

FCS deny conference rampage

by Devin Scobie

Mike Conway, Vice-President (Internal) of the EU Conservative Association, has claimed that he has "seen more damage at a Rugby Club lunch at Teviot", than occurred at the Federation of Conservative Students' Conference in Loughborough.

He made the claim despite widespread press reports of vandalism and rampage at the Conference, and despite the fact that Conservative Party Chairman John Selwyn Gummer has clamped down on FCS activities as a result of incidents at Loughborough.

The FCS are known for their firmly right-wing viewpoint and have proved to be an increasing embarrassment to the Conservative Party. Reports on the wild partying and vandalism which occurred varied widely, with most initial estimates of damage running into thousands of pounds.

The rampaging antics of the Tory students were said to include extensive damage to rooms and walls, door handles being ripped off, fire extinguishers being set off, conference delegates being intimidated as they slept, the littering of over 700 beer cans and pools of vomit all over the campus, and the use of shower facilities as toilets.

John Selwyn Gummer was swift to react. To shouts of "Bring Back

Cecil" (Parkinson — the previous Tory Party Chairman) he told the conference that the FCS annual grant of £30,000 was to be suspended. "Damage, holliganism, and sheer vandalism is totally unacceptable," he stated tersely.

The Edinburgh delegation included EUCA President George Shepherd, both Vice-Presidents internal and external, Mike Conway and Neil Ireland, and David Kiltie who is Secretary of the Scottish FCS.

Mr Conway stressed to *Student* that although numerous Scottish members were involved in the rampage, including "the Dundee monsters" and Glasgow's Tory "Club chairman who is to be expelled from the national party, none

of the Edinburgh members were involved. "There was a big party", he said, "and we were all invited, but we'd been travelling all day and were too tired to go. We were all in bed at the time."

Speaking on behalf of the Edinburgh Association, Mike Conway claimed that Press reports had "got the matter totally out of proportion", and blamed left-wing factions within the Federation for scaremongering, and telephoning the press with "totally unsubstantiated reports of violence and vandalism." He admitted there were clear splits within the FCS on fundamental matters of policy, but claimed that only £14 worth of damage had been done at the conference.

"We think the actions were disgraceful, and that there is no excuse for any of them. Particu-

larly the shower incident, that was the worst. But I was horrified by the party's action. Gummer went too far and the Prime Minister will reap a whirlwind about it, and him, now that she is back from the Far East."

The Edinburgh University Conservative Association is affiliated to the Federation of Conservative Students, and it has undergone a marked move to the right, in recent months, in terms of their own Executive's personal views within the spectrum of Conservative Party doctrine. The FCS itself has been dubbed the "Blue Trots" by some national Conservative figures because of the ultra-right wing views of some members.

Mr Gummer stepped up sanctions against the FCS this week by depriving the Federation of office facilities. Mark Macgregor, Chairman-elect of the FCS, complained

that neither he nor his colleagues were allowed to make telephone calls or post letters at party headquarters. "Central office," he said, "is interpreting the suspension of our grant in such a way that we have been closed down."

Mr Conway was speaking to *Student* shortly before this latest snub by the national party took place, and considered the rapidly deteriorating image of Conservative students. In answer to the direct allegations of racist and fascist tendencies which have been levied recently at the Edinburgh Association, he stated categorically that "we are neither racist nor fascist. Fascism is the wildest insult and a grossly over-used word which has lost all credibility."

He reflected that the Edinburgh Association had "had a purge" and that what bigotted minority elements of racism did once exist had been finally eliminated.



The Scottish Schools Debating Championships in Teviot Row last month. Photo by John Lindsay, full story p.2.

Glasgow in vivisection row

by Alan Young

The row between Glasgow University and the Scottish Anti-Vivisection Society over research on brain-damaged monkeys has reached new heights, with the government being asked by the society to end research grant funding to Glasgow University's Department of Neural Pathology.

The SAVS has called on Home Office Minister David Mellor to take such a step in order to end the experiments on monkeys which take place at Pennsylvania University in collaboration with Glasgow. Mr Mellor is reported to have seen videos of the experi-

ments, and to have described them as "horrific and callous".

The move by the SAVS is the latest step in their campaign to persuade university authorities to break all links with the controversial brain damage research on the monkeys being carried out at Pennsylvania.

It comes only a week after a former Glasgow University professor of civil law warned the university that its reputation could be damaged through its connection with the experiments.

Professor Alan Watson, who now teaches law at Pennsylvania

University, has written to Glasgow University Principal, Dr Alwyn Williams, expressing fears of a cover-up by the Pennsylvania authorities, and warning that both establishments could be brought into disrepute by the affair.

The Home Office has said it cannot comment until Mr Mellor returns from a trip abroad. However, the Secretary of State for Scotland, George Younger, has said that the experiments, which subject monkeys and baboons to considerable pressure to create brain damage, would not be permitted in Britain.

Briefly...

Jarratt Committee reports

THE Jarratt Committee's report on efficiency in universities has suggested rationalisation of faculties and departments at Edinburgh University as one means towards greater efficiency. It has also recommended a reduction in the size of the Senate. The Principal of the University has already welcomed the Jarratt Report on the most important areas of planning.

Full story, page 2

The four million dollar kid

A FORMER student at the University of Wisconsin is suing three of his former professors for \$4 million because, he alleges, he was failed in a preliminary doctoral examination when they failed to agree philosophically with his answers. This, according to the student — with the all-American name of Gary Horowitz — curtailed his freedom of speech and thus violated his rights under the first amendment to the United States Constitution.

Rector MacPherson in person

EDINBURGH University's new Rector is Archie MacPherson, and in his first weeks in the job he has appointed Alan Gordon as his assessor, and has chaired his first meeting of the University Court. Now he has come out against the ending of academic tenure, and has questioned universities should be the subjects of efficiency reports.

Full story, page 3

Righting writing

ABERDEEN University's Senate split down the middle recently over whether students whose exam scripts were illegible must pay for them to be typed. At present examiners accept all hieroglyphics provided. Social scientists argued that students should pay for retyping, because for social workers legible handwriting was a necessary professional skill. The traditionalists opposed them, saying part of the university's job was to teach people how to write, before they reached their finals. Principal George McNicol had the casting vote. He voted against and the proposal failed. Professor McNicol's own discipline, not known for turning out expert calligraphers, is medicine.

Amadeus — page 6



Folk Festival

The Edinburgh Folk Festival this year centred around Teviot Row. Full coverage of the ten-day festival by Robbie Coates.

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Life in China-15



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This week
 in

STUDENT

NEWS

Faculty merger proposed as Jarratt reports

A merger of three faculties, amalgamation of small departments and a sharp reduction in the size of the Senate are among the recommendations of the Jarratt Committee's special study of Edinburgh University.

The Jarratt Report was prompted by the Government to examine efficiency in universities; Edinburgh was one of six universities invited to take part by the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, who were anxious to show the Government the willingness of universities to improve their efficiency, in the hope that this would deflect the Government from attempting more drastic change.

The study team at Edinburgh, headed by Dr Norman Elliott, Vice-Dean of the Social Sciences Faculty, called for discussion on the case for merging arts with the small Faculties of Divinity and Music; the report stressed that this suggestion was based purely on considerations of administrative efficiency and that it could not comment on academic arguments for keeping faculties separate.

The report also recommended that the Law and Social Science Faculties should be grouped together, and that a number of small departments should be amalgamated. However, the report made no direct recommendations for staff cuts and in places suggested that staff should be better rewarded.

Another of the report's suggestions was that the size of the Senate should be reduced from 260 to a figure between 75 and 125, in order to restore its dignity and purpose; the authors said that it should be large enough to represent the various disciplines but small enough for it to have an active membership.

Dr John Burnett, the Principal, said he very much welcomed the Jarratt Report on the most important areas of planning and resource allocation and its recognition that change could not come from universities alone.

However, the suggestion that the Divinity Faculty should be



DHT—home of the Arts Faculty, which Jarratt recommends should be joined by Divinity.

merged with Arts has been criticised by the Very Rev. John McIntyre, Professor of Divinity; one of his worries was that if it happened at Edinburgh, in Scotland's largest faculty, then it would surely follow in the three other older universities, Aberdeen, St Andrews and Glasgow. He was also worried about safeguarding the integrity of the Bachelor of Divinity degree.

Dr Elliott, however, said that he did not see the merger suggestions as central to the report: "They needed to be said but I am not necessarily convinced

they will be pursued," he said. "I don't think the question of degrees is involved at all. Mergers need have no effect on academic status but can be useful in other ways."

Having considered the six study reports it commissioned, the Jarratt Report has drawn up its own report, which criticises universities for haphazard or non-existent planning, and for complicating its decision-making procedures with too many committees. This will eventually be passed on to the Department of Education for consideration.

Robin Henry

Edinburgh District Council have announced that they will be providing the organisers of this year's International Arts Festival with a basic grant of £588,000. In addition to this, a further £25,000 will be made available for the purpose of enabling performances outwith the city centre.

Festival director Mr Frank Dunlop, and Edinburgh's present Labour-controlled District Council took office at around the same time, and both share the attitude that the Arts should be made more widely accessible. Mr Dunlop has for many years advocated that the appeal of the Festival should be extended, and council policy is in agreement with this — aiming for a wide distribution of all "recreation" services, both cultural and sporting, throughout the city.

On the basis of this common

objective, the Festival Society has been instructed to submit its proposals regarding a programme of events which might be taken to the outskirts, the budget for which can be up to £25,000. Once this is done, the exact amount of the extra grant will be finalised and confirmed.

The basic grant has increased from last year's figure by 5 per cent in keeping with the rate of inflation. This has not, however, been the case with the grant from the Scottish Arts Council, but while it is pressing the SAC to increase its contribution, the council has refused to compensate the organisers for this loss of revenue, saying, "There is no way that the ratepayers of Edinburgh can be expected to pay for a cut imposed by the government in this way."

Anne McNaught

Edinburgh's uni challenge

The Edinburgh University team reigned victorious in the first two rounds of University Challenge and have qualified for the quarter-final round which takes place next Monday.

The team, captained by Robin Boswell, consisted of Mike Conway, Andrew Diamond and David Baillie, with David Griffiths as reserve member. Fifty student supporters travelled with the team, last month to the recording of the programme at Granada TV's studios in Manchester.

A team member said that he had been "surprised" at how quickly the game had passed during their decisive victory over Magdalene College, Cambridge. The programme's producer had said he was unsure when the first Edinburgh programme would be screened, but it would probably be during the forthcoming summer or winter series.

The winning team now return to Manchester on Monday to once again carry the flag into battle against, this time, the University of



A starter for ten, you greasy little dwarf.

Graphic by Stella Collier

Salford, who beat Stirling in the first round.

The team's spokesman was very confident of victory on Monday, and believes that if they do win again they are likely to qualify for the final.

David Scoble

The Empire strikes back as Teviot stages debating championship

Teviot Row Union was the venue last month for the first final of the Bank of Scotland Schools Debating Championships, which were organised by the EU Debates Committee. The motion was "This House regrets the loss of Britain's Empire" and the standard of knowledge and confidence displayed by the participants was to ensure a lively evening.

The competition was sponsored by the Bank of Scotland and was largely the work of Iain McLaughlin who took on the role of Championship Co-ordinator after the Debating Society decided to try and revive the competition (which some years ago had been a *Daily Express* idea). Having taken on the task this smooth-talking

young Glaswegian managed to persuade the Bank of Scotland to provide £4,000 in sponsorship. Mr Stewart Murray, the bank's Public Affairs officer, told *Student* that the bank was very pleased with Iain's work and thought its money was well spent.

A competitive debate takes the form of a Parliamentary debate, and in this case there were three teams in proposition and three teams in opposition, facing each other across the despatch box. The judges were George Foulkes, MP; William Prosser, QC, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; and Lord Murray, former Labour MP for Leith and former Lord Advocate.

The first speakers for the proposition from St Aloysius' College attempted to justify the Empire by citing the benefits which it bestowed on Britain — mainly sport, tea, rubber and pineapples (the merits of pineapples later proved to be one of the most furiously debated points of the

evening).

Then the team from Robert Gordon's College presented their case that the Empire was not only morally abhorrent, but bad for Britain not to mention the poor subject nations. For them the myth of a benevolent empire was as illusory as our promised Oscars for *A Passage to India*.

The best speaker was 15-year-old Alan Wilkins from Stewart's Melville College. After deriding the opposition for their woolly-headedness and his own side for the spinelessness, he launched forth with a vigorous and patriotic defence of Empire. His points were often eccentric and always outrageous, which ensured a torrent of points of information from the opposition and gales of laughter from the audience. His only regret, in this otherwise glorious page in British history, was that the Empire builders had been unable to instil in the "ignorant and ungrateful savages" a sense of loyalty to the mother

country. He finished his seven minutes with a stirring rendition of the last verse of *Land of Hope and Glory*.

The remainder of the debate — with Our Lady's High and Bannerman High School opposing the motion and Arbroath Academy summing up for the proposition — saw earlier points developed and expanded, with the opposition having the best of the argument. At the conclusion the chairman, James Walker, read out the motion and the "nays" won the day.

Whilst the judges went out to deliberate, the debate carried on in the hall, opened to the floor. The most entertaining speech was from a young Sikh from St Aloysius who claimed impartiality on the Empire question and then went on to amuse the audience with a defence of curry (which earlier speakers had denigrated) and a procession of witty one-liners.

David Cline and Lesley Fraser

Briefly...

Dental delirium

PREPARATIONS are well in hand for the Dental students' production of Philip King's *See How They Run*, to take place in Adam House from next Wednesday, 24th April, to Saturday, 27th April. It's being held in aid of Charities Week, and tickets are priced £1.75 from student shops, the Dental students' common room, or on the door. The production starts at 7.30 pm each evening, and is a comic farce all the way.

Imperial attitudes

STAFF at Imperial College, London, think too highly of themselves, receive salaries which are too high in relation to the college's spending on books, and do not appreciate the need to be competent teachers, a visit by the University Grants Committee has concluded. A UGC team told the college it was a very distinguished institution, but said it was "not entirely clear that it was quite as good as it thought it ought to be".

MacPherson's place in history

Edinburgh University Rector Archie MacPherson believes that the rectorship is unique, and that from his personal point of view will give his name a degree of permanence because his period in office will be recorded and noted in the history of the University.

He told *Student* that "the Rector has to be an individual with a fresh view of education, and an identity which is distinct from the University, so that he can give full service to the students and staff".

In his first interview since being elected last month, Mr MacPherson confirmed that he sees the Rector as being an ombudsman for the University, and he cited the Jarratt Report as supporting the idea of a lay person being involved with the University Court.

To assist him in doing the job of Rector, Mr MacPherson has appointed Edinburgh graduate Alan Gordon as his assessor. He said, "I know Alan Gordon well. He is a successful Edinburgh businessman, and is a Life Member of the Union. Alan is an Edinburgh University man through and through. He is sensible and knows about money, which is vital to universities at the moment. What's more, I don't know his politics — which is an



"Well, I'd just like to thank everybody who's made this possible. My director... my wife... Jimmy Hill. I really don't know what to say, except tune into my new radio programme on Radio Scotland at 7.40 on Friday."

advantage."

Mr MacPherson says he spent the weeks since his election getting to know the University, and its internal workings. He has chaired one Court meeting, and has been at the University around three times a week. As well as having discussions with the Principal and other University staff, Mr MacPherson says he has established informal links with the Students' Association, as well as taking up an individual's case with it.

With his background in the media, Mr MacPherson hopes to make the public more aware of the University. "I hope to project Edinburgh University by any

means I can, and I'm already involved in helping the Children's Holiday Venture to get more publicity. I hope to get more newspaper coverage for students, and in such a way help them gain greater esteem from the public."

Having studied the Jarratt Report on universities' efficiency, Mr MacPherson claims that universities have come out of it rather well, and he pointed to the fact that the Edinburgh University secretariat had been complimented in the report. However, he questioned whether there should be a report on university efficiency at all, and whether Jarratt is applicable to academia. He said that "higher education is not

funded properly as it is".

Mr MacPherson sees the future of academic tenure as being the next major issue in higher education, though he said he hopes he is proved wrong, and that tenure is not threatened. He said he was against the ending of tenure and suggested that political pressure could impair academic freedom if tenure was ended.

With regard to Nelson Mandela, Mr MacPherson said his request that the "write-in Mandela" votes in the rectorial election be counted has been turned down "because the rules don't allow it". However, he has reaffirmed his support for Mandela's cause, and has promised to try to aid and support his anti-apartheid stance wherever possible.

Meanwhile, the new Rector has started a series of interview programmes for BBC Radio Scotland on Friday evenings. His first guest was former world motor racing champion Jackie Stewart. His guest this week will be actress Jean Anderson, of *Tenko* and *The Brothers*.

NB: The result of the rectorial election was (on the first count): Richard Demarco 555; Margo MacDonald 2,016; Archie MacPherson 2,096; Teddy Taylor 326. The votes for Mr Demarco and Mr Taylor were then redistributed according to the single transferable vote system, and the final result was: Margo MacDonald 2,262; Archie MacPherson 2,472.

Alan Young



Hello bastards. Welcome back to the most successful and hard-hitting gossip column in recent centuries. The Thing and his yummy Thingette have returned from the hob refreshed and morally fortified for the coming onslaught of turpitude, not least of which is...

Death Destruction Silly Bastards

The Thing's very internal organs jiggled uncomfortably at news of a vile and corrupt party held by SRC Accommodation Convener Fraser Dinnis. At some point during the beer-soaked evening someone (hello Fraser) suggested that it would be a jolly good idea if everybody got back to nature and took all their clothes off. Being accommodating folk (...) the frolicsome perverts present stripped off instantly and suddenly the whole room was full of things (no relation) that should never have seen the light of the lamp in the corner. Amongst which was Pre-University Conference Director Pam Aitken (who revealed sordid details of her sex life) and various EUSA Executive hopefuls, whose identities the Thing feels morally and physically constrained not to reveal (... is that right? ... OK ... argh!).

A Pie in the Face

Speaking of the Pre-University Conference, it has been revealed this year's Freshers' Week Director Colin Hancock was the only person seen to be chatting up delicious and innocent school girls. Makes you think, eh?

It's a Con

Recently, has-been Mike "Weasel" Conway has revealed how he has the "best CV in the country" to fascinate ears in the Student office. Reeling (as he so often does) off his list of "accomplishments" the vile dwarf somehow omitted his year ('83-'84) as Hon Sec. When asked if he was ashamed of his office-bearing year (perish forbid!) he said, "Eh... no... it's the office I'm ashamed of." And this was the putrid push-head who offered to replace your lovable Thing's column with one of his own. Hah!

Rectorial Aftermouth

So Archie's in. Rumour has it that Hilary "Not at any naughty parties" O'Neill was so upset that she jumped up and down on a poster of Archie. This may of course be a total fabrication, but what the hell.

"Beam Me Up Super Scotty"

Well-known person who dislikes homosexuals John "I've got nothing against the perverts" Murray McCleod made it to the semi-finals of that well-respected and thoughtful prog *Superscor*. Shows what clean living can do for one. Maybe if I ditched the Thingette...

P.S.

If you think you're short of money, you're not the only one.

Snobs and knockers

Snobbery and introverted complacency in universities is a major barrier when they attempt to present their case to the public, claimed Professor John Roberts, Vice-Chancellor of Southampton University, recently.

At a meeting of university information officers in London, Professor Roberts said that it was apparent since the 1981 crisis in university finances that the mass of public opinion was unsympathetic towards universities and indicated that conscious care and efforts in public relations at an earlier time may have, at least partly, averted this alienation.

Professor Roberts went on to

criticise the present inadequacy of universities' public relations systems and said that, following the 1981 cuts there was no one within the academic profession or university system itself prepared for public reaction to the events.

As chairman of a committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals working group on public relations will be involved in formulating a policy for improving universities' public image for an interim report to be presented to the main committee within about two weeks. What would you do to improve universities' images? Answers on a postcard.

Mark Percival

Job prospects improve

The 1985 Graduates Study has been published and reveals that graduates in subjects that have a mathematical content or involve using computers find getting a job much easier than those with Arts or other Science degrees.

The Graduate Careers Advisory Service survey, "What do Graduates do? 1985" says that the labour market is becoming increasingly polarised. It is easiest to obtain a job in business management, electrical engineering, civil and mechanical engineering, and mathematics and computing.

Graduate unemployment this year is put at 11.4%, of those who left University in 1983, which is 1.9% down on last year's figure. Overall job prospects for graduates have improved in the past year, but competition is fierce for graduates with degrees in history, English, foreign languages, psychology, sociology, and certain sciences such as chemistry and biology. The report states that graduates in these subjects have a slight advantage by not being "trapped" by their degree subjects.

WHERE GRADUATES GO

% in	Permanent UK jobs	Further Study	Teacher Training	Unemployed	Other
Art & Design	41.5	8.0	3.7	13.1	27.7
Biology/Science	34.6	27.5	6.8	18.3	22.7
Business Management	79.8	3.5	3.8	8.7	11.1
Chemistry	37.8	34.2	8.5	13.0	4.7
Civil Engineering	71.2	14.3	0.4	13.6	11.8
Economics	63.3	7.3	4.0	13.6	11.8
Electrical Engineering	30.2	11.5	16.4	10.2	27.3
English	35.1	9.5	0.6	11.3	18.7
Geography	48.8	9.7	11.7	15.0	18.7
History	44.9	6.7	9.7	16.7	22.0
Law	15.3	3.6	2.4	3.2	77.6
Maths & Computing	63.2	11.9	10.4	7.0	7.5
Mechanical Engineering	73.2	12.3	0.8	8.5	6.2
Modern Languages	29.8	4.9	16.0	12.9	36.7
Physics	45.4	29.2	7.1	11.3	6.4
Psychology	42.3	13.1	8.5	16.1	20.0
Social Studies/Sociology	44.7	8.0	4.9	19.8	22.5

ALL SUBJECTS 62.6% 15.3% 6.4% 11.4% 19.3%

11.4% students find it hard to go on to further training within the profession.

Devin Scobie

ESCA rag to riches

The annual ESCA fete on the Meadows this Saturday heralds the start of Edinburgh's Rag Week '85 — "seven days of sin, debauchery and corruption in a good cause", according to ESCA's deputy convener, Liz Doig.

This year, Rag Week is being promoted more heavily than ever before, with events varying from a slave auction to a day at the races, selling rag mags, tee-shirts, or just shaking a collecting can.

Old favourites still continue in the programme of events, with the Torchlight Procession on Monday night followed by a ceilidh (this year at the Royal British Hotel). In addition there is a slave auction in Chambers Street, the Floats Procession beginning at 3 pm on the 27th, and the rag raids on Wednesday afternoon, all of which add to what ESCA hope will be a profitable, if not star-studded, week.

Events not to be missed are the slave auction ("I hope to be selling off my flatmates," said Liz Doig), the sponsored bed push, and that perpetual favourite, the pub crawl. Among the individual stunts, John Morrison will attempt to eat 30 boiled earthworms in Teviot Row on Sunday.

Not all the events are organised by ESCA, although to avoid trouble with the authorities, anyone wishing to carry out their own fund-raising idea is advised to get in touch with the Charities office first.

Further information can be obtained from the ESCA office (556 3375) or from Rag Week handouts around the University, or see *Student's What's On* page.

Jenny Dunn

Pollock magazine launched

The Magazine With No Name is the first magazine of its kind intended specifically for residents of Pollock Halls, and the first issue appeared this week.

The production of this magazine was first suggested last year by Greg Finlay, JCR President of Lee House, and it quickly gained support. A kind of internal newspaper within Lee House itself had already been attempted once, but received very little support and was soon abandoned.

Interest in the Magazine With No Name did prove much more encouraging, and the magazine has received full support from the Students' Association. Financial backing was also forthcoming through Edinburgh art gallery director and twice-defeated rectorial candidate Mr Richard Demarco, and through advertising.

Magazine organisers Jennifer Trueland and Nikki MacLeod say they hope to produce at least two or three issues per term, the first of which was expected this week. These would be circulated free to all Pollock Halls residents.

In appearance the new publication will look like *Midweek*, and will include news from around and within Pollock, the various committees (on which all houses are represented via their JCRs) and there would also be scope for creative writing such as poems and stories.

The organisers were particularly pleased last term when they received "official" status from the National Copyright Library of Scotland. The editors received a letter from them claiming their right under law to one copy of every published work in Scotland.

Devin Scobie

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION GENERAL ELECTIONS Thursday, 9th May 1985

Nominations are now open for the following positions:

Association-Wide Positions

PRESIDENT (Sabbatical)
DEPUTY PRESIDENT (Sabbatical)
SECRETARY (Sabbatical)
TREASURER (Sabbatical)
SOCIETIES CONVENER
PUBLICATIONS CONVENER
FINANCE COMMITTEE (3 seats)

S.R.C. Positions

CONVENERS: Academic Affairs
Accommodation
Community Affairs
External Affairs
Transition
Welfare

FACULTY CONVENERS: Arts
Dentistry
Divinity
Law
Medicine
Music
Science
Social Science
Veterinary Medicine

FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES:

Arts Undergraduate	6 seats
Arts Postgraduate	1 seat
Dentistry	1 seat
Divinity	1 seat
Law	2 seats
Medicine	3 seats
Music	1 seat
Science Undergraduate	7 seats
Science Postgraduate	1 seat
Social Science Undergraduate	4 seats
Social Science Postgraduate	1 seat
Veterinary Medicine	1 seat

FACULTY COUNCIL POSITIONS:

Arts Faculty	Secretary, Treasurer
Law Faculty	President, Honorary Secretary, Honorary Treasurer, Vice-President, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Year Representatives
Medical Faculty	Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, Publicity Secretary
Science Faculty	Secretary, Treasurer
Social Science Faculty	Secretary, Treasurer

Union Positions

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT DEBATES CONVENER

HOUSE CONVENER
—Chambers Street/Student Centre/Teviot Row

HOUSE SECRETARY
—Chambers Street/Student Centre/Teviot Row

LIFE MEMBER ORDINARY MEMBER (3 seats)

HOUSE COMMITTEES:

Chambers Street	4 seats
Student Centre	4 seats
Teviot Row	4 seats

DEBATES COMMITTEE 5 seats

Nomination forms for all positions are available from the Association Offices (Student Centre), all Union Houses, Societies' Centre (60 The Pleasance), and the Union Shops. **Nominations close at 12 noon on Tuesday, 30th April 1985.**

STUDENT

established in 1889

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Efficiency is not enough

The best thing that can be said about the Jarratt Report on University efficiency is that it won't give much comfort to Mrs Thatcher. It has not recommended any ways of making major cuts in staff or other costs, as was widely feared, nor has it made any comments on academic tenure. In Edinburgh's case, it has recommended that the small Music and Divinity faculties should be merged with the Arts Faculty, and that some small departments should be amalgamated. But even here it has done so on administrative grounds only — and academic opposition will probably mean that these merger ideas will not be seriously pursued.

However, as a way of improving Universities, the report is a red herring. From the Universities point of view, it may be useful in helping them to plan and allocate resources more efficiently, but that has only been made necessary by the Government's own cuts in University funding. If and when higher education is subject to further cuts, Universities will have to be more efficient at sharing out their limited resources.

If the Government really wanted to make Universities more efficient, it would make sure that they had adequate staff and facilities to do what they are supposed to do — provide education. The Jarratt Report will only make them more efficient at coping with their increasing inefficiency.

Your Paper, Your Voice

Since it was first established almost a century ago, *Student* has provided an independent medium for the students of this university to voice their opinions on any subject. In this time of increasing cuts to higher education it is imperative that we take every available opportunity to discuss the future of our education and of those who will follow us.

Student is not all politics, however, and nor should it be. Generally, this page and others in the paper are open to you to voice your opinions, comments and enthusiasms on any subject of interest to you. More specifically you will notice that by moving sport onto the back page of the paper, we have created a space for you to use in whatever manner you decide. The page is as yet untitled, we want you to name it and fill it. Send *Student* your writing, your drawings, or your ideas, but most importantly tell us what you would like to see on that page and in the rest of the paper. If you don't, nobody will. *Student* really is your paper — use it!

Staff

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1 Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh
031-667 5718/9278
Meetings Friday 1 pm

Imported Students, go home!

Dear Editor,

For once Her Majesty's Government has done something eminently sensible. Norman Fowler's reduction of the numbers of overseas students who shall be allowed to study medicine in this country are wholly welcome. These years of economic stringency are not ones in which to be fiercely protective of the principle of multinational and cosmopolitan university life. In my opinion, overseas students (except those on exchange schemes) are only welcome when there are no British students available to fill places in the universities. The Labour Party has suggested selected import controls on certain goods being

imported into Britain in order to boost British industry. I am suggesting that selective import controls be placed on overseas students in order to boost the opportunities available to young people in Britain.

Meanwhile, in a similar vein, wouldn't it be sensible if two-year and three-year university degrees were introduced to replace the current three- and four-year degrees in Scotland? Again, economic factors play a part in my argument. Unemployment is appallingly high, and one of the major political parties have an economic answer to it. As a consequence of high unemployment, students find it increasingly difficult to find vacation employment. And why should students

gain jobs at the expense of the long-term unemployed when summer jobs are available anyway? The way to stop the state wasting money on keeping students busy doing nothing with supplementary benefit during the summer is to offer them the chance to continue their studies and so do a degree in less time.

So, by giving priority to British students in the award of places, and by ending the current summer months of inactivity for many students, unemployment could be tackled. It is structural, not economic or political, solutions which deal with unemployment — and I have suggested two structural solutions.

Yours etc.,
Ian A. Williamson-Jones

Throwing
down the
gay gauntlet

Dear Editor,

I'm writing on behalf of the Edinburgh University Lesbian and Gay Society.

Recently, we have seen quite a few words from one John Murray MacC. on your letters page. He has, in the past, challenged us to a debate on the rights and wrongs of homosexuality; we are now prepared to take up his challenge.

We would therefore be grateful if Mr Murray MacCleod would contact us as soon as possible, care of 60 The Pleasance, to arrange details.

Yours faithfully,
Geraint A. Wiggins
EULAGS

Midweek,
"a waste of
money"

Dear Editor,

As a regular reader of your worthy publication, I should like to protest most strongly at the amounts of our money, as students of this university, which is being wasted every week on that rag called *Midweek*.

To my knowledge, none really "likes" *Midweek*. Most have learned to tolerate it because it's free and you don't notice that it is you who is actually paying for it; but an increasing number agree it is a blatant waste of EUSA's precious resources.

At a cost of £20,000 a year (equivalent to the combined salaries of all four EUSA sabbatical office-bearers) what does this crummy, bigoted, little publication tell us that could not be included in a weekly EUSA page in *Student* — at a tenth of the cost considering most of the news and adverts are duplicated eventually!

Midweek has become increasingly bigoted towards the left-wing viewpoints of at least three of the four office-bearers. As the EUSA elections draw nearer, what we money-conscious students URGENTLY need is a candidate for Hon Sec committed to the abolition of this paper, and the channelling of badly needed resources into a much more useful and worthwhile cause for us all — like cheaper meals at the unions, or the return to the good old days when union facilities were open to all week.

Yours faithfully,
Stanley Howard

They said it . . .

"I should have pissed on the plant and killed the bastard." — The defeated candidate in a Pollock House JCR presidential election, referring to his victorious opponent.

"The last time I spoke here was at the rally attended by about two and a half thousand of you. Tonight is something of a contrast, to say the least. It seems that all over the country the issue has died, and if that's the case, then the government has won." — NUS Scotland President Alan Smart to an audience of 100 at a General Meeting.

"Britain does not need a return to the policies of Edward Heath, whom historians will have us believe was once a Conservative Prime Minister. . . Sir Ian Gilmour has the visage of an undertaker, and about as much charisma. . . That darling of the media, Lord Stockton, has been brain-dead for many years." — Marc-Henri Glendinning, leader of the Federation of Conservative Students to a less than packed meeting at Edinburgh University.

"If the Rectorial campaign gets dull, I'll liven it up by proposing a knighthood for Aberdeen manager Alex Ferguson." — Archie MacPherson, who didn't need to liven up the campaign, since he won anyway.

"Mar-go! Mar-go!" — Union President Hilary O'Neill lending support to Ms MacDonald's lost cause at the Rectorial election count.

Conservative vandals

Dear Editor,

The arguments about the Federation of Conservative Students and, in particular, the Scottish Federation have at last come into the open. These "hooligans and vandals" will no longer be able to claim that they are attempting to preserve "society's morals". Rather, we have seen, they are intent on destroying any vestiges of common enterprise, ownership and care not already crippled or asset-stripped by the "sell-outs" of the Tory Party, and replacing them by the tyranny of capital in a "society" where everything from surrogacy to heroin are legal and easily available (if you have the

money of course). Not content on "Smashing Scargill", they are out to smash the rest of us as well.

No doubt EU Conservative Association has its own views on the FCS and are not afraid to express them. Can we thus expect to see their candidates in the forthcoming SRC elections declare their political association? I doubt it, after the abject humiliation of their rectorial candidate, Teddy Taylor, it would take more courage than that contained within EUCA to say you were a member of an organisation which thinks General Pinochet has gone soft on socialism.

Yours,
Adrian McMenamin

Student Collection Box

Potterrow Union Shop

It is now possible to submit articles, letters and notices for *Univerts* for *Student* by handing them over the counter in Potterrow Union Shop. Please place all copy in the *Student* collection box which will be emptied each Monday at 1.00 p.m. Articles may also be brought in person to 1 Buccleuch Place.

FRESHERS WEEK 1985 **HELP**

If you can give us a week of your time between 29 September and 4 October we can keep you busy day and night. Main qualities needed are a willingness to work and a perfect personality.

Do you fit the bill?

Find out by filling an application form available from EUSA offices, under the dome, and return it by Wednesday, 1st May.

FILM

Hollywood and Junk Culture

Amadeus

Dir. Milos Forman
Odeon

This is it then, the year's big Oscar winner. Eight of the bloody things — best film, director, writer, leading actor, etc, etc. . . . And everyone will now go and see it, and it'll make a lot of money. A lot of people will go to enjoy *Amadeus*, and will enjoy it because the media has told them that's what they're supposed to do. There's a formula for all this. It's the middlebrow megabucks Oscar-winning treadmill. (1 Take a respected director — Milos Forman, of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (deserved) fame. (2) Add an angle for publicity to hype — classical music meets murder story. (3) Make sure the running time is over two and half hours — *Amadeus* is overlong at 160 minutes. Follow this recipe and everyone will think that your movie is terribly artistic and important. It'll get a few Oscar nominations — so release it then and hype them. When it wins the Oscars that's when the money really starts to roll in. This year, *The Killing Fields* and *Passage to India* followed the

formula too — nothing would have been different had either of them won. It just happened that *Amadeus* did. **One thing I forgot. The movie doesn't have to be any good. Amadeus is, of course, a load of beautiful twaddle.** You probably all know the story by now. Salieri is a workaday Italian composer, an average talent. Mozart is a genius, but he also happens to be an adolescent asshole who likes women with big bazoomies. Salieri is rightly miffed, for he had promised his chastity to God in order to be a composer (sort of 19th century Cliff Richard really)—but God has made Mozart the genius. Salieri's plots to bump off Mozart, so that God'll be really pissed off and he'll have his revenge. Around this Peter Shaffer builds a script that has **WORKS OF ART** written all over it — by Peter Shaffer. Well, it's has to be *Art* y'know, 'cos the characters rabbit on about God. *Amadeus* is not really the tragedy of the solidly, not greatly gifted Salieri but that of the similarly not — amazingly — talented Peter Shaffer, who has hit upon one of the *Big* themes, *God and the Artist*, but fails to take it anywhere. What should have been an exploration of the mysteries of

the creative consciousness turns out to be a decorative costume flick, with characters we neither believe in nor care about. It really would like to be *Art*, but often it's just plain silly (Mozart's genius is that he can do party tricks with a keyboard). I didn't believe a word of it. Not for a moment. What saves *Amadeus* a little is that it is technically near flawless. The photography, costumes and sets are quite ravishing to the eye. A great deal of loving care by accomplished craftsmen has gone into the making of the film. Milos Forman's direction makes sure that we see just how much money has been spent. This is a coffee table book, full of lavish photographs, but with an empty text, transposed to the screen. A coffee table film for people who would like others to think they're sophisticated, *Amadeus* is the ultimate in middlebrow commercialism. Safe, hollow, and dead. There's more life in many trashy exploitation movies than there is in this elaborately dressed corpse, but because *Amadeus* is *CULTURE*, we're meant to worship it. Stay at home and watch *Coronation Street* or *Brookside*. Now there's culture. Trevor Johnston



The notorious masked film reviewer on his way to another hatchet job.

Rites of Passage

A Passage to India

Dir. David Lean
ABC Dominion

Now that that hideous American chap Oscar has gone off on vacation with his buddy Media Hype, it is perhaps easier to look at this year's contenders as films and not as the tiny cog in the giant wheels of the patriotic advertising campaigns we've been force-fed. The great white hope from these shores, on past form at least, was Sir David Lean's *A Passage to India*; outgunned at the last by two raving nancy-boys in period costume, it ought to have claimed

at least another two awards for editing and for direction, but the muse was obviously facing the other way. Lean belongs to the old school of British film-makers, or rather, he was the old school; an impressive pedigree which stretches through *Brief Encounter* and *Great Expectations* to the overblown romanticism of *Ryan's Daughter*, his has been the real backbone of the British film industry. Yet the severe critical backlash which struck the latter was enough to make him quit the profession for ten long years. In 1980 he tried, and over four years failed, to adapt *Mutiny on the Bounty* for the screen. All of which

makes his determination and thoroughness in producing *A Passage* the more commendable, and the failing of the film more understandable. Forster has always tried to prevent his novel from being adapted for the screen, and it's not hard to see why: the crux of the narrative is an unexplained incident between the English rose of Judy Davis, and the upward-looking Indian Victor Bannerjee, which can be masked in prose, and yet on film requires a more explicit treatment. Lean narrowly fails to produce as enigmatic a core to the narrative and this throws the second half of the film off balance. But for much of the time this hardly matters, as India is unfolded on the screen in scenes of lavish detail and rare cinematic beauty, only straying into picture postcard-land in the closing scenes in the lakes of Kashmir. Lean's camera constantly switches from the spectacular to the intense as he moves from stylish depictions of trains crossing bridges to the sudden audacious cross-over of a shot of the moon with Peggy Ashcroft's serene beauty. It is in the eyes that the secret of Lean's direction is captured, from the frosted stare of Omar Sharif or the shocking beauty of Peter O'Toole's eyes, to the amazing quality of Judy Davis' expression which moves from the plain to the sublime in a second's time. The acting is of a high standard all round, with Peggy Ashcroft deserving of her Academy Award, and James Fox excellent as the benevolent English doctor who dares to befriend the Indians.

Were it not for the present *Jewel in the Gandhi* obsession with all things Indian, *A Passage to India* might never have been bankable enough to be made. Yet it has been, and it has been produced with enough care and distinction to make it without doubt the definitive version of the novel. Lean deserved more praise than he was given at the Academy Awards, and it is up to the public now to make sure that it doesn't just slip away unnoticed. This is a notable addition to a distinguished catalogue. Stephen Sweeney



Superglue on the hand makes for an interesting conversation.

Nostalgia for an Age Yet to Come

2010

Dir. Peter Hyams
ABC, Dominion

And so, with Hollywood's typical funny-farm logic, *2010* comes 17 years after *2001*. It would seem a vainglorious exercise to try to follow Stanley Kubrik's 1968 metaphysical epic; even devising a story for this film has meant that many of the original's most tantalising and exciting ambiguities have been lost. In a sense this is not so much a sequel as an interpretation and your reaction will depend on how closely it tallies with your own. Peter Hyams has, nevertheless, taken on this difficult task by not only directing, but writing, producing and photographing the damn thing as well, in what can only be a gross misconception of the *auteur* theory of cinema.

Nine years after the United States Jupiter mission ended disastrously among the gas giant's moons, a Russian expedition is sent out to investigate. Fortunately for America, Roy Scheider, Bob Balaban and John Lithgow have managed to hitch a lift with comrade Helen Mirren. They find

the Discovery spacecraft, the psychic remains of Dave Bowman (Keir Dullea, the only survivor from the original cast) and something like a quarter of a million monoliths surfing on Jupiter which perform an interesting, although scientifically unlikely, party track with the planet. *2010* is not a bad film, simply a slight one. A good cast does little more than add box office gloss to a picture without room for much more than its story and a rather flaccid message. The special effects are, for the most part, fairly plastic and the space vehicle design is pedestrian, owing more to *Space 1999* than the slick, timeless style of *2001*. Still, the film moves efficiently from A to B, generates mild thrills in the appropriate places and has a genuine, if diluted, sense of wonder now and then. It is also, despite a couple of whoppers, a film of reasonable scientific accuracy, preserving some of Arthur C. Clarke's hard sf attention to detail. All in all, more interesting considered in isolation than in comparison with its monolithic big brother. Andrew J. Wilson



I am not getting on any bloody bike with you HAL!

THEATRE

The Revolution is looming



The Weavers

Gerhardt Hauptmann
Lyceum; 14th April-4th May

In a little over a year the Lyceum has developed a distinctive house style relying for much of its impact on a strong set which clearly defines each production from the moment the curtain rises. The imposing, wedding-cake structure which creates the world of Hauptmann's weavers and their employers leaves the audience in no doubt where the sympathies of this production lie.

The strongly socialist message of the play comes across loud and clear from the three-tiered staging portraying a rigid class-structured society. The starving weavers

inhabit a naturalistic hovel on the lowest level of the stage with no visible means of ascent to the middle-class office and tavern above. Topping the whole structure is the pretty pink confection of their employer's drawing room which culminates in a baroque cherub painting flanked by Grecian urns. The actors move between the three levels, each movement up or down marking a significant development in the relationship between workers and employers in Hauptmann's reconstruction of the Silesian weaver's rebellion of 1844.

The crisis of the play is marked both visually and symbolically by the intrusion of the weavers into their employer's home to systematically dismantle the drawing

room against a background of crashing symphonic music. The use of music in this production — stirring symphonies between the acts and a cacophony of drumbeats at the moment of rebellion — is neither stilted nor oppressive and succeeds in creating a tense emotional framework for the workers' mounting frustration and inevitable defeat. The clanking of mechanical weaving machines begins and ends the play as the shadow of industrialisation falls over the cottage weaving industry of Silesia. If the catalogue of the workers' woes at times seems almost clichéd it should be borne in mind that *The Weavers* was revolutionary for its time. Today the play retains much of its power and it is not necessarily an exaggeration to note more than a passing resemblance between the life of the weavers and that of the miners or shipyard workers of Thatcher's Britain.

The Weavers ends in tragedy, not only for the crushed revolutionaries but for the bewildered ruling class who are as incongruous in the approaching age of industrialisation as the proud old weaver who ends the play clinging steadfastly to his religion amidst mounting confusion. *The Weavers* deserves this revival by the Lyceum for much more than its historical interest; the play displays a mastery of stage craft by Hauptmann and creates a piece of gripping theatre which this excellent production explores to the full.

Audrey Tinline

TRAVERSE THEATRE

As from April 17th, something new is happening at the Traverse. Eight premieres will be on at this theatre in the Grassmarket, linked by the new standpoint they all take in presenting the drama.

Unlike many plays of the 1960s and 1970s, which took contemporary settings to explore contemporary themes, these new plays, while still exploring modern themes, are all set at some time in history. This serves to rescue history from the dramatical theatre

dustbin to where it has been too often consigned. It is a brave move by the Traverse, putting them on all together in a block, and is to be applauded.

The Traverse hopes by presenting this new type of writing to make theatre more accessible to a larger audience. To this end, *TheatreDays* are being introduced. These are afternoons which give the public a chance to see how the production was rehearsed and staged and an opportunity to meet

actors and directors.

The Traverse is taking a new direction with this series of plays and according to the Artistic Director they shall be staged as "epic productions". If you find this a dubious claim, go along and see for yourself. You may be surprised.

The first play, *Through the Leaves*, by Francis Xavier Kroetz, opens on April 17th at 8 pm.

Martin McHugh

Exhibs

One man's choice

One Man's Choice

Gallery of Modern Art
Until 19th May

Now on at the Gallery of Modern Art, Belford Road, is an exhibition in tribute to Dr Henry Roland, one of the leading collectors of modern art in Britain. The 116 paintings, watercolours and sculptures are all of domestic scale. Some are from his own collection, others are works which he came across as a dealer or in other galleries, including the Tate.

"This is an exhibition without title or programme," Dr Roland has said. "It is held together only by my taste and beliefs. These are widely based: I was brought up on the Old Masters and am deeply fond of the leading figures of the

past." This exhibition, however, is also a remarkable collection of 20th century art. Models by Moore, Matisse, Rodin and Maillol are complemented by lyrical sketches by Picasso, vibrant Nolde watercolours, and surreal canvases from Ernst. Dr Roland has also stated his involvement with the art of his lifetime: "I like pictures in which I sense a total identification of the artist with his subject and a novel interpretation of the theme."

Every work in the exhibition is accompanied by a short personal comment by Dr Roland explaining in simple terms the reasons for its inclusion, and helping the visitor to share in his delight. Another laudable exhibition by an enterprising gallery.

T.J.



Festival Times '85



Hey now, look you people! So you really wanna enjoy this year's Festival, huh? Think you're pretty

good with that typewriter too, huh? Okay, take a tip from me?

What you gotta do is work for *Festival Times*. Those people are on the lookout for theatre editors, music editors, reviewers — the works.

And what's that you're tellin' me? You don't know your subject from your predicate but you're okay with a flash gun? That's cool. The FT people are always lookin' for photographers.

Okay okay, so you're not the creative type and you just wanna make a fast buck — you can always sell the goddam rag.

Interested, huh? Okay, get down to the Basement in 1 Buccleuch Place and see their boss. He's gonna be there next Wednesday, April 24th, between 1 pm and 4 pm. Oh yeah, and Friday 26th too, between 3 pm and 5 pm.

Well, what are you waitin' for?

Books



Moscow Rules

Robert Ross
(Hodder & Stoughton; £9.95)

Why read thrillers? Perhaps for their style (Raymond Chandler, Dashiell Hammett), intricacies of plot (early Deighton), or mostly, I suspect, for vicarious pleasure. The aim of the writer seems straightforward — whistle you through to the end and leave you gasping.

Kremlin Kapers

Over the last decade or two, however, a new sub-genre has appeared. One that makes you linger over meticulous factual detail, apparently founded on substantial research, creating an aura of plausibility, suggesting that with the alteration of a few real names the book is substantially true. We have witnessed the emergence of the handbook thriller.

The prime exponent has been Frederick Forsyth. His plots are secondary and weak — they don't turn on chance encounters, flukes, hidden information. Instead, planning and execution are foregrounded. *The Day of the Jackal* reads like a do-it-yourself guide to political assassination, *The Dogs of War*, a textbook on coups. Everything is laid before you, and the question raised, can you doubt it?

Robert Moss's *Moscow Rules* was firmly in this genre. Set against Andropov's succession to Brezhnev, it moves from espionage in America to the Soviet

invasion of Afghanistan, giving you what the blurb claims are real stories "never before published as fiction or non-fiction".

Maybe they are, and maybe they aren't. But the possibility creates a tension that keeps you pausing, wondering, and reading. As with Forsyth, the suspicion that machination and conspiracy are the true way of the world, that the apparent haphazardness of our daily lives is a superficial, surface phenomenon, leads to a powerful form of writing. Sustained by credible detail the author seems in possession of a secret he will only release bit by bit, but which totalised leaves a mountain of implicating, if circumstantial, evidence.

At £9.95 in hardback, it's a pricey long afternoon's read. But come the paperback (or the library), you too can wonder at the order of the world and the Soviet way of government.

S.C.

FILMS



Mozart in Festive mood

ABC

(229 3030)
Tickets £2.70, £2.30
Morons From Outer Space
2.40, 6.40, 8.55
(Sun 4.10, 6.20, 8.45)
Mel Smith and Griff Rhys Jones are two incredibly dim aliens who just happen to crash-land on Earth and star in this incredibly dim so-called comedy.

A Passage to India

2.10, 7.40
(Sun 4.00, 7.30)
The Raj in India and the sexual awakening of a young girl are the ingredients in David Lean's drollish adaptation of Forster's novel. With Peggy Ashcroft and Alec Guinness (who must have used an economy-sized bottle of fake tan).

2010

2.20, 5.20, 8.20
(Sun 5.20, 8.20)
Sequel to Stanley Kubrick's 2001, fairly pointless because it explains nothing, has an unintentionally laughable climax, and is exceptionally tedious into the bargain. Roy Scheider sleeps through it.

DOMINION

(447 2660)
Tickets £1.20 conc.
Passage to India
(see ABC)
1.30, 4.30, 7.45

2010

(see ABC)
2.15, 5.15, 8.15

The Killing Fields

Sam Waterston and Dith Pran suffer nobly. John Lennon turns in his grave. David Puttnam goes into a sulk at not winning very many Oscars.
2.00, 5.00, 8.00

ODEON

(667 7331)
Tickets £2.40, £1.50 conc.
Amadeus
2.30, 7.30

Winner of all the Oscars, has fifth-rate Italian composer Salieri going green with envy because God has made Mozart a genius even though he farts loudly. The whole film in fact suffers from over-inflation.

A Private Function

2.00, 5.00, 8.00
Michael Palin in the hilarious tale of a timid chiropodist's illicit pig in austere post-war England. Starring Betty the sow in one of the best performances by a pig for a long time.

Breakdance 2—Electric Boogaloo

Prince Charles, the thinking man's Jennifer Beals, finds out what an electric boogaloo is. Princess Di as a distraught mother. The pitiful saga of a once great family ripped apart by the demon break-dancing.

FILM SOCIETY

(557 0436)

Tron

Fri 19th, 11.15
Odeon
Dazzling computer graphics as Jeff Bridges gets zapped inside a video game. David Warner as an evil genius (again).

Wargames

Fri 19th, 1.00
Odeon
Everyday tale of a teenager who breaks into the main computer in US defence headquarters and almost starts a nuclear war. A movie that manages to make computers seem exciting. Should be good for a laugh.

Celeste

Sun 21st, 6.45
GST
Quiet and sensitive study of the nurse who looked after Proust during his final years.

Swann in Love

Sun 21st, 8.40
GST
Genteel, decorative and dull version of Proust, as Jeremy Irons spends a day lusting after Ormelia Muti in various parts of Paris. But it all looks wonderful. Repeat.

Pick Up On South Street

Wed 24th, 6.45
GST
1953 film by cult director Sam Fuller. Richard Widmark is a pickpocket who becomes involved in anti-communist activity. A lesson to us all, I'm sure.

We of the Never Never

Wed 24th, 8.15
Acclaimed Australian movie. A rancher's wife champions the rights of Aborigines, and the locals are not amused.

FILMHOUSE

(228 2688)

Tickets £1.50 conc.

Wetherby

Thur 18th-Sat 27th
6.15, 8.30 (also Wed 3.00)
David Hare's cinema debut, winner at the Berlin Film Festival, is a psychological character study of the neuroses beneath the surface of a placid Yorkshire town. With Vanessa Redgrave and Ian Holm.

Les Chiens

Thur 18th-Sat 20th
6.00, 8.15 (also Sat 3.00)
Weird French film, with the ubiquitous Gerard Depardieu, about the middle classes in a grim new town who buy dogs to protect themselves against a rising tide of juvenile violence. Hey wow, man!

Breaking Away

Sat 20th, 2.00
Wonderful film by Peter Yates concerning an American teenager's obsession with cycling. His dream is to win a local cycle race, an almost impossible challenge.

The Right Stuff

Sat 20th, 11.00
The story of the early years of the American space programme told through the men who tested and flew the rockets. A box office flop, but a stupendous film. Definitely worth the effort.

The Chosen

Sun 21st-Mon 22nd
6.00, 8.15
Rod Steiger and Maximilian Schell as religious maniac and liberal intellectual in a movie about the contrasting fortunes of two New York Jewish families. Gripping stuff.

Snow Country

Tues 23rd-Wed 24th
5.30, 8.00
Part of the Japanese writers' season. A doomed love affair between a geisha and a hotel guest. Suppose you already knew it was scripted by Yasuharu Kawabata.

EXHIBITIONS



Painting by Francis Convery

Gallery of Modern Art

Belford Road
One Man's Choice
A tribute to Dr Henry Roland, collector, dealer, and lover of art, featuring works from his private collection by Bonnard, Ernst, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, Rodin and others.
Mon-Sat 10 am-5 pm.
Sun 2pm-5 pm.

National Gallery

The Mound
The interpretation of landscape by artists of different nationalities over a span of four centuries — includes both rapid sketches and finished works.

Talbot Rice Art Centre

Old College
Ota Janacek — a study of the evolution of the Czech painter's art.
Mon-Sat 10 am-5 pm.

Stills Gallery

105 High Street
A Retrospective 1955-1983
Mario Giacomelli
Retrospective exhibition of photographs expressing Giacomelli's passionate relationship with the Italian countryside and the people he loves

WHAT GU UNIVEN

Thur 18th April
Jazz at the Pleasance, 9 pm.

Happy Hour
Chambers St, 8-9 pm.

Fri 19th April

Potterrow
Disco till 1 am.
Happy Hour 9-10 pm.

The Dance

Teviot Row. Two discos till 2 am.
Happy Hour 9-10 pm.

Disco

Chambers St till 1 am.
Happy Hour 8-9 pm.

Sat 20th April

Balloon Release!

Friends of the Earth are releasing 1000s of balloons from Calton Hill at 11 am onwards. First prize for found balloons is two tickets to Paris (courtesy of Transalpin). So it's certainly worth the trip!

Rag '85 — Grand Fete on the Meadows

Featuring hot air ballooning, live rock bands, a pipe band, majorettes and a travelling fairground and shows, in fact, something for everyone.

Disco at Chambers St till 1 am.
Happy Hour in Library Bar 9-10 pm.

Cocktail Disco

Park Room at Teviot Row till midnight. Happy Hour 7.30-8.30 pm.

National Library of Scotland

at George IV Bridge
Handel's Messiah
A variety of bits of manuscript, published editions and reviews and commentaries from all periods — part of the libraries.
Mon-Fri 9.30 am-5 pm.
Sat 9.30 am-1 pm

369 Gallery

369 High Street
Paintings by David Cook
Until Sat 20th 12-5.30 pm.

Mercury Gallery

2/3 North Bank Street
Paintings by Francis Convery
Mon-Fri 10 am-5.30 pm.
Sat 10 am-1 pm.

The Scottish

94 George Street
Recent watercolours by Jack Firth
New paintings by Ann Oram

Netherbow Arts Centre

43 High Street
The nomads of Northern China photographed by Robert Forrester
Oils and watercolours by Ronald Ford
Tues-Sat 10 am-4 pm.

FILMHOUSE

PATRON: BELL'S SCOTCH WHISKY 88 LOTHIAN ROAD

Cinema 1

Opening Thursday 18th 6.15/8.30 also 4 pm Sat 20th
David Hare's
WETHERBY (15)
Starring Vanessa Redgrave, Ian Holm, Judi Dench.
"David Hare's first feature film is an utterly absorbing, brilliantly acted and immaculately crafted piece of adult drama." — *City Limits*

Cinema 2

Until Sat 20th 6.00/8.15 also 3 pm Sat 20th
LES CHIENS (15)
Gerard Depardieu stars with a pack of vigilante dogs.

Cinema 1

Late night Sat 20th, 11 pm
THE RIGHT STUFF (15)
"This film is bloody great." — *Student*

Cinema 1

Special guest appearances Mon 29th at 8 pm
A special preview of *Brazil* will be followed by a discussion on stage with the audience by Terry Gilliam and Jonathan Pryce.
Tickets on sale now at Filmhouse Box Office.

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S ON DE! TS

on 21st April

'85 — Sponsored Bed Push
ne-legged (seven people with pairs of tied ankles) bed push ss what remains of the dows after the fete. Middle dows Walk, 1.30 pm.

'85 — Day at Ingliston

es an open top bus to Ingliston, the races, and of course, ect money from the punters. A t free day out, but numbers tly limited, so do come early. s optional. Meet Charities ce, 11.15 am.

'85 — Worm Eat

n Morrison MUG will bravely sume 20 worms (at least three es long) before your very own s. £500 sponsorship has dy been pledged, don't miss unique event. Teviot Row n, 9 pm.

very
pm Teviot Row House

on 22nd April

'85 — Torchlight Procession
most enlightening (groan) of the week. 2,000 people are cted to carry a flaming torch e the Royal Mile, has to be e to be believed! Torches t. Castle Esplanade, 9 pm.

'85—Calton Hill

works display and bonfire far e Edinburgh's rooftops on the of Calton Hill after the ight procession has arrived. E. 9.30 pm.

'85 — Disco and Cellidh

nd off a "memorable" night to sounds of the Spootiskerry dh Band. Late bar. Royal sh Hotel, 10 pm.

nd Transfusions

te and give a pint of the ous fluid at the Chaplaincy re, and help meet the yday requirements of our itals. 10 am-5.30 pm. Free teal

ue 23rd April

ND meets in the Chaplaincy tre, 7 pm. All welcome!

'85 — Pub Crawl

d I say more? Please collect sors in advance (forms ble from the Charities Office USA). Start: Charities Office, pm.

Blood!

le Chaplaincy Centre, 10 am- pm.



Wed 24th April

Rag '85 — Door to Door Collections and Dance for participants

Help reach anyone who might otherwise escape! Transport provided and a free party afterwards (about 9 pm) in the Park Room. Don't forget to wrap up warm and wear comfortable shoes, dearies. Teviot Row Union, 7 pm.

"St Paul to the Romans: Facts and Meaning — God, Romans, St Paul and History"

Midweek service in the Chaplaincy Centre, with Rev. Hugo Petzsch, Curate, St. James the Great Episcopal church, Dollar. 1.10 pm.

Give Blood!

Help a haemophiliac at the Chaplaincy Centre. 10 am-5.30 pm.

EULAGS Lesbian and Gay Society, Cheviot Room, Societies Centre 60 The Pleasance. 7.30 All welcome

Travel and Expeditionary Society A meeting for those interested at the Overseas Students' Centre at 7.30 pm.

EU Hunt Saboteurs

7.30 at the Pleasance.

Green Banana Club Potterrow Happy Hour, 8.30-9.30 pm.

Thur 30th April

EU Debates Committee presents a Parliamentary debate of the greatest sociological significance: "This House would rather be a Wee Mary than a Yah". Teviot Debating Hall, 7.30 pm.

Thursday 18th April

New York Pig Funkers
Wilkie House (Guthrie Street)
• First Nite of the Red Rocket Club.

Beat Collective
Moray House (Holyrood Road)

Ranacanteen
Preservation Halls (Victoria St)

Two Canoes
La Sorbonne (Cowgate)

Classical
Musique Pastorale
St Cecilia's Hall (Niddry St)

Hotteterre: La Noce Champetre
Michon: Divertissement Champetre
Hotteterre: Suite in G minor
Boismortier: Gentillesse No. 4
le Maitre
Sonata in G: Vivaldi
Trio in D minor: Telemann

• 7.30 pm

Friday 19th April

One O'Clock Gang
Wilkie House
• Ex-members of Simple Minds, Sunset Song.
Supported by **News From Nowhere**

Acoustic Youth
La Sorbonne



The One O'Clock Gang

Fat Sam's Band,
Neil Munro Group,
Morsberger/Kettley Duo
Queen's Hall (Clerk St)
• Special "From the '40s to the '80s" Jazz. 10 pm as all Queen's Hall shows.

Classical

Scottish National Orchestra
Usher Hall 7.30 pm
with guest **Mstislav Rostropovich**
Haydn: Symphony No. 95
Shostakovich: Cello Concerto No. 1
Tubin: Symphony No. 5.

Saturday 20th April

Alone Again Or
Moray House
• Psychedelic electro-dance from Aberdeen.

Crucial Xylophone
La Sorbonne

George Ray Jazzmen
Preservation Halls
• Regular jazz fixture from 2 till 4 pm.

Sunday 21st April

Fruits of Passion
Hoochie Coochie
• Two floors of celebrity DJ and jazzy dance band, supported by local band **Bow Tie Daddies**. Pick of the Week.

Tam White and the Dexters
Preservation Halls
• Regular Sunday R'n'B. 9 pm.

Monday 22nd April

Peristalsis Brothers
Preservation Halls
• Brings it all back, eh?

Her First Talkie
La Sorbonne

Tuesday 23rd April

The Underground
White Swan (Morrison St)
• The club returns. Go.

Rococo
Annabel's (Sempie Street)
• Every alternate Tuesday Band this week. **Talking Drums**.

Deja Vu
Preservation Halls

Grey Dawn
La Sorbonne

Classical
Electro-Acoustical Music
Reid Concert Hall
• 1.10 pm, Admission free.

Wednesday 24th April

King
Playhouse

Sky
Usher Hall

Blot
White Swan
• within new psychedelic club.
Charlie McNair
Preservation Halls
• New Orleans jazz

THEATRE

Royal Lyceum Theatre

(229 9677)
Tickets £1.80-£3.80 conc.

The Weavers

A classic of the German stage by Gerhardt Hauptmann, in its first-ever Scottish production. A group of impoverished weavers in Silesia rise up against their repressive paymasters. (7.45 pm)

Traverse Theatre

(226 2633)
Tickets £4.40, £3.00 members

Through the Leaves
A warmly written love story about an affair in a small town by major German writer Franz Xavier Kroetz, whose work is rarely seen in Britain. (8 pm)

Theatre Workshop

(226 5425)
Precarious Living
The story of Christian Watt, based on her diaries: a fisherman's wife whose life of tragedy and poverty leads her to the asylum. On release she finds it difficult to readjust to society.
Fri 19th-Sat 20th 8 pm

Adam House Theatre

(225 3744)
Tickets £1.75
See How They Run

An entertaining farce revealing amazing hidden talent within the Dental Faculty! Tickets from the Dental Common Room, Dental School, Chambers Street, or the Charities Office, 7.30 pm. Wed 24th April.

Bedlam Theatre

(225 9873)
Tickets £1.75 conc., £1.25 member
The Country wife
Hilarious and energetic comedy by William Wycherley. Wed 24th-Tues 30th April, 7.30 pm.

Netherbow Arts Centre

(556 9579)
Tickets £2.50, £1.50 conc.
The World of Charles Dickens
George Curry reads extracts from *Pickwick Papers* and *Tale of Two Cities*, amongst others. Theatrical entertainment in the old style.
Thur 18th-Sat 20th, 8 pm.

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April 29th RICK WAKEMAN
£5 £5 £4
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(American Heavy Metal) £3
May 5th THE ALARM
£4 £3
May 9th MAZE
£7.50 £6.50 £5.50
May 15th-18th SCOTTISH BALLET — SWAN LAKE
£10 £8 £6 £4
May 19th TEARS FOR FEARS
£5 £4.50
May 20th THE FIRM
£7.50 £6.50
May 23rd RICKY SKAGGS
£6 £5
May 26th BARBARA DICKSON
£7 £6.50
May 27th MAGNUM
£3.50 £3
June 4th DOCTOR HOOK
£8 £7 £6

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MUSIC

That's All Folks !

The 1985 Edinburgh Folk Festival, directed by Robin Morton, has been possibly one of the most ambitious and certainly one of the most momentous since it was first staged, seven years ago. Especially in view of growing concern in the "folkie" world that interest in this medium has begun to flag, Robin has taken the whole concept of musical demarcation and stood it on its head. In so doing, this year's festival has presented one of the most varied programmes of music, and hopefully shaken some of the complacency out of the established musical scene.

Compiled by Robert Coates, with reports by David Cline, John Dignan, John Mayhew and Suzanne Senior. Photos by John Lindsay

The accepted view of "Folk Music" has to a large extent been conditioned by the public view of Andy Stewart on Hogmanay or quaint be-smocked yokels singing dirges, finger in the ear and straw in the hair.

The Whistlebinkies, one of Scotland's leading exponents of traditional music in its purest form, certainly put paid to any doubts in this direction. If they didn't have the raw enthusiasm

result. The presentation of **Ms McDermitt's** material rather underestimated the intelligence of her audience although her playing, along with the superlative performance of **Savouna** did help to make amends. This seemed to be more a series of ripping yarns for the under-fives than the quality of the playing warranted. However, if this was a little disappointing, the virtuosity of **Sprangeen** was



Martin Carthy

of more publicised groups such as the Battlefield Band, they more than made up for this with the sheer beauty and professionalism of their set. You can't get more traditional a line-up than clarsach, a brace of fiddles, lowland pipes and concertina, and yet they were to produce a sound that could have been instantly appreciated by any variety of concert-goer.

to be one of the highlights of the whole festival. Their line-up of double bass, concertina, fiddle, flute and clarsach, and the clear quality of their unison singing certainly marks this all-women group out as being one of Scotland's most exciting bands.

Martin Carthy

However, the daddy of the traditional approach to folk in this festival must be **Martin Carthy**. Not for the faint-hearted this stuff, if there ever was a finger-in-the-ear exponent of folk, then Martin is the personification of it. Such songs as *Bad Days in Olde Englands* (that be rite!) and his astonishing guitar style showed a concern about social injustice and musical professionalism that is difficult to find in the popular musical scene. Little wonder he had such an influence on such figures as Dick Gaughan and Bob Dylan. After 25 years of performing, he is still going strong, as four encores at 2 am was to reinforce.

Scottish Baroque Ensemble

If the Edinburgh Folk Festival was to challenge the concept of traditional music, it was even more to take conservative perceptions of classical, jazz and R and B, and give them a rude

awakening. The Bank of Scotland's concert *The Keiking Glass* with **Leonard Friedman's Scottish Baroque Ensemble** and three of traditional music's finest players in **Trevor Hunter, Alison Kinnaird and Robert Wallace**, was one such shake-up.



Alison Kinnaird

David Johnson, the consultant for the concert's repertoire, had in his lunchtime Temple lecture already questioned the polarisation of traditional and classical music which had only begun in the course of the 19th century. Common origins in *Chanson de Geste*, troubadours or whatever were to give this subtle mix of mainly 17th century music a truly refreshing air. Indeed it seemed more a clash of personalities than of styles, especially between Leonard Friedman and Robert Wallace. Still "The Band" as Robert rather irreverently referred to the Ensemble, showed itself equal to the task and hopefully opens a path for future experimentation.

Mike Whellans and Block Brothers



Our brief though fruitful foray into culture having been completed, it was the turn of the "Blues" and "Rock" to banish the clichés of music critics to the waste-bins of history (or music columns of the *Telegraph* at least). **Mike Whellans and the Block Brothers**, on the evidence of previous performances, were possibly the best candidates for this task. Their selection of Rock and Blues including cover versions of **ZZ Top's Gimme all your lovin** and **Bowie's Jean Genie**

did not really put the 'Rock' back into 'Folk', as had Peter Green or Muddy Waters before them. However, **Mike Whellans** was to strike a more convincing chord in his appearance in the *Younger Invitation Concert*, with his *Sweet Little Lisa* and *Shim Sham Shimmy* a la Robert Johnson and his incredible *Train Time* harmonica solo. Was this Folk? Can a horse sing? Does it really matter?

The Easy Club

Folk, Jazz or Swing, the performance of **The Easy Club** was enough to stand by itself, in their subtle mix of traditional lyrics in an up-beat, jazzy tempo. Equally promising, although ultimately disappointing, was the **Soft Shoe shuffle Show**. Jazz guitarists, chorus and jester could have created a show that was not quite to be achieved. Little variety in their songs, in pace and mood, could not hold

an international flavour to their appreciation. It would appear that there is less demarcation between music and theatre in India, as the **Taliesin Theatre's** production, *A Word in the Stargazer's Eye* was soon to point out. The appreciation of Eastern culture was made all the easier by the selection of Indian food by Kalpa and Shamiana's. The West has much to learn.

It seems a shame to pass on without mentioning **Hamish Henderson's** virtuoso performance in the Temple Lectures, the concert of Gaelic song or the many other acts worthy of a full review. However, I would venture to say that **Robin Morton** succeeded in presenting a festival that has swept away some of the musical bias that has grown around all shades of music. Whether this will be followed up by the music scene in general is, however, another question. Today the Edinburgh Folk Festival, tomorrow the world, or even *The Tube*!



Hamish Henderson

the audience for long and a rather uninspiring approach to such classics as *The Lady is a Tramp* and *Top Hat and Tails* left their sound a little hackneyed. Still, the show was in the end entertaining with its mixture of music and theatre. In the need to diversify approaches to music, it seemed only natural that not everything would work. Hopefully, however, the festival as a whole didn't fall into the James Burke trap of trying to link totally unconnected concepts, a hope I feel sure was in the end realised.

Indian Music

The Folk Festival was not just about Western music, however diverse. The day of Indian music and culture showed that perhaps of all the Western approaches to music, it is folk that is more a common denominator to all music types and can introduce while getting their audience going,



Photo: John Lindsay

Amos and Rocks



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NIGHT OF SHAME!

King Kurt

The Styngrites
Coasters; March 13

The bouncers at the King Kurt bash in Coasters certainly meant business. There was no messing about with this bunch of peace-keepers. However, they still managed to ruin everybody's evening because of some strange notions which they had about imminent riots. The bouncer mentality is infamous — wade in and stop people from enjoying themselves at all costs, especially if they're young and mobile. In this case they mercilessly dragged off one person after another from the dance floor until the bewildered few who were left began to feel like Noah and co. after the flood. In short, their attitude was typically dumb.

The Styngrites played an impressive set as a lead-up to King Kurt who were actually quite



The Styngrites disappointing in entertainment value. Forget the whacky haircuts, where's all the infamous mud-slinging and booze-throwing that's so much a part of this band's history? Perhaps that's what the bouncers were so scared of

Photo: John Lindsay

happening. Well, the only mud-slung that night was directed at the heavy-duty bowtie brigade by irate customers.

There was no excuse for the antagonistic stance that was taken, since everyone entering the place had already been subjected to an intensive body search. Offensive articles like studded belts were confiscated at the door and all alcohol was served in pathetically thin plastic containers. There weren't more than 30 people on the dance floor and just because they were slamming into each other with gusto doesn't mean that they were on the verge of rioting.

On being frisked I was informed that this procedure was to ensure that I "enjoyed the evening". Well, I didn't. I spent most of the time cowering beside a wall so as not to be singled out as a potential subversive by bouncers on the rampage, and it wasn't much fun. These boys take no prisoners.

Suzanne Doran



Ace student photographer John Lindsay gets exclusive shot! Student says thank God for that unsung hero: the British bouncer. Well done our boys and well done John!

Sharp shooting indeed; in fact this was the only expulsion of the night!

• **Napier College Students' Association**, the organisers of the gig, have written to apologise to their students for the heavy-handed security and violence of the bouncers. In a letter in their student newspaper, they state that the "stringent" security was part of the gig contract, leaving them powerless to act on the night.

As a result of the body searches, which led to the confiscation of even minor items like studded belts, about 100 people where

turned away, while during the gig, 50 people were thrown out. The letter ends: "You can rest assured that we won't be using Coasters again, and we are not going to sit back and let the incident blow over."

When asked to comment on Napier College's claims, Coasters management told us that the number of people turned away was "minimal", and that only one person had been thrown out of the gig.

LATEST!

THIS TERM ON THE MUSIC PAGES



A series of profiles of Edinburgh bands, including the Wild Indians, Fini-Tribe and Seven.



Continuing to look at the local music business, with features on Allan Campbell, Independent Video and Community Radio

• Club Latino: permanent base

For those of you who enjoy something a little different, say a lively samba or laid-back rhythm and blues, you will be glad to hear the **Club Latino** has now a permanent location — **The White Swan, Morrison Street**.

Club Latino, which specialises in an assortment of Latin American jazz, African highlife and modern jazz, with a playlist ranging from **Working Week** to the big band sound of **Glen Miller** and the traditional jazz of **Memphis Slim** is open every Thursday from 9 pm-2 am — cost £1.50.

Live events are also organised by the club. On Sunday, 21st April, the **Dave Carson Band** (ex-Boots for Dancing), a fast jazz beatbox blues band, are appearing.

Plans for the future include a Glasgow comedian, supposedly someone connected with **James King** and the **Lone Wolves** — could be interesting!

• The Underground

Following its tragic demise and the ultimate destruction of its habitat, the **Underground** has finally reinfested itself in the **White Swan** on **Morrison Street**, Haymarket, every Tuesday. Entry is £1. Forget the established **Hard Punk Haven**, the name may remain the same, but the song definitely doesn't. Run by ex-Senior President **Mark Kennedy** and ex-Ents Convener **Steve Marr**, the club will probably be the least pretentious in Edinburgh and as usual outclass the rest.

• New Black Record Label

Move was formed in October 1984, is based in Edinburgh and is Scotland's first and only black record label. As such, **Move** deals in any black music (soul, blues,

jazz, reggae, disco and gospel) whether played by black or white musicians.

Funded independently by Alan Omokhoje Jnr., a former **Motown** employee, the **Move** team are not drawing any wages right now, nor do they expect to do so for at least another two years. The label itself must give years before being in a position to bargain with larger labels.

What is the motivation behind such a venture? The small label approach to the record industry is much more flexible than that of companies like **Motown**, who make even big name performers like **Diana Ross** and **Jimmy Ruffin** wait strictly in line for a record release. This inflexibility provided **Move's** own first release — **Forward Natty** by **Al Campbell** (available now). Next comes a **Michael Prophet** album. **Al Campbell** left **Motown** after being disillusioned with the token role he was forced to perform under its auspices.



Forward natty is admittedly a very palatable offering with wide appeal and the superior reggae vocal of **Mr Campbell** much in evidence. **Move** realise the need to establish their sales position with mainstream releases, before the label attempts to accommodate the less "marketable" aspects of black music with any success.

These first few lean years will be vital to **Move's** survival — it is in all our interests that we support the aims of such a label.

• Radio Latest

Radio Free City, the long-running Edinburgh pirate station, has come off air, in a bid to become legal as one of the Home Office's new community radio stations.

Radio Forth (96.8 FM and 194m MW) features the best of local music, gig news and information on **Scottish Waveband** (Mondays, 11 pm-2 am) and **Forth Street** (Tuesdays 10-11 pm), both hosted by **Colin Somerville**. Worth a listen!

• Jesse Rae Latest



Jesse Rae is much in evidence at present, following the release of his first Scottish single, **Be Yourself/It's Just The Dog In Me** on Edinburgh's **Supreme International Editions** record label, and **THAT** feature in **Student**.

He's even in this month's edition of **The Face** magazine in a piece on Jesse "Rai".

Later this month Jesse will be on **Muriel Gray's** series on **STV, Studio One**, while he hopes to be able to play with a live band in Scotland before too long.

Over The Sea is also due out as a (vinyl) single in the near future on **WEA** records.

• Television Latest

Mirror Image to night (Ch 4, 8.0) is a series comprising concert footage and interviews, this week with the **Ice Ice Works**.

Studio One tonight (STV, 7.0) is **Muriel Gray's** very own show, and features music from the North of England, and Scotland. This week **James King** and the **Lone Wolves** play live. **Paul Quinn** and **Edwyn Collins** talk to **Muriel** in the studio and there's also a report on drugs by **Jimmy Boyle**.

Friday Zone (Ch 4, 5.30) has taken over **The Tube's** slot (the latter has taken a break until the **Midsummer Night's Tube** on 21 June). It comprises a heavy metal show, **Extra Celestial Transmission**, this week with **Girlschool**, **Rogue Male**, **Torme** and **Waysted**; and at 6.20, **Soul Train**, modelled on the long-running US prog, which features **Phyllis Nelson** and **The Cool Notes**.

Friday Zone's aim is "to target music programmes more precisely than ever before to particular audiences", but will it ghettoize TV pop?

Whistle Test continues on Tuesday (BBC2, 7.0), featuring **U2** in New Jersey, **Paul Weller** and **Green** of **Scritti Politti** talking about their new videos, and live in the studio one of several bands currently being TV-hyped, **Go West**.

• Hack Flak

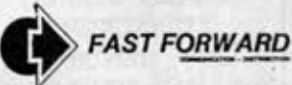
No doubt you will have been surprised to see the **NME** review of little known posters **Spencer Tracy** at **La Sorbonne**, of all places. The fawning piece was written by one-time **Melody Maker** hack **Bob Flynn**, who just happens to be the group's manager. No doubt we can expect similarly sycophantic plugs for **Bob's** other group **The Crucial Xylophone**.

• Fast Forward—new releases

Fast Forward, the Edinburgh branch of **The Cartel**, responsible for the distribution of a large proportion of independent record sold in this country, have had their hands full recently with the release of some excellent new Scottish material.

They are being kept particularly busy by the unlikely sounding formation of a black music label in Edinburgh, going by the name of **Move Records** (see separate story).

The recent single releases are headed by **What's Love by Pride** — very similar to **Style Council** material, but none the worse for that, with a good melody and nice summery feel. Otherwise there is a 7-inch EP of **The Pastels** best material — **Heaven Above and I Wonder Why**; **Pulling Strings** — a 12-inch EP (bearing a strong resemblance to a 12-inch single) by **Apes In Control**, their third single. For those lovers of sub-Killing Joke gothicism, there is the 12-inch **Fools Dance** EP from **Plague of Fools**.



In the near future, **The Kissing Bandits** are still threatening to bring out their **Caveman** single and **Laughing Academy**, currently working on projects with **Jesse Rae** and **Paul Haig**, are going to bring out the soundtrack for their video EP **Suspicion**. In general the new **Fast Forward** releases sound pretty good — **Snakes of Shake** are particularly worth a listen.

• Latest, Latest!

Winston Reedy tonight at **Coasters** is cancelled. Ticket refunds from point of sale.

FEATURES

John Petrie talks to one of Scotland's leading writers.

The rise of Alasdair Gray

"Alasdair Gray? — Who (IS) he?" is a response still encountered amongst many people who would normally be considered to be well read. Let me get this straight. Alasdair Gray is a novelist based in Glasgow who has been called "the first major Scottish writer since Sir Walter Scott" by Anthony Burgess. Couched though this comment may be in ignorance of the strong Scottish literary tradition, it does at least convey the acceptability of Alasdair Gray's work to all those who speak English.

The reason for his relative anonymity eludes me. Perhaps it is the fact this his novels are usually shelved in the "Scottish" section of bookshops — i.e. next to glossy guides to Upper Deeside and dull manuals on salmon fishing. Perhaps it is just another example of us Scots thinking that we can't do anything for ourselves.

Whatever the reason, it is certainly an injustice. Those who do know of Alasdair Gray often lump him with other Glaswegian writers — Liz Lochhead, Tom Leonard and James Kelman — as a "movement". While he admits that these people are his friends, he rightly acknowledges that each of them is a writer in their own right.

It has been a busy time for Alasdair Gray since this time last year when he was interviewed by *Student*. He has published two new novels — 1982, *Janine* and, more recently, *The Fall of Kelvin*

by a couple of blank pages which are part of the narrative.

The result is a book which is not only good to read, but is somehow good to hold and (dare I say it?) to have.

As he talks, it is plain that at least eight trains of thought are being carried on simultaneously in his head. Some words and phrases are pronounced with such vigour that they demand italics in the transcription:

On Channel Four the other night, you read the passage in *Lanark* where Duncan Thaw says that "imaginatively Glasgow exists as a music-hall song and a few bad novels". How far do you think that yourself and other writers are breaking down that image of Glasgow?

Before answering that, I would point out that the bit you have quoted is spoken by a 17-year-old art student some time in 1954 or 1955. It shouldn't be taken as the considered statement of a professional writer of 50, which I now am. For instance, it was only a few years ago that I discovered a really good novel about Glasgow — *The Entail* by James Galt.

I think that recent books and attention to writing in Glasgow have made the literate public more aware of it. I would myself like to think that this was a symptom of something more than a feeling that there is a certain specialised form of entertainment that can be got even from Glasgow. I would like to think that it conveyed a sense that we exist in more than books but as some effective and active institutions.

There are indications in all three of your novels, and particularly in the new one (*The Fall of Kelvin Walker*) that you support some form of Scottish independence. Are you at all anti-English?

It is true that the last three parliamentary commissions appointed by Westminster to look into the question of Scotland all said that we ought to have self-government for our own affairs. At the referendum, the majority of Scots who had an opinion in the matter wanted it too. If there was a referendum now, there would be an even larger number who would want it.

I'm not anti-English because I believe that what's wrong with Scotland is what the Scots themselves have allowed. It's our own cowardice and lack of self-confidence and belief that we are second rate that's caused the problems.

In fact, in *The Fall of Kelvin Walker* the English I present are, I think, rather nice people.

Kelvin Walker is perhaps a little less ambitious than *Lanark* and 1982, *Janine* in adopting a standard "table" form. Is this a one-off?

I regard *Kelvin Walker* as a funny wee entertainment. It was first written as a radio play and I meant it to make people laugh — there may be some thought provoked by it too but when I'm reading it I feel I'm doing a cabaret turn rather than being emotionally involved.

It's the last prose fiction I'll do apart from in the *Lean Tales* anthology that will come out in May. I haven't any more ideas for prose fictions.



So what will you be working on?

I'm working at the moment on a screenplay of *Lanark*. The director, Sandy Johnstone, is imagining a three-hour long panvision film. The middle section, which will be a film within a film, will shrink to black and white, apart from the hallucination bits which will expand.

After that, the next set of books to come out will be a set of picture books which Canongate will produce to coincide with an exhibition in the Third Eye Centre a year in August which I'm working towards.

(One of these books will be called *Some of Glasgow* and will consist of portraits and paintings of prominent Glaswegians and their surroundings. Another will contain a set of figure drawings, while another will contain an illustrated poem.—Ed.)

Parts of *Lanark* were published as early as 1958. Does this imply that the part of the narrative concerning Thaw was conceived first?

When I was eighteen, I had a rough notion of the plot and, during the art school holidays, I thought I could write the whole book in two and a half months.

I managed to write the first Thaw chapter and a small piece of the last Thaw chapter. The plot did



about where the realistic bit was put into the big dream bit, change a little... as I worked on the after-life, hallucinatory or metaphysical bit, it got bigger and bigger, and, at a certain point I realised it was going to be bigger than the Thaw bit. A reversal came

(The order of the four books of *Lanark* is 3, 1, 2, 4.—Ed.) Were the "hallucinatory" parts of *Lanark* at all inspired by

dreams?

I don't think so. They were really inspired by being in hospital, or visiting the BBC Television Centre, or art galleries or the London Underground. Most of the hallucinatory parts of *Lanark* are the result of daydreamings.

The sense of the world being a spookier place than most folk seem to notice was one that I had when I was younger — perhaps most of us feel that. It's spookier because the grown-ups don't notice.

Yes, in your novels the main character is often the only person who doesn't actually understand the situation he is placed in. The world in *Lanark* and 1982, *Janine* seems very bleak — are you a fatalist?

No, I don't think you can be a fatalist if you feel you've to learn things as you go along. Also, I would argue with the word "bleak". I think the world is a richly varied place; it is also harsher than we usually admit, unless we have a reasonable bit of luck.

Maybe I take a certain degree of pain and isolation for granted, but I don't think that "every man is an island".

My sister found *Lanark* quite a depressing book as, although we were living in the same house, she remembers a rather happy childhood. She doesn't remember the events as being anything like as bleak as that. Of course it is constructed along a dramatic line.

Women in particular in your novels tend to treat the main (male) character in such a way that he never understands what they are thinking and why they do what they do to him. Do you ever intend to create a more sympathetic female character?

A woman I met a few years ago had read *Lanark* and she said that she didn't know that being a young boy was so like being a young girl — which I took to be a compliment. I doubt if I'd ever create a more sympathetic female character than a sympathetic male character. People sympathise with *Lanark*, Thaw and Jock MacLean as it is shown from their viewpoint, although all three are rather stodgy, ungiuing people with a certain dour pertinacity.

In *Lanark* women are seen from

the outside and so there isn't a corresponding insight into women — it isn't a book that will show men how similar women are to them.

Your new novel is dedicated to your sister as you felt it was "at least a book... that would not make her blush". How far do you feel that the explicit sexual nature of 1982, *Janine* has limited its audience?

I had expected more of a scandalised outcry over *Janine*. In writing the "porny" bits I was definitely shocking myself. I had forgotten, of course, that being born in 1934, it was much easier to shock myself than those born in 1950 or 1960.

But I was cheered when Peter Levy called it radioactive hogwash and advised nobody to read it.

I know that you supported the miners' struggle, as you did a reading for the Edinburgh University Miners' Support Group. How far do you feel that university politics are valuable?

As far as the Miners' Support Group is concerned, these students were being a support to these miners in the most thorough, practical and good way. I don't see myself as much of a supporter — attending four or five readings which may have raised a few tenners was mainly good for my own conscience.

You can have student organisations which are a form of debating



society which is fun for itself and good practice for later years. This may or may not have value. But the Miners' Support Group had a basic understanding of what was happening and a desire to help.

A central theme in *Kelvin Walker* seems to be the "insanely arbitrary" nature of power. Do you think that we all have a secret desire to be powerful?

What makes people powerful is not intelligence, understanding, virtue — it is will-power, drive, cunning, or even sheer accident.

Most folk in positions of power would agree that power is gained by these means in most cases (except their own). Most of us have a sense of being oppressed and can only see the way to being less oppressed by getting the boss's job — or the boss's boss's job — or a large sum of money, which unfortunately involves making someone else poorer, somewhere else.

You often seem to be laughing at yourself in your writing — for instance when *Lanark* describes "good" books as being "... about clever, unhappy people, often authors themselves, who thought a lot but didn't do very much." Do you use this self-mocking tone as a device to stop people thinking that you take yourself too seriously?

In describing books, I thought I was being fairly accurate. I don't want to be limited. I think we should take a thing seriously up to the point of effective action. If you are so dedicated to one idea that you sacrifice everything for it, then you will probably be a rotten advertisement for it.

Lanark contains everything I take seriously, but I'm not going to take it seriously all the time!

(Coming soon — a review of *The Fall of Kelvin Walker*.)



Walker. 1982, *Janine* has just come out in paperback and he has produced a revised version of his first novel, often termed his "magnum opus", *Lanark*.

He attended Glasgow Art School and has spent most of his life being half freelance painter, half freelance writer. He wrote radio plays in the '50s and '60s and worked on *Lanark* on-and-off from 1952, when he was 18, until 1981 when it was first published.

Alasdair Gray has control over his books as finished products, right down to the illustrations on the dust-jacket. *Lanark* contains a series of his own prints, while 1982, *Janine* has a section where words of different sizes (many of them upside down) are staggered all over the page — this is followed

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All's fair in war?

THE BELGRANO—

WHY WAS IT SUNK?

Although the confrontation between Britain and Argentina over the Falkland Islands is now almost three years in the past, its repercussions have left a permanent hallmark on British politics and may go some way towards explaining the return of the Tories to office. Clive Ponting's recent acquittal on a secrets charge, after having passed documents to Tam Dalyell, has allowed the release of documents which go a long way to exposing the Government's mishandling of the Falklands War and, in particular, the needless sinking of the *Belgrano*. Julian Goodare looks at the documents and the story they reveal, and talks to Tam Dalyell.

On 2nd May 1982, the British fleet was approaching Argentine-occupied Falklands. There had not yet been any serious fighting; attention was focused on the negotiations which were still expected to find a solution. The Foreign Secretary, Francis Pym, had just flown to Washington, where he announced: "No further military action is envisaged at the moment, except to keep the Exclusion Zone secure." Yet at 8 pm that day, a British submarine sank the *General Belgrano*, drowning 368 sailors. From then on a fight to the finish was inevitable. Why did it happen? Clive Ponting's bravery and Tam Dalyell's persistence have eventually provided some of the answers.

Before the fighting started

After the invasion, the UN tried to secure a negotiated settlement: Resolution 502 called on both sides not to use force. The Government claimed to respect this — but clearly they were using force, "minimum force" according to Defence Secretary John Nott. As Parliament sent the Task Force on its way, nobody believed it would have to go far. An opinion poll showed that most people didn't consider the Falklands worth one British life.

But the military chiefs wanted a military solution — particularly the admirals, who saw a golden opportunity to prevent the planned sale of half the Task Force ships. And Mrs Thatcher's government, which had lost much prestige through the invasion, would hardly benefit from an inglorious compromise. The War Cabinet wanted a quick, bloody victory. As early as 30 April they ordered the sinking of the Argentine aircraft carrier *25 de Mayo*, a far larger warship than the *Belgrano*; but the hunting submarine failed to find it.

First blood

On 1 May things started to hot up. Both sides started air attacks,



on the Task Force and on Port Stanley airport. The Argentinians, showing as little respect for international law as the British, ordered their fleet to attack the Task Force. But the order was cancelled five hours later; probably the Argentinians realised that their navy wasn't up to the task.

The *25 de Mayo* had escaped attack, but now the nuclear-powered submarine *Conqueror* sighted the *Belgrano*. This was one ship that wasn't going to get away. The Task Force commander requested permission to attack it. By now it was after midnight.

But at 9 am the next day, the *Belgrano* reversed course and headed for home. An antique ex-US carrier, due to become a floating museum in 1983, it would have been no match for the British fleet. But meanwhile, the admirals were arguing that it was a serious threat; later that morning they persuaded the War Cabinet at Chequers to order an attack.

The unbelievable order

The *Conqueror's* commander received the order at about 3 pm 2 May. Now he knew that the *Belgrano* had been heading for home for six hours. Was it still really necessary to sink it? He reported this, and asked if the attack order was confirmed. The reply came at 6 pm: attack. So the

Conqueror went to action stations; at 8 pm the *Belgrano* was torpedoed.

Was Mrs Thatcher told of the *Belgrano's* change of course? She says not, but it seems hard to believe. If her admirals were withholding vital information like that, we have to ask how effective the political control of the War Cabinet was. And there are more serious questions still.

The political torpedo

The order to sink the *Belgrano* was initially given when it was

thought (wrongly, but in good faith) to be heading for the Task Force. In fact the major military threat came from its destroyer escorts, armed with Exocet missiles. Why was *Conqueror* ordered to attack only the *Belgrano*? A military answer makes less sense than a political one.

The Peruvian peace plan

Let us go back to Mr Pym in Washington, where strenuous and sincere efforts were being made to avert war. On May 1 and 2, the mediating Peruvians had put together a set of proposals which would have had broad acceptance. Mrs Thatcher claims she never heard of this until the *Belgrano* was at the bottom of the South Atlantic. But Cecil Parkinson, a member of the War Cabinet, tells a different story. The Peruvian President was on the phone from Washington on the morning of May 2 — the moment when the fatal decision was being taken.

All-out war

So everything falls into place. The War Cabinet may have been persuaded that the *Belgrano* was somehow threatening the British fleet; quite likely the admirals put improper pressure on them. But they would also have known that to sink it would sink the Peruvian peace plan. That's why they chose not to attack the escorts: the *Belgrano* was the biggest target. And that's why the attack order was never rescinded despite the query of the *Conqueror's* commander.

I asked Tam Dalyell for his comments...

- Q. What do you now see as the reasons for the sinking of the *Belgrano*?**
- A.** To ensure that pressure for peace would not deny Mrs Thatcher military victory.
- Q. What about the Peruvian peace plan?**
- A.** On August 6th 1984 Cecil Parkinson told the *Sunday Times* that by May 2nd, the day the *Belgrano* was sunk, the War Cabinet did not consider the Peruvian peace plan was a "runner". Whether or not this is a correct judgement is not quite the point — the point is that it is evident that Mrs Thatcher is just lying when she says that the first indications of the Peruvian peace proposals did not reach London until three hours after the *Belgrano* was sunk.

Opinion

The Campaign for a Scottish Assembly

As Mrs Thatcher's second term of office drags Scotland as an unwilling passenger through new depths of industrial, economic and social gloom, the case for an independent Scotland is gaining credibility. Don MacCorquodale, who is Publicity Officer of the Edinburgh University Scottish Nationalist Association, puts the case of the Campaign for a Scottish Assembly (CSA).

Friday, March 1st, saw the sixth anniversary of the debacle of the Devolution Referendum. In 1985 Scotland is for many a grim place to live: over 400,000 people out of work and about 1.25 million are on or below the official poverty line. We are no nearer devolution than we were six years ago. In the face of Government intransigence, the best way forward is a united front of all interested bodies and it is this need which is supplied by the Campaign for a Scottish Assembly.

Formed in 1980, the CSA is a non-political organisation which seeks to win devolution by uniting those people who want a Scottish Assembly. The means by which they intend to unite is the Constitutional Convention, a method which is responsible for the Constitution of the United States.

The Convention would be made up of either elected members or a combination of MPs, local councillors and trade union leaders. However it was composed, the Convention would prepare a set of proposals for a Scottish Assembly which would then be presented to the Westminster Parliament for their approval.

At first sight this may seem like all other previous plans — Westminster would simply reject the Convention's findings. However, the results of such a rejection mean that Westminster would be reluctant to take this action.

As the Convention's proposals would have been agreed by the representatives of the Scottish people, to ignore the proposals could result in a nationalist backlash. However, there could be more definite repercussions — rejection would result in the formation of an interim Assembly by the MPs. This interim Assembly would call an election to set up a proper Assembly — in effect there would be a unilateral declaration of devolution. This may seem drastic but if Westminster denies the Scottish people their right to self-determination there is no other choice. Any attempt to suppress this course of action would put the Government in breach of international law, and would cause a wave of anti-British feeling that would shatter the Union once and for all. Faced with this policy the Government would

have to give in to the demands for devolution.

It is too often said that because 36.2 per cent of the electorate abstained, the "don't knows" had won. In fact the "don't cares" would be a more accurate term. Not only the SNP and Liberals thought the proposals were too weak; many of the Labour Party membership were disappointed. To get a worthwhile Assembly three things are needed:

- (1) a wide range of responsibilities;
- (2) legislative freedom from Westminster;
- (3) financial independence.

A wide range of responsibilities is needed because in order to get a strategy to run the country. It the Assembly needs to have control of as many parts of the economy and society as possible. This is also why legislative freedom is needed. If Scotland is subject to the House of Commons then it cannot work out a proper strategy to run the country. It would be awkward if it had to look over its shoulder to Westminster every time it made a decision.

Financial independence is needed because without this, the principle of legislative freedom would be worthless. If an Assembly is to be anything other than a glorified local council it must be self-financing.

These powers are very great but they are needed if Scotland is to be pulled around from the present decline it is suffering. This is crucial because an Assembly is not simply an opportunity for Scotland to have its own Parliament, but also to use it to benefit the ordinary Scottish people. If no power is given to an Assembly, it will be worse than useless. The Convention will provide for real and worthwhile proposals to be hammered out, and will thus get an Assembly which meets the wishes of the Scottish voters who in opinion polls seem to want a powerful Assembly.

It is often said that universities provide leaders of the community, so get out and lead. Write to your MP, MEPs and councillors, and support the CSA whenever possible. In 1979 James Callaghan said of the referendum: "It's now or never." Six years on this really is true, so do not delay — start the fight back now.

EUSNA's vigil outside the Assembly Building.



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FEATURES

Part One of our two-part series on China.

China — into the unknown

This week, Tessa Donovan describes her experiences and impressions of China, gleaned there during a visit last summer. Next week, we will hear from Robert Stern, a second-year student of Chinese, who is currently spending a year in China.

By virtue of its very inaccessibility — foreign visitors only began to be admitted a few years ago — China seemed to me to hold a particular attraction. It is a place relatively unspoilt by the ravages of tourism, and has a completely alien culture and lifestyle.

I found China interesting and fascinating, full of challenges and surprises. Yet at times it was intensely frustrating and baffling — never before had I encountered a race of people so apart from my own, whose very thought processes I could not comprehend. This was evident in many of my dealings with the Chinese — mainly the petty bureaucracy — in hotels, restaurants, ticket offices, banks etc. Many seemed to willfully misunderstand what I wanted, or else were reluctant to help, in the sure knowledge that there was always someone else I could ask.

When some response could actually be had, it often seemed that the hotel staff, or whoever, were being deliberately obstructive — perhaps from sheer boredom, perhaps from a satiation of tedious foreigners asking awkward questions. I was not high on the list of priority anyway, as I always used the cheapest accommodation.

This accommodation generally consisted of spacious, airy dormitories usually in the out-buildings or annexe of the plush hotels where most foreigners stay. The dormitories are clean and well looked after, with clean sheets or western-style beds (Chinese beds, as I had occasion to find out, are plain wooden frames, with a rush mat covering — and no more comfortable than the floor), and good shower and toilet facilities. However, sometimes I ran up against problems finding these, as did every other "thrifty" traveller I met. Some hotels would deny the existence of dormitories, or insist that they were full. I soon learnt that this was not necessarily the truth, and that the desk clerk merely didn't know, or felt like being awkward.

The ordinary Chinese people I met on my travels were nearly all extremely friendly and helpful. In fact, it seemed that their willingness to help was often in inverse proportion to their ability to understand what I wanted. This did not prevent hospitality being offered, and often passers-by would offer a few words of English to assist. Large crowds often gathered around me when I tried to ask for things.

Similarly, on long train-rides (of which there were many, since the distances one travels in China are great, and the steam trains are slow) people would miraculously appear from other ends of the train, who spoke fairly good English and talk to me for hours. These and the others on the train would often make room for me to sit down (quite a difficult task on a Chinese train), and offer me food and tea. This hospitality gave me the chance to talk to people of all sorts, from manual workers, who would ask questions through inter-mediarers, to (once) a high-powered nuclear physicist.

When I arrived in China I had preconceived notions of a diligent,

hardworking race, devoted to the state. Yet everywhere, although people were undoubtedly working, everyone seemed to be on holiday. The streets brimmed with life, the cafes were always full, families seemed to sit at tables outside their houses all day long, playing cards and board games, smoking, gossiping and drinking tea. The sheer heat seemed to make it difficult to even consider working. Everyone in China gets up at 6 am, because the early morning is the only relatively cool part of the day. One of the most dramatic sights I saw in China was the public parks in the early morning, full of people practising Tai Chi — a martial art which is also used as an exercise routine. The movements of the martial art are slowed down, so that the effect is of a graceful ballet, radiating an aura of tranquillity.

Food was plentiful and cheap, and sometimes quite bizarre. In one street cafe, I was provided with a deep wok-ful of boiling hot oil, into which was thrown, first a large handful of red chillies, then a variety of skinned frogs, eels and other sundry bits and pieces. These were fished out when cooked with a small strainer, and eaten immediately. It was extremely good, but very hot. Luckily, China is also plentifully abundant in cheap beer.

There are restrictions on the places a foreigner may visit in China. I often had to remind myself of this, because naturally the guidebooks do not even mention the existence of places you are not allowed to visit, let alone how to get there — it is easy to forget that they even exist. There are definite "open" cities, and definite "closed" ones. Applications may be made to visit any town, but permission is not necessarily granted, and if it is not, there is very little you can do except to go somewhere else.

"Applications may be made to visit any town, but permission is not necessarily granted . . ."

From my conversations with the Chinese, I tried to find out about as many aspects of their life as I could. Many of them were reluctant to talk about politics, although forthcoming on other social issues. This was understandable when they explained that the government frowns heavily upon close fraternisation with foreigners. In Nanking, where I arrived late one night, a young Chinese army doctor whom I had met on the boat journey there, tried to take me to stay at his home, because I could not find a hotel to take me. He dithered for a long time, doubting whether it was "allowed", and finally, after phoning his father, informed me reluctantly that it was not possible. The possible repercussions for his family were no laughing matter. The government controls employment, and, to a certain extent, habitation. So an offending individual or family could suffer financial difficulties and be demoted at work, or even in extreme cases be sent to work in the West of China — a vast area, sparsely populated and barren.

Everyone, however, had something to say on the one-family, one-child policy. All

seemed to agree that it was a dire necessity, due to China's obvious problems of overcrowding, but still regretted the necessity. Family life in China is very important, and children are the most valued and cherished sector of the population.

On buses, which were always overcrowded, the only way to survive was to push everyone else heartlessly out of the way in order to get on or off, and getting a seat was rare. Yet often, small children would be occupying these seats while their elderly relatives stood and were jostled with the rest.

An interesting issue that emerged was the discrepancies that exist between life in towns and life in the country. Apparently, the rules and regulations which operate in the towns, operate less efficiently — if at all — in the country. I wonder whether this is a question of enforcement, or whether the government turns a blind eye, realising that the peasants are vital for the production of food; the bigger the workforce the better. The peasants certainly do not get the statutory education of children in towns. Generally, the townspeople seem slightly resentful of the freedom of behaviour which the peasants enjoy, while at the same time they consider themselves to be superior and would certainly not change places.

Life in China is certainly changing considerably, as is



Tai Chi in the early-morning parks

reflected in the frequent columns in our newspapers. While I was there, some of these changes were already in evidence, and had been for some time. For example, the introduction of productivity reward schemes — where each commune or factory used to have a set quota to make up, and no incentive to overproduce, now any excess produce may be sold off to the profit of the community. Private enterprise and competition is also being encouraged. The Chinese authorities even allowed english pop group Wham! to play a concert in Pekin two weeks ago.

For anyone interested in going to China, the Chinese Embassy of London is the place to contact. The Chinese are currently revising and re-revising their policy on tourism, both on individual and group basis, so the situation could change to make it easier or more difficult than now. When I applied for a visa, the embassy refused it, but I then discovered that visas were available in Hong Kong. It is often difficult to ascertain the correct situation where Chinese officialdom is concerned — but don't give up — it's worth the effort.

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(Inside) Back Page

STUDENT PRODUCTIONS PRESENT THE (INSIDE) BACK PAGE!!

... I always shop at the Mound, a place that sells musical crib scenes. A hand painted Holy Family spinning around to 'Silent Night'. Pity that the blobs of paint for eyes aren't quite on target. This is my favourite shop or else Debenhams for clothes, but only because all the staff are gay and you get doting service. Not at all like the Oxfam shop, a den of boney crones do-gooding their lives away. They descend on you, leering and prodding, should you so much glance at an item and tell you how useful it is, how they had a sister who had one just like it and got years of service from it. How you gets years of service from a stained Tupperware Salad Crisper is beyond me.

Try on any clothes and they go on as if a Dior has got muddled up with their grubby nylons. This is horrible so I beat a retreat to the door fending them off by dropping pound notes on the floor and they're hoping about like little monkeys going "do you want a receipt?" What am I supposed to do with a receipt? Wave it at St. Peter? I'm sure they have coffee mornings sitting round counting up who has the biggest pile of receipts.

Anyway, I'm sending you a packet of nativity scene figures. Happy Christmas. I nearly got run over by a priest in a Volvo getting these, a vicar in a Volvo. Where do they get the money?

Michael Jeffries



Cape Summer

Somewhere between the stars and the spangles, under a Cape Cod sky, squats the Irish Embassy Pub. My days as a Scottish waitress in a pub owned by native Irishmen and thronged by Irish-Americans were a strange blend of the bizarre and the banal.

Days of work became familiar; repetitious yet unpredictable. I cycle to work on a second-hand bike which grudges me every rusty revolution up each slope of route 28. The road stretched far ahead of me, meeting the searing white sunshine in a quivering haze. Past the 'Big Fisherman', the bank, the library, down by the lake, up by the church, the Chinese restaurant, the cinema, down past the supermarket, the last white house, up now, the sign 'To the beach', swerving to avoid the waving arms of abusive college kids in fast sports cars, speeding up, legs pushing legs up and down, pedals going round to beat the green light and swinging, breathless, red-faced into the tarmacked Embassy.

I stumble down the back steps clutching my bag. 'Hi Mick' gasping for breath, 'Cathal'. At first there is nothing to do, I wait in my blue apron, notepad in hand. I ran upstairs to the bar to filch another pen when Tommy isn't looking. The bar is empty. Except, of course, for Dominic and Don, fired from another job maybe, playing darts. And Tommy standing in the back door, in shorts and T-shirt, his hair still wet from his swim, watching the sun. A couple of building workers gulp black Guinness glancing nervously at the clock. I wait downstairs. I listen to Christy Moore and think of silence. I look at the empty tables. In the kitchen Mick sits on an upturned crate and wipes sweat from his glistening face with a damp hand. 'JAYSUS it's hot!' Cathal stirs soup and chops vegetables

silently.

Carolyn sits at a table in the corner. She looks up at me with a quick, sharp smile. 'It's yourself'. She relaxes. 'How're ye?' We chat. I arrange the salad bar. She rearranges the salad bar.

A family arrive. Mom shrilly demands to see a menu. The children fight. I rush up the stairs for two cokes; glasses of ice with brown fizz between the cubes. Pop listens wearily to the insistent 'I wannas'. In the kitchen Mick and Cathal perk up, clatter plates and send for more Beck's.

The lads from the band come downstairs. 'Hello Jane. How're ye.' Peter's nose and shoulders are splattered red with sunburn. 'Two pints of milk please'. 'Hard night last night, eh lads?' They grin and tease me back. Peter has his lyric jotter propped up against his milk glass. He studies it between forkfuls of chips.

A couple come in. Then some college kids. I serve a group of old people in Kelly-green sweaters.

'Tonight's special is... 'We just love your accent. Don't we Frank?'

Thanks.

'It's great to hear a brogue. We've been to Dublin, Ireland you know.'

'Oh.'

'What part of Ireland are you from honey?'

'Scotland.'

'Oh really! Scotland. How about that. Frank, this li'l gal's from Scotland. Frank's mother is one-fourth Scotch. We just love Scotland.'

Thanks.

'But this is so great! Are you really Scotch? Tell me honey - what did you say your name was? - what are you doing in an "Irish" bar on the Cape?'

'It's a long story. I know it so well it sounds like a lie now, it sounds so rehearsed. I tell it anyway, while I mentally chalk up rolls and butter, salad, I steak (rare), I sole (french fries instead of potatoes) and

could she possibly have sour cream on the side.

The evening becomes a whirr of people and of voices. I rush from table to table dipping my head to avoid the low-hanging lobster pot, swerving round the pillar, timing the step perfectly. I run up and down stairs to the bar. Each time, my tray gets fuller and the Manhattan glasses vibrate dangerously. My body seems to split into different functions: while my feet never stop running with a false jog disguised as a calm walk, my hands are furtively throwing lettuce, tomatoes and cucumber together to create salads; my mind is crammed with details of butter, salt and pepper, a clean fork, leaving no room for thought; yet I hear my voice, my Scottish clipped tones sorting out the pleasanties and complaints. I peer through the hatch while a hungry customer glares at me. 'Is that lobster ready yet?' Cathal's soothing tones answer, 'It's just coming.' Mick hides behind the toppling pile of plates at the sink. I run into the kitchen and almost step on my 'Lobster Special' which is crawling, ordinarily, around the kitchen floor.

Back in the restaurant I hear rising clamour; shouts seem to come from every side. 'Can I have my check please, can I see the menu, can I just, can I, can I.'

I can't cope. The roof shakes as the band play their second rowdy set of rebel songs. 'Oh me mother she was orange...' - Can I have some more butter, miss? - and me father he was... green. The bar is a solid mass of drinking, sweating bodies. I go up for drinks. The barmen are inundated. 'Archie, Dermot, two Guinness please.' 'Hello there wee Jimmy!' Dermot shies some ice at me, feigns innocence unconvincingly for a moment then grins devilishly to himself. They ignore me patiently. I get really mad. 'OK, OK.' Dermot takes his time pouring long slow black pints steaming a

WANTED

ORIGINAL CARTOONS, STORIES, IDEAS, ETC OR EVEN LARGE SUMS OF MONEY FOR THE (INSIDE) BACK PAGE.

So, once again the University creaks back into life for another term and time once more for a plea for contributions from our readership. If you think that the creative standard of the (Inside) Back Page is awful then don't blame us; we can only print what we receive (and that ain't very much). So why don't you forget last term's exam results and bring your creative genius to the page. Send your offerings to the Student offices, 1 Buccleuch Place or come down to the meeting on Friday, one o'clock.

Copy Typing: Theses (50p for A4 sheet double typing), letters, articles, etc. Electric typewriter. Contact Margaret Taylor, 447 2980.

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Help Needed: Translator of French articles for day school on French short films, to be held shortly in Edinburgh under the auspices of Filmsoc and the French Institute. Free day school attendance, Filmsoc 1985/86 membership card and French Institute Film Club membership will be offered to the volunteer - contact as soon as possible: Antonia Turnbull, tel (work) 031-226 6051; (home) 031-556 755R

Final Year Honours Students: Individual timetables for all honours exam candidates are now available. Timetables should be collected from respective departments as soon as possible.

COMPETITION!

Do you think the (Inside) Back Page is a boring title? Correct, it is. What we want is a suitable name for this page. The prize will be a coveted set of three Cadbury's Cream Eggs! Good, eh? Get those creative juices flowing and send your ideas here!

shamrock shape into the creamy head of froth. I am wedged up against the bar and have to balance the full tray above my head, my right arm up-stretched, my other hand manipulating obstructive backs to force a path through and avoid unpredictable, lurching bodies. I concentrate on getting downstairs. 'Smile honey!' I frown back and somehow reach the stairway.

Kelly-green sweater puts a ten dollar bill in my hand. 'That's for you honey, good luck.' I smile, with gratitude and embarrassment, feeling as though I have just been the object bought in Woolworth's and the sales assistant at the same time.

Suddenly all the people have been served, have eaten, have left. Caroline and I clear up the tables. We help Mick and Cathal in the kitchen. No-one speaks. Like human machines we pile and sweep, stack and lift. At last the

kitchen appears again from behind the disorder. We spread around on crates. I sit on the counter and chat about the evening's disasters and successes. Cathal opens a bottle of red wine and pours me a tumblerful.

I go up stairs to hear the band sing the last song. Tony's banjo twangs out 'The Pub Has No Beer'. Someone buys me a drink and I talk to Caroline for a while. The bar empties but not quickly enough for Mick's taste. 'Go home.' He has done enough entertaining. I beg a lift home from Tommy and sit in the corner of the pub till he nudges me awake. The bar is silent and dark. I walk out into the black and starry night with weak, heavy steps. I sink into the car seat and stare at the lit ribbon of road disappearing under the car and listen to my bike rattling regularly in the boot.

Jane Holligan

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STUDENT SPORT

Suspect in the clear



Becher's Brook - West Tip was one of its victims this year Dave Yarrow



Are we expected to jump that bloody thing...?!

Shinty World Tour

Saturday's early start suited everyone except T. Mick McGuire who felt a bit stiff after a night under a table. Trinity Hurling Club showed from the start that they meant business when a fast move up the right resulted in an unstoppable shot past our injured keeper "Where's Deidrie" Robertson. Edinburgh soon settled down to hard tackling and fast running but again Trinity on the break knocked in a lucky goal. As the heads cleared, a good period of play resulted in "Stud" Reekie's blistering 40 yarder. In the second half, Trinity with the now strong wind advantage (although Nelly Blake had enough wind of his own) took another simple goal past a floundering keeper, although the blame must lie with "Plonker" Young who seemed to be day dreaming about the Welsh Dragon from the previous night. Play was scrappy and uninteresting for a period until "Ox" Whyte showed Trinity's right winger a proper tackle by opening his forehead with a four inch gash - Vicious Bastard was the verdict of the disciplinary board!

Our thanks must go to EU Sports Union without whose financial help, this trip would not have occurred.

Slainthe Mhahr

Easter Quote

'And that is Ray Floyd's wife - Jackie, and she's the mother of his children.'

The sports editorial staff would like to thank everyone who sent in articles throughout last term. We apologise if, at times, we were not able to print everything, but due to lack of space we could not always fit in every article. We would be grateful if this enthusiasm continued throughout this term, because there is a great deal of interest in all types of sport at the moment. Therefore, if anybody wishes to send in articles, photos or previews on University and Intra-Mural sport or sport outside the University, these would be greatly appreciated, but I am afraid we cannot guarantee to print everything that is submitted to us. Any articles, photos or previews should be submitted to The Student Offices, 1 Buccleuch Place on Mondays or at the latest Tuesday morning.

Sport in Brief

Cricket Scoreboard

Saturday's Result:
Stenhousemuir 88 (T. Dickson 32, A. M. Zull 20; M. Grant 4-12; A. Younger 3-21). Edinburgh University 89-4 (M. Scott 32 no, M. Gamet 22; T. Dickson 3-17).

Canoeing



In the last few weeks two members of Edinburgh University Canoe Club have been selected for national squads. In March, Rona Wolfe was second in the Scottish Ladies' White Water Racing Championships and was selected for the Scottish White Water racing team. At the beginning of April, Colin Brown, along with his partner, Alan Meikle, were third and second in the Canadian Doubles class at the selection event for the British slalom team and so were selected. We wish both of them the best of luck in forthcoming events.

Hockey

Congratulations to Edinburgh men's hockey team on retaining the Durham inter-university hockey shield during the Easter break.

Uni in the runs

Evenings are becoming longer, white trousers are carefully taken out of the bottom drawer, the willow is oiled and the capital city is disturbed by crys alien to its established sporting doctrine. The gentleman's game is back and the University plays a significant role in ensuring that cricket is played to a higher standard in Scotland than is given credit for.

I spoke to last year's captain Alex Hoare, who has (due to the pressure of work) decided not to stand for a second year, about the University's first team. His position is taken by Malcolm Gamet, a BUSF cricketer who is in his third year and looking forward to honours in Civil Engineering and in Alex's words is a 'talented all rounder'. (And that's straight from the Hoare's mouth).

Alex had just returned from a curry with the rest of the team - a regular after-match routine and one that apparently keeps them in

the runs! "We not only play in a University league, but play against the 1st and 2nd division teams in the East of Scotland league; We like to think we can beat all of them; we did last year; nearly". And this is no mean boast; the University had just slaughtered a team who list Abdul Quadir, the Pakistan Test player, in their playing staff. Alex singled out Steve Wyatt our front line bowler, and batsman Gordon McCurk as notable strengths in a side that could possibly include three Winchester players, 2 Wellingtonians and one Etoinan (though the poor chap's broken his leg).

Despite the accent being on top grade Public School apprenticeship, the team has good relationships with all the opposition, and "enjoy a game of 'Wibbly Wobbly' in the pub afterwards". I sadly didn't ask for an explanation.

Stirling pipped Edinburgh in the University Championship last year. I asked Alex how they could possibly be better than us at cricket. "They're not, they're just better at maths. We'll win this year - stranger things have happened."

Just ask Curtis.

Dave Yarrow

This year's Aintree Grand National proved the most successful in recent years, especially for the bookmakers who virtually cleaned up with Last Suspect's fairy tale victory.

The fact that if Last Suspect were human he'd be wearing a straight jacket seemed to be reflected in his starting price of 50-1. The horse who hates all other horses and won't race unless he's clear of them was not expected to win by both owner and trainer. The jockey, however had other ideas and gave him a superb ride keeping to the outside well clear of other horses. There was one bad luck story in the race. This belonged to the favourite West Tip who was in the lead and travelling like a winner until falling at Beecher's on second circuit. He re-appears in the Scottish Grand National at Ayr this Saturday where he should take the honours. The less formidable Ayr fences will pose little threat to him. A bigger danger is the rise in his weight compared to

Aintree but his class should prevail and see him gain swift compensation for his Aintree slip up.

Meanwhile the flat season is steadily gathering momentum and a change of trainer could do the trick for Chapel Cottage in the Thirsk Hall Stakes on Saturday. This four year old filly proved slightly disappointing as a three year old but can get his new trainer

Mick Ryan off to a successful start for the season. Finally at Newbury, Presidium a colt whose future looks rosy re-appears in the Clerical Medical Greenham Stakes. This late May foal can make up for lost time as a two year old and show how much she has strengthened up in the winter months by taking the £20,000 prize for trainer Henry Cecil.

100% Record!



This year's Folkstone International Festival would have proved a tremendous success for the Edinburgh Men's 1st XI if it wasn't for the unfortunate fact that it involved playing hockey matches.

Off the field the side's performances were of a high standard. However when transferred to the field of play the reverse took effect. Indeed the final record of four

straight defeats was not the greatest of advert for Scottish University hockey.

One performance, at least, did stand out as worthy of mention. This was a close 2-1 defeat at the hands of the French National Under-21 side. The skill of the French was noticeably superior to their Edinburgh counterparts but a superb defensive performance restricted the French to a mere two goals. Furthermore, a late goal from Wyatt rounded off nicely by far the best University performance of the Festival. The other three matches are perhaps best forgotten. Suffice is to say that they were a mixture of the type of lethargy and lack of co-ordination of which a drunk slug would have been proud. Captain Pete Fowlie failed to display any of the stealth

and accuracy he'd shown the night before in attacking certain parts of his inside left with a fire extinguisher. The performance of this same inside left on the field also contained none of the courage he'd shown with quite unmistakably the ugliest "woman" of the South Coast that same night.

However, if nothing else, the spirit of the festival was upheld in no small way by the University. Instructions before each match were to play "festival" hockey - that is, in an open and attacking way so that the matches are enjoyable for all 22 players. Unfortunately this idea was taken too far by Edinburgh who did all they could to see to the comfort of the opposition save actually scoring for the.

Squatt

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