chaplaincy Centre. New members welcome.

Oxfam
When the Mts Tremble (filmed secretly in Guatemala) part of Nobody's Backyard Week — Central America Activities. George Square Theatre 7.30 pm 50p on door.

Wednesday 28th Nov.
Green Banana Club, Potterrow. Happy Hours 6.30-7.30 & 8.30-9.30 pm.

Midweek Service
Chaplaincy Centre
'The Way of God's People' — 'The Consistency of Defeat'

The Lost Weekend play at La Sorbonne, 69 Cowgate, at 11 pm. They are a University band. Admission free.

PGSU Annual General Meeting
A new committee must be elected. If interested in standing for a committee post, do give your name to Mrs Carter the PGSU Administrative Assistant. Please attend, your union needs you. Please bring matriculation card and PGSU cards. 7 pm in PGSU Bar.

The Alternative Entertainments Co. '3 Short Comedies' Adam House Theatre 7 pm. £1 admission, 75p members. Great value.

Economics Society: A Talk: The Reporting of Economic Issues by the Business Editor of 'The Student' Room 313, WRB.

Societies
Social events, Christmas parties etc. Get your bulk orders of wine from Portobello Wines (669 9483) mixed cases (12 bottles) available. Quality at a price your society can afford.

WANTED
Books, records, plants, bric-a-brac and consumable goods for the EU Friends of the Earth Green Bazaar on 1st December. Please hand in these goods to Susan Gray at 117 Brewster House, Pollock, or Janet Forbes, at 13/7 West Nicolson Street, or bring along to our meetings on Thursday night, 7.30 pm, in the Somerville Room, The Pleasance.

Changes in Teviot Row Union:
(1) Entry on Friday night is now 75p not 90p.

(2) Tuesday's Reggae Disco has been replaced by a conventional 'pop' disco.

(3) We do not have Jamming Sessions on Thursday nights. (We didn't get round to it.)

(4) We now have live folk bands playing on Sunday nights at 8.30.

Music at the PGSU
Saturdays, 9 pm onwards — Folk and Blues. Sundays, 9 pm onwards — Jazz and Blues by Nobodies Business.



UNTIL DECEMBER 16th
TRAVERSE THEATRE COMPANY in
JOHN BYRNE'S LATEST ROLLICKING COMEDY

CANDY KISSES

Tuesday-Saturday 8 pm; Sunday 3 pm

Traverse Downstairs
22nd November-9th December
WRITERS THEATRE COMPANY

NOONDAY DEMONS

by PETER BARNES

Tuesday-Saturday 8.15 pm; Sunday 3 pm

Also Sunday 25th November 8 pm

WORKSHOP ONE: PEOPLE & PLACES

A presentation of new poems by Sally Evans

Full details, including prices from
Box Office, Traverse Theatre, Grassmarket, Edinburgh
Tuesday-Saturday 10am-11pm & Sunday 2pm-1pm
or phone 031-226 2633

Theatre

Royal Lyceum

(229 9797)

Arms and the Man

Until 24th Nov, 7.45 pm
Shaw mocks militarism; and Lyceum mocks Shaw. A clichéd love epic of Sergius and Raina performed in a chocolate box setting.

Tickets £2.80, £3.50 & £4.50
(Students £1 off all prices).

The Power Of The Dog

Until 24th Nov, 7.45 pm
Performed by the Joint Stock Theatre Company. *The Power of the Dog* is a fast moving, yet sensitive study set in the chaos and carnage of WW2. Written by Howard Barker. Prices as above.

The Snow Queen

28th Nov-5th Jan

Please check times

This year's panto is adapted from the famous tale by Hans Christian Andersen. Packed with action, terrifying baddies and the usual heroic goodies.

Tickets available from box office.
Student concessions £2.30, £2.80, £1.80.

Gateway Exchange

(669 0982)

Pornography

22nd-25th Nov, 8 pm
Performed by Gay Men. *Pornography* shows how boyhood dreams have turned into nightmares of porn. The language and locations are taken from night clubs, strip joints, drag shows etc. Sounds enlightening.
Tickets £2.50 from 2-4 Abbeymount.

Traverse Theatre

(226 2633)

Candy Kisses

7th Nov-16th Dec, 8 pm
3 pm Sunday

John Byrne's comical new production. (Memberships still available, £3 pa. Note: Sundays — pay as you please.)

Noonday Demons

Not altogether serious account of St Eusebius' struggle with doubt and sin, which is foiled when St Prior arrives and threatens to evict him from his desirably mouldering cave. Written by Peter Barnes.

Netherbow Arts Centre

(556 9579)

Schellenbrack

6th-24th Nov.

A famous writer trying to retract as a recluse from public gaze is threatened by the imminent award of the Nobel Prize.
Tickets £3 (students £2) from 43 High Street.

Adam House Theatre

Phedre by Jean Racine

21-24 November, 7.30 pm.
Chambers St.
Essential viewing for French students!

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Mar 10 Slade £5.00

Nov 27 Tom Robinson & Crew £5.00

Dec 2 Gary Numan £5.50

Dec 6 Run Rig £4

Dec 13 Nik Kershaw £5.50

Dec 14 Tony Bennett £10

Dec 18 1985 Jan 19 Hits of the 60s £5-£4-£3

Dec 22 Lena Martell £5-£4-£3

Dec 28 1985 Feb 8 Commodores £5.00-£4.00-£3.00

Dec 31 1985 Jan 1 1986 Moody Blues £8-£7-£6

Dec 31 1985 Jan 1 1986 Koal & the Gang £5-£4-£3

Dec 31 1985 Jan 1 1986 Until Sat. Scottish Opera £2-£13

Book Now!!!

Box Office 031-557 2590
tickets also available through TDCIA

Music

Palais

22nd November, 7.30

11th November 10 pm

The Redskins
singing Nobodies

Coochie

11th November 10.30 pm

Food
Night for Ethiopia. See
for details.

Limits

22nd November

Givers

House

22nd November

edy Act

24th November

Yellow Lorry

Watt University

22nd November

na

Margaret College

24th November

Boogie Band

gh Folk Club

British Centre West End)

28th November

han
the UK's finest folk

University Music Reid Concert Hall

Bristo Square

Friday 23rd November 1.10 pm

Christopher Bell, organ.
Programme includes *Brahms*,
Praetorius and *Buxtehude*.
Admission Free.

Saturday 24th November 7.30 pm

Edinburgh University Singers

Mozart: *Litanie Lauretanae*
Haydn: *Harmoniemesse*

Tuesday 27th November 1.10 pm

Edinburgh University Madrigal Group

Music by *Brahms*, *Stanford*, *Craig-McFeely*, *Holst*.
Admission Free.

St. Cecilia's Hall

Cowgate

Tuesday 27th November 8 pm

Edinburgh University Chamber
Music Club

Playhouse

(557 2590)

Thursday 22nd November 7.15 pm

Scottish Opera

Cavalli; *Orion*

Friday 23rd November 7.15 pm

Scottish Opera

Verdi: *Rigoletto*

Saturday 24th November 7.15 pm

Scottish Opera

Beethoven: *Fidelio*

Tuesday 27th November

Tom Robinson & The Crew

Assembly Rooms

Tuesday 27th Nov., 7.30 pm

Concert for *Chile*:
Oswaldo Torres and group
Quimantu
Student tickets £2



Swansway

Usher Hall

(228 1155)

Friday 23rd November, 7.30 pm

Scottish National Orchestra

Sibelius: *Violin Concerto*
Shostakovich: *Symphony No. 11*
• Student tickets £1.80 at door
Saturday 24th November, 7.30 pm
Stephane Grappelli

Queen's Hall

(668 2117)

Thursday 22nd November, 7.45 pm

Scottish Chamber Orchestra

Mendelssohn: *Overture-The Fair Melusina*
Boccherini: *Flute Concerto*
Ibert: *Flute Concerto*
Haydn: *Symphony No. 88 in G Major*.
Friday 23rd November, 10 pm
Jazz: Benny Carter

Saturday 24th November 8 pm

Scottish Chamber Choir

Haydn: *Nelson Mass*
Mozart: *Te Deum*
Monteverdi: *Beatus Vir*
Pachelbel: *Der Herr is Konig*
• Student tickets £1.50

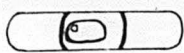
Sunday 25th November 7.45 pm

Scottish Sinfonia

Debussy: *Prelude a L'Après-Midi d'un faune*.
Bartok: *Piano Concerto No. 3*.
Elgar: *Symphony No. 2*.
• Student tickets £1

MUSIC

High



Level

Late night jazz enthusiasts at the Queen's Hall on Friday were treated to a return performance by **Spirit Level**, a Bristol-based jazz quintet with a distinctive, modern sound.

From the opening number, a frantic rendition of *Mice in the Wall*, the title track of their first album, it was obvious the pace was going to be hot. With **Tim Richards** on piano combining to startling effect with both **John Corbett** on trumpet and **Paul Dunmall** on saxophone the audience was soon awakened from its candlelight slumbers. This tempestuous beginning was to signal a stormy evening ahead. *Marriage in India*, *Orinoko* and *One Last One* were all to follow similar patterns — incredibly frenzied playing from both trumpet and sax building into crescendo's which invariably were followed by concentrated, 'Angry God' type contributions from the keyboards. It was certainly intense, loud and

difficult to listen to but perseverance brought some reward in the form of lulls in tempo when the pianist in combination with **Paul Anskey** on bass and **Tony Orrell** on drums provided some quiet relief.

While their spontaneity and abundance of energy could prove a little wearing at times it was obvious that **Spirit Level** consisted of five excellent musicians with

SPRIT LEVEL Queen's Hall

both the pianist and saxophonist throwing in spirited, skilful performances which exhibited a fullness of range and tone much appreciated by the audience. As the two creative talents of the group it was perhaps inevitable that their individual contributions added a cohesion which made the instruments gell together to create an extra, fuller sound — perhaps too full at times.

Similarly the trumpet solo's

seemed to lack restraint, although tinged with an element of humour, they frequently degenerated into chronic self-indulgence. For example during the aptly titled *From the Deep* those unfortunate enough to be in the front row must have wondered what had hit them when both trumpet and sax combined into a duet and seemed to make a concerted effort to drown their audience by spraying them to death. In truth, the highs and lows which both reached in their solo spots were, more powerful and ultimately more climatic when they were reached together, with a tautness fostered by familiarity.

As **Spirit Level** had started on a 'high' and continued in the same vein throughout it did not come as too much of a shock when they finished in typically zestful fashion with *50 Years in a Factory*. After two hours a little subtlety of pace would have been most welcome.

Samantha Clark

Girls just wanna have fun

THE SOUL THE MIND

I'm enjoying this. Ssssh! You can't be. I wish old JP would stop dragging us out to these bloody gigs.

What do you mean? Its fun. I felt your neurones discharging there, so quit whingeing. It's great... slick, exuberant, tacky — all the luvies.

That's all very well but... they come from Ireland, remember. They haven't made a single reference to 'the troubles' yet. And those costume changes are so sexist. They're just playing on the repressed sexual desires of their audience.

Give us a break, mind, the audience is predominantly pre-pubertal. They love it. If anyone's

THE NOLANS Playhouse



guilty of that, it's us. But we've got a good excuse — JP's reviewing it for 'Student'. Did you feel his knees go all weak there?

What do you think he'll write in the review? I bet it's something like: "From the hopalong upbeat rhapsody of 'Attention to me' to the chorus-line brashness of 'Who's Gonna Rock You?'. The Nolans showed the world tonight that gigs at the Playhouse need not, by definition, be dull".

Is that exuberant enough? Mmmm. Typical, huh? All that 'the-atmosphere-was-electric' type stuff you get in 'Student'. What can you expect?

I hope he doesn't give them a good review. They've no integrity — how can we believe in them if they don't even take themselves seriously?

You knew as well as I do that integrity's got nothing to do with pop music. Look at Spandau Ballet. Or Wham... The Nolans have never had any pretensions to being hip. I mean half the set is cover versions.

Oh God. They're doing 'Karma Chameleon'.

Wow. Remember when JP was a kid and he used to watch 'The Two Ronnies'. Even you enjoyed that. That's what this is like — the bits when **Elkie Brooks**/**Manhattan Transfer**/**Barbara Dickson** would fill in between sketches. Pure entertainment.

At least they could sing. I can't stand it. Two Cyndi Laupers... a Bonnie Tyler... 'Girls just wanna have fun' you'd think JP was a moron.

He is. Come on, smile.

John Petrie

REM

Caley Palais

REM have alot to live up to, variously lauded as the best thing to come out of America for years, the saviours of American rock music etc. They've built up a large following in the States and although their coverage has been marginal in the UK, the minute you enter the densely packed Caley Palais you tell from the atmosphere of anticipation that something out of the ordinary is expected.

When so much is expected, it can often only lead to disappointment but **REM** lived up to all the claims of their lionisers. From the moment Peter Buck's jingle-jangling guitar cascades down we are given the most controlled display of power that I've seen for a long time. It gladdens the heart.

On record, singer Michael Stipe comes across as a quiet sort of bloke. On stage he cuts quite a different figure; throwing himself about, his hair flying everywhere, lunging about with only the mike stand preventing his collapse. His

jerky bursts of cathartic motion resembling nothing so much as Ian Curtis's brand of Iggy Popism. At the same time he manages to keep his voice coherent and melodic even when he's twisted himself far from contact with the microphone.

Solid drums and Mike Mills' melodic bass playing provide the base over which the guitar loops and chimes. We get more material from *Reckoning*, such as *Second Guessing* and *So Central Rain* as opposed to the more atmospheric earlier songs. Still, *Talk about the Passion* and *Radio Free Europe* came across as powerfully as ever.

The encores are called for eagerly and the band are obviously pleased with the enthusiastic response. The first encore is The Velvet's *Femme Fatale*. The Velvets are an obvious reference, **REM** managing to blend soft and hard in a way reminiscent of Lou's boys. Next there comes *We Walk on which* Michael indulges himself, including snippets from Charlie

Pride's(!) *Behind Closed Doors* before taking us on a guided tour across America, finally ending up 'home' in Cross Rapids. They conclude with the obvious Americana of *Ghost Riders in the Sky*.

REM, from their inception back in 1980 in the college town of Athens, Georgia, have always been set apart as something special. Consistently chalking up accolades from their first single to their recently released second album *Reckoning*. They've taken everything in their stride, undisturbed from their own ideals. They're one of those bands which crop up all too infrequently, bands who in producing something for themselves have the happy offshoot of creating something that is also accessible and yet still retains a very personal content. Their drifting dialogue of life in little America are at once quiet, soothing and draw upon an awesome history of 'wasted' day to day life in the restful backwaters of the big country.

Roy Wilkinson

SEVEN

Hoochie Coochie Club

If there was a milkround for vacancies in the charts, **Seven** would not need a second interview. They possess the three prerequisites for success; a stunning lead singer, good material and presence, as a pleasant bonus they can also play, which should ensure their rapid promotion. Now all they need is luck.

When I met mainman Jamie Telford he described their troubles; the present single *Stranger than Fiction* had to be delayed six months due to producer Martin Rushent's personal problems, meanwhile the band's line up changed and recently there have been problems with their supposed support on the SPK tour. With their record company, they've had the usual trouble, unless you are flavour of the month in London, they are not interesting in hyping you until you penetrate the hallowed aural organ's of Radio One. However fortune may be about to favour them, last week while in London they heard that Giorgio Moroder is interested in working with them in Los Angeles.

Jamie being a man of undoubted talent is also involved in *The Engine Room* (the group not the VW Golf owners club at the West End). He is of the Robert Smith philosophy of bake many cakes and one is bound to rise. *The Engine Room* is more in the Heaven 17 vein, but is a studio based project, the recording of the last single, involved the diverse talents of three Zulu tribeswomen,

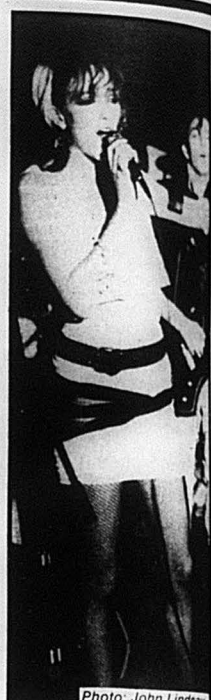


Photo: John Lindsay

amazing, its insistent synth and tribal downbeat intro, climaxing in a frenzied chorus of 'I don't believe in Miracles', this song is as infectious as herpes, yet still there was nary a foot tap in the

(seven) tears

and a celloist. So after eliciting these gems of information, for you dear reader, I braved the storms on Sunday night and ventured to the Hoochie. OK, I confess, I thought the DJ was playing some obscure Siouxsie track and so **Seven** were into their second number before I realised that the steady thud of bass was a live rather than a vinyl offering, and emerged from the loo my hair still not repaired. The really funny thing was that I turned out to be in the ten percent of the audience who even recognised the fact that there was a live band on. Audiences are a discerning lot at the Hoochie, you have to have been mentioned at least four times in NME, before they will even sway to a number. This lot were about as sweaty as if they'd just strolled won Reykjavik high street in January.

The band carried on undeterred. Tracey, as always stunningly dressed, in white, the guitarist looked distinctly Wee Paul Simonon, but kept hiding behind the PA, so it was difficult to tell. Tracey pointed out *Red hat*, then they launched into their masterpiece, *Miracle*. This song is

audience. Persevering, the band played *Goodbye* a brilliant mixture of synth and drum with Tracey's vocal breezing in, and then *Dial Bowl* one of the few songs left from the old line up.

Meanwhile the audience was melting away, so Tracey announced the last number, *Stranger than Fiction*, their present single. This is an up-tempo number of quality, but the review in last week's 'Student' but the apathy was infectious and three-quarters of the way through Tracey gave up and the set ground to a halt. I don't blame them. They were energetic and professional but with the reaction they got I'd waaer 50% of the audience were deaf. It was an example of the typical disregard for local bands until they've been on TOTP, then they're all there panting at the Playhouse. *Miracle* should be their next single, out in the new year, if there is any future in the business it will sell and sell so you had better start queuing for your tickets soon. One day **Seven** will look back and laugh at last night.

Carolyn Aitchison



Photo: Andrew Moor

MUSIC

The Three Bears

DANCING BEARS
La Sorbonne

The Dancing Bears have practically taken up residence in the concrete shoebox at the back of La Sorbonne and, as one of the gutsiest bands in Edinburgh, it is the least they deserve.

Their last show was not one of their best nights. It was nearly sabotaged by a crummy support band and an unbalanced mix, but the sheer flaring energy of this animated three-piece made the many good moments stand out as great. The Bears plunge back down to the thumping, jangling roots of rock 'n' roll (sic) to unleash crackling batteries of power in songs like *I Go Where My Baby Goes*.

The frontman sings with force and honesty and can use his semi-acoustic to riff most other



guitarists into the ground. He has found in himself the kind of burning, single-minded talent that has run through the best rock from Eddie Cochran to John Fogerty and, currently, Billy Bragg.

This group count for something, and you should try your best to see them as soon as possible. Give them your support — there are not many bands that come this good.

Andrew J. Wilson

Waltz!

DEAF HEIGHTS

Pleasance Bar

Deaf Heights being a cajun dance band, they play the traditional music of American French Louisiana. An emphasis on Strong French patois vocals with a melodic accompaniment provided by fiddle, guitar and accordion produces an ideal dance sound. An antidote developed against a background of both extreme poverty and isolation, with no other entertainment available than what was close to hand.

Although a very small audience turned up on Friday night, the dance cleared for their use was never empty for the 2½ hours long programme. Dances ranged from fast and furious foot stompers to bluesy slow waltzes, the whole beautifully executed by the band at least!

Release from yesterday and tomorrow into a here and now of musical experience is surely the root strength of a live performance. Deaf Heights incorporates some modern influence into the traditional blues, but this original aim remains true. **Petra MacDonald**

• Radio Latest

Local music is prominently featured on Colin Somerville's programmes on *Radio 4*. Forth (194m MW, 96.8 FM), unlike most of the rest of the station's output.

Next Monday on *Scottish Waveband* (11 pm-2 am) Colin will be featuring music from *Pop Wallpaper*, *The Wild Indians*, *The Juggernauts* and *The Baby Knives*, amongst others.

On Tuesday, *Forth Street* (10-11 pm) has interviews with *The Cult*, *The Redskins* and *The Indian Givers*.

• Television Latest

On *The Tube* tomorrow (5.30, Channel 4) will be Paul Young, Lords of the New Church, Donna Summer and Feelabellie. Advance warning: next week's programme will feature *Jesse Rae*. *Rock 'n' America* on Saturday (6.30, Channel 4) has videos by Meatloaf, The Supremes, Berlin, Manfred Mann and Planet P. It is thankfully the last of the series.

Next Tuesday, *Whistle Test* (BBC 2, 7.30) features an interview with Bronski Beat, live music from Lloyd Cole and the Commotions, a review of Giorgio Moroder's new colour tint of *Metropolis* (the 1927 silent classic), as well as stuff on Marillion and Dali's Car (Pete Murphy and Mick Karn's new project).

• Ethiopia Latest

Not on the heels of 2nd Dimension hairdressers' fund-raising event for Ethiopia last week (featured on the news pages), the *Hoochie Coochie Club* is holding a *Funk for Food* night this Sunday for a similar purpose. Tickets are £1 in advance (from Virgin) or £1.50 at the door. The club's staff, who are giving their services free that night, say that 100% of the ticket sales will go to Ethiopia via the Save the Children Fund.

You are thus urged to buy a ticket, whether or not you actually go along. With the plight of Ethiopia continuing, maybe other Edinburgh organisations will follow the current trend of these charity events.

• Singles Latest

• **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry** — *Hollow Eyes*

OK then, who mentioned *Joy Division*? It's got that bassline and those vocals but this is the best example of JD plagiarism I've heard in a long time. With the drums pinned to the heartbeat it moves, grips and frightens, reminding me how few records possess such qualities in these conservative times where conservative music threatens our very sanity. The antidote is here — can you see it?

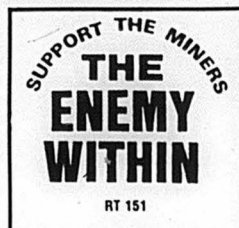
• **Big Country: Where the Rose is Sown**

Is it just me, or has *Stuart Adamson* run out of tunes? *East of Eden* was a turgid, metallic blur of sound punctuated as usual by that noise Stuart makes when he can't think of any words. This is a considerable improvement but still lacks the singalong qualities of their earlier material; tunes, Stuart, we need some tunes!

• **Aztec Camera: Still on Fire**

Another sparkling number from the pen of East Kilbride's very own *Elvis Costello*. The 60's obsessions of *Roddy Frame* are obvious here — even *Motown* gets a wee nod with the brass riff in the middle. If you already have the LP then you'll know what I'm talking about. You do all have the LP, don't you?

All records and tapes available from *Ripping Records*, 91 South Bridge.



• The Enemy Within: Strike

Now a familiar product, this type of political rap follows the tradition of *Malcolm X* and the *Steve Marr/Nell Dalglish* effort earlier this year. *Strike* is a Scargill-remix, using quotes from his speeches and the voices of miners to put across a fairly clear message, intercut with an insistent electro-beat. *The Enemy Within* (John Duguid and Face journalist Marek Kohn) is named after Mrs Thatcher's reference to striking miners.

All proceeds from sales of this record will go to the Miners' Solidarity Fund.

• Albums Latest

• **The Cocteau Twins: Treasure**
Make no mistake — this album is BRILLIANT. This is the astonishing blossom of the seed sown in *Head over Heels*. The difficulty lies in trying to explain why it's so good. The titles convey nothing, there are no discernible lyrics — the voice is used more as an instrument — and the music is like nothing you've ever heard before.

What this album can do is feed the imagination, intoxicate it. The frenetic, swirling *Olvi* is captivating, giving way to the subtle and stately *Beatrix*. The harsh and paunchy *Persephone* is contrasted to the slow ambience of *Cicely*, and the final *Domino* is like a breathtaking walk amongst the clouds. She sings in a multitude of languages and tones, at one point a beautiful resonant chant, at another a guttural howl. It's a mystical, fascinating cave of delight and wonder. If you feel your imagination is flagging, buy this and it will never seem more invigorated. Words cannot express and experience like this, hear it and you'll see what I mean.

• **Orange Juice: The Third Album**

The title suggests that they wish to forget about their dismal and discordant *Texas Fever* mini LP, released in March. For *The Third Album* does have three predecessors and it returns very much to the spirit of *Rip It Up* — with breezy melodies, and deductive rhythms, and considerable charm.

This album does have a keener edge though, and the overall feel is one of discipline behind their usual quirkiness and charm. *Zeke Manyika's* punchy drums accompany an elastic propellant bass, and Colin's voice and guitars, although constantly delighting and surprising, are more studied, and confident. The brilliantly trivial *What Presence?* is here, as is the delightfully self-conscious *Lean Period*.

Record reviews compiled by **Siward Atkins** and **Keith Cameron**.

• Latest: Stop Press

Simple Minds have just released details of three Glasgow dates in the New Year which are not part of a tour, so the band will not be playing in Edinburgh.

The band play *Glasgow Barrowlands* on 3rd, 4th and 5th January 1985. Tickets are £6 each, and on sale from *Ripping Records*, South Bridge, at 9 am this Sunday. Large overnight queues are expected, as there will only be 200 tickets for each night at the shop (the rest will be on sale from *Virgin* in Glasgow).

Latest: First with the news.

Coming Soon



• KOOL AND THE GANG

Come the 3rd of December, one of the United States' premier funk groups, *Kool and the Gang*, roll into town to "celebrate" two dates at the Playhouse.

This band is about funk, funk and more heavy funk. This is infectious, highly danceable pop music with its roots in *George Clinton's* sizzling sounds of the 70's (*Parliament*, *Funkadelic* and the other grand-daddies of black fun music).

The "Gang" comprises a rhythm section of *Robert Bell*, "Kool" himself on thunder-thumbs space bass, *George Brown* drums, and *Charles Smith* on guitar. The "horns" consist of *Ronald Bell* — tenor sax, *Dennis Thomas* — also sax, *Robert Mickens* and *Michael Ray* — trumpets and flugelhorns and *Clifford Adams* on trombone. On keyboards we have *Amir Bayyan* and on lead vocals and percussion *Mr James "JT" Taylor*. Together they have churned out such hits as *Celebration*, *Too Hot* and *Ladies First* and contributed soundtrack to films such as *Saturday Night Fever* and *Rocky*. So stop contemplating your need and searching for the meanings to life on your *Genesis* album covers and *Get down on it* with the Gang.

David Beresford-Jones

• CONCERT FOR CHILE

Oswaldo Torres is a "Nortino" from the north of Chile (Antofagasta) born and bred in the zone where the sun and the drought have been able to oust men and its traditions. He, as a witness and a chronicler of the life of those nearly forgotten peoples, buried by dust and indifference, has unearthed for us melodies, stories, rituals of a whole past where the Aymara language has been its strongest link. Aymara is also the language that *Oswaldo* uses to communicate with those people in the high mountains, and has allowed him to investigate and extract the essential material for his creation. Based on the local customs, traditions and stories of the region between Peru, Bolivia, the north of Argentina, and the north of Chile, *Oswaldo* rebuilt a whole past that because of its inner strength has not disappeared but is increasingly under threat.



This is a return visit to Edinburgh for this London-based group of young Chilean musicians. 1983 saw them play to a capacity audience at Chambers Street House, while two group members played the Usher Hall during this year's Festival as part of a three-week tour with classical guitarist *John Williams*. *Quimantú* also recorded the music for the film *The Honorary Consul*.

• SWANSWAY

This Birmingham trio has been together for a surprising three years, a wonderful exponent of the current jazz/soul movement, which also includes the excellent *Working Week*, *Everything But The Girl* and *Sade*. *Swans Way* have just released their debut album, *The fugitive Kind*, having had some memorable singles out, including the sensual *Illuminations* and the haunting *Soul Train*. They will be appearing tonight at *Coasters*, West Tollcross, with a nine-piece backing band. Their new single, *The Anchor*, is released tomorrow.

Support group to *Swans Way* is *The Indian Givers*, aka *The Juggernauts* (see review last week). Expect some surprises.

• The CULT

The *Cult* used to be called *Death Cult*; and before that they were called *Southern Death Cult*. No doubt they won't be called anything before very long, so I suggest that you get on down to the *Caley* tonight and see them while you can.

Always the best of the 1982 wave of tribal punk bands, *Southern Death Cult's* debut single *Fat Man/Moya* displayed a thrillingly direct and youthful sound, setting vocalist *Ian Astbury* and his colleagues apart from the identikit gothic thump of the period.

However, the departure of *Astbury's* three co-founders was a blow to the group's definite potential and, despite recruiting two ex-members of *Theatre of Hate*, *Astbury* was never able to recapture the early magic of that first record. The band's rapidly diminishing name unhappily parallels a decline in their creativity and ambition, content now to churn out formulaic, mainstream rock of which the current LP *Dreamtime* is a singularly depressing example.

Nevertheless, as a live prospect I would still recommend them. *Billy Duffy* twangs a pretty mean guitar whilst *Ian Astbury* is a prime nerd and can usually be relied upon to do something silly. If nothing else, you can laugh at what the well-dressed tribalist is wearing this week — it should be a lot of fun.

Keith Cameron

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Photo: John Lindsay

THE KANE GANG

The Caley Palais was the site of another horrific attack of the dreaded Edinburgh Apathy last Thursday. Unfortunately, it also coincided with the Kane Gang date.

Don't get me wrong — most people there probably loved them, they just had a funny way of showing it. The usual mix of

pretensions and paranoia, which seems to prevent anyone actually getting up and enjoying themselves, was buzzing around inside the Caley Palais, the place still being vaguely reminiscent of a World War 2 Victory party, bunting abounding.

Luckily, as the lights went down, a surprisingly large crowd assembled as the Kane Gang began, regardless, with *Amusement Park*, the B-side of the current single. All concerned

heaved a sigh of relief. In their mood, the crowd would probably have ripped the bunting down if anything had been musically wrong. Meanwhile there was more of a party on stage than off, the normal Gang Members of Martin Brammer, Paul Woods and Dave Brewis supplemented by two keyboards players, a bassist, drummer and backing singer. It was plainly visible that they were loving every minute of performance and by the time they launched into the hip thrust rhythm of *Small Town Creed*, their enthusiasm had lured even more people to the floor. With a bit of luck it wouldn't take them another quarter of an hour to persuade them to dance.

Every track was immensely danceable, easy to enjoy but greeted only by polite applause. However, a performance of *The Closest Thing to Heaven* proved that it is surely one of the most aptly named songs ever and also seemed to reanimate most of the audience. Being played live, it gained an even more gritty, soulful edge, while at the same time the song slid into your subconscious with ridiculous ease.

The Kane Gang were in the home straight with the race nearly won and for the rest of the gig the crowd were actually on their side. *Brother*, *Brother* and *The Devil's Printer* stood out whilst the current single, *Respect Yourself*, suddenly gained some guts from somewhere as opposed to its vinyl version.

The crowd even clapped them back for an encore, *Take the Train*, which proved that they can play some of the best soul-funk around. By the end of the show if people weren't swaying about they were at least mesmerised, which is a step nearer to reaction and quite a few away from boredom. The bar may have had their money and their livers but the Kane Gang had their minds bodies and souls with a very large capital S.

Sally Greig

Edinburgh Quartet
Queen's Hall

The Edinburgh Quartet's recital last Thursday opened with a somewhat erratic performance of Schubert's *Opus 29 Quartet* and it was not until well into the andante that the slight inconsistencies of tempi were finally corrected. Thereafter, however, the effect was most satisfying.

The Szymanowski *Opus 37 Quartet* proved to be a much more full-blooded work which the quartet tackled with feeling, showing just how effective this work, with its fusion of late romantic and neo-classical styles, can be. It did stutter a bit in places but these were few and far between and of little significance to the overall impression which was of a work of considerable intensity played with a virtuosity evocative of forceful and imaginative personality, with just a subtle hint of sombre Russian influences. This was a work of rare individuality and purpose performed with an equally rare understanding and was undoubtedly the highlight of the evening.

Schumann's *Quartet opus 41, no. 3* is not, it must be admitted, one of my favourite works (I always think it tends to drag a bit) but it did seem to be played well, Schumannesquely speaking, even if I did find it a slight let down after the excellence of what was otherwise an extremely enjoyable concert.

Roderick Manson

SNO
Usher Hall

Great orchestras may carry the maestro of the moment soaring on their wings; unfortunately, the SNO has too strong a need both of his inspiration, and his hard work, to offer an easy passage.

Perhaps Esa-Pekka Salonen had too little time to produce the sort of beneficial basic sound from the orchestra that Jarvi has stunningly achieved, but he certainly fell short of his dazzling reputation. If he truly knows his art, he should know how to push those scraggy strings into shape, how to avoid the familiar SNO sound of old-blaring brass and deafening percussion, the woodwind left to provide their own happy strokes.

More curiously, however, his view of Mahler's huge Third Symphony gave few fresh insights into a work which fortunately provides its own, often theatrical momentum. Sometimes he wildly accelerated fast passages for brash excitement or conceded a few expansive gestures, and there were striking moments the first movement's munchkin marchers were rather more gracious and bright-eyed than usual, the posthorn serenade was aptly idyllic and timeless, the SNO junior and ladies' choruses provided a vivacious angelic host and Birgit Finnila sought out some of the meaning of midnight soliloquy. Yet these were only moments, and that was the problem. In Mahler, in any symphony of stature, one thing must lead to the next; with Salonen one thing simply follows another.

Consequently this symphony which attempts to offer such a world of experiences and risks being thought a baggy monster in the process, came to seem like a cauldron of good and bad ideas. The final slow movement had a concentration and an often beautiful logic of its own, but the rest had not prepared us for that and it was too late.

David Nic

FRANKIE
&
HOLLY

Holly Near's concert was positively cathartic at a time of supposed apathy and rabid selfish individualism. It was also witty, musically very rich and made you feel good.

This time at a fund-raising concert for Greenham women's support and other peace groups, she gave us the whole gamut of her assured popular music repertoire, a fusion of jazz, funk, pop, ballad, blues and gospel, the result of work with such musicians as *African Dreamland*, the grand old lady of Weavers fame, *Ronnie Gilbert*, the feminist Sweet Honey in the Rock who wowed the Festival here this year when they came as part of the Smithsonian Museum package, and with *Inti Illimani* with whom she did an extensive tour of the States in May. Such diverse work "stops me being locked into categories, helps me psychologically and musically survive". With her funky bass backing from *Carrie Barton* and virtuoso jamming piano from *John Buccino*, Holly challenged all the stereotypes people have of women's music, political music, try to call it what you want but you won't be able to pigeonhole or capture its strength, spirit or zap of this accomplished singer-songwriter.

Frankie Armstrong opened with astonishing verve bowing us over with an 'authentic' rendition of a Norwegian cattle call taken from an archive disc! In full acapella she gave us a rich variety of songs from ballads through to the un-reconstructed wisdom of the school yard. Her own ballad about the servant girl from Tam Lin was superb.

Holly Near was stunning. Without lecturing or expressing

clinging sentiments she explained much of what motivates her in chat between songs. Her rhythmic *Gypsy* and beautiful *Sing to me the Dream* both written with Inti were full of purging emotion; her *Stepping Out* with its witty expressed feminist-gay sentiments brought howls of joy from the audience; she rustled up her song for *Karen Silkwood* when told that a group of Edinburgh women had occupied the US Embassy that day to commemorate her memory and anniversary of her 'mysterious' death when trying to expose unsafe working conditions at the nuclear plant she worked at. Heavy stuff you might think but there was nothing like that about the concert. Direct yes, and relevant when she told of her recent trip to Cuba (and so sang *Neuva Trova* pioneer Silvio Rodriguez' *Te doy una cancion* (I offer you a song) and to Nicaragua, for the point she made was that the US threatened aggression at Central America and the Caribbean is as significant as the anti-nuclear and anti-Trident struggle.

Holly near ended on the right note — too cold to return backstage she announced her encores before her last song and at the end we found ourselves spontaneously part of her great piece to tolerance and struggle *Singing for our lives*. It may sound a little unfashionably self-participatory for those who weren't there but it was a challenge to being locked into individual concerns and destiny and an assertion that emotionally, physically and politically we must break invisible barriers, get together and organise.

Jan Fairley

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FEATURES

WAR! The fight for education

Graphics by John Henderson

Where will you be this lunchtime? To coincide with today's mass rally against the heaviest grant cuts for many years, *Student* brings you Robbie Foy's analysis of the situation. Be at the Old College, 1 pm, today. Protest and survive.

I recall a recent argument on a train with someone of the old school, a graduate presently reaping the rewards of years of study about students in her day and students today. I was blathering on about the need for yet another grants campaign when she interjected, spilling my Traveller's Fare coffee, saying that when she was a student several years ago, she'd accepted the 'hardships' of life then and so I should as well. After all — a decent degree means a decent job. . . . I lost some nights sleep on her points before realising the folly of

"It is feared that we are witnessing the first step in the dismantling of the grants system. . . ."

such an argument. In the past few years, and even after a couple myself at university, there has been a steady decline in the value of student grants, hence in real terms her grant per annum was about £200 more than our current grant has fallen. And getting a decent job? Not with 11 per cent graduate unemployment — and many graduates taking on unsuitable employment.

Notably the above conversation took place before Nigel Lawson's little surprise package for the country was announced. Students will be amongst the first not to wish him a Merry Christmas this year. A week past last Monday saw plans to abolish the minimum grant introduce tuition fees of up to £520 and raise parental contributions come further into fruition. The former two moves would have been unthought of several years ago. What is of more concern, apart from the immediate effects of such cuts, are the future implications for students. If you're in first year now, things could be very different by the time you graduate.

Let's examine what has been happening in recent years. Along with the declining value of grants, parental contributions have been increasing. For example, in 83/84 a family with a joint parental residual income of about £15,000 paid £1,000 (all figures approximate) towards the grant. This year they are paying £1,200 and next year, on current projections, some £100 more. Middle-income families are being hit harder and as Alan Smart, NUS Scotland chairperson, put it, this is 'effectively a backdoor tax on education and the middle classes

— the sort of parents who predominantly, and ironically, put Mrs Thatcher into Downing Street".

Parents are under no legal obligation to make the contribution and this carries consequences for student welfare. There will be some reluctance on a few parents' parts to fund substantially their children's higher education. It has been estimated that nearly 80 per cent of the 70 per cent of students who are due parental contributions do not receive the full amount. The system has been widely condemned as being unfair to both student and parent.

How independent do you consider yourself to be? Not very if part or all of your term-time income comes from your parents. At least when you were a child at home the state guaranteed £428 Family Allowance per annum. There is also an irony in that many parents object to paying fees for primary and secondary schooling, yet have to pay for further education. It is already difficult enough for potential students to enter higher education without having a financial obstacle course to deal with too.

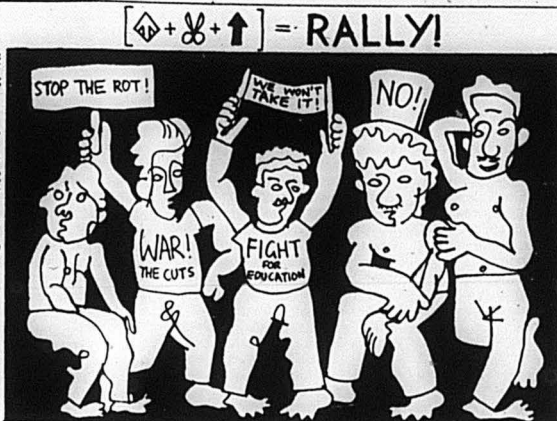
And what of living off your grant? A Daily Telegraph survey came across one girl who had



Nigel Lawson

managed a first class degree and lived solely off her grant — unfortunately, at the expense of working in the library every night. That's once fascinating and lively way to spend your university life. An extensive NUS survey discovered that more than half of their student sample were at some point dependent upon that classic institution of student life: the bank overdraft. An 83 Edinburgh survey revealed that 15 per cent of first years were in the red, but, far more frighteningly, the figure rose to 46 per cent in the final year. Being in debt and on the dole should not be

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the reward of more than 16 years of education.

Real spending by students has decreased, particularly on books — by a third. The secondhand book market will become drastically more sparse if the unsettling rumour of the government wanting to slap 15 per cent VAT on books turns out to be true.

broaden implications for the future of our education system. In the short term higher income families are making most of the sacrifice (although they will be compensated for to a degree by tax cuts in the spring) but it is likely that many more families will be made to accept the brunt of future cuts in a changing policy. It is

others to come.

Pressure on the government must work. Before the '83 election a government think-tank notion of introducing a loans system to replace grants was being floated. Fortunately, due to its distinct unpopularity at the time, the idea was scuppered. It would have meant borrowing thousands of pounds over the duration of your course and then being in debt to the state until, through employment, you were able to pay it back. What about the graduate who cannot find employment and many more with 'unsatisfactory' work? What about those on longer courses who'd have more to pay back? What about the many too afraid to take the risk to enter higher education? This is exactly the kind of move that it is feared may resurface in future. Without pressure from students and their

1. The complete abolition of the minimum grant
2. The introduction of £520 tuition fees
3. Enormous increases in the rates of parental contribution

Our eating habits have also changed: the mealtime earnings by Edinburgh Unions have fallen, not because of any dislike at the heavily subsidised catering as the same number of students still in the facilities but because they are buying less.

When Sir Keith Joseph et al work out how much should be included in the grant they use 'national' figures to cover the various elements that the allowance is composed of, e.g. for board and lodgings, travel, clothing etc. No breakdown of these figures is officially published.

The government has saved £39 million in its new education cuts. What do these cuts mean? More immediately, they will have financial effects on students and parents and, more seriously,

feared that we are witnessing the first step in the dismantling of the grants system and a dangerous drift towards pricing education out of the hands of those who cannot afford it. This undermines the Robbins principle that education should be free to all those who would benefit from gaining a better education. Basically the right to education is being twisted into a privilege.

That is the main reason why students nationwide should be angry at the way they, along with many more people in this country — particularly the poorer — have once again been singled out as 'easy targets'. Hence the need for widespread action over the following weeks because it must be shown that students profoundly care, not only for their own future but for the welfare of

"... students nationwide should be angry at the way they have once again been singled out as easy targets."

supporters to stop it, it will stand a better chance.

Finally, in answer to my aforementioned BR travelling companion, I wish I had been a student in the early seventies when the grant was worth more and meant more — but then, I'd never have had the chance to be a punk.

OPINION

Potterrow had become morbid. I still had time to spare, so I whizzed up the lift in the DHT the other day to attend a feminist Society talk.

An hour later, I left with the vivid feeling that essential requirements for feminists were bulging, macho muscles, a rejection of anything domestic and a general seething against the male species of mankind. But are women dominated? Are we equal? Do we all want to work or even acquire ruggie-player proportions? I questioned myself as the pre-dominant gist of the meeting resounded in my mind.

It's great, I suppose, for those butch members of the race, but what about the others? I cannot

really picture a five foot, size 8 female particularly wanting to work on a building site, for example, in order to expose woman's equality. Neither is it every woman who wishes to be placed in a highly demanding position commanding battalions of workers, in order to assert tier strength over — dare it be said — MEN.

Do you feel humiliated or slighted when a man opens a door for you or offers up his seat? I feel probably the opposite — flattered. What is it then that women really do want? We can now work and even go far into the realms of success, if potential lies behind us. There are those of us who work in factories — "exploitation" — they ragged, yes, perhaps, but then men also work in such places.

If society is so unequal, why are there so many female engineers, doctors, lawyers — that is professionals — emerging? Just look around Edinburgh University for an example.

Women only



Of course there are women who want power and success in life — why not? — we now have more equal opportunities and a greater choice, largely due in fact, to such

things as the feminist movement, to do as we want. Such recognition of women is just and right. But the vibes buzzing around this meeting scorned that percentage of womankind who simply want an average life. To this minority of women the mere image of actually wanting to get married, have kids, do housework, that is to lead a domestic life, is absurd, unfulfilling. Maybe, but what right have they to repress such an instinct? What right have they to assume that all women share their views, and worst of all, to make women who want such a life feel guilty?

To lapse into the realms of true feminism not only is it essential to drop all feminine guise and outer aspect, it is also necessary to alter the inner one too. You should no longer want to rear your own child — what an absurd, defeatist thought — that problem is easily solved by creches. You go out, leave your kid to howl and scream, unidentified amongst a mass of others, while you, with new

purposeful appearance, go to work, to prove your equality, your 'New Womanhood'.

Feminism has altered women's conception of what they 'ought' to want in life. To some extent it greatly represses very natural, simple wants and needs in life. For example, would you, when asked amongst a group of people what you want to do with your life, actually have the courage to admit to eventually wanting a domestic, married life?

It still is a difficult world for women, but why make it worse? Why do this minority of women publicly reject basic womanhood bringing not only ridicule to themselves, but also guilt to those others who still accept and want a traditional woman's role in life? We do now have a choice of home or of career, so why do they ruin that choice which in fact they themselves have fought for over the years?

Cathy Rigby

FEATURES

Jesse Rae—the legend is out

Alastair Dalton profiles the newest name in Scottish music, Jesse Rae.

The name **Jesse Rae** will have been unknown to almost everyone up to now. This unfamiliarity has been exacerbated by the man's appearance, in full Highland regalia, kilt, helmet and claymore sword, while at the same time he is linked seemingly inexplicably in music style to current luminaries such as **Chaka Khan** and **John Waite**...

Despite still living in his home area of the Borders, Jesse Rae's image and music has been unheard and unseen in Scotland



Photo: John Lindsay

because of his extensive work in America, and a recent concentration on video products. His sudden emergence in Scotland comes in the form of the release of a 12" single and the appearance of both man and video on *The Tube* at the end of the month.

Jesse Rae's career up to now has taken the form of growing recognition and success in the USA, which started with various session work.

Around 1977 he was in the Ohio group, **The Boys**, together with **John Waite**, now a solo artist with a current hit, *Missing You*. Jesse then became associated with various funk groups, including **The Average White Band**, **Parliament Funkadelic** and **Chaka Khan**. He then moved into music videos, becoming the first video single artist in America, with songs such as *Rusha* (sung in Russian) and *Desire*. In 1983 he was given the VIRA award for technical achievement in independent video making.

Meanwhile he was continuing to write material for other artists, including **Odyssey's** hit *Inside Out*, and last year's election rap, *I Feel Liberal*, for **David Steel**. His video work has been seen on the US networks, but not on New York's 24 hour music video channel, **MTV**, because of Jesse's involvement with black musicians and **MTV's** whites-only policy. Japan has been the only other country where his videos have been shown.

Coming right back up to date, *Over the Sea* is the first song and video that people will see in Scotland. It is exemplary of Jesse's style and image, with the striking contrasts between urban America and rural Scotland as its theme. The video shows a pipe-band beside Eilean Donan Castle in the Scottish Borders, then cuts to Jesse swinging a huge claymore around his head from the top of a Manhattan skyscraper (one of New York's 'mountains') and from the Brooklyn Bridge.

The song is a fusion of 80s electrofunk with traditional Scottish instruments — the pipe-band. *Over the Sea* takes a 'lovers apart' theme: Jesse Rae, in New York, is apart from his fiancée,

Audrey Niven, the tenor drummer prominent at the front of the pipe band (from Craigmount High School), back in Scotland.

The claymore that Jesse is swinging and which later is seen flying through the air from America to Scotland, is, he says, not a symbol of violence but a modern cupid's arrow. On a personal level, this is the love of Jesse for his fiancée, but the claymore also represents Jesse's affection for Scotland itself, especially when his startling appearance makes him stand out as being so clearly alone amidst the busy Manhattan streets.

Over the Sea will be given its first UK television screen on *The Tube* on 30 November (coincidentally St Andrew's Night); **Radio Forth's** Colin Somerville has called it "possibly one of the most wonderful things committed to film in the last three decades at least." An eye-opening experience.

Jesse's other activities are becoming increasingly centred in Scotland. Last Saturday he performed *Over the Sea* live in the surprising context of the **Accordian 84** event at the Playhouse — as a contrasting, but complementary part of an evening of traditional Scottish music. Meanwhile, he is about to make his record debut, in the form of a single available only on twelve inch (not a personal preference, but necessary to get clubs to play it). The single will be out on an Edinburgh record label, **Supreme International Editions**, which is



run by **Hoochie Coochie Club** manager, Allan Campbell. The tracks on Jesse Rae's single



JESSE RAE

Photo: Alastair Dalton

are *The Don In Me* and *Be Yourself*, which were co-written with **Bernie Worell**, famous for his work, *Talking Heads*.

Be Yourself marks a new strand of Scottish patriotism in current music. While **Big Country** have made successful use of historical themes and the rural beauty of Scotland, Jesse Rae concentrates here on the contemporary self-identity of Scots: *Be Yourself* means have self-respect and be proud of your jobs, however much they are looked down upon. The song makes references to various occupations — fishing, agriculture, coal mining, factory work (it even mentions Ravenscraig), emphasising their inherent part of the Scottish way of life. Jesse feels that this is important: for far too long Scotland has suffered because of English-orientated policies which have ignored the essential differences between the English and Scottish economies. The result of this has been peculiar Scottish problems, and an inferiority complex arising amongst Scots.

Be Yourself is thus an important statement "a reawakening of self-identity, in terms of being proud of ourselves."

Jesse Rae faces a problem, however, with the record companies being predominantly situated in London. His choice of a fledgling Edinburgh label is thus significant. Meanwhile, Jesse has acquired an old school in the Borders, which he plans to convert into videostudios as the headquarters of a Scottish production company. He distances himself completely from Scottish bands who have changed their styles/images to suit London tastes and preconceptions: "they will have to accept me on my level or not at all."

Jesse Rae seems set to take an unsuspecting Scottish public by storm. His music is designed as a source of — entertainment and encouragement — to give people a boost.

His presence in Scotland is an exciting phenomenon.

OPINION

It just takes one faltering "Eh... What are you anyway?" and the average Northern Irish student will blind with the science of his or her beliefs on "the troubles". You'd think we never talked about anything else! But don't take that as normal — at home the matter is not nearly so extensively discussed in everyday life; in fact it's rarely mentioned at all.

Our tongues are loosened hereby the fact that we feel qualified to about the situation and by the notion that our ramblings may have an effect on someone, perhaps even convert them to our way of thinking. Being politically orientated, we nearly all have our little theories on the subject and will take enormous pleasure in expounding them, however inarticulately, to the exclusion of everyone else. In an environment where your audience, keen to inform itself in the ways of the world, will take in what you say like a tape recorder, the satisfaction in extolling the virtues of your school of thought is enormous. You forget completely why you didn't get so hot up about it at home, why discussion was not quite so frequent. Here, you are free from the atmosphere of discontent and can escape from the reality of Northern Irish politics; the reality that no one really has anything new to say anymore.

Daily life in Northern Ireland is normal to us just as life at home is normal for you. We commit any

All talk, No action in Ulster

sense of abnormality to the subconscious and forget about it until we enter a new environment. We're just mirroring the academics and politicians who think they know what's best for their people, endlessly searching for a theoretical political solution that doesn't exist. Our reasons are as selfish as theirs. They don't have the right to say what is going to work anymore than we have the right as students to try to influence anyone else's views on the situation. Northern Ireland doesn't need discussion anymore — it needs practical help.

The stalemate we have reached at the minute will remain until someone influential wakes up to the fact that we're not getting anywhere in the fight for a political solution. We have a double-minority which breeds fear and hatred within and between communities. Neither side is going to give in. The Catholics are a minority in the present state. They resent British presence and British Imperialism; not a completely outdated concept, but one which lives in the heart of Margaret Thatcher and those like her. The Protestants would be a minority in a United Ireland and they fear the Catholic authority that would restrict their freedom and deprive them of the advantages of British citizenship.

In the ghettos, although terrorism gets reactionary support



everytime it strikes a blow for the cause, the problem is no longer political, it is social. The IRA have a terrifying hold on Belfast. Through Sinn Féin they can people into believing that they are voting for social policy, the defeat of a government which doesn't care and economic support — not the armalite. The IRA have hit on the real source of the problem at the present. People no longer want to think about being Irish or British. They want identity, but the

identity of a nation which cares enough about them to reduce unemployment and build up redundant industries. If you rid the country of social discontent half the battle would be won. Show up the IRA's pretence of caring for the social needs of their people and reveal their desire to create a civil war — the result of which would leave them powerful in what would simply be an enlarged Republic.

The problem must be tackled on the ground level and not with high-

flown political notions, which base their concepts on the ridiculous notion that sectarian voting could be ended. Everyone in Northern Ireland wants to protect his or her own interests and those interests, which are mostly economic, will provide the source of a solution. Build up the economy, destroy the illusion of the "caring terrorists" and perhaps then a more stable atmosphere will permit Britain to let go of what it has long wanted to lose. Let natural ties with the south be re-established without the fear that someone will suffer or lose out.

I suppose I've just done what I began by criticising. I've given my own little theory, taken a ride on my hobby-horse. My bias I think is obvious! I am, however, only trying to point out that although we Northern Irish seem to talk a lot about the troubles it's only to make ourselves feel better, ease our consciences and forget that at home the futility of words is all too obvious. We are the educated few who got away. Some of us will go back equipped with more ideas and academic theories, fat-headedly complacent, only to realise that the misguided search for a political solution is for a continuing and that we have not helped in any way. Most will stay away, taking advantage of the opportunity only a select few have — the chance to escape.

Joan Cradden

FEATURES

The time when daily newspapers could be relied upon to be first with all the news is long past.

Fleet Street's 'lightning' response to the famine in Ethiopia came only after a reporter from BBC TV had uncovered its victims' plight.

Research also shows that readers are well aware of the press' political leanings. Indeed, public expectations of the tabloids are now so low that their treatment of the present miners' strike has raised not the merest hint of an outcry. The only people offended by The Sun's blacked Scargill/Hitler front page, it seems, were the printers.

That leaves TV as the sole recipient of public confidence. But does it really deserve such an influential position as 'the guardian of the truth'? On the evidence of its handling of the pit strike, the answer must be no.

But it has not been all bad news. After all, ITN's news service has by charter to be "balanced and impartial" and "editorialising" is expressly forbidden in the BBC's licence. Sue Lawley has not attacked the striking miners on the Six O'Clock News. Nor has Mr McGregor been permitted to call for a return to work on News At Ten without immediate redress from Mr Scargill or, as is more likely these days from the Bishop of Durham. The British Film Institute's Broadcasting Research Unit found, in fact, that Mr Scargill appeared in twice as many TV bulletins during the strike's first 21 weeks as Mr MacGregor.

TV's penetrating eye has fixated not on the strike's causes but on its conduct.

Accusations of unfairness or inaccuracy by TV in its handling of the merits, or otherwise, of pit closure plans are ludicrous. For it



has scarcely handled them at all. 66% of the leading stories on TV news in the same period concerned picketing, violence, policing and civil rights, the British Film Institute calculated. TV's penetrating eye has fixated not on the strike's causes but on its conduct.

Why has this been the case? Not because TV editors have gotten together and conspired to undermine the NUM by emphasising intimidation, splits and violence. The simple answer is that half-hour news programmes never analyse issues. It is not in their nature. The limits of time and the necessity not to bore viewers make it impossible.

Journalists instinctively view action — dramatic events — as 'newsworthy', not abstract ideas. In addition, TV as a visual medium requires good pictures. Picket-line tension and strife has been a godsend to TV editors, one they have been unable to resist.

Had the strike been solid and peaceful TV would probably have concentrated on its direct effects on industry and the public. We would then have been bombarded daily by pictures of shrinking coal stocks and shivering pensioners. But it has not.

By focusing on the conduct of the strike, TV has made the dominant public issue not should pits close or what is happening to the economy but when is the violence going to stop? This has been crucial in the formulation of a generally negative public view of the strike. As a result of TV, 71%

believe it to be very violent, a recent NOP survey revealed. Violent strikes do not tend to receive much public support in Britain.

It appears that TV editors are using pictures of the picket-lines as 'fillers' when no other exciting or interesting stories are available. During the two week period of the Brighton bombing and the Gandhi assassination when 'real' news existed in over-abundance, the picket lines virtually disappeared from our screens.

What is lacking in TV news is that element of investigative journalism.

If the strike is to be portrayed in a "balanced", "accurate" and "impartial" way by TV, several other issues need to be given equal coverage. They may not be as photogenic but they are of comparable importance, nonetheless. They include the police's role which is surely worthy of the TV news' attention more often than the present once every three weeks or so. The condition of strike-bound coal faces has yet to receive thorough coverage either, being referred to only when the NCB makes periodic PR drives on the matter.

What is lacking in TV news is that element of investigative journalism displayed by longer current affairs programmes such as Newsnight. Interestingly, these and Channel 4's 50 minute news slot have been free of accusations

of bias from both sides in the current dispute. On the main news, however, independent investigation is usually confined to politically non-sensitive issues like the safety of children's toys.

It has been no different during the miners' strike, though there have been a few exceptions. On October 16, BBC's Six O'Clock News presented its own calculation of when power cuts would start if NACODS threatened strike went ahead. But it was an isolated example. For investigative journalism is often controversial, requires independent judgement, which clashes with TV news belived principle of "impartiality".

The end result is that TV has not only over-emphasised violence in the strike but misrepresented its nature and causes, too. The "supermarket justice" meted out to pickets by judges in court has been matched by that of reporters on TV. Neither channel, BBC nor ITN, has portrayed confrontation in context. Frustrated pickets throw missiles, police respond has been the only analysis offered of why violence occurs.

To challenge the police's view of events would involve more than the current periodic references by TV to police road-blocks and Mr Scargill's attacks on police tactics.

The causes of each incidence of violence shown should be investigated. Otherwise, the false impression will continue that police 'irregularities' are isolated and not part of any pattern. Longer current affairs programmes have revealed what fallacy that is. Of course, it would mean taking an

independent stand on a very sensitive issue. So far this analysis, although critical of TV, has been basically sympathetic. It has been based on the assumption that the men behind the news are never affected by their own political beliefs and values. Evidence exists, however, to cast doubt on it.

Perhaps we are better off with the daily newspapers after all.

Stirling University's media studies department has calculated that only 34% of TV interviews with individual miners or their wives in the strike's first three weeks were with its supporters. How are we to explain this lack of balance which contrasts badly with TV's more even-handed approach to the strike's leading figures? Not by the principle of 'news-worthiness'. Is the question, "why are you ignoring the strike-call?" really any more interesting or important than the question "why are you supporting it?"

Another example of TV editors sometimes cavalier selection of what is or is not 'news' concerns the differing legal verdicts on the strike. Last month's High Court ruling that it was unlawful in Yorkshire was reported prominently on national TV. The Scottish Court of Session's opposite verdict of the strike in Scotland last week received no mention whatsoever on BBC TV news outside Scotland.

The need to be brief or entertaining cannot explain this particular oversight. Nor does the problem of impartiality come into it. That leaves either incompetence or political bias, conscious or unconscious. Either way, it made the public's high degree of confidence in TV look alarmingly misplaced. Perhaps we are better off with the daily newspapers, after all.

Graham Chalmers

Do not go to Old College.

Do not collect £205.

advance to page 19 or take a chance

EUSA

five hotels on park lane.

SPORT

Foul Play No Deterrent To Edinburgh

RUGBY

Edinburgh 1st XV 18

Corstorphine RFC 6

Over a quiet drink, on the eve of EU's top of the table clash against Corstorphine, a rugby playing, Marxist, acquaintance of mine, turned to philosophising on Edinburgh's prospects. After deep contemplation he announced with dialectic authority, "Not a chance, a whitewash, Corstorphine will thrash them." The moral of this little story is that even Marxists cannot always be right all of the time. Yet, as EU Captain David Leckie confessed to me after the match, the margin of victory was a pleasant surprise even to him.

Edinburgh certainly got off to a good start, with a successful penalty kick by Hunter in the first few minutes. It was a taste of things to come with the boot being the decisive factor in the first half, the wet and slippery conditions hardly being conducive to skilful handling. Unfortunately for Corstorphine, Edinburgh, never gave away many penalty chances nor failed to capitalise on possibilities that came their way. Admittedly Hunter missed one attempt but he redeemed himself by successfully scoring two more times before the break. Corstorphine could only pull back one back one penalty in the last minutes of the half, full back McDonald having already squandered several chances.

Edinburgh were no doubt pleasantly surprised at a scoreline of 9-3 at the interval and the spectators were equally cheered by the high lead of premature half-time entertainment when the "man with the magic sponge," ran on to tend the wounded, only to leave a wake of jock straps, Ralges and bandages trailing behind him, as his bag accidentally fell open.

The second half, for the purist was to be far more interesting. Initially play continued as before with McDonald or Corstorphine missing a 3rd minute penalty, halfway into Edinburgh territory. Although conditions were as difficult as ever the University managed to string together a number of effective passing moves. Continual pressure eventually led to the breakthrough Edinburgh had been working towards. From a line out near the



Photo by David Yarrow

Corstorphine flag, a weak kicked clearance was made, only for winger Hannaford to scoop up the ball ten yards out, run in strongly and force his way over the line. The smell of imminent victory was made all the more pungent when Hunter successfully converted to make it 15-3.

Even though both teams were tiring the pace of the game continued to be as furious as ever — the match continually seesawing back wards and forwards. Corstorphine managed



David Yarrow

to pull back three points through a McDonald penalty and then were presented with another opportunity near the Edinburgh line. In true Douglas Morgan style (remember him?) the decision to run the ball was taken. The result was a scrum five yards from the line that Edinburgh easily coped with. Such tactics were a sign of increasing desperation on Corstorphine's part. Their anxiety was to increase as Edinburgh again produced some dangerous moves, a bobbing ball being kicked off the line and Hannaford being pulled out of play in the corner. Corstorphine's fate was sealed minutes later with Hunter scoring another penalty, in windy conditions, to close the match at 18-6.

The scoreline was all the more impressive with, as David Leckie explained, the slippery conditions being more suited to Corstorphine's 'ruck and maul' style and the intermittent foul play of the visitors, foul play which was to result in left wing Taylor being given his marching orders by referee Brodie, after blatantly punching Ritchie.

Edinburgh now sit on top of Division Four with a relatively straightforward fixture list to come. The omens look good.

Kenneth Addy

I-M MIXED HOCKEY

An Intra-Mural Indoor Hockey Tournament will be taking place on Sunday 2nd December in The Pleasance Sports Hall, beginning 12.30 pm sharp. Teams of six — three male, three female — should apply to Mark Stone-Wigg, tel. 447 2699, or leave an application at the Pleasance pigeon-hole by Friday 30th November.

RUGBY

On Saturday, 24th November, at Canal Field, Edinburgh University 1st XV will try to extend their unbeaten run even further from the present mark of 13 wins in succession. Currently riding on a wave of success an exciting encounter with Harris FP is expected, and all support is very welcome for a 2.15 kick-off.

SHINTY Scottish Universities Championship

Edinburgh University shinty team achieved a major victory last Saturday when they came away from the second round of the Littlejohn Vase Scottish Universities Championships undefeated by any of the other Scottish universities competing.

After last week's thrashing of St Andrews, in a league fixture, confidence was high. However, even the most optimistic of players and fans could not have hoped for such a magnificent display of shinty by Edinburgh. The changing of the venue from St Andrews to Glasgow had no ill effects on the Edinburgh players who had trained to the point of exhaustion all week. Practising their oath of abstinence from any sinful activity the night before a game, the brave lads were at their peak on Saturday morning.

No player can be singled out for special mention as the whole team gave 100 per cent and totally out-classed any opposition they had all day. A sign of the confidence and skill of the Edinburgh team must be that every one of the 12 players who travelled to Glasgow scored sometime during the day. Even goalie "Smokie-Joe" Lowe (who had narrowly missed scoring earlier in the morning) managed to get one on target when he shot at the goalmouth.

Thus having lost only two of the six games in the competition so far the Edinburgh side seem certain to bring the Littlejohn Vase back to Edinburgh for the first time in ten years.

Rhurig Mheadhion Jnr.

RUGBY

Do you want to watch the world's finest rugby team in action against Wales, Ireland and Australia from the comfort and shelter of a stand seat? If so, get down to the Sports Union Office at The Pleasance between 9.30 am and 3 pm weekdays, where stand ticket application forms are now available. To be eligible for these forms you have to be either a member of the Pavilion Association or a non-playing member of EURFC. Union shops will have ground tickets for the above games nearer the time. All plebs are eligible for ground tickets.

TURF CLUB

The Turf Club are having a day at Ayr Races, including an official tour of the race course, on Saturday 24th November. Those wishing to attend should come to the Southsider between 1 and 2 pm, or contact Rory Bannerman at 18 Lochrin Place, tel. 228 2116.

For the trip to Ayr meet at Appleton Tower between 9-9 15 am.

Sir
Lester.

One winner, one third and one non-runner meant that profits rose only slightly to £41.37. Four to follow this week are Burrough Hill Lad now that he's been reunited with John Francombe for the Hennessy Gold Cup at Newbury on Saturday. Ra Nova will take all the beating half an hour earlier in the Gerry Fielden Hurdle race. On Friday at the same course, Glenfox can win first time out in the Conditional Jockeys Steeplechase. An each-way bet on Stone Jug at Haydock this afternoon could also prove profitable.

That Sinking Feeling

BOAT CLUB

On Friday, 2nd November, our happy little family from the Boat Club left Edinburgh for the annual Northern Universities Regatta at Durham. Always being a creative and inventive club, we managed to run the trip into another epic which will surely go down in the books of history as EUBC's finest ever, with perhaps the most valuable turnover of any university club yet.

The regatta was due to start early on Saturday morning, and the authorities marked this great occasion with the finest weather ever seen north of a Siberian winter. Unfortunately, perhaps, but more to the delight of every competitor, by now delirious from exposure, the regatta was abandoned at 11 am as the river was flooding and rising fast; too dangerous for our valuable boats.

Thus, having managed to pluck our beloved boats from certain peril at the tender mercies of the river, we loaded up and headed for home, which was perhaps where we made our mistake, though many would argue our mistake was leaving for Durham in the first place. Whilst making a desperate bid for sanity and freedom back in the safety of Scotland, the high winds on the A1 overturned the

trailer, scattering our recently saved boats liberally across the countryside in many pieces. In one fell swoop the elements had wiped out our entire stock of senior boats: 5 fours and an eight.

For a club whose luck has always known no bounds, even we were quite amazed by our fate this time; last year whilst driving to Durham an obliging Newcastle citizen made a creditable effort to put paid to the trip by driving straight into the side of the trailer, damaging it and two boats. However, this year, fate really pulled it, or perhaps the boats, off its style.

Despite insurance about £10,000 will have to be found to replace all the boats and get the club back to working order. More important from the training aspect, however, is the fact that it could take some months to get all the boats, and until then we have to manage with those very kindly lent to us by George Heriot's School, and a couple of old boats of our own.

Still, this is the sort of fate we should have come to expect in the club by now. Things can only get better from this point on, or is that tempting our old friend too much?

Rob Crawford Clarke

Just Think What We'd Have Scored Against Turkey!



CELTIC

Edinburgh/Heriot-Watt Universities Celtic FC Supporters Club are holding a meeting upstairs at Deacon Brodie's Tavern, High Street, on Thursday 22nd November. On the Agenda are Membership Fees, Pontoon Tickets, Aberdeen game (at Pittodrie, December 8th — don't miss it!), and the European away match in March.

Membership is only £, entitling you to tickets for any game. Remember, you don't have to be a regular attendee at games to join. Just come along and give your support. Further details from Paul, tel. 556 3760.

Scotland had successfully outplayed the European finalists, Spain, in a manner that put a lump in the throat of all 74,299 present at Hampden last Wednesday. We all left deeply proud to be Scottish. It was perhaps Scotland's best performance since those Wembley Wizards. Then the skill of Jim Baxter was singled out, but now the team has such a depth of ability as to make the singling out of individuals somewhat unreasonable. Nevertheless I can't go by without fleetingly mentioning three players from last Wednesday. Willie Miller, was immense in the centre of defence. His talents all too often go unused. We are privileged to have such a controlling influence — Jim Bell showed what a tremendous player he can be. Seldom have I seen a player exhibit such total commitment, and how he kept his balance on the way to crossing for Mo Johnston to score Scotland's second goal we shall never know. And Kenny? ... No words do him justice. Just thank God he wasn't born south of Gretna Green.

On leaving Hampden, two thoughts occurred. One, a sense of admiration for Jack Stein. He has taken a lot of stick, but has emerged from such criticism with a world class side. Secondly, think how many goals we'd have scored against those Turkish people.

Dave Yarrow

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The Rally

Speakers from different political and occupational backgrounds, uniting to condemn this government's education policy and the recent grant cuts.

We must show our support with a massive attendance. A bus will be outside KBU at 12.45 pm on Thursday to take students to the rally (and back!).

Some lectures have been cancelled to allow students to attend the rally. Many lecturers are 100 per cent behind us in our fight. If necessary, ask your lecturer to either cancel the lecture or finish it early so you can come and show your support. You might be surprised at the co-operation you are shown.

520 black balloons will be released to symbolise the imposition of the £520 tuition fees.

The AGM

EUSA's Annual General Meeting is now on Thursday, 29th November, at 7.30 pm in the McEwan Hall. An emergency motion is being taken to it on the grant cuts issue. This is our most important meeting of the year. If we don't get a lot of support this time, if we can't show that we are all together in this fight to retain our place in society, then we can't expect other people to listen to us.

EUSA
and so to victory.

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Back Page

The Back Page presents another thrilling adventure of romance and...

The Great American Highway Story: Part One

Small But Intensely Significant Events on Route 28

"Just wrap your legs round these velvet rims
And strap your hands across my engines."

—Bruce Springsteen "Born to Run"

There I was, burning up gas and burning up the road on a Harley. Nothing like it, never was and never will be, the wind in your face and the scenery buzzing past and the tarmac just a grey blur only a matter of inches from your foot. The girl was on the pillion, the same girl, as it always is, the body changes but the identity remains the same. We rode most of the morning, it was better than flying, until we passed by some Okies burying their dead in the grey earth by the roadside. They were having a real struggle, I guess on account of the dead not actually being fully dead at the time of burial. Still, you've gotta respect other folk's customs and so we just gave the hillbillies a friendly wave as we shot past, and they flung a couple of sticks of high explosive in our path just to show us some good old, country hospitality. Lordy, lordy! How me and the girl chuckled at their good nature as the Harley exploded beneath us and left us bouncing across the camber at a hundred miles an hour. I picked myself up pretty quick and brushed the dust off. I was fine but the girl was kind of smashed up. These things happen. I was going to go back and help her but a whole crowd of hillbillies were running towards her with axes and sweetcorn, so I figured as maybe they were going to help and they probably didn't need me. Having nothing better to do, I just turned around and jogged off across the desert, whistling dixie to my heart's content. OK, I'm a rolling stone, I don't like to be tied down to anyone. If those Okies wanted to eat my girl then damn it that's between her and them and it's none of my business. That's the truth for you and that's why I ran away. I only stopped running when I saw the town.

It appeared when the mist rose. It hadn't been there before, but it was there now, and it sucked me in like a whirlpool, there was nothing that I could do. The streets looked vacant and the dry wind off the desert was blowing sand through the holes in my boots as I walked along. It was still a couple of hours before sunset but the whole place looked to me about as lively as a rabbit that just got stuck under a ton of cement. Ton of anything, I guess, it doesn't much matter to the rabbit, I mean picture yourself as a rabbit, if you're going to get you innards squashed out of your asshole, the most unlikely thought to cross your miniscule rabbit mind is "Oh, I wonder what this load consists of that weighs enough to squash me out of myself. My, what a consciousness-raising experience." More likely your last thoughts are of lettuce and sex, which are the chief preoccupations of most rabbits. I speak about rabbits from a position of considerable authority, when I was a boy I kept dozens of them in coke bottles, you put them in when they are small and once they grow up everyone stands back in amazement at how the hell you got them in there in the first place. It beats test-tube babies any day, and you don't have to

go through any of the ethical turmoil. Everything was just gliding along, I was discovering a market for bottled rabbits in the fast food trade and I was about to start growing cattle in milk churns when disaster struck: we got bombed by our own airforce. On utterly honest reflection, I have to admit that Nagasaki wasn't the smartest place to choose for a vacation in the summer of '45, but it looked so neat in the brochure and father seemed so much to have his heart set on seeing the Orient that we all just decided to ignore the war. Well, you win some you lose some, and I lost all my rabbits, but I counted myself lucky that when the bomb dropped I was in the only fortified concrete toilet 50 feet underground in the whole of Japan. Bizarre, as they they, but true, and I even missed the worst of the fallout because the lock jammed and it was two weeks before I was able to emerge on to the blitzed surface.

There weren't any rabbits, living, dead, dying, healthy or unhealthy, slightly off colour, or even mildly dyspeptic, in this town. It looked as though everyone had gone away for the day. I kept on walking until I arrived at a bar where the door was open and so I went in there. The place was empty but I called out for service and sat down at the bar. After a couple of minutes, a grizzled old barman stomped out of a back room and said fiercely, "Whadya want, scum?"

"No, I'd rather have a beer," I replied wittily and tossed a dime onto the counter.

"What's that supposed to be?" he snarled.

"A dollar."

"Well it don't much look like one to me."

"Listen pops, I said, trying to hustle a cheap beer, 'you're out of touch with the rest of the country, how do you know what a dollar looks like? You probably think that Abe Lincoln's still the President.'"

"Indeed he is, aren't you Abe?" he called into the backroom.

"Sure am," replied a voice.

"So there," said the barman, "now stomp up fifty cents for that there beer or me an' Abe'll sling you clear out of town."

He had a good point and a civil war revolver, so I paid up and supped the beer, it was good, cool and refreshing.

"Where is everyone?" I asked.

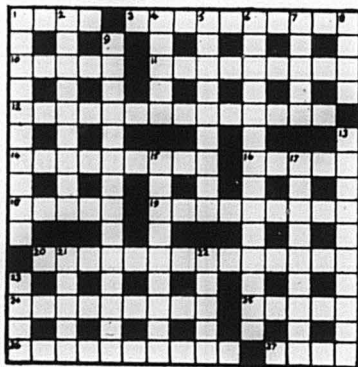
"At the church," he replied, "they're having a meeting to decide what to do about the trouble."

What sort of trouble was that? I asked. I was interested to know, but his reply shook me; it was like he was asking me how long I could keep moving, and how many times could I turn away and say that it wasn't my business. He paused and when he spoke there was despair in his voice and in his eyes, "They're out there," he said, nodding towards the desert, "trying to stop people moving in and out of town, stealing, killing, and gawd knows what else! I'm talkin' about the outlaws, out on Route 28."

Alan Harvey

THE STUDENT CROSSWORD

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ACROSS

- Price of a good man after small company (4)
- Amuse Brian wriggling one deep-sea diver (1, 9)
- Withered rose around five helps put the brakes on (5)
- Supplementary sums (9)
- Where one verges on accomplishment? (4, 2, 7)
- Organ played around the ring gets one more try (7, 2)
- Mother turned back from south a degree, to dance in Brazil (5)
- Moulded English social order for Hindus (5)
- Crude, like can-sugar can be (9)
- Reagan's bash at Students' Union? (10, 4)
- Was formerly where list altered (9)
- Endless driveline comes from my stately home (5)
- Prays these return lost lambs (5, 5)
- One needs two to focus (4)

DOWN

- White house in Spain — in Morocco! (10)
- Sir strove frantically to provide monitors of University entrance (9)
- Winds around to keep winds out (5)
- Not a good mood — our following rotten smell causes this (3, 6)
- Waylays outer flank. It wouldn't be allowed in football! (7, 3-4)
- Is Ron between trouser-pressers? (5)
- Point to the Orient (4)
- Chose simple route — and followed it! (4, 3, 4, 3)
- Revolutionary belts made of shells (10)
- This sea creature is no square! (5, 4)
- Fix one town of lies and deception (9)
- One who gets up in Paris erratically (5)
- Girl that's nice about the east (5)
- Muddle puts me on board ship (4)

STUDENTS



THE MILITANT

MATRINGO

This week STUDENT is awarding an amazing £30 to one of our lucky readers. If your matriculation number is 8204929 then it looks like your dreams have come true at last. Come down and collect your money before 5 pm tomorrow. Remember, Matringo is the game for all to play

And yet another letter... A Pompous Bore Writes...

Sir,
It's an utter, damned disgrace. Our leader has betrayed us to the scavenging hyenas of the Treasury. The pound note is to be consigned to the Incinerator of History, leaving us with lumps of copper, zinc, and nickel alloy instead of Mrs Thatcher, to misquote Enoch Powell, has failed to show her mettle — she is not the Iron Lady, but only the Copper, Zinc and Nickel Alloy Lady.

The reason given for the withdrawal of the pound note, according to the Secretary to the Treasury, is that "people no longer treat them with all due reverence, but scrumple them up into little balls, put them in their mouths, and then flick them at each other." Well, no wonder they do — and it's all the Treasury's fault — not only have they spent the last two decades steering the economy with such single-minded dedication that the pound is now worth less than zilch, but they've also been reducing the size of the notes to the level of Toyland, deliberately in my view so that we naturally treat them like dirt and they can then replace them with coins. In fact, the whole exercise is just another excuse by the pound-pinching Treasury to save money. If they want to do that, why don't they do something useful — like sell Trident to the Arabs?

Of course this is all irrelevant in Scotland because the Scots, being determined to be difficult as usual, are keeping their pound notes. I only hope the superior buying power of the English doesn't mean that the popular and exotic Scottish notes all get sucked south of the border and become cult objects d'art in Chelsea, the worst result of this would be hideous SNP posters everywhere saying "They're Scotland's Notes".

The pound note may be surviving in Scotland for a while yet, but I live in England, so I'm going to carry on complaining, look at what we're going to miss — you can't fold coins, call them "lettuce", wave them at barstaff in the time-honoured fashion or get a whiff of that special stale tobacco with which the bank seems to impregnate the notes. And no more will we be able to read that cheeky little "I promise to pay the bearer on demand the sum of one pound." No doubt they get a couple of loonies every day at the Bank of England trying that one on.

This is yet another insidious attempt to undermine the British way of life, the worst example of which was decimalisation. I agreed, had to happen, if only because no one would take a currency called LSD seriously after the sixties — but look at the words they took from us — bob, tanner, half-crown, tuppenny haporth — to be replaced by the sheer poetry of a Janet Street-Porter voice calling a panny by the nonsensical name of a "one-pence piece".

At least the pound coin is heavy, unlike the gnatish 20p piece (notice how the area around the Queen's head is indented on the little horror — that's the Treasury saving 0.002 grammes of Globulins Zaxxon alloy), which is more like the milk bottle tops they use on the Continent (I will keep to currency and restrain myself over the EEBloodyC burgundy passport).

Being a traditionalist, perhaps I should be rejoicing — after all, it was only in 1928 that they replaced the Sovereign with the pound note. The deluge of pompous letters to the Times saying, "give us back our coins", obviously entered into the well-oiled administrative machine that is the Treasury, and a mere 56 years later, the Chancellor persuaded the PM that the coin really had to be saved after all.

But being a traditionalist, I have a very short and irrational memory — the fact is, I just can't stand change.

Yours faithfully,
Maj. Robin Henry (Retd.)