

STUDENT

Edinburgh University Student Newspaper

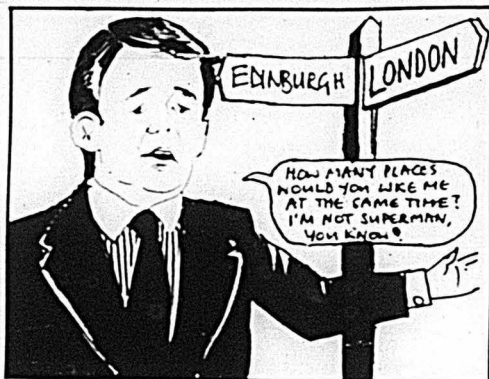


NUM Rally, Usher Hall
Replies to John
Murray Macleod
Election Week Special

Matringo winner collects £30!

NEWS

Steel misses major debate



Edinburgh University Rector and Liberal Party leader David Steel surprisingly missed the important Parliamentary debate on higher education which took place on October 26th.

Responding to a letter commenting on the debate from EUSA Senior President John Mannix, Mr Steel had indicated that he might be able to attend only the beginning of the debate. When Student spoke to him earlier this week however, it emerged that more particularly rectorial duties had prevented him from achieving even this aim.

"I wasn't there at all," he commented when asked about his attendance of the debate, before responding with understandable glee. "In fact I was at an institution you may have heard of (Edinburgh University)." It transpired that Mr Steel spent the day hosting a visit from the Ambassador from the

United Arab Emirates to the University's Department of Icelandic Studies. The trip had been arranged in the hope that it might attract additional funding for the department.

Replying to the suggestion that perhaps, worthy though this duty was, his presence might have been more valuable at Westminster, Mr Steel took a different view. "We only get notice of Parliamentary business a week in advance, and this visit had been arranged for some time. When you've arranged a visit such as this well before-hand it is very difficult to change it, and it was quite important because as I'm sure you know this particular department is rather short of money."

Reiterating his commitment to his responsibilities as Rector, Mr Steel further commented that though he had missed this particular debate, he had been present the following Tuesday, when the House discussed student grants.

Iain Cameron

Limited response from MPs on education

Senior President John Mannix has received eight replies to a letter sent to MPs concerning the parliamentary debate on higher education which occurred on October 26th. Unfortunately, seven of the eight supportive respondents indicated that they could not attend the debate, including the Edinburgh University Rector the Rt Hon David Steel.

The remaining MP, Tam Davie, sent Mannix a handwritten letter stating only: "Exactly — it is another nail in Robbins' support" — a reference to Mannix's letter, which pointed out that current Government policy represents another nail in the coffin of the Robbins Principle.

John Home Robertson's letter typifies the response. Mannix received in his letter Robertson wrote: "I will certainly continue to support the case for a fair deal with students although I am afraid I will

not be able to be present at tomorrow's debate in the House because I have to be at a public inquiry in my constituency."

"It's somewhat disillusioning," observes Mannix, "but I understand this sort of thing goes on in Parliament all the time. Even on the really big issues, there may be only a handful of MPs present at the debate. The others are speaking at their constituencies, or whatever."

The five other MPs who replied were Lord James Douglas-Hamilton, Ron Brown, Robin Cook, Malcolm Rifkind and Michael Ancram.

In addition to enumerating tangible cuts in higher education, especially to student grants, Mannix's letter suggested that recent Government decisions are not sudden, but they further eroded the Robbins Principle, which states that courses of higher

education should be "open to all those who are qualified by ability and attainment to pursue them and wish to do so."

The letter also reminded MPs that the minimum grant has been halved, from £410 last year to £225 this year. Mannix pointed out how this changes parental contributions, because now middle and upper income parents must effectively pay more.

Mannix also discussed cuts in travel expenses (a component of every student grant is worked out as travel expenses and in the past students later had been reimbursed for the actual difference. In England there is now a flat maximum rate for travel expenses, however, and any costs above that must be borne by students).

Finally, the letter stated the Edinburgh University will support NUS grant claims.

Barbara Trautman

Women get raw deal

Women academics, who already suffer from considerable disadvantages, are being "hardest hit by university cuts".

That was the recent verdict of Vicki Fisher, national convenor of the Association of University Teachers' Women's Committee. She also claimed that lack of promotion, unequal pension rights, sexual harassment and insecurity for part-time or short-term staff were major problems which female academics had to surmount.

Even the government's so-called "new blood" posts — directed, in any case, towards

science and engineering, where there are even fewer women academics — had done nothing to bring more women into universities, continued Ms Fisher.

She accused the universities of "stonewalling outrageously" on the issue of equal pension rights for widowers of academics, who as treated unequally in comparison with widows of academics.

According to Ms Fisher, universities had a "vast underbelly" of staff in precarious and insecure jobs, and she quoted the example of researchers on short-term contracts, of whom women make up half.

She said that having to rely on patronage when their contracts ended meant some women were vulnerable to sexual harassment

from the male-dominated supervisor section. The nature of such contracts placed women maternity rights in jeopardy, added Ms Fisher.

Research by Edinburgh University's Women's Group has also indicated that nearly 40% of Edinburgh postgraduates were female, but only 12% of academic staff.

The study also found that between 1979 and 1983, 14 women and 55 men were appointed to readerships, 75 men and no women to senior lectureships, and 16 men and two women to personal chairs — all examples of the way women were grossly under-represented in University posts.

Alan Young

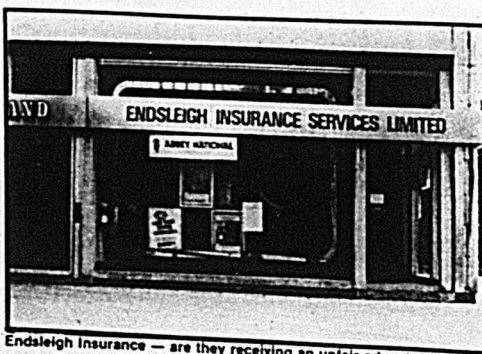
Endsleigh insured against competition

A recent edition of *Private Eye* has made serious allegations against Endsleigh Insurance, formerly owned by the NUS, who now have a 10% share-holding in the company. It alleges that other insurance firms are being prevented from advertising on university campuses, thus allowing Endsleigh to monopolise the market.

According to *Private Eye*, Endsleigh regard students as a "captured market", and intend they should remain that way. Increasingly, it would appear, rival companies are being forbidden to advertise in universities and polytechnics under the premise that the establishment recognises no insurance firm other than Endsleigh.

The *Eye* then proceeds to give examples of how other insurance firms (it cites E. Harrison's of Oxford) are in fact able to offer students a better deal than Endsleigh. So, concludes the *Eye*, "the NUS are enjoying a financial gain at the expense of their students."

NUS is, to say the least, not pleased by the allegations, and wasted little time in formulating their response. Unfortunately, the NUS retaliation does not appear strongly to denounce or deny in any way the actual allegations



Endsleigh Insurance — are they receiving an unfair advantage?

made in the *Eye* re the competitive prices offered elsewhere. Rather they chose to attack the *Eye* itself, and allege in return that the article was triggered by people with "friends in the gutter press" being "irked by the success of Endsleigh Insurance Services Ltd."

What the NUS do say is that they have an obvious duty to support the company in which it has direct representation on behalf of students. Furthermore, they argue, if non-NUS affiliated universities such as Heriot-Watt, and indeed Edinburgh, are seen to

be showing an obvious preference for Endsleigh, what right do they have to act differently?

It must be stressed that *Private Eye* has not refuted Endsleigh's claim to provide an efficient and satisfactory scheme for students. What they do say is that, from a students' point of view, it is at best an unfortunate that rival companies are denied the means of offering competitive schemes, especially in a sphere where, in the words of the NUS, "students are at their most vulnerable."

Elaine Preston

Empire of the dollar?

7.30 pm, Tuesday, October 30th. The rain is pouring in and on Teviot Debating Hall. The faithful have gathered, eager to condemn American Imperialism. 7.50, thumping on floor, enter Debates Committee in red ceremonial robes, followed by guest speakers.

Supporting the motion "This House deplores American Imperialism" were Mr George Foulkes, Labour's European spokesman, and Mr David Whitfield, assistant editor of the *Morning Star*. Against were Mr Douglas Eden, founding member of the SDP, and Mr James Walker, LLB, who stood in at the last minute.

First to speak was Mr Whitfield, who wasted little time in making his feelings known. "Violence and war are the most important factors in the American way of life," he said. Then came the first definition of Imperialism. According to Lenin, Imperialism was synonymous with the expanding forces of capital. In conclusion, Mr Whitfield pointed to Nicaragua and the Philippines as examples of the evils of American Imperialism.

Next on his feet was Mr Eden, who made a rather long and tiresome speech. Obviously keen to deplore somebody, Mr Eden vented his wrath on the Labour

Party, Mr Foulkes and Leninist Marxism. When he got to the point he chose the view that Imperialism was not a necessary evil and had "worked to the good of some countries, for example El Salvador. The audience did not seem to agree with Mr Eden on the point.

And so to Mr Foulkes, who began his case with reference to British Imperialism in America. Why, he asked, could the Americans not tolerate Imperialism and yet expect to impose their own? Secondly, he questioned the right of Americans to presume their system of democracy superior to, for example, a Communist system.

After Mr Walker gave the second speech for the opposition, Mr Daphne Figueroa (of GM fame) popped up to make another speech about Chile. Her argument added fuel to the Foulkes' fire and paved the way for the motion to be passed. As is the case with most Debates Society events, the majority of participants seemed to have enjoyed the evening, although it was perhaps lacking in controversy and audience participation. The next debate on cannabis, however, promises to be a real gem.

Elaine Preston

Scargill attacks Kinnock

Last Tuesday evening the National Union of Mineworkers held the first of five regional rallies in Edinburgh. An almost full Usher Hall heard speeches from Parliamentary Labour MPs, an STUC representative NUM general secretary Peter Heathfield and, of course, NUM president Arthur Scargill.

Shortly after 7 pm the delegate party took to the stage and were greeted by a deafening standing ovation. It was several minutes before chairperson and NUM vice-president Mick McGahey could begin his brief introduction of the delegates. The first to speak was STUC assistant general secretary John Hendry. "It's a magnificent edifice to the Trade Union Movement," said Mr Hendry "that so many men can stay on strike for so long for such a noble cause", before going on to say that now was the time to call in the "IOUs" from other members of the Labour movement, to show solidarity.

Next up were two Labour MPs, Mr Gavin Strang and Mr Donald Dewar. Mr Strang stressed the need to defeat unemployment and

the need for investment in the mining industry, while Mr Dewar claimed Ian MacGregor's appointment as NCB chairman was "Provocative" and that MacGregor had "no level of competence".

Arthur Scargill received a standing ovation, then launched straight into a typically charismatic and eloquent speech. He repeatedly attacked the "vicious hacks" of Fleet Street particularly over reports of the strike crumbling and a general drift back to work. Throughout the rally there had been frequent shouts from the crowd of "Where's Kinnock?" Mr Scargill didn't reply directly but hinted obliquely, "There's not one engagement in my diary I'm not prepared to break (for these rallies)".

Mick McGahey concluded the rally with the words, "This is a battle we will win. If we stand together we will never be defeated," to be greeted with thunderous applause, and another standing ovation before the delegates finally left the stage.

Mark Percival

NUS disclaims IRA

The NUS is to take up legal proceedings against Brunel University Conservative Society, because of allegations that the NUS supports the IRA.

It appears that when students returned to Brunel after the summer break, the Conservative Society had published a plethora of leaflets including the phrase "on your behalf the NUS supports the IRA". If this was intended as some kind of joke, the NUS does not now find it very funny, especially in the wake of the Brighton bombing.

According to the NUS, this latest allegation is but one of many from

extreme right-wing Conservatives, who they believe are running some sort of smear campaign to associate the NUS with the IRA. The NUS has, it says, made it perfectly clear on several occasions that it totally condemns the activities of the IRA, and in particular the bombing in Brighton.

However, it is unclear at the moment whether the NUS has the grounds to continue with the case, although it has instructed its solicitors to draft the necessary legal advice. In the meantime, a letter of protest has been sent to John Selwyn Gummer, Conservative Party chairman, drawing his attention to the matter.

Elaine Preston

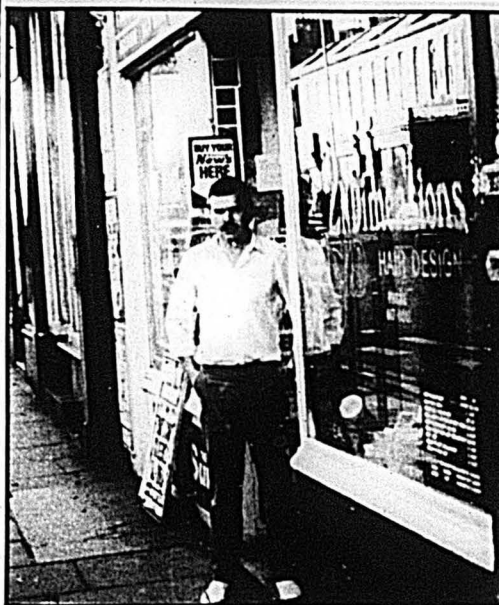


Photo by Chas. Ross

No longer must you starve to help the Third World. Now you can be trendy, and have a social conscience about Ethiopia.

How? Graham Pratt, owner of "2nDimensions Hair Design", is going to open on Sunday, 11th November from 9 am to 4 pm in aid of the Ethiopian Appeal. For a mere £2.50 you can get a wet cut and blow dry. Special rates will also be available for perms and highlights, with all the proceeds going to the Ethiopian Appeal.

Graham and his staff have been open since June, so this isn't a trendy publicity stunt. The staff have all voluntarily given up this Sunday, out of their free time, to work without pay. The aim is to raise £200 and already some appointments have been made, so although you can just turn up on Sunday, a prior visit or phone call to 2nDimensions, 94 South Clerk Street, tel 667 6061, might be advisable.

Jane Cuthbert

Picketing no answer

Picketing of National Front organiser Patrick Harrington's lectures is not the way to fight racism, and furthermore could endanger the staff, the students, and ultimately the future of the college itself. This is the opinion of a Joint Union Committee formed in the face of the continuing disruption at the Polytechnic of North London.

NALGO, NATFHE, NUPE, GLCSA, NUS and the PNL Students' Union have been working together to forge a united campaign to try to deal peacefully and more effectively with both the present situation at the college, and with racism in general.

In a statement issued by the Joint Union Committee, it was strongly reiterated that the picketing of Mr Harrington's lectures was unofficial and illegal, and was not a constructive answer to the problem.

"Confrontation with the police and courts is counter-productive, threatens staff and students, and could jeopardise the continued operation of the Polytechnic." Illegal action, it stated, would

neither remove Mr Harrington, nor would it help to combat racism, what it did do was provide the NF with free publicity in the national media and with the opportunity to "further damage our multi-racial academic community".

Anti-National Front actions by fringe students and political groups, such as took place recently, were described as "divisive", and made it harder, rather than easier, to achieve the "climate of opinion within which racism and racist ideas cannot flourish" which was the first step towards the unions' goal.

The Joint Committee is also trying to persuade PNL director Dr David MacDowell to adopt the policy that no student should be forced against their will to share tutorials or seminars with a known racist or fascist. They have already attempted to have Mr Harrington taught in isolation to "minimise the danger of his presence in the Polytechnic", but Mr Harrington has refused to accept such an arrangement.

Anne McNaught

ESCA not a hit

An official student 'hit' on a lecturer during Charities Week this year has cost the Charities Association £250.

Mr Ian Sams had to face a barrage of raw eggs and flour when a small group of students burst into his Business Studies 1 lecture. The individuals (who were not caught) were masked in balaclavas and, although unauthorised, were carrying an official charities tin.

ESCA later sent a letter of apology to all involved. They suggested that the intended target had perhaps not been Mr Sams who was unfortunately giving his first lecture of the year, but instead his colleague, Colin Ingleton, who seems to have consented to

something along the lines of a student 'hit'.

The financial expense arose when the Department of Business Studies brought up the question of compensation, through Mr Sams' union, the AUT. Although ESCA had not authorised the 'hit squad' they agreed to the suggested sum of £250 (including £150 cleaning costs) as a goodwill gesture.

To help raise money during Charities Week some lecturers do agree to be victims of the so-called 'hit squads'. Elaine Hamson, ESCA convener, stated that 'hits' would remain part of Charities Week, but that individual staff must give prior consent.

Lorraine Telford

Scientists in council

Last Thursday evening marked the first full meeting of the SRC Science Students' Council, held in the dauntingly steep lecture theatre C. James Clerk Maxwell Building, KB. A surprisingly large number of class reps had turned up to find out what the Council was, and what it could do for their classes and science students generally.

Explanations were forthcoming from chairperson Carol Ann Foy, EUSA Senior President John Mannix, and assorted committee members. Also present were Hon Secy Neil Dalgleish and Hon. Treas. Callum Calder. Ms Foy began by outlining the objectives of the SSC, which should meet five times a year (or more if necessary). The Council has been designed to build closer links between the average science student (and the below average science student like me) and the SRC. Thus, so the theory goes, class reps can more effectively represent their class to the University — hitherto very much a law unto itself when it comes to the actual running and organisation of courses. If, for example, exam dates are to be changed, it should no longer be solely to suit the University, but rather taking students' opinions into consideration.

The newsletter of the SSC, *Radioactive*, is to be published regularly; efforts will be made to standardise election of class reps; a science sub-editor of the *Alternative Prospectus* is to be suggested. There was some discussion on the state of the library service at KB from departmental level (working space, availability of books) to suggestions of a completely new science library.

This being very much an introductory meeting, no decisions were made. Despite this, several issues were raised by reps including a discussion of catering, a jukebox in the KB Centre coffee bar, and the minibus service from KB to George Square.

Afterwards, Carol Ann Foy commented that she'd been pleasantly surprised at the number of people turning up to this first meeting. Overall it seemed that the "science students are apathetic" theory took a few body blows on Thursday.

Mark Percival

SRC aids Ethiopia

The Student Representative Council has passed a motion not only noting the "appalling famine in Ethiopia", but also resolving to take practical steps to help alleviate it. Through the External Affairs Committee the SRC will set up collections points, currently being arranged by External Affairs Convener Peter Wotherspoon, for donations to the famine relief appeal.

In its motion Council recognises the suggestions by Alex Falconer, MEP for Mid-Scotland and Fife, that the grain surpluses within the EEC be sent to Ethiopia to help lessen the famine. This tactic would supplement the otherwise meagre relief efforts of the European governments.

Council mandates the Senior President to write three letters, one to Falconer expressing support of his idea, and the others to inform the Minister of Agriculture and the Foreign Secretary of the SRC's stance on this issue.

Barbara Trautlein

and briefly...

Media memorial

This year's Kenneth Allsop Memorial Lecture will take place tonight at 6 pm in the DHT Lecture Theatre B. The lecture will be delivered by Anna Coote, co-editor of Channel Four's controversial current affairs programme 'Diverse Reports', who will discuss 'Bias, Balance and Objectivity in the Media'. The subject is one dear to the hearts of the 'Diverse Reports' team and was discussed at length during this year's Edinburgh Television Festival, in the context of TV coverage of the current miners' dispute.

Remembrance Day

Heriot-Watt and Edinburgh Universities will join together for a Remembrance Day Service on Sunday, November 11th. Staff and students are welcome to attend the service, which will take place in the Upper Library of Old College, at 10.20 am. Those attending are requested to be seated in the Upper Library not later than 10.10 am.

At the conclusion of the service, the Services contingent will form up in the Old College Quadrangle for the Silence and laying of wreaths. A collection will be taken at the service in aid of the Earl Haig Fund.

Exit exam

Cambridge University has put off a decision on a new entrance examination which would make it more attractive to pupils from state schools.

The proposals being considered would abolish the current English seventh-term entrance exam, and admit candidates on the basis of A-levels, A and S levels, or A-levels plus a new entrance-exam administered by the examination boards, and taken just before the A-level.

Applicants for Cambridge will continue to take the special entrance exam in the seventh term of the sixth form — a system widely believed to favour candidates from independent schools. The decision puts Cambridge out of line with Oxford, whose new entrance procedures will apply from next year.

Rural resources

Professor Peter Wilson, Professor of Agriculture, is seeking a new chair of agricultural resource management at Edinburgh University, to deal with the changing countryside.

This would give more emphasis to the work in the related fields of agricultural economics, farm management and rural land use.

NEWS

Hope for threatened post offices

Hope emerged on Friday that some of the 15 Edinburgh sub-post offices scheduled for closure might be spared after an Edinburgh District Council delegation met the city's head postmaster.

The delegation was led by Councillor Lesley Hinds and included councillors John Wilson and Dickie Alexander. Councillor Elizabeth Robertson, Conservative, and Norman Irons, SDP. Speaking to *Student* after the meeting, Ms Hinds said that the delegation showed the cross-party unity there was on the issue of keeping the sub-post offices open.

The closures themselves are being made on purely economic grounds but Ms Hinds pointed out that post offices also provide a form of social service to an area. Elderly people, in particular, become used to a local office and a great many more people would be affected by the closure of a sub-post office than, for example, a local shop were to close down.

The meeting on Friday with head postmaster Mr A. J. S. Wrightman lasted more than two hours, during which time the delegation handed over a petition recently organised by the Edinburgh District Council. The



Council delegation delivers postoffice petition. Photo by Matthew Grimms

postmaster was also shown the large volume of correspondence which the council had received from the public and a number of local organisations.

Councillor Hinds told *Student* that she felt the meeting had been useful and constructive in that now the post offices were at least aware of the public interest in the threatened closures and that now there was hope for a few of the offices which were originally scheduled for closure. The

postmaster said that the Constitution Street post office in Leith would not be closed and Ms Hinds said that the delegation had been told carefully why each sub-post office was to be closed. Each case, however, is now to be carefully reconsidered and discussions will take place with the Post Office Users' Council before the head postmaster makes the final decision about closure on the 14th November.

Devin Scobie

Council continues miners support

Edinburgh District Council are willing to back striking miners both morally and financially for as long as the coal dispute lasts.

At a rally of striking miners in Mayfield last week the leader of the Council's Labour Administration, Councillor Alex Wood, stated that the council would continue to support the miners with £5,000 monthly donations to the SOGAT Miners' Families' Food Fund.

Councillor Wood told *Student* that the council have also ensured that miners have freedom from extra financial burdens during the strike by suspending collection of rates from striking miners.

The miners in Edinburgh District also have free access to leisure amenities such as public baths, saunas and golf courses.

Councillor Wood stated that it is impossible to calculate the

number of striking miners in Edinburgh District but it is clear the number is fairly high. Both Glen, Monkton Hall and Gilmie collieries all fall within Edinburgh District.

The Labour group in the District Council see the strike as a clash between the government and trade unions. Councillor Wood stated last week that the Government wants to smash the trade union movement, deny the National Health Service its emasculate local government.

Councillor Wood also told *Student* that he sees the strike in more general terms as part of the Government's attempts to move wealth from the public to the private sector. The council said that if, as it seems likely, the strike continues throughout the winter, Edinburgh Council will carry on with the financial support being given to the miners.

Audrey Tink

Industrial Edinburgh

In the week that Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for Education, warned universities and polytechnics against stifling the entrepreneurial drive he sees as necessary to our society, the University of Edinburgh launched its own industrial and commercial company.

UnivEd Technologies Limited covers marketing, negotiation and contracts between university departments and big business. Its purpose is to sell the services of the University to companies so as to promote research.

UTL is effective in providing the business backing to enable the academic to work with industrial concerns to their mutual benefit. According to the Director, Mr Mike Weber, it is hoped that UnivEd Technologies will inspire confidence in both the business and academic communities.

Sir Keith who told a gathering of academics and businessmen at the conversion of Oxford Centre for Management Studies into Templeton College that these entrepreneurial skills are needed to sustain a free and open society would doubtless approve of the philosophy.

However, he spoke in terms of bringing out these managerial qualities currently lying dormant in the undergraduates rather than those currently being stimulated in the staff. It is the latter section of the University to which UTL is geared.

Commercial interest already plays a large part in the sponsorship of research in Edinburgh injecting money into areas which are seen as technological investments. One such example is microelectronics where large sums of money are guaranteed to fund research over a period of five years.

Jenny Dunn

Union boycott

The Government is expected to make its annual announcement on student grants this month, and in the light of cuts already made and the possibility of implementation of a loans system, the NUS has stated its intention to show politicians, college authorities and the public that the current level of the grant is 'totally inadequate'.

This week therefore sees the start of a national boycott by union members of their college facilities such as canteens, bars, shops, sports areas and equipment, vending machines and bus services. The drop in profits resulting from closure of these facilities is hoped to put pressure on college authorities while public awareness of the situation will be generated by anticipated coverage by local press, radio and television.

Last year's review of the grant resulted in a general increase of the parental contribution, and a

review of the basic maintenance grant to £200. Mr Joseph has also warned that the Government will not be prepared to consider a loans system for students who are not in financial need. The NUS has therefore a move would make it clear that education is a less viable option than for some people.

The NUS is currently pushing its 'New Deal' for Students campaign which is hoped will force the Government to recognise that this situation is not acceptable and that it is essential grant levels be revised as soon as possible. Ms Thatcher has been contacted about this. To date, said the NUS, 'NUS President Phil Wood has not even received a reply, and it continues indignantly, he wrote on October 1st'.

Anne McNaught

Wrangle over tenure

At a meeting of the Association of University Teachers last week in Edinburgh, lecturers discussed the problem of tenure.

The system of tenure operating with regard to university lecturers means that an agreement is made between the university and the lecturer that after an initial probationary period a university lecturer cannot be dismissed without good cause.

The government are trying to remove security of tenure from university teachers jobs as it sees tenure as meaning that a lecturer has a job for life.

The AUT claims that this is not the case and that tenure maintains academic freedom. The meaning of the phrase 'good cause' is the crux of the current argument between the universities and the government. 'Good cause' for dismissal according to the government may be the political bias which a lecturer puts on his course. Government animosity to particular forms of bias is illustrated by the example of a politics course in the Open University which the government managed to have removed from the syllabus because of its left-wing bias.

Education Secretary Keith Joseph has plans to introduce legislation to abolish tenure. He intends to have the words 'good cause' redefined and to introduce redundancy for academics on the grounds of financial expediency. In other words, if the government wants to make cuts there will be forcing the universities can do about it.

Documents are now being drawn up to allow the government to pass legislation to bring commissioners into universities to ensure rules about tenure are carried out. These documents should be ready by Easter to bring the legislation in for the 1985-86 session. The AUT are opposing this attempt by the government to attack tenure.

Audrey Tink

Labour restate election aims

Six months after sweeping to victory in the local council elections, Edinburgh's Labour administration has emphasised the need to defend local democracy and restated its policy of 'No Cuts, No Redundancies'.

Speaking to the AGM of Edinburgh District NALGO last Tuesday, Labour Group leader Alex Wood said that the Council also wanted to end the old contest of the Council for trade unions, and ensure future friendly relations.

But Councillor Wood was mainly concerned with government attacks on local democracy and cuts in expenditure. Despite the Conservative government's determination that local councils, including Edinburgh, should freeze or cut spending, Councillor Wood claimed that Labour had won on May 3rd with a mandate not only of no cuts but also

expansion, and he reaffirmed their commitment to that policy.

The need to increase rather than reduce services in Edinburgh illustrated by a comparison with Scotland's other three major cities, Edinburgh per head of population has the lowest expenditure of any in recreation, libraries and environmental health, according to the Council.

As the massive publicity which surrounded Ken Livingstone and the Greater London Council this summer subsides, Councillor Wood urged support for Labour in Edinburgh and the need to defend local democracy. Using Mrs Thatcher's attempts to abolish the GLC and the English Metropolitan County Council as an example, he claimed, 'Such attacks on local democracy are bound to follow if local councils bow to government pressure'.

Lorraine Telford

SRC deplors Mugabe

On 30th October the Student Representative Council passed a motion resolving to express regret at the award of an Honorary Degree to Robert Mugabe, Prime Minister of Zimbabwe, after the recent history of a widespread abuse of Human Rights in Zimbabwe, particularly the activities of the Fifth Brigade in Matabeleland.

Mugabe received his Honorary Degree on 20th July, the only academic to be so honoured by this University last year. The award was presented and controversy surrounding the imprisonment of six British airforce officers, alleged deaths of political prisoners, and that he impeded his people from obtaining 'fairer relief' much needed due to Matabeleland drought. Interestingly, the SRC unanimously approved this award.

Council notes the award as apparently made at the instigation of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. Indeed the award seems to have been politically motivated, and Edinburgh University used as a political tool. Ray Footman, Director of the University Information Service, believes that two years ago the Foreign Office suggested Mugabe be given an Honorary Degree. Michael Benskin, formerly of the Department of English Language, but now at Oslo University, wrote a letter in September asserting that was told the British Government decided that this University should honour Mugabe.

The SRC now states as a matter of policy that it will endeavour to ensure that future awards of Honorary Degrees are not given to political or other pressure.

Babara Thomas

ALLEYCAT

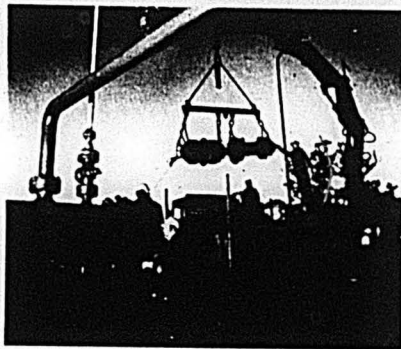
EVENING WEAR FOR PRESIDENTS BALL

Period Clothes
Jewellery and
Accessories

16 Fleshmarket Close
(off Cockburn St)
Edinburgh.

IN THIS ALIEN ENVIRONMENT, SPACE TECHNOLOGY IS OUT OF ITS DEPTH

Inspecting underground gas pipelines for faults may not sound like the ultimate high-tech challenge. But, in fact, the task proved to be beyond the 'state-of-the-art' technologies previously available – even in military and aerospace applications.



PROBLEM:

Design a vehicle which can travel inside the pipe, carrying equipment capable of identifying any significant defect, and pinpointing its position to within a metre in a run of up to a hundred kilometres or more.

SOLUTION: THE INTELLIGENT PIG

The Intelligent Pig, developed by the gas people, is a vehicle carrying highly advanced sensing, data processing and recording equipment. Driven through the pipe by the gas pressure within it, the Pig can be used without taking the pipe out of service.

What is more, it can not only pinpoint any defect on the inside or outside of a steel pipe, but even describe its nature.

HOW?

Using strong magnetic fields or elastic waves propagated at ultrasonic frequencies, different types of sensors can detect corrosion, cracks, impact damage or distortion of the pipe. But the real challenge lay in processing the hundreds of millions of signals produced by the sensors in an average run.

THERE WASN'T A COMPUTER SMALL ENOUGH AND TOUGH ENOUGH

Many of the pipes to be inspected are less than 305mm in diameter. To fit sufficiently powerful data processing equipment into the tiny space available, hybrid microcircuits incorporating custom-designed silicon chips had to be developed. And since the space restrictions also limit battery size and therefore power, many of these highly advanced electronic components have to operate at the very limits of their specifications. What's more, the environment inside the pipe isn't exactly friendly. All the highly sophisticated equipment carried by the Pig has had to be designed to tolerate or be protected from extreme vibration, mechanical shock, dirt, and gas pressure of up to 70 atmospheres.

A 'TOMORROW'S WORLD' TAPE RECORDER

The sheer volume of data to be stored inspired the development of what is probably the most advanced ultra-miniaturised tape recorder currently in

existence. Making extensive use of sub-miniature hybrid microelectronics, new types of recording heads and ultra-precision mechanical engineering, this little marvel can store up to 500 million readings on a single reel of standard one-inch tape, with an accuracy of better than one-thousandth of one percent!

FROM REEL TO REELS

Once the Pig has finished its run, the next job is to prepare the data for analysis by powerful, advanced computers such as the VAX 11/780. There's so much information in the Pig's tiny recorder that many reels of computer tape are needed to receive it, and many hours of computer time to analyse it.

THE RESULT

Britain's underground gas transmission network is a multi-billion pound asset. And the technical pyrotechnics we've just described have a thoroughly down-to-earth end result – they help the gas people to maintain this asset more efficiently and cost effectively.

WHY THE GAS PEOPLE LIVE IN THE FUTURE

The fact that gas is Britain's most popular domestic fuel – and a powerful and growing force in industry, too – is the result of many years' foresight, planning and massive investment by British Gas scientists and engineers. And they're still working for the future – to meet Britain's energy needs in the next century.

THE GAS PEOPLE - WORKING FOR TOMORROW'S WORLD TODAY

Gas

COMMENT

Gay grumbles

this
week's
star
letter

Sir,
I suffer from this 'medical condition' called homosexuality. Imagine, if you can, how thrilled and delighted I was when I picked up last week's *Student* and saw myself and every other homosexual in the history of the universe described with total accuracy by John Murray Macleod.

What with the time I spend in gay clubs, bars and public lavatories, the scores of men and minors I pick up every day, the fact that I am a chronic alcoholic and have syphilis, hepatitis and a wee dose of AIDS, I just don't know how I'm going to find the time to commit suicide or go on a gay-lib march this weekend. Not to mention the fact that I have a part-time job in a chip shop — I don't do it for the money, you understand, just so that I can transmit all my lovely penis via a potato peeler and wipe out all heterosexuals in one fell swoop. I bet all you straights will never be able to look a haggis sunder in the face again.

Oh, it's such fun being a 'practising homosexual' — I've been practising for years and there's still room for improvement. And shouldn't that nice John Murray Macleod be on the 'Bans Trust'? Until last week I thought a healthy sex drive was something you did in the back of a Ford Capri without getting the cops.

Still, hope is at hand, thanks to John Murray Macleod — maybe when he has forced me to become heterosexual or celibate, I can stop being 'lonely, sordid, unhappy and confused'. And do you know, until John spelled it all out for me, I didn't realise I was any of those things. But then, I suppose I'm just a dizzy queen after all.

Yours faithfully,

James Harvey.

(Ex-Glasgow Univ Gaysoc, one of those who had bricks and buckets of urine thrown at him by people who said that homosexuals were not the object of their attack.)

Sir,
John 'Messiah' Macleod's article in last week's *Student* does not offer us salvation for the 'gay problem'. Instead it shows the misconception that gays are responsible for many of their own problems by being gay and not the truth that society must take much of the blame because of its attitudes to homosexuality.

His short-sightedness squints out at us in some of the sweeping statements that he makes. To take one example in particular I would like to know what he means by saying, 'our young people to grow up as normal human beings'. Having patronising bullshit! What should society regard as 'normal'?

Take that word 'normal' and repeat it to yourself half a dozen times or more... normal normal normal normal... It looks like any confused and abused word, all meaning, especially when applied to people.

John 'Moses' Macleod — don't judge others by your own standards. It is a dangerous fallacy to do so.

Yours

Robbie Foy

Dear Student,

Once upon a time, when saints and scholars alike agreed that the world was flat, we ordinary mortals accepted it as fact — until a few enquiring minds such as Columbus et al decided to check it out first hand. The moral? When it comes to matters of doctrine, sacred or secular, don't just believe the able-mouthed. Put the theory to the test. It is a moral John Murray Macleod should take to heart.

From which authority he gets his astonishing 'home truths' about homosexuality I don't know, but they certainly don't square up with my perception of the Gay community, as a member of it. Granted, the old and ugly are cast aside, the promiscuous must accept being prone to sexually transmitted diseases, there are cruisers on a non-stop round of discos and bars, and there are the lonely and insecure — Yes. But these sad facts are true of our society in general, heterosexual, homosexual and bisexual. They are certainly not unique to the gay community, nor are they necessarily characteristic of it.

JMM's patronising 'liberalism' (equivocal platitudes about cosmetic surgery for the law, celibacy and trying to understand the poor dears are currently in vogue in most of the churches), is highly objectionable. His wider and more confused rantings (ability to form relationships, threat to public health, 'menace under the lettuce' etc.) are extremely offensive. But most disturbing of all is John's violently self-oppressive attitude — if one may infer from his cryptic conclusion that he is gay himself. I suffered from a mild form of it myself during a flirtation with fairly fundamental evangelicalism as a teenager and fresher, so I don't despise John. I only hope that he and other readers like him will adopt an enquiring mind. Come and meet members of Gaysoc. Phone Edinburgh Gay Switchboard any evening on 556 4049. Or visit Lavender Menace Bookshop (below the 'Smiling Sun' in Forth Street) for some helpful literature. Check it out first hand!

Yours,

Mark Wrings.

Sir,

Apart from seeing 'Hearts win the Cup, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to clarify my views on contemporary sexual mores. But I am not at all sure what the 'Two Wee Marys' — bless their little legwarmers — want me to clarify. Would they mind awfully sending in a translation of their epistle? I can take vilification but, oh please, not in crummy grammar.

Why not rendezvous in the Park Room bar? I'm sure we can sort all this out without resorting to Bible-bashing rhetoric or split infinitives. By the way, mine's an Irn-Bru.

Yours sincerely,

Murray 'Moral Minority' Macleod

Dear Student,

Although 'Problem People' seems to be a popular issue at present, little option has been expressed about the 'John Murray Macleod' problem type — no misconception here.

Whether you agree with his 'facts' — presumably taken from his extensive psychological and sociological research — you can only admire his ability in self-confusion. Does he really think that lowering the age of homosexual consent to 18 a very good policy in preventing 'gay pressure groups unrestricted access to vulnerable adolescents'? He begins by defining 'gay' and 'homosexual' and then proceeds to use them in similar context.

It is far too obvious that he has very bigoted beliefs on the issue. At the mention of AIDS I'm sure he thinks the 'I' means Immoral. Please, Johnny, try taking a dip into the STD 'pool' you speak of.

Yours sincerely,

Smegoul.

Poor Pollock
people

Dear Sir,

Over the last weeks the press has surpassed itself in sensationalising various political events. Gone is the Brighton bombing, passe is Mrs Gandhi's death. The news of the moment is the Famine in the Eastern-most corner of Edinburgh — Pollock Halls.

Whilst the marxist state imports tons of alcohol for their remarkably well-stocked bar, students are dying feet blow them in the refectory. Donations are, however, rolling in from sympathetic students all over the campus, whose generosity is saving scores of lives. War figures can be seen aimlessly going round Pollock, holding out meal tickets and ID cards in the vain hope that Red Cross workers will be able to hand out food. Vain indeed, as food is one thing Pollock has not seen in many a blue moon. Once fertile bushes have been decimated by packs of ravenging students, bushes which will not bear fruit again even when the long awaited rain does finally come.

Fortunately, salvation is at hand. RAF Hercules aircraft are making daily food drops to the famine relief centres at 'Teviot' and 'Potterrow'. This is however a long way from the Epicentre of the disaster and relief workers fear that many of the students will be too weak to cross the cultural desert that separates them from salvation. The other main problem is that of rebel fighters. Gangs of students, hell bent on enjoyment, stand on corners near Pollock, and openly laugh at the suffering students, when will the world realise that student grants alone are not enough? We need grass-root culinary support!

Roger Cook

Short of a joke

Dear Sir,

I read in last week's issue that Mike Conway criticised John Mannix for not allowing an emergency motion to go through to the SRC. The motion mandated Mannix to send a letter to the Prime Minister expressing sympathy after the Brighton bomb.

Coming from Mike Conway, this is nothing short of a joke. As Honorary Secretary last year, he undermined the whole future of General Meetings, and nearly succeeded in single-handedly destroying the only cross-campus version of democracy.

I even heard him once say that, were he to have his way, the General Meeting would be banned. He will allege that this was said in jest (is he capable of serious discussion?), but, for me, it betrays an attitude, the current Arts Faculty Rep holds, in the same way as President Reagan's 'banning and bombing Russia' gaffe did.

This therefore puts Mr Conway's accusation into perspective, and also undermines his credibility. If, that is, he ever had any.

Yours,

He-who-seeks-to-inform.

Pollock food defended?

Dear Sir,

I was somewhat horrified to see in last week's *Student* a certain Roger Cook expressing his disgust at Pollock Refectory food, choosing the 'celery soup' and 'lasagne' dishes as examples of what he obviously believes to be an unacceptably low standard of catering.

I am one of the unfortunate people who is missing out on the multitude of pleasures to be found at Pollock, one of which I am convinced is the food.

Three times this term I've paid the miserly sum of £1.15 for what I regard as excellent food and superb value for money. Where

else can you eat 'battered cod' and countless other gastronomic delights so cheaply.

As a Pollock food fanatic I will continue to eat there as often as luck allows me to sample such culinary masterpieces.

So, I ask all you readers, why not next time you eat at Pollock, consider the food that's sliding down your throats, sample its unique flavour and texture, and ask yourself why you ever said anything derogatory about it. Then rack your brains as to what beats Pollock for outstanding food. I invite suggestions.

Yours faithfully,

R.M.

LA..... LIVE
SORBONNE MUSIC
69 COWGATE NIGHTLY
EDINBURGH

OPEN
TILL
LATE

KENNETH ALLSOP MEMORIAL LECTURE

BIAS, BALANCE &
OBJECTIVITY IN THE
MEDIA

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

When The Dancing Has To Stop



Belford Dance Centre Forced To Close

In August 1983, the former Belford Church in Edinburgh reopened its doors as a major new centre for contemporary dance in Scotland. Since then, the Belford has achieved success both through its teaching and as a centre for dance performance with visiting companies providing a varied and innovative programme throughout the year.

On October 22nd, 1984, the Board of Directors of the Belford decided to cease trading. Five days later the doors at Belford closed and closed they have remained. Now, if this was *Fame*, the dancers might have been driven out of the building by mysterious spirits sent into a frenzy by such goings-on in a former church. In reality, two rather more mundane, if just as enigmatic bodies were flexing their muscles. With the Belford facing an £8,000 deficit, the

Scottish Arts Council and Edinburgh District Council decided not to proceed with current funding.

Last week, a group of people involved in the arts throughout Scotland met to discuss the future of contemporary dance in Edinburgh following the closure of the Belford Centre. A close examination of the financial problems which led to the closure is obviously required and there is bound to be some concern about the use of public money to develop a building which now stands empty. At the same time, the need for dance space is obvious and since the centre closed, teaching has had to take place in venues such as Teviot Row with the teachers giving their services free.

After some discussion, the consensus of the meeting seemed to be that the impetus which had led to the establishment of Belford should not be wasted. Students from the Belford expressed their disappointment at the closure, particularly in the light of the great contribution made by the Artistic Director, Pat McKenzie.

Representatives from the Traverse, Theatre Workshop and Glasgow's Third Eye Centre offered their support and Jane McAllister from the Demarco Gallery, gave some practical advice on dealing with the financial problems. The meeting ended with the creation of a committee to support the dance initiative and "to encourage the re-establishment of the centre".

Earlier this week Mr Robert Palmer, the Scottish Arts Council's Drama and Dance Director, told me the Council remained "fully committed to the dance initiative in Edinburgh", though high running costs would probably mean this would not involve the Belford Centre. In the meantime, dance students have lost a major teaching centre and Scotland's capital city lacks a venue for the performance of contemporary dance.

Stephen Jardine



Plays Unpleasant

Lyceum Theatre

Arms and the Man by G. B. Shaw

It is difficult to stage Shaw well, perhaps it is impossible, the Royal Lyceum production doesn't even try. That is not to say that effort and energy are lacking; the enthusiasm needed to sustain such high-pitched posturing for two hours must be great indeed.

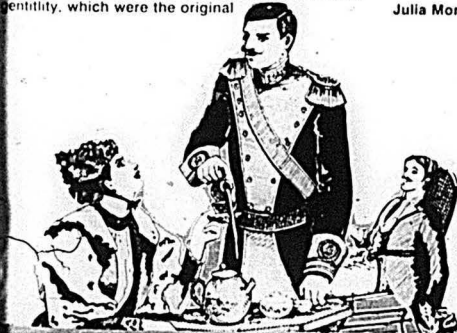
Shaw saw himself as an aspiring Moliere, chastening morals with ridicule, and the Lyceum company worried in case we have forgotten what morals are, raise the ridicule to the heights of the ridiculous and the depths of slapstick. The resulting performance seems to poke fun at Shaw and the play itself, rather than at romance and gentility, which were the original

targets.

All hopes of subtlety are lost as soon as the curtain rises on a candy-striped, chocolate box of a set, and the leading lady revs up and races hysterically into action. The series of two-dimensional cartoon characters who find themselves inhabiting the rest of the play blot out any hope of recognising a protagonist in the already insignificant and uncharismatic rendering of Captain Bluntschli.

The only flicker of hope comes from Diana Olsson as Catherine who shows some substance behind the cliché, and from the Russian officer, who is supposed to be two-dimensional, and has no part to sustain and is therefore very successful. Needless to say, the audience swallowed it, wrapper and all.

Julia Morrice



THEATRE

"A Minute too late" — Theatre de Complicite

Traverse Theatre

Theatre de Complicite should receive as much merit for their treatment of death as Ionesco or any other great writer, because in their own well developed form of mime their latest creation is a unique masterpiece.

We at first find ourselves in an amusing graveyard scene and are quickly transported through various images all related to death before landing exhausted from the energy and laughter back where we started, but this time the full impact of death reaches us like a delayed shock.

The company incorporate their form of mime, which involves sound, to create a more humorous and striking effect. We laugh at their well observed images of our own dealings with death. Simon McBurney gives an excellent performance as a pathetic yet lovable character who

makes us roar with laughter and then reduces us to silence and tears.

Theatre de Complicite thought the stage of the Traverse a bit too small and in the light of some of the energetic and lively scenes one can sympathise with their problem, but that does not mean to say that any of their excellent, well timed routines lost any effect. I am sure Jacques Tati himself would not be disappointed by this performance.

Margaret Maxwell



EXHIBITIONS

A Day At The Boat Races



'FACES'

The cafe/bar of the Queen's Hall is the setting for an exhibition of paintings of 'Faces' by contemporary Scottish artists. It is a rather small exhibition but especially interesting in that it gives the viewer a chance to compare the various ways in which the artists have used the age-old tradition of portrait painting to express their personal messages.

Many of the works are expressionist in style like June Redfern's *Gargoyles*. She has used wild streaks of black, highlighted with orange and pink to emphasise the agonised expression of the Gargoyles.

Here the element of the grotesque is replaced by a tortured expression which reminds one of the crucifixion images of Christ, made all the more unnerving by the fact that the face casts a side-long glance at the spectator as if to make the point that he is aware of their presence.

Ian Hughes, has painted a particularly beautiful series of faces merely called *4 Studies*. These have a series of strangeness about them — from the distortion of the hideously laughing face to the silent face which strikes a note of tragedy. They seem to belong to another world — an inner world — that of our subconscious.

Elaine Proctor

'About Face'

Royal Scottish Museum

'About Face' is about us. The way we paint our faces, arrange our hair, wear jewellery, present an image for others' consumption. Not, you might be thinking to yourself, a particularly original idea. But this small exhibition (a mere seven showcases) is surprisingly good, carefully arranged and colourful enough to cheer even the most rain-sodden of us who dripped our way around it.

Massai women rub shoulders with 'Western' models, tribal pigments sit calmly next to the bright tackiness of this Miss Selfridge eye-liner. And there are some superb photographs — in particular a present day Solomon Island tribesman who has garnished himself with a clock face earring, and the bewildering sight of a Chad woman with a huge wooden disc embedded in her upper lip.

What is so good about this exhibition is that it is just the right size. So often one goes to some much publicised event and spends hours trudging around trying to take it in. But 'About Face' can be seen in either 5 or 50 minutes, and the information booklet (free) is a great help. A cunning little touch at the end though, is a mirror placed amongst photographs of various differently decorated faces which certainly left me wondering about my own appearance and other people's reaction to it.

Susie Dufort



November 7th-December 18th

TRAVERSE THEATRE COMPANY in

JOHN BYRNE'S LATEST
ROLLICKING COMEDY

CANDY KISSES

Tuesday-Saturday 8 pm; Sunday 3 pm

November 23, 8 pm-1 am

TRAVERSE 21st ANNIVERSARY BLACK AND WHITE BALL

Cabaret, bar, dancing and buffet

Tickets £10, available at box office

Full details including prices, from
Box Office, Traverse Theatre, Grassmarket, Edinburgh,
Tuesday-Saturday 10 am-11 pm, and Sunday 2 pm-11 pm

or phone 031-226 2633

ODEON FILM CENTRE CLERK STREET

From Friday 9th November

Odeon 1 He wanted adventure and found it in his adulterous exploits. But be careful! You may get more than you expect. A riotous comedy. Not to be missed!

Gene Wilder **THE WOMAN IN RED** (15)
Music by Steve Wonder
1.45 (incl. Sunday) 4.05 6.30 9.10
CASH 2.15 (incl. Sunday) 5.45 8.10

Odeon 2 Shocking—Shameless—Smul—Wicked and the party hasn't even started yet!

BACHELOR PARTY (16)
2.15 (incl. Sunday) 5.15 8.00

Odeon 3 Their country invaded. 8 high school students inspired to deeds of courage and heroism, fight for survival and for a way of life they have lost forever

RED DAWN (15)
2.50 (incl. Sunday) 5.55 8.30
SAT 2.05 (incl. Sunday) 4.50 7.40

STUDENTS — UB 40s

You can now visit this theatre for only £1.30 on production of student unions (and ULLS) card. Please note: this offer does not apply to Odeons 2 and 3 on Friday/Saturday evening.

Start looking forward to:
John Hurt Richard Burton 1984 (15)

From 7th December
GHOST BUSTERS (PG)

WHAT'S ON

Film



Is this really Martin Guerre?

Film Society

Suspicion

Friday 9th Nov. 6.45, GST
Lina McLaidlaw (Joan Fontaine), shy and somewhat dowdy, marries Johnny Aysgarth (Cary Grant), a spendthrift and a liar. Soon she suspects that he is planning to kill her and their marriage hovers close to the brink. Fear for Cary Grant's clean public image forced a change in the ending of the film, but apart from that it's all good Hitchcockian stuff.

High Anxiety

8.35, GST

Mel Brooks as an eminent psychiatrist suffering from vertigo (hence title of film) who takes over the "Institute for the very, very nervous" after the mysterious death of his predecessor. A funny and cleverly made send-up of Hitchcock's films.

Days of Hope

Part 1: Joining Up

Sunday 11th Nov. 6.45, GST
Ken Loach's study of the rise of the modern Labour movement through critical years as they affected the man on the street.

Oh! What a Lovely War

8.30, GST

Richard Attenborough's first film as director examines World War I through the words and songs of the time. Brighton Pier is used to represent the home front and the front line scenes were filmed on the Sussex Downs.

Francis Joins the WACS

Wed 14th Nov. 6.45, GST

Francis is a talking mule whose constant companion, Lt Stirling, is assigned through an administrative error to the Women's Army Corps, and soon the two find themselves in some trouble.

Kings Row

8.20, GST

Ronald Reagan plays a small-town skirt chaser whose legs are amputated by mistake. No politics, but plenty of suggestions of sadism, madness, incest and bisexuality. Reputedly Ronnie's favourite (film, that is).

Filmhouse

(228 2688)

Tickets £2 (£1.50 students)

Baby, It's You

Thurs 8th Nov-Sat 10th Nov
6.15 and 8.30

Carefully observed and at times amusing story of a 1966 High School romance and its aftermath. She's a Jewish girl aspiring to a career in the theatre, he's a self-assured Italian kid, and when they meet during her senior year in High School sparks fly. They unexpectedly meet again a few years later and their relationship, briefly rekindled, brings the film to its bitter-sweet conclusion.

The Return of Martin Guerre

Thurs 8th Nov-Sat 10th Nov
6.00 and 8.15

A young groom in a 16th-century French village is publicly humiliated for impotence. A few years later, having fathered a son, he disappears. He returns nine years later. But is this changed man really Martin Guerre? His wife says yes, a passing band of soldiers says no. An award-winning French film which well deserved the Oscar nomination it earned, with Gerard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye (French soundtrack with English subtitles).

Terence Davies Film Trilogy

Sun 11th Nov-Mon 12th Nov
6.00 and 8.15

Three films telling the story of the guilt-burdened life of Robert Tucker, a lower-middle-class Merseyside homosexual from a Catholic background. The character of Robert Tucker is played by five actors in all, ages ranging from seven to late seventies and the three films last a total of just 101 minutes.

Swann in Love

Sun 11th Nov-Mon 19th Nov
6.15 and 8.30

The story of Swann's obsessive and tortured love affair with the beautiful Odette Cecy. A visually very successful film by Volker Schlöndorff (of 'The Tin Drum' fame), with Jeremy Irons and Omella Muti as the lovers. Rather slow moving though, but then so is the book. (English subtitles.)

La Vie est un Roman

Tue 13th Nov-Thur 15th Nov
6.00 and 8.15

Three intercut stories set in an extraordinary chateau. In the first, the Count, who owns the chateau, invites a group of friends to his home to assist in an "experiment of rebirth". Then many years later, the chateau having been turned into a school, it is the scene of a summer seminar. Meanwhile, a group of children on holiday there dream up a fairytale story for the place.

Caley

(229 7670)

Purple Rain

3.20, 5.30, 7.50

Tickets £2 (£1 students)

Prince as budding young pop musician from unhappy home struggling to make a name for himself in music world and stop his rival going off with his girl... sounds familiar.

French Institute

(225 5366)

13 Randolph Crescent

Que Bete Meure

Thurs 8th Nov. 8.30

A father whose son has been killed by a reckless driver decides to take his revenge. A masterly thriller set in Brittany.

Dominion

(447 2660)

All seats £2.20

Comfort and Joy

2.20, 5.20, 8.20

Romancing the Stone

2.30, 5.30, 8.20

Romance novelist Joan Wilder endeavours to rescue her sister from a gang of nasty treasure seekers, with the help of Jack Cotton. Romance and adventure from Spielberg school.

Indiana Jones

2.00, 5.00, 8.00

Indiana Jones still in hot pursuit of much-coveted sacred stone in India. Human sacrifice among the many hazards to be faced along the way.

ABC

(229 3030)

Tightrope

2.40, 5.25, 8.15

(Seat prices £2.70, £2.30)
Clint Eastwood plays Wes Block, New Orleans homicide squad detective searching for a killer, rapist terrorising the French Quarter. Soon it becomes clear that Block's new girlfriend and her two daughters may be in danger of attack.

Top Secret

(Until 9th Nov)

(Seat prices £2.30)

Airplane-type humour struts again as the team plough the field jovially through the field of espionage and war films.

Comfort and Joy

(Until 9th Nov)

2.25, 5.00, 7.50

(Seat prices £2.30)

Latest Bill Forsyth film, this time about Glasgow's ice-cream exponents and their feud. Pleasing and at times very funny.

Odeon

(667 7331)

(Programmes change Friday)

The Natural

2.00, 5.00, 8.00

The story of baseball player Roy Hobbs' comeback in the game after an absence of 15 years. Based on a Bernard Malamud story that was 'distinctly black tone'. Robert Redford stars.

Broadway Danny Rose

3.05, 6.30, 9.10

Woody Allen as theatrical agent trying for the big time but let down by the client (Mia Farrow) previously rescued from obscurity. Engaging and most amusing.

Bachelor Party

3.20, 5.55, 8.40

"Shocking, shameless, silly, wicked, and the party hasn't started yet," so I'm told!

Classic Cinema

Android

Klaus Kinski as mad scientist whose robot shows signs of becoming human

Sat 10th Nov. 11 pm

Also

Forbidden World

£2.50 admission - £1.50 with soc card.

Music

Queen's Hall

(668 2117)

Friday 9th November, 10 pm

Jazz: Clarinet summit

(Dick Lee, Graham Whitelaw, Dave Paxton 4)

Sat 10th November, 7.45 pm

Musica Viva

Programme includes Elgar,

Vivaldi, Delius, Haydn.

• Student tickets £1.20

Wed 14th November, 7.45 pm

Scottish Chamber Orchestra

Programme includes Delius,

Mozart, Brahms.

University Music

Reid Concert Hall

Thurs 8th November, 7.30 pm

Peter Mountain, violin

Angela Dale, piano

Beethoven: Sonata in C minor

and modern Scottish works

Fri 9th November, 1.10 pm

Andrew Armstrong, organ

Admission free.

Tues, 13th November, 1.10 pm

Jean Murray, flute

John Moore, piano

Admission free.

Usher Hall

(228 1155)

Friday 9th November, 7.30 pm

Scottish National Orchestra

Brahms: Violin Concerto

Brahms: Symphony No. 1

• Student Standby £1.80 at door.

Sat 10th Nov. 7.45 pm

Scottish Chamber Orchestra

Mozart Night, including

Symphony No. 30 and No. 36,

featuring Dame Kiri te Kanawa

(soprano).

Sun 11th November, 7.30 pm

Alpine Extravaganza

Folk music from Europe composed

by Ed Stewart.

Wed 14th November

Edinburgh Secondary Schools

Orchestra and Chorus

Assembly Rooms

(George Street)

Tues 13th November

Holly Near

in concert for peace.

Hoochie Coochie

Searching Nobodies and

The Juggernauts

Sun 11th Nov. 11 pm.

FILMHOUSE

PATRON: BELL'S SCOTCH WHISKY

88 LOTHIAN ROAD

Cinema 1

Till Sat 10 Nov 6.15/8.30 (Also 4 pm Sat 10)

John Sayles'

BABY ITS YOU (15)

"Boy-meets-girl picture delivers a deceptive emotional wallop... truthfull, funny and moving". — *The Scotsman*
Soundtrack by Springsteen, Sam the Sham, The Toys, Dusty Springfield, Velvet Underground and many more!

Cinema 2

Until Sat 10 6.00/8.15 (Also 3 pm Sat 10)

Gerard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye in

THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE (15)

In 16th century rural France, a young groom is publicly humiliated for impotence. He fathers a son, then disappears. Nine years later he returns, but is the return veteran really Martin Guerre...?

Cinema 1

Sun 11-Mon 19 6.15/8.30 (Also 3 pm Wed 14, Sun 11 and 18, and 4 pm Sat 17)

SWANN IN LOVE (18)

Ornella Muti plays demi-mondaine Odette, object of Swann's (Jeremy Irons) obsessive love. This masterly adaptation of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* by TIM DRUM director Schlöndorff also stars Fanny Ardant and Alain Delon.

Cinema 2

Sun 11 and Mon 12 6.00/8.15

TERENCE DAVIES — A FILM TRILOGY (15)

A remarkable, unsentimental account of guilt-burdened life of Robert Tucker, a Merseyside homosexual from a lower-middle class home.

BOX OFFICE INFORMATION 228-2688

CONCESSIONS AVAILABLE FOR FULL TIME STUDENTS
(REMEMBER TO BRING YOUR STUDENT CARD)

MUSIC

•••Bronski Beat•••



Photo: David Yarrow

The atmosphere at the Caley was electric as diminutive Glaswegian Jimi Somerville took the stage to launch Bronski Beat's triumphant return visit to Edinburgh.

Exactly five months ago to the night, they appeared at the Hoochie Coochie Club to a mixed reaction, but with the completion of new material and the release of their brave debut album, *The Age*

of Consent, Bronski Beat were able last week to hold the packed Caley audience enthralled.

This time the music was a surprisingly effective blend of high-energy electro funk with some soaring vocals.

Magic, but every song sounds the same. It was suggested by one of the 25-strong contingent of Student staff present. To some extent this is true. The synth backing is at times so formulaised as to render Larry Steinbachek and Steve Bronski superfluous. However, it is the fusion of

electronics, vocals and provocative often disturbing lyrics that make their songs into such forceful messages. *Love and Money*, a song about exploitation performed in the first part of the set, is exemplary. And even the singalong familiarity of *Why?*, the last single, could not be cracked by being remixed for its 1983 content. *Remember Your Eyes?* As I turn to kiss the lips these sentiments have perhaps the same unsettling effect as the haunting melody of *Time*. The *Age* has the first time you hear it.

Amongst the songs recorded are some magnificent compositions like *Love and Money* already mentioned, but there are more complete tracks such as the incredible *Mo' More*. Live as on record, Jimi Somerville this time was a breathtaking sight, his command of those towering octaves releasing the strength of his plea.

Their set proceeded to have on through the steamy funk of songs like *Love and Money* to culminate in a vibrant cover of Donna Summers' *Free Love* with pulsating new tunes behind the band creating a truly lively atmosphere. The band, however, added some new tunes. John Leighton's solo ballad *Remember Me* to the end of the show to interesting effect.

The Bronski set with another two fine but very different songs. *Memories* is a moving ballad that is heightened by its sparse instrumentation, backing with a hint of *Necessity*. The new single *It's a Remarkable Version* of the George Gershwin number with its

strange, almost content. They tell you children, The Devil is a villain. It is necessary so.

Bronski Beat are definitely more than meets the eye. You can like them for the catchy disco rhythms that the Caley audience so clearly loved, but it is difficult to ignore the clear implications inherent in the titles and content of their songs. Their growing potential is not easy to dismiss.

Alastair Dalton

U2



The Pride of Lions

After more than eighteen months, U2 returned to Edinburgh in a blaze of glory.

A packed Playhouse audience cheered and cheered for over one and a half hours as this Irish band defied their music in their own inimitable style.

Bono strutted around the stage like a caged lion, revealing to the audience "You can put yourself behind bars on stage." But he certainly freed himself through his music, and his impressively powerful vocal chords saw him through a good variety of songs taken from all their albums. From *The Unforgettable Fire*, U2 selected half a dozen songs and from hearing them performed live it is possible to detect a depth and maturity which is not as obvious in their earlier albums.

Far too often, since the band's beginning in 1979, the two themes of politics and religion have continually dogged them. Some seem to think they are a band of Catholic fanatics, whereas in fact only the drummer, Larry Mullen Jr, is from a Catholic background. The only sign of a conscious attempt to put forward a political message came during *Pride (In the*

Name of Love, when the face of Martin Luther King lights up the back of the unadorned stage. This plainness was the perfect setting for the work done by the lighting technicians. On Guy Fawkes' night, the Playhouse has its own fire. The lighting was predominantly red, and during *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* the whole inside of the theatre looked as if it were alight.

U2 certainly lived up to their reputation as a live band, but Bono was not allowed to dominate the whole performance. Both Adam Clayton and The Edge showed their skills on bass and guitar respectively, though it was The Edge who shone during *Two Hearts Beat As One* and again in *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* and *Bad*.

But when it comes to singing, should leave that to Bono, whose a beautiful rendering of *Amazing Grace* in the middle of *Electric Co.*

Two encores later, the band finished with 40 and one by one the left the stage leaving behind Larry Mullen Jr, on drums. The effect of the continual drumbeat mirrored a heartbeat and it was with this pulsating in their ears that an animated and satisfied audience streamed out into the cold.

Sandra Aitken

ALF CRIED OUT

Alison Moyet is back!



"You've made tonight special".

This was Alf speaking at the end of a Sunday night Playhouse performance which simply oozed freshness, vitality, but most of all warmth — all qualities which, on this evidence Alison Moyet has in abundance.

From the moment she glided on to the stage (difficult for a woman

of her dimensions) amidst the opening bars of *Love Resurrection* the audience was head over heels. Her radiant appearance and larger than life proportions were matched only by her bubbly, vivacious personality which manifested itself in her continuous appreciation of the audience's enthusiasm. "Cheers" was the way she thanked the crowd and "Cheers" they shouted back.

Alf's hesitancy and blushing modesty between numbers further endeared her to the crowd and also served to contrast the masterful control she exhibited over her electrifying voice. New tracks like *Invisible* (from her new album *Alf*), *Steal Me Blind* and *Twisting the Knife* saw Alf's passionate and bluesy vocals employed to best effect and proved the perfect complement to the wonderfully mellow ballads which were to follow. Ballads which included the old *Billie Holiday* (?) standard *That Old Devil Called Love* and others such as *Winter Kills*, whose origins we are much more recent. Indeed it was a refreshing aspect of the whole performance that Alf was more than willing to return to material made famous during her all-too-brief collaboration with Vince Clark as Yazoo.

Winter Kills was perhaps the climax of the evening as Alf's chillingly icy vocals were skilfully augmented by the gentle harmonizing of her backing trio. Further supported by a punchy, raucous horn section and fuelled by the knowledge she could do little wrong, Alf launched into her most recent hit, *Alf Cried Out*, and followed it with a soulful version of *Martin Gaye's That's the Way Love Is*. Alf, when she could speak over the thunderous applause, announced the audience had been "great fun" — an unusual compliment I would have thought for the normally restrained Playhouse fans.

It was perhaps ironic that for an established artist branching out into a new direction, Alf finished her set with two Yazoo tracks *Only You* and *Don't Go*, both of which, needless to say, met with rapturous applause. Applause from an audience which had been privileged to share in Alison Moyet's rhythm 'n' blues influences, her recent musical past and her new direction. And I'm sure everyone who met with the chill outside the Playhouse would agree that she had been warm, gregarious and "hugely entertaining company".

Samantha Clark

•Motorhead•



Photo: Hugh Godsal

Motorhead are to music what chainsaws are to microsurgery.

In the Playhouse last Friday, Lemmy and the lads were lopping off limbs left, right and centre, leaving the shattered remains gazing in disbelief at their nasty wall of noise.

There had been fears that the new Motorhead wouldn't compare favourably with previous incarnations, but even bereft of guitarist Wurzel ("somebody's wrong wiv' is kidneys" explained Lemmy) this band disappointed no one and probably killed 99 per cent of brain cells in the venue. Between songs Motorhead came across as ordinary blokes having a laff, doing what they want to do. During songs, any attempts at thinking fall totally in the face of a sound that's somewhere beyond "heavy metal".

Support band Gas live up to every HM cliché that Motorhead don't — dull songs, duller posing

and a total lack of humour. There's a lack of pretentiousness about Motorhead that's almost unique in hard rock. (ZZ Top are the only other band that spring to mind). There's no "Hello Edinburgh! We ya feelin' awrightin'?" crap — just Lemmy being Lemmy with a voice like glass breaking in a trouser press.

Squeezing between the colossal PA stacks (I'd swear they took up two-thirds of the stage width) Lemmy, guitarist Phil Campbell and drummer Pete Gill spewed out vintage tracks like *Iron Fist*, *Jailbait* and *Ace of Spades* alongside new crowd-pleasers like *Death* getting an hysterical reception.

After Motorhead Lemmy said "Make a noise and we'll come back". The Playhouse trembled and encores of *Bomber* and *Overkill* (plus swooping *Bomber* lighting rig) dispelled any lingering doubts — lock up your hearing aid. Motorhead are back.

Mark Percival

MUSIC

The Bugle Sounds

Hello Edinburgh; climb the barricades, raise the flag, go down fighting, come back screaming, say something, shout anything. Hello Edinburgh, this is make believe, this is **The Alarm**.

The Alarm are four country bumpkins made good, four ageing teenagers spouting round after round of the most vacuous polemic without a tinge of embarrassment. "We will go marching on," to nowhere in particular but we'll make lots of noise on the way, we'll shout in the face of a thousand vaguely defined oppressors, the nebulous "them" who are out to get "us", the chanting, cheering bands of brothers (and sisters, **The Alarm** look out for everyone!). The Alarm, as everyone knows, are silly, fat, hopelessly naive; they add up to absolutely nothing.

Well, that's just not true. The Alarm count for a lot. For the thousand or so guileless young souls packed into the Caley Palais last Sunday they count for everything under the sun. The Alarm are really quite charming after their own gauche fashion. They believe in every chant they utter. **Mike Peters** doesn't have an ounce of cynicism in his being. His faith is touching if a little misplaced. He's everyone's big brother.

From the moment they leap on stage, to the last clarion call, The Alarm are magnificent. The audience are enthusiastic in the extreme, chanting and singing even before the band appear. Some nostalgic souls start gobbling on the band, Mike doesn't like this and smoothly brings it to a



Photo: Hugh Godsal

halt by asking, "You wouldn't spit on your friends, would ya?" Of course they wouldn't, and yes, Mike is their friend. Midway through the set he breaks off to tell us that "The Alarm have been getting a lot of flak from the music papers and so have you. The NME called you the lowest common denominator and said our songs mean nothing." He really is upset for his fans' sake. The audience responds indignantly at their innocence before the band regain

their composure and launch into the next song which "is about the bond between us".

The climax to the show is stirring and spontaneous with one lad climbing* on stage and enjoying his moment of glory as he gets to sing along with Mike. They push the set beyond the time limit imposed on the Caley before finally gushing their thanks and leaving. The kids linger a while before dashing out to beat the rush for memorabilia. **Roy Wilkinson**

LATEST!

• Kane Gang Winner

Only one winner to the competition as yet — **Kevin Maxwell**. We still have a 12" single, and four tickets to give away for the gig on 15 November. These will go to the first two people who come down to the Student offices at 1 Buccleuch Place on Friday at 12.30 pm with the name of The Kane Gang's last single.

• Gigs Latest

Nov.
15. Occapella (Moray House)
18. Seven (Hoochie Coochie)
30. Home Front Night (Caley) with Baby Knives, Rubber Yahoo and Ege Bam Yasi.

Dec.
6. RunRig, (Playhouse)
14. Hard Corps (Hoochie Coochie)
14. Ivy League Fashion Show (Caley)
16. Lloyd Cole & the Commotions (Caley)
21. Pookah Makes Three (Hoochie Coochie)

Jan.
20. Meatloaf (Playhouse: Nov. 13 date sold out).

Feb.
8. Commodores (Playhouse)

• **Lloyd Cole** tickets on sale this Saturday at **Ripping Records**, 91 South Bridge, and Virgin.

• Henry and Mayall

Current tour recently swerved an Edinburgh date, news that both **Lenny Henry** and **Rik Mayall** are also not playing in the capital on their current outings. **Lenny Henry's** tour takes in Glasgow and Dundee Universities on 23 and 24 November, while **Rik Mayall** with **Ben Elton** are at Dundee Uni on 23 Nov and Glasgow Uni on 24 Nov.

• Playhouse Latest

There is a 10% discount to students who book ten tickets or more for the following gigs.

27th Nov. Tom Robinson (tickets £5)
2 Dec. Gary Numan (tickets £5 & £4.40)
14 Dec. Tony Bennett (tickets £10-£5)
22 Dec. Lena Martell (tickets £5-£3).

• Television Latest

On **The Tube** tomorrow (5.30, Channel 4) will be **The Alarm**, **Shriekback**, **The Redskins**, **Billy Bragg**, **Cabaret Voltaire** and an interview with **Duran Duran**. Meanwhile, next Tuesday (7.30, BBC 2) **Whistle Test** will be featuring **Status Quo**, **Van Morrison**, an interview with **Robert Smith** (**The Cure**) as well as a report on **Soho's Wag Club**, and its link with the current jazz revival. In connection with this, **Working Week** will be playing live in the Studio.

Tight Lines

Grand Master Melle Mel & the Furious Five

"It's like a jungle sometimes. It makes me wonder how I keep from going under."

The holder of the GRAND-MASTER title may have changed, but *The Message* is still the same. The journey of over 2,000 miles had been made primarily to convey *The Message*, in its 3 component parts: *Peace, Love and Unity!* **Afrika Bambaataa** and **James Brown** would certainly approve.

The new hero is **Melle Mel** who "rocks everyone, everywhere, every time", whether it be **Chaka Khan**, or the select gathering of invited guests at the Playhouse on Saturday evening.

With Mr Mel the image is the man, and with his right hand man **Cowboy**, he preaches his street-wise gospel with the enthusiasm of someone who "truly believes". The approach may be theatrical, but the sentiments are REAL. His home town may well be a "city of

dreams", but Melle lets us know "everything ain't what it seems". In New York things are NASTY.

Instruction was also given on the dangers and foolishness of drug abuse. In the gospel according to Mel sniffing cocaine is not a credible method of conquering the horrors of mass society. Drug abuse is escapism, and only by facing reality will victory come to the individual. State corporatism is a big evil monster, which can only be defeated, by the small people believing in themselves and holding their heads "up high. Taking drugs is acceptance of defeat so "Don't don't do it!" Relaying *The Message* is the raison d'être of the whole GRAND-MASTER crew, but "having a good time" is also essential: without a party we would get nowhere. On Saturday there wasn't a straight face in the house. The view from the stage was terrific, and the key word in *The Message* is SURVIVAL. **George Shepherd**



S.P.K

If you were to cross what **Marc Almond** would like to say but doesn't have the nerve with a talented and imaginative version of **Crass** you might get some idea of **Ege Bam Yasi**.

The now legendary **EBY** opened the set with a sleazy reworking of **Donna Summer's** *I Feel Love*, entitled *Feel The Knife*. Aided by a hooded drummer and some swirling backing tapes, the two female vocalists almost literally whipped the audience into submission.

This set the scene for a deluge of sex and hysteria. During the **Yum Yum Song** the two frontmen chanted from the inside of bin liners and proceeded to spurt out shaving foam over each other's plastic cocoons. Other props including a huge crucifix, to which one of the band was strapped and a large quantity of baby oil during the heart-warming rendition of **Olivia Newton John's** *Physical*. Then several slices of **Mother's Pride** were distributed for the infamous *Jesus Makes His Own Bread*.

Ultimately **Ege Bam Yasi** are a group of contrasts, from the surreal stage show to the sublime backing tapes. Moreover, thankfully, they do not take themselves



too seriously, as titles such as *The Fastest Elephant in Scotland* emphasise. With a *Home Front* gig alongside the **Baby Knives** on the horizon (30 Nov) and some possible dates at the **Potterrow**, the *Yasites* will be spreading their brand of anarchy around Edinburgh in the very close future. You have been warned.

And so to **SPK**. For the uninitiated, **SPK** are one of the leading exponents of "metallic muzak", alongside fellow industrialists **Test Dept.** and **Einstruzende Neubauten**, employing a wide range of **Black and Decker** equipment coupled

with an alarming lack of concern for the safety of their audiences. Sounds good. That's what makes the taste of disappointment all the more bitter. Read on.

I can now reveal the real reason for their **ICA** debacle: they only have two (sur)real songs. This conclusion arises from the fact that 90% of Friday night's set was taken up by a quagmire of bland, conventional melodies and rhythms.

SPK's crisp sound became very mouldy as the evening wore on. Weak vocals added to uninspiring synth beats meant they didn't even reach the gate never mind "storm the reality asylum". Up until the very death it seemed that they had taken **Laura Logic's** assertion that "Music is a Better Noise" all too literally. The act only really got off the ground when the band burst into a cacophony of metallic bliss aided and abetted by some **Kendo dancing** and an electric drill. At last the breathtaking film reels used by **SPK** were truly complemented!

SPK? "Funken" juck!" **Paul** (the other one) **Quinn**

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FEATURES

Scotland is renowned all over the world for its traditional Highland Gatherings. One of the lesser known but most interesting of these is the Lonach Highland Gathering and Games in Upper Donside. John Petrie, himself a Lonach Highlander, gives *Student* a rare insight into the annual event.

8.00 am on the last Saturday of August in the village of Bellabeg, Strathdon. A strange spectacle. More than a hundred men wearing full Highland dress are milling about around the diesel petrol pumps of the little-used garage.

Even under all the Highland paraphernalia, the early morning frost bites the whisky-weary bodies of the men of the Lonach. There hasn't been much time for sleep these last few days. But the hay has been lifted now and stands, still green, in uncertain stacks in the fields. The Lonach tradition will not die this year; not because it is being kept alive consciously, but because its health has not been called into question. This is the 143rd Lonach Highland Gathering and Games — it remains as big a part of the collective consciousness of the glen as it always has been. Maybe the free whisky has something to do with that... and why not?

Opposite the Post Office, behind the village shop, the green tartan of my clan — the Forbes clan — is dotted in amongst the red of the Clan Wallace. Our awkward, constricting plaids are

"The Lonach tradition will not die; its health has not been called into question."

pinned into place around our chilled bodies by the few who have committed to memory the special technique — Jimmy Thomson the garage owner from Roughpark, Sandy Morrison the game-keeper, some of the wives of the older men.

I hand over my invitation and select a pike (nice and long, not too heavy) from the cart. Donald, the old cart-horse, breaks wind noisily as Willie Gray slips him a biscuit. I grab a coffee and a sandwich to line my stomach for the coming assault. My cousins and I stand around and recount stories of last Lonach, the Lonach before, and the Lonach before that; the bustle around us heightens in intensity. Jonathan helps me adjust the hang of my plaid; I help with the sprig of



Lonach Gathering

broom in his bonnet. We dread the moment when the pipes will scrape across our raw early-morning eardrums. We envy the men of the Wallace Clan with their less awkward sprigs of white heather.

"Into line, Lonach Highlanders!" someone is shouting. It is the new Sergeant-Major; I don't know his name. He replaces old Donald Gordon whose legs will carry him no further with the men of the Lonach.

"Into line!"

"Lonach!" The old war-cry of the Forbes clan from the days they fought the Campbells at Corgarl. Once the Campbells locked all the Forbes women into their own castle and raised it to the ground. All that in the past, we Lonach men will not fight any one in our heavy plaids today. But the Lonach Highland and Friendly Society will bring into line anyone who has a whisky too many and remembers an old grudge against his neighbour.

A precipitate of green Forbes tartan forms and settles behind the red Wallace. Each clan stands in pairs, facing the Sergeant-Major: "Lonach Highlanders, attention!" This order is followed by a poorly co-ordinated shuffling of right feet.

"Officers, draw swords!"

"Fall in the officers!"

"Lonach Highlanders, shoulder pikes!"

"Right turn!"

The drill is a charade, and is accompanied by jeering and sharp comments from the ranks. The pipe band launches into its first Pibroch and we mark time. There are signs of progression, even here — a female snare-drum player stands amongst the better-



known male faces of the band.

As we cross the bridge across the Dhulie burn, we try and look solemn for early visitors from Aberdeen dispersed amongst the mainly local crowd of women and children. But once we reach the open road outside the village, the atmosphere relaxes and I try to get to know my marching partner. He is a farmer from Logiecoldstone. We march, talking only a little.

It is not far up to the schoolhouse where the first dram is offered. We turn up the narrow lane off the main road, the tops of our pikes clipping the branches of

the trees. We mark time in the school playground and halt. Trays of large whiskies are brought out along with jugs of peaty glen water. A toast is drunk, a speech of thanks is made by the new Patron — Sir Hamish Forbes — and within ten minutes we are on our way again.

Kilted up, we march on. Either the whisky or the slowly rising sun begins to warm my body and at last the day begins to feel real as I become accustomed once again to the feeling of my kilt.

"Left! Left! Left! - Right-Left!"

On the longer stretches of the march, the band takes a rest and the bass drum keeps the time as our boots grind on the old tarmac. When the band comes in again, all the Highlanders in the know change step. The band invariably comes in on the wrong beat.

The rest of the morning sees us making five more stops: the Wallace family cottage, Shand's shop, Tor-na-Sheen, the Doctor's house, outside the Hotel. The five miles or so takes four hours or more. Six large whiskies. Two extra stops are made:

"Two minutes in the wood, boys!"

And the small crowd following the march look, respectfully the other way.

By lunch-time, things are getting a little hazy and the chatter becomes loud enough to provoke shouts of "Quietness!" from old

Donald Gordon who stands at the roadside in Bellabeg. As we pass the field, the side-shows at the ringside are already in full swing: the roadside, too, is crowded with spectators. We retire to the Colquhounie Hotel's "Lonach Hall" for a meal specially prepared to soak up alcohol: Scotch broth, cold meat salad and trifle. The Games continue.

By now, the piping and dancing competitions have started. Soon, the Heavy events will get under way. The inevitable caber-tossing hammer-throwing, shot-putting and hill-race. Later, the novelty events — pillow fight, women's tug of war, the obstacle race and children's events.

This is what makes Lonach Day so successful. Everybody has something to do. Competitors for competitors; a spectacle for spectators; side-shows for everyone; the beer tent for the Highlanders who are making a real day of it; the Grandstand for the local gentry. And because the Games are so much smaller than those at Ballater or Braemar, the feeling is intimate and uncontrived — even for complete strangers to the glen.

After lunch, our gait is steadier and our heads are clearer as we march back to the field. The sun smiles on those in T-shirts, but threatens to bake us alive in our thick jackets and plaids. Someone shouts that a wasp has gone up my kilt. I walk on, agitated. Cameras click, babies cry. The traffic has ground to a halt.

"Scotland, the Brave" for the march around the ring. Try not to catch the eyes of faces in the crowd.

"Eyes front! Nivvar mind them."

"... because the Games are so much smaller than those at Balgait or Braemar, the feeling is intimate and uncontrived."

Dismiss for a couple of hours and back to the field for the Parade and March of the Clansmen at 3 pm. After that, the side-shows or the beer tent. Or both.

The Games continue until 5.30 pm when the Pipe Band "beats the retreat". The Men of the Lonach disperse to various pubs and parties before ending up at the "Grand Dance" in the Lonach Hall. The Pipe Band have been known to wander up and down the road in Bellabeg well into the evening, playing their pibroch swansong — a crazed Jacobean band, lost in the mists of time and whisky.

The glen pulses with the unity of festivity far into the night. And on Sunday, all is quiet in Strathdon.

Mannix, Morrissey, Mondale

This week's American election, the Smiths, and last term's SRC elections have something in common. What difference does it make? You may well ask.

We saw in the Democratic primaries and now the Presidential election itself how issues were only a very small part of the concern of voters. What was on show was personality, and not policies. This tendency has been increasingly important in US politics. It has also, disturbingly, shown signs of creeping in here. The rise in the popularity of the Conservatives in recent months has been based on the 'courage and bravery' shown by its leaders, especially Mrs Thatcher, after the Brighton bomb. That's not to say that courage doesn't have some part to play in politics. In times of war, it undoubtedly does. But we're not currently at war, and the characteristic which would seem to be best fitted to a politician at the moment is sympathy, not pig-headedness.

All the British party leaders have been guilty of playing to the gallery in this. When Neil Kinnock became party leader, he gave a whole series of interviews to women's magazines and spoke about things unrelated to policies — he didn't say what he intended to do with the country if he became its leader! For politicians are not popular personalities, and nor should they aim to be. David Steel's personal appeal is based on a similar flaw, and David Owen's popularity on his looks.

Who cares what they read in their toilets? Their characters should only be of interest in so far as it effects us.

Someone else who has been able to exploit the current interest in the useless facts of personal life has been Morrissey of the Smiths. The music papers are infested with interviews with the guy. He's the interviewer's idea of heaven because he volunteers snippets of private life and opinions without the slightest pressure. For the music industry, he is single-handedly replacing the promotional value of the video with that of the slightly shocking, but

nevertheless fascinating, interview.

Hence this week in the 'Melody Maker':

"What would do if a Smiths fan had set off the Brighton bomb?"
"I'd marry him."

And in last year's SRC elections, personality predominated. John Mannix's line was that he could achieve more by turning down the emphasis on issues than he could by politically forcing his own view. This aspect of his campaign may have won him the election. It certainly did in the eyes of 'The Student' election guide. But the assumption is that a candidate's policies don't matter very much. They may have less effect in a small, closed community like a University or a small introverted unit like the SRC, but issues are still the stuff of politics, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

This is not to say that the private life of a politician doesn't matter. A man who beats up his wife isn't likely to make a very good health minister. But, to an extent, a politician should function purely as the mouth-piece of those whom he or she purports to represent.



And a preference for Duran Duran over Dvorak is not expressive of that function. This is time for politics at every level.

If politicians are able to 'do their own thing' as opposed to what we

tell them to do, we will be the ones to suffer. And this will happen if we insist on allowing, and even voting for, politicians who lead us to believe that politics is unimportant.

Toby Porter

FEATURES

Death camp Dachau

Anyone with even vague knowledge of the Nazi regime will realise the significance of that name. The concentration camp existed ultimately to obliterate the Jews, although at first it encompassed all aliens — those classed as not Aryan and therefore unfit to form the new "master race" which would rule the world for 1,000 years.

The Jews became "undesirable" and were conveniently blamed for the economic collapse and the large assortment of its which beset Germany in the aftermath of the First World War. These elements of society, which Hitler also declared "inferior" and "inferior" were: gypsies, homosexuals and cripples. There were also political prisoners, those who had voiced radical beliefs which did not conform to Hitler's such as Communists and even Catholic priests.

This summer, while touring Europe, I visited Munich briefly. There, I met two Canadians and three West Germans who persuaded me to accompany them to Dachau, a smaller concentration camp and now the site of a museum.

I was reluctant to comply because I feared my own reactions, not through ignorance, since I've read about the Weimar Republic and visited the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. I had read that the camp was the site of the very ground where the crimes had been perpetrated and the hell out of the.

I was interested to find that the German friends had learnt far more than in school about the last war. I felt that when this subject is taught in Britain, only the political aspects are emphasised, whereas in Germany, the younger generation seem to be fully aware of the extent of the Nazi crimes. My friends had no particular guilt complexes because they had removed from events — in some cases two generations back.

Most people are aware of the notorious living conditions which

had to be endured though various glossy, Hollywood versions of the Nazi brutality. The torture was however not only physically but also morally degrading. For instance, orders would be issued on pain of death for a deed or to be dug, hours after the work completed, they would be commanded to bury the pit. Thus the prisoner was subjected to physical and moral decay before he was passed to death. How many people are actually aware that the estimated total of Jews killed in this way is six million?



It was as if I saw the camp with my first time but as I stepped into Dachau, I saw a place which had been totally transformed. The white, grey buildings were as a stark contrast to the original camp. The original camp buildings have been erected on the same sites. The infamous SS kitchen where the SS sadistically tortured prisoners is now the site of the museum and now show "none of the horrors" which they were infamously committed. Although a "bad" SS demonstration takes place, one can walk down the main road, lined by numerous rectangular graves where they used to stand. I was deeply impressed by the religious monu-

ments at the end of this avenue. There are four: one Protestant, one Catholic, one Jewish and one embracing all faiths. Many people, standing quietly and respectfully, were reflecting on what they had seen that day as I did.

In the museum, a documentary was shown twice daily which was an effective portrayal of the history of the Nazi regime. The museum itself provided a skeleton but vivid description of events leading up to WWII with the emphasis on the growth of antisemitism. Giant black and white photos illustrated inmates being cruelly experimented upon, inmates suffering from malnutrition and inmates swinging from a noose while the SS looked on and laughed.

The museum at Dachau is the most effective way of conveying to people the history of the concentration camps during the Nazi regime. Although the very notion of converting a death camp into a museum reduces the final proof to be a lasting memorial to one of the most appalling crimes committed against humanity, it is a worthy gesture. It must not merely be regarded as the "Past" an event which has happened but as an event which should never be allowed to happen again.

Found the tourist aspect a little bit of a let-down. Of postcards, postcards and posters were on sale and were bought eagerly by the throngs of tourists. At first this struck me as tasteless and sick, but then I reconsidered. It helps the world to remember the crimes perpetrated by the Nazi regime in Germany barely 50 years ago. Then it is a far from worthless.

As I left Dachau, concentration camp, the words of the stark grey monument rang in my ears:

Plus jamais
We wieder
Never Again

Meryl Benstock

The Common Yah observed

Have you noticed? This place seems overrun with Public School Products. Our freshers' intake was crammed with them, and included a frightening 80 from Eton. What has caused this sudden influx?

It appears that our (A-level and Higher) based selection procedures are to blame. Anyone, privately educated, can be pushed through exams with daddy's

clothes that went out 50 years ago, boys in striped shirts and corduroys look ready to join the army or some merchant bank. Girls wear scarves and pearls and ride bicycles with wicker baskets on the front. This group is mutually exclusive and will never mix with anyone who is not privileged enough to have been to Public School. Treat them as they



Graphic by Sheila Harde

money. No one can expect others less fortunate at comprehensives to have such an easy ride. In fact, for many, it is virtually impossible to meet the requirements — simply because of the particular school they went to.

But now that they've arrived — and there's not much anyone can do about it — here's a quick guide on how to recognise and deal with these absurd creatures.

They fall into three categories.

The first group is by far the largest and noisier. Known here as "Yahs" or nationally as "Sloane Rangers", they are easy to spot. Take lunch in the Pear Tree or Mikes any weekday, and your conversation will be drowned by loud-mouthed Yahs, haughty, impressing each other. They wear

treat you — with disdain verging on contempt.

The second category is smaller and less easily recognised. In ten years they will be full Yahs but are going through a strange time: parents call rebellion. Of course, they don't really rebel — their clothes are usually fashionable (London) — they wear zip suede jackets and boots with buckles. You will find them in the Bedan and the Art School. They reappear to meet but be careful in this group you get one point for every "Scott" you know, and ten points equals social success.

Finally, watch out for the third group. The smallest and most discreet category. Reserved, detached, and yet observant. Me. Treat me with scepticism.

Middle-class Hero

The Cameron Toll's for you

She was the biggest and the best. The most beautiful, the most expensive. Said to be unsinkable, the SS Cameron Toll quietly opened her doors a month ago at the beginning of her maiden voyage.

All went well until that fateful day of Saturday, November 3rd. The rain howled and the wind lashed down over Edinburgh. The passengers were oblivious to the frantic storm outside as they dined in the restaurant or waited with their trolleys round Sainsbury's, unaware that their little world was soon to end in tragedy.

Suddenly they were taking in water — the storm had proved too much. The floods poured in, women fainted and screamed — sometimes simultaneously. People ran for the lifeboats. By a vicious coincidence, they had never been installed. People stopped running for the lifeboats. As the waters kept on rising, many decided there was only one thing

to do: they abandoned their trolleys and caught the bus home.

Confused? Let me explain. My little ones, Cameron Toll is a dirty great shopping centre at the bottom of Dalkeith Road (past Pollock Halls). It was opened last month, boasting all kinds of goodies such as 7-day-a-week shopping (and even banking) plus Sainsbury's and a combined Sainsbury's and BHS store, (giving you the dubious pleasure of putting both socks and vegetables in the same basket). It's a great place for buying anything from tons of food to fur coats and jewellery. (Mind you, try finding a bin-opener).

However, before you get too excited, I have to tell you that unfortunately the whole place was flooded out last Saturday and 100 cars were left submerged in the car park. The bloody architects could make it look like a spaceship but didn't give it any drains (because spaceships don't need drains, I suppose). Personally, I suspect it was divine retribution for all this shopping on Sundays. On the other hand, I was going to write an article about Cameron Toll for this

week anyway, but now the flood has intervened it is considerably Thank you God.

Even in the antediluvian world of last week, I had decidedly mixed feelings about the whole idea of shopping centres. In themselves, they're fine and Cameron's is was no doubt will be again one of the best specimens of the beast I have yet seen (and I've even been to the one in that group of roundabouts they call Milton Keynes).

Of course the great advantage of them is that they're so convenient, especially if you're no longer young-and-can-take-it. Once you're in them, you don't get that continual hot-cold sensation of walking out of overheated stores into a distinctly under-heated Edinburgh gale (it's a bit like Dallas air-conditioning in reverse). Then again, you are always in that artificial atmosphere — I'm sure they must pump mono-sodium glutamate into the air.

However, shopping centres can be as destructive as they are creative. Usually they mean the extinction of corner shops and smaller supermarkets. If you want

to get really depressed, and can't find a Leonard Cohen tape, make sure you see the ITN job survey every week and watch thousands of manufacturing "jobs" disappearing, to be replaced only by those in Asda hypermarkets and conference centres — as if we all had nothing better to do but sit around talking and stuffing our faces... well OK, we don't, but that's beside the point.

It is true that Edinburgh does need quite a few more shops to bring it up to the level of Glasgow, and will need the new centre being built at Waverley; but Glasgow itself may soon make the dangers of centres all too apparent, if the shopping district of Argyle, Buchanan and Sauchiehall Street is to be squeezed at either end by the planned mega-centres at St. Enoch's Square and Buchanan Street.

Conference centres are even more the rage, especially in cities where industry is rapidly declining but supply is now beginning to exceed demand, with the result that councils may be left to pay for enormous white elephants when they should be building houses

and hospitals. But, I hear you cry, this is all in aid of the leisure revolution, the beginning of a better way of life. Perhaps, but the people with the most leisure at the moment are not likely to have the other ingredient for the Good Life — ie a large excess of the reed. Are the three million unemployed really going to become conference and concert-goers? This "centre-mania" should be deplored as part of the homogenisation of life and the triumph of International Organisation Man over individuality. I thought we'd got over all that "big is beautiful" crazy years ago. The worrying thing, as the Great Flood of '84 has shown, is that when someone pulls the plug, everything gets shut down. This is only one small example of the frightening degree of interdependence in which we all now live.

Alas, perhaps I am whingeing in vain. Cameron Toll and its ilk probably stand for Progress, however nasty that may be, and we all know that whoever stands against the tide of Progress must be a right Cnut.

Robin Henry

Photo by Toby Porter

FEATURES

CZECH POETRY

Miroslav Holub was born in 1923, the son of a railway worker. He is Czechoslovakia's most famous poet and a leading scientist. He's also a Marxist. Thanks to the Scottish Arts Council and the Scottish Society for the Speaking of Verse, his tour of Britain brought him to Edinburgh University on October 26th, where he gave a reading from his new collection of poetry, *On The Contrary*. It was introduced to British readers in 1967, and has built up a following here amongst those who are in the know. I was able to speak with him and asked him about his poetry and his politics.

Have you had an enthusiastic reaction on this tour?

Very well. A good response. ... In America too, but here I think we Europeans understand one another better. Some things though, like Pynchon and Judy in Czechoslovakia, can't be translated idiomatically, so they're lost.

Do you think that you've reached working-class people here?

It's difficult here to tell a working-class person ... I try to write clearly, I don't hide behind a thicket of words. So that if someone hears, he understands.

Do you reach working-class people at home?

At home I wrote a best-seller, a sort of prose poem about America. It sold about 100-150,000 copies. People recognise me in the repair shop. At that time, in the sixties, I was often on Czech TV, so people know me.

You once said, in an interview on Prague Radio, that you like writing "for people untouched by poetry". You said that you'd like them to read poetry "as naturally as they go to a football game". Do you think your poetry will ever be as popular as football?

That interview was in English, and I didn't have very much English. What I said was something like that. Of course to stand before 2,000 people not-fighting would be nice, but to read a poem would be rather silly. Even so, I think fights might still break out if I did read.

Your new poetry, like earlier collections, is childlike here and scientific there; do you have a particular audience in mind for your poetry?

I'd like to write for children. But it's, as we say, the one hand behind the back. I like to write for young people, adolescents, students, because sometimes I use four-letter words and even in Britain I see that older people are offended.

On the origin of football by Miroslav Holub

And so, when one day someone encounters something that's rolling he kicks it.

And his heavens reverberate, the temple curtain is rent, the unrinsed mouths of thousands open wide in a stilling explosion of silence

like trilobites yelling GOAL.

Iain Ferguson

OPINION

Right of Reply

Last week's John Murray Macleod "Opinion" column prompted a deluge of articles to flood into the Student offices. The following articles have been selected from amongst these

John Murray Macleod's central issue — or at least his most constant bugbear — is his idea that the gay lifestyle is destructive and subversive, primarily to gays themselves but also to society as a whole. In last week's *Student* his paranoid tantrums reached new peaks of generalisation and dogmatism. He stated that gay people invariably lead "lives of incredible promiscuity, spurning all permanent or romantic attachments and working to overthrow ... the society in which we live". He states that a homosexual's social life is "restricted to gay clubs, bars and bathrooms". An easy cop-out reply to these two statements would be simply to enquire as to just how much of the so-called gay lifestyle Mr Macleod has experienced, how many gay people he has met and discussed gay "problems" with and to ask if he himself has even been in a gay club in his life.

However, his viewpoint is suitably disturbing to merit a far more reasoned, less rhetorical approach.

Primarily, the gay lifestyle does not automatically entail "incredible promiscuity", or even just "promiscuity", come to that. The gay world is no less sex-orientated than the straight world. After all, when you think of it, the straight world is fundamentally sexual, from nudes in tabloid newspapers to the unceasing exploitation of women in advertising, at work, in the home and in the media in general.

Also, straight pronographic films are on general release at

most cinemas and theatres, and on television. Therefore, the gay world is no more promiscuous and sex-divided than the straight world.

The idea that gay people cannot indulge in a permanent or romantic attachment is a similar myth to the one above. Of course it is hard for two gay people to strike up a lasting relationship, but the same holds true for straight people: has not the divorce rate soared suddenly to one in three marriages?

There is no such thing as the "gay superiority complex". All that gay people want is to be accepted as equal to heterosexuals in society.

It is here that we reach the heart of the problem. All of the allegations that Mr Macleod makes are merely symptomatic of his grave confusion of cause and effect. His sectarian attacks on gay pubs, clubs and so on are all misinterpretations of what is really going on. Gay people don't want to frequent only the tiny assortment of gay establishments, but they have to, as it is only there that they can be themselves. If society was suddenly to restrict straight people to one pub, two discos, one coffee shop and one bookshop in Edinburgh, then straight people would be understandably angry. Where else other than in Edinburgh's gay venues can two

people of the same sex exchange similar contact as heterosexuals do everywhere else?

The shortcomings of the gay world are not inherently caused by homosexuality. They are merely the effects of the restraints put on homosexuals legally, politically and morally by society in general. The Gay Scene in any case is not, as Mr Macleod suggests, dominated by the pubs and the clubs. Gay people are human beings, and there is a lot more to life than drinking, dancing and — as Mr Macleod would imply — casual sex. Sex is not enough in itself to sustain human emotional life. You need to have other outlets — and it is here that organised bodies such as this University's Gay and Lesbian Society become important. Alongside University-linked groups, there are as many political outlets for gay people as there are for other social sects — socialists, conservatives etc.

But then Mr Macleod interprets groups like the University society as subversive and, to quote him, "working to overthrow the society in which we live". He misses the point entirely. There is no such thing as the "gay superiority complex". All that gay people want is to be accepted as equal to heterosexuals in society. If that's threatening, so must the anti-racist campaign and the women's movement be threatening.

He also alleges that the University Lesbian and Gay Society exists only so that the older members can "pressure" vulnerable adolescents into doing things that they ought not to. His premise couldn't really be further from the truth: the Society exists fundamentally to provide an environment in which young homosexuals can come to terms

with their sexuality. Rather than "despising" people who live a "double life", the "gay cohorts" in the society are there primarily to provide advice and solidarity to those who wish to break out of the "Jekyll and Hyde" existence, and to provide support for those who cannot. I should know — I'm a "vulnerable adolescent" myself.

There is much more in Mr Macleod's article which can be discussed at great length. I have touched on a few of those matters, but it is important to state here that the Lesbian and Gay Society is prepared to organise a public debate on the issue at which Mr Macleod can speak for as long as he feels necessary. The issue has been so clouded by his marvellously Othello-esque rhetoric that something of this order is needed to settle the issue as a whole.

Mark Brownrigg

(Edinburgh University Gay Society)

According to John Murray Macleod, being gay implies a lot more than just a state of mind. Inside the "gay brotherhood" gay lead lives of "incredible promiscuity", lacking any "romantic attachments" and their common aim is to crush the "heterosexism in the society in which we live". If life inside the gay brotherhood is really as promiscuous as John Murray Macleod suggests, he must have experienced it himself in order to speak so explicitly about the intimacies of the gay brotherhood. If he has not, it is not surprising that the gay brotherhood appears to be "promiscuous" and unromantic, because he is speaking from a lack of evidence and information.

The social life of gay people is said to be restricted to gay clubs, bars, and the cliché of "bathrooms" added for good measure. Has it occurred to John Murray Macleod that gay people choose to go to these places because there is the limited risk of meeting people like him to condemn them and everything they believe in? If we are to talk in terms of restriction, heterosexual social life is equally restricted to heterosexual pubs and bars. The only reason why they do not congregate in the bathrooms is obviously due to the fact that these are not mixed.

John Murray Macleod argues that people should be able to grow up as "normal, heterosexual human beings", but in the event of "failure" we should encourage "maximum homosexual morality". He speaks of failure when a person has established sexual orientation and knows he/she is gay/lesbian. Knowing that one is heterosexual or 'normal' as he likes to call it, I suppose would be the ultimate triumph? I would like to point out that one can only fail if one wants to achieve something, or HAS to. In this day and age no one absolutely HAS to be heterosexual, and if a person in addition does not even want to be heterosexual, how can one speak of failure? It would be equally wrong to say that heterosexuals, once sexually orientated, have 'failed' at being homosexual. It is a choice, not a test.

To round of his argument John Murray Macleod offers the jolly alternative of celibacy. No doubt he means well but he will have to understand that his 'alternative' will appeal to few homosexuals, if any at all. What he proposes is abstinence from physical pleasures, yet homosexuals want the exact opposite; participation in the fullest possible sense in both love and sex. They do not need and certainly do not want alternative because they have made their choice. They have chosen gay love which can be beautiful, meaningful and ever lasting. Sadly enough it does not look as if John Murray Macleod with all his prejudices is likely to gain any evidence of this for himself.

Monique Steyger

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SPORT

The Yokels come to town

Inter University Volleyball tournaments are nothing if not complicated.

The assembled might of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Heriot-Watt, Dundee, St Andrews and last, and definitely least Stirling, came together for such a tournament on Sunday at the Pleasance.

Play had been taking place all morning but it became clear that a good performance against Aberdeen would see EU into the semi-finals.

Both teams had performed well during the day and therefore the match could be billed as a veritable clash of the Titans.

Unfortunately Aberdeen have that strange and mystical aura of Cockney Cousins about them, which does little to put opposing teams on red alert.

But within minutes of the first set Aberdeen had taken a 4-0 lead. By the time they had stretched it to 5-0 the uncertain calls of the truly worried could be heard from some of the Edinburgh fans. Time to start trying now.

Yet however hard Edinburgh tried there was little they could do. The yokels had come to town and were going to enjoy it.

Strong, powerful volleyball saw Aberdeen through to take the first of the two sets.

Edinburgh got off to a better start in the second set going ahead 5-1. But Aberdeen retained their strong accurate hitting to ensure Edinburgh didn't have it all their



own way. But with Aberdeen seemingly firing EU took the second set, 15-9.

Throughout the day Edinburgh lost only two sets so they go through to the semis in three weeks time, together with their hosts Aberdeen, plus Glasgow and Heriot-Watt.

As to predictions of victory? Well Cliff Booth, EU Captain fears Glasgow most of all, a team with three Scottish internationals, but still holds out hope for Edinburgh.

Kenneth Addy

Monsoon Wins The Day

Peebles 2nd XV 6:
EU 2nd XV 4
(match abandoned)

I am reliably informed that the annual total rainfall for the Peebles area last year was 52 inches, but last Saturday it seemed to everyone in the beleaguered University 2nd XV as if that entire total descended in one afternoon and on one isolated rugby pitch in the Borders.

It had been apparent from early morning that the conditions were going to be bad, so bad in fact that no other senior EU team was playing. Nevertheless the 2nd XV is the backbone of the club, hard committed and uncompromising, so the pitch having (eventually) been located, the referee persuaded that we wanted (7) to play, and captain Lambert assured that the showers were both hot and operative, the game commenced.

After five minutes it became clear that this was to be a typical 'old men' v. 'bloody students' match. The Peebles forwards were larger and more solid than their opposite numbers, and the University backs quicker and more skilful than theirs. The game was therefore to be decided on whether or not the EU forwards could supply their backs with enough ball, weakened as they were by injuries in general and particularly the absence of Young, the best line-out jumper in the club (rendered even more incomprehensibly Cockney than usual by a knock to the head in the previous game).

Inevitably such conditions dominated the game. Play settled down in the middle of the field, moving from scrum to line-out and back again, a pattern which was not broken until late in the first half

when one Peebles attack succeeded in advancing play to the EU goal-line, where full back Hann was forced to concede a scrum. This was a dangerous situation for the University as their scrum had been coming under increasing pressure as the match progressed.

The result was an inexorable drive by Peebles over the scoring line, gaining a penalty try, and a six-point lead when EU's Harper was adjudged to have been offside and interfering with the scrum.

Five minutes later, however, Harper atoned for his one mistake by capitalising on slow Peebles reactions to send Hann in for a try in the corner. Lambert failed to convert against the elements, and the whistle blew for half-time. This lasted exactly 10 seconds until play restarted. Lambert having convinced the referee that a five-minute interval would be more likely to induce rigor mortis than mass rejuvenation.

The second half continued largely as the first had finished, with play almost exclusively involving the forwards. EU seemed to be gaining in momentum as their forwards made some threatening runs downfield, but in the 10 minutes since the interval the temperature had been dropping rapidly, and the onset of snow convinced the referee that everyone concerned had sufficiently proved what men of character they were for him to end the game immediately. Smith and Irons showed what men of character they were by being the first University players in the mass sprint back to the changing rooms, but the fact that both were easily outpaced by one of the Peebles 'heavies' must surely cast doubt on their suitability for 2nd XV duties, and provoke club captain Leckie to consider the level of fitness of his senior teams in general.

P. Phlebas

Turf Club

On Tuesday, 30th October, the Turf Club held its first social evening of the new academic year when David McHarg gave a talk on the future of Scottish racing.

Mr McHarg is at present the clerk of the course at three Scottish racecourses: Edinburgh, Musselburgh, Kelso and Ayr. He conducted the talk in a very entertaining manner, dealing amongst other aspects with day-to-day running of a small Scottish racecourse, and the various headaches associated with the job such as judges calling out the wrong horse as winners on Ayr Gold Cup days.

The turnout in the Teviot Music Room was a small but keen band of racing enthusiasts, and Mr McHarg was quite prepared to answer any question put to him by the audience. As a result he found himself bombarded by a series of

questions from all quarters ranging from the doping of horses,

e.g. the Gorytus affair, to whether or not John Wilson will produce a Derby winner from his new stables at Ayr!

It appeared from Mr McHarg's impressive talk that Scottish racing has got quite a bright future. The three racecourses named above seem to cater for all tastes in racing, both for National Hunt and flat enthusiasts. At Musselburgh, although the racing may not be of the highest class, we are assured of big fields and competitive racing. Kelso appears to be thriving due mainly to the consistent support of its loyal band of National Hunt enthusiasts, especially Roy Bannerman. Ayr is without doubt the premier racecourse in Scotland. As well as staging high-class flat racing during the summer months, Ayr provides us with some of the best National Hunt racing in the country including regular appearances by last year's Grand

National hero, Halo Dandy (and we're going on 24th November).

As you can see the Turf Club provides its own special brand of entertainment. After David McHarg, other activities include outings to Ayr and Kelso (following up the very successful trip on October 18th) as well as a quiz evening on which teams will be made up of members of the Turf Club, and other racing celebrities involved in the Northern racing scene; our immediate aim for the first term is to give our support to Scottish racing but trips will be organised to some English racecourses, e.g. Newcastle and York in the second and third terms.

For further details of the proposed trip to Ayr (including half-price admission and an official tour of the course), come along to the Southsiders on Tuesdays at 1 pm where we meet for lunch — what could possibly be a more relaxing way to spend an afternoon than a day at the races!

John Walters

JUDO

Flattened by Man Mountain

After three weeks of judo Edinburgh's small team are now six points ahead of their nearest rivals. Despite an injury to the reliable warrior Alasdair Brown in training Edinburgh scraped through with replacement Andrew performing well. Inebriated captain Colin was lucky to draw two novices, and spent only half a minute on the mat in three fights. Luckless Edward drew 'Man Mountain' from Glasgow and was beaten (flattened) for the first time. John 'Sky at Night' Palmer fought well, as did Spaghetti Armstrong, and the girls won through (after arriving) once again.

C.E.W.

The winner of last week's Spot The Ball competition is Denis Jackson of 520 Grant House, come along to the basement of 1 Buccleuch Place this Friday at 1 pm to collect your free tickets to the Scotland v. Spain game.

All runners up will receive a copy of 'Scottish Football: A Pictorial History' by Kevin McCarra.

Ladies Cricket

Interested? Come along to the nets — 6 pm till 7 pm — every Thursday in the Upper Gym of the Pleasance. No experience is necessary!

FENCING

The Edinburgh University Fencing Club in the East of Scotland section came 2nd, 3rd, 5th and 6th in the beginners' competition.

Basketball

A Basketball Tournament will be taking place this Sunday at the Pleasance between 12.30 pm and 3.30 pm. For details of entry contact the club secretary Janette Robertson, c/o Sports Union Office, Tel. 667 1011 ext. 4469.



The healthy profit continues to grow (penny by penny). This week's donkeys attempting to break sweat are, Ardrox Lad, who looks nicely weighted in Friday's Poppy Handicap at Doncaster. On Saturday, two to follow, or overtake if you're walking too fast, are, Abu Kadra in the November Handicap, also at Doncaster and Townley Stone in Cheltenham's Coventry Novices Steeplechase.

Parkhead Patrons

Anybody who would be interested in forming a Celtic Supporters Club at Edinburgh University should come along to a meeting: upstairs at Deacon Brodies, the High Street, at 7.30 pm on Thursday 8th November, or phone Paul on 556 3760.

Everybody is welcome, since we will be going to Scotland games also (and others).

You don't have to go to every game — in fact, you don't have to go to any game.

PS Brian McClair is our President!

Anyone for Lacrosse?

To all you Lacrosse addicts out there, who may have been gratified with a recent national viewing, the Edinburgh University Club is going from strength to strength under the more than capable hands of its disreputable captain, Susan Chalmers.

An influx of enthusiastic new members, female and male, have given the club a big boost and four members have found places in the Scottish Universities team.

This weekend, at the Clubs Tournament, the club fielded two teams, including one mixed. The weather was not at its best and the first team suffered its first defeat of an otherwise very successful season.

Intra-Mural is creeping upon us again and all those interested in entering a team should contact Liz Archer (447 8333) before Friday 9th. An example of how to play and how not to play will be given beforehand in the Rugby versus Lacrosse Club match.

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But Can He Take a Pollock Pizza?



Steve Ovett was in Edinburgh last week signing copies of his new autobiography, *Ovett*. Sourced only when one old lady enquired if the smog in John Menzies was getting the better of him, Ovett was in a relaxed mood and joked away with customers in a modest and refreshing manner.

Asked whether he had used Pollock Halls of Residence during his athletic career, Ovett replied that he had indeed had the pleasure on several occasions.

Was he then looking forward to his stay there during the 1986 Commonwealth Games? 'Well... (there was hesitancy in his voice)... it's got a marvellous backdrop with Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags which also provides such a close natural setting for jogging.' (He was desperately struggling at this point.)

But what about the food? 'Well, it's a bit dicey isn't it? Athletes are often associated with the use of the understatement.

Dave Yarrow

Swampland Shinty

After their resounding 7-0 victory over St. Andrews the week before, Edinburgh University Shinty Team headed north to Aberdeen full of confidence last Saturday for the first event of the four round Scottish Universities championships.

The championships, otherwise known as the Little John Vale are being played in a different format than previous years. A series of round-robin matches will be held at each of the four Scottish Universities who play Shinty through the first and second terms and the winners will be the team who have the most points after the four events. At the end of each event a Scottish Universities Shinty Team will be selected and play a local first or second division team. Edinburgh will host the final event in February of next year. It is hoped Trinity College Dublin will make a return visit to Edinburgh to play the Scottish Universities team.

The jovial Edinburgh squad of 14 left the capital at 7 am on Saturday after a quiet night at coach 'Ox' Whyte's flat-warming dinner-dance. With remarkable foresight Whyte had predicted the climatic conditions of the far north and had thus had the team running 10 miles in the torrential rain of Tuesday night. Greeted by a force-8 gale and driving rain in the Scottish oil capital the Edinburgh lads soon changed into their resplendent scarlet and white strips and headed for the pitch. In the old tradition of shinty the pitch was the obligatory half mile from the changing rooms. Arriving at the pitch the Edinburgh side took

the role of spectators as Aberdeen and St. Andrews played the first game of the day. Edinburgh played Glasgow University in the second game.

Handicapped by their fair play and sportsmanship: the University shinty team conceded a goal in the last seconds of the first half. By the time the whistle had blown for the second half the pitch was more like a paddy field than a playing field. Edinburgh attempted to play the fast flowing shinty they have become famous for. Conditions, however, were not conducive to this sort of play and Edinburgh's wingers 'Pukes' Millar, and 'Slasher' Simpson were soon bogged down in the mud. Glasgow seized their chance and put a second goal past 'Grunter' Knox the Edinburgh stand-in keeper. Thus Edinburgh had lost their first match but were not disappointed by the 2-0 defeat as Glasgow play two divisions above them in the national league.

With an obvious policy decision to try and tire out the host team in the competition, the organisers had Edinburgh playing St. Andrews straight after their Glasgow game. Undaunted by the fact of playing two games without a break in atrocious conditions, the Edinburgh side repeated their performance of the week before against St. Andrews. Despite vociferous attacking by the Edinburgh forward line the underfoot conditions were against a high scoreline. Having to dig the ball out of six inches of mud before contemplating a shot, Edinburgh did well to win 1-0 through a well taken shot by 'Stud' Reekie.

Edinburgh's final game of the day was against Aberdeen University, last year's winners of the trophy.

Edinburgh's performance against all the odds can only be described as valiant. Due to a brilliant defensive play by captain 'Plonker' Young and full back 'Gnasher' Wood Aberdeen only managed to put three goals into the Edinburgh net before the half time whistle. In the second half Edinburgh constantly pressurised the Aberdeen defence but their inexperience of playing in bogs, showed, and at the final whistle the score was 3-0. To lose by only three goals to Aberdeen was considered respectable when one considers that all the Aberdeen players play in the Northern Second Division, two divisions above Edinburgh.

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COMMENT

Jacqueline Brown

The Brighton bombing brought the silly season to a close. The media's Royal Soap Opera was replaced by seaside drama and now by Ethiopian tragedy.

Only several weeks ago the tabloids were reporting on the Canadian press reporting on the Queen's silly hats. Talk about making a story; it must have been a long summer.

Of course, the traditionally royalist tabloids were bound to jump to Marm's defence. Like Samantha Fox and £4-million bingo, the Royal Family is a speciality, their raison d'être.

However, in trying to be of service, the reports can only have added insult to injury. In letters a size reserved for the four-minute warning, the headline "Amazing Attack on the Bored Queen" will not, I think, be stuck in HM's private scrapbook.

The Canadian incident could be seen as being the latest chapter in recent royal history — currently being bound into one concise book, *Going Public* by Robert Maxwell Ltd.

Since the wedding three years ago, there has been no shortage of material. Charles (despite his age) got a girl everybody would love to live next door, and little Prince Andy emerged as the 20th century archetypal hero; a laterally anglicised Kennedy.

Like Cinderella, Diana brought her a couple of nasty relatives: younger brother, Campaigne Charlie (which sound ridiculously like a Derby winner), all accounts an irresistible round cad, and step-granny Antland, a vision in poisonous red.

Diana herself aroused a certain amount of animosity within the royal cul-de-sac. Feminine, stylish, she was an uncomfortable contrast to manly Anne, and Princess Michael of Kent was probably piqued when ousted from her niche as Best Dressed Royal.

And so it goes on: a conglomeration of cheap emotions constantly peddled by tabloids into secondhand, second-rate leads.

Over-exposure breeds familiarity and the presumption upon which the Canadian press felt justified in launching their vitriolic attack.

The recent rumours of anorexia, Michael Fagan's midnight visit to the Queen to crash a fag, the exposure of her chief detective as being gay... the Royal Family are becoming very non-U; past events are verging on the soap opera.

In an article analysing the Canadian ambush, Sunday Times journalist Julie Burchill wrote: "The Queen is a grandmother and in soap opera's grandmothers look like Joan Collins".

Ms Burchill has a point. In addition, the Queen is a world figurehead and in these days of Fonda and facelifts first ladies look like Nancy Reagan.

The indignation of the tabloids is, however, understandable. In Britain the Queen is familiar figure in the way that Royalty is. Wife, mother, grandmother, she symbolises an order of things that has always been important to the British. Perhaps solid and ultra conservative, she does, remember, represent a nation of shopkeepers...

Whether you consider her to be an ambassador or an anachronism is, of course, personal choice. The Queen, however, in some way balances Margaret Thatcher's aggression. Recent events have shown the latter to be more than the Iron Lady; she is indestructible.

This has been a good week for the tabloids: the Ethiopian famine had a combination of high drama and human suffering perfect for the large headline and the small page.

The Daily Mail themselves made front page news when proprietor Robert Maxwell chartered two

planes to take essential foodstuffs to starved areas of Ethiopia. A practical action, but there was also a cavalier flourish to it that smacked of Marie Antoinette's famous "If they want bread, let them eat cakes", a remark for which she paid dearly.

The tabloids preoccupation with dramatising trivia is what sells newspapers, in which case the public get a media which they deserve. However, by presenting tragedy as melodrama, the tabloids have succeeded in trivialising events of the past few weeks.

That we have a free press has long been accepted but the public are perhaps being manipulated by the personal overtones that are creeping into today's tabloid reporting. The press baron is not dead — he is alive and well, having his head patted by the bureaucracy.

Stop press

Considering the current Hollywood fashion for film sequels, it is only fitting that Ronald Reagan won back his starring role on Tuesday night.

Earlier in the day a White House spokesman had said: "Everything we hear confirms that we will demolish Walter Mondale." This is a measure of the relish with which the Republicans accepted their historic victory.

Reagan's victory in 1980 was met with disbelief in Britain — how could the world's number one superpower believe in Reagan's own 'harm' story: "B-movie boy (finally) makes good".

After his victory last night, Reagan said: "Stay with me — I believe we are yet to see the best in America."

According to his senior advisors his intention is to establish himself as "the great peacemaker." A hero in the making?

RELUCTANT TRAVELLER (Part 2)

John Petrie

(In which the author becomes an overnight sensation despite his latent Oedipus complex; a minor character is cruelly butchered; and a hackneyed psycholiterary symbol is used to bring the episode to a sudden climax...)

The phone was ringing. Where? answered it: "Hello." I couldn't read the numerals.

"Hello. Is Lucinda there?" said a female voice.

"No," I said. I don't know anybody called Lucinda.

"If she gets back, could you tell that 'I' is dead?"

Then the phone, too, was dead. A spotlight buzzed on, blazing a trail towards me through the darkness. I replaced the receiver pensively and held my chin in one hand, furrowing my brow. It seemed the theatrically conventional thing to do. I walked upstage; the spot followed me as I walked towards it. I flung my hands backwards and said: "In Xanadu did Kubla-Khan

The stately pleasure dome decree."

I could see more of the stage as my eyes became accustomed to the dark. It was obviously a converted scout-hut — probably a fringe venue, I supposed. The actual theatre was a blur. It was one of those black-stage/white light productions.

Enter another character. She looked more relaxed, less nervous than I. If this was an audition, she was doing just fine.

The next scene was the last. Afterwards, the stage-lights went out and the house-lights came up. An audience started to clap. Not an audition after all. Their response was wild and extravagant with cheers and wolf-whistles. A success.

Other members of the cast appeared and we bowed. Several curtain-calls, then I was in the bar. Everyone was there. I was pleased to see them and my previous

confusion seemed silly now. A reassuring hubbub of unintelligible conversation waited around the plush bar. Mirrors, red carpets, gold frames were everywhere. I looked around. No one had seen me yet. Who would I speak to first?

I walked up to my mother who was chatting animatedly to Jeremy Thorpe. She turned to me and bit the head off a twiglet: "That was awful, dear. Appalling."

"Yes," agreed Lucinda. "You were terrible."

Lucinda? I had to give her the message. It was important. Death... a sensitive topic, I was aware of that.



"Come with me, Lucinda. We must talk," I urged her.

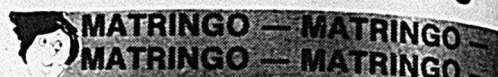
Once again we were in the dark. This time, the space felt small and restricting: "Lucinda," I said, "someone close to you has died."

"Oh!" said Lucinda, reaching out and touching my sombrely clad chest. Soon it was an embrace. She felt frail in my arms; I held her as tightly as I could. Her lips reached for mine and we kissed softly, intimately.

I was looking into her mouth; it became suddenly very large and stood on her tongue.

"Sorry," I said. Everything had gone red.

Back Page



This week's lucky winner is £328171 - come down to the basement to collect £10! Remember, find fame and fortune on the Back Page.

immediately after publication with a copy of that week's Student and his, or her, matriculation card. If the winning student fails to collect his 'prize' before the deadline then the £10 will be added to the following week's total.

Members of the Student editorial staff are not eligible

- 1 The matriculation number will be selected at random by the editor and his decision will be final.
- 2 £10 will be awarded to the winning student.
- 3 The winning student must come to the Student offices before 5 pm on the Friday

It had been a tiring day for God. Nobody really understands the hassles and pressures that are put upon an omnipotent being as He attempts to maintain the cosmos in existence, making sure that each part of His creation is kept well oiled and in good working order. But somehow today things were getting on top of him and He was feeling rather down in the dumps. He didn't really know why, but He was unmistakably pissed off. The angels were maintaining the celestial chorus in perfect harmony. Lucifer's chibi-lads were playing him hell. He had ever reason to be cheery. But He wasn't. What was the problem? He got up off His throne and had a look in the mirror. Nope, no signs of ill-health.

Peter, wiping the sweat from his brow, said, "We've got a right one here."

"Bloody philosophy student," replied Peter vehemently. "Say he's thought of something you can't do."

"Is that so?" smiled God to himself "well, we might as well see what he has to say. Suppose I'd better adopt the big booming voice that appears to emanate from every atom of existence."

"Do you want some reverberation on that?" asked Peter.

"Alright, just a touch." He hid himself behind a burning bush and thundered, "Who dares question my omnipotence?"

or fatigue. His visage seemed to be glowing as radiantly as ever. His eyes filled with the fire of the firmament. His awesome appearance was still awesome. But there perhaps lay the problem. Nobody could really look at Him properly. Such was his omnipotence that nobody could appreciate Him for what He was. Even his right-hand men didn't have a clue about His true nature. And all those ignorant human beings, pickering about who believed in the right God and those ungrateful bastards who didn't even think He existed. He was lonely. And bored. There are times when even God feels like jacking it all in.

Just then a rather weedy looking chap with glasses peered through the railings and said, "Pardon me for being so presumptuous, but it came to me while I was reading your book at a bus stop I was so taken aback at my discovery that I stepped out in front of the 41 and that's why I'm here."

God tittered to himself. "I can be a right bastard at times, can't I? Anyway, what's your question?"

"Well, actually, what I wanted to ask was, 'Could you write something that is so unintelligible that even you couldn't understand it?'"

There was a strange silence in the heavens. A discordant note had been struck in the celestial choir. The young philosopher stood waiting for a reply and was about to ask again when he heard some irritated voices.

"He's got you there you know," said Peter.

"Alright, alright," muttered God angrily, "keep your voice down. I still pay the wages round here you know." Suddenly the Pearly Gates were flung open and an old man with flowing white robes emerged, beaming radiantly and placing a friendly arm around the young man's shoulder. Now son, how would you like to help me up here with the workings of fate and deciphering *The Sun*? I could do with some company. What do you say?"

The student thought long and hard before he came up with his answer.

"OK, I accept. It's better than the civil service, I suppose."

Who says there's no prospects
for philosophers?

Andrew Smith

Selection of Wines and Bottle Beers